

2016 number 2



pentagram

Lectorium Rosicrucianum

A storm of the Spirit effervesces and
drives to deep Gnostic awakening,
for every human being



signpost for an earthly and cosmic journey

the five lines of the world of the soul

members, pupils and friends - lectorium rosicrucianum

pentagram - basis of soul consciousness

perspective: as above, so it is below: the miraculous in everyday life

pentagram

pentagram

*A sepal, a petal and a thorn
Upon a common summer's morn –
A flask of Dew – A Bee or two –
A breeze – a caper in the trees –
And I'm a Rose*

Emily Dickinson

Wonderment and inquisitiveness are both a blessing and a curse. No animal will wonder why it lives, why it walks around here. But a human being will search and search again. Ever further he searches to control his world and the material plane. But does he also control the depths of his spirit?

An inward search is something that is awe-inspiring. Whoever undertakes it with some subtlety, will discover frightening aspects of him/herself, as well as sparkling colours of goodwill and love. Necessary for it is a measure of curiosity as well as a longing to reach a purity of soul.

Wherein lies the origin of a conscious way of living? Is it hunger, a drive for food? Is it the drive to protect our personal circle, our own family or community? Was it a yearning for emotions and feelings that have made us intelligent and caused the thinking faculty to develop?

Or is it something quite different? Is it a gentle breeze – something inexpressible? A flask of dew, at the summer's break of day, which made you go searching, and gather roses, in the service of mankind? And didn't you then learn, through that delightful bouquet of gifts, how true the line is from Gilbert Bécaud's chanson: *L'important, c'est la rose...* That it is the rose that is essential?



Cover

Threatening storm in spring

© Les fenêtres ouvertes

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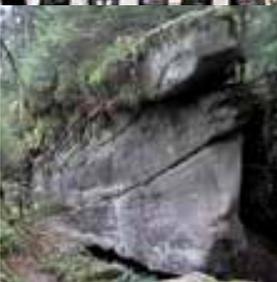
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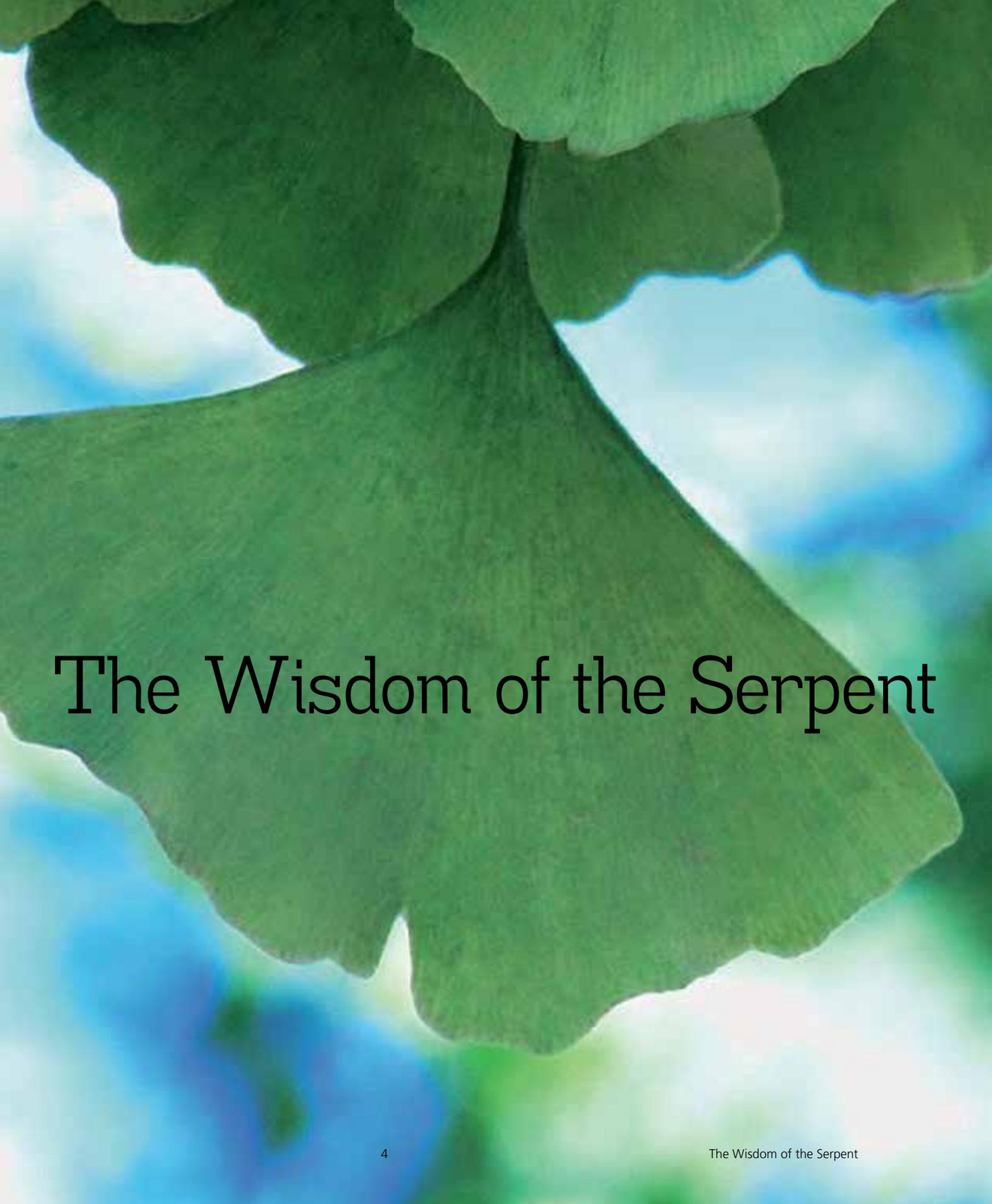
When, in the mysteries of Transfiguration, someone is confronted for the first time with the glory and majesty of the new life-field - which is the magnetic radiation of the sixth cosmic domain – he experiences this as the violence of a magnetic storm and he fears that the end and his annihilation are near.

In this experience preserve your inner peace!

Stay attuned to the spirit-spark-atom!

Then you will assuredly make a wondrous discovery, so wondrous and so boundless that a great thankfulness will arise within you, and you will confirm from within the ever-current message of the Spiritual School: 'Brother, sister, in everything you do, give first place to the primordial atom! Indeed, it is the key to your true being; the mystery of all mysteries; the origin and fulfilment of all new genesis.'

Albert Bierstadt. Among the Sierra Nevada Mountains, California, 1868



The Wisdom of the Serpent

In the sacred symbolism of all ages, the twofold nervous system is displayed as a tree - in the Bible as well as in the philosophy of the East more particularly as a fig tree. That makes good sense for when we observe the spinal spirit-fire column arising out of the plexus sacralis as the trunk, then the head sanctuary is the crown and the twelve pairs of cerebral nerves, descending from the head sanctuary into the entire body, are the drooping branches of the tree.



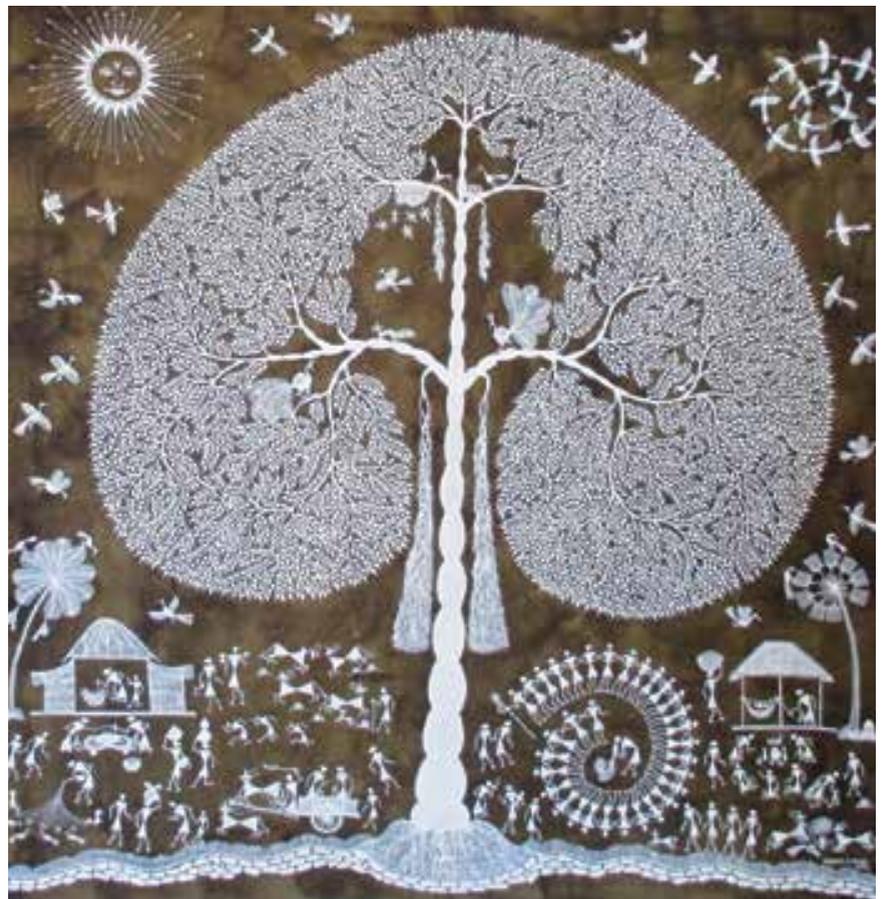
When one speaks of the tree of life it is clear that the original, pure and ideal working of the life-system is indicated here. And when the 'tree of the knowledge of good and evil' is mentioned it makes sense that our attention is drawn to the disturbed, unholy workings of that same life-system. Thus we are confronted with the two trees of the mythical paradise – they are within us – both the tree of life and the tree of knowledge. Man has made an unholy morbid growth of the holy fig tree. And the classical myth is so very much to the point that the Bible unfolds for us in all its clarity.

Take the serpent for instance. The serpent hangs and lives in the fig tree. The serpent is the soul, the consciousness, living in the spinalis i.e. the spinal nervous cords. And it is clear why the image of the serpent is used here for the shape of the spinal system can indeed be compared to a serpent.

When Jesus the Lord tells his disciples to be "wise like serpents" he alludes to the original, pure and holy link that once existed between the spinalis and the divine life; to the divine wisdom that was once one with the spinalis. However, the original serpent of the sublime mysteries has degenerated into



J. VAN RIJCKENBORGH



The lucid thinking of Jan van Rijckenborgh and Catharose de Petri and their great love for humanity brought them together to found a modern school for the development of consciousness, the Lectorium Rosicrucianum. They did so in the firm conviction that the elimination of the lack of knowledge about the background of human existence is a key factor in alleviating the worlds' suffering.

a reptile. The hissing serpent slithers through matter, its venom besmirching all created things. So you may understand why on the one hand the Bible tells the pupils to be “wise like serpents”, and on the other hand calls the serpent the most hideous of creatures. You may now also fathom the stories about the seven-headed dragon rising from the flood of the waters and of the many-headed Hydra in the labours of Hercules - for the spinal serpent does indeed have seven ‘heads’. These are the seven cerebral cavities, which are closely and organically connected with the entire spinal system. The seven lights that burn in the seven cerebral cavities are the seven heads of the serpent or dragon; they are the seven eyes in fairy tales – and the seven passages into Shamballa.

Thus the divine intervention is revealed to us as if a curtain on a stage is raised. We see the majestic and glorious work of the Universal Brotherhood. We see its attempts to raise and transfigure fallen man and his mutilated personality. The tree of life, the original eternal human fig tree, must again be erected and we must return to the paradise within us. In this regard we understand why they are in a unity of seven. The seven aspects of Will and Yoga, burning like candles in the seven cerebral cavities,

must be extinguished as regards their earthly functioning. The head of the old serpent, its sevenfold head, gets crushed, in order that the divine Yoga, the divine wisdom, might enter and the divine Will might rule the spinal system as its high priest. The seven lights are kindled and the pupil holds them as if in his right hand. The twelve pairs of cranial nerves are propelled to regeneration as the branches of the tree of life. The restoring vital fluid penetrates the three sanctuaries. And from the sacral plexus the living water flows through the eight gates of the sanctuary into the crystal sea and nothing remains that could scatter it.

The thirty-three aspects of Will and Yoga, the thirty-three aspects of the spinal system, rise as a serpent, full of wisdom. And the serpent that formerly spoke words of death now speaks words of beauty, wisdom and love. The son of the All-One, the divine Architect, is the only begotten Son of God, the son of serpents and lions. The Tree of Life is resurrected once more as a pillar in the temple of God. ☉

The wisdom of the Waitaha

I

In the Song of Waitaha we are told how the discovery of a remote “out of the world” place like New Zealand was no mere chance but that its discovery was purposeful and guided by a higher impulse. The traditions of the indigenous people of New Zealand have been kept secret for centuries, until they were brought out into the open several years ago. According to these traditions different peoples, different races even, were led to this special place under by a powerful impulse. It was a radiating centre - a mystery centre it is said - for the entire Pacific region. Hutu Matua, the famous heroine of the Maori people of Polynesia, and Kiwa, the navigator of the Uru Kehu from the East, from South America, came from areas at least 8000 km apart, to meet at the loneliest place in the world.

This implies more than the personal fate of two people. Just as later their grandson Maui searched for and found uninhabited New Zealand, driven by an inner command rather than wanderlust for discoveries. Finally still another race found its way to the Easter Island, the “stone people” who were described as an independent third race. They were led purposefully to this place, despite their great peregrinations that far exceeded the residential boundaries of the different groups. For over a thousand years this place, Easter Island, the mysterious centre in the South Pacific full of spiritual energy, was a starting point.

Rewriting chronology

On the basis of the Song of Waitaha we are able to write a new chronology, based on the descriptive history of more than 70 generations, which figure in the story. In it we also find an account of the huge volcanic eruption of Tamatea on the North Island of New Zealand. This took place about 1700 years ago.



For Paul Gauguin the Maori on Tahiti were people who lived very close to their origin. In his charcoal sketch "Faces from Tahiti" 1889, he was able to capture their ethnographic originality as well as their spirituality within a single image. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, VS.

Around the beginning of our era Maui, the grandson of Hotu Matua and Kiwa, set foot on land in New Zealand after traveling there from Easter Island. In the third and fourth centuries many races accessed the country. Among the imported food-stuff were potatoes from Easter Island. Pounamu (greenstone, a type of jade) the sacred stone of New Zealand was collected there for its healing power and distributed throughout the Polynesian archipelago. This period lasted for about 37 generations until the twelfth or thirteenth century AD. Through raids of the warlike Maori from Polynesia the 'old people' perished, without, as they said, 'having been able to take the roundabout way' to assimilate the knowledge of Easter Island.

The history of Easter Island can also be rewritten thanks to the insights of these ancient traditional stories. According to the Song of Waitaha the first colonisations took place simultaneously. From Polynesia came Hotu Maua and her people. From South America came Kiwa at the beginning of our Common Era. A little later a third people arrived, probably from Asia. In the fourteenth century violent Polynesians who did not follow the ancient ways, brought strife and conflict to Easter Island and New Zealand. This ultimately caused the old Easter Island culture to perish in the seventeenth century.

The testimonials found on Easter Island show that not merely that some local tribal culture developed there, but we find evidence there of a highly developed civilization. The giant stone statues it left behind are found here only. It is hard to imagine how people who had no iron tools could create, transport, and erect such sculptures, up to 12 meters high and with a weight of more than ninety tons. There is

According to the Secret Teachings of Mrs. Blavatsky Easter Island, where we find these statues, had sunk into the ocean and thereafter rose up again. These statues show a close resemblance to similar statues found in Mongolia (see right side picture), the origin of which is equally unknown. Easter Island and the Pyramid of Giza are located exactly opposite each other on our planet. It is equally unknown how that pyramid was erected.



an unfinished figure with a height of 21 meters in a trench. They also had their own writing system, which is among the few languages that have not been deciphered so far. What is striking is its similarity with the script of the Indus culture in Northern India (Mohenjo-daro, Harappa), which also has not been deciphered as yet.

