

The Return of the Great Times



Jean Parvulesco

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BOOKS



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The Return of the Great Times

For Aleksandr Dugin and the Great Asian
Delegation in Moscow

Do I have the right? If it's such a big secret, should I reveal it?

Maurice Leblanc

The awakening of Kali will be terrible, and it will soon, you'll see.

Olivier Germain-Thomas

"Place Royale: Four questions to Jean Parvulesco

La Place Royale": We've just counted them, "La Spirale Prophétique" comprises twenty chapters, "twenty operative stations" you say. Now, of these twenty chapters making up "La Spirale Prophétique", you have already published a certain number, mostly in the form of articles, in specialist publications in France and abroad. However, "La Spirale Prophétique" is absolutely not what is commonly known as a "collection of articles" but, obviously, something else. What other thing, then? Perhaps you'd like to tell us: we have a strong suspicion that your clarifications on this subject might suddenly take on a rather exceptional importance, if only for those of us who would be prepared to recognise, in your very admirable essay on the Prophetic Spiral, something like a new route to the transcendental world of principles. A path that is still hidden, very hidden indeed, and yet already alive in its work, and already promising.

Jean Parvulesco: Unfortunately, I can't give you a short answer. I think we have to resign ourselves to having to give an account of certain special procedures that are singularly unusual, difficult to admit and also difficult to grasp. In fact, I think that charity is superior to mercy, and that mercy itself is far above any knowledge of oneself, of heaven or of the world. The highest initiatory action therefore concerns the inner perfection of charity, its secret, infinite intensification in relation to itself. What is charity that is not, above all, paroxysmal charity? But there is also, for some, the merciful vocation of teaching, or rather of the sacrificial gift of oneself through teaching and its veiled charisms. All teaching is thus, ultimately and by its very essence, a sharing of the philosophical wine, a sharing of the fire and blood invisibly at work in the self-intensifying, sacrificial, didactic gift of the wine of science, the wine of living science. Moreover, our people never stop saying it, *ars magna didactica*.

At a certain point in my own spiritual journey, the test teaching was also imposed on me, a penitential test if ever there was one. It then became very clear to me that, of a certain earlier group, I was perhaps the only one still alive who still had within me the knowledge of certain things that are difficult to communicate to those who do not have a deep predisposition to do so. And that, by the same token, my duty at the time was to share these things wisely. Things, moreover, that are essentially non-sharable. So how did I go about it? I drew up a plan and tried to assemble the material

special, and no doubt much more than special, work of information, of unveiling, of learning, of bringing operations up to date, which constituted, under the often necessary dissimulation of some literary or other approach, the essence of what it seemed to me I had the strict duty to bear witness to in combat, a witness that could be both immediately usable and immediately life-saving. This led me to envisage the publication of *La Spirale Prophétique* and its sequel, *Le retour des Grands Temps*. Books, then? Books, books and more books? But what can I do? Such is the cadaverous fate of this dark season of indignity, when everything must end under the pitiful curse of being put into books, of being consigned to the mass grave of a civilisation that is now coming to the direct and visible historical establishment of its own decomposition in and out of time. I would nevertheless like to point out that the truly inspired and driven, vital, predestined part, I would even say, of my ardent teaching project was necessarily to work beyond the planned mortuary rituals, sustained in the background by the current infestation of a world that has fallen into the nocturnal trap of the omnipotence of the book, and of books. Because what mattered to me above all, following the inner edge of my sole accepted mission, was to make a living work, to trace, through myself, with myself, a furrow of high revivification on the most compromised fronts of this world where we have been called to fight the last battle. So I looked for what I had to do on my own, and I looked until I realised that most of my work consisted, in fact, in *reiterating in red* the things that were so dangerous but so life-saving that it fell to me to say, teach.

in other words, to actively project, to introduce, to plunge, to engulf, as a whippoorwill, in the avant-garde current, in the front line of the advance of history currently underway and of the prescience that some people could still give themselves as to its Western direction. The teaching that I was charged with transmitting as a whippoorwill, therefore, had to begin by penetrating more or less clandestinely, and by lodging it more or less subversively in this very place through which flow the undercurrents of living consciousness and living history of the times that are, despite everything, ours, times of non-life and survival, times, too, of a life to come, of another life. Hence the long walks that I have imposed on myself to inflict on most of the testimonial and research texts that make up *La Spirale Prophétique* and *Le retour des Grands Temps*, ritually perpetuated walks through the obscure, teeming and insecure woods of today's Western consciousness, be it our own or the one closest to us. Through the closely guarded channel of their publication in the form of articles, or conferences held in very small circles, or radio interviews or on confidential cassettes, through rumour and in other forms too, more metapsychic I should say. All the constituent parts of these books of special teaching, of these books of veiled teaching, have in fact been *carried* - like Isis carrying the XIII pieces of the liturgically butchered body of the Divine Osiris throughout the Gnostic expanse of her inner Egypt - through the uncertain vestibules where the states of the current operative consciousness of a world already so profoundly engaged in the entry of its passage to the Great West are made and unmade.

and overloaded with all the influences, all the winds at work in the field of their own action, and from which they had thus very deliberately suffered the terrible fires of recognition, the greedy bites and the living stigmata, that the constitutional pieces of this teaching in progress, that its "twenty chapters under test, or its twenty operative stations" had to definitively take their place inside the book designed to collect them. Thus tested, subjected to the demands of their own direct action in the field, modified to the task and some even cancelled, taken out of the game, others exalted by these shameful incursions into the vital space where they would one day have to say, to say themselves, all the texts currently present in the overall plan of *La Spirale Prophétique* and *Le Retour des Grands Temps* are nothing but the glowing remains of their own ritual walk, of their long prostititutional procession, veiled, or as it were barely half-veiled, through the very places where, at the end - I mean even now - they have just appeared with their faces uncovered. For such are the great powers of the art that we practice so humbly. Didn't our Dom Pernety say, in a text that I so enjoy repeating whenever I am legitimately given the opportunity: "The prostituted woman of the Philosophers is their Moon, their vegetable Saturnia, their Babylonian Dragon; Art purifies her of all her defilements, and restores her Virginity",

Before being brought together in the books designed to receive them and carry them, namely, I repeat, *The Prophetic Spiral* and *The Return of the Great Times*, I did not hesitate to demand that all the texts spiritual and cosmological teaching that had to pass through me should not undergo

long, mercilessly, and as brutally as possible, the humiliation, the abject and, all in all, irrevocable dismemberment of philosophical prostitution. Outside the nuptial and very amorous black prostitution of our own, there is no salvation. I have therefore said nothing that I did not previously want to prostitute throughout the world. And I would be very sorry if anyone to see fit not to take me literally; I mean *ad litteram* (for what it is to take literally, see also, and with what extreme profit, von Seebotendorf's little indigo treatise recently published in Belgium).

"La Place Royale": In the concluding chapter of "La Spirale Prophétique", entitled "L'appel des origines antérieures", you wrote: "The new fire must come, and from now on only those who bear the inconceivable stigmata of that fire can speak. I myself experienced Apollo's thunderbolt on 2 August 1952, at around five o'clock in the evening, in front of number 23 rue Boislevent in Paris. Since then, everything has been a vision for me. As you are no doubt aware, what you are telling us about yourself has not failed to move many of those close to you, more or less discreetly, and to arouse the attention of certain spiritualist and occultist circles in Paris (and we have proof of this). So what was it that had happened on that day, in that place, that was so exceptional, so completely irremediable?"

Jean Parvulesco: Sometimes it's impossible, really impossible, to say everything in one go. I've already said some things, perhaps even a lot, about 2 August 1952, and I'll say some more: in the end, one day, everything will be said, but shouldn't I fear that day? On that 2 August 1952, rue

Boislevent à la Muette, let's say it's that terrible moment when, in the lives of those who are subject to the active, imperious attraction of a transcendental occult centre located outside the immediate boundaries of this world, the visible catches fire and abruptly bursts into flames under the inner thrust of the invisible, where eternity penetrates the existence in question and, for the space of an instant, engulfs it from top to bottom, from the inside out, setting it ablaze and turning it into a rock of incandescent crystal, like a fortress of live embers rising up from the farthest beyond, right into the heart of the present hour. And all this so that, for a privileged moment, the person entering the path is invited to embrace the outcome of the path, and to know its most intimate secrets, but to forget them immediately.

Between this entrance and this culmination, both struck by lightning, The long years of shame, powerlessness and emptiness, the dark torment of the fatal pitfalls of the path itself in its probationary march, in the infinite tearing of its upward spiral, will follow. Any details? By analogy only. Think of that confessional passage from Saint Paul where, speaking as someone other than himself, he describes his "rapture on the ultimate heights", Often, at the first hour of the evening, I arrange for myself to pass, alone, as a waking dreamer, a somnambulist, an irremediable exile, a melancholic excluded from the *saeculum*, in front of the Maison Rouge which, in Rue Boislevent, at La Muette, bears the number 23. And there, what does it matter what shady mediocrity appearances offer themselves to my mystical passion, to my high cosmic dementia? I should also point out that this is a Maison Rouge, which both exists and

may not even exist: if, in the rue Boislevent, it produces a dogmatic façade, the same one that bears the number 23, and supports windows on five floors, its entrance, its only front door, is in the rue de Boulainvilliers, at 59 rue de Boulainvilliers. In law, then, 23 de la rue Boislevent could not exist, or would only exist on the day when a passageway opened from within the blind wall of rue Boislevent, a crack of shadow, an induced door. Hypnotically, mediumistically, transcendently, what indefectible, extraordinary cosmic mystery has kept drawing me, for well over thirty years now, to the Maison Rouge in the rue Boislevent and its booby-trapped passageway, opening, I mean opening, onto what live galactic chasms, onto what vertiginous previous immemory? I know that one day the jaws of darkness will loosen, I know that one day we'll know, I know that one day I'll say it.

"La Place Royale: However, the very expression or, if you prefer, the concept of the "prophetic spiral", which you have chosen to use as the title of your book, is enigmatic. What, in fact, is the 'prophetic spiral'? And if there is a prophetic spiral, a prophetic spiral as a rising, prophetic current, are you in a position to provide us with proof of the effectively prophetic, visionary powers that are attached to it, by telling us, without further ado, right here, what our near future will be made of, even if it is the most closed, the most secret, the most forbidden?"

Jean Parvulesco: Any spiritual experience of salvation, of deliverance, of liberation, of returning to the forgotten or lost centre
- a return to the mysterious and fascinating Anschau by Wolfram von

Eschenbach, or to the polar lands of *Auberhodes*' Christological enchantment in Henry Montaigu's royal vision - must necessarily take on the identity of an initiatory journey, a path that is initiatically active. All spiritual experience is an ascent, and an ascent in a spiral. There is no initiatory path other than an ascending one. Why spiral? The upward spiral endlessly repeats the same dogmatic identity structure, the same unique identity structure, but each time it is assumed, and as if it were aspired to an immediately higher level. Death and resurrection of the same, ever closer to the sun.

The spiral ascent proves, manifests that the passage from one spiritual level to another can only be made through the nights of the fundamental and operatively foundational death, through the initiatically experienced death of the one who, in us, represents the previous spiritual level, the level to be surpassed and, consequently, to be left behind "like a dead snakeskin". It is in death, with death and through death that the ascent takes place, and the spiral is the very form of the inner crossing of death. And, on the other hand, there is no spiritual ascent without the emergence of prophecy, in it and with it: prophecy is to ascent in the spirit what living light is to living fire. There is no upward spiral other than prophetic, as we know. This is why prophecy becomes, for us, the very proof of the passage of death, which manifests the philosophical subjection of death. I would add that, in addition to the exclusively initiatory, or philosophical, meaning of the concept of the "prophetic spiral", we can also concede to it an identity of a heroic order, to embody it, as it were, in terms of historical action.

in terms of higher activism. To consider, in other words, the Prophetic Spiral as a body of occult metapolitical protection and combat. As for the proof by prophecy that you do not hesitate to expect from me, I also hope that you are willing that, in an interview such as this, we avoid entering the realm of personal considerations (or so-called personal considerations). Without the slightest appeal to the always equivocal, always trapped lights of astrology, nor to the mystagogic instructions of the cycles in action, I believe I can assure you, from the outset and very exclusively in terms of clairvoyance alone, pure clairvoyance, clairvoyance which is a very virginal and very limpid mental fire, to assure you, I say, that 1987 is going to be the year of the Great Beginning Again, the year of the immense final reversal of world history which is about to encounter the submerging space, the total space of its foreseen conclusion, of its providential 'very last' deadline. This change will follow the cosmological evolution of an intensifying escalation already underway, building on what should, in principle, emerge, manifest and progressively reveal itself in March, July and November 1987 (March, July, November, the 'three Augustals').

This very special operative name - the "three augutals" - comes from the habits of the "undercover language" used by the royal magicians mobilised at the court of Catherine de Médicis.

The month August represents, carries the times - the temporality - where the "royal conspiracies" of the highest power, of "great history", are woven and unravelled, but these times, which are exclusively theosophical, are posited as in

outside, or above, T history, and the decrees conveyed by them cannot have any direct access to the current temporality of this world. These decrees, these magical acts of destiny and of the conspiracies that arm it, cannot therefore act without an intermediary in the times that are those of the world and of the history in which humanity moves from an immediate approach, alien to theosophical fulgurations: they only manage to emerge, or rather to make themselves recognised at work in the current of history, by their projection through the three august openings, the *March opening*, the *July opening*, the *November Cover*, openings magically provided for their sole occult use.

However, in order for it to come to full fruition, and eventually deliver the visible fulfilment of its original wish, the Augustan petition will require an entire decade to be made available to it, which will then have to open up to the operational deployment of the fearsome hidden, unavowable powers projected by their black lordships at work. A decade *held in* the exclusive service of the magical petition that has vocatively taken possession of it according to the "old rules", and which we ourselves, in our turn and *on our side*, have now managed to expropriate, to hijack the procedures by committing them to the service of our own cause, which has always been opposed to theirs.

So, through our own present, and most secret, commitments, the inner space for the fulfilment of our August vow concerning the year of departure, which, as we have said, is

the year 1987, will be covered by the August decade 1987-1997, a decade that we believe is already magically knotted ahead, already secretly subject to our own "theosophical and sidereal chariot" in motion.

Let us therefore understand that the year 1987 is thus invoked at work, by us, only as a principle, I say *inprincipium*, a de facto principle, destined to unfold in the inner space of the decade that it is now up to him to invest against the current, to make it change abysmally in sign, destination and mystery. What we are admitting to here is the setting in motion of an immense revolutionary project of cosmic misdirection.

And if I insist on specifying that this prophecy is only given in *principle*, it is at the same time, and already now as violently at work, a gigantic negative conjuration is being mobilised, in the invisible, in the twilight skies of the between worlds, so that in a first stage of action - but there will be others - and very incessantly - the saving reversal that the confidential protection bodies of the Prophetic Spiral are waiting for and preparing, the hidden predecessors of the Great Polar Revolution of which I spoke, and very incessantly - the saving reversal that the bodies of confidential protection of the Prophetic Spiral are waiting for and preparing, the hidden predecessors of the Great Polar Revolution of which I have already spoken somewhere, will find itself delayed, impeded, neutralised in the visible and in the invisible. Thus, seen from beyond the spaces where the lunar counter-attraction is exerted, the Earth seems to be surrounded, at the present time, by an immense ring of darkness invested by an increasingly intense blackness, an ever blacker blackness. Nothing that is providentially foreseen, nothing that must be salvifically done, will be done if we do not succeed in breaking, in undoing some of our watchers still know

To designate a title, a name theurgically already used in the greatest past, namely the Ring of Our Black Equals. Increasingly prone to over-activation, the hidden epicentre of the work in black, whose sole aim is to prohibit, or at least mutilate, the birth of a superhumanity, a "more-than-human humanity", is located in a cosmological power field whose closest direct reverberation level is none other than that of our current Moon. Ramsey Campbell: "It's something dead, terrible, inhuman. It's as if, in the Moon, there are still remnants of the Abomination that once descended to invade the Earth. A ring of vivid darkness which, however, is broken, or as it were brutally and unceasingly interrupted, in its circular continuity, at the vertical of the Adriatic, at the vertical of Medjugorje, precisely. This is what we must maintain; our survival, from now on, depends exclusively on this *interruption*, on this gaping hole in the encirclement of darkness that is imposed on us from above.

"La Place Royale"; Usually, an interview like the one we're doing today never fails to end with a question about the current projects of the person we're interviewing: it's a sort of ritual, a closing ritual we should say. So, keeping with the rules, we'll make this our fourth and final question: what are your next books, dear Jean Parvulesco, and what are your current major projects?

Jean Parvulesco: I hope you won't mind too much if I tell you, quite bluntly, that I really don't have any idea what you're talking about.

want to talk about my books in progress. Today, in the state of abject decay in which European civilisation has fallen into the hands of those whose name, for the time being, can scarcely be said, books are not published because great, saving, holy, sunny things must imperatively be brought to the attention of our desolate people, but because we have succeeded in titillating the good pleasure of some book trader. Let's gloss over it. One day we'll come back to it all the same, guns blazing. As for my projects, or, as you say yourself, my 'major projects', they all stem from one and the same undertaking: to raise, to build very clandestinely the high mental, spiritual, even Eucharistic walls of a new Western consciousness of being or, to use a rather extraordinary fighting expression of Henry Montaigu, a new Western feudalism, supremely clandestine, a parallel hierarchy, or rather a replacement supra-hierarchy waiting for the time. So I think I can confide in you that the three projects that are closest to my heart at the moment, each in their own way and all three together, provide for the setting up of metapolitical combat structures that are both immediate and decisive. Three projects which, as you can well imagine, may conceal others. For example, some of us are already rushing to set up a Société du *Chevalier Bleu* (Society of the *Blue Knight*) for theurgic purposes, the intimate elevation of which would astonish even some of our closest friends to death, with the avowed aim - but which will hardly be the only one - of pursuing as far as possible, to the very bushy confines of our Auberhodes, the spiritual and transhistorical implications of Henry Montaigu's initiatory novel, *Le Cavalier bleu*, published by Denoël in

1982, and immediately swallowed up in the most perfect silence. In other words, to try to draw out and put into action the ultra-secret lessons it contains, coiled up like a knot of divine vipers in the crystal egg of our clearest and hardest royal expectation. *The Blue Rider*, as we have already realised, is absolutely not 'a novel like any other', nor is it the kind of reading we do, periodically, between a few people, in some of the most tragically shadow-filled undergrowths. At a completely different level of action, I intend to obtain the discreet provision of the means to set up a *Centre for Continental Geopolitics (CGC)* in Paris, the urgency of which now seems to me to be, as if by itself, a tragic condition, which we must subsequently consider making a centre for continental geopolitics and even, when the time comes again, the very centre of all continental geopolitics, the vanguard geopolitical command centre of the Great Eurasian Continent.

Finally, let me confide in you that I have already done everything I needed to do to give birth, on 21 August 1986, to a Fighting Order of Saint Michael the Archangel, which will begin its activity - I understand that I want to be told, to be told the preconceived hour of its beginning - from the day when it is able to be admitted permanently within the walls of Mont Saint Michel. It is a question of freeing, in the most ruthlessly certain, clear and total way, the original identity, the Michaëlian status of the beginning, and all the ancient Michaëlian prerogatives of combat, of occult hierarchy and supra-hierarchy, of resplendent justice cosmically restored to its ontological place of the beginnings.

immensi tremor oceani. If Mont Saint Michel returns to Metatron. Metatron will return to Mount Saint Michael. There is salvation, and battle, and glory, and the Crown of Fire. Everything. And even if Providence were to cause me to disappear before the hour set for the fulfilment of my ultimate destiny, I know now that others will come after me to keep burning on high the living torch that I sacrificially lit in the time of darkness and secrecy, in the season of the most profound illegality.

How can I conclude this interview? After all I have just said, I can only do so by quoting *Le Cavalier bleu*: "The Chevalier d'Auberhodes is still among us. He has come back from far away, but he is alive. We must therefore begin France again, and the rest will come. *Incipit Regnum Novisimunu*"

On the activist mystery of "the other side of things

"La Place Royale: *You have been kind enough to answer the four questions we had planned to ask you today, with great sincerity and substance. But it may be that you would also like to tell us, in addition, something about your own mood at the moment, to broach a subject that is close to your heart and which, for our part, we were unable to see the urgency of. It would therefore be very important to us if you did not hesitate to share with us these hidden personal considerations, which - at the end, and as it were after the end of our present conversation - could find in it, precisely, the opportunity to appear with an open face. We would like you to take the initiative and give us an intimate, adventurous account,*

spontaneously commanded by a last-minute inspiration and, by that very fact, perhaps one of the most revealing testimonies.

Jean Parvulesco: In view of the intimate nature of the things that have been touched on in this interview, I think we need to come back to the active management of the separate domains that we are constantly trying to bring together on one side or the other of the 'line of passage', the 'red thread of Roseline' that Maurice Leblanc told us about. This 'red thread of Roseline' will always allow itself to be caught between the visible and the invisible, between the sovereign, out-of-reach Platonic world, which is the haughty, luminous world of 'eternal principles', and the world history in the making, or that great loves tragically confronted with their descent into the flesh, in social environment of their most secret emergences; Or of writing, too, which would attempt to give an account of it; I mean, then, of everything that sets out to establish an approach - necessarily predatory - from the principles towards the world obscured, tainted, fallen, alienated by non-being, where sometimes the world of principles itself must venture sacrificially. To venture there, then, through the intermediary of those very people who - if there is passage, there must also be smugglers, and pasts too - find themselves charged with doing it, missionaries, carriers of influence and secret agents, [provocateurs en piste, captains of divine industries, clandestine makers and un-makers of history, or rather of what seems (or should be) more or less clandestinely maintained at the level of history in the making and which, in fact, is but the breath of one and the same cosmic breath.

Enclosed in writing, the "resplendent light of principles" will be impoverished, but what then of those who must bear indelible witness to the visitation and passage of fire? Their entire existence, their living flesh, their conscience and their whole life will be mercilessly marked, *signed*, vowed and assigned to the lordly mutilation of the predestined, like Jacob the withered hip.

How, then, to write without falling, without accepting the atrocious risks of the operative disqualification of that which, on entering this world, immediately sees itself wasting, adulterating the very substance of its participation in the descent thus underway? Let's not insist too much on this, we will always have to *distinguish between the two*.

For, from the moment they descend, from the moment they plunge into the current history of this world, absolute love, absolute revolution, absolute power, absolute writing can no longer be attained except by a prior acceptance of their chipping away, of the intimate degradation of the experience we may have had of them.

As an experience, absolute writing - here and now, we're only talking about writing - can in no way be anything other than the wounded approximation of what remains and sometimes even attempts to perpetuate itself from the moment enters, passes through and asserts itself in the world: For *those who know*, for the *very few*, there's nothing to worry about, because "that's the way it is", and we have to say, on this subject, with Claude Seignolle, that, in any case, *what doesn't work always eats into what could work*.

Hence my obsessive habit of always inaugurating the action behind my writings with a direct confrontation, at

naked, with the vivid immediacy of this world, with the obscure muddle of circumstances in the midst of which I know they are called to act.

And so, let it be very imperatively said: never will there be a piece of writing which, once published, brought to the outside world, does not reveal some kind of admonition, some alienating diminution of his writing, some depredation. The very depredation that marks his installation in this world, the bite in significant deprivation of being that will have been imposed on him when he crossed the line.

No, perfection of rendering, *reconstitutio ab intégra*, can never be something of this world, something given in this world. What is more : it is very precisely from the living wound, from the visible admonition there - secret burning scar, and at every turn as if erased in advance, immemorial - that will confess or, if you like, denounce the arrival in this world of a state of testimony, of high project or of divine irrational affirmation, consciousness or writing, coming from F "other world", from the world of "eternal principles", thereby inflicting on it the distinguishing mark of its own establishment, a distinguishing mark bearing, then, the legal guarantee acknowledging its successful interference in this world, that we will be able to grasp, to make our own the principial message adventurously conveyed, towards us, in the manner of an inescapable "mission order". It is the impenetrable very mask of thus comes to us from the furthest reaches, from the depths of the unfailingly forbidden, that is responsible for delivering to us both the encrypted message and the cipher that will unlock its formidable, terrible secret in action.

Constituted as an additional sum of signification, it is these very failings that will thus have to constitute the judgement of the establishment of a writing that has appeared - a new, living writing - in this world, and which will also tell us what the world itself was and, in the world, the archaic configurations of the very place and time in which this was done by the order and in the very circumstances of the nativity of this writing, of any writing that carries a message from "beyond the world", taking us from beyond the announced ban, marked on the ground by the *red thread of Rose line*.

Let's resign ourselves. It is hardly the conformed perfection of the rendering that should dictate our exemplary finality, but the real state of its relative imperfection, which alone reveals and, each time, proposes the proper mark, the scarring gash - constantly reactivated - of the formerly supplicated, supplicating descent of the train of principles into history. The dialectical arrangement operating from below, followed, grasped right down to its most intimate progress, or the most accurate, supposedly definitive expression of a piece of writing - of a living piece of writing

- are of no concern to us, so to speak, nor, moreover, will they ever reach us as they are, but only in the state in which this writing will be available to us once it has been integrated and placed in the context of this world. And what makes it different is that we can recognise *Roseline's red thread*, which must mark it out for us, so that we don't stray too dangerously into these dubious, uncontrollable and haunted waters. Full of life.

These procedures can lead far, extraordinarily far. I take the liberty of giving the following example. On page 227 of the first edition of *La Spirale Prophétique*, the text that appeared after the book went to press is as follows

quite different from the archaic original : reversals, omissions, many, many shells, some of the most unhealthy - that deadly black gravel of the shells, always there - and, at the end, the mutilation, the *sucking out*, they say, of a quite essential passage, establish, in effect, the hallmark of this writing's encounter with the state of the world at the moment of its emergence there, already exhibiting, with it, the dubious task of its own negative fatality and thus quite naturally making *a distinction*.

I have therefore decided to restore, below, as a ritual of symbolic retaliation, a ritual that may be useless, random, but singularly revealing, disturbing to the point of making it a kind of counter-subversive provocation in action, what should have been, of this same text, if it had not had to suffer the damage of the passage of the line, and of its establishment in this world. But at the same time I would maintain that it is also undoubtedly one of the most important things that it was so, and that, in a certain sense, the less it says about it still ends up, somewhere, in fact, meaning more for a pre-warned attention, already on the alert.

Because, as you yourselves should have understood by now, in these rather special circumstances, for us everything is, in advance, a profound cipher, a counter-subversive progression towards a single and always concealed goal, this *single goal* in which we recognise our only secret, our "great secret",

Once it has been fully repaired, the text we need to find is as follows:

"Marie Victoire de Risnitch, who became Countess Keller through her marriage, was then well into her fifties. But, according to an account of the time, quoted by Jean Saunier in *La Synarchie* - I'm talking about this account of the time, a key novel published in Paris in 1886, *Monsieur le Marquis. Histoire d'un Prophète*, signed by a "Claire Vautier, de l'Opéra", in fact the nom de guerre, as Jean Saunier points out, of a "demoiselle Vigneau", a former enraged mistress of Saint- Yves - Marie Victoire de Risnitch could appear, even at that time, to be extremely *predisposing*. Claire Vautier wrote: "Countess Keller had retained, despite the years, the remnants of a beauty considered famous at the time of the last empire. Very tall and slender, her face slightly slumped under the blush that skilfully concealed the wrinkles, her deep black eyes made more expressive by the blurring that accentuated their shape, the Countess carried her heraldic head high and imposed her proud and sovereign grace on everyone. Violent storms had passed through her life. She had inspired great loves and powerful hatreds, sown many blessings along the way and reaped black ingratitude. She had been involved in bold financial and political ventures and had even played a role in Germany's last war with France that was important enough not to be forgotten.

Knowing our current centres of interest, you will also understand how desirable it seems to me that a republication of Vautier's book, *Monsieur le Marquis. Histoire d'un Prophète*. should be considered by our readers.

In the then very powerful female secret society conspiratorially in action, in the name of a certain - and perhaps even very great - imperial theosophism, at Compiègne, around the reigning empress, Eugenie - Eugenia de Montijo y Guzman - a secret society whose memory has been perpetuated under cover under the name of the "Otters of Compiègne", and at the head of which the Empress herself, the great "Golden Unicorn", had radiated from Compiègne into the superhistorical invisibility of the time. Did Marie Victoire de Risnitch have to play the profoundly mysterious role of the great "Black Otter"? On the other hand, could these rich denominations, "recognised in the invisible", these lofty theosophical and theurgic procedures of power and action, these very special occult revolutionary undertakings, have continued underground, as some recently claimed, right up to the present day? It seems to me that we need to look at the Parc Monceau and Versailles. And perhaps rue Vernet, near the Etoile. Under the mystagogic ferrule of Marie Victoire de Risnitch, the 'Black Otter', the cosmic round of the 'sidereal handmaidens' of the great 'Golden Unicorn' has perhaps not ceased to turn and turn occultly on itself, waiting 'in the stars', because its hour has perhaps yet to come, when it should take shape - resume - and be *fulfilled*, following the original vow inscribed on Empress Eugénie's "supernatural talisman", the ancient "supreme imperial project" of the "Black Otters" of Compiègne, which was in its time and still remains the impenetrable conspiratorial secret of an inspired Western initiatory elite, brought to work "from beyond the world",

Finally, there remains to be found the operative reason why I insisted on restoring this passage of my writing on Alexandre Saint- Yves d'Alveydre to its virginal, intact identity, before the mutilation, ritual in a way, that it had to undergo during its passage through printing, during its 'passage into history', I mean this writing rather than any other, because as we already know, all of them - our initiatory, inspired or visionary writings - must, when they reach us, carry an intimate sign of depredation, of customs defilement (a rule whose secrets we have just defined).

Is the choice of this passage, then, intended to be the vehicle an announcement of immense scope, or held to be so, the fiery seal of this book itself in its final whole, *Sigillum Dei Aemeth*?

And I could even confess that I only agreed to do this interview so that I could answer a fifth question, which isn't even a question because it wasn't planned at the outset, and which, moreover, is only important because of its final mention of the sovereign shadow of Marie Victoire de Risnitch. Perhaps, because around her, what cosmic knot had been established, and for what unalterable ends?

Isn't the great subterranean story a string of knots linking, in the deepest shadow, the visible and invisible? Once untied, could a major knot then be re-tied, and re-tied in such a way that it could never be untied again?

1987-1997, then: so I'm going to take up again that ancient foundational and reopening word whose secret of power seemed to have been definitively lost and unravelled, when it was only

not preventively reabsorbed in its perfect dogmatic sleep, watching for the next cosmic turning point conducive to its ultimate revolutionary deployments, the word announcing that "everything is returning to the zone of supreme attention". A thundering password, and an immemorial reminder.

But what will be rekindled now will never be undone again.

Is the Ancient Religion of Earth and Fire coming back?

The work of the Sarmatikus group

The man we call Sarmatikus - a nom de guerre he chose for himself several years ago - is a young medical researcher from Moscow, known for his advanced occultist preoccupations. A renowned writer, essayist and editor, he has published the most revealing works of Guénon, Evola and Meyrink in Russian. Meyrink. Recently, a small spiritual action group with sometimes dangerous initiatives has gathered around the radiant personality of Sarmatikus, from whom some hope for great things. Below, in a highly significant document, I give a fragment of the letter Sarmatikus sent me from Moscow on 26 June 1992, the last sign of life I received from him and his group. Many vertiginously illegal things have happened to them since then.

"Thank you very much for Graham Masterton's novel *Walkers*, which you gave to our comrade A.D. to bring to Moscow. When I read the passage in which it is revealed how the ancient Celts used the *ley* lines to reach the North Pole underground and clandestinely invade Eurasia and the Americas, I was seized with a decisive, commanding and *sacralising* inspiration. Some of my friends and I immediately sprang into action. To reproduce Solomon's Pentacle ontologically, we mobilised three young women - for the 'head down' triangle - and three young men, for the 'head up' triangle, myself and one of my companions taking charge of reproducing, together, through the act of love, the radiant centre of the Active Figure, the seventh point, the Seventh Fire. The figure itself had been traced on the whitewashed wall in blood, with each of the participants contributing an equal share. For the "little song" to be played on the flute, we had collected around twenty pieces of old Russian folk music, of which we finally chose four, from which we will have to choose the one we think is closest to what is needed. Everything fits, in fact, and responds to the secret in act of an *absolute necessity*. So that's more or less where we are. But let me also confide in you that certain assurances have subtly come to us, and they are so encouraging that, as I write to you, I am quite certain that we will soon manage to *cross over to the other side* and that, as Russians, we will then try to reach the North Pole first and foremost. But in the meantime, I'll continue to keep you informed. Let's not lose touch

It seems to me that this letter from Sarmatikus sheds spectral light on the chapter that follows.

A metapsychic trap

Graham Masterton has rightly become a leading star in the glittering galaxy of young English-language authors who have chosen to take up the mantle - will we ever know under what influences, coming from much further afield than we think, and for what nocturnal, more than secret reasons?

- and to take it up again by exacerbating it, and also, by considerably raising its spiritual, "initiatory" level, the career of the occult and mystery novel. Under the guise of learning the forbidden paths leading to worlds outside our own, the occult and mystery novel, which is the Western novel par excellence, will once again find itself in the old, very old positions of uninterrupted, desperate combat, These positions belong to the realm of the long subterranean Celtic dream, the long nightmare of lightning in which the legendary confrontation between Celtic Romance and the active darkness of the Anti-Reign continues endlessly. And it is in this way that the liberating vow of these times of high final doom, which are our times, is fulfilled, if only in legendary literary terms: the vow that the camp of those who seem doomed in advance will neither succumb nor surrender, will not accept defeat, if there is to be defeat, without having fought its final battle, the greatest and most desperate, the "Decisive Battle", *the Endkampf of the "Ancients of the Far North"*.

In *Walkers*, with its original title, which I consider sublime, published in 1989 by Tor Books, New York - and translated into French by François Ruchot, in 1991, for Presses Pocket, under the title *Démences*, which is as dubious as it is subaltern, totally changing the level and metaphysical register of the discourse - Graham Masterton plays a game with several different approaches, and whose dangers it is therefore rather difficult to appreciate straight away, the invitation to penetrate the uncertain and treacherous lands which he offers us access. It's a contrived, guilty and cunning invitation which, in fact, is much more than an invitation, since it is - as we will understand later, and too late - a misappropriation, a clandestine and alienating appropriation - for ends that are, after all, unavowable, of the consciousness, of the very life, perhaps, of those who allow themselves to be trapped by the reading offered by this novel, whose intimate slope will surreptitiously lead elsewhere, and this elsewhere being, as we shall see, with no way out and no return. When a hellish opening is made, there is a *warning*.

Right down to the story itself, Graham Masterton's novel seems like a hallucination, *amidst ferns swaying in the wind*. A group of 137 dangerous lunatics, all violent and unstable criminal deviants, under control in a vast house of isolation located, or rather hidden, in the middle of a wood of white oaks in Wisconsin, the special psychiatric establishment *The Oaks*, all disappeared one night, without leaving the slightest trace, "as if by magic". The night of 21 June 1926. Subsequently, and faced with the inconceivable, the authorities in charge of the State of Wisconsin decided, on a dual psychiatric level

and police, to hush up the whole affair, to put up a wall of silence against the wall of what reason refused to admit. The special psychiatric establishment *Les Chênes* sank into neglect, overgrown with bracken and a few *other things* too.

Sixty years later, someone - John T. Reed Jr., a Milwaukee businessman, an avid fighter and a young man with unsuspected intimate resources - arrived on the scene in an apparently most fortuitous manner, was taken by the superior and decadent fascination of the place, and conceived the plan to buy the derelict house and adjoining grounds and turn it into a vast leisure estate, the Merrimac Court Country Club, "owner and president John T. Reed Jr. Graham Masterton nevertheless took the precaution of pointing out, quoting Barry Fell, that name Merrimack sounds like the Gaelic words *mor-riomach*, meaning "of great depth".

But by putting his left foot into the invisible wolf trap that had been secretly waiting for sixty years in the deserted and haunted premises of the derelict *Les Chênes* psychiatric institution, the future president of *Merrimac Court Country Club* - a club that, incidentally, would never see the light of day - would, without a second thought, unleash hell on earth. The escalation of massacres and bloody, demented horror unleashed by this man immediately reached the ultimate limits of the unbearable and even worse. John T. Reed Jr. almost loses his own life and that of his family and, in the end, he has to face alone what he himself has set in motion and, in this confrontation, prevail - at the very last moment - over the vanguard of the powers of darkness and their predestined leader, the assassin.

multi-recidivist Quintus Muller, the latter being the incarnation - or something close to it - of the necromantic *Quinta Essentia*, the quintessence of the infernal sewers rising up and ready to spread over the world from the special psychiatric and criminal establishment *Les Chênes*.

John T. Reed Jr. with *The Oaks* already sets the course of the story in a subtly magical way: "It was then that he saw the outline of what looked like roofs among the trees. He continued to climb the hill, and a few metres higher up he was able to see it quite clearly. A huge building with yellow brick towers; and luminous blue-grey slates; and rows of Gothic-style windows. Jack pushed aside the wires of the fence, lowered his head and crept cautiously between the barbed wire. The building stood across the dale from the road, its towers hidden among huge white oaks, so that, although it was built with such a view of the surrounding woods, it was almost impossible for anyone to see it from the road. He then had to move on and, without realising it, *go beyond a certain limit*: "All the windows were dark, dusty and bare; and many of the diamond-shaped leaded panes were broken. There were birds' nests abandoned in almost all the chimney shafts, or wedged between the spires. The whole building, standing in the gently falling rain, seemed bathed in an atmosphere of quiet despair, long-forgotten memories and refined regret.

I think that's about all that needs to be said about the story behind *Walkers*, for the rest - and it really won't be nothing - it's worth every penny. better to read the novel itself, +

In fact, it was when Graham Masterton decided he wanted to show how the convulsion brigade of patients locked up at Les *Chênes* had managed to escape without leaving the slightest trace, that this novel will suddenly become of extraordinary interest to us.

Labyrinths

Of extraordinary interest, isn't that saying too much? And, besides, why and Why this extraordinary interest? Because what is said here leads to immediate revelatory openings, to extraordinarily effective cuts in the blind - and purposely blinded - wall erected before us by the defensive prohibitions of high magic, of "initiatory regret". What is communicated to us far surpasses anything we might expect.

Why, I said, and hence the extraordinary interest of *Walkers*, or rather of what *Walker* is in charge of subversively conveying? I am convinced in advance that once the answer to this question has been exhaustively explained - and this will be the very subject of my present research - the awareness of things thus brought to their knowledge - and by that very fact to their power - will come to change profoundly, and no doubt most abruptly, the main approach, the direct action and even the very commitment of groups of more or less the same kind.

I'd like to mention a few confidential aspects which have been or will soon be challenged, or even violated, by the new situation of power defining and conveying forward what is now preparing to emerge, and to assert itself as the hour of a new great battle of Cosmic Devolution, and perhaps even the last one. To emerge, to assert itself, I say, this hour so inconceivably new, not yet in the full light of day, but already on the borders of the invisible and the visible where the midnight watchmen gather to act once again according to their sole law, and where the future spiritual destinies of France and of a world that we must recognise as truly reaching the State of the End are being forged clandestinely.

So, once again, where does this exceptional interest in Graham Masterton's novel come from? My answer is that, in a certain way and to certain ends, decisive revelations are included, revelations that closely concern the most advanced part of the states of work, the high work of manutantion of the fires and breaths in charge of those who never stop making their midday midnight and their midnight midday, and what a 'radiant midday' it is!

I don't want anyone to misunderstand what I'm really saying. Who would dream of denigrating the part played by doctrinal work, by the intellectual approach to the initiatory path? As we know only too well, well-conducted doctrinal learning kindles and super-activates the fires of self-improvement, illuminating the perilous options for climbing the bottomless, unspeakable pre-ontological precipices from which *we lurk*.

That's true. But the fact remains that, for those of us who are already well advanced on the path, it is no longer doctrinal teaching and its intellectual vertigo that could mobilise our attention, which is existentially polarised by the sole aim of the salvific march within ourselves and outside ourselves alongside whoever is leading us there so occultly - what we call *Brahmacharya* - but the unveiling of the procedures, of the special and highly prohibited methods of operation that make up the occult heritage of those who preceded us on this terrifying *Via Ignis*, where we in turn are now playing our go-at.

From this point of view, it seems to me that the arsenal of forbidden teachings that lie dormant in the underground world of Graham Masterton's novel that interests us here will meet the expectations of the most demanding, the most advanced among us.

"For a new sanctuary to come to life, the old sanctuary must be hidden and disappear", the rule has not yet changed, and never will.

So, before Dr Elmer Estergomy bought the vast mansion he later called *Les Chênes* and turned it into a psychiatric and criminal isolation establishment, it had been called *Le Labyrinthe*, and had belonged to the man who had built it, a brewer of German origin - from Germany - named Adolf Kruger. Adolf Kruger. Originally, Adolf Kruger had had *Le Labyrinthe* built according to his own plans, and his plans had been conceived with an operative, magical and necromantic purpose, and by the same token cosmological and cosmic.

a secret plan of continental, planetary and, in the final analysis, polar dimensions. And we shall see later what *these dimensions* were in their active sense, acting both in the invisible and in the visible. Clearly, Adolf Kruger himself had been a *high-flying* initiate, one of those figures from the deepest metahistorical shadow that the mysterious Karl Gotthelf, Baron of Hund and Altengrookau (1722- 1766), founder of the strict Templar Observance, Following the vision put into practice by Adolf Kruger during the construction of his *Labyrinth* near Milwaukee, Wisconsin, its occult mission was to exploit a fundamental magnetic node of the ancient Magic of the Earth, a specific manifestation of the high megalithic civilisations.

In *Walkers*: 'The magic of the earth' was the magic of prehistoric times, the magic of the Druids. The pagan priests believed that there were spiritual forces in the earth itself. They believed that all over the world, in certain very specific places, these spiritual forces manifested themselves in sacred places. In England, there was Stonehenge and Glastonbury. Here in the United States, we have Mystery Hill, in New Hampshire, and Gunjiyaump, in Connecticut, and North Salem, New York, and there are dozens more. *The Oaks*, in Wisconsin. And then: "All these magical places were connected by a network of perfectly straight lines. They were called *lignes-ley*, i.e. *lines-lea*, or meadow-lines. Quintus said that *Les Chênes* had been built at the precise intersection of several of these lines.

these lines-ley - that, in fact, it was the main centre of earth magic for the whole of North America - and not by chance, but by deliberate design

And again in *Walkers*: "I remember him saying that the house itself was the key to the underworld. It was like a labyrinth, he said, and if he could find his way to the centre of the labyrinth, where these lines-ley converged, and the four elements of the universe became one, he would have access to the lines-ley, and would be able to escape by following them as if he were walking on a road". And even more precisely: "It was a mystical labyrinth; built on one of the most powerful sites in the whole of America, a site which had probably had a fearsome significance in those ancient times when America had been explored by the Celts, the Scandinavians and the Egyptians". And what's more: "Theseley lines have much more energy than modern scientists understand, particularly at certain times of the year. For example, the *bluestones*, the blocks of grey-blue sandstone that the ancient Bretons used to build Stonehenge, came from the Prescelly mountains in Pembrokeshire, over two hundred kilometres from the site where they were finally erected, and yet some of these blocks of stone weigh fifty tonnes. Scientifically, no one has yet been able to explain how the ancient Bretons were able to move a fifty-tonne stone one kilometre, let alone two hundred kilometres. But the Druidic accounts say that the stones had

were simply called, and that they came along the line-ley from Wales to Stonehenge, beneath the surface of the earth, *all by themselves*

But let's return to Wisconsin, and the terrible supranormal events recounted by Graham Masterton in his novel of mysterious second destinations, *Walkers*. In a tower in *Les Chênes*, since the days when *Les Chênes* was still called *Le Labyrinthe*, a rich occultist library had been lying abandoned, assembled there by Adolf Krüger himself. This library was as important as it was suspect, and also included, hidden away in a special reserve, a number of unpublished manuscripts, bearing witness to the journeys and experiences accumulated over the centuries by those of the underground brotherhoods who, at one time or another, had travelled from Europe to America, to Wisconsin, in search of the vicinity of the Great Lakes.

So it was by rummaging through Adolf Kruger's old library, which, out of indifference and ineptitude, no one had touched, that the dreaded boarders of the *Oaks* - under the inspired guidance of Quintus Huiler, but inspired by whom, or by what - had rediscovered, and finally succeeded in reactivating for their own benefit the ancient procedures for exploring and directly using the line-ley which had enabled them to escape into other space governed by the 'magic of the earth', and to remain there in a state of magical disappearance and concealment - free at the same time as prisoners - for some sixty years.

How did they do it? In *Walkers*. Graham Masterton says it all, I mean all the essentials. He says it clearly, and with an openly operative intention.

To the sound of the flute

The magical disappearance of the 137 psychopathic criminals who, on the orders of Quintus Muller, literally entered the walls of their establishment on the night of 21 June 1929, with the aim of joining the underground planetary labyrinth of the Greatley Lines, would therefore have had to follow an ultra-secret ritual convention from millennia gone by, which, according to Graham Masterton, would have been more or less as follows: Quintus Muller standing facing the wall of his room - of his cell

- on which he had traced the Pentacle of Solomon in his own blood, recited a number of incantations in Gaelic

- we are even given the text, in Gaelic, of some of these incantations
- and then plays an ancient magic tune on the flute, based on the measure instituted by the passage, by the interval that separates by uniting and that unites by separating the 'two' and the 'three'. The wall in front of him then opens up, becoming like air, and he enters, to the sound of the flute, with, behind him, the long, foaming, convulsive theory of his 137 companions in darkness. And the wall closes in after them as if nothing had happened. The fundamental role of directed vibrations, the whole operation being actively controlled by the sound of the flute.

Walkers: "The hardest part was finding a flute, the right flute. We had been planning our escape for months. And also: "The flute. To play the ritual music, to open the pentacle, so that we could all escape. And we did escape. Quintus went first, and then he went through the walls and played the music, and we escaped too. One who played and the others who followed, that was the ritual".

Quinta Essentia

Could we do the same ourselves? Without a doubt. Provided that all the magical conditions are fulfilled to the letter and in the spirit of the acting ritual, astral conditioning, ritual and, above all, *inner predisposition*. I will confine myself here to Graham Masterton's revelations, which are necessarily incomplete and obviously incomplete by design. But never mind, the main point is there. Mind you, in the following text there is, I believe, a kind of highly sophisticated evidential trap. *Walkers*: "The Pentacle of Solomon. The most powerful occult symbol ever known; even more powerful than the cross. It has as much significance in pagan cults as it does in Judaism and Christianity. It looks like a star, but more accurately, it should be interpreted as two triangles superimposed. The triangle pointing upwards, you see? which represents Fire and Air. And the triangle pointing downwards, which here represents Earth and Water. Where these triangles overlap, in the five-sided geometric figure, is the conjunction of the ancient power, the fifth element, Quintessence. Quintus used this power to escape inside the walls.

Quintus? Quintessence, then, or *Quinta Essentia*? The fifth son, Quintus. and the fifth element, the quintessence, our ancient *Quinta Essentia*, the living, burning, beating heart, the flaming heart of Solomon's Pentacle? Quintus, then, and the *Quinta Essentia*? This is precisely what I have just called myself, here, the fundamental magical condition of the *inner predisposition* of the high magical predestination required by the state of operator on immediate and direct reality, of occult ferryman from one world to another.

Traced on the wall, then, is the Pentacle of Solomon. *Walkers*: "This is the entrance to the underworld. A door, do you understand what I mean? The pentacle gives you access to the labyrinth; and the labyrinth in turn leads you to the place where theley lines intersect; and from there, you can go wherever you want, wherever you want,

Freedom from the other world

So you walk in stone, walls, under asphalt and underground, in the earth, just as you can walk in air, and in fire. Earth, water, air, fire, *all the same*.

Walkers: "In the fifth century, occultists knew how to move from one element to another; there was no problem. They saw the elements as a kind of ladder, which could be climbed from the stone-bound underworld at the bottom to the ethereal realms of heaven at the top. Under certain conditions, they said, the human soul could exist in all the elements, like a fish swimming in the sea. And then: "Even the Bible said so. *God formed man from the filth of the earth*. And that was true, that was

really happened that way. The Druids understood it, as did dozens of ancient cultures. Tonight, Jack had only reversed the process, not silt becoming man, but man becoming silt. It was a transformation as old as the world itself; a transformation that determined the link between man and God and the earth God had created. God and man were one and the same substance. Earth, Water, Air and Fire, and all that these elements comprised and implied, merged into the mystical and omnipresent quintessence". And there were other revelations too, very precise and very *accurate*. In his turn, Jack, having penetrated the wall, reaches the earth, *goes into the earth*: "Jack advanced rapidly, getting closer and closer to the line-ley; and finally he reached it. He could feel it all around him, a river that sang and echoed in the earth. His eyes were still closed, but he could feel the line-ley stretching out before him, straight and unwavering, across the whole of Wisconsin, continuing as far north as the polar ice. This was *how* the Celts had travelled the world, bringing their druidic culture to North America in the mists of time. And not by ship, in coracles: and they had not crossed the northern straits on foot", The same experience as Jack T. Reed Jr" in *Walkers*: "He made his way along the line-ley, running, like a man running in a dream. The earth and rocks flowed around him, flowed *through* him as if he had no physical substance whatsoever. Yet he felt the power of his body, and he felt the power of his spirit. He had returned to the element from which man had acquired his original form, and his original strength. He couldn't have said how fast he was running, but it was

incredibly fast compared to the speed at which a man might normally run when not in his element. He raised his closed eyes to the sky, the storm clouds of the night sliding dizzily above him.

And as we reach these tangential and perilous limits, all that's left for us to do is to acknowledge receipt of the very text - in Gaelic - of the opening incantations, acting directly, as it were, on the quintessential heart of the flamboyant red of Solomon's Pentacle drawn in blood, so that the ritual arsenal of the passage to the other space, of *entry into the wall, the stone and the bricks, the asphalt, the concrete, the earth and the depths of the earth*, we hold ourselves, at the sole disposal of our own qualifications, our most occult qualifications, unknown, unsuspected, very ancient within us.

Walker offers us the following two stanzas in Gaelic:

*Dia dha mo chaim, Dia
dha mo chuairt, Dia dha
mo chainn, Dia dha mo
smuain!*
*Caimi mi a nochd, Eader
uir agus earc, Eader ran
do reachd. Agus dearc mo
dhoille.*

As for the melody, the "little song" that had to be played on the flute, we are told that it was very close to an old nursery rhyme "a childish tune called *Le Roi*",

Lavender is blue, la la-la la, Lavender is green. Here I am the King, la la-la la. And you will be my Queen.

Is this 'little song' childish? I wouldn't wish it on anyone to be *led to see* what lies behind this 'little music' - what hides behind it, holds on to it and royally dominates it - without having been able to protect oneself with all the metapsychic grids required for its close defence. And then some.

Marguerite flies, flies

How John T. 'Jack' Reed Jr. will end up getting himself and those closest to him out of trouble while destroying - annihilating - the metapsychic hornet's nest of the ancient *Labyrinth*, later *The Oaks*, Graham Masterton will not fail to mention in his novel. However, we're not that interested in it any more, because this uplifting ending concerns *Walker* as a literary enterprise, as an occult and mystery novel in the old Western style, and not, as Graham Masterton also - and above all - intended, as a semi-transparent vehicle for a set of revelations concerning high Celtic magic in its most arcane, supratemporal roots, we ourselves having found in it the extraordinary interest we confess to having felt in this novel only insofar as, very precisely, it

this one had appeared to us to be, also, and in the most subversive way, something other than a novel, and even something completely different.

And yet, by that very fact, a certain number of unanswered questions are immediately raised, rather obsessively. Where could Graham Masterton have found the singularly forbidden information he mentions in *Walkers*, information about the underground journeys practised along the Iylines by the initiates of archaic Celtic civilisations? Which also raises the question of what special operational reasons prompted certain people - and who were these *people*, can we ever hope to know - to take it upon themselves to do what was necessary for Graham Masterton to benefit from this information, at the time when it had to be done, and *what was that time?*

I don't know if I can, and I don't know if I should either. Or least try to. On the other hand, what I do know is that the revelations conveyed by *Walkers* prove - experience - an initiatory conception of extraordinary antiquity - or, for us, novelty - , of extrodinary power of intimate awakening, and that the immediate operative usefulness of this concept goes beyond the sole field dealt with by Graham Masterton in *Walkers*, which is the field of journeys through the congenital materiality of the Earth Element, to also challenge other levels of magical intervention, thus enabling free circulation through the three other elements, Water. Air and Fire. But also Time, and some of the most mysterious of its folds, its inner ontological refuges with the status of intimate, living, occult marrow of Time and the connective tissue of its...

implicit temporalities, which we are entitled to claim we can subjugate through the rituals of penetration and free passage in racial possession and the most archaic Celtic magic.

And we could undoubtedly admit that the ancient Celtic magic and its procedures of ecstatic penetration of the elements of the very archaic Religion of the Earth take us straight back to shamanism and the fundamental shamanic vision of the world, if we were not to say that it is the whole of the civilisations of original shamanic religiosity, from Ireland to Japan, thus integrating the whole of the Eurasian great-continental religious space of northern gravity, which, for us, belongs to the outcomes, the revivals, the impositions, in turn glorious or subterranean, of the cosmic magic of the 'ancient Celts' with a supratemporal, sidereal and, to put it bluntly, *Venusian* identity, insofar as the quintessential junction of the four elements will open up, each time, to give way to the powers declared as such or covered up, which, in any case, will never be anything other than the powers of the Junction of Venus.

The vision of flight, penetration and magical mastery of the element Air and its highest sidereal and cosmic currents - the long secret rivers of the air are eminently navigable for the watchers of the Ivivi Brotherhood, about which Andréi Biely will speak, in more than a few words, in *The Silver Dove* - is a recurring and, so to speak, habitual vision in classical Russian occultist and mystery literature. We are spoilt for choice, with elevations and long aerial journeys aplenty. As for me, I shall retain the very disturbing sample provided in *Le*

Master and Margarita by Mikhail Bulgakov, through the aerial navigations of Margarita herself. "Leaving the pines behind. Margarita flew gently up to a chalky escarpment at the foot of which, in the shadows, a river flowed. The fog that hung over the landscape clung in shreds to the bushes on the cliff. The other bank was low and flat", and also: "Marguerite now found herself in a deserted and unknown land, where she began to fly slowly again, over mounds dotted here and there with erratic rocks between which towered gigantic pine trees", Unknown, this land? But who among us has not known it? A remorse, and a warning. Everything recedes, darkens again. The barrier in front of us becomes insurmountable once again. We have to call on outside help now.

A certain summer in Versailles

Magical penetration into the innermost marrow of time had been practised occultly, with a recent resurgence of intensity that could be grasped during the period of Catholic and traditional French royalty, and right up to the very confines of the ^{eighteenth} century, throughout the entire western and northern area of the Great Eurasian Continent, where the subterranean influences of the archaic religion of the Celts had to be exerted, and this was also the case along the course of the Danube, from its source in the Black Forest to its outlet at the Black Sea.

And the aim of those who come to try to subjugate time, to penetrate its inner domains, its black moors and luminous occult meadows, we have understood, is above all to create for themselves notches of retreat, ontological refuges that escape in a total and irreversible way, if, as this secret conception intends to affirm, time is only an invisible river flowing ahead of itself, the "river of no return",

In one of his first novels, published in 1930 and which is a masterpiece, *It walks by night* - I quote the translation given by Le Masque, *Le marié perd la tête*, Paris 1991, and you will appreciate the distressing cretinism of the French title - the great John Dickson Carr (1906-1977), the novelist of the occult and mystery who is perhaps most in tune with the Celtic identity of a certain Western novel, gives a brief account of an old-fashioned sentimental dinner, a candlelit dinner in the garden of a Versailles town house, on a certain night in 1927. I don't know why I hesitate to admit it, but the mysterious emotion I felt when I first read this passage troubled me to the point of bewilderment, or almost. Why was that?

I'd like to quote part of this nocturnal account here: "The orange and red Venetian lanterns were half hidden in the trees, and through the high dark branches we could see the pearl-coloured sky. We passed through a low doorway and crossed a thickly-grassed lawn to reach an area surrounded by a thick hedge where absolute silence reigned. The table was laid for two, and the tablecloth

The immaculate white room was lit by two slender candles whose flames flickered in the evening air. Beyond the hedge that protected us from prying eyes, the wind whispered softly through the foliage; from time to time, the wooden gate creaked imperceptibly on its hinges. There were two rustic benches in the cypresses, and a fountain in the shape of a lion's head let its pure, fresh water flow. Seated opposite each other in comfortable armchairs, we gazed at each other in silence, soft candlelight making the silver and crystal glitter.

Once again, why; why did this sudden, completely senseless disturbance, why this infinitely dangerous slippage out of myself come to me from this simple reading? Because I unconsciously recognised myself in it, because I rediscovered something about myself, and a world long lost - vanished - that must also have been my world, my only true world.

This is because the confidential architectural impositions and secretly significant - metasignificative - organisation of the space concerned by the Palais de Versailles and its surroundings of influence, of influence, radiation and direct reverberation never cease to maintain within them 'zones beyond reach', repplis, Refuges of Grace where time no longer has any hold on what is magically sheltered there, preserved forever from the black work of time, or at any rate until the Last Judgement.

I have decided to make a few admissions on this subject. There is a certain red marble fireplace in the Palais de Versailles, elegantly protruding into the room - it was originally like this, I don't know if things have changed somewhat since then in terms of immediate appearances - a red marble fireplace which, on its left as seen from the front, creates, in the wall from which it protrudes, very close to its junction with the wall, an irradiating and irradiated zone, a *zone of acceptance*. If we then play on a certain 'little organ' belonging to Marie-Antoinette - which for a long time was on deposit in the Church of St Sulpice in Paris, and which is now back in Versailles - a certain tune very close to the *zone of acceptance* at work there - and this tune is that of *Plaisir d'Amour* - music and words - the wall, at this point, will give way, by opening up, to a space of supratemporal retreat, towards the ontological notch of a timeless Refuge of Grace: from an inner courtyard, where there is a single tree and where a certain blue light reigns - a blue of lavender

- we can then be access to *another reality* of the Palais of Versailles. *Another* reality which, in fact, will be that of an ontological doubling of the Palace of Versailles as it is today, present in time, as it *appears* today, by a Palace of Versailles out of time, for which time stood still on a certain summer afternoon during the reign of Louis XVI.

Out of time, forever lodged in the living, burning heart of the greatest cosmic summer, this other Palace of Versailles is mystically illuminated by the resplendent inner sun addressed to a single occult glory, which is none other, still and always, than the sun of the sole person of Marie-Antoinette.

of Marie-Antoinette as she had been *that summer afternoon*, when Grace's Refuge had been set up, an admirable and salutary work by those entitled to it.

Sunday 26 May 1991, at the Grand Trianon in Versailles

However, in the greatest secrecy, things are still happening today that put back in their place the obscure fatalities of the temporal subjugations of our people, who cannot follow - or believe they are following, or pretend to follow - the downward spiral set in motion by the cyclical devolutions underway, only to better overcome it in the direction of the supratemporal ascent they alone have been granted, "endlessly sucked upwards, lovingly summoned by the sun

Is ancient religion of earth and fire making a comeback today?

? The revelation, for which I can assume responsibility in this instance, the controlled unveiling of certain facts occurring in the shadows, of certain operations of singularly active occultist scope, or reactivated, engaging cosmic procedures, astral and galactic elevations very great, immense immediate power, would, it seems to me, tend to prove this. Or at least to bring it to the attention of those of us who find ourselves summoned to it, if only as impersonal witnesses, present there as outside themselves, dogmatically. But we are all there, always have been, whether we know it or not, *because you are only there if you there.*

I would therefore like to quote, in a direct and absolutely exhilarating connection with all that has just been said here, on the subject of the return, first and foremost in France and consequently in the whole of the West, of the 'ancient religion of earth and fire', the fact of the great reserved ceremony in which she took part, on Sunday 26 May 1991, at the Grand Trianon in Versailles, Madame la Comtesse de Paris, accompanied by her seven Great Summer bridesmaids, rekindled in the times that have finally come - or returned - to us what had been lit by Marie-Antoinette *on that summer afternoon*.

With Graham Masterson's original expression - but *which is*, in the end, all Graham Masterson, and which leads him - aren't we, too, all *Walkers*. mediumistically invited to penetrate, to invest nuptially in the element Fire, the 'Sphere of Fire', or the 'Sphere of the Sun', just as the criminal psychopaths, prisoners free of the constitutional walls lent to them by *Les Chênes*, were able to do for the black element, for the very occult intimacies of the 'Sphere of the Earth'?

For the "Sphere of Fire" is, in fact, none other than the "Sphere of the Sun" and what the "Sphere of Fire" will reveal itself to be, by *holding on to it*, in relation to the identity and attractions of the planet Earth and the double polar summations of these lines-ley concentrating their beams on the North Pole and the South Pole, the "Sphere of the Sun" will show itself to be it galactically, in relation to the cosmos as a whole. It is thus understandable that, at Versailles, the penetrations of the "Sphere of Fire" give access the "Sphere of the Sun", and this is how the great amorous and magical operations reserved for the "Sphere of the Sun" came about.

in the inner space of Versailles act cosmically, are ultimately conceived and executed only to intervene in the march of cosmic time, to change the face and even the very being of the world in its total, unconditional, "royal" reality.

Are they resuming the 'great works' of yesteryear at Versailles? Will the renewal of the Pacte du Grand Eté once again be put into effect, and the very high penetrations of the 'sphere of the Sun' taking turns to bring about the hoped-for, implored decision, once again royally put to the test? This is indeed what I intend to reveal here, today, to seal in consciousness the as yet inconceivable beginnings of another sunshine, which will never be the same and will only ever concern one heart, the Eternal Heart. Didn't we say the Heart Eternal Summer?

Prefiguring the magical revolution of the royal star and its seven guarding planets, a revolution designed to reactivate the Pact of the Great Summer every two centuries, it was with a high intention of presence, support and occult rekindling that, on Sunday 26 May 1991, at the Grand Trianon in Versailles, Madame la Comtesse de Paris proceeded to a certain nuptial setting ablaze ceremony surrounded, in this work, by her seven Duchesses of Arms, the Duchesses of Gramont, d'Harcourt. La Rochefoucauld, Praslin, Noailles and Maillé.

Which is another way of putting it: the supremely secret doors of the Refuge of Grace are being opened today, again, and in cosmic, magical sunshine of Versailles "Marie-Antoinette will return, alive".

Ritually, I take up the call of the Duchesses d'Armes, an operative greeting if ever there was one, the Duchesses de Gramont, d'Harcourt, La Rochefoucauld. Praslin. Noilles and Maillé.

For it is much closer than we think, the great harvest that is whitening in the fields of the blood that was once shed, and whose ransom is already blazing, royally, in the depths of the French skies : it was because a certain part had miraculously been set aside, snatched from time and brought, on a certain summer afternoon at Versailles, to the Refuge de Grace provided for this supreme operative purpose, that Marie-Antoinette's destiny would be called upon to blossom in ways that no one had known or had to foresee, Covered, as they must have been, by a secret even more impenetrable than the final secrets of the death that struck, but whose chosen part had been stolen from the work done, the work continued, the work of death that will not be completed. "Marie-Antoinette will soon be back", I repeat.

To penetrate to the very heart of the Living Fire, of the Greatest Fire

This brings us to the conclusion of our discussion of the procedures for penetration envisaged by the archaic magic of the Earlier Celts for the 'last times', which are the times concerned with the exploration of the fourth element, the Element Fire. The intervention of those who penetrate the inner spaces of the cosmic conflagration is governed by the revolutionary mysteries of the sun itself, and will only be allowed to take place for a purpose foreseen, willed, predetermined by Divine Providence on the march, and of which

action will always be immensely subversive. Something has been planned for this, something is now taking place, and it will happen through the conjunction of Venus.

Just like the paroxysmal assassins tolerated within the walls of metapsychic earth and darkness that *Les Chênes* will offer them as a clandestine way out and a territory of refuge, we ourselves now find ourselves in a situation of implicit captivity, demanding that we act, above all, to change precisely this situation itself, to reverse its current and its very identity, 'its being and its face'. Now, at this extreme end of the cycle, when nothing can be changed about the disastrous direction the world and its history are heading for, in order to start again, to change the course of things, we need to be able to intervene on the hidden and out-of-reach summits of cosmic reality, to magically penetrate the Sphere of Fire and, from the Sphere of Fire, the Sphere of the Sun. To reach, at its very centre, the ardent domain of the One Love, to appropriate the secret of its living flesh.

We therefore find ourselves at the hour of the last combat of the gods, we are the last combatants of the Sphere of Fire. Metacosmic soldiers of the Junction of Venus, we fight with the gods and for the solar race of gods who are ours, at the level of their own battles, and the teaching which emerges from our ultimate elevations in progress is a military teaching, the very counter-strategy of the great final change of the world and the heavens. the total counter-strategy of the *Paravrtti*.

And so the ancient religion of Earth and returns once again, and the de facto authorities of the very high powers who, in other times, led its progress and subsequently ensured its subterranean survival, are reawakened within us.

The Michaëlian obligation

And, in the final analysis, I would also point out, and in the most trenchant manner, that all the External Help and all the high Hermetic, occult, perilous and prohibited tarvals, which the living work of penetration of the Sphere of Fire requires, as well as the heroic, existential operative penetration of the Sphere of the Sun, refer directly to the Archangel Michael and to his most intimate instances of acting power. All the paths of the lived penetration of the Embraced Spheres are Michaëlian paths and bear the colours of the Archangel of Fire, gold and green.

The divinising elite of the human race on the march - this *mysterious priesthood* invoked by John Paul II at Reims - is a michaelic elite; the inner horizon of our final liberation always opens out from the outset onto michaelic skies. For as long as the Western Cycle lasts, these will be the skies over France, of which we know that Archangel Michael is the Given Protector, the *Principle in Arms*. The Inner Heavens of a certain Prior France, of that "Secret France" whose supernatural and metahistorical triple mission John Paul II will proclaim again at Reims: a "priestly, royal and prophetic" mission. An inspired mission under the sidereal command of the Junction of Venus which, as at Trianon, mobilises and calls upon the feminine, Venusian part of the Sphere of the Sun and its seven nuptial planets, its Guard of Love.

In search of the Golden Sphere

The career a booby-trapped book

In the conclusions of his fascinating confidential research published in Blois in 1987, *Balzac et le Martinisme*, Marc Gandonnière writes that *esoteric facts are never hidden without reason, and can only be revealed when necessary*.

Everything comes in its own time, nothing is ever the fruit of circumstance alone. In the shadows, an unknown agent governs and predetermines the course of things, both visible and invisible. You never approach the hidden, the invisible, the forbidden part of history and the things of life with impunity. All people smugglers know that, by dint of skirting the frontier of the greatest danger, there is sometimes a risk of crossing it as if *by accident*, without having intended to, thus reaching the interior lands of the forbidden extreme without even realising it, sleepwalking. It's a tragic mistake, but one that we must nevertheless suspect has a hidden meaning, and one that is all the more fearsome because we will never know the ins and outs of it, destined to hide their game indefinitely: nothing is more premeditated, nothing

Nothing is more manipulated, subversively foreseen in advance, than what is being planned, what is being presented under the deceptive guise of the unforeseen.

For, by the very fact of approaching its frontier, we always enter, without knowing it, the zone of supreme attention, where everything is entirely under influence, where everything is at all times possible, and above all that which is impossible. The initiatory vision of reality is an abyssal vision where, in the oceanic shadow of being and its hidden watchers, everything is predetermined, the conscious and providential work of what the Martinists called the Unknown Agent.

