



# the **KEY** to the **HIDDEN**

THE SWASTIKA

THE WISDOM OF THE DRUIDS

THE PACT WITH NATURE

MERLIN THE MAGICIAN

THE LEGEND OF THE GRAIL

THE MYSTERY OF TAROT

THE ARK OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE

THE MISSION OF THE BOHEMIANS

THE SECRET OF BUDDHA & JESUS

MAURICE **MAGRE**

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## Foreword

I admired this anonymous poet, author of a novel of chivalry on the Holy Grail, and I dreamed of being his of course. It was the night of the Good Friday, he said, seven hundred and seventeen years after the Passion of Jesus Christ and he was sitting alone in his room, at the end of one of the lost villages of Brittany and its beautiful stones.

Suddenly, he heard his name being called and saw in front of him a pale young man with bright eyes, and of a surprising beauty. He fell down, fainting with emotion. In those distant times, human sensitivity was probably more vivid than today. Then the young man approached and gave him a “precious among all” book on the first page of which the poet read: “Here begins the story of the Holy Grail.”

I always dreamed of a pale and very handsome young man holding a book. It is in my mind, in a confused state, a poet enamored by the beauty of mysterious things and who has a greater faith than mine. For faith is an essential element to discover what is worthy of being loved. The anonymous poet who fell fainting on the night of the Good Friday, in the eighth century, had begun to doubt. He doubted, he says, the reality of the dogma of the Holy Trinity. Maybe it is necessary to start having doubts in order to have the visit of the young man.

I, too, doubted. I doubted the real existence of this mysterious Grail, this emerald cup full of a mystical blood about which the anonymous poet had to embroider so many extraordinary adventures, and often boring. And I doubted not only its real existence but also the symbol it concealed.

For the Grail, the cup where, according to the legend, was collected the blood of Jesus, is only the symbol of a superior knowledge. Has this knowledge circulated since the beginning of the world, have wise men transmitted it among themselves and has it been called the Grail when it was the own truth of the wise Jesus? I doubted at first and on the eve-

ning of the Good Friday, no young man came to give me an occult book.

But to fell into a swoon, in front of a vision, on a lonely night, is certainly not the best method to know. It is only the sign of a charming but excessive sensitivity. I followed step by step, through a narrow path in the forest of books, the track of men who didn't want to talk about themselves, who didn't build monuments, who wore ordinary cloths and did not seek power. Those men who, a few centuries later, must have had the same exterior appearance, have passed what is best in humanity.

Those who consider only historical documents, the reality of their signatures and the shortsighted narrowness of their vision, shook their heads when it was question not of the existence, but of the actual percentage of these beings. Yet, their vestige exists. It is rather a floating luminosity in the shadows than a tangible certainty. To recognize it, it is necessary to develop the faculty of perceiving light glimmers, the barely traced indications.

And after a long search, in pursuit of these torches lost in the past and those who carried them, I realized that there was no more space in me for doubt and that the young man came to visit me without my knowledge.

I was instructed on the Grail, on his legend and his inner truth. I knew that the Druids had know it long before Joseph of Arimathea had put himself in march westward, that the seven Rishis Indous had know it before the Druids, and that there had been on the whole earth, small communities to worship it. I followed with love these communities. I almost touched the linen of which are weaved the robes of pure men. I saw light the sacred fire in the middle of the forest. I heard the ravens fly away when were handed the auspicious words. I sailed toward Avalon, the island of Cypress, with Merlin. I climbed with Parsifal the chaste, the slopes of Montségur, in Ariège.

By dint of living with the thought of these superior men, unknown and deliberately locked in their mission as in a diamond tower, through brushing against their presence, glimpsing the whiteness of their silhouette, I ended up with nostalgia for these superhuman friends. I indulged in waiting for a miraculous visit, I hoped for what life is not



giving, the arrival of the superior man whose word fulfills the dream of your intelligence. But I knew that the wait itself is benefactress and to listen in the silence of some doorbell night that never resonates, one gains an unexpected knowledge of oneself.

Christ's blood was poured into a sacred cup long before the birth of Jesus. It has circulated and it will circulate forever through the selflessness of a few men who have received the mission to carry it age to age.

I feel privileged by a sort of grace for having walked behind the silent shadows of these men, tried to name those who have not wanted to wear one, a form to those who have not attached much importance to the physical appearance. But I think the one who will be even more favored is the one who, by a natural outpouring of the soul, without help of any book, without sitting at any round table between forty nine knights of the spirit, will bring out in his heart the secret light of the Grail.

