

THE TIME MACHINE AND THE SEARCH FOR THE MENORAH

(The Mystery among the Mysteries)

by

MASTER AND MICHELANGELO MAGNUS (The Last Knights)

“Sometimes in the surface lies the depth.”

(Oscar Wilde)

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PREFACE

The story that the reader is going to read belongs to a new literary fashion, by the authors called an “open reality book”, which differs from the traditional reality book (that we could define a “closed reality book”), for, whereas this last genre consists in a story in which the authors are involved in first person but the novel ends up with the narration, here the unwinding of the plot, which is in part true and only in a small part fantastic, is not ended, as some real facts are still missing. The saga, in fact, will be concluded only apparently (in the second volume), with three different endings by choice of the reader, but actually the adventure will continue, and only one reader, among many, will be able to close the narration, letting know to all the others how the story has ended. This “real” part of the tale, which will be the follow-up of one among the various endings proposed, cannot be written until it has not really happened, but in the end it will become itself a part of the tale already begun, with the first two volumes. In other words, the final act has not been and cannot be written yet, but any one who is willing to play will potentially finish it. The game consists in finding twenty-two cues that the authors have partly hidden in both books, and partly in different places of Italy and abroad. Each cue poses an enigma to be unravelled, and to do this one needs to be in possession of the first and second book (hence also the continuation of the present volume), and study the arguments correlated. In the very end the players could find a true treasure (which is existing, though currently of immaterial value, as the authors have really hidden it) that will allow the reader to become the true protagonist of the story. The book in itself can be read as an ordinary novel, or one can look for the hidden messages, or choose the “grand finale”, among those prospected, or skip over some chapters, or else read them in a different version in appendix. In short, this is a dynamic novel that allows the reader to really live the adventure without remaining a mere passive spectator. Of course, this is not the only novelty of these works (we are referring to this book and its follow-up).

There are some who would rarely read a novel and others vice versa hardly turn over the pages of an essay and, in an epoch as prosaic as ours, almost no one ever more a collection of poems. Aim of this tale is to meet the different tastes of the reading public, and to reach this goal one has tried to reunite the three literary genres (motive for which the work could be defined a “poetical rosaggio”*), exploiting a unique leading thread that is the narration of a story really happened, but by now already forgotten. The authors, particularly through numerous digressions, propose to themselves to induce the readers to ask themselves questions and try to decode the numerous ciphered messages contained in this work.

The story is so structured that it can be read multilevel, allowing the readers, for example, to choose whether to read Chapter Five, so as it is presented, or choose the integral version added in Appendix I, or even to skip it altogether without losing the thread of the tale.

The first chapters of the work can be considered, de facto, an essay for, through the dialogues of the personages there are illustrated the particulars of the scientific hypothesis on the real possibilities of travelling in the time, as well as the symbolical significances of the “Menorah”. These chapters have been realized for discouraging the reading to whom has no spiritual interest, nevertheless, if the reader succeeds in surmounting the threshold of Chapter Five, he will be rewarded for his perseverance, and the road will then be all in sloping, and who knows that at the end of it he will find, indeed, the treasure he was looking for.

Inside the work there are some erotic passages that might seem overflowing or inopportune, but this is a choice auspicated by the authors, either because Eros is, as one says, “the salt of life”, or because such descriptions, at times, hide occult symbolical significances.

Such somewhat brutal descriptions are - at least we think so - necessary for creating a certain turmoil in the reader who is halfway of the whole road he has undertaken by reading this book. Also Dante - and forgive us the unworthy comparison - “halfway through the journey we are living”, found himself deep in a darkened forest, for he had “lost all traces of the straight path”. Finally, the reader ought not forget that Alighieri, too, in his “Inferno” describes details for certain verses gruesome, such as the story of Count Ugolino, but no one can ever deny that Dante was a great Poet or that - just to make

another unworthy comparison - Boccaccio was an excellent first-rate story-teller, in spite of several pruriginous situations reported in his work.

Following pure ethical reasons, however, in this edition the same authors have preferred to censure and cut out all those erotic particulars, not essential to the comprehension of the narration, so as to avoid useless polemics, and make this expurgated version accessible to everybody.

Contained in the book are also some future forecasts, but these are mainly the fruit of pure imagination, or been conjectured by logic. Should they come true, the thing will be entirely casual.

We also wish to emphasize that the historical references, as well as many of the facts that are the source of this story, have really happened, whereas the names of the scientists who took part in the project of the "Cronovisore", are only a supposition of the authors, or they are fictitious. As to the other characters and the dialogues with the same, including in particular those with Father Ernetti about the existence of two Messiahs (not reflecting besides the real personality of the monk), they are thoroughly invented, so as, on the other hand, the rest of the story regarding the fantastic parts. By the illustration of this last hypothesis, which we do not share, we have wanted to provoke the reader, by explaining that the chief point is not so much the story of Jesus' life, which has been the cradle of heresies, divisions and fratricidal fights in the bosom of the same Christian religion, but what counts is, instead, His message that is of universal range.

Finally, one points out that in this novel there are hidden some signs to find a true treasure, but to begin such search the reader shall have to wait for the publication of the second novel (whose title will be "The most hidden treasure"), and the start signal of the authors, once they have expedite all the bureaucratic and organizational formalities.

* Rosaggio is a term obtained by the contraction of the word Romanzo (Novel) and Saggio (Essay).

