



A S H O R T S T O R Y

INIYAN, LEMURIAN

by Ruud Lohman

A W W G R E E N B I R D B O O K

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Ruud Lohman : INIYAN, LEMURIAN


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Introduction

All those who have read "A House for the Third Millennium" know of Ruud's passion for the Matrimandir. The Matrimandir is the soul and the cohesive force of Auroville and this story tells of Ruud's love for Auroville.

Ruud gave all his energies to Auroville and the Matrimandir, which is to say that he gave them for a new consciousness in humankind, a new world which the Mother had seen promised.

In "A House for the Third Millennium" he talks of watching on television a programme on the great medieval cathedrals. When the commentator opined that builders no longer worked in that spirit today, Ruud writes that he felt like jumping up and protesting that was the way that the Matrimandir was being built.

Here are some unpublished passages from Ruud's diary which will help the reader enter his world, specially the entry of July 30th 1972.

MAY 1972

But what is the soul of a city? Of a city that isn't even there yet? As soon as you start thinking about Matrimandir you get lost completely. That is anyhow one aspect which is becoming clear, more and more. Reasonings, philosophies, interpretations, mental constructions are not applicable to it. Even in this sense it is a yogic building, because yoga begins with stopping the mental machinery. In any case, at Matrimandir you can't do a thing with it. Matrimandir is nowhere. That's what I experience continuously here. Last year I travelled to South India and from time to time I still have the experience of being in India, but here in the open land, with only the banyan tree and the crater, India is far away and you are still everywhere, as nowhere, no place in particular. Constructing here has clearly

some cosmic features. It is immediately related to a process which is unfolding itself far beyond my reach. I observe only its physical implications. But it is also clearly related to all great processes of obsolescence and renewal, revolution and evolution wherever in the present world. Far away from everything and with a small group of pioneers, certainly one does not feel cut off from the world, on the contrary, one feels oneself moving in many worlds of which our geographical world with its continents and races and languages is but one. The others cannot be named, but there is a growing awareness in our depths that unnameable great, call it occult, certainly spiritual matters are involved. And that is precisely what continuously appeals to us. We know that this is by far not all, that what one is aware of, is only a tiny particle of reality, that so much more will come to light. In the meantime we can do nothing but go on with the construction.

We see so clearly how Auroville has a function in the present-day cultural confusion and renewal,— the function of pioneer and guide in the manifestation of a new consciousness which will be the basis of a new age. Matrimandir is no doubt a focal point for it; nowhere in Auroville is the totally new, the totally different of our adventure experienced so strongly as here. Rationally considered, our effort and its results are of course nonsense. From a humanitarian angle, a large golden sphere in south India is of no use to anybody. It doesn't help India's development, given the way things are being developed these days; it doesn't fit into any of the accepted techniques and methods, nor does it aim to. Something else is involved. Maybe it isn't there for the villagers in India, or for India itself, or for us, or for the world but just for itself, for the Divine Consciousness, for God's manifestation and revelation. Maybe. And we go on constructing, almost continuously, just too much, we don't do anything

else, through many nights and till late most evenings; and when we're not working in the crater, we meditate in it or just sit there. It is for us a magnet which only very seldom releases its tension a bit.

SUNDAY, 30 JULY 1972

In certain old and ancient things I was never interested, because they fell out of my field of vision. But now suddenly I can relate to them. Ancient Egypt with its temples, monuments and mysteries takes on a tremendous importance, more than, say, the political situation of yesterday or today. Even occult and mythical events such as Atlantis begin to fall inside my field of vision since I've been allowed to become intensely involved in Matrimandir's construction, as if Matrimandir has everything to do with it, continuing the occult lines, moving on a layer of reality which penetrates infinitely deeper than the normal and more superficial history. I notice I am inclined, much more than before, to believe fantastic unbelievable stories and to take into account beings and laws of other levels of reality. Around the pyramids and temples of Egypt and the Aztec culture, and perhaps also some of the medieval cathedrals, people moved and situations occurred, laws were at work which developed into wisdom now beyond our reach, but which still exist in one way or another, on some layer of reality. It looks, while building Matrimandir, as if we are coming into contact with those earlier traditions. The other side of it is that we are losing contact with a number of things considered "important" in the present-day world. The awareness of how different this place is becomes stronger and stronger, though we are by far not able to realise the degree and manner in which Matrimandir is different. No one here was very interested in talking to begin with, but now even that minimum of words seems to be decreasing. Amongst ourselves there is no desire at all to discuss things, the more so since we are not searching

for a meaning. What talking goes on is rather an exchange of experiences, an expression of feeling and insights in which we recognize each other. It is a talking surrounded by silence. It becomes more and more difficult to relate to the many visitors who are passing through in increasing numbers. Their questions come from a world so different from the one in which we move, this one of silence, that we hardly answer them. What we prefer to do with guests is to go and sit with them in silence at the edge or the bottom of the crater, and to let the crater and its forces do its work for us. If one experiences nothing, then talking will not help in any case. And if one experiences something, then there is no need to talk.

