

The Prophetic Spiral



Jean Parvulesco

BERSERKER

BOOKS



JEAN PARVULESCO

THE
PROPHETIC
SPIRAL

to Jean Robin,
agent of influence for the *Regnum Sanctum*

BLACKER THAN THE DEN OF DARKNESS

Any reading of Julius Evola's essay, *Riding the Tiger*, which one would be entitled to regard as a truly informed approach, will inevitably give rise to and sustain, to a degree of exacerbation bordering on vertigo, a certain uneasiness, if not a quite certain uneasiness, nor will it demand a brutal and, more often than not, dramatic, unbearable existential revision in anyone who has attempted and pursued to the end the experience of this reading, which is at every turn final. Indeed, it is impossible to get to grips with *Chevaucher le Tigre* without experiencing, deep down, its awakening and awakening fascination - perhaps even too awakening, to be honest, if the ultimate awakening can ever be anything other than this distraught face-to-face encounter with the nothingness of self-dissolution, through which everything must come to a definitive end or, on the other hand, through which everything would barely begin.

But to begin in this way after what intimate disaster, after what unspeakably deep cosmological night? To begin, then, beyond life, death, beyond all pre-semantic conditioning, but not to begin again: this beginning has to be understood, it has to be lived as another beginning, because it defines itself, and very essentially, from its own original nothingness, and because

that it therefore carries within it not only its own centre of gravity but also, and above all, its own transcendence.

In *Chevaucher le Tigre (Riding the Tiger)*, Julius Evola breaks all the ties between being and existence, and tragically goes even further. of the final nakedness of being alone with itself: salvation, deliverance and liberation in life are nothing more than a relationship between being and its own transcendence, a relationship that is occult, forbidden, ultra-subversive in relation to the other.

in the world, violently and irrevocably separated, defeated by all understanding, by all that is not its own irrational experience of itself. The experience of this transcendence

Julius Evola calls it, in a fundamental Gnostic expression, the second stage of self-testing, the second stage of the "death of the self".

a degree which, he states very clearly, consists << in experiencing, in experimentally verifying, the presence within oneself, more or less active, the higher dimension of transcendence, the unconditioned core of life that does not belong to the realm of life itself,

but in the realm of being -. And Julius Evola continues: - In an

atmosphere that offers no support and no "sign", the solution of the problem of the ultimate meaning of existence depends on this ultimate ordeal. Once all the super-structures have been pushed back

The ultimate meaning existence, of life, can only emerge from a relationship with the other.

between this being (one is by virtue of one's own determination) and transcendence (transcendence in itself - ').

itself). This meaning is therefore not given by extrinsic and external, by something that is added to

being when it refers to some other principle. This could be valid in a different world, in a traditionally ordered world. In the existential domain that we here, this meaning cannot be given to the

on the contrary, by the dimension of transcendence perceived directly by man as the root of his being, his 'nature'.

of its own. And this entails an absolute justification, an indestructible and irrevocable mark, the definitive destruction of the state of negativity and of the existential problematic. It is exclusively on this basis that the <<being that one is>> ceases to constitute a limit.

Otherwise, every path will be a limit, including the one we have chosen.

and a whole mode being which, through its external particularities, distracts man from the problem of his own existence.

and to conceal an essential vulnerability.> 8

An essential vulnerability

For today, nothing can truly escape the ecumenical stranglehold of non-being and the negative superpowers that unfailingly keep it in power. It is therefore in order to provide, and to reinforce, the states of the immense negative conspiracy designed to conceal, at present time, this essential vulnerability of a world that has come to the end, not only historically, but also and above all ontologically, of a transhistorical cycle that is itself already over, that everything concurs in inventing secretly devastating breaths, doctrines, powers and dead words erecting a truly insurmountable barrier to any attempt to turn back, to stop or to awaken.

We know only too well that the world is in total darkness. However, under the indivisible and undivided reign of its annihilating omnipotence, it is indeed this total darkness itself that is destined to become, for some, for smallest number, the steep path of overcoming the world, the path of salvation on the brink of the final ontological precipice. A path that is itself, in , the very act of overcoming the non-being of existence and terrible hour of a new and different approach to being, the irrational and super-qualifiable act of a different beginning. On this path, the act of riding the tiger is ultimately nothing other than the lucid, violent and resolute abandonment of non-being through the overcoming of one's own inner states in action, states ridden, thus, by an immutable and naked will, by a will stronger than the onrushing whirlwind of their powers of dissolution and annihilation, harder than the total blackness of a world already caught up in its own end.

In *Masques et visages du spiritualisme contemporain*, in *Révolte contre le monde moderne*, Julius Evola set out to an unflinchingly lucid judgement on the current state of the world. But in *Chevaucher le Tigre (Riding the Tiger)*, there not even any judgement or criticism: everything is denied, rejected wholesale and totally. With the advent of darkness having led to the final reign of darkness, there is nothing left to save, everything to destroy. Salvation, if there can be salvation, lies only in the adventure of being alone with oneself, facing the abyss of one's own absolute solitude, in what the Enneads called, at the time of another end of the world, the "Flight of the Solitary towards the Solitary".

This is undoubtedly the reason why, as far as can be ascertained, *Riding the Tiger* has found few people willing to venture down the terrible and, in any case, unavoidable paths whose dark science Julius Evola invokes as the only possibility of salvation once the last part of the Kâli-Yuga has begun. In any case, it is well known that Julius Evola fought heroically for more than half a century, always at great personal cost, to halt the process of decadence and historical and ontological self-dissolution of a world that he could fail to know was doomed in advance, and that he failed dramatically in this battle, having to face up to the fact of his definitive bankruptcy in the last years of his life. Julius Evola was not to be victorious during his lifetime, and his last battle proposal, *Chevaucher le Tigre (Riding the Tiger)*, was not to take shape and be fulfilled terms of action until long after his death.

The packs of the last hour

So all is lost now. Irretrievably lost, lost beyond all hope and even despair. But is also case that, in the deepest, most secret places, men with no ties to each other, men with no face and no place, manage in spite of everything, from time to time, to cross the line alone, to find within themselves the being of a saving transcendence and thus put themselves beyond reach. In way, constellations of as yet unsuspected figures are formed at the very heart of the visible and all-powerful reign of the darkness anti-tradition, to establish the occult lines of force of a final turning point, an unforeseeable reversal of the situation. Constellations men plunged into an existential solitude more naked than the very nakedness of death, but saved, all of them, in themselves, and liberated, all of them, in their lives, pre-announce, by the simple fact that they are there, inconceivably, the future birth of the spiritual brotherhoods which, one day, will prevail in force over the currently reigning and active part non-being. At the hour of the return of the Great Bells, it is Julius Evola's Packs that will mark the passage, the of the end of a millennium when the last degree of anti-traditional barbarism organised into a conspiracy... will be revealed.

is already preparing to speak its supreme word, proclaiming the double decline of the all-too-human human and the no longer human enough superhuman.

For, in the nights and collapses, in the apocalyptic self-deprecations of a millennium in the process of penetrating, with its end, into the *Mahapralaya*, into the Great Dissolution, the packs of Julius Evola acting in dispersed order, the werewolf brotherhoods running along the most forbidden paths of being and of history in the process of becoming, definitively, its own transhistory, are still likely to be able to respond, against all odds, to the supreme word of what is thus about to come to us, so appallingly.

We're waiting for the werewolves and the *seventh* Hoerbigerian moon.

Wolfen

These secret brotherhoods of Werewolves, these Beautiful Packs of the shadow, of the immemory and of the end, these Great Companies engaged in the supreme mastery of clandestine awakening and the ontological clandestinity of awakening, seem to be becoming more and more present among us: the figure of their subterranean omnipotence is already haunting, very obsessively, the deep unconscious of the Western world. A world that we know to be perfectly incapable of any general counter-attack, and just spared enough by the nocturnal avalanches of its own decline to still be able to give a dreamy response to the significant phantasmagorias, to the spasms of its fundamental horror. A horror that, from now on, will alone be able to take the place of an abysmal collective life, or even a *mystical community*. It is in terms horror and fear that the Western world will henceforth have to question itself, and only in terms of horror and fear.

Whitley Streiber, author of two major horror novels recently published in the United States, *The Wolfen* and *The Hunger*, which have also adapted for the big screen by Michael Wadleigh (*The Wolfen*) and Guy Scott (*The Hunger*) respectively, told *Écran Fantastique*: "When I began to glimpse the power of the themes at play in the horror genre, I was struck by the fact that it was so much more than a novel.

the depths to they plunge into the night of our unconscious, *I told myself* that the least the author owes his readers is to be very careful about what he brings to light. Why I frighten them? And why do they need to be scared? And what exactly is the nature of the hidden *interaction* between the author and his readers' foreheads? -

In *The Wolfen*, Whitley Streiber deals with the clandestine packs, strains and families of a superspecies of being, repressed in the transhistorical unconscious of present-day humanity, the Werewolves. He denounces these as supremely advanced super-creatures, belonging to a superspecies on the fringes of the objectively conventional evolution of the world today, poised to overtake both man and humanity. This superspecies is currently in place and operating clandestinely in the United States and throughout the interior of Western civilisation. In *The Hunger*, the super-creatures, who are secretly in a state of endemic conflict with humanity - this is not a primal, bestial antagonism, but a conflict of vital appropriation, ontological exploitation and imperial supremacy that is deliberately kept in the shadows - also belong to a superspecies with eccentric, ultra-special evolutionary paths. Unchanging in its structure, this - by which I mean this absolutely original polar superspecies - advances only in intensity, cosmologically: the spiral of its evolution moves exclusively in terms of paroxysmal ascent, *elevation*. Although the super-creatures that Whitley Streiber teaches us about in *The Hunger* have the most certain appearance of humanity, they are fundamentally alien to humanity's own destiny. The great predators that appear in *The Hunger*, who can only perpetuate themselves by being grafted onto the blood ice of humanity, are in fact more or what we would consider to be *vampires*, but of a higher, heroic and royal level.

So it's clear: the mysterious Werewolves of *The Wolf* the Royal Vampires of *The Hunger* are merely symbols of a new avant garde conception of the superhuman, a new advanced conception of superhumanity, or even of the antihumanity to come.

Yet these concepts from the depths, which have such a terrible power mental impact - the concept of the superman, of superhumanity and, further still, of the inhuman and inhumanity - seem to me to have come long way. So much so, in fact, that

that it would undoubtedly be better if this reverberating dimension of the distant were scarcely spoken of. I would add, however, that only the doctrines of the Hoerbigerian *Glazialkosmogony* can, in the present state of humanity's mental evolution, reinvent the horizon within which the conceptions produced by Whitley Streiber - or, rather, by *what* stands, in all responsibility, and, above all, to arouse the presentiment, if not already the very emergence, of a unitary field of the new cosmological and polar consciousness, essentially transhuman, which carries them in its bosom and which they thus set ablaze from within.

However, *the immense success* of Whitley Streiber's cosmological horror , *The Wolfen* and *The Hunger*, and the incredible, unforeseen and unpredictable scale of the backlash caused by the films based on them, raises a number of anxious and inevitably dramatic questions.

Man can no longer be anything other than the process of his own self-denial. If humanity is still to survive, it will only survive by surpassing itself, and as of itself.

Julius Evola clearly showed in *Riding the Tiger* what this double surpassing can, must and will be: the surpassing of man by the superman and the surpassing of humanity by superhumanity or, to use Whitley Streiber's terminology, the surpassing of the creature by the supercreature.

But it is this double overtaking that will bring the greatest terror, the unbearable ontological terror of the end.

One of Raymond Abellio's words haunts my conscience day and night: *On sub-humanity, by a just compensation, a super-humanity tries to be born.*

But given who we are and precisely where we are now, don't we have to heroically and lucidly face up to what with a force we can no longer control, is already coming towards us from the depths of the precipices once again opened up by *the very advent* of our most unthinkable future?

But aren't our future paths also our oldest paths, and the very paths of the mystery of our own non-coming? For, in order to reach beyond ourselves,

the very immutable, must we not never have left it? Haven't we always been the same Werewolves, the same Superior Predators that we now have to become again by night so that the paths of the day to come can open up before us once more? Shouldn't this mysterious *transcendence*, *perceived directly by man as the root his being*, and spoken of by Julius Evola in *Chevaucher le Tigre (Riding the Tiger)*, resolve us to choose to leap over our own non-being today, to want to come face to face with the abyss of this polar absence within us, which is also, as such, the inverted pole of the Other Abyss? For it is indeed in twilight space of this in-between abyss that Julius Evola's Meutes come.

VISIT PRAGUE

May Yahweh make the Woman who is to enter Your House like Rachel
and Leah, who together built up Israel

• He lives far above the earth, in a room without a door, with a single window from which you cannot make yourself heard by men. Whoever succeeds taming him and making himself obey him absolutely, will find *Profound Peace*". This fragment, taken from one of the most advanced and at the same time contemporary documents of a certain Western consciousness of the end, namely Gustav Meyrink's great occultist novel, *The Golem*, conveys an infinitely fearsome revelation. But do we understand that under the sudden flash of this revelation, a living science, a decisive science, is very openly testing the fundamental principles of its veiled omnipotence, or at least some of these principles? For those who are already in a position to perceive the other side of things will not fail to recognise, in this quotation from Gustav Meyrink's novel in Prague, the secret light, the occult aura of the most dangerous of the Gnostic teachings of Abraham ben Samuel Abulafia (1240-1291, from Saragossa). When, on the inconceivable summits

of spiritual clairvoyance taken to its ultimate limits, the seer, testifies Abraham ben Samuel Abulafia, feels that "the locks are being pulled", he immediately encounters "his own self", as if it were standing "upright before him". Now, in *The Golem*, this teaching is approached with complete science: "How does one become involved in the dark paths, in the nocturnal ways from which no one leaves unless he carries a talisman?" According to tradition, one day three men descended into the Kingdom of Darkness; one returned mad, another blind; only the third, the Rabbi ben Akiba, returned home safe and sound, and declared that he had met himself there. But how many people are like the Rabbi ben Akiba, and how many, like Goethe, have met on a bridge or in the submerged passageway leading from one bank of a river to the other and, looking each other in the eye, not gone mad? And yet we must be aware that in Goethe's case, and in all cases like his, it is only a reflection of their own consciousness and not the true double that appears, not what is called "Habal Garmin", or the *breath bones*, of which it is written: - such he penetrates into the darkness of his death, beyond reach, imputrescible in the flesh his limbs, such he will rise on the Day of the Last Judgement".

When we turn towards the dark portal of the inner realm, a question immediately arises: the question of *Y the breath of bones*, the question of the abysmal double of ourselves. In other words, the question of how far one can go with impunity in the footsteps of the Rebbe ben Akiba, how far one can try to slip even further into the nocturnal paths of forbidden revelations and the wildest denudations of oneself without getting irretrievably lost. How far, indeed? Again in *The Golem*, speaking of his own experiences through the mouth of the doubled narrator who represents him under the secretly Enochian name of Athanasius Pernath, Gustav Meyrink takes the liberty of letting us hear it in an almost directly hypnotic way. "I closed my eyes. Human faces," wrote Gustav Meyrink, "began to pass before me in long lines. Eyelids closed, death masks frozen: my own race, my own ancestors. Always the same skull conformation, however different the types appear - with shaved, curly or short-cut hair, with hammered wigs and toupees tightly wrapped in rings - they emerged from the tomb through the centuries until they could no longer be seen.

that the features became and more familiar to me and finally merged into one last face: that of the Golem, with which the chain of my ancestors was broken. Then the darkness dissolved my room into an immense void, in the middle of which I saw myself sitting in my armchair with the grey shadow in front of me with its arm outstretched. All this appeared inside me, in the dark, with my eyes closed. But when I opened them again, unfamiliar beings surrounded us, arranged in two circles that intersected to form a figure eight: those in one circle were cloaked in violet-hued clothing, those in the other in reddish black. Men of an alien race, of immense stature and unnatural strength, their faces hidden behind shimmering veils.

But, on the other hand, in the appearance of these 'unknown beings' - beings from elsewhere, 'of immense stature, of unnatural strength' - who haunt Gustav Meyrink's hypnagogic vision, can we not think that we should surprise and recognise the emergence of the terrible assemblies in the astral where, according to the invaluable testimony of Samuel Liddell Mathers, first *Imperator* of the *Golden Dawn in the Outer*, the superhumans, the great trans-galactic entities of the Upper City go to instruct, on the ecstatic cutting edge of what extreme peril, the impetrants of certain ultimate initiatory grades? It was in 1896 that, in a manifesto of spiritual direction addressed to the occult leaders of the 'second order' of his brotherhood of direct theurgic action, *Imperator* Samuel Liddell Mathers made the following confidences: "Concerning the Secret Chiefs to whom I refer and from whom I have received the wisdom of the Second Order which I have communicated to you, I can tell you nothing. I do not even know their earthly names. I only know them by certain secret mottos, and I have only very rarely seen them in their physical bodies. In these rare cases, the was arranged by them in the astral. They met me physically places and on dates fixed in advance, which they communicated to me in the astral. For my part, I nevertheless believe that they are human beings, living on this earth, but who possess formidable powers, superhuman powers. My dealings with them have shown me how difficult it is for a mortal, however advanced in occultism, to endure their immediate physical presence. By this I do not mean that in the rare cases of my physical encounters with them the effect produced on me by their presence was similar to, say, that of intense physical depression which follows certain losses of magnetism. At

On the contrary, I felt myself in contact with a terrible force, comparable only to the effect felt - an effect accompanied, more often than not, by great difficulty in breathing - by someone who, in the midst of a violent storm, has found himself approached by lightning". *Imperator* Samuel Liddell Mathers then goes on to provide further details; experiential data should be meditated on with unflinching attention and constant alertness. The strain of such work," writes *Imperator* Samuel Liddell Mathers, "has been, as you may imagine, enormous. In particular, I thought that the operations required to obtain the Z Rituals were going to kill Vestigia and me. After each reception, a sort of absolutely unbearable nervous prostration took hold of us, accompanied by freezing sweats and, also, blood loss through the nose, mouth and sometimes the ears. Add to this the perils of the Evocation Ceremony, the constant battle with the demonic forces that try to overpower the dictation and reception of the Wisdom, and the vital need to keep one's spirit exalted towards the Supreme Self. -

A powerfully revealing relationship of active and profound analogy is thus established between the theurgic and operational testimony of *Imperator* Samuel Liddell Mathers and that of Gustav Meyrink evoking, in *The Golem*, the emergence, around him, of these same men *of an alien race, of immense stature, of unnatural strength and with their faces hidden behind shimmering veils*. Now, once the cosmogonic setting of this group of superhuman instructors had been laid out in the way we have just seen - they were, he said, *arranged in two circles that intersected to form a figure eight* - Gustav Meyrink carried his ardent confession through to the end. A confession made entirely in the open, and whispered at the edge of his deep sleep: <A winter storm swept the city with its senseless rage. Through its howls the muffled cannon shots announcing the break-up of the ice on the Moldau came at rhythmic intervals. The room blazed with the lightning that followed in succession. I suddenly felt so weak that my knees began to tremble and I had to sit down. "Be at peace", said a voice very clearly beside me. - Be at peace, the predestined night of the Lechimurim is under God's protection". Gradually, the storm calmed down, and the din of its wild outbursts gave way to the monotonous drumming of hailstones on the roofs. Weariness had invaded my limbs to such an extent that I could only perceive with dulled senses and as if in a daze.

dream what was happening around me. Someone in the circle said the following words: *The one you seek is not here*. The others replied something in a foreign language. the first one said another sentence, very low, which contained a name

Enoch. But I did not understand the rest, for the wind brought with too much force the groans of ice breaking on the river. Then one of the figures broke away from the circle, came towards me, showed me the hieroglyphs forming an inscription on his chest - were the same as those on the others - and asked me if I could decipher them. When - stammering with exhaustion - I said I couldn't, the apparition held out the palm of its hand towards me and the inscription sparkled on my own chest: *Chabrat Zereh Sur Bocher*. At first it appeared in Latin characters, which then changed to an unknown script. But the remained that *Chabrat Zereh Sur Bocher* stood for Confrérie des Descendants de la Première Lumière (Brotherhood of Descendants of the First Light). And so I sank into a deep sleep.

Assuming that we wish to confine ourselves to the central mystery of its identity, which is still and always active, the Judaic Kabbalah therefore runs the risk of appearing as an endlessly updated reconstitution of Gustav Meyrink, in *The Golem*, so rightly calls the Brotherhood of the Descendants of the First Light. A superhuman assembly whose *other secret name*, said in *another secret language*, its name of theurgic doubling, not in red but in green, would be, as far as I was given to know, *Entoria Camores Velobes Alessar*. Now, Gustav Meyrink refrains from talking about this *other secret name* of the Brotherhood of Descendants of the First Light.

But is the reason for this doubling of green really admissible? Everything can be admitted, and nothing is. Assigned near the Source of Blood, Al Khidr came to hear: "You are Chadhir, and where your feet touch it the earth will turn green". In the final intelligence of the Courtly Stems and their veiled brotherhoods, the part of this world that must and will be saved - and which, in depths, has never ceased to be saved - the part, therefore, one might say, of what has been saved since eternity, must undergo and will undergo in force the philosophical tinctures of the Green Lion sensed by the Cosmopolitan, our Alexander Sethon, and it is indeed under the insignificant action, in it, of these tinctures, that the only part that can be saved and is saved from this world of blind perdition and darkness

must emanate in its days and will emanate, with great and beautiful gentleness, the green light of Al Khidr.

Now, when we have reached this separation from the world itself, which is both very intimate and very occult, the only thing left to do is to look more and more inwards at what have just called the Brotherhood of the Descendants of the First Light, which, in fact, as we have already understood, represents the living, beating heart the Jewish Kabbalah. And, when you look at it, to speak of it very lovingly, and as if you were already admitted to be part of it. As if you were already there, heart to heart: 'God wants us to want His Heart', he confesses.

It is, in fact, a certain ultimate Hasidism, and it is the very Word of Paray-le-Monial. As if, I mean, we were already at the heart of that mysterious Garden of Apples, or *Hakla di Tapuhum*, which is the heavenly palace of the Divine Spouses. For, as the poor Sabbataï Zévi (1625-1676) said, a messianic inspiration devastated by the all too sudden Burning of the Breaths within him, but saved, perhaps, in spite of everything, *he who manages to justify himself receives help from Above, or benefits from Outside Support*.

So, to speak lovingly of the Jewish Kabbalah, is it anything other than intriguing to be invited to the fiery wedding feast of the Divine Spouses? *On the Day of His Wedding, on the Day of the Joy of His Heart*, says the Song of Songs.

But, once again, what is the Jewish Kabbalah? To this question, those who are obliged to the Veiled Passenger of the Abyss must know how to answer: the Jewish Kabbalah is itself, in itself, the third fire, that which, unquenchable and secret, celebrates, by consuming itself indefinitely, the union of the central fire of the earth and the fires that watch over the ultimate heights of heaven. *His Ardours*," says the Song of Songs, *"are Flames of Fire, and His Fires the very Fire of the Lord*.

But let us also consider the troubled side of things, and its instances of penetration into the world of small lights: the written repository of what is more or less agreed to call, today, the Judaic Kabbalah, in fact made up of two books, the *Sepher Yetzirah* and the *Sepher ha-Zohar*, both of relatively recent emergence, since the *Sepher Yetzirah* was divulged in the sixth century and the *Sepher ha-Zohar* in the thirteenth century AD. 11 There is also, of course, the unwritten identity, the repository of the transmission, properly speaking iniat, i.e. direct and subterranean, of this tradition, whose continuity, both immobile and active, is sufficient in itself, as has been shown, to justify the existence of the *Sepher ha-Zohar*.

In other words, to ensure that the world never ceases to be cosmologically suspended above the nothingness of its own inner abysses, and it this transmission, the unwritten transmission, which, whatever may be said about it, appears to be the most important, because it is obviously by far the most alive.

But the Judaic Kabbalah is perhaps even more than that, and in any case infinitely more than the continuing legitimacy that serves as its living vehicle and religious, not to say cultic, cover in a world increasingly irreversibly subjugated to darkness, increasingly open to all the outbursts of the dead bark that we know. The fundamental secret of the Judaic Kabbalah never ceases to identify itself, as Gustav Meyrink foresaw and suggested, with the very mystery existence as divine predestination, the nuptial mystery of predestined flesh and predestined blood, the active mystery of an imperial proposition whose transhistorical model can only be recognised in the Eternal Kingdom, in the radiant paradigm of the *Regnum Sanctum*. In this respect, the Judaic Kabbalah vertiginously overflows the space of its conventional identity, both historical and mystical: the light its most ardent and burning word is also to be found elsewhere than in the very writing of its own states, namely in the anteriorities, for example, of the Song of Songs and the Book of Ruth, or in some of visionary fulgurations of the prophecies belonging to the Israel of the greatest messianic hope, as, to quote what is closest to my heart, in Baruch.

On the other hand, it is impossible to ignore that the Judaic Kabbalah must be considered as equally present and constitutive in the transactional body, in the body in the making of a certain Western theology of metals, of a certain *Ars Regia*, which, in its most fiery and sacrificial totality, and in its greatest depths, has never been anything other than a loving instruction in the concept of *Regnum Sanctum* understood as absolute love and absolute power, the one itself as the *raison d'être* of the other. According to the ardent teachings of the Faithful of Love, absolute power can mean nothing other than the fulfilment and crowning of the direct experience absolute love, and the only interior paths of access to the spiritual and Eucharistic omnipotence of the *Imperium Amoris*, which is also called the *Imperium Sanctum*, are the paths of the loving appropriation of the blood, heart, lungs and breath, of the living and adoring flesh of the one who is the Father of Love.

who, in the very darkness of her dereliction, still remains, veiled in black, unrecognisable and humiliated beyond annihilation and all mutilations foreseen, the most resplendent Shekinah, the occult glory of the One Principle and the subversive light of that glory. Offered in total nudity to the one who knows how to penetrate it and forcibly strip off its dead bark, how to pass without mortal damage the high prohibitions and the low leadings of its merciless and gloriously, nuptially willed decay, the Shekinah belongs to the one who has conquered it, to the one whom it has chosen itself so that he comes to submit to it mercilessly. Didn't Marthe Robin once say to someone, *you wouldn't look for him if he hadn't already found you?*

Thus it is indeed what must be called the supremely nuptial dimension of the Judaic Kabbalah, its dimension of activist subjection to the unreturnable ways of the most vivid advance of love, which constitutes its only great secret, the rest being only low vertigo, and disqualification ceaselessly reassembled along the spiral of the same encrypted, deciphered and again re-encrypted language : when one has earned the sanctifying right to belong to the nameless brotherhood, with no avowable historical or religious identity and no face of any of those who have been admitted to visit its Fiery Palaces, the Judaic Kabbalah appears as the field of living transcendental forces, the *ballroom* they say among themselves, all surrounded by high mirrors and illuminated to the point of blindness by flamboyant chandeliers, the field of forces, I say, within which the immediate experience, the all-consuming experience of amorous knowledge constitutes the very path of priestly and royal self-realisation, the path of the occult appropriation of the Kingdom through the active and over-activated identification of love with the principal persons of the Divine Spouse and the Divine Bride. And when one has thus been admitted to the benefit of their Real Presence, one takes one's place within the Burning Number of those whose secret amorous predestination constitutes its very gallant court and the limpid bushes of its circular conflagrations.

Then the terrible river of burning and devouring intelligence that crosses, from left to right and from top to bottom, the living lands of the Judaic Kabbalah, or, if you like, the shining parquet floor *the ballroom*, becomes, from the moment, given as irrevocable, of the nuptial fulfilment of oneself, the river of intelligence of the fundamental non-duality of this world and of

the other, the contingent and absolute, the visible and invisible. Hence the extraordinary words of Saint Paul in his Letter to the Ephesians, without even bothering to have recourse to any cipher, to the protective discourse of initiatory language: *He is our Peace, who has made the two worlds into one, breaking down the wall that separated them* (Ephesians II, 14).

This is because the work proposed by the Judaic Kabbalah has the sole aim of overcoming death, of reducing death through death, and of making the abysmal experience of death as such the founding trial, the secret crown and even the very fuel of the amorous encounter in which the direct and naked experience of Perfect Love is perpetrated each time. For she who is there called the Bride must be cast into death, sacrificed in her own blood and butchered, so that later, and by the powers alone of her transcendental desire, acting in both as in one, she comes to be brought back from the inner spaces of death to the day of a second and supreme nativity, indebted not to the works of the flesh but to the one work of the fire that burns everything and even itself, indebted to the one work of the third fire.

I have taken my shirt, how shall I put it on again?" says the Song of Songs, rather appallingly, the shirt symbolising, in this case, the body of flesh and its vital breath.

But it is also the Song of Songs, a book of hermetic procedures if ever there was, which will sing: *Love is mightier than death. Its ardour is a flame of fire, and its blaze is the fire of the Lord. Torrents cannot quench it, rivers cannot drown it.* This is why the Kabbalistic Bride prevails over this world and the next. Destroying the wall that separates them, she is both heaven and earth.

The Kabbalistic Bride reconstituted, survived and finally *restored* by fire and in fire, unites within herself the fire of the ultimate heights of heaven, where Sekhmet the distant reigns incandescent, and the fire of the most engulfing depths of the earth, where, as has been predicted, Proserpine will not be admitted.

The nuptial entry into the fire, the annihilating passage, the tragic passage through the fire constitutes, it cannot be denied, but whoever wants to, but whoever can understand it, the supreme hermetic procedure and even, in a way, the only hermetic procedure. With all the clarity required by an unveiling that includes such risks and that must mobilise on the spot the

I would also add, supposing it were still necessary, that this *entry into fire* must, in this terrible circumstance, be understood and followed quite literally: it is an *entry into fire* as such, conceived and executed in its most immediately material sense. The supreme hermetic procedure proposes a merciless, total holocaust by fire: what must remain undisclosed in this passage through fire are the rules that establish, and must impose - and still not always, no, not always - a very narrow corridor allowing there to be, precisely, passage. Moreover, it is hardly otherwise that texts of major kabbalistic obedience, such as Gustav Meyrink's *The Golem*, or Raoul de Warren's *The Unusual Adventure of Marina Sloty*, come to show themselves, and quite openly. John Buchan's *The Twenty-sixth Dream* (or *The Dancing Floor*) is also worth a mention.

The Kabbalistic and transcendental significance of a flesh that is adored, adoring, promised to eternity and already principally eternal also belongs, we must not forget, to the dialectical arsenal used by Plato in his pursuit of the Hyperborean androgyny. When, in his *Banquet*, he addresses lovers who are ontologically separated and who would do anything to no longer be so, Plato himself appeals to the Hermetic procedures of reintegration by fire. What you covet," he says in the *Banquet*, "is it not a perfect fusion of one with other, so that you are never separated from each other, day or night? If that your desire, I can melt you together and weld you, with the force of fire, into a single individual, so , from the two that you were, I reduce you to a single being, so that you live united to each other". United, reunited and as if reintegrated *by the power of fire*.

Of course, one cannot fail to be surprised at the preference shown in this study for the second-rate documentation that seems to be the Western novel of today, which is so often used to arm our approach to the Jewish Kabbalah (an activist and entirely *self-interested* approach, admittedly). But there explanation for this. In the present state of the ontological future of the world and its final history, there can no longer any direct pedagogical transmission of the teachings concerning the unconditional deliverance - deliverance, I mean, in life itself, and immediately - of the one who is to be delivered.

who could attempt it, or even try to do it. today's immense night of Western consciousness of salvation, only the subterranean power of the novel is likely to remain in action, representing the mythological, disguised and, as it were, blinded perpetuation of ancient supra-vital and theurgical truths dramatically entrusted to the secular guardianship of the state of darkness, memory itself somnambulistically conveying the memory of that which has become obscured and closed in on itself in order to protect itself from the mortal attacks of the very thing that carries it forward and must ultimately save it. To preserve, to bring forward, to save without any awakened science, but, on the , while committing itself more and more to the obscure mass dogmatic irrationality: in the century of the novel, every true novel contributes to the subversive dismantling of the century.

In this hour of final conclusion, when the Western consciousness of salvation has fallen so deeply asleep, and with no return, a certain Western novel nevertheless continues to ensure its perpetuation through the hermetic and metasymbolic ways of the dream : it is through this dream of a sleeping Western consciousness with no awakening to come, which is the Western novel in its most advanced and most current deployments, that salvation may yet emerge on the surface of non-being, but there, and here we are, the hour of the deciphering of the ultimate figures joins endlessly with the vertigo of the ban that safeguards its blossoming and the secret that is so limpid.

However, in these deep hypnagogic zones of the Western consciousness of the end where the immersed dream of the novel illuminates and founds the providential emergence, the decisive emergence of a novel itself producing the great waking dream through which the Ultimate West would try to find itself again, and as if for the very last time, many other celestial, lunar and solar things, .du Morvan et de Murcie, are allowing themselves to be brought to the surface and swept forward by the currents of a future that is closing in on its very unappealability, and which is now justified only by its own dogmatic irrationality.

Thus, in his Breviary of the History and Doctrines of the Judaic Kabbalah, Henri S  rouya concludes with a rather admirably adventurous line investigation and, in so doing, proposes a visionary opening that we must come to regard as absolutely fundamental for the current state of the inner future of Western consciousness of salvation. "We have

As Henri Sérouya points out, "we thought that it was no coincidence that the Kabbalah coincided with other mystical movements, born at different times, such as Jewish pietism (Hasidism) with monastic life in medieval Germany; or the Kabbalah of Provence, at about the same time, with the Provençal mysticism of the Cathars; or the Spanish Kabbalah with Hispano-Christian mysticism; or the first diffusion of the Zohar with Master Eckart". Now," says Henri Sérouya, "this coincidence" - and if it is, I would add, only a coincidence - "cannot be denied". But doesn't the term *coincidence* also have a strong providential and astrological meaning? It is precisely in the visionary openness of this coincidence, so aptly pointed out by Henri Sérouya, and in that which is most mysteriously subterranean and stellar at the same time, that we must situate, if we are to grasp its true and active significance, the comparisons and even the identification that, for my part and according to people want of me, I never cease to promote between the Judaic Kabbalah and the ardent paths the great Western mystical and spiritual research, and more as far as alchemy is concerned. Only recently, an attempt was made to establish, and even celebrate, the marriage of the Judaic Kabbalah and the essential mystagogical currents of the great Western spiritual quest on basis of the publication of Baron Knor von Rosenroth's unveiling work, the *Cabbalah Denudata*. Now, while the publication of the *Cabbalah Denudata* in 1677 marks a date, and a major one , it is far from having responsible for the birth of the spiritual movement for which it has been held responsible. With this in mind, let's ask ourselves why it is that no one has yet considered in the light that would suit him best the summit meeting that place in Rome in 1280 between Abraham ben Samuel Abulafia, about whom we have already spoken, and Pope Nicholas III. Clearly, what happened in Rome in 1280 is as relevant today, seven centuries later, as it is the end of time, when it seems suddenly to be a matter of fundamental revelation and vertigo.

The heart-rending theological secret of the Jewish Kabbalah - and it is high time that this was finally brought to our attention - lies in the fact that, while it may be entirely Christian, it is in any case fundamentally Christological. Moreover, the same can be said of the regions spi ritually

the most profound aspects of a certain Hasidism, the greatest, where the omnipresence of the Figure of the Messiah never ceases to identify itself metasymbolically, and as if by reverberation, with the Figure of Christ, and I would even say with the spectral fulguration of the Holy Face. The hour has come, abruptly, which demands that this be said with clarity.

But hasn't the unbearable light of the Holy Face always illuminated the table of the Burning and Bloody Wedding of the Eternal Spouses, and don't they celebrate, indefinitely - indefinitely, or *until the end of time*?

- the sacrificial mystery of the *removal of the shirt* of the Kabbalistic Bride? Let's come back to this bloody divine, and with His very Word: *I have taken off my shirt, how shall I put it back on?*

The mission that I have set myself in the context of this brief approach to the radiant mystery of the Jewish Kabbalah is therefore entirely circumscribed by the definition of the procedure known as the *removal of the shirt* of the Hermetic Bride, a procedure that consists of providing for her entry, alive, adoring and consenting, exalted, into the blazing inferno of the *Incendium Amoris*, which she must pass through according to a certain number of absolutely unavowable and even non-avowable rules. Now, in the fourth part of the great Hermetic procedure, in its completely conclusive part, the fire of this conflagration must be, as has already been said here, a fire of live embers and devouring flames, a fire as such, not allegorical, a fire in the most proper and immediate material sense of the term: if I manage to this clear, I will indeed have succeeded in the essential part my present mission. And in this respect, I believe it matters little how far I distance myself from a certain doctrinal identity of the Jewish Kabbalah, even if it is given as the only traditional and accepted one.

For, obviously, these more than untimely revelations concern, beyond any approach, beyond any intelligence of the scriptures, and whatever that intelligence may have been, whatever those scriptures may have been, only the one experience, direct and, each time, irrevocable, of that which builds the living hearth, the ardent core of the innermost part of the high Jewish Kabbalah. A focus that is perhaps none other than the very core of the sun.

Woe to him through whom scandal comes, it is said? But what could be more spiritually fertile than the misfortune of scandal that responds to the scandal of misfortune, and what could be more inconceivably scandalous, for the legitimate or supposedly legitimate proponents of the "good old days"?

Is the Jewish Kabbalah, and all the more so for the doctors, great or small, of orthodoxy, or rather of Jewish orthodoxy in freedom, than the exasperated conceptions of love that just been so brutally mentioned here? Today, as in the past, is the Judaic Kabbalah the inner, occult but most living core of Judaism? But is there not also an interior of the Judaic Kabbalah itself, an interior within interior, a nucleus even more alive and even more occult than the most occult nucleus, than the most alive nucleus of the Judaic Kabbalah? And is not this Judaic Kabbalah, thus concealed in the innermost heart, in the most forbidden heart of the Judaic Kabbalah, the very true light, the last and only light of life in this world and in the next, and the light of the interrupted salvation of this world and of its interrupted hope? veiled in black, the light of his glory, still hidden but no longer hidden for long, for, as has been entrusted to some, a living and secretly resplendent flesh, a flesh as if *absolutely new*, will be given to him in his hour, a flesh which is perhaps there and which is perhaps already being unveiled? But how long will this flesh remain ungiven to us?

This light is also a trail, incandescent, undressed of itself, and which feeds on an expectation, made up of tears and sobs, an expectation of blood, of oblivion and of death, an expectation of a hope that was timeless and is no longer so; for more than an expectation, there is already an imminence there. Like a narrow stream of embers, like a stream of bright light carving its thin trench in the black earth of Judaic Kabbalah, in its black farmlands, this wake is spewed outwards and maintained by Gustav Meyrink's Prague novel, *The Golem*, a gnostic and hermetic work, made with the fire of life, a canonical book and a true holy book, and four times holy, the true book of renewal, the true Hidden Book of the Judaic Kabbalah of the End, that which is hidden within the interior of the interior of Itself ; The place where this light is offered is in middle of a beautiful old garden in Prague, with apple trees full of fruit, and the expectation that nourishes it is that of the secret return, or rather the *clandestine return*, of our Prince of Peace, of our Prince of Mercy who is also, as we now know, the Prince of the Remembrance of the Shabbath and of the Shabbath of Remembrance, for who else but He could want to be the absolute lord of the Shabbath and, wanting to be so, to be so immediately, and to be so from the very beginning?

of birth, of ministry, of naming, of pas- sional transmutation, of cosmogonic sacrifice and of desperate desire, desire of desire of desire; and its imminence, *V imminence*, I say, of that light, itself awake in the breath, begun again, without any dogmatic restrictions, as many times as it took, the breath preconceived with a view to endless formulation and offering of the following four sayings of our beloved Baruch, a formulation offered and offering itself, to us, in us, and through the bushes of air of whose paradisiacal breaths: (I) *Return, Jacob, and seize her, in her light walk towards her splendour-*, (II) *Leave off, Jerusalem, your robe of mourning and misery, and put on the splendour of God's glory for ever-*, (III) *For I let you go in mourning and tears, but God will restore you to me in joy and gladness for ever-*, and (IV), as if to conclude, *After this she appeared on earth, living among men and living herself*.

In the middle of a beautiful Prague garden, I said, heavy with fruit. That's the place. And from now on, everything will be there, and nowhere else. Some know it, others don't. Those who know are already there, or will very soon be called there in the marrow of their breath and the breath of their bones, *habal garmin*.

On the secret identity of precipices

In addition to regular reincarnation, which is similar to Hindu , Luria assumes that there are exceptional cases of

- "Pregnancy of the soul", or *ibbour*, which only occurs when the soul of a deceased person has reached a point of rest.
- "high moral stage". It is then -attached to a wandering soul on earth" to help it, or to a soul which -requires, for its own perfection, the cooperation of a human being, still alive on earth".

Henri Sérouya, *The Kabbalah*

When knowledge comes, memory comes too, gradually: knowledge and memory are one the same thing.

Gustav Meyrink, *The Golem*

So, only in Prague? And for what burning reason? Here, everything cannot be told without certain precautions. But can we not at least take a closer look at the problem of this fateful predestination of the Golden City, the mysterious *Goldene Stadt* of the ancient philosophers?

The very name Prague comes from a Czech word meaning *threshold*. The transcendental threshold of what impermanence of original abysses, of what unseemly de facto borders outside impregnable reserved domain of death? The transcendental threshold, too, of what hallucinatory, hallucinatory induced doors? *Prague is a threshold*," says Gustav Meyrink, "and a much narrower one than in other places, as if the dead were calling us, the living, to whisper to us that Prague is indeed the border city between the here and the hereafter.

Nor should we forget that, in her rich and captivating study entitled *Hermétisme à Prague sous le règne de Rodolphe II (Hermeticism in Prague under the reign of Rudolf II)*, a study given to the *Cahier de l'Herne* devoted to Gustav Meyrink, Yvonne Caroutch, who is also responsible for the entire *Cahier*, recalls that Gustav Meyrink saw a relationship of dependence and magical benefits, as well as a *shift*, between Prague and the Indian city Allahabad, "whose name also means threshold".

Now, summoned, as we were, in the course of the present research, before the court of last instance of this transcendental threshold that some call Prague, and all the more demanding, this court without a hearing, without appeal or defence, because it is summoned to sit in the invisible, extremely unusual things came to be said in free testimony, and not without a rather harsh and lively temerity: but this is precisely we had to do. But this is precisely what had to be done. For now, *other things* must be revealed, and with immediate, dramatic urgency, things it would be dreadful and more than dreadful to approach in the absence of a congenital qualification, without the impersonal seal of a strain of Gnostic perpetuation lodged in the deepest recesses of oneself. Who among us would dare to believe that he would not lose his way, without any hope of return, if he ventured, alone and the aim of crossing the forbidden threshold, or attempting to do so, in the direction of this transcendental threshold, alone and deprived of the occult help and meditation offered by the most appropriate watch congregations (and this at the fatal hour of all when these, conforming to what impenetrable

(It would seem that the new forms of life have irrevocably retreated to the place of their original origins).

What we need to understand, then, is that the present conditions of a civilisation that has reached its final stage of extinction, of a spirituality that is secretly dying and as if dried up, are undergoing, in Prague, the effects before their time of a kind of active and profound derogation of state, a derogation that is itself obeying the commands of a special predestination, the occult commitments of a directly providential ministry. The question that then arises is this: in the present state of things, can we attempt to define this providential ministry, this special predestination, in the light of the active reason that is proper to them or, at the very least, can we hope to catch a glimpse of its premonitory figure? Perhaps we can. On condition, however, that fairly exceptional measures of security and distance are envisaged, whose intervention would safeguard, by isolating it, the part of the unspeakable that is present, but how abruptly, on the side of the naked, undisguised and unpreserved face of these things of the greatest depth that, considered above all as what they are, risk cosmologically putting into play, at any moment, the objective situation of the visible world, the surface of this world and even the very identity of the history that so darkly measures its becoming. what are we trying to achieve? The definition, it has been said, of the secret involved in the active reason for a certain providential ministry, the very special predestination of which is that it should declare itself and happen, that it should take place in Prague, and in Prague as the actualised figuration of the 'Holy City of the Threshold'.

Let us begin by trying to bring out this definition through a certain approach to the doctrinal concept of the essentially Kabbalistic term *ibbour*, the most profoundly active emergence of which would seem to have come from the mystagogic work of the inspired superior Isaac Luria (1534-1572), the true *Doctor Illuminatus* of the Judaic Kabbalah (a work whose transmission was exclusively oral ; or initiati- que in the most traditional sense of the term, Isaac Luria never having written anything in his own hand).

In Isaac Luria's work, therefore, *ibbour* means "fecundity of the soul", or even "pregnancy of the soul", and its operative use often calls another fundamental concept, that of *tikkun*, or "reparation", which in turn instructs a total theurgical vision, an activist vision of the spiritual redemption of souls and of

worlds. This double operative redemption - the redemption of worlds, heroically obtained through the redemption of predestined souls, doomed beforehand to expiatory tribulation and torment - must justify and perfect, without any break, the forward march of Divine Providence itself, the developments in action of Divine Providence and its most secret plans■".

- *In addition to regular reincarnation, which is similar to Hindu doctrine, Luria assumes exceptional cases of "soul pregnancy", or *ibbour*, which, as Henri Sérouya writes very clearly, only occur when the soul of a deceased person has reached a "higher level".*

-high moral stature'. It is then -attached to a wandering soul earth' to help it, or to a soul which 'requires, for its own perfection, the cooperation of a human being still living on earth'.

Henri Sérouya also wrote about Isaac Luria:

- We read in *Chibhéha* brique that the visionary was capable of telling men "their past as well as predicting their future", and that he prescribed rules of conduct likely to repair the damage caused by the visionary.

faults they had committed during a previous existence.

Here we are at the heart of practical Kabbalah, which was to have considerable repercussions, first on the Sabbatian movement and then on Hasidism. Henri Sérouya then notes that the *dibbuk*, which implies "the possession of a living person by the soul a dead person or a demonic being", is also one of the important points of Luria's doctrine.

At

On the subject of his mystical and theurgic teaching, which aims to improve "the perfection of the soul and even the worlds", Henri Sérouya explains: "This perfection is subordinate to the crucial point of the doctrine, namely the *tikkun*, which we mentioned earlier. This reparation, marked by devotion and fervent prayer, is alone capable of hastening deliverance, the Messiah.

This feeling of salutary fulfilment, which has been simmering in the subconscious of the souls of those who suffer here below, will soon burst forth.

in the mystical spirit a exalt, Sabbataï Cévi. The influence of Luria, nicknamed *Ari* or *Ari ha Kadoch* (Lion, or the Holy Lion) by his admirers, was considerable in the

theological-mystical milieu, above all because of his visions of the distant horizon and because of the value he attached to the importance and human action. His mystical interpretation the Exile and Redemption, although it appears to be "a great myth", had a profound effect on the emotional spirit of the Jews of the time, particularly on the ideal of the ascetic, who tended towards reform.

of the messianic era, the "washing away of the defilement of the world" and the

- restitution of all things to God". In this way, Scholem adds, the man of spiritual action - thanks to *tikkun* - can break the historical exile of the community of Israel and the inner exile in which the whole of creation groans". What seems somewhat paradoxical for a behaviour as pious as Luria's is that his ideas, according to Scholem, are full of "reminiscences of ancient Gnostic myths". "A mind so imbued with Jewish religious thought, with the profoundly Jewish atmosphere, would seem to be alien to this tendency. There may have been a coincidence with his doctrine as a constructive visionary in his exalted imagination, which tended towards myths, without there being any reminiscence, strictly speaking, of Gnostic myths" (and this is where Henri S  rouya's analysis goes hopelessly astray; Isaac Luria's mystical and spiritual experience, and his great cosmological doctrine, are the fruit, exclusively, of a Gnostic theurgy that confesses itself and asserts itself as such with unparalleled clarity and ardour).

Gustav Meyrink also gives a rather advanced explanation of the Kabbalistic concept of *A'ibbour* in the third chapter of his occultist novel, *The Golem*, which has already been quoted here, *and which is* entitled, as if at the very tip of a semiological promontory, "-I". In it we learn that, in order to give him a more than mysterious book, a book from the other world, someone enters the narrator's home, where he is immediately plunged into a cataleptic double sleep. The cover of this book, says Gustav Meyrink,

"was made of metal, and

- decorated with rosettes and seals engraved in hollow, then filled with colours and small stones" (the *description of* this otherworldly book is not without its own importance in the development of a ritual figuration in direct contact with the reality of a world sensed as *materia prima*, a world already surprised, rectified by the royal intention, by the *kavana* as the Judaic Kabbalah puts it; and whose ordinative regency, and even vital principle, it is then a question of appropriating). Then this *someone*, the visitor to the cataleptic states, leafed through the book for a long time and, says the reciter, "having finally found the place he was looking for, he showed it to me". And the story continues: "I deciphered the title of the chapter: 'Ibbour', 'The Fertilisation of Souls'. The large gold and red capital took up almost half the page, which I involuntarily scanned with my eyes, and its edge was damaged. It

I had to repair it. The initial was not glued to the parchment as it had been in the old books I'd seen before, but rather appeared to be made of two thin sheets of gold soldered together in the middle, with the ends turned over at the edges of the page. So the parchment must have been cut where the letter was? If so, the I must have been inverted on the other side of the page. I turned it over and found that my guess was right. Involuntarily, I also read this page and the one opposite it. And then I read further and further. The book spoke to me like a dream, only much clearer, much sharper. And it touched my heart like a nagging question. The words poured out of an invisible mouth in a torrent, came to life and approached me, twirling and turning on themselves like slaves in gilded garments, then sank into the ground and disappeared into the air in shimmering vapours to make way for those that were to follow".

As in the Enochian visions obtained by John Dee with the help of his medium, the strange and ambiguous Edward Kelly, who, in order to see, plunged his gaze into the gold crystal ball - brought by the Angel', the letter-words of this otherworldly book come alive with an allegorical and philosophical life of their own. They are bearers of a very high level of encrypted teaching, which appeals to the fundamental Kabbalistic figure of the Bloody Wedding of the Lord of Our Mercy, the veiled sovereign of this world and its double, unless this world was itself the double of the other, and like its endlessly neglected shadow.

The words of the 'invisible mouth' thus gush forth from the mediumistic ravine *of the ibbour* as if carried by the streams of a living spring, and crowd around the reciter, an Ionic whirlwind displaying the booby-trapped weapons they are made to carry in exaltation. - Then," wrote Gustav Meyrink, "they dragged towards me an absolutely naked woman, gigantic as an earth divinity. For a second she stopped in front of me and bowed very low. Her eyelashes were as long as my whole body and she pointed wordlessly to the pulse on her left wrist. It was beating like an earthquake and I felt that she had the life of a whole world inside her. A procession of corybantes arrived from the distance breakneck speed. A man and a woman were embracing. I saw them coming from afar, while the din of the procession drew ever . Now I could hear ecstatic chanting close to me and my eyes sought out the embracing couple. But it had metamorphosed into a single figure, half of a man, half of a woman.

male, half-female - a hermaphrodite - seated on a throne of mother-of-pearl. And the hermaphrodites crown ended in a red wooden tablet in which the worm of destruction had gnawed mysterious runes. In a cloud of dust, a flock of small blind sheep came trotting up: feeding animals that the gigantic hybrid took with him to keep his corybantes alive. Sometimes, among the figures that sprang from the invisible mouth, some came from the grave with a cloth in front of their face. And they would stop in front of me, suddenly dropping their veils and their carnivorous eyes fixed on my heart with gazes so hungry that an icy terror invaded my brain and my blood rushed back like a torrent into which boulders have fallen from the sky, suddenly, right in the middle of its bed. A woman passed in front of me, as light as a cloud. I 't see her face. She turned away and her cloak was made of streaming tears*.

However," concludes Gustav Meyrink, *"everything the voice had told me I had carried with me since I was alive, but buried, forgotten and hidden from my thoughts until that day.*

It is scarcely believable that Gustav Meyrink could have entrusted the most essential part of his great hermetic approach to a text that openly passed itself off as literature, even if it was occultist, and that only blindness from who knows where should have been responsible protecting, over the years, the train of appalling confessions therein, including the instructions for use. Having said all this, the length and frequency of the quotations used in this research fail to appear excessive, or even downright abusive. But, in fact, it is quite deliberate that this licence imposes its law.

For it is the texts invited to take part in this work which, without pausing for breath, must propose "the drawing hidden in the weft of the carpet", the eidetic structure called upon to reveal its obscure underpinnings. And since the aim here is, first and foremost, to create a working file for the immediate use of the best of us, how can we prevent this working file from being oriented towards direct experience rather than doctrinal knowledge? It is well known that

The Judaic Kabbalah has never ceased to be the doctrine of an experience, at least as much as it could have presented itself as the experience of a doctrine.

It would then remain to explain the hidden meaning, if there is one - and there is, and, in this case, there is only that - the hidden meaning.

hidden, I would say, from the very choice of these texts. The reasons for this choice become all the more crucial since, in themselves, the texts in question are obviously far from representing the recognised summits, or recognisable as such, of the great gnostic or metaphysical thought attributable to the Judaic Kabbalah. In fact, the opposite would be true, since in each case it is a matter of a second, if not third-hand choice. Humble, very humble choices; humiliating, even degrading; or only in appearance, but in any case deliberately chosen to show a rather degrading humility, a *de facto degradation* that is almost always humiliating. Why that? Because, perhaps, for us clandestine harvesters of the germinated word, raised and whitened in the midnight sun, any address that is apparently too neglected is that of an encrypted document. *Book of Ruth*: "Now Boaz came from Bethlehem and said to the reapers, 'May the Lord be with you,' and they said, 'May the Lord bless you. Boaz then asked one of his servants who was in charge of the reapers: - Whose young woman is this? And the servant who was in charge of the reapers answered: "This young woman is the Moabite, the one who came back from the fields of Moab with Naomi. She said: "Let me glean and gather what falls from the sheaves behind the reapers". So she came and stayed, and from morning till now she has hardly rested". Boaz said to Ruth: "You hear, don't you, my daughter? Don't go and glean in another field, don't go far from here, but stick to my maids. Look at the piece of land being harvested and follow them. Know that I have forbidden the servants to hit you. If you are thirsty, go to the jugs and drink what they have drawn". Then Ruth fell on her face to the ground, prostrated herself and said to him: - How have I found favour in your eyes that you should be interested in me, a stranger?"

And, knowing, as is more or less known since the publication, in Rome and then in Basel, of some of my confessions with restricted distribution, knowing, I say, what unsuspected and even completely unsuspected states of the Judaic Kabbalah I was able to probe myself during my stations, in the sixties, in Palma de Mallorca, where the tradition of the great Kabbalistic seasons has been perpetuated in an uninterrupted and ever topical way, because following, in its centuries, an evolutionary spiral more and more assumptive, one cannot fail to be aware of what the Kabbalah of Judaism has to offer.

can only be astonished, deeply astonished, at the fact that in the choice of kabbalistic or assimilated texts thus mobilised on the spot to support the allegations of the present research, I have only called upon infinitely estimable works, (Henri S  rouya's often-quoted work, *La Kabbale*, was published in 1964 in the *Que sais-je?* collection by Presses Universitaires de France, by Presses Universitaires de France, etc). If this way of doing things may seem rather singularly paradoxical, I take full responsibility for it, in all lucidity: this is not how I wanted it to be. For *this is how we proceed*, we who the Sepher ha-Zohar calls the "reapers". And here, having recourse to an ancient turn of phrase, which was also used in his time by Abraham ibn Ezra, I will add, for the indulgent attentions, that *only the initiated will understand*.

Let us summarise: in the final analysis, the very special and perilous work involved in the inner journey of those who follow the occult and more occult teachings of the Judaic Kabbalah, aims only to bring out, subversively, a different conception of the very identity of the seeker, of the man of spiritual action who, Having overcome all the cosmological prohibitions and all the traps, he finds himself still in his abyssal identity, in the dogmatic secret of his identity of the precipices.

Now the ultimate secret of this identity of the precipices demands that it be the transcendental sum, the polar and hyperborean sum of a structure of passage of the three or four, of an occult constellation of three identities that be aroused within themselves, updated by visiting them - by *revisiting* them, each in the places of their original extinction - and to integrate them nuptially, to return them to the burning bush of their quaternary reunion through the sacrificial and quite bloody paths of philosophical stripping and its appalling passages through the fire of self-destruction. Thus visitation, reactualisation, self-destruction will lead, following the assumptional spiral of ['Uniques D  sir'] to the polar and hyperborean nativity whose procedural mystery is called *Incendium Amoris*.

Again, in the Sepher ha-Zohar, it is said, the one hand, that the descent of the great blessing of life is commanded by the ascent, by the theurgic ascent of a just will

of Return to the Face, a will that ignites, as of itself, in the Below of the Same Desire, and, on the other hand, that the spiritual wage of any operation engaged in the paths of the theurgic elevation of oneself implies the consecration of a sending, the de facto advent an emissary from on high? Sabbatai Zévi also said the same thing, when he confessed, as has been pointed out here, that *he who succeeds in justifying himself receives help from the In-Haul* (or, according to an ennobled version of the same word, *benefits External Support*)-.

Now, the descent of this emissary from on high must always take place, or rather, it absolutely cannot take place without the theurgically constituted precondition of an agreed time and place, foreseen in advance for this precise purpose: only knowledge of the intimate reality of this precondition, and this knowledge alone, can unveil, before the prescient soul, the mysterious reasons which, today more than ever, make Prague the transcendental threshold we know it to be.

This unveiling of secret reasons before the soul itself, stripped bare by the very fact of this unveiling, is what establishes the real presence of a sanctuary, and, over this sanctuary, the cloud of its true living holiness. Cloud of holiness? If there is be a cloud of holiness, in Prague it can contain only one all-powerful figure of salvation, namely the appearance of the Infant Jesus King, who is known precisely as the Infant Jesus King of Prague.

By way of conclusion, shall therefore give here some of the correspondence sent by Jean d'Altavilla on 23 December 1963 from Palma de Mallorca to Julius Evola, who was at that time in Rome on Corso Vittorio Emmanuele. It may be worth recalling on this occasion that d'Altavilla was also the nom de guerre of Julius Evola himself.

- or, rather, one of his nom de guerre, for he had others - and, also, that the duplicate of this same correspondence, for several *decisive* reasons, is at present entrusted to the secular care of the Ur groups, whose essentially clandestine destinies have been presided over since January 1969 by someone who, sometimes, acts, especially in Western Europe, under the name of Franz des Vallées, HBL.

On 23 January 1963, Jean d'Altavilla wrote to Julius Evola from Palma de Majorca:

■All of them end up returning, day or another, to Palma de Mallorca.

Majorca, just as they will all return to Prague one day. For the Christmas , di Semola, di Yamina and Massala di Metsiuta discreetly returned to Palma de Majorca, and took up their winter quarters with Consuelo, Massala di Metsiuta's sister, who is married to the former Consul General of Italy, based in Montera Nueva, and whose very special concerns you had already pointed out to us. I therefore hastened to circulate the very strict instructions for vigilance that you advised me to follow. Need I confide in you, too, that I refrained from the slightest complacency towards the apparatus of subordination that the three envoys from the Anti-Centre had immediately thought it necessary to set up for me? On the very night of 24 December, at the instigation of Massala di Metsiuta and at his most urgent personal request, a large meeting was to have been convened under cover, which, under the pretext of the illuminated celebration of the Childbirth of the Hochma Nistara, was intended renew the links - recently suspended, as you know, at my own instigation - between Their Power and the *special working group* which, present, is under my very confidential influence. Now, as you can imagine, none of this has happened, as I myself have kept a very close eye on this impediment. So everything is back to normal. The gathering of dead bark that was to be feared was prevented in time and dispersed, and I'll be doing my utmost to ensure that it stays that way: if necessary, I'll you informed, thereafter, of the progress made on the spot.

So now I come to consider your astonishment at my use the term Judaic Kabbalah, which you feel is somewhat inappropriate, and which, if I have understood your reservations correctly, would not suit you very well. This is because, for me, *Judaic* is fact nothing other than a modality of appearance, illuminated, from within and as if originally, by the word *Ythud*, a word of incandescence of unbearable brilliance which expresses, as you absolutely cannot ignore, the very idea of the cosmological celebration of the Burning Wedding of the Divine Spouses. For the Sepher ha-Zohar, the *Yihud* means nothing other than the reunion, in memory as well as in existence, or the rediscovery of *two souls that had been united before birth* (Sepher ha-Zohar, at I, 49/50).

But it's all going on underneath, and what a mind-boggling way to do it!

In a way, when we think of the current, updated, never-ending mystery of niche CXLIX in the Almudena cemetery, near Madrid, where the proof never stops advancing into the nothingness of its own nothingness, the bloody proof, the bloody corpse that proves what it costs to want to take off *one's shirt* (Song of Songs, V, 3).

However, the *Yibud* of these Most Bloody Weddings is measured, according to the very numeration of the Sepher ha-Zohar, by the number XLIX, which is also the number of the inextinguishable Fire sustained, in the Almudena cemetery, by the increasingly unbearable secret of niche CXLIX. Now, within the theurgic number CXLIX, (C) is required to act exclusively as an indefinite multiplier, in the sense of in *saecula saeculorum* ; which, in this case very precisely, imposes on (C) a status of diversion, of metapsychic decoy reminiscent of the ink cloud of the cuttlefish, because the cosmological process underway from niche CXLIX is measured in time with extreme rigour, and can only concern an operative period of XXII years, i.e. the space of time covered by the period 1962-1984. And let me repeat, 1962-1984.

In any case, the Final Mystery is born, and it is developing: born of my works, in the inferno of my appalling sacrifice in love. And who, from now on, is the one will dare to imagine that it could be understood, this Final Mystery, in its cosmologically foreseen march and in its construction according to the clearest will, according to the most mercilessly limpid will of salvation that Divine Providence had to admit to Itself in this century of the final consummation of the centuries? I myself can no longer do anything about it, nor can want anything other than the fulfilment of these times, so foreseen in advance.

And when the hour comes for the Unforeseen Gift, the absolute hour of the Final Gift of which it was said *if you knew the Gift of God*, and by Saint John Bosco even more so, for Tibidabo, or *tibidabo*, this Final Gift - for it is a question, how can we still doubt it, of the Gift - even of the beginning of the End of All - can only be a gift above and from without, the theurgic gift of the Exterior Support. Now, this gift, by which I mean the gift of the Exterior Support, we have sensed as having to be the object of an advent to come, in the right time of its appearance and appearing in, and through, the mystery of the Incendium Amoris alone, in Prague, and nowhere else. So will I go to Prague? But, at the end of the day, Prague will be vertiginously there, and transparent, where

must arise, where the Final Gift will arise, the mysterious *tibidabo* of Saint John Bosco. For, for us, now on, Prague can only be the sanctuary where the polar and hyperborean eschatological will the Infant Jesus King is exercised, in this space of the invisible, absolutely invisible, promised to the Absolute Visible, where everything is already happening as planned. The Infant Jesus King venerated in Prague, and whose Ultimate Name thus becomes that of the Infant Jesus King of Prague, Himself the Veiled Guardian of the Threshold and the Veiled Passenger Himself of *Whom Lovingly* must no longer enter, but exit there and there, emerging, by stepping over this very fearsome threshold, from the last and blackest, blackest black than the black and last Kingdom of the Dead.

So, my dear Julius Evola, let me remind you, on this clear and holy night, of the most ardent words of our most occult nuptial science, of our cosmological omnipotence already in action:

*Who is this woman who rises from the desert,
leaning on her beloved?
Under the apple tree I woke you up,
right where your mother
conceived you,
where the one who bore you conceived*

And yet, my dear Julius Evola, don't think I haven't understood: the greatest precipices lie not behind us, but directly in front of us. Our narrow path is more terrible than all the paths of death".

What more is there to say? Twenty years have passed since this correspondence was sent, and its revelations are now coming to their final end. In the darkness of its night, where at midday, in broad daylight, the North Star shines in the middle of the sky, the race of reapers has not finished changing the profound being of this world or subversively taking back in hand the direction of its most occult march.

A TEACHING SUPRA-HUMAN ORIGIN

The secret origins of Freemasonry and the apocalyptic mystery of its ultimate goals

On Roman signs, the eagle was depicted with its wings outstretched and holding lightning in its talons, and was thus the emblem of the Roman Empire before becoming that of the Holy Roman Empire.

In the emblem of the Masonic Order, the double-headed eagle wears a royal crown and holds a naked sword in its talons, an earthly substitute for heavenly lightning.

(Michel Vâlsan, Les derniers hauts grades de l'Ecosisme et la réalisation descendante)

Provided that some of us now want to know how to go beyond a view that is becoming dangerously conventional.

- even if, obviously, there were, at times, *superior conventions* - it is only time to admit, in good faith, that René Guénon's long spiritual career remains rather indecipherable,

not to say elusive, hidden as it would seem that it must always remain, behind the many thickets of light and shadow that have necessarily, transiently arisen in the paths of its becoming. So the Guénonians, supposedly of the strictest observance, who currently bent on retaining, and even, more often than not, no longer wishing to *accept*, of the great Blois spiritualists own approach, any more than the fact his relationship with Islam, a relationship that is both very fundamental and very particular, forget all too easily his sacrificial stations Hinduism, Taoism, etc., and, as for the West, they forget all too easily that he was a great spiritualist, and, as for the West, in a certain inner Catholicism as well as in so-called traditional masonry, not yet devastated - one would venture to think - by the subversive penetrations of a historicity openly subjected to the impotences, extinctions, ontological obscurations and others of the non-being that has so long been in power in the century.

In a recent work entitled *René Guénon et les destins de la Franc-Maçonnerie*, Denys Roman, a confidant, close and even very close companion of René Guénon and himself a spiritual researcher deeply aware of the perils of the present day, courageously sets out to shed light on, and in so doing to restore to its rightful place, the truth that has been all too veiled in black, and what a black truth it is, on the essentially eschatological and providential links that have never ceased to perpetuate the attachment of Guénon to *Freemasonry*, and, in so doing, to re-establish in its most regular rights the truth, too veiled in black, and how black, the essentially eschatological and providential links which have never ceased to perpetuate René Guénon's state attachment to Freemasonry considered in its original principle, held to be beyond reach. The work of rediscovery undertaken by Denys Roman in *René Guénon et les destins de la Franc-Maçonnerie* concerns, in fact, the eschatological, even directly apocalyptic dimension of the work, still in action, of the man who was to be called, one day, by predestination perhaps and by service in any case, Sheikh Abdel-Wâhid Yahia. As Denys Roman points out, *the formulation of this work would be inconceivable in any age other than our own*. For only a world on the verge of final extinction could support the emergence in its midst and the work ahead of it of a work designed exclusively to recall, to *reawaken* the principles that had governed the times of its most distant origins, times and forgotten and as if forbidden, buried in the mystery of their dogmatic slumber. , is it not established that at the time of the final closure of a cosmic cycle that is definitively over, or in the process of being so, its beginnings are called upon to

To emerge anew, to reappear one last time in the full light of day, apocalyptically? As Denys Roman writes, René Guénon's work *inaugurates, at the providentially fixed hour in the unfolding of the cosmic cycle, the remanifestation of that primordial Tradition whose symbol par excellence is the North Star*. René Guénon's work was conceived in such a way as to mark its most fatal moments, but also to support and arm from within the end of a world inevitably doomed to perdition. It must therefore be, very exclusively, a work of instruction and high polar remembrance, just as its origins, which must be considered profoundly occult, can only be polar origins, and very exclusively polar.

From now on, therefore, we must understand, with the clarity of an ever-increasing certainty, that the advent of René Guénon's work on the very threshold these terrible years of the end must already have set in motion immense cosmological powers, and that beyond the polar renewal of the consciousness of a small number of people that it is supposed to determine in the West, René Guénon's work itself mobilises, conveys and maintains above the abyss of the end, invisibly, the coronal vortex of a radiant and over-activated theurgical charge capable of containing, or at least delaying, the effects of the end, invisibly mobilises, conveys and maintains above the abyss of the end, the coronal vortex of a radiant and over-activated theurgic charge capable of containing, or at least delaying, the effects of the great negative assignation which, in one world as in the other, already claims to impose the defeat, irremediable or given for such, of what is not non-being and refuses in full knowledge of the facts to the totalitarian domination of the latter and its followers.

To be in a position today to avail oneself of the cosmological powers at work in the non-personal doctrine, in the polar and transhistorical doctrine of René Guénon, in the advancement of one's ardent work and in the maintenance, within oneself, of the secret awakening being, to be in a position to avail oneself, I say, of the cosmological powers at work in the non-personal doctrine, in the polar and transhistorical doctrine of René Guénon, is therefore tantamount to recognising in his words a superhuman origin. Denys Roman: *When Guénon was alive, we don't think anyone would have dared to call themselves Guénonian. For the Master always insisted that he was not teaching a personal doctrine to which the name of its inventor could be given. However, since Guénon's death, term Guénonian has become indispensable to designate those who adhere to his doctrine in its entirety, and especially those who consider that this doctrine is of non-human origin.*

In the Valley of Jehoshaphat

Denys Roman will therefore bear legitimate witness, immediate and assured witness as if from outside this world, and, by the same token, witness that is both enlightened and alive, to the ultimate pathways of Freemasonry understood in the salvific perspective of its own mission on the eve of the end of the current historical cycle. And what Denys Roman has to say about it only deepens still further the horizon of the essentially eschatological vision, turned entirely towards the end this world, that the author of *The Great Triad* had professed about the predestined Initiatic Order, conceived so that it could occultly perceive in its bosom and safeguard, until the end beyond all ends, the heritage of all the spiritual bodies involved in the spiral of the tragic ascent to the Ultimate Jerusalem, and even more so to its Invisible Temple, to that Heliopolis of the Middle of the Day spoken of in the secret constitutions of the *Pax opus Justitiae* Lodge seated Aix-la-Chapelle. Spiritual bodies whose heritage be preserved even and especially after the time of their philosophical extinction, after the apparent devaluation of their active influence in the century.

Denys Roman: *Masonry has thus enabled elements of dead civilisations -* and here Denys Roman quotes, extremely, the great Apollo, 'Delphic and Hyperborean', the light of our earliest consciousness - *to remain alive and thus to be not only vestiges of the past, but also seeds for the future. And this may bring to mind the separation that must take place at the end of the cycle between what must perish and what must be saved, a separation that is analogous to what, in Christianity, is the Last Judgement.* And Denys Roman adds: *"We believe that this transmission ancient elements to Masonry implies that the latter has a role to play at the end of the cycle and that it must therefore remain alive until the end of our humanity. The ritual formula according to which the Lodge of Saint John is held in the Valley of Jehoshaphat is intended to express this symbolically.* Denys Roman again, on the subject of the two Johns: *The Apostle received the assurance of remaining until the return of Christ in glory; and it is under the name of John that the last book of the Bible is placed, symbolically relating the events that must precede this return, announcing the restoration of the primordial state. Masonry, however, is not placed under the sole patronage of John.*

[And Denys Roman concludes: "We must not look elsewhere for the reason why this Order was constantly chosen to become the Ark where all that is truly initiatory was piled up. And Denys Roman concludes: We need look no further for the reason why this Order was constantly chosen to become the Ark in which all that is truly initiatory in the Western world was piled up.

Now it is perhaps this more than special election, this transhistorical mission of safeguarding which has fallen to a certain Freemasonry - which, like its patron saint in this respect, must "remain", according to the extraordinary words of the Galilean, words reported in the fourth Gospel, This safeguarding mission has fallen to a certain Freemasonry, I would say, which, today, is in danger of being better able to situate, and as if in its most accurate light, the secret of the great Celtic revival of which a certain profound topicality of the Western consciousness of the end seems to be made, and as if charged, more and more charged. For, in a certain sense, can we not, must we not, already suggest that, having failed to be Germanic, the Europe of End - or the greater Eurasian Europe, whose concept of the march would thus overlap with the earlier figure of the 'Great Continent' - will have to be, mysteriously, of Celtic matrix? The Celtic tradition, which was so important in ancient and medieval Europe," notes Denys Roman, "seems to have passed on some elements to the 22nd degree of the Scottish Rite (Knight of the Royal Axe), whose workshops are known as the Council of the Round Table. The theme of this grade is wooden construction, which has resulted in numerous allusions to the Cedar used build the Temple of Solomon: hence the name "Prince of Lebanon" given to this grade. On the same subject, Denys Roman quotes and analyses, in substance, the thesis of the "forest origins" of Freemasonry, a thesis supported, in a way that can be considered decisive, by the late Jean Palou in his book *La Franc-Maçonnerie* (a book in many respects exceptional, and of which I myself have attempted, elsewhere, a most passionate approach). In this book, Jean Palou tackles what Albert Lantoiné had already called "the greatest enigma in the history of Freemasonry", i.e., as Denys Roman puts it, "the origin of the so-called Scottish High Ranks". Denys Roman: "Rejecting (perhaps without enough nuance) ■ the Scottish geographical origin, Jean Palou connects the Masonry of this name to "the very ancient forest Masonry", from which would derive, according to him, both the construction in wood (practiced by

the Culdeans) and Charbonnerie. To support his claims, he refers to what Guénon wrote about the Culdean Church, and also to the ritual of the rank of < Knight Royal Axe, or Prince of Lebanon " (the 22nd Scottish degree), whose -second flat, bears the name of - Council of the Round Table... And the author believes he has found place names in the French province of La Marche that confirm this supposition. We do not know what the opinion of the Masons will be on such a hypothesis. But Palou could well be more right than he thinks, and otherwise than he thinks. We are even surprised that having spoken of sacred geography, the symbolism of the forest, the Templars, the Culdeans, the Round Table, and even the "cartographic" resemblance. between Scotland and Greece (whose common patron saint, Saint Andrew, is also the patron saint of the high grades of the Scottish Rite), the author did not think of synthesising all these elements, and thought of a certain forest which is not located in the Marche, but in the Celtide: the forest of Broceliande, or rather the forest of Calydon in Etolia, inhabited by a white boar which was hunted by Meleager, Atalanta and the kings of heroic Greece. In his article < The Boar and the Bear., Guénon wrote: - 'The name Calydon is found exactly in that of *Caledonia*, the ancient name of Scotland'. For Palou certainly not without noticing the particular importance of certain things that René Guénon only wrote once. There is yet another problem of which the author seems to us to have ■ sensed" the solution. Speaking of Frederick II of Prussia and his role in the official history of the Scottish Rite, he clearly saw that it could not be the victor the Seven Years' War. We believe that the Prussia referred to here is the land of the Borussians, the ancestors of today's Prussians, who are said to have come from the North. How else to explain the name given to a Scottish rank: Noachite or Prussian Knight?

