

PRO-PHETIC ARGENTINA

Song of the pilgrims before they are born

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In memory of and in homage to Edgardo A. Cainzos

It was you who believed in publishing the work of our dear Ramón P. Muñoz Soler. You searched tirelessly for a publisher, eventually becoming the vehicle and carrier of the message, and you found two wonderful people, Javier and Monica, who with their wisdom were able to give material form to the idea and take it to our readers.

Many thanks for being there for me on this important part of the journey and for honouring me with your friendship. Your unalterable permanence in the highest values of the spirit remain as a manifestation of the living teaching of faith.

From the silence of the eternal you will remain in my memory.

Brigitte

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Feat of transfiguration in the southern night

Before...

before the night ends...

before the light goes out...

before the soul of the people is stolen from us...

It is not a speaking about...

It is a resonating from...

Pro-phetic Argentina?

SONG OF THE PILGRIMS BEFORE THEY ARE BORN

*I pause a moment...
before taking a certain step on the uncertain path.*

*I bow in reverence
to the Silent-advent.*

*And as I attempt to say
what Argentina has to say
I manage to hear
that which it is about-to-Say.*

Yes:

from beyond
the highest peaks of the Andes,
the majestic Plate,
the Inca trail,
the impenetrable Antarctic...
From closer to home
from the mournful city
and the sacrifice of innocents...

From the Heart of the people,

I make out the Soundless voice of a

Heralding Argentina.

Solemn hour!
A mysterious Lightning bolt breaks the darkness of the
cosmogonic Night
and fertilizes the womb of Mother Earth.

Hear ye mortals!

A pro-phetic Wave traces its in-visible path in the sky
and anticipates the new paths of history.

A pro-phetic Wave:

illumination before being born.

Before the time of the fall of the *Imperium*,
Before the time of the children to be born...
In the Great constellation of signs of the time,

Argentina Illuminates
Like a new sign of the World.

It is the sign of the messenger who brings the Light:
to renew the sacred fire of Life.

And the people of the free world reply!

Human feeling of messenger souls, who
called by the same Word
come to inhabit Mother Earth
blessed by the stars in the sky.

Beyond the Argentina of the landscape and the mixed blood,
of the emancipatory epic of the founding fathers
and the political tragedy of the traitors,
of the breadbasket of the world and the sacrifice of the innocent...

There is a Pro-phetic Argentina

which *is* before “being” or “not-being,”
a mystical *note: resonantia-Verbum*
con-stellation of signs before they are born.

An enigmatic pro-phetic sign anticipates the social, political and economic
organization of the coming world. Con-stellation of signs?

Con-Stella!

*The polarity of the spiritual axis
of the world has changed*

*The stars that illuminated
the ancient sky have fallen.*

The Continent of America: a soul still un-born...

*The igneous blood
circulates along the spinal column of the planet:*

*from the Arctic
to the Ant-Arctic.*

And again the question:

Pro-phetic Argentina? Yes:

Because it is not a question of speaking “about” Argentina. That is, it is not a question of undertaking the long historical, anthropological, genetic, social, geopolitical path, to finally say that Argentina “is,” has ceased to be or could be. We have already walked that road and we have reached the critical frontier where words die. What do I mean, then, when I say “Pro-phetic Argentina”? It is a question of hearing the *anterior* word: what Argentina has in its essence and itself to tell *us* and which it has not yet said, or which it has said but we have forgotten what was said. And what is that thing in its “essence” and in “itself”?

Seed Argentina

*...a biological way of thinking, as if this
moved not through a principle of
mechanical causality, but causality by
germination.*

Rodolfo Kusch, *América profunda*

It is not what Argentine says,
it is what Argentina houses.

It is the living *seed* that Argentina houses
in its providential womb: a light that
celestial messengers gave us to guard.

Messenger light that heralds the
Illumination of the coming human.

Have we forgotten this Pro-gene?

The fertile earth gave itself generously to the people of the world “to all men of good will who wish to inhabit Argentine soil.” And they came in their thousands: and there was the world’s breadbasket and circulation of wealth; and there was social revolution and a spiritual message for other people. We challenged the powerful of the land, but the challenge was too great and the people themselves were not prepared to defend the salt of the earth. We suffered the “horror” of “exile,” the land was occupied, and the people came to feel foreign in their own home. What is the nature of this confrontation of forces that to this day tears the social fabric not only of Argentina but of all the Americas? Domingo F. Sarmiento in his *Facundo* (1845) described the American drama as an antagonistic struggle between “civilization and barbarism.” Later we would speak of the “technological gap,” of the “first world” and of the other worlds...

January 1919

I had not yet been born, there were still a few months to go. The profound consciousness of the unborn registered the struggle of shadows that moved with blood and death in the streets of Buenos Aires at the start of the century: the “Tragic Week” had broken out. My mother would tell me years later that while pregnant with me at that time, she was recovering from a slight pain in the Peralta Ramos maternity ward of the Rivadavia Hospital. The people felt great fear and insecurity in those days of worker agitation. Did some trace of the wave of social violence remain in the unborn child that would move the collective soul of his people years later and with an even more “tragic” fate?

19 June 1919

I suppose so, but this time the vibratory note that moved the waters of life was not social-tragic but mystical-spiritual: a “delicate touch” would move the heart of that boy who saw the light for the first time in a village (Moldes) in the south of the province of Córdoba, Argentina. At the time there were no “maternity wards” in the villages of my country, or “prepaid medicine,” or “obstetricians”: only the “midwife”—or “*comadrona*” as she was known—a practical woman who attended to the woman in labour in her home, amid washbasins of hot water, towels and good neighbours helping out... It was a very cold day in June, it was snowing, and as the child was born the Corpus Christi procession passed outside our house (Corpus was celebrated in that time of great religious fervour). I do not know if all this is any more than a meaningful coincidence: what I do know is that my heart was marked forever with the luminous footprint of the Word walking on the land.

Some time in the 1950s

The Corpus Christi procession was no longer the symbolic figure that celebrated the liturgy of this “second birth”: a wave of sacred fire wounded the heart of that boy, now a man. But can a man be born old? That is Nicodemus’s question and we know the answer from the Gospel.

Phase transition:

from the ideal of the soul
to the lighting of the matter.

Argentina itself had entered a decisive phase in its historical destiny: the cosmic clock marked the hour of its “second birth.” It was time to *be born*. But what time are we talking about? Time’s arrow? Social time? Historical time? Or of the time of the *Night* that precedes the Illumination?

We are not speaking about the twenty-first century
nor of the coming centuries...

The key of meaning does not come from the century that is beginning: it comes from the drama of the “cycle” that is closing.

We have no time left.

*A great cosmogonic cycle is closing:
the danger is to be trapped
in the old time.*

Juan Domingo Perón uttered a stern warning on his return from exile: “The twenty-first century will find us united or dominated.” Today the die is already cast... but I don’t want to talk about that kind of domination. I don’t want to talk about the philosophy of history, theology of liberation, social revolution, technological revolution, science theory, the voyage to the stars... Too much has been said about all that. We have no time left. I want to talk about what I feel... or rather, what I sense: knowing beforehand that I cannot say everything that I would like to say (limit of language). I would like to give *sound*, word, to the inaudible Verbum that comes in search of the sound and the word. But can we stop the action of the Verbum even though the word is missing? “There is no thing where the word is lacking.” In Stefan George’s poem “The Word,” commented on by Martin Heidegger (and this is thus in the “essential” order of speech)

*It all makes me think,
that in the age that is beginning
the Verbum heralds itself
as a Pro-phetic wave (which is before the word).*

It is the vibratory key, the Heralding signal of the new sign of the time: the Messenger who *before* knocking at the door has knocked down the house.

*Break of symmetry of the human world.
The house we inhabited has been left without support.
Social Transfiguration of the Word.*

We do not yet have appropriate language to give “shape” to the primordial Conception of the soul: a gen-*ethical* footprint of the Self that protects our dream *before* entering life.

But what role does Pro-phetic Argentina play in this Night of the world *before* being born?

*In the magnetic-spiritual field of the world to be born,
in the new cosmogonic cycle that anticipates
still unborn life functions,*

*Pro-phetic Argentina offers itself
as Mother-matrix
of Social Transformation of the Verbum.*

The cosmogonic cycle prepares the conditions for the cosmic human to enter the scene.

Every one of the peoples on Earth are getting ready to participate: with their science, their technology, their organization. Argentina sees itself as a “mystical place” of gestation: lighting a new human synthesis through *gen-ethical* transfiguration of material and spiritual values. What is the essential nature of this epic?

Heroic epic?
Cultural epic?

Something more:

Sacrificial epic!

A visionary Argentine, Solari Parravicini, around 1938 or 1939 proffered these words:

Argentina will suffer on a small scale
what the world will suffer afterwards.
Argentina shall be light.

Archetypal war. Sacrificial epic. The nature of the war was Different (and continues to be Different); the “theory” of war is also different: the struggle of the opposites can no longer be resolved by the dialectics of history but by the sacrifice of the innocent. But why the struggle? The protagonists of the war themselves do not know, because behind the veil that conceals their theories of conflict there is a more essential

mandate that breaks the logic of the war: and it is that they themselves have been chosen for the sacrifice.

When the curtain falls
all the characters “scatter to the four winds.”

What is the sense of this cosmogonic drama
performed in the theatre of history?

To give meaning to the world!

It all makes me think that Argentina, in the age that is beginning, has been chosen for a sacrificial “epic” of meaning. But why “sacrificial”? Because what the world needs (to have life) is not some new intellectual theory of meaning (something like a project of a new order of the world) but a “molecule” that generates meaning: a proto-gen-*ethical* ferment that sets in motion the chain of enzymatic reactions of a “social chemistry of anticipation.” And that *epic* is no longer inscribed only in the historical context of social, political and economic revolutions, but it also belongs, in essence (and substance), to the sacred order of life inscribed in the matter of historic time.

**From the Geopolitics of nations
to the social gen-*ethics* of the Earth**

A giant process of alchemical transmutation of the elements in the Imploding Human Galaxy. In the symbolic geography of the planetary *Corpus*, Argentina comes forward as a space to generate the *Social Transfiguration of the Word*: the Genesis of still unborn human functions.

A delicate mission of *archetypal* Argentina:

To re-establish the social order of the world.

Lost sacred order:
that it is no longer possible to re-establish through
political theory,
social revolution,
star wars,

but through

a sacrificial Epic.

Today, just as yesterday, as always, the “sacrificial epic” is the spiritual mission of a people: pre-destined to be cosmogonic-matrix of the Word. But why “sacrificial”? Because in that *epic* all the elements, material and spiritual, are called by the same Fire: the historic drama is transfigured in the *seed* of redeemed life.

Arkhetypal Argentina

*Suddenly, the outsider grew again in
my imagination. It was the “Tapao,” the mystery,
the man of few words who inspires in
the pampas a questioning admiration.*

Ricardo Güiraldes, *Don Segundo Sombra*

Arkhetypal Argentina foreshadows an inter-mediate generative space between the waters that are above the land and the abysses that are below humanity; emblematic Argentina: the “white between the two ‘blue’ stripes of the flag.” And when I say “the people” I speak from the Heart of a people that has been chosen for a providential illumination: an *epic* that is of spirit and matter, of the living and the dead, of wars won and revolutions lost.