In Holland Ruud had been a member of the Franciscan Order for 17 years, and for seven of them a priest. He had written seven books, theological works in Dutch. In his "House for the Third Millennium" he says that his new vision did not cut him off from his past, that on the contrary he felt that he now was truly practising that religion. So we see that, working with nuts, bolts, girders and beams, Ruud arrived at the centre of his universe, himself.

Ruud left his body after a heart attack, two weeks before the publication of his book on the Matrimandir. The inner chamber is since completed, the crystal in its place. People from all over the world sit there in meditation, aspiring for the new consciousness for which it is a powerful magnet.

The work on the outer construction continues. The dream goes on and Ruud's spirit is a part of it and its realization.

“Iniyan, Lemurian”

by Ruud Lohman

Building the city of the future right on the site of an ancient culture is a precarious adventure. Some hundreds of people, attracted by the tiny voice of the future calling them out of the overwhelming noise of the past and the present, are getting together on a plot of earth, far away from everything, to delve from their depths and call from on high the visions of the New World. They are like dropped from another planet in the midst of one of the most ancient civilisations on earth, the Tamil one, which claims to have been transmitted unchanged over at least 5000 years and must therefore be at least twice as old.

There you stand, from one of the younger cultures and with an aspiration for the totally new, completely different but as yet unknown world of tomorrow, amidst some scores of Tamil villagers with their roots in pre-history and their hearts and heads in the oldest recorded history an earth, and you are the construction supervisor and they, more accustomed to soil and labour and heat, are the workers. Even so, a spirit of togetherness and of being involved in the same large adventure grows and binds all of us together.

The city being built on this hill by the sea will be a universal township, a laboratory for the new consciousness which will rule the earth after the long reign of the mind — which has now had all its chances, played out all its tricks and seems to have run its course.

In the centre of this city a large sphere is being constructed, a transformer of energies-unknown into those we might be able to handle. Rays of sunlight will fall on a crystal in the centre of a large twelve-walled white-marble chamber. It will be the soul of the City-body — but at present the work both on the soul and the body of the City involves huge amounts of hard physical labour in which both the local population and us who have come from all the countries of the world are engaged.

Large concepts, great ideas, generalizing sweeps all around you — too large for a limited human to be enthusiastic about all the time and one begins to seek for the smaller scale human element. At first one sees cultures and types only; they see white men invading once more — the older ones still remember the previous time; they see learned, rich, overdeveloped and unadapted ones; we see underdeveloped, ancient, poor ones, but totally at home in this barren, hostile, depleted environment. Then one begins to distinguish faces, to see individuals rather than types. Now the Arumugams emerge, the Jerumalais, the Kannans and the Murugans. Some emerge easily, learn a bit of English more smoothly, others remain in the background.

After names and faces one begins to notice eyes — swift and lively eyes, deep and brooding eyes, nostalgic or sad or happy eyes, eyes of a far past, eyes with a spark of some other future.

That's when I first noticed Iniyan. He was a bit older and quite aloof. A real South Indian face with strongly pronounced features, a head of dark curly hair and a beard beginning to be white. But the eyes! Dark as they already are in this corner of the globe, his were still darker if possible, so dark that they came out at the other end and began to be light again, or was it the sparkle in them which made them look afire? He did the most simple work, providing the masons with bricks and whatever odd jobs we asked him to do. In the midst of all the excitement of a construction scene he became my fixed point; I often watched him secretly for he radiated a quiet peace, a certainty, a rootedness, and in all the endeavours of establishing a futuristic society he became my symbol of a deep, long, rich past.

As my knowledge of the difficult Tamil language increased I could have some superficial conversation with him, nothing special, just a confirmation of that feeling of solidarity, inner strength. If instead of wearing the minutest

piece of dirty loincloth barely covering his genitals he had been dressed in brocade he would spontaneously have been acclaimed a king or high priest; such aristocracy did he emanate. The other workers seemed to respect him, but not excessively so; he was just one of them, maybe a bit older and wiser.

