

DE PROFUNDIS

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And the free of the world reply...

Argentine National Anthem

PRINCIPIUM-CONSUMMATUM

The Beginning and the End

Heaven and Hell

Einstein and Planck

Light and Shadow

The Muses' Song

And the Geometry of Life

PRE-LUDERE

The profound things are said at the moment of parting.

The Master's Retreat

“I have taught you all I had to teach you”

For twenty years I walked through the wilderness meditating on the meaning of these words, words that continued to echo in my ears as a prelude to an Unfinished Symphony. And I say “unfinished” because I felt unfinished myself. Something had broken! I could not understand it immediately, but a wave of strange melancholy left a deep mark in my heart.

Today I understand it: it was a sign, an announcement, a touch.

And I say that I meditated for twenty years on the meaning of this Retreat because the Master's Retreat worked in me as a symbol of the Retreat of all the Masters. I travelled the dark labyrinths of philosophy and the illuminated paths of science, but the land was dry and desolate. I felt fatigue in my bones and anguish in my soul, and when the night fell I stopped by the well in search of water to quench my thirst. And then I fell asleep...

And the starless Night said everything that it had to say.

But what can I say now when I pick up the thread of my thoughts? It is not that everything is completely clear to me, but (De Profundis) I sense that the same Word that hides behind the veil of the Retreat is returning (transfigured) to my own life. And it speaks to me:

From another *state* of Matter.

From another *sign* of the Time.

From another *rhythm* of the Heart.

The world has changed and I myself speak from another *place*. And I speak with the mountains and rivers, with the messengers who left the earth and with those who are on the earth and have no place on the earth.

Until 1968 we still believed we could transform the world. After that it would be too late. We were unable to measure our forces. Today we come up against a barrier that is difficult to breach.

FROM ANOTHER *STATE* OF THE MATTER

There is no more time for dreams

17 October 1996

The sun was in my face when I woke. I had been working on my memoirs until late and fell sound asleep on a pile of books, letters and memories. I was about to tidy all that study material when I suddenly remembered what I had dreamed: I was in what seemed to be an old house, a large room, many people coming and going, almost all of them strangers, although among the crowd I recognized the faces of some old acquaintances. The meeting was something like a convention, congress or assembly where an important issue was to be addressed. Everyone there had already been assigned a place, a place they were going to occupy, but I did not have a place and I looked for somewhere to sit. Suddenly the scene changed, everyone had left the room and we were now in a garden, gathered around a main figure with whom they conversed animatedly. I went over to the meeting, hoping to hear what they were saying. My sensation was that of being in the group without belonging to it. Finally the lecture ended, the assembly had also ended and all those present headed towards the door. Then I went over to the person who seemed to be the master or leader of the group (whom I somehow recognized) and I asked him some questions about issues I considered fundamental. We walked for a while together, he answered me kindly but distantly, without committing himself to questions of principles.

It wasn't the first time that I had had a dream like this, dreams that I call "encounters in the shadows," because effectively I was there in human scenarios with no light and no voice. I was a shadow among shadows in a "theatre of shadows."

The memory of this dream did not wake me completely, but there was no more time for dreams. I had some business to attend to in the banking district, I left home and took the bus that would take me to Chacarita and the C line of the subway. When I got off the bus on my way to the underground world I came up against the human river coming out of the subway's mouth and flooding the street like a torrent of wordless voices. It was not the first time that I had experienced the sensation of "foreignness" in

bathing in the choppy waters of anonymous crowds, but in today's unpleasant encounter a different note resonated.

In general I walked the streets with my eyes lowered, attempting to think the unthinkable: what was beyond the theory of relativity? Closer to home than the big bang of cosmological theories? On the other side of time's arrow? At times in the night of the soul a sudden light shone out of the mystery, but it was necessary to give "shape" to the primitive intuition, "word," language to fit the time, the period, the history. And that translation of the unthinkable into thinking required inner silence amid the noisy crowd. Hence my eyes were lowered, my heart attentive and my hearing far from the voices of the city. But today things were different. I was relaxed, no longer with my eyes down, but looking into the distance, to the horizon of time, with no metaphysical problem to resolve, with no inner dialogue. I could almost say I walked in placid contemplation. Suddenly my heart stopped in the human stream coming out of the subway exit and walking in the opposite direction to me. And I saw faces that were masks, that said nothing, that were going nowhere. But behind those masks, those expressionless gazes, I saw a gaze that was looking at me.

What do I mean by all this?

In reality I cannot say a thing! I have no words to explain what is deep. It is the darkness of the depths coming to the light in search of the word.

I realize that there is a dynamic of life and death that goes beyond the laws of physics and the logic of time.

But what does this "encounter among masks" in the streets of Buenos Aires, in Chacarita, "where the dead bury their dead," have to do with the dream I had last night and with "relativity," "time's arrow" and the "gaze"?

We won't understand each other with words!

I cannot communicate with the shadows of my strange companions in the dream or with the stone faces of the equally strange passers-by whom I meet along the way. Nor can I communicate easily with what the theory of relativity or time's arrow does not say. It is no longer time for dreams or words. The world is a different place. It has become strange to us. And we ourselves go here and there as strangers in a world

without a home.

What is the left in the world when the fire in the hearth goes out?

When I returned home, I remembered that it was 17 October, anniversary of the “Day of Loyalty” for historic Peronism. I saw on television the commemoration ceremony that was taking place, with a small audience, at Perón's mausoleum in the Chacarita cemetery. Saúl Ubaldini, former secretary general of the General Labour Congress and one of the last trade union leaders of the 1945 vanguard, gave a long speech in homage to the political leader, vindicating his doctrine of social justice. But, undoubtedly, times have changed. The revolutionary principles of 1945 have been replaced by the liberal economic model, the “privileged” were no longer children but multinational companies. Evita, the flagbearer of the workers, was no longer here and her place on the balcony of the Casa Rosada had been occupied by Madonna in Alan Parker's film. In this new historical context Ubaldini, in a desperate gesture to invoke the spirit of “loyalty” that appeared to be weakening behind the masks of strange “comrades,” raised his hands to the sky and cried out loud, “Loyalty, yes! But loyalty to what?” These are the same words that the despairing multitudes who walk the uncertain paths of the modern world cry out in silence.

And I ask again: what is left in the world when the fire in the hearth goes out?

There remains entertainment, information, the disillusioned soul!

Fire ceremony in the starless night

*The lighting of the matter
unifies the meaning of the word*

28 October 1996

We no longer understand each other with words. We have touched a wave of anti-meaning, a tragic sense of history. The logos that is coming no longer comes to us from another word but from another state of the matter.

This that I have just written on this dawn of 28 October is not something that I have thought, but which comes to me (is given to me) from the un-thought. I hear the rhythm, the pulse, the heartbeat of the great current of life, but what is the source from where the river springs?

Above all (and trying to shed light on what seems dark), in what time does the meaning of an un-thought word come to me? It comes at the age of seventy -seven if I measure time by the Gregorian calendar, but in two cycles of seven “notes” each if I lend an ear to the inaudible movement of the current of fire that ascends and descends along the seven chakras of the symbolic physiology of my own body. And when I prepare myself, no longer to merely “hear” but to penetrate that enigmatic current, I become aware that I myself am the Serpent of Fire that disintegrates and illuminates my own matter and travels the circuit of the seven chakras as if wanting to get off the wheel of time in search of the eighth chakra.

What's that? Weren't there seven chakras? Well, that's what I was told... However, I was going in search of the eighth.

But is there really a “way out”?