In the cosmogonic epic
the gen-*ethical* key is to be Born;
and the greatest danger “having been born.”

It is the heroic-tragic fate of the first born (First-gene): from the biblical Pharaoh to the Herod of the Gospel. The slogan of official history is always the same:

War of extermination!

I am afraid... the elemental forces that were triggered in this archetypal war are not all of this world: not only of humans, but also of gods and demons. The “extermination” is not only through torture, death, exile, but also through seduction, with false prophets and false investitures. Something fundamental had changed in the world, the first stone had been broken. The philosophy of history could no longer account for the meaning of events.

The symbolic key is

1945.

16 July: “For the first time a cosmic fire burned on the earth” (happy expression of Teilhard de Chardin). Something more than experimentation in the physical world; something more than the Promethean capture of the energy goddess. More than the splitting of the atom, we should speak about the “splitting of the form”: of course, then we might find ourselves without a word to name what happened.

1945: Argentina was entering an age of historic precession of the equinoxes. The world was Different: the effects would come before the causes. Argentina announced itself as the prologue (anterior word) of a book that the messengers of the Word had already started to write before they were born. That Prologue was something more than a political philosophy, social doctrine, national project. It was the very Soul of the people who, in

the cosmogonic drama of the new sign of the time, came to offer itself as an operational “connection” (bridge molecule) between the values of the spirit and the chemistry of life. But it was only a prologue: a shower of rose petals falling on the heart of Mother Earth. Soon the thorns would come: the father of the false gods would end up devouring his own children.

1945

Core of gen-*ethical* integration
of the four ages of the world.

Powerful forces converge in a symbolic core of meaning: world wars, social revolution (on the horizontal axis of history), spiritual illumination, bursting in of the demonic (on the vertical axis of meanings). And as the (physical and human) matter was illuminated the cross came into movement. New alchemy of the elements: the same Fire that separates those that were united re-unites those that were separated.

The *Law* is different: it is not a question of a new philosophy of values, but of new functions of life.

With the cross in movement (Fifth kingdom) the impossible becomes possible: truth and betrayal live together in the same space of play of time (“Very truly I tell you, one of you is going to betray me,” John 13:21); the Same force that gives us work takes away the work; the Same media that communicates with us in real time influences essential communication: a virtual screen interposes itself between the soul of the people and mathematical beings.

1962: Dangerous stand-off between the United States and the Soviet Union over the Cuban missiles: but nuclear war did not break out.

1989: Fall of the Berlin Wall and reunification of Germany: but the world remains divided.

1998: Football World Cup in France: Argentina vs England: Argentina’s number 10 is no longer Maradona, it is Ortega. Great tension in the stadium and in millions of spectators in the stadium and watching on television. The match is decided on penalties: we reach the point of maximum tension. The last penalty, which would decide which team would

go through to the quarter finals, was taken by an English player. The hands of Roa, the Argentine goalkeeper, stopped the powerful shot. A stunning explosion of jubilation on the one hand, violence in the street and police repression on the other... Our party was not in football! The key of meaning no longer had to be sought in play but in the collective energy (good and bad) released by play. The spectacle (the game of football) could not, as a spectacle, balance the dance of forces unleashed by the game.

2000... And coming centuries...

It is not to the prophetic projection of history that my thinking points, but to the *gen-ethical* precession of history itself.

Let us return to Pro-phetic Argentina:

*Amid the choreography of heralding signs
of the new sign of the time
Argentina is revealed as
an in-visible trace that brings together
the values of the cosmic soul with the force of the land.*

A *trace* that joins together: Ardent ceremonial of the heart.

Perhaps the most important lesson of the technological age is having revealed the “disconnection” between the core of meaning of things and the fatal direction of events; the impossibility of returning to the source. All the effort of the century appears to have been oriented towards resolving this cosmogonic dilemma: from the theory of science, philosophy of history, metaphysics of being and nothing, theology of liberation... But none of the theory of relativity, Marxism, the technological message of salvation, none of these liberating doctrines could re-establish the (fractured) bridge between the path of knowledge and the path of life. At the end of the century we not only stumbled on the insufficiency of theories to resolve the problems of humanity, but on the limits of humanity to access the immeasurable potentiality of the *Theory*.

The response to this radical crisis of meaning
would no longer come through the dialectics of historic time
but through the break of symmetry of the image of the world.

The house we inhabited was left without support, the sky without stars, the land desolate and empty... Suddenly history was left without time. The cosmos, without anybody inhabiting it.

*The Southern Cross
marks the path to other stars:
new configurations of meaning.*

Con-stella!: significant event (paradigmatic if we want to call it that) of precession of all the signs of history.

Argentina no longer only looks in the direction of the Southern Cross but also it is observed by It: and it is con-stellated. Its place in the world no longer belongs only to the political and social geography of the Earth, but also by analogous transposition of the mission, it is in-vested of providential *function* in the sacred history of the universe. The gaze of the Star is fatal: for the chosen human, the chosen people, the chosen land. A gaze that disintegrates the ancient body and illuminates the new temple: “catastrophe” not only in the moral order, but also in the material, biological and molecular order.

A paradigmatic event
of the age that is beginning.

In-flection of the wave of time.

This *initial* event went unnoticed by the builders of the mega timebombs: they were dazzled (blinded) by the power of technology. After Hiroshima, after Sakharov, they continued to build bombs: the political, social, technological vanguard, also the vanguard of the movement of new religions... all these vanguards, dazzled by the reflection of the so-called new paradigm, crossed rapidly over the newly-opened space, but with the wrong time. The mystical vanguard gave the first sign of this “In-flection” of the wave of time, but the builders of the cathedral of the future could not understand what the place was of this sign in the work (“The stone the builders rejected,” Mark 12:10).

In the cosmogonic drama of the new sign of the time, the pro-phetic vanguard

advances by retreating.

Its language is Different: it does not leave footprints in the sands of time. Its passing through the world is marked by magnetic traces in the molecules of life: *gen-ethical* inheritance.

Cosmogonic language

Symbolic geometry of the drama of history

*The veil has been torn, we have seen the light
and they want to return us to the darkness.*

Simón Bolívar, *Letter from Jamaica*, 1815

On the horizon of meaning of humanity,
Pro-phetic Argentina

traces an *enigmatic sign*:

symbolic geometry
between the end of history
and the prelude of the song of the unborn...

Cosmogonic language: a constellation of signs,
a transfiguration of forces,
Reversibility of Values.

Secret dialogue between the darkness and the light:

Martín Fierro in a counterpoint with Moreno:

*...you are darkness on the outside
and on the inside light.
The return..., XXX*

Since Nietzsche, the philosophers who have been able to pick up on the signs of the end of the current cosmogonic cycle and herald one way or another what they call the “end of history” have been left without arguments to reveal the *first* light before the dawn.

*Once again
That first light escaped the gaze
of the princes, the priests, scribes and
doctors of the law...*

And revealed itself to the pilgrims before being born.

But why Argentina as a sign of the heavens? Because it is always the case, as a prelude to these “cosmogonic catastrophes,” that

the sky Heralds
a *land to-be-born.*

*The Lord said to Abram:
“Go from your country,
your people
and your father's household
to the land I will show you.”*

Genesis 12:1.

This *land* promised by heaven is not always on the Earth. Nor must we suppose that the prophetic wave conceived in Argentina to the light gaze of the Star must only fertilize Argentine land.

What I mean—because it is what I feel—is that any pro-genitor Idea needs a mother-soil to be born.

Con-Stellated (*cum-Stella*) Argentina
is Argentina *con-ferred* (with the cloak of the Mother):

The “pro-phetic wave” is no longer just an idea:
it is a *Mother Idea*.

Scenario of social Transfiguration of the Word.

Primo-gen-*ethical* wave that re-Unites, from among the living and the dead, the pilgrims before they are born.

.....

**And there was a re-cognition
before being born**

*The heart of a gaucho among them then,
A Saint must have made rebel;
Above the rest he shouted loud:
'God damn your souls for a cowardly crowd!
Before you kill a man like that,
You'll have to kill Cruz as well!'*

*And in a jiffy he was afoot,
And into the fight he sprung.*

José Fernández, *Martín Fierro*, IX.¹

¹ Translation and adaptation by Walter Owen.

A delicate touch that breaks our dream!

A predestined "sound" that summons the people scattered in the wilderness:

we had recognized ourselves...

We came from a different place,
with different voices and different vestments...

We had all left our land
our people
and our paternal home...

We had just been born...

Where were we?

I don't know.

More than a place: it was a state of the soul.
It was a fire that lit us up with the
Same flame.

I knew that it was a people,
a lineage,
a land,
an idea,
a mission,
a work.

What was that mission?

We had come to salvage
precious traces
of a forgotten tongue.

There is an Argentina that has disappeared:

That of the founding fathers and the inspirational mothers.
That of the secret, the rite, the mystery of the spiritual centres of the earth.

That of poetry that was about to embody history.
That of the owl that took flight before the sunrise.

It is true that we cannot turn back the course of time or recover the code of meaning of things, but we can set ourselves to hear the

song of the pilgrims before they are born.

When the old image of the world fell apart (due to implosion of meaning), when the symbolic code of life functions were hidden (“due to oblivion of the self,”) when the circuits that sustained the logical-sensitive order of human communication were disconnected (by ultrachemical collapse of neurotransmitters), we found ourselves in an existential void so deep that, if on the one hand it leads us to thermal death due to a lack of meaning, on the other hand it leads us to hear a completely new ultrasensorial sphere: warning signs of functions before they are born.

The first of these protofunctions
is the language of cosmic humans before they are born:

resonance by similarity.

Mental communication by interpenetration of states:

we sensed the coming of the message
before the arrival of the messenger...

And when the messenger arrived
we re-cognized ourselves *before* we knew ourselves.

Pro-phetic Argentina: as a planetary point where the departing pilgrims meet with the returning travellers, a symbolic frontier between the disappeared parents and the children about to be born, a zone of passage between the technological imperative and the mysticism of the heart... this Argentina of

sacrificial advent

vibrates (by analogous resonance) in *one* of the foci of the spiritual-social eclipse proffered by the new Sun.

The living Cosmos is not as the mathematical human imagined it. The great Kepler had discovered that the planets move following an ellipse with the Sun and that in that movement they sweep equal arcs in equal times; years later in his book *Harmonies of the World* he describes the third law, or harmonic law between the various planets of the Solar System, a proportionality that, somehow, evokes the “harmony of the spheres” of Pythagoras. But the mathematical (cosmological) line could not uncover the function, the mystery of the “other focus” of the cosmogonic ellipse.

A Mother-note tears the veil of the fecund Night...

And the pilgrims, with different voices, *in-tone* the Same chant:

it is the rhythm, the measure and proportion that marks the orbit
of the Path of the humans before they are born.

Before Johannes Kepler, challenging the paradigm of the circular orbits of Plato, discovered the laws of planetary movement; *before* thousands of stars shone in the sky, *before* the planets turned in elliptical orbits around the Sun... *before* there was space, time, matter... there was already vibrating in the soul of the World

the primitive *tone* of the Law.