Having done similar research work in North India and other countries, before becoming involved in this new-city adventure, I naturally began sticking my nose into matters related to Tamil culture, religion, castes and tribes and soon hit upon the hot item of the ancienity of 'Tamilakam', of the Dravidian race being the 'original' population of India, having been pushed south with the Aryan invasions. With the awakening of Tamil Nadu to its own individuality and its own cultural treasures the literature on the subject begins to play with intriguing ideas, throwing them back and forth to see which one can stand on its own legs. Southern India, in Tamil studies named with the beautiful word 'Tamilakam', might well be one of the oldest lands on earth. Sir John Evans in his address to the British Association referred to Southern India as the possible cradle of the human race! Well, that sort of thing appeals to my imagination: our city being called 'the cradle of the new race', and the cradle would stand on the place of the cradle of the present race — it might even be the same cradle! These things never happen by chance.

I began to look more closely into those deep brooding eyes of Iniyan and the others, and asked myself what ancient secrets might be hidden there of which we young ones — two thousand years ago they were still hunting boars at my place in Europe — don't even know the alphabet.

As friendships grew we were more and more often invited to the villages surrounding the future city. Marriages and festivals were the occasions to get glimpses of a deep past, but of a great intermingling of symbolisms and traditions as well. I got more and more the feeling that the Dravidian culture is vastly different from the one which was imported at a much later date by the invading Aryan tribes — it now seems certain that the ancient Indus-valley civilisation of Mohendjo-Daro and Harappa were Dravidian cultures with a language close to Tamil or even identical with it. When the new culture was imposed, with all its symbols and books and rituals, the much more ancient Dravidian one went partly underground, partly absorbed the new elements — and the Tamil Gods got Aryan names or got married to the newly introduced ones. The pre-Aryan religion with all its Mother-Goddesses looks like a female religion; each village has its 'Amman', the Mother with the changing faces and names. Some of the newer Gods became her husbands, others her sons — for the Aryans have predominantly male gods, they being warrior tribes; the Dravidian Gods are mostly female — which hints at a fertility cult, usually connected with an agricultural tradition.

Being immersed in this kind of symbol watching I got on at least one occasion quite upset at the intermingling. Some youth association in one of the villages was being inaugurated and since I had a bit of a hand in its coming about — most of the youths were working on our construction site — I was invited. I looked about for Iniyan, for I need a bit of psychic support in those situations, someone on whose strength I can fall back. He wasn't there. I asked another friend if Iniyan would come, but he wouldn't be allowed, being of a different caste, I was told.

The youth association had got permission to use as their headquarters the old temple house next to the temple; they had with their hands repaired, plastered and painted it, together with the little temple of Mariamman, the Mother, and on this morning it stood there shining like a yellow-and-white jewel in the sunlight. The ceremony, however, did not start at the temple, but fifty metres from there, where on an open piece of land facing the village tank, a Ganesh statue in black stone dominated the little field. The head of the new association and son of the village headman performed the ritual under the critical eyes of his father. We went through the whole Vedic ceremony of pouring oils, curd, milk, water, all kinds of edibles, fruits and pastes over the statue, washing it, pouring, rubbing off and on. It took a good half hour, after which we moved to the temple where someone else, the priest, the ritualist of the temple, took over. Mariamman has mostly wooden

statues with many arms, snakes, flutes and a whole entourage. In front of the temple I saw a stone torso, similar in size, quality and appearance to the Ganesh statue. And on this stone they started once more to go through the whole ritual of washing, oiling, rubbing, pouring and washing again. Here it was where I wanted to shout, "Stop, stop! You can't do that!" You can't do the same thing to Ganesh and Mariamman, they are two totally different families of Gods, two different traditions, two different myths, and you are horribly mixing up things. You have to do different things to the two of them, for one is an Aryan God, coming from the far North and introduced here not so long ago, maybe 3000 years, and the other is a totally different tradition, maybe typical Dravidian, belonging to this area or God knows from where. The Aryan worship, it seems, has entered the temple precincts, but now to be applied to the Dravidian Mariamman.

I never know, when I observe these things, whether to laugh or to cry, but it always strangely affects me. The symbols, the archetypes, the rituals from the most ancient times are poured out over your head, rubbed in, washed off and poured once more. Unchanged these liturgies persist over thousands of years, so strongly that they even quietly integrate a whole rival set without being in the least upset by it.

Next morning I looked into the faces and the eyes of our masons and helpers and diggers and wondered... who are you, boys, what do you know? There is a very nice boy among our crew, twelve or thirteen years old. He persuaded me to come to his village one evening and there they performed right before my eyes the incredible feat of the fire-walk. That's no joke, it's real fire, several metres of glowing red-hot charcoal, maybe half a metre deep. Quietly they walk over it, barefooted, smiling. They boy who had been working that day till five o'clock was among them. Next morning at eight he was back on the job, happy, still smiling, and not even a blister or darker spot under his feet which I carefully examined.

