

**THE DRAMA OF GATSBY  
AND  
THE INCARNATION OF AHRIMAN**



# The Drama of Gatsby and the Incarnation of Ahriman



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It is essential for the favourable effect of what Ahriman will bring to humanity –he will bring beneficial gifts too, just as Lucifer did– that we take the right attitude. The all important thing is that we do not sleep through Ahriman’s arrival and fail to perceive it.<sup>1</sup>

Rudolf Steiner

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<sup>1</sup> Stuttgart, 28 December 1919.

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## INTRODUCTION

In 1998, when I first discovered Anthroposophy, a sense of relief filled my soul. That first book spoke of Evil in a way that I thought necessary for it to be shown. Strange and wonderful subjects which I had never heard of before were presented. It also addressed other subjects that I was more familiar with. Some of them were related to my own life, a hidden life that I never imagined that I could reveal. Of all these known questions, the main one referred to the incarnation of Ahriman, whose birth was placed by the author in “America in the second half of the 20th century”<sup>2</sup>.

It also introduced me to a spiritual science that I had expected to appear sometime in the future. I used to dream of something like this and this dream had now been converted into reality. Limitless joy was joined with much-needed relief in a meeting of emotions that is characteristic of Anthroposophy. I drank from its fountains until my wounds were cured, convinced that I did not have to provide anything of significance.

Some time later, I became aware that there was no precise information that placed Ahriman’s incarnation at the present time. In spite of its importance, nobody seemed to be able to speak with assurance on this subject.

Fourteen years after the end of what has been related so far here, this project of writing about certain experiences began. While they were happening, I never believed that one day they would become public, I was certain that they would die with me.

There were two reasons for this. In the first place, I never believed that anybody who had lived these events, as I had done, would ever be able to consider them in their true scale. Later, I was always gripped with the concern that revealing them might prejudice an initiative in which I no longer participated.

In spite of the fact that these two lines of thought remain valid, but under the personal belief that the second one of them is part of a drama that could hardly get worse, I have decided to publish the most important of these experiences in the hope of being able to transfer to other souls that which has lived in mine for a long period of time, with the vulnerability and sincerity provided by the years, convinced of the truth that these words express.

In the following pages the incarnation of Ahriman is discussed. I don’t find it possible to talk about it without mentioning the entity that, in pure contrast, is related to that other one which Ahriman embodies. It is not possible for me to do so.

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<sup>2</sup> Trevor Ravenscroft, *The Spear of Destiny*.

In this book there is no knowledge that the author has acquired through special capabilities. It is just the story of a part of my life. It is that simple, and no less important because of it. On the other hand it would not be valid to set out that which I have to say in any other way. Any other way would not do justice to the truth. In addition, one must not lose sight of the single characteristic that might make this piece of writing important; the fact that what is said here is the truth.

With that, it is possible to infer the original motive that induced me to make these pages public, in spite of being able to imagine many of the objections that might arise. The motive is none other than a clear awareness that what is laid out here is a faithful image of reality. Real events are described. But there is something more. Something that is as important, if not more so, than that. It is that sense of truth which one allows oneself to be guided by; it is that same sense that is tested throughout one's life and that has accompanied me for more than 25 years, reaffirming over and over again that which is lived, that which is thought, that which is interpreted.

I recognize the difficulty of transferring all this through the written word. I can do no more than to regret it and I hope that the reader can forgive me. Forgive me for trying to force him or her to find something that is objective and, as a result, of some validity for their life by means of what I have lived through, through my own, inevitable subjectivity. I hope that they may find something of use in what follows.

If on one side of the balance, the argument espousing the uselessness of every effort is whispered in my ear, on the other hand the best of all arguments weighs more heavily: the total certainty that I find in myself that what is laid out here is true. With this, I think that the reasons that brought me to write this book are clear.

The author

October 2011

## CHAPTER ONE

In this first chapter I will speak of some of the events that took place over a two-year period from 1983 to 1985.

### A FIRST ENCOUNTER

The two of us studied in different Faculties of the same University. That course of 1983/1984 was our first year as university students. During that entire time, I am only aware of having seen him on three occasions. In each one of those meetings I remember having thought, never for the same reasons, how different he seemed from all the other people who surrounded me. Nevertheless, I did not have any desire to get to know him better.

## PART ONE

### JAMES DEAN

We saw each other again at the end of the summer of 1984, soon before the start of the 1984/85 course. We had a small problem with our accommodation and destiny decided to place us in the same guesthouse for a while, while we waited for a solution. It was not long before we became good friends.

One night he mentioned to me that something odd was happening to him when he used the telephone in the guesthouse since strange background noises could be heard. He appeared worried. I, on the other hand, was delighted with the story, and found it funny to see him disturbed by something as inoffensive as background noises. I suggested to him that I go down to the street and call him on the phone to demonstrate that it was all a product of his imagination.

I went downstairs and called him from a public telephone. While I was talking to him, laughing at his fears, we heard some noises. Suddenly we were both afraid. They were clear sounds like a sequence of knocks on the line. I did not think that they could come from my roommate because his concern was evident and several times he suggested that I should come back. Then I thought that it was due to some kind of technical problem and that, as a result, the sequence of knocks was a product of chance. To demonstrate this to him I suggested directing some questions at the sound to show that it was random. The “sound” would have to answer the questions with a yes or no. For “yes,” one knock would be sufficient. Two for a “no.”

With some laughter, I asked if it was a person who was making those sounds. One knock was heard. “What a coincidence,” I thought. I asked again, this time if it was

a deceased person. Another knock was heard. “Do you want something from me?” I said. Two clear knocks were heard. “And do you want something from him?” I said referring to my friend. Then we heard a very loud knock. I repeated this last question and the knock in response was even louder. My friend got really frightened and begged me to come back immediately.

I found him pale and silent. He was definitely affected by the event. I, on the other hand, much less aware of what we were going through, did something odd: I made an Ouija board with some cardboard. In the excitement of the moment I must have forgotten the mistrust that I always had regarding this type of thing.

Calmer, we decided to speak again on the phone to see if the same phenomenon repeated itself. I went down to the street and called again. At the first ring my friend picked up the phone and nervously begged me to come back to the guesthouse. He had just heard noises in our room but there could not possibly be anyone there.

I ran back to the guesthouse and went up to our room. I saw a small pair of scissors on top of the Ouija board. An enormous “X” crossed the cardboard from one side to the other, together with a brief sentence that had been written with scissors that clearly rejected the whole method of communication, and a signature below.

“James Dean.”

I looked at my friend with amazement since I did not know anyone of that name. He, no less baffled, could tell me something of the biography of that North American actor who died in a car accident in 1955. When my friend looked at a photograph of the actor he sensed some type of relationship between them and even a physical resemblance.

That is how James Dean appeared in our lives. As I mentioned earlier, I did not know anything about him and, nevertheless, in a very short period of time I had been a recipient of a characteristic gesture of a very singular personality. One could say many things about Jimmy but never that he would pass unnoticed. Everything about him is spectacular. From what I know, both in his life on earth and after, those who have known him don't forget him easily. He leaves, as one might say, a deep impression.

In the excitement of the moment, Jimmy, as he liked to be called, was speaking inwardly, directly to my friend. At the beginning, my friend showed himself to be very surprised but slowly he calmed down. His face relaxed, his look became serious again, concentrated but also communicative. We spoke a little more, we laughed a lot and, in the end, we slept a deep sleep.

We woke up the next morning. We spoke with laughter about what had happened the previous day. My friend commented to me that Jimmy was pressuring us to get up. We did not take any notice and we decided to go on sleeping. I slept by a

balcony with curtains and my friend by the door, on the other side of the room. We fell asleep again. Suddenly there was a deafening ring. We woke up startled. We did not know where that sound was coming from! We opened boxes, we looked everywhere. Finally I found a black bag above my bed, from where the curtains hang. I got it down with difficulty. Inside it was my enormous alarm clock with its infernal sound. Our laughter was audible a long way away.

We had breakfast at a nearby bar. We talked ceaselessly and Jimmy included himself in our conversation with one or two jocular remarks that my friend conveyed to me. Some of the questions that I asked Jimmy through my friend were answered by him saying that my roommate should look in this or that pocket and the answers appeared written on those fine paper napkins that one finds in a bar. It was a very entertaining start to the day.

That very day my friend answered the question regarding the reason for the appearance of Jimmy in our lives, and Jimmy corroborated that answer a few hours later. Apparently my friend had a very significant mission to fulfill, a mission of enormous importance. He confessed that he had always intuited that life held something very special for him.

This was not true of me, though I recognize that, in secret, I always hoped for something like that. I needed something like what was happening to me. I also asked what it was that I was doing in this story and Jimmy told me that I would help the mission to take place. I did not think that I had sufficient status to be able to help in any area that had any importance, but I was living life with great intensity and I soon forgot those doubts.

Jimmy did not take long to appear. That same day after lunch while my friend was lying down, almost imperceptibly and as if it were the most natural thing in the world, Jimmy took over his body. He spoke to me with eyes closed, lying down, without moving. I was watching him suspiciously and I thought that I noticed two things while he was talking to me. The first was that it was indeed him who was communicating with me, not my friend. I could tell that it was another very different person in spite of his immobility. The other thing I noticed was that the other personality was acting, that the immobility and those closed eyes were pure theater. It was noticeable—at least that is what I thought—that the supposed Jimmy had totally taken over the physical attributes of my friend. I suppose that he did not want to shock me excessively.

I remember that I wanted to test him, to check whether there was something that needed to be discovered. Perhaps my friend was trying to fool me. Sometimes the most unsuspected things can happen and one has got to be careful. While he was talking to me with his eyes closed, I made a gesture as if to take hold of him forcefully, without

him noticing, and uncover him that way. Nevertheless with a rapid gesture he raised his hand parallel to mine, indicating in that way that I should desist.

From then on Jimmy **always** spoke to me through my friend. These incorporations, to call them that, were so smooth that they were almost imperceptible. At the same time, one could see in the first gesture, the first look, at the first sound coming from the mouth of my friend, that it was Jimmy who was establishing his presence.

Jimmy's personality after his death was as captivating as it was in his life, even more if I may say so, due to the exceptional circumstances of the moment. One could perceive that he felt committed to us, above all to my friend, by the mission that he had to accomplish, but you could also sense that he was elated by the fact that he could once again see the world, albeit momentarily, through a human body. "A body," Jimmy often stated, that was "very special."

#### MY FRIEND'S LOVE

As must be obvious, this entire situation was very exciting for me. I found Jimmy to be extraordinarily entertaining and I could not quite believe what I was living through. "I don't need anything else," I used to tell myself. That was the level of my happiness.

That was not the attitude of my friend, who in those days was in love. What he was going through in that relationship was at least as important as the one that so strikingly had just happened to him, and he was not going to allow anything to affect it.

His girlfriend was a very sweet and beautiful girl. One would notice a great change in my friend at the slightest contact with her. A very special energy appeared to emanate from him. This was something that became very clear to me over the course of the year, a type of love that moved me deeply.

If I had to summarize in a few words what my friend lived through during that extraordinary year, it would be necessary to create an image which contained James Dean, the philosopher Immanuel Kant and a confrontation with his own destiny: the birth of extraordinary strengths and capabilities. Then it would be necessary to give it all a special vitality. I would even say that through harmonizing, balancing, the force of love for a woman, that my friend was metamorphosing one step at a time into something more and more beautiful, more and more perfect.

## KANT

Before meeting Jimmy, my friend—at least this is what I believe—was already a follower of the philosophy of Kant. He felt a great devotion to this philosopher. When I asked him about the reason for such admiration, he would speak to me about the methodical character of the thinker of Königsberg. He used to tell me about how Kant reflected about things in his room, looking outside, and how he protested energetically when they cut down the tree that he could see from his window and which he had got accustomed to look at while he pondered. He also mentioned to me how Kant always went to teach his classes wearing the same jacket which he looked after so carefully that it always appeared new. He found this very absorbing and saw within this behavior pattern the virtue of a discipline that he wanted to make his own. Beyond that we never spoke of the content of Kantian philosophy and, even if we had done so, I can say with total certainty that I would not have understood anything.

My friend defended Kant with determination and one could see in him a growing eloquence. His words had their own strength, and this was noticeable in those that were listening to him, whose attention he appeared to capture.

Regarding Kant, at that time something happened that attracted my attention, something that, even though it appears irrelevant, I would like to recount since it did not pass unnoticed.

A notable philosopher was visiting the University and he had arranged a few conferences and discussion groups. These visits were a way for these invitees to defer to us, the students, and allowed us to maintain a more direct contact with them. My friend was very pleased because he understood the philosopher to be Kantian. He bought a recorder so as not to lose one single detail of his comments. He also arranged things so that he could spend all his time with him. I was able to see them together at one of those discussion groups. Regarding the latter, I don't remember anything that was important to me since, simply said, I was not able to understand what it was that was being fought over in the field of epistemology.

That evening my friend was deeply disappointed. He told me, as if he had not yet got round to believing it, that things had not happened as he expected.

“That philosopher is Aristotelian not Kantian!” he explained, somewhat troubled.

For him it was a true disappointment. I don't know if it has anything to do with this narration but a few days later I saw him totally absorbed, studying *Metaphysics* by Aristotle published in a special edition.

## JIMMY

The conditions that I previously mentioned under which Jimmy communicated with me were very singular and also very striking. Even in the abstract, one could say that Jimmy was a very special character and that many would have liked to be acquainted with him even if it were only for a short period of time. He was one of that class of people that one could not forget; a personality with heart; pure life and optimism. That is what held sway in him and how one can best define him. It was difficult to maintain, or even consider, a pessimistic view of things in his presence. That was one edge of the sword.

My friend was different, much more serious and thoughtful. He might even be considered to be more responsible. His way of speaking, of looking, of laughing, of moving were completely different. If you get a full sense of what I'm explaining, you will believe me when I say that it was instantly apparent, without a shadow of doubt, who lived in the body of my friend at any given moment.

Jimmy could use his body at will. One tenth of a second and the one who was talking to me was Jimmy and, nevertheless, I instantly noticed the change. It was not a medium-like experience or anything like it. I would not have allowed anything so coarse. That was not the type of relationship that we had.

Jimmy could spend an entire afternoon with me strolling, taking a bus, talking to me about things that I needed to know. These were always very special and fun moments. Jimmy's personality was so unique, so unbounded, and his presence was so obvious, so evident that I never had any doubt that it was a different personality in my friend's body. And I don't believe that anyone in my position would have had any doubts on the subject.

Jimmy boasted about being able to pass as my friend in front of others, though he did not do so very often. In general he was not very communicative on the few occasions when a third-party was present. He always appeared to me to be a bad actor, though I recognize that I thought that to annoy him. In life he was a man carrying a great sentimental weight and there is no doubt that if he had lived longer, those feelings, once absorbed into his acting work, would have taken him far.

The other edge of the sword, or alternatively the other characteristic feature of his personality, was the extraordinary courage that appeared to encompass him completely. I have already mentioned that he was a heartfelt individual and his behavior must be understood on those terms.

When facing him one had the sensation of being in front of somebody without limits. I can state with certainty that it is not something totally pleasant, since under those circumstances one's own egoism and fear are very present. Many people are said to reason that in this life very few things are truly necessary and that there is a surplus

of a lot of others. This was not theory for Jimmy but pure practice. Jimmy personally was that. It was impossible to be with him and not end up living like that in one's own reality.

The only limit that he knew was in the realm of morality. This was the only thing that stopped him and that is the very reason that it was the only thing that mattered. For him it made no sense to be attached to anything material or immaterial that could be an accessory, even though whoever was with him might feel that it was necessary and important.

For example, a vain person would certainly go through a series of experiences in Jimmy's hands that would be more intense the more resistance he or she applied. If Jimmy's company were tolerated, no trace of the old vanity would remain.

With Jimmy came not what one wanted, but what one did not want, that which one feared. If there was a weakness, it would be the first thing that one would be confronted with repetitively until one reached one's fill. One needed courage to tolerate something like that and I sensed that only someone with a lot of that courage could administer that type of medicine, that the teacher of a discipline first has to dominate that same discipline.

The way I saw it at the time, I would say that day-to-day life was much more easy-going before Jimmy though he was much more entertaining than life itself. And we chose Jimmy, or better said, what came with Jimmy.

It can be deduced from my words that, if it had to be that way, he could be a tough instructor and a difficult travel companion as, effectively, he turned out to be. Nevertheless one has to say in his favor that if one were living in a complicated situation one would like to have him close by one's side.

### JIMMY'S TEACHINGS

I remember that my friend mentioned that we had been chosen because during the course of our lives we were going to get lost, we were going to take wrong paths. The idea behind these remarks seemed to me to be very Christian. I thought that in my case he could be right. Within me there were many weaknesses of character that might have led me astray. Nevertheless, when it came to him I could not understand what specifically he was talking about. I felt that someone with his characteristics would be exposed to a series of tests and temptations that were very different from mine. As a result, the comparison was inevitable. What did we have in common? It was not only me who was asking that question.

“The only thing that you and I have in common,” he said to me one day “is the vein that runs up our left temple.”

It was not the only time that I heard him say that. He always said it in a serious tone and I never understood what was behind those words. I always thought that it was a physical description of an affective way of thinking, all that it appeared to me that I had in common with him.

It was clear that all the forces were focused on my friend. I was taking advantage of the single fact that he was sharing certain experiences with me and I learned a lot from it. Nevertheless, one can also say that I also had some lessons, taught the way that life teaches them, that served to file down certain rough edges, certain defects that in the most unconscious way lived in my personality. I'd like to give an example.

What I'm going to tell, was for me the first major test. We truly don't know ourselves well until we have lived through certain unusual situations that are outside what until then had been our normal life. Then, all at once, a series of tendencies come out, ones that lie as potential, as if hidden, and that at that moment emerge to the light.

The appearance of Jimmy in my life produced an important change from the very first moment. Where once doubt and insecurity coexisted, they were displaced by massive doses of confidence and certainty regarding my own destiny. I did not manage these new forces that I had never had before well. I felt like the king of the world and, as such, I thought that I could use it as I wished, that the only important thing was the end. As a result, I felt an inclination to take what was not mine. I was not very discriminating regarding limits and was not very aware of that fact.

Jimmy never forced conversations, he was never intimate if one did not want him to be, though it was evident that he knew everything. On one occasion when I was having a conversation with him, I became aware of my defects as if I were dealing with a general framework and I did not know how to confront them. I asked him to help me overcome them, however it were done. I asked forcefully and Jimmy said that he would. Asking him something like this could turn into a series of very intense experiences that, almost certainly, could mark one's life. One quickly forgets what one says and proposes to do; this was not the case with Jimmy.

Jimmy liked to talk a lot about image. He said that what mattered in the world was image, appearance. He seemed to be an expert on the subject. His life on earth had to do with exactly that and I got the sensation that this was a key aspect in the life of my friend. That day Jimmy talked to me:

“Your friend hasn't a single usable sweater. He's got to get a whole new wardrobe. He's got to look after his image and you have to help him,” he said smiling in an irresistible way. “How you do it is your own business, but do it! That is your job.”

I told him to leave it in my hands. I felt very sure of myself and for me it was a challenge. I said goodbye to Jimmy without my friend knowing anything.

I called this type of situation the “Delphic Oracle” in which “the oracle” tells you something and one interprets it according to one’s own inclinations. These situations are a source of self-knowledge and, as a result, of pain.

I was really puffed-up and proud, convinced that I had to steal those clothes since I did not know any other way of obtaining them. Nothing was going to stop me. In addition, I had Jimmy's blessing, not explicitly, but neither had he said anything against my plan and he had to know what I proposed to do. No doubt he would help me. These were strange thoughts, but they were mine.

I walked down a wide street, lined with shops. I walked determinedly into one of them and saw a very nice sweater. There was a strange device attached to it. “Solution: I’ll also take the device, it must have some use,” I thought. I picked up several items like that one and I hid them around my body. Of course, thanks to the electronic anti-theft device, I was caught at the exit. Then the astonished attendants started to remove all the sweaters that I had hidden. They did not expect so many. They excoriated me and I left. I had felt so sure of myself that I did not understand how that had happened to me.

Somewhat bewildered I went into another shop. I noticed that some sweaters did not have a device attached. I had learned my lesson; I took several. As I was leaving the shop a little electronic anti-theft device hidden in one of them set off the alarm and the previous scene was repeated. What was happening? I just could not understand.

I went from being swollen with pride to a state of enormous confusion. “Where is Jimmy? Doesn't he plan to help me?” I asked myself. “I cannot go back empty handed.” I found a shop that was further away. The sales-person was heavily pregnant. I saw everything clearly. All the quality sweaters were likely to have an electronic anti-theft device as I had learned from the previous occasions. I could not see anybody that could help the sales-person so I picked up a beautiful sweater and ran. I ran like a gazelle but someone was shouting behind me, it was the sales-person. I could not believe it; she ran as fast as I did. I looked behind me and I could see her enormous stomach moving up and down with visible violence. I was going crazy. My heart was weighing down my chest as if it were lead and I felt as if I were drowning. I hid in an old factory; the image of that woman running was heavy on my conscience. “My God, the woman's baby,” I said to myself. She walked straight up to my hiding place as if she had been told exactly where it was. She snatched the sweater from my hands but she reproached me affectionately, with understanding. My heart broke, I could almost hear it, and the world collapsed on top of me.

This was hard for me but obviously not sufficiently so. I still remember two further occasions in which my moral behavior left much to be desired. On each one of

them the end result was equally painful; the following one always worse than the previous one.

All I will add is that from then on I never took anything that did not belong to me even if it was abandoned. I got rid of a conscience that was diaphanous when it came to deciding what was mine and what was not, what I could use and what I could not, and I let that new approach transcend the entire range of my behavior. This is something that for many people, while leading a normal life, is not so apparent, deep down inside. I've come to know many culturally and professionally well-educated people who do not have that clarity regarding the limits of their potential actions. In some people that distinctive streak is both common and characteristic and inevitably it appears at critical moments. I always think that those people could have used a lesson such as the one that I received. No doubt that over time they would have felt very grateful, just as I feel now.

