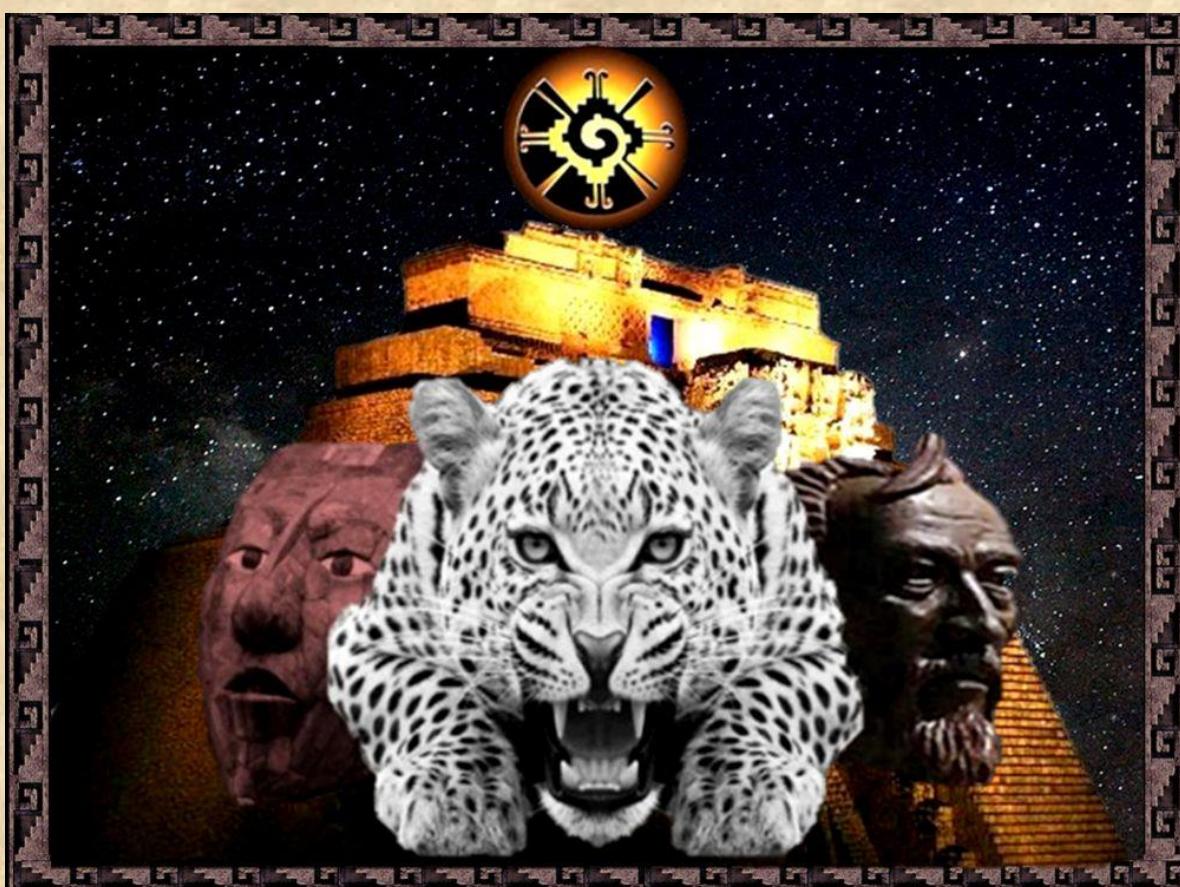


# THE WHITE JAGUAR SACRED MANUSCRIPTS

The seed of a nation

Novel





"Our strength is the spirit. Perhaps, in today's world, some will consider that it is a small force. But it is our only force, and we have to use it."

*Rubén Bonifaz Nuño.*

For all those who are in the daily flowered battle.  
Those who follow the path of the Venerable Toltec teachers.  
Those who fight without fear and ambition, without seeking reward.  
Those who work from the inside out for mental and spiritual decolonization.  
For the children of the children of the old grandparents.  
G. Marín.

## INDEX.

INDEX.....	3
CHAPTER I. "The mysterious letter".....	4
CHAPTER II. "Time footprint".....	10
CHAPTER III. "The time of the no time".....	13
CHAPTER IV. "In Earth's navel".....	17
CHAPTER V. "The secret of the conscious beings".....	25
CHAPTER VI. Perennial wisdom.....	33
CHAPTER VII. The fire vortexes fusion.....	42
CHAPTER VIII. The beginning of the end.....	50
CHAPTER IX. The founding fathers.....	60
CHAPTER X. The final battle.....	74
COLOPHON.....	86

Copyright Guillermo Marin Ruiz 2014

[www.toltecayotl.org](http://www.toltecayotl.org)

Educáyotl A.C. Educate for the future with the wisdom of the past.

Oaxaca, México. 2014.

## **CHAPTER I. “The mysterious letter”.**

I was astonished to receive a letter from Yucatan by express mail service. Was strange, although I have friends in the peninsula, did not expect anyone of them to write.

Came in on letterhead, as are rarely seen nowadays and was written by hand with palmer calligraphy. The sepia ink stood out on the thin cotton paper. I read my name with surprise: Mr. Fernando de Ita. The sender was Anatolio Rivadeneira Rondón. I opened the letter very carefully, as if it was a museum piece, something in my heart, like a stab, warned me that this letter would bring a dramatic and definitive twist to my life.

From childhood I liked reading, later I started to write, I felt it as a passion in my being. I remember much Teresa Zaga, friend of my parents, as a child admired her because she was an older and very cultured Lady, in her house, which stood near the Viveros de Coyoacán, had a library, which I remember as a magical space, full of books, images, photographs and maps that ever since took me to faraway places in time. She allowed me to snoop around in all that was in that place; it was there where I was seduced by books.

In that library I decided to study Spanish literature and from a very young age I started working as a journalist in a national newspaper, where I learned the trade. Later I was a war correspondent to Central America, in the 1980s, and also in the Maya indigenous uprising in Chiapas in 1984, where I closely followed the indigenous and peasant communities, conflicts arising from transnational corporations plunder and abuses, especially Canadian mining companies. And despite achieving a good position and work I felt empty. The social and material achievement did not satisfy me. Something inside told me that life is more profound and that goals are intangible, that material goods and society are circumstantial, that vacuum had already began to suffocate me and I did not know exactly what it was.

I started to read the letter that began with a: "Dear Mr. Fernando de Ita, I know I'm living my last days, reason why I dare to write to you, my name is Anatolio Rivadeneira Rondón, I belong to a family that has lived for many centuries in Yucatan. You will find my letter strange, but

after a long consideration I decided that you are the right person to get to know my origins, what I want to say is very important, I require a person like you, dedicated to journalism and committed to our country knowing about "the White Jaguar sacred manuscripts" of which I am a heir. My family has owned them since the beginning of the colony and it is imperative to let you know its content, so this legacy is not lost in oblivion, since as I told you, I know that in a few days, I will die.

It is very important that you come within three days and that you give me ten days of attention to give you the secret of my life and my family. Unfortunately there is no time to lose. You can decline my call and I will understand and will thus be relieved of any responsibility. I only ask that you destroy this letter and do not mention its content to anyone. If you accept the challenge, can assure you that you will not regret it and my ancestors and myself, will forever be grateful."

Upon reading the letter, I kept it inside a drawer of my desk and sat down in a chair at my study. Felt that an electric current ran through all my body, had a dry mouth and needed to breathe deeply several times, because felt a need for air in my lungs. I went back to read the brief letter over and over again, as if trying to better understand the contents. I was urgently called from Yucatan to give me information apparently important.

It was a situation beyond my intuition limits, as journalist I knew I was facing "a history". However, there was something special that moved me to accept, although I also had some fear. I felt it was something that I had been waiting for, that it would mitigate that loneliness, and desolation of an everyday plain existential. But at the same time, due to my professional experience, I know there is much people trying to call attention by using a journalist. I never had heard of "The white Jaguar sacred manuscripts", so I took the phone and contacted a friend, an expert on these things and I was to see him the next day.

At 11 am sharp, Antonio Velasco Piña received me, with whom I maintain a cordial friendship since I first interviewed him in 1979, when he published the novel "The Aztec among the Aztecs, Tlacaelel".

I showed him the letter, which he read with interest and before talking kept a long silence, seemed absent, I decided to break the silence and asked,

- Professor what do you think about the content of the letter. I carefully asked.

- You see, I had already heard about these mysterious manuscripts, but I thought that they were the product of fantasy, of the collective imagination -answered with a calm voice.

- Do you think you that it is worth it to go to Merida –I asked.

- I think that your journalist intuition, should answer the question. In the history of Mexico, as in all countries, there are many gaps, truths to discover and lies that expose. But this seems a good story.

The visit to Professor Velasco Piña encouraged me to make a decision; also it was urgent as I only had two days to get to Mérida, considering the timetable Rivadeneira had given me. That night I pondered once and again over the "famous" manuscripts story.

Flying over the Gulf of Mexico, a huge blue, misty and confused mass, melted the sea with the sky. The monotonous buzz of the hermetic cabin made me sleepy.

At landing, the plane door opened and the hot and moist air of Mérida entered. I left the airport and took a taxi that took me directly to Don Anatolio Rivadeneira house.

It was located at the beginning of the majestic Paseo Montejo, the house was a small chalet of late 19<sup>th</sup> century, French style, and was in bad shape, almost at the point of collapsing by humidity rot, time and lack of maintenance. Upon arrival, I crossed a small metal fence, which was open, walked by a few huge, shady trees and knocked on the door with a heavy bronze lion hand, attached to the old gate.

A short man with a prominent head that seemed neckless opened the door.

- I am looking for don Anatolio Rivadeneira, said with firm and friendly voice. He nodded his head and said with a deep voice.

- Please follow me; I'll take you to your room for you to settle. We were waiting for you.

Everything inside showed that it had been a very beautiful and elegant house, but it was completely abandoned, without minimum maintenance. The walls had lost their original colors that moisture had changed to others ranging from very light to the almost moisture dark. Ceilings were very high and had decorations that must have been very beautiful. The furniture all in mahogany was old and well preserved. I was impressed to see the mosaic floors with very complicated designs in multiple colors. The house was cool and well ventilated.

With great parsimony, my escort told me when opening a bedroom door.

- This is the room assigned to you. My name is Caralampio Pech and I am at your service for all you need. When you hear the bell, your meals will be served in the dining room. Don Anatolio will receive you at seven in the evening in the library, during your stay in this house.

The bedroom was very large, had a bathroom with tub. The ceilings were very high, at the center of the ceiling hung a fan. Had a huge closet, a coat rack, and a table with lamp to write, a spittoon and an anachronistic bedpan. The bed was covered with a very old looking mosquito net. A small balcony with a door window closed by time allowed light to enter.

Everything happened as Caralampio said. Ate in a dining room with a table for twelve diners, in the middle, a crystal candelabra hung from the ceiling. At seven that night, Caralampio knocked at my door and led to an end of the house where the library door was at.

When the door opened, the first I perceived was the old books odor and a flawed atmosphere, with very little light. Sitting in a large armchair was a white complexion old man, almost bald, with long hands and thin fingers. He wore thick carey structure eye glasses.

- Sorry that I do not stand up to greet you,-said Rivadeneira- but there are many things that I cannot do at my age. Take a seat please.

- I am deeply grateful that you have accepted my invitation. If the reason for my call was not so important, it would not have bothered you. I have no time, and much less energy to answer questions you, should rightly have, and that deserve an answer. We will not be able to address inconsequential minutiae, the important thing is that fate has brought us face to face. What I can tell you, is that you will not regret and that your life will change completely. We will have ten interviews and at the end you will be the owner of "The White Jaguar sacred manuscripts".

First you should know that I am the last descendant of an ancestral lineage. My family has been guardian of a very important cultural treasure for the Mexican nation. From generation to generation, we have jealously saved some ancient manuscripts that date back to the colony beginning. There is a "signal", according to the prophecy, that says that the manuscripts shall open to public knowledge, "when the Sun ends its long path". As the prophecy was transmitted orally, it suffered -I think- some distortions or inaccuracies. It was done this way because at the end of the 18<sup>th</sup> century, the manuscripts were almost destroyed by climate and time. The point is that in me, the Rivadeneira family lineage finishes and we are not certain, what was the precise metaphor signal. On the other hand, I feel that I am about to die and there is no time. Surely my grandfather was right when he said that the manuscripts should be revealed when the "long count" of the old Maya calendar ended. That was two years ago, I doubted and not did not dare, now, have no option, I am dying.

- At this point Fernando, can call you such, right? –I nodded without opening my mouth – it does not matter if the end of the long count was the signal, for reasons I can't explain now, you have been chosen to receive the manuscripts. At this time, it would serve no purpose to ask why you, and who and why chose you. In life you may not be wondering if you are or you are not, the real issue is that in life, you are, or you were not... ever again.

- I will give you some instructions, and if you have no objections, I will be grateful if you follow to the letter. We will have ten interviews. We will begin at seven in the evening –evening is my companion, and gives me more strength-, we will finish when we have to finish. I will acquaint you with what was contained in the manuscripts, because due

to time and humidity the papers gradually disintegrated and my family learned them from memory to pass them on from generation to generation. For this reason I have to tell the story, because I am the manuscript and I am about to "disintegrate", there is no time.

## **CHAPTER II. “Time footprint”.**

I spent all day writing and rewriting my notes. I had many questions for don Anatolio. The history had enthralled me and I had intuitively sensed something, but could not fully understand with clarity. I wanted to know who wrote the manuscripts and why. What was the reason of keeping them in secret so many years. Anxiously expected the agreed time for the first interview.

At seven o'clock heard in the door the Caralampio knock, whom parsimoniously took me to the library.

- Good evening -don Anatolio said-, I hope that our modest hospitality is to your liking. Excuse the house abandonment, but just as the family that occupied it for many years, it is coming to its end. The house was built at the end of the 19<sup>th</sup> century and its construction was my grandfather's passion. Basically it is his design and each room holds many memories and feelings. You should you know that the House was the heart of the Rivadeneira family.

My host had placed a small table and chair, in front of his chair. On the table there was a lamp which allowed me to write with comfort, but kept the room in semi-darkness.

Don Anatolio broke silence and said:

- We are going to start from the beginning. The story that I'm going to relate, as I already said, is what was in the manuscripts, because they already were lost many years ago destroyed by time. He text was written between 1534 and 1536, the own writing of the very Gonzalo Guerrero, the Spanish sailor that wrecked in the coasts of Chetumal in 1511 during a crossing from Panama to Cuba, when were hit by a hurricane in the Caribbean that wreck them. It will be very Gonzalo Guerrero who will tell his history.

Don Anatolio kept a long silence and histriionically began to talk slowly, as if possessed by an ancestral spirit that used his body returning beyond death to give his testimony.

"Am a man of sea, was born in the port of Palos de la Frontera in Huelva, on the other side of the ocean sea, and want to give testimony of the facts that God, by his divine grace, ordered that I lived in these ancient lands of Anahuac, and of which the men of Castile have tried to delete all memory of its greatness.