From the democracy of Athens of the fifth century BC, from the “age” of Pericles to the “laws” of Plato, passing through the Roman *lex* up to the “constitutions” of modern nation-States, the logos was the dominant note of the political organization of the peoples. Over fifty years have passed since the Universal Declaration of the Rights of Man: and the rule of law, political democracy, what Karl Popper proclaimed as the only instrument apt to defend us from dictatorship... none of the “forms” of the logos of the law has been able to stop the wave of barbarism that moves the modern world. And Argentina? Since the laws of May 1810, through the 1953 Constitution, the “third position,” political revolutions, military coups that broke the “rule of law”... people disappeared regardless of ideology for the sake of “balance of the law”: a long and painful road trying to return (unsuccessfully) up the steep hill of the dialectics of history. What has happened, not only in Argentina but in the *Politeia* (Garcia Venturini) of the West and of the world (since the Greeks)? Has the logos of the law already given all it had to give and are the ideal forms of political organization already crystallized (fossils), soulless, wanting to survive at the

expense of the growing degradation of founding values? Or, on the contrary, is it because we still cannot give social-political body to the *Verbum* of the law that resonates in the high peaks of Life?

The key for the future of humanity
no longer lies in the *logos* of the law
but in the *tone* of the law.

The pilgrims (before they are born) *in-tone* the key-notes of “resonance” between human values and the “keystone” Note of the Law. And when we lend an ear to this Mother-note we manage to hear the word

Justice.

At the First National Congress of Philosophy (Mendoza, 1949), Perón addressed those present and defined his thinking in terms of political philosophy: “Our action as a government does not represent a political party, but a great national movement, with its own doctrine, new in the global political field...” and he summarized sociologically the idea of the “third position,” “harmony between material progress and spiritual values,” “a sense of plenitude of existence.” Shortly afterwards, in his message on 1 May 1952, he set this “third position” as the cornerstone of a “philosophy that shapes a doctrine and a theory, in political terms, in social terms and in economic terms. And it is substantially different from capitalist individualism and from collectivism in any of its forms... A doctrine that is no longer the absolute property of Perón or of Peronism, or even of the Argentines! It belongs to all people and to all the peoples who want to use it as a path to liberation! (Juan Perón, *La Nueva Argentina*, Ediciones Argentinas, 1973.)

From the early twentieth century the Fuegian idea of social justice, with different ideological nuances, illuminated human matter in different peoples of the Earth: Lenin and the October Revolution in Russia, Mao in China, Gandhi in India, Che Guevara in Cuba, Nelson Mandela in South Africa... Great social achievements: labour laws, better distribution of wealth, social security... at a very high cost: mass extermination in the name of a dominant ideology, doctrine of national security, abandonment economy... As the century ends, we can only conclude—parodying Octavio Paz—that the mother idea of social Justice has not embodied history.

The drama of our time
is having to recognize
that we cannot continue advancing in the terrain
of social justice,
because we have reached
a critical frontier where the very “Idea”
of justice has reached its end.

Jean Baudrillard, one of the most lucid sociologists of our time, postulates as a characteristic feature of contemporary society the “corruption of the signs.” Once this frontier of “corruption,” of “the end of the social” (in Baudrillard’s terms) is crossed, it is impossible to “go back upstream” (as surely Leopoldo Marechal would have wanted).

We can no longer return

to the *Manifesto* of Marx and Engels
to the principle of social justice of Juan and Eva Perón,
to the basic principles of Gandhism,
to Mao’s cultural revolution,
to Che Guevara’s revolutionary humanism.

The sign of the time is different:

We are no longer under the sign of the
Idea of the law,

but under the sign of the
Mother of the law.

Idea of the law:

the *logos* of human understanding,
the social *contract*,
the political *ideology*, theory of the State,
the religious *doctrine*, of translators and interpreters,
...*paternal* functions of the law...

This idea-logos of the law has excluded the justice-substance of the law; for millennia the “logic” of the law, founded on the dialectics of good and evil, expelling to the underground abysses all unrepentant human matter that did not fit in with the rational concepts of the world. But at the end of a long cosmogonic cycle it turned out that the world was not as we had imagined it: the theoretical mould that served as a wall of contention exploded, and the dark powers of the underworld burst into the hitherto inhabitable world of humans. And I say “inhabitable” because today the world is no longer inhabited by human beings but by demonic forces that, disguised as humans, come to dispute control of the earth with humans.

The nature of war is different: under different “disguises” we today face an unbearable presence of Evil. Thomas Berry, a leading philosopher of US culture, highlighted the “confrontation with the demonic” as the most dramatic phase in the current war of worlds, going so far as to warn that “the whole planet could become uninhabitable for the highest lifeforms” (quoted by Valerio Ortolani in *Personalidad ecológica*, Mexico, 1986.)

.....

Nonetheless, this consciousness of unilateral predominance of *ideal functions* of the law (logos of the law)

does not allow us to access, via a purely intellectual path, the *maternal functions* of the law (*providence* of the law):

because that

Mother of the law:

the inspirational *breath* of the soul,

the *sacred* fire of life,

the *salt* of the earth,

the *providence* of heaven

...those *maternal functions* of the law have already been discarded (before they were born) by the builders of social policy: theorists of the “idea” of the law.

We can no longer reconstruct the integrality of the

Idea – Mother

with some other law, doctrine or code of the law:

but through *providential gestation* of the Law itself.

We are beginning to hear the sound of mother-functions.

Justice-substance: genesis by transfiguration
 of the great in the small.

Verbum-labour: primordial life force.

Labour

From the Mother's womb we pilgrims (before we are born) recognize ourselves in the same *Song of labour* of all the kingdoms.

Generative fire of life:

the Song *of* labour
brings together all the elements
in the same Body.

Humanity has entered a dangerous phase in its historical project: no longer the danger of losing the soul for the sake of conquering the world but the even greater danger of losing the body in the fast race in search of a world that doesn't exist.

We have been left without a Body!

It is not HIV, political corruption, drug trafficking, social violence, the trafficking of children, savage capitalism, multinational companies, religious fundamentalism, the mass media... the "presence" of these powers is not the greatest risk factor for the coming days:

the greatest danger threatening human life
is the “absence” of Body.

Not capitalism, socialism or the Churches, none of these human organizations that one way or another proclaim themselves “universalist” and carriers of “messages of salvation” has been able to salvage the unity of the Body of humanity as a caring organism and bridge of circulation of life between heaven and earth.

The old body (fragmented body),

child of the human division of labour,

cannot withstand the onslaught
of the powerful forces of life.

But can a man be born who is already old?

The pilgrims (before they are born)

are

a Body before it is born.

Inaugural body, cosmogonic song, generative Matrix of life before the dividing of the waters, first Law: where the siblings *are* One; where “the works and the days” *are* One.

The originary pulse of the great current
that circulates between heaven and earth:

is not a song to labour.

It is the Song *of* Labour.

It is the re-sonance of Labour in the Anima Mundi: rhythm of the Word in human matter.

A still unknown dimension of Labour:

Creative power of the Word.

Energy of *fusion*:

that gives *life*
to unborn functions of life.

But Life is not an abstract Idea; it is not an Idea of the law, justice, labour.

Life
is born
from the Sacrifice of the idea,
from the Descent of ideals.

It is born
from the Refusal of the pilgrims (before they are born)
to remain in the eternal bliss of the unborn.

It is born
from Ab-negatio: sacrificial gestation.

It is born
from the Song that gives birth:

song of the messengers of the Word

in the cosmogonic liturgy

of the eternal Return.

Genesiatic song: Proto-gene. Sacred generation of the world.

Mysterium of transfiguration

Secret Argentina

*Open eyes are not all vigil nor all
vigil.*

Vigil, you are not everything.

*There is something more awake than
[you: Mysticism.*

Macedonio Fernández, *Not all is
vigil that of open eyes*

All this we sensed, in principle, *before* we were born: we knew it in the Mother's womb; we knew it in the joy of the siblings united in One; we knew it *before* the dark night fell... But now, from the existence, from the vestments of life, in the clear light of day, I see nothing, I know nothing. The world appears illusory to me, lifeless...

A strange feeling from the waters of life:

the pro-phetic wave resonating silently
in the molecules of my own life
returns to me the sense of the

Meaning of the Work.

But who returns? Who *are* those who return? "I shall return as a flower of roses," says Saint Thérèse of Lisieux. "I will return and I will be millions," exclaims Eva Perón. And once again the question: Who *are* those who return?

It is the cosmogonic vanguard.
It is those who left from the self
and made the promise to return.

.....

The Gaucho Bible (*Martín Fierro*) recalls, in symbolic verse, the secret promise of the noble souls as they were scattered down the uncertain paths of history:

*Then the four of them to the four wide winds
Of heaven resolved to scatter;
A promise among them there they passed,
To carry it out each bound him fast,
But I can't tell what the promise was,
For they kept it a secret matter.*

It is the vanguard of the messengers of the Word; it is the promise (Pro-*gene*) that they "all" had to keep. They do not come alone: they come as body, as stock, as catalytic molecule of

Social Transfiguration of the Word.

Perhaps the modern world must continue to function, with degraded energy. Perhaps it can continue to live with the “disease of adaptation”: more foreign debt, more technology, more unemployment, more social violence, more species in extinction, more despair...

Perhaps the physical body can continue functioning, with the odd organ less and an extra prothesis... and the social bodies, increasingly giant, could also continue living at the cost of the death of the soul. It is not the first time that these things have happened. And it will not be the last time that humans on the Earth cannot overcome their misfortune. The world has changed, it has a different face, perhaps a different fate... What do we glimpse, what do we sense when the Southern Cross illuminates our gaze?

Aside from the historical destiny of Argentina, we begin to glimpse in Argentina signals of cosmogonic destiny. The beginning of the solar age, the confrontation of archetypal power, signals that are no longer emitted by the humans of the earth but by the stars in the sky. Today, as before, as always, One of these signals marks the path, the direction, the meaning of all the others:

Birth of the first-born.

A light that cannot cease to be seen.

A spark that lights up the meadow.

*It is no longer the footprints of the pilgrims of
time that mark the path of history...*

*It is the Star that guides the Magi
to the place of the newborn...*

*It is the Voice of lament and the great howl
of the voices of the earth:*

*“It is Rachel, who cries for her children
and refuses to be consoled, because they do not exist.” (Matthew 2:18)*

The characters of the historical drama are different, the sign of the time is different, the waters of life are different. But the symbolic key of the cosmogonic *heroic deed* is the same.

The vestment of the First-born is different: In-vestiture.

The faces of Herod are different: seductive or demonic.

But the order of the shadow that defines the archetypal war is always the same:

annihilate the newborn.

Here we enter an unknown terrain, where we have no navigation chart or theory of war; a terrain where the historical vanguards failed, be they military, political or social. The abyss that devours the dreams of the soul and submerges in the subterranean world the castles of stone, built on sand. And then?

In the hour of the extreme experience,
at the critical frontier of confrontation with the demonic,

when the Pharaoh's Magi advance dangerously
over the soul of the people,

and the sword of Herod threatens to annihilate the newborn,

...before reaching the point of no return...

the forces of life change sign, and
the vanguard *advances by retreating*...

*Advances by retreating to the Wilderness,
to the Principle of creation,
to the rock of Horeb:
to make water flow from there and let the people drink.*

.....

But where is this vanguard?

It is not there, it has retreated from the Wilderness!

There only remains the pro-phetic *footprint* of the Retreat

.