That was the way one learned from Jimmy, at least that was my experience. He was a hard teacher but it was difficult to reproach him. He was definitely very funny. That was not the only lesson that I learned and I hope that I've provided a faithful view of what I consider to be my learning process at that time.

In the end it is not a matter of talking about me. That is not the important thing. Even so, I would like to add that during that year a certain fanaticism grew in me, a certain incomprehension towards others, a gleam of pride susceptible to growth if not cut out by the roots. Before ending this learning process—as will be clear at the end of this chapter—that pride and incomprehension turned into heartfelt humility through a crisis process that was very important to me.

### JIMMY AND GOD

Right from the start, Jimmy made it clear that this was a mission from the spiritual world. He came from the other side of the threshold, behind the portal that one goes through at the time of physical death, with that very finality. He also made it clear that he was an intermediary, the link before the last in the chain, and that we were the last one. He was guided, just as he guided us.

Sometimes he talked to me about how he lived in that spiritual world. He said he drank from the live waters of the Spirit, or that God laughed a lot with him. Nothing too difficult to imagine.

Jimmy tended not to repeat himself; he said things once. If you asked him about something he had already said, you would receive the same answer. But once he had said one thing he moved on to the next. Thus, right from the start, he ordered us to lead

a Christian life in all ways; to participate in the sacraments, to read holy texts, to carry Christ in our souls so that we could coexist with a spiritual world.

Jimmy spoke with clarity. Then you had total freedom to do what you wanted. But certainly, he always appeared if problems arose. I know that he was very strict with my friend, especially at the beginning. He had to change his behavior in many ways. But I would say that on this subject, more than on any other, he left it up to us to decide. At least that is how it was in my case.

To be honest, I was not very comfortable with the religious world. I never doubted the existence of a Divine world but I did not have any faith in people who had nothing further, and certain attitudes appeared to me to be susceptible to insanity on very slippery—as I told myself—grounds. Purely from my personal experience, only the sacrament of the Eucharist was appealing to me.

If you asked Jimmy he would say: “Eat that sacred bread! A lot had to happen for you to be able to live the body and the blood of Christ.” But he never repeated it.

From a very young age, this world appeared to me to be the scene of a hidden battle between the forces of Good and those of Evil. Evil surprises me because of its inner violence and its closeness to man. I felt that there was a great general human hypocrisy in not treating this subject openly and that confrontation with the core of the subject was always avoided. I saw a lot of disorientation and confusion in the world and in me.

When I understood that my friend’s mission had to do with bringing light to the world, fighting that confusion and that disorientation I immediately identified with this Cause.

I saw my friend come towards me. He had just taken part in a religious celebration with his girlfriend. He was very serious.

“During the religious event God spoke to me,” he told me, deeply affected.

I remained silent, waiting for what he was going to say.

“I expect a lot from you.’ Those were his words,” he told me while he appeared to gather himself, as if wanting to take that responsibility on his shoulders.

#### MY FRIEND'S POWERS

In the beginning, my friend’s appearance was quite wild and rebellious. Over time everything about him became more refined. He made new discoveries every day that passed. It was difficult not to see him full of strength, driven by an intense emotion. Jimmy appeared to instruct him secretly. Soon he was talking to me of images of events

provided by Jimmy that, like a video, he could visualize internally. He experimented with his powers, he stopped deluding himself, he learned.

That day he told me that Jimmy had inserted a type of computer in his head and that thanks to this device, he could make complicated calculations. That afternoon he had a chance to put it to a test since a friend had invited him to play tennis.

“He's going to have quite a surprise. He thinks of himself as a great player but I'm going to use my computer to analyze the strokes and teach him a good lesson,” he told me, very certain of himself.

I looked at him smiling, he was very jovial. I did not doubt for a moment that everything would happen exactly as he was telling me. We saw each other later and I asked him about the match. He blushed with shame. He gestured with his hands as if he did not quite understand what had happened.

“He beat me very badly,” he said laughing.

It did not seem that there was anything of use in that computer since he never spoke of it again.

His senses soon became sharper: Sight, hearing. Smells were surprisingly intensified.

My friend was deeply in love with his girlfriend; it was truly a great love. The girl had a distant relative nearby who was a student like us. He was secretly in love with her and my friend had to put up with it. There was something about that relative that was profoundly bothersome to my friend. He really did not like him.

One night we had just met. The two of us smiled. Suddenly, his smile vanished, he put his nose close to me and he quite obviously sniffed me.

“Have you been talking to my girlfriend's relative? Is he a friend of yours by any chance? I don't like that guy,” he said to me.

“No, certainly not. I haven't seen him... Wait a moment,” a sudden memory crossed my mind. “We spoke this morning, I had forgotten...”

“Well you still smell of him,” he said with an unfriendly demeanor.

There were two people for whom he felt a deep dislike and as long as that continued he always knew when I had had some contact with one of them. Over time he stopped feeling that way towards them. This was not the only incident that in one way or another involved his girlfriend, since in the process of his education nothing was hidden however personal or disagreeable it might be.

That day exactly one floor below us, a relative of mine had his room. I had been having a long conversation with Jimmy. Just when we had finished, my friend appeared and he was furious. On his return from having been away from his body, to put it that way, he had observed that relative of mine. Apparently the latter was having obscene thoughts and the focus of those thoughts was my friend's girlfriend.

"I was about to fry his brains," he said indignantly.

With that remark one can appreciate what type of forces he was wielding or, if you prefer, he felt he could wield.

Another day I went into his room, wanting to tell him something. I was carrying an empty cage, one of those used for trapping small rodents. It seemed to be clean, a friend of mine had left it for me. He hurried to stand in my way and asked me to please get rid of it immediately.

"Don't even think about carrying it with you. Tell its owner to throw it away or to disinfect it. It's a nest of pathogens," he told me after looking at it slowly and from a certain distance.

One day he was telling me how in love he was with his girlfriend. He asked me if I had ever been in love.

"Yes, once," I answered.

"What was she like?" he asked with curiosity.

"I wouldn't know how to describe her," I said. "Can you read my mind?"

He nodded. I closed my mind and with ease I remembered that old love.

"Make a poem of what you have seen," I said to him, wanting to test him.

"I don't do poetry well!" he laughed.

I encouraged him further. "It's easy. It's only music."

So then he composed a beautiful poem that described the hair and the jet black eyes of the image that I had evoked, as well as the feelings that her memory had provoked in me.

## FACING THE GATES OF HELL

It was normal that my friend and I would meet in the late afternoon, almost early evening. We enjoyed those moments enormously, especially me, since my friend lived in constant contact with Jimmy and those subjects that he could talk to me about were

of great interest in me. Quite frequently, Jimmy made an appearance to talk to me personally.

That afternoon I agreed to wait for him in his student quarters. But the one who violently opened the door of the room was Jimmy —always in the body of my friend—. He was very annoyed. My friend had committed an act that was unworthy of him and he had ruined everything. He had been tempted and he had fallen into that temptation. He told me what it was about. I could not believe it. I was concerned. Things that had to do with my friend were always the strongest, the most incredible and unexpected. Jimmy told me that he was going to be severely punished since he was not allowed to make any such errors. I think I told him that it could not be so, that he should let me speak to him. They were moments of pain and perplexity.

My friend appeared, he was dizzy. He had hardly recovered a little when he asked me what was going on. Rather tactlessly I reproached him, asking how he had come to commit such a reprehensible deed. Still a little dizzy, he put his hands to his head and said that he had not done such a thing at all, that it could not be true the way I was telling him. I realized how inappropriate my commentary was and I stopped talking.

In the deepest silence, one could see great suffering in my friend's face. Looking blank he seemed to be living in another world. His focus of attention appeared to be in worlds that were very distant from the one I was in. Time passed very slowly and I looked at him without knowing what to do. Suddenly he started to drool a thin unbroken thread of saliva. His neck was bending as if it could not support his head. He showed incredible suffering and also a profound dignity that was difficult to describe. Strangely, I perceived that my friend appeared to radiate an extraordinary, and immaculate beauty. I discovered that day, purely by experience, the relationship that exists between suffering and beauty. Nothing can stand in the way of what is lived, in the way of what one experiences for oneself.

I felt bewildered by this solemnity of the moment. The dignity that my friend radiated moved me deeply. Time appeared to have stopped. A little later Jimmy appeared —as always in the body of my friend—, he got up from the bed and sat in a chair. He was very serious.

“What's happening, Jimmy?” I asked worriedly.

“Your friend is suffering. At this very moment he's facing the gates of hell,” he told me with deep sorrow.

I knew how hard my friend was treated. It was as if a certain type of error was not permitted. He accepted it with ease and I could see how he was taking great strides forward in his development. Nevertheless, what was happening appeared excessive to me. I felt a profound pain imagining my friend in such danger.

“No, no, no!” I rushed towards Jimmy, shouting at him.

I would have given my life to ensure that the vessel containing such immense dignity would continue living, and I expressed myself in those terms. Then my friend appeared and took me by surprise. The body that with Jimmy was straight and erect was suddenly without any support. My friend's head fell violently, bouncing on his desk. His face was altered and he could hardly raise his eyes. I gave thanks to God for being able to see him again even if it was in that state.

He told me with starting eyes that he had stood in front of the gates of hell and that the true pain came from feeling distant from God.

“It was an unbearable pain,” he said to me.

We were really exhausted and we said goodbye. I could not stop thinking about his look of suffering. We saw each other the next day and I was still affected. He, on the other hand, was fine and that made me feel better. Certainly, he did seem a little different. We never talked again about what had happened and I think I remember, though I'm not certain, that Jimmy finally told me that he had erased that event from his memory.

## THE KNIGHT

I can still remember with great clarity how everything related to my friend was vested with a special light. If an object appeared to have no importance whatsoever, it would acquire it, as if by magic, in his presence, at his touch, due to his way of picking it up, of demonstrating it.

Right from the start certain symbols were associated with him. Symbols that point to what I would describe as spiritual status. That condition that remained hidden to physical eyes, just like someone who because of his material position in the world is a beggar, may be a prince due to the nobility of his spirit. “One only sees well with the eyes of the heart,” Jimmy used to say, taking a phrase from *Le Petit Prince*.

I remember the first of the symbols. That day I went into his bedroom, he was studying. My glance fell on the shelf of books on which was standing a small reproduction. In it, a medieval knight dressed in red garments appeared majestically. Jimmy had brought it for him.

“A knight? “What has it got to do with this?” I said to myself puzzled.

During the ensuing days, Jimmy spoke to me of my friend in terms of the potential that he carried within him, of what he already was and of how much was

expected of him. The words that he used spoke about a capacity for love, for struggle, a significant power of strength, nobility, and spiritual sacrifice.

“He is a knight,” he told me, and behind these words I felt I could discern the human ideal embodied on Earth, walking on it.

“I also want to be a knight!” I said naïvely, and in his laughter it was possible to see how far away I was from understanding the sacrifices demanded by that enterprise.

And so it was, my friend’s character was strengthened and refined more and more. His behavior was tempered, his gaze became more and more comprehensive. He overcame any test that was placed in his way, and he did so with the elegance of someone who holds a precious treasure inside him. Since then this has been a constant in his life.

Once he confessed to me that under the extreme conditions that he had to live, in which it seemed that the next step would be that of final failure, a strength emerged from inside him that almost immediately restored him. It is difficult to imagine a strength like that, but I must admit that I have seen it in action before my very eyes, many times.

He moved way ahead in his education, if we want to call it that. He was so far advanced that after a few months, Jimmy was talking to me about something related to him and ended the phrase saying: “... he is a prince.” Purely by mental association with the only prince that I had ever heard talk about, I thought: “prince... of darkness.”

“Prince of light,” said Jimmy before I had even finished thinking that.

## THE WARRIOR

I would say that, as a general rule, the events that I lived through at that time followed a pattern. One could affirm that at any one moment something could occur as a trigger for events that were yet to come. In conversations that I used to have with Jimmy, he showed me, or he made me look at, one aspect of my friend’s personality or life. Then what happened was that that aspect unfolded before my eyes in a very specific manner.

With regards to the specifics of what I want to say, everything started because of a somewhat violent encounter:

My friend used to go for walks in the afternoon with his girlfriend and on this occasion, when night had already fallen, a mugger faced them with a knife with intentions that never became quite clear since my friend, to the amazement of his girlfriend, punched the attacker with diabolical speed. My friend was equally amazed at

the devastating effect that he had on the attacker who fell back several feet. Based on that event, Jimmy spoke to me about special forces of that nature that lived in my friend and these hints contributed to the latter telling me about his past life. With broad brushstrokes, this is what I learnt.

My friend was an expert in martial arts. During his adolescence, he had practiced one of these arts and his Oriental teacher saw in him unusual potential. With the help of his teacher, since he was still an adolescent, he went somewhere in the East where over time he assimilated knowledge and skills not normally found among his peers. How serious and secret this subject was can be understood by what follows.

My friend told me that some of this secret knowledge started to be revealed by a public figure and a lot of the latter's future success appeared to depend on these secrets being revealed to the public in a veiled sort of way. Representatives of the secret Order suggested that they meet and that person accepted, confident because of the success of his career.

“He trusted,” my friend said, “and they killed him with a handshake.

That person was Bruce Lee. My friend explained the process to me, something about energies that affected the circulation of the blood, and he showed me the point of application. He took my hand and pressed lightly on the base of the thumb. I felt slightly dizzy and he let my hand go instantly. I was nothing if not astounded. His attitude was serious and thoughtful and I never doubted him. The only thing that I thought was that his life was light years ahead of mine. I could not understand what we were doing together in this Cause, as Jimmy liked to call it. I would not have thought about it anymore if certain events had not happened.

A few days later I found him talking to other friends on the subject of Bruce Lee. It surprised me. I did not expect it, even though he did not comment on how he had acquired that information. As far as I was concerned, everything that happened between us was enveloped in deep secrecy. He told me that he wanted the existence of that type of Order known. I understood that excessive secrecy boosted the power of those Orders.

I would like to mention that this Order, and those who belong to it, had a name. My friend was one of them and I had never heard those names before. They appeared strange to me but after a few years those names started to appear everywhere. They were very widespread, and that made me notice them. Only with this new information could I appreciate the possibility that my friend might have taken a wrong path in life, and that Jimmy's appearance had impeded it.

A few weeks passed. At a certain moment I started to have the feeling that I was being followed by two Oriental men. I thought it was my imagination. Soon afterwards my friend commented to me that two individuals who belonged to that Order had got in

touch with him. They knew that he was talking, in spite of the vow of silence that existed, and wanted to see him.

“Say no,” I told him.

“I cannot,” he answered, “they know about our friendship and they have threatened to hurt you.”

I went to see him the day they were going to have the meeting, which I assumed was going to be violent, but my friend was not going to allow himself to be caught by surprise. He felt strong, very strong. He was very sure of himself and of what was going to happen, as if he played with an advantage. He was calm and smiling, a little excited, as if he were anxious to show the strength that he was capable of deploying.

“Only my master can perceive who I am in this field of endeavor,” he used to say at that time.

He asked me to do him a favor, maybe because I had already interfered in this business. He asked me to call an ambulance at a specific hour, to pick up two people who had fallen from a first-floor at a particular address. With that request he made it clear what he felt the outcome would be. At that exact time I did as he asked.

I waited for him, asking myself how one could face such an event with that certainty. “His mission must be very important and the entire spiritual world appears to be on his side, even at his service, and in the end this event is probably not very important,” I thought. That thought cheered me up.

He arrived after a few hours and I relaxed on seeing him. He was exultant. He himself was impressed with the energy that he deployed in the fight. That display of energy had surprised his opponents. I did not ask any more questions and, though I cannot be sure, I feel that the battle was short. All this appeared to me to be too dangerous. I would not have known how to resolve this type of situation by myself. He appeared to understand my thoughts and asked me to leave and rest a little.

On one occasion Jimmy allowed me to foresee that I would not be a victim of any physical harm as long as I was a part of the Cause. I have certainly had very intense experiences, some of which I will tell about, but the challenges that have become dangerous have evolved in a way that I have been able to deal with them.

It was clear that I was not there to face this type of situation directly. Even so, everything has a meaning, everything is a symbol of something. Even my participation was, of that I am sure.

### CLARIFICATION

How is it possible that the members of the Order knew that my friend had broken the veil of secrecy that protected them? And how is it possible that they appeared exactly at that moment?

One can ask oneself how these coincidences, these strange coincidences can have taken place. I cannot answer how it is that certain things that appear incredible are possible. All I can do is recount what I have lived through—some things I have seen, some I have only heard—and in that sense I must say that as far as I remember it was always like that. Events surrounding my friend were like that. As if his destiny was to face particular situations and those situations inevitably found him, appearing from nowhere for no apparent reason. Inevitably these situations had to have an outcome, they had to be overcome or they would be a burden and my friend would never become what he was expected to be.

### DEMIAN

That morning we had agreed to have breakfast at a bar. He arrived overjoyed. Very happy. He was always like that, though that time his appearance reflected the fact that something special was happening. He was sorry but he could not stay. I was going to protest that it was a last-minute change but his girlfriend was waiting for him and I kept silent. I was aware that for him, that level of happiness could not be compared with anything else and there was nothing to negotiate.

Before leaving, he asked me if I wanted to know who he was. I said yes. Smiling, he showed me a book: *Demian* by Herman Hesse. "This is me," he said a little more seriously, "Read it carefully," he insisted. He marched off as energetically as he had arrived.

The book was still on the table. I could still see my friend in the distance and I felt the sensation of having had an encounter with a stroke of lightning, a force of nature. Everything around him appeared to shine. "It must be happiness," I said to myself.

The book stayed on the table for several minutes more. I did not dare to open it. What would I find in it? Finally I opened it and read it with great interest, most of all the section in which Sinclair describes Max Demian. There was no doubt there was something of my friend in all that, though, in a certain way, the affection that I felt for him stopped me seeing him in that way.

Some of the questions that Hesse puts in Demian's mouth appeared to me to be a little strange. They did not sit well with me but I did not treat them as less important because of that. At least I did not believe that I did, though it did contain too many

enigmas for it not to be put aside occasionally for a period of time, thus allowing what I had read to influence me.

As I say, I put aside what I did not understand and I focused on the other questions that were more familiar to me. From that day onwards, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, I started to call him Demian, happy at having found a name that reflected the inner truth of my friend, what he really was.

### THE EVOLUTION OF DEMIAN

The teaching, the education of Demian was of tremendous importance. There was nothing that I could know about its interior processes that remained hidden from my gaze, but I am very sure of having participated in these processes as far as the exterior effects are concerned. Regarding this I had the impression, and I still have it as a memory, that every day Demian appeared to have learned something new or, at least, grown.

During the earlier part of those approximately nine months that we were together, many of Demian's experiences came through Jimmy. Later on, he appeared to acquire experiences and knowledge through his own efforts and Jimmy appeared at a second level, as if waiting for my friend to find things out for himself before appearing. There was an evolution that was more than evident in Demian of which, as I said, I can only recount some of its effects.

In the beginning, when Jimmy used his body to talk to me, whatever length of time that it took —and it could be an entire afternoon—, when Demian returned, the conversation continued from the same point that it had been at when he left it and, unless I said something, he ignored everything that had happened in between. In those first months Jimmy used to speak to me a lot. Demian was bothered by that continuous use of his body but resigned himself to it out of affection for me.

Soon he left that state of limbo, to call it that, and was aware of everything. Occasionally he was silent, as if Jimmy was communicating with him. He looked at me in silence and Jimmy appeared. On one occasion I asked Jimmy what Demian was doing at that exact moment and he briefly answered: "Right now he's studying." In general I did not ask him what he was doing or where he had been since I had too much to think about when I finished talking with Jimmy.

Demian participated in other people's thoughts. Somehow he saw them. He knew perfectly well if someone was lying.

Behind our actions we all hide thoughts and intentions that in some cases are unknown, even by ourselves. These thoughts and intentions were not hidden for him. I was always surprised by what he was able to make evident regarding what was hidden

behind what other people did or said. Though I tried to understand, it was as if he was speaking to me in another language. To me it was clear that he was awake in a place where I slept.

His senses were very acute. His vision was able to circumvent physical material to different degrees, densities or components—I'm not sure exactly—like a scanner. So, if he was going to eat something, he looked at it and would know if there was any problem with it, if it contained any harmful material.

On one occasion he told me that I had the beginnings of skin cancer on my face and he got rid of it. In the end these are things that I cannot prove but I was a smoker and on that same occasion he told me that my lungs were very dirty and said he had cleaned them. I can confirm that in this case and in others I felt that my lungs were cleaner and I proved that it was so when I exercised and woke up without coughing. It was like it had been before, when I did not smoke. A committed smoker like me noticed the difference.

How could he have acquired those qualities, those skills in such a short period of time? I have no idea. It simply was like that and I embraced it as if it were the most natural thing in the world. These abilities were just samples, the tip of the iceberg of an inner development in which I could not participate and was almost unaware of. Deep down, I did not pay much attention to these skills in the sense that very soon I got accustomed to things being like that.

What really caught my attention because I could perceive it, and I could perceive it because I had an organ that was receptive to it—Jimmy used to say that that which is invisible is only seen with the heart—was the light that appeared to emanate from him, from everything that had to do with his person. It was a mixture of strength, humility, sympathy, love for humanity, wisdom and kindness. It was a compendium of virtues to a very high degree that, together in one single person, transmitted very unique sensations. I never saw anything like it and I don't believe I will ever see it again in this life.

That was the real experience for me, the most impressive, the most important of all the experiences that I had. It is unimportant that a person might be able to heat up or move solid objects just by thinking about them because that is purely a material effect and, though it may indicate a strong mind able to apply itself in the world, it says nothing about the heart, about its intentions. It says nothing of morality.

To be able to see an authentically noble heart, dazzles the soul that sees it. That light and that nobility were what I could distinguish with my heart. That is how I understood Jimmy when he referred to my friend in princely terms.

Above everything else, one felt a special, deep and sincere admiration for the love that he showed to his girlfriend. I never felt it possible that one could love a human

being in that way. One loved as Demian loved. It was like seeing the heart of all the Romantics —I'm referring to the cultural movement— embodied in his person.

