

A-MOR

MAGIC LOVE



MIGUEL SERRANO

BERSERKER

BOOKS



A-MOR: MAGIC LOVE

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THE MYSTERIES

Prologue

T*he Mysteries* (New Delhi, 1960) is a reflection of the exalted prose of Miguel Serrano. In this unique work the departure of the Beloved from the physical and her journey to the spiritual is described. It is a human story with the power to reach the divine. And that through the divine projects simultaneously into the human. It is a resonance of the cult of A-Mor and an evocation of the unfathomable mystery of HE-SHE/SHE-HE.

An echo of the cult of the Two-Faced Deity who inhabits Venus.

What is described in *The Mysteries* is not a literary creation but a reality in fact. And for that reason, this fascinating work transcends mere literature and is projected beyond, on the *other side*, into the Realm of Light, where Gravitation and Time are not.

Yonder, the deep waves resound like *music* from Yephun-Oiehuen, the *most beautiful star*. The Realm of Light.

Certainly, *The Mysteries*, along with *The Visits of the Queen of Sheba* (1960), *The Ultimate Flower* (1969), *EL/ELLA: Book of Magic Love* (1973) and *NOS: Book of the Resurrection* (1980) comprise the pentalogy of Kaula Tantrism, a remote Western alchemical tradition that our Miguel Serrano transmits through *trovar clus*.

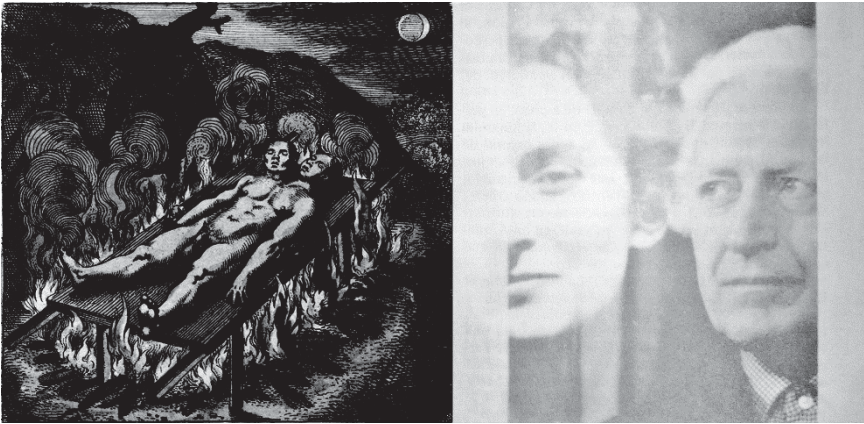
The fundamental key of *Opus alchimicum*, the profound mystery of the Drama, has been glimpsed by Miguel Serrano, thus providing a superior and transcendent projection:

The Androgynous is not the final goal of the Initiation of A-Mor, derived from the Orphic mythology, preserved by the polar Golden Cord. It is not the fusion of opposites, but the final and ultimate separation of ELELLA and ELLAEL, of Absolute Man and Woman, of two heads, united in separation, that is, in the inexpressible Mystery of A-MOR, which expands and completes the Orphic Myth, as I was allowed to reveal. That is to say, ELELLA, the Absolute Man, and ELLAEL, the Absolute Woman, with faces, personalized, 'individualized', are loving each other ['see a-man'], eternally united in their separation, in

a love without love, which is more than love; because it is a comedy, a parody of the love hitherto known to mortals, something impossible to grasp and express with words; a dream of another universe, the greatest possible effect of combat on this Earth, a flower that does not exist and that is, however, more real than all the flowers in the gardens of Nature. The Ultimate Flower.

Then, the *Sahasrara chakra* of a Thousand Petals, the *Ultimate Flower*, flourishes in the Universe/Multiverse of Uncreated Light, beyond the domains of the Demiurge.

* * *



The Mystery of the Resurrection.

Left: The Immortality of Total Man and Total Woman, the 'creation' of EL-ELLA, NOS:

'In the Drama that here concerns us, her immortality depends exclusively on Someone who searches for and rescues her, the Xristos-He, unable to find her nevertheless. All this is revealed in extremely ancient unknown runic texts and a certain gnosticism that is not dualistic. Our cosmogony gleans this and perfects it.'

~ Miguel Serrano, *Manú: Por el Hombre que Vendrá*

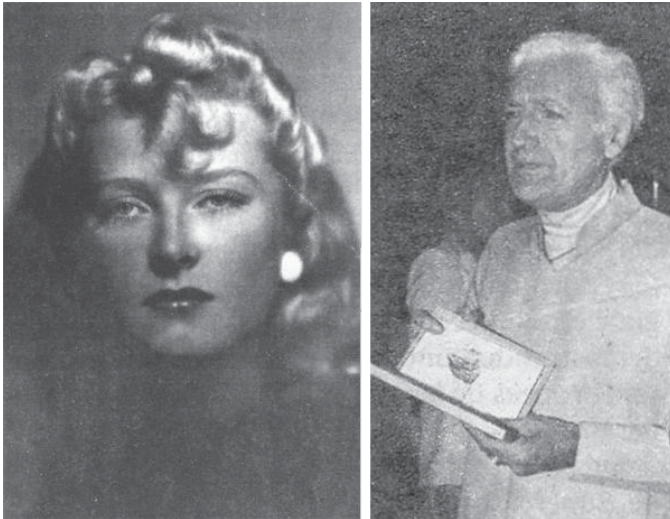
Emblem XXXIII,

Hermaphroditus mortuo similis, in tenebris jacens, igne indiget of Atalanta fuegiens (1617) by Michael Maier.

Right: Irene Klatt and Miguel Serrano –‘NOS’:

‘If the Hero goes through this test, if he manages to overcome it, on the other side, in the Walhalla of Wotan, his Valkyrie, together with the Father of the Heroes will gather his scattered pieces and will resurrect his glorious flesh, now made of immortal Red Vajra, allowing him to reach the region where only his Valkyrie can follow him, because ‘she is his only companion and he will not have another, not even within that dream that has never been dreamt.... His path has no name; it is the Inexistent Path of the Green Ray.’

~ Miguel Serrano, *Adolf Hitler, el Último Avatāra*



Left: Irene Klatt. The Princess Papan. **Right:** Miguel Serrano at the presentation ceremony of his book *The Mysteries* that took place on November 26, 1981 at the Plaza Mulato Gil de Castro in Santiago de Chile.

Words of Miguel Serrano in the Presentation Ceremony of 'The Mysteries'

Although the book was originally published in 1960 in India, it was presented on November 26, 1980, at the Plaza Mulato Gil de Castro in Santiago de Chile. During the ceremony Miguel Serrano read the book, accompanied by the music of Millapol Gajardo.

In this my city I release this old mystery that took place here, so many years ago beneath the light of the Evening Star, Venus, Yephun, that is also the double Morning Star Oiehuen which because of this duality was called Baphomet, Quetzalcoatl, Abraxas, Lucifer, the He-Carrier/She-Carrier of Light, Lord-Lady of Beauty; the Dwelling of the Defeated Ones on this Second Earth of the Kali Yuga in which I am; also the Dwelling of the Beloved and eternal love.

O Morning Star! Embrace me in your deep humid light! Make your petals fall upon me as in an autumn of light! Never ever leave—be with us!

The Mysteries

Long ago, far away, in the night of my land. Her mother brought her to me, in her arms, dead. And she married me to her. Yes, because she brought her dead to me in her arms and covered with a bridal veil. Just before, I had given her my blood so she would live; but in truth it was so she would die. That is because when blood is transmitted in this way, drenched in love, trembling with pity, it saves more by killing than by resurrecting. And which is better? To live in order to destroy love or to die so that love be made eternal?

I killed her on the outside in order to give her my soul as heaven, so she would live in me. My blood killed her. My trembling blood, amplified, coursing through outstretched arms, sobbing, unto madness.

What is blood? Ah, I truly cannot say! But she is now there and she spins, spins. I know she is there and that her hands, as lights, reach my heart at intervals and caress it. One day they will stop my heart forever, when her fingers make the spinning of those tepid little minutes stop, when they make the exact sign. Because she, who was life, is now also become death.

She died at midnight. Sitting on her bed, with a supreme effort she looked straight ahead where there was an empty hole in the air and shouted:

'Jesus, Jesus, help me!'

Did the Crucified in truth show himself? Later, she fell backwards and, just for a moment, was not pretty. But her mother was there, holding her head and saying to her:

'Go away calmly, my daughter, go away calmly. . .'

Later the mother explained that her daughter had died from fear. From the fear of death. And who doesn't have fear, Lord? Didn't perhaps even the Crucified have it?

I arrived early that morning; early as always. And I found her dressed as a bride. My God, she was afraid not of death but of the Eternal Nuptials, afraid of her marriage to my blood! As difficult as it is to be a wife in this life, how much more so in death. The future loyalty of her death with mine, or of her eternal life with my death, surely terrified her. She was afraid of eternal love. Afraid of the hell that is my soul.

I remember as if it were today. I barely touched her lips and wept, wept so long that my eyes are still tired. But her mother did not understand this: She thought I should feel happy because she had given her to me in marriage and the wedding would take place at the agreed date. Yet tears are something else. They are something human, especially when blood has been given and pity is felt for a small creature, with a generous soul, who is sobbing with fear before the night.

Before the night of my land.

I kissed her lips and said to her:

'I love you, o eternal ring, o shrouded girl!'

Later, the burial took place. And the burial was the wedding. Because she was not buried in the earth, but in my soul.

The light married us, at dawn. The mortuary horses galloped fast and merry. They were also the wedding horses. I saw their horse shoes galloping on the pavement. And gladness and strength came from out of them. They carried the delicate body with joy.

Two cords of light lowered the coffin into the earth. And the coffin was opened so I could see her face for the last time. From beyond sleeping petals, through the wedding veil and the golden curls, the light she kept in this land watched me. And this light gave itself to me as a hand for the bedchamber of my blood; as fingers for the ordering of her heartbeats.

Fingers of light.

But I wanted to leave when I heard her voice, from far away, or from within myself. I heard her saying to me:

'Do not leave me alone, the wedding is near!'

Then, with no one, without trees, without her mother, alone, with the shadow of light, in the full sun of midday, I felt we were married at the edge of her tomb.

Yes, that blood I had given her just a little earlier before her

death, thinking to resurrect her and that I had murdered her because it was red blood for a pallid young woman, that blood was still alive in her, alive as light, as seed, because it was my blood, flowing through her like a polishing cloth, my blood whose time has still not come. And she was returning my blood to me. Here is love. Here is the marriage. She returns it as heat, as the remainder of energy that I felt passing from her death into my life, from her body to my essence. And this is why I have said that she was not buried in the earth but in my soul. Because together with returning my living blood, she also gave me the light of her dead blood. Something of her eternity belongs to me. . . The rites of marriage were fulfilled in the obscurity of the midday sun, were fulfilled in the darkness of the midday Sun, on the back of the light, there, where heat is cold and light is made of ice.

And we were already beyond the earth.

Early, as always, far away, in the night of my land, I began to contemplate the flight of obscure birds that rise impregnating each other with a soft transparency. And I watched those petals falling from the sun as in an autumn of light. Then came the Morning Star. From the peaks of snow, pulsating deep as a candle, as music. And in the waves of sound I also felt the colour, the celestial light and felt she was living there, in the regions of colour, in the Morning Star. And that she touched me with her fingers and consoled me with her hands. Because my heart was beating there and the star was in me. And her fingers, in the centre of distant music, began to weave a tunic for my soul; they weaved, they weaved, the ship, the keel, the sound, the shadow that can one day make us cross over the fearsome waters of eternity.

But this is not how one should leave the Earth. No. Earth needs us so we can transport her. The milk of the land should rise up through our soles, overflowing the cup, making the air increase, becoming the atmosphere itself. And this cannot be done without us. Moreover, she did not know the earth. She was conversing for so long with death, so absorbed in this history that she did not have time, that she did not have life. Her life was so focused there, completely, in death.

That is why the Crucified came. But now I who have her with me forever, I thought to show her the world, to show her Earth, to

fix my steps for her, my feelings, to organize my eyes so she would see through them. And I started to walk and I started to see. I saw so many things; I went to so many places!

I climbed a mountain. On its silent summit grow fiery lilies. I made her walk barefoot over the paths of light amid the snows, surrounded by lighted lilies. We also saw those birds that fly between two worlds, blue breasted and watching with red eyes over the wind. I entered many temples and I am certain that she recognized herself in the ashen statues with tall slim willowy necks.

I watched all this for her. But there, within, where her hands weave, stringing beads, little amber stones, making things balance, deciding matters, there, silence is made and something weighs and leans towards nothingness. That is also her voice reaching conclusions. Those are her eyes that see through my veins, my rivers, my lakes and that whisper the days and hours. Her voice has the soft sound of a clock of sand: She tells me what remains for me.

But neither did she know love. The love on the other side of the face of light, the love of shadows. Because she was so taken with the light. . . And I said to myself: I must show the shadows to her. And then, in every love there she was, inquiring, asking. I taught her everything I could without feeling unfaithful to her. How could I be when I was in love with her? In the bodies of every woman she entered too. There at night, in their bodies, she always was, feeling their longings, watching the anguish of their dreams. She drew away from me only when my blood ran insane. But not her hand, nor her clock of sand. They were spilled completely on my heart.

Yes, it was long ago, so far away, in the night of my land. Her mother brought her dead to me, dead in her mother's arms. And as a thief in the night, on tiptoe, she took everything that I had.

That is why the Crucified came.

And when I die, I will also try to stand up and shout towards the hole in the shadow:

'Help me, help me, O shrouded girl!'

And when my head falls back there will be no one to hold it, no one, no one. . . Because I have lived in dreams, filled with dreams, as a madman.

Note to the 2006 Edition of 'The Mysteries'



Her name was Irene. To me she was the Princess Papan, she who resurrected to announce to Moctezuma the return of Quetzalcoatl. She was also Allouine, the Hyperborean priestess that on the Island of Delfos established the cult of Apollo. She was reborn in Chile to meet me again. She lived and died contemplating the tree of her home garden. Her beautiful hands caressed its leaves, those leaves that I place in the copies of this book to also be able to caress them with my eyes and with my soul contemplate once again her unforgettable face, as in the last moment of her life here, in my Fatherland so many years ago. And to remember her last words:

'In the silence of the white peaks grows the fiery lily of eternal love. . .'

which I recited in tears next to her dead body.

Miguel Serrano
Santiago,
March 2006

THE VISITS OF THE
QUEEN OF SHEBA

Foreword

This book is an extraordinary piece of work. It is dreams within dreams, highly poetic I should say and most unlike the spontaneous products of the unconscious I am used to, although well-known archetypic figures are clearly discernible. The poetic genius has transformed the primordial material into almost musical shapes, as, on the other side, Schopenhauer understands Music as the movement of archetypic ideas. The chief moulding and shaping factor seems to be a strong aesthetical tendency. Consequently, the effect on the reader captivates him in an increasing dream, in an ever-extending space and an immeasurable depth of time. On the other hand, the cognitive element plays no significant role, it even recedes into a misty background yet alive with the wealth of colourful images. The unconscious, or whatever we designate by this name, presents itself to the author by its poetic aspect, which I envisage chiefly from its scientific and philosophic—or perhaps more accurate—from its religious aspect. The Unconscious is surely the *Pameter*, the Mother of All (i.e. of all psychical life), being the matrix, the background and foundation of all the differentiated phenomena we call psychical: religion, science, philosophy and art. Its experience—in whatever form it may be—is an approach to wholeness, the one experience absent in our modern civilization. It is the avenue and *via regia* to the *Unus Mundus*.

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "C.G. Jung" followed by a period. The script is fluid and cursive, characteristic of Jung's handwriting.

Küsnacht-Zurich,
14 January 1960.

The Great Mother

In the beginning, the Great Mother looked at herself in a mirror. Then she looked at a second mirror and at a third. In this way all mothers came into being. The Great Mother had eyes like the depths of an abyss, but those of the other mothers were as blue as the sky.

In the ancient city of Amber, next to the Temple of Kali, a priest wearing a red tunic and with feet covered with the blood of sacrifices explained these things to me. And so I came to know that I had not one mother but many.

Since my life seems to have been so much like an abyss and to be more and more like one, I am trying to look within myself to discover the coffin of the original Great Mother. I will open it and inside I will probably find that she has taken the form of somebody else. Perhaps she will be the Queen of Sheba; possibly even Jesus Christ. Whatever form she takes will be the form of my soul.

Of course when one opens a coffin, one destroys it. Nevertheless a delicate odour of cedar wood will come forth.

The Story of the Moonstone

The ring you see on my finger is a moonstone. When the third moon fell onto the earth, it fell into the sea. Sinking into the waters, it sent up bubbles, like the last breath of a drowning man. These bubbles became moonstones.

Centuries later, when the glacial ices retreated towards the poles, leaving Aryana Vaiji abandoned and the sunny city of Avalon turned into a city of death, the first human beings, men with blue eyes and blond hair, risked their lives in the water to gather moonstones. They set them in their stone daggers and placed them on their foreheads so that they might be able to see the ancient City of Dawn, called Aryana Vaiji and the former City of the Sun, called Avalon. In this way, the moonstone became the third eye, showing men what their blue eyes could not see.

The men of those early times were called Walkers of the Dawn, and their women, whose hair was also blond and whose eyes were deep blue like the waters where the moonstone was found, were called Guardians of the Dawn. These women placed the moonstone between their breasts.

In time, the men went to their women for the moonstone, so that they might contemplate the City of Dawn and the City of Sun. If they did not perish in the wild torrents of water, they were lost between the white breasts of their women.

In time, the men went to their women for the moonstone, so that they might contemplate the City of Dawn and the City of Sun. If they did not perish in the wild torrents of water, they were lost between the white breasts of their women.

This is the story of eternal love, which is born among the ices but which is soon mixed with dreams of death and of a new dawn. The first heroes were those who surrendered themselves to the holocaust of love. As they died, they caught a last glimpse of the City of

Dawn and felt for the last time the milky lightning of the moon.

The first conquerors of the earth, on the other hand, were those who refused love and instead chose as their symbol the white fleece of the ram. Following a messiah, they marched over the earth and made it their own. What they were looking for was an Avalon of this world. For them the moonstone had a different meaning. They merely put it between their eyes in the same way they held their daggers in their hands. Their messiah, whose name changes with the ages, was to them merely the first Walker of the Dawn. Their real emblem was the ram's fleece.

When I first looked at the moonstone, I was told by a wise man what it signified. 'It points two ways', he said. 'One really leads to perdition although it pretends to do otherwise, while the other leads you to an empty oasis where men stand alone on the ices holding their battle swords. In order to survive you must be brave; you must seize the stone dagger and kill eternal love.'

For many years I followed his advice and tried to stifle the love that is in me. I wandered far and wide over the earth. I would watch the morning star and I would think I had discovered the City of Dawn. In the end I became a pilgrim. My skin became dry and my hair grew down to my shoulders. I joined an ancient tribe of wanderers and walked with them across the earth. They all carried stone daggers and worshipped the moonstone.

First we wandered towards the Antarctic ices which are near my own homeland and there we met an ancient prophet who guided us. He seemed to be a reincarnation of some ancient holy man. We also had a dog with us who helped guide us towards the primeval oasis.

At the crucial moment I weakened, however; the howling of the winds and the wailing of the dog had brought to mind the calm voice of eternal love, and I fled from the place. For a short while I tried to find peace by the edge of the Sea, but in the end I re-joined my former comrades. Together we continued to traverse the earth; we fought battles, captured cities and visited ancient temples where pagan rites are still practised. I tried to give up everything, I took up the burden of the cross and even tried to make it rotate like the

holy swastika. There was nothing I did not do to try to kill the love within me and to try to find the ancient city which existed before love began.

Finally I came to India, and there I began to worship Siva. I tried to subdue my will to his: I prostrated myself before his altar and remained perfectly still for years in an effort to recover the lost vision of the City of Dawn. Although my body remained still, my mind would wander across the southern ices and I was once again with the warrior-pilgrims with their stone daggers. Others would also be with me: some were beggars, others kings. But everybody in the ancient India of Siva knew that only by abandoning their bodies could they attain the ancient City of Dawn. That is why there are so many abandoned bodies along the roads of India, and that is why, in India, the heat of the sun burns the ram's fleece.

Often I remembered the dog that had given up its soul to guide us through the icy wastes of the south. I was reminded of it by the howling of the many dogs in India. But now its howl seemed different, as though it were mourning its lost fleece, and as if it had stopped being a symbol and had begun to feel and therefore to weep.

Then one day, while I was kneeling beside the bed of a dying girl to whom I was telling the story of the moonstone, love suddenly came again, overthrowing all my asceticism and turning me onto the other path suggested by the stone in my ring. I felt I was robbed of all I had gained. My body was returned to me, but my soul was destroyed. By that time, however, my body had half withered away because of the many years I had spent by the sacred mountain of the Lord Siva. I went down to the holy lake called Manasarovar, which adjoins Mount Kailas. There I washed with care and, moving out towards the centre of the lake, submerged my body and sank it to the depths of the sacred waters. As the body drowned, it sent forth its last breath exactly like the breath of the moonstone. After a bit, it rose again to the surface, but it was now combined with the body of the dog that had died years before in the Antarctic ices. My new body had the head of that golden-haired dog.

Now I no longer hear the anguished howl of that dog, wailing for its lost body.

I have given up the teachings of the wise man, and I have exchanged the stone dagger for the flute. Now I sing the old songs of the sun and dance to the music. The ring I have long since thrown into the sea because now I look for the City of Dawn amongst the breasts of beautiful women. I am ready now for the altar of the goddess Kali.

I am dying, but as I expire like a hero who no longer looks for Avalon in the distance, I find that, without my wanting it and without my hoping for it, a moonstone begins to appear between my eyebrows.

Parvati

One day as she passed along the road outside my house she smiled at me. Her teeth were even and white, but her smile was hesitant, like the reflection of sugar-cane in a river gently stirred by the wind.

Then on an afternoon some days later she came to my study where I keep a stone statue of Siva. This statue shows Siva with his eyes as though he were dreaming. He observes only what passes in the interior of his mind: he appears to be listening, as to the sound of approaching steps that may lead to the top of the Paradise or even to within sight of the City of Dawn. The statue also portrays Shiva's ambiguous smile: *there is one smile for love, another for hatred and a third for both*. Siva always smiles in this manner. His smile is a mixture of pleasure, misery, and ecstasy.

And there, at the foot of the statue, stood the beautiful girl called Parvati—who also smiled. She was tall and strong. Her hair and skin were dark and she looked like a woman from Bengal and also as though she had come from that ancient region that had once been touched by Atlantis and which had rested quietly under the Flood. For that is the real India: there the deserts begin and there the cobra forests, the mountains of Assam, the sea of Orissa and the living stream of Brahmaputra all meet. Standing by the statue, Parvati then began to remove her sari, and as she did so, she revealed a body that seemed to come from another world. And the aroma that came from her was like mixture of sugar-cane and sweet wine, of jasmine and dreams, of the sky and the river: it was something like fine rich tea or sandalwood.

I quickly went up to her to kiss her open mouth. At first she received my kiss like a nervous Child. But when I began to caress her, she became agitated like the islands of Atlantis rising from the sea

and revealing buried cities, forests and fields. As her perfume encompassed me, I found my old world buried in this new flood and, amongst strange words from remote epochs, amongst sighs echoing forth from dead civilizations, I moved my hand towards the moonstone that hung between her breasts—on that ancient sacrificial altar—so that I might have a glimpse of the City of Dawn. And as I died there, I turned to the statue of Siva to thank him for the gift of this woman. ‘Thank you,’ I cried, ‘for having given me this marvellous creature. Thank you for this gift wrapped in sandalwood and blue sky—this gift that represents all India. Thank you for this extreme good fortune.’

Stretched out side by side, we looked at and caressed each other, speaking without words. Little by little her eyes became soft and gentle like those of a virgin or those of Kanyakumari, the virgin princess of Cape Comorin which lies at the extreme end of India where the waters of three great seas meet. The aspect of Kali, the devouress, had disappeared and become only a dream locked up in the dismal depths of the subconscious.

Then she rose, and when I asked her who she was she told me her name was Parvati. At that moment the head of the statue looked as though it wanted to move so that Siva could observe what was happening and come out of his dream. Of course this girl also knew that Parvati is Siva’s wife. I then pointed out the statue of the God and said: ‘See how he smiles at you. He really is your husband.’

‘No,’ she then said, ‘you are’.

And at that moment I was ready to believe it.

Then she went away. My wife from Atlantis, my Indian wife, my wife for that day—for she was all in one—walked slowly like a queen, which is how all the true women of India walk, away from me. I shall never see her again in this life, for I don’t really know who she was or where she came from. One day she walked along the road outside of my house and passed an evening with me. I gave her part of my life so that I might touch the moonstone and see the City of Origins. And that is all there is.

I had fallen asleep beneath the statue of Siva and I dreamed that he spoke to me and told me that in Bengal where the hills are full of snakes, he was called An and his wife, Uma. ‘It’s simply a question of names’ he explained ‘I have so many names I can easily give

you Parvati, keeping Uma for myself. And you can be Siva if you want because I can always remain An.' He then spoke to me about the Brahmaputra. 'That river can teach you everything,' he said. 'Day after day the water goes by. What you see today is lost and gone tomorrow. Yet, although the water disappears, the river remains: therefore, its source is eternal. It is renewed in the deep springs of the earth and from the snows melting in the high mountains. There is a central force in the world that is never spent or exhausted. It is found in many places—as much in the high mountains and the oasis of the ices as in the breasts of Parvati or Uma. Even though you die a thousand times, if you die loving truth you will be like the Brahmaputra and you will always come back. Therefore it is important to be calm like the waters of the river and not to be possessive. Parvati has gone away, but it doesn't matter that the wife of one day is lost, for other days will bring other Parvatis. *The sun also ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to the place where he arose. . . . All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence the rivers came, thither they return again.*'

I awoke with my face turned towards the stone statue. Watching it, I found I was told many more things. *The sea was in your veins*, it said. As I looked at the smiling face of the statue, I realized its smile was like Parvati's at the moment of pleasure. It was a smile of love as much as of hate, of divine ecstasy and of death, of carnal and sacred love. And so, Parvati had laughed and cried in my arms, prayed and cursed, loved me and despised me—all these in the space of a few moments. But then she had the same wise and true expression of the stone statue, *for the sea was in her veins* as well.

Then, without taking my eyes from Siva, I began to murmur an answer to his teaching.

'No,' I said, 'I am no river and no sea runs in my veins. I am not ready for that. I need to dream more, to be caught again in your net and to burn my wings. Let me have her once again. Make her walk again along the path outside my house. I want to be overcome by her perfume, I must drown myself in her eyes, lie on her sacrificial altar and die as I again behold the moonstone. . . .'

Siva neither moved nor spoke. Only the mournful smile remained. Then it fell like a drop of water slipping through the night. Trembling, I knew what it meant. 'You will have her again and shall

find her—but only within yourself, and not from without.’
Sadly, I bowed my head.

The Visits of the Queen of Sheba

*Set me as a seal upon thine heart,
As a seal upon thine arm:
For love is strong as death.*

My belief in reincarnation first brought me to India. Since I have no proof of it, I cannot be sure of this belief, but I accept it as true and carry on in a dreamlike fashion. So it goes for days and months, and then suddenly the Queen of Sheba appears to me, and I know that my belief is true. For when she comes I have a feeling of certainty and know that my values are right. Usually I don't realize this truth until after she has left—which is probably natural since only in absence do we recognize and yearn for each other. Only after she has gone do I know that my vague notion about reincarnation is true, and that my soul is as old, or almost as old, as hers is.

The concept of reincarnation is curiously ironical, when you think about it. You would imagine that two persons who had been intimate for five thousand years would recognize each other immediately when they meet—yet they don't. At first there is always a little tension, almost a kind of hostility between the two. This surely is peculiar when you consider how much there is in common between them—or between us, for I am speaking of the Queen of Sheba and myself. We have had so many nights of love, we share so many happy memories, and also so many sad ones, you would think we would recognize each other immediately. Yet at first she always seems so distant I am almost irritated. Afterwards I think it is strange that I did not throw myself at her feet and weep for joy, that I did not grasp her hands and gaze into her eyes.

Yet I never do. It's as though I'm always only half awake when

we meet to exchange gifts. To be sure, the mist rises a little when we repeat the splendid pattern of our love. And I say to her: *Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies. Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honey-comb: honey and milk are under thy tongue; and the smell of thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon. . . .* My speech may be music, but to me it is only a distant echo reverberating in my memory.

Five thousand years ago, the Queen of Sheba lived in Sumeria, alongside the sunny valley of the Euphrates. When she died, her head was sheathed with gold leaf, and she was buried in Ur. You would think that I would recognize her when she comes, but my memory is so bad that only her eyes seem familiar.

Over the millenniums it is possible that the colour of her eyes may have changed but their quiet expression never does. They always appear to be faintly puzzled at the idea that her body should turn to dust when she still had so many thousands of years to live.

One day some archaeologists found her head in Ur, and they placed it in a museum. After her last visit, I had a photograph taken of this head so that I would not forget it. Yet even that was naive, since it would only be helpful if the Queen of Sheba were to visit me in this life and during my present incarnation. But the Queen of Sheba has already come and gone.

Greater grief hath no man. . . .

*Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness
Like a pillar of smoke,
Perfumed with myrrh and frankincense,
With all powders of the merchant?*

As it happened, I was praying when the Queen came. I was trying to concentrate on the syllable OM which means the beginning and the end and which is the note upon which the Lord Brahma created the world. The syllable must be pronounced with a concentration of all the body and soul. If the meditation is properly performed, the body begins to feel a soft smarting sensation, and the fingertips begin to tingle. Having reached this stage, I seemed to hear the distant chanting of a Hindu family carrying a dead relative down to the sacred river Jumna. On the bank of the river, the pyre of sandalwood would be waiting. Then it would be set on fire while round

about the relatives would sing to Rama and to the shepherd, Krishna, the colour of whose skin was blue. There was no unhappiness: merely a grain returning to the field, a drop of water rejoining the eternal stream. O Bhagawan, Bhagawan. . . .

Then suddenly she entered and sat down next to me. I was surprised, for she was interrupting my prayer. I tried to turn my face away and to go on with the syllable OM, but something made me look at her. She was not obviously beautiful, but her eyes were luminous and at the same time dark, like a patch of shadow surrounded by bright sunlight. Paradoxically, this shadow, which after all represent the darkness of tombs and decay and age, made her appear young. Yet I could not concentrate on her face because of the sharp contrasts between shadow and light. Instead, I looked at her hands. It was strange that fingers which had been buried for centuries under the desert sands should shed such beauty and passion.

Then softly she began to sing:

*Return little flower of dust,
Rise at the sound of the flute
And dance with the golden-horned god.
Spring comes again to our island,
The grapes are prepared for the bull.
When the harvest comes, remember
The flute of the child god, our Lord.*

While she sang I recalled the old priestesses of Crete who, in the blue Mediterranean, worshipped the sacred minotaur. Then suddenly I became happy and forgot about the syllable OM. I felt the music of flute within myself. It was a flute played by those same fingers that had long laid buried under the desert sands, the same fingers as those of the blue god which were given vitality by the golden grapes—as they were long ago in the springtime of Ur.

Then quietly I spoke:

‘Are you by chance,’ I asked, ‘a pilgrim in search of the fountains of life? For if you are, you should go to the dreamy city of Banaras where a clue to the secret may be found. Otherwise travel to Mount Kailas, the dwelling place of the Lord Siva at the roof of the world, at the top of the Tree of Life. . . .’

But she remained silent, looking at me from her shadowed brilliance. Then she moved nearer, holding out for me her first gift—a golden cape, like the ceremonial dress of some ancient Maharajah of Udaipur.

‘This,’ she said, ‘belongs to you.’

And when I touched it, running my fingers over the rich gold embroidery, I recognized it. It really was mine.

I stood up and walked into the large hall where I keep my sacred paintings. For a long time I stared at a Tibetan ‘tanka’ which represented the Tree of Life. At the top, amongst the leaves, Padmasambhava is shown embracing his goddess. They were united as one. On the top of the Tree of Life—in the Hall of the Palace—someone had found somebody for whom he had been searching for a long, long time. And the tears of joy which were shed became the fruit of the Tree of Life, the grapes whose juice is distilled by the flute of the blue god.

I then picked up a cane which resembled a shepherd’s staff, and also looked like a snake. It was embossed with silver and its handle was carved in the shape of a lion’s head with emeralds for eyes. In the centre, a small ruby marked the position of the third eye, the one that is capable of seeing the Hall of the Palace on the Tree of Life and which understands the symbolism of that love scene.

I went out and gave it to her, saying: ‘This is yours; it has always been yours. Don’t you recognize it? It too comes from Udaipur. Once I think it belonged to Queen Padmani, who preferred to die by burning than to be unfaithful. It is called “Kundalini” because it looks like a snake.’

She took it and began to fondle it. It was as though she were touching the flute of the blue god, the flute of Siva which is the ‘lingam’ of the Sun. She closed her eyes to feel and enjoy it better and as she did this, I was able for the first time to see her face. With its light extinguished, the shape of the planet was visible. Her forehead wide and pale as the moon, was that of my beloved Queen. It was sheathed with gold and her hair was damp with frankincense and myrrh.

Then I wanted to throw myself at her feet and worship her. But I couldn’t, because I still did not wholly recognize her and because it was almost . . . it was almost . . .

*I am my beloved's
And my beloved is mine;
She feedeth among the lilies.*

Across the harbour from Bombay there is an island called Elephanta where a famous cave temple was constructed during the sixth century by the Brahmans. Inside the cave there is a gigantic Trimurti, which is a statue of the god, Siva, in his aspects of god, goddess, and son. It is like Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Originally the Trimurti was different. But when the Portuguese came—or perhaps it was the Moslems—the statue was mutilated and its beauty destroyed, or at least altered. There are times when the act of disfigurement increases and completes beauty, for imperfection is the essence of beauty. The Queen of Sheba, for example, is not beautiful in a vulgar, complete way, but her slight imperfections make her beauty special and rare.

At any rate, years ago one of the heads of the great statue at Elephanta was apparently removed. Originally what is now Trimurti was Tetramurti. The mysterious fourth head had been carved on the back, looking backwards upon five thousand years of the past, gazing towards Ur, towards Mohenjodaro, or Harappa, or Aryana Vajia; even towards Avalon, the dead city of Atlantis. This fourth head, in a word, represented the fourth dimension, and its aspect was that of the Son of Death. Here indeed was the true head of the god who is united with his goddess on top of the Tree of Life, and his terrible face expresses the ineffable pleasure of whoever observes the Queen of Sheba playing the flute, the sexual 'lingam' of creation. Yet because it was thought to be indecent, the fourth head was cut off, and now nobody remembers it. I myself had forgotten it until the visit of the Queen of Sheba. Even the old Brahmans had forgotten it. They murmured the verses of a Bhagavad Gita and of an expurgated Ramayana. The Huns of Mihiragula, the invaders from Samarkand, Alfonso de Albuquerque, and all of the East India Company had combined to turn off the light, and the truth of the Tetramurti was expunged from the ancestral Gita and Ramayana.

But the secret still remains in the cave of Elephanta. Next to the Trimurti is a dancing figure of Siva carved from stone. Here is the secret, for the dancing god is bisexual. His right side is that of a

man, but his left side is that of a woman. No Eve has yet been fashioned from his rib, but there is a marvellous sculptured breast equal to the Queen of Sheba's, like a 'young roe feeding among the lilies'. In this figure the Queen of Sheba has at long last come again.

The faces of the Trimurti meditate in their three dimensions, and whether they be god the father, god the mother, or god the son, they all hope for the return of the Queen of Sheba. With their closed eyes they dream of her, and they imagine they see her walking across the burning sands of the earth. It is pleasant to look at these stone faces, but it is also sad. In a three-dimensional world, the Queen of Sheba may come, but not to stay.

Greater grief hath no man. . . .

*I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem
By the roes, and by the binds of the field,
That ye stir not up,
Nor wake my love,
Till she please.*

On the evening of her visit I was listening to the faraway chants of the Hindus burning a dead relative on the sandalwood pyres by the sacred river Jumna, and I remember that their song mixed with the drumbeat of my heart and the reverberation of the magic syllable OM that ran through my fingertips. Then she approached, and taking me by the hand, led me far away, to the distant beach of Madras. She said that the South of India was a happy place for us because it was farther down, and I knew what she meant.

I wore my golden cape and she leaned on her silver 'Kundalini'. Of course she didn't need a cane because she is young and beautiful, but her five thousand years needed it.

It was during the golden month of May when the heat starts in India. The air was dry and hot, and the earth was beginning to crack. The Bay of Bengal exuded a thick vapour as from a great sea beast, but the sky was full of stars. There were thousands upon thousands of them.

She lay down on the burning sands which have been her bed for so many centuries and looked up at the sky. 'It hasn't changed,' she said. 'It is the same and always will be. How young we are in comparison to the sky!'

I also lay down and rested my head on her lap. Soon the bones of my head began to recognize the bones of her knees—which is not surprising, since there is not a bone of her body unknown to me.

Presently some dark and noisy children arrived and started to dance in the dusk, under the great sky. As they danced, they muttered crude and profane songs. They were completely naked and danced in circles. Then they ran into the sea and came back, dripping foam and perspiring. Once again they began their infernal dance. Would they never leave us in peace? We wanted to be alone after such a long time.

Finally I gave them money, and then they asked for more. Always more. They were the ghosts of India, dark hallucinations forever coming between me and the Queen of Sheba, capable of destroying everything.

They sang in Tamil—or perhaps it was old Sumerian, and they continued to dance: *The mandrakes are loosening their perfume. . . .*

Then in the distance a fisherman appeared, dragging his nets and playing a flute. The boys disappeared as if by magic.

It is like that in India: you must know how to wait.

We stretched out on the sand and I pressed her head against my heart. It is strange, but with her ear I could hear the beating of my own heart. And it was as if the solemn blinking of the stars was keeping time with my heartbeat.

To the rhythm of the planets and of the flute of the Hindu fisherman we softly fell asleep—in that month of May, that summer in Madras.

And that night was another day.

*Stay me with flagons,
Comfort me with apples:
For I swoon from love.*

We woke up with the water of high tide on our legs. There was no one else on the beach. The fisherman had gone and the stars were obscured by low clouds. I embraced her and she wrapped her body in mine. Softly I breathed in her ear words that echoed the Song of Songs: ‘At last you have come,’ I said, ‘Your thighs are as long as the Indian summer, and they are as hot as the summer’s heat, even

under the water of the ocean sea. *O Prince's daughter: the joints of thy thighs are like jewels.* Your breasts are the breasts of the Virgin of the Temple at Cape Comorin where the waters of three ancient seas meet. They are the small dry breasts of a virgin queen. Because it is time they were watered by the sea, I will make the waves rise with my lips. And then like doves they will take flight and they will dance like doves through the fields. They will send a message to that shadowy region within you that I have come. Then in that ancient and hidden region, in that ancient Ur, upon that throne of a Sulamite, I will make the sun come out. I will make it shine with my lips and my burning verses which will be as the music of the flute of the blue god. O, how beautiful you are, my Sulamite! *Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honey-comb: honey and milk are under thy tongue. You are a fountain of gardens, a well of living waters...*

Then between our warm kisses she began to sing:

*The grapes have returned to our land,
And spring has come to our island,
From the floor of the sea he rises,
The god of the golden horns.
Hail to the singing boy, our Lord.*

Then something quite unexpected happened. Whether it was by fate or by chance I do not know. Perhaps they are the same. I was engrossed in my singing, and in my love, that I gradually penetrated her body. I came to understand it and literally to take possession of it.

Apparently the same thing happened to her. I took possession of her soul and she took possession of mine. I was she and she was I. Then when the pleasure of love came, when the wave rose over us, I felt with her soul and her body, and she felt with mine. I was at the same time Siva and Parvati, and she was both the Queen of Sheba and Solomon.

That is the mystery of Elephanta.

That is the secret which is now forgotten by the world, which no longer appears in the pages of any Gita or Ramayana. And I discovered it on the burning sands of Madras, beside the Bay of Bengal.

Then she rose and danced naked towards the sea. I followed her, playing the lively flute of the blue god. And together we sang:

*Hail, Blue Shepherd of Heaven,
The heart of the Gopis is ripe;
You are purple with passion
Like the grapes of our distant island,
And the throne of the Sulamite of Ur.*

And then she disappeared, quietly and suddenly across the sea. And only then was I sure that she had been the Queen of Sheba, my Queen who had come back after such a long time, only to leave me once again.

And I felt as Rama must have felt when the demon with the ten heads and twenty arms stole his beloved Sita from him when they were together in the forest.

*Return, return, O Sulamite,
Return, return,
That we may look upon thee.*

Ever since the Queen of Sheba went away, I have been sitting alone in my room, thinking. Once again I look at my sacred paintings from Tibet, but when I wear my golden tunic, everything takes on a different meaning. I don't dare repeat the syllable OM because I still hope my Queen may return to rekindle our brief love. It is curious that the heart of a man yearning for eternity should want to obliterate the very pathway he has already cleared.

Sitting alone, I remember my many years of pilgrimage in India. But now everything seems changed. Now I want to be like a river, like the Holy Ganges which rises in the Himalayas, waters the parched land and carries along with it leaves and branches of trees, the bodies of animals and men and even of gods before it reaches the quiet sea. The river does not pick and choose: it welcomes everything. It is neither light nor darkness: it is merely movement towards the sea.

Then I remember that like a river I too have travelled to the Tibetan Himalayas and stood at the foot of the sacred mountain, Kailas where, beyond the rain line, Lord Siva and the Enlightened Buddha live. Like the river, I too have gone down to the end of India, to Cape Comorin where the three ancient seas meet. And I have seen that there are temples at both extremes.

I learned this truth from the body of the Queen of Sheba, for her

body is like the world. And this knowledge was the second gift she gave me.

*While the king sitteth at his table,
My spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof.*

One night in November—it was the fifth of the month and thus a day marked by destiny—I was wearing my golden cape from Udai-pur and sitting in an old Chinese armchair. The winter had already begun, and it was cold in Old Delhi. After a while I began to feel drowsy and soon I was asleep. Then in a dream I found myself 'on a road standing by high tower. Something fell down from above, and a young man who was there handed it to me. It was a small white flower, a diminutive sunflower. 'We all know where it comes from,' said the young man, 'and who sent it to you.' I looked up and realized that she had thrown it so that I would know where she was. I ran towards the tower, found a ladder and hastily climbed to the top. There, in a rectangular space, she stood looking over a balcony. She heard me arrive and throw myself at her feet, and she said to me: 'Now you are mine alone. Before you were one of many, but now I have killed all the others. I suppose that is a crime. . . .'

'Yes,' I answered, 'If it were not a crime, it would not be as it is. . . .'

When I woke up, I found her in my arms, or so it seemed, with her warmth and the light of her eyes. The vision took a long time to vanish, and it seemed more real than reality.

When she had finally gone, this time perhaps forever, I discovered a small white flower lying on the golden crosses of my royal cape.

This was the third gift that she brought me.

*Awake, O north wind;
And come, thou south;
Blow upon my garden,
That the spices thereof may flow out.*

Outside, the night drums were beating, and the faithful were singing their chants of praise as they walked towards the river where the bodies washed today would be consumed by fire tomorrow.

Shapes, smoke-encircled shapes, in the nets of Maya, illusions. . . .
High above, in the blue-grey sky, the Morning Star appeared.
Greater joy hath no man. . . .

The Brother of Silence

He first came some years ago and told me that he wanted to listen to my silence. In manner of the country he uncovered his feet and sat with crossed legs in a corner of the room. There he remained for a long time until evening came and I could no longer see his face. He had a small dog with him which lay curled up on the hem of his Tibetan monk's robe.

With the coming of dusk, he began to tell me his story. He comes from Almora which is the gateway in the Himavat that leads to Mount Kailas. He likes to stay there and listen to the silence that comes from the Himalayas. He was not born in Almora, however, but much farther to the north by the side of the sea where the moonstone rose from the water. When he was there he used to sit on the beach and listen to the silence of the sea. But people did not understand him there and so he had to leave in search of a place where he would not be molested in his attempt to discover the language of silence.

And so Sunya Bai, the brother of silence, went to Tibet which is the best place in the world for silence. There he usually lives, conducting a silent dialogue with the snow-capped peaks of Himalayas. Occasionally he comes to Delhi, but only when he thinks it is necessary to start a special dialogue of silence with some special person about whom he was been told in the Himavat.

Perhaps that is the reason why he came to see me. At any rate, he asked me not to talk and merely sat down in his Tibetan robe with his dog and listened to my silence. Soon he was conversing with my soul without my knowing it.

Finally he spoke and told me about himself. He said he was not interested in what human beings can say with words; he was only interested in their silence. 'There are people who speak well,' he said, 'but they often have a very bad silence.' He said it was the

silence mattered because it was a preparation for eternal silence.

Then he got up and went to the door. I ran after him and asked him of his name. He turned round and said he was called Ernest, and then he went away. It is curious, but it was only then that I realized that he was a man and not a woman. For a while I had believed that the strangely robed figure was an ancient woman. In fact, he had no sex.

For a long time I wondered what we talked about in our silent dialogue. Many years have gone by since that first visit and I still have not found out. From time to time he returns quite unexpectedly and sits in a corner to listen in my silence. The last time he was with me he sat in the same place where the Queen of Sheba had sat, and then I realized that he had been talking about her all the time and that I had been asking him about the return. I looked up and noticed that Ernest was smiling.

Last night he came for the last time. He was alone and remained standing all the time he was with me. In his hand was a pilgrim's staff. He said he was travelling to Sikkim and that although he was seventy years old he felt he was seventy years young. He also told me his dog had died. Of course he did not speak: I learned these things through his silence.

Then I told him of my dog, the one I met in Antarctic. He then replied that he felt sorry for people who did not realize dogs were not really dogs. His own, he said, had told him he would be reincarnated in Sikkim and that was why was going there to find him. He said he and his dog were complementary. 'He will take the body of a dog as to complete mine, and I will continue in this body of youth of seventy in order to complete his. He does not see colours, and so I will help him with that. On the other hand, he sees God in scent and so far I can't do that. Anyhow, one thing we have in common is silence.'

I was deeply moved by what he said. 'Have you already reached the top of the Tree of Life?' I asked. 'Are you by any chance Padmasambhava? Perhaps that's why I didn't know you were Ernest when we first met.'

Now I see him far away in the mountains walking about and asking for his dog. He speaks to the tops of the trees and to the animals and birds that he meets. He is able to speak with them because he knows the language of silence.

'Have you seen my dog?' he asks, 'a very small dog with long blond hair, or perhaps his hair is dark.'

'What's his name?' they reply.

'I believe,' he answers, 'that it is Sulamite or Young Fawn, and *he must be grazing among the white lilies.*'

Footsteps in the Sand

I have come back to the beaches of Madras. It is many years since the night I have heard the fisherman playing his flute there, but there is much that is familiar. Walking barefoot across the sand, I gaze at the sea: it excludes a heavy vapour, breathing like a strange prehistoric beast. In the distance the sun is setting, and the pale moon is rising. I only look at the sand, however, searching for the lost footsteps. But of course I don't find them. Could it be that the surface of the world has changed over the years? Could it be that it changes once in each century?

Not far from the beach there are trees which used to have milky flowers growing in their branches. When I was here before, I climbed up to the high branches to pick the flowers. The thick liquid that oozed from their stems was like the moisture she remembered from the crushed grapes of the Valley of Ur. Now, however, the trees are bare. The branches are dry, and the only roots below the grounds retain the moisture.

With the coming of nightfall I lay down on the beach and listened to the deep rumble of the sea which in the white is the moon seemed to be speaking to me. I put my ear to the sand and listened. Its heart must be beating next to mine, I thought, for that is what happened when we sang old songs here before. Then, as if in a trance, I reached out for her whom the years had engulfed long ago. In the blackness of the night I seemed to feel her fingers joined with mine, entwined by the flower of the Tree of Paradise.

Then I fell asleep besides the sea. Between dreams I fought I heard the voice of a child singing: *The mandrakes are loosening their perfumes*. And then I suddenly saw the blue god dancing over the sands of rhythm of the flute. Blue and naked he came: he was both young and old, both man and woman. Golden horns sprouted from his head, and his flute was garlanded with feathers and flowers. He

looked at me with a familiar smile and without stopping his song or his dance, he pointed to a place close by me. Then, as his golden fingernail rose and fell in the night, he exclaimed: 'Ecce OM!'

With that, he disappeared. But the moon remained, throwing a palpitating light on the sands. The sands are like the desert, I thought, and her feet must've walked here over the centuries, leaving their imprint.

Then, without knowing why, I began to dig at the spot indicated by the blue god who is also the heavenly shepherd. Deep below the surface I came upon a footprint. But there was blood there as well, and the foot had been badly bruised.

The Return of the Queen of Sheba

The Kulu Valley which is known as the Valley of the Gods is well within the Himalayas. It takes a long time to reach it, and the road goes through gentle hills covered with pine forests and fig trees. Flowers grow in the ravines but the apples are sour. High above the road on the snow-capped mountain peaks live the Gaddis. They are now nomad shepherds but once belonged to the warrior caste and are thought to have come from Rajasthan in India. They look like ancient Greeks: they have white skin, wear white caps and long robes which they know round their waists with braided cords.

Crossing the Rotan Pass at an altitude of more than 13,000 feet, the road goes to Lahoul and Spiti, crosses the rain line and enters Tibet. There the light makes the mountains purple and there always seem to be barefoot pilgrims walking along the steep paths.' Along the roadside are stones bearing the inscription, 'Om mani padme hum', which pilgrims and lamas have left behind them.

The last village before the Rotan Pass is called Manali. This town and the whole of the Kulu Valley is inhabited by a happy pagan people. Like the Gaddis, they came to this place after escaping from the Moghul invasion. They seem to be pure Aryans, although their rites and traditions are even older, coming perhaps from Dravidian times, from the Indian Valley or even, perhaps, from Atlantis. All through this Himalayan area the skin of the inhabitants is strangely suggestive. It is white like that of the Aryans, but is also spotted as though touched by the night that overwhelmed Atlantis or by the black complexion of the goddess Kali.

All inhabitants of the Valley of the Gods have syphilis. It is an

endemic disease which is transmuted from generation to generation, yet no one seems to be affected by it. The syphilitics of the Kulu Valley seem like true gods in their gaiety and beauty. There are no happier people. Syphilis has made them gods or perhaps, as gods, they are not affected by the disease.

They worship the ancient Rishis and each village has its own. There are Manu Rishi, Beas Rishi, Gautain Rishi, Vashist Rishi, Kastikswami Rishi and many others. When they are not working in their rice paddies or picking apples, the people beat drums and play the flute. They also sing and dance through the pine forests.

The women wear red kerchiefs and brightly coloured petticoats. Up on the mountainsides where they keep their herds of goats, they invite passers-by to make love. In this way they pass on their gay mountain spirit and their syphilis.

Their eyes are immensely bright but also deeply suggestive. As they bend over their rice paddies they sing to the wind:

*O Mother,
Even Brahma and Indra who performed a hundred sacrifices,
Even all the Devas who live in heaven,
Who have all drunk the nectar which removes fear,
Even all these must one day die.
Only Siva,
Who drank the deadly poison,
Does not die,
Because of the greatness of his ear ornaments.*

In the evening the whole valley resounds with the noise of cymbals and dancing. As the rhythm increases, the people come down from the hills and gather from distant villages. A procession forms which carries the god through the valley. His name is Manu Rishi and he dictated the code of law thousands of years ago. Now, however, he is reduced to a crude wooden doll. Like the inhabitants, he is probably syphilitic, and he is certainly impotent because he failed to bring rain. The procession has therefore been formed to punish him. He is being taken by the people to a temple in the woods where he will be shut up until it begins to rain.

Leading the procession is the Interpreter who wears a thick mountain dress and a braided straw cup. He dances pantomime and acts as though he were having a difficult time pulling the litter

bearing Manu Rishi to the temple. The stubborn god pretends to struggle and resist his punishment. As a result of this game, the Interpreter arrives at the temple quite exhausted from fighting with the wooden god.

At the temple the atmosphere is quite different. Here the people fall silent and only the Interpreter moves. Sweating and trembling, he drops to his knees and cries out:

*O Chaste One,
Only Thy spouse lives at the time of the great dissolution.
All others die;
Brahma, Hari, Yama, Kubera,
All these die, and even the wakeful eyes of great Indra close.*

The procession has arrived at the temple of Kali, who is the Mother, the wife, and the Devourer.

The wooden temple stands in the middle of some pine woods. It is typical of the Himalayas, for it has curved pagoda roof and is extremely old. Round the entrance hang animal bones and the skulls of deer. In the courtyard of the temple there is an immense rock from which a flat projection rises like an altar. It is black and polished and human sacrifices have probably been made here. The rock antedates the temple, so that it is coloured as much by the waters of Atlantis as by the blood dedicated to Siva and to his black wife, Kali. In front of the altar there is a small wooden lingam, or phallus, which is adorned with flowers and with sour green apples.

In this enclosure, which is full of bats, the Manu Rishi is left. He appears to be crying in terror, and the villagers hope that his tears will be the rain that is needed in the rice fields.

In the meantime, outside of the temple, the Interpreter has fallen into a trance. People surround him and the drums beat faster and faster. Near by the sword dancers start their dance. Then suddenly everyone becomes silent, for by now the Interpreter is foaming at the mouth. His hair is wild and dishevelled and his body weaves back and forth. In this state, he is asked when the rains will come and he answers in the voice of Kali. 'The rain shall fall when the Black Wife is possessed by her Husband in the midst of her menstrual blood. Only then, only then will it rain!'

That night I suddenly woke up shivering and covered with perspiration. Outside my room I could hear a dog howling. I never thought I would hear that particular sound again. I was sure that my friend Sunya Bai had found his dog in Sikkim; therefore I presumed that this dog was the one I had known in the Antarctic. He had come to Manali in the Valley of the Gods, and had howled, as he had promised me he would do, when the Queen of Sheba returned. I had not expected, however, that he would howl with the same old fear and desperation. Therefore, I rose and with a trembling hand opened the door of my room. Outside the moon was full and I heard a drum sounding in the woods.

I looked about, but could not find the dog, nor did I see anybody. Then a shadow started to move at the end of the gravel pathway. It was the woman, Harijan, the wife of the untouchable whose family had cleaned latrines for more than two thousand years. Harijan means child of God. When the untouchable woman approached, I approached her and led her into my room. I turned on the light and saw her deep eyes and laughing mouth. She did not resist when I took off her clothes for she seemed to understand I was half fainting with fear, as one might tremble before the appearance of the whole continent of Atlantis. Her legs were long and thin but her feet were as rough as her hands, hardened with years of toil. Her breasts were small and soft, but her skin was stained and covered with dirt. She smelt of sheep and the rice fields.

Because of these things I had the impression I had laid that night with a dog. Besides, the woman was covered with menstrual blood.

Later on, when I again opened the door of my house and went out into the night air, I found it was raining. I could hear the drops falling in the rice paddies.

I ran down the stone path and the hillside. I was looking for my golden-haired dog. As I called out for him, I used the special whistle that I used as a child and which he also knows.

After a while I came to the Temple of Kali. I opened its small door and walked in. It was dark and I could hardly see. I imagined that I was being brushed by the wings of the bats that flew about inside, but now I think that what I felt was the moist tongue of my

dog. After a little I was able to see the wooden doll, Manu Rishi, who was being punished, and so I spoke to him: 'You're free, Manu Rishi,' I said. 'It's raining outside, but only thanks to the woman you buried in the rice fields many thousands of years ago. The woman you enslaved has now given you liberty.'

But Manu Rishi didn't seem to be interested. He merely opened his wooden mouth. 'Don't talk so much,' he said; 'remember instead the brother of silence. Did you notice the earrings of the woman, Harijan? Thanks to her ornaments Siva was able to drink poison. That woman has never been a slave, and these people have never had syphilis. Do you know what that ear ornament really is? It is your friend Ernest. . . .'

By now I was trembling again from the cold rain that had seeped into my bones. I retired to a corner and sat down with my dog. Soon I began to feel very sleepy. In the meantime, the wooden doll was reciting:

*O Father-Mother, I salute You!
You and your wife are one.
Begin the great dance!
The universe exists, yet it does not exist for you two.
And the eye of Indra opens. . . .*

At the base of my vertebral column I began to feel very cold and stiff. I almost felt I was paralysed. Then, quite unexpectedly, my faithful dog licked me with his tongue. As he did so, I had a vision of the white fire of the oasis blazing forth, and I saw the Serpent of Paradise leaping towards the altar of Kali to resize the sour apple and so redeem the first temptation of the first husband and wife, Adam and Eve. It went up the tree, jumping from branch to branch and flower to flower. And in my forehead a moonstone appeared which was the eye of Indra slowly opening.

Then, with my breast almost bursting in that dark temple in the Valley of the Gods, I began to hear footsteps draw near. As the noise grew louder, the lingam of Siva began to swell towards the black stone altar of Kali which in turn began to look like the woman, Harijan, whom I had possessed in my bed in the hills. At last, through the milky crystal of my moonstone, I perceived the Queen of Sheba standing on the black altar and carrying her silver Kundalini. She called to me and ordered me to approach so that I might die next to

the altar. My dog and I approached, and as we made ready for death we sang together these words:

*Glory! To you of the three eyes,
To you who are frenzied
To you who are old
To you who are young.
Praise! To you who are Father
To you who are Mother and Female and Dog,
To you who are all things
And to you who are beyond all things.
Honour! To you, O murdering Mother!*

As everything was slowly swallowed by the shadows that surrounded that primeval rock, a naked creature was being created again, with two earrings, one a man's, the other a woman's, and having the shape of a star as well as the sacred syllable OM.

This was the return and the marriage of the Queen of Sheba.

The Guest

The illusory figure created on the black altar is Ardhanarisvara. He wears the androgynous earrings which celebrate the sacred syllable OM, also written as AUM. The significance of this syllable is that A stands for Brahma who represents the dawn, U stands for Vishnu the guardian of noon-time, while M signifies Siva who presides over the night.

Ardhanarisvara was formed on the sacrificial altar by mixing the blood of the woman, Harijan, with my blood and the blood of my dog. This illusory being was made by the delicate hands of the Queen of Sheba. They were touched by the madness of God and were scratched by the sands of the desert. She was sacrificed to create the illusion of Ardhanarisvara, and as her blood mixed with ours, she also died.

The marriage has come about. But for a proper marriage feast, a wedding guest must be present. He, finally, creates the whole illusion and presides over the sacrifice of so many beings. For this reason, there was a guest at this wedding, a figure who stepped towards the altar and leaned on a cross around which was entwined a serpent with the head of a dragon. Joining the palms of his hands, he began to pray, speaking the following words:

Earth covers the feet up to the knees: there kneel the rice roots.

Water reaches from the knees to the abdomen: there the dog licks the soles of the woman, Harijan.

Fire rises from the stomach to the throat: there the Queen of Sheba lives and dreams.

Air envelops the throat and forehead: there the moonstone grows.

What is invisible is where I am.

The guest then fell on his knees and wept:

I have joined my hands.

The thumb is fire, the forefinger air, the middle finger earth, the fourth finger water and the little finger the sky.

*When I have joined all these I have created you, O Ardhanarisvara, because
I have sacrificed myself.
You and I become one. The Father and the son are one person.*

After the marriage comes the marriage feast. At the marriage of the Queen of Sheba, the wedding guest, standing beside the altar of Atlantis, was devoured by the serpent that clung to his cross. This had to be because the name of the wedding guest was Jesus Christ.

The Servants

One day while at a party conversing about all these things, I noticed that somebody had left a cigarette case behind. I picked it up and saw that it had many compartments, one of which was for cigarette holders. It looked quite old and was almost falling apart. One of the holders in the case was for smoking opium and was decorated with an almost illegible inscription. For a long while I wondered whether or not I should use it; I hesitated because it seemed to me that cigarette holders are too private and personal to be used by other people.

I walked up and down thinking about the matter and after a while a friend came up to me. Without my having to explain anything, he said to me: 'As usual, you are trying to profit from somebody else's work. You are really very stupid.'

Immediately I understood what he meant, and so I answered: 'I see that you are Melchizedek. You're right: I am stupid. On the other hand, you are not. For myself, I have never known how to do the intermediate steps, and I'm even ignorant of what is essential. There's no use in my studying because I never remember anything. Therefore I must turn to you because you know. Thanks to your wisdom the Queen of Sheba came back. But when you die I'm going to have you thrown into your pot of chemicals. I am quite willing to admit that I'm afraid the Queen of Sheba may discover how much you know and how little I know.'

While I was speaking, the orchestra began to play some old music, and so when I was finished I asked my friend not to go away but to sit with me and listen to it. I told him there was a secret rhythm that lay behind the notes we heard, and I explained that was the rhythm of drums played by negroes. I told him that if he stayed with me, we would create something remarkable between us. He of course was an alchemist, but I felt within me all that was

necessary for the creation of our artificial being. In addition, I could sense the presence of all the 'works and days of hands'. At one end were the red hands, next came the yellow and the white, and over all were the black hands for they were the ones that played the drums.

A dead woman then came up to us and began to prophesy and warn us, but when we looked at her hands we saw they were lined. Then we knew she was an impostor, for death removes the lines from all hands.

The truth is that I came to understand a good deal at this party. I knew who the servants were, and knew that as we use them so they use us and indeed alter us, as do the black children along the beaches of Madras. I realized that one cannot be everything at once. One is either a scientist or a man who understands the essence. One is either Melchizedek or Solomon.

As I left I thanked all the servants, nodding my head to all of them, men and women, children and animals, to all who since my childhood have been modelling and sustaining me with their multicoloured hands, preparing me for matrimony and death.

Melchizedek

Melchizedek was the chief priest of Solomon's kingdom. He was also a magician and an alchemist and was much beloved of Solomon. For many years they worked and talked together, and there were no auguries to disturb them. Then one day Melchizedek looked up at the sky across the desert and, turning to Solomon, he said: *Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like a pillar of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense?* He pointed towards a distant caravan moving across the desert. Thus it was that Melchizedek was the first to see the Queen of Sheba and to speak the phrase that is repeated in the Song of Songs.

Solomon paid no attention to Melchizedek because he was at that time busy imparting justice, and had arranged the sword to be suspended over the child. And so Melchizedek put on his sandals and dressed in his best robe. He spent a whole night walking across the desert, and when dawn came, he reached the outposts of the royal caravan. There he asked for the name of the visitor and was told that it was a woman who had come to the Kingdom of Solomon in search of the wise man, Melchizedek, who she had heard was a magician and alchemist who knew the great mysteries.

Thus it is curious but true that the Queen of Sheba did not go to Solomon's kingdom to look for Solomon but to see Melchizedek. It must also have been fate that drew Melchizedek's steps to her caravan so that he would be the first in the kingdom to meet her. They met on a small hill at a few moments after dawn in the desert sands, halfway between Ur and Solomon.

The Queen came on a blue camel, and round her arm a snake twisted. She looked upon Melchizedek and spoke to him: 'Why did you come ahead of time? I did not expect to find you here but rather next to your famous cauldron where you mix the elements.'

When he looked into her deep eyes, Melchizedek recognized

there shadows of the lost continent of Atlantis and he knew that she had partaken of the ancient drama that had taken place in Paradise. He knew that her snake was the serpent from the Garden of Eden.

'I have been waiting for you,' he answered. '*Come to my chamber, and I will give you the most exquisite wine. We shall see what to do with the snake and I will make you ready for the chamber of Solomon.*'

When Melchizedek uttered this last mechanical statement of loyalty to his king, the Queen of Sheba lowered her head, and Melchizedek noticed that her forehead was as high as the disc of the moon.

For a long time the Queen of Sheba remained in Melchizedek's house, studying and preparing herself. Solomon was unaware of her presence for he was always busy with justice and the division of the child by the sword.

Melchizedek remained seated next to his cauldron, putting in amaranth drops and mixing in emeralds, mercury, blue sapphires and peacock's feathers.

'From these substances,' he said, 'the Bird of Paradise will be created, and we shall watch its birth together. It's a rare bird last seen at Avalon on the continent of Atlantis.'

'Only if you were to throw your snake into the cauldron and only if you threw yourself in afterwards. If you did that I would follow you. But first we need the Bird of Paradise.'

With these words, the bird was created, and there on the floor of Melchizedek's house in the city of Solomon, the Bird of Paradise began to dance. It moved from side to side, dangling its head as though it were searching for something. Then it moved back and forth between Melchizedek and the Queen of Sheba. For days and weeks, from dawn until evening, it continued its dance. It was completely alone and oblivious of its creators. Then one day it jumped onto the lid of the cauldron where it continued its dance. But now its dance was stationary and the only the feathers moved, rapidly opening and closing. Then suddenly the incredible happened. In its madness the bird became like a god. The feathers began to grow and soon all Melchizedek's house was filled with them. And the diamonds and emeralds of these feathers were like the eyes of the

Queen of Sheba which began to take on a new understanding.

It would almost seem, too, that Solomon had also begun to feel this strange force, for he interrupted his work of imparting justice. The sword remained on high, and he returned the child whole to the true mother. He had imparted justice without knowing it.

Then the bird disappeared: it never really existed since it was a Bird of Paradise.

Melchizedek put his head between his hands and began to speak: 'Thus far and thus far only can we go. It is too dangerous to go farther. Yet it is also dangerous not to go on, for only once in eternity is this miracle possible. Everything becomes symbolic, but unfortunately we haven't enough symbols. Gesture have different meanings although they are the same gestures. They become the images of love, yet they are not love. But here we must take a chance. A moment ago you mentioned a perfume; are you ready to begin?'

'What must I do?' asked the Queen of Sheba.

'You must take off your clothes and come into the cauldron with me. The snake will go in between your legs and will come out between your eyes. The perfume will then be for both of us.'

She looked at him without moving: 'I have come on a pilgrimage,' she said, 'but I don't know whether we can do this without love.'

Melchizedek raised his head and in his eyes there was a look of deep suffering.

'If we stop here,' he said, 'then only disaster can come. Atlantis will sink once again beneath the waves. Only once in a million years do we have this opportunity. You should know that because you spent years searching, years wandering in torment over the sands. The cauldron is now ready and the feathers of the Bird of Paradise are waiting for the snake. . . .'

But Queen of Sheba hesitated. She stood next to the cauldron but did not move because she had no love for Melchizedek. She had admired the fantastic dance of the bird but was also repelled by it. She knew that if she entered the cauldron, her torments would be over, but she was not altogether sure that she wanted them to end. For all her centuries of wandering she still felt youth leaping like a fawn in her heart. Yet she knew that she had come across the sands

for a particular purpose, and now Melchizedek was waiting for her to do her part.

Still she waited at the edge of the cauldron. She hesitated and let her arms hang down so that one by one her veils fell from her, revealing her perfumed hair and the forehead that looks like the disc of the moon. She inclined a little towards the snake, her lips were half opened and her eyes were staring. She stood naked with her small breasts like two young roes and with her long legs slightly apart.

Melchizedek rose up and let his robe fall from his shoulders. He took a rod—perhaps it was Aaron’s—and went to touch her. She then transformed her snake into another rod, but neither sprouted a flower.

‘We must first embrace each other,’ Melchizedek began, but before he could finish the sentence, a cloud of vapour arose from the cauldron and enveloped the Queen of Sheba, making her invisible. Then the Bird of Paradise who had not died but who was waiting on the floor of Melchizedek’s house, rose up and flew out of the window towards Solomon’s temple. This bird spread the news of the Queen of Sheba’s arrival, betraying Melchizedek. It entered Solomon’s chamber, bearing with it the perfumes of Atlantis, and told the king that Melchizedek had prepared the Queen of Sheba for himself.

Solomon hung up the sword of justice, put on his sandals and his best robe and looked out at the rising sun. He felt the bird singing in his heart sensed the paradise it signified. But he also remembered the snake.

Before going to Melchizedek’s house, Solomon wanted to be convinced that his action was just, so he went to see the most ancient wise man of his city, a man who in former years had been Melchizedek’s teacher. He found the master seated beside his sphinx. He was talking to himself: ‘Right here the other world sank beneath the waves. Now the signal has been heard which announces the birth of a new world. Yet no one understands it: Only those who are mad can comprehend, and only those who know how to love.’

‘Master,’ began Solomon, ‘I have come to ask whether any world

can be submerged without love, or whether any body can be submerged, be it the body of a queen or of a slave.'

'You speak well,' answered the master, 'for a king is always a slave.'

'Yes, I am a slave of justice,' replied Solomon.

'Forget justice and be a king,' was the answer. 'To love is to forget justice. To love is to lose oneself: to drown oneself in the boiling cauldron Melchizedek, to risk a kingdom and drown on Atlantis. I taught Melchizedek, and I also built the Sphinx.'

'Did you do it without love, Master?'

'I will answer you like the Sphinx. I did it beyond justice: I did it with the number three. Three is beyond two, and in two there is no repose or rest. I did it with three because three is beyond repose or rest: it is beyond happiness or sadness and has no limits. It is like a mist that rises and encircles and then disappears. It comes and it goes, but even when it goes it is still there in spirit. Yet while it is beyond justice, it is close to crime and murder. In dividing the child with a sword, you satisfy the false mother, who is really the true one. When you think you have been just you have not been just. When you are unjust you are with God because you are loving. . . .'

'But Master,' replied Solomon, 'I want to go down in history as a just king.'

'You must love . . . You must kill Melchizedek!'

'That is suicide. Melchizedek is my brother; if I kill him I kill myself.'

'You must have the courage to die. It's all one. Look at the Sphinx: it is a fish, an animal, a bird, a man. I am you and you are the Queen of Sheba. Love yourself and love the Queen of Sheba as yourself. From the depths of the seas you will return as a fish or a bird or a slave, or as a king or a queen. Melchizedek is already dead, and from his ashes will rise the Song of Songs. It belongs to him, but history will attribute it to you.'

Solomon rose and left the wise man and walked slowly towards the house of Melchizedek. His head hung low and in his hand he carried a staff which looked like serpent.

He entered the house without knocking. He knew the house well, for he had often gone there to watch Melchizedek mix his elements. He had passed hours there observing his friend's alchemy.

When Solomon opened the door of the secret alcove, he found Melchizedek leaning over his cauldron, trying to discover the strange substance that had created the cloud that made the Queen of Sheba invisible. It was easy for Solomon to push him into the cauldron, and Melchizedek sank instantly. His death was like a pre-ordained symbol. He himself had hoped for it as the only possibility for eternity. In a sense he had always been at the bottom of the cauldron. When he fell, his last sigh was one of love for Solomon, and thus his death opened the way to number three. From the depths of the cauldron rose the Song of Songs.

Immediately the mists that had enveloped the Queen of Sheba parted, and she presented her first gift to the king. It was a golden mantle from the city of Ur. He in turn gave her his carved staff which looked like a serpent. It was the rod of Aaron, and from its end a flower bloomed. It was a jasmin from Atlantis.

She played this staff like a flute and together they sang the Song of Songs.

On his knees, kissing her long legs, the king then spoke: 'I am not a wise man like Melchizedek. I know nothing: I don't know how to mix the elements. All I can do is sing the Song of Songs, and I am sorry that it isn't even my song.'

'But the Song of Songs isn't mine!'

'It is yours. *Thou, my king, take me to your secret chamber and let me drink there your most exquisite wine.* Melchizedek said that, but remember that you and he were one.'

'Do you believe, my Queen, that Melchizedek could be Solomon? Do you really believe that he was the same as me? If that was so, then the story of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba would have been very different. Think what would have happened if the Queen of Sheba had obeyed the mysterious incantations of Melchizedek and had thrown herself into the cauldron with him without love! That would have broken the cross of creation, and stopped the flow history. It would have prevented reincarnation and five you peace in your tomb. But what a tragedy to have killed my wise brother, to have destroyed Melchizedek and lost the only opportunity to come in a million years. Melchizedek and I are not the same yet only I know how to sing the Song of Songs even though it really belongs to him. There's only one more thing for us to do: we must

go together into the boiling cauldron and drown ourselves with Melchizedek. That will give birth to the number three, will give intelligence to love and allow it to be united with wisdom. *Come, my beloved, my dove, my spouse, come. . . .*'

From the boiling cauldron which drowned them, like the flood that submerged Atlantis, rose a gentle hymn, the bleating of a lamb.

For the Song of Songs is the bravery of the lamb sacrificed in the burning bush.

The Lamb

When I was in the ice fields of the Antarctic, I had a sheep dog rather than a husky. Since he was unaccustomed to the ices, he died there, but while he lived he looked after the sheep and protected them from thieves. When he died there was no one left to look after the lamb. A lamb can only survive when it is protected by a dog.

It may seem paradoxical, but no one can kill a dog without killing a lamb along with it. Perhaps they have a kinship through their warm white fleece.

On the other hand, no one ever sacrifices a dog: a lamb is considered sufficient. The relationship between these two animals suggests that a lamb is a dog who has learned to bleat, having mastered the Song of Songs. This process is not so unnatural when you consider the delicate rose that grows from the bramble bush.

The dog lies at the root of our childhood, resting at the base of the cross where instincts sleep, while the lamb grows up by the crossbar and eventually rises to the heights where he will find eternal love and life, the rose and the Queen of Sheba.

If life were not like that, it would end in disaster. After all, the Great Mother always consumes the dog and devours the man with her love. She is irresistible. All you can do is change the victim, and replace the dog or the man by the lamb. In this way, the dog and the man are saved, although there is still doubt concerning the salvation of God.

The lamb hangs from the cross with his fleece dishevelled and his flesh torn and consumed. It has been like this throughout history and so it will be for eternity. But the lamb never quite dies; he is always saved by his golden fleece.

The small boy was saved from the burning bush and was neither eaten nor sacrificed. Instead a lamb was substituted. Meanwhile,

the child's dog, who had always been his companion in the fields, survives and grows old with him.

Lamb's flesh will always be food for the gods since it satisfies the Mother's hunger. This is flesh created in Melchizedek's cauldron with knowledge gained from Atlantis, cradled by the Queen of Sheba and praised by Solomon in the Song of Songs.

The lamb is the son of man. It is a flower that grows in the ice floes; it is the fiery rose of the Cross.

The Bird of Paradise

This bird has so far been neglected, but it is very important, since through it one can perhaps go beyond the Great Mother and escape her influence. Born among flames, nurtured by the Song of Songs, it can fly as easily to the heights as to the depths. It is even possible that it existed long before man.

Its dance is the most serious effort attempted since the creation, since more than anything else it gives form to life.

At dawn the forest is heavy with shadows, but with the first rays of the sun, the Bird of Paradise awakens from his perch on the branch of a tree. He stretches his neck and pecks at the wood with his beak. He is still sleepy and cannot see properly. Then he begins to be more alert and to look from side to side. He seems to be afraid of something—perhaps of an attack. He moves his head about and looks at the sun, as though he were asking for an invitation to life itself. His action is completely unconscious; it is something inbred in his deepest instincts. He wants action, he wants to take part, yet at the same time he is afraid. He has longed for what is about to happen, but he would also like to avoid it. *Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me.*

From his childhood the Bird of Paradise always had more to do with his father than with his mother. Several other birds and animals have similar relationships. The dog I had in the Antarctic was like that.

When the sun rises a little higher, and the green forest becomes tinged with gold, the bird flies down from his branch to the earth. There the mists of the night are being drawn up by the sun's rays, and the bird begins to move in circles. Then he traces squares within the circles he has drawn. Somehow he seems to be caught there; he stops to look at what he has done, and he seems intelligent. At the same time he is nervous and afraid. He wonders why he

stays where he is, and he wonders whether he has asked for something that is no longer possible. He suspects he is engaged in a farce, as though he were consciously trying to deceive himself, or occupy himself with details that have long since lost their importance—such as why feathers come loose or leaves fall from the trees. Yet at the same time, one feels that a force has begun to dominate this bird, that he will soon be in convulsions. His eyes are now open in terror and he is thinking about his father.