This “pro-phetic Wave,”
vibrating like in-audible Sound “amid”
the torrent of audible voices of the technical world,
is the Heralding signal of the Word
calling to a new pact with Life.

**The house in which we dwelled
has been left without support**

A break of symmetry of the image of the world. The end of history?

The end of intermediaries:

“Produce your own dream”

John Lennon

End of interpretations.

End of the degraded functions of life.

End of the opium of the masses...

Is it the end of humanity? Spiritual tradition tells us that there were always “intermediaries” between God and humans. Who is the divine Messenger who comes today at the end of history?

In our time of fracture of the material atom,

the true “Mediator”

is the Word resonating as “Medium”

in the very molecules of life.

But the illustrated mind asks: What is the message? And the “resonance” responds: “the medium *is* the message” (paraphrasing analogously what Marshall McLuhan said, referring to the electronic media).

This “resonance of the Word in human matter”

marks a point of “Catastrophe” in the image of the world:

the house of the human is left “without support.”

Phase transition:

from the collective unconscious (ancient genetic code)

to the new divine-human *medium*.

This “phase transition” from a psychological, sociological, biotechnological medium to a cosmological medium, that “gen-*ethical* leap” from an appropriate human organism to “possess and swell the earth” to a physiology of anticipation that will make

it possible to hear the Voice of the stars... this crossing of the cosmic barrier that today keeps us prisoners in narrow frames of life we are now carrying out in function of the

collective sacrifice of humanity
in a giant liturgy
of Social Transformation of the Verb.

Without realizing it we are protagonists of the Ascension of Humanity in Body. The new human functions “in ascent” indicate *now* the new place of humans in the world. What *is* this new place?

*Perhaps our true home
is no longer on the earth;

but our heart is not alien to the pain of the Earth...

We begin to hear the alternate rhythm
of a new Body.*

The “end of history” *is* at the same time the “end” of the fragmented body and the *beginning* of functions of resonance: functions of a unified Body.

What is the function of Argentina in this giant metamorphosis of the planetary Body?

Together with the sacrifice of the other peoples of the Earth,
Argentina participates in the silent gestation
of a *raw material* for the coming Work.

“Raw material of the Work”: labour, sacrifice, renunciation of millions of human beings whose names official history does not record; an ultra-element that, through the fire of sacrifice, “ascends” to levels of higher energy; an offering of human nature in the mystical alchemy of

Social Transfiguration of the Word.

A sign of coming of the solar age of humanity: a new symbolic structure that creates meaning.

The old symbols and the modern myths have lost their numinous power, and we no longer have ears to hear the guiding word of the celestial archetypes.

The idea-symbol
of *Social Transfiguration of the Word*
appears to us as an originary shining

whose numinous potential absorbs the residual energy
of the symbols that configure
the ancient sign of the time.

New Gen-*ethical* Code

Argentina – Body

*I believe that our America, and in it
our Argentina, is the land predestined
to serve as a political vehicle for the
realization of a new Christian ideal.*

Ricardo Rojas, *The Invisible Christ*

Spiritual initiation of humanity in Body.

In the symbolic geometry of the recently-opened space we see four active spaces of the uttering of the Message (the four rivers of Paradise), one for each of the four cardinal points, and a potential one in the Centre.

Pro-phetic Argentina

speaks

from the cornerstone looking to the southeast.

Every one of these “spaces” (and these “angles”) is a place, a centre of forces, a state of the matter in the organic physiology of a Body to be born. And from each one these “angles” of the World the pilgrims, before being born, with different voices and different tones, intone the key-note of

Social Transfiguration of the Word.

It is no longer a matter here of political idea, social philosophy, religious doctrine: it is a question of a new state of human matter, radiant energy of the heart as it comes into contact with the Word.

Energy of fusion

Modern technology has got ahead of the human physiology of the ancient bodies. With the current energies available in the human world: energy of cerebral intelligence, strength of the mechanical heart, social solidarity (including atomic energy, technological power, information energy)... with all this human potential we have already gone too far, and we can go much further still, but we cannot get closer than close: “Cain, where is Abel, your brother?”

With the energy of the old genetic code

we can no longer defeat the giants

who have taken possession of the human world.

We are fighting with low energy, and with ancient physiological energy: a weak immune system against powerful viruses and killer bacteria.

It is no longer humans who can go up the mount
in search of a new pact with the Word;

it is the Word
that bursts in to the human dwelling
before the humans go up the mount
to seal their pact with the Word.

This “catastrophic” bursting-in of the pro-phetic wave in the atomic circuits of
human matter is the key-note of

“gen-*ethical* resonance”

that *opens* the way

to the great work of *Social Transfiguration of the Word*.

Key-note, rhythm of Reversibility of Values:

a new vanguard that, in resonance with the Word,
advances by retreating.

The new key of “gen-*ethical* resonance” does not negate the universal laws
discovered by science or the social laws that govern civilized human conduct, but rather
it operates as a symbolic nucleus of meaning that “elevates” the very human *matter* to
higher dimensions of life; in other words, and paraphrasing the Gospel, the gen-*ethical*
vanguard “comes not to destroy the law, but to fulfil.” (Matthew 5:17).

Law,

Justice,

Labour,

those functions that the current materialist cultural
maintains at very low levels of meaning,
are “elevated” by the powerful current of
gen-*ethical* resonance to

tools of human development

in the great work of Transfiguration of the Word.

.....

But what is the Work?

It is the Song of the pilgrims before they are born!

That Work and that Song are not recognizable on the horizon of the current technical world, because

the power of the human work
hides the face of the Word.

The light of the Song is not recognizable due to the strong advance of the shadow.
In the *I Ching* I would say that the sky retreats at the ascent of the mountain:

33. Tun.

Above the Creative, the Sky

Below the Quietening, the mountain.

Of course, it is not just any retreat. It is not the fleeing of the coward at any danger. It is not the flight of one who, before the danger of losing their life, seeks their salvation at any price. It is a retreat from another nature: the Retreat of the “sacred Warrior” from a hostile power that “was favoured for a time and has taken the lead”; the Retreat of the “noble” who, “from the commoner who comes up retreats (without hating him) into their internal space.” The Gospel says it differently: “For whoever wants to save their life will lose it, but whoever loses their life for me will find it.” (Matthew 16:25). It is the Inverse moment of the great current of Life: the key of Reversibility of Values, the strategy of the *gen-ethical* vanguard (that *advances by retreating*), the active retreat of the messengers of the Word in function of guarding the primitive power of the Word.

The new Sign of the time,

the pro-phetic Wave resonating in the molecules of life,
the Song of the pilgrims before they are born,

reveals by concealing

the two sides of the Force of creation
and destruction

of the worlds.

**I pause to be...
and ask again**

**I ask about the *Chakra* of Argentina
in the world to be born**

I ask about “the works and the days”...

“Who is my mother, and who are my brothers?”

Matthew 12:48

Not everything can be explained by blood relations, evolution, blood laws, combinations of love, life and death. Suddenly the continuity of historical time is interrupted, the traces of blossoming civilizations disappear, and the great current of life submerges itself in the dark night, crosses valleys, mountains and seas and launches itself with renewed strength in search of another soil, another people, other bodies where it can seal a new pact with truth, justice, labour. A new seed of life has been born in the world today. Who is my mother and who are my brothers?... It is not easy to answer.

Before Argentina was...

a whole dance of forces, wars of worlds, epics of sacred warriors, mysticism of messengers of the Word, choreography of signs between the Creative and the Quietening, the Sky and the mountain... all this mysterious route of the *March of the gods on the world* (Rodolfo Kusch) was already drawn, to a great extent (*In Principle*), in the great cosmogonies of the wisest peoples of the earth.

But today...

in this age of Retreat of gods, saints and heroes, from this southern region of the planet, from this time of “humans exposed to the elements,” from the cosmic abandonment of humanity that has lost the trace of the meaning of history, we begin to hear the “Song of the pilgrims before they are born” resonating in the southern pole of the world:

The unborn Argentina.

How to characterize this “terrestrial point”? Is it a geographic, physical, magnetic, telluric place... or something like one of those places marked by destiny where the conquistadors stopped to found their cities and the wise pilgrims built their temples? In saying “terrestrial point” I mean that “it is not” *ideal* (for building there the perfect community of brothers), nor is it *material* (stone on which to build a new temple, a new church, a new social organization.)

“Terrestrial point” is *idea-symbol*;

it escapes the determinations of conceptual language:
a point of “reversible fixation” of the great current
of cosmic life
in the heart of an Earth that is ready
to nourish, from the roots of “wild life,”
the development of the great work of

Social Transfiguration of the Word.

Of course, Argentina is not the only place on the planet where this precipitation of the Solar fire is occurring in the bowels of the Earth, from whose symbolic-generative embrace the Child of humanity is being born, but it is from Argentina, guided by the Constellation of the South, that we can participate in the mystical phase of this divine enlightening:

*a gestation that goes unnoticed
by the gaze of political power
by the intelligence of the illustrated person,
by the sensitivity of mass society.*

.....

The intellectual tension to capture the background of the new human phenomenon had been too great... and there were many things that were left to be Said. It was necessary to take a break—an interlude. To leave the theatre of everyday Argentina, the flow of information and the spectacle, and get some fresh air, walk the silent streets and hear the murmur of the distant stars. And in the silence of the sleeping city there returns to me

a *Previous* Argentina,
a *Pro-phetic* Argentina,
a *Destiny* Argentina:

a place on the Planet for a second birth
and also to die before out time.

A place in the world where the soul of the people
awaits the soul to be born,

land of Fire: where the disappeared
mark the conscience of the appeared.

Argentina Providence:

anticipates (provides) spiritual forces, intrinsic goods, social values... like indispensable
“raw material” for the great work of alchemical transmutation that it carries out together
with the other peoples of the planet. Providence that not only descends from the sky as
“providential gifts” but also ascends from the earth as “sacrificial matter.”

It is time for another destiny for humanity

*Meanwhile Engineer Valdez scrutinized
Schultze's face with the keen eyes of
a hypnotist.*

*"I'd like to know," he finally asked, "whether
the Argentine superman you have invented
will only have five senses. [...]"*

*Schultze gave him another reprimanding
look. Then, squaring up to Valdez, he said:
"Firstly, I didn't invent the Neo-Argentine,
the Neo-Argentine will be the material
product of the astrological forces that
govern this country. Secondly, the
Neo-Argentine is to have not the five senses
known in the West, but the eleven of the East.*

Leopoldo Marechal, Adán Buenosayres

we not only fight with the human;

**the philosophy of history
returns as social chemistry.**

above the fire
below the water

The pro-phetic Wave
illuminates a theatre of shadows.

The *Tornado* reunites the elements of Heaven, Earth, Humanity.

Before we can interpret events, the event itself has traced the symbolic geometry of the functions to be born. This is what is happening every day, in every instant, before our eyes, without ordinary vision allowing us to see it. Is there another gaze? Yes; when quantum physics researchers carefully classify the particles they have discovered, characterizing each one of them with their respective quantum numbers but without seeing the relationship there could be between them, someone who *sees* is dazzled by the “symmetry” that joins under the same sign the most disparate events: revolution of method, or transfiguration of humanity?