So we need to understand the symbolic - and other - importance that should be attached, now that the time has come, to the fact that a book like Erle Cox's *The Golden Sphere* can at last allow itself to be approached in the final light of its full meaning, to unveil its constitutional ban, to deliver the major prophetic message that it was charged with safeguarding by hiding it, to convey to those for whom it was intended, and who were waiting for it without even knowing that they were waiting for it.

Out of the Silence, the fundamental book by the Australian novelist Erle Cox (1873-1950) - to whom we owe at least two other novels of high occultist implications, *The Missing Angel* and *Fool's Harvest* - was published in 1925 by Alan Jenkins. The first French edition of *Out of the Silence*, which, having changed title, became *La Sphère d'Or*, appeared four years later, in 1929, in the collection Le Masque, but, as Hélène Oswald warns us, "cut out more than half the text".

appeared in 1974, translated by Pierre Versins and published by Francis Lacassin in the "L'aventure insensée" series he edited in the 10/18 collection. And it was in the same 1974 translation by Pierre Versins that Nouvelles Editions Oswald (NéO) published the 1987 edition of *La Sphère d'Or*, with its gold cover, an edition that will serve as a reference for us.

In the meantime, and more particularly since 1974 when the first complete French version of *La Sphère d'Or* appeared in translation by Pierre Versins, small groups had begun to form in France with the aim of delving deeper into the message, both prophetic and confidential, conveyed by Erle Cox's novel, The most committed of these groups even published, under the direction of Charles-Antoine Terré, in Boulogne, in the 1980s, 'cahiers d'œuvre' entitled, precisely, *La Sphère d'Or* (N°1 in 1980,2 and 3 in 1981,4 in 1982 and this, to my knowledge, was also the last).

Of course, as none of us is unaware, initiation - the living establishments of the 'initiatory chain' at work, and whatever these chains may be - can only envisage continuing its work in the secrecy of an exclusively personal relationship, in the secrecy of a live teaching which must be provided, according to his unavowable but active abilities, by the superior predisposed to this task, charged with dispensing the knowledge, the living breath and the influences which it is a question of endeavouring to establish a regular perpetuation. However, something dramatically certain and completely new, unexpected, in these times of final dissolution and merciless obscuration, even the initiatory chains, however well guarded they may be on the outside, have been broken.

In the future, this knowledge will be interrupted, *lost in the sands*, and the very last elements of a certain salvific knowledge will henceforth be entrusted only to the support of certain *makeshift means*, the most widely used of which, in the West at least, remains - until further notice - that of the book, the novel whose content is arranged so that it subversively conveys a profound encrypted message while exhibiting itself as an avowable product, remains - until further notice - that of the book, the novel whose content has been arranged so that it subversively conveys a message encrypted in depth, while at the same time displaying itself as an avowed product, accepted by the regimes of the omnipotence of the darkness of these end times, where nothing is permitted that does not bear the "sign of the Beast" We can never reflect enough on the eminently revealing fact that in this Western end of the world, as in its beginnings, it is the novel that has the tragic honour, the *Western novel*, of carrying the raging fires of the ultimate limits, What was before the beginning of the cycle meets what will come after its end, and this junction is proposed through the amorous adventure, through the passionate exaltation of the Western novel in which will emerge, as dazzling at the beginning as at the end, the same astral and ontological light of the mystery of the Junction of Venus.

In the vineyards of Cootamundra

As a novel, *The Golden Sphere* will necessarily have to define itself by its recitative identity, by its basic narrative, set in Australia, in the rich vineyards of the Cootamundra estate, "originally a remote annex of the ancient Glen Cairn allotment", whose first owner was named, symbolically enough, by the Gaelic name of Cameron. We are in Australia, "the very country," says Erle Cox, "where the notion of history does not exist, the only country in the world that has a history of its own.

a world without a past, or one whose history, forever closed in on itself, predates its own past, opening up to a past before its past, before any other past currently conceivable.

In Erle Cox's visionary novel, *The Golden Sphere*, everything begins with the initiative of the current owner of the Cootamundra vineyards, the young lawyer Alan Dundas, who starts digging a trench in the courtyard of his estate, only to find, just beneath the surface of the red earth of the "old Glen Caim estate", an immense and very mysterious Golden Sphere. Alan Dundas succeeds in forcing his way into the central sanctuary, where he finds a young woman, Heranie, plunged into a dogmatic sleep almost untouched by time. He revives her, and she entrusts him with the dizzying secret of the Golden Sphere. To sum up.

(1) Twenty-seven million years ago, a planetary civilisation of superhuman proportions, having reached the ultimate paroxysm of its racial and spiritual genetic self-development, realised that it was cosmically condemned to be annihilated by a total cataclysm, as inevitable as it had suddenly become imminent, a cataclysm caused by the reversal - the deviation, even the rupture - of the Earth's polar axis, and, faced with the certainty of its irremissible end, decided to do what was necessary so that the transcendental sum of its conquests over itself, of its final heritage of consciousness, could be recovered, taken up again and perpetuated, in a distant day, by the future races of history after its own seismic annihilation, after the hallucinating tectonic dislocations of its own unreturnable end..

(1) How did the superhuman races of those twenty-seven million years ago go about ensuring the timeless continuation of their shattered civilisation, a continuation in which they saw their only possible justification, their redemption and their very distant metasymbolic salvation? One of them is speaking, young Hierania, the mysterious imperial survivor hidden at the heart of the Golden Sphere. I quote fragments of her speech.

- Ages and ages ago, the world was inhabited by a race of human beings just as it is today. It was a race that had gone through all the trials and struggles that your race has gone through and continues to go through. One day I'll tell you about them; for now, suffice it to say that this race had reached the highest heights that humanity can reach, when the cataclysm struck.

Our people knew the blow that threatened us long before it struck. They were too great to fear for themselves; but they knew that out of the ashes of the fallen world another race would rise. He knew, too, that the new race would have to pass through the same difficulties before it could earn its own place at the top. What was deplored was that all the great works of our minds and hands should perish forever. That our race was destined to disappear was nothing compared to the danger our great ideals disappearing at the same time. Can you imagine what this meant for those who had worked on this great work, for the men who knew its value? Perhaps you can understand some of it, but not all of it, unless you know my people, the people of this vanished world.

- "So they decided on a desperate attempt to preserve their knowledge for the benefit of people yet to come. They only had two hundred years for this. Barely enough time, but enough. At three carefully chosen points on Earth, they built a great sphere like the one we are in now. In their construction, they brought absolutely everything of their immense knowledge to bear, to achieve their goal and make them invulnerable to the gigantic cataclysm. In each of them, when everything was ready, they assembled a specimen of all their arts and sciences".

- "The means of suspending life had been known for many generations, although little used.

So it was decided that, in each sphere, one person would be placed to act as a link between the old world and the new".

(1) When the time came, Herania herself was enclosed, *enclosed* in the secret, transmagnetic and glacial core of the Imperial Golden Sphere, which was to become, from era to era, her dogmatic crystal cradle. The Golden Sphere of the young imperial princess Herania was registered under number I, the second of the three Golden Spheres, registered under number II, had fallen to her comrade Andax, and the third, registered under number III and placed under the authority of the Council of the West, to their comrade Mardon, whose 'secret name' contains - and I say this, not Erle - the theurgic cipher of transgalactic victory at the end, 1' "Ultimate Victory", the one that the last great Alexandrians were waiting for

under the name of *Megaelephterion* and which, they said, would have to come "from the anterior sea, which lies below the Great Lands",

(1) As soon as she regained consciousness of herself, waking from her sleep beyond time, Héranie found contact with Andax again, and easily located the Golden Sphere - the Golden Sphere II - somewhere in Thibet. Just in the middle of the Himalayas, about six hundred kilometres north-west of Simla And," she went on to explain, "at about 74 degrees latitude east and between 36 and 37 degrees longitude north *Andax is alive and waiting to be released.*

(2) On the other hand, the Golden Sphere III, that of Mardon - and which we will henceforth call the Third Golden Sphere - depended, as we have seen, on the Council of the West, and was thus to be situated, in our time, somewhere in the interior of what is now Western Europe, Herania had not managed to locate it, and thus seemed lost, having perhaps not withstood the unheard-of seismic and infratectonic ordeal of the final cataclysm. Or, perhaps, it persisted in keeping itself hidden, even from the saving solicitations of the Golden Spheres I and II, dedicated to a 'special mission' that had been hidden from Herania and Andax. This us to the fundamental question: *was the Third Golden Sphere in charge of T'Autre Mission? And what was this Other Mission?*

(3) A love affair of extraordinary violence is about to be born, and soar high, between the young Heranie and Alan Dundas, a love affair through which Heranie

will succeed in converting the latter to the supreme metapolitical goals of the battle for the birth of a new planetary civilisation, "transcendental", superhuman, with a "galactic" aim.

(1) And yet, following a series of events of negative influence. Heranie was eventually murdered by Alan Dundas's former fiancée and. Dundas, devastated, locks himself and Heranie's corpse in the central command cell of Cootamundra's Golden Sphere, the Golden Sphere I, and causes it to self-destruct by the special means provided for this eventuality of a catastrophe with no return, the Lovers of the supra-temporal Golden Sphere disappearing forever in the incandescent fire of their secret self-immolation, their nuclear holocaust with a glow more blinding than that of "ten thousand suns",

The red earth of the "old Glen Cairn estate" will blaze underneath and burn, smouldering, for a , and then everything will "return to normal", and once again into the timeless oblivion of what will never be again, of what will have happened as if nothing had happened.

(2) Except that, with the Cootamundra disaster consummated in the incandescent secrecy of the Australian desert, Andax continued to keep watch, at 'about 74 degrees east latitude and between 36 and 37 degrees north longitude', just 'in the middle of the Himalayas, about six hundred kilometres north-west of Simla', where he was still keeping watch in the 1920s, when Erle Cox had been commissioned to deliver his testimony and, with it, the occult keys to the immense metapolitical, visionary and new-consciousness upheavals that were to change the world.

face of the world in the second half of the ^{twentieth} century and lay the abysmal foundations for the coming struggle for final world domination in the Third Millennium. Andax, however, had also led to a terrifying metapolitical catastrophe, a premonitory end of the world, and this is precisely the unmentionable reason why Thibet is already no longer in Thibet. We'll come back to this, but powerful glowing darkness prevents us from getting too close to this problem.

(1) But, we must eventually ask ourselves, will not the Third Millennium be the field of total metahistorical intervention of the Third Golden Sphere? For, if it is now, for the rest of us, an established fact that Andax had in turn been awakened and that with him, on the threshold of the twenties, perhaps in 1922, the formidable occult powers deposited in the Golden Sphere II had also been awakened, reactivated and even paroxysmically over-activated to the task, the Golden Sphere of Thibet, and, at the same time, all that came to us then and thereafter, clandestinely, from the most forbidden heights of Thibet, had ended up being neutralised, annihilated - these were the nocturnal after-effects of the Second World War - by the work in the invisible and under the direct action of the same powers retention and prevention as those which had already had to act at Cootamundra, in Australia, it remains no less certain that the Golden Sphere III, that the 'Third Golden Sphere', the Golden Sphere of P Occident, must be - cannot absolutely not be - still buried in the continental depths of Western Europe, somewhere on its Atlantic coast, the part of the world corresponding to the former jurisdiction of the Western Council once responsible for the burial of

the Third Golden Sphere of Mardon. Now, as we have also said, some people, closer to us than we would dare to think, had already prophetically known how to call the same Mardon with the secret yet divine name of *Megaelephterion*, corresponding to their most unavowable activist and 'revolutionary' conveniences. Nor are we unaware that, at the time of his one-way embarkation aboard the Golden Sphere III, Mardon himself had been given command of *the Other Mission*.

And so, whether we like it or not, we are now entering the hallucinatory depths of the mysterious third groundswell, the third supra-temporal shockwave carrying the 'Other Mission' once entrusted by the Western Council to the Commander of the Third Golden Sphere. "Everything returns to the zone of Supreme Attention

"A great shadow hanging over the world".

For those interested in occult and mystery literature of a different quality from the commonplace, I suppose the case is made: Erle Cox's *The Golden Sphere* is one of those masterpieces that stand out like megaliths on the black and barren heath of today's specialist literary production, which, to say the least, is beholden to an unremitting deficiency, a distressing and most shameful intimate misery.

But don't let that fool you either: literature, in the case of *The Golden Sphere*, is in fact nothing more than a high-level metastrategic decoy.

And so it is that behind this novel with its resplendent title, there seems to be something unmistakably dark and terrifying lurking. At a certain point, the skid begins, which will never stop, *vaguely, in her mind*, writes Erle Cox *rising Limage from a great shadow hanging over the world*.

For the knowledge displayed by Erle Cox's *The Golden Sphere* - or rather the frightening sum of knowledge that will appear as we read on - is in no way acceptable without us wonder - in the most anguished way - what might be lurking behind it, What could be *lurking* behind the enterprise of which this novel was intended to be the vehicle, so dangerously set in motion at the right moment and obviously designed to move forward once it had begun its upward spiral towards enigmatic outcomes that will remain so to the very end? Indecipherable, obscure, over-activated, terrifying. Visionary, but not only visionary, these *outcomes* were to form the basis, from the invisible, of the great European revolution of the ^{twentieth} century, defined, with a dazzling concept, by its very supreme leader, *eine totale Weltrevolution*. A revolution whose hidden goals, it's time we recognised, were goals on a cosmic level, calling out in force to the galactic knots of our final destiny.

Published in 1925, Erle Cox's novel displays - quite deliberately, no doubt about it - special knowledge which, in any case, it is absolutely inconceivable that it could owe to the author's visionary scientific intuition alone - let's call it what we will - to have had access to it: let's face it, *there's a limit to everything*. More than twenty years before the appearance of the first nuclear technologies at the time of Los Alamos, Erle Cox, in *The Golden Sphere*, was going to give us grids for the diversified use of nuclear energy which, even today, in 1991, must be regarded as proposals of the most extreme avant-garde, and even more so, the knowledge it contains on subject of certain metaspacial - and immediately galactic - gravitational techniques cannot fail to cause unease, to say the least. On a 'pocket-sized' spacecraft: "When completed, it would be over thirty metres long, yet each part was so designed that it could be handled easily by two people, and with some difficulty, by one if necessary. Its torpedo-shaped body was a marvel of enormous strength, although it was very light. The plans for the finished craft showed no propeller, or even the slightest projection out of the hull. The energy generators occupied only a fraction of the space inside. Heranie showed Dundas how the attraction of the Earth's gravity was first neutralised to the point where the hull and its contents - heavy at around eighty tonnes - could be lifted by one hand. The force of attraction of bodies millions of kilometres from the Earth's orbit was then used to obtain vertical as well as lateral movement: incredible speeds could thus be reached. And further: "Better still, she showed him how to add to

specially designed machines on his chest and back to enable him to fly like a bird around the galleries of the main spacecraft".

Fascinating and fearsome things are also said about antigravitational repulsion space protection domes, as well as about technologies for the planetary and cosmic use of lasers and their sub-mental plasma variants, and so on. The same can be said of what is clearly - and exhaustively - mentioned about total medicine, biotechnologies with a metahistorical aim and, also, about the decisive exacerbations of the powers and technologies of metapsychic manipulation both at the personal level and at the level of groups and strains, races and even integral taking in hand of humanity in its planetary and cosmic, "external" developments.

And yet, the most extraordinary thing is not even there yet. For, in *The Golden Sphere*, Erle Cox also developed a legendary premonition, quite staggering, of , twenty years later, was to be the vertiginous, totalitarian unleashing of Hitler's *Weltrevolution* in Germany and Europe, and even on its secretly planetary scale. At a time when the future Chancellor of the Third Reich was still only a miserable and obscure political-military agitator in Munich, Erle Cox, by exploiting the supralental repository. the sidereal and anamnesic abyssal memory of the Golden Sphere of Cootamundra, revealed considerations about what the future charred corpse in the courtyard of the Chancellery was going to become, it was going to have to do, which even today, after all that has happened, and after everything we have learned about it subsequently, seem to be

These are considerations that are as much revelations - of a penetration, of a science of the metahistorical whirlpools then at play, of a new angle of view that leads to horror, to greatest mystical horror. "Your horizons are too limited. What's the point of saving life if it's not worth saving? What would be the point of life without civilisation? Those people who were wiped out were nothing more than a malignant outgrowth of civilisation. Somewhere, someone knew, someone had *seen it all beforehand*.

From what dark and funereal otherworlds, subject in advance to what icy "External Intelligences", to what merciless "Great Galactics", the blind and perhaps non-existent lord himself, reduced to the inexpiable state of an "absolute concept", the inhuman - anti-human - purveyor of the terrible holocausts yet to come, *In La Sphère d'Or*, the predictive figure of the man whose accursed name is hard to pronounce was present not only in the visionary semblance of what he was going to be, but also and above all in what he could have been, in all the occult doublings of the shadows with which he had invested invisible history in his wake, and which perhaps remained, persisting in the invisible after his own disappearance from visible history. Voyance? No, much more. Something else. What is it? Let's hope that one day we'll know.

Sharing Missions

In the final analysis, we could conclude that, on the day of the fatal embarkation, each Commander of the Golden Spheres I, II and III had been ordered to represent and promote.

beyond the millennia, a particular saving option, a different path of development each time for humanity to come.

Héranie, with her "sumptuous beauty", Commander of the Golden Sphere I, had been dedicated to a nuptial mission, centred on the eschatological path of the charitable and amorous conflagration of humanity at the end of its history, leading to the cosmic mystery of *the Incendium Amoris*. But having herself been defeated, having once again joined the course of history, plunged back into the "torrent of time as it goes by", and defeated by the deviant alienations of her own experience of love, Héranie lost herself dramatically, murdered by the "dead bark" of her own adventurous escapades - in the end, all that remains of her life is the memory of a sublime passionate romance - and thus lost with her the saving, eschatological and divinistaric openness whose future cosmic destinies she had been responsible for.

After Herania's personal failure and the annihilation of the Golden Sphere I, it was now the turn of Andax, Commander of the Golden Sphere II, to attempt to impose on humanity the choices of the path defined by his own special missionary predestination. A path leading to the birth of a tragic, Faustian superhumanity, claiming to be entirely responsible for its own future cosmic destiny. However, degraded by the very course of its fateful descent from the ontological snow-covered Thibet of its beginnings to the obscuring and deviant level of the metapolitical options put forward by the *Weltrevolution* of the masses which was to desolate - irreparably - the end of the second millennium, and thus deported from the course major in history

At or near the end of the world, the Golden Sphere II, plunging into the apocalyptic furnace of its own *Gotterdämmerung*, was also forced to abdicate its mission, to sink into opprobrium, total devastation and irreversible obliteration. Things we've seen.

The Wheel of Kali turns relentlessly. This leaves only the Commander of the Golden Sphere III, the enigmatic Mardon, the *Megaelepterion* of the last great Alexandrians, and the 'Western secret' of his Other Mission. Now, we must agree, this 'Western secret' can be none other than that of the mystical and religious conceptions emanating from the Celtic soul in its deepest dimensions, prior to the cycle of our own cosmic actuality, just as they were confessed in the most ancient of sacred hymns in honour of *the Being-of-the-Woods-and-Stars, the Anwen of the Chasms*, the Supreme Creator of the occult legend of the ancient Celts, who knew themselves to be descended from the astral and divine race of *Thuata Dé-Danann*.

For the "ancient Celtic soul" has secretly remained intact, whose former homeland was to be situated on the ultimate heights of the Junction of Venus, somewhere in the Milky Way, and whose epicentre of subterranean ontological irradiation is still to be found, according to the hidden location of the Third Golden Sphere, the "Western Sphere", in a certain protected spot in the Atlantic West of our present-day Europe. And so, it must be said, if it has remained intact, it is intact that at the end of everything - and here we are - it is going to have to secretly emerge once again, this 'ancient Celtic soul' from the ultimate depths, intact in its being and in its consciousness.

On that day, when she was imprisoned in the Golden Sphere, Héranie declared before the Great Council that she made her mission her own out of love for humanity to come, while Andax proclaimed his acceptance of the mission entrusted to him as a sacrifice for his own superhuman race, and Mardon, even more mysteriously, confessed his unfailing *loyalty* to the eternal light of the stars.

Now, the original chasms of the ancient Celtic religious vision of the world and of human consciousness were not chasms below, but chasms above, and the inconceivable God of the Chasms Above, the Secret God of the Ancient Celts, was called *the Being-of-the-Woods-and-the-Stars*. So Anwen was called, with his unspeakable name, the vertiginous sidereal god of Mardon.

In the River of Blood

Having been led to pay respectful attention to, and to have confidence in, the special research carried out for at least two years, from 1980 to 1982, by those who, under the influence of Charles-Antoine Terré, had worked on the "cahiers d'œuvre" of their group, "La Sphère d'Or", I immediately adopted the perspective that was strongly supported there, namely, that the message of Erle Cox's *novel* should be taken at face value, from the very measure of the 'twenty-seven million years' that define its cyclological dating to its immediate and direct relationship - with metahistorical implications presented as already actively engaged with our present time and the future of that time - to the 'twenty-seven million years' that define its cyclological dating, to the immediate and direct relationship - with metahistorical implications presented as already actively engaged with our present time and the future of that time - to the 'twenty-seven million years' that define its cyclological dating.

These were the missions with which the Three Golden Spheres had found themselves endowed, destined to intervene revolutionarily in the future of "final humanity",

In any case, I cannot fail to recognise that he was one of the first research companions of Charles-Antoine Terré, the military aeronautical engineer M.W., a close collaborator of General Jacques Ailleret in other circumstances, who had found the trail - an ardent one if ever there was one - of the supposed presence of the Third Golden Sphere in the Val d'Oise, which, M.W. claimed, was deeply buried but intact, available and *radiating* somewhere on the western banks of the ancient Sea of Lutetia, now underground.

Allow me, however, to briefly mention another interpretation of the nebulous problems raised by Erle Cox's *The Golden Sphere*, an interpretation for which I personally intend to take full responsibility.

Without a shadow of a doubt, Erle Cox's *The Golden Sphere*, a novel of action, had been conceived, written and proposed to the alert attention of some as the culmination of a "metastrategic action of abysmal influence", of planetary and even, at the limit, "galactic" dimensions, mobilising to the task over a vast period of intervention and originating from an occult epicentre, out of reach, extraordinarily distant in time and space. In the galactic region of Venus, far beyond our time and following what the Extreme Ancients already called the "law of the stars". An 'epicentre'

It is the 'occult' whose forbidden face can only be glimpsed through the racial immemory still present in the ultimate chasms of our blood.

And, moreover, does not the mysterious 'Other Mission' of the last of the three Golden Spheres, the Western Golden Sphere, now appear to have been, or to be, in a suprahistorical and even more or less supratemporal way. I mean the same mission *as that of the novel itself*, entitled *The Golden Sphere* and published in Australia in 1925, under the simple diversionary guise of a 'visionary novel', or 'science fiction', etc.? High misappropriation.

Now, this 'Other Mission' of the Golden Sphere - the Golden Sphere that we now have to recognise both as a supratemporal metastrategic device and as Erle Cox's novel of the same name - can only be understood, it seems to me, in the following way: to reactivate, to overactivate more and more paroxysmically the dogmatic states of a certain memory - or rather immemory memory - that is supratemporal, oceanic, always present - hidden, buried, *immersed* - in the ever-living blood of humanity that has reached its final stage - its Western stage, according to the meaning of the Egyptian concept of *the Amenti* - that its very development, the irremediable ontological decay and cosmic catastrophe it has brought about, unveiled and exhibited, will eventually have brought it precisely where it had to be at the time foreseen before the Fall, before the final darkening of time.

current. For, as we read in Erle Cox's *The Golden Sphere*, "only once was the explorer granted the chance to understand the enigma of the Temple".

I repeat, I must, *Erle Cox's The Golden Sphere* is a device for transcendental recollection, a piece of writing booby-trapped so that it delivers the forbidden passage of a memory beyond all memory, of an abysmal immemory. And it is in the subterranean river of the living blood of a certain humanity - of a certain superhumanity preserved as it is - and still secretly on the march that, following the currents of certain strains of blood hidden, even forbidden, on the surface, the three Golden Spheres of transcendental remembrance have been immersed, in previous cycles, so that they can supratemporally pursue their great Secret Missions.

But we could also say, by specifying a factual situation, a certain topological mystery that concerns us directly, that *The Golden Sphere & Erle Cox*, as a novel, represents the external protection, understood in terms consciousness, or even literary testimony, of what the Western Golden Sphere, buried deep in the West, in the French lands of the Atlantic, continues to exhale, by cosmic reverberation, nor imposing, through the medium of the outside world, on the depths of those of us who, by virtue of our very blood, are predisposed to receive its preconceived influences, its 'mission orders' and the secret fire of an unbroken *will to begin again*.

Bram Stoker, The Lair of the White Worm

Auroras of blood

Nouvelles Editions Oswald (NéO) has just published, in the 'Fantastique Science-Fiction Aventure' collection personally managed by Hélène Oswald, a particularly well-polished version of Bram Stoker's great novel *The Lair of the White Worm*, which is also his last novel (in French, and in an admirable translation by François Truchaud, *(Le Repaire du Ver Blanc)*).

Born in Dublin in 1847, the universally acclaimed and at the same time little-known author of a novel like *Dracula*, one of the founding myths of a certain subterranean Western civilisation, died in 1912. *The Lair of the White Worm* was published in 1911, a year before his death, and I still want to be among those who believe that this prophetic, committed novel, as revealing as it is ambiguous and, above all, so supremely dangerous to understand and manipulate, represents not only the pinnacle of Bram Stoker's work, but also the most decisive and *enlightening* instance of the initiatory work he pursued throughout his life. *The Lair of the White Worm* is his spiritual testament, his apocalyptic gospel, the fiery confessional and the highest didactic and masterly justification of his secret mission of

A wake-up call, a salvific mobilisation in the face of the infernal emergences that were to mark the dark advent of the ^{twentieth} century under the sign of Final Evil.

It was at the age of fifty that Bram Stoker published *Dracula*, his decisive work, or one that was reputed to be so. With *Dracula*. Bram Stoker began his work of unveiling, of counter-strategic denunciation of work of underground investment of this world by the forces of outer darkness, of fundamental evil, whose ultimate goal is to win it over completely. In the work of spiritual combat undertaken by Bram Stoker, *The Lair of the White Worm*, which appeared eleven years after *Dracula*, is like the third bottom wave, the mysterious "third bottom wave" on which Ungern von Sternberg had counted so much, the one that carries everything away, that decides everything, through which the encrypted will of the ultimate depths is expressed. For *Le repaire du Ver Blanc* is a work of hope.

The irrepressible black pessimism of *Dracula* and *The Jewel of the Seven Stars*, both of which assert, with a vertiginous power of direct invocation, of living testimony given as absolutely real, the cosmic invincibility of the powers of negation, darkness and chaos, The admission of the irremediable defeat of the powers of order and day that emerges from the end of *Dracula* and *The Jewel of the Seven Stars* is, however, entirely surpassed by the beautiful auroral conclusion whose intimate fires exalt and illuminate the last pages of *The Lair of the White Worm* in such a revitalising way.

Who doesn't remember the last pages of *Dracula*? And I quote the end, infinitely dark, of The *Jewel of Seven Stars*. There, all is darkness for ever: "How good it was to see some light! I lit two candles, took one in each hand, and hurried into the hall where I thought I had left Margaret. Her body wasn't there. But where I had left her was Queen Tera's wedding dress, and around it was the belt of her marvellous precious stones. Where the heart had been, there lay the Seven Star Stone. With a failing heart and a nameless terror, I descended into the cavern. But two candles barely pierced the impenetrable smoke with two points of light. I put the breathing mask hanging from my neck back over my mouth and went in search of my companions. I found them where they had been. They had collapsed on the floor and their eyes, looking up at the ceiling, were frozen in an expression of unspeakable horror. Margaret had put both hands over her face, but the glassy look of her eyes between her fingers was more terrible than a look in the open. I opened the shutters on all the windows to let in as much air as possible. The storm died down as quickly as it had risen, reduced to a few puffs of wind with no aftermath. It might as well have died down, its work was done! I tried everything I could for my companions, but to no avail. There, in that lonely house, far from any help, nothing could be done. It was a blessing, because I was spared the pain of having to hope".

In contrast, the conclusion of The *Den of the White Worm* heralds the final annihilation of the work of the powers of chaos and darkness, and the return to living, luminous order imposed by

the cosmic birth of the new day. In Bram Stoker's essentially initiatory work, the only thing that matters is the conclusion of his third and final novel, the culmination of the spiral. Only the occult judgement of the third blade, the judgement of the 'third blade of the bottom', will decide, for all and for all time. I quote from the auroral ending of *The Lair of the White Worm*: "Now the flames were violently devouring the whole of the ruins, so dangerously that Adam seized his wife in his arms and ran to carry her away. Then, almost as quickly as it had erupted, the cataclysm ceased entirely, although a very deep rumbling continued intermittently for some time. Then silence covered all things: a silence so complete that it seemed to be perceptible in itself; a silence that seemed like darkness incarnate and that provoked the same feelings in everyone's heart. To the young couple who had suffered the long horror of that terrible night, it brought deliverance, deliverance from the presence or fear of all that had horrified them. It seemed to be complete when the red rays of the rising sun appeared in the east, above the distant sea, bringing the promise of a new order of things for the day ahead.

At the rigorous insistence of the *Golden Dawn in the Outer*, of which he was a member, Bram Stoker's novels were conceived solely as a manual of superior cosmological instruction for those of us who, when the time comes, will have to fight what he himself, in *The Lair of the White Worm*, calls the "last battle We know that it is on earth and within the history of mankind that the great cosmic battles of the gods take place, are lost or are won.

trans-galactic battles of the Supreme Ancients. And we also know that one day there will be what Bram Stoker calls the "last battle". In *The Lair of the White Worm*, we read: "Remember that we are all engaged in this. And then: "What a man can do, that will I do. There will be, there must be a fight. When, where and how, I don't know, but there will be a fight. But, after all, what is a man in such a situation?".

Now, what we call here 'in such a situation' - the situation of a world called into question by very imminence of its end - cannot be understood or approached, defined, used in terms action, other than in the ways of this visionary, transcendental intuition, that is the mysterious Celtic 'doom', the irrational 'judgement' of those who are allowed to grasp and see, through 'second sight', things and events in their ultimate, unchanging reality, torn from becoming and its diversionary, always harmful illusions. Adam Salton, in *The Lair of the White Worm*: "What in the Hebrides, and in other places where second sight is a cult, a belief, is called '*the doom*': that tribunal where there no possible appeal. I've often heard of 'second sight' because we have lot of Scots in Australia, but I realised its deeper meaning in a moment this afternoon, far better than I ever have before in my life. It is a wall of granite reaching up to the heights of heaven, so high and so dark God's own eye cannot see through it. , if Judgement is to come, it will come. That's all there is to it,

Adam Salton's ardent apocalyptic conviction forged in the inner light, in the spiritual light of doom, which is what he was called upon to face.

It was precisely one of those 'cosmic battles', the outcome of which must decide the final fate of a world, of a civilisation called into question by the test of confrontation with the challenge of the rise within it of darkness coming from elsewhere, outside its own destiny, and which thus assails it both from without and from within, the darkness of what poses as the absolute opposite of what it is itself. This is the darkness that Bram Stoker, in *The Lair of the White Worm*, invites us to experience directly, in a barely allegorical way, and that some will recognise for having had the dark privilege of confronting themselves at a time when these things are made to be unmade and unmade to be made again elsewhere, but not always otherwise. Now, to gain access - in a way - to this darkness, it would suffice to mention the moment when Adam Salton witnesses the operation of one of the abyssal necromantic engulfment missions that Lady Arabella had entrusted to the care of the hidden fount-hole in the underground passages of Diana's Grove.

But let's not be fooled: the phantasmagoria and black exhibitionism here are simply a rhetoric of preventive concealment, of a rather salutary distancing from the unbearable immediate experience we are offered, for purposes that are both pedagogical and perhaps more obscure than we think:

"Adam Salton felt that he would never forget those terrible moments. The darkness that surrounded this horrible pit, which seemed to sink into the deepest bowels of the earth, conjured up visions and sounds of the most subterranean hells. The awful fate of the African

descending towards his terrible judgement, his black face turned grey with terror, the globes like veined sanguines, rolling at the extreme limits of mad terror, the mysterious light itself, *milieu of horror* and, above all, the horrible cry coming from the bottomless pit, its orifice flooded with fresh blood, were images of hell. By comparison, the death of the fearless little snake-slayer, so frightening though it was, provoked by a ferocity that belonged not to any living force on this earth but to the demons of the well, seemed merely an incident. Adam was in such a state of confusion that he tried to flee from this horrible place. The sinister green light rising from the dark well seemed to draw its source from deep within the primeval silt. The darkness was closing in on him with an overwhelming density - darkness in this place and with all the awful memories associated with it!

He rushed forward like a madman, slipping down the stairs on his back. a viscous mass with a pungent odour, and staggered towards the inner room".

But not everyone is always able to reach this "inner room", and that is why confrontation with darkness remains the experience of the greatest risk, delivering the undeniable measure of its own challenge and the distance travelled in the direction of the *unspeakable*, thus revealing its most unavowable positions in the nocturnal spaces of the unnameable.

being, the very place of his encampment in the "black moors", but also his claims as to his later settlements in being, as to his "secret place at the Table of the Bridegroom",

And yet, on the edge of the decisive ontological test, can human existence still face up to it, or rather can it still face up to it alone, "left to its own devices"? Nothing is less certain. At these limits, where everything is situated in the tragic imminence of its own end, every special mission is founded in tragedy, and only those 'special missions' whose aims concern the final secret of the confrontations that engage the very meaning of the world and the 'cosmic battles' that are called upon to decide it can still act.

Other dimensions of the human being must then be summoned to the front line, abyssal, occult dimensions, vertiginously superior to those of human existence considered at its profane, immediate and subaltern level, initiatory and transcendental dimensions, fundamentally heroic. Another existence will then appear, superior and secret, the "heroic existence", emerging from the Trinitarian - or septenarian - aggregation of people constituting it, from the "transcendental I" of the group, the chosen, predestined existence, serving as a congregational support for the initiatory exacerbation of its own abyssal and magical availabilities, exalted, exacerbated to the task by the invisible army of "those who awaken from the depths of the self", rising from the oceanic depths of a high bloodline, inhabited by the concept of a great predestination.

Committed to action, foretold to accomplish a decisive ontological mission according to the very secret of its predestination, of the great occult cosmological plan that presided over the fires of its transcendental nativity, the superior existence, the heroic existence, will always be Trinitarian, and absolutely cannot not be so.

Thus, in *The Lair of the White Worm*, Bram Stoker comes to say, through the mouth of Sir Nathaniel de Salis:

"Adam, there are three of us. Salton looked at his old friend as he spoke, and his eyes shone. "Yes, there are three of us," he said, and there was a strange resonance in his voice.

Doesn't this mysterious and powerful word, *Adam, there are three of us*, in itself reveal the very high initiatory and magical level of the commitment underway?

They are, in fact, the very words of the *Golden Dawn in the Outer*'s 'ritual of the commitment forward', a ritual reserved for the combatants of its 'infernal' 'outer battles', which cannot be fought anywhere other than in the very territory of the power of darkness and evil, in the 'black moors'. *Adam, there are three of us*, words reserved for the very people who, when the day comes, will have to fight the 'last battle' foreseen by the 'Watchers Outside' on whom - whether she knew it or not - the *Golden Dawn in the Outer* depended and, above all, the members of the special group to which Bram Stoker personally belonged, singularly privileged by his hidden relationship with 'Arminius Vambery'.

Yes, there are three of us, and the advent of a great "heroic existence" in this world can only be allowed to occur with view to an action of cosmic dimensions, always close to fatality, to the "last battle", and always calling for it by its very advent.

Indeed, the 'last battle' can only take place if the Three Requisites who are to bear its cosmic weight are assembled, aware of their occult mission, ready for action and as if already engaged in the passage to action. The superior initiatory allegory contained in the cosmological, royal and alchemical narrative of *The Lair of the White Worm* reveals the terrible secret of the hour of "the passage to action". Perhaps the time has come.

Loser Diane

The action in *Le repaire du Ver Blanc* is set in Great Britain towards the end of the 19th century, in the heart of the ancient kingdom of Mercia, whose centre of visible and invisible power is still to be found on the lands of the seigneurial estate of Castra Regis. The Roman imperial hold, a magical and cosmological hold, continues to be subterranean and even active there.

In the shadow of the fortress of Castra Regis, two poles oppose each other in the implicit quest for unshared power over the place, and it is precisely the transition from the implicit quest for unshared power to the implicit quest for unshared power.

to the explicit confrontation of the antagonistic powers at stake, which will constitute the "final battle": the two poles of explicit confrontation are represented by the estates of Diana's Grove and Mercy Farm.

Diana's Grove, a representation of "previous establishments", nocturnal, telluric, lunar and indomitably feminine, with a bestial vocation, devoid of soul, belongs to Lady Arabella March and conceals, in its underpinnings, the Principle of Evil giving sanctuary to the mouth of the abyssal well which constitutes the lair of the White Worm. The young, beautiful and fascinating Lady Arabella herself, undulating and lascivious, dressed in immaculate white and displaying her icy emeralds at all times, is nothing more than the mediumistic exhalation of the White Worm, its "possession incarnation".

Bram Stoker, in *The Lair of the White Worm*: "In the early days of language, the word 'worm' had a somewhat different meaning to the one it has today. It was an adaptation of the Anglo-Saxon 'wyrm', which meant dragon or snake; or also of the Gothic 'Waurms'. snake; or of the Icelandic 'ormur', or of the German 'wurm'. We infer that this word originally expressed an idea of greatness and power, unlike the present word, which is merely a weakening of all these ideas. Here, the stories in the legends help us. We have the well-known story of the "Worm Well" at Lambton Castle and the "Laidly Worm of Spindleston Heugh" not far from Bamburrough. In both of these legends, the 'worm' was a large, powerful monster, a veritable dragon or snake, as the legend attributes to the vast marshes and swamps that were so many places for them to flourish. A glance at the geological map shows

that, whatever the truth of the existence of these monsters in the most ancient geological periods, these places could at least have accommodated them. In England, here, there were originally vast plains, which contained more abundant reserves of water than elsewhere. The watercourses were slow and deep, and there were caverns of abysmal depth, which could have served as a refuge for antediluvian monsters, whatever their species or size. In these places, which we can see from our windows, there were mud holes more than a hundred feet deep". To be in a position today to put a name of anti-subversive denunciation on the allegory of the White Worm, to be in a position to unmask its metapolitical identity, as occult as it is contemporary, This is the ultimate and supreme task of those who are secretly engaged in the "battle of excess" that Bram Stoker and his invisible controllers of the *Golden Dawn* called the "last battle".

On the other side of the line, Mercy Farm forms the opposite pole to Diana's Grove, and appears to be, in fact, the former convent, the *Vilula Misericordie* of Saint Columba's theurgical order. And just as the White Worm watches and acts from the depths of Diana's Grove, countless immaculate white doves watch and impose their law of mystical sunshine on the stormy skies above Mercy Farm. The local girls, Lilla and Mimi Watford, embody the angelic and celestial principle of rectified mercury, of femininity tamed and nuptially subjected to the solar and royal, polar, "Nordic and Apollonian" work that is the specific work of our people, today as in the past.

Bram Stoker: "When Saint Augustine was sent by Pope Gregory to evangelise England in Roman times, he was welcomed and protected by Ethelbert, King of Kent, whose wife, daughter of Charibert, King of Paris, was a Christian, and gave him all her help. She founded a convent of the women of the Dove, which was called *Sedes Misericordiae*, the House of Mercy, and, as the region was in the Marcian idiom, the two names became intertwined."

Finally, above Diana's Grove and Mercy Farm is Sir Nathaniel de Salis's estate, *Doom Tower*, or the Tower of Judgement. Sir Nathaniel de Salis represents Bram Stoker himself, "the one through whom judgement must find the channel of its coming into the world, and of its fulfilment".

Lesser Hill, on the other hand, is the hereditary domain, the land of the ancestral roots of the book's main hero, Adam Salton, whose love affair with the young Mimi Watford will set in motion the process of salvation and deliverance that is to culminate in the annihilation, by the power of fire from heaven, of Diana's Grove and of the White Worm itself. Bram Stoker describes Adam Salton and Mimi Watford's "first meeting" as follows: "As soon as Adam's eyes met those of the younger girl, who was standing not far from him, a sort of electricity burst forth. This divine spark, which begins with recognition and ends with submission, is what men call Love. It is indeed from this *divine spark* that heaven itself was to catch fire, so that the fire of heaven could then descend to the bowels of the earth, carry the law of its searing clarity. And to impose the judgement of his

an annihilating condemnation of the illegitimate persistence of the past and its abysses of mud and Beings of Death. Beings of Death that the holy Judaic Kabbalah calls *Klippoth*, 'Dead Bark', which sometimes mysteriously come together in strange evil agglomerations, endowed with a life of their own and manipulated, for unavowable ends that surpass all horror, by other shadowy entities elsewhere, but these are superior to the obscure wailings of the Klippoth.

Captured by the kite attached to the highest tower of the Castra Regis, it was a bolt of lightning from the heavens that was to set Diana's Grove ablaze and devastate it, carrying the lightning to the very depths of the White Worm's Lair.

But beyond the providential chain of violent and indecipherable circumstances recounted in *The Lair of the White Worm*, the archetypal - and very essentially alchemical - confrontation between the Serpent and the Dove, Diana and Saint Columba, emerges clearly, a confrontation in which Diana is the loser and must irrevocably give way to the young Regent of the Establishments of Mercy.

Now, is not the immediately operative instance that must foresee the time and place when the immaculate Dove prevails over the ancient Serpent the very fruit, the wage and the ultimate outcome of the heroic and supremely triumphant accomplishment of the Royal Art in its most ardent paths, and does not this instance also appear, and with what

incomparable burst of solar glory, in the Apocalypse of Saint John, where it is established that the Woman of the Sun will crush the Head of the Serpent with her most virginal heel?

Identifications

Didn't the knights belonging to the inner circles of the highest initiatory bodies of the Order of the Temple have to exclaim, ritually, at the moment of surrendering the soul, which they were supposed to place lovingly in the hands of the Divine Mistress of their Order, Mary, didn't they have to exclaim, *Una est Columba Mea*? It is clear, then, that the battle waged by the young missionary of Saint Columba at Castra Regis is but a moment in the perpetual battle of state waged by the One Dove, Mary, against the ancient Serpent, and that this spiritual daughter of Saint Columba, sent forward to face the infernal rampages of Diana's Grove, is very graciously the bearer of chastisements that rightfully belong to her. Mistress of the Apocalypse, of which she finds herself called upon to be, the time of a "final battle", the Plenary Regent.

As for the operative identification of the White Worm in his occult lair of Diana's Grove, it will forcefully justify the fact that I had to hold it, from the outset, to be inconsiderably dangerous: The White Worm that haunts the muddy underbelly of the ancient kingdom of Mercia is none other than Satant himself, the 'Ancient Serpent' of the Scriptures, and the visionary testimony that the English novelist Graham Masterton, author of, among other works, the extraordinary *The Wells of Hell*, will bring to bear on this subject will at last make us grasp the true extent of the 'ancient serpent' of the Scriptures.

Bram Stoker's story, and by his high officials hidden in the shadows. By Bram Stoker, and by his high officials hidden in the shadows.

Graham Masterton's novel, *The Wells of Hell*, was published in 1979 by Sphere Books Ltd, London, and was translated into French and published by Nouvelles Editions Oswald (NéO) in 1985, under the original title *Les puits de V Enfer*, with the French translation by François Truchaud (whose work is beginning to reverberate).

Placing himself, in a way that has to be taken as deliberate and entirely significant, in the tumultuous wake of P.H. Lovecraft, Graham Masterton - born in 1946 in Uxbridge, Great Britain - has created a series of works that are, in their own way, the result of a process of evolution.

- takes up again, so to speak, the adventure of the direct treatment of the great occultist and alchemical mythology of the Well of the Worm of Hell, so masterfully begun by Bram Stoker, and takes it, openly, to its final extremes. Graham Masterton sets the action of his novel about the pits of hell in the most haunted part of the United States, in New England, Connecticut, not far from Rhode Island and the founding city of P.H. Lovecraft's cosmic visions, Providence. Once again, the circle closes.

I give here the brutally revealing fragment where, in *The Wells of Hell*, Graham Masterton comes to identify the Worm of the Well of Hell with the very person of Satan. We couldn't possibly go any further: the ultimate limit of our special work is reached here, and even, in a way, crossed. Graham Masterton writes: "I was exhausted by the time the bottom of the cave came into my field of vision.

but I wasn't so exhausted that I couldn't stop and float for a moment. I stared in amazement and disbelief at the terrifying, blood-curdling scene before me. The floor of the cavern was lined with stalactites and stalagmites, row upon row, in sumptuous formations. All shone and vibrated with a greenish light. They rose up to the vault of the cavern, resembling an extraordinary great pipe organ and forming a fluted wall all around a vast rocky beach. It was what lay on the beach that horrified me most. It looked like a gigantic black worm, its skin parched and wrinkled, except where its body was partially submerged in the underground lake. It had shiny, dark-brown mandibles, which it was using to dig through a viscous mound of human viscera and debris. It must have been about thirty metres long and six metres high; its body had the colour and repulsive softness of the worst kind of worm you could find under a stone. It was Quithe, the beast-god of the abyss. It was Chulthe, the obscene master of Atlantis. It was Satan, in his true larval form

I'm sure that if Bram Stoker had his reasons, which were moreover powerfully concealed, for wanting to make the abyssal creature of Diana's Grove a White Worm, Graham Masterton had no less his own for presenting his Chulthe - the allusion to P.H. Lovecraft's Cthulhu is more than transparent - in the guise of a Black Worm. Graham Masterton, moreover, seems genuinely obsessed by the character, if not by the person of Satan himself, who

appears in two of his other novels. *Heirloom* and *The Hell Candidate* (the latter published under the assumed name of Thomas Luke).

Be that as it may, like all those who belonged to the same brotherhood spiritually fed from the invisible, neither Bram Stoker, nor H.P. Lovecraft, nor Graham Masterton ever tried to hide from themselves or from others that the essence of their mythological inspiration came to them exclusively through the dream channel. Deep dreams, paradoxical dreams, waking dreams, dreamlike flashes on the transparent surface of sleep, contact with the very place of the visionary emanations that were destined for them was always made through the intermediary of dreams, which seems to me to be of indisputably major importance. For, in order to really get to the bottom of the things that mobilise us here, we must try - I am convinced of this - to rediscover the very paths, going deeper and deeper towards the interior of the dream and the space of origin of the visionary emanations of the dream, which are the paths of continuity and encounter that have haunted, each in their own intimate time, those of the occult brotherhood, hidden in the invisible, of which Bram Stoker was so deeply a part, and so many others with him, and even, I would say, in the end, all of ours, really all of them. For, just as there is only one Church, there is only one Brotherhood, acting, since time immemorial, within a single Order. In his *Journey to the Orient*, Hermann Hesse was right.

To this end, I intend, in a forthcoming article, to take a very sustained approach to the known and unknown biography of Bram Stoker, the great illuminated, silent and secretly tragic noctambulist whose

For some thirty , her glowing shadow haunted the dressing rooms and backstage areas of London's Lyceum Theatre, where so many terrible, unmentionable and *decisive* things were done discreetly, between a few people. These lines by Bram Stoker about the woman who, in *The Lair of the White Worm*, is called Lady Arabella March, speak volumes for those who knew about the Lyceum Theatre: "At the top of the stone steps, before the narrow door through which he had entered, slipped the white form of Lady Arabella. Only the marks of blood on her face, hands and throat visible against this whiteness were a reminder of what had happened. She was calm and at peace, just as she had been when she had stood at the side of the narrow iron door to let him through.

Who, in those years had found himself caught up, body, soul and spirit, in the flamboyant and tragic nebula of the Lyceum and the confidential friendships which then found there their focus of occult vivification and all the desirable stirrings, must also have understood that their path, that the very ancient path they were following was twofold, because it included the 'path of blood' and the 'path of sex', and that in the *end* these two paths came together in a single one, *under the sunset*, the ancient Red Way with its inconceivable detours recorded in Appin's Red Book.

Do forbidden archives still keep intact the memory of what was seen there, both before and after the *appearance*, in the groups polarised by the Lyceum, of Professor Arminius Vambery, whose existence is multiplying and becoming less and less certain? A great many things, all of them formidable and highly reactivable, depend on the answer to this question, which in itself is already provocative,

some of them suddenly become alarms that incite the most execrable excesses, with which, incidentally, we will have to reckon.

In a sense, Ram Stoker's real career still lies ahead of him, in the same way that Sir Nathaniel de Salis says in *The Lair of the White Worm*, and with "such a strange resonance", remember, Adam, *there are three of us*.

A novelist faced with the temptations of occultism

Occultism and great literature

Clearly, great literature could scarcely exist or, above all, establish itself in the march of history without the inner support that the occultist inclination ceaselessly brings to it. However, since the time of the most atrocious, the most obscene spiritual decline of Freemasonry, which for us was for a long time and so happily the Order of Refugees, has not the great occultism also been reduced, in its turn, to seeking asylum, to hiding itself, temporarily and henceforth as if for want of anything better, behind the final, twilight works of a certain Western literature? Not only is the clandestine, rather than morganatic, marriage of occultism and literature amply demonstrated in Guy Dupré's novels, but in the final analysis, the novels themselves only serve to reveal indefinitely, and as if by design, the fearsome operative secret, which we suspect is more obscure than it is obscure, and to *provoke*, on their own terrain, the difficult-to-name powers that sometimes allow themselves to be caught in the act.

A frontier novelist, therefore, closer to the nuptial bodies of the invisible than to the trumped-up mirrors of the visible, a necromancer and adventurer in perpetual slide towards the most sophisticated, the most advanced licence, but, nevertheless, also fascinated by the beautiful military thing, whose best arranged passions do not go, as we know, without the cult of religious affectation - the Throne, Honoré de Balzac makes this known once and for all, leaning mystagogically on the Altar - Guy Dupré goes, as a visionary, as a masked investigator, as a devotee, as a specialist, far beyond what seems usually permitted to the *horrible workers* of lived occultism, slyly advancing quite far in the direct knowledge of the other side of reality and of its chasms with their terrible icy draughts. His part is the best part, the part of peril and darkness, the very part of the great clandestine battles of the sacred and its double.

On the other hand, it would be hard to imagine a literary career more perfectly conducted than that of Guy Dupré, whose first novel. His first novel, *Les Fiancées sont froides*, published in 1953, was hailed as a revelation and an event by some of the world's greatest writers, including Albert Béguin, André Breton and Julien Green, and at the very outset made its author one of the world's 'peerless' novelists (in the conspiratorial assessment perspective inaugurated by Gobineau's *Les Pléiades*). Then came *Le Grand Coucher*, in 1982, and, now, *Les Mamantes*, these three novels which, if we add *Un ami est venu me chercher*, currently in gestation, should make up a tetralogy with aims - as we have already understood - that go far beyond the demands of the literary adventure alone. So it seems obvious that, if I have

I have chosen to talk about Guy Dupré's novels because they penetrate so deeply into the most particular and best-preserved areas of Western occultism today, precisely under the guise of literature. When the time comes, I shall set about elucidating the knot of problems of a higher cosmological and metapsychic order posed by the unitary and activist whole of Guy Dupré's tetralogy of novels. For the moment, I intend to give an account of his latest novel, *Les Mamantes*, whose essentially in-the-moment relevance has already attracted a great deal of specialist attention.

Guy Dupré, on the other hand, gives himself the gloves to pretend that he is working on fiction, the better to draw us into the territories of another reality: as a novel. *Les Mamantes* is intended to be a document, and more precisely, a fact of heritage.

In fact, everything is secretly inherited by us tarantula fiends, and it is only in the part of this inheritance that we are entitled to that we can best see and intercept the supra-temporal, 'dogmatic' truth of our supposedly personal identity, of our *predestination*.

We are never anything other than what someone wanted us to be, usually with a view to some very grand design, but which remains inscrutable, and inscrutable, sometimes, even beyond the end. So the rest of us are always on the move.

In fact, through what we might suspect to be very peculiar channels, Guy Dupré inherits, or claims to inherit, a manuscript "completed the day after Julie's marriage to Michel, on 11 December 1969. Like the young Nicolas Poussin, will Guy Dupré include in his coat of arms the *Tenet Confidentiam* of his peers, the "noble travellers"?

Inheritance

Without actually naming him, Guy Dupré passes him off as the author of the confidential manuscript of which he claims to the holder, if not the heir, and who had fallen madly in love with a musician, Charlotte (*the woman of my life*, he said).

When she died, he had to indulge in certain necromantic practices, of perhaps not so polar, but at any rate Nordic origin, practices designed to help him rediscover, even in the glazes of the afterlife itself, the visionary intimacy of the young woman who had disappeared so adored ("to lovingly surprise, through the crack in the mirror, a beloved figure at its first rising in the afterlife").

A legitimate user of the Necromantic Secret, the narrator to whom Guy Dupré claims to be heir, seems to have succeeded perfectly in his first invocation of Charlotte, but Guy Dupré claims that the crucial passage in the manuscript relating her appearance is missing ("five lines crossed out in the manuscript").

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But one day, Julie appeared. The narrator takes stock: "You were nineteen; I was thirty-seven. The same age difference that had separated me from Charlotte in the other direction

Lovemaking ensued, carried out under the conditions required to safeguard Charlotte's necromantic recall operations. This was until the fateful day and hour when young Julie managed to get herself caught in the right way, both to send Charlotte back into the invisible world for good and to make herself pregnant. "It wasn't with any real anger that I took you Charlotte's bed, where I felt the cowardly relief that Léon Blum spoke of in 1938, in making love. I knew that I would never speak of the dead woman again, and that deep down, like France, I had been on the brink of defeat.

Subsequently, the narrator will try to get Julie married to a certain Michel, perhaps already her lover, who will thus become the avowed father of the child of the anti-miracle, a child comparable, even more suspiciously, to the "orphan of the Temple A eternal death, eternal orphan.

But I think I should quote from the manuscript itself, based on the transcription by Guy Dupré.

"Is history made up, in part, of these abortive manoeuvres, of these double paternities, of these secret ceremonies and consecrations, of these works of the apt aimed at subjecting the hazards of birth to the mysteries of reversibility? Only the faint-hearted would attribute a murky character to the "underbelly" of history.

"The real lights are underground, just as there is a central fire, just as its burning hands announce to the dreamer the sin for which he will not have to repent ("which will not blacken him"). It is

what I kept saying to myself in your throat, where I seemed to be churning the white of the sky and the black of the night. The white mingled with the black to make up the grey landscape beyond, where the Mother Lover, the Lost Child and the Unknown Father played at losing themselves and finding themselves again. Soiled mother: lost child; unrecognised father; lost mother; unrecognised father; soiled child

And even more clearly: "In this ambition to ensure a genealogy from before the flood, to mark out the thousands of years that the tomb does not cancel, I saw above all the desperate desire to escape the vagaries of temporal birth, by the means of a metahistorical transmission. Fathers, what do you and we have in common? We know that filiation has to be reinvented. And if I am an eternal being, can I owe my life to another man? To ask the question was to elicit the answer; it was to escape the sad waltz that embraces and drags the widow's children across the mirrors on the floors of Elsinore, Schonbrunn and other places; it was to destroy this uncontrollable origin; it was to foresee that by making me vacillate and tremble between two births as I had swung between two stories, you would make it easier me to leave it to someone else to 'recognise' the child conceived in the mirror room.

The secret of the transition to the old

For the confession in the manuscript handled by Guy Dupré will ignite with the torches of matriarchy, both wild and sweet, which is also where the secret of the 'transition to the old' lies.

:

"In every beautiful living body, learn to find its imprint. To the chronology of fathers, oppose the maternal duration

"Thus, in every young man's love for women without youth, there entered the need to escape from natural degradation by a lack to hope for beforehand. To love a woman fifteen or twenty years your senior, to possess her in that depth where the woman at once lover, mother and sister, is to break the natural law. To use it, to trick the sweet hell of the matrises in this way, is to thwart, to ward off the dulling of love by paying its ransom to time in good time; it was sensual too, we didn't like wiping off the plaster, or working with clay". Hence, too, the appeal for support from Gobineau, himself a doctrinaire of *the passage to the past*: "It meant conforming to the unwritten rule of the 'sons of kings' and conceiving, like Wilfrid Nore, the first of Gobineau's 'calenders', "the most absolute contempt for these wretched people who love women younger or as young as themselves.

Slowly, as we can see, constellations of active procedures are being put in place, magnetised by occult lines of force whose original and forever elusive focus is none other than the very centre of the sun, the very heart of the scarlet star between the eternally young Kidneys of Helios, whose sterility is royal but whose movements dispense endless galactic fertility. This is where our secret becomes rather equivocal, and extremely tight. For access to the places where the absolute identity of oneself is affirmed, access to one's own heroic and fighting, 'ancient' identity, to one's hermetic, occult identity, passes, according to the teachings of Guy Dupré, through the 'sweet hell of the womb' of the old, or rather the Great....

Old. But these Old Ones, it is not in the flesh that they come to be known as old, as inconceivably old, their beautiful flesh being, yesterday as today, as alive and divine as they will prove to be divinising on contact, the only radiant youth in the flesh of a world of somnolently putrefying corpses. Old, these Greatest Olds, they are only old according to the infinite spiral of the ages prior to their own beginnings in the life of their life, and old too of the sparkling clusters which, on the same spiral, deliver the weight of their so long new ages to come. Old, then, for their beautiful youth to come, and young for their beloved old age that has remained so far back, so far away on the intimate spiral of our Necromantic Secret.

Assiduity in love with the old woman, the 'ageless woman' they say, assiduity conceived in its most direct and harshest sexual and metapsychic implications, but also, following the appropriate mythological line and cosmological commitments, of an exclusively initiatory and entirely occultist order, will lead to openings to the other world and to 'special powers', to 'royal powers', the true extent of which, it seems to me, no one in today's Western world can fathom, nor the predestination, the 'providential mission' which, each time, is imposed as a quid pro quo, as payment for obtaining these elevations, so extreme, so terribly supranatural.

The "old woman" called - assigned - to the works of "ardent love", of the *incendium amoris*, conceals a figure that gathers and polarises within her the succession from age to age of all the women of her lineage, of her predestined bloodline, and the wage, the result of her regular approval will deliver her to the

end under the identity of its eternal youth, its very secret resplendent divinity of origins.

Marie Victoire de Ristnitch, ³ the royal paragon of all boldnesses ^

The case that comes closest to this initiatory return to a mythological conception of the occult ministry of the 'old woman', a conception dating from cosmic cycles prior to our own, known only to H. P. Lovecraft and his followers, seems to me to be that of the highly predestined meeting, or, if you like, the 'hermetic nuptials' of Josèphe Alexandre Saint-Yves d'Alveydre with the 'envoy of Asia Mysteriosa', the sublime Marie-Victoire de Ristnich. From this meeting, from these nuptials that were singularly scandalous in their time, came to be constituted the great 'royal and imperial' couple who reigned, from the most occult depths of the invisible, over the destinies Europe at the very moment when Europe was preparing to enter the current series of its atrocious probationary nights, of its final agony. I would therefore like to extend my warmest greetings. and with what ardent affection, the Gnostic advent of the first Mammy of our obscure ages in the luminous and very haughty person of the former adviser and close friend of the Empress Eugenie, the former friend and close adviser of Tsar Alexander III, our dear and still radiantly beautiful Marie Victoire de Ristnich, whom the Patriarch of Venice, the future Saint Pius X, considered to be the "royal paragon of all holy boldnesses".

After the death of Marie-Victoire in June 1895, Saint- Yves d'Alveydre, definitively retired to Versailles in his hotel near the Place d'Armes, the place where he had loved so much.

Marie-Victoire, too, suddenly had to have recourse to the Necromantic Secret, the requirements of which we know, at its first level, with regard to sepulchral mirrors. There's no need to hide: the mirror stage is, in regular necromantic sequences, something that can't be ignored. In fact, the *first doors* will always be those of the mirror.

In *Les Mamantes*, Guy Dupré makes a series of fascinating revelations about the reminders that can be demanded of mirrors duly turned towards the beyond.

The science of Servites

The relatively modern origins of the Necromantic Secret currently used in Western Europe by some of our own people can be traced back to the initiatory journey to Florence of Charles Eberhard Von Waechter, the "high-grade confidential agent" of Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick-Lunenburg. Sent by the latter to Italy on a special 'undercover' mission to try and make contact with those who in those days were still known as the 'Unknown Superiors', Charles Eberhard Von Waechter was not allowed to be recognised by them as a '*convulvulus*' (or, if you like, as someone with whom you could enter into a 'conspiratorial spiral', *convulvulus* literally meaning 'bindweed'). Having thus refused *convulvulus*, Liseron, by the Florence stationers, Charles Eberhard von Waechter could do no less than publish loud and clear the "certain non-existence" of these "Unknown Superiors of Florence". On the other hand, taking advantage of his wonderful trip to the capital of Tuscany, he had

ended up being initiated, in the cloister of the Servites on Mount Senario, near Florence, into the art and ways of the most occult, the most immediate invocation of the dead. What Charles Eberhard von Waechter had learned from the Servites on Mount Senario, he was to experience himself on his return from Florence, before, as Guy Dupré tells us, the Hereditary Prince of Prussia Frederick William, Prince Charles of Hessecassel and Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick-Lunenburg: "Before the three princes gathered in Wetzlar on Friday 1 November 1776, Waechter recalled a woman loved by Frederick William, who had died as a result of a miscarriage. The prince shed many tears and admitted that he had wrongly doubted the immortality of the soul; as successor to the Great Frederick, he was called the *Mystery on the Throne*.

It was with Charles Eberhard Von Waechter that our unforgettable Hans Axel de Fersen, "both Lutherans" and, as Guy Dupré points out, "initiated into the same secret chivalric camaraderie, the Strict Observance of Templar origin", was to found the so-called Lodge of Remembrance, after the former mediumistic traveller from Florence "had evoked Marie-Antoinette, on the evening of All Saints' Day in 1795, and she had brought tears to the eyes of the putative father of the Temple orphan by revealing to him the uncertainty in which she remained, A year after the despicable, sacrilegious but, at the same time, supremely sacrificial assassination of the unfortunate Queen of France, Hans Axel de Fersen defined the ministry of the Lodge of Remembrance as having to exalt the will to seek "the possibilities of a communication between a soul, in its earthly envelope, which has not yet arrived...".

to a degree of development sufficient to see the canvas lifted, and a soul freed from its earthly envelope, and which, consequently, is in a different region

Which, for those who know these things from the inside, confirms that 'mirror work' - despite the sometimes unbearably vivid and, as it were, dramatically profitable nature of some of its *results* - belongs to the glacis, and only to the glacis of the other side, whose spaces in depth must be solicited by other means, cosmologically more and more superior and more and more *philosophical*. For I would say this, and it is from my own death that I measure the words that follow: in the mirror, whatever it may be, there *only* be *the reflection* - in the mirror, there will therefore only ever be the reflection of a reflection, the reflection of the reflection of the person who has disappeared elsewhere - only the reflection, I say, of that which, at the quite ultimate end of the great work, must allow itself to be called, and to appear, to come and return as a real presence, even as a Real Presence. I'll talk about *other means* elsewhere, perhaps.

For all intents and purposes, I would like to point out that in *Les Mamantes*, Guy Dupré offers to indicate, on pages 139-143, just about everything that an intrepid and powerful spirit needs to know in order to try to *take the plunge*, to open up his own corridor to the realms of the beyond through the operations of the Secret Necromantique corresponding to the stage of the 'mirror of the young dead'. And he would go on to explain: "In the instructions I gave in Uppsala, twenty-three years ago, we were advised never to seek to evoke the dead whose posthumous existence goes back more than three years. This period corresponds to the stasis of

the *first death* and the intermediate kingdom where the operator's scope of action can be beneficially exercised".

In one of his last letters, the brilliant Leslie Howard (1893-1943), rendered inconsolable by the death of Violette Cunningham, wrote these infinitely revealing lines: "Breath coagulates and condenses, in a crystal refringence, the image it carries". The trick is knowing *which breath*.

Fersen's sobs

Things are slowly beginning to *become clearer*. During the lecture he gave, in "white dress", at the Orient in Stockholm, on 11 November 1955, for the bicentenary of the birth of Queen Marie-Antoinette, Louis Massignon declared: "The Strict Observance into which Fersen was initiated in 1770 by Duke Ferdinand de Brunswick, *Eques a Victoria* (g.m. 1772-1793) came from Karl von Hundt who claimed to be "descended" by continuous chain from Jacques de Molay. Hundt, an ecossist who died a Catholic and was himself initiated as a Kadosch Knight in 1743 by two beheaded Jacobist Scots, traced his lineage directly back to the Lords of Roslin (or Rosseleyn: twelve kilometres south of Edinburgh), the transmitters of the Heredon rite: to the Sinclairs, Earls of Orkney (Orkney and Caithness) as early as 1446.

The Sinclairs were loyal supporters of the Stuarts. Fersen's successor as Colonel of the Royal Swedish (Maubeuge) in 1791 was William Mac Lew de Saint- Clair (de Sinclair), who was guillotined on 29 January 1793 for his Masonic loyalty to Louis XVI, and in 1837 his son, who remained faithful to the Queen's memory, was a survivor,

The occult, subterranean counter-revolution, acting in the only invisible, the counter-revolution of the épérdue and already transhistorical loyalty to Queen Marie-Antoinette - the Last Queen, the Only Queen, the only Queen of our Philosophical Refuges - will thus have been, through the great work of mourning of the Northern Lodges following, by mediumistic reverberation and for a long time in the wake of the Orient of Stockholm, the *ardent directives* of the Lodge of Remembrance, the belatedly legitimate fruit of the illegitimate sobbing Axel de Fersen. But are there illegitimate sobs

? Doesn't the love of the Queen become, in the sobs of separation and infinite mourning, the oath of a higher fidelity to the Queen of Love?

What, in historical terms alone, had come to an irretrievable end on 21 January 1793 with the ritual beheading of Louis XVI, thus found a transhistorical continuity in the invisible, an occult counter-revolutionary continuity through and in the line of the amorous, even nuptial, commemoration of the Queen indefinitely called to return *to the task* - and one might also say, to return to the task.

- through the mirror of a fidelity whose very limpidity acted as that "crystal refraction" we have just been talking about "crystal refraction", it has been said, through which his breath "coagulates and condenses

For we know perfectly well: when a lineage of unique blood, a lineage held to be *divinely consecrated* - does not its Foundational Chrism survive it from the depths of heaven - comes to be evacuated from history by the ritual *annihilation* of its Royal Bearer and the no less ritual *disappearance* of its male lineage, this lineage will perpetuate itself, always.

occultly, in transhistory. She will perpetuate herself there through the channel of her Carrier, who, from Royal, then becomes Divine Carrier. This, too, is the deepest meaning of the cult of the Mamante that Guy Dupré proposes to the religiosity of some, belonging to the 'very few', the indefinitely renewed fires of the Lodge of Remembrance acting *in aeternum* to ensure that the Divine Carrier never ceases to return in the commemorations of those who have remained faithful to the Mystery of the One Chrism and its One Blood.

He who was to be called 'the orphan of the Temple' - but how many were there, in the diversionary permutations of the great occult battle underway at the time - was therefore very necessarily to be no longer the son of Royal continuity, The son of the metasymbolic continuity guaranteed to this Mystery by the mystery of fidelity maintained in the East of the Lodge of Remembrance. Hans Axel de Fersen, the Salvationist envoy from the Lodges of the North, carrying within himself the veiled light of the Northern Star, thus became the founding inseminator of the lineage in continuity, or rather in the divine and divinising resumption of the Mystery of the Same Unique Blood, and the fruit of his nuptial work on the Sacrificial Carrier, which had disappeared from the march of history, "disappeared in the Temple", would henceforth no longer cease to haunt the inner skies of the world's greatest Western transhistory.

"Les fils de Fersen', an unconscious conspiracy.