Nor will Denys Roman fail to mention, again in commenting on Jean Palou's *Freemasonry*, the original relationship that a certain type of Freemasonry recognises, from its most distant beginnings, with the spiritual and fundamental centre of the ancient Thule. This seems to me to be of major importance. - As long as the Roman Empire was glorious, the Royal Art was carefully propagated as far as the Extreme Thule, and a Lodge was erected in almost every Roman garrison" (from the *Book of Constitutions*^.

Safeguarding mission

In a special interview he gave to the magazine *Aurores* in April 1983, Denys Roman spoke of Freemasonry's mission to safeguard certain Western traditions extinction and self-dissolution. "When a regular initiatory organisation

.knows' that she is about to die, declared Denys Roman, she receives, by virtue of what Guénon 'traditional infallibility', the 'grace' of a

A particular "inspiration" indicating to it to which other fraternity, of a "vitality" superior to its own, it must transmit the part of its "deposit" destined not to perish, and which must therefore be "conserved", with a view to later "reactivation", for the duration of the spiritual obscurity which reigns at the end of a cycle". So it is in a privileged way that we can follow Denys Roman when, in *René Guénon et les destins de la Franc-Maçonnerie*, he gives the following details on the nocturnal immersion and dogmatic slumber of the Order of the Temple within Masonry: - Denys Roman writes: "Freemasonry was ideally suited to receive the deposit of the Templar Order, which, like Freemasonry, was 'Johannine' in character. The Knights Templar paid particular homage to Saint John, which is not surprising, since Christ's favourite Apostle appears in the Gospels as the type and model of initiates. Was he not designated by his Master as "son of thunder"? He is also "son of the Virgin", a Hermetic expression which, as Guénon reminds us, also designates the initiated. And not even the exoteric worship of the Church does not recognise the special privileges and "secret" nature of Saint John. As for the relationship between Saint John and the end of the cycle, it is extremely marked". And also: "It is obvious that when Masonry inherited the 'initiatory deposit' from another organisation, which was then disappearing as such, absolute secrecy was maintained about this 'deposit'.

The "transfer" should be kept. First of all, an organisation only disappears, as a general rule at least, if it is the target of external hostility, and this hostility could be transferred to the heir organisation if the latter were known. Secondly, such a transformation corresponds exactly to a death followed a rebirth, i.e. a change of state, which can only be accomplished in obscurity.

For, and following in this the unfathomable designs of whom until now

It is in the darkness, and in the darkness devoid of all light, that the great glory declares itself, abruptly, when its hour comes - the dazzling glory of Itself, the Shekinah".

But if the abyss calls to the abyss, does not glory go to glory? In a particularly felicitous and, above all, particularly well *inspired* way, Denys Roman will unveil, in order to promote the holy and very true science of fire, the 'glorifications' from which the ceremonial of the solstitial feasts in honour among those initiated brothers who wish to be faithful to the Guénonian line benefits. These 'glorifications' develop, even in a profane pronunciation, outside any hieratic designation, an incomparable power of call to order and immediate theurgic invocation, and is with this double intention of call and invocation that they will be invited to bear witness, here, to the charismatic vitality of certain currents of influence still at work within the Order of Refuges.

In my turn, I reproduce below the Johannine "glorifications" intended, according to the expression used by Denys Roman, for the solstitial celebration of the "Table Lodge": - First of all, it is you whose memory we celebrate, John the Baptist, son of Zechariah, you who gave witness to the Light. By receiving your name revealed by an angel, you enabled your father to recover the word he had lost. You are clothed with the spirit and virtue of Elijah, the prophet who went up to heaven in a chariot of fire, and who must return with Enoch to bear witness before the last day. For you are a prophet, and more than a prophet. He to whom you testified testified to you in these words: among those born of woman there is none greater. We will now celebrate the son of Zebedee, John Boanerges, whom the True Light loved above all others. He is the son of thunder, the depositary of the secrets hidden in the heart of Wisdom, the son of the mother of the Word, the Evangelist of the Light."

That the spiritual and charismatic heritage of John remains, through long night filled with darkness of a world accepted as an expectation and the only historical of this expectation, that it remains, this heritage, and is perpetuated occultly until the new coming of the old day, the Order of Refuges has never renounced saying this to itself, or making it known to those who needed to know.

And yet the Galilean's promise was twofold, because he had also given Peter the beautiful assurance that the Gates of the Cross would be opened.

Hell will not prevail against what is built on the delegation of its Headstone.

How does the light of this beautiful assurance relate to the occult perpetuation of the Johannine flame? Denys Roman's answer is as follows: - To put it symbolically, we would like to say that Peter and John, who both follow Christ, will probably only be able to meet and look at each other face to face *in the deepest of valleys, which is the valley of Jehoshaphat*".

Belle Assurance

Denys Roman also points out, quite rightly, that from Clement XII to Leo XIII, the Church has never ceased to renew its condemnation of Freemasonry in encyclicals, with Saint Pius X, or *Ignis Ardens* following the visionary protocols of Malachy, but a silence now settled over the Initiatic Order in Rome that is both very profound and very significant. A very deep, very significant silence, or rather, a de facto non-condemnation, which, dialectically, is equivalent to an interruption, or even a lifting of the old prohibitions, be they considered in the letter, or even in the very spirit of pontifical responsibilities.

In times dark enough to require the preventive splitting of the front of the Light Power, a split demanded according to the dialectic of its double necessity of presence in combat, esoteric presence and exoteric presence, to which correspond the *inner front* and the *outer front* of the same counter-strategic manoeuvre over a long period, a very long period, it is absolutely inconceivable that the exoteric obligation encroach. It is absolutely inconceivable that the exoteric obligation should encroach on the esoteric part, other than by feint or high machination, or that the esoteric part should wish to impose any kind of obligation on the exoteric obligation before the time is ripe (and if this should nevertheless happen, as we have also seen, those who know how to see will see it only as a nocturnal ruse, a double or quadruple trigger trap aimed, in any case, at the opposing power alone).

The same kind of choice, under cover, an essentially *encrypted* choice, with a dual identity, visible and subterranean, unspoken and unspoken, that Rome uses towards the Order of Refugees, appears,

Denys Roman points out, in Rome's negative strategy towards the work and spiritual action of René Guénon, a strategy of active non-dissuasion in which self-prohibition forbids prohibition, in which the sustained absence of any open condemnation amounts, dialectically, to implying positions of veiled approval on the part of Rome. And these positions of veiled approval are all the more firmly assured because they are unspoken, purposely left in the shadows as if to better prepare them for future fiery outbursts, unpredictable fruitful and charismatic outbursts.

The case of René Guénon is indeed exemplary. As he himself said, the circle of hatred, obstruction and obscurantist questioning that was indefinitely built up around him, during his lifetime and even, perhaps even more so, after his death, was state privilege. And here too, let us have the intelligence to fear it, the worst is not behind us, but ahead of us: from these outbursts dead bark, the negative lifting of which is made around the name in predestination of René Guénon, is also made, precisely, the coming of the times of the final tribulation. And, in truth, we have seen nothing of it yet.

Denys Roman: ■ There was no shortage of denunciations to the Holy Office. But Rome remained silent: Guénon's work was not put on the index. Guénon attached too much importance to the "gesture", and therefore also to the absence of a gesture, not to interpret such an attitude symbolically. He himself pointed out that Peter heard, at the same time as the two sons of thunder, the words, difficult to translate into the languages of the earth, prophets Moses and Elijah exchanged with Christ on the Mount of Transfiguration. In the Gospels, Peter is sometimes harshly rebuked by his Master for speaking too lightly. And just as the inexpressible, in the order of knowledge, immeasurably surpasses anything that can be expressed, we can say that Peter's silences are sometimes more full of "meaning" than his words.

The considerations that Denys Roman is then led to make on the evolution, or rather on the insertion of René Guénon's thought into the very movement of the historical events of his time, take on a directly prophetic accentuation. Some of us would even like to see this as a fraternal warning, or as a warning on the threshold of a precipice. Are we not, in fact, *approaching the end of the cycle*? But, paradoxically, the

he words that Denys Roman delivers here are also words of hope, words of hope of course, of hope beyond the death of all hope. Denys Roman: "In the many writings of his youth, in which all his future work is to some extent sketched out, Guénon never speaks of the proximity of end of time. But as early as 1914, 600 years after the tragedy of 1314, he had a very clear vision of the abyss into which the world was rushing, and in all his works, with one or two exceptions, he would mention his fears, which would always become clearer and pressing. And these fears were especially acute with regard to what is still traditional in the West, i.e. Church and Masonry. He watched with concern as representatives of neo-spiritualism and even counter-initiation began to "infiltrate" these two institutions. He had perceived their aims, particularly with regard to Masonry, whose "psychic influences" could be used for anti-traditional purposes. If at least the Almighty Power, in the words of Saint Augustine, - did not prefer to draw good from evil rather than not allow any evil to happen". Since Guénon's death, the situation of Masonry has worsened considerably. It is useless to details which would be painful and which everyone knows. Is this a reason for the few people who, according to Guénon's secret wish, have asked for and received Masonic initiation, to despair of the Royal Art? We must remember that it is when all seems lost that all will be saved", and that the "birth of *the Avatâra* takes place in the heart of the darkest night of the dark winter, just the Resurrection takes place when the Shepherd has been struck down the sheep of the flock are scattered".

At the present time, nothing could be more precious to us than the assurances we are reminded of, if only as *held out to us once again* by Denys Roman. From *whom to whom?* I believe that the answer to this question will find its greatest field of relevance in what I will call the *dogma of trans-polarisation*.

We have definitely recognised the times in which we live: they are the times of the very last part of the Kali-Yuga, bearing the most mercilessly black darkness of a season without any mercy whatsoever; the times extinction.

The time when all flesh will be destroyed within itself, and all blood will be corrupted and subject to death.

Today, the darkening of what René Guénon called the last two spiritually active institutions in the West, the Church and Freemasonry, is approaching or has just reached its ultimate stage, which in principle cannot be surpassed, because *the damage has been done*.

Another grouping

Now it is precisely at this hour that, in the bosom of the Church as well as in the most intimate space of Freemasonry, a terrible rupture of state must take place, a rupture, moreover, almost already consummated, in one case as in the other: the part of what must perish, and will perish for having chosen the perishable, and the small part of what must be saved, and saved for having nevertheless known how to choose salvation, are going to have to separate irremediably, become enemies to the death and tear each other apart without quarter, until annihilation of one of the two (or, in fact, of the four) parties in contention.

In the Church, then, as we can already see, there is going to be an immense amount of anti-eucharistic and anti-sacramental, anti-dogmatic and, above all, anti-marital, will have to prevail in force, as if by the very force of things, over the small part that is faithful, against all odds to the living sacraments and to the teaching of life of the Mystical Church, a community that is both ecstatic and active, of the living and of those who will live again, a small part that is faithful to the Nuptial Kingdom of Mary.

And in Freemasonry too, only a small central part, the interior of the interior of the most occult interior of the Royal Order, will find, by remaining there, the path of the Previous Teaching and the direct influences of its Unknown Superiors : the rest, and *all the rest*, already knows itself in the power of the House of Darkness, perpetuates itself, acts and tries to impose ecumenically the law of putrefaction, initiatory dishonour and total death which it carries within itself and which carries it forward on the crest of the last groundswell.

In other words, in each of the two remaining traditional Western institutions, the Church and Masonry, the apocalyptic separation of the end will establish an absolutely tragic choice, will install an abyssal rupture and will fuel a mortal antagonism between what, in each of them, represents the part of the light and the part of the darkness.

Now, this quadruple polarisation of the antagonistic forces secretly at work in the Church and in Freemasonry must mean that, as it *occurs, precisely where it occurs*, the small part of what in the Church is and will be, until the end of the century, of a luminous affiliation, will join, beyond itself and beyond the totality of history already past, the small part which, within Masonry, will also have remained of the light, while at the same time an analogous convergence but of the opposite sign will have to be apocalyptically established between what, in the Church as well as in Freemasonry, will have remained of the light. At the same time, an analogous but opposite convergence will have to be apocalyptically established between what, in the Church as well as in Freemasonry, is already undergoing the nocturnal attraction and the subjugating and unnatural imposition of the darkness rising to supreme power in the century, to the "world power of the end".

It is clear, therefore, that it is this inexorable inevitability of the *other regrouping* of the parts which, in the Church and in Masonry in a state of final apocalyptic splitting, are doomed in advance to go beyond the old frontiers of antagonism which once prevailed between them, in order to find themselves again. In accordance with the new law of this overcoming, they will find themselves *differently grouped*, assembled along lines of force that no longer represent their institutional allegiances but the secret affinities of their ultimate ontological identities, which I believe I must call the *dogmatics of transpolarisation*. And is understood, both rationally and irrationally, as the devastating marriage of the four cores of affirmation and merciless confrontation of Omnipotence, which has itself reached the stage of its final self-destruction, at *Judgement*.

Now, when everything has entered the fiery season of the effective transpolarisation of the Church and Freemasonry, it is the latter which, as the interiority, as the esotericism of what the Church would at other times have represented as the exotericism, will see itself charged with taking upon itself what must imperatively survive both of the Church and of Freemasonry, just at the same season it will be the Church which will assume the most visible and totalitarian global responsibilities of what, in

or, in the words of Saint John at Pathmos, the "coming of the Reign of the Beast".

But before the dogmatics of the final trans-polarisation of the Church and of Masonry can begin the ring of great reversals of position which will constitute its unbearable secret, the axis of apocalyptic displacement and the high command of the abysses, Every hidden part of the fundamental ontological crime must be fully revealed, stripped bare and displayed in broad daylight, triumphantly, so that Evil-Being reaches its supreme maturity, within and as if on the very face of history itself, on the way to its own end; Let there be no more evil in the underworld, anywhere; let evil denounce itself by manifesting itself in the visible and in the less visible, exhausting itself to the very dregs of all its subversive potential.

And the more openly evil manifests itself, as if in all its blinding, dazzling glory, the more its opposite, the forces of the being of freedom and non-subjection, will be pushed into counter-subversive concealment in their own paths persistence and direct spiritual and historical action: this, until the unique moment of the final dazzle, until the devastating, undivided sunlight of the Great Return.

But, on the other , hasn't all this already been said by Saint Paul, who, in his Second Epistle to the Thessalonians, defined the apocalyptic concept immediately following what he called the "*before*"?For *before that*," wrote Saint Paul, "must come the Apostasy and the revelation of the Unholy Man, the Lost Being, the Adversary, the one who *exalts himself above all* that bears the *Name of God* or receives its worship, going so far as to *sit in* person in the Sanctuary God. You remember, don't you, that when I was still with you, I used to say that to you. And you know *what is holding him back* now, so that he will not reveal himself until the time is right. The Mystery of Iniquity is at work. But let only *that which holds it back* be removed: then the ungodly will be revealed, and the Lord *will make him disappear with the breath of his mouth*, will destroy him by the manifestation of His Coming.

The return of the Iron Man

The author of two highly acclaimed works on René Guénon, *René Guénon, Témoin de la Tradition*, and *René Guénon, la dernière chance de l'Occident*, published respectively in 1978 and 1983 by the same Parisian publisher, Guy Trédaniel, to whom we can never give enough credit for the current relevance of a certain traditional thought in France,

Jean Robin is, it seems to me, the first to have tackled head-on the problem, which is obviously absolutely fundamental, that of René Guénon's influence on Charles de Gaulle and hence on the most profound destinies of present and Gaullism. And in an important

article published in *Aurores* in April 1983, entitled *René Guénon, un appel aux nouvelles générations*, Jean Robin did not hesitate to write : - Let us redouble our audacity: should we attach any importance to the fact that General de Gaulle appointed Guénon as spiritual master to his 'Secret Companions', to whom he assigned a mission directly related to what we shall call the eschatological function of France? Among other things, this mission concerned the ultimate reconciliation of the spiritual and the temporal, the final synthesis achieved by this perennial *Imperium* finally descended from the sphere of archetypes, after having undergone several abortive prefigurations over the centuries. Its spiritual legitimacy would then fall, in this perspective, to the Gallican Church, of which de Gaulle was calling for a renaissance. The Church of Saint Louis, which refused to take a stand against Emperor Frederick II of Hohenstaufen, excommunicated by Pope Gregory IX". And then: "This Gallican revival cannot be fortuitous, especially we know the response it has had among young people, thanks to its twofold loyalty, on the one to the most ancient ecclesial tradition, and on the other to Christian esotericism. And we could do no better than to quote Michel Vâlsan, who emphasised that Gallicanism, *apparently* heterodox, was *merely the expression on the level of the ecclesiastical recognition of France's privilege of being a holy kingdom ruled by a king of divine right, consecrated as such by a heavenly chrism, specially sent down to historically ensure this investiture**.

Now, in speaking of these 'secret companions' of Charles de Gaulle, Jean Robin was simply referring openly to the work of Father Martin (if there is a Father Martin) entitled, precisely, *The Book of Secret Companions*, a work of guidance and work.

In so doing, it revived the eschatological imperial and solar tradition that had reached its most brilliant and most secret apogee with the installation at Versailles of the Capetian kingship of divine right.

On the other hand, my own skills in penetrating the innermost and most forbidden circles of 'grand Gaullism' allow me to mention here the real hold, confidential perhaps, but profound and persistent, exerted on General de Gaulle, especially in London, by Denis Saurat, whose fighting loyalty, his ongoing and creative loyalty to the cosmological theses, to the differential cosmogonies of the great Hoerbiger, the visionary doctrinaire of *Glazialkosmogony*, cannot be ignored.

Having provided its cosmological foundations - but shouldn't we be speaking more accurately, in this case, of its cosmological *foundations*? - to the imperial geopolitics of Karl Haushofer, and their cosmogonic horizon of internal development to the organisations of reinforcement and ideological protection of the latter, Hoerbiger's *Glazialkosmogonie* remains not only the only great attempt at European cosmogonic reintegration at the end of this millennium, but also the mental infrastructure of the essentially cosmological approach characterising, for those in the know, the whole of General de Gaulle's planetary geopolitical vision and, from this, the most secret intelligence of the transcendental idea that 1.man of storms, had forged about the particular eschatological destinies of France, or rather of *Frankreich*.

Hoerbiger, Haushofer, names that sound like the rolling of the four iron dice that have governed the current destiny of the Great Continent, four iron dice releasing, between the Hands of Shadow, occult irradiations of a charge of will, power and genius that are still and always unbearable: we find ourselves a long way, in truth, from the idiotic mental universe of the contemporaries of Charles de Gaulle, the most misunderstood and, above all, the most betrayed man of his time. Did you know that Charles de Gaulle was also the thirty-fourth descendant - in an authentic and authenticated direct line, as the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Dublin very officially attested - of the ancient Kings of Ireland, a royal which, through the warrior dynasty of the Clana Rodry and then the Mac Cartans, goes back to King Rudricus the Great, i.e. more than two millennia before us? And that the *identity*

The confidentiality of the Far Western kingship of Rudricus the Great continues to be perpetuated through the descendants of Charles de Gaulle?

Finally, why, when he left office in 1969, did Charles de Gaulle insist so fiercely on going Ireland? In a rather mysterious way, it also turns out that it is in Germany that we should try to find an answer to this question, an answer that would be truly decisive, liberating us from the fundamental anguish of this question, the simple formulation of which, as you would expect, intolerably bothers some of the nocturnal powers currently very much in the ascendant, if not already in place, in France and elsewhere. All the more reason for us to insist on it, in the knowledge that the wind will soon change again.

Who was Charles de Gaulle in reality? And who was behind him, even before he was himself? Who is continuing, today, in the underground of history, the work of cosmological salvation and deliverance begun by the giant of the Two Churches? The *giant*, I mean, in the Hoerbigerian sense of the term, as Denis Saurat would have understood it, i.e. someone in whom the anthroposophical reality of the previous cosmological cycle emerges, and as for the Two Churches of its predestined *place of fulfilment*, Let us consider, above all, what has been said here about the two Western institutions, the Church and Masonry, called upon to perpetuate themselves in their own identities until the apocalyptic conclusion of the cycle which is already so close to its end.

And let us forget the following series of facts. During his captivity in Germany, from 1916 to 1918, the future founder of the Fifth French Republic was detained in Upper Bavaria, in the Ingolstadt security camp (he had five escape attempts). At the Ingolstadt security camp, Charles de Gaulle's fellow prisoners *included* - and I would like to emphasise this - Rémy Roure, who has left a brief but fascinating account of Ingolstadt, and the future Marshal of the Soviet Union, Michail Toukhatchevsky, a very high initiate of the Polar Organisation and himself the founder of the Polar Lodges within the Red Army. But above all, the future Marshal Michail Toukhatchevsky was to be the inspired architect of the great Franco-Soviet Continental Pact, signed in Moscow by Stalin and Laval. Still in Ingolstadt, Charles de Gaulle was later to meet the Nuncio in Berlin and future Pope Pius XII, Monsignor Eugenio

Pacelli (1876-1958) was at that time, by virtue of his office, apostolic visitor to the Allied prison camps.

Finally, for reasons that are still very obscure, and which I fear will remain so for a long time to come, it is certain that the inmates of the Ingolstadt security camp enjoyed the high and even, it were, benevolent attention of General von Ludendorff (1857-1937), Chief of the General Staff of the Imperial Army and later deputy to the victor of Tannenberg, Field Marshal von Hindenburg (1847-1934). On the banks of the Danube, in Ingolstadt, the key players in the coming continental drama were thus brought together on the spot, as if by the exercise of a will that was at once occult and supreme, elusive and superhuman.

The confidential influence of Denis Saurat and René Guénon on Charles de Gaulle is therefore beginning to be known, and we have just had a glimpse of his approaches to Hœrbiger's *Glazialkosmogonie* and, through Hœrbiger, to Karl Haushofer's geopolitics with occultly cosmological foundations. In this respect, the reserved archives of the Hœrbiger Institute in Vienna are likely to contain a number of major surprises for duly qualified researchers.

I am also at liberty to give, here and now, the best assurances as to the fact of a forthcoming intentional uncovering, which will not fail to be supported by conclusive evidence, of the relations that Charles de Gaulle had maintained, around the 1930s, with the Parisian headquarters of Polar Lodges, where, I believe I have been told by those who have no reason to be mistaken, the project of the great Stalin-Laval Continental Pact was conceived and prepared, on the French side.

On the other hand, I don't think it would take too much effort to glimpse the right direction in which to investigate Charles de Gaulle's relations with the visible and other authorities of the Church at the time of his theurgic soaking, more ardent and dangerously illuminating and lofty paths could hardly have been left open to him (his Gallicanism, it will be clearly understood, having never been anti-Roman, but the path of the crossing towards the hidden and protected interior of what the Church would represent, in its present state, only the immediate and perhaps already partially sacrificed enclosure).

As you can see, that's a lot of philosophical ground to cover in a single existence and a single ministry. However, *we must not confuse power with its attributes*, as we read in *Le fil de l'Épée*.

But isn't there also a pontifical authority, the most occult of all, which would bring together the whole of this Western quest in a single refuge and give to this vertiginous theurgic whirlwind that will have been the enclosure of Charles de Gaulle's greatest spiritual frequentations the face, even if nine times veiled in indigo, of his Unique Presentation?

What kind of external support?

Let's say that Charles de Gaulle's suprahuman, charismatic and suprahistorical predestination was sacramentally armed, at appointed time, by the External Support that came to him, under conditions that I don't think we need to dwell on for the moment, through the theurgic channel a certain superior Freemasonry, seated in Catholic Germany and not without some of the most powerfully active Roman intelligences. The had to take on, afterwards, and even quite outside itself, the combat identity of a certain Black Order, an identity infinitely guarded, infinitely hidden, infinitely out of reach.

Infinitely hidden, but no doubt not yet sufficiently so, since Heinrich Himmler tried to model his own Black Order on it, from 1936 onwards, in a way that can only be described as mediumistic, therefore nocturnal, uncertain and illegitimate. 11 Nevertheless, it is perhaps necessary to recall the truly extraordinary document consisting of the letter of delegation of destiny, if not of powers, sent by Reichsfuehrer Heinrich Himmler to General Charles de Gaulle at the time of the collapse of Hitler's Reich. The latter, for reasons that need to be examined in depth, did not think it necessary not to refer to , rather perilously, in his *Memoirs*. Heinrich Himmler to Charles de Gaulle: "But now, what are you going to do? Hand yourself over to the Anglo-Saxons? They will treat you like a satellite and make you lose your honour. Join forces with the Soviets? They will subject France to their rule and liquidate you.

yourself. In truth, the only path that can lead your people to greatness and independence is that of agreement with defeated Germany. Proclaim this immediately. Get in touch, without delay, with those men in the Reich who still have de facto power and who want to lead their country in a new direction. They ready. They are asking you. If you overcome the spirit revenge, if you seize the opportunity that history is offering you today, you will be the greatest man of all time.

Charles de Gaulle's supra-human and supra-historical predestination was thus armed by the external support, as we have just said, of a certain superior Freemasonry, infinitely occult and proceeding only by means of high degrees, but allowing itself to be approached, veiled, and only when necessary, under the emblematic identity a certain Black Order.

The time has now come to tackle the problem of certain initiatory high degrees in Freemasonry, which is conceived exclusively as a Royal Art.

This brings us abruptly to what has come to be known as the problem of the Unknown Superiors. René Guénon's position on this problem could not be clearer: ■ As for the proofs of their existence and of their more or less immediate action, they are difficult to find only for those who do not want to see them. (*Études Traditionnelles*, July-August 1952).

Given the current state of our Masonic and knowledge, can we contemplate raising the dramatic question of the Unknown Superiors without once again, and how shall I put it, tirelessly, the initiatory career of Baron de Hund? Who was the real Baron de Hund? And what was his real mission? How can we venture to say with any certainty that the attempt philosophical exaltation by Baron de Hundt (1722-1776), a failed or apparently failed attempt to return Freemasonry under the immediate control of its Unknown Superiors to the paths its most ancient theurgic and spiritual predestination, *metasymbolic*, is of little importance today? For not only is it high time to return to deeply rooted tradition of negative judgements which, for more than two centuries, have continued to subversively tarnish and alienate the

But I believe that nothing clear, irrevocable or usefully new can be foreseen in the final reconsideration of the quite fundamental meaning of advent of the High Degrees in transhistorical history of Freemasonry, until the unconditional rehabilitation of the admirable figure of Baron de Hundt is undertaken.

In any case, it is exclusively within the framework of Scottish Masonry that the two problems with which we are now concerned, that of the Scottish High Grades and that of the Unknown Superiors, can be legitimately posed. And it is in this context that we will find ourselves joining, as expected, Denys Roman's book, *René Guénon et les destins de la Franc-Maçonnerie (René Guénon and the Fates of Freemasonry)*.

In fact, in the conclusion of the fifth chapter of his book, entitled *Templar Masonry, Jacobite Masonry and Scottish Masonry*, Denys Roman tends to prove that Scottish Masonry in fact represents the highly subversive organisational cover under which the Order of the Temple, having survived in Scotland for nearly two hundred and fifty years after its legal suppression in the century, would have perpetuated itself, in the deepest secrecy, making use of the initiatory houses offered to it, like so many virginal shells, by Freemasonry reputed to be regular.

Denys Roman: "By way of conclusion, we would like to propose a hypothesis which we have not seen formulated anywhere, but which seems to us to correspond exactly, not only with what is already known about Jacobite Masonry, Masonic Templarism and Ecossism, but also with the information from German sources which Le Forestier's work has just made available to French-speaking readers. Here is this hypothesis. Jacobite Masonry <Jacobite" Masonry would be a "cover" used by the extensions of Templarism remaining in Scotland, to influence speculative Masonry (and this almost from the origins of the latter) in a traditional sense, and to repair the tear of 1717 by the addition to "Craft Masonry" of an entirely different superstructure (constituted mainly by numerous vestiges of knightly initiations), to which, because of Scotland's relationship with *Ultima Thule*, with the Temple and with the Stuarts,

is perfectly suited to the name, which is universally given to it, of *Scottish Masonry*:-

Elsewhere, Denys Roman also wrote: "Today, in all the existing systems of high degrees, the story of the ruin of the occupies a place of honour which might lead one to think that in terms of Western initiation nothing has changed since the time of Dante when, according to Guénon, it was through the channel of the Temple that one was obliged to pass in order to gain access to supreme knowledge" (*Études Traditionnelles*, March-April and May-June 1969).

A certain Black Order

And it was also through the theurgic channel of a certain superior Freemasonry, based in Catholic Germany and not without some of the most active Roman intelligences, Freemasonry also appearing, sometimes, under the identity of a certain Black Order with a combatant cover, that what I like to call the High Veil of the Unknown Superiors came to Charles de Gaulle, at a time when it had to be done inescapably, to provide him with the help of support from outside this world and history, without which no superhuman predestination can ever be fulfilled, and no human existence can ever attain the status of an "absolute concept..

Now, according to what has just been said here about the fundamental secret of Scottish Masonry finally being intercepted, all doubt has been removed as to the true identity of this Black Order from which Charles de Gaulle received his External Support: it is the Order of the Temple, and, it seems to me, everything suddenly becomes quite clear and effective. And, on the other hand, the dark shadow of *the Ordo Templi Orientis* (OTO) is never far away, as we know, in Catholic lands, never far away in Catholic lands from what visibly or invisibly claims to govern the course of great history.

The Black Order was and is Black, precisely insofar as it can no longer call itself both Black and White, the range of whiteness statutorily included in its original emblem having been abolished by the extreme blackness of the very times of its very last struggle. If, today, survival means fighting in the conditions required by the current states of the world in which this fight is taking place, survival also means striving to pass for the absolute opposite of what

to become darkness in the still heart of darkness and a lie in the most extreme, the most empty and the most abominable of lies, to annihilate oneself in the nothingness that annihilates oneself and to die with death itself and in the most shameless embrace of the Mortuary Takeover. And all this, without measure; as long a thin flame persists, *somewhere*.

Back in 1934, in *Vers l'armée de métier*, Charles de Gaulle said it all when he wrote that *cunning must be employed to make people believe that we are where we are not, that we want what we do not want, and that we can hide reality behind the lie*.

Charles de Gaulle, then, or *Y Homme de Fer*: what in fact lies behind the mystery of this *controlled appellation*?¹ It would be rather singular and vain oversight, I think, to examine it from the angle of a moral approach to the character, fighting virtues of the former leader of Free France, in the sense, for example, that the Prince of Bismarck was called, even in his time, the "Iron Man".

"Iron Chancellor; The extremely controlled appellation of ! Iron Man", Charles de Gaulle owes it, very exclusively, to the initiatory nomenclature, to the most accurate theosophical name for his own hierarchical and cosmological situation within the institution of the shadow which had given him the benefit of the External Support thanks to which his predestination had been able to find the objective and other means of his immediate fulfilment, of his passage into history. Thus, in the heavily guarded, forbidden enclosure of a certain theurgic dwelling at Aix-la-Chapelle, there exists an almost totemic reproduction of Charles de Gaulle, his *baphometric justification* if you like. This reproduction is made of iron, an iron of special philosophical composition, originating in the ultimate heights of mid-heaven and entering into alliances of a genetic nature and secret positioning with the planet Mars as well as with the fixed star called the Spike. Tending towards intense indigo, the dye of the Iron Man of Aachen, a dye that is itself very regularly baphometric, concerns not only the surface, but even the very flesh of the metal in use. However, during the years of disaster, of great cosmological destabilisation, during the terrible years of 1962 and 1980, when even the very designs of Divine Providence, occultly at work, were bestially thwarted, temporarily impotent and extinguished, Charles de Gaulle's baphometric justification was veiled by a black, obscuring sub-dye, producing at the same time

something like an infinitely fine powder, adhering to the surface, an underdye whose premonitory presence many a lustrous operation had tried in vain enough to neutralise, the latter refusing to disappear before the meaning it carried had reached its goal. Indeed, what must be borne in mind above all that in no way can the rebleaching - in this case, the deep rebleaching or, rather, the intense indigo treatment - the Baphometian effigy be conceived as the effect of a cleansing action with material modalities. Thus, during its darkening in 1968 - which, it must be admitted, was far less worrying than those of the fateful years 1962 and 1980 - the hierarchies on guard only managed to get rid of the powdery blackness through the personal intervention of General de Gaulle, who asked and obtained, in Paris, that the Priory of Sion come under the direct influence of Pierre Plantard de Saint-Clair, with *all that this implied*.

Neutralising or halting a disaster in progress, putting stop to nocturnal conjurations, is not achieved at the level of visible effects, but invisibly at the level of theurgic causes, which are always *unavowable*. The OTO's belated approval Pierre Plantard de Saint-Clair's historical underground work immediately earned it its 1968 advance, just as the OTO's disapproval of the Organisation de l'Armée Secrète (OAS) had prevented the latter from really passing the bar of history, despite the hermetic and even sidereal support it had received from its external headquarters in Madrid (and this for metahistorical purposes far removed from the theses of the 'French presence in Algeria', a cause irretrievably lost if ever there was one).

The tutelary shadow of the OTO and, behind it, the shadow of the Order of the Temple itself, also appear, and from their very first beginnings, so risky and so difficult, in the deeply confidential relationship that existed, as we know, between General de Gaulle and General Guderian (1888-1945). Behind Heinz Guderian's very secret loyalty to the man who had provided him with the mental infrastructure for his own doctrine on politico-strategic use of armour and for his theatre commitments, which extended to the level of a geopolitical entity spanning the entire continent, another loyalty, a transcendental loyalty, was also present. This was true right up to the fateful years of 1944-1945, when Heinz Guderian - who was to become the first commander of the German Army - was forced to retire.

was to become head of the Reich's Army Staff, albeit at a very late date, and Charles de Gaulle was at the height of the tension between himself and the hidden machinations of the United States, which were preparing to bring France down and place it under total political control: It is believed that was at this very moment that General de Gaulle considered responding abruptly to the challenge of destiny by accepting even the possibility of a last-minute change in his European alliances.

Right up to the level of a continental geopolitical entity, or right up to the threshold of the fateful years 1944-1945, or right up to the very possibility of a change alliances, everything had to lead, with the swirling knot of forces engaged, at that , in making and unmaking Europe, everything had to lead, I say, at that moment, to the inner precipice, to the terrible central void of a battle fought to the very end of the mysterious will of a destiny still and always unfulfilled, to the very end of the obscure providential unforeseen, to the very end of the consummation of the part of non-being in being and of being in non-being.

At its highest point, Guénon's teaching advocates a general reconsideration of the spiritual and political history of Europe based an absolutely polar concept of reference, that of a hidden perpetuation of the Order of the Temple. And this would seem to be Denys Roman's point of view too.

Polar primacy

Like another reappearing Atlantis, the polar primacy of the Order of the Temple emerges explicitly from the oceanic depths of the great Western history of the end, imposing on it the magnetic lines force of its own becoming, at once providential and indecipherable, inexorably on the move and almost already complete.

For, the time of the final apocalyptic revelations has come in clarity, the Order of the Temple, definitively deported from visible history in the fourteenth century, will only manifest itself through the precedence of its shadow, in an indirect, encrypted, non-immediate way. Its presence in history

remains nevertheless of the order of a Real Presence: being himself present only where he is no longer, nothing will be there any more than by the sole surviving presence of his Eucharistically polar absence, which, in fact, is only the absence of absence. Are not our times, which are those of the greatest absence, also, by that very fact, times of an unbearable presence, even it is veiled?

So it seems to me the real presence of the Order of the Temple in our history can be seen four successive enclosures: a lower enclosure, an upper enclosure, a enclosure and a final, coronary enclosure.

The lower reaches of the Order of the Temple's shadow extending over present-day Western history, or its *lower reaches*, can be credited, among other things, with the appearance in France a Templar Order approved in high places which, under the leadership of a Polish general in exile, General Z+ + + , had been entrusted with certain tasks of mystical and social salubrity during General de Gaulle's time in office. In the same vein, but at an even more activist level, the Service d'Action Civique (SAC) provided a presence that on many , under the watchful eye of few, proved to be infinitely different from what one might have thought at first glance. But what must be forgotten is that the SAC insignia was based on the cosmological figure of the Thistle, a direct reminder of that earlier Scottish obedience of which, as Denys Roman wrote, "the highest knightly dignity is the Order of the Thistle".

The activities for which *the upper echelons* of the Order of the Temple can be credited, at once totally absent and totally present on the front line of the current currents of Western history, will find, it seems to me, their most obvious indicator of state in the conspiratorial nebula in the open maintained, under the personal supervision of General de Gaulle, by some of his great agents of influence, even ministers in office - of whom I will mention only the names of Edmond Michelet and Louis Terre- noire, although there were many others, and not the least - who, from the operational centre of Saint-Laurent de l'Escorial, in Spain, exacerbated the *vive flamme blanche et rouge*" of a certain imperial and Catholic conception of Europe still faithful to the memory of the Holy Roman German Empire

currently embodied in person of Archduke Otto of Habsburg.

On the subject of the third enclosure of the Order of the Temple, its *theological enclosure*, the Order of the Temple whose *real presence*, within history

As we have just pointed out the present-day Western world can no longer be understood in any other way than by its *representations* alone. We must recall the twofold attempt of Pius XII to create, on the one hand, the Movement for a Better World (MMM), which, under the visible responsibility of Father Lombardi, aimed to set up, within Catholicism, a special organisational space and a deep, permanent and active spiritual mobilisation in the service of certain "ultimate ends". Lombardi, aimed to create a space within Catholicism for special organisational coverage and deep, permanent and active spiritual mobilisation in the service of certain "ultimate ends"; and, on the other hand, and undoubtedly as the inner, powerfully protected justification of the Movement for a Better World (MMM), supporting, with all its apostolic weight, the implementation of the organisation "for a better world".

Rupp, Bishop of Paris, and Robichon de la Guerinière, who, in time, and with the support of a number of others, were to "raise from the ashes" the Order of the Temple itself, by which I mean its very *former identity*.

(*Ntine dimittis Domine*, sang the old man Simeon: if Pius XII and Robichon de la Guerinière saw with their own eyes the very advent of the Great Renewal, they both died on the line of passage of the year 1958, when the "Iron Man" was to return so abruptly to the visible and invisible conduct of occidental history).

As for the allowable identity of its *coronary enclosure*, or of one those might have borne the name, I shall confine myself to recalling the fact of emergence, on the line of passage of those truly decisive years, and decisive in several respects, that were the fiery years 1956-1958, the emergence, I said, of the *Pax opus Justitiae* Lodge seated in Aix-la-Chapelle. A hermetic, polar and imperial lodge whose relations, through Robichon de la Guerinière, were very close with both the Mouvement pour un Monde Meilleur (MMM) du

R.P. Lombardi, and the Templar Order, for whom this Movement was intended as a pre-established area of manoeuvre and external cover.

If it was Robichon de la Guerinière who, as director of Éditions de la Colombe, based in Paris, was responsible for the general distribution of Pius XII's texts in short for

As the doctrinal founder of the dual enterprise of the Mouvement pour un Monde Meilleur (MMM) and the corresponding Templar Order, it was still the latter, the prophetic and silent conspirator of Éditions de la Colombe, who provided material cover in France and Europe for the *Pax opus Justitiae* Lodge, and in particular the publication of its confidential newsletter *Les Actes de l'Empire*.

Now, while *Les Actes de l'Empire* had already announced in 1956 that Charles de Gaulle would return to power on 13/15 May 1958, it had also announced, in the same 1956 issue thirteen years ahead of time, that he would be leaving office in 1969 and, above all, that a very mysterious Second Renewal would take place thirty years later, in 1986. I still believe that this last date, 1986, is absolutely right.

For it was undoubtedly on the subject of these "parousic times" - of which Charles de Gaulle himself was to speak, in the instructions to the Secret Companions revealed by Father Martin that, for its part, the Hermetic, Imperial and Polar Lodge of Aachen, *Pax opus Justitiae*, put forward, as early as 1956, the basic elements of its own doctrine of the Second Renewal.

At the end of his *Memoirs*, Charles de Gaulle himself evoked what he called "the genius of renewal", and wrote the following lines, so vertiginously ahead of everything else?

Charles de Gaulle, *Memoirs*:

A call from the depths of history, then the instinct of the country, led me to take into account the treasure in disarray, to assume French sovereignty. It is I who hold the legitimacy. And then: Tonight, moreover, after so much uproar, everything around is falling silent. This is the moment to take note of has just been achieved and to confront myself with what comes next. And above all: Is destiny sealed? Is this the victory of death forever?

? No! Already, beneath my inert ground, a muted work is being accomplished. Motionless in the depths of darkness, I sense marvellous return of light and life. All of which should lead to this visionary fuguranc: But one day, on my stripped body, my youth will blossom again.

It remains to add that in its essential constitutions, produced in part by *Les Actes de l'Empire*, the Aix-la-Chapelle Lodge we have just been talking about justified its cosmological name

of *Pax opus Justitiae* with a fundamental reference to Guénonian teaching, and more particularly to René Guénon's essay *The King of the World*.

In the last issue of the operational series devoted to preparing the return and installation in power of Charles de Gaulle, published on 13 May 1959, the last article, signed Regio Montanus, celebrated, in its conclusions, the memory of Saint Charlemagne, "secret adviser to Joan of Arc" and "founder of the Holy Roman German Empire". And the same text announced rather than predicted the future elevation of Charles de Gaulle to the dignity of the altars, the only irrevocable, the great cycle of Western history at its end closing in on itself so that the "first great Charles, Charles 1st the Great" join the "last Charles, Charles de Gaulle" and merge mystically, philosophically and dogmatically with him. For, at the end of the apocalyptic procession, the Alpha joins the Omega.

Finally, we know what efforts Charles de Gaulle made to promote, "for honour and glory", the file opened with a view to the canonisation of John XXIII, a file to which he had very formally insisted on being able to give his own testimony, kept under the seal of secrecy concerning at least one miracle, of major importance, and whose perpetration he attributed to the intercessory graces of the former Apostolic Nuncio in Paris. But, in the living and active proximity of the absolute, the course of things is sometimes reversed: this is undoubtedly how, in this burning hour, it is John XXIII who, in the end, intercedes and fights for the canonical translumination of

Charles de Gaulle.

Denys Roman and the "masonic secret"

The secret of Masonry is inviolable by its very nature, since the Mason who knows it only knows it because he has guessed it. He did not learn it from anyone. He has discovered it going to lodges, observing, reasoning and deducing. When he has succeeded, he is careful not to share his discovery with anyone, even his best Masonic friend, since if (the latter) does not have the talent to penetrate it, neither will he have the talent to take advantage of it by learning it orally. This secret will therefore always be a

secret. Everything that is done in the lodge must be secret, but those who have not made a scruple of revealing what is done there have not revealed the essential. How could they reveal it if they didn't know?

Casanova

The teaching of René Guénon, as we have said, conveys a word of superhuman origin. the influence of its own reality alone, this word sets in motion extraordinarily important cosmological powers, whose ontological reverberations cover and super-activate all the fields directly concerned by its action, or which might be in its vicinity.

Now, in *René Guénon et les destins de la Franc-Maçonnerie*, Denys Roman succeeds in restoring very breath of Guénon's heroic breakthrough towards the West of the Big Dipper, towards the "House of Bread" (and there, let us remember that ancient word which says: - Become mighty in Ephrathah, make a name for yourself in Bethlehem", Ruth IV, 11). *René Guénon et les destins de la Franc-Maçonnerie* remains, nevertheless, a book of great simplicity of conception: it is the grouping together of a certain of works practised at different times, and most often in very particular circumstances.

But this simple grouping of texts calls, in the final analysis, for a genuine theurgical transordination. In fact, I don't think I need to make myself heard too much here. But what I would like to say, in spite of everything, is that this book seems to me to be charged perpetuation of influence whose very intensity demands and makes it, in a way, something other than what it is supposed to be. A *surplus* of spiritual power, of direct suprasubstantial vibration, is at work here, and this *surplus* is a living thing, a breath of life, a life-bearing and life-giving breath, and a completely different kind of life. *The Breath of the Valley*," says Yang Chiang, "is never extinguished. And then: *The Breath of the Valley called the Black Bride*.

Let us say that it is precisely the Breath of the Valley, the Breath of the Black Bride, which permeates the subterranean passages of this book of muffled investigations on the superhuman word of René Guénon, surprised, given in its relationship with the ultimate destinies, with the great predestination, *still veiled* in spite of everything, of Freemasonry. For, appearing, to use an expression of Denys Roman himself, in *the times in which we live, and before the*

This book, I am convinced, will be able to fulfil its beautiful duty and, over the last precipices, over the last charred deserts of the immense Western amnesia, untie ancient lakes of death and renew even more ancient ones, these infinitely likely to establish, when the day comes, the passage towards the Valley of the Black Bride.

Untie the lakes of death, we ask; to begin again and again, in ourselves and in the course of history for which we are all objectively and charismatically responsible, the same struggle against the work of putrefaction and annihilation pursued by the "great marouts". But have we not already reached the limit of untenability and rupture at which any enterprise of resistance against the advancing front of the power of darkness becomes null and , *inconceivable* even? The paroxysmal mobilisation of faceless, nocturnal sovereignties, the unleashing dead bark around (and even within, to the very marrow of their bones) those last remaining hotbeds of resistance that are, or would appear to be, in the West, Church and Freemasonry, can this paroxysmal mobilisation, these triggers of vertigo of death, justify the renunciation in despair of the cause, the lucid and desperate abandonment of these decaying and *perhaps already fallen* strongholds, fallen without our even knowing it? Denys Roman : << The struggle of the servants of truth against these "hordes of Gog and Magog" (which the English Masons of the eighteenth century likened to the "hordes of Gog and Magog") is a struggle for the survival of the Church. "Gorgomons") is not always easy and rarely enjoyable. But what does that matter, when you know that a definitive victory is at hand? It cannot be repeated too often: if the Western Guénonians ceased to take an interest in Masonry, their defection (for it would be one) would be hailed as a dazzling victory by all the adversaries of Tradition" (interview, already quoted, in *Aurores*).

What Denys Roman invites us to do, as we can see only too well, represents a radicalised negation beyond itself, an absolutely unconditional negation of the current states of the world and of the inevitability of their implicit becoming, the *total negation of a total negation*.

But could it be, then, that until now we have scarcely known in what special way it was necessary to scrutinise, in the shadows, the so dramatically trapped domain in which the virtues are exercised?

of spiritual and intellectual heroism, signified by a long-drawn-out battle terrible constancy with fire, such as that to which the paradigmatic example of Denys Roman invites us? And, moreover, through the theurgic obliteration of a name and a person, what occult cosmic emergences flow uninterruptedly into the abode, what unavowable aggregates of ancient powers anonymously inform a word itself that so sovereignly wants to be increasingly anonymous? For there is no better advice for life, for survival, for life beyond all life, than that given only by 'she who is called the Black Bride', the tamed, lavish, sovereign mistress of the 'Breath of the Valley'. In her arms, against her bosom, isn't the black, farming fertility of the breaths in the black valley, a nuptial fertility not of affirmation, but of questioning, of a tumultuous return to the living source of that very thing which causes an answer to emerge perpetually, always the same? This, too, is 'Masonic secret'. There is no other "Masonic secret".

So in Denys Roman's wake, at once tormented and as if already pacified, the bush of questions far the gush of answers. As if in spite of himself, so greedy at the same time as so demanding of answers, and what answers they are, Denys Roman's work only achieves its truest and most beautiful power in questioning and through questioning. Doesn't answering the very question that heroically calls for the answer give the answer its only chance to face up, alone, to its own nakedness before the beginning?

So, how do we conclude? With three groups of questions addressed to Denys Roman, open questions concerning, respectively, (1) the current situation, and therefore, in a way, the final situation of the René Guénon's own "spiral of direct influence", (2) the apocalyptically active relationships governing, at the present time, invisibly and, perhaps, already visibly, the reunion of the Church and Freemasonry, both present at their final meeting "in the Valley of Jehoshaphat", and, also, (3) the last Western missions of France and the Gaullism of the End, or the occult emergence of a new Western elite of expectation and rupture, of *hidden recommencement*.

In this way, we can see that, taken as a whole, the present

his work on Denis Roman's Guénonian testimony and the Guénonian line in its current states, in its *states at the end*, will have been, in fact, no more than a response held to be anterior to the three groups of questions that follow.

Would it be possible for you, Denys Roman, to share with us your intimate vision of the predestined man who bore the principal name of Rêne Guénon, and, above all, your certainties, or your profound presentiments concerning the *ultimate secret of this predestination*? In your opinion, what is the present and future relationship between the work of René Guénon and that of Michel Vâlsan? Has there been, or will there be, a continuation of the same ministry on the part of one or the other?

exclusively, or does Michel Vâlsan's work appear, or is beginning to appear, as the proposal, as the burning fruit of an already differentiated specification? How do you think your own work, which is still in progress, should be situated in relation to the front line of the great traditional and apocalyptic revival marked by the advent of René Guénon's doctrinal and other action? Are you prepared to talk about your current or more distant work projects?

According to your best information, what were René Guénon's conclusions concerning the present destinies, in other words the final destinies, of the Church of Rome? Did René Guénon envisage an apocalyptic conjunction, a nuptial conjunction of Freemasonry and the Church of Rome, transfigured by the new *light of being* that we know? But haven't you already written: "Symbolically speaking, we would like to say that Peter and John, who are both followers of Christ, will probably only be able to meet and see each other face to face *in the deepest of valleys, which is the Valley of Jehoshaphat*?" Do you think that the Franco-Masonry is in danger of finding itself, perhaps very soon, faced with the obligation assuming responsibility for itself, in the West - itself, or, more tragically still, And, so, what kind of change, of adjudicative overgrowth, should take place within it that would open the still hidden doors, the still forbidden doors of its final mission by offering it the new qualifications required by this change?

Assuming that, according to René Guénon's views, a new

How do you see the way in which this Western elite, a completely new elite, will come together and be recognised from within? What will be, what should be, in your view, the warning signs of the eventual emergence of this final Western elite? If its existence is to be subterranean, at what point should it renounce the secrecy of its state and present itself, if only partially, in the full light of day? Are you at liberty to think that a certain mission of salvation and deliverance for France, on a continental and planetary scale, could be revived, apocalyptically, within and at the end of the current world history in progress? Do you believe that it is possible to assert, as some are doing or planning to do at the present time, the existence of a veiled but very profound convergence between the teaching of René Guénon and the confidential, even occult, dimensions of the historical and transhistorical action undertaken by Charles de Gaulle in France and throughout the world? Were you made aware the emergence, in the pivotal years 1956-1959, of a Hermetic, Imperial and Polar Lodge in Aachen which, under the Guénonian name of *Pax opus Justitiae*, had acted or was acting in the direction of a great traditional return of Europe and the West as a whole to the historical being of their deepest original reality, to the Holy Roman Germanic Empire? Did you know of the establishment, in their time, of certain regular and ongoing relations between the Lodge of Aachen and the traditional Masonic nebula, essentially Johannine, governed by the Lodge of Laval, in the Mayenne?

These are all questions that I think have already been answered.

ASIA MYSTERIOSA

in the polar memory of
Zam Bhotiva

Under the spotlight of Mercury

The Head of State, President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, accompanied by his wife, Mrs Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, one of his daughters, Mrs Philippe Guibout, as well as a large government and political entourage, made an official visit to China from 15 to 22 October 1981, a visit some see as being under the sign of the Little and Big Mercury.

We also know that, during this visit, the Head of State, President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, travelled to Tibet on 19 and 20 October, accompanied only by his wife and daughter, where he visited the holy city of Lhasa and, in Lhasa, the Potala Palace.

For, if Tibet is the Roof of the World, is not the holy city of Lhasa the Little Roof that dogmatically overhangs and completes the Great Roof, and, at the absolute centre and above the Little Roof, is not the Potala Palace the Golden Cap that crowns it and cosmologically opens it to the Abyss of On-High?

And, behind the visible face of this geopolitical zone in permanent revolutionary mutation which is, today, to the east of the great Eurasian Continent, China of the scarlet vertigo of Maoist disinheritance, was the Head of State not seeking to meet this *Asia Mysteriosa*, the great Zam Bhotiva wrote about in a book that is far less forgotten than it is believed to be, and whose invisible radiance still and always decides the most profound destinies current world history?

So perhaps it wasn't because he had had to make
in China for political and immediate reasons, contingent, say some of those who know, that the Head of State has not wanted to miss the opportunity to visit Tibet too, or to go to Lhasa: on the contrary, it was so that he could get to Tibet, and all the way to Lhasa, where he had to go for reasons of safety. For metapolitical and transcendental reasons, he was obliged organise his political trip to China. As in all undertakings, between the avowed and the unavowed, between the visible and the invisible, there were governed by the salts and royal fires of Mercury, a reversal of goals: what was essential in appearance was not essential in reality, and seemed inessential in appearance was, in reality, essential in reality.

President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing's trip to China would thus become the visible face of his other, confidential and closed trip, which was his incursion into Tibet, and the political dimension of his trip to China would take on the external and discursive value, but nonetheless, and by the same token, the quantified depth, of what his trip to Tibet would mean on a completely different level. All the statements made in China by President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, would then include as second reading, an in-depth reading leading, confidentially, to a metapolitical dimension, even transcendental nature of his testimony.

When, at the French Embassy in Beijing on 17 October, the Head of State declared that "China is a kind of France of the East", some people did not hesitate to understand that, on another level and as *seized from within*, this also meant, implicitly and covertly, that France is a kind of Tibet of Europe. And there it all is.

"The two extremities of the Eurasian continent

So it was that President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing declared, at the grand dinner given in his honour by the Chinese government at the People's Palace in Beijing on 15 October :

- France is delighted that China has regained its rightful place in world affairs. China's return to the world stage, to the ranks of the great powers, a China driven by the desire to help States and peoples in their struggle for genuine independence and progress, fosters peace, because it contributes to a better balance in the world.

- It is in the same spirit that France is striving to contribute to organisation of a strong and active Europe. The disappearance of our continent in the wake of world conflicts is a historical anomaly. It runs counter to Europe's tradition and vocation. It maintains the rigidity of a bipolar system, with its threats to peace and its constraints on independence.

- President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing said: "I firmly believe that the assertion of Europe, like that of China, at both ends of the Eurasian Continent, serves our fundamental objective, which is that of peace: a just peace resulting from the balance of a multipolar world, and thus escaping the confrontation between the blocs".

In the declarations of the Head of , we thus find very essentially the permanence of the fundamental discourse of Gaullism in its inner, medullary form, which is a discourse on the revolutionary pacification of world history at its end, a discourse on hope, even on the certainty of the apocalyptic advent, on the now imminent deadline, of the *Pax Profunda* of the Hermetists.

But don't we have to go back to the very words of General de Gaulle to get a better grasp of the Gaullist conception of peace as France's transcendental vocation, to better situate the discourse of late Gaullism on the apocalyptic advent of a certain world peace that is constantly threatened, in the path its coming to light, by those whose occult project never ceases to go against peace, and against all peace? General de Gaulle once said: "At the present time, the universe finds itself, probably for the first time, faced with global problems of direct concern to everyone on our planet. First and foremost

peace. As you well know, today can only imagine world peace, or no peace at . Consequently, peace is a matter common to all our fellow human beings. Peace must be maintained. It must be maintained against all those who might threaten it>. And also: <France is for peace. France wants peace, it needs peace. In order for France to be truly reborn, to remake itself and to expand, in the noblest sense of the word, it needs peace. Consequently, France seeks peace, cultivates peace, helps peace everywhere. And, he added, <peace must be maintained with regard to those who might have a grudge against it, and those who do must be convinced that they will not pass away-.

From this also emerges, from a position of strength, the basic counter-strategic thesis of late Gaullism, which is the thesis of *world subversion for peace*, a thesis which led General de Gaulle to wonder, in his *Memoirs*, whether the great world revolution of the end of the twentieth century was not, precisely, that of Gaullism conceived at its most extreme point, and by that very fact the most perished. -I came to wonder," he wrote, "if, of all those who spoke of revolution, I was not, in truth, the only revolutionary".

The statements made by President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing in Beijing should be placed in this same high light, in this ultimate, sunny and dangerous light, especially when he said - and the expression is extremely significant - that he *deeply believed*, because what depth and what peace are we talking about here, that < the affirmation of Europe, as well as that of China, at both ends of the Eurasian Continent, serves our fundamental objective, which is that of peace-.

Fighting in the shadows for the powers that be

On the other hand, it should also be pointed out that, while the Head of was perfectly able to neutralise, and even on the spot, all the apprehensions, which were, moreover, each rather *self-interested*, of those who would have liked to be able to interpret his trip to China as a sort of harbinger, or even as a preliminary movement towards a change in the orientation of France's continental geopolitical line, a movement that would have

The Head of State's visit to , on the other hand, provoked a fairly strong wave of disapproval in France itself and throughout the world. Reprobation, incidentally, the reasons for which quickly became apparent as being, in most cases, the fruit of the most obscure intentions in the service of the most suspect causes, ranging from ideological manipulation disguised as a profession of nationalist faith - and even, how shall we say, spiritual and "theosophical" - to the most primitive and, in a way, the most shameless political provocation.

While we can well understand the point of view of the Dalai Lama's representative for North America, Tenzin Tethong, who expressed the feelings of the Tibetan government in exile, which, he said, and no doubt quite rightly, the trip by President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing to the Roof of the World, and more particularly to Lhasa, we absolutely cannot play the game, equivocal to say the least, of those who, in France and even elsewhere, thought they could find in the Head of State's visit to Tibet an opportunity to accuse him of, and I quote, < coldly sacrificing the Tibetan people's desperate fight for freedom to France's sole economic interests in China and South-East Asia", while at the same time going out of their way to compare his visit to Lhasa with what might have been, at the present time, his visit "to Kabul, in Afghanistan invaded and occupied by the Soviet Union in the same way that Communist China invaded and occupied Tibet". This is beyond comment.

Tenzin Tethong's position was quite different: "From a diplomatic point of view," he said, "the French Head State's visit to Lhasa can be seen as a *de facto* recognition of Chinese domination and its current forms of occupation of Tibet". There is no denying it: while undoubtedly sensed, if not fully understood, the hidden reasons for President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing's current incursion into Tibet, the official representative of the Dalai Lama and the Tibetan government in exile in North America could not fail to play the game and take the positions he had to take, as he himself put it,

- from the diplomatic point of view", i.e. on the surface and conventionally, and without prejudging what was likely to happen on the nocturnal, hidden and subversive side of the events in question.

But it is one thing to come to the aid, or to try to so, and in this case, whatever the means, small or large, to come to the aid, I would say, of the Tibetan people who have been taken over by China's Great Asian imperialism, an imperialism which is both underhand and brutal, or should we say infinitely underhand and infinitely brutal, and which is intended to be irrevocable, and another thing is to want to use the dark and atrocious suffering, the mysteriously active resistance of a people more heroic and more neglected than many others, for unavowable and unacknowledged ends, ends for which one might wonder whether, in the final analysis, the outcome and the hidden operational reasons were not quite different and the very opposite of what they would have us believe: whether certain dubious and more than dubious clamour aimed at denouncing the current enslavement of Tibet were not in fact pursuing the covert reinforcement of this same enslavement.

So I say yes to any battle of support, whatever it may be and wherever it may come from, for the fight for the national liberation of Tibet as an end in itself.

No to any initiative that turns Tibet's desperate fight for its national being and its national freedom into a means to a different end, a means to other ends and to other battles, battles in the shadows in the service of the powers that be.

Is France the Tibet of Europe?

While trying to respect the dividing line between things should more or less be said and those that must imperatively be kept silent, one might well ask what the reason would be, or rather, what the reasons would be that prompted the Head of State, President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, to do everything he had to do to be able to visit Tibet last October.

To answer this question, we first need to understand what the current situation is.

of Tibet. This can be approached on two levels, from two different points of view.

From what we might call an immediately political point of view, Tibet, an occupied country, finds itself, we have just said, crushed under the total domination of a foreign will whose ultimate goal foresees, demands and sets in motion the annihilation of the national being, of national freedom and of the very life of the Tibetan people, of their history and of their spiritual and historical mission.

From a metapolitical, transcendental point of view, we have to understand that Tibet's situation is, paradoxically, both unchanged and changing ever more rapidly and profoundly. A rift has opened up in its identity, with irremediable signs that are becoming clearer all the time.

Its situation remains unchanged, insofar as Tibet must be recognised the privileged place that corresponds most closely to all the traditional definitions of the "centre of the world": its polar identity continues to assert itself as dogmatically intact, with Tibet always appearing as the absolute Polar Mountain par excellence, as the Mountain Itself.

The *Bulletin des Polaires* dated 9 June 1930 stated: "The Polars take this name from the fact that, from time immemorial, the Sacred Mountain, i.e. the symbolic location of the Initiatic Centres, has always been described as 'polar' by the various traditions. And it may well be that this Mountain was really

"polar" in the geographical sense of the word - since it is asserted everywhere that the Boreal Tradition - or Primordial Tradition, the source of all Traditions - first had its seat in the Hyperborean regions".

But at the same time, Tibet is changing too. How is it changing? At the present time, it is changing on at least two levels of its living and active historical identity, and each time the change in question proves to be so profound that it has to be considered as a change of state, as a total and irrevocable change, a change implying in itself an imminent end, an ontological rupture and another beginning, or, if you like, another recommencement. So what are these two planes of change in Tibet's living historical identity, and what meaning should be given to the future developments of these changes?

Let's say that the first thing to look at is the conviction that is currently emerging irrationally both in the consciousness of traditional anti-communist Tibetan emigration and within Tibet itself, the dramatic conviction, the visionary and prophetic tradition according to the current Dalai Lama, the XIV', will be the last Dalai Lama: there will be no XV' Dalai Lama, and there will be no Dalai Lama, ever again, says today the shadowy mouth of this people so mercilessly cast aside in the face of the world but whose humility whose mystery is mercifully founded in charity. A conviction to which we cannot fail to attach the extremely considerable importance that is obviously due to it.

Secondly, there is the fact that for the last twenty yearswell before the invasion of Tibet by Communist China, the high spiritual and religious hierarchies of the great Buddhism of the North have been constantly spreading outside Tibet, and more particularly in the Western world, with a marked predilection for France and the lands of French influence or predestination (Canada, Switzerland, Belgium).

For it is a truly undeniable fact: the great Buddhism of the North is now taking root in France, and doing so with force. The venerable Kalou Rimpoche, who was also the spiritual teacher of the current Dalai Lama, had this to say during a recent trip: "I just consecrated a new Buddhist centre in France, in a former Christian monastery: the Chartreuse de Saint-Hugon. I plan to stay in France for several months, visiting various Kagyupa monasteries: Longueil-Sainte-Marie (Oise), the Kagyu Ling centre at Toulon-sur-Arroux (Saône-et-Loire) and the Château de Chaban-aux-Eyzies (Dordogne)".

It should be added that today in France there are more than thirty monastic communities directly governed by the envoys of the great Buddhism of the North. The nebula is on the move, developing and growing according to plan.

One of the Dalai Lama's closest friends, the venerable K.S., to whom I took the liberty of asking, last August in Lisieux, for clarification on the ultimate meaning of this more or less confidential implantation of the high spiritual and cosmological science of Tibet in Western lands, replied that as the West was on the verge of sliding towards the final darkness of chaos and nothingness called the Residual Age, Tibet, as the ultimate traditional and polar powerhouse, had a duty to try to "fix, to stop this fatal slide Western spiritual lands".

towards the abyss that calls them..., by taking over the weakest, most decaying places, by planting <in the manner of the living trees that are planted on the slopes of hills under attack, to prevent the good earth from being driven downwards, to stop the harmful work of the uncontrolled waters, the dark torrents of death", a certain number of centres of spiritual recuperation and concentration with the mission of teaching Tibetan, of transmitting "liberating instructions - and to spread, by bush-planting, as far as possible. "Such is the law of inner exchanges at work in the One Cosmic Mercy, to which, knowing it or not, everything obeys; such is also the present task of Divine Compassion acting, through ourselves and by our self-effacement, in this world and in all other worlds", the venerable K.S. confided to me.

However, when I asked him if, judging by the number of Tibetan spiritual centres being established and spreading, it was indeed France which today represented the most spiritually and vitally dismantled place in the Western world, the venerable K..S. had to answer me, without the slightest hesitation, that this was a very special case, and even, in a way, "a unique case", and that, in fact, it was for a reason that had absolutely nothing to do with the usual norm that France was receiving more than special attention from the Tibetan hierarchies of the great Buddhism of the North in charitable dispersion "in the world below", in the world of the "dark valleys". As far as France is concerned", the venerable K.S. confided to me, "it's a completely different form of active compassion for us. For it is not because France is the most spiritually darkened place in the Western world that we have gathered there in force, on the contrary: for us, and for our confidential struggle in this part of the world, the current state of the spiritual lands of France constitutes a considerable support, and perhaps the only one. Despite all appearances, and despite all the deficient realities that you know better than we do, France still remains the space least affected, the least invested by the negative powers of lower darkness and chaos. In the invisible, France is the Tibet of Europe, a high land of secret freedom which, at the other end of the same Eurasian Continent, relays and arms the presence in this world of the same authorities, the same commitments, the same powers of resistance and affirmation.

We are fighting on the same Wheel of Predestination, the one that turns against the current of everything. We are fighting torn apart on the same Wheel of Predestination, the one that turns against the current of everything.

The old path rediscovered

The lineage of historical successions that ensured the real presence of the Living God in Lhasa was interrupted, no doubt definitively, and the Living Doctrine of Tibet spread to the farthest reaches of the Eurasian continent: something had to end, something had to die out on the high plateaus of the Himalayas, but at the same time, something had to be reborn and begin elsewhere, a new flame had to appear where it had already been decided that it would have to come.

We are familiar with the formidable and profound words, already ancient, and illuminating in a subversively apostolic, but how admirable, light the final destinies of the Eternal Israel, of which the *Jewish World* of 9th February 1863 made itself the somewhat secularised echo: - The great ideal of Judaism is that the whole world should be imbued with Jewish teaching, and that in a universal brotherhood of nations - a greater Judaism - all races and religions should disappear.

But, since times have changed in a century more than in a thousand years, can we not also say, at precisely the moment when on the blazing horizon of world history at its end the eschatological figure of the new *Imperium Mundi* is already rising, behind which, as in a waking dream, appear the still occult but already acting prodromals of another *Novus Ordo Saeculorum*, can we not also say that the supreme ideal of Northern Buddhism, of the Buddhism of the Great Tibetan Vehicle would now be for the whole world to be penetrated by the Buddhist teaching of the Lightning Diamond, and that in a universal brotherhood of nations - a greater Tibet, a planetary Tibet, with its epicentre of reflection in France - all races and religions would disappear, at once exalted and confused in what they can all have that secret and unique, central and absolutely polar?

Has the ancient road to salvation and deliverance been rediscovered? Are the times ready again? Is the

Does *Milinda Panho* repeat that the great Buddhism of the North is only "the old path, which had been lost, and which the Great Awakened One is opening again". And the *Samyutta Nikāya*-, "I have seen," says the Gautama Siddhārta, "the Old Way, the Old Road taken by the Enlightened Ones of old, and that is the path I am following now". And long before the Great Awakened One said it again, the *Bṛihadā- ranyaka Upanishad* was already singing, with words infinitely earlier than the Upanishadas themselves, "the narrow ancient path that leads very far, the Aryan Path, by which the contemplative, the knowers of Brahma ascend and become *Vimuk- tâh*, the All-Evolved".

Certainly, Buddhism, and especially Northern Buddhism, the Buddhism of the Great Vehicle, presents itself as being of superhuman origin, and the fact that it comes from beyond this world constitutes, perhaps, its supreme canonical affirmation : - Now, if anyone says of me, the Pilgrim Gautama, knowing and seeing as I have said, that my high Aryan science and my inner vision are not of a superhuman nature, that I teach a Law drawn reasoning and experience, and whose expression would be personal to me, if he does retract, if he not repent and if he does abandon this thought, he will fall into the abyss of bottomless darkness".

But authentic Buddhism, founded on compassion, is no less predestined action in this world, even if it is clandestine, and in this world it will be asked to face up not to what it has - for it has nothing and can never have anything, given that Buddhism is, above all, denudation, emptiness and nakedness - but to it is. It will therefore be by virtue of its very origins, which are, as has been said, exclusively superhuman, that the great Buddhism, the Buddhism of the North, will always be able to do, in the inner becoming of consciousness just as in the becoming of history, the very part of becoming, or, if you like, the part of fire, the part of what must burn and of what, inescapably, will burn.

So the Buddhist path, the "ancient Aryan path rediscovered", can pass through the darkness of any spiritual or historical decline, adapting itself and taking the most appropriate form to the particular states of universal becoming, so that it is in the tumultuous current, in the fateful current of this very becoming, that it awakens to the non-becoming and engages, against the current, in fight to recover its ancient, forgotten freedom.

In this sense, every transcendent awakening must follow, in one form or another, - the ancient Aryan path - the path carved out the Great Awakened One.

Ananda Koomaraswamy points out somewhere that even Shankarâchâraya, -the most eminent doctrinal interpreter of the Vêdânta-, often made himself out to be a -Buddhist in disguise-. Every awakening to the Great Awakening takes place, as it were, along the path of Buddhist awakening, but not every awakening is Buddhist. The container is not the content, the ford-passer is not the same as the ford-passed.

It will be Buddhism, the great Buddhism of the North which, for the most part, will support, from below, the advent of the new living religion of the West, but this religion will probably not be Buddhism.

And, in any case, when I say religion, I mean much more than religion.

Sacrifice in the high mountains

In his editorial in *Le Figaro Magazine* on 8 , entitled *Sur une tombe vieille de dix ans (On a ten-year-old grave)* and dedicated to the anniversary of the death of General de Gaulle, Louis Pauwels wrote, noting the implicit transhistorical dimension of the Gaullist grand design for France and for the Eurasian continent as a whole:

< While all the heads of state accepted, endured or made use of the division of the world into two blocs signed at Yalta, he thought in terms of centuries and continents, De Gaulle reconnected with historic Europe, rebuilding it around the pairing of France and Germany, and envisaging for its borders the Atlantic on the one hand and the Urals on the other, a future bulwark against the Asian thrust. For," adds Louis Pauwels, "General de Gaulle intended to prepare his homeland and Europe for a new world order".

And then: - Finally, it seems to me that no one has noticed that the 1969 referendum, if it had not been compromised for base reasons, would have made France a federal nation. It was in the perspective a Europe of chameleous regions, animated nonetheless by a soul empire and turned towards Eurasia. In the secret of his mind, was De Gaulle not thus taking up the dream of the Teutonic Knights for another millennium?

And, to conclude, Louis Pauwels quotes this extraordinary question, found in the personal notes of General de Gaulle: *Christianity had its solution. Who will discover the solution of our time?*

I confess that I have no intention of suggesting that, the very words of General de Gaulle, *the solution of our time* is Buddhism, even if it has been readapted and given over unconditionally to the current abysmal myths of the Western ethos. If only because, strictly speaking, there is no Buddhist solution, and it is impossible for there to be one, to the anguish, the disaster, the slide into 'the abyss of bottomless darkness' of a given epoch, of a given historical period: Buddhism, whatever it may be, will never be able to offer anything other than a position of salvation, a path, a clear-cut and limpid way of situating the problem of the end. Buddhism can do nothing other than govern, instruct in depth the process of awakening, or rather, the awakening that which risks turning towards awakening. Buddhism is not content, but a container.

The great Buddhism of the North can dig the subterranean or very secretly aerial channels of the coming Western ascent of being, and this will be its last and supreme historical ministry in this world, but it can in no way, of itself, give being, or even govern its emergence from the call whose eternally virginal, untouched word, the very first word of kindling in the face of the emptiness of what is not, or not yet, belongs to it either. As a means but not an end, the Western transfiguration of the great Buddhism of the North, which has, or had, its cosmological epicentre in Tibet, can only trace out and advance the paths of what is to come, but only the paths, not what is to come.

The way, but not the truth or the life. The new truth, the new life, do yet have a face, nor a clear name, nor a saving power on the way, hidden deep down as they are, this new truth, this new life, within a principle that has not yet come into being, although it is undoubtedly already imminent.