The splendour of the rainbow

The stone sculptures have a striking resemblance to the stone-carved figures in Mongolia, which also stand alone in the landscape but have no legs. In the Song of Waitaha there are some, be it vague, indications for an Asiatic origin of the “stone people” (Luke Takapo), who came to Easter Island under the direction of

THE SONG OF CREATION

In the Song of Waitaha there are some, be it vague, clues that point at an Asiatic origin of the ‘stone people’. They came from the ‘highest mountains, the roof of the world’. According to the Secret Teachings (Blavatsky) Easter Island belonged to the earliest civilisation of the third race, to which the Lemurians belonged. After sinking down into the ocean with the rest of Lemuria, a sudden volcanic uprising of the ocean floor caused this small remains of archaic times to rise up again integrally, with its volcano and its statues. As a remaining witness that Lemuria did exist. It is said that some Australian tribes are the last remaining descendants from this race.

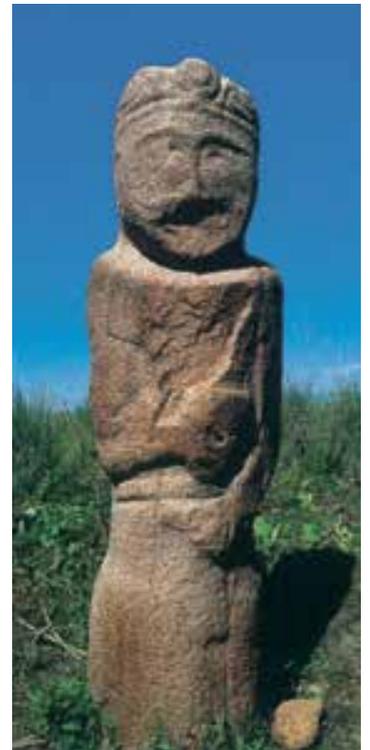
The Song of Creation

“In the depths of the Void there was a Great Sound.

In the beginning, Io Mata Ngaro, God of the Gods, Father and Mother of the Unborn, Creator of All called the Universe into being. And all those born of the stars were brothers and sisters, kin within one family. And the human kind travelled the tides of the womb to the World of Light. And their spirit soared free. And they fell into the World of Darkness where evil reached out to send the Children of Tāne on trails of pain and sorrow. And they turned again to the Light and stood tall within the Circle of Peace.”

This is the beginning of the Song of Waitaha, the histories of a nation. During centuries the elder people of the Waitaha passed on these stories orally. In 1994 they were published for the first time in Christchurch, NZ, with permission from the elder given in 1988.

Time after time archaeologists found traces in NZ from a people that knew no weapons. They created trade methods and transported stones throughout the entire length of the country. The Song of Waitaha narrates how this peace loving society was known as “The Nation”. In the preface it is explicitly asked that the reader will respect what is written in the book. As a warning it is said: “If we lose the storytelling words then we will lose our dream..”



Rongueroa and who were probably the sculptors of the stone carvings. After all, they came from the “highest mountains - the roof of the world”. But this cannot mean the Andes, because Kiwa came from there. The origin of the three different nations from totally different directions and currents is emphasised several times.

In the collective memory of the Easter Island culture there is mention of multiple catastrophes in which fire plays a role. These catastrophes may have been caused by volcanic eruptions or fire that ‘fell’ from heaven. There is also talk of a great flood, a huge wave caused by a seaquake, of which archaeologists have indeed found traces. Yet the story tells that: “In the splendour of the rainbow lies the certainty that the flood will never recur again and will no more cover the earth with its deep water. In the rainbow the colours of all peoples of all countries are visible; the dream has been fulfilled: the promise of peace. Because the purifying and healing fire is yet to come, it does not speak of the Great Fire.”

This demonstrates the knowledge of the elders and ancestors of great floods and other calamities, which caused the downfall of unknown civilizations long before their own adventures.

Could it be that the mystery centre on Easter Island goes as far back as the earliest hazy times of origin? Is it perhaps a source of the original knowledge of humankind, possibly in line with the mystery centre in the Gobi Desert in Inner Asia? Does the knowledge of the great floods and the emergence of the rainbow also come from here?

The upper and lower jaw

The traditions of the Waitaha and the other ancient peoples mention nothing



Nothing the Waitaha ever did was without meaning, but the symbolism of the Waitaha rock paintings – in which boats, snakes, and dancing people are shown – is for the greater part still not understood. Two centuries ago they were found in the Hazelburn-Blacklers caves in the Timaru District, Canterbury, New Zealand.

“In the Light is life and compassion. In the dark there is only obscurity. In the Light the dream knows no borders; in the dark the dream is mutilated, cannot find its beginning, and is afraid of the end. ”

concrete about mystery teachings, initiations or cults. Yet we can clearly discern two levels of knowledge and wisdom: the sacred stories of the 'upper jaw' and the voice of the 'lower jaw'. The 'upper jaw' knowledge was strictly confidential and only a few chosen ones educated from birth became acquainted with it. These chosen ones had to be gentle people. The 'power of the upper jaw' was never entrusted to one who lived for himself rather than for others. And it was never passed on to people 'who were possessed by anger and brought others sorrow'. Access to these areas of knowledge was only granted to those who possessed an extraordinarily well-developed awareness and great spiritual potential. Only they could approach the 'elders of the world', and become skilled in the original knowledge, the authenticity of which is reflected in their continuous and consistent verbal lore.

The voice of the 'lower jaw' however is not bound to any prohibition or silence; its stories 'evoke the young and the old' at the evening fire, where they experience worlds that are more real than one can touch, more clear than one can see, and more beautiful than one could sustain. Each of these stories is like a grain of seed; they do not germinate everywhere, but there are always some listeners who will certainly recognize the true spirit within.

This early culture of the South Pacific is characterized by communal peace, harmony with nature and great knowledge of life processes and energies of the etheric plane. Indeed, the area was mostly "pure", i.e. spiritual and subtle energies hardly met with resistance. This also applies to New Zealand; there were no higher mammals and human presence came significantly later than in other areas. This is shown amongst other things by the colours of its plants and flowers, almost all with striking bright colours.



Maori mask

"All are kin of Tāne Mahuta. All descend from the red earth shaped into the First Woman. Yet, some children stand tall and gentle in the Sun, while others crouch in the dark feeding on anger and hurt. The children of peace are like saplings nurtured by the Earth Mother. Seeking the light, they reach ever upwards to the sky to become the tall trees of the forest.

The Children of the Darkness grow as stunted plants. Their minds are bound within soured roots and tangled branches that turn on themselves in frustration. And their anger feeds on anger to grow without design, to twist and enfold, to hinder and harm. The Darkness has forgotten the beauty of the tree that stands straight and true.

They are the children of Tu Ma Tauenga. And as long as they walk to the beat of his drum they remain as children bound within the unfinished mind, bound within the thwarted spirit, bound within bodies that see strength in destruction and find succour in the suffering of others."

Then follows the report of the arrival of the warriors, the Maori, who very soon conquered the countries of the Nation, because the people did not resist.

Then the Song of Waihata ends:

"And we went in peace. There were no battles, only our dead. The young, the old, the women, the men, everyone went. And where the families fell the circle of our dream was broken. Once we were numbered as the sands upon the shore; now we are but a few."



Collectively the Waitaha consisted of three different nations. The Moriori or Maeroero who were tall, and known for their work in Kumaru wood and the playing of the flute. The Urukehu, a light coloured people, also called the star walkers, who were navigators and read their course in the stars. The Kiritea or stone people that came from Asiatic territories and brought the Greenstone (jade). They populated the archipelago in the South Pacific from 400-450 BC, until the end of their civilization in the seventeenth century with the arrival of the Maori.

Notable features

The original inhabitants, as we know them from the Song of Waitaha, fitted completely into this world. They were a gentle harmonious people who avoided conflict, anger, and annoyance as much as possible. Those emotions would have been punishment to them. They were very tolerant though they did cast out violent people from their community. When foreign conquerors such as the Maori brought threat and conflict to the country it meant the end of their culture. They could not live with the violent and unrestrained mentality of their conquerors.

Apart from the qualities mentioned afore, the earliest inhabitants of the islands must also have known great courage and perseverance. They were young men and women who were specially chosen for these voyages. They sailed from Easter Island to New Zealand and South America and back in rafts of trees bound together, unaided by navigational devices except for the stars in the night sky above the endless sea.

During the decades that lie behind us, many souls from younger generations, mainly originating from America and radiating out to Europe and the rest of the world, brought surprising new impulses, striving for peace, love and a totally new inner relationship with nature, which eventually led to a new environmental awareness. Could it be that the old impulses of the Easter Island culture are again active in a modified form today? Could such a flourishing culture rise again, in which the qualities of peace and knowledge of life forces are sustained and educated intensively in a new epoch? 🌟

Reference

Translated, summarized and edited from three articles by Winfried Altmann. Published in Das Goetheanum, 1997-1998. She discusses in this series the book: Song of Waitaha, The Histories of a Nation, Being the Teachings of Iharaira Te Meihana c.s. B. Brailsford ed. Ngatapuwaē Trust, Christchurch 1994

The power of expression in Athens

Impressed by the imposing old Greek buildings an onlooker is impelled to look at himself. Who have I become? How have I come into being? A trip to Athens means discovering the world within oneself. It is a path from amazement to insight because the myths, the sculptures, and the temples take the visitor into a wider perception and far horizons.

As a child you probably must have had experiences that you treasure and will never forget. An experience of something sacred, of something outside of time and space. It may even give you a feeling of homesickness when you think back on it. It has a radiant place in your life and will never leave you. You cannot give it a name. You can only savour it as a holy moment, a mystery. Then, when you become an adult it recedes into the background but there are moments in your life that you long for that same experience, for the overwhelming experience of greatness, the sanctification of creation wherein you could lose yourself briefly. And sometimes the moment is there, as a miracle, a meeting,

an outstretched hand.

Clear understanding

It is a sign of a healthy spirit to follow a logical line in all you undertake. The desire to have a goal in life is commonplace. Many people have the need for a well thought out course. Most of the time however Life itself steers us in another direction. A certain possibility comes within our reach, or not quite. Some people are very driven and able to deploy their will to grasp it, but they also they experience that there are sometimes gates and roads that are closed to them. The average human will sigh: 'Yes, that's how it goes.' But sometimes he may also rebel against it – for to understand how and why it went awry is difficult. It turns out that each human being must fill his own personal place as well as follow a specific direction, a course in life. At all levels, in encounters, in opportunities and in his spiritual life as well. Strange how these things go.

Seeking guidance

Much has been given to mankind. In the course of centuries there has been drive, inspiration, teachings and a general contribution to our understanding and consciousness:

the attributes necessary to become and to be a true human being. We have the examples from ancient Greece - its stories, statues and buildings. The Greek myths tell us about the creation of the world, of the gods and the people. In these stories there are structures hidden regarding the structure and the psyche of the human being. It is interesting to see that many children, also in this present time, at a certain moment are greatly interested in these stories. It appeals to something within the human being and the essential question why he is here.

A simple small white statue from the Cycladic period, arms folded and the face looking up to ... yes whereto? ... A deity? The vast universe with its stars? As if pleading for help it looks upward, seeking guidance on its way to consciousness. The statues of the Kouroi and the Kourai, sometimes quite large statues, beautifully shaped in stone and

Left: The Cyclad islands lie in a circle around the island of Delos. For thousands of years these kind of idols were made there. Their religious meaning is related to the even older Anatolic people's worshipping of the mother goddess. Right: The Temple of Hephaestus from the fifth century BC, Athene, Greece.

marble, many in stone, yes and yet there is that secretive smile that ripples over the stone, like a remembrance, a deep primal soul memory.

The extraordinary temples with pillars, constructed on elevated places in-land or on the coast where wind, sunlight, blue skies and sweet fragrances play around the pillars. Where one may look far and experi-

ence the vast space of land, sea and air. Where the earth takes the human up in a wider perception and gives him a far horizon. And there is the temple in Delphi with the inscription 'Know yourself'.

Discovering the possibilities

There were great thinkers, like Socrates, who wanted to shake the child-man awake and make

him conscious of what lies within the human being and needs to be developed. Like Plato, who said: 'Come out of your cave with its carven images into the clear light, where no shadow exits.'

Man must get to work on himself, discover the world within. Paul, the messenger of the unknown god, speaks of Jesus the Christ on the Areopagus,

in old Athens on the Hill of Justice. The Spirit-soul power that lies hidden within, as a seed, as a great possibility.

Onward the human being must go on his own road of development with trial and error. But like the Corinthians he, too receives a letter again and again: 'Therefore these remain: faith, hope and love. But the greatest of these is Love. Strive





Left: Kouros. The Kouros were in the time of the aristocracy (650-500 B.C.) the Greek ideal of manliness and of the richness of the givers. Magical powers were ascribed to them as well. Below: The ancient theatre of Herodes Atticus at the foot of the Acropolis.

after these and receive the gifts of the Spirit. Become a new man in this way.'

What a great way of gaining consciousness and what a long road... The Rosicrucians of the seventeenth century spoke in their Confession of a: 'in itself-eternally-constant guideline that will rise above all confusion and will come in place of digression and darkness.'

What is this guideline? What else can it be but the power of the rose; the help of the brotherhood? In other words: the Christ power that moves the universe in our being? Within us the monarch butterfly must emerge. We can start on this road ourselves and react consciously to the Spirit of God and in that way become an executor of God's council. Paul says to the Ephesians: 'It is God's gift. Not from yourself. Not from your own labours'.

These words seem to be contradictory but indicate that we are dealing with completely different values, which can only be understood rightly in a soul-evolution. In a different era Lao Tze says: 'He who knows himself is enlightened. He who conquers himself is almighty.'

With the awakening of the

rose of the heart, the human being finds a new compass. In the power of the rose he tries to follow her directions. Step by step he follows the lamp that shines before his foot. All directions of the universal teachings and the embracing and helping power of the Spiritual School form a guiding line for many.

Staying the course

Across the blue shining sea Greek ships sailed out to discover the world, to exchange ideas and to trade. Sometimes they didn't even know the way. The captain set the course, and looked at the stars for guidance.

The captain trusted the hands, the goodwill and the experience of the crew and the strength and the quality of his ship. The sea is often stormy, grey, threatening and danger-

ous. There is a chance that the ship, the ship of life on the sea of life, gets stranded, gets damaged, and gets lost. Perhaps you follow the correct course – but is there sufficient strength and insight in your short life to complete the work? Perhaps you must continue the work in a next life? However, not one true deed or victory over ourselves will be nullified and the small spark of the spirit-soul consciousness cannot get lost. This small spark will become a benefit to the whole - to the development of each human being. Think of the words: 'Truth made available through people, to people'. Walking on the Agora in Athens, we discover the still intact temple of Hephaestus, the god of fire. An expression of beauty. Miraculous, like life itself. ★



A Golden Footprint

In the 16th century there was an idea that a secret relationship existed between the metals and the stars. The brilliance of the gold had to have a connection with heaven. In his book *The Words and the Things (Les Mots et les Choses)* Michel Foucault describes how man believed that Providence had put gold and silver mines in the earth and had gradually let these become more extensive, in the same way that plants grow and animals multiply. They also saw a connection between all the things that a human being needs and those glittering hidden veins in the darkness, where the metals grew.

This idea that originated in the 16th century seems perhaps strange to us now, but upon taking a closer look it shows insight and knowledge. When we apply this image to any human being on a quest, filled with longing while searching for the divine, this idea may apply to everybody and all times. In a profound change, originating from the golden pearl that is present within each human being, new longings, a new need, and a new requirement of what is necessary, comes into being. This causes more gold to flow 'through the arteries'; the spirit/gnosis is growing within the human being. This accumulating gold, 'down

The possibilities to form a brotherhood in this time are magnificent.

there', is able to do its work, and at the same time create a brilliant beauty of stars 'up there'.

Thus there is development and growth under the earth, on the earth and above the earth. With golden wings one is able to fly between the earth and heaven. With golden threads you are able to weave a world-encompassing web. With golden feet you leave a shining track.