We are beginning to discover the “organic symmetry” of history, the gen-*ethical* configuration of social matter, the cosmogonic matrixes of organization of the coming world. Suddenly what seemed firmly joined falls apart, it scatters like dust that the wind carries away; and what appears to us as separate—what does light have to do with darkness?—is revealed to us joined, with extraordinary beauty.

Who joins the antagonistic elements
in the cosmogonic dance of the worlds?

Certainly not the enlightened human
but the force of the Tornado.

The “force of the Tornado” is the operative form of the spiritual Revelation that, in our time, anticipates the social revolution.

Perhaps from here,

from the southern Night,

illuminated by other Stars,

we might see what is hidden by thinking.

Although this “seeing” may not be easy to Say.

The reading of events is no longer done by the enlightened intelligence but by the Body that remains in-volved in the symbolic message of the Tornado.

As I write these reflections (July 1998) news reaches me of a disturbance in the United States after an armed man violently broke in to the Capitol—one of the most heavily-guarded places of democracy in the world—and fired several rounds of bullets, killing two police officers and seriously wounding a young female tourist, at a time when the building was being visited by dozens of tourists and the House of Representatives was debating the problem of social violence in the most powerful country in the world.

Crime news, a madman, a fundamentalist? Or a symbolic, catastrophic event that occurs *before* the causes and *before* the electronic eyes can avert its dangerous presence? Before intelligence can investigate the causes of the event (assuming such causes exist) and before the security systems can discover more effective security systems, the very speed of the *Tornado* has annulled all the rational and technological alarm systems that claimed to ensure the security of the power system.

This more than human power

—*Tornado power*—

that breaks the image of the world
and involves human functions
in their whirlwinds of power.

This more than human power

that makes the old forms disintegrate
and takes us out of the old world

brings us into direct contact
with a *Darkness* that illuminates.

We are no longer fighting with humans. Who is today the messenger that “like a thief in the night” breaks into our sleep? Is it the armed man who catches the guards and tourists in the Capitol unaware, sowing death and confusion in his wake? But is not the same “function”—on a cosmogonic scale— also fulfilled by HIV, drugs, unemployment, the El Niño current that alters the planet’s climate?

It all makes me think
that, in this phase of transition
to cosmic consciousness,

the retreat of the gods from the heavens
coincides with the violence of the powers of the Earth:
a critical frontier of

Reversibility of Values.

It is no longer a matter of constructing a new system (social, political, economic),
of formulating a new philosophy of values, awaiting the coming of a new revelation...
because

the *Tornado* itself
of cosmic energy
rushing over the Earth

has placed us in direct contact

with the primitive force of the *Revelation*.

There is no theory of revelation that can unveil the mystery (*Mysterium*) of the
Revelation that *touches* us today closer than close: it is a question of the *direct* experience
of the revelation.

Spiritual initiation of humanity
in the cosmic Temple: ascent in Body.

Vital initiation of the child in the School:
transcendent meaning of life functions.

Social initiation of the worker in the Workshop:
transmutation of human energy by labour.

Arkhetypal Matrix of the Work

“Humans have a central and centralizing function in this world,” he grumbled, “and the imbalances of Humanity affect the cosmic medium. If the imbalance reaches the maximum, catastrophe is unleashed.” “So what to do, then?” I asked him. “Balance the Human Robot again. I mean, if there is still time.”

Leopoldo Marechal, *The Banquet of Severo Arcángelo*

Second Manifesto:

workers of the Work, unite

The proletariat of the “First Manifesto” emerged as the revolutionary vanguard that changed the face of history: “the philosophers have merely interpreted the world in various ways; the point, however, is to change it” (Karl Marx, 1845).

The unborn workers who sing before they are born, the force-idea of the “Second Manifesto,” come as a *gen-ethical* vanguard of a giant planetary Work to be born: the point is to implement the second transformation of the world through the reversibility of the labour force.

In our technological age,
the trade unions of workers
have lost the worker vanguard:

they fight only for wages,
not for Work.

The “workers of the Work” are more than the “proletariat,” employees, the unemployed, intellectual or manual workers, skilled labour or cheap labour... it is a “hierarchy” in the cosmogonic order of “the works and the days”: the “sacred office” of humans, that we have lost in our eagerness to conquer the world.

A sacred office that we have to recover
through a mysticism of initiation in Labour:
consciousness of the *function* of labour in the Work.

But what *is* the Work?

If I think about it, I would say: “I don’t know.” And if I don’t think about it, the Work itself tells me that it is something very valuable that I must zealously guard so that the great current of life does not snatch it from my hands and set it rolling like just another stone among the other boulders that the river drags along. And the “stone” of the Work tells me that I can build “on this stone,” through labour, the spiritual-material temple of humanity.

The Church exalted the ideal temple:
it remained with half of the formula of the evangelical message:

“My kingdom is not of this world.”

Marxism exalted the material temple:

it forgot its initial mysticism of liberation of
human servitude
and was left with dialectic materialism
and the class struggle.

The attempts to bring together these two great forces of history into a Single current of liberation have failed: the world remains divided, and the people are still captive in Egypt (under the power of the Pharaoh's Magi.)

But on reaching the frontier of historical time in the great cycle of the “Fish,” in the critical moment of maximum tension of the human soul where the “ninth plague” marks the point of inflection of human forces (critical sacrificial temperature), a cosmogonic Gene fertilizes the mother-waters of life.

At this critical point (that we have passed)
it is no longer philosophy,
the churches,
Marxism,
science,
the “multinationals,”
the International Monetary Fund,
the United Nations,
the “extra-terrestrials”

that mark the course of the coming history:

it is the reversion itself of the Law,
the reversibility itself of the laws of life,
which, by in-verse energy,

activate previously unknown “functions of resonance.”

In other words, the Law's rotation on itself wraps in a new whirlwind of meaning the old forms of Justice and Labour, configuring (with them) the *gen-ethical* organization of a new world. In that gigantic rotation of cosmogonic principles the "mystical body" and the "social body," separated by insuperable walls of the rational logos of the old Aeon, converge, through resonance of similarity, in the Body of fire of a humanity that ascends in Body. Why of fire? Let us not get ahead of ourselves: let us see, if it is possible, how some of these protofunctions are sketched out.

What role does Argentina play in shedding light on these protoforms of Law, Justice, Labour. Argentina, gathering and assimilating in its human magnetic field the social and spiritual currents of the most advanced peoples of the world, rises up to the face of the earth like a pro-phetic antenna of sacrificial witness that has seen the appearing and disappearing of the coming humanity: prophetic wave of two sides, of dawn and dusk, life and death of the institutions, fateful destiny of the disappeared and song of hope of the pilgrims before they are born. Argentina came to have one of the most advanced labour legislations. And the hurricane of Herod blew, along with the cunning of the traders in the temple, and we lost the labour laws, the worker's pride, the protection of working mothers, social security for the sick, the old, children... Many factors have contributed to precipitating this collapse of the social temple, but more than investigating the causes (maybe there are none) what is important is to capture, to unravel the meaning, of the cosmogonic wave of message-anti-message that is hidden under the veil of events. And maybe the prophetic wave that Argentina is proclaiming now (even without knowing it) is this reversion of facts in search of the soul of the facts, as a message of transfiguration for the other peoples of the land.

We sit to listen

to the song

that the pilgrims before they are born
intone from the sanctuaries on high.

And when we manage to hear this Song resonating in the molecules of life itself we realize that the key "note" does not come from philosophy of history but social chemistry. That reversal of the vibratory field of the Law changes the very nature of what

until now we have understood as Justice and Labour. And it changes the structure of Knowledge and changes the chemistry of Life.

Phase transition,

qualitative leap in the human matter:

social matter.

It is the end of a great cycle: not only have we reached the “end of history,” but the “end” of known human matter.

The ecosystemic labour of all the kingdoms has produced a certain type of “matter” on the earth: and that “matter” determines the radius of the curve of knowledge. “The work and the days” that we have ahead of us consists of *elevating* this raw material, the fruit of labour and the sacrifice of nature, humans, history, for aeons of evolution, to the hierarchy of social matter of the Work. That alchemical transfiguration of the matter (or rather, the initial act of lighting) is no longer in human hands: through the revolution of science, the power of technology, spiritual enlightenment, social revolution... but rather it is a question of the *beginning* that is not of humans but which needs humans: a beginning that escapes the sociological order of knowledge to inscribe itself in the order of the cosmogonic ceremonial of life.

Revolution of method:

the “function of labour” leaps from the narrow
social economic framework of history

to the pro-phetic wave of

Social Transfiguration of the Word.

Gigantic leap to “functions of cosmic resonance.”

As for the nature of the work of the labour of the “worker of the Work” that qualitative leap implies *integrating*—no longer from the philosophy of values or the theory of science but from the human physiology of the worker—the “material conditions of production” (in terms of Marx and Engels) with the “works and the days” in the

cosmogonic conception of Hesiod. That technological tool for that integration of forces is no longer political philosophy but the power of reversibility of the sacred fire of Life.

On the great stage of the modern world, on the virtual screen of the computerized society, in the technical space of an Argentina-laboratory, we begin to discover the reversibility of the Law through the veil of a cosmic ceremonial represented on the social altarpiece. By “ceremonial” I mean that the sociological reading is insufficient to capture the root of meaning of the hurricane of events that today snatches us from our ancient soil. In other terms, the new sign of the time announces itself as a sign of fire (in the Chinese sign Li —禮— the fire symbolizes, with its weak line between two sources, the break of mechanical symmetry of the Law). The technological world that we have built with our electronic brain and mechanical heart, that world of intelligent cities and degraded human functions, breaks within... It breaks within, and we can no longer reconstruct the image of the world with the same tools of salvation that we believed we possessed: not through speculation of philosophers, the will of transformation of revolutionary politicians, technology’s message of salvation. We can no longer recover labour:

The “*time of human labour*” has disappeared.

But what is the nature of that “time” of labour so that labour is really “human labour”? The time of “human” labour, that function of resonance that articulates the goods of the earth with the clones of heaven, does not belong to the logical and mathematical order of the laws of the market but to the inner space of the human (禮) where humans themselves operate as “celebrants” of the cosmic rite of transfiguration of life. Reducing life, as “sacred office,” to labour laws, wages, employment, index of productivity of material goods... all this materializing reductionism of the intrinsic life force for the sake of the economic power of the new lords of the land has led, on reaching the crest of the “third wave,” to the death of humanity.

The recovery of the human economy of labour
no longer comes through economic models
or social revolution:

it comes through the strategy itself of the Work
in function of *reversibility of the Force*.

But what is the human role in this cosmogonic phase of the *Social Transfiguration
of the Word*?

Transfiguration Strategy

Another beginning?

Rodolfo Kusch in his *América profunda* highlights the contrast, the contradiction between the simple “being” of the Native American, confronting the elemental forces of nature and God’s wrath, and the “being somebody” of the educated westerner, with their complicated theory of social organization that to maintain the order and the tidiness of the opulent city must expel into the “dreadful throng” all the barbarism, dirtiness and stench of life that cannot be transformed with its economy of abandonment.

For over 2500 years, political philosophies, social doctrines, the religious conceptions of the world... none of the rational attempts to conjugate in the same verb those radical contradictions of life has managed to “embody poetry in history” (Octavio Paz). But there is a new sign in this age that is beginning and that Paz himself sketches in poetic language: “Suddenly, on any given day, the street leads into another world, the garden has just been born, the fatigued world is covered in signs (Octavio Paz, “La otra orilla,” in *El arco y la lira*, Mexico City, Fondo de Cultura Económica, 1973, p. 133).