There is a frontier that has not yet been explored: a point of contact of the soul with the profound root of life that I would qualify as “catastrophic”. On reaching this critical point the sacred fire can burst into the dark night of the matter and make the human world explode, lighting up a new destiny.

How to explain these things? The thing is that here there are no “things” or anything to “explain”! There only remains the simple inexplicable occurrence: “lighting” of the matter, “expansion” of the consciousness, “transfiguration of life.”

And what happens when there is no way out? Then come the insects, the killer viruses, the elemental forces of the underworld. In other words, when there is no exit through “expansion,” humans, society, the stars and the whole universe collapse through “implosion.”

A few days ago I saw on television the image of a catastrophic social event that left me speechless, with no theory of revolution, no philosophy of history. As in the Greek tragedies, all the characters were left voiceless and only the fire crackled in the silence as the messenger of Destiny. What had happened? In a very poor neighbourhood, a shantytown, an 11-year-old girl was electrocuted to death when she went to fetch a ball that had fallen into a neighbour’s house. A single man who had built his precarious dwelling in that place had apparently tired of the children coming in to fetch their ball and had electrified the wire fence surrounding the house. The girl tried to cross the fence and turned into uncontrollable fury. An angry human mob tore down the wire, rushed the premises and with their own hands, sticks and stones, took out their indignation on the precarious dwelling where nobody was at the time (only a dog, which escaped.) They tore down walls, the roof, doors, windows. Everything flew through the air and landed on a pile of rubble that would soon receive the house’s few pieces of furniture and appliances to become a giant burning pyre. And a chorus of voices, insults, threats: the women cried, the men clamoured for justice or revenge, the children watched in silence as the flames rose to the sky. A police officer who came to the scene was questioned by a journalist: “Why did the police not act when they saw that the violence was getting out of hand?” And the police officer, a sensible man in the end, replied: “What could we do? The people were indignant. Should we have cracked down on them?”

In some way a sacrificial rite had been consummated. The owner of the property had fled, the 11-year-old girl had died, the fury of the neighbourhood died down, the police authority brought silence... and the fire burned on the altar. Who was guilty? The man who had electrified the fence to defend his property? The girl’s imprudence? The children who played ball and put the neighbour out? The parents of those children who did not notice the danger? Or the police who were unable to defend the right to private property? Or is it human poverty itself, the contained social force that, in not finding a way out “upwards,” in the direction of the creation of the world, flows “downwards” where it explodes “by implosion” (and degradation) in the shantytown where the 11-year-old girl lives who we (all of us) have chosen as the scapegoat? A “collective

sacrifice of the innocent”?

I watched the fire that the television camera placed in the foreground, I wanted to “see” what was hidden behind the representation of the tragedy. I say tragedy because nothing (and nobody) was left there. The drama had been transferred to an invisible stage. What was burning on that “other” stage was not the wretched material plundering of the unknown proprietor who had fled without understanding; what was burning was our own moral poverty.

Moral poverty? Yes, but by “moral poverty” I do not refer to the ethical judgement that may arise from a philosophy of values, social politics or moral theology. Here there is nothing to interpret, because it is my own matter that is burning beside the table, the chairs, the bicycle, the mattress, and beside the sorrow and helplessness of the protagonists present at and absent from this sacrificial rite. Perhaps “we all” have been chosen here by Fate to unveil the same *mysterium iniquitatis*.

Alchemical transmutation of matter into the sacrificial drama of our time

I had known the “dark night of the soul” but I was far from imagining that an even darker state awaited me: the “dark night of the matter.” Here all words end and all images fall: the underground is deserted and without water and no one knows who is who anymore.

A new cosmic feeling today marks the time of humans and points to their new place in the world. And from that “other” place we sense that the deepest transformations of life no longer occur in the temple of Apollo but in the forge of Vulcan. In other words, the key to “inhabiting” the coming world is not another idea but another “matter” (which is the same as saying another configuration of forces, another geometry of electrochemical pulses.) All this leads me to think that we are not going to get very far with the class of “matter” that makes up our bodies. It puts up too much resistance to the passing of light. It is not that in the century so far prophetic messages of liberation have not appeared on the earth, from messengers of science, philosophy, art, social revolution, mysticism, but the “dark matter” that we have “swallows” the essence, the truth, the meaning of all messages, both the light ones and the dark (a “whole” that profits from it.)

The coming god no longer asks permission to enter a person’s home. Before knocking on the door he has already knocked down the house. Returning to the drama of the shantytown, the “fire” that destroyed the precarious dwelling of the unknown occupier got there before social justice and the dialectics of history. And the same happens with the “fire” of drugs, HIV, killer bacteria, unemployment due to the impact of technology, the decline of the immune system due to social pressure. The old human matter cannot resist the blows of the new god nor the cunning of modern demons.

The challenge we have before us (and within us) in clashing head on against a wave of anti-meaning is no longer of a political, social or economic nature, nor even metaphysical, theological or technical. It is the interaction of cosmic powers that involve humans in their whirlwinds of “meaning /anti meaning”. In other words, “human matter” itself is trapped between the anti-gravitational field of the light that enters and the devouring jaws of the underground abysses. We are reaching critical points of instability of live matter, dangerous fluctuations between light and shadow

that lead us to the limit of an extreme experience, where “in wanting to save the life we could lose it” but also where “in losing it” we can sense for the first time the ecstasy of “sacrificial expansion”.

Modern biology (Prigogine and his school) has discovered in the laboratory these critical points of phase transitions, bifurcations of paths, catastrophic fluctuations of living systems, where far from the thermodynamic balance the current of life dances to another rhythm in search of more life. But today, no longer in the laboratory but in the human world, the challenge presented to us by life at the frontiers of insecurity and non-balance is to discover the laws of this “initial” rhythm that has already installed itself in the very heart of the matter. At this level of profound conscience (*De Profundis*) the answer is no longer ideological, philosophical or technical, but *Genetic*.

I read in the Buenos Aires newspaper La Nación that a group of scientists investigating Chagas disease joined a NASA programme to develop new medications in space through crystallographic technology. Why in the laboratory of a space capsule? Because only in space, away from the distortions caused by terrestrial gravitation, is it possible to obtain protein crystals with a high level of perfection. Marvellous! But this is only one side of the experimentation that is being done at the frontier between two worlds. Because on the “other” side, in the secret laboratory of the earth, where the currents of life and death “gravitate /anti - gravitate”, in the deep heart of humans, in the critical point of reversibility of all values, a new matter is “gestating”, the prefiguration of new functions of life. It is no longer a matter here of experimental technology but of sacrificial drama: *Mysterium of expansive sacralization of human matter*.

We are beginning to become aware of “another” destiny.

Between the two poles of the spiritual axis of the world, between the ineffable luminosity of the high peaks and the terrifying darkness of the abyss, at the critical hour of maximum desolation of the soul, when the logos that had led us here pronounces its last word: “Father, why have you forsaken me?” ... Here, if we have enough spiritual strength to resist the last temptation of the heart of flesh, the spark may break out of the prime-matter of the cosmic human: the illumination of the matter.

Today, in the vertiginous whirlwind of the new sign of the time, the key to social and spiritual ordering of the coming humanity is no longer just another idea, another sentiment, another faith, but also “another matter.” I do not have the language,

geometry, chemistry to define the dynamic structure of this “prime-matter,” because it isn't even another “matter” but rather another “state” of energy-meaning.

Energy/meaning?

I can only think here by analogy. The original title of the work published by Einstein in 1905 comes to mind: “On the Electrodynamics of Bodies in Movement,” a work that we know today as the “Theory of Special Relativity”. This is a question of defining the bodies that move at the speed of sound, a dimensional leap of classical mechanics to relativistic electrodynamics. Analogously, when I speak about “another matter” I am referring in reality to “another body”, a human matter that has entered into resonance with a wave of cosmic consciousness: another dimension of life.