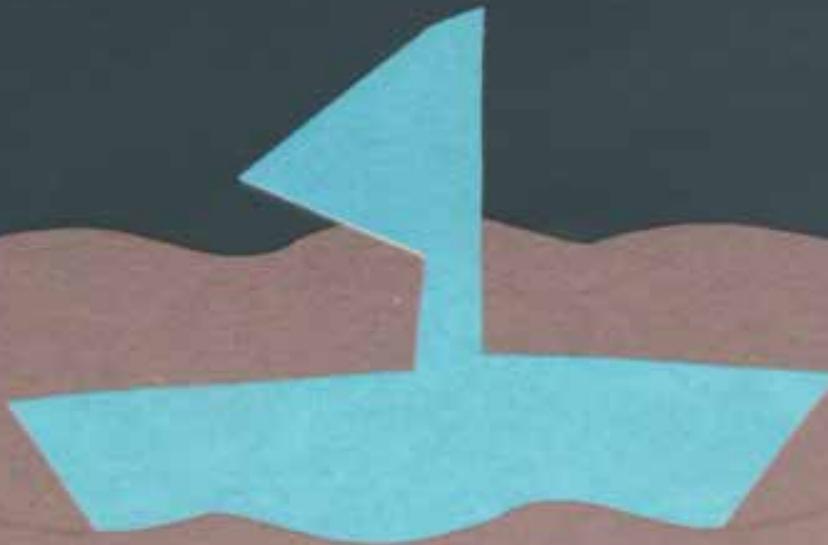
In the leaflet *Brotherhood, a plea for solidarity* (Dec. 2015) the Dutch Euro commissioner Frans Timmermans asks us to repair old ties and to make new connections. Not as a goal in

itself but as an instrument to make the community stronger and to give the individual person within that community the chance to draw the best from himself. People must get the chance to pull themselves up through the help of others and in turn give others the opportunity to better themselves. Timmermans understands that almost everyone longs for unity, liberty and brotherhood. He places the accent on brotherhood in order to make the community of people stronger. The first reactions to such a drive are sometimes 'that this is not achievable, just look around you' or 'that is superhuman.' Yes it certainly looks that we need a little of something else besides our normal self to become a brotherhood, an existence without enmity. If the people from the 16th century could take a look at our times they would say that - besides the gold in the mines - Providence has now been good enough to make the internet connections grow as well, even into a world-wide-web. That cannot be without meaning. The possibilities of this time to form a brotherhood are therefore magnificent. We are able to connect with the entire world. And on top of the layer of all those lines, all those www-threads, we can place golden drops that glitter in the sun. Even if it asks perhaps 'superhuman' deeds of heroism, we can weave a golden web and leave a glittering footprint behind. ✨



The little paper boat

J. Anker Larsen became famous with his book *The philosopher's stone*. Bypassing church, esotericism and mysticism, he became a direct observer of true life, as we may gather from one of his first works, *The little paper boat* (1908), in which he already shows remarkably sharp powers of observation and in which the boundary fades between the here-and-now and the unknown other half of the world.



I

J. ANKER LARSEN

It was a beautiful house with a well-kept garden and it was a most beautiful day in October, but factory owner Borglum valued neither the one nor the other. He felt one of his attacks coming on and when it took him he couldn't bear to see either people or his possessions, which was the reason he hadn't left for his office this morning.

He studied the sky – leaves were softly floating to the ground. The same old song – every autumn again!

These attacks of tiredness in which everything wearied him followed each other ever faster. His hair became thinner. The subjects in which he was interested fell from him like the leaves he watched. His world was hollow and as empty as he felt himself. He was not yet fifty and sadly he had to cope with this situation for another twenty, thirty years. He had an impressive rucksack of experience: poverty, toil, travelling, riches and all sorts of pleasures. There was nothing new for him under the sun. He had seen it all and done it all and there was nothing that he would like to do or see again. If only he could suffer from an ordinary illness that would need ordinary treatment. But for the life of him he couldn't think of any good way to pass the time. Yes, sleep, but sadly one cannot do this permanently.

Last year they had made a journey to the Congo. His wife had wanted to see what it looked like there but he himself had rather wanted to be stung by a tsetse fly and catch the sleeping sickness but alas, no such luck. And for the Congo, he had seen that place so often that it was really all the same to him: to go along or stay at home. Early in his life, travelling had been his great passion but that time was long past. If only he could experience something totally new and different. But to him there was nothing new under the sun – to him it was all six of one and half a dozen of the other. He entered the house and avoided looking at the elegant furniture and the beautiful pieces of art on the wall – he was completely done with them and when he thought back to the many times he had shown them to admiring guests he felt disgusted with himself, too. Rather go up to the nursery for there was surely nothing there that people 'ought to have'.

Having entered the children's room he kicked his way through the mechanical toys lying about. All his work, to which he'd rather not pay attention any more, was represented here. The outcome of his work as an engineer in all parts of the world was strewn all over the floor.

He let himself down on the sofa and gave himself up to his mood.

Everything he had accomplished in the years behind him came back to him as it invariably did before he fell asleep and he lay on his side prepared to undergo this familiar torment once more.

At once the images appeared: a tunnel in Persia, railways in Siam, bridges in China, electricity installations in Sweden, and now and then in between something white appeared that he couldn't quite make out.

And once again the whole series flashed before his mind, and again the white object that he couldn't quite bring home. It caught his imagination and he prepared to observe it more closely if it would appear again. Maybe it was the image of the paper of his sleeping powder. Everything he had built now hammered and banged in his mind. They turned into a mass of cogs and wheels in which he became caught: small wheels, big wheels, cogs on earth and in the water, and in between fluttered that little white something. The wheels finally became smaller and the white object larger. Then all the wheels and cogs sank down in the sea as if by magic, but the white object was able to float and lay bobbing on the waves.

Then the thought struck him: this was the only permanent object of all that he had engineered and it was made of paper. A little paper boat.

And because all the other objects had sunk he felt obliged to go aboard. There was a snippet of paper on the fo'c'sle and he thought he recognised it.

'But certainly you know me', the snippet addressed him, 'for I am the man.'

'What man?'

'The man aboard. For I had to be shipwrecked and be drowned for you.'

'So you are. I now remember it clearly', Borglum said. 'I am glad to know that you didn't die because of it. So you're the captain?'

'Yes', the man said. 'Is there any purpose to your journey?'

'Oh yes,' Borglum said, 'I want to leave.'

'Fine', the man said, 'then we'll sail away.'

'You know the way?'

'Oh certainly. The route will mostly be through the gutter.'

'Through the gutter! May I remind you that I am someone with a decoration?'

'Excellent. All the better for the standing of the gutter', the man replied. 'But let's quit all this talking, we have to be alert not to bump into anything.'

'Bump into what?'

'Into all the wheels and cogs. One bump against a wheel and we'll never get away from here.'

'Anyway, it's a beautiful boat,' Borglum said, 'but apart from having built it myself, I can't explain why it's so excellent.'

'Simple really,' said the man, 'it has no purpose.'

At this Borglum had to laugh heartily and he felt relieved, as if the earth's gravity was suspended.

'As soon as I am home again,' he said, 'I will tell the people that the world's problems have been solved and that they can stop worrying about them.'

He kept laughing happily. The man looked at him and said: 'It is good to laugh at nothing.'

'But I do not laugh at nothing,' said Borglum, 'I laugh because you tickle me. But say, with what are you tickling me?'

This was
the only
permanent
object of
all he had
engineered:
a little paper
boat. He had
to go aboard

.....

‘With this,’ said the man and showed him a small white feather.

Borglum studied the fine white fronds. ‘I seem to recognise this feather,’ he said.

‘What is it made of?’ ‘It is made of everything that you have forgotten,’ said the man.

‘You may be right...’ said Borglum, ‘how white and fluffy it is. May I hold it again?’

‘Yes, but only if you will also hold the rudder. Look at the feather and steer exactly in the direction that it points to. As long as we travel through the gutter with its wheels and cogs we have to navigate around them.’

‘But how in heaven’s name have these wheels and cogs ended up in this gutter?’ asked Borglum.

‘Because they are useful’, said the man. ‘All that is useful will someday end up in the gutter, otherwise there would be no room for all the useful things that others make.’

‘Yes, that’s logical,’ said Borglum, ‘all right, I’ll take the rudder.

‘And I will take care of the engine.’

‘The engine?’ Where is that?’

‘Within you. My word, you have become rather stupid over the years. Have you really forgotten that the boat will move only when you move it with your fingers?’

‘I am sorry’, said Borglum, ‘I am well on my way to senility, I believe.’

‘Yes, you have ended up in the gutter with all the other useful things. We must now try to find the right way out.’

‘How may we do that?’

‘Let’s say by steering for deeper water. By the way you don’t notice the landscape much, do you?’

‘No, that doesn’t much interest me’, said Borglum. ‘I know it all too well. It’s always the same and has been the same forever. Now, speed, that’s more my style.’

‘Yes, that’s about all that is left of you I would say. But how will that work for you if you get to be old and slow?’

‘I have indeed given some thought to that. I think I would just lie down on my bed and die.’

The man looked at him obliquely and smiled.

‘What are you smiling about so secretly?’ asked Borglum.

‘I don’t dare to tell you,’ said the man, ‘but I dare say you will find out for yourself before our journey ends. What is your destination, by the way?’

‘Just away.’

‘Ah yes, you mentioned that. Certainly a good choice.’

‘It’s the only place I’ve never been,’ said Borglum and again the man smiled.

Borglum started to pay some attention to the landscape and shortly said:

‘Let’s tie up here for a while. It is the most beautiful spot I’ve ever seen.’

‘All right, we shall stop here and this will at the same time be the end of our journey.’

‘Is this ‘away’ then?’

‘No. ‘Away’ is only the next stopping place but our journey will continue over land.’

‘What is this place then? What is this beautiful spot called?’

‘This spot?’ said the man, ‘I thought you would know that. It is called ‘here’.

‘By Jove,’ said Borglum, ‘now I remember and I recognize it, it is indeed here – yes, look, here is the willow and the small pond in which we sailed our boats.’

He looked up through the willow branches. It was springtime. When he went aboard it was autumn, but then, it had been a long journey.



‘O my word’, he said and his eyes became wet, ‘that this willow would still be here. I thought it would have been long gone.’

The man smiled again. ‘Why are you laughing at me?’ asked Borglum.

‘That you will discover when you’re ‘away’,’ said the man.

‘But how do I get away? There is no railway here and no one will get me to build one, I tell you.’

‘Ah, well...how did you manage it in the past then?’

Borglum looked up into the willow branches. A small twig waved back at him which made him laugh and he said:

‘In the past I just rode away’. And before he knew what happened he had broken the twig off and stuck it between his legs like a stick horse. He looked at the man wondering: ‘Well, dear God, it feels alive!’

‘That stands to reason,’ said the man, ‘for it felt that way to you in the past, too.’

‘Well yes, in the past,’ Borglum laughed, ‘but since then many a wheel and cog have rolled into the gutter. I think I must start using my brains for once. Can you tell me: is it really alive or is it just something I am imagining?’

‘That is not for me to say’, said the man, ‘for if I were to tell you, it would die.’

‘Can it really die?’, said Borglum. ‘Then it must be alive.’

The man had to laugh again.

‘Ah, yes, there we have it. If you people can attach a logical explanation you are sure of your business. Very entertaining.’

‘But we do try and research if the logic holds water in practise.’

‘Well, give it a try then’, said the man ‘and see if you can ride it.’

At the same moment the horse started to gallop.

‘Whoa beast’, Borglum yelled, ‘you are running skywards.’

‘Of course,’ said the man, ‘for it is part of a tree that grows upward into the sky. Take care you don’t get dizzy.’

‘Dizzy - me? I have flown before, my friend.’

The horse took him high into the sky. Borglum took a deep breath. It was as if he had come outside on a beautiful morning and that first deep breath had taken away all his tiredness. And so it continued. Every breath was an expansion. Borglum thought to himself: ‘How strange. It stands to reason that there is always something that precedes a first breath but I don’t really understand how this ... in practise... oh pardon me!’

Surprised and overwhelmed he bowed. Right before him, under a willow, stood a young woman and she was so beautiful that he thought she must have been created from the source from which women have received their beauty from the beginning of time. He just stood and stared at her and couldn’t get a word to pass his lips. He had completely forgotten all and everything and was completely gone.

‘You were deliberating something’, she said.

‘Uh yes’, he said, ‘that was only...that was something to do with my breathing... this freshness – I couldn’t fathom why it didn’t fade.’

‘That is because everything here either comes into existence or is resurrected,’ she replied.

‘Comes into existence or is resurrected?’

‘Yes, there is eternal resurrection here,’ she said.





J. Anker Larsen

‘You use out-dated terms’, he said. ‘Do you mean to say that one always gets up again, as when one goes to bed?’

She laughed: ‘That’s one way of putting it.’

‘Where actually are we here?’ he asked.

‘In heaven,’ she replied simply.

‘What!’

She just looked at him quietly and therefore he continued:

‘I hope you don’t mind my saying so, young lady, but I am a well-educated man and I conform to the modern way of thinking and I can assure you that in our cosmos there is no place for a heaven.’

‘Heaven is within everyone,’ she replied.

‘There you go again with those outmoded terms.’

‘Would you know a better way to express it?’

‘No - oh, I have to admit I don’t – this freshness... this mildness...this well-being... bliss! If there were a heaven it would be just like this – and it is certainly also within me. I just cannot understand how it got to be within me.’

‘Every time a child is born God creates heaven and earth anew,’ said the young woman.

‘Do you really think...’ Borglum started, but she continued quietly:

‘For every child the earth is created again. Never before has a foot trodden her ground before the child learns to walk upon her. The earth is green, the sky is blue and the earth will only turn ugly and grey and the sky empty if man himself becomes so.’

Borglum followed his own thoughts and therefore did not really take in what she said. 'But listen,' he interrupted, 'you just talked about God but may I remind you, before you use those arguments and terms again, that I am not a religious man.'

'No,' she said, 'you may not be religious, but you are.'

'That is undoubtedly true,' Borglum said, 'I am.'

'And those are God's words that just passed your lips.'

'Dear young lady, I am a civil engineer.'

But the young woman continued: 'God said: 'I Am.' That was the word that created the world. Every human who says: 'I am,' necessarily confirms God's existence.'

'I am,' repeated Borglum. 'Well, of course I am – but what am I actually?'

The young woman pointed him to a mirror and Borglum went and stood in front of it. He saw a small boy of seven, riding his stick horse made from a willow twig.

'Is that supposed to be me?'

'Yes, that is you,' she said. 'That was your age when you died.'

'Wait a minute, let's not run away with it,' protested Borglum. 'That was my age when I first went to school.'

'Yes,' she said, 'that's where you caught the disease.'

'But I have never been ill. May I enquire of what I died?'

'Your teachers poisoned you.'

'You may have a point there,' Borglum said, 'but it seems to me that I grew up fairly sturdy and mostly ignored them.'

'Once you get used to the light here you can see it in the mirror,' she said. He stood there for a time and looked.

'Yes, I can see it now, by Jove,' he cried. 'You're right: six foot – but mostly hollow. I don't want to see it any more and I refuse to think about it.'

He stood there for a while, contemplating the willow and the pond.

'How lovely it is here,' he called out. 'It really is... well, a blessed place.'

He looked at her reflectively and wondered how anyone could be so beautiful. But then, she was an adult. He would dearly love to grow up and to become just as adult and as beautiful as she was. Maybe she could love him when he would be an adult.

'When I am grown – do you think that you could...?'

He stopped and watched the willow and the pond again. It was so insignificant what he could offer her. And he couldn't imagine that she would choose him for himself.

'This heaven looks small to me,' he said.

'Well, we can't help it that you didn't make it bigger.'

We? Oh well, there must be others of course that were in service here. It must surely be a large institution. 'Are you in service here?' he asked her.

'Whatever you may want to call it,' she laughed back at him.

'As a...a...' he had to think for a moment – as a typist? - a bookkeeper? ...no, that didn't fit at all. He looked her up and down and finally asked: 'As...an angel?'

She smiled and said: 'If you see me so?'

'Yes, I see you so', he said decisively and wished he had something grand to offer her. He looked despondently at the willow and the pond.

'My park on earth is much larger,' he said and she responded with: 'With beautiful trees?'

'Yes, rather,' he said, 'though actually I don't really know. To me, who sees them



day in day out they are rather dull but the many guests we entertain are often quite enthusiastic. And there are the personnel that now and then... Dear God, I totally forget my business! I was rather down this morning but I feel as fresh as a daisy now and there may be important letters waiting for me! Do excuse me!

