

**THE SEVENTH DEATH**, By Glenmor (translated by Jean-Marie Avril)

"I am a born bard of Brittany, a small country. No one has given me any advices. The paths and the winds were my only teachers. Yet, one day, I was judged by my peers for arrogance and abandonment. I became the Wandering one, seeking the harnessing of the Gods and the rest provided by Knowledge. I have seen the corn growing from the humid soil and the soul of the stone shivering in poetry. God created everything in a single night.

Here is my Seventh Death coming."

**Preface** by Jean Markale

Once upon a time, long ago... In this way the tale of the 7<sup>th</sup> Death could start. Yet, time doesn't exist. This paradox is encountered throughout the adventure narrated by Glenmor, but the author carries us into the entanglements of an indefinite past not deliberately, animated by a will to obscure the narrative: we are here in the bottom of the Maze, and the only question one must ask is how to get out of the labyrinth. Through the wandering of the story-teller, it is this beaten track that we are given. It's then up to us to get amazed, like the Oedipus of Cocteau to which the Sphinx unveils the riddle, at the simplicity of the answer, and one could even say the puerility of the response. But when one hears the answer, it is now and again too late. Perhaps it's better to look for it (the answer) before sinking in the kingdom of shadows from which no one returns if one is not marked by the luminous sign granted by the gods to those who dare and are not afraid of transgressing the interdictions or prohibitions.

For prohibitions are always activated by men against other people, hiding themselves behind divine authority. The gods, on the contrary, love that everything become demolished and that everything get upset. The gods love the navigators of time and space: they sent Gilgamesh in the Beyond, allowed Orpheus to recover Eurydice, and pushed Tristan to take Iseult in a glass castle in which the sun is always bright. The gods have guided the shaky steps of Peredur on the path to the Castle of Wonders. The universe is always waiting for the one who will cross the mist of appearances in order to discover the Surreal, the only thing worth being lived, the only thing for which life can obtain an explanation. But, alas, many are the knights who passed near the castle of the Grail and failed to see it, hidden in the meanders of time. Now the first stage is precisely to abolish time as it is an obstacle on the path to become aware of the totality of being.

Indeed, the 7<sup>th</sup> Death is a tale of the Quest for the Holy Grail, but a tale rid of the Christian context that developed in medieval times around the original myth. This coming back to the pure myth is accompanied by another actualization which can astonish someone for it unusual. Of course, the world in which roams the one who will be named 'the wandering man'. His aspect is deliberately archaic, deliberately tough and rough as in ancient times or in the way we imagine them, which is hardly different. It's a universe filled with mountains and rivers that one must know to cross over: panoply of symbols that we encounter in every epic. But symbols only terrify those who interpret them literally. The God Lug, this pan Celtic divine entity of Light and Science, to which the narrator refers, was, according to Irish legends, the one who taught to go to see beyond, further away in time and space. This mythological reminder is not useless even though we don't see, in the wholeness of the story, any precise mythological structure. It's more an exploration of landscapes in which functions the deep vision of humans. If one explains the myth, then it vanishes having lost its raison

d'être. On the other hand, if one animates it, the myth becomes incarnate in the earth, in the waters and in the flesh.

Indeed, everything starts with the awakening of the hero. It is on top of that a birth, with everything implied in terms of new awareness discovering an unknown world which one is finding out in total astonishment. And at this privileged moment in which being and non-being are still not quite separated, there is the occurrence of some interference: a wave come from the deepest darkness upsets the bright vision of the emerged world. This birth, which psychoanalysis tends to consider as a catastrophe, the one of drainage or drying out, is also an exile as claimed by all the religions and the fundamental scriptures of humankind. Then, the hero, becoming conscious of his state of exile, will start the long quest that will be the return to the lost paradise.

But this privileged moment allows the recollection to take place. And it's not only the hero who speaks but also, through his words, the ancestors of long ago of which he is not the reincarnation but rather the concentration. They express, with some nostalgia, the ups and downs of an archaic society seeking for certainties. There a whole collective unconscious (alongside an individual one) that goes back to the surface and what it does to the hero is that he is not only himself but all the other ones too, all the others who have preceded him since the dawn of humankind, as well as the others to come. This attempt to jump into the abyss, so painfully achieved by Welsh poet Dylan Thomas, is discovered by us in this tale of the dark ages, and through Glenmor the bard and prophet of a Brittany that perhaps doesn't exist, but that remains a "*devoir-être*" (a 'must-be' or 'have to be'), we can guess the presence of the enigmatic visage of Welsh bard Taliesin who, during the 6<sup>th</sup> Century CE, has personified better than anyone else the fantastic and phantasmagorical flying of Celtic Lyricism.

Like Taliesin, while he was still called Gwyon the Little One and as Peredur, the hero of the pagan quest of the Grail, the narrator was born into the world appearances. It is also a world torn by violence and stupid and fratricide wars in which one kills because one is bearded and the opponent is not. It is obviously the everlasting quarrel between the power-based civilisations and the knowledge-based cultures. It's also the struggle between matriarchal forms of civilisations and the patriarchal ones. It is also the deadly and eschatological battle between the forces of tyranny and the powers of freedom. After this war, men are still obliged to be reconciled with each other, to intermingle via marriages and exchanges, even though they have to be then separated once and for all, the ones going eastwards and the others journeying westwards. The separation being definite, what is there to do for the one who already knows that nothing is as beautiful as that which doesn't exist? One has to go and that's what the narrator does. The first world to which he belongs is, according to a neodruidic mythological formulation, is Abred, i.e. the 'circle of migrations', the world of turmoil and wandering.

Thus one must seek to know the second world, i.e. Gwened, the 'White Mountain', which is not to be confused with paradise. What Gwened represents is the logical consequence of life, the world where the opposites are seen as being two aspects of a same reality. The narrator then starts his quest. And like Peredur, like the Perceval of the Christian version of the Grail legend, he's going to reach a mysterious kingdom or realm, a *Gaste Paysu*. There, a big disillusion awaits him. The kingdom is cursed. It might vanish for the women are sterile. The resemblance with the desolated kingdom of the Grail is obvious: in this legend the king cannot reign for his wounded above the

thighs. The second world described by Glenmor is the castle of Corbenic. But the narrator is luckier here than Peredur or Perceval who had not yet reached wisdom during their first passing, for he is able to bring fertility back to the kingdom and gets to know everything. It is there that he undergoes this second birth mentioned in all Celtic lore, be they the Irish or Welsh writings, the people's tales of Brittany and, in the final analysis, that seems to be one of the most important elements of druidic wisdom. Perceval became the king of the Grail. Peredur conquered the Castle of Wonders. But this conquest remains physical, provisional and temporal. It has allowed the transmitting of a tradition, of a light of some sort. In the dwellings of the second world, weird stones brighten the night with a light as beautiful and as unexplainable as the luminosity coming from the Grail. One has still to penetrate into this light in order to know more about what's going on.

This is what leads the narrator to try another trip. He knows he won't come back from this journey. The world in which he has landed can carry on without him as he has accomplished the mission that was assigned to him. He will try reaching the third world, the one called by neodruidic texts Keugant or the 'Empty Circle' which is perhaps the Western version of the Eastern Nirvana, in which are incarnate the non-desires of the being caught in the delirium of life. When one is chosen, and Glenmor's hero is a chosen one, it's not possible to stop on the road without going back. In the Christian version of the Quest of the Grail, the hero, who has become Galahad pure and stainless, fulfils a last ritual act: he leans over the sacred vase and looks into it. The shock is wonderful and terrible for Galahad, after having expressed his admiration towards the mystery that was sealed there, dies in his contemplation: seeing the infinite is too much for a human being and, in carrying out his gesture or deed, the hero definitely goes beyond the stage of being human and becomes a god.

The same thing happens for the narrator of Glenmore's tale. Leaving his companions, in this case his wives and children in the heart of the second world in which they will found a line, he goes alone towards his destiny. And the tale will stop, for nobody can say what's inside the big vase from which comes out the inhuman light that strikes, kills and sacralises for ever. The 7<sup>th</sup> Death is the last stage of a trip that is visible, temporal and measurable, each death being a decisive crossing towards the light. From there, the secret of the gods has never been unveiled. It is likely that the gods await the hero in order to show him the supreme mystery. The Quest towards the Holy Grail is astonishing, always ready to come up under one form or another, each time loaded with the great shadows that impose themselves like stars to our imagination. Glenmor is waking up in our memory the traces of dreams that we thought lost. The hero of his story goes towards shores in which the waves of the sea don't seem to mark the rocks with their wet and enlivening imprint. And yet, slowly, taking centuries and discarding men's time, the waves dig in the shore and infiltrate the land, our land.

The symbol makes the Real explodes in a thousand of arrows of light. The wandering Man shows a path that is not dark. If only we could, like him, get in that third world: it is within our reach provided we become aware of it. Through the manifold elements of the great Celtic adventures, via the grandiose maze of Celtic legends, the immanent myth is on the eve of incarnating again: prophets announce it with their everlasting voices. Then the doors will open. And like Andre Breton brilliantly said, "everything makes us think there is a certain point of the spirit from which life and death, the real and the imaginary, past and future, the communicable and the incommunicable, high and low and all kinds of polarities stop being perceived as contradictions.'

It doesn't matter that whether Taliesin, Aneurin, Myrddin-Merlin and the great bards of the Celtic past have really existed or not in three-dimensional reality. The fact that they live in our minds is enough to justify their presence. It's the same thing concerning the heroes that have incarnated the great myths. Whatever the name attributed to Peredur, it's always the same man who, meeting with the mysterious visage of the Empress at the summit of each hill and/or in the bottom of each valley, will accomplish the same gesture towards the third world, where (the) being finally finds itself in its everlasting totality.

## **THE SEVENTH DEATH**

In August, the corn has ripened during the neap tide. The grey rocks, legendary stones, have hardly felt the blessings of the sun. Here one encounters seldom crimson and gold. The sad throne reigns better and I was seeing along the paths some low clouds.

The weather was fair; the coupling of Ocean and Earth was caring for unreachable refuges in which husband and wife were having fun. The wave was riding Lady Anger as Pan rides the Nymph and ploughs her enthrals.

It is the collision, the fight, the violence, the war of attrition in which the silent fallow lands and the voiceless rocks are besieged by the rage of streams and waves.

Did Lug want such a wedding? Is it in order to see the ripened corn and the peaceful dwellings tremble upon the remains of the carnage, or is it in order to make shake, by way of amusement, Man who, wanting to be great, finds himself rather small.

Perhaps he did well to display the ire of winds as a spectacle, if two frightened hearts get closer and become friend.

It then that dawn came upon my life.

I had reached those cliffs in a thousand nightly hours and in a thousand festoons of cold mist. It seems to me that the detours of the path come back to me with an aftertaste of destiny. More vanquished due to a lack of sleep rather than abandonment, I had put myself under a vault or some archway that appeared to me to be warm and dozing.

My awakening was odd. From an angry world yesterday could only come a monstrous panorama. And yet, everything was seemingly weightless, the horizon being hacked by hills. Its fluorescence was paying homage to the three valleys. Only the silence had some weight. Which gave me the wish to hear my own voice. That land was mine for I had conquered it and, as a result, I knew it. This new sun that had not yet violated men's dwellings was promoting me as the king of a landscape that nobody was trespassing. I simply said 'hello', in a quiet voice and as solemnly as possible. Amplified by some unknown hell guardian, it returned to me loaded with hatred. It had clashed against the hillsides of the first valley. I was seeking vainly for a face or a shadow.

I froze with the second echo. Less rough than the first one and yet stronger it seems. It was like a wounded lion wailing his agony. The response of the third valley didn't surprise me. I was waiting for it. It was a long moaning, a last complaint, a kind of rattle.

On this very day, it appeared to me that the land was trembling and resonating like a drum. If I had to turn it into a symphony and translate with chords and fingerboards or keys this first contact, I would uphold the silence as a perfect note and I would consider the night a truthful clarity.

It's better to know nothing as knowledge is painful.

I was leaving my body as one who is abandoning a hiding place or taking off an old jersey. This world of which I was afraid not long ago was now familiar. I even believe that loneliness and downfall made me drunk with arrogance and possibly with pride.

Thrice was the silence and thrice was the trail of the seven oxen of which the 7<sup>th</sup> one was as white as mountain snow. Thrice was the crucible of the six memories of which the 7<sup>th</sup> one has forgotten everything.

The order came to me as a hunch: to undo the throne entrusted to me by a god I know nothing about.

You will be soon your own judge and if you are carried by the winds, you will be damned, you will be accursed.

I left the cliff by some stairs carved in the rock and each step was pearled with diamonds. Every sound was coming back filling the shore with ghosts that were both noisy and invisible. I knew my destiny was carved on the last step and that there was the key of the trip. The unfathomable became friend with the measure of my understanding and the divine joined the height of my feelings.

There was thrice six oxen bound in the shape of a star dragging the base where the old world was and the 7<sup>th</sup> was as white as mountain snow.

The law that dictates each fold of the unique necessity was somewhere, in golden letters, in the bottom of this creek. The more I was descending, the more the anxiety which had left me was coming back to me, enveloping and sweet. Doubtlessly it was born of the muted sound coming from below. At the first landing, I lost sight of the Ocean. Until then, while making sure I was not going to fall into the abyss, I was casting glances on the distant blue waves. My only horizon was circular, a kind of rocky funnel widening skywards and, while I didn't see the surface of the bottom, my guess was that it was small. My breathing was bad. Yet, there was not any lack of air. It was more like a stinking breath. Dew was on my forehead. I looked imploringly at the sky which seemed unwelcoming to me before. Despite its dirty grey, it appeared to me as comforting .

I was overcome by the irresistible desire to walk back up, to see again the expanse and the extent of the awakening. But I was seized by vertigo and saw my tears dropping onto the diamond steps.

Soon you will be your judge and if the winds carry you, then you will be damned. Didn't I not weave my veils with golden thread and sculpt the black gold shell, the hull made of ebony wood? Didn't I build my dwelling upon rocks and chisel my visage in a good chair? Where does this calling, this necessity lead to? Why is there the presence of this gulf (the abyss, the unique point, the sole entrance)? Who could thus, without me, cut my path and reduce me to the solitary goal, to destiny?

There was thrice the crucible of the six memories of which the 7<sup>th</sup> has forgotten everything.

Where are my empires, my victories, my bounties and my goodness? Where are my friends and do they fear my angers? I want my throne, my place, my sun and my shadow corners. Have I stopped having a past? I've constructed my glory upon sky blue background and doubled the flight and the stealing of necessities. My vessels are loaded with wars and conquest that cannot be taken away and those ships were floating with all their sails out there towards freedom.

Where are my sons? They were accompanying me to the mountain temple. Are they engulfed in Mona? Have I not vanquished this last storm on my own without their help? Then I saw my tears rolling down those diamond steps.

Have wept some misery in the midst of imbeciles? And too much weaned, have I drunk the milk of the breast of the three mothers? Have I emptied the spring to see my tears dropped on those diamond steps?

If only I had perceived, just for an instant, a single star, maybe I would have been endowed with the strength to give up this descending? Perhaps what was needed was another form of courage to creep into uncertainty? So much bravery is necessary for not attaching freedom to the manifoldness of options to choose from and still to believe in it when it becomes impossible to make a choice.

I had just finished to yell all these imprecations and, unconsciously, ended a past that I wanted to be alive as I was confronting a faceless future.

The night is warm for all those that the inside shines a light upon. What could we say concerning this immanent night, this veil which, not happy with grabbing the earth, stifles within the soul the call of tops and great bottoms? And what can we utter about this absence that doesn't guide our dreams and about those paths that lead nowhere? Yet, we must follow them otherwise we will fell cowardly in the way we see ourselves.

I have seen a thousand seasons of spring coming from the sea and I have been witness to the staining of dawn by the blood of ancient monsters. I have perceived six thousand horses, and five times more, crushing with their hooves mounts of corpses. I have observed the peaks starting a war and the high mountains tremble upon their valleys and the earth being drowned under formless and icy waves.

I have sung the glory of Lug, original Master of Chaos. I recollect his anger and his wrath dividing the indivisible in units. From the divided indivisible was born the pure unit or unity and from the defined unit or unity comes the species, and from the species proceeds Man, son of Man, the child's child.

I was outside of time, undecided, innate, not responding to form. I have seen six thousands seasons of spring coming from the fire that men's hunting had let get extinguished, along the passing of days. I have been witness to the self-creation of space. I have perceived time being manufactured according to the rhythm of that which put it in tempo. It was the dawn of my first birth. Why should I be concerned with this past and why should I care about origins since my tears had ceased rolling down on the diamond steps? I continued descending without taking a decision,

You will be soon your own judge and if you are carried by the winds, you will be damned.

I was now used to the rumbling coming from the abysses. The steps were vanishing into a layer of mist through which I could guess the bottom. Above the sky was black. I swore not to look heavenwards as this escapism was, when all is said and done, a past dead which died long ago.

Above, humans were waking up to bury my dreams and I knew that tomorrow there would be nobody would testify that I spend a while in their dwellings and that I reigned upon the wings of poetry.

The bottom of the chasm wasn't a slab but rather another funnel barely sketched in the thinnest gold. There the wind was whirling violently. I was already seeing myself, like a dead leaf, pushed towards the centre of the whirlwind, and this centre was a hole from which were emerging now and again perfumed flames. If the winds carry you then you will be damned. It started to drizzle. On the side, I could guess the presence of three Gothic porches and upon the flying buttresses were mysterious signs that the thin rain was not allowing me to see clearly. I understood quickly that I need to reach one of those entrances. I had no doubt in my mind: those three doors were leading to three valleys. From the 1<sup>st</sup> one was coming a beam of blue light, from the 2<sup>nd</sup> a red brightness and from the third a green paleness. The three beams intermingled at the height of the abyss and of the flames.

It was impossible to skirt round and thus bypass the bottom of the creek for here the vertical walls didn't have any bumps. Due to the wind, I had no chance of touching one or the other door. Then the idea came to me that I could jump upon the golden plate or slab and to climb, with the acquired momentum, the other side. I was going to take my chance with the central valley when I realized that the other doors could be reached in the same way and with only a few risks.

Before embarking on the adventure, I had to choose and the selection process would be everlasting and immutable. If the winds carry you then you will be damned.

Definitive, eternal, fixed and without remission

### **Enez Stergane—The Origins**

And if I was outside of time, indivisible, innate and insensitive to form?

If I had, for a better understanding, locate in space and time, the event that will follow, it would be impossible to narrate this tale. It is fitting to cut oneself from them as space and time are human notions and more than likely the product of his contingencies and occurrences than the background upon which is sketched the play of his life. Man is hardly made for this kind of slavery that he constantly rebels against those borders.

Man is a wonder. Contact and refusal are *raison d'être*. Alas, contact is isolation. Nothing is lonelier than the situated being as he thinks, judges and reacts *en rapport*. Man was conceived in anger. He dressed up in duration, mixed with space, became visible to himself and underwent his weight. He embodied his own ire and experienced his destruction due to the pride of wanting to live. What has he done with this existence that drags on lamentably between two horizons: a beginning and an ending that are both useless and undesirable. Recollection is a child of the past and man falls asleep in his memories. He gets some comfort in building dreams aiming for the future in the waste of his dead reveries. He wishes to construct golden temples upon the debris which he doesn't succeed in

getting rid of completely. His order is negative as it is born of incarnation. Order is born of time, and the latter is born of material which is son of man, born of species and the species proceeds from definite units and unity that Lug's anger generated and Lug is innate.

Once was done the yoke of the seven oxen and the 7<sup>th</sup> was whiter than mountain snow. Even before possessing a memory, I was memory, objectless memory. I know it without recollecting it, of course. Thus, I was able to retrieve my origins only through divagations. What is left to me is intuitively the intelligence of departure. I am compelled to mention it only by images and to forget precision. An error is an effect of too big a precision. Due to having only human vocabulary, it is impossible to translate what does not belong to the realm of human inventions and realities. Being possesses within itself truths that are both inexpressible and intangible.

Thus I was memory without a past, without existence. I was the source, the spring and the ocean, the closed circuit, a whole true to itself, still not knowing that the content and the container could dissolve into distinct units while not having any definition the one without the other. However, I imagine the huge horizon-less plain and the consistency-less air that was both my cradle and my shroud. Is it living when nothing troubles the motionless, has one lived if he has no recollection? Everyone can recreate one's origins, thus one believes to have a better life. Here is the object of every inspiration and the source of all poetry.

I was strolling in the blue-grey of a kingless realm. There was neither shadow nor light, neither before nor after. I decided to dwell below a mound which I thought would shelter me of the gaze and the anger of the fortune-less and wealth-less half-gods. Lug was reigning upon Himself. Palaces were standing up in every resting place of his. Each trip was dull and aloof. Thus we did never inhabit the same empyrean while remaining immobile. I left the demiurges' pointless honours seeking time. Of course, I was afraid that my lack of piety would attract the fury of the Master. I knew I was damned for I was seeking an adventure. This calling towards becoming was flattering the pride of Lug for He wanted to Himself as creator. Destined to motion, I left the zones of influence of the incomplete ones to glean some tomorrow. This quest made me as great as Lug and I earned his wrath. My forehead was branded with the sign of the wandering ones. Kicked out of gardens, I was waiting in a cave a kind of death, an ending that I knew would be impossible. Dying could of course only be a form of changing. I was waiting for a shift, unable, besides, to make it happen. Within me, it was a goal-less vague desire for every change means an awareness of being a state. It was only later that I could conceive and define this latent state.

I was the thousand humid molecules, evaporated and joined with other molecules in an ethereal cloud like those steams which above cut across the sky like phantom vessels. To which cooling of the atmosphere do I owe this condensation that turned me into the water drop, heavy and sweating of the original matrix? What is the hand that caused my lonely departure? I was an insipid rain drop and I was falling into the lake of sharp silver where, thanks to willpower, I remained myself, a unit still not imbued by phenomena. I struggled to keep this isolation and to plunge into the moving. I was building for myself protection walls against the careless ambiance. The lake, though bigger than all the oceans of the Earth, seemed to me to be like a prison. I had to escape again. I reached the shore or, more exactly, I attained the darkness of the bank. In reality, I had just lost the inner light that was my world and my primal purity. I would have to conquer via an intense struggle another



clarity which notion just came into me at the same time as the incarnation turned me into a situated entity. I lost consciousness as I arrived; this was the first forgetfulness and the first sleep.