But mind you! With these expressions I do not want to refer to the “astral world” or to those luminous bodies of “devas” and “angels” that the intermediaries of esoteric literature of our time describe (the new opium of the masses.) Nevertheless, nor do I resign myself to leaving this other state of human matter wrapped in a veil of metaphysical abstraction. I will at least attempt to define it, albeit only empirically, just as I live it in the light of my own experience. I live this body as a nascent function, a vacillating flame, a fluctuation of energy/conscience. I would go so far as to say that it operates like an “alchemical clock”, And I will stop here so as not to continue speculating.

Einstein's brief article at the beginning of the century “On the electrodynamics of bodies that move at the speed of sound” was the first step (the door that opens) towards a new vision of the universe, but it would only be “half” of the formula. The “other half” would not come through the theory of science but through the sacrifice of the innocent. And I will stop here again: not everything can be explained.

Another state of matter? Another dimension of life? Everyday sacrifice of the innocent? Yes, but all these are words, conceptual approaches to a (profound) experience that millions of human beings on the earth experience today without understanding.

We come up against a barrier, the barrier of Death!

Death of the institutions, political philosophies, scientific theories, religious dogmas, and even the very functions of life, all this that continues functioning at the expense of life (with loss of meaning, with degraded energy). But in the “other” face of

the human phenomenon (De Profundis), powerful currents of life and death have penetrated the human heart, causing an alchemical transmutation of matter. And this genetic confrontation of primitive forces is what we are today experiencing without understanding, because the philosophies of life and the theories of death only give us “half of the formula.”

The “other half” is simply Death.

There is a thermal death: second law of thermodynamics.

There is a technical death: brain death.

There is a mystical death: samadhi, divine union.

And there are the “dead whose souls are dead but they live on.”

But today Death has penetrated the corners of life that until yesterday were sealed off:

It is no longer death that surprises us
as a fatal destiny: sorrow, memory, forgetting.

.....

It is the Death that comes to life
as a Herald sign
of a new rhythm of expansion of Life.

A different state of the Matter? Yes, but also a different sign of the Time.

FROM ANOTHER *SIGN* OF THE TIME

Guiding myself by the *sign* of the time

2 November 1996

Today—the calendar says “Day of the Dead”—when I want to meditate on the enigmatic “sign” of our time, the first thing that comes to mind is a parade of “figures” of time, “forms” of time already coined by scientific and philosophical tradition, “rhythms” of time that invite me to dance to their rhythm: “being and time,” in Martin Heidegger; “eternal return” in Friedrich Nietzsche; “time’s arrow,” in Arthur Eddington and Ilya Prigogine; “the end of history,” in Francis Fukuyama; “(timeless) Instant” in Krishnamurti. I step back from those forms, from those interpretations of time. It is not that I take away from them, but I do not want to enter the metaphysics of time or the theology of eternity. I leave at the side of the road the logic of time and I guide myself by the *sign* of the Time.

But what *is* “sign” of the Time? I don’t know!

Nonetheless, we try to “hear” what the profound current of meaning says to us as we move in the space of play of time.

It is not that in these 2500 years we have done nothing or gone nowhere. On the contrary, we have dominated the earth and we have travelled to the stars. We have gone too far, but we don't know how to get home.

“Home”? We no longer know what that *is*.

It is not that we have lost our way due to lack of information. On the contrary, there is an excess of signs, but none of them tell us how to get home.

It is not that the world has been left empty due to a lack of objectives and objects. On the contrary, the global supermarket aisles are full of mathematical models, scientific theories, philosophical systems, orthopaedic prosthetics. Everything is within reach, but we have lost touch with the sacred river that gives us life and our soul is dying from lack of life.

Silence the voices of the River: we don't have much time left!

The *sign* of the time
draws
the geometry of the Work.

Here Time “leaps” from the metaphysical-technical logic of time to enter history as *signum* of life and *signatura* of matter. We are no longer in the terrain of the thermodynamics of the physical world and the complex mathematical equations that predetermine the leap from one molecular structure to another, but rather we try to unveil the *Mysterium-signum*: the symbolic geometry of the priest’s blessing. It is not that one domain of reality has anything to do with the other, but it is a matter of a giant qualitative leap in the hierarchical order of the functions of the Tree of Life.

I do not find it easy to talk about these things in a time when not only the scientist has taken the place of the priest but the priesthood itself has been left without a temple and with sacred books it does not understand.

There is a symbolic *Language* of events.

There is a sacred *Writing* that we can read in the great book of life.

There is a cosmic *Time* that leaves its mark on the genetic code.

In other words, behind the veil covering the portrayal of the facts in the theatre of the world we can glimpse the enigmatic face of the coming Work: Leonardo could transfer it to canvas. But to *unveil* the “sign” of the time today, we have to be able to *hear* it rather than see it: hear the “sound” and the “meaning” that Time engraves on the molecules of our own lives.

Decipher the *sign* of the Time inscribed in the matter?

In reaching this frontier the time of philosophy collapses and enlightens the Non-time of the Revelation.

When the Non-time of the Revelation bursts into the time of history

And this is what has happened in our time. Without having had time to think what it *is* that has happened or when or how it happened.

Perhaps nobody can define precisely enough the vibratory “note,” the “code,” the “figure” of this foundational happening which, for want of a more appropriate term, I call “sign” of our time. I do not have a point of support in science, philosophy of history or religion that will allow us to unveil intellectually the “*meaning* of the meaning” of the profound disturbance that is today breaking the symmetry of the human world. Nor do I have a point of support in the different “revelation novels” offered today as messages of hope in the great virtual space of consumer society. But there is a fact that we all sense one way or another. We have been “touched” by a Force (dangerous and sublime) that changed our destiny. In other words, the great current of life points out “another” direction.

To where? We do not know. All we know is that the current of meaning travels in the opposite direction to our expectations, emptying our dreams. We are entering a vacuum field that was the prelude to the awakening of the cosmic human.

The world that we had thought up, that we had fabricated with thinking, that we had decorated with our interpretations, that “image” of the world is falling apart. Security and a sense of belonging collapse. From the strong bond of organic solidarity of the old collective bodies we pass to the vacuum of nascent individuality: being without belonging. But it is not easy to sustain oneself in the vacuum without falling. Existential anguish and the emptying of meaning is no longer the exclusive subject of philosophers and psychologists; it is the cosmic feeling of the human caravan crossing the terrestrial wilderness. It is not easy to cross this wilderness; many are left along the way. Powerful are the “temptations of the wilderness”: false prophets, seduction of the past, mirages of promised lands. The wilderness is the tomb of illusions, but it is also the place of the Revelation. It is the Silence of all the words, but it is also the Word that emerges from the silence.

The key that reveals the meaning of this Word is the very sanctity of the “place.”

In other words, one does not have a contact with the essential Life force in any old place, only in the right place, where the Revelation occurs not only as an idea, feeling, faith, but as *bread* of life. It is a sacred place, like the exact place of an amino acid in the protein molecule, like the precise place that a word occupies in the sacred texts, like the magnetic place of the first stone that acts as support in the construction of the Temple. It is the critical point of fluctuation of all values, where the non-time of the Revelation bursts into the time of history.

In the time of my own history!

Now, when I have been “touched” by the *sign* of the Time I can write *Time* with a capital T with greater certainty.

And I can say:

That in a world without signals
I am guided by the sign of the Time.
And that the *sign* of the Time
draws the geometry of the Work.