He jumped on his horse and quickly rode downward.

'It is of the utmost importance to be in the office on time,' he said.

When he mentioned the word 'office' the horse died under him and he fell to the ground with a thud.

The man bent over him and asked: 'Did you hurt yourself?'

Borglum groaned 'I hurt my hip rather badly. The horse died under me and took me to the ground. Is the animal really dead or...?'

Borglum got up shakily and took a few tentative steps.

'Of course it is as dead as can be. The beast never was alive in the first place.'

'When it can die, it must have been alive first,' said the man, 'that stands to reason.'

'Save me from your sophisms,' said Borglum, 'I am in a hurry, I have to be at the office.'

'Let's get on board then,' said the man.

'In a paper boat? Then we're certainly sure to go under.'

'There's nothing else for it; if you have to be at the office you will have to take the only means of transport that's available now.'

'I just have to be at the office,' said Borglum and went aboard.

The paper became damp.

'Faster!' cried Borglum, 'full speed ahead!'

'We sail as fast as possible,' answered the man, 'we can't risk the engine blowing up.'

'But if that happens, what then?'

'Then the heart stops beating and we sink. And here, on the real sea the waters are very deep.'

Borglum clutched his heart. It hammered thunderously.

'I must have a fever,' he said. 'That's because my feet are icily cold for the water is up to my knees. Or maybe it's because of my fall where I hurt my hip.'

The water rose and rose until finally the boat was filled to the railing.

'We're sinking!' cried Borglum.

'And I see we're back in the gutter,' the man said.

'Thank God, then we have firm ground again,' said Borglum and ran off.

From time to time he stumbled and fell over a wheel and he often hurt his right hip on a cog. The last time he fell he woke up and looked about him wonderingly.

His right hip still hurt him. He got up and rubbed the sore spot.

He had lain on a length of rails of a toy railway.

'That damned business,' he grumbled.

'Are you awake, father? You dozed off.'

Paul, his little son, had entered the room.

'Yes, ...I have. I believe I have been under sail,' said Borglum and then stared with fascination at the floor where something white lay.

He brought his hand to his head and carefully asked in a hushed voice: 'Paul, my boy, tell me – that piece of white there... what is it?'

'That is the conical hat of Pierrot,' said Paul.

Every
human
who says:
'I am,'
necessarily
confirms
God's
existence.

.....

‘Ah yes, now I see,’ said Borglum relieved. ‘For a moment I really thought it was a paper boat.’

‘That it is, too,’ said Paul – ‘if I fold the point inward. If I pull it out it is the pointed hat again and if I put it on sideways it is Napoleon’s cocked hat.’

Borglum had to let this sink in.

‘Do you never play with those?’ he asked and pointed to the mechanical playthings strewn all over the floor.

‘O yes, often,’ said Paul, ‘but if my head gets tired from them I put on the hat and play with that.’

‘And then your tiredness disappears?’

‘Yes.’

‘May I try it for myself?’

‘The Pierrot hat or the Napoleon cocked hat?’

‘The Pierrot hat.’

Paul put the hat on his father’s head and laughed heartily. Borglum laughed along.

‘It’s wonderful to laugh at nothing,’ he said.

He lifted the boy onto his knees.

‘Why are you looking at me so?’ asked the boy.

Borglum did not answer. He looked into the eyes of his child. Where had he seen those eyes before? It seemed to him that just now in his dream he had seen exactly the same pair of eyes. Eyes that hadn’t as yet learned to do mathematics.

‘Now I can see you’ve been asleep,’ said Paul, ‘for your eyes are wet and that will often happen when somebody wakes up.’

Now he knew where he had seen those eyes before – they were the eyes of the angel in the ‘heaven.’

‘She was totally right in what she said,’ he thought, ‘it is indeed within us.’

He looked obliquely at Paul’s eyes again which now looked outside through the window.

‘Is that a walnut tree, that big one there?’ asked the boy.

‘No, that is a willow,’ said Borglum. ‘Oh no, what nonsense, it is indeed a walnut tree – but it is so alive and so beautiful it could well be a willow.’

He looked at his boy again and then knew that his walnut tree was Paul’s willow and he thought: It is true that every time a child is born, heaven and earth are created once again. – Dear little Paul, the sky reflects the blue in your eyes and the earth is green around you. May the one never let you forget the other.’ ★





As soon as you ascend from the seeking life to the life-plane of the spirit, the soul's light and force will become many times more powerful, making them a dynamic and active force on earth. The electromagnetic influence of the light will then reach so far that it stills the astral storms, enabling the light to break through and shine forth, which is the only way to bring peace closer and which will have only one outcome: the glorification of the One, the spirit of life.

The Fiery Triangle

The first impression of the Black forest area in Germany with its vast and deep forests of fir and spruce is darkness, but its character is rather light, airy and spiritual.

Menhirs (large upright standing stones) and other impressive rock formations can be found here.

The region around Tübingen and Calw has been a highly spiritual area for many centuries. The light has radiated there for the past 500 years, encouraged by the work of several spiritually inspired people who spread their teachings via the spoken or written word.

People like Johann Arndt, Tobias Hess and Johann Valentin Andrea (who created the mystic and symbolic figure of Christian Rosycross) as well as the group of adherents around them. The great healer Paracelsus primarily advocated healing through the living water of the gnosis but he also praised the spring water from Bad Liebenzell for its healing properties.

Johann Michael Hahn, inspired by Jakob Boehme, followed in his footsteps during the 19th century. He had many followers, even in distant regions.

More about Hahn will be published in a future Pentagram edition.

Herman Hesse (1877- 1962) was born in Calw and spent many years of his life in Calw and Tübingen.

West of Calw, close to the river Rhine, stands a small Rosicrucian Temple in the

forest surrounding the city of Malsch. It was built under the direction of Rudolf Steiner. He stated that in ancient times a sun temple had stood in this same place. This small temple was, for Steiner, the small-scale model for the later Goetheanum.

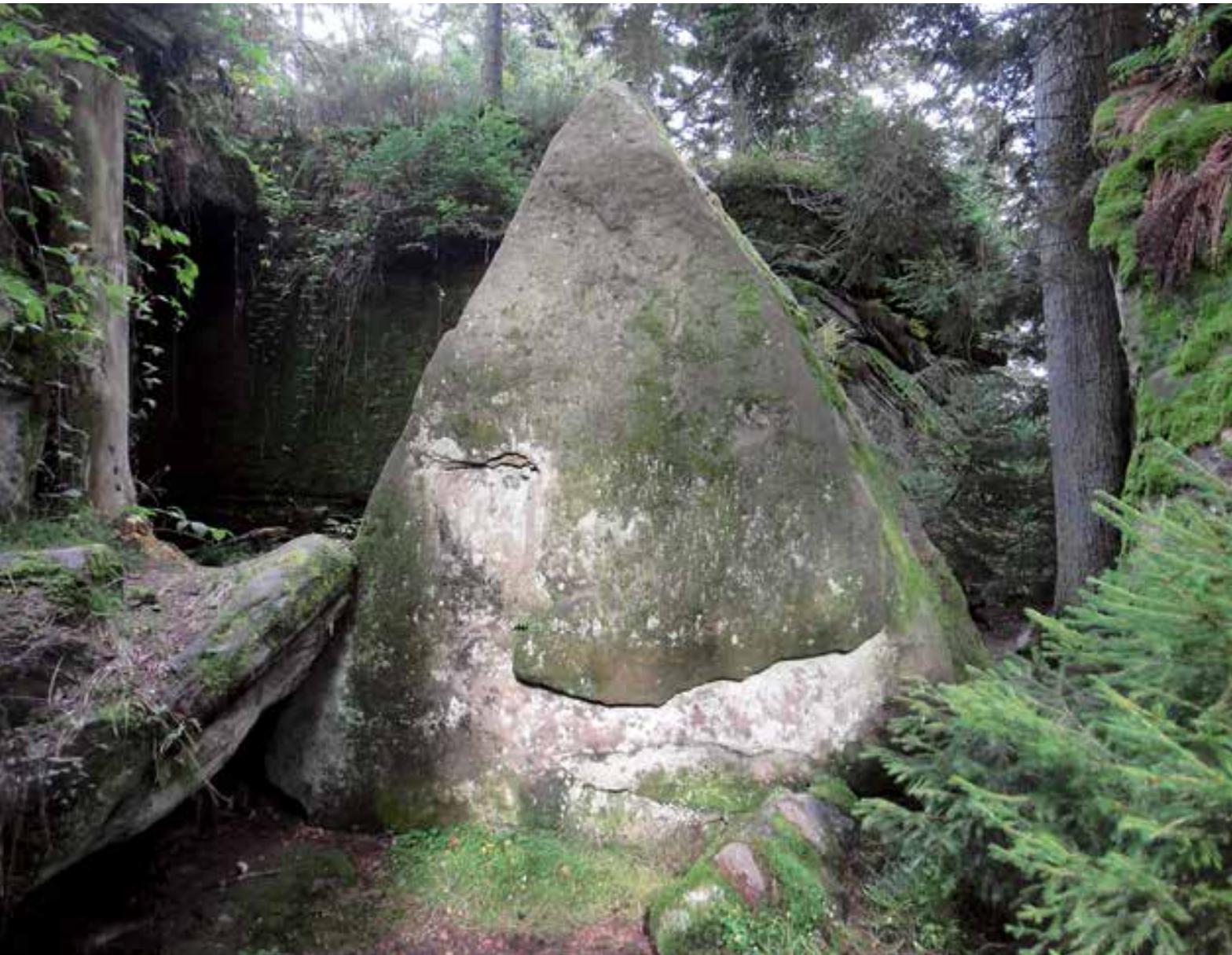
Albert Schweitzer, born in the Alsace, settled in Koenigsfeld in the 1920s.

Here in the Black Forest, 800m above sea level, he found the necessary solitude and inspiration to write his profound and compassionate philosophical works in the years that he travelled between Koenigsfeld and his hospital in Africa.

Thus it comes as no surprise that a temple of the Lectorium Rosicrucianum, with the name 'Christian Rosenkreuz', is also located in Calw.

The Fama 400 Conference took place here in 2014 to remember and celebrate the beginning of the Rosicrucian Brotherhood 400 years ago.

Menhirs and strange structures of granite and sandstone, overgrown by moss and tree roots, can be found in almost inaccessible places in the Black Forest and also in the nearby Vosges mountains.



In close proximity to the valley of the river Kinzig there exists a circle, formed of old trees and massive rocks, on an 800 m high mountain plateau. In its centre stands a huge 3 m high triangle-shaped stone. It is part of an extensive rock formation that has evolved in a natural way. It is called the 'Heidenkirche' (church

of the heathens). In ancient times it was most likely used by the Celts as a spiritual sanctuary. About 25 metres further on, situated between impressive rocks, is a majestic granite colossus in the shape of an ark. It is about 20 metres long and 6 metres high. It recalls Karl von Eckartshausen's description of the ark or heavenly vessel.

Stone triangle near Kinzig,
Baden-Württemberg, Germany

The ark is most sacred to Jewish people - their ark of the covenant is the greatest mystery of all mysteries: the reunion of man with God.

Did our Celtic ancestors also see such symbols in these rock formations? Let us continue with our imaginative journey.

To penetrate deeper into this 'greatest mystery of all mysteries', the reunion of a human being with God, we go back to the impressive triangular shaped stone.

Jan van Rijckenborgh says: "We know the cosmic triangle as the aspects of Father, Son and Holy Spirit". He also describes it in his work as the Triangle of Aquarius: Goodness, Truth and Righteousness. For him the triangle is the symbol of absolute Harmony, a symbol of the Tri-unity.

Three is the number of absolute Unity, of Absoluteness. In his comments on the 'Fama Fraternitatis' he states:

"The pupil who, in the night-watch of his life, scans the sky to discover the light of God sees the fiery flames shooting downwards and touching his life. The triangle, the fiery triangle of his microcosmic being, is touched by the divine triangle."

Now it remains to be seen if the seeker, thus touched, will follow the Light and in which way he will do so.

Let our attention linger a little longer on the massive stone triangle in the Black Forest, which leads our thoughts to the fiery triangle of the mysteries.

Catharose de Petri says in her book 'The Living Word': "This triangle is formed by a



A Rosycross temple hidden deep in the forest

connection line of astral radiations between liver, spleen and heart sanctuary."

Further on she says: "And this triangle can be intensely vivified in the candidate. It means that the astral radiations of the astral earth can be pulled up into the heart so that from the tip of the triangle a new power can emerge which will fill the entire head sanctuary."

As soon as the fiery triangle begins to radiate in the head sanctuary the soul's development has begun. Then the microcosmic triangle in our being can be touched by the divine triangle. And, speaking in the words of the Fama Fraternitatis, the battle can be fought with the fire of Goodness, Truth and Righteousness - with the seven flames that originate from the triangle.

Above: Forest chapel near Malsch, Baden-Württemberg, Germany
Right: 'Seven-stone' near Yach in the Kinzig valley



With these seven flames in our mind, we leave the stone triangle and the ark of rock and continue southward, a few mountains and valleys further down the Kinzig valley. Here is another wondrous monument! Also on a mountaintop, close to the village of Yach is the 6 metre high 'Seven-stone' ('Siebenstein'). Seven enormous stones of different sizes are stacked onto each other. Yes 'stacked', because it is out of the question that such a structure was formed in a natural way. How extraordinary our Celtic ancestors were!

This image brings another passage from a book by the grandmasters to our mind:

"There are seven different divine light streams and so there are also seven root elements out of which a human being must live. The ancients called them the seven harmonies. The candidate in the Gnostic mysteries must be able to react to these seven harmonies in their entirety. He must possess them completely and to store them in the seven brain cavities, the storehouse of his personal state of life."

Before we leave the Black Forest we return once more to Calw and the small chapel of the Rosycross. In this chapel we find two symbolic keys arranged in mirror image above each other. What is locked with the lower key can be opened with the other key - the 'above'. As Catharose de Petri writes in 'The Living Word' Chapter 3:

"Your attention is drawn ever more urgently to the need to free the astral body from the astral sphere of the nature of death.

In the name of God you are being prepared for the ascent of the Spirit-Soul into the electrical fire ether, the fifth ether, released by the Holy Spirit, so that the awakened Spirit-Soul can breathe, live and work in it."

And she concludes with:

"We therefore hope that very fresh impulses will spring from the heart as a result of your gnostic directedness and your sensitive susceptibility to the inflowing forces and radiations. May you receive these as a new breath from and through the Holy Spirit, harmoniously attuned to the Spirit-Soul light of the field of resurrection. May the change from an outward person to an inner Man soon be completed." ★

A lifetime advocate of the Gnosis

Coming from the baggage hall at the airport, he vigorously pushes his suitcase on wheels out to us to greet his hosts. His suitcase is filled with several books on gnosis and the practical aspects of a gnostic attitude of life. The internationally renowned author Timothy Freke arrives with a broad smile on his face. A Pentagram volume in our hands (as identification) is really unnecessary. Tim recognizes his interviewers intuitively.

We are at Schiphol Airport in Amsterdam for an interview with the author of ‘The Jesus Mysteries’ (1999). It is a book that made it into the top-ten bestseller lists in both England and America. Timothy Freke is also the author of many other works about gnosis. He is an energetic Brit from Glastonbury and is visiting the Netherlands for a weekend course with presentations and workshops about gnosis.

The world over he gives similar seminars to actively introduce gnosis.

At the airport two members of the editorial staff of Pentagram experience a spontaneous introduction of Freke’s message of Love.

The conversation with him is moving and inspiring.

“I am always grateful that I can experience the true awakening and evolving of a new consciousness together with thousands of readers. Becoming conscious means, first and foremost, to be connected with the source of Love. And Love can only increase when it is shared.” says Freke whilst shaking hands upon his arrival. With these words our conversation goes right into the quest of his life: the connection of the human being with the never-ending stream of Love. Timothy barely has time to drink his coffee. From the very first moment the conversation is in full swing with this radiant and jovial man in his fifties. A hyperactive and convincing personality focused on the essence of life on an everyday basis. In his daily life he puts into practise what he sets down in his books.

Despite the constant background noise at the airport is he able to take his listeners with him in an engrossing conversation with his melodious, clear voice. With every change of topic he also changes the tone of his voice - a habit of someone who is used to conveying complex explanations to a large audience.