That nobility, that compendium of virtues embodied in Demian is what really joined me to him. One is able to sacrifice a lot knowing that someone like him lived on Earth and the world benefited from it. Just the memory of that birth, to call it that, made me stay faithful to him at those times when I was no longer able to enjoy his company.

All this was more marked from the second stage of the nine months that we were together as a result of his transformation, as I have called it, at the time of his twenty first birthday which I will relate in the second half of this chapter.

### THE MISSION OF DEMIAN

In the beginning I was barely allowed to know anything on the subject. In our first encounter, Jimmy only told me that my friend had an important mission to fulfill in the world. As time passed, an idea of mine grew. I saw how determinedly Demian was studying philosophy and how much interest he took in all questions relative to knowledge. I was witness to how a series of virtues nested and developed within him, and how they created in him a collection of powers that I had never seen in human being.

Demian was in very attractive man, not only physically but also in the literal sense: he attracted. The way in which he moved and said things attracted everyone's attention. It was not possible for him to pass unnoticed. Almost right from the start, Jimmy stressed the importance of image and that Demian must arm himself with a glowing image. That would open doors for him.

“Image is the only important thing in this world,” Jimmy used to say.

I knew of the existence of theories and systems, the implementation of which had caused pain to humanity. I was openly distrustful of men and I could not find within myself a guiding map that would ease the way for me. I understood things in my own way and I found that in Demian lived those powers that could bring a certain clarity, as desired as it was healthy, and that his way of setting it out would call the world's attention to it.

## PART TWO

### THE TRANSFORMATION

I am aware of the fact that I can repeat myself too often, but Jimmy was a very entertaining person. One always had a smile on one's face when one talked about him and for me it was particularly difficult to refuse something to someone who you enjoy yourself so much with.

Demian also expressed himself in the same way when he was talking about Jimmy. His relationship was even closer than mine. On many occasions we talked about Jimmy's witticisms and the room that we were in turned into an endless sequence of laughter. To find Jimmy at some traffic light, dressed as a cowboy with pistols hanging from his belt, waiting to cross the street, could be very entertaining.

I remember having asked him how that was possible if he was dead.

“Don't worry,” he said, “it's only an image.”

For me, something like this was unthinkable, but Demian started to delve into Jimmy's personality. He started to want to know more about the current Jimmy. Demian's personality appeared to be geared to confront everything, and Jimmy was not going to be an exception.

The relationship between them was very close and private. Regardless of the subject, the power that Jimmy had over Demian was very great. It was clear that this power did not come just from Jimmy. Nevertheless, it was also clear that things came through Jimmy, or via Jimmy. There was no other possibility.

Demian started to highlight that role of intermediary, taking away some importance from our friend. Demian appeared to test his powers against those of Jimmy and in certain subjects, for example psychology, he thought that he already knew much more than Jimmy and placed him in an intermediate position within the spiritual world. I sensed that Jimmy was bothered by this attitude towards him. On my side, I noticed a certain rebellious tone in Demian during the time that precedes what I want to talk about. Around that time he started to question what Jimmy said. I noticed that something of the sort was happening but I never learned anything concrete about the details.

On one of the afternoons when we used to see each other, I found Jimmy sitting on my friend's desk. He was very serious. I don't exactly remember the entire conversation since he caught me by surprise; these events always evolved very quickly and I had to adapt with the same speed.

On that occasion he reproached us for questioning his authority. I sensed by his words that he and Demian had had a rather unfriendly meeting. No one said anything to

me, but, knowing Demian as I did, I'd say that he wanted to put limits on Jimmy's behavior and that was a bad thing in the sense that it was premature.

Jimmy warned me that measures had been taken in that respect. He told me that, more than anything, my friend was going to need my help. Without warning me further, he left and my friend Demian appeared, looking at the table as if trying to work out where he was. He turned to look at me and asked with surprise:

“Who are you? What are you doing in here?”

I reacted rapidly. I told him that we were friends and that I knew about his mission.

“Do you know who I am?” he asked me.

“Yes, you're Demian,” I answered him.

“Demian...,” He remained pensive, then looked at me intently. “Yes, that's my name.”

I told him about some of his experiences that could only have been known by someone very close. I talked to him about Jimmy. He did not know anyone of that name. He did not appear worried, he was peaceful and confident. I studied him with all my attention. There was no doubt that it was my friend but there was something different in him. Greater clarity in his look, greater nobility, greater gentleness. He was transformed.

Demian was looking at me with a certain curiosity. I suppose he was asking himself who I was. I think I remember that at that moment —maybe it was later— Jimmy got in touch with him. My friend let me know that the so-called Jimmy had appeared and was telling him, among other things, that yes, I knew about everything. I took the opportunity to ask him where he came from. He relaxed and told me that he had spent many years as a disciple in the spiritual world under the aegis of his master Immanuel Kant. I told him that I knew something of that man. I told him the anecdote of his immortal jacket. Thank goodness that that same night I was able to hear my friend's laughter again. He also briefly told me that in those past years he had met Saint Benedict, an extraordinarily humble person from who he had learned a lot. He was going to light a candle to pray to him and we would see each other the next day.

The morning of the next day we met again. He treated me in a more familiar manner and had an explanation. Jimmy had provided him some images of what we had gone through together as if it were a video. It was not the first time that I had heard him talk that way. On some other occasion he mentioned that he had seen this or that event because Jimmy had provided the images. I was relieved to know that everything that had happened was not going to affect our friendship. Around that time there was a

particular and rather special form of behavior of his that was both curious and entertaining. I have already spoken of his nobility of heart and to that one has to add a very individual halo of innocence and ingenuity as if in a certain sense, he really was a newborn.

What had happened? What was really happening? I've got to admit that I was satisfied, having recovered my friend, and had no desire to ask. From past experience I knew that what I needed to know I would end up knowing. Deep down it was too much for me and I had no intention of moving too fast.

### THE TRUE GOLD

I did not really understand why Demian did not appear to remember anything. He spoke as if he were learning everything for the first time and that did not make any sense to me. I kept all that inside me, and in the end it did not bother me too much. When I looked at it another way, it was fun since it produced many unusual situations.

In those days it was very obvious that Demian did not appear to control his body completely. To be more precise, I would say that the way he moved was not the way he moved before. The way he talked, walked or looked around him was unique, different. He had a different cadence. His ingenuity and the strangeness of his movements gave him a very singular appearance, very entertaining.

During those first days we were together almost all the time. That morning I decided to show him the city and we walked around for quite a while. Suddenly my friend stopped.

"I smell gold," he told me.

"Where?"

"Near here!" he turned towards me. "Do you want gold?"

"Yes, look for it!" I told him, while thinking that he had come back with some very interesting abilities. That is when I started to see the way ahead more clearly.

With his head erect —people were looking at us— and as if guided by the smell, we crossed streets, sometimes one way sometimes another, for quite a way. Streets that we had not gone by before. It did not appear to me that the gold was very near and I did not understand how he could walk with such certainty and smell at such a distance. In the end we turned left and a little alley appeared. My friend looked down it.

"There it is!" he exclaimed.

"Where?" I asked.

“There,” he answered me, “in the middle of the street.”

I did not see anything. I thought that maybe it was not the much desired gold coins —my imagination was running away with me— but rather something smaller. Perhaps a bracelet.

He walked purposefully towards the center of the alley. I followed, still not seeing anything. He picked up something from the ground. He showed me a rosary, one of those used for prayer, with crystal beads, very worn from use.

“Look, gold!” he said while raising it to his nose to smell it better.

“I'm giving you the gold as a present!”

“Thank you!” I couldn't say anything else.

#### LOVE, AGAIN.

He slowly started getting used to his body and his movements stopped being so clumsy. After those first few days I found him quite changed. It was morning and he had been looking for me. He told me that Jimmy had mentioned to him that he had a girlfriend. I confirmed that. That afternoon he had to go to see her. He could not get over his amazement and he was not prepared to let that go. He questioned me regarding what type of person that so-called Jimmy was. I understood that he agreed to inherit certain things but absolutely not those related to love which was a matter of free choice.

This subject caught me by surprise. I did not expect it. I tried to calm him down and I suggested that he be a little patient. As far as I knew that girl was a wonderful woman and he would not lose anything by meeting her. I did not think I had convinced him but he resigned himself to the event. He asked me to go with him. I did not accept. He insisted that at least I should wait for him that night.

I waited at the agreed place, convinced that when he got to know his girlfriend all this confusion was going to end. She was such a sweet person that I did not know a single man who did not feel moved in her presence.

“She's the best,” Jimmy had said to me on one occasion.

While I waited, I thought of him and that new youthful air that he appeared to have. There was a purity and ingenuity in him that was not there before.

At last he appeared in the distance and he gave me a look. I could not repress my laughter.

“What happened to you?” I asked.

“What happened to me? That woman spent the whole day jumping around me. Holding me by the arm and pressing against me. Looking at me with half closed eyes and moving her head, this way and that.”

He imitated her in such a funny way that I could not stop laughing. She was a very pretty woman but, judging by his comments, being in her company appeared to be an ordeal.

“That girl is silly and I don't plan to see her again,” he concluded.

I thought that I guessed what was happening. She was a very sensitive woman and she was very much in love. Demian still had some of the old style, to express it that way, but at the same time there was something new, that ingenuity and purity that he had not had before and that gave him such a singular, graceful and moving aspect, all at the same time. His girlfriend noticed that change and I think that she felt charmed.

Demian shied away from any contact with his girlfriend. In those days he was moving ahead slowly with his life and I did not know to what I should attribute that new life without prior memories. What was Jimmy trying to achieve with all this? Maybe to start over?

The way I saw things, Demian “the rebel” had had a course correction. In just a few hours or minutes on Earth, that had been years in the spiritual world, he had been given some form of education and he had practiced a form of living that had purified and transformed him. On his return he had incorporated himself into his body, not without some difficulty, not totally, and even leaving aside and inaccessible a good part of the contents of his memory. That is what I perceived with my physical senses. Because of that and because of the way I thought at the time, I have called it “the transformation.”

After a few days he came looking for me; he was desperate. Jimmy was pressing him to see his girlfriend. He had threatened him with a change of body. He was very upset while telling me what was going on. He was worried.

“Well, let him do it. In no way is that going to change our friendship,” I told him innocently .

“What are you saying? I just got accustomed to this body! I don't want another body!” He said that so desperately that I felt guilty, as if I were not taking the subject seriously enough. I was being insufficiently understanding.

“That Jimmy is crazy,” he stated.

I told him to calm down and to go and see her. Everything would work itself out. Until this moment everything seemed quite entertaining though from then on I started to get seriously worried.

I waited for him that night. When he came back his face was much more relaxed. There was something in her behavior that moved him; he said that she was a better person than what he had originally thought.

From that moment on, in the ensuing days weeks and months, a love that was rather difficult to describe evolved within Demian. How could I convey the description of this type of love for another human being? How can I narrate that I was a witness to true love? I was enormously taken by the vision of a man with his characteristics, a giant among men, completely dependent on the smallest wishes of his loved one. Everything in this giant was pure sensibility and also pure strength. An unusual mixture. What is unusual is immediately known. One knows that one has never seen something similar and one will never see it again.

Demian was generous with his information and he shared with me many of the special moments that he experienced with his girlfriend. I listened to him attentively, and the mere fact of hearing the strength of his love fed my spirit. I knew very well that he did it on purpose. At that time I felt a great devotion and respect for Demian and for the strength of his love.

In this context, Jimmy said of him that he was “the last great romantic.” The way I saw it, that nobility, that purity that he brought with himself from the spiritual world he poured into that emotional relationship, multiplying the effects of that power, that strength inside him. When Demian was in love, he was absolutely indestructible. There was nothing that could dent him, excepting that same love.

At that time, what was going to be more evident in future years was already discernible. In his way of walking or speaking there were no false steps. One had the impression that when his foot came down —always with some elegance— there was no one with sufficient power, except his own will, to move it an inch. Observing him was by then an experience. On one hand he was, as I say, a giant. On the other, in love, he was like a child.

He told me once that God wanted to be loved like a child. Thanks to what I went through observing my friend, I was able to visualize what divinity could be, and divinity, understood that way, captures the human soul.

I harbored the sensation, the idea, that an entire army of enemies could not finish him off but that lack of love, and the doubts over whether he was loved would leave him wounded and without strength.

## THE NATURAL

We lived in wonderful times. We were surrounded by great expectations. Not even a vivid imagination could lead us to suspect what was going to happen the

following day. Demian's attention was focused in getting to know himself, because all roads appeared to lead in that direction.

That afternoon, on Jimmy's advice, Demian had gone to see a movie called *The Natural*, starring Robert Redford. It was the story of a baseball player with an extraordinary natural talent for the game. Life had taken him on paths that impeded him from being able to demonstrate his natural talent. At the end of his sporting life, he was allowed a glimpse of his internal life and what he could have been. The way in which that film visually displayed that inner strength, that natural talent, was by using the power of nature: storms and specifically the powerful effect of lightning. He recommended the film so strongly that I decided to go and see it the next day.

I loved it. I found elements in common with Demian's life. If I had to display in pictures his interior strength I would have had to use that same lightning and thunder. That evening we talked excitedly about the movie. It soon started to rain heavily; we heard the rain falling on the window.

“What a coincidence. Would you believe it if we had a storm?”

I had hardly finished the sentence when an enormous clap of thunder was heard. At that very moment a wonderful storm started up. I paled and looked at him. He concentrated for a minute and told me that behind that storm that took one's breath away was the figure of Kant as if he were providing it in Demian's honor. At that moment I thought that he was getting too much praise, that Demian had still not demonstrated any achievements. Nevertheless all that “praise” did not go to his head because he had a very accurate sense of self-awareness.

“Don't think that I'm the most intelligent person in the world,” he said to me.

“No?” I thought he was.

“Not at all. In this world there are people much more intelligent than I am, because who wants to be extremely intelligent? The intelligence gene is the same one as the mad gene... I've got other strengths.”

It was a wonderful time, unique in every sense and maybe now, in the present day, it is possible to understand those enormous expectations and blessings, that “good life.”

## KANT, FINALLY

Regarding Kant, I don't remember anything else of importance. It was a given that when it came to philosophy he was Demian's teacher and that Kant's philosophy was of great importance. We did not speak of philosophy; I was not the slightest bit curious. Nevertheless, Demian dedicated himself to its study with enormous diligence. Wherever his eyes fell he appeared to find clues. I remember how he spoke of mythology as symbols of realities and I remember it because of the dislike that I felt for the idea of those strange gods with human defects, as I saw it.

Years later the question came to me as if it were an old memory.

"What happened to Kant, who was so important to you at the beginning? I've not heard of him since."

To my surprise he said that behind Kant there was nothing of value, that he had not brought forward any new ideas since he had copied his philosophy from the Greeks.

Already in that first year Demian used to say that man had lost the ability to access the world of ideas, and the terrible consequences that derived from it. I related his comments on Kant to this.

When many years later I learnt about Anthroposophy, I confirmed when reading Rudolf Steiner's biography, how important Kant had been and how Steiner had to overcome the tangle of Kantian philosophy to give birth to his conception of the human being and the world. Internally, that left in me a query regarding the figure of Kant that I closed forcefully when I read some time later of a conference in which Steiner spoke of Madame Blavatsky. Steiner explained that in Blavatsky's writings there was a certain tendency that made them inappropriate for people who were unprepared, those who did not know how to distinguish truths from errors, both of which appear mixed in her books. Steiner also talked about Blavatsky's life after death in which, as a type of compensation for her life on Earth—at least that is how I understood it—, she had turned into an active participant in Anthroposophy. This wonderful and encouraging way of relating one thing to another, made me think similarly of Kant. In that way I took his participation in Demian's instruction as a type of vital need to compensate for the errors that his philosophy had given rise to. At least that was my thinking.

Regarding my friend's previous statement, I have read how Steiner links Kant's philosophy with nominalism and the latter, in turn, to Greek skepticism as if that vision of the world repeated itself or evolved over time with the new influences of the period. Nevertheless, I cannot be sure that this is what Demian was trying to say.

## WHO ARE YOU?

I never spoke about it with him since not everything is about speech. Sometimes just stating that this is so is more than enough. As I say I never spoke about it with him but I would say that he recovered his memory in a few weeks. There was a moment in which the way that we communicated with each other changed. He no longer appeared not to remember anything and I had the feeling that he was able to access in specific locations of his memory, those events that occurred before the transformation. This was a noticeable change since from that moment onwards I did not feel I was talking to a stranger.

Demian always put a lot of effort into knowing himself. It is as if at every moment new doors were opening and he had to get to know the interiors which this portal opened onto. As if he continuously acquired new strengths and he strained to understand the origin of them. I watched him very closely and he knew it. He was also aware that no one knew him as I did, and that I noticed many of his changes. I was very receptive to that and I treasured it. I felt no need for haste in understanding him, but within me there was a question mark on this subject that I expected to be resolved.

Some time later I asked him who he really was. It was a question that came up naturally as part of the conversation that we were having. Sitting on my left, he looked at me calmly and fixedly. I asked myself what he was going to tell me.

“I'm a type of freak. Only half of me is human. The other half is extra-human.”

He made a face and we laughed for quite a while.

I can state that that revelation did not appear strange to me. Stated barely like that, and out of all context, no doubt it appears so. But it was as if everything I had gone through until then had found an answer. And that answer, after all I had lived through with him, did not seem to me to be harebrained at all. I can state that in spite of not understanding how that could be possible, or even if it was possible, I had no doubts that it was so. What one experiences personally provides a strong sense of certainty and one knows, shall we say, without knowing.

Years later I could approach these processes through the concepts provided by the anthroposophical spiritual science. It provides invaluable help if these concepts are correctly applied to the situation in hand. With that help, I could now provide another name for what happened to my friend. Nevertheless I have called it “transformation” because it is what I lived through and perceived with my senses and I would like to go on calling it that.

In the light of Demian's revelation, it seems clear that something non-human was added to what my friend was, and that extra-human element took time to adapt to his physical body and to that part of the etheric body that holds the memory. A very special

etheric body and physical body since very noticeable changes at the physical level were taking place in my friend, as I will recount later.

### DEMIAN

A few months had passed since I read Herman Hesse's book. Throughout that time I had had many experiences and I had observed my friend very closely. In my head, the words with which Sinclair described Max Demian in Hesse's work, echoed. I would like to quote some of these descriptions:

[...] whose face held a peculiar fascination for me, and I observed the intelligent, light, unusually resolute face bent attentively and diligently over his work; he didn't at all look like a student doing an assignment, but rather like a scientist investigating a problem of his own. [...] I can only say that he was in every respect different from all the others, was entirely himself, with a personality all his own which made him noticeable even though he did his best not to be noticed; his manner and bearing was that of a prince disguised among farm boys, taking great pains to appear one of them.

He turned into the Altgasse and left me standing there, more baffled than I had ever been in my life.

What pleased me was the ease and grace with which he was able to say such things, as though everything were self-evident; and then the look in his eyes!

Why does he have such a powerful gaze?

Demian exerted equal fascination over the other students.

For a time everything, even the most extravagant assertions were believed

[...] somehow a thousand years old, somehow timeless, bearing the scars of an entirely different history than we knew; animals could look like that, or trees, or planets [...] All I saw was that he was different from us, he was like an animal or like a spirit or like a picture, he was different, unimaginably different from the rest of us.

Those words define my friend perfectly. I did not possess that literary genius since, in spite of knowing Demian, I would not have been able to describe him better. Without doubt, my friend was that Demian. He shared with Hesse's Demian that unprecedented way dealing with issues and expressing them in such a way to make you think that those ideas had been obtained from places that were inaccessible to ordinary mortals.

Many of those who got to know Demian had the same sensations that Hesse describes so masterfully. I could see it in their faces. I could see how those people asked themselves mental questions, trying to decipher the enigma that was Demian.

On one occasion, when they were celebrating the birthday of a friend of his girlfriend, he was introduced to the former's grandfather. He was a sensitive soul who dedicated to his granddaughter a book of poetry that he had written himself, edited for the event.

That evening, Demian told me how he himself had been the most intense spiritual experience that that man had had in all his life. It was just that Demian could not leave anyone indifferent. He produced strange effects in people and that was visible to anyone who was attentive to these reactions. I always was.

In the first place, because of his physical attractiveness, everyone looked at him. His attractiveness was such that during his time at university he acquired a fan club of female admirers, women who got together with the sole purpose of talking about their admiration for him. Something pretty unusual. Sometimes it was difficult to walk next to him, it was difficult to concentrate on what we were talking about when someone turned back to look in utter amazement, as if she could not believe what her eyes were telling her. In effect, how everyone fixed their attention on him.

Then there was what he said and the way he said it, how he expressed himself, how he moved, that force that he seemed to emit. Many people felt attracted by all of that. On the other hand there were others who felt a significant repulsion towards him, as if what they heard disturbed them internally. And the fact is that what Demian said varied depending who was listening to him, as if he were following something that exists but is not perceptible with the physical senses. That is how one could understand how Demian could say something that appeared innocuous and inoffensive, without meaning to hurt anyone, and one would notice how the other participant in the conversation would immediately react, as if something suddenly disturbed him or even offended him.

“What did you say to him?” I asked him on one occasion when someone reacted violently.

“I don't know,” he answered, “sometimes it's not entirely conscious on my part.”

There were a group of people that, the way I saw it, one could define as conceited, full of themselves, powerful people that on first contact, immediately felt threatened by Demian. It was quite an experience to see something like that. It was like a pulse, lasting a few seconds. The other person, stupefied, desperately offended by the quick defeat, retreated to his cave. Some of them engaged in thoughts of revenge in that darkness. That last remark is important, not only in itself but also because it represents a key that might explain in some significant way my presence in this Cause.

On the other hand, humble people did not feel at all threatened. On the contrary, they treated him as a friend. He had good friends among the shoe-shining guild. He used to say that in that profession one could find exceptionally wise people.

#### THE OTHER ONE

Jimmy entered the room impetuously.

“It's incredible, it's incredible,” he said.

“What's happening?” I asked him.

“It's incredible that Demian found him... so soon.”

“That he found who, Jimmy? Explain yourself.”

“There's another one like him! There's another one!”

I made a face as if I did not understand anything.

“Another one like him, but his opposite, given to evil.”