I will often speak of dawn. Poets have turned sunrises in the public spaces of their prose. A dawn fixes time and weather thanks to its primal beauty. And also the senses that have had a good rest bring to the morning a sharper acuteness. The first awakening! I was numb. The wind was icy and I was naked. My eyes, opening onto a world of time, weather and places, got quickly tired in trying to pierce the darkness, for the sun had not yet settled on the East. However, sick and tired of an eternity in abeyance, I decided not to move. Waking up, I felt warm. Life was coming to me from elsewhere. So I was born and had penetrated the first circle. Both past and present were there as the adventure was starting.

There was the star being born and the brightness that wounded the shadow until its very entrails and there was the frantic flight of the night towards the shelter of owls and the dispersion of the mist upon banks and rocks and there was the song of dawn upon the cradle of the first born.

The infinite gets dissolved when thoughts want to be attached to it, and the light overcomes limits and frontiers and goes to the kingdom of the gods.

And the eagle with its wings spread in its war flight leaves behind the mass grave where both the lamb and the snake decay. Thus it carries a stinking soul upon the summits of the sky. Is it master of the hunt if it sketches the shadow of its flight when the sun rises? Will the three-headed dragon, dribbling upon the dune and blind by the last anger, win the underground ironworks by shame of being a bastard? Dawn! So many dramas under the first clarity! The executioners set up the stakes, the pregnant females give birth to their offspring. Who is yelling to death before the first night?

I am hairy like an ape and the dawn freezes me. Let's leave the shadow and let's go to the light; the reverse of the night is called 'day' and this mud is named 'earth' or 'soil' and the will to live is love.

Soon, the dark will lie low in the fold of the cliff and the empire will bear a golden banner, an oriflamme of gold. It is sufficient that the work germinates harmoniously and that the condor finds there means of sustenance. It is enough that the sunrise has seen the birth of the citadel and its ramparts being undone. It is sufficient that the gyrfalcon carries to the north the shadow of a hope. We must build a wall of clarity and brightness around the oaks and seal the treasure in the rocks of the bay.

And here is how, when I was born, I made God. I was linking the earth to the boredom of living and would have swapped the sun for a crown or whatever coin. I made God in dreaming of living. It was a point, a departure and almost a dream. This was the source and the mouth, the circle, the first, birth, everlastingness.

It is of course upon bedrocks made of humans that the empires of the gods are built. I have seen the world before its creation. Universal chaos was wonderful for its queen was unconsciousness and indifference was its only law. Only life conditions have created the other, only existence has created rapport and relationships and therefore hatred, love and friendship. Man owes his greatness to his decline, to this original pride and he owes his entire self to his revolt, to his being bored of eternity. We come from the universal and our future is only a likeable seeking for universality. The truth is, science is only melancholy since it cannot exist without the universal, without a return to the source.

This is a very odd thing: man, extracted via condensation from the universal ether and always seeking his origins, defines himself by a deep tendency: escaping towards this infinite of departure. He has begged for the weighty and the heavy and he wants to run away from both. He has created time and fear old age. Is he nothing else but a wish to escape towards these places which were a prison in the past?

First of all there is forgetfulness, this darkness that does not age, which has neither past nor future. I have known forests and brushwood. I have perceived the landscape without horizon. Being alone in a battlefield is giving death without measure and without rhythm and I was, only me, the sole work of a consequence and of a possibility. Matter was for me only a phenomenon. I was not yet situating myself on an island even though the shore was my domain and, on top of that, when I was born I was a point, the only known spot. The work was beautiful. That will be understood by the one who can get it.

Then awareness turned the undetermined into a definitive being, subject to external fluctuations and to an evolutionism that is either a mode or a necessity. Man has believed and will think for a long time that everything came to him in an infinite way. He confuses the habit with the essential and the outer with the inner side of things. Thus has he remained what he is. His progresses are only secondary and side effects and are the product of motion. Yet, he has in himself the motivation and the push towards the genuine conquest: the conquest of a dormant background. But to focus only on this last one, he needs to stand up less in the spots of times of transhumance.

Thus I will have to restrict myself to the sole narrative of the six quests which seventh is still not concluded.

Thrice there was the yoking of the oxen of which the seventh was whiter than mountain snow. Thrice there was the crucible of the 6 memories which seventh has forgotten everything. There was six times the silence of the six passages, six times the forgetfulness and the seventh, the great silence and the great oblivion.

As soon as the Sun, which, through a kind of ebb-way, became to me the image of Lug and was thus adorned with magnificence, engraved the peak of the Eastern Mountain, I felt naked and alone. I was weaving the first rags of dry and cutting grass that is still to be found next to swamps. The uncomfortableness of such an attire seemed to me 100 times preferable than my nakedness. Thus promoted to the rank of clothed hairy man, I decided to settle in this unwelcoming landscape and to build a precarious dwelling. As I have known spots that were healthier, I am entitled to judge today the unwholesomeness of my first earth. As soon as sunrise occurred, the cool mist vanished away under the heat of the sun, but when the star was at its hottest, humidity became foul-smelling. In the evening the coldness fell like a millstone and I could not get used to it. The slow warming of the morning and the fast cooling of the evening left with only 3 hours of rest, and yet this respite was an inconvenience to breathing as the air was filled with bad odours. Only the natural energy of the first life allowed me not solely to live but also to find out the sense of seeking, of fighting and of astonishment.

Fear kept me paralysed. The unknown is more frightening than the determined or defined danger. I wanted to hide in a cave and shape myself with isolation. It was only hunger that pushed me to my first adventure. I was calling 'hunger' an impression of void, of emptiness: those twitching that were

taking away from me any hope of finding some rest. I didn't know that I only had to eat to calm down those feelings of discomfort. It is true that man started fighting to satisfy his hunger, and solely for this aim. Later, he will make war afraid of starvation. War was born not out of hatred but from foresight. At dawn, man had already defined hunting and game.

I left my rock in order to seek food. Perhaps I knew in some other place it would be easier for me to survive. In any case, the mountains surrounding me were fascinating me. They were for me the irresistible attraction to conquer them first. I heard the folks of the plain say that only silly people go to the summits of mountains. And they are able to say that the deaths in the mountainous excursions are useless. Doubtlessly they would feel better this need to climb, if they were living in the valley, crushed by the weight of those masses challenging the sky. If what is spread infinitely allows dreaming and escapism, the mountain demands to be conquered. On the shore or the bank, man feels great and capable of being adventurous. The mountain brings him back to his right measure, his right situation and his right place. Happy are those who try the useless conquest. The mountains don't laugh at it.

I followed the shore towards the West. The path seemed easier to me. Besides, bushes and swamps did not allow me to reach the foot of the mounts of the spot where I woke up. No everyone has seen the birth of an Eastern wind clad in mist. Not everyone has crossed at noon plains ornamented with gold and perceived in the West the weakening of the redness of sunset mirages. Not everyone can grasp the nameless and to reach the conclusion that the world is at rest when there is warfare between folks. For this purpose, a new poetry ought to be born. We need a new soul to touch the definition-less essential. Everyone would need the naivety of listening that children possess the wisdom of old people and the madness that only blossoms in the courage and the strength of warriors.

I know now that man is born only as a potential and draws wealth only from becoming. Each refusal to fight is a truncated death, a stupid isolation. The stones that the sea has still not made round were cutting my feet. It was difficult to proceed. But the weed was a soft paradise, however viscous it may have been. And I took my time with the grass, tired of the first 10 instants of the walk.

My vision seemed troubled and I saw coming from the sea multiform beings. Those angels are unreal presences. What is your oak and what is your sign? If your house is glorious, be among the wise and if your race is cursed, go back to the earth. On your forehead is the scar of Abred. Do you have a pure intention before reaching the first circle? Here is the portico although here it's just a vestibule. 7 leagues of 1000 years separate you from the sanctuary. Don't rest. Hope is purple when the presence is far away. One has to sleep one time in the crucible of the irreparable in order to attain the shore of knowledge. By the way, do you know the way leading to so many glories? The path is not unique and the New Jerusalem has a thousand open gates like any city build upon the rose of the winds.

I have seen the hatred of the wild beast given birth in my heart and with it the wish to kill. Then every sentiment and feeling was intentionally pure. Who besides could dictate a law? To get out of the circle of solitude and loneliness and to make for oneself a universe. To live nowhere is not living.

The wise men of the East have taught the degrees of knowledge. Many have explored the mystery of consciousness. Yet, what was forgotten through incarnation is a mystery only for the living of this

world. Science was ours to start with. The spirit was multiplying itself through initial science. Everything was established. Because he has settled in a negligent way within the frontiers of the reasonable, man is forced to settle again what was solved in the past. What's the use in becoming aware as he was awareness? What's the use to self-define as he was definition?

I had barely reached the foot of the mountains when dusk came from the East. The end of the day was still seen above the highest peaks. The strength to stay awake had left me and the darkness was already peopled with a silent life. I could not find any dwelling and had to sleep on some narrow spot. Some limpid water was springing from the rock and its taste seemed to me bitter-sweet. For a while, tiredness forsook me, while the darkness becoming thicker was filling me with dread. My back against the stone, I was trying to pierce this first night. That was a mistake. This reflection, far from being reassuring, got me to imagine more causes of being frightened. Thus, I had eyes to see and the universe was becoming black.

To fear darkness comes from the beginning of things. Light was ours. I had to live those times in a brightness come from elsewhere and that was returning to nothingness. I experienced my first night prostrated. It was thick. I was screaming. It's near impossible to know how gloomy a voice can be when it seems to dissolve in the bottom of reality. I was imagining this voice waking up the ancient monsters before its dissolution. Soon, being exhausted, I was letting go of the moorings and I was floating for quite a while upon some milky light. I was thus learning first-hand about dreams (in my first human night) and I was astonished not to encounter again the foul smell of wakefulness. My fear was simply to see again the realm of the demiurges. But the landscape revealed in my first dream had nothing in common with the original blur. Everything was blossoming and flourishing and weird harmonies were sprouting in the crossing of paths. Night will never be complete and, better, the silence that pushes anxiety to the shores of unconsciousness projects us beyond the real to the empire of hallucinations.

It was the first brightness of dawn that took me back from the 'Elsewhere'. I run to the fountain and drunk from it for a while before climbing up. Straight away, I glimpsed the difficulty for proceeding any further. The rocky foothills that overhang were not allowing any passing through. I took the 'noon track' seeking for an easier spot to escalate. At the 11<sup>th</sup> hour, I found a passage, or should I say a bushy footpath that permitted me to climb the first bumps. I was reaching the plain with many difficulties. In the East was the sketch of sharper summits.

In order to attain those huge giants, one had to cross the immense slab that was lost in the infinite at Noon and at Midnight.

I still don't know today why I was forbidding myself to walk either northwards or southwards. Doubtlessly, the sun being born behind the mountains was showing me the path of light, perhaps the roughest but also the most certain as it was the most luminous. Every morning I was fascinated by the ball of fire and I have walked towards its birthplace. I was born in the kingdom where its brightness was being dissolved. I was going thus towards the realm where there was the renewal of its glory.

Upon the plateau, the wind was coming from the mountains. It was bringing to me unknown scents that made me vigorous through mere oxygenation. I needed to eat and had to be content with the berries which pungent taste disconcerted me to start with. Afterwards, I found them delicious. Some

astonishing warmth filled my insides. I picked up quite a good amount and lied down under a shrivelled up tree and I fell asleep. Another night was approaching.

I had barely the time to go in the empire of the faceless. I was hardly attired in half-darkness when the scratchings of the night got me back to reality. Odd forms were wandering in the surroundings. I was the centre of a round dance and the slight hammering of their hooves was casting a spell upon me. The hoarse breath of the monsters was turning into a triumphing moaning. I did not feel any panic as I was focussed on the discovery and the definition of the living round. The latter was getting larger by the way, which took away from me the fear of being assaulted right away. Far from being tempted to flee, I decided to wait for the dawn without moving my body. I was a bit worried that the sunrise would push those monsters to return to their day dens, for I imagined these beasts to be night animals. And that was going to be the cause of me not seeing my night companions.

Of the night all I have left is the divine magic, the unique constancy. The opprobrium becomes man, the dead wolf turns into a grey ghost. The faction dissolves motivated by kindness and the dark challenges itself on top of the black mountains. The swan goes astray during the night and gets lost. The sun rises for the blind too. The path has tender grass for the lame. Only the one who has been stripped six times can touch the Grail. The key to the path is a golden one. Nobody could ascend to the throne without drowning in a fixed awareness. The swan's song vanishes into the night. An entire day of silence is necessary to see its flight and a whole night is necessary to dream of it.

A semblance of light allowed me to define the thing for it was solitary in fact. There was a huge serpent, excessively long, with, here and there and irregularly, some legs on its body moving without any apparent coordination. The pointed head was hardly bigger than my fist. The rest of the body was cylindrical and the short tail ending like a pointed thing. The pale lunar brightness did permit me to admire the half-transparency of the monster. It didn't even leave any shadow on the ground.

I was contemplating its interminable round when the peaks became illuminated. I throw a cutting stone to the heads of the monster. It stopped to stare at me with its sad and small eyes. A liquid as limpid as rock water (*eau de roche*) sprang from the wound but the small was the scent of a corpse. The harmless beast died without a jolt and without moaning. I regretted straight away my deed and left the stinking zone with a sad look towards the extinguished little eyes.

## **MENEZ SKEUDENNEG**

### **THE FIRST NUPTIALS**

Do you see, sir, any inconvenience in being only a return? Know that wisdom is ancient and that it is the role of the past to clarify the future. Wisdom has foundations which science denies or rejects. The different horizons of the latter (i.e. science) don't reach the essential. It barely manages to locate the beaches of rest, and moreover this rest is only the void between two wars. Science turns them into the high places of Art. It gets ready for it and dresses it as a pilgrim.

However, the pilgrim doesn't compromise if the journey is a long one. He turns it into a law. Science wants to shorten travels, minimise difficulties, and avoid the high as well as the low (peaks and slums) in order to arrive quickly at the war-making Jerusalem.

Don't get me wrong, sir, science is good but the mind that it demands of man takes the latter away from the tranquil shores of wisdom.

My prophets have deserted my throne, so says Lug, and bring the pilgrimage beyond my horizons. They have turned away from my face the person that was faithful to me.

The Spirit of Man and the Spirit of Lug cannot have intercourse for that would be incestuous. They both have the same original matrix and the same original language. It is in a space-time distance, continuous and diversified, that there is the realization of the TWO-BEING, the double being, the twice being. His source was forked and the rivers were separated by an infinite world seek the same ocean.

Lug says that the holy ones have left him. They have their proper word or language and He cannot spin them a long yarn. He has shut the oracle: their walking is solitary. What mud will they lift unto Him? What will be their yelling before their return and He even envies their pain. Lug says that the saints have deserted His empire.

The principle of any arising and elevation belong to the final outcome, to the success of this one. Nobody knows if he rises before the term of the Odyssey. We advance in the night and no one ignore the ocean upon which they will see the eternal dawn breaking, if they reach the shore.

Lug says that He still has some faithful followers. They have dried out in the motionless before deserting the purple of the kingdom. What surges are they capable of now and when will they retrieve the flock? Will Lug forgive himself after having sent peoples to their death? What will be the dialogue that will not be a question to me? Nothingness doesn't know how to and cannot answer. Lions were roaring during this night long before the Moon had reached the middle of its course. The tiger did too much hunting and is now sated and falling asleep. The caravan will traverse the track without danger. It will go astray before dawn and the wild cats will be hungry before the erasing of the traces of oxen and horses by the breeze. The jackal is glad of the leftovers that the hunter disdains. They were a thousand in the core of the wilderness. They will be a hundred in the forest; alone will be the one who will reach the river.

The flowing of time...

Lug says: "Here I am seeking what was escaping me inadvertently. My heart is pity and compassion. I will establish the day when the faithful one is waiting for the night. I will let the night loose when the impious one burns his skin thanks to the sun. Thus I will be just towards myself for my heart is pity and compassion and my good old city is empty".

The very soul is potentially a disorder as long as it is moral by the will of beings different from one another. If man was aware of his origins, those divergences would be richness and fulfilment. To give Lug a piece of embellished soul is increasing the Two-Being, the Double-Being, the Twice-Being. The enrichment can only be done by a strict separation of the divine through distancing from the One-Being, the Once-Being.

Lug says: "Are we going to see the insensitive female spoil the pleasure of the male that terror overheats? The earth is female. Thus she has within her bosom the male who fertilises her. The pact was one of free intercourse and not one of eternal proximity. The earth is female and she will be

served for her glory entails that she be fecund and fertilised. I am waiting for the wine harvest and the harvester. I am waiting for the new framework in order to gather.

The judge says that the people are hungry and the prophet says that folks have sinned and therefore hunger is their reward. May time and memory shut up.

The judge asks: "Who remembers sin when hungry and who remember the fault when in pain and who would dare punish them?"

The prophet asks: "Don't damn the future. Is not without definition? Time and recollection belong to it and is it unable to punish without reason?"

The judge says that man is just for he is not memory.

The prophet states that infinity is true for it is only memory.

The judge tells that in living memory Lug did nothing for the people.

The prophet says that in living memory the people did nothing for Lug.

The judge asks: "Is he hungry?"

The prophet answers: "He is satiated."

The judge utters: "Then he should lie down."

The people dying of starvation say: "Amen!"

The notion of the divine, inasmuch as it stops our final hopes, is one of weakness. It brings our vital space to the spreading of unknown and mystery. Contrary to appearances, the bounds of the unknown do not step back or recoil and don't go away. We are only exploring a restricted domain. It is true that the pretension to know it better hides our inabilities. Let us thus consider the extent of our knowledge when it seems that the unknown settles down in places from which we had almost eradicated it. Science is the art of reaching the frontiers of a kingdom without crossing them completely. Consequently, it is from this unequal struggle of man against the mystery that the notion of the separated-divine is born. We needed to give a name to the dark and we have deified it.

Lug says: "Am I to be blamed for the insolence of the flock? They seek me where I am not. The breath that is born there is cold. The smoke smells blasphemously. I have shut the oracle. My empire is silence and there is a fire upon the altar in order to hear the Word. The princes from down below have stoned to death the messenger who was speaking in my name. It is true they didn't get the message after hearing it. Our ways are different. I am neither from time nor from time. What are they looking for elsewhere? I have seen the ox in the hole and hopelessness in his sad eye. He barely liberated a hoof that the three others were submerged. Did I help him when his tears fell into the peat? Did I weep when he was stuck, his face and mouth full of mud? Yet, my heart took pity but I could not speak his language and I could not give him any advice. He was from both time and glebe.

Man only knows the torment of his ending. It being the major worry of his quest. This unknown Grail is indeed anxiety or at least is confused with it. The believer accepts death as a passage. Passing from life to demise. Faith, however firm it is, upsets worry and anxiety only through autosuggestion.

Nobody wants to die. It is certain that there is a molecular repulsion when facing death. It manifests as some physical pain, but that a holy soul is driven back against the fear of the great departure proves that no sainthood is certain. The most beautiful soul is uncertain because she ignores her origins. The end would cease to be a source of fear if the departure was known. Man ought to worry more about his origins than about his future.

Lug says: "If he knew his origins, he will stop his error. Knowing his mistake, would he be afraid of his future? Companion born of myself, through the will to be born, the word which was mine was yours and you understood me. Here are your new conquests where your children's children have built Babylon and the accursed tower. We were together at the source. You have drunken of my water and I shared your banquets. Can I truncate, without you, truncate your crews and your teams and prepare the table when the hunters come back? Can I fill the hut with smoked boar meat?"

Time is flowing...

In the 3<sup>rd</sup> month, the earth gives birth to a monster. The circle of time shuts itself again. The glebe tastes like a corpse. Stay! Stay!

Time is flowing... I am you and you are me.

October's clubs and bludgeons have shoed the grey mares. The earth wells up the blood of the dead, born of the nothingness that prolongs its mad course. The Occident and the Midnight become inflamed and blaze. The foundations become cloudy and flustered in shortened days. Drunkenness is a source of weakness. Here is the Hellespont with the Atlantic doors. Space has lived. The Most High barely deciphers the old grimoires in order to bind or vomit opprobrium and purity.

October's clubs have shoed the grey mare. Here are the everlasting roads open to time. Enough trembling before the oracle! The dribble which nourishes suffering is dried up for it is divine as long as men's evil is divine. I summon up the noises that clarity resurrects for they are melodious. Human chanting is soft.

October's clubs have curried the grey mare. Hunting has left these places for other carnages. Don't rest on those gloomy hills if you fear the gods.

The stony bumps of the terrain compelled me to take a thousand detours, a thousand progresses towards the East and a thousand returns to the West. Lost in a kind of maze, I was desperate not to be able to advance usefully. Yet, a voice was guiding me and subjected to destiny, for lack of having any past, I was obeying instinctively. Thus, I emerged from the mist onto a sandy plateau sprinkled with picturesque rocks, here and there. The heat was suffocating and the air was rustling. From each point of the horizon was coming a monody, an invitation to the wedding of the lands beyond.

The gold of the sand and the blue from elsewhere make my eyes ache. I decided to wait for the half-darkness to undertake the pilgrimage of the plains and of the high plateaux. As soon as the shadow rolled the sand and the gravel, I perceived a peculiar star, and with my eye fixed upon this distant seamark, I started my journey. All the time fire points were biting my heels, which made me speed up my advancing.