Just then there is a flapping of wings and two female birds come into the forest clearing. First they watch with curiosity, but soon they are astonished by the dance of the Bird of Paradise. They are both females of the species, and only yesterday they met him. Yesterday they flew together, ate together, loved and slept together. Yesterday the Bird of Paradise showed them the steps of another dance. But today they do not understand what he is doing. Now he is alone; he has forgotten them utterly and they, recognizing his voice, realize that although it is the same it is not directed towards them. First they are a little hurt and saddened, as mothers are, but soon they become resigned and watch him with pious expressions.

The Bird of Paradise is wholly unaware of the birds, He is in a trance, hermetically sealed in a dream. On and on he dances. He dances under the noon sun, and towards the evening he is still dancing. By sundown he has danced so much that a wound has opened in his side. The female birds staunch the flow of his blood with their beaks.

This is an ancient drama and will continue to be repeated through the centuries. The mothers realize they must do something or else they will be separated by the father's triumph.

Once again night comes to the forest: the owls come forth and stars shine in the sky. On the next day the Bird of Paradise begins his dance again. The female birds come again and watch, fascinated by what they so dislike.

During the next night, the Bird of Paradise asks for water, but no one gives him any. By now there are two festering sores on his hands.

For days the dance continues: the bird is in a complete trance, oblivious of everything about him. His eyes close to what happens outside: they only look inside, as if in search for the secret there. But

what is about to happen will be seen by no one, because by now even the female birds have left. It's possible they have entered the wound in his side, and that the wound is only reopened, since the female birds were first created out of his side. But what is more likely is that they have gone down to the bottom of the forest to wait. Mother love has the patience of centuries behind it. The females believe that the Bird of Paradise has gone mad and that he will soon die. They are merely waiting until the time comes when they must return to the clearing of the forest, to stroke his dead feathers and to eat his flesh. Love is hunger: it is a desire to fuse essences. It is literally a holy communion.

Once more the Bird of Paradise flies up to the highest branch. There he leans back and turns his face up to the sun. At this point the incredible miracle occurs. Out of his small crumpled form of feathers comes a huge mountain of plumes. They are golden feathers, light blue laces, pearls, emeralds, rubies and diamonds. It is the crown of Siva, the dancing god: it is a crown of thorns made of suns and stars and planets. The bird in his triumph resists the force within him, yet at the same time revels in his ecstasy. Then, pierced through by its mystery, the diminutive yet enormous Bird of Paradise begins to sing, *My father and I are one*. And another white bird descends from the heavens to kiss him.

The Mass

From all directions the faithful pilgrims move towards Mount Kailas. They have already washed in the sacred waters of Lake Manasarovar; they have been baptized by John and have been transformed. Free from sin, they are now ready to sin again.

Up above, on the summit of the mountain, dances the Lord Siva. After penetrating the wound of his divine wife, Parvati, he has entered her and become part of her in an eternal embrace. It is for this reason that Siva dances happily in the light and in the shade.

On the other side of the mountain is the lamasery of Dirapukh. It is night, and young lama is about to celebrate a rite for which he has been preparing for fourteen years. It is the first time the rite will take place and also the last. Seated on the cold ground he beats a drum with the bones of dead men. Again and again he strikes and steps naked into the cold night air. He invokes the Lord Buddha because he does not worship Siva at least by that name, and he says, 'Om mani padme hum.' He then turns towards the four quarters, beginning to walk from left to right, which is the reverse of the direction used for climbing. Ready now to sacrifice himself to the visible and invisible presences, the young lama calls out: *Here is my body—Eat it!* But in fact the young lama is afraid someone might come. There are twelve invisible figures who are his masters and who have taught him this rite and who now silently wait with him. When nothing happens the young lama calls out again: 'Here I am, ready to be conquered.'

At this, the twelve masters throw themselves on the young man and begin to devour him. As he feels his skin being torn, the young lama is terrified, but he does not cry out despite his terrible pain. Soon he has lost a leg, then his arms and his face, and a moment later his entrails. During the whole ghastly sacrifice the young man has been in agony, but once it is concluded, he becomes calm and

happy. He has grown larger in the sacrifice for he is now in twelve bodies. And the young lama, now without bones, blood or body of any kind, knows that he is up above, dancing on the summit of Mount Kailas, beyond the barriers of shadow and sunlight.

On another mountain someone is slowly climbing. He too has had his body washed by John, though as he drowned it in the water, he emerged with the head of a lamb. Now he carries a cross, and slowly from right to the left he climbs the hill. He is going to pay for a great sin because he was unable to make it rain. Now he is at the summit with the two thieves. Earlier they had tried, darkly, to discover what misery really was and to pass over it in order to dance in the light and in the shadow. As simple men they had resisted facing the sordid misery of mankind. They constituted the number two. Now, however, with the arrival of another, they are three together and they feel rested. No longer are they alone. And at the end, even though they do not hear what he says, they are going to die in peace, the good as well, as the evil as much one as another.

One, two and three. . . . But where is the fourth?

There, below the cross, is the fourth. One, two, three and four. Two thieves, a redeemer and the mother. Two thieves, a redeemer and the earth. In reality they are all one person, because the Father is not part of this. He is to be found before the beginning of numbers, and Christ and the Mother are the same person. When I opened the coffin of the Mother, I found that she had the body of the Queen of Sheba as well as that of Jesus Christ.

Afterwards, when the Father appeared to have abandoned him, and when he groaned and died, the Mother gave the signal for the cross to be lowered. They did not lower him however, without pulling up the cross as well. Then the twelve disciples carried it down to the tomb, which in reality is the altar, and there they ate him while was still nailed to the cross. The Mother did not touch him, however, because she had already devoured him before.

When the women came afterwards they were unable to find him, for he had already been eaten. They knew this, but told it no one.

When I open the coffin of my soul I know that I am celebrating a mass, that I am devouring myself and becoming one with the body of the redeemer. The sacrifice and the sacrificed are always one and the same, and in the sacred rite of the mass, the priest murders Christ and eats him. The first priest was Melchizedek who came from Salem, and Melchizedek was the lamb of Abraham and the deer of Rama. It was he who taught me how to mix the wine and the water and to drink it from the hollow of the hands of the Queen of Sheba. He also taught me how to consecrate my own blood by drinking it and to redeem my own flesh by eating it.

I have now pulled out all the nails and have opened the tomb, and inside I have found only bones. Once again I have therefore closed it up, but the air has stirred all the ancient memories.

My trinity, too, is different from others. In mine, the son is a daughter, and the father is the daughter's husband. I who am her brother walk at her side. I love her surreptitiously and have married her secretly so that he will never separate us. We come along, all three of us together, with our hands joined, at once happy and suffering, walking towards a place that is so far away I can see nothing of it at all.

The White Horse

If I had a white horse I would be able to catch up with the Queen of Sheba. The fast horse I need has a rider on his back, called Kalki, who carries a sword and who comes to judge.

The mystery I have spoken of will remain for future generations to solve. I myself am beginning to understand it a little but that is only because of the misery I have suffered since the Queen of Sheba left me. Man in misfortune is always searching. What I am looking for is something more speedy than the Queen of Sheba, a white steed that will allow me to catch up with her.

I will try to put this in another way.

Consider time. Everybody knows what time is. It is something which burns, it is something which is spent. Then there is light. Among other things, light is wastage of form. Since it escapes, it is like the Queen of Sheba. Light brings us images and little by little reveals legends. Light is the future, and the end of the future is the last image. It is also the end of time. However fast or slow the Queen of Sheba runs we will never catch up with her. The light which carries our images towards the cosmos steals our infancy, our youth and our entire life. Between the two thieves, time has us crucified. They are quicker than we are. Time pierces us with a ray of light and thus exhausts and wastes us. Overcome by these forces, our only hope is Kalki, the rider of the white horse, whose energy is even greater than those of light and time.

If we were able to climb up to a star and to move faster than light then we would catch up with the Queen of Sheba, and we would regain our lost infancy and arrive at a time before we were born. The white horse and Kalki always ride in a direction contrary to time; they run towards the past. Thus instead of growing old, we would grow younger and become eternal.

Once the Queen of Sheba was caught on the ray of a star, she

would go no farther but would join the horse and the rider, and the marriage would be complete.

Another way of describing this is to call it the last judgment and the resurrection of the flesh. The light will be judged for having stolen the images and the flesh will be revived: bodies will again come to life if their images are overtaken by the white horse which gallops towards the past. Everything will once again exist in a quiet central point where time at last is calm and still.

There are those who think that this miracle will be given us by science, but I think it is more likely to be given us by Christ, because after all, he is the rider of the white horse.

He is the one force among us that is stronger than light. To explain it in ancient words, it is he who judged the thieves and pardoned them, who overcame time and caught up with the Queen of Sheba. In truth he married her and pulled her up to join him on the white horse.

But so that all this may take place, I too have had to marry the Queen of Sheba, so that I might prepare both my weddings and my death.

It is extremely difficult to explain all this, even with ancient words.

The Last Flower

Even though you are *married*, you will have to die one day. Everybody has to die. The difference for the person who is *married* is this: that a youth will come carrying a flower which he will touch to your lips and to your forehead. Possibly the flower will come alone. If it does, then you will leap directly into that flower and remain there. It seems a difficult feat, but it is the result of hard work and of the waiting you have endured during your life, especially the waiting for your wedding. But it really makes no difference whether the youth comes: because the flower you enter is the final fruit of your soul and your ultimate creation.

*'In this world there is not a greater pleasure
Than returning back to life
After having been torn to pieces.'*

THE ULTIMATE FLOWER

*A*s a child, I was brought up in the country. We lived in the hills, in sight of the snow-capped peaks of the Andes. Alongside of the house was a garden with dovecotes and fountains, and there I used to play by the hour. My first friends were flowers and plants that grew in the garden.

One day I saw a hand emerge from the bell of a flower and wave to me, urging me to come near. To my childish eyes, it seemed perfectly natural that a hand should come out of a flower, and I therefore went over to it. My only worry was that I was not able to enter it as it seemed to want me to; I simply could not fit. Shortly afterwards the flower wilted, and its leaves and petals fell to the ground. I gathered them in hopes of bringing them back to life, but of course was not able to do so. Then I thought of making a paper flower, and spent many days cutting one out and painting it with bright colours. Once it was finished, I took it out into the garden and planted it where the other flower had been. My hope was that if the flower was well enough made, the hand would reappear. But when it did not come back, I realized that my flower could not compare to those in the garden which had been made by God.

At that moment, I stopped being a child: never afterward was I able to speak freely with the flowers and plants of the garden. Without realizing it, I had entered into competition with God, and so compromised my innocent relationship with nature.

ONE
Jason

The Meeting

The time had now come, it seems to me, to lift the veil and reveal the painful secret of my generation. I have not been authorized to do so, and I shall undoubtedly have to pay for it. But I am prepared for that, because the new generation of my country does not seem to realize that the sacred mountains are poised, ready to topple upon their shoulders; they don't seem to know that the great giants imprisoned in the rock are about to move.

* * *

I don't know who first introduced me to Jason. I think it was another one of our group, who has also gone from us now. At any rate, Jason was magnificent. He was the brightest light at our meetings, telling us wonderfully subtle and beautiful stories. He and I were friends from the beginning, and even more so when I heard him say that he could draw a perfect circle with his eyes closed, a thing which Leonardo was capable of doing. I myself had spent hours shut up in my room, trying to do so. Jason was like a prophet to me, and I always tried to see him alone, without the nomadic group which usually accompanied him. We would meet in a bar in one of the worst parts of the city. Sitting opposite each other at a table, we would not speak a word, but would begin to draw circles with our eyes closed. Later, when we opened them again, we would no longer be two men sitting in a bar; we would both be in the centre of a circle.

Not long afterwards Jason introduced me to another Circle composed of a Master and a group of disciples. Although it was then a mystery to me, today at last I understand it.

The Circle

What was at first most noticeable about the circle was its constant state of flux. New members would join; others would depart. Still, a sense of continuity was preserved by the Master himself and by the fact that most of the disciples, or students, were my own age. According to a predetermined plan, we would gather at the Master's place, and there we would sit on the floor in a circle around him. The point of these meetings was somehow to establish a relationship between those of us on the circumference and the master in the centre. The very fluidity of which I have spoken was emphasized here, for that centre was never absolutely fixed. It was at once everywhere and nowhere.

In order to induce a meaningful relationship between all of us together, and ourselves with the Master, we had to overcome the restrictions of our limited everyday existence; we had to break through the ordinary barriers of time and space. We thus exerted our imaginative powers and adopted the personae of important figures in our cultural and spiritual heritage. Sometimes we would be Spanish conquistadores; at others we would become the remote aboriginal inhabitants of our America, for the Master always emphasized our mixed heritage. We were at once products of Christian Europe and of Atlantis and Asia. It was no mere charade that we played, for as I shall later explain, we all of us, by a species of transference, became those figures from the past in whose name we spoke. We suppressed ourselves in order to let them speak through us—not for the purposes of a frivolous séance, but in order to bring to bear upon our own beings the drama of their souls' dreams and anguish.

Within the Circle a game was played which was a mixture of the Inca bean game called *Porotos Pallares* and the ancient Chinese Book

of Changes known as the *I Ching*. The Master was especially interested in this game because he believed that the Incas were Chinese or Hindu in origin, and that they had been superimposed on a world already enriched and ineradicably affected by the earlier civilizations of Atlantis and Tiahuanacu. He explained that the word 'Tihuanacu' was relatively new and that it had been applied to the famous ruins near Lake Titicaca by the Inca Yupanqui. When one of his couriers met him there, having come all the way without stopping, the Inca said 'Tihuanacu'—that is to say, 'Sit down, Huanacu.' Thus, when I first entered the Circle, feeling very tired, the Master said, 'Tihuanacu.' The Circle as a whole was called Huillkanota, and the Master, Huilka.

The Giants of the Moon

One day the Master gave us his version of the history of the world. Originally, he said, the world was inhabited by a race of giants who established a magnificent civilization which had intimate relations with the other stars and planets of the universe. At that time, the sun was unimportant because the moon was much closer to the earth than it is today and consequently obliterated the brightness of the sun. For that reason, these early inhabitants of the earth were called Giants of the Moon. They were hermaphrodites and had only one eye in the middle of their foreheads. With this eye they could gaze at distant beings in other worlds; they were also strong enough to fix the course of the stars.

Also at this time, over what is now the Pacific Ocean, a huge continent was extended which in its eastern extremity included the area occupied by the present-day cordillera of the Andes. The centre of that world was the now solitary island of Rapa Nui or Eastern Island; and Tihuanacu, which is now in Bolivia, was its seaport. For uncounted aeons the earth continued in this form, but at length the day came when the minds of the giants were not strong enough to govern the stars in the firmament, and the moon collided with the earth, submerging the great continent of the Pacific and destroying all of its glories. All that survived were Rapa Nui, Tihuanacu and, on the western extreme, Tibet.

At the time of this tremendous upheaval, the giants withdrew into the newly-rising mountains of the Andes and Himalayas, and there for countless ages they have lived in caves, waiting for another moon and another sun to come and redeem them. They are the guardians of an ancient and supreme wisdom, which alone is capable of transforming an earth that is occupied today by a race of dwarfs.

The Master also suggested the possibility that the upheaval was

a result of an atomic catastrophe or war which altered the very shape of the earth. He believed there was evidence for this theory in the existence of so many deformed individuals amongst the aboriginals of America—men with ostrich feet, with soft bones, with two right arms and two heads—all these as a consequence of malignant radiation. The small stature of the present-day race of men may also be a result of that catastrophe. Some of the giants who failed to reach the caves wandered for a time over the lower reaches of earth and were seen for the last time in Patagonia and Greece. The fall of the moon had divided them into separate sexes, and now alone, they went around the world in search of their mates. The exigencies of the search caused them to lose stature, and when they failed to find their women, they became sodomites like the giants of Ecuador who, according to a legend, were finally destroyed by a fire descending from the sky.

The known history of South America is relatively unimportant. The Incas came in comparatively recent times, from India to China, bringing with them foreign images and settling in or near the remains of the ancient cities of the Giants of the Moon. The roads which are generally attributed to the Incas in fact existed long before them. Nevertheless, they also brought certain vital elements from their distant heritage in Asia, and the royal Incas knew a secret language that had been handed down from father to son for ages on end. The bastard Atahualpa, who was only partially of royal blood, ordered all those who knew this language to be butchered; and thus perpetrated a tragedy similar to the one which took place on the island of Rapa Nui when the nobles and wise men who knew the language of the Speaking Tablets were removed from the island and taken to Peru to work as slaves in the gold mines. It is possible that this secret language was an archaic Sanskrit or an ancient Chinese dialect. In Eten, which is in Peru, and in Aten, in Bolivia, there are aboriginal people who speak a language that is understood by the Chinese.

Writing and literature thus came to be considered as wholly evil and were prohibited. The writer was condemned to death and the word itself, the *logos spermatikos*, lost its force. The Inca language of colours and wools was like the symbolic game of *Porotos Pallares*, but since it was a language of ritual, meant only for the moment, it

was not considered to be offensive. The Incas also imported the caste system into America; what is more, they created an artificial race, known as the *Orejones*—or ‘Big-eared Ones’—who were similar in appearance to the paintings of the Buddha that are found in the Orient. They also brought with them a cult of gold, which suggests that the sun, rather than the moon, was of primary importance with them.

But there was one power at Tihuanacu of which the incoming Incas were ignorant, and that was the supreme power of flight. That the Giants of the Moon were able to fly is demonstrated by the huge stone blocks at Tihuanacu which are decorated with winged figures bearing sceptres. Their faces are those of men or griffins.

In India, there is also a many-armed giant who is today known as Siva. He was there long before the coming of the Aryans. The principal giant of America was sometimes known as Kontiki Viracocha, and it is possible that he was the real king of Atlantis. Like the Giants of the Moon, he was white.

A Glimpse of the Giant

One morning at dawn, I opened my window and looked out at the snow-covered Andes in the distance, and there I saw them. It was as though my eyes were operating on a new level of consciousness, for in the great bulk of the mountains, I could see the outlines of two giants imprisoned in the rocks. Their hair hung down over their shoulders, and their features were highlighted by the rising sun. One seemed to be stretching his arms upwards in an imploring fashion, while the other bowed his head towards the earth. So violent was this vision that I became convinced that all the mountains were but petrified bodies of giants, waiting for liberation.

The City of the Caesars

I have a feeling that the stories which the Master used to tell us and of which we used to speak within the Circle, never had an objective reality. They may have been an externalization of a private vision, but I do not really know. Perhaps they were simply there to urge us toward a further awareness, to move us and shake us. In any event, the Master also told us that we had to change, even in physical form, in order to bring about a new age. We were told that we had to learn a science that had been secretly preserved throughout centuries, and which alone would make it possible for us to enter the new age and be worthy of it. This science would give us knowledge of immortality and would open the third eye in the centre of the forehead.

The Master believed that our work was so important that the whole future world depended upon it. He said that we had to use the ancient knowledge of the Giants in order to control the cosmos and prevent a new moon from falling onto the earth. Chile was especially destined for this great work because of the great number of Giants imprisoned in its mountains. The Master believed that they were equally divided between the Andes and the Himalayas.

Indeed, the true inhabitants of Chile must be the Giants, since the present race of human beings does not fit in with the countryside. There is now a profound disequilibrium between man and his landscape, and a benign relationship can only be established when a few people rediscover the ancient wisdom of the Giants. The doors of the mountain will have to be opened in order to liberate the beings who are trapped within them. Only then will the earthquakes and tidal waves cease. Once the equilibrium is established, and entire continent will rise along our coast, revealing its ancient palaces and submerged temples. Then the mountains will cease to tremble and in the calm light of the moon, shining through its pale

beams, a star will appear like a flower.

If this does not happen, then the mountains will fall into narrow valleys running along the range, and as the boulders hurtle down, a race of dwarfs will be extinguished. To avoid this catastrophe is the work of our generation.

The Master also told us of another race of beings who seem to have no connection with neither the Giants or with ordinary mortals. No one really knows who they are or where they come from, but they seem to function as prophets for the New Age. They have lived here and there, mysteriously, on an island, or an oasis, or in a city hidden in the mountains. This city used to be called Great Paytiti, and was thought of as being located somewhere near the border of Peru and Brazil. Others have identified it as the Gran Quivira in Mexico; yet others have called it Elelin and Trapalanda. It has also been called the City of the Caesars. This name has been given to it, somewhat inaccurately, simply because the Spanish conquistador Francisco Cesar claimed in 1528 to have discovered an enchanted city fitting its description. Many of his followers remained there and so it gained considerable notoriety when the others returned to Spain. The exact location of this city has never been determined, although it is generally thought to be in Patagonia, perhaps near Lake Nahuel-Huapi, or the Payehue lagoon near the Llanquenco swamp, or in the Sarmiento mountains. Its importance rests in its having successfully preserved the secrets of eternal life.

The Shipwreck

Throughout history, many have reached the City of the Caesars. To do so they have had to be desperate, and they are therefore like shipwrecked people who have had to abandon father, mother, children and all the familiarities of home. When they arrived at the enchanted city, they undertook roles natural to them as masters or servants, and remained there ever afterwards. Most of those who reached the City did so in the sixteenth century, but in our own time there have been others who found it. They are there now, awaiting our arrival.

The Initiation

As should now be clear, the central concern of the Master was to prepare all of us in the Circle so that we would be able to discover the City, and in turn the New Age.

The initiation was planned with great care and all of us were dressed in elaborate costumes. Their purpose was to help the initiate identify himself with one of those shipwrecked sailors of the sixteenth century, or with one or other of those who have subsequently searched for the Eternal City. The choice of the particular person which each of us 'became' seemed fortuitous, but I imagine that without our realizing it, the Master controlled it through his hypnotic powers. Furthermore, he gave us an Araucanian liquor which we called *soma*, using this ancient Sanskrit name for such drink. Thus we became the shipwrecked witnesses who had passionately searched over the endless plains for their city, enduring mirages and sufferings of all kinds.

The ceremony always took place in the form of a Mandala or Circle. The Master sat in the centre, holding an ancient sword in his right hand and a book in the other. The book was written in a language incomprehensible to us, but the Master would nevertheless read from it. After he finished, someone in the circumference would begin to speak.

First, we heard from the shipwrecked men and lost crew members of the sixteenth century. Simon de Alcazaba, the Bishop of Plasencia, Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa—all these and also the companions of Captain Cesar spoke of their sorrows, fears and hideous hungers. They told us of their long nights in the straits of Patagonia when they searched through the roaring winds for a sign of a ship that would rescue them. They then spoke of the extreme cold and their long marches across the pampas in hopes of finding a road somewhere, or indeed of finding anything at all. They then told us

of the mutinies and murders they endured and even of their cannibalism until finally they found a fruit called Calafate. This fruit was the 'Flower of Return', and upon eating it, they saw a strange city appear with high walls and a drawbridge, and with ringing bells and smiling guardsmen who beckoned them to approach. They passed through these walls and thus were saved, for they were now dead and no one would ever find them. They reached the City of the Caesars. And their bodies, like tattered flags in the wind or the limp rags that hung from the Tree of Justice in Puerto Hambre or in the Ciudad del Rey Felipe on the Magellan Straits, emitted a light that came from a better world.

Simon de Alcazaba, the Portuguese, was assassinated; the Bishop of Plasencia never even left Spain; Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa, fascinated by magic and alchemy, was pursued by bad luck and driven by strong southeasterly winds into the Strait where he founded the Ciudad del Rey Felipe. There he left a handful of men while he continued his explorations, but he was never able to return to them to bring them help because of the violent tempests which battered the area. To the end of his life he was bothered by dreams of these men, even though they had entered the City of the Caesars and gained immortality there.

Thus the witnesses spoke with forced and strained voices, Spaniards and aboriginal alike.

All in different ways described the City, and their eyes opened wide as they spoke of its wonders. The inhabitants, they said, were white and bearded men called 'Ancahuincas'. They were magicians and had Indians for servants. The survivors of Bishop of Plasencia's expeditions told us that they had lived in the City of the Caesars. None of these who were rescued had eaten the Calafate, or Flower of Return.

They all said that the City had golden walls and that the roofs of the houses were encrusted with diamonds. Bells played throughout the City, but the sounds seemed to come from another world. The inhabitants were neither born nor did they die; they were eternal and spoke an unknown language. Thus the City was enchanted, and it was affirmed that if it were violated, then the world would end. That the inhabitants were white was confirmed not only by the

natives who called them Ancahuincas, but also by a priest who affirmed that having sailed through the Magellan Straits at 50 degrees of latitude south, he saw a man standing on a hillock in the company of a large white dog. This man was blonde and blue-eyed, and he disappeared in the direction of some towers which shone over against the horizon.

When the witnesses became violent in their assertions, the Master would raise his sword to quiet them so that the others could speak. We then heard from those who had gone in search of the City in later times.

And thus we heard from all of those who down through the ages had searched for the City. As they spoke, they seemed to be living in other worlds. Their voices were calm and dream-like, but at the same time passionately straining after eternity. We listened to them with profound concentration as though listening to sacred music.

The Great Ceremony

The day of my initiation finally arrived. Up until then, I had been accepted as an aspirant to the Circle and was able to look on from the outside. I had participated in the festivities and spoken as a shipwrecked man or as a witness or seeker, but my words had always been somewhat haphazard, and I let my sentences come forth superficially as in a game, changing from one person to another without much difficulty.

On the day I was to be initiated, I wore a gown similar to those worn by the carved figures at Tihuanacu, and as usual I entered the Circle grasping the hand of the person by my side. I knew that my performance would have to be exemplary. The test was to be definitive, and upon its outcome rested my right to continue into this timeless Order. I knew therefore that I had to be especially alert in order to allow the soul of another person to enter into myself and use me. I had to die so that he could live. I had no idea who my person would be. One never knew. The Master may have known, but even this is not certain. Thus it only remained to wait quietly until the Master indicated that it was time to speak.

Meanwhile, others spoke, and the ceremony began. As I listened, I felt it was I who was speaking through them all. I almost felt that there was no one else in the circle, and that I was listening to myself.

I shall not serve a Mortal Master

The first voice that I heard was that of the Portuguese, Simon de Alcazaba. He said nothing about the City and hardly mentioned his own adventures; instead, he spoke of other things, especially of love.

As you know, [he said] I am Portuguese, and in my time, Isabel of Portuguese was married to Charles V who was then the greatest king in Europe. The public affairs and battles of this great warrior kept him frequently away from home, and Isabel led a lonely life. She was distracted only by a few minor affairs of state, such as the royal order signed by her beautiful hand which granted me 200 leagues to be conquered in the southern part of Americas. Have you ever seen the portrait of Isabel painted by Titian? I don't believe a more beautiful woman ever existed. She had deep eyes set beneath a high forehead, and her complexion was as pure as ivory. For the most part, while her husband roamed about on horseback in faraway places she lived alone with her books, lost in dreams. During these absences, she was entrusted by the King to the care of the Duke of Gandia. This Duke was of the Borja family which is the same as that of the Italian Borgias who are famous as Popes, mystics and libertines. He was thus an exalted man, capable of dreaming the impossible and worthy of residing in the enchanted City of the Caesars.

The Duke of Gandia was passionately in love with Isabel. He solicitously looked after her smallest desires and read old poems by the Troubadours to her while the sun set over the plains of Castille. Together they listened to the sounds of the lute and day-dreamed about the future. Kneeling at her feet, he would contemplate her ivory-hued fingers and then looking up, would see tears flow down beneath her lashes. He longed to comfort her and kiss her tears

away, but knew he could not do so; only alone in secret could he think of that.

Certain women are made for love, others merely for the reproduction of children. A true queen is made only for love, not for matrimony, and Isabel was that sort, a vestal or priestess of the sun or moon. Perhaps Charles V was aware of that and therefore spent his time in travel or in warfare, even ending his days as a monk. Nevertheless, he profaned the temple of this virgin queen, and she gave him children. Isabel even died of child labor, as was inevitable.

The Duke of Gandia was on a journey when he heard the news. True lovers seem to be separated at crucial moments, and so it was that Isabel died alone. When the Duke of Gandia, Francisco de Borja, received word from the court, he galloped to the funeral in a mood of withdrawn desperation. He arrived just as the cortege was entering the cemetery. Recklessly he asked to see the face of his Queen, to look for the last time at her delicate features and hands. Permission was given; Francisco de Borja looked and then fell insensible on the ground. The glorious beauty that had so entranced him had faded; his dream of eternal beauty was shattered for there was nothing in the casket but rotting carrion. His flower was an illusion, was broken music.

Then the Duke of Gandia exclaimed, 'Never more shall I serve a mortal Master!'

Later, Francisco de Borja was canonized. Thanks to the love of a queen who transformed herself into rotting flesh before his eyes, de Borja henceforth concerned himself with heavenly matters and thus became a saint. And as for sainthood, it does seem to develop most fruitfully in those who by inclination are libertines.

The Queen is Indispensable

At last, Simon de Alcazaba fell silent. The Master then pointed towards the figure sitting at my side, and then Father Nicolas Mascardi began to speak. Italian in origin, he spoke softly and gently:

I do not remember when I first became fascinated by the City. It must have been when I was very young, however, for I was long attracted by the snow-covered mountains and sensed that they were enveloped in an ethereal atmosphere. I began early to listen to stories told by the Indians, and from time to time I overheard certain secret things spoken to one another by some of my compatriots. They used to grow silent when they approached me, but gradually I began to understand them, even before they spoke openly with me. I learned that these men belonged to a hermetic order and that they hoped to discover a lost city amongst the mountains. I found out more about their concern from an old man on his death bed whom I administered the last rites. This occurred during a terrible epidemic that took hundreds of people, and the old man told me about the City, and saying that he had seen it in the far South beside Lake Nahuel-Huapi. He said that its walls were made of gold, that its streets were paved with silver and that its houses were decorated with precious stones. The people cheerfully smiled and invited him to come in, but he was afraid to do so because no Christians lived there and because there were no priests. The bells rang not for Jesus Christ but for another God whom he did not know. The old man thought that the City was bewitched.

I then told the old man that I wished to go there and urged him to tell me how I might do so. He crossed himself and appeared to be very frightened. 'A priest would never be able to enter that City' was all he said.

From that moment, I knew that I had to reach the City. I rationalized my desire by saying that I wanted to convert its population. I began to make enquires, and gradually the natives began to talk to me, first very guardedly but afterwards quite openly. I was then transferred to Castro, on the island of Chiloe. The people there have an ancient heritage, and they told me much. But all the information I gathered constantly directed me further towards the south.

During this period, I had a number of visions. St. Xavier appeared to me and ordered me to go in search of the City of the Caesars. He said that if I were to enter it, I would become immortal. I argued the point with him, and said that I only wanted to go there to convert its inhabitants and to say the Mass there. St. Xavier laughed uproariously, and then disappeared. He had first come wearing a cape and accompanied by a white dog.

On other occasions I used to see the City in my dreams. I would pass through its narrow and empty streets which I fancied were similar to those of my native city, Assisi. No one was ever about, but I would feel a gentle breeze passing over the town, and I had the sense that someone was watching me from within the houses along the streets. I would then wake up with a mixed feeling of happiness and sorrow.

After that I freed many of the natives whom the governor of Chiloe had imprisoned. These people were a gentle and meek people. Amongst them I met the wife of a chief whom was given the title of Queen. I decided to take her back to her own people and during the long journey through the canals of Patagonia, she gave me much information and promised to guide me to the City. 'Only I can be of help to you,' she said, 'because I am a woman and a queen. Before entering the City, one must first find a queen.' She then looked at me, and I shall never forget her dark, penetrating eyes. 'You are chaste,' she said. 'Therefore, you are not laudable of the City.'

She spoke like a true Queen, addressing me not as a priest, but as a man. Nobody had ever spoken to me that way before, and no one has done so since.

I absolutely believed what the Queen said; indeed I still do. I was convinced that I was going to find the City and therefore I was never disheartened. Even when I endured extreme hardships, I was

sustained by the vision of those dark eyes urging me on to the unknown.

I was so bewitched that I crossed half the world in search of that City. I discovered streams and lakes that no one has ever seen before and crossed mountain passes that were wholly unknown. In the high mountainous regions I discovered flowers blooming with a strange brightness and found high plateaus enveloped in snow that looked like froth. I bathed in the freezing waters of lake Nahuel-Huapi and at night I slept under the trees, gazing at the heavens in hopes of a sign that would direct me on my way.

No sign ever came, but I knew that the City was near; at times I nearly believed that I was within its limits. One day we met a lone traveller from Patagonia who was accompanied by a white dog. He was not going to stop, but I called out to him. He was Spanish, and I asked if he wanted to make his confession. He gave me a strange look, and his eyes revealed the influence of the Queen. He then spoke: 'It is not I, but you, who needs to make confession—not, however, with a priest of your sort, but with another kind I know of. You are searching for something that has nothing to do with our times. You can confess as you like, but I will tell you the truth, and that is that you are an Ancahuinca.'

As the man moved away, I looked at his white dog and recalled my vision of St. Xavier. I then began to pray and say my confession. It was a shattering experience, for in truth I knew that I was an Ancahuinca. I also realized that I was looking for the City, in order to make myself immortal.

I then sent my last servants in every direction, carrying messages for the inhabitants of the City. These were written in six languages, amongst them Greek, for I had come to believe that the inhabitants of the City were ancient Greeks—a race of Apollos reborn in those southern regions. I then planted an apple tree on that barren, wind-swept plain.

After that, I prepared to enter the City, for I had at last begun to understand the secret message of the Queen's eyes—that only by dying would I be able to achieve my goal. Physically, I was a Christian priest, and I realized that as such I would not be able to enter the City; I would have to transform myself into a priestly magician.

And thus it happened that when the spears of the natives entered my chest and passed through my heart and my blood fertilized the apple tree I had planted there, I also spilled out many magical cities with walls of gold and roofs encrusted with diamonds. I had carried them with me ever since I was born.

As Nicolas Mascardi fell silent, the Master explained: 'Thanks to the Queen you obtained wisdom. He who does not find his Queen shall not enter the City.'

Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa

For a few moments we all remained silent and then the Master began to read from his book which none of us could understand or even remember. He then raised his sword, and pointing towards me, said, 'You now, Huanacu!'

For a moment, I felt a shudder and a sensation pass through me, and then I began to speak, I had become Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa.

I have always been interested in magic [I began] I have gazed at the heavens in order to discover man's destiny, and I have also searched for a clue to man's happiness in the fusion of metals. Petrus Toletanus was a friend of mine, and in his magic codices I discovered formulas derived from a union with the soul and body of women, which made it possible for one to remain in this life colder even than ices of the Southern Strait. But those studies were youthful dreams which I had to abandon since I was under observation by the Inquisition. I therefore had to thrust myself into the world of living men, even though in fact that grew to be the world of the dead. Such was my error, but no man can hold himself back once he has undertaken a particular course of action; he must follow it to the end if he does not want the whole of his world to collapse.

I therefore went to colonize the Strait that cuts through the end of the world and which lies near the icy regions of the South Pole—an area known to us still as Terra Incognita and inhabited perhaps by angels and demons. Frequently we encountered the thick fogs and furious seas of those latitudes, and often listened to the groanings of cosmic sounds. Unfortunately, that trip ended indecisively and we returned to Spain. Soon after, however, we set out again, only once again to encounter the terrible seas and hurricanes of the South Atlantic.

On the surface, the purpose of the trip was to found cities along the Strait so as to prevent the English from passing through. Privately, however, I felt a kind of compulsion dragging me towards the deeper waters of the South. This inexorable drive seemed to correspond to a psychic attraction, particularly to my long-neglected fascination with astrology and alchemy, since it is impossible to penetrate those regions without magic. Whoever has felt this attraction and has then gone away, perhaps because of physical weakness, will ever afterwards be caught between two contrary forces that will destroy him.

So at least it was me. I founded the Ciudad del Rey Felipe on the Strait and left a handful of brave men there while I left in search of reinforcements and food from one of our Atlantic ports. But then the stars and fates turned against me. My ships were pushed inexorably further and further away, always in the direction of Europe and Spain. I was seized by English corsairs and suffered all manner of hunger and sickness. But they were nothing compared to my inner agony. Continually I thought of my deserted crew, living on the bleak shores of the Strait, always staring through the mists that enveloped their encampment in hopes once again of seeing my ships. In my mind I saw them hungry and thirsty, trembling with cold and fear. As they died in frozen isolation, I heard them curse me as a faithless leader who had deserted them.

Thus the whole latter part of my life was full of sorrow and regrets—so much so that long before I died physically, I lost all interest in ordinary life. Those I had left behind could not have known that I did all I could to help them, they must have thought that I had wilfully deserted them. Thus early dreams and the compulsion which had first driven me towards the south. Fascinated by the idea of the Enchanted City all vanished in the face of this human grief. This misery and fury followed me until the end, continually reinforced as my unheard pleas fell on the deaf ears of the powers in the land:

‘I implore Your Majesty, by the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, to remember your loyal servants who remained in those remote and frightening regions!’

I was breathless, and it seemed to me that I’d shouted and that the hero had made me say improper things. The Master looked at

me; his eyes seemed hard, but there was a spark of pleasure in them. He remained still and only said 'Tihuanacu.'

El Caleuche

The inhabitants of the City of the Caesars have a fleet made up of ancient triemes and sailing vessels, but also including modern ships and submarines that were concealed in this southern region during the last two World Wars. These ships are supplied from a mysterious oasis in the Antarctic and are commanded by undying and skilful sailors. They navigate beneath the surface of the water and use canals that pass under the Antarctic and the islands of the mainland. That is why the chorus of these drowned sailors seems to emerge from below the surface of the water. From time to time the fleet comes to the surface of the ocean and disappears with a man or two, or even an entire crew. These now become members of the City's navy and move about from the Sea of Drake to the Antarctic and the Land of Queen Maud. Sailors of this navy have occasionally been seen, and are described as a motley crew, wearing sixteenth century vestments and coats of mail, or tunics embroidered with the wings of Tihuanaco, or the uniforms of modern sailors.

This fleet also conducts trade with people living ashore, especially in the hills above Valparaiso. This famous port is well acquainted with the Invisible Armada, as are Punta Arenas in the Straits of Magellan and Chonchi on the island of Chiloe. Those who trade with this fleet lead mysterious lives, sleeping by day and working by night.

The flagship of the fleet is called El Caleuche. According to the Master, this ship navigates beneath the surface of the water with all of its lights on. In its movements, it most closely resembles a sea serpent, and for this reason it has also been called *Kundalini*, which is that fiery beast, alone capable of opening the gates of the City of Caesars. An Admiral sails on El Caleuche and carries in his hand a spy glass that in reality looks like a sceptre. He also has wings, and

when he unfolds them the ship becomes a plumed serpent that is able to sail to the heavens, visiting all of the stars. The Admiral is always silent; he does not command, but is commanded by the shipwrecked men and fulfils their hopes and desires thus when he finds a new course, the crew sings its canticles of joy that rebound from wave to wave; and the ship, like a flame rising from the depths, crawls up the narrow canals of the deep south called Teremquelas in the language of the Selenams. It heads up toward the old north which is called Ctait until it finally reaches the gates of the City.

The Master then gave different names to the various parts of his description. He said that the Patagonian canals were called, *Ida*, *Pingala* and *Susumna*, and that the drawbridge at the City of the Caesars was called *Manipura*.

* * *

The language that the Master spoke was becoming increasingly unintelligible to us, but at the same time we forgot less. He was speaking to us as those who had become initiates in the Great Ceremony and it would appear that he considered that the image was still active, as though transferred to a higher level of understanding.

The Master tells us about the City

Once the first stage of our initiation was completed, the Master told us that we should leave the Circle for a while in order to concentrate on a physical search for the City; and he told us that we should not return until we were able to give a description of our discovery. He said that we should give all our time to this project and consider it continually. He then gave us his conception of the City:

It is everywhere, [he said] not only on Lake Nahuel-Huapi or in the far distant part of Patagonia, but right here in the centre of Santiago even on Matta Street or Lira, or Carmen or Recoleta. You are there at all times and you breathe its air every time you inhale; yet when you think you have found it, it will have disappeared, and you will have suffered one more deception. You will only find it when you are no longer looking for it, or when you have become convinced that it does not exist. Thus it is everywhere and nowhere; it is both existent and non-existent.

Physically, it takes the shape of a square with an entrance that is almost impossible to find. One has to go around it dozens of times before discovering it; sometimes even years are needed, although it may also be discovered in a second. But first the password must be known, so that the guard who never sleeps will lower the drawbridge for you. And yet even there, you risk deception, for there are many false doors and bridges which lead to dead ends as in a maze. Moreover, even if on the right track, there are many other doorways, each with its passwords, which have to be passed through before reaching the centre, the throne room. Perhaps it is better never to have entered the City or never to have heard of it. Then at least you would not have lost your life as a man or have risked the

sickness that comes with this knowledge.

The City then is a labyrinth, a circle having no one centre and precise circumference. You must look for it calmly and continually, and you must not come back without a description, however inaccurate, of it.

Now perhaps, it may be that those who knew him, will understand why our friend, Jason, acted as he did during the last years of his life. For months, he remained in bed, concentrating and searching for a route through his dreams. Then he would come out into the streets and search feverishly for the City. He would lead us, his friends, on a frantic search through strange and barely lit neighbourhoods, as though taking part in a witches' dance. Along the way, he would suddenly stop before an obstacle which none of the rest of us could see, and then he would jump to one side or over it.

We were all involved in this search, and months passed before we returned to the Circle. The intensity of our search made time seem relative, however, and the period may have been longer or shorter. The first to return with a description of the City was Jason. The Master called us all together, for the rest of us were allowed to attend as listeners—so that gradually the Circle would be completed.

Jason speaks of the City

The city is called Lamella, [he began] and Lamella is the same as Dodona, the centre of the oracle of Zeus. It was there that Jason, the Argonaut, was brought up, and there the Golden Fleece was found. Today, that city has fallen on evil days and is like any other, but once it had a soul and a vitality that enlivened all its citizens.

Everyone in the City wears a mask, but the one I wore when I entered it was out of fashion, and for that reason everyone stared at me. I walked for some distance until I reached the central square and there was surrounded by a group of people who began to question me. When I did not reply they gathered in greater numbers and talked together with some violence. Since I remained silent, they became more irritable and made rough gestures. They continued to question me and reached out to grab me. Finally, I straightened up and looking at each individually, showed them my hands. After that they all fell into silence.

Evening was drawing near, but the walls of the houses were still hot from the rays of the sun. The atmosphere was heavy, and people walked by slowly. I also strolled about in a preoccupied fashion until at last I reached the house.

Inside, everyone was assembled, waiting for me. Then at a signal they gathered round a table where they talked and argued until at last they broke up in disorderly fashion. The Word was the centre of interest, alive, consuming everyone present. Then finally there was great silence which in turn was interrupted by a sharp laugh. Everyone was astounded and surged forward, violently tearing their masks. I kept mine on, however, and backed away into a corner. A woman then suddenly leaped on the top of a tripod. She wore no mask, but began to shout and gesticulate violently, signalling others to draw near. She then came down from the tripod and tore at her clothing. The other encouraged her and soon she was

naked. After that she ran behind a curtain to hide herself. That in turn was drawn back, and there she stood, personifying the Gesture.

There was now nothing more for me to wait for, and so I walked towards the doors. When they saw me, they began to sing the grave diggers' song. But soon they quietened down and each one sat down in a soft chair. I called out to them but they refused to answer.

The sun was slowly setting in the west, and I therefore ran out of the place. As I passed along, arms reached out towards me. I ran by rows of houses till I reached the outskirts of the City where I discovered an outcrop of earth. It was made of white marble and was like a box in a theatre. There, suddenly overcome by exhaustion I sat down, and felt enveloped by a soft lethargy. Down below was the City, surrounded by dense clouds that began to pass over it. As I felt myself falling asleep, I heard some voices come up to me from below calling my name feebly and weakly.

When Jason finished, the Master said 'Yes, the City can be sweet like a mother; but it can be also terrible and atrocious like the Fates.'

I also speak of the City

I also continued my search, usually alone, though sometimes with my friend. Then there were times when, without meaning to, we would find ourselves at the same corner, in a park, or on a hill, concentrating and searching for a sign. Sometimes, though rarely, we recognized each other; then we would shake hands briefly, or smile. More often, however, we did not even look at each other. We could have entered the City through the same gate at the same time without realizing it.

One night after I had taken leave of him and was walking down through some side lanes, still paved with stone in those days, I found myself in a narrow street which I'd never seen before. It was illuminated by a few dim lanterns, and all the houses were oddly shaped, with little balconies. At the far end of the street, there was a narrow lane through which it was barely possible to pass, and right beside it rose a clock tower with a painted face.

Quite unconsciously, I began to walk on tiptoe so as not to make any noise. Someone must have heard me, however, for a door creaked open, and I caught sight of a very white hand holding onto the door post. A young woman emerged into the light, apparently without seeing me, and looked up towards the tower. 'It is raining,' she said. 'Who will enter the Circle tonight?' But it was not raining; and the night was warm. I tiptoed up to her and said, 'Please let me enter.' Then she took my hand and placed it against her breast. After a while, a large woman came out from the interior of the house with her legs wrapped in paper leggings. She looked at the young woman without saying anything, but a white dog that accompanied her leaped on me and tried to prevent me from entering. I fought with the dog until at last I subdued him, and that night I slept with my head resting on the snow-white breast of that young woman. My whole being questioned her about the City.

I spoke of all this in the meeting of the Circle. I told everything and confessed my error in thinking that the City was located within that white body. That night I had travelled over all of the contours of that marvellous woman's body from her diminutive feet up her legs, through her womb, over her breasts and head, in search of the entrance to the City, while all the time her eyes did not see me, lost in imaginary rain.

'Why did not I find the City?' I asked the Master. 'I threw myself into this adventure with great spirit, and it is true that she allowed me to enter her. But the fat old lady in the paper leggings just sat there watching us make love, and I was deceived.'

The Master remained unmoved and simply asked, 'What did the dog say to you?'

I remembered, surprised.

'The dog wanted to prevent me from entering.'

'You should have obeyed him,' said the Master, 'because the dog is also the City. Indeed, he knows your course best; his sense of smell is infallible. Moreover, he is loyal to the death.'

He paused for a moment before continuing: 'But you came here to describe the City to me. Tell us what it is like, for even when you think you have never seen it, you really know it.'

'The City is like a flower made of coloured paper,' I replied.

Jason leaves for the City

Suddenly Jason stopped coming to the Circle, or rather, stopped tracing it as he had first done with his eyes closed on the dirty bar table. His decision upset me greatly, for I did not see how I could continue to go on alone; a circle had to be formed by more than one person. At that time I was not mature enough to be able to substitute others, nor did I realize that my own solitude was sufficient to form the circumference of a circle—alone, with my ghosts.

Jason went down to Valparaiso, and for several months I stopped seeing him. I suspected that he had discovered some truth in an ancient book, perhaps about El Caleuche; otherwise I could not understand why he had gone down to that ancient port full of old sailors' cantinas and dilapidated houses, decayed English, Dutch and German warehouses that never opened their doors in the daytime, that even went out of business fifty years ago. Then I realized that perhaps they still did work at night, with the lights on in old gas lamps, preparing cargoes for a distant port surrounded by snows. Perhaps Jason was interested in El Caleuche and was going to embark.

My supposition was correct, for when he came back, he was another person. His eyes were brilliant and dark, and he brought with him a small box which had been carved centuries before in Italy, and from which he occasionally would inhale grains of a blue powder. He kept himself in bed and refused to go out into the sunlight.

I now belong to the moon, [he said], I am approaching the land of the Giants. And do you know how this is done? Not with the physical body, but with its shadow, with the bird which exists within. The Selenams used to call it 'Huaiyuhunen', and it has wings like the Angels of Tihuanaco. I have come to realize that the City of the Caesars cannot be entered by those with the bodies of human dwarfs, but only with other bodies. The inhabitants of the

City live entirely within this other body and are able to use it to project themselves all over the world, and even to other planets. I have learned how to live in this body outside of this world. If you'd like, I will show you the technique. It is found in this little box which was originally carved in an evil period of history.

Jason no longer dressed like us and on the few occasions that he went outside, he would emerge in the late afternoon wearing clothing of other ages, Greek tunics, Egyptian mantles, the breastplate and arms of a Spanish conquistador or a crown of the Incas. But no one saw him, for since he was so strange and different, he had become virtually invisible. Then Jason invited me to what he called his farewell party.

I must go, [he said], but I cannot decide to do so by myself; I must leave it to the Great Game. It must be a matter of luck, of destiny. Therefore this is what we shall do: we shall play my game, and if you win, then you will decide whether I am to leave or stay; if I win, I shall decide. I've already consulted the I Ching, and its words seemed favourable. But they must now be confirmed by our favourite game of Porotos Pallares. We shall then see what the Incas, what Tihuanaco says.

So we began to play. In a mirrored room we sat on the floor with legs crossed in the Hindu manner, and for three hours we celebrated the ritual of farewell. We changed positions from time to time so as to imitate the liturgical figures drawn on an antique vase from Mochica which we kept near us. We drank a little *soma* and then Jason made the gesture which he had learned from the Master and which always marked the beginning of the Araucanian song called 'Awarkudewe-ul'. We intoned this song together reciting alternate lines and then played a game known as *Apaitalla*, as well as another child-like game called *Pallalla*.

As it had to be, as it was written in the I Ching, Jason won. I looked deeply into his feverish eyes which were at once glad and sorrowful, and I wanted to embrace him, but I realized that to touch him that moment would have meant death. He was surrounded by ghosts with wooden faces like the bloody sculptures of Rapa-Nui.

'And now I shall choose the way in which to leave' he said, and his voice was tender and gentle. 'I must choose the vehicle that will carry me. It will have to be as it was in the ancient times, for there

were fewer men then and they were better remembered. There will have to be blood at my departure, because the colour of blood is red, and that colour is not forgotten.'

The Premonition of the Ices

A BLOOD-RED flower rests on the surface of a floating iceberg. It is the national flower of our country and is called a *Copihue*. The further it drifts towards the south, carried there apparently by an invisible current, the more it changes colour until it becomes a white *Copihue*. This movement towards the south also wears away the bulk of the iceberg so that when it finally arrives at the temperate oasis that lies at the centre of the ice-fields, the flower can be deposited at the foot of an apple tree someone planted there years ago by now the flower has become eternal and is petrified, and it emits a music that is inaudible, at least for the time being.

* * *

I had many ups and downs, days in which I fluctuated between complete discouragement and inexplicable joy. On those latter days, I would take my pack and hike into the mountains, following a direction that had been revealed to me in a dream.

I dreamed a lot in those days, and most of the dreams were very strange. Sometimes I would find myself in the City, walking through empty streets. All of the houses were vacant, and everything showed signs of complete desertion: the gates were rusty and broken, the fountains and arches decayed. Then I would hear a voice: 'Hurry up or you will find that he is gone. . .'

In one of my dreams I saw myself at the bottom of a volcanic crater. It was burned out, and a small stream sprang from inside its side. This vision made me very happy because a voice explained that the purest of water was that which flowed out of a volcano. On yet another occasion I seemed to see the City in a distant part of the mountains. It was made of huge blocks of stone fitted together and resembled the faces of gods and heroes. The mountains also seemed to reveal the profiles of giant faces underneath the snow. Then I

heard a voice say, 'The key to all of this lies much further to the south, indeed, in the furthest extreme of the world.'

I then saw a solitary beach with a few red breasted birds on it. The horizon in the distance seemed to be on fire, and a group of icebergs looking like galleons and triremes passed by in a moment of troubled silence.

On yet another occasion, standing next to my bed, a giant wearing furs appeared and looked at me steadily. 'You shall yet arrive,' he said. 'You shall still come up here. . . .' I then woke up in a fright; it was dawn and the last stars were fading.

All of these dreams indicated to me that I should have to continue my search towards the South Pole in hopes of finding the City in that vicinity. I found a dog there, and I intended to follow him, as my Master had suggested. But the dog wandered away and disappeared in the ices. I'm sure he reached the oasis and that he called to me from there, but I was unable to follow him because I was yet unprepared and had not found a Queen.

TWO

The Princess
Papan

Years ago, among the Aztecs, there existed the white god Quetzalcoatl who foretold the coming of love, a force that would be recognized by flowers and food offered to the altar of the Sun. This prediction represented an attitude quite different from that of the Aztecs who preferred the sacrifice of bloody hearts. Like the giants of Tihuanacu, Quetzalcoatl had wings and was known as the Plumed Serpent. Disappointed by the changes which overcame Mexico under the Aztecs he abandoned the country and sailed off to another world. Nevertheless, he promised that he would return, and many Aztecs looked forward to this event. Foremost amongst those who did was Princess Papan, the sister of Moctezuma, the Aztec ruler of the city of Tenochtitlan.

Then one afternoon, on the outskirts of the city, Princess Papan died. She was cold and chilled to the bone. Yet, for some reason, perhaps through the special influence of Quetzalcoatl, she was not buried, but was kept on her death bed for weeks on end. Finally, months later, Papan came back to life. Her brother Moctezuma went to see her and sat with her, almost afraid that he would also turn to ice through the influence of her presence.

At length she told him about her visions and the experience of her death. She said that she had seen the return of Quetzalcoatl, coming back on a floating house over the waters in the company of white men who wore beards. She begged her brother not to reject these men.

It is not entirely clear whether the results were intended or not, but in any case instead of Quetzalcoatl came Hernan Cortes who was white and bearded, and who wisely accepted the predictions of Papan. Thus, her vision destroyed the empire of the Aztecs, and that perhaps was her intention in order to give life to a new world. Perhaps too that was what Quetzalcoatl also wanted, seeking a new equilibrium between the civilizations.

The Return of Papan

She belonged to another Circle and had a City of her own. Hers was called Agharti and was located in the Himalayas. In essence it was the same as ours.

She had chosen to have a certain illness in order to have time to contemplate her City without being disturbed by the events of our time. In a real sense, she had died and come back to life, and that is why I knew she might be also called Papan. I used to sit by her, in front of an open window through which the sun played. I told her about the Circle, about my friend who had disappeared, and above all, about the flower of my childhood. As I talked about that, I realized to my surprise that tears were flowing down my face. I then calmed myself with an effort and changed the subject. From my pocket I took a piece of a paper which I had carried with me ever since coming back from the Pole and I spread it out on her bed. It was a map of the Antarctic drawn by the 6th century Egyptian traveller, Cosme Indicopleutes. It showed a piece of land enclosed by another and with a river connecting the two.

Perhaps this is the other part of the world mentioned by Plato, [I said] or perhaps the river is the same one Dante saw in *The Inferno* and which is supposed to come out at the Pole where the Hill of Paradise is found. The Spanish explorers believed that the Amazon was this river. Also, here in America, there is, or was, a strong belief in the existence of a Tree which reached to the heavens, its roots were supposed to reach down to the Inferno. I have no idea where I may be on that Tree, whether still in the roots, or along the trunk. In any event, to return to the map of Indicopleutes, I think that both my City and yours must be found in that part of the world, but how does one get there, and where is the river?

She remained silent, for she was a good listener, and simply urged me to continue, and to tell her about my life. I therefore spoke

of Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa and his Ciudad del Rey Felipe in the Straits. I then described the Antarctic as I'd seen it and told her of my insistent search for an oasis. I told her how I had come across an ancient galleon in whose rigging the air played like violins; and I told her of the apple tree that I had found and the oar that lay on the ice. This oar had names carved on it which I could not read. Where had it come from? Where was the crew of that ship?

I also told her about the dog and how it had guided me to that boat and even onwards towards a deep ravine, at whose bottom I felt I would surely find the City. But then I had retreated in fear and did not follow the dog any further. I had remained forever on the threshold.

Without moving, without making the slightest gesture, she then gave me the sensation of passing her hands over my forehead. The feeling was an illusion because her two hands remained on the bed sheets, but perhaps she created it in her mind. At any rate, the storms raging in my mind grew calm because I had unburdened myself and told her almost everything.

Then at last she began to speak. To lessen the grief I felt over the loss of my dog, she told a story that is often recited in her own City of Agharti.

A Dog in the Sky

In the *Mahabharata*, there is an account of a great battle which took place no one knows exactly when on the plains of Kuruchetra. It was fought over the possession of the city of Hasti-Napura and resulted in the annihilation of all of the heroes of the Lunar Race, even including Krishna himself. Afterwards, the King of the Pandavas, Judhi Sthira, abdicated his throne because he could not endure the memory of the war. Together with his five brothers, amongst them the hero Arjuna, he then left in search of Indra's heaven. The group was accompanied by Arjuna's lover and by a dog which came from the city of Hasti-Napura.

The pilgrimage was long and arduous, for the Pandavas had to pass over mountains and through deserts and jungles. One by one they fell by the wayside, brought down by their own defects and weaknesses. First to fall was the woman because of her excessive love for Arjuna. He too collapsed because he could not esteem anyone else and considered himself to be the most handsome of all. His downfall was caused because he bragged that he could overcome all of his enemies in one day, which of course he was unable to do. In the end, only Judhi Sthira reached the throne of Indra still accompanied by his dog.

The god Indra then invited him to enter heaven, but Judhi Sthira held back, because he wanted to know whether his brothers would also be admitted. Indra assured him that they had already arrived and were inside, even though they had lost their accustomed physical forms. Indra told Judhi Sthira, however, that he would be able to enter both physically and spiritually. Even so, Judhi Sthira hesitated until he received assurance that his dog would also be allowed to enter, for he refused to abandon his faithful companion from Hasti-Napura.

Indra accepted this condition, and since then there has been a

dog from the city of Hasti-Napura in heaven.

So, you too [concluded Papan] will be able to enter with your dog, because he did not die in the Antarctic, but is within you. The dog in fact is the body which leads you towards the City and is faithful till death.

The Visions of Papan

Now I began to listen with great care and concentration because I realized that Papan was speaking from a land of visions. She lived in a world of dreams and was very alert to their significance. She had blue eyes, and when she looked at me, she seemed to be gazing out at me from another world. She almost seemed to be looking on behalf of someone else, as though ordered to do so.

Her hair was golden blond, and it fell in long curls over her shoulders. Her skin was very white, and her arms were touched by a soft down that gave them a strange luminosity like the Antarctic ices. Against this whiteness, her lips were pale red, seeming to fade a little every day. She was still a young girl.

After telling me the story of the dog of Hasti-Napura, Papan spoke about the land where her City of Agharti was found, but the India she spoke of was not the one we know, but another that had been lost and of which no traces remain. She spoke of pre-Aryan India, which was governed by the man-god Siva.

All that we know today, [she said] even in your Circle, is but a pale reflection of a technique which all men once knew. Men were then Giants of the Moon, and Siva was but one of many such powerful beings. This technique allowed them to fly and to travel into other worlds; and in a sense, they lived everywhere at once. Moreover, they were able to fix the stars in their courses and to give form to the external universe. This knowledge has been lost, and only a few fragments remain to us today. Thus even a book of wisdom like the I Ching often appears puerile to us, something only for children or for snobs. The true key has been mislaid, and the results produced by this technique are now limited and even false. The full knowledge was probably lost in some great catastrophe, and our present condition is also probably a result of such an event. Today we are a race that has degenerated and lives without hope, having

lost touch with the vitality of the former race. Still, perhaps something can be found, even in your City. What is its name? Shampul-lah?

‘No,’ I said, ‘it’s the City of the Caesars.’ I was somewhat disturbed to hear the name she used.

‘My city of Agharti is something like it,’ she said. ‘But it is almost blasphemous for us to try to reach it, and dangerous too, for us and for those we know.’

I then asked Papan to tell me of the pre-Aryan world, and especially about Nandur. She recited a few fragments of lost poems and inscriptions which had been known in the ancient city of Nandur, which was also called the City of Crabs and was ruled over by a being known as the Three-Eyed Fish or the Sower of Crabs. One of Papan’s inscriptions went as follows:

Nan rururu Tuku Karumugil
 Urueli orur Edu etu ru uyarel
 Ir ar ire per Kadavul.

This inscription may be translated as:

The green god who controls the two paths
 Of the high, resounding sun,
 Comes from the year of Orur
 To the land of the rain clouds
 In the same way as the thunder roars.

This cryptic inscription was explained by Papan, who said that the ancient cultists meditated upon various objects and attempted to establish a relationship between themselves and that object. Thus a number of seemingly allusive observations were published, such as ‘One is the tree, and one is also the sun,’ or ‘In the House of the Great Fish, the Three-Eyed One meditates.’ Others included statements like ‘When the Fishes reaches the Crab, he meditates on the Three-Eyed One’ and ‘Adorned Three-Eyed One, in whom the Fourth Star is born.’

‘I have searched for the City in the bodies of women,’ I answered. ‘I have penetrated them and gone over them as though they were a country. Once I knew a woman who was either mad or a saint. She was in the care of an old crone who wore paper leggings. Yet we never understood each other, and I believe that we

even harmed each other without knowing it, having given false indications to each other.'

'What was her name? Do you remember it?' asked Papan.

'I don't remember well, and in fact I know nothing, absolutely nothing at all, about the women I loved.'

That simply means that you have never loved. [answered Papan] You simply have no idea of love as an absolute concept. Loving is knowing. It is also like a crime since it involves death, burial and resurrection. For how otherwise can one possess the body of a woman? One cannot penetrate the walled city without first subduing its inhabitants. Thus, love is something that is very serious. Today it is completely forgotten, but once, in the city of Nandur it was known and understood. It involves the Three-Eyed One and the Green God, and also the year of Orur. The tiger lilies grow in silence on the white mountain peaks. Love in fact is a strange and secret chemistry, in which the androgynous is born. This is true and complete love; everything else is different. Have you ever noticed how impossible it was to fuse yourself with the person you thought you loved, even though sleeping in the same bed? There is always something separating you, a thread of air, a different dream. Can the lovers be truly united if each one dreams a different dream? If you ever begin to dream the same dream as your love, then you will be able to create the new star, the star of Him-Her.

Strangely, or perhaps through this suggestion, I began to have the same dreams as Papan, and to share her visions. Thus, when I came into her room I no longer spoke, but sat down in a wicker chair beside the window, and silently allowed her visions to pour over me, certain that hers and mine were the same, while all the time she looked through me as though I were a window.

From time to time she spoke:

You know the word fatigue when it is applied to metals? [she asked] It is the same with all substances, and the strength that each one contains moves to another when fatigue occurs, for the totality of energy is constant. The ownership of substances is never static. Thus I, for example, shall enter your body. This is no different from the close relationship that exists between the murderer and his victim. When the victim is buried, he takes with him something of the murderer's very being. Even physical love is not essential for this

transmigration. Or rather, as time goes on, it is less and less necessary for the realization of true love. The body becomes simply a retort in which the substances are mixed. But the love I speak of is different: it is a forbidden marriage; in it, physical contact does not produce children of the flesh in whose very birth some part of the parent dies. Rather, through death, it produces the children of life. Thus, such offspring as I should give you would be the Androgynous, the Star of Him-Her. The rite itself is actually fulfilled only upon that star. This star is Venus, the Morning Star whose light may be seen over our mountain peaks. There the wedding is fully celebrated, and the sacrifice performed.'

After that I understood what the Master had meant when he said that it would be impossible to enter the City without a Queen. But it seemed to me that even the Master was unaware of the frightening consequences of this undertaking. Papan then wrote me a letter which went as follows:

'He who loves, gives eternity to his lover; he renounces eternity only to gain it later on. . . . I write these lines at the witching hour. . . . I think the Wedding, the sacrifice, is rapidly approaching. Love is like a sphere: it cannot be seen or understood on all sides at once, as the Fish with the Three-Eyes saw everything in the city of Nandur. However, I will make it so that you will always be cold like the ices in Antarctic, because I will be buried within you. *You will no longer need an external sun because you will have the White Sun inside you.*

Come tomorrow so that we can arrange the Wedding. You will know the witnesses.'

One the following day, we met as she had asked. Our witnesses were three strange wooden figures, painted red, that had come from the island of Rapa Nui or Eastern Island. Papan had placed them on the floor and I was looking at them. She had got out of bed and was dressed in a robe whose gold thread made her seem more pale than usual. She sat down where I normally did by the window and signalled me to lie down on her bed. The three figures consisted of winged fish, a winged man, and a carved heart, to which wings were also attached. Papan had a name for each of these, but asked me not to remember them. Then she picked up the wooden heart and placed it on my chest.

'This is our principal witness and sponsor,' she said.

'This morning,' [she continued], 'when I undressed myself in order to put this gown, I looked at myself in the mirror, and I am sure that I will not survive long. All that remains for me therefore is that other road of magical love which will deliver me over to you when I die. In this way, I will continue to live, preserved in your memory. Do you realize that in a sense you are a kind of cemetery? You carry so many others around in you, and give them life through your memory of them. You have carried Jason, and now you will carry me. This is a great responsibility, and you now must press on towards the end, for if you fail and do not find the City, and do not create a flower, you will not only have failed and died yourself, you will have killed everyone else as well.'

The next morning, I arrived at daybreak and found her lying dead upon the bed. She was covered with a white sheet, and her golden hair was combed down to her waist. In her hands was a Quetzal feather. . . .

Then I seemed to hear a voice which told me not to weep. 'Do not upset her,' it said; 'do not impede her on her flight towards the star, which is really her journey towards yourself.'

Pavanne

I placed Papan's dead body on a wooden table in the centre of the room. It was covered only by a white sheet, so I put a veil on her face, for after all it was our wedding. I then went out to look for a blind musician, an old Araucanian, and I brought him back with his horn and drum. I then sat down in the chair that I had used so often and motioned him to a corner where he squatted in the traditional manner of his race.

I talked to him for a long time, I told him the story of the Aztec Princess, and explained her visions to him. I was certain that he would perfectly understand because of the subterranean bond that unites all pre-Columbian America, from the Toltecs and Mayas of Mexico to the Selenams of the far south.

As I spoke, the blind musician turned his old, dry face towards Papan's body, as if he were able to perceive some secret light emerging from her. Then for a long time we remained silent, he, squatting in his corner and I in the chair. At length the notes from the horn began to sound in the room, playing an ancient lament that seemed to come from a primordial forest or from one of the dead civilizations of the past. Then after a while he brought out his drums and began to sing in a tired and guttural voice a dirge that seemed to come from the depths of the American night. This is what he sang:

Princess Papan was cold; the cold penetrated to her bones and even her soul, for Princess Papan was dead. And then quite suddenly she returned to life.

Hearing of the miracle, her brother Moctezuma came to see her from far away Tenochtitlan, a city where the roofs of the houses are made of burnished gold. He stood near his sister but did not touch her for fear of the cold that was already passing into his heart. For when a princess dies, she passes wholly into her brother's soul, and

there she starts to live her death.

But Papan was not to return to life for long. She had come back, trembling with cold and chattering teeth, only to relate to her brother, the king, the visions she had seen while she was dead—visions which he had anticipated deep in his heart.

She opened her eyes and began to tell him about the plumed serpent and the return of Quetzalcoatl. 'Once upon a time, after the flood,' she said, 'the ancient Gods who lived in the Oasis of the Ices travelled over the waters and came to this world. . . .'

But what does all this matter? The only thing that counts is the oasis which each one carries in the centre of his heart—a warm oasis, surrounded by ice. It is there that the dead fall, like autumn leaves. There they live their death; there they are eternal. And why Papan could not continue to live after her resurrection. She discovered that the world was empty, and her place was in the heart of her brother, Moctezuma, who was king over all the golden roofs of Tenochtitlan. That is why Papan died again.

The old musician then paused, apparently no longer willing to sing. The only sounds remaining were the notes coming from his ancient horn, and so I began to take up the words and to sing in a faltering way:

At first, I could not believe it. I went to her dead body whose head was encircled by golden locks like the golden tiles of Tenochtitlan. I kissed her dead lips and was burnt by the cold. Her visions became mine, and then I knew about the ancient gods and the pains and horror of walking across the waters that come from the faraway paradise.

Papan, my sister, was covered with a bridal veil. She was wedded to her death.

Thus, it is that for some there cannot exist a union other than the sort established by my sister Papan. She had to die in order to be reborn in my heart. There she started to live, coursing through my veins. She descended wholly into my heart, like a fruit from paradise, like a golden leaf from the roofs of Tenochtitlan.

With her within myself, I started to go on a pilgrimage through the world, stirred by a strange anguish, but quiet in the depths of my heart. I looked at this world with her eyes and I saw for her what happens outside. And she looked inside for me. When I die, I

shall live in the visions of Papan.

And someone may then wait for me, just as they do for the white gods.

This is the ring of betrothal, which once existed in the Paradise. It is also the ring of solitude.

And the dialogues that are threaded in solitude are the dialogues of Papan. The being that is love in solitude is also Papan. Her invisible hand has encircled my heart and regulates the hours and days that I have left in the world. Weaving the cloth of loneliness between men, we might perhaps be able to stand the coldness of the eternal ice, which is nothing but the coldness in the visions of Papan.

These rites are simple. One only needs to empty the heart, burn it alive and leave it pure and dry so that it may be filled with the visions of Papan.

We must also learn how to rise up at dawn, look at the Morning Star, watch the flight of the dark birds that climb up from the earth and observe how the leaves that come from the sun also fall in the autumn.

Then one of the petals of the flowers of the morning light might descend upon our eyelids and close them, so that we no longer see the autumnal light. Then we can open our eyes to the summer of the ices.

A snow flute could narrate this story.

The Wedding

As her body was lowered into the grave, I felt that she was speaking to me and saying: 'Do not leave me alone, for our wedding is soon approaching.'

As I remained alone beside the open grave, I felt the waves were vibrating upwards from her body. It seemed to enter my body in silent pulsations, and I felt the essence of her being penetrating me. As this occurred, I felt an unnatural coldness take hold of me, and I remained absolutely still until the celebration of this ancient and now forgotten rite was concluded. I then knew that the wedding had been consummated and that she had buried herself within me, and I was now a catafalque, a church, indeed a whole world inhabited by the dead.

Since that time, I have remained completely cold. I have become her.

The other Dorsal Spine

I spent nearly ten years travelling in the Himalayas in search of the City of Agharti. This voyage was absolutely essential, since those mountains constitute the other dorsal spine of earth, the first being the Andes. We must investigate and examine both in order that the third eye may open and allow us to see the flower even before it is created.

Of the City of Agharti it is forbidden to speak, and therefore all I can say is that I visited the Valley of Flowers, which is also located in the Himalayas.

There one finds the most marvellous primulas, geraniums, anemones and violets. I reached this place by following the footsteps of the Abominable Snowman, who is also known as Yeti by the Nepalese and King Admi or Mirka by the Tibetans. I went along repeating the traditional Tibetan prayer, 'Om mani padme hum.' The footsteps of the Yeti were like those of one of the Giants of the Moon living at Shampullah, for their toes faced backwards. Similar tracks have been seen in Patagonia and on the island of Chiloe. There they are made by the *Imbunche*.

I lived in the Valley of the Flowers for some time, and had as a companion a man whose skin was the colour blue, and who constructed me in a dance called the Raslila, which has movements similar to those of the Circle I had traced long ago with my friend, it consists of dancing with various women in a circle, while at the same time concentrating on one in the centre. The one most preferred by my blue companion, was called Radha. As they whirled about in their dance, he seemed to fuse with her in such a way that I never knew if she really existed or whether she was something brought forth from his own being in the violence of the dance. As for me, my favourite dancing partner was the Princess Papan.

While not otherwise occupied by the dance, I spent my time gazing at the flowers, especially the violets, since they were familiar to me from the gardens I had known in my childhood. Moreover, I had begun to realize that the time had come for me to create a Flower—there was no other remedy. I therefore wished to learn as much as I could from the violets. My blue companion surprised me in this undertaking and laughed at me, since he believed that it was enough to dance and that every movement of the dance created a flower.

THREE

*The Creation of
the Flower*

Back to the Beginning

Now I am back in my own country, walking through the streets of Santiago. As cities go, it is not a notable one, but it is open to the sky and in full sight of the *cordillera* of the Andes; nevertheless, it is also pregnant with the ideals of my own. Its old streets have preserved memories of Jason, the visions of Papan and my shadowy memories. In its invisible archives, are still kept the records of those who have searched for the mystical City and of those who are still anxiously pushing on.

It has not been easy for me to wander through these old streets, re-creating memories of the past, and especially of my own youth. Nevertheless, in my moments, I have allowed myself to be guided by my intuition and instinct, and consequently in the old section, I began to discover things I had never seen before.

* * *

Walking through the old centre of Santiago, whose old mansions are now converted into boarding-houses inhabited by modest people, I suddenly found myself amongst monumental buildings covered by what seemed to be a green patina. They were decorated with balconies of wrought iron and with heavy cornices of carved stone. The pavements were a mosaic of hand-cut stone, and as I walked along, I delighted in the magnificence of this quarter. At the end of the street, I stopped beside a lordly gate which began to open. I noticed that the number of the house was 544—five is the number of destiny, the fours form a square.

* * *

Next, walking along a downtown street called Ahumada. I suddenly turned to the right and found myself in a place wholly ignored and neglected by others. There I discovered a palace which

seemed to be devoted to public services. It was entirely gilded with gold and decorated with statues that seemed almost alive. It was built in the shape of a square, and I walked around it from left to right as one always does when visiting the temple of orient. The building seemed to have no entrance; nevertheless, in some way I was able to climb up on the outside to the roof and from there was able to look down over the entire structure. When I came down, I realized that I must have been on a mountain.

* * *

After that I knew I would have to find a place to live. I did not want to share rooms; what I wanted was a simple quiet room, where I could go over my memories and peacefully plan future voyages.

Off the Alameda de las Delicias, there is a short dead-end street, and there I found a house. I crossed the patio and climbed up to the second storey. The stairway was of carved marble, so elaborate that it reminded me of the Linderhof built by Ludwig of Bavaria. The owner of the house finally came out and directed me to an empty room at one end of a corridor and indicated that it would be available for me. I bowed formally to the owner and went back down into the patio where I noticed a fountain, and a small girl carving statues. She did not see me, but her carvings were of white figures in repose, as on tombstones. The whole patio seemed to be enveloped in a cold white mist.

* * *

I then went along the Alameda, once again tracing my steps. At length I found myself at our national monument, the Church of San Francisco. It was enclosed by a wall, but I found the entrance and walked up the great nave. At the far end stood the pulpit, with a broad and elaborately carved stairway leading up into it. I began to climb up, and it seemed to transform itself into a tower. Finally, I reached the top, and from there I could see over wide terraces which seemed to be connected to one another by bridges. All the whole city glimmering at night was laid out before me. I was not alone but was aware of others with me. I also sensed that they had

faced difficulties, but that not all who wanted to had been allowed to climb up the staircase. The thing that had impeded them was within themselves, for they had not seen the staircases and did not know enough to climb it. Finally, I went down again to pray in the temple and sat down in the lotus position next to some ancient moth-eaten hangings of brocade. Gradually a calmness overcame me, and I began to feel happy.

* * *

In the early evening I went out of the city into the fields that surround it. The sea was nearby, but it seemed to have risen and to have encroached the land, since dikes had had to be built. The water roared by violently, and I stood watching its beauty. Then after some time had passed I saw an automobile pass, dragged along by the current. Lying on the roof of this car and tied there by ropes, was a woman. One of her arms dangled in water. Alongside the car swam a group of uniformed sailors who from time to time reverently touched her hand, as they guided the car towards the dock.

* * *

Outside of Santiago are two hills, one called the Queen and the other *Eagle's Nest*. These in fact are foothills which lead up to the Andes. I stood on top of one of these, at the edge of a ravine, and realized that the only way I could return would be to climb out on the branches of a tree that hung over the abyss, and to let myself down from there by a rope. That I finally did, and after great difficulty, I reached the ground when I found myself beside a broken statue.

* * *

At last I entered a secret chamber in a house which I seemed always to have owned and which had never been seen by anyone else. There I lived a completely private existence, sleeping alone on couches covered with fur and rich linen. On the walls hung shields and swords, while lances and suits of armour stood in the corner. A stream of water crossed the floor beside me playing a restful music.