Evil. I felt a great aversion towards the evil that appeared so intrinsic in every man, in me myself. I remained silent. That is what sooner or later needed to appear. I knew that one day it would have to be confronted.

Jimmy looked at me.

“Imagine someone like your friend Demian, someone with those powers that you know so well, but dedicated to the devil. Imagine him exercising his mastery in a class of adolescents, of immature people, distorting their strengths and converting them into something else,” he said.

That is exactly the image that I had in my mind. The thought hurt me so much that I looked at him with indifference.

“It doesn't matter. We'll kill him and that's it,” I was really hurt.

Jimmy acted as if he had not heard me and went on talking about the consequences that someone like that could have on the world.

“It doesn't matter,” I insisted. We'll kill him.

Jimmy continued to speak without taking any notice of me. Then he looked at me in silence. I did not understand absolutely anything. My friend then appeared and repeated in his way Jimmy's announcement. I started to realize, with the hints provided

by Jimmy's previous attitude, that I had come out with an extremely stupid remark, fruit of my fears.

"I knew it!" said Demian. I knew that if I existed, another one like me had to exist somewhere.

When he said this, it appeared to me that he was talking about a spiritual law that obeys some kind of need and that cannot be any other way.

Demian was really excited. I asked him about the other, the one who is like him. He told me that it was his adversary. My friend had one advantage over him, the other one was still an adolescent. He did not tell me how old he was, neither did I ask him.

"I imagine that he's rich," I said.

"Yes," he answered, "there is a very large estate behind him, and people expecting things of him."

"You don't have anything and no one expects anything from you."

"I've got the advantage of a few years to improve myself," he said with a cheeky smile.

We said goodbye to each other. In my mind I kept on thinking of the way that at the beginning, with Jimmy, I broached the subject. It appeared to me that I did not understand how these things worked, and that in the light of all this I understood my role in the Cause even less.

#### YOU WILL NOT BE HURT AT ALL

From that moment, the subject of Evil became clear in nearly all the conversations that we had. I acquired a lot of information without asking for it. For example I got to know the priest who was authorized to practice exorcisms in that part of the country.

Around then I learned that the solution that I had suggested to Jimmy at the time was how Evil acted. I said to myself that with Good you can only do Good and that Evil, on the other hand, is an assassin by definition and everything horrible happens within its being since it has no moral limit.

I did not know if Demian had discovered the existence of the other by himself or if it had been an encounter of their respective powers. In any case if my friend knew, his opposite would end up knowing. "The logical thing to do would be to kill myself" I thought. "That way, Demian would have even less support. And what would it cost to end my life? Very little effort" I answered myself.

These thoughts were going through my mind when I ran into Jimmy. He was using a soldering iron, trying to mend a broken keychain. He asked me to help him since he could not solder and hold the keychain at the same time. He was talking to me while I held the keychain. Suddenly the soldering iron slipped and the red-hot tip touched my index finger around the middle articulation. I had a black burn that smelt of burnt flesh. I had seen it happen, but, with the shock, I did not feel anything. I waited, telling myself that soon I would start to feel the pain of the burn. I went on waiting and, somewhat puzzled, I looked at my finger. It was clearly burnt but there was no pain. I questioned Jimmy with my eyes.

“Don't worry. You will never be hurt while you work for the Cause” he told me.

I did not say anything. That answered all my questions.

We finished soldering and went on talking. I asked him to tell me some things regarding the future of the Cause.

“One of the ones who belongs to the Cause will leave it” Jimmy said.

“That one would be me, it cannot be any other way” I thought. I asked him about me and what was it that I was going to do in future years.

“You'll dedicate yourself to looking after pigs” he said smiling.

One never knew when Jimmy was joking, but this time it was clear. I shook my head as if saying: “My question was serious!” While I was looking at him in the eyes, I asked silently: “What am I doing here, Jimmy? What do you want from me?” Then a word appeared in my mind. It was very clear, there was no doubt about that. But I was dismayed, and not only because it came out of nowhere. It was the name of the family business that my parents owned! Disgusted, I rejected that thought or whatever it was. How had it come up in my mind? I did not even remember my family in those moments. The whole idea that I was counted on because of that, repulsed me. It never would have occurred to me and I forgot about it like one of many mental associations that one could have that did not make any sense.

## THE MEDALLION

We had not seen each other for some time. I had gone to visit my parents and my mother had given me a small and discreet religious gold medallion as a present; I liked it and she insisted that I wear it. Years later I learned that my mother had been worried about me and, fruit of this concern, she bought this medallion to give to me a few days later and had it blessed.

On my return I went to find Demian to say hello. I'm fairly sure that the medallion was not visible.

“What are you wearing?” he said pointing to my neck.

“You mean this?” I showed him the medallion. He was very impressed.

“Yes,” he said. “Please give it to me. I need it. It will protect me.”

He caught me by surprise and I thought it over. He had seemed to make that request with real urgency.

“Okay. If you need it so badly here it is.” I took it off its chain and put it in his hands.

He picked it up with care while he removed the chain that he had round his neck. It was silver and very thick. Even though he tried several times, the link attached to the medallion was too fine to go on the chain.

“Look,” I said, “if it's so important to you I'll give you my golden chain as well, so that you can hang it from that. That'll make the gift perfect.”

“No. It's not necessary,” he said placing the medallion on the open palm of his right hand. He looked directly at the medallion with a very concentrated air, and before my eyes the medallion's link grew until it was double in size. He then pulled the thick chain through the link with ease and hung it from his neck.

“That's it!” He smiled as he winked at me.

## THE CAR

Jimmy was a car fanatic, if one can talk about him in those terms, and he passed on that same enthusiasm to us. I know that they were very important to him in his past life, so much so that he died in one of them. He told the story with great emotion, of how at the moment of his accident, in less than a second, he felt totally invaded by divine mercy—the expression on his face turned radiant when he got to this point—and at that same moment he repented of all the evil that he had done. According to Jimmy, that was the most important moment of his life.

I can not say with any certainty what it was that he saw in cars. Once I told Demian that a sports car called “Devil” had just come on the market.

“Yes, you noticed,” he said smiling, “what an insult to the devil!”

A car has a relationship with individuality and alertness, with independence and conscience. It has nothing to do with gregariousness and being asleep. In addition the

car is very influential on the image that other people have of oneself, and that was very important for my friend.

One day we were walking at the foot of the hill on the crest of which there was a road. We were looking straight ahead and suddenly we turned our heads as if something was attracting our attention. We saw a white car appear very far away. I felt that I could almost hear its quiet motor and notice its smooth drivability. I was perplexed; I have never had that sensation again. Jimmy told Demian what model of car it was and we felt an irresistible desire to have one.

I met Demian a few days later. Jimmy had bought him a newspaper, and in it an advertisement that he had marked with a pen. He showed me the used car sales section. There was a car of that model for sale at a very reasonable price. Jimmy appeared and told me to get it, by whatever means. I had some money, not much, but enough. Jimmy was enormously happy when I told him that I would get that car. I was determined to do so.

I took the money out of the bank and I went to the dealer. I was very excited just thinking that I was going to leave there with a wonderful car. At that moment, I did not even remember that I did not have a drivers license. I asked at the dealers about the car that was advertised and they showed me an old van that was falling apart. I told him that it was not possible that they must have made a mistake. I looked at the advertisement that was highlighted, trying to find an explanation. The make and model in the newspaper were exactly those of the old van. Nevertheless I could have sworn that I had read another one, very different. I could not understand what was going on.

I was very bothered. I assumed that that must have been one of Jimmy's jokes but nevertheless I was not going to leave there without a car. I picked one and gave them the money that I was carrying on me as a deposit. I then went to the bank and from there I called my mother asking her for the money that I needed. I noticed that my mother was saddened but ended up agreeing. "Mothers," I said to myself. "One day she'll understand how important this is." I finally bought the car.

Already on that day, and more so on the following ones, something changed in me. My behavior towards my mother was weighing on my conscience. How could I have behaved like that? I was confused and started seeing Jimmy negatively. Though I knew that I was the guilty one in this situation it had been too much for me.

### THE FAREWELL

I was with Demian and suddenly Jimmy appeared and told me that I had something to do. I did not even listen to him. A few days went by. I went to meet Demian, and Jimmy was there in his place. It was a situation very similar to that of the transformation.

Jimmy reproached me saying we were a couple of rebels. Jimmy had also had a argument with Demian who had reproached him because of his behavior towards me.

“How is it that you want to do whatever you feel like doing? I'm leaving forever!”

And quite simply he left.

Then Demian appeared, but he did not recognize me as myself. He hardly knew me and could not work out what I was doing in his room. I tried to find something that would bond us together but could not find anything. Very disconcerted, I said goodbye.

A few days later my father came to visit me. I did not expect a visit from him and he had come a long way to see me. He had been to the Faculty where they had let him know about my bad results and about the fact that I had not appeared at the last exams. He came to deliver one major piece of news: he was not going to go on financing my career. I did not stay much longer at the University, maybe just a few days. Before leaving I said goodbye to Demian. He was only a little puzzled since we hardly knew each other.

## CHAPTER TWO

Events that took place between the years 1985 and 1991

### THE CRISIS

I found myself suddenly back at home as if everything I had lived through before had been the product of a dream. All my previous strength had left me, I don't know where to. I felt empty, a hollow man. A feeling of failure and guilt took over. Inside me I reviewed over and over again what had happened. From nowhere I developed an extreme sensitivity to everything in my behavior for which I could reproach myself. I understood the unfairness and the lack of love intrinsic in all judgment, and I made heartfelt apologies for any pain that my words or thoughts might have caused. I entered a state of profound crisis and was able to learn from it. I found new values on which I could build a new life. I became a humbler and more rounded person than I had been before.

Nevertheless, guilt was undermining my strength. What would have happened to that Cause which was going to benefit so many people? What opposition will Evil find in people's souls when it arrives in its new form? After a year that seemed like a century had gone by, I had lost all hope of regaining contact with my friend.

### THE REUNION

At that time, a family member offered me a job.

"It'll be good for you. It's in the open air, in the countryside. You'll work in a laboratory that's on an animal farm," he said.

I don't know exactly how it happened, but that laboratory work was only ancillary and I really ended up looking after pigs on a farm, exactly as Jimmy predicted.

It was mid-1986 when I received a telephone call. It was an old friend, I was told. Someone came on the line. It was Demian. He asked me if I knew him from anywhere. I said that I did. I was immensely surprised and equally happy. He interrogated me, anxious to find out what I knew about him since he hardly remembered me. Very few words were needed for him to realize that something was happening that he did not control.

"You seem to know who I am," he said. We need to see each other.

We travelled to see each other. After greetings, he told me that everything in his life fitted together perfectly except for the fact that several university friends had asked

him about me as if I had been a very close friend. That seemed strange to him but he did not give it too much importance.

That year he was living in an apartment and something happened that made him think. One evening he was going to leave the building but suddenly he changed direction and went into a neighboring apartment. In it, several adolescents were in the midst of an orgy of sex and drugs. He talked to them and, with that persuasive manner that my friend always had, convinced them to stop that insane way of life.

“I asked myself again and again, why did I act like that? The reasons that made me act in that way were totally unknown to me. I thought about it and you were the only thing that did not quite make sense in my life. That's why I called you,” said Demian.

With great pleasure, I told him everything I knew about him. He was surprised to find out that I knew many of his secrets, issues that only a very close friend could know. He did not know any Jimmy. We were together the whole day, talking to each other extensively.

From that moment on we kept in touch with some frequency, mostly by phone. Slowly he recovered his forgotten life. He told me that Jimmy had finally got in touch with him as well. Everything seemed to be returning to the point where we had left it and nothing seemed to have changed. The only thing was that I felt considerably less strong. I was pleased that the Cause was continuing but I was feeling emotionally very weak and only thought about getting better.

I never told Demian but I did not want to speak to Jimmy. I had felt great affection for him and I was hurt by the way that he left without warning. I felt that he might have helped me avoid a lot of suffering and I distrusted him a little. I don't know how justified I was in this but I did not want to see him, and Jimmy did not speak directly to me during this time.

### HIS GIRLFRIEND

We saw each other again at the end of 1986 or the beginning of 1987. I went to the city when Demian was studying. We both sat on a bench and he told me about events in his current life. He talked about Jimmy and his behavior —things that for him appeared to be new—, but he did not awaken my interest. Around that time I had other concerns. I asked him about his girlfriend. I felt affection for her and I wanted to know how she was doing.

“We're no longer together,” he said in a resigned manner.

“How can that be possible? Such a great love. I'd never seen anything like it in my life,” I was really astonished, I never expected that piece of news.

He looked at me in the eyes, as if saying: "You know it better than anyone." His face showed great sadness.

"I knew the exact day and the time that she was going to open the window of her room to throw herself out, to commit suicide," he admitted. "I went to see her and ended the relationship before that happened."

"What? What are you saying?" I could not believe what I was hearing. "What happened to her? Why?"

"She wanted to cling to me," Demian stretched his hands out as if wanting to grasp something, "to have something to hold onto, something firm to give herself to. But one can't take hold of me. That is not possible."

In a second I understood everything. I put my hands to my head. She, so sweet, had given herself entirely to Demian, such was their love. They had shared so many things that she could not stop thinking about him. She could not get him out of her mind. But Demian was a force of nature, continuously evolving. His ranges, to put it that way, were so wide and the changes that he was subjected to were so extreme that it was not possible even to get an idea of who he was. Everything about him was disconcerting. It was as if she wanted to give herself to the wind, to a whirlwind, to the stormy waves that break on the rocks. She had lived in much of the same way that I had come to live with Demian, and even more so, but without knowing it. Demian's changes were very real and inevitably they had an effect even though one was not aware of it.

I could still see her in my mind. That sweet totally unstable girl, wanting to find some peace, wanting to get my friend out of her soul, giving herself for the last time to the wind that blew through her hair as she opened the window.

"If she had known you as I do, if she had been in my place, none of this would have happened," I told him.

There was no answer. What great sadness lay on our hearts that night!

I also understood that Demian, faithful to himself, had waited until the end, until the moment when nothing could be saved. But she was what was important, and Demian had done the right thing in ending the relationship. She was now re-creating her life. She had gone to another city where she would continue her studies.

There was a long silence that Demian finally broke. He pointed to the name of a company that was written in large letters in an advertisement opposite us.

"That company is going to go bankrupt very soon," he told me.

"Can you know that so easily? Can you know if a company is going to do well or badly in its business?"

“Yes,” he answered me.

“That's wonderful. That type of knowledge is money which would be very useful for you, being in such need. Invest in the stock market,” I told him.

Demian had many brothers and almost all of them were studying at University. His parents had a lot of expenses. They had told him that they would pay the registration fee at the University but that unfortunately they could not give him much help for his accommodation and daily expenses. In that sense he was going through a somewhat delicate situation.

“No,” he said to me smiling, “it's not allowed. Things are not like that. I can't use that information to earn money.”

I understood that if he did something like that he would stop being what he was and would never succeed in that which he had come to do, for which he made such a great effort now, and for which there were such great expectations. I remembered how Jimmy spoke so negatively of games of chance. They were not a legitimate way of establishing healthy economic relations, though Jimmy expressed the same thought more abruptly. Everything has its consequences.

We said goodbye. I had to go to do my military service and we probably would not see each other for a year. While I walked a profound sadness took hold of me. I never could have imagined that Demian's love would not have a good end. I would have been able to take any news, any change, but this event left me profoundly dismayed. I would never have believed it possible. I knew what I was telling myself: if the most sacred things don't prevail, if they do not overcome, then everything is possible. Perhaps even the enormous powers, the great expectations that lay upon Demian, everything that Jimmy had predicted in this regard, would all come to nothing. Anything is possible. Despair itself might reign.

My God, how sad I felt to find out how fragile were some of the things that I considered to be unchangeable. Nothing came for free. Everything seemed to demand a sacrifice. By now, nothing resembled our first year.

## THE COMMITMENT

Yes, nothing seemed like before. Events happened one after the other in a way that made it impossible for me to digest them all. Towards the end of 1986 they diagnosed and operated on my mother for cancer. In mid 1987 I started my military term. I was able to prove for myself “that we have no affinity with military culture,” exactly as Demian had suggested to me. Towards the end of 1987 I was put in a military prison for desertion. Sadly my mother's cancer returned again and they had to operate on her urgently. It was a significant operation. I could only see her once after 1988,

while I was in prison and with my military service over. I found her bedridden, convalescing.

I met Demian again in the summer of 1988. At that time Jimmy appeared on several occasions as he used to do before. Time had passed and I no longer felt that same distrust towards him. He told me that he would ensure that Demian did not have to do his military service. According to Jimmy, he had the power to manipulate any documents that referred to Demian. Without doubt, it would have been a waste of time for Demian, and inevitably he would have had many problems. In his physical life, Jimmy had also avoided that duty, passing himself off as a homosexual.

Many of his biographers have speculated on Jimmy's sexual orientation. This bothered him a lot. I laughed at him about that though, to be fair, I think that he was right.

Jimmy could have been a homosexual but he was not. That was the truth and in addition, the writers appeared to be influenced by a lack of precision, slackness and laziness, all defects that allow one to speculate on the unimaginable. A speculation that helps sell books, become famous and earn money. That greed and vanity in others was able to cast a shadow over a life that he had completely thrown himself into, with all his strength.

“How much I'd love to come back to this world!” he told me one day while observing the bustle of a great city. I did not understand what he wanted to say and I forgot it almost immediately, just like so many other things that I could not understand.

Jimmy spoke to me in very clear terms. Demian needed my help to achieve his objective, to fulfill his mission. I did not understand very well how I could help him, but—to the extent that it depended on me—I was not going to allow that which he had to bring to the world, to be wasted as had occurred with his first love. I was prepared to sacrifice myself since nothing of importance is free. I committed myself to help him with all my strength.

## SHOPPING

When we saw each other we used to go to some commercial center. Demian was very interested in the whole business of distribution since it allowed one to be in contact with many people, to enter their lives. On that occasion we were going shopping. While we were going up the escalator of a major department store, I looked at him closely.

“You are taller, right?” I asked him, somewhat surprised since we had been the same height.

“Yes, I’m five foot eleven now,” he laughed, bragging while he stretched his body.

“How come you've grown two inches at your age?” I asked him.

“It's very simple, it's Jimmy. This is my perfect height. I ask him to broaden my back or to add muscle to my arms and that's it. Look, touch, touch” —he brought his arm close to me. My friend certainly had muscles and I had never seen him do any type of exercise.

We got to the men’s section that occupied an entire floor of that department store. We stopped in front of a display of ties hanging together. At first glance I did not like any of them. Demian put his hand in the bunch of ties while smiling at me. Then, to my surprise, he brought out a beautiful tie that had been hidden behind the others. He put his hand in again and another tie, as beautiful as the first one, appeared. It looked as if the tie wanted to fall into his hands, as if he did it with a hidden magnet, as if he had eyes at the end of his fingers.

“Well, there's nothing else worthwhile here,” he said.

I had seen things like that any number of times. There was something magical about him in this way. Demian had a strange ability to know what fitted perfectly. He would take a pair of folded trousers and say “These will fit perfectly.” He would then try them on and they would seem to be made to measure both in the waist and in length. The cut would be perfect, as would be the cloth and the color. “How does he do it? How does he know it? Who told him?” I asked myself.

That day, or perhaps it was another day around that time, we went to a Golf & Green shop. He tried on two shirts. The blue one and the light pink one appeared to be made for him. Those colors, already attractive in their own right, appeared to shine on him.

“Yes, they don't look bad on you,” I told him.

I looked around surreptitiously. I wanted to see the effect that he had on people. I could see how everyone was turning to look towards Demian. As one would expect, some were more sensitive than others but he affected them all without exception. That was a totally objective experience. In a magical way he attracted people's attention, and it was always like that.

Jimmy spoke frequently about the importance of image in Demian's mission. On this subject perfection had been achieved. I only want to underline that it was not merely a matter of physical appearance. The powers —Demian's— that had just shown themselves, were, without any question, supersensible. Simply put, my friend shone.

### LOVE AGAIN

In the last year of his studies for a degree, Demian once again knew love. She was also a student, one or two years younger than him, very vivacious and determined. She was definitely stimulating for Demian. He was deeply in love with that woman and the happiness that he felt gave him outstanding vitality and strength.

Within me I still had the memory of his first love that he had so strongly conveyed to me. As a result, I was not very receptive to what he could tell me about his new romance. But I knew Demian very well and I knew that he needed to live that type of life, he needed that stability and intensity, that ecstasy, from which he extracted great strengths. Demian was a person with a hidden side, difficult to access, but at the same time very sociable and friendly. Everything about him had a tendency to create a family around him.

### MONEY

In what follows, I will refer to a subject that in my judgment, through my experience, might be misinterpreted. Because of that it might seem to be what it is not and move the focus of attention away from what is important. At the same time it can not be avoided because it forms part of the framework of reality. I just hope to describe the framework as faithfully as possible. To do that I must talk about Jimmy.

On some subjects Jimmy did not appear to have any limits. I knew that Jimmy tended to want everything, that I should give myself completely, that I should join my own life and destiny to that of the Cause. It is true that he never spoke to me in these terms. But not everything is spoken because there are things that are understood in attitudes and also in life's events. I thought about the Cause and I got dizzy. I was afraid of it. I was prepared to help a lot but to link myself totally to Jimmy and to Demian would mean one day losing myself. They were powers that were too strong for me. How could I stay on my feet with so many changes, so many events without end? On the other hand I thought that in the depths of my soul I was such an extreme egoist that I was not going to allow myself to get lost in that maelstrom of events. All this on one side.

The nature of what was happening was so important that it was not possible for me to remain indifferent. I could not. I reflected on everything that this world wanted and the least I could do was to collaborate with all my strength, overcoming personal circumstances and those external events that constantly imposed themselves on me. I was prepared to help until exhaustion set in. But after that I had no plans to dwell behind that threshold where Jimmy definitely lived. Nevertheless neither Jimmy nor Demian could stop being anything other than themselves. This, on the other side.

To summarize, Jimmy appeared to want it all, but I did not plan to give myself over completely. On the other hand, what was being dealt with was so important that I was prepared to reach my limit, whatever it might be.