Since then, I have traversed many wildernesses in the comfort of a caravan, having for a guide the smell of what was preceding me and the song of whoever was following me. But here, loneliness has only the melancholy of loneliness. And it has no other guest but loneliness and no other voice than the one of loneliness. I was not defining myself enough to be a companion. The grandiose was coming from elsewhere, from this solitary perfection. I was only a 'myself' on the shore of nothingness. My odd obsession led to the absurd and the useless. It was absurd because it was useless. I still see this cavalcade, this ride and it was in this desert that I was given some heaviness, secret step or stage of death or of salvation.

In the first condensation, I was living in a prostrate and fatalistic way. Here, for a while at least, I had a foretaste of dreams. I didn't have any combat but unfitness. Now, I was given the chance to see a past horizon, the very field of dreams. The pilgrimage was leading to a quest and waking up in me some formless but intelligence awareness. I was the first step or stage of knowledge.

There was thrice the crucible of the six memories the seventh of which has forgotten everything.

Don't forget: the street is defined by its houses and its inhabitants and the river is defined by its bank. Therefore, imagine the vocabulary that obliges me to speak of streets without architects and of rivers without banks. I was thirsty for sharing and perhaps I did need the bank-less river for my path without embankment, my road without ditches were ways before the word was invented. I was human before the birth of that word.

I probed my kidneys and my entrails. I needed a companion and to go from the formless to the shape-full. I needed to go to the possibility of defining. I could not think of another song that would be elsewhere. Thus, I gave birth to a strange being and this other 'myself' was my first companion. Here are my armies: a newly born oozing with blood, a sun dream, a nature-less voice, a projection-less hunger, without any real escapism.

Today the ways are many. Everyone is reborn in his manner and everyone lives again. In the beginnings, there was neither water nor earth nor sky. There was the discarnate consciousness unable of being situated. The first fight was for getting defined.

This beach under the Moon was a sunset, a dawn. I wasn't alone anymore. There was the star of course, but also, the song, the whisper and the bewitching monotonous chanting. All this was coming from far away, a space dimension, and an atmosphere dimension.

Shadow of myself, move! I self-accompany and the sheets of my layer were made of silk. Which hand has established the volume of this rock? Am I the first one? God! There is this is vestibule and for which sanctuary?

This beach under the Moon was a sunset, a dawn. I had an ancestor and was searching for an identity. This other one was moving forward without breaking either the gold or the blue of the monotonous chant, in the felt of a covered night, and the scent was female.

Eolie, Eolie's harp, I know your song. I was born and my shadow was born of myself. Give birth, the monster is intimate and I guess its features under the wrinkles of my skin. To the other rock, then to the other and yet again to the other. Curvature of myself, move! I was becoming a presence and I

was singing. Shadowy tremble, move! I search for an identity and know the gravel paths leading to conquest and to the other war. The real is my grave and the shroud is made of silk.

There is the star of course, the one who multiplied itself in the darkness. Which one will I follow? I'm not alone anymore. Here is the smell of the village. Yonder is a pasture. A tomorrow is flowing from the fountain. I will drink at the source, the spring. My name was here to stay. This day I can kill. I am the work, pride and can destroy both of them. I am the will to move forward. Nobody will write my defeat. I am the God of some golden sand, the strategist of an odyssey imposed upon me by my birth. My race is nobility since my name is a place-name.

Nothing was yesterday, this day in which I saw myself again in my shadow. Then there is tomorrow...

The new dawn caught me walking and for the first time I could see my tracks in the sand. I was looking in a surprised fashion this fleeing in time, a dug furrow. Sand and soil were covering my feet. Is this not the way in which the future is designed upon a little bit of mud?

Then the trumpets came for nothing; absolutely nothing astonishes me. Only an instant is required to 'self-make', but one needs an entire eternity to erase a single step. Lug was my first state and I decided He would be my next state, my own and proper finality. I had in the bottom of my heart the pride of the existent. It occurs that men believe in motion and movement when it seems that the days don't resemble one another. Will they seize the will to live if one has to make for oneself different states every day?

Such as the traveller peddling alongside paths the experience of wakefulness and watch, such is the one who doesn't accept moving forward without sheaving along the steps taken each thing that has been learnt and loved. Neither place nor time nor day nor night will do. I had an intercourse with my shadow.

## **GWALL-DIHAN**

### **THE FIRST HUNT**

It is written in the vanished book that the weight of the earth is no worth the spirit. It is written in the silence of the worlds that the spirit is whirling. It is written that resting and repose are only the shadows of wisdom and a weak form of guarding. It is said in wind and storms that the real is war, a savage war. It is written in the first book of harvest that the sword is the harvester and the creature is harvested. I will tell here the dialogue of the swords.

Gourvard tells his female: "I am going to gather at dawn the war assembly. Our young warriors will have take female in the tent of Gwidan. It is fair that their blood is poured in the belly of Gwidan's women. At sunrise, I will gather the war assembly."

Randil tells her male: "It is that when dawn occurs you will gather the war assembly. It is good that Gwidan cannot deliver his females. It is good to kill all the male infants of Gwidan."

Gourvard tells his female: "Our warriors will slaughter all the male infants of Gwidan. His race is accursed."

Gwidan tells his female: "This valley is cursed as it feeds the little ones of Gourvard. Hunting is getting scattered. When sunrise comes, I organize a war council with the warriors in their tent. I want the females to say hidden. The virgins will be covered tonight."

Ronoen tells her male: "It is good that the virgins receive warrior blood. It is good that the virgins protect the male infants of your lineage."

It is written in the book of kingdoms: one doesn't share the crown. It is said in the first book of conquests: one doesn't divide the earth.

Gourvard tells his warriors: "I benefit from my race and lineage. I have the pride of tomorrow for the soil of this valley will be mine. I benefit from the fighting that will deliver this valley into my hands without the need to share it with another. I proclaim that the race of Gwidan is accursed and I want him and his tribe to die. My roots are surer and purer. My forefathers and my hunts are more honourable than Gwidan's. My two-edged sword is made of a steel better than Gwidan's."

The warrior tells Gourvard: "Your steel is better than Gwidan's. The bastard of Gwidan is less valiant than the one of Gourvard."

Gourvard tells his warriors: "I'm organizing this meeting by the right to go to war. It matters that each of you takes a female in the tent of Gwidan and that the female be covered. Gwidan's race is accursed."

The warrior tells Gourvard: "War is a tribal thing. The females will be fertilized. Gourvard is the source."

The warrior tells Gourvard: "The male offspring of Gwidan won't hunt anymore in the valley. The virgins will come naked in Gourvard's tent."

The warrior tells Gourvard: "It is written in the book of kingdoms that nobody can defeat the throne without holding in his hand the emblem of the king. It is said in the last book of conquest that nobody can hold a land without a silo filled with seed."

Gwidan tells his warriors: "Gourvard has increased his hunting twofold. He doesn't respect anymore resting after harvesting. The contract was based on free agreement. Gourvard has put a strain on the hunting of the seasons to come. His warriors have burned the pastures of the stags. The fawns go dry due to a lack of milk for the teat is dried up. The boar lets his little ones dying. When the snow comes, shall we be hunting rats?"

The warrior tells Gwidan: "The war that will return to its pasture and the berry to the boar will be good. Gourvard possesses the pride of his sons and of his race. Proclaim it to be accursed!"

Gwidan tells his warriors: "I proclaim that the race of Gourvard is accursed. May his house be situated high in the mountains! May his children be born with a lot of hair high in the plateaux! I say that his race is a cursed one for he has broken the free agreement contract. Gourvard has betrayed his own kingdom. There the springs are dried up. The weed invades his pastures. Wisdom has forsaken his dwelling. He let the shadow of death hovering over his cattle. Pride is the banner of the bastards."

Gwidan tells his warriors: "Gourvard's house will have to be withdrawn to the high plateaux. I am organising a council among my warriors. Will my children give me good advice?"

The warrior tells Gwidan: "Gourvard is organising a war council under his tent. He's boasting that his sword is deadlier than Gwidan's. He claims his females are more fertile."

Gwidan tells his warriors: "Gourvard is only propagating lies and follies. Tomorrow we will be ready for war. Gourvard's house will have to withdraw on the mountains. For it is said that the valley will be the work of wisdom and not battlefield. It is said that Gwidan's tribe will possess the wisdom to lead the war. It is said that Gourvard's tents will drag themselves in the wilderness of the high plateaux and that the slave of his house will taste the fruit of sand and the water of bitterness."

I remember that I was so tired when I reached the valley and I was so thirsty. Every kind of thirst is indecent. I was naked going down the hill. Whoever comes to live among the clan of men is always naked. I was dragging myself towards the dwellings. I knew nothing about their fighting but it is always good to ignore war-based decisions. Still yesterday, my shadow was my companion. And it was friend full of tenderness and comforting. And here is the battlefield. The ape comes from war and the ape became human.

I saw the river and the pasture: to the North there was an exposed army ad, in the centre of the flock, in the South, the guardian of the dwelling was standing. It's impossible to choose one's land. It's always possible to design one's tomb. I decided to choose the flock, i.e. slavery. It is said that one must be born in slavery. The living remains unmotivated and imprecise without the contact with opprobrium or dignity. In every beginning, time leads the ball of the wills to live. The existing is motion and movement. The valley of repose was struck by war.

Man, son of man, the fight leads you to your new glory. The fires of Gourvard's house warm up the war beverages. When dawn comes, the warriors will be mad. The fires of Gourvard's house seize and embrace the night only to reveal the cavalcade of death. When sunrise occurs, the warriors will be crazy. Lug has spread anger at the gates of the valley. I am waiting for the first shock, the first confrontation. I will stay awake until the first hours for the flock will have to be saved. I have chosen to be the slave of whoever doesn't wage war against the song of the victim. Women, keep your coats, your beds and your labours away from stain. The madness of the fields uncovers the veils of honour. The sheep wants to be like a wolf and the ewe envies the she-tiger.

Such are the laws of warfare. The dust of wakefulness and of the day before must be cleaned in the morning dew. Walk naked upon the humid soil and don't keep under the armour the smells of the past.

Search the last shadows to cool your heart. Steel is better under the water from the rain. Search the last shadows less you stroll the entire day asleep.

The dust of wakefulness and of the day before must be washed in the morning dew. Make sure you look ahead and below and don't keep under the crest the stench of the feast.

The soul wanders in the orgies before the war. Fashion your look and your expression when the sun rises. Whoever can see during the night is not blinded by the day. Bronze has the colour of battle.

Stand up for the last day and don't think about tomorrow. He who crowns in the morning the evening of the battle thinks of being kept safe and let germinate in his heart fear and not hatred.

One does not enjoy the shadows when the sun shines upon the corn. Who dare to say that the night does not prepare the day? The weeping of your female only waters your victory. Let your daughters weep for your victory and the enemy foresee your defeat. The ones cry uselessly and the other lies only to give himself courage.

Such are the laws of warfare.

Never mention your enemy in the neighbourhood tribunal. Each interest has its hatred and the neighbour is not your friend.

Don't make your cattle drink from the water of another village! The water there is good but does not quench the thirst. Beware!

Make sure that your own battle is an everlasting work and that the one of your enemy is a perpetual worry. Resting is only the interval between two wars. Beware!

Don't shake hand with your foe through goodness and don't heal the wounded head. Kill!

Don't be careless with war for it is easier to choose an enemy than an ally. Kill!

Your father cannot be your foe. Blood is a source of wisdom. Never hate your kinsfolk.

Never turn your back to the enemy. Only his death can guarantee your retirement and your repose. Kill!

Keep your tempered steel upon the victor's bed which is yours. The vanquished is only so when dead. Kill!

You are forcing the vanquished to be hateful if you forgive him as a victor. One is generous enough in disliking the victor's forgiveness.

Before you restrict your wrath, count your dead!

Let all the powers lead the guilty party to the bench of the accused. They must not judge according to their own laws. The guilty party is only a half-culprit whether he or she or they belong to the ones or the others. Let the powers judge according to the Law, the universal law of heart and spirit. Thus, it will be so in every good justice. It is in this way that I will judge, i.e. according to my Law, for I am from nowhere and I am of strict observance.

After having saved the flock of warriors and after having been shepherd in the day of war, I summon all the parties with the sole right of being a judge. I shall speak to all the guilty, for everyone is a culprit guilty of the will to grow and increase, under the gaze of the Law.

I've led the flock onto the hill. Animals are only half-wild. I spent the whole day erecting fences and the whole night sorting out the beasts according their species. A dog can sleep next to a she-sheep but if he smells blood, then that's enough to make him blood-thirsty and he kills. Thus I put the dogs

with the dogs, the goats with the goats, the wolves with the wolves and the boars with the boars. Everything was according to the natural order of things when dawn came with war.

The men had to fetter the women lest they would escape and scatter in the mountains and the males would then lose beyond survival the right to have an offspring. They could only attend slowly to the chores of the battle-free days. Children were hidden in the woods. Ten warriors kept a watch on the *parquage*. Thus men maintain their right to take part in the next wars.

Gourvard says: "Here is the morning of the battle, let my youngest and quickest warriors go before Gwidan's youngest."

Gwidan says: "Here is the morning breeze. Let my quickest and youngest warriors go to meet the ones sent by Gourvard. Thus the battle line will be delimited."

Gourvard tells his messengers: "I want you to be fastest couriers of my house. At the spot in which you will encounter the greyhounds of Gwidan, we will establish the frontier. Bring it to the threshold of Gwidan's dwelling."

Gwidan says: "Take your javelin and put it the closest you can get to Gourvard's tent. Be like rapid greyhounds! Be like long arrows! Be like pointed javelins!"

Thus things were done as soon as the sun shone on the top of the black mountain.

Stop your war songs and look: the course of the gazelle erases and eclipses the stream. The old stag bells animated by indolence. If he used to be fast in the older days, it is now just a recollection. Look at the gazelle piercing the first lights. This is the way of the messengers announcing that war is coming.

To such war is fitting such arbitration. But it is not good to set such arbitration between fire and water. Packs have other resentments. Day light doesn't expose every shame for men wear a mask as soon as daybreak and nobody is clothed for good reasons. When the gonfalon is coloured like bones and skeletons, goodness can only get conscience and consciousness to shut up. Think how good it is to avoid being drowned in melancholy when the living is angry.

Nature doesn't grant and doesn't sign sweetness. She is respect-less, demanding and hawthorn rose-like. Is she blossoming again without tarnishing the glory of whoever wants to love her through divine right and authority? Yet, nobody is hopeless and no one is loveless and the god, who imposes obligations, can dream tomorrow and his dispatching is honour. There is the last threshold and there is the last march: one must break the battle and be wary of recollecting. Yesterday I was angry and this was a war displayed as a spectacle. I can see the war facts and wonder why war deeds are only deemed important once the war is over.

I've led the flocks to the *parquages* and the females to the pastures. I was coming to write both sleep and earth and was sleeping, simply, before the harvest. To sleep a bit when everything is outrage and never betraying the repose of the gods. I will have a woman animated by desire and a female until tomorrow and I will be a saint during the entire battle; saint because incapable.

The archers didn't make the decision. The mist was making the silhouettes imprecise. In such conditions, even the best shooter cannot evaluate the distance. There were only a few victims in both camps. When the sun replaced the fog, it was clear that the battle was only beginning.

Then Gourvard says to Gwidan: "You still can avoid the death of your children. Let my race grow in the valley and withdraw your flocks. Let my dwelling be in the pastures down below and I will stop my warriors."

Then Gwidan says to Gourvard: "Nothing is healthier than the air stirred by the wind. Breezes come and go in all directions. It's the same with my flocks. Keep the highlands and I will stop my warriors. It is said that water is clean in the hills. Such drink would teach you peace and wisdom. Both our warriors are equally brave. Climb to the wind that blows over the hills."

Gourvard says: "If that's your last word, may my swords be victorious!"

Gwidan says: "May all the powers guide my swords!"

## **BARNER-BARN**

### **STORMS AND JUDGMENTS**

Because I lived my life among humans, I claim to tell their story, to be one of them and to like their ways of doing things. It's important to tell all the battles for their story is an affair of war. The sword has surely more influenced the chapters of the past than the dream is determining the future.

All the battles resemble each other. The most vulgar private becomes the worst tormentor. Screams and pains have no borders. When humans die and kill, they have the same language. The gods of fight shine an unforgivable motion. No atrocity will equal the ferocity of men.

The 'amphitheatre' was closed at noon, due to death. Dawn saw 10000 warriors and only 1000 came to the tribunal of sentences.

I left the spot of my animals to go to the valley in which the vulture was getting ready for eating. Fear was still about in the last smokes. When they saw me, the survivors shut up and I said:

"Think of your own madness in counting the number of dead folks. Don't say that you are righteous because many of your men have perished. Those who have passed away do not have and won't have the weight and the word. Only you can furnish answers. The dead are beyond the judgment that belongs to me. Make sure that the tribes name their defenders. I expect of you honesty. Those who have killed without knowing why will be punished. All of those who don't know why they have taken the sword and, due to this fact, cannot beg the mercy of the Law will be banished beyond the mountains. Gwidan's tribe will remain where the sun sets. Gourvard will wait in the east. The wise folks of the clans will be both on my right and on my left. They will defend their war chiefs. Gourvard was the first to hold a war council under the round tent. Let him be the first to be judged and to be rejected or crowned!"

Gourvard says:

"I have drawn the sword and demand justice. My sages will tell in high court that my tribe has always been warlike. The gods in charge of the destiny of my clan and of my flocks have ordered me to lead the last battle. Did I have to let my warriors shave their beard and cut their hairs? The men of my tribe are not female."

The first sage of Gourvard says:

"I am a priest serving the old and wise gods who guide the clan of Gourvard, war chief. I have transmitted the oracle. The valley war was declared by demiurges from beyond this world. Lug is unique and solitary. It matters that the entire valley honours Him as such. It is said He will be the sole god of the valley. Gwidan's tribe is guilty of impiety. Lug has armed Gouvard's arm in order to punish idolatry. Lug is above the law of survival. Who will judge the arm that a god was arming? "

And the first sage of Gourvard's house says:

"Let the judge from the hills answer!"

"I will respond. We shall not judge twice the dead and the absent ones. Let the gods themselves lead their wars beyond this land. In these places of justice, the wise cannot speak in the name of the gods. Men give to themselves the gods that please them and the latter are often only a pretext or some pretence. And I say this: the gods that men gave themselves are remarkable in their loneliness, their jealousy and their selfishness. Gods are more dangerous if they wish to be charitable and good. Thus, in their name, men go to war and one call this type of strife 'holy'. When the wise teaches charity, the universal charity in the name of a good and righteous god, he claims to possess the only Truth. This sage is dangerous. He imposes laws to the clan that are not the ones of this particular tribe. The tribe that goes to war to impose his truth-god to other clans is guilty according to my law and deserves the chastisement given to betrayals and impiousness. It is understood that, us being gods, no deity from elsewhere can impose a fight contrary to the Law of Survival, which remains the sole human law."

"Man is at the peak and war serves men and is served by them. Let those who have killed in the name of their god be excluded for ever from the dwelling of men and from the tent of his brothers. I have mentioned the gods according to the law."

Gwidan says:

"I put drawn my sword and demand justice. We just had a council when Gourvard's men warmed up the bottles of war. Our clan didn't want any fighting. Our flocks and cattle were passing on the plains of the Levant. But Gourvard's hunting overflowed into our land. The archers of his house have killed our best rams. They have grilled the young wild boars I was keeping for mating reasons. And now the bravest of my horse-riders reside in the realm of the shadows and the useless."

Gourvard says:

"Why is he accusing me and demanding justice when it is obvious that the lands of the valley belong to my house. Our forefathers were the only ones here from the east to the west, from sunrise to sunset. Gwidan's race is bastardized. He comes from the female lineages. Gwidan comes directly from the females who were cast away from the house of my forefathers by the sages of that time."



They were given to the youngest hunters of the tribe as a reward for being good hunters. They became pregnant outside of the tents with the seed of the young wolves of the house of our forefathers. What right has Gwidan to seek asylum in the green valley when his mother was kicked out of here as a result of the decision taken by the sages?"

The first sage of Gourvard spoke:

"The council of the sages of that time got rid of the barren women. The drought nearly killed all the flocks and almost the entire cattle, and the pasture was getting dried up. Water was lacking. Many died. So, for the sake of the clan and its survival, getting rid of useless persons was necessary. The women who had not given birth before the drought were gathered and led to the hills. Saga, the wife of the master of arms, picked up a wild herb in the highlands and cured the barrenness of those women who could now be fertilized. However, they refused to come back to the clan once the drought ended. Freely fecundated by the young heroes of our tribe, they settled down below the black hill and gave birth to twins, all of them. Later, the sons made love to their mothers and in this way was born the clan of Gwidan. It's a tribe based on incest cursed by gods and men."

"I, the judge, declare that the female is not accursed anymore if she gives birth and her offspring has the right to live in the lowlands and in the highlands. The origin of Gwidan's clan is not a good reason to fight a battle. Gourvard has killed for the wrong reasons."

Night was there. The two clans lighted the funeral fires. Gwidan came to the judge and said:

"The fires of my house will burn an entire night if we are not treated justly, with justice. The sages of my tribe will speak and tell the truth. Gourvard and his peers say that our mothers were made pregnant by their own children. Let my wise men who read the stars narrate the legend consigned in the books of wisdom. The fathers of our clan are not from this area. They have come riding chariots of fire. Let my wise men speak and tell the legend."

"The legend is secret. Only the judge can hear it. I will speak not loudly. The judge and the sages of our house can listen without dying before the new moon. This is written in the third book of our science. Thus, hear, listen and forget! Anything come from somewhere else must rot in the memory. It is not good to recollect things that are not from here, from our time and from our valley. Three thousand moons ago, the sages of Gourvard's house expelled the women who, in a hundred moons, couldn't give birth to an offspring for the tribe of the deep valley. The warriors took them to the gates of the caves with eight days of dry meat, bows, arrows and knives. They were not condemned to die of hunger or solitude but were sentenced to survive, to hunt like men. Saga the witch followed them in exile even though she wasn't condemned in any way. It was during dawn while she was picking up herbs for death and healing that she saw before her a tall yellow-hair man."