It is the essence of a radiant personality who is aflame, who stands in the gnosis and in the world at the same time.

INTERVIEW WITH
TIMOTHY FREKE



Timothy Freke and Peter Gandy became world famous with their book *'The Jesus Mysteries: was the Original Jesus a Pagan God?'* (1999).

They state that the historical Jesus figure we know from the Bible never existed. Jesus is a myth, a legend that was created to compile and unify the essence of all pre-existing myths about sons of God with the old testamental Jewish tradition. The authors point out the great similarity between the historical Jesus story and the 'pagan' Osiris-Dionysus legends. A few examples: Osiris-Dionysus is the God that became a human being 'in the flesh'.

His mother was a virgin who was pregnant for 7 months.

He was born on December 25 in the presence of 3 shepherds.

The first miracle he performed was the transformation of water into wine at a wedding.

The authors try to inspire their reader to 'your journey of awakening'. At the same time they raise the question of whether gnosis is merely not another artificial theory like countless others.

But no! Gnosis is not a theory; it is an experience and also a state of recognition!

"Gnostics do not try to convince us of their opinion that life is merely a dream. They use philosophical ideas to shake us and wake us so that we can experience reality for ourselves".

The books *'The Jesus Mysteries'*, *'Jesus and the*



Sumerian-Akkadian victory stele of Akkadian King Naram-Sin, ca. 2220-2184 BC. Limestone, about 2.60 m high, in the Louvre, Paris, France.

Lost Goddess' (2002), and 'The Laughing Jesus' (2005) form a trilogy, which caused quite a stir and attracted hundreds of thousands of readers.

Timothy Freke's good reputation as a researcher was recently confirmed by his receiving an honours doctorate in philosophy. At present Freke appears in public on his own, as Peter Gandy (his co-author and friend) rather stays in the background for family reasons.

To date the authors have published 40 books in 15 languages about various spiritual topics. Especially noteworthy is the book 'The Hermetica: The Lost Wisdom of the Pharaohs' (1997). This book offers a clearer and more easily understandable version of the essence of Hermetic wisdom.

How did Timothy Freke find the Path of the Gnosis?

Early on, as a child, I was looking for something I needed but couldn't find where I lived. I then started to seek

everywhere. I found inspiration in Hinduism with Swami Vivekananda who says that the true religion of Hinduism is the eternal religion because it includes and embraces all other religions. Even though I didn't see myself as a Hindu, it still gave me the strength to continue my search and to discover that the universe is filled with Love. I began to have conscious awakening and enlightening experiences. In retrospect I realized that I had had these experiences from the age of 12, although I recognized them as such only in later years. I am so glad that in my youth I was already allowed to experience different states of consciousness. It is important to me that my friend Peter Gandy's search for the meaning-of-life was also caused by the same experience of the supposed meaninglessness of life. His father was closely connected to the Anglican Church and so Pete was raised as a, shall we say, fundamentalist Christian, which gave him no solace. This gave rise to his and my search for

the origins of early Christianity.

What actually was the true message of early Christianity?

Are you, as co-authors, essential to each other?

Pete and I have known each other since we were 10 years old and have been exploring life together ever since. Sometimes we joke that we've been having one conversation for almost 50 years ... and it still fascinates us. He is like a spiritual brother to me and at times he is also my neighbour.

We think alike about many things, so working together is a delight. I trust Pete's insights and he trusts mine. When I write on my own about 'awakening', Pete is the first person who reads the

REBIRTH

'He who is reborn communes with the All-Father who is Light and Life.

You will only experience this supreme vision when you stop thinking about it, for this knowledge is deep silence and tranquility of the senses.

He who knows the beauty of Primal Goodness perceives nothing else.

He doesn't listen to anything.

He cannot move his body at all.

He forgets all physical sensations and is still, while the beauty of Goodness bathes his mind in Light and draws his soul out of his body making him One with eternal Being.

For a man cannot become a god whilst he believes he is a body.

To become divine he must be transformed by the beauty of Primal Goodness.

The womb of rebirth is wisdom.

The conception is silence.

The seed is Goodness.

Those born of this birth are not the same.

They are of the gods and children of Atum - the One-God.

They contain all.

They are in all.

They are not made up of matter.

They are All-Mind.

-- --

Rebirth is not a theory that you can strive to learn.

But when Atum wills, he will re-Mind you.

A man may only seek to know Atum by controlling his passions and letting Destiny deal as she wills with his body which is no more than clay that

belongs to Nature and not to him.

He should not attempt to improve his life by magic or oppose his fate by using force, but allow Necessity to follow its course.

Excerpt from Timothy Freke and Peter Gandy, "The Hermetica: The Lost Wisdom of the Pharaohs", London, 1997

manuscript to input his ideas and edit the text. He is very generous in this way. We enjoy each other's exploration of this strange business we call life.

Everything seems to be about Love and connectedness.

After all, this is the essence to which gnosis lead a human being. It is through gnosis that we are able to leave behind our forsakenness and can open up to the All-Oneness, which is Love. Many see it like this! Let me specify that. In many spiritual teachings 'awakening' is indeed the way to overcome isolation. This is not the essence for me. The main thing for me is that we cannot simultaneously experience our separateness as well as be aware of our oneness. This is the problem!

Take for example this person Tim: All my imperfections and preferences did not just disappear with my 'awakening'. Even in my most awake moments I still did not like rice pudding!

Life as a paradox – might that be the mystery?

That comes indeed close. We should no longer think in terms of exclusiveness like: 'either this or that', but rather think: 'this as well as that.'

There are always two possibilities because life and nature are essentially paradoxical.

In my books I describe this as 'paralogical thinking'. My experience with the mysterious are not something vague or supernatural but rather an openness in the moment for the miraculous in everything as well as for other possibilities and options. When you live in the moment you don't get absorbed by the vagaries of the past nor by your worries about the future.

It is to be filled with hope - not through

forced 'positive thinking' but rather by embracing both your negative emotions as well as the positive ones and giving them both their place in your life.

Science is an important source of inspiration in your journey of discovery of the mysteries. What place do you give it?

Indeed! I try to understand and experience this mystery with the help of the accomplishments of quantum physics, with Tao and meditation, with Walt Whitman, Greek mythology, Carl Gustav Jung and Albert Einstein.

That is also a bit paradoxical. The highest wisdom is that we know nothing. Therefore in reality it is like this: we actually don't know anything yet about life and its unfolding.

Science does not know much, and neither do the religions!

Whoever claims otherwise is a great liar! Many physicists who are Nobel Prize winners state that although we can assume many things, and the laws of nature seem to be unshakable, we still have to stay open for new possibilities. I do not say that we have to throw religion overboard and only follow the logic of science.

The past has proved that this does not work. It is not that simple but rather more complicated: religion and science can complement each other enormously!

You seem to have a special affinity with Albert Einstein.

Yes, I respect Einstein very much, both as a great remarkably deep scientist and at the same time as a very spiritual human being. I quote him quite often. Here, for example, is what he wrote about the supposed heretics in the history of the gnosis:

"The religious geniuses of all ages have

Timothy Freke: "The body is the night club of the soul"

.....

been distinguished by this kind of religious feeling, which knows no dogma and no God conceived in man's image; so that there can be no church whose central teachings are based on it. Hence it is precisely among the heretics of every age that we find men who were filled with this highest kind of religious feeling and were in many cases regarded by their contemporaries as atheists, and sometimes also as saints. Looked at in this light, men like Democritus, Francis of Assisi, and Spinoza are closely akin to one another." (Religion and Science)

I have the same fascination for the physicist Niels Bohr.

When he created his own family crest he chose a spiritual symbol from ancient China: the Yin-Yang figure.

With this he expressed that the essence of all being is primarily the combination of complementary opposites.

In that same vein we may see the famous vision of the philosopher Cusanus, 'coincidentia oppositorum' - coincidence of opposites.

Bohr identified himself with this statement by adding to his family crest the Latin motto: *contraria sunt complementa* (opposites complement each other)

In your book 'The Laughing Jesus' - who actually is this 'laughing Jesus'?

With 'laughing Jesus' I mean an awakened state in which we recognize that life is good and death is accepted. We call this pronoia. It is a sensible trust that life is on your side and that everyone is out to help you. Pronoia is actually a new expression for 'faithful trust'. The word 'faith' is so devalued through its long use by main stream religions that it has become almost meaningless. The general understanding of faith could be described as a 'blind faith' in irrational dogmas.

PEOPLE BELIEVE WHATEVER THEY WANT

"In Amsterdam everything focuses on commerce.

The clergy lost their influence and so quite a number of other belief-systems were slowly established. There are Calvinists, Catholics, Jesuits, Protestants, Mennonites, Jews, probably Rosicrucians, different Anabaptists and also atheists. (...) I am in Amsterdam in the year 1666.

I heard that all people are equal in the free provinces of the Netherlands, especially in Amsterdam. The population there is not sharply divided in belief systems, classes and gender. Christians speak with Jews, the upper class speaks with the lower class and women write books and operate businesses on a par with men. People here are more equal than elsewhere.

I also heard that this young Republic is in the process of establishing centres for commerce all over the world and, at the same time, subjugate regions (colonies) in order to rule over them.

Considering this, one could see the Dutch as rulers that favour equality and are also humble conquerors. That sounds paradoxical to me. I must travel there to experience it for myself. Paradoxes have always attracted me. It seems as if the human being has hidden secrets within."

Excerpt from Torben Guldberg's novel: "*Thesis on the Existence of Love*", 2008

[In this novel an ancient storyteller must find out what the essence of love is, before he can attain peace. To that end, he undertakes a magical quest that also takes him to Amsterdam at the time of Rembrandt.]

In contrast to this pronoia there is a deep trust in a fundamental goodness of existence. A trust that takes hold of us when we awake to unity.

As long we see ourselves merely as separate individuals, we will remain as vulnerable specks in an immense



accidental universe. However, when we are in an awakened state of mind, we are in a state of pronoia. We just know from deep within that we don't have to be afraid of life - like we don't have to be afraid of a dream. To sum it up: our life is then filled with meaning and purpose.

500 people together for the gnosis

Time is running out. Forty interested people that yearn for gnosis are waiting for Timothy Freke in a village close to Utrecht (in the Netherlands)

We give him a lift to his lodgings.

During the car ride it becomes immediately obvious that Tim also has many pressing questions himself.

“What is a gnostic conference of the Rosicrucians like? How many people participate in it?”

The answer is that worldwide Rosicrucians generally attend a monthly conference. Usually there are five services during the course of such a weekend. About 500-650 pupils (in the Dutch 'work field') come together in a temple, which can be understood as a consecrat-

ed work place. Timothy is stunned: “So many people come together for the gnosis? Unbelievable - fantastic. Nowhere in the world have I come across anything like this!”

Then he raises another question: “Why are the Netherlands such a fertile and tolerant ground for the gnosis?”

Surprised by this question we search for an answer. “Is it perhaps because of the battle against the sea over the centuries?

The Dutch always desperately needed each other for this.

Consultation and tolerance of culture were necessary and a certain degree of self-preservation.

Another possibility could be the legacy of Erasmus of Rotterdam (15th century). His papers (in Latin) about tolerance and freedom were known all over Europe.

Also Dirck Coornhert – when this nation was established in the 16th century -committed himself tirelessly and successfully to freedom, especially religious freedom. This was rather exceptional in those days.

We also think of the character of Amster-

dam - the city that repeatedly offered refuge to those persecuted for their faith, like Jan Amos Comenius from the Czech Republic.”

We can't give a conclusive answer to Timothy Freke.

Maybe an excerpt from a novel by the Danish writer Torben Guldbert could provide an answer. In his novel “Thesis on the existence of Love” he describes with great accuracy the Dutch national character.

With a greeting to the Pentagram readers, Timothy Freke says goodbye to us and, with a kind gesture, he signs a few of his books for us. It says:

“Big Love! T!M” ★



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Albert Einstein: *The intuitive reason is a sacred gift and the rational mind is a faithful servant. In the society that we have created, we honor the servant and we forget the gift*
.....



Vluchteling in Londen. © Bernadette Szvabo, Reuters

The Center



Our inability to perceive unity, to know or experience it is rooted in the law of consciousness that we can only differentiate between opposites and differences. But how can we attain consciousness then? In this article, we shall look into the circle and its center, the self and the One. In us lies the divine Idea that thinks and demands that we should be in perfect agreement with it.

The following statement is attributed to the Greek-Egyptian mystery figure of Hermes, 'God is a circle whose center is everywhere and whose circumference is nowhere'. In this statement an image is conveyed to us only to be immediately withdrawn again. The circle and its center exist, and at the same time they do not exist. We have no chance to get an idea of God, but we will nevertheless need to address it. This image of a circle and the center may seem a little less mysterious if we replace 'God' by 'Unity'. Unity is everywhere and nowhere at the same time. If we do not understand unity quantitatively as a compilation of parts, but rather as the one First Source, out of which everything originates and is contained, we can imagine the following better: that unity when it is not found as a unity cannot be recognized.

Our inability to perceive the unity, to recognize or learn about it, is determined by law: one can enter a field of consciousness that is presented as different, as opposite or distinctive. We only know a reality that consists of parts, which are related to each other. If I want to bring the circle and its center to life, it is necessary that the central point which I myself hold is released to make room for the prospective one single circle. We only know a reality that consists of parts that are related to each other. The image of a circle and center will only starts to live if the central point that I take within my circle of consciousness is replaced by the perspective of that one circle itself. We recognize that for instance when we make a jigsaw puzzle. We do not begin by just fitting the many pieces together - we do not make the unity from the individual parts, but we start with the unity itself, that is: by visualizing that image as a whole that is depicted on the box. Only unity can know unity. So in order to know unity I have to be one; that is a

clear distinction with having an image or an experience of unity.

Hermes stated: 'If you make yourself not equal to God, to the One, then you will not be able to perceive God. Because equal can only be known by equal'.

The center as space

The middle is not the center, but a space in which many centers appear and disappear. So we say for instance that many people are in our midst. All the different interlocutors and the many subjects form temporarily a center. They are everywhere and nowhere in a middle that forms an open space in which the interaction takes place.

As outside so inside: the open ground together with its participants create a representation of our life-consciousness. This also forms a field in which thoughts and experiences come, make connections and disappear. Consciousness is the open center where alternately our perceptions, thoughts and experiences form the temporarily center of the I-form.

Shankara said: 'There is only one thing that never leaves us: the consciousness deep within us. That alone is the constant factor in all our experiences. And this consciousness is the real, absolute Self', the One.

For a good understanding, it is essential to make a distinction from the contents of our life of consciousness: of our thoughts, experiences, in short of the 'ten thousand things'.

With the statement 'I am consciousness' Hermes does not mean 'I am the contents of the consciousness'. Besides, this distinction is not accepted in Western philosophy. E. Husserl emphasized that consciousness is always being conscious-of-something, so of a content. When he later withdrew from the conclusion that all appearances find their source in one

constituting consciousness, there was nobody who followed him in his line of thinking. The concept consciousness is equated to our world of perceptions, thoughts, experiences, phantasies, etc. By studying it as a 'thing', we make it an object.

But consciousness can never be a subject of study, it cannot be perceived, observed, it is always the perceiver, the observer.

If we want to grasp this observer, we make it the observed. Our seeing cannot see it. That is why we try to approach what consciousness is not, as a 'knowing of not-knowing'.

The misunderstanding that we have consciousness, that our reality is a world outside us, and that we are an independent 'I' that is situated opposite to the world, shows that we have not yet surpassed the stadium of objectifying consciousness that is making an object of consciousness, which we will call object-consciousness.

That is why our perception of reality is false. Object-consciousness and being-conscious are of fundamental distinct order, and of a different quality of being, representing another reality.

I do not have consciousness, no 'I' and no reality. This trichotomy shows that my consciousness is divided within me and that I can only observe division.