While declaring himself to be *an escapee*, but *an anti-Naundorffist*, Guy Dupré added the following clarification: "It was the Martinists of Strasbourg who welcomed and protected Naundorff when he left Switzerland. Not because they believed him to be the son of Louis XVI but because, in their eyes, he was the "Son of Fersen" and, symbolically, a "cub" because he was the "son of a master" according to Scottish tradition".

But the Naundorff 'back from Switzerland' was not the same Naundorff, and all paths providentially stray in Strasbourg, where they will no doubt resurface when the time comes. We can never keep a close enough eye on what, in the shadow of the Blinded Synagogue, is still going on in Strasbourg, the city of false reflections, of the "lying mirror".

On the other hand, little by little a new certainty is emerging, namely that it is the "Sons of Fersen" - Fersen's spiritual descendants, conspiratorially organised albeit perhaps in an entirely unconscious way - who will find themselves in charge of organising the great final revolutionary overthrow of world history, and the Return of the Great Eras. And so, one by one, we come to talk about ourselves, and about what, in spite of everything, we are still doing.

Clearly, a careful, in-depth reading of some of the writings of Guy Dupré, the beautiful furtive nocturnal reverberator in these parts, is likely to provide us with some formidable keys. Watch out for the fatal slide, watch out for the sharp edge of the dream.

The hidden springs of Versailles

We can thus understand what may well be the 'inner secret' of the, to say the least, allegorical narrative invented - or, even more surely, experienced, and very dramatically lived - by Guy Dupré, who, in *Les Mamantes*, sets out to give, as it seems to me, a kind of hierophanic historial of the most forbidden depths of the history of France at its end, and of , now, will undoubtedly have to resurface. For the hour when the living springs from below will reappear is near, and has it not been said that salvation will come, the greatest salvation and the greatest deliverance, *when the spring of blood sings?*

And why did Alexandre Saint-Yves d'Alveydre and Marie-Victoire de Ristnich choose Versailles - and nowhere else, we may ask - as the setting for their terrible theosophical experience of the Necromantic Secret, an experience that took them beyond life and death, beyond the historically conceivable limits of a 'royal and imperial' occult power, which only an apocalyptically educated conscience can account for?

Between the charming Latone basin, the Grande-Croix on the fundamental water level and the Hameau de la Reine pond, this area literally abounds in living springs, sacred springs just above ground level. In *Les Mamantes*, Guy Dupré makes a point of recalling the story of the two Englishwomen, Anne Moberley and Eleanor Jourdain, who, on a walk through Trianon, "found themselves suddenly transferred in 1782", and he adds: "The men they mistook for gardeners and who were tracing signs on the ground were cabalists from the family entourage.

d'Orléans. They are at the origin of this *shift in plans*. Ever since the disappearance of the Queen of Love, everything in Europe has been a *shift in plans*.

In the whispering gardens of today's great European spiritual literature, Guy Dupré's work slips and slides like a masked dowser through the shadowy groves of the Grand and Petit Trianon. This work is *masked*, and masked quite deliberately, because in the depths of its writing it conceals something that must be preserved as it is until the providential hour of the sudden breaking down of the dams erected, in ourselves and everywhere around us, to deal with the slightest of our pitiful attempts at liberation, by the current spawn of the Dark Power. All about us.

And yet, rumour has it that lately Guy Dupré, whom I have just called the Masked Seeker of Versailles, has been haunting the nocturnal factories of these dams a little too assiduously, himself, and at his side a few other surveyors of the great late night, *opsé sabbatàn*. So let the apparently carefree Sons of Darkness learn to fear the conspiracies of dawn, *opsé sabbatàn*, for only those who have escaped the highest terrors of midnight will be admitted. Rescapae in arms, the rescapae of shame drunk whole, and blackest.

So when will the source of the blood sing?

History is no longer in history, but in transhistory, and any attempt to revive transhistory can only be an act of conspiracy at Versailles. For the rest of us, everything is now a conspiracy at Versailles.

Let's wait for the release, and for the *fiery* new *directives* from the Lodge of Remembrance.

Arsène Lupin, ³ Superior †

As an introduction to the subject, a philosophical expression that is immediately operative if ever there was one, this preparatory quotation from François Georges: "Arsène Lupin is linked to the enigma by a special bond; he is the son of the enigma, he is the enigma itself. And so it is that to him, who is fundamentally a hidden being, who never ceases to conceal, the occult reveals itself openly, as a function of this mysterious kinship. He becomes, as if by predestination, the master of the lost secret, but a master who is himself occult".

Because this winter, which is not, and will not be, a winter like any other, we are all going to have to go back to Arsène Lupin, and perhaps for good. I mean, to Arsène Lupin and, above all, to what lies behind him, to manipulate his name and his schemes. If, after all, Arsène Lupin is only a character in a novel, the shadow of a shadow, those who use him hardly seem to be made to resign themselves to remaining in the realm of the novel. Quite the contrary, in fact. Their designs are aimed straight at the total, if not totalitarian, unconditional control of reality, at the deepest, occult springs of power, of history in the making, of destiny.

In a truly monumental work just published by Editions Guy Trédaniel, entitled *Arsène Lupin, Supérieur Inconnu* and subtitled *La clé de l'œuvre codée de Maurice Leblanc*, a young researcher who has hardly made a name for himself date, Patrick Ferté has set himself the task of proving that Arsène Lupin, the character from Maurice Leblanc's popular novels, could very well lay claim to the initiatory and occultist title of 'Unknown Superior', and perhaps even higher.

But what will Patrick Ferté's strange attempt lead to?

? In any case, to show, in a way that is now certain and beyond discussion, that the whole of Maurice Leblanc's written work is, in reality, a discourse that is encrypted in depth, oriented in a very precise direction and actively carrying a metahistorical message with mysterious, subversive implications, a message that is disturbing to the point of vertigo, even to the point of *unease*. It's a message that can only be hinted at as being of superhuman origin, and whose aim, in the final analysis and when the time comes, would be to 'totally change the face of history', an *apocalyptic* goal, committed to bringing out of the abysses of initiatory and conspiratorial secrecy a different history of France and a different final historical predestination for it. To ensure that Hermetic France prevails, by the means of magic, and in a singularly royal manner, over that which never ceases to pursue its decline, its dissolution in the darkness of a secular end with no return, increasingly alienating and increasingly irremissible. Desperate and great, this fight, the fight for a transcendental, saving and supra-temporal, hermetic and magical France, is not new.

of today. Patrick Ferté's current work invites us to join the ranks of an ancient subterranean masserie, whose identity remains unacknowledged. Valentin Andrae, *Les Noces chymiques de Christian Rosenkreuz*: "We had to ride alongside the King carrying a snow-white banner with a red cross",

Drawn into what kind of quicksand?

How can we approach this torrential book objectively, refusing to take any approach other than that of the fascinated, feverish, complicit availability of those who consider themselves to be *in the thick of it* from the start? In other words, how can find access to it from outside what is already at work there, in reality or by giving ourselves the illusion of it, the very exciting vanity

? To find out, I'll refer to what Patrick Ferté himself says on the back cover of his book, where he objectifies himself by talking about himself in the third person, *as if he were someone else*, and I think it's important to note the angle from which Patrick Ferté would like us to view his book, as if from the outside, from the point of view, therefore, of precisely those whom it is intended to win over to the cause, to draw into the shifting sands of his game of fiery tracks, his formidable mediumistic captures. Doesn't playing the game openly make it easier to hide your game? And isn't there somewhere, and still at work, a "final conspiracy" that only has the right to express itself through the "back covers"?

And what exactly is a *back cover*? What fearsome double meaning does this expression sometimes conceal? And, for that matter, what does *back cover have* to do with whom, with what other three? And, also, the *cover* of what, in the diversionary service of what unavowable prohibitions in action? "Links in the same warp, crossed in the same weft. Their works are sewn with white or black threads, Ariadne's threads, conductors", writes Patrick Ferté. At the same time, a certain "red thread" - Maurice Leblanc's "rose-line", or "roseline", his "Roseline" - conspiratorially links all the "fourth covers", or "on the cover", I mean "on a cover mission"?

Of Pythagorean origin, the radical instruction of the concept of the 'fourth', or the central, polar 'four', implies and even obliges an entirely initiatory, occultist understanding and interpretation of the 'reality of this world'. Reality which is thus held to have, at the same time, a visible part and an invisible part, both in a close relationship of state, where the only thing that counts, however, is the work and the active strategies of the invisible part, which secretly commands, 'under cover', the visible, manifested, uncovered, and led, by the invisible, by the 'fourth of cover, towards goals often other than those which the visible, the 'manifested uncovered', believes it is responsible for pursuing.

As we all know, the metasymbolic figure of every profound historical undertaking, of every decisive human experience, whether existential, amorous, spiritual or mystical, is the triangle, or the "triad" acting according to the orders of its invisible, occult pole, at once central

and centrifugal, where its three constitutional elements, its 'angles of fire' reputed to be in action at the level of the visible, 'on the front line', are thus subterraneously controlled by what is situated at their meeting point, out of reach, polar, all-powerful, unnameable, controlled therefore, from the invisible, by their 'back cover'

So we will always be able to guess, behind the visible, avowed identity of the 'leading elements', the 'angles of fire' engaged, by three - let's remember, in Bram Stoker's *The Lair of the White Worm*, the cry of the saving revelation, the supreme password of ours, *Adam, there are three of us* - in the immediate actuality of the great battles that make and unmake history, the 'great history', guess, I said, and, therefore, surprise, on one side and the other of the 'front line' and its 'mysterious barricades', a kind of reverberational correspondence of state, concealed, of the whole, on either side of the 'front line' and its 'mysterious barricades' a kind of reverberational correspondence of state, concealed, of all the 'four undercover' responsible for the two - or more - camps in presence, the 'fourth of cover' acting exclusively in the shadows and following goals inconceivable to those who are not there, or who are there only at the level of the visible.

At the very least, could we not even envisage as certain a vast conspiracy of all the 'four' in a situation of undercover involvement, of all the 'back four' supposed to be participating in concert, summoned to lead, together, the world history in progress, to direct it through their own 'leading elements' who, themselves, would be present there in an antagonistic, conflagrationist way, the battles of the visible feeding the pacifications of the invisible? The rituals of approaching

The "back cover" must take this into account. So they will hide behind extraordinarily deceptive transparencies.

So Patrick Ferté writes on the back cover of his book *Arsène Lupin, Supérieur Inconnu*: "Les "Arsène Lupin", une œuvre à double fond ? Maurice Leblanc, the masked author of a vast cryptogram"? The "gentleman burglar", a gentleman initiator? Patrick Ferté quickly convinces us of this a priori improbable thesis. Using his prodigious erudition and rare shrewdness to spellbind, superimposing the adventures of Lupin and the strange 'affairs' of Rennes-le-Château and Gisors, the author reveals the unheard-of watermark of a rich second reading. Taking Maurice Leblanc at his word, and against all odds. Patrick Ferté completely renews the dossier and makes one major discovery after another. From the outset, does he not find the reliquary where Lupin rests in the cathedral of Aude? And when he realised that one of Maurice Leblanc's treasured heroes was the bishop of Carcassonne, he discovered that he was the patron saint of Mgr Billard, the protector of the strange priest Saunière of Rennes-le-Château! And isn't "813", the title of a novel by Leblanc, the date on which Alet Abbey was founded? Another adventure features a certain "Abbé Gélis", holder of the key to an underground treasure trove. Isn't this, in full, the name of the parish priest of Coustaussa whom Bérenger Saunière consulted after the discovery of a mysterious tomb, and whose murder remains unexplained? From there, tracking down Lupin as never before, Patrick Ferté takes us with sure steps into catacombs that are as unsuspected as they are unimpeachable: he reconstructs the occult network that haunted so many secret societies where Maurice Leblanc had his entrances or his...

antennas. Yes, as has been said. Lupin's burglary of French history is undoubtedly the secret history of hermetic France. And Patrick Ferté was able to snatch the most beautiful key from his master key: magical, it opens onto the crypts of a hallucinating underground cathedral where you have to play the symphony coincidences to your heart's content. You'll come out bewitched, if you come out at all".

But the fact is that *there is no getting away from it*, and as far as I am concerned that is what I believe I have to say and also to prove within the necessarily precarious framework of this review. That not a single sentence, not even a single word in the written work of Maurice Leblanc - but then, who is Maurice Leblanc - was without having to carry a double, a triple meaning coded in depth, without having to support an active ciphering, Patrick Ferté succeeds, in this book, in demonstrating this in a way that would not suffer even the slightest contradiction. We must agree in advance that the slightest doubt in this respect - in view, once again, of the uninterrupted work of unveiling provided here by the apocalyptic agent on the trail named Patrick Ferté - would be either self-interested, partisan, or aberrant, passionate bad faith, or inane incomprehension, out of touch, stemming from deficient information, *out of touch* and subaltern, from some mental or - genetic - inadvertence with the subject in hand.

To see for yourself - it's a fact - *there* is only one effective procedure available to all of us: read what Patrick Ferté has to say about it, and in the very disturbing light of his revelations

reread the writings of Maurice Leblanc, all of them, and make sure you don't miss the subterranean discourse constantly emerging from beneath the discourse adventurously brought to the surface, at once transparent in its opacity, and which, moreover, is not really an opacity at all. Rather, it is a decoy, a cover that is deficient by design, and opaque in its very transparencies, all doctored, all manipulated, all serving, without acknowledging it, the deferred purpose of a vast confidential, or rather 'ultra-confidential', enterprise.

In *L'Ile aux30 Cercueils*, Maurice Leblanc wrote these highly revealing and dangerous lines: "I have the impression that we are being thrown into a great drama that has been played out for years, for centuries, and in which we are not involved until the climax, when the tremendous cataclysm that generations of men dedicated to secrecy have prepared takes place.

Now, Maurice Leblanc's work, entirely coded in this way, tirelessly handed over - and put back - to the secret that bears it and makes it what it is, towards what final goal had it been led, pursued with such long-drawn-out, awakened, heroic relentlessness, and in the terms of what hidden mission, of what occult command of suprahistoric action planned in advance, concerted, directed as if from beyond the world, not to say from beyond the grave? For, slowly, we may be approaching the secret of a certain hidden tomb, an immense, *unbearable* secret.

Let's face it, it's the secret of the Tombeau d'Arques.

Rennes-le-Château, another revelation grid

It's hard for Ton not to be immediately struck by this: from the very first pages of his book, most of Patrick Ferté's research is directed towards the hard core of the nebula of mysteries formed by what is said to be going on at Rennes-le-Château, by the metahistorical abscess that has been lodged there since, as they say, the dawn of time.

In a way, then, things couldn't be clearer. I don't think anyone is unaware that from the 1960s onwards, in France and elsewhere, and especially in Great Britain, the nebula of the 'mysteries of Rennes-le-Château' obsessively polarised and reactivated all and the best of Western spiritual and occultist attentions and availabilities involved in the current eschatological future of history and the world. And so much so that the shadow cast by the nebula of the 'mysteries of Rennes-le-Château' is now calling out to and covering everything, and that everything is in the process of becoming a tumult. In this darkness, a number of borderline revelatory avenues are meeting and exalting each other, *all* at the behest of a central, *centralising* influence, and this one deeply hidden and elusive.

But," exclaimed Maurice Leblanc in *Les Trois Yeux*, "I have opened a door to darkness, and from that darkness, unexpected light rises.

By deliberately focusing on 'genealogical' concerns, the ardent trail - the *arde plant* - which, at

Within the "nebula of the mysteries of Rennes-le-Château", the investigations into the occult genealogy of the Merovingian lineage, which became subterranean after the assassination of the future Saint Dagobert II at Stenay in 679, produce a revelational grid which, if we take into account, above all, the current work of Patrick Ferté, may well provide us with the first key to the message contained in *Arsène Lupin, Supérieur Inconnu*. This first key, as we have seen, is a genealogical key, and the revelational grid capable of delivering it to us would be roughly as follows, comprising a succession of three levels:

(1) In *Arsène Lupin, Supérieur Inconnu*, Patrick Ferté writes following, it seems to me, the "general line" defined by Jean-Pierre Deloux, which will thus become our basic "roseline": "According to the Prieuré de Sion, during the assassination of Saint Dagobert II by the Pépinides near Stenay in 679, Dagobert's son Sigebert IV, who is thought to have been killed with his father - he was three years old at the time - was in fact abducted by his sister Irmine, abess of Oerren, then brought back to his mother in the Razès, took the name of "Plant-Ard", i.e. the "fiery offspring", and had offspring from his wife Magdala. It is even said that Sigebert IV, saved by Irmine, arrived in Rhedae on 17 January 681.

Thus it appears that a subterranean Merovingian genealogy, forbidden and clandestine, apocalyptic, duplicates the historically avowed, visible genealogies of the conventional, post-Merovingian French monarchy, through an abyssal, interior, nocturnal counter-history, which nevertheless has the right to claim - perhaps - to a *different kind of legitimacy*. Is the term "other legitimacy" too strong? From the point of view of the most secret Merovingian claims, no, the term is not too strong.

strong. It is spectrally just, and it acts. A *different kind of legitimacy*, then, one that is not only anterior to and therefore superior to the one established in blood by the murderers of Stenay, but also, *sub specie sacramentorum* and as if ontologically, still radiant and the only one to be so by virtue of the ancient oaths, a holy legitimacy super-sanctified by the very torture of the holy king Dagobert II, and in the face of which the origins of the post-Merovingian monarchies would remain reputed to be usurpation and perjury, founded in high treason and criminality, inexpibly tainted with regicide blood.

On the same subject, Patrick Ferté also cites the young seer at LaSalette, Mélanie Calvat, who was asked openly by her confessor, Abbé Rigaux, "So, my sister, the Great Monarch, may God keep us, is not descended from the Orléans", and was formally told "no" ("non, répondit l'inspirée").

(2) As things stand at present, the revelations concerning the clandestine perpetuation of Merovingian genealogy would seem to lead, ad infinitum, to a secret society of influence with obscure if not very distant origins, the Priory of Sion, and in all cases lead, in one way or another, always, to what still persists in wanting to be, in keeping itself in a state of deep occultation, but responsible and no doubt also in a state of vigilance, at the centre of the mysteriosophic region of Rennes-le-Château.

It was thought that the true meaning of the ministry of the Priory of Sion could be disputed, for even if they were veiled - undetectable, some would say - they could not be concealed.

- the pretensions of this superior society of influence could indeed appear most

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Maurice Leblanc. *Confidences d'Arsène Lupin*: "There were secrets there that only Arsène Lupin knew about, and whose disclosure, therefore, could only have come from him. But what was his purpose in revealing them? And how will we find the answer to this question about the sale of secrets? The question is whether. Maurice Leblanc's deeply coded novels also contain a revelatory grid that can - or should - reveal the very secret of the true identity, the real and living identity of the person *represented* by Arsène Lupin, the secret, I mean, of the very identity of the King of the World as a person embodying - at a given moment - a principle, a lineage, a bloodline, a mystery or, what would amount to the same thing, or almost, the occult genealogical identity of this lineage, which it is a question of naming.

In any case. we have just reached a crossroads where the figure of "Arsène Lupin" can now only lead in two directions of unveiling, and it will be one or the other : either Maurice Leblanc will have been obliged to confess, through the ciphering of his own novels, that it was indeed he, Maurice Leblanc, who had to very secretly embody, in his very existence, the principle of the King of the World, or else, if the King of the World is someone else, he, Maurice Leblanc, mysteriously entrusted with this special mission, will have had only to reveal to us, under cover of his coded writing, his genealogical identity and perhaps even his very person, provided we know how to take to its ultimate conclusion the deciphering that it would then be up to us to force in depth, and to *reduce*. And I quote Maurice Leblanc,

exclaimed, in *L'Ile a us 3 cercueils*. "Was it a hidden signal established by someone and intended to guide the steps of another person", and immediately realising that this was precisely the case.

In the current state of his research, Patrick Ferté is not in favour of either of these two fundamental directions of unveiling, one of which in any case must deliver the 'ultimate secret'. Unless, that is, Patrick Ferté was himself, in the shadows, a party to it, willing - or predisposed - to redo the games entirely to suit himself, taking on himself a new mission from the current front line and a new secret call from destiny.

It is nonetheless obvious that what we should try to do without further delay is to embark on the most in-depth and decisive biographical approach to the life, activities and origins of Maurice Leblanc. In fact, this is more difficult than one might think at first sight. The only major biographical study of Maurice Leblanc to date became unavailable in bookshops immediately after its publication, and it is not impossible that the print run has already been destroyed. The book in question is Jacques Derouard's *Maurice Leblanc, Arsène Lupin malgré lui*, published in 1989 by Librairie Séguier, Lignes SA, a company that has since disappeared. An obscure ban is constantly at work to undo everything that remotely touches the person of Maurice Leblanc, not to mention the terrible obstacles concerning what I myself have called the 'mysteriosophic nebula of Rennes-le-Château'. But we will be able to cope, and all that will pass. There's going to be an upturn.

Patrick Ferté, meanwhile, is already adding to the rising tide of current research on Maurice Leblanc with some significant and extraordinarily exciting attributions, such as the one which, by noting the close friendship that existed between Maurice Leblanc and Jules Bois, brings Maurice Leblanc into the immediate vicinity of the Parisian influences of the Hermetic Order of the *Golden Dawn in the Outer*. The lover of Emma Calvé, whose friendship with Georgette Leblanc is also well known, Jules Bois, Unknown Superior of the Martinist Order, had been initiated into Ahathoor Lodge No. 7 founded in Paris by Samuel Liddel Mathers, Grand Master of the Hermetic Order of the *Golden Dawn in the Outer* and one of the few privileged people who were directly approached, and he himself on several occasions, by the Unknown Superiors. Samuel Liddle Mathers' account of his encounters with the Unknown Superiors is, and still is, one of the high points of Western occultism in the ^{nineteenth} century and beyond. As far as I'm concerned, I confess that I found it a decisive incentive for my own path, and perhaps even something more. I remain convinced that Samuel Liddle Mathers is still, today, one of the polar channels dedicated to maintaining the circuit of salvific penetrations in the West, one of the twelve of the Circuit.

Patrick Ferté also mentions the beneficent shadow that had been cast over Maurice Leblanc's Paris occultist career from the moment he was admitted to, or even drawn towards, the higher regions of the initiatory high grades of Scottish Masonry, but always through relationships, through special influences, with a particularly elusive definition, adjoining 'the other domain'.

On this subject, Patrick Ferté recalls that the Marquis de Chefdebien, alias *Franciscus. Eques a Capite Galeato* (1753- 1814), Master of the Primitive Rite of Narbonne, or of the Philadelphians, sent as ambassador of the Philadelphian regime to the Grand Masonic Convent of Wilhelmsbad (1782), was one of the hidden awakeners of the "mysteriosophic nebula of Rennes-le-Château" and of the environments under the influence of what was held there. But in Wilhelmsbad in 1782, "the rationalists having won out over the mystics", the Order of the Benevolent Knights of the Holy City was rectified and the Templar lineage abandoned, to the great displeasure, writes Patrick Ferté, of the Marquis de Chefdebien, "It was the hidden remnants of the Philadelphians that served as support points, relays and living sources for Maurice Leblanc's enterprise. Patrick Ferté also reminds us that the brother of the parish priest Berenger Saunière, Alfred Saunière, had been a tutor with the Chefdebien family in Narbonne. Which, I would add, is undoubtedly the origin of everything that came afterwards, and whose immense underground seismic thrust not only hasn't stopped, but, in fact, hasn't even begun in earnest. And I'm not just talking spiritual and mystical tremors here.

What the "shadow mouth has to say about it

All these hidden changes, all these tremors in the depths, even if they were only spiritual and mystical, which in truth is far from proven, were not without certain *compromising* implications.

the series of which continues even today, uninterrupted, if the conspiracy itself continues.

As a kind of courteous warning, I don't think it would be harmful, let alone pointless, for me to cite here a number of facts which, as I have already said, are extremely worrying.

Patrick Ferté In this murky affair, we like to frighten the layman with an obituary that is as thick as it is hideous. We have lost count of the priests murdered, the confessors found with white hair for having confessed a dreadful secret, the authors who disappeared for having betrayed the mysteries of Rennes: among others, the Pakistani Fakkar ul-Islam thrown out of a door of the Paris-Geneva express, whose "accident" was reported in *Le Monde* (20.2.1967 and 23.2.1967), without however specifying as such the "insider" who was carrying secret files on Rennes-le-Château; a fortnight after his decapitated body was found on the ballast, three co-authors of a pamphlet on Rennes-le-Château, *the Serpent Rouge*, were discovered hanged, all three within 24 hours of each other, in Argenteuil, Ermont and Pontoise. Mathieu Paoli (alias Ludwig Scheswig) disappeared after *new revelations about the treasures of Razès and Gisors*. He was a journalist with Swiss TV at the time and has since left to work for Israeli TV in Tel Aviv: that's where his trail will end". And then: "Mention is also made of the case of Mme Georgette Roumens-Talon, Marie Denarnaud's niece, who showed G. de Sède the ancient jewels.

- *antiques*, he says - that Abbé Saunière gave her one day out of the kindness of his heart. She was found in her flat on 28 August 1974, "strangled with an electric wire, her skull smashed with a candlestick. The murderer was a member of a sect".

In his book, Patrick Ferté revisits the case of the *Snake*: "I think it would be useful to add a few little-known facts here. Readers with any knowledge of Rennes-le-Château will have heard of the terrifying affair of the *Red Snake*. This esoteric pamphlet, 13 typewritten pages long, devoted to Rennes and co-signed by three authors, Louis Saint-Maxent, G. de Koker and P. Feugère, was deposited on 15 February 1967 with the Bibliothèque Nationale, which registered it on 20 March under the number 40L7K50590. And then: The "terrifying" aspect of the affair came from the fact that all three of the co-authors of the *Serpent Rouge* were found to have committed suicide by hanging within a period of 24 hours, two on 6 March 1967, one at 7am, the other at 9am, and the third the following day at 6.20am, i.e. "19 days after *Serpent Rouge* was deposited in the Bibliothèque Nationale and 16 days before it became public knowledge". And we know in advance that the list will not end there, that the holocaust is planned to continue.

The mystery of the Tombeau d'Arques

In fact, when everything has been said about the mysteriosophic nebula of Rennes-le-Château, we always realise that we haven't said anything yet. Maurice Leblanc, in *La comtesse de Cagliostro*: "Si c'est un secret si grand, dois-je le révéler? ",

Let me make myself clear: in a research project such as this, the least I can do is to say what my own point of view - my ultimate point of view - is on all the problems that I have found myself invited and ultimately obliged to tackle. In the final analysis, then, my *ultimate point of view* on the 'mysteriosophic nebula of Rennes-le-Château' is polarised by the mystery of the

Arques tomb. However, after being recently abused, the tomb was finally destroyed and a heavy concrete slab prevented any future approach. At present, I will say no more. And whether it was a recent tomb - in terms of the monument itself, and in terms of its funerary contents - no longer matters. It's all there, it's all still there: in another space, but still close by. Have we destroyed the habitat? Somewhere in the air, above the former site, the inhabitant persists in remaining invisible, and so do some of its occult influences, even if they are unimaginable.

There remains one final question. The question is: who, and for what infinitely hidden reasons, has been using considerable occultist and other means for so many years now to maintain, and even exacerbate, the mythological and legendary tension surrounding the places haunted and, in a way, even consecrated - reconsacrated - by Abbé Bérenger Saunière? If there is a current answer to this last question, which, in this case, should also be the first of all, it is in Patrick Ferté's book, *Arsène Lupin, Supérieur Inconnu*, that we should look for it: the 'password' for the operative submission and openness of what we have called the 'mysteriosophic nebula of Rennes-le-Château' is to be sought exclusively in the direction just suggested to us by the character of Maurice Leblanc and the very name of Arsène Lupin. There is a threshold here, a threshold of departure and passage, which is indeed this one, and there is no other. The rest, all the rest, is the result of a system of diversionary strategies that are highly sophisticated, consistent, effective, and that

barrage and prohibition in the invisible, and in the visible even more often. Some let themselves be taken in and devoured like flies. That's how these things .

And why, then, should we be tempted to be astonished by these successive waves of hecatombs coming, as expected, to lighten the ranks of those whose short-sightedness comes too close to the zones of presence, of imposition, emanating from, and standing above, the places concerned by the mysteriosophic nebula of Rennes-le-Château and, from now on, we fear, even by frequenting too much the adventurous and initiatory jurisdictions of Arsène Lupin? Nothing ensures the perpetuation of the great things ritually hidden in the invisible as much as human sacrifice, and the very thing that must live in the shadow of the Tombeau d'Arques will demand that this service be continued indefinitely by those who themselves survive it, if only a little. This appalling work is enclosed in its own unconsciousness, but it counts for a great deal. And in a way that is still relevant today, so much so that if Rome returns, it will also be by roads other than those of Rome.

But Rome has always kept itself hidden in the darkness of its own unbearable brilliance. Rome is always behind Rome.

In times of these terrible oblivions of active unconsciousness, the very times of Arthur Waite's *tenebrae activae*, would there then have been a diversion of paths? But there is no deviation from the path when the goal lies beyond any path. Even though all roads lead to Rome, and the ritual of the Imperial Call to Day, which Arthuro Reghini and his companions in the Ur Groups had thought to be a thing of the past and unfit for action

by extinction when it was last *uncovered*. Villa Palombara, in Rome, at the beginning of the Mussolini era, was in fact still active. And always will be, in the terms of a fully qualified request. As we shall no doubt soon see, the time has come again.

In the end, we will understand that the radiating core of the ultimate enclosure, of the last secret of the current mysteriosophic nebula at Rennes-le-Château can therefore only be a core of Roman origin and perpetuation, the external, supratemporal fallback base of the *Roma Hermética*, of Romme behind Rome.

But as time went by, other influential bodies joined in, some of them, at times, the most equivocal, nocturnal, inferior or criminal, *infernal*.

Spasmodic deviations

One thing is perfectly certain, the level at which Patrick Ferié's research and revelations are established is of an elevation that makes them the challenge and the honour of the final metahistorical combat undertaken, and currently being pursued, by French Hermeticism, a continuation of the greatest things of the past of visible and invisible power of Secret and Magical France, of this *Francia Hermética* on which the monarchy of Divine Right was based.

However, on a more external level, Patrick Ferté also reveals Maurice Leblanc's close and even overlapping links with Scottish Freemasonry and, in the same vein, with the Ministry of the Interior (among other things, Patrick Ferté points out that Maurice Leblanc's brother-in-law, René

Renoult, several times a minister in the ^{Third} Republic, had also been Minister of the Interior in the crucial years 1913-1914).

Once again, then: what does this new actuality - the sustained, far-reaching metastrategic re-actualisation - of the myth of provocation and framing proposed by the 'mysteriosophic nebula of Rennes-le-Château' correspond to, for an eye as penetrating as it is educated in these things, the new actuality, the far-reaching reactivation to which we have been invited to witness - taken as witnesses, as we say taken hostage - for some twenty years now? The obscure rumour, the whisper of Rennes-le-Château, who wanted to turn it into an uproar, and why? Each time, this agonising question gives rise to an irreducible grey area, which no matter how closely you look, you can never really force out, let alone reduce. Why is this? Do we have to resign ourselves to it, as those on the barricades of darkness would have us do? Now there are a few of us who have decided to break down this barrier, whatever the cost. We'll keep at it, we'll get there. It's a group commitment.

However, I would like to recall a similar case, that of publication, in 1933, by the military publisher Berger-Levrault and under the byline of "Teddy Legrand", of a work entitled *Les Sept Têtes du Dragon Vert* (*The Seven Heads of the Green Dragon*). Some will remember the tremendous impact, the incredible underground havoc wreaked - the spasms of which are still being perpetuated in shadowy politico-military circles - by this visionary, multi-headed work. Since then

- see the works of Roger Faligot and Rémi Kauffer - that *Les Sept Têtes du Dragon Vert* was in fact the work of Pierre Mariel, who was also. Venerable of the Villard de Honnecourt Lodge of the Grande Loge Nationale de France (GLNF). But, to get to the heart of the matter, what work had Pierre Mariel conceived on the instructions, with the support and complicity of what sponsoring body, what high occult power, out of reach and, above all, for what purpose? The 'Second Bureau' has a good back, but all the same. The Circuit already?

However, the affair that led to the publication of Teddy Legrand's book, *Les Sept Têtes du Dragon Vert*, was nothing compared to the upheaval caused since then by the subversive movement in current French and European occultism circles of the invisible proponents of the Rennes-le-Château media earthquake and the metapsychic and other whirlwinds that are coming from it, that are being imposed on us, that are almost submerging us.

Whatever its original, supra-temporal core, the current ganglionic reassamblment of Rennes-le-Château is creating an invisible black fortress on the spot, putting into circuit and feeding an incessant current of infestation, constantly emitting waves of black shadow carried by the draught our present-day spiritual weaknesses. End-of-Cycle weakenings.

And so some very worrying perspectives are opening up before us, *different* perspectives. Just recently, on the occasion of the disappearance of the very special personal archives of Roger-Patrice Pelât, former Grand Master of the

Prieuré de Sion, we were suddenly able to take the true measure of Pierre Plantard de Saint-Clair's subterranean political weight who, almost on the spot, was able to lock up, and in what silence, remove from the Inattention of justice already on the march and judges on the lookout, the secret of the current states of the society of metahistorical influence and perpetuation of a hidden power of which he is said - of which he claims - to be regularly in charge. Which, in these times, suggests a great deal.

A spectral community of watch and clandestine action

We are familiar with Bram Stoker's brief, clear definition of the central rear base set up within the confines of the Carfax estate near London: "The closed doors are made of solid oak, decorated with fittings gnawed by rust. The estate is called Carfax, which is certainly a corruption of the French *Quatre Faces*, as the walls of the house are oriented according to the points of the compass. It comprises a total of twenty acres of land, bounded by the aforementioned stone wall. Many trees grow here, making it quite dark in places, and there is a deep pond or small lake, obviously fed by underground springs, as the water is pure and flows out in a good-sized stream. The residence is extremely vast and dates back, I would say, to medieval times. In fact, part of it is made of very thick stone, pierced only by a few high windows fitted with metal bars. It seems to be part of a fortress, built near an old chapel or church.

This is because, yesterday and today, the common resting place of the "back covers, where only *Par Profunda* reigns, must absolutely have its own territory, its own lands, situated both in this world and it, of which all the *activities* of its secret agents or agents of influence in depth, whatever these activities may be in time and space, in the history of the world or in the invisible, are merely its external emanation or, in a way, the circumstantial projection into the century. Emanation, projection into the world of the "central backward base", of the "secret domain of Carfax. Everything that takes place decisively in the depths of visible history and of the other is preconceived within the space beyond the reach of the Four Faces, and comes from there by subversive and mediumistic channels beyond all interception.

In the 1940s, the pivotal years in the revolutionary tectonics of twentieth-century European "history", the "top secret society" known externally as *the Comité Secret d'Action Révolutionnaire* (CSAR, or more commonly the Cagoule), had preventively divided itself, from the inside, into several branches operating under cover, intended to penetrate, to invest - to "infiltrate", it was said - the whole of the French and European political spectrum, indeed the whole planet, mobilised on the home front of the European civil war raging at the time. At the instigation of its central, polar "back cover", still unknown to all, the same "superior secret society" had sent special groups made up of the best of its available elements on missions to Vichy, Paris, Algiers, Berlin, Bucharest, Bern and Stockholm. Ankara and London,

They were instructed to get as close as possible to the centres of power and unconditionally adopt their political and doctrinal identity and their fighting positions. In Berlin alone, the men of the CSAR outside were present in all the antagonistic fractions of the political-military power of the ^{Third} Reich, and it was more or less the same everywhere else.

However, it is no less absolutely certain that right up to the end of the war and even well beyond, in the years 1946-1948 and then 1954-1958, the same occult central command acting as the "fourth cover" for the whole of the vast operation still underway, was able to maintain, in the deep shadow of its own transcendental retreat, the fact of the initial unity of the community of action whose destinies it had to govern, to actively preserve the latter's de facto identity, its flawless spectral identity. And so it is that the same "higher secret society" has managed to remain, even today, just as its leaders in the ultimate inner circles have remained, always out of reach, unnameable rather than unknown and utterly dangerous, and this is a mortal danger, an immediate and obscure danger, for anyone who pretends to be unduly interested in it, or even just a little too close.

It is from this spectral, essentially French, conspiratorial perspective that we should try to approach the mystery of 'Arsène Lupin Supérieur Inconnu' that Patrick Ferté has come to offer us. That is my conviction, but I won't insist.

I will quote, however, René Guénon: "True esotericism lies beyond the oppositions that are asserted in the external movements that agitate the profane world, and if these movements are sometimes invisibly aroused or directed by powerful initiatory organisations, it can be said that these dominate them without interfering, so as to exert their influence equally on each of the opposing parties.

Secret societies meet the Apocalypse

Until now, Jean Robin has been best known for his works on René Guénon, *René Guénon, Témoin de la Tradition*, and *René Guénon, la dernière chance de l'Occident*, published by Guy Trédaniel, Editions de La Maisnie, reference works if ever there were, and a sum perhaps unequalled in the current trend of Guénonian research. But it is still a work in progress, and we must wait for the more or less foreseeable future, for further developments and even, at the end - or as at the end - for some prophetic outcome.

Unless, that is, there is some misfortune along the way. For, in the margins, things seem to get muddled and quickly become obscured. A kind of spectral intervention now infiltrates the dark, weaving singularly undue bridges.

With his latest book, an essay entitled *Les sociétés secrètes au rendez-vous de l'Apocalypse*, also published by Editions de la Maisnie, Jean Robin seems to be seeking to deepen, update and over-activate the scope of his investigations, moving from the

In this way, the exclusively spiritual domain of Guénorian esotericism is replaced by a direct attack on the front line of problems concerning the historical dimensions of the Spirit and the processional apparatuses of influence through which the Spirit occultly exercises its powers of presence, subversively imposing the veiled presence of its highest powers on the march of history, on the future of this world and its ontological seasons.

In his approach to the fundamental mystery of history conceived as the privileged territory, predestination and cosmological issue of the confrontation between the powers and counter-powers of the Spirit, Jean Robin will never cease to hold fast to the dialectical light offered on this subject by the most certain Guénorian thought. However, Jean Robin will never cease to adhere to the dialectical light shed on this subject by the most certain Guénorian thought, whose essential, central thesis, extracted from *V Esotérisme de Dante*, he even quotes in his introduction: If these movements are sometimes invisibly aroused or directed by powerful initiatic organisations, it can be said that these organisations dominate them without interfering, so as to exert their influence equally on each of the opposing parties...".

Thus, from the sole point of view of the Spirit, what counts, what *really counts*, is the completion of history and the inner self-illumination of the mystery of its end, and not the succession of intermediate seasons engaged in the spiral of its becoming, where the times of light ascendant succeed those of darkness, as Raymond Abellio suggests in his interpretation of the figure of the Wheels of Ezekiel, which, as we know, is only a visionary manifestation of the Chariot of Yahweh.

After Saint-Yves d'Alveydre, after René Guénon and certain others more directly involved in the profound manipulations of 'great history', Jean Robin too, in his research into secret societies, adopted the glass key of this esoteric conception of 'great history', which rejects, and offers itself the dialectical means of overcoming, any dualistic vision of the visible and invisible course of events and their *meanings*, and which pushes its explorations to that inconceivable place where all the inner antagonisms of history cancel each other out and are absorbed by the vortex of a single, occult, all-powerful and *truly divine* will, *an* inconceivable place that the prophet Ezekiel saw under the resplendent appearance of a "sapphire stone in the form of a throne".

Now, it is, I believe, perfectly useless to want to work from this particular conception of the history of the world in its total, cosmological march, without knowing the very writing that bears witness to the original vision of the prophet Ezekiel. Thus Ezekiel says, bringing into play the mysterious Animals and Wheels that Raymond Abellio invokes in the preliminary address of *Ezekiel's Eyes Are Open*: "Where the spirit moved them, the wheels went, and they also rose, for the spirit of the animal was in the wheels. When they went forward, they went forward, when they stopped, they stopped, and when they rose from the earth, the wheels also rose, for the spirit of the animal was in the wheels. And on the heads of the beasts there was something like a canopy, as bright as crystal, stretched over their heads, and above and below the canopy their wings were drawn up towards each other, and each had two covering his body. And I heard the sound of their

wings like the sound of many waters, like the very voice of Shaddai". And the prophet Ezekiel continues: "Above the canopy that was over their heads was something that had the appearance of a sapphire stone in the shape of a Throne, and on this Throne shape, above, at the very top, a being with human appearance. And I saw like the brightness of vermeil, something like fire near him, all around, from what seemed to be his loins and above; and from what seemed to be his loins and below, I saw something like fire and a glow all around; the appearance of this glow, all around, was like the appearance of the bow that appears in the clouds on a rainy day. It was something like the glory of Yahweh. I looked and fell on my face to the ground, and I heard the voice of someone speaking to me".

We could therefore say that the major importance, the avant-garde importance of Jean Robin's book on secret societies lies precisely in the fact that it shows that a *hidden path* still exists, a hidden path which, in spite of everything, can lead - using, to do so, the fires of a very specially directed, very specially appropriate intelligence, an exclusively initiatory understanding of the fundamental mystery of the greatest history - even to this "sapphire stone in the shape of a throne", and even to this "being with a human appearance", to this "something" resembling "the glory of Yahweh" that had struck the prophet Ezekiel in his ultimate vision, in his original vision of any metahistorical approach to history in progress.

And, of course, in his essay on *Les sociétés secrètes au rendez-vous de l'Apocalypse*, Jean Robin makes no attempt to

to give an account of all the forces currently at work in this essentially twilight, subterranean, forbidden and concealed zone of the great history in progress where the double identity of the Spirit confronts itself, and even less to draw up a historiography of past confrontations. His discourse is not at all committed to a comprehensive historical research, with exhaustive pretensions. His approach is quite different. Through the grid of a certain number of subjects to be dealt with, and which he will most often treat in a rather masterly way, Jean Robin tends rather towards the preliminary definition of a kind of phenomenology of history as the visible result of the invisible confrontations, at its very heart, of the secret societies which constitute its hidden armature and whose permanent cosmological war it inexorably conveys and carries forward.

However, this essentially initiatory vision of the history of the world in its deepest becoming, and of that beyond history where history never ceases to find its sole reason for being and continuation, is not without its very immediate and even activist implications. This is particularly true in the field of what can be considered to be the front line on which the apparatuses of counter-strategic presence and action are mobilised today to determine the limits of the offensive assertion of the great political-historical powers engaged in the current planetary struggle for final domination of the world and of history itself at its end.

In this respect, *the Secret Societies at the rendezvous of the Apocalypse* and the dialectical intelligence proposals of

The conceptual infrastructure of any counter-strategic security battle is today identified, and more and more dramatically, with the metahistorical and visionary foundations of the conception of counter-strategy. In fact, the conceptual infrastructure of any counter-strategic security struggle is identified today, and more and more dramatically, with the metahistorical and visionary foundations of the non-dualistic conception of history, which Jean Robin, in his turn, proposes to define, if not already to trace the paths of approach that seem to him to be the most *available*.

Isn't the very horizon of any active counter-strategic mobilisation today the very horizon of its apocalyptic interpellation, or what Jean Robin calls the horizon of the ascent to the "rendezvous of the Apocalypse"?

We'll have to see. "Everything is now in the zone of supreme attention". So it seems certain to us that any investigation, any active will, any assurance of security dealt with, today, from anything but a secretly apocalyptic perspective, can only lead to the setting in motion of a suicidal process of self-destabilisation which, in the final analysis, will end up by servipitating what it was originally intended to combat, and which will have turned it inside out. Just think of the Bavarian Illuminati affair, which Jean Robin discusses at length, or the Baader Gang affair, which followed on from it, or the clandestine operations of the Catholic Church, which is currently under negative influence.

in France precisely from the *reversal* of its hierarchies.

In any case, the apocalyptic world, the perhaps as yet inconceivable world that is to come, will belong, and undoubtedly already belongs, to those who will have been able to impose on themselves the use of the most appropriate analytical modalities, in other words the most 'absolutely new', to those who will have been able to offer themselves these analytical weapons of an absolutely new type, which are the metapolitical weapons of visionary analysis. History and the world yet to come will belong to those who know how to open up direct access to the powers of visionary analysis, the metapolitical fruit of this apocalyptic and non-dualistic conception of history which, as we have just seen, is already apparent in Jean Robin's book on secret societies.

In this strange and penetrating book, Jean Robin does not hesitate to 'show the way' for new procedures in the service of visionary analysis, and not without taking what may be considerable risks. He describes, among other things, the highly spiritual activities of a former career diplomat, Michel Vâlsan, who followed in the footsteps of René Guénon in France and converted to Islam under the name of Sheikh Mustafa Abd el-Aziz, the central witness of a Sufi tariqha in Paris, who maintained spiritual relations and an ongoing correspondence with General Charles de Gaulle and who is said to have given him, "in the gardens of the Elysée Palace", the highest states of a certain initiation, a certain cosmological influence reserved exclusively for the "small number" of the predestined superiors.

However, *Les Sociétés secrètes au rendez-vous de l'Apocalypse* is nothing other than a personal diary of a completely new conception, an "initiatory diary" chronicling the inner journeys, the inexplicable and enigmatic choices, the spiritual approaches and intuitive flashes, the inspirations of its author and which, as such, constantly embraces his hesitations, areas of shadow and desert, his very wanderings.

But there's a limit to everything. But there is a limit to everything. As far as I am concerned, Jean Robin's negative allegations about Saint Vincent de Paul and his action in the providential movements of the Company of the Blessed Sacrament, or the unqualified refusal, infinitely suspicious, hurtful, that Jean Robin opposes to the apocalyptic Marian apparitions of La Salette, and even more perhaps to the character of the great seer Mélanie Calvat, a mysterious, sublime and holy character, harassed and tortured as she was even unto death, never cease to be unbearable for me. Melanie Calvat. whose poor remains rest - but what rest can there be for a Melanie Calvat before the 'great end' comes - between the high walls of the Cathedral of Altamura, in Puglia, a cathedral built for higher and hidden purposes by Frederick II Hohenstaufen,⁴¹ our only Lord and Master.

Unbearable, then, these *negative allegations*, to the very point that I am already thinking of a reparatory action on the subject of Saint Vincent de Paul, apostle of the Society of the Blessed Sacrament, as well as on the subject of the pathetic Mélanie Calvat, reconsidered and revisited, to whom I intend to devote, shortly, the in-depth work of a testimony of reparation and

of forgiveness that will reveal their true facets, in the very mystery of their light and in the light of their mystery, still intact and, in the greatest secrecy, *still active*. A mystery, I know, that is still active, but by what appalling darkness it is encircled in its lofty task.

Dark contradictions

Now there can be no doubt. No doubt whatsoever. Emanating from the critical mass of this book, many other examples of the deviationism of a spirituality *that is damaged*, corrupted and on the way to alienation, constantly corroborate the worries that assail me - that assail us - as to what the change of path - perhaps still somewhat unconscious, because not yet recognised as such by Jean Robin himself - but already so strongly attributable to the author of the essay on "secret societies at the rendezvous of the Apocalypse", could really mean in the end.

Something here seems to me to be going irreparably wrong. I've sounded the alarm, but we'll have to and see.

Is Jean Robin up to something highly equivocal, intolerable and probably quite terrible?

The most unmentionable of *train departures*, and the *decision to break up* itself, are usually no different. So what's the worst?

In the end, Jean Robin presented himself as almost at odds with his own people, as if he had already gone over to the enemy.

Militant, not aiming at the "dead bark", which might no longer be valid, nor viable, which might even have become pernicious, but, on the contrary, at the "living marrow", the holy sacraments themselves, the saints in action and radiance, the inspirations from beyond the world and their ardent signs.

It cannot be doubted with impunity that the Church exists only through the Eucharistic institution, and has no other *raison d'être* than that of serving the Eucharistic institution: it will therefore be in relation to the Eucharistic institution and its living support bodies that those who are of the Church will have to define themselves, and those who are of the Church will have to define themselves in relation to the Eucharistic institution.

— whether or not they are already clearly aware of the fact - of the dark forces of the Anti-Church.

Ultimately, the attacks on the Company of the Holy Sacrament - what it *was, will be*, too, eternally

- to be considered, in fact, as a series of attacks on the
- or attempts to attack the Blessed Sacrament itself? A terrible question, I agree.

So what's going on with Jean Robin at the moment? Who or what has deviously snatched him up and carried him off to another place, a place we suspect is under the occult jurisdiction of the dark powers at work?

And how, then, are we to deal with these misguided actions of one of our own, these inconsiderate adulterations which are becoming even more so, and even blacker too, how are we to bear without reacting to the ongoing process of this *extinction*? How can we see more clearly, how can we penetrate, in this case, the game of perdition?

In the paths of secret elevation, this kind of crisis occurs quite frequently, and seasoned travellers from our own past have been able to recognise in it the fateful ransom of certain metapsychic, if not spiritual, impatience, which thus confesses the reversal into pride of an old, intimate, unavowable dryness.

Aren't the diseases of pride to the spiritual path what the so-called shameful diseases are to the path of love? The illnesses of the path are the responsibility of the path itself. Whereas, like the beginning, *the end* is exclusively a matter of the mystery of the preconceived action of Divine Providence.

assassination of John Paul I to the attempted assassination of John Paul II

In-depth knowledge of the enemy

It is probably not for nothing that Julius Evola worked so hard to publicise Manuilski and de Poncins' book, *La guerre occulte*, in his day: in many respects, it is a prophetic book, whose topicality persists and continues to teach. How can we fight against the world's subversives and their invisible colleges if we do not know the most specialised ways of concealing them? How can we hope one day to dismantle the apparatus of what Archduke Otto of Habsburg called *negative omnipotence* if we have not been able to identify it and approach its innermost workings of influence and active putrefaction from the inside?

When, in *L'Homme Nouveau* on 3 November 1985, Marcel Clément published the singularly filthy work of a certain Hans Küng, a 'Catholic theologian' who was as menial as he was overrated, and who had been fighting for years on an anti-marriage, anti-eucharistic and anti-pontifical line, he was-...

Did the director of *L'Homme Nouveau* suddenly also "go over to the enemy"? No, not at all. All Marcel Clément is doing is exposing the enemy's positions in the full light of day, so that we can draw up, with full knowledge of the facts, the most appropriate counter-strategy, the one best suited to defeating them.

In presenting the disgusting theological output of Hans Kung, Marcel Clément writes: "Hans Kung makes no secret of the fact that he is at the very extreme end of the spectrum of those who oppose John Paul II and Cardinal Ratzinger. His thinking is a key to understanding the strategy implemented in the weeks leading up to, and in preparation for, the Extraordinary Synod. At the beginning of October Hans Küng published a document simultaneously in English in the *New York Times* (New York) and the *Globe and Mail* (Toronto), and in French in *Le devoir* (Montreal). We felt it was extremely important that not only our readers in America but also those in Europe should be able to read this text, however painful it may be for them to read it: the end of the enterprise under way under the visible responsibility of Hans Küng, an end that is *well thought out, calculated and measured*, is *to destabilise the Church* and to *take away from the Pope even 'the right to govern'* We can see that there is an open plot against Rome from within the Church itself, and that it is a worldwide plot, a planetary plot. Marcel Clément then quoted the *National Catholic Reporter* (United States) of 16 August 1985, in which Peter Hebblethwaite wrote about an underground, subversive conspiracy between various Catholic bishops' conferences against Rome. *Was there a plot? There was.* Such is the

conclusion of Peter Hebblethwaite's testimony ("Was it a conspiracy? It was"). A confession that is all the more precious in that its author belongs to the camp of those who side with Hans Küng. A confession that is now irrevocable. A confession that we must exploit to the full.

But there are many other confessions of the same kind. Let's say, too, and as a continuation, that the real interest of David Yallop's book, *In God's Name. Au Nom de Dieu*, lies precisely in the fact that it can be of use to us, and in the same essentially *didactic* way, in the course of the avant-garde struggle that some of us are in the process of undertaking to confront, at this very moment, the so-called fatality of ontological dishonour, of the spiritual and theological suicide to which we are being invited by the proponents of the conspiratorial current leading us straight into subjection, into eager abdication before the positions of *negative omnipotence*. For we already know quite well what remains for us to do, what we are obliged to do in these circumstances, which have, moreover, been foreseen for a long time.

Published in French by Editions Christian Bourgeois, *Au Nom de Dieu* has just been enriched with a second title. Presented in an interrogative form, this second title says, in fact, everything that David Yallop proposes to reveal. This second title with parallel effects is as follows: *Did they kill Pope John Paul I?* In concluding his book, David Yallop answers: *As I wish to avoid "serious insinuations", I will instead make a categorical statement. I am totally convinced that Pope John Paul I, Albino Luciani, was murdered.* Deserved, and a very clear statement.

Thirty-three days and one night

From the outset, I declare myself to be in close agreement with David Yallop's assertion, with his fundamental accusation: I, for my part, am entirely convinced that John Paul I was murdered. And much more: I also believe that the reasons put forward by David Yallop to try to explain this theological assassination are, in fact, and very intrinsically, the real reasons that must have made those who had to act in this case act. By this I mean that, if John Paul I really was physically neutralised, it was precisely for the reasons that David Yallop attributes to some of those who might have been dramatically inclined to take responsibility for this preventive execution, an execution of the highest ecclesiastical and theological salubrity, and, first and foremost and most probably

- we were assured - the Cardinal Secretary of State, Jean Villot.

Elected to the See of Peter on 26 August 1978, the Patriarch of Venice, Albino Luciani, or John Paul I, reigned for only thirty-three days and one night: at dawn on 28 September of the same year, he was found dead in his Vatican flats. He died alone and in the greatest desolation, without the help of religion.

At first glance, David Yallop's book on John Paul I is intended to be a kind of exalted and exalted apology, accusatory and overdramatised, on the greatness, the high purity of heart and intention of the man who, According to the most convincing allegations, he suffered martyrdom, falling alone on the front line in the face of a conspiracy from within the Vatican and the Curia to oppose the implementation of his pontifical "grand design".

What is the pontiff's "grand design"? David Yallop is sure to let us know. And this is where we enter that zone of dread and darkness which was bound to lead either to the preventive disappearance of John Paul I, Supreme Pontiff, or to the disappearance, or rather the self-dissolution, in the very near future, of the Church itself and of the ecclesial whole, of the unitary field constituting Roman Catholicism. For the pontifical "grand design" of John Paul I was, in fact, in David Yallop's own words, a *revolutionary and anarchic dream*.

The day after his accession to the Roman Throne, John Paul I gave a speech which, in theory, was supposed to show the direction of the new pontificate. It was, if you like, the pontifical profession of faith of Peter's new successor. David Yallop: "The central point of this speech revealed that the man who called himself, in Venice, "a poor man accustomed to small things and silence" had a dream: "a revolutionary and anarchic dream" (I suppose that the translator of David Yallop's text actually meant "anarchist").

A revolutionary and anarchist dream

Once again, in his book on John Paul I, David Yallop offers himself not as an accuser of John Paul I and his *revolutionary, anarchist* pontifical 'grand design', but as his unconditional defender, as the avenger of the memory of restless shadow of the man whom Malachi named in his strange prophecies. *De Medietatae Lunae*.

To achieve this, David Yallop - and the hideous faceless sponsors behind the operation

of diversionary destabilisation thus entrusted to the care of a renowned specialist like David Yallop, "born a Roman Catholic" but who. David Yallop began by devoting some three hundred pages of his book to drawing up a more or less exhaustive catalogue of revolutionary and anarchist intentions, all of which should have formed the active foundations of John Paul I's pontifical "grand design", had they not *been cut short*.

Conceived by David Yallop and others as an apologetic, even glorious, justification of the pontifical doctrine of John Paul I. this catalogue of operational intentions, avowed very openly and, one might say, in all conscience, constitutes, however, a document of ultimate horror and unbearable dread on the double mystery of human dementia in its most unfathomable folds and of what Saint Paul had already called, in his Apocalyptic Epistle, his II Epistle to the Thessalonians, the *Mysterium Iniquitatis*, or the Ultimate Abyss of impiety in action. Working, without realising it, in a direction totally contrary to his own intentions. David Yallop thus ended up forcefully justifying the decision of those in the Vatican who had been called upon to understand that the only way to put an end to the immense theological tragedy in progress was to put an end to the person who bore supreme responsibility for it, whether unconscious or - even more so, but then what another horror to accept as such - completely conscious. It's hard not to admit that these considerations make you dizzy, and raise the icy whirlwind of irrepressible fear.

According to David Yallop's extremely well-documented confidences, John Paul I's revolutionary and anarchist 'grand design' essentially consisted of a series of more or less confidential projects that he was preparing to put into operation in the first three months of his pontificate. I can't talk about them without feeling a black, odious desolation, full of great Catholic sadness, but it's impossible not to.

First and foremost, John Paul I intended to obtain the de facto replacement of supreme pontifical power by the exercise of a so-called planetary episcopal collegiality (pages 103, 123), which would eventually imply the forced emergence of a non-European collegial majority. His personal preference was for the advent of a "provocation pope", "African", or at any rate from the "most unfulfilled" part of the Third World (pages 94, 111, etc.).

He also intended to proceed, and very essentially, with the radical replacement of the Roman positions on divorce (page 80), abortion with the abrogation of *Humanae Vitae*, artificial fertilisation (page 278), homosexuality (page 253), drugs, celibacy and marriage of priests (page 281) and the priesthood of women (page 253). On the other hand, it has been established that John Paul I was thinking of granting, within the Church, a comfortable situation, if not much more, to the "teaching" of a Hans Küng, as well as to the followers of a paranoid like Schillebeecks who, for him. They "expressed a deep desire to return to the original Church" (page 281). He also intended to try and impose a kind of general conversion of the Church to the aberrant leftist theses

and completely insane of what is known as the Dutch Church, or rather the "Church which is in Holland" (pages 280- 281).

John Paul I was also in favour of "unilateral general disarmament" (page 253), and had no hesitation in expressing what he considered to be irrevocable choices in favour of "liberation theology" in Latin America, while maintaining highly dubious relations with the most exacerbated Catholic leftist circles in Brazil and Havana. Finally, David Yallop points out that "to put an end to the Church of the rich", Paul VI's successor was preparing, as an immediate priority, a sort of definitive self-liquidation of all the Vatican's banking assets and the ecclesiastical institutes that ensured their smooth running. On the very eve of his death, John Paul I had just closed the file on the self-liquidation of all the Church's banking and other assets, with views and decisions that, it is said, "made the blood run cold" in the veins of Secretary of State Jean Villot, who was called in to discuss the matter late that evening. I would add the following: from the very first days of John Paul I's pontificate, the majority of the people of Rome were deeply concerned when they heard some of his statements live. Increasingly, an intolerable doubt began to creep in among those close to him about the state of his mental health. I quote, among many others: "If used properly, prayer would be a wonderful soap. A soap capable of making real saints of us all. We are not all saints because we have not used the soap enough".

And so we came to the secret of *soap*, a singularly obscene thing in popular Roman speech.

What more could I say that was anything but unbearably indecent?

A decision inspired by Above

As David Yallop puts it so well, *we are left with fear*. David Yallop also asks: "How and why did a curtain of darkness fall over the Catholic Church on 28 September 1978?"

It was therefore necessary to act immediately, and it was in a way on the spot that action was taken. People in the shadows, but inspired from Above, had not hesitated to take on responsibilities that were as terrible as they were decisive, as unavowable as they were life-saving.

David Yallop: "The murder had to be carried out by stealth". And then: "The sudden death had to be achieved in such a way as to minimise public questions and concern. And also: "The most effective way to kill the Pope was with poison. A poison that, once administered, would leave no external traces. And again: "Whoever or whatever was planning to kill the Pope in this way must have had a precise knowledge, from the inside, of the Vatican's procedures and habits". The rest was direct action and providential circumstances. At dawn.

But I certainly do not intend to leave it at that. Behind the very fact of the assassination of John Paul I, an immense and very obscure theological abyss suddenly opens up. What, in fact, is *the ultimate meaning*, the cosmological secret of this unbearable and incomprehensible sequence of horror, insanity and murder?

How could this simply be possible? How did all this come to *be possible*?

There is also reason to recall, I believe, the more than suspicious circumstances of the "tragic and sudden" death of Nikodem, the Russian Orthodox Archbishop of Leningrad who, on his return from Fatima, where he had experienced the grace of a particular, deeply moving and even, it is said, decisive illumination, collapsed, struck by lightning, in the arms of John Paul I during the special audience he had granted him at the Vatican on 5 September 1978. To quote David Yallop: "It was said in the Vatican corridors that Nikodem had drunk a cup of coffee prepared by Albino Luciani" (page 310).

Was the Archbishop of Leningrad's trip to Fatima, which appeared to be illegal in every respect, as some people were quick to suggest, a preparation for who knows what future conversion of Russia, prophetically so topical and conspiratorial?

The *conversion of Russia*? Some people are aware of the obsessive, even paranoid, attention with which the personal command group of former KGB President Y.V. Andropov followed, and perhaps still follows, in Portugal and throughout the world, not to mention the areas of Soviet domination and influence. Andropov followed, and perhaps still follows, in Portugal and throughout the world, not to mention the areas under Soviet domination and influence, the progress of the supernatural apparitions at Fatima which have been taking place since 1917 and which continue to do so.

of her "consecration to the Immaculate Heart of Mary". It remains to be added that, in a very specific way, the high authorities of the KGB were not content to combat the propagation of the Mystery of Fatima, but intervened when the need arose, to reinforce and support from below the works and active mysticism of Fatima. The 7th section, the "esoteric department" of the KGB special school in Karin, sometimes invented tasks to match its title.

The third-degree target

Once again: how did this come to *be possible*?

Clearly, the pontifical election of John Paul I had been manipulated, predetermined, subversively, from deep within. But how can one envisage the manipulation of a Pontifical Conclave, the fruits of which can only be the immediate and secret work of the Holy Spirit? However, didn't Paul VI, whose pontificate, whose spiritual and charismatic action, whose *prophetic dispositions* are to be strongly revised upwards, also have, at the point of death, measures of closure and secrecy, of paraclete barrier of the future conclave of an absolutely extraordinary nature?

Now, I believe that this is where what we should call, in the special terminology of some, the dialectic of *the third-degree target* appears. For, according to this dialectic of delayed recuperation, of deferred recuperation, the blow in return of what could have been undone, stopped, forbidden, in the face of negative omnipotence, by those in charge

of the preventive elimination of John Paul I and of what had tried to manifest itself mediumnically through him - and he himself, innocent victim, expiatory victim, victim captured as a result of who knows what ancient unknown wound - will not fail to have repercussions on the pontifical reign of John Paul II. Signs, names and obeisances respond to each other, hold each other, clarify and cancel each other out in the very terms of the action in progress. Everything secretly obeys the spiral of Divine Providence in action, and Divine Providence obeys only Mary. *Totus Tuum* is the pontifical motto of John Paul II.

So it's hardly surprising that, despite its title - *Au Nom de Dieu. A-t-on tué le pape Jean-Paul / ?* - David Yallop's book is, in fact, an in-depth destabilisation operation concerning, following the dialectic of the third-degree target, not the obscure tragedy of the assassination that must have led to the mediumistic alienation, or worse, of John Paul I, but the reign and ongoing work of John Paul II and the surviving forces that are currently acting charismatically through him.

Published at the same time as the attempt to physically eliminate John Paul II, David Yallop's book has extremely precise, extremely unavowable, extremely topical, extremely dangerous and, above all, extremely criminal aims. The denunciation of the enterprise conveyed by this book should therefore go beyond the work of mere press information and be addressed to the alert attention of higher counter-strategic structures. The insult to Rome in this book is not just about Rome, but about the whole of Europe.

the totality of a civilisation besieged from without and taken over, from within, by the occult forces of its own death, its pact of final self-dissolution.

In the shadow of John Paul II, David Yallop and his faceless backers claim, the Vatican has become "the greatest criminal power in the world", and their game is more than transparent.

However, when the time is right, *the sequence of events* will not fail to shed light on what may have been our great counter-game in these abysmal circumstances. In the meantime, nobody knows who we are, and even less where we are lying in wait, what - or who - we are waiting for to act, or, above all, how we are going to act. Despite their very strong assurances about the power in action and the current history of the world, they know, in fact, nothing, while *we know everything*.

And, in any case, from now on, our time is becoming increasingly imminent. Deployed on the ground in advance, the agents under cover obeying our third-target strategies are just waiting for *that time*. And they have a proven track record.

The ontological enemy of everything we are no longer shows the slightest restraint in its actions,

in his statements and *confessions*. In this way, we can carry out counter-strategic intelligence work that is increasingly comprehensive and, perhaps, ultimately, total. The snake gets its head crushed by showing itself on the path. Let's get them to unmask themselves, and then destroy them, all of them.

In the fiery wake of Sœur Septième

On Raoul de Warren's occultist novel, "Rue du mort- qui-trompe".

For some obscure reason, the real title of this book, its chosen title, *Les Sept Sœurs de l'Abîme* (*The Seven Sisters of the Abyss*), has been ousted and replaced at the drop of a hat by the title with which it was first published, and which reduces its content to the level of certain crime novels of what is unfairly referred to as popular literature, but in the end it doesn't really matter, because, while giving in to plot facetieties, conventionalism and even writing that more or less overshadow the essential, and despite some hasty procedures, this novel, the work of the fabulous necromancer, who, since his retirement, has been working in the field of crime fiction, In the end, however, it doesn't matter, because despite giving in to plot, conventionalism and even the writing, which more or less overshadow the essential, and despite some hasty procedures, this novel, the work of the fabulous necromancer, who, since his retirement in Saint-Gervais-la-Forêt, persists in masquerading under the somewhat humiliating but, incidentally, very worldly identity of a certain Raoul de Warren, is still a great crime novel.

Steeped in a climate of morbid eroticism, with powerful overtones of criminal, sacrilegious and necrophilic voluptuousness, this is an elegant and feverish account of the other world's entry into this one, and with such terrible determination and cunning. Entrism pursued and maintained in

The very nature of the issues at stake, and the knowledge in advance that everything must happen, that everything will happen at the level of ritual. In , any action that calls directly on the invisible, such as placing oneself under a profound influence, ceasing to be influenced, imposing counter-influences, must pass through the ritual, which alone is capable of conveying it, supporting it and directing it where it needs to go. Without ritual, there is no passage. These days, the gates to *the Other World* can only be opened by one name, and that name, the key to the ritualist body itself, is dogmatically called the 'password'. *Password*, hotel password: the lightning secret of *all this* can only be revealed by the work of *intermediaries*. But you still have to be a guest of honour at the Auberge de la Roseraie, rue Boislevent.

Raoul de Warren's story is set during the reign of Louis XV, in Paris, in the mild winter of 1756. Its mystical and social setting is the clandestine activities of a Salvationist brotherhood claiming to be in the shadow of the deacon François de Paris (1690-1770), reputed to be a miracle-worker and miracle-worker after his death and burial in the Parisian cemetery of Saint-Médard, where his remains caused, as you will recall, quite extraordinary stirs of erotic-religious insanity and even worse.