And it is in this respect, and in this respect alone, that we need to understand the charitable approach of Northern Buddhism, the infinitely merciful compassion of what, in Tibet, has not hesitated to accept and, in so doing, to embrace unconditionally the ordeal of the loving self-annihilation of its identity.

spiritual and historical in the service of another and undoubtedly higher *beginning*, but a beginning in the farthest distance, "at the other end of the Eurasian Continent". So I think we can say that it was so that the mysterious spiritual renewal of the Western world, now expected to begin in France, could take place there, that the Tibet of the Great Vehicle, that the last bearers of the great Buddhism of the North secretly agreed to be immolated in themselves, to undergo the supreme theurgical and cosmological sacrifice, the *sacrifice in the high mountains*, "close to the glaciers, close to the eagles, close to Death".

In fact, no one yet knows exactly what is to come. What we do know, however, is that it is in France and from France that the final consciousness of the West and the West of all final consciousness, that the Western history of being and the ultimate being of world history will come to an end, that the world set ablaze by the new Western ascendancy of being, whose deferential channels the great Buddhism of the North would be called upon to dig occultly, must oppose in arms, apocalyptically, anti-consciousness, the anti-history and the anti-world subjugated, together, to the planetary conjuration of non-being and to the creeping terror that anticipates its advent and sustains it in broad daylight.

Was it so that he could receive the direct consecration of the old power in the process of dying out without dying out, the veiled blessings of the Old Crown, that the Head of State, President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, personally ventured as far as Lhasa, in Tibet, he whose destiny now seems to be identified with the emergence, at this other end of the Eurasian continent, of the new power that is coming and that is asserting itself heroically with the new Western rise of being, with cosmological and revolutionary advent of the New Crown?

Considerable powers are at work in the invisible world.

In this connection, we might recall, among other things, the conclusion of the telegram sent to President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing on the occasion of his visit to Lhasa, in Tibet, by the leaders of an advanced spiritual group whose social identity is non-existent elsewhere than in the depths where stands, not yet begun, out reach, what the Brotherhood of the Polars called "the near and terrible Year of Fire".

Conclusion of the telegram sent to President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing on 13 October: "The hour of France's most profound destiny has finally come, and we now know, Mr President, what tragic predestination places you in the most exposed vanguard of the great intercontinental battles and immense spiritual conflagrations to come. May your stay in Lhasa on 19 and 20 October give you the most direct access to the lofty influences, the ardent blessings and the supreme occult glory of the unique Crown of Ice >.

But haven't we already come too close to forbidding things that are dangerous to say, much more dangerous than you might think if you haven't had to deal with them directly?

What we need to do for the times ahead is to read and reread Julius Evola's *Doctrine of the Awakening*, and meditate on it incessantly. In any , that would be a major starting point. And one that is already *having an effect*.

THE CALL OF THE PAST

In one of his admirable works of critical recovery and denudation, of new spiritual and metahistorical foundation, *entitled Romanity, Germanity and the Light of the North*, Julius Evola chose to quote Cristof Steding's *Das Reich und die Krankheit der europäischen Kultur*, published in 1938, in support of his speech.

Christof Steding: "In order for a nation or race to reach the higher plane to which the idea of State or Empire corresponds, it must be struck and transformed by Apollo's thunderbolt, by the fire of the heights. And, as Julius Evola points out, "there is no exception to this law".

Even Nordic blood," says Christof Steding, "needs this fundamental fulguration, this transformation, this transmutation, bringing it from obscure telluric ties to the higher plane of the spirit where the imperial being, the political life of planetary dimensions, is fulfilled and realised". Julius Evola adds that the "great race of Rome" can legitimately be considered as one of those in the ancient world that were pierced by the "thunderbolt of Apollo", to the point of embodying a principle that the previous Mediterranean world had tried in vain to bring fruition. For this, we might refer to Bachofen's brilliant reconstruction of secret history of the ancient Mediterranean world". From Christof Steding and

his reunion with the metasymbolic figure of 'Apollo's thunderbolt', I retain, for my part and for the moment, the clear and haughty conception of a superhuman predestination of every imperial choice made towards history, the entirely earlier conception, according to its essence, of an activist ethos and an occult vow implied by the transcendental ordination necessary to every imperial and transhistorical recommencement of the world and of history itself.

A handful of clandestine disciples

Writing for young people, for a young people's publication, means above all giving oneself the weapons of extreme inner self-denial, of an exacerbated and vigilant will entirely focused on the sole aim of speaking a word of new life, of beginning again, lucid and tragic oblivion to the fields ploughed by the devastation of one's own previous experiences. How can this be done? You have to resurrect yourself at the point of emergence of the change, precisely where melting ice imposes last and greatest risk of catastrophe, the risk of the most apparently unpredictable catastrophe.

Above all, you have to know how to pretend and make it possible for us to contemplate sacrificing the most accurate words in ourselves, sacrificing the very words of the great renewal that is already occultly underway, in order to obtain our self-destruction in the ambiguous and interloping mystery of their new words, which will never be anything other than the words of the current non-future, the false words of a certain recent past that has been burnt to the ground and stubbornly refuses to let itself be snatched up by the irremediable ice of its own nothingness. Neither signifier, nor signified: the only free path is one that is mediumistic, inspired, immediately visionary, broken off from everything and itself.

So things are beginning to take shape in terms of an anti-strategy, an anti-semantics devoted exclusively to the approach, and whose only impact at the moment is precisely that of the approach itself. The teaching, the transmutation, all the traps of *forward thrust* lie hidden in the shameless folds of the lying, super-fascinating talk that fascinates them and leads them towards what they are hardly...

in a state of being able to foresee. To love, in this case, is to weave. Any truth that is truly alive is absolutely intolerable, murderous, devastating. But *it has to come*.

- The leaders who have led, or who will lead, some phase of the eternal struggle "against Time - after the limit point where a last great recovery would still have been possible - after the 'twenty-fifth hour' - have not been able to and will not be able to leave behind them anything in this visible and tangible world, apart from a handful of clandestine disciples", writes, rather mysteriously, Savitri Dêvi Mukherji in his book *Souvenirs et Réflexions*, published in 1976 in New Delhi.

For us European nationalist-revolutionaries, however, this book elsewhere is of the utmost importance. If, as V.I. Lenin said, there can be no genuinely revolutionary action without a revolutionary doctrine ahead of its time, then Savitri Dêvi Mukherji's recollections and reflections take current nationalist-revolutionary doctrinal research to its most advanced point, while providing it with a decisive dialectical and politico-strategic framework.

For those of us who know where the real struggle lies today, there is no more urgent doctrinal task than that of the informed appropriation, and pursuit in great depth, of the visionary thought of Savitri Dêvi Mukherji, insofar as it succeeds in constantly placing the nationalist-revolutionary struggle in its ultimate and most just traditional direction, makes it an instance of immediate cosmogonic and theurgic appeal and mobilisation, a weapon of combat with fearsomely directed powers. But this will undoubtedly also be its greatest criticism. Indeed. We are reproached," she writes, "for our militant nostalgia for the time when the visible order of the world faithfully reflected the eternal order, the divine order; we are reproached for our fight to re-establish, at whatever cost, the reign of eternal values, our fight against the tide of Time.

From what angle of understanding, then, should we approach Savitri Dêvi Mukherji's thought in order to grasp all its clear and ardent inner light, its true word of life that acts and saves? What are the avant-garde doctrinal positions and activist theses that emerge from it, and which we must grasp as a matter of urgency?

Against the current of time

It is said with certainty that at the end of a spiritually and historically past cycle, the sunlit memory of its ontological origins, of its virginal nativity, must emerge more, one last time the day of awakened consciousness. One last time, everything is engulfed in dissolution, before the ultimate, supreme Ragna Rokk establishes the reign of its icy darkness: so the twilight flash of this brief return to the times of former glory remains the most advanced sign of imminence of the great final catastrophe. By its very advent, it warns that the time is ripe.

Admittedly, we have not entered the great night just yet. Nietzsche said somewhere that, since the collapse of the Roman Empire, the history of Europe has been no more than the obscure repetition of a long slave revolution. However, if today, after ten millennia of wandering and oblivion, the indefinitely butchered body of the Indo-European race is tending to rediscover, as we feel it is doing, and very profoundly, its spiritual and historical unity of before the great separation of the earlier Neolithic period, can we not say that this is precisely revealing, for those who still know how to see into the depths, the encrypted fault line of the decisive rupture, the very one that should herald the imminence of an inescapably catastrophic conclusion? "The time is ripe, the abyss is opening", said the seer Mélanie as long ago as the 19th century.

It is in fact because the Times are ready that the transhistorical memory of their original unity, unity of breath, unity of blood, unity of destiny, comes to haunt, today, irrationally, the common political will of the Western nations just as the gleaming spectre of Rome never ceases to haunt, And it is this memory, without time or future, which, in the hour of greatest peril, provides the foundation for the revolutionary consciousness of their new will to be and their new freedom. All the signs are there: the coming third millennium will bring together by exalting what the previous two millennia separated by obscuring, and it is the unity beyond the abyss of the end that will break the obscure fatality of our long historical decadence.

On the original solar race, the Sūrya-Vamṇa

So, in the terrible years ahead, the most vibrant and only truly active part of today's European nations and cultures, their leading nationalist-revolutionary fringe, will have to turn, tragically and increasingly subversively, towards the occult focus their common transhistorical origins, towards the light of the Indo-European spring before the great separation.

this is why, yielding to the irresistible agonic upsurge whose subterranean flow it is currently experiencing, European culture is hastily trying to rediscover the hidden paths of its ancient spiritual passages to India (the Northwest Pass). For every time India prepares to enter history, the fiery milieu of the sky calls upon the central fire of the earth, from which it commands a new agonic exacerbation, a new supremely Western ascent.

Thus it is that, in the current space of the Indo-European geopolitical heritage, which is the inner space of the Great Eurasian Continent, the Western overcoming of decadence and the revolutionary return to being require the total political, historical and cultural reintegration of the nations of Indo-European blood, destiny and race, and that the touchstone of this reintegration can only be the emergence of a new transhistorical racial consciousness common to the nations called upon to recover, beyond themselves, the original unity of the Indo-European race, the touchstone of this reintegration can only be the emergence of a new transhistorical racial consciousness common to the nations called upon to recover, beyond themselves, the original unity of the "nation before the nations", so that they can thus rediscover, within themselves, the ardent focus of the great solar race of the origins, of the *Sūrya Vamṇa*.

India, however, is not itself the first land of origin of the Sūrya-Vamṇa. In the present state of our knowledge, and also following certain paths of traditional teaching that are still kept secret, the Sūrya-Vamṇa must be considered to have had its first homeland, its transcendental homeland, in the hyperborean regions of the Great North where, before the earth's axis had tilted by 23 degrees, the times of its own history were luminously revealed in the very march of its immense cosmogonic *brahmachariya*. So for us, India today is merely the last major station in our most ancient memory, the place of

our last living memory before the great separation of
 << the dark ages >>, the *Kāli-Yuga*. Before India, then, for us there is only
 the immemorial memory of our own
 oblivion of being, the emptiness of emptiness struck by Platonic *amnesia*,
 and so how can we still doubt the fact that in this
 At the dark end of the cycle we have lost, and for such a long time
 any direct relationship with the high places of our immaculate Hyperborean
 conception?

Savitri Dēvi Mukherji refers the research undertaken by Professor
 Bal Gangadhar Tilak (1856-1920),
 Brahmin from Maharashtra. "from the Chitpavan sub-caste", who, under
 the name of Lokomanya Tilak, had published a work that was absolutely
 essential to the history of Maharashtra.
 entitled *The Arctic Home the Vedas*, which, through its efforts alone, was to
 definitively reorientate, at the beginning of the twentieth century, the
 profound ethos of the
 Hindu racial consciousness towards its boreal origins.

■ In *The Arctic Home in the Vedas*, notes Savitri Dēvi
 Mukherji, Professor Lokomanya Tilak has very clearly linked India's oldest
 tradition to a region under
 the high latitudes; a region familiar with the long polar night, the
 midnight sun and the aurora borealis; a region where the stars neither
 rise nor set, but move, or appear to move, in a circular fashion along
 horizon. The Rīg Veda, which Professor Lokomanya Tilak has studied
 in particular, and from which he draws most of the quotations in
 support of his thesis, is said to have been, along with the entire >Veda
 - or knowledge

- *direct* - revealed to these Aryas, is to say

"Tilak places the abandonment of the Arctic homeland at the time when the
 latter lost its temperate climate and verdant vegetation to become icy, i.e. at
 the time when the Arctic became arid. Tilak places the abandonment of the
 Arctic homeland at the time when it lost its temperate climate and verdant
 vegetation to become icy, i.e. at the end of the 19th century.
 the earth's axis tilted by more than twenty-three degrees, some eight
 thousand years ago. He does not specify whether the island or the part
 of the continent thus struck by sudden sterility was swallowed up,
 as the Thule legend has it, or continues to exist near or inside the Arctic
 Circle. It does not
 nor does it mention the steps that the custodians of the eternal Veda -
 the eternal wisdom hidden beneath the sacred texts of the Vedas - have
 to take.
 name - had to travel between their Arctic homeland and the first colonies they
 founded in north-west India".

Beyond politics, beyond history

Savitri Dêvi Mukherji is a Frenchwoman, from Lyon I believe, who married Sri Asit Krishna Mukherji in Calcutta in 1940.

It will be recalled that, in collaboration with Sri Vinaya Datta and certain other representatives of the most radical traditionalist Hinduism, Sri Asit Krishna Mukherji had been publishing a monthly combat magazine called *The New Mercury in Calcutta* since 1935. Faced with the great nationalist-revolutionary movement of Subhas Chandra Bose, which was continental in scope and openly pro-German, but whose activities were to be confined exclusively to direct political action, the group mobilised around Sri Asit Krishna Mukherji maintained contact and spread the "inner theses" of the "groups of occult spiritual influence" which, in Germany, were already operating under cover of the National Socialist government in place since 1933. In a secret document sent to all German diplomatic or other representations, posted or operating under other identities in India itself and throughout Asia, the Berlin Consul General in Calcutta, von Selzam, stated in 1938, on the eve of his departure from India, that "*no one in Asia has rendered services to the Third Reich comparable to those rendered by Sri Asit Krishna Mukherji*".>.

It is therefore easy to understand why I consider Savitri Dêvi Mukherji's testimony to be a direct opening onto most veiled, and even the most forbidden, circles of Hitlerist occultism, the circles of its Hindu and Asian implantation acting on the very frontier of its great decisive years. All things considered, Savitri Dêvi Mukherji's testimony appears to be a most revealing slash at the deepest and most invisible foundations of world history as it marches towards the *conclusion* that some now believe to be certain.

Contrary to what one might think, given the tremendous avalanche of works devoted to the political-historical approach to the Third Reich since 1945 and even well before, the true dimensions of the only fundamental problem of this tormented, secret and apocalyptic era, namely the problem of the Third Reich's occult, transhistorical identity and action, has not yet been posed in a way that would allow us to understand the true nature of the Third Reich.

This is a critical, in-depth and comprehensive study, and it probably won't be any time soon. The contribution made by Savitri Dēvi Mukherji's direct testimony to the study of this problem area, limited it may be, is, I believe, decisive, far beyond antagonistic convictions or partisan choices: so little critical information is available on this subject that any responsible contribution, any new interpretation or any controlled instruction on the *Black Face* of Hitler's Third Reich becomes, at the present time, a document of priceless value.

So I would like to quote, if only by way of example, this passage, where, commenting on the book by a notorious non-Hitlerist, Hans Grimm, Savitri Dēvi Mukherji writes: <The first thing that strikes you is Hitler's awareness of the speed with which everything is falling apart in our time, and of the total reversal of values that the slightest recovery would mean. It is also the very clear feeling that he seems to have had, that his action would represent the last chance of the Aryan race at the same time as the last possibility (at least theoretical) of recovery, before the end of the present cycle. This feeling was coupled with the conviction that he himself was not,

<the last one' fighting against the forces of disintegration, the one who would usher in the glorious Golden Age of the next cycle. Five years before taking power, the Führer said quite simply to Hans Grimm:

-I know that someone must appear, and face up to our situation. I have looked for this man. Nowhere have I been able to find him, and that is why I have risen, to do the preparatory work, just the urgent preparatory work, because I know that I am not the One who is to come. And I also know what I am missing. But the Other is still absent, and no one is there, and there is no more time to lose".

Now there is a profound mystery of topicality and tragedy to ponder here, for the present times and, above all, for the times to come, but already putrefied in their very foundations by what have just called *the headlong rush* and its traps of death and quicksand.

If the soul is to achieve regeneration," wrote the great theosophist Franz von Baader in the nineteenth century, *"it must first be engendered in it and through it by the one who will re-engender it.* For, at this ultimate level, nothing can be achieved without *the support of external recourse,*

without the transmutation imposed by the inner and secret transreverberation of *Apollo's thunderbolt*. Nevertheless, something must come, and someone will certainly come at the very last hour: *something and someone* who will be frighteningly marked by *Apollo's thunderbolt*, spoken of in times already ambiguous and deficient by a revolutionary thinker of the now extinct class of Cristof Steding. But isn't every new living truth, above all, devastating and murderous? Doesn't every gnosis on the way historical, even metahistorical, fulfilment call, subversively and abysmally, for disaster, self-annihilation, the *twilight of the gods*?

There are other things that need to be said that I won't go into. The increasingly obscurantist, increasingly criminal intellectual terror wielded by the current political powers-that-be and their despicable successors in title over the domain of freedom of the mind wherever the Kâli-Yuga extends its subversive domination now forbids the free speech of a civilisation, of a race, of a historical destiny doomed to annihilation, to sub-history and genetic alienation, of a civilisation, a race, a historical destiny doomed to annihilation, to sub-history and to assisted genetic alienation can act and be embodied, alive, in the discourse of any struggle for liberation. This is a discourse that is once again irrevocably consigned to clandestinity and to the night in which the great revolutionary renewals in arms are forged, with all their downfalls, and which we, in our turn, are taking up again today, as others have done before us. For never has our despair been so sombre, nor the betrayal so great around us and deep within ourselves. In any case, the time for politics is over. Now other times are coming. Times when what Nietzsche called "great politics" will relentlessly drive forward the process already underway of the final battle for world domination.

- The real revolutionaries," writes Savitri Dêvi Mukherji, "are those who militate not against the institutions of a day in the name of the 'sense of history', against the sense of history, in the name of timeless truth; against that race to decadence that is characteristic of every cycle approaching its end, in the name of their own nostalgia for the beauty of all great , of all the beginnings of cycles. These are precisely the people who take the opposite view of so-called 'values', in which the inevitable decadence inherent every manifestation in the world has gradually asserted itself and continues to assert itself.

time. They are, in our time, the disciples of the One I have called "Man against Time". They are, in the past, all those who, like him, have fought against the tide, against the growing thrust of the Forces of the Abyss, and prepared for his work from far or near, his work and that of the Divine Destroyer, immensely harder, more implacable, further away from man, than he, and whom the faithful of all the forms of Tradition await under various names, at the end of the centuries". The wheel of destiny turns, its march is made of darkness and light.

The genius of renewal

So it was that Hitler's Germany missed its chance, and it is very fortunate that it missed; for things had to as they did, and otherwise. Why should the Europe of the End have been a German Europe? The Europe of the End must be European, and it will be; the Europe of the End can only be European. For this, at the time, is the only truly and totally revolutionary question, the only liberating question: deep within themselves, will the nations of Europe, when the day comes, and it is already here, rediscover the burning reality of the "nation before the nations", the transcendental legacy of the "Indo-European nation" of our earlier origins?

Having said all that, and things being what they are at the , the only real and immediate political and historical chance of a Europe conceived in terms of its deepest Indo-European predestination is still that of it having to build itself, when the day comes, under a certain French political leadership, the very leadership that General De Gaulle was trying impose on the catastrophic reconstitution of Europe when, in 1945, he went to Germany to fulfil the preliminary duties of his most secret office along the Rhine valley.

The iron dream of absolute irrationality, a dream that General de Gaulle called "superhuman and inhuman", having come to an end, once and for all, in the blackened ruins of the Berlin Chancellery, the fact remains that we have to stare into the face, without flinching, of the black sun of what is yet to come. But beyond this sun of darkness, and if the abyss calls

When we reach the abyss, will there ever be anything else for us? Is there nothing beyond disaster? Nothing beyond blackness and emptiness? Perhaps, as I have just shown, there is the occult call eternal India, the call of 'the North-North-West pass', illuminated from within by Nietzsche's ancient liberating words: ■ One day summer will come for me too, and it will be a summer like in the mountains! A summer close to the snow, close to the eagles, close to death!".

For the underground work of General de Gaulle called "the genius of renewal" is as eternal as life itself, and as eternal as death itself: - So is destiny sealed? Is it the victory of death forever? No! Already, beneath my inert soil, a muted work is being accomplished. Motionless in the depths of darkness, I sense the marvellous return of light and life.

Didn't we say, at the beginning of this testimony, that the only path still open to the living understanding of new generations is the mediumistic path? The path of great breakthroughs? The new fire must come, and from now on only those who bear within themselves the inconceivable stigmata that fire can speak. I myself experienced *Apollo's thunderbolt* on 2 August 1952, at around five o'clock in the evening, in front of number 23 rue Boislevant in Paris. Since then, everything has been a vision.

APOCALYPSE, THE TOP STAGE OF WORLD REVOLUTION IN THE 20TH CENTURY

All is accomplished
John XIX, 30

Under the pretext of an apologetic summons from Pope John Paul II, the Dominican Father Bruckberger attempts to settle his account with what he calls the great progressive conspiracy in the Church, a conspiracy whose high machinations, again according to Father Bruckberger, and even, as it were, irrevocable alienation from the state, would never cease to rot, deviate and extinguish the works of the Church. Bruckberger, the lofty machinations and even, in a way, the irrevocable alienation of the state would never cease to rot, to deviate and to extinguish the works of life and the very being of the present Church of France, the seeing itself challenged, above all, in the haemorrhagic and increasingly external, nocturnal and annihilating procession of its existing episcopal hierarchies. External, this procession would be, indeed, to the point of marginalising deportation and the ontological reversal of its life principle and its sign of the field, insofar as these, the episcopal hierarchies in place, would no longer be satisfied with being "external".

(1) R.P. *Bruckberger*, Lettre à Jean Paul II, pape de l'an 2000, published by *Stock*, Paris 1979.

This was not done with a laudable apostolic intention, and still less in the ardent furrow of the fundamental Christological paradigm, which is that of being torn apart on the cross, the living tear of a certainty in agony until the end of the world, but according to a resigned dialectic, hallucinated and somnambulistic dialectic whose current developments would already sink into sacramental self-profanation and would clandestinely cross, and with what abject glee, indeed, the limits without return or mercy of the prostitution of the supremely virginal deposit entrusted to their unworthy and perjured custody, and as already, successively, incestuous and so feverishly pimped.

- Most Holy Father, give us bishops who believe in the Eucharist", exclaimed Bruckberger. This, in fact, very clearly invents an atrocious doubt: that there are some, that there are some who no longer believe in the Eucharist, and that a leading trend today is towards this apostasy veiled in the most sooty black. Times are darkening, the earth will soon tremble. Could it be late? It is no longer the wolves, it the shepherds who are now slitting the throats of the flock, ritually disembowelling it. For the winter of the great ontological defilement is setting in, and the bishops of this winter, the bishops of this defilement, defined by Father Bruckberger as follows: - They speak and act as if they no longer believe in the truth of what they say, as if they no longer know in whose name they are acting. What a temptation then to secretly change religion into its opposite, without changing appearances or organisation. Changing the Catholic religion into its opposite? In any case, this would seem to be the ultimate theological and strategic objective of the plot denounced by Father Bruckberger within the Church of France, which is more advanced than any other, it would seem, in the obscure ways of the great misguidance of the faith. And here, Father Bruckberger clarifies and dramatically illuminates the course of his discourse and the driving reasons for his own rise to the front line: "Whatever the intention of John XXIII and Paul VI - and this intention is of no importance whatsoever in relation to what actually happened - there was a plot by technocrats within the Church to, on the occasion of and under the cover of the last Council, purely and simply change the Catholic religion, to discreetly but surely change its substance. It is this plot that we denounce.

This is the plot that we have decided once and for all will fail, because the substance of Catholicism cannot and must not be changed.

Foiling the plot

That there was and still is a conspiracy, we must hope that no one doubts it any longer. But is this, still and in any case, should be called the fundamental problem of our current confrontation with the line of abysses opening up before us, and as if already beneath our feet? Should we not go even further in our active, and why not even *activist*, denunciation of the mystery these times, which is inexorably unfolding in the darkness of the betrayal of some and in the powerless stupor of others, a stupor which is also darkness, and what darkness?

Far be it from me to contradict Father Bruckberger in the immediate analyses he makes of the present disaster of the Church, the essentially apocalyptic disaster of a Church so mysteriously and so admirably called to the order of its final end, called therefore to the tragic disorder of its separating and self-annihilating passion which, in any case, cannot but be *as it is*, and which, consequently, is and will henceforth be its true, its supreme *Imitatio Christi*.

But I would humbly say that Fr. Bruckberger perilously misjudges the direct and immediate application of his diagnosis and assessments, and therefore, with heavy heart, fails to recognise, behind the fatal consequences of a divine cause, the active divinity of this fatality itself, blinded by disgust and even, perhaps, by the real despair that the abominable spectacle of desolation he denounces cannot fail to provoke in him, he no longer asks himself what must be, what is the living and secretly living meaning of this desolation, its providential justification in the invisible.

For everything that is done and undone in history contributes, in the final analysis, to the greater glory of the unique and superunifying principle, fighting occultly *ad maiorem Dei gloriam*.

Whatever the damage of its actions and the intolerable darkness of the tragedy, ruptures and failures

Despite the unbearable weight of the darkness it contains and which exalts it counter-apostolically, the conspiracy denounced by Father Bruckberger is always the result of the same forces of darkness, which are always at the service of great providential plan that constantly neutralises it, dialectically surpasses it and assumes the most secret fruits of its works. And so, despite the unbearable weight of darkness that it contains within itself and which exalts it counter-apostolically, should the plot denounced by Father Bruckberger end up showing itself, in the light of this faith beyond all faith which is the faith of the end, as an admirably active sign and a very clear harbinger of the imminence of the reversal of the times?

But until this finally happens, what nights of merciless trial, and what a dark night within us. That is why the first spiritual duty of those who are called to fight on the night front will be, until the end of the world, the duty to thwart the subversive undertakings that emerge from the inner darkness of that front, to slow down and halt their march, while providing the means for a certain cleansing through emptiness. This is also why the most profoundly decisive spiritual battle will always be that of a very lucid, very dangerous demand for penetration counter-strategic reversal, whose fourfold objective must to constantly identify, unmask, surprise and ontologically neutralise the manoeuvres undertaken, in the visible and the invisible, by the leading exponents of the power of darkness.

■ The only way to liberate man," says Father Bruckberger, "is to tear off the mask of the One who pushes us to the worst, who insidiously draws us into his old homicide and his old lie. And then : - We have been waiting for a pope who will boldly step into the open breach, who will give his true name to the ancient Adversary, to the true author of the inhuman tragedy being played out on the stage this world, who say to his face was said to him long ago: - Get back! Satan 1". Then," says the Gospel, "the Devil abandoned the Lord. Then the Angels came and served him. But for the Angels to approach, the temptation must first have been repelled, the author of the temptation must have been identified, unmasked, called by his true name, and sent away. Most Holy Father, the time has come. The Angels are waiting behind the door". However, adds Father Bruckberger, "it would be ridiculous to think that the Devil is going to let himself be served his without reacting".

In order for the Angels to approach a certain number of

things that are both terrible and secret are done, and notoriously done. The ground must be prepared, and the great final sharing out must take place in the shadow of the Gates of Night. And what is this preparation of the ground? As Father Bruckberger puts it, 'the Devil must abandon the Lord', non-being must ontologically distance itself from being, and their final separation must thus be consummated, irremediably. It was through death that Christ conquered death; it is through separation that separation will be both made irrevocable and conquered, and this separation, as we know, has already been made. It has already been made, ontologically, by the Lord of the Passage, but it still has to be accomplished, dialectically, in history and by history, and the current of this dialectic, tumultuously launched forward, must itself challenge history and penetrate it revolutionarily, and carry with it the apocalyptic historial of the total reality of this world. Thus split in two within itself, this reality, rogued by its own end, will then reveal, philosophically, the living mystery of its inner dwellings and, for a moment, the faces of its Enochian principles will be revealed, blindingly naked.

At this point, then, it becomes quite urgent to understand that, if the Church of Peter, of which the Order of Saint Dominic, to which Fr. Bruckberger belongs, has been and still is, a privileged instance, an avant-garde instance, if the Church of Peter, caught up in the mass of these twilight and deficient times, pretends to capsize and to allow itself to be lost under the rising tide of the power of darkness, it is above all because it has never been able, and will never be able, to think the world and to think itself dialectically, oblivious, by its very state, to the fact that the burning notches of Ezekiel's Wheels are alternately filled with darkness and light, and that, mysteriously, these Turning Wheels are none other than the dialectical nodes of the highest Jewish intelligence of being, the flaming faces, inner and outer, of the Merckhaba.

Whether they are plunged into darkness or exalted in light, Ezekiel's eyes remain, as Raymond Abellio said, open for ever.

Only the tragedy of the dialectic in action, only the intimate separation and merciless sacrifice of the permanent and unfailing dialectic of the reality of this world can therefore claim to *open the passage*, to carve out a salvific breach towards the transcendental meaning that this reality secretly carries within itself, to liberate and free it from that which is the only way to make it possible for us to live in a world that is a reality.

hides it from itself. But it is also here that the inner jurisdiction and the still forbidden domain of the Church of John abruptly arise and begin.

What end of the world?

Most Holy Father," exclaimed Father Bruckberger, "the time has come. The Angels are waiting behind the door". This, after having noted this strange and striking fact, this sequence that fail to make one tremble: John Paul I became Pope, he came up against the wall of the Roman Curia; he died. You became Pope; you came up against the wall of the Roman Curia; it was Cardinal Villot, the head of the Roman Curia, who died. You are obviously the master of the game. You can't imagine how much it changes for us when a pope is in charge of his own affairs".

For those who can still see have seen, and those who have seen know: *the times are ready, the abyss is opening*. These are the very words of Mélanie, the seeress of La Salette, who is resting, or rather waiting, with her face burnt to black, as a confidential document produced by Louis Massignon shows us, her face reduced to the state of *materia nigra philosophica* by the excessive brightness, by the unbearable proximity of the occult sun of the other side of being, the other side *Amor Solis*, the very words of Melanie who waits, I say, hidden, in her humble room in the imperial cathedral of Altamura, in Puglia, the last theogonic sanctuary of Frederick II Hohenstaufen who was still standing.

That says it all, or almost. But what is truly extraordinary, and what a sign of a great apocalyptic breakthrough, is the fact that Even if it were someone belonging to the Church of Peter who had come to say it, to shout it out to the world and to his Church, and had risen to do it this very day. To say it, to reveal it, and to establish it with a view to what an immense renewal of being, with a view to what an inconceivable new coming, with a view to what a dazzling new revelation.

- A new being," writes Father Bruckberger, "does not come into the world without profoundly disturbing the organism that carries it and whose purpose is to deliver this new being into the light.

This world, our world, is full of fruit that will be delivered. But aren't so atrocities and so much suffering the first signs of an imminent deliverance?

If we are entering the age of the absolute," says Father Bruckberger, "we are entering the age of the living mystery. And, he adds, if there is a new mystery, it is not absurd to think that there could be revelation. Revelation, that is to , a different revelation, an absolutely new revelation. For, he asks himself, why should the absolute not speak and make itself understood? Hence the final dialectical reversal, the advent of a new visionary concept of history and the total revolutionary meaning of history in progress: it is the absolute, says Father Bruckberger, that gives meaning to becoming and to history, it is the mystery that enlightens the known.

In the inaugural document of his pontificate, did John Paul II not define the fundamental task of his apostolic reign as that of *reintroducing Christ into history*, in other words, of reintroducing the absolute into becoming, of bringing all existence back to being and of giving, in a revolutionary way, a trans-dimensional meaning to history in the making? We are unquestionably moving towards new days, towards days that are both terrible and clear, and it's time for people to know about it. - Somewhere in the Catholic Church," wrote Father Bruckberger, "great things have begun. Anything that stands in the way of these great things, even if it is as heavy as lead, will be swept away like dust in the wind, by the one breath of the Spirit.

Thus, some of the words of Father Bruckberger's address to John Paul II are ablaze with a fearsome fire, which is the very fire of the most secret of the Johannine presentiments of , at present time, is coming, and which is perhaps already here. For," writes Father Bruckberger, still addressing John Paul II, "*when you accepted the papacy, you knew, and everyone knew, that you were staying in Rome only to be crucified, so much so that the very form of a pope' duty of state is to be quartered and crucified. And then..*

"You abolish history. You lean directly against the cross of Golgotha. You have your back directly to the immovable tree of the cross of Jesus Christ, and there is only one way of leaning against the cross, and that is to be crucified on it. It is from the height of the cross that you face, not so much the past as what is to come, and for you the future is the year two thousand, it is to come, perhaps even the end of the world. *The end of the world*, the big word is finally out, our

alone, our most secret word of recognition, but which is also, and above all, a *password*.

And here, how can we not think of the very disturbing words of Saint Pius X in his famous Catholic exhortation of 4 August 1908, in which he also spoke, and very appropriately, *of pulling up weeds*: "Holiness alone makes us such as our divine vocation demands, that is to say, men crucified to the world and to whom the world is crucified, men walking in a new life". Now, this new life, this *vita novissima* of which Saint Pius X so prophetically tells us, a life made up of his own crucifixion to the world, as a life given advance, and to which the world itself is crucified, how can we approach it again in this hour of the most arduous and sharpest peril, how can we conceive it and how can we try to define it on this line of transhistorical rupture from which everything is unravelling in ourselves, in the world and in the history that is going on? *By the very emergence of the apocalyptic signs of the end*, answer those who know, and who can only know secretly, by the incarnation, indeed by the living, living, acting *flesh* of these signs and their paroxysmal accumulations, by their dramatic mobilisation around the great ontological reversal that is taking place, at the moment, invisibly, on earth as it is in heaven.

The mystery of the Fourth Church

unitalis redintegratio

That institutional secrets of theological, and no doubt already ontological, significance should thus be unveiled, suddenly projected into the light of an immediately revolutionary approach to history, an approach that appears, in itself, as an abysmal renewal of Western consciousness of being and of the living fire of the sacred, What could be more dramatically enlightening, what could be more *significant* for the current march time, whose vocation as a completely ultimate limit, the breath of transhistorical rupture and cosmogonic change, of *metanoia*?

And there's much more: the very fact that this apocalyptic denunciation is taking place, and at precisely the time we must assume

as operationally the most correct, not from someone who would belong to that mystical and prophetic identity the Church which Balzac, after many others, called, in his correspondence to Madame Hanska, the Church of Saint John, but from someone whose activist commitment, *The* very profession of "Dog of God" places him in the vanguard of the Church of Peter, of the *Ecclesia Militans*, reveals the terrible, immense change of the times that the Church of today is going through, in itself and very subterraneously, in its double visible and invisible identity. Interpreted by logothetical and nuptial flight of St John's eagle, this dual identity of the Church is in line with the heraldic projection of the Polish White Eagle, a philosophical figure, This is the philosophical, theurgic and cosmogonic figure available to is now returning, namely the unifying reintegration of those who had found themselves separated and brought, by their own *passionately* accepted split, to the dereliction and inner exile of this 'iron century'.

From the Roman condemnation of the transcendental propositions put forward by the teaching of Meister Eckhart to the voluntary interruption, ordered by Rome, of communion under the two species, everything was done in the West to ensure that the Church of Peter renounced appropriating, in the realm of the visible, the ardent works of the operations carried out by the Eucharistic blood and wine, This was the being and face of the visionary, gnostic and cosmogonic knowledge of the Lord of the Vine, thus marking, whether it knew it or not, the fatal threshold at which the Church of Peter embarked on the paths of history considered, in Christological terms, as the crucifying area of its death, at once bloody and liturgical, spiritual and carnal. Is not the Lord of the Vine the same as the Lord of the Passage? Is not renouncing the Lord of the Vine the same as renouncing the Lord of the Passage, choosing not to pass through the darkness of death, exchanging love for charity, burning loyalty for ardent obedience, the darkness of light for the final light of darkness? Like Peter, the Church of Peter had to be crucified and, like Peter, crucified with its head down, and it is with its head down that, mysteriously, this has been happening down the ages and that, more and more rapidly, it is happening now until this downward movement suspends itself; that is where we are now, and it is not difficult to grasp the hidden meaning, the terrible and increasingly terrifying meaning of this final judgment.

It was thus crucified with its head below that the Church of Peter had to enter the darkness of the supreme trial of its *Imitatio Christi*, lost in obedience to the point of betrayal and in betrayal itself secretly obedient beyond itself, beyond death. But today other times are coming, for it is indeed from within the Church of Peter, from the very heart of its non-secular regularity, that the prophetic, gnostic and mystical Church of John is now emerging in power and preparing to free itself from its veils, admitted more and more to the full power of the day, and while behind the Church of John also appears, its face burnt and blackened in depth like Melanie's, the intolerable burning light of the theurgic and cosmogonic Church of Elijah.

Church of Peter, Church of John, Church of Elijah : Together, the three Eucharistic Churches, presided over heraldically and theologically by Faith, Hope and Charity, form the dazzling crown, the *Fulgens Corona* of the fourth Church, the Church of Mount Carmel, the apocalyptic Church of Mary, whose incendiary destiny is presided over only by the One Love who gathers, lays bare, exalts and kindles the bush of glory of the *Incendium Amoris*, and whose word of gratitude is given to be, without end, the very word of the Faithful of Love, *una est columba mea*.

The Church of Mary or the Church of the Apocalypse, the Church of the End, whose paradigmatic figure continues to haunt us, still veiled but already sunny-sunny, sunny-sunny, the *Book of Revelation* of Saint John: "Then a Great Sign appeared in Heaven: A Woman clothed with the Sun, the Moon under Her Feet, and on Her Head a Crown Twelve Stars".

And, in the same way as the becoming of the interior economy, in the same way as the revolutionary ontology of Christology and of world history, which constitutes its visible face, comes to an end by being accomplished through the mystery of the Assumption of Mary and in the ascending abyss of her glory, the development of the Church's interior economy, the revolutionary ontology of ecclesiology and world history which, by bringing it into the visible, at the same supports and exalts it in the invisible, comes to an end with Assumption of the three Eucharistic Churches within the Church.

- of that Church beyond the Churches which is the Fourth Church, the Church of Mount Carmel, the Church of the - Great Sign in

Heaven, spoken of in the Apocalypse of John, the Church of Mary and the Woman clothed in the Sun.

The Final Church of Mary is the Fulgurante Crown, the *Fulgens Corona* of the three Churches united in the very act of their final apocalyptic assumption, a loving assumption beyond all charity, beyond all mercy, an eternally nuptial assumption in the spiral of the eternal nuptials that aspire it and bear it.

By proclaiming the final dogma of the Assumption of Mary in the encyclical *Fulgens Corona* in November 1950, did not the holy Pope Pius XII give a glimpse of the future advent of the apocalyptic crown of the three Eucharistic Churches assumptionally reunited, on the appointed day, under the cosmogonic *Fulgens Corona* of the Church of Mary?

This profound and vertiginous trans-totalitarian change, this inner transmutation of the Church, this transmutation of theological identity, of historical and transhistorical being and state, this philosophical transmutation if ever there was one, must and can only take place in fire and through fire, in this immense devastating fire of final *Incendium Amoris* which must mark the transcendental passage from the three to the four, through the *metanoia* both ardent and virginal of that which, having undergone, and to its loving consummation, the ternary separation of the beginnings, must and does reach the assumptive elevation, the coronary unity of end beyond all ends. Thus the *Immaculate Conception of the origins* split, assuming itself beyond itself, by the *Immaculate Conception of the end* beyond all ends, which is the amorous assumption in the inner heaven of the *Fulgens Corona*. The unity beyond the end is thus never more than the eternal historial of its own immaculate conception, the eternal dogmatic return beyond precipices and nights of the loving theological separation.

We will all be judged on love," says Father Bruckberger, quoting Saint John of the Cross. And he adds: < Love makes one. The one can only be truly saved by love". But what is love without the living flesh of a unique incarnation each time, what is love without the immaculate conception of its own doubling and incarnation its own pre-ontological history?

Que soy era Immaculada Concepciou, the woman whom Saint Bernadette Soubirous called by the name of *Aquero*, said at Lourdes.

But doesn't every dogma require its own being and a living flesh at its disposal, the mystery in the fulfilment of a historical incarnation that is absolutely new every time? *Que soy era Immaculada Conception*: the being, the thaborically incandescent flesh of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was made visible at Lourdes.

What then is the being, the living, radiant flesh of the dogma of the Assumption of Mary? Is it in Fatima that we must seek its mystery? Did not the great Pius XII, who was responsible for the *Fulgens Corona*, say that he would have liked to be considered "the Pope of Fatima"?

And, above all, what will be the transcendental apparition, what will be the being, what will be the infinitely young, dazzling and super-irradiating flesh, what will be the dazzling face and what will be the dazzling name of the one who will come to us, and who will give herself to be seen in order to manifest the cosmological canonicity of the *last dogma*, the advent of the final dogma of the whole of Christology in action, namely the dogma of the Supreme Coronation of Mary, the royal, imperial, polar and trans-galactic coronation, the cosmic and supra-cosmic coronation of the *Regina Coeli*, the Spouse of the One Crown, Mary above, before and after she had to be the Virgin, the Mother, and the Virgin-Mother?

It is on 22 August that the Church is entitled to celebrate the feast of the Coronation, and it will be the fundamental task of our generation to establish the dogma of the Supreme Coronation of Mary in its rights and in its theological omnipotence, the predestined and immediately tragic task of a generation called, This is the predestined and immediately tragic task of a generation destined not only to institute the passage between the close of the second and the opening of the third millennium of the Cosmic Redemption in Christ Pantocrator, but also to conclude the inner economy of Christology conceived as the preconceived whole of its own becoming: with the proclamation of the dogma of the Supreme Coronation of Mary, the inner cycle of the Divine Incarnation closes irrevocably on itself, for *all is accomplished*.

In the germinal secrecy of the new word of life to come, the times of our only and last dogmatic actuality are already the times of the Great Cosmic Advent of the End.

In his address at the opening of the Holy Year of our Redemption on 23 December 1983, John Paul II declared, on the heights of Roman prophecy:

Action in favour of peace is a particular form of fidelity to the mystery of the Redemption, because peace is the radiance of the Redemption, it is its fruit in the immediate life of men and nations. This Jubilee will help to consolidate a mentality of peace in the world: this is the wish that rises from my heart. And then, most fundamentally: I this programme to the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary. She is the *summit of the Redemption**. This is why the Jubilee of the Redemption has an eminently Marian aspect: the coincidence that this celebration takes place in this time of waiting for the third millennium helps us to grasp the Advent mentality that is the distinctive mark of Mary's presence throughout the history of salvation. As the "Morning Star", she welcomes him into herself and gives him to the world".

The man behind the act

Once all this has been said, a new question arises, a question which acts, as it were, as a conclusion which would call into question the very whole of what it is called upon to conclude: the things of great revelation and rupture, of such profoundly revolutionary theological petition which emerge in force in Father Bruckberger's book, how did they get there, and from where, and by what means of intellectual or other appropriation? Who is speaking here? Is this book inspired, manipulated and, at its ultimate and most core, is it an appeal, a testimony from elsewhere? As if we didn't know it: any authentically *inspired* book is never the work of the person who believes he wrote it, but of someone else, or of something else very far away who has occultly acted there with a preconceived aim, with a highly subversive aim of influence and revelation.

And here, in this book now marked by a destiny with no turning back, it is the very ambiguity of the human part, its desolate precariousness and its most uncertain shadows which, precisely, are called upon to constitute, as if nothing happened, the wasteland where the word of remains out of reach emerges, and comes to act clandestinely.

That the same R.P. Bruckberger was therefore able, the course of a

The same life, take on in clarity something as ignoble, as intolerable as the denunciation of the revolutionary nationalist activities of Bishop Capucci, hero of the fight for the national liberation of broken, defiled Palestine, obscured and suffocated under the darkness of the Anti-Word, apocalyptically active and as if already omnipotent in the Holy Land and, from the Holy Land, throughout the world, a denunciation which, moreover, took place at the very moment when Monsignor Capucci was entering the long night of his imprisonment, at a time when the same Rev.P. Bruckberger had been able to bear witness, in a heart-rending and serene book and, I would say, with a sob, *crowned with laurels*, to the tragic and so admirably Catholic death of Joseph Damand, just as he had been able to explore, in other existential lands, the hidden part of salvation and veiled glory that lies this eternal return from Bethany that is the nocturnal crossing of sin, betrayal and forgetfulness of faith, how can we not intercept in it, in fact, the very mark of a long and dramatic providential preparation in making for a goal to come and, today, achieved?

On the subject of the accession of John Paul II to the pontifical seat of the Roman omnipotence in the visible and the invisible, does not the Rev. Bruckberger bears witness to the decisive denomination of an absolutely final predestination and limit when, speaking of the man whom the visionary Juliusz Slowacki called, well over a century ago, "the Slav pope, the brother of the peoples", he challenges him by saying you are *the man of the passage to action*? 't the advent of the *man of action* a sign the time has come for a return to supreme attention, a signal of the time for action? In the beginning action, as we know only too well.

- I believe in the instinct of peoples. The salutary shock that all the peoples of the world felt when you came to power," writes Father Bruckberger, addressing John Paul II, "can only be better defined by these words: all the peoples of the world felt that you are the man to take action. And this feeling has been all the more keenly felt in the West, which at the is par excellence a vague universe. I believe even more that God does not abandon his exhausted creature, even when it seems that he no longer expects anything. Bossuet wrote: "When God wants to show that a work is all in His hand, He reduces everything to impotence

. Then He acts". With your coming, we have all felt that God, after having reduced everything to powerlessness, has begun to act".

It is only after the times of the greatest impotence, and only then, after the times that Heidegger called the final season of the overthrow of the world, the obscure season when "the earth is given over to devastation", that the mystery of the times of the passage to action can once again claim to come to light and revolutionarily impose itself as such.

So Father Bruckberger can write: "What are prophets for? What are poets for? They set before men and events a mysterious and infallible sign, by which undivided hearts can recognise the One who is to come and who is God's Envoy. This is what Juliusz Slowacki, the Polish poet of the "great emigration", was for. Welcome to you, Most Holy Father".

To conclude, Father Bruckberger would like to quote the supremely prophetic poem by Juliusz Slowacki, who was born in Poland in 1809, died in Paris in 1849 and is now buried with the kings and heroes of Greater Poland in the national citadel of Wawell in Krakow. The poem announces the providential coming of the one who *will cleanse the sanctuary* and who, alone before the almighty power of the conspiracy of darkness, *will confront the Sword*.

For this is the secret oath of the Lord of the Sword and Devouring Fire, our unique and terrible *sacramentum fidelitatis*. <"I have not come to bring Peace, but the Sword", he said. And also: -I have come to cast a Fire of devouring embers upon the earth, and how I wish it were already kindled".

Now it will be lit, this fire of devouring embers, for the philosophical reign of *Ignis Ardens* is coming.

In the midst of discord, God makes the enormous drone resound: it is to a Slavonic pope that he opens access to the throne of thrones. He will not flee from the sword like this Italian! He, bold as God, will face the sword head-on!
- The world is dust! -
The crowds will swell and follow him towards the light that God [inhabits]
He will cleanse the wounds of the world of their filth and all [vermin, He will cleanse the sanctuary of the churches and sweep away the threshold.
He will reveal God as clear as day.
It takes strength to restore Die to a world that is [his own.

So here he comes, the Slav pope, the brother of the peoples!
(Juliusz Slowacki, 1809-1849)

THE THIRD IMPERIAL TERM

God's reasons are mysteries that I must not penetrate. Worship under the veil

Marthe Robin

Metahistory and high conspiracies

If the conception of history of a Saint-Yves d'Alveydre, a René Guénon, a Julius Evola, a Michel Vâlsan, a Jean Robin, is correct, and therefore foundational of living truth, the centre of gravity of history will always be outside history. Visible history is then only the outermost shell, the shadowy delegation of invisible history, and there can be no experience, no authentic and total approach to history in progress and its deepest secrets, except from the level of understanding at which history posits itself as the given of a beyond of history, as *metahistory*.

If world history has a meaning, it can only be understood in the light of the concept of metahistory, a demanding and perilous light if ever there was one. However, in order for it to penetrate the stream of great history as Real Presence and predetermine hidden face, the nocturnal face of history and of great

Thus, invisibly, the turning points and the very march, the concept of metahistory must imperatively undergo, and each time, what Art Royal calls a process of substantification, a process which, in more conventional language, could just as well be considered as the fruit of a renewed incarnation, of another and newer historical descent of the absolute. How, by what unfathomable mystery, can the contingent, the transient, the immediately visible become the bearer of the unconditioned, the immutable, given in advance and forever of reach? For this to happen, the concept of metahistory has to be embodied occultly in an organisation of total power, presiding subterraneously over the destiny of a Secret Order. This was the case in the Middle Ages with the Order of the Temple and the pre-ontological background to it.

Whenever a Secret Order appears or gives itself to suspicion as the centre of gravity of the march of history, the latter becomes entrenched in active irrationality, in the daylight of the exclusively metahistorical vision that is the intelligence of the influential societies that predetermine its course. Yet this will not prevent the Secret Order, through which the concept of metahistory would manage to invest itself in the visible development of world history, and to intervene as a Real Presence, as a substantification, or, if you like, as an incarnation in each and every moment of its development, as constantly renewed incarnation, would itself have to undergo the fundamental law of the inner becoming of life, which is the law of the antagonistic splitting of the self and of the final overcoming of this antagonism by the imperial and assumptive third term which ensures its continuity. In a confidential letter to Francis Borgia, Viceroy of Catalonia, Saint Ignatius of Loyola made the following confession: "The same Holy Spirit of God has been able to induce me to act powerfully for certain reasons, and, for others, not to at all, or even to act in a direction contrary to my previous actions, but always with the aim that, in the end, only the Will of the Emperor will be accomplished and prevail through me".

But it was in the 17th century, above all, that the state confrontation between the high solar conspiracies of the Secret Order and its nocturnal, lunar double came to the surface in a seemingly endless flare-up, while the part of the third imperial term called upon to surpass the fateful opposition remained under the unfailing guard of the hermetic rule known as the "profound silence".

As the great and brilliant Claude Grasset d'Orcet (1828-1900) showed in his works, which are difficult to access but have recently been taken up, after Fulcanelli, by our beloved Jean-Pierre Deloux, the Secret Order and its shadow double took on the form of an underground conflict between two major initiation brotherhoods in the 16th century, the Secret Order being represented by the Minstrels of Morvan and its nocturnal double by the Minstrels of Murcia.

It was two women, Diane de Poitiers and Catherine de Médicis, one the mistress in title and the other the legitimate wife of King Henry II, who were at the head of the two great rival brotherhoods, the Ménestrels of Morvan and those of Murcia. Diane de Poitiers, mistress of the magical castle of Anet and of the ultra-secret theurgic organisation known as La Quinte, which had conferred on her the supreme title of Grande Chasseresse, exercised full nuptial authority over the Ménestrels du Morvan, who were considered by some to have at one time formed a veritable underground religion. Whereas the enigmatic and much maligned Catherine de Médicis, while keeping a watchful eye, in the deepest shadow, on the activities the clandestine religion opposed to the Quinte and which called itself, by a cover name, the religion of the Quart, supported the Ménestrels of Murcia, who had offered her the dignity of Immaculate Unicorn. If the confrontation between the Quint and the Quart was to reach its climax in the admirable episode known as the night Saint Bartholomew's Day, so mystical and so perfectly bloody, and if it was spiritual and magical appropriation of the very person of King Henry II, a person infinitely more sacred than one might think, that constituted the ultimate stake in the deadly rivalry between the Great Huntress and the Immaculate Unicorn, it nevertheless remains to identify the proper paths of the third imperial term in action, paths by which the conflict between the Fifth and the Fourth was to be surpassed and carried assumptively beyond the tragic contingencies of history. Someone whose most legitimate qualifications authorised him to do so has already spoken briefly but decisively, albeit in a rather veiled way, about these ways, imperial in the sense understood by Saint Ignatius of Loyola; so it is not for me to deflate them untimely revelations, to do violence, even if only *in passing*, to the semi-virginal penumbra chosen by my predecessor in this science which is so dangerous and in some ways so equivocal.

Even closer to the day, the same structure of

the metahistorical confrontation between a Secret Order and its shadow, a confrontation that has imposed a total change on the visible course of history, and like an abyssal transmutation, will emerge from the events that had formed the inner fabric, the appalling outburst Dead Bones that we still call the French Revolution. This is not without bearing in mind that it is the very proximity of the zone of historical collapse that marked the tragic destiny, in Europe, of the Monarchy of Divine Right, that prevents us from seeing things clearly: the darkness of the metahistorical secret is still far too active, and the ban that attaches to it persists in imposing itself in terms of a conflicting, suffocating actuality. So it is still not possible to contemplate uncovering the identity of the Secret Order that was unable to effectively hinder the submerging conduct of what allowed itself to be swallowed up and undone in 1789, nor what its shadowy double and profound crime were. Speaking of the French Revolution from a certain angle, Gilbert Comte wrote in *Le Monde* on 13 July 1984:< In its vertigo, the French Revolution undoubtedly yielded to forces, to a poorly identified suicidal spirit, outside even politics.

Although it is far too early for us to venture to reveal the identity, or identities, *outside politics* as Gilbert Comte so rightly put it, of the conspiracies whose certain names are likely to be still active, we can nevertheless try to identify those who were their representatives, the superhuman personalities metasymbolically placed in a situation at the hour of destiny: some of us know with a high degree of certainty that the Count Saint-Germain, or rather the entity he was supposed to embody, represented the Secret Order which, in instance, was so mysteriously bound to lose the game and did lose - in the conditions of inconceivable horror that we know, while, opposite the Count of Saint-Germain, the so-called Count of Cagliostro perpetuated, with his shadow in front of him, the party of the nocturnal splitting of this same Secret Order that an inexorable destiny of bronze, iron and lead had to push straight to the final abyss.

How, then, can we fail to recall the clandestine meeting that took place in the Church of the Récollets between the special, indeed very special, envoy of Queen Marie-Antoinette and the Count of Saint-Germain, who was, on this occasion, making his last

appearance? To the great lady of Versailles who had come, not without terrible peril, to meet him, the representative of the Secret Order had to admit, with a heavy heart, that his hands were tied; that the "fatal decree" had been irrevocably pronounced; and that he had to bow to a will "infinitely more powerful" than his own. A century later, Saint John Bosco would say the same thing about *the impassable ban*, about the *wall of darkness* against which he had found himself reduced to powerlessness despite the ardent effort of his superhuman prayers, despite his *direct intervention* on behalf of the dying Count of Chambord.

And yet, beyond the fateful confrontation between the Count of Saint-Germain and the so-called Count of Cagliostro, beyond the Secret Order and its double of darkness, a mysterious imperial third term must still have prevailed, invisibly, over the reefs and bloody whirlpools of inevitable fate. What this new third imperial term might have been, the entity destined to surpass, both metahistorically and *historically*, the Secret Order and its Shadow, it is still too early, too, for the course of events to really bear telling in plain terms. All we need to know is that it was, and that very powerful reverberations still perpetuate its tumult in the underground world of history, whose last stirrings sometimes reach us. For it is well guarded, the secret passage from one great night to another, a passage that refuses any interregnum of day.

As for the metahistorical prefigurations of current Western world history, there is only one question that can venture to shed light on them, to begin the process of their possible future desoccultations. This question is as follows: in the decade 1982-1992, so troubled and so dramatic, so close to the ultimate precipices, precipices without return or face, what is the Secret Order whose invisible influence and theurgic and cosmological irradiations are held to answer for the revolutionary march, the ontological march of the times that are already ours, and what is the double of darkness of this new Secret Order? And, also, what inapproachable third imperial term is preparing to overcome the state antagonism pitting them, once again, against each other?

Strangely enough, it is a novel - or, if you prefer, a semblance of a novel - that is currently proposing the

The best way to begin answering this decisive question.

This is the novel that RP Martin uses to express outwardly, and as if in the open, the testimony that it is his duty to produce on the metahistorical concept of the present day, and on the Secret Order called upon to embody it historically. Entitled *Le Renversement (The Reversal)*, this novel, which is not quite like any other, has just been published in Paris by Editions de La Maisnie. Should we be talking about it yet? I'm firmly convinced that we should. The time itself demands it. This hour of ours, the fascinating hour of the great things of the end.

The Forty-Five

Two years ago, a book entitled *Le Livre des Compagnons Secrets (The Book of Secret Companions)* was published in Paris RP Martin and Éditions ACL Rocher. The fundamental thesis of this book was that General de Gaulle had gathered around him, in the most confidential manner, a sort of Druidic College of forty-five members, to whom he had given the full teaching of his most *interior* doctrine, his gnosis one might say, with the command to make a silent crossing of the desert that was to last ten years from the day of his death. Once these ten years of desert were over, the vow of silence was lifted: the external mission of the Secret Companions was then to begin, to *make history*. < The ultimate hope of France and the West will one day be embodied in my Forty-Five", declared General de Gaulle. On the Order of the Forty-Five, RP Marin writes: - A sacrificial order, still secret, whose members are united by a dangerous oath (and, for some, vows) of silence and to live under certain rules. The order's *current* objective is to be present everywhere in order to make history take on < the Christian, collectivist and French meaning > envisaged by the General as the only vow still possible to cross - the spiritual desert of decadence -, where the West is perhaps going to lose itself, and the world with it -.

should add that the Ordre des Quarante-Cinq had adopted the motto of the alumni of the École de Chefs du Château d'Uriage, founded in 1941 by General Pierre Dunoyer de Segonzac.

the permanent collegiate committee, by an officer - belonging to an old Ajaccio family, it is said - who, having served, on mission, in the air force of the Chinese Republic, calls himself Ho Hang-chang (but also, it should be emphasised, for other, infinitely more hidden reasons).

Once the problem of the very existence of the Order of the Forty-Five has been posed, it seems to me that it would be important to define its doctrinal foundations, its basic ideological choices and its current or future metahistorical commitments. This will immediately lead us to understand that the Order of the Forty-Five does not in itself any doctrinal existence of its own, that it is not

— and if it is - than a conceptually active representation of General de Gaulle's deepest thought, the metahistorical vehicle of his supreme vision of the meaning of this world and its final eschatological destinies.

In other words, it would only be through the doctrinal professions of the Order of the Forty-Five, as formulated, in whole or in part, in *The Book of Secret Companions*, that, as things stand, the deepest thoughts of General de Gaulle can be intercepted. However dubious such an assertion may seem, it is nonetheless absolutely necessary to take it into account from the moment we become interested in his work.

— or even to pretend to do so - to the missionary reality, to the revolutionary destiny of the Order of the Forty-Five, which was considered to be already underway.

What, then, is the essential doctrine of the Order of the Forty-Five or, if you prefer, what, according to the Order's current teaching, is the front line of General de Gaulle's ultimate metahistorical conceptions, or of the *absolute concept* that lies behind the significant revelations, behind the symbolic stations of the contingent existence, known and less known, of the man who came to be called, so rightly, the 'Man of Storms'?

Let's start with some "decisive influences". According to RP Martin, the Order of the Forty-Five recognises itself essentially in the Gaullist interpretation of the thought of René Guénon, in that of Teilhard de Chardin and also in certain metahistorical outcomes of the thought of Mao Tse-Tung. Clearly, this statement of principle is not to be taken at face value, and its *true understanding*, i.e. one that is both living and active, must be the result of an exclusively 'diplomatic approach.

However, if it is to be usable, the special term of *diplomatic approach*, borrowed from the work of Claude Grasset d'Orcet, will need to be very clearly defined. Jean-Pierre Deloux :

- Grasset d'Orcet's genius shines through above all in his work on the Hermetic Kabbalah and on the rules of diplomatic language. By this we mean

"diplomacy: all the cryptographic means used in literature or painting to convey a message that can only be understood by the initiated. Thus, in literature, "The Dream of Poliphiloia" or the work of Rabelais and, in painting, "The Shepherds of Arcadia" by Poussin or "The Ambassadors" by Holbein are perfect examples of the secret, political and esoteric function of works of art, which we will one day have to recognise and study much more closely" (in *Nostra*, 18 August 1983).

I showed - in an interview with the excellent Arnold Waldstein, on the subject of Alchemy and Great Poetry - how the poetry that I myself practise is nothing other than the 'diplomatic' vehicle of a certain avant-garde philosophical research, of an instruction in Royal Art that cannot under any circumstances bear to be seen without the veil of hermetic dissimulations that are supposed to prevent any direct and unprejudiced access to the furrow of its living and ardent works.

what are we looking for behind the cover?

- 'diplomatic' influences that the Order of Forty-Five claims to have intercepted in General de Gaulle, influences that are as difficult to accept in the author of *La France et son Armée* as the thought Mao Tse-tung or, a thousand times worse, Teilhard de Chardin?

Glazialkosmogonie

Following the "diplomatic" reading of the essential, the figure of Mao-Tsé-toung's influence on General de Gaulle's thinking will immediately reveal its secret, which is that of a long, ongoing, ancient and very profound Taoist continuation being exercised occultly within certain senior groups of the French Army, a continuation that General de Gaulle could not afford not to pick up on and take on board at a time of the most critical options. It is no less certain that in *Le Livre des Compagnons Secrets*, RP Martin mentions

an ultra-confidential letter-directive from General de Gaulle on the way in which, in certain circumstances, the thought and even the very meaning of Mao Tse-tung's work should be appropriated, a letter-directive that General de Gaulle had sent to several senior members of the Gaullist government at the time: this document caused quite a stir at the time. Raymond Abellio, on the other hand, had a similar attitude, face . In *La Fosse de Babel (The Pit of Babel)*, we end up with a prophetic appraisal of Mao Tse-tung's China and its great

"Later destinies - already germinating. "If, one day, Red China submerges the Great Eurasian Continent, it will be, says Raymond , to *seek God*.

As for the "diplomatic" approach to the work of Teilhard de Chardin, a Jesuit from a good family who was seized, in a rather intolerable and mysterious way, by the most disgusting evolutionist debauchery, it would seem that it instructs, while obviously not saying so, the most committed part of General de Gaulle's eschatological thinking, a thought leading to an overall Hermetic conception, to a Gnostic cosmology, even a magical and theurgic cosmology, the most interior approach of which would be reminiscent of the Hyperborean visions of the fundamental cosmic war pitting Eternal Fire against Eternal Ice, a vision also present at the genetic basis of the Hörbigerian *Glazialkosmogony*. I have shown elsewhere how, through the intermediary of Denis Saurat, it was Hörbiger and else but Hörbiger who, in fact, predetermined General de Gaulle's highest cosmological conceptions and hence the whole of his metahistorical doctrines concerning, among other things, the mission, both final and fundamental, of the Latin American continent, or the 'Great Anterior Continent'.

The Book of Secret Companions, and even more so *Le Renversement*, therefore lend General de Gaulle, in the final analysis, when considered in terms of his most inner, concealed and hidden identity, a conception that is both *cosmological* and *operative* of a certain active Christology, that, if behind, or very much within, the Church of Peter watches over the nuptial Church of John and the Burning Charity of his Royal Heart, there is, beyond these Two Churches, Another State, and

as a Third Church, this one patronised by the imperial and hermetic Divine Dove of André (Colombey les Deux Églises being able to announce, then, that, behind the mystical valley, behind the Entremont of the Two Churches, one must know how to go to the vision of the Church of Saint-André, or Church of the Blue Thistles; blue thistles constituting the heraldic arms of the SAC). And what Divine Dove do we find there? Immaculate Dove, decapitated from the bloody and more than bloody origins; but restored since, and sunny, auriferous; and already as reigning, lodging inside the Church of Saint-André, and this one lodging, Herself, in Her, Our Lady of France and Scotland. The Church of Saint Andrew, finally, which some say is cosmic, transgalactic and utterly final, turned towards the Woman of the Apocalypse, and whose most hidden concerns, including the great predestination of the present day, are powerfully in line with the area of problems mobilised by Hörbiger and his subterranean perpetuation organisations. *The Reversal*: <11 years ago, the Chief had already asked Hörbiger if it would be possible for him to move the Magnetic North -, we read, among other things. Hörbiger's answer was a single word: < Certainly". The rest of the same dialogue : ■ How soon do you think the first tests could take place?" < A year perhaps, if I have everything I need and staff trained in such research". - Well, make your list and get to work straight away".

In this same area of problems concerning, in an immediately apocalyptic way, the great active theurgies of terrestrial magnetism, RP Martin will also evoke, in *Le Renversement*, the last states of the doctrine of the 'reversal of the poles'.

- If the Arctic location of the mythological Asgard refers directly to the polar origin of the primordial Tradition, evoked by René Guénon, the *Sankt Pauli*, by setting course for the Antarctic, was soon to indicate *that a veritable* <A reversal of the poles". And shouldn't this be seen as a signature, or, if you prefer, a *claw*?"

But there is no reversal that does not call for a counter-reversal, and this is what the spiral of the Great Times will be made of, right up to the end.

Acting metahistorically on history and, through the march of history and beyond the current course of history, acting on the world and on the whole of our cosmos in its denominations

This is the dialectically active and, from now on, increasingly over-activated continuation of the occult cosmological conceptions attributed to General de Gaulle by his Secret Companions (and also, who knows, by those very people whose shadow those who believe and proclaim him to be - his secret companions - are also, who knows, by those very people of whom those who believe themselves to be and proclaim themselves to be his - secret companions - are merely the shadow cast behind, the nocturnal and lunar double, the Quarter hyponagically called upon *to face up to*, to make a sacrificial act of presence in the face of the solar Fifth that they no doubt ignore ; but which not ignore them).

The encirclement of the Grand Continent by the Powers Oceanic

Charles de Gaulle : - And I, at the centre of this unleashing, feel I am fulfilling a function that goes far beyond my person, serving as an instrument of destiny... It will therefore be at the level of the tragic confrontation between his metahistorical cosmology and the current state of world history in the throes of acceleration that the Secret Companions of General de Gaulle will encounter, in General de Gaulle, - the instrument of destiny -, the instrument of a destiny immediately converted and as if already embodied in the very terms of his own geopolitical fate in place, a given planetary fate for a given planetary geopolitics. From the planetary geopolitical inevitability of Gaullism in action, can we dialectically prefigure the main lines of force of an *occult geopolitics* of Gaullism?

For General de Gaulle, the fundamental geopolitical concept of today's world will be what we must call, after certain others, including some of our own, the Great Eurasian Continent: the planetary geopolitical destiny of today's history in its ends and therefore the very destiny of France as the privileged, even unique instrument of a will outside history, occult, superhuman and divine, is ontologically identified with the destiny of the Great Eurasian Continent. Faced with this, the drift of the Oceanic Powers embodies the offensive concept of anti-continental negation, Oceanic Powers whose anti-destiny demands the encirclement of the Great Eurasian Continent.

and its spaces of being and development, to inflict upon them the subversive and annihilating law of the *Eternal Exterior*, which constantly claims status of Anti-Empire.

The counter-strategy, then, of the greatest Gaullism in action - or, rather, its counter-offensive metastrategy - will then, in the face of the drift of the Oceanic Powers, mobilise the weight, all the metastrategic weight, of the Great Anterior Continent, in an attempt to reactivate - and, subsequently, overactivate - the original telluric potential of what, today, is also known as, the Latin American continent, or the Great Anterior Continent, which some people, and not the least, are already getting used to seeing as the Great Ulterior Continent, as the 'Island of Survival' - to emerge metahistorically after the series of planetary cataclysms provoked by the .black wave - of nuclear conflagrations unleashed from what is now, and at any moment, likely to be the next world war of imperialism as we know it. Insofar as General de Gaulle understood perfectly well that the possibility of a nuclear conflagration on a planetary scale would inexorably bring about the end of a world, if not the end of the world that is ours, the world of humans and of human existence, as Heidegger would say, the supreme metahistorical objective of the greatest Gaullism is revealed to be World Peace. World Peace, the occult foundations of which must be sought in what the Hermetists called, in other times, *Profound Peace*, or the *Pax Profunda* of our last Rosicrucians. General de Gaulle declared quite clearly: "France is for peace, it needs peace. To be truly reborn, to remake itself and to expand, in the noblest sense of the , France needs Peace. Consequently, France seeks peace, cultivates peace, helps peace, everywhere".

In this way, we can say, with a rather abrupt analytical shortcut, but how can we avoid it, that for some of those in the know, the secret of the metahistorical establishment of a lasting, i.e. profound, World Peace lies, in these times of the end, in the reactivation of the planetary destinies proper to the Latin American continent. In a later phase, and immediately following on from the projects, currently more or less in abeyance, concerning the metahistorical liberation of French Canada, and even of Canada tout court, an advanced grand-continental base within m the spaces of imperial domination of the drifting Oceanic Powers, the season will also have to come

where the Oceanic Powers themselves will be called upon to liberate themselves, from within themselves, to revolutionarily remove themselves from negative grip of the Anti-Empire, or, more clearly put, the Empire Extérieur, and to do so precisely from the formerly and still French lands of Louisiana, whose *Vitre antirieur survives* in the depths (as for the mystery in action of this Empire Extérieur, it is high time for a thorough rereading of the works of H.P. Lovecraft, the great prophetic seer from Providence, Rhode Island).

Hence, also, the ventures, sometimes adventurous, of the greatest Gaullism in Latin America (Argentina, Bolivia, Colombia, Nicaragua, and others, including perhaps Cuba), as well as, in an apparently less clandestine manner, in Canada (but what is more manipulable, what is more manipulated than appearances as).

In any case, on the true dimensions of the metahistorical action pursued by General de Gaulle in Canada, it is more than necessary to read the book of research and testimonies that Anne and Pierre Rouanet had published, in 1983, by Grasset, *Les trois derniers chagrins du général de Gaulle*: is, most probably, the most extraordinary document, to date, on some of the actions that General de Gaulle had to carry out in the shadows.

Now, in *Le Renversement* du RP Martin, the data of the overall metahistorical action pursued by the greatest Gaullism let themselves be surprised - despite the predisposition of a very essentially diplomatic writing, and *diplomatic* in the special sense imposed to this term by Claude Grasset d'Orceet, our master - with a clearness that gives the vertigo, and comes to open in force doors leading what Balzac already, in a famous novel, called 'the other side of contemporary history >>.

Asgaard

But wouldn't the most appropriate decoding grid be the one provided by the text of the novel that the Order of the Forty-Five is proposing for our consideration? RP Martin's novel, *Le Renversement*, begins with the (providential, we told) discovery that a certain

Amaury, a former member of the "Forces Navales Françaises Libres" (Free French Naval Forces), who, in 1945, while serving in an RFM (Régiment de Fusiliers Marins) on patrol in the Alps, came upon a seriously wounded and dying SS columnist. SS soldier who was seriously wounded and dying. This man, who had been seconded to Rommel's staff and then to Kessel- ring', had also belonged to an SS unit.

"special structure - of operational liaison with the Kriegsmarine, and was holding on him, at the time he fell into the hands of the Amaury patrol, a number of ultra-secret documents, including, says RP Martin, < a map on buckskin, drawn in Indian ink" which may have represented "a plan of private property in a lake region".

And yet, through who knows what hierarchical and other transplants, this map ended up in the hands of some of the leaders of the Forty-Five, who bound to have the technical revelation, after all the necessary research, that it was a document that could provide proof of the existence and recent implementation of a gigantic planetary conspiracy of the Black Order, Phoenix already rising from its ashes as soon as it had passed the ordeal of the terrible, hallucinating infernos of 1945. In fact, the Indian ink drawing on the buckskin turns out to be that of a major Black Order power station, hidden in an inaccessible region of the Canadian Far North, the Black Lakes region. In addition to its intrinsic importance, this power station undoubtedly represented a final link to the transcendental fortress of the Black Order, the polar, the immaculate - Asgard the Mysterious, hidden away, one might think, in the tormented and tragically desolate reaches of South Atlantic.

And so, as if by magic, we rediscover the impenetrable mysteries, or almost impenetrable mysteries, and all the obscure reservations of the *Schwarte Korps* set up by Reichsführer Heinrich Himmler for theurgic and cosmological purposes that are still and always unknown, and that we may never know. *Le Renversement* sets out to define the current aims of the Black Order by interviewing one of its operatives, one of its "knights": << The aim of Black Order, he asserts, is the total subversion of all the powers in place, in all countries, by all means, including those of the most modern science. Which, he asserts, the Order has the means to achieve. "We're saving ourselves for last", declared another of the leaders of the Order.

the Black Order, an end which, for the Black Order, means *only one thing*"the unleashing of the Apocalypse". An end too, said the same leader of the Black Order, "which will be the tomb of their powers, and the establishment of ours, planned for a thousand years".