He said to her: "Lead me to your dwelling. I wish to speak to the men of your tribe. I come in peace in order to give the good news and the knowledge of other stars and other prairies. I have come without a sword. Kick your fear away into the darkness. I know the things from elsewhere that your people ignores. Your brothers will carve in the stones the eternal cycles of the sky and of the valleys. Lead me to the men of your house."

Saga said to him: "Stranger, the men of my tribe have expelled us. We are solely women here, hidden in the caves of the mountains to avoid the assault of young male hunters, for we are

condemned, being barren, to serve their pleasures and their excesses. I cannot take you to the men of our clan for they would kill me. Walk towards the rising sun and you will reach the green valley before the second moon. Now, carry on with your journey, stranger.”

The stranger said: “Take me to those caves and I will heal those women and they will not be barren anymore. My people will send ten travellers to fertilise the accursed females. Each of the women will give birth to male or female twins in accordance with the law of our race and according to our power. Take me to the isolated ones and I will cure them. They will be prosperous and will give to another tribe that will keep the secrets of heaven and earth. Thus, the issue will possess the glory and the power of knowledge. Their descendants will look after these hills and other hills, and also other valleys that one doesn’t see from her. In such a way will be the children of the barren women and of the men of my people. Take me now to the caves. I will name the first fertilized woman as queen; her first-born will be the master of the tribe and of the cattle and flocks. I call queen my first female companion for she will be the first to be fecundated and she will be the first mother. Guide me towards your womenfolk and I will choose the first female. And it was done. Saga led the stranger to Gwrienn, the youngest and the prettiest of the exiled women.”

“He stayed, according to the third book of our science, twelve moons with Gwrienn who gave birth to two male babies. During the twelfth moon, the stranger was visited by another stranger who spoke to him in an unknown tongue. They left the caves at dawn and Gwrienn told her female companions:

“My mate leaves us to go to other prairies but this the message that he is giving us: My firstborn will be called Gwidan and after him all the firstborns of his race will have the same name, for such is the name of the stranger, his father. Such is the message that he imparted to us before travelling to other prairies: he won’t come back to the caves of his children. Reckon still twelve more moons, and you will see the vessels of the sky. We will not make war against Gourvard’s tribe motivated by resentment and neither will we make against Gourvard’s children animated by a desire for revenge. The strangers who will visit us will carve for us and for our offspring and for their descendants the tables of eternal sciences. The first generation will have to keep the secrets of heaven. The wisest among them will tell the sages of the other generations what has to be known concerning things and gods, the reverse and the place of things. Wait for the return of the men from elsewhere. The race of which you will be the source will come from another valley. Thus, man will be of many origins and types of hair. Gwidan, son of heaven, revealed the first secrets of the origins. The clan of Gourvard doesn’t possess any that are nobler. The holy and sacred books will speak for us. They were written by the first generation of the sons of heaven, under the supervision of their fathers before the departure of the latter, once their work was done, in their vessels towards the green prairies.”

The sages of Gourvard said:

“We have listened to what has been said. To which science does the judge belong? Every science is original. The judge is neither from Gourvard’s house nor from Gwidan’s clan. If the gods prevail in his dwelling, he will say that Gourvard is right and he will order the exile of Gwidan and his folks. If the judge’s science belongs to the books of secrets, he will state that Gourvard is guilty and criminal and will thus order the termination of his clan. Is this a fair judgment? If the judge is of our race, of our stock, he cannot judge for man cannot be a judge of men. To which science does the judge belong? Let him answer the question and we will know his judgment.”

“Only the guilty question justice and righteousness and I say: the prophet is accursed if he foresees without knowing and with impressions that are in accordance with the desires of everyone. Wise folks of the tribes, I want you to hear and to remember: the Law is neither from men nor from gods. Only this is true: it is forbidden to kill uselessly. If one kills without any good and valid reason, then one must be punished according to the seriousness of the crime. Let the wise folks state whether or not this law is just.”

“It is our privilege and honour to say that it is indeed just and good.”

“The eagle and the vulture, hosts of the valleys in which there is a war, state perfectly what is my science. But before, it is necessary that each clan states that this is fair and that that is unfair. A death is good only if it is useful and I’m asking you, are your dead useful? Will you tell the children of the enclosure that their father has died in glory? A dead is always vanquished. What can the valley make of those mounts of cadavers? Will you tell the child that the father died in wisdom? It will sufficient for him to contemplate the plain and to feel the winds from the South. The southern winds will tell him the truth. One doesn’t die in wisdom for wisdom wants us to live. You will tell your male children: “Here are the bow and the arrows for your new hunting. Be quick and certain for the preys won’t let themselves be surprised. You must however feed the tribe. “As soon as the little man kills his first boar, the clan chief says of him that he is a proud warrior and orders him to kill a man as he kills a prey. The chief orders him to hunt his racial brother. Is the tribe nourished by dead warriors? The Law of Survival commands that one hunts the animals but it also forbids war and the practice of it.”

Gourvard got up and said:

“A thousand moons ago, the tribe of my father were counting as many tents as there were days in 12 moons. This day, my tents are six times more numerous. Let the judge tell me if it’s possible to nourish the entire clan upon the same lands and the same hunting grounds. Is it possible to make the horizon recoil so that the hunter doesn’t return empty-handed and so that we don’t hear anymore the weeping of the children that their mothers have weaned? It’s in the name of the Law of survival that I order to start the war for I need the whole green valley and every hill. I have spoken. Let the judge answer.”

“Such will be my answer. If one of your warriors sees his tent full to the brim because his wives has given him a multitude of children, has he got the right to take by force the tent of a younger warrior because the younger fighter has no offspring? What would Gourvard order to punish the insolence, the claim and the pretension of he who is fulfilled and gratified with large progeny? The warrior who sees that his tent is too small must tell his oldest offspring to leave the tent and to build elsewhere. It is just that the birds want the new feathers to fly on their own before the mother goes to the kingdom of shadows. Gourvard must say to eldest boys of each tent: “Find a woman. At the start of the new moon, leave in peace the green valley. Go to the East with the wisdom of the hunters behind the sage who will keep for the acquired sciences. Walk during three moons and more, and then set up the tent at the water spot where the gazelle, the tiger and all the preys come to drink. You will have under your foot new lands that no war will stain. The reputation of the clan will reach those faraway places where the sky marries the soil.” It is in this manner that Gourvard must command the eldest boys of his tents. The younger and youngest will stay. They will inherit the right of the firstborns and will keep the race in the happy medium and in the vigour of the blood. If the

hunting grounds of the valley are not enough for the clan of Gourvard, then the younger will have to go to another valley. I, the judge, pronounce: "Go to the East. They will walk by day the distance of two thousands reaches of arrows, during three moons and more."

Gwidan got up and said: "This is a fair judgement that time will keep in people's memory. My children will graze their ewes on the ground of the green valley without fearing the arrows and the swords of Gourvard. Let the latter ones go to the East and we will remain in peace with the younger ones of their tribe. Many of my warriors are dead. Let the judge order the guilty party to give us a thousand virgins, for it is said in the first book of our science: "You will take a thousand virgins from the clan of the men of the North so that the chosen people sows and harvests upon the land of its origin. The children of their children will establish the reign of wisdom and light upon the places and the time of their new adventures and undertakings."

"Have I spoken instead of the wise men? What has to be said then concerning the wishes of Gwidan who speaks instead of me and condemns without hearing my speech? The eldest boys of the clan of Gourvard are not guiltier than the oldest boys of Gwidan's tribe. Are they not thinking of taking advantage of the departure of the enemy archers? This is my answer: "The oldest boys of Gwidan will take some women. They will be given weapons and horses. They will walk, each day, two thousands arrow ranges, during three moons and more. They will go where the sun sets, right until they reach the huge expanse of water. They will build boats and will navigate, day and night, until they attain new lands. Let the wise men state whether this is fair and good for the peace to be established in the green valley. I want to make the right decision."

Gwidan's wise men have said: "It is good and fair that Gourvard's eldest boys walk towards the East."

Gourvard's sages will say: "It's good and fair that Gwidan's eldest boys walk towards the West."

The old ones and the eldest boys won't warm up the bottles of war. There is still one more moon and the animals constituting the cattle won't feed on grass neither outside nor inside whatever border. Earth is our limitless domain. You will stop saying: our pasture, our hill, our hunting grounds for all pasture is yours and every hunting ground is for all dwellings.

Let each one entrust his heart to the dreams that haunt him. Fill the nocturnal journeys with remorse. As soon as dawn comes up, you will erect the funeral pyres and burn all the dead. Bring under the tents the ones moaning because they are wounded. Tomorrow, the sun will eradicate the last foul smells of the battle. Set up a stone at equal distance between the two villages so that the children of your children will recall the useless deaths. I have spoken for the welfare of men. I have spoken because of the Law of Survival. I have given orders only in accordance with what needs to be done, according to necessity.

Such was midnight and its carpet of dead stars. I experienced the dark with my forehead on the tables of justice. The valley was sagging under the silence. To the sound of nocturnal birds flying about was added the muffled sliding of souls. Ghosts were drifting, neutral and in pain. A good while before sunrise, the pyres were illuminating the two makeshift camps. With the acrid smell of burnt flesh, the spirit of the dead was leaving the valley. I was unable to hear their last moaning as I felt asleep in the mist. Towards noon, the gloomy scents were still lingering in the lowlands and were

also wandering in the rocks and the stones of the slopes. Such was the nights of ghosts and of the living.

The two tribes returned to the places of sentencing as soon as the cattle have left the pastures. The sages ordered the children to go back to the tents and gather all the female virgins. They showed up naked. No one could determine their origin. So it was decreed by the wise men. The eldest boys came armour-clad, dressed as if ready for war. The sharing started. Each one got something according to the decisions that were taken. To each couple were given two war horses, two horses to be used in hunting, two rams and two she-sheep, two little young male boars and two little young female boars and smoked meat for one moon. They also got hides for making vestments and clothing the women. The sages invited me to establish the laws concerning sexual intercourse. First, bitterness has to be pacified for the young men of the journey, each in the name of the race, wanted to take women for his own clan. And I said:

“Don’t leave the green valley with tribal hatred in your blood. I command on this day that you become reconciled through games and play. When the little bird flies, what has it got to do with the pillows of its nets? The new lands and the countries acquired by conquest ignore your roots. It is imperative that you sow new grains. Let the games of reconciliation commence! Let the most skilful ones and the quickest ones choose the female virgins according to their wishes. Select according to beauty and not according to race or clan. The women possess the same nudity and the same feathering. Let the most adroit ones select the most pretty and the most apt to give birth to the children of conquest. I command the start of the games.”

The duration of the games was of three days and, each night, they lit the wedding fires. On the 6<sup>th</sup> day, the virgins were fertilized. Many among the eldest boys marked their female companions with red-hot iron and rung their ankles as a declaration saying that the women belonged to them. Then sun of exile came. The tribes came to the standing stone as soon as the warriors’ horns woke up the green valley. They attached the oxen and loaded the chariots and the carts with food, weapons and work tools. They gathered the journey cattle. The eldest boys of Gourvard walked towards the East while the oldest boys of Gwidan went westwards. At noon the dust of the caravans became blurred in the distant horizon. Four wise men were leading the expedition in a pilgrimage-like fashion. Two sages were walking towards sunrise while the two others were going towards sunset.

## **DIOUGANER–DIOUGAN**

### **The Prophecies**

*The world has already lived. Life is continual mortality. Peoples and folks live in lugubrious peats. No time and no place could nourish the six billions of human beings who, when half the population will be dead, will have to fight for the right of survival upon an Earth rendered too small by man. At which level could be encountered the laws of equilibrium and of survival? Who could tell it? Who will ever tell it?*

The time will come when the strongest ones and the most willing shall tell their misfortune of living in gardens that will be forsaken by both flowers and grass. Lands will be new only beyond the earth, beyond the domain. I will climb the wonder-tower and will speak in the name of he who sends me. I don’t know the mandate; I will seek it in the solitudes. I wait for the orders and the commands of the

new worlds and of the messianic vaults. Don't do things on your own or with the multitudes. The eagle flies above mountains alone. He flies above them only in solitude. Hunting requires that the eagle flies alone and man calls him a royal bird. From the peaks, the voice invites you to join the everlasting clouds. I will climb the tower of renouncement, of renunciations and of oblivions, because times have fallen to the feet of the mountains. Flames flourish above the vaults. Add drama to the drama. Everything came from silence. A huge peace veiled by the silence. Everything came from a plinth that was never caressed by any sound or noise. We come from silence and from the unity of silence. Do not imagine the point for from there you will fabricate space, stop imagining the instant for out of it you get eternity. What can the gods say if the verb or word is fixed, if the speech or word is a flash or a fragment? Exiled among the noises, lost in a forest of powers, the God of exile "sends himself back" to the top of the mountain. I will climb the first cubit, then second one will worry me and the worry will decide whether I am brave or not. Thus I will reach the summit. I decide when it comes to exile and passage, am I not a god by accident? A term of light for the shadow, a summit's shadow. I have guided my people towards new hills with sound judgment; I will lead them towards the peaks, the source and the origin.

There is not a tribe that has yet come out of the darkness for every folk lives on mystery. Before original doubt, they are not aware of any light. Therefore I say: "I have the mists of time as seeds and the mists of tomorrow in order to become something else. I have always spoken in the name of a people for I was only loneliness. I am the prophet that the nations have not yet imagined. I am in return the prophet of the folks that do not exist yet. I speak for myself only, upon a star trek. Whether they come from then or from the past, they will never fulfil my singular and peculiar solitudes. The wind pushes a thousand others of my vessels towards the spices of the East. As to the waves that rock my boats, they pass by a thousand shores in the West. Upon the faith that was mine, I swore I have made a mistake. Could I say in those times that science was elsewhere? When the gods commanded me to live, they taught me to kill. It does not matter to me to bid men to come to hear me when each every intoxication and exhilaration leads to the divinity. I am at war only with shadows, the ones that lead me astray. Female corolla, straw bed, my people; I am already sleeping upon the seventh memory. If the footpath was dictating to me the recollection, if lousiness was filling me with obols, I would take my vessels to the gates of oblivion. Am I able to say that science is elsewhere without breaking the moorings and without winning the ancient spells?"

I was the inhabitant of the green valley for duration of twenty entire moons. I was spending long hours at the council of the sages. We wrote down both the laws and the peace treaties. It was decided that the two clans would mingle their blood and that only the Council would organise the hunting, the righteous fights and the departures towards conquests whenever the valley would become too small to accommodate the overcrowding of tents.

When every pact was sealed in the facts, I took decisions concerning my travelling. I received two female virgins from the tribe of Gwidan and two other female virgins, but from the tribe of Gourvard. I also got two oxen to pull the chariot and two horses, all of this being really useful for a long journey. I waited for the dawn of a new moon and decided to start my trip towards midnight. I was going away towards the mysterious shadows that never saw the rise of the light of men and things. On the first day, the oxen were struggling through hills and rocks. We had to undertake long detours to avoid steep slopes and forests impossible to penetrate.

At sunset, the women erected the tent by a stream. We only ate smoked meat and wild berries. I did not know the art of living from fresh meat. Brenda and the three other virgins, whose name were Stora, Wienn and Ristel, lit protective fires. And, once everything to keep from big cats and magic spells was done, I exclaimed my first domestic speech.

“Our generations will be immortal for they are the first ones. I have gone down the steps of the Empire from beyond in order to sit with the tribes and pass judgment on their wars. Now is the time to write the page of the Monarchs and of the Princes. Soon I will sit among the children and the children of my children. We reach the boreal shores where other tribes await in terror the oracle of the unknown worlds. We will erect there the tents of knowledge. It will be like those flames that only frighten the wolf and the wild beast and that make human fear go away. It will be like the science that will take away the lugubrious gods from those who still don’t know!”

I will say to the tribes: “Open the gates to the night; I bring the way of reading through the darkness. Do not fear anymore the winds and the spirits for peace can be found in both the storm and the quiet mists. Everything that acts upon the earth or the land is born of the earth or the land. Only the man born upon the earth or the land can act for or against the earth or the land. Do not fear the men who do not know for those ones kill fearing they will be killed. Do be afraid of fear itself.”

Women, spread the hides of sleep. We will walk six moons and I will wait from you the first offspring of my race.

It was during this first night of traveling that I tasted the lukewarm scents of the female for all were penetrated before dawn. In the first displays of light, I went to the woods in the hope of catching some wild birds. My arrows reached their goal only once. When I returned, the women were laughing at me on account of my unsuccessful hunting. From then on, every day, I disciplined myself in the art of throwing a spear and of manipulating the bow and its arrows. My progresses were quick. I owing to the calm of my age the results that skilfulness and rapidity give to young people. I found out fairly rapidly that the art of the lookout when young people knew only the pursuit and the hunt. I was able to feed the women with fresh meat and to guarantee the survival of the whole pilgrimage. We had to deviate towards the East and follow the waters of a big river or it was impossible to reach the other bank as the river was so deep. I knew immediately that this route traced by chance was leading us to the first stage of our journey.

To the art of hunting, I had to add the art of fishing. The women were maintaining the fire with love, knowing that if the spark was lost then the right to live in those wild lands would be lost too.

On the third moon, we met with the first frosts. We had struggled to climb a mountain. To the cold was added the scarcity of the game. On the top of the mountains, wood and twigs were to become rare too. Many times the fire nearly went out. The poor quantity of dead branches was compelling us to be content with only small fires for the night. The howling of wolves was getting closer and closer. The women came to know the fear that is dictated by the instinct of self-preservation. When we saw the ice-covered summits and the total nakedness of those new landscapes, I decided to stop the journey until we had found sufficient wood and game. Wisdom was telling us to go back, to go down the river (again) and to seek a warmer welcome to the West. I was asking both the night and the stars. The sky remained silent. In the green valley that ordered my journey, was I called to reach those snow-covered regions where would wither the hope of my race before having properly lived?

We stayed there three days and three nights and we were undecided. I was watching the sky every morning. On the third day, under a cloudless vault, we saw, coming from the Midnight or the West, birds of prey which giant shadow was sketching its outline upon an immaculate soil. I tied the oxen and loaded the wagon with all the wood and all the fodder that we were able to find. We still climbed without reaching the tops. It was necessary to dig in the snow in order to set up the camp. Throughout the whole night, I kept awake by the famished wolves attracted by the smell emanating from the hides of the tent. During the entirety of the night, I used my bow and my arrows didn't miss a target as they reached the breast of the beasts. In the morning, the snow was stained with blood. More than twenty wolves had died on the spot.

As soon as we resumed the journey on the road of the peaks, we saw the rest of the horde of beasts jumping unto the cadavers and tear them apart with a ferociousness that justified the starvation of this wilderness of snow and coldness. Our food was getting scarcer. Our animals were the first to be enfeebled by the lack of good nourishment and by the intense coldness. The weakened oxen often fell and were getting back on their feet with more and more difficulty. I was distressed just by thinking of the next night to come.

The storm wind caused some thin white dust to arise before the complete unleashing. Blinded, we struggled the entire day. It was impossible to determine the spots towards which we were walking, animated by the sole sheer willpower to come alive out of this hell. Night was going to fall upon us joining thus the tempest. Then, with the same speed that wind has surrounded us, we ended up in a sunny dusk but still really cold. We had passed the summit. However, we had no choice but to erect the camp and to spend a fireless and unprotected night. The women took turn in watching the red flame, like a mother would care for her sick child. We had to eat our food coldly in order to preserve the wood and to thus nourish the meagre hope to keep until the end the flame born in the green valley. We didn't struggle much going down the mountain. Now and again, the frozen soil obliged the animals to slow down their pace. As soon as we reached the pastures, I told everyone we would stay a few days there, so that we could gather back the strength needed for the pilgrimage and, also, in order to replenish our stock of food and, thus, continue our journey towards the Midnight, that is to say, towards the West.

Leaving both the camp and the animals under the watchful eye of the women, I went hunting. Our fire had returned to its former glory. We could thereby roast and smoke fresh game. I had been walking for hours and started to give up finding beautiful game as this land seemed devoid of it. Nonetheless, I continued my way not knowing exactly why. Usually, all my decisions are dictated to me. In reality, it seemed impossible for me to come back as I was feeling a new adventure was round the corner. Perseverance was worthwhile and I had just killed a good size deer which I was going to bring to the camp when a thud made me lay my bloody burden. I first thought it was the growl of a wild beast seeking for some prey or some love. A kind of brightness or light flooded the landscape. The unreal was invading the spots which, until then, were the domain of a fauna without originality and, it seemed, poorly dense. The brightness or light became still thicker, the trees disappeared and, without having moved one bit, I found myself in a landscape of bareness and transparency. I was paralysed, as fixed as the rock of the old shores and the ancient banks. In the middle of the drama that I was still not figuring out, the silence was master and reigning. Haloed with a shadowy braid, I saw the first voice. I describe as voice this tall being from who emanated an unreal melody without a single line of his face moving. The whole cloud was soaked with music or rather untold rustles. A sort



of fuzzy drowsiness invaded the last impulses of my conscience. I was total listening and pure hearing. And this is what was said to me:

“Folks will never hear the voices of wisdom. Those tribal people who have decided that they know hide the truth behind the walls of pride and anger. Wisdom must bring down the ramparts of the domain and, with the doors now opened, she will dictate the laws of departure and return. They are born for travelling, all acquired land is belonging for a single season of food; every valley is a welcoming spot of resting for only the time of a halt. Nonetheless, people will work out the limits of their domains and will wage war wanting to aggrandize the places of their debates. Write for the people the first law of wisdom. Carve in the stone the picture of a sea bird; it will be the symbol of travel and freedom. Wisdom is not hidden in an enclosure. She is the goddess of the most distant horizons. Every people must walk towards its temple. Thousands and thousands of generations will journey towards the star. Many will fall on the way and will never reach the forecourt of the temple. The road is tough and there are so many dangers that the chosen ones will say: ‘We will never do again that trip. Only madness has led us to the summits of wisdom; only contempt for all reason has led us to the steep banks of this temple; only the refusal of the troubles drove us out of the tents and threw us into this quest that does not even console us once the goal is reached.’ Those who say they have arrived and have a rest at the end of the road are mistaken for, during the time of rest, the shores of wisdom have moved away and the journey has to be undertaken again. Perhaps, a single person will understand the wandering of knowledge and will tell all the generations to avoid staying on the hills as well as sleep and resting which are, in fact, only the sanctuary of death and ignorance. One is mistaken when one says: ‘I have passed the gates of the wise folks; I am among my peers in the motionlessness of knowledge.’ Carve in the stone the signs of motion; thus the shepherd will not put the herd in the enclosure of death. He will draw for himself the path of eternal transhumance. Write down the first law of Wisdom: the sage doesn’t rest. The one who remains refuses to know. Wisdom is confused with the quest for wisdom, a march held for eternity. A perpetual motion towards another motion, a momentum towards another momentum.