Introduction

(Or Chapter Zero)

From a technical point of view this book has been printed in blue instead of black (with exception of the economic editions) for favouring the harmony between the right hemisphere of the brain, by the Cabalists called Sephira Chokma (where is sited the intuitive and imaginative faculty) and the left brain called Binah (responsible for the rational logic).

The novel introduces itself mainly as a macro-scope of mysteries (intended here as the opposite of microscope), reason for which one of the images featured in this work has been drawn from a detail of a painting made in the past by one of the authors, by the homonymous title. The other image features a penitent Mary Magdalene, of Neapolitan School, by some art critics attributed to Andrea Vaccaro, who also makes a brief appearance in this story.

The one represents the present, the other, the past. Both works are dense of symbolical significances that here have been only partially explained, and being open symbols, they can be interpreted as one believes it best.

The authors, using the instruments of the narration and following the traditional path of search for the Grail (in our case reflecting the ancient Menorah), have investigated on some big historical mysteries, so that they could verify if it were possible to find a unique leitmotiv in what has been concealed behind the legends, present and past, and where applicable, have tried to offer some plausible explanation on some Arcanum, trying thus to stimulate the reader in walking dynamically through a path of inner research. The work is titled: "The Time Machine and the Search for the Menorah". We have already hinted at the last part of the title, while with reference to the first one, this sprouts from an event really occurred. It narrates the vicissitudes of a Benedictine monk, Father Pellegrino Ernetti, who in the 'seventies claimed to have perfected, with other twelve scientists, among whom Enrico Fermi and Wernher von Braun (the former director of the N.A.S.A.), a machine, called then "Cronovisore" that had allowed him to see past events. Many doubted of such a discovery, but the authors, who have carried out a deep historical research on the matter, believe, on the contrary, that the inventor has really succeeded in realizing such a machinery and that the same has really been put into function before the ecclesiastical authorities of the epoch.

Following such leading thread and going through a path (where the Grail, as already said, is in this case represented by the Menorah), the authors seize the opportunity for outlining a concise picture of all the principal mysteries that have fascinated and still fascinate all the humanity. In the books you will hear of:

the Templars, the magic Nazism, the functions of the pyramids, the antediluvian civilizations, the Ark of the Covenant, Mithraism, the King of the World and the secret brotherhoods, Gnosis and Religion, but also of Astrology, Numerology, Nominalism, Alchemy, Symbolism, Prophecies, Art, Love, Eroticism, Poetry, Astronomy, Gastronomy and, obviously, of the ancient Menorah or the Seven-branched Candelabrum, construed after the guidelines imparted by our Lord.

In the novel the reader can confine himself to remain a passive spectator or, on the contrary, he himself become a protagonist and try to find out the twenty-two signs that the authors have concealed among the folds of the present book and in the other of next publication. Final aim of this search is to find out two treasures: one of material

value (amount not yet assessed, but if sponsors turn up...), and the other of spiritual character, of unique value, will be placed at disposal by the authors for spurring the reader to turn himself into a treasure hunter.

Chapter I

The Mission

It was a June day of 1983 when I was urgently summoned by Colonel Stefano Selvatici, the Commander of the IV Mobile Battalion Carabinieri stationed in Mestre, a locality not distant from Venice. The head of the detachment was a man approaching his sixties, of middle stature, slight, with already whitening hair that ill-matched with the juvenile spirit he was endowed of. In that particular moment he seemed to be agitated, and was perspiring profusely, probably owing to the stifling heat. And indeed, although summer had just begun, the elevated degree of humidity rising from the Venetian lagoon, made the sultriness unbearable. The colonel was pacing back and forth in his room and, judging by his panting, I realized that some serious problem troubled his mind as, usually, he was of a reflexive and a serene disposition.

“Please, do sit down, Lieutenant Giacomo Merlin! The matter I wanted to discuss with you will take some time. Would you like a drink? Perhaps a *grappa*, eh? I have just been presented with a special bottle indeed, a “*Rossi d’Angera*”, aged quite at the right point.”

“You have hit the mark, Colonel! Three are the things one never refuses: a tot of *grappa* for agreeing; a Lucan bitter for digesting and a glass of black foam, obviously, only and exclusively “*Spumador*” for quenching the thirst. But please, pour me only a pick-me-up because today I am on duty.”

“Will that do?” – he asked, handing me a glass.

“Yes, thank you! But, please, tell me the reason why you have urged me to come.”

“Oh, well, that’s a rather entangled affair. Have you ever heard of Father Pellegrino Ernetti and of the machine he himself invented, in collaboration with other twelve scientists, which some researchers have christened *Chronovisor*?”

“Yes, I have, but only in details.”

“That’s more than natural since you are young and at that epoch you were not born yet, but you must know that already in the early ‘fifties it started to circulate in certain scientific milieus the news about the invention of a machine designed to capture the images of past events, including their protagonists. It was said that such an apparatus permitted to display remote facts, just like when one projects a film. The realization of this extraordinary machine was attributed to Father Pellegrino Alfredo Maria Ernetti, a Benedictine monk who apparently had collaborated with scientists of worldwide fame, among whom: Enrico Fermi, a brilliant student of the same; a Japanese Nobel-Prize; the Portuguese researcher De Matos and Wernher Von Braun, inventor of the German V-2 who later became the director of the NASA, to intend us, the conceiver of the first space shuttle which has carried man on the moon.