The leaders of the Order of the Forty-Five believed they could do no less than send a 'long-hunting' commando to Canada with the mission intercepting the operational groups of the Order of the Night posted in the Black Lakes region, neutralising them on the and then exploiting the trail thus opened - to its ultimate conclusion. It should be noted that, during the second phase of their mission, the special commando of the Order of the Forty-Five was to use a mixed brig, the *Guévremont*, which could take them right to the transcendental base of the Black Order. The ultimate goal, Asgard. However, the Forty-Five's brig, the *Guévremont*, would not be able to go as far as , where no one can go without the right to do so, but it did manage to intercept the Black Order's cargo ship, the *Sankt Pauli*, off the coast of Patagonia. Momentarily and artificially securing control, the men of the Forty-Five seized several crates on board the *Sankt Pauli* containing Rommel's war treasure. It should also be mentioned that, in the Canadian Far North, during the neutralisation of the Black Order base located in the lakes region - the Black Lakes, which also brings to mind the Swiss Schwartzsee region - the Forty-Five had been able to seize priceless documentation, including reports of certain parascientific work - but in this case, I think it would be better to say supra-scientific work - carried out on the installations of the ultra-secret Eurasian organisation known as *the Ahnenerbe*.

We know that *the Ahnenerbe* had worked on behalf of the Black Order, and that it had been able to mobilise avant-garde researchers such as Prof. Willibord, a "quiet Dutchman", founder of seismogenesis, seismological cosmology and the polar manipulation of terrestrial and cosmic magnetism. Willibord, a "quiet Dutchman", the founder of seismogenesis, seismological cosmology and the polar manipulation of terrestrial and cosmic magnetism; the young Hungarian Sandor Leddihin-Romany, a specialist in "inner astral flight" and great strategic parapsychology; Professors Fischer, Kiss, Dieterle and Maunory, the direct successors of Hörbiger's cosmological-theurgic work; von Geert, the world's super-specialist in the field of theology; and others.

of the climate-meteorological war, who we know recently declared, according to RP Martin: "We have total meteorological control of our planet. We can now artificially change the climate in the world".

Brought into the light of day, Rommel's so-called "war treasure" would have appeared, to the dazzled eyes of the men of *Guerre- Mont*, to be truly fabulous. For a few moments, the tormented skies of the South Atlantic were ablaze with the light of a thousand precious stones.

But, once again, to grasp the true meaning, it is essential that we try to approach and understand all this through the recognition grids of "diplomatic" language. For example, Field Marshal Erwin Rommel never had, and had no need to have, a 'war treasure' in the form of classic oriental tale or the most outrageous baroque or *psychoanalytical* fantasies. Here, everything is in cipher, and this clandestine treasure is no more than an image of diversion and slippage, a confession about something quite different from what is being said.

Reversal and counter-reversal

So there is absolutely no question of being satisfied with the first degree of things. A novel written in 'diplomatic' language must be received in an exclusively 'diplomatic' way. So we might call the *key to the whole thing is* the stroke of genius of Jean Robin, director, at Éditions de La Maisnie, of the whole collection known as the novel, which was to be called something else, into the one, precisely, stroke genius that made him change the original title of this novel, which was to be called something else, into the one, precisely, that has remained with him. Reversal, counter-reversal: it's all there. The 'diplomatic', super-coded relationship of this adventure is a total dialectical reversal, with the ins and outs of story at the level where the world's occult destinies are decided. So the moment

When you are at least a little prepared for it, the moment comes when it is truly impossible not to understand that the Order of the Forty-Five, what RP Martin and his followers also call the Order of the Secret Companions of General de Gaulle, is in reality nothing more than the dialectically inverted figure of the Black Order, its outer enclosure.

- and even one of its outer enclosures, for there must necessarily be many others - its sacrificial covering, its part given to be seen, and given to be seen very deliberately, the visible Quarter of the invisible Fifth, the half-confessed face of the forbidden face of a certain occult order of things in this world and the next. This is an order, an exclusively *initiatory* regulation, according to which must be called the Black Order represents the guarded part, the part that is placed, in advance, beyond all reach, black because it is too close to the One Sun and its Terrible Flame for the gaze that looks upon it to be obscured and blinded. The Order of the Forty-Five would then be no more than a shadow, one of the shadows cast on the world, and history in , by the immutable permanence of the Black Order, and this is why the Order of the Forty-Five exists only insofar as it attempts to enter the ontological regions of its original non-being, of its irrevocable ineligibility to be.

The struggle of the Forty-Five to penetrate the interior of the supreme transcendental powerhouse of the Black Order, to reach the philosophical snows of the imperial, immaculate, hermetic Asgard, is the struggle of non-being for being, non-existence for existence, of the shadow for that of which it is only the shadow, of the ending night for the dawning day, of the awakening preconsciousness for the awakened superconsciousness, the tragic struggle of history, which is only its own sub-history, for the summits of its own metahistorical intelligence. In this precise perspective, immediate politico-historical implications of exceptional, even prodigious topicality and importance suddenly come to light. But I will refrain from paying the slightest attention to them, since the hunt for political prevalences is, for the rest of us, devoid of any affectation interest. And, in any case, the surest way of understanding nothing of what I am saying would be to allow oneself to be confused between the Black Order, as it should be, and its political counter-ways, at least one of which, as we know only too well, ended in total nightmare. Pretending not to have understood this demeans and tarnishes, irreparably.

The current reappearance of the Quart and the Quinte

On the other hand, if the dialectical relations of force between the Order of Forty-Five and the Black Order are the same as those which the 'diplomatic' language of the XVI^e century called the Quart and the Quinte, it becomes supremely urgent to accommodate, in this subterranean trial of strength, the identity, even if it is veiled four times, of what we had already designated as the third imperial term, whose own powers now exceed, or will exceed, or, in any case, absolutely cannot fail to exceed this new confrontation of the opposing religions of the Quarter and the Fifth. As far as we are concerned, this location has long since been established: It is on the very person of General de Gaulle, on the *absolute concept* that he embodied and that he cannot cease to represent, against all odds, that the nocturnal and lunar Quart, the Order of the Forty-Five, or, as they call it, the Order of the Secret Companions of General de Gaulle, must once again espouse the solar Fifth, and submit to it unreservedly by being grasped at the double level philosophical and metahistorical dissolution. If need be, we will see to it ourselves, and very mystically.

But things being they, this will be the end of the present investigation into the overthrow of the Quart and Quinte congregations, as shown in RP Martin's novel, , in the case of the Quart, the Order of Secret Companions of General de Gaulle and, in the case of the Quinte, the Black Order: there is a line that must not be crossed on the road to controlled revelations, and this line has just been dangerously reached, and even, perhaps, somewhat crossed.

In any case, is the Black Order really the Black Order? And who, after the demise of General de Gaulle, will sooner or later have to take over the occult ministry of the third imperial term?

The last three journeys

We have spoken of General de Gaulle's last three sorrows. Will we one day talk with the same intelligence about the last three journeys he undertook *outside Y* France? His trip to Ireland would seem to be the best known, as far as the visible side of things is concerned; his trip to Spain, much less so. But there was a third

General de Gaulle's trip abroad, which was absolutely confidential, if not completely clandestine. And, as far as I know, it is here that it is mentioned for the first time: his whirlwind trip to Germany, shortly before his own demise.

What was the purpose, or, if you like, the destination of this third and final trip abroad, carefully hidden from those closest to him, even his own family? General de Gaulle went to visit an anonymous grave, or rather the burial place of someone. After an initial, ultra-secret burial, this person's remains are, or were, buried at the foot of a group of bluish-grey rocks in the western corner of an insignificant clearing, lost in the middle of the impoverished forest that surrounds an important town in Federal Germany. And these rocks are standing stones. It's a fine lesson in humility, and even in humiliating the pampered fraternity of conventional and proud historians: It is in a genre novel, in a thriller by Claude Rank, published by Fleuve Noir in the relatively recent collection *Espionnage et Géopolitique*, that we find the only testimony to date on the subjective identity and the very place, at the foot of the standing stones, where the unspeakable remains of the man for whom, or what, General de Gaulle felt obliged to undertake his third trip abroad are secretly buried.

Peace to all ashes.

Elevations

On the other hand, there is something more to be said about Charles de Gaulle's relationship with the Church, a relationship that is taking a most peculiar turn. Just as General de Gaulle intervened powerfully to strengthen the process for the planned canonisation of John XXIII, decisive and determined voices are currently raising the issue of the future canonisation of Charles de Gaulle. From Spain, an in-depth campaign is being undertaken in this direction by the Confraternity of the Elevation of the Holy Cross and Saint Charles Borromeo, an institution which, it would seem, is already highly regarded by certain Roman authorities. Emanations of the Brotherhood

Charles Borromeo Fraternities" are currently being set up in several countries, and not only in Europe (administrative justification for which, worded as follows, does mention the name of Charles de Gaulle, nor the real *final aim* of these Fraternities: . To educate, and also to make known, through meetings, conferences and various publications, the life and living work of Saint Charles Borromeo -).

Finally, in *Le Renversement*, RP Martin refers most insistently to the fundamental and directly inspired mystical relationship between the Order of the Forty-Five and the spiritual memory of RP Daniel Brottier (1876-1936), of the Congrégation du Saint-Esprit, Reorganiser of the Œuvre des Orphelins-Apprentis d'Auteuil, and whose procedure has just been initiated by John Paul II.

This is certainly not the time or the place to do so, but we must also ask ourselves what terrible, what miraculous enterprise of living charity lies behind the Œuvre des Orphelins-Apprentis d'Auteuil, influence far exceeds the aims that are ascribed to it today as in the past. This extraordinary definition of Living Charity, a highly theurgic definition if ever there was one, comes from the renowned writings of RP Daniel Brottier: -Thus was established this immense spiritual current, made up of the prayers of unfortunate children and the charity of beneficent souls, which in a ceaseless to-and-fro between heaven and earth, through the intermediary of Saint Thérèse of the Child Jesus, carries to God the prayers of orphans, and flows back to earth, laden with the heavenly blessings that the little Saint distributes among the friends of her little protégés-.

Infinitely fearsome powers in wait behind the - diplomatic - gates of this exhibition by RP Daniel Brottier. For it reproduces, a transparent and spiritually simple way, the fundamental structure of the movement of circular elevation, of the *divinising spiral* that supports, illuminates from within, justifies and drives the action of what we have just designated as the third imperial term in the cosmological confrontation of the Fourth and the Fifth, whose conspiratorial action is preparing the coming advent of the Empire of the Holy Spirit. So that, in the words of Saint Ignatius of Loyola, "the Will of the Emperor alone is fulfilled and prevails".

THE IMMENSE FIRE OF PURE LOVE

In 1694, the Church of Rome, through the darkly mournful voice the Bishop of Meaux, Jacques-Bénigne Bossuet, and through certain other means of its own special convenience, had decided, rather reluctantly it would seem - Versailles, in this case, having rather harshly forced its hand

- to smother, more or less formally and as if under a thick blanket of lead, the very clear flame, but with a formidable power of incendiary subversion, that Jeanne Guyon had providentially allowed to be taken from the depths of her heart and then passed on, through the paths of pure love, to the heart of the future archbishop of Cambrai, François de Salignac de la Mothe-Fénelon, and some of those who were called to take part in the fiery crown, through the *paths pure love*, to the heart of the future archbishop of Cambrai, François de Salignac de la Mothe-Fénelon, and of some of those who were called to participate in the crown set ablaze, in the invisible, by the group thus formed around this divine supra-nuptial encounter. It was therefore under cover that this great spiritual fire developed, which took birth, so mysteriously, and as if from nothing, in a century already disfigured by the omnipotence of words alone, by the depravity of discourse opposed to the secrets of inner experience and total, a century therefore the enemy of any mysticism of divinisation, the opponent of the occult transmutation of souls voluntarily in retreat, veiled before the sole visible splendour of the central monarchical power.

a century doomed, as if by a curse uttered in secret, to the most ignominious, the most torturous of long agonies, into which had to plunge as it slid horribly into the vice equipped with infernal pincers, into the trap set for it by the unavowable entities that chose to protest that they had acted on behalf of reason and its so-called enlightenment. But wasn't it said that *if your light is darkness, what darkness?*

In concluding her brief but more than edifying *Autobiography*, an infinitely pathetic and regal testimony if ever there was one, Jeanne Guyon wrote: "It seems to me that he has chosen me in this century to destroy human reason and to make the wisdom of God reign through the debris of human wisdom and our own reason. The Lord will one day show his mercy; he will establish the cords of his empire in me and the nations will recognise his sovereign power. And his spirit will be poured out on all flesh; my sons and my daughters will prophesy, and the Lord will delight in them. It is I, it is I who will sing the song of the Lamb from my weakness and my lowliness, which is sung only by virgins who follow him everywhere; and he regards as virgins only those whose hearts are perfectly unappropriated. Everything else is an abomination to him. Yes, in him I will be ruler over those who rule, and those who are not subject to will be subject in me by the power of his divine authority, from which they can never separate without separating themselves from God himself: What I bind will be bound; what I unbind will be loosed; and I am that stone driven by the cross, rejected by all the architects, who are the strong and the learned who never admit it, but which will nevertheless serve for the corner of the inner edifice which the Lord has chosen to compose this Jerusalem descended from Heaven, pompous and triumphant, like a bride emerging from her nuptial bed".

The Apostle to the Gentiles exclaims: "*The spiritual man judges all things, and he himself is judged by no one*" (1 Cor., II, 15). The work of spiritual beings therefore judges everything, without anyone, in this world or the next, being able to judge their work. But their judgement remains secret, just as their work is secret, and neither their judgement nor the work of kindling that bears witness to it will ever be taken into account, or accepted with love by those who persist - in the same way that their work is secret.

to remain at the disposal of the powers of decay, oblivion and dishonour which now rule the world and the age by the means of their very darkness. For the judgement of spiritual beings is made exclusively of a surplus of light to be given, of a predisposition of the inner light towards another inner light, which it exalts and enflames nuptially and, in the end, totally. But isn't *total* too much to say? No, that's probably not saying too much, and never enough.

Never enough, this lofty motto of spiritual warfare sums up the whole science of those who find themselves mercifully invited to lose themselves in their own principle. Jeanne Guyon : - All the operations of God on the soul, the gratifying and the crucifying, are only to unite the soul. The gratifying ones unite the powers between them, and that is where there is more sweetness than pain; the crucifying ones are to lose the soul in him, and they are very painful. This is what is called *immediate union*, essential union.

And when this soul has passed much into God, when the will has disappeared in what it has of desire or repugnance, and when it discovers itself no more, it is then that the essential union is true, that the soul has passed from death to the new life, which called Resurrection. The soul then, no longer living in itself, having died to everything and passed into God, lives from God, and God is its life. The this new and divine life increases and is perfected, the more the will is lost, passed over, and transformed into that of God. It is then that the whole soul, reduced to divine unity, is returned to its principle in all the simplicity and purity that God requires of it".

Now, the more the inner seasons of the present historial of non-being manage, in these times of final disinheritance which are our times, to become totally identified with the visible march of world history towards the nocturnal cycle of its conclusion, the more the outer part of darkness develops and thus seems to prevail over everything, the more the judgement of spiritual beings lovingly closes in on those alone who are concerned by their judgement and by their judgement alone, and the more this closing in itself becomes overpowering, the spiral of its intimate audio-intensification leading very precisely to the focus of occult conflagration which, at appointed hour, will be called upon to become the original tear, the first dazzling announcement of the terrible explosion

a spiritual event that should mark, on either side of the dividing line between being and non-being, the apocalyptic reversal of the powers that be and of the situation of irreducible state antagonism represented by these powers.

In the meantime, let some try to see again, and *let them see*. Once a certain level of the great spiritual ascent has been reached, powers appear whose use is left to the simplest will. It is enough then have the desire to want, or the desire for the desire to *see*, for the doors induced in highest wall of air to open above us as if by a clear enchantment, without any inner effort, without ardour of heart or breath, and even without prayer. Then *this seeing* happens, and all the rest is nothing. I quote Padre Pio of Pietrelcina: "My spirit was transported in an instant by a superior force into a very vast chamber, resplendent with light. There, seated on a throne adorned with precious stones, I saw a young woman of rare beauty: the Blessed Virgin with the Child in her arms, in a majestic attitude, with a radiant face brighter than the sun. All around, a great multitude Angels with dazzling forms*."

Like a dazzling meteorite

In his introduction to the part of secret correspondence between Jeanne Guyon and Fénelon that has been published in Paris by Éditions Dervy Livres, Etienne Perrot claims that the spirit of the great recluse and familiar figure of Pur Amour burst onto his inner journey like a dazzling meteorite and changed his life forever.

But was the aim of the action pursued by Jeanne Marie Bouvier de la Mothe in her writings, and through the occult propagation of the ardent and burning fire of her influence, ever anything other than to provide for the change of life, to ensure that the path to eternal life could be followed in the very paths of existence, of the most immediate life? Etienne Perrot dares to compare Jeanne Guyon's doctrine to that of Master Eckhart, whereas I would compare it to appearance and passage of Islam.

of Hussayn Ibn Mansûr Al Hallâdj, his testimony of mad love and his bloody end, in disgrace and heartbreak. On this subject, Etienne Parrot himself cites a Sufi work recently published in India, *The secret of Ana'l-Haqq*, by Khan Sahib Khaja Khan, in which, alongside Master Eckhart, Jeanne Guyon is presented as one of those who attest to the presence, within Roman Catholicism, of true witnesses to life in God.

In the flamboyant wake of Saint John of the Cross and in the scarlet, golden light of the great Carmelite fire, the work and continuing influence of Jeanne Guyon thus constitute the body, the being of the only Western doctrine of direct and immediate ontological deliverance, thus instituting the Great Vehicle of the West. This is precisely why the secret correspondence between Jeanne Guyon and the future Archbishop of Cambrai will continue to act, even today or, , today more than ever, as the loving and adoring heart, the living and ever-beating heart of the whole of this doctrine so deeply committed to the century, and to the centuries, by its very extreme detachment, by its extreme separation, by its extreme denudation, by its extreme fidelity to the commandment of the nuptial extinction of the soul. *Manum stiarum plantavit de fructu vineam*, it has been said of the mystic prisoner of the Bastille. For, in spite of the intolerable misunderstandings, in spite of the tricks and misappropriations to which Jeanne Guyon's holy doctrine has constantly been subjected by her conscious or manipulated detractors, what must be raised at all costs, and raised there as a high duty of spiritual intelligence and justice, is also and very formally the intractable and completely aristocratic rigour of her Catholic and Roman orthodoxy, the ardour so admirably filial of her very faithful, complete and living submission of principle to Rome.

But we still had to wait three centuries for the immense fire of Pure Love, clandestinely kindled by the offering, at once so profoundly conspiratorial and given entirely to the greatest salvation, the Only Salvation, which Jeanne Bouvier de la Mothe had lovingly persuaded Fénelon to accept in the course of their secret correspondence, as well as in the course of certain other, even more secret operations, suddenly rekindled itself, *declaring itself anew*, to herald some fateful end to the time of the nations and to nocturnal domination of their *klyppoths*, of the Dead Scraps of which this

Time is only the visible development and like the immanent conception endlessly restarted at the edge of the same black abyss.

Under the sign of the Tree of Life



To the victor, says the Apocalypse, I will make him eat from the Tree of Life in the Paradise of God. It is not at all unimportant that should be under the great original emblematic sign of the Tree of Life that the new collection of spiritual research, directed by Jacqueline Renard at Éditions Dervy Livres, should decide to publish, today, after three centuries of crucifying obscurity, this extraordinary document of the most advanced of Western strategies for the reconquest of heaven, this collection of the secret correspondence of Jeanne Guyon and the Archbishop of Cambrai.

Thanks to the diligence of the Tree of Life, another spiritual fire has been rekindled in the darkness of the dying West. How can we thank Jacqueline Renard for this? And since everything seems to fit together here, it's also fitting that the publication of the Secret Correspondence of Pure Love is currently being followed by a rather discreet exhibition at the Petit Palais, unveiling for the first time the admirable treasures hidden by the Carmelite convent in France. A fascinating portrait of Louise de La Vallière by Jean Nocret (1617-1670), the dazzling, heart-rending and unsparing protector of Carmel de France and of some of the most active French foundations of the daughters of Saint Teresa of Avila, illuminates the middle ground of this exhibition, which gives the word "*exhibition*" its most terrible, supplicating and, above all, bloody Carmelite meaning. So our wishes, our inaugural wishes immediately place the collection of spiritual research directed by Jacqueline Renard under the sign of the Tree of Life under the ardent, immaculate Carmelite light of this portrait of the Duchess of La Vallière, itself the bearer (yesterday, today still, and no doubt tomorrow) of a secret as great as that which shines through while hiding behind the shadiest part of the Secret Correspondence of Pure Love.

The secret of the Duchesse de La Vallière

Do the beautiful ancient proxies of Pure Love live again, today, in the renewal of a conspiratorial perpetuation, do they still ensure, in the deep night of the religious catacombs of the West, the little hotbeds of contamination kindled by the spiritual and amorous trade of the Mistress of Perfect Love in the troubled souls of her masked conversationalists, long since deceased or still pretending to be alive? A document could be produced which, to this question, would provide an entirely affirmative answer: I have resigned myself to doing so only in the bitter doubt. It is a letter sent on 16 February 1984 on the letterhead of the *Brothers of Consolation*, by the General Delegate of this very powerful polar body, Franz des Vallées, to someone who, acting in certain more than closed circles under the *nomen mysticum* of Arnaud de Villeneuve, is pursuing, in this century, a very important career as a film director, considered to be one of the greatest, if not already the greatest, in European cinema today.

Franz des Vallées, then: < Then, and still today, there would be a line continuing Parfait Amour? Don't think I haven't understood that. Whatever you do or don't do from now on, the dazzling shadow of Louise de La Beaume Le Blanc, Duchess de La Vallière and Sister Louise de la Miséricorde in the Carmelite convent, will always be above you, mysteriously bearing a glory that is already beyond your reach and that will perhaps be the only glory that will not be contested or taken away from you in the end, an eternal gift. And what I have just told you, I beg you to consider that it should be taken quite literally. Things can and will change infinitely, with us, outside us and even against, dramatically. But what does it matter now?

The fact remains that, providentially, someone other than me will have been able to approach you in these depths guarded with such extreme strength, and in a way that you could hardly have suspected, as in Kleist's fatal dream that you yourself dealt with so admirably, someone who, one day, will no doubt be called upon to bear witness to it in ways as yet unsuspected.

So this new light in your most secret life is none other, a new light but also the oldest of all, than the veiled reverberation of *the real presence* of Louise de la Miséricorde, the pacified but clandestine disciple of what other Royal Love. And therein lies, for you, the great secret of your new conduct.

For in a very edifying and rare book that I just given to M++ N++, the *Divine Life of the Virgin* by the Venerable Marie d'Agréda (1602-1665), we read the following: *In the midst of all these revelations, Hell remained in ignorance. All these divine wonders were hidden from it. Some demons had been cast out without knowing the author of this violence. Indeed, none of them could have known for certain that the Messiah had arrived. Lucifer had some suspicions, but he was reassured by the sight of so much poverty and humiliation, for his pride could not conceive that the Saviour of the world would not show himself there in the pride of earthly grandeur.* Now it is hardly different for us, immobile, without past or future, who in the darkness of the perfect impotence and infinite shame of our present state continue, occultly, the desperate struggle of the only "Saviour of the world".

honour of God".

Another testimony, with a completely different sound, even though it belonged to the same depository under the care of the *Brothers of Consolation*: - In forty years of spiritual life constantly brought to the brink of the abyss, and what an abyss it is, I have never yet had to undergo such a terrible and sudden interior shaking as that which I experienced yesterday on reading Madame Guyon's secret correspondence with the Archbishop of Cambrai. An earthquake at the end of the world toppled everything in me that thought it could still , and an immense tidal rose immediately afterwards to bring everything, and myself with it, to the precipices that lie ahead of our last firm lands. Then there was a dreadful silence from which I have not yet emerged. The icy silence, the darkness of the first night of the Buried Alive. So there is no more pity, the slightest pity, and even less love, not the slightest instance love on earth or in heaven? Is it really in this unbearable horror, is it really in this terrible dread, in this oppression without end or mercy, that the love of the God of Love alone must endlessly lie in wait? Wasn't that the way it was when my father was young?

At heart I thought of the omnipotence of love, of its beautiful, fiery sweetness, of the infinitely limpid glory of its gift of new life. Somewhere, something must have died for ever, and it is from this death that everything in me is dying, and that the world itself never stops dying, just as the heavens have died, appallingly.

But, all that said, it is still not clear what is really going on with what have just called *Louise de La Vallière's secret*. The notion of a secret comes up again and again, and even in a somewhat inappropriate way, but without shedding any effective light on the subject, it would seem to be unmentionable. Is this deliberate, and *why*?

Clearly, Louise de La Vallière's secret must be considered here in the light of Pure Love, which, at Jeanne Guyon's disposal, had given rise to so much spiritual torment, and so many unquiet nights, that Rome had to be moved by it as seriously as we know.

The fact remains that the mystery of pure love has not failed to do its duty, nor to reach, in the tumultuous and dreary centuries that have been devoted to its incendiary work, or to its dark suffocation, the bloody target that had been set for it. For a time, at the very heart of Louise de La Vallière, so palpitating and so distraught, and then at the heart of another supplicated heart, shady and gentle, and yet another, only the Fourth Heart being given by Without Sequel.

And so we have entered the final days of the Fourth Heart, the Heart Without Continuation, whose terrible paths were smoothed by Jeanne Guyon's *Pur Amour*. The final act of the unparalleled spiritual tragedy that began nearly three centuries ago on a sunny autumn day in the Marais: *the bluish flash of lightning* that marked the passage to the new stage of the Work of the Flesh on 27 July 1984. The rancid water of Tyre will submerge everything, acting on the naked body, demanding the most complete stripping of the flesh, soliciting and receiving, by high magic, the beautiful solar favours of its *most extreme* philosophical and amorous ardour. The rancid water of Tyre, a dazzling dye of a living royal green, intense and radiant in its very substance, once scarlet and which, in

At this very hour, the golden, green gold taught by the celestial weapons of our Shekinah, when, called, summoned and violently magnetised by the double ardent and flaming focus of the Spike in

A very nuptial opposition to Betelgeuse, it allows itself to be joined by the more equitable Midheaven.

Never had Louise de La Vallière's secret, the rancid water of Tyre, had to be brought back to life with such magician's sharpness. For, if they have to change, there will be some who, in end, will change no more, one of whom will be called the Last.

"LA CLAIRIÈRE DES EAUX MORTES": A COMEBACK TO CELTIC MYSTERIES

Raymond Abellio himself the undisputed master of the great current questioning and renewed activism that currently sweeping through the rather stagnant waters of French mystery literature, and he did not hesitate to write as much in his very fine preface to *L'Énigme du mort- vivant (The Enigma of the Living Dead)*: Raoul de Warren could well become a French Gustav Meyrink. After the extraordinary *Bête de l'Apocalypse and L'Énigme du mort-ivant*, Les éditions de l'Herne have just published a third novel by Raoul de Warren, *La Clairière des eaux-mortes*, in which this ignored instructor - and ignored *on purpose*, *This ignored instructor* - and purposely ignored, let us add - of a certain French occultist literature pushes his clandestine explorations of the invisible to the very heart of the most forbidden establishments, to the last active nucleus of what we still agree to call the Power of Darkness.

Indeed, the narrative that serves as the visible backdrop to the setting of this veritable black liturgy that is *La Clairière des eaux- mortes* appears itself to be the result of a kind of geometry of progressive fascination, quite hypnotic, with the four basic characters splitting, towards the middle of the action in

walk, on the spiral of the inner dividing line of the darkness that is in the light and the light that is in the darkness, to answer themselves from beyond themselves and, finally, from the suffocating and obscure beyond, from the forever silent beyond of this world of darkness, to be burnt and devoured lovingly by other and to annihilate themselves in a kind of almost transcendental square game. For, despite appearances, it is the fiery, overflowing eroticism of the great telluric depths of mad desire that constitutes the ultimate secret and the fuel of this book, teeming with shadows like a nightmare with adulterated poppy juice, this book so indocile to all our habits.

I must therefore confess, weighing my words carefully, that simply reading *La Clairière des eaux-mortes* already implies and supports an act of black magic. Stepping into the intimate spell of this book and venturing, through the paths of the narrative, towards the cluttered interior of its final secret becomes a ceremonial of approach, of entering into contact and beautiful commerce with the so-called powers outside and, also, with the Prince Himself of their hairy darkness.

However, with L'Herne announcing the forthcoming publication of at least three other major titles by Raoul de Warren, a number of questions must still end up being asked, particularly about the identity of the unquenchable, non-existent even, perhaps, Raoul de Warren himself. - The secret of the swamp was a secret of Hell", says the conclusion of *La Clairière des eaux-mortes*. Raoul de Warren, born in Lyon in 1905, was the discreet offspring of a wealthy Irish aristocratic family who had settled in France in the ^{seventeenth} century. Having chosen to play the game to the end, Raoul de Warren very early on made a personal contribution to the smooth running of the various regional institutions of Crédit Agricole and the Land Administration, which he managed for some twenty years or more. It must be said, however, that in the shadow of Crédit Agricole, which he had rendered suspicious and definitively ambiguous, there must have been quite a few obscure things going on, one less Catholic and blacker than the other, the subversive series of which he had set in motion would be perpetuated elsewhere, and even *otherwise*. But hadn't Gustav Meyrink also started out as a private banker in Prague before turning to the patrician ways occultist activism, and worse?

Does the same fundamental duplicity, rabid and evil duplicity, and even, on closer inspection, quite licentious duplicity, which, for more than twenty years, had made the banker, the great socialite Raoul de Warren, the visible and avowable face of the agent of the deep night, the necromancer Nerraw ed Luoar, also explain the irresistible attraction exerted on the author of *La Clairière eaux-mortes* by the subaltern writing, done to order and, in any case, so admirably, so lugubriously written? the irresistible attraction exerted on the author of *La Clairière des eaux-mortes* by the subaltern style of writing, so perfectly crafted and, in any case, so admirably, so lugubriously retro and scoundrel-like, of the so-called popular soap opera genre in which he worked so hard to write all his noir novels? The fact is that this vertigo-inducing duplicity, this double ambiguity of an existence indefinitely duplicated within itself by its own darkness, will reverberate, fatally and decisively, right down to the very writing of the necromantic Phoenix of La Grande Heuze, and many other places, one of which clings, with the aristocratic firmness of the great clerks in charge, to the administrative darkness of the Domaines and Crédit Agricole, and the other, spasmodically, to the magical and theurgic administration of the Domaine des Ténèbres.

Raoul de Warren is the author of some remarkable historical studies, such as *L'Irlande et ses institutions (Ireland and its institutions)* and *Les prétendants au trône de France (The pretenders to the throne of France)*. When it seems to him that he should do so, he does not hesitate to confine himself to the procedures of a style of writing that is singularly in keeping with the best of the detached, lucid and somewhat cadaverous genre designed to bolster the dreary traditions of academic discourse: This is the reassuring, avowedly mundane side of his work, his false truth, or rather his false certificate of seaworthiness in broad daylight.

But there is also his dark side: a virtuoso manipulator of the ciphers, half-openings and shadow stipulations of the nocturnal literature of the 19th century, machinery that we know to be devoted exclusively to exploring the original mystery of being and non-being in their most equivocal interweavings, author of *La Clairière des eaux-mortes* only pretends to respect the mute rules and enclaves of deliberate bias in order to *alienate* them all the *better* while taking care to erase, at dawn, all trace behind him, Raoul de Warren, or, if one prefers, Nerraw ed Louar, race hunter in the desolate and counterfeit moors, supremely trapped, of a certain veiled tradition of French mystery literature. A literature whose unbroken lineage, activist and ontologically

This increasingly subversive line has produced, among others, such unquestionable and *advanced* masterpieces as *Le Parfum de la dame en noir*, *La Barre y va* and *La Demoiselle aux yeux verts*. A dark lineage, but a royal heritage, to which Raoul de Warren himself has already made, and continues to make, an absolutely Lovecraftian contribution, responding, through his own circumvented, necromantic and deliberately obscured paths, to the occult vow of the same commandments of subterranean approach and tragic reunion with the realm of Celtic persistence, and, beyond the glacis of abyssal recollection and Celtic trans-consciousness, giving way to call of the same obsessive constellations, the same liberating constellations, of polar and hyperborean orientation, as those that intervened in the paths of the solitary seer of Providence, sectarian of the ancient oceanic cults of Cthulhu and the sunken city of R'lyeh and mediumistic reader of the *Necronomicon*, the cursed book of the demented Yemenite from Sanaa, Abdul al-Hazred.

It should also be pointed out that, like his admirable predecessors and masters of what we insist on calling, a rather astonishingly imbecilic expression, the popular French feuilleton, Maurice Leblanc, Gaston Leroux, Raoul de Warren only resorted to the grids of criminal literature and its conventional machinations insofar as they could serve as strategic lure and he could mobilise them as an outer cover for his occultist propositions, his gloomy and otherwise so exciting invitations to the slow waltz of the archaic paranoia of the origins and its vague predecessors, the *Elder Ones*?

But we have no doubt already realised that the importance of Raoul de Warren's writing is not just literary. Behind the deliberately facade of his novels, whose appearances are always in a state of abrasion, appearances carefully doctored so that they don't risk going astray by revealing too much, there is a project that is perfectly responsible for its own progress, a long-term project that never ceases to bring into play, to mobilise and bring together formidable concentrations of hidden influences, all a view to what is obviously a certain representation of the concept of absolute power, in the knowledge that at the present time there not, nor can there be, in Western history, any claim to absolute power that is not founded in invisibility.

Could such an attempt not provoke counter-attacks?

What is the point of asking this question? Is it not to create a stir, to give rise to antagonistic influences, or to build up around Raoul de Warren's written work, not to mention the other one, the counter-fires of subtle prohibitions and the various layers of a virtually flawless conspiracy of silence? To ask the question in this way is already to answer it. The subversive operations of encirclement and stifling diversion deviously mounted against Raoul de Warren's work were such that it very nearly found itself relegated to who what dreary corner, silently sucked into the swamps of oblivion to which it had been consigned, long before it had itself known to anyone who needed to know.

So we cannot, under any circumstances, resign ourselves to not bearing witness to the flagrant and, in every respect, providential ministry of the young literary director of L'Herne publishing house, Laurence Mauriac, to whom, all things considered, we owe the launch of the general rescue of Raoul de Warren's written work that the avant-garde house on the rue de Verneuil is currently carrying out. For years, Laurence Mauriac has courageously fought to impose an updated understanding of Raoul de Warren's great noir novels, to conceive and trace ahead, and with what patient and impenetrable will, the furrows a new and higher revolutionary destiny of this work more than ever in danger. As the daughter-in-law of Raoul de Warren, and thus subject to a bond influence, has Laurence Mauriac acted under the irresistible yet very secret inspiration of the immense forces which, through the interweaving of this cosmogonically reverberating work, are currently engaged in terrible delaying tactics with a view to who knows what inconceivable emergences to come?

For, in the end, it is not forbidden to think, as some of us have already done, that arranged and approached in a certain way, following, I mean, the grid of a preconceived reading, all of Raoul de Warren's black novels are capable of delivering, like a deck of Tarot de Marseille in situation, the *word of passage* towards a revelation whose extreme importance can be assessed if only by considering the long paths and years, the work a lifetime, the sum of active symbols summoned to this task, least part of which will henceforth require that it be held to be superhuman.

But the last word in this task, so deeply covered, of

What is this forbidden revelation, this hermetic project that is still underway? I don't think it's up to me to come, here and now, to considerations that are too close to the denouement, no doubt already in action, to the planned conclusion of this formidable Hermetic Game of the Goose. I would nevertheless like to point out that this is undoubtedly an opening to the latest investigation into a certain *buried legitimacy* of the transcendental roots of absolute power in the West, and that this investigation may well very close to the currents, reminiscences, flashes of light and breath, the groundswells of which reach right down to the bloody, occult or more than occult foundations of the de Warren family and one of its very recent bushings.

I would add that a book with a special print run and confidential, private distribution, written in March 1976 in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, by a close relative of Raoul de Warren, Anne de Quirielle, deals precisely with the - chosen home - of Varagnes, in the Ardèche, where, since the beginning of the eighteenth century, something like a new and perhaps final epicentre of the hermetic mystery of the de Warrens seems to have been reconstituted.

So perhaps everything has begun again, in the great park above, with its trees blown by the high winds, under the moonlit arches of Varagnes, and everything will end there too, when the day comes. For if Count Raoul de Warren, a direct descendant of William the Conqueror's most adventurous but also most criminal comrade-in-arms, waltzes like a waltz across the dividing line between the visible and the invisible, the cherished mystagogic and literary marriages he offers himself in this way, in the shadows, with the sobbing and dishevelled cohort of his very Nervalian and even very Joycian daughters of mystery who haunt the magnetic thickets, the slippery paths and other nocturnal undergrowths of his writing in dissimulation, are above all not, and whatever the case, morganatic weddings. Nervalian, then, and Joycian, daughters of fire and mystery, daughters also of the uninterrupted dream the river of reincarnations whispering at the bottom of *Finnegans Wake*, Raoul de Warren's heroines are so precisely insofar as, more or less clandestinely, they all emanate from legendary fund of Celtic ontology and the great earlier cosmogonies that lie behind it. Alongside Sylvie, Adrienne and Aurélia, how can we fail to think, too, of encountering, in the tormented diversions of one of the tales of the former host of

Varagnes, the dark and mysterious Christiane of *La Clairière des eaux-mortes*, or the melancholy, dreamy and inspired Laurence of *L'Énigme du mort-vivant*, prisoner of the dwellings of such a dramatically mediumistic crossing of inner time and space of her great and only love, of her terrible nuptial pact, renewable down the centuries, how can we to think of the luminous and so troubling, the so troubled and so limpid Anna Livia Plurabelle, legendary avatar of the beloved Karidwen, the virginal Divine Door of the constitutional ethos of the ancient Celts.

In Raoul de Warren's chymical nuptials with the daughters of the fire of his world in rupture of being, with the daughters of the mystery of his world in a state of hypnagogic splitting without return, another form of consciousness rises from the depths, and it is the very movement of this rising, when he makes himself visible, that constitutes the best guarantee of the authenticity of his inspiration and his subconscious visions, of the persistence and the ever-living recollection within him of what made and what, one day, "when the hour shall ring, when the fountain of blood shall sing", will once again make the greatness of the Nordic and polar heritage of the white Gwenved, of the *Imperium Mysticum* of Hu Kadarn, the Celtic prefiguration of the Hyperborean Apollo. For only the memory of blood never lies, only the memory of blood lives on beyond death, beyond oblivion.

But aren't the ancestral depths of Raoul de Warren's blood and inspiration, from which his subterranean stock has fed occultly for nearly a millennium, the very depths of the bottomless night of Anwn, the original abyss subversively entrusted to the care of its own theogonic incarnation, the dark Cythraul? The original abyss where the Celtic ethos waits, curled up on itself, for the ancient green and white lights of Gwenved, now veiled, to rekindle on the sacred plain of Usnagh, beside the great stone of the *ail- na-meeran* divisions, and for the Green Sun of the mysterious Athrawon, the mist-covered instructors, rises once again, motionless, above the bare rocks of the Lost Isle, which are marked and marked by turning crosses, to shine, for a single moment, but what a moment, in the apocalyptic axis of Stonehenge. For it is then that the blue crown, the glittering Crown of Ice, will reappear.

- Those who have approached the Sacred Mysteries, and those who

will be ignored," said Jamblicus, "cannot have a similar fate in the Kingdom of the Dead. The Celts of earlier cycles also knew that all transcendental power, all mastery of the *ultimate mystery* - the mystery of death in life and life in death, which ultimately ties in with Nerval's formulation of 'the outpouring of the dream into real life' - is achieved through the paths of the transcendent. In other words, what Raoul de Warren calls, in *L'Énigme du mort-vivant*, "the renewal of the rite". In this respect, and despite the many precautions taken by the cipher, which prohibits access while placing it in full view, the action, the developments and even the dramaturgy itself in *L'Énigme du mort-vivant* move slowly, very slowly, as if beyond all vertigo, around the extraordinarily premonitory character of Laurence, restores to its rightful place, with hallucinating and, in this case, rather perilous clarity, "the science of forbidden paths", the summit of the great theurgies of necromantic activism in use among the watchmen on the outskirts of the Keugan Circle".

Now these mysterious paths all lead to the heart of a certain clearing, or *gwer nemeton*, dedicated, without end, to the dead waters', to the 'waters below', saturnian and leaden. Thus, the same forbidden science of the ancient Celts that, in *Riddle of the Undead*, was figuratively represented in time, with the *Glade Dead Waters*, is destined to be revealed in space; and when it is able emerge in a being of flesh and predestined for it, it will show, uncovered, the sunlit place where the Crown of Ice is held, and from where "the renewal of the rite" will begin.

ON THE TERRIBLE RISE OF THE FOURTH FIRE

Don't you find it extraordinary that in this affair human wills seem to count for nothing and that events are unfolding with a kind of hopeless inevitability?

Laurence Frésolle, in *Le Mystère de la Nativité Julienne* by Raoul de Warren

The new discourse on method

(1)

Followers of the superior necromancer of Saint-Gervais-la-Forêt, increasingly marginalised but always so unconditionally supported, in the shadows, by the courteous intelligence of the very small number of those who can still know and who still know how to know, will be tempted, if only at first sight, to consider *The Unusual Adventure of Marina Sloty* as a piece of writing somewhat different from what might be called the basic doctrinal line, essentially occultist and theosophical, followed in its own right.

by the latter. And they would be very wrong to do so. For, beneath the singularly diversionary and mendacious appearances of a story based, at the outset, on a situation that comes fairly directly under the heading of the most conventional scientific fiction, Raoul de Warren in fact takes a masked approach - obturating as much as obturating, since it mobilises a long and beautiful theory of levels of consciousness destined to intensify, to successively surpass each other within the same upward spiral, while preventing the secret that carries it and, above all, the secret that is carried from coming out into the open - a masked approach, I would say, to an extremely advanced investigation, an investigation that should even be regarded as final, truly final, to the central problem of the whole of his work.

Now, as we have understood it for a long time - and have tried on many occasions to make it clear to anyone who would have been prepared to hear it said to them

- the central problem of Raoul de Warren's work remains that of immortality or, rather, that of obtaining immortality clandestinely and quite illegally. For the author of *L'insolite aventure de Marina Sloty*, it is always a question of forcing, of doing violence to the very reality of this world, of diverting certain intimate availabilities, both occult and as it were naturally implicit, in order to be able to give oneself a truth.

of other experience, a truth nevertheless held to be theurgically alive, and alive, above all, as Rimbaud says, *in a soul and a body*. Or again, and perhaps much more judiciously, with a view to the very effective, adventurous but irrevocable accession to what the great Hindu tradition calls the state of being *liberated in life*.

However, salvific call that emerges in *L'insolite aventure de Marina Sloty* is no longer about liberation, about deliverance conceived according to the illusion of personal and human adventure, but, well beyond the dear shadows of metapsychic visitation and the contingencies manipulated in hollow, well beyond the supposed existential servitudes of the narrative, the cosmological elevation of what is situated, from the outset, at a level of superhuman, even inhuman and even antihuman, evaluation.

(For reasons that *I* know to be, in themselves, very clear and, above all, very precise, even trenchant, and easy to approach, but which it hardly seems advisable to reveal at the time, it is not in the form of a critical discourse

followed, mastered in its entirety and perfectly arranged, that I think I should try to force the occult teaching Raoul de Warren's novel which concerns us now, but in the unconventional form, given in advance for unfinished and unfinishable, of a simple open collection of < working notes.

Thus, in the present state of this research, it is not at all the completion of this research itself that appears to be really important, by I mean usable for immediate theurgical purposes. What we need to do to brutally reveal the paths of access to this research, to uncloak the preliminary and most secret paths of its inception, of its virginal descent into discourse. Not the work itself, as the completion of a preconceived task, but the steep roads preparing for the declaration of this work, and leading to it; its intermediate stations, its nocturnal, non-conclusive footbridges
its escapes above its most intimate chasms, its slippages, its dialectical self-annihilations, its margins of arrest and obscurity; the fatality of its so clear part of mourning, which it is a question of keeping ajar, even of making legendary, and whose ultimate name will join its former ban on being and its deserted lair on the side of the mountain called Effacement des Signes).

(The small number of people who have placed their trust in me, and on whom I myself rely in the unavowable and more than unavowable battle of the great work I have been conscientiously pursuing since 2 August 1952, may at any moment wonder why I never cease to show such interest, and with such obstinate continuity, in exploring the depths of Raoul de Warren's literature.

If I were asked to answer this question, which is in fact a very legitimate one, I would do so in the following way: at the end, very deliberately obscured, of certain manipulations whose principal commandment is to be found in *Vautre monde*, it was the literature of Raoul de Warren that was chosen, and as if pushed onto my path, the literature of Raoul de Warren and *not any other*, so that, through the foliage of his words, a foliage so highly protective, diversionary and a source of bewilderment and shadows, I could undertake to say the infinitely secret things, the bearers of death and unstoppable cosmological devastation, which it is incumbent upon me to confess and of which it is my duty to speak.

this world cannot withstand the fire of immediate transparency).

(But there is much more: it is only within Raoul de Warren's literature that I can approach with impunity, and in full view of everyone - or pretend that I really can - the existence of the being and the being of the existence on which my own salvation in the face of death depends and which carries, deeply concealed within it, the secret of change, of the final transmutation of this world, a being not only of appearance but also of human reality, a being alive and young, of milky flesh and Catholic religion. All these words in an equivocal, irregular situation, bushes of an enchanted garden where my clandestine rendezvous with the only bearer of life in my life entrusted for so long already to the petrified shadows of non-life take place; in this garden, only).

(2)

Now, in itself, the narrative that forms the active framework of *The Unusual Adventure of Marina Sloty* is nothing more than the encrypted instruction, encrypted by its very clarity, of the very special procedures governing the progress of a certain illegalist passage from non-being to being, an occult passage held to lead from life in the first degree, from existential life, towards that more-than-life which is life beyond life, beyond death, beyond the life of death and the very death of death. *Mortuus non créditur illud latet aeterno, quum per saecula mira Mors aetiam pereat*, we read in the Nekronomikon, or, if you like, *it is not death that can rest eternally, and in strange times even Death can die*.

In *The Unusual Adventure of Marina Sloty*, the narrative is thus called upon to play the role of the cuttlefish's cloud of ink, protecting itself from those who wish to approach it from the outside, with uncertain intentions. Thus, having offered himself the shelter of the black ink cloud of the cuttlefish of the narrative, Raoul de Warren will unveil, reveal and tell, without taking anything else into account, bypassing the most well-established traditional prohibitions - unveiling, revelation and telling situated on the other side of the *fundamental dissimulation* of the book itself - the terrible series of operations intended to institute the passage

from one ontological state to another, the passage from non-being to being, a passage that must achieved through the ardent and burning paths of amorous philosophy, the *Incendium Amoris*.

I would add that it is by appealing to a quite extraordinary concept of manipulation, the concept of *accommodation*, that Raoul de Warren manages to use, safe from all danger at the very heart of the greatest danger, the special and more than special operations, the forbidden and more than forbidden procedures whose ancient uses and most immediate control he invites to appropriate for ourselves. So his forays, recognised as illegal and more often than not *unbearable*, into the charred and burnt paths of the *Incendium Amoris* become, for him, in *The Unusual Adventure of Marina Sloty*, so many accommodations with the inconceivable in action, with the abysmal action of that which ceaselessly goes to the inconceivable and returns from it without ever leaving ontological enclosure.

For, if there is an ontological enclosure of the inconceivable, an enclosure once guarded by the emblazoned weapons of the dogma of absolute irrationalism and its Impenetrable Realms, there is also what some still call, today, the domain of reason; and this, deemed accessible to all.

But into the enclosure of the inconceivable only penetrate those whose awakening, and inner breath, bear the irremediable mourning of the realm of reason.

On bloody holocaust at the Tent of Meeting

(3)

Let us assume that the raw material, the *materia princeps* of the original salvific experience will be provided, each time, by a reactivated and reactivating equivalent of the divine betrothed couple evoked by Solomon, in such an admirably spiritual and nuptially mystical way, in the *Song of Songs*, by a couple in action following the figure of the Beloved and the Beloved who are said to be subjected to the greatest fire of love, to the *very flame of the fire of Yahweh*.

Let's also say that, according to the intimate philosophies of *Incendium Amoris*, in order to achieve the repetition of the original saving experience - an experience that is lived, each time, very immediately

We must decide, and decide with complete lucidity, to sacrifice, by fire and by ritual as well as actual killing, and then again by fire, but another fire, to sacrifice, I say, three couples, each of which has its own inferior cosmological and metapsychic predeterminations, and is therefore freed from the so-called contingencies of life and death, in full knowledge of the facts, to the sacrifice, by fire and by ritual as well as actual killing, and then once again by fire, but another fire, to the sacrifice, I say, of three couples of spouses - or, if one prefers, of three couples of lovers - couples also called the Spouses of the Greatest Sacrifice. Three pairs of lovers mercilessly sacrificed to the final operations of Courtly Love, and whose philosophically dissolving corpses must be assembled and collected in the Common Grave at the top of the Tower of the Winds of Dawn.

An intolerable holocaust, always tragic, always bloody, but the consummation of which cannot in any way be considered, on its own, as culmination, on the contrary: the consummation of this holocaust is posited, in itself, as a fundamental recommencement, a pre-ontological threshold of passage to being and an ardent opening towards other and higher reunions in living flesh and much more than living flesh. For the most profoundly hidden part of being, which, in the Bride and Groom of the Greatest Sacrifice, is held to be beyond reach, unconsumable, non-negotiable, suprahuman, will join, illuminate and arm, theurgically perfecting the active dogmatic identity a fourth couple, the central couple, also known as the Royal Couple, or the Coronary Couple. Every sacrificial economy is an economy of occult salvation.

Coronary Couple : a *fourth couple*, of both lunar and solar obedience and, beyond the fundamental and over-activated opposition of this double obedience, an apocalyptically integrated couple and, by this very fact, surpassing this opposition in the sense of a third state of being, inconceivable to any reason not abysmally forewarned, the state which is that of the mysterious "Rulers of the Adelpic Palace" whose superhuman action certain "fulfilled philosophers" have sometimes found themselves obliged to evoke.

The Western tradition of the *Incendium Amoris*, the most secret, the most forbidden of the Western intelligences of absolute deconditioning in life, in existence itself, is thus recognised, dramatically, in the figure of the Solar Jew and the Lunar Madianite, pierced, together, through and through and through, and in the figure of the Lunar Madianite.

in a single flash, by the spear of Pinhas, "son of Eleazar, son of Aaron. (Numbers, XXV), and pierced at the very moment when, in the Tent of Meeting, they nuptially acceded to the supreme ardent unity of the flesh and, through the sacrifice a double blood poured into a single blood, to the irrevocably transcendental state of those who have secretly crossed the dividing line between non-being and being (like the waves of the ocean beating against the rocks of the promontory, acting non-being immobile, unchanging being).

(4)

Let us say, then, that it is the story of such a passage that *The Unusual Adventure of Marina Sloty sets out to tell*, a story that is veiled but, at the same time, subversively placed as if in the full light of day. For it is the very clarity of the narrative that is charged with forbidding, or at least hindering, access to this deferred clarity, separated from its own implicit developments, a deferred clarity powers illuminate the paths of the 'terrible passage' towards the truly frontier territories of being and non-being and, above all, towards the very place of their inconceivable encounter under that mysterious appellation evoked, produced by the Scriptures, even invoked, the *Tent of Rendez-Vous*.

(5)

In this connection, I would like to point out that Julius Evola also wrote on at least two occasions about the episode of the bloody nuptial sacrifice in the Tent of Meeting recounted in Numbers.

This episode is therefore the next, and if I feel I must quote it here in full, it is because it contains a quite decisive amount of information that is covered up, quantified in depth and concerning the implementation of certain special procedures belonging to the common repository of the major users of the *Incendium Amoris* task.

So I quote *Numbers XXV*: Israel settled in Shittim. The people played the harlot with the daughters of Moab. They invited them to the sacrifices of their gods; the people ate and drank.

Israel thus committed a trespass with the Baal of Peor, and the anger of Yahweh was kindled against them.

Yahweh said to Moses: "Take all the leaders of the people. Impale them before the sun for the sake of the LORD, so that the fierce anger of the LORD may be turned away Israel.

". Moses said to the judges of Israel: "Let every man put to death those of his men who have committed a trespass against the Baal of Peor".

A man of the Israelites came and took this Midianite woman to his brothers, in full view of Moses and all the Israelites weeping at the entrance to the Tent of Meeting. When Pinhas, the son of Eleazar, the son of Aaron the priest, saw this, he rose from the midst of the congregation, took a spear and followed the Israelite into the alcove, where he pierced both the Israelite and the woman in the stomach. The plague that struck the Israelites was stopped. Twenty-four thousand of them had died.

Then the LORD spoke to Moses, saying: - Pinhas, the son of Eleazar, the son of Aaron the priest, has turned away my wrath from the Israelites, because he was possessed the same jealousy among them as I was; therefore I say, I will give him my covenant of peace. There will be a covenant for him and for his descendants after him, guaranteeing him the priesthood for ever. As a reward for his jealousy of his God, he will be able to perform the rite of atonement on the Israelites".

The Israelite who had been struck (he had been struck with the Midianite woman) was called Zimri, son of Salu, prince of a family in Simeon. The woman, the Midianite who had been struck, was called Kozbi, daughter of Cur, who was head of a clan, a family, in Midian.

The LORD spoke to Moses and said: - Press the Midianites and strike them. For it was they who pressed you with their devices against you in the matter of Peor, and in the matter of Kozbi their sister, the daughter of a prince of Midian, the one who was struck on the day of the plague that came on account of the matter of Peor".

(To decode what is said here for certain people, we need to go back to the trans-Semantic origins of the proper names in use, such as Pinhas, Zimri and Kozbi, and to interpret them in depth in numerical terms. It requires a legitimate and living knowledge of the ancient amorous symbolism belonging to the science of the Burning Paths of the One Desire, as well as of the nuptial manners in use in the very closed groups of the "Solar Israelites" practising the sacred mysteriosophies whose most certain light relived, whose "dawn on the outside" illuminates

The active texture of the *Song of Songs*.

Don't hesitate before admitting - the importance taken, in the paths of my own experience of *L'incendium Amoris*, an experience still in progress, by the veiled teaching contained in the passage from *Numbers* which exploits the mysterious riosophical figure of the Tent of Appointments and the double bloody sacrifice of 'Zimri' and * Kozbi - ; to produce all the necessary *technical details* ; the power of the council ; controlled denominations ; the instant of this fulguration, and the mediumistic learning of the descending paths ; .the one who leads my steps"; reiterations, breaths, devaluations in the depths of the - last sleep -).

Spiralling a fiery tale (5)

In *L'insolite aventure de Marina Sloty*, Raoul de Warren suggests that series of experiments carried out by the Haut Commissariat à l'Énergie Atomique in the winter of 1959 on the Causse du Larzac must have triggered unforeseen secondary phenomena, following the nuclear fission in space, a certain fission of time as well, causing the appearance of a temporal rift along a ridge line passing close to the place known precisely as Sommelieu, a meridian perhaps still in action from an invisible kingdom, or even the Kingdom of the invisible.

Marina Sloty, a young medical student from Millau, was lost in a terrible snowstorm on the night of 7 to 8 March 1959. She was caught up in the emptiness of this temporal rift and back in time to find herself eighty-nine years in the past, on the night of 7 to 8 March 1870, in the vicinity of the Sommelieu inn where she was staying. The following day, on 9 March 1870, she met Dr Dominique Sloty from Millau, who had come to spend a few days in Sommelieu and was due to meet his fiancée, Marie-Catherine, the daughter of the local innkeepers. But, delayed by the same snowstorm, Marie-Catherine does not turn up on the appointed day. And so the spiral of a formidable

cosmological fatality is occultly set in motion, to develop, affirm and manifest the incendiary dramaturgies of an ascent that will stop at nothing until what had to be done is done. In *Le Mystère de la Nativité Julienne*, Raoul de Warren had already come to ask himself very openly, as you will recall, the absolutely fundamental question of cosmologically predetermined action. *Don't you find it extraordinary*," he asked himself, through the mouth of Laurence Frésolle, *"that in this affair human wills seem to count for nothing and that events occur with a kind of desperate fatality?* It all comes down to this one question.

Stuck in the snow for a whole day, Marina and Dr Dominique Sloty get caught up in the whirlwind of a passion that is as mysteriously sudden as it is total. Dominique Sloty: ■ We met yesterday for the first time and it seems to me that I've always known you. Marina: "I have exactly the same impression". Dominique Sloty: "You'd think we'd met before in another life.

Love came, then, suddenly like lightning, to them and reduce them to its mercy for ever; love driven by the greatest secret predestination, I mean love as an attraction of superhuman, cosmic essence.

But it is also the case that, tragically, the passage from one temporal zone another, the passage from 1959 to 1870, perpetrated, as we have seen, along a line of accidental fission of time, dispossesses Marina Sloty of her own body of flesh, whose perfect appearance she nonetheless, and very paradoxically, retains, as well as her consciousness and her speech intact and usable as if nothing had happened.

In Sommelieu, Marina Sloty is nothing more than a disembodied being, the *living disembodiment* of her own profound identity, out of reach, her principal, transcendental identity. Raoul de Warren writes in *L'insolite aventure de Marina Sloty*: "Living beings, even if they were not to be born until several millennia later, all potentially exist from the very beginning of time. It was therefore perfectly conceivable that, if one of them were to be transported to a time before it was born, it could retain, in the eyes of the people of that time, its original appearance.

At the very least, the appearance of life, which was in a way nothing more than a foreshadowing of his future existence".

(6)

On the other hand, while allowing herself to be carried away by her all-consuming passion for love, Marina has to come to terms very quickly, in the space of a few hours, with a dramatic and unbearable truth: Dominique Sloty can only be (or have been) her own grandfather, just as Marie-Catherine Domez, the innkeepers' daughter, who is still absent, must be (or have been) her grandmother.

As a young girl, Marina Sloty had often gone to Millau cemetery on All Saints' Day to "pray at the graves of her loved ones", as families say. She still remembered vividly the tombstone on which she had so often read:

*Dominique Sloty Doctor
of Medicine
Professor at the Faculty of Montpellier
Commander of the Légion d'Honneur 17
June - 9 August 1921
Pray to God for him*

Now, so that they can achieve the ends of their mysterious nuptial encounter, so that they can consummate their union in the flesh, and so that their flesh becomes one flesh, and flesh on flesh - *tra feltro e feltro* said a great initiate of the Faithful of Love, Dante Alighieri, *tra feltro e feltro*, or 'velvet on velvet' - Marina and Dominique Sloty will then try to join together, using the temporal fission caused by a nuclear explosion in the same place, the second in the same series, to join, I say, times of Marina's first and *only* true life, that of 1959.

But they fail. And despite his fierce, total and desperate *desire to cross*, Dominique Sloty found himself forced to remain on the other side - or rather, *this side* - of the line, a prisoner of the times in his own life, in the winter of 1870 (*a decisive year* if ever there was one, as we know only too well, and which Raoul de Warren calls the Terrible Year).

Having understood, , in the terms of this new and so terrible attempt to illegally cross the line of passage of time - a dreadful, hallucinatory attempt, which she had perpetrated in the company of her uncertain lover and which had almost sunk into *irrevocability* - having understood, I say, that it was impossible for her to bring Dominique Sloty back to the times in her life, in 1959, from where she had accidentally been deported and to which she had had to return alone, Marina Sloty decided to take her own life, that it was impossible for her to bring Dominique Sloty back to own life in 1959, from where she had been accidentally deported and had had to return alone, Marina Sloty decided to return herself, once and for all, to the century to which her merciless passion was calling her, to return a second time to 1870, and for ever.

(7)

By using the penultimate in the series of four nuclear experiments in progress, Marina Sloty has succeeded in bringing us back to the time of 1870.

But then providentially there was the fire an old barn at the Sommelieu inn, which was suddenly transformed, as if on , into a living super-brasier, a hotbed of solar transmutation, a blaze in which Marina Sloty found herself imprisoned with Marie-Catherine Domec, and in which one of them burnt to a crisp, reduced to philosophical ashes (one yes and the other no, but, in fact, of them as well). The hour of fire will always be the hour of eternal reunion.

A third being will thus be born, theurgically, from the great furnace, a third being in which Marina Sloty and Marie-Catherine Domec, disintegrated into themselves, meet and marry by integrating into each other, inextinguishably: born of fire, Marina-Catherina.

Clearly, a Gnostic and alchemical liturgy of fire, devastating and saving, initiatory and unifying, the very liturgy of the greatest *Ekpirosis* of the ancients, appears here, and causes everything to change, from top to bottom, and to recover state of its ultimate identity, the secret state of its dogmatic identity. In the fire, everything returns to itself, everything becomes itself again.

(8)

While Marie-Catherine perished, her flesh burnt to a crisp by this alchemical furnace, Marina

Sloty, on the other hand, subjected to the occult work of fire, ends up recovering her own body, and the very flesh of her former body of flesh: we will no doubt understand that, in a certain sense, Marina's reunion with her own body required an exchange to be made, a supremely sacrificial exchange, with Marie-Catherine's body of living flesh. Marie-Catherine joined Marina in the same dogmatic identity, within a third being conceived in fire, by fire and for fire, an *absolutely new* being, blackened, whitened and reddened in the fire, who was to reveal herself as the enigmatic Marina-Catherina whom the future Professor at the Faculty of Medicine in Montpellier, Dr Dominique Sloty, was to make his wife on 11 September 1870.

And Marina Sloty also remembered that, on the tombstone of her grandmother Marina-Catherina, wife of Dr Dominique Sloty and resting alongside her husband in Millau cemetery, it is clearly (or, all things considered, not so clearly) written (or will be, or was written):

*Marina-Catherina Sloty Died in
Millau on 18 November 1933
"May she rest in peace"*

Incredibly important: Marina-Catherina's date of not written on her tombstone, which means that, born of fire, Marina-Catherina, a being of fire, comes from fire and returns to it endlessly, timelessly. But if she had no beginning, why did her life have to an end? It's like a paroxysmal knot of foundational mystery, a mystery that is constantly present and active in this true symbol of the apocalyptic passage through fire developed by Raoul de Warren through the spiral narrative of *The Unusual Adventure of Marina Sloty*: if Marina Sloty, having left the time of her life by fire and returned to it by fire, comes to be, to secretly recognise herself as her own grandmother from the moment she knows she has joined Dominique Sloty in the time of his life, in 1870, It is no less certain that Marina-Catherina was brought to death, whereas Marina Sloty lives and bears witness to herself, at the end, in a time that is the very time of her own life, her rediscovered life before the Sommelieu landslide, her life 1959. For me too, 1959 was the year of the supreme reunion, and the

will remain forever. Do I need to talk about this too? Do I have to keep silent about it, a deep, dark silence like the dogmatic, hourless sleep in which lies the secret of our old reunion of 1959, of our reunion to come?

The secret of eternal life, an engagement bracelet

(8)

The fire at its philosophical climax had given a body of flesh to the one of the two who no longer had any, and a higher consciousness, a Western consciousness to the one who, an original woman as Raymond Abellio would say, would never have had to bear within herself this living wound, this burning wound that marks the opening towards the transcendental level of existence.

But it is only from this third being of integration, from the living body and the living consciousness of the new, *absolutely new* Marina-Catherina that she will later, through a fourth passage through fire, a completely different fire, reach her fourth and final state incarnation in the ongoing amorous adventure, closing a circle, like an engagement bracelet, the movement set in motion for her, from all eternity, cosmically.

The last, the *very last* Marina Sloty will still be the *very first* Marina Sloty, the Marina Sloty of 1959, but she will have passed through the four fires, the four deaths that, in the end, will lead her to find in Marina-Catherina, and then herself again, but beyond Marina-Catherina. For, from within the penultimate of her theurgically successive identities, from within Marina-Catherina, it is Marina Sloty who will find herself endlessly alive, and living her life no longer forwards, but circularly within herself.

So Marina Sloty's death can never again have a meaning.

This is because each time, at the end of the same process, it is Marina-Catherina who is charged with encountering death, and crossing it as if backwards.

(9)

In a certain sense, the supreme key to Raoul de Warren's direct initiatory narrative will therefore be provided by the narrative itself. But you still have to be in a position to use it, this key that neither opens nor closes any door that is not already open, or already closed. In any case, I must point out that the ultimate unspeakable is entirely given, but also entirely erased under the metasymbolic figure, under the *active figure* of Marina's (Marie-Catherine, Marina-Catherina) and Dominique Sloty's engagement bracelet, which it is imperative to know how to intercept and understand properly (pages 124-126 and, above all, 41 in *L'insolite aventure de Marina Sloty*, Éditions de L'Herne, Paris 1981).

(In any case, the entrapment of this writing is, strictly speaking, extraordinary. For not only does the appearance of limpidity in depth, of logical coherence or, rather, of positional coherence of the elements called upon to participate in it, never cease to constitute a lure, but this lure is itself another. In fact, the narrative itself is vertiginously non-simplistic. But it is precisely this non-simplicity that Raoul de Warren makes use of, by making reflect on itself, doubling itself in extreme simplicity along what Jean-Pierre Deloux would call the zero meridian of the enterprise, and which the zero meridian, very secretly reproduces and proposes the part of the great visionary theosophist Sayyed Hadyar Amoli, a Shi'ite disciple of Mohyidīn Ibn 'Arabi, reverently called the Absolute Agent.

Yet it is this limpid non-simplicity that Raoul de Warren uses blind us to the simplest practice of this story, a story whose core of mystery is thus kept under cover by the very light it emits, or rather does not emit, self-ovoiled by its very clarity.

Because, in Raoul de Warren's very special way of looking at things, it's the opposite of what happens when you look at the sun in the face, or

death: here, I am saying that it is the anti-sun that we are invited to face, and another death, the death of death, in the wake of what Maître Philippe de Lyon called the *sun of the dead*).

(Now this simplicity of blindness, which is the ontological doubling an abysmal non-simplicity, is itself only the outer covering, the recitative appearance, hypnotic fascination and vertigo of an attempt at occultist and theosophical unveiling of a very high level.

(This is the instruction under cover of what is commonly considered to be the fourth path of Tantra, or the *path of the ultimate chasms*, which very few have come to know).

(10)

The obtaining of the third wife, held to be immortal when, in fact, and in spite of everything, she is not, nor could she be, because that is not her proper ministry, but considered as such because, at a given moment, she must be situated outside the allegiances of time and, also, outside the limitations of personal identity - the wife, therefore, in *The Unusual Adventure of Marina Sloty*, coming from the passage of Marina and Marie-Catherine to the state of a third character, emerging from that very passage, Marina- Catherine - the obtaining of the third wife, I would say, through the burning immolation of the first and second, both of them merged together in the same fire, does, however, involve a quite special and quite tragic operation, an operation that cannot be spoken of under any circumstances, whether in terms teaching or in terms of confession, quite immense perils immediately mobilising in its state neighbourhoods, to disturb the fields and obscure the discourse in action.

(H)

So the fourth path of Tantra is, in fact, only the path of the fourth wife. For, beyond the third, there is still

a fourth and final wife, the Last. But Raoul de Warren *apparently* says nothing about her, and with good reason.

(12)

Or, rather, says nothing while saying it, because, for a powerfully informed eye, beyond Marina-Catherina, beyond Marina and Marie-Catherine merged in the fire, there is also the *continuity* of the life of Marina Sloty, who, having become Marina-Catherina, that is, her own grandmother, escapes not only beyond her own life, but also beyond her own death, which occurred, according to the gravestone in Millau cemetery, on 18 November 1933, to become, to become once again, her own granddaughter. , it was Marina Sloty who, in 1959, alive in the life of her own life, learnt, before witnesses, and what witnesses they were, of the supremely confidential deposit left by herself, on the eve of Marina-Catherina's death, in the hands of a leading notary in Millau, a deposit made up of the notes, the written testimony of her stay in the time of Marina-Catherina's life.

Sophia Aeterna

(13)

And so it is that the mystery of this fourth existential identity of the same absolute, transcendental person, or, if we wish to go even further, the mystery of this fourth person living from the same dogmatic, abyssal identity as the other three who constitute its being and who are lost in it , liturgically dedicated to a perpetual sacrifice and who, Thus, I say, the advent of the fourth spouse joins - , and if there reason for it to do so, let it come there and let itself be surprised - the acting mystery of the very one that the Theosophists enjoying the powers prior to the present obscuration, and who, in the same way as the fourth spouse, are living in the same dogmatic, abyssal identity.

sometimes called by the supra-divine name of *Sophia Aetema*, and which I myself was justified in calling, in those days the cosmologically reigning name of Romaine.

Understanding what not to understand

(14)

Despite what Raoul de Warren very deliberately wanted to do, or pretended to want to do, at the level of the novel, at the level of a narrative that is encrypted but given as non-encrypted and which, as such, is conveyed by a style of writing degraded to the most significantly concerted banality in order to be perfect, this writing itself, *The Unusual Adventure of Marina Sloty*, carries within it a theurgical charge of quite hallucinatory power to break reality internally: one more page, just one more page establishing, or, in fact, accentuating in a slightly more explicit way the implications dialectically already in action of the advent of the fourth wife, the *second Marina Sloty*, and this story could have been, as such, the equivalent, at the level of dogma and ritual of the Highest Magic, of the terrible *Nekronomikon* rediscovered by H.P. Lovecraft.

Unless it is, very precisely, the very absence of this page that makes it an infinitely formidable text of instruction and over-manipulation, insofar as this absence, deliberate and planned, of a last page, a very last page that includes and brings to light the irrevocable confession, the supreme *set-piece*, would in constitute active and direct proof for those who would have ventured into it in a position to prevail, in a position *to be able to pass*.

To understand it was absolutely not necessary to understand would then be, in fact, to understand very precisely what it was necessary to understand, and to do it was absolutely not necessary to do would, in the final analysis, amount to the very limpid evidence of having done, somnambulistically, exactly what it was necessary to do.

Influences

(15)

(However, the mysteriosophic and spiritual science thus conveyed by Raoul de Warren does not belong to him alone, since he himself did not invent it. It comes very far away and very high up, and its paths are not, and never have been, entirely the same. But doesn't one secret influence often call forth another secret influence, which it then works to bring to light through itself, transparently?)

So some people will not have failed to notice the similarities, which ultimately represent a certain fundamental identification of their deepest views, between the doctrine not given as such which Raoul de Warren uses - or *who uses it*, how to know - in his loving exploration of liberation in life, of awakening to awakening within awakening, and the traditional Tibetan doctrine of the Diamond Vehicle, the *Vajrayana*, also known as the doctrine of the Fulgurant Vehicle?

Is it not salutary, then, to know that the *Vajrayana* is, at present, singularly well established on French soil, since, as Yvan Diagerine showed in *L'Autre Monde* in December 1981, apart from the Dhgpo Kagyu Ling centre in Saint-Léon-en-Vézère, in the Dordogne, which is currently under the spiritual direction of Lama Guendoun Rinpoche and Khempo Tsultrim Gyamtso Rinpoche - but which was founded in 1975 by the 16th reincarnation of the founder of the lineage, Dordje Chang Buddha, in other words by His Holiness Gyalwang Karmapa, supreme master of the Karmapa-Kagyupa lineage, who professed the luminous science of the *Vajrayana* and who passed away prematurely in November 1981 - centres of the Kagyupa lineage have also been set up in Vitry-sur-Seine (Kagyud Dzong), Château de Pleige, Toulon-sur-Arroux (Kagyud Ling), Chartreuse de Saint-Hugon (Karma Ling), Montchardon, Isère (Karma Mingyur Ling), Aix-en-Provence (Puntso Ling), and Paris itself? And that other centres of obedience to the Fulgurant Vehicle are being up, particularly in the Paris region? It is often the case that recent settlements justify certain very old spiritual influences, just as new signs sometimes exalt settlements of a spiritual and mystical nature that are infinitely rich in history.

prior to the birth of these signs. In this respect, we should also recall study I myself devoted, under the title *Asia Mysterosa*, to the de-occultation of the abyssal meanings at work under the now certain fact of a truly great emergence of the *Vajrayana* in the West, and more particularly in French lands).

(Through what mysterious circumstances of life, direct or indirect spiritual influence, or even mediumship, has Raoul de Warren been led to retrace the furrows of the French renaissance of the Fulgurant Vehicle? Will he ever say? Try at all costs to find out more, perhaps through (), who *knows how to talk to him*).

Le Procès Verbal du Sang

(16)

On the other hand, I must point out the revealing and certainly fundamental fact that the Tantric developments advanced by the doctrine implicitly contained in the story of *The Unusual Adventure of Marina Sloty* could not fail to lead Raoul de Warren to return to the character of Joseph Basalmo, the so-called Count of Cagliostro (1743-1795, perhaps), who, moreover, had already constituted the irradiating figure in the noir, (*In fact, the real title, the only real title, of this novel, a title rather demagogically disdained by Bordas in 1947 and by L'Herne in 1979, will remain, for the active fraternity of friends inside the circle of fire is preventively closing in around Raoul de Warren, *Le Mystère de la Nativité Julienne**).

Now, the recitative content of *The Enigma of the Living Dead* (I mean, of , the *Mystery of the Julian Nativity*) is subterraneously arranged in such a that everything in it revolves around a certain Procès Verbal, written in human blood, which very circumstantially illuminates and defines the

intimate steps, the supreme theurgic and cosmological mystery of the Fulgurant Vehicle, intimate steps, mystery which are those of the *renewal of the rite*.