Pass the arcade because here is what will be written on the first pillar at the temple of wisdom: “Leave the dream float beyond realities and thus reach only the real. Things are only appearances. They belong by nature to the wind, to the storm and to everything that comes and disappears. The dream alone touches the immutable and the sage must be born and live from another world. You must stop saying that wisdom is a question of age. Old age has the egoism of knowing, but it leaves the world by pretention. Never leave the world of childhood, of escape and of the intimate magic of wanting to be. Old age has only the ambition of wanting to last. Wisdom is outside both time and places.”

The ship will sail straight ahead, whether the wind comes from the south or the north-west, like a straight line on the supreme arcana. You will places of delight behind the dark walls of everyday life. It is beyond each day that the river of honey and the perfumes of the dawns flow to the Fabulous Orient.

But there will be the tribes who will say: “Hunting is essential for we must survive”, and another one will say: “Living is our main occupation, so let’s live for the hunt and for giving birth. Beyond, there are only the returns to the misery of journeys and to the torpor of cold nights. Let’s live for the fire

of the tents for dreams are mad and will not lead anyone to good fortune. We will not seek beyond each day the reasons to hope.”

The quest is now and this one is despicable who seeks to escape towards some other place that no one knows about or knows it only through the impreciseness of dreams.

You will write for the clans and the tribes the second law of Wisdom: “The wise dreams his own domain. He builds every day the best empire and invites only those who are willing to dream next to him. The guests of happiness have a moving table.”

Go past the arcade, the third one, and carve on the stone the picture of the fox and of worry. Wisdom is perpetual worry. The nations will say: “We have ordered wars and hunts so that our children will not suffer from our worries and from our sadness. Thus we have become wise.” Is it possible however to have fulfilled and still pursue the quest? If wisdom is everlasting quest, then the folks who rest will never reach the gates of the new lands. You must condemn tribal laziness. The clans order that wars and hunts are carried out for themselves and don’t hear or understand the future of their offspring. Talk to the peoples about the worries of the wise ones and their total motion. The work is never over. The sowing is done and then comes the disquiet about the harvests to come. From where will come the winds and how many storms will shake the shoots? Of the thousand seeds that have been sown, only two ears will bloom. The work is never over for between the seed and the ear one can find a whole page of worry. The wise man is the ploughman of rocks and high winds. Nothing dictates to him the success and guarantees him the abundant tomorrows. Folks will say: “We live in the time of certainties and acquired sciences. Our children will not know the mad terrors of our forefathers and foremothers for they *know* and nothing remains hidden.” Folks will say: “Here are the summits we are leaving to the tribes of tomorrow; they summits of light, we have expelled darkness from the origins; the journey is safe for the roads are straight and without pitfalls. Here are the degrees of knowledge climbed by men. We divinized the march, thus the pilgrimage won’t cross unknown torrents. Knowledge will vanquish death and we will be the masters of life.”

You will tell the tribes who live on the plains and in the mountains: “Don’t write down the books of certainty and of science, for those books are misleading and take man away from the temple of wisdom. Progress belongs to the heart and not to knowledge. Certainty tells us to rest and resting is a vestibule of death. Tribal wise folks, tell the people that tranquillity is abandonment. The land is frozen, whoever goes there to sleep accepts the torpor of the great colds and lets himself be covered by the great shroud. Don’t let yourselves be surprised by the false dawns.”

Write down for folks the third law of Wisdom: “The wise one tells us that science is only a tool and not an end in itself. Knowledge is not a definitive consolation. The sage has the worry of his distresses and the distresses of his worries. Choose for you and for all, the doubt to go beyond mortal levels of knowledge.”

The luminous mist was dissolved and the entirety of the décor of before and taken back its place. I skewered some animals, picked some wild berries and returned to path leading to the encampment.

The women, worried on account of my long absence, were keeping the fire burning. Starving, we hurried in cooking the animals killed by my hunt and, satiated, I undertake to deliver the second domestic speech:

I will not mention to you the pillars of wisdom and yet we are at the fifth world progress. Man was and died through mercy. Contemplate the mountains and the plains. Who can tell us the measure and their extent, who will tell us the capacity of the amphora which is called earth? Whatever the importance of the water skin, it is filled drip by drip. So will it be of the earth. Imagine all the valleys where the tribes have waged war, where every generation of men was killing another generation. Imagine those valleys with a hundred thousands of peace and happiness. Each valley would be an ant-hill where the father would crush his own children, where the last one would be sacrificed for the survival of the older ones. When ten men will have to live on an acre of land and that very acre of land will have to provide for the needs of ten men, we will be the ravaging insects and, when the land will be ravaged, man will eat man.

I will thus tell you tomorrow's worlds. They will destroy the temples built by simple charity. They will break all the veils they have woven to mask the poor nudities. Tomorrow's adventure will be sketched under a sky of anxiety. The worlds will have the heart to lead the hunts of survival. Man will hunt and chase man. For all the wars will have before justice the same laws and the same forgiveness. They will come, like wolves, from every corner of the world, take the last part in the last feast. Thus the worlds will have lived the times of peace and will write only concerning the times of tempest. Then only will survive the ignoble ones and the savage ones. They will be the pilgrims of the new conquests. They will rebuild the world in the name of the Laws of their survival and will people again the valleys.

Wisdom is located halfway between the imaginary world and the dream world. The imaginary world is only the projection in the future of a real and past world, i.e., a supposition which has been made, a solution which is neither concluded nor conclusive. The imaginary world possesses within itself the seeds or principle of its own destruction. One cannot destroy the dream world for it is indestructible. Dreams deny imagination. I can imagine a world marching forwards inevitably towards its real end in order to be reborn out of its ashes. And I'm dreaming about this same world which is everlasting and unchangeable. And I'm dreaming about the valleys without tribal war for wisdom dictates us to have a peaceful human heart. Under the tents is born the honest will to love everything that lives of life.

The colleges of the wise will be divided according the fact that some will hold for inevitable the march of the imaginary world and will order the wars and the storms. They will be promoted as political sage folks and will declare: "We wish to have an everlasting world. We will have to destroy the invading tribes, the dead won't have any offspring, so the amphora will never be too full and all survivors will live happily. Let's have some small wars today so that tomorrow there won't be any conflict." Those wise folks will also state: "The weak must die. Force alone can project the world of today into a flight towards tomorrow." Of course, they will regret that people have died but they will claim that their death was useful; they have given their life so that the survival of the children could be guaranteed. Those sage people will lead the world. They will pass laws in order to give power to themselves. They will be kings, princes and prison chiefs. They will promise the clans that they will give them the fake republics in which everyone will believe to be free when in fact there won't be any liberty.

The schools of the wise ones will be divided. Some will say: Wisdom belongs to life that nobody can destroy. These will be reckoned to be philosophical wise folks. They will desire to build the dream world and will think that the natural laws are true. They are the happy medium and only Nature leads the world to its everlastingness. They will say: "Humans don't need to intervene for the world doesn't carry within itself the seeds of its own destruction. Only man destroys and his destructions are useless. The Law comes from Above. Because it is said that everything that does not touch penetrates and is accomplished with all that is seen and heard. For the unnameable is the voice and the eye of each thing. True wisdom is accepting the unnameable as the sole law and the only commandment. Everything that exists is the toy of the beyond; man cannot and must not intervene". The philosophical wise one will state: "We must forget history and past for tomorrow's world will not resemble what was done formerly. Let's make sure that history remains silent for no wisdom is written in it. The conquerors have said: our law is dictated by and from the beyond and we are custodians of every right. The slaves have said: our law is ruled by the heart and brotherhood, thus we must emasculate the invader". The ones are the demiurges from above and the others are the demiurges from below. From slave to conqueror, it's only a human history and wisdom resides elsewhere. The philosophical wise ones will state: "A law belongs to nobody. It is naturally from 'being' and everyone must know the background and the shape of it. We will teach the world the Universal Law of the Beyond. Man will thus learn that he has only duties and that he doesn't belong to himself and possesses nothing."

For there are two worlds that don't have the same rules and measures. That which is conceived within is only conceivable without. The world of beyond belongs to nomadic folks, to all those to whom the farandole of traveling is their reason for being and their source of authority. Nomads spoil all the cities and claim that, at the end of their trip, they will reach the City of everlasting youths. Their quest is towards the outer, they seek in places and in time. Yet, they know neither why nor how and what road to take to attain it. Whoever accepts the external world must take on board the many wanderings and the night marches. In those mazes, may get lost. But also why do they rig their ships for calm seas and why do not they plan for the potential storms?

This world of Beyond is imaginary for it is built upon appearances and mirages. What is seen, touched and heard is hardly important for the essential is neither seen nor touched nor heard. It belongs to the Inner world that never touches on the logic of phenomena or the sciences that describe curves and meanders. It will be prohibited to say anything concerning the Inner world because it is impossible to circumscribe and its content, its appearance and its behaviour. Is it possible to define the light without the phenomena that locate it or figure it out? Such is the situation concerning the Inner world that no one can describe without going astray in the mazes of the world of Beyond. Only the dream can lead us to the green pastures, to the tranquillity of such a world for only the heart approaches it through the shores and the banks of generosity. Dreams don't teach; they give instead.

Women, listen up! The new Cities will be transient for men will construct the dwelling before the walls. They will only care for their welfare and their convenience. They will belong to the world of Beyond and will proclaim that only exist the ways decided in accordance with the sciences, their will-powers and their ambitions. The world of Beyond is condemned like any tree which roots are cut, like any "cut thing of source", like any "cut body of soul". The men of the new cities will tire their eyes through a fixed staring at the inaccessible stars when all of them are within reach of the dream.

The new Cities will be ephemeral for their foundations will be only dust and particles of knowledge. The quicksand of science will define the world in a hundred different ways while affirming, in every time, that the law is unchangeable. All the knowledges will have as bedrocks the notions of unity and of number. But nonetheless, numbers and unities and units have the colour of transience.

Thus the City of Knowledge belongs to the world of BEYOND, to the ephemeral and, finally, and lastly at the times of easements and servitudes.

### **AR RANN KENTAN – THE FIRST WORLD**

The flames still rustled and drove the shadows beyond our circle. The women retired in the tents after having fed the fire and covered with ashes the good old embers. I dwelt for a good while sitting on a stone, seeking to untie the skein of facts and sayings of past hours. I saw furtively the secret porticos of dream and the continual choice to which some compel themselves, those who through a will to be flood the dreamland of their sleep and their night.

The silencer takes root in the first hours of the night. The velvet-smooth sounds of the sleep of the earth keep hearts away from everyday storms. The silence ..., the nocturnal rustling of soul ...

Time flows.

During sunrise, we will go down the mountain; the women will give birth in the next valley. We will wait yonder that the offspring becomes stronger before journeying towards the cold lands of the boreal tribes.

Time goes.

In the diffuse light that enveloped everything, I saw the red hair of oxen shine, which seven days of pasture had fattened. The breath of the horses troubled the domestic languor. The silent night was inhabited.

Dreams sail.

Where did I know, and where did I learn the second and third worlds' main words, if not during the pilgrimage of the night souls? Do not sleep under the sun. The day does not dig any road in the sand of the desert.

But he comes back during the day.

The stars were becoming pale under the vault, announcing the coming of dawn. I spread my body upon the hides and fell asleep in spite of the coolness of the end of the night. I did not dream and woke up only due to the noise that the women produced in lighting the fire. Every morning, they used to smoke slivers of meat by burning herbs and green branches. Mad like any youth, they were laughing a lot. All four were heavy. Work, for them, was increasingly toilsome. I gathered oxen and horses to get back on the road in order to find a valley sheltered from both winds and storms. Around noon, everything was ready for the new stopping places on the journey. The last rains had soaked the soil, making the first hours of the pilgrimage more difficult. The women climbed up into the chariot and I had to lead the team on my own. In a sky of collusion, the birds of prey fly over our

caravan. Probably disappointed by our slowing down but regular progression, they headed towards the place of sunset.

Shadows were getting longer when we heard the muffled and rhythmed drum rolls some distance away. Prudence ordered me to stop our journey there. I organized the stopping, regretting to be unable to continue the trip under the golden light of day. One could see both worries and fear upon the women's faces. Who could thus beat bronze in those places when both solitude and the void seemed to the rulers? We made sure we did not light the flame lest the attention of unknown tribes would be drawn to our camp. Both oxen and horses were seized by fright and panic and trampled on the spot.

I left the team of horses and oxen with the women who were going to look after it and I undertook to seek the spot from which resonated the sounds, hiding myself behind rocks and the folds of the ground. I advanced a distance of three shot arrows and became unable to orient myself as the sounds were coming from all over the place. Worried, I decided to walk northwards and to enter the forest that started there. Under the foliage, I had less risk of being found and to let myself get surprised. Fear left me for a while. However, I was incapable of locating the exact origin of those drum rolls. I thought I had to retrace my steps when exploded the sound of horns and flutes and I hear the monadic singing of an assembly. This new melody, tender and melancholy, got me to stop my wanderings. I took a path to the east and was not anxious anymore. Those chants were not the work of savage barbarians. The forest became less thick. Through the branches, I could see immobile shadows. I 'froze' at the entrance of the clearing and could follow with my eyes the unfolding of the weird rites of the tribe which folks had trimmed hair or no hair at all.

Northward was a stone altar. One accessed it by irregular steps on the two sides. An old man was keeping a fire alive by throwing a handful of seeds. From the smoke came a bitter-sweet odour.

Following a sign given by the old man, silence came back. A drummer beat the bronze and the sound reverberated in the depths of the forest. A young female virgin, entirely dressed in a red tunic, stepped forwards to the altar. The old man climbed down, gave her his hand and walked up the steps with her. He undressed her and showed her sky-clad in front of the assembly. The bronze reverberated once more and I saw a young warrior walking in turn towards the altar which he climbed using other steps. He undressed himself and both lied down upon a moss bed before the flame. I was still too far away to grasp the meaning of what the old man was talking about. The virgin and the warrior made love. The other women surrounded the altar and started dancing mimicking the gestures of the act of lovemaking. The men didn't leave their spot, all of them remaining impassive, while the meowing of the women was getting louder and louder, and it also was becoming jerkier and jerkier, as if they were experiencing the culminating point of pleasure. The panting became almost unbearable and ended with a screeching so high-pitched I had to cover my ears. Then silence came back, and that in itself was astonishing. The women returned to their place and stay motionless.

The old man spoke again. And I could still not grasp the sense of what he was saying. The young warrior got up, put himself back into his clothing, while her young female companion was kneeling in front of the gathering. Blood ran down her thighs. The young warrior covered her with a white tunic and gave her his hand and both went to more sheltered place.

Nobody had yet noticed my presence. I thought it was time to step forwards and ask those people with the trimmed hair or no hair at all. As soon as they saw me, the entire assembly stepped back in fright. The women scattered into the woods. I made a sign of appeasement. Silence became unbearable. I made another sign of appeasement and said:

“Listen, tribal men and women, I am a traveller and I am alone and I don’t carry any weapon. Your face is hairless and mine is hairy but do not be afraid, we have the same face.”

The old man who, before, was officiating, took some steps forwards. He broke the arrow held in his hands. He said:

“May this traveller be made welcome and may we take into account his tiredness and his age. Step forwards, hairy face, and tell us the wonders of the world and the folks which have sent you.”

I said: “Neither world nor folks sent me here. I am seeking every world. Could you tell me where I can find fresh water, water which could alleviate the thirst of my travelling animals and women? Will you tell me, amiable old man, into which place does the valley of protective shadows stretch out? I have left the tribes of the south to glean the knowledge of the northern tribes.”

The old man answered: “Stranger, our dwellings will be yours. Our young warriors will guide you towards the hunting grounds and the pastures. Our enclosure will keep your caravan away from danger; take it here under the protection of these steady warriors.”

I saluted the old man and came back to fetch the woman and the team of horses and oxen. The young hunters who accompanied me told me that they had just gotten the oldest son of their tribal chief with a virgin female chosen by the wise men council; the chief of this tribe of people with hardly any hair had just died and his oldest son could not replace him without having children. The clan was led by the council of elders until the pregnancy of the young woman. If in the time of ten moons, she was not to give birth to either boy or girl, she would find herself repudiated. Then the future chief would have to mate with a second virgin and wait for the pregnancy to show itself. If the second female and the third woman were to fail in having babies, then the son would lose his privileges of leadership over the empire of the folks who barely have any hair. The council would then decide who would be in charge of ruling over the tribe towards the destiny that is assigned to it by the gods of number.

We had some difficulties in crossing the wood. Our chariot was too broad and the paths were poorly cleared. Nonetheless, we reached the camp of the nearly hairless people before the night, thanks to the courage and the strength of the young hunters. I ask them about their wars and their way of life. They told me that, now and again, hordes of hairy folks, like me, were coming from the North and then self-defence was a necessity. This explains why they were afraid when their clan saw me in the clearing. Those savage hordes only wanted to take their women away from the ‘hairless’ tribe. None of the abducted females ever came back. Thus, the women of the clan I just encountered trembled because of the fear of being captured.

The tribe of the almost hairless folks never took warfare elsewhere. They were living in a valley in which were growing plants which fruits were tasty, and there was an abundance of game, so the hunters didn’t have to go far to strike an animal. Everyone was free to live and to hunt according to

his will. Nobody possessed something that was not the propriety of everybody. They said they were chosen by the gods and the sages were teaching the science of numbers.

When the women set up the tent, located at a distance of a shot of arrows from the camp, we heard the giggles coming from the curious folks who felt attracted by our caravan. Our shelter made of hides seem to them fairly precarious compared with the solid dwellings that they themselves erected. Those accommodations were round-shaped, made of stacked stones according to very precise standards, between tree trunks planted in the soil. Strong branches supported clods of earth which had a conical roof.

From the next morning, the men of the tribe started to build for us a dwelling according to their custom, and we saw a succession of old men coming to our tent. I went out in front of them and greeted them with respect. The most venerable and, quite likely, the oldest of them saluted me and said:

“Stranger, this is the last time that you will be called in this way. Whoever comes here in genuine peace to learn the secret of the three worlds is brother of race and heart. We want you to feel welcome in Gotthar’s clan. If it happens that you were born under the sign of wanderings, nobody will compel you to stay here, but your women are heavy, your sons will be able to dwell here and, later, they may rule over this empire. Remain and leave according to destiny and stars. I have spoken.”

I said: “I will inhabit the dwelling that the brave men of this tribe are building for us until the birth of my offspring, and perhaps for a longer period if your knowledge is accessible to me. Will I have the privilege to hear the first secrets of numbers?”

I was told: “Unity exists only in itself and cannot exist twice or in a twofold way. Such is the first law of our science. I will tell all the folks of the tribe the reasons behind the first law. You will be able to hear and say what’s right in all wisdom. But before, the clan must take decisions concerning feasts and presents of welcome. Come into the first dwelling of the tribe.”

I replied: “I will enter into the enclosure of the beardless men.”

The elders went away silently. The young warriors ceased their labour and they too withdrew. A beautiful sun was spreading itself like a new grace upon the prairies of the valley. The women started singing. After the non-stop troubles of the journey, they comforted themselves in the heart of a foreign tribe in which seems to reign an everlasting peace. We went to Gotthar’s enclosure in talking joyfully.

All the dwellings were huddled in a circle within a practically impassable square palisade. Heavy wooden doors, badly carved but thick, allowed people to enter it via the four sides. On top of that, those doors were kept open. They were only shut during the night and the warning was heard that savage hordes were on their way.

The women had set up the table upon the central square. On braided rinds were spread many fruits which taste and name I didn’t know. I was invited to eat some of them. The whole tribe was waiting for my gesture to begin the greetings. Those fruits were really delicious and deepened my appetite. We ate a substantial quantity of them, standing up, while having a conversation in the most



brotherly joy. The young women had their prettiest attire and the entire camp was colour and laugh. The women took away the berries that we did not eat and dancing started. The dances were interrupted by the sounding of a gong, and I saw coming, carried by two young men, on crossed branches, pieces of grilled meat. We lied down on the ground in order to continue in a better way our feast. Only the elders were sitting on a raised stone and were eating slowly what the women were keeping for them: the best bits.

We drank avidly a bitter drink and reached drunkenness long before the sunset upon the hills. The youngest fell asleep on the ground. The toughest and the older folks went back to their dwellings. I dozed next to the youngest people.

The Sun swept away the intoxication and I was able to get from the elders the many gifts they promised us. The women brought the presents under the tent waiting for our accommodation to be finished.