The news was soon forgotten, and very likely no one else would have ever heard of it, if the same Father Ernetti, roughly twenty years later, had not released an interview on the argument to the Journalist Vincenzo Maddaloni and the article appeared in the daily newspaper the “*Domenica del Corriere*” on the No 18 issue of May 2nd, 1972. In this interview the inventor illustrated the basic principles of what would have then been called *Chronovisor*, intended as a machine enabling to look back into the time. According to the inventor, the whole elaboration was based on a principle of physics after which both waves, sonorous and visible, once emitted, do not disperse, but they simply undergo a change, though remaining eternal and ubiquitous. Hence, equal to energy, these waves can also be regenerated in that they are, in a certain sense, some kind of energy. Father Ernetti went even further than that, and in the same interview, he elucidated that the fact we do not see or hear certain things, does not necessarily mean that they do not exist, but rather that we need specific instruments allowing us to hear and to see what our senses are not able to perceive.”

“Indeed, very interesting, Colonel! I’ll see to get this paper as speedily as I can.”

“No need for it, Lieutenant, there it is.”

The colonel opened a drawer of his writing desk, and drew out an old page of newspaper, then turning towards me, asked me to approach to show me the article in question.

“There you are, Mister Lieutenant, have yourself a look, and tell me what you think of it.”

I took the already yellowed sheet of paper in my hand, and was attracted by the extract of the interview in which Father Ernetti explained that the miraculous apparatus was constituted of a series of antennas, apt to be synchronized with the event selected. The machine worked on the same principle also used by astronomers when observing the collapse of stars and galaxies, based on the hypothesis that everything that takes place round us is transformed into light waves which, far from self-destructing, are converted instead into an energy source whose particles remain hanging like some sort of cap which envelops the planet, perpetual and unchangeable. Sound and light, therefore, once produced, would no longer be recognizable by man but they would become energy. Man, always according to the scientist, would emit a visible trail, exuded by the epidermis, while the sounds he emits would send forth a sound energy. Now, thanks to this invention, those emissions are captured, re-elaborated and decoded into sounds and images so that they may reproduce either the person or the historical event sought after.”

“In this connection, I really don’t know what to think, Colonel. The explanations given by Father Ernetti would seem quite acceptable, at least in theory, none the less I fail to understand why the other scientists, who would have participated to the realization of the machine, have not uttered a word on the whole matter. Why then?”

“Personally, Lieutenant, I am inclined to think that the already mentioned researchers didn’t quite agree with Father Ernetti on the idea of divulging the results of the first experiments, and that the old man has let himself be carried away a little bit. On the other hand, it was the scientist himself who, in this interview, emphasizes the unavoidable risks laced with an improper use of such invention. But please, continue reading!”

“Actually, when questioned why he had not yet made public the results of his experiments, Father Ernetti replies verbatim: *“No comment. We will make everything public when we have a counter-check to our experiments. Since we know that also the Americans are trying to discover what we have already discovered, only when we shall be in a position to confront the results we have attained with theirs, will we give them an official character to our discovery.”*

“As to the hazards inherent in the exploitation of the invention, it says here further down in the interview that the Chronovisor is a dangerous weapon in that it might jeopardize the freedom of speech, action and thought, and being the last mentioned also an emission of energy, as such, easily detectable by the machine. According to Father Ernetti, in fact, by means of this apparel, one might know what others have in mind, thus the inevitable consequences of its utilization would be: either the slaughtering of mankind or, what’s more unlikely, the birth of a new morality freer from biases. That’s why the inventor is of the opinion that this apparatus must not become of public dominion, but it should rather remain under the direct control of the competent authorities.”

“But you, Mister Colonel, do you honestly actually believe that all this story might have a scientific credibility?”

“Well, let us not forget that every day in turning on the T.V. we see images of events occurred some decades ago, therefore I personally hold a similar proceeding for plausible, though I also believe that Father Ernetti has deliberately omitted to tell us a part of the truth, and namely, that for being able to see either an event or a person we need an object, or at the least, a part of a person’s body such as, let’s say for instance, a fingernail, a hair lock, how do I know, in order to visualize the energies imprinted in that specific object.”

“You are referring to Colangeli and Don Luigi Borrello’s theories, right?”

“Yes, indeed.”

“Congratulations Lieutenant! I never thought that at the *Nunziatella* Military School in Naples, which you have attended, they would go as far as such teachings.”

“Well, I must say that we had a very good professor of physics who was indeed a well-meaning fellow, and he invited us to tackle mathematics and physics with a pinch of Neapolitan philosophy. Yet it’s also true that I am very fond of history and mysteries, and besides, the possibility to look back in the time as well as to travel into the space-time are both subject-matters that have always fascinated me, and owing to that I have deepened my studies of not only Cesare Colangeli’s theories, but also those of Nikola Tesla, Immanuel Velikosky and of Eng. Giovanni Battista Ferlini, only to cite you the most famous of them.”

“Wait a minute! Did you say Ferlini? The one who formerly worked for the M.I.T.?”

“Yes, him indeed. Just think, I have stumbled upon him only a few months ago, and in such occasion, he told me that he intends to give a wide account of his experiments on magnetism in a book which he will be publishing soon by the *Mediterranean Editions* and of which he has anticipated me the title: “*The Magnetic Barrier*”, although, owing to the remarkable mole of the data gathered, this essay would not be due for publication before 1986.”