(17)

It should be pointed out that the Procès Verbal de Sang referred to by Raoul de Warren in *Le Mystère de la Nativité Julienne*, a procès verbal held "under the presidency of His Royal Highness Monseigneur le Duc de Chartres, Prince de Sang-, in Paris on 26 December 1783, "in the ninth year of the reign of His Majesty Louis the Sixteenth, King of France and Navarre", shows and proves, in the most unquestionably clear and certain manner, that this is the same *operation*, identical, in the final analysis, to the one whose terrible and thrice-deadly mysteries are revealed to us in *The Unusual Adventure of Marina Sloty* through the over-activated theurgical concept of *accommodation*. In fact, if the secret in action is the same, its Absolute Agent also appears to be quite the same.

Raoul de Warren: - This secret was to ensure the survival of certain people in a given group through the violent death of one of them. Hadn't the four subjects of the 1783 experiment themselves drunk a beverage laced with human blood? By bringing them together in the crypt and telling them through hypnotic suggestion to meet in the same place every 80 years, Cagliostro certainly had no other aim than to ensure that the rite could be renewed at the appointed time.

In his story, Raoul de Warren sets these deadlines at 1783, 1863, 1943 and 2023.

(18)

Because it's all about *renewing the rite*. But has too much already been said? Has much more been said than needed to be said, and precisely what should not be said? What does it matter, since I myself am committing my own dogmatic responsibility at a time of anguish and great ruptures when the most

extreme theurgical prohibitions are beginning to have to reappear in the battle, the front line of the same total cosmogonic confrontation.

And I repeat, all but one of the keys clearly, and very deliberately, given by Raoul de Warren through the ongoing narrative of *The Unusual Adventure of Marina Sloty*. The basic operative key is as follows: it is imperatively necessary, if one ventures to take the very text of *The Unusual Adventure of Marina Sloty* as a platform immediate and direct action, not to undertake anything before having read it four times in depth, nor without realising the rise within oneself of a vertigo as transparent as it is irrevocable, the vertigo of consciousness itself split into two.

(19)

Now, this process of splitting consciousness through a continuous, circular reading of *The Unusual Adventure of Marina Sloty* can be considered complete from the moment it appears to revolve around the metasymbolic figure of Marina Sloty's family bracelet, which we have already discussed here and which bears the date *9 March 1870* engraved on its inside. An insignificant detail? It's on this that, suddenly, the cosmic chasms haunted in transparency by the Greatest Watchers are opened up - if and when this must happen.

(20)

But I sincerely hope that no one will risk taking these confidences lightly, thereby subjecting themselves, and in what a thoughtless way, to disproportionate perils from which we only escape to sink into even worse.

(21)

<For Marina - writes Raoul de Warren, and it seems to me that this reminder is very appropriate - the Sommelieu inn was

the place where she had discovered the terrible truth, and where she had experienced to the point of death that dreadful feeling of loneliness that overwhelms a human being when he realises that he is the only one of his kind, dead among the living or living among the dead".

(On this subject, see also the passage in *Rendez-vous de sang à Rambouillet* in which Jenny Arrasse recounts the long dream of her stay the vestibule of the second death, and the escape of her friend Andréa, who was also a living person lost in the world of the dead, who never stopped dying of the awareness of their death).

(Raoul de Warren, in *L'insolite aventure de Marina Sloty*: "Certain beings - the possessed - were thus relegated to the background in their own bodies by other beings from the future who substituted their personalities for those of their unfortunate victims. Until now, the cause of these prodigious changes in the behaviour of certain creatures had never been explained. Now, taking into account a certain false naivety, given as primary but which, in fact, is quite the opposite, a false naivety which is the very mark of the procedures of occultation and withdrawal mobilised by Raoul de Warren in his written work, what more perfect definition could there be of the Tibetan Tantric concept of *tulku*, or even of *Vaiveisha* cited by Gustav Meyrink, or of the *dibbuk* haunting the unconscious and the nights of certain Eastern Jewish communities. For if the *fourth* is forever alive, it is insofar as she cosmologically traverses the appalling nocturnal abysses of the death of *the other three*: it takes three dead wives to make a wife who endlessly outlives herself, and it is nuptially prescribed that the three dead ones must be sacrificed, ritually, with one's own hands, from life to life, from death to death.

I know it, I know it only too well. In eternity, everything is possession, and all eternity is an eternity of corpses. It is only to the extent that we are able to lovingly accept the law of shame and darkness that we are able to extricate ourselves from the philosophical sludge of a certain *common grave*, a mortuary pool located in the very axis of the Tower of the Four Winds, on the terrace above).

The return of Laurence Frésolle

(22)

What's more, the salvific reading of *The Unusual Adventure of Marina Sloty* can only be placed in the sharp light of its own living charge, mediumnically active and in a circuit of immediate influence, if this reading is done in a state of reverberating and ardent openness with *The Mystery of the Julian Nativity* and with some of the teachings concealed within it, metapsychic and theosophical teachings of a very high operative level.

In this case, it is the character of Laurence, of Laurence Frésolle, who embodies and *provides existential support* for the all-powerful bearer of the rite being renewed and of any current renewal of the rite, or at least of any operative attempt that might be envisaged or to be envisaged at the present time, or in the time immediately ahead. But, in any case, when we reach the point where the problem renewing the rite is posed in terms of direct action, we must also understand that everything was planned, ordered, followed, determined and predetermined in advance, occultly, and as it always has been. Once you know this, *you're already there*. Laurence Frésolle, in *Le Mystère de la Nativité Julienne*: - Don't find it extraordinary that in this affair human wills seem to count for nothing and that events occur with kind of despairing fatality?" And there will be no other conclusion.

And yet, as some people would no longer be unaware, Laurence Frésolle - and even Laurence called by another name, I mean that even if she had had to change her name, and her life too, and her hunting territory, to change even the life her hunting life in the protected space of her very life - Laurence Frésolle, I say, exists, lives and exists very truly, 'somewhere in this world'.

Descended by far from a very royal and very subterranean blood from Ireland, she would hold within herself, in her own being, made of her own flesh and her cosmogonic and so burning breath, all the powers of her occult mission and nothing, absolutely nothing, could undertaken outside the imperial, superhuman, divine and antihuman jurisdiction guarded and controlled by her.

hidden, day and night, inside her, by the very work of death, of a *certain death*, present in her and her, a work that is awake, permanent, super-irradiating, limpid, but as if barely active.

So it is today, and today itself, that we should be able to *work* and know how to *work*, to *get on with the job*, as long as the so-called Laurence Frésolle is still around, and as long as the devastating principle of the renewal of the rite still persists in remaining hidden in her, in *a soul and a body*. All the rest is darkness within darkness, and darkness of darkness, without end and without honour.

So let's get on with the job, melt the divinissime vergeoise of amorous moods that would give her the desire to remember it all over again, to take it all back to amnesia, savagely.

(23)

• Somewhere in this world", it was said. But let's be clear: at two slightly different levels of consideration, our Laurence Frésolle risks finding herself captive to the interiority, the practising marrow of a certain thick wall, this one located in Quito, on Pacific, in subversive concealment beneath the foundations, perhaps exclusively mental, of the ancient Church Nuestra Senora de la Merced Grande, or in Paris, on the buried banks of the Seine, elongated, sparkling with whiteness, drowsy, naked in the hollow of the crown of enslaved blocks supporting the most secret mystagogic weight of the Church of the ancient cloister of Saint-Merri.

(24)

Should I entrust it to the shady and ever-changing thickets, the uncertain thickets of this writing in , writing so deliberately opportunistic and mendacious to excess?

Those of us who invite ourselves to make a subversive visit to Saint-Merri should look for Laurence Frésolle's fiery, bloody footsteps in the stained glass window dedicated to Mary the Egyptian.

and especially in the fact that the latter is represented in guise of Mary Magdalene, and Mary Magdalene in that of Mary the Egyptian. A philosophical exchange and reversal designed to glorify, in a *closed trubar*, the heart-rending and oh-so-sweet memory of the one Beloved Face.

In the mirror an octagonal well (25)

Finally, I would like to add that, in a company also scandalously little in line with the most conventional part, with the supposedly rational if not naturally luminous part of the world of immediate appearances, appearances disarmed by the sign of the day and reputed, all of them, to be virgin from the evil influences of the world of the deep and its nocturnal traps, a Pre-Raphaelite domain, a falsely ancient, infinitely equivocal domain of that which, solicited through its own transparency of state itself, will never, however, allow itself to be surprised except between dog and wolf, in an enterprise thus so adventurously engaged on the razor's edge that that of the *Livres Noirs* de L'Herne, which - with singular courage, the temerity of a sleepwalker or even, perhaps, a provocation devised at great - is now publishing, and at the present time, *The fact that a book like *The Unusual Adventure of Marina Sloty* has been chosen to feature a painting by the Pre-Raphaelite Edmund Bume-Jones on cover is certainly not unimportant. The importance of this is both very special and, how shall I put it, very suspicious. I surprise a signal from the abyss.*

The cover chosen by *Livres Noirs* de L'Herne for *Marina Sloty's unusual adventure* thus produces the central paradigmatic figure of Bume-Jones's *Evil Head*: a young woman of great beauty who, reflecting herself, both haughty and as if deeply fascinated, in the water an octagonal well, there finds the appearance of his own face in a figure hermetically sealed with three other faces, the same one each time

Following an *introductory* procedure borrowed from the ancient philosophers, the essence of Raoul de Warren's novel is thus summed up by a figure with high powers of active invocation, by a *paradigmata* now in action and destined to sustain itself, of its own accord, to the infinity of its charge.

(Unless, perhaps, the book itself - a possibility - was written solely explain Burne-Jones's Evil Head, in which case justice should be done to the State of the Place, if you know what I).

(26)

In Burne-Jones's painting, an additional link, at once highly magical and directly incarnated in the visible, seems to be established between the three faces reflected in the wave and their identification by a fourth, living face, this one avowable and real, an additional link entrusted to the signalling of two hands grasping each other at arm's length, one coming out of the well itself, the octagonal, bluish, very limpid one, and the other coming from the shadows that refuse to give any name: it is thus said that the greatest work lies in bringing poor souls in circular procession, *cominus eminus anima viae*. In the immaculate mirror of the soul, the cut.

(27)

Marina Sloty, like her shadow double, Laurence Frésolle, are shadows, of course, but they are *cast shadows*. Shadows tragically cast by that which, at the present moment, is in the process of being, once again, and as for the very first time, - somewhere in this world - as it was meant to be. Small terrace, immense whirlwind of air: from the depths of sleep, dam of total acceptance. "I open the doors of my soul with both wings", she used to say.

In the immaculate mirror of the soul covered by the name of Romaine, the notch of the fourth awakening calls out to the terrible

awakening of the fourth fire. The ultimate cosmological mystery of the number XXVII, and the Mystery of the Notch.

It is no less certain, like all Raoul de Warren's other initiation novels, *The Unusual Adventure of Marina Sloty* possesses, or finds itself possessed by a kind of blinding after-inquiry, itself blind and purposely blind, an interrogation concerning, and in most immediate, the most directly activist way, what can be considered to be the very last mystery of the present Western history of the end: the mystery of a nominal counter-identification, and end of a history destined to be identified, apocalyptically, with the ultimate end of the present Manvantara in its cosmic totality of principle and manifestation. This question is supposed to raise the issue of the absolute imperial legitimacy of the entire current Manvantaric cycle and the In other words, the real legitimacy in subterranean continuity, the nominal and completely occult legitimacy, ontologically occult, which founds, illuminates, defines and conveys the name and even the very being of the Chakravartin of the End Times.

It so happens that, at the present time, this problem must be posed in two different ways, but complementary in their very essence and, perhaps, already on the way to merging in and through the fire of the nuptial reunion which constitutes its transhistorical culmination and the only reason for walking through the years, through the millennia tragedy and merciless oblivion. Firstly, on the subject of the Chakravartin of the End Times and its lineage of continuity, buried as it is ever more deeply in the darkness of Western history to its end (the concept of Western history meaning, in this case, universal history in the old Roman sense of the word). term, in its imperial and Catholic sense).

And, also, and as if in the second place, with regard to the lineage of the feminine double of this one, of its principal Shakti and which, in this the ultimate end of the cycle, will be called upon to reappear in a being of flesh and breath, which some people already know must be referred to by the cover name of Romaine, in a living and present being

on the line of abyssal rupture and advanced apocalyptic self-dissolution of a Western history ready to collapse in the power of his Mistress of the End (René Daumal: "Je t'aime plus loin qu'au fond des rêves, Maîtresse de la Peur, Maîtresse de la

Fin"). Two apparently different ways of approaching the time and the names of the same ending.

11 It remains to be said that Raoul de Warren's roman à clef endeavours to identify and predetermine, in a twofold mode - visionary and initiatory - final emergence of the feminine chakravartinic lineage in the West, submerged and swallowed up in the darkness of the extinction of the original Celtic and Irish world, (See also, on this same subject, the special privilege of subterranean continuity through feminine descent alone, which is attached to the still-active title of the name of Flavigny and the high influences that stem from it).

For it is very late indeed, extraordinarily late. Hence it follows that the action of the Power of Darkness, of the Mystery of Iniquity at work centuries now, must inevitably face the present day, and concentrate all its availabilities for subversion and spiritual crime, more and more in the open, on the need for a catastrophic reorganisation of its last instances of survival, namely on the need to prevent, or, from now on, rather to *delay*, until the ultimate limit, the limit of self-rupture and imprescriptible cessation, the emergence into the open of the Only Face, at once veiled and dazzling, of She Who Reigns, and through whom the Reign is already Coming, itself an advanced transhistorical prefiguration of the Reign of Mary and of Her Profound Peace, the *Pax Profunda* of those in whom we recognise ourselves so perfectly.

How this work of nocturnal prevention and oblivion, this work of delay and ontological postponement, endlessly restarted, come to manifest itself *in fact*?

By acting on the conscience of the woman we had agreed to call Romaine, whom we had to keep in the darkness of her deepest state amnesia.

But it is the various ways in which this dramatic, deadly amnesia of the woman we call Romaine - or Laurence Frésolle, or Marina Sloty, or her other *numbered carriers* - is held back that Raoul de Warren has set himself the task of identifying and cataloguing in the initiatory novels in which he has written her.

he deploys his visionary science and his profound family secrets. The mission of a transhistorical stock can only concern the beginnings of history or its end, its *absolute beginnings* or its *absolute end*.

EXTERNAL SUPPORT

The spiritual commitment of the person who mysteriously finds himself obliged to search within himself for his own living truth and the cosmogonic power of that truth in no way implies the final outcome, the success, however partial, of the search undertaken, nor can the hoped-for result be taken for granted. On the contrary, the path forward is almost always deviously diverted, interrupted or obstructed by darkness, suspended endlessly before the tragedy of the unforeseen and forever insurmountable obstacle that represents *the test itself*, the test that could be called fundamental to any passage to an irrevocably higher stage being. Nevertheless, the slowing down of ascent, the mystical rockslides and stops along the way, the long passages in the dark, considered in the very unfolding of the Gnostic spiral in progress, must be regarded as trials, for so many initiatory stations of bloody quartering and passage through the inner furnaces of growth of awakening, if we do not want these slowdowns, these rockslides, these stops, these passages in the dark to become so many *death stops*, the sudden collapse into this pit of nothingness defined as the irremediable even by all those who have come to know what they are talking about.

However, the test, whatever it may be, is never set in motion so that we can subvert it, but so that it can be overcome.

that it be embraced nuptially, dramatically, and taken on to the point where it becomes an inner nourishment and an inner fire for it has been called upon to act against in the very place where it acts, within us or outside . Every great trial is therefore a vivid, sharp opportunity, a unique offer to begin another ascent, to rise higher and higher, adventurously, in the perpetual turning in on oneself of the cosmogonic spiral; every trial is a summons to glory for those who can bring themselves to face it heroically. Such was also the power of the word to cover up what, when the time came, was to be called the virtues of heroism in the active and eucharistically living conception of sanctity that proved to be that of certain militant Catholic orders during the great ontological summer of the Middle Ages (and even afterwards ; The heroic virtues of Saint Bernadette Soubirous, Saint Pius X and Saint Thérèse of the Child Jesus were all taught in our own time, and they all respond to a mysticism, a total spiritual vision founded exclusively on heroism). So, in the spiritual ascent, there is never any turning back, nor any stopping, being, each time, the sign of the fatal slide, of the forced abdication before death - or, as they say, before the *second death* - that all the great confessors of the ascent paths fear before choosing the danger of walking on the edge of the ravine that borders on the irremediable. And so they allow themselves to be supported and carried, unconsciously, by the transcendental breaths of Vāyu, the almighty wind of the ultimate abysses which, in the Hindu tradition, haunts the inner heavens of the Vital Breath, the burning lungs of the One Breast. But walking along the edge of the fatal ravine in this way is also walking in concert with the occult and immediately acting will of God, what traditional Hinduism calls *brahmachariya*, the *brahmachari's* walk with God, whose unique companion we then become.

It is here, however, that the vertigo of the ultimate ban appears: if trial can be fatal in itself, each time it presents itself as a trial, it is situated barely a little above the line of the most extreme effort that can be made by oneself to surpass it, to *reduce it*, the number of those who manage to rise, exclusively by themselves, above precisely this slight surplus beyond their last strength, belongs, in the dark times of the Kāli-yuga, ours, only to the greatest, to the awakened founders of the worlds in recommencement

and cycles compassionate or loving illumination from a past already immemorial or yet to come.

For, in fact, no great trial can be resolved without the help, without the external support of a power occultly required and committed to this decisive end. So the problem of the terrible obstacles we keep encountering in the spiral of salvation and deliverance of our innermost journey will be the problem obtaining the right external support in the emptiest hour, in the darkest hour. This external support is necessary for the effort goes beyond our own greatest effort, and it is the only external support that can attempt to overturn the negative order established above ourselves and within ourselves by any test that is intended to be and that succeeds in being posed as completely decisive. *The more her favours increase, the more vigilant you must be*", wrote Blessed Marie d'Agréda, mistress of spiritual ascension par excellence, since she mystically instructed the very mystery of the Assumption of Mary. However, words of Mary of Agréda's exhortation can very well be translated in a negative way, and thus suggest that the greater the trials, the more unbearable they are, the more we must understand that the very hidden plan, that the very loving plan for being thus tested, is a plan on a higher plane, the being tested by what is most mercilessly heartbreaking in its course, and sometimes even by what is even *unimaginable*.

For one terrible thing must be said at last: without the spiritual secret of external support, there can be no real struggle in being, either on the heights or in the unspeakable chasms of the same trial that often presents itself with a double face, red and black. The secret of crossing the line is the secret of external support.

The Void Stone

Towards what ultimate polar direction, when and how can we then stand up in the threatened inferno of faith, in its limpid and intractable will to cross the forbidden, to ask for, to try to wrest by force the fundamental external support, the external support that is both saving and liberating in the face of the living mystery?

of the Stone of Nothingness? But the dark truth remains

In the times of the Kâli-yuga, there is no longer, in the West or in the East, a major Gnostic congregation or a qualified Gnostic representative from whom one could implore or demand the external support of the end.

Then, in the terminal season of the Kali-yuga, there is no salvation, deliverance, no liberation in life. Only those who serve, in the visible and in the invisible, but in both cases very covertly, the sole purpose of Divine Providence in action, obtain external support in the face of the black obstacle of the insurmountable test, the decisive and more than decisive test, the *constitutive* test, the secret agents of the forward march of history and who are already acting, not from the point of view of history itself, but directly in vanguard of transhistory, from the very place where the spiral attraction of the will of the one who is responsible for lovingly bringing everything to its ultimate conclusion is exerted.

Is it worth repeating? At the end of the final cycle, which has entered its darkest phase, there can be no salvation or deliverance without a *special mission*. Happy, then, are those who have already washed their robes in the kettle of their own blood, for it is in this way that they will be recognised by the One who is the sole dispenser of final support in the nocturnal times of the Kâli-yuga, himself being the All-Last.

On the theosophical concept of special mission

Insofar, however, as all the attention which it would seem that some people could still make themselves fit for, or indebted to, or compliant with, with regard to what, in these very last times, is absolutely no longer given by grace alone, nor proposed, nor even clandestinely allowed to be envisaged in terms of salvation alone, of personal deliverance alone, appears, henceforth, as an illusory attention, carried in a vacuum, an attention without any narrow space of entry left at the disposal of those who would not be committed to it in advance - and committed in advance whether they wanted to be or not, whether they were very clearly aware of it or whether they were, as they say in the services, unconscious of it - I return, insist, even stop - to surprise and examine the most direct meaning, and the most immediate operative opening - on must be considered as the

supreme theosophical concept, namely the concept of special mission. But to insist on returning to this, to dwell on this concept from other world, is not without peril, a very great peril. Perhaps later we will understand what cosmological precipices I am skirting *at this very moment*.

In carrying out its general plan of action, which never ceases impose on the visible or less visible developments of present-day history the invisible lines of force of transhistory and of its central magnetic core, infinitely occulted and now in the process of completing its own ascent towards , Divine Providence never stops choosing, to very confidentially appropriate the human beings on whom His Action thus relies and who, things being vertiginously at their highest subversion, benefit, like secret agents in the execution of their special mission, from His terrible and so mysterious external support arriving only in the shadows, proposing only in the shadows and acting only in the shadows.

Of course, there is nothing in this world or the next that does not, in its own way, contribute the final fulfilment of the great plan - the overall plan of Divine Providence as it moves madly towards Itself. But certain arduous tasks, certain special and more than special missions require that there be, or rather *that there appear*, in their on-the-spot, circumstantial, immediate accomplishment, a very clear awareness of what is at stake. This is so that the greatest charity in action/the charity that knows itself to be aware of itself, can know, at the right time, where it comes from within itself and where the fire of unparalleled incandescence that tests it, exalts it, sets it on fire cosmologically goes: for it is the very fire of the Shekina, and the final awareness of this power thus becomes the active superpower of the superconsciousness of the origins, the principal, immutable superconsciousness.

This, then, is the secret activist meaning of the Theosophical concept of special mission, which, as I have just said, must be regarded as the supreme Theosophical concept.

In any case, the Gospel of the highest illumination of love does not shy away from revealing this: *No one can come to me unless the Father who sent me draws him. And also: No one can come to me unless it is given to him by the Father. And again: You know me and where I come from, and yet I am not of myself.*

But he really sent me, the one who sent me. You don't know him. But I know him, because I come from him and he sent me. And then: For a little while longer I am with you, and I am going to him who sent me. You will seek me and not find me; and where I am, you cannot come. And then: You are from below; I am from above. You are of this world; I am not of this world. And also: I know those whom I have chosen. And above all: You did not choose me, but I chose you and appointed you, that you should go and bear fruit and that your fruit should remain (John, VI, 44; VI, 64; VII, 28-29; VII, 33-34; VIII, 23; XIII, 17; XV, 16).

For it is indeed like so many waves continuing in the wake of who knows what immense magnetic storm coming from the Middle of Heaven that the reverberations of the Johannine word advance, and penetrate nightly into the heart of the consciousness warned of the precipices that guard, from outside, its own limits, the incendiary advent of train of Johannine words having to arouse there, at once, and supposing that it really has to be done there, the right presentiment of the reinforced passes, the mental counter-paths by which the pre-ontological, ineffable, aerial watchwords come to be recognised, the whispered dispositions, whispered with a view to the most immediate goals of the mission entrusted to whoever would thus find himself chosen and well and truly visited, but mercilessly, as by a - devouring fire-, as by the most devouring of the devouring fires of the Holy Fire.

This science is appalling, I admit. It takes us out of this world and extinguishes all merciful expectations: the time has come for the darkness of the end. It destroys all living hope in the current outcomes of spiritual work and, much worse still, suspends all reason for spiritual combat in the face of , one way or the other, must now resign itself to the inescapable: the judgement that some would have feared so much had they known the hour, has perhaps already taken place, and *all is consummated in advance*. I am also afraid that we are not so far from certain relatively recent horrors, already experienced in the metapsychic precincts of Port-Royal.

On the summits of the initiatory spiral, there are therefore two choices available today to those who reach the last stations before the *line itself*: either understand, and very much appreciate, the meaning of the initiatory spiral, or take the first step.

fully understand all that has just been said, namely that at the last stage of the Kâli-yuga, *there is no more passage*, and then resign themselves to joining the ranks of the Brothers of Consolation, or else find themselves among the small number of those to whom a special mission will have been imposed by the Holy Fire, and plunge into the furnace of that membership, the Confrérie Prohibée du Saint-Feu, which has its headquarters in Versailles and also calls itself, under a cover name, the Confrérie de la Salvation Prohibée.

Let us forget activist theurgies and even the very hope of External Support, *all theurgy* and *all hope*: the times of our generation foresee the reawakening of the Esoteric Brotherhoods of the end only following the predetermination of a choice absolutely alien to all human circumspection, the Brothers of Consolation facing the divine conspirators of the Brotherhood of Prohibited Salvation in the same ascent of the Holy Fire towards the apocalyptic terraces of the end of everything. In these parts, I prefer to say Saint-Feu rather than Saint-Esprit: I'm sure you'll understand me better.

THE SHADOW OF THE ONLY ONE

What was it that Melanie, the great seer of La Salette, the one struck down by lightning, Melanie the so mysterious sanctioned of Darlington, the supplicated of Carmel, was saying? She said: *The times are ready, the abyss is opening*. Melanie rests in the shadow of the imperial cathedral of Altamura, in Apulia, which we know was built under the philosophical and stellar reign of Emperor Frederick II Hohenstaufen. In *Parole Donnée*, Louis Massignon had produced, as some may still remember, a recent photo of Melanie's face, temporarily ravished at overwhelming, so nocturnal and so sweet stone refuge. Nuptially scorched by the merciless sun of the One, she is black, Mélanie, or rather blackened, but with a radiant, mysterious and quite vertiginous black beauty. *Nigra sum, sed formosa*, sings the great Kabbalistic text of the Song of Songs. "I am black but beautiful, daughters of Jerusalem". In truth, everything fits together. For, if the *given word* of which Louis Massignon speaks is the very word of eternal life, which was offered in sharing to the three Abrahamic communities - Jewish, Christian, Muslim - designated, by the Quoran, as *Ahl al-Kitâb*, as the Communities of the Book, Louis Massignon's visionary writing constitutes, and no one can deny this with impunity, the most ardent contemporary testimony, the most irrevocably advanced in favour of the living rapprochement, the final and, by the same token, apocalyptic rapprochement, of the three Communities of the Book.

But it is this rapprochement that, in history and at the end of , must announce and inaugurate, in the face of the terror of the global advent of non-being, the counter-advent of a new absolute freedom, a living freedom that will make us absolutely free.

There are signs this counter-advent is now imminent. Now, aren't the very first of these signs appearing, precisely, with the dawn of the current deflagration of Islam, on the one hand, and, on the other, with the tendency, still subterranean but more and more established, certain, illuminating, of a new encounter - new reunion, one might say?

- Islam and Christianity, or at least a certain inner Islam and a certain inner Christianity?

However, the great and powerful things which, *whatever the case*, are deciding, in the shadows, the awakening and the rise to the forefront of today's Islam, may perhaps not prove, in the , to be as limpidly certain and approachable as we would like to believe. Do we really know what Iran of Khomeini's pseudo-mystical adventure is bringing into current history behind the abyssal disturbances masked by appearances that are themselves disturbed and swirling? What today's Iran just offered an unhopd-for *chance passage*? Do we have the slightest idea of who or what behind Khomeini, and behind those who have set themselves the goal of using him for as yet unsuspected, essentially nocturnal purposes? And what is behind those who manipulate those who manipulate or still believe they are manipulating Khomeini or his shadowy doubles? And why shouldn't we know, we who, all the others, know from within, eucharistically, the ultimate identity, the living and very occultly leading identity of the One Core that the camp to which we belong, our own camp, can boast of, in this world and in the next?

On the other hand, in a completely visionary text, which he saw fit date carefully from 31 March 1977, Henry Corbin wrote: -In Sohravardī, we can understand that the paternal relationship of the Archangel Holy Spirit extends to all the prophets in whom the eternal *Christos* was manifested. Or we can understand that it is limited to the person of Jesus son of Maryam, designated, in accordance with the Qoran and its commentators as well as with some of our Gnostic texts, as < son of

the Holy Spirit - (or *al-Ibn lî-Râh al-Qods*). In any case, all the verses of the Gospel of John where the "Father" is named, verses to which Sohravardî expressly refers, are understood by him as designating the Archangel Gabriel as the Holy Spirit". And then: "We can thus speak of an *ishrâqî* Johannism, of which Sohravardî was truly the first to open the way, a way leads him expressly to a philosophy of the Paraclete (or *al- Fâraqltt*). His Christology of a *Christos Angeles* of the Judeo-Christian type is perhaps the culmination of encounter between Zoroastrian angelology (the idea of Fravarti) and neo-Platonic angelology. It is a fundamental and specific fact in the spiritual history of Iran, barely glimpsed until now, and whose consequences are as yet unsuspected - (in *Le Paradoxe du Monothéisme*, L'Herne, Paris 1981).

In recent times, we have seen what some of these *unsuspected consequences*, glimpsed and predicted by Henry Corbin, must have been, both at level of visible history and elsewhere. In October 1980 issue, *Aurores* published the gist of a letter from the Rûhollâh Khomeiny to Pope John Paul II, a letter whose meaning illuminates in a rather enigmatic way those great spiritual things, now barely veiled, which the author of *L'Archange empourpré* evoked on 31 March 1977. Things which, subsequently and not without mystery and astonishment, may turn out to be very different from, or even entirely contrary to, what we would have thought we should think on the basis of certain signs of anticipation, as major as they are obvious, but changed, disguised perhaps, shamelessly, killed off and replaced by other signs of prominence, infinitely obscured, infinitely obscure. *Discernment* is everything in the unbreathable dark of the greatest spiritual science.

Also, and above all, for the very small number of those who, at the time, still find themselves in a position to look at things from the outside in (*bâtin al-bâtin*, they say), and thus to grasp what is subject only to the ordinances of the unchangeable, apocalyptic secret of Islam - a secret which, in the hidden core of its most living, most safeguarded theological persistence the apocalyptic secret of Islam - a secret which, in the hidden core of its most living, most safeguarded theological persistence, is lovingly and, as it were, always and unceasingly turned towards, and polarised by, the beating heart of Christianity's ultimate parousial hope - is a secret which does not date from today and which, in fact, can alienate or defile, a secret which unfolds subterraneously with the very march of

Islam, and which may well constitute the unavowable *ghayb al- ghoyûb* of some of its most extreme gnostics, the "mystery of mysteries".

Seven centuries ago, the Iranian spiritualist and visionary 'Abd ar-Raz- zaâq al-Qâshâni, considered to be the essential interpreter of the theosophical thought of the great Muhyi ad-din ibn 'Arabi, clearly saw the end of the prophetic cycle and its final fulfilment in and through the second advent of Jesus Christ, son of Mary, the "unique Mahdî". In the conclusion of his essay on 'Abd ar-Razzâq al-Qâshâni's esoteric commentaries on the Qurân, Pierre Lory states: "As Qâshâni writes on numerous , the closing of the Muhammadan prophetic cycle will come with the Mahdî, who is the *seal of the wilâya*. He will bring to light the provisions contained in the Tables of Divine Decree (qadâ) and Destiny (qadar), and will separate those destined for Paradise from those destined for Hell. Qâshâni gives no details about the identity of this character, in particular about his possible Imâmite ancestry. He confines himself to mentioning two series of traditions: one identifying the Mahdi with Christ at the time of his return at the end of time (- "There is no other Mahdi than Jesus son of Mary", asserts a hadith); the other supposing that he would be a person distinct from Christ, who will only come to prepare his advent. The Mahdi would then be the Pole of his time, the holder of the Mission of Holiness, or *cahib al-wilâya*- (in *Les commentaires ésotériques du Coran d'après 'Abd ar- Râz- zaq al-Qâshâni*, Les Deux Océans, Paris 1980).

It is therefore, in principle, the present reunion of Islam and Christianity that is destined to establish, as we have just put forward, the thrust that is both spiritual and historical, the supremely revolutionary thrust of the new change of times that must provide for the advent, or rather the counter-advent, of this new living freedom, of this new freedom of being destined to confront affirmation of the planetary terror of non-being, and whose identity to come will be, in one way or another, the already currently intelligible translation of the total parousia, of the irrevocable irruption of the invisible into the visible, which Gnostic Islam situates both under the sign of the Mahdi and the final Christological unveiling of the latter.

At the present time, however, it is no less fundamental to be able to understand and recognise that the Christological vocation of Islam in 200

It is the Islam which, in its most interior states, is constantly turned and, as it were, apocalyptically oriented towards the still veiled being of hope, of the living and active expectation of the Christological Parousia. This vocation, which is so dramatically nuptial, since it prefigures and reproduces the cosmological call that carries the Moon towards the Sun without end, is itself duplicated, doubled, I would say, by a movement in the opposite direction, by a movement of charitable and loving approach, loving the theological and therefore spiritually most legitimate identity of the eternal West towards the beating heart of Islam, towards that occult East of the gnosis without name, place or temporal obedience that certain esoteric Sufi brotherhoods call the gnosis of the Rising Light, the *Ishrâqî* gnosis.

The hidden but permanent apocalyptic procession of Islam towards the West is thus split by the active and, in the depths, no less uninterrupted confluence of a procession carrying, and the movement being the same, the West towards Islam.

Now, in this procession from the West to Islam, it is as if it were infinitely possible for me to invoke here two instances of witness, separated from each other by seven centuries of Western decline, by seven centuries of obscuration and ontological oblivion. These are the ecstatic revelation experienced by Frederick II Hohenstaufen on the morning of 18th March 1229 in Jerusalem, and, seven centuries later, the declarations made, and quite openly

- on the convergence and community of their ultimate spiritual destinies, on the secret of the providential predestination (they say *sirr al-qadat*) of a certain West and a certain Islam - by the current leaders of the Order of the Temple, which, as such and despite the dogmatic slumber of its external states, watches, watches, watches and still knows how to pray precisely it is still and always entitled to do so.

But which Order of the Temple are we talking about here? And my answer would be as follows: one of many current candidates for the same prestigious and holy denomination, but at the same time perhaps the only one who recognised himself as truly authorised to attempt to comply with it in full, or even to start all over again one day.

It was on the radiant morning of 18 March 1229 that Frederick II Hohenstaufen, Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire and King of Jerusalem, in other words the first and last *Imperator Mundi* of Western descent to hold his power directly from Christ the Pantocrator, went to visit the Dome of the Rock in Jerusalem, accompanied on this ceremony by the extraordinary envoy of the Sultan Al-Khamil, the *cadi* of Nablus, Shems ed-Dine. On the summit of Mount Moriah, in the shadow of the cosmogonic octagon of the Dome of the Rock, reminiscent of the transcendental architecture of the Castel del Monte, *Imperator Mundi* Frederick II Hohenstaufen was to proclaim the first reunion, the reunion *in principium*, of the three Communities of the Book, the *Ahl al-Kitâb*.

I quote Jacques Benoist-Méchin who, in the grip of what high inspiration, wrote in his admirable and sombre *Frédéric II Hohenstaufen ou le rêve excommunié*: "Preceded by Chems ed-Dine, Frédéric the sanctuary. Its entire centre was occupied by a rock hollowed out in the shape of a grotto, but so small that two people could barely stand in it at a time. An inscription was carved into each of its six unequal corners. - *Abraham prayed here*," said Chems ed-Dine in a low voice, pointing to each of them in turn. *David prayed here. Here, Solomon. Here, Elijah. Here, Jesus. And finally, Mohammed, the Seal of Revelation*. And then: "At this point Frederick turned to Hermann de Salza, who had also accompanied him, and said to him, his face flushed with emotion: - Behold! Today is the Day of Redemption! (*Sieht! Es ist heute der Tag des Heils!*), meaning that this was the day on which conjunction of immanence and transcendence, of the visible and the invisible*, was realised.

Seven centuries later, in March 1974, in response to an enquiry into the current situation of the Order of the Temple, some of those responsible for its covert perpetuation, including its twenty-third Grand Master, were to declare: "Although the apparent structure of Order was destroyed, the thread of its mission has never been severed, despite its obscurity. To seek its historical "transmission" is to go astray. From 1314 to the day, there has been no manifestation of the Order as such. Those who claim otherwise are either lying or mistaken. After saving its spiritual treasures, because "Jacques de Molay knew well in advance the date of his loss", the Order simply left its spiritual treasures.

milestones, decipherable only by the initiated, that would enable it be reborn "when the time was right, according to the laws of its cycle". The Arch-Master of the Order, Dante Alighieri is said to have worked on the "occultation" the brotherhood by sending an esoteric message to future generations: - The Divine Comedy", a work with a key, with three levels of reading, controlled by three cabalistic numerals, and the touchstone of the Templar grand design".

Claiming direct descent from Jacques de Molay, the twenty-third Grand Master then set out the seven aims of the Order of the Temple recommenced, namely: (1) to re-establish the exact notion of authority (spiritual) and power (temporal) in the world; (2) to affirm the primacy of the spiritual over the temporal; (3) to restore man's awareness of his dignity; (4) to help humanity in its passage; (5) to participate in the Assumption of the Earth on its Three Planes: Body, Soul, Spirit; (6) contribute to the Unity of the Churches, work towards the junction of Islam and Christianity; (7) prepare the Return of Christ in Solar Glory.

And what seems to me even more important: "Like Christ, the Temple, with Jacques de Molay, experienced its passion. It will be the same for humanity. The mission of the Order is therefore to assist humanity in this passage, in this *passion* itself".

And also: "For the Templars of the present day, the Unity of the Churches is inescapable: since Abraham, Isaac and Ishmael, Christianity and Islam have two complementary missions to accomplish for their common purpose. And wasn't Mohammed, married to a Jewish woman, led to monotheism by the rabbi of Medina? The return of Christ "in Solar Glory", the *seventh goal* of the Order of the Temple, to which the *first six* contribute, is announced in the Scriptures.

Endless, then, on their way towards each other, Islam and Christianity can only expect to meet again after end of history. Which also means that it is their reunion that should mark the hour of the Gnostic conclusion of history, its coming fulfilment and its end.

Nevertheless, the final concern of the present incursion into the afterlife of the spiritual history of a West abruptly challenged by the inner East of its trial of being the last and most tragic, the trial of the next season rupture and change of times, is a concern that wishes to be indebted to a

It is a question of the most direct topicality, involving the most immediate present-day situation being created and imposed on the West today, in and also by a world reduced to being, in its planetary totality, nothing other than the obscured figure of its own definitive alienation and its own spiritual and historical disaster.

Yet, paradoxically enough, it is above all in relation to Islam, spiritually so close to the being of its own hidden depths, that the West finds itself in a state of inferiority and even, in a certain sense, in a state of decay that we must get used to regarding as irremediable.

The succession of internal ruptures which, in recent years, have succeeded in getting Islam to resign itself to becoming, to surrendering itself more and more to the reasons for presence and direct revolutionary action demanded by its return to "great history" have, by that very fact, mobilised and brutally brought to the front line irrational powers which were completely unsuspected, mobilised and brutally brought to the front line completely unsuspected irrational powers, with dimensions both transhistorical and planetary, powers commanded exclusively by the most concealed identity, by the most occult identity of the living theosophies that fuel its progress in the visible and the invisible. It is therefore no longer external Islam that should penetrate and settle history, but internal Islam: and it is indeed internal Islam that should today call out in force to world history, and prepare to demand that it surrender to its most unavowable theosophical reasons for acting. But is this so? Is *it really* so? And here, how can we not give in to the only evidence that is obvious, a terrible evidence, made up of shame, powerlessness, betrayal and death, which is the essentially negative answer that must be given to this question?

On the other hand, faced with what should have been the revolutionary rise of inner Islam, its dual historical and transhistorical rise, the West still knows how to appeal to the external reality of its own being and its own current destinies; being and destinies irremediably subject to a materialistic, anti-traditional, subversive vision of the world and, to put it bluntly, manipulated in the open by the negative powers of non-being and previous nights of being. The âyatollâh ■ Khomeiny, for once quite powerfully inspired: - America is the tool of the Dark Power, America is the incarnation -

of Satan, Prince of Darkness". For the West, then, Islam is becoming both its sign of salvation and the living proof of its unappealable condemnation. This paradox is a tragic onerevealing the immense peril of the awkward position in which the West finds itself at the very moment when everything must be decided, at the very moment when everything is being decided. A faceless abyss separates the outer West from inner Islam, in this instance of inevitability that has already become timeless, as they face each other, dramatically, in the relevant field of the same world history. For it is within itself that the West of today bears the fateful rupture: it is within itself that this rupture calls for the ultimate precipices that separate the outer, politico-historical West from its own inner East, auroral and dogmatic, infinitely virginal in spite of everything.

But neither is the inner Islam present where one would like to pretend that it was, and where, in reality, I fear it more and more, I fear it to the point of despair and dread, only the darkness of counterfeiting and the most advanced alienation, the petrifying night of the highest spiritual treason and the most complete unconsciousness, now dominate.

In any case, the external West and the internal Islam, what more terrible figuration of non-meeting. The world of the one is the anti-world of the other, its history is, for the other, the anti-history, and its light, darkness; its being is non-being, its reason, insanity, and its living and clearest hope appears to it as the last degree of the blackest despair. Doesn't the Scripture say *what darkness and light have in common?* And also: *If the light within you is darkness, what darkness.*

So the West of today, which is the West outside and *outside itself*, can no longer understand anything, absolutely nothing, about the historical and politico-revolutionary endeavours of the inner Islam which has started up again, or which, in principle, should not have failed to do so.

Inexorably, the profound revolutionary vision included by our dear, great John Buchan in his *Green Mantle* - of course, I mean *Greenmantle* - is well on the way to being fulfilled, and far beyond what John Buchan himself foresaw. At the Third Islamic Summit in Taef, near Mecca, held in January 1981, did not the revolutionary slogan of seven hundred million Muslims herald the beginning a *total renaissance* of Islam?

By this very fact, it becomes perfectly clear that it is this *total rebirth* of inner Islam, that it is above all this overcoming, this renewed domination of outer Islam by inner Islam, this placing of esoteric, occultist, theosophical and loving Islam in eminence, in relation to the other, in relation to democratic and westernised Islam to the point of self-rejection, ontological vomiting and the paranoia of self-destruction, which *Another Power*, the *unspeakable*, the Power of Darkness, will do everything in its power to forbid; to slaughter seeds of new life, to divert and alienate the visible and invisible current; to cause the nuclei of being and renewal to rot from within; to stifle and counter-poison the breaths of ineffable freshness coming from the greatest heights. To forbid the salvation and deliverance of inner Islam, or to delay its coming indefinitely, is it not to forbid the deliverance and salvation of the world which holds itself out to be external to Islam, and which in fact is only the shadow of Islam that Islam subversively and catastrophically casts over the world? For, once again, this total rebirth, this *second birth* of Islam can only propose to dominate the history of the world in its current planetary dimensions if it wants to be and gives itself, first and foremost and fundamentally, for the second birth of an inner Islam, for the shadow of the One spreading over face of the earth.

Under these conditions, how can the West of today, how can the outside West, still claim to understand about the revolutionary changes imposed in Iran, for example, by Ayatollah Khomeini?

Under these conditions, how can the outside West hope to understand the transcendental meaning of a concept such as the continental and planetary war of liberation, the spiritual holy war, the metapolitical and sacrificial war that alone explains and can convey the revolutionary undertakings of the Secret Brotherhoods that have circumstantially delegated their powers to Muammar Gaddafi? For here it is absolutely no longer the facts that count, the facts alone, as the outside West wants and proclaims, but their transcendental meaning, as conceived by the visionary will of the inner Islam, the active gnosis of the theosophists of the *Ishrâqî*, of the Eternal East, or, more aptly, of the Eternal Dawn, the same as this *Aurora Consurgens*.

Expected, too, and invoked again and again by the anonymous gnostics of the Inner West.

But is there not also, and from now on beyond any tolerable measure, the slippage of Islam towards the outside its own being, towards the orbits of non-being proposed to its attention by the hypnagogic models of the greatest world subversion of the end? Is there not, above all, an Islam of betrayal fuelled, from below, by the very betrayal of a certain Islam?

Thus, having espoused the nihilist point of view of the most dubious and deplorable Western blindness, Abdelaziz Dahmani, an Arab alien to current emergence of internal Islam, writes some extraordinarily revealing things on this subject, and it remains highly significant to realise that, in this distorted view of his nihilistic alienation without return - and without return because he is already entirely obedient to the call of *the other power*, which is said to be forever blinded - what he writes he offers to write as a denunciation, with the aim of subversively critical negation and a so-called warning.

Abdelaziz Dahmani writes, in contempt of others: "Above all, Kaddafi has set up a Centre for Historical Research in Tripoli, endowed with a large budget, with the task of studying in particular the Libyan Chesnuk dynasty, which ruled Egypt and beyond in the 9th and 8th centuries BC". And then: "Why shouldn't a Lybian nomad in the 21st century at least gather together the 8 million square kilometres of the great Saharan desert? Kaddafi has retained Nasser's "three circles" policy: Arabism, Islamism and pan-Africanism. The first circle is known as the Islamic Jamahirya or United States of the Sahel, the second as the Islamic Jamahirya and the third as the Union of Socialist Jamahiryas of the Sahara. The first circle includes Chad (at least as far as N'Djaména), northern Mali and Niger, southern Tunisia, the former Spanish Sahara, Mauritania (in its Moorish part) eastern Sudan and Egypt. The second circle includes the north of Cameroon and Nigeria, passing through the south of Chad and Niger; Morocco as far as the Oued Drâa, north of Tantan, and a large part of southern Algeria. As for the third circle, it was to reach the Red Sea in the east, reducing Egypt to the Nile delta and absorbing Sudan and Eritrea as far as Djibouti. To the west, this immense empire would include Senegal-

and Gambia". And Abdelaziz Dahmani concludes, not without some ambiguity: - A crazy dream, you might say". And I should point out that this veiled denunciation was published in January 1981 by *Jeune Afrique*.

A crazy dream, then? Quite the opposite. A visionary dream, a waking dream that laying the revolutionary foundations for another new beginning in the history of the world today.

But all this has already been said in John Buchan's *Greenmantle*, and if I wish to repeat it here it is as a propitiatory invocation and support in the face of the cutting edge of supreme danger: *At every turning point history, whenever humanity seems on the verge of sinking into mediocrity, it is from the desert and the East that a purifying breath rises.*

And yet, at the present time, the malpractices of external Islam are building an increasingly impregnable wall against the last vestiges of internal Islam, a new Chinese wall, built invisibly from darkness to darkness. For why not also ask ourselves about the meaning of the demeaning, the denigration so abjectly nocturnal and obscurantist of women, and especially of young women, fiancées, free young women, young wives rather than mothers, already unsuitable for the consumption of love, the demeaning, the denigration practised with gusto and fanaticism by the followers of Ayatollah Khomeini lost in their and bloody procedures. As if anyone could still be unaware that it is Mary who is being targeted in this way, Mary in the glory of her Immaculate Flesh, in the resplendent clarity of her Immaculate Heart.

But isn't the answer, the only answer, to these very high-level attempts ontological and theological subversion given, as if once and for all, in Fatima, in Portugal? Won't the semiological call to the depths of inner Islam that resounds in Fatima end up, one , suspending the betrayal and theological crime into which outer Islam keeps rushing?

The great design of pre-apocalyptic overthrow and denial blindly pursued by the other power, the unnameable, by the Power of the Enemy, will therefore attempt to substitute, everywhere and as profoundly as possible, for the living reality and presence, for being and action of inner Islam, the sole

influence, the only equivocal and gloomy materialisations, as murderous as they are *obscene*, in which external Islam recognises and exalts itself.

So the great line of final apocalyptic rupture no longer runs, today, between what had been the antagonism, the visible religious confrontation of Christianity and Islam, but between, on the one hand, the territories of mystery where the forever immutable interests of Christianity and Islam have taken refuge, and, on the other, the immense sub-ontological desert where the epochs now reside, on the other, the immense sub-ontological desert where the appalling exteriorities of Christianity and Islam, trapped by the Power of the Enemy, now reside in their *dead husks*.

It is exclusively from this analysis that all theological counter-strategies must emanate, all the great movements of theosophical counter-reversal in the service of the final counter-offensive of human and superhuman forces in the sole obedience of the One and His Divine Mistress, virginally present at His side and whose Clear Presence will set fire to heaven and earth. *For a great sign appeared in the depths of heaven, a woman enveloped by the sun, with the moon under her feet and crowned by twelve stars (Apocalypse, XII)*. And is it not the astral sweetness of Gabriel, the Archangel of the Annunciation, that nourishes the profound secret of the heart of interior Islam? Every heart is of the very Heart.

THE REVIVAL OF ESOTERIC BROTHERHOODS

Light from elsewhere

After exceptional Cahier devoted to him Éditions de L'Herne in January 1981, Henry Corbin is back in the news with a gnoseological essay, *Le paradoxe du monothéisme*, which, with the same publisher, is to be the title in a new series of studies and research. This collection, entitled *Bibliothèque des Mythes et des Religions*, will be personally directed by Constantin Tacou, the director of Éditions de L'Herne. Placed under the banner of Parmenides, whose theogonic intelligence being, *clear in the night, around the wandering earth, light from elsewhere*, is significantly appropriated, this new L'Herne collection proposes to explore, with eyes wide open under the sunny veil of Athena, the mysteriosophic domain of salvation and deliverance experienced directly and immediately, as a transfiguring, personal and each time unique experience of that which is indefinitely beyond . Beyond your God", says an Ismaili dialogue, "there is the One who is for your God as he is for you, an Only One for an Only One".

For, once begun, the process of this research will not, we hope, withstand being confined solely to the intellectual habits of what today represents the front, and like the fading rearguard, of the last Western consciousness of being and of its heart-rending dramaturgies of doubling (of its last *theogonic dramaturgies*, as Henry Corbin would have said).

Indeed, if the occult spiral of every great theosophical ascent is reputed to be endless, it is because its assumptive name is, at once virginal and restorative, each time the very name of eternity. But what is an un-lived eternity, and what is gnosis if not the teaching of the very ways eternity, the teaching eternity in its living ways and in the life work of its most secret or, rather, most *protected* ways? It seems to me that *Le paradoxe du monothéisme* should be regarded as a treatise on how to establish oneself in the living paths of ascent to the One, as a barely quantified portolan of those who allow themselves to be called to the torment of ascent in the protected paths of the eternally forbidden, in the paths of the pact of no return with the Dominations and, beyond the Dominations, with Himself, the Angel of the Face.

The ramparts of the sky

Behind the appearances, the reality of this world and the other the same: everything is a spiritual war, and in this war everything is a call, predestination, but also free choice and free choice.

A free choice, but one to be exercised at the crossroads of which paths, when the hour approaching when all paths vanish, and there is no choice but between the precipice ahead and the one behind, the one by the march must be continued *at all costs*? *Because* now, anyone can venture say it: all is lost, totally and definitively lost on earth as it is in heaven. At the end of the last part of a cycle that is ontologically and historically over, and following the secret movement of a downward spiral that is more and more vertiginously engaged in its blind and over-blinding course, everything is going to the Great Dissolution, everything is going to the *Mahaparakaya*. And if everything is lost, it is not because everything has been lost in some unforgivable way, but because everything had to be lost.

However, a very last alternative is left to the small apocalyptic number of those who, in this world and the next, an esoteric brotherhood without name, face, place or avowable genealogy, will be called upon to try to avert the inconceivable catastrophe of the complete end of a world and its plunge into the darkness of its own previous nothingness.

The opportunity of this tragic alternative will nevertheless be seized, as we already know, and an immense spiritual battle will ensue. A spiritual battle that must take place in the invisible, in the ultimate heights of heaven, and whose reverberations in the visible, on earth and within the history of the world in the process of being completed, will in themselves be as appallingly trying as the end of the world itself, which it is a question of warding off, of *preventing* by engaging in an ultimate and total metastrategic barrage battle.

Conceived to take place in this world and in the next, the great metastrategic barrage that is to decide everything will therefore call for combatants in a state to participate in a nature of dual belonging, terrestrial and celestial. Now, this dual nature can only be found within the esoteric that are once again awakening, and Henry Corbin rightly reminds us of this *highly topical* subject, the gnostic concept of the ancient Ismaili Shi'ite theosophies concerning the *fravartīs*, said to be the heavenly doubles, or rather, the dogmatic identities of souls called, predestined and fighting in this world and for the salvation and safeguard of this world.

Henry Corbin: *Ohrmazd summoned all the fravartīs to his aid; without their help he wouldn't have been able to defend the ramparts of heaven. And then: The God of Light needs all his people, so terrifying is the threat. So a pact of chivalric solidarity is formed between Lord Wisdom (Mazda) and all his Celestial Knighthood. The idea of this chivalric pact is found the mystical solidarity of the Rabb and the Marbūd, of the Lord and His Vassal, in Ibn'Arabi, and wherever the idea of fotowat, in Persian javānmardī, or spiritual chivalry, appears.* But Henry Corbin goes infinitely further in the adventure of his unveiling discourse: *The prophetic mission thus begins "in heaven". It will continue on earth, and its rhythm will be regulated by the correspondence the heavenly hierarchy and the earthly hierarchy of the esoteric brotherhood.*

The correspondence between the two warring hierarchies, the celestial and the terrestrial, Henry Corbin would like to catch it in action in the Ismaili Shi'ish science of the drama of humanity, of the meaning of its greatest secret history. And the active cosmology of this science, or its theogonic dramaturgy, he will see as arranged "by a succession of cycles of epiphany (kashf), during which the Antagonist and his demons remain hidden and harmless, and cycles of occultation (satr), during which the forces of light are occulted before the unleashed demonic powers". And Henry Corbin continues: < From cycle to cycle, the Archangel of humanity must lead all his people, partners in the same struggle, to regain their celestial rank in the lost paradise. From cycle to cycle, the entire Ismaili knighthood rises one level in the structure of the "Temple of Light of the Imâm", the Imâm being the earthly substitute for the primordial Archangel".

Behind the third sleep

Celestial hierarchy, terrestrial hierarchy: when we know from within, and irrevocably, the secret of the living, limpid and ever-awakening resourcing of a science such as that described by Henry Corbin in *Le paradoxe du monothéisme*, it is a fact of extreme evidence that these two hierarchies are found in action, and without any solution of continuity, in the same esoteric brotherhood. And this is perhaps also the reason why I feel it is my duty as a man of conscience to bear witness to the absolutely exceptional importance of the salutary sign attached to the publication of this book. An in-depth understanding of the spiritual discourse, of the terrible gnoseological and liberating gift that subterraneously sets its writing ablaze, is the best and surest introduction to any attempt to penetrate the magnetic circle of what Henry Corbin calls the esoteric brotherhood. Gnosis is not a mental adventure, nor merely an opening up of consciousness: gnosis is a direct experience, a passage, immediately and dangerously experienced, through the paths that lead out of this world, beyond this world.

So, for all those who are already on these paths, but for them alone, *The Paradox of Monotheism* says very providentially,

today, in the darkest hour, the doctrinal approach that calls forth and supports, that arms and enlightens direct work. Decisive revelations are recorded here about the inner chimneys of angelology about the docetic space behind the third sleep, about sunlit and certain space of our all-powerful *dokêsis*. Indeed, if there is a supreme secret of spiritual ascent, a secret always in action, it is to be found only in angelology and in the 'forbidden procedures' of angelology. From Martinez de Pasqually to the theosophical agents of the *Golden Dawn in the Outer*, we have always known and practised this.

There, everything is done to open up to the non-mental powers at work in the space of docetic sunlight located behind the mountains of the third sleep, and where the Divine Mistress sometimes also advances. For was through angelology that we broke the *last interdict*, and that we will break it again.

Atalanta Fugiens

Under the burning and flamboyant sign of the Atalanta, suddenly hindered in its mad mercurial course by the three apples of gold-bearing embers over-ravaged in the highly mediumistic care of our *Golden Dawn in the Outer* - and this having been done perfectly well, I can vouch for it, in the docetic space behind the mountains of the third sleep as well as, at the same time, in the courtyard of the Ambroise Paré hospital in Boulogne, in a certain spot all covered with a little living grass - the awakening of the esoteric brotherhoods will therefore be able to forbid and stop the rise of the negative powers of chaos and non-being. Angelological semantics has begun, and it will not stop: nothing and no one will stop it, in this world or any other.

Is this really true? Are we there yet? Read and re-read Michael Meier's *Atalanta Fugiens*. A great misfortune has indeed been imposed on us as an inheritance, that we must give everything of ourselves, the very marrow of our oldest blood, our metallic and astral breath, our last memory in the amorous and royal chamber before the *dark pass*, give everything, and without receiving anything in exchange, ever, so that things can be done and done again.

indefinitely the work of reiteration at the service of which holds to the fiery red, of deep and heavy scarlet, to speak the word of previous recognition which must half-open the slanting notch of the Flaming Heart. And this is reflected incandescently in the limpid mirror of the Immaculate Heart, which, as the seventy-third, is at the heart of the seventy-two fiery mirrors of Haydar Amoli's vision. Now, what does Haydar Amoli say? He says: - Among the Immaculate Imâms of the House of the Prophet, there is this tradition: the image of my house (of my family, of my temple, *mîthl baytî*) is like Noah's Ark. Whoever embarks on it is saved. Whoever stays behind is swallowed up".

And Henry Corbin: - Noah's Ark is not simply a 73' ark in arithmetical order. It is the *unique centre*. The 72 cease to be sails when, from one or other of them, we reach the centre. It's not a question of moving on, of 'converting' from one square to another, but reaching the centre, because only the centre gives truth to the whole and to each of the 72 squares. To be in the truth is to have won the centre (the *understanding of the centre*). That's what it means to take your place on Noah's Ark. You can embark from any of the 72 squares. That's what they were made for". And Henry Corbin adds the following word: - Irradiation of the One in the units".

The only thing that will count is the seventy-third esoteric brotherhood the one we've said could be called, today, the Brotherhood of Prohibited Salvation, and whose ultimate angelological identity lies beneath the indigo veil of the *Atalanta Fugiens*, or, when it's completely stripped, our young and beautiful Romaine, thescence, the secret agent of Betelgeuse.

JOHN BUCHAN, PROPHET
THE RETURN OF THE OLD GODS. ON
THE OCCULT ACTION OF A
GREAT SOCIETY OF INFLUENCE, THE
HERMETIC BORTHERHOOD OF THE GOLDEN
DAWN IN THE OUTER

It is awakening the god within us that we ourselves become gods once again.

Tomorrow night, nothing will come out here but the Gods.

God had not abandoned us. I knew that Korah had not only been saved, but had triumphed.

John Buchan

Things being what they are, I'm afraid that John Buchan has yet to be fully discovered. In France, but in Britain too. Having spent his life in hiding, covering tracks, has John Buchan, in fact, succeeded too well? As the head of the Intelligence Service and, later, of a number of other strategic bodies, much further back than the Intelligence Service, Lord High Commissioner of the Church of Scotland and Governor General of Canada, John Buchan was one of the great decision-makers of the British Empire.

in the shadows, one of the great occult leaders twentieth-century Europe and Western world history. Someone whose influence lives on, and is still active in the depths.

*Here we are investigating the hidden side of history and the great influential societies. It so happens that behind John Buchan's spiritual and metapolitical career lies the all-powerful, highly occult society of influence which, in its least concealed identity, called itself The Brotherhood of the Golden Dawn in the Outer. In The Three Hostages, a novel published in 1924, John Buchan believed he could the following confession through the mouth one of his characters: *I would be showing false modesty if I did not say that my word carries more weight than that of many Prime Ministers. I work for world peace: in other wordsmy enemies are all those who seek to perpetuate anarchy and war.*

But John Buchan was also a major novelist, the author a highly visionary and quantitatively considerable body work. By what incomprehensible decree of the very dark imbecility prevailing in a degenerate and futile age, is the literature of John Buchan considered, even in Great Britain, to belong exclusively to the reputedly subaltern genre of the 'detective and mystery novel'? John Buchan's written work stands, its clearest and most certain right, at the very pinnacle of English and Western literature, and this position must eventually be recognised in force, and very openly: it will be the task of our generation to ensure that this happens. It will be the task of our generation to ensure that this happens. The in-depth presentation I am proposing here today is therefore intended to be the starting point for the final, decisive reconsideration of John Buchan's written work and, behind it, of the work, still in action, of his most secret destiny, his predestination.

It was Jacques Bergier who, in France, was the first to bring the name of John Buchan to the attention of a very small number of people. This is why the present work is dedicated to the memory of Jacques Bergier, who is still with us. May the small flame of this discreet and affectionate tribute join him subversively in the land of shadows.

Concealment

If some of the best and the greatest among us still confess to being fascinated by John Buchan's writing, and perhaps even more so today than ever before, it is because through the nocturnal and tumultuous development of his novels, Buchan gives himself to be deciphered indefinitely, and that, through the obscure yet significant paths taken by the characters in his novels, and the work of time acting as a revealer, John Buchan appears, in the end, as himself, a dignified shadow of the shadow of his shadow in the century, himself following the crest line of his most hidden destiny.

But what exactly can we now claim to know about the man, the shadowy fighter, the high initiate, the chosen one, about the man John Buchan as seen in the course of his own existence as a man, in the as yet half-veiled figure his true predestination, which must have concerned and undoubtedly continues to influence, subterraneously, the greatest history of the twentieth century in its clandestine with meta-history in action? Nothing that was not deliberately exhibited, imposed through the grid of profound confession that John Buchan created for himself, in parallel with his real life, by his constantly repeated duplication in the increasingly real lives of the characters in his novels. As for the rest, is almost certain that no one will ever know, offered up in advance as a sacrifice to the darkness of history as it unfolds.

And so it will be that, like John Buchan himself, the alternative characters he was forced to offer himself through the perilous subterfuge of his novels of teaching, of mystagogic exhibition, will only come into existence by becoming aware themselves and of their occult, providential mission, and will only advance under the protection a limpid and all-powerful star, the *Spica Scintillans* perhaps, the Spike of the constellation Virgo, the blue star of those who are called, predestined to make history in its depths, outside the sordid and immediate games in which history is played out, subject only to its visible leaders.

And yet, having thought long and hard about the inexplicablealmost hypnotic hold exerted on some of us by John Buchan's performance the trapped exhibition space of his novels, I have nevertheless to understand that the fascination thus experienced by those who

are themselves secretly, very personally concerned by this writing with its mediumistic powers and providential illumination, stems from the presence within it - a presence that is mysteriously always at work, radiating, and as if constantly over-activated - of an abyssal archetype, an original and supremely polar figure who would not be without maintaining privileged relations with the traditional doctrine concerning the King of the World, as this came to be updated by René Guénon.

Privileged relationships, I said, and I intend to maintain them. But however privileged they may have been, they will nonetheless remain rather *special*. For, in John Buchan's work, the traditional figure of the King of the World, his Guénonian figure, never appears directly, I mean as such. Omnipresent in John Buchan's work, the Guénonian figure of the King of the World will nevertheless resign himself to a spectral, nocturnal status, based on dissimulation. Isn't one of his greatest novels called, precisely, *The Priest John*? But his Prêtre *Jean* is Ethiopian, his Roi du Monde is black. Black, at once exhibited and concealed by the darkness of his kingdom of darkness. Black, why black? Did John Buchan and his followers know so well that the *time had not yet come*, that they should not yet leave the shelter of this black night, this great night, the amnesiac shelter of *Ananuvedya*? This is what we must try to understand.

Astrum Argentinum

John Buchan pretends never to think of joining the absolute centre, the Ultimate Pole of the vast transhistorical machinations of which, however, he almost always ends showing himself to be the high official in the shadows, like another John Priest hidden in the darkness of his clandestinity, out of reach because he is outside history (or as if it had been). The characters in John Buchan's novels - and, consequently, John Buchan himself - are never intended to be anything more than delegates in place, agents of a power that is often very high up, but that is a never-ending *intermediary*, rigorously subject to lieutenantancy and that will never allow itself to be surprised under the polar identity of the Supreme Power. The polar empowerments of the characters

John Buchan's light will always be delegated to them, sent to them from elsewhere, and the formidable light that they sometimes convey can only be, in any , a reflected light, essentially lunar, the very light of the *Astrum Argentinum*. A light which is also, and why not point this out, the inner light of the steepest paths of Tantra. In the dazzling mirror of the immaculate heart of the One Mistress, let us see, as in a dream, the white silver light of the moon of our eternal September.

And if John Buchan's novels are immersed in the shimmering light of the moon, and if his characters negotiate and offer a light comes to them only from John Buchan himself, an indirect, deported, mediumistic light, it is because they are purposely kept in the theurgic blindness of the sun's non-appearance, *waiting for the hour to come*, and that, in this waiting, - Osiris is a Black God". And Hans Carossa: "There, what was abandoned can rest in the expectation of a new form, until the day when another youth dreams of it again. The only sacred office in dark times is to hide and preserve".

One question, then, should inevitably arise: are the relationships that John Buchan has with the characters in his novels, who represent him or, rather, who represent him in them, the same as those that govern the distance between John Buchan himself and the King of the World? And also: is John Buchan, in his written work, in his work of destiny, the lunar, subversive and active representation of someone else? John Buchan, in *The Power Plant*: "As for me, I did not have to reveal this mystery. Had I even tried, I would not have succeeded, for no one would have believed me without proof, and the proof I had could not be produced in public". But, he also says, *the parte must last until there is an antipact*.

Once again: John Buchan never claimed to be anything other than an intermediary delegate of the Ultimate Pole, barely a shadow of his former self. So his sole responsibility for the manoeuvres and counter-manoevres that were unable to prevent the politico-historical neutralisation of Edward VIII and his abdication in 1936 did not stem from a failure of his own making, but from the very secret of the higher fatality of that failure. In any case, it was Edward VIII's abdication, so mysterious, that broke the Pact through the Ântipact, and defeated the work of the Ânpact.

This was an organisation theurgic action within which the Adeptus *Exemptus* John Buchan answered to the secret name of *Astrum Argentinum*. Now, in the pontifical institution, as yet unnamed, which united within itself - by which I mean bridged the between them - both National Freemasonry in Great Britain, of which Edward VIII was, by his own right, Grand Master for life, and the Hermetic Confraternity of the Golden Dawn in the Exterior, Edward VIII was himself called by the mystical name of *Astrum Argentinum*, just like John Buchan in the Golden Dawn. A disturbing coincidence if ever there was one.

Light from elsewhere, astral light, light carried , light carried towards dawn: the sun, the only sun that had very secretly been extinguished at that time - at the time of Edward VIII's abdication, in 1936 - by making the double *Astrum Argentinum* of its highest occult delegation darken, must therefore remain nameless and unnamed *until the end*, another sun comes to us from where the previous one was extinguished.

Nevertheless, in 1924 and under the sole cover of the novelistic convention, an ambiguous convention tainted with all the suspicions of double-dealing, John Buchan could well declare: "I would be showing false modesty if I did not say that my word carries more weight than that many Prime Ministers. I work for the peace of the world: that is to say that my enemies are all those who seek to perpetuate anarchy and war".

The weapons of virginity

Everything begins and ends, each time, with a return to a hidden mountain, a return to the ontologically situated "citadel of vertigo", "somewhere in the Far North". In a fundamental initiatory text the instructions of Abdul Fazl to Hassan, son of Sabbah better known as the Old Man of the Mountain, hidden grand master of the Order of Assassins and lord of the "citadel of vertigo" of Alamoût, it is written: "Do you remember? I told you about a mountain in the far north. I'll tell you how to get there. You'll have to

that you walk a long way. But even before you there, the true masters of Iran will have been warned, and will be waiting for you*. The "true masters of Iran", or rather the true *masters of the world, because* there is, and has never been, any real power other than absolute power, and all absolute power is occult power. Thus someone wants, someone wants himself, someone is very occultly the absolute master of a hidden command group, and this group, as by that very fact, directs subterraneously, exercises its power unconditionally in this world and in the next. All total power is occult, all occult power is total power. But is not every power group on earth also the veiled figure of a constellation living in the heights?

In a page that I certainly consider to be definitive, Julius Evola sets out to define as closely as possible, or better still, as closely as possible, the transcendental concept of the occult brotherhood, seen as a group of spiritual mobilisation, influence and control which, living and acting covertly, exercises its power both in the visible and in the invisible. This address is found at end of *The Hermetic Tradition*, and therefore relates more specifically to the transhistorical brotherhood of those who see themselves as having reached the end of what has come to be called *the philosophical work*, a work which the unknown man from the Palais-Royal said should return, and even bring back, each time - Scotland to the Stuarts, the Ile-de-France to the Valois and Sicily to the Hohenstaufen".

For it is to the interior that these paths lead, and even to the interior of interior. Every nebulous continuity blood, every community of civilisation and profound destiny has, at the innermost, most forbidding level of its core ontological affirmation in history and beyond history, a group, a brotherhood whose occult ministry ensures the perpetuation of the original form, the continuity of genetic meaning and word of its immaculate conception, its limpid pre-ontological nativity. Yet it is here, at the level of the emptiness of the original void, that the abysmal difference between what the high theosophist Henry Corbin calls the *nihil a quo omnia fiunt*, 'the nothingness from which all things arise', and the *nihil a quo nihil fit*, 'the nothingness from which nothing proceeds', where everything tends to fall back and disappear, is inexorably revealed and imposed. The first of these two pre-ontological nothingnesses, the *nihil a quo omnia fiunt*, tragically appeals to the permanent values of life

in its deepest identity, of heroic self-transcendence and survival as the ultimate goal existence open to peril. The second, on the other hand, *nihil a quo nihil fit*, mobilises a permanent conspiracy for death. Its major allegorical figure can perhaps be found in Franz Kafka: "The sign of incipient knowledge is the desire to die". Should we respond to this, and without interruption, with the active figure of the heroic desire, the tragic and suprahuman desire for survival as a passage, as a lived overcoming of death? Hans Carossa, *To He Who Will Come*: "And if you find lines engraved in the stones, under the dust of the roads, trodden by countless footsteps - no one knows any more that these are Sacred Runes, they once had great significance and everyone has unlearned the chant that gave these signs a living magical power - then, above all, don't show your tears. Collect these finds and dedicate them silently to the Kingdom of the Mothers. There, what has been abandoned can rest in anticipation of a new form, until the day when another youth dreams of it again. Hiding and preserving, that is the only sacred office in the dark ages". Today, in the occult, only the indirect light of the *Astrum Argentinum* can reach the Sacred Runes.

Thus, in the inner space of the tragedy of the oblivion of being, which conveys the visible or hidden destinies of the West's current nihilistic decline, a decline whose origins lie far behind the late imperial foundations which, in Rome, heralded not the culmination of the unfolding cycle but its very last breath of consciousness, will to be and honour before the entry into the final season of darkness, of our darkness, the revealing sign secret membership of the original vital command group, the transhistoric brotherhood of those who, from age to age, are called to watch over the march of change in our being, will always be an intimate opening, towards what Goethe foresaw as the mystery of the Eternal Feminine, towards what Hans Carossa shows us in the peaceful, pacified form of the Kingdom of the Mothers, and John Buchan in the limpid, radiant face of Virginity in Arms.

In *The Twenty-Sixth Dream*, John Buchan writes : - It was a question of ridding oneself once and for all of the burden of one's past and thus justifying one's unbridled purity, that virginity of spirit beyond all material or human reach; it was question of opening the door

to which he had waited all his life, and to make the most of the long preparation of his youth. Each of them had followed his own destiny, and now these destinies were meeting and had to continue together. There was question of it, no thought of it; it had to be accepted at face value, like the rising sun. And I don't think they were aware of the risk involved in the darkness of those depths". And then, even more clearly: "I remember something Vernon said about the - armed virgin". It suited this girl, and I began to realise the meaning of virginity. True purity, I thought, in a man or a woman, went far beyond the narrow, merely sexual conception that is usually attributed to it. It meant keeping oneself, as the Bible says, free from all the defilements of the world, remaining free all terror and all stain, whether of the body or of the spirit, preventing the whole universe from touching even the outskirts of the sanctuary that is the soul.

It had to be a challenge, with not the passive purity of crystal, but that of the sword, shining and striking. Virginity meant nothing unless it was armed".

Wasn't Alamoût's "citadel of vertigo", infinitely out of reach the citadel of virginity in arms? For, if it is not the high virginity of the citadel that places it beyond reach, what?

Sunrise over the Baltic

Beyond contingencies, even the most obscure ones, beyond prohibitions, beyond the most paroxysmal and immediate antagonisms, beyond all fatality and all oblivion, those who are invited to be part of the brotherhood directly subject to the one whom the Shi'ite theosophist Sayyed Haydar Amoli called, in the fourteenth century, in the *Text of Texts*, in the Nass al-Nosûs, the vertiginous name of Absolute Agent, bear the virginal mark of a predestined love, ⁱⁿ the fourteenth century, in the *Text of Texts*, in the *Nass al-Nosûs*, by the dizzying name of Absolute Agent, bear the virginal mark a merciless predestination in love, more burning and devouring than death. Their profound existential career can only be nourished by the invisible channels that keep them in contact with the Great Mistress, or with her "poor servants" to whom, when it is imperative to do so, the "Great Mistress" sends her "poor servants".

The Grand Mistress will delegate them to act in her name and under her virginal nuptial arms. Marked beings, burnt beings, veiled beings, beings taken elsewhere and who have only apparently returned, beings of absolute power and absolute missions.