Christian tradition speaks to us of a time/Non-time of the “Incarnation of the Word,” a profound spiritual mystery that is widely misunderstood. And the metaphysical poet Octavio Paz speaks to us of a “disincarnated Word” (referring to the social revolutions he concludes with a lapidary judgment: “Poetry is not incarnated in History.”) All these words, of greater or lesser importance. But today it is the events (and not the words) that mark (symbolically) the paths of history. What then can I say about this enigmatic *fate*?

That the sound of the *sign* of the Time
marks the *rhythm* of the Heart.

FROM ANOTHER *RHYTHM* OF THE HEART

No more messengers

8 December 1996. Feast of the Immaculate Conception

Oh, who can heal me!
Give me at once yourself,
Send me no more A messenger
Who cannot tell me what I wish.
Saint John of the Cross, *Spiritual Canticle*, 6.

No more Encyclicals, Epistles, pastoral letters.
No more electronic Churches.
No more weeping Virgins.

My heart told me all this today in silence. Yes, I hear it is the Day of the Virgin; the Church celebrates in its liturgical calendar the mystery of the Immaculate Conception. Nobody knows what it's about anymore. It's curious, but on this same day I received the Portuguese translation of my book *The Path of Egoence: from existential anguish to the mysticism of the heart*. And as I put my hands on the cover of the closed book (I have never read any of my books a second time) a silent voice said to me, "This too is another messenger who cannot tell you what you wish."

I feel that in this time of "gods who have fled and who had their time" the soul of humanity does not want other gods, other messengers, other intermediaries.

But what about the "second coming"?

So far this century, on the planet's peaks and valleys, we hear voices of prophetic residents. There is talk of "another" Messenger, "another" scientific paradigm, "another" social revolution. What causes this expectation of a new Advent?

I dare to say it is a prefigurative wave that responds not to something (or to Someone) that is to come, but rather to something (or Someone) that has already come. It is the "echo" on the surface waters of the mind of a profound disturbance that has broken the stability of the matter. A "resonance" that in not finding a suitable word that can Say what has happened explodes like a firework in a shower of interpretations.

In other words, the “first *logos*” (if you want to call it that), the *logos* of the rational initiation of humanity, the precious tool (Ariadne’s thread) that the gods gave us to explore the labyrinth of the world, the logochemical function of the brain with which we have constructed philosophical systems, scientific theories and mathematical models that we hold in our hands today, that information pattern that has gradually modelled (without realizing it) the organs and functions of our bodies has been exceeded by the break in the symmetry of the genetic Code of life. It is not the first time that a “cut” of this type has occurred in the long path of evolutive transformism. And when this happens, when the first chord of the new cosmic symphony sounds out in the matter, it is no longer “another” messenger who is coming as an intermediary bringing

the news from the king, but rather it is the king himself who signs his name (puts his stamp, his signature) on the primitive matter of life.

When I come to hear this same thing that I say from the *place* from where what I say proceeds, all the words lose their meaning and I only hear the murmur of the source from where the river springs. Now I realize why some Native Americans say, “the white man thinks with his head, we think with our hearts.” Yes, they had discovered (before us) the “sacred place” in the centre of the Tree of Life. But nonetheless, they could not access the thinking that we have at our disposal today. And now what?

Transfiguration of the *logos*!

It is no longer a question of waiting for “another messenger,” a “second coming,” a “second *logos*.” Because the same *logos* has already come, but it speaks in us from another chakra. We no longer wonder “what” it says, but “what it wants from us.”

We hear the first chords of the “Well-tempered clavier of the Heart”

Give me at once yourself.

It is the voice of the humanity that has got ahead of us. “Do not send another messenger who cannot tell me what I wish”.

It is not a question of an “ultra-rationality,” but rather of a new Alliance: the transit from existential anguish to the mysticism of the heart. But what *is* Mysticism of the Heart?

It is a Power!

The word “mysticism” itself falls here with all its semantic interpretive power coined over centuries. And a completely new organic Function is born. By “new” I do not mean that no one has ever known it. On the contrary, the spiritual Tradition of humanity assigns to the “*logos* of the Heart” the hierarchy of “word of power” in the mouth of the High Priest.

Eructavit cor meum verbum bonum.

Psalm 44

But one thing is the symbolic figure with which this *Verbum sacro* can be represented and another is the “organic function” that can translate it into bread of life in the human world.

In an era such as ours that marches to the rhythm of electronic brains and mechanical hearts, it is very difficult to hear (and harder still to sing) the cosmic “Symphony” that the Master Singers transmit on the well-tempered clavier of an unborn Heart. This is more than I can hear (and say) as primitive intuition of the sentient-intelligence in states of maximum tension of the heart. In other words, what the *Logos* of the Heart has “given itself to me” is a “Sym-phonic” clavier.

Sym-phonic?

Before trying to explain with the rational *logos* of that which has no explanation, I would rather stop the thinking and lend an ear to the *movement* that leads me to that “critical point” where the “sym-phonic *Logos*” of an A-tomic heart enters in counterpoint resonance with the rhythm of the mechanical heart: *Eructavit cor meum verbum bonum*. It is the “other half” of the Time-matter of the heart: Time/hierophany that is revealed (becomes In-audible) when the (audible) logo/technological time steps aside to make way for the ineffable Word.

We have reached a critical stage in the genetic evolutive development of the terrestrial human, to such an extent that leading scientists question whether we might have reached a “biological dead end” (Erwin Schrödinger.) But an unknown force moves our home and interrupts our dream. We sense (*De Profundis*) the message of a *Verbum* that we cannot understand. And the barrier is not epistemological but

physiological. The *logos* of the universe is knocking time again at the door of the human heart, but it cannot enter: the house is occupied by the *logos* of time (“There was no room for them at the inn,” Lc. 2:7.) This is a paradox of the development of our technical mind: the same “scientific image of the world” that guides us along the path of objective knowledge constitutes a barrier that prevents us from accessing the sap of the Tree of Life.

How to recognise this “split that breaks the wall”?

Once again:

We have eaten the fruit (essence, substance)
of the Tree in the middle of paradise,
and our souls have been taken prisoner
in a castle of stone.

But some “prisoners” have found a secret door that may lead to the unknown Visitor: they want to speak to Him.

The old messages of liberation have used up their evolutive potential: the key for the dimensional leap to the cosmic conscience is no longer ideology but Genetics: another matter, another body.

How to become a sensitive-participant to the “rhythm,” to the “primitive pulse” of this new body that has just been born?

I will not refer to the “perpetual activity of the heart” that the hesychast mystics discovered and which belongs to the tradition of “participation of the body” in the development of spiritual life, but I will take as point of support my own experience of inner action and the testimony of modern researchers who, one way or another, have detected the first sparks of a physiology of anticipation. What is the door to the transcendent dimension of human life? Aldous Huxley spoke of “doors of perception”; Prigogine of “critical fluctuations that break the symmetry of the system;” Heidegger of *Ereignis*, a propitious event; according to Irwin William Thomson, quoting Gregory Bateson, the “Non-time between every beat of the heart.” All these expressions, which on different levels of human experience attempt to point out the flash point of matter are, so to speak, too classical: too poetic, too metaphysical, too technical, too mystical.

If I had to say something about this sublime mystery, no longer because of what I think but because of what I feel, I would say that in the No-time of the heart it is possible to hear the *Initial* note of the *logos* resonating in the pentagram of the molecules of life.

But let's not get too far ahead of ourselves, because in reaching this point, in penetrating this hermetic space, in this closed garden, all the words fall, all the interpretations fall, all the Cosmo visions fall, and there is no time to say anything, because we have touched the *Mysterium* of the retreat of Time.