The other bank...

Suddenly, the street leads to another world.

These breaks in symmetry, these fractures of meaning, these rites of passage symbolically mark the paths of the future, whether as enlightenment of intelligence (Einstein, Heisenberg, Prigogine...) or as concealment of the light at sacrificial altars (Tlatelolco, Tiananmen, Chernobyl)...

Extreme Confrontation

We have descended...

We have made contact with profound,
abysmal,
dying forces...

And we do not fight here with the angel,
or with the devil:

We fight (within) with Death.

I do not refer to death as a destiny that puts an end to life, but to Death as a *state* that challenges life to more life.

We have entered a dark age: where intelligence is left without an eye to see. We sense a transition from darkness to light, but when we quicken our step to cross the enigmatic frontier we realize that instead of more light the dark becomes darker. A fracture in the symmetry of the force has occurred.

above the Adherent, the flame
below the Abysmal, the water.

The *I Ching* typifies this sign of the time as a critical frontier at which “the transition from disorder to order has not yet been consummated,” and where the forces diverge: “the fire that pushes up high and the water whose movement is descendent.” And the *I Ching* continues: “The circumstances are difficult... The time of combat has come. The transition must be carried out. It is a question of waging a bold struggle to move and punish the devilish earth, that is, the powers of the collapse.” And I wonder: what is that “devilish earth,” and what is the nature of those “powers of collapse”? The philosophy of history, political doctrine, religious dogma, have filled the earth with wars of extermination, liberating revolutions, purifying bonfires of witches and demons...

Today it is time for another: as early as the 1920s José Ortega y Gasset spoke of the “twilight of revolutions,” and after Hiroshima is it is hard to imagine a “transition from disorder to order” carried out by humans.

For millennia,
in the social space of the human encounter,
we have played dangerously with death.

Today, through Reversibility of Values,
Death dwells in us.

It is a matter of Death as a *state* of human life: a difficult state to recognize as Death. I am not referring to anxiety, the existential void, the loss of meaning, the collapse of the image of the world... states of the soul that, although of the abyss, can be

recognized as connected to the background of life of the soul. Nor do I refer to what in poetic language has been called “death of the soul,” because in such a case “those whose souls are dead and still live” could give us news and knowledge of that “death.” But they are “dead” and they say they feel fine and that they have never heard of this death. In the abysmal Argentina, in the Argentina of the horror of the 1970s, in the Argentina of the detention camps, torture, rape, exile, death, who can we ask about the saga of Death? The disappeared? No, they have disappeared! The “official history”?

No, said official history does not speak about such Death: “They must have done something... I am not Jewish, Marxist, a left-wing revolutionary, a Third World priest...”

Perhaps we are asking the wrong question about death. Instead of asking what death “is”—a metaphysical question that has filled the world with theological, philosophical and scientific (brain death) speculations—we ought to ask how I perceive death, how I see it, how I feel it: a physiological question. In the stories of Carlos Castaneda, Don Juan aims at that sensitive relation with death and favours the action of the warrior as “ultimate battle on earth.” “Focus your attention on the connection between you and your death... It is always on your left, waiting for you... Focus your attention on the fact that you’d have much more time and let your acts flow consequently. Let each of your acts be your last battle on the earth. Only under those conditions will your acts have the right power.” (Carlos Castaneda, *Journey to Ixtlan*, New York, Simon & Schuster, 1972, p. 112). Magnificent is the master’s vision and wise the teaching given to the disciple. But we are still here in the domain of the soul... still in this space death is outside, to our left, waiting for our “last battle on earth.” Still in this context our dialogue with death is representable and, to some extent, transposable to the luminous spiritual tradition of humanity. Today, in the dark age,

we no longer confront a “form” of death

but Death itself.

It comes to be something similar to what happens with our confrontation with “evil,” with the “demonic.” The moral, philosophical, ethical, theological question is exhausted. Before we can ask about the Devil we have already come face to face with the Devil himself (see and reflect on the film *The Devil’s Advocate*).

At the end of a great cosmological cycle,
amid the great phase transition that we sense,
when the winter has not yet finished
and we thought we glimpsed the first shoots of spring,
suddenly,

spiritual initiation of the *matter*, little known until now. It is as if the
give proof of quality (as human matter) through confrontation with
confrontation is already occurring in the secret laboratory of the physical
with the great problems of society, the world, history, we no longer
of the soul: we ask about the *state* of the matter.

the current “state of the matter” cannot sustain
the high vibration of life;

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And the question arises:

Does the Lord of heaven,
to save the “matter” of humanity,
come to the earth as messenger angel of Death?

Well, this has happened several times... at least according to numerous cosmogonies. But we have stayed with the mythical story, with the allegorical images of transformations of the world.

Today we ourselves are protagonists of the cosmogonic drama in the scenario of our own body, the confrontation of our “old matter” with the invisible deeds of Death. From that confrontation-connection between life and Death a new *state* of matter is coming to life.

We cannot talk about this with the living,
only with those who have come back from Death:

Solar initiation of the human matter.

A cosmogonic drama *inhumanity*; the break in symmetry of the “old matter” that served as support for life; the partition of the direction of the force.



Somewhere in Argentina...

In the magnetic-spiritual field that fluctuates
between Heaven and Earth,
in the ceremonial-space of some
Sanctuary on high,

in the sacrificial-drama of human matter
in the sorrowful city,
in the archetypal-combat between life and Death
in the bowels of my own body...
at the point/non-point of partition of the Force,
the fire of the Spirit
resonates again in the waters of life.

Lighting of the matter: the dividing of the waters no longer occurs here but the
transfiguration of life.

We are no longer here in the terrain of political philosophy to interpret the drama of history. Furthermore, there is nothing to interpret because suddenly all the characters of the old drama of the world have disappeared from the stage of history. And this is the true drama we live in today's Argentina; we have been left without a script, without a roadmap to figure out what the pulse, the beat of Life that comes before the life to be born wants to tell us.

Somewhere in Argentina!

Is the place of *transfiguration*,
the place of the *symbolic sacrifice of a people*,
the place of the *recreation of the sacred order of the world*.

What is the nature of the Body to be born?

Somewhere in Argentina
a Body of *fire*
is born (before being born).

Based on the *flame* that ascends
and the "waters" that descend
my own "matter" has been transferred
(without my realizing)

to a higher level of energy,
to the extent that, without realizing it,
I come to function with another body.

And I come to realize (we are realizing) that we fought with low energy, and that with “low energy” the human problems that overwhelm us have no solution.

We fought with Death, and we didn’t know it! We had touched the mystery of the great current of spiritual initiation of humanity, and Argentina was one of the magnetic vertices of the first cosmogonic triangle that is reflected in the soul of the world!

*When life declines,
there is always a predestined land
that houses the seed of the gods
for more life.*

How is the role, the function, the mission of Argentina pre-destined in the *feat* of lighting the new world?

Argentina landscape reserve?

Argentina world food producer?

Argentina Rural-Exhibition: prepares a type of animal that adapts better and better to the demands of the market?

The question is not only asked of Argentina.

When I speak of the “first cosmogonic triangle” (of which Argentina is only one of the vertices), I am exploring, even without putting it to myself, the mystery of embodiment of the Word in the heart of the Virgin-matter. How is the *gestation* of a new seed of life pre-figured in the distilled matter of the world?

At the end of this great cosmogonic cycle that is closing
we find ourselves on the planet with another kind of “Humus.”

A “raw material” that Humanity has made
(along with the other kingdoms, Earth included)
and which appears to us as “gen-*ethical* plasma”
of the Work to be born.

It is the “matter” of “the works and the days” in the long march of the days: not only matter of art, science, culture, but organic matter of life. And it is this “anterior matter” (if we can call it that), this “matter-matrix,” the fruit of *illuminative disintegration* of the ancient bodies, the protomatter of today’s humanity, in the era of the globalized world, that raises as a sacrificial offering in the mysterious theurgical rite of transfiguration of life: something of this Teilhard de Chardin sensed when he symbolically celebrated his “Mass on the World.”

The human phenomenon that today involves us “all,”
on the global scale of the planet,

is “more than human,”
and we cannot even say that it develops
 “on the world.”

However it *is* human and it *is* of the world:
but it cannot be reduced to historical parameters.

We stand before an event that touches us so closely that it steals from us the space where the events happen and doesn’t even give us time to reflect on the end of our own history.

The Night has fallen.
Suddenly we have penetrated a
 “ceremonial space”

where humanity's fate

its being in the world,

its place in the cosmos

is revealed to us under the sign of a

new geometry of life.

A Work of art: not yet done, but sensed.

A Heralding sign of the world to come:

a key-note that marks the path of the pilgrims before they are born.

.....

In the middle of the night of the world

my soul feels mysteriously captive...

but a gesture of the Night before dawn

reveals the sense of existence to me:

it is *no longer* the will to power,

the dialectics of history,

the urge to possess life...

it is the cosmic feeling of participation in the great work of

Social Transfiguration of the Word.

Social Transfiguration of the Word

is the power of the Word

that calls out to Humanity

to re-establish (with humanity)

the Sacred Order of the world.

Social Transfiguration of the Word

is not a new mysticism,

a new religion,
a new social revolution...
it is a new geometry of Life.

Social Transfiguration of the Word

appears to us as an intellectual formulation
of the mystery (*Mysterium*)
of spiritual initiation of humanity
in the age of cosmic opening.
Not only as a paradigmatic issue
of a new historical time,
but also as a gen-*ethical* key of the
cosmogonic cycle that is beginning.

Social Transfiguration of the Word

is the *Prophetic theme of our time*
(as if Ortega y Gasset had lived in our time).
And it is *prophetic* because it comes before the time:
it does not belong to the princes of the priests
to the magi of science,
to the traders in the temple.
It belongs to the essence and providence of the Word
and the nobility and transcendence of humanity.
It is not a new social contract;

it is a

new alliance with Life.

.....

Who is the Hierophant who begins the ceremony and opens the first seal?

Nobody answers.

The light of the stars has been withdrawn;

the shadows of the earth have stunned us:

The path of knowledge is Different.

In the “ceremonial space” the laws of Life are also different.

And the matter of the Temple is different:

Distilled matter of science,

of labour,

of social revolutions,

of spiritual experiences...

and residual matter (silent matter of sacrifice).

The very pulsing of the “ceremonial space” in which we move today (even without being conscious of living in such a “ceremonial” space), the very rhythm of the cosmogonic means in which we move and have our being in-scribes the message of the Word in the molecules of our own lives:

The way of knowing is Different.

It is no longer the facts that speak to us, but the soul of the facts:

it is the knowledge by interpenetration of states, by resonance of similarity, by transfiguration of human matter into the sacred fire of the Word. It is the language of the living revelation; a message that is hidden in their essence and is manifested in their Operation: RevelationRe-vealed.

We no longer start here

from a revelation made dogma,

from stone tablets written on a single side,

from gospels of electronic churches,

from messages of salvation transmitted by intermediaries...

we start from

the transfiguration of humanity in the sacred fire of the Word:

- offering of personal values,
- transcendent meaning of life,
- will of social participation.