# THE WISDOM OF THE DRUIDS

# The Cliché of the Druids

There is a great sadness in observing how, sometimes, in history, the greatest of achievements are destroyed by the brute force of cynical incomprehension. And this destruction would be of little concern, for the spirit will remain even after its material form has disappeared. But what is enraging, is to perceive the trace of a dark and hypocritical force which, with a sort of obscure wisdom, works patiently to destroy the truth, to distort it when it appears in its pure form, to make it a caricature of itself.

The methods of this force are numerous: a calumny flying from mouth to mouth which is passed down through the ages because of its picturesque nature, the narrow-minded stupidity of a historian who achieves popularity as a result of his stupidity, a story that becomes legendary, an image which is striking for its color. The higher the spirit climbs, the stronger this force works around it. Sometimes its action is direct. Thus, Socrates drinks the hemlock, Mani is flayed. The Albigensians are exterminated. Other times, this force acts indirectly, by burning books, as in Alexandria, or by deforming oral traditions when there are no books.

Without a doubt, the Druids of Gaul must have represented one of the highest points of spirituality that man is capable of attaining, because the force of destruction brought all of its means together against them — violence first, followed by that evasive manner of defamation which kills ideas like men.

It has been entirely successful. What remains of the ancient sages of our country? The conqueror Julius Caesar, Julius Caesar the cunning, the atheist and the heartless, who brought Roman order and the system of plundering which he called taxes to the Aedui and Allobroge peoples, managed to wrest from our Gallic ancestors their very knowledge of themselves and the degree of stature which they had achieved. After two thousand years, the Romanized children of Gaul learn in school

who were the gods of Rome, while the god of the Druids remains to them unknown.

Or, rather, they have a distorted image. And that is where we see the perverse genius which has worked to erase from our consciences the religion of ancient Gaul and the lessons we could take from it. Because true spiritual heritage hides in the depths of the race and the everyday wisdom of each of us should be drawn from the wisdom of our origins.

Every young French person, whether he be taught in primary school, in high school, or in a religious institution, recognizes his ancestors by a puerile representation that the tedium of history books has transformed into an indelible cliché.

We see, on a sort of ladder, a serious figure wearing a white robe and with a long beard, facing forward. It is a Druid. His beard is removable, and is held on his face by two hooks which hang on his ears. We are reminded of award ceremonies where adolescents, wearing these badly hung beards, recited verses with a sickening banality. The Druid holds a sickle in his hand and is going to cut paper mistletoe from a cardboard oak tree. Young girls, sisters of middle school friends, stand around, smiling innocently. Behind, in the background, are young people with long moustaches, wearing rented helmets and belts. These are the Gauls. And hanging over this conventional scene is a little bit of the of the emphatic soul of Chateaubriand.

This is the childlike mental picture that everyone conjures up, almost unwittingly, upon the mention of the Gaul of the Druids and of Velleda. There is here a surprising paradox, especially when we contemplate the contrast of this image with that of the living earth of woodland plains, marshy valleys, dense forests, with fortified, dominating cities; if we consider the indomitable people who lived in these cities and walked these valleys, and the naive and violent people, quick to change their minds, ingenuous, passing from exuberant joy to the most profound sadness; if we consider that they were guided by a mystical aristocracy of philosophers in which Pythagoras found inspiration, compared to the age when Romulus and Remus had only just sucked the milk of the she-wolf.

Primitive Gaul is deemed uninteresting, yet no Mississippi with its

floating islands, no Amazon with its millions of Brazilian crocodiles, no Yangtze with its millions of Chinese birds will ever have as much vibrant life, will ever show such an outpouring of joyous nature as the Rhone where the tanned Ligurians bathed among the olive trees, as the Garonne where the Cantabrian fishers dipped their oars among giant cactuses.

Now the cactuses and the olive trees are reduced to the size of men. The descendants of the Ligurians and the Cantabrians shave their faces the Roman way, and the hair on their bodies has thinned. But what remains incomprehensible is the contempt and ignorance with which they regard the millenary spirit of their people, in favor of a Greco-Roman admiration.

To be sure, this cultural hypocrisy that each person carries within himself brings the educated Frenchman to believe that he is knowledgeable of and even admires Gaul and the Druids. He will just as soon speak of the dolmens and the menhirs, which date back to several thousand years before the arrival of the Druids in Gaul. If he wishes to be honest with himself, however, he will admit that there is, like a backdrop to this knowledge, a fresco of adolescent award ceremonies, he will repeat with all the historians that the Roman conquest was fundamental to the progress of civilization, he will bow with Michelet before the genius of Julius Caesar.