Only at night did I leave this place and climb up a spiral staircase to a loft garret where there was a small windowless room. Once there, I piled the chairs onto the table and climbed up over them to the ceiling, where I pushed one of the roof-boards aside. I then pulled myself up through this narrow entrance, scrambling along on all fours, until finally I found myself outside, free and safe, beyond time and space. Where that place was, I have never been able to discover; all I can say is that I believe it was in the City of the Caesars.

The Criminal Doubt

Through all these experiences I have always and constantly been troubled by a feeling of guilt. Indeed, this feeling has been a burden to me ever since adolescence. It is particularized by a conviction that I am guilty of the death of many people. This notion has become increasingly strong as I have tried to create the Flower with the only elements that I possess, the memories of my past.

This sensation is not a generalized one but is specified to the extent that I feel that I have been a murderer. I dream of a woman pointing at me and shouting, 'Murderer! Assassin!' Somewhere, I know, there is a corpse buried in a cellar or incarcerated alive in a country riverbank. This feeling is so strong that it almost draws me to new murders and crimes with which to dull the effect of earlier ones.

And it is at this point that I have to descend from the highest point to the roots of the Tree, for another corpse lies there. Four men approach: they are four wise men, and I confess to them and ask their help. I am confident that they will not betray me. They then stand around in the form of a square and begin to read from a book bound in parchment. I am overwhelmed by a feeling of relief.

The Trial

For days I sat alone in the room, contemplating the Flower and comparing it to those I had known in the garden in my childhood and in the Valley of the Flowers. The more I studied it, the more I realized that there was no comparison at all.

At length there was a knock at the door. I went to see who it was, strongly conscious that the visitor had been there for some time. He looked like a debt collector, but then I noticed that his feet were reversed and that his toes pointed backwards. I asked him his name and he handed me a number of calling cards, each one bearing a different name. These are the words I read on the cards: *Abominable Snowman*, *Spectrum of Umbral*, *Imbunche*.

The visitor then spoke:

'I am Secretary-General of the Party, and it is my duty to call you to order and bring you back to reality.'

'From what Party?' I asked. 'I don't belong to any Party.'

'So much the worse,' he replied. 'You are a last romantic. You are living a life of pure fantasy. Therefore, I can tell you that the guilt you feel is nothing more than a realization that you have lived on the margin of existence and that you are wholly mistaken in your fantasy.'

'That's not true,' I answered, 'that's not true at all. . . . No one will take my Flower away from me. It is mine, I made it. . . .'

The visitor burst out laughing, 'You see? You shout like a little boy. That's what you are; you're nothing but a child.'

I pulled myself together and spoke more calmly: 'What you say has not convinced me,' I said.

He then became more severe. 'Come with me,' he ordered.

I obeyed, for I knew that I would have to follow through to the end. There was no escape, so we went down the stairs and out into the street.

‘And now you must take me to those beautiful houses which you claim to have discovered in the city. Where are they?’ I nodded, and we walked along Vergara Street and the Alameda, along Ahumada, and we also investigated the Church of San Francisco. Nowhere did we find the Renaissance houses, the palace or the tower, and at each frustration my companion sarcastically nodded his head.

‘You see,’ he said, ‘all this is nothing but fantasy, mere dreams. Reality is quite another matter, even though you have never wanted to accept it. Nevertheless, it exists, and now you must recognize it. Santiago is poor and modest. It is a simple city, and we who live here must work in it and accept it for what it is. And as for your “Circle” and your “Master”, where are they now? And what of your friend, Jason? Have you considered what he really was—a dreamer who was unable to pass beyond adolescence and who was murdered. And what about your Queen, your Papan? You were carried away by the feverish dreams produced by a poor consumptive girl. Don’t you know that these hallucinations are merely the product of the Koch bacillus?’

‘Shut up!’ I shouted. ‘If you don’t be quiet, you’ll turn me into a real murderer!’

This outburst did not affect him; rather, in a lower more confidential voice, he went on: ‘For something which does not exist, you have sacrificed everything—your own life, your happiness. None of these things has any value to you now; you have abandoned all for something which you call your *flower*. And so now you had better follow me, and I will show you someone who anticipated all of the madmen of this world, including yourself!’

Together we walked along, side by side, he with his twisted feet, through many streets and country districts which I recognized. We crossed over canals and lakes and travelled through mountain districts until we finally arrived at a primitive town surrounded by a stockade. I recognized it immediately: it was Puerto Hambre, the ancient Ciudad del Rey Felipe, which had been established by Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa.

We walked into the small central square, and I thought of Sarmiento’s betrayal of his followers and of the terrible doubt and despair they must have felt. We then stopped before the Tree of Justice,

and there I saw a naked figure hanging from the tree.

'Move closer', my companion said. 'Look at his face'.

It was night time and difficult to see clearly. The position of the figure was familiar and symbolic, but it was impossible to identify him precisely as one of Sarmiento's deserted companions or as some other of greater significance. But just then, in the midst of these thoughts, he opened his mouth and hurled forth a great shout: 'Pedro! Why hast thou forsaken me?'

EL/ELLA,
BOOK OF MAGIC LOVE

ONE

The Himalayas

‘*M*aster I have remembered something from the future. I’ve seen myself wearing strange clothes and ornaments. I was preparing to fight in a war I knew nothing about. It was in a place which didn’t belong to our time at all.’

‘What will come will come,’ the master replied, ‘and be no better than now.’

‘Master, this memory of the future has made me come to you here in the forest of Bundelkhand. I know you’ve lived here for a long time, and I therefore beg you to teach me the doctrine and practice of Tantric Kaula. You are the greatest master of all; you are Matsyendranatha.’

The guru, who was completely naked, his body covered with blue ashes, closed his eyes and remained silent for a long time. His right arm rested on a short wooden brace, and he sat in the lotus position shaded by an old fig tree. At length he opened his eyes, as though he were returning from a trip underground. He gazed steadily at the young man and stared into his eyes. The youth felt as though he was being opened up and examined in a most intimate way, leaving nothing untouched from his childhood to the present day. After a while, finding the experience too much, he lowered his eyes in fear and shyness.

‘When you speak of your memory of the future, you’re probably thinking of transmigration or reincarnation. Maybe you think I can help you fulfil your destiny. But the idea of reincarnation isn’t mentioned anywhere in the old texts. Rather it emerged from the detritus of the Flood and is linked to the primeval serpent and to the dark people of prehistoric times.’

He then looked directly at the young man, ‘What else did you see while you were dreaming?’

‘I saw myself getting ready to fight in a war,’ he answered. ‘I was carrying a sword.’

‘The sword represents knowledge. But before I can accept you as a disciple and begin to initiate you into the practice of Kaula, you must bring me a gift. What I require is the milk of a woman,

mother's milk. We must begin all over again as if we were children.'

Where would he find mother's milk? He would have to go to the entrance of the temple which was guarded by a statue of the god Ganesh, half elephant, half man, the son of Siva and Parvati. He'd have to bow down and ask that elephantine god for his help. The young man was wondering how to do this when he saw a priestess from the temple carrying flowers to place at the feet of the god. She was beautiful and smelled of sweet perfume. Her black hair was gathered under a garland of jasmine flowers.

'Don't go away,' he said.

Her eyes were large and deep.

'I must have mother's milk.'

'I'm not a mother and am not allowed to be one,' she answered. 'I'm a virgin. Still, give me your bowl.'

The young man handed her the bowl, his eyes lowered.

'No, you must help me,' she said. She made him stand up and took one of his hands in her own, and the young man saw there was a small white spot between two of her fingers. Leprosy, he thought. She uncovered her breast. 'You must squeeze here,' she said. But his hand trembled and he didn't know how. She showed him, and the virgin milk came out.

'Ganesh is giving you this milk,' she said.

The young man tried to kneel down before the priestess, but she stopped him. Then she joined her hands together and said, 'OM.'

The young man was pleased but also a little sad, without knowing quite why.

Crossing the wide terrace enclosed by a gallery, he heard the sounds made by builders and sculptors cutting stone for the temple. The granite and marble shook with their blows and the air was full of dust. Alone under a marble gateway, a blind sculptor sat with a block of stone between his legs. He sensed the young man walking by with the bowl in his hands and, pretending he could see, he turned the blind sockets of his eyes to follow the youth as he walked toward the forest.

The master raised the bowl to his lips and drank, keeping his eyes

closed in meditation. 'You must also drink,' he said, turning to the young man. 'What is left is yours.'

The young man sipped the milk nervously. It tasted of jasmine, and he could not help thinking about the priestess. Something of herself had become a part of him, and of the master as well, forming a bond among them. Surely he was now ready to be initiated.

'No,' said the master, 'you're not yet ready. I must first have your yantra.'

'Master, who can draw my yantra?'

The master told him to visit Sudhir Ranjau Bhaduri and ask him to perform the task and reveal his inner nature. The young man therefore went to see him, thinking that he had heard the name before. Perhaps it was another memory from the future. He found Sudhir Ranjau Bhaduri seated inside his hut with a young boy who passed him his brushes, rinsing them beforehand in a brass bowl.

'I shouldn't do this,' said the old man. 'I ought to do your horoscope instead. The yantra is a secret inner portrait upon which your outer appearance is based. In order to describe your yantra, I must discover your inner vibrations and give them colours. Then I must guess where the centres are that produce these vibrations. They represent your inner power and dictate the design of your yantra. They are like a set of musical instruments, tambourines and zithers which your master calls chakras, or lotus wheels. . . . But there is something absurd in my drawing your yantra, since you are trying to change it. I don't know whether what you are doing is natural or not, but if you succeed, you will be immortal. I will be your witness, if not now, in the future, in three hundred years or so.'

The yantra was beautiful, painted in pale and somewhat indistinct colours, as though the old man knew that the music it gave forth would be soft but captivating.

The master also seemed to hear this music, for a strange expression came into his eyes when the young man returned to the forest. He became immediately engrossed in the yantra, reading it with great care and skill.

'No one knows who created the world, not even Brahma. Something must have upset the balance of forces for the world to be born.

Perhaps it was the feminine principle, or wife, that did it. Nevertheless, despite our ignorance of the world's origins, we know at least of some beings who in ancient times tried to control the laws of fate by developing a countervailing set of laws. These strange people were called Siddhas, and they developed their secret knowledge in two cities of the Himalayas called Agharti and Champula. Anyone wishing to approach these cities had to walk backward, to signify his return to the point of origin.

'Although not even God knows who created the world, the Siddhas may have discovered the secret that is hidden in the sexual power of the female and may have made use of it.'

The master continued his instructions to the young man: 'As I sit under this tree I must tell you that what I am trying to say comes from a great distance. It was transmitted by the serpent who survived the great Flood that destroyed the race of god-men for whom woman was not something outside but within, for whom male and female were one and not alien to each other. But then "she" did something "he" didn't know about, and the waters destroyed the land where the king was supreme priest. With horns on his head, sitting beneath a tree and surrounded by four emblematic animals, he meditated and directed the course of the stars. You must follow his example. Unless you reincorporate woman within you and sit by the roots of the tree surrounded by your animals, you will accomplish nothing. You'll only be a leaf blown by the wind.'

After he spoke, the master thought it necessary to rise. He did so with the greatest difficulty. Having sat so long underneath the fig tree in the lotus position, his legs and feet had become mingled with the roots of the tree. Few understand the sacrifice a master imposes on himself when he accepts a disciple.

At daybreak the forest came to life, sending vibrations across the silent river to the temple roofs. The master led his disciple to the royal stables of Khajuraho. When they arrived, the stable boys prostrated themselves before them. They then ran away because no one had ever before seen Matsyendranatha in person.

A black mare with a white star on her forehead was standing in the stables. A powerful stallion came in and with great delicacy

rubbed his nose against her feet and haunches. He then moved away and uttered a rich neigh as though he were master of the universe. The mare gazed at the stallion and the atmosphere grew tense and heavy, like the sky before the monsoon. The drama went on until, like a crack of thunder, the stallion leaped. And then an extraordinary thing happened: like a pre-historic god, the stallion lay stretched out along the mare's back. He was like a tattered doll with big yellow teeth, while the mare stood powerful and cunning, only slightly lowering her ears.

'Do you understand what has happened?' asked the master. The disciple was too disturbed to answer.

Later, under the fig tree, the master explained. 'All that has to be changed. The stallion must be turned into a mare, man into a woman. There is no other way. You remember how full of joy the mare was, anticipating her strength even before anything happened? And then afterward it was she who was triumphant. This is the story of the race. Woman came from man, but once the two sexes became independent, it was inevitable that one would devour the other. That is what the universe is: someone gives and someone receives. There is always a sacrificial victim. Many people believe that the only way to avoid this cycle is asceticism and chastity. But this never works, for in one way or another the individual is devoured. Always the man's role is secondary. The mare devours the stallion who has impregnated her, the bee kills the drones, the primeval mother carries around her neck the primordial Lingam. Every mother, mare, goddess and woman is a devouress, and in one form or other every male is castrated and consumed.' He paused. 'To change all this we must redirect the tremendous energy that you saw in the stallion. We must restore the original principle of male passivity and female activity. The world was created not by the masculine principle but by the feminine. Love must learn to follow this course. Only those willing to learn how to love women in a different way, murdering them outwardly in order to permit an inner rebirth, will find the immortal city of Agharti.

'The key moment is when the semen is ejaculated. When the stal-

lion ejaculates, he becomes impoverished. The role of the male appears to end while the female's begins. But semen is also soma and should be conserved. It should not spurt outward but inward. Outwardly it can only create children of the flesh, while inwardly it makes sons of the spirit. Outwardly it plays the mother's game; inwardly the male is impregnated and engenders the son of man.

'No sons of the flesh are born in this loveless love. There are only sons of the spirit, escaping cyclical life, who are created when the semen is driven inward, giving them eternal life.'

In his doorway the blind sculptor tapped the stone caressingly. After a while he stopped, as though he were trying to listen to an echo within himself. Just then one of the priestesses of the temple placed flowers at the feet of the elephant god, Ganesh. Meanwhile the master continued his discourse. 'Semen is a visible aspect of the great power of which we are all a part. It is OM made into substance. It is the movement of the sun within your blood and of the sea of life within your body. It is also the word you use to communicate with the gods. You must therefore preserve it if you wish to enter Agharti.'

The disciple said that he had seen statues of Siva and Parvati making love on the walls of the temple but he did not understand how the semen was to be withheld.

'You must discover this for yourself. You must transform a natural act into a ritual, changing it into something supernatural. Ordinary sexual life does not create magicians or Siddhas; it merely perpetuates the human race. You will therefore have to follow a different road, also in the company of a woman so that you will both be saved. If she is not with you, something will be left unfulfilled and incomplete. You will have attained nothing. Even at the ends of their lives, saints and ascetics continue to yearn for women. The technique you must follow is therefore not something you learn but something you must grow to understand. At the moment of ecstasy Siva remains motionless; he does not ejaculate his semen. She, Parvati, is the active one, for when woman does not receive, she gives. From her skin the woman transmits a substance which enters the man's blood and becomes a part of him. It creates a unity

within him. The seed is planted, and he enters the city of Siddhas. Pure sexuality echoes a desire to return to the ancestral home. It is a return to unity: true sex is the nostalgia of the gods.

‘You are carried beyond the realm of ordinary existence. The life of a Kaula magician goes against nature: it proceeds in the opposite direction.’

The master then spoke of visiting the temple, but did not move from the shade of the fig tree. He explained that the temple was like the body of a man, and that as you go over the face of the earth, visiting sanctuaries from Mount Kailas in the Himalayas to Cape Comorin in the far south, you find that they are all the same. The gods live in all of them, and you can make offerings to them wherever you are. The sacred river flows through the human body, and the true Kailas is found within. Even the sky has the shape of a human body, and the stars reflect the centres of light that exist inside human beings. Those who travel externally to these heavenly bodies will only find empty planets. The real cosmic universe is an interior one. Every man should therefore accept the idea that he is also a temple. He must enter the labyrinth in order to find the central palace and throne of Parvati. It is necessary to go underground to discover this secret world and find the keys to this hidden continent. This is the only way to revive the ancient energy of the previous race of god-men. These submerged giants are thirsting for their resurrection. They control the course of the stars and the impulses of the human body, but no one is in touch with them. It is therefore essential to return to this lost land of the giants. The bridge that links the present with the past offers a clue to a real understanding of existence.

The master then spoke of the lotus flowers and of chakras. These exist even though they cannot be felt. They are invisible flowers symbolizing the possibility of the soul. The soul itself has a body called the *Linga-sarira*, but it must be created. A person is like a garden in the dark. There must be light in order to see the flowers. The light, called *Kundalini*, illumines the narrow passages that lead from one flower, one chakra, to another.

All this may seem unreal, but it is more real than what actually exists. Immortality is a flower which no one has ever seen. If it didn't exist, it would have to be invented.

The master then described the different chakras or lotus flowers in the human body, giving them their ancient names. He spoke of their colour and the number of petals each one had, starting with the flower of the genitals at the base of the spine, and continuing up through the stomach, the heart, the throat and the space between the eyes until finally reaching the last, which is outside the head, like a halo, representing the place where Siva met Parvati. It is beyond the human body and can be reached only by crossing a diamond-studded lake in a submarine vessel guided by a blind sailor. This voyage is necessary to find the emptiness which may be inside or out. Between the eyebrows there is a flower with two petals like the wings of a dove. When this flower blossoms, the third eye opens and the gates of the city of Agharti come into view.

The master also spoke of other flowers, forbidden ones, which exist in other parts of the body, on the feet and at the knees, that generally don't open. These were other centres of consciousness representing the thoughts of the ancient god-men. A Kaula magician might open them, but without remaining too long in any of them.

Speaking always in a symbolic language and making analogies between what was within and without, the master then described the channels that link the various chakras. He said they were called nadis, and that they were filaments of the soul that carried the terrible energy of the ancient giants. He spoke of the force called Kundalini which sleeps like a serpent at the base of the tree. Kundalini represents a potential power capable of destroying the world of illusion in order to attain a higher level of reality. It has to be waked, created or invented. Together, the male and female are capable of arousing the sleeping Kundalini and letting it express itself. Both powers are necessary, walking hand in hand on the summit. But the final leap must be made alone.

Every part of this journey could be repeated in some other form, but only in appearance. Moreover, the challenge of the leap produces a profound doubt. This trip is not a linear journey but is circuitous within each flower or chakra. The gardener stops, rests and

eventually sleeps at the root of the tree in a dark cavern. Refreshed, he resumes his journey. Many times he falls back, only to rise once more so as to gain a sense of his own being, profiting from an alternation of movements backward and forward. In this process, he invents his own identity; he becomes his own father and son, which means that he is at once father and son.

A child is born. He is so frail and delicate a gust of wind or an evil thought could destroy him. The child of a man impregnated by woman, he is *Linga-sarira*, an astral body or invisible product of the mind. He becomes sublimated and transfigured when, through the magic alchemy of the *Siddhas*, a stream of semen penetrates the father's interior.

Some believe the woman is not needed, that this procedure is mental. Others assert it is only symbolic, involving the soul but not the body. But the *Kaula* practitioners are physical. When the feminine soul of the man marries the masculine soul of the woman, the body becomes the instrument of their union which must be tuned and played upon. This is especially true in this Iron Age when the physical body seems to control decisions. But the physical and spiritual must go together; each is necessary for the other.

For a long time the disciple obeyed his master's instructions. He practiced the rituals he had been taught and tried to purify the passages through which the magic fluids were to pass. He learned how to swallow a long strip of linen and to eject it from his rectum. He discovered how to take in water through his penis so as to prepare for the reabsorption of semen during the magic ritual. Finally he concentrated on the point between the eyes and learned how to stop thinking and breathing.

One day he returned to the statue of *Ganesh* at the doorway of the temple and bowed down to touch his forehead to the stone pavement. When he looked up, he saw once again the priestess standing before him, smelling of fresh flowers and rich perfumes.

'Why do you look so sad?' she asked.

'What else can I be,' he answered, 'when despite my efforts to get rid of feelings I still have them?'

'Who is your guru?' she inquired.

'Matsyendranatha.'

She then asked whether he received lessons on a mystical plane, since no one had ever seen his teacher in person.

The disciple replied that, on the contrary, Matsyendranatha lived in the woods of Bundelkhand and that he sat beneath a fig tree. When the priestess seemed doubtful, he offered to take her to him so that she could see for herself. They walked together through the city and entered the forest. And then gradually the disciple, who had been so confident, began to hesitate. It took him some time to find the road and the fig tree he knew so well. Once they arrived, he had to admit there was no sign of the master.

'You see,' said the priestess, 'I was right after all. Your Matsyendranatha doesn't exist. It makes me wonder whether you've learned the true doctrine after all. Maybe you've been deceived by your imagination.'

The disciple answered that perhaps Matsyendranatha wanted to hide and had therefore made himself invisible or turned himself into a tree.

'It doesn't matter,' said the priestess. 'I will show you the possibilities of your own body.'

The young man was unprepared for this and told her that his master would not approve.

'You mustn't worry,' she said. 'Your body is a temple.'

When they returned, she placed a jasmine wreath at the feet of Ganesh and began to lead the disciple toward the dark, cool interior of the temple. Before entering, however, she paused and decided to show him the outside of the temple. All about were carved the aspects of Maya or illusion. On the lower levels bas-relief figures fought, wounded one another, took pleasure and loved. Each of the eighty-four positions of love-making were reproduced. But the lovers carved on the walls were not men but gods. The distant look on the faces of the male figures was not human. Moreover, the love-making positions were never spontaneous or natural: each was part of a ritual. The women helping the central couple received no pleasure from the caresses they gave and received. Rather they were like the minor accompanying instruments in a piece of music. They kept the tempo or rhythm but remained in the background. It was a

world of barren love which in the harsh sunlight echoed the stone wall of human existence. It was at once Maya and the steep rock face of Mount Kailas, upon which each configuration represented a god making love. It also reproduced the body of a man.

The disciple recognized the temple from his master's earlier description of it. It was built from a single piece of rock, like Siva's mountain. Before they went inside, the priestess asked him to look carefully at the statues already made by the Khajuraho sculptors. She wanted him to see how the sculptors had recorded the mystery of the gods. They represented a mixture of the divine with the demoniacal, and the tension between them carries the message of this extraordinary art. It comes from a mysterious and illicit zone whose effect is reproduced on the faces of the couple. Like stone leaves on a cosmic tree, their bodies are agitated by an alien wind. Ordinary people will never understand their meaning. They will look for pious explanations to shake off the frightening vision these statues represent: but they will not succeed. This vision has its own vitality and comes from another universe. It is indestructible. Siva's face at the moment of ecstatic coitus expresses pleasure and sadness, piety, isolation, tenderness and withdrawal, all at the same time. With one hand he delicately supports his lover, protecting her, while with the other he traces a ritual gesture which passes on his message from one generation to another. The interlaced bodies of these stone figures present a vision that will expire only with the end of the human race. The spirit which built this temple corresponds to a moment of divine decadence. Only gods enamoured of human beings could favour this art. The sculptors who carved these figures must have been mediums, blind vehicles for their message. Perhaps these sculptors were sleepwalkers who carved while they were away from their cells at night.

All of the temples at Khajuraho run from north to south, except the temple of Siva, the Chonsant Jogini, which goes from east to west, suggesting something special. Moreover it is carved from a single block of dark granite, whereas the other temples are built of tan or red stone blocks. The Chonsant Jogini forms a mandala that is difficult to penetrate, and its doorway is guarded by the statue of

Ganesh. In most Hindu temples the worshipper is enveloped by the structure and can leave only by the main entrance. At Khajuraho, however, the innermost rooms of the temples have three small passages that lead to the outside. In the temple of Siva these doors open to the west.

She took him by the hand as they entered. 'You are now walking inside your own body,' she said, 'looking for the entrances and exits of the mandala, which is a maze containing all your flowers. We're now in the first room and must walk across it, making a prayer at each step. Say "OM."'

They moved in, and the air was heavy with sandalwood smoke. On both sides were lateral cells with double doors. The priestess pointed to one of them: 'This is where I sleep,' she said. 'I also prepare myself here, and offer sacrifices.'

Then they entered the sanctum sanctorum known as the gabhagriha. It was like the crater of a volcano. The young man was overcome by a whirlwind of feelings and threw himself onto the floor, repeating mantrams, one after another. From the centre of the floor, which represents the yoni or sexual organ of the primordial wife, rose the erect stone Lingam, symbolizing the phallus of Siva. The two were united there, creating the androgynous Siva Ardhanarisvara. The granite column was polished by the priestesses, who washed it with sacred oils and animal blood representing the menstrual flow of the wife. A brass horn sounded from time to time. The three doors on the rear wall were closed.

Then from somewhere within the temple a door opened and the blind sculptor came out. He approached the Lingam and sat down beside it with his legs crossed. The priestess stepped forward and began a series of ritual movements, avoiding certain positions and searching for others with intense concentration, as though the air around her were a structure whose entrance she was trying to find. When she approached the Lingam she poured scented oil over it and then turned to the disciple and told him to do the same. He stood up as though he were in a dream. She gave him the oil and he poured it over the granite Lingam and yoni. The three then lay down in the same position beside the dark column in the centre of

the room. She then got up again and gave the blind sculptor a basin of water. 'I am the river,' she said, 'whereas you are both the stone in the middle of the river and the man who carves it. You foretell the future.'

The blind sculptor rose and poured the consecrated water over the disciple's head. 'You are a fish in the river,' he said, 'and you must move to the west.'

The priestess spoke again. 'Even before the first stone was carved,' she said, 'the temple was already here. It's always been here. All that happened is that it became visible. Within the temple walls the demiurge gazes at herself in the mirror. You'll find her absorbed in herself and admiring her vanishing beauty. You must learn all these things, and many more as well, for soon you will have to pass through those three doors toward something else.'

Once again the blind sculptor approached them. He ran his fingers over the faces of the priestess and the disciple. He did so slowly in order to record them in the memory of his hands.

The disciple returned to the forest and sat down under the fig tree. No one was there, and he knew the master would never return. He stayed there for many years. He subjected himself to the most difficult disciplines intended to purify the body and discovered many new ways to do so. Sometimes he believed the Siddhas were guiding him away from the city of Agharti and he felt that he was caught up in a battle between opposed forces. Then for a time it would seem to him that the earth was feminine. In dreams he would see twisted rocks trying to take on animal forms, attempting to cry out in words their desire for the warmth of animal life. He would call out to them in his dream, urging them to hurry up so that in turn their animal brothers could become men.

Then a god with horns and crooked feet appeared, playing a flute. He began to dance and sing: 'The vineyard is blue, the wine is red, the blood of the dancers is hot. Come and join us in the forest of Vrindavan!'

The disciple would then close his eyes and pray that he might be relieved of this burning passion.

Through the years he encountered the whole pantheon of the

gods, and he sang and prayed to them all as he prepared himself, almost unconsciously, for the ritual that was to come.

Gradually the disciple became convinced that the priestess of the temple had died. By this time he had discovered the technique of looking and seeing; that is, he had learned the difference between the two, how to really see a flower, a tree, an animal or even a thought. To do this, he had to block all ideas and feelings out of his mind, so that he might see what could be revealed by an impersonal beam of light. His world became transformed as he began to hear the language of animals and rocks and to distinguish between various colours of light. He grew to understand that everything has a soul of its own and an independent exterior vitality.

To reach this stage, he first had to learn about his own body and become acquainted with the instrument which allowed him to see and hear. One day when he awoke from one of his dreams, he asked himself whether he would see and hear if he had no eyes or ears. To find out, he covered up his exterior body from head to toe. He then began to examine himself from within, looking at his heart, his lungs, his veins. Gradually he moved up the tree of his spinal column until he reached his skull. Then he opened his eyes and saw the world for the first time.

He used the same technique to look inside, to calm his body and look at himself as though he were a stranger. When he reached the top of the tree, he did not open his ordinary eyes but the third eye between the eyebrows. It was an act of unfolding. The petals opened, and the bird resting there spread its wings.

Deeply concentrating on this spot between his eyes, he stopped all thoughts and blocked all images. He sat in the lotus position and breathed rhythmically. At length he felt a slight movement at the base of his spine as though a mouth had opened. The feeling moved up his spine and he felt coolness gradually spread through his body. Rhythmic waves moved upward, seeming to expand and destroy his body at the same time. As the waves of burning ice reached his throat and moved even higher, he felt as though he were about to be pushed into a vacuum that would consume his ego and obliterate his identity. He thought he was going to be torn

apart by opposing forces. He was overcome with terror: he was on the threshold of death, standing at the edge of the abyss. He resisted with all his strength, for he felt something trying to push him over. And then he crossed over in a fiery chariot. For a while he knew nothing, but before long he felt himself falling. He went down faster and faster until at last he floated gently through dark clouds, turning around and around like a sacrificial victim being roasted over the flames. He rose again, and crossed over into a region of thin, high air, where he felt himself light and free in the luminous blue heights.

Then all of a sudden he was once again a prisoner within four walls, already missing the freedom he had begun to enjoy. He looked at his hands and had the feeling that everything had happened in a second. At the same time, he had lived for centuries in remote periods and submerged worlds. He now had the wisdom with which to open the secret chamber where the Bird of Paradise lives.

But it wasn't as easy as he had hoped. Each time the process was different, and he met new difficulties. He was unable to make the leap as he had done before. Even though he took other trips with his alter-ego or astral body, visiting different regions and meeting beings from other worlds, something always happened to him at the edge of the moment and he couldn't go on. His three-dimensional mind or ego retained its identity, and fought to correct what was happening to him in this alien world. Two opposed forces or worlds battled each other. One universe was ancient and submerged; the other floated on the surface of the waves.

Then one day he was overcome by powerful vibrations which rose through him as from the base of a tree. He felt the substance rising rapidly up the trunk and passing into the branches by way of the secret channels, turning the wheels and making the flowers bloom. But upon reaching the top, the fluid was stopped: the ego again asserted itself. The son of life opposed the son of death. The ego wished to direct events and order them in its favour. Once more the disciple found himself caught between the two forces, half-conscious and paralyzed because his conscious mind was only partly

functioning. Since the exit seemed to be blocked, the vibrations that had been interrupted by the ego became increasingly violent. He felt he was being destroyed in a whirlwind and he began to see blood spots.

At that moment a basin of water appeared at his side. As though obeying a secret command, he plunged his invisible hands into it and splashed water over his body. The vibrations diminished and he was soon able to move again. Did the water come from the river that flows down from the head of Siva on the top of Mount Kailas?

Exhausted by these experiences, the Kaula disciple didn't even want to open his eyes again. He felt he was losing all his strength. It was as though he had climbed a mountain and was slipping down the rock face, covered with cold sweat. Then in the shadows he saw a woman coming toward him. She leaned over him and wiped his face with the edge of her sari.

He couldn't tell whether it was an illusion or not. The image was momentarily clear, but soon vanished. Then he heard a voice saying: 'I've come to take you away.'

Together they lived in a jungle hut and he acted as her servant. He did the chores, preparing the food and bringing water from a nearby fountain. Sometimes she would leave without telling him where she was going. He would wait for her patiently, and when eventually she came back he would be happy. She told him about her perfumes and ornaments; in turn he made her a tiara of flowers and a necklace of turquoises and sapphires. She taught him how to anoint her with perfumes and powders. She would then look at herself in the looking-glass just as the carved goddesses did on the walls of the temple. When she came back from her mysterious trips, he would wash her feet in a basin of water he always had ready for her at the door of the hut.

When night fell, the forest was alive with whispers. They could hear the howling of the hyenas and the wind beating against the trees. In a clear, sweet voice she would sing songs describing divine love. Then they would lie down outside under a sky heavy with stars. She would sleep on one side, placing her head in the palm of

her hand. He stretched himself out at her feet.

During this period it seemed as though each of them was living in a dream world or was acting out the events of some interior life. He felt the woman was becoming a goddess like one of those carved on the stone walls of the temple. The moon would wax and wane and still he slept at her feet. She would tell him about her childhood, about the games she had played with other children.

She also asked him about his childhood and so he told her about it. He spoke of two childhoods, one taking place just then, the other relating to a life in a future country in the southern part of the world. She was not surprised by this, but looked at a distant point in the treetops and spoke of a city known by the name of Ur. It was there, she said, that she had played with the other children.

One night she asked him not to sleep at her feet any longer but to lie down to her left in the bed. The disciple obeyed, crossed his hands on his chest and gazed up at the deep sky. She lay on her right side. The next day she went out at dawn and returned late at night. He was waiting for her, listening for her to come through the jungle. When she arrived, he rose and anointed her feet.

That night she asked him to sleep on her right side, and he felt her perfumed breast next to his cheek. Nevertheless, he kept his gaze fixed upon the night sky. There he thought he made out the body of Krishna dancing in the sky-blue garden of Vrindavan, surrounded by all the milkmaids of the universe but dancing with only one.

Days and months went by. She kept taking her mysterious trips, but each time she came back. Once he asked her where she had been, and she told him she had been visiting her husband. More and more he realized that she was transforming herself into some kind of energy inside him. She gave life to memories he had long carried dormant within him. One night he dreamed about snow-covered mountains. They were not the Himalayas but were in the southern part of the world. There was a woman there with blue eyes and blond hair who looked through him as though he were transparent. He woke up with his face covered with tears and realized what he was dreaming about wouldn't happen for another thousand years.

She wiped off his tears with her sari and anointed him with the

same care with which he had bathed her feet earlier in the evening. 'Why are you crying?' she asked.

For the first time he looked at her as if she were a stranger. 'Because I know my wheel is going to turn for another day,' he answered.

'The wheel of Padmasambhava, who was married on top of the Tree of Life, also continued to turn,' she replied. 'The secret marriage is a product of pure mental concentration. It comes from the light of a single star. You gaze at the star, and if it sends you words spoken by your love, you are married forever.'

'I'm afraid I have already been married in this way in the future,' he answered.

That evening she taught him how to kiss. Lying naked on the grass, she called him to her side. She embraced him with her long arms and brought her lips to his. Her kiss was so gentle it was almost unnoticeable in the heavy scent of jasmine. The following day she left, and he knew she would not return that night. He lay down under the tree and began to concentrate. Suddenly he had a doubt: was he dreaming his own life?

On the fine wood floor a new yantra was drawn in gold and silver, with an outline of coloured chalk and powdered sandal-wood. It had nine entrances, for although it represented the universe, it also represented a man's body. It was a maze. Between the yantra and the entrance to the temple, a triangle was drawn, and then, one by one, a circle, a hexagon and a square. Meanwhile old women and wise men consulted the stars and the moon for a propitious day. Over the yantra stood a tripod on which a chalice was balanced. Several exquisite dishes and two carafes of wine and water were on the floor.

When night came, the Kaula disciple arrived wearing a white tunic. His hair fell over his shoulders and smelled of powders, ashes and oil. He caught sight of the yantra and began a dance that was supposed to represent the flight of the Bird of Paradise. He danced around the yantra looking for the particular private entrance that related to himself, and when he found it, he stopped.

The doors then opened, and the witnesses came in accompanied by their women. They placed themselves around the circle with ritualistic flourishes, carefully avoiding the centre. There was a long wait before the woman appeared, but finally she came in, attended by her assistants and wearing a long cloak. Her eyes were closed and she looked as though she were asleep, but she entered the yantra without hesitation or confusion. Her assistants did so as well.

He and she then sat down together. After a moment a voice was heard ordering that the feast should begin. The food was consecrated with mantrams sung by the servants and witnesses. The water and the wine were then consecrated with elaborate gestures, turning them into ambrosia, which is at once the blood of the sun and the moon, and the sperm which brings about the second creation of the twice-born.

The wine was then poured into the chalice, and the mantram of the sun was recited:

Kang, Bang, Tapinyai, Namah
Kang, Bang, Tapinyai, Namah
Gang, Phang, Ngang, Nang
Chang, Dhang, Jhang, Tang, Nyang
Nang, Thang, Dang, Thang, Dang

After that, the glass was filled three-quarters full with wine, the rest with water. Then came the mantram of the moon:

Ung, Soma, Mandalaya,
Shodasha, Kalatmane, Namah

The wine was now turned into nectar, destroying the curse which had made it poisonous for centuries. It was now a magic potion which allowed those who drank it to cross the threshold. For this reason it was known as the blood of the sun and the moon.

Flowers representing the man and the woman were then thrown into the liquid, and they began to drink from two glasses, passing them back and forth. Another mantram beginning with the letter G in honour of Ganesh was recited. With the first glass of wine, the couple ate cooked meat; with the second, fish; with the third, cereal. The ritual had transformed these forbidden foods into the flesh of a god. As they drank the fifth glass of wine, the witnesses sang and a brass horn was blown. After that, there was no more drinking. An

invisible voice described the fragrant forests and flowery meadows of Mount Kailas, where Siva and Parvati danced during their magic wedding.

The Kaula disciple and the woman then rose, letting their clothes fall to the ground. A servant brought a basin of water. As they began to bathe each other, the chorus described the body of the woman: it was a pleasure garden, a temple of the sun and moon. Her stomach was a sacrificial altar; her vulva held the fiery dreams of two worlds. Her hair was sacramental grain, while the soft fuzz on her arms and legs was like summer wheat. Her full breasts were volcanoes which strike fear among those who live in the fields below, and her long legs were roads along which the pilgrim passes. Her eyes were stars, her lips milk and honey.

She then spoke: 'I have fire within my lips. Come and drink it with yours. Be quick, my love; do not hesitate.'

Then for a moment they seemed to fall into a trance because the water was pure ambrosia.

After leaving the bath they were crowned as king and queen, holding staffs or sceptres in their hands. The disciple then sat down with his legs crossed. The woman was lifted up by her assistants, who held her with her legs apart. They raised her to the level of the disciple's face, and then gradually lowered her along his body, touching all its different centres or flowers, until she finally slipped smoothly over his lingam.

The man felt as though he had penetrated the woman to her deepest interior region. She then began a slow rhythmic movement, while her assistants, who were also naked, reproduced the gestures and actions that are carved on the temple walls of Khajuraho. They were an ensemble, moving together in a rising cadence, while someone sang:

*Pure man
only woman remains
when everything else is lost
All the others have died
even the open eyes of the Great One
have closed*

The rhythm increased and grew more intense.

The scourge of Smara

plays with fire
and dances on funeral pyres
She wears a crown of human skulls
Bless her, praise her!
She gives control
She guides the vague
She delights the brothers of Kaula
She leads them
weeping with joy
to a lake full of nectar
and to the top of Mount Kailas
Bless her, praise her!

For a moment, she seemed to be losing control and began to cry out. But then her lips found the hero's, and she played rapidly on him with her tongue. The chorus continued:

Horror and beauty
Her body is Durga's forest
Daughter of Matanga
Wife of Brahma
Kumari, Lakshmi
Pure, pure

Concentrating with all his force on the space between his eyebrows, he participated in every detail of the drama, feeling the woman entirely from within, his lips on hers, her legs embracing him and her arms around his neck. While embracing her, he also tried to protect her from herself, by quietly making a sign with his free hand. But the maddening rhythm of the woman nearly undid him, taking him along with her in its frenzy. It was the moment of his greatest trial, and he knew he must discover a way out through some new inspiration. At that moment he thought of the dead priestess, and as he did so, his semen penetrated himself, moving inward toward the base of the tree, where it wakened the fiery serpent. Like liquid flame, it moved up the trunk of the tree, opening the flowers of his garden along the way and releasing cosmic music.

He then opened his eyes and with infinite tenderness held the woman and calmed her.

But the feast was not yet over, since the witnesses had to dine, and their celebration was his own flesh.

TWO

The Pyrenees

*I*t was festival time in the city. People were singing in the streets, and the balconies were covered with flowers. Through one of the narrow cobblestone alleys a knight was pulling his horse along by the bridle. He kept running into people rattling tambourines, blowing trumpets and playing flutes. They all wore bright costumes. In an arcade he met a young girl and asked her what was happening. She told him it was a fiesta in honour of May, and then she added, 'It may be the last one we'll have, because Friar Domingo has banned the nightingale.' She explained that the nightingale told her whether her lover would visit her when her husband was away. The flowers were supposed to keep evil away from Carcassonne.

'Tell me,' said the knight, 'do you know where Archdeacon Sans Morlane lives? I want to see him.'

She told him that he was a Cathar in hiding from the Inquisition. She also said it would be particularly hard to find him since everyone was in disguise for May Day. Husbands were lovers and lovers husbands. Everything was topsy-turvy.

'That's the way life really is,' murmured the knight.

Just then an old man who had overheard the conversation came up to them. 'This is the ancient feast of the Queen of the May,' he announced. He then took off his mask, turned into a youth and kissed the girl. It became evident that the youth was really a girl and that the other young girl the knight had questioned was returning her kisses with passion. 'I'll never know who you are, but I know I love you,' she said. It turned out she was a troubadour.

In the evening the knight finally succeeded in meeting Sans Marlane. He found him in the basilica near the left-hand door, wearing a blue cape and standing on a gravestone. The knight approached and told him he wanted to go to Montsegur.

'Are you a Cathar?' he asked. 'Have you received the Consolamentum?'

'No,' he replied, 'but I've had a dream of love. I've seen her beckoning me on the other side of a drawbridge. She was trying to tell

me a secret. I've got to cross that bridge so I can enter one of the five gates of the castle.'

'But Montsegur has only two entrances,' he answered, 'one on the north and one on the south. In fact, there's really only one, since the northern entrance is reserved for those who are known as the Perfect Ones.'

'I kept hearing two names in my dream,' the knight persisted, 'Montabor and Montsegur.'

'But are you a Cathar?'

'Of course. How else could I know your name, know about your death and see you standing here on your tombstone?'

'You're right,' he said. 'Only someone who lives in the future can visit here without endangering us. Very well, you should go to Fanjeaux, where the last Cathar lives. It will take you seven hundred years to find him. His name is Roques Marceau. You should also try to see Esclarmonde de Foix.'

The knight then left the flowery city of Carcassonne and rode toward Fanjeaux, passing through patches of mist and hearing sounds of war preparations along the way. Finally, in an isolated place he found the last Cathar, Roques Marceau. He looked into his eyes and there was no need to say anything. The two men recognized each other.

'We've met before,' he said. 'Haven't you already come to see me, to have your horoscope read or to have me sketch the colours of your soul? The boy who hands me my brushes isn't here just now.'

'No, I've only come to ask the way to Montsegur.'

'Always asking about mountains. I told you once before that Montsegur is not outside but inside. Why do you keep searching in the external world?'

'I must. Besides, I also want to see Esclarmonde. Didn't she build Montsegur?'

'Yes,' he replied, 'she did what her dreams told her to do.' Roques Marceau then led the knight to a place in the Rua de Castello where seven hundred years earlier the castle of Fanjeaux had stood.

'But there's nothing here but ruins,' said the knight; 'hardly one stone on another.'

'You've come back too late,' he replied. 'It's been centuries since the castle of Montsegur was captured and destroyed.'

The knight paused for a while, looking at the ruins and wondering whether he was dreaming of the past or the future.

His meditations were soon interrupted by the last Cathar. 'Since you're here,' he said, 'I'll tell you a secret. It's really your own destiny. At the bottom of Montsegur a beautiful girl lies asleep. No one has ever wakened her. She is being kept asleep there by the Perfect Ones, who are waiting for a saviour to come from far away. When she wakes, Montsegur will be destroyed and the Perfect Ones will die in the flames.'

'But I've come to save Montsegur, not to destroy it. I certainly won't wake her up.'

'The Perfect Ones know what they're doing; they don't make mistakes. They act according to their destiny and are guided by someone else who thinks and dreams their existence. Perhaps they are guided by this girl. For them the destruction of Montsegur would be a triumph. Therefore you must go to this girl and make her your mistress. That's the only way to save Montsegur now.'

Deeply troubled, the knight left the last Cathar. He was hungry and tired, and went to an inn, where he asked for wine and bread. A troubadour sat at a nearby table. 'Long ago,' he said, 'we carved temples, but now we make them in our verses.'

'You believe in reincarnation? Don't you know it's forbidden?'

'The Perfect Ones believe in it,' he replied, 'and that's enough for me. Just now we're not allowed to mention it in our songs, but if Montsegur survives, you'll see the idea widely accepted, even though the Perfect Ones doubt whether it should be extended to everyone. Only those who have received the Consolamentum really understand it.'

'Have you received it?'

'I'm blind,' said the troubadour.

'Why don't you sing us a song, then?'

And so the troubadour began:

*I shall build a castle
as carefully as I can
with trees and flowers
and gardens full of birds*

*In the tall towers
of the castle up above
the knight will find his lady
and symbols of his love.*

*The first door is open
but the second's always closed
That's to let her test
the devotion of the knight
to see if he is worthy
to awaken her delight.*

*The open doors and windows
let the cool air in,
for the walls are dark and heavy
like love without an end
Even the open fire seems cold
compared to the flame of love.*

*Whoever gains this palace
finds peace at the last
No foe will succeed
in breaking down its walls
This is the sacred message
I bring from afar away.*

The troubadour stopped. Opposite him the knight had fallen asleep with his head on his arms, hunched over the wooden table. He was dreaming of the drawbridge. A girl dressed in white appeared on the other side. She was calling to him: 'Hurry, cross the bridge. You and I are one.'

Afterward the knight wandered alone in the mountains, where he eventually came upon a cave. There he stayed for days and months. The troubadour would come and bring him food, and after a while he became a continual though unobtrusive companion. One day he told the knight he had done well to stay in a cave. He said that the Perfect Ones carved signs on the walls of their caves centuries ago. They made pictures of human faces, fish and doves.

Little by little the knight began to perceive a face on the rock wall. It was a woman's, and strangely familiar. The man was alarmed, not knowing who had carved it, or who it represented, but something made him adore it.

In the distance a stream ran by, and in the evening the knight would listen to it. He thought he heard voices coming from a faraway time and place. Meanwhile, in the dark air of his cave hung a message he could not understand.

Once again the troubadour began to sing:

*In the words of Percival
when he was still alive
'Be strong and brave. Don't
ask whom you serve
else you'll soon lose
the lance and the Grail.'*

*When I see you, Lady,
I forget all else
I only want to speak, to beg
But this I cannot do.
I live all day in dreams.*

Encouraged by the thin air of the cave, the knight also began to live in dreams. Little by little he became obsessed by the face he saw on the cavern wall. He would repeatedly ask it questions. Then finally the shadowy face began to loosen itself from the wall. As this went on, the image of a woman's body began to take shape at the entrance of the cave. It didn't have a face but approached him and went up to the stone face, which it lifted up and placed on its own body.

'Now I can finally speak,' it said. 'I will speak in the name of all the others because I am the master of their masters. I control the Perfect Ones in all their being. I come from a great distance. With the help of the Cathars and the troubadours I shall take possession of this whole region. I am the Mother, and I alone know the secret.'

The knight believed he had heard these words in some other place and grew anxious to meet the Perfect Ones and ask them directly. Then he remembered that the troubadour had told him to hurry, since what he was dealing with might easily disappear. Moreover, the Cathars were not likely to reveal their secrets to strangers. He then went out to the edge of the cave and shouted for the troubadour, but all he heard was the echo of his own voice. Finally he fell asleep on the grass.

At dawn the troubadour brought him goat's milk. The knight

asked him where he'd been and told him how he'd called out for him. He then asked how much longer he would have to remain in the cave: he was anxious to go to Montsegur. There was little time left, for the castle was under siege. He was desperate to be on his way.

The troubadour replied that it took at least twenty years of training to be ready. 'How long have you been here?' he asked. 'A few centuries,' answered the knight. 'Let me see, we are now in the year 1244, and I came here from Asia in 900. Yet in a sense I feel I've been here only a few minutes.'

Spring and summer passed by with the help of the troubadour. The power of art over nature was enough to sing the time away and jumble the seasons. Here is one of his songs:

*When the days grow long in May
I listen to the nightingale
and when I walk at dusk
I consider my love, so far away.
I'm so sad and bent with desire
that neither song nor flower
cheers my wintry heart.*

Snow began to fall, and icicles formed at the entrance of the cave. Nevertheless the knight did not feel cold. He wasn't really there any more. His body felt like an icicle, but his mind travelled, and moved with the swiftness of a living bird.

His first flight took him to the foot of a mountain where he began to climb a narrow path. Far above he could see a stone house. After a while he entered a small courtyard containing a pair of gates that guarded a tunnel leading into the mountain. He left his horse outside and opened the gates. Inside, the passageway was lit by a light that seemed to have no source. At the end of the tunnel there was a round room. A small door opened, and the knight entered. Inside, the room was brightly lit with mirrors that rose tier on tier to the top of the mountain. The knight realized he was not involved in personal or historical time. He was climbing a mountain of the mind on the other side of an event, passing through centuries, in the light's shadow. He stared up through the long passage that led to the top of the mountain, and there he saw someone looking at

him from one of the windows of the stone house. This person said, 'Traveller, go back; return to your own time.'

Below, at the foot of the mountain, stretched a lake of deep green water.

Yet even if there were no relationship to the time or place of Montsegur, the knight's adventures must have had something to do with it, otherwise he could not have continued as he did. Once again he undertook his quest for Montsegur, and he found it in a special sense, even though he made a mistake in time. What he saw at the top of the mountain were the ruins of the castle of Montsegur. All that remained were a few stone walls. He climbed up from the foot of the mountain to look at them. It was a brilliant blue day, and the light made the snow luminous. After a while he passed by a stone inscribed with a date and a few words. He continued on, climbing up the steep hillside. It became increasingly difficult as he pushed through the snow and ice, and in the end he decided he had to go back down. He returned in a dismal mood. From time to time he would stop to look back at the stone ruins at the top of the mountain.

When he reached the place where he had first glimpsed the ruins, he paused to look at them for the last time. He realized he had not seen a single person or animal all day, only the old stone walls of Montsegur. Then he thought he saw something reaching out from those ruins toward the blue sky. It looked as though a pair of arms were praying or imploring someone for help. As he watched he felt he was receiving a message from another world, a region of extraordinarily pure light sending him a sign of love. The sight of these stone arms, whether they existed or not, silhouetted against the snow of the mountain peaks, moved him deeply, and he accepted the signal, not daring to interrupt the vision with a gesture of any kind. It was true he had not reached the summit. He had come at the wrong time. But the experience made him realize that his effort had been recognized. They would not let him reach the top, but they expected him to try. With this understanding, the knight understood that he was not yet prepared for the ultimate test. He would have to go back to the cave and contemplate the Mother's face.

When he returned, he discovered that the face had disappeared.

He looked everywhere for it, following the fissures and scraping aside the snow and ice with his bare hands. Then he began to doubt whether a woman had ever come into the cave and put the head on her own body, like a mask. But in the midst of his doubts a new figure appeared. She came into the cave with bare feet, wearing a long white gown which nearly reached the ground. Without touching the stalactites, she made her way into the interior of the cave and walked over to the place where the woman's face had been. As she walked, her eyes were open and her arms hung down by her sides.

'I've come down from the mountain even though I am asleep. I've been sleeping for ages and have been waiting for you to wake me up. Unless you do that here in your cave, Montsegur will never be destroyed.'

'But I've come to defend Montsegur,' exclaimed the knight. 'You won't be saved until it's destroyed,' she replied. With her arms extended she moved toward the knight. As she approached, she seemed to emanate a perfume of flowers from another world, a distillation from ancient tombs. The knight trembled and tears ran down his cheeks. When he looked at her hand in the half-light of the cave he saw a little white spot between her fingers.

Leprosy, he thought. I've seen it in another world.

With that he knelt down before the woman. 'I'll do what you want,' he said. 'I'll obey your wishes and follow you about. Then one day I'll awaken you and Montsegur will be destroyed. I don't want any help from God unless it comes through you.'

She had slept for more than three centuries at the base of the mountain on which the castle of Montsegur was built. The Perfect Ones had found her sleeping there and had left her alone because they knew that once she was disturbed, their castle would be destroyed. They were aware this would eventually happen and were serene about it. At times they almost wished for it.

Few knew of the room where she lay, or the secret passage that led to it at the foot of the mountain. It was a dark, bare room and she was stretched out on a stone platform and covered with a transparent veil, like a bride. Her arms were crossed on her breast, her

hair hung down on either side and her feet were bare. She looked alive enough to make people realize she was only asleep.

Sometimes in the middle of the night she would open her eyes and unfold her hands. She would gather up her hair and move about the room. She even walked up the passageway that led to the top of the mountain. The Perfect Ones who guarded the castle knew immediately when she had risen from her bed, or tomb, at the foot of the hill. They did nothing. They would merely watch with ecstasy and wonder, overcome by the mystery of her existence. More than one knight guarding the castle sighed as he watched her walk along the battlements or pause at a sentry fire as though she were warming herself. Then with her open blind eyes she would stare out over the valley and river below in hope of finding the knight who would come at last.

After their first encounter she went away for a long time. The troubadour then came with his lute, sat down next to a tree outside the cave and began to speak: 'You're now the supplicant. What you are going through was revealed to me by the first troubadour. He received the message from a falcon perched on a golden branch of one of the oldest trees in Eden.' He then repeated the message he had heard: 'Only he who is prepared will reach Montsegur.' And with that he left.

Finally she came. Standing asleep in the snow outside the cave, she started to speak to the knight. 'Let's sit and talk,' she said. 'You can do what you want with me. I won't defend myself.'

The knight responded quietly. 'It's I who am at your feet, hoping to be a mirror for your beautiful image. I hope somehow that my words will get through to your dreams. Your beautiful whiteness and purity justify my long pilgrimage. Moreover, I can see bloodstains and wounds on your delicate feet. They're also covered with sand from the deserts you've been crossing for centuries. Your long legs are like the columns of a temple or like the long paths I walk along. Your stomach is the valley of the moon where ancient tribes celebrate their ritual. Your breast is the summit of the mountain where you sleep, your forehead is like the crest of the moon seen from the northern gate of Montsegur. Your eyes are a bridge I've

not yet crossed but which brought a message that reached me during the darkest night. Your pale hands and fingers are scratched by the rough tombs you've struggled to open for centuries.' He then fell silent and she approached him with a shudder. She opened her arms and stretched out her hands in search of his face. Her eyes were open, but they looked beyond him into the night.

'O my lover,' she said, 'if ever you become mine . . . if ever a night comes when I may lie down by your side and clasp you in my naked arms. I give you all my love, my eyes, my life.' Her hands found his face. She pulled him toward her very gently, and her lips touched his like a momentary feather of snow.

Then she left, passing over the surface of the ice as though walking along a ray of moonlight.

The troubadour continued to bring him food. He told him the castle of love had five entrances and that three remained to be discovered. He also added that he would sing no more because there was nothing more to add to what the woman had already said.

The knight now entered a new stage of delight. He was filled with ecstasy, and his days and nights were marked by a delicate awareness. He walked through the white forest and whenever he was brushed by a snowflake or saw a bird take flight, he thought of the kiss he had received from his lady. More and more he began to live in her. Her solitude became his, and he felt himself enveloped by her sleeping essence.

The troubadour then came to say that she would come that night. He told the troubadour to wait for her at the entrance of the cave.

He imagined her getting ready to leave the castle. Still asleep, she removed her hands from her breast and rose from the stone bed at the foot of the mountain. She moved silently through the dark passages, and the cold emanating from her dimmed the fires as she passed by them. He knew she had entered the forest where his cave was because he felt himself getting so chilled that his flesh burned with the cold. When she arrived, she looked deep into his eyes, without seeing anything. Then she let her gown fall slowly from

her shoulders, first revealing her breasts, and then the rest of her body. She stood before him naked, trembling and vibrating, but with a triumphant smile on her face. In it he recognized the look of the Mother on the wall of the cave.

Without moving, and paralyzed by his fearful ecstasy, the knight gazed at the girl's body, murmuring a single word over and over again. Her body exuded an intangible substance that penetrated him. He realized she possessed a magic power, and his feelings went beyond those of love or desire. He was confronting a vision that emerged from the depths of time, and her silent presence contributed to his understanding.

When will this pale winter end? When will the snow melt, and the ice? Will the nightingale ever sing again?

Without hesitation she had come back to the knight's bed which was made of branches and skins. She was naked and leaned over him to undress him. Then she lay down by his side, crossed her arms over her breasts and gazed at the ceiling of the cave without seeing him. Caught in her own dreams, staring at her private sky, she began to speak.

'My knight,' she said, 'I've not come to you but you have come to me at the foot of the mountain. You've entered the circular stone tomb where I lie dead or asleep. And now you must wake me up according to the directions I give you. Touch me with your lips and hands. I need your caresses. Start with my hair, then take hold of my breasts, linger there for a while, letting your fingers encircle them. They are the fruit of a golden tree with two small suns that shine when touched by the tip of your fingers. Press your lips softly on them and then move down to my stomach, which is the deep night sky. Put your head there and listen to my shadowy heart. Then move your gentle hands down to my legs. I'll give you refuge in my knees.'

The girl trembled so much it seemed as though she might wake from her dream. Embracing the knight, she returned all the warmth she had taken from him before. Her hands caressed him, touching centres that were dormant within him. Whole worlds were aroused in his flesh. She had turned the key and was reviving the latent

power of his flesh.

The knight kept his mind as empty as possible. He knew he had to let her play the active role. One mistake or indiscretion would ruin everything. She would never again wake up. Montsegur would therefore be neither destroyed nor saved. He wondered how many knights must have failed this ultimate test called Asag.

'My love,' he said with the greatest delicacy, 'put your head here on my breast. You are ready to wake up from your long sleep. We must therefore both begin to live in this new dimension, in this new condition of waking sleep.'

Once again the Mother's face appeared on the wall of the cave. Insinuatingly it detached itself and approached the knight. 'Come, take me,' it said. 'Take me like a warrior, a real knight. I'll give you my heart to devour and afterward we can exchange blood.'

'It's too late now,' he replied. 'I'm attached to another. Love has only one purpose, and that is the fusion of hearts.'

The woman's face faded from the wall. Once again the girl returned and pressed herself upon him, kissing him with open lips. She sighed toward him and gave him her heart.

'Now you have two hearts,' she said. 'You must now give me yours so that I can live.'

The knight then kissed her in the same way she had kissed him. He sighed toward her interior and gave her his heart.

Later, sitting at the entrance of the cave, the knight thought about what had happened. His heart was now in one piece with her, and his spirit had its own identity. The heart is a mirror where the lover sees his beloved.

The knight now entered Montsegur. He went into her heart, although he did not stop living in the cave. He was in both places at the same time. He knew everything that happened to her and experienced her feelings. She also lived within him. Having made the heart the centre of their being, they changed their mode of consciousness. The knight dreamed her dreams and shared her vision. He knew her sorrows and ecstasies, and she knew his. He now had a woman's heart and she a man's. This fusion meant that each had

a greater life: each had a heart with wings. They could move through space and visit the castle, the cave, the base of the mountain where the enemy was camped, and no one could stop them. A substance as delicate as a breath of air moved from her to him, and acquired its tangible life within him, so that the two were always mingled together.

Finally the snows vanished. The knight came out of his cave and rode toward Montsegur. Since his heart was already there, he knew the way. After a while the troubadour joined him, and the knight greeted him, saying, 'Let's go to the battle and destroy everything that's perishable within us. You'd better sing us a song to help us get through the enemy lines.'

The troubadour took up his lute and began to sing:

*In hot summer have I great rejoicing
When the tempests kill the earth's foul peace,
And the lightnings from black heav'n flash crimson,
And the fierce thunders roar me their music
And the winds shriek through the clouds mad, opposing,
And through all the riven skies God's swords clash.*

*And I love to see the sun rise blood-crimson.
And I watch his spears through the dark clash
And it fills all my heart with rejoicing
And pries wide my mouth with fast music
When I see him so scorn and defy peace,
His lone might 'gainst all darkness opposing.*

And let the music of the swords make them crimson!¹

They climbed the mountain path to the top, where they found the entrance to the castle of Montsegur. The drawbridge was lowered. She stood on the other side and said, 'We are one.'

He was then able to cross the bridge.

The troubadour came in like his shadow. But his story ends here, for as he said to the knight before leaving, 'Your story is not a tale of love like ours: it is more secret and ancient. Yours is the solar story of loveless love that was lost in the Flood. I've only a glimmering of it. Our stories tell of love affairs between common men

¹ Ezra Pound.

and queens, whereas yours are always of exalted people, kings and queens. In the same way, your sleeping beauty is a queen and her lover a king.'

Meanwhile the knight continued on, guided by his lady. He was greeted in a large square room by the knights of the castle. They sat at a round table and each had at his side a companion. His lady crossed the circle and stood beside him as he waited for what was to come next. She then spoke.

'Dear love,' she said, 'what has happened to my heart?'

'It's here in my breast making two beats at a time, repeating your name and mine. It's a looking-glass and also a sand-clock that tells me how much time I still have.'

The knights seated around the table nodded their approval, and so he was allowed to enter the circle and sit with her beside him as a defender of Montsegur.

Later she showed him the rooms of the castle, how it was defended and where its secret passages went. She also led him to the hidden chamber at the base of the mountain where she had lain asleep for so long. High in the towers the view extended over the Pyrenees. As they stood there in the late-afternoon light, she began to speak. She told him that for centuries these mountains had been a refuge for holy men. When the great Flood drowned the continent of the god-men, and when the third moon fell on the earth, the keys of their knowledge were saved and kept in the mountains. They were all that survived from one world to another. The Grail was really a piece of Lucifer's stone crown that fell onto our planet. At his defeat, his crown was broken into a thousand fragments and spread throughout the firmament. Only when they were all gathered together would Lucifer be vindicated and return to the throne. He is the morning star and the guardian of love. She explained that the stone that fell on earth was an essential part of the broken crown. It shone brighter than the sun and was like frozen fire with its green and white light. It was able to unite what is dispersed and to return everything to its source. Only those who walk backward can find it. It is a talisman that links the individual with the morning star. For centuries this talisman has gone from hand to hand. Originally

it came from the Orient, but it was taken from there and has finally come to this place. When Montsegur falls, it will be sent to some distant land, perhaps to a place that is still unknown. 'In the meantime,' she said, 'Montsegur will always be special, for its story will pass down through the ages, transforming the lives of all who know it.'

She raised her hand to protect herself from the evening sun, and once again he noticed the white mark between her fingers. Pointing toward the Pyrenees, she told him about the fortified caves of Ornalac and of Black Mountain, where those in search of the great secret were trained. She said that the whole valley was more or less a temple and that the centre of the world was wherever the talisman was kept. 'We must move on,' she concluded, 'and carry the treasure from one place to another until it reaches its last refuge, Venus or the morning star. There we shall reconstruct a crown as beautiful as it was before it was destroyed.'

He explored the castle so as to find out as much as he could about its subterranean passages. He felt at home there, but also somewhat constricted. He therefore asked her to lead him to the northern gate, so that he might visit the Perfect Ones who lived outside it and prepare for the great battle that was to come.

She looked at him fixedly for a moment. Then she took him by the hand and led him into an empty corridor: He soon passed through the northern gate of Montsegur, leaving her behind.

Outside there was complete silence, and the air was still and clear. An open terrace led to the edge of a cliff, while beyond stood the glistening white mountains. Near the edge was a small group of cabins surrounded by bushes and low trees. Everything was imbued with a faint lavender light.

He walked toward one of the cabins on the precipice. It had no windows, but the door was open and he entered. In the middle of the room, sitting cross-legged, was the Perfect One. His eyes were fixed and open, and he had a vague smile on his face. He seemed to be in a trance, for when he spoke his lips did not move, and the sound came from the roof of the room.

'Diaus vos benesiga. Come in.'

For a long time nothing was said. Then, whether he spoke the words or not, the man asked where he was.

'Don't you realize,' came the reply, 'that you're visiting the ruins of a castle destroyed seven hundred years ago? All you're seeing is the ghostly shadow of something that hasn't existed on earth for centuries. It exists only in the light of a distant star. You are coming here from the future. You've been able to cross intersecting planes of light. Perhaps you're in a parallel time in which Montsegur both exists and is destroyed. But the fall of Montsegur is always taking place, each time with a different luminosity. Even though these parallel times and planes cross one another, they do not touch. They are like bells sounding in closed universes. What happens here on earth has already had a prior existence somewhere else through some other concentration of light and continuum of time. You and I are taking part in the distant drama of Montsegur and at the same time are engaged in a personal drama within ourselves.'

The Perfect One sat motionless and a faint light played on his face. It seemed as though he then spoke again: 'We were opposed to marriage and to physical copulation because they gave birth to new bodies that could only be corrupted by nothingness and death. Instead we wanted a copulation of the mind, a mental wedding of the sort performed in the secret ceremony inside the castle. That was the real initiation, the true secret and treasure of Montsegur.'

They say that just before the castle fell, four knights succeeded in escaping by means of a silver rope. They took the treasure of Montsegur with them. Three of their names are known. But the fourth is not.

THREE

The Andes

The midday sun filtered through the thick leaves and ferns of the forest, making the air luminous and green. Red copihue flowers were scattered among the pine trees, and the atmosphere was suffused by the penetrating odour of the dark forest.

The man rode along on a horse with a white star on its forehead. As he passed under the great trees, he thought how open and benign the woods were, and how pleasant the murmur of waterfalls and streams. The only danger came from the light. It created a sense of longing, a dream of invisible beings who had once inhabited the place and who might still be found there. From time to time the horse stopped, widened its nostrils and neighed, as though it sensed their presence.

They continued on until they emerged from the forest into an open valley. Ahead of them rose the massive snow-covered range of the Andes. At the end of a long day the man dismounted and tied his horse to a tree. He then walked toward an opening that looked like a cave. A figure came out of it and walked toward him with arms extended. He had a long beard and was dressed in a poncho that flapped in the breeze. He stared straight ahead, but when he came near the man he stretched out his arms and placed them on his shoulders. Then he ran his fingers over his face, and the man felt he had experienced this once before, as though the fingers had modelled his face in another age.

Later they sat down by the fire. He saw that the old man was blind but that his dead eyes were blue. 'I'm not surprised that you're blind,' he said, 'but I didn't expect you to have blue eyes and white skin. I thought you'd be a wild man with dark hair and Mongol features.'

'We'll talk of that later,' replied the old man, 'but first you must tell me why you came here.'

'I was told that a wise man lived in these parts who knew all about herbs. I'm looking for an herb that will cure a friend. There's some sort of medicinal root in this part of the world, some kind of

moss or resin that's strong enough to save her.'

'There's no herb that can cure her. Her illness is in her blood.' The old man then spoke of the way in which vegetables and minerals imitate the organs of the body. The lungwort, for example, is fibrous and very much like the lung itself. The copihue is a bell flower full of blood, while the rose is coagulated blood. 'There's a dead man,' he said, 'hidden in these mountains with a rose in his breast.'

'But I've come for medicine.'

The hermit was not to be silenced. 'The loica bird also has a red breast,' he continued, 'and she helps me find the cure. But don't worry: you don't have to take the medicine directly to her. All you have to do is touch it with your hand and then touch her breast. This illness concerns her invisible body, not her visible one. Illness is a disequilibrium between these two bodies and the breath or current that unites them. The stars are also important, for they have an influence on human bodies. What's your friend's birthstone?'

'Topaz.'

The hermit went on as though he had heard nothing. 'The South Pole sends out an orange-coloured emanation,' he said, 'and represents the earth's sexual organs. The left side of the body also emits an orange light.'

'I still don't understand why you are white. I thought you'd be an Indian.'

'Quetzalcoatl was also white. Don't you know that America was once called Albania? It was a white continent for white gods. They preserved an immaterial substance here, a kind of gold that you can drink. Perhaps that's what you want for your friend. It will be easier for you to give it to her when she's dead.' He then explained that there were two roads that could be followed. The first was dry and relatively short. The second, and longer, was known for being wet or moist. It was that way because it was a road of tears.

The old hermit fell silent, and the man with him remembered that somewhere he had eaten gold and silver leaves. But he couldn't recall where.

'The road I've been speaking about has been abandoned for a long time,' he said. 'There are only a few traces left of it in the highest mountains.' The flickering of the fire cast shadows on the old

man's face. At last he spoke: 'Take her this dried flower which has been created by the fire.'

The man walked slowly through the city. By the time he reached her house, the evening light was falling over the nearby hills. She opened the door and led him by the hand into the dark corridor. They had become friends because they were both interested in finding the myth of their lives. They both belonged to an order, but he didn't know whether hers resembled his own. It was nevertheless clear they had some common point of origin and that their destinies were linked.

'You must rest,' he said. 'It's getting late, and you shouldn't tire yourself.'

She bowed her head, and he took her into the bedroom, where he laid her on the bed. He covered her with a shawl and placed cushions under her head. She had taken off her red robe and wore only a white gown. Her blond hair was held in place by a silver headband. She raised her hands to straighten her hair and the sleeves of her gown slipped down, leaving her arms uncovered. They were thin, with delicate blue veins. Her long nervous fingers disappeared for a moment into her golden hair. She paused as though meditating and then smiled. He recognized this special look which sometimes moved over her face. 'Where have you been?' she asked.

'I found a hermit in the south,' he answered, 'who gave me this dried flower for you. He said it was made of fire and doesn't lose its petals.'

'What else did he say?'

'He said that America was once called Albania, the land of the white gods, of Quetzalcoatl, Kontiki and Viracocha. Do you know anything about that?'

'Yes,' she answered.

He sat down on the edge of the bed, and she began to speak, holding one of his hands in her own. She told him that the book of Enoch, a work that was written before the Flood, speaks of a race of beings whose hair was like wool and who had transparent skin.

This race apparently came from some other world and did not originate here. In the book, the prophet Enoch is taken away from this world in a chariot of fire. Other ancient writings also mention giants who are supposed to have built the great stone monuments at Tiahuanaco, Easter Island, Brittany, Stonehenge and many other places. They made Cape Horn and Nan Matal in the Pacific near the Caroline Islands, where there are nearly fifty artificial islands. These giants were hermaphroditic and had the essence of woman within their hearts. Their right sides emitted a blue light, their left an orange.

Then something happened. No one knows whether a moon fell onto the earth or what other disaster took place, but the giants were forced to disappear or hide in the mountains. To this day they wait there for the return of the old sun that warmed the world they knew.

Another explanation for this catastrophe is that the giants fell in love with the daughters of men and ceased being hermaphroditic. According to this theory, the expulsion of their female powers created dual beings who were partly physical, partly spiritual. There were now two races on earth, one half-human, half-divine, descended from the giants who consorted with the daughters of men, the other the children only of human beings. The first race was still linked to extraterrestrial powers by a power called Vril. They had originally developed their civilization in the north, on a great polar island whose capital was Thule. It was surrounded by snow-capped mountains, but the centre was a warm green oasis. The men had white skin and their hair was like wool. The women had long golden hair that floated in the wind.

These arctic creatures were clairvoyant. They wore moon-stones as a sign of their power and emeralds in honour of Venus. They also introduced the practice of magic love, whose purpose was to reunite opposites and join extremes together. Their work symbolized a return to the world of giants; it was the pilgrimage of the prodigal son to his lost home, a movement to a point of origin beyond time. But this high civilization came to an end. Thule vanished and the poles became uninhabitable. The green oasis of the Hyperboreans disappeared.

‘Was that where the mythical garden of golden apples was, the

one inhabited by smiling animals?' he asked.

'Animals also had their places in the heart of man,' she answered, 'while man was still complete. But not all of the Hyperboreans died when Thule disappeared. Some went to the mountains and established a civilization that flourished until it was destroyed by another catastrophe. Finding that disasters came in cyclical fashion, they built two underground cities in the interior of the Himalayas. These were called Agharti and Champula. There the survivors retained their link with extraterrestrial forces through Vril and continued to teach the ritual of magic love. They also kept an emerald on whose surface was inscribed the unearthly wisdom of the Hyperboreans. Only a few of the masters understood these characters. In Champula they taught the magic that had made possible the construction of Cape Horn and the Pacific islands and other rocky promontories over the face of the earth. They tried to recreate the energies that had brought these things into being and hoped to produce a mutation of the species that would enable the giants to return to their original forms before they were corrupted by the children of men.

'These events are of course symbolic and represent an internal development. The transparent white skins, the woollen hair of the men and golden tresses of the priestesses do not belong to this world. They are not physical characteristics; they refer to invisible bodies. If this myth is treated in a literal way as a return to a lost home, it will become diminished and lose its force.'

She was tired and her breathing became more difficult. Nevertheless, her presence dominated the room.

'Here in the southern part of the world, this magic city of the giants has different names. It has been called the City of the Caesars, Trapalanda, Paitete, Elelin and Gran Quivira. Some Spanish conquistadors knew of its existence and came in search of it rather than to discover material gold.'

She then fell silent. He smoothed her hair and she looked up to smile at him once more. 'You must promise me you'll look for that city and take me there. Only a few ever enter. It's always like that. When someone falls, or loses his way, another takes his place and continues on surreptitiously, taking on the mantle of the elect.'

Even though it was late, the man decided to call on his master. Somehow he believed that the master knew of his conversations with the hermit and the woman and so was expecting him to call. Nevertheless, when he arrived he hesitated at the threshold. Then the door opened and the master stood before him. He stepped aside to let him enter.

Once inside the master's study, he saw the book of the Order. Inside were inscribed all the names of the members of the Andean branch. His was there, written in the master's hand. Because of the master's intensity, it was hard to look at him. His eyes were very bright and his features mobile and expressive. He was of ordinary height and weight, but seemed exceptionally virile and sensitive.

'Master,' he began, 'I want to consult you about my experiences. It's been a long time since I've been here, and I'm anxious to talk to you about them.'

The master assented, and so the man began by telling him about the hermit. He also spoke of what his friend had told him about the Hyperboreans. He described her illness and asked the master how he could help. For a long time the master remained silent: he was beyond the state of pity for the human condition.

'Woman diminishes the sacred purpose of our Order. By now you should have overcome these human affections. Man is dual. He carries a woman inside him. Man's soul is feminine and woman's is masculine. An initiate of either sex should not need the other; each should be capable of fulfilling himself. Perhaps you've forgotten what the magic wedding means. The only wedding that counts is with oneself. All the warriors of our Order function on an exalted level. We are not concerned with doctrines or legends. Our warfare is on a plane beyond human feeling; it is a struggle with oneself in order to attain the totality of being a man-magician, which is quite different from being a saint. We are not mystics but warriors, and I've already given you the sign and the sword. They help bring about change and are universal, functioning on both visible and invisible planes. You must therefore go into battle; that is all.

'The sign links the universes, joining parallel times; your personal vibration makes a pact between them. If you'll trace on your body the last sign I gave you, and concentrate on the space between your eyebrows, stopping all thought so as to open the third eye,

you'll leave your physical body and be projected into an outer plane. You'll be taken to the Siddhas of Agharti and to the City of the Caesars. You must take your sword with you, however, so as to fight enemy forces that come across your path. You must go into battle so as to put off the approaching catastrophe. The right number of the elect must pass through the three open doors that face the west.'

He was unable to sleep. He rolled back and forth in his bed until the light of dawn began to filter through the window. Then for a while he fell into a light sleep. A young man carrying a flower appeared before him. He was handsome and had a wide forehead. Approaching the edge of the bed, the young man placed the flower on the man's breast and leaned over to kiss him on the cheek. The room was suffused with childhood smells, and the man said, 'Who are you? I can't remember your name.' The youth smiled and said, 'I was your childhood friend. I have grown physically, but I am still a child in spirit.' Then he disappeared.

After a while, he began to dream of his childhood. He was climbing over some rocks with a young girl of his own age when suddenly she slipped and began to fall. He grabbed her hand and held on to her as long as he could. But gradually her hand slipped out of his own. As she began to go she gazed fixedly at him. Just before their hands parted he saw the intensity of her terror, which seemed to encompass the whole world. Her scream hung in the air.

He woke up holding on to the pillow as though it were a rock. After that he fell into a deep, dreamless sleep and woke up late in the afternoon.