This is not just my story, it is the story of how human beings from remote places and cultures can meet and live in peace. Is the testimony that there are other ways of life, and that gold, trade and war, is not the only thing one can fight for in life. That God is very great and merciful, and that he is everywhere and tends to everyone. Jesus Christ, Mahoma or Kukulcan, or any way human beings want to call him.

All began a night before the shipwreck. It had been a busy day. The captain ordered us to rearrange and secure the load in the cellars, because the Sea began to bite. We traveled in the ship called Santa Maria de Barca and set sail off Santa Maria la Antigua de Darien heading to Havana, was the year of 1511.

On deck were heard shouting talks and laughter of the men who came from "a gold rescue", from inland. Each one told his best stories full of exaggerations and blood. It is so unfair what these murderers do, completely ravage villages of peaceful Indians, terrorize them and kill them as flies, for pleasure. They take prisoners to sell them as slaves and are committed to dig every last corner seeking gold, silver and pearls, and then burn the villages. They torture prisoners to confess where the supposed treasures are hidden. And bring with them, Indians that understand the language of those tortured, to better enjoy their felonies. The tortured, do not understand wealth and treasures and die terrified in a miserable way, without fully understanding their tragedy.

Sometimes, I remember my distant land, almost lost in oblivion. A hard land, dry and lean, which barely provides enough to eat. Where for centuries we have been fiercely exploited by nobles and priests, by Moors and Jewish or even by Castilian, all, as ticks, they feed from the villagers, that is why I became a sailor. "What earth does not give you, the Sea shall provide you", said my father when I informed that I was

going to embark when I was young. Many people came here by hunger and greed turned them into beasts.

Hurricane force winds threw me out of my thoughts. Sails broke, masts broke and the sea turned rough. The afternoon suddenly became a dark night. Black clouds completely covered the Sun. The crew ran fulfilling their duties, some bailed out desperately while others tried uselessly to save sails, while the passengers -including some women-, were screaming full panic. The wind roared, water flooded all over the boat and wood crackled on the verge of breaking. I realized the shipwreck was imminent; control of the ship had been lost and in the middle of the storm we were at the whim of the wind.

I don't know how it happened, but when the ship broke down I was in a skiff along with other survivors. I prayed to God and in the middle of the night the storm devoured us.

It was early in the morning when the monotonous patter of a chain that clashed against the hull of the skiff woke me up. We had survived twenty-two men and three women, that's all what was left of the vessel. We spent many days adrift. Thirst, hunger, and hot sun burns seemed the preamble of our impending death.

Adrift by the currents, the skiff approached the shores of Chetumal. In the agonizing crossing almost all were killed, during this time, we drank our own urine, ate raw pieces of human flesh. Sharks escorted the skiff ready and vigorous to fight over corpses that we threw one by one into the sea. When humans reach these realms, shame is lost and almost, the human condition.

By God our Lord design, only reached land eight survivors. Two women and six men. A company maiden of a well-to-do woman, wife of a royal ensign that died when the ship fell apart. A prostitute that was going to Cuba to seek better fortune, four adventurers that had been "rescuing gold", a priest and I, Gonzalo Guerrero, the only sailor."

### CHAPTER III. "The time of the no time".

Spent the day meditating on what I had learned of the history and organizing my notes. Little is known of the ancient history of Mexico. And what little is mentioned in text books is on the Mexica, of their power, of how they dominated all Mexico, that made human sacrifices, that were polytheistic and that were vanquished by a handful of brave conquerors.

I remember that in the 1980s I read a book entitled "Gonzalo Guerrero", by writer Eugenio Aguirre. His life seemed as that of "Robinson Crusoe", because in general, little is said about this character in the national education system. So I was much surprised that the author of "The White Jaguar sacred manuscripts" was the sailor who shipwrecked on the Quintana Roo coasts.

By morning, went to have a beer at the downtown portals. Visited the Conqueror Francisco de Montejo house, and was surprised to see, on the façade are carved two conquerors with two spades, sitting over the heads of four indigenous Mayas, as symbol of what has happened in these lands through time, I then remembered a fragment of the Chilam Balam of Chumayel, which says: "*the Dzules had only come to neuter the Sun! And their children's children remained among us, and we only receive their bitterness.*"

I walked in front the vast Cathedral, which more resembles a fortress than a church. When I look at these buildings throughout my country, I feel the fear that Spaniards had from the conquered. I visited the fascinating market, full of smells, colors, textures, cultures and diverse faces. It is clear that the colonial caste system is still alive in the peninsula. In the evening returned anxious to my meeting with don Anatolio, don Anatolio house is in the first street of paseo Montejo.

I fully complied with the entire ritual, greeted don Anatolio, who was impassive, as a Minister before the ceremony. Settled my things on the table and when he noticed I was ready, began his speech.

"The tide threw us on the beach; there we were assisted by some natives, because we had no strength to walk. They carried us and took us to a small fishermen village that was very near the coast.

Immediately offered us water and cured our injures, especially the sores provoked by the inclement sun rays. After left us to sleep in a large palapa, which was the common house in the center of the village. A rectangular palapa with only poles and hammocks, at the far end, in a side wall was a strange altar. We slept all day and all night. In the morning some women brought us food and later came the community authorities.

With signs made us understand that we should wait for the arrival of higher authorities and that meanwhile we should rest. A group of curious children were "our guardians". In the evening the two women and the cure prayed and the four adventurers began to discuss what should be done. The youngest of the men approached the altar and took a palm pearls and coral box that was kept there.

The children alerted the adults, so that in moments the room was full of people. Two men began searching the thief and he pulled out a knife from his clothes and injured the men that were searching him. After an outbreak of violence, in which the natives submitted the aggressor and took the injured away, tied us to all the central poles of the palapa.

Two days later arrived in the community a warrior contingent and took us to a small town where we would be subjected to a trial.

We were placed in a room built to lime and stone, which only had a door. Later an official arrived with a man that knew a little Spanish. The Maya peoples knew perfectly well what was happening in their lands since 1492. The communication in the Cem Anahuac and in the Caribbean was permanent and constant from tens of centuries ago.

It was known that the Castilians had exterminated all the inhabitants of the Caribbean islands. They knew perfectly well the extermination and looting "methods". The Castilians presence and activities were known in almost all the Inland territories. In those 19 years the sightings, skirmishes and the shipwrecks were common, nothing that surprised or was ignored by our captors.

Thanks to indigenous translators that had escaped from Castilians captivity in the offshore islands, but that had learned a little of their

language, we were interrogated each separately, so that they learned who we were and what we were doing. We would be in captivity until the Assembly day, where it would be decided what to do with us.

When the day came, in a large ceremonial arrived the highest authorities of the place, as well as the majority of the people, the trial began. A man of high authority stated all the atrocities that had been committed since the invaders arrival to their lands. Subsequently, the fishermen community authority that had rescued us described all what had happened, including the theft and the injuries caused to his people.

The authority asked, what should be done with our lives. At the Assembly all could speak, but only decided those who had effectively served the community. After hours of listening, proposing and discussing, finally reached the conclusion that the Supreme Council in full who would give the last word to the proposals suggested by the Assembly.

We waited five more days and finally communicated us the sentence. The four adventurers would be executed for all the murders committed since the start of the invasion. The two women, the priest and I, would be sold as slaves to symbolically pay for what the Spaniards had stolen during the same period. Our lives were spared because we were not people of sword and knife.

Twenty days after the trial, were taken to the market to be sold at public auction. The place was very spacious and very well organized. They did not use currency; hence all transactions were made by barter, which produced a very melodious and sonorous buzz when deals were agreed.

We four prisoners were led to a courtyard and there, a small group of buyers made the purchase from relevant authorities. In brief time each of us was separately purchased. Time after I learned that the two women died very soon, because did not endure the heavy work as domestic service women. The priest earned respect of the people, because he remained faithful to his vows and did not eschew heavy work. I was bought a very strange and powerful man who lived to the north, in the middle of the jungle.

The next morning left with a group of men towards the interior of the jungle. We walked for ten days and arrived at some very impressive buildings. It was not an inhabited city; it rather seemed like a huge monastery. One of the men guarding me knew a little Spanish, and told me that he was responsible for teaching me to speak their language. That the man who had bought me was a great sage and that all those who lived in that area were students of an ancient knowledge. That later the wise man would speak with me. I was assigned a small room in a large rectangular building which was lavishly decorated on the outside with fretwork and complicated figures, at that time did not understand anything of that decor. The room had a kind of stone bed, a hammock and a few palma woven baskets with various objects and textiles.

That's how I started my learning of the language. My teacher was a mature man who spoke a little Spanish, although always spoke to me in the Mayan language. I had two sessions a day, early in the morning, when the weather was still fresh and in the evening, when the Sun was going down. Never in my life had a teacher and no one had taught me anything, in my country there were schools for the vassals. During the day I was invited to perform hands-on activities to meet the needs of life. Gradually, I understood the way of life of the people of this land. People very quiet and ceremonious.

Thus four months went by until I learned to understand and be understood in the Maya language. Do not know if was the need or the method, but it was facilitated and quickly advanced in little time. I expected with concern the meeting with the wise man who bought me."

## CHAPTER IV. "In Earth's navel".

All evening I dreamt with the story that don Anatolio had told. It was not a continuous dream, or a nightmare. Rather, images repeated, one and another, at high speed, the events that most impressed me took face and I almost listened to their voices.

Woke up a little distressed. Maybe confused or overwhelmed. The smell of coffee came to my room, after entering my nose, arose me and led me to the great dining, where an exquisite breakfast was prepared. Never knew if there was a cook or was the own Caralampio who prepared the food, the truth is that always seemed very tasty and with excellent seasoning.

Spent the day preparing my notes and consulting several historical texts on the conquest of Yucatan and the Maya culture as well as of Mexico ancient history. I was engrossed so much in don Anatolio tales, that it was becoming a personal matter, beyond the newspaper article. Something deep and vital moved inside me.

I felt very comfortable in my room despite being so austere. In spite of the house seeming abandoned by lack of maintenance, was not an unpleasant place. On the contrary, something inexplicable was happening, I felt accompanied, as if watched, but not feeling threatened, but otherwise. The house had a very warm and friendly energy, especially the walls, seemed as if they had a life of its own and carefully watched all my movements.

As always at seven o'clock, Caralampio quietly knocked on the door. Everything was ready; don Anatolio silent waiting for me to place my stuff on the table. When finished, said to don Anatolio.

- Have some questions that would help me better understand history. – Go ahead, he said.

- In general, the official history, meaning to say those texts written by the Spaniards, depict the Mayan as primitive people and European as civilized people in the discovery of "a new world". In the history that you are telling me, seems that the opposite happened. For example, history says that Gonzalo and Geronimo were not killed by the Maya because

they were tattooed and that, as they say, for the Mayans meant that they were important and that they could ransom for them. Do you also think this?

A great silence was made, and after don Anatolio realized that I had no more questions, replied in a tired voice.

- In humanity history, history has always been written by the winners - don Anatolius said with a dragging voice- Would, didn't your primary teacher showed you the history text book that relates "the battle of the sad night", when the Mexica defeated the spaniard killing half of the invaders? The "sources" written by European during the colony and in all the times, try by all means to make the invasion and the subsequent Holocaust appear, as a glorious armed feat and a great civilization achievement by the West. Civilization against barbarism, the Church against heresy. No people of Anahuac used currency, including the Maya... How then they would ask for ransom, would it be in dollars or euros,-said with sarcasm. This is one of the many lies of official texts, and they come from the European world, where they did ask for ransoms between Moors and Christians.

Don Anatolio paused and a heavy silence gripped the dark room. I did not dare to speak. Inexplicably I felt guilty of what happened five centuries before and of my ignorance.

- Only that could try to hide the crime against humanity that took place, not only in Mexico, but in all the continent, from Alaska to the Tierra del Fuego. -don Anatolio continued, soft-spoken-. You must know that capitalism arises in the poor Europe in the late middle ages, just when they "managed to capitalize" through exploitation of slave labor and predation and plunder of the, -apparently-, inexhaustible natural resources of the continent. With this robbery Europe became rich and the merchants began the conquest of the planet.

- The Maya possessed an ancestral culture very high and refined, there I no doubt of that. And I must tell you that it was not only the Mayan. Since the beginning of the invasion, the colonizers have "studied" the peoples and cultures invaded, from "their differences", not by their similarities. So the Mayas knowledge was the same knowledge of all peoples of the Cem Anáhuac. It is not the Mayan time count or

the "Aztec calendar", is the wisdom shared and recreated over more than thirty centuries by a single civilization, with many different cultures in time and space, but all united by a common cultural philosophical matrix.

That easy, simple truth silenced as a missile within my heart and significantly damaged my colonized conception of the "official history". Now it was don Anatolio who waited the end of my catatonic silence and I could compose myself.

A few minutes lapsed and don Anatolio, began to tell the stored manuscripts with a different nuance in his voice. Indeed, seemed as if don Anatolio was possessed by a force or energy that already could be felt in the room. So he went on to say:

- The day came when I should meet the wise man who bought me in Chetumal. Two days before, stopped having classes and I was asked to remain in a dark room, that was underground, in the foundations of a pyramid. Despite not having light or apparent ventilation, the place was full of pure air and fresh. In the small room was a rectangular stone, about half a body high and a little longer than a man. The stone bases were profusely carved like the four walls.

At a certain moment came for me a man who was completely painted black and white, on the skin had shapes of bone dyed with pigments, as if it were a skeleton. He had a small incense burner and a dim light lamp. He asked me to follow him and started to walk through complicated corridors underground, sharing the space with small side channels with running water, which produced by its acoustic a very melodious sound of the water, and at the end, started walk down by some stairs to get to a salon that was illuminated with small torches.

He told me to sit down on a mat in the middle of the room and the man with the lamp withdrew immediately.

- Wait for your heart to open and your understanding wake up, said before leaving. A long time passed, until suddenly heard with clarity a sweet voice that said.

- Welcome to the underworld, here, in the heart of our beloved mother earth. -The voice seemed to come out of the four walls and due to the shadows could not locate where the person that spoke was. Little by little I started to perceive the silhouette of a man sitting cross-legged, over a stone as stage.

- My name is Night Jaguar; I am the responsible of this enclosure. The human being is surrounded by enigmas,-continued talking with sweet voice-, in the center of a mysterious world, but only the "true man", can listen to his heart and the sounds of the world, to know the designs of "he for who one lives, he who is night wind, who is here and there, everywhere at the same time". Each one of his children has a sacred mission in the life, because He, has deposited in each one of us a fraction of his infinite love.

- You should know that in these ancient lands we have kept the secrets of humanity. It is not the only place. There are several "navels of the world" over the huge belly of our mother earth and all are connected between themselves, with the best of the peoples that make up "this navel", of the Cem Anahuac, the most conscious and loving children have the responsibility of preserving the secrets of the universe and keep the dialogue with our mother and her brothers of the cosmos.

Human life on Earth, as everywhere, is subject to powerful and mysterious cycles. As the day and night, like water that runs down turned into rain down and raises transformed into steam. Thus humans, live cosmic cycles governed and integrated by universal forces. Until now, we have lived four prior humanities and we are in the fifth. The time of the luminous zenith from our Sun has passed, long time ago. We are on the afternoon of this cycle and as it should be, soon will be night. And this is precisely why destiny crossed our lives.