By night, both brass and horn were calling us to be within the palisades. The women stayed in the tent, I alone went to the enclosure. Some young folks were forming a semi-circle before the venerable elder who had greeted me earlier in the morning. I chose a spot and stared at the old man lost in his dreams. A weird calm prevailed in the surroundings. The gaze of the wise one had something funeral-like about it. His crumpled face had neither colours nor, so it seemed, life. Was he breathing? I recognized his voice but his lips didn't move. He spoke without the external signs of speech. And this is what I heard:

"I have eaten, fearlessly, the red herb of the mountain. Here I am motionless among the immobile ones while you remain the field of motion. Do not bow low before my appearance for will comes the time when this one, i.e. my body, will be only a transient dwelling. Soon I will leave it behind to abandon it to the earth. But now is the moment to say something concerning the law about the first number. The first number exists only in itself and cannot be twofold, two times. Stop saying: "I have fathomed the secret of knowledge" if you can add or extract something that which does not look alike, of that which doesn't resemble itself. Here is what is true in the first world. The unity is not subjected to the law of the whole and the whole is not a sum of units or unities. Unity is eternal, it is its own energy and cannot be destroyed and neither can it self-destruct. The whole can vanish for it is not a sum of units or unities, but a temporary alliance of units or unities. I have masticated the red herb of the mountains and I am motionless among the immobile ones of the second world. Therefore, I am able to talk about the first world to those who are in the motion of down below."

When the voice stopped speaking, I said:

"Wise man of the Gotthar clan, I heard you in the mountain when I was undertaking a solitary hunt. Thus the voices of the second world attempt to do the pilgrimage of solitudes."

The old man said: "Wandering man, don't seek to locate the second world as it is the point where all places meet. I was talking here and you heard me on the mountain. Everything else in the first world, you would have been able to hear the laws of wisdom."

I replied: "Wise man of the Gotthar clan, I have judged the men of the tribes of the green valley. Have I thus judged according to the laws of the second world?"

He said: "The laws that you dictated over there were the laws of the solitary one who wants to safeguard the herd. They are good and righteous and will remain so until the day when the motion of things will change their sense."

I asked: "Wise one of the Gotthar clan, pray tell me the best laws of the first world."

He said: "The first world is the inheritor of all the winds and every storm. Is there a definitive law for winds and tempests? The first is appearance of the whole; can one write something about appearances? The whole is transient; will one write definitive laws for what is dying to reappear tomorrow in the form of different wind, in the shape of another storm? The best rules that the folks of the first world can write for themselves have as basis that which is ephemeral. From this world where only the unity is motionless and unchangeable, when the whole is in the motion of time, laws are good only if they recognise a very broad interpretation. Thus man writes laws for the times of war and other ones for the times of peace. Those laws don't share the same reason or the same nature. Whoever writes for the storm dwells in the tempest, and whoever knows only the plain is afraid of mountains."

I uttered: "Wise one of the Gotthar clan, tell me more concerning the happiness of the men of the first world."

He responded: "Wandering man, why have you left the warmth and the quietness of the camps for an uncertain pilgrimage? Your happiness today is the quest for the joys of tomorrow. Thus, you belong to the transhumance of the men of the first world. Seeking for happiness condemns the defined; ignoring tomorrow is the main source of happiness; hoping for a future happiness is enough for today's happiness. The more you expect to encounter joys in your adventures to come, the more your happiness is great in the day of trouble. It is because hope is the virtue of youth that the first world belongs to them. When hope fades with age, the pilgrim is becoming detached from the pleasures of the first world. He accepts motionlessness as the sole law, death as a gate to the second world. It is written in the Book of the Wise Ones of Gotthar: in the second world, the whole is a definitive alliance of the unities or units of the first world. A whole thus becomes unchangeable in connection with other wholes that are all motionless."

He added: "Wandering man, listen, do you carry the children slung across the shoulder? When fear leaves the cradle, don't you think that they are admitted and forgiven? I return to the first world, I wake up, tell me the marvels of the world which is sending you."

I answered: "I spoke ill of my world and yet wants to like it. Get back your face, quit your voice, wise one of the Gotthar clan. Brighten up your skin. Listen to my youth."

I continued: "For any science, I who disdain fortune and wealth, I give the dreams that nobody can pay or buy. Wise man of the Gotthar clan, the escape offered by dreams leads one to the gates of every world. But all the dreams come to an end and nobody can stay in a dream without being considered mad by the rest of the tribe. Thus the one, who, by constancy and wisdom departs to conquer another world, is expelled from the tribe or the clan. I left the tribes of the green valley before being stoned to death by the clans. Here are the wonders of the world that is sending me and evicting me. I accept for myself and my offspring the sign of wandering. It is time to knock at the doors of tomorrow without trembling any further on the paths of uncertainty. Wise one of the

Gotthar clan, will I ever find the keys of the world beyond? For a long time, I believed that every door was open to the dreams of the first world. But dreams never approach the shores and the banks that you have mentioned.”

I stared at the old man and got no response from him. Colour returned to his face, his look became alive again and his blood was getting warm. His body left its erratic stature. Nobody moved. We were aware that we were witnessing an extraordinary phenomenon going beyond our understanding. A young man told me that departure towards the other world was creating more anxiety more returning from there. On top of that, nobody had the right to attend this escape for the laws of the tribe punished, strongly it must be said, anyone coming closer to the sage before the blowing of the horn. In the past, some imprudent young folks took the risk to surprise the wise man. The spectacle induced madness in them. The clan banished them to the village of the innocents one from which nobody ever goes out and return.

The sage was standing up. His washed-out look was still wandering in other plains. He withdrew peacefully into his dwelling without saying a single word.

I went to my tent in which the women were sleeping heavily. I could not fall asleep for a long while. All the things I heard were coming back to my conscious recollection, and I saw how big was mistake to have ascribed the dream-world to the second world. The knowledge and the dreams of the men of the first world never spill over the limits of the moving of things. All the vague desires of our imagination cannot breach through the sphere which can be seen as our prison. Will I ever discover the gate from which starts the path of the sun and of new sciences and leading to them? I decided to go to the village of the innocents in the morning. Warning the wise ones of the Gotthar clan seemed to me an imprudent thing to do. Doubtlessly, they would not admit my visiting this mysterious emplacement. Sleep took over and I did still not know how to accomplish the trip.

Go, sweet messenger, bear the tenderness the nights to the eternal arcana. Let the team sleep because it is not necessary to get bogged down in unknown paths. The cartage has the heaviness of earth, horses and oxen never have a firm hold on the ground. Pass, sweet messenger, via new paths; nobody knows where leads the last call. You will tell us concerning the places and their unchangeable coldness that are covered by the motionless kings. You put in the crossing of the ways the sign of wanderings, thus will I get back, for myself and my offspring and their progeny, the quickest roads to lead my vessels to the dwellings of the gods. Go, sweet messenger, bear the tenderness of the nights and take it to the eternal arcana.

The morrow following the night and I got up at sunrise and started to look for the young warrior who talked to me the evening before about the village of the innocents. He was busy building our dwelling. He came to me, stood up but said nothing.

I said: ‘I seek a companion for going onto a trip. The other villages of the Gotthar are many, the forest is thick and I am afraid to get lost. Be an agile and an enlightened fellow. If you guide me, I will not fear the ambush of the nights.’

He answered: ‘Stranger, I accept your companionship. I know all the inhabited places of the Gotthar. I was born in a different valley. Long ago, my father decided that I had to come here in

order to learn the science of the sages of this village. I will thus take you to the abode of my father. It will take us two days walking to that place.'

Our dwelling was finished in the afternoon. We folded back the hides and I helped the women settle in their new shelter. It was difficult for me to leave them without providing for their needs for many days. I mentioned the issue to my companion. Without answering me with a single word, He went towards a group of young hunters. He spoke with them and they all looked at me.

My new friend said to me: "Stranger, don't worry about the fate of your women. These men will take care of all their needs during our absence. We will tomorrow at sunrise. Let us warn the wise men so that they don't worry about the absence of the guest."

We went to the elders' council and expressed to them our wish to visit all the villages of the Gotthar. They advised me to be careful and to avoid any disrespectful intrusion in the sanctuaries. One of the old men told me not to go to the village situated in the northernmost part of this territory. Those who live there, so he said, belong to no world and the weirdness of their knowledge makes them like zombies which silence is not troubled without danger and so it is better for one's sake to give up paying them a visit.

I spent my first night in a stone-made dwelling and was astonished by the real comfort and the gentle warmth of those buildings in which the cold and humid breath of the night did not and could not penetrate.

During the first sun, my companion came to fetch me and we departed in the 'dew'. My guide turns out to be a good one and a reliable support. His rapidity was equal to his agility. Thus, freed from hunting worries, I could indulge in reverie while walking in ill-defined paths within the forest and the many copses. I was intending to reveal to the young hunter my wish to penetrate the forbidden realm. I was counting on time for keeping an occasion to go there alone through deceiving the vigilance of my fellow traveller.

He barely spoke and our first day together was rather silent. In the evening, we climbed abrupt slopes and we reached a platform on the side of a rock 'pierced' by caves. We rekindle the flame at the entrance of one of them in order to spend the night there. My companion continued in his silence and I dared not interrupting his meditation.

We were reclining on the hides that we used as mattresses and he said to me: "Wandering man, I have read upon your face worries and hurry and I know since this morning the aim of your quest. You don't belong to our tribe and our prohibitions don't frighten you. You are a gentle companion and your wisdom is big. I was listening to you when you were talking to the sage of the second world. But he did not answer you when you spoke to him about dreams. The wise one doesn't reply to questions which are already answers. Thus, you know today that our dreams never spill over the world of motion, the first world. Yet, you want to leave our shores. I know that you want to go to the village of the innocents. Take care for none has returned from the monstrous luminosities that cover yonder a people of death and desolation. Even though I belong to the tribe, I will nonetheless lead you to the gates of the valley without return. I will wait a whole moon. If you don't come back, I go back to our village in which dwell your women and I will tell them not to wait for you. If you leave

the valley of the innocents before the deadline, I will bring you back to your abode and will keep silent so that the wise ones don't expel you from the clan of Gotthar."

I answered: "Why would the elders kick me out? Have I undone the established order by simply wanting to know and seek the reasons for living of all the tribes, or do they claim to be the sole custodians of knowledge? Companion, please listen up: the secret of all their science is on the edge of the forbidden world. They have fenced their knowledge and their science with ramparts of prohibitions and fears. Thus, they have all the clans under their command. Their power resides in their secrets. If you want that your house possesses an effective power and if you desire that your offspring and the offspring of your offspring rule for ever, through wisdom, you will have to find out the secret and take away from the elders their unjust share of power. Man is threefold in his composition. He is at the same time from the three worlds and takes part in motion, unchangeableness and divinity. Those who have come across the secret are exiled. I will therefore go them. Don't come with me. When I return, I will tell you the secret ways of the worlds of beyond. I will pick up the flowers of knowledge in the forbidden valley. But for now, I will sleep under the tents of your father."

He said: "Let's have a good night sleep for tonight. Tomorrow we will reach my father's dwellings at sunset."

We left the platform as early as sunrise. After a long time walking, we reached the banks of a small river. My companion let me know that it was enough to go upstream of the river, as if wanting to go to its spring, to avoid getting lost on the way.

It started to rain. At noon, we struggled to reanimate the flame as wood and grass were too wet. The young hunter went into the river and tried extra hard to bring two big fishes. We did not waste time. Wind was felt during sunset. A veritable squall made our journey very difficult. Now and again, my companion was holding my hand, preventing me to be the victim of falls that could be dangerous and possibly deadly. His agility was really amazing. I could discern behind his look calmness and decision-making abilities, qualities required when one is meant to become a chief in the future.

The sky became clear in the afternoon but the wind didn't cease blowing. We stopped under the foliage.

He said: "Man from elsewhere, I fear neither death nor the unknown. I am not seeking for any form of everlastingness. The knowledge of the warrior does not go beyond the knowledge of warfare. Likewise, the knowledge of the hunter resides in his ability to kill when confronting a beast. I have conducted all the beats with toughness and vigour, and that is enough for my glory and is sufficient to justify my right to inheritance. You who quest after the knowledge beyond the mountains, in a perpetual wandering, tell me, I ask you, what it is that pushes you to desire reaching and touching the secret of the three worlds. Will you take your offspring and the offspring of your offspring to an empire that our wise ones do not know?"

I answered: "If I knew where my first-born would erect his throne, then everything would be written. I seek neither empire nor even some land. I seek after myself and do not find myself. There are in every man unknown beaches which he suspects and cannot circumscribe, hence his eternal worries. I also know that I can never tackle it without refusing to live. Some want to ignore it and others

decide to handle it with some hope to escape from it. Man will put the whole of his science to the service of a sole wish: becoming eternal. I know that only one world is transient, although life is abundant there. It is the world of mutation. Throughout the days, we are never the same nor are we absolutely other. The continuity of our will doesn't belong to the domain of motion. It does matter to me to know whether it belongs to the second world for the whole secret consists in knowing all the way up to death, and how much are we alive in the world of density and weight. We are of the first world if we are only appearance. We drip through quicksand. Time itself is only appearance. At the base resides eternity where we have not still arrived. This is my quest, my sole empire."

The stop was extended. The wind was calming down. The sky has got back its ethereal look. We were now advancing with more regularity. The young warrior never hesitated as to the path we had to take. He knew all the tracks that went alongside the river. In fact, we were already on the hunting grounds of his village. I was surprised to discover a lake nestled between two hills. My guide explained to me that his village was located north of that water expanse from which was also coming out the river that we had followed since noon.

The young hunter became more talkative. He wanted to explain describe to me, during the rest of the journey, the customs, the laws and life in his village. Thus, I learned that his father reigned as master upon all the hunts and the goods of the clan, and that all the villages of the Gotthar clan were independent of each other. His father was not accountable to the college of the wise ones. Elders were respected and also listened to but, in any case, they could not intervene. The right of life or death upon every man of the clan was the sole prerogative of the village chief. The father of my friend had never sentenced a guilty person to death. From ancient memory, exile was the most terrible punishment for, once banished from a clan, no other village would open its gates to the culprit. Condemned to live alone, in a wild nature, fireless and weapon-less, the chances of the sentenced person to survive his condemnation were tiny. If after twenty moons, he was returning to the gates of his village, he could stay there for two days and two nights. He was then given the weapons and the fire needed for his survival. The village of the innocents was created by one of those exiled folks, guilty of raping his brother's wife while the sibling was hunting. The culprit went back to the village thirty moons later to demand his right to survive and the woman whom he had raped.

They walked northwards and built their village in an almost inaccessible spot. This village was considered to be accursed. All the tribes of the Gotthar send, under an efficient escort, anyone who broke the law.

I knew now what to expect to find in the forbidden valley. I also knew that this valley was on top of a mountain and that the way to reach it was more or less secret and hard. The guide did promise me to take me there. I didn't have to worry about the path to follow. It will be there. I postponed for the following days the anxieties of my quest as we could see the village.

The sentinels, invisible yet, had alerted the whole clan. The return of the son brought joy to the village. We went to the central house in front of which was standing a tall man. My companion remains immobile before him.

The man said: "Son, your return is an agreeable thing. The stranger is also welcome. Travelling under wind and rains gives an abundance of appetite to the pilgrims. Eat and drink according your hunger and your thirst. Then you will tell your father the reasons behind your comeback and your projects for tomorrow. But for now, eat and drink!"

The women gave us berries, fruits, grilled meat to eat. We were satiated and drunk fermented beverages and the tiredness of the journey vanished as if by magic.

The son said: "Father, the stranger comes from the tribes of the sun. He has gone through snow mountains and the swamps of the south with his team of oxen and horses. He is also accompanied by his wives. They have been welcome in the village of the sages. His women are pregnant. Therefore we have built for him a stone dwelling for he was living under hides like the nomads of the sun. He will wait in the village of the elders the birth of his offspring. The stranger is a pilgrim, a traveller. He will tell better than me his journey. Let him speak!"

I said: "The tribes of the sun have waged warfare. Thus, I saw brothers killing brothers without any worry of appeasement. I have fecundated myself in solitude and was neither from the tribe of the ones nor from the clan of the others. I asked them to come to the tribunal in order to hear the law of survival. They have accepted my arbitration. Once peace was established in the valley and the young warriors had left to conquer new lands, I led my pilgrimage towards midnight. We walked for a long time. My women are heavy with the fruit of my seed and destiny has led us to the clan of Gotthar. I undertake to visit all the villages."

The young warrior's father stated: "Stranger, all the villages of the Gotthar will give you the welcome that you deserve. Just avoid going to the accursed village! Lost in the mountain, in the most distant midnight, it is accursed in its source and will remain so until the end. They have stolen the secret of the worlds of beyond. They have set the god-man upon the throne and claim to be innocent concerning the faults of the tribes that have forced them into exile. They also say that they have erected the temple of the Eternal. They have established their laws above all the laws and refuse to obey the rules of the Gotthar clans. They claim their origin is unknown and that it is therefore divine. Our elders say however that the founder was exiled from the Gotthar as he took his brother's wife. He managed to survive outside of the villages and returned after thirty moons to take his brother's wife and, subsequently, withdrew to the mountain. He taught his offspring that he was born of solitude and that divinities guided his steps in the night of exile. His first-born built the temple and get himself honoured as the incarnation of the gods."

I stayed twelve days in the new village and there I learned everything one has to know concerning the art of fishing and of navigating in the lake.

## **EIL RANN – THE SECOND WORLD**

Listen to the song of the mountain, the chant of the winds numb by the heat of days. Listen to the winds and the sounds that are said by summits and slopes. See the secret hour of the fireflies spread to the peaks. Among the wild breaths, hold the breathing and the breath of your heart. Listen to the epic of the mountain in which every rock is a stone and every stone is a cathedral. When the winds and the sand pound its flanks, all the ghosts lead the circle in the valley. It is the night of the

mountains erected on the plain like crusts of dry bread on the divine patens. And you sleep upon the peaceful hill.

We had climbed the flank of some hill where the grass was still growing. The soil was becoming more and more arid and coppices increasingly sparse. We were walking for the last three days and our food reserve was getting lighter. My companion invited me to stay at the foot of the peaks for two days so that he could hunt and get some meat to eat. He said that game would become scarcer as we were approaching the summits. This was a fact I knew due to having crossed myself other mountains.

Flasks and cartridge pouches being filled, the young warrior led me to the trek of the heights. On the 6<sup>th</sup> day, I could contemplate the valley of the Innocents. It was an oasis coiled between rough and bare peaks.

He said: "Stranger, here you are at the forbidden gates. I won't guide you any further. I will wait for you here if the gods do not condemn you to stay in the hellish realms. This water which falls on the rocks quenches the thirst of the village's inhabitants. You just have to follow it. Mark your forehead with the sign of the wandering folks so that those down below do not think you are of theirs. Take care regarding magic spells cast by sorcerers. I will await here an entire moon."

I left there my companion and was alone along the bank of the torrent. In spite of his prolonged silences, his presence kept me from the worst loneliness. I felt naked when he was not with me. On the other hand, the apprehension of the next day kept me busy. I was afraid of the enclosure of the Innocents. In spite of all the reasons that were pushing me to seek in those areas the gates and the mysteries of the second world. I was afraid of the unknown.

I reached a headland from which I was able to observe the comings and goings of the exiled folks. First of all, what did strike me was the slow pace of those who were going about their business. Yet there was something more astonishing: I could not see any woman. In all the clans, the women were in charge of household chores. The youngest were strolling about, here and there, with the same slow gestures as the grownups. Even though I was within distance of hearing voices, I didn't hear any sound. A desert silence. By dint of observing the enclosure, I saw no danger in my going there. All the same, I postponed my arrival until the morrow to come. At sunset, the men went to a cave in the side of the mountain. The whole village was getting under the sculpted vault. I was also surprised not to see any fire. Night fell upon the most silent valley of the world and, had I not been observing their activities during daylight, one could have reached the conclusion that this place was forsaken by both gods and men.

I could witness, as soon as the sun was rising, the awakening of the clan. In this time of the first lights, having come out of a place unknown to me, they were gathered in the core of the enclosure. Motionless, they seemed to be waiting for something. Perhaps they were awaiting the first rays of the sun. As soon as the first golden thread reached the side of the mountain and the entrance of the cave, they kneeled and started chanting with a beat of an irritating monotony. They got up once the whole haven was filled with light. Old women appeared then and gave beverages. After having drunken for a long while, the men retired, without any order, and sat on the ground, at a spot which each man selected for himself. Nothing was moving. Under the sun, the clan was as silent as under the vault of the night.



I was not worried about footsteps below and above my headland. Concealed in the fold of a rock, I was surprised to see the women leading the hunt, armed with bows and arrows. One of them, light as a gazelle, saw me. I read in her look more curiosity than fear. I carried no weapon. She made a sign of peace.

I asked: "Woman, do you speak the tongue of Gotthar?"

She made me understand she understood this language.

She said: "The one who reaches these shores is exiled because of the silly laws of those who live down below. I won't ask you what your fault is and what your punishment is. All the laws from down below have no power here. The clans down below live in turmoil and we live in serenity. Don't be afraid of going down to the temple of the innocents."

I said: "I don't come as someone who would be considered as a guilty party by the laws of Gotthar. My only transgression is to have come here. I challenged the prohibition. But I don't belong to the clan of the men of down below. Their laws are not my laws. Where is the fault?"

She replied: "The traveller has the right to come to the silence temple. He will sit immobile among the motionless folks. Knock the doors of the worlds of above and the brother will welcome the brother. The guards will guide your steps until the altar and you will drink from the pilgrimage beverages."

I was not afraid any more of the enclosure of the innocents. The calm and the restfulness of the valley could only reassure my steps. I took the path that led to the first gate. It was not closed nor locked. My coming inside the enclosure brought about no movement. I could read the deadliest indifference upon those fixed visages. I was walking towards the grotto's entrance without any the least worry for those 'undead statues'. I could without pressure contemplate the figures carved upon the stones of the portico. They were simple in their design. Before the vault were engraved circles. All the figures represented three concentric circles of different dimensions 'according to' the flat surface that the rock naturally 'left'. I was going further into the temple. The twilight, creating a contrast with the outer clarity, prevented me to see anything. I had to stop to get my sight used to the near-darkness inside the grotto.

I was in a gallery dug into the rock of the mountain. The floor was paved with large stones joined according to the art of an interlocking that I had never seen. The very high vault would have allowed giants to keep standing up. From cubit to cubit, a firefly embedded in the wall gave just enough light to move forward. This gallery was the work of the men of the tribe of the innocents. There was no usual sound to disturb the calm of those underground dwellings. I soon bounced into a bronze-made and totally fashioned door. It opened as if of its own volition without anybody's intervening and I was struck by the clarity of a huge round room. I thought at first that this amphitheatre was an open air one. In reality, the light was coming from a big crystal ball put upon a black stone pedestal.