I really missed Iniyan in all these experiences. I had the feeling that his quiet presence might have helped me sorting out both the symbol-chains and my own feelings. So I started finding out why he wouldn't be allowed there, and soon enough it became clear that not only he, but quite a group of our workers were not supposed to be part of this branch of archaic behavior.

Now, these Aryans have done a thorough job, I always thought, but really not thorough enough. With amazement I began to discover that right in the midst of this whole colourful interwoven scene, there exists a shadow-culture of a total population which has not been affected by all this give and take of symbols and archetypes, taking place over the last 3000 years or more. There was a segment of people who for some reason or other didn't fit in or didn't want to fit in and who pushed out of the cultural, the religious and the caste-systems or who kept themselves aloof from it — as if they had something of their own which they didn't want contaminated. What happened is maybe unique in history: they were left to themselves or withdrew in such a systematic way that now all around we see a shadow-civilisation, a shadow-system of the mainstream. Each village has its shadow-village of this different brand, each temple its shadow-temple, each symbol its shadow-symbol. Now I suddenly realised why a good quarter of our workers were not to be found at the aforementioned ceremonies, and I realised now where to find them as well — and now I expected I would discover the whereabouts and whyabouts of Iniyan. It's not hard to obtain an invitation to their houses, and soon I walked about in that amazing shadow-world of the larger better-known, more respectable 'normal' world.

This large segment of India's total population which managed to remain relatively unaffected doesn't fit in the official caste-system; they have, however, their own castes, their own priests, their own warriors and poets and... their own outcastes, people who again don't fit into this framework — twice rejected, or twice withdrawn. One immediately wonders what kind of people they are — from where do they stem, why didn't they play the general game? And I saw it's not just a little subgroup, it may well be one quarter of the total population of this country — as the workers on our project who did not take part in the village ceremonies accounted for about twenty five percent of our total crew.

Asked about their origins they proudly called themselves 'Adi-dravidians', which means something like 'the original' or even the 'pre-Dravidians'. Well, that's again something quite fantastic, if or to the extent it's true — and in library research I later found quite some evidence to corroborate their statement. That would mean that before either the Aryans or the Dravidians occupied these Southern lands of the peninsula there was already a culture, a civilisation, flourishing. Both invasions didn't manage to subdue them, they persisted, unaffected, outside the mainstream maybe, but on the very edge of it; not in small numbers, but as a quarter of the population. And there they are, with their castes, their traditions, their songs and music, going back to when? How long before even the Dravidians entered — nobody knows from where; one theory is that they came from Mesopotamia; quite possible if one compares the cult of the Mother Goddess, and even sees a shadow of the tower of Babel in their temple towers. One wonders now who casts out castes — the 25% or the 75%? Anyhow, for many centuries this pre-ancient population didn't have much of a say in the general matters, living in the shadow as they were compelled to do. Very interestingly, they did have a few functions, even in the worship of the larger communities, notably the jobs which have either to do with death or with flesh. This shadow-group definitely has an affinity with animals and flesh, and wherever some traces of animal sacrifice crept into the mainstream rituals, members of this shadow population were called to perform. If the Aryans were warriors with their masculine gods and the Dravidians agriculturists with their fertility rites and Mothergods, then the pre-Dravidians would have been hunters. The Aryans have an abhorrence of flesh and slaughter; for the Adi-Dravidians it was a part of their living — and one can see the conflict arising, lifesize. There was a time, now it is officially suppressed, when animal sacrifices were performed at the Dravidian liturgies, a huge compromise and one more of those interminglings of cultures and symbol patterns. The Goddess doesn't like it either, can't stand the sight of blood — so what did they do when the Adi-Dravidians were called out of the shadow to slaughter in the full sun? They drew a curtain in front of the statue of the Amman. Damned clever! And equally revealing!

Talking to my friends about all this I noticed both a tremendous feeling of suppression, built up over many centuries of bad experiences, of being pushed and pulled, but on the other hand certain pride of being the ancient ones, of having an — almost forgotten — culture of their own. Our priests, one old man said, were the original priests, until the Brahmins came... whatever is true, this is how they feel about it. Fascinating, though, that feeling of contacting, in these people, layers of history before history, of time before time, of the early layers of humankind, ten thousand or more years ago. They might well have a bit more of pride, but in these decades they are waking up to their old treasures and their self-esteem is visibly growing.

These things have a great impact on me, working with these people and seeing in their faces, in their bearing, in their cultural behaviour the different strata of history, literally strata, like the earth's layers in geology.