- You should know that the old grandparents left said that before the end of the afternoon of our fifth Sun, would appear in these lands a very important man for our destiny, and that that man would be called "the white Jaguar", the signal that would distinguish him, would be that he would bring in his heart the Feathered Serpent. When I reached the Chetumal market, saw that you had tattooed in the chest the head of the snake with wings, and then I immediately understood that you were "the man of the prophecy, the white Jaguar."

I slowly took my hand to my chest. I was astonished; actually, I had tattooed the head of a dragon with wings in the chest. I felt my legs go weak and my stomach fell. In Seville, a Moor, who said that he had been in distant lands where the sun rises, had learned the tattoo craft and possessed mysterious designs. On that occasion, when I saw the drawing of the winged dragon my heart began to beat with strength. It seemed that it would jump out through my mouth. I was fascinated, and I made the Saracen tattooed it right over my heart.

- You must know that in these ancient lands there is a wisdom legacy that all our peoples, have been accumulating and perfecting. This wisdom consequence of life experience began when the agriculture art was discovered, as the loving relationship with our dear mother and the nourishment science that implies the magic of transforming vegetable energy into human energy. Continued with the medicine mysteries, as the unveiling of the energy balance; and the art education, as the making of "own faces and true hearts" in our children, and finally, the wonder of community organization, the sublime wisdom of "ruling by obeying". Mathematics and astronomy have been our specialty because it is a divine, perfect and accurate language for all shared. Through successive generations in many places, not only the Mayans, have been perfecting, polishing and sharing this knowledge that has allowed us satisfying, the challenges presented by life, family, community and the universe maintenance. It most transcendent, is finding the path to achieve meeting "he for who one lives". I am referring to the subtle field of transcending material existence. For our venerable Toltec teachers, this happens when man reaches his maximum existential achievement, to become a cluster of "conscious light," which returns to the original source of that light. –Night jaguar kept a silent moment, closed his eyes and began, with paused voice telling a "sacred song".

*"And verify the rhythm  
of the exact white light  
by measuring the knowledge  
and the most precious thing within  
Because He is who can  
see in the dark  
and has enough power*

*to know how*

*light is created.*

*And he knows the harmony secret*

*and of everything that lives,*

*because it is the Men*

*who knows the sound of light*

*and of the sacred sound".*

- Long time ago this wisdom reached its highest level,-continued- and as all in the world and life, came its decadence time. Our venerable teachers were forced to depart, but told us that this wisdom would return again to their children. "That time, is not this time". However, that wisdom is what has guided most of their people and it is has maintained in two ways between their children. On the land they tread with the ancestral uses and customs. And under Earth, in the world of the Lord and Lady of death, the underworld.

- This wisdom was born, through thousands of years, from nature and celestial mechanics observation. -added with soft, unhurried voice- And wisely, the venerable teachers, have left it for us in metaphors, so that only by being a conscious observer aware of the world, that knowledge can be retaken.

- This site, in which you have lived some time and learned our language, is called "The enclosure of the black Jaguar". As you've noticed, it is neither a city nor a school and despite being so large, relatively very few people live in the place. As this site, there are others that still perform their ancestral mission, for what were created, in the Cem Anahuac, many others more, were abandoned and destroyed by time and the jungle. This happened when our venerable masters departed from the surface of the world.

You should know that in the origin of the Toltecáyotl time, the first woman and man, "the Lords of our carnality", created by "he for who we live", had four children, the carriers of creative energy. This story is told by all the Cem Anahuac peoples, with their particular variants, but in essence, the metaphor is the same. Each one of these children had their "nahual" who was a jaguar. The one from the north was called black Jaguar, also known as the smoking mirror, the guardian of memory and the remembering. The second, from the East, called red

Jaguar, the guardian of the conscience. The third was from the South, the blue Jaguar, called the guardian of "the will of power". And finally, the fourth, the West, the white Jaguar called the keeper of the Feathered Serpent. The four Jaguars are carriers of the creative energy that must always be in sacred balance. This way we can understand the metaphor as the mother energy represented in the fire Jaguar, the wind jaguar, the water jaguar and the earth jaguar. The four Jaguars or their nahuals, act in the tlaltilpac together and close as the fingers of the hand, to create the world in which we live.

- This is the House of the black Jaguar; our mission is keeping alive the wisdom of the feathered serpent. We know, because thus our venerable teachers told us, that hard times were coming, "the night of the dark time" approaches -he said impassively- and surely has to do with what your people are doing on the offshore islands and on the coasts. "The time of no time" is getting near. For years, we have known that we are being enslaved and slaughtered. An absurd madness for gold has made them lose the reason and soul. We know that soon will reach our lands and before that happens, our lineages shall be protected in places where you will never reach and much less know.

-As part of these prophecies, we knew of the arrival of the "white Jaguar". Our duty is giving you the ancient wisdom and disappearing from this reality. We will depart to the immeasurable. Honestly, don't know what your mission is specifically. That, you will have to discover through your "Personal Power". That is your Florid battle. We are confident that you will be able to fulfill your mission.

-For now I'll put in the hands of a man of knowledge, the oldest teacher in the enclosure, who will have the delicate mission of training you in the flowered death Warriors path. You will have to trust him, beyond what can humanly be trusted, your life and your sanity, literally will be in his hands.

You will learn the highest wisdom of the sacred mysteries of the feathered snake. In general, this information has been hidden, even in the glory luminous days of the Cem Anahuac. The people, "the wing and the tail", are unaware of this complex wisdom, which is the most precious fruit of our civilization.

You will need to endeavor with the heart on and with all the passion of your bowels in this task, will need all discipline, you will have to be mortally responsible, using all your capabilities, both those known to you as well as those you are going to discover. An absolute and unyielding attempt must be born in you, a blind trust in your impeccability. You will have to reduce to nothing your current being and build, at the same time, an impeccable and humble warrior. You have this enormous task to perform in a very short time. Am sure you will succeed, and when finished, we shall meet again in this room. To work, that "the time of the not time" is about to get here.

## **CHAPTER V. "The secret of the conscious beings".**

The next morning, when I opened my eyes in my room, felt clearly a penetrating stare, -which perhaps was what wake me up-, of a face clearly defined in the wall. When I could wake up completely and focused my attention in the wall, I had the impression that the face quickly "hid" back in the wall, between the diffuse colors produced by humidity. I felt someone was watching me when I slept.

After showering and getting dressed, I began thinking about what was said by don Anatolio the night before. I found myself wrapped in deep doubts and contradictions on all the notes I had taken. Was confused, I found it difficult, in principle, believing that the Maya had such a deep knowledge of destiny. The threat of the arrival of them European, really did not require any extraordinary knowledge. It was logical, with the efficient communication they had between peoples and cultures. They have always made us believe that here, before the invasion, there were people isolated and fragmented culturally, as a big disjointed archipelago, which the Europeans joined with the sword and the cross. But thinking about it, the Maya appear in all parts of the Anahuac, whether in Cacaxtla, Tlaxcala; Xochicalco in Morelos or in Daynzu in Oaxaca.

That "ancient knowledge" intrigued me. We have accepted -by colonization- that our ancestors did not have an ancient knowledge, that they only had a bloody polytheistic religion unlike the civilizations of China and India, which are as old as ours, and where before all, their philosophy is recognized. However, thinking it well, there is a common line of thought and shared between all the peoples of the Anahuac, not only in the philosophical, calendar, mathematical, etc., but in something that is obvious and that strangely we do not realize.

All of the world's ancient civilizations built pyramids, without apparent concert. All had a solid and wise knowledge structure that the West calls "philosophy", that is that all the peoples loved life and wisdom, and sought to unravel its secrets and mysteries. The Chinese and the Indian,-in China and India-, which are peoples as ancient as ours, found -until today-, their existence in their ancient knowledge. We do not do it. Moreover, we try to destroy and disparage it, as Enrique Krauze asserts, it is only "a mythical pre-Columbian past".

I eagerly waited for the meeting with don Anatolio that evening. At the punctual and discreet Caralampio call, I headed to the library. On the way I felt "observed". It was not a negative feeling or that inspired fear. Conversely, every day the old house seemed more familiar and cozy, seemed as if it had a life of its own.

Sitting in his large armchair was my host. He seemed an alabaster sculpture; his features did not seem Mayan at all. When everything was ready to listen to him, don Anatolio initiated the conversation.

- The history of the Spanish sailor who shipwrecked on the coast of what today is the State of Quintana Roo, many Mexicans are unaware of it, in fact, the common people have been taught not to have a need to know their ancestral past, and we do not even go to the most recent past. Mexicans suffer from a "total amnesia", an evil caused purposely to be able to manipulate and neutralize them. This is why very few people have cared about this interesting story that should be the basis of the so-called mestizo country in which we live. My family has jealously kept the story all this long time.

I guess that my grandfather and my father, "modified" a 16<sup>th</sup> century Castilian to the 21<sup>st</sup> century Spanish, in which I am telling it, the form has changed, but not the essence. My father was completely convinced that the document was written by Gonzalo Guerrero "in his own handwriting", and I was motivated as a child, not only to learn it, but to study the history. My family is not Maya, but at this stage is not Spanish, or French or Lebanese. We really don't know what we are, but that doesn't matter, only ignorant and racist people is worried about it. Because the important thing is what one wants to be. There you have the most universal Mexican, a Zapotec Indian Benito Pablo Juarez Garcia.

And in that sense, my grandfather instilled in my father and him to me, a great love to the ancestral root of our culture and of our identity as a country. We are mestizos culturally, as most of countries of the world, but it is indisputable that the base or the foundations of this valuable miscegenation come from the original peoples and cultures. Also, it is undisputed, that most of the people of Mexico have, culturally and biologically the deepest base of their being in the culture mother.

The problem of this country, is that since 1821, never has never taken into account the cultural heritage of the mother civilization and their blood and cultural descendants. Decisions and power have always been in the hands of a handful of people who see the mother civilization and its descendants with disdain or indifference. Throughout the 19<sup>th</sup> century and beyond the middle of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, the vast majority of the people had an indigenous and peasant origin. Just in 1970, seventy and five per cent of the population of Mexico lived in the field. The scourge of not taking in consideration most of the inhabitants of the country, in the design and construction of the homeland, has led to the current crisis. The origin of the crisis is of historical and cultural character. The essential and valuable of our mother civilization has been excluded in the formation of the country. I must tell you that my father sent me to study in Europe and as you can see in my library, I became an autodidact and a specialist in the history of Mexico.

Don Anatolio explanation gave a different sense to the manuscripts transmission. That apparent disconnection precisely, between who was telling a XVI century and who, supposedly had written it. Don Anatolio was an expert, with high academic education and however, critical of the "official history". The story I began to trap me more forcefully.

I was absorbed in my thoughts, when don Anatolio began to tell me the story of the manuscripts, seemed transformed into another person. And the voice of white Jaguar again possessed him, and spoke:

- Then began a new stage in my training in "the black Jaguar enclosure". My teacher was called Jaguar of light, all teachers had the title of "Jaguar" and a middle name based on their destiny. I could not tell how old he was, at times he looked very old and in others, a youngster disguise as elder. His character was gentle, severe and firm, but nice and tender. Thanks to the language, his teaching was direct, though, full of metaphors that notwithstanding the poetic were clear and objective.

The first he said was, that the objective of the ancestral teaching that he was going to transmit, was based in two areas. The first had to do with the intangible part of my being, with the ideas I had of myself and of the world in which I lived. A very complex area associated with the

"perception". The second area had to do with the tangible part of my being, in other words, my body and its meticulous discipline to find a perfect harmony between what I thought and what I did. The objective was find the perfect balance and harmony between them, to find "stillness and inner balance". The venerable masters metaphorically related the first the quetzal and the second with the snake. As the tattoo seen in left side of your chest. -Said, pointing to my chest with his index finger.

The teaching in the Snake realm will be made through exercises and tasks that you will have that comply, until you have achieved tempering your inflexible will, and tune your body and senses. The teaching in the quetzal realm will be more abstract and we will work fields of energy perception of the world and of the life.

The objective of the quetzal teaching was that I could perceive the wealth and diversity of existing things around me. That I realized that many realities or "worlds" existed in this world, or in this particular "reality". That the world was constituted, in its smallest essence, in an immeasurable universe of tiny filaments of energy, that when grouping together formed energy charges. That the human being was a conglomerate of those loads and that in turn, could "perceive" a limitless number of those loads which he calls "his world or reality", but that coexisted others fields that he could not perceive, constituting the whole of "his reality".

The wonderful part of the human being, not only consists in that he is energy, but that his greatest achievement is that he can produce the purest energy of the universe. The human being is an energy creator. The mission we as humanity is to produce it, at the same time, it is food of other much more complex and higher energy conglomerates. That simple and devastating to the human ego that believes to be, naturally, the highest part of the creation. For this reason the human being is direct and completely linked with the universe, and as such, the immense responsibility of maintaining balance.

Along the human time "the six navels of Earth" have been created, where humans and the planet have harmonized their energies to produce levels of consciousness in a select group of people that can, through very complex and almost impossible to achieve methods, a

level of consciousness much more developed and go to another level of perception and energy action.

My teacher informed, that I would be given, a very limited part of the instruction to achieve these higher stages of consciousness. That my case was very special, because in general, people who are prepared in these study and research centers, were selected at birth. This, due to their "energy conformation", and that from early childhood, they were observed and if they possessed the must-haves, as teenagers were devoted and entered completely into this training that ended, an instant before losing consciousness, which was not my case, since I arrived as an adult to these lands.

The students of these institutions were called "Flowered death warriors". Because they prepared to face, as immaculate warriors, the hardest enemy to overcome in life. When they managed to defeat this terrible enemy, they achieved a "flowered heart" and it was given as spiritual food to the community, "the sacred food". They became "humanity flowered fruits". The enemy to defeat was the dark side of every human being entrenched in its ego. That part that drags us through ignorance and stupidity, and overlook the opportunity of "being alive and conscious" and be able to transcend.

To develop such training throughout a life was called, "The path of the Warrior". To pursue that path "a mood", an attitude is required. That is precisely what my teacher Jaguar of light taught me. For four years in the Jaguar black enclosure, I learned to discipline internally, to become responsible for all decisions and acts I made, to keep attention and total concentration every minute, every step, every word, to maintain an inflexible attempt in everything I did and not to lose the direction of my actions. I learned how to live in balance and to efficiently use my energy.

But above all, I learned not to expect any reward for what I did. The path of the Warrior is walked without fear of losing or ambition to win. Nothing is important before the inevitable encounter with the Lord of death, so the only thing valid, in this short life time, is the power of our decisions. In my case, it was humbly accepting the teaching and facing my destiny, whatever this was.

I worked intensely for four years, the four directions of existence, to find balance. Both in the reason realm or concrete world, as with its counterpart, the area of intuition or abstract world. And with this pair of complementing opposites, I followed the second, finding balance between the spiritual and the material part. Finally managed to balance the quetzal and the snake and this, went up in the wonderful flight to the immeasurable.