“Ah, yes ... that Ferlini... I knew him by name since the time I still collaborated with the Department for Engineering of Tor Vergata, in Rome, but I never did have time to deepen his studies, although already at that time, it was rumoured, in some scientific high spheres, that he would have reproduced the experiment of Philadelphia.”

“Yes, and as I imagine you are informed, under the name of this city of the States it was codified an experiment on the electromagnetic fields, carried out by the American Military Navy in October 1943, by which they tried to put into practice Einsteins’ theory on the Unified Fields” - I punctuated. (N.o.R. - Such theory enunciates that, when an electric field is created in a coil, the magnetic field is driven into the electric one. Since each field occupies a plane space, and the planes have to be three, it would then come to exist also a gravitational plane. This additional field could be generated connecting between them some electromagnetic generators apt to induct a magnetic pulse, by applying the principle of resonance.)

“That was an interesting experiment if, as it seems, once the magnetic field had been activated, it disappeared into it an American military ship, which was contemporarily seen in other territorial waters situated at several miles away from the place in which the experiment was being conducted.

As far as I know, it would seem that the first man who formulated such scientific hypothesis was the Rumanian Nikola Tesla, but, as I have already told you, I know little or nothing of the experiments made by Ferlini. Of what does it treat, exactly?”

“Ferlini’s experiments stem from his own studies relative to the function of the Grand Pyramid and its orientation in the direction of the magnetic pole, as well as from what he apprehended, in a scientific congress held in Germany about forty years ago, from one of the lecturers who made a hint at an experiment kindred to that one made in Philadelphia. From what Ferlini told me personally, after a very long period of study and reflections, he convinced himself to make a test similar to that of Tesla, but using extremely powerful magnets, forged in the shape of a horseshoe, and if I remember well, he did not use the ordinary electromagnets but the permanent-magnets of low-carbon steel ones.”

“Carry on, it’s very interesting.”

“Well, from what Ferlini reported to me, for the experiment in question there were used 4 huge magnets of about 4 tons each in weight, which were put one in front of the other as a cross, placed at a distance previously determined in laboratory. The magnets, which leaned on graduated slide-guides, were then slowly shifted forwards to make them converge towards the centre of the cross; when they reached a given critical distance, a bluish fog began to diffuse from the centre towards the farthest external edges, expanding the typical pungent odour of ozone, although such gas was not detected by any of the instruments designed for this purpose. At this point, Ferlini told me that he himself went near the critical area, whose width was about 3,000 sq. cm and situated at a distance of about 50 cm from the poles, but while he was doing a survey for better assessing some measurements, he removed the gasmask he had on and, inadvertently, entered into the so-created magnetic field, disappearing for some seconds, as he was told later on by his colleagues.

By the time he reappeared, he had lost not only consciousness, but also the anti-gas mask he had previously taken off, whose traces were lost forever. The other experimenters could eventually wake him up only after the magnets had been brought back to their former position, and they referred to him that during his suction the fog had slowly changed its colour from blue to orange to green for then resuming the original colour. Ferlini also told me that, when the fog had swallowed him up, he completely lost his senses but none the less, during this phase, he had a vision of a construction made of stone whose slanting vertex was covered with a strange metal cap that resembled a pyramid clad with a lamina made of copper, very likely. Although heeled by my never-ending questions on how could he have, in my judgment, travelled in the space-time, the scientist kept himself rather elusive on the argument, and explained to me that a phenomenon of that kind might also be produced by a

probable intoxication due to the ionised air, but he also left open the hypothesis I had formulated, specifying moreover that for creating such a phenomenon he had to resort to several instruments devised by his *équipe*, instruments which are to be object of patenting in the next future.”

“Fascinating, but what’s your opinion? Does this experiment seem credible to you?”

“I really don’t know what to say, but he is known to be a serious and qualified man, and on top of that, the experiment has a certain scientific foundation. But reverting to Father Ernetti, do you really think he has succeeded in looking back in the time with the Chronovisor?”

“Though incredible as it may appear, it seems, however, that Giuseppe Marasca, a professor of literature at the *Amedeo Savoia* College at Jesi, near Ancona, has tested the skills of the inventor by asking him to restore the missing passages of a manuscript attributed to the ancient Roman poet Ennius Quintus, namely the “*Thyeste*”, work written around the II century B.C. Well, believe it or not, some time thereafter Father Ernetti sent his interlocutor the whole manuscript complete with the missing parts, explaining him that the same had been obtained, thanks to the Chronovisor, by means of a recording taken during the performance held in 169 B.C. in occasion of the Public Games honouring Apollo, near the temple dedicated to this god, temple situated between the Forum and the Flaminius Cirque. Professor Marasca, whom I personally met, told me that the integrations styled by father Ernetti could be compatible with the text come down to us, and in this sense, I let him give me the text to be submitted to a couple of experts in philology, from whom I heard two discordant opinions: the first response was unfavourable, and the expert explained that the original text could not be considered authentic in that it contained many terms that would have been introduced in the Latin lexicon only approximately 200 years later; the other scholar I consulted, instead, made it a point to say that, since a word can have more than one meaning, the text had to be considered reliable and contextual with the period in which the tragedy had been written, so as it has reached us.”

“It’s a bit like by the law, no? It’s a question of points of view. However, if things stand like that, one cannot exclude that Father Ernetti might have been able to watch a posthumous performance, instead of the original staged, for this reason he has recorded the adaptation from the same tragedy, as it was probably played in such epoch. But please tell me, Colonel Selvatici, are there by chance any evidences therein?”