Let us agree that membership of the occult command group, membership whose most burning sign of recognition will be, in all circumstances, that of transcendental fidelity, as total as it is pitiless, to the astral figure of the Great Mistress, fail to be veiled membership. But is there anything truly great that must not be seen as if through a quadruple veil? The following lines, taken from John Buchan's novel *Green Coat*, should be seen as the North Star of his entire work. The confession his most astral identity, his dogmatic identity, shines through like a call from beyond this world. Admittedly, this page is likely to quite banal to someone who doesn't know these things that are so difficult to know when they are precisely the things that we must never attempt to know. So perhaps there has never been a page of self-denunciation more *over-read*, and over-read at the very level where everything becomes at once extremely clear and extremely forbidding, a clear opening towards the unreadable and the very extreme danger of this very opening when it suddenly appears in the path of those who have chosen to really go for it.

• Women," writes John Buchan in *Green Coat*, "have acquired a kind of implacable logic which we shall never understand. Some of them, and I mean the best, take life far too seriously, almost tragically, while men too often get away with subterfuge. These elite women attain a degree of knowledge infinitely superior to that of the most gifted men, because they penetrate straight to the heart of things. There has never been a being closer to the divine than Joan of Arc. Likewise, they are more capable of damning themselves than we are, precisely they take themselves too seriously. There are no intrinsic obstacles in their way. They stop their meteoric course to take stock. They smile to seduce, to give, to humiliate, never to judge themselves. There is no superman. There are a few unconscious people here and there who make disorganised, almost superhuman efforts to become one. But the more they think they succeed,

the more mediocrity afflicts them. The most common type of these agitators is the one who claims to become Napoleon simply by shooting the Duc d'Enghien. But there is another woman. Her name is Hilda von Einem.

And what is she like, this mysterious Hilda von Einem, the Supreme Delegate of the Grand Mistress? Hilda von Einem's face fascinated me. I've already said that she was a queen, and I stand by that. She had the soul of a conqueror. And also: "Hieratic slenderness, long lustrous hair, a very pure oval face, eyes of a grey as luminous as a sunrise over the Baltic".

In *Manteau Vert*, the linchpin of the Berlin-Baghdad transcontinental railway project, Hilda von Einem is a secret agent in Kaiser Wilhelm II's politico-strategic services, acting under the direct orders of Colonel de Nicolai.

Golden Dawn on outside

Excessively little known in France, John Buchan's written work, though more than abundant, and even quite notorious - entitled *Memory Hold-the-Door*, his admirable *autobiographical reminiscences*, first published in London in 1940, already comprise some thirty editions - a work comprising major novels, short stories, memoirs and essays, historical and military works, several autobiographical approaches, belongs entirely to the irresistible groundswell of irrationalist, mystagogic and very effectively theurgic activism manipulated covertly, nurtured and exacerbated by the mysteriosophically influential society of the *Golden Dawn in the Outer*, whose aims, even today, appear to persist in keeping their eminent secrecy intact. An irresistible irrationalist groundswell whose marching line brought together, in the troubled and infinitely disturbing Britain the late nineteenth and first half of the ^{twentieth} centuries, such prestigious names Arthur Machen, Algemon Blackwood, E.G. Bulwer-Lytton, Bram Stoker, Sax Rohmer, A.E. Waite, Aleister Crowley, Talbot Mundy, Dennis Wheatley, William Butler Yeats - the latter a future Nobel Prize winner - and many others. - For the world of John Buchan, wrote our beloved Jacques Bergier in his fascinating *Admirations*, is the world of the "great and the good".

the real world, where the great adventures and changes of humanity take place, where Empires are made and unmade".

Founded in London in 1887 by distinguished migrants from the *Societas Rosicruciana in Anglia* (SRIA), including William Wynn Westcott and Samuel Liddell Mathers, the former an examining magistrate and the latter a professional occultist, the Hermetic Confraternity of the Golden Dawn Outside remains, without any doubt whatsoever, the spiritual group of occult influence and control which, from Great Britain - but also from France and, in a much more protected way, from Germany - has most predetermined the invisible and, a fortiori, the visible course of world history in the twentieth century. Indeed, if it was indeed from Paris that, for obscure reasons, 'l'Imperator à l'Aube Dorée à l'Extérieur, Samuel Liddell Mathers, directed, and with what an iron hand, the destinies of his hermetic confraternity, the truly fundamental figure of the innermost 'command group' from which Samuel Liddell Mathers himself had received his empowerments, was, as we now know, a rather mysterious German woman, named Anna Sprengel (< the most mysterious being of this century" had called her Aristide Briand, who was another). For, in fact, everything was happening as if Anna Sprengel had really the sole possessor of the 'ultimate powers' and, above all, of the secret of the procedures - Enochian, it would seem to me - allowing and maintaining direct contact with the Unknown Superiors of the *Golden Dawn in the Outer*, with the -Exterior Intelligences", the -Great Beings" of -galactic", or -interstellar" identity, whose -supra-polar" abode is -far outside the last conceivable limits of this world".

Anna Sprengel, Countess of Landsfeldt (disappeared in 1891 or, rather, 'committed elsewhere'), was the natural daughter of King Ludwig I of Bavaria and the beautiful and unfortunate Lola Montés. These things remain very obscure. A social adventuress and even a semi-mondaine, a dancer, a necromancer, a secret agent (double, triple, quadruple), a medium of the thought societies, or so-called thought societies, acting in the wake of the Bavarian Illuminati, who were known to be sponsored by Berlin, Lola Montés appeared like a dazzling meteor in the interloped sky of the romantic and occultist 19th century. The fact that Lola Montés was given the

Hereditary title of Countess of Landsfeldt, Louis 1st of Bavaria paid for it with his throne. A truly superior machination, to be compared with abdication of Edward VIII, which, as we know, happened, at least in appearance, for rather similar reasons (it all ties together). But if the path of the unfortunate Lola Montés, first Countess of Landsfeldt, was most equivocal, if not much worse, her daughter, Anna Sprengel, was called to a different destiny. As if by redemption, Anna Sprengel, who was and was not of the Wittelsbach family, had to experience paths whose unsuspected interstellar escape restored to her, and how exalted, the full elevation of her royal provenance.

Let's face it, everything always happens behind the scenes. And then, suddenly, the mystery thickens. Is the light of the Golden Dawn outside made of darkness? "If your light is darkness, what darkness" (Mat., VI, 23).

The real knowledge, the fearsome knowledge," writes John Buchan in *The Powerhouse*, "is still kept secret. But, believe me, it exists". Because, as John Buchan says, if "civilisation is only a pact", we must also know that "the greatest minds are outside what we call civilisation", and that their secret dream, their iron dream, is to take everything, and the world itself, back to "the age of Saturn". These "anonymous intelligences,

John Buchan speaks of, reveal their formidable concentrations of forces, their 'cosmological commissions', from time to time, through some 'catastrophic manifestation'. The gigantic spiritual and theurgic whirlwind provoked in the oceanic depths of Western consciousness by the fiery manipulations of *Go den Dawn in the Outer* was thus answered by the revolutionary counterwhirlwind, metapolitical and cosmological whirlwind that was to sweep through twentieth-century Europe and set it ablaze - from the Atlantic to the Urals - all the better to precipitate it into that "catastrophic manifestation", as John Buchan would have put it that terrible supra-historical adventure of the Third Reich and the dark, abysmal deviation of Hitler, whose final failure we had to accept.

In any case, as far as I know, no one has yet tackled head-on the problem of John Buchan's membership of the Hermetic Confraternity of Golden Dawn I. Yet it is precisely this omission that is most likely to prevent, if not prohibit, us from identifying the true centre of gravity of Buchan's work and life.

John Buchan and his own mystery. For, as I have already said, there is a mystery in the very person of John Buchan, in his true activities and in his deep-seated, unavowed and unacknowledged options, and finally in his *mission*. His *mission*, I mean, as predestination, as the veiled cipher of a destiny totally committed to a unique and great task. In *The Three Hostages*, which I consider to be the novel that contains the most secret key to his enterprise, the very key to the way in which his work as a whole is ciphered, John Buchan writes : - I have made a place for myself in the world, but the figure the world sees of me represents only a very small part of myself".

It has now been established that the *Hermetic Brotherhood of the Golden Dawn in the Outer* resurfaces, emerging from history as a protective night every twenty years: 1922, 1942, 1962, 1982. It is the renewal of the rite that demands it, on pain of extinction. It is also thanks to the renewal of the rite that, since 1982, John Buchan has been inviting us to a decisive revisiting of its great, its very great assignation.

Biographical

Made Baron Tweedsmuir of Elsfield in 1935, after having been Lord High Commissioner of the Church of Scotland, John Buchan was born on 26 August in Perth, the son of the Reverend John Buchan of Boughton Green (Peeblesshire), pastor of the Calvinist Perth Free Church, and of a mother from the rugged farming community on the edge of the Lothians, south of the Gulf of Forth. In July 1907, the future author of the extraordinary *The Courts of the Morning* married Susan Charlotte Grosvenor, a woman who was the more fascinating for having always managed to keep out of the foaming eddies and terrible traps of the double life of the man to whom she was to give five children.

For it was also the case that, in parallel with his career a successful lawyer, publisher and novelist, John Buchan was very soon drawn into the very special world of intelligence, or rather of the "He came to South Africa in 1901, at the auspicious age of twenty-six, the age of the *twenty-sixth dream*, when Lord Milner brought him with him to South Africa. And, once introduced to the

As a member of the lordly brotherhood of "night men", he never left (and no one ever leaves or forgets once they are in). Director of Strategic Services and Propaganda in the Lloyd George cabinet after had cover, before the war, operational missions in South-East Europe - Budapest, Belgrade, Bucharest, Sofia, Istamboul, Odessa, the "grand quadrille" - and, during the war, He was appointed Governor General of Canada in 1939. He died in Montreal on 11 February 1940, in circumstances that, sad as it seem, still involve certain amount of uncertainty.

If, as Jean-Pierre Deloux points out, John Buchan harboured "the strong feeling that the First World War, a European civil war, marked the beginning of the decadence of the countries of the old continent and, above all, the end of a humanist conception of the world, corresponding to the end of Christianity", we can imagine without too much difficulty what must have been intimate attitude, even the secret, dramatic and eminently dangerous choices at that time, of Baron Tweedsmuir of Elsfield, Governor General Canada, towards the Atlantic anti-continental line which, after 1939, was that of the new political power in place in London, at the Foreign Office and above all within the politico-strategic services which were engaged, under the nefarious influence of Lord Rothschild and his damned soul, Kim Philby, a merciless battle against Germany's great-continental positions. Through the machinations that led to the infinitely suspicious abdication of Edward VIII, the dark forces in the service of nothingness and 'dark outsiders' long at work in London had been able to carve out a straight, unstoppable path to the terrible planetary catastrophe of the conflagration of 1939-1945, designed to lead to the politico-historical collapse of Europe, and it did. The new political power established in London after the abdication Edward VIII had chosen, as a subcontractor but irrevocably, to wage all-out war, total planetary war. But John Buchan's deep double had also long since, and no less irrevocably chosen peace, peace at all costs, the unconditional peace of the total party of total peace. What the old *Societas Rosicruciana in Anglia*, the original matrix of the

Hermetic Brotherhood of the Golden Dawn in the Outer, called the *Pax Profunda*. It was this choice that was to cost him his life, and I'm not the only one who knows this. Others will come back to this.

In *The Three Olagas*, a novel published in 1924, John Buchan had one of his characters make this prophetic and, how can I put it, far-reaching admission, which I will be quoting for the third time: "*I would be showing false modesty if I did not say that my word carries more weight than that many Prime Ministers. I work world peace: in other words, my enemies are all those who seek to perpetuate anarchy and war.*" That says it all, and with a clarity that is, in any case, unsurpassable. The rest came inevitably.

Called upon to live and act in the eye of the storm, at the very heart of the whirlwind of visible and invisible forces whose confrontation decides the destiny of the world, at the very place where, on razor's edge, - as Jacques Bergier put it - the great mutations of humanity take place, where - Empires are made and unmade - John Buchan has forged for himself, by the very force of things, a vision of the course of the world and of history that is essentially and inevitably different from the one that is imposed on the masses in order to blind them and manipulate them, the better to lead them to slaughter, a vision that is in a way Gnostic, a transcendental vision of the real reasons, of the irreducible antagonisms that dramatically mark the stages of the final struggle for total domination of history and the world. It is of this transcendental vision, a vision of the decisive infrastructures history, that John Buchan's written work sets out to provide an invaluable, and perhaps unparalleled, testimony. For this prophetic and solitary work conveys a science and secrets of which we really very far from suspecting the real dimensions, the terrible hidden charge that awaits the hour and the immediately operational skills of its formidable future uses. The mechanism of this work, which is trapped at the level of the greatest planetary options, is initiated by a long-term postponement of the as yet unpredictable changes that will redefine the face of the world at the end of this millennium, and this postponement undoubtedly measures the final deadlines of our own pending destiny.

Novels

In the final analysis, John Buchan's written work would therefore follow four main directions of interest and attraction, four poles investigation and testimony, namely (I) the visionary and geopolitical direction, and *geopolitical* in both the highest and most subversively activist sense, focused, this first direction, on the planetary rise of non-European, -anticolonialist- nationalisms, which, much later, a Mao Tsétoung was to call, for his part, the revolutionary nationalisms of the -zones of storm, anti-imperialist, Africa, Asia, Latin America, (H) the essentially theological proposal of a *new advent of* the fundamental spiritual forces of the "great race", which predate not only Christianity but "Western spirituality as a whole". metahistorical and metareligious, a pre-announcement of a new advent of the original ethos of the European nations and their immemorial, anamnesiac gods (*The Three Hostages*: "Something is bursting forth from our deepest and most hidden sources, something that troubles and obscures, something that, once again, will have to change everything. Something is bursting forth from our deepest and most hidden sources, something that confuses and obscures, something that, once again, will have to change everything."), a proposal in which, through the intimate genius of John Buchan, the revived and revivifying genius of the "great race", (III) an encrypted account, often very in-depth, as in *The Three Hostages*, of a number of important *political and strategic issues*, as they say today, .stratospheric., (IV) an activist definition of the new structures of confidential political power, exclusively occult, which will be the *final power* in the era of its planetary deployment, the preliminaries of which are already beginning the first great battles of the metapsychological and ideological war, as we await the hour, now already upon us, of the spiritual and theogonic battles for total domination of the world and world history at its end, battles whose still hidden lines of force have been predetermining us in depths since the beginning of the ^{twentieth} century.

John Buchan presents the global rise of revolutionary nationalism in the Third World, in the world of the non-European planetary thrust, in a visionary way, as follows

Manteau Vert (1916) and *Le Collier du Prêtre Jean* (1910).

As far back as 1916, in *Green Coat*, John Buchan foresaw the current planetary awakening of Islam, and announced with fascinating foresight events which, seventy years later, are now becoming the very events of history in progress. The East," wrote John Buchan, "awaits a revelation promised to it, an advent. It awaits a star, a man, a new prophecy, . And the West knows nothing about it. the Germans do. And also: "Islam is currently a state of immense inner turmoil. Something is shaking it to the core. It is in the midst of a cyclical crisis, you know those crises, those surges of mysticism that periodically set it ablaze. What's more, the common people make no secret of this project. They all agree announcing the imminent appearance of a Saviour, who will restore the Caliphate in all its glory and Islam in all its original purity. This promise is spread by word of mouth throughout the Muslim world and everyone cherishes it in their hearts as a new hope.

And even more precisely: "The Muslims of Iran are fomenting trouble. A dry wind is blowing across the East, and the parched grass is just waiting for a spark. But the wind is also blowing close to the Indian border. Where do you think this wind comes from? John Buchan's visionary thesis was that the mystical-spiritual uprising of Islam would only be conceivable if it were provoked, politically, from outside. For John Buchan, this external support could only come from the imperial Germany of the Hohenzollem. The Kaiser," wrote John Buchan, "declares holy war, calls himself Hajj - Mohammed Wilhelm, and claims that the Hohenzollem are descended from the Prophet. In case, Berlin's grand geopolitical design encompassed - the whole of Europe and the Middle East, from the Rhine to Iran. What John Buchan called "William's dream" did include - the Empires of Charlemagne and Haroun al-Rashid, united on the Berlin-Baghdad, or rather Hamburg-Basora axis". Admittedly, the imperial design of the last Hohenzollem is no longer even in the realm of the mythomaniac dream, but the fundamental geopolitical petition prefigured by John Buchan in *Manteau Vert* remains intact as a politico-strategic structure for transcontinental action, and, if Western Europe still hasn't woken up to it, Eastern Europe is coming to it,

is currently in full force. To see this, we need only look at the most immediate political news. But that is not what we are concerned with here, as we are exclusively concerned with the possible repercussions of metapolitics, and metapolitics alone.

In *The Necklace of the Priest John*, it is indeed the process of national and continental liberation, of the most profound decolonisation, the metapsychological if not already spiritual decolonisation of Black Africa, that John Buchan prophetically glimpses (yet, once again, this book was published in 1910). It is the proof of time that decides the intrinsic value of the prophetic.

The Necklace of Priest John

"I hoped to see," wrote John Buchan, "the day when Africa would once again belong to the masters of its legitimate depths. For the new Africa, in John Buchan's revolutionary vision, is also the oldest Africa, the Africa that predates the degradation of its transhistorical foundations by the alienation of its Western subjugation - democratic and Christian. - Another Ethiopian Empire will be erected, so powerful that the white man will dread its name everywhere", it reads. - In the name of the spirits of the great dead", the charismatic leader of the imperial gathering of the Cafre nations, heir to the hidden stock of the Priest John and reincarnation of the Ancient Serpent *Umkoulou- koulou*, telluric god of the Great Blacks of the North, addresses his warriors painted with fresh blood as follows: - What have you gained from contact with the Whites? A bastard civilisation that has enervated your virility; a religion of lies that has no other purpose than to fasten the chains of slavery around you. You, the former masters of the country, are today the servants of the oppressors. Yet the oppressors are few in number and deep down they are afraid of you. They feast in the palaces of the great cities, but they read the inscription on the wall and their eyes turn anxiously towards the gate where their enemies may already be". On the subject of this "inscription on the wall", Jean-Pierre Deloux wrote in his preface to the latest edition of *Le Collier du Prêtre Jean*: "The inscription to which the black shepherd refers is the mysterious < Mané, Thécel, Pharès" (Compté,

Weighed, Divided) written on the wall in fiery strokes by an invisible hand, as Balthazar, the last regent of Babylon, indulged in a final orgy and Cyrus the Persian took the city. But no one in Babylon could have grasped the meaning of these words, except at the very moment when the city fell. Some esotericists claim that modern man, the man of today, was born at the birth of Babylon*. But if Babylon is so deeply hidden in each of us, then so is the blackest of Ethiopias. For now, in ourselves and around , all is darkness, and all is Ethiopia. And, without knowing it, aren't we all Black Ethiopians? So the last sentence another suicidal vanquished, recorded in his last book - Moeller van den Bruck - was, dramatically, the following: - The beast in man creeps closer. Africa obscuring Europe. We must be the guardians standing on the threshold of the last values".

But isn't the -Great Awakening also, in each of us, and *above all*, the work in the dark of the awakening of the Ancient Serpent, the *Umkouloukoulou*, whose occult mission is to prepare the ways of awakening, the ways of the advent, in us, of -the incarnated spirit of the Priest John?

Le Collier du Prêtre Jean is a book as fascinating as it is perilous to approach, a book destined to convey, in its very writing, a certain magical power. A magical power whose very being and vital impulse, seminalized in it, can no longer cease to be current or actualizable at any moment, nor to react under well-ordered influence of an appropriate recitative. A door is left ajar, according to a clearly defined plan, onto the interior spaces of a power that must be considered abysmal, situated from the outset at the most immediate limit of the intolerable and of the absolute exteriority of what is called upon to announce itself there, to unfold and even, very possibly, to *show* itself there.

In it, John Buchan will give a mediumistically sustained description, or one seen in the deepest sleep, of the coronation of the black pastor Jean Laputa, the last legitimate incarnation of *Umkouloukoulou*, in the dark bowels of the Holy Mountain of the ancient Empire of Ethiopia, in the heart of the secret cave of Rooirand : ■ Suddenly, the blind priest let out a cry of joy: '*God has spoken*', he said. The way is clear. The Serpent returns to the house from which he came. He was a priest and a king, king of kings, commander of armies and ruler of the earth. When he ascended into heaven, he was

left his son the sacred Serpent, symbol of his courage, as a gift from the Most High and as a pledge of love to the chosen people". And the same blind priest continued: - In the name of God, I deliver to the heir of John the Serpent of John". John's heir", said the black pastor John Laputa himself, "John's heir, I stand before you now priest and king. I will be king tomorrow. At this moment I am a priest and I intercede for my people". And John Buchan added: "He prayed as I had never heard him pray before, and he prayed to the God of Israel! It wasn't a pay fetish he was invoking, but a God he had often preached to in Christian churches. I recognised passages from Isaiah, the Psalms, the Gospels, and especially the last two chapters of Revelation. He begged God to forget the sins of his people and to put an end to the slavery of Zion. With a voice of bronze, he then intoned the traditional hymn of Israel's absolute eminence over the other nations".

Theurgy

Over and above the annunciations, procedures and elevations that can more or less be placed in the tradition of Elphas Levi's *Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie*, the theurgic lines of force and the *very influence*, quite direct and even still very much alive, of the ancient cosmogonic - or cosmological - rituals are to be found in the founding ceremonial mediumnally perpetrated in Rooirand's cave, intended to confer the ultimate identity, the 'secret name', and all the high occult powers of the great dominations, transhistoric in their beginnings, who had instituted the order of the world, the order of the worlds before the fatal slide into the cycle ontological diminishment, the last sub-cycle of which, the Kâli-Yuga, is shared with us men of the dark ages.

To conclude, let us also say that the veiled, highly esoteric content of the *Collier du Prêtre Jean (The Necklace of the Priest John)* comprises two levels of impeded reading, two levels of reading and approach that have been deeply deciphered. On the one hand, there is the openly prophetic announcement of the forthcoming rise of the telluric powers of the abyss, the cosmologically

from the original earth and the original blood, whose coming, it has been said, will once again change the face of the world. And this change can only be apocalyptic as one doubts any longer. But, on the other hand, *The Necklace of the Priest John* and the whole of John Buchan's written work (and the *other work* too, for that matter) are part of a whole of subterranean action which, through the writings of the great awakened ones of the *Hermetic Brotherhood of the Golden Dawn in the Outer*, who have been mobilised for this task since the end of the last century, have been dedicated to bringing the new certainty to light, the transcendental remembrance of the hidden but now increasingly active survival of certain transhuman beings, certain galactic entities belonging to long-gone eras, cosmologically deported from the spaces of our life but patiently awaiting their hour, or rather the hour of their Ancient Star, vanished but *which will return*.

The superhuman and perhaps even, in the end, already antihuman adventure begun by the black visionary called Jean Laputa - and, in "Jean Laputa", I will persist in identifying the figure sensed, but *sensed in the dark*, in a prophetic mode of abysmal reversal nocturnal preservation, who, like Jean Laputa, lost everything and, with him, made us lose ourselves completely, and perhaps lose ourselves forever too - could only end up in darkness, and in a disaster commensurate with his forbidden glory. That is why John Laputa decided to display, before plunging into the abyss of a bottomless pit, the stone on which he had had engraved, in advance, the epitaph of his imperial power, lost as soon as it was glimpsed: *Sub his conditorio situm est corpus Joannis, magni et orthodoxi Imperatoris, qui imperium Africanum amplavit, et nullus per annos mundum feliciter rexit*. This reproduces the epitaph on Charlemagne's tomb.

No one will come after me," exclaimed Jean Laputa at the end, the last saviour of a lost race, and a lost saviour himself. *No one will come after me. The men of my race are doomed, and before long they will have forgotten my name. Only I could have saved them. Now they are going where so many others have gone, and John's warriors will servants and slaves*. But isn't this also the final sentence of the twilight of the West, the prophetic figure of the present end of Greater Europe?

Faced with the inescapable end, Jean Laputa bowed his head and accepted his fate.

shadow of destiny. - Disarm, Eros!" he cries. Your long day of ploughing is done. The Serpent will return to the house from whence he came. John's heir will join his ancestors. And then," said John Buchan, "he plunged into the abyss.

But, little by little, everything will eventually reappear in the light of day. The *Hermetic Brotherhood of the Golden Dawn in the Outer* has been able to pursue the secret vertigo of its project to the end, beyond its end. But behind the great spirals of the antigalactic nebulae, in the most forbidding distance, there still persists, and always will, the thin slash of "the ancient Aryan path, thought to have been forgotten" evoked by the Brihadāranyaka Upanishad.

Deep Sleep

However, how did John Buchan manage to reconcile his very fine if not strict observance of Calvinism with his obedient attention, openly declared and pursued to the point of obsession, and his interest, never denied in practice, in the instructions of the post-Elizabethan mystic John Bunyan (1628-1688), whose *Pilgrim's Progress*, as Jean-Pierre Deloux shows, was bedside book and travelling companion, to such an extent that *The Third Adventure of Air. Constance* reflects both its spirit and its composition in an openly referential text - ?

It is therefore the very ambiguity of his attitude towards his own Calvinism (towards his so-called Calvinism) that will bring us closest the truly nocturnal part of John Buchan's work, a part teeming with ardent passion and mystery, by turns Apollonian, Dionysian and Orphic, but relatively marginal, which includes the novels, the short stories through which, like Arthur Machen, Algernon Blackwood, he confesses himself intimately convinced of the imminence, even the permanence of an eternal return, of an eternity, of an eternity, like Arthur Machen, the Algernon Blackwood, he confesses himself intimately convinced of the imminence, even the permanence of an eternal return, of an ever new advent of the entities, dark or radiant, of the great European spiritual powers that predate the *Christian saeculum*, before the extinction of the divine whispers in the bocage.

For, under the terrible radiant light of the One Mistress prefigured, at the present time, by Our Lady of the Wind, this

are the ancient Western gods who are returning to support, with their rediscovered breath of life, the work of parousial renewal ordered, within Christianity, by the One Mistress herself, reappearing on the eve of immense cosmological changes, the imminence of which is no longer even a secret. The fact is that anything that is not capable drawing the change the Eucharistic flesh and breath of Roman Christianity, the only living one, is nothing, and *does not exist: that* is how it is. Outside the radiance of the Reappearing One, nothing. There is nothing.

But could it be that the old gods are constantly coming back to us? In *The dancingfloor* (1926), a mystagogic oratorio developing, through a rather sombre group ceremonial and in the still original space of the Greek Islands, the active *anamnesis* of the ancient saving fire, of the *Ekpirosis*, just as in the admirable *The witch wood* (1927), a heart-rending, breathless liturgy of Diana's amorous and murderous pursuits, or in *The Path of King* (1921), a tragic variation on the figure of the "sleeping emperor", of the saving and imperial strain of blood that has mysteriosophically sunk beneath sands of oblivion, sub-history and empty death, John Buchan makes himself the mediumistic and doctrinaire witness to the end of the long dogmatic sleep of the gods whose memory we carry within us, alive and sometimes as powerful as day.

In the French version just released by Nouvelles Éditions Oswald, *The Dancing Floor* is called *Le vingt-sixième rêve* (*The Twenty-Sixth Dream*). And the day will come, I fervently hope, when I will be able to say everything, really everything, that needs to be said about this book of virginal exaltation and crossing of fire, and which brought me back to life, to the heroic vertigo of life on the other shore. I would also like to say everything I can about nebula of mystagogic, amorous and Orphic novels that belong to the same subterranean but luminous stream of John Buchan's half-dreamed-about work: if there is salvation, true liberation, deliverance once again, the very narrow paths on the side of the cliff, above the precipices, must be sought there.

However, if John Buchan's work is finally to be recognised in France, half a dozen more titles need to be translated and published. Only Hélène and Pierre Jean Oswald can take on this elite and inspirational task.

prepared for a long time, and chosen conspiratorially for this purpose, they will do it. The "great external intelligences" demand it with diligence and restraint, with an affectionate and very beautiful firmness.

It is clear, then, that John Buchan's work as a whole appears, and is no doubt intended to be, in all conscience, the visible part, the furrow left by a long and powerful attempt to awaken, to explore the abyss of this season of terrible and black historical and spiritual decay which is the cosmological season of our times, but whose 'ultimate secret' is none other than, precisely, that of the inconceivable awakening, the irrepressible unconscious desire, irrational, forbidden and ceaselessly concealed behind his own nights, which is his desire to tear himself away from the shadows, is precisely that of inconceivable awakening, of the irrepressible unconscious desire, irrational, forbidden and constantly hidden behind its own nights, which is its desire to tear itself away from the shadows, from the darkness of non-being that denies it the entrance, the return to the day, to the indefinitely renewed nativity of being in the auroral horizon of its own advent.

But it has to be said : it is above all in *The Three Hostages* that John Buchan has endeavoured to conceal the bundle of procedures, borrowed, as he himself says, from the writings of the Elizabethan mystagogue and necromancer Michael Scott, procedures which are to serve for the appropriation of this 'ultimate secret' (the *hermeneuma*, as Michael Scott would have said, of the *secreta secretarum*, from the definitively hidden teaching of the Therapists), the 'ultimate secret' that we have identified as that of the procedure to follow to obtain the return of the gods, to make the gods, the god return to us. For, let' remember, *it is through the awakening of the god within us that we ourselves become gods once again*. I would add that the *forbidden pass* is delivered through knowledge, through the lived experience of those who manage to explore, within , the ontological levels of their own states of consciousness, in other words, through the science of the splitting of the self and its awakened control, within oneself and outside oneself. The steep paths of we used to call 'absolute power' also pass through here, and only here. Closer to home, G.I. Gurdjieff also showed this to some people (some, and some not). And Julius Evola. On this subject, see his technical comments on *the Opus Magicum*, in the writings of the UR group. In the darkness of the day, in the midst of which I then awoke," writes Julius Evola, "there remains, however, the echo of the sidereal light, of the *midnight sun*, in the sense that

it is I who am the bearer of this light, where it is now internalised, residing in my heart".

The midnight sun

Mercifully, and thus following the fluidic commands of our Therapists, now long forgotten, these commands, *Les Trois Otages* carries within itself, in the magnetic fields of its writing, its own deciphering grid. And it is in the correct use of this grid that lies the procedure appropriating the 'ultimate secret', given in advance as irreducible, which is lodged therein and of which this novel, as writing, as the mediumistic vertigo of the direct, intimate experience of a second writing, itself constitutes the cipher in action. Now, this inner deciphering grid, on which everything depends in this instance, does appear to be a kind of hypnagogic cantilena in the style of the ancient Gaelic incantations:

• *Search under the midnight sun,
Where the late harvest is sparse, Where the sower
casts his seed
In the furrows of Eden's meadows, Search by the
sacred tree,
The spinner who prophesies and can see nothing'.*

See nothing, see everything. For, as John Buchan's *The Twenty-sixth Dream* says - and why shouldn't we find our own account in this - "in the night of tomorrow, nothing will come out of here but the Gods".

THE SET TALISMAN AND THE GATES OF THE ABYSS

Where the heart had been, there lay the Stone of the Seven Stars.

Bram Stoker

The fourteenth piece

I owe an old and very serious debt of honour Dennis Wheatley's occultist and initiatory novel, *The Devil rides out*, the title of which becomes, in its French version, and very fortunately perhaps, *Les Vierges de Satan*(1).

Through a certain approach to John Buchan, we have already taken an interest in the occult activities of the great influential societies, in the underground investment of a certain part of Western history by the Hermetic Confraternity at the end of the nineteenth century and during the first half of the twentieth.

1. Dennis Wheatley, *Les Vierges de Satan*, novel in two volumes. Nouvelles Éditions Oswald, Paris 1984. Translated from the English and introduced by François Truchaud in the collection of occultist novels directed by Hélène Oswald. Original covers by Jean-Michel Nicollet.

of *the* Golden in the Outer. An investment which, moreover, nothing can prevent from continuing, over and over again, in the oceanic, abyssal depths of a certain Western history of the world, both 'planetary' and 'final'.

Now, not only was Dennis Wheatley not himself a member of the *Golden Dawn*, but *Les Vierges de Satan* (*Satan's Virgins*) conveys - obviously as part of a concerted and far-reaching future plan - the barely quantified history of the last great battle undertaken by the hidden leaders of the Golden Dawn to safeguard the metahistory and the simplest freedom of being of Great Britain and, by extension, of Europe as a whole. A battle, however, which, despite the salvific conclusion of Dennis Wheatley's novel, was won in principle only to be lost in terms of what actually had to happen next.

Indeed, believing in the late confidences of a former ambassador of my friends, who was stationed in London between the two wars, and who thus had to know many fearsome and obscure things, Dennis Wheatley's novel which we present here would be, in reality, something like the ■ diary of the terrible confrontation that brought the high officials of the party of the Power of Darkness and those of the party of the Power of Light into direct and very ruthless opposition, albeit in the most rigorous clandestinity. Or, to use Dennis Wheatley's own vocabulary, those on the "path of the Left" to those on the "path of the Right". Or again, to use the terminology of Saint Ignatius of Loyola and the Society of Jesus - after all, Dennis Wheatley borrows his terms from certain Tibetan doctrines - those who, in the Meditation on the Two Standards, take their stand under the Standard of Satan, and those who take their stand under the Standard of Christ.

Be that as it may, in Dennis Wheatley's novel, *The Virgins of Satan*, the two parties, the two ontologically irreconcilable camps - in fact, the camp of non-being and the camp of being - are brought to dramatically measure their forces in the visible and invisible around an object with a power of cosmological irradiation out of all proportion, namely the mysterious Talisman of Set.

So what does this fearsome Talisman of Set consist of? Inconceivable as it may seem, Dennis Wheatley has no hesitation

I'm hardly prepared to reveal it in *Les Vierges de Satan*, in all clarity, believing no doubt, and perhaps rightly, that *it will be seen as nothing but fire*. Emperor of divine and solar origin and god himself, Osiris, polar lord of Ancient Egypt, was treacherously assassinated by his own brother, the warrior, the hunter Set. Isis, Osiris' imperial and divine wife, herself a polar goddess and mistress of the starry vault, finds and saves Osiris' remains and, in order to safeguard the divine lineage, has them magically sown: from these necromantic and divine nuptials, however, Horus, the great Falcon God of early imperial Egypt, will be born. Set, however, ended up seizing the remains of Osiris a second time and, to ensure their magical disintegration into nothingness, cut them up - in the most appalling cosmological liturgy dedicated to blackness - into fourteen pieces, which he scattered and had hidden, buried in fourteen different places in Egypt.

For the rest, I'll leave the floor to Dennis Wheatley himself, who, through the mouth of the Duke of Richleau - supreme leader of the group of agents of the Power of Light that Dennis Wheatley presents to us, in action, in *The Virgins of Satan* - will be led to make some unusual revelations. These revelations are as follows:

- Years later, Horus, the son of Isis, the Great God, the Falcon of Light, who spread his blessings over the human race and lifted the veil of darkness that Set's treachery had caused to fall over the world, became master of the Empire. Isis then travelled the country, searching for the different parts of her husband's body. She did not try to reunite them, but each she found one of them, she erected a great temple in his memory. Finally, she managed to find thirteen pieces of the body, but she never found the fourteenth. Set had had it carefully embalmed and had kept it precious. It was for this reason that, although he routed Set in three successive battles, Horus never managed to defeat him completely. The part that Set had kept was the most powerful of all enchantments. The phallus of his brother, the Dead God. In the secret histories of esotericism, we learn that it has been mentioned many times since then. For long periods over the centuries, his trace was completely lost. But each time

when he was found, he brought great evil and calamity upon the world.

The Eye of Horus

But what Dennis Wheatley fails to mention, and perhaps quite willingly, is that the thirteen places chosen to contain the remains of the Skinned God - or fourteen, if we count the Empty Tomb that Set had not failed to have dug and established for the Phallus of Osiris, which he fanatically kept close to him - together constituted the figuration on earth - and this without the dark Set and his followers having the slightest awareness of what was driving them to proceed in this way - a very distant polar constellation. In the depths of the heavens, this constellation was to keep alive, made up over the next fourteen millennia of fourteen fiery stars, motionless and yet moving, *the reminder of the day and hour when the God of the Fallen would have to return to life, find his own body and his own breath gloriously intact in their original unity, so that the Reconstituted God can once again bring earth the fading light of the Previous Order, of which he had been at the "imperial victim, the crown and the sun"*.

What, one might ask, is this distant polar constellation that constitutes the *reminder figure* that guards the secret of the imperial return of Osiris, or of what this return will mean *at that time*: 'was and still is one of the greatest theurgical and cosmological secrets of the Golden Dawn in the Exterior and, to my knowledge, only Bram Stoker, another of its great leaders, has lifted the black and green veil that has covered this problem for so long. Even then Bram Stoker himself only managed to do so in a roundabout way, saying things half-heartedly and as if in reverse, and nevertheless taking considerable risks. In any case, he did it in one of his best-known novels, *The Jewel of Seven Stars* (published in French in an excellent translation by Jacques Parsons under the title, once, *Le Joyau des Sept Étoiles*).

Finally, if it is the Eye of Horus that will later, long afterwards, become the active symbol of the final reconstitution of the body, of the being of Osiris supplicated, divided in death, it is because the Eye of Horus also represents, and very precisely, the symbol - the Eye of Horus.

occult constellation which, in the farthest celestial north, watches over the imperial return of Osiris at the end of the fateful fourteen millennia.

On the other hand, it is also the Eye of Horus that will have to constitute the inner rallying sign *the Golden Dawn*, which also sets out to hermetically reconstitute the lost and, as it were, indefinitely prevented unity of the greatest Anterior Empire: Egypt is there, or at least *that Egypt*, whenever the rediscovered unity of an awakening consciousness becomes the consciousness of the unity of a world that is rediscovered.

So it is indeed the Eye of Horus that, in the millennia of darkness, maintains, itself a burning carbuncle, the inextinguishable flame of the dogmatic immemoriality of the Anterior Order and of the Hyperborean trace Osiris, and what the Eye of Horus is in the Abysses Above, the Talisman of Set is also in the Abysses Below. In certain circles, which are considered to be singularly competent, it is claimed that the last Egyptian holder of the Talisman of Set was the great queen Hatshepsut, and that with her disappearance, whose remains, if any have never been found, the all-powerful black relic - the Talisman of Set - has been lost.

— or, rather, *converted to black* in such a tragic, subversive and ungodly way — disappeared into the invisible, only to reappear five or six times before the present day. I would also remind you that the action of Dennis Wheatley's novel, which deals with this subject in the present tense, takes place in London in 1934. And the great divine and cosmological battle that is subject of *Satan's Virgins* is, in any case, only the recent culmination of a cosmogonic battle that began fourteen thousand years ago, and which will only come to an end in a future which, while now completely imminent, is nonetheless essentially undefined, the object of a profound ban on knowledge.

The last time it was historically seen in action, the Talisman of Set was still in the hands of Attila, King of the Huns and "Scourge of God", from whom it was, however, very audaciously stolen by a secret agent from Byzantium, on a "diplomatic mission" to his court. Attila had the "all-powerful black relic" stolen from him in 451, just before the continental battle of the Catalaunian Fields, where Aetius was to defeat him once and all, and cut his great "steppe armies" to pieces. For such is the law of the Talisman of Set: who holds it holds everything, who loses it loses everything.

Hypnotics

Acting under the effective direction of the former Canon Damien Mocata, defrocked in Lyons in 1892, the higher action group practising the "Sentier de Gauche" (Left Path), whose incredible plans Dennis Wheatley would reveal in *Les Vierges de Satan*, was preparing to do what was necessary to open a hidden door to the powers and constitutions of the Dark Powers in the invisible defensive enclosures of our world. Opening a secret door to the Powers That Be was the ultimate aim of the black enterprise led, in the front line at least, by the former Canon Damien Mocata: this opening would have enabled the Powers That Be to invisibly take over the world we live in, to subvert and alienate it and, ultimately, to deliver it to nothingness and *annihilation*. And this, in particular, through the unleashing of a new world war. In *Satan's Virgins*, we are in London in 1934. It was the planetary war of 1939-1945 that was at stake: the group of secret agents of the Dark Power working under the direction of the former Canon Damien Mocata were fighting to bring it about, while those of the Light Power, assembled under the orders of the Duke of Richleau, intended to oppose it by means possible. Like John Buchan, the Duke of Richleau was also able to confess: "I work for world peace, which to say that my enemies are all those who seek perpetuate anarchy and war". If the Hermetic Confraternity of the Golden Dawn Outside professed a doctrine of overall metahistorical action, this could only be intended as the active weapon of the Hermetic concept of Profound Peace, the mysterious *Pax Profunda* of the ancient Rosicrucians.

Now, for them to be able to open this fatal door, the former canon Damien Mocata and his followers, irrevocably determined to bring the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, of the *Mahapralaya* - or Great Dissolution - into barely preserved enclosure of our world, needed a theurgic and cosmological fulcrum equal to the dizzying height of the dark task they had set themselves: In this case, that support could only come from the Talisman of Set. But they still had to find it, and this had to be done before anything else.

On this subject, Dennis Wheatley's *Les Vierges de*

Satan, the following dialogue: "The Talisman of Set," repeated de Richleau, almost in a whisper. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. War, pestilence, famine and death. We all know what happened the last time these four terrible entities were unleashed to cloud the brains of statesmen and rulers*. "You're referring to the Great War, I bet," said Rex. "Of course I am, and all initiates know that it started because one of the most appalling Satanists who ever lived discovered one of the secret doors through which the Four Horsemen could pass and hurl them at the world. He was greatest Black Magician the world had known for centuries. He was the one who discovered one of the *gates* through which the Four Horsemen could come and feast on blood and destruction, and I know that the Talisman of Set is another *gate*. Europe is now ripe for further unrest and, if the Four Horsemen are unleashed more, it will be [*Armageddon* finale. We have to kill Mocata he gets hold of the talisman and prevents him from plunging the world into another war. François Truchaud, the translator of *Les Vierges de Satan*, offers the following note in the basement: - Dennis Wheatley's premonition of the Second World War (Nazi Germany in 1934 was already a threat) should be noted in passing, although, despite sequence of events described in this book, it seems that *other Mocata* have taken over to bring about a second conflict.

But, as we have just seen, the Talisman of Set was lost, having vanished without trace fifteen centuries earlier. To find it, the former Canon Mocata and his - black Ethiopians - could only have recourse to clairvoyance, the greatest kind of clairvoyance.

At the end of long years of astrological and mediumistic research, the former Canon Damien Mocata finally came into contact with someone quite unique for the destiny of his work of darkness: the young London banker Simon Aron, whose chart, showing an infinitely *significant* Mars-Saturn conjunction, considerably enhanced his extraordinary mediumistic qualities, making him a conduit, an absolutely irreplaceable gateway to the *lost place*, to the *very place* where the Talisman of Set was still to be concealed. In the words of the Duke of Richleau, Dennis Wheatley explains: "They intended to make use of the conjunction of certain stars that took place - a conjunction that would have the effect of making the Talisman of Set invisible.

when Simon was born, and *tonight for a second time*, in order to launch an invocation through him. To summon some familiar dark demon, an elemental spirit, an earth-bound being or even some terrible intelligence from what we know Hell, in the hope of obtaining certain information they require.

Now here is precisely what Simon Aron, plunged into deep hypnosis and kept in his slippage by the leaden hypnagogies of the Ritual of Saturn, was to reveal to the former Canon Damien Mocata - and still according to the information produced by Denis Wheatley - about the place where the Talisman of Set is currently hidden: "When Attila died, the Greek hid it and took it to his own country. On his return to the city of Janina, it became possessed by demons and was handed over to the monks of the monastery above Metsovo, in the mountains twenty miles to the east of the city. They were unable to expel the demons from his body and locked him up in an underground cell. It was there that he buried the talisman before dying. Seven years later, the cells demolished and replaced by a crypt built on the same site, below the main church. The talisman remained intact in its original hiding place. Its power gradually perverted the whole community, instilling lustful and greedy desires in the monks, to such an extent that the order disintegrated and was finally disbanded before the Turkish invasion. The chapel to the left of the crypt was built on the site where the talisman is buried.

Simon Aron had been Mocata's greatest chance of success. But it was also Simon Aron who lost him: for it was only with the intention of saving him from fatal influence Exchanon Mocata that the Duke of Richleau found himself obliged to attack the defrocked Satanist from Lyon and his *circles of users*, and, by attacking him, to discover his true war aims in the invisible, his ultimate occult cosmological and apocalyptic designs.

What the ex-Chanon Mocata didn't know, and he really shouldn't have allowed himself not to know, was that young Simon Aron already belonged to the immediate entourage of the Duke of Richleau himself.

Then, the second secret crack in the mediumistic fortress of former canon Damien Mocata, far more unpredictable than the one Simon Aron provoked, was that of

his own working medium, a young Anglo-Hungarian aristocrat called Tanith. Tanith, of dazzling beauty and youth, was to be *turned* by the Duke of Richleau just as she was about to receive the satanic mark from the very Goat of Mendes, and subsequently driven to assume it, in a rather confidential way - even in Dennis Wheatley's account of the story, in which Tanith's real work is somewhat overshadowed - the devastating ministry of the very woman who, in the Apocalypse of Saint John, appears as the *Woman in the Cloak of the Sun*. Who will crush the head of the serpent with her heel. And whose true identity, her identity that is both abysmal and dogmatic, while not exactly what we might be tempted to believe, justifies, in the preceding lines, the apparently excessive use of a word like *even*, with a high closing power.

Tanith, or Forbidden Invocations

I would add, however, that Dennis Wheatley's description of Tanith is more than revealing, too revealing, perhaps, for her not to pass unnoticed, or at least *as unnoticed*: "As the Duke admired her shining hair and tranquil eyes, for a moment he thought of a painting by Botticelli. She had, he thought, that angelic look that has nothing religious in it, peculiar to women who were born outside time that should have been theirs; the blonde virgin, to the superficial eye, whose veins are shot through with a liquid fire that is only waiting to ignite. A rare model from the *fifteenth century* who should have lived in Borgia Italy".

At the beginning of this article, I said that I personally felt a deep debt of honour towards some of the things Dennis Wheatley had to reveal in *Satan's Virgins*.

In this book, two decisive battles will pit the parties of non-being and being against each other, embodied respectively by the camp of former Canon Damien Mocata and that of the Duke of Richleau.

The first of these battles takes place in an old manor house in the English countryside, *Cardinale Folly*, and the second in the chaotic ruins of an ancient Orthodox monastery lost in the mountains above Metsovo, in Macedonia. Each time, the battle begins as if irretrievably lost.

by the camp of the Duke of Richleau, and each time the intervention of a Beyond of luminous mercy snatches victory back from the nocturnal sponsors of the camp of former Canon Damien Mocata. And it was in the second of these battles, in the convent in the mines of the Macedonian mountains, that ex-Chanon Damien Mocata, as punishment for his defeat, was bestially trampled and broken by the satanic incarnation of the Goat of Mendes.

During each of these battles - for, in a certain sense, *Les Vierges de Satan* is nothing but a war story - is at the very moment when all is about to be lost for the Duke of Richleau's camp, or even in the process of being lost, that he calls upon the Light Entities with inconceivable powers of spiritual devastation, galactic, supra-cosmic powers. The risks of personal dissolution, of cosmic fainting without return that the saving call to these Supra-Cosmic Entities entails and provokes will, each time, be at least as great as those implied by the appalling misdeeds of the Dark Power against which they will have been invoked when all seemed lost. But is getting lost in the light the same thing as getting lost in the darkness?

Dennis Wheatley, reporting on the end of the Battle of the Manor, to *Cardinals Folly*. -It seemed that their last hour had come. So the Duke used his last resources and did something *that should never be done except in the most horrific of desperate situations, when the soul itself is in great danger of being lost*. In a clear, confident voice, he uttered the last two verses of the dreadful Sussamma ritual.... And then: <11 knew that, by this extreme invocation, they had been transported out of their bodies to the fifth astral level. His conscious brain told him it was unlikely they would ever return. Invoking the very essence of Light required superhuman courage, for Prana possesses an energy and force that are entirely beyond human comprehension. Just as it can disperse darkness with its brilliance, compared to which the beam of light produced by a million candles would be but a pale ray, it can also draw to itself all inferior light and carry it to realms of which infinitesimal man even dream. For a moment, it seemed if they had been carried out of the room and were lowering their gaze towards it. The pentacle had become a blazing star. Their bodies were dark silhouettes clustered around its centre.

A deathly stillness and silence enveloped them in great, absorbing waves. They were above Cardinals Folly's house, which became a tiny black dot in the distance. Then everything disappeared. Time ceased and it seemed that for thousands and thousands of years they floated, atoms of resplendent matter, in an immense immeasurable void, spinning forever in the silent stratosphere, deprived of all feeling and sensation. But then came the return. Then, after the passage of eons in human time, they saw the house again, infinitely far below them. Their bodies lay inside the pentacle, in that dark room. In an extreme and unknown silence, the dust of centuries fell".

During the second and final battle of the Duc de Richleau and his mediumistic support group against Mocata and his black conspirators, a battle which also saw the execution of the former Canon Damien Mocata by the External Power to which he had devoted his people and himself, The saving invocation was not made by the Duke of Richleau himself, but by one of the young women in his group, Princess Marie-Louise Shulimoff, whose daughter was about to have her throat ritually slit by Mocata, as an exalted offering to the one who hid behind the shadow of the Goat of Mendes.

The day before, Princess Marie-Louise Shulimoff had seen in her dream a large ancient book with unknown characters, which could only be read if one's head was tightly encircled by iron ring. It was - as the Duke of Richleau was later to tell him - the Red Book of Appin, the property of the Dispensers of Invernhye, themselves and their Book long since extinct. The only sentence in the Red Book of Appin that Princess Marie-Louise Shulimoff could remember was the following: *Only those who Love without Desire will be granted all power in [the Darkest Hour.* Now, when *the darkest hour* did indeed come for her, Princess Shulimoff remembered that the Salvific invocation of the Dispensers of Invernhye consisted of the mental repetition of this sentence, and then the pronunciation aloud of an unknown word of five syllables, a single word but one with a power clear and great enough to cause the Underworld to split in two: And so she did, and with a single word she shattered the Power of Darkness.

The debt of honour that binds me to *The Virgins of Satan* by Dennis -

Wheatley, I can now confess, is all about the invocation of the Dispensers of Invernhyde and, above all, the phrase Appin's Red Book. I don't know the five-syllable word so powerfully saving that Princess Marie-Louise Shulimoff used in the Darkest Hour, but I do know the terrible circumstances in which I was led to verify for myself the super-power of immediate cosmological irradiation emanating from the invocation which says that *only those who Love without Desire will be granted all power in Darkest Hour*. An invocation in which, if you understand and practise the hidden meaning of the obligation to read with your head enclosed an iron circle, the words become other, become empurpled and blazing, flowing rapidly like a river of living flames, mercifully dispensing the formidable science of those who were rightly called the Dispensers of Invernhyde. How can I say more? Nor is it without a hidden purpose that I wanted to link the figure of Tanith, and she represents at the cutting edge of certain philosophical research, with the area of hermetic and cosmological problems directly concerned by the great ruptures of the visible and invisible worlds of the Forbidden Invocations appearing in *Les Vierges de Satan*.

Messages from afar

However, what I intended to do in this brief analysis of *The Virgins of Satan* was above all to show what was the true atmosphere, and the true level of the quite special preoccupations in the inner life of the most advanced groups of the *Hermetic Brotherhood of the Golden Dawn in the Outer*, to which this novel bears witness with an accuracy of which I will personally vouch. For this accuracy is that of the most dramatically certain authenticity, such as Samuel Liddell Mathers knew and also testified to in his *inner writings*, when he had to give an account of his encounters with the Unknown Superiors. But such things still happen today? In *Satan's Virgins* again, Dennis Wheatley has the Duke of Richleau say: *I have conversed with three men whose reason you would never question: an Englishman, an Italian and an Indian, all three of whom were taken in charge by guides.*

sent to lead them to the hidden valley on the high plateaux of Tibet, where certain lamas have reached such a degree of enlightenment that they can prolong their lives at will and perform all the miracles you read about in the Bible today. It is there that sacred fire of truth has been preserved for centuries, safe from the brutal, mercenary madness of our modern world.

The secret of Elyôn, the shadow of Shaddai

But, in truth, there is much more to *Satan's Virgins* than that. Dennis Wheatley, very charitably, also gives his readers, his *followers*, two other operative revelations, which I have to admit are perfectly masterly.

Dennis Wheatley shows how, and *to what extent*, the defensive and even, in a way, directly offensive use of the judicious recitation of Psalm XCI - remember, *Who dwells in the secret of Elyon, spends the night in the shadow of the Shaddai* - arms spiritual combatants in the situation of having to face the Negative Powers of this world, and of any other world accessible or apparently inaccessible to ours and theirs. From personal experience, I can testify that the powers available in the occult interweaving of the judicious recitation of Psalm XCI are cosmologically and spiritually indisputable and utterly sovereign powers, the very powers of the Greatest Recourse.

On the other hand, in the course of the supporting narrative around which the theurgically unfolding action of *The Virgins of Satan* is magnetically organised, Dennis Wheatley openly appeals to the ultra-special enlightenment of a tantric conception that is absolutely occult - absolutely *forbidden*, I would say, rather - a Tantric conception which envisages the de facto suspension and very *change* not only of the course of history, but even of its very substance, a suspension and change which can be obtained by the work of a certain initiatically appropriate or, if one prefers, 'tantrically suprahuman' will.

To my personal knowledge, only Mircea Eliade has ventured, in the West, to date, to mention this *ultra-special tantric conception* (how else can I put it). He spoke of it

in a book published in Bucharest in 1939, in Romanian, which included two short stories, *Minuit à Serampore* and *Le Secret du Docteur Honigberger*, of which there is also an excellent French translation by Albert-Marie Schmidt, published under the title *Minuit à Serampore*, in Paris by Stock (1956 and 1980).

What, then, is this 'tantrically superhuman' conception of suspension, of change not only in the course but in the very substance of history? In the final part of the cosmological battle set, by Dennis Wheatley, at *Cardinals Folly* manor, the central female character, the nuptial figure of the story, the young Anglo-Hungarian aristocrat called Tanith, a superior medium manipulated by Damien Mocata and *turned inside out* by the Duke of Richleau, exhausted by the dual demands on her by her mediumistic state as a frontier between being and non-being, she loses her life and drifts off into death, definitively captive of the "kingdom of shadows".

Now, at the end of the second fundamental battle in the story - a battle that place, as we have seen, in the underground passages of an ancient monastery in the Metsovo mountains - when Princess Marie-Louise Shulimoff calls upon the timeless invocation of the Red Book of Appin, the property of the Dispensers of Invernhyde, Tanith is brought back to life, not because she has been snatched *back* from death, from the "kingdom of shadows", but because she has been *brought back to life*.

"But because the *very course of history* was changed, and *begun anew*, another history, a *completely different history* taking the place of *the history that had*, another history in which young Tanith had not died, nor was she supposed to.

History is thus nothing more than the projection of a certain "tantrically superhuman" will, and another "tantrically superhuman" will can at any moment want to make history it wants it to be: history, in fact, is nothing more than the projection of the "tantrically superhuman" will that manages to impose itself as strongest relation to any other will for history. But in this permanent cosmic trial, what is the place of Divine Providence? The "tantrically superhuman" will that is able to prevail over all the other wills of history will be precisely the one that receives the External Support of Divine Providence.

G.L GURDJIEFF AND THE POLAR BROTHERHOOD

"... so close to Him that I forgot my name -

Al Hallāj

The conspiracy of deserving prisoners

The intolerable scandal of the base and sometimes even subversive and very dirty things, the things of harmful intent that are still being said about G. L. Gurdjieff is equalled only by the moral misery of the unspoken, of the shadowy hollow that some of those who know have mysteriously enough allowed to form behind such a highly luminous figure. L. Gurdjieff is matched only by the moral misery of the unspoken, the shadowy hollow that some of those in the know have rather mysteriously allowed to form behind the highly luminous figure of the spiritual guest, the Enlightened Brother from Asia who came to stay, for such a short time, at the Prieuré d'Avon, near Fontainebleau. Why did this happen? And how far did this work of darkness go? All the way to the end. Which also means, as far as the rest of us are concerned, that it is right up to the end of everything that we will have to face up to, stand our ground, fight with our backs to the wall and alone.

Didn't G.L. Gurdjieff speak of a *disastrous self-tranquilising god*? If, in stark contrast to the pious, obscurantist and so dramatically irresponsible wish those who know nothing and believe they know everything, the present times - what we must theologially call the *present times* - far from promoting we don't even know

In reality, the *rising convergence* of certain spiritual states in this world is intended to be, and knows very well how to show itself to be, by virtue of its own final, irremediable, accelerated corruption, already quite nocturnal, very hard times, times that are harder and harder, transparent only to their fatality of disaster but absolutely merciless towards any living and true spiritual petition, be it the most virginally disarmed or, if you like, holiest, doesn't the spiritual duty of witness have to be even harder, more demanding and more burning for those who humbly believe they know nothing but who, nevertheless, are inclined to know in advance everything they need to know to save themselves and to act for the salvation of others and of the world in its ultimate cosmological elevations?

So it is that, despite the hopeless obscurity of these times, the spiritual duty of witness, a virtue belonging to the veiled heritage of the liberated in life, the *jivan-mukti*, some are still obliged to assume it.

But has everything that needs to be said about the current situation and the current intelligence of the saving action that the great initiate of Alexandropol had to undertake in Western Europe and, to a much lesser extent, in the United States, an action that he had to assume on the basis of what hidden injunctions, and all the more irresistible because they were identified in advance with the very course of his own destiny, been said?

Let us begin by saying that, in one of the few truly Gurdjieffian writings available today, Nicolas Tereschenko defines the *raison d'être* and the active foundations of the teaching of the master therapist from the Prieuré d'Avon in the following way: "Salvation cannot be assured by anyone other than oneself. There is no such thing as a vicarious saviour. The man who feels the ferocious and imperious need to escape must, in order to learn what he needs to know to escape, turn to a man who has already succeeded in doing so, who has regained his freedom and who is ready to help deserving prisoners-. And also: - The teachings of G.I. Gurdjieff show that the life in which a man finds himself is the best situation in which to carry out his work effectively, and that needs to be changed in his ordinary, daily existence, least in the early stages. Each individual has been given life as his own possession to use, and all the sorrows and nonsense of a man, all that is good in his life as well as all that is unpleasant,

are the expression of the needs of this particular man, needs that enable him acquire a higher consciousness. Everything that happens to him can feed his mill. We must continue to live more intensely than before, making good use of all that afflicts us as well as what pleases us, taking advantage of both for our inner work. And then : - He shows us the wall, describes the material it is made of and points out its points. What's more, it warns us of what we'll find on the other side*. But, Nicolas Tereschenko continues, "it is only by our own efforts that we will be able to cross the wall, and we must do so with our eyes open through managed training, aware at all times of each situation in which find ourselves and knowing well and very exactly what we need to do to overcome the obstacles and avoid the pitfalls*.

But beyond the Gurdjieffian teaching, as some people knew it directly, and beyond its current perpetuations - for there are some, and apparently some very important ones - an irreducible shadow persists and sometimes even still makes itself felt, the powerful, indomitable and serene shadow of the man who was G.I. Gurdjieff himself in his own life, in his inwardly unchanging identity and in his active existence, and who, entirely mobilised by the commands of his mission, had weighed so terribly demanding a weight. Gurdjieff himself in his own life, in his interiorly unchanging identity and in his active existence, and who, entirely mobilised by the commands of his mission, had weighed with such a terribly demanding weight on the spiritual future of some and thus on the visible and above all invisible destinies of present-day history in its most decisive dimensions.

For perhaps the time has finally come when we should be able to question not only the direct and avowed missionary attributes of the teaching of G.I. Gurdjieff, but also on the providential meaning, on the meaning that is both over-activating and, at the present time, still and always hidden, of his *de facto* advent at the precise moment when he came to bear witness, in Western Europe, to something he had to guarantee with his own life, so tragically made and defeated, to this task that we can suspect was equal to the sacrifice thus asked of him, that is to say quite immense.

But perhaps is great enough in the upward spiral of the work undertaken for the final liberation of the "deserving prisoners": this, too, is most forbidding teaching of the Merciful Crown of Tantra. However, there is nothing to say that this was what G.I. Gurdjieff *really* had to work for.

Secretly ploughing the field

And yet, despite the relatively confidential status, the exorbitant demands and pretensions that G.I. Gurdjieff had imposed on the teaching provided by the working groups he himself had designed and supported for the same purpose - groups for learning and working on oneself, whose intimate approach was reminiscent of wheels spinning endlessly on themselves, Despite the relatively confidential status of the Gurdjieffian teaching in its support groups, we are forced to understand that the true centre of gravity, the transcendental epicentre of the great action of theurgic awakening undertaken by G.I. Gurdjieff in Western Europe and elsewhere must have been quite different. Situated *elsewhere*, and otherwise guarded from any gaze, any approach, any spiritually illegitimate attack.

Perhaps it's high time we admitted it to ourselves: the rather hard-won but ultimately impenetrable secret of what was going on these teaching groups engaged in liberating instruction, in the total deconditioning of oneself, was only the outer cover of the otherwise profound, and very powerfully immutable, secret, whose arresting impositions forbade any passage to what was taking place the most guarded interior, inaccessible hearth of the spiritual nebula in progress, theurgically animated by the simple and so abysmal presence, by the being so ardent and the very breath of the great initiate of Alexandropol, and designed to bring the fire back into this world and into the history of its present dark future.

But how to say this in a way that was both free of all obscurity and fully entitled to divulge what could not be divulged, the very transparency of discourse acting as a veil and thus called upon to preserve, this disturbing but undisturbed transparency, the beautiful completeness of its deposit suddenly perished by the devastating fire of truth laid bare without regard, and this truth, it was said, more blinding than ten thousand suns? If Muhyu-d- dīn Ibn Arabi said that making things clear is itself nothing more than a subversive and concealing way of speaking, *aç-çaḡāu ibārah*, did he not also say that the inhabitants of Paradise are covered by a veil, just as are those who are not?

who find themselves relegated to the inextinguishable fire of the infernal furnaces? For there is no end that is not hidden, no edge that is not meant to be uncovered.

This is because, from a traditional point of view, the awakening to the ultimate reality of a certain number of beings, and whoever they may be, has no sort of importance in itself, and even appears to be properly inconceivable: there is no profound and real spiritual action except in the field of a providential will in action, and with the preconceived aim of realising its hidden designs. Nothing exists or can exist except by "the King's secret design alone". On the other hand, things become clearer, as if by themselves, if we manage to understand that G.I. Gurdjieff's spiritual action in Western Europe must absolutely have been conceived according to the dialectic of ontological doubling through secrecy, which alone defines and denounces any profoundly occult enterprise work in history, or better said, which finds itself subversively engaged what has come to be called, after Nietzsche, 'great history'.

For it is as if, commissioned by very high officials, G.I. Gurdjieff had travelled to Western Europe with the mission of secretly ploughing the spiritual field that would later enable him to set up a group of reception, presence and close protection, a group of witness within which it was planned that one day, when the time was right, someone very free and very great would appear and embark on a career of revolutionary awakening, deliverance and salvation of the ultimate cosmological dimensions. And it was to provide operational cover, to house the chosen group within which the salvific advent was to place, the very limpid sidereal nativity thus foreseen, that G.I. Gurdjieff was obliged to set up his entire system of teaching and work on oneself, which we come to know, more or less discreetly, through the testimonies and confessions of those who, as guests the Avon Priory, in Dresden or elsewhere, had believed themselves to be at the centre of an immense spiritual adventure, when in fact they had been, and in what admirable and dramatic sacrificial blindness, only the outward guardians, *eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves*.

While it is obviously extremely vain to wonder about the identity, already present or yet to come, of *this person* for whom everything has been conceived and secretly put in place, we can nonetheless envisage understanding

from which G.I. Gurdjieff himself was sent to us, commissioned by "unknown superiors", by "hidden masters sitting outside the ontological barriers of this world".

And this is what Nicolas Tereschenko will also affirm in the conclusion of his invigorating writing, when he reveals, and so, that "the words of G.I. Gurdjieff" were, in themselves, nothing other than the direct fruits of a certain permanent appeal to "sound reason" - and here for this mysterious "sound reason", let us see. Gurdjieff's words" were, in themselves, other than the direct fruits a certain permanent appeal to "sound reason" - and here, for this mysterious "sound reason", let us also see its visionary replica in the *intelletto sano* preached by Dante - an appeal to "sound reason" that can be intercepted and recognised as such, Niçois Tereschenko points out, in the occult action this 'voice of silence' which, coming from a 'hidden centre of the world', calls out, in each of us, to our own 'hidden centre'. This is also what Nicolas Tereschenko calls being "in touch with the centre".

However, isn't being "in touch with the centre", with what Nicolas Tereschenko calls the "hidden centre of the world", also, and above all, the channel and the way in which we enter into contact with the "hidden masters" of this centre? with its "unknown superiors", with the Lords of the Pole and invisible, very occult Polar Brotherhood which serves them both as a protective enclosure to the outside world and as a mystical, nuptial and Eucharistic support community?

But how can we talk about these hidden masters, these supreme directors of influence whom René Guénon agreed to call the Unknown Superiors?

? In a book published more than half a century ago and reputedly impossible to find, the American Talbot Mundy (1877-1940), a former senior agent of the British *Intelligence Service* in India (and elsewhere) recounts, under the singularly equivocal veil of fiction, the immaculate initiatory conception of a young girl who was both chosen and predestined, the immaculate initiatory conception of a young girl who was both chosen and predestined, an orphan of English origin, who disappeared, went into hiding and was put into conditions by the Unknown Masters with a view to a great mission of redemption and eschatological deliverance in India, and then in the West. This novel with visionary keys is entitled *Om*, and the fact that it has just been republished in French is no doubt without significance (the French version has changed the title to *L'Euf de Jade*, and is being published by Nouvelles Éditions Oswald). We're talking here,

of the Unknown Masters and their mysterious envoy to the dark world of the valleys below, the lama Tsiang Sandup.

Talbot Mundy, in *The Jade Egg*: "It seems there are beings to whom Tsiang Sandup can go for advice. I don't know who they are or where they . I think he's mentioned them two or three times at most in all the I've known him, and only to make me understand that he's absolutely not free to do as he pleases. The conclusion I have drawn from his veiled allusions is that he is acting on his own responsibility, but that he would lose the privilege of conferring with these strangers if he allowed himself to be guided by personal considerations. But this is only a conjecture. He didn't tell me anything definite". And then: "The masters! I'll bet he knows some of the Masters!

The question that arises, it seems to me, is whether we can, whether we should venture to think that the great - unknown superiors, that the The out-of-reach "Masters" to whom Talbot Mundy testifies could not have been the same as those who, subsequently, and particularly at the most subterranean, most subversively occult level of G.I. Gurdjieff's Western action, had to intervene directly in Europe, and more particularly in France. - It is in France that I feel I am in my true country", said G.I. Gurdjieff.

But isn't the most important thing to know, above all, what we have to understand, in this case, by this 'hidden centre of the world' of which Nicolas Tereschenko speaks, and of which both the Lama Tsiang Sandup and G.I. Gurdjieff - unless they are really one and the same - were merely the secret envoys, the 'missionaries' to the 'dark world of the valleys below', our world? This is why I believe is essential, on this very subject, and while raising the debate to a directly transcendental Gnostic level, to come to the conclusion with the revelations of we have become accustomed to calling, in the West, *The Book of Enoch*: "And I, Enoch, was thus in the highest heaven, and there, in the midst of that Light, I saw as it were a Dwelling built of blocks of crystal, and among those blocks of crystal as it were tongues of Living Fire. And then I saw the Sons of the holy Angels walking on the flames; their garments were white as were their tunics, and their Faces shone like crystal."

The initiation of the Priestess

Many people who have progressed along the path of self-reflection, along path of what Nicolas Tereschenko calls "connection with the centre", have keenly sensed that the death of the young and beautiful Katherine Mansfield at the Priory of Avon concealed a profound mystery, and that a dark, inconceivable, immense misfortune to come must have found its active foundations in the consummation of this mystery at the time it happened, on 9 January 1923 - at nightfall.

On some of the simple and tragic things that happened at Avon Priory in the last days of Katherine Mansfield's life, a major witness, James Moore, author a seminal book on the subject, *Gurdjieff and Mansfield* (London and Boston, 1980), writes:

"After a long day's work, Gurdjieff taught the Sacred Movements and Dances. He stood before his pupils, assuming his role with his imposing, demanding manner. Night after night, Katherine Mansfield is there. Watching. Hieratic, inexplicable, she sits on the chair closest to the fire, in the living room. Elegant in the simplicity of her dress, her face full of intensity, with just enough red to lift her pallor. No nuance escapes her large, intelligent eyes. And then: - She speaks of an ancient Assyrian dance, extraordinary. - I have no words to describe it. Seeing it seems to change my whole being for the moment". But one of the Movements that brought her a special message was 'Initiation of the Priestess', a fragment a mystery. It came from an underground temple in the Hindu Kush. Gurdjieff's wife, Madame Ostrowska, danced the role of the High Priestess.

Now, if the young Englishwoman Katherine Mansfield came to be brought to the Priory of Avon, it was, I am assured, because they had recognised in her the breath and the dogmatic identity of the one who, at that time, - a young servant sent there by her 'Indicible Mistress' - was to occupy a place in the West quite analogous to that which Talbot Mundy had understood that certain 'unknown superiors' were preparing, at the end of the last century, somewhere in the foothills, Talbot Mundy had realised that certain 'unknown super' were preparing, at the end of the last century, somewhere in the foothills of the Himalayas, for the 'young English orphan' he tells us about in his *Jade Egg*.

Obscure powers, enslaved to chaos and negation, came to prevent this from happening,

Katherine Mansfield had to pay for it immediately, at least with her own life. And yet, at the Priory of Avon itself, wasn't she inspired to write *more ever I feel that I can develop another life within me, a life that death cannot destroy*.

Less than a year later - seven months later, to be exact - G.I. Gurdjieff himself suffered a backlash in his terrible car accident in Fontainebleau, and the adventure of the Prieuré d'Avon came to an abrupt end. A great secret light was extinguished in the West, a defeat of incalculable consequences, the immense tidal wave of which has not yet finished submerging our last points of resistance.

The Great Bear Lights

Let us remember, then, that an ancient Gnostic prophecy, now well forgotten, linked the reappearance of Enoch and the establishment of his final apocalyptic regency to the occult destinies of ancient Cappadocia, a land that has always been haunted by the powers of the spiritual fire of the origins, the Living Fire, according to *The Book of Enoch*, in which we must recognise the fundamental cosmological prefiguration of the Holy Spirit.

Wasn't G.I. Gurdjieff himself from Cappadocia? all began and will end in Cappadocia, the living, beating heart this mysterious area, still virginally closed in on itself, which, through the steep shores of the Black Sea, the domain of the ancient Pontic Mistress, the unique, the dark, the ecstatic, the bloody, still brings together today, but in the subterranean depths of what a terrible, the visionary and cosmological ethos of South-East Europe with that of the predestined high places of Central Asia, Northern India, China and Japan, both of which are entirely subject to the immemorial memory of their origins in the Great Bear. In so doing, Cappadocia never ceases to reconstitute, in the invisible, the original unity of what had been and is no longer, but which will return again when the time is right. There is, in fact, a present-day, and even extraordinarily present-day, mystery in the reappearance, over-activated and, in the eyes of some, already paroxysmal, of Eurasia, whose new emergence is announced, precisely, in the

the level of a certain spiritual awakening, of a certain auroral expectation, of a certain revolutionary gnostic and, by the same token, transhistorical consciousness. Now, clearly, it is the mystery of this new transhistorical emergence of anterior Eurasia in terms of awakening, expectation and consciousness that G.I. Gurdjieff was charged with conveying, with eucharistically penetrating into the Western consciousness of present-day Europe, the Europe of the end, the subterranean Europe whose future awakening to the Spirit, to the Living Fire, will set the world on fire once again, and both of them. Do we still need to say it? This future awakening of the Western consciousness of the Europe of the end, so dramatically set on fire by the occult ministry of G.I. Gurdjieff, must also include, and this is what will happen, a new religious dimension, fundamentally gnostic and cosmological, and much more, a new religion of salvation, a new religion of salvation, living, catholic and active. In any case, this religion can only be the religion of the Living Fire, which has been hidden for so long behind the incendiary revelations of the *Book of Enoch*.

Thus, for those who know how to venture there spiritually, an active topological definition of this forbidden space, of this vast transcendental territory that covers and sustains the living mystery of the greatest Cappadocia and its original Pontic lands, is charitably concealed in *Encounters with Remarkable Men*, the only truly initiatory book by G.I. Gurdjieff's only truly initiatory book, but also the only contemporary Western book with an encrypted reading at the level of being, an ontological ciphering, whose deciphering keys imply and require the use of the Great Bear constellation *as such*.

The place we're leaving

Was G.I. Gurdjieff able to fully accomplish his special mission? We may not be allowed to doubt it. But a fully accomplished mission also implies a transfer of power. The flame must be transmitted underground, coming from the darkness and returning there await its appointed time.