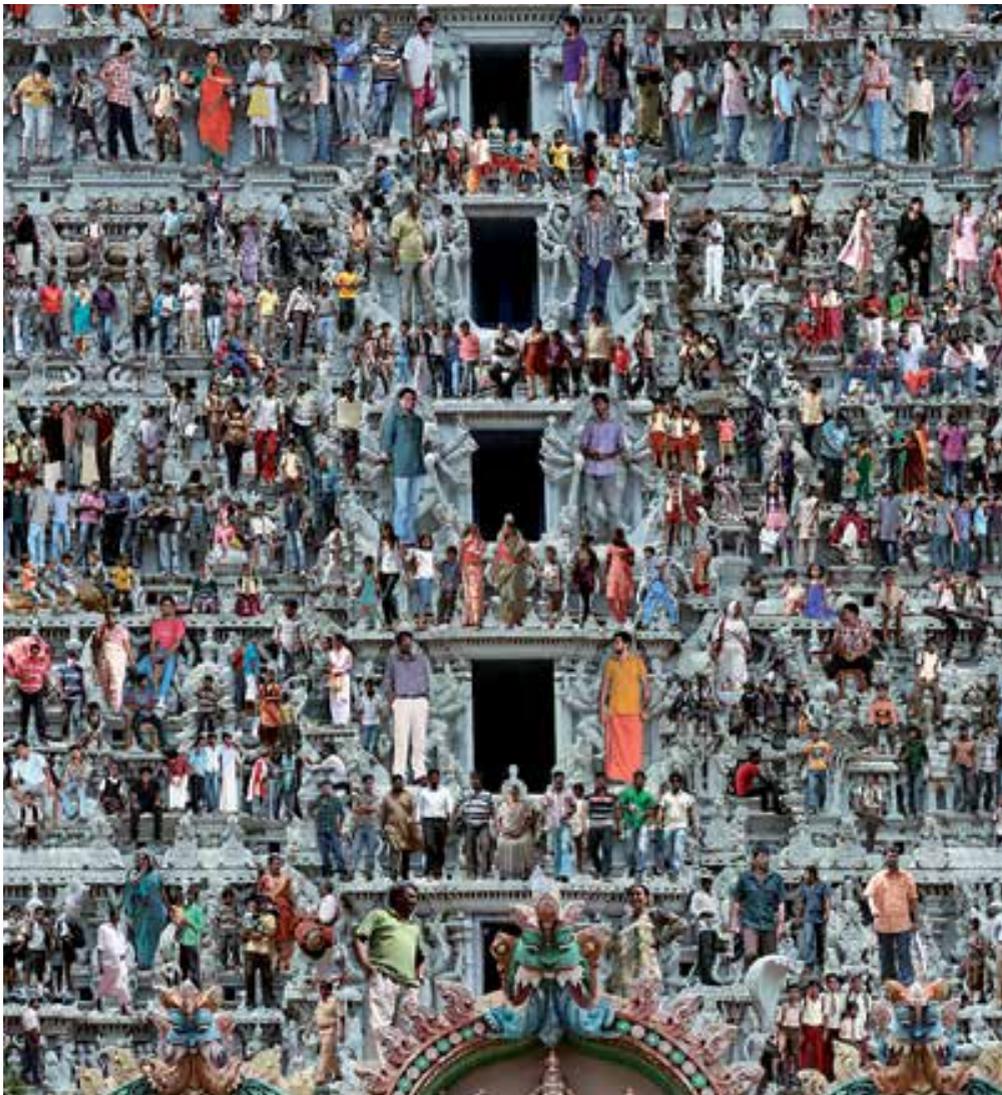
Consciousness as a unity is as the Eye in which these three appear; it is the one source in all division, the Seeing in seeing the All. That is why self-consciousness, self-knowledge is so essential: it shows the difference between self-consciousness and object-consciousness: The difference between who I am and what I am.

One and inseparable

Who am I? This question was posed – maybe for the first time so explicitly – in the seventeenth century by René Descartes. In his search for the truth, for a fixed

Vivek Vilasini, Include me out II
(Triptych), 2011-2014.
Digital print on canvas

point in a continuing changing (consciousness) world, he subjected his whole reality to a radical fundamental doubt; at least that is what he thought. What remains when I doubt everything? Ultimately the doubt that doubts itself, one could say. But Descartes was not that radical. He found his final fixed point not in the doubt but also not



All people and the many subjects form temporarily a center. They are everywhere and nowhere in a middle; an open space in which the interaction takes place

.....

in the doubter, but in an 'I' that doubts: 'I doubt, so I think, so I exist.'

This positioning suggests that I stand in front of, and independent of an objective reality. This is, after all, object, subject to my seeing, my hearing, my feeling, my knowing.

In this position I seem to be the fixed point, the center; so it seems that not my consciousness is the observer, but I. Spinoza, living in the same time, fundamentally disagreed with this. He des-

cribed God as the one Substance and at the same time inseparably present in our consciousness and the world, thus both 'Inside' as well as 'outside'. That one Substance manifests itself as unity in its attributes 'thinking' and 'extension'. That is why spirit and matter are one and inseparable.

Which tragedy has taken place in Descartes' analysis? Unity-consciousness has been replaced by object-consciousness. A misunderstanding that is very diffi-

cult to see through because our sensory and spatial-temporal reality seems to prove the validity of this objectification: everything has its own place in space and everything follows each other in time. However, our reality is not known by us as objective 'being' but as consciousness-reality; and is therefore subject to the law

of our consciousness which means that we only recognize opposites, differences, relationships.

That is why the one needs the other in order to differentiate itself from it; and that is why there is nothing that can exist by itself. By distinguishing between 'inside' and 'outside' it brought Descartes to file consciousness in just the one of the two positions: 'the inside' together with the 'I'. The world thus became an outer-world, outside of me, apart from me. 'Spirit' belongs to me and the outside world is the world of form, of objects, of 'matter'. Unity of consciousness makes place for object-consciousness. The content of our consciousness is separated from the consciousness in which it appeared. Thus we place our consciousness contents as 'the word, the other, god' outside us.

For clarity, this is not a plea for the popular frame of mind: 'everything is subjective' or 'objectivity does not exist'. These only confirm the illusion of separation. In every conscious being there is both a subjective as well as an objective part - at the same time the thinking is an extension of both inside and the outside.

And that is already saying too much, because by naming two opposites we suggest that there must be two. In essence there is only: inside and outside, 'I' and 'not I', not two-one but *óne*, but our objectifying consciousness cannot understand that at all. And if we want to understand it, then here are the words of Zhuangzi '... that people in their separateness go searching for wholeness'.

Consciousness does not stand opposite the outer world but is the center of the circle of consciousness in which reality appears. There are not two: I and my reality. The image is unity, right then, right there: the two-unity inside and outside.

In-between or doubling

There is no question of 'the reality' but on the contrary only my awareness of that reality. We quote Ramana Maharsi.: 'There is no such a thing as a separate consciousness that is conscious of that-what-is. That-what-is is consciousness. And that is I'. That 'I' refers to the higher unity of 'I'-'not I', inside-outside.'

A soulless product of our object-consciousness is the pitfall that the given reality 'outside me' is the same for everyone else, irrespectively of my awareness of that reality. And that does not add anything to this reality whether I exist or not. This attitude, that I do not matter, is not only a basis of permissiveness, but it also diminishes the insight that it is necessary for me and the world in which I live that I need to change. And this is not meant as a nice theoretical conclusion but as a reality, as an active factor in the world.

Because, if consciousness, the mother field, the matrix, of all my consciousness contents, renews, then at the same time all these contents will be renewed also: 'I', the other, the world, god become different and new. And because consciousness is not a personal possession but an all-embracing and living essence, which is a source from which we all draw; renewal of consciousness contributes to the inspiration of all.

Consciousness is perceiving, it is knowing. Unmediated by objectifying thinking it is one, it is immediate. Opposites are not yet awake; they are two-one in a zero point, in an in-between. As this point has no size, it cannot therefore be objectified, cannot be perceived. Opposites as knower-known are created afterwards, when the objectifying thinking breaks away from the unit of knowing. Consciousness itself, the in-between, is 'too close by' to be observed. The eye

can see all things but itself, because objectifying seeing requires distance. The tree of paradise that is in the middle (in-between) should become a tree-of-knowledge, a tree of distinction and opposites. The unity 'I'-'not I' fell apart in a two-unity, and from two-unity into one-of- the-two: 'I' All-consciousness narrowed to I-consciousness; the open Middle narrowed to a center: 'I'. Thus, by identifying with thoughts, feelings, experiences, emotions, temper, the 'streaming' reality of consciousness was doubled with a frozen upper layer, that an 'I' can follow what knows itself to be one with the world of form. In our world of forms, we give everything its own name. Thereby we strengthen the illusion that everything would be separate and independent, whereas yet everything is absorbed by and extends through the One. In the Gospel of Philip we read: 'The truth created names in this world, because it is impossible to know the truth without names. The truth is simple, however, it is manifold, to bring us through the multiplicity to the One Name (...).'

Names given to earthly things are very misleading. They derive their meaning from imperishable things but are used for transitory things. Who hears 'god', does not think of the imperishable, but starts to think of the transi-

tory'. We have lost the one Name in the multitude of names.

Horizon or context

Ramana Maharsi: 'The 'I' is everything. The search for what the 'I' is, is therefore the true path to let go of everything. Seek therefore the Source from where the 'I' comes from'. Within the sphere of our consciousness, everything is relative, everything appears to us as in relation to something else, and thus not as an independent thing-in-itself. Everything becomes known in a relation. Reality and truth are therefore relative concepts. When I possess a hundred euros, I am poor in relation to someone who owns more, and at the same time rich in comparison to someone who possesses nothing. I am not poor or rich, but poor or rich depends on the comparison that is the relation. We know therefore no independent things-in-itself, but differences, relations. Thus 'water' means something else for a chemist than for a thirsty man, a fisherman, or a drowning man. Therefore, water is what it is and is what it is not. We derive the meaning 'water' from the context in which it appears. Also our worldview, our view of god, and our view of each other derive their being-known from the field of relation in which they appear. In order to be what it 'is', it needs to get a place within our horizon, so in fact within our past. All our presentations are shifting, relational centers within a total field: the middle. Just as I have a comparative image of others, and therefore a relative view of the other, the world, god, I have in the same way a view of myself: the self-image. As image, it seems to be independent; but there is no 'I' without 'not I'; in the two-unity 'I'-'not I' both these polarities have equally a common origin. One recognizes that: if one moves to

another culture his/her point of reference for the environment changes, then at the same time self-image changes with it. My self-image is constituted of many and changing self-images. What we call 'self' is therefore a quantitative unity, in fact a collection of 'I's. The all-one I is on the contrary a quality: unity. That we cannot get around the reality of an 'I', whatever that may be, is addressed by S. Kierkegaard: 'Can one imagine something more terrible than the dissolution of our being in a multitude, turning you into several individuals, like those unfortunate ones who were possessed by demons, and so you lost your most inner being, the most sacred in a man in this way; you would have lost the unifying power of your personality?' In case our conscious life would not form a certain order in which we recognize ourselves we would not only live in chaos, but be chaotic, insane ourselves. The I, the unity-of-consciousness, or the center in which all the antipodes are one, must distinguish itself from the self-image that we have. We derive our self-image from four main directions of orientation, the 'cross of consciousness'. From the center of this cross, the place where I am seated as an observer, the beams point to four directions: the inside, the outside, above and below. My orientation can go to the inside: to my thoughts, experiences, feelings, phantasies, and knowledge. I can direct myself to the outside: the other, to god, the Other, the Spirit-spark in my heart, my perspective of the future and ideals. These four orientations on one cross represent, though different in aspect, one and the same consciousness, my consciousness, and thus my consciousness-quality. For the object-consciousness, that is divided in itself, they appear as distinct realities, that objectively take

He who observes himself as 'consciousness' must inevitably come to the conclusion that consciousness knows several layers, more than one level of activity and reality

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Girl studying front covers of Mercury magazine, Powells Books

their own place. But consciousness has no plural and also I has/have no plural. So there is the question: how much am I one consciousness? Because, according to Mikhail Naimy: 'As is your consciousness is, so is your I. As your I is, so is the world. If I is a unity, then the world is a unity. If I is a multitude, then your world is a multitude; then your struggling is endless, with yourself and with any other creature'.

Energy and longing

If consciousness is full of desire and empty of content then the vertical dimension opens up. The in-between or median space appears as a vertical axis, planted in the mutual center of all opposites. In this center, the circle opens, the Middle, the I-am. Where the many 'I's' are to be

found somewhere in the circle as meandering and temporary centers, the energy of purified longing reveals the circle itself from the first person perspective.

The 'I', as the principle of the consciousness in unity, is an omnipresent consciousness: it is present everywhere and in everything.

The one vertical axis, which is in the Middle, is the 'tree that stands in paradise' - the ladder in which the 'I-am' presents itself in several layers of unity. From a qualitative point of view, there are several tiers of unity.

When a 'seeing from above' opens up, observing everything in one single light, then one inwardly lives through the identification with an image of god or self-image which is equal to the denial of the One that I am in the depth of

my being. Then - according to my objective knowledge derived from other philosophers, spiritual teachers and spiritual movements - the declaration of where I stand cannot be any longer avoided. One cannot remain uncommitted. At the same time, one cannot any longer place God, the One or the other one above himself. That is beyond him. I can no longer get away with 'objective' statements like 'God is love' because then the question 'AM I Love?' imposes itself. And if I refer to the divine spark in the heart, it also becomes an outward orienta-

tion to keep me away from who I really am. In the objectifying consciousness appears what I am – with the annotation that what I am what I have. However in the one and yet empty consciousness it reveals itself who I am. Taken up in the central axis in the middle, a renewal of the consciousness takes place and there is unification. Because my reality is in complete accord with my consciousness-life, so my whole reality is renewed in all four orientations at the same time: everything that I have placed inward, outward, below and above myself renews simultaneously in four directions. It is the stepping-stone to Hermes' first person perspective 'I am consciousness'. This is the same self-insight that can be found in Inayat Khan: 'The Self is the only living thing, and the signature of eternal life'. The bi-polarity of knowing what is known which arises from knowledge is elevated into the One.

This unity-of-consciousness is our guiding principle here and it can easily be misunderstood. Nowadays, the idea of 'do not objectify but live here-and-now' has become a cliché. Whoever examines himself as consciousness concludes that consciousness has multiple layers, several levels of activity and reality. The Sufi wisdom: 'God sleeps in the stone, dreams in the plant, moves in the animal and awakes in man' explains it and that is the fourth level of consciousness. The human consciousness is thus a pivot point: God-the-creator, active from below and the one God or the One, as the action from above, meet each other in human consciousness. It is the birth of the One as self-consciousness; the Self that precedes all creation. As we read in Proverbs: 'The Lord created me before the origin of the world'.

The difference in consciousness between the 'I' which belongs to the world of the immanent God, the Creator, and the 'I am' of the transcendental God, can be recognized in the following words of C.G. Jung: 'When worry and anguish become too intense, there is still the unity of the self, the divine spark in its inviolability, and offers peace that is not of this world'. The One, the divine spark of our true 'self', is not touched by the many upheavals of personal life. Identification of the contents of our consciousness is replaced by the consciousness-self, which is permeated by a single Light, that of the divine spark. That the one, the Spark, the True Self, is in principle present in all the 'creation', in all the contents of consciousness, does not imply that it has been manifested in the whole of creation. In this sense, the One is both transcendent as well as immanent – as a transcendent source of all realities and levels of consciousness, as an immanent activity, it drives itself upwards in creation and it has therefore a transcendent view of it. Step by step the creation becomes more self-conscious so in this way the One can make Itself conscious and therefore recognizable. If god is fully awakened in us, so that we can make a distinction between the level of consciousness where the many 'I's' play their game, and in contrast to that the One (the level of consciousness) in which the game is played, then this faculty of discernment is the proof of the inner presence and activity of the One. Meister Eckhart: 'that which a man loves must be understood as follows. If he loves a stone, he is a stone. If he loves a man, then he is a man. If he loves God ... and now I do not dare to continue speaking because if I would say that he is God, you would stone me'.