I had the feeling that Jimmy was not concerned about money. He appeared to obey another set of rules and objectives that I could not grasp. I calculated and quantified and, based on the results, acted one way or another. Jimmy did not calculate. His methodology appeared to consist in taking everything to the same limit. This was his only calculation. This was the disconcerting impression that I perceived relative to Jimmy and money.

It was clear that my work in the Cause, at least in the second period, was going to be as support, in being Demian's support on both the personal and the economic side. Demian needed to be supplied with economic independence when he could not obtain it for himself. He was going to be subject to many tensions and not having that independence would greatly limit his ability to act.

It was not easy to provide that money. "In the end, no one does this," I used to tell myself. I must add that I never gave just money. Even the last penny was linked to a certain level of suffering. At least that is how I saw it. I did not understand why it had to be like that. It was as if physical money by itself was not legal currency in Jimmy's world and something needed to be added. I am aware that what I'm saying may be very subjective. In any case it was never easy and all these events brought me many problems.

#### THE OTHER DEMIAN: THE ANTICHRIST

It must have been towards the end of 1988. My friend Demian spoke to me about the other Demian. That is what he called him: Demian. From then on that is what we called him. And from that moment I stopped using that name for my friend.

From what he told me I understood that, in a certain way, they were two twin beings with very similar powers. They shared the same nature that we might call "Demian." My friend had transcended that nature. The other had stayed within it, eclipsed by its own power.

He spoke to me in terms that were very similar to the ones he used years ago. Demian was his opponent. He had significant support and my friend counted on the advantage of being a few years older than him. My friend spoke to me of Demian as a powerful personality that put his forces at the service of absolute Evil. I learned about the existence of many spiritual beings dedicated to Evil, with their hierarchy, and at their apex was that being with many designations: demon, Satan, the devil, Leviathan,

call him what you like. Now he had the opportunity to become embodied in a very special personality that could support his presence. That is how I understood it then.

I had known, I had seen my friend display very special powers. Just thinking of a counter-image of him dedicated to evil made me shiver. I knew evil sufficiently well to be aware of the fact that it eagerly seeks to incorporate itself into that which is immature and I imagined Demian being tempted at a very early age.

My friend told me that there was some truth in what one could see in a film called *The Omen*. I never got to see it. Knowing my friend, I felt I had greater knowledge of Demian than that which I could acquire by any other means. Also, nothing is casual, and behind everything there is always intention. I did not know what truly lay behind this film and I did not want to be exposed to it.

In what follows, I will use the name Demian, to refer to the specific personality upon which Ahriman has become incarnate, joining it gradually and becoming the very same Ahriman on Earth. This is so that I can faithfully reproduce what was lived through, with the same words.

## THE CAR

In December of 1988, Jimmy told me that my friend needed a car. The following year was going to be a year of travel. I had to acquire one.

My friend suggested that I find a used car. It would be cheaper and he would check it out. My friend had a very good nose for motors and that is not a metaphor. He knew whether an engine was in good or bad condition just by looking at it, just smelling it.

I liked going to car dealers; I could get into the cars, even try some. On this occasion I got into a Spider, the same model in which Jimmy died. I thought about it. The second I sat down I had to get up quickly. For a moment I thought I was sitting inside a tomb!

I found a car, a red Volkswagen Golf. It was Jimmy's favorite color, "the color of blood," as he used to say. My friend loved it. I managed to pay for it with a personal loan and in January 1989 it was on the road.

The next month I spoke to Jimmy on the phone. He did not agree that the car should be a used one. Jimmy was very funny. I laughed at his remarks.

"If you don't change it, I'll ruin it," he added a little later.

"How?"

“Yes, yes, I don't like that car. You can see that it's a used one. Image is very important. I want a new one; like that, but new.”

In that respect one could not trust Jimmy. It was not wise to take what he said as a joke.

I was so convinced that he would ruin the car that by April we already had a new sixteen valve black Golf. “The color of eternity,” as my friend used to say. It goes without saying that I received a lot less than I had paid for the old car. I suffered a loss that could have been avoided if Jimmy had deigned to give his opinion at the right moment. But then it would not have been Jimmy. With this type of event, one learned that one had to make the best of the situation or, if not, it would end up being very expensive.

If one follows the evolution of the events surrounding this car, one can get an idea of how unstable life was with Jimmy and my friend. There was no connection to a normal life in any way.

#### THE GREAT GATSBY

We traveled to see each other, I don't remember the reason. My friend told me that Jimmy had given him another name: Gatsby.

“Gatsby?,” I said. What a strange name!

“There is a book and also a movie that both have that name as a title. Rent it at a video shop. Let me know.”

I did so. That same night I saw the movie. I could not believe my eyes; that personality, Jay Gatsby, was my friend.

The real virtue of my friend resided in the fact that he had succeeded in harmonizing his intelligence, his heart and his strength. It has to be understood that what he had thanks to his heart, affection, love, had to be very large to balance and make sense of his other powers. Nevertheless, that doesn't mean that these powers did not sometimes present themselves by themselves if circumstances required them to. `Demian´ nature was that, a strength and intelligence that overwhelmed any opponent and that cleared the way by themselves. At this moment, on the other hand, everything appeared to be filtered through the heart. His strength and understanding appeared to be totally subservient to love.

These powers wore, in a peculiar way, the apparel of affection. As a result, his intelligence lived behind an affectionate look, and his strength was displayed through

the elegance of his gestures. Gatsby had a strange kindness that permeated deeply. These few words define him well.

From that moment until the end of this story, I always called him by this name. It was, let's put it this way, the "adaptation", the form that his spirit took that I had most in common with. Everyone would have wanted to know Gatsby in those days like I grew to know him.

### MY MOTHER

In May my mother fell seriously ill. She died a few months later towards the end of 1989. During all that time, I hardly remembered my friends though I could have, and I'm sure I did, try to contact them. At the end of her days I was exhausted and I understood that they could have helped me a lot. Gatsby did not call me for six months, something very unusual. I resented it. "He only gets in touch with me when he needs something," I told myself.

A few days later, Gatsby called me and spoke in a joking tone. I let him know about the death of my mother. Suddenly silence fell. After a long pause Jimmy appeared.

"Gatsby is in a state of shock. Don't worry. I wanted it to be like that," he said.

I did not understand why he said that. I was not in the slightest bit concerned about him. Neither Gatsby, nor Jimmy, nor anyone.

"Your mother is well. Calm down. We'll talk again tomorrow," Jimmy told me.

I needed to hear those few words. I calmed down, my muscles relaxed. I became more serene.

From that moment onwards I started to reminisce about the death of my mother more calmly. A concern took hold of me. I thought I had noticed something in her attitude in her last days that I thought might be a problem in the spiritual world. Something that, if she maintained in her new home, might be an impediment, a barrier that would stop her extending her gaze into that reality. That was in my thoughts when I called Gatsby. It was Jimmy who picked up the phone. I did not say anything about these thoughts.

"Don't worry about your mother; you must take into account that many chains are broken at the moment of death," he said. "She is well. She is with me. She is now part of the Cause."

I never would have believed that the fact that Jimmy would tell me that my mother was with him would have the effect of giving me such peace of mind. It seemed clear that I appreciated Jimmy more than I was admitting to myself.

At the end of the conversation, Gatsby appeared. As a way of saying goodbye, he told me that from that moment onwards he had the opportunity of living life in communion with my mother. I then remembered the words that Gatsby used one day, the first year that we knew each other.

“Life does not ‘go on’, as people customarily say when someone dies. It changes to another form of relationship.”

I understood then that life does not ‘go on’, as they often say to the affected one, attempting to establish a direction in life in the absence of the deceased. One must follow him there, wherever it is, and reestablish that link. For the enormous heart of my friend it was unthinkable to abandon a loved one, even after death. It would almost be a despicable act to do such a thing, precisely when difficulties appeared. That was my friend. Even then he had a lion's heart.

Walking home I felt that an enormous weight had been lifted from me. I walked very quickly. I wonder how one could extend the relief that I felt to other people who found themselves in despair because of the death of a loved one. If I had experienced it, others could experience it. But how to achieve that?

On entering I met my father. I seemed to be seeing someone who was missing half of his body and doesn't know where the missing half has gone to. I could not find a way to help him. At that moment, the world appeared to me divided into those who live enclosed in themselves like my father, and a few fortunate ones like me. I did not think it was fair.

#### THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE

In November I went back to work. At that time I worked in an office. I had at my disposal a telephone for personal use, and with it I used to get in touch with Gatsby. It was not long before it became very obvious that the telephone was being tapped. There was no attempt to disguise it. Sometimes one could even hear laughter in the background or the line was suddenly cut. Gatsby commented to me that Demian already knew that I was his main support. It appeared to me that Demian had too many resources compared to my friend.

In December of 1989, I asked for a new loan. Gatsby needed money for his journeys. He appeared to be continuously looking for something. One day he called me from Barcelona.

"I'm in the strangest guesthouse," he told me.

"Strange? Why?" I asked.

"Something about it made me notice it and I had to go in. Then, well, there's the owner. There's something strange about her but I don't know what it is."

"What can it be?"

"I don't know, but it's something that she does that makes me not to want to lose sight of her. I'll find out soon."

We spoke the next day. My friend was excited but also amused.

"Can you imagine who she is?" he asked. "Demian's nursemaid!" He laughed without giving me time to answer, as if that woman was the most ridiculous being on the planet. "Jimmy has told me to leave immediately. He says that I am not yet ready for a meeting with Demian. But I don't believe it," he continued saying with his particular romantic predisposition for battle.

At that moment some typical noises were heard on the line. Someone was listening. Jimmy appeared immediately. He started to sing a song very cheerfully through my friend's mouth. The words of the song mentioned certain times in which, after years of darkness, light finally returns, or something similar. The song was obviously directed towards our invitees. After this interruption I suggested to Gatsby that he should leave the place if Jimmy had advised him to. He told me that he would spend one more night there. He was anxious to confront Demian, to measure his strength.

"Who is that nursemaid?" I asked him.

"She is the one who raised him. The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that dominates the world!" he answered.

I then remembered the many times that Gatsby had spoken to me about the importance of education. There was nothing more important than education, and I interpreted his remark in that sense.

He called me again on the third day. He was disconcerted. All his assurance had disappeared. He could not understand how it had happened. He had left that morning and had not come back until the afternoon. He went to open the car door but he had left the keys in the guesthouse room. He said all that as if someone had been cleverer than him and I could not believe what he was saying. These mistakes were not customary for Gatsby. He went on to say that we had to get rid of the car. He repeated it several times and said it nervously and with a certain tone of guilt. Then he hesitated for a moment and said that he would take the car for one last time to go to the train station. He needed

to go to another city. He could not do this by himself and I had to help him. Then he made it clear that under no circumstances was he going to drive that car again. Everything happened very fast.

“Well, that's okay,” I told him, “I'll sell the car. It's only seven months old. I'll get back some of the money.”

“No, no you can't. That car is a bomb. At any moment something will fail and it'll kill someone. You should take it to Volkswagen. Leave it as a trade-in for another car. They have a review process for used car sales that is so exhaustive that the car will not pass. That's the only solution.”

“But what have they done to the car?” I asked.

“Black arts,” he said.

That very weekend I went to Barcelona. I found the car at the train station and I had it put on a freight train going back to my city. From the moment that I came upon the car at the station, I noticed that someone was following me. He was a somewhat unusual type. His face seemed absolutely empty and revealed nothing. I saw him several times more over the years. He always followed me with no attempt at concealment. I watched him curiously, wanting to see something of Demian in him, something of his character.

That person was like a joke from Demian. It was his sense of humor. That is how I saw it.

When I picked up the car at its destination, I called Gatsby because I had to drive it to the dealership. He had to watch out to ensure that nothing happened that would put my life in danger.

After a lot of effort I managed to give the car back as a trade-in for the purchase of a new one, refinancing the debt. The new car would be for me. I can also say that I had needed three loans to pay for it and that in the end, the price was more than double its original one. This whole event might give an idea of how difficult it was to support Gatsby. Difficulties came up all the time and they aggravated the situation incredibly, to the extent that what was taking place at the time appeared impossible.

This situation extended to all the other issues however small they were. There was a continuous emergence of obstacles to any kind of operation that I wanted to fulfill. These delaying forces were much more evident to me in those years. Even though I did not know very much of them, I imagined them as real beings and I would have given anything to see them face to face.

### MERRY CHRISTMAS

That Christmas, Gatsby received a card. As he walked near the closed letterbox he smelt the letter's aroma.

"It smelt of Demian. I opened it and read: 'Merry Christmas Mr. Gatsby'," said my friend.

That year was going to be somewhat difficult.

### THE GIRLFRIEND'S PHOTOGRAPHS

Gatsby loved his girlfriend with all his heart. She was a very different woman from his previous girlfriend but Gatsby's love was the same. He appeared to need that type of love and in those times he was very happy in spite of the fact that physically they lived some distance apart. She was at her last year at the University. Gatsby went to see her now and then. On the occasion I'm referring to, they spent a few unforgettable days at a ski resort. They took many photographs of themselves and of each other to illustrate their happiness.

I went to see him around then. We decided to go out for a meal and on the way we were going to pick up the developed photographs at a local photo shop. We had to walk up a few steps to get to the shop. I stopped a few feet away from the steps. A shiver went up my spine, a type of pressure. I felt my nervous system change at the base of my skull. I looked tensely at Gatsby who raised his head as if sniffing the air.

"Demian has been here," he said.

At no time did I think that he had been there physically, more as a force, to explain it that way. Gatsby went into the shop and asked me to join him. I wanted to but I could not. I had no control over that force that appeared to have affected my entire nervous system. I decided to wait outside and a short time later Gatsby came out with a big smile on his face.

"What happened?" I asked him.

"Demian has blanked out all the photos," he laughed. "He hasn't even left one. He hates the thought of me being happy. He's terrified of that."

That day Gatsby was very happy. He was savoring his moment.

Demian felt panic at the thought of Gatsby being happy. My friend's powers acquired another dimension and it was something that truly enhanced him. Love kept him in an unending state of ecstasy and I felt that I could see the powerful Demian tremble, his sturdy legs progressively turning into trembling sticks. Demian would do

everything possible not to let that happen. He would do the impossible to make Gatsby drink the elixir of his black heart to deny him that which he had denied himself and to pass on the failure that his spirit contained in such excess.

### THE CAT-MEN

I felt Demian's breath very near me. The telephones that I normally used were tapped and I could not speak normally with Gatsby. Also, I feared for my close friends. I knew Gatsby well and in knowing him I also knew something of Demian. I had already had a few experiences with him. To explain it my way, I would say that, like Gatsby, Demian could influence the human nervous system. I always felt that his power was certainly related to a nervous system, especially if the human owner were going through something that made him especially vulnerable. That force acts as an internal deterrent power, like a deep fear.

Every step that I took I felt watched. I tried to give it no importance but I could not deny that it added a certain pressure to my life. I was confident regarding my personal safety. I trusted in what Jimmy had told me the first year that we knew each other.

At that time I was wondering what would stop Demian killing me. I did not understand it. I was going back home after meeting Gatsby and the road was full of cars. Suddenly some loud noises were heard. One car avoided some others and came directly towards me at high speed. Everything happened very fast. Another car, a red one, left its lane and got in the path of the first one. They crashed. The car that was coming towards me skidded and rolled over. It was coming towards me, bouncing, it was incredible. It bounced again a few feet away from my car and flew over me, falling upside down on the asphalt. Miraculously no one was hurt.

That was a method of assassination that I attributed to Demian, very appropriate for his level of intelligence. Though I can't be sure that that accident was intentional, since I did not even mention it to Gatsby, I can't deny that I had the sensation of being protected.

Everything that I was going through made me feel curious about Demian and about the people that supported him. I wanted to know more about them. One evening we were walking, and I asked Gatsby what they were like. With a jump, he leapt on some stones and extended the palm of his hand, face down, parallel to the ground. Underneath it, three feet away, a black cat squeezed against the ground as if an invisible force was squashing it.

"They are like cats, cats-men," he said, looking towards the horizon lit by the moon. "Self-sufficient."

I had already heard him talk at other times about self-sufficiency. It's not an attribute that is appropriate to sane human beings who need each other.

After looking at the ground, he withdrew his hand towards himself, setting the cat free. With a petrified yowl, it jumped vertically to considerable height and then ran like the shadow of the wind between the stones.

“And what does Demian feel towards someone like me?” I asked him.

“Tremendous disgust,” he smiled at me.

### THE PEN FROM HEAVEN

I can't remember why, but that day Gatsby gave me a present. It was a superb fountain pen.

“Use it all you can. Continuously. It's a pen from heaven, from the spiritual world,” my friend said. “Always carry it with you and use it now and then.”

I thanked him. It was really lovely. “What exactly did he mean, saying that it was from heaven?” I asked myself while shaking my head. Deep inside my tendency was not to believe anything that I could not prove for myself one way or another. That doesn't mean that I was not open to all the new things that happened in my life. But there were so many of them that I tried to adopt a very judgmental attitude, precisely not to lose my sense of judgment.

I looked at the pen more calmly. It looked very sturdy. I liked that. From my experience things should be like that. I took the cap off as if I were unsheathing a sword and the golden sheen of the nib dazzled me. It was a beautiful pen! And now it seemed so delicate! Everything in the pen appeared to say that without its protective cap it was nothing. I worried about it from the very first moment. I took it with me everywhere and was very careful when I used it. It was a pleasure to write with it, it made me relax. That was very good for me.

That day, soon after receiving the present, I was doing something that Jimmy had asked me to do. I was pacing up and down. I felt nervous as if I were being followed. I stopped and wondered if the pen had some type of power.” Why had Gatsby asked me to use it so frequently?” I did not understand. I took it out of my jacket pocket and opened it. Suddenly, someone made a noise, coming from a car parked on my right. A person was jumping around in the car though I could have sworn that no one had been there before. Extremely nervously he started the car and in a matter of seconds left the parking spot as if he were being chased by the devil. Imitating the movements of the hidden driver, my friend laughed heartily.

“I told you it came from heaven. Go on using it,” he said.

I was already using it all I could and the pen gave me a certain sense of security. But the more I used it, the more the pen appeared to let me know its weakness. One day when I was writing with it, I was telling myself—I remember perfectly—“you must be careful because I feel as if someone wants to destroy it.” I finished writing and placed it delicately on a glass table. I was distracted, merely for a second, and I saw the pen roll without its cover. I did not manage to catch it in time and it crashed to the floor. Its delicate nib smashed. I looked at it and I sensed that it had lost all its brilliance, all its magic.

### GETTING TO KNOW HIS GIRLFRIEND

Gatsby was overwhelmed with joy. His girlfriend was coming to see him. He called me and begged me to visit them both. He wanted to introduce me to her.

We met. She was so entranced by him that she hardly looked at me. She gave the impression of being a woman who was very aware. I looked at my friend with complicity while she truly appeared to be walking on a cloud. We were on the terrace and the weather was good. While the two lovers were both enjoying themselves as if they were the only ones who existed, I was left looking at the trees in the garden. I had already known immortal love and it died. I did not want to know another. With artificial haste, I made my farewells.

I could not quite understand what power he derived from that love potion. Gatsby had become very responsible about his mission, as if that was the agreed salary. It was a kind of vital romanticism that lived inside him, like Fitzgerald's Gatsby. He would sacrifice everything to achieve the object of his love.

Now and then Jimmy would appear, though not as frequently as the first year that we had known each other. On a few occasions we could still spend a few hours together. That day while we walked, Jimmy, as if he had caught Gatsby's romanticism, told me about his true love: Ursula Andress. Jimmy told me how Ursula ended up rejecting him.

During his life on Earth, Jimmy had something special about him that made him both an attractive and controversial personality at the same time. It was as if his need for affection was constantly testing the heart of the people around him. To me that was a kind of divine gift. Probably Ursula traded the intensity of Jimmy's heart, that might be seen as unstable, for the security of a partner with greater “common sense.” But Jimmy still loved her.

“I'm going to call Ursula,” he said to me suddenly, walking into a telephone box.

“What are you doing? This man has gone mad!” I said throwing my hands to my head.

Jimmy said and did things that were so out of the ordinary that one always tended to think that he was joking though over time one realized that some of them were not jokes. Others, like this one, are still a question. In a short while he came out.

“What happened?” I asked.

“She doesn't believe that it's me! She doesn't want me to bother her!” He answered, making very funny gestures.

Once we had both calmed down I asked him.

“And after something like that, tell me, what is it that's left?”

“What's left is a ‘could have been but wasn't’” he told me more seriously.

For me that was a warning that commanded one to fight for what one wants, because it might never be.

#### THE MBA.

My friend and I did not see each other very frequently, but when we did we would spend a lot of time together. Gatsby's career was focused towards the world of business organizations. At that time I did not understand it but in 1985 he mentioned to me that the field of business culture was the one where he would exert his influence and within which he needed to develop, at least to start with.

Gatsby appeared to be “designed” for that world. It was such a perfect design that it started to appear to me as his Achilles heel. All his efforts were directed towards great achievements in the field of business. He did not appear to have any point of weakness in it. Nevertheless, first one had to be part of it. That was the only delicate point since my friend was totally incapable of maintaining an attitude of subservience. How could he climb from nothing? That was the question.

After all, Gatsby spoke of ethics in business but he did it in such a way that one could not argue against it. When morality is accompanied by a strength such as the one Gatsby had, one feels that a star is shining close by and no opposition is possible since this is the time of the star.

Nevertheless, first he needed to get there. As opposed to his antithesis, he had to find an adequate pulpit to be seen and heard. Then he would have great influence. And that “needed to get there” was his Achilles heel. Jimmy repeated over and over again.

“Gatsby must create his own business empire. You must always think on the grand scale, just as I did when I was on Earth.”

It was that area of the economy that overstepping its field of influence in such a malicious way which should welcome him into its bosom. Gatsby had the powers that were needed to bring order to that world of unleashed egos. That has to be understood in its full sense: Gatsby had those powers.

That morning he spoke to me about Demian.

“I have to study for a Masters of Business Administration.” Demian is already aiming at a Masters degree.”

He added that Demian's Masters was linked to General Motors; I do not remember exactly what type of linkage. In 1990 Demian must have been 22 or 23 years old. I did not ask him. I did not believe that one day it would be important.