The philosophy and fundamental ritual of the nocturnal brotherhood thus unearthed by Raoul de Warren's account - an account whose formidable keys are likely to *provoke* further *reactions* - are defined in the most usable way: "The Holy Deacon Paris was also possessed by the Devil. It was a terrible ordeal for him and he died exhausted from the fierce struggle against Satan. After his death, he

revealed to the founder of our sect that the world could not defeat Lucifer until the seven demons who had martyred him all his life had passed simultaneously into the bodies of seven willing Christian women, who could then easily be exorcised. Our Brotherhood was founded for just this purpose, and we have never been so close to achieving it. Sister Rachel, Sister Catherine, Sister Fabienne, Sister Simon and Sister Céline are already possessed, and the torments you mentioned earlier, which we quickly relieve, caused by the demons inside them, who alone feel the pain caused by the blows we give them. If tonight you agree to be initiated, all we have to do is find one last sister. In a few weeks' time you will be delivered and the world will be saved. Do you accept? ". These edifying words were spoken by the Superior of the Confraternity, the so-called Père de la Barre, to the young Berthe Lanson, who a few days later would be called upon to give her life in bloody sacrifice. According to Raoul de Warren's account, given through the mouth of a Grey Musketeer of His Majesty's Guard, Henri de Vercors, an initiate himself, a follower of Deacon Pâris and a secret agent of the Lieutenant of Police, "an opposing sect, truly demonic, has been doing everything in its power for three years to prevent us from achieving our goal. On six different occasions, a sixth Sister has taken her place among us. Each time, she died in mysterious circumstances within a few weeks. Today, the danger is even more pressing, since these two young girls are asking for their initiation at the same time. Before tomorrow evening, perhaps even in the next few moments, at least one of them is likely to die a violent death". The sixth sororal initiate was, from her *lumen mysticum*, Sr.

Suzon, and the seventh and last, Sœur Septième. Now, this Sister Seventh, so perfectly named, was none other than Pauline de Marcellange, lady-in-waiting to the Queen and her personal protégée, a young and fresh star of the Court of Versailles, a rich heiress, a somnambulist, a medium, the object of a terrible battle in the invisible and the platonic, if not virginal mistress of the same Henri de Vercors, through whom other powers acted with science and compunction. Invisible powers which, some thirty years later, would eventually bring down the monarchy and religion.

Raoul de Warren's rather special literature has long had its own fanatics. Fanatics like us, perhaps. However, for us, the exciting thing about this novel - as trapped, in fact, as all Raoul de Warren's other occultist stories - lies in the fact that it clearly belongs to the current, as undisciplined as it is impetuous, which is taking the *late novel* towards new forms of writing and witnessing, all of which are involved in the instruction of initiatory, or even mystical or religious, experience.

The Western novel of the end of this millennium will either be the novel of the initiatory experience, of the greatest initiatory experience, or it will be nothing, and even *nothing at all*. A hasty warning to Constantin Tacou, Guy Trédaniel and all the other avant-garde publishers currently on the scene in Paris. And what's more, we haven't got a moment to lose, claims the shadow mouth. But the shadow mouth is also advancing other things, the most ardent, the most fascinating; and the truly new secrets will only ever be our oldest secrets.

Fiery updates

Today, admirably refurbished on the outside, surrounded by beautiful, reassuring greenery, and on the inside, emptied of all superfluous elements and stripped down to a certain ecstatic impossibility, the church of Saint Médard is once again becoming a place of exceptional faith and fervour. Old shadows, too, seem to be returning, but calmed, elevated, transmuted and as if rendered limpid. Old shadows attracted, it would seem, by the exhibition of a humble stone statue, which claims to represent the Immaculate Conception, a work, however, of very recent manufacture, since it dates from 1944 (signed Laggrifoul).

This statue, which is said to have proven miraculous powers of great importance, is already the object of a discreet but increasingly sustained cult, with a great profusion of silent prayers, flowers and candles in lakes of fire, on the part of certain faithful, or rather, *a certain group of* faithful on a confidential renewal visit.

"Sister Seventh will soon return to Saint-Médard to relight the Seven-Branched Candlestick. Then the heavens will tremble their very depths, for Sister Seventh will speak, from her own mouth, the Most Fearsome Word of the End. And the Immaculate Conception will stand by her side. "

Ominous words if ever there were: such were the enigmatic and sombre contents of the card sent to Paris a few days before his death on 30 August 1984 by the Reverend Father Michel Avramesco, a card that was to break the black seal of some thirty years of voluntary silence and uninterrupted, penitential oblivion.

A converted Jew, the Reverend Father Michel Avramesco was born in Craiova. He was born in Craiova, Romania, in 1909, and played a singularly decisive role in the birth and subsequent development of the Guénonian presence and work groups in South-East Europe, which he eventually brought together around his journal. *Memra*. Along with the great Basil Lovinesco, also recently deceased, the Reverend Father Michel Avramesco provided 'external cover' for these Guénonian groups in Romania, from which also emerged Michel Vâlsan (Sheikh Mustafâ Abd al-Aziz), the French continuation of the work of occult instruction and Islamic renewal inaugurated by René Guénon (Sheikh Abdel Wahed Yahia). In his essay *Les Société Secrètes au Rendez-vous de l'Apocalypse* (*Secret Societies at the Apocalypse Rendezvous*), Jean Robin testifies and maintains that superior cosmological influences, if not the initiation itself, were brought to bear on General Charles de Gaulle through Michel Vâlsan "in the gardens of the Elysée Palace". Moreover, during the last war, the Reverend Father Michel Avramesco had worked in Bucharest at the Ministry of Defence, within the Institute of Statistics, where, among other things, he personally directed the "special section" responsible for research into "advanced astrology and occult cosmobiology". "

It has now been established with certainty that the Institute of Statistics maintained intensive and very regular relations not only with the General of the Society of Jesus, Walter Von Ledokowski, but also with Pius XII himself, and that, despite the state of war between London and Bucharest, one of the Institute's fundamental tasks was to keep in action a clandestine representation group in the Holy Places, at

Jerusalem, a perfectly operational group of the highest, most ardent spiritual and charismatic calibre. Very advanced relations were also underway, through the Institute of Statistics, between certain "Guénorian" bodies in Bucharest and Tibetan groups residing, for the purposes of spiritual action, Berlin, Budapest and Prague. In fact, one of the great hidden aims of the Institute of Statistics was to mobilise a 'clandestine summit' of all the religions of the Great Eurasian Continent with a view to forming a planetary front against the 'Power of Darkness' and for the 'Gift of Living Peace'. It seems to me infinitely significant, infinitely revealing, that on 27 October 1986, a Summit of Religions was held in Assisi, Italy, at the charismatic call of John Paul II. A Summit of Religions with operational objectives similar, if not strangely identical, to those being pursued underground, some forty years ago, in South-East Europe. On 25 January 1986, launching the Assisi Summit of Religions, John Paul II himself declared: "I address an urgent appeal to all Christians and to all people of good will to unite in 1986 in a fervent prayer of imploration, to ask God for the Gift of Living Peace. "

Reversals of influence

Thus, and perhaps not without some reason, high-level spiritual researchers have recently come to wonder whether they should not understand that by one of those sudden reversals of the poles of influence which sometimes *reveal*, in the visible space, outside and inside, a new world, a new world, a new world, a new world, a new world.

Certainly, the tendril of a supraspatial imposition, the hallucinated principle of another space, René Guénon himself had been, in fact, the representative in Western Europe, and elsewhere, of certain initiatic groups very profoundly closed in on themselves, 'unnameable', acting on an exclusively cosmic level, and which had chosen to sit in South-East Europe, and more particularly in Romania. And not, as has been believed for so long, that the Guénonian groups in Romania and South-East Europe were distant offshoots of the action pursued by René Guénon from Paris, and then from Cairo. I must confess that I myself had a very fraternal relationship with one of Basil Lovinesco's close friends, T.C., in Paris, where he lived in the ^{sixteenth} arrondissement, rue des Belles Feuilles, better known under the mystical name of Regio Montanus, who, it seems, has chosen to entrust himself to the terrible path of amnesiac self-dissolution in order to keep himself out of harm's way at night until the time comes, the time, precisely, of the apocalyptic return of 'Sister Seventh'.

As it is not yet time to draw conclusions, I shall refrain from doing so. I will, however, claim that the deep dive I have just made into the oceanic secrecy of the societies of influence that have acted and are still acting, above and beyond visible history, at the heart of the Great Eurasian Continent, is destined to justify, in this case, the prophetic validity of the annunciation card written at the point of death and sent to Paris by the Reverend Father Michel Avramesco, a card which, as we have seen, mentions the imminent return of Sister Septième, alias "Pauline de Marcellange". "But who is this

"Pauline de Marcellange", Sister Seventh, who, according to the Reverend Father Michel Avramesco, "will soon return to Saint Médard to relight the Seven-Branched Candlestick? "

Thinly veiled identifications

Raoul de Warren's essentially prophetic work simply repeats the same veiled questioning over and over again, the same enlightened, fighting, heroic quest for a royal and imperial lineage that has been obscured, "lost in the sands of nothingness", and whose last fragile little branch must providentially regain the beautiful light of day and the immensely solar glory of its former identity.

Now, the very name of Sister Seventh opens apocalyptically on the final mystery of the breaking of the Seventh Seal, and on the dazzling figure of our Mistress of the End, "the sun shines around her, the moon is under her feet and twelve stars crown her head" (Apoc., XII, 1).

Following his oldest habits, in *Les Sept Soeurs de l'Abîme* Raoul de Warren makes a point of delivering, to anyone who will listen, and who knows on what unavowable and eager instances, the great gnostic and cosmological ritual of the call to the Apocalypse, that is to say, of the setting in Apocalypse, which he barely takes the trouble to veil with a pleasant and apparently rather futile allegory. Is the last vehicle of forbidden revelations, as we have just said, the vehicle of the initiation novel?

Once again: who is. who is to be. who is to be Sister Septième, or, if you like, who is 'Pauline de Margellange'? And why does she have to *reappear* at Saint-Médard, or rather what is the diplomatic significance of this mysterious formal notice?

Of course, there can be no deep, living question that does not have an answer providentially given in advance. In the emptiness of absolute beginnings, everything is an answer. Raoul de Warren's work can be approached like a dark, metasymbolic forest, closed in on itself, with only one occult path leading through and over it. The path of the sudden and tragic identification of a name, a predestination, a supremely forbidden and supremely available flesh. A royal name, a royal predestination, a royal flesh already lost twice, but providentially rediscovered the *third time*, under the lightning of the Weapons of Clemency.

The glow of the "last secret

With the new mission that the mystery of the "return of the times" is proposing to the philosophical reception of the Church of Saint Médard in Paris, Sister Septième's old expectations are joining other initiatory shores, undergoing what will undoubtedly be her last identity assignment because, this time, Sister Septième cannot fail to make her appearance and, with this appearance, another world and another history of the world will begin, a world and a history that are "absolutely other". The question that remains to be asked, then, is this: from her side, when she returns to us. Will Sister Seventh show herself to be, under the blinding lights of the

Clémence's weapons, also 'absolutely other'? I answer, and I don't know anything other than what I'm saying here: by returning to these ultimate times. Sister Seventh will have to be both 'absolutely other' and 'absolutely the same'. Like in a dream.

In the meantime, the glow of the 'last secret' defies with its terrible nuptial glory the space of the imperial deployment of the Dark Power, which surrounds it on all sides but cannot extinguish it, nor will it ever be able to do so. Quite the contrary, in fact.

The secrets of a pilgrimage to the Underworld

Jean Robin finds the cursed God

Hez, Sir Asne, hez!

Pole reversal

An extremely dangerous book, an emanation of the ultimate abysses and their strongest and blackest abomination, an impious and slyly disguised writing, a treatise on new philosophy or, if Ton prefers, a path of perdition and a trap of engulfment designed so that it opens up before souls desirous of salvation but not powerfully warned: strange, very strange all the same, as we find the litanies of visionary horror, of the original horror of H. P. Lovecraft if we want to define in a somewhat allegorical way the essay Jean Robin has just published, by Editions La Maisnie again, and under a title which, in itself, is, in a sense, a treatise on new philosophy.P. Lovecraft's litany of visionary horror, the original horror of H. P. Lovecraft, if we want to define in a somewhat allegorical way the essay that Jean Robin has just published, again with Editions de La Maisnie, and under a title that says it all, *Seth le Dieu Maudit (Seth the Cursed God)*.

As Jean Robin makes a point of admitting from the outset, while at the same time concealing the essence of the story, what he sets out to do in *Seth le Dieu Maudit* is to 'bring to light' the very deeply hidden underbelly of the current state of affairs.

Christianity and the earlier traditions that it carries in the shadows, which, in the test of the work carried out in this book, are revealed by a master's hand as an immense opening onto the darkness of chaos and original negation, onto the nocturnal precipice of 'original murder' embodied in the Sethian figure of the Cursed God.

According to Jean Robin himself, the project of unveiling, of 'bringing to light', that he undertakes to pursue in *Seth le Dieu Maudit*, a singularly seditious project if ever there was one, would lie in the four theses, in the four research goals that follow:

(1) To reveal, after René Guénon had made furtive allusions to it, the perennial nature and true nature of the 'Mysteries of Set', the Egyptian god with the head of a donkey;

(2) To prove that these mysteries influenced both Judaism and Christianity, as the ancients were well aware. "To prove that these mysteries influenced both Judaism and Christianity, as the ancients were well aware;

(3) Indicate. With the help of the Bible and certain keys, the dates are extremely well defined, including the very precise date that is to open the cycle of the remanifestation of Set, "albeit under a new identity";

(4) Following in the footsteps of the Sethian mysteries as far as Rennes-le-Château, where, as Jean Robin would add. "we found ourselves almost against our will

About Rennes le Château. Jean Robin was careful to point out that "this is not a book about Rennes-le-Château", but a book "which, starting from the desert of Upper Egypt, ends at Rennes-le-Château",

With a serenity and good faith designed to stand the test of time. Jean Robin is therefore going to begin in earnest, and not without the fine skill and feverish pride of a recent convert to the infinitely nocturnal cause that he has just made his own, the highly dubious process of the great reversal of the 'first lights', of the 'reversal of the poles', he will say, whose more or less masked proponents of the dark side never cease rediscover, from century to century and as from religion to religion, the fateful mechanism and the fearsome operating secrets. But, as Jean Robin would also say, "isn't there, precisely, a fatality of inversion when it comes to Set, and shouldn't everything about him be seen as if in a mirror, before the ultimate time of the 'reversal of the poles' when what was hidden will appear, when the sun will rise in the west"? A 'reversal of the poles' attempting to show that it is darkness which, in fact, constitutes the only true light, that being is only fulfilled in nothingness and that nothingness alone gives being, that true life is only life in death and that death is the only true life, that the Good God of the Western faith of the beginnings is, in reality, that the Good God of the early Western faith is, in reality, only a God of 'unjust vengeance' and criminal terror, and that only the Good God is the bearer of salvation, freedom and gentleness 'towards his own. It is understood , in the half-cryptic language which, according to Jean Robin, must be that of the followers of Seth, this Good God can only be recognised in the person of the one commonly known by the dark name of Satan.

Setting the tone straight away, Jean Robin quotes René Guénon himself on this subject: "We have some reason to think that, in one form or another, his cult was

and some even claim that it will last until the end of the current cycle". And giving in to the truly satanic fascination of the personal approach to the so-called Good God, Jean Robin even goes so far as to offer us, according to Dennis Wheatley, the following *presentation*: "He was tall, thin, dark and handsome. He was an accomplished athlete and a great hunter, but he was also a cultured and entertaining man and a bon vivant who knew how to drink at the table.

Admittedly, there is nothing really new, or even extraordinary, about the undertaking being pursued by Jean Robin: The path of initiation involves, among other perils of state, the danger of that 'reversal of the lights' which, more often than not, through an over-zealous desire to advance, to *burn up the stages* of the climb and to be recognised before their time and as if by some regal right to the highest salvation and deliverance, sometimes causes the traveller of the peaks to let himself slip, and to be passionately caught up in the very chasms he was supposed to have crossed by flying over them. Someone who had set off straight ahead to reach the Mountains of Light suddenly turns left and mysteriously begins the ascent backwards towards the Mountain of Night and Darkness.

Some lose their way irretrievably. Others, the "very few", from this same fatal waywardness manage to make, or rather they are made to make, very covertly, a new test, unexpected by them but, in the unknowable, foreseen from long hand, a test tragically necessary to a higher ascent, to the penetration and to the

crossing certain spaces of mystery that are considered to be fundamentally superhuman. To climb so high, therefore, there must first have been perdition in the farthest distance, and as if from abyss to abyss.

Thus Jean Robin, who is both a man of commitment and honour and a most surprising dialectician, will not fail to go even further than many others, a sign, moreover, of a very high mystagogic predestination and already like a sign of election. Through the mouth of his apostle Luke, did not the Son of Man warn us that, in the Great Way, *anyone who puts his hand to the plough and looks back is unfit for the Kingdom of Heaven?*

Entrusted to the apocalyptic splendour of the Work in Black, Jean Robin will now have to stop at nothing, look no further back, and go right to the end of the nocturnal path he has embarked upon. To the end, and even beyond. Let's wait and see.

The Scarlet Whore

The final crowning, the culmination of the great Christological work in progress takes shape, doctrinally and mystériosophically, and prophetically too, in *Le Livre de l'Apocalypse de Saint-Jean à Pathmos*. In the dialectical and, most assuredly, mystagogic pursuit of his current commitment to the 'reversal of poles' devolved to the forward march of the work in the dark, whose active mystery he has espoused, Jean Robin will thus be led to attack very directly the very edifice of the *Apocalypse of Saint John at Pathmos*, whose terms he will attempt to subvert, right down to the very breath that sets it ablaze and gives it life.

As we all know, the great white sun of the Apocalypse of Saint John at Pathmos is an irradiant figure of the Virgin Mary, the sunny, sunny revelation of her supreme identity as a warrior at the end of her cosmic coronation and her apocalyptic accession to the state of the Bride of the One. In the Apocalypse of Saint John at Pathmos, it is said: "A great sign appeared in heaven a woman whom the sun envelops, the moon is under her feet and twelve stars crowned her head: she was pregnant and crying out in the pains and travails of childbirth. Then a second sign appeared in the sky: an immense fiery red dragon with seven heads and ten horns, each head crowned with a diadem. Its tail swept away a third of the stars in the sky and hurled them down to earth. Pausing before the Woman in labour, the Dragon prepares to devour her child as soon as it is born. Now the Woman gave birth to a male child, the one who is to lead all the nations with a sceptre of iron; and her child was taken up to God and his throne, while the Woman fled into the desert, where God had provided a refuge for her to be fed for a thousand two hundred and sixty days. Then there was a battle in heaven

Michel and his Angels fought against the Dragon. And the Dragon fought back, with his Angels, but they were the underdog and were cast out of heaven. So they were thrown down, the great Dragon who is the ancient Serpent, the Devil or Satan, as he is called, the deceiver of the whole world, he was thrown down to earth and his Angels were thrown down with him. And I heard a voice crying in heaven, saying, "From now on, victory and power and kingship go to our God, and dominion to his Christ, because the accuser of our brothers, the one who accused them day and night before our God, has been thrown down. But they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb and by the word which they testified, for they despised their own lives to the point of death. Be ye therefore

Rejoice, you heavens and those who dwell in them. Woe to you, earth and sea, for the Devil has come down to you, trembling with anger and knowing that his days are numbered" (Revelation, XII, 1-12).

Summoned to carry out the Sethian inversion of the poles, the properly Satanic reversal of the final Apocalypse, Jean Robin, rushing into the mysteriosophic nights of the work in the dark, will therefore endeavour, in *Seth le Dieu Maudit*, to present the Scarlet Whore denounced by the seer of Pathmos as the bearer of the true apocalyptic identity of the Woman "crowned with twelve stars", and the Beast of the Abyss, the earthly duplicate of the Red Fire Dragon, as the ultimate incarnation of the Saving Principle, of the divine child of the Woman "whom the sun envelops". Satan thus replaces Christ, and the ancient serpent Typhon, or Seth, goes from persecuting the Woman with "the moon under his feet" to becoming her saviour, the one who will lead her to fulfil her "true destiny", and the "true divinity", true destiny of darkness, true divinity of darkness. For, once again, on the inverted and reversing summits of the work in the dark, night is day and day is night, darkness is light and light is darkness.

Jean Robin: "By a rather striking analogy, just as Eve was drawn from one of Adam's sleeping ribs at the origins of Creation, so it is the Scarlet Woman who will awaken Cosmic Man, who sleeps 'as in a sepulchre', waiting for the hour. Whereas at the beginning of the cycle she was in a relationship of subjection towards him, it is she, according to the law of the inverse analogy, who will dominate him at the end of the same cycle. This is why the Scarlet Woman is depicted riding the Beast of the Earth, i.e. Mahachoan, the Fire Lord of Creation. Like

As Jacqueline Kelen puts it so well, under the features of the Prostitute, whose symbolism John did not - even though it was apparent throughout the Old Testament - appears the Woman, the Feminine Principle, the Great Goddess. And also: "On the other hand, it is generally from the Great Goddess", *lato sensu*, that, in the East as well as in the West, all the movements that embodied in the temporal the eternal claim of the poor, the oppressed, even the dark powers that are only such by the effect of a divine wrath that is incomprehensible and above all metaphysically absurd. This is why, in a certain twilight and unacknowledged fringe of the collective psyche. Satan, the archetype of these subterranean forces yearning to be recognised, is par excellence "the one who has been wronged". This is also why the insistence of Christian dogma on making the Great Goddess (in this case the Virgin) the irreducible enemy of the Serpent is, in many respects, highly suspect. And to conclude, if I may say so: "Seth, for his part, will have accomplished his 'heroic' mission, as described by the seventeenth-century hermeticist Cesare Delia Riviera, commenting on the legend of Latona. We know that Latona, daughter of Saturn (the Golden Age), pregnant by the works of Jupiter and driven from heaven by Juno, was pursued and persecuted by the serpent Pythos, an anagram of Seth-Typhon. Now the serpent, here. "represents the hero, who, spagyrically and with pyronomical art, persecutes the aforementioned Latona, so that she does not uselessly deposit her celestial fruit in the usual cavernous, sulphurous and impure mounts". We don't think there's any need to stress the striking analogy between Latona and the "Woman crowned with stars" of the Apocalypse, also in labour pains, and also pursued by Seth.

Typhoon. The analogy is further strengthened by the fact that Latona long represented celestial waters: Hesiod calls her "Latona of the blue peplos", which immediately evokes the Virgin's blue veil. And we now know the true meaning of this myth, which Saint John had overlooked, but which the ever-increasing number of "signs of the times" made it imperative to bring to light at last.

The procession of these incredible Sethian or, if we prefer, satanic manipulations of the Apocalypse of Saint John, which are both derisory and perfectly criminal, manipulations which end up violently publishing the part of darkness tributarily included in the work in black whose fateful current Jean Robin follows, cannot however be conceived without an attempt to subversively degrade the original work of the seer of Pathmos. So Jean Robin, aware of his duties, takes the liberty of writing, apparently without too much risk: "With the 'official' Apocalypse, we are much closer to meticulous falsification than to prophetic trance. The original of the Apocalypse of Ionanes (the true one), which was in Aramaic, the language written and spoken in Palestine at the time, has disappeared. All we have is a Greek 'translation' (betrayal) written in Pathmos - hence the name Pathmos Apocalypse - which, for at least two or three centuries since Hadrian, has undergone systematic sophistication, visible as break-ins - additions, deletions, redone or transposed parts - designed to mislead about the origin, date, scope, tendencies and meaning of the work.

It's just that, for us Roman Catholics, the Book of Revelation from Saint John to Pathmos is dogmatically inspired, in all its current states of identity and without the slightest flaw. The Book of Revelation of Saint John at Pathmos is dogmatically inspired, in all the states of its present identity and without the slightest flaw, not even one iota, by the very breath, by the living fire of the Holy Spirit.

Initiates

As I have been inclined to point out on other occasions, Jean Robin's current work, a work in the process of being constituted, a work in progress, demands an exclusively existential reading, because what needs to be recognised above all is the dramatic progress, as if in a state of secret conflagration, of a "diary" of uninterrupted writing, of a logbook bearing witness to the very becoming of what would like to be, of what wants to invent itself in this way, and as if by the very fact of writing in action that pushes it forward, a state of arrested certainty - if only temporarily - of affirmation and knowledge momentarily beyond its reach. Hence, too, its power of fascination and direct appeal, its indisputable dramatic qualifications of a saying of its own, and whose future concerns in the most acute and perhaps also the most decisive way the current march of Western and more particularly French initiatory consciousness (it must be said that there is also a *Gallicanism* of the ways in which the great work is accomplished occultly). All the interest that some people, myself included, have in Jean Robin's written work stems from its value as an over-activated sign, and I would even go so far as to say that it is symptomatic of a certain occult evolution in the present day. An evolution whose avant-garde front is once again situated, today, in the

France, as a veritable "initiatory society", will soon be required to manifest itself in broad daylight.

It is in this same vein, and as if by deep analogy, that Jean Robin would be led to write that Egypt as a whole was a veritable "initiatory society": "The geographical and then political bipartition of Egypt is in fact a myth, which, let us repeat, only Egypt could embody in the same way and which, *in illo tempore*, combined the black earth of the Delta - symbol of alchemical putrefaction - and the red earth of the Desert - symbol of "rubification", the final stage of the Great Work. The history and civilisation that sprang from it were to be irrevocably haunted by the secret passage between the Visible and the Invisible, the Beyond and what we must resign ourselves to holding as the Here Below", says Jean Robin, quite rightly.

Like Athanasius Kircher and Dom Pernety, Jean Robin sees in the metahistorical evolution of Egypt the prefiguration, indeed the very figuration, of the various successive phases of the Great Alchemical Work. Athanasius Kircher claimed, and I borrow the following quotation from Jean Robin, that ... Osiris (matter) is torn to pieces by his adulterous brother Typhon (Set), and placed in a tomb (glass balloon), where he undergoes the action of Ptah (the sacred fire). Isis soon gathers the scattered pieces of Osiris' body, joins them together and combines them to make a more perfect body. This is why Isis is Osiris' mother, sister and wife. From the union of Osiris with Isis came Horus, who was instructed by his mother in all the secrets of the Great Work.

The integration of Set, the murderer of his royal brother Osiris, into a unitary alchemical and initiatory process will give Jean Robin the opportunity to give Set a recognisable status, to make him emerge, in the very terms of this 'reversal of poles' that commands the fundamental approach of the work in the dark, into the full light of day, and even to offer him a situation that is initiatically superior to that of Osiris. For such is the point of view of the Dark Power, whose harsh and radiant black regency leads the train of *Melanosis*, of the work in the dark in the nights of its de facto fulfilment. From being a common assassin," Jean Robin argues, "Set thus becomes the destroyer of the illusory appearances that veil supreme reality". What happens next is dialectically predictable. Jean Robin: "This 'axial', polar situation of Set in relation to the 'horizontal' function of Osiris is represented in sacred Egyptian astronomy. According to Plutarch, among many other constellations, the soul of Set shines in the firmament: it is the Great Bear, a constellation that was, until China, the paradise of transcendent men. In India, it is *Septa Rikshas* (the Seven Bears) who became the Seven Rishis, the Seven Primordial Sages. In Greece, the Great Bear (Arktos), the home of Seth-Typhon, is associated with Aremis, and was also associated with the Seven Sagea of ancient times. Finally, in Egypt, the 14 parts of Osiris' butchered body correspond to the 14 stars that make up the constellations of the Big Dipper and the Little Dipper, while the phallus is identified with the Pole Star, whose "reminder figure" on earth is an empty tomb.

It will therefore be in the midst of this appalling total reversal of poles that Jean Robin will finally be able to grasp the supposedly ontological conclusion of this rereading in the dark.

blacker than black, to use the most appropriate alchemical expression, that is the Sethian reading of the foundational myth of the ancient cosmogonies of earlier Egypt. A special and supremely specious rereading of the functional myth of ancient Egypt, through which Jean Robin also proposes, and perhaps above all, the final, definitive and total vision of the world of Sethian revenge, which is merely the senile and hollow dream, the little somnambulistic walk of the revenge of darkness, chaos and non-being on the world of perpetually emerging light, on the divinely sovereign order of being nuptially subjugated to the One.

And the fact that Jean Robin comes to associate himself with René Guénon in order to open himself up to the final apotheosis of his own experience of the work in black is not without its own significance, as exceptionally important as it is discreetly approaching, since, for Jean Robin, this significance, in a way germinal, risks opening the way not to a return - for there is none - but to his eventual exit from the nocturnal skies of the work in black. At the final stage of the pole reversal, the hour of the counter-reversal becomes subversively imminent. The last paroxysmal degree of the Sethian reversal of the poles is undoubtedly reached when Jean Robin believes he can write the following: "This is why, if the minor Osirian and Horian mysteries triumphed in Egypt, their initiates were never able to prevent the great Sethian mysteries from continuing in the most secret clandestinity, until the day foreseen from all eternity, because, as René Guénon says, the secrets of the Pole are well guarded (let us not forget that Set is, in short, the rector spirit of the Pole Star) and no one will be able to know anything about them before the fixed date. So when Osiris

will have disappeared definitively from the West, Set will once again manifest *the axis mundi* on this earth". We understand that Jean Robin has just reached a certain limit, beyond which, in the face of his own progress, only absolutely irrevocable perdition remains or, on the contrary, that terrible 'leap of the carp' which is, in any case, the absolute counter-reversal.

For, whatever the case, in terms of absolute counter-reversal, in terms, if you like, of ardent philosophy, anything is possible at any time, even 'restoring virginity to a prostitute', as our Dom Pernety, the Benedictine Hermetist and perhaps argonaut in chambers, affirmed in the ^{eighteenth} century: "The prostitute woman of the Philosophers is their moon, their vegetable Saturnia, their Babylonian Dragon; art purifies her of all her defilements and restores her virginity.

The black hole of rue des Canettes

If we take the trouble to remember that, at the beginning of his spiritual career, René Guénon himself had to experience the unavowable pleasures of certain black, even satanic, marriages, we can just as easily imagine that it was he, René Guénon, who suggested to Jean Robin, as a canonical model to imitated and repeated, the diversions via the most nocturnal paths that the latter is obliged to experience at the present time. Indeed, we know that in his youth René Guénon had undertaken to write a most disturbing novel, in which his shadowy double made his way to the princely dignity of Rosicrucian by 'relying on Evil', his initiatory work having been done 'by the left-hand path', and 'thanks to the black power'.

that at the same time he also wrote a highly equivocal poem in praise of "the ancient serpent called Satan",

And Jean Robin did not hesitate to point out that René Guénon had settled in with a group who, as regular members of the Martinist Order, had come into contact, by "direct communication", at meetings held in 1908 at the hotel at 17 rue des Canettes, with "outside entities" who had ordered that a new Order of the Temple be formed, with René Guénon as its leader. Following the mediumistic injunctions of the abominable Cagliostro, who returned to the task, this Order of the Temple, of more than nocturnal obedience, established that "the Pope must fall as the King of France had fallen", while announcing that "the complete and definitive fall of the Papacy" would take place "soon". Jean Robin writes: "Guénon's Order of the Temple Renovated was therefore part of a rather grandiose 'metahistorical' perspective. But following certain inadequacies and betrayals, the 'Masters' ordered Guénon to dissolve the Order. His entire work, however - for those who know how to read - was to bear witness to this initiatory filiation. But not only his work. The study of Guénon's 'individuality' itself speaks volumes.

The pages that Jean Robin devotes to the approach, the unveiling and the instruction of the profound identity, the dogmatic identity of René Guénon are, I believe, of an eminent quality of visionary penetration. Jean Robin appears, in fact, to be the first to have understood that the real mystery of René Guénon's path and missions was not, as has been repeated over and over again, but , that of

its spiritual empowerments, regular or otherwise, in relation to certain lineages, with certain initiatory retreats still very much in occult action, but the very mystery of its simplest, most immediate living reality.

Basing himself on documents of indisputable authenticity. Jean Robin claims that underneath the avowed identity bearing name René Guénon there was, in fact, a bundle of entities in action, different from one another and all held together by the virtue of a higher, out-of-reach, archetypal concept of integration, a concept into which René Guénon had tried, throughout his journey, to sublimate himself, and into which he finally managed to integrate himself irreversibly from the time, no doubt, of his establishment in Cairo. Thus, writes René Guénon, "we see no reason at all why we should always be obliged to live in the skin of the same character, whether he is called 'René Guénon' or otherwise". And also: "There is no point in worrying about a name that represents for us nothing more than a signature, and to which we give just as much importance as to the clothes we wear". And in a letter to Luc Benoist, dated 17 June 1934: "Whenever I have used other signatures in this way, there have been special reasons, and this is not to be attributed to R.G., since these signatures are not simply 'pseudonyms' in the 'literary' manner, but represent, so to speak, truly distinct 'entities'". However, once in Cairo, René Guénon's detachment

— his other attachment - became more pronounced and abruptly radicalised. It was as if he had risen to the top of the initiatory hierarchy," explains Jean Robin, "climbing to the level of the entities that had inspired him since his youth. It also emerges that the very existence

It seems, in any case, to have become the mere 'mouthpiece' of an entity of a very high order, since there are plans to do away with the said individuality altogether, 'some day, as if all things were equal.

— a useless *kâ*

Jean Robin went on to point out that René Guénon sometimes chose to sign his name 'the Sphinx', in Arabic *Abul-Hawl*, to emphasise the axial position of the higher identity, the identity of integration of the more circumstantial, less elevated entities, whose mission it was to maintain, to hold together, to control and to make act within a unitary field of influence. As we know, the Sphinx is a fabulous animal that is part man, part eagle, part bull and part lion. René Guénon: "This so-called 'fabulous animal' is actually a symbol, and instead of simply 'holding' the four components listed above, it is their synthesis. Its elements cannot be dissociated at will, and if any one of them were to be isolated from the others, it would obviously no longer be the Sphinx that we would be dealing with.

Jean Robin: "No doubt René Guénon's individuality finally faded before the entity of the Sphinx - iakhu, sanctified spirit enjoying total freedom - whose permanence he clearly evokes. He had now reached the level occupied by this being, who had hitherto manifested an aspect of the Inner Master, and with whom he was now united by a common function whose spiritual reality coincided, if we may say so, with the primordial state.

Pushing his reasoning, no doubt inspired from beyond the limits of this world, even further, Jean Robin comes to ask himself, in the final analysis - but doesn't *he say so*, in fact?

— if. René Guénon, remanifesting, at the right time. A "collective identity of Egyptian origin" designated in the ^{eighteenth} century by the hieronym of Saint-Germain, and which "translates as Companion of the Holy Brotherhood", was also much more than that. And it is quite deliberate that, in reaching this point, Jean Robin should also mention the mystery of the special qualifications attached to the ^{21st} grade of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, a grade entitled 'Prussian Knight, or Noachite', much less studied than the Scottish degree entitled, as we know, 'Sovereign Prince of the Rosicrucians'. Meeting each year under the full moon of March, when all light other than the moon is forbidden, the Noachite Knights perpetuate the occult lineage of the post-diluvian descendants of the great Atlantean Watchers.

Something is going on somewhere, codenamed the
We also know about the "reappearance of Atlantis". Black returns.

The forgiveness of Zacharias Werner

In *Seth le Dieu Maudit*, Jean Robin bears witness, indirectly, to the black states of the black states, and blacker than black, which are those of the current stage of his own initiatory journey, which takes him to positions of nocturnal and satanic reversal of the poles of his own consciousness of himself and of the world of which he is, positions of reversal whose consequences he will explore, heroically, until this state of ultimate paroxysm where all is "black".

reversal calls for a counter-reversal. Now, the harbinger of the imminence of a counter-reversal, whether he knows it or not, is hidden, I believe, at the very heart of this book, so perilously committed above precipices devoid of the slightest particle of return, the harbinger, I mean, of forgiveness re-establishing the path of a saving passage to the free heights of the ancient light. I recognised this sign in his appeal to the writings of Zacharias Werner (1768-1823).

Comprising two dramas in six acts, Zacharias Werner's fundamental work, published in 1803, is entitled *Les Fils de la Vallée*: the first drama is *Les Templiers à Chypre*, the second *Les Frères de la Croix*. Beyond the decadence and obscurity of the Order of the Temple, beyond its ignominious end and its annihilation without return, there appears hope, the certainty of survival based on mystical acceptance, on the spiritual and highly initiatory awareness of the Goethean necessity of death as the crystalline and entirely occult foundation of another life, and even of survival. Behind the Order of the Temple, in the shadows, the Sons of the Valley watch, who are its Invisible Superiors, its secret, inner hierarchy: the Archbishop of Send. The Archbishop of Send, President of the Tribunal of the Inquisition charged with the annihilation of the Order of the Temple, is none other than the Grand Master of the Valley himself, and it is clear that the Order's demise comes from within, that its annihilation is in fact a ritual self-annihilation, intended to ensure a higher ascension at the end of the Prophetic Spiral, in accordance with Goethe's enlightened words *die and rise again*.

At the very heart of the Order of the Temple, a young "Scottish knight", supported by the secretly amorous works of a special envoy from the Valley, Astralis, will be very covertly put in a position where, by saving himself, he will also manage to safeguard the living fire of a hidden but direct survival of the Order: he too will have been, without knowing it, of the Valley, and it is the Valley that will save him in a plan of salvation and subterranean continuation, but intact, heroic and virginal.

The secret song of the Valley is found in the book of the ancient Prophet Isaiah: *Fear not, for I have redeemed you, I have called you by name: you are mine. If you go through the waters, I will be with you, and the rivers will not overwhelm you. If you go through the fire, you will not suffer, nor will the flame burn you. For I am the LORD your God, the Holy One of Israel, your Saviour. For your ransom I have given Egypt, Kush and Seba in your place. I have also given men in your place, and peoples as a ransom for your life.*

Fragment of a letter to a traveller in peril

For all intents and purposes, here is a fragment of a letter of instruction and advice sent in the 19th by a spiritual worker from the East, belonging to the Russian Orthodox Church, to one of his Western protégés who had gone seriously astray:

"While I may not have the necessary credentials to be able to offer forgiveness myself, I will not be - and under no circumstances will I be - the one to condemn, but I recognise that it my duty as a citizen to denounce, in all circumstances, any acts of racism, xenophobia, anti-Semitism, anti-Semitism, anti-Semitism, anti-Semitism, anti-Semitism and anti-Semitism.

the advances among us, or in us, of the uninterrupted work of the Power of Darkness, which may not be one - and it never is - yet it acts as if it were, whereas we, in all our ways, must be one, and if we are not, we are nothing and cannot hope to be anything but nothing, the predestined prey of misguidance and nothing in action. This is the secret of our wisdom, and all the living wisdom of our *secret*.

As for me, I must never cease to warn the horrible travellers that we all are of the perils that lie ahead for those of us who may not have received within us, alive and kicking, the very necessary knowledge of our safeguards, which is a very powerful proof of special election.

The insidious call of the chasms below is most often designed so that it immediately becomes an irresistible vertigo, and no doubt much more. Be careful, your next step could be your last, so keep your inner gaze fixed on the Star of the Sea at all times.

And never go there, for whatever reason, where you know very well you shouldn't go.

For if any of us is lost, we are all secretly lost by that very fact, and lost without remission, for this time and for eternity, remember that".

Ave Maris Stella.

The prohibitions of the great Tantra of death

Raoul de Warren "And the bell tolled three times
"

The vertigo

It took Editions de L'Herne eleven years, from 1978 to 1989, to publish the seven novels that make up Raoul de Warren's written work of initiation: *La Bête de l'Apocalypse* (1978), *L'Enigme du Mort Vivant* (1979), *La Clairière des eaux-mortes* (1980), *L'insolite aventure de Marina Sloty* (1981), *La rue du mort qui trompe* (1984), *Le Village assassin* (1988) and, seventh and final title. *Et le glas tinta trois fois* (1989).

Seventh novel, last novel? *Et le glas tinta trois fois* brings to a close a cycle of approaches to the deepest oceanic depths of being, an approach that is equivocal and troubled, even *trembling*, at the same time as it is a creative mastery of the mystery of our own predestination to mystery, a fascinating and dangerously fascinated mastery of the attention permanently exerted on human existence by the precipices poorly hidden beneath the footsteps of its own sleepwalking in

And, above all, of the moment when the latter, convinced of disaster, comes to slip into it, irretrievably. For every predestined existence is a slippery slope.

One day, the most atrociously mediocre and dull existence misunderstands itself and tumbles into the ontological rift of its own real state, of which it was and could never have been the slightest aware, and everything becomes darkness, and, perhaps, for some, "absolute luck", a new beginning, self-transcendence through the abyss, through the darkness, through mon.

For the being of salvation appears only in the darkness of the rupture of existence, and when this rupture is overcome, if only symbolically (but, in existence, does not every appropriate symbol immediately pass into existence, does it not itself become an option of existence, change, living breath and renewal of breath).

Raoul de Warren, *Et le glas tinta trois fois*, roman, piste ardente, vertige et passe clandestine. Here, then, is / "an entry into the subject, and let it be known that this black vertigo will not stop until its mission is accomplished in the greatest secrecy.

Everything will begin as if in a dream with a funereal scenario, a nightmare from which you can't wait to wake up, from which you know you 't not wake up. But it's a nightmare from which you won't wake again, no matter how desperately you try to wake up without waking up. For it is not dream after all, but suddenly reality itself, in a single endless spasm.

When his car broke down, Philippe Darblay, a "commercial traveller", was forced to stop near a village where he had never set foot before, and whose existence he had never even known existed, "Maclou-les-Vernissons". There was a moment of anguish then, the moment of the "distant memory" ^{14k} Maclou-les-Vernissons".

? I quote: "Twice he repeated the name aloud in a questioning tone, as if it evoked a distant memory, then shrugged his shoulders",

Philippe Darblay enters the deserted village, and just as he does, the bell tolls mournfully. "Bad omen. If I were superstitious, I wouldn't go any further," he mused. Drawn by the hypnotic tinkling of the funeral annunciation, his footsteps, however, carried him irresistibly towards the church, which he found empty; he pushed open a small side door and found himself in the old adjoining cemetery, where the service for the dead was drawing to a close. It was raining. The sky is low and black. As he lowered himself into the grave, his gaze stopped on the zinc plaque affixed to the coffin, so that, stunned and breathless with nameless horror, he read - and this is where everything suddenly turned upside down into a waking nightmare - the name of his wife, "Monique Darblay", whom, the day before, he had left alive, at home, a hundred kilometres from this village they knew nothing about. A humble white wooden box from a poor man's funeral, with his wife's name written on it, "Monique Darblay", and it was then that the world slipped into darkness. But *it was necessary*, and had always been intended, for things to happen this way, so that a very occult safeguarding plan could be fulfilled cosmically. So that a dreadful attempt to take over the world could be prevented.

power of T Assemblée des Ténèbres comes to be, in the end, secretly prevented, an attempt to seize power which at that point had already begun on the heights and which already seemed to have won. I'll say it straight away. *Et le glas tinta trois fois* is a totally prophetic book.

Doctor Guellerin's clinic

It is not my intention to dwell on what might be called the 'plot' of this novel, or even to go into the essentials of it here: whether you read it before you read me, or after you've read me and then read me again, and so on, it's up to you to decide. The activist conspiracy proposed, in a certain sense. *Et le glas tinta trois fois*, begins with the reading of the novel that is provided as an operative cover, and it is this reading that, for some, will constitute the act of entering it, the very test of admissibility and its dramatic line of passage, invisible but already, perhaps, without return.

The narrative that conveys the very high occultist pedagogy produced by this novel, which is in fact nothing more than a vehicle for operational Tantric teaching - let's make the point forcefully, even including its doctrinal predispositions, Tantrism can be nothing other, absolutely nothing other than action, direct and immediate personal experience, existential experience of the Edifice of Tantra, of the "Secret Hill of Tantra" - nevertheless benefits from a depth of field that is truly hallucinatory, with inner congruences without the slightest flaw, and turning - I'm still talking about the narrative of this novel, of this novel as a narrative - on itself like a nebula that indefinitely assumes the magnetic relationships that are at once limpid, ardent, light and inexorable of the whole of Tantra.

its visible and invisible constellations in a closed circuit on itself, spherically and endlessly, like a single song, the crystalline confidential murmur of its own "music of the spheres",

Presented as an indecipherable glacial block of mystery, a block impenetrable ontological prohibition, even, in a way, unapproachable, the constitutional narrative of this novel undergoes at the same time the operation within it of a dialectical spiral whose inner developments, once brought to their ultimate conclusion, will completely undo it, dismantle its apparently most nocturnal mechanisms to the point of reducing them, and expose the final stages, which are then brought to the level of a simple and utterly despicable, very dirty case of pimping - *aggravated pimping* is the very apt expression used by these gentlemen of the fashionable world - pimping with all its prostitutional implications with, in addition, dark criminal implications, because there will be at least two murders, and both by strangulation.

In appearance at least, the ontological will fail here under the work of the dialectic, but the mystery defeated to the point of the total absence of mystery, to the point of the total transparency of its defeated data in the final analysis, will be reconstituted again, in itself but differently, by the very transparency of this defeat and beyond it, into an even more disturbing mystery, because the mystery in full light will always be more vertiginously profound in its transparencies than the mystery seized in the forbidding of its black darkness.

Eventually we'll have to understand - for us, it's all there in *the end* - that the nocturnal pole, that the powerful nucleus

he central pole of darkness, carefully concealed behind the lure of the murmuring foliage of the "story" as a whole, the actively nocturnal pole, the radiating pole of this novel regarded as a mystery, as a "mysterious barricade" to be removed at one's peril, must be sought in the all too equivocal "luxury clinic" of Doctor Guellerin which. Under a most bourgeois cover, hushed, quiet and pretentiously aloof, it actually concealed a "broad-spectrum" prostitution business: forced prostitution of young runaways and other commediennes between two fees, group meetings and young artists at the disposal of wealthy women with exacerbated and senile ardour, drugs, abortions, special tastes and so on (and no doubt the best). On the subject of the 'Clinique du Docteur Guellerin', I'd like to quote Raoul de Warren himself, who is very explicit in this instance: 'The Clinique du Docteur Guellerin was a clandestine meeting place for rich women, generally on the comeback trail, who wanted to obtain, for a fee, satisfactions to which they were no longer in a position to lay claim. Louis-Philippe Corniflot was attached to the establishment and, every weekend, came to stay at the inn, so as to be close by if he was needed, which happened at any time of the day or night,

In fact, what more exemplary "tantric fortress", what more lofty and flamboyant "Castle of Sole Desire", than a luxury clinic devoted to prostitution, striving to cover an extended range of the demand for love, of erotic onirism in action. Love is only to be found where love happens and is exacerbated, and love is only to be found where love is exacerbated.

In Raoul de Warren - and more particularly in *Et le glas tinta trois fois* - as in Talbot Mundy, the active initiatory - tantric - approach to the paths of *incendium amoris*, the mysterious and burning paths of "Lonely Desire", leads to this fascinating "Palace of Ardent Love" which is fiercely hidden, invisible, solar, sunny and sunny, behind the abominable appearances of these establishments where, like "Doctor Guellerin's clinic", prostitution is on permanent display while trying to hide from the attention of the "profane", the "unprivileged", those "outside the groups", etc. The brothel, tantric place par excellence. In "brothel", there is often the secret implication of a tantric "line of passage" to the "other world", to the "outside".

Without a parade ground, there can be no courtly battle: no sustained erotic or amorous action, consistent, free and licentious, constantly exacerbated, criminal, appalling and elegant, crazy, permanently on the job and in every case incendiary, fire-bringing, without what sometimes ends up being done anyway, very covertly, behind the black ivy-covered walls of all these "luxury clinics" run by all these upright "doctors Guellerin", working in spite of everything, when it's done, and as if on a "closed circuit", *ad majorem Amori gloriam*.

What's at stake in the occult? Florence Darblay

In *Et le glas tinta trois fois*, Doctor Guellerin's clinic, a clandestine house of tolerance with multiple specialities, serves as *theatrum alchimicum* or, if you prefer, the central location for the dispute between two love petitions with antagonistic signs and identities.

in the shadows, up to and including murder, for the spiritual and bodily freedom of a young woman, Florence Darblay, Philippe Darblay's daughter, who had been badly negotiated by her own mother-in-law, Monique Darblay, and was subsequently pregnant by Lucien Frappier, Monique Darblay's lover. Florence Darblay had given in, it is important to know, without her full and responsible consent, following a drinking party as subtle as it was wretched, organised with the most criminal intentions and conceived as a sort of *blasphemous trap*. A trap that had worked perfectly.

Two love petitions, with antagonistic signs and identities: a petition representing the *nocturnal identity* of the One Desire, and, opposite it, the opposite petition, representing the *luminous identity* of the same One Desire.

This is how the infernal solicitation that will be exerted on Florence Darblay by the *nocturnal identity* of the One Desire, by the 'part of darkness' that is present and active, from its unavowable precipices of shadow, always behind the One Desire, will be realised, in this instance, or 'incarnated', in fact, by the amorous solicitation of the black sign exerted on her

— has become the hidden stakes in an immense, secret, ontological and theological battle that is undoubtedly final, prophetic

— by her mother-in-law, the rogue Monique Darblay, and by her lover, the rogue-devotee, murderer, agent of manipulation of the infernal influences at work in this silent, terrifying, dark and hallucinatory showdown where no blood will be shed, because all the murders will be ritual murders, carried out by strangulation to cancel the breaths.

But a cosmological law that predates all compromise, and never suffers the slightest derogation, stipulates that every amorous solicitation manifested by the One Desire is answered by a solicitation of the opposite ontological sign: the fundamental heroine of this novel, Florence Darblay, prey to the nocturnal, infernal, non-being-bearing, darkness-bringing solicitation of love, negatively invested in her by her own mother-in-law, Monique Darblay, and her lover, Lucien Frappier, will also have to be the object of a solicitation - a divine solicitude.

— lovingly salvatrice, "mariale", de la part du pôle the luminous One Desires pole ontologically opposed to that of the infernal service group of his tormentors, 'Monique Darblay' and 'Lucien Frappier' (I'm deliberately putting these names in inverted commas, as we'll see later).

The pole of compassionate mercy arming this other identity, luminous and charitable, the identity of the Marian direction of the Unique Désir, will manifest itself to Florence Darblay in the person of the young journalist Rosemonde Rivière ("Rosemonde Rivière").

Rosemonde, "Rosa Mundi", the loving, nuptially charitable figure of "Marie".

So it will be a very occult dispute about theology and love, or even cosmogony - which we'll talk about again when the time comes.

— for definitive control of mind and body, of being
and very existence of the young Florence Darblay

— but who is Florence Darblay, you may well ask, and quite rightly so
- what is *Et le glas tinta trois fois* (And the bell tolls three times) about?

I mean, of course, for those who really know how to read, to read an essentially 'diplomatic' text 'diplomatically'.

The dispute will result in the defeat of one of the two competing parties, and the winning party will not for once be that of the party of the Dark Power: the latter having made a huge error of assessment from the outset of its action, following a lack of information, will be punished definitively.

So we can argue that it was indeed 'operational secrecy' that *saved the day*, by which I mean that it saved Florence Darblay, because it was Florence Darblay who, in this instance, constituted the stakes in the occult showdown recounted - with an unprecedented art of the poorly said, the under-said. *of the aurea mediocritas* of writing exalted to the rank of counter-strategy of the theological war, of the 'holy war' carried to the recitational depths of the novel as well as to the highest heavens - by Raoul de Warren in his seventh and undoubtedly last great initiatory novel. *And the bell tolls three times.*

Les armes de l'amour, the great counter-strategy of love

But what was this "operational secret" that led to such a gratifying outcome for our people? The secret that Florence Darblay had been able to keep from Inspector Maxime Sordet about the love that united her: a young woman in love, wholly in the throes of her passion, surrounded by its 'wall of flames', will always be out of reach, impregnable, indifferent to any undertaking outside the enchanted circle of her 'sole desire'.

Darblay came to be solicited, to be *invested in herself* - wasn't the more or less consenting-non-consenting vice of which she had been the victim aimed very precisely at getting her pregnant in order to hold her better, to take a fateful option deep inside herself? It was *the very fact of the solicitation* thus forcibly imposed on her by the dark side that prompted the salvific *counter-solicitation* proposed by "Rosemonde Riviere", "RR", the 'Rosa Mundi' allegorically covering the work of the Divine Mistress of the One Desire herself, clandestinely - at the ultimate paroxysm of clandestinity, at the last degree of cosmic subversion in direct action, unacknowledged, forbidden, even inconceivable - *present* in the battle of occult protection, support and reinforcement where she came to act as the Mistress of the ultimate Awakening, as the Mistress both Radiant and Veiled of the *Regnum Amoris*.

Will we be able to ask ourselves, once the *moment* has come, who 'Rosemonde Rivière' really is, and having answered that question, will we also be able to ask ourselves, and precisely on the basis of that terrifying answer, the bearer of that unbearable cosmological and visionary light that is being unveiled, 'Florence Darblay'? For the 'unveiling' of 'Florence Darblay' will take place in its own time, also something infinitely fearsome, and even quite 'apocalyptic'. Then this 'unveiling' will resound in the world and in the depths of heaven, and the occult foundations of their precipices will tremble, for has it not been said *that they had to touch love?*

This novel is illegally the bearer of a decisive prophecy, the centre of which we are slowly and ever more obstaculously approaching, the very locus of its active emanation, and this centre being constituted - as we already sense - by the body of 'Florence Darblay': the body of 'Florence Darblay' is there, remains there as the occult stake, as the supreme stake in the great battle in progress, the body of Florence Darblay *at the disposal*. Who, 'Florence Darblay'?

The mystery aggregative identity

And yet, the importance of Raoul de Warren's seventh and thirtieth novel, which can be seen as something quite apart, lies less in the account of a victory - albeit a most unexpected and adventurous one - for the party of the luminous side of *Regnum Amoris* against the dark side of *Regnum Amoris*, an account, moreover, carefully concealed behind a diversionary narrative on the surface, in the 'first degree', than in the unveiling here, directly at work, of some of the ultimate secrets of the Hill of Tantra, and in particular everything to do with the aggregative identity of the bundle of existences engaged there in the burning paths of Tantra, here, directly at work, some of the ultimate secrets of Tantra Hill, and in particular everything that concerns the *aggregative identity* of the bundle of existences engaged there in the burning paths of its highest undertakings, of its superhuman and cosmic conspiracies, whose tragic and most tested depths we are given a glimpse of here, for it is here that everything must take place, here and nowhere else.

The first recitational layer of this novel serves, as we have seen, as a decoy, a shadowy thicket and a dissimulative dissolution in the face of the *narrative in depth*, which can thus be held to be a 'secret narrative', and what must be held to be this narrative in depth will in turn be confidentially called a 'secret narrative'.

convey something infinitely more fearsome than the very secret of what is thus hidden for the benefit of a few, and *this something even more fearsome* being, in fact, one of the most highly dangerous and, by the same token, the most prohibited instances of Tantric teaching. Namely, the teaching concerning *the aggregative identity* of the characters engaged in any ceremonial development or directly in action of Tantra, of the "Edifice of Tantra".

It's true. The cosmological - or galactic, for some reason I want to use the term *galactic* here - powers engaged, mobilised, exacerbated and set on fire by every great tantric action are such, compared to the usual level of human consciousness and existence, that the only surface of support provided by *what can hold* an existence, a human consciousness, suddenly precarious in the face of what will then be demanded of it, will absolutely not be able to respond, on its own, to the load.

On the other hand, the developments of Tantra in action always follow configurational structures - operative mandalas, preconceived figures of action to be followed like channels of breath, forces, intelligences and desire in a closed circuit, or like pre-existing tracings of an ontological hopscotch, of a highly metapsychic and magical Game of Goose - absolutely indispensable as , and these configurations being constituted, in the field, in terms of direct action, by the pooling of a certain number of existences polarised on the spiral of the lines of force of a certain number of special existential situations. This pooling requires an ontologically aggregative turn.

ganglionary, aiming to institute confederate masses of powers usable by whoever holds the very occult power to do so, and for even more occult, indiscernible purposes, enclosed in the intimate darkness of their own secret, of their inconceivable "secret missions" on the apocalyptic confines of all the ends of worlds, Tantra's own jurisdictional space.

The 'main characters' of a dramaturgy, a story, a novel, a mythological or legendary inspiration, a visionary expectation operatively under the direct influence, under the direct action of Tantra - such as, in this case, the novel by Raoul de Warren which interests us here. *Et le glas tinta trois fois* - will never therefore be quite the same as those we are invited to recognise through their approach at first degree, 'on the surface', each of these 'main characters' of the occult game, the operatively concealed or invisible stakes manipulated by Tantra being in reality constituted by ganglionic aggregations of several visible characters, each of these "tantrically fundamental characters" being the operatively constituted product of several existences, several lives secretly - very secretly - integrated, merged into a single one, which will be the *only one to count*. Under the transcendental light of Tantra, all the characters change, regroup and integrate, disappear and allow themselves to be surprised by other characters, secretly sacrificing themselves so that from their sacrifice these *other characters* may be born who, through their subterranean aggregative identities, represent the true characters of

what's really going on, under the cover of a diversionary cover-up

- of what we are given to see on the surface, subversively, the better to blind us, lead us astray and deny us access to the forbidden places where what is happening concerns only the guests of the "Tantra Building", or those of its current attraction.

In *Et le glas tinta trois fois*. Florence Darblay - a character who is absolutely central right down to her identity, visible on the surface, in the first degree - is supported, armed, in the invisible, in the "secret vertigo" of her own manipulation and her unavowable, abyssal tantric allegiances, by the character of Jacqueline Norbert, the suicide, her intimate part of darkness, of non-being, of defeat and death, her shadow, her eternal shadow and, in the depths of her, the promontory of the eternal black night, which Florence Darblay will integrate *on her left*, while also being, *on her right*, aggregatively armed by Rosemende Rivière, who represents - in Florence Darblay - the part of her eternal nuptial assumption into the Rose of the World, within and even into the very being of the Divine Mistress of the One Desire, whom Florence Darblay will integrate into herself just as she will also have integrated the sucidee Jacqueline Norbert : three existences aggregately integrated in Florence Darblay give her the occult openness, the passage towards the transcendental existence of one who, liberated in life, is truly in a state to be and act according to her own being, and always with a view to a 'secret mission' on the part of the 'Edifice of Tantra'.

Since we've come to that point, I'd like to make it clear that, for Tantra, there is no existence or person other than Trinitarian; all Tantric identity is existentially aggregative, Trinitarian even.

quaternary or septenary, or even fulfilling itself, in the very last limit, through the supreme existential number, "divinising and divine", which is the number XIII. the number of *existence definitively out of reach ("the thirteenth returns, and it is always the first)*.

But let us stop, for the moment, at existence tantrically conceived as ternary existence: this is made up of the visible person, and his two invisible doubles - his being from the past, and the being that will come to him from the future of his own future self-deprivation, or. if you like, his nocturnal being and his being of secret spiritual sunshine, etc. - as well as by the "fourth character" exhibiting the aggregative, occult identity of the other three as a whole. - as well as by the "fourth character" exhibiting the aggregative, occult identity of the other three *as a whole*. as this will be graspable after the completion of their ontological, transcendental integration, the quaternary identity of a person - his dogmatic identity - manifesting itself in the visible, existentially, only on occasions of theaboric rupture of reality, of the parousial, divinising and divine self-manifestation of who is called to bring about a total cosmological change of history and the world, to the *Paravrtti* towards which the "Building of Tantra" is permanently turned, as a cosmological and suprahistorical conspiratorial organisation, as a vehicle at the service of the One Desire in the face of the One Desired, and through this towards the supratemporal crystallisation of the *Regnum Amoris*, which some claim to be situated on the eternally sunny summit of the Hidden Hill of Tantra, their Mount of Carmel.

First instruction in a prophetic mandata

Let's recap. The tantric definition of the essential characters in Raoul de Warren's final novel, *Et le glas tinta trois fois*, their aggregative reconstitution within the tantric mandala of the circular action of the narrative will be, if we take into account what we have already said, as follows: the profound identity of Florence Darblay, the "polar stake" and even, in the final analysis, the "foundational stake" of the tantric dramaturgy at work in this "novel", appears to be reinforced, constitutionally, by that of the suicide victim Jacqueline Norbert, who "took everything upon herself" during the interpellation, during the negative solicitation of which Florence Darblay was the object on the part of the "Black Pole" secretly at work against her.

Florence Darblay, Jacqueline Norbert, both tortured at Doctor Guellerin's clinic, a probationary station for their love commitments at the philosophical stage of deep black, "blacker than black", *nigro nigruin nigrius*. At the same time, the occult Trinitarian identity of "Florence Darblay" will also integrate, at the end, to conclude the process of tantric aggregation of her character, Rosemonde Rivière, her astral and solar split, her very secret Marian correspondent, her "white sun", while the maid at F Auberge de la Duchesse in Maclou-les-Vernisson, "young Martine", will provide them with an instance of telluric rootedness, wild and life-giving, the bearer of the original innocence of the earth that alone soothes and pacifies, the purveyor of the undifferentiated.

It is also important to note the situation of "Maxime Sordet", who, in *Et le glas tinta trois fois*, ensures the saving "love-making" of "Florence Darblay" but who, at the same time, finds himself obliged to serve her telluric double. The "young Martine", as well as "Rosemonde Rivière" herself (Rosemonde Rivière, swooning in the arms of Maxime Sordet: "She closed her eyes and turned her head back, offering her lips"). The fundamental amorous subjection of the occult Trinitarian identity of "Florence Darblay" - Florence Darblay herself, Rosemonde Rivière, "young Martine" - to a single man. Will "Maxime Sordet" show the extent to which she is to be taken as complete, and as tantalisingly active in her task, following her "secret mission", this subterranean integration of the three young women into an operative aggregate as indistinguishable at first sight as it is powerful in its decisive depths, in this agglomeration of *states where being resides*, to speak as José Galdo does. Let us also recall the abduction, for criminal purposes, of "young Martine" by shadowy managers of "Doctor Guellerin's clinic". There, plunged into a state of deep, cataleptic unconsciousness, she in turn had to undergo the unmentionable ordeals of passing through the stage of 'dark love', experiencing in the depths of her being the torments and the royal teachings of the 'dark pole', learning there - being inculcated in her forever - her 'lesson of darkness'. In any case, to quote Raoul de Warren, 'Martine knew a lot more than she wanted to admit.

We'll end up finding each other - finding ourselves.

- in front of the fortress of darkness and crime formed by the double criss-crossing of two clammers - both of them

by strangulation - and two murderers. Monique Darblay, criminal and guilty, strangled by Paul Norbert, murderer and not guilty, and Germaine Frappier, innocent and not guilty, strangled by her own husband, Lucien Frappier. It was a murderer's and a guilty man's cross-roads, a cross-roads that was split in two - and this was to be the second cross-roads - by fact that Monique Darblay had been Lucien Frappier's mistress, accomplice and "evil genius", a dissolute and evil emanation of the Power of Darkness, while Germaine Frappier, the innocent victim sacrificed on the altar of nothingness, had not been, as she should have been, Philippe Barblay's mistress. Germaine Frappier, himself innocent of everything and the expiatory victim of what he did not even suspect, even though, as far as a possible occult love affair between the two is concerned, a thick layer of silence and oblivion, a thick layer of shadow will henceforth cover the past of the second victim of the murderous whirlwinds created by Doctor Guellerin's "clinic". What came out of the darkness will thus slowly return to the darkness.

The subterranean historiography of this novel, by which I mean the occult doubling of its first-degree narrative by the tantric counter-narrative at work beneath it, will thus, as it develops, take the mandalic form of a 'central pole' - Florence Darblay, nuptially assumed by Maxime Sordet, assumed-assuming, assuming-assumed - undergoing, this '*central pole*', the over-activated action of two antagonistic foci of interpellation and solicitation, namely the nocturnal focus of the maleficent couple Monique Darblay Lucien Frappier, and the luminous, salvific and liberating focus armed by Rosemonde Rivière.

Double antagonistic solicitation of a central pole destined to define itself, when the moment of decision comes, by a final choice in

direction of either the nocturnal focus or the luminous focus that condemn.

A final choice which will then give rise to a figure in an upward or downward spiral, the outline of which will reveal the pre-ontological mandala which ordered the inspired conception of this novel, its concealing nativity and its current career, while waiting for a decision on its future career, which, I have the most insistent suspicion, may well take an unexpected, 'revolutionary' turn; And by his future career, I mean the career that is likely to be his as a result of the upheavals provoked by my present testimony, and if I myself wanted it to be so. For the ancient 'grand design' of the Mistress of the Awakening is coming back into being, and nothing will prevent us from serving it as before, and in the most perfect and ardent fidelity to the Awakened One, to the Adorning One, to the Adored One.

Then the reverberating semblance, unbearable to the eye, of a superhuman face, a Divine Face, will appear behind the mandala of the subterranean action of this novel, a face that can be none other than that of the great Mistress of Tantra. This face could be none other than that of the great Mistress of Tantra, the 'Mistress of Awakening', and it could also be said that, in this instance, it produces and *brings to the fore*, as if under a blanket of muted light, the two merged faces of 'Florence Darblay' and 'Rosemonde Rivière'.

Several overall interpretations can respond to the call of the tantric mandala hidden behind the layers of over-activated writing in *Et le glas tinta trois fois*, and by their very response invest and satisfy what is just waiting to be filled, interpretations of a mythological, astrological or alchemical nature. There would also be a place for a prophetic interpretation, in direct relation to this one.

would then appear, at the polar point of the attention concerned, an interpretation that I would call galactic, of situation, of dimensions, of galactic identity. Moreover, it is a fact that the prophetic opening of this novel by Raoul de Warren will necessarily lead to an interpretation, to a galactic setting, the situation of 'Florence Darblay' challenged by the exacerbated conspiracy to the task of a 'Black Pole', and who will not only be able to face up to it and thwart its nocturnal, alienating and depraved design, but who, for her part, will manage to unmask, to dismantle and finally annihilate this "Black Pole", even in its very constitutional being, is it not the current situation of a blood, of a race, of a metacivilisation of luminous, ardent, nuptial sigil, of superhuman, divinising predestination, up against the actions of a Negative Entity, a galactic conspiracy sending to the Abodes of ('Being') the immense Black Cloud of its will for total alienation and total annihilation?

Some of our people are already aware of the 'Black Cloud' now being sent to us by the deviated - and deviant - Anti-Centre of the Milky Way, and of its intentions to subjugate us and bring about definitive destruction: but we will resist it, and we will prevail.

If we know how to decipher its abysmal message, we will find in it not only the definition of the current great battle for galactic survival, but also the existential incarnations - people, hidden predestinations, situations, and perhaps even names on the trail, I mean *on the fiery trail* - which will translate it, and which will find themselves in charge of deploying the counter concept.

fundamental strategy of this "great battle for galactic survival" at its immediate and direct metahistorical level, the very level of a certain "secret history" of the world - of one world, ours

- now so close to the end that we can't even see it.

On the assignment of operative names

I would point out, in continuation, that, seen from an exclusively initiatory angle, it is not by the name of "Florence Darblay" that Raoul de Warren should have called the "foundational heroine" of his story, of his "romance", but "Laurence Darblay", so that the initials of her name give not "FD", but "LD". For, compared to 'Rosemonde Rivière', or 'RR', it is indeed 'LD' - the letters 'LD' - that must reverberate at a time when the cosmic 'dikes are breaking', and the tantric and philosophical revisititation of the ancient 'Pôle su Sang'. We have all forgotten, I think, that the process of setting our revisititations in motion can only be achieved - again and again - by the sole operation of the initials, of the Letters of Life pushed into cosmic reverberation with their own original establishments, with their sidereal sources and replenishing breaths, which are never more than other breaths within us. Ultimately, what is a galactic and supra-temporal revisititation if it is nothing more - as Taoism understood several millennia ago, perhaps - than an ancient breath rediscovered, *once again becoming the same breath?*

Unless Raoul de Warren wanted, by adding the "F" which, from "Laurence", makes - I mean makes again

— "Florence", because, philosophically, it is perfectly certain that 'Florence' precedes 'Laurence' - just as 'Laure' is the ultimate, 'final', immediately ontological, paroxysmal form of 'Laurence', the philosophical transmutation of 'Laurence' and its assumption - unless, I say, that Raoul de Warren wanted to ensure, by the regressive addition of the 'F' which from 'Laurence' makes 'Florence', an operative distance of sign, of preventive, defensive mission, thus marking for 'Florence Darblay' the obligation an existential stage of philosophical probation.

— of reiteration - corresponding, in fact, to its very involvement in the becoming of the "novel" which conveys its legendary, dreamlike, fantastical identity, and where it will thus have had, tried and tested, to *prove itself*.