The vault and the slabs were ornamented with gold and gems. All around were bronze doors like the one I went through. I got used quickly to the 'throbbing' scents falling from the vault. I struggled to reach a stone platform that surrounded the temple between all the doors. I was prisoner of sleep. The same voice which in the past spoke to me in the mountains addressed me again.

This is what was said: "Stranger, you have marked your forehead with the sign of wandering, you cannot therefore uncover the secrets of the temple for you would have to dwell as a brother among the brothers and, on top of that, you would have to never betray the commands of the worlds of above and of down below. Dream's smokes have made your heart listen to the voices of beyond. It is right that you touch knowledge without being able to act according to knowledge. You will be everlastingly unhappy to have knowledge and not to be able to do whatever needs to be done according to knowledge. None can be a pilgrim and immobile at the same time. The pilgrim comes to the temple to tell his pilgrimage, the immobile one doesn't belong to the domain of questing. When the night will put the mountain to sleep, we will come to the temple. You will drink the hot beverages of the immobile ones and, for a while, you will partake of the second world. Thus, you will see the wonders of yesterday and of tomorrow. You will remember only the world from above, without it being possible for you to return to it once you have left the temple. You must know, stranger, that the mountain's secrets are kept by the mountain and nobody recalls it once he or she has gone back to the valley or the plain. You will for a short time beyond time and space, the veil will be spread over the past and the future, you will see at the same time both the beginning and the end."

I woke up at the same spot, being no longer alone however. All the men of the mountain were sitting with me. They were ghostlike and silent. The more 'alert' ones gave us hot drinks which we drunk slowly. As I was drinking, I was deserting my body as one takes off his clothes. The whole world became visible; I was at the top of the highest mountain where, through transparency, I was reading the past, the memory and the future of nations and tribes, of every nation and tribe. I went to the clan of the Gotthar where the old men rule. I saw all that could happen to the nation and to all the nations and clans that I did not know. I saw the wars and the quarrels from far away times. I saw all the worlds begin and end according to the laws of the second world. I went back to the green valley and knew that laws were respected and peace was sovereign over the pastures. I saw the end of the pilgrimage of the 1<sup>st</sup> born sons of Gouvard. Everyone had perished in water and fire sprung up from the down below world without anyone being guilty. The eldest sons of Gwidan had reached the fertile plains of the great river and were already enjoying prosperity, but I also saw their end and the rancour of all the peoples and nations which, soon, were going to kill all the male offspring of the eldest sons of Gwidan.

I was feeling all the waves of space-less and weightless world. For the eye of the second world knows no obstacles. The will to know gives someone knowledge here. The clear vision of things comes from the overview of things. Living both the past and the tomorrow, to be free from what has been and what will be. The dream from down below leads nowhere as it is true it is an escape from one place to another spot, from one time to another time. It dwells in the motion of outer things. The dream is thin solace for whoever is tired of the arbitrariness of the first world, the one of the first perceptions.

I was contemplating my motionless body in the temple, a thing now dead for a while, a time of desertion. To abstract oneself is already taking part in the world of beyond and in one's death for it is good to see oneself die in the motion. One who does not 'commit suicide' momentarily will never know the immutable of survival. I passed the essential Arcanum and still don't know how I was able to climb the last mountain, the one from which the world becomes a point, a moment. Soon I will visit the stars without leaving the temple of the mountain of the Innocent ones. But it is said that the

return to the world of time and memory will leave me, in terms of recollection, with the perceived world without me being able to intervene in it and to prevent its ending. It is written: those who through escape have touched the sacred sciences will only remember past things and will not be able to take part in the world of tomorrow for it is good to ignore the destiny of things.

He who sees from the top of the mountain the flowing of the river of time in its eternal continuity has only the right to remain silent, which is what wise folks do, under pain of being guilty of misdeeds. Thus I will shut up.

When I awoke, once more the temple was empty. I heard the voice: "Stranger, you have climbed the steps of the second world, if you stay a brother among the brothers, you will despise the world of down below. We will keep you and you will see the stars and the immensities of beyond. Man is "three" in the world of motion, he is "two" in the second world and he is "one" in the first world. Stranger, you can either choose multiplicity or unicity. Choose either the valleys' winds and storm or the calm of the high peaks. Here, and here only, you can climb the everlasting degrees without losing the awareness of being. When you reach the blue shores of the third world, you won't be yourself. For in the third dwelling is found the matrix from which all life come and you will be diluted in others and others will be diluted in you. Your return to the origin will be like the drop of water returning to the ocean. The second world is the only circle in which the knowledge concerning everything gives you the freedom to use yourself as you wish."

The voice continued: "In the first circle, life is played in tune with time and space. In the second world, life is played at the level of the self. In the third world, all the particularities return to the original whole, eclipsing self-consciousness for the benefit of the awareness of the whole. Only the third world is creative. Thus we call it 'God'."

The voice carried on: "Man is threefold in his composition, but he leans towards non-being, towards the divine totality. Stranger, worlds are separated from each other, they all penetrate each other and man partakes of the three circles, but he is also free to refuse the access to the steps of the worlds of beyond; thus you are free to go back to the clans of the men of down below. Those who have attained the marvels of the world of the mountain do not descend to the valley any more. Keep silent! The tribal men would not be able to understand you and would think you are mad if you start speaking of things they don't even suspect and that they think are impossible. They say that our mountain is accursed because none of us has taught the wonders that we know. It is better to be believed by others to be accursed and thus they will leave us alone and won't trouble the rest of those who don't know how to stay in the storm."

I said: "I don't know who is hearing me and listening to me, wise folks of this place, but the sages of the clan of the Gotthar cognize the secret of the second world. Thus they have the power for their youth fear their knowledge. Is there ground to be afraid of the knowledge concerning the second world?"

The voice said: "The elders of the clan down below only the things of space and time when it comes to the second world. They cannot say anything about tomorrow and cannot lead folks. They cannot teach what they only know in an imperfect way. Nobody can fetch the science of the mountain outside of the mountain. Here, all the forces of escape cut the rock and keep the light in the stone without the help of men. The sun lives in the see-through stones and maintains alive all those who

bathe in the clarity of the temple. Here are found the only light and the only exit. There is, on top of that, a bigger temple in which the light is prevalent in both day and night. Your pilgrimage will finish in this high place or Mecca.”

The door of the gallery opened as if by itself alone. I knew that if I stayed there I would remain in this place for ever. Wanting to keep my promise, I walked towards the sun. It was dawn. I spent in the temple an entire day and a whole night. It seemed, however, that I only spent a short while there. My trip to the second sphere situated outside of time had let a day and a night ‘flowing’ upon valleys and men.

I left the haven when a man with an ageless and emaciated face came up to me.

He said: “Stranger, you are leaving the temple and ignore the history of the enclosure. Listen, I cannot yet show you our scriptures and doubtlessly you couldn’t read them for everything is secret. We did not build this temple. It exists since the dawn of time. When our father was evicted from the valley and condemned to exile, he went towards this mountain, hoping to find beyond a people that doesn’t obey the laws of the Gotthar, so that the people’s folks take pity of him. Exhausted, he discovered this valley in which was living an unknown clan which folks claimed to come from green meadows and from another planet. Those men, having neither wives nor children, could see the extinction of their race. They welcomed the person sentenced to exile and taught him how to master the fire of sky and earth, and it was up to him to have an offspring. Our father went back to the valley of the Gotthar to claim the woman he was in love with. She followed him. They had twelve children. Later, all the ones condemned by the tribe were able to come here and survive to sentence. The men from another place taught them the secret of the trip drinks. They were then cognizant of the secrets of the worlds. The mountain has given us everlasting visions, but it has also stopped our lineage. Our wives became barren. Our sons have the languidness of eternal escapes and soon the enclosure will be called ‘the Valley of the Dead’. The sages have allowed you to leave the first world and have given you the solar beverages. Here is what they told me: You will speak to the stranger. His source has not run dry. Let him lead here the eldest sons of his blood and we will give him the secrets the underground City.”

He continued: “It is indeed written: if life leaves the mountain, the latter will destroy the worlds of down below for fire will spring from its sides. The peaks will crumble upon the valleys and the waters will inundate the land. The law is thus a law of safeguarding. If you lead here the eldest sons of your blood, the mountain will live again for the survival of men. Our forefathers did the mistake of teaching all their sciences to all the men of the mountain. Those men have neglected their offspring and the offspring of their offspring to invade the empires of the second world. It is written that a man will come from the south to re-establish the laws of survival and of wisdom. Stranger, the sages who know the secrets say that you will return. Only the eldest sons will know then the secret arcana. The others will hunt and have offspring. Thus, the science of the men from another place will never perish.”

I said: “Tell the wise ones that I will come back to ask about the secrets of the third world. I will lead my children to the mountain’s temple. May the women who are huntresses get ready for childbirth! I will come leading the young warriors of the tribe of the Gotthar.”

My companion had set up the camp in the place in which we both went our separate ways. He was coming back from hunting and I found him standing before the shelter that he had erected. A wave of fright crossed his look as soon as he saw me.

I said: "Don't be afraid of the one who comes from the haven for the valley is not accursed. Wise folks from another world live under the mountain. The exiled one was welcome there peacefully. Nobody holds me and there is none who can hold you."

I continued: "I walked for a long time on the plains of another world and yet, I never left the temple. I saw the fire that the sun had entrusted to the stone, the fire which warms up the beverages of the trip. I drank from the golden cup and all the forces of the mountain had pushed me up to the summit of another world. I tell you that nobody is accursed in the enclosure of the Innocents. I have to make sure they get children. But, before that, we will walk towards the clans of the Gotthar and towards the other valleys. We will not go back to the clan of your father. Let's go to the village of the old folks for I know the secret of their imperfect science."

We barely arrived that we became an object of curiosity for all those folks. No old came to come to meet us. As it was forbidden to anyone to go to their dwelling without an invitation, I stayed a good while without seeing them. I learned from the young hunters that they wanted to get rid of the chief's son without waiting the time limits decreed by the clan's law. Nobody yet dared to defy them. One morning, as soon as the sun rose, we heard the horn. The whole clan went to the dwelling of the sages. The eldest said:

"I have read on the secret beaches of our science that the eldest son of Gotthar is sterile and will not have any offspring. Our council has decided to exile him and will name another to replace him."

The warriors withdrew unhappy with such a decision and my keeper confided in me of their disappointment. I spread the rumour that the wise ones had lied and that their Imperfect science could not foresee the shape of things to come. My companion made himself the faithful echo of my claims.

This very evening, they blew the horn and all the village was gathered before the tables of deliberations and resolutions.

It was said: "The wise ones council cannot allow that the science of its members is being questioned. Who dare to speak against our knowledge and spread rumours of revolt in the village of the Gotthar?"

I said: "I am both a foreigner and a guest in this clan. I don't have to obey the laws of the clan as I have chosen not to stay in it. Hear me, wise ones: I have climbed the mountain, the one you have claimed to be cursed by men and gods. I have been in the temple in which the stone warms up the solar drinks and I have drunken from the golden cup. You cannot know the laws of tomorrow when you only run through space. You have picked up the red herb of the hills but you ignore the secrets of the mountain men. Thus, they have said it to me. I say that the eldest son of the Gotthar is not sterile and that his offspring and the offspring of his offspring will be big and wise in accordance with the law of his clan. Let's the council of the sages takes the decision of waiting according to the time limits decreed by the law before exiling him. Time will show that he who has seen his long lineage was right."

I was told: "Stranger, thus you speak in the name of the forbidden mountain and you dare showing disrespect to the law of the clan. Resume your pilgrimage for you cannot contradict the law of all in remaining in the enclosure. The elders' council sentences to exile and the same goes for all who have listened to you. All you have to do now is to climb the cursed slopes."

I answered: "Wise ones of the Gotthar, might is not something old folks deal with for the warriors are only half-blind. I will go into exile with the eldest son of the Gotthar and all those who will desire to follow me up to mountain. The eldest son of the Gotthar will come back to re-establish his lineage constituted by his offspring and the offspring of his offspring, and you yourselves will be kicked out of the enclosure. You will also go up to the summit but the temple will be forbidden for you. Such are the written things."

The day after, I re-set the team. Twelve young hunters were following my guide. The women climbed in the chariots and we headed towards the mountain of midnight. When the trail became too sharp, we had to free the oxen and abandon the chariots. All the young warriors shared among themselves the entire load that the horses could not carry. One of the oxen fell into a ravine. We dismembered the dead animal and, in the evening, I dried and smoke the meat. When night fell, I spoke for a while of the mountain and its secrets without telling the exact truth.

I said: "The sages of above expect from us the wonders to have descendants. Each will find a hunting woman whom he will be able to mate with and thus his lineage will be guaranteed. The women, as well as the youngest and the eldest sons of every family, will stand outside of the temple. When the lands of down below will be engulfed in the waves and the floods, the mountain will still be intact and our race will be saved. We will be surrounded by water, the arid slopes will become fertile and the island will be called "Mona". It will be secret and untouchable, keeping the secret of the three worlds and of the fire of life. All of this will happen when 1000 \* 1000 moons will have cut 1000 \* 1000 suns. Don't fear the exile imposed by the old men, for it guarantees the sustainability of our lineage and of the science of the men who have come from the sky. I will carve the laws of the clan of Mona in accordance with the eternal science and when the worlds of down below see the coming of chaos, our laws will be known until the last stump."

We crossed the summits when the sun was at its strongest. I saw that some faces of the warriors were showing worries and fears. In spite of my speech, the prohibition formulated by the old folks did not give them peace of mind. I commanded to stop the journey. Thus they were able to look at the enclosure of the Innocents in taking their time. Tomorrow, I will lead the equipage to the gates of the village. May everyone feel comforted from the past when the future and knowledge are kept in this valley!

This evening, I see all the solstices of all the vanished worlds and of all the worlds to come. The fires of the earth will come to the surface and the seas will boil. Not every life will be destroyed for there will be a withdrawal of lives to the second world. When the fires of the 1<sup>st</sup> world will have burned everything upon plains and shores, the sages of the mountain will be revived and body will get warm with the fire of the stone.

This evening I see the children of the new lineage remaking the fires of the camp, then going to the ruined plains, sowing and harvesting. They talked to the future generations about the past wonders.

They tell the sons of kings that the kings are dead and the lands of the vanished empires rest under the water.

Tonight I hear the weeping and the cries of all those who dwell in the darkness of the cold trenches and barely keep themselves sheltered from the harms avoided by those who reach the summits. In the abysses are extinguished the last lights of the past.

Our entering brought about neither sound nor noise. Yet, the sages were dwelling there standing up before the entrance to the temple and were looking at our caravan heavy with tiredness and fear. I walked alone to the throne of the wise one which golden attire indicated majesty and might. The sage raised the hand as a sign of peace and welcoming.

He said: "Wandering man, it was carved upon our most ancient tablets kept in the temple and the secret gallery that the safeguarding of the treasures of the mountain would be done by a man from the South and from the old lands. Today, with the sun of the summer's end and the first winds of midnight and the North, you have guided, towards the fire stone, the vigour of the young warriors of the Gotthar. Be the master upon all the things of the mountain, apart from the things of the temple and of the hidden sciences."

The mountain folks were living in caves arranged in spacious dwellings. We settled down in a part of the camp abandoned because of the death of the childless old folks. In each dwelling was a shining stone which size was smaller than the one of the temple. Darkness was thus banished during sunset.

### **AN DREDE RANN – THE THIRD WORLD**

In the slack of solstices, resting smells like amber and incense. Follow the trek of the hunting women. May the musk and the odours of the long effort guide your journey. Follow the trail of the early morning huntresses. Strike or tame your prey before it has the chance of tasting the red and hot meat of its game. You will return to the Gotthar only after having tamed the proud amazons. They are wild and mate with the big cats of the summits. It is your responsibility to return the female to the man and to keep her in the home, submitted and pregnant.

Don't ask from where the female comes and what she does. Nobody knows the answer. Do the females know it themselves when they answer that the wolves were guarding their dwelling? They date from the last Law. Then every man had to have an offspring, male or female, before tasting the beverage of the sun. And then the aged men neglected the Law and sentenced to wandering and to hunting the last girls born from their last mating. These female became wild. They come to the mountain clan only during the night. They still have their dwellings kept by wolves that have a fire face. Still to this day, nobody gets lost in the area and enclosure of the huntresses.

However, it is important that the youths of the Clan of Gotthar established here their issue, their lineage. Don't get proud on account of the next hunts. Mad running and races is playful work.

Bringing to the camp the robust and well-built deer is better than killing the boar asleep in its wallow. Calm and patience are likely to crown any good hunt with success. The agile greyhound tracks its game in a determined way and doesn't waste its strivings according to the whims of odours and crazy winds. Be vigilant like a sentinel cat and make sure you have the ardour of the bull of the plains. Thus, the mountain clan will grow and multiply its issue.

Once the camp was set up and that everyone has chosen his resting spot, I went to the temple and stayed in the vestibule the time of an escape. Thus was the desire of the rite: 'Come in once the shadows and the lights that accompanied you have flown away or sunken.' The sages were dwelling in an entirely different kind of luminosity. The bronze door was opened and I stepped forwards towards the keeper of the secret books. He was standing motionlessly and then beckoned me to drink from the cup he was holding.

The seasons to come will have neither the colour nor the signs of the old seasons. Here, change doesn't come from elsewhere. It comes from within. Those who are dead are considered to be in this condition only for those who don't know and will never know how to live. The living beings from down below has the same life as the stones and the trees. They dwell in the motion of things and their life is habit and routine.

And here is what the keeper told me once the deed of drinking from the cup was over: "The sages who know cannot rule for they ignore chance and hazard. He who knows can let the one who doesn't in a state of freedom. Knowing the destinies of the clan and of each, the sage cannot let the clan take decisions. If the clan must die, the wise one will hasten its death. If the clan must survive, the sage will compel it to subject to survival. Thus nobody would be free under the government of the wise ones. Only the ignorant can lead the ignorant and only the blind can lead the blind for he entrusts the road to the chance and hazard of laws that the sages discover."

"Wandering man, you do not come from our world; therefore you will govern the valley of the innocents. Lug does not govern. It is man's mission to lead man through his destinies and not towards his destiny. Travelling man, not knowing the destinies of the clan, you will then guide it."

"The one who dictated the Laws of Survival in the past, and in other places, can today write the new laws of the clan of the Innocents. You leave the temple's light for the lights and brightness of everyone. As the shadows follow the lights, the man from down below doesn't climb the summits in a straight line and, in order to reach higher up, he often has to go down again. The ways and paths are straight for the ignorant folks. And the one who knows cannot lead the flock through the straight path that he is cognizant of, without putting into danger the life of the herd."

"One day you will come back to the temple and you will lose the right to lead other folks' pilgrimage. No one can be at the end and remain a pilgrim."

"Lug has sent the wolf to guide the wolf. He has also sent man to lead man to pilgrimage."

"Wandering man, don't worry any more of the worlds that are not of the motion. In order that tomorrow the great secrets find a home and a shelter, for it needs to be guarded, it is therefore important that the mountain folks stay in the world of motion and adventure. Then you will dictate the laws that will maintain and keep the children of the new generations in the winds and thunderstorms of the summits."

"We will finish drinking from this cup then you will hold a council among the warriors of the Gotthar. The forms of wisdom from down below will be enough for your power. When everything will be done for the folks of the motion, you will be allowed to climb the summits of the third world. Go towards the lights of everyone."



I will thus go the unruly lands where the dews do not forsake the plains. The freshness there will abolish all fever. Solitude is already calling me. I will leave men but, before my departing, I will write once again the laws of tomorrow's true sciences and knowledge.

I gathered all the young warriors of the Gotthar. All were trembling. The mystery of the mountain was beyond them. They had still in their memory what was told them in the valley. The motionlessness and the silence of the mountain folks were frightening to a youth more accustomed to celebration meals, to winter mating and to spring lovemaking.

I said: "It is your duty to bring life back to this mountain. It is your duty to redefine the time of wine harvest and sowing time. Do not fear the Motionless folks. Their world is a different one. Don't bother them for they won't answer you. As they see everything, they keep their mouth shut for the good of the new generations. Nobody among you will know the secret of the hidden world of the mountain. You will live outside following the Law of men and of the living. You will live according to the laws of multiplicity and of variances. It is good that this place rediscover the yelling of children, festival music and human orgies. Do hunt and do celebrate every moment of life.

There are behind these mountains sumptuous pastures where one can find deer with shiny and healthy coat. Cut your belts from the mountain leather. Behind these mountains you will find soft ebony. Make your bows and arrows from the wood of the mountains. Behind these summits one can encounter the tastiest fruits. Pick then the berries from the mountain. Let your horses gallop freely for they won't leave the domain of the Innocents. Let your oxen, their females and their offspring eat the pasture grass for, here, the wolf is a pet and only eats cold meat.

The eldest son of the Gotthar stepped forwards and gave me this speech: "I come to you and speak in the name of the others. We have followed the wisdom of the stranger and challenged the anger of the sages of the Gotthar. We have climbed summits seeking for a new empowered life for it is our right to dominate through wisdom. Stranger, is not this a derision to reach to gates of death? We are rats, we don't want to live in those humid caves. I speak in the name of everyone and state: "It was to go through the anger of the sages than to seek for a new life in the vestibule of death." I speak in the name of all and say: "Take us beyond this accursed mountain. It matters than the old ones give you the secret of another journey. We will go on this trip with you. Let us leave these wrong peaks; the mountains crush this tomb and nobody among us cares to stay here. Thus we have gone to exile and here we are in the bottom of this trap, prisoners of those peaks and afflicted by worries. Is it good to give life to that which is happy to die?"