Jaguar of light taught me through many exercises and conversations, how to achieve "the balance", was the basic part of ancient knowledge. Explained that this ancient wisdom was produced and recreated by all peoples of the Anahuac through several millennia, its name in the nahuatl language, -the lingua franca of the civilization, is Toltecáyotl. Since the beginning of time, when the corn and milpa were invented, going through their most exalted and bright time, to its decline, in which we live today, this wisdom taught them the right balance and measure, to satisfy livelihood and body health, education of the face and heart, the organization and balance in the community, and with all peoples of the Anahuac and other brothers, living beings with whom we share the world.

These were four years of very intense, full of fatigue, pain, fear, hard work, practice and exercises from Sun to Sun, but also with great satisfaction to find the "middle point", balance, restraint, explore the unknown incredible capabilities of the human body, mind and perception.

During all this time I also discovered the Maya way of life, their values and principles, their kind humanity, based on that for centuries, everyone regardless of their position, by obligation were educated in the public education system during childhood and much of their adolescence. They live the concept of "I am another you, you are another me" in family and community life. Their culture never developed a knowledge to exploit humans and nature, they never invented weapons or their society was not warrior, did not allow private property, private initiative, or used money, developed a deep commonality and community decisions were being made in assembly and by consensus. But the most interesting thing is that the "purpose of community life", was of a spiritual nature.

That was what impressed me the most, because I came from a culture of individuality, totally warrior, in which, since the beginning of our time, everything had been wars, looting and destruction of cities and looting of territories and commercial profits. A religion foreign to my culture, created by other people, and in which we were intolerant. With Kings and feudal lords exploitative and ruthless with their peoples. With an intolerant church, exploitative that based their power on fear and ignorance. But above all, a culture with an excessive ambition for gold, material wealth and contempt for life. That was what impressed me the most me and made me see the Maya and their life, as an opportunity and a very valuable to live place. A different way, I learned to see the human being as a brother, just like all living beings with whom we share this space and this time. Understood in the deepest of my being, the old Maya concept of "be equal and even" with beings alive with who we share this time and this space.

Finally my preparation at the black Jaguar enclosure came to an end. My teacher said goodbye in a way very simple, wishing me much luck in my next responsibility. He only asked me to devote a day to say goodbye to the enclosure which had housed and given me the best of what it possessed. "Remember that all has life, - Jaguar of light said -, these old buildings have received the energy of thousands of warriors of flowered death that here have been formed. So as an impeccable warrior, you have to thank them for their hospitality and their energy". So I said goodbye to each building thanking them for their generosity. In the evening, inexplicably I felt "much lighter" and with much energy and interior joy.

The next morning, I was led back to the underground chamber where the venerable master night Jaguar received me. With his sweet and gentle voice told me, -"you're welcome to the underworld, where everything ends and everything is born again. For us, death is the beginning of life. There can be no life without death. Everything in the universe is made up of a pair of complementing opposites. "He for whom one lives", teaches us this important truth, precisely with the most vital thing for our people that is corn, the basis of our food, energy, and life. Corn is born and develops in the milpa; the loving hands of the peasant lead him to his house and protect it until it matures. Finally, the corn has that die and is "buried" in the bosom of

our dear mother in order to be "re-born", to give more life. All is an endless set of "cycles without end".

The guardians of the black Jaguar enclosure will take you to Chetumal, because here, your short cycle has ended. In the city you will be received by its dignitary, sea wind, who will allow you to join the community, while you discover the reason of your mission. We have complied with our responsibility; it has been an honor having you in this ancestral enclosure of wisdom.

The man stood up, hugged me both warmly and, vigorously. I felt, somehow, that he transferred a powerful stream of energy.

## CHAPTER VI. Perennial wisdom.

That night I left the library too late, it was almost dawn when I could sleep. Each time, after the interview with don Anatolio I was more impressed with the manuscripts history. It was as if something moved in me that I never imagined existed, I felt that it was something vital. I got up late when I heard the small bell of the dining room, with which Caralampio announced that food was ready. As always, I ate alone in this great hall, with its high ceilings and paint falling.

I was impressed with the "discovery" of that ancestral wisdom. How was it possible that my whole life, and having visited the most important archaeological zones of the country, never had questioned that had to exist what today we call "philosophy" to develop a project, so large geographically and with so many impressive buildings. Because it is very colonized to accept that these mega buildings were temples, palaces, fortresses or towns where "Kings, Queens and princesses" lived enslaving ignorant and fanatic people, made human sacrifices and worship the water, the Sun and wind. Truly, the fanciful Eurocentric discourse is incoherent, poorly thought out and grotesque.

What don Anatolio just told me, gives sense to the civilizing effort of building so many schools over the centuries, that in general, independently from the culture that built them, keep alike features, such as truncated pyramids, square courtyards, with four rooms or pyramids, or courtyards, rectangular buildings on their sides, ball courts, that now is known based on the research of the National Polytechnic Institute, through engineer Felipe Lira Montes de Oca, that these were buildings to observe celestial mechanics.

And that is fundamental point, when are visit an archaeological site, we go in search of a primitive, warrior and idolatrous civilization, as Cortes described us in his Relation Letters. With altars dripping blood and fierce warriors killing one another. We never go seeking the spiritual presence that remains present in the material vestiges of an incredible and millennial civilization project sustained in energy transformation and the exploration of inconceivable human capabilities, thanks to spiritual temperance and will of internal power, that during at least ten centuries, allowed the highest degree of human development in the history of the planet.

Among the books I had taken on my trip were, Thought and Religion in the old Mexico, of Laurette Séjourné; Profound Mexico a denied civilization, of Guillermo Bonfil Batalla; Olmec: essence and Foundation, of Rubén Bonifaz Nuño; Learning to listen, Carlos Lenkersdorf; and True History of the profound Mexico, Guillermo Marin. These books I had been reading through time, as isolated and unconnected readings, especially for my taste for reading and my work, in where for many years I have been interviewing writers and doing reviews of their works for the newspaper.

However, unconsciously, these readings were integrating as a mysterious very accurate knowledge network that suddenly allowed me, "assembling the puzzle". When I took the books of my study, without thinking, I selected them almost automatically, and in don Anatolius house, -seeing them on the work table-, I began realizing their importance. The readings "were jointed" and provided me a different angle different to perceive the white Jaguar sacred manuscripts from an un-colonized perspective.

The punctual Caralampio call came when I was reviewing the books and immediately took my things and I went to the library, following the silent walk of my guide, between the mysterious walls watching me. As in all the meetings, don Anatolio greeted me with a histrionic solemnity, with a stage supported, by the ancient library and the gloom enveloping it in a mysterious and solemn atmosphere.

After the cordial and discreet greeting, told don Anatolio the deep impression that the subject of Maya ancestral wisdom had caused in me, and the why it has remained underground, finally, wanted to know if still there were people that possessed and taught this knowledge. Don Anatolio closed his large eyes and stroked his bolding hair. Looked at me and after some minutes replied.

- The wisdom of the Maya peoples remains alive and present in two ways. In the daily life daily of the peoples, in their traditions, festivals, uses and customs. And of course, in a very small and select group of knowledge people. They are moving in a world invisible for modernity, which does not mean they do not exist. Always have been there, observing everything and nobody is capable of seeing them. Precisely

the reason why they are invulnerable, they have knowledge; time is on their side and the unlimited freedom of being unknown to ordinary people and the dominant culture.

But as the Maya, all the peoples called indigenous, in Mexico and the world maintain the knowledge and the human wisdom. What happens is that "the modernity", which began in 1492, has tried to erase all "the tradition" and imposes a vision of the world, but only of the "European World" and to that reduced vision of the world they have called "universal". So that what is not European, is not universal, becoming only "regional" and as such, minor and insignificant. Modernity has implied the denial of "the own" and the exaltation of the "foreign", the same in Mexico, as in the India or the Congo.

In this limited and Eurocentric "universality", wisdom has been excluded and science as a product of 'the universal/European' advance has been imposed. But science, wisdom and spirituality have harmoniously formed the ancient wisdom of the human being on Earth. In Egypt, Mesopotamia, China, India, the Tawantinsuyo in the Andean region, and the Cem Anahuac, from Nicaragua to northern United States, thousands of years before the era there have been thought currents, where the wisdom, science and spirituality have been integrally searching for the highest state of consciousness to transcend the material dimension of life and the world.

That is the difference of the Eurocentric science that just began in the 17<sup>TH</sup> century, with the aim of "learn to exploit" economically resources and natural phenomena. Eurocentric science focuses only on the physical or material part of the world and has a pragmatic, utilitarian and economic base. Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo, Newton, began a path of science dehumanization, where wisdom was excluded with the help of the high religious hierarchy. In less than four centuries science has become the humanity executioner, because it is at the service of the powerful, used to oppress, exploit and prey through technology, weapons, industry, trade and communication. Thanks to modern science without wisdom, hundreds of millions of people living in a state of slavery, as never before had happen in the history of humanity. Such is the status of this problem that not only human life is in danger, including the very planet.

The human wisdom is not lost; it would require the total extinction of human beings for it to disappear. The wisdom and spirituality are the most important achievements of the human species. For some mysterious reason, human wisdom has been hidden in a large of the planet in the past centuries, but that is temporary and is subject to cycles in the history of mankind. Spirituality has been supplanted in modern times by science and religion. According to ancient anahuacas, we are living in the fifth cycle of evolution and we were told that at the end of this cycle the sixth and last will arrive, where equilibrium will be reached.

The surprising part, -don Anatolius said-, is that we never considered the existence of an ancestral wisdom in the Anahuac, that at least had three and half millennia of continuous and productive life, that was shared openly and diversely by multiple peoples and cultures in a broad territory, perhaps in half of the continent, and that, is still alive in many forms in the peoples and indigenous and peasant cultures of what was the Cem Anahuac. The problem is that since Europeans set foot in the land of the Anahuac, rarely tried to see "the other" as "equal but different", only was subsumed in what was known and therefore confused us with the inhabitants of India. Starting from the premise that our civilization was a product of the "demon", they tried to destroy it. There has never been a serious and honest attitude to meet and learn from the mother civilization. It has always been seen as "inferior and backward".

This is the reason why, The White Jaguar sacred manuscripts, are so important. Because it is the testimony of a European who opened his mind and heart to the culture of the land that saved him and gave him the opportunity to live the best part of his life. He not only saw the others as equal, but learned from them, and fell in love and created the first family of the continent between a spaniard and an anahuaca. In addition to the fact that that love and that home, the first mestizos were born of what is now Mexico. In your hands is my family and he who speaks to you, depositing a truth, which has been meanly hidden for five centuries, but the time is now to spread it among all Mexicans. You have been chosen and now you have the responsibility. Should not question why you were chosen, you should question, how will you achieve it."

The room turned quiet a long time. I don't know if don Anatolio expected a reply or it was the preamble to start the story. I waited wisely, I felt overwhelmed.

- We walked 10 days in the jungle to Chetumal -began to talk while the white Jaguar possessed him. My guides and companions were rather my protective guards. My body and my skin had fully adapted to the humid and hot climate, as well as the jungle. Thanks to time spent in the black Jaguar enclosure, my body had strengthened, and possessed a feline elasticity. My mind was awake and alert, had managed to stop thinking about everything that crossed my eyes and my mind had assumed a snake attitude. I could get me in a crowd or hear a cricket in a crowd. The most difficult achievement was learning to use the mind, keep it as a snake, still and ready to the sudden fulminating attack of thought. I finally left the mind as a monkey, which is in everything and nothing at the same time. In short, I was learning to master the mind and body and let flow toward the spirit.

It was the year of 1515 of the Christian calendar when I came to Chetumal, -don Anatolio continued, possessed- my companions led me to the head of the community. In general, the congregations were administrative and religious points where the people responsible for the functions of managing and administering justice lived. The people organized through a family clan in a village far from administrative centers and closer to their milpas and agricultural work. So there were no cities as the Christian or the Moors. People lived very well organized but dispersed in the field, interconnected by excellent roads. This way several families were organized around someone responsible that was supported by a Council of elders of proven effectiveness in the service to the community. The head of families, in turn coordinated with several other like him, at this point, there was a Grand Council composed of elderly people who had been effective heads of family and the Council, picked two household heads to act jointly as the "Organizer" and another as "the administrator" the clans groups familiar with a region.

All family problems were treated in Assembly, whether familial or community nature. Those responsible called the Assembly, problems were tabled for consideration, people evaluated them and had to reach consensus. This way, made pyramidal decisions, large and small,

where all participating, gave an opinion and had to reach consensus, if not, another Assembly was called.

After four days waiting, I was greeted in a large room by the head of the community and the elder's council. The head of my guardians spoke and made a detailed account of the facts from the wreck until the submission before him. Finally requesting in the name of night Jaguar, help so that I found light in my path during my stay in Chetumal.

Sea wind was a wise and prudent man. Despite being the highest authority, he was very humble and had a simple treatment. He was highly respected and admired by the people of Chetumal and its confines. He took me in his custody and sent me to the warriors home, to be trained in military affairs and work on tasks for the community, that in general consisted of construction and maintenance of public buildings, roads and natural wells, as well as agricultural work in the fields for the service and maintenance of government expenditures and the temples.

Gradually I was integrating to the life and pace of the community. Every five days, in the afternoon, I went to Sea Wind house, where we had long talks about the way of living of my people and his. With patience he explained me the uses and customs of his people, and at the same time, asked about the Christians way of life. He was surprised when I told him that what was happening in the Anahuac, the Castilian's invasion, was also happening in my country, where native peoples were also subjected by blood and fire, with the sword and the cross, since 1492 by the Castilians. Killing ancestral authorities and imposing nobles of Castile. That also chased the people that for centuries had the Muslim religion, aria or Jewish. I explained sea wind that what the Spaniards were doing in the Mayab was nothing new. One of the most difficult things to explain was what meant gold, commerce and accumulation for the Christians. As sea wind was formed in the black Jaguar enclosure and also had been a disciple of light Jaguar, it allowed us to have another level of conversation, and also made us feel a veiled brotherhood.

In a visit to Sea Wind home, I was received by his eldest daughter, named Crystal Water, being that his father, because of his high

responsibility, had to leave suddenly. From the first moment I saw her, something profound happened to me. As if lightning ran through my whole body and I was in a state of alert. Beyond her beauty, Crystal Water possessed a power, which upon eye contact, activated a very special state of consciousness. In an instant I knew, that she, was "the woman of my life". The same thing happened to Crystal Water. We both were silent and inexplicably both started to cry, without saying a word. We knew we had finally met and that our fate was sealed.

Never in my life I felt such a force that ran over my heart that way, overflowing it. There was something bigger and stronger than the simple attraction between a man and a woman. In time, Sea Wind realized what was happening between his daughter and I. Crystal Water always found a way to appear discreetly when I visited his father, and without speaking a word, the three knew that there was something very big, which was much higher and that very soon was going to overflow. Before this immense power Crystal Water and I, were as two corks in the sea in the middle of a storm.