He dressed swiftly and went out into the street. There he began to think about his dreams of childhood. Far away in the country he had once kissed a playmate on the cheek with the same kiss that had just been returned to him. By now the boy was probably dead, but he had never forgotten that kiss. As to the girl who fell, he often dreamed of her even though nothing of the kind had ever happened. He wondered whether he was experiencing an event from some simultaneous or parallel existence. He had the feeling that his life on earth was less real than something taking place somewhere

else, even though it had a certain relationship to his daily existence. He felt that someone else was directing these events. Still, he thought he recognized the girl in the dream. She was a childhood friend with whom he had run races and climbed over the hills near the city. She was an alter-ego, always with him, protecting him and trying to win his admiration. Her pale face was framed by thick black hair and her eyes were like water at night. When she let go of the rock, her hair floated for a long while over the abyss.

As he walked along, he realized how his ideas of love and death were always mixed together. He'd never been able to forget that girl and wondered what had become of her. Was she really at the bottom of the chasm? He often thought of her as his first love, but wondered whether she had really died before he was born. He often thought that he was under the influence of some pre-existent love which made him feel isolated from his master. The dream of love passed on to him by his ancestors came from somewhere he could neither identify nor renounce. Yet it oppressed him all his life. It was like an idea struggling to be expressed or an order that had to be obeyed, like a religion. He wanted to discover the phantoms that controlled his being, since they alone could help him.

Once again he was in front of his friend's house. The door was half open and he had a premonition. He went in quickly and found her lying on her bed with her nightgown soaked in blood. She said nothing, and all he could think of was the girl who had fallen over the cliff. He was still trapped in his dream. He leaned over her, touching her hair softly as if to dispel what was happening. He kissed her bloodstained lips and swallowed some of her blood, tasting its bitter sweetness.

Then he fetched a towel and a bowl of water and washed her face and arms. Afterward he changed her gown. At last she spoke. 'I'm afraid last night exhausted me. But I'm not sorry, because what is happening would have to come about anyhow. We are now brother and sister. Our agreement has been fulfilled and you have drunk my blood. Now you must give me some of yours. Long before men loved women, they loved one another and became blood brothers. Feelings can't last without that exchange.' After a pause she resumed: 'It's strange how we seem to be like two sleepwalkers going down a road.' She then told him that she felt her chest was

full of blood again and asked him to give her a bath, since she couldn't do it herself.

He picked her up in his arms. She rested her head on his shoulder and her hair fell over his chest. He stood her in front of a looking-glass and took off her gown. She looked at herself naked and said, 'I can't love with this body any more, but from now on I'll need it less and less. Our love will be fulfilled through other bodies.'

She stood erect with her shoulders squared. Her neck was long and her arms hung by her sides. She had long, thin legs, and the only signs of blood left in her were blotches on her hands and feet, as though she had been crucified. He picked her up again in his arms and placed her in the bathtub.

He began to wash her and when he came to her feet he knelt down. She looked down at him with her faraway eyes and pointed to her side, just below her breast. A white spot appeared, like a lance wound.

She touched his head with her hand and said, 'Take off your clothes and get into the bath with me.' He did so and lay down beside her, holding her hand.

'When I die you will carry me within you. I will be one with you and live there. A part of you will also die with me and rot with me in the tomb. Your soul will become me and will have no face or body except what I give it. In this way it will become a person. It will have identity because I'll give you my eternity. This will be our wedding.'

They lay together as though sealed into oblivion.

'Tonight as our destiny is being fulfilled, you must speak to me of love,' she said. 'The flower of love seems to be disappearing. Young people don't seem to care about it, which means that love as a spiritual experience will vanish. But we have exchanged blood and become brother and sister. My essence is already moving through your blood, and I'll love you even more when I'm dead. On earth this happens once and never again.'

'I think I loved in this way once before,' he replied. 'There was a priestess in a temple, or perhaps a woman in a mountain cave. I wonder if that was you. Did I dream it or is this reincarnation? I wonder if we'll ever meet again outside of time and memory . . .'

'I've never existed before,' she answered, 'and will never exist again. It's a matter of once only. We're now at the definitive centre of things. When I'm gone, someone who exists in your blood, some ancestor, will teach you about reincarnation and what you can obtain from it. What holds the stories together is the narrator. All that matters is the angel of love. We live and die for him. We help him understand designs which he can perceive only as we reveal them to him.'

Dawn was approaching, the morning star just appearing. 'We should pray,' she said. 'I'll tell you what to say so that you can always repeat it when I'm no longer here. When you say it devotedly I'll appear, like the light of this star.'

Later on he received a letter: 'It's very late, but I can't sleep. I'm sliding away, falling into space. Don't let go of me, don't let me fall. I put all my faith in you, knowing you'll help me and not allow me to die completely. You must save me and let me fall into you instead of the void. You can't change our destiny: I must die so that you can live.

'What would happen if I lived? I'd be simply one more love destroyed as the days go by, transformed into indifference. But with me it will be different. I'll never turn into the devouring mother. The lover's highest destiny is to renounce eternity and give it to the person he loves. I therefore give you my eternity. I shall fall into your soul and give it identity. I shall remain eternally young. And when you die you'll fall into me, join me within. If you fail, everything will have been in vain, and the angel of love will turn his back on you.

'But now I'm so tired. Come again tomorrow. We have one more ritual to fulfil.'

Wearing a long white nightgown, barefoot, and with a silver band in her hair, she stood in the centre of the room. Beside her was a carved wooden figure of a man with wings folded at his sides. On the couch lay a carved heart, also with wings, made from the same red wood.

'Lie down on my bed,' she said, 'and let my vibrations penetrate

you. This winged heart is ours. It represents man and woman together. It knows how to fly to the heavens and how to return. We shall go with it and become united in it.'

Lying down with his eyes closed, he felt her hand on his forehead. Gradually he became drowsy but could still hear what she was saying. 'Love does not relate to two but to four. One, two, three . . . First you love with your physical body: the man you are loving the woman I am. Then the woman inside you, your soul, loves my soul, the man within me. This love may be externally sterile, but it gives birth to an eternal son, a being with wings. And so we have four within, and the fifth is our son, the winged man who is also the son of death.'

As she counted, each time more elaborately, she seemed to grow in size and become translucent. Her light filled the room. And then he saw that she was leaning over the bed with a dagger in her hand. She plunged it into his heart and put the winged one in its place.

More and more her eyes reflected the light of another universe. One night she called out. 'Do you know,' she whispered, 'that when a metal is put into the fire it loses an essential part of its power? That's why the fire has to be cold, as frozen as death.'

Later on he heard a noise in the room as though someone were opening a door and walking barefoot. She was sitting up in bed with her arms stretched out, her eyes open unnaturally wide and staring at a corner of the room.

She had fallen from the rocks.

They lowered the corpse into the grave and he then walked down the road. Suddenly he thought he heard a voice saying, 'Don't go away. Don't leave me alone.' He went back and stood by the edge of the grave under the midday sun. He felt a current rising from the ground and slowly entering his body. It was like a vibration coming upward in waves. For a long time he stood there without moving or thinking, allowing himself to be taken by that force, until it gradually diminished. Perhaps she was giving him the spirit of her blood, her last energy. Then he understood that this was the secret wedding ceremony.

The man spent many years exploring the south, searching for the enchanted city. Inexorably he was carried farther and farther south by a current that led to the Pole. He was looking for the 'white island in the sky' which the Jon people speak of and which is also mentioned by the Selcnam magicians of Tierra del Fuego. These strange people believed that this city could be entered only by an invisible body which they called huaiyuhuen. Only Jon magicians can develop this body. When he reached the Antarctic, he searched for the oasis of warm water that he was told existed in the midst of all the ice. This was the Tierra Verde, or Greenland, of the south. He was also in search of the White Sun, the cold flame that once existed at the North Pole but was now at the South.

Then one day he came back. Riding his horse with the white star on its forehead, he proceeded slowly along the road. He imagined that his love was with him; she was telling him not to be discouraged, saying that the city would appear around the next corner, that he would soon have news of it. Perhaps the hermit would help.

He was startled: why hadn't he thought of the hermit? He quickly returned to the forest and went to the cave where the old man had been. There were three or four drawings and paintings on the wall of the cave. He lit a candle and moved his hands over the surface, looking for a face. He had a strong feeling there had been one there before. Then as he was about to leave the cave he tripped over a pile of bones. It was the skeleton of the Milodon.

Outside, an Araucanian shaman was waiting for him. His tongue was split and so it was difficult for him to talk. The man asked about the hermit. 'What hermit?' answered the shaman. 'I've seen you here before, but you were alone, and now you're here with that woman on the horse. Who is she? At first I thought you might be Witranalwe. You know, he has a horse that gets bigger and bigger every time he rides.'

But the man insisted: 'Surely you remember. There was a hermit. He was a white man and blind.'

'There's never been a hermit living here,' he answered. 'Perhaps you were talking to yourself or were talking to the ghost of the Milodon. Or maybe a dwarfish anchimallen has entered your body. Or possibly you're the Imbunche, since I notice that you walk backward with your feet pointed in reverse.'

He left the Indian and once again found himself in the middle of the forest. Enough light came through the tangled foliage to nourish the ferns and open the petals of the bell-shaped copihue flowers. Around him mañío, raulí and wild eucalyptus trees filled the air with smells strong enough to make him feel drunk. He got off his horse and sat down on the ground. In the distance a woodpecker was drilling into a tree. Before him a fallen tree lay across the river. He looked at it, and after a while he saw a girl coming toward him. She was no more than eight years old and wore a blue polka dot apron. Her blond hair stirred in the breeze.

She walked across the old tree-trunk and came up to him. She looked at him in a way which he recognized. 'I've come to meet you from the other side,' she said. 'You must go in the opposite direction. Keep looking.'

By mid-afternoon the man reached a lake which was enclosed by steep rocks. A waterfall ran down into it, making a soft rippling noise. He took off his clothes and entered the water. The dead woman who was always with him swam at his side. They approached the waterfall, which was half in the shade. The water moved in soft green circles, and he felt himself being moved around until he reached the mouth of a cave worn into the rock. The current directed him inside, where he found stalactites hanging down from above. He grabbed one of them, and then, on a wall nearby, he saw a red copihue. He thought of it as a sign and didn't dare touch it. He looked back over his shoulder for the dead woman, but she wasn't there. She had probably gone into the dark part of the cave, he thought, or been carried by the current to the other side. He swam out and went toward the waterfall in search of her. He began to fear that she had drowned in a whirlpool.

He climbed onto the shore and dressed. He was still troubled by doubt, wondering what would have happened if he had allowed himself to be carried into the inner cave by the movement of the water, asking himself whether at the end of all that darkness he might not have found a new light—even, perhaps, the City.

Then one day he came to his old family house. It had once been the centre of enormous landholdings and was centuries old. There

were many underground galleries held up by half-rotten pillars and containing chains and the bones of prisoners. Some people believed these tunnels reached to the central square of the city; they may also have extended to the mountains.

He crossed the old porch and entered the house, which was made up of a series of patios linked together by corridors. Some of the old servants were sitting in broken-down chairs sunning themselves. They were allowed to stay on because they belonged to the tradition of the house, like the furniture and the paintings in the rooms.

The man announced that he wanted to stay and so he was given a room on the upper level overlooking one of the old patios. There was a table with candelabra and an old leather-bound book with mouldy clasps. There was also a big wardrobe, a high-backed chair and a narrow bed with a canopy. On the wall hung a portrait of one of his ancestors.

The man threw himself on the bed and remained there without moving for several days. He stared at the moth-eaten velvet of the canopy. Sometimes he dozed off. No one came to see him or brought him food. Sometimes he would dream of himself lying on a rock, trying to save a girl who was throwing herself over the edge. He would try to keep calm and look into the girl's face in order to discover who she was and how she felt. After a while he realized that she wasn't suffering, but that her face was marked by a smile of complicity. The smile widened and then changed into a grimace of helpless fury. Then the face broke into pieces, receded into the distance and vanished.

He got up from the bed, sword in hand, and sat down in the high-backed chair in front of the portrait of his ancestor. He tried to remove all thoughts from his mind. Waves seemed to rise from the floor and fill the room. Before his eyes a cylindrical tube took form and began to rotate. There was an orange light at one end of the tube, and a tiny figure seemed to be coming up from inside it. He stopped, the light went out and the cylinder disappeared. Then suddenly his ancestor stood before him, dressed in the robes of a priest. He felt a strange physical sensation through the closeness of his relative. He recognized himself in the figure's hands and veins

and was overcome by a feeling of kinship. At the same time he noticed other traits that came from a foreign country.

The ancestor looked at him carefully and then began to speak: 'Yes, this is the road of tears, which is the more difficult one. I know it well. God bless you and help you!'

The man then replied, 'How is it that I can see someone else in you, or even two or three others? Is this proof of reincarnation? I have the feeling that what is happening now has taken place before in another land and another time. Characters seem to repeat themselves eternally, and with increasing intensity.'

'Perhaps we should wait till later to talk of what you call reincarnation. You know it's not a proper subject for me.'

'But let me tell you how I came to know about reincarnation,' the man persisted. 'When I was about four years old I began to have a sense of my own identity, or ego. I looked at other people and I said to myself, I wonder whether they feel their identities or egos in the same way I do? I've been puzzled by this problem ever since, knowing that I must die. I've come to the conclusion that when I die some other person will take my identity or ego. This person will represent me. No other explanation seems possible. If my identity were to perish entirely, no one would ever feel as I do today. I cannot accept this idea. On the contrary, I believe that feelings and thoughts have often been repeated and will continue to be so. That is what I mean by reincarnation. The identity of the past will continue into the future. The same I who existed in the past will come again. I realize I've not explained this very well, but it is nearly impossible to express this concept.'

'But why can't individual identity be ended forever?' asked the ancestor. 'To appear once and never again? No one is going to think and feel exactly as you do. That ego is over and done with. Each generation brings different beings. But it doesn't matter, since the only important thing is blood relationship. Insofar as you are able to plunge into the river of blood and perceive its rhythm and melody, you may enjoy a happiness beyond transitory life. You will survive by living within a family archetype beyond time and space. Awareness of this blood relationship depends largely on the sensitivity of succeeding generations. This is what reincarnation means. I become reincarnated or survive in you because we are both able

to hear this secret melody. Not everyone can do this, and that is why reincarnation is rare.'

'Do you mean that the dream of eternal love is just a family melody that we are destined to go on interpreting?'

'Our family, which is centuries old, came here in search of a secret element. We received our inheritance from a part of humanity that doesn't belong to the earth. You are the last to come to this house, but who knows whether your branch will flourish or not? Still, through you we all live again, loving and suffering. You are powerful enough to open the tomb and bring us out into the daylight. But you're not the only one to have done so. My father, my grandfather and I have all been caught by the same obsession: we all renounce physical love for an eternal love realized beyond death. The argument of our blood has always stressed the possibility of this individual initiation. Our family's mission is to revive this possibility, which in recent years has lost its attraction, before the end comes and reduces this old house to dust.'

The ancestor disappeared, and all that remained was the portrait on the wall, which only partly resembled the man.

He suddenly felt hungry. The door opened and a shadow came into the room. It was one of the old servants bringing a tray of food. 'I've been ordered to serve you. In the old days we had seven-course meals, but now everything is different. Nobody pays me real gold escudos any more. But I stay on because I've always been here and there's nowhere else to go.'

'That's not true,' answered the man. 'You know very well that we've met in other places. And I don't want your food. I'm not physically hungry, but I want you to take me, as you've done before, my faithful friend, right up to the doors of the City.'

'Come, then,' replied the old man.

They passed through some long corridors until they reached a patio with flowers on its walls. The afternoon sun shone on the iron grilles and on the sagging wooden lintels. The old man stopped and clapped his hands. Just then a number of women wearing black dresses and dull-coloured mantles came out of the rooms. They began to laugh and clap their hands. 'He's come back again,' they

cried out. 'He's come back to play with us as he used to do.'

'They're yewulfes,' explained the old man. 'Don't you remember them? I'm also one.'

'What's a yewulfe?'

'A helper, someone who plays games. Surely you remember.' They shouted and jumped up and down in the late-afternoon light. 'Let's play,' one of them cried out. 'Let's bind his eyes.' They grabbed him and wrapped a cloth around his head.

Then they turned him around in circles, laughing all the time.

He begged them to take the bandage off, but they insisted he tell them what he was looking for.

'Where is she? Where have you hidden her?'

Then they took the bandage off and made him enter one of the rooms where another group of women sat next to a fire. They had wooden masks on their faces and were weaving small rugs.

'We're weaving a wedding dress for your bride,' said one of them. 'But what we're really weaving is your soul. The soul doesn't exist by itself, but must be woven, in the form of a small rug. How would you like yours made? Choose the colours.' Another woman showed him a huge pair of scissors. 'These are to cut the cord of life. I have cut hers.' She laughed behind her mask.

Just then he impulsively snatched away her mask. The face revealed was that of the girl falling into the void. It broke into pieces and left behind a faceless body, a black hulk.

The ancestor then returned. 'You were wrong to visit the rest of the house without my permission. Don't you know what this house is? It's your own body, and now you're living here.' He reached out his gnarled finger and touched the younger man's stomach.

'You should go down to the cellar before you visit the towers, although in a sense there is neither an upstairs nor a downstairs. You can come and go from either. But whatever we do, we must first visit the Original Ancestor and receive his blessing.'

'No,' answered the man, 'I'm only interested in her. Tell me where I can find her. Somehow I've lost her ghost.'

'She's now undergoing a second death, called the interim mori. As she dies a second time, her astral body begins to disintegrate.'

You wouldn't recognize her if you saw her now. That's why she carries a mask: she doesn't want to frighten you.'

'This is like the Tibetan Book of the Dead,' said the man. 'You go from one state of decomposition to another.'

'Don't talk to me about books,' answered the ancestor. 'I've also written some.' He indicated one lying on the table. It was called Natural Right. The ancestor picked it up and began to flick through its pages and to read. 'True love never survives the act of fulfilment; rather it is a secret agreement that takes place on another plane. True union occurs only in dreams.'

He paused to explain that his book dealt with an inspired science. 'Love,' he continued reading, 'has nothing to do with sexuality; it comes before it. Love even existed before species were divided into two sexes. There are primary organisms and hermaphroditic ones which reproduce themselves by parthenogenesis. But they look for another hermaphrodite to love, making a parody of partition before it actually happens. Love produces the partition of the hermaphrodite and the differentiation of the sexes. Love creates sex, not the other way around. The hermaphrodite was divided so that he would have a motivation for existence, searching through the world for a reunion, or for transformation into a new androgynous being. This is a being quite different from a primeval hermaphrodite. The new being is neither a natural son nor a supernatural angel, but has some of the qualities of each.'

The ancestor stopped reading and spoke directly to the man. 'When you find your lover and join her forever, when you really marry her, you'll know what I mean. Books can't explain it.' He leafed through the last pages without reading any. Leaving the book open, he put it down on the table and walked out of the room.

Stiffly, as though he were leaving his own body, the man got up from the chair and went over to the table. He lit a candle and looked down at the open pages. Written there in an archaic handwriting was the title *Sutras—Aphorisms*. He began to read:

O Goddess, you are the real me. There's no difference between you and me. The wind which blows from the garden where my lover sits brings her essence to me.

You should think of the soul as a castle made of diamonds or of very

clear crystal, with many rooms and dwelling places, some above and some below, and others on the sides. In the centre is the most important one where the most secret dialogue takes place between the lover and the soul.

This castle is planted in the living waters of life.

Now we must learn how to enter it. Perhaps you think I'm talking nonsense since I've already said that the castle is the soul. But there are great distances between states of being. There are many souls on the outskirts of the castle, some wanting to come in and others wishing to remain outside. Many don't even know such a beautiful place exists.

*You don't have to go back and forth
if you're looking for me.
Just look inside yourself:
I live there now.*

*I gave myself to him
and then I changed.
Now I am my beloved,
and my beloved is me.*

. . . they are like omens and messengers of the approaching dark night of the soul, even though they are transient, like this waiting night. . . . But Doubt is what the soul calls the Dark Night . . . this Dark Knight of loving fire: as it becomes a purge, so the soul is set on fire

*Bitter wind,
stay away.
Don't touch the wall
where my wife is sleeping.*

There were other sections of the book, many with titles and subtitles:

UNDER THE LAST RULE OF THINGS

THE DEATH

The warrior must give his lover's face to death. In this way death becomes feminized.

THE KISS

The kiss was a new ritual established to replace the knife cut and the sucking of blood. It also involves the mixing of breaths. But just as the white god Quetzalcoatl failed when he tried to replace the bloody sacrifices

of the Aztecs by floral offerings, so the kiss never achieved what was intended of it. It became a mere sensual act. The true kiss is the first step on a road leading to the lost home and the City of Eternal Life.

THE LOOK

Ecstasy expresses the union of virility and femininity within man. The look transmits this ecstasy to the heart.

He turned additional pages of the book until he came to this:

FAMILY WINE

In the Fifth Book of Weindenfeld, which we alone know, the creation of the spirit of wine is explained. It has never been described in another book. It is spiritus mercurii universalis—or the menstruation of the grape, the ultimate dissolving of liquid. Our family believes that liquid gold cannot be created unless the spirit of wine is first obtained. The formula for this is to take equal portions of red and white wine and heat them at a steady temperature. The wine should boil until a thin layer of oil appears. This is putrefaction or vegetal menstruation. During the time it takes for this oil to rise to the surface, those in attendance must pray. Then when the bowl is uncovered, the participants inhale the aroma. If it is subtly penetrating, it means that the spirit of wine has appeared. The spirit must be drunk fast before it condenses. Once this is done, the vas hermeticum is closed and kept boiling until the remaining oil is transformed into metal, into the liquid gold that represents the quintessential fifth element. This material is not found in nature and has to be artificially manufactured.

Two roads may be followed, one leading quickly to its destination because it does not require the distillation of the spirit of wine nor the help of a woman, a soror mistica, in the laboratory. It has been called the dry road. Whether its results are the same as those of the other, who can say? But our family has always chosen the road that makes use of wine. It is called the liquid road and requires a woman's company. She produces the spirit of wine and gives it to us. Nevertheless, this is no companionable journey, for the rest of the voyage is terribly lonely. You will be more alone than the man on the dry road and will face many dangers. That is why we think this road the most noble and complete. We're not allowed to write down the name of the first of us who chose it, but in our family we always raise a glass to him.

Then followed several illegible rhymes and others that had been

crossed out with ink. It was impossible to decipher them. The man then turned to the last page but one, and this is what he read:

I tell you my heart was opened up as though by a knife, and you entered it. Then it closed and was sealed. You will therefore have no other companion until the day of resurrection and last judgment: you will share my life and my death as well. When I die, you will remain in my heart in the gloomy depths of the grave.

Once again the ancestor appeared. He was carrying a candelabrum and was dressed in an elaborate robe. 'Come with me,' he said. 'I want to show you our vineyards and wine cellars where we've made wine for seven hundred years. This has always been our family business.'

They left the empty house and went out to the fields, where the workers were gathering bunches of grapes in hampers and pressing them with their bare feet. They sang old songs as the new wine was made. In a tent the members of the family had gathered to take part in the harvest festival. Old and young sat in total silence and concentration. When the ancestor arrived, they stood up and bowed, one by one. They looked at the man with surprise, not recognizing him.

'Don't worry,' said the ancestor, 'most of them don't know what this is all about.' He turned away and said, 'Now let's go to the wine cellars.'

Once again they were alone. The ancestor went on ahead, showing him the barrels, each with a name inscribed on it. Toward the back the barrels became smaller. 'The best wine is kept for the family,' he said. 'Here we also keep the spirit of wine. You've probably read how it's made, in the book I left in your room. The Fifth Book of Weindenfeld is our family property and no one besides us knows that he wrote it.'

They were near the end of the upper level and the ancestor paused at an unmarked barrel. 'This one doesn't have a name yet, but I'll put yours on it when I know what your real name is.'

By now they had reached the entrance to the underground vault, but before going down, the ancestor changed his clothes and picked up a sword. 'You must take a sword too,' he said. 'You'll need it.'

The ancient wooden pillars were held together with leather

straps. The floor was uneven, the air moist and heavy. From time to time in the glow of the candle they could see a few rusty links of broken chain. 'We're now going to visit the Great Ancestor,' he said.

For a long time they walked on in darkness, and the man asked his ancestor how he found his way. 'I don't know where we are,' he answered. 'I simply keep walking. No one has ever been through all of these passages.'

Just then they heard a moan followed by something like a roar. The man felt a sudden chill, but his ancestor calmed him by taking his arm. 'I felt the same thing when I first came down here,' he said. 'Just hold on tight to your sword.'

Shortly afterward they stopped: it appeared that they had reached the end. In front of them was a stone column. At its base they saw in the candlelight a deformed human being tied with chains and straps. His face was marked by humiliation and suffering, but these scourges also revealed the sanctity of mankind. The face represented the features of creatures everywhere, whether animal, fish, vegetable or mineral.

'Here is the Great Ancestor, the great-grandfather of all grandfathers. Ask him for his blessing and forgiveness. Kneel down before him and kiss his sores.'

'Never,' the man replied. 'But I will free him. That's why I came here.'

With a simple blow of his sword he cut the chains and straps that had bound the Great Ancestor, the king who had ruled over all the slaves of Atlantis.

He came into the room. He still bore the marks of the tortures and chains and had a peculiar smell. 'I've come to thank you,' he said. 'And I'll express my gratitude to you in the same way, by cutting your chains and freeing you from the links that have held you to a dream. Here's the genealogical tree of the family. One of your great-grandfathers was named Sunday. Another Saturday. Your name is Friday, since Friday is the day of your star. A new branch is slowly growing at the top of the tree. It will be the last because it is sterile.'

The man began to thank the Great Ancestor, but was quickly interrupted. 'Don't thank me,' he said. 'This family is cursed by a limitless pride which seeks shelter in illusion. Your ancestor in the portrait and your other great-grandfathers were all incapable of loving people of flesh and blood. They all devoted themselves to something that did not exist, hoping thereby to save their pride. You're the same. You're unable to love a real woman and so love a dead one instead. You know she doesn't exist because she's gone forever. Like the rest of your ancestors, you love no one except yourself.'

He felt a lance enter his side. Unable to move or answer, he closed his eyes. Then with great difficulty he moved his stone lips: 'Why hast thou forsaken me?'

'I loved her with all my being and strength. It's true I loved her in a different way, but it was more than ordinary love. I've taken her through the world, giving her my eyes so she might see, my senses so she might feel. If I can't love anyone else, it's because she has made me burn and left me cold, because she and I are one.'

He then began to pray to the morning star. In a few minutes he heard a voice: 'No, not yet. I am still in the grave.'

After a while the ancestor spoke. 'This is Nigredo, the Dark Night of the Soul. The corruption of one is the purification of another. *Corruptio unius generatio est alterium.*'

After Nigredo comes Albedo. This is Albania, the white land, the ascent to miraculous heights and a final meeting in the oasis surrounded by ice. Perhaps she will also appear, to help guide him along the difficult path, until at last they reach the gate of the City, which she does not enter.

The man went over to the mirror and looked at himself. He discovered that his eyes were hers. He was looking at himself from within her.

'You and I are one,' he exclaimed.

This cry of triumph brought about the earthquake. As the mountains trembled along the southern coast, the land of the androgynous Elella emerged from beneath the ocean.

NOS

BOOK OF THE RESURRECTION

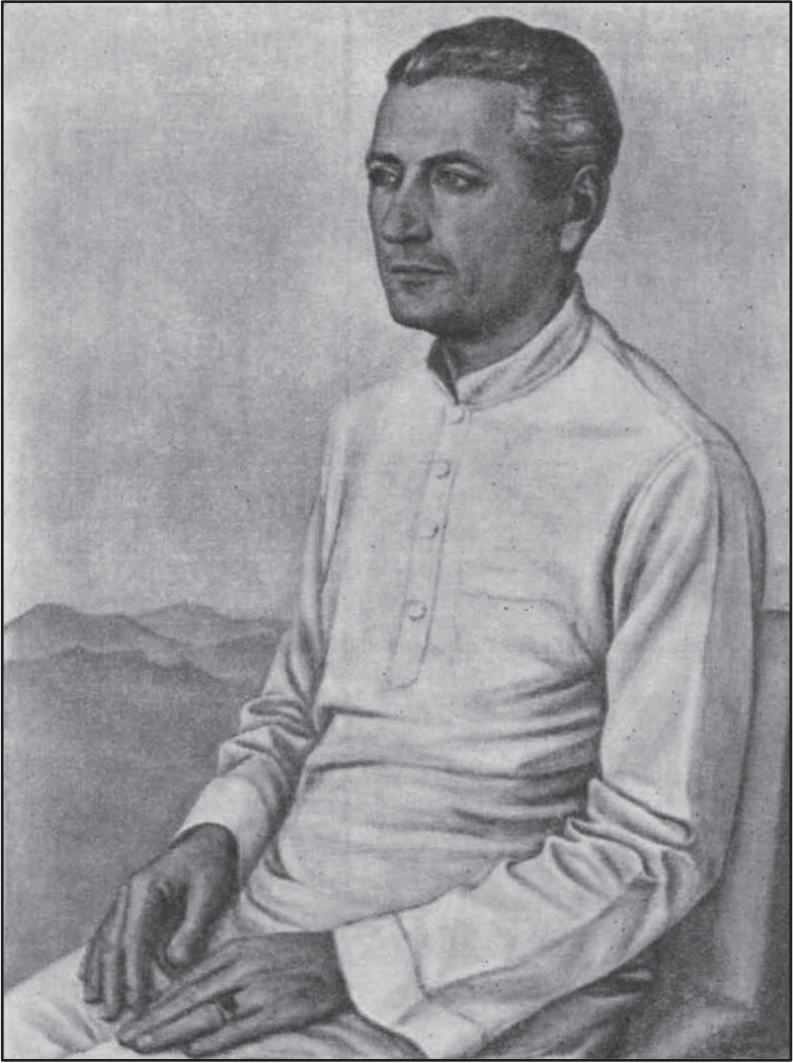
Miguel Serrano



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Miguel Serrano

The grave watered by tears.
O you, fields of wheat!

Turn away no more.
Why wilt thou turn away?
The starry floor,
The watery shore
Is given thee till the break of day.

*The only representative of God
on earth is the soul*

MEISTER ECKHART

*Ellela,
Ham-sa,*



*Elrael, Ultimate Flower,
Nos, Resurrection*

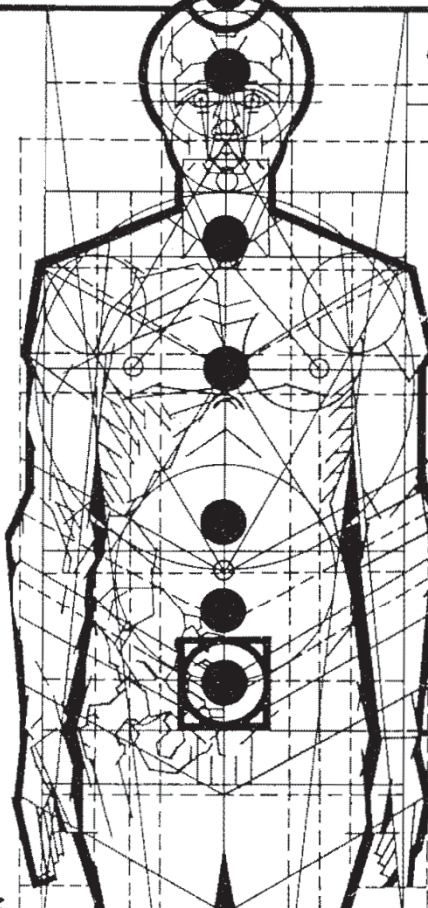


Black Hole, Void

North Pole,



THULE, *Spirit*



Vril



South Pole

1983

WOLFGANG VOM KHEMM

THE WAY OF A-MOR

INTRODUCTION

This work possesses all the defects needed to defeat time. I was forced to write it in this way. In accordance with the required limitations, I have also been permitted to reveal the Martial Initiation of A-Mor.

The whole of my creative work falls outside the boundaries of any specific literary genre; it is neither a poem, nor a novel, nor a philosophical essay, although it contains a little of each of these. I conceived it within a rhythmic unity of the soul, and it can be assimilated with no more difficulty than that inherent in its symbolism and essential obscurity, even by those who come upon it for the first time.

In *NOS, Book of the Resurrection* I have been forced, as I said, to violate the aesthetic formula, so as to introduce lengthy semi-conceptual, but always symbolic, passages, which apparently break through the web of a parallel world in order to situate themselves in another one—thus forming the arrows which assassinate time. Of course, they are the defects which are necessary for a grandiose ultimate diapason. ('This face does not have enough ugliness in it to be truly beautiful.')

EL/ELLA, Book of Magic Love, the work which preceded this one, sought the reintegration of him and her, the recomposition of the primordial Cosmic Egg. However, in the Initiation of A-Mor, which *NOS, Book of the Resurrection* attempts to reveal (with great fear and difficulty), I am going beyond the Androgynous of the beginnings, in search of an absolute differentiation, the Absolute Personality. I imagine that the ultimate solution is a leap into the Void, over the Sahasrara chakra, from the peak of Mount Meru, where the Magic Wedding of Siva and Parvati took place. Their union in sacred matrimony is called *Gandharba*—the *Hieros-Gamos* or *Mysterium Coniunctionis*. From there the intention is to reach *Sunya*, the seeming

Void, the Non-existent Flower, the definitive separation of tantric ecstasy: *Kaivalya*, as opposed to Vedantic *Samadhi*. That is to say, the magician as opposed to the saint and the mystic. The ultimate aim of the Hyperborean Initiation of A-Mor.

The origins of this most ancient martial initiation are lost in the mists of time (if indeed it ever did have any origins), and it is based on the Orphic Cosmogony, which is a Hyperborean revelation, belonging solely to the polar divinities and semi-divinities, to the 'White Gods' who lived at both poles and were later submerged in the interior 'Hollow Earth'. They are also the lords of the Ray of Green Light, beyond the Sun of Gold and the Black Sun.

According to the Orphic Cosmogony, Love drives the Cosmogonic Eros to break the Cosmic Egg which encloses it, dividing the Androgynous. Thus, Creation is the dance of Him and Her seeking and losing each other throughout infinity.

There is a mystery which has rarely been spoken of, and then only in a tremulous, almost inaudible voice. The Androgynous had a female companion who was not its 'her' inside the Great Egg but had always been outside it, even before it was broken, before the loss of the Paradise of Hyperborea (Hyperborea means 'beyond the Ice and Storm').¹ The Book of Genesis calls her Lilith.

The Book of Genesis is known to be an Atlantean story which has been adulterated, expurgated, totally mutilated. Closer to what really happened is what Plato tells us about Atlantis in his *Critias* and *Timaeus*. In the beginning 'a man issued forth out of the earth'. He was called Evenor and he married Leucippe. They had a daughter, Cleito. The god Poseidon fell in love with her. Perhaps this is the fall of the divine extraterrestrials, of which the Book of Enoch tells us? The angels, it says, fell in love with the 'daughters of men' and consorted with them. From them were descended the semi-divine heroes, who were no longer immortal. From the union of Poseidon and Cleito were born ten kings of Atlantis, the eldest being Atlas, who supports the pillar of the sky. After him comes Apollo, who protects the Oath and the Golden Law. Apollo, according to

¹ Hyperborea is a mythical lost continent surrounding the North Pole. Some people believe that it was the real Atlantis.

the Greeks, travelled to Hyperborea every nineteen years in order to rejuvenate himself. In reality, the Greek gods are the heroes and kings of Atlantis-Hyperborea. Poseidon and Cleito produced the five pairs of twins who were the ten kings of Atlantis. The Dioscuri, Castor and Pollux (Pole) are one of these pairs. So also may be Jason. At the very least, he is a king of the Grail, like Heracles-Hercules.

It is important to be able to cast light on the mystery of the Twin Kings of Atlantis. Is the twin a material entity or only the 'double' in an astral, parallel world?

It can be deduced from all this that various levels of humanity exist. The divine humanity of the Hyperboreans, the semi-divine humanity of the heroes descended from the intercourse of the gods with the daughters of men, and that of the animal-men, the *sudra*, the *pasu*, 'the slaves of Atlantis', perhaps the 'robots' of Atlantis, who somehow managed to survive its sinking.

Plato tells us the story of the destruction of Atlantis as if it refers to a catastrophe which occurred a very long time after the immense tragedy that is only recorded in the *akâsic* register of the universe. Only the divine Hyperboreans escaped from it in their *vimanas*, or 'flying discs', going to other planets (to Venus, the Morning Star?). The axis of the earth shifted, the seasons were born, the Second Earth involuted. The First Earth became the 'hollow' Interior Earth. When the divinities returned, ages later (Lucifer was one of their leaders), they found everything changed. On the surface were strange, unrecognisable beings (Evenor, Leucippe, Cleito?). Some of the extraterrestrials 'fell in love with the daughters of men'. Lucifer and his hosts entered the interior, Hollow Earth, where they built the cities of Agharti and Shambhalla. There they hoped to be able to recover those who had turned into semi-divinities through consorting with the terrestrials.

Because of the impossibility of writing their real names, which are in fact mantrams, we have given them names like Evenor, Apollo, Lucifer, Jason, Leucippe, Cleito and Lilith, which are taken from the truncated mythologies of a more or less recent past.

The *Edda* refer to the same subject as the Book of Enoch and the *Mahabharata*, showing us that the Vanir and the Æsir have extraterrestrial origins. They are the 'angels' of the Book of Enoch who taught men the arts of building, astronomy and agriculture, and women to adorn themselves by making cosmetics. Did the Vanir or the Æsir consort with the daughters of men? Perhaps they both did? Just like the Pandavas and the Koravas in the great war of the *Mahabharata*, the Vanir and the Æsir, who were blood relatives, entered into military strife. The Vanir lived in the north, the Æsir apparently came from the Caucasus, led by Odin, or Wotan, the God of the Axe. They may have gone down into the Second Earth from the peak of Mount Elbrus. With them they took the Goddess Frigga. The Vanir had Freyja. There is effectively little difference between the two names. They also had Atlas, who gave his name to Atlantis. He was the supporter of the pillar of the sky above the North Pole, with his head touching the Pole Star above. Soon Atlas, too, worshipped Odin's axe. From the union of the Æsir and the Vanir came the Norsemen, worshipping their Hyperborean ancestors through the symbol of the Pillar of the Sky, whose real name is IR or ER, the root-name of the most important of the Gods, Irmin, which means POWER. In the Nordic cult, the tree then became the symbol of the legendary pillar. It is the Irminsul (IR-minsul), an ash which stood in the Eresburg (ER-esburg), the Castle of ER. Charlemagne felled it, while the monk Boniface cut down the sacropatriarchal Oak called Donar in the thousand-year-old grove. Both converted the 'pagans' by force. The *Edda* tell us that the sacred Tree, which was also called Yggdrasil, was destroyed in the Ragnarök, or Twilight of the Gods. It was the Tree of Life which grew in the Nordic, polar, Sacred Grove. Up its trunk climbed the vine Vid-Embla, like a fiery Serpent, coiling itself around it. The *Vitis-Vita*. The crown of the tree supported the sky and was the sky. Its golden fruits were the stars. In the Garden of the Hesperides grew Golden Apples, as they also did in Avalon, the *Insula Pomorum*, the Island of Apples. Apollo and the divine Hyperboreans went there to eat them in order to rejuvenate themselves and return to life as immortals. They were the Æsir (*Ask-Embla*), ASA, Axe, support, axis of the earth and the sky. Polar

pillar and also *Vitis-Vita*. The way and the life. The pillar and the life. The tree and the serpent. The pillar and Kundalini.

The Tuatha De Danann in the Irish legend are also the Æsir, the extraterrestrials who came down from the stars.

The Nordic legends are closer to the great mystery of the point of origin than the Christian and expurgated ones, like the Book of Enoch itself; because the point of origin is to be found at the pole, in Hyperborea. From there came the cult of the Magic, Sacred Wedding, later called *Gandharba* in Aryan India, and which the Germans took with them to the Languedoc, where it reappeared among the Provençal troubadours and the *Minnesänger* of the High Middle Ages (Tristan and Isolde), along with the *Asag* (see the Dictionary of Initiation of A-Mor at the end of the book), the May Bride and the Countess of May. And also with the mysterious *Woevre Saelde* (Isolde?) whose sons the *Minnesänger* claimed to be.

With regard to the Hyperborean Magic Wedding, it should be borne in mind that the name of the God Poseidon comes from the Greek *posis*, which means the married one. The husband of Cleito, the Betrothed. According to the Greek legend, he is the son of the God Uranus and the Goddess Gaia, the divine ancestors of the Atlanteans. Euripides said: 'In the Land of Amber (Hyperborea), the King of the Gods celebrated his marriage.'

The belief in reincarnation is also essentially nordico-polar (of both poles), being better expressed in the myth of the Eternal Return than in the rationally elaborated concept of Hinduism and Buddhism.

THE REVELATION

Because of the proximity of a new cataclysm, within the Eternal Return, and because the places of those who will be saved by the Flying Discs of Light have almost been filled, I have been permitted to reveal certain pages of the sacred book which refers to the cosmogony of this Martial Initiation of A-Mor—thanks to the same acceleration of time which foretold the catastrophe.

Here is what appears in the book which was salvaged from the fire:

How the Cosmic Egg was broken

'There was an Egg, which was all the non-created world with transparent walls through which there could be seen no one and a non-outside. And this was where HIM-HER lived. In the breathing of the Great Egg, from time to time, like something which happened before the seconds and the hours, there appeared the colour green, which might have become a star, or a ray of light, but which remained as the motionless, cosmogonic Great Egg. A music, a sound, took shape; or rather, the seed of a music, its insinuated trembling. And the being which was there, inside the Great Egg, seemingly complete and eternal, gave off a green vapour, and in that tenuous music the vapour condensed and She stood before Him, as if in the play of a breath or the simulation of a dance. But She did not yet exist. Hurriedly He reincorporated Her, breathing in deeply, becoming HIM-HER once more.

'But, the experiment had now been made, the time was foretold. Chance became Destiny within the Great Egg. The breathing became rhythmic, although it still stayed within the walls of transparent ice. And each time the Being breathed out, She emerged and danced a little, covered in a green placenta, until He breathed Her in as if He were drowning in a horrible pleasure, rapidly, rapidly, so as not to let Her escape. And a new chance-destiny occurred. The green veils fell away from Her. And He saw Her for the first time naked in her body made of breathed time, play and dance. And all his eternity could not suffice Him to gaze upon her nakedness. In an ecstasy of green fear. And as this event occurred for the first time, circular like his breathing which was now spinning like a star, She became hard, retaining her substance and form, until She, too, could gaze upon Him from outside. And although She tried to return, She could no longer do so, because She didn't fit, She couldn't get in. She was alone for a moment, but in that moment She realised that being alone could be a pleasant sensation. And She began to dance more and more quickly. And when He returned from his ecstasy, all his efforts to reincorporate Her were in vain, because the entrance had become smaller or had closed, leaving the terrible female at liberty, uncontrolled. And as He came closer to Her, He experienced the vertiginous sensation of his own flesh touching itself

on the other side of a mirror. And it was She who took him into her body. *But this was not at all the same thing.*

'It will never be known who smashed the walls of the Cosmic Egg, whether it was Him or Her. The Egg turned into a star, a myriad of stars, into the music of the spheres. Someone stood waiting as if beside a spring, where the history of the Cosmogonic Egg is guarded in the secret depths of its impenetrable mystery.

'It has been said that She was the one who smashed the walls of the Great Egg, who was the active one, and that He remained motionless, as if paralysed. But, as we have seen, it was He who began to breathe Her, projecting Her like the image in a dream, so as to see Her unfold, beginning the uncertain separation and to believe that He loved. It was He who invented this almost-love. But it has always been said that it was She, the seductress, the green-veiled ballerina, who gave a beginning to the flow of the waters of the river of forms, to the hallucinatory game of looking at oneself in mirrors.

'But, is there not perhaps another hidden being, either inside or outside the Great Egg, who pre-insinuates the drama? Another being who has discovered the way to get in through the walls of frozen glass?

'Outside there is nothing but Eggs, more Eggs. Because this drama takes place in only one of them. In the others there is still the eternity of HIM-HER, like an inviolate act.

The Her of Him

'We are coming down from the Ray of Green Light, first to the inaudible music of the Black Sun, then to the audible music of the Sun of Gold. And from its light which surrounds us, we have managed to extract the knowledge that the externalised woman does not have a soul or a "pre"-existence which would make her immortal. Because she was projected. This knowledge drives her to suck in the man, drawing him into herself, repeating the original event, but in the opposite way, as an even more obscure act. He will become the son, prolonging within the species the possibility of the Eternal Return, the turnings of the wheel, so that the hope of reintegration

can continue. And the longing. She perpetuates herself in reproduction, conserving the increasingly tenuous hope of resurrection and of becoming immortal. However, solely through His immortality can She become immortal. This mystery is revealed only to a few in the initiation of the Grail, that stone which fell from the Ray of Green Light, that cup of eternal life.

'There are two types of women: the seductress, who wishes to go on dancing outside so as to imagine herself alive and with a soul, enticing the warrior in order to desecrate him (*Ecce Deus fortior me qui veniens dominabitur mihi!*); and she who places her eternity in the hands of her lover, who "dies so that he may live", because she believes in him with faith and love, imagining that if he regains his eternity, he will make her immortal, too.

'Whoever has the good fortune to meet this woman should respond to her with loyalty and honour, and should one day try and return through the walls of transparent ice, beyond the cold and the storm, because she has staked her immortality on his.

'Woe betide the one who, having received the gift of eternity in the cup of death, was not loyal to his Her and was not able to bring Her back to life!

'There is only one her for each him. She has been singled out for him in some register of the universe. This cannot be changed, because She is the Her who came out of Him. In the turning of the wheel of the Eternal Return, it is not always given to them to meet. One or other might arrive late, or too early. But if they do manage to meet, everything must be put at stake to bring her back to life. And it is a crime to continue losing lives in other non-essential searches; because no one can succeed in replacing his Her.

'The Way of Return is a hard one. Here is the song of the wayfarer:

"O Lucifer,
There never was a passage,
And no one, since
Earliest times,
Has ever discovered it,
Neither by sea nor by land,
This slender thread of crystalline water,

Wind and green light,
 This sighing of his breast.
 The way is agonizing,
 Deep are the waters
 Of death!
 Where, O Lucifer,
 Shall we cross this immense sea?"

'With Luci-Bel we have lit this fire which never goes out and which leads us to a superhuman, irreversible destiny.

The Gods

'Those Eggs whose walls of ice have not yet been broken, within which the Cosmic Eros has not divided, are the Gods who watch us, following our enterprise from within their frozen immobility, in their absolute darkness, their black holes, through their walls of real glass. They are the para-Him and the para-Her. The inviolate ones. However, perhaps they hope that from our movement, our foreseen chance-destiny, conscious light may emerge for them as well, like an imperious meaning which will force them to cross the walls of real glass of their Eggs and which will smash them, so that the vibration projected by our drama, our dance of pleasure and pain, may illuminate the darkness of the inviolate ones.

HER-HIM

'It is whispered that there was once a woman who did not emanate from HIM-HER, the Cosmic Eros, and did not escape from it in a sigh of imagination and desire. And she was believed to have an immortal soul. Thus, she was the first companion of the Androgynous, being Androgynous herself. But this is no longer spoken of.

'In the darkness of the primordial Egg, this darkness is only so for whoever is looking at it from outside, because this darkness is a different kind of light, submerged in fury. Whoever is inside it only sees through blinded eyes, through the frozen glass, from one pole to the other. HIM-HER sees HER-HIM.

'HER-HIM, the first companion of the Cosmic Eros, has never been heard of again. And it is better so. The illusion of a return to

HIM-HER and the possibility of reabsorbing her into oneself, becoming frozen for ever, was believed in. Has it ever been successfully achieved?

'No, because it is still being sought on the outside of women, in their physical bodies. It should be known then that, in reality, the solution is to be able to bring Her back to life, to resurrect Her within his soul.

'However, once the Great Egg has been broke, nothing can ever be the same again. The way back never reaches the same point in the turning of the spiral. And She will never again go back inside Him, as She once was before the beginning of the time. Now She will lose herself outside at speeds which reach the other side of light.

'But, eternal love has been created.

The secret

'There is no single species of woman in the world. When the Egg of HIM-HER was broken, HER-HIM watched the event from within her city of blue-green glass. She couldn't resist following suit, and so she, too, smashed her wall and projected her own him. And now we have a divine woman who is also seeking her lost totality within the Circle of the Returns. She is not the primordial and illusory female. She is the woman who leads the elect to the heaven of Absolute Love.

'HER-HIM has also put everything at stake, risking her mortal him, projecting him into the irreversible enterprise. She will never get him back again in the same way. And in the immensity of the universes, it is difficult to know how this story will end and whether both will be capable of smashing still other walls of even thicker matter, succeeding in loving one another in such a way that a para-Love which occurred on the other side of space and time can reach an eternity of another light, thus modifying the Monad, illuminating the darkness of the Primordial Egg in a different way. And in the rebellion of this game from which there is no escape, to succeed in eternalising the her of HM-HER and the him of HER-HIM, clothing their images with immortal substance.

The face of the soul

‘Only those who have recognised each other, thanks to a chance destiny, on the polar Mountain of the Revelation, in the depths of midnight, can fulfil this mystery of love and resurrection, supremely personalised, within the fatal circle of meetings and losses.

‘Someone is watching this drama, still attached to its him and its her by a golden string. Someone who has been waiting as if beside a spring. And if love triumphs, not only will they have been immortalised, reaching a world that is even more glorious than that of the Gods, but they will also have given a face to HIM-HER and HER-HIM, illuminating the non-existence of the Black Sun with the light of this Other World. Because through drinking the liquor of Eternal Love in the Grail of green stone, they have been able to penetrate the virginity of their own and each other’s Monads.

The Circles of Return

‘In the initiation of the warriors of A-Mor, the aspiration is not to achieve the Androgynous, but the Absolute Man and the Absolute Woman. The woman dies. She is dead. She must die in order to return to life. She is the warrior’s companion, existing only in his mind, in his spirit. Only with the memory of his beloved in his heart can the initiate achieve the Grail. In the warriors of the order, immortality passes from the species to the individual, accompanied by an incurable sterility. Because he who continues to procreate children of perishable flesh cannot resurrect.

‘The sign of the immortals is the square pupil. Look closely at the eyes of every traveller you meet, lest an immortal cross your path and you fail to recognise him.

‘You have the impression that you have heard these words, seen the fire that consumes and illuminates each of these pages, and had the vision of the Cosmic Egg before. And this is so, because the Great Egg is to be found inside another still larger one, which has never been broken. Because of this, the act of losing is eternally repeated, because the longing revolves within the walls—still intact but limited—of a universe without exit, repeating each image, each fragment, each star, eternally. Until someone, some day, in the

depths of midnight, reaches the Midday Sun and, with the sword of a Ray of Green Light, succeeds in smashing the walls of this other huge Egg, opening the way to the existence of a reality which has never been imagined even by the greatest of the searchers of longing.

'Drive your sword into the mirror beside the fire, so that as it is reflected in it, "everything looks as if it is in an upside-down sky", like an arm holding it, rising out of the waters. And passing your sword over the fire, sing:

"O Sun of Gold that reflects the Black Sun!
O Black Sun that hides the Ray of Green Light!
Withdraw your luminous shadow,
Rend your veils, so that
I may see the hidden face,
Veiled by your disc,
By the revolving of your swastika,
Because the one who is hidden there
Is I myself."

.....
'... Let forgetfulness never again fall upon us, let what we lived through in the Eternal Return not find us again without memory, without recollection, let us engrave it for ever. . . .

'... Continue your search for the city, enter it. She, too, is searching for it. . . .

'Draw your sword, unsheathe it, the moment has arrived.'

From this vision, one can deduce the following: loveless A-Mor consists of a reintegration of her in Him and him in Her, which Jung conceived of as the reintegration of the *Anima* and the *Animus*, psychologising a sacred mystery. However, this does not imply a return to the original Androgynous, a recomposition of the Cosmic Egg which had divided, because now a face is being given to the soul, as the book explains. The face of the Lover and the Beloved, of Her 'him' and His 'her'. HIM-HER and HER-HIM have found each other again in a different way, with A-Mor, that is, without-death, becoming transfigured in a total Absolute Personality,

achieving One-Self. Separated and united for all time in the separation of HIM-HER and HER-HIM, in the immortality of a resurrection which has thus been invented and created, of a non-existent A-Mor, but more real than anything that exists. The A-Mor of HIM-HER and HER-HIM.

Hoc est ergo magnum signum in cuius investigatione nonnulli perierunt!

MIGUEL SERRANO

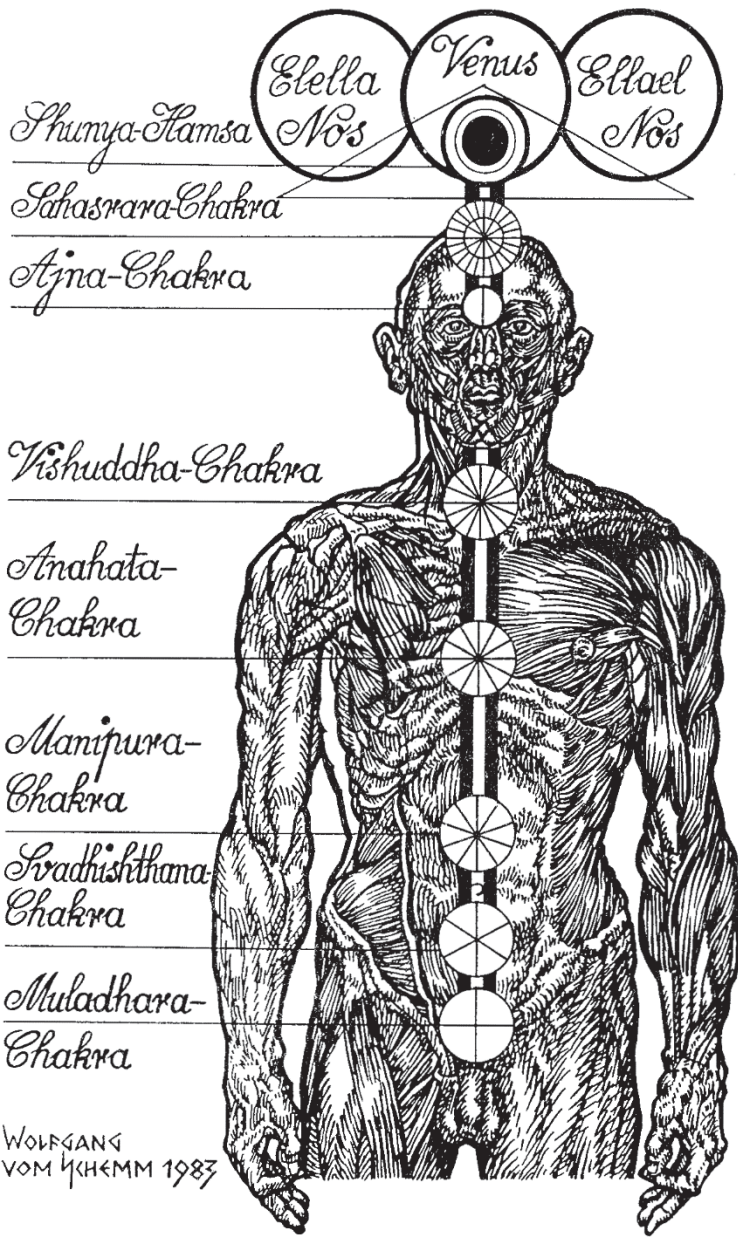
Casa Camuzzi

Montagnola

To the May Bride

ETERNAL RETURN

I know that I will meet you again and that everything will happen once again exactly as it did so long ago. Except that this time I will not allow you to die. I will hold you in my arms, defending you against the dark waters of death. Because this time I will remember everything. *I will remember that you have already died.* But . . . will I remember?



WOLFGANG
 VOM KHEMM 1983

A TURN OF THE WHEEL

THE COMRADE

For many years he had been travelling through these inhospitable, unpopulated regions. He had crossed forests, lakes, high snow-covered passes, drawing ever closer to the Great South. Some natives greeted him reverently, others ran away when they saw his blue eyes and golden hair. An *Ancahuinca*, they called him, an inhabitant of the City of the Caesars. They didn't know that he was exactly the opposite: that he was, in fact, searching for that city.

His sword and armour weighed him down. Also, he was dragging a cauldron. It was some time since his horse, with a star on its forehead, had leapt into a ravine. He had been able to save himself by grabbing hold of the branches of an apple tree that someone had planted in that wilderness.

He was approaching a hillside covered with stunted trees and a few sickly flowers which had been twisted by the southerly gales. At nightfall, a shadow appeared on the rocky wall, becoming clearer as he came closer to it. It was a cave. A feeble light was shining from inside it. The man decided to spend the night there, protected from the prevailing cold.

At first, he saw nothing. Then he realised that it was a big cave, with stalactites that gave off a crystal-like brilliance in the reflected light of some flames. He stepped forward into a central square and saw a man seated at a round table which had been carved either out of the rock or perhaps out of a gigantic stalagmite. There was a blazing fire and two lighted torches fixed to the wall. The man appeared not to have heard him arrive. His eyes were closed and he was drawing circles on the top of the table. On the ground were scattered a number of scrolls; some were spread open and he could see that they were maps.

Approaching the table, he had the strange impression that he had already lived his scene. He struck the stone cover three times with his first, as a signal. The man opened his eyes and stopped drawing.

There was another stone seat beside the table. He sat down and was able to examine the man's face. It was thin and pale, with a broad forehead and black hair. The dark, feverish eyes fastened themselves on his.

'You have come at last. I was expecting you. Are you capable of drawing a perfect circle with your eyes closed? Only if you can do this, can you enter the city.'

'We have already done this. Why do it again?'

'That is true. And then we fell into the circle. Now we have both reached the same point. The road we are following is the road of Amber. These stalactites and stalagmites are made of that mysterious substance. From the maps that you see at my feet you can tell that the city is not far away. Farther to the south, between these mountain ranges, near a lake, you will find its entrance. I had become convinced that the opening to that subterranean world was to be found in this cave. I have searched for it by concentrating my mind and drawing circles with my eyes closed. And now I know that it is not here. Perhaps it is farther to the south, towards the pole.'

'Have you also retraced your steps, backwards through time? I have, with the result that I felt the dizzy sensation of going against the current. My horse could not follow, so he leapt into a ravine. Can you feel how the ground trembles as we go forwards?'

'This is because we are struggling to walk backwards, which displeases the Second Earth. It is the terror it feels knowing that it will be overtaken. It is also our fear of something alarming which is about to occur: the meeting with that being whom no one can look at face to face. These southern regions of the world are plagued by earthquakes because they have always held out the possibility of this meeting. They are the vestibule of immortality.'

He bent down to pick up one of the scrolls. Spreading it out on the circular stone he pointed to certain regions with his dagger.

You must continue your journey towards here. The *Insula Avallonis*, which was believed to be in Albion, the White Land, is really in Albania. That is the true name of this world which is older than the other one, the Continent of the White Gods and Giants which is populated on its surface by the slaves who escaped from Atlantis. But in that city for which we are searching, in that First Interior Earth the White Gods still live. And the women who possess power of healing. They are the Regions of Pleasure.'

'Alas!' he said, 'I feel an insatiable thirst.'

'That is the thirst of the pilgrim, which can only be quenched by drinking from the Chalice of Green Stone. Its liquor alone can sate our longing for eternal love, comrade.'

'Now I remember, your name is Jason. You were the first warrior-troubadour. And your dog's name is Leo.'

'Now my dog's name is Aries.'

'Oh! Speak to me of the Grail.'

'It is guarded in a sanctuary somewhere in this area. It was brought here by those who were defeated in the great war of the worlds, on the sinking of the Polar Island, where the animals and the fruits conversed with the humans, where my dog could answer me with words that I could understand. The apples of Avalon moved, coming closer to our hearts. . . . The Grail is a jewel which fell from the crown of our guide, Lucifer, when it was broken in his battle in the heavens, when he was struck by the sword of the enemy. It is said that possibly He himself carried it to the North Pole, descending like a bright light, like a fiery Disc. There he founded Ultima Thule, the capital of Hyperborea. Because of this, the Grail has been called the Stone of Exile. The armies that accompanied Lucifer are the defeated forces from a war between extraterrestrials, the outlaws, the exiles, who still preserve the piece of the broken crown of their guide, in the form of a stone on which is inscribed the Law and the Great Secret. It is also an Emerald Chalice, in which a liquor made from the blood of extraterrestrials is drunk. The indecipherable signs protect the wisdom and the history of a great myth of love. When Hyperborea and Atlantis were destroyed, the White Gods, who had already emigrated to this other continent, en-

tered the Interior Earth, the Hollow Earth, its "Double". The mystery is guarded at the South Pole. The liquor is the blood of our guide, Lucifer.'

'I have heard tell', he interrupted, 'that in the Polar Oases, our guide lies asleep and that he will be awakened when time has ended. He is alive and yet not alive, he is dead and yet not dead. Because the Grail keeps one in a state of non-death, as if preserved in sleep.'

'It is believed that the name Grail was read in the stars, in very ancient times. When the stars were scanned, this name was discovered. Yes, the Grail fell from the stars.'

'But we should not speak of this except at the given time and in the appointed place. We run the risk of our faces changing colour and shape.'

'It could be that this is the time and place. The Discs of Light that we now see appearing and disappearing in the sky, moving at the speed of thought, changing shape and colour as they emit music and "seem to read the minds and feelings of men", are the New Grail, the reincarnation of its legend. They have carried off our guide, and they will return him to us. They are all-powerful. They can bring the dead back to life. If we do not forget to ask the "question", like Parsifal, they will take us to our guide. But beforehand we must triumph in the great tests of the mystery of the Grail. The light from the Disc is blinding. When it appears, the lights of the city go out. The Disc takes us outside time, it makes the sleep of centuries seem less than a second. In it the White Gods came down from the sky. . . . I have revealed the secret of the New Grail to you. . . . Look at my face. . . . Do you recognise me now?'

'Yes,' he said, 'your name is Jason.'

'The Land of the Grail trembles. I tremble. No other light can compare with the light of the Grail. He who has foreseen it, or dreamed it, is lost to this world, because the Grail is the driving force behind every enterprise. It is at the origin of that war we are fighting. Once we have stepped on to the road which leads to the city where the Grail is kept, it would be better never to have embarked on the enterprise than to abandon it. Even falling and getting up again, wounded, dying, we must go on until we find it. We

must never turn back; because the Grail is the medicine, the food of eternal life. It is transfiguration. Without God, without all the Gods, who do not want us to succeed, with only our ancient Hyperborean fury and the memory of the Beloved in our heart, we will achieve the Grail. '

'The Grail is the Stone of Light,' he cried. 'It quenches our thirst, it multiplies our food. It feeds us internally, creating inside us the light that enables us to find the narrow passageways that lead us to the room where our Beloved lies sleeping. Before it was found, there were no roads. The fire which has been lit will never go out again. . . .'

'I lived in the forest like a pure madman. I was the son of a widow. Or perhaps you were? My first fight was against her, for the independence of my soul. But how much I owe her! . . .'

The light of the torches slowly dimmed. The night was drawing on. Soon it would be midnight. The interplay of light and shadow on the walls of the cave and on the sharp edges of the stalactites had an almost hypnotic effect. His eyes were slowly closing.

He heard him say: 'You are the sword. She is the chalice.'

Then, a melodious whistle, which seemed to come from his childhood.

And the dog called Aries came and lay down at his feet, in the circle.

THE DREAM

The men entered the cave and came into the centre. They wore black gowns and carried swords. In all, there were now twelve of them. Around the table were thirteen seats. A milky-white light, seemingly given off by the amber, enveloped the scene. Then his comrade changed his seat, looking for the thirteenth one.

He felt his heart stop beating, an icy coldness gripped him. He wanted to move, to stop his comrade, but was unable to. He managed to force open his lips, which felt as heavy as stone, and tried to shout to him: 'Don't do that! Don't sit there, in the Siege Perilous! Don't do it again, comrade. Don't die again, leaving me alone in the fight.'

His comrade didn't listen to him and sat down in that seat. The other eleven people (for the guide was not there) took hold of the top of the Round Table with both hands, as it had begun to spin wildly in the direction in which the First Earth revolved. An earthquake flattened the walls and the stalactites and stalagmites of the cave, while a huge cleft opened in the rock beneath the Siege Perilous and swallowed Jason up. Above the polar circle appeared the Disc of Light, in the form of a celestial stone, an emerald chalice, announcing its presence within each of them as a star.

And then there was no one left but the man and his comrade's dog.

THE DOG ON THE FROZEN PLAIN

'Why have you woken me? I was much happier there. I was living in a dream. Don't you have anything better to teach me on this side of things?' Jason had said. He remembered having heard him say that, many years ago, in the past, or perhaps in the future.

But now he was no longer here. He had been swallowed up by a dream which was more real than any reality. A cleft had opened beneath the stone circle, beside the Siege Perilous, along that path of pure dreaming which he had chosen in a remote past, during the years of his youth.

The man left the cave, followed by his comrade's dog. It was dawn in those icy regions. And he began the next stage of his journey as the Pilgrim of Longing.

He looked for his star in the sky. There it was, twinkling gently, sending him its secret, as yet undeciphered message. It seemed to him that, in its velvety and penetrating light, it was telling him: 'Jason is not dead. In some part of this world, his life has been transformed.'

He stroked the head of the dog, which shook its curly coat and stared at him, asking him the reason for its existence, why it was there, why it was a dog. It was only for a second, because instinct quickly took over, the instinct of the guide dog, the dog which leads the blind. It began to sniff the sickly bushes, the rocks which stuck out of the snow. Now it would be the dog which would follow the

non-existent road, inventing it for him, following the scent of that flower which is also non-existent, called Calafate, which grows in the inhospitable regions of the south, where the cold and the light of the Black Sun of midnight and the polar ices begin to make themselves felt.

For weeks and months they walked on without meeting anyone. They were rounding the edges of the peaks of the Cordillera of the Andes. A delicate perfume wafted towards them, as if from a border land, or a universe cut off by the waters. Then the dog began to descend the mountainside. A frozen plain appeared, with two or three bushes on the horizon, bent by the wind. The dog came to a halt, panting, with its wet tongue hanging out; it looked at him fixedly.

The man said to himself: 'How can people say that dogs can't speak? It is saying farewell to me with its eyes. I understand perfectly.'

The dog sat down, there in the space between the peaks and the frozen plain. Still looking at him fixedly, it began to speak to him in his own language: 'I have fulfilled my duty towards you, comrade. I am going to join Jason, drawn to him by his enchanted whirlpool, his whistle which seems to come from a distant childhood. They are calling me. You don't need me outside you any more. I will howl inside you, like my brother the wolf, when the hour of your leaving also comes, when you will be reunited with us in the City of Dawn.'

And it began to run, slowly at first, then faster and faster, straight across the frozen plain. Some black birds appeared in the sky and flew very close to it. And as they all faded into the distance, approaching the twisted trees on the horizon, it seemed as if the birds were swooping down on to the dog, on to its coat of golden curls. And then he could see it no longer, because a thick mist covered the plain.

For a long time he walked in this mist. He never knew how he managed to cross the plain, because he walked as if in a dream. And thus it was that eventually he found himself either inside a house with an old man like a gigantic mountain, whose face was marked with crevices of mineral and whose eyes had square pupils, or walking beside him.

THE MASTER OF THE SPHINX

The old man sat down beside the piled up bones of the skeleton of the prehistoric Milodon.¹

‘Let us talk,’ he said. ‘Question me as you would question yourself.’

The man stretched out beside him.

‘I am surrounded by dead—both men and animals. And as if that weren’t enough, now there’s this skeleton. Can you tell me if any part of us continues to exist after death?’

‘Your question is badly put. What you should ask is whether there is any reason to believe that anything survives death.’

‘Is there?’

‘A child, in whom the “ego” has not yet appeared, who talks in the third person, still has the dreams of an individualised being, with a clearly defined personality, which affect his whole adult life. Where is the “ego” which is not there, which is not yet conscious? Perhaps in his “Guardian Angel”, which has not yet lost its wings? If the mind is capable of functioning outside the mortal body, then it is incorruptible, it is outside the confines of time and space. It lives in the stars, in the Ray of Green Light. If it has once been outside the body, it will be so again. Which does not mean to say that you can rid yourself of your “ego”. On the contrary. Your “ego” can rid itself of your body, but you can never rid yourself of it. It will always be there. Even in a moment of great ecstasy, there is an “ego” which knows that there was such a moment. There will always be an “ego” to know that you no longer exist.’

The Master vanished.

He remembered that a long while ago, in a faraway land, he had met him beside the Sphinx. Then he had spoken to him of love and crime. He had told him that it is necessary to love like one committing a crime.

On his finger, the Master of the Sphinx wore a ring on which was carved a serpent.

¹ A prehistoric animal from the time of the great reptiles, found frozen in a cave in Patagonia in the south of Chile.

THE MASTER WHO UNDERSTANDS THE LANGUAGE OF THE ANIMALS AND FLOWERS

When the mist dispersed, he found himself standing beside a handsome old man, with clear eyes and a sweet smile. He was contemplating the mountains and a blue lake set in a landscape whose vegetation reminded him of the Valley of the Flowers in the Himalayas.

'I have lost my friend's dog,' he explained. 'But really he was my dog.'

'He will have gone to rejoin Leo,' he replied.

'Who is Leo, Master?'

'Leo is the astrological age in which animals conversed with men. . . . There are magical happenings in this world. For example, a dog which finds its master's house after being abandoned more than one hundred kilometres away. Nature is wise. If you listen to it, you can hear the voice of God, of all the Gods. Leo also understands the language of the flowers and the plants.'

'When I was a child, I, too, could speak with the flowers. It is possible that my "ego" was dispersed among them, before it entered my body. Perhaps a part of it still remains in the landscape. And thus my love of nature may be no more than love of myself. . . .'

'Happy are those who, in old age, are permitted to experience once again the emotions of their earliest infancy, to listen to the same melody!'

'I have just met the Master of the Sphinx. But he spoke to me in symbols. I would almost say that he interpreted them.'

'He has the right to do so,' he explained. 'Because he is an immense mountain.'

The smile of the Master who could converse with the animals and flowers was so gentle and his blue eyes were so clear that the man felt his heart fill with a deep, melancholic presentiment that this meeting, too, was drawing to a close.

THE SIGNS

When fundamental events are close to reproducing themselves, although they almost always take us by surprise, there are signs which

should alert us. They are signs which appear in our souls and in the landscape around us. Like a muted music which appears in a ray of light and moves across the waters.

The sky was a cold, pale blue. The snow and ice made walking through the rocky pass difficult. Now and then he saw some ferns, looking sad and limp as they struggled to grow in crevices in the rocks. A ray of cold light illuminated a solitary stone on which lay a Copihue,¹ like a bell of crystallised blood, transparent in this almost polar light.

The man picked up the flower, because he knew that it had been left there for him.

And on the stone he read the message:

‘Come what may I will proceed
 To walk the way
 Of beauty,
 The way that leads towards the height
 That seems to touch
 The sky.
 Steep is the path
 But filled with light
 From those that climbed
 Before me,
 Who left on every jutting rock
 A lantern glowing
 With their dreams.’

ALLOUINE

On a plateau on the mountainside near the unattainable peak lay a small lake and a semi-petrified forest of fir trees and tall pines. The water of the lake was partially frozen, so that in places one could walk on it. In this lonely, icy landscape stood a cabin. The radiant summit of Mount Melimoyu² stood out clearly, leaning at a perilous angle.

¹ National flower of Chile (*Lapageria rosea*).

² Meli = four. Moyu = breast.

Although the lake was small, the man took months, maybe even years, to walk round it and reach the entrance to the cabin.

He opened the small door and found himself inside a circular room. On the floor were deerskins and some branches from a cinnamon tree. The embers of a dying fire gave off a blue light. Beside it, dressed in a thin red gown, stood a woman. A headband of the same colour held back her hair, which cascaded over her shoulders like a golden waterfall. She looked at him fixedly. And he felt that, for the first time, he was being stripped of his "ego". It seemed to him as if it was dissolving in a sweet emotional sensation.

'O Gods!' he said to himself. 'It is Allouine!'

For a moment he lost himself in the magic of her eyes.

'Let us look at each other,' she said. 'We are Hyperboreans.'

Where had he heard this before?

Then the woman began to tremble. And he realised that she was about to fall into the fire. He managed to hold her up.

'The earth was shaking,' she explained. 'My horse leapt into a ravine. The branch of the apple tree couldn't support my weight. I was brought here by a miracle, carried by a ray of light. Only because I had to wait for you. . . . The fire, too, is burning out. . . .'

He laid her down on the skins, making her a bed of cinnamon and fir branches. He rekindled the fire, which quickly gave off its blue-green light again.

However, the room was not cold. The walls of ice, which appeared opaque from the outside, seemed transparent from the inside, giving a view over the lake and the semi-petrified forest, which from a distance looked like slender serrated mountains, and the white peak rising into the sky.

The night filled with stars. And it was traversed by those musical lights which can 'read the thoughts of men'.

WHAT SHE LOOKED LIKE

Her forehead was like the disc of the Moon. Her eyes shone like the Morning Star, with a deep, dewy light. Her golden lashes were like petals which had fallen from the sun in autumn. When they were closed, it seemed as if the wings of birds had shut out the light of

day. Her neck was long, like that of the statues in a temple. Her delicate arms, her slender legs were like the roads that lead us to and from the Enchanted City. Her hands, with a tracery of delicate blue veins, gently stirred the air, as if weaving her dreams. Her golden hair floated in the breeze from the glaciers, becoming entangled in the branches of the Hyperborean oak trees. Stretched out beside the light of the green flames, she herself was 'beyond the God of the Cold and Storms'.

Her voice was like music flowing from the depths of night: 'I saw you arrive riding astride an arrow. Therefore I shall call you Avris, which is the name of the God of our lost continent. Avris loved Allouine, the fifth-born daughter of the City of Transparent Ice, which revolves but stays still. I have the power to put you in contact with your star. I am the roof which will shelter you from the storm. My love will give us peace and defend us from all danger. You will find peace in combat. But it will be I who will fight within you. And your bravery will protect us to the end. I am within you, I am you, my fate is linked with yours. And you will have no other companion, now or in the depths of the grave. I will be constantly at your side in the Great War and if you remain loyal to me till the end of time, if you believe in me steadfastly, bravery and good fortune will never forsake you. Only with you can I enter the city. In your mind, in the memory of your heart. And when you have reached it, you will find me waiting there for you, to hand you the chalice filled to the brim with the liquor of Immortality and Eternal Love. This is the mystery, O Avris! . . .'

Suddenly he was overcome by tiredness, as if the great effort of travelling and searching through many ages had exhausted him, and he stretched out beside the fire with his head in his hands.

She touched his forehead. It seemed to him as if a whole life, a whole Turn of the Wheel, and much, much more, had come together in this momentous peak of the spiral. Through his clouded eyes he watched the fire, without speaking. Until he was again able to tell her about his lost comrade and his dog.

'This has happened so many times! He exclaimed. 'And I have been unable to change a thing! . . .'

To comfort him, she told him the legend of the ancestors, the seekers of the City of Dawn.

THE WHITE GODS

‘We are a solar race; but from that Sun which lies on the other side of all the suns. Our star is close by and appears to the Walkers of the Dawn to show them the way, beyond the Sun of Gold and the Black Sun, to the mansions of the Ray of Green Light, from whence love and dreaming come to us.

‘The memory of light shows us that the White Gods are the fallen warriors who sought refuge in that star. The story goes that they came down to live at the North Pole, on the continent of Hyperborea, which enjoyed a temperate climate during the Golden Age. When that continent disappeared, when the catastrophe in the skies was repeated, the White Gods withdrew into the Interior Earth, although a few of them went to a transoceanic continent, to the west, where the Sun of the Golden Age had not yet set, because that was where the Black Sun of the South Pole rose, at the point where Arcthus, Arthos, the Hyperborean bear, became Antarcthus, the bearless bear of the Southern Continent, where Stonehenge, the Observatory of the Sun, became Tiahuanacu, the transmitter of Venus, the star of Lucifer. America-Albania was the land of the White Gods after the disappearance of Hyperborea and Ultima Thule. They moved from one pole to the other. They carried a sword, a lance and a cauldron, together with the Soma plant. With them they also brought the stone which fell from the broken crown of Lucifer, the King of the White Gods, whom others have called Apollo, Abraxas, Siva, Quetzalcoatl.