As for "Rosemonde Rivière" or "RR", whose "crystalline voice" Raoul de Warren thinks we should remember, among other things - and what could be more crystalline than gold struck by lightning, than "Laure" becoming herself, in her very being and even in her very flesh, entirely crystalline, who, from gold, struck by lightning, struck by love, is suddenly transmuted into a diamond, into a diamond lightning - her name linked to the legendary mystery, to abyssal mythology - or, for, "philosophical".

— of the "Golden Fleece", with the radiant and holy figure of this circular "river of gold" designed to envelop her three and four times over, in a tunic of blazing fire, alive and limpid, "crystalline", of a tunic of flesh seething and panting with the desire of the super-desire of desire, the one who watches unwaveringly over the future, over the heroic and divine approach of the "occult astral design" of the whole, over the lovingly endless elevation of the Edifice.

Hidden from the Tantra, from our resplendent and very secret "Mount of Carmel" and from our own "Mount of Carmel", which is the same as that of Elijah, in his Sun, because there is only one and the same "Mount of Carmel" whose Number and Letter are called "RR", or even "R".

A final look at the philosophically secretive manner of Raoul de Warren, past master of the Bègue, of the Langue des Oiseaux: in Inspector Liévais, charged with "clearing up the mystery" of the double murder - of the criminal aura - emanating from Doctor Guellerin's "clinic", those with certain habits of philosophical exploration of our language will easily recognise the legendary Vinegar Tom of the great English alchemists. Master Vinegar Tom of the ultimate secrets, the ultimate quintessences - *quinta essentia*, as we know - of those who know how to *get to the bottom of things*. And the only way to get there, as we all know, is to dissolve and dissolve, mercilessly.

Raoul de Warren unmasked

The sidereal collectivity of Raoul de Warren's seven initiatory novels - how can we fail to think, in connection with these seven novels by Raoul de Warren, of our own Bram Stoker's *The Jewel of Seven Stars* - novels that Editions de L'Herne has done itself the honour of republishing in recent years? has not failed to arouse considerable upheaval, as the titles have followed one another, a current of attention well advanced in its expectations, alive and *active* - in a rather subterranean way, it must be admitted - in the circles concerned with the developments of a certain consciousness.

traditional in this apocalyptic end of Western world history, where we need to know how to situate Raoul de Warren's work and the front line of his 'secret missions'.

In conclusion, however, we must also address the question of Raoul de Warren's true identity, a question that continues to haunt all those of us who have found ourselves drawn to - or, in some cases, attracted by - the work of the necromancer of Blois. It's a question that, until now, we've always been reluctant to ask ourselves openly.

In other words: who is Raoul de Warren? And where does his great science come from, from such distant promontories, and so decisively established in what is most occult in this world, and even elsewhere, outside this world? But let us go still further: in its ultimate claims, is the work of Raoul de Warren indeed, is it entirely the work of Raoul de Warren?

For my part, I am intimately convinced that the writing behind his novels, in its breath and above all in the obscure places of its most unavowable foundations, comes mediumistically from someone else, from a legendary entity of his own race, a transcendental entity, abysmally and since untold times sheltered in his blood, in the sanctuarising strain of the royal blood of the de Warrens; or else the inspiration for his writing comes from an invisible group, an aggregation constituted as a principle of action, a *principium*, an 'absolute concept'; or else from a kind of integration of the two preceding dispositions, namely that an initiatory aggregation, situated outside this, had become existentially incarnate in someone, so that it could thus act directly in this world, in the very current of history.

Raoul de Warren', I mean that Raoul de Warren is and that at the same time he is not Raoul de Warren. In any case, what stands in the shadows behind Raoul de Warren is the great western continuation of the Thuata Dé Dannan. "But the Chapelle Verte is just around the corner! When the time comes, I'll show you the way. In the meantime, you will remain our guest" (Yann Brekilien).

The age of Kali has begun

I agree that all these openings of secret experience, all these approaches and veiled doctrinal propositions, can only be grasped with great difficulty. They are difficult to grasp, and even completely out of reach for anyone who has not already been allowed to follow the "ancient Aryan path, which was lost" but has now been rediscovered, skirting abysses about which it is better not to know, leading or not even leading as far as beneath the "walls air and living breath" of the Tantric edifice on final frontiers of the world and worlds. So it is not my own language that is itself obscure, it is obscured on the march of its duty by the very profound darkness that it has to penetrate forward in its march into darkness, blacker and blacker. And all this is entirely of our time, of these times that are irrevocably ours, the times of the very last end of the cycle of the end of cycles rushing into the bottleneck of the Dark Ages, into

the 'black hole' of T Age of Kali the Black. Dan Simmons, *The Song of Kali*: "I believe there are black holes all over the world, as well as in the minds of men. And there are places where, because of the density and misery of the population, or out of sheer perversity, the fabric of things is torn. The black core within us swallows up everything else, and then: "I have the oppressive feeling that these black holes are expanding, multiplying, feeding on their own taste for evil". Because," he says, at the height of the spasm. Dan Simmons, *K Ere de Kali has begun*.

One thing is certain, absolutely certain: from now on, at the end of the Kali Yuga, there is no other major initiatory opening, no saving passage or deliverance in life, no hope of liberation and return to being apart from what will come from Tantra and the currently most occult, dangerous and prohibited movements of the Great Tantra of Death. And I repeat: the most occult, the most dangerous, the most prohibited, and any step forward must be taken at the risk and peril of those who, in fact, will no longer be called upon to attempt it, because, from now on, there will be no more people called, no-one will be called, and everything that is done there will be of the most total illegality, an illegality that is, at the very least, totally inconceivable. Dan Simmons again, in *The Song of Kali*

And, speaking of Kali the Black:

"She knows how to commit the unthinkable". Let's face it, the era the unthinkable has begun.

Our last chance to cross over to the 'otherworld', to cross the initiatically guarded opening into the world of being - our *last chance*, which is a thin, fragile ledge, suspended over precipices, above tumultuous, foaming waters

and blacks of non-being - today bears the name of Tantra and is maintained there only by the work, as unthinkable as it is murderous, of the Daughter of the Mountain. "Kali the Undressed. Kali the Last Refuge

Admittedly, it is my duty to mention here certain negative convictions of Julius Evola, according to whom Tantra would be very unfortunate to be beyond the reach of the powers being and of active will, transcendental and of orientation, from the outset suprahuman, which could still be available to even the most superior elements. "In other words, the 'last elite' before the void - from the Western European nations, genetically - 'racially', if you like - too badly affected, already too badly marred by the ontological necrosis of impotence and dissolution attributable to blood strains at the end of their cycle, ready to be undone or irreversibly defeated, even and especially if they are unaware of it, or still refuse to recognise it.

As far as I'm concerned, the negative certainties expressed by Julius Evola on this subject seem completely obvious and indisputable. The negative certainties expressed by Julius Evola on this subject seem to me to be completely obvious and indisputable, on condition, however, that we confine ourselves exclusively to Tantric Yoga, to what Julius Evola himself called the Yoga of Power, and which was also the title of one of his leading works, *Lo Yoga délia Potenza*, destined to take a singularly special and mysterious place in his career. The title of one of his most important works, *Lo Yoga délia Potenza*, was destined to take a singularly special, mysterious place in his career, with magical radiations in every respect worthy of the most activist, confidential initiatives of the man who was also the linchpin of the Ur Groups before seeing himself reduced to engaging in the great doctrinal rearguard battles in which he had to spend the second half of his life, atoning, in his Spandau in Via Vittorio Immanuele, for the highest price of the inexpiable, his *Sacramentum Fidelitatis*.

This dark night, this too dark night, already so long ago, will have been long, too long. But neither should we believe that Tantra is a block, except in the manner of a knot of living snakes, gathered in on itself, and with occult and more than occult, unthinkable, indefinitely paroxysmal overactivations: there are many paths leading, all of them prohibited, hallucinatory, unbearable, towards the incandescent heart of Tantra, and here we must never forget the figure of Kali decapitating herself in order to drink her own blood - her own Blood - the thundering figure of our Chinnamasta, nor her so virginal gesture of hieratically cutting her own neck. Here we come dangerously close to the very unthinkable of Tantra, the Great Tantra of Death.

In *Et le glas tinta trois fois (And the Bell Tinkled Three Times)*, Raoul de Warren shows us quite clearly what the Western Tantric paths of the Great Return might well be today, the way in which it is still possible for us to try to force the impassable, to try to reach, by our own means, the ontological abode of the Daughter of the Mountain, 'Kali the Red, Kali the Black', and these reunions of demented hope, scarcely conceivable, scarcely avowable, scarcely bearable at the latest stage of dereliction where we find ourselves stranded today, we should agree to celebrate them with the very first words of her most archaic active prayer, words undoubtedly much older than oblivion itself, than the very abyssal immemory that will have kept them intact for us. So, for the rest of us, will Florent Darblay end up - must she end up - allowing herself to be grasped as an encrypted projection, in other words as the occult, but living and all-powerful incarnation of 'Kali the Red, Kali the Black'?

When it comes to Florence Darblay, are we going to have to cry out, in the very words of sacred adoration, *Victoire, victoire à la Fille de la Montagne*?

Based on Dan Simmons's *The Song of Kali*, a book traversed by archaic, unexpected vehicles, and where fearsome reverberations had to surface very subversively, who knows for what purposes of manipulation with an occult deadline:

Victory to the Daughter of the

*Mountain! All hail T Ere de Kali.
The Era of Kali has begun. All hail
T Era of Kali.
From now on, Kali's song will be heard.*

*Now awaken the lightning in this place.
Surrounded by Active Presences.
The flames of funeral pyres lend their light Muffled by the flesh of
offerings to dispel
The bright, frightening glow that surrounds them.*

*Hail, hail! Camunda-Kali, almighty goddess, hail! Glory to you
when, with your dance, you delight the Court of Shiva,
And your feet spin the globe, the darkness that drapes and conceals you
undulating to the rhythm of your cosmic steps.*

*The Era of Kali has begun. Your song will be heard. Victory to the
Daughter of the Mountain!*

As we can see, the fiery influences to which we are thus appealing come, or rather return, from very far away, from the long-closed depths of bygone times, from the 'old times' before 'these times', and yet their potential for direct spiritual action remains intact, as do their powers to set history ablaze from below.

With *Et le glas tinta trois fois*, Raoul de Warren will reveal to us - but only if we can really read it, following the hypnagogic canons of the 'other reading' - the 'right direction' of the spiritual research and work that we must ruthlessly impose on ourselves and our loved ones in order to approach the ancient forbidden frontier once again, the impassable ontological frontier of the superhuman, even of divinity and the divine itself, the empty frontier of the supreme conjurative spaces of Tantra, and to be allowed to dwell there in one's own body and life, and in full awareness of oneself. This, of course, is the sole reason why I have written so extensively about this novel, which, even in Raoul de Warren's so-trapped oeuvre, demands from the outset to be recognised as having a special status, a significant deviance, in other words, the indefinite leap towards 'something else'.

And now for a final clarification. I confess that one of the decisive tasks that I was given, one of the four 'superhuman missions' that are always supposed to constitute - I mean every time it comes to that - the *personal charge* - if you like - of our people from the moment they are given the opportunity to act as the 'absolute concept' of the Great Cosmic Design in progress, concerns precisely the ignition, today, in Europe, of a Tantrism that can be used in the twilight conditions of our present situation, a Tantra of the West, a Tantra of the Last Darkness.

The aim is to establish a great Western Tantra that is fully committed to - a great Western Tantra, fully committed.

I say at the vanguard of the immense galactic battle already underway and which, from the cosmic fault line of the 1900s - a cosmic San-Andréas fault - is coming into *full swing* at the Black Gates of the Mahapralaya.

The immense galactic battle pitting the final emergence of Virgo against the conspiracy of Aquarius on the banks of the Mahapralaya.

The Eagle and the Chest

Even if partial, an understanding of the positions that have just been put forward here cannot fail to lead, explicitly or implicitly, to a certain number of active conclusions, the first of which concerns the necessity of a profound retreat into the Marian dogmatic apparatus of Catholicism, of a certain Catholicism, of the mystical and enlightened Catholicism, of profound cosmic openness, practised by the great Pius XII and having led to his proclamation of the Dogma of the Assumption of Mary. of the Dogma of the Assumption of Mary, the theological as well as the ontological foundational threshold, from which we can venture to work in force - and whatever cost - the fierce oppositions and, ultimately, the dramatic demands of a total spiritual war, of a theological war with no quarter to be worked in force, I say, for the proclamation of the future imperial, cosmic and divinising, 'galactic' dogma of the Coronation of Mary, of her elevation as Spouse of God, and her nuptial identity as Spouse of God prevailing over the former devotional states imputed to her Divine Maternity alone. Moreover, as we may have to ask, did not the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception

constituted a first step towards establishing Mary beyond her mere state as a creature, her theological exaltation towards her Uncreated Identity as the Uncreated Wisdom of God, as the Eternal Sophie?

All the things that need to be said on this subject cannot, however, be said in the context of what can be said here, in the present circumstances and based on Raoul de Warren's actively encrypted novel, the deep secrets of which I have tried to bring to light. *And the knell that has rung three times* still has not finished resisting the calls for transparency that some are determined to make to it, and its 'last secret' - for there is one - will not give way, as far as I can see, without certain things having been done beforehand, by whom it was intended and at the right time. So how are we going to do it? Those who follow me will know in due course, but as far as I'm concerned, from now on there's no stopping me. I too have "received the sign of Shiva".

Victory to the Daughter of the Mountain, isn't it? Today, this archaic spiritual war cry is once again a living word, a rallying cry and an abysmal reminder. Are we in the process of illegally hijacking our divine identity? No. Another Nativity of Mary is emerging in Mary.

Is India secretly active in Europe ?

On the new Western paths of Tantra

For two centuries now, Europe's greatest minds have been testifying in scattered order to the vital need for Western thought and consciousness to return to India. A return to India conceived, or at least sensed, as an ontological return to the primal origins of a civilisation, of a consciousness of being that, over the millennia, has undergone the fateful obscuration and alienation that carries every developing cosmic cycle towards a conclusion of final self-dissolution, towards what the earliest Hindu tradition calls the Great Dissolution, the *Mahapralaya*. Is not the immense whirlwind that today seems to be sweeping world history towards a conclusion of final planetary catastrophe the very whirlwind of the inevitability of the *Mahapralaya*? As Olivier Germain-Thomas writes in his *Retour à Bénarès* (Albin Michel, Paris 1968), the *return of Kali will be terrible*.

Nightfall. Olivier Germain-Thomas slips into the precincts of the Vishwanath temple, "forbidden to non-Hindus". It is pitch black, and the black water of the Ganges, close by, endlessly restores the same mystery. At Arati time," writes Olivier

In St. Germain-Thomas, a multitude of bells give themselves over to the cosmic figure of Shiva illuminated by living torches, while chanted Vedic formulas rise up from everywhere, creative words that play out the world". And it is then that he feels the black light of this meditation on the end of a world deserted by mystery, and which shuns the sacred: "I would have liked memory to have spared me, but here, in this place where magic intersects, a heavy anger against my places of origin rises within me. In the countries of the West, where everything is becoming uniform, religion itself is denying itself. Why, why do those who should be keeping alive the flame that has linked man to the invisible forces smother it? Every holy word must remain mysterious, faithful to its regenerative power. With a violent stab of the knife, we opened the belly of religion to dissect its mysteries. What have they found, since the blade is a killer? The Word collapses when separated from the totality, and this totality is only a small light in the immense darkness of heaven. Do we want to deny the infinite, do we want to deny the night? Everything cries out to us for the truth of the mystery, everything cries out to us for the need to nourish the part of us that is its expression. And yet we trample on the divine. And here it takes the form of a small thought limited by History and reason. The return of Kâli will be terrible". But, things being what they have become, it is no less certain that, from now on, only the *return of Kâli* can re-establish the living, limpid order, the original order of a world whose disorder and fundamental distress are calling with increasingly unbearable violence for self-annihilation, for the final plunge into the darkness of death and undifferentiation.

The old lost path

But the salvific return to India should not be seen from the outset as the salvation of a civilisation as a whole: in order to rediscover "the ancient Aryan path that Ton knew, that has been lost and that will one day be remembered", the ancient path spoken of a thousand years ago by an inspired follower of the heroic and royal lineage of Châkya, predestined forerunners must first manage to set out alone, of their own accord and heroically, along the paths of forgotten prohibition that still lead, clandestinely, towards the still living and beating heart of former India. In the paths secretly opened up by these people, other mediumistic workers of immemorial time will follow in ever-increasing numbers, until the great waves of the spiritual transhumance of an entire civilisation are set in motion and, as in more auroral times, find the saving pass to the north of the "continent of the Great Return", the High Transmigrations.

Jaccolliot, Saint-Yves d'Alveydre, Dr Honigberger, Talbot Mundy, René Guénon, Zam Bhotiva, Marquès-Rivière, Julius Evola, Mircéa Eliade, among many others and in various capacities, have shown what the paths to the forbidden gates of this mysterious "continent of the Great Return" might be, remaining in the deep shadow of unchanged and unchanging India. Admirable and powerfully inspired travellers, all of them, but their experience of the pathways to the "continent of the Great Return" was, for most of them, no more than a "journey of discovery".

experience of an exclusively interior, intellectual or hypnagogic nature. But the time has now come when the demand for an existential journey, posed, I mean, in terms of an experience directly lived at the level of the most immediate and most obviously certain reality, in terms of *an adventurous journey*, will have to very imperatively double, in its very march, the experience of the *inner journey* alone

So the ontologically revolutionary relevance of Olivier Germain-Thomas's Indian testimony stems, first and foremost, from his lived experience of the most immediate reality of the facts at stake. The approach to India that Olivier Germain-Thomas offers us, while being in itself, and above all, of an interior, intimate and confidential nature, nonetheless implies the assurance, the certain comfort of the fact that he went there himself, in person, and that he went there ritually, and when he had to, for it to take on the meaning it needed. For the Western return to India must now pass through the existential furnaces of personal experience if the process is to be initiated in depth. Merciless furnaces if ever there were. And it is indeed this passage to the direct and personal experience of India, of living India and its elusive and total mystery, of India as it is today, that constitutes, and will increasingly constitute, the new Western way of India to be rediscovered, the *via novissima* of the present West's return to the India of the past.

For it is first and foremost the 'existential', 'personal' experience of the return of some of our people to the India of the past that today institutes the subversive implementation of the first groups, of the first activist aggregations.

called upon to constitute, against the current in the darkness, the living stones, still half-submerged, of the ford passage through which the transcendental transhumance of the present West towards the former India is already beginning to declare itself, the resumption of what was once lost, and precisely where everything was lost. For there is a recovery.

But the path of the present-day Western return to India, the path of the furnace of personal experience, is also, and very essentially, a path of the 'left hand', a path of sacrificial trial and death, a path of renunciation, of nocturnal and total abdication before the reality of India as it presents itself here and now.

Olivier Germain-Thomas: "I should stop asking India what it is or asking myself what I'm looking for in it. It's like love: you have to give it, take it, do it, not wonder about it: you have to learn to dissolve a bad habit that's been around for about two and a half thousand years". And also: "I've understood less and less over the nearly twenty years that I've been coming to this land to question the temples, the landscapes and the people. India has become a woman who evaporates as soon as you try to embrace her. I think I know her past and present, her emotions, every inch of her body; I think I've explored her books, her paths, her desires. I keep stumbling. She hasn't taught me enough that the obstacle is inside me, that it is the search itself.

The sacrifice of the will

Like any direct experience of the distant, the forbidden, the occult in action, the personal approach to India will require, first and foremost, the sacrifice of any *desire to approach it*, so that this approach becomes a loving gift on its part, taken in grace, knowledge offered unconditionally and, by the same token, a truly living knowledge of what India is in itself, in its most virginally secret depths. The personal experience of India requires a self-denial that goes as far as vertigo of self-anointment in the face of its presence alone, a presence that begins by refusing itself, and by hiding behind this very refusal.

And so, to begin with, Olivier Germain-Thomas's India will be, in its personally experienced reality, the black India of the merciless and naked refusal of itself, an India that will only become incarnate in the young, pre-sacrificed lover who momentarily brings it to the day of being, the better to impose, through the latter's inevitable death, the direct knowledge of its nocturnal being, its being of immolation and death.

Because let's face it: it is only by accepting the terrible fact of this unacceptable refusal, only by taking on and embracing the death that embodies this refusal, that one day India will be able to re-establish itself as a sunlit knowledge, a sunlit new beginning, a sunlit - sunlit space for the West's final return to its own earlier origins.

How, then, are we to accept this sombre ritual refusal of India to those who seek her most deeply within themselves, and how are we to make our own the appalling experience of this

Indian death that India demands of the person who truly, nuptially goes towards her, that is to say without return or any resentment, who goes to her as one goes to the Bride of Darkness, the black Kâli herself?

It seems to me of the utmost importance to point out that Olivier Germain Thomas manages to show all this, with a beautiful science of veiled unveiling, in his *Return to Benares*, and in so doing to encourage us to follow him passionately in the long apprenticeship of mourning that, for us Westerners at the end of the West, the current apprenticeship of India will be.

Learning Black India

"I hear the Mother saying to me: *You are still a long way from India*". Now the Mother, the one who thus signifies to Olivier Germain-Thomas the merciless refusal of India to let the silent, abysmal shadows of black India appear before him, is none other than the great Krishnabâï, the tragic companion of Shri Ramdas, living, after his death, in his ashram in the north of Kerala. The Ashram of Serenity, Ananda. Krishnabâï, the heart-rending incarnation of refusal, abandonment and suicidal self-denial. Olivier Germain-Thomas confesses to being haunted by the liturgical figure of Krishnabâï, who, in order to follow Shri Ramdas and their amorous occult mission, violently tears herself away from her little children, clinging to her in despair at the moment of departure, whom she abandons and whose sobs, faces and very selves she strives to forget.

Fate does things well. Fate, or that which, forever unnameable, is hidden behind the visible face of things, as Julius Evola puts it in *The Hermetic Tradition*. Julius Evola: "Behind the scenes of the consciousness of men and their history, where the material gaze does not reach and where doubt does not dare to reach, *there may be someone*". Indeed, who else but the terrible and serene Krishnabai could have inflicted on Olivier Germain-Thomas the refusal to open up to him that India begins by opposing his petition, the vertigo of his Indian torment?

The India of the ritual refusal of India, which is both present and out of reach, will remain so for as long as Olivier Germain-Thomas is unable to do everything necessary to lift the ban. In its negative part, the ritual of the lifting of the ban will then involve the heart-rending experience of the refusal of India, a refusal signified to Olivier Germain-Thomas by Krishnabaï, the Admirable Mother, and adding to the living wound of this refusal, the Indian experience of death. T India presented to him the appalling species of death.

If there is one lesson to be learned from *Retour à Bénarès*, it is that Olivier Germain-Thomas only went to India that time to encounter death and embrace its mystery.

Retour à Bénarès, written in the first person, tells the story of the narrator's quest for love in pursuit of a young Indian woman, Priyanka, whom he met years before in Tehran, lost, found again, lost again and who, in the end, invites him to a rendezvous on the sacred banks of the Ganges, in Bénarès. "In the end, she herself invites him to a rendezvous on the sacred banks of the Ganges, in Benares.

will be summoned to renew carnal ties. Letter from Priyanka: "I'll be in Benares on the next full moon. I will come alone

Olivier Germain-Thomas, the narrator, was to go to Benares only to find Priyanka there at the fatal moment when, dead, lying on her funeral pyre, the flames were preparing to take delivery of her once beloved body.

But wasn't Priyanka, above all, for Olivier Gérmain-Thomas, the living, nuptially consenting incarnation of India? An incarnation of India which, however, offers itself only through death, and in death, Priyanka, incarnation therefore of the black India of the black ritual presiding over the current Western return to the India of its own origins. Name, breath, flesh of this dark and tragic tantric ritual, Priyanka, incarnation of the India of Kâli the Black, is at the same time something other than the Black India of final knowledge through darkness. Olivier Germain-Thomas hints at this when he writes: "Fortunately, new gong crush my thoughts. Carried away by the crowd in the changing lights, I invent a new mantra

OM Priyanka, OM Priyanka, OM Priyanka". And, he adds, "the black water of the Ganges no longer says anything worthwhile to me At that moment, everything is consumed, and something else begins.

The secret of the Indian testament

For, as well as recounting a sombre and dramatic personal experience of the death of love in India, Olivier Germain-Thomas's very short novel is also a very great book, a book with a high initiatory predestination. Without showing any need

to pass himself off as a tek, *Retour à Bénarès* (*Return to Benares*) appears, in fact, to be the founding testament to the immense process underway that is now pushing a certain West to try to rediscover in India the veiled mystery of its own original foundations. And it is on the body tormented by the devouring appetite of the flames of the sacred fire, on the black and consumed pulpits, reduced to ashes, of a young girl who had been alive and resplendent in her walk, inspired, led from above, subversively committed to pursuing a grand plan of love, that will henceforth rest, for those who know, the touchstone both infinitely occult and infinitely sacred of the spiritual and metahistorical transhumance of the West once again on its way to India. For without the ritual immolation of a heroic, predestined young lover, no historical enterprise could attain the radiant certainty of its transhistorical assumption. Without the spilt blood of the sacrifice of life, nothing will ever be allowed to pass beyond history. This is the final secret of Olivier Germain-Thomas's Indian testament. An extraordinarily ancient secret and, today in Europe, an extraordinarily new secret. A spiritual secret, a secret of a path of ardent liberation and return to being that some of us are already following in the shadows, a metapolitical secret.

Can we say more? Certainly. For the time has perhaps come to suggest that *Retour à Bénarès* professes, beneath the melancholy and scintillating veil of romance, the dangerous, decisive, implacable and total science of the highest tantric authorities at work, today as yesterday, in India and behind India. In this sense, *Return to Benares* cannot fail to be intended, confidentially no doubt, or in some other way, to be the most important of the Tantras.

The spiritual and metapolitical movement of *Retour à Bénarès* is the same as that of *L'Œuf de Jade*. The spiritual and metapolitical movement of *Retour à Bénarès* is the same as that of *L'Œuf de Jade*, and the influences it bears witness to are the same, as is the formidable hidden source of their provenance in the invisible.

Olivier Germain-Thomas also confesses that, before him, none of his people "had ever crossed the Indus". And what he goes on to say raises the most extreme contradiction of all that we have tried to extract from his *Return to Benares*. I quote: "I am the son, grandson, great-grandson, great-great-grandson of very French French people who belong to our soil, our language, our equilibrium. None of them had ever crossed the Indus. What have I come to take, to lose, what have I come to bring? The further I go, the more I am a son of my country and a son of India, with no possible synthesis". And he adds: "It took me a long time to shake off the first impressions I received in India twenty years ago. What a deep impression each first time makes, as if as soon as a virgin layer of our sensibility is reached, it is branded with a red-hot iron. In the midst of my Sorbonnian studies, before the surrealist explosion of May '68, I thought I'd found a spiritual path in India that all I had to do was follow to fulfil myself. I felt nothing but love and gentleness where life pushes to extremes. I had seen a Tradition that would live on forever in a place where I now know that it will be swept along by the same winds of history as our own. I had accepted that the goal of a lifetime was to dissolve our vain attachments and our jolts of pride so that the *âtman*, confused in *brahman*, could finally awaken, but with each fall

In the twists and turns of maya - and isn't polishing words the greatest illusion - I understood that for this journey of a lifetime my head was more solid than my guts. I had wanted to leave the shore without casting off

A violent and clear contradiction, coupled with an inescapable unease, thus arises between what I would call the diurnal surface of *Return to Benares* and what constitutes, for some, the nocturnal, abyssal depths on which the high Tantric influences of which this book is the bearer are exerted, Indian influences following the occult activist spiral of a very distant metahistorical goal. This contradiction between the immediately graspable surface of a text and its subversively active depths is in itself a dazzling Tantric signature. I recognise in this book a device of advanced spiritual warfare, and it pleases me to hope fervently that the most appropriate metastrategic use will be made of it.

"You are not here to fight against things, but against the gods", Julius Evola was fond of repeating. Julius Evola, quoting Jacob Bohme.

The cosmic season of Tantra

Julius Evola, I think I know, was firmly convinced that, at this paralysing end of the Kâli-Yuga, only the movement of the highest Indian vehicle of Tantra was still in a position to open up the *forbidden pass of deliverance*, and that this movement was forbidden, from the outset, to the people of the present-day West. While I too believe that we have entered the final season of Tantra, I have little faith in the paths of Tantric light in India,

however troubled and dangerous, however tragic and hallucinatory, would be completely beyond the reach of our own. Some of us have ventured beyond the limits conceded to inconsequential incursions, and the fruit of their clandestine penetrations very secretly illuminates the fiery front of our current attempts to *cross the line*. And there will be others.

The real importance of these current attempts lies in the fact that they now involve not only the existential, "personal" advances of some of our own people, but direct revolutionary interventions by metapolitical groups already available for the subterranean preliminaries of the next great "final battle", whose centre of gravity may well be in India.

Through special and often powerfully hidden channels, India is calling us once again. In this new cosmic season of Tantra, we need to understand that a book like *Return to Benares* must be seen, above all, as a response to this call.

This is indeed what I have insisted on asserting here. Lately, I've been accused of not saying anything about certain things that only I would know, and that it seems I should only have known in order to share them with those of my people, those of our people who should know. So I have taken the very risky step of trying to say, today, from an approach that is particularly close to Olivier Germain-Thomas's account of his funeral return to Benares, much more than what is usually said about these things that are reserved for those who know.

The result disappointing? I can't help it, that's how these things are, really. The road is long, and the night infinitely darker than we thought. But let's be humble: let's dare to do everything, right now.

It is never too early to wake up to the secret of the chasms hidden deep within ourselves, to hasten to rediscover "the old Aryan path that we once knew, that has been lost and that we will one day remember", *if need be*.

Back eternal India

In *Retour à Bénarès*, Olivier Germain-Thomas writes: "Let's cast off into the opaque night! A strong wind has picked up, making navigation hazardous. I let myself be carried away from the barely lit ghats where small groups had gathered to sing or listen to a sacred text. The other shore, towards which I try not to be sent, is nothing but a vague black curve where no life can be seen. Tense with effort, I close my eyes and let myself be guided by the sound of the bells tinkling in full flight on the bank of the Ghats, hemmed in by the old city. Another sound of water: it's a boat of the dead from Egypt, passing me and fading away. I am seized by a song that I had not heard before". Has secret contact been established with *the other shore*? But he also wrote: "The indifference of the gods to our expectations cannot be overstated". And even more dramatically: "It will be night again, its apparent calm, the state between two reincarnations",

To tell the truth, I'm not at all sure that the dark, mournful story of *Return to Benares* has any particular place in Olivier Germain-Thomas's literary oeuvre.

He had a special place, an exceptional place in terms of his writing and its completion. He has already said almost all of the unique and vital things he had to say, and still has to say, in France today, about India and the mystery of India, and in such fullness, in *La Tentation des Indes* (Plon, 1981), and will no doubt say them again, tumultuously, in the novelistic sequel, already in progress, that he intends to give to *L'Amour est assez grand seigneur* (Albin Michel, 1985). However, I believe that the most pressing interest in *Retour à Bénarès* lies in its value as a premonitory sign and a provocation, in its mission to subversively mark, as if with a burning slash, the unfolding future of a culture and a civilisation challenged, with immediately apocalyptic violence, by the hour of their ultimate and most irremediable choices.

Since the beginning of the century, the best minds in the West have used themselves breathlessly to talk about the agony of European civilisation and its fundamental values in the process of disintegrating, irreversibly so it would seem. Today, the situation has become radically different: European civilisation is no longer in agony; it has finally been allowed to join the shadows of death. So it is that the task of those of us who, plunged into the most perfect ontological clandestinity, are still in a position to fight, or believe they are, will no longer be to prevent a tragically decaying culture from dying, but to provide operatively for the occult rituals of its resurrection. The unfulfilled shadow of the last Western civilisation is thus invited to a supreme reunion with Orpheus, god of its

origins, god of the return of death. But, like Dionysus. Didn't Orpheus also come to us from India? Very secretly, and even very clandestinely, at a time and in ways that some of us have rediscovered today? Hölderlin, in his highest, most grandiose hymnologies of the end, understood this profoundly. And Heidegger too, insofar as he had to renounce philosophy, a decadent and impotent exercise, bearing singularly fatal signs, in order to give himself, in the peak years of his life, to the sole instruction of the final song of German poetry.

For those of us who still hold the veiled attributes of the ancient heroic brotherhoods of combatants of a civilisation rushing, like another Atlantis, into the oceanic darkness of its historical and cultural self-annihilation, the salvific awakening of Europe and the Great Eurasian Continent, and the movement of their apocalyptic return to life, must involve resourcing to the revitalising, black breaths of present-day India. "The return of Kali will be terrible", says Olivier Germain-Thomas. Behind this present-day India lies the living mystery of eternal India or, if you like, of the India of old, a mystery of gold and red, a mystery of blood and ontological sunlight, the unique mystery of a unique bloodline, a royal and solar bloodline, the original mystery of Surya-Yamça. As the god of the return of the Great Eurasian Continent to the former India, Orpheus is today a black god, but he will not always be black. And so, until the day returns, or until we ourselves are able to rediscover, within ourselves, the ancient opening of the day that has been extinguished, we are going to have to resign ourselves to bearing the mourning arms of the black Orpheus.

god of the nocturnal return, tragically and secretly funereal, to the India of today, such as India has come to be itself today, itself apparently unremembered. Orpheus, god of black India, god of the Western return to India through the paths of ultimate darkness.

And yet, disconcerting as it may seem, today in France the only major attempt, operatively significant, to return to India, to India in its being today, is provided by Olivier Germain-Thomas, and by what he is obliged, in this way, to represent, whether he already knows it himself or not quite yet. Hence the exceptionally important status that I think we should try to impose on his *Retour à Bénarès*, a heart-rending confession and metasymbolic station already in place in the great movement of ebb and flow that is today driving the semi-clandestine return of the most advanced of our people to the homeland of their deepest, most occult activist predestination. An ontological return to a pre-ontological homeland, a tragically subversive penetration of ins and outs of our latest and darkest crepuscular impermanence towards those high places of transcendental identity that, within ourselves and on the Northern frontier of the world and the anti-world, of being and non-being, cover the Himalayan snows of our most immaculate, and no doubt still most virginally *intact*, anteriority. Olivier Germain-Thomas: *The terrace at last. I look at the sun.*

It will be recalled, not without a stinging and disturbing sadness, that a tentative similar to that which Olivier Germain-Thomas is currently pursuing in France was undertaken in the twenties or thirties by Mircea Eliade. He, too, had tried to rediscover the ridge paths leading to the

the most secret heart of India, who had come so close to achieving his goal and who finally had to abandon the game for a different destiny, less adventurous and less lofty. For didn't Mircea Eliade's best work remain forever suspended over the void, somewhere at the foot of the Himalayas, in the stone shelter that failed to hold him there long enough for him to become no longer the tried and solitary fugitive, but the fearsome envoy to the "shadow of the valleys below"?

On the other hand, and just as from one India to another, I am bound to be criticised for preferring *Retour à Bénarès*, a slim, haggard, rocky, fragmented account, whereas *La Tentation des Indes* remains a book of rich substance, offering a profusion of material to support and arm the setting in motion of a prefiguration that is both decisive and total of present-day India in its reality, in its most vivid and immediate, most usable realities. *The Temptation of the Indies*, or a precise operational approach to the India of today, to the Indies themselves, apparently fallen and black at the equivocal time of the Kali-Yuga. But *Retour à Bénarès* is a confession both lived and stifled in its very experience, a cry, and the unhealable wound of a direct and profound existential encounter, abysmal, with India incarnate in the person of a young Indian woman desperately, forgettably loved, lost, found and lost again, and whom the narrator will find once and for all only on the funeral pyre lit for her, dead, on the Ganges, in Benares. The young Indian woman cremated in Benares was called Priyanka, and the occult centre of gravity of the story lies in the following lines, which border on the unbearable: "The wind is capricious, blowing smoke at me, taking it away, blowing it back. A lovely westerly gust

pushes on for a long time towards the Ganges. I saw Priyanka's parents standing around the pyre that had just been lit. I rush towards them. They want to stop me. I reach their feet: "Not Priyanka? The wind muffles my scream. A strong young man drags me out of the family circle. I understand only a few words, which are enough for me: she was very ill, she wanted to come to Benares to die, I must not disturb the ceremony. I escape at random into the labyrinth of the old city. The smoke chased me. I get lost running through the dark alleys, which all look alike".

Only experience that is existentially engaged in the fiery consumption of its own outcome, and each time unique, is in a position to open the way to the great metapolitical passages to come towards a different and absolutely new Western destiny, the personal experience of the person who goes before himself, before everything. For the battlefields of the reconquest of the Great Eurasian Continent - ontological and metapolitical reconquest, but also, and from now on, historical and immediately political, immediately revolutionary reconquest - will be, to begin with, battlefields of *an internal order*. The wars of principle of the great Western reconquest of the world will be wars of an exclusively internal order, hidden, existential, intimate and personal wars. Wars in which the clash of arms will be carried, at the outset, by the flame of the clash of predestined hearts, by the clash of hearts mobilised in the vanguard of the battles of love and nuptials that conceal the transhistorical rise of the ages and destinies of this inconceivably yet to come world which, for us,

is already the world after the end of the world, after the already consummated end of our world.

But above all, we must resign ourselves to *dissolving the bad habit* of thinking, of turning in on ourselves. The India we need to subversively appropriate is hardly the India of thinking about India, but the India of direct, paroxysmal, loving experience of the India of today, in its nights and in its shame. Olivier Germain-Thomas: "I should stop asking India what it is or asking myself what I'm looking for in it. It's like love: you have to give it, take it, do it, not question it; you have to learn to dissolve a bad habit you've had for about two and a half thousand years". And also: "In these places where I received so much during my former stay, I find not so much memories as the new sensations of a world ready to start the adventure all over again". The transmigratory flow reaches the other shore because, says Olivier Germain-Thomas, "one day it will be time to take to the waters overflowed by so many vultures".

But why, then, did Olivier Germain-Thomas's fateful return to Benares have to end at the burning pyre where the body of his literary double's Indian mistress, a mistress lost alive and found dead, finished consuming itself and falling into burning ashes, why is the return to India signified to us by a reunion illuminated only by the black sun of death? It's because Olivier Germain-Thomas and the shadow of his literary split had gone there with their dead souls, with their dead souls, to represent on the banks of the Ganges - for that had been their *secret mission* - the Western camp of the greatest death on the march,

which was also the camp, entrenched within themselves, of their own inner defeat. It was thus the dead soul of present-day Europe, and the dead soul of its somnambulistic envoy inhabited by death, by its own unexpiated mon, that were invited to be consumed on the ritual pyre on the banks of the Ganges. The sacrifice of young Priyanka thus produced, *fixed* the ritual immolation of the dead soul of our people, and the death of the death of the old Europe of our people. In the glowing ashes of the young Priyanka, it was Europe before its present immense defeat and the whole of the Great Eurasian Continent in its reality in the process of renewal that came together to celebrate their black accordions with the almighty power of eternal India. "You are not just you, I am not just me", Olivier Germain-Thomas said to the young Indian woman he had just intercepted on the last terrace, in the intolerable glare of the midday sun.

A decisive breach has thus been made, quite discreetly, in the wall of our own inner darkness of yesterday and today, and this breach appears, first, in the testimony given by Olivier Germain-Thomas in his *Retour à Bénarès*. A breach which, from now on, and following, among other things, the inner destiny of Olivier Germain-Thomas's forthcoming literary work, and in particular the novel in progress as a sequel to *L'Amour est assez grand seigneur*, will continue to widen until it becomes, on the appointed day, the new North-West pass of the most tragic and greatest destinies from Europe to India. The secretly salvific recommencement of the world and of worlds will once again have rested on the ritually immolated body of a young woman.

a woman in love, heroically predestined for the supreme sacrifice. Destined, by a terrible occult science, to the sacrifice of her being, and to the dark glory that emerges from it at the very moment of the consummation of the dreaded act, and for all time.

It is not for nothing that, for many years, Olivier Germain Thomas was also Secretary General of the *Charles de Gaulle Institute*, charged with perpetuating the rectitude and clarity of the doctrine of the highest and most adventurous Action Gaulliste, which seeks to define a total metapolitics of the Great Eurasian Continent and all its future historical renewals. Now, one of the lines of action and permanent combat of the planetary metapolitics of the greatest Gaullism foresees, and foresees, very precisely, the revolutionary setting in motion of the reflux of Europe and of the Great Eurasian Continent towards the living and beating heart of the former India, a reflux for which it is up to the visible or hidden proponents of Gaullist Action and of the Gaullist predetermination of France to control the direction and the destiny already underway. Will we know what special instructions General de Gaulle gave André Malraux when he sent him to India on what we were assured was a confidential mission whose immediate and more distant outcomes were to "change the face of the world"? André Malraux, and a few others too, some of the most specialised.

And so, as if in a subterranean continuation, why should Olivier Germain-Thomas, who was once the mortally wounded, humiliated, blinded and annihilated envoy of misfortune from Europe and the Great Eurasian Continent to the banks of the Ganges, not return there today to resume his secret metapolitical mission?

of André Malraux, to revive its dogmatic slumber? Special plenipotentiary for Action Gaulliste in India. Olivier Germain-Thomas would simply be making visible in the open, updating and continuing in the light of day, drawing the metasymbolic conclusions of his previous embassy, funerary and transcendental, which had already taken him there during his mysterious liturgical return to Benares, during his terrible rendezvous with death. Krishna once said: "When two lovers have gone on another date and meet by mistake, and recognise each other by their voices in the middle of the night, what is not their enjoyment in the darkness, mingled with anger and trembling?

A special embassy for a mission on the scale of France's new European and grand-European destiny in the Indies would therefore take the author of *La Tentation des Indes* and *Retour à Bénarès* to the very places of his deepest and most actively certain predestination. An embassy not in New Delhi but, as he himself recently told me, in Nepal, in Kathmandu. Hence the metapolitical fortress of the Gaullist representation of France, from which the diplomatic representation of Action Gaulliste would watch over the return, more and more irrevocable, more and more edifying, of the high European vital currents to the very places of their most limpid freedom of former being.

So let us now have a clear and certain vision of these future transmigratory spiritual movements between India and Europe, which, by manifesting themselves both in the invisible and in the visible, will eventually have to go beyond all the philosophical and religious choices Europeans are making today, and which, in the time to come, by taking on a new dimension, will have to take on a new meaning.

The result will be that the higher will will be fulfilled and the very high designs of the small group of liberated ones in life, watching over the occult destinies of the superhumanity to come, will be imposed.

Forcing brings the "secret symbol" closer

In this increasingly incandescent set of problems concerning the forthcoming transcendental change in Western world history and in all the lifeblood of a world that is already at its end, of a cosmic cycle that is already over, there are still many things that are decisive and self-evidently active, *provocative* things to be said, to be revealed according to plan.

I shall therefore return as soon as possible, and in a widely circulated review, to Olivier Germain-Thomas's key novel, *Retour à Bénares*, which has given us cause to tackle urgently, with attention as eager as it is determined to turn to direct action, the area of problems thus aroused and immediately brought to the paroxysm of their *interest*, I will force myself to resume the more or less illegal inspection of everything that seems to lie in wait behind this thin, predestined writing, the bearer of a 'secret symbol' so terrible that one hesitates to take cognisance of it. I will therefore proceed, in the higher interest, as if in this instance I myself were also back in Benares, abandoned to my own darkness on the untamed banks of the Ganges.

Dark and deadly powers, powers of high treason that we have been monitoring in the shadows, have been working for a very long time now to prevent any return of the Action Gaulliste towards India, any new transmigratory salvific advent of India in Europe and in the inner spiritual territories of the new Greater Europe. Once we have identified these forces of retention and prohibition, we must now reduce them, subversively seize their ins and outs, in this world and in the next, in order to undo the conspiracy in place, trample on the remains and the corpses.

Re-opening the doors of India

For as long as I can remember, I have been haunted by India, at night in my dreams and during the day in my feverish, obsessive interest in the superhuman and directly cosmic thought of traditional Indian philosophies and civilisations, by the imperial and supra-temporal, symbolic geopolitics of India, indefinitely refused - or at any rate postponed - by history in the making, and whose time will not fail to come, because India is going to have to be the great new revolutionary superpower of the 21st century.

So I was led to believe that I carry within me an obscure and very ancient Indian predestination, that a sidereal, archaic abyss secretly persists deep within me, which I know answers, that it *opens out* somewhere in India. The Indian passage that most appeared to me in my dreams concerns a region of high desert valleys, where a quiet, immense lake, with unsuspected depths and icy black water, situated on the Himalayan borders, seems to me to be the very place of my other life, my life 'beyond the wall of sleep'.

sacred, but in effacement, gone as if behind their own negation, but a place that I have not yet managed to identify, to accommodate in the diurnal, avowable geographies of India.

On the other hand, there's another mediumistic landscape that I've also been experiencing for a very long time, for ten years at least, but this one I've ended up locating in Rajasthan, 'near Doongar, where the jungle rises at the foot of Gaglajung', in a land of bottomless chasms and high, wild hills, The remains of ancient castles of immemorial lordships, such as the Château du Gué invoked by Talbot Mundy in his fascinating novel with keys, *There was a door*, published in 1935.

The photos of the chaotic ruins of the Château du Gué, brought back from Rajasthan by some of our people whom I had sent there on a reconnaissance and reunion mission in May 1991, some of which were published by *Le Monde Inconnu* a month later, will leave no doubt as to where I dreamed of escaping to India and of so many nights secretly struck by nuptial and heroic encounters with superhuman, unbearable horizons, leaving me almost breathless and lifeless.

Below, I will attempt a rather dramatic approach to India, based precisely on what Talbot Mundy says about it in *There was a door*. Thus begins our new battle of India, the last and greatest, the very battle of the Return of Time.

On the left bank of the Seine, near Elle Saint- Louis, a mews building that is not without its mysterious hours and dark torments houses, on the ground floor, the premises of Nouvelles éditions Oswald (NéO for those in the know, because that's the only way to spell this acronym). This is a polar and occult enterprise if ever there was one, and the premises are *marked by the very special activities* of Hélène and Pierre-Jean Oswald, the *visible* directors of the NéO. In the lower cellars of the same building, was there not the 'Well of the Moon' that had so obsessed Catherine de Médicis and her powerful band of necromancers?

But we always get on well with bad company. The twilight legion of true aficionados of this branch of 'great literature', esoteric and mystery literature, the so-called 'occultist' literature, which is reputed to be marginal and even somewhat shameful, today all owe the 'hermetic couple' of the Oswalds an obligation of recognition that is both incomparable and, it is understood, must never cease to be maintained. For, as we know, it was thanks to the work of the NeOs that the decisive body of Anglo-Saxon occultist literature was able to be transplanted - successfully transplanted - to France, and to gain the major position in French literary knowledge of today that it now enjoys, even though, by its very nature, it has been kept rather in the background, deliberately confidential : The works of the most prestigious of our own, John Buchan, Talbot Mundy, Dennis Wheatley and many others, have already found their place there, established their own lookout posts, and the front line thus affirmed continues to advance, to bushwhack in the shadows.

And it is at the current cutting edge of this strategy of "bush-hammering" in the shadows that we have to announce the publication, by NéO, of a new title by Talbot Mundy, destined, let us be convinced in advance, for a fascinating career of slipping into the other world. *There Was a Door* (or *Full Moon*, published in 1935). I think this great and powerful book should have been called, in its French version at least. *La passe de la pleine lune*. Talbot Mundy. 1877-1940: novelist, secret agent, high-grade initiate, even "Unknown Superior", member of the *Golden Dawn in the Outer* and, as has also been said, of the Illuminated Brothers of Asia. But slowly, over time, everything unravels and comes to light again.

In the shadow of history.

We now know that Talbot Mundy had worked for a long time for an entirely confidential branch of F British central civil and military intelligence in India, the "FF Department". Since its creation, it had depended directly on the blind cabinet of the Viceroy. the FF Department had been conceived by Lord Herbert Kitchener of Khartoum (1881-1916) during his time at the head of the Indian Army - in 1902 to be precise - under the exacerbated pressure of certain events, which were then fiercely forbidden to be spoken of, locking everything up under the black seal of "imperial defence" and of which all traces, however tenuous they might have been, had been methodically "cancelled". Lord Kitchener's great secret spiritual conversion, about which the German general Karl Haushofer, one of the very few who knew about it, also reported, dates back to these events. Events in the shadows, of immediate significance

supernatural, and unavowable because - with Talbot Mundy's word soul - completely *inconceivable*, and which should not failed to throw a rather disturbing light, even a disturbed light - as, moreover, some had then suggested, and even claimed to have done so - on the disappearance, in 1916, of the enigmatic victor of Khartoum, when, as Minister of War in David Lloyd George's influential cabinet, he was on his way to Russia aboard the *Hampshire*, torpedoed on the high seas and in the obscure circumstances that we know. Received at length by Lord Kitchener in India, did General Karl Haushofer not later assert that, for himself and those close to him, the irretrievable end of Greater Europe had been consummated "on that day", the day Lord Kitchener disappeared during the torpedoing of the *Hampshire*? With the *Hampshire*, the last viable hopes of saving, safeguarding and restoring Western civilisation were swallowed up in the memoryless abyss of the ocean, the shroud of the very occult Anglo-German Nordic Entente, the 'Polar Entente', of which Lord Kitchener was then the bearer of a project specially amended for St Petersburg. The same 'Polar Entente' project had to resurface in 1936, and the same 'powers darkness' - perfectly defined by John Buchan and the Imperial and Polar faction of the *Golden Dawn in the Outer*, and perhaps even more so by Dennis Wheatley, himself also of the *Golden Dawn* - had once again managed to undo its implementation, by bringing about the abdication of Edward VIII (1894-1972) and the neutralisation of the 'polar' initiatic influence groups which supported him and, through him, a certain confidential line of action, a certain line of destiny. And all this coming from very far away, from the last

These obstacles had already been under surveillance since 1902 by the FF Department, a highly inspired creation of Lord Herbert Kitchener. The FF Department was not only, certainly not what one might have thought, but, how can I put it, infinitely more. For what the FF Department in its early days had been mistaken for - or pretended to be - subversive manoeuvres in the shadowy rear of British colonial imperialism as it began its resistible decline, were in fact the first vanguards of the greatest darkness engaged on the front of the final offensive, the cosmic darkness of the end of a world and, if, in the face of this, in the face of the Pact of Darkness, a very powerfully over-activated light had risen up, against the tide, with the Pact of Steel of the Boreal Light of the Antipact, I am one of those who know that this light, the living light of the unknowable Pole of Steel of this world, governed by the Great Bear, has managed to safeguard its state secret, intact, without a single flaw, right up to the end, and *right up to the present*. For are we not ourselves the living stones of the Antipact?

In the perilous continuation of the FF

Nevertheless, in *There was a Door*, Talbot Mundy unveils - partially, I must admit - the very secret of this ancient over-activation of the polar light of the Antipact, and as for me, I won't hesitate for a moment to maintain that what was valid at the time, that everything that could have been accomplished in India at the time, is still valid today, if we know how to do it. In other words,

if we manage to follow right through to the end the special operating instructions that a Talbot Mundy will provide, under cover, in his novels, to put us on the path and to help us stay there whatever the cost.

From its very beginnings, was the FF Department not empowered to deal with all matters involving the use of the 'supranormal powers' possessed in India by certain spiritual action groups, secret societies or high religious currents - Hindu, Muslim, Buddhist and even *others* - right up to the 'cessation line' of the abominable, subversive and hallucinatory thirties, midway between the two great world explosions, the 'years of the black void'? Talbot Mundy, who had been involved in all the major undertakings of the last active period of the FF Department, only wrote his novels to leave behind - in a more or less quantified way, but not too quantified all the same - a record - usable by others, by 'those who would come after' him - of his own experience in the field, of what he had come across in the particular space of his own visionary suppositions. Hence the inestimable value of Talbot Mundy's literature, which is in a way secretly pedagogical, not to say directly initiatory, in encouraging us to half-open, even to go through the Gates of India, to celebrate endlessly the marriage, as difficult as it is troubling, of nonchalance and fanaticism, of the most wanton and criminal licence and the highest ascetic and spiritual self-denial. For these obscure and dramatic ambiguities, these seemingly insurmountable contradictions, call abruptly for a new way of thinking.

special teaching, to the black teaching of Tantra. Have I already said this? In fact, here we are, as if nothing had happened, in Tantric territory, already in Tantric territory, in the equivocal, in the unbearable, 'suspended above the ultimate precipices', hypnagogically caught up in the ontological vertigo of 'absolute danger', of 'absolute non-return'. In a certain sense, the irreparable is consummated, and it was beforehand. In any case, the path indicated by Talbot Mundy is fundamentally a burning path, a path of live embers, and all the more so, these tantric and superhuman embers, because they are asked in advance to provide for the crossing of death, and to actually do so. This is a path involving a total trial, a trial of ontological level.

As he had done so well for so many other hidden, decisive and very serious things, it was Jacques Bergier who first made the elusive Talbot Mundy and his written work, by which I mean his 'novels', known in France. Jacques Bergier, speaking of Talbot Mundy: "It cannot be ruled out that his books will one day be reread, and studied to follow the leads they indicate

Thus Talbot Mundy's "novel" - or "novels" - represent an infinitely adventurous and tragic spiritual petition, his lived experience is founded on barely concealed precipices, his intimate rhetoric appeals to the most terrible hypnagogic vertigo of those who have "committed themselves to the pass" while knowing that there has never been any turning back from there. But, at the same time, you have to know perfectly well how to 'play the game', to undergo, instruct, discard and manipulate the 'pass'.

appearances. For, in fact, "Talbot Mundy's India is above all the India of today, captured in its most immediate and certain reality, 1"modern India as it is" as Jacques Bergier would say.

But with Talbot Mundy we also find the superb romantic and adventurous convention of a certain British colonial - or rather planetary - imperialism perpetuating, still under the mortuary mask of Victorian worship, the beautiful Elizabethan mystagogic madness.

The Old Château du Gué

And now to *Il était une porte*. What is its starting point? Its basic thesis immediately reveals itself to be the fundamental thesis of all the new Western occultist literature of today. Jacques Bergier: Mundy believes, as do almost all cultivated men in Asia, that civilisation has been built more than once and destroyed more than once, and that there are many more traces left than we think.

Thus, in *Il était une porte*, Colonel Blair Warrender who, under the cover of his imperial political security missions in India, works, in fact, for the FF Department, is led to approach, in an infinitely dangerous way, the tragic confines of a great human - or superhuman - civilisation predating our current cosmic cycle, supratemporal, unnameable and, in this case, unnamed, trapped and persisting in actively assuming, somewhere in India, "in the dazzling light of Rajasthan", their mission as ontological frontier between two antagonistic worlds, "this world" and "that world".

and "the other world", the world of the "eternal present". And all this, even today. "Near Doongar, where the jungle rises at the foot of Gaglajung".

On government orders, he went in search of the FF Department's top secret official, General David Frensham, who, on 14 September. On the "eve of the full moon", he had mysteriously disappeared without a trace somewhere in north-west India, in Rajasthan, "not far from Gaglajung", Colonel Blair Warrender. When he arrived on the scene, he found - suspended above the precipice dug, like a furnace, inside a high hill that had been sacred for centuries, beneath the Castle of the Ford, a block of shattered stone, devastated and completely burnt, charred, falling into ruin, a high hill itself hidden behind the impenetrable ramparts of the jungle and now defended, in addition, by the mental wall of superstitions, frights and legendary terrors of this cursed place, struck by lightning - Colonel Blair Warrander, I say. will discover there, at the risk of his life, an extraordinary promontory advanced by the "other world" - by the world of transcendental, supratemporal reality - towards "this world", our world. This promontory of the 'other world' consists of a kind of great crystal cone containing - enclosing - suspended above the precipice inside the hill, the body of a mysterious young woman with blue hair ('pastel blue' writes Talbot Mundy, a precision of extreme importance for some who have been initiated into the dyes of the philosophy of fire). A giantess about three metres tall, her image reflected below in the pool of mercurial and lunar light hollowed out in the centre of the cosmic sanctuary at the bottom of the precipice, is responsible for marking the notch in the wall.

of the occult passage to the "other world". For, correctly interpreted and used according to a certain code of behaviour - including, first and foremost, the ritual stripping naked of visitors who have reached the sanctuary of the precipice - and also, caught at a certain angle, and solicited, with force and decision, at a certain precise point, the reflected image of the blue-haired giantess will allow - will offer - a narrow existential and bodily margin of passage, a controlled passage to the higher, 'galactic' worlds, to those who know how to do it without the slightest lapse or approximation. This passage will only open up for a few, because there was also a preventive grid of predetermined choices for the passage, all those who were to be allowed to pass through, to cross the ford, being chosen, and known - recognised - in advance, inscribed in the immemorial memory of this very occult galactic sanctuary installed within 'our world' itself.

Blair Warrender, having reached the axis of the furnace of the hollow hill, at the bottom of the precipice, ready to cross the threshold of the sanctuary: "He contemplated the Pleiades. Then he looked towards the cone, which glowed like a ghost in its apparent ability to capture the light of the stars and concentrate it, like the eyes of a tiger in the dark. Concentrate the 'light of the Pleiades' where, on whom? Towards the very depths of the cavern that had been converted into a sanctuary, towards which *it would even return*: "It seemed to be neither solid nor liquid. It looked like a basin filled with pure moonlight. It was very difficult to stare at, but reflected inside, upside down, small and looking upwards, was the Woman. Nothing else was reflected in this central part".

Talbot Mundy: "This woman was no less than nine feet tall. She was erect - entirely naked - in an attitude of mystical contemplation." I want to emphasise this "entirely naked", which holds an absolutely decisive key. And then: "But she had retained all the appearances of a still life, with all its colours. Her pastel-blue hair cascaded down to her knees and over one of her arms. She had a large chest, big feet and hands, and the muscles of an athlete. Her legs looked as if they had been built to climb mountains. Her skin was golden rather than ivory". And also: "She even looked like she was breathing, in the sunlight that passed over the slit-shaped opening at the top of the cavern, while in the changing light imperfections and irregularities were revealed, making ripples on the surface of the material that encased her. Sometimes it looked like mother-of-pearl, sometimes like opal, sometimes like transparent glass. Flames of gold and silver with red sparks seemed to rise and fall inside, until the pastel-blue hairs absorbed all the sunlight for a moment and the whole cone became a pale sapphire, turning into an amethyst, only to return to white, to its calm, sparkling transparency".

We will see that all the lines of force of the fundamental, decisive spiritual visions, conveying, supporting and manifesting within a certain European literature of today - and the day before yesterday - the constellation of ardent values of the great Western 'romance' of the origins - and I use the term 'romance' here in its original sense - are in fact the same.

In II était une porte, we find subtly present and evoked the "Arthurian" themes that are reconstituted by secret reverberation in certain "novels" of today, in certain novels of concealed knowledge. Thus, among other things, there appears the radiant and holy figure of the "table of the Holy Grail" invoked by Arthur Machen in *The Return of the Grail*, because, obviously, with its changing shades of blue and red, the crystal cone in The Blue-Haired Captive is nothing other than an active, renewed figuration of the "table of the Holy Grail". "And. also, and in an even more actively central, polar way, let us think again - another doubling of the Captive with Blue Hair - the 'messenger', the supra-temporal 'saviour' sent to us from the depths of the abysses of the eons and of the previous cosmogonic cycles, and whose 'real presence', like a philosophical spring, always illuminates and revitalises the appropriate but, by the same token, already perilous reading of Erle Cox's sublime novel, which is already open to the vertigo associated with the highest prohibitions. *The Golden Sphere* (NeO. 1987)

What is important to note at this point, in any case, is that Talbot Mundy's exploitation, in *Once Upon a Door*, of the legendary figure of the young woman and supratemporal situation - captive, in this world, of the "golden sphere" of supratemporality - involves, in this novel with its astral, galactic writing, successive semantic enclosures, all acting in parallel orbits, within the same narrative, before arriving at the central, solar figure of the young Blue-Haired Captive, we are also introduced to the sacrificial, tragic, expiatory, bloody, devastating story of Ranjeet Singh, or Ranjeet

du Gué, the lord of the castle commanding the "ford of ancient times", and his wife, renamed by himself with the powerfully operative name of "Queen of the Moon". For it was Ranjeet Singh and his wife who owned the mysterious fortified castle of T'ancien gué, the "ford of ancient times", inside which, aligned with the Pleiades, was - and no doubt still is - the abyssal furnace crowned by the philosophical dwelling, by the 'crystal cradle' of the Blue-Haired Captive, but their former love affair was to end in bloody tragedy, dishonour and shame, the grandiose and desperate heroism of 'Queen of the Moon' having nothing to do with it, as it was always meant to be. But "Queen of the Moon" is still there, "it is said that at full moon she walks on the ramparts and waits there for Ranjeet Singh to return with honour".

At the same time, and as if turning in a parallel orbit, but saved from that of the devastated, bloody and sacrificial loves of Ranjeet Singh and "Queen of the Moon", the unveiling of the experience of love will appear, Despite all appearances, Blair Warrender's love affair with General David Frenshem's own daughter, the silent and fascinating Henrietta, is so advanced that she is driven by the absolute heroism of her virginal, warrior soul, conceived for the heights of the spiritual battle, the "final spiritual battle". It is this process of amorous unveiling that is to form the basis of Talbot Mundy's novel, making it both the unspoken secret of its occult underpinnings and its *raison d'être* in action. And, moreover, this unveiling, fuelled by the fires of a

I'm talking about those reiterations that constitute the "living substance" of the "work in the red", through which the burning mystery of *the Incendius Amoris* must penetrate this world each time it is done.

In this way, the tantric initiative of the novel, its intimate path, its own vital breath in action, will allow itself to be surprised - something deliberate, concerted and instructive - through the invitation we are given to enter into the secondary game of this pursuit, to take part in Henrietta's circular pursuit. In the course of the novel, this pursuit is entrusted to Blair Warrender: his real 'secret mission' will therefore be one of love, philosophy, nuptials and Tantra.

Starting with the necessary infernal descent into the depths of the probationary abysses of non-being, darkness and the "ultimate danger, the absolute danger", this pursuit will ultimately lead to the vestibule, suspended between the two worlds, "this" and "the other", where the vertigo - the supreme vertigo - of those who will have exalted themselves there at the risk of their lives and more than that - the vertigo of the amorous confrontation with the Blue-Haired Captive - will immediately concern the very meaning of the self-choice that one will find oneself willing to offer as a holocaust to the mystery of "eternal Desire". For this vestibule will always be a holocaust vestibule, where Henrietta, naked, 'naked, absolutely naked', will be prevented from entering by Blair Warrender - but at that moment, Warrender will be no more than a tool in the service of a higher occult purpose, and he will not know it.

not even - in the mercurial pool at the back of the sanctuarised cave, prevented from entering the "Bath of Diana", which transports us, which *takes us to* the "other side".

Governed by Tantra, the greatest experience of love is about the spiritual realisation of a single goal, about 'deliverance' and 'liberation' achieved within the very world of becoming and immediately existential temporality. It is within the temporal that the ultimate supra-matemporality is nuptially measured, revealed and given to experience, only the flesh bears witness to the living divine, to the living spirit as real presence - as Real Presence - and there is no "real presence" outside the Eucharistic mystery of incarnation, of tantric corporification in living blood, in living flesh and in living breath. But a corporification that is infinitely virginal.

However, the guarantee - on the brink of what abysses - of any incarnation on the right path, can only be sought in what we might call the demand, the ardent honour of a certain ontological virginity, a certain 'virginity in arms', Blair Warrender, speaking to Henrietta, gives us the following definition of this essentially heroic and tragic 'virginity in arms', through which we are offered access to the line of the intimate watershed indicating the absolute dialectical summit, the Nanga Parbat of this novel: "I think that if you were naked, there would still be a veil over you. You never let go of that veil and revealed your true thoughts". Now, we mustn't forget that during the last part of the story, at the bottom of the mercurial and lunar cavern, at the bottom of the Pleiades cavern. Henrietta will stand completely naked in front of Blair

Warrender, naked for hours, and that during this liturgical period he will not touch her, solicited by an even higher desire.

We may know where this extreme, violent, irrational, mystical and totalitarian virginal petition of being comes from, but few people today would still be in a position to claim to know its ultimate outcome, which is of an ontological nature and which, according to certain *revolutionary* Tantric rituals - and I say revolutionary in the initiatory sense of the term - predates the current apocalyptic alienations of Western conceptual language, I say revolutionary in the initiatory sense of the term, prior to the current apocalyptic alienations of Western conceptual language, a sense implying another and higher passage of the ontological spiral through the cosmic axis-well of the "absolute origin" - these *outcomes* lead directly to the sidereal and galactic, even "supragalactic" reality of the world and of worlds, to the "totality of creation. Only in the vertigo of these levels, and one day I'll show how we also come to Divine Providence.

The wake of the Ekagrata

Ultimately, then, there is nothing to prevent us from considering that the ultimate aim of what we call the Tantric Edifice is none other than to provide conspiratorially for the closure, the accelerated completion, of the Tantric Edifice. - and now obviously over-accelerated - of the Kali Yuga, to organise the *Paravrtti*, the Great Final Reversal, which is to virginally begin again the world and its new history to come, using, to do so, the revolutionarily most appropriate moments in the dark seasons of death and chaos of the Kali Yuga at its final end. Thus, at the most advanced point of his occult

As a Crystal Promontory, will the Tantric Edifice be reduced to the dazzling, apocalyptic confrontation of a certain virginal nakedness in arms - of the being incarnating the "absolute concept" of virginal nakedness - and the final darkness constituted as the Pact of Darkness, the Anti-Rule? Is not every ontological recommencement of the world ontologically Immaculate Conception? And isn't the ultimate imperial goal of the Polar Antipact the establishment of the *Regnum Marianum*? At its most extreme, a certain theological courage becomes theological heroism.

In one of his novels, *L'Oeuf de Jade* (NéO, Paris 1980), Talbot Mundy says just about everything it is reasonable to think can be said, on the brink of the abysses of "extreme prohibition", about the very person whom F Edifice du Tantra awaits, prepares and never ceases to invoke liturgically and by the most fearsomely direct means of black, white, red and green tantric high magic.

On this subject, I would like to quote the following text, which at the time was countersigned by the *Ekagrata* tantric group:

"In *L'Oeuf de Jade*. Talbot Mundy makes some absolutely dizzying revelations about the preparation, in Tibet, of the "lunar and mercurial" strains, the "virginal lines" destined to produce, or rather embody, the coming day. These are the very people who are to serve the advent of the New Saviour of the End, his 'Tantric Shakti', his 'Philosophical Shekinah', his 'Hermetic Bride'. Of English or Anglo-Irish blood, she will be born on the Indo-Thibetan border,

at the foot of the snowy heights guarding the mysterious Val d'Abor, still impenetrable and completely impenetrable today, where she will be raised and prepared 'philosophically' for her superhuman task. Then she will descend from the Val d'Abor, come to us from the Land of the Heights, and go to Great Britain where she, or another young woman of her immediate descent, will receive another, even more metallic teaching, so that she can go to France and meet her abysmal destiny as the 'Hermetic Bride'. And if I speak of an 'even more metallic' education, it is because she will have to undergo, in Great Britain, before going to France, the terrible trials of her admission under the narrow sky, under the 'pure steel' sky of the 'Polar Star'.

For the moment, therefore, we are only carrying out a kind of "doctrinal field reconnaissance". While there is no doubt that, since the end of the last century, something has been brewing in the shadows concerning the coming - the de facto emergence - the so-called "Hermetic Bride", it is no less certain that the appearance of this Bride is still to be seen. Nevertheless, as we know, the process is already well under way. The obligatory work of its first two phases - the black phase, the white phase - has already been completed, and we have entered the interregnum of the passage to red. This, however, because of the repetitions, may last an indeterminate length of time. The reduction of death is a long-term process, requiring a paroxysmal exacerbation of virginity.