In a work entitled *René Daumal, du Grand Jeu à Gurdjieff (René Daumal, from the Great Game to Gurdjieff)*, Bruno François draws a parallel between the two.

is most revealing when it brings together a text by René Daumal and a passage from *Fragments d'un enseignement inconnu* in which Piotr D. Ouspensky reports a decisive confidence from G.I. Gurdjieff himself. René Daumal:

<To reach the summit, one must go from refuge to refuge, one has the duty to prepare beings who must come to occupy the place one is leaving. And it's only when you've prepared them that you can climb higher". And G.I. Gurdjieff, according to the written testimony of the faithful Piotr D. Ouspensky: "No one can rise to a higher level of the staircase until he has put someone in his place".

Who then, after the disappearance of G.I. Gurdjieff, very secretly took his place? Behind the scattered and relatively equivocal survivals of the working groups still toiling along the bare paths of self-deconditioning, who is the real group of Enochian witnesses working to set the stage, to bring about the advent of the one through whom, when the day comes, everything will have to change, and everything will change in the visible and invisible?

And what has become, among many others, of the Polars, whose apparent destiny and vocation are defined in Zam Bhotiva's book *Asia Mystertosa*, but whose cover and parallel support relationships very few people are in a position to suspect today? They perpetuated these relationships until they were destined to disappear again, just as they had come, and in what fertile bogs of black alternation?

In any case, today, in Western Europe, an Enochian lineage is keeping watch and working under cover to prepare the polar paths for Someone's imminent advent, a lineage whose merciful foundation was the Eucharistic and sacrificial work of the great G.I. Gurdjieff, in whom some salute the still active memory of one of those Illuminated Brothers of Asia whose passage announces, each time, a total change in the face of the world.

The polar paths of the near future

The last time I saw him in Rome, in October 1968, Julius Evola had insisted on constantly bringing our conversation back to

the Polar Brotherhood, just as if he had known that we were not going to see each other again - perhaps - in this life, and that he had to point me in the direction of our *supreme expectation to come*, of his polar paths and of the imminent - now - *salvific advent*.

The current history of the Polar Fraternity begins, in the West, with the enigmatic adventure of what was to become the Parisian establishment of the - polar > and their successive enclosures of concealment, the whole of the visible organisation quickly swallowed up by the whirlwind of events that swept across the European continent some fifty years ago. But how will the great Western story of Polar Brotherhood end? As predicted, and in the time predicted.

At the present time, however, polar influences of the highest spiritual and cosmological level are mediumistically haunting the inner skies of a certain awakening Western consciousness, in France and elsewhere in Europe, and these influences all come, most often through the channels of the abyssal dream, the *fourth dream*, from a place no longer in Tibet, but somewhere in mainland China, in the snow-capped mountains of the great North-West. And what are we told? That the times of the Great Return are already approaching, indeed imminent, that the polar destinies of the Western world will once again have to break the fatal march of world history towards the Great Dissolution, towards the *Mahapralaya*.

to Jean-Louis Bernard

THE RETURN OF SYNARCHY

— *Creating an Order is a great thing," I said.*

— *This is the Great Work of Tomorrow. The only one.*

And also :

— *We are going only to the invisible people, those who will survive and who will be responsible for repopulating the world. It will be up to us, to our Order, to discover, to retain, to summarise what has been learned over the last millennia, perhaps ten thousand years, and to pass it on to the new land. So, for these people, I'm willing to be a militant, you understand. I don't call it politics any more.*

Raymond Abellio, *Happy the Pacifists*

·*The Group of Polars will be under the high protection of the Spark of a Rosicrucian Sage and, as an article in the Esoteric Statute indicates, its supreme Spiritual Commander will be "He who Waits", the envoy of "Asia Mysteriosa". The dream of the enlightened Saint-Yves d'Alveydre is beginning to come true".*

Zam Bhotiva, *Asia Mysteriosa*

No accountability

Conjuring, in its ultimate depths, of an essentially metahistorical order, it would seem that the Synarchy - but let us call it, conventionally, and since it was done

thus. The Synarchical Movement of Empire - would have allowed itself to be partially drawn in, during the last world war and in the years leading up to it, by the direct, immediate call of history, or of politics itself, and would have found its end there, "a definitive end" it has been said. In a certain sense this is the case, and it only fair: what the Gnostics called the *lower waters* irremediably sweep away and annihilate in their current anyone who ventures to experience their fascination and tumult.

History, however, being a passing thing and belonging solely to realm of action, can do nothing about metahistory, a higher thing, belonging to the spaces of transcendental vision, beyond our reach. The collapse, or rather the self-dissolution, of the Synarchical Movement of Empire can therefore in no way have reasons, origins or causes of a direct historical order, and even less so of a political order: disappearance, its politico-historical "liquidation", comes from the withdrawal of the occult powers granted to it, at the right moment, by its invisible metahistorical core, outside the tumults and tragedies that eventually swept it away.

Moreover, if we were to confine ourselves to explanations of an exclusively political-historical nature, the Synarchical Movement of the Empire had, in fact, absolutely nothing to fear and nothing to lose from the course of events that led to the conclusion of the last world war. If an important fraction of the Synarchic Movement of Empire had, up to a certain point at least, collaborated thoroughly in Paris with the representatives of the Third Reich, a fraction having made itself known under the name of the Social Revolutionary Movement (MSR), it is no less certain that, at the same time, At the same time, no less important fractions of the same Mouvement Synarchique d'Empire were lining up in force on the other side, in Berne, London, Lisbon and Algiers, while in Vichy itself, senior elements of the latter had set up strategic intelligence networks against the Third Reich, to which National Resistance from within owed a great deal, if not everything. Not to mention Major Loustanaunau-Lacau's Alliance network, which, attached directly to the *Y Intelligence Service* in London, mobilised in terms of underground warfare the former structures of Spirale, a military organisation - acting exclusively within the Armed Forces - which had part of the *secular arm* of the Synarchic Empire Movement, more

commonly known as the Cagoule. In 1949, Major Loustau- nau- Lacau, a hero of the Resistance, made the following statement:
 < As for the Cagoule, I think that without these people, who had been trained in the clandestine struggle since before the war, de Gaulle's action on 18 June 1940 would have been nothing more than a useless clarion call with no resonance >.

If the Synarchic Movement of Empire was therefore ordered to plunge into a long, dreamless sleep at the end of the last world war, it was hardly for lack of being able to do otherwise: it would have sufficed, assuming that its > unknown superiors > had so willed, for it to have continued its > dreamless sleep at the end of the last world war. the march of history^ he decided to put the accent on one of the fractions which, within its front of occult presence on the whole of the historical opening of the moment, had chosen the "camp of the victors", while demanding a "punishment". exemplary - for those of his allegiances that were too compromised by the final disaster Hitler's adventure. . in a certain sense, had almost been done if, in Berne, the occult influence of some extraordinary special envoys from Winston Churchill did not prevail over the "Allen Dulles mission". But that may be another story.

If, in the end things turned out differently, was not due to any total impossibility of manoeuvre, but as a result of a metapolitical decision, or even a decision of a political party. even supra-historical, lucid, ruthless, haughty, visionary, demanding the withdrawal from history of those elements of the Synarchic Movement of Empire having been able to administer the proof of their transcendental spiritual qualities in the very fire of the action, of their *suprahistoric predestination*, and the sacrifice, the abandonment of all the others. All this in preparation for what, much later, was to mean, very effectively, the implementation of a new system.

a subversively cosmological work about the greatest Return of Time, the historical transition to the metahistorical times the End of Time.

Higher initiatory organisations are not accountable to history, which they can sometimes invest in and use to their advantage. the domain for purposes incomprehensible to the uninitiated and, once their confidential task has been accomplished, retire to once again in impenetrable shadows, in the out-of-reach enclaves that they know how to create for themselves on the fringes of the visible course of history. What we call the Synarchic Empire Movement was, and I don't think it's really necessary to go into it here hide yet again, the very immediate, living, life-giving emanation

a supra-historical initiatory authority, Galactic", with origins as abysmal as its future destinies, and whose *next incursion* into history will undoubtedly signify, bring about and provoke its completion.

This *next incursion* will affect in an extremely direct way not only the destiny of France over the next fifteen years, the key date being 1992, but also and above all what must be considered its *ultimate predestination*. It is in France that the Synarchic Movement of Empire first manifested itself in this century, and it is in France that the absolute imperial concept of Synarchic intelligence, foreign to this world, "extra-galactic", will have to be embodied, in the time foreseen and desired, but in any case before the end of this same century. It was also in France that Saint-Yves, Marquis d'Alveydre (1842-1909), the inspired doctrinaire and founder of Synarchic intelligence, appeared and had to act. In 1882 he wrote a book entitled *Mission actuelle des Souverains par l'un d'eux* (Paris: Dentu, 1882). One of them? We'll come back to that later. I would say that, in a certain light, the sovereignty of the Marquis d'Alveydre was, very occultly, part of the enigmatic post-mortem sovereignty of All-ankh- Amon and of all those who reign, invisibly in the visible, in the name of a mission incumbent upon them from the very centre of Cosmic Space as a living being, as the Supreme TransGalactic Being (I am infinitely sorry about this, but words already, at this level, no longer support the *burden* imposed upon them). On the subject of the transhitoric sovereignty of All-ankh-Amon - the major model of the current cosmic cycle that is nearing completion - I feel it is important, indeed quite imperative, to quote here what Jean-Louis Bernard says in *Le Retour d'Isis* : - This missioned pharaoh (like our Joan of Arc, say the esotericists) did not reign for six years and did not die at eighteen. His real reign began on the day he died on earth, after the ritual of reanimating the double. He reigned over Egypt as a spectre: immobile in his parallel sphere, the sphere of the doubles, he ensured the final decomposition of the pseudo-religion of Aten, the heresy that was murdering pious Egypt, or at least nearly murdering it. He reigned until arrival on the throne of the "avenger of Amun", i.e. Ramses II.

The very high idea that the Synarchic Movement of Empire had of the transcendental predestination of France comes, in

In fact, from a very long way off, and never ceases to invoke origins which, for some, must seem powerfully revealing, origins whose infinitely regal mark would also shine through in Charles de Gaulle's confession of principle invoking, in his turn, *a certain idea* of France. May I recall, in this instance, Charles de Gaulle's long handshake with Eugène Deloncle following the fundamental meeting that brought them together in the presence of General Henri Giraud, in Nancy in 1936? Eugène Deloncle, who had been accompanied by his deputy, General Henri Duseigneur, was, at the time, the hidden commander of the Synarchic Empire Movement, already organised according to the principle of parallel hierarchies, and General Henri Giraud commanded the Nancy military region.

The new polar epicentre

Raymond Abellio's first two great novels, *Heureux les Pacifiques* and *Les Yeux d'Ezéchiel sont ouverts*, as well as his books of memoirs and some of his essays, describe, in a way that is at once pathetic and as if already detached, the extremely special, enlightened atmosphere that reigned before and during the last world war, in the ranks of the senior leaders of the organisations polarised, inflamed from within or influenced, "manipulated", by the Synarchic Movement of Empire, or which represented it, such as that heroic and highly equivocal Social Revolutionary Movement (MSR), one of its politico-historical incarnations *of circumstance*.

- In the meantime, the Governing Board of our Order had met several times, and as Michael had wished, the founding meeting took place on Christmas night. *A light shone on the good in the midst of darkness*. We had many failures behind us, yet we still felt moved by this symbol. It was the moment of the longest night, but all it took was one star", reads *Happy the Peaceful*.

Is this mysterious Star not signified by the XVII' Blade of the Tarot?
 ? And are we not, once again, I would say, *at the hour of the Star?* The hour, precisely, when the inner split and the paroxysmal rise of the conflicts of ontological rupture of the visible, history and of the world are declared...

in a way that is both immediate and irremediable, and where, on very abyss that is opened up by this very *declaration*, which delivers us to the negation and darkness of the chaos of the end, there suddenly rises, and visible only to those predestined for the combat after all combat, for the action after the extinction of all possibility of action, the as yet inconceivable brilliance of what our people already know they will have to call the Green Star.

So we read in *Heureux la Pacifiques*: - It is France's disgrace and good fortune to be the country where these conflicts will first arise and become most acute. Before being the epicentre of the spiritual awakening, we will be the epicentre of the material earthquake, which is normal. We are just halfway between the two great antagonistic forces, America and Russia, at the point of maximum separation. *France will be crucified on the circle, on the great wheel of the world*". And then: "But the truth is not embodied in politics today, it is embodied much higher up. It's not a Party that needs to be created, but an Order". And above all: *"For such a society to function, it takes is one man. The epicentre is not a place, it is a man who is in communication with cosmic and divine forces and transmits them to others. Is that man me?"*

But, as Raymond Abellio wrote in *Heureux la Pacifiques* toujours, "those who come after us are more powerful than we are".

The new polar epicentre of the times of completion that are now promised to us as already imminent, and which involve the decisive years of our own destiny in the face of the visible and invisible history of a world for which we have been willed and for which we are held, in advance, entirely responsible, the new polar epicentre of the coming apocalyptic transmutation of the world and its history will therefore be constituted by the historic advent of a providential man, the very man Zam Bhotiva called the "envoy of *Asia Mysterosa*", or "the One who Waits", and whom the Synarchic Movement of Empire, for its part, believed it had to recognise as a precursor, a prophetically paradigmatic figure, in the person of Saint Yves d'Alveydre.

The visionary, the representative of Agartha

Joseph-Alexandre Saint-Yves, the son of an alienist doctor, was born in Paris, rue de l'Échiquier, on 26 March 1842. For reasons that are perhaps not those we are accustomed to giving, the future doctrinaire and secret witness of *La Mission actuelle des Souverains* by one of them was placed, around his fifteenth year and on the instructions of his own father, in an "agricultural colony" in Indre-et-Loire, at Mettray, an institution with a status similar to that of a reformatory, displaying repressive rigours that were much more thorough and *specialised* than elsewhere. Many more or less misguided sons of families came there to have their superlatives broken.

By some miracle, as admirable as it was mysterious, the young Joseph-Alexandre Saint-Yves fell into the hands of a former member of the Paris Court of Appeal, Frédéric-Auguste Demetz (1797-1873), who was fascinated - or pretended to be.

- by the "paternal reformation" of delinquent children. The enigmatic, great Frédéric-Auguste Demetz was also very much on the lookout - in terms of an immense secret plan, now forgotten and extinguished, a plan which we have no intention of discussing here, but which we can nevertheless say, in passing, had conscientiously and very closely interested the Duc Decazes, Alexis de Tocqueville, the banker François Delessert and many other personalities with responsibilities if not the most confidential activities - very much on the lookout, I would say, for indomitable and well-tempered young characters, for the most alert intelligences. The wait for Mettray was not long.

The day Frédéric-Auguste Demetz met Saint-Yves, he knew that he and his friends in shadows had just won the bet on the incredible, terrible messianic expectation to which they had dedicated the great work of their lives. The mystical and religious veneration that Saint-Yves was to devote, right up to the day of his own death, to the memory of Councillor Frédéric-Auguste Demetz speaks for itself: it was in fact the director of Mettray who, having recognised in Saint-Yves the one that he and his family were waiting for, even watching for, had also shown him the right path, and done he had do for him to enter it irrevocably and with full awareness. What's more, it was Councillor Frédéric-Auguste Demetz who, through his own spiritual work, had dug the invisible channel through which

Saint-Yves was to receive the influences, the emanations, the direct breath belonging to his occultly polar situation, to his total mediumistic and cosmological sovereignty. It was the priestly ministry assumed by Councillor Frédéric-Auguste Demetz and his unnamed representatives to the young Saint-Yves who, at the origin of the times now *at work*, had to lay the hidden foundations of the tremendous suprahistorical changes of which the Synarchic Movement of the Empire was only the first chapter, *the shadow of things to come*.

The relatively large number of effective biographical studies and research carried out to date point to Saint-Yves' passage through naval infantry and his entry into the Naval Medical School in Brest, with or without a diploma. Then, and this is still a source of amazement to some, Joseph-Alexandre Saint-Yves, the future Marquis d'Alveydre, resurfaced in Jersey, where he frequented cenacles steeped in Hugolâtre fervour and indulged in necromancy, and ended up approaching, rather seriously, the former mistress, muse and inspiration of Fabre d'Olivet, Virginie Faure, who was, however, of a more than theosophical age. Remembering the encouragement of his spiritual master Frédéric-Auguste Demetz, Saint-Yves devoted himself to studying the theosophical doctrines of Fabre d'Olivet, and managed to assimilate most of them (all the more so since, as Pierre Mariel would say, she entrusted him with unpublished manuscripts by Fabre d'Olivet, manuscripts "of the highest interest").

It would seem that the war of 1870 had disrupted some of his arrangements, so Saint-Yves, who had had to leave Jersey for Paris, obtained a job with the Ministry of the Interior, in a department responsible for overseeing so-called press affairs (probably a cover, as is customary, but let's not insist; besides, Jean Saunier raised a rather hare on this subject in *La Synarchie*).

Let's face it, Saint-Yves was leading a very troubled life at the time. But isn't that a sign? Because that's the way it should always be for those whom *the star has* secretly *marked* with its burning, ardent fire.

Near Étoile

It was in 1876 that Saint-Yves was to meet the occultist writer Paul Lacroix in the salon of his friend at the Arsenal,

Marie-Victoire de Risnitch, a great-niece of Madame Hanska, who had just divorced Count Edouard Fiodorovich Keller, the Tsar's privy councillor, senator and chamberlain at the imperial court in Saint Petersburg. It was love at first sight and they married secretly in Great Britain (on 6 September 1877, in Westminster). The mystagogic and solar couple, the *imperial couple* thus *reconstituted*, moved to Paris, near the Étoile (at 27 rue Vernet).

Marie-Victoire de Risnitch was well into her fifties, but, according to an account quoted by Jean Saunier in *La Synarchie* - a novel with keys, published in 1886, *Monsieur le Marquis, Histoire d'un Prophète*, signed by a "Claire Vautier, from the Opéra-, in fact, nom de guerre," says Jean Saunier, of a •demoiselle Vigneau', the enraged former mistress of Saint-Yves - was extremely *predisposing*. The Countess Keller," wrote Vautier, "had retained, despite the years, the remnants a beauty considered famous at the time of the last empire. Very tall, slender, her face a little thinned out under the blush that skilfully concealed the wrinkles, her deep black eyes made more expressive by the blur that accentuated their shape, the Countess carried her heraldic head high and imposed herself on everyone with her proud and sovereign grace. Violent storms had passed through her life. She had inspired great loves and powerful hatreds, sown many benefits along the way and reaped black ingratitude. She had been involved in bold financial and political ventures and had even played a role in Germany's last war with France that was important enough not to be forgotten.

It was also through the acquisition, in 1880, of a piece of land in the Trieste region to which the title of Marquis d'Alveydre was attached that Saint-Yves himself became Marquis d'Alveydre (what is less well known is that, as secret cameraman to the Pope, he had previously received another title, this one of great, powerful and beautiful importance, but which he had agreed to keep secret *until a certain date*). The couple then emigrated to Versailles, where they settled - according to Jean Saunier - in the former hôtel de Mademoiselle, 9 rue Colbert.

Marie-Victoire de Risnitch died there on 7 June 1895. Saint Yves d'Alveydre transformed his wife's room into a chapel.

The ceremonial affirmation of this cult will, after a certain time succeed in obtaining the magical annulment, and even *the de facto annulment*, of the supposedly impassable wall separating life from death and death from life. A similar operation is recounted by Gustav Meyrink in *The Green Face*, the theurgic procedures used in both cases drawing on the hermetic tantrism known as the Call of Isis the Great. For ten years or so, in Versailles, in his wife's former bedroom in the west wing of the Hôtel de Mademoiselle, the Marquis d'Alveydre had opened a door, an induced rift to the other world, himself living in both worlds, or rather acting as he were still of this world. If the world could know what had been done, what had happened, some sixty years ago, on rue Colbert, in Versailles, it would tremble at the foundations of its conscience, of its assurance in the face of the simple light of day. I myself have given a veiled, allegorical account of all this in a novel with keys entitled, precisely, *Conspirations à Versailles*, unpublished at this time, and which is likely to remain so for a long time to come.

The northern frontier is still being fiercely and decisively defended, and the forces guarding it are absolutely unwilling to give it up in any way.

The Missions of Saint-Yves d'Alveydre

Saint-Yves d'Alveydre is known to have some thirty, perhaps even forty works, of which, I believe, the most important *Mission de l'Inde en Europe*, *Mission de l'Europe en Asie*, *La question du Mahatma et sa solution* (destroyed by the author himself, and reprinted, under critical conditions, in 1910 and 1949), and, secondly, *L'Archéomètre*, *Clefs de toutes les religions et de toutes les sciences de l'Antiquité*, *Réforme synthétique de tous les arts contemporains* (Paris, 1911, and published by Dorbon in 1934). The four *Missions* published by Saint-Yves d'Alveydre concern, Sovereigns, Workers, India and Jews respectively.

In *The Mission of the Jews*, he wrote: "I demonstrate, based on the history of the world, that synarchy, arbitral government

Trinitarian, drawn from the depths of the initiation of Moses and Jesus, is the promise of the Israelites as well as our own and the very triumph of Israel by Christianity". But, beyond Israel, Saint Yves d'Alveydre was speaking to the Egypt of the past, and, beyond Egypt of the origins, to the Greatest Ancients, the unnameable, the Great Galactic Ancients of whom it is forbidden to speak, or even to think about. A man like Barlet (Albert Faucheux), representative in France and Europe of the 'Hermetic Brotherhood of Luxor', has already said everything about the *synarchic doctrine* of Saint-Yves d'Alveydre, as far back as 1910 (*Saint-Yves d'Alveydre*, and also *L'Évolution Sociale*). Others too, and in an increasingly exhaustive, reasoned, sustained and clear manner. Which means I don't have to do it myself, and all the more so since this famous synarchic doctrine must be considered - in the very special case of Saint-Yves d'Alveydre at least - as the outward, visible, avowed, decent and defused face of something else entirely. If this were not so, our attention to Saint-Yves d'Alveydre would not be what it is at all. For, its name certainly does not indicate, the synarchic doctrine of Saint-Yves d'Alveydre, far from promoting the conception a community government, does in reality do nothing other than subversively prepare the cosmological, metahistorical and transcendental paths for the new advent of the *Imperium Mundi*, the historical figure of the *Regnum Sanctum* as understood by the Ghibellines of the High Observance.

In his nuptial and cosmological encounter with Marie-Victoire de Risnitch, Saint-Yves d'Alveydre had succeeded in constituting - or rather reconstituting - at the end of Western history of the world in the process of completion, a Final Imperial Foundation with irrevocable polar and dogmatic empowerments that are still in action, This success, moreover, having been preconceived long ago, in the shadows, by superior and faithful intelligences, and sheltering their actions, more often than not, under the social cover that Arsenal Library could offer them. What Saint-Yves d'Alveydre said, wrote and manifested, what he did and what he was unable to do, is now of increasingly relative importance, and is perhaps even erased. On the other hand, he was in himself and through Marie-Victoire de Risnitch - the first great envoy of the *Arra Mysterosa* - will continue to grow in importance, in topicality, in the suprapolitical tragedy already at work.

Have all the necessary comparisons been made between the revelations made by Saint-Yves d'Alveydre in the pages of his *Mission to India*, which concern, precisely, the occult centre of Argartha and its channels of contact in action, through certain polar state witnesses, with the metahistorical decision-making groups at work in the West, and the revelations of the same nature made, later but in the same line of action, by the Polar Fraternities? It is this last question that should provide the first light for deciphering in depth, and even very deeply, what, in the politico-historical adventure of the Synarchic Movement of Empire, persists in rendering incomprehensible the situation, the aims, the very meaning of the action of its "unknown superiors" and of the parallel hierarchies which, at the very heart of the sometimes antagonistic organisations which made up its *fighting body* at work in the most faded avant-gardes, imposed ultra- occult channels of presence and command, with an influence which was more mediumistic and secondary than direct.

It is also in this sense that we have been able to cite Eugène Deloncle as the truly hidden 'commander' - and hidden within the very high command structures of his own organisation - as the truly hidden 'commander', I say, of the Synarchic Movement of Empire and, also, of what lay behind it, in depths of successive concealment, up to the immutable pole placed, mediumistically, under the figure of the imperial double of Saint-Yves d'Alveydre and of Marie-Victoire, his hermetic wife, bearer, within herself, of the cosmological mystery of the Green Star. "Brothers, this is the circle was closed with love".

The ritually secret, unspeakable dimensions of the politico-revolutionary murder of Eugène Deloncle in 1944 were, in fact, to mark the withdrawal of the major polar authorisations which, through Eugène Deloncle, ensured that the Synarchic Movement of Empire was in contact with, and supported by, the *unchanging pole* its living cosmological integration, its mysterious *Lebensnotwendigkeit*, its "deepest vital reasons".

The return of the Synarchy

The characteristic of a living metahistorical foundation is always that of calling for another, of providing for its own succession through the mystery of its liturgical self-dissolution, its disappearance and its return from beyond the time of its own end. The most secret history of the Synarchic Movement of Empire and of the Synarchic intelligence of which it came to be the circumstantial incarnation will therefore be the history of its next return in power, a return which, this time, will be called upon to decide the meaning and the light of the very completion of the present Western history of the world.

Signs, calls and very high mediumistic reverberations indicate that the predestined times of this Return of the Times are ready, and that what will come will be conceived according to the figure of that which came only to disappear and disappeared only to give itself, in this way, the metahistorical weapons of an *ultimate return*.

The fourth time

A very pathetic, sombre confession by Victor-Emile Michelet has stayed with me for a long time. "However cautious Saint-Yves was in revealing his science - and this caution is a virtue inherent in true mastery - he left a work which, however full it may be, remains mutilated. The hostile genius of darkness raged against him. Saint-Yves was above all concerned to reveal the secret workings of the great ancient civilisations, so that our anarchic society could benefit from this knowledge. Perhaps one day I will be allowed to recount how, in 1919, these lessons from the past almost penetrated the reconstruction of Europe, and how the opposing genius of the earth brought its victorious opposition.

And I would like to repeat, and strongly emphasise, the final words of Victor-Emile Michelet: *Perhaps one day I will be allowed to recount how, in 1919, these lessons from the past almost penetrated the reconstruction of Europe, and how the opposing genius of the earth provided its victorious opposition.*

Thus, on three occasions, the great persistent shadow in the astral, the great sovereign and mourning shadow called back to life, called back to *existence* through the original imperial couple reconstituted, beyond life, beyond death, by Joseph-Alexandre Saint-Yves d'Alveydre and Marie-Victoire de Risnitch, the "envoy of the Asia *Mysteriosa*", the "descendant of the Land of the Heights", was denied safe passage through the Gates of Return. Each time, the one Victor-Emile Michelet called the *hostile genius of darkness* and the *adverse genius of the earth* had managed to impose his will of impotence, diversion and nothingness, ensuring that his *victorious opposition* had the final word three over.

What was not done in the 1920s was not done in the 1940s, or in the beautiful 1960s, when Charles de Gaulle and Konrad Adenauer in a supreme effort of will, metapolitical hope and , came close to getting it done, rather subversively in fact, or at any rate in a way that was rather powerfully protected from the outside.

But there has to be a fourth time, *the ultimate return* whose time seems imminent.

Immense things in the cosmic and spiritual order of the astral are about to happen, soon, in Versailles, on the first floor of the former Hôtel de Mademoiselle, 9 rue Colbert, very close to the royal Place d'Armes.

I'm no stranger to *words of recognition*, which I think I can put into words: *It's been a long road.*

PADRE PIO'S SECOND RESURRECTION

The doctor from Krakow

On 20 March 1983, the cause for the beatification of Padre Pio of Pietrelcina, the stigmatised Capuchin of San Giovanni Rotondo, was *unblocked* by a very abrupt personal decision of the reigning Sovereign Pontiff. Powerful negative influences were opposed to this, and it took the full exercise* of pontifical authority to break the locks of the obscure ban encircling the ardent, illuminating and radiant figure of the greatest spiritualist, theologian and mystic, the greatest miracle-worker, the highest bearer of the Divine Mysteries in action that the Roman Church has known since the Counter-Reformation. Given, however, the state of advanced putrefaction, of high treason and perjury, of permanent and responsible spiritual crime, lucid and relentless in the task, which appears to be that of certain Catholic hierarchies located at the very heart of the place, the opposite would have been quite astonishing.

So are we really there yet? Yes, and in the depths things are infinitely worse. Should we then, already,

resign themselves to saying everything? Is partial concealment, the pretence of keeping necrosis on the surface a safeguard, or at least a time-saver? Where, in this case, is the right choice, the only legitimate choice?

Questioned in 1983 about the reasons that had so prevented, delayed and obscured the introduction of the process for the beatification of Padre Pio, Fr. Bernardino da Siena, postulator of the causes of the Capuchin Order, no longer felt the need to refrain from affirming that, according to him - and who, better than he, would therefore know the file of the stigmatised man of San Giovanni Rotondo - it was precisely the negative pressure, the resistance, the conspiracies of those who, fearing, even within the higher hierarchies of the Church, that the elevation of Padre Pio to the altar would be an irrevocable denial and a terrible disqualification, if not worse, of the actions they had taken in the past, and even in the most recent past, against the miraculous miracle-worker who came to us from the vineyards of Pietrelcina. The foolish and demented vanity of those who try to build barriers against the will of heaven.

Bernardino da Siena: - Padre Pio's life was made up of nothing but mystery. For him, there was never any boundary between our world and world beyond. Padre Pio did not become a saint, had always been one. A saint from the very first days of his existence*.

Moreover, and in a singularly revealing and painful way, the visible and invisible boundaries of the camp of Padre Pio's accusers, some of whom went so far as to call him *posseduto da Satana*, appear to be exactly the same as those of the camp of the personal enemies of John Paul II and his current efforts to clean up the Church.

It should be noted that the special and, strictly speaking, unique veneration with which John Paul II openly embraces the figure of the stigmatised Capuchin of San Giovanni Rotondo is by no means a recent phenomenon. It was in 1947, as a young student at the Angelicum in Rome, that Karol Wojtyła met Padre Pio for the first time. Today we know that Padre Pio not only predicted - or should I say *announced* - his future elevation to the See of Peter, but also the fact that his white pontifical habit would be adorned with the "purple roses of martyrdom", which obviously referred to the attack of 13 May 1983,

when John Paul II was miraculously saved by the direct intervention of Our Lady of Fatima. Subsequently, Karol Wojtyla, Archbishop of Krakow, found himself in the desperate position of having to recommend to the attention of the stigmatised miracle-worker of San Giovanni Rotondo the case one of his protégés, a doctor suffering from a cancerous tumour of the throat, which was progressing rapidly and against which, as they say, science could do nothing more. While her husband had been tortured in Dachau, in conditions strangely similar to those which, at the same time, led to the exemplary martyrdom of the future saint Maximilian Marie Kolbe, the work she was carrying out in Krakow on the confidential instructions Archbishop Karol Wojtyla, within the framework of clandestine Catholic Action and above all in the affair known as the Seminary of the Blind - an affair that was not at all what is more or less implied by the way in which it is described - made her the linchpin of the entire underground mystical system that Archbishop Karol Wojtyla was setting up at that time.

Padre Pio immediately did what he had to do to save the doctor from Krakow on the spot. In the confidential history of the fighting Church, this miraculous cure obtained by the miracle-worker of San Giovanni Rotondo represents a moment of extraordinary importance (later, perhaps, we will also know the meaning, the hidden reasons for such extreme importance). And when, shortly afterwards, Padre Pio received a letter of thanks from Archbishop Karol Wojtyla for the miraculous cure of the doctor in Krakow, he confided to one of his close friends: *"To him - to Karol Wojtyla - I can never refuse him anything."* I would add that it was the bishops of Poland who, after Padre Pio's death, set in motion the cause of his beatification, in a collective letter to Paul VI, a letter of great and beautiful firmness of inspiration, in which one can sense the breath and even the dictation of the future John Paul II.

As confidential as it was, and shrouded in mystery, the miraculous cure of the doctor from Krakow marked a salvific, irrevocable and fundamental turning point in the historical development of the Church today, the line of demarcation and rupture from which begins, in the invisible, the ebb of the active power of the Enemy Within. In the most intimate secret of Divine Providence, this was the day of the

It was the miraculous healing of the doctor from Krakow that Archbishop Karol Wojtyla was called to assume his great pontifical destiny, the day of salvation, in him and through him, of his own Shekinah. In him, through him and for him. And through him, from now on, for all of us. Every divine predestination calls for the salvation of the Shekinah.

The fortress of high charisma

Padre Pio, whose real name was Francesco Forgione, was born on 25 May 1887 in Pietrelcina, in the province of Benevento. Ordained a priest on 10 May 1910, he was called back to God on 23 September 1968. The only stigmatised priest in the history of the Church, Padre Pio lived for some fifty years with the five major wounds of the Crucified One bleeding into his flesh. Invisible for a time, the five bloody wounds of Padre Pio's stigmata soon appeared for what they were: the reverberating reproduction of the five horrible wounds of Jesus nailed to the cross and beaten by Longinus. And if, some fifty years, Padre Pio gave his living blood every day to support and signify the eternal perpetuation of the sacrifice lovingly imputed to the Crucified, with what amazement, with what sacred horror, were his companions not to witness, on the day of his death, a new and unexpected miracle: the five wounds of his stigmata had disappeared without a trace, barely a vague veil of pale pink.

However, like countless flames emanating

- visible, some of these flames, and others absolutely not

- From the same central focus, from the same burning, shining sun, from the fundamental miracle of Padre Pio's bloody stigmata, innumerable charisms emanated violently throughout the long course of his spiritual career, charisms whose immediate and providentially more distant importance and whose supernatural quality of action never cease - never cease - to push back the limits of the unbelievable. Charisms turned exclusively outwards, and each time constituting so many miracles of mercy, of pity, of living charity towards those who suffer, towards the afflicted, towards the most afflicted of the flesh, of soul or of the spirit. The charisms, then, were to him like so many bright flames surrounding, in

a crown of charitable ardour, the incandescent hearth, visible and invisible, where the ardent sacrifice of his stigmata was perpetuated, a sacrificial hearth and charitable ardent flames that together made up this mysterious Fortress of High Charisma that he had built and maintained, throughout his life, and which he may still be working to maintain, on the steep slopes of Mount Gargano.

It has been said that Padre Pio lived the upward spiral of his priestly vocation without return, *sacerdos in aeternum*, in a way that was both permanent and total, having accepted to become himself, in his own life and even in the immediate life of his flesh, the Bloody Tabernacle of a sacrifice whose supersignifying perpetuation, very visible but also very tragic, *revealed in a different way*, during his daily celebration of the Mass, the fact of transubstantiation called upon, by him, to take place there, and there perhaps more than anywhere else.

But I persist in being existentially certain that, without the daily celebration of the regular Catholic Mass, the fragile increasingly vertiginously fragile floor on which this world sits above the precipices of original nothingness would already have given way, that the world would long ago have collapsed into the anti-cosmogonic black hole of its own nothingness. Yet this was also the unbearable, dramatic, crucifying science of Padre Pio. Exhilarating, bringing to its ultimate climax, *doubling* the incandescent focus of his own life as a Bloody Tabernacle, the Mass that Padre Pio said every day illuminated and bore *secretly centrifugal* witness to all the Masses regularly celebrated on the same day throughout the world.

Now, it is absolutely essential that we understand this: cases like that of the great miraculous cure of the lady doctor of Krakow are never, in fact, anything other than the charismatic, but active and visible, consequence of the cosmic, and even supra-cosmic, exacerbation of Padre Pio's priestly vocation conceived as a Bloody Tabernacle. As we have already seen, cases like that of the miraculous cure of the doctor in Krakow are like an innumerable crowd, like so many bright flames around an indefinitely exalted hearth. The list of Padre Pio's miraculous deeds will probably never exhaustive. In any case, for the cause of his beatification, the only miracles that can count are those obtained by him, or through him, after the moment of his death.

Clairvoyance, the greatest clairvoyance, metahistorical prophecy, the power to split into two at will, to move in time and space, be present at the same time in several places at once, miraculous healings at the limit of belief, transmission of thought and deep reading of consciences, in destinies, in existences, in the most guarded secrets of lives hidden by their belonging to the higher evil, the power of liberating confession in the depths, of obtaining conversion on the very vanguard of the power of darkness at work in this world, and healings again, unheard-of, terrible healings : so many charismatic consequences, and nothing but *consequences* of Padre Pio's accession to the state of Bloody Tabernacle, of his elevation to the rank of Governor General of his own Fortress of High Charisms.

Unsurprisingly, a wealth of literature has been trying for some time to keep up to date with the miracles of the stigmatised man of San Giovanni Rotondo. At this level of the problem, the most important and most humble undertaking seems to me to be that of the official chronicler of San Giovanni Rotondo, Alberto del Fante, himself a former Padre Pio *devotee*.

However, apart from that of the doctor from Krakow, I intend to mention here only one of the great miraculous cures attributable to Padre Pio: that of little Gemma di Georgi.

The Blind Seminar

Gemma di Georgi, born blind - and blind because, from birth, she had no eyes - received her sight, and all of it, as if nothing happened, on 18 June 1947, after receiving Holy Communion in San Giovanni Rotondo, Padre Pio himself. From the point of view of medical science, Gemma di Georgi was still blind, because, since she still had no eyes, she should not have been able to see at all. However, since 18 June 1947, Gemma di Georgi has been able to see. She has been able to follow her studies in the most regular and normal way, and goes about her life with perfect sight. It was not I who made her see," said Padre Pio, "it was Our Lady, Our Lady herself.

Now, if I have chosen to speak, among so many other cases, only of little Gemma di Georgi, of [*the blind girl who sees*], it is because it enables me to shed a *different light* on some of the special undertakings of the clandestine - or parallel, to put it better - Polish Catholic Action, which the very mysterious doctor from Krakow had to deal with, under the confidential direction of Archbishop Karol Wojtyla, at the very time when she came to Krakow, under the confidential direction of Archbishop Karol Wojtyla, the very mysterious doctor of Krakow at the very moment when she was struck down - and this is called a backlash - by the black evil from which Padre Pio miraculously cured her. And why, precisely, *a* ? I have already mentioned that the Doctress of Krakow was responsible in particular for an institution called the Seminary for the Blind. In fact, she was in charge of a clandestine structure of "prayer groups" designed to help blind people see. I mean the great political blind, the greatest blind of the power of darkness. Understandably, I can't into too much detail on this problem here. The ganglionic leaders of the high Communist hierarchies in power in Poland, the USSR and everywhere else in the world where the subversive occupation of Marxism reigns, had to endure, invisibly, the incessant and very hard, sustained and exacerbated, the very clear attack of the "prayer groups" attached to their persons by the care of the Seminary for the Blind in Krakow, an attack modulated, in each case, by the doctor of Krakow herself, and which, in each case, was aimed at getting *the blind to see*. Let the blind man be torn away, from within himself, from the thick, opaque darkness of his moral and meta-psyche blindness and, finally, from his political blindness, torn away from the domination, in him and over him, of the power of darkness. I have therefore been assured that, among many other special actions of the Krakow Seminar for the Blind that have been successfully completed, account must be taken of the secret, intimate, profoundly unacknowledged and probably - to a certain extent - unconscious change that made Leonid Brezhnev what few men are able to know today, among other actions, infinitely more occult, to receive, as personal envoys of John Paul II, the group of members of International Catholic Action responsible for talking to him about world peace, and also for bringing to his attention the most reserved information from Rome on the apocalyptic prophecies of Fatima.

To truly understand, in all their depths, the

In view of the difficulty of the matters under discussion here, it would seem necessary once again to refer to the metahistorical teachings of the Marian revelations of Fatima, and to the promises of conversion of Soviet Russia made by the Virgin Mary at Fatima, promises valid on condition of the unconditional Catholic consecration of Soviet Russia to her own Immaculate Heart.

The metahistorical strategy of the "prayer groups" used on a large by the Seminary of the Blind in Krakow had its origins in certain illuminations of Saint Maximilian Maria Kolbe - canonised by John Paul II - which have remained entirely confidential to this day, and also came to constitute one of the strong points, if not the very axis, of the lesser-known action of the great stigmatised man of San Giovanni Rotondo. On the subject of

In May 1966, Padre Pio himself said of the "prayer groups": *"I ask you to become Foyers of Charity and Faith, in whose midst Christ Himself can make Himself present whenever you gather together in a spirit of prayer and to share, together as Brothers and under the guidance of your superiors and spiritual leaders, the Lord's Supper of Love.* Still on the subject of the new strategy of "prayer groups", Maria Winowska also writes in her admirable *The True Face of Padre Pio*: "The prayer groups that are swamping the world were born of his heart 'inflamed with love', in response to the increasingly urgent appeals of the popes". For the stigmatised man of San Giovanni Rotondo had an acute, visionary and tragic conception of the present and future trials of the Church in peril, and this is why fidelity to Peter was not only to be the cornerstone of his theology of history and his direct metahistorical doctrine, but increasingly seemed to become, after his death, the aim of his providential interventions on the front line of the immense battle in progress. The fundamental counter-strategic objective of the fight for the Church today, as Bishop Emeritus of Strasbourg, Mgr Elchinger, has just declared, *is to avoid its dissolution.* And also: *There is an orchestrated campaign against Rome in France.*

Thus Padre Pio wrote in 1968, a few days before his death, in must be considered his spiritual and religious testament, these pathetic and visionary lines, addressed to

to the Pope: - The Capuchin Order has always been at the forefront of love, fidelity, obedience and devotion to the Holy See. I pray to the Lord that it will always be the same".

And if the Church is currently undergoing such an offensive of putrefactive self-dissolution, an offensive manipulated and exalted by the covert agents of the Enemy Within, what should we not say of the world itself? The strategy of the "prayer groups", so powerfully armed, supported and followed, for its , by the Church of the End - the apocalyptic Church of Fatima, the Church of Saint Maximilian Mary Kolbe and Padre Pio, the Church of Marthe Robin, the Church of Medjugorje and Our Lady of the Wind, Empress of Profound Peace - never ceases to promote, we saw in Medjugorje, an offensive strategy, a general counter-strategy of "liberated bases, in the very space of the most nocturnal dominations of today's world, - liberated bases" within which Faith, Love and Hope must once again prevail over the omnipotence of darkness and the suicidal alienation commanded by non-being. The great battle, the only battle of the Church of the End and of its Catholicity renewed from within, is the direct battle against the visible and invisible action of the power of darkness, the spiritual battle pushed to the very heart of the night of non-being.

With the dark changes that have taken place in the subversive governance of our times, Padre Pio will now speak only of "our God Crucified in the midst of Darkness", whose Reign, in the present, is made up nothing but "death, agony, darkness, dereliction". But didn't he also say that *I will stand at the Gates of Paradise and will not enter until all my children have entered?*

Is Elijah coming back?

From a letter from Padre Pio to a group of Tertiaries, dated 28 September 1915 and quoted by Maria Winowska in *The True Face of Padre Pio*: "You complain that I do not satisfy all your requests and you reproach me kindly for this. So there is nothing left for me but to apologise. I want you to know that,

For some time now *I have been* suffering from amnesia, despite all my desire to please you. But *I* realise that deep down it is a great grace that the Lord only calls to my memory the people and things he wants me to remember. For it is he, the Lord, who, time and again, introduces me to people I have never seen or heard of in my life, for the sole purpose of my praying for them; and, in this case, he always hears me. On the other hand, when the Lord does not want to hear me, he makes me forget to pray even for the people I had the firm intention of including in my intentions. My amnesia sometimes extends to basic necessities, such as eating, drinking and the like. However, I thank Providence for never allowing me to forget the duties of my state". And Maria Winowska added the following comment: - The strange *amnesias of which* he complains are nothing more than pauses in the providential programme of his apostolate. Some souls are expressly entrusted to him. Others are not. He does his best: those he is not *responsible for* do not even leave a trace of their names in his memory".

At such a level of total mystical engulfment, at such a level of spiritual over-identification of the supplicated and the supplicant, of the distraught love and elusive and hidden object of his love, of the one who acts and the one who acted upon, at which level the great stigmatist of San Giovanni Rotondo appears as a simple and clear acting idea of his Lord in the unfathomable secret of his own consciousness of Himself, as the secret agent of thought, will and desire in action within this world, how can fail to ask ourselves who, in fact, was the one we came to know under the luminous and so royally humble guise of Padre Pio of Pietrelcina?

Was he a charismatic, radiant incarnation of the announcement of Elijah's final return, or was he himself Elijah once again?

The second resurrection of Padre Pio

Like Saint Theresa of the Infant Jesus - for whom he confessed an exceptional veneration, as ardent as it was melancholy - Padre Pio nevertheless considered his stay on the island to be an exceptional experience.

earth, in this world - and some particularly moving texts make this clear - as a crucifying ordeal, dying indefinitely for not being able to die, and holding the threshold of his entry into death for the very moment of his resurrection, his *first resurrection*. In this sense, Padre Pio's first resurrection will therefore have taken place on the day of his death to earth, September 23, 1968, and his *second resurrection* - just as, according to the high science of the Gnostics, there is a *second death*, spoken of, too, in the Apocalypse of Saint John, I would say that there is, too, a *second resurrection* - will take place at the time of his elevation to the altar, a day quite soon, we hope. <Let us not lose a single moment," exclaimed John Paul II at the opening of the process for the beatification of the stigmatised Capuchin of San Giovanni Rotondo.

For, in order for him to truly act in this world, to act in an immediately apocalyptic way within the framework of an immense plan for the interior recovery of the Church, for which he had already laid the first visible and invisible foundation stones during his lifetime, Padre Pio had be manifestly received into the community of saints and recognised as such, to pass through the ecclesial mystery, through the cosmic mystery of his second resurrection. This is the hidden purpose of the delaying tactics being used to prevent his elevation to the altar, and this is also the reason for John Paul II's impetuous decision on this subject, a burning issue if ever there was one.

Like Saint Thérèse of Lisieux, Padre Pio of Pietrelcina confessed that he *would spend his heaven doing good on earth*. It was therefore as part of a providential plan that no longer took into account the dividing line, the ontological, abyssal frontier between this world and the world beyond, which Padre Pio had taken care to , The visible and invisible walls of his *Casa di Sollievo délia Sofferenza*, his mysterious *House for the Transmutation Suffering*, the central focus of *Padre Pio's work*, were built in San Giovanni Rotondo itself, on the sacred slopes of Mount Gargano, a Michaëlian mecca. On his *Casa di Sollievo délia Sofferenza*, Padre Pio was to declare: <The members of the Work will find here the central rallying point for their "prayer groups". The priests will find here the place of their profound communion. The members of the Work itself - men, women and - must activate their spiritual formation here in the secret of their Ascent to God".

So in the *Casa di Sollievo délia Sofferenza* in San Giovanni Rotondo, the eye accustomed to penetrating beyond the appearances given for visible of what is hardly visible will be able to recognise as the secretly living and radiant materialisation of this Fortress of the High Charisms of which I spoke at the beginning of this writing. A Fortress of High Charisms which, in the midst of the darkness of this world fallen back under the alienating regency of the omnipotence of darkness, already represents a "liberated base. In the midst of the darkness of this world fallen back under the alienating reign of the omnipotence of darkness, it already represents a "liberated base", in the visible and invisible, a focus of inextinguishable spiritual and charitable light and a stronghold what is already, through the "prayer groups" of the Work of Padre Pio through other, much more , combat groups, continuing, at present time, the final apocalyptic battle set in motion by Padre Pio and the long hidden line of spirituals to which he himself is so actively attached.

An ancient and incredibly deep well, a well containing original water of extraordinary clarity, freshness and sparkle is hidden, as some of us know, beneath the foundations of the *Casa si Sollievo délia Sofferenza* di San Giovanni Rotondo, the central well of the invisible enclosure of the Fortress of the High Charisms, making it the rallying point for all our people. At the bottom of this well, since 22 July 1253, lies the occult crown of the Hohenstaufens, which some have seen in their dreams. One year to go. For the final virtue is the virtue of the number thirteen, a virtue that return.

To give her life

For behind the invisible walls of the Fortress of the High Charisms, there beats a Divine Heart. Padre Pio wrote: "Live your life with heroic tranquillity, and rest on this Divine Heart, without fear, for there you are sheltered from the storms, and not even the Justice of God can reach there...".

Once again: who, in the still-living mystery of his last passage, was the one we came to call Padre Pio? As far as I am , and very personally, I

believes that he is in a position to respond, *at the end of everything* and using, on purpose, his own words, the words of Padre Pio, *the one who loved her and died so that she might have life*.

Will the great stigmatist of San Giovanni Rotondo, occult governor, beyond life and beyond death, of the Fortress of the High Charisms, benefited even from the ultimate virtue of the supreme charism, which is the virtue of providing for the resurrection from the dead? I do not yet know, but I can testify in advance that *he who loved her and died so that she might have life* did not fail to preside over, to intercede in, to support the march of the cosmological spiral whose culmination, in the process of being made, which has even just been made, marks, precisely, her return to life, her return from the dead by the ardent and burning paths that only the star Betelgeuse illuminates. This for the attention of Father Bernardino da Siena, who must take it into account and bear witness to it.

ON THE REAPPEARANCE OF THE GREEN FACE

Enter the heart God and let the heart of God enter us to make an indissoluble marriage.

Louis-Claude de Saint-Martin

Deliver passage

As Christian Jacq makes clear in his thoughtful and passionate foreword to the new edition of Gustav Meyrink's *Green Face* recently published by Éditions du Rocher, the novel was first published 1916 by Kurt Wolff in Leipzig. Is this a sign? This great book about the end of the world was published at the height of the war, in the midst of the whirlwind of iron, dark horror and fire that was to bring about the end of the world. Christian Jacq adds: "The first translation, by E. von Etthofen and M. Perrenoud, was published by Émile Paul in 1932. A new translation was prepared by A.D. Sampier- ri; first published by La Colombe in 1964, then by Retz in 1975, it is being revived with the present edition".

Some people, myself , consider *The Green Face* to be Gustav Meyrink's masterpiece. But there is still much to be said about Gustav Meyrink. And, first of all, to mention the mysterious incompatibility that prevails with force, persistence and malignity, between *the real presence* of Gustav Meyrink's great initiatory novels and the flagrant lack of interest shown in them by the somewhat condescending attention - by the singular *inattention* - of those who, in France, pride themselves on being very familiar with the current fields of investigation, the most advanced achievements of a certain Western esotericism. Despite the fascinating *Cahier de l'Herne* devoted to Gustav Meyrink by Yvonne Caroutch and D'Arnold Waldstein, and despite the fact that all of Gustav Meyrink's novels and even his short stories have long since been translated into French and are readily available, the author of *The Green Face* is hardly known.

And yet, in spite of the evil obstinacy of the refusal which is thus indefinitely opposed to the work of Gustav Meyrink, the time has finally come, without warning, or the obligation becomes inescapable, for us, to do justice, full and, from now on, increasingly activist justice, to the sum of revelations of a spiritual and cosmological nature - revelations, each time, absolutely decisive - which are mysteriospherically sheltered within the archipelago of Gustav Meyrink, to the sum total of spiritual and cosmological revelations - each one *absolutely decisive* - that are mysteriospherically sheltered within the archipelago of his novels, the Archipelago of Deliverance.

But above all, we need to agree on the very terms of the very necessary, very salvific, very vital restoration of Gustav Meyrink's spiritual and cosmological science to its rightful place. For there is no question, under any circumstances, of attempting any kind of literary rehabilitation. For Gustav Meyrink, as for H P Lovecraft, literature is nothing, or nothing more than a subservient carrier, the vehicle for proposing and putting into figures an essential message, hidden behind its own carrier, behind its own vehicle, but which is of a supernatural, even divine nature. The true centre of gravity of Gustav Meyrink's work, which is still in progress, lies elsewhere, infinitely elsewhere than in the vicinity of what we still agree is his literature.

As far as I'm concerned, *I have* no hesitation in asserting this, and in the sharpest possible way: approached from the angle of reading its best, most secret appropriation.

spiritual, the work of Gustav Meyrink appears today, in the light of certain relatively recent changes in the Western mind, to be infinitely more salvific, more revealing even, than the furrows of traditional re-establishment traced by the work René Guénon and Julius Evola. Certainly, if it had not been for the great work awakening and dramatically restoring the consciousness of the West promoted and pursued by René Guénon and Julius Evola - whose implicit, subterranean *complementarity* never ceases to reconcile the priestly figure of the Spirit in Arms, theosophically represented by René Guénon, and that of the Weapons of the Spirit, royally produced by Julius Evola, theosophical and royal, Hermetic figures of the same *Imperium*, but apparently separated by the very mystery of reaffirmation at the end of the cycle, at the end of the Black Season - nor would there be any fruit to be had, at present time, for those who find themselves invited to seek, and to find, in the work of Gustav Meyrink, active, immediate and direct answers, the paths of occult passage and the doors, at once forbidden and ajar, that the traditional awakening to consciousness achieved by René Guénon and Julius Evola had only announced and, as it were, *given rise to suspicions*, but had never been able to offer in terms of actual use, of a procedure of passage available to those of us who reach the end of the road.

There are five of Gustav Meyrink's great initiatory and occultist novels: *The Golem*, *Walpurgis Night*, *The Angel at the Window of the West*, *The White Dominican* and *The Green Face*. In each of these novels, Gustav Meyrink charitably offers, in barely quantifiable terms, all is really necessary to know for those who have already reached the end of the path. So that they can cross, as if by themselves, the dividing line between the visible and the invisible, between existential powerlessness and ontological omnipotence, between forewarned non-consciousness and awakened super-consciousness, the principle of heroic acceptance into the Confraternity of the Great Awakened Ones, of the 'External Intelligences', and of seeing oneself drawn into it, sucked in, alive, in one's living breath, in one's living breath and in one's own living body, by the Living Abyss of these cosmic assemblies and their own Living Bodies. In *The Golem*, Gustav Meyrink delivers the final emancipations from the most occult paths of Judaic Kabbalah, opens the last doors and breaks the

his users' last shadows of impediment. In *Walpurgis Night*, he instructs us in the ultimate experimental codes of the great Altaic-European shamanism. In *L'Ange à la fenêtre de l'Occident* (*The Angel at the Window of the West*), Gustav Meyrink provides the final procedures for the heroic and solar culmination of alchemy in its trans migratory and cosmic paths, while in *Le dominicain blanc* (*The White Dominican*) he unveils the most occult royal approach of a certain Taoism of the "pass to the West", which is the pass "of the sceptre and the sword". Finally, in *Le Visage Vert* (*The Green Face*), he shows the art and the ways of accessing, for those who find themselves secretly urged to do so, the state of double ontological belonging, the state of those who are at the same time of this world and of the other, mortal and immortal, living and already eternal. The state of those who manage to be admitted into the very presence of the Supreme Mistress of this world and the other, the Eternal Mistress of eternally endless life, the Isis duplicated and very lovingly incarnated in the flesh of the one through whom Isis condescends to come there, and to give herself, alive, to the chosen ones of her own nuptial precincts.

The goddess was still smiling on her throne, but standing very close to him was a young woman, much alive and real, who was like the earthly doppelganger of Eva's apparition. "Eva! Eva! With a cry of unspeakable joy and rapture he pressed her against him and covered her face with kisses. "Eva! They stood at the window for a long time, entwined, gazing out at the dead city. Then he heard an inner thought, as if it were voice of Chidher the Green speaking to him:

"Help future generations, like me, to build a new world with the shards of the old, so that the day may come when I myself can emerge. However, the chamber and the temple had once again become distinct from each other. And then: "Like the head of Janus, Huberisser could look into both the world beyond and the world on earth, and clearly discern details and things: *here below and in world beyond, he was the same Living One*".

A bon entendeur salut

I'm perfectly aware of this myself, and the statements I just made are likely to seem quite ridiculous.

unacceptable to all those who, until now, have been accustomed to finding their initiatory enlightenment solely in the practice of René Guénon's traditional testimony, or in the proposals of Julius Evola's traditional activism. I would therefore like to emphasise even more strongly the part of what I have to make understood to those who are already prepared to understand it.

we need to look for in Gustav Meyrink's work, I repeat, is a direct and immediately usable answer to the questions of those who, dissatisfied with the mere intellectual approach to the traditional initiatory mystery, feel tragically urged within themselves to *take action*, to experience totally, clearly, in their very being, that which doctrinal teaching alone can only provide them with a mental figure, the shadow of the shadow, the reflection of a reflection that is itself reflected.

Indeed, there are many people who one day come to complain, saying: "After reading all of René Guénon, I have sunk into despair; for while I may have grasped the principles of the overall teaching that I had to understand, I have scarcely found in it the slightest light that could enable me to realise for myself the living truth of this teaching, to live it in the direct experience of my own life, of my own being in the depths.

To those I would reply that, if they have really understood the teaching that René Guénon was asked to pass on to them, the time has also come for them to read, without wasting a single moment, the great initiatory novels of Gustav Meyrink, and only then will they understand, in a sudden flash, *how to get through*.

For Gustav Meyrink's fundamental mysteriosophic task is to *give passage* to those who must pass.

A bon entendeur salut.

Mobilising the loving structure against the Apocalypse

Educated by the wells of science of which he was, from the outset, the sole secret beneficiary, Gustav Meyrink could not be unaware that on the final beach of the Kâli-Yuga era all the channels of personal salvation are closed, that deliverance ceases

That a bar of merciless darkness prevents passage to living reality, to the spaces of unheard-of sunshine beyond; that this bar, built all in darkness, prevents the line of salvation and deliverance from being crossed by anyone, and marks the limit from the times of charity are very abruptly suspended. For other than the very small number of those who, for purposes concerning the progress the present cycle as a whole along the paths of its providential guidance and fulfilment, find themselves very covertly mobilised - wherever they are, and sometimes even where they are not - for singular missions, the outcome of which concerns, each time, the fate of the world at the crossroads of its most perilous paths, or even the very secret of salvation in its suprahuman totality (exclusively of a divine order, this one).

And, in any case, even the highly predestined chosen of this very small number will not be able to imagine, and absolutely not, that they could manage to save themselves without the support a mysteriously external help ; without, each time, someone being committed, from the depths of heaven, to the one who was about to be saved, so that he might join him halfway along the road, and supernaturally support him in the zone of absolute impassability that will be the last part of his own upward spiral.

In the final season of the Kâli-Yuga, therefore, only the personal missionaries of Divine Providence will manage to think again, those who find themselves engaged in its most active and most hidden, most protected ways.

In *The Green Face*, we read the disturbing words of old Jan Swammerdan, "King Solomon", to Eva van Druysen: "The path that leads eternal life is no wider than the edge of a blade. You help others when you see them faltering, should you expect any help from them. He who looks to others loses his balance and falls into the abyss. In this field, as in the rest of the world, there is no collective way forward, and that is why we absolutely cannot do without a guide: he must come to us from the realm of the spirit".

Nevertheless, from the depths of his Prague hideaway, Gustav Meyrink knew perfectly well that the paths to salvation and deliverance were specifically half-open to the prescient Westerners at the end of the world, imminent and as if already in progress.

These paths were glorious and powerful at the beginning of the great cosmic cycle now in the process of closing, of extinction; they were then obscured and lost in oblivion, in the most profound powerlessness; and only at the present time - now, when everything is coming to an end, and the end itself must celebrate its nocturnal reunion with its own beginnings - are they rediscovering, for the benefit of some, for those who will later constitute the 'very few', their ancient powers of deliverance and providential salvation.

Now, as we have just said, each of these five paths of apocalyptic and providential self-indulgence corresponds, no doubt quite deliberately, to one of Gustav Meyrink's five initiatory novels. Thus, I would like to achieve, if only dialectically, is to identify an operational structure that is equally active, and as equally present and *radiant* in the inapproachable depths of these five great initiatory novels that make up Gustav Meyrink's pontifical work. What could be more different, on the surface at least, than the very different narratives contained in, for example, *The Golem* and *Walpurgis Night*, or *The White Dominican* and *The Angel at the Window of the West*?

And yet, a common structure of instruction seems to me, in fact, to pre-exist both in relation to them as a whole and in relation each of these five novels. How can we define this common structure of Gustav Meyrink's five great initiatory novels? *Can we grasp it?* Is it even conceivable?

1. First and foremost, it is a general situation of rupture, of dissolution, where world history finds itself in the catastrophic imminence one of its quite final conclusions, and where the world itself seems on the verge of tipping over into the irremediable Great Dissolution, into the nothingness of the *Mahapralaya*.

2. The only fundamental problem that arises each time, at the climax of the imminent tragedy or as if in the process of being completed, whether we are dealing with the *end of the world*, an ultimate and total cosmic disaster, or the *end of a world*, the end of a world whose consumption would then be no more than the prophetic figure, the pre-ontological affirmation of a "new world".

greater cosmological disaster to come, at a later date, at a time that is certain to be *different*.

3. And yet, the choice between the end of the world and the end of just one world always appears to be a reserved one, subject to the ultimate destiny of a *loving confrontation*, the outcome of which - either saving or leading to nothingness - will itself decide, whether this world should disappear forever into nothingness, or, on the contrary, whether it should recover, after passing the nocturnal test of self-dissolution, death and oblivion, the powers of being of another, auroral recommencement, of a renewed, saved, imperial and solar cosmology.

4. Everything is thus reduced to becoming, to the necessary tragedy of an amorous encounter, and of its most hidden destinies. An amorous encounter, pre-arranged, pre-ontologically inspired, planned as if "from all eternity". Now, once consummated as a nuptial encounter lodged in the exaltation of two flesh becoming one flesh, it will be mysteriously led to penetrate the very narrow nocturnal passage of separation, death and oblivion, of the irremediable depredation of its loving unity of being. But once plunged into the abyssal darkness, into the enclosed and certain darkness of death and the mortuary dwellings cosmologically assimilated to death, the being of love thus experienced will be summoned to try to recover, by the sole virtue of its own nuptial identity, its ancient immemorial memory of itself, and all the powers of being included in the consciousness of this immemorial memory once again awakened to itself, thus putting itself in a position to prevail over death and its regimes of nothingness and deep, dark ontological oblivion. Brought into a situation that, in principle at least, can bring it back to life, the being of old love in eternal perdition will then be able to give itself the cosmological weapons of its return to life. And the life thus renewed by death, the eternal survival, therefore, and beyond all reach, of those who succeed in forcing their way beyond the prohibitions, the night and even the very reality of mon, will be the bearer of this mysterious and dazzling crown of invincible Love that comes to be offered, every time, to those whose renewal of love will have broken through death and forced the re-establishment, beyond the black mountains of death, of the absolutely new temporality and the absolutely new spaces of the *Imperium Redevivus*, of the *Sanctum Regnum* crowning the very hermetic *Novissima Renovatio*.

At the end of a reading of all of Gustav Meyrink's initiatory novels that is as attentive as it is careful, I am convinced that is absolutely no way in which the discourse, the discursive recitation of each of his novels and the decoding grid whose four operative theses we have just identified, could not be more precisely and meaningfully matched. In fact, Gustav Meyrink has never said more than one and the same thing: I regard this as a perfectly established certainty, even as an aprioristic category of intelligence, living and active appropriation of the whole of his work. All his novels form a single novel, and this one will confess, albeit always veiled, to a single science of love, the '*science of love*' itself.

In *The Green Face*: "Our symbol is the Phoenix, the symbol of rejuvenation, the legendary eagle of the sky in Egypt, the eagle with purple and golden plumage that burns itself in its nest of myrrh and is continually reborn from its ashes. I told you that the beginning of the path is your own body; he who knows this can begin his journey at any time". And also: "Today you are admitted to our community, and you a new ring in the chain that stretches from eternity to eternity".

And so it happens that the merit of the very particular excellence of *The Green Face* comes to impose itself on us as a matter of course precisely from the fact that the amorous structure common to all of Gustav Meyrink's novels allows itself to be surprised, so to speak, *on the surface*, and that the *Green Face* ends up being something like the very structure, the primary structure of the *amorous structure* opposing Gustav Meyrink's work to the work of death and the nocturnal ravages, the fatal advances of an apocalyptic slide carrying all our decays, all our abdications without return.

On the shores of Lake Staremborg

How many times have I personally had to take on haggard, pitiful and darkening recriminations of some of our people, always the best, the purest and the most determined, by which I mean also the most desperate, could take it no more, who no longer knew how to withstand the crushing onslaught of the evidence, within them, of a certain *final ban* signifying to them, without hope or mercy, the intractable refusal of a

the salvific culmination of their quest, of their heroic journey through lost years, through lives seemingly sacrificed in vain, in shame and in the silently petrified spasm of the last cry *on the edge of that*, of the last sob on the edge of a precipice glimpsed, sometimes, a dream, a precipice that all of us had to experience one day or another.

My greatest compliments go to those who might have feared falling before dawn. At dawn on 4 December 1932, Gustav Meyrink, alone on the shores of Lake Staremberg, his chest bare, knew perfectly well how to irrevocably cross the line of the horizon tinged with the divine birth of the new day, the line, he said, of the 'spiritual equinox'. But before leaving, he had managed to tell his fellow travellers everything they needed to know so that when they reached bank of a certain half-dried stream, they could *take the* with impunity. With impunity, or almost.

Double polar message

I confess: in *Le Visage Vert*, I myself found dazzling confirmation of my own achievements in the face of the unsurpassable and, in the face of *ultimate blockages*, like a double polar message urging me both *to dare to understand* and, above all, *to dare to carry myself forward*, to walk, awake, through the very darkness of the darkest inconceivable.

What Gustav Meyrink had thus forced me to understand better was the very death of whom, Eurydice in reverse, was to accompany me by preceding me, sacrificed, exalted, predestined, glorified, in my own direct experience of death and its most occult nuptial crossing.

Like Eva van Druysen in *The Green Face*, "she who is to penetrate the mystery of death" does not actually have to die. When she dies, her death is not entirely or completely death, but something other than death, while at the same time participating in the deepest mystery of death. A mystery that, in the muted light of amorous science, appears to be that of the separation of lovers predestined to the ordeal of death, of their cosmological plunge into the dark precipices of the immemorial memory of their own love, and of the flawless, merciless amnesia that will always accompany the ardent experience, the bitter, very bitter experience.

of this ocean dive with no time, no hope and no goal, hopelessly abandoned to herself, "with no way back".

Beneath the more or less conventional appearance of death as a false semblance, as a kind of funerary phantasmagoria akin to certain Masonic rituals - see, on this subject, the mystagogic funeral of Eva von Druysen, at night, in the church of St Nicholas, The secret patron, as we know, of all these *special procedures* - "she who is to penetrate the mystery of death" will in fact have to undergo a nocturnal displacement in the inner space of her own being, a ritual occultation that will result in her "disappearance" to the outside world. For she will have to hide "somewhere in the city", disappear from the paths of her own life, just as Eva van Druysen had to disappear one summer evening in the notorious Zee Dijk district of Amsterdam. Disappear for good. For when she returns, she will be *different*, while still apparently being herself, abysmally different.

And so, secretly received "in a convent", in the "poorhouse" and even, sometimes, in a - and all this, we are taught, "under another name", under an "assumed identity" sealed amnesia - she became a child of her parents.

"Those who must penetrate the mystery of death will first of all practise disappearing from the paths of their own lives in a way that is irremediable enough for their disappearance to resemble my own, to reproduce within themselves the inner movement of death as separation, as disappearance. Don't we say *la chère disparue*? Resorbed by being, existence veils itself fiercely, prevents any approach, any recollection, wants and becomes profound, ontological amnesia, abyssal amnesia. In the *Green Face*, however, we read: "We have nothing to do with the empire of the dead. Our goal is eternal life". And even more clearly: "I know that at the moment you have only one desire: to find Eva. But you *need to* do is this: find the magic force that can save your fiancée from further harm the future. Otherwise you find her only to lose her, just as humans on earth only to be separated by death. You must therefore find her, not as you would find a lost object, but in a new way, and doubly so. For," asks Chidher the Green, "*do you want to go to the empire of the dead to look for the living?*" And Chidher the Green again: "He who

who doesn't learn to "see" on earth won't learn it on the other side. Do you think that just because her body looks dead, she won't be able to live again? She is alive, it is only you who are still dead. He who once became alive like her cannot die again, but he who is dead like you can become alive". And then: "Just as you can now put your hand in my side, you will be united with Eva when you have the new spiritual life. What does it matter to you if people think she's dead? You can't ask those who are asleep to see those who awake". And it is then that Chidher the Green delivers the ultimate keys to the amorous science to which *The Green Face* bears witness. Chidher the Green: "You have called the love that passes (he pointed to the place where the decapitated cross had stood, ran his foot over the spot of mould, and the spot disappeared). I have brought you the love that passes, because I did not stay on earth to take, but to give. To each what he desires. But men do not know what their soul desires

If they knew, they would be *seers*". Eva van Druysen, on the other hand, knew perfectly well what she needed to know how to desire, *what secret wish to make*. "Eva wished for the love that doesn't pass away. I gave it to her, and I'll give it to you for her sake. Love that passes is a ghostly love. When on earth I see a love germinate that rises above that of the spectres, I stretch out my hands like protective branches over its head to save it from an untimely death, for I am not only the ghost with the green face, I am also Chidher, the eternally green tree".

On the just formulation of her secret vow, on Eva van Druysen, "the one who must penetrate the mystery of death", and on the very moment when this vow was formulated: "In the excess of her suffering, she leaned her forehead against the grate and, with her lips twisted, cried out a silent prayer: that the smallest of those who have crossed the river of death for love should appear to her to show her the path that leads to the mysterious crown of life, so that she can take it and give it. As if a hand had touched her hair, she raised her head and saw that the sky had suddenly changed".

Brought by the most unavowable means - and, moreover, completely unconfessed - to formulate the only nuptial vow that was perfectly just, Eva van Druysen, "the one who must penetrate the mystery of death", "the one who must penetrate the mystery of death", "the one who must penetrate the mystery of death", "the one who must penetrate the mystery of death".

- and, like her, all her nameless, faceless peers in the occult chain

from the *Imperium Amoris* to the enigmatic Princess Laure d'Altavilla, who is so close to us, to our times - will have to let herself be caught and carried by the currents of the great depths of immemorial memory and its dark precipices, of separation and its darkness, lose everything, forget everything, lose herself and everything to the last degree of existential annihilation of the self, give herself to death, enter death, disappear

All this in anticipation of the day of her reappearance, a day secretly planned in advance, when she will unveil the terrible ban of her occult, dogmatic identity, her Divine Belonging.

In *The Green Face*, it says: "As with Job, whatever is taken from you will be given back to you a hundredfold. Then *you will be again where you once were*. They don't know that returning home after a long stay abroad is quite from having always stayed at home".

Is it really necessary for me to say so? In attempting to exploit here, the very limit of its final implications, the spoken word, the unspoken and the unspoken itself of the narrative offered by Gustav Meyrink's *The Green Face*, I am appealing only to those who have already read it and who are already familiar with the novel's strong inner bushwork and the very dramatic, vertiginous recitative spiral that drives it - dispensing with the need to present it in the first degree, the 'narrative of the narrative'. If they want to get there too, those who haven't read *Le Visage Vert* should start by doing so.

The stowaway

Let me continue. The initiatory journey offered by the story of *The Green Face* therefore entirely centred on the mystery of Eva van Druysen's disappearance, her 'death to the visible', and its final outcome leads to her appearance - her reappearance, I mean - under a new identity, transcendental, even directly divine, because in the last pages of the novel Eva van Druysen is identified with the Greatest Isis, the Parturient Isis worshipped mysteriosophically by the entire imperial and hermetic lineage of Ptolemy Soter.

A superficial reading of *The Green Face*, an uninformed reading, would have us believe that Eva van Druysen was the victim of the criminal lusts of a Zulu sorcerer-king lost in the underworld of Amsterdam in the . A sorcerer-king

Usibepu, who, once he had defiled her, secretly disposed of her body, or worse still, kept it in a safe place to carry out his black practices on it.

In fact, the Zulu sorcerer-king Usibepu, himself violently in love Eva van Druysen, had nothing to do with the description of her disappearance, the mystery of which - as we already know - is of an infinitely deeper nature than that of an exclusively criminal 'news item'. On the contrary, once Eva van Druysen had disappeared 'one summer evening in Zee Dijk', Usibepu had not stopped looking for her with unflagging ardour. But to no avail. Usibepu, abyssal double, double in black, magistrate of darkness.

I quote. "Night after night, after having escaped from the sailors, he had wandered in vain through the streets to find her: not one of the women who, in the dark, were waiting for men, had been able to tell him where she was". And then: "Driven out of the circus and penniless, he had to be sent back to Africa. Not as a king, but as a beggar. He jumped overboard and swam to shore. Hiding by day in canoes, at night he travelled the Zee Dijk in search of, whom he loved more than the savannah, more than his black wives, more than the sun in the sky, more than everything". Usibepu, Fortunat Hauberisier's abysmal black double, appears as the radiant, solar *face* of the man for whom Eva van Druysen had chosen to cross the mystery of death, her "eternal lover" in the upward, assumptive spiral of the *Imperium Amoris*.

On her first clandestine return to life, on her first 'successful escape' from the grip of death, but still clandestine in the ways of her own rediscovered life, Eva van Druysen made some decisive confidences. Speaking to her lover, Fortunat Hauberisier, she openly refers to Chidher le Vert as her occult spiritual master, as her saviour from the web of death, as her "infinitely superhuman liberator". The dialogue between the two lovers, provisionally victorious over death, or rather over the separation imposed by death, constitutes a unique moment in the current development of a certain Western supra-knowledge, essentially secret, 'clandestine', and of which Gustav Meyrink represents, I believe, the most advanced point to date.