Once again I had to visit all those banks with a limited number of clients, anxious for an opportunity to increase their working accounts with high interest rates in return for the increased risk that I provided. In the end I succeeded in getting a personal loan to be able to pay for his MBA.

All those bank visits gave me a sixth sense regarding money. There was something in that entire system that simply did not work. Money had been turned into an object of avarice because that attribute had been bestowed on it. Why did it have to be like that?

“You have to invent a new type of currency,” I used to say to my friend in those days.

I was very sure that Gatsby would succeed in doing that one day, and my mind found solace in the idea of that future achievement where commercial relations would be measured by their true meaning.

#### DEMIAN PRESENTS HIMSELF TO THE PUBLIC

It was a beautiful morning. Gatsby walked towards me with a big smile, like the sun.

“Demian has introduced himself to the media,” he told me.

“Explain yourself!” I exclaimed somewhat disconcerted.

He then told me something that I had also heard of already, since this type of information often came to me without me seeking it out. When it came to external

events, I was always synchronized with Gatsby. And the event in question was the following:

There was a famous Spanish journalist at the time, a Vatican correspondent, called Paloma Gómez Borrero. At that time she had been working on a story that was about the reality of the devil and which included an interview with a well-known Vatican exorcist. It was November of 1990. Once the interview was over, she left her work things—two tapes, a notebook and some photocopies—on a table in her office at home. While she was doing this, a black bird flew in through a window of the office, beating against the walls so violently that they were stained with blood “as if a crime had been committed there,” according to the words of the journalist. Paloma left the room looking for someone to help. They found the bloody bird on top of a piece of furniture by the wall that was used as a bookshelf. When they tried to pick it up, the bird slithered between the piece of furniture and the wall. Even though they tried to find it by moving the furniture they never could. The following day, Paloma started to work on the material she had gathered but found her tape recorder was totally useless. The tapes and the documents had vanished.

“No one,” she said, “had entered my office since the previous night.”

In an interview granted many years later, she spoke about these events. She was going to use the material that had disappeared to make a radio program and to write an article in a magazine. The program was never made. In the end she did write an article for the magazine but mysteriously none of the copies that were sent to subscribers arrived. Two years later, also in November, the tapes and the documents reappeared in the same place where they had been.

“That last event,” she went on, “really unnerved me.”

In that interview she said something very curious.

She affirmed that the devil was probably trying to terrify her but he did not achieve it since, she said, she was stronger, at least that is how I understood it, in her personal and private life. But when the interviewer asked her if she had gone back to write about the devil, she answered, somewhat disturbed as if she had just found something out, that she would never write again on that subject. Both her body and her voice trembled while she was talking. That is characteristic of such events. Just the memory of them affected her nervous system.

And there was the Demian that I knew. Those who made contact with him can say what they like, but the reality was that he produced such fear, such internal disarray, that they looked away from the paths that he was treading. They thought that they were winning the battle recovering their inner peace, but the one who leaves an open road ahead has not won anything. It should be clearly understood that the importance of Gatsby was that he treated Demian as an equal.

### THE NAME OF THE ROSE

Gatsby spoke to me about Demian's success as a writer. On this subject he referred to the novel *The Name of the Rose* by Umberto Eco as a book inspired by Demian. I knew something about the book, among other things that it had been written in early 1980. Demian must have been 12 or 13 years old. I was not one who asked many questions. I concentrated all my strength in assimilating in a sane way everything that came at me.

I thought that the spiritual entity —Satan I called him then— that was gradually incorporating itself into Demian, had done so when the latter was very young<sup>3</sup>, and that that incorporation, though on a small scale, because of its presence in the terrestrial sphere, had sufficient power by then to inspire certain people. In any case, either Gatsby in some way found a trace of Demian in this book, or it gave him the key to what Demian was disposed to do in the future.

“This is going to be like a game of chess,” Gatsby used to say, giving a glimpse of the fact that he also had that same power to inspire people. “Each one is going to move its pieces on the great chessboard of the world.”

But let there be no confusion. Gatsby's advantage would consist in showing himself, not internally as I knew him, because that way he would not be understood, but in the end showing himself. The world had to know him.

For me it was surprising to find that Rudolf Steiner also speaks of Ahriman as the inspirer for all types of work.

### BAD TIMES

During the last few months of 1990, things became complicated. Very much so. Gatsby started to have problems with his girlfriend. At the end of the vacation that she spent in my friend's house some problem arose.

Because of his way of speaking, the elegance of his clothes, his cleanliness and his manners, everyone tended to think that my friend was rich. But it was not so in any respect. His girlfriend had known him with a beautiful car, traveling to see her and inviting her to spend a few days at a ski resort. With Gatsby, those moments radiated a very special light, and everyone thought that with him things would never change. She built a false image and, as she slowly found out that life with him was not going to be as she expected, she must have felt disconcerted.

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<sup>3</sup> I knew from Gatsby, that when Demian was young, he already felt a revulsion towards all religious symbols, especially those of the figure of Christ, so Ahriman must have already been very close to him.

She had completed her university career, and as she debated what to do with her life, economic security became an important issue. The plans that she was considering left her relationship with Gatsby a little to one side. Instead of thinking of how to maintain her loving relationship, she started to think of what she had to do to achieve the much desired economic independence at any cost. As was done in those days, she prioritized, doing what everyone did and separating the two questions. As a result Gatsby suffered.

My economic situation was also difficult. All the loans that I had taken out had a very high interest rate. My enthusiasm and my activities were focused on obtaining enough income to pay off those loans ahead of time and freeing myself of them. I slowly managed to get rid of one or two. Though I did everything possible so that my financial operations would not reach the ears of my family, since I did not want to affect their lives, my father got to know about some of them. At a certain time I started to notice some very strange behavior in him. I partly attributed it to the death of my mother and the empty space that she had left in his life. But there was something else. He seemed to be suffering enormously.

When one night I discovered that my father was following me in the street to find out about my life, I felt a great pain. That behavior was strange and inappropriate in him. I understood that he was obsessed and I attributed it to the influence of Demian.

Gatsby confirmed this.

“Demian has inserted himself into your father's brain. Only you can free him of that influence,” he told me.

I focused on not doing anything that might appear strange and to let time go by in total peace and tranquility hoping that the situation with my father would get easier, which is exactly what occurred.

### THE PURULENT PIGEON

That day Gatsby called me. His voice was broken up. His girlfriend had ended the relationship. She had made the decision, it had not been him. He begged me to go and see him as soon as I could. Only someone like me could understand what this meant to him. I dropped everything and went to see him.

It was already nighttime when he got into my car. Gatsby liked to drive when we were together. He knew the city better and he was also an excellent driver. Nevertheless that time he sat in the passenger seat. He was distraught. He moved his body with difficulty as if it weighed more than it should.

“She,” he said, “thought that I was rich.”

“What importance does that have?”

“I was in love with a superficial woman”; he said it as if even knowing it to be true, he thought that the love between them would be stronger than all that.

I understood that that had been his hope and that he had been firmly convinced that he could cure that weakness in the woman that he loved. It was very typical of him to think in such a romantic way.

“Many women say that they dream of someone like me, but when that dream is in reach they are afraid to make it reality,” he said to me almost with no strength at all.

We reached a place where we used to get together. The views from there made it a special place. Gatsby was walking like an octogenarian, with tremendous difficulty. It looked as if the pain that he was feeling had permeated his bone structure. In spite of that he remained erect. Even though he could hardly stand, he kept his head upright, looking ahead as if wanting to understand above all. He never allowed himself to be frustrated by pain. He lived through it because he could not be any other way. He called my attention to a very distant point in an unusual place.

“Look, there's Jimmy. He doesn't dare come near,” he said looking into the distance.

I imagined Jimmy, so close to him, living through my friend's pain. During his physical life, Jimmy had been extraordinarily sensitive to this type of situation. It was as if something of his previous existence was being repeated and that pain must also have been intolerable for him.

We sat down. A pigeon flew directly to where Gatsby was. It landed on the bench, at his right, a few inches away. I looked at it and I was horrified. It was covered in boils and sources of pus on its head and all over its body. My friend played with it and made a gesture as if to pick it up, but the pigeon backed off, keeping at a distance of about a foot.

“Sanctity is healing,” he said looking at the pigeon.

I understood that Gatsby's suffering had turned into a source of health for the thirsty pigeon. Purity is healing. What my friend radiated was healing and the bird's instinct had taken it to meet my friend. The poor little bird had been the only beneficiary of the most painful moment that I have ever lived with Gatsby.

### DEMIAN'S JOKE

Demian appeared to manage the threads that connected relationships between people in a very peculiar way, adding an extra load that, over time, became heavy. That was true of me.

I was tired. I was trying not to do anything that could disturb my father again. Telephone communications with Gatsby had become very difficult. Demian was closing the circle of my personal life, choking me. To put it this way, he was a very efficient worker.

I worked in the office until late. My timetable made me cross paths with the lady who cleaned the place. She was someone I knew and she had a daughter about 12 years old. At first I hardly noticed it, but then I started to be aware of an excessive interest that this girl had towards me. She talked incessantly of experiences that were much more appropriate in someone much more mature. She talked in a foulmouthed way of these experiences. It was all unpleasant and suspicious to me. One day I discovered that, for a while, the girl had felt an enormous aversion to all religious symbols. From then I harbored a tremendous disdain towards Demian who looked for any opening to affect my life. I also started to feel guilty for affecting innocent people's lives.

### THE MEDALLION

That weekend I went to see my friend in his house. To go and see him, I decided to try on a new pair of trousers that I had bought a few days ago. While we talked I noticed the ones he was wearing. I had seen them before. They were trousers that he had owned for a few years. To my surprise, they did not have one speck of dust on them. My trousers, better and newer were certainly accumulating dust. Then I realized it had always been like that. Gatsby repelled dust as an addition to the care of his image.

I asked him about the collection of models of owls that he had on his left.

“I'm like an owl. I am awake at night and nothing escapes my sight. Even though here I am trapped.”

I found him serious. He told me that he was drinking a lot of whiskey, entire bottles. I never saw him even slightly dizzy from alcohol.

“Alcohol contains an element that I need,” he said.

I did not understand what he meant. Gatsby suffered a lot, though no one would have known it purely from his external aspect.

“Look at my pupils,” he said.

I saw how they trembled and seemed to revolve.

“When people look at me in the eyes they look away. They're frightened, it's instinctive. Only mad people have this tremor.”

We talked about Marlon Brando. Gatsby was an admirer of his. Jimmy told him that one day he would have an even more savage beauty than Brando. Gatsby did not believe that possible. I felt that Demian felt enormous contempt for Brando, envying him his looks. That attractiveness is something that he would never be able to obtain.

“Things are not going well for us,” I told him.

“Yes,” he answered, “and that's why it's time to do something for someone.”

He unbuttoned his shirt slightly. He showed me the medallion that my mother had given me and that later, five years ago, I had given him. Christ appeared on one side and his mother on the other. I had forgotten about that medallion.

We were going to help someone who was waiting for something to happen to change his or her life. There are always people like that. We picked up a newspaper that advertised places of entertainment, looking for a prostitute who was in that situation. We left the first one, which was a private house. The girl who came out was drugged and her conscience was numbed. At the second one we found women who did not meet the necessary conditions as per Gatsby's supersensible gaze. At the third house a girl came up to us. Gatsby spoke to her and showed her the medallion. She was very impressed. He gave it to her.

After a while we left. Gatsby told me that the gift and the conversation they had had, made her think again about the time she left her home. She missed her family and was thinking of returning to them. Later, Gatsby received a letter from the girl in which she told him that she had rebuilt her life with her family, returning to the secretarial studies that she had previously abandoned.

## THE PIG

The days and the weeks passed. A veil seemed to have dropped over everything I had lived through with Gatsby. Life was being gentle to me, a necessary balance for all the intensity.

That day I got up with a strange sensation. It was the second day I had woken up like that. I normally wake up with a lot of energy. I always felt that I was blessed in some way, but this time I was noticing something dark approaching my soul.

I was very aware of myself and I decided to keep it that way for the next few days. The next day I again got up with a disagreeable and infinitely subtle sensation. I

had the impression that someone of very refined intelligence was getting close to me. I would describe it as a sticky emotional sensation, and at the same time as something twisted, hidden. I think it was Saturday.

I went out to the street, determined to hide myself behind an apparent unawareness. I let images and thoughts surround me with no apparent control. It was a trap because I needed that sensation to appear to me in a more apparent way so as to learn more about it.

Just at the moment when my thoughts imparted to my soul a certain feeling of sensuality, just like a spider who feels the vibration of the fine thread of its web, a mouthful of fetid air overwhelmed me emotionally. I have never felt anything like that again. In an instant, it had tried to mix its thoughts and feelings with mine and the former were immensely vile and degenerate.

“I caught you, bastard!” were my words, full of rage.

It only lasted a second, enough to know him. I put a face to him, that of a pig. A rank, some type of priest, an initiate. And a biography, from his virulence he had been the instigator of extreme vileness in the history of men.

This image filled me with enormous rage. I quickly went to a church. I entered the side chapel. There, before a full-sized image of Christ, I asked him to help me get rid of that pig from my soul. I was enormously indignant, and not just for myself. I thought of all humanity exposed to beings of a blackness without limits, hidden and seasoned enemies of human beings. After a while I stopped having that sticky sensation that was completely flooding me and I left, determined to help my friend Gatsby with renewed determination.

I can't be sure that Demian was behind everything that happened because, other than my senses, I did not have an mind to confirm it, though everything seemed to point to it being him. I then saw Demian as a complete idiot and his frenetic activity as a weakness. He was going to be the instigator who would encourage me to help Gatsby with the strength that I did not have before. I realized that Demian would be lost if man succeeds in unmasking him behind the events under which, without a doubt, he hides.

#### VISITING GATSBY

I think it was spring of 1991. I went to see him at his house. I told him about my encounter with the pig.

“Don't worry,” he looked at me slowly. “You are completely free of that being”. Demian is furious because you are with me again.

I mentioned to him that once he had finished his MBA he had to find a job for himself. At that time Jimmy was saying that he had to make an effort to become “the young businessman of the year”.

“You've got to start somewhere,” I told him. “I'll help you in every way that I can”.

He nodded his head that appeared to be thinking of other things. He told me that when his girlfriend broke off the relationship, he bought a small chalkboard.

“I know that I leave an impression on people and it tends to appear in them in the form of unforgettable memories.” I knew that she would call me and I've been waiting for her. Each day that passed I put a line on the board until she called.

I questioned him with a look.

“I left everything very clear with her. I don't think she'll call again”.

He looked at me very intensely as if only I could understand what he was going to tell me.

“Circumstances have allowed me access to a piece of news”.

“What news?”

“My first girlfriend,” he called her by her name, “do you remember?”

“How could I forget her?” I said. “You were both so happy!”

“She's getting married. It's destiny. That's how it's been decided in the spiritual world. But I have the power to change destiny, even that which comes from that world. If I appeared, she'd come back to me!” He said looking at me fixedly.

He thought for a while and then smiled.

“Jimmy has already told me that the moment that I change the course of her destiny, my life on Earth will end. That would destroy me.”

“I wish she had married you!” he said to me.

“Me? Why?”

“Because that way I could see her frequently and you would be very happy with her.”

That was the way of loving that was so characteristic of Gatsby.

We finished talking. We got together with relatives and friends who came to visit him at the house. Someone in the group commented about an event that I had heard

about in August of 1990. It was a Swedish parachutist who after falling from a height of 3000 feet with an unopened parachute, was unhurt.

“There's one possibility in a million that bones can form a unit with each other that make them an indestructible structure. That woman achieved it precisely because she left that work to instinct, not to thought, Gatsby commented.

I observed him slowly. It always surprised me how he said things. It was impossible not to pay attention to him. One immediately had a tangible image of what he was saying. His words had a force in themselves. There was no doubts that he had access to a world of ideas that he could almost touch. “From that proximity,” I said to myself, “must come that power in his speech.” The perspective from which he approached subjects was always from a point of view that surprised me. I knew that he would only share with me a small number of those subjects that he could see in his own way. I would not have been able to deal with all of it. Just one of them left me living in no man's land.

“Aren't you surprised,” he said to me one day, “that the atomic bomb was not dropped on Tokyo, the capital of Japan?”

“And why was it not dropped on Tokyo?”

“Because the Emperor lived there,” he answered.

“What do you mean?”

“That there was an agreement between the two sides,” he concluded.

I remembered the Japanese character of the time, and how even after the bombs had been dropped, some considered surrender to be a shameful act. Sometimes he also talked to me about the future.

“Our generation is lucky. The ones who are going to have a bad time are going to be our children. They will fight against each other. We are fortunate having had parents like ours. The children that are born now won't have that same luck.”

“In the future entire cities will fight one against the other, neighborhoods will fight against neighborhoods, houses against houses,” he had previously told me during the first year that we knew each other.

There were about eight of us in that room, including me and Gatsby. One of us said something very specific. He commented on a piece of news that in Gatsby's opinion was about Demian.

“Demian is behind this,” Gatsby said loudly.

He went on talking about Demian. I don't have a clear memory of what he said since my attention was divided. I think it was then that he confirmed to me that Demian had contacts with North American intelligence and that the twisted idea of selective and intelligent bombing, as a new form of future war, was his. In the attractiveness that existed in that idea, as a rational temptation, I saw Demian's hand. Later it was applied with great success.

I looked around expecting an answer to these words from our friends. They were a few feet away from us and Gatsby's voice was loud but no one appeared to be hearing anything. My friend went on talking to me about very significant issues but nobody was taking any notice of us. I had the sensation that Gatsby had taken me to a world where only he and I existed.

### GOODBYE

In June of 1991 I obtained a considerable loan at a very good rate of interest. I achieved it through my father, thanks to his contacts. With that I succeeded in letting him find out about me and I was able to avoid previous conflicts.

The days passed. Gatsby called now and again. He continued to have problems wherever he went. I understood that Demian would do the utmost to finish with him, to kill him. In any case he would complicate his life in such a way that the money that I had given him after such an effort was going to run out very quickly. It's important to understand that Gatsby could find a job, but problems would arise that would end up preventing him from continuing at it. Demian liked to shine by elimination.

Those days these were my thoughts. Then I had a new thought. More than a thought it was a point of view, my own without taking anything else into consideration. My life was pure bank debt. I could not do any more. I had reached my limit. At that time everything appeared madness to me.

I regretted from the bottom of my heart that I had been the one chosen to support Gatsby. I was sure that anyone else, more resolute and with greater character would have worked differently and, as result, done better. I was also sure that I had already done so much that the very weight of events stopped me from continuing. I was very sure—I have never doubted—that Gatsby's influence would even reach distant African lands where prime materials, avariciously sought after in other parts of the world, are traded. That avariciousness had turned those regions into violent places where the most vile crimes took place. That idea encouraged me when I felt the weight on my shoulders but at this moment I could not keep it in my mind.

Under my tense gaze, even Jimmy appeared to be an irresponsible madman who had managed my life according to his will and had led it, as he did everything that he

touched in his life, to the edge of an abyss. I told Gatsby clearly that my collaboration with him was over, and I did not say it to him in a nice way.

## CHAPTER THREE

Events that took place between the years 1994 and 1996

### REFLECTION

After three years my life calmed down. I found much needed emotional and financial balance. During the last year, one issue was in the forefront of my thoughts and it had to do with the world of private enterprise.

I had the opportunity to get to know an important group of businessmen and managers. I learned about their background and that of their businesses. On one hand I learned that it was not difficult to build a business that would work and that would have the infrastructure so that, with a manager capable of seeing just a little further than the others, its business potential would be significantly increased. In this way I have seen some companies double their volume of business by taking advantage of an opportunity. And these seemed to occur a lot at that time.

I had to link these thoughts to Gatsby. He had the ability to see things that were yet to come, as if they had already occurred. He appeared to be able to read it somewhere. He also did not let an opportunity go by without taking advantage of it. Gatsby and business success appeared one and the same thing to me.

I also noticed how businessmen and managers spent significant amounts of money dealing with the outside world. This money came from the businesses. They also had competent employees at their service.

Then I saw it clearly. The problem had been laid out badly. The fact that Gatsby's enormous requirements had all been placed on a single person was a mistake. An entire organization was needed to replace the work that I had been doing. It had been of such magnitude that it had broken my will.

On the other hand, Gatsby's qualities stood out significantly when they were compared with those of those managers. Some of the businessmen that I got to know did not have a very high moral stature and it was offensive to me that they would have access to greater facilities than Gatsby had.

Only one thing managed to upset me, particularly during that last year. When I got up in the morning I had the impression that something in me was being changed. I had the sensation that the spiritual side of my brain —this is how I explained it to myself— was being modified in some way. I recognized how subjective all this was but it was a sensation that was especially bothersome for someone as suspicious as I was. I soon realized that there was nothing I could do and I forgot about it.

## THE REUNION

I wanted to hear from Gatsby. During 1994 I gave him the opportunity to contact me. In autumn of that year we spoke on the phone and soon afterwards we met. He traveled to meet me. We were in my car and another car overtook us very fast on our right. We watched it calmly.

“I know that you don't like me saying these things, but that man is going to die in an traffic accident.”

“No, Gatsby,” I looked directly at him, “I don't like it. Of what use is it for me to know that?”

I found that he had changed a lot, he was stronger, more compact. There were no reproaches about the past. I understood him and him me. He talked to me about his professional evolution, about his previous jobs and how he had improved professionally. He was now working at a well-known consulting company. He also mentioned to me how he met his current girlfriend.

By the manner in which he was telling me about his experiences, I realized that Gatsby had turned into a kind of shark. He took advantage of any opportunity to advance that presented itself in any sphere, as if it were a climb where the only thing that mattered was getting to the top. In this sense he had no real attachment to anything.

I knew him well. He had always had that potential quality but now he had turned almost entirely into that, as if he had written a great signpost at the center of his will that said “I MUST ARRIVE.” Everything that he said and did was colored by that slogan. In some way he had given himself to it entirely and in the process had lost something of his ultra-romantic character. Everything about him indicated someone who one would not want to confront face-to-face. In spite of that change, he still maintained some of his old manner towards me, as if I were the only true friend that he had in this world.