From different force centres of the planet there begins to flow an igneous blood that, by convergence of *mission*, gradually configures the great invisible spiritual current that operates like a field of ultra-meaning (*corpus mysticum*) of the visible and tangible social currents of the peoples.

That coupling (which might better be called “resonance”) between the spiritual “fire” and the “social matrix” constitutes the energy-*ethical* weft that will give “body of fire” to the “song” of the pilgrims before they are born: a new universal operative *medium* (medium-and-message: from the idea that “the medium is the message,” in McLuhan’s terms) in which we move today, we are transfigured and we have our being-and-non-being.

A new *medium*: new primordial waters?

It is not the “divine medium” (Teilhard de Chardin),

nor the “social medium” (Marx),
but the “Word *amid* us” of the Gospel.

In saying “resonance” between the divine medium and the human medium we are hearing, recognizing (in us, in our own body) the “sound,” “rhythm,” “pulse,” of the Mother Tongue that speaks in us: the Heralding sign of new functions of Life.

The new *medium* is enigmatic by nature;
none of the known sciences give us access
to its Gen-*ethical* code,
none of the known philosophies give us the key
to enter the Queen’s chamber.
It is the “Word-among us” (a new medium-message”),
it is the firstborn (first-*gene*) Power that draws in the matter
the “sign” of spiritual initiation of humanity for the coming cosmogonic
cycle.

Despite having heard this promise of the “Word-among us” more than once, albeit with different forms of language—“Have them make a sanctuary for me and I shall dwell among them” (Exodus 25:8)—the humanity of the logos-intellect could not decipher the code of living-meaning of the Mother Tongue: and it created sciences of humanity and sciences of God separated by an insurmountable abyss.

Much is said today about “initiation” (enough of “initiations by correspondence!”) and of “revelation” (every so often a “new revelation” is sold on the market): a new opium of the people. But those venerable words, coined in the social-spiritual context of the ancient sign of the time, end up telling us nothing today.

And if already at the threshold of the coming cosmogonic cycle we sense the “sign of the spiritual initiation of humanity,” it is because said “initiation” has already been done in the organic physiology of the social body: it is not a revelation that has to come

as lighting of the soul, but an “initial coming” that has already beaten the matter in its deepest centre, configuring a new geometry of life.

Suddenly we find ourselves with

initial conditions

that mark the *rhythm*

of functions of “cosmic resonance”

whose *gen-ethical* language we can no longer decipher

with the codes of ancient temples.

In other words: the new revelation has already been made, but it has not come in the form that we imagined. The “initial conditions” are already there: we already have a new science, we have already released the atomic energy, we are already travelling to the stars, we already live in a technified society on a global scale on earth... We already move and we are in a new *medium*.

The “first initiation” (if we can still speak in these terms)

has already happened: the Lord has come.

The “second initiation” (when the Lord has left) marks the stages of transformation of the coming human:

Liturgical *celebration*: in the fire of the sanctuaries on high (ceremonial space),

gen-ethical embodiment: in the darkness of the underground abysses (sacrificial space),

social *transfiguration*: in the great forge of human labour (transmission space).

That “second initiative” (of which we “are” all protagonists—to a greater or lesser degree—) is revealed in its essence as *impulse* of participation of humanity (in body) to a mystery (*Mysterium*) barely known in the initiations of the ancient temples: the

Social Transfiguration of the Word.

Why “social”? Why “in body”? Because in the long march of humans on the Earth we have reached a critical point on the road, where the metaphysical question about the being turns on itself to the listening of the *gen-ethical* function of the Body in the great work of organic transfiguration of life. That *Mysterium in Corpus*, preserved in the Christian tradition by faith, dogma and liturgy, reveals itself in the age in which it begins as a cosmic feeling of a new destiny for humanity: “the ascent of Humanity in Body.” We no longer differentiate here between individual biological body, social body or spiritual body: we simply speak of *Body*. And there arises a fundamental question that compromises all of us and everything: what are the *organic* functions of this Word that to be transfigured in *work* needs to be incorporated in its heart of social-matter of humanity?

We are beginning to discover functions
of *resonantia-Verbum*.

In other words, we are beginning to sense the rhythm, the heartbeat of the organic physiology of the universe: the *gen-ethical* order of life in its material, social, spiritual dimensions. At this profound level of interpenetration of states of Mother-function, *resonantia-Verbum* puts an end to the break between the path of knowledge and the path of life and is projected into the world as *power of embodiment*:

which models the matter in
functions,
offices,
tools,
organs.

It is a question of new functions, prophetic by nature; it means that they are ahead of the theory,

but the *theory* marks the path
of what is to be investigated.

Some of these functions of *resonantia-Verbum* are already being lived even before they are known, but the gen-*ethical* vanguard in the order of knowledge traces the major theoretical lines that are to serve as guide to the investigators of the organic architecture of the new world of humanity. What is it that has to be investigated in the universities and other research centres? And when thoughts fall silent, the pilgrims before they are born reply:

it is urgent to investigate
the convening power of the *Sacred* in the human consciousness,
the organic meaning of the *Law*,
the principle of embodiment of *Justice*:
 gen-*ethical* function of conduct,
the force of spiritual transfiguration of *Labour*,
the role of the technical medium for the
human development of *social Institutions* about to be born.

The Sacred, the Law, Justice, Labour, the Economy, the School... not only as metaphysical-theological principles or laws of political organization of “social” democracy but as “resonances” of mother-functions in the molecules of human life, these “sounds” of organic wisdom in the consciousness of the pilgrims before they are born *are* the theory that marks the path for Science, Technology, the Mysticism of the age that is beginning: “they are” the *initial conditions* to begin the cosmic phase of this new cycle to which we are called to live and to be. It is the *organic* interiorization of knowledge. The seed is budding of new life sciences rooted in human functions of cosmic resonance: biological morality, social chemistry, providential economy, gen-*ethical* physiology of transfiguration.

.....

We have entered a critical phase of history: “The *Titanic* is all of us,” wrote Jacques Attali, advisor to the French government, in the newspaper *Clarín* (Buenos Aires, 15 July 1998): “We all sense that *the iceberg is there*, that it awaits us, stalking somewhere in the fog of the future, for us to launch ourselves against it and crash as the

music plays...” Will we continue to be distracted with the metaphorical spectacle of our future catastrophes?

The iceberg is there,

but the *spectacle* is also there,

covering with its veils of seduction

the symbolic order of the world.

The response to this challenge escapes human hands

once and again:

because *the iceberg that is there*

is not the “iceberg” of our political philosophies and conceptions of the world,

but the “shadow of the Word” that comes to measure itself with humanity.

That con-frontation is prophetic by nature: it comes *before* it occurs. Heraldizing sign. The sign that heralds is the “precession of the catastrophe”: a catastrophe that before it happens unleashes the inverse energy that the catastrophe can reverse. The rational mind of the old cosmogonic cycle did not manage to decipher the symbolic geometry of the new sign of the time that we have to live: it was held prisoner in the dialectics of the pairs of opposites and in the iron laws of history. Today molecular biology and even economic theory help us discover epigenetic cycles that we did not notice before: now we hear some economists say that “in terms of the financial deficit, the important thing is not the deficit itself but the potential reversal of the flow of capitals.”

The sign of the time itself

installs today on the stage of the world the

initial conditions

for unleashing a prophetic wave of

Reversibility of Values:

“*initial note*” of the civilization of the cosmic era.

Initial conditions. “Initial note.”

Is there a sign of “advent” in our world, in our age, in our historical time? Is the initial light of the new science, the appearance of the power of technology, the signs from the sky (the last solar eclipse of the millennium, 11 August 1999, and the enigmatic “cosmic cross” in the vision of astrologers), or the fury of the elements of the Earth with the consequent ecological imbalance of the planet? Every one of these signs has its place, its function, its weight of meaning in the “initial constellation of signs” that illuminates the new path of humanity, but the same basis of that which we call “initial” escapes our gaze and hides behind the veil of mystery.

America, the magnetic monopoly

in the symbolic geography of the New Earth

Eduardo Mallea has seen, in a novel, the two Americas that are coexisting in us: the visible America and the invisible America. On the surface, that of the grandstanders, the orators, those who yell, those who have representation and uniform; and in the bowels, in the flesh and in the soul, are the rest of us: the shoemakers and the students, the gentlemen who go to the cinema and the gentlemen who walk the street, the poets and the peasants... The orators speak standing on a volcano; they say they know where they are going—without knowing it—because they have to say something and make a noise... Those below don't know where they come from either (where we come from). The invisible America is a murky fog that gradually clears from mistakes, from struggles to stay afloat, from suffering the contact with a contradictory reality.

Germán Arciniegas, *Este pueblo de América.*

When I want to put into words that unitive sense of life that, as I sense, could dissolve the tension that is tearing the social and spiritual fabric of the Americas, the first thing that emerges in the light of enlightened thinking are so many other questions that far from “dissolving the tension” (Kusch) do no more than reinforce the contradictions coined by history in the course of the becoming of the American peoples.

North America, South America?

Anglo-Saxon America, Latin America?

European-America, Native-America?

America of nations, America continent?

None of these expressions can reveal the meaning, the mystery, the mission of a still unborn America. But when I invoke the potentiality of this spirit to be born and I ask it to tell me its name, only one word emerges from the fire:

America

And the thinking takes another course

*Today, as yesterday, as always,
the idea-seed of the new century of time
reclaims a sacred-land
where to house the human dream*

12 April 1961. Yuri Gagarin, first man in space, flies over the Earth in his ship Vostok. But history had begun before.

16 July 1945, in Alamogordo, New Mexico, at 5.29.45 in the morning. Even before the explosion, during the preparations for the construction of the bomb, Minister of War Henry Stimson had warned Robert Oppenheimer and the other members of the Scientific Expert Group that he “would not consider said bomb a new weapon but a revolutionary change in humanity’s relationship with the universe” (Peter Wyden, *Día Uno*, Barcelona, Martínez Roca, 1986, p. 150).

And he was not wrong: “For the first time a cosmic fire had burned on Earth” (Teilhard de Chardin). A break in the symmetry of the old image of the world: the

technological revolution on the outside had a mystical heart on the inside. The axis of history was displaced to the

New-New World.

Gone are the interpretative frameworks to access the Genesiac meaning of the new constellated earth with the cosmos: spiritual initiation of humanity on a planetary scale. But today there is a material terrestrial *point* where the sacred fire of the gods is released: not only in the New Mexico desert, but also on the summits of the Andes and in the underground abysses of the human city. And the Americas *are born*: it is no longer the fragmented Americas of the European and the native, that of the fracture between civilization and barbarism, the Americas of the rich nations and the poor peoples, nor the Americas of geopolitical territories separated by barriers of domination-dependence, nor much less Anglo-Saxon America on the one hand, Hispano-America, Latin America on the other... the new point of symbolic convergence of human, telluric and cosmic forces that open the paths of the future *is*, simply,

America

This *initial* America encloses however in its core of libertarian meaning the seed of an archetypal war (as has happened always in the origin of the great civilizations). The drama of the historical Americas unfolds among the high summits of glory and the deep abysses of misfortune; this happened in the process of development of the great pre-Colombian empires, the cities of Incas and Mayas; this happened with the glorious and tragic fate of the great liberators of the Americas, Miranda, San Martín, Bolívar... and this continues to happen today among the economic wellbeing of the “opulent city” (Galbraith) and the cry of penury that runs through the “open veins of Latin America” (Galeano). Thomas Berry, a leading US thinker, in his notes on *America: Bicentenary Reflection*, a work that Valerio Ortolani commented on in *Personalidad ecológica* (Mexico City, 1983, p. 212), presents his thesis of “ironic interpretation of American history”; ironic in the sense of having attained the opposite of the historical, spiritual and libertarian mission stamped in the souls of the founding fathers. And today, after Alamogordo, Vietnam, Star Wars, after Che Guevara and the new generation of the 1960s, after the authoritarian political power, the disappeared, social marginality... why do we invoke again the mythical name of *America* and not the paradigmatic key of

“globalization” (the geopolitical globalization of the Earth)? Because the technological medium is not enough

a germinative *soil* is always needed
that provides shelter to the seed of the gods.