Well, this is a long way around to the simple question which had been burning on my lips — but the time had to be ripe — "Where is Iniyān's house?", meaning on which historical strata is it built as well. To my amazement his house was neither in the main village as I had already understood, nor in one of the shadow-villages of the pre-people. "There in the forest, follow this path," and sure enough I found a lonely little hut and in front under a tree Iniyān was reclining.

Approaching him I had an experience which I had never had before, as if falling into a deep hole, soft as feathers, cool as a breeze in spring, light as midsummer-night, and mysterious as a thousand-and-one nights. I felt I was entering something extremely remote, almost sacred, but I couldn't give it a name. Iniyān's smile was as wide and warm as ever and I felt immediately at home with him, or rather, not at home, but secure, in a good place, in a right place.

After a bit of chit-chat I started putting out feelers about his particular situation, remote from both types of villages. He gave a sweet but tired smile, a fatigue in his eyes not of some physical suffering but of carrying an age-old burden. I was a bit at a loss with him and for my own clarification I confronted him with my theory of the three historical strata to be seen in the population all about us. He smiled once more and said softly, "I am not of them..." I knew something more would come, though with great difficulty and I gave him space and time by being quiet and even withdrawing all mental pressure for clarification. He used that space and I was vaguely aware of his attempt to establish himself in a position as yet unknown to me. When he had finally measured himself and me, he began to speak softly, dreamily, his face as well as his voice belonging to another dimension not usually encountered here.

"This very soil," he said, touching the earth with a caress, "is the remains of what once was a great land. Most of it is now hidden under the sea. The rocks which you see here all about you are among the oldest in the world, part of a land which has never been submerged. The land we're sitting on is as it was in the first days of the world."

"Before this ancient land linked up with what is now North India it was an island, for a long stretch of time called 'Navalan Theeau'. That was before it drifted away from another vast continent in the South, linked in the West with Africa, in the East with Australia. The land we're on now forms the link in time between this ancient continent which has sunk to the bottom of the ocean and the vast continent of the present day of which it is now a peninsula. It was this drifting land which, once it made its impact with the northern lands, folded up tremendous land-masses which now form the Himalayas, itself remaining virtually unchanged. We walk here on this ancient land as we did more than 50,000 years ago..."

I was wondering what Iniyan was leading up to, but the basic facts so far were not unknown to me from my research in the libraries of Pondicherry. Professor Haeckel in his *History of Creation*, for instance, says that "the Indian Ocean formed a continent which extended from Sunda Islands, along the coast of Africa, and which is of great importance as having been the cradle of the human race." Sir Walter Raleigh in *History of the World* strongly supports the hypothesis regarding the first nursery of man, and affirms that "India was the planted and peopled country after the flood." Topinard is of the opinion that Southern India did not in the olden times form part of Asia. This confirms the Tamil tradition that Tamilakam did not originally form part of the Indian subcontinent but was either an independent island or part of a different continent. After the submergence of the original Tamilakam and the emergence of the Himalayas, the land lying between the latter and Cape Comorin, the present southernmost point, became one and has now come to be known as India.

"This ancient sunken land now," Iniyan continued quietly but with an extra sparkle in his eyes, "was known with the great name of Lemuria. Lemuria was a mighty country, a civilisation of untold riches, but especially great on account of its knowledge of the secrets of Nature..."

We sat there in silence for awhile, he apparently lost in some ancient memories, me trying to figure him out. Even now he hadn't told me anything I didn't know, only the context of the simple man sitting in his lonely forest telling me these things as if quoting from the books was a bit bizarre. From *A History of Tamil Literature* I knew already that "Tamilakam or the ancient home of the Tamils was the submerged continent of Lemuria in the Indian Ocean on both sides of the equator." Now Iniyan started bringing things home, and now I began to sit up more and more. "Not the whole civilisation, however, was sunken when the seas entered. Some of the highest spots were saved and... here we are sitting on one of them. This stretch of raised land along the Gulf of Bengal, the very one you are building your new city on, is one of the peaks of Lemuria the waters didn't engulf. It was one of our most developed and most sacred places..."

"Our?..." I interrupted him, "what do you mean?"

"I mean our! I mean that as not all the land of Lemuria was swallowed up, so were not all the people... A segment of the population attached to this sacred range of hills was saved. But hard times awaited them. Having been isolated from their main centres they didn't have the strength to defend themselves, this not being their main occupation. They were people of knowledge, not of power. Invasion after invasion tried to expunge what little was left and they had to go underground as the only way to continue to exist. They chose for one more submergence as their great centres of learning were submerged. They decided to seemingly merge with the new peoples, and from that point kept the ancient traditions secretly alive, waiting for the day the old knowledge might come to flourish once more. Now, to bring things even further home, I will tell you three secrets out of the store of knowledge handed over intact through ten-thousands of years. I have a special reason for telling you as will become clear shortly, for of course in normal circumstances we are not supposed to divulge any."