May I say something about this Retreat?

When the hostile forces, favoured
by time,
have taken the lead,
what is needed is Retreat.

I Ching, 33.

Let us return to the Sign of the Time: “I have taught you all I had to teach you.” Is this the retreat of the master, or is it the retreat of Time? Likewise, does that “all I had to teach you” correspond to the time of the master or to the measure of the disciples? In short, what (or who) is retreating?

I am not going to enter into metaphysical speculations about the movement of Time. I will only say that when the *logos* of thought retreats, the *Logos* of the Heart speaks. And this “turn of the force” is not something that can be determined exclusively by human will. As the *I Ching* says: “This treat is not a question of human arbitrariness, but of obeying the laws that rule events in nature.” What I mean here is that this “Retreat” (this “flight from the gods who had their times”) which until now we have known by the spiritual tradition of “But now I am going to he who sent me, and none of you asks ‘Where are you going?’” (John, 16:5), we are experiencing this retreat of the luminous because of the pressure of the dark, the appearance of “hostile forces,” favoured by *time*, who have taken the lead.

This all makes me think that today we do not have a “retreat theory” that can tell us anything about the Retreat, because it is the Retreat itself that speaks from the Silence of the retreat.

The “hostile forces” that have taken the lead have their own code, their own message, their own place in the divine-human drama of transformation of the “matter” of life. It is the “other face” of the Law. It is what the Master “Does not say.”

None of you asks “Where are you going?”

John, 16:5

“I have taught you
everything I had to teach you.”

There is *nothing* here to ask, or *anybody* that can ask. We do not have a theory of Retreat. In other words, we do not have a “theory of the End.”

All our thinking, our vision of the world, our theory of science, our philosophy of history, our sense of identity, all our commitment to life is based on the dark perception of the continuity of time, whether we call it genetic inheritance, eternal return, successive lives in the beyond, apostolic succession or time’s arrow. But it is also the “end,” which is no longer a concept or a theory, but a spiritual mystery. All the same, the rational *logos* rejects the *mysterium* and keeps asking: the end of what? The ancient tradition of Machu Picchu, of the “children of the sun,” tells us that the Inca possessed an attribute (invisible force) that was not inherited and which was *retired* with the Inca (their *Guaoki*.) It is the end of a lineage.

It is this mystery of the Concealment of the Light that we are living today without understanding: a time of words without Word and Word without word. Is it also the “time of the end of a lineage”?

It is the end of the philosophies of time.

All the voices fall silent.

“Do not send me another messenger, who
cannot tell me what I wish.”

I knock at the door of the Queen’s chamber,
but no one answers!

*The Light that is hidden on the stage of the world
Leaves its mark of meaning
On the Sacred Code of the heart*

The scientific vanguard opened the first seal of the sacred Book of life:

And there came the theory of information,
the genetic code (DNA),
the global village,
genetic engineering,
cyber warfare,
cybercrime.

And there was industrial development, messages of hope and political panic.

The mystical vanguard warned of the danger, heard the sign heralding a new fate and set out to the top of the mountain. A more fundamental law had to be discovered. They set out on their way, but there were many obstacles along the path.

“Who are you? ye who, counter the blind river,
Have fled away from the eternal prison?”

Divine Comedy, Purgatorio, 5:2

It is the word of the first guard who stops the traveller at the entrance to Purgatory and asks him his identity. It is the same question that life asks us today when we knock on the door of the cosmic mystery.

We have come up against a barrier that is hard to breach!

We too, as the poet-mystic, “counter the blind river,” have left the underground cave that housed our dreams. We went up the steep hill carrying the heavy burden of historical experience on our backs, and when we believed we had the key in our hands to open the door to the sanctuary we heard the same silent voice:

“Who guides you on the path without footprints?”

We could not give an answer.

The knowledge we carried on our backs corresponded to other parameters of time and meaning. A young wise man had spoken of the “principle of uncertainty”; an old hermit responded, “God does not play dice.” Nonetheless, we cannot take any of these judgments as a “certain guide” to travel the uncertain path.

Because
the gods had retreated,
the stars had fallen from the ancient sky,

and we only saw the shadow
of the new Lords of the land.

Furthermore, we had realized that the “power of the Shadow” was in our own house, in our own family, in our own church, in our own people, in our own molecules of life.

We stopped an instant to meditate *in profundis*. And a question arose:

Might the Light we were seeking
come along the path of the Shadow?

**ON THE FRONTIER OF THE RATIONAL *LOGOS*: MANY
QUESTIONS AND FEW ANSWERS**

Until 1968 we still thought we could transform the world

With will to power: with the superman.

With the science revolution: theory of relativity, quantum physics, atomic energy, molecular biology, the conquest of space.

With the social revolution: society with no classes and no property; sexual liberation, economics of participation.

With the spiritual revolution: new religions, electronic messiahs, religious ecumenism, transcendental meditation, psychedelic transcendence.

We were promised that with the release of atomic energy humanity would have a power never before dreamed of, enough to move all the productive forces on the earth:

and then there was Hiroshima, Chernobyl and the radioactive contamination of the planet.

and another power came to dominate the earth: and there was barbarity, genocide, disappeared persons.

We were promised that with the green revolution there would be food for all:

and there is hunger in the world and malnourished children thrown in the rubbish.

We were promised that with the classless society and collective property there would be social justice and work for all:

but the social revolution could not overcome its own internal contradictions, and there was political bureaucracy, administrative corruption and the collapse of collectivist empires.

We were promised that with the technological revolution and the neoliberal market

we would enter the “third wave” of production and wealth, there would be no more need to commute to the factory or office and our work would be brought to our homes:

and there was mass unemployment, factories and offices closed, and there was (skilled) work for few and despair for many.

We were promised that with the spiritual revolution of the new era (the new religions), the break with the dogmatic framework of the ancient religions, the release of all suppressed energies, the cultural exchange between East and West, the charismatic presence of new “instructors of the world” ... we believed that with this conjunction of spiritual and social forces the rigidity of the heart of stone would break and the fire of the cosmic conscience would break out:

A new mysticism was born, there were nascent spiritual communities and human groups with ecological conscience and a caring economy.

There was also (there still is) esoteric literature sold in supermarkets, pseudo-spiritual initiations and mutilated mysticism (when the meaning of spiritual transcendence is distorted by political ideology and economic power.)

It is no surprise, then, that in this play of lights and shadows many remember the old French adage, “*Tout commence en mystique et finie en politique.*”

It is not that all these messages I have referred to do not have value: they have their limits. It is not that the scientific/social/spiritual revolution did not change the face of the world; but it has not prevented us today from making some...

Reflections on the edge of the abyss

Between 1972 and 1977 I had a brief exchange of correspondence with Professor Georg Picht, a leading German philosopher of the Forschungsstätte der Evangelischen Studiengemeinschaft in Heidelberg, about the ideas that this keen critic of contemporary

cultural put forward in his book *Reflexions au bord du gouffre*.

Writing these words twenty-six years later, I must say that far from growing weaker, Picht's prophetic intuition has become even more up-to-date. Let us see some up close.

The need to penetrate into the arcana of the future constitutes a revolution that could come to be deeper and richer in consequences than the space race.

What does Georg Picht think of the science revolution?

At the current level of science, the abyss that separates modern scientific thought from public opinion cannot be bridged anymore. The greatest power of the modern world, scientific power, is beyond any political control. But science is also beyond the control of science itself.

What future awaits military power?

Military power is becoming ineffective in the modern world both for attack and defence...

Meanwhile, the hunger and poverty of an ever-growing global proletariat have engendered a new and horrible form of war, against which the great military systems have proven to be powerless.