I said: "Is he alive the one who in his haste asks the wandering to only pass without picking up whatever? Life belongs to both the real and the possible. Journey days are as warm as arrival days. Who is a pilgrim? Is it the who travels with his eyes closed and wakes up once the sanctuary is reached, or is it the one who gets intoxicated by the journey risking thus never to arrive to the highly coveted places? Give to your dwellings the colour of life. It is your duty to bring life back to the valley of the Innocents before resuming the road of the quest. Thus, I will dictate the laws of life so that tomorrow will not be an ephemeral dawn."

"You have, in the heart of the mountain, the duty to attend to innocence. Then why would you let flourish doubts and uncertainty? I will write the prohibitions and the rights when quietness will

crown the home fires. When the mind becomes “cloudy” and confuses the detail with the essential, it cannot perform wisdom-based deeds. One must let time bring about detachment from the past.”

I went to the place of the huntresses not knowing anything about the mores of those wild women, and I was thinking that I would not be welcome in their clan. In fact, had it not been for their harsh music and their chanting, one could have believed the place to be empty and totally unguarded. In order to avoid irritating the amazons of this spot, I kept motionless in the centre of the enclosure and I was surrounded by a mob of dead-eyes wolves that, in spite of their ferocious look, kept themselves a good distance away from me. Later, I came to know that a single word or a sole order would have been enough for this horde to tear me limb from limb.

A voice said: “Stranger, walk slowly towards the long stone that you can see on your left. Lie down. You will fall asleep there and then you will tell us what brought you here in this place. Step forwards to the stone and don’t fear the wolves and neither should you be afraid of the clan’s arrows.”

I did in accordance with the command. The wolves moved away. It was a flat stone supported on its two edges by two standing stones driven in the soil. All around was a field of gravel ornamented by many colours. I lied down. My bed was immediately enveloped by a light mist with a suave and numbing scent. I barely had the time to see some smoke rising from the gravel and, already, sleep took me away in background of music.

“An odious drunkenness led the pleasures of your bed. To the drama of seasons you will add to the drama of seasons the drama of afters and priors. You will experiences seven times the death of cowards for resting is your only search, your sole worry. You will not touch the joists of the sky while keeping on hand the goods and the domains below. You were afraid of the monsters born of an ocean when the hordes from elsewhere were flying to your rescue. In temples of solitude, you dreams of armies and of conquests, and in the battle areas you rebuke both gods and sanctuaries. Cheating in this way is not to live outside oneself. The voices that you don’t hear and listen to any more are many and are they warmer? The voice that you hear is the one of your heart, the saddest of all. The mountain is silent during the time of resting, but when winds, rains and snows come, it starts to yell and even the wolves tremble. Thus you seek for solitude and you live as if you were dead, being fearful of tempests you return to solitude. You will join solitude and the crash of the ends of worlds. Perhaps in this way you will violate the everlasting snows.”

“You are not yet at the gates of what cannot be touched or reached. Here everything fits you. The misty vaults of your dwelling have the grey of what is transient and of what has already been seen. Daily dramas add themselves to the dramas of seasons. Stay among horse thieves so that you can steal horses. Yell with the wolves so that they do not devour you. From hunt to hunt, from picking up to picking up, you will find again the detestable intoxication of impure beds and layers.”

“I am the mist keeping you, the word and tale of past days and of the times of men to come. I am the epical pigsty holding counsel in the manures of the lower world. What sort of oak are you, you who pretend to climb only the royal way of the three other worlds? Add to the weight of your limbs the weight of your ignorance and you will find again the original wallows.”

“I am the nightmare of the shepherd and his flock of sheep. I am the adventure of the low bottom, I am the underwater algae, I am the shroud of the drowned one and rock and cradle the worried one.

Flush yourself in the glitzy waves. I will tell you stuff concerning the voluptuousness of the ancient cities and the lustful impatience of the female kind. I will butt and push you on the rainbow wrasse of the underground world where every verb and word is gravel. You will be cognizant of the joys of blasphemy, of the cements of opprobrium and of the size and vigour of lies. What is your sign, you who claim the throne of the three worlds? Add your powerlessness to the debris of your memory and you will regain the stale forges from beyond and from within. Lower, lower: such is your measure.”

I woke up. The ‘bed sky’ had a different colour compared with the sky of before. The bed itself was not the same. In fact, I was lying down upon a hide of mountain bear, in a spacious cave with the vault and the walls were ornamented with jewels and precious stones. What struck me was the odour of the place: a smell of blood, of smoke and burnt herbs. I was unable to locate the origin, the sense of the speech and thought it belonged to the mists of the dream, worried only by the drama taking place in this dwelling. It didn’t take me long to realize my situation. I was a prisoner, even if the jail was ornamented with gold and diamonds.

The waiting took a good while.

I said: “To whom will I speak? Have I not come without any weapon? Am I an animal prey or a man to whom speech was given?”

The vault opened then. A young huntress descended, sliding along a flexible vine. She was naked. I was still contemplating her firm beauty when she said to me:

“Only a few folks are cognizant of our misfortune of the last female born of dead men. Stranger, you who come from the Valley of the Innocents, is there a reality sadder than an unfertilized woman? Here the female virgin shares the bed of another female virgin. The oldest ones become wrinkled like the berries that are dried by the burning winds of summer. They cannot even feed themselves. All of them are losing their hair and their teeth. Who would have pity on the fairies of the past that now the wrecks of today? The mountain’s motionless ones have condemned their descendants. We have led hunts for lifeless men, hoping to see the warm blood of the game animals restore their strength and courage. The springs of the sun beverages, which we were forbidden to drink, have run dry. We then had, beyond the summits, sought for other clans and other male vigour. We were chased and tracked down. Many died. In order to survive, it was necessary to inspire fear to potential foes. This is the reason why we have tamed the wolves that keep and watch our dwellings. Stranger, you have come without any weapon, alone and peaceable. What do you bring which is not unfortunate? Have you come for the welfare of the huntresses or to achieve our dismissal? Speak and I will carry your words to all the females who are waiting.”

I said: “Listen up! I will bring you tomorrow both survival and the new generations. I have led the young warriors of the Gotthar to the clan of the Motionless ones. They will be forbidden to drink the sun beverages. Thus, they will keep the warlike ardour of hunters. It is written in the third book of secrets that the Valley of the Innocents would regain the life forsaken by the Motionless ones, for a foreigner come from the south will dictate the new laws and the new punishments for those who would break the said laws. I have come to the enclosure of the huntresses so that things are done in accordance with the Book of the Ancient Ones. The warriors of the Gotthar will come to ask you

women to mate with them. The huntresses will again find the household chores and fertility. I am the guarantor for both the mating and the return to the naturalness of things.”

<here>The huntress lied down next to me. We mated. Such was the pledge. I did slide a second time into sleep, surrounded by the same mist and the same perfume. When I woke up, I found myself again upon the flat slab of the middle of the enclosure and then I left the clan of the huntresses.

The young warriors of the Gotthar, worried by my long absence, had gathered in my cell. All of them were fashioning the project of leaving this sad place to conduct elsewhere a more smiling adventure. Ashamed by their decision, they remained silent. Perhaps they were waiting for more forgiveness coming from me than my anger.

I said: “The huntresses are beautiful. I don’t know the length of time of my absence for they have given me sleep and solitude, and I saw neither day nor night. I spoke for the safeguard of the mountain. So I don’t have an answer or a security yet. Let’s wait the next nights. Will they come submissive and idle or will it be necessary to lead the hunt to the inside of their tents? I don’t know. The huntresses are only half-savage. They live the worry of the dried plants and know that death is ruling mightily over the dwellings that ignore fecundating. Will they come to the household feast and will they share their beds with you? I don’t know. Let’s wait the next nights. They will not come under the sun for they are naked. They will come by night like she-wolves. I have seen the temple where the most forsaken ones kill themselves for they are unable to prolong their survival. Such is the last sacrifice of the old lonely females whose men died in those caves. In the enclosure of the huntresses, the girl cuts the throat of the mother who becomes wrinkled. You will have to tame the wild mares. They will come like guardian she-wolves. Light the lookout fires in front of each dwelling. Tonight we will smoke the meat; you will prepare the pungent juice of the sun beverages. The huntresses will find their way around the rhythms of our dances, the sounds of the cymbals and of the conchs. When the yelling will break the silence, the whole mountain will know that life returns to the Valley of the Innocents. Then, all those who deserted the places of abandonment will participate in the banquet of return. The wise ones will withdraw into the temple, and all the valleys and all the summits will be ours.”

I was told: “Wandering man, during your absence, your wives have given birth to three boys. You are the father of three sons. We greet the first offspring of your race. The warriors of the Gotthar wish you many descendants and solid roots.”

I said: “Now has come the morning of the new era. But it is the prerogative of morning to colour the day. The three babies of my stock will have to live only the times of the clan and the centuries that you will have to make sprout in this place. My offspring will have the audaciousness of the clan. Everything is yours: today’s feasts and tomorrow’s feasts. The bravery of the children is only the reflection of the bravery of the father. Please do lit the fires. I will go to the temple and will dictate tomorrow the new laws.”

The temple was empty. Used to the appearance and disappearance of the Motionless ones, I paid no attention to the silence under the mountain. On a marble table, there was a book which pages were made of gold. The carved signs were unknown to me. Until then, everything that I was taught was through speech. The writing made the riddle more tremendous. Still, I paid heed to the plates, guessing that there were carved the essential secrets of origins and finalities. My fingers were

brushing the engravings when a voice startled me. The master of the secrets was standing next to me. There was no anger in his look. Anyway, there was no secret that I could violate as it was impossible for me to understand the least sign.

He told me: "Stranger, here are the plates engraved by those who knew to resolve time and space. The decline comes from rooting and settling. Anything that is rooted is never free and it only knows the word 'freedom'. Everything than can be measured belongs to its measurements, to its limits. It is essentially its measurements. Upon these golden pages are engraved the secrets of the weightless and limitless worlds. Those worlds are both near and distant. They are beyond the labour of men. The Motionless ones have reached the other shore and they are not among men any more. You will have to dictate the first law which in all necessity will oblige man to stand among men. What would the use to man if he wanted the unnameable and, in doing so, he was to get all life dried up? You must go now and can only come back to the temple once you have accomplished your task."

The velvet of a warm night draped the mountain. The warriors of the Gotthar had lit the fires to keep watch. Everything was ready for the new feast or festival. I made a sign to the horn-blowers to wake up the rusty echoes of the valley. The heavy beatings of the gong and the smoky flames gave the nightly festivities a disquieting greatcoat. All the warriors started dancing. They were naked above the waist, their torso being copper-coloured due to the sun of the hunts. The miracle should come out of the night: would the divine huntresses arrive to roll upon the bed of the warrior? Would be they be seduced by the domestic fires? Night flowed between drinking songs and fertility chanting. I ordered to shed light on the whole valley with the setting up and lighting up of a huge pyre. When all the fires were one single flame, all the warriors danced and chanted the rites of mating as they had been taught in the clan of the Gotthar.

The first female appeared in her splendid nakedness. I recognized her. She held in her right hand a bow and the arrows were in her left hand. The blonde runner came to me and laid down her arms at my feet.

She said: "Stranger, here is the submission that is mine. I will serve your household and will give you good descendants. Everything was accomplished in the temple. The huntresses will come out of the night for it is written that no female will remain deaf to the male's display and showing off."

And the huntresses came out of the night. They all had the same nakedness and the same beauty. They deposited in the circle of light the fresh meat of their last hunting. The wedding feast continued. It was during sunrise and in the morning mist that the warriors selected the females that pleased them. Each returned to his home and dawn experienced the cries of mating at the same time that the scattered she-wolves awakened the wildlife of the peaks.

I returned to the mountain and the solitudes of higher up – the Law comes from silence – and lived an entire moon, far from the clan, nourished with meagre things from hunting, quenching my thirst with the springs of the summit. As soon as sunrise, I perceived the sounds, the movements of the pack. Nobody came to my place of retirement. I was given the privilege to conceive the news laws far from the roars of the tribe and from the worries of ruling the young cohorts.

When I returned, I gathered the clan. Everything there was ordered according to everyone's desire to perfect the tomorrows of the tribe. The Valley of the Innocents lived according to the laws of the

Gotthar. It was important to change these. It is not good to entrust the old man with the right to dictate the rules of survival. To the old person belongs the past, thus he will be content with telling the Tale to the children so that nobody ignores from where life came in the mountain and how it flourished among the rubble. The folks and peoples who will entrust their destiny to old men will see their fate getting wrinkled like the skin of those who lead them. One says that an elder is prudent and full of wisdom. The old man's wisdom is only fear of change, fear of another tomorrow and fear of death. Only those who nourish the clan, lead the hunt or make war can govern. The person must be fed cannot be a ruler.

I said: "The Valley of the Innocents is a new empire and the clan will be called Krec'hell. This name will be the sign and each will recognize the other as belonging to it. The clan is something that cannot be betrayed without being eliminated. Thus, whoever says that he or she doesn't belong here anymore will have to leave the tribe. Whoever will act tomorrow against the interest of Krec'hell will be condemned. The first Law is the Law of belonging and identity. Whoever feels that he or she belongs here will be protected by the clan. Whoever doesn't want to belong to the clan will be condemned. The first Law is a law of exile and death."

I also said: "There is nobody who can situate the Law in time or in whatever place. The Law will be timeless, everlasting and applicable to and in every place. Neither land nor sun nor winter can repeal the Law. When your children will leave the mountain for the future conquests, they will say: the Law was written outside of time and space, thus it should be respected in whatever place of pilgrimage and in whatever battlefield. The eldest son of the Gotthar is of good stock, he will lead the hunt and will keep the new laws. Let him speak:

He said: "I, the eldest son of the Gotthar, belong to the clan of Krec'hell. I accept any challenge based on strength and courage. Whoever challenges me will have to prove his worth and vanquish me. If I am vanquished, I will leave the clan and only govern myself. If one among you accepts the fight and wins it, he will lead the Krec'hell tribe to its destiny. I am waiting."

Nobody challenged him. Everybody consented to the authority of my first companion.

He said another thing: "The wandering man has led us to the mountain. He was born under the sign of pilgrimage and is not one of ours. The children of his lineage will have to have the knowledge of the Innocents. They will be powerful among us for they will reach the secrets and will travel in the arcane of knowledge. The wandering man, who is neither from here nor from some other place, has dictated the Law of belonging and identity. I will dictate the rules of knowing how to live according to the law. Thus, nobody will drink the sun beverages if he is not called to do so by the clan. Whoever is not from the wandering man's stock will not pierce and find out the secrets of the temple. Whoever will walk towards to the temple in order to uncover the secrets will be excluded. He will lose all identity."

He continued: "I will lead the clan as long as strength keeps as the best and most skilful hunter, Any warrior will be able to express his thought and all we be listened to as long as they have the title of 'brother'. Everything belongs to the clan and is at the disposal of everyone and nobody possesses anything. Abundance is a common richness among us, and so are the sad days. The pain of a single person is the pain of the entire clan. Thus there will be no thievery for the thief doesn't steal what belongs to him. Nobody will want to kill within or without the enclosure for nobody wants to kill

himself. When everything belongs to everyone, when all are being themselves, nobody can transgress the law.”

In the following days, the Krec'hell built the common home. It was erected in the middle of the valley, with a length of 20 steps and a breadth of 10 steps. Here were to be held the councils of the clan and the season festivals. The life on the summits was fixed according to new laws. We agreed on some signs to help memory and recollection. The signs were carved on flat stones. Everyone had to learn to decipher them and promise to teach the sense and the reading of the carvings to the children of the new generations.

At the end of the winter, the earth started to quake. Here and there smoke appeared on the summits. The bravest men did not dare leaving their caves. Many believed in the curse of the old men. During an entire night, we saw rain of fire pouring from the sky. Fire caught the common home. The women screamed while cursing the unknown powers. Only the Innocents remained impassive. I was myself worried and I went to the temple.

The motionless ones sailed beyond the movement. I asked: “Wise ones of the mountain, who will tell me the tomorrow of the valley? Here the earth is quaking and flames are pouring down from the sky. Is it the end of the Krec'hell? The forces of the beyond have left their unknown empire; it is to bring about our misfortune?”

They handed me a cup. I tasted once again the beverage of the sun and I saw.

Everything that was still alive yesterday did not exist any more. The world had been washed in a maelstrom of water, fire and sulphur. I was seeking in vain the survivors of the Gotthar. The very places of their wanderings were erased. Water was inundating the least creeks. And each peak was a blaze. Upon the wings of the third world, I saw the endless ocean. In the core of chaos, the valley of the Innocents and the Krec'hell were surviving.

Towards Midnight the land seems to become lost in the infinite. I then knew the way I had to take to end the quest which was mines at all times. When I woke up, I was alone in the middle of the temple. The Motionless ones had withdrawn to the mountain. I returned to the clan.

I said: “Don't be afraid as the mountain is safe. The summit clan has a thousand reasons for hope as the mountain is a good ship leading to the port. The summits are solid hulls that defy the storms of the beyond. Don't seek elsewhere the solace which is already yours. You are the clan of survival and of the new world. You will stop saying 'in the old days' for they don't exist anymore. The great storm has eradicated the past. You will say 'tomorrow' for it is your only safeguard. Tomorrow I shall leave the valley of the Innocents.”

The valley was still sleeping. I left the mountain walking on the northern paths. I was dreaming and thinking of this stretch of land which beyond the summits was getting lost in the mists of Midnight. Such was my way. I was carrying on my back all the useful provisions for a moon's walk.

I reached the path only after walking long days and the walk was getting harder by the shakes that had interfered with all the tracks. Among the broken rocks and the crevices, each step became a new adventure and a new danger.

The more I got closer to the water down below, the more the air was getting warmer, making the process of breathing harder. On top of this heavy and latent heat, the sulphur smell caused me to cough and I was compelled to stop every ten step. Further walking become even more difficult when I entered the misty zone in which all the evils and malicious spells seemed to have decided to meet there.

At last, I reached the shore or bank spread under the leaded vault that I just breached. The air was sticky.

Here is the path unfolded in the middle of the seas, a sand carpet no more and no less broad than the hunting track, I will thus walk upon quicksand, towards the midnight of the worlds. Don't cover the mare that is coming from ploughing before the work of ploughing is done, for the sweat dissolves only with the breezes. I won't stay. I must walk.

I recall the plains where I saw for the first time the traces of my step in the gold of the dunes and the sands. I then discovered the time and the weather, both with a meandering profile. Today, a formless and cold wave undoes the track behind my shadow. I will not come back to the Mountain of the Innocents.

Mona, Mona, burnt pie placed on the ocean, I would no longer touch your shores. I forgot the outskirts of youth for the night of the worlds. But also it is sweet to land the last preamble.

Every man once dreamed of having taken the track which is engulfed behind his race or trip. Every man dreamed of having to accelerate the pace so as not to give the track time to collapse. Every man dreamed of having to accelerate the pace so as not to give the track time to collapse. I am not afraid anymore as I do not dream. My last track is sinking.

Here, in the mist, are found my new prairies and my separate land. A land at the edge of a centre that mankind's history has still not reached. It would be useless to seek here whatever retribution on account of one's struggle to live here.

I will climb my last mountain. Nobody returns from here. I will walk for a long time through the everlasting fallows until the point of dissolution, seeking the divine encampment, the temple of times and things.

There is a point like any other point in which man can only rule himself. It's up to him to establish the height and the demands. Anyway, there is no possible comeback towards the past of times, of things said and lived. In this, man is to the godhood what light is to the day.

I did not hesitate in leaving behind me the world of plurality and of choices. I will soon approach the river of quicksilver to be completely confused within it. The Quest is over. Here comes my seventh death, immutable, final.

For a long while, I travelled under the vaults with the hope of reaching the starred summits. And yet, I have never eaten at the table of princes. I have never left the back kitchen where leftovers were thrown at me. I was the mendicant who was asking from man his humanity and from God his godhood. Thus, I was rejected from tents and from camps for it is said: to each according to his authority and his birth. Upon which slab can one put the fugitive things? When the arbitrary



supports winds, the law and the dwelling of men where can be spread the bed of justice and of rest, everyone looks after his business with a look which is often empty and with the heart in the clouds.

Death itself is fashioned in the clothing of solitude. And is it not right that the seed is born from a seed? And the furrow that was sowed heats up for other wheat.

This one alone rides on your right, which gave you light in exile and the best part of the hunt. That one alone watches over your shadow, which gives you shelter and friendship.

And here is the desert where loneliness feeds. The clan of the others is somewhere else. From where does hope come when the soul is in a state of despair? If the sun comes here, it only sheds tears.

The hunt has left this area for other grasslands. It drizzles in the West and the snake changes its skin. Do not rest on these bleak hills for fear of the wrath of the gods.

For the entire secret is there, and wisdom is obtained at this price. Holding for travel, places and times that make one shore a cradle and another a tomb.

For the entire secret is there, and wisdom is obtained at this price. Taking as real places and times that make one shore a cradle and another a tomb.

Lower your sceptre. Eternity, like the rest, collapses. The very gods are bored. That one weaves himself in silver and gold for he climbs alone the mast under the sole watch of the ocean.

There is neither withdrawal nor fold in which the pain fades. Yet, one has to sow with honour a simple thought and let spring up to the rising sun everything that gives firm clarity.

Thrice he had to resume his flying as so heavy was the boat and the winds were against it. They were headwinds. He must reach the last shore before darkness makes the dead yell. Will the millennial eagle lead our souls to port?

The man of the clan is only self-awareness. The quest leads to the shores of the third world in which consciousness of being accepts and searches for dissolution.

I won't say any more: I am or I was, for I will leave the world of ghosts and of separate folks. I returned to the glebe what comes back to the glebe. I returned to the second world that the things within me which come back to the second world. Today, I return to the third world the things within me which belong to it. If you are led by the winds, you will be damned.

I went down the diamond steps, clothed in nostalgia and anguish. I still hear in the worlds of yesterday the sad galloping of grieving men.

He lets himself slide towards the flame. In the depth of the everlasting peats, he is what he never was: a blue cloud that is dissolved by other breezes, a shadow dissolved at the frontier of a story.