"But wait... But then... I saw three historical layers of people in this area. So you mean there is one more, before all this?"

"Not one but several. You were on the track of something, but did by far not go back sufficiently; there are at least three more layers before all that, but ours is the oldest and the first, and the only one of those older ones to be uninterruptedly preserved throughout history, thanks to superior organisation and knowledge."

"Do the other people around here know about those traditions, about your origins?"

"No, of course not; as the Adi-dravidians are twice withdrawn, or twice rejected, we are at least five times pushed out to the fringes, to the extreme edges of whichever society prevailed at a certain epoch. Except of course as far as we consciously intermingled, keeping our tradition secretly intact. It has always been a matter of the greatest secrecy."

"Waiting for what?"

"Waiting for the epoch in which the circumstances would make it possible to once more manifest the hidden knowledge. Waiting for the time that this most ancient, original land wakes up once more to its special place among the peoples on earth. Until the link can be made between what is the extremely remote past and the future of mankind."

"Now people from many nations have gathered here to build once more a city of consciousness and knowledge... Wouldn't this be the time...?"

"Yes, and that's why I will now begin to divulge the secrets, the identities, the laws and the names. Gradually, and to the extent they can be used and made part of your, our, new city now emerging."

"The first secret deals with identities, of those who form in their physical existence the link in time with the old civilisation and the new one. We were for ten-thousands of years a solid group, keeping our separateness even through all the upheavals of new invasions, wars, suppressions and threats of extinction. The knowledge was handed over from generation to generation, intact, complete, until the present day. Only the power to manifest it was lacking. The 'people of MU' as we called ourselves knew each other, of course, both by their ordinary names and their Lemurian ones. However, never before in all these millennia has the situation been as critical and... as full of hope as well. Now finally the circumstances are ripe, just when the oldest race on earth faces extinction... in fact, and that's my first secret, I am the last one, the lone survivor... I don't know why it happened that suddenly so many of our families died off, one after the other, without offspring to

continue the chain. It must be because a new race is making itself ready, gathered from all the nations of the earth, to establish the link and we are no more needed. Only I am left to hand over what is known, then I may withdraw, too... The responsibility will then rest with you, young people!"

One can imagine how I felt, sitting there under the tree with a Lemurian; it was as if the bottom fell out of me and I gazed into deep and far regions unknown to me, and anybody on the earth, except apparently Iniyan.

With a shy smile I looked up at him, "Now I understand the depth of your eyes, as well as what I interpreted as deep suffering. It must have been this unspoken ancient burden... You must have been a king or a high priest in Lemuria..."

"Not me personally, of course, but indeed my family was linked to the great temple in the middle of our holy city which was located on these hills by the sea. It was not the capital; that one has sunken down ten-thousands of years ago. Ours was the spiritual centre of the continent, the centre of knowledge and learning, and the centre where the instruments were kept... The name of the sanctuary (or was it a laboratory?), and this is my second secret, unknown to anyone on earth but me, and now you and your friends, was 'Ridnam Irtam', which means in our ancient language something like 'The House of Transformation'. Transformation is what my ancestors were after, and all our knowledge deals with that only."

I got more and more interested, for, after all, transformation is what our new city is all about too. Transformation of the mental man into the divine man, transformation, ultimately, of matter towards consciousness, the next great evolutionary step. What we are building in the centre of our city is the alchemical vessel to liberate the hidden gold in the cells of man, in the atoms of matter.

I now wondered how it could be that evolution had reached the same point ten-thousands of years ago. That doesn't sound proper. Iniyan must be talking about a different transformation. I began to ask questions to confirm my feeling and then I got a sudden flash of insight. That was at the point where he said:

"Those were the days when the Gods still walked with men and the fire of heaven descended freely on the earth. The instruments of Ridnam Irtam were like the accumulators of the light force. They broke up the streams of heaven-fire into trickles to let it percolate into earth matter — a spark per particle..."