A virginity in arms

This "virginity in arms" is never a foregone conclusion, but must always be conquered through hard struggle against oneself and the world. It represents the upper platform, the limpid, free and sunny summit, the "ultimate terrace" of a victorious outcome, a grace offered to deserving heroes by the *Dea Victoria*. In his novel entitled, in French, *Le vingt-sixième rêve* (NéO, 1983) - original title in English, *The dancing floor*; London, 1926 - John Buchan, also genially haunted by the metasymbolic combatant of inner, ontological virginity, was to write the following, teaching about

all our Daughters Dé, and which comes to us from the foggy distance of our own past history, from the times of the Thuata Dé Dannan race:

"And Kore? She had remained unyielding in the face of the task Fate had set her, and Fate, having piled up the obstacles in front of her, had allowed herself to be bent. Perhaps that's what courage is. It's a struggle against circumstances, like Jacob's with the angel, until the adversary is forced to bless you".

"I remember something Vernon said about the 'armed virgin'. It suited this young girl and I began to realise the meaning of virginity. True purity, I thought, whether in a man or a woman, went far beyond the narrow, purely sexual concept that is usually attributed to it. It meant keeping oneself, as the Bible says, free from all the defilements of the world, remaining free from all tyranny and all stain, whether of the body or of the spirit, preventing the whole universe from touching

It was to be a challenge, not as ecstatic and fragile as crystal, but as brilliant and vertiginous as the sword. It had to be a challenge, not as ecstatic and fragile as crystal, but as brilliant and dizzying as the sword. Virginity would mean nothing if it were not a year",

Who is Marie d'Alençon?

And we will also see that, following the occult procedures, the mystagogical and operative developments of a certain Western philosophical quest when it takes place in the paths, in the fields of force of the sacred, in the immediate vicinity and under the control of the higher, luminous world, of our hidden polar and supratemporal hierarchies, the main character - the heroine - of this novel by Talbot Mundy, Henrietta Frensham, will find herself accompanied there, in her circular ascent towards the transcendental archetype of the One Mistress represented here, the One Mistress, in the guise of the Blue-Haired Captive, 'the secret envoy of the Pleiades' - by her acting double, Henrietta Frensham, by her shadow double, acting in the 'sphere of darkness', an infernal, prostituting duplicate of herself and her virginal dogmatist, the Chinese Wu Tu, a Eurasian of French origin, a Catholic, whose real name is - and will have been - that of Marie d'Alençon.

Moreover, it is Marie d'Alençon - who is "Marie d'Alençon", one must ask oneself, at the end of it all, and everything depends, already, on the answer that one will be able to give to this interrogation, at once so slow to come to fruition, and so abrupt at the last moment - Marie d'Alençon who is she, I say, when, under the name of Wu Tu - for she is, too, Wu Tu, and above all Wu Tu - at the end of Talbot Mundy's narrative, taking advantage of the last hesitations

Henrietta Frensham's sentimental hold on this world by Blair Warrender - he will even keep her there, in the very last moments, by the use of force, clinging to her by mercurial pool

- enter herself, as it were in Henrietta Frensham's place - into the 'Bath of Diana' at the precise moment when this was to be done in connection with the passage of the moon over the pool of high passages, filled with 'pure moonlight' - and thus succeed in passing to 'the other side', in gaining 'the other shore', to enter the salvation and deliverance offered by the "great liberation", by access to the "fourth state Admitted, therefore, alive, and alive in her own body of life and in her own consciousness of herself alive, beyond the gates of the incandescent, limpid world of covered eternity, forever "out of reach But, once again, who is "Marie d'Alençon"? And, in Blair Warrender's own words: "Can she return? That's the problem! "

What is unique in the order of being must appear in a multiple form in the order of existence. Marie d'Alençon - known in Bombay itself, and in other bad places in India, South-East Asia and far-off Europe, as Wu Tu, the enigmatic and ruthless mistress of a certain chain of high-level houses of tolerance, a tantric cover par excellence - will show herself, from the outset, to be Henrietta Frensham's formidable and highly equivocal rival in the eyes of Blair Warrender. Wu herself is very much in love with Blair, hence her position as Henrietta's "nocturnal double", entering into the exhilarating and devastating ministry of what Gustav Meyrink called the "Pontic Isis". the "Pontic Isis". For, without a double self.

no crossing of the line : by splitting herself between Henrietta Frensham and Marie d'Alençon, alias Wu Tu, Blair Warrender's 'true philosophical wife', the 'third', the one who exists only through the occult tantric integration of the other two, will obtain - but she will only obtain it in this way, because the only absolute path is that of the 'third term' - the right, or rather the power, to cross the 'forbidden frontier' towards the out-of-reach regions of supratemporality, of the 'great liberation'. Thus, through Henrietta Fransham and Marie d'Alençon, Blair Warrender will be lovingly presented on both sides of the ontological frontier between the worlds, and we will also understand that the one that, as a term occultly intermediate between the other two, as the 'third term', will make her alive, active, radiant, with her own powers and her own Secret Mission, the tantric integration of Blair Warrender's two 'philosophical brides' can be none other than the Captive with the Blue Hair, I mean the one who is represented there by the Captive with the Blue Hair, and whom we call the Unique Mistress. The obligatory passage through the lunar and astral sanctuary of the Captive of the Blue Hair, a sanctuary placed under the galactic jurisdiction of the Pleiades, is nothing other than the obligatory passage of the operative dialectic of the tantric "third term".

But would anyone want to follow me even further, if I were to state openly, and without any precaution, that behind what constitutes the immediate, direct text, on first reading, of the narrative that Talbot Mundy presents to us in the form of this novel, entitled, by him, one title after the other, or even the two titles together, *Full Moon* and *There was a Door*, there hides a

second and, above all, a third and a fourth story: it is this last story, the "fourth story", which is responsible for conveying the fundamental message of the novel, which is the only truly initiatory one, designed to force a forbidden passage, to "half-open the Gates of India".

And I would also say, precisely in the light of what can and must be said and of what, beyond a certain level of the forbidden, can no longer be said at all, that this 'fourth story', included - enclosed - in the visiting spiral of the other three and which each appropriate reading will reactivate, and sometimes even overactivate, itself contains an occult key, which is none other than the very name of Marie d'Alençon, this name as such. With a direct operative reference to Saint Thérèse of Lisieux. Can we talk about that? I'd have to say no. The fact remains, however, that there is a violent and strong current of interest this very difficult approach, an interest that we will not be able to resist for much longer.

Because the centre of gravity of the immense ontological battle is not "in heaven", but "on earth". Nothing fundamental happens "in heaven"; every vanguard decision will find its conclusion on earth, and this is equally true for both sides. And those of us who see ourselves called upon to cross the "line of absolute prohibition", to "ascend to heaven", only go there to replenish their failing strength, the flame that has been extinguished within them: It cannot be said often enough that the divine and tragic heroism of our people lies not in their "ascent to heaven", even if it is understood in the same way as that of Enoch or Elijah, but in their mysterious "return to earth", in the anguish and the pain that they experience in their lives.

the unbearable crushes or they have to find themselves again, by returning to submit themselves, once again, in the course of time, precisely where the imperial and Christological battle of the "Two Standards" is inexorably continuing,

At this hallucinatory end of the cycle, the occult foundations of Western history concern exclusively the Acts of Return, the mystery in perpetual procession that is the return of our people to combat: they have won their heaven only to fight all the better, by returning to it, on the front line of history broken in its midst by the confrontation of being and nothingness, and which is thus hurtling, vertiginously, towards the final consummation of everything and of time itself, towards *apokatastasia*. This is the true meaning of the spiritual testament of Saint Thérèse Lisieux: *I will spend my heaven doing good on earth.*

The Acts of Return

In fact, there always comes a moment when it is providentially willed from on high that we should understand the *intentionality* of every great spiritual ascent: that it is therefore only ever made with a preconceived aim, with a view to something beyond this very ascent and its ultimate fulfilment, whatever that may be. Once it has reached the heights of its predestination, every truly great spiritual career must begin a sacrificial movement of descent, of "returning to the battlefield", an initiatory, charitable and compassionate descent that will, in fact, be its true final ascent, its ascent after the ascent.

Suspended above nothingness and its black abysses, its abysses of indifferentiation, history advances towards its apocalyptic and saving conclusion only through the mystery of the incessant summons of the Acts of Return in charge of its own sent missionaries, All the hidden holiness of this world is thus mercifully made up solely of the return to the world of those who have conquered the world, of the re-integration into history of those who have freed themselves from history.

And, just as to leave this world you have to go through the very occult Gates of India every time, every time there is the merciful return from the world of a saviour with a veiled identity, of a liberator in the vanguard of the renewal of times, this return will also take place through the Gates of India, through the same Gates of India. They go there and they come back. They are the "all-powerful, the awakened in life", and each time they illegally pass through and re-pass the Gates of India, standing, invisible, on the impassable border between the two worlds, which, secretly, for them, are already a single world, the Same World. And it is also through the Gates of India that the tenth avatar of Vishnu. Kalki, the one who "must put an end to Kali Yuga", will descend "into this world" (Kalki-Purâna).

The Sign of the Pleiades forever

In India, the immediate, historical reality will always be duplicated by the occult work of the Tantra Edifice. Dyed in the ritual ochre of Shivaism, the strange Anglo-Indian monument that is the Gate of India, the famous *Gate* through which British imperial armies came in 1877 and through which they left in 1946, is still standing in Bombay.

on the misty ocean front. However, behind the imperial political symbol that is now a thing of the past, the clandestine control of the Tantra edifice - operating, among other things, at present in the fiery wake of the *Bharatiya Janta Party* (BJP), which is increasingly asserting its majority vocation - now a permanent and exhaustive control in India, has not failed to produce, to install, as it were, a tantric double meaning in the venerable monument of the *Gate of India*, a meaning that is as nocturnal as it is already over-activated to the task, which is precisely that of the rather special meaning that we are giving, here, to the very concept of the current ontological 're-opening' of the Gates of India. Highly subversive, this tantric re-appropriation - or hijacking - of the symbol of the Gâte of India seems to me to be quite formidable. And it will become even more so in these times of the next metahistorical house, whose ineluctable advent we are all watching for in the wake of the *Paravrtti*, which now aspires to everything and draws everything to itself. For we are no longer unaware that the history of the world is vertiginously caught up in the immense vortex of the tantric imminence of the *Paravrtti*, the Great Final Reversal.

India has always been held to be indifferent to history: thus a new historical emergence of India, the return of India to history, *announces* the end of history. Each time India returns to history, it is only to establish its completion, its conclusion, its self-dissolution, conceived each time as a *Mahapralaya*.

And, if all the tasks of the Tantra building are clandestine by their very nature, the most clandestine of all these tasks is the one that never ceases to be clandestine.

is used to prepare the way, to subversively accelerate and render fatal the coming of the 'end of history'. of the Great Final Reversal of the Paravrtti, and it was for this very reason that the FF Department took as its priority target - and, moreover, and as all things considered, in a singularly equivocal way, drowned in shadow, and what a shadow, what complicity - F Edifice of Tantra seized, covered by the attentions of imperial suspicion in the very future of its visible and, above all, invisible career. Today, we are powerfully tempted to understand that, behind the wall of the most profound appearances and politico-administrative justifications, even if they were the most confidential, what the hidden sponsors of the FF Department were in fact pursuing was hardly fighting the Tantra Building, and what the Tantra Building itself was doing its utmost to hide, or even to divert its meaning and aims, but to take a decisive, fully-fledged, responsible and perhaps even more spiritually elevated part in it than one might have dared to think, coming from elsewhere and including a whole nebula of forces, of groupings of transcendental action of dimensions, of planetary identity and no doubt, to speak as Talbot Mundy does, of aim, if not secretly - very secretly - of 'galactic' origin.

As can be seen in *There was a door*, the immemorial provenance, the ultimate breath, the being and the hope of those who wanted to be - and claimed to be - part of the mystery of the Crystal Promontory, were forever marked with the Sign of the Pleiades.

It's the adventures that make up the figures

Are these gnoses exhausting? Let us be content, then, to see in *Once Upon a Door* a novel of mysterious and distant adventures, and allow ourselves to be carried away by the archaic fascination of the story to be followed somnambulistically, and along its own paths, a story with which we identify as if in a kind of care that is both hypnotic and awakening, "as if by magic" (we have spoken of the "ancient magical light of tales", and rightly so).

These procedures are immutable. Shouldn't we always submit to the "law of gender", always submit to it in advance?

But beware: this "law of the genre" is armed with obscure, intractable and devious rules, and it is a difficult and daunting task to gain admission to the strict fraternity, the insolent clan of those who claim and perpetuate its legendary integrity. The adventure novel exists only by the law of the genre.

However, in Talbot Mundy's adventurous writing, the 'law of gender' appears in a particularly incisive, transparent way. So I thought I was doing the right thing by giving, at the end of this account, a sample of this writing: to do this, I took the first page that came to me when I opened the book, with my eyes closed.

The deepest lessons to be learned from this gnostic and trapped novel, the like of which there are few, will only be revealed through the metasymbolic interiorisation of the sequel, which constitutes the recitational discourse of the interloped and, more often than not, criminal adventures on display.

against a licentious, even pornographic, nocturnal backdrop, only reality of which is the reality of writing, but the reality of writing, which is significant in depth, constantly leads to another reality which, in the invisible, is the only reality, the very reality towards which we are being led. For this novel is not a novel, this novel is a magical ritual, a back door. And much more: at its highest level, this novel becomes a tantric mandala. By considering the immediate reality of these adventures as so many signs of an interiorised development, of a ritual path, as so many operative stations of a circuit with a predetermined itinerary, oriented towards the saving transmutation, towards the inner apokatastasis, the whole of these adventures in their very sequence will end up appearing to us as a veritable mandala to be invested, preconceived, immutable, or which will invest us. In *II était une porte*, it is the writing that carries the story forward and the story itself, right up to its conclusion - right up to the ritual closing of the story in on itself, in its own centre, doomed to emptiness, and figuring "the well in the middle of the carpet, hidden under the carpet" - that are responsible setting up - for situating - the mandala whose fearsome powers some may manage to appropriate. For this novel is a mandala, and this mandala is an induced doorway between this world and the other world: it is the very writing of this adventure novel that leads us to the feet of the Blue-Haired Captive, who is, in herself, the passageway to the other world, and who, in a certain sense, is made up of nothing more than the writing that never ceases, in this novel, to move towards her and to reach her by constituting her.

It's a mandala that needs to be reactivated through appropriate reading, and reactivation has two secretly operative levels.

A level of inner reactivation, where the mandala journey is called upon to touch upon the metapsychic reality, the very consciousness and being of the operator acting upon himself, the spiral of the mandalic reading then having to change, to transmute the very nature of his personality, and even his identity, the deepest self being supposed to be, ultimately, another self: the mandalic journey leads, each time, to the emergence, to the affirmation of his other self.

However, another Mandalic reading, on another level, higher than the first - by which I mean ontologically higher - and, by that very fact, infinitely more difficult and perilous to penetrate, to know, and carrying very far the commitment to the paths of the great spiritual and existential adventure of those who resign themselves to no longer expecting a return, a level of intimate mandalic conformation that is not to be followed merely in terms of metasymbolic interiorisation of the narrative in progress, but in terms of existence, by subjecting one's very life to it, adventurously and directly, 'event-wise', can, under certain conditions, whose demands and terrible activist edge we can imagine, lead to the real experience of 'getting out of this world', of 'deliverance in life' and of 'great liberation' from the grip of the conditional, of subjection to time, to becoming, and will end up delivering, to those who see themselves reaching it, the ultimate state of deconditioning, achieved there, in their consciousness and in their body, irrevocably, 'here and now', I suppose you see what I mean. But then you have to know

long search, long journey along the predetermined paths of his own life, destined to become, in this way, his own mandala.

Everything comes at the right time for those who know not to wait too long. But the right kind of waiting is, in itself, always a distant and desperate search, an adventure that Ton implies is endless, an "adventure without end and in the end without goal", an ascent at once unconscious and totally conscious on the edge of necessary precipices.

So I would say that it is the *setting in adventure* that constitutes the *setting in figures*, and what is true for any real novel is even more true for any real life.

But it may be that a more effective approach to this second level of the Mandalic reading of Talbot Mundy's novel on the Gates of India would require what might well be called, in this case, an active exemplification, showing how the setting in adventure becomes the setting in cipher, in the knowledge that, in the opposite direction, in terms of reversal, it is the work - the work - of deciphering in action that gives, which forces the passage to adventure, and which will therefore lead, existentially, to the adventure foreseen by the very occult itinerary of the mandala exercising its polar ministry of attraction under influence, under mediumistic guidance from its own centre, and this centre being none other, as we have seen, than the very abyss over which the Captive with the Blue Hair stands suspended, in her glittering 'crystal cradle'.

Sooner or later, we will all know the secret and the inner glory of what Talbot Mundy calls the "dazzling light".

of Rajasthan'. And by 'all', I mean here, as you will have understood, 'all those of us' whose paths of existence will lead - will have led - magnetically, one day, 'to the feet of the Blue-Haired Captive', in front of 'the mercurial pool' with its 'moonlight' And perhaps much further still. For such is the ardent promise of The Return of the Long Ago.

An active example, Notre-Dame de Baille in France

There is, I believe, much more to be said about this lofty operative figure, revealed by Talbot Mundy in *Once Upon a Door*, who is that of the Blue-Haired Captive, the naked, purified young giantess, ecstatically suspended, in her 'crystal cradle', above the chasm in the obedience of the moon over which her powers as a Passing Dispendent are exercised.

Please note: as this is a "chasm from above", not a "chasm from below", it is imperative that it be dug into a mountain, sheltered by a high hill or even, at a pinch, magically established inside a tower with superior, predisposed qualifications. On the other hand, if the narrow, hidden layer of the abyss over which the Blue-Haired Captive is suspended in her "crystal cradle" is both sheltered and concealed within the walls of an impregnable fortress, this is because the military, fighting, *kshattrya* summons is demanded by the very fundamental state of the metasymbolic setting of the ritual of reserved penetration, under very high control, here in action, a fundamental state which, under the safeguard of

of virginity in arms, whose secret and super-activated, invigorating, enthusiastic exaltation he inhabits, is that of the direct, sacrificial, heroic, incandescent and immaculate emanation of *the incendium amoris*, *the* dike and outer, offensive, irresistible enclosure of *K Imperium Amoris*.

An abyss, then, in the obedience of the moon, a 'chasm from above' which, hiding deep within itself a pool of mercury in cosmic reverberation with the Milky Way, allowed the rift to open within it - in the space of a flash - for a controlled passage to 'the other world' at the instant when, when, at full moon, the figure of 'the one who looks at the Pleiades' was projected onto it in the way it was intended, so that it could happen and *someone could pass through*.

However, when the time comes, for some, to come face to face with the metasymbolic figure of the Blue-Haired Captive, there is hardly any need to travel to Rajasthan, "near Doongar, where the jungle rises at the foot of Gaglajung", or to try to find the long-forgotten traces of Talbot Mundy.

All you have to do - and this is an active example - is go to the Oise region, to the site that has already been given a powerful shrine, where, in the heart of a small wood, the gigantic statue of *Notre-Dame de Baillet en France*, "*Notre-Dame de France*", rises high into the air at the top of a metal scaffolding tower,

There, in the axis of the Virgin's elevation, a cement enclosure will clarify, at ground level, the place where the pool should have been, the basin for the gathering of her emanation dispensing life-giving blessings, graces of deliverance and salvation and her imperial emanation.

cosmic and divine nonetheless maintains, in the invisible, the incandescent blaze of a table of charitable mercy and loving consumption, devastating, limpid, miraculous and which, from there, *will change the face of the world*. The pool is there, invisible but *active*.

Paravrtti

It is the last part of the night that is the darkest and, as the great spiritualists have always known, the last part of the initiatory journey, that which is experienced on the very line of passage to the "other world", which is also, at its level and in its own way, the most tragically crucifying and nocturnal.

The forward march, the indistinguishably upward trajectory of the initial journey, takes place by degrees, by tragic and subtle landmarks, but we can never have the slightest awareness - and even less the awareness of this awareness - of the progress of this forward march, of the ground gained, of what is involved in the thing obtained: It's all blindingly white, and the only thing that counts is the will to go forward, when we don't even know whether we're going forward, going in circles or going backwards, or, in fact, anything at all. But you have to want to hold on, and hold on *beyond anything*. To hold on without any more goals or hopes, to hold on, to hold on within yourself, to hold on in order to hold on.

Hold on until the unique, irreversible, dazzling instant when everything is turned upside down, when everything comes to pass, in a totally unforeseeable and totally unforeseen way, I'm talking about the very act of the Absolute Reversal.

The whole initiatory journey is an additive progression, posited in terms of quantity and, consequently, indistinguishable in being, whereas the Absolute Reversal is a qualitative leap of rupture, a sudden transtransmutation of state, being and ontological level. The initiatory journey takes place in time, whereas the Absolute Reversal takes place beyond time, outside any temporal space.

In a way, then, the initiatory journey always belongs to the past, gone by the minute it is declared, whereas the Absolute Reversal concerns the future, a future beyond all future, *in vita venturi saeculi*.

Mahayana Buddhism, as well as modern Tantrism, uses the term *Paravrtti* to designate the supreme act of Absolute Reversal. *Paravrtti* means "supra-reversal". The unique goal, the ultimate goal, the total goal of spiritual experience, when it reaches the end of itself, will therefore always be what Tantra calls *Paravrtti*.

Then we too will say, *Paravrtti*: it is in the shadow - in the axis of elevation - of Notre-Dame de Baillet in France, of 'Notre Dame de France', as some of you already know, that the assumptional, liberating and imperial *Paravrtti* will have to take place, the *Paravrtti* immediately divinising the West of the End, of the 'Western world' and of the 'Western end' of all the worlds that are now coming to the end of their terrible involutive evolution, of their evolution in reverse, both catastrophic within history and apocalyptic beyond history, having already joined the revolutionary spaces of transhistory and the occult heavens.

And this is precisely why we also know that, from now on, the hour of true power will be the secret hour, the hallucinatory hour of the "midnight reapers". And that's precisely why we also know that, from now on, the hour of true power will be the secret hour, the hallucinated hour of the "midnight reapers".

So let it not be said that I did not make it known: it is in the shadow of Notre Dame de Baillet in France that the *Paravrtti* of the West of the End must and will take place, in the very near future, and of all the worlds thus brought to their Ultimate End.

The great stations of Marian sanctuarisation in Europe - Lourdes, Fatima, Medjugorje - were raised to the level of representation, of the real presence of the Living Blessing of Mary following the descent to these places of the Empress of the Universe, and their qualifications and the influence that remains there are the fruit of something already done there, having already taken place there, in time and out of time.

So Mary passed through them, appeared there, so that these high predestined places might thus become so many sanctuaries of perpetuation, of permanent irradiation of the living powers of Her Imperial Presence, so many living fortresses of the General Advent of the *Regnum*.

However, something immensely new, and of what immediate dramatic significance, at Baillet in France a sacred site appears to have been prepared so that Mary might come there, appear and act on the day occultly foreseen for her imperial and decisive Procession of Establishment, so that the future from beyond all future that must come to us from there might be drawn there in view of the immense *Paravrtti* that will be made there for the implementation of

revolutionary *Regnum*. The divine trap is lying in wait, at the edge of the abyss with its "narrow occulted mouth" hanging over the vertigo of its own galactic petition, the "crystal cradle" of the Blue-Haired Captive ecstatically turned towards the icy sky of the Pleiades, an abyssal metasymbolic figure, within ourselves, in the depths of our being, of what will happen there, "when the time comes", in broad daylight, "under an open sky", because it is at Bai 1 let in France that we must situate our expectation, *this expectation*. Under the polar attraction, under the transcosmic influence of a certain positioning of Mary above the conceptual pool of our recollections, of our most occult tantric predispositions. Once again: in all her apparitions, Mary came everywhere, present herself, in person, where the apparition took place, whereas at Bailleets her apparition remains to come, invited as she is to go there by the very places consecrated for this purpose, *places of imminence*.

Brahmarandhra

The "narrow occulted mouth" which, at the summit of the transcosmic abyss of the Blue-Haired Captive, opens towards the Pleiades, towards the nuptial path of the Milky Way, is called *Brahmarandhra* in current Tantric circles, a term belonging to the most ancient Hindu tradition.

Let's say, then, that the predisposed eminence on which the small sacred wood giving shelter to the gigantic paravrttic statue of Notre-Dame de Baillet in France is located must be considered as the summit opening, as the 'narrow occulted mouth' or the *Brahmarandhra* of a transcosmic abyss that has been hidden there since time immemorial.

the unavowable identity is defined in terms of supratemporal cycles. Moreover, 'Baillet' - hence 'Baillet en France' - originally means the place of supratemporal and sacred jurisdiction, divine, out of space, beyond all reach, a place with a double identity, visible and invisible, but confidentially integrated within a space of conventional, avowable reality - for example, and very precisely, 'in France' - which serves as a support, a cover, a field of location in the visible, in what is present in the 'course of history'.

Last question, but, things being what they are, the only one worth asking in a direct and total manner, so that it can be concluded: what foundational choice is going to be offered to us, at the scheduled time, by the final transcosmic fulguration of the *Paravrtti*, due to take place at the *Brahmarandhra* of Notre-Dame du Baillet in France?

What can I say? We have already mentioned, according to Talbot Mundy, the metasymbolic name of 'Marie d'Alençon'. Let's say that it could well be a choice between 'Marie d'Alençon' and 'Marie d'Angoulême', as for the result of this choice, let's call it, according to the last Sibyl of Tivoli, 'Marie de l'Estoile', her name.

And it is here that we need to quote again what Talbot Mundy tells us about the *Brahmarandhra* of the Château du Gué in Rajasthan and its virginal sidereal passing pool, the place of *crossing*: "He contemplated the Pleiades. Then he looked towards the cone, which gleamed like a ghost, in its apparent ability to capture the light of the stars and concentrate it, like the eyes of a tiger in

darkness". Concentrating it on where, on whom, the "light of the Pleiades"? To the very depths of the cavern that had been converted into a sanctuary, to *the very place itself*: "It seemed to be neither solid nor liquid. It looked like a basin filled with pure moonlight. It was very difficult to stare at, but reflected inside, upside down, small and looking upwards, was the Woman. Nothing else was reflected in this central part",

Final identifications

Jacques Bergier once confided in me personally that, in his opinion, it was Lord Kitchener and his 'fundamental adventure' - in other words, those mysterious *events* that had been talked about so much in Neo Delhi towards the end of 1902, in Lord Kitchener's immediate entourage, the mysterious *events* which, as we have seen, had led to the obligatory creation of the FF Department - Lord Kitchener himself, therefore, and his 'fundamental adventure', which - the most exciting option of all - had been the subject of a series of *meetings and discussions* between the FF Department and Lord Kitchener.

- had secretly served as a model for Talbot Mundy for - in *There was a door* - the central character of General David Frensham and his galactic escape, "out of this world" through the occult pool of the "ford of old", through the Crystal Promontory hidden within Ranjeet Singh's Castle of the Ford, in Rajasthan, "near Doongar, where the jungle rises at the foot of Gaglajung

If, at least *until further notice*, I think I should reserve judgment on the identification proposed by Jacques Bergier between the historical figure of Lord Herbert Kitchener of Khartoum and the 'General David Frensham' of Talbot Mundy's novel that concerns us here.

On the other hand, and very fortunately in this case, I considered, from the outset, that the indications provided by Talbot Mundy concerning the location of Ranjeet Singh's ancient castle of the Ford could not but be entirely true, which I can only welcome in the end. Speaking of Talbot Mundy's novels, didn't our own Jacques Bergier say that *his books might one day be reread and studied to follow the leads they indicate?*

Thus, drawing the necessary conclusions from certain research undertaken on the basis of Talbot Mundy's novel, in May 1990 I myself had to send to Rajasthan a group of some of those who follow me closely in my most adventurously advanced spiritual recovery operations, to find the places, ruins and shadows of Ranjeet Singh's ancient Chateau du Gué and its heroic "Queen of the Moon. And, of course, so that they could proceed, confidentially, to ceremonial re-establishments and supratemporal forgiveness, compassionate deliverance, as well as to a foundational reunion that would initiate - with a view to certain great future projects - a process of recovering the ancient powers of the 'sidereal ford' that had once been placed there under the transcendental and limpid guardianship of the Pleiades.

Now all this was regularly accomplished, in the best ceremonial and symbolic, astral and even other conditions, on 23 May 1990, by H.D. and Dr R.V. accompanied by their own visible and invisible support elements, including, and completely unbeknownst to them, by "Marie de l'Estoile" herself, because *it had to be done*. I published, in *Le Monde Inconnu*, Paris, in

dated June 1991. On pages 31 and 33, photographic documents show the state of the site, ninety years after the total dynamiting of the Chateau du Gué and the destruction of its ruins, a destruction undertaken in 1902 by the military specialists of the Dr. Partement FF under the personal leadership of the man whom Talbot Mundy calls, in his novel, "Colonel Blair Warrender". General David Fernsham, who "disappeared without a trace" in 1901, was to return to New Delhi the following year, where he received - and no one would dream of doubting this - the German General Karl Haushofer, who was returning to Germany from Japan. The "Circuit"? Was the future President of the Berlin Academy, General Karl Haushofer, already in possession, at that time, of all the great occult initiatory abilities of his forthcoming avant-garde geopolitical and metahistorical ministry, in the service of a certain continental conception of the New Eurasia, of the mysterious Eurasian 'Great Continent', a conception which has not yet been able to be historically realised, 'put into being', but which undoubtedly will be one day. A day which, from now on, may not be so far off, as certain prophetic authorities of the great Tibetan Tantric Buddhism of Europe and Asia are increasingly openly affirming.

In this way, the absolutely fundamental visionary concept of Karl Haushofer's Eurasian great-continental geopolitical thought, the concept of the *Kontinentalblock*, intensified and expanded, is revealed for us and for the present history of the world as being of the most extreme revolutionary topicality, and as already, in fact, inescapable, even though the paths leading to it may be, in these end times, quite different from those of a "Kontinentalblock".

I am obviously referring here, and very deliberately, to an extreme revolutionary actuality which, in the immediate state or in the immediate future of the still Western history of the world, can no longer bear to be ignored. I am obviously evoking here, and very deliberately, an *extreme revolutionary situation* which, in the immediate or future state of the still Western history of the world, can no longer be hindered or even contradicted without giving rise, in the very near future, to a total planetary conflagration with no doubt a definitive outcome.

What constellations for Château du Gué?

It is precisely because the earth, by which I mean planet earth - like all planetary celestial bodies - is more or less spherical, something that is dogmatically accepted at the present time, that we must also be able to think of it as a single-faced horizontal plane surface. This is the only formula of consciousness that is both unitary and total, that can account for its identity in unfolding, just as the sky - the heavens - must also be understood, even conceived by us, as an integral containing sphere in unfolding, as a horizontal plane surface with a single face, and this face turned parallel towards the earth, in 'face-to-face'. Then we will see the Big Dipper and the Pleiades as belonging to the same viewpoint of the assuming consciousness that would bear witness to them, and understand that we, those of the Big Dipper, are the same as those of the Pleiades. And the fact that the secret of the living relationship that has always existed between the Big Dipper and the Pleiades is one that we ourselves must carry deep within us, will appear to us as the fundamental certainty of our awakening to a truly apocalyptic awareness of ourselves and of a world where, as in a self-centred crystal palace, the only people who can exist are those of the Pleiades.

relationships of flat surfaces, whose paroxysmal nuptiality will be exclusively made of light, conceived and lived in light, "from eternity to eternity",

That's why we need to remember the mysterious palace of divine sunshine, the transcendental city produced by Saint John's Apocalypse, the heavenly Jerusalem: "The city is pure gold, like the purest crystal." And also: "The city can do without the brightness of the sun and the moon, for the glory of God has shone on it, and the Lamb is its torch. The nations will walk in his light".

And as the life-giving circulation of the powers - the "blood of light", the "blood of the sun" - takes place along the groove-trenches marking the meeting - the high marriage - of the flat surfaces in this situation, all the rest does not exist and cannot even be envisaged except by the visionary and amorous fulgurations of the "face-to-face" or, more philosophically speaking, by the mental - supramental - intensifications of the light reigning between the constitutional surfaces - the six constitutional surfaces - of each residence in the Palais Royal, in other words the Château du Gué. The entire numerical discourse of the Château du Gué is a Sidereal discourse, turned towards its land constellations, because the very feudality of the Château du Gué instructs the constellations and the clarity, both fiery and glacial, that these constellations conceal within their being.

However, it is now becoming a powerfully decisive thing that between us we come to understand each other very deeply, without any reticence and without the slightest area of dialectical ambiguity.

In the light of Mary's final omnipotence, the mystery of the Tantric Edifice is none other than the active mystery of the Risen One, and every action of spiritual overcoming inwardly arms the cosmic conspiracy of the Christology in progress and of its unique Eucharistic sun.

Go to the farthest place and bring everything back to Him, go to the farthest place to bring Him there.

*Like a sample of Talbot Mundy's adventurous writing in
"Once Upon a Door" :*

"Peace! Not in my house!" Wu Tu warned in a sharp voice. She too spoke pushtu.

Blair replied in English. "Don't be a fool, Zaman Ali. The door's locked and you've got nine men. But did Chetusingh tell you that the house was surrounded? You weren't expecting that, were you? "

"So what?" Zaman Ali shrugged his shoulders. Then he strutted over to the sofa and sat down next to Wu Tu, folding his legs under him. She moved imperceptibly away and he almost gave the impression that he owned the place.

But something was missing. He wasn't entirely comfortable.

"Where did you come from when you arrived in Peshawar?" asked Blair. "You didn't take your horde of horses through the Khiber Pass. That was a decoy. You picked them up in Peshawar. I know who sold them to you."

The Afghan looked at him without answering.

"What have you done to Rajputana?"

"Allah! What have I done where I wasn't? That's quite an enigma!"

"When was the last time you saw General Frensham?"

Zaman Ali insolently asked the young Chinese woman in the corridor to bring him his water pipe. Then he said:

"I've never heard of it," he replied.

"Do you think you'll remember this in prison?

? "

"Allah!" Zaman Ali glanced at Wu Tu, but she avoided his eyes. She looked towards the door behind the screen. Blair moved towards the door and kicked the panel. The door opened a few inches inward, hit something or someone, and closed with a thud. A latch clicked. "Where's Chetusingh?" he asked.

"Dead," said Zaman Ali. "Or did you suppose he was?"

This made Wu Tu laugh. The wolf's harmonic was closer than before. She lit a

cigarette and looked Blair straight in the eye, then tipped back lazily, making smoke rings. "Dead," she said. "Maybe. But prove it! "

"To prove it, yes," says Zaman Ali. "That will be the job of the police! "

"You're surrounding my house" said Wu Tu.

"Do you think I didn't know? "

"There's a secret passage between your cellar and the courtyard behind Grish Lal's descent. Did you know that I knew that? " Blair replied. "It's blocked."

Wu Tu seemed slightly surprised, but her eyes took on an air of veiled deceit. She moved a little further away from Zaman Ali."

Some will recognise in it a most edifying sample of *stammering*, or, if you like, of the *language of birds*.

The Indian way, the path of northern light

I don't know if we've recognised this enough, but any novel - any truly great novel - is never more than a daydream.

The novel thus introduces an essentially active separation of state, a doubling of being in the world, for it is in the world and in the living history of this world that the novel wants us to pretend that it is invited to act, and that, moreover, it will always end up acting. A space, then, of discrepancy, of secret ontological distance between the reality of this world and the other reality of this world, the waking dream can only act in the world if it manages to present itself with the activist status of the novel, and the latter subterraneously mobilises to the task by a single *decisive figure*, by a project of total action, responding to a desire for total change in this world. For there is no great daydream that is not, in the final analysis, revolutionary, no truly great novel that is not implicitly oriented towards total revolutionary action.

So the same decisive rigour will have to govern the inner workings of all the four novels of metahistorical and polar combat that, miraculously enough, I myself have had time to publish to date, one decisive figure in particular being the author of the novels.

at once founded and made explicit speaks of the uninterrupted, invincible, magical, imperial dream of the liberation of a few - and also, and as if by that very fact, of the final liberation of the world and its history - from under the negative law of nocturnal servitude, from the subjection that is currently ours with regard to non-being and the terrible imminences underway on the horizon of returning chaos and nothingness.

Now, this decisive figure in the strategic development, in the high, active subversions of the same imperial daydream seems to me to be, as far as I myself am concerned in the work in the red, in *the opus igni* at work in these novels, that of the "clandestine departure for India", which emerges very explicitly in *The Mysteries of the Villa "Atlantis"*, and in a more veiled - but powerful and certain, immediately present - way there - in the other three as well, where, Although India is not always named as such, its secret omnipotence covers the forbidden realm of the "other world", a realm of contradiction and occult rupture in relation to which everything is called upon to reveal itself, to dramatically break down the basic existential deal, which for us remains that of failure, oblivion of being and irremediable powerlessness in the face of history, and which makes us, today, the haggard, unappeasable shadows that we have all become within ourselves.

Salvation, deliverance and liberation imply a perilous climb, to the edge of what precipices, towards the "way out from above", the illegal passage to the other side of this world, which, it seems to me, is called the "clandestine departure to India". A clandestinity which, obviously, can never be anything other than an ontological clandestinity, and of which

The most perfect example is provided by a little-known novel by Mircéa Eliade, *The Secret of Dr Honigberger*, an extraordinary text, whose very transparency forbids access, and even more so, any use that is not extremely well-prepared.

And myself, in *India*¹, wrote, albeit in a necessarily more quantified way: 'However, nothing is achieved except *elevation*. The way back to India will therefore involve only the air route: Scotland, and then India, mediumistically, this diversions involving the secret even of the devolution devolution, the attractions of the heart of summer, alive and throbbing, the very secret of Flight. Happy are those who cross the skies of Scotland in July, where the seductions of India reach their most limpid paroxysm, and may all those who are dear to my being receive this pedagogical message: there is none greater, and it is freedom armed with the highest black winds, a freedom in love above the dunes, and its nightgown revealing the hallucinated nakedness of our young, dazzling Mistress of the Winds, the immaculate conception of Eternal Summer",

But let's tighten the intimate spiral of this dangerous investigation even further. I would ask: why, then, the figure of the "clandestine departure for India", why do some of our own come to sacrifice everything of their existence - and perhaps much more besides - to embark on the paths of this journey through the invisible towards the ardent, but unreachable heart of what Wolfram von Eschenbach already called *India in dem Innern*?

1. India, in Style 4 Fascicule C. Spring-Summer 1988, page 18.

And is this India anything other than 'that other world', the world of the perfect fullness of being and immemorial remembrance, of superhuman power and glory symbolised by the supreme royal and solar figure of the Golden Fleece, the world, too, of elevation, towards which the freely expiatory victims of this world sleepwalk in their twilight night. Deserted, as it now is, by the living, breathing fire of the sacred? Subjected to the derelict darkness of the non-being which, in the dark final periods of the dark cycles, will establish there as definitively the dominations of its Anti-Reign, the world which thus falls to us is no longer our world at all, just as we ourselves are no longer anything, and above all no longer ourselves.

But is the great black ban of our generations flawless? When the sacred totally disappears from this world, beings of occultly superhuman predestination are urged from on high to illegally cross the line of the forbidden and go and find, in the 'otherworld', in the profound living, breathing and radiant mystery of *Innern India*, so that they can bring back to this world that part of the sacred which alone can still enable it to attempt to survive, and to end up giving itself the weapons of a new freedom, a new salvation and a new deliverance absolutely.

And yet we all know that the very nature of the final cosmic state of completion of the Black Season, of the Kali Yuga, is precisely constituted by the terrible order of cessation - announced as indefeasible - of any possibility of

passage to the "other world". What is doomed to disappear will disappear, and what disappears must never return.

As, moreover, a prophetic text by Martin Heidegger, which all of us should learn by heart, said in a somewhat liturgical, mysteriously reverberating and active way:

"Before being can show itself in its initial truth, being as will must be broken: the world must be overturned, the earth left to devastation and man forced into what is only work. It is only after this decline that the abrupt duration of the beginning becomes perceptible over a long interval. In the decline everything comes to an end: everything, that is, being in the entire horizon of the truth of metaphysics.

"The decline has already happened. The continuation of this event are the great facts of world history that have marked this century. This end of the curve is ordered according to the technique of "history" and in the sense of the last stage of metaphysics. Such an ordering is the last act by which what has come to an end is installed in the appearance of a reality whose operation is irresistible, because it claims to do without an unveiling *of the being of being*, and so resolutely that any presentiment of this unveiling is superfluous to it.

"The still hidden truth of being refuses the men of metaphysics. The beast of labour is abandoned to the vertigo of fabrication, so that it tears itself apart, destroys itself and falls into the nullity of Nothingness".

Nevertheless, it is both certain and proven - for those who still know - that, despite the ontological blockage of the

world fallen under the neantising domination of the non-being accomplished in itself, and of which all passage is prohibited in the direction of the 'other world' governed by this mysterious Light of the North from which is made the fundamental clarity of being and its cosmic impositions, openings are still very confidentially perpetrated there, passages illegally practised on the heights. But there, there will no longer be any possibility of salvation, of deliverance that we can venture to call personal: only those pass through who are called to do so from beyond by beyond itself, sucked forward by unsuspected corridors of air, carried elsewhere by the charitable and supremely merciful power of *Innern India* in the garb of a mission of occult perpetuation and cosmic survival, suprahuman and perhaps even post-human, even anti-human. And there, only those whom the Beyond intends to make its agents of direct cosmic interference will pass through, forcibly abducted and carried - like Elijah or Enoch of old - to the fiery heart of the *Regnum Sanctum*. From there, they will be sent back to this world of extinction and oblivion, so that they may once again bring the Salvific Fire to bear, and thus bring to the surface the liberating, revivifying and foundational clarity of the ancient Light of the North, and the beams of the high suprahistoric powers eternally brought back into manifestation, to change everything, when this must be done, by the simple advent there of that which has its origin in the Land of the Heights, in the supernatural and ever-virginal space of the Ancient Land.

And so let us understand before anything else, the secret, the very secret inner light, the transcendental light of Anterior India is none other than the Light of the North, as well as the Light of the South.

this had been revealed by the very course of the transmigratory descent of the peoples of the Original North towards the Secret North of the present interregnum, which we know to be situated in the places of present-day India that are still entirely the same in the expectation of what must now again come to us from there, and which will undoubtedly come in the very times of our lives. A transmigratory path which is an invincible statement, the very statement - and the saying - of the Light of the North nuptially captive in its own order of march, founder of history and bearer of what in this very history, in the process of being made, belongs to the abysmal immemory of the Absolute North which is beyond all past or future history.

It is a question, for us, very fundamentally, of understanding, through our very being revived by the constitutional recollection, once again present in it, of a certain Light of the North, that this is in fact the same as the original light of being and of the Western consciousness of the world - which is a final consciousness, the consciousness of consciousness after the accomplishment in us of the final consciousness of the world - and the same, too, as the ontological light of Anterior India in its native omnipotence. All ontological light is virginal, all ontological light is virginal nativity, and proves an immaculate conception.

And, on the other hand, the whole of Heideggerian thought - in its avowed failures, pushed a little too far forward, and this is undoubtedly quite deliberate, as well as in its still concealed outcomes - now appears, more and more, and this seems to me to be a sign, and what a sign, as being an activist investigation into the subject of the return of the original light of being within Western consciousness, or rather, already, post-Western consciousness.

of the world. And this original light of being re-emerging - whatever its preventive veils may have been - in the overall Heideggerian research, having to prove itself, later on, as being, also in itself, this same light of state that we call, in full knowledge of the facts, the Light of the North and, also, the light of Anterior India with which we are now preoccupied, here. I mean that which we are concerned with openly, and for the purposes of immediate subversive action.

For it is time we told ourselves, India is fully present in Heideggerian thought, constituting a final fortress of respite, hidden in the thick forest of a language that forbids any direct access, not deeply negotiated. In any case, the Heideggerian attempt was secretly intended as the final European and Western revolution *in itself*, as the true total revolution of Germany and Europe, the work of a militant thought engaged in the fire of direct action, on the front line, beyond the most perished outposts, but also beyond the temporal history of Germany and Europe, victims of their metaphysical misguidance, foreign to the only total revolution, foreign to the Revolution of Being. Is this so?

At the same time, let us briefly retrace our steps, taking stock one last time of the dual regime of salvation and liberation for our own people, prisoners on the lost word of this world of dereliction and obscuration within us of our own original awareness of ourselves. Let us recapitulate, so that from here we can go even further in our search

undertaking in the direction of the living, working mystery *Innern India* and the ontological, saving light that emanates from it.

It has to be said that in the intermediate seasons of a great ongoing cycle, even if it is a twilight cycle, the paths to personal liberation, the 'secret, clandestine and illegal passages' to inner India, to *Innern India*, are present in the instructions implied by the advances freely consented to on behalf of our own, arranged within proposals for indirect teaching such as the one included in Mircea Eliade's novel, *The Secret of Dr Honigberger*, which we have already quoted here.

On the other hand, as we have said, in these very last times of the Kali Yuga, which today are our times with no way out, all possibility of personal liberation is suspended. Only those who have been called and who give way to the influence within them of certain instances of salvation that lie beyond being and non-being, missionaries at the direct orders of intelligences from beyond the world, subject to designs in motion concerning a situation of cosmic crisis, are entitled to pass through, and they, these missionaries - this mysterious priesthood - engaging, and most often in a mediumistic way, the cosmically over-activated metastrategies of the very state of being forced to confront, directly, the open front of non-being and its offensive encirclement.

So it is that at the "end of time" - and we are already there - there will be no more saved ones, but only saviours, who will be exclusively cosmic saviours, the close protection and support in the invisible of the unique Saviour of the End, our Supreme Saviour.

But another great turning point is approaching, if not imminent. In a novel due for publication soon, *Un Bal Masqué à Genève*, I report the prophetic conclusions of our comrade Francis Adrian Stuart, who, before disappearing without a trace in northern India, had declared in Geneva in 1969, at a special geopolitical conference held under Swiss federal cover, a conference which at the time caused a kind of earthquake of revolutionary political consciousness within some of our western thought organisations, had therefore, I say, declared the following: *This will be India's return to history, the return of the greatest India to the central current of current world history, of the "great history" in progress, which will change the face of the world, totally, from top to bottom, and will begin the final revolutionary process of the return of the Great Times.* Is this a sign? Only recently, I had to mention Francis Adrian Stuart's dazzling prophecy to Mrs Sonia Gandhi, as a warning of destiny, during the visit to France of the Indian Prime Minister Narasimha Rao, who had come to greet Jacques Chirac after his accession to the Presidency of the Republic. I am firmly convinced that Francis Adrian Stuart's vision concerns Mrs Sonia Gandhi personally, in a way that is both subtle and decisive.

If, as we have just pointed out, India is still - and will remain *until the end* - the hidden seat of the Light of the North, if India symbolises in itself, and operatively possesses, the cosmic and salvific empowerments of the original ontological concept of the Absolute North, then it is in India - and nowhere else - that the Final Reversal of the present situation will have to be declared.

cycle of darkness, both the Great Dissolution, the *Mahapralama*, and, following this, the Supreme Reversal, the *Paravrtti* and the new Great Times brought about by the *Paravrtti*, the *Novissima Aetas* of our people, still prisoners of their former great waking dream.

And so it will be this suprahistorical return, desired and pursued in the field by the rest of us and for which we now assume full responsibility, the suprahistorical return of our people to India, which will constitute, and already constitutes, today, the profound movement, the subversively premonitory sign and the word of initiatory recognition of those who walk with us, called, as we find ourselves today, once again, to set in motion the vast ontologico-revolutionary field device destined to bring forward the apocalyptic blossoming of the mystery of the Return of the Great Ages.

And it is because the end merely repeats the beginning that everything, now, and through the very fulfilment of the "mystery of the end", will experience itself forcefully and ever more clearly as being caught up in a kind of vertigo of reintegration, by the immense whirlwind of the final return to previous states, to states before the disintegration wrought by the negative becoming manifesting the predatory work of time and its intimate cycles, by the *obscuraction* governing the interregnum and, within the interregnum, our own present depredations.

The geopolitical gravitational weight of the Greater Europe, which is now being built around the Carolingian Pole of France and Germany, bringing together - reintegrating - the whole of Western and Eastern Europe, as well as the whole of the European Union.

that Russia in its dual European and Eurasian identity, while the profound reverberations of this polar mobilisation of Europe's great continent now also concern Japan and India, will not fail to bring India - and India in particular - to the forefront of our great current and immediate future battles, the battles for the revolutionary establishment of the new planetary order by means of which and on the dogmatic site of which will emerge, in the near future, India, and India in particular, to the forefront of our great battles today and in the immediate future, the battles for the revolutionary establishment of the new planetary order through which, and on whose dogmatic construction site, our *Imperium Ultimum* will emerge at the appointed time. Francis Adrian Stuart's Indian imperial vision is growing and developing.

And so we can consider that the current return of Europe - of a certain Europe, ours - to India and the future Indian revival of planetary history that we foresee, the work of the revolutionary Gaullist mobilisation of the Greater Europe in a final imperial perspective, will therefore have to intrinsically comprise a double active structure of affirmation and interference, of acceleration of the course of history and of high metastrategic provocation.

In fact : while a small inner group of ours, ultra-secret, where only the predestined, the "kept apart", can have anything to do, will have to give itself the special task of intensifying, of trying to order in one way or another the flow of those of ours invited to respond, in their very existences, to the invitation to join, by the highest paths of transcendental clandestinity, on the ultimate heights of the air, the supremely forbidden, hidden zone of the current activations - overactivations - of *Innern India*, we are at the same time going to have to assume, to take upon ourselves the task of watching over the next arrival - predicted by Francis Adrian

Stuart - from India to the level of the counter-strategic line along which the new Total World Revolution is taking shape in force, through which, as we keep saying, the "Gaullism of the end" must polarise the movement of imperial politico-historical integration.

- already underway - designed to culminate in the Eurasian Empire of the End.

Thus the recent creation in Paris, under our auspices, of the *Groupement de Recherches Géopolitiques pour la Plus Grande Inde (Geopolitical Research Group for a Greater India)* heralds, and is already determining, the organisational location and field of action of everything we are now going to have to undertake - without losing a single moment, because the game is now irrevocably up for grabs, and "there's no turning back" - to undertake, and to impose, both in terms of consciousness and on the ground, by supporting and exacerbating the activist points of the total mobilisation of our people, both at the doctrinal level and at the level of the political-revolutionary apparatus of great Eurasian continental dimensions prefiguring the eventual constitution of our Imperium Ultimum, the redemption and desendeuillement of an ancient great broken dream.

For it has been said, and this is a fatal mistake, that history never repeats itself. But in the geopolitical perspective of history, it never ceases to perpetuate itself, and any certain vision of the background of history is thus provided to us in advance when we know how to give ourselves access to the right view. In an unpublished 1940 essay entitled *The Continental Bloc of Central Europe, Eurasia and Japan*, Karl Haushofer wrote: "Unquestionably the greatest and most important change in world politics of our time is the formation of a powerful continental bloc encompassing Europe, the North and the East.

of Asia. But all great formations and configurations of this kind do not spring from the head of some statesman, however great, like that famous Greek goddess of war in her transfigured guise. Those in the know know how such formations are prepared over a long period of time". In the same letter, Karl Haushofer openly describes his meeting with Lord Kitchener near Calcutta in 1908. I quote Karl Haushofer: "When, at the end of 1908, near Calcutta, in Fort William, Lord Kitchener told me in front of his fireplace that England and Germany would only wage war against each other for the sake of the Americans and the Japanese and that in the end, at least in the Pacific, both would be victims, he hardly suspected the extent to which his prophecy would become reality: he foresaw even less what a grandiose position of mediator, with the possibility of pressure on all three oceans, the first breaths of the second of this same war would give back to Russia in 1939 to make it once again the "geographical pivot of history" at least for the Old World - despite all the warnings of Sir Halford Mackinder - and this because of a mistaken British policy.

Today, as in the past, despite certain dialectical shifts in the major forces under pressure, the fundamental problem of world history seen from the European point of view, from the Western point of view, is always the same. In Karl Haushofer's own words, the problem is that of the Central European-Eurasian-Japanese Continental Bloc. Karl Haushofer: "The German people is fighting for the last chance to live in freedom and honour".

Europeans, Russia included, are once again fighting "for the last chance to live in freedom and honour", and against the same enemy as before, the great oceanic power of the United States and the occult bodies of *other power* that are behind its strategies of final planetary subversion. In fact, nothing has changed. Nothing, apart from the historical - or rather suprahistorical - emergence of the United States.

- India's final identity, and the genuine transfiguration of the state that this implies for the immediate future of Eurasian great-continental European history, which is now in the process of revolutionarily manifesting its own directions thrust, its desire for a different destiny, its imperial commitment to a final, salvific identity.

And it is precisely for this reason that I have decided to make the exhibition of this unpublished text by Karl Haushofer, dating from 1940, the symbol that acts and, as it were, radiates, at the same time as the narrow ledge raised once again above the unquenchable chasms of the past that has been forever reduced to ashes, a symbol of what this article intends to be the abrupt announcement, the very deliberately provocative unveiling, the adventurous declaration of total, unconditional spiritual war, which from now on will stop at nothing.

At present, from Tokyo to Dublin, from Stockholm to Palermo and New Delhi, a multitude of small groups and activist networks are already covering the Eurasian imperial space, like countless small fires, like a figure of the celestial vault reflecting its sacred luminaries in the darkness below.

the integration of all these small flashpoints into a single simmering sheet, a single continental government of revolutionary imperial fire.

And, at the same time, at the very heart of this vast field of imperial revolutionary relevance, of increasingly over-activated geopolitical awareness, reaching the ultimate Eurasian grand-continental dimensions, some people can't help - and how right they are - sensing the hidden existence - more than secret, in fact - of the enclosure from which the predestined conscripts of the clandestine journey to *Innern India* set off and sometimes return, And it is the occult ontological radiance of this out-of-reach enclosure, this sacred hut shrouded in invisible golden flames, which orders, keeps aflame, prepares and subterraneously organises the ultimate integration of all these Eurasian imperial geopolitical groupings now at work, either overtly or, more often still, in a necessarily confidential manner.

These, then, are the two levels of the great confidential action currently being pursued by our people: the imperial politico-revolutionary level, where the groups and activist networks preparing the next historical emergence of the Eurasian Empire of the End are manifesting themselves, and the transcendental level, beyond any immediate historical reach, where the elements of the future command elite are being forged, the elite of nameless, faceless travellers who, having clandestinely reached the incandescent ontological realm of *Innern India*, return to carry out their terrible ministry of fire among us, barely concealing their true identity.

their own state of incandescence. But it's not just a question of the "liberated in life", but also, and above all, the "liberated in eternity". For the frameworks of the next Eurasian Empire of the End, a suprahistorical, transcendental entity nonetheless seated within the final history of the world, will necessarily have to be made up of those "liberated in eternity".

In the meantime, a new question seems to be haunting ever more intensely the philosophical and revolutionary groupings and networks driven forward by the fiery eschatological figure of the Eurasian Empire of the End, a question about what the future great-continental imperial religion is to be, the future planetary religion to be established on the eve of the decisive battle for the final domination of history and the world, for what the rest of us refer to as the fundamental geopolitical concept of *the Endkampf*.

Now, it has already been established that this religion will be that of a superior Roman Catholicism, exclusively traditional and initiatory in outlook, and undergoing a profound softening with regard to a new dogmatic figure of Mary, recognised no longer as the Mother of God, or not only as the Mother of God, but above all as the Eternal Spouse and Supreme Crowned Mistress of the heavens and worlds, as the renovating sun of history and post-history, of the inner becoming of Salvation and of the Charity of the End.

In the last chapter of one of my most widely read books, *La Spirale Prophétique*, entitled, precisely, *Elle viendra du Pays des Hauteurs* (*She will come from the Highlands*), I already dwelt, at length, on the hidden and profound relationships,

abyssal, I would even say, between the advent of the new imperial dogmatic figure of Mary and India. For it is indeed through the virginal intermediary of the figure of Mary that India will have to come to the forefront of our most advanced quest for the renewal of the sacred, and of the vertiginous cosmic and historical revivals whose emergence we are now watching out for, foreshadowed, already prophetically established.

For my part, I have not for a moment hesitated, in my current contacts with India, which are more or less doctrinally subversive prefigurations of certain great commitments to come later, to emphasise above all the absolute importance that I believe we must give, and as in advance, to the very special mission that is that of Hindu spirituality - of a certain earlier, original, exclusively secret, powerfully forbidden Hindu spirituality - in the confirmations of revolution, in the revolutionary confirmations of the new great imperial religion - addressed to Mary - that will come to us through the most inconceivable channels. So goes the Spirit. This is how we ourselves must go.

And I'd like to point out that, while my first four novels have at least that in common, in that they all tell the story of the 'clandestine departure for India' of a significant, primordial character, albeit in a different way each time, my novels currently in progress and, above all, the one whose project seems destined to constitute the fundamental instance of the whole of my work, I'm talking about the two-volume novel on the European revolution of the ^{twentieth}, entitled *Trianon vont*

to have to present characters who are not in a state of clandestine departure for T India, but already on their way back from that invisible fortress, situated "on the heights of the air", which constitutes the unconditional, absolutely central place of our *Innern India*.

And if, even in my most immediate circle, some of those close to me - like Francis Adrian Stuart, or the woman who called herself Maria Aegyptiaca, or like Nelly Steiner-Orlov, and many others - did indeed leave for India and never came back, disappearing without a trace in the circuit of their very quest, the time already seems to me to have come when someone will have to appear at my side, 'in my life, in my struggle', who, while undoubtedly having to give the lie to the true states of his transmuted, renewed identity, would in reality be one of those who have illegally returned from our *Innern India*, one of those who have just been described, in this very place, as 'liberated into eternity'. In a certain sense, it must also be acknowledged, I am merely invoking, in this way, the mystery of the Appui Extérieur, a solicitation confessing the extreme disarray of the hour.

And not so much my personal dismay, but the terrifying hollowness of a sidereal and cosmic conjuncture where the gods' share, in this dreadful end of the race, is no longer made up of anything but their lethal weakening in the face of the immense, inexorable surge of the rise of darkness, which nothing and no-one seems able to stop.

But we already know that we are beyond the gods, just as we are beyond any power of darkness. A clandestine group of ontological fighters has proclaimed, somewhere, the hallucinatory challenge of their return

revolutionary to be, and everything was set in motion again under the invisible blaze of the skies of the new great advent, still abysmally occult, forbidden to the unburnt eyes of the manipulated nuptials of our *Innern India*. For our subversive allegiances are only nuptial in nature; it is through the waking dream of our recollection, of our distraught desire that we found ourselves, one day, in the ranks of the cosmic conspiracy of *the Incendium Amoris*.

And so, in the vertiginous solitude of the glaciers glittering under the white sun of the absolute noon, on the extreme northern frontier of India, on the edge of the Himalayas, we now hear, day and night, the sidereal mass striking in cadence, without respite, the anvil of cosmic ice on which the hypnotic steel of our new destiny is forged, and the very secret of beginning again. "L'Esprit est né, et il se développe", wrote Georges Soulès in *La fin du nihilisme*.

*In ancient Vinland, a forbidden light had
returned*

Donna Tartt's fascinating novel, *The Secret History*, translated into French - as it should have been - by Pierre Alien, is currently a global *bestseller*, with all the disgusting, suborning clichés that go with this kind of disqualifying accolade already at its heels. We should also remember that, in French, *The Secret History* was rather happily entitled *Le maître des illusions* (*The Master of Illusions*). We know that it was indeed Dionysus who was called the Master of Illusions, the all-powerful Dionysus, capable, as E.R. Dodds says in his *The Greeks and the Irrational*, of "making a vine grow on the plank of a ship",

In fact, like almost all the great modern novels from across the Atlantic. *The Master of Illusions* will prove to be, essentially, a superior detective novel. Ruth Rendell's view of *The Master of Illusions*: "As a crime novel, it's one of the best I've ever read. But as a first novel, it took my breath away.

And yet, in this constant recourse to the special style of the detective novel, should we not recognise the inevitability of the state?

The most irremissible aspect of modern American literature, even the most elevated, where only the violence of social competition - man alone against society, or society turning subversively against itself - still manages to take on the missions of mystery, to invoke mystery, to arouse it within the limits of a mythology whose pinnacle will perhaps remain Dashiell Hammett's *The Glass Key*? In his noir novels, Dashiell Hammett explored the violence of social competition that is immanent to American life, and the hidden depths of organised crime, which are as impregnable as they are nocturnal. As Jean-Pierre Deloux points out, he even came to speak of the "Invisible Emperor", who clandestinely reigns over this darkness in its central, centralising mystery, and perhaps now "beyond our reach".

However, in *The Master of Illusions* there is clearly something like the emergence and affirmation of an even greater mystery, the overcoming of the identity and social appearances of mystery by the unexpected emergence of mystery in its sense prior to the final decline of the West, of which America appears as the extreme limit, with no return. An even greater mystery manifested by the appearance of its most ancient reality, abyssal and cosmic, superhuman and total, the mystery as it was experienced by the Greeks.

Donna Tattt sets her novel in the grounds of Hampden University, in Hampden, Vermont, New England. A group of six students, including an unforgettable young girl, Camilla, are learning ancient Greek with an exceptional teacher, Julian Morrow. But Morrow intends to go beyond the philological threshold, the

In ancient Vinland, a forbidden light had returned 347 philology being, in his eyes, no more than a means of passage, and, in order to teach them Greek in its depths, pushes them to a perilous plunge into the abysses of the inner, existential, religious universe, mysteriosophic and cosmic universe of Ancient Greece, forcing them to rediscover within themselves the great lost light of the being of the Evangelised Homeland, to become themselves, in a real and therefore highly subversive way, "demigods", "supermen". Enemies, hiding in order to survive, of a world that will never be theirs again, made up of unconscious larvae stuck in a society of sub-humans, a nightmarish and vile nightmare, with no way out likely to liberate them in real time.

This is a flagrant and unacceptable contradiction with the binding reality of materialistic democracy in the United States, whose ideal - is that the right word? - is precisely the creation of a society of subhumans, of adapted *Untermenschen*, ontologically subjugated to the future post-humanity, which will not only be inhuman and non-human, but openly anti-human. Without quite realising it, the young wolves of Hampden are on their way to becoming werewolves, fatal rips in the denialist fabric of the total power established by the anti-humanity in place. Is an immense vertigo rising? Are unspeakable powers ready to intervene in the shadows? But this unacceptable contradiction is nevertheless the product of a certain state of affairs. For, alongside the America of democratic post-modernity and the terrorist heaviness of the sub-humans in power that it now claims to be converting into a planetary dictatorial imperialism, there also persists on the ground, clandestinely - ultra-secretly - in the United States.

clandestinely - another America, whose ultra-minority elites perpetuate, subterranean and racially, through saved strains of blood, the Western consciousness of being open the supernatural, to the sacred in action, to the divine. Are the games being played again?

The northern literatures of Edgar Allan Poe, Herman Melville, H.P. Lovecraft, William Faulkner, Ezra Pound and others bear undeniable witness to the presence of an America responding to calls from far away, from an ontologically still intact anteriority.

An America whose ultimate being and destiny will be those of the mysterious Vineland, the "land of the great vines" discovered by Leif Eiriksen's longships, and home, "on the high hills", to an ancient wine civilisation whose extreme anteriority would seem, to those who don't know, to be of an exclusively metahistorical, "legendary" order. In his as yet unpublished treatise on planetary geopolitics, Guido Giannettini formally recognises the Vineland lands as the third term of the predestined *Altai-Heartland-Vineland* triangle - in other words, the fundamental geopolitical spaces of Greater Siberia and Mongolia, Greater Europe, the Atlantic coast of the United States - a triangle of decisive geopolitical intelligence, to which are entrusted the final destiny of our imperial civilisation, its planetary fulfilment around the Atlantic, which has become an "inland sea", a "Mediterranean" or, if you like, the immense Central Lake of the immemorial polar tradition.

But Vermont is also the living heart of Vineland, and everything that goes on there in the depths now concerns our own ultimate future.

So it is, then, when, in *The Master of Illusions*, the highly inspired novel by the young Donna Tartt - she worked on it for eight years - the small group of students at Hampden University, studying Ancient Greek under the influence of Julian Morrow, decide among themselves to *take action* to relive the original mystery, the invisible bearer of the supreme Nordic light of ancient Greece, and to do so, to perform a high Dionysian ceremonial. As we shall see, the most ancient past will meet a future yet to come in an extreme-Western and Nordic liturgical version of the Burning Bush, at the centre of which Dionysus will be seen, alive and well, and behind him, even more mysteriously, the Lord of the Vines, by which I mean the Lord of the Eternal Vines, the Lord of the Eternal Vineland.

It is the terrible Dionysian ceremonial experienced to the very end by the group of six Hampden students that constitutes the central axis around which the action revolves, and even the secret initiatory message proposed - perhaps unwittingly - by Donna Tartt.

In the words of one of the students *who experienced it*: "It was overwhelming. Splendid. The torches, the dizziness, the singing. Wolves howled around us and a bull bellowed in the night. The river was white. It was like a film in fast motion, the moon waxing and waning, clouds racing across the sky. Creepers grew out of the ground so fast that they coiled along the trunks like snakes; the seasons

passed in the blink of an eye, whole years for all I know... I mean, we take phenomenal change to be the very essence of time, when it's not that at all. Time is something that indifferently defies spring and winter, birth and decay, good and evil. Something unchanging, joyful, absolutely indestructible. Duality ceases to exist; there no longer an ego, an 'I', and yet this has nothing to do with the awful comparisons we sometimes hear in Eastern religions, the 'I' as a drop of water diluted in the ocean of the universe. It's more like the universe expanding to fill the limits of the self. After such an ecstasy, you can't imagine how insipid ordinary existence can be within its daily limits". And also: "Escape from the cognitive world of experience, transcend the accident of your own moment of existence. There are other advantages, which are more difficult to talk about, things that are only alluded to in ancient sources and that I myself only understood after the fact", and again: "Losing one's self, losing it completely. And in so doing, to be born into the principle of continuous life, liberated from mortality, from the prison of time.

And later: "Camilla says that for a while she thought she was a doe; strange, too, because we remember hunting a doe in the woods, the three of us, for miles, it seemed. In fact, it was miles. I know it was. It seems that we ran, ran and ran, because when we regained consciousness we didn't know where we were. Later we realised that we had crossed at least four barbed wire fences, I don't know how, and that we were a long way from Francis's house, twelve or fifteen kilometres out in the countryside". And on

Camilla continued: "I suppose we'll never know what really happened. We didn't find her until much later. She was sitting quietly by the stream, her feet in the water, her white dress spotless; no trace of blood except in her hair. It was completely soaked, coagulated, as if she had tried to dye it red".

And I think I should point out that *for specialists* - a thorough knowledge of ancient Greek is absolutely essential

— the information provided by Donna Tatt in the chapter of her novel concerning Hampden's Bacchanal is - or appears to be

— as sufficient, and certainly effective. However, ritual servitude remains ruthless, with the slightest slip-up - all it takes is one mispronounced word - nullifying everything, and risking uncontrollable and often dramatic upheavals.

But the essence of the story lies elsewhere. Donna Tatt only hints at it fleetingly, in figures, and inadequately. For the abyssal core of all the sacred operations remains exclusively erotic, and even *amorous*, implying quite terrifying sexual obligations, inconceivable outside the peak ecstatic states to which the group must attain. Camilla was the only girl in the group, so she had to take it all in her stride, and what's more, her own brother was among her pursuers, adding an incendiary dimension to the violent incest. For a whole night, she was the doe pursued by the pack of her suitors, who joined her bloody pursuit at dawn. Here, the great works are of a sexual nature, and when they have just taken place, they surpass everything that today's mentality can do.

could imagine on this subject. What I have just said is absolutely not to be taken lightly, and I feel it my duty to emphasise it forcefully. In all responsibility.