No global police will ever be strong enough to control the fire. This new form of political disease could not be eliminated unless its causes are attacked: hunger, exploitation, social injustice.

How does he see the role of the State in future political society?

It will be faced with a new task for which we do not yet have the suitable institutions: the State must lead the great mass of citizens, by democratic means, towards an understanding of global problems and release the formidable intellectual and moral energies that the world needs today.

What about religious power, and world religions?

Science, technology, economics, administration and politics of the modern world are indifferent to religion. The symbols of our times are the crematoria, atomic weapons, napalm bombs. The opium of the people may also be secular and the ideologies imitate the old forms of religious power. Instead of the prelate we have the official, instead of the prophet we have the propagandist, instead of the divine commandments the “watchwords.” Ideologies are offered as a substitute for religion: they ensure intellectual comfort and are detached from the duties implicit in ancient religions.

Can there be dialogue between science and religion?

It is like the conversation between a mute man and a blind man: the mute man cannot recount what he sees; the blind man recounts what he cannot see.

These are the “reflections on the edge of the abyss” of a philosopher critical of his time who wants to get ahead of time: “My basic philosophical thinking is Time,” he told me in one of his letters (and he underlined the word Time.) What was Picht’s proposal for that future world that he glimpsed beyond the horizon of his own time? In short, “a new rationality.”

Let us see this proposal very briefly:

- “A science to the second power that makes the whole of specialized sciences the object of research and studies their effects on our civilization.”
- “Global, planetary politics, with institutions that offer the suitable framework for the development of a universal social conscience.”
- “Global leap of humanity to a “new humanism”: Humanity may only conquer a future through a joint spiritual and moral effort, of which we do not have any examples in history.”

Prophetic reflections from Georg Picht “on the edge of the abyss!” A message of hope, no doubt, but his own reflexive *logos* (his humanistic rationality) cannot give a practical answer to the intuitive vision that gets ahead of historical time: it is the failure of all the humanisms, of all the reflections, of all the political philosophies of the “end of history,” of all the metaphysics of metaphysics. In short: the failure of the

philosophical intellect to unveil the secret weft of the world and the failure of technological praxis to re-establish the sacred Order of life. This “failure” (if we can call it that) is in reality the limit, the *frontier* of “rational *logos*” itself.

All the lights in the theatre have gone out.

Everything has been left in darkness.

The heart has taken the word.

**THE REVELATION THAT IS COMING
AND THAT TODAY IS HIDDEN FROM OUR SIGHT**

.....
.....

**MARKS THE GUIDE, THE RHYTHM, THE CODE OF
THE COMING REVOLUTION**

1. Before any words a silence, a bow, a song to the coming

Logos

How to recognise the coming *Logos*?

What is it, and what is it not?

There is no such “coming” *Logos*, because the so-called “coming *Logos*” has already come: it is already here, among us, *in* us. And it is not a “what” or a “who.” It is not a figure of language: it is a *gift* of Life.

When Christ on the cross exclaims:

“It is finished” (and he bowed his head and gave up his spirit, John 19:30),

can we ask *what* that spirit is and to *whom* he gives it up?

And when the master says: “I have taught you all that I had to teach you,” can we ask *what* (or *who*) comes next?

If “everything” is finished, if “everything has been taught to us, there is no “after” that can be named. The philosophers of “the death of God” would say, “nothing remains.” I say: simply the Retreat remains, not as “nothing” but as *mystery*, an “inverse movement” of the creative Word. In other words, the Retreat itself *is* now the Message, but not as hope of a “second coming,” “a different” god, “a different” master, “a different” messenger, “a different” doctrine, “a different” church, but as something very *simple*: as a *gift* of the Retreat.

But what *is* a Gift? I do not know. Here “all” the words run out. I have nothing else to say. I can only wait for the *gift* itself that I have received in the instant of the Retreat to *give* me its own Word.

A lot has been said about this, without understanding anything. I do not understand either. All I can say, because I feel it thus, is:

until 1968 we still believed we could transform the world;
and that it is more difficult, because all the Earth is occupied.

2. Now it is more difficult: all the earth is occupied

The *nature* of war is “different.”

The *lords* of war are “different.”

The *place* of war is “different.”

The “catastrophe” has already occurred. We have already crossed the critical point of fluctuation of a whole value system. We are not in a period of transition, as tends to be said. The transition phase has already occurred. The polarity of the world’s spiritual axis has changed. We now live in “a different” world, but the night has been long and we haven’t yet awoken.

The time for “reflection on the edge of the abyss” has come to an end. We have no more time. The non-time of the abyss has devoured human time.

All the Earth is occupied. The priests and the warriors have retreated (the first two castes in the symbolic axis of traditional society.) There only remain the merchants (the third caste) and the new proletariat of the world. And the merchants have laid down the law and taken into their hands the condition of the Earth. We have lost the war (“the good war,” as Nietzsche would say.) It is too late for revolution. Where is the vanguard?

It is not here,
it has retreated.

But the war isn't over.

It is a “different” war;

“Different” is the *nature* of war.

“Different” are the *lords* of war.

“Different” is the *place* of war.

Why do I speak of “war” and not of technological revolution, the confrontation of *Arkhe*/typical forces that transcends all the theoretical frameworks that we had until now to measure the war? In other words, the *nature* of war, the *lords* of war, the *place* of

war, as conceptual figures to interpret the war, are proven insufficient to access the “code of meaning” of the war. And when I say that the vanguard “retreats” I do not mean that the vanguard retreats to a “different” place to formulate from there “another place,” another “theory” of war, but from the same place (place of vanguard) the Vanguard speaks in another language:

It no longer speaks the dialectic *logos*,
it speaks the profound ferment of life.

The “sacred warrior” no longer speaks out about the theory of revolution, but rather operates with the primitive force of the Revelation, in the style of “analogical molecule” in the chain of Genetic Trans-mission of the great current of Life.

The same *Logos* of fire that high on the mount
etches the law in stone tablets,
inscribes it's Genetic Code in our molecular biology.

We cannot capture this “*Logos* of fire” (which is no longer the Greek *logos*) in the parameters of the logic of time, in the emblematic images of the ancient gods, in the ideological representations of modern myths, in the symbols of sacred languages that no one understands anymore. However, we often say (because we sense it) that we have entered an era of advent. Yes, but I would also dare to say that:

there is still enough Darkness
to recognise the Light that is coming.

Paradox of the Revelation Revealed!

“Hurry, the good doesn’t last,” the master told us the day of his retreat. I did not understand at that time what (or who) he meant by “the good.” Today those words echo in my ears with a different meaning (“sound.”) They do not return as a memory of the past but as a heralding word, like “sound” that anticipates the *logos* of all the words. In other words, it no longer comes as a wave of memory, as something that “was said” by a master at some moment in time, but rather it is something *alive* that is occurring now, at this very instant. The *Logos* “which is not time” tells me to “hurry” to *translate* “what it tells me” in the *logos* “which is from time,” because “what it tells me” is “fleeting.” I no longer hear (as a memory) the words of a master, but I hear the rhythm, the beat, the

Song of the great Cosmic Symphony that speaks beyond the words of all the masters.

I have come to recognize privileged moments in which “I do not speak,” but the “Mother Tongue speaks in me.” What does it tell me? To give shelter (matrix) to the Word, to give it body, to let it be born *in me*, to pronounce it with my own word. It is no longer a different word: it is a different *function*, a newborn.

Nascent Physiology!