That's when I saw it! They did the reverse of what is to be done now. They hid what we have to recover. They stood on the opposite end of the evolutionary spiral, and the heaven-fire flowed the other way. Actually, I concluded for myself, they were not at an evolutionary point, they were still in the INvolutionary movement, in the early days of creation. A premature and rapid conclusion, rather a working hypothesis which I began to explore by asking a great number of questions. The feeling I more and more got was of looking into a mirror, in which everything is backwards, reversed. Not only did the heaven-fire flow the other way around, also man's psychology worked in an opposite direction. We are trying to liberate our own hidden spark, deeply embedded in or behind our material sheaths, to make it once more into the centre of the personality, let it take over the throne from king Mind which has ruled us for God knows how many evolutionary cycles; they were settling the Mind firmly on its throne. Looking into the mirrors of Iniyan's eyes I saw the moment in far remote time when the mind hadn't emerged yet, where the fire of the Gods still ruled man's life. But then, they themselves must have spoiled the game. Why did they meddle with their blissful state! From further probing I got the strong impression that it was they, his ancestors, who were guilty of cutting off the freeflow between heaven and earth, the free commerce between gods and men.

"But why, why, why," I asked him, "why did you spoil what is taking us aeons to restore?"

“We had to, in order to become man! We had to shift our centre, the centre of our personality to a place in us they couldn’t reach, a point in us which belongs to us only, where their fire and light couldn’t enter. So only could we rule the earth. That’s why we had to break up and hide the heaven-fire as well, so matter and its laws would become ours and ours only. From that moment on knowledge could grow on the earth...”

“Yes, I thought, but didn’t express it, the knowledge of ignorance... the origins of the mind, that tough longlasting instrument of earth-knowledge which is earth-power. See where it has taken us...”

“The great city of Ridnam Irtam,” he continued quietly, ignoring my inner turmoil, “was named in our language ‘Ellivorua’, which means ‘City of Dusk’, the Dusk of the Heaven-Fire which we were trying to incorporate on the earth. It was an experimental city, where man finally could begin to become man. It’s the place where the first real men walked the earth, men who had subdued and hidden the lights and fires and could now walk by themselves, without the Gods, and conquer the earth realms in their own names. The city, Ellivorua, was the laboratory in which the laws and insights were tried out on a group of people ready for the transformation — here the first fully man-made society emerged, and if it hasn’t been that great and successful, at least it was our own, man’s fully of this world.”

It made me somehow very, very sad, to be confronted with this opposite picture — we are pushing, banging, ramming the great doors of Paradise, anxious to enter and liberate it once more upon the earth, set free the hidden paradise, which is right here in matter, and they had it in their hands, had the contacts, the possibilities, the chances and they rejected it to become man, as if that’s such a great thing. And now we have to close that cycle and break through the barrier which they built — I almost got angry with Iniyan, but of course, he couldn’t help it either. His ancestors ate from the tree of knowledge which stood in the middle of Paradise and we are still paying dearly for it.

Being the mental man I am, I wanted to understand, to grasp, to fix and get everything to fit into one consistent picture, even though it’s just an illusion, or, at its best, a working hypothesis. Our new city is based on the evolutionary assumption that three great types of consciousness have been worked out on the earth, one after the other, one emerging out of, evolving into the other: Matter, Life and Mind. Matter, the material world, came first, as the basis from which life evolved, which then again gave birth to mind, the principle which still dominates and rules almost all the present-day cultures of the world. But a fourth great principle, a fourth type of consciousness is preparing to break through on earth, Supermind. It is a consciousness more different from the mind than mind differed from life, from matter. Now, if we are not only faced with an evolution, but are here, in this lonely figure of Iniyan, confronted with the long and tardy process of involution as well, we can try to understand what happened long before recorded history by using the mirroring effect — the evolution just worked in opposite direction. In that case Lemuria may have well been a supramental creation in which the great typal beings belonging to the supramental worlds could still walk the earth and converse with men whose grey matter had not yet densified to the extent that it formed a shield against any outside interference. That densifying process must have taken place in the, what Iniyan calls ‘spiritual’ centre of Lemuria, in Ellivorua. Here mental man emerged, cutting his links with the Gods, with knowledge, with greater being, driven by what the Greeks would later call ‘hubris’, a type of arrogance. The reign of mental man, conquering the laws of the earth and walking upright by himself, must have come to an end at some unknown point, when vital man, the man of passions and life forces, of strength rather than knowing, of drives rather than ideas, pushed him out, evolved or rather involved him out of his mind. When the life-forces involved themselves in their turn, or when the Life-fire burnt out or exploded or whatever, the physical man came to rule the earth, close to matter, totally involved, ruled by his instincts. Then came the zero-point, some precarious balance between the involutionary and the evolutionary processes. Animal-man, matter-man once more began to climb the ladder of evolution this time, and life evolved, then mind, and now we have once more reached a saturation point where mind wants to open up beyond itself towards supermind. The cycle closed, the end is the beginning, the Lemurian is

the present-day man in reverse, Iniyan is me inside out, Ellivorua is our present city backwards, and Ritnam Irtam is our central transformer working in opposite direction.