In fact, in the rest of her novel, Donna Tartt herself shows this. It is never possible to open with impunity the preventive prohibitions, metapsychic and other, often even more superior, which block the penetration of superhuman powers - antihuman, cosmic, immensely devoid of any human measure or attention - inside the protected world where humans live, and where their arrival, however punctual, insufficient, temporary, will always leave traces, irremediable devastation. The subsequent lives of the characters directly involved - having participated - in Hampden's Bachanale will be marked by this; all of them will sink - and immediately afterwards - into demented murder, melancholy and suicide, into a hopeless misfortune, into the rupture of everything that could have given a luminous meaning to their lives, a sense of fulfilment. That's where the greatness of this novel comes from.

Seen too closely, the sun reduces everything to ashes. Approaching the ultimate fires of being is an abysmal adventure, one that very few aspirants manage to experience with impunity.

Nonetheless, in ancient Vineland, a great forbidden light was once again destined to shine, and it did so, if only through the liteness of the young Donna Tartt. In the long dark seasons of the distress of the absence of being, Western literature is destined to illegally shelter the persistence of being, which devastates the world.

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Lovingly experiencing and lovingly experiencing by mercilessly devastating what they are moving towards.

So great literature is not just literature, but something else too. Donna Tartt: "Does something like the 'fatal crack' - that dark, revealing crack that runs through the middle of a life - exist outside literature? I thought not.

And how can a religious approach that has been destitute for millennia still manage to act today, to revive, to revive, to respond to operative petitions, to fulfil the expectations of those who come looking for it precisely where it is, even though they no longer find it there? This is the question posed by Donna Tartt's *The Master of Illusions*. She has answered it in her own way.

My answer is different. Religions and gods never die; they are absorbed and disappear in the succession of figurations that pursue both their erasure and their fulfilment through time. Like Apollo, wasn't Dionysus a fiery prefiguration of Christ? Do not the mysteriosophic religions of wine reach their supreme station with the Last Supper, when the Lord of the Vines opens the floodgates of his Most Precious Blood to establish - to institute - the new Eucharistic religion of the double divinisation of man and the cosmos in the saving wake of His Death and Resurrection? It is in the second part of his Eucharistic consecration. Mt. XXVI 28-29, that the Lord of the Vine unveils the mystery of his future identity in heaven. And it will be in the hallucinatory vertigo of those heights that.

Now we'll have to look for the paths to our eternal Vineland :

I tell you, from now on I will not drink of this fruit of the vine until that day when I drink it with you again in the kingdom of my Father".

The blackmail of the sacred only ever reinforces, in the greatest secrecy, the forward thrust of its own march towards a goal that will always be the same, and that will always be hidden from us, always disguised under the veils of a future that is both amorous and funereal, the very future of our availability, of our lived response to its tragic and total call, to its merciless call. Is it sometimes necessary to have recourse to these terrifying clandestine incursions towards what constitutes its power in action, to force the *forbidden passage* with violence and with the unspoken risks that we know or even don't really know? The hidden honour of our people never stops admitting that the only thing that counts for us is what is established on the other side of this forbidden passage, in His Blood Vineland. And that another breath of the being within us can take us there again and again, whenever we really want to. An entirely archaic breath, rediscovered, or to be rediscovered, in the depths of ourselves, and conveying the air and all the forgotten powers of the Old Country, from the glowing hills of our mediumistic Vineland, subversively withdrawn into the highly forbidden spaces belonging to the 'otherworld'. And where the metaphysical wine is not that of intoxication, however ecstatic, but the ardent, limpid wine of awakening, the wine of death and the defeat of death by death, the very wine of eternal life and the eternal desire, within us, for eternal life.

On the birth of parallel hierarchies

However, and no doubt completely unbeknownst to the author's original intentions, Donna Tartt's *The Master of Illusions* also ends up going right to the heart of the problem of the birth of parallel hierarchies, which is the fundamental problem, the very problem of this sombre end of a cosmic cycle already unconditionally subject to non-being at the same time as being almost, or in the process of becoming, over.

This should - and must - demand our attention in a way that is both immediate and at the same time most particular, committed and already dangerous, since it focuses on the action of combat groups in a situation of clandestinity that is, so to speak, ontological, a clandestinity that is infinitely more profound, and more deadly in the field, than that of the usual political and revolutionary clandestinities present in the century, in history in progress, and whatever they might be if they are not already, and as if in advance, our own. A certain abysmal topicality of our own struggles today will even demand - otherwise, why should I bother - that Donna Tartt's *The Master of Illusions* take its place among the avant-garde tools of our own cutting-edge conspiracies, engaged, in these terrible seasons of the domination of darkness, totally against the direction of the avowed march of today's world history, which is itself, entirely, a history under control. Under the control of the *tenebrae activae* of subterranean chaos and non-being.

The group of young Americans from Vermont, academics, super-elitists with a mystical bent, whose terrible adventure of existential self-defeat, of

successful transcendental penetration towards the heart of the other reality, towards the heart of the Old Country - by which I mean the return of its members to the archaic consciousness, to the mysteriosophically active and still living identity of the universe proper to the Great God, the all-powerful Dionyos - will, as a constituted group, experience a total rupture, the very experience of the salivating and transfiguring exit from the illusory world, alienated from itself, separated from being.

Certain things now need to be made clearer, and there is no escaping them. Thus, the young lunatics Donna Tartt caught at work in the grounds of the University of Hampden, Vermont, New England, end representing, without their suspecting it in the least, the restored supreme health of the ancient human race, now so dramatically fallen: Man exists only through the will of the superman within him; the present antihumanity of certain occult elites is but the fundamental mysteriosophic condition of the principled nativity of another superhumanity to come, which, as we know, can only be the same as that of the ancient non-alienated human race, of our own previous superhumanity.

Pierre Gordon, *Le sacerdoce à travers les âges*, Arma Artis, 1993: "The only satisfactory exegesis of man is that he was first of all a *superman*, understood in the sense we have just specified. We are not beings who came from below, striving to reach a higher plane. We are beings whose initial progenitor was prodigiously great, and lived at an altitude that our eye can no longer measure, before suddenly dropping to an inner mental level. En tait.

In ancient Vinland, a forbidden light had returned 357 we should rather say, to an ontologically inferior level, other and devoid of any way out, forbidden to go back. *But we remembered.*

The intractable petition of the anti-human choice, of the anti-human will, which is today that of the final elites of humanity in perdition, transcendental elites, already active, deeply hidden, and as if exclusively turned towards their own archaic foundations, will reveal itself, however, when the time comes, as precisely that by which future superhumanity will be able to give itself the revolutionary weapons of its new active freedom, a great freedom, a freedom that is once again absolute. For we will ensure that there is a future superhumanity, and that it comes from our own transcendental consciousness of ourselves.

Raymond Abellio writes in *La Fosse de Babel*: "By fair compensation, a superhumanity will try to emerge from sub-humanity.

For the rest of us, salvation and liberation are fundamentally about - or should we say foundation - an experience, a dangerous, secret, abysmal experience. An experience, above all, of an intimate, interior nature. Unspeakable and, above all, incommunicable.

But an experience that confers, through its exercise alone, high spiritual powers, and powers of being, if only the power to maintain and develop oneself, to bushwhack while moving forward and thus to win for oneself a space of clandestine freedom, and this becoming, at the same time, a *clandestine space of freedom* in relation to the immense whole of an ontological and historical environment subjected to the

Enemy, alienating, obscure dominations, which are the dominations of non-being and chaos in a situation of uninterrupted, imperialist revenge, for this is the very imperialism of the power of darkness in action. A *clandestine space of freedom* governed by the new powers of being of the group - of groups - thus subversively at work, new powers destined by the very force of things to become, at a later date, the new power and even, in the final analysis, *the New Power*. But a *clandestine space of freedom within which new powers are exercised, and even, already, the New Power which establishes their undone coronation*, is also, or can become at any moment, a *liberated base* at the very heart of enemy domination, and a *liberated base* to which other *bases of freedom* can join, underground, in anticipation of the day of the final overthrow when the *de facto* sum of the liberated bases and the corresponding *space of clandestine freedom* will be able to prevail over the space of the whole subjugated to enemy domination: This is the final doctrinal state of the dialectic of inner liberation, or more correctly, *liberation from within*.

Now, during the time of the interregnum, of the indecision in progress, when the new clandestine powers impose their subterranean counter-power on the existing power of the domination of darkness, all the internal hierarchies of the power of darkness in exercise will find themselves progressively duplicated by the occult hierarchies imposed, on the ground, as the clandestine space of the new powers - of the New Power - expands, establishing themselves in force and thus able to reign less and less under cover of their new freedom, the new liberty

that is coming. Thus we see how the acting mystery of the new *Final Freedom* of this world and of its presently terminal history is supposed to come from, and, in the present state of things, absolutely cannot come from, otherwise or elsewhere, the sole work of transcendental subversion of a few, If what we lack in order to be ourselves persists in remaining as it is behind us, all salvation, all living work of liberation, is recovery. All Final Freedom is recovery. To be is to have been, and only what is will be. By fighting, we are.

We need crime higher education

This may seem regrettable, but it is not as a novel, as a 'literary work', that we are interested here in DonnaTartt's book, *The Master' of Illusions*.

Instead, we wanted to force ourselves to recognise the more or less quantified testimony of a personal experience.

-or, how can I put it, a personal group experience

-opening the way for research into the forgotten, nocturnal, secret, forbidden part of the lives of a small number of young Americans in New England plunged into a special situation, or, if you like, the second-degree testimony of a written account of their lives.

- a novel, seen as a document, as a half-involuntary, dreamlike confession
- summoned to deliver a direct and valid, if unusual, initiatory insight into the adventure surrounding certain *higher education studies*, at the same time as into

the clandestine - somnambulistic - return of the sacred to this world where it apparently no longer has any place of regular status, an adventure that constitutes the narrative, the very substance of Donna Tant's novel, *Vinland*?

In this respect, Donna Tartt's *The Master of Illusions* seems to me to be a document of the most exceptional importance and symbolic significance, a singularly appropriate tool for the confidential, intimate instruction of some of our special groups of direct metapolitical action, who can - or must - risk finding in it the essential elements of the implementation, of the experimental recovery of their own archaic, abyssal identity, and of the high powers of transfiguration, of self-transcendence and of ontological surprise which are still there in state implication, but still available to any properly conducted approach.

Today, there can be no special action without special powers. Total metapolitical war, the final metapolitical war, requires a superior education, superior special powers for those of us who are sent on a mission of sacrifice to its most advanced front lines.

Soaked in the supremely revitalising fire of their secret reunion with the naked sacred, with the terrible burn of love, without mercy or return, of the ancient Great God, of Dionysus, sovereign god of the Burning Vine and the Wine of Fire, the intimate steel of some of our people in a situation of special metapolitical combat will be better able to cope with the precise circumstances of their inconceivable battles to come, which are, moreover, undoubtedly already our own clandestine battles.

of today. Moreover, can we really refuse to think that in a veiled, very reserved way, a message of appeal has been addressed to us through Donna Tartt's novel, a message, a call to work whispered by the very mouth of the Lord of the Wine of Fire?

The occult mission of Julius Evola

For those whose natures are profoundly visionary and prophetic, for those who must be understood and accepted as predestined by the Spirit and the Spirit's work in history, the true test of fire will always be, and very precisely, that of confrontation with history, and I would even say their *personal* confrontation with history.

Juliua Evola, "crucified on the Four Winds", was no exception to this rule. We can be certain that he sacrificed everything, really everything, to it: his own existence, the status of his teaching and its acceptability, and even the very meaning of his spiritual and initiatory options, his ultimate choice of mission.

He who has crossed the impassable line separating being and non-being, reality from illusion and the illusion of all reality, the 'liberated in the world' who has reached the superhuman states of detachment without return, is he not, by this very fact, out of reach, forever indifferent to the obscure and tragic tumult of human becoming and its historial, endlessly restarted under the appearances, weapons and clamour of what is content to call history, an essentially Western concept.

Or even what Nietzsche considered to be "great history"?

So we must always be prepared to make a choice. Within history, against history, or beyond history?

The traditional man seen - and once again actively desired and demanded - by Julius Evola, the anterior, differentiated, suprahuman man, is situated not only above but also history, whereas Julius Evola's life was one long, desperate attempt to win over history, to get it to submit to the immutable, Olympian, Nordic, transcendental vision that was, in any case, his, and from which he never wavered.

Clearly, there is something of a contradiction here, and it in the paradoxical light of this contradiction that the lively questioning, the foundational questioning through which, it seems to me, any authentically open, inwardly available approach to the mystery of Julius Evola's life and work should be initiated - a mystery, moreover, that is still alive and kicking, but which will perhaps never deliver its final meaning, its *final word*.

For one thing is perfectly certain. The gaze that Julius Evola would be led to cast on the modern world, on the final whole and the totality in the process of being achieved by modernity, would not even be a critical gaze, because his inner attitude was intended to be and is understood to be beyond any critical choice, in the unconditional and unmeasured negation of everything that remotely belongs to the world of modernity, which is, for him, the ultimate place of decay, of overthrow.

and the complete annihilation of original principles.

Between the solar, transcendental, heroic and divine world, which is the world of principles and original tradition, polar and hyperborean, and the world of "accomplished modernity", which

the "present world", reign by interposing themselves of the inviolable precipices. Stemming from the great nocturnal rupture with its own Hyperborean origins and the absolute polar states of its own prior identity, the world of the present ontological obscuration of history defines something that does not even exist, that can be nothing other than a hallucinated and increasingly illusory negation as it approaches its own states of final paroxysmal domination. For it is as it completes its fulfilment that, in a spasm that is both supreme and self-devastating, the domination of the powers of negation and chaos will be brought to its revocational end.

In this wait, which is supposed to be without hour, everything that still belongs to the world of anterior freedom of being can only have a hidden, subversively concealed and subterranean existence. Thus the small number of those who, in times of the negative domination of non-being and the nocturnal overthrow of original principles, succeed in heroically re-establishing in themselves the states of their own superhumanity, in *differentiating* themselves, will find themselves thereby deconditioned, liberated from all the subjugations of a world in which, while still present, it will no longer be their own, and in which, if they persist in wishing to remain, it will only be by virtue of a higher occult mission, an order of

mission from beyond this world, beyond death.

Julius Evola's testimony on this subject seems to me to be crystal clear. In his seminal book, *Revolt against the Modern World*¹, Julius Evola writes :

"We have already indicated the nature of the only world towards which we are marching today: it is simply one that gathers together and recapitulates in extreme form what acted during the phase of destruction. This world is such that it cannot serve as a basis for anything, that it cannot provide the material for traditional values to manifest themselves once again, albeit in a different form. For this world is nothing but the organised and embodied negation of these values. For modern civilisation as a whole, there is no future in the positive sense. To think, as some do, of an end and a future that would justify, in one way or another, all that man has destroyed within and without himself, pure and simple whimsy". And Julius Evola would go on to add: "Alongside the great currents of this world, there are still men anchored in the 'still lands'. These are generally unknown men who keep away from all the crossroads of fame and modern culture. They guard the ridgelines and do not belong to this world. Although scattered across the earth, often ignoring each other, they are invisibly united and form an unbreakable 'chain' in the traditional spirit. This core does not act: its function corresponds to the symbolism of "eternal fire". Thanks to these men, Tradition is present in spite of everything, the flame burns secretly, something still links the world to the supramundane. They are the "watchers" the ΙŪδεΣŪηδεηΤ. "

1. Julius Evola. *Revolte contre le monde mode me*. Translated from the Italian by Philippe Baillet. Editions l'Age d'Homme. Lausanne and Paris. 1991.

As for the mysterious race of 'watchers' hiding behind the very tumult of history that has become powerless against them, I do not doubt for a moment that Julius Evola was speaking with full knowledge of the facts. For, as some of us know, the clear-sighted, regenerative decision that unceasingly drove forward his fighting will for an inner liberation brought to its ultimate conclusion, as well as the irrevocable petition for the self-deconditioning of his life. Julius Evola's decision, will and petition for a total break with his conscience, his being, at the very moment when his commitments at the head of the Ur Group - of the Ur Groups - also provided him, and in the most opportune manner, with the over-qualifying support of certain Roman authorities of superior, transcendental, authority, occult, abysmal and sheltered influence, by virtue of their very origins, from any subjection to the then accelerating Western disaster, had not failed to provide the future author of the *doctrine of Enlightenment* with the personal opening he was seeking towards the state of 'differentiated being', towards the inner renewal marking the accension to a superhuman condition, to the state of 'being liberated in life'. And this was done to him at the most opportune moment, because that's how these things happen. Otherwise, nothing. Never. Others have known this too, the fateful *nothing, never* of those who remain on this side of the line.

On the other hand, not everything needs to be said. Or, perhaps, not yet. Are the times ready for that? It so happens that until recently I had in my possession - and even though I no longer have it, I know in care and possession it is now - a manuscript that was not in my possession.

signed, but identifiable and identified, emanating from the most central authorities of the Ur Groups in their final days, and providing confirmations of the most exceptional scope on certain outcomes and, above all, on certain higher *acceptances* in the shadows from which Julius Evola had benefited, personally, in those days, by which I mean the moment when the Ur Groups had already had to relaunch and then interrupt their highly speculative activities, and which have not been continued or re-established since.

Acceptances practised, with regard to Julius Evola, at that time by those instances of contact and influence of a singularly superior, overqualifying and completely obscured level, which the same manuscript nevertheless suggests could have been of imperial, supratemporal, archaic Roman origin, coming from the preontological abysses of the *Roma Principia*.

Through weakening of time

Julius Evola had thus himself succeeded in crossing the impassable line of the condition attributed to the "best awakened", penetrating one after the other the hieratic enclosures on which the ΙΔ, ΣΩΝΔ, ΝΤ stand, motionless and luminous in themselves.

And yet, in a rather incomprehensible and highly disturbing way, it was when he had reached the level of deconditioning, when he had placed himself outside the mortal jurisdictions, the infringements imposed by history on existential becoming, that Julius Evola threw himself with both feet into the increasingly accelerating current of a history already caught up in the very inexorability of its coming end.

For about fifteen years, from the beginning of the thirties until the end of the war, when another level of initiatory accomplishment had been signified to him, and immediately administered by the very bodily injury that was then seriously inflicted on him, a secretly ordinal paralysis that forced him into immobility for the rest of his life, Julius Evola threw himself with a kind of feverish rage into the most advanced and dangerous of all the political battles of the European Revolution, in Italy itself and throughout Europe, where the movements of national and continental renewal were throwing themselves directly into the assault on history (to arrive at the sombre and desolate results we have seen since, a striking lesson, if ever there was one, from the darkness).

But I am firmly convinced that, in the end, for Julius Evola, all this was nothing more than a long-term cover-up, nothing more than a diversionary feint that served as a strategic - or should I say, in this case, metastrategic - cover for many other shadowy activities.

For those years were, in fact - and we must come to terms with this - infinitely more mysterious than we had thought. Thus history in its immediate metapolitical course, and all its political spasms - had they had to remain, these spasms of darkness, as was moreover often the case, semiologically of the most secret - Julius Evola, for his part. Julius Evola, on the other hand, had only called them into question in order to better conceal, by using them in the forefront of his disquieting activist activities, other activities, the very ones that had been the authentic bearers of an occult, higher order of mission, with goals beyond history, unavowed.

in everyday language and no doubt quite inconceivable to anyone other than the small number of Ḥaṣṣūnāt immutably at work on the *other side of the line*. If Julius Evola had thus had for so many years to pretend to be, at the sacrifice of his whole life, the ideological agent of a certain revolutionary idea of Europe, it was in order to conceal from the outside his impersonal identity, which had become conceptual and innomminative, of agent on mission for certain polar, suprahistorical entities, archaic in the most radical sense of the term, ontologically external to the times of non-polar becoming of the present history of the world at its end. To place his participation in the 'Circuit' operation in this perspective.

Wouldn't a certain final dismantling of the current historical period, which has reached the end of its cycle, already act as a formidable revelation for a good number of great, very great secrets, which were extraordinarily secret in their time, but which now risk emerging as if in transparency from this weakening of the times that we sense is taking place?

In the now foreseeable future, should we not therefore be expecting unprecedented revisions of certain aspects of the great Western history of the twentieth century and, in this worrying context, will we not also find a share in the forthcoming decipherments, if not in the heart-rending revisions that the re-visitaton of Julius Evola's own spiritual career will undoubtedly offer? the revisiting of Julius Evola's own spiritual career, a revisiting undertaken in favour, as we have just said, of the current intimate weakening of the rotten historical times, disqualified by the abyssal dizziness of their own impending end?

And to give a foretaste of what the results of this current revision of Julius Evola's enclosed, indecipherable and indecipherable spiritual career are likely to be, I shall simply recall the following part of a confidential letter sent by Jean d'Altavilla on 23 January 1963 from Palma de Majorca to Julius Evola, then in Rome, which is quoted in *La spirale prophétiques* :

"It all hangs together underneath, and in what a hallucinating way, when we think of the never-ending, present-day mystery niche CXLIX in the Almudena cemetery, near Madrid, where the proof never stops advancing into the nothingness of its own nothingness that goes. the bloody proof, the bloody corpse that proves what it costs to want to take off *one's shirt* (Song of Songs, V, 3)".

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

And finally: "In any case, the Final Mystery is born, and it is developing",

Except that, according to the latest information, there is no longer a CXLIX niche in Almudena cemetery, near Madrid. Cleaning up? But also translation, perhaps. More than an empty tomb, a revoked tomb that no longer exists. As if it had never existed, either there or elsewhere. But doesn't the revocation of a tomb also, and above all, reveal a revocation of death, the revocation of the death of "that dead woman"? For only this revocation of death justifies, by preceding it, the revocation of the tomb, of *that tomb*. This double Kabbalistic revocation gives off a strange glow, a very strange glow. One might suspect that this sign contains an abysmal mystery, an *eschaton* whose identity has been deliberately erased, just like the identity of that dead woman, annulled.

Now, what abysmal, superhuman mystery can we suspect is lurking there in the process of mating if not the "Final Mystery" that appears in the correspondence between Jean d'Altavilla and Julius Evola, the "Final Mystery" concerning the double revocation of niche CXLIX in the Madrid cemetery of Almudena and the death in revocation announced by the latter. what were the actions compassionate support, behind the "Final Mystery" of the double revocation of Almudena, set in motion by certain elements of the Majorcan Jewish community, whether Kabbalistic or more elevated, mentioned in the same correspondence between Jean d'Altavilla and Julius Evola?

Still veiled, these things remain rather obscure, but not for long. Revealed through the final tightening of Factuelle temporalité historique, these still half-veiled revelations belong to the very zone

of the forthcoming revisions, which will undoubtedly also tell us what Julius Evola's true occult mission was, beyond the cliffs of visible history - and occult in both worlds, in this world and the next - in his Roman, supratemporal commitments, indebted exclusively to the elevations of a certain *Roma Principia*.

With 'the other Julius Evola'.

Not long ago, someone for whom I have a particular esteem - esteem for a man who is as inspired as he is rigorous and honest, but also esteem for the daring range of activities he carries out, alone, sheltered from the gaze of the uninitiated - asked me to suggest, for the specialist publication he himself edits, what might appropriately be called a 'portrait of Julius Evola'.

The written work of the great Roman visionary is now widely known, as is his life, and not just in Italy. Thanks a whole nebula of information, study and research groups that have produced and continue to produce books, essays, articles, conferences and meetings on Julius Evola, a nebula that operates in an orderly but admirably controlled manner, from within and as if by the sole quality of its presence at work, both active and non-active. Thanks to the translator of *Révolte contre le monde moderne* and most of the Evolian texts currently in circulation in France, Philippe Baillet, Julius Evola has, for the last fifteen years or so, been almost as well known in France as he is in Italy, which seems to me to be a considerable achievement.

This is the main reason why I don't think I need to dwell on the presentation of Julius Evola's work or his life. For those who are inwardly inclined to wish to do so, the French translations of all of Julius Evola's writings will enable them to go directly to his work, which they will also be able to study in greater depth thanks to the abundant French literature devoted to the study of Evola's work, its wakes and sowings, its paths towards the near future or towards the horizon of the new millennium.

And, rather closed in on themselves, and quite rightly so, evolutionary groups could nonetheless open up to anyone tempted to join in the adventure of collective research, the aims of which can sometimes go very far indeed. To the very threshold of precipices, of great perils.

On the other hand, what I could do, and what, in any , I am perhaps the only one today who can really envisage doing, is to commit myself to pursuing an approach to the *other Julius Evola*, the one who is still, and without respite, in the philosophical concealment of the enclosures of distance, of impenetrable prohibition and rupture of level designed to keep out of reach those who, while having been able to cross over to the other side of the line, to reach the supra-human states of differentiated being, have subsequently found themselves back in this world and in the current currents of history, to accomplish the inconceivable compassionate tasks of support and recovery, of awakening and reawakening, sacrificial and heroic tasks of which

the accomplishment in the shadows will have enabled us to persist in the perishing movement of being, to 'survive the sinking of Atlantis'.

To go towards the 'other Julius Evola', as I am doing here, in order to come up with this portrait of the author of *La Tradition Hermétique and Le Chemin du Cinabre*, which I have promised - but is it not more a vow of fidelity - to deliver on time? it also means settling, at one's peril, into a dialectic of provocation with unpredictable outbidding, but outdated and, above all, desacralising, turning away in advance and as if with a kind of desperate determination from all the fascinations, all the upheavals of history or which, in one way or another, still depend on its equivocal jurisdictions. Some of Julius Evola's later lessons make this abundantly clear. *Riding the tiger*: "Today there is no idea, no cause and no goal worth committing one's true being to". And also: "The only possible choice, the absence of interest and detachment from everything that is political today".

Nevertheless, the supporters of Julius Evola's hard line of activism, as well as his enemies trying to compromise him civilly, and some as intractable as others, never cease to exhaust themselves trying to prove the direct political implications if not the revolutionary and even criminal responsibilities of Evola's thought, and both are equally right. It's just that their arguments have absolutely nothing to do with the level at which I myself find myself obliged to raise the problem of the 'other Julius Evola', who had himself fought.

day after day, during the most intense years of his life, to enable and give credibility to the subterfuge of his apparent cutting-edge political and historical activities on the ground, while at the same time and by this very movement he was offensively arranging the strategic cover for his *other activities*, thus enslaving history to anti-historical tasks and politics to what was only intended to devour its progress for immediately anti-political ends. Which may change nothing in form, but everything in substance. And that is what I intend to prove.

Vienna, the final turning point

Towards the end of the last world war, apocalyptic bombardments had transformed Vienna into a kind of hell, where the marriage of iron and fire seemed to have suspended time and abolished all limits of reality. Julius Evola was living in Vienna at the time, and it was while he was gazing serenely, detached from himself and from what he was thus invited to participate in, as if "in a silent interrogation of destiny", at the old imperial capital of Habsburg Europe in the grip of the flames, in the process of collapsing under the blows of the power of darkness, that he was seriously wounded, "hit in the body": He would remain paralysed for the rest of his life, having lost the use of his lower limbs due to an essential lesion of the spinal cord. But Julius Evola experienced his paralysation as an initiation.

Moreover, as in the case of all the major presentiments of the other world, the very mutilation of Julius Evola was, in reality, nothing more than a product of a *split*. Julius Evola himself had confided to me that, having been slightly wounded in a

In contrast to the bombardment, he had been atrociously *treated* in hospital by renegade and vile doctors who knew very well who he was, what they were keeping quiet and why, and yet, by trying to liquidate him in such an undetectable way, only succeeded in setting *something else* in motion.

Vienna, the final turning point. Julius Evola was thus to become, by the very sacrifice of his body reduced to immobility, petrified in the immutable unavailability of that which by its very impediment is admitted to the polar pacification of the centre or of that which goes to the centre, and invests in the 'middle lands', Julius Evola, I would say, would thus become the subject of a state of presence - or rather of *impresence* - to himself that would be of a suprapersonal, hieratic nature, freed from the tumultuous and parasitic clutches of time and historical becoming.

By virtue of the perfect state of immobility that became that of his body, of his own body which, at the same time, was no longer his body, Julius Evola was admitted to a different kind of freedom, a different kind of symbolic freedom of movement, based on the free use of the vertiginous metacosmic spaces opening up to him and within him through the *Secret Passage by the Interior*, whose entire sovereignty had thus been offered to him. It was at the final stage of apparent powerlessness that Julius Evola became, in the invisible, the sovereign grandmaster of the Secret Passage, of the Inner Rift. A secret sovereignty all the more quickly granted because he already possessed, if only in principle, the ontological codes, indecipherable, and the high mediumistic procedures, insomniac, which had enabled him to have access, years before, when concluding his work with the Ur Groups, to the very special powers imparted to those of the conjurations of the Midnight Sun, to the elusive

The "midnight reapers" that John Buchan also wrote about in *The Three Hostages*.

An evocative monition of these insomniac regions to which only the Inner Rift opens access, and which are illuminated only by the Midnight Sun, is given by Julius Evola in *Revolt against the Modern World*, and it seems to me infinitely fortunate that it was the forever young Adriano Romualdi who, in his testamentary book on the author of *The Doctrine of Awakening*, noted: "The other region, the world of the state of being, of that which is no longer physical, but metaphysical - "intellectual nature deprived of sleep" - and of which the solar symbols, the Uranian regions, the beings of fire and light, the rocky regions and peaks were traditionally the representations".

I'm using the same analysis from a slightly different angle, and you'll understand why later on. I repeat: it was his impeded body, torn apart at the bottom of the world, which, on higher orders, came to offer Julius Evola the transcendental freedom attributed to his new powers of clandestine translation beyond the line of passage, to his empowerment to travel far within the 'other world', to the very heart of the 'middle lands', to reach the *Shwēta-dwU'pa*, the 'White Island', while his spirit, apparently free to move about, found itself. He had to submit, or pretend to submit, to the obscure terrorist injunctions addressed to the man Julius Evola, who was recognised as being in an irregular situation in this world.

the world. But on whom, the world could already do nothing, or almost nothing. And who knew it.

Once again: thus, having become free to travel beyond the ultimate limits of this world and their inconceivable continuations in the farthest distance, free in the terms of the symbolic assumption of his own body subjected to the philosophical test of fire or, rather, to the test of philosophical fire, the supreme test, carried therefore unsubdued and as if absent from this world by its very immobility. Julius Evola, in this world, still saw himself held there permanently by the very availability of his spirit, which was free of any spatial hindrance, but constantly invited to make an act presence. It is the flesh that makes us free, if the fire has philosophically visited it. Julius Evola: "We are cold will that decomposes, assassins with charred hands that stare into the sun". Already. Rimbaud: "It is fire that rises with its damned". And also: "We know how to give our whole lives every day. This is the time of the *assassins*".

In this way, Julius Evola was simply reliving, at another level, the very level of what I have already called the 'last turning point', the 'Vienna turning point', the extraordinary overturning of the inner lands of consciousness and even of the human condition itself, which he had already had to experience, under the superhuman light of the Midnight Sun, during the experiments in the deconditioning of consciousness and life that he had to bring to their ultimate conclusion at the abrupt conclusion of his work with the Ur Groups. In the past.

A reversal of the inner tarnish of consciousness, as Gustav Meyrink called it in *The Green Face* and the following one

certain forbidden teachings of Eastern Judaic Kabbalah. These teachings are known as the "inversion of the lights" (the "changing of the candelabra", as they say).

Immobilised, torn apart in the depths of the world by his metasymbolic paralysis, but at the same time free to travel under "the superhuman light of the Midnight Sun", where did Julius Evola go when he had to go to the person who, in the depths of his being, was sounding the call of the Anterior North? Julius Evola: "According to the *Voluspâ* and the *Gylfaginning*, a 'new sun' and 'another race' rise at the end of the *ragnarokkr*; the 'divine heroes', or Aesir, return to Idafels and rediscover the gold that symbolises the primordial tradition of the luminous Asgard and the state of origins. Beyond the mists of the 'forest', a purer light reigns. There is something stronger than becoming and destruction, than tragedy, fire, frost and death. Who doesn't remember what Nietzsche wrote: "Beyond ice, north and death - that is our life. our bliss"? This is the ultimate profession of faith of the Nordic man, a profession of faith that, in the final analysis, can also be described as Olympian and classical.

"Beyond the ice, the North and death". Like Gustav Meyrink, Julius Evola rejected the fatal profanity of death, whose submission he intended to ensure in advance by controlling, through his own awakened will, the planned process, ritual and symbols in action.

Like Gustav Meyrink, who also died bare-chested, staring straight ahead, "at dawn, staring at the rising sun", at the Invisible Island in the middle of Starenberger Lake, Julius Evola wanted to enter his own death with his eyes open and master of his breath to the end.

Not to die, but to make himself his own ferryman, to secretly cross the zone of all dangers and then to enter the occultation with sovereignty, to remain there for the time - the time - it would take for the deadlines and plans of the whole to which he belonged and which had long since taken complete charge of him to be fulfilled. To rejoin his old sidereal pack.

In accordance with the preconceived terms of the Philosophical Ritual of Ice and Fire, Julius Evola's mortal remains were, according to his own confidential arrangements, to be cremated three times, and his bleached ashes carried to be entrusted to the care of a deep crevasse, a notch in the glacier of the Monte della Rosa in northern Italy.

Julius Evola passed away on 11 June 1974, and some time later, not without some difficulties, which were quite significant, his ashes were, as expected, entrusted to the care of the wild glacier of the Montagne de la Rose.

Majjhimanikāyo: "He who takes extinction as extinction and, once taken as extinction, thinks extinction, thinks about extinction, thinks about extinction, thinks 'extinction is mine' and rejoices in extinction, he, I say, does not know extinction".

So many years and so many battles, so much passion, so much science and so many wars, so much pride and will, so much secret light received and given, so that in the end all that remained ended up in the depths of a high glacier on the Italian side of the Alps.

? Although this question closes in on itself, it leads to at least one other: of all Julius Evola's heroic trajectory, might there not have been *something else*?

something that would impose itself forcefully, and in the most luminous and trenchant way, on the face of this world and beyond all oblivion, something inscribed in the depths of the heavens and obliging the gods themselves to accept its irrevocable and limpid, sunny affirmation? I think you can guess what my personal answer to this truly final question must be, or perhaps who will speak, on this occasion, through my mouth. Now then.

Imperial 'Nativity'

It remains to be seen - or at least to try and find out - what this occult mission from the other world might have been, all things considered, and what it might have continued to be, indifferent to the current state of this world, and with which Julius Evola had found himself entrusted since the 1930s, never ceasing, since that time, to pursue its fulfilment behind the diversionary barricade of his European political outings. In other words, what were these "Roman, supra-temporal commitments, indebted exclusively to a certain *Roma Principia*", which we have referred to here as the supreme part of Julius Evola's impersonal, transcendental destiny, without, however, defining their meaning or aims any further, if they were even conceivable to us?

In any case, we have to start by acknowledging that this subject remains, in principle, unapproachable.

A more relative approach might nevertheless invoke the opening up of a design of superhuman, divine origin, aiming to reconstitute not the metahistorical imperial establishment

of the *Roma Principia* revised in its pre-ontological foundations, but to ensure, by acting from the other world and in the other world, that the suprahistorical conditions - divine and cosmic

- come to be reunited once again, which would make the emergence of the *Roma Principia* conceivable again on the level of the greatest metahistory: not to do it, but to make it possible for it to be done if the time came again.

In this respect, the Church, Freemasonry and Judaism would be directly concerned in their eidetic doubles, intact, virginally persisting in the invisible, and it is the convergence, integration and abyssal espousals of these Three Instances that would then constitute the immaculate conception of the New One, the Final One asking to emerge once again through the suprahistoric identity of the *Roma Ultima*.

Ernst Junger, in *Visit to Godenholm*: "The moment when the One would rise above separations to clothe itself in splendour would always return. This secret was unspeakable, but all ritual mysteries sketched it out and spoke of it, and of it alone.

In any case, it is not Dumezilian sociology that will give an account of what the great imperial religion of Rome was, in history and above history, a cosmic, abyssal religion, hermetically sealed in on itself behind the succession of enclosures of occultation that enabled it to remain unknown until the end, absolutely elusive from the outside, intact, virginally untouched in its foundational mystery, even beyond its withdrawal from history.

And yet, in and through these spaces of occult splitting, the religion of Rome still persists in history, and will continue to do so invisibly *until the end*. "It is enough to know how to find the old path again

Its subterranean perpetuations, symbolic and over-encrypted, and increasingly hidden in the shadows of its hermetic brotherhoods of command and influence, had invested from within, supported and armed, in Europe, before the fatal collapse of the eighteenth century, the Masonic authorities of Roman imperial origin and creation at that time not yet secularised and whose double secret - and *philosophical*, and of *operative grids* - could still be held to be traditionally active. We are all familiar with the decisive words of our great Arturo Reghini, Julius Evola's former comrade-in-arms during the establishment of the Ur Groups in Rome: "Masonry is, by its very nature, immutable, above the transitory ideologies of any party and, as with the Catholic Church, any reform or modernism is a mortal danger for it. It is therefore false to say that Masonry is traditionally democratic Grand dignitary of Italian Scottish Rite Masonry. Arturo Reghini knew what he was talking about, and at a *certain point* had the right to say it.

So it is that the vertiginous separation that exists today between Masonry, eidetically conceived as the Order of Refuge of the ancient secret, cosmic and divine religion of the *Roma Principia*, and Masonry - the Masonic Orders - is not so much a question of the Order of Refuge as of the Order of Masonry.

- currently in place in Europe and elsewhere, is even more tiresomely irreducible than the degrading and dark gap that forever distances the radiant suprahistoric figure

of the Imperium Romanum and the 'democratic states' of the so-called new Europe currently in gestation. These distances, gaps and separations are the measure of the inner crushing of our end times.

On the operating background of the "Circuit".

And the same can obviously be said of the Catholic Church, of our 'Church of Rome', caught in the unbearable horror of its current decline, and even of its commitments in the century - and what a century it is - openly tainted by darkness and subversion, which we have known for some time to be its black predilections.

But it is no less certain that what must count, what counts for the rest of us, is only that which cannot fail to be at work behind *it all*, the virginal and very out-of-the-way part of the Fire of Life at work in the darkness of close protection - the "darkness of the sanctuary" - surrounding the central, ultimate core of the Church Militant. For then things become *different*, perspectives ignite from within and change, and everything changes.

Nevertheless, the clarity of Julius Evola's anti-Catholic - or should we say anti-Christian - positions is sufficiently well known that I don't think it's worth dwelling on it any further.

Unless, of course, you really want to get to the bottom of things, deliberately ignoring the part played by the dialectic of concealment of the essential and the erasure of traces, of the diversionary and blinding provocation that, in "fire

Julius Evola had to take the risk of constantly doing his own thing. Julius Evola's entire active career was marked by a *dual nature*.

On the other hand, let's not forget that in the years when the great new hope of the twentieth-century European revolution was asserting itself, a new fire, an absolutely new fire had appeared, and was spreading everywhere, underground, where, on the Eurasian continent, an inexhaustible destiny was irrationally calling for its revival, its *advent*.

To the astonishment of many, Pierre Drieu la Rochelle was an extraordinarily well-informed person, not to say *well-informed*, not only at French national level, but also - strikingly, and most unusually at the time - at European and, ultimately, global level.

Gilles, Pierre Drieu la Rochelle's crowning achievement, a novel without end or conclusion, which traverses the political and social latrines of the bourgeoisie inexhaustibly at war with itself, only to end up - in a providential volte-face if ever there was one - in the national and European anti-Marxist crusade of General Francisco Franco y Bahamontes. In a way that is both subtle and tragic, in a mediumistic way, the anti-Marxist crusade of General Francisco Franco y Bahamontes will invite us to join, as if beyond history, the ranks of the national revolutionary forces that we see placed under the redemptive sign of the "great White Christ" of our people, who, obviously, can only be the immense White Christ in the dome of the Sacred Heart of Montmartre. I would add: the Sacré-Cœur de Montmartre, the 'Place-Même' of the 'Circuit', for generations and no doubt 'forever',

For Pierre Drieu la Rochelle had understood perfectly well what was really at stake in General Francisco Franco's anti-Marxist crusade: supranational, abysmal, metahistorical issues. Wasn't the Spanish national war, deep down, and above all, the "Circuit War"?

In the last part of *Gilles*, we come across characters who, in Spain, during the war of national liberation, by conversing at night during a dangerous clandestine passage, come to reveal, anonymously, the existence of a Secret Order destined to integrate, in a single imperial revolutionary movement, the national uprisings of the European continent, on the one hand, and, on the other, the Catholicism of the Inner Face of the Church, the occult Catholicism, into a single imperial revolutionary movement the national uprisings of the European continent, on the one hand, and, on the other, the Catholicism of the Inner Face of the Church, the occult Catholicism of the Great Ages, of Saint Francis, Saint Bernard, the Fede Santa and the Society of the Blessed Sacrament, etc.

And yet it was precisely from the intimate depths of this Secret Order invoked - albeit scarcely - by Pierre Drieu la Rochelle that the great revolutionary movements of twentieth-century Europe had to emanate, and that, after 1945, decisive figures such as our own Saint Pius XII, or Charles de Gaulle, were invited to emerge in the front line, with the mission of reigniting the eschatological thrust of compromised world history, interrupted by the European collapse of 1945. This disaster was partly due to certain deviant alienations that occurred with Hitler's National Socialist attempt to use weapons to bring about a German ontological renewal of the history of the world and of the world itself - "*Total Weltrevolution*", as it was called.)

I would also like to mention that this Secret Order referred to by Pierre Drieu la Rochelle was called the "circuit" from 1919 to 1939, and subsequently until 1949, 1959 and even 1969, and that it was Julius Evola who, from 1919 to 1939, was called upon to fulfil the role of master builder of the entire organisation on the ground in Europe and Asia. He personally "carried the fire", from Bishop Mayol de Luppé to Corneliu Codréanu, from Serrano Suner to Prince Michel Sturdza, from the General of the Society of Jesus. Walter son Ledokowski, to Pierre Drieu la Rochelle and Benoist-Méchin, to Karl Haushofer and the Duke of Windsor, etc.

It seems to me that we should not forget that Julius Evola spent about ten years of his life - his best, youngest, most inspired and ardent years - personally "carrying the fire" from one visible or hidden supporter of the "Circuit" to another, and not without sometimes considerable risks, and that the "Circuit" was essentially a Catholic organisation.

If, by using the royal competitions of Arturo Reghini, Julius Evola had been able to appropriate all that he needed to know of the doctrinal and cosmic deposits entrusted, under the title of Order of Refuges, to Freemasonry of the higher grades, by the conspiratorial and mediumistic survivals long since banned from the history of the *Roma Principia*, Its approach to the *Roma Occulta* in the Church of Rome, on the other hand, must have had a different and entirely legitimate status, insofar as the Church of Rome is not only the heir but also and above all a continuation, both historical and supraphistorical, of the *Roma Principia*. But what am I saying, the *very continuation* of the *Roma Principia*, its perpetuation in place of the *Roma Principia*?

polar. In any case, with Julius Evola you always have to find your way back to Rome, always back to Rome.

On the other hand, and whatever may have been said subsequently, and no doubt with the best intentions of *clearing his name*, with the investment, from within, of the fascist regime in place in Rome, an investment having been made by Julius Evola and some of his followers high up in the political and social hierarchies of the time, the latter had nevertheless succeeded in imposing, in the central years of his action, the constitution of a superior initiatory group, with certain powers to command, and whose presence and initiatives in the immediate spheres of the new imperial power were accepted as such, in the central years of his action, to constitute a group of superior initiatory influence, with certain powers to command, and whose presence and initiatives were accepted as such in the immediate spheres of the new imperial power, polar, with a totally Roman identity, in occult lieutenancy of the *Roma Principia* and which radiated, externally, from Rome and in the name of Rome. This is not a situation that we can afford to ignore: it is indeed these flashes of return to life, shattering the dogmatic slumber of the *Roma Principia*, that ensure its spectral, mediumistic, dreamlike *but true* survival in history.

We must understand that, unfortunately, this was nothing more than a kind of *general rehearsal* for the future advent of the Kingdom, the forthcoming return of the *Roma Principia*, what ancient alchemy, our *Ars Regia*, defines as the pseudo-terminal phase of the 'work in yellow', of *Xanthosis*: a kind of waking dream, a *passing realisation* of what will one day, later, come to us eternally. "Later

Will the occult imperial mission that Julius Evola had to pursue in his lifetime. Julius Evola had to pursue in the other world, will it come to an end?

to mate, after his death, in this world where everything seems doomed to failure?

Every imperial nativity is a mystery, the mystery of an immaculate conception posited as a miracle, and of a miracle posited in terms of immanent conception, of recommencement there, and of awakening, where *the imperium* is reborn.

What does this mean for our current struggles?

I'll be the first to admit that the present two-pronged approach to Julius Evola and his work cannot fail to be singularly frustrating, with the unspoken constantly taking precedence over the discourse that endeavours to shed light on what can bear to be seen in the progress of a life and a work so profoundly consigned to Hermetic secrecy.

The transcendental entity of polar appellation, hyperborean, of which Julius Evola was, at the level of extreme excellence attributed to him and with the means of action which were then assured to him, the secret agent of execution in the two worlds, I'm talking about this supratemporal and occult *Imperium Romanum*, which is also identified, to a certain extent, with the Holy Roman Empire of the higher grades of Scottish Masonry, was it - is it still - unconditionally out of reach, and is it permanently out of reach *for everyone*?

I myself have said, in a book of testimony and revelations that seems impossible to publish, all that can be said today, without betraying, in certain circles and only for our own, about what, concealed according to the breaths and seals, the active symbols, the procedures of the ancient necromantic and magical sciences

Roman, still persists in maintaining itself, on the frontier between this world and the next, as an identity in continuation, in ontological perpetuation of that *Roma Principia* for which Julius Evola and his nameless and faceless peers had fought, only recently - in the twentieth century - such great battles that have remained unheard of and will no doubt remain so forever.

In any case, these paths of high precipices, leading out of the limits of this world, which are the paths of passage under mediumistic control towards the transcendental regions where the *Roma Principia* stands, unchanging, have no direct, visible, material access, nor can they be reached in any way other than through the inner paths of consciousness awakened to the supramental, or without recourse to philosophical rituals and states of being of great peril, most prohibited, which have nothing to do with the immediate reality and alienating conventions of this world subversively more and more alienated from its own principles.

But, in the end, what are these 'transcendental regions' where this *Roma Principia* to which we keep returning stands 'unchanging' under the limpid, superhuman gaze of some, and... also, in what way can updated knowledge of this very special, occult and even occultist problematic prove useful once again in the tragic engagements of our own battles for grand continental liberation and imperial restoration?

Even if, in this case, he does so only indirectly, I will leave the answer to this last question to the writings of Julius Evola himself, and this answer, it seems to me, will be decisive, a doctrinal answer.

In a combat magazine, *La Vita Italiana*, October 1940 issue, Julius Evola wrote:

"... those who admit the existence of "occult forces" all too often conceive of them as mere secret political organisations, as conspiracies of certain men of the plutocracy or of Masonry, who, apart from their art masking themselves and acting indirectly, are basically men like any others. All this is too little. The threads of the plan to subvert the world go back much further - they lead us back to the "occult" in the proper and traditional sense: that is to say, supra-individual and non-human forces, of which many personalities, both on stage and behind the scenes, are often no more than instruments. To make confusions of this kind, and consequently to hold to a superficial and 'humanist' conception of history, under the influence of prejudices concerning the real 'occult', means in particular to deprive oneself of the possibility of understanding in depth problems of essential importance in the struggle against world subversion"?

Julius Evola's teaching is of perfect traditional rectitude, and he refers to the mysterious recommendations of Saint Paul in his Epistle to the Ephesians: "For it is not against a trouble of blood and flesh that we have to fight, but against the Principalities, against the Powers, against the Rulers of the World of Darkness, against the Spirits of Evil who stand High", Ep VI.12.

3. Quoted by Giovani Monastra in his contribution to the HT Colloque de *Politico Hermetica*. "Doctrines of the Race et Tradition Paris, December 1987.

The real causes of great historical events are necessarily hidden, and any true understanding of the higher, metahistorical dimensions of world history in progress will always be addressed to an occult centre of gravity, situated in the invisible. Everything that appears in broad daylight in the march of visible history is occultly decided elsewhere, bears witness to the results of a confrontation, a trial of strength, It is also in the invisible that we ourselves will be summoned to win or lose everything in the decisive battles of our generation, all of which will be secret battles.

At a time when our generation is preparing to clandestinely regain its predestined positions in the future battles for the metahistorical and at the same time direct political-revolutionary foundation of the greatest Eurasian Empire of the End, the supreme coronation of the greatest Europe, We must therefore understand that these battles will have to be fought, by some of us, above all in the invisible, that it is in the forbidden depths of the invisible that, according to an ancient plan, what must be done will be done, and that what will be done, what must be done, will be done by us, and us alone, at the appointed time. For there is an appointed time, and from now on it will be imminent.

And, to conclude, let's remember that there can be no new imperial foundation without a new imperial religion, and that what we need to look for in the distant past of

the invisible will also be the fire of the living mystery and the incarnation of the living principles of this new imperial religion and its very secret Foundational Nativity, the unbearable new light of its own *Fulgens Corona*.

There is only one Empire," wrote Moeller van den Bruck, "*just as there is only one Church.* Was not Julius Evola's occult mission, his very great occult mission, ultimately to seek out the ancient fire of life in order to revive the being stripped of the Western fire and its obscured being?

How far can these approach go?

But, once again, it is the failings of the discourse, its fundamental inaptitude for what we have just called "the incarnation of principles", that will try to stop us in our tracks. How can we really talk about this when it remains as certain as it is obvious to us that any effective, in-depth approach to Julius Evola's own career, his transcendental biography, his work still in action in the visible and the invisible, is struck down by a kind of preventive prohibition that is both insurmountable and reputed to emanate directly, and with unheard-of firmness, from the very people we would have had to discuss it with, if we had been allowed to do so, if only within the smallest of circles, from a heroic and enlightened elite of ours, and ours alone. In the end, it's astonishing how many people have already come up against this, who have been ordered to give up on the very fact that, from a certain level of investigation onwards, everything to do with Julius Evola will be placed under the guard of an invisible enclosure of magnetic prohibition and arrest.

the impediment that reserves access to it immediately appears to be of a very special nature, armed to intervene metaphysically, and in a negative, destructive way, on the personal integrity, on the immediate existential identity of the very person who would venture into a goal not legitimised in advance.

This situation is definitely troubling, and I'd like to make it clear that I don't mean this in a figurative or, shall we say, allegorical sense, but very abruptly as a *factual situation*. A *factual situation* against which I have repeatedly tried in vain to fight myself. Any appearance of success in this case always ends up proving to be partial and mutilating, so mutilated, so unsatisfactory and, above all, dedicated, deviant. But I continue to persist. Under no circumstances will I give in. I want the best of us to be guaranteed a gateway to the occult heart of the *Roma Principia*, I want 'another beginning' to take place in the very time of our present life.

Thus, at the very heart of the present work - as we shall see - I had to raise the worrying problem of a book of "testimony and revelations" dealing with "everything that can be said without betraying" about Julius Evola and the "ontological perpetuation of the *Roma Principia*" which he and his unknown comrades in arms, "forever faceless", had taken on the task of maintaining underground in the present day. However, once I'd written it, I realised that it was impossible to publish it, and even, for some people, impossible to read, so capable was the charge carried the train of his discourse of creating, of inducing, and even of destroying the very essence of his thought.

a dangerous uneasiness, obscure reactions, pernicious in many ways for people with only limited, conventional experience, of the forbidden domains of which one was bound to find oneself aware, and in this case, much more than usual. Because, in fact, some truly fearsome and risky things were bound to come to the fore, in a light that exposed and spared nothing. And not only could this book, which was as dear to me as the apple of my eye, not be published - and still isn't, and much less now than before, as the deadly oppression we are subjected to becomes more and more astute, subtly adapted to its object, *superior* - but it was then published. Even among publishers who had already taken risks with my writings and with myself, who refused even to read it, even refusing to let them have the manuscript (and I quote: "this book is too dangerous, and even surely tainted with a curse, I don't want its manuscript to circulate in our offices").

And the same problem resurfaced two years later with *Les carnets noirs de nies entretiens secrets avec Julius Evola*, a book I had been asked to write - formally asked - and which in the end did not have to be published either, unless I agreed to the very substantial cuts required to eliminate the so-called 'compromising' passages - which I found singularly unacceptable. Perhaps I'll have to come to an agreement with a few men of honour to produce a clandestine edition, intended only for the shady and secretive circuits. "From the night we come, and to the night we return, fear us".

Finally, in *Le Gué des Louves*, subtitled "Journal gnostique" (Gnostic Diary) - first novel in a trilogy of activist, revolutionary metahistorical commitment - which I was nevertheless able to publish in the summer of 1995, in Paris, with Guy Trédaniel, I managed to infiltrate, in the first chapter, entitled, precisely. *Le talisman de Rhea Silvia*, a dozen pages confessing what I had been given - or rather asked - to know, twenty-seven years earlier, in the summer of 1968. in Rome, under the *unacknowledged leadership* of Julius Evola and in direct contact with the *Roma Principia* and its vast weapon rooms - but shouldn't I write, in fact. Rooms of Arms - subterranean, or mediumistic, supernatural, bringing together the Immutable Principles of the Blood of the *Roma Principia*. All mysteriously departing from a very special place, nightclub or , called *Daponte Blu*, and located on Corso Vittorio Emanuelle, almost down the road from Julius Evola's house. A sublime haunt, teeming with murderers and drug addicts in their final stages, whores of both sexes and the corpses of unappeased shadows who can only return halfway, and sometimes even less. Wastes from both worlds, silver and violet gleams, the whole horror.

Quote:

"The monumental units of Roman imperial affirmation that stand in the Salles d'Armes are not, however, funereal elevations, mausoleums or archaic tombs, as one might be tempted to believe on embarking on the circuit of the liturgical visitation, and I believe I immediately understood that they were rather a transcendental inventory of the Blood Stocks constituting the original, archetypal, supratemporal deposit of the imperium Magnum, as well as a set of commemorations establishing the Dogmatic Historial of religious, metahistorical events of a secretly epistemic order, archetypal, supra-temporal repository of the Imperium Magnum, as well as a set of commemorations establishing the Dogmatic Historial of the religious, metahistorical, secretly nuptial, hermetic and supremely heroic events that led to the birth of the Magnum.

marked the becoming of the blood of the First Race, and the principal projection of this becoming constituted - and considered - as the occult, uninterrupted continuation of Divine Destiny and of the abyssal view of the latter and of its own Final Crown. For here everything is Crown.

"And I could also ask myself: why did Rome have to open up to me in this way? What was the ultimate hidden purpose of this therapy of precipices, of this so dangerous visit to the timeless dwellings of Rome in its origins that was forced upon me, unbeknownst to me, in 1968? I could well ask myself, but I still don't know.

;1 It so happens, however, that by now I think I've understood it.

Has Julius Evola completed his "great occult mission"?

For, if the final question about the initiatory path of Julius Evola's life and emblematic survival concerns above all the fact of knowing whether he had been able to accomplish his occult mission, his "very great occult mission" with regard to the *Roma Principia*, to finish doing what he had had to do, it thus becomes quite clear that what had been imposed on me in Rome, in the summer of 1968, through my mediumistic incursions - or others, for there had also been some - now appears to be truly capable of proving that the superior operative work - comprising, I mean, the vivid marks, with the 'unbearable brilliance', of the most extreme Imperial Elevation - the work attributable to the icy, haughty recluse of Corso Vittorio Emanuele and his immediate followers, the work of turning worlds and heavens upside down, had been successful, completely successful, that his "very great occult mission" had therefore been crowned with success. *Finis Coronat Opus.*

So all that I had seen in Rome in the summer of 1968, all that Julius Evola had brought me to know about the mediumistic underground of the *Roma Principia*, was to serve only to make me understand, and by understanding it, that I would be invited by the same movement to bear witness to it outside, that I would tell our people what it was in the end - at that moment, in the summer of 1968

- the right measure of transcendental accomplishment, and what were also the states of progress of the imperial, superhuman, polar, hyperborean and cosmic eschatological work of which he himself was the bearer of the charge predestined from all time and, He entrusted the clandestine succession to us, whether or not we were aware of what was intended for us and what was being done to us. I'm talking here about myself and the small number of people who, from a certain point onwards, began to gather around me. Present on the surface as a diversion, the true life paths of redemptive fire only advance from below, and they will remain underground until *the final hour*.

On the "last question

In spite of its constant and fierce desire for depersonalisation, for the serene, Olympian denudation of itself, and for a permanent upward tension towards a form of objective, symbolic identity that cannot be existentially grasped, I confess myself convinced that a certain command to intrude - and whether we do violence to it, the aims of our struggle will justify it - will have to come to an end.

by leading us to undertake investigations into the person of Julius Evola himself, by resigning ourselves to pursuing him right down to his ties of blood, nobility and initiation, of lineage and lineage, of family, of predestination confidentially at work in his own life and perhaps even since long before he came into this world, a predestination that I see here in terms of a 'secret preparation', a 'vow', some 'decree from on high'.

The more I allow myself to reflect on the possible opening up of this new perspective of special evolving research, the more it appears to me as self-evident, and the more important, necessary and decisive it seems to me. I think I've already realised that if we push hard in this direction, we're likely to come up with some pretty fascinating discoveries. And that a certain inspiration will support and guide us, coming from elsewhere, from an extreme elsewhere.

Henry Montaigu, "clearing the way for René Guenon's work".

In *Le Prince d'Aquitaine*, a book of high preliminaries, published, as it should have been for those who know the workings of the stars, in October 1980, Henry Montaigu claimed to be somewhat indisposed by these astonishing words of Charles V, which he quoted from the *Histoire des Princes de Coudé by the Duc d'Aumale*: "There is no nation in the world that does more for its own downfall than the French, and yet everything turns to his salvation. Dieu ayant en sa protection particulière le Roy et le Royaume",

On the other hand, someone close to Charles de Gaulle, whom French thoughtlessness and thoughtlessness, supported by the work of *the enemy in the shadows*, who knew the depth and duration, and the dark virtues of ritual murder by suffocation, had almost turned him into an outcast from within, and surreptitiously distanced him from major affairs, confided to me one day the intimate thoughts of F Homme des Tempêtes, very similar, in this instance, to those of Charles V, on the subject of France's very special relationship with the cause of its salvation, which "can only ever find the saving impulse or recognise the man mysteriously called upon to embody it once it has been driven to the brink of the abyss itself, once it has engaged in

l'irrémissible" . In fact, Charles de Gaulle asserted that the real, the troubling mystery of France's historical predestination lies in the fact that France knows how to find, inevitably, each time it is in danger of disappearing from history, the perfectly miraculous, providential help of someone who is then sent to it secretly, or even quite openly, from on high, to bring it forcefully back into the path of salvific combat, to mobilise it, from someone who is then sent to her secretly, or even openly, from on high, to force her back onto the path of salvific combat, to mobilise her, abruptly, around the war goal that is both unique and total, and that alone can provide her with the political and historical weapons of liberation on her own. Every time it became apparent that France was in danger of being swept away by the dizziness, by the landslides of nothingness, there arose from its very heart, usually by means of a miracle, someone who was necessarily unknown until then, but whose occult investiture made him the saviour, the armed re-establisher of the decayed and humiliated order, the man of iron who providentially knew how to impose the iron will of his own iron destiny on the blackened, betraying reality that had become absolutely uncertain and crumbly.

But that's the way things are, as we ourselves know only too well. And today more than ever, because today, what Ton wants, what Ton already intends to achieve, is purely and simply the very disappearance of France, the dismantling without return of its own historical and national reality, the definitive abrogation of its suprahistorical predestination, of its occult mission in the vanguard of the Church's struggle to maintain itself in history and, behind this, of the struggle, in the invisible, of the Kingdom of God, of the *Sanctum Regnum*, of which France will remain until the end of time. behind this, of the invisible struggle for the Kingdom of God, the *Sanctum Regnum*, of which France will remain until the end the heroic, mystical and sacrificial figure, the figure of divine loving election.

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which took a confidential interest in her at her origins and which will carry her to the end of the *saeculum*.

So today is the final hour, the very hour of the hidden preliminaries to the great battle at the end: through the metapolitical attack underway, the aim of which is to belittle, ritually suffocate and ultimately annihilate France, it is the very heritage of God's divine procession in history and even God's very presence in history that is being targeted, Eucharistic presence, cosmological support and living sustainer of the world of the living, secret presence of God's breath in his witnesses and in the world of those witnesses, which we know is suspended over nothingness. "Everything is suspended", writes Henry Montaigu.

The time has finally come. Let us stand firm, let us not give up. For this time, too, the promised help will not be lacking, all the more so since, along the great downward spiral through the centuries that has brought us to this point, all the times before had been, in a way, nothing more than repetitions of what our tragic generation, our generation of the predestined of the end, is required to face in the present hour. With the paltry means at our disposal, and with the confidential help that we know.

Now, what we need to try to understand without further ado is that, in fact, the crucial situation in which France finds itself today is at the same time, because of France's own commitment, the situation of the whole of Europe, Western Europe, Eastern Europe, the situation of the Great Eurasian Continent, and hence the ultimate situation of a certain planetary Christological awareness of the world and of history.

of the world in its entirety. It is today, and in France, that the final destinies of this world and its history are being decided: the tragic Catholicity of the end times is the tragic Catholicity of France, and it is only in order to put an end to this final Catholicity that we want to put an end to France once and for all.

For those who know how to see, what is at stake in the immense battle underway in the visible and the invisible, the battle of France, is today an open issue, and the duty of our generation too, a generation whose duty is identified with the most tragic demands of its own destiny, a destiny that chose it by the very force of things before it chose it in charity, in honour, in breath, desperately called to respond to another breath, the fiery breath of the Holy Breath.

So, whether we know it perfectly or not at all yet, we are where we are, irrevocably.

However, in the blurred light of disaster, impotence and dark despair that reveals the horizon in which the occult commanders of our generation must now gather and urge each other to act, there is still only one problem that is likely to appear as the bearer of absolutely renewed and vivid hope, absolutely salvific: the problem of the immediate advent of this final metapolitical saviour whose identity is known to us for the moment only in the form of the absolute concept of his status at the level of principles. He is not yet here, nor is his shadow in front of us, we know nothing about him yet, but he will come because he must come, because at the level of immutable principles he cannot fail to come, and to come before it is too late.

before the irreparable has been consumed. All our present battles are therefore, and can only be, battles of delay and diversion in the expectation of the hour and the day when the envoy of immutable principles will have come to us or, if he is already secretly among us, he will agree to show himself, if only to face of a few, for what he is, for what he will have to be when times change, when we are called upon to enter the season of Great Times.

For the moment, we are in the final phase of Kali-Yûga. In *René Guenon ou la mue en demeure*, Henry Montaigu writes: "Kali-Yuga or the Fourth Age, the Iron Age for the West, is at once a descent into materiality, heaviness, amnesia and the aggressive, outward recapitulation of previous cycles whose memory is lost but whose imprint remains". And then: "Kali-Yuga is antechristic from one end to the other. The incarnation of the Eternal Word, at the same time as being a remedy for the condition of Time, casts the formidable shadow of the Enemy". And also: "Everything has been finished for two thousand years". To which Henri Montaigu would add the following circumstantial details: "Rome, - the Rome of Julius II - a barren fig tree, a trembling and decaying image of what was, - and worse of what is. remains, and will remain. On top of this decrepitude, the Council, a rejuvenating cure for the great sacred prostitute. Still sacred, still great, more and more prostituted. Aggiomamento is the pox of the ^{twentieth} century. Every time something is lost in the order of transcendence, everything goes down a notch. This fall is immediately reflected in the recruitment of spiritual leaders. Everything goes down another notch, transcendence deteriorates further, leading to a new "pox".

trivial approach to the recruitment of elected representatives. Where do we not go down? No doubt to that mysterious space where everything is forced to go back up".

But what is this "mysterious space where everything is forced upwards"? To this burning question. Henry Montaigu formulated an implicit answer, which seems to me to be the following: "It is in any case on Catholicism, on Roman Catholicism alone, that the great retreat will take place. As the only place ready for it. Already as the only Christian religion where the earthquake has the sense of eschatological combat. Because everything else is dissolving without a fight.

Of course, since the death of Charles de Gaulle, we've been going downhill all the time, upside down, and, in terms of abominable and black treason, insult and abject adulteration of the very incorruptible, I'm afraid we haven't seen the last of it. far from it. As for the unbearable theological misery of the Church itself, Henri Montaigu recalls, with a heavy heart, this infinitely significant, but also infinitely final, moment: "In 1968, while the Head of State was praying in the chapel of the Elysée Palace, the Archbishop of Paris, in street, was wondering whether he should not see 'Jesus Christ in the event'.

But, since 1968, there has also been Georges Pompidou, and Valéry Giscard d'Estaing and others, so many others who, in fact, are never anything but the same, and what a same. And now? Now," says Henri Montaigu, "the extra time is over. Now it's the ninth wave, the one that only rises to completely submerge the earth and the heavens. And we ourselves

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What should we be doing? Try to place ourselves in the 'right position', the *Rechte Meinung* of Meister Eclchart, the right orientation of those who, in the absolute imminence, never stop waiting for *the absolute event*.

Now, at the present time, in France and in the West, the only correct position for salvific waiting is indicated, in a way that some hold to be infallible, by the intellectual light of René Guénon's work, and by 'the word of superhuman origin' that is consigned to our home.

But don't the doctrinal remains of René Guénon now lie, themselves, in the middle of the road through which everything has passed, in recent times, in the ignominious precipitous race we all know, towards the great pit of the dead bark of darkness? In fact, that's not where the problem lies. For the Guénonians - and there are legions of them - have not failed to bury René Guénon's work under the votive and mortuary hill of their own mental excrement, their rabid sectarianism and their metapsychic saturnalia. Faced with all this aggressive, proud filth, which always ends up making a pact, from below, with power, with the enemy powers, there is only one attitude of safeguard and freedom, of ontological honour in action: that which calls for the very salutary violence of the great cleansing by vacuum.

But that is precisely what Henry Montaigu sets out to teach us in his *René Guénon ou la mise en demeure*, and that is why I intend to retain this book as a formidable counter-strategic device for cleansing through emptiness, with the potential to achieve, on its own

and as soon as possible, what Henry Montaigu calls "uncluttering the avenues leading to René Guénon's work",

Knowledge of René Guénon's work, however thorough it may be, and however gnostically it may be lived, can never be an end in itself. It should only be the most appropriate means of a transcendental warning, a preventive warning on the eve of this decisive battle at the end, this supreme cosmic and apocalyptic battle, the most occult preliminaries of which are currently building our only mystically foreseeable horizon. But what an unbearable and extreme certainty of rupture, of strangulation, *of eternal farewell*, of sudden shame that blazes like the very word of betrayal, within us, of the ancient living word. Henry Montaigu: "It is Joan's word alone that resounds in the gloomy apocalypse of our grey days. *God first served*. He who does not change is first served. The war is on with everything that changes, adulterates and corrupts. God against the deists, the Holy Church against the Christians, the King against the royalists. Knowledge against false gnosis, cadaverous theophanies, initiatory pretensions, chatty esotericism, traditions of nothingness and dead stars. To the grace of God! His grace alone! "

René Guénon's work, as we may have already realised, is nothing more than our Chinese Wall in reverse. Through the extreme complicity of our own failings and the final darkness of the times, this wall can now only be crossed by the virginal betrayal of what governs the respiratory tracts of its impregnable central enclosure, in other words if

we know the breath of life lovingly, and if desires us to know it. Here, by "virginal betrayal", I mean the ultimate and supreme paroxysm of living charity, Mary's divine betrayal of her own security.