The cosmic medium has varied

The sun is no longer the same. Nor do we live in the same body. Millions of human beings on the earth are experiencing profound changes in their organic functions: evolutive transformism? The internal time of matter is no longer the same: in a system of non-balance minimal fluctuations in molecular biology can trigger “physiological storms” with unpredictable consequences. Nor is the rhythm of the mind the same. Without realizing it we have passed from a physical brain to an electromagnetic brain and from a mechanical heart to a mystical heart. The new mind is cleaner, a large part of its rational memory has been transferred to electronic circuits. Now we can think by feeling and the cosmic life begins to be accessible to our deep conscience. Of course, these nascent functions, precisely because they are “nascent,” slip out of our hands. We still do not have an orienting science that can adequately lead the organic development of these “first” fluctuations of a newborn matter-mind.

Without the catalysing “enzyme”
millions of these first “seeds of light”
die every day
on a planet that has become adverse to life.

This we already knew on a physicochemical laboratory scale: “one important general result of thermodynamics of non-balance lies in that the dissipative structures in the chemical systems are only produced if catalytic stages exist,” says Prigogine. We also know today from research in the social laboratories that millions of children in the world are affected in their psychospiritual development (low IQ) due to a lack of intellectual, social and affective stimulus. And what happens in the stage we have ahead with the development of the cosmic conscience? “Catalyst enzymes” are also required

here, spiritual parents who with their love and energy support the newborn so that it can sustain itself and grow in the void without falling.

The master had already told us, “Hurry, for the good doesn’t last.” And the question is inevitably raised: hurry to what? Hurry to “fix” in the matter the primitive *gift* of the creative force. For that “first” nascent vibration to belong to us truly, for it to become a “function,” so that it transforms into *life*. So that the Word is not only an idea but an action, not only hope in the soul but “ferment” in the matter. So that the teaching received is transformed in the hands of humans into a force of liberation and not into a new opium of the people. In other words, this In-corporation of the *Logos* into the molecules of life is the “genetic key” to implement the spiritual and social organization of the coming world.

What can I do (with my small human will) when I am “touched by the fire of the gods”? Only accompany the nascent revolution with my offering and sacrifice, so that the fire does not go out, to liberate at least a part of “those formidable intellectual and moral energies that the world needs today,” as Georg Picht said.

The sun does not illuminate...

My heart casts a shadow...

.....

It is time to withdraw

To guard the Fire

3. Guard the fire

So that the sacrifice is not in vain

I don't find it easy to reach the centre of my heart, because I take just the first steps and come up against the *logos* of reflection.

Humanity has been taken to the extreme of the
"sacrifice of the matter,"

but the wise of the earth do not hear:

and they continue with their dialectic of
new paradigms and alternative models.

The house is on fire and we are still discussing the "Phlogiston" theory.

Sacrifice of matter?

Yes:

because of unemployment, poverty, hunger; because of
autoimmune diseases;
when life turns against life;
because of the deterioration of the genetic heritage;
because of the profanation of the sacred.

Powerful forces of Destiny take us lower than low. When at the end of the "Dark night of the soul" we expected the enlightenment of the spirit, suddenly everything was darkness and we penetrated the

Dark night of the matter

Further down, or further inside? It's the same. It is the same Sacrifice of Mater-matter; the same alchemical transmutation of life.

So that the sacrifice is not in vain we can only guard the *fire*, in order to light the fire again.

4. In-verse Transfiguration

We have reached the hour of the
Truth.

We have seen
the Dark face
of the Light.

Two sides of the Revelation:

The Gospel speaks to us of the transfiguration on the “high mount”:

His face shone like the sun,
and his clothes became as
white as the light. (Matthew, 17:2).

Molecular biology shows us the transfiguration on the “low mount”:

retroviruses, the macabre faces
of killer molecules, the dark side
of the genome.

The axis of the world
is also
the axis of our own body.

We were looking for *health*: “Oh, who can heal me!” and we went up to the top of the mountain to hear up close the message of the stars. And the stars heard our pained voice and brought us lower, so that we could see our own shadow more closely. And we knew the root of Evil and we saw that we were sicker than we thought.

The Human Genome Project, one of the gigantic works undertaken by our scientific research teams on a planetary scale, invites us to a double reading and to take a position.

Technical reading:

We will repair damaged genes:
genetic engineering, cloning,
orthopaedic medicine workshop.

Mystical reading:

*We will not stay on the atrium,
we will penetrate the Temple:*
carrying the *fire* in our hands:
alchemical-mystical transmutation of matter;
“For whoever wants to save their life will lose it...”
(Matthew, 16:25)

Here you win by losing: paradox of spiritual life. It is
the path of the future of humans.

The thermodynamics of non-balance has got ahead of
us: in certain critical parts of the “catastrophe” of the
system something new can be born.

We are now beginning to become aware that the orthopaedic repair of the planet
has its limits, even with the best science and the best technology. There is irreversible
ecological damage. Furthermore, even the economic resources of the richest countries in
the world are not enough to cover the “fourth wave” of the unemployed, sick and needy
of all kinds who need help for their poverty and despair.

At a certain critical moment in history it was said that “religion was the opium of
the people.” And social revolution came and then technological revolution. But neither
social revolution nor technological revolution could “repair” the Genome of humanity
damaged by fanaticism, ignorance and excessive power hunger over nature and life. We
recall that Georg Picht warned that “the opium of the people can also be secular, and
ideologies (not just political but also scientific) imitate the old forms of religious
control.”

And so? So

*“Do not send me another messenger
who cannot tell me what I wish.”*

Perhaps the essential root of human problems on the paths of time is the same as all times, but the power structure is different. The cosmic drama we are suffering today without understanding (nor do we understand very much the alterations of the magnetic terrestrial field due to the impact of solar magnetic storms) and the fluctuation of matter/energy that we experience on the frontier between the sky in the earth is today of a “different” nature and the historical interlocutors of power are “different.” The hegemony of political economic power on a world scale corresponds, in the very nucleus of human matter (*De Profundis*) to a qualitative change of conscience. Between these two poles of the symbolic axis of the world we begin to sense a *fluctuation/transfiguration* of values that can lead to a new configuration of forces of life. In other words, despite the disproportion between the power of the Goliath (a Moloch that the German author K. Deschner typifies as the “Americanization of the world”) and the apparent defencelessness of the new David (the mass of unemployed people of the technical world, disinherited and disillusioned), the minimal fluctuation that has begun on a sub atomic level in the human heart can trigger (through the “butterfly effect”) a tornado of such proportions as to break the symmetry of the current system of power of the giants. What am I talking about? About the “theory of revolution” (in terms of political philosophy), or about the “interrupted balance” (in terms of evolutive biology)? As I have already said:

The *nature* of war is “different.”

The *lords* of war are “different.”

The *place* of war is “different.”

5. The theory of revolution is “different”

It is no longer 1848. Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels’s *Manifesto* was the first spark by political social revolution that would shake the bases of the economic power of the old bourgeois society and set fire to the world. “Workers of the world, unite!” And the new path was opened with one of the most treasured conquests of the working class: the eight hour day. It was the time of the first industrial revolution (the “second wave,” in Alvin Toffler’s words.) Today we are on the crest of the “third wave.” The “first proletariat” carried the flag of political revolution until 1989 (the fall of the Berlin Wall.) The “second proletariat” (The mass of unemployed people of the informatic world) were left with the “zero hour” day and lost the social revolution.

And we were left without a theory of revolution! But not without the revolutionary impulse of the Revelation.

A new Pro-phetic wave is inscribing itself in the weft of history. Why “prophetic”? Because it is *before* any word, *before* any philosophy of history, *before* any theory of revolution. The light of the Message anticipates the voice of the messengers, and echoes in the heart of the matter (*De Profundis*) *before* the system sensors detect its presence. In other words, the inaudible whistle of the “Feather Snake” that ascends the Tree of Life marks the path of the human Revolution to come.