Prejudices and conventions
Every layer of the human psyche seeks only its own realization. No layer can surpass above its own and grab for a higher reality, or a greater unity. This egocentricity is the basis of the mutual struggle of the many I's. Anything that moves us within our psyche can be seen as a 'will power' according to Nietzsche. Sometimes it is the instincts that hold the upper hand, and sometimes emotions or feelings alternated by countless thoughts. How many times 'I want' or 'I think' quarrels with 'I feel' or 'I desire'? We are not made of one piece, and we are not free thinkers either, we are not 'I'. Fear and desire prevail in this interplay of forces. They determine the thinking life by certain prejudices and conventions. They divide our conscious life as we perceive as pleasant and true and therefore as the I, or as opposed to what does not confirm to ourselves; what we consider to be unpleasant or false. And this we do not attribute to our own conscious life. We consider it non-I and foreign to our clean consciousness. Therefore, if the One is manifested in our consciousness, a new stratum will be added to the previous four. And moreover it must be greater than the previous four or we will continue to identify ourselves with the other four. However, the fifth level is no addition;

it stands perpendicular to the other four, as a ladder of Jacob, as a vertical axis, as the tree in paradise.

It is crucial to discover that we tend to identify ourselves with the content of our consciousness which we find pleasant and fair, while whatever arises in ourselves, aroused by situations or outsiders, is also our consciousness, it is also an integral part of the life thereof.

By taking responsibility for everything that I become conscious of, I no longer attribute anything to others - not to accident, not to karma, or to my destiny, my god, my horoscope or genome. Even though the 'outside world' triggers my thoughts, my emotions and feelings, when they befoul my consciousness and sow discord, it does not help me to point the finger to something outside of me. Rejecting or repressing is quite useless, because I cannot let go of what has a grip on me and would not let me go. Strange as it may seem, admitting all images and experiences, in order to endorse a single light which penetrates the consciousness, - the one full of loving thought - to neutralize and integrate all these images and experiences.

Only then consciousness seems more powerful than all its contents. What is referred to as 'bad' or 'evil', as a psychic content, draws its strength from its distance from me, so that it can remain staring at me.

In contrast, when evil is seriously accepted in the light of the consciousness, the entire contents of the psyche is integrated. Love unifies and a unified consciousness is way stronger, independent of any content. When the whole conscious life connects with the Eye of reason, the unity itself can observe from above. That is the new, the fifth 'layer' that joins with the former four.

Reason integrates, nullifies the opposite

poles of the 'I' and 'outer world' and raises it into a higher unity. The One not expressed in our mental sphere which is precisely the opposite level, but within the Reason. According to Spinoza our feelings or our troubles cannot be tempered by Reason - we can consider that only a sensation. If Reason could not trouble us, or move us, that would mean that It is independent of what drives us, independent of what animates us, and is eventually in opposition to our soul. The point is that it is an integral part of our whole psyche and it is as representative of the One as it can be. It is in the aptitude of Reason to be more forceful than any other soul impulse

Open and radiant

The precondition to be open and radiant is to distance oneself from the automatic stream of consciousness where all the layers of their own psyche request their own space. Such is the condition to recognize that this dislodged reality is the substitute of the original consciousness, open and radiant. According to the objective consciousness, I live the life of a spectator who looks at the screen in front of him, outside of him. I identify myself with certain people or images on the screen and with others I don't. This is much more a natural process or the automatism of perception than a conscious choice. By nature, we discriminate everything. You can only change something about this once you become conscious of it even though it might already have happened. Will I finally realize that in the eyes of the spectator I am the colorless flood of all staged scenes in the film, of all the projected images from the beginning to the end?

According to Nicolas of Cusa: 'God could be compared to the perception of color in our world, it is only possible thanks

to the sense of sight, in the center of vision; the center has no inherent sense of color otherwise it would permeate the subject of our vision.

Thus we can say that the vision is not in the world of color because the device that allows the vision to happen is free of any color. In the world of colors one cannot find the seeing, because it is free of color. That is why, viewed from the world of colors, the vision is rather nothing more than something. The relationship between God and the whole is similar to the relationship between the sight and the visible'. Or in other words, God relates to the whole as the consciousness relates to its contents.

The consciousness itself is the light; the reel of the film consists of my fixed frames, my past has become the sustainable content of my conscience and determines the images that I can see before me on the screen. Self-knowledge is a path that runs from the outside inwards, from the screen towards the reel and from there to the source of light that is present in all the images while being independent of them.

The quality of the light of our consciousness is measured by the quality of our desires. We seek that quality in books of wisdom, in seminars and religious meetings, in interviews, in yoga or meditation. Therefore, the One that is



present in our longing is indeed in search of himself. In reality, should my quest consist in searching why and where I should search if that light is already present in me as a guide? By living outside myself, that is in texts or movements that speak to me, sooner or later, the question of the observer's identity and all that it observes will be bound to me. Who is he who knows all that I know? Maybe we need an object of devotion, an outside mirror to recognize us in our character of observer.

That we still place god above and outside us fits 'a personality that needs an object to get a feeling of its own existence' (Jung). When our spiritual hunger

is more or less satisfied and our desires purified and emptied, our consciousness-self can break 'from the background' through all our consciousness-contents. For a moment, the third person perspective of the object-consciousness makes place for the second person perspective, the mystic I-Thou relationship. Myths, esotericism, statements of Buddha, Hermes, Jesus, Böhme, Eckhart, find inner resonance and open up a completely new self-perception and self-recognition. Was our 'self' in the magical or mythical consciousness still in a pre-conscious unity, by projecting on the Thou the 'I' awakens which is the necessary stepping stone to the upper-conscious Self or I Am.

Observer and observed

That observer and observed are two references for the same content, and that unity and love cannot be known by objectifying it was a key issue for Krishnamurti: 'Can spirit have a quality by which it does not seek the outside but by which it is complete and whole in itself? (...) All divisions in me and you, in my god and your god, means division of energy. There is only energy and division of energy, division into fragments'. By identification



energy solidifies into matter. I call myself Christian, Buddhist or atheist. But in essence I am nothing of that at all, because what I am – consciousness itself – has no form and therefore has no name. In essence I am an open formless consciousness circle, the Center in which my personal life takes place. Therefore the following words of the Upanishads do not point to outside but to a new consciousness, a new ensoulment: ‘Know that the totality of this moving and restless world is encompassed by consciousness itself, by God’. If the fragmentary intellect gives

I have identified myself with certain images of persons on the screen, and not with others

Disappear-picture. Liu Bolin disappears almost completely in the background of his work, like a chameleon of art

way to reason that sees-in-unity, and that reason is indeed our strongest 'affection' (Spinoza), then the following description of Ramana shines forth to us: 'Can a sensitive photographic plate that is exposed to sunlight still capture impressions? Can there be something apart from You after I have seen Your Light? There can be no conception or experience to cling to the intense Light of the consciousness-self.

In the vertical axis, the center in which all temporary centers disappear, the sun of the Center rises. In that center the circle encloses itself as the one sun that outshines the world of form and withdraws from the objectifying eye.

In the book, *The Fama of the Brotherhood of Rosicross*, we encounter a crucial passage in which a nail is pulled out of the wall. This nail can be seen as the central point in which our whole mental existence is suspended: the 'I' or I-consciousness. If this nail is removed and a portion of the wall is pulled down, behind that wall an immense space is revealed where our true Identity houses: the Sprit-Soul-Man. The nail, the 'I', is the pivot point. Naked and emptied of objectifying its feelings, emotions, experiences and thoughts, I recognize myself as a unity-kernel-of-consciousness, as a reflection of the One.

That reversal is not an I-annihilation since the I is already broken, shattered, into countless 'I's'. We are not an I. Emptied to a point-of-not-being the 'nail-I' discloses two worlds and forms the central 'axis' to the Center. J. van Rijckenborgh: 'The I, the consciousness of the personality, is the visible manifestation of the All-consciousness, like the physical sun is the visible manifestation of the spiritual Sun'. The 'I', if stripped of all that it cleaves to, as central axis is as it were the hole through which the Light of the One comes to us. That Light is at the same time

a path towards above and a path towards below: the way of ascent to the shining Source, the mystical unification, and at the same time our reality 'downstairs' can be seen in a new Light. In this way the words of Spinoza become reality: 'The Spirit has it in its power to bring back all the physical impressions or images of the things to the conception of God'.

Prelude to reversal

After integration by total-identification with all my consciousness-contents – which is a 'horizontal' process under the action of a 'vertical' ensoulment – this can be fulfilled by identification with the One, as it resounds in individuation, which literally means: being undivided. By total-identification, by saying yes to everything that arises in our consciousness – the phase of integration – there is no waste of energy anymore; our consciousness-life becomes more transparent, so that the light of the pure and empty consciousness can shine through it. Here the words of Krishnamurti that the total denial is the highest confirmation are applicable: the confirmation that we are all our consciousness-contents, appears to be the prelude to the total reversal.

Precisely in a total-identification lies the possibility of total denial encapsulated: I am not my consciousness-contents. This total denial opens the insight that I am not the contents but the consciousness itself.

The realm where the 'I' is emptied to the point of consciousness has therefore no size, has no form, and is gladly hailed as I-lessness. However, the 'I' as principle of unity-of-consciousness, as reflection of the One, never disappears. Purified in the Fire of the One I-lessness does not mean: having no 'I', but having no identification.

G. Meyerink: 'Put away everything that your body is and then your 'I'. When it has become totally naked it will start to breathe as a pure spirit'. This spirit that is consciousness-self, sees from 'above', from a higher unity and then appears in the words of Krishnamurti: 'Every problem is related to every other problem, so if you can solve one problem, it does not matter which one, you will notice that you will be able to face every other problem and to solve them effortlessly. The concept 'self-surrender' comes to stand in a completely different light: considered from below it means that 'I' surrender myself to the One. But this is impossible, since one can know only one's equals. 'I' as an empty point of consciousness, makes this kind of self-surrender to an empty concept. True self-surrender is the surrender of the one Self to us, that is in the vertical axis of the Middle. It does not mean that when we are sometimes out of balance we should correct ourselves. We are as men, as human consciousness, out of the center. And that does not happen only once in a while, but it is our usual state of 'being', of consciousness. Sticking to the light by ascending Jacob's ladder is referred to as 'the Path'. It is not meant as a way that we go to the One, but rather as the way the One is going with us. There

is no path to unity, unity is the path. That this 'way up to the Light' is continuous renewal of consciousness was apparently also the experience of R.M. Rilke:

'I live my life in an increasing struggle'. This describes not one circle of consciousness that is widening, but a qualitative hierarchy, several steps of renewal. In this way self-consciousness transforms into consciousness of the Self. The transcendental One, the true core of our self-consciousness becomes more and more immanent in ourselves, it gradually becomes reality. What is beyond us does not need to remain subject of faith.

New inspiration

Consciousness is consciously-seeing, symbolized by the eye: 'the eye' of thinking, feeling, wanting, experiencing. The largest outer ring as the all-seeing Eye encloses all these functions. Ramana: 'The One is the eye behind the eye of thinking and feeling. It is itself the area of Consciousness in which the space of thinking appears (...) In the area of the purified thinking facility where the out itself illuminating I shines'.

This shining Eye, this new inspiration that comes out of the Centre, is the Soul-I. It is the space wherein all conscious life takes place. In order to penetrate and transform our total personal existence it creates a vehicle, a soul-body. Because, according to C. de Petri: 'Starting with the birth of the soul-body the true human manifestation begins, the true manifestation of the thinking facility ordained by God.'

Our total physical structure, from the material body to the I form-consciousness, is a resistance against renewal. That is why – how improbable this might sound – our preference is going to familiarity and being identified with our past, our sorrow, our fears and desires, our pain and thinking patterns. Nowhere we

recognize ourselves better as a personality. Within this horizon we possibly set 'higher' goals, but there is no valid way 'from below'.

Knowing, gnosis, is not being conscious of unity, but it is unity. It is not like the eye that looks outside; it is the Eye in which everything is. It is the consciousness-circle, the Center, which encloses all centers. Ramanan: 'You are the Eye of the eye. You are that what is not seen by the eye, but by which the seeing itself is seen (...) The Self is the Eye, the unlimited Eye'.

In the words of Eckehart: 'The Eye in which I see god is the same eye in which god sees me. One eye, one soul, one seeing, loving (...) God and I are one in Knowing'.

Even though we can understand these words as object-consciousness, it does not mean that we understand the content as self-consciousness. The high energetic level of the new Consciousness, where there is no place for the object-consciousness is set before us, not without reason, as Fire. Hermes: 'I know you as the imperishable, eternal Eye. The Eye of an everlasting burning Fire'. And J. Böhme: 'The soul is a fire-eye and a likeness of the first principle. As eye she receives the Light, because the life and the Soul arise from the Fire'. This Spirit-Fire is transcendent. Because in this Fire all opposites are abolished, this Consciousness cannot be a personal possession, not even a personal quality. It is the one Fire that burns in the Knowing.

Receive and realize

Only by means of the Soul, the Spirit-Fire can transform the personality further to realize the unique Man Idea: the process of transfiguration. The unity of Spirit, Soul and Personality stands for the tri-unity of a microcosmic Man. This is



capable to receive and realize the 'mundus imaginalis', the divine Idea-world, of which Plato spoke. The restoration of the tri-une Man has been the purpose of true spirituality from earliest times on. So we read in the Bhagavad Gita: 'I am the Spirit the depth of the Soul that inconceivably lives in every creature (...) In every force I am the pri-



mordial force, in all the existence, the source. Because I am everything; without me there is nothing. I am in all things only Me-Self'.

Referring to the new Personality, we read in Psalm 104: 'He envelops himself in the Light as a mantle. He stretches out the heavens like a tent cloth'. The Soul-robe as a cloak, symbolized by the Rose, unfolds from the bud and fills the total microcosms.

Spirit is Fire. Therefore consciousness is

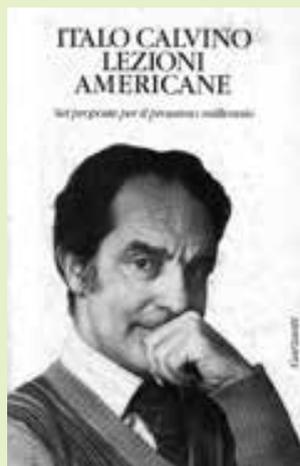
from divine Ideas that reflect themselves in the Spirit, and is not a mental perception. Ideas are creative forces that renew themselves, that are overshadowed by the one Light. Ideas are timeless essentials that reflect themselves in a fiery consciousness.

The divine Idea thinks within us. That asks a proper attuning from man. In the Spirit, in the Intellect, the divine reality is reflected as one living totality, as Love. Our object-consciousness, active

in opposites, in relations, can never penetrate in that.

Krishnamurti: 'If you love, it means that you give yourself completely away to something, and then there can be no relation. Then there is not the one and the other, there is a complete unity'. ✪

American Presentations



Six memos for the next millennium

A gossamer network of light rays and a quest for a new language; how do you give expression to a body of thought that is feather-light; what language can carry it; an inspiring language that can make hearts sing and heads light up? We find traces of such a quest in the works of Italo Calvino, the author of the books 'The Path to the Nest of Spiders', 'Cosmicomics', 'Mr. Palomar' and his best-known work: 'Invisible Cities'.

Italo Calvino, Italo Calvino was born in Cuba in 1923. In 1985 he wrote 'Six Memos for the Next Millennium', a series of lectures he was to present at Harvard University. However, after delivering five of them he died in Siena. Later, his daughter Esther Calvino decided to posthumously publish her father's literary 'testament.'

It has been claimed that Calvino fled into fantasy stories trying to escape reality. It is also said that he made use of an extremely efficient and concise language. But his stories can also be read as finely woven compositions that open up the imagination. They are anything but a dream world. His own lectures about literature show that he thought completely differently about this, and he describes his writing as an ongoing dispersion of heaviness.

Lightness

With these lectures on the eve of the new millennium Calvino endeavoured to discuss the fate of books, placing the future of literature itself in the context of the postmodern industrial age. Will the 'book' as such still exist in its present form? If so, what qualities and values should literature pursue? In these lectures Calvino considers symbols and images that are able to lead us into the new millennium.

Calvino envisaged a literature that should be light, quick, exact, visible, diverse and consistent. These relate to the titles of the six lectures, five of which he delivered, and here we would like to introduce the first of these, in which he pleads for lightness as

a remedy for the intensity of life. The other lectures however, carry just as much 'weight'. In his lecture Calvino contrasts lightness with heaviness and attempts to define what he as an author has tried to say in his novels and short stories. In forty years of writing he has always tried to avoid heaviness in language, seeing lightness as a value, not as a shortcoming.