“Father Ernetti says that he has listened to and seen numerous historic events, among others those with the speeches delivered by Cicero, Napoleon Bonaparte and Mussolini, but above all he maintains that the Chronovisor enabled him to follow the passion and death of Jesus Christ, and he would also have furnished a photograph of it, precisely the one you see in front of you, representing the effigy of Christ.”

I looked at the photo the colonel had just pointed me out, and stood dumb-founded: the image there pictured was exactly like the icon of the beseeching Jesus with his look turned upwards as if searching for the Father.

“My God! - I uttered – He looks indeed like our Lord, but is it possible all of this?”

“That photo was made public in 1972, but some days after its publication a reader of the *Journal of Mysteries* sent to this magazine a copy of the Cullot Valera’s wooden crucifix worshipped in the Sanctuary of Collevaenza, near Todi. The likeness of the two effigies was indeed impressive. Father Ernetti reverted to this subject only a few years later when, in response to one of his principal contestants, the Don Borello whom you have already mentioned, he asserted that the photo of Christ was intercepted in 1953, whereas the image on the crucifix of Collevaenza had been carved at a later date. Besides, he made clear that, when Mother Speranza (she had had visions of Jesus) saw this photo, sent for him in person to let him know that such an image tallied perfectly to the Christ of her apparitions. Following these facts Father Ernetti was summoned more than once in Vatican, and in one of these occasions, helped by an Italian scholar, a Paolo Tosi, still living, and by a Portuguese scientist, he would have shown integrally the whole tape-recorded material directly to Pope Pius XII, as well as to many other important personalities of both the Vatican and the politics.

“What else can you tell me about Father Ernetti?” – I asked, becoming more and more curious.

“Father Pellegrino Ernetti, beside being a scientist is also a musicologist, and he teaches *pre-polyphony* at the *Conservatorium Benedetto Marcello* of Venice. Just think this faculty is the only one existing in the whole world. This kind of music is that one which dates back to the XIV B.C. up to the X Century

of our actual era, and it is antecedent the setting in music, so as we know it today. In order to study and to reconstruct this complex and fascinating subject-matter, Father Ernetti availed - and still avails himself - of the contribution of some specialists from all over the world, and probably it is also thanks to their valuable advices that he began to elaborate the system that lead him to the sensational discovery.

We know, besides, that the scientist collaborated with Father Agostino Gemelli in the first researches on electronic oscillography conducted in the laboratories at the Milan *Università Cattolica*. Allow me on this regard to recount you an episode my friend, Father Grandi, an Epistemologist, still living, told me not long time ago: it was in 1952 when Father Ernetti had come to Milan by the laboratory of experimental physics, of the *Università del Sacro Cuore*, for meeting Father Gemelli with the purpose to conduct some experiments on some Gregorian chant voices using tape-recorders on wire. During these operations, however, the wire of the instrument had a breakdown and the two repaired it as best as they could, thanks also to the prompt intervention of Father Grandi who rushed to their help, but when they started to re-play the tape-recorder after it was repaired, the three, instead of listening to Gregorian chants, heard the voice of Agostino Gemelli's father exclaiming: "*But of course I help you, I am always with you!*" It must be said that, whenever Father Gemelli met with some sort of difficulties, he was wont to utter: "*Oh, dad, help me, please!*"

At this point, Father Gemelli, panic-stricken, stops the instrument, but then he takes his time to think over, and once again he hears his father's voice echoing through the room: "*But yes, you blockhead, don't you see that's me?*"

A fact that left him speechless because the appellative "*blockhead*" was a nice way by which his father used to call him from time to time. How all this could have happened, I was not given to know, but I presume that, either the three scientists had put to function a forerunner of the Chronovisor, or one of them must have possessed the talent of mediumistic powers. In this case, going by exclusion, since I was on very friendly terms with my referee as well as with Father Gemelli, both well known as rationalists, I think that the only person who might have had such a faculty was Father Ernetti. Subsequently to that fortuitous episode, the three began some different experiments based on the fact that all waves emitted both by objects and persons are eternally present in the ether, and therefore, they can, at least potentially, be captured and changed into sounds and images."

"Interesting, I would really like to have a chat with Father Ernetti so that I may personally verify the matter in question."

"If that's all for that, I can easily satisfy you, because you'll be meeting him very soon. In fact, the Vatican has just turned to our district commander for obtaining an escort of armed men in order to protect an equipment of paramount scientific relevance, and which must absolutely not fall in unauthorized hands, but I doubt whether you'll be able to root out any useful information whatsoever on the Chronovisor from Father Ernetti because the same, after the sensation and the polemics the event stirred up, has locked himself behind a dogmatic silence, I don't know if he did so for his own choice or because contrived into it by his superiors. The fact remains that ever since he has no more uttered a word on the argument with anyone, except for a few friends, among whom, to my knowledge, Père François Brune and his devout secretary."

"How is it then that they have contacted our battalion and not the special guard force? And why, from the whole bunch, did you handpick expressly me out? I, who am a complementary officer at the end of his mandate, and moreover only 21-years old, to fulfil such a delicate mission?"

"The commander fears that amidst the special force there might be a certain number of infiltrated, and so, who would ever suspect that a handful of friends more or less over twenty could escort a machinery of such an importance? As to yourself, though you are only in your twenties you have already distinguished yourself at the *Scuola Militare Nunziatella* during the earthquake of Naples in November 23rd, 1980, for having taken the initiative to close to the traffic Piazza Plebiscito, and for the ability shown in co-ordinating your colleagues less skilled than you, as well as for how you maintained the public order in that circumstance of general panic."