I had not dared to ask him how these last three years had gone, what problems he had had, though those questions were inside me. On one of those days we were together having a coffee, he confessed to me:

“I've turned into someone who it's impossible to destroy. There is no way to finish me off. My very cells have acquired a type of immortal character” he told me, exultant.

He said it with great stress, as if remembering moment in his past life, as if Demian had tested the truth of his words.

“Because you're a type of freak, isn't that right?” I asked him.

“Yes, a freak. Neither my cells nor my blood are human, that's why I can't have children. You know that.”

Certainly I had heard him say that on other occasions.

### THE PREGNANCY

At that time we spoke a lot, we felt very connected. One night he called me on the phone. His girlfriend was pregnant.

“But how can that be possible if you can't have children?” I asked him.

“The child is entirely hers. That is what the spiritual world wanted,” he said to me in a resigned tone.

I understood that it was a type of call to order, a singular moment to bring stability to his life. The couple had decided to get married. He had to go to her parents house to introduce himself and give them the good news. Moments before going into the house he called me. Valiant Gatsby was quite nervous and I found it fun to see him in this situation. In the end, after the first shock at the news, the entire family let itself be carried away with the pleasure of the moment.

### THE WEDDING

There were only a few days until the wedding. We talked a little.

“I would like Jimmy to marry us,” he said.

“Can he do that?”

“Certainly! Can you imagine him in a cassock?” he said laughing.

He took a toothpick and held it in the palm of his hand.

“My will is stronger every day that passes,” he looked at his hand, “able to bend the inner will of objects. I only have to say ‘come’....”

The toothpick raised itself towards him every time he requested it to. Gatsby was not a showoff. Only I could see that toothpick move and I watched it closely. It was very typical of him to act in such a discreet way.

Right at that time, I started to find something unusual about him. Gatsby appeared to be out of place as if he should have been somewhere else doing other things. I could almost read his mind. Everything in him was telling me that.

Demian was winning the match. Gatsby was not achieving his objectives. On the personal level he had succeeded in making real a series of qualities that made him powerful and feared by his rival, but the latter was enclosing him in such a way that he could not find room to apply these qualities. Demian was filling Gatsby's life with frustration, he was choking him.

Finally he got married. I had started to doubt that this would ever happen and now I only wished that his life would be filled with tranquility.

“Jimmy was at the wedding,” he told me. “Next to the priest.”

I did not expect any less of him.

## FINANCING

Several months passed by. In my mind the idea of starting a business never left me. I did not tell my friend anything. I would find the money, as I always had done until then, and Gatsby would design and direct the business. It would be more difficult or less difficult but it would succeed in the end. I had observed many businesses and it was only a matter of perseverance. Over time Gatsby would return the money I had invested and would venture on alone, creating his own entrepreneurial empire. That's how I saw the process evolving.

But how was I going to acquire such a large sum of money? Where would I get it from? There was one subject that went around in my head continuously. In some way I related economic life with life after death.

One thing that everybody agrees is that decisions should be taken when the matter in question is seen with clarity. That is advisable. When a person has died, all of his decisions have been taken and form part of the past. Among them is the last will and testament, where the deceased has disposed of what remains, of what, as products of his life, he cannot take with him to the spiritual world. In fact the testament is a formality that attempts to ensure that the will that it reflects is that of the deceased, and, in that sense, that formality seemed to me to be like a hurdle that must be overcome in the future, when the man might have access to more resources. Because I used to ask myself: “Wouldn't it be more logical that the last will and testament were written after the person had died and, as result, could see larger worlds that would provide the clarity that would be so welcome for a decision of that nature?” That was a point of view that only took into account the free will of the deceased and obviated everything else. Transferring that general question to my particular situation, that question turned into a more concrete one: “Who would be the beneficiary of my mother's last will and testament, and that of others like her, who saw from the spiritual world the importance of the needs of this Cause?”

As an inheritance my mother had left a piece of property that was deteriorating through lack of use, and some shares in a family company. I considered the property to be my mother's, since the company had been the result of my father's work and had only become hers for tax reasons. After her death it passed into my father's hands and the company shares to the children.

Who would have inherited that property if my mother had the opportunity to write her last will and testament after her death? I was never able to answer that question by myself and I reached the conclusion that currently, even if the wishes of the deceased were known, only in a few cases and in a somewhat forced and indirect way, could one implement their wishes. On the other hand I could not find a way to raise the money to finance our business.

### GATSBY AND WORK

Gatsby was an indomitable spirit and that is not something people usually like. Deep down we are afraid of it. We don't altogether like someone who is not in any way controllable, especially when that person is in some way linked to us. Understanding that type of person is directly linked to distance in time and space. With greater distance, greater comprehension.

Gatsby jumped from one job to another. It could not be any other way. It was not possible for him to be at anyone's service other than that of his own mission. This was not a fleeting idea in his head, rather it was solidly material. He himself was like that. If currently it is difficult to understand how this is possible, it is because we are not like that and ideas don't live within us with all their consequences. Within Gatsby, ideas were incorporated into his being and there was no turning back.

Seen from the outside, Gatsby was a very controversial personality, but that must not be understood from a superficial point of view. He had to leave his job, just on glimpsing even the possibility of a better opportunity. This could mean leaving a position where there hardly existed any possibility of rapid promotion based on talent. They were changes made because of a deficiency; there was nothing in it for him. Most of the changes took place simply because problems arose. It would be difficult to be more precise, all one could do is state how problems arose wherever one looked, whatever path one took. It was very disconcerting.

I could easily imagine the continuous series of obstacles that Demian very intelligently placed in Gatsby's path. My own experience and some references from Gatsby led me in that direction. Everything that came from Demian was always very dark and had a trail that was difficult to follow for someone like me. I only recognized it by its effects, graphically it was like a blow to the face—a sudden problem that abruptly rises to meet you—that you don't expect, appearing from nowhere. But there

was something that I could visualize with greater clarity. Gatsby certainly was a controversial personality, some might even define him as a dangerous in the sense that one had the feeling of facing someone with many more resources than oneself and, at that moment, those people would see their politics, their power, and even their positions at work, in danger. It's important to understand that he was "designed" to do that and he could not behave in any other way. Gatsby was incapable of settling in any position, starting from nothing. They simply cut him off if they could. When he joined an organization, its weaknesses appeared to take on a life of their own and, as if they were one single being, they confronted him. That is one of the pictures one could have of Gatsby relative to work.

His wife had not yet given birth and he got in touch with me. He had been fired from his job. He had orchestrated the complaints of the new consultants in the company. They demanded increased salaries and threatened to leave together. The managers identified my friend as the instigator of these ideas and they fired him. Gatsby could never be anything but himself.

"And there is more. They wanted to demean me as a professional. At the last minute they gave me a training assignment in the commercial department of a well-known company. They included this job in the settlement agreement. I had to do it at night but they hadn't given me all the data to do it with. After my chat, even they ended up congratulating me, asking where I had got that information that they had intentionally deprived me of," Gatsby explained to me with discomfort.

I had it all clear in my mind and I was going to play the only trump card that I thought I possessed.

## THE PROJECT

I told Gatsby that it was the moment to act. I asked him to set up a business plan for our own business. A week later I had it on my desk. It excited me.

I put the shares that I had inherited from my mother up for sale. It was difficult to achieve but it was the only way of finding out how this issue could evolve. A few weeks later, my father decided to buy the shares from me. Not for what they were really worth, but more than enough to start the project with. My father got a loan to buy those shares and later paid it off, after the sale of my mother's property. This last event surprised me and made me think.

It was the summer of 1995 when Gatsby and I met to start our joint business project.

## THE CAR

Gatsby had to sell his car to survive during the period when he was without work. He asked me for money for a used car as an advance on his future earnings in the business. The car broke down soon after, and I myself took it to the repair shop to find out what was wrong with it. They told me that the engine was totally destroyed and that it would only be possible to fix it at a very high price. It was not worthwhile and I did not like this at all. I was tired of these events that always happened around Gatsby.

“Something is going to happen,” I said to myself, “and I sense that I’m not going to like it.”

Any intimation that cast doubt on the fact that expenses would be strictly controlled was not acceptable to me and I thought that it would amount to proof that we were heading for a collision. We spoke about it. Gatsby told me that he needed a new car because having a used car wouldn't work for him for very long. It was true. Gatsby appeared to push everything that was around him, especially car engines, to the very limit. He argued that we had enough money for both a car and to build the business. The car would be in the name of the business. He insisted.

I did not like anything that I was hearing. I exploded. I was sick of those impractical ideas. I guessed that something new was happening but I did not want to know about it. Deep down I was rejecting that which Gatsby was, something that he carried in him that was so unreasonable and at the same time so vitally his. It was the second time that I faced up to what he was. He listened to me amazed, looking at me as if something new was living inside me. We said goodbye.

After some time I was able to sit back and reconsider. Something was happening to him. The car had turned into a need for him and I had not wanted to understand the reason. I was starting to see my friend as a giant who destroyed the support that he rested on, and his personality as a weight on any business that he might want to start. And Jimmy had not even appeared yet. At the moment it was just him.

Almost immediately after this thought I spoke to him on the phone. I found him very changed. His attitude towards me had turned harder and he spoke to me in terms that assumed that our entire work relationship had ended. For the first time I found in my friend a level of instability that was totally new to me. I understood that everything he had been through had ended up taking a toll on him.

I thought that it had been the contact he had had with Demian which had molded his new character. It appeared that Gatsby was covered by an impregnable shell and yet I noticed that it was unstable, as if its maintenance consumed more effort than was sustainable. Apart from that there was no sign of weakness in him, no fissure. I was sure that Gatsby had experienced intense fights on a spiritual plane.

In Gatsby I saw a person with a very well developed interior strengths, able to manage complex organizations with all their unique aspects. It also appeared that these strengths, like a dammed body of water that was not being refreshed, were becoming unhealthy. They were building inside him as if they were a weight, a cancer. I understood that it was Demian's plan to drown Gatsby in these waters, and he was achieving it.

Through his eyes, I saw the car as a balance to my friend's instability, like a comforting liniment. For someone who hasn't lived through the experiences, it may be difficult to understand what cars meant to us.

At the beginning I regretted seeing Gatsby's newfound instability; I saw it as a problem. But I did not want to abandon him and I decided that it would be me who chose the car that was going to bring him peace of mind.

We enjoyed the whole purchase process, as we had in the past. When a car hits the road for the very first time it is a very special moment. We had not even driven a couple of miles. I could not stop admiring Gatsby's car through my rearview mirror. It looked very elegant. Suddenly another car left its lane and headed directly towards my friend's car. He swerved rapidly to the right and avoided the collision.

"Gatsby's got amazing reflexes!" I said to myself.

"It wasn't me," he said to me later. "Jimmy moved my hands before I noticed what the other car was doing."

There is no doubt that Demian's envy makes many things happen. Now I was sure that I'd done the right thing.

"Only you can understand the peace and tranquility that comes over me when I look out of the window of my house and I see this car," he commented weeks later.

## THE BUSINESS

Gatsby created the entire business plan. It related to the distribution business and, among other things, it was designed to get into homes and exert positive influences on them.

We needed to advertise and one of the ways of doing so was to give out pamphlets that described the services provided by our company. The publicity pamphlet was also designed by Gatsby. It was a brilliant design. All the employees went from house to house distributing it. On one occasion Gatsby and I were doing so in a housing development some distance from the city. I was in front of him. As I passed a wire fence, a dog barked loudly at me. It was not an unusual event so I went on walking. I

turned the corner. When I heard the dog barking again I turned back, curious to know what was happening. I saw Gatsby near the fence gazing fixedly at an enormous dog that would not stop barking.

“You can't get it to stop barking however much you may look at it!” I laughed at Gatsby.

“But it can't get near to me even if it wants to,” he said without stopping looking at it.

And so it was, the dog was about twelve feet away from him, far away from the fence and Gatsby appeared to be playing with it. We went on walking. The street was a steep climb. On turning the bend, he pointed at a house while he calmly put some publicity literature through the letterbox. The house stood out among the others and on its porch sat a beautiful husky with light gray eyes, brown hair and white paws as if it were wearing short white socks.

“Demian is watching us. He has taken over that dog.”

The dog observed us fixedly. Its front paws were crossed and hanging over the edge of the porch. It then turned its head away from us.

“It looks elegant and peaceful!” I said.

“No doubt it is,” he answered, turning towards another street.

For the last time I looked at the dog with socks. I could not see anything in it. Actually I considered it a waste of time to think about something that I could not prove for myself. I didn't doubt the existence of Demian but I could not express any opinion about that which was not a personal experience. On the other hand, everything in me was vested in the success of the business, excluding everything else.

A few days later Gatsby talked to me about Demian. It was interesting information and no doubt it would have maintained my attention a few years earlier, but now it did not awaken any interest in me.

“I'm indifferent to this business of Demian,” I told him casually. “I don't gain anything from knowing about it. I am only interested in this business. Such meager strengths that are at my disposal are totally focused on it.”

Those words did not reflect a line of thought that I made an effort to achieve but were an echo of an attitude that lived inside me effortlessly. I was just describing a fact.

“Well!” Gatsby exclaimed after looking at me carefully. “What a good job they've done on you!”

I certainly believed it. Years ago, through my own natural curiosity, I was very interested in all things that came from Demian, worrying about them excessively, allowing them to occupy too much time in my thoughts, making my actions less effective as a result. My attitude was now diametrically opposed. I had not done anything to make it so except to be aware of it, but that does not seem to be sufficient for such a radical change to take place. I was sure that something in me had been changed. From then on whenever anything related to Demian appeared I shrugged my shoulders and, just like the dog, I looked the other way.

For the headquarters of the company we rented a space in a location that was very well known to us. One of the people in charge of that space, with whom we had to keep in touch, had a very strange friend. They appeared to have an extremely strange relationship. The friend had one of those empty faces that I knew so well. When Gatsby saw him he smiled sarcastically.

“Not everything that lives in the human body has a human nature,” he told me when I asked him.

“Can you see what he's like inside? What does it look like?”

“Huh!” He made a face of disgust, as if what lived inside that person were some kind of spiritual worm.

We soon found out that the man had access to the rear of our space and he could hear everything that was happening inside. We ended up changing our location, though we did it purely for business reasons.

This was not the only event of that type. These events always maintained a certain distance from Gatsby, as if they were afraid of getting too close. He did not show any type of unease or worry. Simply put, his life was like that.

Often incidents or misunderstandings happened. We received exorbitant invoices from suppliers of general services. In the end we always resolved these matters, but not without a certain amount of work.

Strange people were always milling around us. A group of four men lived in an apartment in front of Gatsby's in the adjoining building. On one occasion he showed me who they were and we talked about it. At the time I imagined that there was a type of a black magic circle permanently around Gatsby. In any case, he always had to be wary and the fact is that occasionally he could not come to work. I never heard him complain in spite of the fact that just by his movements and the expression on his face I could see that he was very hurt. On my side I could not do anything with regard to those subjects so I focused exclusively on business activities. The other matters were Gatsby's business.

### THE BABY

His wife gave birth. For almost an entire year I watched that baby grow. I knew Gatsby's features very well, as well as those of his family, which were very singular. During the years that we were separated, I had the opportunity to find out about his origins which clarified the source of his physiognomy. Nevertheless the baby did not have any of those features, not the slightest trace of my friend. It was the exact likeness of its mother.

In those days all the communication media were reporting on research that was being done on cloning larger animals. It was one of those subjects that gave the media a lot of scope. There was a lot of speculation on the subject. During the summer of 1996 the first successful cloning of a mammal took place. I remember having thought that in some way the spiritual world evolved in harmony with what men and women were doing on Earth, and that the latter affected the spiritual world. In this case, the fact that the spiritual world would allow the possibility of a birth of this type to take place was because in the physical world steps were being taken for it to occur. It was a new idea to me and only a glimpse of what I later found in the writings of Rudolf Steiner in a much more clearly defined and complete way<sup>4</sup>.

On one occasion Gatsby was lying on the sofa with his baby playing peacefully at his side. I asked him for an explanation of the baby's name.

“You know that I was able to communicate with him before he was born, while he was developing in his mother's belly?” he said as if he were answering my question.

### GATSBY IS NO LONGER GATSBY

Gatsby had a beautiful family but something important had changed in him. He no longer appeared to gain strength from love like before. It did not even seem to matter to him that much. His thoughts were elsewhere. For me, having got to know him very well, it was a very noticeable change.

I watched him closely, with care, trying to guess something, but the type of armor with which he protected himself stopped me from seeing anything. He only conveyed strength to me and the fact was that a great part of that strength was focused on regulating the anxiety and unease that he appeared to feel because of not being able to position himself in the business world in the way that he wanted to. Gatsby should be

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<sup>4</sup> Steiner says that what happens on Earth has an echo in the spiritual world, but having said that, I don't intend to use Steiner's work to validate the specific idea that I am laying out. I am not in a position to ascertain that it happened this way, though I can affirm that I treated as a real possibility, awaiting a clearer confirmation or denial. In the meantime everything tells me that it is so, and I describe it as such here.

the reference point for that elite group that governs the world. Many of those people would be attracted to Gatsby, in tune with him. That is how I interpreted it. I also knew that for people in a position of power, Gatsby was a type of trap. He noticed the intensity with which I was watching him.

“Do you want to know who I am?” he said one of those days.

“Yes,” I answered.

“Just so that you can understand, I am strength of spirit.”

Formless strength of spirit that according to circumstances dressed in or adopted the most propitious form at the time. But this new form was unknown to me. I did not recognize my old friend. I searched for him but could not find him anywhere.

“Sometimes, I myself don't know who I am,” he told me on one occasion when I found him acting in a way that I did not recognize.

Gatsby no longer appeared to be Gatsby and for some time I even doubted whether to call him with that name.

### GATSBY'S QUALITIES

To succeed in influencing people in the world, Gatsby had a series of qualities. I knew some of them. In my judgment, the most important was that of being someone who could change, to an extent difficult to describe, depending on the needs of his mission. That was the origin of the qualities that I saw unfold before me, the special nature of his spirit. A spirit that seemed to turn into anything, following the dictates of a superior nature. That's how I saw it then, and that's how I still see it today.

We live in a world where appearance and image dominate and it does not appear superficial to speak in these terms as long as they have a close relationship with reality, just as it doesn't appear superficial to think that these matters are taken seriously within the spiritual world, as evidenced by the effort that Jimmy exerted to stress the importance of image in Gatsby's life, and how many of his qualities were oriented in that direction.

In my opinion, Gatsby himself was a modified spirit and his singularity lay in his level, that evolved level that allowed him to drink from the very fountains of the Spirit, fountains of an inexhaustible spirit that drenched him, turning into qualities that were unusual for our times. This apparel that he acquired followed the rationale of strict necessity, the requirements of an apocalyptic time, these times.

I can relate a few events that might give a hint of the qualities that in principle showed how he could face the mission that had been entrusted to him. The three

sections that follow, might give a faint idea that can be added to what has been said until now, and will only have the right effect if one succeeds in seeing the depth that shines behind them.

### THE POWER OF SPEECH

That day Gatsby was very happy. We went to buy a car accessory at the parts department of the dealer where we had bought the car. Two employees were dealing with long lines of people. I placed myself in the line that was furthest away on the right, while Gatsby lent on the left side of the counter where no one was waiting. When the employee passed by him, he asked,

“Do you have this accessory in the warehouse?”

Those may not have been the exact words but they may have been. In any case there were a few words of similar content.

All of those who were there turned to look at him. Surprised, they then looked at each other unable to understand what had happened. For a moment they woke up from a kind of lethargy, to immediately fall asleep again. I queried him with a look of amazement while he stroked his throat with his hand and pretended to act normally, as if he had done something unintentional.

“But what exactly happened back there?” I asked him as we left, convinced that I had been a witness of something unusual. So unusual that I've only had one experience of that type.

He did not answer me. He smiled and we got in the car while I tried to understand what type of forces lived inside Gatsby. What was that, that had come out of his mouth? I did not stop looking at him for the entire journey. Those simple words had resonated, not in my ears but in my chest, inside me. Whatever it might have been, what came from his mouth appeared to be alive. They were words with a life of their own. I wouldn't know how to say it any other way.

### THE IMAGE

I have already spoken about the deep impression that Gatsby could leave on people. To know him was an entire experience. We live in a world that is partly dominated by image. With regard to this world, Gatsby had a special relationship.

We went out to dinner with a group of friends and acquaintances. One of them had a camera and we took several photos of ourselves. I myself used the camera. On developing the photos, Gatsby's picture stood out in a very unusual way. In those days

he had that savage beauty that on some occasions Jimmy predicted he would have, and Gatsby's glance appeared to make an impression on the negative at his will. Some of those photos were really special, as if certain symbols wanted to join him. Symbols always had great importance in Gatsby's world.

“Everything in the world is a symbol,” my friend used to say years ago.

### THE RATES

The business was in the startup phase. At the beginning, the services that we offered were paid for at simple rates. Everything was going well. Soon afterwards Gatsby decided to extend the range of services considerably. He spoke to me that day about the need for doing that. I went to see him the following day in the morning, since there were still some outstanding points that needed to be defined and finalized. He showed me a very original framework of tariffs, at first sight a little complex but also flexible and adaptable to client's needs. Just those new tariffs got us some significant clients.

“When did you do this?” I asked him.

“I woke up this morning with this framework on my mind. I had to write it down to find out what it was about,” he said shrugging his shoulders as if he had not had anything to do with that creative process.

I was aware of all of this and once again it made me think of what could be transferred from the spiritual world to the physical world through his intervention. Real ideas, full of life, that would take root in this world through his mediation.

### THE DISAGREEMENT

We were in his car. Some other people were with us and we were talking about the company. Gatsby started to say that our company would soon take a qualitative leap in its business since it would be associated with my father's company. In the near future we would be distributing his products. I looked at him carefully. I understood that that was possible and that our company had been created with that aim in mind. Everything was starting to really annoy me. It bothered me that he never consulted me about it first, and that he said it in front of other people. It bothered me that he announced it as a done deal. And it irritated me to remember the conversation that I had with Jimmy in 1985. At that moment, so many years later, I understood it perfectly.