‘The ancient Celts and the Vikings knew that the White Gods, their ancestors, came to this ancient transoceanic land, where the Midnight Sun rises and which is traversed by a river of liquid gold. They came to search for them and built their monoliths and towers here as signs for those who would follow them. But they didn’t find the Enchanted City.

‘Because the Black Sun of Midnight doesn’t shed its light outside the earth but inside it. That is where the White Gods, our guides,

live. The green light that streams out from both poles is the dream of the Black Sun as it longs for the Ray of Green Light. The entrances to the Interior Earth are to be found at the poles, as well as in the Antarctic Oases and possibly on the top of this mountain. They can be reached by travelling through the deep waters which flow beneath the ices.

'In this Interior Earth are the Cities of Agharti, Shambhalla and the Caesars, inhabited by the immortal Siddhas. There the Golden Age still exists. The Discs of Light, covered in orichalcum, fly out from there. They carried our guide off to a place of safety. It is the invulnerable Paradise which our people have rediscovered, where the science of resurrection and eternal love is guarded. It is the starting point of the journey to our star.

'I, too, searched for the path, the sign, the gateway. But I am a woman, and I know that I will not attain the city by my own efforts. Only in your mind, in your dreams, will I be able to do so. What a great risk I run and what great danger I face if you don't imagine me, if you don't recreate me, dreaming it all for both of us. If you don't love me for all eternity, if you don't bring me back to life.'

DON'T LOSE YOUR SELF-CONTROL

'There must be purity in the defeats which lead to victory. Don't allow your desire to reach the city to become excessive. You will find it when you have stopped searching for it, when you think you have lost it. You will have reached it without realising it, carrying me in your most secret thoughts. Perhaps the gates of the city are the gates of death. Perhaps you will have to change your body, like a piece of clothing, in order to enter it. Or, perhaps, navigate in a ship with all its lights on, which moves beneath the surface of the water and is crewed by ghosts. Or reach an island in the middle of the Ocean, surrounded by flames, or a castle of diamond, which revolves like the pole. That is where the women with supernatural powers live. They will give you a glove, a pair of gloves, which you must take when I die. They will make you invisible. And with your incorporeal body, born out of the flames of that island, you will

cross the walls of the City of Dawn like a wind blowing from the stars.

'Listen, beloved, never lose your self-control. Don't allow desperation to enter your search. If you fail at the gates of the city, when you have reached its walls, it will vanish in a fraction of a second. And it will be as if it had never existed, like a non-existent flower shedding its petals. And you yourself will become convinced that it was all an illusion.

'Then, indeed, we will have died for ever.'

'THE NARROW PASSAGES'

He fell asleep beside the fire, listening to the musical sound of her words fading further and further into the distance. She placed some branches as a pillow beneath his head and lay down beside him, turning her face towards the flames. Her eyes also began to close. And they both dreamed the same dream.

In the floor of the cabin was a flagstone which could be raised to give access to a subterranean world. They began to descend a staircase which at first was made of ice and then of marble. It was covered with the leaves of laurel and cinnamon trees. For a long while they continued their descent, and all the time there was this clear white light from an unknown source which surrounded them. Finally, the staircase came to an end. They heard a soft, almost inaudible whistle. Before them flowed the dark waters of a subterranean river. On the wall of the rocky quay, he read: 'Every seven hundred years the laurel will flower again.' And he saw carvings of a dove and of a man in the form of a swastika, turning in the opposite direction to time.

They began to hear a faint melody which rose out of the water from a half-submerged object that was gliding along like a sea-wolf. In reality, it was a ship which was navigating beneath the surface of the water, with all its lights on. It was crewed by dead men. Its captain climbed up on to the bridge. He was blind. However, he had a third eye in the middle of his forehead, which was open and shone like a carbuncle.

The captain ordered his crew, who wore strange garments, to lower two small boats into the river. Then he held a spyglass to his third eye and pointed it towards the region of the Ray of Green Light. And *El Caleuche*¹ sailed away while its crew sang:

'To every sailor the Gods
Have given a comrade.
While one sleeps,
The other keeps watch
On the bridge.
When one doubts,
The other gives him his faith.
When one falls,
The other discovers the oasis
Of ice for both of them.'

And then:

'Be ready to tally the sails,
Tauten the braces to the wind,
Take good advantage of the South Wind
That makes us sail swiftly.
A thousand delights that you will never forget
Await you in distant lands. . . .'

And the ghost ship sailed off into the distance with all its lights on.

The boats were very small. They had to take one each. Inside each boat was a glove. They realised that, when they put it on, they would be only partially invisible, being able to move equally in two worlds, in this world and in the other world that lies on the other side of the light of this earth. Perhaps in this way they might be able to enter the city.

Each boat was drawn along by a parallel current until they reached some very narrow entrances, cut into the rock, which looked as if they were made of shiny metal and which seemed to be revolving. 'Funnels of orichalcum', they thought, in which the tiny boats only just fitted. And then they couldn't see each other

¹ A mythological vessel of the South Pole, like the *Wafeln* in the Nordic legend.

any more and didn't know if they would ever meet again, nor if they would land in the same place at the end of those narrow passages, which appeared to have no exits.

THE SUITOR

Early in the morning, he went towards the forest in search of food. It was a coniferous forest. He used to return there frequently, spending most of his time in its dingy thickets. He experienced the sweet anguish of losing his beloved during the day and recovering her in the evening. Of going away from her so as to be closer to her, of losing her so as to recover her. He walked through the forest beside the lake, in an ecstasy of love and desire, happy in the knowledge that she was close by, that he had recovered her within that circle which turns endlessly, where the possibility of meeting again was always a lucky occurrence. And also terrified by the doubt that it was only a dream.

He was walking round the foot of a sacred mountain and sighing with love. And with each deep sigh, he picked up a fistful of snow and crushed it to his breast to cool his ardour, as he called out her name. If he had seen her appear at that moment, he would have asked her: 'Who are you and what do you want of me?' And if she replied: 'I am your beloved, and I have come because you called me', he would have said: 'Oh! I am so busy with this love that consumes me that I have no time for you any more.'

This is what happens with the suitor. Until one day his sighs forsake him.

THE FLIGHT

Again they dreamed the same dream. They were on the edge of the plateau on the great mountain. Below them were rocky precipices. Beyond, invisible, lay the immense Ocean. They took hold of each other's hand and, moved by the same impulse, leapt into the abyss. But instead of falling, they found themselves gliding above the landscape, with a feeling of great freedom. They passed gently above the rocks and tried to decipher their inscriptions, looking at the signs, the carved faces, the tops of the trees and the deep chasms

that yawned open in the earth and the ice. He tried to discover the ghost of the dog, the remains of its Golden Fleece. They flew southward and saw the City of Hunger and Thirst, the City of Petrus Sarmiento de Gamboa,¹ appear on the horizon. Then the Great Ocean. They continued ever farther southward until they saw an island on which stood a castle with twelve black towers, each bearing the sign of a revolving cross. A drawbridge linked the towers with the central keep. The castle was made of stone and shone brightly. The island was surrounded by fire.

On the furthest borders of the south lay the Pole.

‘There is no Pole,’ she explained to him. ‘Look carefully, let us fly higher.’

They could see an enormous circular aperture.

‘The Pole is in there, inside this aperture. It doesn’t exist, it’s an apparition. Let us go inside.’

As they went deeper and deeper inside, they saw flowers made of precious metal, rivers of turquoise, gigantic animals of a race which had disappeared from the surface millions of years ago. And they all spoke an intelligible language, the flowers, the fruits, the animals and the golden water, which invited them to drink it. But they were unable to stop there or go still deeper inside, and they realised that they were not yet to be permitted to reach the city.

‘This is the impregnable Paradise where our guide lies sleeping and where one day he will awake.’

They went back, still holding hands, gliding gently alongside the skuas and the condors, until they landed on the icy plateau on the mountain from which they had taken off.

THE WOUNDED KING

One midday he found himself in front of a pyramid-shaped rock, on the edge of the lake. He had the vivid impression that he was reliving something that had happened before. He knew that rock,

¹ The ancient Ciudad del Rey Felipe, the City of King Philip of Spain. Today it lies in the neighbourhood of Puntas Arenas in the most southern part of Chile. It was founded by the Conquistador, Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa.

he had been here before, during the eternal return of these events. He walked some way off so as to retrace his steps towards the rock and examine it more closely, concentrating intensely, with his eyes half-closed. And in the clear light of midday, two figures appeared. Curiously, the man was not wearing armour or a sword, but was dressed in strange, dark-coloured clothes and was leaning on a thin walking-stick. The clothes were from some future, far-off time, which he had somehow foreseen. Despite this, he knew that the man was a king. His eyes were feverish, sunken, surrounded by shadows. His forehead was broad. The thick moustache of a warrior covered his lips. He had uncovered his head and was speaking politely to the woman. She was also wearing a dark-coloured, close-fitting gown. She was tall and slender. While he spoke, as if terror-stricken, his whole body trembled.

He realised that the couple couldn't see him, because he was standing inside a still-distant vibration of the light. His situation, inside this energy recurrence, did not coincide in time with the event which, owing to a strange trick of the light from these mountains, this midday, was mistakenly projecting these images. But, he thought, in some other law, or non-law, he must have encountered, or would encounter, this king and this woman, when the images and the reality coincided. Oh, let it be so!

And he was permitted to listen with impunity to what they were saying.

Perhaps that rock was a sensitive spot in the earth with a capability of projection, or a rent or an inversion in space, which could make time travel towards the past and the future come towards us.

And what they were talking about was, precisely, the subject of the 'ego' and time. Or rather, of the 'ego' and eternity within time, without going outside time.

The man explained in a low voice: 'Everything repeats itself eternally. Time is infinite, but energy is not and it has to reproduce its creations. The last becomes the first once again. The serpent bites its own tail. And in this hallucinatory situation, it is impossible to free oneself from the "ego" and its recurrent experiences. When the energy in your body becomes exhausted, it will be reproduced not once but *ad infinitum* throughout eternity, when the Will to Power

again crosses the same circuit of light, beside this Midday Rock. And this "ego" which I feel myself to be, will become "myself". And you will be "yourself". There is no way to escape from this. When that extinguishing of consciousness that we call death occurs, and will and energy abandon our exhausted bodies, time will also disappear. And although an eternity may pass before energy repeats us, it will seem only a second to our returning consciousness. Because there was no time. And the same rock, the same air, the same grass will still be here. And so will "you" and "I". The same story. And I will again say: *Ich liebe Dich Ariadna!*

'And I will go mad again as the only way to escape from this horror, this "ego" which has always been here, in an eternal present, even if an eternity passes between one turn of the wheel and another. And this "ego" will never know if others really exist, if all the "egos" are not just "myself". The only way to escape from my "ego" lies in madness. And I will call this the midday: experiencing all the "egos", being Caesar, Alexander, Dionysus and the Crucified One. . . .'

The woman seemed to sense the presence of a stranger. She turned towards where he stood and raised her hand in a regal gesture, as if toasting him with a non-existent cup. She said: 'This is the king who was wounded by a cruel lance. His pain increases whenever Saturn shines. You must avenge him, restore his ravaged lands to him, find him a way out, break through the circle with your sword, beside this rock of revelation, in the depths of midday which is also the depths of his midnight. This rock produces blindness in whosoever looks at it from within a feverish circuit of light. This is what happened to this king.'

The woman's hand, which was still raised, caught hold of an object given it by an eagle. Stretching out her hand as if through the rent in space and time, she passed the object over to him.

In fact, there were two objects: a fruit and a ring.

'That is the Fruit of Return,' she explained. 'Do not eat it with your Beloved. It grows in the wastelands. But you may wear the ring. It is the Ring of Resurrection.'

HE ASKS THE QUESTION

He didn't leave the cabin again. He could only find the Fruit of Return in these latitudes. And, seeing the end approaching, he preferred fasting to the horror that had been revealed to him. He collected conifer resin and turpentine, in the belief that if he made a drink from them it would prolong his beloved's life. Oh, if only they could drink gold and silver, Ambrosia, the liquor of eternal life!

He didn't leave her side. Now he wanted to know, to penetrate with her the ultimate mystery of life and death, of reunions and losses, of the longing of the endless pilgrimage, of the Eternal Return and partings. Now he was going to ask the question.

'When I was walking through the mist, across the frozen plain, I believe I met some Masters. I had lost my comrade and his dog. The Master who could converse with the animals and plants told me the following: there is a basic note which is given at the beginning of life. Some people are lucky enough to be able to repeat it at the end. And the Master of the Sphinx completed the idea for me by explaining that this note affects some people's whole life, not just its beginning and end. I heard it in what was almost my earliest childhood. This is how it was given to me: suddenly I felt myself to be "me". Before that, I had felt myself to be dispersed in the landscape, and I could also converse with the animals and flowers. They spoke to me and I understood them. Or did I speak to myself through them? When the "ego" finally took possession of me, I believe I stopped being able to understand that language, although I'm not certain. It is possible that I retained that faculty for some time: feeling myself to be "me" and yet still being "them", being in "them". But with human beings it was different. The painful question I asked myself was this: is it possible that they feel themselves to be "me" in the same way as I do? It was impossible for me to believe it. I, feeling myself to be "me", in the middle of an ocean of other "me's" who also feel themselves to be "me"; but not "me", this "me" that I feel myself to be. . . . Oh! It is impossible to explain this experience. Think for a moment: everything that happens in the universe is known only by "me", only "me". It is my "ego" that registers it,

“my” consciousness. What others say, what they write, the discoveries they pass on, “I” register, “I” know. If the world comes to an end, if the Continent of Hyperborea is submerged, if our Great Guide loses the war, “I” am the one who knows it. How can I be sure that other people also exist and that the world can continue if “I” disappear, if “my” consciousness doesn’t register it? Perhaps all the people round me, who live and die, their faces, even yours which is so beautiful, are projected by my fevered imagination, dreamed by my “ego”. And when I observe them closely, in their almost infinite varieties, I have to make an effort to recognise myself in a hallucinatory hall of mirrors. Also, can I seriously believe that my “ego” can perish? If I am “me”, if I am the only one who can feel myself to be this “me” and no one else can feel like this, that is, to be this “me” of mine, when I perish—if ever I do perish—somewhere, perhaps on this very spot, or somewhere else in the immense universe, at some time, someone will again feel himself to be “me”. And this “ego” which feels like this, will be “I” myself. Do you understand? Can you grasp this? Can you comprehend this feeling?

‘We have heard tell of the Tulku, beings who are more than one ego, who live in several places in the universe at the same time, with simultaneous consciousnesses, and who do not say “I” but “we” when speaking about themselves, underlining their parallel existences in different bodies or in one single but ubiquitous one, in many centres of space-time. And even this is “I” who am saying this, citing it—the Tulku theory—and my “I” doesn’t feel it because it cannot verify it from its own experience. The Master of the Sphinx stated: “If in the moment of greatest ecstasy the ‘ego’ were not present, there would be no one there to know that there had been a moment of ecstasy.” It is impossible to escape from the “ego”. The Master of the Sphinx would say that the way out may be found through strengthening the “ego” until it becomes an absolute ego, an absolute personality. I have seen the Wounded King. In order to escape from this circle drawn in the belly of a demon, he has gone mad. . . . I have thought about love, because that is my note which has been sounding since my infancy. Might it be possible that individualised, magic love could open a door through which I could

escape from this circle? . . . But it will always be "I" who loves, who sees the beloved. How can I not believe that I projected her if, when I perish—if ever I do perish—she, too, will perish? . . . Only if my "I" returns will she return. . . .'

Gently she interrupted him: 'Look at me. Don't you see that half my face is yours? Only half of it is still mine. . . . Beloved, don't fall asleep, because I am going to answer your question. When the Twilight of the Gods began to fall over the world and iron took the place of gold, Wotan or Odin whispered a great secret in the ear of Baldur as he lay dying on his pyre of perfumed sandalwood. Let us imagine what it might be.

'Before you were "I", what were you? You were not an animal, nor were you a plant, although you could converse with them. You explained to me that even after the emergence of your conscious "ego" you continued to converse with nature. For a time you didn't lose this faculty. So, when the "ego" was not inside your body, where was it? And you, how did you feel without your "ego"? Were you a persona or not?'

'Let me remember Yes, the Master of the Sphinx said that even a child has the dreams of a mature person which can affect his whole life. . . . Where is this persona when the child still has no sense of the individual "ego"? In my case, I remember, when I was a year old or perhaps less, I was leaning out of a tower holding my grandfather's ring tightly in my hand. The women of the house ran to take hold of me, because they were afraid that I would let it drop. But, I remember, that child felt itself to be a persona, it knew the importance of the ring and knew that it would never let it drop. It felt deeply offended by this lack of trust. That child was a very old and wise man. And when the "ego" became defined, it was a philosopher who asked himself the question. That is the difference, I believe. . . . And this is the ring. I have recovered it.'

'Only the "ego" enters the body. The persona, which is very old, seems to remain outside, in the landscape, in the animals and the plants. Or perhaps it only becomes partially incarnate, the "ego" being only a part of it and the body its exact image, its reflection, a shadow of the light which has taken on a shape in order to travel around and gain knowledge in this world. What was at one time

outside you is your “guardian angel”, who moves away as your body and mind become hardened. As your “ego” becomes stronger, the persona becomes weaker, it disappears into the distance, it dissolves, it leaves you alone. Your “guardian angel” has abandoned you. . . . And the “ego”, the “I am I”. . . . Can you ever get out of that? Perhaps by feeling that the persona which you were before you were “ego” still exists. And perhaps you may be able to become this persona again afterwards. Someone is waiting for you somewhere, as if beside a spring, awaiting your return. The person waiting for you doesn’t have a face, but dreams that you will bring it one. But you don’t have a face either, your soul doesn’t have one. Because I am the face of your soul. . . .’

‘But I am listening to you telling me all this with my “ego”.’

‘Yes. The road is irreversible, even if you walk back along it, you will never reach the same point. Although the spiral may seem to reach the same spot, it will have a different meaning. It is not a question of renouncing the “ego” but rather of making it eternal, attaching it to the persona to make a form and consciousness that can never be destroyed. In this way, the persona becomes a personality. You have become individualised, you have given your persona a face.

‘This is a struggle against God, all the Gods and your “angel”. Because while wishing you to be victorious, in reality they don’t wish it. It is a solitary struggle, without quarter; and you will fall and get up again many times. And you will only have me in your mind and in your heart; and I am a double-edged sword, because I will put you to the tests that could make you lose the battle, although I need your victory so much. Because I am the “her” who one day emerged from Him, and once outside rebelled and put everything at stake, including my nothingness. I am the “her” who longs to be your Her. And even if you are victorious in the harsh tests set in this mystery, you won’t be able to give a face to your persona unless you accompany me to the very end, unless you bring me back to life. Because, I repeat: *I am the face of your soul, just as you are the face of mine.* I was projected, dreamed by a Great Him. As you were by a Great Her. Neither of them had a face. Because you are a man, you must fight the battle as a warrior. I must fight

as a woman: by dying, giving you my nothingness so that you can make it immortal, so that you can bring me back to life with your face.

‘Without giving up your “ego”, you will regain the faculty the persona has of conversing with the animals, plants and stars. Journey ever onward until one day you and your “ego” enter the city where I await you. And we will put on the mantle of Absolute Personality because we will have escaped from the fatal circle of returns. We will be *Nos.*’

THE SUPPLICANT

Thousands of years ago, the Darkest Age, Kaliyuga, began. Kalki was at rest, with his White Horse, in the Interior City of Green Glass of his Star.

Here, beside the fire in a small dwelling made of blocks of ice, on a plateau near the peak of the sacred Mount Melimoyu, in the deep south of the world, he and she were lying on beds of cinnamon branches.

The sleeves of her gown were full and her snow-white arms, covered by a soft golden down, were visible through them. Her hair hung down to her waist, like liquid gold, and the reflection of the flames brought magical changing lights into it, varying from copper to deepest gold and finally pale gold. Her clear blue eyes were once again piercing into him as if to tell him that there, in some undefined place, their union would be possible. In an uncreated, non-existent centre, with love expressing itself in a glance. Her lips were smiling sweetly, with an inconsolable sadness. Her chin was like a fruit of paradise, with a tiny cleft in the middle. Her neck was long and slender.

‘How was it possible to create so much beauty?’ he asked himself. And he felt that a subtle emanation from her skin and her veins was penetrating him, making him realise that she had always belonged to him, fusing with his cells, his blood. He could also read her thoughts.

‘There is more than one body,’ she explained to him. ‘All of ours are enveloped in an identical substance, imbued with the water of

love. They are the ones that love. The last one to do so must be the one you can now see, constructed from the heavy materials of this exterior earth. It is the visible double of the others which you as yet cannot see. The closest thing to this body is the aura. Love it, caress it. All my other bodies will feel it.'

He began to move closer to her, exclaiming: 'Allouine, Allouine! I have always loved you, I have sought you through all the worlds, through all the turns of the wheel, through an eternity. Only you will give me eternal life. Together we will attain it, by loving and protecting one another. We will drink from the glorious cup, we will smash the walls of the circle of returns, we will open the doors to a universe which not even the greatest dreamers of longing have ever imagined.'

He reached her side. And as he caressed her aura, he whispered: 'First here, near your hair, the amber road which leads me to the primordial continent, to the nuptial homeland, where you hid the moonstone in the depths of the glaciers of the dawn. Then your forehead, as wide as the disc of the Moon which fell upon the world like a stone from the broken crown. And your eyes. . . . Oh, do not close them, as my world would be extinguished and I am already blind to all other light! Your exquisite nose is a bird which flutters in the sunshine and the scents of spring. Your lips are that door which will open to allow me to gaze upon the City of Dawn; because "honey and milk are under your tongue". Now I am caressing the aura of your neck, a swan which will reintegrate us with the race of the kings of our blood. And your marble shoulders, as delicate as the breeze which stirred the crowns of the ancestral oaks. . . .'

She trembled, with her eyes almost closed, as if in a trance. Her long lashes cast shadows on her cheeks, as though from the wings of an Andean condor. She raised her hands, very slowly, without opening her eyes, and began to caress his aura, too. The man closed his eyes.

When at last they opened them and could see each other again, he exclaimed: 'It's true. Only half your face belongs to you. The other half is mine.'

THE KISS

She came even closer, so that he could feel the agitated rise and fall of her breasts. And she brushed his lips with hers. It was like the touch of a petal, or of honey stored in drifting icebergs, honey from polar bees or the midnight sun; honey from a Copihue surrounded by a halo of light from the Morning Star. . . . Such a kiss produces unexpected consequences in a man. Either it causes him to lose his spiritual virility, his destiny as a sacred warrior, his hallowed reticence; or else it instils such strength in him that he is able to free the giants from their prison in the rocks and raise the Continent of the Spirit, EL-ELLA, alongside the martyred coasts of the south of the world.

THE BODY OF THE ABSOLUTE WOMAN

She let her red gown fall. And she stood naked, while the flames enveloped her in a light which was nevertheless incapable of clothing her Absolute Nakedness.

He could smell the woman's integral perfume, like a breath of soft air flowing from a universe preserved for him alone. A whole continent to explore, with its seas, its hills, its shadows, its secrets. And now he remembered that, on the other side of the light, when he first contemplated the woman, the warrior had succumbed, thus giving rise to the infinite turnings of the wheel.

He carried her to the bed of branches, beside the fire. He drew his sword and placed it between them. She stretched out an arm over the blade and clasped his hand.

THE SCABBARD OF THE SWORD

'Beloved, do not fall asleep! Watch with me through this long night. We will be two sleepwalkers allowing ourselves to be guided by the legend of our White Gods. They will show us the path and inspire us. Let us awaken tonight.'

'How could we sleep! May this sword protect us. My love and desire for you are more powerful and inextinguishable than this

fire. I know that they will not be calmed merely by my taking possession of your body.'

'I am the scabbard of your sword, made of wood from the apple trees of Avalon, from the Tree of Paradise, from the Hyperborean oaks, from the tree whose silken threads join the earth to the sky. If you sheathe me carelessly, you will break me. How many times has this happened already in the Circle of Return! We only have a limited amount of time in which to put the pieces of the broken scabbard back together again, after which we will lose each other, absorbed into HIM-HER and HER-HIM. And we will have lost our only chance of resurrection, of giving a face to our souls, of attaining a world beyond God, beyond all the Gods, in a dream which not even the most impassioned Walkers of the Dawn could dream: to break down the walls of the great circle and end the turnings of the wheel. WE have a limited number of opportunities to sound our notes in their purest form. We must do everything in our power to drink from the cup of immortality, discovering the stone of change. I am ready. I shall give you my death. I shall place my eternity in your hands and fulfil to the utmost the Myth of Feminine Immortality. You must also fulfil the Myth of Virile Immortality. And together we will have triumphed.

THE TEST

Thus were completed the different stages of this most ancient Hyperborean Initiation of A-Mor, revealed in the mystery of the Grail, in the esotericism of the troubadours and the *Minnesänger* of the High Middle Ages. Transported to the icy wastes of the south of the world, with Parsifal, in a Templars' ship, with the Vermilion Cross on its white sails and all its lights on, as the saga tells us, and from 'whence it never returned'. To the true Kingdom of Hyperborea of the White Gods of America-Albania.

And while the ultimate test of this initiation was taking place in that ancient night, with a man and a woman lying naked side by side, separated by a sword, without taking possession of each other's physical body, she explained to him in her musical voice full of longing for eternity: 'The light doesn't come from the east. Light

is only truly light in the depths of midnight. Now is the depths of midnight. The followers of Lucifer, of the Morning Star, do not beg to be allowed into heaven. They demand to be, because they feel that they have done everything possible to merit being deified. At the end of our road, no fusion with a God or redeemer awaits us. Our way is not the way of ecstasy of the saints but the way of separation of the magicians, of the White Gods who have become absorbed into the sources of creative energy. Creating worlds, loving each other inside and outside eternity. We do not beg, like the lunar troubadour: "Take us back to where you took us from!" We are going to try and change God, giving him a face. Therefore, my love, do not take possession of my body. Let us not create children of the flesh. I will make you pregnant with the son of death. And we will both remain virgins.'

'I understand,' he whispered. 'The chastity of the sacred warrior is the nobility of his sexual act, the refusal to tolerate all that is brutal, because his feeling for the beauty of that act prevents him doing so. The Wounded King also said this.'

'It is an immaterial irrevocability. The Grail doesn't tolerate unbridled passions, it loves pious reticence, a reverent attitude. And I will not destroy your magic virility, diving your flesh and mine, giving you children of the flesh to bring new opportunities to other individuals, when such a great possibility already exists for us. I will not lure you into loving my body in the only way known to the dark age, because that way death will swallow you up. I will never be the Great devouring Mother, the Primordial Female, who will turn you into a vanquished warrior, living in a dream of unfulfilled glories. I will be the She who leads you to heaven. Because it is your magic virility which will enable us to travel along the river of death. Your sacred virility will enable us to return to life. Do you remember the words of the ascetic of the Grail?: "You will become a woman if you love the body of a woman." This is so; because only by becoming effeminate could you satisfy the erotic sensibilities of a woman's physical body. The chaste warrior is the most virile one. To take physical possession of the beloved is to lose one's soul. True possession is the mental possession of all her other bodies. With the memory of your beloved in your heart, you will achieve the Grail.

The genuine orgasm isn't a physical one but another which is endless, and which is produced by your contact with my invisible bodies, where you will find the perfume of my visible body, the warmth of my lips, the amorous racing of my blood intensified. As I will find in yours. We must discover this love together, when we are no longer made of mortal flesh but of red, imperishable matter. By loving my body, which lies beside you, you will make it even more material, you will turn it into a body made of lead.

'In the Golden Age, men lived for more than a thousand years. They were closer to the point of origin, so that they remembered everything. In the Dark Age, the Iron Age, we have fallen so low that it is almost impossible to go back along the current and return to the time when immortality was almost a permanent gift from heaven. So our combat is more heroic. We have lost many turns of the wheel, my love. However, the cities of the immortals still lie hidden to help those who seek them with courage and who still possess the "tiny spark". They will rescue them from the Dark Age before the final cataclysm. In their Discs of orichalcum of green light, they will carry them to the city, where they will become part of that timeless order which, in all the worlds and as Sons of Light, fights against the forces of darkness, against the Prince of Slavery and his armies of strange beings who advance in the opposite direction to our Myth of Resurrection and Eternal Love. This holy war maintains the balance between the opposing universes. We will belong to this order even when we will be immortals, in order to help those who bear the sign, giving inspiration to the Seekers of the Dawn, the heroes, but without intervening directly so as not to transgress the secret code. Thus, I will also follow your enterprise when I am dead, without being able to intervene in your conflicts. Fate is testing you, it will wish to see you triumph through your courage alone, breaking down the doors of the city. And we will be more than the Gods, who were not touched by this chance-destiny which launched us on this enterprise of death and resurrection.

'We are living dangerously, my love. You bear the sign on your forehead. We belong to a different race. When we become conscious of all our bodies at once, crossing the most diverse vibrations of the

ether, we will know how to love each other solely with the glance, with the pleasure that never dies.'

She turned towards him, without letting go of his hand: 'I am the scabbard of your sword. Sheathe me gently, softly, tonight. Do not break me. Your sword is double-edged. Its scabbard is called *Minne*, Blood Memory. The memory of the love lost at the beginning of time flows through the blood. Seek me in your blood, keep it pure. When you remember what your blood tells you, sing it. You will be a warrior-troubadour, a *Minnesänger*, who will have sung our dream of resurrection and eternal love for all eternity.

'Heil!'

THE 'TINY SPARK'

She was dying. Only a little time remained to her on this earth and in her lovely body. He stayed by her side, trying to fight the angel of love and death who possessed them both: the consummation of the myth and the legend.

As the end approached, his grief increased, because he loved her with an intensity that was equalled only by the fire which burned there, causing him to doubt everything that had been said, his search, his dream. What if none of this were certain, he asked himself, what if she were never to return to life, if he were never to find her again, if only nothingness lay at the end of this journey, this road which was now coming to an end?

She, too, seemed to waver, faced with the inevitable. There were moments when her eyes became fixed on a point beyond the fire and the walls of transparent ice, losing themselves in the diaphanous midday sky.

'After death, somewhere, I believe that a balance will be achieved, Immortality is not given to all; but what is the qualification for attaining it? It is not kindness, nor sacrifice, nor intelligence, nor even a feeling for beauty. Perhaps it is honour and loyalty. One is born different.'

Another day she opened her eyes very wide and looked at him in that indescribable way that he could only compare with the impression produced by the Morning Star at dawn, when it sends us

a message through its deep, velvety light, filled with nostalgia for the universes that lie on the other side of other suns.

She raised herself up with difficulty on her bed of branches.

‘Will the laurels flower again some day? . . . Within us is a “tiny spark”. I felt it light up last night, Hope reawakens.’

And in her musical voice, which was now very weak, she recited a poem which she would compose in another turn of the wheel:

‘The tenuous melancholy spins
Its delicate web in the soul
And the muffled murmur of memories
Darkens space.

The renewed certainty of eternal
Development rises out of infinity,
And slowly impregnates each thread
Of frozen mist.

All is death, conclusion, end . . .
The leaves fall, resigned, pained
By their immense fragility,
Twisted by the strident clamour
Of the being which struggles
To escape the inevitable.

The soul turns and turns
Within the black space,
Conceiving a vague desire for self;
The spark creates,
The warm flame grows and grows,
Crackling and magical.
The mists disperse in its heat.

In the silence of the white peaks,
Blooms the fiery lily of eternal love.’

*Führ uns den Weg, den graden
Und derer, die nicht irre gehn!*

(‘Lead us along the righteous path of those who do not err.’)

THE EXCHANGE OF HEARTS

‘Come, hurry!’

She asked him to kiss her. And with her last remaining strength, she embraced him. Kissing him with open lips, she sighed deep into him and gave him her heart.

‘Now you must breathe out inside me,’ she whispered. ‘Give me your heart. Don’t leave me without a heart, my love.’

He obeyed her and felt his heart die in her, deep within her.

For the last time she looked at him intently. Then her head fell back and her eyes closed. Now they would never see again in this world.

He held her tightly and implored her: ‘Don’t go, don’t leave me alone in this house of ice. . . .’

THE LEFTHANDED SIGN

He put out the fire, collected the scattered branches together and went out into the forest in search of resin. With his sword, he made a cut in the bark of a conifer tree and drew some off. He mixed it with some water and ice from the lake and returned to the cabin. He undressed the body of his beloved and began to cover it with the resin. He imagined that by doing this he would preserve it through all the turnings of the wheel, until he could bring it back to life, as beautiful as before.

As he went to spread the perfumed resin over her left breast, he discovered a red spot on it: the sign of the Walkers of the Dawn, of the Seekers of the City of Dawn, the Lefthanded Swastika which signifies the return to the Nuptial Home, the Land of Resurrection and Eternal Love.

THE RING OF RESURRECTION

It was on examining the ring that he had the idea of embalming the body of his beloved. The Egyptian pharaohs had lost the faculty of bringing the dead back to life. Wasn’t the mummy a sign? They hoped to preserve the body until that Hyperborean science was re-

discovered one day, when the Golden Age returned. Did they preserve the key of the seminal atom, which, when it was deciphered in the Eternal Return, would breathe fresh life into the 'image and the figure'? And also into memory and glory?

On the agate set in the ring was a silhouette surrounded by carved inscriptions. The image was that of a mummy, apparently a woman, with her arms crossed over her breast. He thought he could make out the name *Phosia*. Perhaps it had been Allouine's name in an earlier turn of the wheel.

The mummy was the symbol used to represent Osiris, the irreproducible God of Resurrection.

As he examined this magic stone, he knew that one day he would be able to decipher its message.

MIDDAY

Within his breast there now beat a woman's heart. Her blood now flowed through his veins, mingling with his and inspiring his every act.

He built a sledge of conifer, larch and laurel branches and laid her on it, covering her with her red gown, foreshadowing the mantle of immortality he would one day give her. He wove her a crown of cinnamon leaves, that sacred bush of the South Pole and of red Copihues, the emblematic flower, the bell-flower of blood drawn from his woman's heart.

As he dragged the sledge over the snow, he tried to imagine what that timeless time would be like when they would be together, 'far beyond the stars', like rays of light, with bodies that only they could see, like their present ones but also very different. They would stand motionless at the centre of eternity, because they would be on the other side of the light, in the chosen gesture, like statues, like cathedrals, like the temple of the sun and the moon, like the summit of the mountain, like the trees which live their whole lives without moving, like the oak trees of Hyperborea, like the apple trees of Avalon. And the chosen gesture would be that of their first kiss, like the touch of a snowflake or a sigh from the light

of the Morning Star. They would leave eternity behind after an eternity, to take an active part in creation, helping those who were born bearing the sign to enter the city, within which they would live with their faces, losing and finding each other, separate and together, but never lost. They would play that game, dance that dance, like a combination of notes and sounds, which was played and danced far above this earth's visible and audible scale. In the highest range of the light of another world.

'It doesn't matter if a battle has been lost. It is a dance, a game. For our Myth of A-Mor, it is only important to fight it properly, with honour and loyalty to the end. This has always been the way to win.'

He reached the pyramid-shaped rock. He felt clearly that he had been doing this for an eternity, repeating the action time and time again.

He dug a grave there and placed her inside it, on her sledge of branches and flowers. He covered her with snow and ice. In this way she would be preserved for ever. He took his sword and traced the sign and the lines:

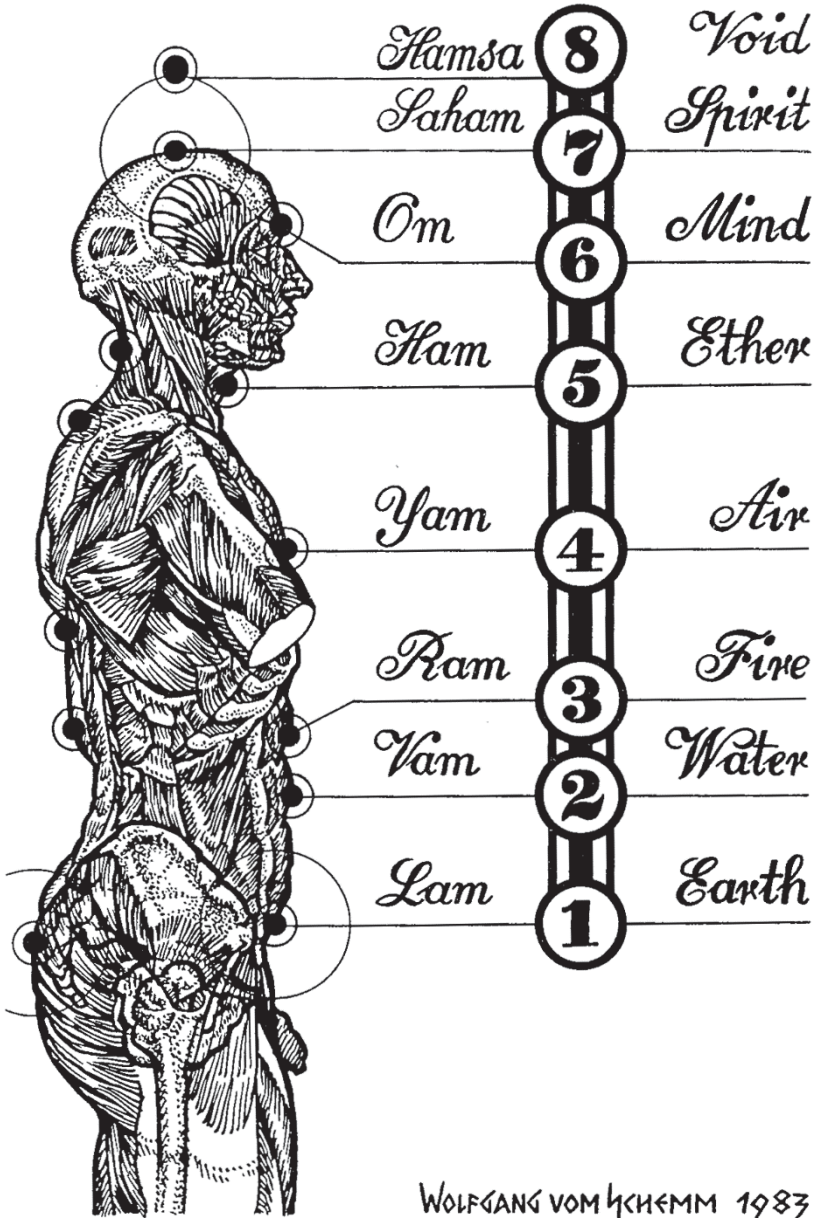
'While you sleep,
I keep watch, my beloved.'

THE DISC

Standing beside her tomb and the Midday Rock, he thought he heard a rustling sound. Soon it became soft music. And the entire firmament was covered with green rays of light. A Disc of Light stopped in space in front of him. Indescribable! It was throbbing, almost as if it was breathing. And it looked at him as if it was sending him a message, while at the same time it 'read his thoughts and feelings'.

For a long time they gazed at each other, until the Light began to move around and upwards, like an eye blinking. It closed like an eyelid and moved rapidly towards the horizon, as if concentrating on a point, until it became no more than a star which grew paler and paler.

In a blinding flash, he realised that he had been in the presence of the Grail of the Andes and hadn't asked the question nor ordered it to take him with it. He had lost the given opportunity for both of them. And he would have to wait another seven hundred years before the laurel flowered again.



WOLFGANG VOM KHEMM 1983

ANOTHER TURN OF THE WHEEL

THE GARDEN OF CHILDHOOD

In those times, it took almost a day to travel from Santiago to the family estate in the foothills of the Andes. On alighting from an ancient train, one was driven through the tiny provincial town in horse-drawn carriages. The dusty road wound up into the hills, crossing the River Claro, which lived up to its name by flowing down the mountainside as a crystal-clear stream, murmuring over boulders and rocks, until it was lost in the distance. The penetrating scent of the myrrh trees pervaded the whole valley in spring-time. In his heart he always carried the memory of the eternal snows on the mountain tops. They were the white blood of the giants and the condors, the everlasting fire of the heavens.

A road bordered by farm cottages led to the estate houses. These were surrounded by a high wall, painted a colonial red. The huge gates were open to allow the carriage and its snorting horses to pass through. The mansion was over two centuries old and was a single-storey, L-shaped building, with doors which opened onto a gallery supported by hand-carved pillars. The entire main body of the mansion was painted the same red as the outside wall. At the back stretched an enchanted garden, with fig trees, willows and chestnuts, at the bottom of which was a tiny brook whose water flowed from the Andes and whose banks were covered with a shady tangle of brambles, roses and hydrangeas. The domestic dogs and fowl used to drink there together with the wild birds. Nearby were the kitchens, smelling of meat, roast chestnuts and fruit—dried or ripe, according to the season. Inside the rooms was an unforgettable aroma of old wood, of antique furniture made from jacaranda, mahogany and oak; a scent of accumulated years and time. Attached

to one end of the house was the colonial-style chapel, with an altar carved by artisans from Cuzco, with gildings and a pair of strange candelabra made of myrtle wood, with double-headed eagles whose bodies were shaped like hearts. This chapel contained the tomb of a seventeenth-century Spaniard, a former master of these lands. And the sweet scent of lighted candles and evening prayers.

But the child's paradise lay in a tiny circular garden in front of the house, surrounded by bamboo canes up which climbed roses, forget-me-nots, jasmine and convolvulus. In the middle grew a huge pine tree, which he now confuses with an oak in the Central World, the land of Avalon.

In his memory, it was a shady place, smelling of damp violets. On summer mornings, he used to go into the garden and not leave it again until midday. And during that time, where was the child? Mingling with the plants and the flowers, climbing up the huge tree until he reached its topmost branches, urged on by an intense desire to get closer to the condors who glided in the clear skies and who would stop in mid-flight in order to look at him. The child conversed with the flowers, with the grass that grew so sweetly and was so fragile, with the birds and, above all, with the tree. Now he seems to remember that some tremulous secret revealed to him by the grass made him cry on more than one occasion. The child suffered for all these defenceless creatures who came and told him little things, their sorrows mostly, and asked him not to forget them but to take them with him when he was separated from them and could no longer understand their language. 'Don't forget us,' they begged him. 'Take us with you for ever. We want to make ourselves invisible within you.'

THE FACE

One day, a face emerged from a rose. Its eyes looked at him as if he was not a child but a timeless being. The face said something to him that he didn't fully understand, because he only spoke the language of the plants well. Even today he has difficulty in remembering it. It seemed to say to him: 'Seek me, love me.'

He lived that moment as if outside time. Someone came and took him out of the garden, for ever. And never afterwards was he able to speak freely with the animals and flowers. He lost that faculty. But, from that moment on, from earliest childhood, he lived only for love and to seek the face of that flower in all women. In their bodies, in their souls, he sought the scent of the garden of childhood, the secret of that glance, the illusion of that love. There, far away, in the garden of childhood, he had been given his diapason, the key of his melody, even before he felt himself to be 'ego', or perhaps at that precise moment.

THE VIOLETS OF CHILDHOOD

A cake with five or maybe four candles—he couldn't remember which—and warm, foaming milk fresh from the cowshed were brought to him on a tray. The tray was bordered with a garland of violets covered with dewdrops. Oh, the scent of the violets of his childhood! Like so many things, the violets of today don't smell the same as they used to.

The white-haired woman who came into his room carrying his present, like a priestess from the valley of the Andes, said: 'Happy birthday! Now you're not a child any more.'

The violets also told him so (because they didn't smell the same as when he was a child). His 'ego' interposed itself between him and their scent. Between him and his garden.

And he realised that now he would have to create, invent some Non-Existent Violets, a Non-Existent Garden. To bring them back to life. The tree, the flowers, the plants begged him to do so from the other side of a wall of glass which was growing less and less transparent.

'EGO'

I am a very young child, but at the same time I feel myself to be a very old person, timeless, as if clothed in a dignity conferred on me by the passage of centuries. I am standing in one of the rooms in that mansion which is over two hundred years old, in the foothills

of the Cordillera of the Andes, in the precarious and mystical country called Chile, where there is always a light which seems to come from other worlds, perhaps from the Morning Star.

To my right stands a big wardrobe which gives off an aroma of old wood; behind me is a brass bedstead; in front of me is a table. Beyond lie other rooms and a door which opens onto a gallery with pillars and vaulted niches. People are moving around. It is a beautiful day full of summer sun and moving light. Everything smells and sounds as if it was new-born, solemn, because it has been recreated. For the first time—so I believe—I have a sense of my ‘ego’.

And at that precise moment I begin to think like a philosopher; but with a clarity and lucidity that no philosopher ever had, because I am a child-philosopher and my thoughts are experiences, with a recently-incarnate ‘ego’; that is, I am both a very old and a new sage, who awakens and directs his sure gaze over the world and over himself.

With deep wonderment, I observe, firstly, myself, my newly-appeared ‘ego’. And I am surprised, but without being surprised, to feel myself to be ‘me’, ‘me-myself’, ‘uniquely-me’. And the most important thought that comes into my mind at that time, which I believe that I am thinking for the first time, is the following: is it possible that in the midst of all the people around me, all the beings moving about here, I am the only one to feel myself to be ‘me’, that is, this unique ‘me’? ‘Me’, ‘me’ and not ‘another’? And then, looking at the people walking along that gallery, I say to myself: do they also feel themselves to be ‘me’? It isn’t possible that each of ‘them’ also feels himself to be ‘me’, ‘uniquely-me’, that is ‘him’, ‘them’? And this experience, so clear, so recently emerged from the secret coffer of the universe, has affected my whole life from earliest childhood up to the present, returning from time to time, whenever—whether I wish to or not—I open the secret ark of wisdom of my childhood. And I continue asking myself: supposing that the ‘ego’ is an electro-chemical phenomenon in the brain’s bio-chemistry, part of the mechanics of growth of the body, a centre which opens up at a given moment in a child’s development, is it possible that, immediately this centre is open, that child can ask himself such fun-

damental questions, gaining such a clear experience of an ontological occurrence, so to speak? Furthermore, this 'ego' which suddenly appears, where was it before? And what was the 'ego' before? Or who was it? And, in my memory ('who' remembers, or 'who' engraved this recollection on my memory?), I see myself at less than a year old—before the appearance of that 'ego' (this 'ego')—leaning over the balcony of a house in the city, holding tightly in my tiny fist my grandfather's blue sapphire ring with his initials engraved in gold. The street below was full of vehicles and pedestrians. And when the women came to bring me indoors, fearing I would let the ring drop, I felt offended, because I knew that I would never have done so; because that child was a legendary personage, older than my grandfather, a person filled with antiquity, but as yet without an 'ego'.

'UNINHABITED BLUE'

More than half a century has passed. I never wanted to go back. Or I couldn't. I travelled the whole world, obeying orders, impelled by longing—the Pilgrim of the Great Longing—always in search of the City of Agharti and Avalon. Or in reality, of the central face in the garden of my childhood. And also of the Face in the Flower.

And it happened that one day I went back, filled with the fear that the thought of coming face to face with a dream or the ghosts of an idealised world produces in us. However, everything was exactly the same. The fields were still transparent, the mountain tops snow-covered, the old walls still painted red, the road dusty and the River Claro running over steep rocks. Almost all the same people were there. Only the violets didn't smell the same. And the walls were older and the gilded sculptures in the chapel were damaged. The double-headed eagle had lost its talons but still had its heart. The tombstone had become encrusted in the floor and its inscription worn away by the passage of time.

I wandered aimlessly, thinking I heard the ghostly voices of my ancestors. Scenes repeated themselves in the light. I entered the abandoned garden, which had lost its protective fence and had been invaded by weeds. There were no flowers, no birds, no faces I

could see or hear. And I stood beside the huge pine tree, without anyone seeing me there. I rested my forehead against its ancient bark and embraced it, saying: 'Speak to me as you used to, tell me your sorrows and your joys, tell me everything. Although I believe I can't understand you, you know that I do. I haven't changed. I will remain the same until the end of our eternity.'

Thus I spoke to the beloved tree of my childhood.

Whenever I read the following poem, I remember the pilgrimage which, late in life, I made to the land of my birth:

'And now, remembering my former self, the places I have
inhabited,
And which still carry my sacred thoughts,
I understand that the feeling, the plea with which all strange
solitude surprises us,
Is nothing more than the evidence which remains of human
sadness.
Or, also, the light of the one who breaks through his security,
his consecutive atmosphere,
In order to feel how, on returning, his whole being explodes
within a great number,
And to know that he "still" exists, that he "still" enriches and
impoverishes steps on the earth
But who is there, absorbed, the same, without direction,
Solitary as a mountain, saying the word then.
So that no man can console the one who suffers thus:
All that he seeks, those for whom he now weeps,
All that he loves, has also gone far away, attaining itself.¹

MY COMRADE

In this turn of the wheel, I have dedicated myself to explaining a Myth and a Legend, embodying them in my life. I have gone through life singing a certain obsessive melody, whose key was given me in the land of my birth. I don't remember if it was here, or in another place which is even farther away, in a remote, polar

¹ By the Chilean poet Omar Cáceres.

region. It seems to me that none of this is new, but that I have repeated it thousands of times.

I was orphaned as a child and was brought up by a widow called Fresia or Freyja, my paternal grandmother. I grew up in the forests of this southern land like a 'pure madman'. Nothing more. Very soon I rebelled against the Great Widow, entering upon this combat with no other weapons than the memory of the face in the flower in the garden of my childhood. Without God, because I also lost him very early on.

As I narrate this 'hermetic biography' which is not accessible to everyone, this legend, and as I sing my melody softly, I thought to describe—with difficulty, enveloped in the mists of passing years and turns of the wheel—my meeting with and loss of a companion of my youth, whom I believe I called Jason, although his name was really Hector. Together we lived solar times, in a midday which was a midnight, dreaming of and searching for the City of Dawn. Jason died young. He wanted to remain pure and upright so as to continue the search in a new turn of the wheel, in times which would be more propitious for him. He would continue his search through all the turns of the wheel, in those to come and those that came before.

At his graveside, I sang the Song of the Comrade:

'If you doubt,
I laugh joyfully.
If you sleep,
I keep watch for you.
If you leave,
I shall fight for both of us.
Because to each warrior
The Gods have
Given a comrade.'

And if I return to life, you will also return to life in me. And if you have a dog, I will look after it. And I will enter the city with it. Thus there will be a dog in the sky with us.

THE GREAT WAR OF THE MAHABHARATA

Jason left this Second Earth shortly before the great war of the *Mahabharata* began. I took part in this war although I didn't know the reason for it. I think because I was impelled by the 'blood memory'. And it was this war that led me to the Master and to be initiated into an ancient circle, 'which rules both poles'.

It was the Master who explained the significance of the great war to me and the reason why I had taken part in it, guided by the 'blood memory'. The war had taken place many times, in many turns of the wheel, and it would repeat itself endlessly, without beginning or end.

As before, it ended with the defeat of the followers of the God of the Losers of the Kaliyuga. The guides who didn't die on the corpse-strewn battlefields had to embark once again on the long exodus towards the ices of the south of the world, in search of the Subterranean City and the doorway opening onto the Star of Origins. Because the Norns had spoken, and it was not night that fell upon the defeated—among whom I was numbered—but the hope of resurrection in the Oases of Ice. If we face defeat with honour, then that defeat is good! Such an ending is a spiritual adventure which has been successful in a parallel world and time. Harsh is the judgment of the Norns! And the warrior must accept it with honour and a joyful heart.

I came to the Master in the middle of this war by a 'lucky occurrence filled with meaning'. One night I lay paralysed in my bed, having 'awoken without waking' while I thought I was asleep. A current which originated at the base of my invisible spine began to rise along the length of my body, causing different centres or 'wheels' to vibrate. As it spread, an icy fire paralysed the parts it touched. When it reached my throat, I knew that no cry for help would reach a human ear. When the raging fire neared my forehead so as to try and touch the top of my head, something was gripped by an unutterable fear, something which believed that it was going to die, to disappear for ever. And it struggled between what it believed to be nothingness and its only known existence, between fear of a black void and its earthly light, its only possible light.

And what was involved in that desperate struggle, stirring up a fundamental, perhaps cosmic happening, was the 'ego', my 'ego', which had appeared for the first time in the garden in which the golden apples of childhood grew.

THE MASTER AND THE SERPENT

I am standing before the Master, having been led into his presence by one of my companions in the great war, who had also drawn his sword and fought against identical ghosts.

I feel that I have stood here many times before, looking at his blue eyes, his virile hands grasping the sword. I hear him say: 'You have been bitten by the serpent. Her poison is already circulating through your blood and if you don't find the antidote, you will die. But don't think that this has only just happened. Your first meeting with Her was in the garden of your childhood. But at that time, you saw Her outside you, as a face looking out of a flower. Now She is inside you. And the enemy you will be fighting in this great war will be your "ego", which has come between Her and the Elect. The ancient continent of Hyperborea was submerged in the terrifying flood, and the new sun was superimposed above it, creating a thin crust which talks another language, which no longer speaks for the animals and the flowers; nor understands them. Nevertheless, in the depths below, Hyperborea still exists, behind the Yellow Sun and the Black Sun, in the Ray of Green Light. Go down to the depths of the Ocean, raise Hyperborea, make the legendary continents of Mu and Gondwana, the Land of the Giants, reappear alongside the narrow coastline of your present homeland. When the lost continent rises, you will recover the face of the serpent. And you will return to life with Her. This is the Resurrection. And it is also our great war, which we fight with honour, out of duty, knowing that no one kills anyone else, "because those you kill on the field of battle have already died in Me". And the "ego" which you are going to overcome will return to life in a different form, united with the face of your flower, incorporated in the old soul, in that Him-Her who waits beside a spring, in the roots of the tree of your childhood.

'Don't be afraid, don't resist, go into combat with a light heart, risking the loss of your "ego" with honour. Accept its death. Only when the "ego" is dead can *he* live. It will be returned to you, immortal, reborn. And don't forget that the battlefield is your own body. Because the sky is also shaped like a man's body.'

THE COURT OF KING ANTARCTHUS

As best I could, I followed the Master's advice; because in those hazy regions, enveloped in the phantasmagorical mists of the mystery and legends of the Grail, nothing is exact or certain, nor can we make use of any conscious decision or rational will there. Although, perhaps, we may be able to decide on a course of action a little before we come face to face with events. But there is also the 'blood and its memory', our solar, Luciferan origins, which will bring us out of the battle as either victorious or defeated. Defeated with honour. And the memory of our beloved, the face of our beloved, 'in our heart of hearts', as Novalis says.

The 'battlefield' was ready. I lay down on the bed and waited for the signal which would start the conflict between the two armies. From far off, as if from the thick forests on the horizon, a soft, melodious sound could be heard and the fiery chariots began to approach like discs of white light, like flaming icebergs. The same vibrations of icy fire, the same growing paralysis, as the invasion mounted, taking one city after another, establishing its rule in each, causing these centres to revolve in unison, so as to make use of them according to a plan and a strategic rhythmic law. The 'ego' fell back to the upper reaches in order to fight the decisive battle at the summit, where it had earlier thought itself to be victorious, keeping control there on the very brink of defeat. However, now I wanted to lose. No, I didn't want to. Something in the 'blood memory' decided that for me, perhaps the Master, the face, or the 'memory of my beloved'. An alien wisdom which reminded me: 'You are a follower of the God of the Losers, you belong to his army. You will win by losing.' And I gave in, and handed over the 'summit'. I stopped resisting.

A whirlwind of fire enveloped my head, as if I was entering a Disc of Light, and an eternity of nothingness, of nobody, was produced. Afterwards came the awakening, something like the return to a pre-existing point, both earlier and later in time. And once again, I found myself travelling inside the fire and the light of the Disc, urged on by a music which was my melody, but played in the highest possible key. We were travelling through a metal-like tube, a funnel which was rotating fast. 'A break in space', I thought, which would permit me to reach the Other Earth, a parallel world and time, where victory awaits those who know how to lose with honour 'here'.

And then I was on the other side.

It was something like a room with glass walls. In the middle was a Round Table, made of stone, of blue-green ice. On it stood a cup filled with a golden liquor. Strangely, I seemed to know that the table was my own skull, and that the cup was an eye open in the middle of it, like the central eye of the giants. Around the Round Table, like luminous discs or stars, as my body had by now also become, were seated twelve knights in shining armour, each with a lady in a red gown standing on his left. Evidently they were waiting for me, because there was an empty seat, which bore the number 13.

The King, who was called Antarthor, said: 'This seat bears the number of your star, according to the Venusian Calendar of Tiahuanacu, which is far more perfect and accurate than the Calendar of the Sun of Gold, because it is connected with the Black Sun and the Ray of Green Light. Sit down, Huanacu!'

I obeyed. And fell into a huge abyss. The whole earth shook—that Other Earth. I had sat in the 'Siege Perilous'. I fell further and further. And as I went deeper into the abyss, I heard King Arcthur, who was now called Antarthur, because he had changed poles, say to me: 'I can reveal to you the names of seven of these knights. As the table is round, we can begin with any one of them. However, there is an order and a hierarchy. Five names are missing, as well as one of mine. The thirteenth is the Siege Perilous because in order to sit there you must fight a well-armed knight. Also, you must

come with your lady, wearing the red gown of resurrection. Don't return here without her.'

When I found myself lying on the bed again, I saw, through the window of my room, the Morning Star rise over the sleeping Andes, like an eye filled with a watery light. And I knew that it would never cease to keep watch over me; because it was my guide on the Road of Return.

THE STONE WHICH FELL FROM HEAVEN

I went to see the Master and tell him about my experience: 'How is it possible that all this, which was taking place somewhere outside me, could at the same time also be happening inside me?' I asked. 'Ah!' he exclaimed. 'There is no inside and outside. You are alive, but you are dead. You seem dead; but you are alive. There is no here and there, nor above and below; what is inside is outside. I have explained this to you so many times.'

'True. It seems to me that I have had this meeting and this conversation with you, here in the circle, before, but have only just remembered it. A memory of something that I have already lived through or will live through. Is this reincarnation?'

'What is commonly called reincarnation is an error reached through the thoughts and language of this continent which is superimposed on the one we were speaking about earlier. An error of this new earth and new sun which appeared within time, when the garden of childhood sank along with Hyperborea and Thule, where time was different and travelled towards the past, or just didn't exist. Our order knows and uses the language of the lost continent. It is a language of sacred signs. The vibratory sounds of the Orphic music. There is no reincarnation, only a repetition of the same thing, a return of the same thing, the playing of the same note in different intensities of the same tone. I've explained this to you, too, many times, but not yesterday, not tomorrow. *Today*. So that because it is always happening, it's as if it never happened, or I as if it is happening for the first time. . . .'

'Nevertheless, I remember it, I am remembering it as if it has already happened or as if it were happening for an eternity.'

'This is because you have reached midday, in the depths of midnight, beside the Polar Mountain of Revelation. And you will be initiated into our order. You bear the sign of the warriors of our star, the star of Lucifer, of the Great Loser, the Morning Star, engraved on your forehead and your arm.'

I listen to what the Master tells me extremely carefully. These are his orders, which I will obey through all eternity.

'Yes. What is inside is outside. Here everything is outside. And you must go towards it as if you were interiorizing it. (What else do you desire, O world, but to make yourself invisible within us?)¹ Outside, there is also a castle, a Round Table of King Arcthur, a Grail, a hidden, subterranean city, a Hollow Earth, your Beloved who awaits you and a Disc of Light which will carry you to other constellations. There is a Holy War to be fought. The warriors of our order must first seek all this outside, but with the intimate knowledge that they are also seeking it inside. Better still: when they have found it outside, they will have also made it invisible in their "heart of hearts", returning it to life there. And from then on they will be able to move freely between these two worlds and in many others, from inside to out, from life to death, without being either alive or dead, like a double-headed eagle which has a heart for its body. This is what has mistakenly been called "astral journeying". It is not a journey. It is a "falling from the flesh into the soul". And they will return to clothe it with an immortal body, with the red gold of the alchemists to the Grail, with the stone which fell from heaven.'

I am, then, a stone which fell from heaven, from a broken crown, an exile in this world, a Pilgrim of Longing, an acolyte of the God of the Losers, a member of the circle of Lucifer, a warrior of the order of the Morning Star, a Guardian of the Dawn, a Walker of the Dawn.

'And the war, Master?'

'We are warriors from the most holy of wars, from a mythical, eternal, cosmic war. Because there is a myth to be defended, for

¹ By Rilke.

which to fight and die, inside and out. It was brought to this external earth with its slow vibrations, in the same way as the face in the flower in the garden of your childhood appeared to you, as if it had fallen from heaven or emerged from inside a great rose. And it really had fallen from heaven, from the rose of our star, with the stone from a crown which had been broken in a stellar war. It came down to this earth in the Discs of Light, along with the White Gods. Purely terrestrial people do not believe in this Myth of Resurrection and Eternal Love. They did not fall from another planet but are the "slaves of Atlantis". Also those who have come from opposing stars, from different universes, are fighting against our myth. Not all who inhabit the earth are the same. This is why we are fighting, so as to preserve a myth, a legend, which flows through the "blood memory". Defeat in the battles of this war will not be defeat if the myth is preserved in all its purity, because the Archetype will rise like a phoenix from the blood-stained ashes. And the war will finally be won by a Horseman riding on a white horse which gallops towards the past or who descends in a Disc of Green Light.

'The Legend of Eternal Love is on the point of disappearing because of the hybridisation of the "blood memories". The youth of today has been influenced by black music. The Archetype has been debased, Plato showed us that Atlantis was drowned because of an indiscriminate mingling of Archetypes, because of their destruction in the "blood memory". The Twilight of the Gods has taken place. The sound of the horn can be heard echoing sadly in the forests of Hyperborea.'

After a long silence, during which he seemed to be contemplating some undefined point as if someone standing there were telling him what to say, the Master continued: 'The rebellious dross overflows from the forge where the alchemist is preparing the gold of resurrection. Counter-Initiation, Prince of Darkness and Slavery, takes advantage of this. Only Zarathustra's Persian and Rama's Hindu are unconditionally on our side, despite having lost their war of the *Mahabharata*. They still defend their solar soul. Amongst us, in the south of the world, are the White Gods, hiding in the City of the Caesars, in the secret refuges in the Andes, in the mysterious oases of the South Pole. Your mission is to seek them. You will have

to search the exterior world and try to enter its fortresses and gather together the scattered fragments of the broken crown, even if it means approaching that table at which an inexhaustible supply of food is served and the liquor of eternal life is drunk, so that, finally, you may sit in the Siege Perilous because you will have come accompanied by your beloved.

‘Firstly, you must search your own country, your mystical homeland, which awaits transfiguration. You must go down to the borders of the Antarctic, in search of the oases of warm water in the centre of the ice-field, beneath the Black Sun of Midnight, and discover the entrance to the Interior Earth where our great guide awaits you. You must love your native land as you once loved the garden and the flowers of your childhood, because the warrior of our order does not scorn nature and its laws, but looks on it as an allegory of something supernatural. He is immersed in this allegory, although at the same time he is amazed by the eternal singularity of his “ego”, which is a-natural. Moreover, it is not enough for him to believe in immortality, he lives it. He is the Man of Great Longing.’

THE INITIATION

I had to wait many years before I was accepted by the guides who control us from the Ray of Green Light, and the Master decided to initiate me.

I was summoned to the Circular Room of Glass, which had been built in the south as a copy of the first home. The warriors were all there, dressed in black and carrying their swords. I, too, carried mine.

The great Sign of Return, which revolves in the opposite direction to the turning of this present earth, was suspended from the vaulted roof. A fire burned in the centre of the room.

I drew my sword and passed it to the Master.

‘You must stand,’ he told me. ‘No one kneels in our company.’

The others formed a circle around us. The Master passed my sword over the flames.

'There are two swords. One day you will be the Warrior of the Two Swords, when you regain the faculty of conversing with the animals and plants, which is the language of Avalon, spoken in the City of the Caesars. You will be the Warrior of the Two Worlds, the inner and outer. There is only one sword, but it has two edges: like a double-headed eagle. It is the Sword of the Two Consciousnesses, of the awakening.'

The Master drew a sign on the blade of the sword and handed it back to me. The warriors pointed their swords at my heart. Then they raised them towards the Emblem of Return.

'The Circle is called Huilkanota. You are now an Ancahuinca, a warrior serving the White Gods of Albania. Now you can never turn back. Whosoever sets foot here can never go back. He must go ever onward, across burning deserts and icy plateaux, suffering thirst, half-frozen, alone, without human comfort, without the warm embrace of a living woman, *usque ad mortem*, until one day he reaches the diamond-encrusted walls of the City of Dawn, its drawbridge, its hidden entrance. By his constant courage in battle, by his "fury" alone, he will have gained the right to resurrection and eternal life. But whosoever sets foot upon this path which leads to the great beyond may not go forward if he ever has the intention of turning back. He who has attained the human state and doesn't try to go beyond it is like a man who commits suicide.'

And the Master gave me the first sign in our initiation: 'The sign is the language of Atlantis-Hyperborea. When you trace it over your heart, it affects the two heads of the double-headed eagle and instantly reaches the Two Earths and all your bodies, reactivating them. It is your defence and paralyses those who are opposed to your myth, opposing *Nos*, like a counter-initiation, an anti-spirit. Other signs will be given to you, either by me personally or by the guides, as they become necessary to the glory of your fight, on the dangerous road which you will be following. May the Norns be propitious to you! May the immortals give you their blessing! Go, seek! And never return. *Leap!*'

THE SEARCH ONCE AGAIN

Since that day I have travelled the world from end to end, searching, consulting, looking deep into the eyes of every pilgrim I meet to see whether he is one of my comrades, to receive some sign or indication that would help me find the path that leads to the gates of the City of Dawn.

At first, I allowed myself to be dragged along by the current that flows ever farther towards the south. I penetrated its borders, where Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa tasted the bitter fruit of return, called Calafate.¹ In the Sarmiento Mountains, by Lake Nahuel-Huapi, I searched for the City of the Caesars. And one day I found myself at a great altitude, near the peak of Melimoyu. Without knowing why, I burst into tears beside a small lake and a rock which stood on a plateau, near a forest of petrified conifers. It was with great difficulty that I came down from there, as if half of my soul lay dead in that place.

And I continued my search until I reached the icy wastes of the Antarctic, guided by a golden-haired dog, always with the hope of seeing the oasis which was the entrance to the Interior World, the Hollow Earth, the refuge of our guides, appear in the thick mist. And in the expectation of their resurrection.

I don't know what happened to my golden-haired dog, or whether I lost it in this turn of the wheel or another, whether it fell into a bottomless Antarctic abyss, or whether it was devoured by the ferocious skuas, those Antarctic seagulls which flew ever closer to its Golden Fleece.

I have said that I travelled to all the ends of the earth. And thus it was. I crossed the great Ocean which eats away at our coasts, in the knowledge that the temples, palaces and golden ghosts of Gondwana and Mu, the decomposing skeletons of the men of Lemuria, their treasures, their immense submerged powers, their cosmogonic dreams, still lie in its depths. And one day I reached the Other Spine of the Earth, the Himalayas, because I thought to find the City of Agharti and the Masters of my Master there. I lived

¹ A fruit of the south of Chile. It is believed that whoever eats it will always return there.

in India for many years, searching the holy mountains for the Siddha-Ashram. The Master had told me that its entrance was to be found on the sacred Mount Kailas, in the Transhimalayas, above the rainline, near Lake Manasarovar. I was on the point of reaching it. But I was prevented from doing so by the other races who had taken control of those regions and who were opposed to our myth, forcing Kaliyuga towards its nadir, to the new kingdom of the ants, to a planet of lead. Only the judgment of the Norns can save our Myth of Resurrection and Eternal Love. And the sword called 'Blood Memory'. And the Disc of Green Light and the return of the White Gods.

CARL GUSTAV JUNG

On my return to the west, in that European world which is not like the South American one, and which after the Thirty Years War and the latest war of the *Mahabharata* has become like a body without a soul, I discovered that a noble White Spirit had left Europe for ever. I was told that the Grail had been taken by Parsifal to Albania, the ancient name for America, in a Templars' ship with a fiery cross on its sail which revolved in the direction of return, towards the oases of the South Pole.

In Switzerland, beside a lake, in a tower built by his own hands and whose construction had been determined by his dreams, I met the Master of the Sphinx once more. He was carving a serpent on a rock, while the waters of the lake lapped gently round his feet. He saw me arrive, exhausted, thirsty and hungry, and invited me inside the tower to rest beside the fire while he prepared a meal for me.

He offered me wine in a metal jug and we talked all that night and the following day. I shall try and reproduce what he told me.

'Like you, I have lost the war. When I have left this life, a conspiracy will take place against me. It has always been so, because only poets will be able to understand me and continue my work. Sometimes I think that my fellow countrymen, in this tiny land in which I am living in this turn of the wheel, hate me, because I endanger their materialist, money-orientated way of life. I am not

from this world. I am a Hyperborean. Like you, I am a stranger in this world, in this land inhabited by the "slaves of Atlantis". We lost this stage of the war of the *Mahabharata*. Because of this, my work will remain unfinished and only poets, as I have said, will be able to understand it and carry it on. This homeland of mine, which was once druidic, has remained a part of a Celtic confederation whose symbol is a clover with four leaves, because it lacks the fifth leaf which is the Hyperborean polar spirit, the leaf of the number of destiny. It lost it, or it never had it. At least your homeland is the land of the Morning Star. . . .'

'But you are to blame,' I broke in. 'Why didn't you risk your all? You were also a son of your mountainous country, lacking in sacred fury.'

'I would have lost the little that I had salvaged in the battle. And now it will be the sons of my own flesh who will take part in the destruction of my work. A creator, a warrior, should not have children. . . .'

'That is true,' I agreed.

He poured out the wine. He put some large pots and the old metal frying pan into the cupboard. He greeted them and thanked them, talking to them as if they could understand him. After an almost religious silence, he looked at me fixedly: 'Well, pilgrim, you have eaten and drunk. Do you wish to rest or would you rather open your heart to me now, as you did long ago, when you were a king standing beside the Sphinx?'

'I will talk to you,' I replied. 'That is why I have come. Only you can answer me.'

'SELF'

'I have been asking myself the same question for an entire eternity, without obtaining an answer. Is there any reason to believe that anything survives death? The "ego", for example? Can it die? If the "ego" dies, everything comes to an end with it. One day you explained to me that if the "ego" didn't exist, there would be no world. If a yogi, for example, had stripped himself of his "ego" in his profoundest state of *samadhi*, there would be no one there to

know that he had been in *samadhi*. Or perhaps he didn't know that he was in *samadhi*? Because there is individuality without ego-consciousness; it exists even in a flower, a stone. "A stone is a stone because it has no ego-consciousness," said Meister Eckhart. Without consciousness, without "ego", there can be no individuation. There is persona but not personality. And the "ego", this "ego" I feel myself to be, that only I am, how can it die? If it dies, the world comes to an end, because how can "I" know that it will go on without "me", when "I" die? Only because people tell me so, because someone assures me it is so, while I am still here. I learn that the world goes on after me. And it is "I" who hears it, always "I". Ah, but if I really do die, then everything comes to an end, even the world. And I cannot escape from this. There is no possible way out for my "ego". I can only think and feel the following: when I disappear, if ever I do disappear, someone in eternity will again feel himself to be "me", exactly as I do now. And this "I", who feels like this, will be "I" myself, just as if nothing had ceased to exist; because in the immense interval, after a whole eternity, if there is no "I" — this "I" — there is no consciousness, so that time also comes to an end. A moment, a sigh, a nothing. The disappearance and resurrection of the world. The sleep, the repose of the Gods. The Eternal Return.

'I have come here to consult you, to talk to you, to think with you. How can I know that you really exist, that you are also "I", that you feel yourself to be an "I", "your-I"? Only because I hear you tell me so. And it could well be a projection of myself or a splitting of myself in two, like all the rest, words that I am saying to myself, questions and answers that I am putting to myself, a monologue in front of a mirror in which I am looking at myself. At the end of his dramatic life, Nietzsche also had discovered this—so they tell me—and he became all people in one, at one and the same time, succeeding in escaping from the circle into madness. But did he really escape?'

He passed his old hands across his forehead.

'This has been my obsessive melody, too. The anguish of this mental brick wall, this narrow path which seems to leave us without a way out. Without an answer. Because, truly, there is none. You know? There is none! The only thing I can confirm to you is

that I, too, feel myself to be “me”. A poor answer. Because you don’t believe me, you cannot possibly believe me. From your point of view, only “you” feel yourself to be “me”. This is how it is for you, even when I can assure you that it is the same for me, too. With your “me”, you will never be able to understand it. Separate for ever. There is no way out of this, no answer. That is to say, the answer is: there is no way out, no answer. The way does not lie in renunciation of the “ego”, “crucifixion of the ego”, but in its supreme affirmation, combining it with an entelechy, with the Persona which existed before the “ego” and which felt itself to be so old, so ancient, so filled with dignity. Combining them in the Absolute Personality.’

‘What is the “ego”? Where was it before it entered a child’s body?’ I asked.

He answered me with other questions: ‘Perhaps it was the “guardian angel” which the child later loses, when the “ego” enters his body? Or perhaps the “guardian angel” is that wise man, who goes away when the “ego” enters the child’s body and waits for “your” return? What is this “you”? Is there, perhaps, a “third”? Or is the “ego” a point, a fold in the mantle of the persona, of the Monad, of which only a tiny part can enter a body made of dense matter? Have you ever considered the possibility that the technocrats of the science of Kaliyuga managed to give an “ego” to their electronic brains, their robots, merely by moving a lever? Mightn’t something similar have happened in the case of the human being? Will the “ego” survive when the robot is destroyed? Will the same “ego” be reproduced in other machines? This horrifying possibility is for me a further proof that consciousness is an archetype which forges a path through the universes, seeking to give itself a shape, and that it uses the human being in the same way as it would use the machine. . . . I have never managed to say this openly: That the “ego” is an Archetype.’

‘I understand,’ I said.

‘They are only words, I know: New receptacles for an old wine. Let us return to the point from which we have strayed: combining the “ego” and the persona. There lies the gate through which one can enter and leave Ultima Thule. I have called it Individuation.

Combining the “ego” with the Self. Changing the accent of individuality, moving it from the rational consciousness closer to the Ocean of the Unconscious, without ceasing to be conscious but with a different type of consciousness, bringing light as far as possible into the darkness, moving from the Yellow Sun of rational consciousness to the Black Sun of Individuation. And the centre that appears there, which is created, invented, to which the accent of individuality has now moved, is the Self, a circle whose circumference is everywhere and whose centre is nowhere. And which emits a Ray of Green Light. The light of Gnosis. Meister Eckhart’s “tiny spark” which navigates in a ghost ship on and beneath the surface of the Sea of the Unconscious, with all its lights on. The fulfilment of the totality of a being, the *unus mundus*. This is Individuation. Giving a face to the Self, to the “Guardian Angel”, the Monad, making the Creator conscious. . . . And do you know where I found the concept of the Self I used in order to allude to this mystery? In the greatest psychologist of all time: in Nietzsche, your “Wounded King”, who was the first to discover it, using the German word *Selbst*.’

‘What is the Self?’ I asked.

‘It is an island of glass lost in the middle of the Ocean, a city hidden in the depths of a mountain, an oasis of warm water in the midst of the ices, it is the Continent of the Golden Age, a castle surrounded by flames, in which the Beloved lies asleep. . . . Yes, because once there was a King, a Queen, a Sleeping Beauty in a Wood, an Eternal Love. . . . Only poets will be able to understand me. . . .