In the milky mists of dawn, words are spoken that seem mysteriously to complete and finish the Gospel of

Saint John. In the quotation from the *Green Face* that follows, each word in the situation its own didactic charge, albeit a singularly veiled one, an absolutely decisive teaching provision, but one that can only be used by those who have already reached the end of their terrible, tragic philosophical journey. Who would believe that beneath the melodramatic fabric of this playlet, worthy of the most inept flights of fancy of a Maurice Dekobra, an unbearable light manages to remain hidden, a light that blinds and kills, the very light of those things at the end of everything whose first notches of passage it is my job to make? I write only for those who have a life-or-death need to hear me say what I was given to let them discover on the threshold of my own return from under the dark skies death. And how I myself recognised these words, these ardent gestures, these confidences, these circumstances and their share of shadows and slippage, these calls air, this final cry so impossible to stifle. Everything, and almost everything exactly like that. Unbearable even.

"The door of the house was wide open: the thick, impenetrable fog had absorbed all traces of the man. He was about to turn round when he suddenly heard a light footstep, and the next moment Eva was emerging from the whitish mist and coming towards him.

With a cry of delight, he took her in his arms, but she seemed completely exhausted, and did not come to until he had carried her into the house and laid her gently on a chair.

Then they held other for a long, long time, their hearts pounding, unable to grasp the excess of their happiness. He was on his knees before her, mute, unable to speak: she had tenderly taken his face in her hands and covered it with ardent kisses".

"The past was a forgotten dream to him. Any question about Eva's long absence and all that had happened would have seemed to steal from the present.

— Eva! Eva! Eva! Eva! Don't ever leave me again!

She wrapped her arms around his neck and pressed her cheek to his:

— No, no, I'll always be with you. Even in death. I'm so happy to have been able to come to you!

— Eva, Eva, don't talk about death!" he cried, feeling that his hands were suddenly cold. Eva! Eva!

— Don't be frightened. I can't leave you, my beloved. Love is stronger than death. That's what he said. He does not lie

not! I was dead, and he brought me back to life. He will always bring back to life, even if I have to die again.

She spoke as if in a fever. He picked her up and carried her to the bed.

— He looked after me when I was ill. For weeks I was like crazy, and I hung on by my hands to the red lanyard that my mother wears around her neck. I was suspended between heaven and earth. He broke the strap! Since then I've been free. Didn't you feel that I was you hour after hour? But why, why do the hours go by so quickly?

Her voice failed her. Then she said:

— Let me, let me become your wife! I want to be a mother when I come back to you!

embraced each other in a wild, infinite love, their senses into an ocean of bliss".

The empty coffin

But Eva van Druysen, twice dead, also had to be twice resurrected: if, as it says, "in eternity, only the second death counts, which is the only decisive one", we can just as easily understand that in the end, only the fight for the second resurrection will count.

So the confrontation that brings the second death and the second resurrection face to face will always call to the vertiginously clear sun of the Last Judgement, and its outcome will each time, in the depths of heaven, engage the occult prodromals of the final advent of the Apocalypse.

The fact remains, however, that it is the first resurrection that lays the foundations for the second resurrection, the fight for what Eva van Druysen called "the mysterious crown of life".

Finally, it seems to me very necessary to specify that the fight for the second resurrection is posed above all in the terms of an admissibility whose results are foreseen in advance, or rather *decided in advance*, and that its supreme crowning symbol is that of the "empty coffin".

So it will be to the hermetic symbol of the "empty coffin" that...

in *The Green Face*, will culminate in the mysteriological ordeal of Eva van Druysen's second resurrection, and it is precisely because it is a symbol taking most clandestine of philosophical paths, situated the shadow of our Hermes Trismegistus Mercurius, that the high ritual of its enactment will use the figurative names of 'ancient Egypt'.

"

The mediumistic revelations provided by Gustav Meyrink in *The Green Face* are therefore to be taken quite literally, to be meditated on and visualised with the harshest, most uncompromising rigour, with a relentlessness that places itself from the outset at the very level of that which it is a question of breaking flawless encirclement, death.

I quote, and everything returns to the zone of supreme attention where the elders of the *Catena Aurea* stand motionless: the story that follows is a sacred story.

In the Church of St Nicholas in Amsterdam, the lifeless body of Eva van Druysen lies on a white catafalque, surrounded by tall golden candles.

"When he turned his head again towards the serene remains of Eva van Druysen, a stone throne stood in place of the flickering candle. On this throne sat a slender being of superhuman stature, wearing the feathered crown of the Judge of the Dead, motionless, his body naked and his loins girded with a blue and red Belt, with a Staff and a Whip in his hand: an Egyptian god. Around his neck hung a golden Chain with a golden Tablet. Opposite the Judge of the Dead, at the foot of the coffin, stood a dark-haired man with the head of an ibis, holding in his hand the Egyptian sign of life, the cross surmounted by a ring, the symbol of eternal life; and on either side of the coffin, a figure, one with the head of a sparrow hawk, the other with the head of a jackal.

"Wearing a sticky tunic and a bonnet, the Goddess of Truth came down the central aisle and advanced towards the dead woman, who stood stiffly in front of her. The goddess then removed his heart from his chest and placed it on a scale.

The man with the Jackal's head placed a bronze statuette on the other tray. The man with the Hawk's head checked the weight of the statuette. The weighing pan with Eva's heart on it lowered deeply. The man with the ibis head silently wrote the weight of Eva's heart on a wax tablet with a reed.

"

"Then the Judge of the Dead said:

On earth, she was the pious servant of the Master of the Gods. As her reward, she will reach the Land of Truth and Justice.

She will awaken as a living divinity and shine forth in the choir of gods who stand on the Heights, for she is of Our Race.

So it is written in the Book of the Hidden Abode".

"The Judge of the Dead then slowly sank into the ground. Eva, her eyes closed, stepped out of the beer. The two gods took her between them, the man with the Hawk's Head in front, silently crossed the walls of the church and disappeared.

The candles changed into brown silhouettes with high flames above their heads, and placed the lid on the empty coffin". On the *empty coffin*, it says. And then Gustav Meyrink adds this infinitely disturbing detail about the final closing of the *empty coffin*: "A creaking sound spread through space as the screws penetrated the wood". For it must be clearly understood that Eva van Druysen's abduction has not taken place in the dream of the reality of the dream, but in the very reality of the dream of reality, which is the very dream of our reality or, if you like, the perpetual dream of the reality of our

life and death.

Eva van Druysen set off for the Land of the Highest in her own flesh, for it is the living reality of the flesh that is the only proof of an eternity lived, a living, undreamt-of, divine eternity. In the end, it is the flesh that gives life to the breath, and indeed, it could be said, only the flesh is eternal. The living flesh beyond the ultimate chasms of death, nothingness and oblivion, the dogmatic flesh eternal *anamnesis* crowning the existential reunion, lived here and now, of those who succeed in lovingly seizing the "mysterious crown of life" spoken of by Eva van Druysen.

The reappearance of Chidher the Green

The essentially didactic and compassionate donation of Gustav Meyrink's work appears, in *The Green Face*, with a clarity that never ceases to fascinate me, with a clarity that is all the more fearfully perilous because opens up not only to the immediately superhuman experience of that which tends towards the abrupt, irrevocable and total overcoming of the human condition to

its ultimate limit, but also and above all on the truly final states of this experience at the stage of its conclusion.

In the paths of amorous penetration, of the nuptial and equally clandestine - and supremely clandestine - ascent towards what is implicitly designated, in *The Green Face*, as the Land of Heights, the time of arrival at the last terraces before the passage to the summit, and even the time of arrival at the last terrace itself, are heralded by the appearance of the Green Face or, if you prefer, the reappearance of Chidher the Green. But who is Chidher the Green? In *The Green Face*, Gustav Meyrink enigmatically has his shadowy mouth say: "I want to teach you again by what sign you will recognise if you are called to receive one day, at the time of the 'great equinox', the gift of miraculous powers. One of those who hold the keys to the mysteries of magic has remained on earth to seek out and gather together those who are called. Just as he cannot die, neither can the legend about him. Some whisper that he is the Wandering Jew; others call him Elijah; the Gnostics claim that he is John the Evangelist. Everyone who has seen him describes him differently. Do not let yourself be led astray if, in the times to come, you meet men who tell you that he is the Wandering Jew. describe in this way. It is only natural that everyone should see him differently: a being like him, who has changed his body into a spirit, can no longer be bound to any fixed form". We will also recall that, in the final pages of *Visage Vert*, an immense storm devastates the city Amsterdam and, by extension, the entire world, and that in the midst of this storm, which is apocalyptically cleaning up by means of the A mysterious green apple tree stands alone, out of reach. In *The Green Face*, we read: "Only one apple tree remained motionless, like an island protected from the winds by an invisible hand, and not one of its blossoms moved". And then: "The words of Chidher the Green, *I will give you for Eva's love the love that has no end*, sounded in his ears as if they were coming from the apple tree in blossom". And also: "A spring full of magnificence like a The future, now visible, hovered above everything, and a presentiment of unspeakable rapture crossed his heart. Everything around him seemed to want to change into a crystal-clear vision. Wasn't the apple tree in blossom Chidher the Green himself, the eternally green tree?

At this point, I am duty bound,

The ultimate meaning is at stake, the very meaning of my present approach to this novel by Gustav Meyrink: The ultimate meaning is at stake, the very meaning of my present approach to this novel by Gustav Meyrink, whose title alone - and this was deliberate - constitutes a veiled but active annunciation, an annunciation in progress, because, I affirm in full knowledge of the facts, *The Green Face* was really, at the time of its arrival, of its *publication*, something like a new cosmic annunciation for the benefit of those who could appropriate its very certain secret light.

I have just said, or let it be understood, that the paths that are ours but admit to being those that pass in the shadow of our Hermes Trismegistus Mercurius, the Hermetic paths of the amorous science, which is none other than the very science of the ancient Royal Art.

Now, if the active, over-activated spiral of the lovingly hermetic approach is said to come to an end, to be happily 'crowned with success' at the end of its fourth regime, that of 'work in the red', or *lois*, For those who find themselves in this situation, it always appears that only a fifth regime, that of the "work in green", can definitively deliver, making the work of fire resound *even in the life of* the person to whom the "work in red" has already delivered everything in principle. But only in principle, *in principium*.

For it is scarcely enough to have clandestinely covered up the cosmological power to "command the elements and the stars": this power must commit itself to command, a command must be pronounced, and as a result there must be change, an abysmal renewal of life and of the reality of the world, a "virginal recommencement of the heavens, of the world and of its history".

Thus the metapsychic figure of the "reappearance of Chidher the Green" announces, installs and assigns, each it is called upon to be seen, the passage under the quite final porch of the "work in the green". The designation and even the very name of "Chidher the Green" therefore concern, above all, a certain final state of hermetic, or philosophical, assumption of the existence engaged in the work of fire, and hence of the world of reality in which this existence projects itself and deploys its powers or, to use Gustav Meyrink's own expression, the "gift of miraculous forces" bestowed upon it. Assumption obtained by the special procedures of the Royal Art, the final state that constitutes the

As such, this state will be led to "incarnate" itself, to "take on a face" and surrender itself, as a harbinger, an emblematic guarantee and a very helpful support, to those who are about to experience its Definitive Clemency.

The first four stages of the work of fire, the philosophical work par excellence - I call it *nigredo*, *Valbedo*, *citredo* and *rubedo*, i.e. *melanosis*, *leucosis*, *xanthosis* and *losis* - can only be achieved by the predestined philosophical virtue of those who work according to the rules. The fifth regime, on the other hand, that of 'green work', cannot in any way be known or passed through by the mere philosophical virtue of the person who, in his own time, would see himself led to it: in order for it to be known and passed through, the fifth regime will require the 'external help' of someone who will prove to , each , Chidher the Green. The "work in the green" can only be completed with and under the protection, by the bearing of someone who is sent to meet anyone who has ventured there, from the other side of the line of passage, from the very heart of the Land of the Heights. Without the external recourse of the line's regular ferryman, there can be no passage to the regime of the "work in the green": it is Chidher le Ven who, at each attempt at clandestine passage to the Land of the Heights, comes to assume the ministry of the Veiled Ferryman. can be absolutely no exceptions to this procedure.

In *The Green Face*, it is the mystic Jan Swammerdam who seems to be the spokesman for Chidher the Green. But Jan Swammerdam had this to say about his own ministry: "Three prophecies concerned my most distant future. Of these three prophecies, the first was this: that *through my mediation, a spiritual path buried for millennia would be opened up to a young couple, and would become accessible to many in times to come*. This is the path that alone gives life its true value and meaning. And this promise has itself become the sole content of my own life.

And yet, just because, in the darkest of the final season of darkness, someone succeeds in being admitted to the regime of "work in the green" does not mean that the world has to change, renew itself from top to bottom. On the contrary: is at the very moment when the world must renew itself, illuminate itself from within, change from the highest of heavens the depths of its most forbidding ontological precipices that, mysteriously, someone is always called upon... to change.

to be allowed to cross the insurmountable, to experience the transition to the fifth regime, to "work in the green".

So every time the inscrutable Green Chidher reappears, it's because the end of one world is imminent, and the advent of another is also imminent. *The Green Face*: "Don't you feel something in the air, something that perhaps has never been felt so strongly since the world began? It's unthinkable to prophesy the end of the world; too much has been done over the centuries for credulity not to be blunted. Nevertheless, I believe that anyone who senses that an event of this kind is approaching is right. It won't necessarily be the destruction of the earth immediately, but the decline of a traditional worldview is also the end of the world."

It is not the impetrant who can desire entry into the regime of the "work in the green, it is the unfathomable mystery of the "work in the green" which calls for the occult ascent of those who must know, heroically, the very intimate opening. Some, however, will have tried to force their way into the "work in the green" without being called upon to do so, and their corpses pitifully litter the mediumistic shores of the line of passage. Of these people, Gustav Meyrink wrote in *The Green Face* that "they did not possess the weapons needed to storm the fortress, and their call to battle did not awaken the sleepers". For

"To be awake is everything". The paroxysmically mobilised attention of the person engaged in the ardent path of philosophical work must be concerned only with the expectation of the appearance of the line of passage to the fifth regime. *The Green Face*: "Until then, you will not know whether you are the happiest or the unhappiest of men. But do not fear: no one who has taken the path of the great vigil, even if he goes astray, has been abandoned by his guides". On the cosmic level, as on the level of the spiritual ascent of the great occult conscripts, the season of "work in the green" always arrives at the appointed time. But you have to know how to wait for it, for that hour that is getting further and further away. "Did I not tell you that you would first have to lose your old eyes through weeping before you could receive new ones?"

The secret of scheduled time

It is remarkable, and it has been remarked, to what extent I have been held to account for the fact that, in statements about my own

When I was interviewed by ^{D1} Arnold Waldstein in *L'Autre Monde* in July 1984, I made some rather daring suggestions about my hermetic path, but I didn't think I could also tackle the problem zone concerning the fifth regime of the philosophical work of fire, the existential regime of the 'work in the green'. But there is much more. For it was ^{D1} Arnold Waldstein himself who was later to become one of those who so strongly deplored the absence from our philosophical conversation of a final section on the secrets of the 'work in the green'. But," I replied, "it's only a postponement".

Fascinated himself by the great and small mysteries conveyed by Gustav Meyrink's extraordinary *Dus grüne Gesicht*, the dark, enigmatic and so courteous D'Arnold Waldstein would certainly have liked it if, in the trapped continuation of the remarks I made to him during our interview in *L'Autre Monde*, I would have liked, in conclusion, to invoke the other shore of the philosophical work of fire, to openly display the highly provocative symbol, the emblematic sign that is always so fearfully in action, that of the Green Face, Gustav Meyrink's terrible and fascinating *Grüne Gesicht*.

However, this would not have been without great, great perils at time: the fact is that the time for a legitimate invocation of the 'work in the green' had not yet come at all, at that time - in July 1984, I mean - in the existential development of my own philosophical paths subjected to the most immediate fires of the work. The fruits of the dark inferno of desire without desire were not yet fully ripe. And I myself was not ready.

But, on the other hand, wasn't the fact that a novel entitled *The Green Face* appeared in the troubled twenties already in itself something of a symbol of provocation, and all the more so because this novel dealt precisely with the appearance of the Green Face as a sign, as a cosmologically active and, all of a sudden, rather strangely over-activated announcement?

For we had long since carefully learned not to ignore it: the appearance of the Green Face establishes, whenever it allows itself to be surprised, the privileged hour, spasmodic and flamboyant, but also, and more often than not, revocable, at which the fifth regime of the philosophical work, that of the "work in the green", succeeds in making itself held to be both cosmically acceptable and cosmologically acceptable.

We have to grasp it at the very moment when, in the "heat of the moment", it offers to "keep ajar the doors of air through which our Green Lion passes".

At the level of what Gustav Meyrink, in *The Green Face*, called the "world of first causes", a world that must be considered perfectly hidden, where the most occult desires of Divine Providence in action are exercised directly, it is indeed on the line of the twenties - the years that saw the publication of *The Green Face*, precisely - that we must situate the beginning, the cosmologically justifiable origin of our *present times*. And this is far, far above the horizon of the events contemporary history as perceived in its visible identity, and completely outside, for example, the immense politico-historical and metapolitical catastrophe of 1945, the continental and planetary catastrophe that so dramatically sounded the death knell of a certain Western conception of the world.

And yet, as the world and its greatest history seemed to engulfed more and more irrevocably in the vortex of the entry under the law of darkness of the Reign of the Anti-World, somewhere, both in this and outside it, a counter-fire was providentially lit, on the line of those same twenties, in anticipation, already, of the salvific reversals which, beyond the terrible nocturnal season of fateful, imperial and domineering development - we are talking, as we understand it, about the current Black Empire of the domination of darkness and its current unbridled and unrestrained development - would one day mark the revolutionary pause in the world's decline and its agony without an hour, and order the reopening of the Gates of Deliverance. Those twenties were pivotal years: never has the power of darkness seemed more ostensibly installed on the summits of the visible history of this world, never has the small living flame of the providential will of salvation been more perfectly hidden behind its own apparent insignificance.

All seemed lost, but nothing was. The only real mystery in the progress of this world is that of the hidden development of salvation, the occult growth of the "miracle child", the *Filius Salis et Lunae*. Now this child of the double light, the light of the sun and the counter-light of the moon, the beautiful and marvellous fruit of the brief periods favourable to charismatic fecundations, it is in the depths of the souls favoured by the ardent passage of

Chidher the Green as it is born and strengthens, far from the infanticidal exacerbations this world.

The Green Face: "There's an internal, secret growth. For years it seems that everything stands still, then suddenly, unexpectedly, often as the result of an insignificant event, the envelope disappears, and one fine day a branch laden with ripe fruit springs into our existence. We had never noticed the flowers, and now we see that we were, without knowing it, the gardeners of a mysterious tree".

Once again: the ontologically hidden, completely unsuspected origin of the times we are living in today, a time of salvation, of charismatic hope and of distraught expectation in the face of a change as yet nameless and faceless, lies precisely in the tumultuous period, full dark storms, through which the fateful line of the 1920s, the very line of the times of the publication of Gustav Meyrink's *Das grüne Gesicht*, passes in a secretly significant flash.

But what happened in the 1920s that was so prodigiously decisive, so prodigiously hidden? Mircea Eliade - among many others - knew only too well, as he had so much to ponder on what was already called the "mystery of the generation of 1922".

The publication of Gustav Meyrink's *Green Face* and its subsequent 'reappearances' always mark milestones, fateful turning points in the abysmal future of the Western world and its history as it moves into the invisible. As we have seen, *Das grüne Gesicht* was published by Kurt Wolff in Leipzig in 1916, in the midst of the European Civil War: in a singularly prophetic and astonishing way, its action is set in, and takes place entirely in, the 1920s, in completely changed and totally unsuspected post-war world. If we consider only the succession of its French-language editions, *Le Visage Vert* will herald, each time, something like the very passage of Chidher le Vert. Published by Émile Paul in 1932, by La Colombe in 1964, by Retz in 1975 and, above all, by Le Rocher in 1985, these were the stages marking the profound development of a certain French and Western hermetic consciousness in the throes of subterranean maturation, the high points of a 'philosophical' development whose spiral in action would seem to be governed, in the shadows, by influences and inspiration akin to the doctrinal advances of a Fulcanelli, if you see what I mean.

Reverberations

Having particularly reliable information about Gustav Meyrink's personal life - through my aunt G.T., I myself happen to be related to the family of the author of *The Green Face* - I can assert with the utmost formality that nothing in the life of the recluse from the shores of Lake Staremborg could bear the slightest suspicion of any autobiographical involvement in the establishment of the narrative of his novel about the advent of Chidher the Green if, however, this advent calls upon the figure of Eva van Druysen and all that is so providentially brought together under the dogmatic identity of this character with Platonic or, rather, Neoplatonic, or even 'Alexandrian' radiations. Everything is there - in *The Green Face*, and if *The Green Face* is only used to make Eva van Druysen appear in the supernatural light of Chidher the Green - everything is there, I say, the product of Gustav Meyrink's mediumistic activity alone, an account of his visionary conception of a history, of a world that, at the end of its course, dying and as if already dead, receives the external help - should receive the external help - of a saving power from the transcendental, supernatural and divine beyond of this world and its visible, immediate, "certain history. In *Le Visage Vert*, everything that is said - or implied, or even left unsaid - is the fruit of an inspiration, of an *influence* with unquestionably superhuman origins. For it is indeed the very reappearance of Chidher the Green that may well have inspired, if not dictated, instilled in Gustav Meyrink the vision that shines through hypnagogically in the story of Eva van Druysen's divinising career, in adventurous figure a great metanoia so admirably proposed by his novel with its secretly didactic aims. In *Le Visage Vert*, then, we must not try to catch the confession of an existential experience of our own, but the only living figure, the

the only active figure of a sending from the depths of this common consciousness, or better said, of this *communicating consciousness* of humans in , through the mouth of the Jewish enlightened man Ismaël Sephardi, Gustav Meyrink came so close to discovering, on his own account, the activist dialectic of Edmund Husserl had called, at the end of his phenomenological quest, the "human consciousness".

"Transcendental I".

In *The Green Face*, Gustav Meyrink has one of his characters say: "It is absolutely enough for one to be transformed to the very depths of his being. Then his works will never pass, whether the world knows about them or not. He will have dug a hole in what exists that can only get bigger, whether we notice it immediately or millions years later. What has happened once can only disappear in appearance. To make a hole in the net that holds humanity captive, not by preaching in public, no: by untying the meshes that imprison myself, that's what I want to do.

". The same character is then asked the following question: *Do you see a relationship of cause and effect between the external catastrophes you foresee and the possible modification of mankind' conceptions?* And he replied: *It will always be like an external catastrophe, for example a major , which will give man the opportunity to "look " .* I hope that some of you will understand the terrible reason why I intend to emphasise this response to the dimensions of the earthquake.

It is a prophetic vision, the actuality of which has just been confirmed by the young visionaries of Medjugorje, and which now so frighteningly seals our destiny. Will the advent of Chidher the Green, at once unforeseeable and, perhaps, foreseeable, be able to bring humanity, currently on the brink of collapse, back from the brink? The final precipice, the economy of a slide with no return and no conceivable salvation?

Lastly, the central characters in *The Green Face*, including Eva van Druysen and Fortunat Hauberisser, ask Ismaël Sephardi what meaning they should give to the appearance in their lives of the bearer of the Green Face, whose passage has completely changed their lives: "How do you explain, Mr Sephardi, this extremely extraordinary coincidence? Like a *new thought* for each of us, which we wouldn't be able to understand in words, but only through an image that presents itself to our inner eye? For my part, I would rather believe that it is the same

a ghostly creature that has entered our lives". Fortunat Hauberisier has just spoken.

Ismaël Sephardi then replied: "The coincidence that you are asking me explain seems to me to prove that we are dealing with the same *new thought*, which wanted to impose itself and try to make itself heard by the three of you, and will do so again. That the ghost appears in the form a primordial man means, in my opinion, quite simply that a knowledge, a knowing, perhaps even an extraordinary spiritual faculty, which once existed in a very remote epoch and which fell into oblivion after having been known, is seeking to to light again, and its coming is announced by a vision to a chosen few. understand, I am not saying that the ghost *could* not be an entity with an independent existence. On the contrary, I even claim that every thought is an entity. As Miss Eva van Druysen's father said: *He, the primordial man, the Precursor, is the only man who is not a ghost*. And then, still through mouth of Ismaël Sephardi: "If someone becomes immortal, Miss Eva, he remains as an imperishable thought; it doesn't matter whether it tries to penetrate our brain in the form words or images. It doesn't matter whether it tries to penetrate our brains in the form of words or images. If the men who live on earth are unable to capture it or to 'think' it, it doesn't die for all that; it just moves away from them.

Ultimately, the ways in which Chidher the Green comes into this world are none other than the very ways in which his own desire for us reverberates within us. "For I tell you that God is able to raise up children for Abraham from these stones" (Luke, III, 8).

Una

Moreover, speaking of Mircea Eliade as I have just done, speaking, I mean, of himself and his tragic meditations on the 'mystery of the generation of 1922' - it is a fact that all his great Romanian novels from before the war, not yet translated, including the extraordinary *Return from Paradise*, or *The Huligans*, truly *unbearable*, pathetically set the trial of this generation of high mystics sacrificed in a very occultly providential plan, and who had to undergo, in

I'm just reminding myself of the fragile, ethereal circumstances of my own inaugural encounter, my 'first meeting' with the pneumatic figure of Chidher the Green.

It was while still a teenager reading Mircea Eliade's *Le Retour du Paradis* that I became aware of the superhuman powers contained in an Orphic hymn by Dan Botta, which was quoted there (probably very deliberately, I don't remember).

Forty years on, fragments of Dan Botta's Orphic hymn still haunt me:

*exposed on the high winds an
orphyic tumult I hear*

*when she suddenly raises her lyre,
the green daughter of my delirium*

*Una, and in me the red stone
of her blood stretches*

Reading Mircea Eliade's novel *Return from Paradise*, which had introduced me to Dan Botta's Orphic hymn, had suddenly changed and forever determined the course of my life to come: It was there that I was deeply, irrevocably bitten by the very Goethean Green Snake; it was there that, by secret spiritual and charismatic reverberation, I had previously encountered, seen and recognised the great green light in the midst of which the Green Face blazed, metasymbolically. It was at the very moment of the *first reading of* Dan Botta's Orphic hymn that Chidher the Green came to *seize me*, carried by the summit of an immense wave of supracosmic green light, the fundamental ontological light not of the Milky Way, which presides over the cosmic destinies humanity trapped in its

The Deltaic Way is governed, in the abysses, by the divine Una, the young green woman, the supracosmic virgin whose name and irradiant figure are irrationally perpetuated in the Carpathian reworkings of the ancient cult of the god Zamolxis. Indeed, just before the Second World War, Mircea Eliade had begun publish

of a collection of notebooks on the history of religions entitled, precisely, *Zamolxis*?

And I continue my confession: from the *first reading* of Dan Botta's Orphic hymn, an invocation, in fact, of the green goddess Una, my existence became, and in what a sudden, dazzling way, a simple instance of what, at the beginning of this article, I called the *amorous structure*. And so, for forty years now, my whole life has been nothing than the secret pursuit of a cosmological path leading me to do what had to be done so that on the appointed day - in this very existence, or elsewhere, or even beyond all existence - I would come to be a position to meet, under the ardent breath of a face-to-face encounter of true life, of superhuman life, of clear and certain supraconsciousness living there, in terms of Real Presence, the green goddess Una, and to receive, from her own hands, Eva van Druysan called, in *The Green Face*, the 'crown of life'.

Didn't Dan Botta's Orphic hymn proclaim, in the exaltation of its theological conclusion leading to the blaze of the final cry, *I can't wait, I can't wait to wear His Crown*?

And since we are talking about a cosmic conclusion, the 'culmination of the race', who should we dare to *recognise* in Una's most current identity, who should we be able to *recognise* in the confidential history of her 'last appearances' before the time of *her very coming* is decided? Is not the fundamental cosmological attribute of Una, the green goddess of the most limpid Orphic tumults, bearer of the Crown of the High Winds, very precisely her loving lordship of the pack of visible and invisible winds, of the high mediumistic currents whose omnipotence crosses in song - Orpheus himself was nothing but song - the inconceivable internal distances of a cosmology that, beyond the beautiful outpourings of the Milky Way, nuptially reverberates the *secret the very heart* of the Deltaic Way and the crown of outcomes that surrounds it, *girdling* it in the way that Orion himself is girdled by his fires?

"Last apparitions", I said, "before the time of *her coming* is decided? In her speech so tenderly whispered to the young visionaries of Medjugorje, didn't the one who has already been called Our Lady of the Wind confess that her current apparitions in Medjugorje will be her very last, her "last apparitions on earth"?

On 15 February 1984, the woman have come to call

Our Lady of the Wind, who is Mary, the Virgin Mary or, as she called herself, the "Queen of Peace, the *Regina Paris*", said this at Medjugorje: *The wind is my symbol. I will come in the wind. If the wind blows, know that I am with you. You have learned that the Cross represents Christ. The Cross you have in your homes is the symbol.* And, she added, *my symbol is different.* Because, indeed, as she had just said, and I quote her own words, of immense importance to come, *my symbol is different.*

La Pierre Deltaïque, the Refuge du Cordonnier

Just like the Green Chidher himself, these things, as we can see, come to us from far, far away, from the furthest reaches of the hyperborean and supragalactic realms.

But as I've just said, if, for forty years, all my life as a man, I've done nothing but follow the path of initiation, the *inner instructions* of Chidher the Green, or the Green Face, my path still doesn't seem to me to be close to reaching its ultimate conclusion, no, not yet quite ready take me to the other side of the line.

Yet this bitterness is not just mine; it has always been the mark of our people, the atrocious mutilation of Jacob whose hip nerve dried up under the invisible bite of the Angel. Or else, on the opposite initiatory level, on the level of the "heavens under the starless night", the mark of the "silver goddess", of the philosophical leprosy devouring ad infinitum, unchanging, icy, luminous, the left foot of the envoy of the Black Dominations to D*John Dee in *The Angel at the Window of the West*, the great occultist novel dedicated by Gustav Meyrink to the Elisabethain Master of Mortlake. All of us will always carry the *signum* within us, whether visible or invisible.

During these long forty years of merciless ordeal, of spiralling ascent under skies where there are no skies at all and where shadow follows light and light follows shadow, the essence of my he experience of the Burning Path was recorded in a notebook of records and testimonies entitled, in a certain place, the *Hohenstaufen Memorial*. I now only have partial control over this notebook, and its use is undoubtedly at risk,

I know, to escape me entirely as the old powers resurface in me.

To the extent, however, that I can still attempt to do so more or less with impunity, I am going to extract from the *Hohenstaufen Memorial* two documents that I feel can shed particular light on the way in which the cosmological influence of the Green Face has been unfolding in me. I should point out that, in order to comply with a certain regulation established at the time by others than myself and no doubt also for others than myself, the two philosophical documents shown below - borrowed, as I have just said, from the *Hohenstaufen Memorial* - are presented in the succinct form of the account of two dreams, dreams that I had had myself. Ten years apart, because the first dates from 7 July 1953 and the second from 7 July 1963. The first of these two major philosophical, or dogmatic, dreams I had in Versailles, and the second in Madrid.

I would remind you that in some of the most special and at present most secluded spiritual groups, it is on 7 July that gatherings are held, under cover of the utmost secrecy, to celebrate the 'green goddess' Una, "infinitely absent, infinitely distant, infinitely silent but soon to no more". '

This is the story of the first dream, made in Versailles on 7 July 1953. If my existence is held together by a philosophical meaning, the total secret, the ultimate secret of this meaning is stopped there, pre-ontologically or, if you like, as if from all eternity:

"What we see is a desert expanse, plunged into the same half-light that, for those used to long hypnagogic dives, heralds the entry into the space of the paradoxical dream. This expanse, I know in advance, can, or rather must, be found either somewhere in Scotland, in the black moors of its western confines, or in a singularly privileged and, above all, very secretly protected space, somewhere in the middle of the ancient forest of Fontainebleau.

In front of me, as if lying on the ground, was a white stone in the shape of a triangle, measuring perhaps two feet by one foot, a white stone that I later came to recognise as being precisely the Deltaic Stone.

Then, as if suspended in mid-air just above the Deltaic Stone, I saw a black piece of cloth, more or less resembling a sock, a 'black sock', a symbol of hermetic belonging, since everything that has been in the world since the dawn of time is a symbol of hermetic belonging.

The foot - shoes, socks, figurations, imprints, traces, preconceptions or nascent suspicions - is supposed to represent the influence, if not the very presence, of our almighty Hermes.

As I did so, I saw this black cloth, this 'black sock', split open all the way up, and the slit that opened it sewn back together, rather loosely, with a thread of green wool. A thread of green wool sewn three and a half times - and I must repeat, sewn rather loosely - around the black lips of the slit, which it was supposed to bring together if not close up completely.

A young woman's voice, filled with an incredible sweetness and sadness, cried out from behind me: *how, how could you forget me*. And it was all the more heartbreaking because I didn't seem to know this voice at all, let alone recognise it.

And the vision stopped at once, leaving me broken in body and heart, and myself as if dead and returned to the state of a shadow without identity in the icy sheets of the early morning".

Now comes the account of the second dream borrowed from the *Hohenlaufen Memorial*, a dream I had in Madrid on 7 July 1963, in which I believe I must recognise the supreme, inescapable instance of all my hypnagogic approaches to the Green Face. Is the end approaching?

I take full responsibility for what I am about to reveal in my account of this great dogmatic dream:

"Port city, which I don't know how to identify. On a sunny day, the air, washed by the recent rain, was admirably fresh and dazzlingly clear.

With no apparent purpose, I walked through the streets, anxious, half-awake, mediumnistically guided from the depths of my being in the manner of a daytime somnambulist, I advanced, retraced my steps, hesitated, set off again until the moment when I found myself in front of the wooden door of a white house, quite modest in size, bearing, close to the door, on the right, the number 60 inscribed in blue, royal blue. I knew then that I was front of an old-fashioned shoemaker's workshop, or rather, I admit it straight away, in front of the Shoemaker's Shelter. I entered, and found myself directly inside a fairly small living room, bright and quiet, but empty of anything other than a coal stove, which was turned off.

On either side of the stove stood a man and a woman,

He on the left and she on the right, as I saw them, a couple who were still quite young, in their forties, peaceful and radiant, the shoemaker and his wife, or rather, let me admit it straight, the shoemaker and his wife.

Now I saw that they were smiling at me, happy at the same time at my arrival in their home, and even extraordinarily happy, but also somewhat contrite, as if too quickly surprised, anxious as if in expectation, triggered by my very entrance, of I don't know what foreseeable unforeseeable or unforeseeable foreseeable, the expectation of an event that was bound to happen, tiredly, and thus to provoke, to bring with it the decision of something like the final change of the heavens and the earth, an event whose secret name might as well have been that of the Apocalypse. I say: too quickly *surprised on the spot* by the expected fact of my arrival, and expected because it was they who, mediumnistically, had most certainly not ceased to guide my steps since the whole morning, and even since before the beginning of the world.

Their surprise therefore seemed to me to be marked by a very high blaze of joy, like the solar blaze of a *divine undertone*. Indeed, no sooner had I taken a few steps towards them and they towards me, than a narrow door opened at the back of the room, on the left, behind the long-extinguished coal stove, she appeared - obviously unaware of the fact of my intrusion, of my arrival on the scene - and came, in her stride, and with a gait as if in slow motion, She had been 'deeply hidden somewhere in the city' for months, for years, for millennia perhaps - in fact, for just over a year - withdrawn from the paths of her own life, just as Eva van Druysen disappeared in Amsterdam, at the Zee Dijk, in *The Green Face*. I saw that she was wearing her green cardigan, that nothing about her had really changed, except for the veil of great sadness on her face, which already seemed to be fading.

And yet her attitude seemed to me most astonishing, to tell the truth: for a brief flash I saw her surprised, desperate with no way out, despairing as if *caught in the act*, and as if enraged at having let herself be caught so quickly. Then the deepest part of her prevailed over the shadows of played-out death, and I saw her face slowly light up with an ecstatic smile, bearing the auroral arms of what our reunion had meant to her.

meant already on the superhuman level, where at that very moment the songs were resounding, and the imperial proclamation of our achievement and its cosmic ratification by acceptance assured us by the presence there, the loving complicity and the blessing of the Shoemaker and His Bride, unless I should say the Shoemaker's Bride and the Shoemaker Himself.

Vertiginous and beautiful nuptial complicity, if our own reunion apocalyptically exalted, completed, made absolutely perfect their own reunion from the beginnings, *happy, happy, happy the guests at the Wedding our Supreme Lords.*

Now, in a way that never ceases to seem very occultly significant to me, stayed alive in me for the longest time of this dogmatic vision the image of her green cardigan as a wise young girl.

Now, having said all that, I think we can understand without too much difficulty or disappointment the extent to which the conduct of such a philosophical confession becomes difficult, if not quite impossible, from a certain level of operative elevation, where not only the discourse but the words themselves end up slipping and wanting to get lost in the shadow of the unspoken, gently choosing to take refuge in the double use of a metasymbolism of permanent vertigo, further and further removed from any viable translation, more and more encrypted, and encrypted as if ontologically, and which, of itself, constantly invents what it needs to make itself elusive, and to escape us by design, as a living thing.

But I know that I have no right to shirk the task I have begun, that I must continue my present discourse to its conclusion as soon as possible, or almost immediately and this despite the fact that the deep desire to continue in this direction is beginning to fail me rather seriously.

It therefore seems to me not without interest to recall, with regard to the use that some may find themselves invited to try to make the presentation of the two unpublished hermetic documents that I just borrowed from the *Hohenstaufen Memorial* repository, to recall, I say, the hypnagogic cantilena, "in the style of the ancient Gaelic incantations", placed by John Buchan at the heart of his novel of hermetic, 'philosophical' approach, which, under a title that is itself therapeutic - it is his novel entitled *The Three Hostages*, and the concept of *therapeutic* must be taken, in this context, as a reference to the '*therapeutic*' of his novel.

In this case, in the ancient sense given to it by the ninth-century theologian John Scott Erigene - leads us towards the mysteries of the *midnight sun*. A hypnagogic cantilena proposed by John Buchan, which can also be likened to Dan Botta's Orphic hymn to the "green goddess Una".

"And to the glory of another and higher *midnight sun*, cosmic and supragalactic. In the most immediate order of things that are more important to us than our own lives, these convergences must be seen as so many ardent paths which, beneath the dissimulations required by present state of a world subject to the omnipotence of darkness, all lead towards *Vendrait itself*, from which our work can be admitted into the paths of its fifth regime, into the very lands of the "work in the green".

John Buchan's beautiful hypnagogic cantilena, introduced by him in *Les Trois Otages*, is as follows:

*Search under the midnight sun,
Where late harvests are sparse, Where the sower
casts his seed
In the furrows of Eden's meadows, Search by the
sacred tree,
The spinster who prophesies and can see nothing.*

Need I add that it is green wool, a certain green wool, that this mysterious 'spinner who prophesies and can see nothing' is handling? Commenting elsewhere on the Gaelic cantilena offered to us by John Bûcha in *The Three Hostages*, I said this: *See nothing, see everything. For, it is said in John Buchan's Twenty-sixth Dream, and why don't we find our own account there, "in the night tomorrow, will come out of here but the Gods"*.

Work in the green", stump training

Summing it up in the extreme, we could conceive that the appearance what we must call, following Gustav Meyrink - but who is Gustav Meyrink - the 'return of the Green Face', or the new advent of Chidher the Green, announces, establishes, even stops the cosmic hour of a total turning point, the renewal from top to bottom of the cosmic, indeed supragalactic, becoming of the heavens and the earth.

And that this turning point, this renewal, this apocalyptic change must be, each and every time, the hidden fruit of the passage to 'work in the green' of a couple tragically committed to the ardent path *amorous science*. A couple committed, in other words, to penetrating the mystery of death, to lovingly crossing the inner spaces of this mystery, to subversively investing death and submitting to it by taking on abysses and powers, and, beyond the very experience of crossing death, to finding themselves on the "other shore" . and there, bearing the auroral weapons of those to whom Christ had said "Dare, I have conquered".

It would seem, then, that it is *personal experience* - if we can call it that - that decides the ultimate cosmic destinies of the world and the heavens, the personal experience of a few, and that the Apocalypse is, in fact, other than the work of lovers capable of lovingly overcoming the mysterious separation of bodies that is the experience of death for those who love each other.

The setting up of the cosmological apparatus for renewing the heavens and the world, whose opening to the 'work in the green' marks and assigns the time and the decision, implies, however, a great deal of preparatory work that must extend several generations, over *four generations* if we are to stick to the terms of regular instruction of the process whose inner workings we are trying to follow here, at once the most directly operative and the most necessarily confidential. On this subject, I still remember a meeting at which, some thirty years ago, Mircea Eliade taught in a more than restricted circle that Mary's Immaculate Conception had been the culmination of a philosophical work that had been carried out very secretly over three generations before Mary herself had to come to light, and as she had to be.

You will recall that the mystic Jan Swammerdam, the spokesman in *The Green Face* for Chidher the Green himself, at one point said the following words, which I have already quoted here: "Through me, a spiritual path buried for millennia will be opened up to a young couple, and will become accessible to many in times to come".

Now, insofar as we believe we have understood, from an essentially anagogical reading of Gustav Meyrink's *Le Virage Vert*, among other things, the somewhat fatal importance of the frontier and reversal line of the 1920s, it was clear that we would have to be more careful in our approach.

It was perfectly obvious that we had to direct all our research work towards deciphering and intercepting the royal and philosophical strains, the strains of *final predestination* which, today in the West, are held to have to lead to the 'work in the green'. Hence my insistence on the unveilings contained in Raoul de Warren's work. But there are others, and *everything is imminent*. 'Illuminated brothers of Asia, here we are.

SHE WILL COME FROM THE HEIGHTS

John Paul II in India

Inspired by the fiery summits above, John Paul II currently making a journey, or rather a pilgrimage, to India, the immense importance of which will be felt ever more strongly in this century at the end of the millennium and far beyond, for it is a genuine and very providential apostolic investment, In other words, an immediate and living Christological investment, alive and more than alive, in the intermediate spaces of visible India and the other, great and eternal invisible India, our India.

Present on 6 February 1986 in the Church of Velha-Goa, with, on his right, the shrine in which awaits, miraculously incorrupt, the fleshly body the Jesuit Apostle of the Indies, Saint Francis Xavier, did not John Paul II, in a way, that time on that day go back in time to the luminous centuries when Velha-Goa, the seat of the patriarchate of the East Indies, was the spiritual capital of the "greatest diocese the world has ever known", stretching from Japan to the Cape of Good Hope?

However, in the visible as in invisible, India is merely the sub-continental glacis, the intermediate field of

From Alexandre Saint-Yves d'Alveydre to General Karl Haushofer, from René Guénon to General Jordis von Lohausen, Tibet has been considered the only Centre of the World. Hence, too, John Paul II's visit to the Dalai Lama, the 14th incarnation of the Buddha of Compassion, who, despite his frequent visits to Switzerland, insisted on meeting the Sovereign Pontiff on Indian soil. But isn't the real Tibet where the Dalai Lama is? By meeting the Dalai Lama in exile on Indian soil, in a very mysterious gesture of apostolic gratitude and charitable and compassionate love, the current successor to Peter, John Paul II, also travelled, by the ways of the spirit, by the greatest heights, to Tibet, which is subject to the visible domination of the obscure powers that we know. For can one go to India without ending up in Tibet? India, spiritually, is but the vestibule of Tibet.

Yet it is in this part of the world, facing the Himalayan foothills of the Centre of the World, that the political and historical destiny of the Great Eurasian Continent, and hence of the entire world, will have to be played out in the very different times that are now preparing to descend upon us. For it is in relation to India that, in terms of transcendental geopolitics, all the great politico-strategic thrusts of force meet, the coronal sum of which today defines the planetary struggle for ultimate domination of the world: The United States, the Soviet Union and the two resurgent Asian superpowers, China and Japan, will eventually have to define themselves, in the more or less long term but in the very terms of their own final destinies, in relation to the apparently still immobile situation of India, the undisputed and less and less contested master of the Centre of the World.

Now, at the very time when John Paul II's charismatic reactivation trip to India is bringing back to India the ever-living fire of Europe's former great spiritual power and the once again certain hope of its forthcoming planetary renewal, three books of major spiritual witness are suddenly, by the very fact of this trip, recovering their extremely topical brilliance. They are Alexandre Saint-Yves d'Alveydre's *Mission de l'Inde en Europe* and *Mission de l'Europe en Asie*, René Guénon's *Roi du Monde* and Zam Bhotiva's *Asia Mysterosa*. These three books consider India and

its deep shadow and protection in the background, Tibet, as representing above all a land providentially chosen to give asylum, to shelter and place out of reach, and for as as it takes, what must be understood as being the transcendental, immobile, philosophical and occult double of this Centre of the World, whose geopolitical reality is today mobilising all the attention of the great planetary confrontation in progress. Today when, in any case, it is so tragically late, on earth as it is in heaven, late, irrevocably too late.

We are therefore called upon to recognise the existence, on the high Indo-Tibetan confines, of a Centre of the World conceived at the level of its importance, of its immediate and total planetary geopolitical realisation, and, at the same time, its occult and transcendental double, a Centre of the World cosmic irradiation and spiritual omnipotence lie in invisible extreme.

final approach books

So, three books of spiritual and metasympolic testimony of the highest importance, of the most immediate activist and confidential topicality, and which, published all three in Paris, in the years of the dreaded passage from the xix^e to the xx^e centuries, as many direct initiatory interpellations, profoundly responsible, intelligible to the real defendants and even to the non-defendants, although necessarily rather veiled, so many challenges, I would say, a certain vocation, a certain hidden predestination of France as land of Western reverberation of the Centre of the World.

If René Guénon was to show how the highest secret spiritual hierarchies of Western traditions had to choose to distance themselves from Europe, to expatriate themselves by "withdrawing to the Indies" after the implementation, in 1648, of the criminal and blasphemous Treaties of Osnabrück, known as the Treaties of Westphalia, The implementation of *these treaties* implied the subversive annulment of the charismatic powers of the Holy Roman Empire as a living and active figure of the *Regnum Sanctum*. Alexandre Saint-Yves d'Alveydre, for his part, revealed the superior metasympolic entities residing within the Holy Roman Empire.

of Agartha, a place where spiritual defectors from ancient Europe had to go clandestinely, and from which the occult planetary influence of the King of the World is still exerted today. Lastly, Zam Bhotiva gives a prodigious illustration of the special symbolic, metaphysical and even mediumistic means by which contact can be maintained from the West with "those who watch over the inviolable snow-covered heights guarded by the Himalayan fortress".

The King of the World, René Guénon's great book published in the 1920s, is still secretly keeping an active watch, especially today, the supreme point of departure for any attempt to recover the right spiritual directions of mediumistic and charismatic influence in order to restore to Europe - to *the Old Continent*, some would say - the recentrifing contact and the new cosmic legitimations that can still bring about the salvific turning-point so keenly sensed by some, halt the fateful slide that began in 1648, and ensure that its visible history rediscovers, as if of its own accord, the paths of recommencement. What is revealed in *Le Roi du Monde* at the level of principles alone, doctrinally, finds its figurative and metasymbolic explications, its visualisations under influence, in *Mission de l'Inde en Europe et de l'Europe en Asie*, and the train of special procedures leading to its direct implementation in *Asia Mysterosa*.

And even more precisely, we know that *Asia Mysterosa* had served as a rallying platform in France for the Polar Brotherhood, which had been committed to making a spectacle of itself, at a relatively diversionary level, and even to *practising*, more or less discreetly, just enough for the real polar structures of active implantation and reception - the latter, it will be understood, subsequent to the sacrificial self-dissolution of the Polar Brotherhood, and, above all, very deeply occulted - to be effectively put in place and to make themselves fully capable of receiving the influences, at once superior, infinitely concerted and, at the opportune moment, completely decisive, which were to lead, from very far away, to the installation, in Europe, of an Order of Polars as powerfully active as it was rigorously underground (and, why not, even 'clandestine', if we see in spite of everything I don't really want to say at the moment).

An Order of Polars whose work, I am certain, has not finished continuing in the shadows, nor of counter-subversively providing for all the planned but as yet unacknowledged re-establishments that seek to double the visible course of Western history at the darkest times of its current disaster, by the invisible current of a new Western historical metapolitics of Europe and the world, a Western metapolitics of *ultimate completion*, in keeping with the rediscovered image, and as completely new in Europe, of a power with solar, radiant weapons, subject to the ancient consecrations of the *Regnum Sanctum*. A power which, things being as they have always been intended to be, could in a certain sense be none other than the imperial power of France. But the terms would still have to be agreed diplomatically, which will also be done when the day comes. Soon, very soon.

In the mystery completion

But when the centre is no longer in the centre - when Rome is no longer in Rome, it was said - but outside the world and its visible, conceivable limits, when the world finds itself orphaned of its own centre, deprived of its living, beating heart, a desert expanse and a dying country in uncertain shadow of the Dry Tree, its weakened and adulterated, dying relations with the lost centre, with its own *heart of oblivion*, a centre far beyond the limits of this world, can now only be nocturnal and hypnagogic relations, clandestine relations, exclusively mediumistic and occult, outside life, outside waking consciousness and the transparencies of its guarded enclosures. Just like the ancient Fisher King, whose incurable disease could only be cured outside the confines of his avowed world, the men of the Centre of the World - the only *living men* Europe today, the others being only the corpses of their own corpses - thus appear to be both absent and present to themselves, in themselves, absent and present in Europe, absent and present in Tibet, absent and present at the Centre of the World, they *live and do not live* and, by this very fact, in the times of non-life and of

the final domination of nothingness, they are the only ones still alive, or as if they are about to become so at any moment.

Today, in , Tibet is no longer itself in Tibet, the most occult centre in the world is no longer at the occult centre of the world, and perhaps already . So the hour of *ultimate completion* seems to me to be just around the corner. And since it seems that there is nothing more to be done, is from this very moment, and from this very moment alone, the very moment of *ultimate completion*, that the apocalyptic things will be able to take their course, the consummation of which will cause the earth's axis to change again, to regain its original alignment, its virginal elevation on the narrow sky, on the *pure steel sky* of the North Star : the most occult hour, the most tragically abysmal hour of the Order of the Polars is finally here.

Thus it was so that it could be in a position to respond, at the appointed time, to the spiritual and charismatic commands, the immediately cosmic commands of the hour of *ultimate completion*, that the Order of Polars had itself been committed to take up quarters for its long, its far too long ontological winter within the very western winter of the end, and that at the present time it finds itself subversively summoned once again to line of rupture and internal self-dissolution of this world and the worlds of the end, so that it can watch over and decide on the planned march of things as yet unnameable, for which it is responsible, and the destiny, and the honour.

Certain convergences are now becoming clearer and clearer. Certain mysteriously veiled predispositions are beginning to be illuminated from within, the path of a general line is emerging from the impenetrable forest of events, of sobs and doctrines, of appeals and prophecies, of unheard-of catastrophes and flashes of holiness, of living hope, which together constitute the common spiritual heritage of the last hundred years of the spiritual history of Europe and the world, and which are already being swept away, irresistibly, by the whirlwind of the Great Dissolution, of the *Mahapralaya*. Convergences, predispositions? Not many people are in a position to grasp as a matter of course the fact that a single will behind the emergence, in Paris, and just when it had to be done, of the three books I have just mentioned - *Mission de l'Inde en Europe et de l'Europe en Asie*, *Le Roi du Monde* and *Asia Mysterosa* - and even less so that these three books were conceived, no doubt unbeknownst to their respective authors, so that, together, they would form a single whole.

ensure the subsequent implementation of something that concerned the very apparatus of the last great cosmic rescue attempt for a world, for worlds adrift.

New Saviour

Today, everything that matters to us spiritually seems to be urgently called upon and to be admitted into the ever-tightening spiral of the same overall cosmic circuit; everything is linked together and suddenly seems to find its own place in a transhistorical front of real presence whose command of *final convergence to the narrowest point* is no longer in doubt. A subterranean will, a total will, is already at work somewhere. Isn't the sky of "pure steel" that is the sky of final elevation of the North Star said to be a *narrow sky*?

The case seems to have been made; there was and is a total plan of action, and behind it a total will: *La Mission de l'Inde en Europe et de l'Europe en Asie, Le Roi du Monde, Asia Mysterosa*, three books which, in a seemingly scattered order, prepare the appearance in Europe - but shouldn't we say Paris - of the Polar Brotherhood, and the latter disappears into the shadows. When the time was right, Order of the Polars came into being clandestinely, in an infinitely more impenetrable and forbidden shadow, and developed and acted with the utmost clandestinity it accomplished its final clandestine task. What, then, were and are the aims of the Order of Polars, the secret of its greatest design, its active predestination? As we have already said, the clandestine organisation of the Apocalypse, the taking in hand and general command of the Great Dissolution, of the *Mahapralaya*, and of *is to emerge from it later*. However, at the present time, the hardest part of the work planned has already been done, and very remains to be done. Our tasks are getting harder and thinner under the steel sky the new rise of the Pole Star.

It being understood, too, that under the narrow sky of the North Star, and following a rather dazzling prophetic vision on the way across, what the Order of Polars had to prepare as its ultimate goal was - and still is, and with what vertiginous urgency - the advent of a new cosmic, spiritual Saviour.

and metapolitical, the rise of a liberator empowered to put an end to the domination in place of the darkness of the end and of non-being, the sudden appearance of the heroic founder of another great Western history of the world. The advent of a superhuman hero, a cosmic hero, a divine hero.

Now, if he were to have a destiny if not a superhuman, divine nativity, the New Saviour preconceived and called by the Order of the Polars could not be made or come to us in any other way than by the paths alone, by the very occult and *quite* tragic paths of *loving science*, led and supported by the compassionate work of our Hermes Trismegistus Mercurius. His triumph over the darkness of a world precipitated under the irremediable domination of darkness and non-being will have to be, then, above all, his triumph over the darkness of the death of love in him over the darkness of the death, at his side, of his nuptial and divinely predestined double - his Hermetic Double, his Divine Bride as well as over the darkness of ontological separation, of the eternal separation that will have been imposed on them by the very experience of death, of their nuptial and alchemical death, of their greatest Hermetic and cosmic death lived to its very depths and there, shattered, reduced to powerlessness, eliminated in force and without return from their paths of love. Death is the only divine trial, and only *loving science* can preside, in this world and the next, over the luminous outcome of this trial.

On the other hand, in her spiritual and metapolitical writings, our great, our very dear Savitri Dêvi Mukerji had spoken as one else had, in the West at least, of the limpid and fervent expectation, the heroic expectation of the New Saviour of the now dying cosmic cycle, the very mysterious Khalki of the most ancient Vedic traditions, and it was in relation to the radiant, superhuman and divine figure of Khalki, the "Supreme Saviour of the End" - compared by Savitri Dêvi Mukerji, in a testimonial text that continues to fill me with a sombre amazement, fear and trembling, to the dark radiance of Adolf Hitler - that the metapolitical seer from Calcutta, the French wife of Sri Asit Krishna Mukerji, was one day so inspired. *It is in France that the Supreme Saviour of the End will appear, the Khalki awaited for millennia by sacred Indian cosmology. But his powers will come to him, and his enlightenment, from India, and these powers and this enlightenment will be brought to him by an Indian woman of European origin, when the times*

will be complete. Then she herself will emerge from the deepest night of oblivion, from a tragic amnesia, from a deathly illness that has lasted for many years. I also know that she will come from the Land of the Heights. Savitri Dêvi's words have burnt me to a crisp ever since.

Whether we like it or not, whether we are clearly aware of it or not, the instruction of the problem zone concerning the final salvation of the Western world and its history keeps bringing us back to India. Novalis: *Where are we going? Always home.* Isn't it always the case that the closest, even the most interior, is found through the intermediary of the furthest away? India, let's face it, is both the return home and the home of return, for it is through India that both the return to the hand and the reunion of those who are to meet nuptially, and as if beyond death, in the home of return, must pass. And where else but in India can lovers separated by death find each other, for in finding each other, do they not find those Eternal Indies of which Wolfram von Eschenbach spoke in his sacred song?

With Talbot Mundy

The work of the American Talbot Mundy, who was born in 1877 and died in 1940, is considered to be completely unknown. Some of his best "adventure and mystery" novels focus on India and Tibet.

The season seems to me to have come for powerful, heroic and inspired times when Talbot Mundy's work must at last be held up for what it is, namely a prophetic and supremely informed witness, a lucid and total testimony, an activist and visionary investment in the days of the appearance of the World King and his double of darkness, iniquity and crime, the false World King, and in the planetary and cosmic battles that must oppose them at the end of this cycle. *The theological figure*, the original structure of the great novel in which Talbot Mundy pits the King of the World against his nocturnal, abysmal double, the false King of the World, is obviously apocalyptically inspired, and follows the teaching that emerges from Saint Paul's Second Epistle to the Thessalonians, which deals with the *Mystery of iniquity* and the battle that must confront the Lord and his Adversary, the "Godless",

the Lost Being". The apocalyptic dialectic of the final battle between the Lord and his Adversary is fully revealed: "And you know what is holding him back now, so that he will not show himself until his time comes. The mystery of iniquity is already at work. But let only the one who is holding him back be removed first. Then the ungodly one will be revealed, and the Lord will make him disappear with the Breath of his mouth, will annihilate him with his Coming".

As usual, it is thanks to Jacques Bergier's 'admirations' that Talbot Mundy and his work have been discovered in France - albeit relatively - and it is with a courteous, avid and fascinated invitation that I ask Jacques Bergier to summarise here, to 'summarise in detail', as he would say, the novel of metapolitical fiction entitled *Jimgrim*, published in 1930, in which Talbot Mundy attacks head-on the theological figure of the final battle, the final apocalyptic battle of the King of the World and his nocturnal double, the false King of the World.

Jacques Bergier has the floor:

"A man appears in the East who proclaims himself King of the World. By propaganda, by radio, by telepathic messages directly reaching human consciousness, he proclaims his watchword. And this watchword is: "The West is finished". The King of the World, the great Maitreya, Dorje the Bold, has come at last. He has rediscovered the secrets of ancient sciences that are more advanced than Western science. The masses of the Third will rise up, the reign of the Whites is over. This propaganda is followed by direct attacks on the West using superscientific means.

".

"We don't know where these attacks come from or how they are organised. We don't know where to find the King of the World, who is somewhere in the vast, elusive crowd of Third World peoples".

"But a champion of the West is rising: American James Schuyler Grim, known around the world as Jimgrim. Grim is a bloodthirsty pacifist who spends his time destroying warmongers wherever he finds them. He doesn't hope for much for the human race, but whenever he can bring peace for a while to some corner of the globe, it's always a bonus. He operates on his own account, financed by a rich American, Meldrum Strange, who is just as mad as he is. When necessary, in times of crisis, all the resources of the West are at his disposal. One of Grim's friends said of him: "He believes that human lives, including his own, have no value.

the work alone counts. And he expresses his friendship by entrusting his friends with almost impossible tasks.

"First Egypt, then India and finally, after a journey in what we would now call an "antigravity vehicle", secret base of the World King Tibet. And the struggle will continue to an inevitable end: the death of both the World King and Grim, an inevitable death because these are their two characters, an inevitable death also because this battle has already taken place in other incarnations.

Jacques Bergier is also keen to focus on Jimgrim's comrades in arms, and more particularly on the "Jew Benjamin", in whom I recognise an essentially archetypal character, a projection, if you will, albeit obscured, of Chidher the Green. "Benjamin, who lives deep in India, has woven a web of secrets from ancient civilisations from a shop selling items for explorers in Delhi. Dorje, the King of the , turns out to be a former employee of Benjamin, who was wrong to entrust him with the task of exploiting information about the Gobi Desert. There, Dorje finds an underground library belonging to one of the lost civilisations that preceded our own, which he hides from his boss. Using these books, he begins to manufacture the ancient psychological drug *soma*, which gives him superhuman intelligence. He then rebuilt the flying machines and weapons of the ancients, set up an organisation and set out to conquer the world. He takes over part of Benjamin's secret organisation and the smuggling routes used by Benjamin are used to spread Dorje's secret weapons around the world. Unfortunately for world, Benjamin's son-in-law, Mordecai, who should have been exploring the secrets of the Gobi in Dorje's place, is killed in Tibet while trying reach other secrets. Grim will use Benjamin to announce that he is the King of the World, and that he has arrived in Delhi.

On Talbot Mundy, Jacques Bergier also writes: "Mundy believes, as do almost all cultured men in Asia, that civilisation has been built more than once and destroyed more than , and that there are many more traces of it than we think. He believes that many Sanskrit books, which seem incomprehensible, become very clear when you have certain keys. And Dorje finds these keys in the form of tablets

a golden book bearing the characters of a language he had already learned in a Thibetan monastery, in an underground library deep in the Gobi".

In line with the preoccupations that I confess here, the Talbot Mundy novels that should most interest us are, I believe, seven in number, namely: *The Unknown Nine*, *The Devil's Keepers*, *Once a Time*, *Jimgrim*, *Black Light* and *The Jade Egg*. But I'm sure that many of his titles escape me.

Val d'Abor

But, from what I would call a directly operative point of view, I consider that the most important of Talbot Mundy's Indo-Thibetan novels is still *L'Oeuf de Jade* (Nouvelles Editions Oswald, Paris, 1980). I would argue that this novel carries a coded message for cosmological action and spiritual concentration groups, such as the Ekagrata Group, who, when the time comes, will have to go to the front, take on their own destiny and that of the Western world at its end, and who will have to save or lose everything.

In *The Jade Egg*, Talbot Mundy makes absolutely breathtaking revelations about the preparation, in Tibet, of the 'lunar and mercurial' strains, the 'virginal lines' destined to produce, or rather to incarnate, when the day comes, the very One who is to serve nuptially the advent of the New Saviour of the End, his 'tantric Shakti', his 'philosophical Shekinah', his 'Hermetic Bride'. Of English or Anglo-Irish blood, she will be born on the Indo-Tibetan frontier, at the foot of the snowy heights guarding the mysterious Val d'Abor, still impenetrable and completely impenetrable today, where she will be raised and 'philosophically' prepared for her suprahuman task. Then she will descend from the Val d'Abor, come to us from the Land of the Heights, and go to Great Britain where she, or another young woman of her immediate descent, will receive another, even more metallurgical teaching, so that she can go to France and meet her abysmal destiny as the 'Hermetic Bride'. And if I speak of an 'even more metallic' teaching, it is because she will have to undergo, in Great Britain, before going to France, the terrible trials of her admission under the narrow sky, under the 'pure steel' sky of the North Star.

The story behind the coded message of *The Jade Egg* has the appearance of vertigo, the same vertigo that seizes the traveller who has to cross, on a bridge of woven ropes, the hallucinated precipices of the Indo-Tibetan confines.

A senior intelligence officer in India, whom Talbot Mundy describes from the outset as "the last of the old-guard Foresters", it is Cottswold Ommony, alias Goupta Rao, who emerges as the main character in *The Jade Egg*. Cottswold Ommony's younger sister, the very beautiful but also very innocent Eisa, made ill and as if deprived of herself by the criminal manoeuvres of the most ruthless black magic to which she had been subjected by a friend of her brother and his Indian accomplice, the terrible Kananda Pal, was saved just as she was about to sink by Dr Fred Terry. Terry fell in love with Eisa, married her and set off with her north to Tilgaun, with the hidden aim reaching the forbidden high valleys of Abor. Miraculously successful in crossing the impassable border Abor via secret tunnels beneath the Brahmaputra, the young couple still had to die once there, overcome by exhaustion. But before she expired, Eisa gave birth to a little girl, and it was this child of the heights and of death who, born of parents who had "fallen before dawn", parents who had died just as they reached the land of deliverance, would be chosen by the Unknown Superiors, by the very mysterious Masters of the Land of the Heights, to inaugurate the new world of the heights, under the name of San-fun-ho and under the permanent and direct guidance of the great lama Tsiang Sandup, the virginal line of priestesses dedicated to *the loving science* and destined to support, to illuminate from within, with their living flesh and their living breath, the coming to the West of the New Saviour awaited in the century, 'in this very century'.

Talking to Cottswold Ommony, the "last of the Foresters of Old Guard", about his providential mission to the young San-fun-ho, the great lama Tsiang Sandup said: "It was then that I understood my destiny. I understood that in my hands lay a being greater than myself, a creature that I could serve, so that she herself could serve the world as I cannot, because of my imperfections. If I did my duty, that little spark would grow into a flame that would light up the world and bless it. And then: "The Masters can only be discovered by those who, in previous existences, have acquired the right to discover them. There is a law

It is the law of evolution. We evolve from one state to another, from life to life, and we are born into an environment that can provide us with the right opportunity. It was no accident, my son, that San-fun-ho was born in the Val d'Abor". And also: "The harvest will come in its own time, no one knows for how many generations. Now is the time to sow the seeds on which the destiny of an entire world depends". And above all: "I predict that San-fun-ho will light a flame too hot for India. In the West she will do good; and the East will be able to imitate the West, while the West will not imitate the East for many years, being too proud and too full of energy". But who in the West will protect San-fun-ho's march? Behold! I have her many friends in India, so that she will have a foundation to start from when the time comes. What's more, a man of her own race will come to you, able to serve her better than you when it's his turn. He will know less than you, but he will have the qualities she needs. Watch for him, and when you think you have found him, put him to various tests. I offer you my place as San-hun-fo's protector and servant, to guard her so that she can save the world.

I also found these words at the end, "tomorrow, dawn". These words were spoken by the great lama Tsiang Sandup, as a farewell, at the feet of the Jade Egg in the secret temple of Abor, the Land of the Heights. Because, as we now know, "she will come from the Land of the Highest".

The Jade Egg

Yet it would be impossible to approach the true dimensions of San-hun-fo's mission and those of her line of virginal lovers-in-waiting, dimensions that are immediately cosmic and, by downward projection, also metahistorical and planetary, without giving full weight to the fact that the mysterious Abor, the Land of Heights, appears, above all, as the guardian, in its subterranean temple in the Val d'Abor, of the Jade Egg which gave its French title to the Talbot Mundy novel we are talking about (and which, in its original version, published in English, was entitled *Om*).

San-hun-fo, therefore, even after her hidden departure from Abor and her descent into the burning valleys of India, into the petrifying darkness of the West, will remain the predestined guardian, immutably in place, all-powerful and all-serene, of the Jade Egg and its mystery working in the spaces of the greatest cosmic invisibility. This immense green jade egg, polished like a mirror, is not only the living, radiant symbol of the cosmos and of supragalactic order from which it draws and holds its sustenance, but also, and above all, the living heart, the unchanging, pacified heart, the divinising and divinised incarnation of the Real Presence - in the Eucharistic sense of the term - of this supragalactic order itself, the limpid, supra-solar, living and vivifying emblem of the very idea of absolute centrification represented by the ancient Western vision of the Helios Basileus recently reincarnated, architecturally, in Versailles. But isn't all sacred architecture a reminder of the occult, celestial presences that bring it to life, making it mysteriously vibrate and radiate according to its deepest identity?

However, the mission entrusted to San-hun-fo to guard the Jade Egg Abor also gives rise to the idea of a hermetic nature. the essentially amorous, nuptial and erotic bride, incubating within herself, preontologically, the "philosophical egg" from which will emerge, at end of his divine cooking over a regulated fire, the Royal and Imperial Son of the Sun and Moon, as he is so charitably to us in the plate of the *Mutus Liber* where the alchemical couple glimpse, in the cosmic heights of their most faithful science, the product of their philosophical frolics imprisoned in the crystal egg of his supernaisance, from where He reigns.

It's an egg that, in the final instance, you have to know and be able to break, violate its virginal impenetrability in love and as if by royal authority, to appropriate, in the flames of the most extreme philosophical desire, its moral interiority, sealed in eternity and eternally given to those who embrace it in very nuptial de facto violence, as is so marvellously depicted in the VIII' plates added by Michel Maier to his *Atalante*.

Thus it was through her ministry of occult guardianship of the Jade Egg of Abor that San-hun-fo attained the supreme dignity of her dogmatic identity, which would be that of companion.

of the Chakravartin of the End Times, of the Hermetic Bride of the last King of the World.

So it's hardly surprising that, then as now, the figure of the The transcendental nature of the 'jade egg' appears often, even constantly, trying to make itself present, mediummically, in the abyssal, oceanic unconscious of the races of the Great Eurasian Continent directly concerned by the coming advent of the New Saviour. In this respect, I would like to mention an extraordinarily symptomatic and illuminating passage from one of Heimito von Doderer's novels, *Die Dämonen* (*The Demons*), published in Munich in 1956, in which the *mediumistic emergence* of the figure of the 'jade egg' in the half-hypnagogic vision René Stangeler, the standard-bearer, is mentioned in no uncertain terms. I quote: "I know - he said, and very clearly he was speaking for all of us - I know now all of a sudden what I dreamt that day in the music room. There was an apple, but of a different material, a kind of ball, a white pearl, no, an apple all the same. That apple was me. White. White inside. Not complete. Part of it was missing. Something sharp and pointed was coming towards me and pressing into my roundness. White too, or clear, not smooth though, but fibrous, and very acid. Sharp. But I had to remain whole and intact, or rather become whole, 'close myself into a ball', I thought these words clearly in my dream, I wanted to continue dreaming, but I was awake". Someone added: "You might as well say the *philosophical globe*". And the mediumnic dreamer goes on: "I didn't want to wake up, I wanted to retain this knowledge of unimaginable immensity and clarity. A great many things depended on the power to complete this roundness, or to replace in its entirety the shattered part, which was spoiled and separated by the penetrating point". I also recall Heimito von Doderer's comment, which reveals the profoundly erotic, even tantric opening of experience of sleep and mediumistic vision described by him: "Grete Siebenschein was literally searching her lover's face. Her eyes were wide open, clear and violet-blue, they expressed a very They were very clearly separated from the rest of the face a strange, sudden marginal wrinkle". *Siebenschein*, I point out, means, appropriately enough, the "seventh light". The mediumistic vision of the standard-bearer René Stangeler seems to me all the more significant in that it refers to the battle for totality, or for the *return of the globe to totality*.

philosophically, subversively, criminally undermined by the works of a negative, destructive, fragmenting entity.

In Talbot Mundy's *The Jade Egg*, too, the tumultuous wave of the narrative continues the evolution a secret battle for the philosophical reintegration of the whole, for the Jade Egg of Abor itself had been subversively damaged, with a shard removed. The whole of Talbot Mundy's account recounts the circuit of superhuman efforts that lead a group sacred restorative action to recover, under the leadership of San-hun-fo, the *part of the whole that had been lost* and which occultly serves as the Negative Pole for the deployment of the dark and negative powers in our cosmic season. San-hun-fo herself will only be able to descend from the Land of the High, to meet her nuptial and cosmic destiny, her secret imperial predestination, once the Jade Egg of Abor has been restored to its original integrity.

Imperial Circuit

San-hun-fo has long since descended from the Land of the High, she calls herself something else, or her dogmatic continuator, and the Land of the High itself, the 'Centre of the World', is no longer where it was when Talbot Mundy wrote *The Jade Egg*, and from where he made his mediumistic appeal to those in Europe who had put themselves in position undergo its invigorating and saving 'polarinfluence'.

In fact, if we are to believe some of the most recent and increasingly sustained European testimonies concerning mediumistic reception or, more often still, penetration through hypnagogic dream channels belonging to REM sleep, or to very advanced waking dreams, the influences coming to us, once again, from the Centre of the World - from the Land of the Heights - are no longer to be located in Tibet, but somewhere on the desert heights of the eastern part of the Altai, on the Soviet-Mongolian borders. So, what most often appears to those who are invited to see it is a very narrow place, made up of a long staircase rising to the edge of the void, with yellow stone steps, and a fortress-like dwelling in the form of a low tower, gathered around an inner courtyard.

is, I believe, the concept of our current subjection to the narrow, steel sky of the North Star.

Need I say more? A very small group, including a naval officer, a Frenchman, was invited to go there in 1984, and took a supervised, roundabout and encrypted route, which lasted four months and began in Tokio. It was necessary to enter clandestinely through the open door of the Imperial Palace, which was very confidentially set aside for this unmentionable purpose, and to embark adventurously, under the guidance of a young Eurasian woman, on what has since been called the Imperial Circuit. I understand that the secret ideogram they had to follow represented a figure more or less similar to the number 818 in Arabic numerals. The whole of this displacement is under the influence of a dogmatic identity that is essentially Octavian, or Marian, feminine and virginal, lunar and mercurial, attached to the limpid vertigo of transcendental passivity, of divine submission, as preconceived by someone like Thérèse Martin, and which corresponds perfectly to the situation of the guests *who were taken in charge* and, as it were, mediumnically attracted, drawn towards the goal they had accepted, towards the Land of heights. But which is no longer quite a country, having itself had to undergo the amorous constraints of the polar shrinkage that signals the hour of the last end, the very hour of the Polar Star in its original and nuptial elevation, abruptly summoned itself to be no more than the Star.

The Star alone? It has been said that *to him who conquers I will give the morning star*, and I know what that means. But I also know what is meant by the occult Japanese precept quoted by General Karl Haushofer: *the years of the dragon easily bring forth dragon seeds*.

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