Platitudes are all-powerful, and they transmit lies and injustice from epoch to epoch with ease, especially when it involves the so-called torch of civilization. Before this torch, everyone bows down. Beneath its sacrosanct light the weak are defeated by the strong and intelligent thought takes on a distorted meaning. It is passed down faithfully because there is a doctrine of banality. Its bearers are always the masters of the established order, the defenders of a law with no compassion, the possessors of a lying historical truth.

But it is fitting to impart with this same faithfulness an enduring cry of revolt.

# The Roman ferocity

The breakdown of Roman society at the time of the crushing of the Gaul was perhaps even greater than the one we see in today's societies like Paris, Berlin or New-York.

Important men had no kind of faith in anything, except in satisfying their appetites. They were deeply atheists. Politicians obtained according to their influence, religious expenses, exactly like if nowadays, M. Herriot was appointed Bishop of Paris or if M. Mandel was sacred Chief Rabbi. Thus, the rude and pleaser-seeking Mark Antony, returning from the Gallic war, obtained the charge of Augur, that is to say of deciphering and inquiring heavenly things, for which he would have had a clairvoyant ascetic. Julius Caesar, in the beginning of his career, although already having a well-established reputation of an unbeliever and debaucher, obtained the position of great Pontiff by buying voters, according to Suetonius.

The then same great Roman had an unbelievable facility to pass between themselves their partners, wives, sisters or daughters, for matters of interest. It looks like their liaisons were restricted to the small circle of their relatives or well-known people. Thus Cato, who was to be for centuries the stark personification of virtue, eager to please some Hortensius, an old friend of his, who wanted his wife Marcia, hastened to repudiate her, although she was pregnant with him, gave her to Hortensius and married her again at the death of Hortensius, after this loan which lasted six years.

Between Caesar, Pompey, Cicero and Mark Antony, it is a perpetual crossover of women, a series of wedding bargaining. Sometimes, the reason being the quality of pleasure revealed by confidences made among men. But in general, it is the interest. Incest are not particularly recommended. They are commonly practiced.

Strictly speaking, such way of treating women could not be reconciled

with the elevation of the soul. But it indicates that these men who were cultivated, who loved the arts and poetry, some of which had the genius of action, did not have a high conception of love and fidelity to one partner. There was also no reflection in them of the Platonic friendship of Greek philosophers. Best friends hurry assassins against each other, as soon as their interests are contrary.

The taste of Rome for monstrous things was a sign of its degeneration. There was a public market of runts where dwarfs enthusiasts went to get a supply and they were many. The great aristocratic families owned dwarves, giants, cretins, hermaphrodites, goitrous. They were brought in after meals to entertain drunkenness. One guffawed by seeing them, they were mocked and hit. Some phenomena were preserved after death. Pliny narrates that he saw corpses of dwarves in vases. In the gardens of Sallust, a vault contained bones of two famous giants, Posion and Secundilla. A female mule which put down a foal, at the time of the confusion before the battle of Pharsalia, this prodigy occupied all minds.

Another sign of degeneration was the development of gastronomy. Never at any era and at any time, had it played such a role. The habit of taking emetics to exceed the normal possibilities for human absorption is well known. It is tested by all historians. Many wealthy characters devoted themselves exclusively to food. A number of these wonderful roads, which one can still see the traces, were built only to allow certain nutrients to arrive faster to the Roman gourmets. The feasts were the main activities of daily life. They did not exclude the native coarseness of manners, since, according to Juvenal, there were two kinds of dishes, precious dishes for important people and more vulgar dishes for ordinary guests, yet served at the same table! Roman society had a love of fish that were beyond measure. A certain Gavius Apicius who had moved to Minturnae because of the quality of lobsters, travelled to African coasts to find more beautiful ones. One was brought to him when he was going to land and disgusted, he set sail without touching the ground, because they were too small!

That made men with big stomachs with faces made livid by repeated vomiting and early bare skulls. A lean senator as Cassius, who was not

wearing the uniform of the overweight, was so exceptional that Julius Caesar distrusted him, seeing in him a man who was thinking too much.