So far it all seems to fit — strange how your whole concept of history can change by a meeting with a little old man sitting quietly under a tree, not even a man of the mainstream — a five times rejected, fivefold outcast man... Fivefold outcast, he said? What does that mean? Ah, of course, after they rejected the above-mind-culture to establish the mental reign on the earth, they were thrown out of their state by vital man, then once more by the physical man, and the circle back; the re-emergence of the vital man, and once more the mental man, makes five, no makes four; the fifth rejection must then be by us. Actually the three historical layers we discovered here among the population of this part of the world fit quite well with this evolutionary sequence. The last-comers were the Aryan tribes who came in from central Asia, presumably, a branch of a population movement of which another part invaded Europe and became the Greeks, to whose language and thinking the Aryan Sanskrit is related. With their philosophical interests, their strict and precise organisation of social life, they can be seen as the mental man, out of which grew, especially in the Western branches, the supremacy of Mind.

The Dravidian layer is not mental, it rather represents the life force, still seen in their worship of the Mother goddess and her fertility rites. Fire walking is not mental, it is the fiery life-force dominating or identifying with the fire. The whole feeling, when you walk through the villages, is one of a tremendous vitality, rich, colourful, vibrant, not stagnant and fixed as a mental culture is, even the Aryan one where everything has its place, everything is determined. Here in South India nothing has its place, everything moves and dances and vibrates.

They are also late-comers; the pre-Dravidians were there already. In them we may well see the traces of the physical man, close to earth, bent over the soil and in communion with animal life, as hunters, meat-eaters, animal-sacrificers. Not having that abundance of life-force as their successors in the historical cycle, they were easily subdued and pushed out, but still, with the tenacity of matter, the solidity of earth, they have kept themselves together, up to the present day; on the fringes of society, but still of one piece, like a rock which no centuries of rough seas manage to shake.

Their predecessors again must have been of the vital branch, a great culture in between the Lemurians and the pre-Dravidians. The only name of a very ancient culture which came after the Lemurian one and which is known to us is the one of Atlantis, the famous one which ruled the lands and the seas and was later swallowed up by the ocean. A bit far-fetched to shove them in between as our missing link. Hesitantly I checked with Iniyan to see if he knew at least their name.

“They are the ones who stole our crystal!” he said, almost with anger. Well, something seems to have really been happening on this far away little hill by the sea, all the protagonists of earth’s history have left their traces. But even the Atlanteans, here in South India?

“Then our lands hadn’t linked up with the North yet and the roads to the West were open. They learned about our existence and came to know by intrigue the secrets of Ridnam Irtam and of our main instrument, the crystal, which broke up the heaven-fire to conceal it in matter. They wanted it for other purposes and carried it off by stealth towards their own centres in the West. But it has been their undoing. They couldn’t handle it, they used the wrong energies and it blew up their whole continent which then, as ours before, sank under the seas.”

That seems obvious; the crystal of Ridnam Irtam stands on the dividing line of the above mind realms and the mind. The Atlanteans put it on the line between the mental and the vital forces, used it for power instead of for

knowledge, for accumulation of earth-fire instead of heaven-fire and it blew up taking the whole show down with it. Must have been a big bang indeed! A big bang which signifies the end of the involutionary phase of the vital and the beginning of a long spell of physical man. A dull phase, a stuck phase, an almost animal phase of earth history, in which history has to start all over again. Anyhow, it does explain both the primitivity of our beginnings, cave man etc., as well as the traces of high civilisations which are being uncovered all over the globe.

It explains a lot; actually it explains too much! I was walking home after this first visit to Iniyan's house, my head bursting with information, my heart stretched out like elastic over the earth's history, my mind making links and comparisons, trying to fix, to pin down, to understand. Then it struck me: for all these stories, for this whole involutionary and evolutionary structure I have nothing by the word, the 'memory', of one little old man, one of our workers, one belonging to nowhere and nothing, sitting under his little tree in front of his little hut. I want proof! I sat down under a tree, hesitantly, meditating, looking into the mirror of Lemuria, where everything is backward. Playing with a little twig I wrote down in the sand the great names of Lemuria as revealed by Iniyan: ELLIVORUA and RIDNAN IRTAM... They must be backward names too... But... but... they are! I discovered it with a shock, a shock which shook me out of my ordinary mind into a consciousness of light and space. It also made me jump up and run back, carried forward by a knowledge, a certainty of being involved in a major turn of events, one of those historical earth-moments when evolution seems to hold its breath. I knew what I would find, back at Iniyan's house, and I knew why. It was but fitting for the last of the Lemurians to pass on at this precise moment, shattering the chains of the past. And I knew that his death was a conscious sacrifice making the birth of the New World possible and imperative.

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