As we can see, paradoxically enough, the doctrine of the immutable truth, of which it is only the gift of transparency and the veiled guardian of the transparency of the latter, opens up only under the violent solicitation of direct action, of the great heroic and cosmological action of those who carry within themselves the fire of an inextinguishable call, and this very call always comes itself from elsewhere, and lodges in the breast that carries it only for the space of the battle for which it has been allowed to retain. How, then, can we be offered access, these , to the life-giving core of the enclosed doctrine

? By the *royal conjunction* between, on the one hand, unfailing fidelity to the transcendental, superhuman line of René Guénon's entire work, considered in its most abstract identity, the most detached, the most subject to the limpid fire of principles, and, on the other hand, the *heroic and utterly unconditional decision of a generation whose predestination demanded, to the very end, the unceasing and total sacrifice of its own people, who, in the end, were the only ones to be able to live up to their own principles.* on the other hand, the heroic and utterly unconditional decision of a generation whose predestination will demand, right up to the end, the unceasing and total sacrifice of its own people, who, with their backs against Guénonian doctrine - the intact light of the primordial tradition, they will be told - will be obliged to fight the last battle and win it.

For therein lies the real secret: as Henry Montaigu has so perfectly understood, Guénon's doctrine, despite appearances that we think we should take for granted, is essentially an enclosed doctrine. This petition for enclosure does not, of course, concern his discourse, but rather the ways in which Guénon's doctrine is applied.

of its operative mobilisation. Do these proper paths to the operative use of the Guénorian doctrine exist, can we have any knowledge of them? I don't know. That they exist, these paths, I can affirm. And I would even add that they are all linked to the commands of the Inner Star, which offers no active opening and responds only to an exclusively French following and is in a position to prove it royally. For, as I have just said, access to the life-giving core of the enclosed doctrine requires first and foremost that the royal conjunction of the Inner Star be accomplished and put effect.

Henry Montaigu: "The essential can only be foreseen beyond the letter, and it is no miracle that the path opened up by Guénon has had so few true followers. To serve is not the watchword of the times".

When Henry Montaigu urges us to 'make a clean sweep' of René Guénon's work, it is hardly as a result of some Savonarolist slip in *the spirit of the times*, which is the intransigence of our fine artists.

In Henry Montaigu's call for a clean sweep, we must be able to recognise the preliminary act of a major Gnostic operation, current and much more than current, highly responsible, which, "beyond the letter" is preparing to 'open the way' to that spiritual and metapolitical re-ordering which we began by affirming establishes the first condition for the advent among us of the one for whom everything will live again, and which can only come to us if the intellectual fire of the 'Guénorian doctrine', or

rather than what it directly represents, to have previously done its high duty of cleaning through vacuum.

The providential ministry of the appearance in France, at this troubled end of the millennium, of a doctrinal work of salvation and deliverance like that of René Guénon will thus show itself, at the hour of its final conclusions, as a ministry of monarchical recovery, as the admirably veiled marching order of an enterprise providentially inscribed, from its very origins, within the Joyous Mystery of the French Monarchy, a supernaturally living emanation of the Kingdom.

With everything thus more or less said, it is inevitable that we should also come to the singularly incomprehensible fact of what is known as René Guénon's 'Islamic conversion', a fact that should hardly be left in the dark.

Let's get to the root of things. Let's dig. On today's Church, Henry Montaigu writes these terrible lines, and I give him full credit for doing so: Truth cannot be shared any more than peace can be divided. Today's Church prefers its enemies to its friends. This is going too far in charity. For her enemies are none other than the Enemy himself. She will not convert him. On the contrary, it is almost certain that there will come a day of darkness when she will allow herself to be converted by him. Defending this enchanted church, however, remains an imperative duty. But Henry Montaigu also wrote: "Only Guénon and his followers will one day be in a position defend Christianity, to rebuild Christianity, to *bring back the Holy Roman Catholic Church*.

The Holy Grail. They are the only ones. In the end, they're the only ones worth talking to.

At the same time, when he discusses the charismatic status of the Kingdom of France and hence of the French Monarchy, Henry Montaigu gets straight to the point: "The archbishop of Reims," writes Henry Montaigu, "the consecrator on whom the true legitimacy of kings depends, is not the representative of the Catholic hierarchy, but the obedient servant of a particular tradition, renewed by the local Church and the peers of the kingdom. This tradition goes back to Saint Remy and was based on a direct election or blessing". And then: "Guénon recognises that the King of France has a highly extraordinary power which, from his own perspective, necessarily originates in a mandate from heaven". And also: "Guénon's study leads necessarily to the previous temporal order: in other words, to the monarchy. In the most tangible, formal and immediate way".

I believe that the cause has been heard. For Henry Montaigu, the path confidentially reopened by René Guénon will inevitably lead to the Church and the Kingdom, to the Church of Rome and the Kingdom of France, because there is no Church other than that of Rome and no Kingdom other than the Kingdom of France. Provided, of course, that we do not confuse Kingdom and Empire. *Regnum* and *Imperium*. Nor should we forget that the 'beautiful Kingdom of France' is considered here in the infinitely singular sense, both paradigmatic and secret, which is precisely its own, and makes it the pre-ontological model of all sacred, Catholic royalty, and of every Kingdom engaged in the suprahistorical battle of final salvation, of salvation and liberation through the Apocalypse.

What, then, can be the meaning of René Guénon's exile in Cairo, and even more the meaning of his mysterious and in many ways unacceptable 'Islamic conversion', if there was such a thing as an 'Islamic conversion'?

As we know, the founding thesis of Guénonian doctrine, by which it is elevated to the status of a supernaturally inspired and guided revelation, affirms the common origin of all profound spiritual traditions, their divine insourcing in the living, ardent word of a certain state prior to the successive decays of the present cycle and of all the transhistorical cycles on the march towards the Supreme Beginning Again, towards the great 'Return of Time' so feverishly presaged, among others, by the Faithful of Love. And if, as some of his followers believe, in the pathways of his most occult spiritual ascent, René Guénon had, at some point, irrevocably had to go beyond the 'states of separation' in order to be allowed to experience, within himself, 'the states of union', in other words to rediscover, within himself or already outside himself, the living breath and the living light of the *previous* state, must we not understand that, by this very fact, perfect intelligence and the free passage of all subsequent traditions had been implicitly offered to him, given in principle and not only in principle, but very effectively given and *assured*?

So when he found himself obliged to do so, René Guénon was free to enter Islam, to pass through it or to remain in prolonged concealment, as he saw fit, without having to 'convert' or 'change religion', and, moreover, had he not so much as 'change his religion'?

clearly said himself. "we have never converted to anything

What René Guénon sought in Cairo, in the shadow of Islam and of what was still very great in the deepest shadow of Islam, was indeed what nowhere else, in France or in Europe, in India or in Tibet, could he find more appropriate at that very moment, when powers as unspeakable as they were negative, actively and fundamentally hostile, had deemed it necessary to interrupt the great spiritual action underway under the providential leadership of René Guénon, and René Guénon himself to neutralise him magically and metapsychically and, finally, to eliminate him physically. This is such a troubling situation. Henry Montaigu has the astonishing intuition when he writes that a providential favour has withdrawn Guénon from our civil wars, "just in time and for the necessary time".

If he had "gone to Cairo" when he did, and under very special conditions that he had to accept in order to be able to do so according to the planned schedule. René Guénon was seeking nothing more than to "put himself in a safe place", to enter into the space of a highly protective disposition that was in no way his to refuse, since it was part and parcel, in continuation, of the spiritual mission that should be his until the end of his life, or rather until the secret fulfilment of that mission itself.

From the central room, the most secret and most protected, doesn't the Lord of the High Castle have complete freedom of movement over all the rooms and *interior residences* of the castle?

René Guénon's long and mysterious stay in Cairo

The Lord of the High Castle had chosen to go and stay in his Islamic residence for the time he deemed necessary to carry out the superior strategic work and counter-offensive manoeuvres whose occult requirements he alone knew, and this time was the rest of his life. See the site of the former Maison du Roy in Mari y.

Some have been weak enough to believe that René Guénon's doctrine is irreconcilably incompatible with the front line in the great battle for the salvation of the Church and the Kingdom, or, if you like, the imperium. This weakness is culpable, and seriously disqualifies its proponents. This weakness seems to me, above all, to be the harmful product of current influences, of the most advanced manipulations of the power of darkness. We are being asked to treat it as such.

Vigil of arms

Work is underway, some of it quite appalling, to bring down the veneer: all concealment will no doubt soon be useless, since all that matters to us from now on is the operation of this total reversal of the end, which will in itself be its own end and the ultimate end of everything that must come to an end.

The first sign of the imminence of this reversal of the end - and none of us can ignore it - will be the arrival in France of someone whose personal destiny will be revolutionarily identified with our own.

salvation, whose most intimate and, until further notice, most hidden predestination is to bring about our own final suprahistorical liberation, our cosmological liberation. If the present return of the Western consciousness of being to its state of imperial self-imposition requires a formidable undertaking of cleansing through emptying, of ruthless and total elimination of all that has subversively subjected this consciousness over the millennia to the subjection of darkness and non-being, the straightest route to the vertiginous season of this final cleansing is through a return to the immutable principles of our earlier origins, as instructed in the doctrinal work of René Guénon.

Now, in *René Guénon ou la mise en demeure*, Henry Montaigu shows very clearly, and in an excellently military manner, how to use the doctrinally and initiatically decisive work of the great spiritualist of Blois to these ends. The work we need to do, however, will have to be done together, as a community of saints, in the Sancta Communion that the spiritual heroes of Carlism had glimpsed. Henry Montaigu: "The return to oneself is invisible, but it is absolute. The recovery of principles that it implies cannot be achieved by a single individual and goes far beyond the norms of the most exceptional vocations".

We are the Church of the End

History as a fighting Mariology

The ontological advent of the Marian supernatural in the history of the world, committed from the very beginning to its development through the mystery of the Immaculate Conception, was thus to lead, according to the unfathomable designs of Divine Providence, to the mystery of the Assumption of Mary, dogmatically defined and established by our holy Pope Pius XII, in Rome, on 1 November 1950, and the whole adventure of the Incarnation and its Christological procession through history unfolds between the two mysteriosophic times of the Immaculate Conception and the Assumption of Mary, pivotal times. And it is the fiery wake of Christology in history, or rather of history as a Christology in progress, which will reveal in continuation, in a way that is as lively as it is uninterrupted, the flamboyant face of the Church and its terrifying mystery of love: It is Mary who is the Church, because it is Mary who was desired, willed to be the Spouse of God, of whom Mary - and more especially the Immaculate Heart of Mary - is the mirror of the loving nuptial doubling that makes her.

also, the Crowned Empress, alongside God, of all that has been, is and will be, eternally.

Jesus Christ, in whom Love and Charity are identified, and in what incendiary way, and more especially in the imperial mystery his Sacred Heart of *Love*, in the *Incendium Amoris*, thus appears as Emperor in the eternity of the *Regnum Sanctum*, in whom the visible and the invisible, history and eternity, equally Christological, are called upon to identify themselves unceasingly, and to reveal themselves in the very act of their apocalyptic espousal, *when the hour comes*.

However, was it not also said: "As for the date of that day, or the hour, no one knows them, neither the Angels in heaven, nor the Son, no one but God", Mark, XIII. 32.

Our history is nothing more than a story suspended by the secret expectation of its parousial completion.

We, in fact, must take the view that the history of the world and of mankind - of humanity - has ceased to be a history that can be objectively accounted for: everything in it has been totally changed as a result of the direct intervention of the divine within it, in its becoming, as a result of its investment by the divine in the outlines of the mystery of the incarnation of the Word, *et verbum caro factum est*. It was this event that caused everything - history in the first place - to become Christology, in its very principle and following the visible and invisible developments of this principle now in action.

Thus, considered solely in terms of the Marian horizon of its most secret future developments, with the proclamation of the dogma of the Assumption history will cease to be history, in order to

It is a time at once veiled, sovereign and sacred, whose only opening will henceforth be turned towards the end of history and its apocalyptic conclusion, namely the Second Coming of the Risen One, our only Saviour.

Now, what this final apocalyptic conclusion of history, or of the post-history of the Assumption, subject to Mary, is going to be - what it already is - no one, it seems to me, has yet been able to say with such vivid power as our holy Pope Pius XII in his very dazzling Roman address on Easter morning 1957. May these brief prophetic quotations, these invocations charged with a power as formidable as it is immediate, make their own way into us and into today's world:

*"It is necessary remove the tombstone that has been used confine truth and goodness to the grave: Jesus must be resurrected.
a true resurrection, which no longer admits any domination by death
The Lord is truly risen". (Luke XXIV 34). "Death shall have no more power over Him"
(Rom. VI, 9).*

"Come. Lord Jesus! ".

"Humanity does not have the strength to remove the obstacle it has created by seeking to prevent your return. Send your Angel, O Lord, and make our night bright as day".

"How many hearts, O Lord, are waiting for you! How many souls are consumed to hasten the day when you will live and reign alone in our hearts! ".

"Come. Lord Jesus! "

"There are signs that your Return is not far off! ".

Lodged, as we are now by our visionary faith, in the Marian horizon of history, we are already, and will be until the end, in the time after history, the time after history at its end, the time of Mary's Cosmic Kingship, where Mary is called upon to clandestinely carry out her combat, her great final combat against the Mystery of iniquity, a combat whose inner secrets appear transparently in the ^{twelfth} and ^{thirteenth} chapters of the Apocalypse of Saint John :

"A great sign appeared in both: a Woman enveloped by the Sun, with the Moon under her feet and twelve Stars crowning her head: she was with child, and cried out in the pains and travails of childbirth. Then a second sign appeared: an immense Dragon, fiery red" (John XII, 1-3).

The space proper to our future historical actuality will thus be shown to be the very interior space of Marian history after history, the post-assumptional historical temporality and space destined to bear the marks, at once mournful and ardent, of Mary's assumptional departure from the womb of our history, Mary who, at the same time, finds herself in charge of clandestinely waging, from the invisible, the foundational battles of both our own present action, of the apocalyptic climax of history after history, and also of what will come to us with the ultimate Christological conclusion of the latter, namely the Second Coming of Our Lord.

Everything is thus suspended in advance from the succession of stages, events and cosmic battles of Mary in the invisible. Everything is now decided, defined by the very progress of our Marian combat in the visible world, where, "for a certain time", Mary will be supported only by the Archangel Michael.

and the absolutely fundamental task of our own theological consciousness illuminating, from within, this new Marian metahistoricity actively underway, a metahistoricity of dimensions both cosmic and immediately, historically combative, thus appears to be that of dogmatic framing and elucidation, of the definitive dogmatic definition made, by Rome, of this new combative identity of Mary. This Roman dogmatic definition is the only one that will be able to establish the new fields of reality, of proper tension, and also to ensure that it comes to be posited in terms of consciousness, to become the very being of our new theological - theological - and cosmic consciousness of ourselves and of history - of the new Marian historicity in action - as this is invited to be fulfilled according to the still hidden designs of Divine Providence.

For our goal, as we have understood, is none other than that of the irrevocable subjection of civil society and of all historical or transcendental power to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, as this revolutionary subjection might well be conceived, even today, and openly proclaimed by the visionary faith of an Irene Pivetti and of those who stand beside her in the rediscovered light of the ancient *Fede Santa*.

The dogma of the Cosmic Coronation of Mary

Such, then, are the abysmal, providential, immediately divine reasons for being of the imperial, cosmic and supremely loving sovereignty of Mary, a dogmatic sovereignty whose awareness is theologically provided to us at the same time as it is ontologically armed by the new dogma.

the dogma of the Cosmic Coronation of Mary.

Dogma, too, of her Nuptial Coronation. A dogma of the Cosmic Coronation of Mary, whose serious emphasis will be dialectically placed on her nuptial identity: not on the Nativity, on her maternal identity as Mother of the Saviour, but on Mary as Spouse of the Only Father, or Saint Sophia lovingly facing the Holy Spirit. And, as such, as Sovereign Mistress of the entire universe, of the consciousnesses and beings nuptially at work within the Mystery of Charity, a mystery nourishing the totality of being and of the divine and loving consciousness of being. As Living Love, this ontological totality sustains the burning eternity of the *Incendium Amoris*, and will exacerbate it from its very centre, from the Immaculate Heart of Mary, in an exacerbation that exalts itself, within itself, following an infinite spiral. The spiral of the One Desire.

Thus, in laying the foundations for the Roman liturgical feast of the Sovereignty of Mary on 1 November 1954, our holy Pope Pius XII forcefully recalled the terms of his encyclical *Ad Coeli Reginam*, dated 11 October of the same year, and hailed Mary as "Queen and Mistress of heaven and earth", as "Our Queen and Our Lady".

I would also point out that the Marian appellations used on this particular occasion by our holy Pope Pius XII, namely "Sovereign of the whole Universe", "Mistress of Heaven and Earth", "Our Queen and Our Lady", were simply repeating the very titles used to refer to Mary in ultra-academic initiatory organisations. "Our Queen and Our Lady" was simply a repetition of the very titles used to refer to Mary in the ultra-modern initiatory organisations.

They were mobilised by the *Fede Santa*, or the *Fedeli d'Amore*, whose very reserved teaching our great Dante Alighieri had been given the task of expressing 'outwardly', and of perpetuating its spiritual fires through the vehicle of encrypted poetic creation, which was his own and that of his peers.

On the other hand, and I'm not the only one who can - or should - testify to this, the last months of his life, our holy Pope Pius XII sensed very imperiously, in the terms of a living and certain inner inspiration, inescapable, that the Church would soon find herself invited to enter the times - the Great Times - of her Final Renewal, the cosmic times of what the secret - initiatory - Roman tradition - I mean the high occult initiatory tradition of the *Roma Aeterna* - had already known how to call the 'Great Summer'.

"The winter, the dark winter, has already passed, *Jam hiems trasiit* (Cant., II, 11), cried our holy Pope Pius XII on 19 March 1958. And, he added, on the same day and in the very words of Saint Matthew the Apostle. *Prope est Aestas*, "Summer is near, the Great Summer" (Mat., XXIV, 32).

And also, on the same day :

"A great Call to Renewal is passing through the world: will you listen to it? Will you keep quiet about it too?".

Seized as if by the revelation of a lightning inspiration. Pius XII did not fail to affirm, at the time, that this Renewal should be understood as an Awakening. And even more, that "everything in the world is an Awakening", the ultimate paroxysmal moment in the Christological vision of history and the world.

as a resurrectional unity, ontologically founded and made alive by the Risen One himself in his double identity, Eucharistic and to come, the expectation of the Second Coming constituting the very secret - and the salvific, life-giving, unceasingly foundational mystery - of the *Fede Santa*'s interference in the present and final history - in the Christological history - of the world. A world whose appearances, whatever they may be, already conceal a devastating, inextinguishable fire, the very fire of the Awakening. "I have come to cast fire on the earth, and how I wish it were already kindled", Luke 211, 51.

But it already seems clear to me that this immense inner Renewal of Catholicity and of the world in step with Catholicity. This Renewal, foreseen and announced by our holy Pope Pius XII, will concern above all the fact of history's present entry into the times of "history after history", in which the salvific power of Mary alone will henceforth be exercised, of Mary engaged in her battles in the apocalyptic times of the end, and that this Renewal will be, will also be the result of our own awakening to the consciousness of the final change of cosmic jurisdiction, manifesting the invisible sovereignty of Mary "in heaven and on earth", which is the change whose march, strategic structures and unconditional revolutionary impetus it is up to us to govern.

A sovereignty that is above all a fighting sovereignty, a sovereignty that is heroic and loving, because Mary's weapons are the avant-garde weapons of P Amour, and of Charité, which tumultuously receives the very limpid surpluses.

Under Mary's heroic and loving sovereignty, what was Disunited, ontologically founded - or defounded - by the

separation, and through separation alone, will come to be lovingly reunited once again, *sicut erant in principium*. The cosmic season Disunion will thus be revolutionarily replaced by the great cosmic season of Reunion under the incendiary aegis of the mirror of the Immaculate Heart of Mary and its new special protections, far more hidden but also far more powerful than the old ones. For such is the law of the renewal of the Same Love, ever higher, ever more ardent, ever closer to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, ever more hidden on the upward spiral of her eternal nuptial virginity, ever more exacerbated by the fires of the One Desire.

The end of communism and the reunification of the Great Continent

On the other hand, are we going to have to ask ourselves how, and to what ontological depth, these immense spiritual changes of Marian sign announced by the visionary figure of the Renewal, who had so intensely burned the end of the life of our holy Pope Pius XII, are going to have to reverberate at the level of the "great history" of the West and the planet in progress? A history that has come to the end of a final cycle of increasingly twilight cycles, and of which it was intended that we ourselves should be chosen in advance as immobile witnesses, out of reach, but witnesses in arms, *and we ourselves* - as a Miguel Serrano might have said

- sacrificed there, by our very testimony, where the sacrifice

The foundations had to be laid and had been laid, completely. Witnesses in arms, at the same time as being tragically held entirely responsible for what was done, for all that was kept silent, for what was not done and, above all, for what will be done in the end,

definitively, *in aeternum*. To be in arms, is it not to be, forever, at the centre, at the *absolute centre*?

And everything that is now going to have to be done will be done under the sign of the final reintegration of the cycle whose historical march through time had been constituted, affirmed in advance by the disintegration of its own virginal unity of origins: the immaculate Conception of the Beginnings will have to respond, once the present cycle is entirely over, and is not about to be, to the immaculate Conception of the End.

So the Virgin of the End will be the same as the Virgin of the Beginnings, the Virgin of Disintegration will be the same as Virgin of Reintegration, the Virgin of Destruction the same as the Virgin of Salvation and Deliverance, the same as the Virgin of Final Liberation, for *Una est Columba Mea*.

However, since the superior, invisible world, the world of principles and nuptial changes in the divine, is reflected in the visible world, in the phenomenal world of events and history in progress, the advent of a new apocalyptic Marian disposition in heaven cannot fail to be translated, on earth, in visible history, by an analogous movement of virginal return to original unity within what is currently in the state of separation - of disunity - specific to the end of cycles, and all the more so to the end of a final set of end-cycles.

So, with the miraculous, providential collapse of communism, and the return of Russia and Eastern Europe under communist domination to the heart of the Western, European world, the original unity, spiritual, historical unity, unity

of a new overlapping geopolitical consciousness and a new historical consciousness of the Eurasian great-continental space will find itself, for the first time in twelve millennia or more, once again reconstituted, or ready to be reconstituted, revolutionarily. As in its beginnings, the original unity is being reconstituted, is being remade in Mary. Virgin of the Beginnings, *nondum erant abyssi et ego concepta eram*.

At the previous origins of the great cosmic cycle, which is now almost over, there was a single sacred blood, a single polar and solar race, *surya vamça*, a single consciousness of its supra-human, providential and divine predestination. a single living and active religion, a single open history, heroically, tragically stretched forward: to the end of this same cycle and beyond this end. the unity of the previous origins of what we were, of what we are ontologically, in the occult, abyssal part, currently guarded by memory and concealed by it. of our immutable cosmic identity, but crucified and crucified, torn apart on the wheel, will find itself again as before, reconstituted, promised to the burning mystery of its final assumption, presumed to be eternal.

The new revolutionary geopolitical consciousness which today is that of the coming imperial unity of the Great Eurasian Continent, and of what some are already calling the great Eurasian Empire of the End, thus only translates at an immediate, direct historical and political level, the deepest transcendental consciousness of the final recovery of the previous unity, of the original unity of the world and of the Western consciousness of the world and of history.

All consciousness of the final fulfilment of the world and of the history of the world goes, leads, culminates in the accomplished West of consciousness and, by the same token, in the Western consciousness of the end of every end: absolute consciousness is nothing but the absolute West of consciousness accomplished by its ultimate nuptials with itself, and by its assumptive elevation and secret crowning as a loving junction with the supreme Marian mystery, with its *Fulgens Corona*.

Today, Western Europe, Eastern Europe and all the Russias are one again. And this new geopolitical founding unity of Greater Europe is also identified, within the new final Eurasian consciousness of history which is already ours, with the North Asian spatiality of Greater Siberia, and also with India and Japan, as well as with the sacred lands of Central Asia polarised by their inner Thibetan fortress. The ancient and still very secret Eurasian vision of Emperor Nicholas II of Russia, prophetically nicknamed "the Emperor of the Pacific" by Emperor Wilhelm II of Germany, who knew far more about him than was ever known, will thus be verified. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, once again and finally, one and the same living, polar, radiant imperial unity. As we now know, the Great Times are back, and so is the Great Summer.

There can be no New Empire without a renewed religion

However, what underpins any new imperial establishment in history is the prior advent of a new religion, a new rise of the sacred, taking its living foundations and becoming incarnate in the very future of history itself.

And the new advent of being implied by this new nativity and its occult immaculate conception will always bear the inspirational signs of the Religio Novissima, which, by this very fact, also become, and will remain, a new religion. And the new advent of the being implied by this new nativity and its occult immaculate conception will always bear the inspirational signs of the Religio Novissima which, by this very fact, also become, each and every time, the decisional signs of the Imperium Novum.

For it is not the birth of the New Empire that calls for the New Religion, but the mystery of the advent of the New Religion that each time demands, arms, inspires and imposes - in history, and above it, in the occult heavens of supraphysics - the birth of the New Empire.

Today, the rise of a new imperial geopolitical consciousness of destiny, on a grand-continental and Eurasian scale. This is precisely what our holy Pope Pius XII so prophetically foresaw under the guise of this Renewal, this Revival, of which he announced the irresistible salvific imminence. and which we, for our part, have identified as the apocalyptic times to which the final ontological and cosmic kingship of Mary, "Our Queen and Our Lady" (Pius XII), calls.

For us, those of the Revival foreseen by Pius XII, it is the Roman proclamation of the dogma of Cosmic Coronation.

of Mary, who will have to lay the hidden, abysmal foundations of the future great Eurasian Empire of the End.

The failure of Rome Western Europe

The timeframes in which the plans of Divine Providence unfold are not inscribed in time, in the immediate times of human expectation, in profane and illusory times, but in the impenetrable temporality of the Holy Spirit on the march, following the spiral of His endless ascent. and that only the One Desire animates: What the great prophetic pontificate of our holy Pope Pius XII gave us a foretaste of, and a glimpse of, on the basis of the dogmatic foundations that were both new and absolutely decisive that he was able to lay down in the fulfilment of his own mission, the revolutionary pontificate of our great John Paul II will be destined to make history, by imposing the dreaded advent of fact on the very burning hinge of two millennia, one not yet quite finished and the other not yet begun, a hinge which appears, at the same time, as the line of inner tearing and outer affirmation of our own generation. A tragic generation, if ever there was . For we now know that the Third Millennium must be that of the *Regnum Dei*, and that it is up to us to revolutionarily ensure its arrival, with arms in our hands.

John Paul II, who took as his pontifical motto the rallying cry and Marian service of *Totus Tuum*, began by achieving the inconceivable, by defeating the planetary conspiracy and the subversive dominations of Communism by exclusively supernatural means, of an exclusively spiritual and mystical order. In fact, it was by succeeding in consecrating - and this despite the diversionary and criminal obstinacy of the most

the majority of the world's Catholic episcopate under Masonic and Marxist influence, fiercely opposed to the Marian vow of Fatima and to the cosmic imperialism of the Immaculate Heart of Mary - to consecrate, I would say, by a sort of veiled coup de force, Russia to the Immaculate Heart of Mary that, miraculously, John Paul II reduced Communism to defeat from within, "as if of itself", in Russia and in the whole of Eastern Europe under Soviet domination.

On the other hand, when, at the end of the 1980s, John Paul II tried to transfer to Western Europe what had been so decisively successful in Eastern Europe, local resistance to episcopal subversion and the terrifying areas of necrosis more or less clandestinely installed in the very body of the Western Catholic people - resistance that was affirmed, The pontifical initiative for a "new evangelisation of Europe" was cut short, and the counter-strategic actions of the East-West Continental Synod were destroyed before they had a chance to manifest themselves. Clearly, the trial of strength between John Paul II and the Anti-Church of Darkness acting against him and his followers from within his own Church was to result in a total and significant defeat for the Roman positions, which, moreover, almost cost him his life (and this, whether we knew it or not, already on several occasions: as I personally feel duty-bound to show later). Moreover, John Paul II only resigned himself to suspending his great project for a "new evangelisation of Western Europe" in the face of the threat of a declared break with the Church in Western Europe, or rather with

its Episcopal Conferences, the latter saying - in a barely confidential manner - that they were already prepared to place themselves in a state of rebellion, of open insubordination towards the Sovereign Pontiff and against Rome.

It is hard to imagine a more significantly intolerable disappointment for a Sovereign Pontiff reigning from Rome than that of the ostentatious refusal, both fierce and provocative, by the so-called Roman Catholic episcopate of the Church Western Europe - of the "western world" - in those years, to accept the clearly expressed and defined desire of John Paul II to proceed with the traditional takeover of Western Catholicism, devastated from the inside by two centuries of apostasy, including a century of infiltration, reversals and deep Marxist infiltration of Catholic hierarchies, which had become the primary target of special communist apparatuses throughout Europe.

Nonetheless, let us emphasise it forcefully. John Paul II knew very well how to acknowledge the blow, how to immediately turn around a fundamentally negative situation to give it another dialectical direction, another sense of final commitment, and this one posing, from the outset, beyond the *de facto* acceptance of the setback suffered, and assumed. Acceptance of a defeat which, integrated as such into another project of action, was thus dialectically integrated, positively reassumed, so as to become the very fulcrum of its own present and future overcoming, of its resumption, of its recovery already at work and, at work, on a powerfully expanded plane, grasped *at its final limits*.

Subversively aborted, therefore, by the very people who should have borne its immense counter-strategic burden on the ground with heroism and fervour, the project thus postponed of the traditional Catholic takeover of Western Europe responding Eastern Europe's return to fighting Christianity after the providential collapse of Communism and its even blacker supports in the shadows, John Paul II temporarily suspended its execution, so that, without further delay and as if in one and the same movement, he could begin the transition to the implementation of his "great final design", his planetary super-project of which Rome has now become the centre, without further delay, and as if in one and the same movement, to begin the transition to the implementation of his "great final design", his planetary super-project, of which Rome has now become the underground metastrategic pole already in action, namely the super-project of integration - of the planetary convergence, to be worked on by Rome, of the whole front of current human spirituality, and this on the transcendental horizon of the passage to the Third Millennium, the "Advent of the Kingdom".

The passage into the third millennium, which we will have to consider, in advance, as a transcendental opening to the world and to history, through the very implementation of this Roman Catholic spiritual super-project that we are going to call, from now on, by the conventional name of the *Third Millennium Project*, and which, for its part, Rome, for the time being, referred to as the Sinai Project, or *the Mount Sinai Project*.

While it is absolutely certain that, for the time being, Rome is clearly refusing to take any position or make any exhaustive or truly revealing statement on the true final content of the Mount Sinai Project. Rome is clearly refusing to take any position, to make any exhaustive or truly revealing statement on the true final content of the Mount Sinai Project. it is no less true that, at the same time, the rumour is growing and growing with insistence which, still coming from Rome, is already trying to explain the general meaning.

On the horizon of the third millennium, this would propose a foundational gathering based on Mount Sinai in Palestine, involving first and foremost the current Abrahamic religions in their major components: Catholicism, Orthodoxy, Judaism and Islam, to which would be added, perhaps, Mahayana Buddhism and, above all, Grand Vedic Hinduism. The aim would be to bring about a traditional - even traditionalist - convergence of the great spiritualities that are mobilising humanity at a time when prophetically, and in a way that is already implicitly apocalyptic, the immense changes in the visible and invisible destinies of the human race are being announced. These are changes from above, the rise of which we have long been aware, and which are now becoming increasingly impetuous and irresistible. And of which we have just spoken at length here, in the hyperborean shadow of Mary.

Les Deux Etendards: Tradition versus Anti-Tradition

In fact, it is a question of bringing together the living forces of Tradition, in the Guénorian and eternal sense of the term, in the face of the plans for the criminal takeover and total domination of the world and its present and future history by the powers already in action, already almost victorious, of Anti-Tradition and the Mystery of Iniquity standing behind it. This foreseeable, imminent confrontation of Tradition and Anti-Tradition - already half a century ago. Pius XII came to exclaim that the *conflict between Christ and the Antichrist is taking gigantic forms* - will therefore have to decide the ultimate meaning, the definitive form of the relationship between Tradition and Anti-Tradition.

The human race with its own future, with its irrevocable outcomes: the Christologically divinised superman with the traditional, Catholic and polar line of Tradition, or the bestialized subhuman with the infernal line of Anti-Tradition. And here Ton finds the active figure of the fundamental apocalyptic meditation of Saint Ignatius of Loyola that has so fascinated our people, the figure of the meditation of the Two Standards.

Already, with the announced end of ideologies, history - "great history" - was coming under the providential jurisdiction of active theology, and history itself was already becoming theology in advance of the birth, at its very heart, of the movement from the depths that wanted to give theology - I mean Catholicism - the missions of a supreme intervener in the final course of history, whose very acceleration, in its race towards a kind of conclusion that was both as yet inconceivable but already presaged, revealed to those who knew how to see, the imminence of what we are now being asked to face, at the risk of more than life itself, at the very risk of the supernatural condition of humanity saved by the bloody sacrifice of the One Lord of the Vine. Are the burning times of the intelligence hidden in the Wine of Sanctity returning? Thus, following the new metahistorical perspective opened up before us today by the first announcements of the Third Millennium Project, many Catholic initiatives from the fairly recent past are taking on a revelatory, full, immediately decisive significance, *becoming clearer from within*. And yet, *these initiatives*, quite revolutionary in their time, who was able to understand them at their true *level*? But what kind of initiative are we talking about here?

Please note. The *Movement for a Better World* (MMM) of Pie XII. who had wanted to turn Catholicism, openly mobilised in the vanguard of history like another Order of the Temple, into a supranatural battle force engaged against the front line of the devastating interference of the Dark Power secretly in the front line at the end of the planetary war of 1939-1945. and holding in its power the gigantic criminal apparatus of the communist masses and their hierarchies of supervision and clandestine war; as well as the very extraordinary body of eschatological - even apocalyptic - teachings so highly inspired that the same Pius XII was able to mobilise and proclaim, in "the darkest hour". so that they might serve to reinforce and arm what he himself then called the mystery of the coming interior, resurrectional and cosmic Renewal of the Church, and the coming to term of this mysterious Awakening which was to find in it its immediate suprahistoric fulfilment, and its Reign : just as, later, under other pontificates, the profound upheavals preceding the vertiginous event of the Second Vatican Council - unfortunately diverted from its original, supernatural aims, and even from its very identity, by the infernal forces at work in the Anti-Church acting within the Church itself - and from what the Second Vatican Council could have been if it had been possible to save what could not be saved. All these *initiatives*, and many others that were undoubtedly better concealed, were - as we can now understand, and understand it in an active way - so many preliminary attempts, so many successive approaches to the subterranean work continually accomplished by the Holy Spirit with the aim of bringing about, in the end, the culminating and dazzling apocalyptic figure of the Church's direct mission in the world.

history. For in this end, which is almost beyond all , the Church -I mean the Church as such - will have to act, impose its own revolutionary will and its own revelations, its own dialectic of total overthrow, within the history of the world as such, at the end of the history of this world as such. The time has come.

However, and precisely because of all this, a formidable task of surveillance and direct spiritual and counter-strategic control, at all times, is becoming more necessary than ever, a matter of life and death, a matter of eternal life and eternal death, on the part of the living forces invited to respond to the unconditional mobilisation already demanded, now, by a traditionalist undertaking of planetary, immediately metahistorical dimensions, such as that of the Third Millennium Project. And it draws everything to itself.

In fact, a vast disinformation structure is already being put in place, looking for its diversionary marks and accelerated encirclement in relation to the pre-announced positions of the Third Millennium Project.

Paradoxically enough, the first line of attack against the Third Millennium Project is coming from certain fundamentalist circles - in the fundamentalist sense of the term - who are working using essentially fundamentalist arguments and "denunciations", setting in motion openly fundamentalist circles, organisations and bodies of influence. For example, I claim, put into the air by certain more or less specialised organisations, and even more so by successive waves of targeted rumours, that the Project

The Third Millennium would be used by John Paul II to clandestinely bring about the final abdication, without return, of traditional Catholicism in the black waters of an irremissible ecumenism, aimed at deviating from and dissolving the Catholic deposit of our Faith by the vitriol of a globalism of superior Masonic manipulation, or *something else*.

Pretending not to understand - or genuinely blinded by those who, in this case, are manipulating them shamelessly and mercilessly, 'leading them to the slaughterhouse' - the proponents of this disinformative thesis confuse, or deliberately pretend to confuse, an *operation to bring together* the active metahistorical aspirations of the spiritual forces currently invested in the world - including Catholicism - invited, and very precisely by Catholicism, to face up, together, to a final apocalyptic challenge, to the Supreme Challenge of the Power of Darkness, and I don't know what operation of *subjugation*, of I don't know what project of alienation, of dissolution of Catholicism in a state of larval ecumenism which, in any case, would represent a fraudulent, irremissible liquidation of it.

This amalgam is essentially criminal, and must be treated as such, without the slightest complacency aroused by the traditionalist pretensions of its peddlers, even if they are masked for the ambiguous needs of their cause which, moreover, conceals another, more obscure one.

As far as we are concerned, things could not be clearer. What Rome wants to achieve through its Third Millennium Project - or Mount Sinai Project - is to draw up, as a matter of urgency, a transcendental inventory of the world's past, present and future.

of those who, *in the hour to come*, will be under the White Standard, the standard of the Camp of Rome.

The identifications of the Same Faith

Of course, the Holy Spirit, who is God, can do anything. And it is always possible for spiritual convergences to go as far as the total identification of certain religious bodies in presence, so that in the end they become one, but any process of identification that has to go all the way to the end can only bring into unificative - or reunificative - presence parts that were, already, in advance, identical and secretly united by the mystery of their pre-ontological affiliations, and whose separations in the century were only ordered from the outside and for the outside, by the schemes of the secret agents of the century and the decays of the century which, in itself, is but a deceptive and impotent illusion, and nothing compared to the truth inhabiting the inhabitants of truth.

Orthodoxy, for which a man of the extraordinary providential stature of Archbishop Ioannos, Metropolitan of St Petersburg and Ladoga, is currently bearing witness, can and must at all costs meet, without further delay, and meet in terms of a nuptial reunification, a great return, the living and active faith that is currently in Rome under the leadership of John Paul II. And this will be the miraculous finishing touch to the profound mystery which, whatever else may be the case, is immutably at the root of the convergences already underway and which the Third Millennium Project is in charge of.

From now on, as we can see, it is only at the edge of the abyss, and what an abyss it is, that those who seemed to have lost their way will meet again, and it is indeed at the edge of the abyss that I myself will take up today, here, to make our spiritual bread, the statements of Archbishop Ioannos on the subject of the struggle that is common to us: "God has destined us to become contemporaries of the end times. The Antichrist, as a real political possibility of our time, is already beyond doubt",

And what is true for Orthodox Traditionalism - by which I mean the spiritually intact part of it, or rather the part that has not yet been affected, not yet obscured, as in Greece, Serbia and elsewhere, by the nocturnal infiltrations of Masonic anti-Catholicism - can just as well be true for other instances of the Living Tradition that are still active today. For the battle of Tradition is now being waged against the planetary front of the forces of Anti-Tradition, exasperated in the invisible by the conjuration of Aquarius, a front which includes all fundamentalisms bearing Dead Bones and themselves reduced to the state of Klipphoth, whatever side they supposedly belonged to. All the more so since the current great wave of fundamentalisms has been deliberately created for the sole purpose of opposing them, when the time comes, to the positions of the Living Tradition. This *moment*, which, among other things, also represents, for us, the terrible final revenge of René Guénon's teaching, which has been rejected, reviled and denigrated, particularly by the wretched Catholic fundamentalisms or those assimilated to them, which have never been anything but dismal impostures subject, like all fundamentalisms, to the black horror of the Dead Letter. A moment which, dare we say it, might also be called Kàiros.

In any case, this century of inconceivable spiritual depravity and terrifying, black trials for Faith, Hope and Charity, will also have benefited from the truly providential charisma of the series of three sovereign Pontiffs of visionary, eschatological commitment, Pius X, Pius XII and John Paul II, undoubtedly, in the very measure of the great peril that hangs over us, the holiest, most Enlightened of all the history of the Church.

And we also know that the eschatological pope and fighter, the military pope that is our John Paul II, gave his life in advance as a great expiatory and foundational sacrifice, so that the Third Millennium Project could be carried out perfectly and on. An oath and a sacrifice that we must take for granted.

The oath of John Paul II

So John Paul II has, in a way, pledged himself, offered himself personally as a holocaust so that the Third Millennium Project can come to fruition, and so that he can see it with his own eyes after having led us there himself, through the darkness, from battle to battle.

But will John Paul II be able to remain resolute, serene and unshakeable at the head of the armies of his faithful for the twelve or so years it will take to complete the Church's final eschatological programme? The current state of his health, already so sorely tested by the pitfalls that we know and do not even suspect - for the attack in St Peter's Square was only the tip of the iceberg - makes it seem as if he would be able to withstand all the dangers of the future.

difficult to imagine without the direct intervention of divine omnipotence.

In the meantime, while preparing to announce the opening of the next Holy Year in the year 2(XX) with an apostolic writing entitled *Tertio appropinante millennio*, a text which should also constitute his "spiritual testament", John Paul II has on several occasions let the certainty shine through, mystically inspired by his visionary faith, but also by confirmations from the other world, as to the personal deferment of life that would be granted to him by heaven so that he could hope to be able to complete his mission concerning the entry of the Church into the Third Millennium.

On 29 May 1994, as he was leaving hospital, John Paul II confided in me: "These days, I have found beside me the great figure of Primate Wyszynski, who died thirteen years ago. At the beginning of my pontificate, he said to me: "If the Lord has called you, you must lead the Church into the Third Millennium". I now understand that this road is one of suffering

What's more, Roman confidences whose devotional validity is impossible to doubt have also recently and insistently reported an extraordinary apparition - undoubtedly Marian - intended to reinforce John Paul II's assurances of the certain grace granted to him so that the Third Millennium Project - the Mount Sinai Project - would come to fruition, and that his imperial planetary vision would be fulfilled on schedule.

But is it not the Mystery of Faith which, of all the Christological mysteries at work in history today

and beyond, is still the greatest for us? In this way, the new Christological and Marian undertakings for which it is up to us to assume active responsibility will all be operative through the medium, above all, of the Mystery of Faith. What we believe will be. Mystery of Faith, *Mysterium Fidei*: the Fire of the Sacred Blood, the Fire of the Sun that stands at the heart of the Holy Trinity.

We are the Church of the End

As has already been said, vast political gatherings of new power are being prepared on a revolutionary planetary scale, gatherings that will be increasingly justified religious professions of faith.

Through the Third Millennium Project. Rome is committed to developing, at the highest level of rapprochement that can be envisaged by the new metahistorical convergences underway, what will have to be its own camp, the camp of the Freedom of the Spirit. A great light will shine there, a new, sunny, virginal light, the light of Mary, the same light that, projecting itself against the fiery red backdrop of the heavens, will fight and strike down the Negative Entity, the envelope of darkness of the Mystery of Iniquity. It is the light of Maine that will be the bearer of the new imperial salvation of the heavens and the world, and that will illuminate the apocalyptic consciousness of our people from within. Our consciences will be changed according to the changes from Above. Within the Church itself, the choices and the activist gathering of those who will go forth to salvation and its battles of final spiritual liberation under the white banner of Mary will henceforth be made according to the apocalyptic criterion of the

sanctity, of Fiery Faith and of those who have known how to make heroic self-sacrifice in advance.

We are the Church of the End, the Church of the *Regnum Mariae*. In the proper temporality of history after the end of history, which is the limpid and ardent temporality of the *Regnum Mariae*. we will be called live, with the *Imperium*, in the century of all our battles of holiness to come, and, with the *Regnum Mariae*. outside the century: the marriage of the Kingdom and the Empire will be lived ecstatically within ourselves, for every mystery of power and life is a mystery concerning the Inner Kingdom, the Kingdom of the Sacred and Burning Heart of Jesus, whose image Marguerite-Marie Alacoque rightly asked to be placed on the banners of France, which is itself the Inner Kingdom.

Saint Maximilian Kolbe, and our current struggles for continental liberation

Plans for global conquest

In a spiritual conference in 1938, St Maximilian Kolbe declared quite openly: "Let nothing prevent us from achieving our essential goal: the conquest of the world for the Heart of Jesus, thanks to the Immaculate Conception.

This was also forcefully recognised by Cardinal Doepfner, Archbishop of Munich, in the homily he gave in St Peter's Basilica in Rome, the day after the beatification of Saint Maximilian Kolbe: "His tireless missionary charity, which took him as far as Japan and India and inspired him with plans for world conquest, mobilised him completely. He wanted to conquer all men, the whole world, to the Immaculate Conception. That was his life's goal. On a purely spiritual level, his project appears to be extraordinarily modern".

And it is precisely because the inner economy of the work of prophecy, of the avant-garde theological work opening onto the highest, most abrupt paths of active mysticism, which is the written and lived work of Saint Josemaría, is such that it is not only the work of Saint Josemaría, but also the work of the Holy Spirit.

Maximilian Kolbe, seems to us to be, in all certainty, an economy total offensive war that we must now embrace, and openly make our own: Today, we ourselves are engaged in a war of spiritual liberation which, as it reaches its decisive, final phase, must imperatively pass to the stage where only a significant change in its overall strategic vision, its intimate operating regime, can still sustain it, so that from a defensive war, this war which is definitively ours takes the lead to become an offensive war on the imperial totality of the Christological front of our Faith. of our Hope, of our Charity subversively set ablaze by the mystery in action, through us, of *the incendium Amoris*.

Christ is in agony until the end of the world, said a high-flying Jansenist whose state nagationism has not finished mourning us, and disgusting us too, we who think that Christ until the end of the world with a naked sword in his hand, heroically alone against the Power of Darkness.

Christ's bloody sacrifice was, and is, indefinitely an offensive sacrifice, and it was in the spirit of this total militant commitment that Saint Maximilian Kolbe, too, made the charitable and voluntary sacrifice of his life in the bleakness of Auschwitz. A sacrifice in arms, responsible, renewing - every sacrifice renews the world - and raising it to the highest, irrevocable level of its own divine gift of being, to its absolutely polar summit. A sacrifice that bears witness to the burning of a love *that soars above all else*, as the future great saint of Niepokalanow prophetically demanded in a 1938 conference.

However, in a rather mysterious way, Saint Maximilian Kolbe's vision of the active, strategic doctrinal dimensions of his fundamental holy war for the advent of the *Regnum* was an ecstatic vision that was directly and immediately committed to the century, to the time of his own life and to the tragic period of world history during his lifetime, the period of the great European national and social revolutions of the twentieth century. And, by the same token, a vision that is fundamentally engaged in the geopolitical space affected by the historical - and metahistorical - developments of these times in their anticipated future, times that are now complete and over, and already as if outside history, but which will nonetheless soon return and *begin again* at a higher level on the rise of the same prophetic spiral at work.

What, then, was the doctrine of holy war of the future tormented witness of Auschwitz, the active doctrine of his "great holy war", what were the polar lines of force of his vision, both mystical and revolutionary, concerning the present and future war for the *Regnum Sanctum* or, in his own words, for the coming of the Reign of the Sacred Heart of Jesus through the Immaculate Heart of Mary?

Enclosed within itself, every historically significant period of time bears a unique identity seal, accessing an active, living identity that defines it and forges its own destiny, and so everything within the European twentieth century will end up appearing to us as the bearer of a certain ultimate force, a certain formative tendency - Lucian Blaga's *nitus formativus* - through which the occult work of the Holy Spirit in carrying out his tasks is betrayed.

providential. In this way, the European revolutions of the twentieth all end up revealing, through their own developments, the same deep-rooted formative tendency, which is that of the metapolitical implementation of the Greater Europe to come, of the revolutionary definition of the grand continental geopolitical space which will appeal when the time comes - and that time is now - to the constituent forces of the future Eurasian Empire of the End. It is the fundamental geopolitical concept of the *Kontinentalblock*, put forward in his time by Karl Haushofer, which best defines, most exhaustively and at the highest level of destiny, the mystery in action of this imperial and revolutionary formative trend of the twentieth century in Europe. And, in one way or another, everything that has happened within this period of history will bear its mark, everything that is the European twentieth century will be affected by it, entirely committed to the grand continental imperial opening of the current European ethos.

The missionary vision of the imperial and revolutionary Mariology of Saint Maximilian Kolbe will be no exception to this situation, on the contrary: the struggle of Saint Maximilian Kolbe is at the forefront of all the great European battles, present or future, for the advent of a final, unitary and total Eurasian *Kontinentalblock*, providentially turned towards the eternal petition of the *Regnum Sanctum*.

What was the active geopolitics, the transcendental geopolitics we would say today, of Saint Maximilian Kolbe's Marian imperialism? We can say quite clearly that, starting from the Catholic providential core

The metapolitical directions of attack envisaged by Saint Maximilian Kolbe for the offensive penetration of his Marian conspiracy across the continent were three: the USSR, India and Japan.

The identity of views thus appears to be total, between the Christological and Marian vision of planetary and imperial dimensions, which will ultimately have been that of Saint Maximilian Kolbe, and the fundamental geopolitical doctrine of Karl Haushofer, the doctrine of the *Kontinentalblock*, which we are now making our own, while exacerbating it to its very last dialectical and direct revolutionary consequences, adapted to the current evolution of the world situation. A state of affairs which must nevertheless mean something, imposing the immanent conception of a double convergence which, at the most decisive moment, carries the providential sign which reveals its origin, the predisposition conceived elsewhere and which must remain, which will remain hidden. An immanent conception that will conspiratorially change the face of this world.

An abyssal word if ever there was one: "The Immaculate has her plans, her projects. It is up to us to allow her to guide us each day, each moment ever more perfectly, where, when and how she pleases" (1937).

The end of USSR, a direct action of the Immaculate Heart of Mary

On the eve of the Second World War, the formidable threat posed by the USSR and the subversive global penetration of Soviet communism and its shadowy allies and sponsors made any major political initiative uncertain.

European Union. At the same time, in the event of a German-Soviet confrontation, the Masonic democracies of Europe and America had already chosen their side. There seemed to be no way out, the Gates of Darkness were closing in on us.

It was then that Saint Maximilian Kolbe chose to launch his dazzling spiritual attack against the USSR and world communism, an attack whose supreme activist point was immediately polarised by the founding prophecy of his anti-communist doctrine

The day will come," said Saint Maximilian Kolbe, "when, on the highest tower of the Kremlin, the Red Star of Communism will be miraculously replaced by the resplendent white statue of the Virgin Mary. And so , against all odds, as we saw. And this is only the beginning; the profound revivifying work of the Immaculate Heart of Mary in Russia is far from having shown its full extent, from revealing the secret of its ultimate intentions. As Saint Maximilian Kolbe said, "Prayer brings the world back to life" (1940).

For, today, we no longer ignore the fact that it was indeed the Immaculate Heart of Mary which, by its own means, from the invisible, finally prevailed over the gigantic political-revolutionary fortress of the USSR and the planetary conspiracy of communism. And it did so apparently without a fight, so that the knot of over-activated darkness at work from Moscow unravelled from within, silently, without any rational explanation whatsoever, and withdrew and disappeared, self-annihilating, from the field of visible world history.

It should also be noted that Saint Maximilian Kolbe founded his *Militia Immaculatae* in Rome in the same days as the solar and cosmic miracle at Fatima in Portugal, confirming Mary's great promise, to her Immaculate Heart, Communism would finally be defeated from within, and Russia would be nuptially brought into the camp placed under the White Standard of Christ, of Christ the King, *Vexilla Regis Prodeunt*.

And that is precisely what is happening now. Already today, in Russia, new and sometimes very powerful men are acting openly, keeping watch from the impregnable heights of the Spirit, who is unfurling the invisible spirals of his polar decision, his decision of salvation and liberation. It is high time, it seems to me, that people in Western Europe became aware of the meaning of the active presence, in the depths, of a man like Monsignor Ioannos. Metropolitan of St Petersburg and Ladoga, and so many others, both civilian and military, still in hiding or already fighting their battles in broad daylight. I am speaking from the depths of *another history*.

Of course, post-communist Russia is not quite back to being the Holy Russia of today, but it is on the way becoming so again. Considerable forces have arisen which intend to make the New Russia the vanguard strategic platform of the Greater Europe towards Asia, directed towards India and Japan, and which, by the same token, intend to make Greater Siberia the major geopolitical tax of the future Eurasian Empire of the End.

The great clandestine spiritual work and agitation that Saint Maximilian Kolbe and his mystical meddling devices had instigated and organised in what was then the Soviet Union will therefore, many years later, and Russia once again Russia, bear its incandescent fruits of living embers. What had been done then, in the invisibility of prayer and faith, beyond history, charitably committed today in the open, becomes, in the visible, an immediate and youthful revolutionary emergence, salvific, posing itself, directly, in terms of active liberation at the very level of the new world history already in the making. The army of shadows of the *Militia Immaculatae* joins the ranks of those who, today, continue the same struggle in the visible.

And the rest of us are now taking over, without a care in the world. For we know: we are now vertiginously approaching the time of the Final Test.

Carrying the Saint-Feu in India

But further still, in the terms of his own revolutionary approach, within the secret prophetic doctrine of Saint Maximilian Kolbe, the central place of the Great Reversal would have to be held by India, which the visionary from Niepokalanow had understood had to become the mystical axis of entire mobilisation around which the future Catholic conversion of the entire Great Eurasian Continent would have to revolve, like a new galaxy of fire in the darkness of this world.

The impossible conversion of India was Saint Maximilian Kolbe's all-consuming secret, his incurable wound. The

Catholic conversion of India. living foundation of the Catholic conversion of the Great Continent. On the other hand, Saint Maximilian Kolbe never admitted defeat.

For Japan, as we shall see, he other assurances, another kind of certainty.

And yet, even if Saint Maximilian Kolbe did not have enough time to *take action* towards India, he was still able to begin the initial process of the future Catholic conversion of India at another, higher, invisible level.

It is well known that Saint Maximilian Kolbe succeeded in establishing, during his providential journeys in Asia, contacts of a singularly confidential nature with qualified representatives of higher, central and polar Hinduism. And that he had thus undertaken doctrinal approaches, sowed deep seeds destined to bear fruit very soon afterwards, that he had been able to find what in traditional Hinduism had always been concealed as an expectation, as a predisposition towards Catholic preaching in its ultimate, summit, cosmic states, an expectation, still at work, towards the apocalyptic Catholicism, from beyond history, whose time has now come.

Saint Maximilian Kolbe had very secretly stirred up a coming tidal wave in the depths of living Hinduism, which some of us believe will soon reach its intended shore. When we least expect it. A gigantic, abyssal tidal wave, the signs of which we know to be imminent and almost already in the making. Signs that we have learned to watch out for in ourselves.

The sustained, activist interest that we ourselves are currently showing in India, manifested, among other things, through presence and penetration organisations such as our *Groupement de Recherches Géopolitiques pour la plus Grande Inde*, will find a kind of veiled explanation in this.

In Japan, major battles interrupted

The apostolic career of Saint Maximilian Kolbe and his companions in Japan, their pitiful tribulations in the visible world, are, all things considered, much better known than their spiritual labours in India. Despite this, only a very small number of people know about the terrible hidden glory that was bestowed on Saint Maximilian Kolbe in Japan, for a privileged and absolutely unique moment. But what we need to know above all is that Saint Maximilian Kolbe had to experience, in Japan, the darkest throes of his spiritual crucifixion and the heroic, loving acceptance of this to the very *depths* of his flesh, to the very breath of his life and self-awareness.

"The sign of divine election, from which no one can escape, is tribulation. On the high spiritual road, tribulation takes the place of ordination. Without the inner turmoil of tribulation, without its dark nights, there can be no decisive attempt at spiritual fulfilment", Frédéric Luz once told me.

What more atrocious experience of the great tribulation than that of the apostolic sojourn of Saint Maximilian Kolbe and his companions in Japan, where nothing had been given to them.

spared in the ordeal of human degradation and despair. There are now books available in French which detail the life of Saint Maximilian Kolbe and that of his companions, and I know of some which say almost everything you need to know about the terrible times of trial and tribulation they had to endure in Japan, and where Saint Maximilian Kolbe himself had almost sunk into defeat, lost in the premature interruption of his struggle by powerlessness and misery, by illness, by dereliction, when everything seemed to be slipping away from him and within him.

But it is no less certain that it was in Japan that Saint Maximilian Kolbe experienced, as we have just said, the instance of his most decisive spiritual elevation, what we might call his secret confirmation in the order of accomplished holiness. For, as Saint Maximilian Kolbe once said, "I have been given assurance of this from heaven", while adding, precisely, that "what I have just told you about happened in Japan". In this regard, I would like to quote some extraordinary passages from the official Acts presented at the Warsaw Rogatory Process for the beatification of the Saint of Niepokalanow. Extraordinary, these passages from the Warsaw Rogatory Trial? Let us be the judge.

On 10 January 1937, Saint Maximilian Kolbe gathered around him some of those closest to him. In the grip of vibrant emotion himself, "the testamentary discourse he gave them at the time seemed to be bathed in an intensely Christ-like light.

Saint Maximilian Kolbe began by telling them that "now I am with you. You love me and I love you. I am going to die, but you will stay. You call me Father Guardian, and I am. And also: "Through me, you have received that spiritual life which is the divine life, and that religious vocation which surpasses your earthly life". Then he spoke to them at length about the Immaculate Conception: "Entrust yourselves to her totally. And also: "Only the Holy Spirit can give the grace to know His Bride, to whom He wills and when He wills".

But the decisive revelation only came later. I quote from the Proceedings of the Warsaw Rogatory Trial:

"Then he looked at all of us, seized with a kind of fear; but we insisted and asked him not to hide anything and to tell us everything.

Well, I'll tell you," he added immediately, "I told you I was extremely happy, and overflowing with joy. And that's because I'm sure of it: the assurance of heaven has been given to me.

"Isn't it enough, perhaps, for you to have known that? And since you're so insistent, I'll add this: what I told you about happened in Japan. I won't add anything else, so don't ask me any more questions on the subject.

*"I'm asking you not to tell anyone about this while I'm still alive.
Promise me*

On that day, Saint Maximilian Kolbe confessed that "I have been given the assurance of heaven", and he also said that "what I have told you about happened in Japan". Undoubtedly, at the level of appearances, of the immediate and the obvious.

inscribed in time. But the prophetic, supra-temporal understanding of history, of the things that are to come, can open up a different, revolutionary, absolutely different perspective before us. For the unquenchable fire that Saint Maximilian Kolbe kindled remained hidden, and because it could not be quenched, it continued to burn, and still burns, underground, in Japan, awaiting the day when it will be allowed - or asked - to emerge into the full light of day. Just as Saint Maximilian Kolbe's prophecy about the Kremlin being dwarfed by the dazzling white statue of the Immaculate Conception was fulfilled, another prophecy, also from the *Militia Immaculatae*, affirms that Japan will become, at the beginning of the third millennium, the glowing hotbed of a new Catholicism, radiating throughout the world its traditionalist faith renewed by a dizzying devotion to the Immaculate, "the One Mistress It is also said that the amorous explosion of Japanese Catholicism will transfigure, from the depths, the world and the history on the march of the third millennium. Today, no one wants to or, above all, can allow themselves to believe in the awakening of a conquering Catholicism in Japan, a new "great Catholicism" in action. It is also that we forget how, by the sole operation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, the worldwide conspiracy of communism supported by the politico-strategic superpower of the USSR was wiped off the face of the earth in less than ten days, smoothly and without a trace, as if it had never existed.

In a certain sense, for Japan, this had in fact begun in 1945, with the negationist conflagration of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the only two Catholic cities in the world.

Japan and for that very reason chosen to be minted, destined for annihilation. And if the humble establishments of the former mission of Saint Maximilian Kolbe in Nagasaki were perhaps the only ones to have withstood the nuclear fire of the disintegration of matter, it was because, symbolically, there had been in place, already in action, the fire of the future spiritual reintegrations destined to carry Japan towards the immense burning bush that will be the world of the fulfilment of the plans of the Immaculate Heart of Mary and of her passionate *Incendium Amoris*. The fire clandestinely buried in Japan by Saint Maximilian Kolbe during his terrible trials of love there, in Nagasaki and elsewhere.

Saint Maximilian Kolbe, in 1932: "Love, in essence, must transform us, thanks to the Immaculate Conception; it must consume us and, through us, set the world on fire and destroy and burn away all the evil in it. This is the fire of which the Saviour said: I have come to cast a fire upon earth; and how I wish it were already burning! For this is indeed our secret task, to *set the world on fire*, and for this fire to take hold and devour everything, the limpid fire of the *Incendium Amoris*.

Two organisational theses for us to adopt

We've always said, from the outset and even, in a way, before we committed ourselves to it, that we are agents of influence and penetration of the *Incendium Amoris*, its special corps of close protection.

The aim of St Maximilian Kolbe's *Militia Immaculatae* was also, in the final analysis, that of total service to the *Incendium Amoris*, fuelled from within, exhaled, and directed into battle by the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

So it turns out that not only are the *Militia Immaculatae*'s Greater European and Eurasian geopolitical vision and our own identical, but also - and above all - our commitments to the living mystery of the *Incendium Amoris* and to the only source of its conflagration, its One Mistress, are also identical.

Two fundamental organisational theses of Saint Maximilian Kolbe, theses concerning the in-depth work of the *Militia Immaculatae* in a situation of conspiratorial combat in the immediate future, must also be made our own, because they define the essential metapolitical modalities of the combat on our own terrain, a fight for total power - by which I mean de facto power, not necessarily nominal power - at a time when world history is approaching the line of no return, the apocalyptic instances of its own completion. Didn't Saint Maximilian Kolbe say in 1940 that *God wants us to govern the world through prayer*, from within and in the shadows?

So the two organisational theses of the *Militia Immaculatae* that we should adopt are the following:

- (1) "*Militia Immaculatae* must be 'transcendent' rather than 'general', i.e. that it does not become just one organisation alongside many others, but rather that it penetrates deeply into all other organisations" (1935).
- (2) "In the *Militia Immaculatae* it is important to distinguish between two things: essence and accidental things. The essence does not include this or that form of organisation.

but the consecration of oneself to the Immaculate, an unconditional and unlimited consecration; the love of the Immaculate, to the point of radiating outwardly from oneself, to such an extent that the souls around us are set ablaze by this fire" (1938).

Mary's love in us, a suprahistoric weapon of combat

The tremendous breakthrough, the revolutionary novelty of Saint Maximilian Kolbe's vision of the activist and ultimate Marial meaning of the history of this world and of the final destiny of mankind lies, as we must have already understood, in the fact that it is no longer man who is the fundamental agent of history in , but the saint, the more than man.

-the superman final - transfigured in his own being - ontologically transmuted - by its nuptial reabsorption in the burning and devouring mystery of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, by what Jean-François Villepelée will call the "disappropriation of self" in Mary.

At the end of history - and we ourselves are now living the time of the Great Final Cycle of a series of cycles that have already come to an end - only holiness can still hope to be given the latitude to intervene in the visible and invisible future of history, of "great history". Outside holiness, in history as in the life of each one of us, everything is now darkness and darkness of darkness.

Thus, in order to penetrate history, so that she may act there in fulfilment of the very occult designs of Divine Providence, Mary, who is not of this world, requires the work of

of these men of abysmal vision and unconditional sacrifice who, while remaining in this world, become - through the disappropriation, in it, of their self - clandestine representatives, channels of interference and intervention through which the other world can subversively gain access to this one. They are in this world, while already being outside it, living holiness having made them more than human, "saved in life".

Saint Maximilian Kolbe, 1938: "The Immaculate directs us totally so that our 'I' may disappear and be consumed, so that we may set as our goal, in our soul, her cause; that it may no longer be our cause, but hers.

Saint Maximilian Kolbe, 1933: "Let us open to her our heart and soul and body and everything without restriction and without limit; let us consecrate ourselves to her totally, without any limit whatsoever, to be her servants, her sons, her unconditional property so that in a certain way we ourselves become her living, speaking and acting in this world. And also: "We would like to be possessed by her so that she herself thinks, speaks and acts through us. We would like to belong so much to the immaculate one that there is nothing left in us that is not her, so that we are as it were annihilated in her, that we are changed in her, that we are transubstantiated in her, that she is all that remains.

And, in 1945, our Saint Pius XII: "Consecration to the Mother of God is a total gift of self, for the whole of life and for eternity",

For, as Jean-François Villepelée will say, "in this way the goal of our consecration is achieved: the Immaculate Conception can carry out through us the mission entrusted to her".

The future of history at its end is now posed only in terms of holiness, and the history of the end will be made only by the very high Marian conspiracy of the saints, the "Saints of the Last Days" whose coming was announced at La Salette. Mélanie: "The times are ready, the abyss is opening If humanity still wishes to save itself and be saved, it must convert to a superhumanity, irreversibly settling into the fiery horizon of its own supernatural elevation. Ultimately, the *Militia Immaculatae* is an immense army of saints, sacrifices who have exchanged their human identity for the supernatural identity of their increasingly advanced integration into the living and ardent mystery of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

We will be able to do the same in our own current organisations, because we no longer know anything about what we still have to do, and within what timeframe of ontological urgency.

On the other hand, are we not justified in thinking that the struggle which Saint Maximilian in Kolbe had begun on earth - and which was interrupted under the final investment of history by the inner and outer conjuration of darkness with its supra-historical and unavowable epicentre, as we know? as well as by the mysterious charitable commandment of his own mercedary death - a battle waged against the very front of the Power of Darkness, he can continue it, at another level, from the heights of heaven, and that this battle being today, also, our own battle, his invisible presence in our ranks should be held as something certain, exalting, saving.

yet completely secret? The greatest danger today is concentrated around Rome. It is towards Rome, therefore, that we are organising our initiatives to break the encirclement that is preparing to make Rome definitively no longer part of Rome. We will ensure that the eschatological pontificate of John Paul II is not undermined in any way, and we will always remember the prophetic words of Henry Montaigu, who said that it is not Rome that protects the Kingdom, but the Kingdom in Arms that is responsible for protecting Rome.

What is the hidden source of our combat directives?

The decisive visionary altitude to which the future saint Maximilian Kolbe had been invited to work had appeared for what it was from the very first days of his action - from the very first founding moment of the *Militia Immaculatae* - when, at its regular constitution in Rome on 16 October 1917, he had, from the outset, directed the whole series of secret apocalyptic battles and, later on, also discovered, of which he knew himself to be - and wanted to be - the chosen, predestined precursor, towards the nuptial horizon of the Immaculate Conception, on the very person of Mary as she is after the Assumption.

For it is Mary who has the supreme eschatological task of crushing the Serpent's Head with her Virginal Talon, and thus bringing the cycle of our salvation and redemption to a victorious close. Thus, the fundamental apocalyptic mystery consists in the fact that the general command and the execution in progress of the ultimate metastrategic project of the battles of our salvation and redemption have been entrusted to Mary.

have been entrusted to her who, with the sole support - in these times - of T Archangel Saint Michael, will have to do everything, through the disappropriation of her people, all of whom - whether they know it or not - committed to the ranks of the *Militia Immaculatae*, she - and she alone - until the incommunicable hour when Jesus will appear for the completion in eternity of the work of arms, of the loving availability and the fiery breath of Mary, prey and consenting victim of the incandescent vertigo of Eternal Desire. For everything she is so eager to do, she does only out of love, the very love of the Empress wife, the Military wife. And let's remember this new apocalyptic title of *Military Wife*, which, from now on, will be the highest "word of recognition" granted to our people.

The terrible final hostilities are now underway, in heaven, and we ourselves are engaged in them with all our life, with our death and the afterlife of our life and death, fully committed at Mary's side. And if, at present, it seems that it is the cosmic - and I would add, metacosmic - conspiracy of the ontological enemies of the human race that has the upper hand, it will not always be so, because soon *everything will change*. Soon, *now*.

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