World civilizers had the innate taste for political murders. Apart from gastronomy for wealthy people, politics was the main occupation of Romans. There was no election without a large number of murders. Streets offered no security. Houses either. Cicero had been forced to flee the sumptuous residence he occupied on the Palatine; a strip controlled by Antony came to destroy thoroughly this sumptuous residence and could, without interference, build a temple instead! When Cicero returned to Rome, he was forced to destroy the temple and rebuild his house.

A halo of classicism adorned falsely characters of that era. Throughout the centuries, teachers of Latin and history have put them a noble mask that hides their grimacing face of greedy men.

Cicero, whose oratorical quotes to the senseless Catiline had to be repeated by millions of college students, had a base soul. He realized the feat of being both yellow with envy and inflated by a comic vanity.

Cato was a false wise, a stoic caricature. At the time of killing himself, he speaks of Stoic philosophy and pretended to read with seriousness the dialogue on the immortality of the soul of Plato. But he gives a punch in the face of a slave with such force that he breaks in half his hand and asks a doctor to come to treat this hand, and with it he must, within hours, open his stomach.

Nothing has equaled Roman ferocity of that period. It was commonly used to file in the stands of the forum, where the speakers spoke, heads of their political enemies who had been murdered and where they were allowed to mummify.

Under Sulla, relates Florus, a certain Marcus Gratidianus, seized by a popular group, was scourged, his eyes were put out, and they cut off his hands and feet. It was only after a long wait that they cut off his head.

Catiline took this head, but the historian does not say the use he made with it.

The day of Marius's triumph, one had dragged Jugurtha, King of Numidia behind him. Scholarly torture had driven mad in advance,



so that in ceremonial robes, he made extravagant gesticulations, likely to make the crowd laugh. After that, they left him for six days before strangling him, in a sewer, beneath the Capitol. It is above the cesspool that the scholar Cicero, philosopher Cicero, would look down to make sure how of their agony were Lentulus and four of his friends, he had illegally sentenced to die in this tomb.

The noble Pompey, which all historians praise the generosity, had crucified along the road from Rome to Capua, with geometric care, the six thousand companions of Spartacus he had made prisoners, so that a traveler could walk a very long time between the dead that rattled. When Cicero was put to death, his head and his cut off left hand were brought up to Antony. Immediately his wife Fulvia, pulled out the bloodless tongue and happily jabbed it with a hairpin.

It was a normal custom to expose without food in the Tiber Island, the old or sick slaves to get rid of them and a distraction, a hiking destination for large families to see them die in front of the temple of Asclepius.

It is surprising that the Romans had not scalped as the Redskins. They haven't probably thought of it. It is to these torchbearers of the spirit that was given the land of wise Druids. It is them that the millennium lie of education has taught us to admire as our intellectual fathers.

## Caesar the materialist

It was said that Julius Caesar led the Roman legions in Britain only because a legend assured that in this misty land there was plenty of beads. He loved gemstones and believed in finding splendid ones in the unknown regions of the north. Perhaps the conquest of the entire Gaul had been originated by a pearl desire.

Julius Caesar is, of all famous men, the one who's genius was the less discussed. Michelet, dazzled by this genius, when he wrote the history of France has, in a manner of speaking, retracted Julius Caesar's crimes in Gaul and he exclaims:

—Such a man has no homeland. He belongs to the world.

Julius Caesar belongs only to Rome. He is its perfect, dazzling incarnation.

I do not undertake to make a portrait of Julius Caesar, nor a story of the Gallic Wars. I only want to note few details in contradiction with the universal admiration and in particular the one of Michelet.

Julius Caesar achieved to a high degree, from his youth, the type of what was known in France before the war, the cavalry officer, sportsman and seductive. He spent hours each day in the care of his toilet. His special manners made him first dubbed “the Queen of Bithynia” because of his friendship with the king of this country. He gave wide publicity to these customs, which greatly added to his prestige. But he changed after the first youth, a change that still occurs nowadays, and a taste for immoderate women came up to him, haunting, to a point that, what is wonderful in his carrier is that, he was able to satisfy this taste along with the ambitions of politician and general. He became so famous by his sexual potency that the marching song of his soldiers, jokingly called the Gallic husbands to watch over their wives, because of the presence of their leader. He also promoted this reputation of power, knowing how it was likely to lead all female hearts after him.

It must be said that he was generous, even magnificent. Maybe he was only looking for pearls as a gift for women. He gave one to Servilia, mother of Brutus, which was worth six million.