"I thank you for the trust shown me, but what does this mission consist in, exactly?"

"This mission, named in jargon "*Khronos Operation*", consists in escorting the Chronovisor from the places where it stands right now up to the Vatican City."

“What do you mean “from the places”? That there are more than one Chronovisor?”

“Not exactly. In reality the Chronovisor is constituted of three parts of which, as Father Ernetti writes to us:

“One unit is formed by a series of antennas made of various metal alloys, and these antennas are linked together so that they can pick up all, or almost all, the different qualities of radio waves (and not only those) circulating in the universal space; a second unit is composed of instruments which, in light time, reconstruct what one is searching in the space, selecting all the images as well as the voices; and a third unit reproduces, like in a television, images and sounds”.

Now, for security reasons, one has deposited drawings and plans by three notaries domiciled in different States, and namely: one in Japan, one in Switzerland, one in Portugal, while the three units still functioning are in three distinct towns, respectively: the first one in Geneva, the last one by Mr Cumar at Padua and the intermediate one, which is also the most important of the three and the one which shall be entrusted to your command, is by the *Cini* Foundation on the Isle of San Giorgio”, at Venice, just next to the monastery where Father Ernetti resides.”

“Who else, beside me, will take part in the mission?”

“Maresciallo Giuseppe Rocca, with other three or four men, shall occupy himself with the withdrawal of the machinery deposited in Switzerland; Maresciallo Franco Airoidi, with as many men, shall escort the part deposited in Padua, as for you, you will be flanked by Police Inspector Regina Mieli of the SISMI, the Policewoman Elena Mollica, the Brigadier of the Carabineers Angelo Muri, whom you have already met, and the Carabineer Antonio Esposito. The whole will be co-ordinated by Mr Aldo Silvestri of the Vatican Secret Services who will then precede you to Rome for organizing your stay in the Holy See.”

“But why a participation of inter-forces, and moreover with the presence of two women, for an operation of armed escort?”

“My direct superior has met me personally to explain me that both the American and the Russian Secret Services, as well as the adepts of a secret sect, are on the tracks of the Chronovisor, and in case they get hold of it, they might use it for holding in leash mankind. Now, as I have already anticipated to you, if we should displace a massive escort-guard, the thing would give them food for thought and attract the immediate attention of the Foreign Secret Services who could easily locate the instruments and snatch them away. On the contrary, to a group of friends, all scantily over twenty, and besides in company of two gorgeous girls, who would give them any importance?”

“I imagine that the mission is imminent, since in a few days my term of service in the Army will expire.”

“Hereupon you are amply mistaken, my plucky hero. The operation will take place in the early days of June next year.”

“By that period I shall already be discharged, so how can I operate at military level?”

“What I have not yet explained to you is that all the men taking part in the mission, although being mainly in the cadres of the Armed Force and of the Secret Services, they do that only on personal title, at their own risk and peril, and at any rate when out of service, because by that date either they have ended their service, or they will be in wait of, or on licence, and of all this operation it will no more be talked about for twenty years, at the least.”

“But why is this operation not being carried out officially, considering that the Vatican has turned to our headquarters?”

“Not to our headquarters, but as I have already hinted to you, directly to our commander. He is an intimate friend of Cardinal Giuseppe Poretti of the Holy Office, who has asked him to single out a dozen of young men who would have the capability to handle this mission, men he knows personally and fully reliable, who shall be flanked by three agents of the Vatican Secret Services, among whom, indeed, Aldo Silvestri.”

“Please pardon me if I insist, Mister Colonel, but I don’t see why the Vatican itself does not directly recruit their own agents, and anyhow why don’t they do it officially?”

“Simply because they trust nobody on the ground that, with exception of the three agents responsible for the coordination, who are directly known by the cardinal, they fear that even among the very same employees of the Vatican there may be some infiltrated spies. As to our Secret Services, they are

controlled not only by the CIA but also by our Government who once faced with a demand coming straight from the United States for obtaining the machinery, could badly oppose a refusal to them, and I leave you to guess what use would be made of it, if the U.S. rulers are not illuminated by a divine light.”

“Have the other components of the group already given their adhesion?”

“Yes, the others have already given their assent, it fails only yours.”

“Why do you think I would accept a similar charge?”

“Because you are an idealist and a scholar of history, physics and metaphysics and, as such, you would surely be very curious to see with your own eyes how the machine works, but more than anything else, because you are a good Catholic, and therefore, you cannot disobey an order which comes directly from the Pope.”

“You mean to say directly from the Pope?”

“Yes, directly from His Holiness who is interested to view personally the functioning of the Chronovisor. By the way, I have made me promise that in that occasion you can also be present to the experiment.”

“Things being as they are, I suppose I cannot exempt myself from accepting this task, and I thank you for the trust granted me.”

