**De Profundis**

**Deep things said at the moment of departure**

**The Master’s Retreat:**

 **“Now I have taught you**

**all that I had**

 **to teach you”**

For 20 years I walked through the desert meditating about the sense of these words, and these words still resounded in my ears as prelude of an Unfinished Symphony. And I say “unfinished” because I felt unfinished. Something was broken! I could not understand it at once, and a wave of strange melancholy left a deep mark in my heart.

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

And I say that I meditated for 20 years about the meaning of this Retreat because the Master’s Retreat came about as a symbol of the total Retreat of the Masters. I travelled through dark philosophical labyrinths and luminous scientific roads, but the Earth was dry and void: I felt my bones tired and my soul in anguish, and when the night fell I stopped near to a fountain in search of water to assuage my thirst. And there I dropped off...

And the Night without stars said what it had to say.

But as I resume the course of my thoughts, what can I say now? Of course, all this is not entirely clear to me, but (De Profundis) I feel that the same ***Word*** hidden behind the veil of the Retreat returns (transfigured) to my own life. And this ***Word*** talks to me:

 From another **state** of the Matter.

 From another **sign** of Time.

 From another **rhythm** of the Heart.

And the world is changed, and I myself speak from another **place**. And I talk to mountains and rivers, to messengers that left this Earth, and to those that stay on this Earth, but have no room on it.

Until 1968 still we felt able to transform the world.

Later it would be late.

We were unable to measure well our strength.

Today we run across a barrier that is difficult to cross.

FROM ANOTHER **STATE** OF THE MATTER

**No more time for dreams**

**17 October 1996**

The Sun hit right on my face when I woke up. I had been working on my “Memories” late at night, and suddenly I fell sound asleep upon a heap of books, letters and memories. I was about to arrange all this material of research when suddenly I reminded my dream: “Seemingly I was in an old house, at a large room, and with many people walking up and down, all of them almost strange persons: but in this multitude I recognised faces of old companions; this gathering was like a convention, congress, or assembly, where an important matter they were going to treat; each of those present had an assigned place, and they occupied it, but I had not any place and looked for one to sit down. Unexpectedly the scene changes, all have left the room, and now they stay on a park around the main figure, and talk to him in a lively way; I come close to this group and try to listen their conversation: apparently I am with this group, but I do not to belong to it. Finally the conversation and even the assembly ends up, and all are going toward the exit; then I come close to the apparent teacher or leader of the group (and somehow I recognise him), and ask him certain questions about matters that are essential for me; we walk a little together, he replies kindly, but remains distant: he does not get involved concerning principles”.

 Now not for the first time I had a dream of this type; usually these dreams were for me as “encounters among shadows”, because in fact I was there, on a human scenery, having nothing whatsoever to do with the matter: I was a shadow among shadows at a “theatre of shadows”.

The memory of this dream did not totally woke me up, but there was no more time for dreams; I had to process certain matters in the “City”, went out into the street, and took the bus to Chacarita, and later the Underground “C”. As I got off the bus and in my way toward the subterranean world, I encountered directly a human river that from the Underground was flooding the street with wordless voices. Even this was not the first time that I myself felt “strange”, immersed in the muddy waters of nameless multitudes, but a different note resounded in this disconnection.

Usually, I went through the streets looking down and trying to think in a casual way: what there was beyond the theory of relativity?, on this side of the Big Bang and its cosmological theories?, and on the other side of the arrow of time? For a while, a sudden radiance exploded in the night of the soul, but the primary intuition, “word”, fit language to time, age and history needed to take a “form”..., and this **translation** of a casual thought into a thought claimed for inner silence amid the boisterous multitude; thence my looking down, my alert heart, and my ears far away from voices of the city. But today things were different: Now I was relaxed, not looking down but far away, without any metaphysical problems to solve, and without any inner conversation; I would say that I almost walked during a placid contemplation; suddenly my heart stopped at the human current going out of the Underground and parading in the opposite direction; and **I saw** faces that were masks: they did not said anything, they did not go to anywhere; but behind these masks, behind these blind faces, **I saw** a gaze in my direction.

What do I mean with all this?

In fact, I cannot say anything! I have not any word to explain depths: it is the deep darkness emerging toward the light in search of a word.

I am able to realise that there is a dynamics of life, and also death escaping from the laws of physics and from the logic of time.

But where is the relationship between this “encounter among masks” in Buenos Aires streets, in the Chacarita quarter, “where the dead bury their dead people, and my dream of yesterday night and the “relativity”, the “arrow of time”, and the “gaze”?

–We shall not understand each other with words!

I cannot communicate with the shadows of my strange companions of the dream, or also with those stony faces of strange pedestrians that I encounter; even I cannot easily communicate with what the theory of relativity or the arrow of time does-not-tell. There is no time for dreams or words. The world is another world: and **strange** to us. And we ourselves are going from one place to another like **strange people** in a homeless world.

What does remain in the world when the fire of the hearth is out?