All historians are unanimous in finding him handsome. Suetonius, among his praises, mentions a fat body and a white complexion. But the many busts we have of him inspire rather repulsion. We imagine him more pallid than white. This atheist evokes a priest who would be simultaneously notary clerk. He was immensely affable, cultivated and an artist. His seduction must have come from his understanding of other people's vices, his power, of the contempt in which he held men. He suffered cruelly from his premature baldness. He brushed his latest hair forward and pretended to smooth them with his finger to ensure himself of their presence. Maybe his baldness contributed to his hatred of the Gauls, too hairy in his opinion. He had to see with satisfaction the merchants who followed the legions, cut the long hair of the dead so that they might serve as false braids to the Roman ladies.

His frankness was extolled because he did not hesitate to be cynical. But the greatest hypocrisy is the one which affects the cynicism. His taste for luxury was such that he couldn't do without having a floor in his room in a wood marquetry, and at war, he had this wood brought to his suite and had the floor of the rooms where he slept change. This did not prevent him from detracting luxury in Rome by banning the use of litters, purple and even wearing pearls which was allowed only to certain people!

He blames the Druids, on the basis of gossip made by defectors, to perform blood sacrifices, he who, besides the carnage of war, killed for his pleasure and that of the rabble he flattered, thousands of gladiators.

The quality of irony about it should be noted. After telling about the extermination of the inhabitants of the city of Cenabum, he also said: —Little had to be regretted.

He had the ability to forgive often to political enemies, killing the practitioner only for material benefits and not for revenge, over which he placed himself. This is what made his reputation of magnanimity. Perhaps he was not cruel in the ordinary sense. A man who has sexual

pleasure perpetually in his disposition, feel that he has no time to lose in seeking revenge. He had an abstract cruelty, a transcendent faculty of extermination, beyond imagination. It must have been very great for after the account of his cruelties in Gaul, there were senators to propose to hand him over, bound hand and foot to the Gauls. It is true that this proposal was greeted with laughter.

After taking Uxellodunum, in the Lot, he had cut off the right wrist to a thousand warriors who came to visit him, naively trusting his generosity. The author of the comments adds:

“Caesar, who knew that his goodness was known to all and had no fear that an act of force was charged to the cruelty of his character determined to make an example.”<sup>1</sup>

He signed a treaty of peace with the Usipete and the German Tencteri and taking advantage of the fact that they were unarmed, he immediately made an unprecedented massacre.

Great military genius! was cried out.

This politician warrior and man of the world, kept for six years in the Capitol underground sewers, the loyal Vercingetorix who had visited him. He made him strangle the night of the ceremony of his triumph, and later between the torches, he had marched among animals and stolen objects.

This women expert made also march in this triumph, the young Arsinoe of Egypt. A giraffe pranced behind her. A sign bearded in huge letters: *Veni, Vidi, Vixi*, terms of a letter of Caesar to his friend Amantius whom his fans had made famous.

Can we imagine such a foolish vanity for a general to include in a procession a fortunate sentence of his correspondence!

He fell into an even greater complacency. The love of a true queen, Cleopatra, had almost made him lose his mind. Like the pettiest bourgeois of our republics, he falsified his genealogy, he claimed to descent from Aeneas and even the goddess Venus!

All these features have not prevented the posterity of thinking he was sublime because he succeeded. He has extended over Gaul the power

<sup>1</sup> Translation Maurice Rat (Garnier).

of his destructive intelligence. If there are missionaries of evil - and the mission is ignored even by the one who accomplishes it - Caesar was one them. Annihilating his forces, he turned Gaul towards the material civilization of Rome. He killed the spirit and gave in exchange roads, monuments, circuses. Those he had left to live were satisfied. The Gauls appreciated the conveniences of the central hitting and the Roman baths. They pride themselves on having representatives in the senate of Rome and their best horsemen enrolled themselves under the orders of Mark Antony. Caesar's name was glorified such as one of the great civilizers of humanity.

However, if there are some who believe that an inner clockwork of justice, hidden in the equity structure, go off with the production of evil, they will be happy to think that, Julius Caesar could not give to any queen, the pearls of India he dreamed of conquering and that he was killed by his own son, the only person he possibly loved.