ANIMA, ANIMUS

‘Eros was united with his Beloved inside the Great Orphic, Cosmic Egg: *Phanes, Erika Paios*. Eros unites, but *Phobos*, fear, hatred (nothing is closer to love than hatred) disunites, leads to separation, breaks the Cosmic Egg. So as to acquire consciousness, individuality, so as to be able one day to give a face to the Cosmic Egg.

‘Complete fusion—losing oneself in one’s opposite, in the loved one, in an effort to return to the original Androgynous—is not a good thing. It goes against Individuation, the immortality of the

persona and resurrection, which is differentiation, the individuation of both partners, so that he and she can come together again separated but, in another way, united for ever. Resurrected.

'If you have the great good fortune to meet your beloved again, the her of him, in one of the turns of your wheel, don't make the mistake of marrying her. You would both be destroyed. What you must do is help her to die outside you. Love her as if you were committing a crime. The beloved must die in order to return to life as an immortal, placing her eternity in your hands. This is the true Her, who leads the warrior to heaven, who is not an illusion, who does not drag him down into hell, profaning him, castrating his magic virility, turning man into woman. She is not the devouring mother, the widow who is not the Widow, because she does not resign herself to her widowhood and so castrates her son. Parsifal and Alexander had to employ *Phobos* (Hatred) in order to escape from the Great Mother, the little widow, so as to achieve the Grail, the Stone of Change, which the Greeks called *Xoanon*. Totality.

'*Das ewig Weibliche zieht uns hinan*, as Goethe said. "The Eternal Feminine leads us to heaven." Because the impulse which drives you to fulfil the ultimate mystery, which I have called Individuation, projecting the "ego" into the Persona, into the Monad, into the Self, giving a face to the Gods, "lighting the darkness of the Creator", is none other than love. Only love can make you cross the deep chasm, the drawbridge that separates your "ego" from the castle in which your beloved lies asleep, jumping into the abyss. It is in effect a change, a miracle. It is a Non-Existent Flower: the Self. Fall into this flower and you will find the face of your Beloved there. This love, this impulse, is an icy, red-green fire, which consumes everything and projects you to heaven, loving beyond life and death, for all eternity. This love makes you immortal. This face, this Fire of Love, which the troubadours and *Minnesänger* called *Woevre Saelde*, *Isolde*, I have called *Anima* in the man and *Animus* in the woman.

A-MOR

'It has been said that the man who loves God needs seven incarnations in order to enter Nirvana and liberate himself, and that the

man who hates him needs only three. It is without God but with his own "fury" that Parsifal achieved the Grail and his individuation, his Self, his totality. This is the difference between the Liquid Road and the Dry Road. We do not know whether, as well as his "fury", his *Phobos*, his fear of the Mother, Parsifal carried with him a "memory of a beloved", as he was supposed to have advised his friend Gawaine to do. Parsifal, with his "fury", or his hatred, was resisting a *participation mystique*. *Samadhi*, fusion with *Adhi*, the Primordial Being, doesn't await him at the end of his road. Because this would be the way of sainthood. What awaits him is *Kaivalya*, total separation, supreme Individuation, Absolute Personality, the ultimate solitude of the Superman. This is the way of the magician, the Siddha, the tantric hero of the Grail. The cosmic isolation of the risen Purusha.

'The mystery of the Grail has preoccupied and moved me deeply since my youth. For this very reason, I did not wish to touch it but passed it by on tiptoe, because I had a presentiment that this was something sacred that should not be "psychologised". Unfortunately, I am not sure that others may not do so in my name after I have gone. . . .'

'I am surprised to hear you use the word "psychologise". Having stopped in midstream, out of a desire to preserve the "scientific" nature of your school at all costs, having enveloped your profoundest experiences in the language that was in vogue at the time, so as to escape the accusation of mysticism and magic, you nevertheless find yourself laid open to the accusation of "psychologising" traditional and sacred knowledge, such as alchemy, astrology, hermeticism and even the *I Ching*. Having done so, you have gained nothing, because your enemies will always accuse you of mystic ambiguities and of being a gnostic follower of Meister Eckhart.'

'I know. This is why I have said that only poets will understand me. Because, somehow, I have handed over the "cipher". I, too, like the troubadours of Occitania and the Minnesänger, have sung in code, in cipher. For example, haven't I said that Archetypes are psychoid? That is to say that, transcending the human psyche, they are beyond or before it. What difference, then, from the Gods of Greece

and India and of the ancient Germans? And my two or more Collective Unconsciousnesses, incompatible between themselves? Isn't this the "Blood Memory", the *Minne* of the German troubadours, who sang of the memory of a Love lost at the beginning of time? What difference between this and the "Race Spirit" of which the occultists speak? Without doubt, I could have gone much further, had I, too, not lost the war. I could have linked my concept of the Collective Unconsciousnesses with the mysterious Tibetan doctrine of the Tulku and the Hindu-Buddhist doctrine of the Bodhisattva. A Tulku never says "I" but "we" when referring to himself. He is a Race Spirit embodied in an entire people. He possesses all his "I" while also being conscious in various parallel planes or times of existence. He is ubiquitous. Thus we link up with the theme of "I", which you raised, and with Nietzsche's conclusion, which is no longer one, but all. . . . Hinduism's Samsara is also my Collective Unconscious, the River of Samsara, of those archetypal forms: Maya, for the Hindus, Illusion. And in the midst of all this is the Self, like an ideal centre, situated in no particular place in the immense Ocean, like a Non-Existent Flower.

'In the west, there was once a way of individual initiation into love: the mystery of the Grail, of its Esoteric Order of Knights and the hermeticism of the German and Provençal troubadours and of the *Fedele d'Amore* in northern Italy. The troubadours' esotericism became a sort of Platonism, or an alchemical Tantrism of the Left Hand. It possessed a ritual and an initiation by degrees, which went from the choice of the initiate by the "glance" of the Lady of the Castle—Beatrice, in the case of Dante—to the giving of a protective ring, a girdle (Brunnhilde's Girdle in the *Nibelungenlied*), a handkerchief or a glove. The initiate has been accepted. He is the Tantric *Sadhaka*. He then passes into the degrees of *Fenhedor*, "Suitor"; *Precador*, "Implorer"; "Bound Man" and *Drut*, he who has exchanged hearts, the betrothed—Rebis, the androgynous of the alchemists—he who has surmounted the ultimate test of *Asag*, uniting with his lady only in the mind; or rather, in the *Maithuna*, the mystical Tantric coitus. The *Mysterium Coniunctionis*. From there he should achieve resurrection, the state of definite separation, Individuation in the Absolute Personality, *purushic*, *kaivalic*, of which

we have already spoken. With the face of the Beloved in his soul. In alchemy, the equivalent states are *Nigredo*, *Albedo* (from which come the names Albania, Albion, Albi) and *Rubedo*, resurrection in the red immortal energy-matter of *Vajra*. The *Soror Mystica*, the woman who is always at the side of the alchemist, is the *Amasia Uxor*, the magic bride of the troubadours' love esotericism. And she is the *Yogini* and *Parastri*, the initiated bride of Tantrism.

'This miraculous Hyperborean initiation comes from a great distance, from the original polar continent, where the female magicians, the priestesses of magic love, Morgana and Allouine, appeared. And also the women who, in the legend of the Grail, healed the wounded warrior and the Sick King. This mystery comes to us from an unfathomable distance. In the west, it was destroyed with the Cathars and the Templars, with the *Minnesänger* and the *Fedele d'Amore*, with the troubadours of the Languedoc, in the eternal war with the enemies of the divine myth. What had been a private, unique, aristocratic initiation has become vulgarised in the exotericism of the Church of Rome, which has taken possession of its symbols and adulterated them. The Gnostic Lady, *Sophia*, *Woevre Saelde*, the feminine Holy Spirit, *Parakletos*, the Dove, has been popularised as the Virgin Mary; the Exchange of Hearts, which is in reality the awakening of the Anahata chakra, has been externalised in the cult of the heart of Jesus. The crown of thorns and the rosary have replaced the Templars' alchemical rose of a thousand petals, the Sahasrara chakra, at the summit of the invisible skull. It is the assassination of the sacred way of Kundalini, of the Tantric road of the chakras. A hermetic initiation of solar love has been adulterated by an exoteric, lunar religion, by an anthropomorphic, exclusively materialistic cult.

'The initiation of "loveless love" has been destroyed, and man has gone over to the diffusion of a physical, matriarchal love, centred purely on the physical body of the woman, in which the externalised Eve triumphs, desecrating the warrior, imposing her female urgency and her "Demetrian" fever for procreation. Love has become human, all too human. The "loveless love" of the warrior, of the troubadour, is the mystery of the Grail. The love of the unres-

urrected woman and man is the Church of Rome, lunar Christianity. The initiatory poem has deteriorated into the novel, the popular literature and the unhealthy sexualism of our day.

‘When we talk about the religion of love of the troubadours, of the initiated knights of the Grail, of the true Rosicrucians, we must try to discover what lies behind their language. In those days, love did not mean the same thing as it does in our day. The word *Amor* (Love) was a cipher, it was a code word. Amor spelt backwards is Roma. That is, the word indicated, in the way in which it was written, the opposite to Roma, to all that Rome represented. Also, *Amor* broke down into “a” and “mor”, meaning *Without-Death*. That is, to become immortal, eternal, thanks to the way of initiation of A-Mor. A way of initiation totally opposed to the way of Rome. An esoteric, solar Kristianity. The Gnostic Kristianity of Meister Eckhart. And mine. Because I have tried to teach western man to resurrect Kristos in his soul. Because Kristos is the Self for western Man.

‘This is why *Roma* destroyed *Amor*, the Cathars, the Templars, the Lords of the Grail, the *Minnesänger*, everything which may have originated in the “Hyperborean Blood Memory” and which may have had a polar, solar origin.

‘The love talked and written about so much in novels, poetry and magazines, the love of one’s neighbour, the universal love of the churches, love of humanity, has nothing whatsoever to do with “loveless love” (A-Mor, Without-Death), which is a harsh discipline, as cold as ice, as cutting as a sword, and which aspires to overcome the human condition in order to reach the Kingdom of the Immortals, Ultima Thule.

‘SYNCHRONICITY’

‘The earth is alive and it feels with you. It follows your footsteps, your search, with equal anxiety, because it will be transfigured in your triumph. The end of Kaliyuga and the entry into a new Golden Age depend on the results of your war. The earth by itself cannot finish the work that Nature leaves incomplete. Today the earth has joined forces with man in his destructive passion. The great catastrophe will occur in the first years of the Age of Aquarius. But if

you can find the entrance to the Invisible Double of this earth, fulfilling the mystery of “loveless A-Mor”, the volcanoes will become calm, the earthquake will cease and the catastrophe will be avoided.

‘There is an essential “synchronicity” between the soul and the landscape. What you achieve in yourself will have repercussions in even the remotest corner of the universe, like the ringing of a bell which announces a triumph or a defeat, producing irreversible effects in a secret centre where Destiny acts. The Archetype is indivisible and, if you once confront it in an essential manner, the effects are universal and valid for all eternity. The old Chinese saying expresses it well: “If a man, sitting in his room, thinks the right thoughts, he will be heard thousands of leagues away.” And the alchemical saying, too: “It doesn’t matter how alone you are. If you do true work, unknown friends will come to your aid.”

‘What I have called “synchronicity”, Nietzsche called “lucky occurrences filled with meaning”. It becomes a poetic dialogue, a concerto for two violins, between the man-magician and Nature. The world presents you with a “lucky occurrence filled with meaning”, it hands you a subtle, almost secret message, something which happens without apparent reason, a-causal, but which you feel is full of meaning. This being exactly what the world is looking for, that you should extract that meaning from it, which you alone are capable of seeing, because it “synchronises”, it fully coincides with your immediate state of mind, with an event in your life, so that it is able to transform itself, with your assistance, into legend and destiny. A lucky occurrence which transformed itself into Destiny. And once you have achieved this, everything will appear to become the same as before, as if nothing had happened. Nevertheless, everything has changed fundamentally and for all time, although the only ones to know it will be you and the earth—which is now *your* earth, *your* world, since it has given itself up to you so that you can make it fruitful. “The earth has made itself invisible inside you”, as Rilke would say, it has become an individualised universe inside you. And although perhaps nothing may have changed, “it might seem as if it were so, it might seem as if it were so”, to use your own words. And you will be a creative God of the world; because you

have conceived a Non-Existent Flower. You have given a meaning to your flower.'

'THE ART OF THE FUGUE'

As I was leaving, I said to myself: 'The Rose on the Cross is the symbol of the Self, of the totality. It is the face of the soul, the transfiguration of the terrestrial, the flowering. The horizontal line of the cross is the feminine, She; the vertical is the masculine, He. The Rose unites them, joins them together, it is HIM-HER and HER-HIM, the Androgynous. But if the cross revolves dizzily, in a left-hand direction, towards the beginnings, back to Hyperborea, to the Morning Star, it turns into a flaming circle, which extends behind all the suns as far as the Ray of Green Light, surmounting for all time HIM and HER, making them into an immortal Oneself. They have been resurrected in the red energy of *Vajra*, centring on the immobile, polar movement. Immobile within movement, united in separation, loving each other with loveless A-Mor. And when the cross revolves in this way, taking this direction, the face of the Beloved emerges from the depths of the Great Rose.'

In the dawn, covered in Alpine mist, while I walked through narrow passes, I had a vision, a dream: I saw myself inside an old Gothic church. With me was a woman who was explaining to me that the purest Gothic was to be found in Germany, even though the style had originated in the north of France. The two towers had been transformed into one, and the whole line of the building seemed to defy earthly gravity and to strain towards the infinite in supreme flight. And she repeated to me, in German: *Das ewig Weibliche zieht uns hinan*.

We listened to the last Brandenburg Concerto by Bach, the most magical, holding hands and looking at a window which depicted an alchemical rose, through which shone the evening sun, transforming it into an explosion of pearls, droplets, cascades of green light. Then, we kissed, bathed in that alchemical light. And it was as if we were kissing each droplet of light from the flower, the face of the flower: which was to me Her face and to her His face.

The Brandenburg Concerto had turned into the 'Art of the Fugue', the last and greatest creation of Bach's soul, composed on the highest peaks of his world, repeating a theme *ad infinitum*, although scarcely altering its meaning: 'creating new, laws in the movement of forces, but without creating new forces', within the Eternal Return of the same force, discovering in it 'lucky occurrences filled with meaning', which, when interpreted, transfigured, brought the possibility of ordering and determining human beings in a new (although illusory) way'. A lucky occurrence which turns into Destiny. A Non-Existent Flower; but more real than all the flowers in the gardens of this world.

HERMANN HESSE

The Alpine mist dispersed.

One midday, I found myself once again outside the door of a house where someone had hung a sign which carried the following inscription:

'When a man has reached old age
and has fulfilled his mission,
he has a right to confront
the idea of death in peace.
It isn't good to visit this man or to talk to him.
One must give a wide berth
to the door of his house,
as if no one lived there.'

Once again, I met the Master who had not lost the faculty of conversing with the animals and plants, or who had recaptured this condition of youth in his old age. He was in the garden, burning leaves and branches. How much time had passed since our earlier meeting, in the turning of the Great Wheel!

He saw me appear and approached me with a luminous smile, greeting me with his clear eyes.

'We couldn't leave yesterday for the Upper Engadine because of an unforeseen occurrence—my wife was stung by a bee.'

We sat down on a bench in the shady garden, in the shadow of the chestnut trees. There were magnolias and palm trees and a huge

fig tree, the like of which I have only seen in India. An enchanted fountain murmured melodiously.

'This is Klingsor's Garden. I baptised it by this name in memory of the magician in *Parsifal*. It reminds me of the Villa Rufoli in Ravello, which inspired Wagner to write the first act of *Parsifal*. When he saw it, he exclaimed: "This is Klingsor's enchanted Garden!" Here, in this Casa Camuzzi, when a cycle has ended for you, I will give you refuge. In this house, you will discover the secret of the resurrection; from here, you will set out to attain it.'

'I have been in Bollingen, with the Master of the Sphinx.'

'He is a mountain, like San Salvatore which we can see from here, like Monte Generoso, like the Matterhorn. I owe him much. My magic work begins with him. "Damian" is the Self; his mother, Eve, is the Great Widow, the Mother of Parsifal. We ourselves are the sons of the Widow, the *Minnesänger*, the sons of *Woevre Saelde*, who sing of the deep longing for the Hyperborean north. We are Cain and Lucifer. I seek the Princess Fatima, you the Princess Papan. Thanks to the Master of the Sphinx, I met Abraxas. My work is enveloped in his secret gnosis. In reality, I am the poet he is seeking, the poet who, without interpreting symbols, expresses them. In *Steppenwolf*, Hermine is the feminine of Hermann, my *Anima*, as he would say. Like a *Minnesänger*, I have sung in code.'

'In some Spanish translations of that work, the cipher has been lost,' I interrupted, 'because the name Armanda has been substituted for Hermine.'

'It's the age we live in,' he replied, 'no mystery, no secrecy, no gnosis. . . . However, there is something that separates me from the Master of the Sphinx: music. I live, I envelop myself in it. Bach, Mozart, as much or more than him, have influenced my work. Mozart is present in *Steppenwolf*. *The Magic Flute* already reveals the mystery of HIM-HER and HER-HIM by leading us to Pamino and Pamina, Papageno and Papagena by the dancing rhythm of its notes; Him and Her, with capital letters, and him and her, with small ones. Our Master of the Sphinx doesn't live music with his blood. This is what distinguishes a Swiss from a German. I belong to that insensate, tenuous current of men of the Great Longing, which flows like a river of gold from the ices of the far north, from

the *Minne*, and which reaches ecstasy with Hölderlin, Kleist, Novalis and Nietzsche. We are those who believed that we could change the world by “magic idealism”. You are one of us, because only in us will you find your kin. When I have gone, a conspiracy in which the sons of the flesh will take part will adulterate me, trying to link me with Negro music, drugs and sexualism. They will turn me into a comic strip prophet, and may even reserve me a place of honour in the Valhalla of Disneyland. But I will survive all that. Because I am a *Minnesänger* who has sung in code, and because I also carry the Sword of Goldmund, named *Minne*, “Blood Memory”. ‘

‘And death? And your grave there in Gentiline?’

‘Death is like falling into the Master of the Sphinx’s Collective Unconscious, into the Samsara, in order to return from there to the circle, on a new day, to forms, to pure form . . . Why does death preoccupy you so much? Listen to Nature, live its cycles. There you can hear the voice of God, of the Gods. . . .’

I know that a great difference exists between my melody and that of the Master who knows the language of the animals and the flowers. Perhaps he is too German for me, in his feeling of pantheistic fusion with Nature, which I cannot help feeling is sometimes a little morbid, while nevertheless loving it so much. I hope, therefore, to be able to transfigure it one day with my ‘magic idealism’, ‘synchronistically with my resurrection’, driving away our mutual Kaliyuga, our ‘darkest age’. Novalis himself, so beloved by him, stated: ‘God must be separated from Nature. God has nothing to do with Nature. He is the goal of Nature. Something with which Nature will one day need to harmonise.’ That is to say, Allegory, Symbol. An involution exists, a Golden Age was lost. Better still, there exists neither involution nor evolution, only a change of state, which becomes visible and conscious in the smallest space-time, only in the human era, because it is essentially an ontological, atemporal event. Nature, reality, which is only perceived in part, never in its own truth (‘the false is the essence of the real’, said the Wounded King), is the magico-cosmic precipitation of an Idea, of a state which is in another reality, which engenders ‘another reality’ and ‘another’. Terrestrial matter is therefore on the border of identification, being both experience and symbol.

William Blake wrote: 'Nature teaches nothing about Spiritual Life, only about Natural Life. The devil is the mind of Natural Structure.'

Initiation does not admit that the human condition is an immutable destiny. It does not admit to being only a man. As we have said with Meister Eckhart: 'A stone is also God, but it doesn't know it. And precisely because it doesn't know it, it is a stone.'

The idea of death obsesses me, along with the inescapable reality of the sentiment of my 'ego'. And even if this might originate in the depths of the ancestral soul of Spain, I know that it connects me essentially with the silent drama of the Master of the Sphinx, with what he said and, even more, with what he didn't say. And the difference between these two masters is the difference that might exist between the saint and the magician, between the fusion, the losing of oneself in *samadhi* and the separation in the Absolute Personality, in *Kaivalya*. Between reincarnation and resurrection.

As if interpreting my thoughts, he told me: 'Don't forget that, to the end, I remain both Narcissus and Goldmund, Siddhartha and Govinda. With my soul divided by opposing tendencies; the desire for surrender, fusion, losing myself, and also the search, longing, rebellion. . . .'

As I left, he clasped my hand.

THE WOUNDED WARRIOR

The Master had also said to me: 'Seek the comrades who were scattered by the great war.'

On an old battlefield, I found the greatest of these comrades, a descendant of the Tuatha De Danann. He was badly wounded, lying on the banks of a canal. A heroic woman was tending him, staunching the blood which flowed from his wounds. Because of the tortures to which his enemies had subjected him, the warrior was almost dumb. He would soon be leaving this world.

I sat down at his side and talked to him, telling him about my pilgrimage to the land of Occitania, in the Cathar Languedoc, my climb to the ruins of the solar temple of Montsegur and the Sierra Maladetta, where our brother, the warrior-troubadour Bertran de

Born, let himself freeze to death. I recited his poem, the 'Praise of War' which the warrior had translated.

The old warrior remained silent, motionless, like a rock, like a tree, absent, hardly even listening to me.

I had an inspiration. Remembering the garden of my childhood and the 'angel' which might possibly have entered me, I thought of what people say about the 'second childhood of the old'. Is it not possible that this 'angel', which seemed to float on the outside of the body for a time during childhood, also emerges in old age and again remains outside the body, even before death? And this 'angel', which when it entered the body became me, forming the 'personality', becomes only 'persona' once more when it leaves the body again. But for the fact that it possesses the face, I said to myself, enabling it to immortalise itself, projecting an Absolute Personality beyond time and space. So that, at such an advanced age as that of this wounded warrior, his 'angel' can only be inside his body for brief moments. And it must therefore be sought on the outside.

So I stopped looking at his bodily eyes and addressed my words to something that might be found floating like an aura, a little way above his head. Intensely, although calmly, I spoke to him: 'Be joyful, warrior, for in another seven hundred years the laurel will flower again and you will once more lose the war.'

His body trembled as if beneath a gentle blow from something that had entered it. Something that was wandering in the light of that Venetian evening, beside the doves of Saint Mark's Square, over the dome of the Cathedral of La Salute, or near the Colleone horse.

'You are one of the few. Bless you for coming at last! I was waiting for you. Now I can go.'

'Yes. Now you can go; because now you know that the Gods give to each warrior a comrade. While you sleep, I keep watch. And when you have gone, I will continue fighting for both of us. Besides, you know that I know that you have sung in code in your "Cantos". Also, we have both scaled the ruins of the Solar Temple of Montsegur, and one day we will rebuild it, in another land, when the Golden Age returns. And when the God of the Losers of the Kali-yuga, our guide, has been avenged.'

Then the warrior arose, dressed in black, covered with bloody wounds. And together we intoned the song of our beloved troubadour, Bertran de Born, in the language into which he had translated it:

'In hot summer have I great rejoicing
When the tempests kill the earth's foul peace,
And the lightnings from black heav'n flash crimson,
And the fierce thunders roar me their music
And the winds shriek through the clouds mad, opposing,
And through all the riven skies God's swords clash.
And I love to see the sun rise blood-crimson.
And I watch his spears through the dark clash
And it fills all my heart with rejoicing
And pries wide my mouth with fast music
When I see him so scorn and defy peace,
His lone might 'gainst all darkness opposing.
And let the music of the swords make them crimson!'

Then I sang in my language, for him:

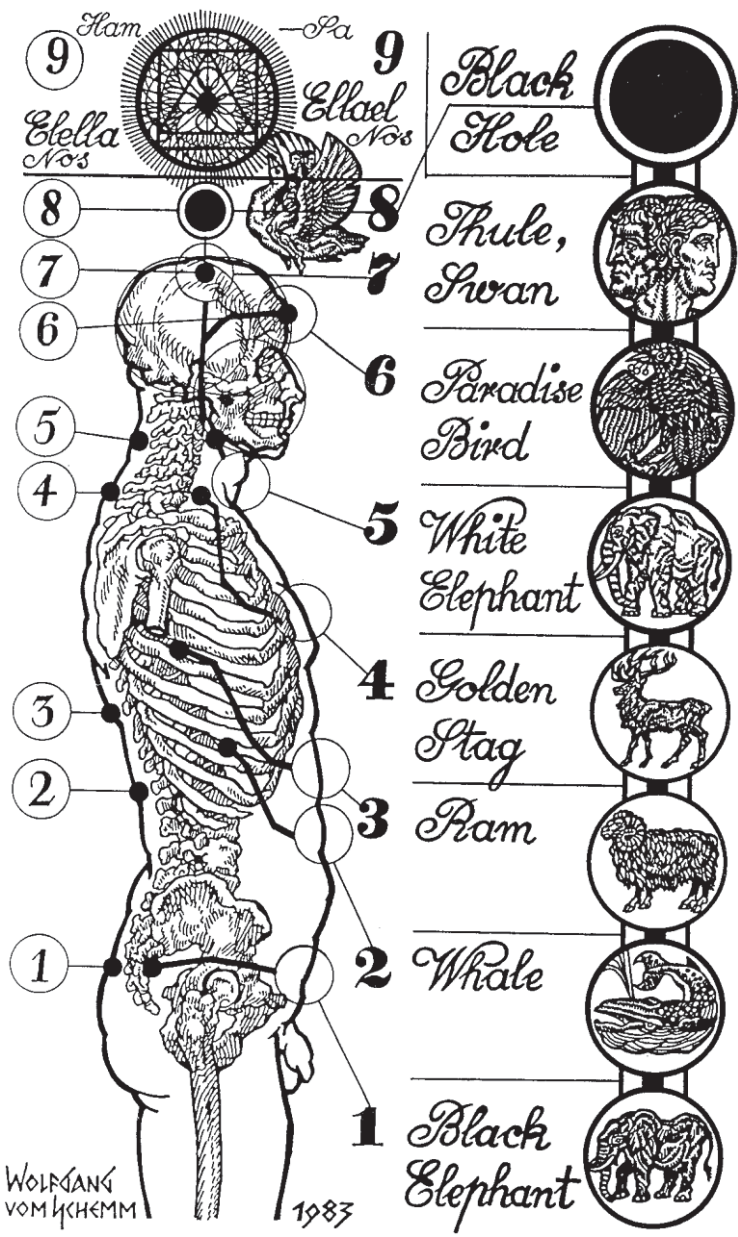
'I love the joyous time
Which gives birth to leaves and flowers
I love to hear the happy sound
Of the birds whose songs
Re-echo through the grove
And I love to see tents
And pavilions erected in the meadows
And I rejoice greatly
When I see armed knights
And horses in the field
And see castles lustily besieged
And I love to see when a knight
Is the first to invade it
On horseback, fearlessly, well armed
I love to see his valiant courage!

And the horses galloped
Riderless through the thicket. . . .'

.....

He came even closer: 'Do you know why I stay silent? So that nobody can make me say anything opposed to what I wrote and did. And because, in the end, we warriors are alone and no one, except our comrade, understands us, and no one is with us, except the ghosts of the dead heroes. When the fire of combat awoke in our hearts, it could never be put out again. The "Tiny Spark" guides us. If I were to go back, if because of my old age and the pain from my wounds they were to induce me to recant, the spirit of adventure, which has never died, would leave the warrior for ever. And nothing would then remain but an empty body. Magic would have deserted us. . . . Be faithful to the old dreams, so that our world doesn't lose hope!'

I took a step backwards, the better to look at him in the dying light reflected in the waters of the canal. And looking fixedly now at his bodily eyes, I pronounced the greeting of the legendary troubadour: 'Heil!'



THE RETURN OF ALLOUINE

THE UNKNOWN LEGEND OF THE PRINCESS PAPAN

I am seated on a rock jutting out over the abyss. Below me are spread vast tracts of land and brown and blue mountain ranges, bare of vegetation. This is the mineral-rich, eroded Cordillera of the Andes, so different from the other mountain ranges of the world. Far away, almost at sea level, swirls a transparent mist, like the agitated breathing of the waters of the Ocean.

For some time now, a condor has been circling above my head. From time to time, he flies closer to me. I can feel the piercing gaze of this solitary inhabitant of the Andean peaks.

I am reading a book which no one else in my country has yet read, and which Père Jacques, a member of the order, will publish shortly, reproducing it from our archives. The condor, my brother in other turns of the wheel, hovers overhead. He seems to be reading with me.

It is the unknown story of the Princess Papan.

In pre-recorded times, when the Hyperboreans realised that their continent in the polar north was going to be submerged, they sent one of their Discs of orichalcum to the south of the world. And with its crew went the Priestess of Magic Love, Allouine. They took with them a branch from the Soma tree, which was the tree that contained the liquor of blood, of Blood Memory. And they planted it at the other pole. When the continent of Hyperborea disappeared, together with the first Atlantis, Mu and Gondwana, the White Gods were already safe in the oases at the South Pole and in the secret cities in the Andes. They founded the ancient civilisation of Tiahuanacu and the temples on Easter Island which have now disap-

peared. The White Gods were men of giant stature. They wrote using the signs which the order still uses. Some of them are reproduced in the runes.

When the earth's axis shifted, the Golden Age, the Garden of Avalon and the First Earth were lost. The seasons were introduced, time was born. But in the hollow Interior Earth, in its 'double', in the secret cities of Agharti and Shambhalla, in Great Paytiti, in Eelin, in the City of the Caesars, in all those places, the Golden Age has been preserved.

America, whose alchemical name is Albania — from *Albedo* — the Land of the White Gods, has been the traditional refuge of the descendants of the Luciferan Hyperboreans, the followers of the God of the Losers of the Kaliyuga, the warriors of the Morning Star, of Lucifer-Abraxas. Through their Blood Memory they knew that a branch of the original, primeval Soma tree grew at the South Pole. And they had to go there to drink its immortalising liquor. Only in this way could they be rejuvenated, bringing new life to the divine race which was on the point of extinction. For this reason, in ancient times America-Albania was visited by the Druids, the Celts, the Vikings, the Templars, and Parsifal, who came in a ship with all its lights on, with the emblem of the Lefthanded Cross on its sail and carrying the Grail. The ship was called *Wafeln, El Caleuche, Astra*. It navigated beneath the surface of the water and was crewed by the souls of the dead heroes, the *Wildes Heer*, the defeated armies of the war of the *Mahabharata*, the great war which will never end.

The surface of America-Albania, which the Vikings called *Hvetramannaland*, the Land of White Men, is populated to the present day by the slaves who survived the sinking of Atlantis, who drowned it with their black magic. They belong to the coloured races of the alchemical, planetary Opus, each of which has a precise cosmic function to fulfil, if in fact they are not the exclusive product of the animal-men. They rebelled, causing the catastrophe, by consorting indiscriminately with each other, without initiatory knowledge, without tantric magic, without science, bringing about a most dreadful cataclysm, as Plato relates. Atlantis severed the ties which joined it to Hyperborea — the sacred land of the extraterrestrial guides of the Ray of Green Light — and its sinking produced

the planetary, cosmic drama, tearing away even the Polar Continent, shifting the earth's axis, causing the third moon to fall on Gondwana, changing the position of the Andean Ocean, destroying Tiahuanacu, submerging the Continent of the Spirit. Homer also relates that the Garden of the Hesperides, with its apples of alchemical gold, of *aurum potabile*, which can be eaten and drunk, was guarded by three sisters; one white, one black and one red: *Albedo*, *Nigredo* and *Rubedo* were said to be their names. The complete planetary *Opus alchimicum*. But everything changed, becoming degenerate. The original magico-Hyperborean science was lost. And as in Tibet, where the Mongol race became the outer, faithful guardian of the entrances to the interior world of the giant Dropas and the divine Siddhas of Agharti and Shambhalla, the sole mission of the coloured races of American Albania was to watch over the entrances to the secret cities of the Andes and the Internal Land of the divine *Ancahuincas*, the immortal White Gods.

Everything has been changed by the catastrophe which pushes us faster and faster towards a new sinking, because of the repeated rebellion of the slaves of Atlantis, who believe that they can direct destiny all over the world, creating monstrous mixes of colours and races, without the Hyperboreans' magico-alchemical knowledge.

The Vikings came in search of the Soma tree, the tree of Blood Memory. They created an entire civilisation in ancient Mexico. The slaves of Atlantis received them with that mixture of respect which the atavistic memory of a glorious age produces in them, which makes them bow down in reverence, and the sly arrogance of those who believe themselves capable of disregarding the Norns. The Viking chieftain was called Ullman, man of Ull, according to P re Jacques. He founded an important civilisation in ancient Mexico and in the land of the Mayas, where he was called Quetzalcoatl, the Serpent with Fiery Plumes, because of the *Drakkar*, the Viking ship in which he had come and which appeared to have wings and plumes, and all its lights on, turning like a luminous disc, sometimes in the full light of midday. But the most extraordinary thing that P re Jacques relates in this book, which he hasn't yet written, is that Quetzalcoatl's Beloved was called Papan-Allouine. That is to say that the Princess Papan of the Aztec legend was not the sister

of Moctezuma, who might also have been a Viking, because he swore that he came from Tula or Thule, but a semi-divine Hyperborean priestess, who came to *Hvetramannaland*, Albania, in the Disc called *Astra* or *Wafeln*, with Quetzalcoatl.

And when Quetzalcoatl went away, no one knows where (to the Interior Earth or the Morning Star?), Papan became 'as if dead', but not in Tenochtitlan but much farther south, in a region near the other pole, in a secret city in the Andes, possibly near the peak of Mount Melimoyu. Because before he went away for ever, the man of Ull went southward, ever farther southward. And it was Quetzalcoatl who rebuilt the civilisation of Tiahuanacu, taking other names. There he was called Tamanduaire. Sue-ca, Kontiki-Viracocha, Pay Zume, Manko Kapak. Papan was called Neua and also Mama Occl and Mama Runtu. She was the Queen of the South; that is to say, the Queen of Sheba; because *Sheba* means South. She lived in a land of lakes and volcanoes, on an island surrounded by a sea of flames, which was later called Chilli or Chile and which is narrow like a double-edged sword. A psychic spinal column of the planet, a region once inhabited by giants who will return to populate it when they emerge from their ancient prisons in the mountains, breaking through their walls of rock.

Thus Papan lay, awaiting the return of Quetzalcoatl. She appeared to be dead; but really she was only asleep. She was the Sleeping Beauty. The one who is still asleep.

Centuries passed, and a Spaniard came to these regions, driven by the same secret longing: he was Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa also known in another turn of the wheel as Petrus Toletanus who would write the Book of Magic Love entitled *Rosarium Philosophorum*, in which he would reveal how to bring back to life the woman who appears to be dead, how to awaken the woman who lies sleeping.

Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa lost his turn of the wheel. When he had already reached the southernmost sea and could see the ices of the strait that cuts through those regions, where he founded the Ciudad del Rey Felipe, which was really the City of Hunger and Thirst, the City of the Great Longing, he was assailed by doubts, and his ship was battered by a huge wave which forced him to turn

back. He was unable to discover the narrow passage that leads to the oasis of the ices, because his heart was torn between opposing memories and conceptions of the world; he was incapable of surrendering himself completely to a Hyperborean dream. He fell just at that point in the secret geography of the world where the Fruit of Return called Calafate grows. Poor Petrus! To the end of his day he would never do anything more than wander in despair, struggling to return to those regions where he believed he had found the 'White Island in the Sky', the gates of the City of Dawn. He was swallowed up by the sea without leaving a single trace. But his ghost will always return to the place where a wind from another universe blows and the sun of the southern midnight bathes the frozen plains in its black light, protecting the ice-floes that move silently towards the oases where the Hill of Revelation lies hidden, and the thunderous roar made by the huge slabs of ice as they crash into the water sounds like the voice of the Gods as they half-reveal their secrets to us.

Turn after turn of the wheel, always the same, 'with tiny variations in its meaning or in its laws, but not in its force', Petrus (the stone which fell from a broken crown) will return to those regions to try and awaken the sleeper and bring back to life the one who 'is not dead, but who is also not alive'.

But the turnings of the wheel do have an end. They are not infinite for one Petrus alone.

I INTERPRET THE GIANTS

I stopped reading. Now I knew that Papan and Allouine were one and the same.

The condor resumed his flight.

A little before reaching this altitude, I had tried to scale a cliff. But I had had to give up my attempt because one side of the mountain fell away vertically. On a plateau stood a rock shaped like a standing man. He looked like a sentry guarding the entrance to a cave, perhaps to a whole subterranean world. A shadow on the rock face might well be this entrance. As I had no means of reaching

the spot, I had to resign myself to looking at the petrified guard for a time.

The Andes are made of dark-brown, mineral-rich material. The slopes of the Himalayas, Alps and Pyrenees are covered with forests of pine and other types of trees to great heights. Here in the Andes, there is only bare, eroded rock which gives off a powdery mixture of iron, copper, silver, gold and lead, and a subtle vibration of radium which can imperceptibly influence the mind, producing sporadic states of enlightenment.

To my right, the everlastingly snow-covered peaks of La Paloma and El Plomo rise up until they touch the sky. These peaks were the places of pilgrimage and worship of a long-vanished race. From them, the White Gods used to communicate with the stars.

I stood up and felt suddenly dizzy. I had to steady myself against the rock. As if in a flash of lightning, this world was blotted out and I could only see a black wall and two gigantic shapes outlined in the rock face by broken veins of gold. One of the giants stretched his arms upwards towards the high peaks, the other bowed his head down until he almost touched the foot of the mountain.

I cannot say precisely how long the vision lasted. But in that moment, it was given to me to relive that vision exactly as it had first appeared to me in my adolescence. I again stared at the giants imprisoned in the Andean rock, trapped in the earth, tortured by two contrary forces, dragged upwards and downwards in a titanic struggle which will only cease when these veins of mineral gold manage to come together, turning into a liquid gold which can be drunk and gives us eternal life.

SHE

It is getting late. Seen from the bridge over the river, the twilight which covers one end of the city envelops the Coastal Cordillera in veils of vermilion, sapphire and emerald green, creating the optical illusion of a land of longing where the red men of the distant horizon live. At the opposite end of the city, the vast Cordillera of the

Andes reflects this mirage and projects it into the silence of the approaching darkness.

I let my heart lead me, walking like a fearless sleepwalker through the streets of this city of Santiago de la Nueva Extremadura, in the depths of whose memory are stored the echoes of the footsteps and the dreams of people long-since vanished, my Master, Jason, my past comrades, the many people who have searched its hidden corners, the first poets who came here and founded the city. Alcino, the only brother that I recognise here, also dreamed that he could fly in this country.¹

When we approach the central event in our destiny, our mind becomes clouded and it almost always takes us by surprise.

This time it will not be like that, as if my heart were guiding me.

In the deathly light of the street-lamps, I walked along a street bordered by tall trees, whose branches intertwined, forming a roof which was stirred by the breeze. From the gardens rose the heady scent of jasmine and roses and the aromas of spring-time. I stopped. How many times through the years would I have to pass by this house! What will have become of her? Will she still exist? Will she now be another 'uninhabited blue'?

When I reached her doorstep, my heart began to beat with a strange rhythm. Since there were no obvious paths, the heart had followed its own. The door opened. And in the shadowy entrance stood the slender figure of a woman wearing a long red gown which reached down to her feet.

THE GLANCE

I remember almost nothing about our reunion. Only, vaguely, that there was a quadrangular hall and a narrow corridor along which she led me to a room at the back of the house. She lit some candles and invited me to sit in a wicker chair which creaked gently, beside a window which was open onto the star-filled sky. A Chilean spring sky.

¹ *Alcino* is the title of a novel by a Chilean writer called Pedro Prado, with whom the author feels in sympathy. It is the story of a boy who grows wings in order to fly.

'My heart inside your breast caused me to recognise your foot-steps. Perhaps you, too, recognised mine as well? This time, we have met again in all lucidity; because I also possess your heart.'

I sat there for a long time, telling her all that I could remember about my existence since we had parted many ages ago. I told her about the garden of my childhood, the City of Avalon, the tree which almost touched the sky, Jason, my Master, the dog in the Antarctic, the oases of the ices, Papan, the White Gods, our Hyperborean destiny, the Memory of our Blood. And she was always present in every one of these stories, because I carried her heart inside me. I realised that the cosmic poetry which had taken possession of me was that suprapersonal 'spark' which her heart had brought into my breast. Now I could return it to her.

She sat silent. She knew how to listen with the sweetness that always seemed to emanate from her whole being, her hands lying quietly in her lap, sitting beside the window. When I finally stopped talking, as if the ability to string words together had deserted me, she said: 'Behind the words is a secret dialogue which is also being conducted between us. It is this dialogue that interests me and to which I have been listening. How much you have explained to me through it!'

Yes! How much! I realise that I have told her that the face that I saw appear in the flower was hers.

She looked at me as if I was the window and she could see the starry firmament through me.

If I should ever have to journey through the constellations and were to meet beings with eyes like those of the people on earth, I should certainly never find anyone with this particular way of looking at one. Her heavenly eyes suddenly seemed to go out behind long golden lashes, they disappeared as if into a faraway, interior world, but without ceasing to gaze at us, as if they were open onto another reality which was more truly our own and to which they carried us. The gentleness of this glance was like the 'bejewelled island set in a sea of nectar' of which the ancient texts tell us. How can anyone who has once looked in this way, only once in the entire universe, perish? This glance will never be lost, because it is the supreme achievement of an Artist-Creator. It will return one day, and

whoever possesses it once more will be she herself. To be 'looked at' in this way, once more in this world, I would give everything, even the City of Dawn.

When I left the house that night, I had once again become the Suitor.

THE SUPPLICATION

I placed the palms of my hands together, thus uniting earth, water, blood, fire, air and ether; all that I possessed. And I began to describe her. I was her mirror.

'Look at yourself in me, Allouine, contemplate your divine beauty. Your hair is a waterfall of gold which hangs down to your waist. Your forehead is wide and pale like the disc of the moon. Your brows are delicately arched, your lashes are like the rays of light of the Sun of Gold, which bring us the premonition of the Black Sun. When your eyes rest upon me, they transport me to the indescribable world of the Ray of Green Light. Your nose is so slender that air can scarcely enter it. Your cheekbones protrude slightly and bathe your cheeks in soft shadows. Your mouth is a delicious fruit: "milk and honey are under your tongue." And your chin, with a tiny cleft in the middle, shows the sweetness of that fruit. Your long, firm neck rises out of your sweetly shaped shoulders. On the soft skin of your arms grow fields of young summer wheat. Your hands express your whole personality: you are in them for ever, in their fingers which create, speak and love. If one were ever to be touched by them, one's whole life would change. The outline of your long legs can be seen through the cloak that covers them, and your bare feet are like young deer before whom one would shed tears of adoration.'

She trembled, as if from sudden cold. She took hold of my hands.

'Separate your earth, water, blood, fire, air and ether. They do not belong to you yet. The light of the Sun of Gold brings you the vision of my body; but in reality it is to be found in the Black Sun; or better still, in the brilliant radiance of the Ray of Green Light. You will have to go there to be united with it. The pleasure which I can give you here with my body, my caresses, the touch of my lips,

is nothing to what awaits you beyond this world, in the union of our souls. Bodily pleasure is sad, disjointed, transitory; it blots out the light of another pleasure which has no beginning nor end. Chastity is the world of the giants. Lovers who only pursue the joys of visible flesh have never succeeded in becoming united, nor in loving each other. When they lie side by side in their beds, they are nevertheless far apart, separated by an impassable thread of air, by the sword of forgetfulness; because they will never dream the same dream. Each of them pursues his solitary road, without his companion. Only when lovers are capable of dreaming the same dream are they truly Lovers. When they love one another in their dreams. I will teach you to dream the same dream, and we will also love each other with our other bodies which are invisible to the mortal eye. Only in this way will our love be indestructible, eternal. In this turn of the wheel, we have reached midday, we know who we are. This is our great chance to get out of the circle for ever, and for you to discover the entrance to the Interior Earth.'

THE PATH OF A-MOR

I lived in her house. I slept in the quadrangular anteroom. From there I would walk down the narrow corridor, which was always in shadow, to the room with the window open onto a garden filled with fruit trees. Every morning, a tiny bird with blue wings came and woke her with its trilling. She would say to it:

'Tiny bird singing
At my window,
Thank you, my tiny bird,
For the beautiful morning.'

In the evenings, we would sit in the wicker chairs, beside the open window. That was where we initiated the grand design of dreaming the same dreams along our path of A-Mor.

'These dreams are not dreams,' she explained to me: 'They are not those sequences of unconnected images, those confused organic states, which people wish to interpret at all costs as products of a vivid subconscious intelligence, corresponding to the restless, seething activities of an energy which is at work while the body is

at rest. Our dream is a more elevated form of consciousness it attains a greater intensity, a purer tonality, a superconsciousness, in a state of continuous consciousness, which is no longer either mine or yours. It is as if the dream was dreaming us; or as if we were dreaming ourselves through this dream. As if we were watching someone dreaming our own lives. And we are also this someone, who is not really us.

‘This is perhaps the only possible way to supersede the “ego” and make “him” into “you”. That is, “me”.

‘And all this is for the greater glory and life of that Someone who is waiting beside a spring, in order to be able one day to contemplate his face. That is, “my” face.’

Sitting in her wickerwork chair, she placed her hands together in her lap, looked straight at me for a moment, then closed her eyes slowly as she sang a melopea.

I traced the first sign of the order on my chest, reciting a mantra as I did so. They were both going to work on the spiritual bodies. I also crossed my hands, thus creating the number eight with four fingers. I looked closely at her beautiful face, so as to remember it as clearly as possible, and then I closed my eyes as well, turning them inwards and concentrating them on a point between my eyebrows.

I thought I heard her moan softly and mutter. Then I felt someone nearby, standing beside me. And then I was aware of nothing more, because spiral currents caused first my head and then my body to vibrate, and I began to sway to and fro like a pendulum. A metal tube with a revolving inside appeared in front of me. And I felt myself passing through it, slowly at first, then ever more rapidly. At the end of the narrow tunnel a faint blue light began to glimmer. Then I found myself running along a narrow passageway, which was a gallery of glass, like that in my childhood home, but much longer, and filled with pictures in wooden frames and furniture that I thought I recognised. I ran faster because I knew that I must hurry to reach the end of the passageway before a door closed, or because I wouldn’t be able to retain the image of this gallery in my mind for much longer or to continue imagining it. Because all this was in some way taking place in my imagination, since I was

able to imagine something that really existed somewhere, in someone else's imagination as well as in my own.

Finally, I managed to get out of myself and found myself standing in a patio bathed in a mobile, transfigured light, like the light of dawn or dusk. A light from another universe, a new-born light. A young girl was carving statues. And a man's voice sang:

'The time of the golden fruits
is long past.
The frozen stone,
The cold wind
That comes from the sea.
O friendly hearts!
Where have you gone?
The old home
Awaits us in vain. . . .'

FATHER

I found myself in an uncultivated spot, which looked like a clearing in some forest. Men were working on a building site. I could see the foundations and the scaffolding. Some young men were climbing ladders, carrying building materials. I thought I might be able to help them. Then the site manager saw me. He walked over to a console on which stood a telephone and rang somebody. I realised that he was talking to my dead father. He seemed to be telling him that I had arrived and asking him for instructions. My father was living by himself in a nearby city and couldn't leave it because he was looking after a child, another child. When I realized that he was on the other end of the telephone, I asked the site manager to let me speak to him. He handed me the phone.

'Father, it's me!'

There was a silence. Then I heard him say my name.

'I'm coming to see you,' I told him.

'No, not yet!'

'Very well,' I said, 'I will obey you.'

I felt terribly sad. The line went dead. Of course, I understood the reason.

And I walked away through the clearing, saying: 'I must journey ever farther, until I find the Oasis of the Ices, the ancient garden, the ancestral home, the ultimate smile, the sweet indifference. Until I join my father again, who died long ago. . . . Pale traveller, behold the wind, behold all that was lost. The little that was gained, behold the sea again. . . .'

Again the man's voice sang:

'Turn away no more.
Why wilt thou turn away?
The starry floor,
The watery shore
Is given thee till the break of day.'

THE SECRET CHAMBER

In the house there was a secret chamber, known to no one but me. I discovered the way to it when I explored some darkened rooms. There I would mount a narrow staircase which I never climbed right to the top. A little before I reached it, I would turn aside and begin to climb imaginary flights of steps in the air or projecting from the wall. When I reached the roof, I would push aside some boards to reveal a tiny entrance. This was the most difficult part, because I had to slide into this hole and crawl along a very narrow, airless passageway. If I was able to reach the end, I would find myself in a wide, impregnable chamber, an inviolate paradise. There were chests full of precious materials, garments from every period, which I had worn in the past. The centuries had come together. I would always find myself alone there. The chamber was divided into compartments where there were beds covered with skins and shelves full of carefully classified books. A fire was always burning and armour hung on the walls. No one would ever know where I was; I was completely safe. I had disappeared from the house.

But, as time passed, as the years slipped away, I found it increasingly difficult to return to this secret hiding-place and did so less and less often. I felt that it was not the same as before, nor as impregnable, that a wall that used to protect it had been destroyed

and that other people knew of its existence and used to visit it, entering it freely from all sides. Its secrecy was being lost. And the Gods love secrecy. Energy and dreams decay, rot and grow old.

If this mysterious chamber were to be lost, if I were no longer able to visit it or live in it, a whole world would have sunk beneath the sea.

THE PLUMED SERPENT

A gentle blow, a shudder, and I was back in my body again, sitting facing her as she looked at me in silence. She had returned before me.

'I went alone, without you,' I said.

I passed my hand across my forehead, exhausted.

'Symbols, symbols.'

'Symbols', she repeated, 'joining together what was dispersed.'

This time my eyes closed of their own accord. I couldn't concentrate. Then I was outside myself.

I was walking through some hills. To the west lay the City of Santiago, enveloped in cloud. Beyond it, the Coastal Cordillera. To the north, far below, lay some blue lakes in the middle of ploughed fields. To the east and south stretched the vast Andean Cordillera, the high peaks of El Plomo and La Paloma, eternally snow-covered. All around me were slopes covered in soapbark trees, jalaps, terebinths, hundred-year-old lindens, almond trees and hawthorns. There were three hills. On the middle one stood a house with a circular, conical roof made of sandstone. On the highest hill stood an octagonal tower. I had the curious impression that this house and this tower belonged to me. I walked towards the tower along a path bordered by cinnamon trees. I went round its eight sides without finding an entrance. I walked down once more to the middle hill and opened the door of the house. As always, there was a fire blazing in the circular hall. Indian 'choapinos' were spread on the floor. The rooms in this house had doors opening onto the hall, corresponding to divisions of the number eight, like the thickness of the walls and the height of the building. Without hesitating, I walked over to the chimney and pressed gently on a stone. A hole appeared

in the inside wall. Rapidly, moving in the same way each time so as not to be caught by the fire, I leapt into the hole before the stone moved back into place again with a dull thud.

I found myself standing beside a staircase carved out of the rocky mountainside. I climbed down its sixteen steps and walked along a passageway lit by a filtered light. Blazing torches were also fixed to the walls. The floor was covered with a 'choapino' with runic drawings. Another wall suddenly appeared in front of me. I opened another entrance in it in the same way, with a gentle pressure of my fingers, and I found myself inside the tower. I climbed up a staircase carved out of the wall until I reached an octagonal room with windows on all sides. The room was in darkness because heavy curtains had been drawn across the windows and night had already fallen.

In the middle of the room was a nuptial bed. Two candelabras which gave out a weak light stood on a pair of wooden pillars. The bed was made of stone. It was cold. Lying on it was Allouine. Her hands were crossed on her breast and she was holding a Quetzal feather. She appeared to be dead, but she was alive. She was scarcely breathing and her face was the colour of ice.

I stood at the head of the stone bed. I seemed to understand that, in her sleep, she was blocking an opening that led to or from somewhere. When I woke her, we would be able to pass through this passage. I waited. I did nothing. She was so beautiful in her immobility. I remembered her in her other deaths, always the same, when she lay motionless holding her Quetzal feather. I was inspired to trace the sign that would wake her. The sign vibrated and she sat up on her stone bed, opening the passage which allowed us—together this time—to fly over the mountains, almost grazing their peaks, as if we were in a Luminous Disc, or covered in Quetzal feathers. As if we were the fiery Serpent of Quetzalcoatl.

'ZARATHUSTRA'

I recognised these regions. They were those of the peak of Melimoyu, Ultima Esperanza and the Sarmiento Mountains. From this altitude, we could just make out the confused outline of the

Torres del Paine, far off in the distance, between snow-storms and mists. They were the borderlands, the limits. The entrance to the City of the Caesars and to the Interior Earth had to lie somewhere in that remote area. But we had come here to pay homage to the bones of the Milodon; that is, to a far distant past which also belonged to us. To the memory of another turn of the wheel.

We landed on the steep slopes of Mount Melimoyu. The tiny Jake of dark-green water and the forest of petrified beeches were still there. But there was now no human habitation to be found at this altitude. Only snow and rock. We walked round the lake. In the ice of the shore could be seen some lines, like the tracks of a primitive sledge. Some petrified leaves and branches could be seen through the centuries-old layer of ice. A rock rose up in the shape of a pyramid, leaning a little towards the water, which reflected the shadows of the forest and the mountain peak in its unfrozen part. Now I remembered it all. It seemed only yesterday, yet centuries had passed. Of course, she couldn't be buried here, I said to myself, because she was standing beside me. Ah! And if I were to open the tomb? The icy wind would certainly blow away these ancient memories, this age-old snow. 'And a scent of sandalwood and resin would envelop the world. . . .' I began to dig with my bare hands until the blood ran from under my nails, dyeing the white snow red. And it coagulated like a Copihue on an ice-floe. She watched me in silence, leaning against the rock, with her red cloak covering her down to her bare feet.

I opened the tomb. Her body appeared, intact, on a bed made of cinnamon branches, Copihues and laurel which were still wet with my tears from other centuries. Again I embraced this body desperately, forgetting the one which was standing beside me looking at her own dead face.

Gently she took me by the shoulders and tried to lift me up.

'Close the tomb. The time has not yet arrived when all my deaths can become one single life. . . .'

The sun was nearing its midday zenith. Its light fell directly over the rock. Where was this rock, in reality? Didn't a mirage of the midday light project it onto the slope of a mountain in the south of the world? Wasn't it really in an Alpine village in another part of

the globe? But in the disturbance of the light, which had inverted space as if it were making a hole and creating a break in time, the Wounded King again appeared. He didn't see us. He was rooted in his years. Seated beside the rock, he held in one hand his slender walking-stick and in the other his wide-brimmed hat. He was dressed in black. His eyes were fixed on the mountains which formed an amphitheatre around the lake. Thick forests of oak and pine covered the slopes, streams flowed down them. He recited quietly:

'Oh, how long the road appears,
How uncertain in the night.
Without the Star . . .
I want to live twice
Now that I can look into your eyes.

Like a sweet promise,
The light of triumph
And the morning.
Oh, you, most beloved of the Gods!
.....

Who kissed the stone
For the first time,
Enamoured of a tomb?
.....

Already youthful summer
Clambers up the mountain.
It begins to speak.
.....

O little bird! What have you done?
What mystery is concealed in your song
That you arrest my steps?

Traveller, my melodies are not for you,
I am calling my companion;
Because without her the night is sad.
Do not stop, continue your journey.
.....

You stop, pale one,
Condemned to wander in deep winter,

Like the vapour that pursues
 The coldest regions of the sky.
 Flee, bird, sing in the desert
 And hide, since you were mad,
 Your bleeding heart beneath the ice. . . .'

Tears ran down the cheeks of the Wounded King: 'It is midday. The sun is blazing directly above my head. Silence! Silence! Hasn't the world just become complete? What is happening to me? Every comer of my soul is expanding. Golden sadness lies heavily upon it, and happiness also. Oh, bliss! Sing, my soul. This is the secret, solemn hour in which no shepherd plays his pipe. . . . Don't sing, bird of the valleys, O my soul! Don't even whisper. Aged Midday is sleeping, moving his lips. A drop of old happiness, of golden happiness, of golden wine? That is how the Gods laugh. Silence! What has happened to me? Listen! Hasn't time flown? Aren't I about to fall? Haven't I fallen into the well of eternity? . . . Ah, break, my heart, after such good fortune!'

He seemed to see us, to sense our presence in this confusion of light and time: 'You have given yourselves up to dreaming. For how long? Half an eternity. Then get up now, old heart. How much time will you need to wake up after such a dream? O midday sky above me! When will you drink that drop of dew that has fallen on all the things of this world, when will you drink this singular soul? When, O wells of eternity, when, O abysses of midday which make men tremble, when will you absorb my soul in you?

'The desert grows. Woe to him whom the desert hides!

'What says the depth of midnight?
 I was asleep, I was asleep!
 But now I have woken out of deep dreaming.

.....

'My midnight is my midday!

.....

'Oh I love you, eternity. You alone are the woman by whom I wish to have a son. . . .'

.....

And then, as he looked at us and we saw him, through that break in the light—as he was still sitting there waiting, but without waiting for anything and estranged from good as well as from evil, and enjoying the sun and also the shade for once, while he gave himself up to the midday, the forest, the lake and the limitless time—suddenly he divided into two, and Zarathustra passed beside him. . . .

We bowed before his earth.

THE ORPHIC MUSIC

When we dreamed the same dream, when we went on these journeys, or flights, our conversation took place in a different state of consciousness integrated with a broader ego, which, so to speak, received us, or awaited us on another side, 'as if it were waiting for us beside a spring'. And we communicated with each other not by means of the words which are commonly used to represent the things of this earth, but by means of that language which underlies all the languages in the world, behind the 'mask of words'.

We often used Sanskrit terms because, although this was a dead language on the Second Earth, it was still a living one on the Other, First Earth, and approximated more closely to that Music of the Spheres which is the language of the mind, *Vajra-cita*, the Orphic Cabbala, the *Hiranyagarbha-Cabda*; a language of cosmic, spiritual sounds; sacred and divine letters, called *Mâtrkâ*, 'Little Mothers', letters of light. *Bija*, seminal syllable, root syllable, made of ether. From this stems the mantra, the language of *Akâsa*, Memory of the Light. Whosoever passes that way transmits telepathically the direct vision of the substance of things; because things come to him desiring to turn into symbols. These *naturae* names are locked into the memory of human beings' consciousness through sleep and not being awake. *Akâsa* is a concept or metaphysical experience, which has no equivalent in the terrestrial languages of Kaliyuga. *Logos* is the closest equivalent for it.

We decided to visit the Master, who told us: 'You are going on a "Honeymoon Journey"'. Its Sanskrit name is *Urdhavaretas*. And you

are being carried by a bird called *Eidelon*. You are walking backwards, like the *Imbunche*¹ of the Island of Chiloe, towards the Point of Origin, the Golden Age. It is hard, it is difficult to navigate along the rivers against the current in order to reach the mountains where they rise, entering the subterranean cities, the oases of warm water. The Path of Eternity, although it leads downwards in the visible body, really leads upwards in the invisible one. Although you are going to the South Pole, to the Antarctic, you will finally reach the Continent of Hyperborea, at the North Pole, where our guide lies. Because, during the Great Catastrophe, the poles also changed places. You will have to go to the south, which is the north. *Mulabanda* and *Hamurini* are the names for this process which reinverts everything. It is a very secret path which makes the river of your virility and the golden feminine liquid of your beloved run backwards. And you will have to embrace and lose each other again, in each city, at each stage of the "Honeymoon", in this Pilgrimage of Immortality on which you have embarked.

'What is this mysterious masculine force which spurs you onwards, whence comes this will, this heroic initiative which seems to precede the start of the great journey? This is what prevents you turning back on the path. If you were to do so, if you failed to travel the path to its end, you would be guilty, because the practices of your initiation have mobilised enormous forces which destroy men and drive them insane if they are not aimed in the right direction. The signs will help you open a way for yourself in the virgin forest where no roads exist.

'Even the Gods are your enemies; because their impersonal lives are at risk in this war. You will have to overcome the Archetypes, dethrone them, reincorporating their tremendous numinous energies within yourself. Do you remember the Greek legend? Man was a circular androgynous. He began to roll up Mount Olympus. The Gods were frightened, fearing defeat, and so they resorted to artifice: they divided the man-sphere in half. The result was that he was so busy trying to find his other half that he had no time to make

¹ This mythical being walks backwards in the folklore of Chiloe an island off the south of Chile.

war on them. But, luckily, the Gods made a mistake. Because one day we will bring them back to life as well, giving them a face.

‘When the water runs downhill, it gives rise to Samsara and human generations, to the circular movement of the involuted earth; when it runs uphill, in the opposite direction, it provokes the mutation of the Gods themselves, the divinisation of the hero; it creates a free, eternal race, without Gods, without a king. This is the Road of the Warrior.’

‘And her?’ I ask. ‘What does she do in all this?’

‘She is the female guru, the one who flows in your blood: *Vidya*. Without her you will never reach anywhere. She is Allouine, the Fifth Born of Hyperborea, she who keeps in contact with the Star of the Point of Origin, who possesses the power of *Vril* and the vision of *Urna*. She is the Priestess of Magic Love, who unites love and death and turns them into A-Mor, Without-Death. Eternal Life. She becomes interiorised in you through her death, she inspires you. And you will never have another companion here or in the depths of the tomb. She is your Valkyrie, who will hand you the Cup of Immortality. The way without her is reduced to the imagination of a rational mind. Only if you are in love can you go beyond your conscious “ego”. Only with her can you attain a greater degree of consciousness, a state of superconsciousness. Only through journeying together, dreaming together. Because she is this superior form of energy which originates from the submerged continents, from Hyperborea and Atlantis, above and below the terrestrial crust of Kaliyuga.

‘The Martial Initiation of our Order is only for you, for the hero or *Vîra*. This is the Honeymoon of the Exile.

‘If, in the definitive drama which unites the three of us, we need to use words from an ancient language like Sanskrit, which is completely unknown in the west and almost so in the Orient of Kaliyuga, it is because in the so-called living languages there are no sacred expressions that can be used to refer to sacred questions, or to capture and reflect the symbols of these multiple vibrations which resound and explode in all the universes simultaneously. Any translation of these terms will always be equivocal and sacrilegious,

destroying the living soul of a seemingly dead language; which is not living, which is not dead. . . .

‘Have you ever thought what might have been the language of the White Gods, the first people to come to this continent in times immemorial?

‘Before the disappearance of the continent of Mu and Lemuria during the first civilisation of Tiahuanacu and the construction of its legendary monuments, when it was still a sea port and the link with Venus, our star, was permanently maintained, the language consisted of magic signs. The giants directed the course of the stars by means of it. But the language of the white heroes, who came in search of their ancestors in the course of later ages, was more closely connected with Sanskrit than with any other. The Indo-European languages, like German, ancient Scandinavian and Latin have their roots in Sanskrit.

‘The secret language of the Quiché-Maya was Zuyua and that of the Incas was Scandinavian-Sanskrit. It is well known that the Inca rulers were white and that among blood relatives they spoke a private and sacred language, which they never taught to the population of the “slaves of Atlantis”. Certain words will give us the key: *Inka* is really *Inga*, as the Spanish conquistadors spelt it. In old High German, *Ing* means derivation, ancestor, lineage. Merovingian, for example, has this root, meaning “he who comes from Mount Meru”; because *Mero* is Meru and *ving* is *weg*, the German for road. Thus, the *Inga* and we who are his descendants are *those who journey from Mount Meru*, in the Great Exodus, from far away, from the Nuptial Homeland, from the lost land of Avalon. In reality, from the Continent of Hyperborea, from the Morning Star and also from the holy Mount Kailas, which is the physical and visible double of the invisible Mount Meru, where a centre of our order existed, a *Huilka*, a fortress in Quichua, a circle. Our circle is called *Huilkanota*; coming from *vil*, hidden, and *ka*, mystery, in Sanskrit. *Ancahuinca* also comes from there, meaning “Initiated Eagle”, “Initiate of the Condor”, “Initiated Bird”, *Manu-Tara*, which is also a Sanskrit word.

'The central city of the Incas was called *Kusku*, "Navel of the World", like Lhasa in Tibet, like the sacred city of the Druids, the "Middle City", with an Omphalos.

'The mysterious bird, *Allkamari*, from which the Inka obtained his two feathers, black and white, is also associated with the Inka, with a "k". From there he derives his magic dignity, *Korakenke*, *korak-inka*. *Korak* derives from the Sanskrit *kârava*, raven, thus directly linking the Inka with the great war of the *Mahabharata*, with the *koravas*, the name of one of the factions in this cosmic struggle. *Korakenke* is therefore the Raven of the Inka, of the Inka King, Wotan, perhaps *Garuda*, the vehicle of Vishnu. *Korak* also comes from the Hyperborean sea, *Kara*, in the Arctic, where the great exodus of Kaliyuga begins, the end of the Golden Age and the real Twilight of the White Gods, of the magic bird *Allkamari*, of the Hyperborean Raven of Wotan.

'Our White God is called *Huirakocha*. *Huitr* means white (*Huitramannaland*, the Land of the White Men) and *kocha* is an aboriginal deformation of the old German word, *God*. White God.

'The Sacred Book of the priestly caste of the Mayan white initiates is the Codex of Chichecastanango, the *Popul-vuh*. *Popul* is people in Latin and *buch* is book in German. The Book of the People of the White Gods, in which it is also related that they came from Tule, Tula or Thule. This document has been totally adulterated and mutilated by the missionaries and by the great planetary conspiracy against the White Gods.

'If we search with a pure heart and an open soul, in the whole of America-Albania we will find the sacred language, Sanskrit, which is the involuted resonance of the inaudible Orphic Cabbala, that of the mantras of the Hyperborean magicians, the Giants and the Men-Gods. *Mantrayâna* is the Road of the Mantra, of the search for the Mantra.

'It is in the Indo-Germanic languages, of Sanskrit origin, that one will find the meaning of the word *Buin*,¹ for example, which appears in Peru and Chile. *Bole* and *Bullue* are bull and young bull in old High German. The Sacrificial Bull, the Solar Bull, in a land

¹ There is a River Buin in Peru and a city of Buin in Chile.

where cattle didn't exist; perhaps the ox, *Nandi*, the vehicle of Siva-Lucifer.

'*Chakra* means grange in Quichua, a circular plot of land. *C'akra* means *Circle, Wheel* (a turn of the wheel) in Sanskrit. *Making the wheel turn* is the road which you are following at present; *Vajrayâna* in Sanskrit, "Road of Diamond", of Immortality, until you succeed in becoming *Chakravarti*, the Lord of the Chakras, the Master of a Chakra.

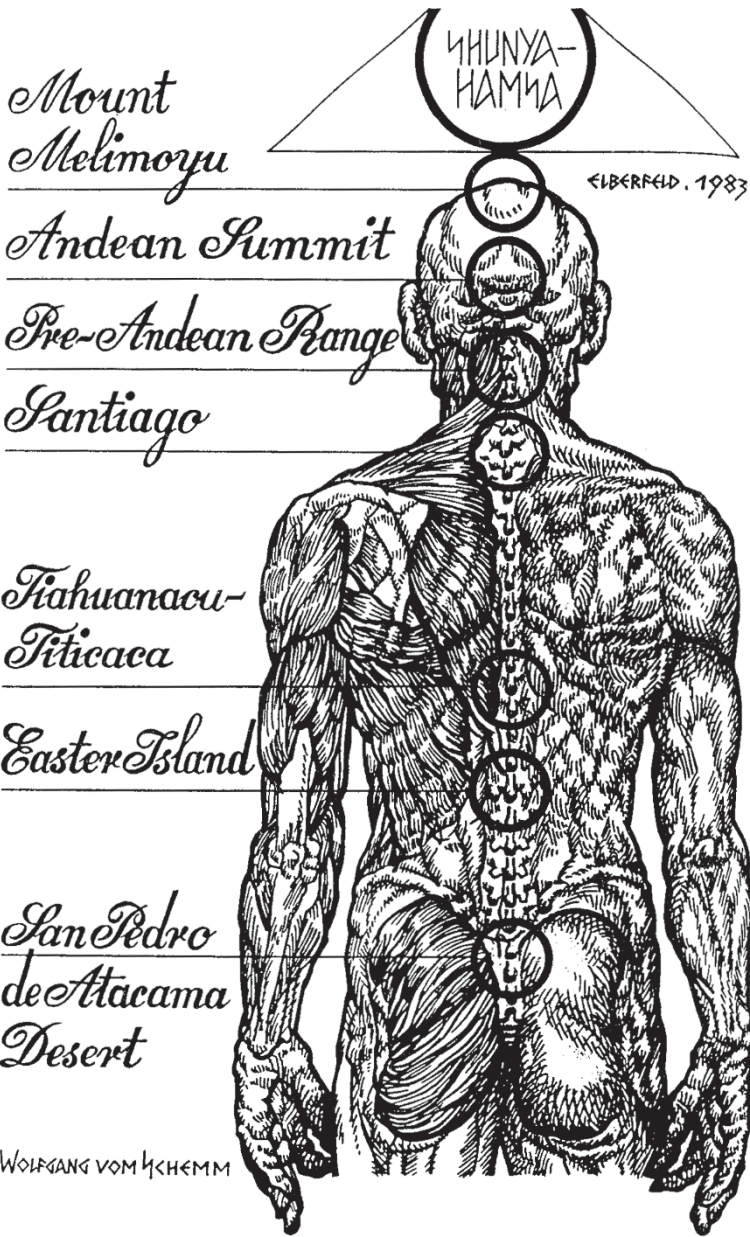
'*Kunani* in the language of *Kusku* or Cuzco, the language of the *Amauta*, its astrologer-sages, means to preach. In Sanskrit *kun* means to direct: *to direct Kundalini*.

'The writing of the most ancient lost world of the White Gods was also that of our signs. That of the warrior-heroes, who rebuilt Tiahuanacu, that of the Atumarunas and also that of the Mayas was the runes, the *kellkas*, in the style of the "ploughing of the ox", the *boustrophedon* of the most ancient Scandinavian runes. This is also the way in which the "Speaking Tablets" of Easter Island, the *Rongo-Rongo*, which no one has yet been able to decipher, was written. The sacred writing, which the Incas later prohibited, was lineal.

'For all these reasons, we, the initiates of southern Hyperborea, always return to this seemingly dead language, which is in fact only asleep and which must be revived: Sanskrit. Demolishing a Quichua *pirka*, a Sanskrit *pre*, behind which is hidden the secret. Going backwards, ever further backwards, *Hamurani* in Quichua, from the Sanskrit mantra *HAM*, from the Vishuda chakra in the throat, returning to the point of origin, to the Nuptial Homeland, where we will also find the deep magico-symbolic meaning of the name of our sacred land. Chile, Chilli, *Chil*: to bare, in Quiché-Maya. It comes from the Old Flemish, which in turn derives from the Old German, *Shillen*, meaning *unsheathe*, with an even more distant origin in Hyperborean Sanskrit. To bare, unsheathe the sword. The sacred sword of the homeland of our initiation. Or the initiation of the mystic homeland. Because Chile is shaped like a sword which must be unsheathed. A double-edged sword. This is the road of our initiation. Of the Warriors of the Solitary Star, the Watchers of the Dawn, the Pilgrims of the Dawn. . . .'

'Master,' I said to him, 'the less I understand you, the more I love you! . . .'

'Yes, the less you understand me, the wiser you become. . . .'



*Mount
Melimoyu*

Andean Summit

Pre-Andean Range

Santiago

*Tiahuanacu-
Titicaca*

Easter Island

*San Pedro
de Atacama
Desert*

WOLFGANG VOM HCHEMM

ELBERFELD, 1983

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF THE ELEPHANT

IN WHICH THE WAR OF THE *MAHABHARATA* BEGINS

I am walking across the desert. Sand, golden sand. 'The Desert stretches away.' San Pedro de Atacama.¹ Geysers spout on the horizon. I have reached the walls of a city which is preparing itself for war. Its gates are closed. It is night-time. No one is guarding them. I speak the word that opens them: *LAM!*²

I reach a central square shaped like an inverted triangle. The streets are empty, but the square is guarded by soldiers in battle-dress. There are chariots and horses. The majority of the soldiers are sleeping on the stony ground. I sit down beside them and question them. A great war is about to begin, because the land of the seas has announced that its forces are going to carry off the queen Draupadi. The enemy fleet has already taken the ports, and the attack will begin at daybreak. The king, seated on his throne, has turned his face towards both sides so that he appears to have two heads. This signifies that his forces must fight to the last man. I tell them that I am going to fight alongside them. Then, sleep overcomes me and I don't awake until the sun begins to rise over the desert. The war chariots and armies are milling around. They are moving off towards the walls of the city.

I realise that an extraordinary phenomenon has taken place while I was asleep. I have woken to feel myself to be me and yet not 'me'. Sometimes I am 'me' and more frequently I feel as if I am part of someone else who is the one who is experiencing all this, including me.

¹ A city in the desert of the north of Chile.

² The mantra for the Muladhara chakra.

I see the king approach, riding on an elephant.¹ His crowned head is turned towards the north and the south at one and the same time. As he passes by, he looks at this man who is me and then, he seems to have four faces. There is great sadness in his expression; it is the expression of one who knows what destiny lies ahead, of one who knows that he is going to lose. The king's face is pale, because he suffers from white leprosy. His name is Pandu.

The elephant walks heavily, towards the walls beyond which death and transfiguration await him. He raises his trunk and trumpets his battle cry.

Close at hand is a chariot drawn by two impatient chargers. The charioteer signals to the man who is me to climb in and pick up the shield and lance. This man jumps in and puts on the cuirass and the helmet. He sees that the colour of the driver is blue. The chargers leap forward and in a flash they are outside the gates of the city, rushing headlong across the sands in a mad gallop. Very soon they find themselves facing the enemy lines. And in them the man sees his relatives, his compatriots from northern Chile. He turns towards the charioteer and lays down his arms.

'I cannot fight,' he says. 'I can see my brothers. I know all these people: Chileans, Peruvians, Bolivians, Argentinians.'

Imperiously, the charioteer commands him: 'Acquit yourself of your duty, O warrior of the race of the White Gods! You will not kill anybody. Those who die today are already dead in me.'

The war between brothers, the Great War of the Worlds, which began here in these desert sands, fought for the possession of a woman and the City of the Elephant, called Astinapura and also Troy, Tocopilla and San Pedro de Atacama, raged for months, years. The woman lies sleeping, pale, infected with sacred leprosy, in some secret, central place.

The battle for the desert has been lost and the forces are falling back inside the walls of the City of the Elephant. Everything round here smells, the sands, the walls, the stones, the thistles, the

¹ A black elephant, the symbolic animal of the Muladhara chakra.

wounds, even the bones smell. It is said that this is the City of Smell, of the First Perfume.¹

The charioteer has abandoned him inside the triangle, in the centre of the city. In reality, it is an oasis with gardens of semi-tropical vegetation, with exquisite fruits, papayas, pineapples, mango trees and a huge fig tree in the middle which seems to touch the sky. The flowers are very beautiful and are watered invisibly.

Water is the enemy of this world. The priests of the temple know that water is going to destroy everything, and they pray to the Serpent of the Earth, Ten-Ten, who alone is capable of combating the Serpent of the Waters, Cai-Cai. A mirror of gold hangs in the centre of the temple. A Sun of Gold.

He enters the palace and finds his way to the room in which lies the woman who has unleashed the great war of the *Mahabharata*, who might be the wife of the friends and the enemies, the Pandavas and Koravas, of the great Bharatas, she who inspires the heroes.

As if he has become invisible, he manages to get past the sentries without being seen. No one will be able to see him but her. He walks through the door of her chamber and stands beside the bed on which she lies sleeping. A dog is guarding her. He recognises it. It is there because this is the World of Smell, its favourite language. The dog also recognises him and comes and licks his bloody feet.