“Of course, it is understood that of such a mission no word must leak out, neither to relatives nor to colleagues, not even under torture, and that, in any case, each of the participants will totally deny his adhesion to the mission and, in addition, he cannot count upon our structure, detective and operative, at least officially. For eventual supports, logistic-operative and for information, if need be, you can rely on Brigadier Giovanni Rossi of the Scientific Department, who is also my direct collaborator, and who will provide you with fire-arms, motor-vehicles and whatever is necessary for the operational part of the mission; the weapons in endowment are not be matriculated and as to the motor-vehicles, being sequestered, these are not registered and bear false number-plates, therefore watch out you don’t get stopped by our policemen in some road block; in Venetia there should be no problem, but when outside the region, you’ll get to shift on your own. As regards the pay-money, the Vatican will directly provide for it; for your “trouble” you will be given 10,000,000 Lire per head, and for you something more because you’ll be the commanding officer; in case then of an ill-omened decease, we’ll see to it that your families be granted about fifty million Lire.”

“But if I am no longer in service, why do you think the other participants should obey me?”

“Have you ever heard of the ancient Knights Templars?”

“Yes, I have, and if I am not mistaken, it was a monastic Order of Knighthood conceived by Saint Bernard de Clairvaux, and founded by Hues de Paiens in 1118.”

“Precisely. In this regard, I’ll read you a brief account taken from this ancient manuscript ascribed to Ferraioli:

“In the year 1118 Ugone Pagani and Saint Godfroy Al-demani, with other seven knights, of names unknown, founded the Order of the Templars. Ugone Pagani was a descendant of a very noble family of Nocera, in the Basilicata Province of the Reign of Naples (N.o.R. – It handles, thus, of an ancient Lucan citizen whose father Pagano de’ Pagani was a native of Forenza, a town that like Nocera, was at that time situated in Basilicata, and therefore he was not a Frenchman as commonly thought. According to some sources, the Master later married Catherine Sinclair, but that seems unlikely if one takes into account the vow of chastity to which such monks were submitted); Godfroy, then, was French; the two set out for Jerusalem to visit the Holy Sepulchre of Our Jesus Christ. These knights were so poor that, in two, nothing possessed but one horse only, therefore, as seal of the Order, they choose two Knights bestriding one horse. It also happened that three of them monks took their vows of poverty so strictly that they wished to be still called the Poor Knights of the Temple. Then, it was their office and occupation that to do good and to charitably treat all those Christians who came to visit the Holy Places, which, in those times, from all the Catholic lands in great number there converged, and these monks had still, at the peril of their life, to defend the Pilgrims from voyage not less than from foes, brigands, robbers and assassins, and furthermore, they had to fight in every occasion against the infidels. And being the first abode of the Order and dwelling of the Knights in a wing of the Palace standing near the Temple of Solomon, in the Austral part, to them given by Baldwin II the King of*

Jerusalem and by the Patriarch of that time, they assumed the name of Templars, that is to say the original name of the Militia of the Poor Knights of the Temple.”

“Yes, I am well acquainted with the tasks of the Templars, and I also know that they became legendary because, between one crusade and the other, during peace periods, they came into contact with an initiatic group of Ishmaelite, the so-called “*Sect of the Assassins*”*, established in Persia by Assam Ibn Sabbat in 1090, who taught them orally some secret knowledge. One narrates, in particular, that these adherents to an opposed religion, finding these monks worthy to continue the Tradition, transmitted to them some occult knowledge, of Essene derivation, which later, in the Western countries, became transfused on stone in the famous Gothic cathedrals dating back to that period, rich in suggestions and in esoteric symbols. Others also sustain that in addition to this, the Templars had found time and way to get direct access to the secrets concealed in the Temple, and to accumulate fantastic treasures, only in part requisitioned by the King of France Philippe IV, nicknamed Philip the Fair, at the death of the last Grand Master, Jacques de Molay, who was burnt at the stake in 1314. The Templars were persecuted and murdered, and their Order definitively dissolved, although not suppressed, by Pope Clement V, while their confiscated estates were distributed amidst other Orders of Knighthood.”

“That’s what one narrates, but in reality not all the Knights were killed, and after the death of their Master, the ones who survived continued to meet secretly in those countries where the repression imposed upon them by Philip the Fair was less felt; in particular, many Knights took refuge in Portugal changing their name into “Knights of Christ” where they continued their moralizing work behind the scene and, above all, they continued to hand down from Master to Master the initiatic secrets, and the one you can see right in front of you is one of the last Knights. I must add that up to our days, not many know that this Order had one visible Master and one occult, this last was truly the one who held the spiritual power, at the epoch the Duke of Beaujeu, and it was through him that the Tradition has survived up to the present time.”

“Then, Mister Colonel, if I have well understood, you are the last Grand Master of the Order?”

“No, I am not ranking so high, I am a simple senior knight ordained as such in 1960, and my actual charge is to train the new entries. Once, only adult men were accepted into this order, but times have changed and today we also welcome dames, who have anyhow a separate lodge.

Well now, as I am already on this argument, I might just as well tell you in strict confidence that all the people of the groups taking part in the mission are adepts, so you are the only one outsider.”

“How is it that you have placed so much trust in me to tell me such a secret?”

“Three are the motives which have driven me to confide you this secret: *in primis* because I know your discretion; in the second place because, if you remember, during the long conversations we had in my office, you had expressed the intention to join in a knightly Order if one still existed which had maintained the tradition uninterrupted; and the last one, the most important, is that the previous Master of the Order, had succeeded in attaining enlightenment or illumination, and he was able to look at both past and future. Thus, he told me that within short there would come someone from the future to help us, who should have assumed the leadership of a mission of extreme importance for mankind. I should have met this person in 1983, but to make sure he was the elected one, I should have submitted him to a few initiatic proofs and if he had overcome all of them, he would be entitled to lead the group. Now, from the description he made to me, the person had to be about 1.75 cm high, lean, with blond hair and blue eyes, with a merry character but reflexive, intelligent and endowed with a culture far beyond his registry age. In seeing you, I was not hard put to recognize that you did perfectly embody that descriptive portrait, but I am in the dark about the circumstances which made you come from the future.”