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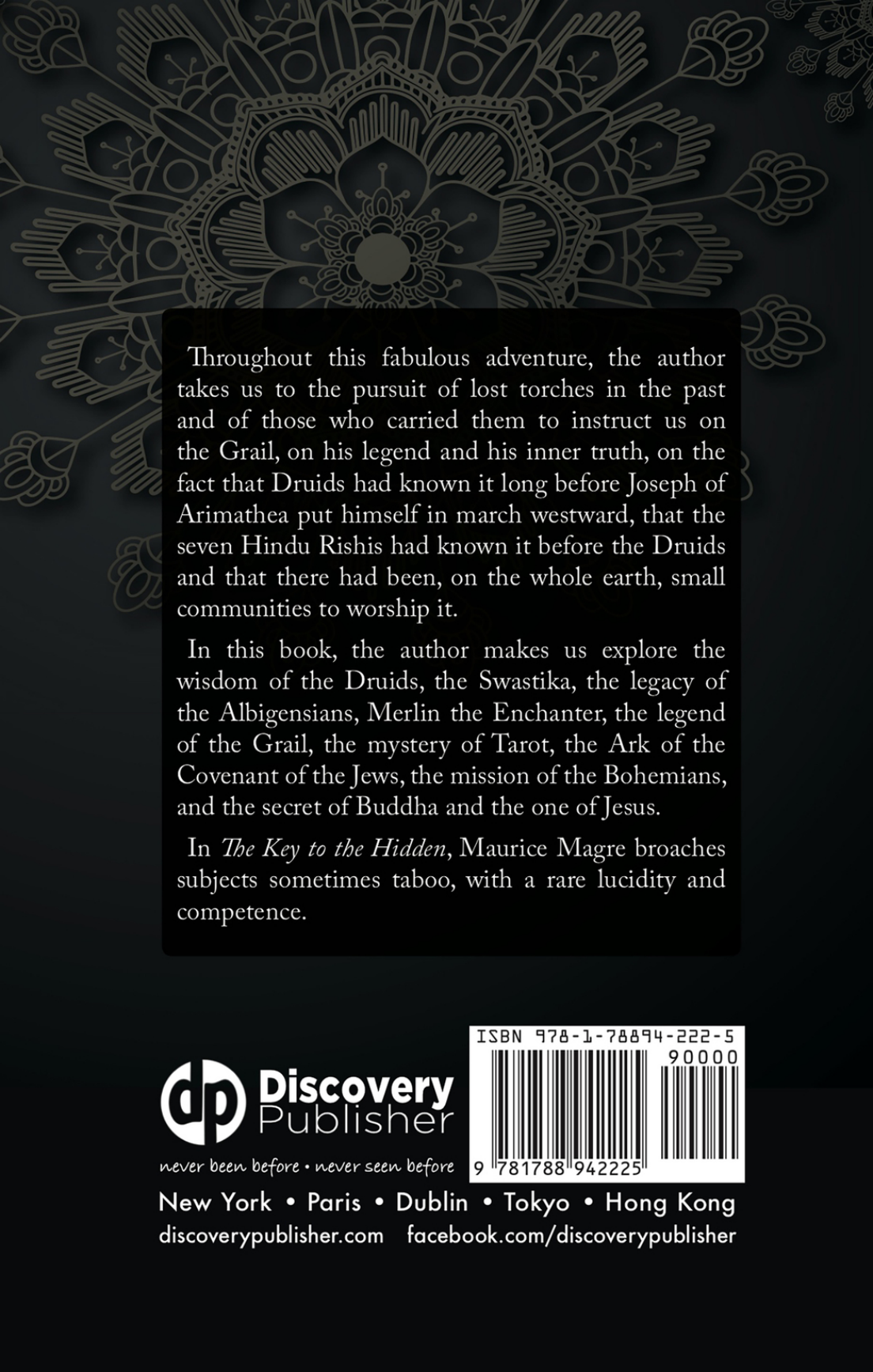
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Throughout this fabulous adventure, the author takes us to the pursuit of lost torches in the past and of those who carried them to instruct us on the Grail, on his legend and his inner truth, on the fact that Druids had known it long before Joseph of Arimathea put himself in march westward, that the seven Hindu Rishis had known it before the Druids and that there had been, on the whole earth, small communities to worship it.

In this book, the author makes us explore the wisdom of the Druids, the Swastika, the legacy of the Albigensians, Merlin the Enchanter, the legend of the Grail, the mystery of Tarot, the Ark of the Covenant of the Jews, the mission of the Bohemians, and the secret of Buddha and the one of Jesus.

In *The Key to the Hidden*, Maurice Magre broaches subjects sometimes taboo, with a rare lucidity and competence.



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