The Maya had an education very different to that of the Christians, in principle their religion, although extremely strict was very tolerant, there was no original sin, its practice was family and community, relations between a man and a woman were open and equal. Another very important aspect was that women had equality in the community. The children were very dear and were the center of family and community care. The elderly occupied a preferential place.

The school was free and compulsory, no matter the ranking, all children of any family had an obligation to study in schools, which prepared them according to their abilities, discipline and responsibility, to be citizens with a personality based on very high ethical values and a moral based on strict principles where respect, honesty and solidarity they were the basis of community values, with special emphasis on community service. The elders also occupied a very important place. Were very loved, appreciated and listened, both in family as in the community, especially those that had served efficiently.

As there was no private property and money, in addition, status was earned in "service to the community", relations between people and families were given in terms of community and not of individuality, of

cooperation rather than competitiveness, of cordiality rather than rivalry. Solidarity and community awareness were very valued and developed. This created an atmosphere of equality and harmony that was a fence against natural clumsiness and the always conflictive human relationships. It is not that it was a perfect society, but that the general conditions reinforced the individual to search for virtue and perfection, although as always, in the human species the matter inertia drags the human being to the existential stupidity.

When a community member committed a mistake or a crime, he was judged by the Assembly if the error was minor, but if it was a felony, then he was judged by a court. In very rare cases the punishment was corporal or prison. In general the punishment consisted in repairing the damage and community work. Repeated crimes were severely punished up to definitive exile or for a limited time. The community assumed the error or crime as its own, not in a personal way, because each individual was the community responsibility by not having educated him efficiently.

My life in the House of Eagles and Jaguars was very demanding and strict. All the Anahuac peoples developed teaching through a common lineage, known as the "Magnus artists", which, in the period of greatest splendor created an education system that began with the selection of the candidates from a very early age from their energy composition. In the first part of this teaching, the candidates were called symbolically "hunters", because they hunted knowledge in the schools. When they acquired the necessary knowledge, and were supported by their teachers, then became "warriors", because they would face the most difficult fight that a human being can face with the "internal enemy", this battle was called "florid battle", their weapons were balance and wisdom, metaphorically called "flower and song". When those warriors after many years of development and inner work, came to possess full control of their beings became Magnus artists, meaning, they had succeeded in creating the best work of a master, total consciousness.

However, something mysterious happened and those Magnus artists, the venerable teachers of the internal domain departed from this world because their cycle was completed, but they said they would return at the end of the Fifth Sun. Of this, a long time has since elapsed. The decline started and today we are living in the last period of this Sun.

Through the year bundles have been forgetting the Magnus artist's wisdom. We kept the form, but the essence was lost. The inertia of matter weighed on the following generations and warriors of today defend territories that before belong to all. The flowered wars are no longer against the internal enemy, now is between brothers and in the defense of the interests and ambitions of material possessions.

The Eagles and Jaguars House was a place where a small group of warriors who had specialized in military arts lived. In addition to exercising daily, regularly trained men from small villages. All those who were in fighting conditions, women and men, young or old, had to give "their service" when so required. Communities were very well organized and functioned in "commonality", all who had possibility, men or women, were involved in work for the common good, whether in construction of public buildings, roads, agricultural work or the defense and preservation of the community.

The war for the Maya was different than that of Christians. The objective was not kill or destroy, but taking prisoners, impose taxes and was also had a ritual character. The weapons used were not mortal and battles were usually pre-agreed between the parties with location, date, duration and number of fighters. They could terminate if one of the sides requested or the two agreed. In recent times wars had risen.

The Mayas knew that wars occurred in the highlands and southern mountains. They had successfully repelled invaders, especially the Mexicas. They were also perfectly informed of the Christian raids. They knew they exterminated entire villages and were bloodthirsty, destroying anyone not binding to their power. Their ambition for gold and plunder, was known by the stories of people who had managed to survive their attacks and had come to take refuge in these lands. It was known they had exterminated all inhabitants of the offshore islands and were careful about the Christians incursions to take prisoners to enslave them.

Thus time passed in Chetumal, between my military learning, long talks with Sea Wind, and the friendship that grew with Crystal Water. I learned to live and exist in another culture very different to Christians, moors and Jews. Although some rejected me for not being Maya, the people in general was of sweet, gentle and friendly temperament.

## **CHAPTER VII. The fire vortexes fusion.**

The birds producing a real commotion living in the leafy trees that surrounded the ancient residence woke me up very early. The house was located in a corner so it was very visible and despite its bad condition drew much attention. It was not its size, because it was relatively small compared to the mansions of the Paseo de Montejo, nor was its beauty, as it was a modest chalet architecturally, it was rather its "personality". The morning was fresh and transparent. For me, it was the best time of the day, because at noon the heat was oppressive.

After breakfast, walked downtown. I went to the beginning of the majestic Paseo Montejo and walked right to 47th Street, I turned left on 60th Street, and walked seven blocks until the large town square. Went into the Government Palace to admire Maestro Fernando Castro Pacheco murals and appreciated how the artist recreates the permanent struggle of the Mayan peoples for their freedom and self-determination in these five centuries.

Came to mind the heroic struggle of the insurgent Mayan anahuacas of the Zapatista Army of national liberation EZLN during the past 20 years, they have been a continuation of the resistance struggle, since the start of the invasion to the present day. Tzeltal, Tzotzil, Tojolabal, Chol, Zoque and Mame peoples, continue in defense of their self-determination right as an ancient culture and of their lands and natural resources. The insurgents organize and govern around 250 thousand people in "Juntas of good government", have managed to create, without help from the State, two banks to finance agricultural projects, community stores, cinder block factories, bakeries, herbal products and exported coffee to Europe. All based on the ancient wisdom community of their "uses and costumes".

After contemplating the murals and enjoying the splendid architecture of the Government Palace, I went to the Mercado Lucas de Gálvez that sits on the back of the Cathedral. When seeing the movement, listening to the noises and smelling different odors from the market, I started thinking what would be the famous tianguis of our ancestors. Today, we know they occurred every five days, but its sense and objective had to be very different from the Western concept of "buying".

In principle, because there was no currency and private property, as well as the profit intention, the hoard and consuming. Tianguis has traditionally been a place of encounter and exchange, not only of goods, but fundamentally human. Seeing and feeling the market, I realize we have not changed much in reality.

It was already noon the Sun was high, the walk opened my appetite and thirst, so I went to a place called "The ruin", where I had agreed to see Dr. Felipe Chacón, a friend of Mexico City who came to live in Mérida, to take a bitter and refreshing draught beer dark, and with it came appetizers, a few tasty papadzules made with hardboiled egg and pumpkin seed sauce, kibis, cochinita tacos, and as main course, I ordered a black stuffing. The Yucatan cuisine, as in general, all around the country, has enriched with culinary appropriations by the migration that has arrived in Mexico. When I realized it was already nightfall, I quickly said goodbye to Felipe and I returned to don Anatolio house in a taxi, I needed to prepare the material for our meeting.

While preparing my notes for the interview I stumbled across a book and started to browse it, it was from Dr. Bonifaz Nuño and a yellow underlined text caught my attention that stated: *"not warriors or merchants, but civilization agents, the Olmec fulfilled their self-assigned fate. They fulfilled it up to where in the space were able, and elongated it in time, building what would become the spiritual backbone of our ancient culture. The human concept they forged, gave the perpetual optimism basis to the men who followed them. Their heirs, whether Teotihuacán, Zapotec, Maya, Mixtec, Huastecos, Totonac, Aztec, managed it thanks to the impulse received from them, the endless proliferation of happy cultural buildings whose traces still educate and dazzle. Teotihuacán, Tula, Xochicalco, Cacaxtla, El Tajín, Tikal, Palenque, Toniná, Uxmal, Monte Albán, Mitla, Malinalco, Chichen Itzá, Tenochtitlan, and many other like cities, give testimony of that justified and lasting optimism. Insultingly, scholars still speak of primitive cultures, totemism, rain worship, bloody rites, and focus their attention in the flowered war and the so-called Aztec human sacrifices, as an attempt to legitimize the contempt that justifies our exploitation."*

This is the point, mental and cultural colonization has taught us to see ourselves as we were described by Hernan Cortes, and that "official history", has been repeating methodically until today. -I thought-

idea is to justify the Holocaust and the anahuaca epistemicide of the past, and disguise the exclusion and current exploitation of native peoples. The common Mexican is completely alien to the true history and culture of our mother civilization. We need to find the ancestral past knowledge to find a liberating way to build an "own-ours" future, fair, shared, plural and human.

Something was happening to me, many experiences, discussions and readings of my life were integrating into a different vision of the ancient past of Mexico. This woke up in the depths of me being a growing excitement, exalted mood, like a volcano that was throwing -from primeval inside- very old feelings that had always lived in me, but they were asleep.

When I entered the library had many ideas and questions in my head that I wanted to ask don Anatolio. As always, my host was waiting in his large armchair, quiet waited for me to order my stuff. When I looked up the look I found a pair of eyes that stared with great force, I would swear that don Anatolio had become an attentive owl whose eyes penetrated me.

For a moment I was disturbed, and forgot all the questions I had for him. I felt his stare "digging my interior".

The electrified atmosphere of the meeting broke with the paused and direct words of my interlocutor.

- I see that you went out all day, Merida is a colonial city not so much by its old buildings, but by the mind of many of its inhabitants. Like many cities in the country, which have a strong indigenous presence, relations between people especially those of colonial mind, this is, subjection, domination and exploitation. Mexico is a racist and classist country, but in the south-southeast of the country the conditions are embarrassingly unacceptable. In Yucatán, Campeche, Quintana Roo, Chiapas, Oaxaca, Puebla and Veracruz, their economic and political authorities are "encomenderos" and hang and knife chieftains. The poverty of these States is not due to lack of natural resources, nor much less human, is due to the poor, decadent and colonial vision of the world and the lives of many of those young men who came to these lands as miserable migrants and have accommodated and have re-

created and perpetuated the "colonial culture". These types of foreigners, who are still coming are like ticks, living off the blood of their victims.

- My father was a visionary man -don Anatolio went on to say - perhaps with the help of my grandfather, gave a very valuable turn to The White Jaguar sacred manuscripts. The result of "that turn" was I and the manuscript "update", since it was originally written in XVI century Castilian, what I finally memorized was the recreation of my grandfather and father. They assumed, on losing the material text, that the valuable was the substance and not form, expressly to be understandable by the people of our day. Especially my father had a very advanced and critical vision for his time in regards to the colonial culture in which was born and grew up. He educated me, waking in me a critical consciousness and so sent me to study in Europe. I have dozens of letters from those times. He said that only abroad I could understand what my country was, and would also know form its bowels the Eurocentrism existential misery, that see and treats everyone as inferior. Especially my father devoted himself body and soul to "work" on the ancient wisdom since the manuscripts opened his eyes to another history and reality. This is the reason why family wealth was reduced, my father was more concerned in studying history than in increasing the Rivadeneira family wealth, and as I followed the footsteps of my father here you have me, at the end of the road, with the highest responsibility that the Rivadeneira have assumed.

There was a long silence, and I dared asking a question.

- Don Anatolio, what was then the reason that your father did not make the manuscripts public.

- As I said, I made a big mistake and that is why you are here. My grandfather was sure that "the signal" to present the manuscripts to the people was the end of the "long count". That was on December 21, 2012. My mistake was doubting my grandfather certainty. My father thought that if it was not done in the precise time, the accumulated knowledge would be effective, this is why he waited, but death overtook him and left the responsibility to me. I'm dying and you're the only opportunity I have to comply with the centuries-old responsibility that this message reaches all the now called "Mexican"... as not all are "Mexica".

Don Anatolio fell deep on me. I felt as if suddenly a huge, heavy headstone fell upon me, with all the Rivadeneira family dead. My mouth went dry and I needed oxygen. I opened my eyes.

- Do not you torture yourself Fernando, in facing fate, human beings are as dust in the wind. Rest assured that we, the Rivadeneira, fulfill our responsibility, I am sure that you will fulfill yours. Very large and unknown forces have made the two of being here and now, we only have to act in harmony with destiny. -After a great silence don Anatolio began what already seemed a ritual, the story of the manuscript.

- In the first battles -he said, taking on Gonzalo Guerrero voice - I participated I realized that what I had learned in the campaigns of Granada and Naples as far as the manner of waging Christian war, could be very useful among the Maya. First I learned the Mayan combat techniques and then I started to propose and use Christian technics, the results were very successful, so my ascent began in the House of Eagles and Jaguars.

Visits to Sea Wind house began to be more frequent, now I was visiting Crystal Water, with his father consent. Finally we could not contain all the energy that flooded us, Crystal Water and I decided to unite our lives with the blessing of the Sea Wind. The ceremony was held in the father's house. Relatives and godfathers of Crystal Water took responsibility for the event, and for my part, my brethren of the House of Eagles and Jaguars. After the moving ceremony at the Temple of "The giver of life, the Lord of the movement and measure", in procession headed to Crystal Water House, and there took place the family ceremony, where we were finally symbolically joined by tying her hipil with my tilma.

In an empty room, whitened for the ceremony, placed a mat in the center, ignited a censer with copal, fragrant flowers in large vases, two light sources and we were placed on the mat. Family and friends, especially the elderly, passed separately to the room and putting their hands over our heads gave us tips and recommendations to live in harmony as spouses.

The Council granted us a place to build our house and a plot to grow our food and with the help of the family clan and friends built our house. Since immemorial time the Mayans created a worldview completely different to that of Christians, moors and Jews. There was a general sense that life was sacred, not only of human beings, but the life in its entirety. So everything had life and it was sacred, whether animals, insects, plants, stones, pottery or utensils produced by human hand to mountains, rivers, planets and stars, everything in their world was alive, thus all had "spirit" and so, essentially were all "equal".

This perception is basic to live with the Mayans. The idea that there was a universal order and that everything was interconnected in perfect harmony with all. The main Maya concern was serving the well-being of their community and the notion of spiritual transcendence. The Mayans, as all the Anahuac peoples, were highly spiritual as opposed to Christians who appeared to be more religious. With so many religious struggles for centuries on the peninsula between Arius, Jews, Christians and Moors, turned religions cause of constant strife, death and devastation.

Not so in the Anahuac, where there was a high spiritual perception of life, shared by all the peoples, and manifested in a diversity of cultural representations of that force and immeasurable consciousness, that was invisible, impalpable and unnamable, with multiple manifestations or avocations of that reality. The Mayans called it Hunab Ku, but brothers from the Highlands who speak Nahuatl called it Tloque Nahuaque. This favored, for a long time, a lush plurality and tolerance. The Mexicas, at the end, were those who violated this tolerance with the replacement of Quetzalcoatl by Huitzilopochtli.

Crystal Water and I were swept away by a passion hurricane that was well beyond the carnal realm. A force that was beyond our will and of our reason, not only joined us, but it was a true merger when our bodies were fully coupled in rhythm and passion. As two fire vortexes turned into snakes coming out of our mouths, united in a full and deep kiss, penetrating the others body, and returning through our sex. Both energy snakes were like fire streams that were circulating in opposite directions between our mouths and sex organs to explode in a burst of energy, shedding from our bowels the vital energy that melted in the underbelly of Crystal Water, to engender life. Complementing

opposites had been found and melted to create the beginning of a new time, a new race of humans on mother earth. We were the beginning of a new cycle.