“Yes, I must confess, things stand indeed like that. Please forgive my not disclosing my identity before you earlier on but, I, too, wanted to be sure you were the person I had to meet and, I, too, must avow to you in strict confidence that I come from A.D. 2012, and precisely from the 21st of that year, and have returned to the past in order to change the future, therefore in reality, despite I have a physique of a 20 year-old boy, my culture and experience are those of a man of fifty.”

“But how can this all be possible?”

“Since I was sixteen I developed a keen interest in the space-time voyages, and thought this wonder were realizable by sensitive people only, and solely through the astral body. Subsequently, some twenty-years later, by studying the works of physicists as Frank Tipler, Kip Thorne, John Gribbin and Paul Davies, I became aware that such astral trips could also pertain to the shifting of a physical body and that, at least at a theoretic level, it was possible to voyage through the time, but such a science-fictional hypothesis seemed naturally impossible to be achieved, taking into account the technological know-how of that time. I was on the brim of letting the matter fall, when I happened to have in my hand a journal dealing with mysteries and which reported that in some parts of Italy the literature had narrated that a number of individuals had fallen in with some space-time gates intended as natural windows that allowed to move through the space and the time. In this connection one knows that some of the people who went along these underground cuniculi, starting off from Italy, woke up in Brazil at a subsequent time without, however, recalling anything about what had occurred in the meanwhile. Now, as among the localities mentioned in that article the nearest one to my precedent place of residence at that epoch was Arona, situated in the province of Novara, I resolved to start my searches from that site.”

“And were you able to find that underground passage?”

“Right from the start, I understood that the places where such a gate might have been situated, going by exclusion, could be limited only to two: either in the *Lagoni* (Great Lakes) Natural Park of Mercurago, where it was found the first wooden wheel made in Europe or in the vicinity of the old Rocca (Fortress) destroyed by Napoleon, situated above the town, and also birthplace of St Carlo Borromeo. Rejecting the first conjecture, either because my close **studies** had convinced me that a presumable gate of that type had forcibly to open in a spot where the bio-energy was extremely strong (and in that natural park there was nothing comparable to it), or also because in the area there had not been found any trace of temples erected to the Two-Faced Janus or to Mitra (but also Mithra), which in my opinion were evidences beyond dispute of the existence of such energetic centres. I opted, therefore, for the second hypothesis. After a discreet amount of historical researches around the Rocca of Arona and the twin Rocca of Angera, which runs in straight line with the opposite bank of the Lake Maggiore, I discovered that underneath the Rocca of Angera, also belonging to the Borromeos, there was a temple dedicated to Mithra and that was reason enough for me to assume that traces of a temple in honour of such cult had to be found at Arona.”

“And did you find it?”

“Yes. It is now converted into a wine cellar, but the structure is a classical example of that period. A short while later, I took with me some sensitive people who, unfortunately, though perceiving a strong energy in that place, were not able to tell me where the star-gate was. I tried then to walk along a path called the “Secret Way”, but even this road ended up in a ravine, and there was no trace of the door, a thing that for the time being settled the matter with the star-gate. Eventually, after many repeated and frustrating attempts, some years later than that, I succeeded in finding out its exact position and that happened merely by chance. I’ll tell you how it happened: I was pursuing the dog of one of my girlfriends that had run away from us, when I reached a clearing overlooking the Rocca of Angera, at about twenty metres to the left from the perimeter of the Borromeos family’s chapel, by now in ruins, and was at about one metre and a half away from the precipice, that opened at my feet, where I halted because I felt at once weak to the point that my legs began to shake for weariness: I seemed to be dissolving and in less time than it takes to tell I jumped to the obvious conclusion that : there, just right there stood the entrance of the space-door.”

“Good heavens! What you don’t tell me! Does the door still exist, then?”

“Yes. Unfortunately the door stays open for about 24 hours, usually only in concomitance of the summer solstice; besides, it needs that the physical body vibrates exactly at the same wavelength of the vibration of basis of the earth in that moment, and that this vibration be particularly elevated, for which this door does not open in all epochs, but only in determined years. So, you see, even if you go to that place in this period, and even if you were able to locate the exact spot, the only certain thing for you would be that you will feel a little tired and nothing more. And lastly, even if such requisites are fulfilled, it would fail yet another condition for having access to the door.”

“And what would this condition be?”

“This is a secret, I am afraid, I cannot reveal, what I can tell you briefly is that to obtain such a result one needs to be in possession of some instructions that can be furnished alone by the one who has already voyaged in the time.”

“Would you be available to help me in such enterprise?”

“I’m afraid I cannot be that guide, as other is my assignment, but as you’ll know, and as the adage goes: “*He who seeks will find*” and, consequently, if one is driven by a just ideal and perseveres in the search: “*To whom who asks, if worthy, it will be given.*”

“You have made me curious, Lieutenant, but unfortunately the hour is too late now for continuing our conversation, however pleasant it is, and therefore I expect you tomorrow at the same time.”

*Assassins: the word derives from Arabic and means hashish-eaters