“A *being*” that gives meaning to the *self* is necessary” always (Kusch); a material terrestrial point of expansive release of the cosmic fire is always necessary. Not an abstract universalism, not a “global village” for a homeless humanity.

We do not know where it comes from or where it is going,
but we sense that in the land of the Americas
a celestial *seed* has been deposited for more life.

In the Americas the “seed” (impulse) can be felt of the radioactive disintegration of human matter, the “seed” of the spiritual revelation of the new cosmogono-historical heaven, the sacrificial “seed” of lost social revolutions. From the heart of America there appears again the need to give an answer to the fundamental problem of *human development*, an issue proposed in philosophical, political, and technological terms by the cultures that have gone before us, but not resolved in its double spiritual and material aspect of human life. Why does this *initial* message of the Americas go unnoticed in the theoretical models of interpretation of the world?

Because the message of the Americas
is not ideological, but gen-*ethical*.

“Being gen-*ethical*” does not mean “not being intelligible.” It *is* intelligible, but not in the way in which we have projected our intellectual vision of the world. The instrument of intelligibility is the same that we have used until now to walk in a straight line on solid ground:

the new instrument is *prophetic-scientific*.

The events themselves, operating as Heralding signs (proffering of the Word) mark the path to the doctors of the law.

I return to the idea of the Americas. I take from Germán Arciniegas, in his *Biography of the Caribbean*, the epic tale of Balboa:

It can be said that this vigorous conquistador, who came from the common people, carried on his shoulders the first ships that crossed the isthmus. He wanted to explore the new sea, his sea. He left for the bush with his cane cutters, he cut the highest and most even trunks, sawed the boards as he could, and on the shoulders of Indians and white men, skirting the peaks, he gradually passed down everything, beams, boards, cloths, nails, to the shores of a river where he built the boats to go down with them to the blue waters of the sea. (Germán Arciniegas, *Biografía del Caribe*, Mexico City, Porrúa, 1983, p. 286).

Just like Balboa, we in the Americas have glimpsed a cosmic ocean that had not been seen until then; and also like Balboa, using humanity's technical resources, the providence of heaven and the fertility of the land, we are beginning to construct an *arkha* to cross the great waters in search of the "Other" shore. The "work" of the Americas—the "man of America," its institutional, social, spiritual forms—that work appears to us, thus, as a (prophetic) operational mission of a *gen-ethical* vanguard that *advances by retreating*: a gigantic systematic work that goes beyond the theoretical frameworks of the builders of political and technological society. And then, at that frontier of the old logos, a more fundamental question emerges: does America emerge from a primordial magma (catastrophe of the Age of Pisces) as an *ultracontinent* in the long march of humanity on the Earth? And if so, should we not ask ourselves whether beyond the social, geopolitical, technological formulations of "the last people of the end of history," whether we, those who have arrived too soon, have not been chosen as protagonists of a New Alliance that transcends the theoretical frameworks of the old world?

Protagonists?

Yes, "messenger particles" that "couple" to a field of cosmogonic forces hitherto inaccessible to the individual and social experience of the terrestrial human. That "experience of coupling," resonance between human matter and the cosmic consciousness, that "energy of connection," that form of essential communication by "power of similarity" which in the times that preceded us was only accessible through the mysticism of the wilderness, the religious rite, artistic exaltation comes today to occur through a secret rhythm of the heart" coupled to a social chemistry put in movement by

the symbolic power of technology. That “secret rhythm of the heart” is the *form* of spiritual consciousness that we are beginning to live in this newborn “America ultracontinent.” And once again, why America? It is not easy to say why. On reaching this point I abandon conceptual language and I abandon myself to what the symbol means to me that operates as an intermediary in the liturgy of the new Age.

America, magnetic monopoly.

That “magnetic monopoly,” as a symbol of unification, does not come from mystical, metaphysical or poetic tradition, but emerges from the esoteric core of the language of technology. In technical language, to say “magnetic monopoly” is to almost compose an enormous energy reserve. If it were possible to mix a (magnetic) north pole with a (magnetic) south pole, an energy potential would be released far superior to what nuclear reactors are capable of today. Just science fiction? No, steps of the theory in search of the great unification of the forces of the universe (G4). And not only of the forces of the physical world. Basing ourselves on the power of analogous resonance of the symbol of thought we move ahead to forms of unification “still unborn” in the unpredictable field of the human world.

Coinciding with the great disturbances
of the Earth (break of ecological balance)
and with the collapse of lunar models
of fragmentation of the world and fracture of humanity,
America before it is born,
makes its great message of unification heard (GM4)
by the solar voice of the

Feathered Serpent.

That prophetic America, that “magnetic monopoly” that bursts into the symbolic geography of the New Land, is not in the geopolitical space of the nations, not in the common market of traders but in the soundless rhythm of the solar messengers that are ahead of the time of history. It is a theurgical-technical rhythm (if we can call it thus) that

destabilizes the matter of the terrestrial human and acts as connection with the cosmic consciousness: an analogy in the physiological order with Mach's principle (connection between big and small) in the cosmological order?

Today, like yesterday, in America, the key of meaning for humanity appears to us as the figure that draws the Feathered Serpent in its journey around the universe. In other words, from the sanctuaries on high, once again, the Sacred Fire puts the human geography of the planet in circulation.

What is the symbolic code of this "touch" of the stars?
Not only the entry of light,
but the circulation of light.

I say specifically "circulation" because the cosmic mind of America comes to release the human energy imprisoned for millennia in time capsules. This is a mystical stage (and complementary on a human scale) of release of atomic energy.

In speaking of "magnetic monopoly" in the context of a symbolic planetary geography, I want to somehow access the originary unity, the main root (First-gene) or an occurrence that appears like an *inaugural force* in the living humus of the Earth, lights up the night of the world and curves the path of history. It is no longer humans who go out into outer space to explore the Cosmos, but the Cosmos itself that comes to dwell in the inner human time, leaving its magnetic print stamped on the molecules of life. But, then, what is America?

America is the germinative soil,
the soul-people
that anticipate (guarding the sacred First-gene)
the tragic fate of the "end of history."

And each people, with its own telluric force, with its cultural identity, with its material and spiritual goods, with its alma mater participates, by transmutation of elements, in the great work of *Social Transformation of the Word*.

And Argentina?

Within the context of this foundational America, before the horizon of advent of a new Land, what is the role, the mission of our Argentina in the planetary organism to be born?

Prophetic mission:

To guard in its breast, still without saying,
that essential thing that it has to Say.

The hands of time stop here, the interpretations of philosophy of history fall, the deep reality is Different.

*There was a mysterious sign,
the touch of a Star,
and the virgin land shook...*

.....

*And the traders came,
and the warriors without glory,
and the princes of the priests...
and they saw that there was a feat,
and they were afraid.*

Beyond (or rather, closer within) the political Argentina, of mixed blood, of the melting pot, of the breadbasket of the world, of social revolution, of the third-world Argentina aspiring to the first world...

there is an inner Argentina.

There was a cry: liberation or dependence. And the jaws of the underground abysses opened. The key to decipher the sense of this inner-Argentina is not the political, social, economic nature, but the gen-*ethical* nature: the key of transmutation of elements. We are lacking a theory for the proper reading of the new human phenomenon. We are beginning to hear the song of the pilgrims before they are born, but we have lost the vision of the secret code of war:

We didn't realize
that we were betting on
the extermination of the Argentine human.

Today, like yesterday, as in other key frontiers of the sacred history of the peoples, we are seeing the extermination of the firstborn (*First-gene*): by the doctrine of national security, torture, the abandonment economy, the seduction of entertainment, the theory of salvation through technology. How can we approach the understanding of this feat of "sacrificial illumination"?

Argentina, under the gaze of the Southern Cross, at a providential-magnetic point of the symbolic geography of the Earth, stands in the historical stage of a cosmogonic drama where the trajectory of the old routes of power curves. Why do I say "providential"? Because the *theory*, the paradigmatic key of the "feat" that we are living today in Argentina transcends the theoretical frameworks (anthropological, sociological, political, technological) with those that until only yesterday we attempted to interpret the course and meaning of the historical revolutions. To say "feat" means to *forge* a new human link (ultraelement-tie) in the *gen-ethical* chain of transmission of new functions of life.

A forge that is not only represented
in a human drama,
but comes as "Seed" of life
in a war of elements.

That "forge" not only passes through the dialectics of the enlightened but through the sacrifice of the innocents: it is the "Seed" of inner-Argentina, a new synthesis of the material and spiritual elements of life.

We enter here in the still unexplored terrain of "gestation of sacred functions." To glimpse something similar we would have to go back to distant Genesiac ages where the sacrificial magma of nature incorporated into its breast the primary breath of the spirit to give live to new ages of the Earth. And today, in our time? The Earth has also turned unstable and we are dying from lack of life. But in some providential places of the planet where the sacrificial human magma reaches critical temperatures or consciousness,

completely new functions of life emerge. The fruit of this marriage (*resonantia-Verbum*) is something more than a spiritual philosophy, a social contract or a technological work: it is the gestation of an ultraelement, divine and human at once (“resonance”) that operates as a “bridge-molecule” in the organic physiology (individual and social) of a new Sacred World Order.

...following in the footsteps of the children of the Sun

There is a *Prophetic Argentina...*
inaccessible to the tired eyes of walkers without a path.
Sacred land...
guarded in a hermetic space, by consecrated souls.
Someone who saw us pass asked
our name...
and we could not say it
because it was a secret.
"What is this place," they asked again.
And we said,
it is the Home.
"I want to stay"!"
the nostalgic voice said...

We were right here in another time,
around the same *fire,*
under other *stars.*

We were with our people
but our people did not recognize us...

we walked through the same valleys,
we climbed the same mountains,
we sailed the same rivers,
we shared the same *sorrow,*
the same *pain,*
the same *joy.*

We were with the same parents, the same siblings, the same teachers, but our people did not recognize us...

we spoke the same language,
we had the same ideals,
but the *code of destiny* was not the same...

One day Someone saw us leave...
we scattered "to the four winds."

.....
*"they made a promise
that all must keep;
but I cannot say it,
as they promised to keep it secret."*

.....
Walker, if some day along an uncertain path, before the night falls, you pause a moment to listen to what the wind is trying to say,
you will hear the "song of the pilgrims before they are born"
and you will intone the Same song.