We both knew that we were dragged not by lust. It was a ceremony in which our bodies were used by the Giver of Life, to start a new human race, product of the fusion of the millions of lives that were in Crystal Water and me, to form a single destiny. It was an energy ritual linked to a deep love for life and an immense tenderness that flowed through the pores of our skin. When I embraced Crystal Water I felt I was embracing all the trees and cenotes, her hair and her body produced a soft smell of night jungle and when closed my eyes saw the vastness of a starry night. She was the generous mother earth that opened to receive the human seed. From the beginning, we were fully aware of our responsibility. We were closing the end of a long cycle and at the same time, creating the beginning of a new eternity.

We were favored by "He for who one live" and in the following three years sent us three precious pebbles in custody, which were the greatest joy of our home and our hearts. Afternoon Lucero was the first and Moon Ray was the second and the boy was baptized with the name of Black Snake. Every day I was more integrated to the culture and the community. As these were war times, my services were increasingly useful and I won the authorities respect and warriors confidence, which allowed me by community work merits and population defense, being able to tattoo my body and pierce ears and nose according to the centenarian and rigorous warrior tradition, which were earned by campaign merits and community service.

The family grew in harmony; the children had inherited the best from their parents. The girls had the sweetness of Zazil Há and the strong Black Snake character was the spitting image of my father. Afternoon Lucero was almost a picture of her mother, on the other hand, Black Snake was more akin to my family, but Moon Ray had taken of the two families. She was a harmonious blend of the fusion of two peoples, giving a very special charisma. The children quickly earned the affection of the community, but Moon Ray, was consented by everyone.

These were the golden years of my life in the Anahuac; however, dark clouds lay on the horizon. The stories of two Christian fleets' sightings hanging around the coasts of the Gulf and the peninsula, leaving their trail of death, looting and kidnapping, were coming to Chetumal. The Supreme Council was very concerned, they knew perfectly well all the destruction and death that were doing on the offshore islands and the lands of the South years ago; and there was no doubt that they would soon arrive to these lands. Their greed and violence totally uncontrolled, "without God or law", made them very dangerous and feared people.

## CHAPTER VIII. The beginning of the end.

I opened my eyes and stared at the ceiling for a long time. The walls of the room were high and its color someday had been light blue, now was indefinite. Staring at them for so long, got the impression that the hue variation, due to humidity and time, created faces. So that the walls of the entire house were like screens where depending how you observed, could see different human faces. I became so familiar by observing them that started to fantasize, thinking that they were the spirits of the Rivadeneira family. As if the souls of this family's ancestors were living in the ancient walls of the house, mysteriously watching me from the past. Rather, as if the very house was possessed by the energy of all the Rivadeneira Rondo family generations.

Moldings made of plaster that were at the top of the wall were French and in some parts had broken down. The house in its best days must have been very nice, but literally was crumbling down by time, the climate and the lack of maintenance. However, despite the sorry state of the house, an intense energy was felt, as if it had a life of its own.

I thought that to come to live in Merida required a great effort to acclimatize. The heat, humidity, rain, the cold caused by moisture. I thought of the great sacrifice that the Mayas had to make over thousands of years peoples to acclimatize and make the building prowess of the pyramids and the various buildings found everywhere in the peninsula, also, and fundamentally, the intellectual and spiritual prowess of their great culture, worthy daughter of the mother civilization.

As the famous poet Antonio Mediz Bolio said "*the Yucatecan are people that speaks Spanish and thinks in Maya*". That "Maya thought" is still alive and current, only that it hides in "barren places" of the daily life of peasant and indigenous communities, as well as in many spaces of urban and suburban life of creoles and mestizos.

There are currently more than 5 million speakers of the different variants of the Maya language, both in Mexico and in Central America. The ancient Maya, although they belong to the same Anahuac civilization philosophical-cultural matrix that stretches from what is now

Nicaragua to the North of the United States and part of Canada, have great iconographic differences with other peoples and cultures.

Guillermo Bonfil Batalla, in 1987, when "there were no Indians" for the Mexican State, spoke to us of the existence of two "Mexicos": One deep, poor and a majority, one that sinks its cultural interbreeding in the ancient civilization of the Cem Anahuac; and the other Mexico, which he called "imaginary", not because it did not exist, but because, having political, economic and cultural power has never taken into consideration to the "deep Mexico" for the construction "of the country". So "miscegenation in Mexico", is only a demagogic resource of the Creole State, which has maintained a consistent policy of denial of the ancient mother civilization, who rejects any intellectual, moral and ethical value of native peoples. Folklores its cultural manifestations and uses their Tangible Cultural heritage (crafts) as merchandize and as a tourist attraction (archaeological sites).

For the dominant culture and its creole ideology, Mexico is a mestizo country culturally speaking, by "the meeting of two worlds", but is silent about the invasion, the Holocaust and the knowledge destruction. The millennia ancient history of the Anahuac is reduced to Hispanic myths and fantasies (1325-1521) about the Mexica culture. The ideological basis support Hernan Cortes as the conquest absolute hero and Ia Malinche, as the heroine who provides him information of the political, cultural and religious crisis that underwent the Mexica. The "Mexican family" prototype of the creole ideology is the foreigner father conqueror, the mother treacherous and violated, and the bastard son, traitor and failed.

The Creole State miscegenation, ideologically is a weapon that validates injustice, exclusion and racism during these two centuries of "independent life". The negation of the "other", allows them to steal, loot and kill with impunity. This "type of miscegenation" obliges the excluded and denied to betray and deny himself, making him a "colonized-colonizer", violent and ruthless with his own people, and at the same time, submissive before his exploiter. The ignorance of themselves, of his millenary past, condemns him to poverty and violence. The "Creole cultural miscegenation" praises "its Greco-Roman and Christian roots; but at the same time denies and exclude the values, principles and legacy of the Toltecáyotl and their real

peoples. It is a "false miscegenation", where prevails and exaggerates a part, and refuses, and excludes the other. I was wondering what should be the symbolical importance of reevaluating the historical figure of the first Mexico mestizo family. I was meditating on these issues, when I heard the bell discreetly announcing that breakfast was served.

After breakfast I started sorting my notes, since don Anatolio asked me not to use a recorder because he felt uncomfortable, and in addition, professionally I did not like using it. The journalist must "capture" all the languages in which information arrives, not only the voice of the interviewee, but the ambiance where the interview develops, and the use of the recorder does not allow me to be alert, focus and "capture the mood and essence" of the interviewee, as well as of the ambiance.

It was precisely an open mind and a spirit free of colonized ideas about "the others", those not European, what allowed Sejourné publishing, in 1957, her wonderful book inspired in the teaching of his teacher Mircea Eliade. And that upon discovering the luminous figure of Quetzalcoatl at Teotihuacan, the Feathered Serpent, symbol of wisdom to all Cem Anáhuac peoples and cultures, penetrated into the ancient Toltec wisdom from archaeology, with respect and intellectual honesty, guided by the wise teaching of her mentor.

In all the Cem Anáhuac, but with different names, the Feathered Serpent gives human beings consciousness of their spiritual potential, and teaches them the world sacredness and the divinity of their ephemeral existence. Whether called Quetzalcoatl by the Nahua peoples of the Highlands, Kukulkan by the Mayan, Coo Dzahui by the Zapotec and Xilabela by the Mixtec. About that civilizing line Sejourné writes: *"As such, far from involving rude polytheistic beliefs, the term Teotihuacan evokes the concept of human divinity and points out that the city of the gods was nothing else but the site where the snake miraculously learned to fly; this means, where the individual reached the category of celestial being by inner lift."* [...] *"Moreover, man, for at the same time belonging to the opaque depths and the celestial splendors, constitutes the meeting ground out of which the opposing principles would die in isolation. And by being the consciousness effigy of this creative duality, the Feathered Serpent is the key symbol of the Nahuatl religion."*

All peoples shared the same Toltec wisdom, but each one expressed it in their language, iconography and their own mythology. Here is where lies the strength and power of the mother civilization, which joins in diversity and multiplies the force of its creator and civilizing potential in the unity. Cultural phenomenon, product of a high degree of consciousness, treasured and systematized ancient wisdom, as well as a tolerance and plurality, little observed in the history of mankind.

The mosquitos' arrival at the end of the afternoon, forced me to retire to my room. I started to prepare for the next encounter with don Anatolio. "The White Jaguar sacred manuscripts", had caught me little by little and they were uncovering knowledge floodgates that were closed within me, as asserted by Guillermo Marín, "*on the genetic Bank of cultural information*". Readings, conversations and very deep feelings that I have had throughout my life, were now becoming very clear ideas about the oldest and original identity. Individuals, families and peoples are what we remember. In each one of us is "the memory" since we went out of Africa and that in the Anahuac we have built since fifteen thousand years ago our mother civilization. In our "genetic Bank of cultural information" is deposited all information from "day one". What is required is to have clear conscience that we can access that information. The difficult part is not doing, but imagining it.

When I got to the library, I appreciated don Anatolio countenance not very good. I had not realized this, but as the days passed, don Anatolio is was becoming tired. Up to that moment I realized that he really was dying. He was making a real effort to maintain clarity in the conversation. I realized that each day he had less energy. In such circumstances, I dared suggesting that we should postpone the meeting. He listened and with a slight smile he replied.

- Fernando, understand that I'm dying and not have time.

My stupidity embarrassed me and I told him that I was ready to listen to him. He closed his eyes a while, as if to regain strength and began to talk.

- In the Anahuac existed an efficient communications network connecting knowledge centers from the north to the south part of the continent called Ixachilán in Nahuatl language, especially in the time of

splendor of the great masters. Teotihuacan and Tiahuanaco were the generating centers, and from there branched out connections to valleys, jungles, forests and mountains. The fundamental basis of this information was the astronomical notations which were exchanged in precise, thorough and accurate observation of the movement of the stars from the entire continent. Upon the departure of the Venerable master's continental communication was lost, but somehow communication was maintained in the regions.

Because of this communication the invasion was perfectly known, the destruction and genocide that Christians were systematically doing since 1492 on the Islands and coasts. It all started one evening when a Castilian ship arrived in Chetumal bringing priest Jerónimo de Aguilar to take me before Hernan Cortez, who invited me to join the expedition. His rescue attempt seemed an attempted abduction, as those they were doing. I refused to join the expedition and told him that I was not willing to participate with a band of criminals and killers; and that since Jeronimo was a man consecrated to God, I didn't understand how could be an accomplice to such criminals. I told Jeronimo that he already knew the civilized, peaceful and spiritual life of the Maya, that they had respected his for being a man of God, despite not being Hunab Ku, and that such tolerance and civility would not be there anymore if he returned to the wild life and warrior of the primitive and fanatics Christians who only came for gold, murdering at will and mercilessly to become rich at any price.

Jerome hesitated, and then Crystal Water admonished and told him: how dare you come to destroy our family and leave our children without a father, and that if it was what his God preached. Jeronimo managed to propose that I took my family, but I told him that if I did so, my children whom I loved so much, would end as Christians servants, always despised and hurt. You've seen how Christians treat the natives of these lands, as servants or slave labor until their death. I don't want that for my family. My children were born out of love, of respect and in freedom, in the bosom of an educated civilization with high ethical and moral values, and solid community and spiritual principles. I don't want to condemn them to live in slavery, ignorance and religious fanaticism. The Mayab is now my land, the Maya my people, Hunab Ku who gives me life and to whom I owe myself in harmony, this is my family and my people, and will defend them to the death. Go then, and follow the path

of your life, I hope that you don't drown in the sea of blood which surely will run under your feet.

The following morning the Supreme Council called all the leaders and responsible to a session. Reviewed what had happened the previous day, and Sea Wind said that the cocomes, tutul xieues, Itza, canules, cheles and cupules, should be prepared to face the imminent Dzules invasion, but in coordination with all the peoples of the peninsula. Messengers were sent to the most distant and a Council was convened to create a joint defense strategy with all of the Mayan peoples. At that meeting, at a point, I spoke as head of the Chetumal House of Eagles and Jaguars, explained the reasons for the invaders and their objectives, as well as their tactics of deception, theft and extermination. Finally I proposed a strategy to train all the warriors of the peninsula in military tactics to overcome and reject Christians. After five days of deliberation, the leaders of other peoples accepted the proposal and started training the military technics to fight Christians and coordinate all the Warriors of the Mayab in a common front.

An ancient site that the Venerable teachers long ago had abandoned, known as "The old house" Labná, in the center of the peninsula, was appointed as headquarters to receive all information about the Dzules of their attacks and looting in coastal communities, as well as attempts to penetrate inland. The old House were all the news and from there, to through messengers, informing all the peoples of the Mayab.

For this reason we knew that in March of 1519, when Cortes won the "Centla battle" against the Chontal, tlatoani Tabscoob gave him a slave named Malinalli Tenepatl "Dead Grass", who was born in the area of Xicalango, and so her native language was the nahuatl, but that as a child was delivered as war tribute to the Chontal that spoke Maya, so this was her second language. Cortes used her as translator and through Jerónimo de Aguilar, my shipwreck companion, created the Nahuatl-Maya-Spanish bridge; shortly thereafter, Malinche as she was named by the Christians, learned to speak Spanish and became Cortes counselor, who would not take a step without consulting Malinche.

The participation of this woman was primarily definitive in the Mexica defeat. Malinche told Cortes what was happening at that time in the

Cem Anahuac, especially the religious and political crisis the Mexicas had, by having transgressed the millenary Toltecáyotl, minimizing the religious-philosophical figure of Quetzalcoatl and imposing their tutelary God Huichilopochtli. She explained to Cortes the transcendence of the "prophecy of the return of Quetzalcoatl", that precisely was in that year of 1519. Explained to him the significance of having the philosophy and spiritual religion represented by the "Feathered Serpent" change, replaced by Huitzilopochtli, the "left-handed Hummingbird", representing the mystic-warrior vision of the cult to matter and the will of power. The Aztecs changed the "Toltec flowered battle" which was an internal Warrior spiritual battle for the flowered death, to the "Aztec flowered battle", which was a fight against their neighbors to gather prisoners for the Fifth Sun sacrifice, and that it would not end according to the prophecy, as well as tributes to enrich Tenochtitlan and their warrior nobility. The Mexicas began to use cocoa as an instrument of change, being that for thousands of years there was no currency, giving commerce an importance that never existed before, as well as consumption of products brought to Tenochtitlan from tributes. Started to use private property, because before everything was community, the schools turned military and in general society militarized and materialized.

All this had created bad feelings, both to the inside of a part of the Triple Alliance leadership, -especially Texcoco-, as among the peoples subjected to excessive tax burdens, as never had happened in the Anahuac. The Francisco Hernández raids in 1517 and Juan de Grijalva in 1518, plus the mythical date of "one cane" in the Quetzalcoatl return prophecy, which was precisely that year, were used by Cortes to assume himself as the "Quetzalcoatl Captain", and the King of Spain as Quetzalcoatl, who -according to him-, had sent him to restore the ancient education and restore the philosophical importance of the Feathered Serpent figure.