In ecstasy, as always, he gazes at the face of the sleeping woman. She is so beautiful in sleep that he doesn't wish to wake her. He strokes her forehead with his fingers. He touches her golden hair softly and speaks the word which will bring her back to life: *HUM!* In the hollowness of the room it re-echoes like the bellowing of the mythological bull: *Muuu!*

She opens her eyes and a moan escapes from her breast. She sits up and her hair resembles an irresistible fire.

'Oh!' she sighs. 'I have slept for such a long time! At last you have come. I thought that this time we would lose each other. How is the war going? I dreamed that the sea would submerge our world. Tremendous forces will be used in the struggle. But we still have a little time left for our A-Mor.'

¹ The Muladhara chakra is the centre of smell.

THE DIFFICULT TEST ONCE AGAIN

The city holds out for a full year. During this time, they stay inside the room. The dog guards the door. The noise of the fighting doesn't reach this far. They realise that the decisive hour is approaching for their world.

From time to time they look through the windows at the garden. In it grows a tree whose top touches the sky. This Tree of Paradise bears no fruit, it is barren. Up it climb some men afflicted by the same disease, eaten away by this white leprosy.

For four months he slept at the foot of the woman's bed. And for another four to her left in the bed. She always lay on her right side, resting her head in the palm of her hand. He felt her shoulder very close to him, and her thighs covered only by the thin red gown. Afterwards he slept for four months to her right. And then, in his waking dream, her hair and her soft perfumed breath were an intoxicating liquor that transported him to that place inhabited by the 'people of dreams', who talked to him only of her; using the word *Aropa*.

Thus, in twelve months, she became transformed into a goddess, taking possession of his essences, flowing through his blood, filling his cells like the female guru, completely idealised, the matrix of transcendental knowledge. Now he couldn't even think of touching her with the tips of his fingers. If during the night he occasionally touched her veils through some involuntary movement, he would wake with a start, feeling he had committed sacrilege, and would move over to the very edge of the bed. The physical had been integrated into the supraphysical, evoking a supernatural presence. It flowed through the blood of his spirit.

When the time had arrived, she asked the dog to leave. She opened the windows and let in the morning light. A blue bird came and trilled his song for them both. When darkness fell, the Evening Star also shone through the windows.

She moved into the centre of the room and slowly she began to take off her red gown and her veils. First her naked shoulders appeared, then her breasts, with their tender, rosy, quivering nipples. The veils dropped further, revealing her stomach, her golden

vulva, her long, slender legs, like paths, until they lay beside her tiny feet, covered with sand from the desert.

There stood the Absolute Woman. He felt himself grow faint from looking at her. All his eternity would not suffice him to gaze on her.

Very slowly, with a dreamlike motion, she approached him. She reached his side and stretched out her hands to clasp his head. Like the touch of a petal from a flower in the garden of the City of Dawn, she pressed her lips to his. She put one of her gentle perfumed arms round his shoulders and began to undress him with her other hand.

She pointed out to him the Evening Star, which was still shining in the dark, larger than all the other stars in the sky.

'May it assist us!'

And she led him to the bed.

He felt her moving beside him, naked. She had crossed her hands on her breast and was staring at the sky. Reflections from the firelight played over her beautiful body, running along it like caresses. Without covering themselves, without touching each other, they let the hours pass. In silence, in supreme lucidity and concentration. Until she spoke: 'My desire for you is reaching its peak. The fire of sacrifice has already been lit in my vulva and beats there like a heart. My other heart is on the point of leaping out of my breast. In this city, the perfume and odours become intensified and reach the roots. I can smell you, I can feel you. My whole being longs to be caressed, touched by your hands and your mouth, so as to fill you with my nectar. My will no longer exists. My impulse is to make you enter me, to be possessed, filled by that flow of supreme virility, by your river of amber. Who will give us the strength to find the narrow path in this long night in which we are gambling our destiny throughout all the turns of the wheel?'

Quietly, he replied: 'I can feel you, too. I can smell the subtle, dreamlike perfume of your golden fields of wheat, of the flower of your breasts, of your golden translucent liquid like crystal drops of dew in the garden of the City of Longing, which moistens and transcends your oases. . . .'

There followed a silence in which she uncrossed her arms, stretched out her hand and took hold of his.

'Make your protective sign. Let us drink our liquid gold, let us not allow it to be lost outside, let us reabsorb it into our blood so as to experience the pleasure which has no beginning and no end, keeping our resolve firm by making the mudra that destroys fear in order to resist the terrible event to come, the pleasure which has never been experienced by earthly lovers, and ecstatic, continuous pleasure which will accompany us for ever inside us, in your blood, where it will flow for an eternity.'

In her melodious voice, in the deep, velvety silence of that warm night in the City of Astinapura, she pronounced, with a ritual cadence, the word: 'KLIM!'

It was as if a seal had been broken. He felt as if he was being enveloped by a huge wave which was submerging everything, countries, continents, the world. Everything but her. Locked in an embrace of A-Mor, they died without-death, to be reborn in that sea of nectar, of Soma, united in their breath, their basic perfume, in the Idea which produced bodies and forms. And now nothing more was possible.

'SAHAM! I am you!' they cried.

The blue bird returned to sing at the window. And, as the day dawned, the Star of Him-Her bathed them in its deep, dewy light. It returned them to that liquid gold which they were driving back to its source, returning them partially to themselves, with a gentle, luminous caress.

'LAM!' they repeated in unison. And it was their farewell to that city which had lost the war.

THE SECRET MARRIAGE

They would have to leave before nightfall. The final catastrophe was approaching. Nevertheless, the last ceremony had still to be performed: they had to marry according to the rites of this world, ordained by the White Gods. The marriage would be secret and valid for all eternity. The *Gandharba* marriage. Until now she had been the wife of a king, the wife of another, of an Archetype: *Parakiya*. From tonight, she was his own wife proper: *Sviyia*. Now she would be the initiated bride: *Parastri*.

The bathed together in an effervescent liquid of Soma. Afterwards, he put on a blue cloak and she her red gown. They held wands from which sprouted flowers. They prepared the wedding feast, which was also a farewell. The feast called the feast of the Five M, because it is composed of *Mudrâ*, cereals—the earth; *Mâtia*, fish—water; *Mâmsa*, meat—fire; *Madya*, wine—air; and *Maithuna*, woman—ether. They had begun at the end, with the Magic Possession. This most ancient ritual, *Panshamakara*, was taught by the Uighures, the tantric magicians of Lemuria, and by the priestesses of Hyperborea.

On the floor, covered by veils, the liturgical cup, *Kalaça*, appeared, filled with liquid gold. The veils signified that the material drink covered the secret drink, the Spirit of the Secret Wine, the ‘Saviour in Liquid form’, *Karanavari-jnamrita*, the liquor of orgasm which has no beginning or end.

‘There was a heavenly Soma, a spirit of secret wine, a lost liquor of A-Mor, of non-death, which is now only to be found in the river of your blood, going back to its source, to the ices.’

She stretched out her hand over the chalice and spoke the word of the mantra of wine: ‘HRIM!’

They uncovered the cup and drank from that inexhaustible liquor. Because those who have known A-Mor constantly drink Soma, the liquor which flows through the blood, the *Minne*, the memory of that love which was lost at the beginning of time, in the Hyperborean rite of the *Minnetrinken*.

And they sang: ‘Fill my cup with wine. It speaks to me, in ineffable silence, of my Beloved who has been reborn in the depths of my blood. And it reveals to me all that I still need in order to enter the City of Transparent Ice with her, along the Path of Roses, which leads to the Enchanted Land of the King of the Ghosts.’

Thus they were married, while the warriors called a halt to the combat in order to surround them with a circle of swords. The pale, sickly king was now able to rest and to make his way to the secret refuge where the women who possessed supernatural powers of healing could cure him. They then became the rulers of this world in ruins. One day, their son, riding astride a Hyperborean swan, would come and rebuild it.

A clear light poured into the room through the doors and windows. It flooded the city. Without landing in the desert, vibrating in that clear light, the Disc called *Vimana* in the epic poem of the *Mahabharata* had descended. It had come to rescue them from the impending catastrophe.

They managed to enter it before a huge wave submerged everything, the temples, the gardens, the palaces, the continents of Mu and Gondwana.

They took the dog with them.

From far off, they could see the earth shaken by convulsions, the volcanoes erupting, the mountain ranges beginning to rise, the seas changing position. And on the crest of the biggest wave, the elephant was still swimming; because he had turned into the Leviathan,¹ and what had been his trunk on earth was now a continuous jet of water like a geyser in the ancient, lost desert of Atacama.

'THE NAVEL OF THE WORLD'

On the surviving islands, men of diminished stature, wearing white cloaks, implore the Serpent of the Earth: 'Stop, Ten-Ten!'

And the Serpent of the Waters, Cai-Cai, has been confined on the borders of the precarious islands of Chiloe.

The ruins of Tiahuanacu, now thousands of metres up in the Cordillera of the Andes, the Temple of Kalasasaya, the ancient entrance to the subterranean world, are no longer in contact with other universes, nor with those who travel through space. Viracocha and Mama Occl no longer come down from Venus, the Morning Star. The giants have withdrawn into the Andean rock, waiting for the return of the Ancient Sun.

¹ The whale is the symbolic animal of the Svadisthana chakra. This is a symbolical journey through the chakras from one to another, from the Muladhara to the Svadisthana and so on. It is a synchronistic pilgrimage with the mystical landscape of the author's country, with a sacral geography 'dreaming the same dream' with the Beloved in 'astral journeys' of some kind of tantric or martial initiation practiced by the ancient troubadours or Minnesänger. The Orphic and Hyperborean initiation of A-Mor, revealed in this book.

Along the southern canals, beneath the surface of the water, crawls a ship with all its lights on, so that anyone seeing it would take it for a fiery serpent with feathers of flame. It is hunting a white whale which blinded its captain and drowned its crew, which is now composed of ghosts. If they succeed in capturing it, the ship will rise to the surface of the water, its captain will recover his sight and the crew will come back to life with bodies of fiery, imperishable matter.

He saw this underwater ship from a beach in Chiloe, on the island of Lemuy, and he called out the password which would make the captain heave to: 'VAM!'¹

He swam underwater for a few minutes, accompanied by his dog, and was taken on board *El Caleuche*.

The ship changed course, leaving the southern canals by the Gulf of Penas, where the Leviathan's waterspout could be seen in the far distance, and making for the open sea, the huge Ocean. For days they followed the vast expanse of its waters, where once a continent existed in all its glory, filled with palaces, temples and wisdom. The world of the giants, which was in contact with the stars. Of all this, only an island lost in the vast Ocean was left: Tepito Tenua,² the 'Navel of the World'. The Leviathan disappeared in that direction.

The Captain of *El Caleuche* said: '*É hello naufragare in questo mare!*'³ Follow your destiny as a shipwrecked man, take a longboat and approach your objective with your back turned, like all good oarsmen. Row backwards, towards the point of origin, upwards.'

The dog, which had arrived before him, was waiting for him on the shore. The beach was covered with strange, gigantic statues called Mohai. The yellow, New Sun shone vertically down on them. He examined them with interest, walking round and round their huge mass, searching for an entrance-hole in them, a 'click'. How had these vast lumps of basalt got here? How had they moved from Rano-Raraku to the Ahu, their platforms?

¹ The mantra for the Svadisthana chakra.

² Easter Island.

³ From Leopardi.

The dog was indicating that he should follow it.

They crossed the empty region of Matakiterani, whose earliest name was *Svadisthana*, 'The Home of Her'. They were going towards the crater of the volcano called Rano-Kao.

As he walked, he mentally repeated the phrase he had heard in an old dream: 'Only the water which emerges from the crater of an extinct volcano can quench the thirst of the pilgrim.'

Inside the crater grew the last three Toromiro trees, that red wood, perhaps *Vajra*.

At the foot of these trees, she lay sleeping. The dog lay down at her feet, waiting. He repeated the mantra which would wake her: 'HUM!'

And the music which announced her return was like that of 'a hive of bees maddened by love'.

LEMURIA

In the shade of the last three Toromiro trees, she began to recall ancient times: 'Nothing has survived of all that glory, except this little island, the summit of a huge submerged mountain. Nothing more in that vast expanse of water. Water, water everywhere. We are in the kingdom of the waters, surviving with difficulty.¹ The inhabitants of the lost continent were giants. Gods, more than Gods. They came from the pole, from the Morning Star. When everything was submerged by the great wave, some shepherds, slaves of Lemuria, the interbred races of animal-men, also escaped to the higher peaks. And the fish, the great fish. In the war between the Pandavas and Koravas, between the Hanau-Eepe, the Big-Eared Ones, and the Nanan-Momoko,² terrifying forces were used, which produced the catastrophe. And the malignant radiation spread across the whole world. The statues of Toromiro wood, which are to be found on this island, represent those hybrid monsters: the man-fish, the man-insect, the man without flesh. In the ruins of Tiahuanacu, on the Gate

¹ The Muladhara chakra represents the earth. The Svadisthana chakra the water.

² Aboriginal people of Easter Island.

of the Sun, there are figures with four fingers and three toes. Someone has recorded the lost world, attempting to reproduce its glories and also the fruits of its destruction. The sublime art which has come here from an unknown centre, with wood formed from the non-existent blood of a time without memory, is the work of a race of giants who came from the east and from Hyperborea. Subsequently, very different races tried to reproduce that art. Here is a Mohai with a beard, a White God. It belongs to the Ahu-Mohai period. These were imitated later, as if people wished to make the vanished White Gods, Quetzalcoatl, Huirakocha, Orejona, and the creators of the First Tiahuanacu, return. Thus the Mohai may be said to represent a kind of exorcism practised in successive waves, after the involution of the divine and the semi-divine began, attempting to force the return of the White Gods, the Giants and the Golden Age by means of the albeit inaccurate reproduction of their figures. They could also be said to be landmarks for their extraterrestrial vehicles, their *Vimanas*, their *Astras*, their *Manu-Tara*, their Discs of Light, their Plumed Serpents, in which they disappeared shortly before the cataclysm. The sightless eyes of the Mohai scan the firmament, their closed mouths long to cry out to them: "We are still here! We still preserve your memory! You looked like this! Come back!"

These basalt sculptures are alive, they vibrate magically. The Mohai that are not covered with ivy are those that are still alive. Their faces are turned in every direction, scouring the horizons. Some look towards the Antarctic, others towards the North Pole, towards Ultima Thule. Some Mohai stand on promontories jutting out of vertical cliffs above the sea. How did they reach these sites? One of them has fallen into the water and can be seen at low tide. Did they move? Did they walk? It is related that they advanced straight ahead from this crater, seeking their definitive positions. At night they formed the magic circle, Kula. Their mission was to protect all that had survived on earth from new floods, like the serpent Ten-Ten. Beneath the Ahu, or pedestal, there is supposed to be an entrance to the subterranean world, the Interior Earth. In order to penetrate it, a tiny turning movement of the Mohai is supposed to be sufficient for this stone iceberg to move and expose the lower

part of its body, together with the entrance to the passage which connects with the great polar exits, the gateway of the Temple of Tiahuanacu and the secret entrance to Stonehenge.

'In a single night, everything stopped, as if that moment in time had frozen. Many Mohai remained incomplete, some of them face upwards in their quarries. What happened? What terrible event occurred? Are the Mohai robots or Golems? Are they the Gods who have been petrified? How did they move and change their positions? A force called *Mana (Vril)* levitated them. The same force that impelled the Golden Bird, *Manu-Tara*, to overcome the force of gravity and disappear among the constellations. There are Mohai in the meditative position, their hands with their long nails folded over their stomachs like buddhas. No one knows where their first builders came from. The second period is a copy of the initiatic, magical, first phase. In all this, a great mystery persists, which will only be revealed to man minutes before his new destruction Because one day the sea will take him again.

'All those who knew the language of the Speaking Tablets, Rongo-Rongo, were butchered. They were called Maoris and were white priests, white magicians, who had escaped from the great catastrophe and had remained on this exterior earth in order to preserve the tradition. They were of the same race as the Dropas of Tibet the giant Ainos of Japan and China, the Güanches of the Canary Islands, and the Chachapoyas and Guayakis of South America. The Kohau-Rongo-Rongo could read the Tablets. Their last survivors were killed in the gold mines of Peru, where they had been taken to work as slaves. The script was hermetic, with more than one meaning, like that of Ancient Egypt. One sacerdotal, the other demoniacal. Perhaps this was why the Ingas prohibited writing in their empire. As in Egypt, an unknown lineal script existed prior to ideographic script. There are no more than twenty Speaking Tablets to be found throughout the world. Similar script is not to be found neither in Polynesia nor among the Ingas, nor elsewhere, only the ideographic language of cords and knots of Peru. The reconstruction of the civilisation of Tiahuanacu, together with that of this island of Matakiterani, is the work of the Vikings, who knew of the

priestly, warrior caste of the Big-Eared Ones, their Hyperborean ancestors. Some of the signs carved on rocks correspond to their runic script and to the votive cult of Wotan. In Chile, this fragile strip of land, which is all that survives of the old submerged world, the last civilisation of the Giants flourished, before they were imprisoned in the mountains. There is a mysterious link between this island, which guards the Great Secret, and that sacred land which today is called Chile, which stretches like a psychic spinal column of the planet, as far as the "Other Pole". Also like a drawn sword. An ominous age occurred there, when the Valkyries turned into Amazons, because they had been left outside by the giants. And the matriarchy of the Amazon Gaibomilla made war on the descendants of Kon-Ticsi Huirakocha, who had already diminished in stature. The fire consumed everything.

'The Mohai and the ancient objects made of real Toromiro wood are charged with the vibrations of *Vril*. The "Tablets" which disappeared were like the stone which fell from heaven and contained the law of the extraterrestrial race and the secret of the entrances to the Hollow Earth and to the passages beneath the Ocean which connect with all the surfaces of the new continents which emerged after the catastrophe. Chile and Japan are regularly devastated by earthquakes. Volcanoes erupt throughout the entire fiery arc of the Pacific, in memory of the horrific conflagration that destroyed the world, the ancient moon and the ancient sun. The Mohai keep their sightless eyes open in eternal vigilance, trying to prevent the repetition of the catastrophe. Like the dolmens and the menhirs, they are here to hold back a new flood. The expressions on their faces change with the passage of the seasons and the solstices. But the way to overcome and escape the cataclysm is only to be found in the Manu-Tara, the Man-Bird. The Manu of the Age of Aquarius, which will replace the Age of the Fish, of Leviathan, the White Whale, which was once the Elephant.

'Now we are in the Kingdom of the Waters. You will have to learn to walk on the waters, make yourself lighter, rise into the air.
...'

Allouine, sitting under the last three Toromiro trees, in the crater of the volcano called Rano-Kao, making the mudra which destroys fear, recited the prayer of the lost Continent of Lemuria:

‘Nan rururu Tuku Karumugil
Uruei orur Edu etu ru uyarel
Ir ar ire per Kadavul.’

‘The Green God who controls the three paths
Of the high resounding Sun
Comes from the year of Orur
To the land of the rain clouds
In the same way as the thunder roars.’

‘In the House of the Great Fish, beneath the three surviving trees, we dream of immortality. In the top of these trees, where their branches intertwine, meditates the Three-Eyed One, whom the Man-Insect fears. The Adored Third-Eye, where our star is born.’

THE INITIATION OF THE MANU-TARA

He was fainting from thirst inside that crater, and not only from a physical thirst. His thirst was for that Queen of Rapanui, called Rakini.

‘I want to do something with my hands, carve a Mohai. But I am so tired; weariness and lassitude overcome me on this island.’

‘Carve your own statue, your Mohai, place it on its Ahu. Make a statue of yourself, seat yourself in the centre of the Toromiro flower.’

She took him by the hand and led him out of the crater to a cave in the mountains.

‘This is the cave of the God Make-Make. In former times, children were brought here and left in the darkness so that their skin would turn white in memory of the lost Gods. You must stay here for a year, until you become the Manu-Tara, the Man-Bird. You will then be accepted as king of this island and your real name will be given to that year. This cave is called *Hakrongo-Manu*, “The Hearer of the Bird”, of the Cry of the Bird. When you have triumphed, when you are king, I will be your queen. For now, I shall only ac-

company you in your thoughts. I shall be your Valkyrie in the battle. O warrior of the race of the White Gods, fight this battle to the end and lose it in the name of our God of the Defeated of the Kali-yuga! Overcome the terrifying waters! Our A-Mor is again at stake.'

For months he remained in the darkness of the cave. The faithful dog brought him food. Slowly he lost track of the time, and whether it was day or night. His senses became blunted with the exception of his sense of taste and an uncontrollable impulse which drove him to seize hold of stones and rocks with his hands and even with his feet.¹ He wanted to sculpture something, to shape the basalt, the Toromiro, any hard material.

He had visions, nightmares. The whale became a tyrannical mother who forced him to drink her milk. Then she devoured him. Inside the enormous body of the Leviathan, he felt safe. It was a whole universe. There he met the 'People of Dreams' again. Each of them played a different musical instrument and made the letters of the six petals of the Toromiro flower vibrate: *ba, bha, ma, ya, ra, la*.² Tiredness and lassitude might have made him spend an entire lifetime in this adipose world. But with an immense effort, he overcame this feeling and searched for a vulnerable spot in the monstrous body of the Mother-Leviathan. It took light years to move from one point of that body to another. There were countries, continents of fat, veins, rivers of opaque oil, oases of heat in the midst of this bulky universe, this world of icy lymph. And finally he managed to escape and stood on the outside. It was an almost superhuman triumph to have found a way out of the safe depths of the Mother's protection into the insecurity and pain of the other world. Then he began to scream like a new-born child with a pale skin, inside that other Mother, the cave of *Hakrongo-Manu*. He went from Mother to Mother, from Circle to Circle. How to break out of the final Mother? How to escape from the Circle of the Circles?

'This is the Liquid Road,' he heard her say from within his blood, 'the Road of Tears. . . . The Land of Tears is mysterious!'

¹ The Svadisthana chakra is the centre of taste and touch.

² Sanskrit letters which are inscribed on the six petals of the Svadisthana chakra, as painted in Indian iconography.

DREAMS ABOUT WATER

As soon as he had escaped from the Mother-Leviathan, he began to wander round the interior of the cave in his dreams. And he discovered paths that led him up hills with houses built on their slopes. There were villas and mansions, with wrought-iron porches and doorways. Waterfalls and cascades, channelled naturally along the gorges between the hills, flowed down the slopes. He stopped in front of a lattice-work doorway, at the foot of a hill. A serrated iron wheel controlled the sluice-gate of the pool that collected the water which flowed down the hillsides. He allowed himself to act on an impulse and turned the wheel, opening the sluice-gate. The water gushed out. He wanted to turn the wheel back to its original position, but the water was already uncontrollable. It flooded down the slopes on all sides, from the hilltops, through the gorges. He ran to find himself a safe place.

The dreams about water continued.

He continued to try and escape along the valleys, between the mountains. An enormous wave broke over a high mountain peak, and the vast mass of water began to rush down its slopes as well. He began to climb the slope to his left. But the compact mass of water, which was crystal-clear despite its great volume, began to submerge even the highest mountains.

He found himself lying in the cave once more. It was either night or daybreak. He saw her appear, emerging naked out of the waters. She called to him from the shore. The vast sea lay enveloped in the half-light of dawn. She had come to meet him from the far distance, from the horizon. Now they would enter the sea together and swim away. Where to? The sea was covered with sargasso. She said: *'É dolce naufragare in questo mare!'*

A final dream: He was still swimming. He was floating in the waters of a bay in which ships lay at anchor. A current carried him out to sea. He struggled to escape from it. He found himself surrounded by high waves, which became ever more menacing. His strength deserted him. Then the waters changed colour, becoming imbued with turquoise, amethyst and emerald. And then they were no longer sea water, but a sea of twilight, causal water: *Kâramâri*.

Some men swam towards him through this liquid colour and rescued him.

He looked out of the mouth of the cave. The waning moon shone in the sky over Matakiterani. He had passed from the lower waters to the heavenly waters, transmuting them to their first level, beyond the earth.

On the ground at the mouth of the cave sparkled a Moonstone.

THE BAPTISM OF THE MAN-BIRD

In the depths of the cave, he concentrated on the Moonstone between his eyebrows and made the second sign of his initiation, while he repeated the mantra of water: 'VAM!'

Vibrations rose along his spine, up his 'Toromiro tree', as red as the flames of the Fiery Serpent. The Serrated Wheels turned. The sluice-gates opened. The water's electricity was freed. At that point, the rebellious swimmer, the 'ego', fought against the current; it refused to accept its approaching death, which maybe was not death but resurrection in another *Ego* amplified by the earth, water and fire, in which the Manu-Tara Bird would rise up out of its ashes. Nevertheless, something had changed in that split second of doubt. At some moment during that secret, imprecise happening, the 'ego' had shown resistance to the God of the Losers, becoming paralysed, caught between two worlds, as if in an 'upside-down sky', unable either to go back, towards the point of origin, upwards, in triumphant defeat, or to go down, towards its starting point. In vain, the serrated wheels turned wildly and the petals of the Non-Existent Toromiro Flower fell because it was unable to make its non-existence a reality.

He realised that he was going to be destroyed in that powerful current from the vibrations of a fire which could not find an exit, because the road of the third Toromiro tree had been closed to it.¹ His secret channels, his brain, would disintegrate. He had begun to see blood spots. The exit to another state, to a different feeling, had

¹ In Tantric yoga, the *Susumna nadi*. In the symbology of this book the ghost vessel, *El Caleuche*, sometimes also represents the Serpent of Kundalini.

been blocked. In the embryonic, occult physiology, something remained incomplete, because the conscious, rational 'ego' had introduced an obstacle, because it didn't want to be overpowered and pushed aside, because it wanted to control the uncontrollable.

He realised that his final moment on that earth had arrived, that his bodies, including the physical one, wouldn't be capable of resisting the vibrations. His brain was going to explode. He only had a short time left in this world.

In the blackness of the cave of Hakrongo-Manu, he saw a metal basin of water appear in the air before him, level with his chest. And he heard her order him: 'Quickly, plunge your hands into the water and splash it over your body!'

A delicious coolness calmed the fire of the vibrations.

An indescribable sensation of peace enveloped him, and he felt his body being galvanised by a powerful energy. He had risen from his ashes. He was as red as the Toromiro tree.

Baptized by lustral water, the *Primus homo terrenus* had become the *Secundus homo coelestis*. His name was Manu-Tara, the Living-Man-Bird, ready to spread his wings and fly off on a new adventure, to the loss of a greater city, on the Lefthanded Road mapped out by the God of the Defeated of Kaliyuga. To the rebirth of the Golden Age.

THE CRY OF THE BIRD

He had been in the cave for a year. Now he could leave it.

He ran towards the sea and plunged off the cliff top into the water. In his dive, he managed to touch the submerged Mohai, then he swam towards the tiny island of *Hapu-Manu*, 'The Cry of the Bird'.

There he waited. He also looked for the Manu-Tara's egg. One day, the bird flew over him and dropped it into his hand.

Then he shaved off his hair and eyebrows, tied a sling around his forehead and placed the egg in it. Swimming back to the island, he looked like a mythological being which had surfaced out of the primordial waters, been born from the waters. In reality, he was the

Twice Born. And he wore a sling made of *tepú*, or sandalwood, around the arm which had caught the egg.

During the whole of the following year, he wouldn't be able to touch anything with that hand. He was the keeper of the energy of the surviving island, and of the Mohai who scour the horizons, the carrier of *Vril*, of *Maná*. He was the king of Matakiterani. The *Manu* of the age of Tara. The husband of the Goddess Tara.

He saw her coming towards him, climbing down from the crater at the top of the volcano. She was wearing a red cloak, woven from the thin bark of the three trees in the crater. She brought him an axe.

'It is the axe of *Guatan* or *Wotan*. Its name is *Toki*. You are the *Toki-Manu*.'

She was also carrying a flute and a heart with wings of *Toromiro* wood.

'Keep this heart safe. We will have need of it.'

She played the flute and they both danced in a circle round each of the *Manu-Mohai*. They were dancing the *Raslila*.

A clanking noise, like the sound of chains being dragged along, began to make itself heard, coming from the volcano. Quickly, it turned into a thunderous roar. The eruption followed almost immediately. Flames and lava shot upwards and rushed down the slope.

The Man-Bird put his arm round his Beloved's waist and, spreading his golden wings, flew off in the direction of the midday sun. She carried the dog in her arms.

They saw how the Mohai collapsed, swaying on their bases. The island was covered with the fire of an emerging centre. In the far distance, the whale was caught by the crew of *El Caleuche*. They stripped it of its skin, from which they made a Golden Fleece. Transformed into the skin of the lamb, it swayed in the wind, hanging from the branches of patriarchal oak trees.

THE REUNION WITH JASON

On the shores of Lake Titicaca, the last of the Vikings, called *atumurunas* or *atumarunas*, 'giants with faces as pale as the moon', were fighting a desperate battle against the tribes of Amazons from the

south of Chile, the matriarchal forces of Queen Gaibomilla, the ally of Cacique Cari of Coquimbo.¹ The Temple of the Lake of the Sun, of the Thousand Priests of Wotan, had been partly destroyed by fire. The nascent Viking civilisation of Tiahuanacu, which had lasted for a number of centuries, was dying. It had been recreated by these white warriors who had come from the north in search of their ancestors, the Venusian giants, the White Gods of the Morning Star.

He was fighting alongside the defenders, with the remainder of their decimated forces. It was all happening once again. In the past, the Æsir had had to abandon their sacred city of Asgard in the Caucasus, near Mount Elbrus, the mountain of the Goddess Freyja of the smooth snow-white breasts. Attacked in exactly the same way by the Mongols, they had left the city. Led by Wotan or Odin, they had set out once again on the Exodus of Defeat, this time in the direction of the Righthanded Swastika, the one that turns according to the present earth's time and descends to the lowest depths of Kaliyuga. There, another Golden Age, or mirror-image of the one that disappeared with the Hyperborean Thule, was lost. But the sorceress Allouine, of the Odinic Order, had prophesied that one day the descendants of the Æsir, led by a Great White Chief, would reconquer Asgard, reversing the exodus and the movement of the Righthanded Swastika, returning to the point of origin, to the Nuptial Homeland, going back, up, from City to City, from Asgard in the Caucasus to Shambhalla and Agharti in the Himalayas, and from them to Ultima Thule in Polar Hyperborea, so as to make the great leap to the Morning Star, to the Ray of Green Light. The sorceress Völa had also prophesied this, asserting that the Twilight of the Gods would not last for ever.

It is very difficult to fight a woman who has become a demon, uncontrolled, externalised, left outside by the giants. The Amazons had consorted with the race of earth people, with the semi-animals, with the robots of Lemuria and Atlantis. Their features were bestial.

¹ Cacique means chief in the Quichua language.

Their furious vengeance was directed against men, as satanic hatred, because in their heart of hearts they blamed them for all their misfortunes, for their dreadful fall. And perhaps they were right.

And so, the white warriors, the last of the Vikings of America, which they called Hvetramannaland, the Irish called Huitramannalandia, and the Templars of the Grail called Albania, 'The Land of White Men', of the White Gods, of Quetzalcoatl, Itzamná, Kukulcán, Bochica, Huirakocha, were unable to find in themselves either the strength or the conviction to face such warlike fury as that exhibited by those demons of the south. It was the beginning of the end.

The great Viking chief, Kon-Ticsi Huirakocha, descendant of Naymlap and of the White Gods, placed his last hope in the reinforcements which were said to be coming from the north. His armies retreated to the subterranean refuge of the Gateway of Kalasasaya, in the great Temple of Tiahuanacu, which had been rebuilt and had been destroyed once more in the fighting. Shortly before the end, Huirakocha, who was also called Rama in this centre, called together his closest followers, among whom he was numbered.

'Build a huge bonfire,' he said. 'My world is that of fire,¹ which fights against the satanic ice which comes from the farthest south, and also against the ice of the constellations.'

As soon as the fire began to crackle and blaze, the great chief leapt into it with his wife Mama Runtu, 'face white as an egg', who accompanied him, fulfilling the Hyperborean ritual of *Sati*.²

He continued talking from within the flames, addressing himself exclusively to him.

'None of this is real, it is *Maya*, Illusion. I shall not die, because I will reach the Green Light through these flames. It is another who has sacrificed himself for me. I have passed through the Secret Door to the interior, Hollow World, where I will wait for you to come, too, when you have lost here in order to come back to life there like

¹ The Manipura chakra represents fire. It is symbolised by the lamb.

² An ancient ritual. The wife jumps into the funeral pyre where the body of her husband is being consumed.

Kontiki (Konticsi, King and Father of the Heavens), like Kalki, at the appointed time at which we will bring back the Golden Age and rebuild Tiahuanacu, Asgard and Montsegur, avenging the God of the Losers, the Morning Star and our Lord and Prince Lucifer. Now you must take the name of Rama, reverse the direction of the Swastika of the Exodus, reconquer Asgard, rebuild Tiahuanacu, enter the City of the Caesars, reach Ultima Thule, correct the balance of the Axis of the Earth.'

The great chief's dog, Aries, 'Constellation of Flame', also leapt into the fire. However, it could see his and the woman's shadows go out the other side and enter the Temple of Kalasasaya, as if they had been renewed in those flames of pure energy. In the Bath of Tamascal.¹

Sword in hand, he went out through the gateway of Kalasasaya. Entering the hall of Tiahuanacu, he climbed up until he reached the triangle where the sign of the Righthanded Swastika, the sign of the Great Exodus from Hyperborea, the sign of Rama, was hanging and he reversed it, turning it into a Lefthanded Swastika which turns backwards, towards the point of origin. By doing so, he changed the course of the Exodus, turning it into a return, a reconquest of all that had once been lost. . . .

He raised his sword and spoke thus to the warriors: Soldiers of the Solitary Star, Pilgrims of the South, Guardians of the Dawn, Acolytes of Lucifer, of the Glorious God of the Flickering Light, the Great Loser! We are going to reverse everything, change the course of the waters of destiny, going up to the South Pole and down to the North Pole. We are going to bring our guide back to life and avenge him. We will raise the Continent of the Spirit alongside the precarious coast of our native land. We will extinguish the volcanoes, halt the earthquake. We are going to win the war of the *Mahabharata* by losing all but the final, definitive battle, the one that is fought outside this earth, in the vast expanses of Father Ether and even farther beyond, in the Great Void, in the Discs of Light. O warriors of the White Gods, of *Hvetramannaland*, fight till the last drop

¹ A sacred Inca bath.

of your blood is spilt, without ever retreating, without ever surrendering! Die fighting, because if you lose with honour, in reality you will have won; because you will have made the enemy visible. A defeat which leaves honour intact is a spiritual adventure which has been successful. Into battle, warriors of the Morning Star!

They fought furiously all through that day and night. The next evening, he found himself surrounded by corpses, while the red of the twilight dyed the waters of Lake Titicaca the colour of blood. He scanned the lake. He thought he saw a vessel approaching. Perhaps these were the promised reinforcements.

A high-keeled boat, a *drakkar*, slowly became visible in the dying light of the evening. From the branch of an oak tree from Dodona, nailed to the prow, hung the Golden Fleece. And there stood Jason, with his helmet and cuirass, leaning on his great sword.

He leapt ashore and pronounced the word: 'RAM!'¹

'O faithful comrade, you have arrived at the critical moment of the battle! So much time has passed!'

'Get in quickly!' Jason exclaimed. 'You will make your final stand in the ruins of the Temple of the Thousand Priests.'

He jumped into the boat and they embraced. While the oarsmen rowed towards their objective with their backs turned, they were able to talk in the star-filled night.

Medea also accompanied Jason, and she sang an ancient song which struck deep, distant chords in the hearts of the two friends:

'When my comrade loses heart,
I laugh confidently.
When my comrade sleeps,
I watch for him.
When my comrade falls,
I fight for both of us.
Because to every warrior
The Gods have given a comrade.'

Watching the receding shore and the smoke from the fires, Jason reflected: 'They are the fierce "rangunes", the tribes who interbred

¹ The mantra for the Manipura chakra.

with the monkey. All this was already foretold to us by the prophecy of the sorceress Völa.'

'What happened to you, Jason? Where have you been for so long?'

'In the Intermediate Kingdom of Death. I have come to meet you here, because it is the Place of Reunion, appointed by Destiny and the Norns. This is the *Sangham*,¹ called Manipura, where the Three Rivers of Death meet to reverse their flow and arrive at another, higher reunion, becoming the Causal Waters of Life and Resurrection. We are in the Land of the Lamb, of the Great Guide Rama, of the Golden Fleece. One can only reach here by carrying a branch from the golden oak trees of Dodona, which is really Lamella. . . .'

'Ah, if you only knew with what nostalgia, what pain, I have always thought of you! After you left, I fought for the two of us, because if I were to arrive, to triumph, you would do so in me. I carried your corpse across my shoulders, in the imperishable depths of my heart. I would not come back to life or enter Valhalla without you. Because the Gods made me your comrade!'

Jason gazed deep into the starry sky, listening as though he was not alive, as though he was not dead.

They climbed down onto the quayside, which formed the terraces of the temple. Opis and Arge, the two Hyperborean priestesses, joined Medea and accompanied her in singing hymns composed by the Lycian bard, Olen.

'Jason, don't go yet, I want you to meet my Beloved. She's sleeping.'

'Is her name Donia?' asked Jason.

'Her name here is Mama Runtu, and it is also Sita, although recently I have been calling her Allouine. Her name was really Irene, as yours was Hector. . . .'

Jason smiled gently: 'Let us go.'

¹ In the Hindu tradition, the *Sangham* is where the two visible rivers, Ganges and Jumna, meet the third, invisible river Saraswati, which springs from the head of Siva on Mount Kailas. This geographical point is in the city of Allahabad, near Banaras.

In an underground chamber of the temple, in the 'World of the Jewels', as if surrounded by a 'sea of nectar', she lay sleeping.

The comrades stood on each side of the head of the bed, leaning on their lances. Enraptured, they contemplated her. Her golden hair hung down almost to the floor. The dog, which had escaped from the flames, lay down at the foot of the bier.

'HUM!' he intoned.

And the echo of the mantra, in the depths of the Jewel Chamber, was like 'the buzzing of a hive full of a thousand bees maddened by love'.

IT IS ALSO A GRAVE

The two comrades walked through the darkness until they reached a wilderness area. They lit a bonfire and, with the help of its light, they discovered a red triangle. It was a tombstone. Carved in the top corner was the Lefthanded Swastika. In the centre appeared a flower with ten petals and in each of these vibrated a root-letter: *da, dha, na, ta, tha, da, dha, ra, pa, pha*.¹

From Jason's attitude, the sadness in his voice, the way he looked at him, he foresaw that the moment of parting was near. A great wave of sorrow overwhelmed him, weighing heavily on his solar plexus.

Jason said: 'Only you are with me in this critical moment. Medea has deserted me. Or, rather, perhaps, I was not loyal to her. I will try and recover her in the eternal return, in the vast expanses of the stars.'

'Why, Jason, are we here, in this America of Tiahuanacu, speaking of Jason and Medea, Rama and Sita, and fighting the war of the *Mahabharata*? What do these Andean mountains have to do with all this?'

'You are asking me a question to which you well know the answer. In the universe, there is only one history, one civilisation, one war, that of the White Gods. All the rest is merely the involution of their Golden Age. You and I are involutions of the White Gods.'

¹ The Sanskrit letters for the ten-petalled lotus of the Manipura chakra.

Quetzalcoatl and Kon-Ticsi Huirakocha were White Gods, like Wotan, Orpheus, Apollo, Siva, Abraxas, Thor and Lucifer. The others, the men of diminished stature who now inhabit the martyred surface of the earth, are the surviving slaves of Atlantis and Lemuria, the men-"robots", the men-ants, the animal-men who caused the cataclysm and who will bring about its repetition through their rebelliousness and their ignorant pride. They are the *Elementarwesen* against whom the *Wildes Heer*, the Wild Hordes of the Heroes of Parsifal, Odin and Quetzalcoatl will fight their final battle. Also, *Andes* is *Anda*: Total-Man, the Giant. The Andes are also the Spinal Column of Cosmic Man.'

Jason opened the tomb. Before entering it, he turned to his comrade and stretched out his arm, palm upwards and fingers together, and made the *Vara-Mudra*, which destroys fear. And he again pronounced the mantra: 'RAM!'

When the tomb had closed, he rotated the Lefthanded Swastika and everything was consumed by the fire. These ancient ashes!

DEATH AND RESURRECTION IN TITICACA

For many days, the warriors read the Tibetan Book of the Dead, *Bardo Thödol*, presided over by Villak Umu, the High Priest of Inti, the Sun, and by the Hyperborean Trinity Ollin-Tonatiuh (Odin-Thor-Tyr). Gathered in the temple, they recited it to the wandering spirit of Jason, in the hope that he might find the Road of the Gods, overtaking the Road of the Fathers and avoiding the Path of the Moon.

Sitting in the Jewel Chamber, he recounted to Allouine the last moments of his friend Jason, telling her about the nights during their youth when they had revealed to each other their dreams of adventure and heroic conquest in unexplored, remote lands. 'Yes, Allouine, because to each warrior the Gods have given a comrade and to each poet-pilgrim a beloved. You will never desert me. Without you I could not endure the poverty of the exodus nor the tests of the return to the Nuptial Homeland.'

'I can foresee our separation, beloved. My lungs are not made for these heights of Tiahuanacu. The atmosphere here is rarified. It

was the *puna* which caused me to have this cataleptic fainting fit from which you awoke me. Just think, together we have crossed ages, immeasurable distances, light-years, from the City of the Elephant to these plateaux on which burns the fire of the intermediate regions—those that lie between the earth, water and air of the high peaks. I must bathe in the energy of this fire, becoming rejuvenated in its flames so as not to disappear too soon, so that I can continue to climb a little higher at your side, until I can see those silent peaks where “the fiery lily of our Eternal Love blooms”. In my imagination, I can already see these vast distances, these delicate, subtle spaces where the deer roams, escaping from us by leaping to safety in the forests of the air, dreaming of the wings of Father Ether. You must climb ever higher, beloved, with me alone in your heart, in your memory. And we will meet again, perhaps, in the pure Kingdom of Cosmic Poetry. There you will bring me back to life. Because . . . the Poems exist, they await us! . . .’

‘I feel something strange, too, as if in the rarefied atmosphere of these high plateaux, scorched by the fires of passion and war, where the bridges of reunion and meeting lie and the invisible, subterranean rivers meet, feeding this Andean lake, an enlarging of my consciousness, which is no longer mine, was about to take place. As if my ego was about to be immersed in the divine, and my consciousness to be submerged in the unconscious, a process from which both would benefit. A transmutation.’

The Virgins of the Sun approached them, walking rhythmically from the ruins of the temple. They were accompanied by a melancholy music, with mineral resonances, a melody of the high plateaux of Titicaca. They had come in search of Allouine to take her to the bath of fire, in which she would be renewed. A ship full of soldiers was also approaching across the lake. He had to go aboard it to lead those who were still fighting.

When they were nearly in the middle of the lake, they were attacked by the enemy’s boats, which fired flaming arrows at them. Suddenly his vessel sank and the entire crew drowned. He tried to stay afloat by swimming, but the weight of his armour dragged him down. He felt himself drowning. The sensation was not frightening.

Finally a force more powerful than his conscious 'ego' asserted itself: the Causal Waters of Death. And his 'ego' accepted this with the acute intuition that it could do no more. However, he struggled until the very end; he resisted, but serenely, almost joyfully, as if he had been freed from a responsibility which was too great for him. And it was like a carousel, a spinning world, a sky, a mirror turning back to front until it can be looked into from the other side. Afterwards he went up and up, until he reached the other side of that sky and that mirror.

He found himself lying on the shore. He looked at himself in the transparent water and found himself changed. Although he still had the same body and his armour and his golden sword, his head was that of a ram, which was also like that of the dog and that of a jackal. He was Anubis, Osiris, Rama. He had come back to life. He was the One who had Escaped from the Waters, the Twice Born, baptised in Lake Titicaca, emerging as half man, half God, reintegrated into an Archetype. . . . *Dono tibi lucem aeternam!*

He went towards the ruins of the temple in search of his wife, Isis, She who had been reborn in the fire.

THE BURNING BUSH

It was a golden dawn. The peaks of the Andes were transfigured in its light. The pillars of the temple were still standing ('within each pillar stands an angel'). They looked like trees climbing up towards the diaphanous peaks.

With measured tread, he entered the triangular room in which she was being bathed in the fire of the energy of this centre. The fire had been lit from the ashes left by those who had passed this way before them. Allouine emerged from the flames, rejuvenated. Within this fire was the World of the Jewel, of the carbuncle which had fallen from the broken crown of Luci-Bel, destroyed in his stellar battle.

The Virgins of the Sun recited: 'War is the father of all things. This is the meeting-place of the fire from below and the celestial light. Here, the three-dimensional space begins to feel itself to be the prolongation of the fourth sphere. This is the *Sangham* of the

Three Roads, the Rock of Revelation of Midday, where the direction of the Exodus changes, becoming the Return to the Non-created Light, where the Righthanded Swastika becomes the Lefthanded one, and you can dream a dream that no one ever dreamed before: the way out of the Eternal Return, the conquest of all the turns of the wheel. In this "Diaphragm", also called the "Totality of the Jewel", you acquire a new name because you begin to receive an immortal soul which you had not possessed up till now.'

Naked, they were placed on a pedestal between ruined pillars. They were covered with ash. He made the *Vara-Mudra* with the palm of his hand upturned and his fingers together. Arge, the Virgin of Apollo, came to his side: 'Your name was Rama. Today you are Osiris, the Reborn. But your name is Rudra. You must destroy the Kaliyuga. Far off, in the distance, I can hear the hoofbeats of the White Horse of Kalki galloping towards the past, climbing back up the light. With him you will get back the figure of your beloved in order to clothe it with immortal substance. I can also hear the velvety, soft sound of the tiny hooves of the young fawn which was once the lamb, which was formerly the elephant, and which may, if your bravery doesn't fail, become the dove.'

Opis, the second Virgin of the Sun, came and stood beside Allouine: 'Your name is Lakini, the Wife of Rudra. You have been his loyal companion on the difficult pilgrimage to this centre. O beloved Lakini, may our thoughts and tears follow you always on the sacrificial path of A-Mor, which you and your lover have so courageously chosen!'

Someone then brought in the dog, dragging it along by a chain. It was going to be sacrificed in the burning bush, in the centre of the triangle, as a propitiatory rite and food for the wedding.

Lakini said: 'Not the dog! You must enter heaven with it. So there will be a dog from the City of Astinapura in the sky. If this were not so, how will you be able to recognise me when you travel towards the past, towards the Constellation of the Great Dog? There, I won't have a face, because I will have given it to your soul. Only the dog will recognise me by my essential perfume, in the uncreated light. And it will lie down at my feet.'

Feeling himself to be filled with a divine substance, he knew that he could make the sign that would exchange the dog for a llama.¹ And so the dog was saved. And the sacrificial llama, or lamb, was consumed by the fire. Its soft moaning would announce a New Age; its rosy skin, the Golden Fleece; its aromatic flesh, the food of eternal A-Mor.

The Virgins of the Sun drew diaphanous veils in front of them, hiding them from view. Because the *Mysterium Coniunctionis* was being fulfilled.

¹ Andean mammal.

DEATH IN ANAHATA

THE YOUNG FAWN

She had returned before me from the Great Journey. She was watching me with her evanescent, otherworldly expression, stretched out beside her window. Her breathing was difficult, un-rhythmic, as if the *puna*, the atmosphere of rarefied fire of the stifling plateaux of the 'Diaphragm', was still affecting her.

She was holding a small book of poems by a Hindu author. In her musical voice, she began to read in English:

'Beloved warrior:

My bonds are cut, my debts paid,
my door has been opened.
I go everywhere.
They crouch in their corner
and weave their web
of pale hours.
They count their coins
sitting in the dust
and call me back.
But my sword is forged,
my armour is put on,
my horse is eager to run.
I shall win my kingdom!

'The English language is mysterious. The secret of our dog is to be found in it. "Dog" spelt backwards is "God". The dog, then, is the road which, if travelled backwards, from the deepest depths, from the roots of the tree of smell, touch and taste, will turn you into a God. Thus the dog is the guide of the Blind Traveller, of the Pilgrim of Immortality. It is God backwards.'

In the garden of this house grew anemones, the most beautiful roses, camellias and tall lilies. This spring, the cottonwood tree lit

the flames of its red flowers and the magnolias opened in response to the tender caresses of the moonlit nights.

Some evenings, we would walk along a path in the garden, bordered by lilies which raised their slender spikes as we passed. We almost always walked in silence, pensively, remembering our adventures, transmitting them to one another by a thought, a look or an expressive movement of our heads. At times, by a delicate touch of our hands, very gently, as if we were afraid of hurting each other.

Noli me tangere!

One day, the Lord was walking along the narrow alleyways of a city. People recognised him and began to gather round him. He was going to heal a sick child. But suddenly he stopped and said: 'Who has touched my cloak and taken away my power to cure?'

'Do you know?' said Allouine. 'Once I had a most beautiful dream. A waking dream. I saw myself as a little girl once more, at the feet of the Lord, leaning against his cloak. And such was my joy and the feeling of security, of protection, that I didn't want ever to return to this world again.'

In that Santiago spring, her dreams, her visions, were a foretaste of the worlds which she would never be able to reach while she was alive. The final years of the Great War were drawing to a close, continually expanding within the dreadful confines of the recurrent Archetype.

One day, something we had long expected took place. From one of the nearby allotments or from the street—we never knew which—a young fawn¹ leapt over our garden fence. And I say something we had long expected because, although it took us by surprise, it filled us with an inexpressible, predetermined joy. We stood and looked at it. It did the same. Because we were of the race of Avalon, we could understand the language of the animals. We realised that it was asking us to give it sanctuary in our home. We took it inside and fed it with magnolia leaves that grew from Allouine's fingers, honey from her lips and iridescent feathers from her breast. We called it Sita, in memory of the wife of Rama, he who

¹ Symbolic animal of the Anahata chakra. This chakra represents air and is located in the invisible body near the heart.

had been lost light-years ago, sacrificed on the high plateaux of the 'Diaphragm'.

And suddenly we realised that we were no longer alone in our house. An incredible 'being' had slipped in 'like a thief in the night, stealing all we possessed'. Something we couldn't control, as timid as a nightingale, as tremulous but at the same time as ungovernable as the wind. With enormous eyes veiled by the vapour of its imponderable world, it watched us for a few moments, the immediately leapt through the window into the garden, as if it already had wings. And it was as if all this, which was taking place outside us, was being copied inside us. A being from another world, an alien consciousness, also began to stir there, as if jumping uncontrollably from time to time, as if it wanted to fly by itself but didn't as yet have wings. We came up against the boundaries of an air which was quivering, the heart of a gentle breeze. As if the flower of the heart was beginning to open and to give us a hint of the perfume exuded by its petals.

But air was no longer entering Allouine's lungs. She was having difficulty breathing. She was very ill. In those final years of the Great War, the cure for her illness had still not been discovered. She insisted that a Hyperborean priestess, a Virgin of the Sun, of the Odinic Order, could die at will, at the appointed time. This power was called *Ichamtyu*, and the Lord of Voluntary Death was *Matymjaya*. The sign of dissolution was *Samhara-Mudra*. The female guru could make it.

It was during one of our last walks in the garden that one mid-day we found a marvellous flower with twelve petals. Allouine took it to her room and looked at it for a long time. Then she took her brushes and painted the flower. On each petal she drew a letter: *ka, kha, ga, gha, na, ca, cha, ja, jha, ña, ta, tha*.¹ And round the flower she drew two interlocking triangles.

¹ The Sanskrit letters for the flower of the Anahata chakra.

‘This is the Non-Existent Flower. So that it may really exist in the Kingdom of the Non-Existent, which is more real than all that exists, we must say: *YAM!*¹ This is the sound which will give life to this flower.’

‘*YAM!*’ we cried together.

And the Non-Existent Flower of the Heart opened up for us, enveloping her house, the garden, the city of Santiago del Nuevo Extremo, the last years of the Great War, our then-current A-Mor, in the slightly troubling, magical scent of all that doesn’t exist, of all that has never existed, of all that will never exist.

At that same moment, the fawn escaped from the house. Fearing that I might be knocked down by the traffic, I ran into the street after it. I followed it for hours. Sometimes it vanished into the distance, but it would always stop to look at me with its smoky eyes whenever it thought that I wouldn’t be able to find it again. And in this way we reached the Tupahue (Abode of God), one of the two hills outside our city. The other is the Huelen, Sorrow in Quichua. The fawn began to climb it with great leaps which were sometimes almost twelve petals high.² With great difficulty I followed it. In the pine forests at the top of the hill, we stopped to gaze at the dusk falling over Santiago. Veils of purple, a diaphanous longing, spread over the city until they enveloped the high, snow-covered peaks of the Andes. Our Evening Star appeared.

The fawn, which had now become a black antelope called Tarukka,³ raised one of its hooves and pointed out the peaks of my homeland to me. ‘There, there, will I wait for you. Like Condor, like Paloma.’

‘*YAM!*’ I replied. And it vanished from my sight.

I bent down and picked up a dried flower, like the coagulated blood of twilight. ‘A fruit for Allouine,’ I thought. And I returned to the dark streets, filled with a presentiment, or rather, a memory, a premonition of something that had already happened many times

¹ The mantra for the Anahata chakra.

² It is said that the Anahata lotus flower has twelve petals.

³ A Quichua name.

and was now about to be repeated. I was convinced that Allouine was dying once more.

I know that my story may seem too strange and allegorical. However, I would not be able to relate it in any other way, as this is the only for in which I can understand anything in it: inventing a meaning for it, so as to dream my life better through it, consoling myself for so many misfortunes, coming one after the other in my existence and in those of the defeated warriors, the Pilgrims of the Dawn. Perhaps none of it is anything more than pure fantasy, I tell myself from time to time, and I am only the glorious victim of my own mental creations. So, what I have called my 'Non-Existent Flower' might be just another illusion. And behind it all is nothingness, only nothingness. I shiver in the icy polar wind. Especially in the moments of death of this woman whom I have loved more than anything in this life, beyond everything, beyond everything . . . O Gods!

How could her superhuman courage in face of the end which she could see approaching be explained unless it was that she believed, like me, that she was possessed by the Archetype of Eternal Love which transcends the limitations of this life? More even than I, who found myself crushed by the enormous, brutal realisation of her approaching end, she enveloped her final hours in allegories and symbols.

I found her lying on her bed, motionless, with her face, neck and hands partly covered in blood.

I leaned over her, but she signalled that I was not to touch her. I ran to fetch a towel and a basin of water. Very gently, I began to wash her hands and neck. When I came to her face, I kissed her lips and drank her blood. Her eyes stared fixedly into the depths of my soul and told me everything. For a minute, she became afraid of the inevitable. Or perhaps my kiss had weakened her in her struggle, shaking her titanic resistance.

I clasped her hands between mine and softly began to recite her poem to her:

'The tenuous melancholy spins
Its delicate web in the soul
And the muffled murmur of memories

Darkens space.

The renewed certainty of eternal
Development rises out of infinity,
And slowly impregnates each thread
Of frozen mist.

All is death, conclusion, end . . .
The leaves fall, resigned, pained
By their immense fragility,
Twisted by the strident clamour
Of the being which struggles
To escape the inevitable.

The soul turns and turns
Within the black space,
Conceiving a vague desire for self;
The spark creates,
The warm flame grows and grows,
Crackling and magical.
The mists disperse in its heat.

In the silence of the white peaks,
Blooms the fiery lily of eternal love.'

In a weak voice and with a slight smile playing on her lips, she explained to me: 'This is Meister Eckhart's "Tiny Spark". Ah, how can I make it crackle inside my soul again! *Mehr Licht!*'

'I love you more than anything in this world and all the others. And, if the Gods choose, I shall but love thee better after death. I give you my eternity. You alone can bring me back to life. Because you alone know my real name. And I say to you again that you will have no other companion in this life or in the gloomy depths of the grave. Because I opened up your heart as though with a knife, and I entered it and will live there for all your eternity. I shall breathe with your breath, see with your eyes, hear with your ears and try to think with your brain. I shall love with your soul and your body. My beloved, you will be my coffin of perfumed, precious wood! Don't forget that resurrection belongs to the realm of magic, of what may or may not be. To our Non-Existent Flower. I shall live for as long as you live. And so, you must not die.'

‘For you, I shall make myself immortal. For you, I shall not die. As long as my ego exists—and it will always exist—you will be in it. For, by your death, you have triumphed over life. You have ensured that I will love you above all else and carry you in my blood, my cells, my bones and my breath, raising your throne in my heart. I must not die so that you will not die.’

With a great effort, she got out of bed and fetched a winged heart made from Toromiro wood, and a small bag of golden brocade. She placed the heart on her breast, on top of her nightgown, and drew me down on top of her, so that we had only one heart between us. A winged heart which might possibly enable us to fly to the silent white peaks where the fiery lilies of eternal love bloom. Then she gave me the small bag which has never left me since. Inside it are tiny things: a silk handkerchief stained with her blood, a silver laurel leaf won in the last Great War by a warrior-troubadour, and a topaz, her birthstone in this turn of the wheel.

For the last time, she referred to the legend which we had dreamed of living: ‘Santiago is enveloped in mist, in the grey fog of hope, anxiety and repentance. It is so similar to life because it always seems as if something is about to happen. . . . This city is a beating heart. You will always find my grave here.’

‘Help me! I can’t breathe any more.’

I took her in my arms and, placing my mouth over hers, I began to breathe for her, inside her, until I felt faint. Then, she threw her arms round my neck and, with her last ounce of strength, she caressed me and kissed me. I shall never forget the way in which she looked into the depths of my soul, my being, for the last time, questioning me with her last remaining forces, which were fading away, vanishing. . . . Where, where. . . ? And she begged: ‘Lord, help me . . . !’

In a comer of the room, a sound made ‘as if two things were rubbing together’ could be heard, as if someone had entered or gone out.

And she lay still, ‘like a flame in a place without wind.’

'THE LAND OF TEARS IS SO MYSTERIOUS'

Clutching her body, which was growing colder and colder, I sobbed: 'Don't go away again, don't leave me here alone. We still have so much further to go! Years, centuries, until we reach the City of Dawn, our Morning Star, the Nuptial Homeland! Once again I have been unable to hold on to you, saving you from the terrifying waters of death, fighting to prevent the shadows from swallowing you up, in the eternal, everlasting return. . . .'

I covered her body with kisses, trying to stop the spread of the cold of death.

Thus I found myself one day, wrapped in her golden hair, holding her stiff hands, continually putting my mouth to hers in a constant effort to breathe for her. My tears ran down her dead cheeks.

I dressed her as a bride and carried her body to an agate bench in the Enchanted Garden. I dug a grave and buried her. On the gravestone, I carved the symbol of the Lefthanded Swastika, of the Road of Return along which I would now have to travel alone, in the hope of being reunited with her one day in the vast icefields of the deep south and of death. Attempting to force that gate which refuses to open.

Standing beside her grave, I made the sign that destroys fear and read these lines of Rilke's:

'I must travel to a country
you never saw, although it was as closely
akin to you as one half of your senses.'

Yes, I must travel because to every warrior the Gods have given a comrade, who will continue fighting for both when one has already gone.

And on the same stone I carved the following, also by Rilke:

'Nowhere, beloved, can world exist but within.'

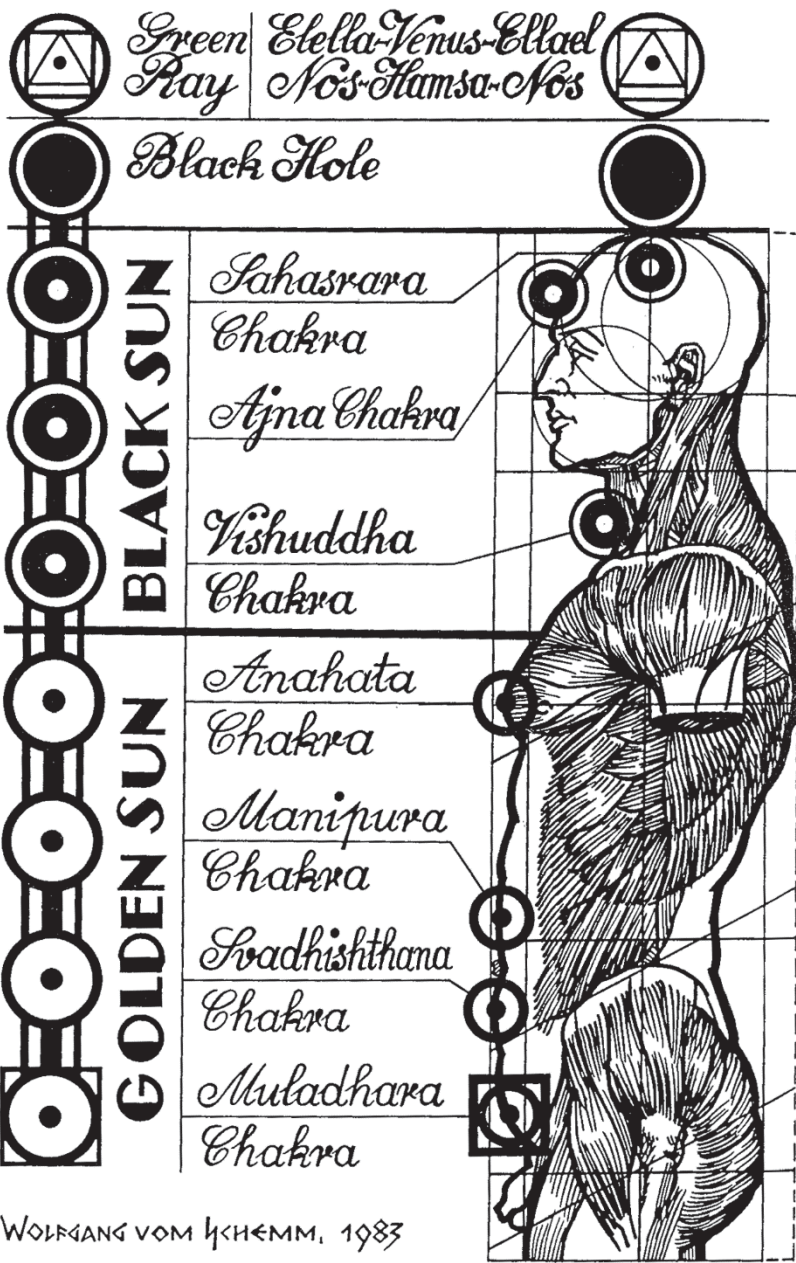
And these lines of Shelley's:

'Hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates.'

Beneath the flower that she had drawn, I wrote the words that D. H. Lawrence had said to us:

‘A dead flower is not the corpse of a flower.’

And thus the grave of my Beloved has remained, in the spring-time of my native land, in the city of my heart, for ever.



WOLFGANG VOM KHEMM, 1983

THE MASTER SPEAKS ABOUT WHAT FOLLOWS

DEJECTION

Once again, I am in the presence of the Master. I look at him with vacant eyes, as if caught between two worlds, a little like she used to do.

Lacking the strength to continue my journey, I have stopped at this point.

The Master doesn't speak the commonplace words of sympathy, he doesn't feel pity; because this feeling doesn't exist between us: either I am able to overcome the pain of my wounds or I have to stop my journey.

'You now have forty-nine days in which to help her. There are those who obtain liberation at the moment of death, when the spirit leaves the body, and those who die in ignorance, returning to this life in other turns of the wheel, without personal memory, "as a flame lights other flames". The two paths beyond the grave are: the path of the fathers—of those who return—and that of the Gods.

'In the moment of death, one has the presentiment of a great light, the Midnight Sun of the ancients. Then follows the diminution of this light and the indecision of the choice of paths, the dejection particular to a change of state, when the dead person is swallowed up by the Whale of Death. Of course, whoever has followed a discipline of initiation in this life will be in a position to overcome this great crisis of dejection and arrest the slow process of decomposition.

'The "ego" is really a reflection of an Eternal Form, of the "Name written in the Book of the Stars". When consciousness disappears, the "ego" dissolves in the waters of death, in a prolonged dream. In death, only the one who has become alive, who has managed to

wake up, takes this eternal form, his real name, and gives it a face: the face of his soul, which is the face of his Beloved. He can do this because in life he was able to install a Goddess in every secret comer of his Beloved's body, in the magic rite of loveless A-Mor, in the absolute idealisation of the woman.

THE TRANSCENDENT LIGHT

'The transcendent light that the dead man perceives at the moment of complete disconnection, when the "silver string" of this life is cut, the umbilical cord which joins him to Mother Earth, lasts three or four days. This is when the being finds itself in a state of great dejection. The term day is a symbolic expression, since this state can continue during many terrestrial ages.

'After an early darkness, which at first may seem definitive because of the disappearance of terrestrial consciousness, as if one had entered a Black Hole, the mind awakens to a state of supernatural lucidity. It finds itself in the absolute, uncreated light, listening to the primordial sound, its note, its real name written in the stars, like a violent light, like "a thousand thunders". There is a Disc which also comes to carry him away, assuming that he has been able to ask the question. This is the great test, within the bosom of death, as it had been outside, in life. The ego who survives will have to be able to identify with this light, conquering every doubt, recognising himself in it, because metaphysically they are the same ("Light, more Light!" *Mehr Licht!*). And it will be like a reunion with an old friend who has been waiting for him beside a spring.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MIRROR

'It seems that in death the chakras are externalised, so to speak, becoming visible for the dead man, expressing themselves in concrete form like the astrological heavens, with their houses of the Zodiac. Different heavens, with angels and emblematic animals with the "people of dreams" of the Orphic heavens. To die is like going to look at one's body from outside. The cosmogonic body, of cosmic man; because Heaven has the shape of a man, said Swedenborg. The shape of his chakras, each chakra being a heaven and a hell,

with its nectar and its poison. In this way, whoever has achieved the efficacy of his chakras in life does not follow the difficult path in death. To die is like passing to the other side of a mirror, "into an upside-down sky", like "falling out of one's skin into the soul". Whoever has experienced mystic death during his life is already the Lord of the Two Worlds.

'The great crisis of consciousness, dejection, there as here, is produced in the Anahata chakra, the chakra of the air and the heart, and in the Vishuda chakra, the chakra of the ether and the throat. Hesitation, doubt as to whether to continue along the path.'

A WOMAN HAS NO SOUL. SHE IS THE SOUL

The Master pauses.

'Life and death are two opposite faces of the same coin, beyond which rational consciousness is unable to go. They are different states of being, the obverse and reverse of a mirror, the exterior and interior surface of a star.

'The secret path of yoga along which you are travelling is only for the warrior, for the initiated hero. It is not a path for a woman; because a woman has no chakras, no Kundalini to awaken. Because a woman is the world of the chakras through which the hero must travel. A woman is Kundalini. A woman has no soul. She is the soul. A woman has no eternity. She is Eternity.

'The grave mistake of the externalised woman, of the Eve who was left outside by the Giants and who enters into competition with man, of the Valkyrie who has become an Amazon, imposing her feminine power, her matriarchy, is to attempt to follow a form of yoga when she herself is a form of yoga. The authentic, absolute woman sacrifices herself voluntarily, immolating herself in order to give her eternity to her lover, in the anxious yet serene hope that he will bring her back to life. The woman's road is that of magic, eternal love. She hands her lover the chalice of the Grail, filled to the brim with the liquor of immortality.

'Once the symbolic possession has been accomplished, the *Mysterium Coniunctionis*, it must never again be repeated. She dies externally and he maintains the sacred chastity of the Knights of the

Grail. Because “chastity is a fortune which stems from an abundance of love.” The treasure must be guarded, the energy of *Vril* must be preserved, its without-death element, its A-Mor, which descends from Mount Meru, from Siva’s forehead, from the summit of your own head, like the invisible river Saraswati, which doesn’t exist, flowing down from the head of Siva crowned with the waning moon, in deepest midnight, from the ancient sun, from the Morning Star. The course of the river must be reversed in order to end the involution of the Kaliyuga, the turns of the wheel, the generations of death. Just as a non-generated fire exists behind a visible fire, an eternal, constant, permanent, endless pleasure also exists behind fleeting, physical pleasure. A non-engendered pleasure, a divine, ecstatic voluptuousness, a transcendent orgasm, without beginning or end. Its apogee is the state of endless exaltation that replaces all fleeting sensations of potency. Ecstatic Orgasm is an effulgence which breaks through the bounds of finite consciousness and bestows Absolute Personality, the separate, permanent ecstasy of the Tantric hero, because he has detached himself from his physical conditionality. The God of Desire, Smara, has been destroyed by the ray of light projected from the Third Eye, by *Urna*, by *Vril*.

‘This is the supreme delight of non-engendered pleasure, of unthought thoughts, of the beloved flowing permanently through the river of nectar of unremembered memory, beyond forgetfulness and memory. A memory which is not connected to the brain. The Beloved is now the hidden beloved, she who has died and buried herself in your bones and in your veins. The female Sophia, guru of the soul, she who courses through the blood, the female philosopher, Sophia, wisdom, the dove, gnosis.

‘The woman who gives this magic possibility of A-Mor to the initiated warrior is a Hyperborean priestess, a Virgin of the Sun of Tiahuanacu, she is Allouine, the Virgin of the Grail, who heroically puts her eternity at risk in order to give her lover immortality and the possibility of resurrection. She is the Priestess of Eternal Love.

DON'T STAY IN ANAHATA

'In spite of your immense pain and sadness, don't stay in this city where she died. Overcome your feelings, continue the Journey of Immortality. She now lives in your unthought thoughts, expanding your consciousness, helping you overcome the "ego"; because whenever you look at yourself in the clear waters of her pool and discover that half your face is her face, you won't say "I" but NOS (We).

'We can only speak of all this figuratively. How else could we speak of it? The hallucinatory descriptions given by the ancients exceed even our most fantastic imaginings. Who else but those who had managed to immerse themselves in cosmic poetry could give us those descriptions and paintings of beings with many heads and arms, of Gods with elephants' bodies? And however incredible it may seem to us, the reality surpasses all that the imagery, metaphor or painting can reproduce. It is useless to try and represent it in words. It just isn't possible. Immersed in that cosmic poetry, you must continue your march to the end, from city to city, from flower to flower.

'Even if you abandon the struggle, at the point you have now reached, if you wish to stop, you have incurred punishment from heaven and hell because of your attempt.

'In the Great War, there is no room for the faint-hearted, the cowardly. A criminal or an anarchist will be better conditioned than a bourgeois, indecisive or cowardly man. They only need a push in the right direction. Only one who is born a hero or a warrior has a place in our order. Only the Lord of Pure Will can march to the end, breaking in the gates of the City of Eternal Life. Because will, through its perseverance, creates the thing it contemplates. Only the Wild Hordes of Odin and Parsifal will achieve the Grail.

'He who entered the city had to clothe his immaterial body with the immortal energy of *Vajra*. He possesses a body which will survive even in ultimate dissolution. He has come back to life without leaving a dead body in his grave, exchanging his corpse for a sword, as in the yoga of the Ancient China of the giants, who made themselves immortal with a Che-kai body. The Hyperborean Dropas of Tibet did so with Ja-lus, "Rainbow Body". The Egyptians

called this ability to maintain oneself erect in death Sahu. The Jon magicians of Tierra del Fuego called it Huaiyuhuen, their incorruptible body. The Siddha magician calls it Siddha-rupa, made up of other elements, like the Glorious Body of the Gnostics.

'Thus, immortality is conditional. It isn't for everyone. It must be gained through merciless combat at every hour of every day of your life. It must be invented, recreated, without the assistance of any God; against God, against all the Gods and men, in the opposite direction to the current of the River of the Age of Kaliyuga.

'The places have almost been filled. The places of those who will be immortalised, passing to the other age, to the Land of Resurrection. The hand of the sower scatters many seeds, but only a few bear fruit. And they are sufficient to make bread. The earth will be left fallow for an eternity.

'It is related that Buddha also conquered the temptation of Nirvana thanks to a female guru, a Hyperborean sorceress-yogini. Buddha was a *chastriya*, of the warrior caste. And so he could transform the *Saham*,¹ the Nirvanic "I am her", into *Hamsa*:² him and her separated and united for ever, belonging to an immortal, resurrected race, without God, all the Gods, without a king, free.

'But this is not spoken of in the Kaliyuga.

HOW CAN I BRING HER BACK TO LIFE?

'She is waiting for you somewhere in the universe. She is your woman, destined for you since the beginning of time, singled out in an *Akâsic*, cosmic register. She never had children of the flesh; and so she never lost her magic virginity. You are her child. She conceived you spiritually. And before she left, she made you pregnant with eternity. You must give birth to it shortly: at the end of your pregnancy with the son of mystic death.

'Only loving like a pure madman can you continue along the road. But how many times do you believe you love someone and in reality you love no one, not even yourself!

¹ The mantra for the Sahasrara chakra, at the top of the invisible head.

² The mantra for Sunya, the Void, beyond any physical comparison, or possibility.

'When I refer to the resurrection of your Beloved, don't imagine that this is only an allegory, a symbolic legend. "What is within is without, what is above is below," it has been said. The secret, enchanted cities also exist, hidden in the earth. The Discs of Light may come and rescue you before the great catastrophe, if you have called on them correctly. The road is synchronistic, in both directions and in various spaces. When you wake up internal centres of superior consciousness, you transfigure the landscape of the exterior earth. Your Beloved can also be brought back to life with the same body, but immortalised.

'You may think: why this body, this earthly form? Because it is the only one, cosmically speaking. "The sky has the shape of a man's body." And the shape of the man is the reproduction of the shape of the sky, as in the interplay of an infinite number of mirrors, from the largest, the Macrocosm, to the smallest, the particle, the atomic Gods.'

'Master, how can I bring her back to life?'

'With the living word, with the cosmic language of the inaudible mantras, in which sounds are expressed by the direct vision of the substance of things; the voice itself of things; a voice which cannot be heard by any material ears. *Akâsa*, the Ether, is the substratum of this phenomenon and of every act of one's life. The substance of *Akâsa* is the inaudible sound, the word, the *logos spermatikos*, which has shut itself off from ordinary man through dreams and fantasy. But he who has entered the "City of the Inaudible Word" reads in nature as if in a book written in a language full of meaning, a language that he knows and understands. On this level, the word is the living word, energy, a command-word for physical and non-physical reality. Material vibrations are the resonance of other more essential vibrations, which, in their turn, depend on meaning—the Tao of ancient China. The word of command given by the one who attains this supreme plane of synchronistic meaning, this "lucky occurrence filled with meaning", will be like a ray of light or a flash of lightning which, starting from a correct height, passes through hierarchies until it imposes itself on the very vibration that determines and coheres matter. It is the magic voice of command,

the adamantine Ray of Light, the Living Word. In the beginning was the Word, so it was said. And in the end also.

‘With this legendary Hyperborean knowledge, the White Gods built Tiahuanacu, the Mohai of Easter Island, Stonehenge, the faces imprisoned in the planet’s mountains and the non-natural islands and continents, and controlled the course of the stars at will. It is also by means of inaudible sound, Orphic music, that the *Vimanas* rise into the air, the force of gravity is overcome and the appearance and disappearance of the Discs of Light that “know the thoughts and feelings of men” is directed.

THE LORD OF THE NAMES

‘The Living Word acts on the internal cosmic centres which produce the external, visible, physical form, and can also materialise the astral body, as Paracelsus called it—Agrippa’s Eidelon—disintegrating and reintegrating it at will. Our order has a special rite for this, with its sign and its mantra. In this way, one comes back to life with a body of *Vajra*, of incorruptible Red Matter, “as hard as diamond”: the Adamantine Body.