On reaching this point, and *before* continuing “further up,” there is an urgent need to take a leap “within,” from conceptual language to the word-symbol. Because in the context of the new *sign* of the time a dimensional leap is taken. The Power of the revelation breaks the moulds of dogmatic theology and the new functions of life come before the theory of revolution.

This Idea force that moves ahead in time

is the Vanguard!

A “different” vanguard. It brings the message recorded (inscribed) on the very molecules of life. It is a different “ferment,” a different “enzyme,” a different “catalyst.” A different “gene” (pro-gene): the “messenger molecule” of a “different” Genetic code.

In the globalization of markets, the informatization of the collective mind, the global hegemony of political and economic power, the new vanguard, from the heart of

the living matter, operates with the genetic strategy of an integral Yoga, a question of creating a “different” body, a *Total Body*.

In *The Synthesis of Yoga* Sri Aurobindo took the first steps to rebuild the bridge (broken by the rationalist vision) between the supreme values of the spirit and the sacred functions of the body. But from 1945 that “Synthesis” would no longer come along the path of spiritual philosophy, nor from the theories of science’s “united field.” It would come from the profound commotion of Life. Life itself, in the laboratory-matter of those who do not have a name recorded in history, of the uprooted of the earth, of those who disappeared from time in the last revolutions, of those who “went into the wilderness in search of the truth.” There, in the root of the profound conscience, the Power of Life had gestated with that matter a new *seed- substance*. I say substance in its traditional symbolic meaning: “thing with which something else increases and nourishes itself and without which it comes to an end.” A substance such as ferment, enzyme, pro-gene, that settles surreptitiously (without being noticed) in the very weft of the second nature (sociotechnical) created by humans to recreate (with humans) the spiritual- social Body of the coming humanity. At this deep level the revolutionary “seed” is no longer ideological but genetic: not the “revolt of the masses” (in Ortega y Gasset words) or the “power of the masses” (in revolutionary Marxist terms), but the “power of ferment of the mass.” A ferment that is no longer visible because it has penetrated the “bowels” (*De Profundis*) of the Mater-matter. And for this “revolution-transmutation” of human matter we have been left without a theory of revolution.

This “revolution-without theory of revolution,” this “lighting of the matter” that operates from the very roots of the Tree of Life, has its own vibratory rhythm, its own hieroglyphic language, its own Genetic code, its own power strategy. What is this “code” and this “strategy”? I could say that it is a “signal,” an in-expansive pulse of the heart of the matter that anticipates, marks a rhythm, prefigures a function.

Minimal fluctuations in an unstable system can trigger chain reactions with unpredictable effects: expansive power of sacrifice of the innocents. We are not going to make a revolution, because the Revolution is already among us, but we can accompany it, give it life. From political power, university, exile; from success, from failure; from the expansion of intelligence, from the mysticism of love. We begin to hear signals that herald the Idea, to sense the direction of the Force, to glimpse the geometry of the

Work.

But where do these “signals” lead us? What place do we want to occupy in the construction of the coming world?

6. *The Vanguard of unsuspected events*

It is the voice, the feeling, the knowledge of humanity that has got ahead of us! It has got ahead of us not only in ideas but also in functions. Or have we not realized that many functions, organs (and organizations) of our physical and social body are no longer suitable instruments for exploring the new dimensions of life? Furthermore, have we not realized that in marching at great speed along the path of history we have reached a point of no return, a point where the meaning of the order of the world is fractured? And have we not realized that from this fork in the waters a part of our material travels backwards in time?

We have touched a different wave of conscience/time. We have entered another stage of the revolution, another phase of the war. We needn't look for the root of the violence that moves the world today in the "revolt of the masses" but in the weakening (and at times corruption) of the hierarchical axis of power, be it political, unionist or spiritual. In an interesting article by Jorge Castro, "The multiple wars of the post-Cold War," the author draws a picture of the new paradigm, quoting Thomas Hobbes: "It is not civil war that causes war in the States, but the break of the States that causes civil war." And I make the following reflection: the old universities no longer have enough wisdom to creatively channel the tremendous power released in the modern world. The new Churches do not have enough sanctity to guide the pilgrims who have crossed the cosmic barrier. The bureaucratic State does not have enough resources to assist the sick who have been left on the margins of life.

It is not the first time that an *Arkha* (a *Thebah*) has been built, carrying "seeds of life" for a new *beginning*. It a "different" vanguard, no longer a political vanguard but a *cosmogonic* vanguard, coming from a "different" place, with a "different" power, speaking a "different" language, with a "different" mission. It is a Vanguard that "descends" (like the "arc that came to rest on Mount Ararat and the waters abated," (Genesis 8:4.) This transposition of thought from a political vanguard to a Genetic vanguard is not easy. Here the reflection gives way to the vision. But the reflexive *logos* continues to ask:

A different vanguard? Or the same Vanguard, the same Word, but in a different place and time?

The same Word (the same Vanguard)

that took the *hand* of Moses to write the Sepher, *transcribing* the divine creative Breath into hieroglyphs in the sacred language, speaks today in our *heart* behind the veil-rhythm of primitive intuitions.

The same Verb (the same Vanguard)

that heralds his arrival as divine Messenger: “And the Word was made flesh and lived among us” (John, 1:14), echoes today in our molecular biology like an analogous Code of sacred life functions.

The same Word (the same Vanguard)

that traced the symbolic geometry of Chartres Cathedral, etching the wisdom of the Universe in the sound book of the stone, returns today to draw the mother ideas in the paradoxes of science, teaching in the university/Temple of humanity to lay the bridge between the branches of the Tree of Knowledge and the roots of the Tree of Life.

The same Word (the same Vanguard)

that inspired the writers of the *Communist Manifesto*, leading them to denounce the unjust distribution of wealth, the degradation of the workforce, the brutalization of humans, sustains again today, and all the more so, and gives body (embodies) the most advanced social and spiritual currents of the peoples of the earth: so that humans are not mere “flesh,” nor mere “mass,” nor mere “machines.”

The same Word (the same Vanguard)

which in the darkest ages of history took up the warrior's sword to cut with a single blow the oppressive chains of human dignity, returns today with a different investiture, a different hypothesis of conflict, to wage another epic of liberation: to set free the human forces chained to a dark materialism that negates life.

The same Word (the same Vanguard)?

.....

I say this same Word (this same Vanguard) as a last attempt to base myself on the meaning of terms already coined by philosophical, social and spiritual Western tradition, knowing from the outset that the impact of the Force that today moves the whole planet exceeds all the doctrinary frames that we had until now to decipher the sign of the time. What is left for us then as a signal or guide to navigate in this newly opened space? There only remains for us to listen to the teaching that flows from the event itself. And what does the Messenger tell me when he has already knocked down the door and penetrated my own home? He tells me not to wait for a "different" Word or a "different" Vanguard, and that I myself will be the Word and the Vanguard if I am prepared to take the force of the Word and the Vanguard into my own hands.

Principium Consummatum

What was, *is* and will be in the Beginning
so too *is* in the End.

We do not have any time left.
The twenty-first century will come, the third millennium
and other millennia...

But our time is different.

We are no longer here,
but nor have we ever been elsewhere.

The messengers of the Revelation are also the guards of the Revolution.
And they return in the dark ages with the *fire* in their hands...

.....

To keep open the paths
that lead to the Source of life.

So that they do not steal the soul of the people from us.

So that the “ferment”
is not devoured by the mass.

Buenos Aires, Argentina, 3 March 1997.