As I got back, I reminded that this day was October 17: anniversary of the “Loyalty Day” for the historic Peronism. I watched in TV the commemoration, with few people, at Peron’s mausoleum, in Chacarita cemetery. Saul Ubaldini, former general secretary of the General Labour Confederation (C.G.T.), and one of the last labour union leaders of the 1945 vanguard, delivered a fiery speech to pay a tribute to the political leader, and vindicated the social justice doctrine of the latter. But doubtless, the times had changed; the revolutionary principles of 1945 have been substituted for a liberal economic model, children stopped being the “privileged”, and multinational companies did; Evita, the standard-bearer of the workers, did not exist any more, and her place had been occupied by Madonna in Alan Parker’s film. In this new historic context, with a desperate gesture to evoke the spirit of “loyalty”, which seemingly was weakened behind those masks of strange “companions”, Ubaldini lifted his hands to the sky and cried out: “Loyalty, yes!, but loyalty to what?”. These are the same words silently demanded by hopeless multitudes travelling through uncertain roads of the modern world.

And again I ask: “What does remain in the world when the fire of the hearth is out?”

Variety show, information, and disillusioned soul do remain!

**Egoencia**

**Egoencia**

“But neither there was nor there is one: every one is a whole.

 But there is not a whole: one is always absent.”

Octavio Paz, **El mono gramático**

What is egoencia?

 –To drink water that springs up from the fountain...

And to Tell by means of the intelligence what springs up from the heart.

Egoencia is to abandon the belief that one is “oneself” and nothing more. No, “every one is a whole”. But even I do not dissolve myself into a whole, always “one is absent”: **my-self**.

**Egoencia: an untranslatable word**

**Voice** that announces the end of captivity.

All great liberators have rent the veil of the temple by using the word that became Word.

Above all, Egoencia is **event**: original event.

Previous word: **symbol-word** that precedes word.

Cosmic fire that activates the egoencia as to gen-**ethical**function. Suddenly we find a new structure: new geometry of life.

**Cosmic night bursts in the heart as secret message**

‘Key note’ of the starting era. Fundamental A-chord of spirit-matter, illuminated moment before birth. Here is the hour that we live but do not understand.

Our understanding, our sensibility, our philosophies, our scientific models, all these forms of knowledge and being do not understand the world any more; but the loftiest and more transcendent part of our soul can work as simple witness in the gestation of the new world before its birth; the soul of man as witness of divine illumination amid the cosmic night: “when God had not caused it to rain upon the earth, and there was neither man to till the earth, nor mist from the earth to water the whole face of the ground.”

We have grazed the threshold of a new cosmogonic-historic mystery; soul of man, rain from heaven and elemental power of the earth entering a new creative constellation of signs: lilies of the valley shall bloom again in the closed orchard of the great cosmic current of life.

Many people have eyes and see not, and ears and hear not. To ask a proof is out of question: “If he be the King of Israel, let him now to come down from the cross, and we will believe him” (Matthew 27:42). We should not seek a king to shelter our dream or make a world to our image and likeness; neither to be witness of belief, but witness of being.

 **Witness of being:**

key to egoencia of Being.

Again we encounter an untranslatable figure of speech: here we leave the field of metaphysics and try to name a new **state** of matter.

Perhaps masters Zen using practical disciplines did not seek another thing than to break usual interpretative moulds of the world and to indicate to their disciples the way to a real essence that goes beyond forms of the objective mind. Even though egoencia is not Zen, it participates with Zen in the abrupt leap from ordinary consciousness to original freedom of the spirit.

**A switch in management of force: by principle of inner action**

The ancient evolutive cycle ends with a deep feeling of destitution: of not only social destitution but also cosmic destitution. In other words: it is the end of “providential sources from which the thought impulse of wellbeing and spiritual renewal of life came. Not surprisingly, the same idea of “Providence” coined by the tradition in different peoples of the earth is today questioned (and even substituted) for the will power of the technical era. But today, at the end of this great cycle, we realise that Technique is not the Mother that providentially feeds her children but the Goddess that by virtue of illusory goods that she grants, devours the children with no Mother.

 Modern thinkers of the “end of history”,

 every one by his own language

 have exposed the loss of this “matrix circuit”

 that silently works

 like providential-support of life.

And a learned mind asks: All right, but in short, what has been lost?

–Loss of image of the world”, Octavio Paz says in **Los signos en rotación**: “Dispersion of man, wandering through an space also dispersed... Today we are not alone in the world; there is no world” (Octavio Paz,  **El Arco y la Lira**, Fondo de Cultura Económica, Mexico, 1956). Baudrillard is even more radical: “The world does not think any more about humaneness. At present, inhumaneness ‘thinks us’” (Jean Baudrillard, **El paroxista indiferente**, Anagrama, Barcelona, 1998, page 176). Which is the sense of this “loss of image of the world”, of this “dispersion of man on a space also dispersed and of this irruption of “inhumaneness thinking about humaneness”? It is out of question to resource to philosophy of history, because on this stage of “wandering”, a man has lost not only his shadow but also history has lost its track. The point is to discover the immense potentiality of the “energy of the end”, the negative energy of events and secret message of cosmic destitution, “Mother, why has you forsaken me?”.

 The house of man is with no support,

 ancient laws of protection have ceased...

 but on the limit between darkness and light,

 forces of life rotate within.

**Egoencia** is not a new idea, a new scientific paradigm or a new philosophical system... It is not something to explain. It is the soundless rhythm of a new law: or the reversibility of the same law.