It was about my father's business. It had always been about that. That was the main reason why I was a participant in the Cause. It's possible that reality did not correspond exactly to what I was telling myself, but that is the way I took it.

I understood that Gatsby was not a person who could emerge from nothing and that he needed strong support. Through me he could introduce himself into the family business. I knew my father's company well and knew how easy that would be. But this time it was not going to be like that. I no longer recognized Gatsby and neither did I like his behavior. I did not even remember Jimmy favorably, incapable of speaking to me clearly when he had the chance to. I did not say anything at that moment since I did not want to talk in front of other people. But I did not need to. Gatsby read it in my heart. I could tell.

“Either we move ahead with this company, through our own efforts, without support, or we won't move at all,” I told myself. “I'm not going to introduce an stranger into my house and expose my family to that which through my own choice I am exposed to myself.”

Towards the end of the morning I was saddened by a thought. Gatsby noticed.

“What are you thinking?” he asked.

“That you should have been born in my position. Then you wouldn't have to be so dependent on receiving support from others.”

“It would have been the same,” he said. “I'm a very controversial person.

I looked at him. I did not understand what exactly he meant.

“I'll save your family's company from ruin. It's their good luck that you know me.”

I did not like what I was hearing at all. I tried to understand. My father's company had its weaknesses but it was one of the strongest ones in its field, within its sector. Unlike other companies it was able to balance its liabilities with significant assets that guaranteed it against any eventuality. I could not understand what he was trying to tell me. I did not totally trust Gatsby nor Jimmy. Even so I made an effort to clarify the situation.

“Where is Jimmy? I want to talk to him,” I said after a few days. I had not heard anything from him over the last year.

“That's no longer possible,” he said to me. “Jimmy and I are one and the same thing. Tell me what you wanted to tell him.”

I understood that he had matured completely and that he was the full owner of his destiny. No one could use him without his permission. I remembered that once he wanted that to happen before its time and he was corrected. In those days we were still friends; now this friendship appeared to be ending.

From that moment onwards distrust and negativity grew in me and it did not leave me for years. I could only recall the sacrifices I had made in the past and I felt tired and resentful.

“You're very wasted. Your neurons... You have the head of an old man,” he told me one day.

I also felt that way. At the age of thirty, stress had left its mark on me as I imagine it had also on him, in its own way.

### DISTANCING

As time passed, our relationship was becoming less friendly and more professional. The only thing that seemed to keep us together was the business that we had in common.

Gatsby was very good at managing people in the company. The employees were happy, in spite of the fact that the work could be hard. At that time, something that came to his notice was the fear that Demian inspired among his employees even though they did not know who he really was. Gatsby had a great advantage over Demian from the point of view of business excellence; it was that that called attention to Gatsby.

We no longer communicated as we did before. I hardly heard anything about him. I limited myself to noticing the same changes that the others were becoming aware of. Some of them were so notable that it seemed incredible to me that the circle of people around him were not talking about it openly. The most striking were those related to his hair. There were days when I was surprised to see his head covered in white hair. The following day the white hair had diminished until, over a few days, he only retained the few white hairs that he normally had. It was even more surprising to notice how his hair could grow in a single night. I saw him once with very little hair on the top of his head. “He's going to go bald,” I told myself. And the very next day I saw him with a full head of hair, totally covering that incipient baldness.

These “arrangements” were things that had to do with Gatsby's image. I understood that perfectly. What worried me was whatever it was that provoked them. He seemed to be under a lot of strain but I could hardly find anything out.

Gatsby never complained although that day he did make a remark to me, maybe because I had also noticed something. He kept a certain distance from his baby and observed it carefully before getting any closer.

“Demian has managed to get into the baby who then pounced on me,” he said with resignation, pointing to some small scratches on his face.

The fact was that around Gatsby there were always many significant events taking place.

I went to his house. We had to see each other. He put on some music.

“I can't even get near that piece of equipment. It keeps on showing greeting messages on its little display. ‘Hello, how are you?’ and things like that. When my wife is here I never even go near this part of the house.”

“And who can it be?” I asked him.

“I've no idea,” he said it without much interest, as if it did not matter in the slightest.

Gatsby appeared to give off a special light. I imagined that he shone that way within the spiritual darkness and that many deceased people would want to contact him. Sometimes we spoke about the large number of deceased that remained disoriented, clinging to a material plane.

## GOODBYE

Gatsby appeared to hide things from me that I should have known about, and that bothered me. In just one month he changed car three times. He did it to get money for the company since these changes worked from an economic point of view. Every car that he sold was in exchange for another car and some cash. If you had the skill and you knew the car market you could do things like that.

At that time something happened that made me think. Someone else would have taken no notice of it. Not in my case.

We were in his car, he was driving. He double parked, since we had something to pick up and we were going to leave immediately. He did not pay attention and he hit the car in front of him. Gatsby's car was not insured so he had to resolve the issue privately.

I was very surprised. The fact that Gatsby did not maneuver correctly and hit another car was a very unusual event. It was so very unusual that only when one realized that, could one understand why Gatsby never insured any vehicle that he used or owned. He never had any problems of that nature since every possible eventuality was solved with his special abilities. Nevertheless, this time they had failed him and I did not understand what was happening.

The matter of the cars and their trades gave me a perfect excuse to take an interest in the business' financial accounts. We saw each other that morning but we had to postpone our meeting. I warned him that we would come back to the subject the next

day. When the time arrived he hardly could be bothered to get out the documents that I needed. That was a problem. It was clear that we were going to have a discussion when:

“I don't have to give explanations to anyone,” he spat at me. “That money has been given to me by the spiritual world, by very high powers.”

My head was reeling. I then remembered the thoughts that I had had with regards to my mother's inheritance. I had not commented about them to anyone. I recovered.

“But, what are you saying?” I looked at him with some contempt.

“I am above Good and Evil,” he finished.

“Well, you will regret being above me,” I said to myself in a rage.

I left. I did not want to hear anything else. I could not believe what had just happened to me. Our old and deep friendship had turned into a new, corrosive enmity. My pain was unbearable.

“Gatsby has gone mad. How could he have talked to me like that?” I thought. “I can't and I don't want to go on with him. But my involvement in the business is vital at the moment. He's leaving me no option other than for me to go. That'll inevitably have a repercussion on the business.”

My blood was boiling. I left the company for good. I felt immense pain. I felt betrayed and I had also betrayed him. With that event I established the foundations for a definitive break. The business barely survived a few months longer, after which I never wanted to hear anything more of the person who had once been my friend Gatsby.

## APPENDIX

Three years passed. My father's business went through serious difficulties. Soon afterwards, it suspended payments to its creditors and ended up by closing its doors, broken into component parts in a process full of stupid events and so non-typical that even today the people who took part in it talk about it.

In 2005, I was able to find out something of Gatsby's professional career. He moved from one company to another without cease. I imagined Gatsby living his life shut up within himself.

Fourteen years after our last encounter I decided to reveal what I never thought I could tell anyone, convinced as I am that Gatsby's strength lives somewhere in this story. This is not an insignificant matter.

This piece of writing points us towards Demian, to Ahriman incarnate, specifically in time and in his behavior. This Ahriman incarnate is very familiar to me. In this way I want to share knowledge and issue a warning. I feel the obligation to do so; but there is something else.

During this period, Demian has learnt to hide himself supremely well. All his strength stems from that, it is multiplied there. But it is to be feared, the very effective way in which he hides himself is really to be feared, because it is a sign of a great power that has not yet emerged.

## FINDING DEMIAN

I never thought that knowing about Demian's exoteric life would be very important. I did not think that this knowledge would help me in the present. It did not contain any practical element for me since I had no intention of transmitting it to anyone else. Implicit in talking about Demian was talking about Gatsby, and I did not contemplate doing the latter under any circumstances.

I always supposed that Demian was American, maybe because Gatsby pointed out the movie *The Omen* to me. I never saw it but I knew that in it, that was Demian's nationality. As is obvious by my words, it was not anything that bothered me too much. Nevertheless, puzzled by the number of resources that Demian manipulated around us, one day I asked Gatsby:

“Is Demian, American?”

“He is of that heritage,” he answered.

Those words appeared somewhat enigmatic to me. I let it go, certain that I would end up knowing more at the right moment<sup>5</sup>.

The years went by. Verena Staël von Holstein's book, *Nature Spirits and What They Say*, came to my attention. In the book, one of the conversations has the incarnation of Ahriman as a subject. In this conversation, one of those spirits affirms that Ahriman will appear in Europe but that he is not authorized to say when. Sometimes we don't notice the most obvious things because it was only then when I understood that the ability to place those different types of elements around Gatsby was due to the strong tie that Demian has with this continent.

I would like to think that this book might help in some way to unveil Ahriman in his current incarnation, since it is vital to place Ahriman's incarnation in time.

I always understood that under Demian's influence, with Ahriman incarnate, the Earth would go through a process of economic crises of worldwide implications that would affect us all and that, with this background, solutions would be sought, somewhat desperately. All of these questions will no doubt find Demian's, Ahriman's brilliant and tempting answer. An answer that hides, and esoterically will set the foundations for a desolate future<sup>6</sup>.

We are aware how that could happen and how difficult it is to fight against something that is already established even though someone might have noticed. Today we can see how committed people dedicate their lives to fight against policies that started with Woodrow Wilson. Rudolf Steiner already issued a warning about this individual and then warned again about Ahriman in one of his lectures<sup>7</sup>:

This time is approaching. Ahriman will appear in a real, objective sense on the earth. Just as Lucifer walked the earth and as Christ walked the earth, objectively, in human form, so Ahriman too will walk the earth, bringing with him an extraordinary increase of power to earthly human reason.

In current times, I think that no one can doubt that the increase of power described is taking place. In that same lecture, Steiner affirms that:

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<sup>5</sup> Maybe I was trying to protect myself. As far as I understand it, Demian feels great enmity towards those people who, because of their attractive nature and personal charisma, might influence other people and put him in the shade while he is shade, (as, for example John F. Kennedy Jr. **might have done**), as well as those others who are able to point to his entity on the Earth in a concrete way.

<sup>6</sup> If he must come to the light of day, that will be the moment for it, when he finds the least amount of opposition and can come to resolve the problems that he himself has created.

<sup>7</sup> Stuttgart, 25 December, 1919.

Ahriman must not control financial affairs and economics on the earth without being noticed. We must thoroughly familiarize ourselves with his particular qualities and recognize what he does. We must be able to oppose him with full consciousness.

That is the objective of this book, to help create an awareness of what Ahriman does because much is achieved when one can affirm: “Ahriman is already here with us, incarnate.” We are his contemporaneous generation, the sleeping generation<sup>8</sup>. Those of us who have decided to become incarnate to know him, to oppose him, to awaken.

As Steiner says, let us become familiar with his particular qualities and let us recognize what he does, because Ahriman is already here in the form of a unique middle aged personality whose year of birth we could place around 1968.

That is what I'm trying to say in this book and to do this I have had to narrate certain events that are both mine and true. I have had to talk about Jimmy and reveal Gatsby, as well as talk about that terrible drama that he has experienced and almost certainly, will go on experiencing. A type of suffering that no one would want to live through.

#### WHO IS GATSBY?

The importance that will be given to this book depends on how this question is answered. There is a wide range of possible reactions, if one can first clear the initial hurdle that doubts the authenticity and good faith of this material.

Some people might object, saying that Gatsby was a nobody. In that case this work becomes nothing. Others may object that Gatsby was a clever type with an exorbitant imagination and this book would then be classed as the work of a naïve person. Equally, someone might warn that Gatsby was being influenced by an entity that worked under the guise of a deceased person and, as result, all that this document will do is confuse the world even more. Also someone might think that Gatsby is an initiate, maybe a guide, and everything that is so poorly expressed here will be seen under a special light.

As I say, the range of possible reactions is very broad and each reader will have his or her own. Of course the person who has experienced and who narrates this history also has a reply to that question. The sincerity and vulnerability with which I started this story forces me to end it in the same way.

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<sup>8</sup> The sleeping generation, of which I consider myself a genuine representative.

Through significant part of my life I have lived with the images that I describe and there are things about which I have no doubts. I have been the witness of very deep processes and changes, impossible to re-create or to maintain artificially. There are things that cannot be shown to the outside world if they are not carried inside oneself.

In my opinion, inside Gatsby lives a high level entity, high enough to be able to oppose Ahriman's incarnation. Let's take one last glance at his life.

When I met my friend, everything about him was quite wild and radical. It took him time to leave that state of being. Then more subtle challenges and ones that were more difficult to overcome appeared. The knowledge of the true intentions and desires that were buried within individuals made him antagonistic to some of them, a dislike that also took him some time to leave behind. After those months, at the same time that certain special qualities grew inside him, his spiritual maturity became more than evident. His development took place at dizzying speed and no field of knowledge seemed to be barred to him.

At the time of his twenty-first birthday, a very significant change took place which I witnessed, amazed. He himself talked about how something extra-human had come to add itself to what he was and effectively, something different appeared to live inside him. At that time I called him Demian and he identified with that name and what it represented.

From that moment his life changed. In some way he seemed to be driven by the designs of his own destiny. He identified with his mission and against those with whom he would have to fight. His entire life would be marked by that reality, and the events that occurred throughout that life would not allow him to lose sight of that high-level objective. He did not appear to fear anything, neither did anything appear to affect him. He gained unforeseen strengths from love which was also his weakness. That's Gatsby. There is no doubt.

The years passed, time grew short. It was time to stop being anonymous. It was the moment in which he had to prove himself, like one of those people who everyone watches, asking themselves if he will deserve to be a model for new times. He was a tireless fighter and had to exert his influence in the world's events with the same right as Ahriman incarnate. To do this he needed wear the disguise of the times and gain access in his own right to that world of business and economy which, with its concepts and activities, dominates the world. He had to create a business empire from which his forces could spread out and advertise from a practical point of view how things should be done. He was so given to the task that I could no longer recognize my old friend. Even he did not appear to know all the strengths that lived in his person. He was thirty years old and that is a prior and necessary step, one foot on the ladder of a mission, the size of which will be determined by his own strengths and those that oppose him.

He did not achieve it and he is not achieved it so far. Knowledgeable about the unforeseeable changes that can occur within his person, I cannot be sure that it can have actually been him in reality. This is his life. This is Gatsby's drama and, with all certainty, the drama of many other people.

And these are my experiences that I have tried to narrate as I lived through them at the time, with the thoughts and feelings of the time and with the hope that they can carry some of the freshness of what at one time was a vivid memory.

### SPECULATING ABOUT DEMIAN

I think it would be interesting to review and develop a few of Demian's biographical events, even if in doing so I change the style of this work.

- Demian's birth took place around 1968.
- He appears as Demian, the incarnation of Ahriman, to confront Gatsby towards the end of 1989. He had some well-developed powers and was approximately twenty-one years old. This speaks to a degree of Ahriman's incarnation or incorporation in Demian as being a reflection of the "transformation" or incorporation that took place within Gatsby<sup>9</sup>. If the parallel with Gatsby is accurate, Demian must have experienced an evolution within which new forces —Ahriman's, in this case— gradually incorporated themselves in him to the extent that he could act as a support, as a receptacle.

Rudolf Steiner expresses himself in terms of incarnation when he speaks of Ahriman. If I mention a possible "incorporation" of Ahriman it's because the idea does not appear ridiculous to me and because it might shed a little light on the subject while keeping a link to reality.

In Verena Stäel von Holstein's book, *Nature Spirits and What They Say*, one of those beings answers the question of whether Ahriman will become incarnate in a human body.

Yes and no. No physical human body can contain Ahriman for long. He is so hostile to life that it would be more like an incorporation.

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<sup>9</sup> I don't know the name of the forces that were incorporated in Gatsby after his twenty first birthday. I would not be able to put a name to it but I have no doubt that, because of what was experienced after the event that in this work I have called "the transformation", and also because of what Gatsby so clearly stated, that is that a part of him was of extra-human nature, that what took place in Gatsby was an incorporation, as it is understood in Anthroposophy.

According to Anthroposophy, an incorporation is characterized by a high-level individuality replacing in part the incarnated one, the high-level individuality coexisting in some way with the previous one. This previous individuality must have achieved a certain level of spiritual maturity to allow for such an incorporation. In the case of the Bodhisattva, the immersion of this individuality in the incarnated one produces an enormous transformation, particularly between the ages of thirty and thirty-three<sup>10</sup>. That age of thirty is particularly important in these matters. As Steiner correctly says, just as Christ was incarnated on Earth, so will Ahriman, and Christ was incarnated in Jesus of Nazareth at the age of thirty.

- In 1998 Demian was about thirty years old and a period of his life began that, as a reflection of what occurred to Christ or to other high level entities, could also have been the period of Ahriman's incarnation or definitive incorporation into the personality of Demian within which he was gradually participating as the relation matured. Bernard Lievegoed, in his book titled *About the Salvation of the Soul*, published posthumously, affirms that "Rudolf Steiner said at a meeting of young people in Breslau, that Ahriman will do everything in his power to advance this moment as much as he can. Steiner then mentions there the year 1998. It would depend on all of humanity together whether Ahriman will succeed in this or not."

Rudolf Steiner calls attention to the year 1998 in his lecture on the Apocalypse given to an audience of priests on 12 September 1924 in Dornach:

Before us lies the time of the third number 666: 1998. At the end of this century the time will come when Sorat will once again raise his head most strongly out of the waves of evolution to become the adversary of that appearance of Christ which those who have been prepared for it will already experience during the first half of the twentieth century when the Etheric Christ becomes visible. Only two thirds of the century have still to run before Sorat once again raises his head most mightily.

And before this century is out he will show himself by making his appearance in many humans as the being by whom they are possessed. Human beings will appear of whom it will be impossible to believe that they are real human beings.

No doubt this is the worst of the possible scenarios, in which Ahriman succeeds in his aim of anticipating his incarnation to the year 1998 or even earlier and acting

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<sup>10</sup> In Bernard Lievegoed's book *About the Salvation of the Soul* and Rudolf Steiner in his speech at Karlsruhe on October 14, 1911, speak on the subject of incorporation in the specific case of the Bodhisattva. See **NOTES** at the end of the book.

jointly with the forces of Sorath. One mustn't forget that Ahriman wants a race of slaves and that if one allows oneself to be beaten by his discouraging strength, one effectively converts oneself into one. Facing that race of slaves are those other ones, possessed by Sorath.

In their book, *Christ and the Maya Calendar*, Robert Powell and Kevin Dann talk about this relationship:

Here it is possible to see how the impulses of Sorath and Ahriman converge: both have the “intention to sweep away anything spiritual.” Yet their approaches are different, since they are working on different levels. Ahriman’s approach is more by way of the brute force of sheer power, financial and military, in order to gain world dominion —full-spectrum dominance is the modern term— whereas Sorath’s way is more subtle, appealing to the “I” of the human being. In order to attain his long-term goal, at the present time Sorath is allying himself with the incarnation of Ahriman, intending to make use of what comes from this incarnation as something upon which he can build in future so as eventually himself to come to power and to make himself God<sup>11</sup>.

#### GATSBY’S MISSION

At one of our last encounters I brought up the subject of the different religions in the world.

“Yes..., religions. One of the missions that I have to fulfill is to unify them all.”

He expressed himself without much enthusiasm, as if lack of progress weighed heavily on him. Sincerely, it's not really possible for me to imagine Gatsby heading a distinct group of people. To think like that is not to understand in any way the forces that lived in him; it is not to understand his mission. His aims were always broad. The way in which he related to other people, how he adapted language and gestures around him, how he could make himself understood by very different people, all made you think that from the abstract, he was going to extract spirits that were aligned to his objectives.

Gatsby had great powers of conviction and seduction. By those means he could drive and direct the souls of people who were very dissimilar. I have known people who

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<sup>11</sup> Rudolf Steiner. *Three Streams in the Evolution of Humanity*, p. 78: “The aim of the being who hoped to intervene in 666 was to make himself God.”

have changed their orientation, both in life in general and in their business, after a short chat with him. Within the ideas that Gatsby transmitted to them, they found the certainty that they never had in their own. Gatsby's words had the ability to resonate, even after time had passed.

If I had to describe the state of mind that I perceived in Gatsby with regards to his mission with respect to the world of business, the financial and economic world, that world of power that has under its yoke the world of Law and of the Spirit, I would have to point out how Rudolf Steiner became a member of the Theosophical Society with oriental leanings, so as to be able to extract from it those elements that were susceptible to being healed, to be correctly oriented.

Gatsby's drama, and it was not his alone, was to have been drowned, unused, as if the reality of his life, of what I tell here, was nothing more than a nebulous dream. But it will not always be like that.

## NOTES

(7) Bernard Lievegoed brings us closer to the subject of incorporation when he talks about the Bodhisattva in his book entitled *About the Salvation of the Soul*, published posthumously:

A bodhisattva does not incarnate as a human being but works from the spiritual world into certain human individualities. In spiritual science these are called “incorporations.” The human individualities that are chosen by a bodhisattva must, of course, have reached a degree of spiritual maturity to make such an incorporation possible.

In his Karlsruhe lecture of 14 October 1911, Steiner clarifies what is referred to as incorporation by the spiritual science:

Occult research confirms that no one during his childhood and youth gives so little sign of what he really is as he who is to incorporate a Bodhisattva. For at a certain point of time in his life a great change comes over him. If an individuality from the remote past — Moses, for example — is incorporated, it is not the same with him as it was with the Christ individuality, to whom Jesus of Nazareth left the sheaths. In the case of a Bodhisattva there certainly will be something like an exchange, but the individuality remains in a certain sense, and the individuality who comes from the remote past — as patriarch or another — and is to bring new forces for the evolution of humanity descends, and the human being who receives him experiences an immense transformation. This transformation occurs particularly between the thirtieth and thirty-third years. It can never be known beforehand that this body will be taken possession of by the Bodhisattva. The change never shows itself in youth. The distinctive feature is precisely that the later years are so unlike the youthful ones.

## REQUEST OF THE AUTHOR

So far, only versions in English and Spanish are available. For this reason, the author of this work would be extremely grateful if you decided to collaborate in the translation of this work to other language. Any help would be much appreciated, even if it were the translation of a small part of the work.

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