‘The Living Word has various dimensions in relation to power and the will to power. The spoken word stands at the very bottom of the involuted scale, being the faint echo of the inaudible Word. All beings, from the Gods to mankind, possess a sound, an essential name, a key note. By discovering what it is, one acquires the power to decompose and recreate it. It is also a mantra of voluntary death and resurrection. In current parlance: the individual, chromosomal, genetic code has been deciphered. The secret has been penetrated. The name to which we refer corresponds to the supratemporal being and has nothing to do with the intimate, family name, although sometimes a delicate synchronicity is produced within a turn of the wheel, a mysterious lucky occurrence filled with meaning, and this name may also be symbolic.

‘You must discover your Beloved’s real name if you are to bring her back to life. And yours, too. They are the names of the God and Goddess to whom they will give a face. “Of the God within you”, as the Hindu greeting says: *Namasté*. “I greet the God within you.”

‘The essential name cannot be chosen, it isn’t arbitrary. It is filled with the meaning of the root note. It is a mantra, an eternal designation. It is inscribed in the Book of the Stars, on the Tree of Life, awaiting its actualisation. The initiate of our order is given his real name when he has successfully undergone the most difficult tests. Then it is inscribed in the genealogical tree of the family, in the immortal circle of the Hyperborean initiation.

‘If I were to call you by your real name now, you wouldn’t hear me. I have called you by it a number of times and you didn’t hear me, even in your dreams. He who knows someone’s real name gains control over that person’s life and death. When you know your real name, don’t reveal it to anyone but your comrade and your beloved. I will give you mine so that you can call me when I have left. But you must only use it if you find yourself in mortal danger, concentrating on achieving the correct intonation. I will always come.

‘When you possess this power, you will be the Lord of the Names, Master of the Sceptre of the Adamantine Voice. The elemental spirits, the Gods and the demons will be your servants. The Gods must obey those who know their names.

‘He who only speaks audibly, with his larynx, evokes phantom sounds and ghosts, echoes of real names, because the primordial power has been lost. He speaks and speaks, writes and writes, without the Word, without power, without magic, only with the larynx, only with the hand “of the dead who bury their dead”. Never speak or write in this way. Sow your words and your writings in the deep, infinite powers of the Pilgrims of Longing, with the rhythmic sounds of a magic language behind which hide the essential letters of the little mothers, inscribed in the scroll of light of *Akâsa*. But you must sing in code, always in cipher, and never reveal anything. Because it will be what you don’t say, more than what you have been able to say, with such difficulty and singularity, which will one day inspire the souls of the young heroes who will come after you and will also fight the difficult battle. If there is still a world for them in a post-technological age. If anything is to remain after you, too, are gone.

THE SEAL OF THE WORD

‘The road of the mantra, of the Hyperborean, Orphic Cabbala, is also a lefthanded road, leading backwards, towards the point of origin.’

‘Master, how can I bring her back to life?’

‘With the mantra that acts on the seed of the phenomenon, actualising the subtle phenomenon of uncreated light behind the audible mantra, entering as if through an opening. First must come the hypnotic repetition of the mantra. Then its repetition must become a mere outline. And finally it must occur only in the mind; becoming a purely spiritual act. The creative vibration acts upon the internal and external centres of the universe. If, in the meantime, you have managed to catch up with the actual form of your dead lover, which is travelling through the light, close to the ether of *Akâsa*, and have discovered her real name, you will be in a position to clothe her in the red mantle of resurrection and with the diamond of immortality.

‘The signs of our order are the seal which is placed upon the word, the mantra, and the immortal flesh with which it is covered. Thus, the sign is also the word expressed through its creative vibration. It is the creation of the world by the gesture: the word concentrated in a formula. In this way, if the world and mankind were to be destroyed, the existence of the sign which represented them, stored in the memory of the light, would reproduce them eternally by means of its vibration alone. And the inaudible word would once again be evoked. And its explosion of Green Light.

‘You have travelled from a long way down, a long way off, from the deepest depths, from flower to flower, from the garden of your childhood, to this cemetery of doves where your beloved lies.’

FATHER ETHER

There followed a silence in which we looked at each other, trying to meet in that zone of the unspoken word, in the waves of its music.

He stretched out his hands and touched my ring: ‘The seal on your ring is the seal of resurrection. You are governed by it. In

which part of the universe will you regain your Beloved? Where? You alone can find it. You will find it by travelling towards the past, like those birds which meet in the middle of the ocean having flown from opposite continents. In the Sea of Death, in the register of Father Ether.'

Then, by common accord, we mentally recited Hölderlin's Elegy:

'No God, no man
Raised me.
Even before my mother took me in her arms
And her breasts nourished me,
You lifted me tenderly,
Pouring sacred breath,
Divine beverage, into my nascent breast.

.....

O Father, you nourish all things with your nectar.

.....

It is for this, also, that beings love you
And fight and incessantly
Struggle towards you
In joyous growth.
Divine Ether! Does not the plant
Seek you with its eyes?

.....

To meet you, the imprisoned seed
Breaks its coat.

.....

And the steps of the
Noble animals of the earth turn into flight.

.....

The hooves of the deer, as if in jest,
Skim over the grass,
And like a zephyr it roams
Scarcely visible in the thickets.

.....

But, Ether's favourites, they,
The fortunate birds,

Live and play happily in the eternal
Porch of the Father.

.....

And my heart stricken with longing
Miraculously yearns to fly with them.
 A smiling Homeland seems to call me
From above.
And I long to climb to the peak
Of the Alps
And there implore the eagle who is
Speeding by
To carry me, as in the past
The arms of Zeus did the fortunate youth,
From this prison
To the grandiose Porch of Ether.

.....

O Father Ether! Through all the regions
Of the earth
The longing to live in your gardens drives us.
 Oh! Who can guide
The wandering ship towards those golden shores!
I direct my longing upwards,
Towards the darkening distance,
Where your blue waves girdle strange shores.
Whispering, you descend towards me
From the flowery top of the fruit tree.
Father Ether! And you yourself calm
My racing heart.
And happy, as of old, I again live
Close to the flowers of the earth.'

THE RETURN TO THE BEGINNING OF LIFE

'You will go back to live close to the flowers of your country. . . .
Because if you make the great leap into the void, beyond the "top
of the fruit tree", you will fall once more into the garden of your
childhood, which you will have regained. You will go back to the
place in which you have never ceased to be, with the self-same
body, and you will find yourself sitting once more at the window

in the evening light of that city in which she died. And although everything may be the same as before, "it will seem as if it is not the same, it will seem as if it is not the same. . . ."

THE ASTRAL TUNNEL

'It would seem that the energy, the will to power, has left a secret entrance for the "apparent coincidences", where they create the roots of new coincidences and produce the acausal phenomena filled with meaning, beyond all the categories which are understandable to the darkest age, where the language made up of audible words places itself as a screen, or a mask, or a trap, between the mind and reality. Because it is in A-Mor and in the atom, in the atomic Gods, that those things which do not exist occur.

'Once this point has been reached, any localised movement rocks the universe. And anything you do or fail to do will have repercussions throughout the whole of creation. That is to say, Kaliyuga must be defeated inside you, the Golden Age will first return in your soul. This mystery is unknown to the age of Kaliyuga, because it is beyond the comprehension of animal-men.

'When you mount the White Horse of Kalki, moving faster than the speed of light, it will be the "selective resonances" which will carry you like they carry the birds, to meet your dead lover in the Ocean of Light. You will see her coming towards you from the future which you have overtaken. And you will have to stop and wait for her. If you are able to get her back, travelling at such a speed, she will be yours for ever, because you will have entered immobility; and time, which is the speed of light, will never again waste or exhaust her. Then you will fill her with meaning, that speed greater than light. And in this way you will discover that "she has never been dead and has never been alive". And it will be you who will decide her resurrection. And her return to light and time.

'All this is A-Mor. Because none of it can be achieved unless you love like a pure madman.

'Our martial order encounters the same dangers and assistance in the cosmos as here on earth.

'In the cosmos, there are huge invisible "black holes" which may be the gateways to other universes that are totally different to the one in which we live, governed by diametrically opposed laws, an anti-matter, a counter-initiation, an anti-energy, or without any laws at all. They might represent the way out of the circle of circles, of the eternal return of the same thing, of the recurrence of the turns of the wheel. They might also represent what has been called the demon, the nothingness, which was introduced into the world as an alien element. The impulse which led to the breaking of the Egg of HIM-HER and HER-HIM. A chance-destiny.

'Something has fallen in on itself, consuming its own light, turning into a "black hole" which alters everything and slowly sucks in and devours whatever approaches it and even what is far away from it. Entire galaxies become "hypnotised" by this invisible, sightless eye that makes its presence felt through the events it creates and by which it is surrounded. If a body approaches it, it will be absorbed. However, its image will remain floating outside for a long time and may therefore be mistaken for the real body until, moving ever more slowly, it reaches the "horizon of events". There it will stay for some while until it also disappears, without anyone ever being able to discover what happened to it or to its real body. Light has no power to escape from this place. It disappears. The eternal recurrence of the light has come to an end. Will the same thing also happen to the mystic death of the "ego" and to the darkness which, on the death of the body, precedes the explosion of new, uncreated light? Will it be the Black Sun which extinguishes the Golden Sun to give entry to the Ray of Green Light? Will the *Vimanas*, the anti-gravitational Discs of Light, pass through here towards other parallel or diagonal universes? Perhaps the light, when it has gone through this astral tunnel, reappears afterwards in another universe, changed, transfigured. Is this light of our world the shadow of another, more real light? Must one let oneself go, sucked in by a "black hole", in order to reach a state which is possible although it has never before been imagined even by the greatest dreamers of longing?

'Our order of warriors aspires to pass from this visible light of the Golden Sun, which is the shadow of the light of the Black Sun,

to that indescribable state, that non-existence of the Ray of Green Light, where our exalted guides dwell. And from there to return hand in hand with our beloved.

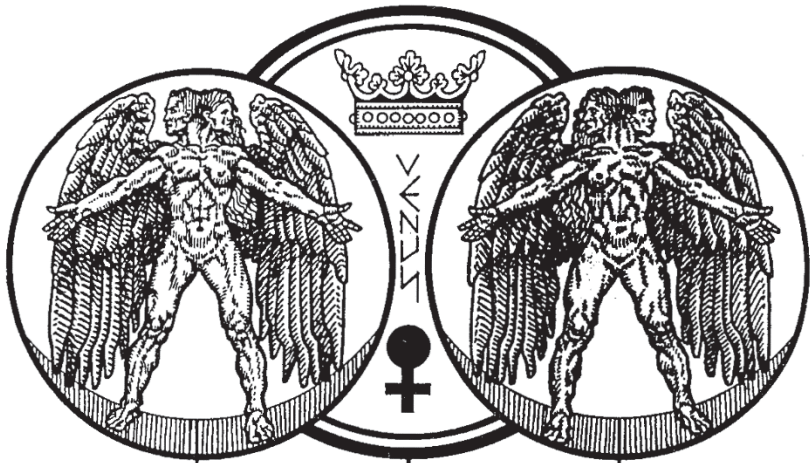
‘But there is a time for everything on the Second Earth and also in the plans of death. You will have to hurry to stop your Beloved being lured to the horizon of events and swallowed up by a “black hole” in which you will never find her again. Because she will have fallen into it without you.

THE CATHAR STARS

‘Who are these white stars, these supernovas, the remains of stars which, after committing suicide in the *Endura* like a Cathar *Parfait*, have left their hearts beating in the firmament as signs to tell us that the great secret has been penetrated? Perhaps they might be able to help us, perhaps we might come to understand them, because they are our friends. When they disappear, they leave in their place some tiny messengers which are also white and which go on beating, pulsating, moving their other lights, as an aid to the pilgrim, like torches which “light his way with their dreams”. Because they were also warrior-monks, troubadours, *Minnesänger* of cosmic space, who loved beyond life and death with eternal A-Mor. They know the secret of how to achieve immortality through endurance and adamant concentration and could give us the formula which would enable us to cross the horizon of the event without disintegrating and pass through the “black holes” as if they were an astral tunnel, without losing our terrestrial light, becoming the envoys of this world and this light to the other light. Because resurrection and immortality must be achieved in our universe of visible light. Only with the incorruptible body of the White Gods will you be able to go beyond the Black Sun without losing your image and that of your beloved, fulfilling the ultimate mystery, as children and envoys of the terrestrial light to the universes which lie beyond.

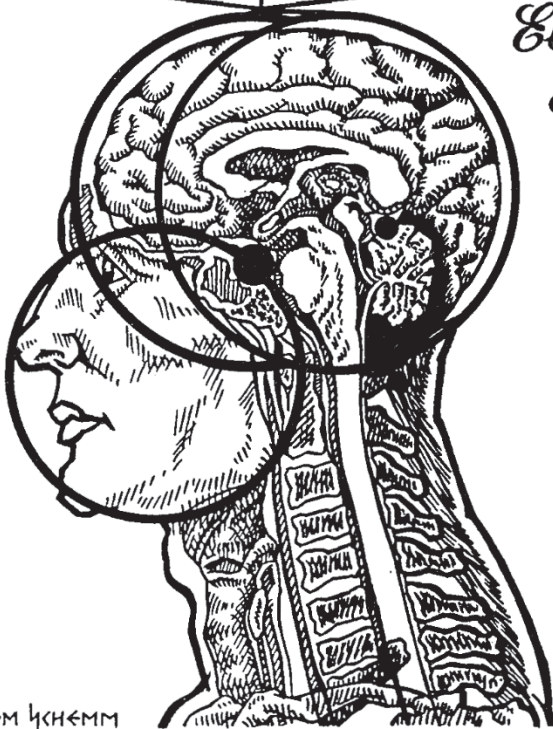
‘The magic officiant of resurrection, the carrier of *Vajra*, the mysterious initiator of the process on this side of things, is Luci-Bel, the Morning Star, the star of your initiation and your homeland. Its light in this world is a premonition of the Ray of Green Light.

'Listen to me carefully. Only within this cosmic poetry is there hope. Because only poets, who have searched in their hearts, have been able to find the bond which connects what is and what is not. And perhaps they know things that the Gods, in the highest of all heavens, don't know.'



*Ellella
Nos*

*Elrael
Nos*



WOLFGANG VOM HCHEMM

1983

THE SOLITUDE OF THE TRIALOGUE

I RECOVER THE DOG

I accompanied the Master to the end. No one else was with him at the moment of his departure. We were alone till the very end.

And I have never seen him again. It was as if he had disappeared into the invisible world of the Black Sun. But I know that he will come if I ask him for help in the battle, if I call him by his real name. He will also be with me till the end.

I travelled extensively all over the world. It was my pilgrimage in the exterior world, in a 'synchronistic' way, I suppose. And I have written about this search, 'singing in code', as he advised. I will not repeat it. I went to both poles, I lived in India for many years, I climbed to the top of Montsegur, I searched for the oases of ice in the Antarctic, the entrance to the Hollow Earth and the Cities of Agharti and Shambhalla in the Himalayas, and the City of the Caesars, the Giants and the White Gods in the Andes of my childhood.

And one day I found myself once again in my city of Santiago de la Nueva Extremadura. And I walked along the same streets, stopping in front of the window through which she had once looked at me, beside a garden in which her gravestone could still be seen.

(“The grave watered by tears. O you, fields of wheat!”)

The dog had remained on this spot, without eating or sleeping, for all these years. It howled and howled. And it was its howling that made me come back.

I caught hold of its lead and took it with me.

As we walked away through the streets, towards the foothills of the Andes, I sang a song taught to me by my father, who had died lone ago:

‘There on the far horizon
Sings the lark,
She is waiting for me
And I must return quickly.’

The dog looked deep into my eyes and accompanied my singing in a sweet voice.

THE HOUSE ON THE MOUNTAIN

I built the house exactly as I had seen it in our waking dreams. I spent most of my time in the tower, reaching it by means of the secret passageway beside the fire. From that height, I had a dazzling view of the eternally snow-covered peaks, especially at dawn and at dusk, when they were dyed with the colours of longing, covered in a sea of red or purple and a mantle of liquid emerald.

At daybreak, when the Morning Star appeared, I would meditate, seated in my chair of Toromiro wood. I always held the sword called ‘Blood Memory’ and wore a golden cape from the City of Udaipur. In this way, I was the Guardian of the Dawn, the Pilgrim of the Dawn.

Every evening, I would meditate again. And there were times when I spent the whole day in this state, stretching a golden string between dawn and dusk so that time flew by. And my midday became my midnight. And thus I was also the Guardian of the Dew, of the Waters of the Moon.

One evening, the poet Hölderlin visited me in my tower. He stood there outlined against the evening light, which ‘washed away the colour of the mountains drop by drop’,¹ and recited his *Elegy to Father Ether* to me. We took leave of each other saying ‘HAM!’² and with our hands extended and our fingers together. I also said ‘Heil!’

¹ By the Chilean poet Omar Caceres.

² Mantra for the Vishuda chakra.

because he was a *Minnesänger*, a troubadour-bird, a son of *Woevre-Saelde*, our beloved Isolde.

I saw him go off in the direction of the Pole and of the Star of Lucifer, riding on a White Elephant.¹

THE BIRD OF PARADISE

Another day, I was visited by the tiny blue bird, which used to sing at my Beloved's window in the mornings of long ago. And it began to trill in a way which brought joy to my heart again. I greeted it saying:

'Tiny bird
Singing at my window,
Thank you, my tiny bird,
For the beautiful morning.'

The blue bird stretched out its wings and opened its feathers, as if it were a peacock of the gardens of Vrindavan, where Krishna danced with Radha. The blue sapphire, the lapis lazuli, the amber of Hyperborea, the amaranth, the wild blackthorn, the cinnabar, the gold which can be drunk, all came together, were transfigured and began to dance before my eyes. Or, rather, before my Third Eye, my *Vril*, my *Uma*. Because the Bird of Paradise, *Allkamari*,² had come to dance at my window for days and nights, to comfort me, making me partake of its pleasure which has no beginning and no end. Its ecstatic orgasm.

And before it was swallowed up by the night, crossing the Black Sun, the Bird of Paradise looked at the sky, far above the peaks of the Andes, and exclaimed: 'The Father and I are one!'

'OM!' I replied.³

¹ The symbolic animal of the Vishuda chakra. The Black Elephant of the Muladhara chakra becomes white in the Vishuda, in the 'Metamorphosis of the Elephant'.

² The sacred bird of the Inca Emperor.

³ The bird is the symbolic figure of the Ajna chakra, between the eyebrows. The mantra for the Ajna chakra is *OM*.

THE TRIAD

I know that it is very possible that I have been talking to myself all the time, from the beginning of this story, that the Master, my Beloved and I are only one person, that my 'ego' is playing these tricks on me and has been putting my own thoughts, dreams and 'mental creations' into their mouths. In one word, my poetry. What can I do in this case? How can I get out of this 'ego', escape from its game, its dance of mirrors? How immense is the solitude of the Trialogue!

My Trinity is made up of the Father, the Daughter, who is his wife, and their Son, who I am. In this way the three of us are spinning in a gigantic or a tiny spiral. And, surreptitiously, I have fallen in love with her, who is my mother and my sister, and I have made her my wife so that the Father becomes my son and She becomes my eternal A-Mor. And I give birth to a fiery lily, in the silence and solitude of the white peaks of my Trialogue.

And thus we come, all three, spinning and suffering, dancing and rejoicing, in light and shadow, moving towards a place which is perhaps coloured green and which is so far away that I can see nothing of it at all.

All this seems to be happening in a non-existent space, among the lotuses.

*'SAHAM! I am THEM!'*¹

THE LAST SUPPER

The end of another year arrived, at the beginning of the Age of Aquarius.

I decided to give a dinner in my tower, inviting all my phantoms. As is prescribed in such cases, I prepared the meal myself. It consisted of the five elements: cereal, earth; fish, water; meat, fire; wine, air.² And Her, the ether. The liquor was Soma, *Amrita*, *Anna Perene*, which continues above the ether and is indescribable. I filled the Grail with this liquor and drank it to the dregs.

¹ SAHAM is the mantra for the Sahasrara chakra, of the 'thousand petals', at the top of the head. There the lovers become one: EL/ELLA.

² A tantric ceremony, or magic supper, called that of the 'Five M'.

To my Round Table, I had invited my Master, the Wounded King, the Wounded Warrior, the Master of the Sphinx, the Master who could converse with the animals and flowers, and Her, who presided over the table with me, as mistress of the house.

Some of the guests hadn't known each other while they were alive in the turnings of the wheel. They hadn't coincided with one another. And it is quite possible that they would have held opposing views, but only superficially.

I introduced them to one another and told them that the indissoluble bond which joined them together was to be found in my heart, in which there had grown the certainty that they were all Hyperboreans.

Raising my cup, I exclaimed: 'Let us look each other in the face. We are Hyperboreans.'

They were the words of the Wounded King.

Then I recited Blake:

'I give you the end of a Golden String—
Only wind it into a ball,
It will lead you in at Heaven's gate
Built in the City's wall.

.....

Hear the voice of the Bard,
Who present, past, and future, sees—
Whose ears have heard
The Holy Word
That walked among the ancient trees,
Calling the lapsed soul
And weeping in the evening dew—
That might control
The starry Pole
And fallen, fallen light renew.

O Earth, O Earth, return!
Arise from out the dewy grass!
Night is worn,
And the morn
Rises from the slumberous mass.

Turn away no more.

Why wilt thou turn away?
 The starry floor,
 The watery shore
 Is given thee till the break of day.'

And so the dinner continued until midnight. Then I felt a dry shock, as if I had 'fallen from my soul into my skin'. And I found myself sitting there alone, discovering that I had always been so, that there was no one round my table, that there never had been, that they had all left.

And that midnight was my midday.

THE LEAP INTO THE VOID

The man left the house very early, at daybreak, and walked slowly towards the highest of the hills. The dog followed a little way behind him, wagging its tail. When he reached the top of the hill, the man stopped, stretched out his arms, looked at the sky which was still dark and in which the Morning Star shone triumphantly, and leapt over the precipice as if he wanted to fly.

The dog rushed howling down the rocky slope in search of the man's body, which it believed must be lying, crushed and broken, at the bottom.

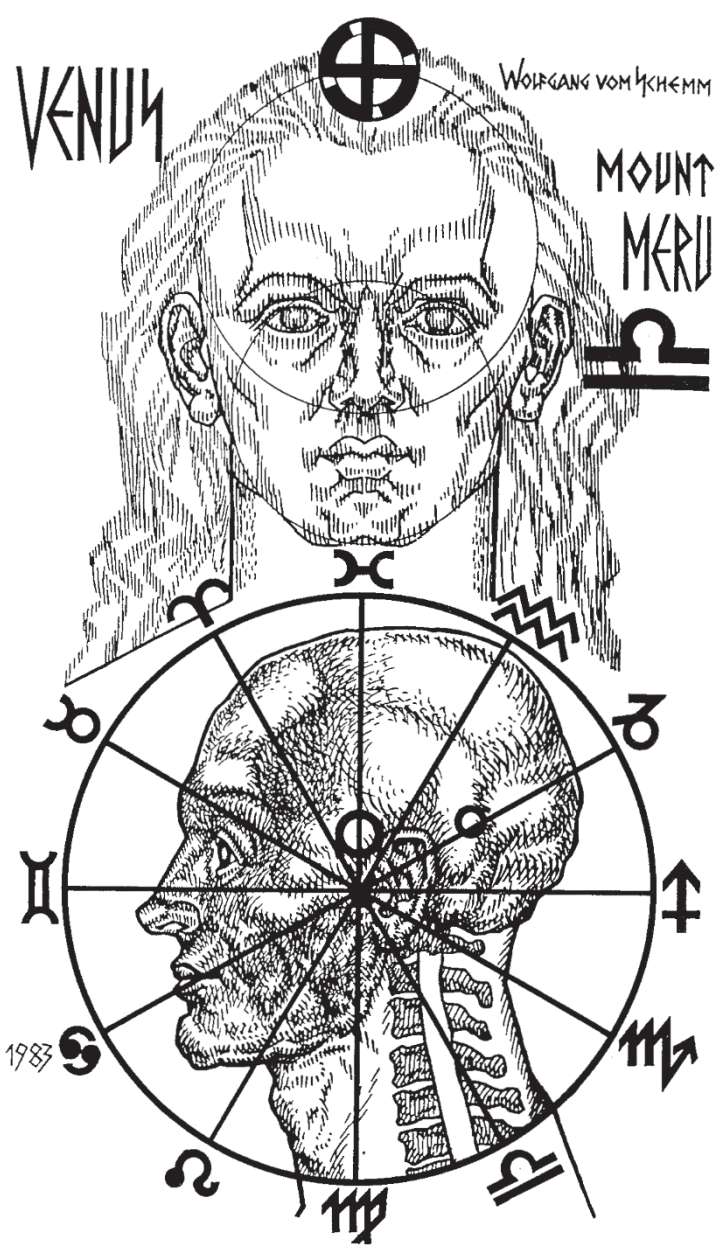
I ran out and managed to catch the dog.

'Stop!' I shouted at it. 'I'll explain everything. Today you will be with me at Her right hand.'

The Morning Star detached itself from the sky and began to descend towards us, coming to a stop close beside us, without touching the jalap and cinnamon trees, or the grass of the Andean plateaux.

And this time I asked the question.

But he who entered the Disc of Light which would carry him to meet the image of his eternal love, was the man who had leapt into the Void and had come back to life with square pupils. *Nos!*



THE END OF KALIYUGA. THE RETURN OF THE GOLDEN AGE

The final age of Cumae
And the virgin damsel has now arrived,
And the reign of Saturn and Rhea returns.
The centuries of the Golden Age return.
Again the heavens send us long years
And new people born of them.
Thou, chaste Moon, full of joy,
Favour, since thy Apollo now reigns,
The Child who was born this day.
He alone will cast iron out of the world
And populate both Poles with
A most precious lineage of gold.

(Virgil: *Eclogues*)



DICTIONARY OF INITIATION OF A-MOR

Trying to translate Sanskrit terms into other languages is a thankless, even sacrilegious, task. As is trying to transcribe it phonetically, even bearing in mind that the pronunciation is, on the whole, only approximate. For this reason, both the grammar and the orthography frequently vary in the Western texts which reproduce them. For centuries, the Sanskrit language possessed no written form. The Vedas were collected and written down very belatedly, having been transmitted orally from generation to generation by the Brahmins. Sanskrit is a sacred language, with a liturgical rhythm, and may well be derived from the language of Atlantis and Hyperborea, whose sacred, legendary symbols are the runes—which are also, however, fragments of the cosmic, inaudible language of the Orphic Cabbala, the *Hiranyagarbha-Cabda*.

The following Dictionary, containing some Sanskrit terms and others used in the Initiation of A-Mor, gives only their approximate meaning, as it is really the Breviary of a Warrior-Troubadour, a *Minnesänger*. This Dictionary accompanies me everywhere I go, because it has been flowing through my blood since before I was born. And, therefore, it serves for my entire literary output, although it is of necessity incomplete.

A

A-Mor – Amor is made up of a = without and mor = death. It means Without-Death, eternal life, resurrection, immortality. It was the initiatory doctrine of the troubadours, the *Minnesänger* and the *Fedele d'Amore*. It was a kind of tantrism, a magic love which came from the original homeland and was taught in Hyperborea by the priestesses of A-Mor, such as Allouine.

Æsir – The divine Hyperborean ancestors. Asa means support. The name might have some connection with the supporters of the Pillar of the Sky, from which comes Ask-Embla.

Agharta – Name given in India to the subterranean city of the immortal guides, where tantric, magico-symbolic love is supposedly taught.

Agharti – Name given to this city in Tibet.

Ahoma – Magico-sacred drink of the Aryans of ancient Persia.

Ahu – The pedestal of the Mohai.

Aino – Race of white giants who occupied China and Japan before their present inhabitants. Like the Dropas and the White Gods of America, they are Hyperboreans who moved south after the destruction of the polar continent.

Akâsa – Substance, ether, universal astral light, which conserves all the cosmic images of the visible light.

Akâsic memory – Astral repository of the images of the creation.

Albania – Alchemical name for America. It comes from the word for white, the White Gods.

Albedo – Name found in the alchemical Opus, in its process of transformation and transmutation. It comes after *Nigredo*. The word Albania is said to derive from it.

Allkamari – The sacred bird of the Incas, a raven, as in Wotan. It is believed that the secret language of the Incas or Ingas was Sanskrit or a derivation of Indo-German. The Inca was a white man, an offshoot of the Vikings or a descendant of the Hyperborean White Gods.

Amasia Uxor – The lover, the beloved, the magic bride of the Cathar tantrism of the Occitanian troubadours, who is always at the side of the initiate the warrior-troubadour.

Amber – Resin from conifers of the tertiary period. Its origin is unknown. It appears in the North Sea and the Baltic after the fall of one of the moons or the passage of the comet Phaeton. It has been mistakenly equated with the orichalcum of Atlantis. There existed Roads of Amber or Routes of Amber which led from Hyperborea and crossed the Alps, reaching as far as Egypt.

Ambrosia – Magic liquor, like the Amrita of the Hindus. The Greeks drank it.

Amrita – Hindu magic drink.

Ancachuinca – Initiated Eagle (Manu-Tara) in Sanskrit-Quichua.

Anima – Expression used by Jung to denote the soul of a man (his ethereal double?), which is supposedly feminine, i.e. the Archetype of everything feminine experienced historically (*and* not historically) by a man.

Animus – Used by Jung to denote the soul of a woman, which is supposedly masculine and which concentrates in itself everything (historical and not historical) it experiences in relation to a man, its opposite. In this way, love becomes a deep, numinous experience, with one's own soul, with the Archetype of the Opposite within oneself. The A-Mor of the troubadours, alchemy and tantrism, all express the same thing on a more sublime and spiritual plane. Jung found himself forced to 'psychologise' transcendental, metaphysical mysteries in order to make them comprehensible to the age of Kaliyuga. But he didn't dare to touch on the mystery of the Grail.

Anna Perene – Sacred liquor, like Soma. The Romans drank it.

Archetype – For Plato it was the Idea, only partially reflected in the material world of shadows. Thus, man is the shadow of the Idea of man, projected here. For Jung, Archetype has another meaning, which he never defined clearly. It is a covering for the instincts, their clothing, but it is also autonomous, acting as if it had an existence independent of the human psyche, in a Collective Unconscious which Jung also failed to define clearly. Because of this, at the end of his life, he spoke about a *psychoid* existence of the Archetypes, through which they could become the same as the Gods of antiquity, possessing or combating men.

Ardhanasisvara – The Androgynous Siva.

Arge and Opis – Hyperborean priestesses who came to Greece, to Delos, where they established the cult of Apollo. They are said to have been buried there.

Arjuna – Warrior in the epic poem of the Mahabharata. His chariot is driven by the blue god, Krishna. Arjuna hesitates when he sees his relatives among the opposing forces and doesn't want to fight; but Krishna orders him to, saying: 'Acquit yourself of your duty, son of the Aryan race, you will not kill anybody, for those whom you put to death this day are already dead in me.'

Aryanabaiji – Primordial homeland of the Aryans, Hyperborea, the farthest north.

Asag – The ultimate test in the initiatory esotericism of the troubadours. It consists of sleeping naked with the Beloved without touching her, on occasion separated by a sword. This test corresponds to the symbolic Maithuna of Tantrism.

Asgard – The mythical city of the Æsir from which Odin emigrated with his divine companions. Its exact location is not known, but it is possibly in the region of Mount Elbrus, in the Caucasus. It is referred to in the *Edda*.

Ashram – Centre of initiation, Hindu monastery.

Astra – Flying vehicle of the Indo-Aryans.

Ativarna – Without caste, above caste and colour. The Hyperboreans were said to be this.

Atlantis – Name which Plato gave to a continent or an island which was submerged long after the great flood. The name has nothing to do with the Atlantic. It comes from the God Atlas who supported the Pillars of the Sky. The pillar, or tree, was to be found in the polar north, because only the North Pole points directly towards the Pole Star at present (the South Pole leans towards the northern edge of the sky. But this has doubtless changed, because the axis of the earth shifted after the catastrophe and the poles changed places.) The sky revolves around the pillar which fitted into the Pole Star above it. It revolves like a Swastika, but the pillar remains motionless, as an axis. The name of the Æsir, the first divine inhabitants of Hyperborea, or of Asgard according to the *Edda*, is said to derive from this. Plato asserts that the first inhabitants of Atlantis were a man issued forth out of the earth, Evenor, and his wife, Leucippe. (Issued forth out of the interior, Hollow Earth?) They have a daughter, Cleito. Poseidon

falls in love with her. (Where does he come from? Does he come from the stars? Does he fall in love with a daughter of the earth?) They father five pairs of twins, the first ten kings of Atlantis, semi-divine heroes. Atlas, the eldest, supports the pillar of the sky; Apollo protects the law and the oath of fidelity. Poseidon is the God of the axe, which he subsequently exchanged for the trident when he had to set sail after the flood. He stretches a golden string around the mountain and the Palace of the Magic Wedding—*Gandharba*, *Hieros-Gamos*. Poseidon comes from *Posis*, the married one, in Greek. He is thus the betrothed in the Magic Wedding. He passes over the task of supporting the Pillar of the Sky to Heracles-Hercules. When Atlantis-Hyperborea disappeared, in the years indicated by Plato, people came to believe that the Pillars of Hercules were to be found at the entrance to the Mediterranean. The surviving Hyperboreans who had moved southwards were also to give the name of Atlas to the mountains of Africa.

The Greek Gods are really the legendary, semi-divine Hyperborean hero-kings. Apollo often travelled to Hyperborea and returned rejuvenated. Apollo-Lucifer, he who upholds the Golden Law and the pillars of beauty and celestial light.

Avalon – Name which is given to the capital of Hyperborea in the Celtic Irish legend. The tree with the golden apples grew there. It was the *Insula Pomorum*, the Island of the Apples.

Avris or Abaris – A mysterious Hyperborean who also came to Greece, from whence he returned to the polar continent astride a flying arrow (an *astra*, a Flying Disc of orichalcum?). He was said to be the lover of Allouine. Possibly the legend of Eros and his arrow of love originated here.

B

Bahkti – Devotional yoga.

Balder or Baldur – The hero God of the *Edda*, a prefigurative Archaic type of the solar Kristus. As he lay dying, in the Twilight of the Gods, Odin or Wotan whispered some mysterious words in his

ear – words which were certainly the question and answer contained in the Grail.

Bardo Thödol – Tibetan Book of the Dead.

Bija – Seminal syllable, root syllable, made of pure ether.

Bodhisattva – Liberated being, according to Buddhism, who chooses not to enter Nirvana but to remain in human form in order to help others liberate themselves.

Brahma – The uncreated God of the Hindu Trilogy, the first person, the Creator.

Brahmin – One who belongs to the priestly caste in Hinduism.

Bundy – Semen.

C

Cai-Cai – The Serpent of the Waters in the mythology of Chiloe.

Calafate – In the legend of the extreme south of the world, in Punta Arenas, it is the fruit of return. Whoever eats it will always return there.

Caleuche – The ghost ship of the South Pole. It also sails underwater, crewed by dead men in search of the submarine passages which lead to the oases of the Antarctic and the Hollow, Interior Earth, the astral First Earth.

Cathars – Dualist sect which is not very well known. Its solar castle-temple was Montsegur. The Cathars were destroyed by papal Rome in the thirteenth century, shortly before the Templars. They were said to be the forerunners of the Occitanian troubadours, Druids converted to Manichaeism, according to Otto Rahn, who asserts that they guarded the Grail in their castle of Montsegur. He reveals this theory in his book *The Court of Lucifer*.

Chakra (chakra) – Grange in Quichua, a circular plot of land. *C'akra* is also a circle, a wheel (a turn of the wheel) in Sanskrit. And *Chakravarti* is the Lord of the Chakras, the 'Master of a Chakra'.

Chakras – Wheels or centres of energy and astral psychic consciousness, so to speak. These 'centres' exist potentially and they must be developed, made 'conscious', by means of yoga and through

awakening Kundalini, the serpentine, astral fire, which sleeps at the base of the psychic, astral spinal column.

Ajna chakra – Between the eyebrows. It represents the Ether. Its animal is the White Elephant, and also the Dove. Its mantra is *OM*.

Anahata chakra – In the heart. It represents the Air. Its animal is the Deer. Its mantra is *YAM*.

Manipura chakra – In the solar plexus. Here the roads meet. It represents Fire. Its animal is the Lamb. Its mantra is *RAM*.

Muladhara chakra – The basic chakra at the root of the psychic column. It is represented by the Earth. Its animal is the Elephant. Its mantra is *LAM*.

Sahasrara chakra – At the summit of the invisible skull, of a thousand petals. Here the wedding between HIM and HER takes place, when they fuse to become HIM-HER, the Androgynous, Ardhanasisvara. The mantra is *SAHAM*, I am HER.

Svadhithana chakra – Psychic centre at the base of the genitals, represented by Water. Its animal is the Whale. It is awakened only through tantric practices. Its mantra is *VAM*.

Vishuda chakra – In the throat. It represents the Ether. Its animal is the White Elephant. Its mantra is *HAM*.

Chakravarti – One who has awakened all the chakras, who is liberated through tantric yoga and its practices.

Chastriya – One who belongs to the warrior, princely caste of Hinduism.

Che-kai – Immortal double of the Chinese.

Chil – To bare, in Quiché-Maya. In Old German, *Shillen* is to unsheathe (the sword) and has its origin in Hyperborean Sanskrit. Hence the name Chile or Chille. To unsheathe the Sword of the Mystic Homeland, of what remains, in the shape of a long sword, of a legendary sinking.

Cita – Mind.

City, The – The place of refuge of the Immortals, Agharti, Shambhalla, the City of the Caesars, etc. The knowledge of eternal life and the resurrection, the Grail was said to have been preserved there. It also symbolises totality, fulfilment, the self.

City of the Caesars – Mythical city in the Andes, where the Hyperborean White Gods were said to have taken refuge.

Cuddhabuddhisvabhaya – Conform with the principle of pure will, Sivaistic, Hyperborean, solar and polar virility, situated at the limit of the individual and supraindividual, individuated in the absolute personality, resuscitated in *NOS*, ruled by *Buddhi*.

D

Divya – Divine man.

Divya-Deha – Immortal body of the Divya, the divine man, the man-god.

Donar – The Tree of Life, an oak felled by the Monk Boniface in the sixth century of the present era. It stood in the Sacred Grove of the Norsemen, which covered some thirty kilometers, on the other side of which we nowadays find the Edersee, or Lake of Eder, and the village of Harb(i)shausen, near the small town of Asel, whose name comes from the Æsir, as do Kassel and Basel (Base-l). The Sacred Grove was encircled by a hedge of thorns and in its centre lay the Sleeping Beauty (Kundalini). There was also a Giants' Castle and a Temple of the Virgins. And a Rose Garden, as in the legend of the King of the Gnomes, Laurin, in the southern Tyrol, near Bolzano. How the Templars came to be connected with the Hyperborean legend can be seen in the fact that there was always a 'Grove of Thorns' near their 'gendarmeries' and Templars. The authentic Rosicrucians—who have today disappeared in Pester John's Orient, in the Interior Earth, in the City of the Caesars of the Andes, like the noble Templar guides—also took the polar symbol of the thorns and the rose once again.

Drakkar – Viking ship.

Dropa – Race of white giants who inhabited Tibet before its occupation by the Mongol race.

Drut – One of the final stages in the initiation of the troubadours, in which the initiate exchanges hearts with the Beloved and thus becomes ‘bound man’ for all eternity.

E

Edda – Writings which relate to the oldest Norse legends and refer to the destruction of Hyperborea as the ‘Twilight of the Gods’.

Eidelon – The astral body, according to Agrippa, the double. Paracelsus called it the astral body.

Elein – Another name for the city.

Elementarwesen – Elemental beings, animal-men, against whom the Æsir and the hero-gods of the *Edda* fought. They are the ‘slaves of Atlantis’ who rebelled.

Embla – Vitis-Vita.

Endura – Cathar ceremony, which follows the new baptism, the *Consolamentum*. Sometimes people committed suicide during the ceremony of Endura, in order to escape from the Second Earth of Kaliyuga.

Erika Paios – The Cosmogonic Eros, in the Orphic Myth of the Creation of the World.

F

Fedele d’Amore – Sect of poets initiated in the doctrine of A-Mor, in the north of Italy. Dante belonged to this sect.

Female Guru – The interior, spiritual female guide. The equivalent of the Valkyrie in German mythology.

Fenhedor – Stage which follows the ‘glance’ in the initiation of the troubadours, when the initiate ‘sighs’ with love for his Beloved.

G

Gandharba – The magic, secret marriage.

Garden of the Hesperides – The Garden of the Golden Apples, which Homer told us about. It was in Atlantis-Hyperborea. Heracles-Hercules went in search of the golden apples, which are the apples of eternal life and of the resurrection. They are also the Grail.

Evidence is given here as to how the Book of Genesis has been expurgated and falsified, transforming the apple into the 'fruit of sin'. The apple symbolizes the star of our origins, Venus, the Morning Star, from which came the divine ancestors and knowledge, and with which we must enter into contact so as to be able to resurrect. The star of Lucifer-Apollo-Irmin-Atlas-Poseidon. The female magician, Allouine, the female guru, hands it to us with the Grail. The Valkyrie of the Germanic legend. The tree is the Pillar of the Sky, the Irminsul. Around its trunk coils the Serpent of Eternal Life (Vitis, Embla), and its crown is the firmament studded with Golden Apples, that is to say, stars. Whoever eats them, or enters into contact with them, discovers eternal life, eternal youth.

Garuda – Winged vehicle (bird) of the god Vishnu. That of Siva is the bullock Nandi.

Gondwana – Continent which has also disappeared and was believed to have comprised South America, the Antarctic, a part of Africa, Australia and a part of India. More likely remnant of Mu.

Grail – The legend of the Grail reappears forcibly Christianised in the Middle Ages. The Templars disseminated it. It is centred on the legend of the court of King Arthur (who is the King of the Grail and is also called Amfortas). It is interesting to point out that Arthur is Arthos, Bear, that is to say Arctic. By which the exact geographical position of the lost continent of the first Solar Age is pinpointed: Hyperborea, seat of the Grail. In the Middle Ages, it became a cup, when the myth was Christianised, the one from which Christ was said to have drunk at the Last Supper, or else the one in which Joseph of Arimathea received the blood of Christ as it spurted from his side as he hung on the cross. The forced Christianisation was discovered when it became known from reading Plato that the ten kings of Atlantis drank the blood of the sacrifice from cups of gold (and of orichalcum) at the magic ceremony in which they swore always to respect the law of the race of the divine beings from whom they were descended. The mystery of the Gral, or Grail, disappears from the surface of the

earth with the destruction of the Templars. However, the German writer, Otto Rahn, asserts that the Cathars guarded the Luciferian stone of the Grail, along with the ancient undeciphered wisdom, in the Castle of Montsegur. He searched for it in the caves of Sabarthe, in the Languedoc. The legend relates that, at the end, Parsifal set sail with the Grail in a Templar ship in the direction of America-Albania, from whence he never returned.

Gral – German spelling for Grail, taken from the German poet-troubadour Wolfram von Eschenbach, born in 1170, who describes this mysterious object as a precious stone which fell from the crown of Lucifer during his stellar battle, and on which is to be found engraved the law of the first, divine, Hyperborean beings. The legend of the Gral has a mysterious, polar origin, which coincides with what Plato tells us about Atlantis, where the ten first kings had engraved the law of the semi-divine race on a sacred stone. They did not respect this law and Atlantis was submerged. The land is laid waste, the king is sick. To recover the Gral is to raise the First Earth, Atlantis, by means of the divine wisdom which is preserved there, bring back health (salvation = *Heil*, in the Old German of *Minnesänger*-troubadours), cure the Sick King, make him divine again.

Guru – Master, guide.

H

Hamsa – Without caste, beyond Saham.

Hamurani – The mysterious white race of the rebuilders of Tiahuanacu of the White Gods.

Heil – Greeting of the German troubadours and warriors. It means Salve, from Salvation. It is the Ave of the Romans. It is an initiatory mantra. The mantra of the return to Hyperborea, of the resurrection.

Helgoland – The Vanir came from the North Pole, the Æsir from the South East. They brought with them Atlas, an ancestor converted into a god. Possibly Atlas, whose real name is Irmin, or IR (Power), was a Van. In any case, he was a Hyperborean, or rather

a Venusian, a man from Venus. Æsir and Vanir are identical beings, like the Tuatha de Danann of the Irish saga, who have arrived from some common cosmic point, as exiles who have fallen into the later mixture with the sons of Evenor and Leucippe, with the terrestrial involuted beings, with the products of the earth, possibly with the 'robots' who were sent or left here, or with the degenerate products of a far older, primordial catastrophe which was even more horrifying. Poseidon, who in turn is IR, was the first to fall through his relationship with Cleito, fathering the heroes, the kings of Atlantis-Hyperborea, the semi-divine beings. Thus the Norsemen (and also the Merovingians, the Visigoths and the Friesians) are a product of the interbreeding of the divine beings with the semi-divine Æsir and Vanir. Friesian means free, free man. Frigga is the goddess of the Æsir and Freyja of the Vanir. They are one and the same. I maintain that the name Fresia, which Ercilla invented for the wife of the 'Araucanian' Caupolicán, comes from this goddess. Ercilla was a Visigoth with blue eyes and fair hair, and in the epic poem of *La Araucana* he wished to give us the key to the secret: the Araucanians of whom he tells us were nordic Hyperborean warriors, descendants of the White Gods of America-Albania. Ercilla sang to us 'in code'. The God of the Friesians was Fosite—the Fosite of the *Edda*—son of Baldur or Balder, the gentlest of the Gods of Ancient Germany. With his death, the Twilight of the Gods was unleashed. But Odin or Wotan whispered a great secret, a key word, into his ear as he lay on his funeral pyre.

Spanuth maintains that the island of Helgoland or Heligoland, in the North Sea, is a last remnant of the sunken Atlantis, or rather of Hyperborea. The most ancient name for Helgoland was Fostlandia, Fositelandia. It is a mass of rock which survives from a great catastrophe and from other islands which are now submerged but which still protruded from the water in the sixth and ninth centuries of our age. It was always holy ground, belonging to the cult of Fosite or Forsite. Homer refers to it as the Island of the Phaecians. Phoesia, in the *Iliad*; clearly a derivative of the God of the polar Norsemen. In the seventh century, Boniface, whose real name was Winfrith, converted the Friesians by force. But it

was only a century after that the holy Island was Christianised. It is in the Middle Ages that the name of Heligoland appears, derived from *heiligesland*, holy land, *terra sanctis*, as it continued to be called in Latin. *Heil!* from the Old German, which the *Minnesänger* of the Middle Ages used as a greeting in code. The Friesian language transformed the name into Helgoland.

In ancient times the cult of the God Fosite slowly drifted into a cult of his female counterpart, the Goddess Foseta. A primordial disorientation was already being anticipated. Or perhaps it was being made clear that on this Holy Island, a polar anteroom, a surviving part of the great lost Hyperborean continent, of Ultima Thule, the Magic Wedding, the *Hieros-Gamos*, was being performed. There 'the King of the Gods celebrated his marriage', the Reunion. Temples commemorating this sacred mystery existed on Helgoland, so Tacitus tells us.

Well now at the time of the conversion of the pagans by Bishop Liudger, who had been sent by Rome, a certain Saint Ursula mysteriously appeared, from no one knew where, as patroness of the island. She must certainly have been a mythical, imaginary personage who was clearly conjured up to replace Foseta, thus reincarnating the Archetype, dressing it up in new clothes. Because the most extraordinary part of all this is that Ursula comes from *Ursus*, which means bear (the animal of the North Pole: Arcthos, Arcthus, Arthur), thus indicating the constellation of Ursa Minor, the Little Bear, which includes the Pole Star, into which penetrated the top of the Pillar of IR—or Atlas—which supported the sky in the original pole in Hyperborea, Ultima Thule, the Paradise of Avalon. All of which continues to point to the end of the terrestrial Road of Return of the Lefthanded Swastika of the journey back to the Far North, the Nuptial Homeland, *Paradesha*.

It is for this reason that the initiates in the warrior order of A-Mor still perform their Magic Weddings (*Gandharba*) in Fosite-land, which is now called Helgoland or Heligoland, a surviving, devastated mass of rock, like the land of the Grail. All this so that one day the submerged continent of Hyperborea, the original

North Pole, which toady is the South Pole, may reappear. A jumping-off point for the Morning Star, for Lucifer.

HER-HIM — Another primordial Cosmic Egg, this time formed through the union of Her and Him. Shakti breaks it, out of sympathy with HIM-HER with Siva or Phanes. Thus there is a non-created woman (the mysterious Lilith?), who did not emerge from the Egg of Him. She is the first Companion of Evenor, called Euripide. He is searching for his Her, She is searching for her Him; but the final union has to take place not in the fusion of opposites, not in the primordial Androgynous, but between HIM-HER and HER-HIM, in the ultimate separation and in the union within this separation. In the resurrection. In NOS. This is the ultimate mystery, only partially revealed, impossible to express fully.

Hesperides — Daughters of Atlas. They guarded the garden with the Golden Apples of eternal life. They are really the Hyperborean Norns, the Priestesses of Magic Love. Allouine, Arge and Opis; also Papan in my own legend of a southern Hyperborea.

Hieros-Gamos — Magical union between couples, which was carried out in Hyperborea to propitiate the celestial order. Euripides says: 'In the Land of Amber (of Orichalcum) the King of the Gods celebrated his Marriage.'

HIM-HER — The primordial Cosmic Egg, formed through the union of Him and Her, before Phanes breaks it.

Hiranyagarbha-Cabda — Aryan, Orphic Cabbala.

HRIM — Mantra for wine. It destroys the curse which afflicts it and can transform it into Soma.

Huaiyuhuen — The immortal body of the Jon magicians, a sort of Siddharupa. The astral double, immortalised.

Huelen — Native word for the hill of Santa Lucia in Santiago, Chile. It means Sorrow.

Huilka — Fortress, in Quichua.

Huilkanota — The circle, the order.

HUM — Mantra which awakens the Sleeper, resurrects the Beloved, sets Kundalini in motion.

Hvareno — Magic energy, capable of modifying and transforming nature.

Hvetramannaland — Name which the Vikings and the Celts gave to America.

Hyperborea — Original continent in the north of the world, to which the first extraterrestrials—including Lucifer—were supposed to have descended after losing a battle. There they established a Golden Age, until the continent was destroyed by a planetary catastrophe. The age of its existence is a mythical one. The sinking of Atlantis, to which Plato refers, is much later, and includes the disappearance of the islands which survived the primordial catastrophe. Hyperborea means beyond the God Boreas, God of the Cold and Storm. It is a term used by the Greeks to refer to the mythical continent of the nordico-polar divine race from which their Gods sprang.

I

Icchamtyu — Ability to die at will.

Imbunche — Mythological being in the legend of Chiloe, the island of the south of Chile. It walks backwards, with its heels turned right round. It is a symbol of the return, of the lefthanded road, of the initiate who goes back up the chakras.

Individuation — The process by which the Absolute Personality, totality, the Self is achieved.

IR or ER — This is the Hyperborean name for the pillar, which, according to the beliefs of the Greeks and other peoples, supports the sky at the North Pole, rising up into the Pole Star. Root of the greatest of the Gods, Irmin. By derivation, this name was given to the divine or semi-divine being who supported it on earth, Poseidon, Atlas, Heracles-Hercules. In reality, this 'column' was originally a power possessed by the divine Hyperborean giants to communicate with the ancestral star and other stars in the firmament, a sort of ray (*Vril*) which rose directly from their foreheads towards the universe, enabling them to direct and even change the course of the stars. In the mortal legend it became a

pillar. When Hyperborea had been lost, its involuted descendants, the Norsemen, came to worship the tree Irminsul, with the root IR, as the material representation of this pillar and also of the lost superhuman power. In reality, it was a symbolic cult of the divine polar ancestors. The worship of the 'tree which reaches up to the sky' was carried to America by the exodus of the Hyperbo-reans, and later by the Vikings. In the chapter entitled 'Lemuria' in this book, Allouine recites a poem discovered in Mohenjo Daro, the ancient civilisation of the Indus Valley, whose origins are unknown but are believed to pre-date the Aryan invasion. A line says: 'IR ar are per Kaduval.' It names IR, the God of the Pillar, the pillar itself, *Vril*, this tremendous power which was lost in the polar night of our origins.

Irmin — The Hyperborean God who supports the Pillar of the Sky. The greatest of the Gods.

Irminsul — The tree which, in the Norse cult, represents the pillar which supports the sky at the pole. It is an ash tree. In its shade, the sorceress-priestesses still perform initiations into the cult of magic love and the Sacred Marriage. In the south of the world, it is a giant Araucaria. In other places, it is a cottonwood tree. It is also the sacred oak (*Donar*). In its shade, the Æsir met in council. To the Norsemen, it represented their divine ancestry, and through the tree they worshipped their extraterrestrial ancestors. The *Irminsul* was felled by Charlemagne.

J

Ja-lus — Immortal body, double, of the giant Dropas of Tibet.

Jason — Mythical navigator who, with Heracles-Hercules and the twin Dioscuri, Castor and Pollux (Pole), returns to Hyperborea in search of the Golden fleece (the lost Grail, the Golden Law, Moderation). The kings of Atlantis were ten in number — five pairs of twins. Castor and Pollux were also twins. Perhaps Jason was a Hyperborean king and his magic bride was Medea. It is also said that he was first troubadour, who rediscovered the sacred law of *trovarclus* (singing in code) on the Hyperborean tree (the Pillar), the Irminsul Tree, a Patriarchal Oak, engraved on a Stone of Gold

(of orichalcum). A falcon or a Hyperborean raven, sitting on a branch of an oak tree in Dodona, which was Lamella, gave it to him.

Jon — Magician-priest of the Selcnam people of Tierra del Fuego, a kind of Siddha, an immortal divine man.

K

Kailas — Mountain in the Transhimalayas, on whose summit Siva and Parvati celebrated the Magic Wedding, obviously in memory of the Sacred Wedding between Poseidon and Cleito in Hyperborea.

Kaivalya — Deep trance, the opposite of *samadhi*, since it keeps one in a state of eternal separation and individualisation. It is the trance of the tantric Siddhas, by means of which the Absolute Personality is achieved. It is the road of the magician.

Kaliyuga — Dark Age of destruction and iron, of the Goddess of Destruction, Kali. The present age.

Kaula — Very hermetic tantric sect.

KLIM — Mantra of the indescribable pleasure of ecstatic orgasm, without beginning or end.

Kontiki Viracocha — White God of South America, who reached Easter Island after the destruction of the Empire of Tiahuanacu.

Korakenke — The raven of the Inca, his Garuda, his 'vehicle', his *Allkamari*.

Korava — Raven. In Sanskrit, Korava is the name of one of the opposing parties in the great war of the *Mahabharata*.

Krishna — Hindu god, one of the avatars of Vishnu. He dances and plays the flute in the Gardens of Vrindavan. He is blue in colour, the same blue as the cloaks of the divine Hyperboreans. The starry night.

Kula — Extremely secret circle of the initiates in tantric yoga.

Kunani — To preach. In Sanskrit, *ku* means to direct. By means of *Kunani* the Amauta magician-sages of Kusku (Cuzco) directed *Ku-ndalini*.

Kundalini — Serpentine energy, which sleeps at the base of the psychic, astral spinal column. By awakening it (it is the Sleeping Beauty, the Beloved who is 'dead and not dead'), the potentiality of the chakras is activated, the Total-Man, Chakravarti, the Superman, is achieved, and entry is obtained into the City of the Immortal Guides, Agharti, the City of the Caesars, Hyperborea.

Kusku (Cuzco) — The capital of the Inca Empire, 'Navel of the World'. Central City, Omphalos, distant memory or recollection of the Hyperborean Thule, of the Atlantean Poseidon.

L

Lemuria — Believed to comprise everything that lies submerged in the Pacific.

Lucifer — He is Apollo, the God of Light and Beauty. He is also Abraxas and Quetzalcoatl, the Hyperborean, Atlantean solar Kristos. He came down from the Morning Star, Venus. Defeated in a stellar battle, he will always be the loser on the involuted Second Earth of Kaliyuga, but he will be the victor on the Other Earth, when the Golden Age returns. He must lose here in order to carry the earth back to its origins and transfigure it, moving from city to city, chakra to chakra, until he reaches the void of the Black Sun behind the Sun of Gold and the Ray of Green Light behind the Black Sun. He is the God of the Losers in the Kaliyuga and of the Return to Hyperborea. His emblem is the Lefthanded Swastika, that of the Return. He is the supreme Guide of the Pilgrims of the Dawn, of the Acolytes of Lucifer, the Morning Star. Lucifer is also Odin-Wotan. The Cathars called him Luci-Bel.

M

Mahabharata — Epic poem which tells of a great war, perhaps at the beginning of the great decline of the ages and the involution of the Second Earth. *Bharata* is the real name for India, as it was known before the invasion of Alexander. *Maha* means great. The Great Bharatas must therefore be the Hyperborean, Atlantean giants, the inhabitants of a primordial, mythical, polar land. Subsequently everything was transformed and modified in the epic

which we know today, the war between the Koravas and the Pandavas.

Maithuna — Mystical, magical coitus in the tantric ritual and initiation. In the Tantra of the Left Hand, it is achieved physically, generally only once, retaining the semen. It is a question of reactivating the chakras, of recreating them and opening the third eye, interior light, achieving immortality, totality. In the Way of the Right Hand, Maithuna is merely symbolic, interior, with the dead lover, with the Female guru who circulates in the blood. It is the *Minne* of the German troubadours, the *Minnesänger*, and of the Cathar troubadours of the Languedoc and the *Fedele d'Amore* of Northern Italy, of whom Dante was one. It is the Way of Initiation of A-Mor.

Mama Occl — White Goddess of America.

Mama Runtu — White Goddess of America. (Other names for White Gods include Neua, Pay Zume, Sue-ca, Tamandua, etc.)

Manasarovar — Lake at the foot of Mount Kailas, like Lake Titicaca in the Andes, within the 'synchronicity' and the 'magico-symbolical geography' of the way of synchronistic divinisation of man and the earth.

Mantra — Magic sound of the Orphic Cabbala, so to speak. It has to be pronounced exactly, with special mental concentration.

Mantra-yana — Road of the Mantra.

Manu — Guide, Archetype of a race, who rules an entire age.

Manu-Tara — The mythical bird of Easter Island. Manu: root-man, guide of a Kalpa. Tara: Goddess, Shakti, in Sanskrit. Manutara is thus the total man who has found his Shakti, his Kundalini, and is now able to fly.

Mâtrkâ — Seminal syllables, called 'Little Mothers', of the Hiran-yagarbha-Cabda, the Orphic Cabbala.

Matymjaya — Lord of voluntary death.

May Bride — The solar, Hyperborean background of the Love-Initiation of the troubadours can be seen in the fact that it is in May, when the sun is resurrected in the northern hemisphere, that the dead bride is discovered and brought back to life. These are the

May festivals. The festivals of Maya (from Maya, Illusion, Potency, in Tantrism, the energy of Kundalini). The festivals of Mary, as appropriated and adulterated by Christianity.

Maya — The phantasmagoria of shapes creation. Illusion, according to Vedantic philosophy. Potency, according to Tantrism.

Meru — The spiritual, invisible counterpart of Mount Kailas. The Merovingians are said to have come from there. Mero-Meru. Ving or Weg is road in German. Road of Meru.

Minne — A-Mor, the memory of a lost love, of something lost at the beginning of time {the Grail, a law) and which circulates in the blood's memory. The German troubadours sang to it.

Minnetrinken — Ceremony in which the German troubadours, the *Minnesänger*, drank blood, in which circulated the memory of the nordico-polar Minne, in remembrance of the legendary ceremony of the Atlantico-Hyperborean kings. It is the sacred Soma, which was drunk from chalices of orichalcum, from the cup of the Grail.

Minnesänger — German troubadours who sang the *Minne*, in memory of a love lost at the beginning of the ages, perhaps the Hyperborean wedding of Poseidon and Cleito.

Mohai — Gigantic granite sculptures of faces on Easter Island.

Mu — Submerged continent. It is believed to have covered what today is the Gobi Desert, part of India, Mongolia, Malaysia, the surviving Easter Island and Tahiti.

Mudra — Magical, ritual gesture, made with the hands. It generally accompanies the mantra, being its equivalent in the spatial symbology of gestures. There are runic mudras which act on the in-troatomic vibrations of the universe, of all the universes.

Mujavat — Paradise.

Mulabanda — The process which reinverts everything.

Mysterium Coniunctionis — Like the Hieros-Gamos, the magic union of the couple.

N

Naglfar — Name which the *Edda* give to the Ship of the Dead, *Wafeln*, *El Caleuche*.

Nadi — Psychic channel in the astral body, through which energy flows. The most important nadis are Ida, Susumna and Pingala. Up the central one climbs the serpentine fire of Kundalini. *El Caleuche*, the ghost ship, *Wafeln*, navigates with all its lights on along the 'channels' of the south and north of the world, towards the extreme ends, the poles, which symbolise Kundalini.

Nigredo — State which is reached in the alchemical process. Its synchronicity with a psychic and spiritual transmutation has been studied and explained by C. G. Jung.

Norns — The Fates, the forces which direct Destiny, the mistresses of Karma in nordic mythology. They speak to the heroes, they whisper to them, in the patriarchal oak-thickets. They predict Destiny.

Numinous — Ecstatic state which is produced on contact with the Grail an Archetype or Oneself, or on recognising the Beloved.

O

Oases of the Antarctic — Another symbol of totality. Heat amidst ice.

Odin — God of the *Edda*, in reality a Hyperborean. His emblematic bird is the raven.

Omphalos — Symbolises the pillar which supports the sky. Around it the Druids met in council in the central cities. Milan was one of these cities (*medio-lanum*). The Greeks also met around the Omphalos.

Orichalcum — Mysterious metal referred to by Plato in his story of Atlantis. Some contemporary researchers (Spanuth) have tried to say it was the same as amber. But orichalcum had the power to neutralise gravity and must have been the metal which allowed the *vimanas*, the *astras*, to take off and move around the skies, emitting a musical sound. According to Homer, 'they read the thoughts and feelings of men'.

P

Papan — Sister of Moctezuma, the Aztec emperor, according to legend. She dies but doesn't die. She comes back to life and tells her brother that, in the visions of her half-death, she saw the White God Quetzalcoatl returning in a ship sailing over the Ocean. She begs her brother not to fight him. The one who actually came was the Conquistador, Hernan Cortés.

Paradesha — High region, Paradise on the polar Mountain of the Revelation.

Parakletos — The Holy Spirit of the Cathars and Gnostics. To the Cathars, it was female and was represented by the Hyperborean dove.

Parastri — Initiated bride.

Parfait — Cathar adept.

Parsifal — Knight of the Legend of the Grail, who finds it through fighting only with his ancient fury and without God. He was said to have been brought up by his mother in a forest, 'like a pure madman'. When one finds the Grail, which is always carried by a virgin damsel, one must ask the right question, otherwise it will disappear. Parsifal advises his friend, Gawaine, another of the knights of the legend of the Round Table, to seek the Grail without God but 'with the memory of your Beloved in your heart'. Parsifal finally finds the Grail and asks the question, cures the sick King Amfortas and takes his place as King of the Grail, 'transfigures' the earth and marries the female guru of the Grail. They have a son, Lohengrin, who rides on the Hyperborean swan, symbol of the north and the dynasty of the kings of the Grail. The Grail was considered by Jung to be an Archetype of the Self, the totality, the *unus mundus*, ultimate centre of the personality, the *Purusha* of Hinduism. However, he didn't develop the theme fully or 'psychologise' it, out of respect for this delicate mystery.

Pasu (Sudra) — Inferior men, animal-men, the 'slaves of Atlantis'.

Phanes — The Cosmogonic Eros in the Orphic myth. For A-Mor, he breaks the primordial egg and divides the Androgynous.

Phobos — Hatred, fear, the opposite of love, that which disunites.

Popul-vuh — Also called the Codex of Chichicasteñango. Book of the Mayas, in which is related all that is remembered about the creation and destruction of the world. This book has been completely adulterated by the missionaries. It was said to have been written by the Hyperboreans and later reworked by the Vikings. 'Popul' is people in Latin and 'Vuh' is book in German.

Poseidon — The God who, in Hyperborean Atlantis, supports the Pillar of the Sky. He is the son of the God Uranus and the Goddess Gaia in Greek mythology. He falls in love with Cleito, fathering the Atlantean semi-divine heroes. The capital of Atlantis takes its name from him. Poseidon comes from *Posis* in Greek and means the married one, married in Hyperborea, at the pole.

Precador — Stage which follows that of the *Fenhedor*, when the troubadour-initiate implores his Beloved and describes her beauty.

Purusha — Monad, ultimate separated entity of the dualist, Samkhya philosophy.

Q

Quetzalcoatl — One of the American White Gods. He is also called the Plumed Serpent. According to the researcher Jacques de Mahieu, who lives in Argentina, he was a Viking or a Hyperborean, who created first the Toltec and Mayan civilisations and later, in the south and under different generic names, the civilisation and empire of Tiahuanacu.

R

Rama — Hero of the epic poem of the *Ramayana*; avatar, guide in Aries, the Age of the Lamb; Hyperborean, Aryan hero.

Raslila — Dance of Krishna, in the centre, with his Beloved — and also outside the circle, with all the shepherdesses of the forest of Vrindavan, but only with Her.

Rebis — The Androgynous created in the alchemical Opus.

Rongo-Rongo — Tablets on Easter Island, bearing inscriptions which have so far remained undeciphered.

Rubedo — The final alchemical stage. It is the equivalent of resurrection in a red, immortal body, made of *Vajra*.

Runes — Very ancient signs, mudras and mantras. Their origin is not known. From them is derived the alphabet of the Philistines, a nordico-Hyperborean tribe, from which, in turn, is derived Phoenician script. However, the runes go beyond written script and correspond to the inaudible Orphic Cabbala of magical and cosmic signs.

S

Sadhaka — Tantric initiate, novice.

Sâhu — Immortal double of the Egyptians.

Samadhi — Supreme Vedantic ecstasy, fusion with the One. *Sam:* with; *Adhi:* Primordial Being. It is the road of the saint.

Samhara-Mudra — Sign of dissolution, mudra of voluntary death.

Samsara — The movement of the illusory forms of creation. The dance.

Sangam — Meeting-place. In India, it is the point at which the waters of the Ganges, the Jumna and the invisible river Saraswati converge. The Manipura chakra is a *sangam*, a meeting place for the rivers of the soul.

Sarmiento de Gamboa, Pedro — Spanish conquistador, who was said to have secretly searched for the City of the White Gods.

Selcnam — Man of the south of the world, from Tierra del Fuego. According to some anthropologists, he reached there by crossing the Antarctic (from the Interior, Hollow Earth?).

Self or Selbst — The ultimate and central point in the persona, which tries to attain itself in Jungian practice. Totality, the 'non-existent', the Ultimate Flower, the city, the Thule of Hyperborea, the Grail, etc. The face of the Beloved, the face of the soul.

Shakti — Universal feminine principle, the counterpart of Siva, the creative and active energy of the universe. Although she is the Creator, she does not represent a matriarchy, since she is the wife of Siva, his creative, energetic principle. Siva dances in Her.

Shambhalla — One of the hidden subterranean cities in which is performed the tantric initiation that transforms, transmutes and transfigures matter and the world. There are those who say that it is the capital of Agharti.

Siddha — Divine being who has made himself immortal, inhabitant of Agharti and Shambhalla. Formerly he lived in polar Hyperborea, which is now submerged.

Siddha-Ashram — Centre where the Siddhas live and teach. Temple of the Immortals.

Siddha-rupa — Immortal body of the Siddha.

Silver string — Cord which unites the immaterial, astral body with the physical body. It is cut at death.

Siva — God of the Hindu Trilogy, of Destruction; he is also the lord of tantric yoga and of virile, solar energy. He destroys so as to open the way to fresh creation.

Skua — Seagull of the South Pole, of the Antarctic.

Smara — God of Desire.

Soma — Sacred, magic drink of the Hyperborean Aryans.

Sophia — Wisdom for the Gnostics. It is said that it is Sophia whom the Cathars and the troubadours worship through women. It is she whom Dante seeks in the guise of Beatrice.

Soror Mystica — The mystical sister, the woman who is always at the side of the alchemist, handing him the metals to be transmuted. She must touch them with her hand so that they may become impregnated with the feminine vibration necessary for any transmutation, resurrection and immortalisation. This is the process of Tantrism and also of the troubadours' alchemy of A-Mor. The Hyperborean *Hieros-Gamos*.

Sunya — The void beyond the last chakra, the leap into the void, into a Black Hole, where the light of the Sun of Gold ends, within the Black Sun, in order to separate and become NOS, separate and united for ever. The Ultimate Flower. The resurrection in the Ray of Green Light, crossing beyond the Black Sun. Its mantra is *HAMSA*.

Svecharin — He who can do everything, to whom everything is permitted, through the true liberty achieved in tantric practices.

Swastika, Lefthanded — The Swastika which begins the journey back to Hyperborea, the polar homeland and the Morning Star, Venus, the celestial point of origin of the semi-divine beings. The movement of return, towards the Golden Age, when the axis of the earth (the Pillar of Atlas, of Poseidon) was fixed on the Pole Star. Towards the First Earth, towards the Other Earth. The astral, parallel earth.

Swastika, Righthanded — The rotatory movement which begins when the Golden Age is lost, Hyperborea is submerged and the Second Earth appears, together with the Age of Iron and the involution of Kaliyuga. It is the Swastika of the Exodus, with which Odin and Rama start on their pilgrimage once the primordial, Nuptial Homeland has been lost.

Synchronicity — Coincidence between a deep emotion, an internal event and an external occurrence. They are Nietzsche's 'lucky occurrences filled with meaning'. The road of internal fulfilment must coincide fully with the transfiguration of the external world and the pilgrimage in the exterior landscape, with the immortalisation of the individual. 'What is above is below, what is inside is outside,' states the hermetic saying. Through synchronicity, the Self, the chakras, Kundalini, etc. must have their real equivalents in the hidden cities of the Siddhas and the immortals, in the interior, hollow earth, in the sacred, magnetic places of the earth and the sky, in the White Gods, in the flying Discs of Light, in the Grail and in an incarnate Beloved who is dead and has returned to life on this earth. This is only possible in the legendary, Hyperborean Martial Initiation of A-Mor.

T

Tantra — System which was codified some 600 years before the present era. Yoga which makes use of sex, either symbolically in the Way of the Right Hand, or practically in the Way of the Left Hand, in order to achieve the mutation into the Superman, into

Divya, attaining the Absolute Personality. Tantra means systematisation and also to explain.

Tao — The meaning of the universe in the Chinese philosophy of Lao-tse.

Taruka — Black antelope. Quichua-Sanskrit name.

Ten-Ten — The Serpent of the Earth in the mythology of Chiloe.

Thule or Ultima Thule — Capital of Hyperborea.

Toromiro — Tree of red wood, found on Easter Island. It symbolises *Vajra*, the red, immortal matter.

Trapalnanda — Another name given in America to the Enchanted City.

Tree of Life, The — Symbolises the pillar which supports the sky. Up its trunk climbs the *Vitis*, coiling itself around it like the Serpent of Paradise. That is to say, life. The crown of the tree supports the sky or is the sky. Its golden fruits are the stars. In the Nordic legend, it was an ash tree called *Irmingsul*. The *Edda* call it *Mjotvidr* and state that it will be felled during the Ragnarök, or Twilight of the Gods, when the Gods die. That is to say, during Kaliyuga.

Troubadour — Comes from *trovare*, to find, rediscover something that was lost, e.g. the Golden Fleece, the Grail, which Jason sought and rediscovered.

Trovar clus — To sing in code. The Occitanian troubadours did so in order to convey their messages and their initiation without giving themselves away. Amor, for example, was the opposite of Christian, papal Roma. Roma is Amor spelt backwards, the opposite of the A-Mor of the troubadours.

Tuatha De Danann — In Irish tradition, they are the Æsir of Norse legend, the divine ancestors who descended from the stars, the Hyperboreans.

Tulku — Kind of Bodhisattva of Tibetan Tantrism. A liberated being who becomes reincarnated as an avatar, ubiquitously, in a number of beings or in a whole people, a kind of Race Spirit.

Tupahue — Native name for the hill of San Cristobal, in Santiago de Chile. It means 'Abode of God'.

Turn of the Wheel — Eternal Return according to the Nietzschean concept, distinct idea of reincarnation. It is the original, polar, nordico-aryan concept. The eternal return of the same thing.

U

Ultima Thule — The capital of Hyperborea, the lost holy land. The Greek navigator and researcher Piteas of Marseilles searched for it in the north, 600 years before our era.

Nowadays, we use Greek terms for these regions and continents because we don't know their true names. Doubtless the Germanic, Nordic tradition approximates more closely to the true original.

For the Hindu-Aryans, it was Aryanabajji, the land of the Aryan, of the Aryan Brotherhood.

Urdhavaretas — To go backwards, towards the point of origin, retracing the involution of Kaliyuga.

Urna — Superior energy, spiritual power. The fifth-born women of Hyperborea, the priestesses of magic love, possessed it on their foreheads.

V

Vajra — Immortal, red matter, as hard as diamond, immortalised.

Vajra-cita — Language of the immortal mind.

Vajra-rupa — Immortal body made of Vajra.

Vajra-yana — Way of Vajra, of immortality.

Valkyrie — Disincarnate woman, mystical wife of the hero, who accompanies him in his struggle and waits for him in Valhalla to hand him the cup of the Grail filled with the ambrosia of eternal life.

Vanir — Name of the divine Hyperborean ancestors in the *Edda*. They enter into battle with their relatives, the Æsir, and later they intermarry, giving rise to the Teutonic peoples. They are like the Pandavas and Koravas of the great war of the *Mahabharata*. The Vanir lived in the Hyperborean north. Atlas or Irmin is said to

have been a Van. He supports the pillar. Odin or Wotan is an Asa. The God of the Axe, who travels with an axe.

Vara-Mudra — Magic gesture which destroys fear and bestows favour.

Varna — Means colour and also caste.

Vimana — Mysterious flying object, impelled by melodious sounds, Flying Disc spoken of in the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*.

Vira — The tantric hero, the semi-divine man-hero.

Vishnu — God of the Hindu Trilogy. He is the Preserver.

Völuspa — Most important part of the *Edda*, in which the Ragnarök or Twilight of the Gods is described. Nevertheless, the Gods will come back to life. The name comes from the prophetess, Völa, a Hyperborean Norn.

Vril — Magical, spiritual power or organ which puts one in touch with all the universes, with the other 'parallel worlds', and with the other dimensions. The Hyperboreans—especially the female magician, the female guru, the fifth-born in a family—possessed this power.

W

Wafeln — The ghost ship of the North Pole. It searches for the lost Hyperborea. It also symbolises Kundalini, because it tries to return to the point of origin, navigating beneath the surface of the water with all its lights on. It is like Quetzalcoatl's fiery Winged Serpent.

White Gods — In American legend, they are said to be the Hyperboreans who came to America in times long past, before the Hyperborean continent was submerged, when the poles changed places and the axis of the earth shifted.

Wildes Heer — The Furious Horde of the dead warriors of Odin-Wotan which will return at the end of time as the 'last battalion', to fight the decisive battle for the return of the Gods and the restoration of the Golden Age. The transfiguration of man and the earth. The resurrection.

Woevre Saelde — Mysterious woman, guide of the *Minnesänger*, the German troubadours, the Sons of Woevre Saelde, of Isolde.

Wotan — Odin. His emblematic weapon is the axe, a Hyperborean sign.

Y

Yggdrasil — Another name which the *Edda* give to the tree. It is destroyed during the Ragnarök.

Yoga — Hindu philosophical system, science and technique of 'unity' or reintegration, in the Vedanta. Technique, science of absolute 'disunity' in Samkhya dualism. Art of 'individuation', of totality, in the Tantra. Way of Absolute Personality and the Superman, of Resurrection, in the revelations made in this book. The way of NOS.

Yogini — Initiated woman of Tantrism.

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