Calvino tried to detract the heaviness from celestial bodies, people and cities, but most of all from the structure of a story and the language. The century in which he worked was specifically one of heaviness: in matter, in the industrial revolution, in thought and in the arts.

'In the time I started writing it was the duty of every young writer to give voice to the categorical imperative of the reality of that moment. Therefore, full of good will I tried to identify with the relentless energy that the history of our century exerted in its collective and individual events. I tried to find harmony between the emotionally moving world spectacle - which to me sometimes appeared dramatic, sometimes grotesque - and the picaresque and adventurous rhythm in myself that

Italo Calvino

drove me to write. But I soon discovered a chasm between actual life and the agile, sharp, light-footedness I wanted my language to be. Perhaps I was only aware of the heaviness, the sluggishness and fogginess of the world: qualities that cling directly to your words if you don't know how to shake them off in some way or other.'

Calvino had the feeling that the world around him was slowly fossilizing and that this 'stiffening' appeared to affect every aspect of life, as if nothing and no one could avoid looking at Medusa and turning into stone. Only Perseus with his winged shoes could move on to the lightest there is: the winds and the clouds. There is an allegory between the writer and the world, but a danger also lurks there, according to Calvino. With myths you must not jump too quickly. You must assimilate them slowly and not force yourself to accommodate their meaning, because the lesson is within the myth.

'At those moments when it seems to me that the human realm is doomed to heaviness, I think that I, just like Perseus, will have to fly to another space. I don't mean a flight into a dream or irrationality. I



mean that I must change my approach; that I must consider the world from a different viewpoint, with a different logic and other methods of knowing and verifying. The images of lightness I seek must be able to withstand being swept away like dreams by the present reality affecting the future.'

Lucretius and Ovid

When it became apparent that literature could not always offer the assurance that he was not merely pursuing dreams, Italo Calvino sought

answers in science. We are of course writing around 1985 when computers were just making their appearance and the discoveries in quantum physics were certainly not yet mainstream, but in this evolution Calvino saw a confirmation of his dreamed-of lightness, namely the dissolution of structures, and a second industrial revolution that would not be defined like the first one with steel mills and grinding images, but as a flow of information in the form of electronic impulses that are weightless. The world

image he envisaged was of a kind that is already very old in the history of poetry. He refers to *De Rerum Natura* (The Nature of Things) by Lucretius, a poem that conceives of the world as a density-dissolver and where Lucretius endeavours to escape the waltz of matter, so in 50 BC Lucretius could already see a metaphor in language for the subtle material substance of the world, a sign-system that is continuously in motion. Italo Calvino also draws from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, the author who can cause

everything of form to change, while preserving the same delicate case that envelops all the indivisible parts. He admires the language Ovid employs to describe form-transformations. In both Lucretius and Ovid he detects a lightness based on a philosophy and a science: for Lucretius it was Epicurus and for Ovid it was the teachings of Pythagoras. To emphasise his quest even more he cites Cavalcanti and asks us to keep the following image in mind:

'If I were to choose a symbol for the way in which I would want to meet the new millennium, then I would take this image: the unexpected, weightless leap of the poet-philosopher who soars above the gravity of the world and thus proves that his weightiness possesses the secret of lightness, while what many consider to be the life-force of all times, the noisy, aggressive, droning and raging, in fact belongs to the realm of death, like a graveyard for rusted car wrecks.'

With that image in the back of our mind he describes the Florentine troubadour of the Dolce Stil Novo, Guido Cavalcanti's (1255 – 1300) poetry as one of lightness in which his characters come across not so much as people, but rather as exhalations, light rays, and above all as messengers that he calls 'spirits.' Cavalcanti disperses the material weight

by representing the human image in many interchangeable forms.

In his poetry everything moves so fast that even the words can defy the heaviness. Calvino points out that the world consists of weightless atoms and we would be unable to appreciate the lightness of a language if we could not muster the appreciation of a language with heaviness.

Shakespeare and Emily Dickinson

In the history of literature two trends are evident: one makes the language into a weightless element that glides over the contents like a cloud, a very fine substance, or even better as a field of magnetic impulses; and the other strives to make the language convey precisely the heaviness, the density and the concreteness of things, bodies and sensations. Cavalcanti sought the road to lightness and in Dante's work we sometimes see an expression of that second trend. As well as Cavalcanti, Calvino also refers to Shakespeare and Cyrano de Bergerac, while he also draws upon Emily Dickinson to illustrate his quest for that lightness. Dickinson makes the language so light that meanings seem to be carried along on a fabric of words that seems weightless - by which also the meaning itself becomes thinner.

*A sepal, petal, and a thorn
Upon a common summer's morn –
A flash of Dew – a Bee or two –
A Breeze – a caper in the trees –
And I'm a Rose*

Romeo and Juliet

Just like Dickinson, Shakespeare also uses light language, whereby the meanings 'dance' on a weightless fabric of words.

For example in Romeo and Juliet when Mercutio appears on stage and says: You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings and soar with them above a common bound.

Verbs such as: to dance, to soar, to prick, indicate that Shakespeare does not immediately put Mercutio into a philosophical argument, but has him tell a story of a dream:

*Her waggon-spokes made of
long spinners' legs,
The cover of the wings of
grasshoppers,
The traces of the smallest
spiders' web,
The collars of the moon-
shine's watery beams,
Her whip of crickets bone;
the lash of film;*

And then the carriage is drawn with '...a team of little atomies', a group of small atoms. This dream makes the dream of Queen Mab (a fairy) a fusion of Lucretian atomism, Renaissance Neoplatonism

and Celtic folklore.

The weightless heaviness of which Calvino speaks, blooms again in the time of Cervantes and Shakespeare, when the etheric influences of the macrocosm and microcosm connect; from the neo-Platonic firmament to the metal spirits that change form in the alchemists' melting pot. That cultural background ensured that Shakespeare could find plenty of examples of the natural forces for the imagination.

Many characters speak with a combination of melancholy and humour, the melancholy is the light that has become sadness, and the humour is the cosmic substance delivered of its physical weight. Calvino goes so far as to say that Shakespeare described emotions as a haze of minute moods and feeling particles, like a cloud of atoms out of which the diversity of all things essentially exists.

Light-seekers for a new language

At the end of the lecture Calvino acknowledges being at risk of losing track. Too many threads have been spun and he wonders which thread will lead him to the function of literature, which must be existential. It is only in his second lecture that Calvino himself gives voice to the relationship between the different lectures and the essence of the first lecture.

'I am aware that this reading, which is based on invisible connections and branches out in diverse directions, runs the risk of becoming fragmented. But all the topics I have treated, and perhaps also those of the previous lecture, can be seen as a unit, inasmuch as they are all in the spirit of an Olympian deity that I honour in a special way: Hermes-Mercury, the god of communication and mediation, who under the name of Thoth invented writing, and according to the studies of C. G. Jung about alchemical symbolism, also represents the 'principium individuationis,' as the spirit Mercury.' *

It may be obvious that Italo Calvino was a light-seeker, for all his novels and short stories bear the traces, but nowhere else does he speak so clearly of his quest than in these lectures. In the last lecture, he states that he actually looks for a work that originates outside of the 'self', outside the limited field of vision of an individual 'I'; not a voice to reach other similar 'I's', but to give the word to that which has no language. It is that endeavour, that quest which causes him to desire an unweighted language. Calvino extends the building blocks of the new language to us, but they are not massive stones, more feather-light light-spores. So we no longer need speak of building blocks, for

there is no need to construct the new language, now we must just remove the weight from the words themselves. This 'new' language can be woven - can consist - only of winged words.

The ideas are perhaps best beheld in those moments when we can let go of the language, and meet in the active silence we share together. For Calvino too it is what language cannot capture that describes the highest good. And it is also our assignment to search for a language that gives it expression, which 'carries' this lightness. But there lies the key. And maybe vice versa, we must make our words so light that they can be carried by that network of Light. Are our words not often inclined to hold fast to the heaviness of old ideas and structures? It is no longer a question whether they still 'weigh' heavily enough and whether they are still fully understood; new language just waits to be set free to reach far beyond the walls, free of all structures, thought framework and assertive belief.

We have lived for a considerable time in the new millennium to which Calvino refers, the dematerialisation has already started, it is no longer the era of petrification and aggravation, and these traits should no longer be attached to our words and thoughts,

adding unnecessary weight. And in order to escape the stony grip and perspective of things – Medusa's petrification – we can hold before our eyes the image of Perseus. The gnostic doctrine is weightless, and likewise the language of the Light. By taking just one leap we can put Mercurio's language into effect, a language that soars and dances. There is no need to compose a 'new language'. The winged words are already there. We can truly 'lighten' it by effectively connecting with that network of Light. Just as we too, though able to fly, must first free ourselves of all the weight. Let the words precede us and weave a quality fabric, like a magnetic network of light rays that we simply need to follow. ✨

** The principle of individuation, or principium individuationis, describes the manner in which a thing is identified as distinguished from other things.*



Sometimes you realize that too many words have already been said – too many great but at the same time meaningless words. Hollow words that seem to express just more of a great inner emptiness. Wouldn't it be better to just stay silent in all languages? Why don't we just stop the gratuitous proclamation of our views and opinions?

The forgotten word

Suddenly you realize that our language has become profane and vulgar. Babble and gossip, usually gathered from the vagaries of the day – from what attracted our immediate attention. Or instinctive expressions of a personal emotional imbalance, delivered in either a seductive or an aggressive tone, according to the situation. A verbal violence that is rightly discredited because it usually sounds fake and unreal.

Then there is the language of logic, the sober sensible language, which describes and lists and only seeks to interpret and explain. It is a language that offers an abundance of information stripped of all feeling and passion. It pulls down everything that is above its own ground level of cold objectivity and reduces it to the world of phenomena and events. Stored in the memory it is used to cite and classify plain facts, convenient or not. It uses a chilly vocabulary that no longer knows how to touch the heart. A language that sounds heavy and weighty but does not make any real sense. How far are all these words removed from

the original language! How far they are from the forgotten language of the Mysteries and have they drifted away from the sacred language that says so much more than these empty words dare to convey. For us average people these words are not comprehensible because we are not open to this language anymore. According to tradition, as H.P. Blavatsky writes in her *Secret Doctrine*, this language was once written in Senzar, the secret language of the priests, in which divine entities dictated the words to the sons of light in Middle Asia in the early days of our era. That was a time that this language (the Sen-zar) was known to the Initiates of every nation [...] who inherited the language in their turn from the wise ones who had learned it from the sons of God of the third, second and first race.

It is a language that connects us directly with the Essence of creation from which it comes forth. Because it speaks not only about something but also always out of and from Something. Therefore it propels us, it does something to us and it moves something within us because it touches our heart far beyond our superficial intellect. It

is a language that goes 'far' and at the same time far surpasses this 'far'; a universal language that encompasses all spoken languages. Behind all the superficial talk, this Babylonian confusion of tongues, this universal language still vibrates as a quiet call to all those that can keep silent for a moment and whose soul is capable of listening and understanding. Then this word, which is behind all spoken words, can still be heard. There exists a divine name, a word that cannot be expressed by human language: the generative 'Fiat' which from the very beginning resounded: 'Let there be'! It is the holy formula that forms the blue print of all creation; the primordial sound that pulsates though the All. He who hears it again becomes a sounding board and a mouth-piece of the liberating word that so many have been awaiting for so long. ✨



The Dragon

The dragon is a much loved symbol both in the Greek mythology as well as in western and eastern alchemy. One of the most best-known myths in Europe is about the fight between Saint George and the dragon to liberate the beautiful princess (the soul) from the grip of 'lower' life. In the language of the Apocalypse it is Michael who conquers the power of the dragon, which refers to the instinctive energies – the dragon or serpent of lower life – as well as to the higher spiritual awareness, after the necessary transformation. The mythical sea-monster Leviathan, or the many headed hydra, is initially threatening and poisonous for without transformation we experience the world as threatening and dangerous. This monster must be conquered by the hero: Mardoek, George, Siegfried or Hercules through the sword of the spirit. Then, at last the dragon can spread its three pairs of wings: those of the body, those of the heart or soul and those of the head or spirit. The harmonious unity of spirit, soul and body is achieved and can rise out of the depths of the material world.

In alchemy it is the fleeting ambiguous Mercury who, like the genie in the bottle, in the shape of a creeping reptile has to be released. This is the prima materia, or original matter, of which the Universe is made and which is converted during the alchemical process. The black dragon has changed into a golden dragon. It is freed from the prison of time and space.

Ouroboros is another symbolic dragon or reptile from the Hermetic and the Gnostic wisdom. This serpent from ancient Egypt and classical Greece is always shown with the tail in its mouth and has many interpretations. The name means 'he who eats his own tail'. This image refers to the endless circle of perpetual return to the earth. In the oldest pictures it symbolizes the shapeless chaos around the ordered world (that was Egypt). Egypt, which is the land of order and civilization with the elevated goal of protecting the Universe. By keeping and protecting the eternal order, it can ascend above this chaos.

In the Gnosis, Ouroboros shows us the unity of all things, spiritual and material, of which the essence never disappears but is constantly dying and born again. The gospel of the Pistis Sophia describes 'the disc of the sun like a twelvefold serpent with its tail in its mouth'. ☼





The dragon slayer of Brixen

The dragon slayer of Brixen symbolizes man conquering his threefold nature-ego. In myths and fairy tales the dragon, or the three dragons, are often shown as creatures spewing fire, which are insatiable. Their fire always needs more sustenance and it will never be enough. The threefold nature-ego of thinking, desiring and feeling - in short the ego of the I - is very like the insatiable fire of the dragon in its search for happiness. It is an insatiable hunger in man's blood. The blood flows in an endless circle throughout the whole body, reaching every fibre. There is no place without this hunger. The statue expresses this hunger. Water sprouting from the dragon's mouth into a fountain is pumped around in a continuous cycle. This continuous circulation and insatiable hunger causes man all kinds of misery and conflict. We need 'food' to feed this aspect within ourselves, the cause of which is our inner feeling of separation. We polarize and create conflicts and enemy-images, both individually and collectively and a whole culture has been developed from this way of thinking, desiring and feeling. But there is also the power of Love, symbolized by the man with the spear. The essence of that Love is giving and sharing. This Love, the source of Life

itself, goes to battle with the greedy, self-centeredness of the threefold nature-ego. This is not the common love that is so much part of the nature-ego, which embraces the one and rejects the other. Because that love predominantly hungers for its own gratification as will be clear through an honest self-investigation.

No, only in the power of unselfish Love can this 'fightless battle' be fought. It is not against others who think differently but a battle fought within oneself. Geocentric thinking is virtually outdated. Those who think that the earth is the center of the Universe get ridiculed. Egocentric thinking however is by no means obsolete although this way of thinking is just as unreasonable. The ego is only a small and lowly aspect of the whole human being system and it certainly does not deserve to be in center position. But this way of thinking is by no means generally accepted.

Within the human system exists another, an all-determining predominant power - the ego is only a would-be ego. That power is the Soul, the real man, immortal, everlasting. It is a power, a reality within us and not something or someone that is outside of us. It is of this power of which was spoken: 'He who is, who was and who shall come again'. This core essence in the human being is called: the philosopher's stone,

In a small square next to the great cathedral of Brixen (Italy) there is an inconspicuous but artistic bronze statue of a figure with a spear in his hand piercing one of the three dragons under his feet. It is a statue with a profound significance and not a new creative concept. For many centuries the underlying message has been conveyed to mankind in many different ways.

the jewel in the lotus, the priceless pearl, the white water-lily and the spirit-spark atom. It is the last remains in us of that 'what was, what is, and what shall come again'.

These and many other indications refer to the Gnostic sensitive meeting-point within a human being from where this liberating power, through intelligent and practical application is particularized in the blood. Through the blood, this power spreads throughout the body, nullifying the 'dragons' and gaining ever more influence.

Moreover, the figure of the statue does not have an aggressive face as he slays the dragons but rather a soft sober face, a concentrated gaze, as if there is a certain co-operation.

This co-operation is indeed conditional. The human being must make a choice. The Light must be admitted. The three-fold dragon must be completely aware of its poor existence and recognize the Light and Love Power so that at last its insatiable hunger may finally be stilled, voluntarily and with full consciousness. The Light shows the way for this process with unimaginable and liberating consequences.

These were some thoughts that came up regarding the statue in Brixen. ★





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