Cortes betrayed the expedition responsible to the Crown, the Governor of Cuba, Diego Velázquez, and the partners who financed him, for which purpose he created the municipality of the Villa Rica de la Vera Cruz, which enabled him to break away from Cuba law, renounce as Velázquez captain and nominate himself as captain of the new expedition party. As several members of the expedition did not agree on the illegality committed, decided to return to Cuba and deliver

Cortes to justice, but Cortes went ahead of them and ordered drilling all ships except one, to preclude his delivery to authorities; and in the best ship sent Francisco de Montejo with the first writing to the King of Spain, to engage in direct negotiations with the Crown, ensuring the "Royal Fifth" of all stolen for the Royal coffers.

The expedition received very important support from the Cempoalla Totonacs, because they provided a large number of women and men to supply and prepare their food. Advised by Malinche, Cortes negotiated with Tlaxcala and headed to Tenochtitlan. Along the way he made the first great slaughter in Cholula, of the many he would make, and agreed an alliance with Ixtlilxóchitl, the son of the late Texcoco tlatoani Netzahualpilli. Ixtlilxóchitl was at war with his uncle Moctezuma, because he had taken the opportunity from him of becoming Texcoco tlatoani. Ixtlilxóchitl was an expert and valiant warrior that had three hundred thousand warriors at his command. He and his men were the true architects of the Tenochtitlan fall.

Cortes was received at Tenochtitlan by Tlatócan consent, as Ambassador and captain of Quetzalcoatl. Moctezuma who "ruled by obeying" the Tlatócan, gave Cortes command of the Triple Alliance and the tributaries lordships in a solemn session. But days later Cortes was notified that Panfilo de Narvaez had reached La Villa Rica de la Vera Cruz, with a thousand five hundred men, sent by the Governor of Cuba to detain the fugitive from justice and subjecting him to the courts. Panfilo de Narváez sent envoys to Tenochtitlan to ask him to surrender. Cortes negotiated with the envoys, promised them gold if the expedition to arrest him turned sides to his camp, this was attained because of ambition as during the XVI century there were no soldiers in Spain and much less in the Anahuac invasion. All were filibusters willing to sell themselves to the highest bidder.

Cortes left Pedro de Alvarado in charge of the city of Tenochtitlan and with four hundred men went to take Panfilo de Narvaez prisoner. Narvaez men of according their deal, pretended resistance and Narváez lost an eye and the expedition. Cortes returned to Tenochtitlan with nineteen hundred men and it as him who ordered the Great Temple massacre that triggered the struggle. The Mexica upon seeing how the Spaniards killed five thousand totally unarmed people who were going to perform the Toxcatl ceremony, and who were the

elite of their city, took up arms and laid siege to the Castilians until with a brilliant strategy devised by Ixtlilxóchitl, who attacked the city by the Lake with thousands of canoes at dawn, while the Castilians fled on the opposite side and he sent his brother to the valleys of Otumba to protect the escape. Cortes in his madness thought they were enemies and attacked them, the Texcucanos warriors withdrew until communication was achieved, and together they made their way to refuge in Tlaxcala.

Finally, it was Ixtlilxóchitl who commanded the battle against Tenochtitlan which lasted eighty days, where the Aztecs made a heroic defense; the city fell on August 13, 1521, after fierce fighting. That date is not the end of the conquest, but on the contrary, is the beginning of it. Under the "uses and customs" of the Triple Alliance, the vanquished became part of Cortes filibusters, as well as their Tlaxcala allies, texcucanos and other villages in the Valley of Anahuac.

Shortly after the Tenochtitlan fall expeditions began to go out with a handful of Christians and thousands of anahuaca warriors to submit and conquer the Cem Anahuac lordships. The truth is that the anahuacas warriors allied to the Christians were who took the most bloody and heavy Spanish invasion part. Thus, after the Tenochtitlan fall, the Mexicas, now allies of the Christians, according to the uses of Mexicas warriors, along with the xochimilcas, tlaxcaltecs and texcucanos, among other Christian allied peoples, became the conquering armies. The warriors were those who carried all equipment and supplies, besides being in the front line of combat.

News of everything that Christians did and their now Nahua allies of the Highlands were regularly coming to the Old House. In those early years of the Anahuac invasion, the Maya people prepared for the inevitable encounter with these belligerent foreigners, who without any offense, came to take others property, kill left and right, and destroy our way of life, religion, government, language, values and impose theirs claiming they were good and ours was bad. It was then that the sun began to darken, the birds stopped singing, and flowers began to lose their aromas and colors.

In the Anahuac Valley, as curse fell relentlessly the Cocoliztli. People died full of purulent grains and there was no medicine for them. The

beginning of the end was announced and the Dzules, the sun eaters were heading to the Mayab.

## CHAPTER IX. The founding fathers.

Literally, in those few hours before sunrise I couldn't sleep. Didn't even try. Instead, began to work on the notes I had taken don Anatolio narration. The truth, the version of "The White Jaguar sacred manuscripts" had been "translated" to the "modern language" by don Anatolio grandfather and father, seemed more like the script of an adventure film than a XVI century text. What impressed me the most, was that the Maya were aware of the Spanish expeditions and that, from the beginning in 1492, were closely monitoring them as don Anatolio explained. When one thinks, it looks logical. What happens to many Mexicans is that we are very prejudiced by colonial and neo-colonial, ideology that prevents us from seeing, conceiving and understanding our history from a different perspective than that of the official history of the SEP, the Government speech and that of the dominant culture, meaning to say, the mass media.

Gonzalo Guerrero vision of himself, the Mayans, the Spaniards, and what they were doing impressed me greatly. Never before it had occurred to me that the conquest "historical sources", were only a part of "reality" and that the Maya should have seen "another reality", in which the Spaniards were savages, murderers and invaders, that came to these lands to steal, murder, and dominate for no reason. The colonial discourse is that what spaniards made in America was a heroic act and civilization, as history always is written by the victors. This is the reason why there is in the city of Mexico, in Reforma Avenue, a monument to a genocidal as Christopher Columbus and in Coyoacan, a monument to Hernan Cortés, called "monument to miscegenation". What a shame!

This reminded me what José Vasconcelos wrote on the topic in the prologue of his novel the Creole Ulises: "*In any case, the most optimistic conclusion that can be derived of observed facts is that even the most contradictory miscegenation can be resolved beneficially whenever the spiritual factor contributes to raise them. Indeed, the decadence of Asian peoples is attributable to their isolation, but also, and no doubt, firstly, to the fact that they have not been Christianized. A religion such as the Christian did advance the American Indians, in a few centuries, from cannibalism until their relative civilization.*" This was written in 1935, by the SEP creator and UNAM Rector.

But towards the end of the same XX century, the very Octavio Paz having received the literature Nobel prize, writes in his book "Glimpses of India" (1995): "*Not all was horror: on the ruins of the pre-Columbian world Spaniards and Portuguese rose a grandiose historical construction, which in their large strokes, still is in foot. They joined many peoples who spoke different languages, worshipped different gods, fighting among themselves or did not recognize them. They were joined through laws and legal and political institutions but, above all, by the language, the culture and the religion. If the losses were enormous, earnings have been immense.*

*To judge the Spaniards work of in Mexico fairly must emphasize that without them -I mean: without Catholic religion and culture implanted in our country– we would not be what we are. We would probably be a set of peoples divided by beliefs, languages and different cultures."*

The mental and cultural colonization by Eurocentrism, in addition to being shameful, has denied us of lucid minds that could have built a better world than that which was destroyed by colonizers. With large exceptions, Mexican artists and intellectuals, only copy models and foreign flows. The worst thing is that they do it wrongly and untimely, reason why European artists and intellectuals always have despised them.

Mornings made me feel more clarity about what happened. I thought that it is unobjectionable that Cem Anahuac peoples, whether Mayas or Purepecha, in 1492 all were part of an ancient civilization, were much more advanced than the Europeans, as the astronomy case, mathematics, botany and medicine, to name only a few sciences and had better quality of life, in food, health, education and organization, than the Europeans. In addition due to the middle ages, were experiencing the most severe dark ages in Europe, the little knowledge that Christians had was owed to the Arab culture, that kept alive the Greek knowledge and made great advances in mathematics, medicine, astronomy and engineering. The point is that the colonial "vision" on the conquest, is what has been maintained until our days. Cultural and intellectual colonization makes us suppose, -without question-, that the Spanish brought "civilization" to savage and primitive peoples, but it is until recently that this dogma has started to crack.

Texts written by conquistadors and missionaries are shameful, totally partial, without scientific rigor, without the least humanism and which in general, are written in a "fashion" for authorities, whether the Crown, the Church or the writer, and that these texts are taken as "historical sources" true, totally reliable! It is equivalent as if within five centuries the presidential reports in Mexico are taken as a unobjectionable historical truth. The most faithful and recent image of this colonizer speech is embodied in the cinematic Mel Gibson poorly made called "Apocalypto".

Shameful are these texts and the cynical colonizer speech, but more unacceptable is the passivity and the completely uncritical attitude of teachers, intellectuals, researchers and artists of Mexico, with very few exceptions, have remained indifferent and submissive to the mental and cultural colonization that we have suffered during these five centuries. What was heard from the lips of don Anatolio, written by Gonzalo Guerrero and translated into modern language by his grandfather and his father, had totally exalted me. An internal explosion began to shed old feelings that were saved in my "gene bank of cultural information". As a volcano came out of my genes flashes of anger, pain and at the same time sublime emotion by knowing me otherwise, from knowing my ancestors from a different perspective that metaphorically were Gonzalo and Zazil Há, miscegenation parents! It seemed to me, at that moment, a vileness make the people of Mexico suppose that Cortés and Malinche were the symbol of miscegenation, and that, we -the people- were -metaphorically-, the bastard frustrated and traitor son symbolized by Martín Cortés, "the mestizo", the excluded and despised by the Spaniards, the very Cortes and his brother, also called Martín Cortés, but recognized son of a spaniard named Juana de Zúñiga.

The discrete Caralampio bell, called me for breakfast breaking the turbulent river of my thoughts. I realized I was very hungry and tired. The day had been exhausting. I had breakfast and I fell into a deep sleep in which the characters of don Anatolio stories appeared, as in an endless carousel projected on the walls of my room.

The sound of the rain woke me up. I had slept eight hours and the afternoon was soaked with the storm. I was not completely restored because I was dreaming of don Anatolio stories. Something was

happening to me, but it seemed that Gonzalo and Zazil Há were becoming alive inside of me, not as ghosts or beings from beyond death, but rather as a powerful feelings that had always been dwelling in the depths of my being, and that with the story of The White Jaguar sacred manuscripts, found a crack in my armored colonized perception of the world, of life and history. It was as if two huge tectonic plates, which were for five centuries in underground and violent opposition and suddenly, though a fissure, began to sprout the consciousness magma, which destroyed heavy mental "constructions" and immense feelings, which despite being unrelated, had joined my being.

Now I began to gain awareness of what was going on in my inside, from the first day that heard the message of Gonzalo Guerrero. This lava that ran inside of me was totally changing "my inner landscape". It was a mental cataclysm, emotional, and above all, spiritual. I began to see and feel my people in a different way. I myself felt completely different.

All the inner discomfort I felt before reading don Anatolio letter, had been a preamble for receiving the manuscripts information. That discomfort prepared me to open my heart to another possibility of understanding the world. My life in Mexico city had run its course, and despite material achievements, "professional successes" and existential comfort, in my inner being, there was a powerful force pushing me to seek another life interpretation. It could not be that all human existence was reduced only to make money and buy. No, at least not mine, no.

Before time came for my meeting with don Anatolio I started to reread the text "True History of the deep Mexico", by Guillermo Marín. A book given to me by Oaxacan teacher Enedino Jiménez, poet, social fighter, and in his day leader of section XXII of the CENTE in Oaxaca, whom I met in one of the encounters of Oaxacan poets organized by the Culture Houses of Oaxaca and Juchitán, in the eighties, with the unforgettable poet and cultural promoter Macario Matus. What strikes me from this book is that it makes a tour of the eight thousand years of history, of what is now Mexico, but through a vision based on cultural identity and the human development of the mother culture, quoting historians, but from a decolonized perspective.

Because the point is, that the trauma that the peoples of Mexico have been subjected, is not the "conquest", but of the loss of historical memory. The supposed trauma of the conquest is a ruse to make invisible the ostensible forgetting of the people, which represents the fundamental weapon for maintaining the existing neo-colonial system. Because as individual, as family and as a people, "we are what we remember". If we don't know where we come from, who our ancestors really were, what were their achievements, where their greatness lies, what was their wisdom and historic civilizing project. And to this we add an official biased history, false and completely partial, the end result is a people without historical memory, without identity, which makes them insecure, weak and fragile, easily prey to their and predators and exploiters. This book allows through historians and researchers' quotes having another vision of the country that Dr. Guillermo Bonfil called, the "Profound Mexico"

The time came, and as soon as Caralampio knocked on my door, I went out with my things heading to the aged House library. In the darkness and the old books odor don Anatolio greeted me. He let me set my things and adjusted the table lamp. I signaled that was ready, don Anatolio closed his eyes; his white hands slowly moved though his short hair and finally placed them on his lap. At that point I realized that don Anatolio always wore black.

- My family's life has been affected by the responsibility of possessing and preserving The White Jaguar sacred manuscripts -began to say almost whispering-. In the early days, because it would have been a cause for the Holy Inquisition to torture and murder my family, and then dispossess them of all property and rights. Subsequently, because during fourteen generations, it remained the fundamental reason for preserving the manuscripts and this gave a very different turn to my family. In the Colonial period, royal institutions, and in particular the different institutions of the Catholic Church, they pursued all vestiges of the invaded civilization. The criterion was that everything related to the civilization of the Anahuac was demonic, especially their philosophy and religion. In 1562, Fray Diego de Landa burnt thousands of Mayan codices and today only three remain in the world, of which, one is in Mexico. Destruction, genocide and episteme destruction, sustained and justified the crimes, robbery and injustices made by Europeans to native peoples, whether Maya, Nahua, Quechua or Mapuche. Denying

them human condition, invaded peoples lost all right over themselves, their lives, freedom and material goods. They went by royal and divine right, through Vatican envoys, to the ruthless hands of the invaders.

This invader-conqueror creed, to make believe the conquered inferior, removing the right of being the son of their God, and almost a unconscious and wild animal, was the currency during three centuries of colonization, and has been maintained, -hypocritically-, these last two centuries in creole neocolonialism. Upon assuming that foreigners had all rights and the "naturals" none, was what allowed the excessive exploitation and apparently, the inexhaustible predation, both of original peoples as well as their natural resources. The miserable Europe at the end of the middle ages saw entering their Royal coffers hundreds of tons of gold and silver that initiated their capitalism, the "modern age", the conquest of the world and Eurocentrism. Colonization started in America, but continued in Africa and Asia.

Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, British, French and Germans continued the invasion of the world in pursuit of raw materials, slave labor and markets, until the 20th century. The Europeans were devoted to invading and colonizing the entire planet for their benefit, destroying cultures, philosophies, knowledge, religions, values and ancestral ways of life to "implement modernity and democracy", which is nothing more than the materialistic view of life and the world in favor of the "money owners". Is a true suicide what they continue doing now in full century XXI with neo-liberalism and globalization. Before this was accomplished with caravels and harquebuses, then with gunships and missiles, now with mass media communication and banks.

This is why the manuscripts are so important, because at this critical time, not only in Mexico, but much of the world, produced by the excesses of the worshipers of the empire of the cult of the "golden calf", humanity has to turn around to see the old way and resume it. No matter how difficult it seems, the difficult part is not doing it, but imagining it. The manuscripts may be the trigger to make people wake up and "connect" with the best of all their ancestors, both anahuacas and Europeans. Because the truth is that we are children of the children of Zazil Há and Gonzalo Guerrero. We represent,-all-, that family by which Zazil Ha promised Gonzalo that would strive to give to their children the best education and the highest values to become the

seed of a new nation. A family for who Gonzalo Guerrero fought and defended to his death. We must honor with our acts, in facing this crisis, our founding fathers.

Because today, neither indigenous peoples living according to their ancient culture, are culturally mixed. Nor foreigners, who have lived for generations in the Anahuac, live according to their mother culture. Today all are culturally mixed and the symbol of this wonderful miscegenation is the Zazil Ha and Gonzalo Guerrero family. Their children are each and every one of us, taking more from one part or the other, but we have created something different from those who gave us life. This is the dialectic of culture and the human. We are a people totally different from those who gave us life, but we have the best of both sides, although, from an un-colonized view, the oldest and most profound part is the Cem Anahuac mother culture.

- Look at me Fernando, my "body" is European, but my "engine" is anahuaca. In that picture, -said, pointing to the wall- you can see my father and my grandfather, their phenotype was European, but their heart, passionately Maya. It was my father who was most impassioned with the manuscripts and it was he who sent me to live and study in Europe. Maybe this is why I took the manuscripts with more passion than my father. From a distance you can see much better what is inside. My father fussing much in my education, but despite his age and his time, surprisingly was a "full time" decolonizer, reason why, the family economy came crashing down. Little by little the family was selling henequen haciendas, the lands and I have had to let go the houses in the city of Merida, to the point that Caralampio and I barely have enough to live, he rather than a worker, is as my "path companion". When I leave, he will be the owner of the few goods remaining of the Rivadeneira Rondo family.

- I would take the opportunity, -told don Anatolio-, since you mentioned your family, I would like to know, how was it that the manuscripts came to you.

- That's a good question that I would like to respond, but unfortunately, that information is lost in time -said with weary air-. It is known that the manuscripts were in Maya hands for some time, but in that fierce and fanatical pursuit, it was smarter to hide them by putting them in the

hands of a wealthy European family. It is a real mystery how this masterful change took place, from indigenous to European hands. The Spaniards, by ignorance, inability, or fear, could never penetrate the ancestral knowledge of the Mayans. This territory has always been forbidden for the "non-Maya". Anahuac knowledge men and women withdrew from "earth's surface", more than six centuries before the conquistadors set foot in the Mayab. However, -will tell you-, I think that the Maya men of knowledge arguably had to do with this amazing change and I think that during all this time, they have been ensuring and protecting this valuable cultural heritage from the world of the nahual. What, have you not noticed?

The ancient wisdom from the collapse of the upper classical period, which occurred in the middle of the 9th century, physically disappeared from the Cem Anahuac, but has been permanently there, where nobody sees it, where very few, "barely feel it". The fact that the dominant culture "doesn't see it" or denies it, does not mean it is not there. Around the year 850, within a generation the knowledge centers were abandoned in all the Cem Anahuac, some burned, destroyed and covered with Earth; others were left in ruins and were reused by later peoples as sacred places or cemeteries. The venerable masters departed, but they said they would return to restore balance and harmony. From those times until the present, in the subconscious of the children of their children, always has been present the return of the feathered snake, which is rather the knowledge. Precisely for this reason Cortes, advised by Malinche, took over as Quetzalcoatl captain and could do as much damage as he did. First defeated the Mexica with help of tlaxcállan and texcucanos peoples, and subsequently with both began the conquest of the entire territory. The military and economic weight of the conquest of what is now Mexico, at least during the first part of the 16th century, was basically supported by the anahuacas peoples, especially the nahuas of the Highlands. We conquered ourselves. They divided and faced us, removed our language, memory, knowledge, spaces and our ancestral spirituality, they made us slaves for these five centuries. Their key weapon has been our ignorance of ourselves. That is why the importance of the manuscripts, we have to recover our historical memory Fernando!

But returning to the point, the venerable masters of the ancient Anahuac wisdom, known in the nahuatl language Toltecáyotl, have

been present since the year 850, although we don't see them, although we may not know them, but they have been and continue to be "ancient guardians" of our human treasures. Very powerful guardians, because they have the freedom of being unknown to all. They are not seen, but they are there. Perhaps, I think, they were the architects of this formidable change. Placing the manuscripts in the hands of a wealthy European family and in the heart of the city of Merida, is a brilliant strategy. Something almost supernatural should have occurred to the Rivadeneira family to "make them repositories responsible for this wonderful legacy", written with a spaniard fist but dictated with a Maya heart.

Personally I think that Toltec old grandparents have "seeded" all the Anahuac with treasures of this magnitude, waiting for the right moment for their exhilarating revelation. In the very city of Mexico, Oaxaca, Puebla, Morelia; among mestizos, Maya, Nahua, Mixtec, Zapotec, Huichols, Yaquis and other cultures, there are deposited these treasures in the heart of the sons of the sons of the old grandparents. I have a feeling that they will soon begin to bloom these beautiful flowers and these "rich songs", which like seeds of the desert, can spend years and years, waiting for a storm and flourish from one day to the other after the expected downpour, in the middle of the desert and human desolation. Thus wonderful and mysterious are the human beings and their ancient cultures. Fernando, what does it matter how they got the documents in our hands! The important thing is how to transcend them and fulfill the mission for which they were created. -Don Anatolio seemed exhausted by the emotion of his own words.-

I kept a respectful silence and don Anatolio closed the eyes, as if concentrating.

- I want to make a parenthesis, to explain the context in which the European invasion was, and will be easier to understand what happened to Gonzalo Guerrero and his family, as well as the reason for writing these manuscripts. - don Anatolio said very calmly.

- The creation of the New Spain Viceroyalty began with a forced speed with military power of the Anahuac Valley Nahua peoples; they quickly learned the Spaniard warrior uses and customs, from using their weapons to plunder and murder, putting them at the service of

Europeans interests. But also, became a struggle between the conquerors and the bureaucracy of the Crown and the Church. The first considered themselves the undisputed masters and Lords of the lands and conquered men, but the advance of the colonial machinery undermined their almost unlimited power. By 1528 the first hearing was formed and Nuño de Guzmán declared himself enemy of Hernan Cortés. Before the conflicts of authority and power, the Crown created the second audience in 1531. But it wasn't until 1535 when Carlos V named Antonio de Mendoza, New Spain first viceroy.

In 1526 the King of Spain appointed Francisco de Montejo, "Adelantado, Captain General, and main sheriff of Cozumel, Yucatan and Tabasco". Montejo sold all of his possessions in Spain, to finance the expedition, and with his son and a nephew began the first campaign in 1527, with a resounding failure because the Maya peoples were prepared and were waiting for them, thanks to the training by Gonzalo Guerrero. The second campaign begins in 1530 with poor results, the Mayan villages defended against the invasion and occupation with heroism, even those in Tabasco, where Montejo set his headquarters. Many of the filibusters that accompanied Montejo left him seeing the stubborn resistance and went to join the Peru invasion. Such was the Mayan defense that Montejo had to ask the Spanish Crown for help in 1535. All the economic and military power was disposed to end the Maya resistance.

The new strategy was supported first in murdering Gonzalo Guerrero, his wife and children. The Montejo pledged to send a punitive expedition to "remove" the resistance origin. The Crown conditioned its help on the assassination, since they were not going to tolerate that any spaniard joined the side of the invaded and the Gonzalo Guerrero example spread, whether by noble feelings or personal interest of some European Kingdom, as greed had already started for the wealth found in the occupied lands. Also, the Catholic Church was not going to allow spaniards to have sex with animals, much less procreate with them and assume their demonic religion. It was in 1550, in Valladolid, Spain, where the known "Controversy of the natives", occurs between Fray Bartolome de las Casas and Juan Gines de Sepulveda where it was "found" that the anahuacas had a soul, and as such, were not animals. For the Catholic Spaniards in the 16th century, having sex with animals was prohibited by the sixth commandment that states:

"you shall not commit impure acts", that means, you shall not have sexual intercourse with animals. But fundamentally, for the Spanish Crown an exemplary punishment was imperative, for spaniards who sought to betray her in America, and procreate children with indigenous people. The New Spain Viceroyalty was for spaniards and mestizos would not be tolerated. The Indians, if they were hostile to colonization had to be exterminated, and those submissive, would become servants and slave labor and would be Christianized as reward. This was the condition set forth by the Crown in order to support Francisco of Montejo and his partners, for the Yucatan conquest. The execution of Gonzalo Guerrero, today would be called, a State crime. Considering all of the above, the manuscripts left as a legacy by Gonzalo Guerrero takes on another dimension. Gonzalo Guerrero was not a traitor, what happened is that the Mayan culture humanized and civilized him.

Don Anatolio went silent for a while, as is regaining strength for his exhausted body. He closed his eyes and began telling the penultimate part of the White Jaguar sacred manuscript.

- The defense of the peninsula, over time was more difficult to sustain, some Mayan villages became allies of the invaders not to be razed, tortured and enslaved. Castilians continued arriving, not only by sea, but also from the mountainous area in the West Sea. From informants, we learnt that spaniards were coming for me and my family. It was the year of 1535 and I decided to pretend my death, so Christians would not look for me anymore and I could protect my family. It was very clear to me, that the Mayan people resistance was a bad example that could spread among many peoples of the Anahuac, especially because they already knew of the defeats that Spaniards were suffering in the north and in the Mayab.

The Supreme Council decided that my family and I should hide in the "southern lowlands" jungles, for a while and until the Montejo onslaught passed. It was a place where the invaders could not penetrate, it was a natural refuge. It was known they had put a price to our heads; the objective was an exemplary extermination. I knew that the most important, in addition to the Mayab defense, was to preserve my family, especially my beloved children, representing the honorable

beginning of a lineage that would populate these lands. Sooner or later the spaniards would not exterminate their own children.

The Castilians from the start of the invasion left children in the offshore islands, but these were added to the conquest and colonization enterprise as guides, informants or servants. My children would not be spaniards servants and executioners of their own brothers. Instead, they would be the beginning of a new cycle that would change the face of these lands. The encounter and the flowered fruit of the best of two cultures in conflict. Because not all spaniards that arrive are murderers and thieves, and not all anahuacas are faithful to the ancient Toltec tradition. Some individuals and peoples have immediately taken for themselves, a place in the conquest and colonization. They imitate the predator and exploiter attitude in a diminished role of "defeated-victor" and become a terrifying "colonized-colonizer". As Malinche and the Christians anahuaca allied peoples.

The flowered fruit of the love between Crystal Water and I, were these three precious pebbles, these quetzal feathers, that would be the basis and foundation, where the best of Crystal Water, her family, people and culture, mixed with mine, my family, my culture and my people. That powerful force, that wonderful energy that drew and fused my wife and me into a single being, was a design of "He for whom one lives", to end a cycle and start a new one. Miscegenation was the only option to transcend so much suffering, death and destruction. The best days of the Anahuac Toltec wisdom had passed more than thirteen year bundles ago. The knowledge was exhausted and required a strong shaking to enter the resumption process of a new cosmic cycle. All birth brings pain and blood, but produces a new life. Miscegenation is the beginning of the new Anahuac cycle. But that miscegenation should result from the better of the two parts that comprise it. A luminous and balanced miscegenation, full of love and encounter, respect and mutual valuation. The better of the two parts of the miscegenation produces a third, much better and different from the two that formed it. This is precisely the value of this nascent miscegenation represented in my children, my wife and I.

The venerable masters of the "Black Jaguar enclosure" knew that the systemized and preserved Toltec wisdom in Toltecáyotl asserted that

opposites, -if complemented in balance-, form a third element, totally different and deeply improved and enhanced from the two that produced it. It is the case of the quetzal, symbol of the most beautiful bird which rises in search of heavenly wisdom, and the snake that crawls on earth and represents the material world strength. In that opposite complementing union a third is formed, much more important and transcendent, I mean the Quetzalcoatl in the Toltec Nahuatl language and in Mayan language Kukulcán. Allegory that involves a challenge to embody it, that is, achieving balance between the bird and the snake that live in each of the human beings.

My family, but especially my beloved children, shall be the beginning of a new lineage in this sacred land of the feathered snake of the "true men and women" that with their own faces own and their flowered hearts must create a new alternative to reach consciousness of life sacredness from the full development of all their potential. The Anahuac mestizos shall be the enhanced sum of the two cultures that made it possible for them to be born.

This is the real reason why "The Lord of heaven, giver of movement and measure" sent me to Anahuac. Now I understand it, this challenge is what gives reason and meaning to my life. Every human being has a reason to live, a mission, a way to go. Because all have been created by the mercy and love of "He for whom one lives". We are all living beings possessors of a fraction of his infinite love and thus all were and are equal and therefore we are part of Him. With a group of men and women, including peasants, medical and teachers for the group children, as well as with a group of trusted warriors and their families, started the road, first by sea and then to the most recondite of the southern jungles. The Supreme Council instructions were to create a safe and impenetrable refuge, and in it, founding a small self-sufficient community where we should wait the passing of the siege and extermination difficult times, where our children could grow safely and wellbeing.

After a long and painful journey in the impenetrable virgin forest, we found a small mountain range from where we could see from the top of the highest mountain any incursion at a great distance. It was the ideal place, had a water spring and between the hills a small valley to grow our food. We built houses with mud and reeds and found a cave very

suitable to be used as a refuge for the small community. The Supreme Council instructions were to remain there until they ordered us to return. A messenger delivered confirmation that we had complied with as ordered and the place in which we were.

## CHAPTER X. The final battle.

I woke up earlier than usual. Two ideas began to resonate in my head as an alarm clock and made me wake up. I had to answer the questions that flowed from these reveries. The question is, the fact that the manuscripts have moved from Mayan to European hands in the 16<sup>th</sup> century, was something truly difficult to happen, if not impossible. As don Anatolio stated, "*That's a good question that I would like to respond, but unfortunately, that information is lost in time.*" Not only in colonial times, even in the 20<sup>th</sup> century many stories are known that cannot be explained. Stories and characters that have to do with "that ancient wisdom", which has remained covert and totally inaccessible for the dominant culture.

This made me remember an interview I made to a "healer" from Tula, Hidalgo, called Angel Xochimapictli Texcocano, who appeared in the "newspaper Uno mas Uno" on March 19 and 20, 1979. In the interview, the man of knowledge, said among other things: "*in the current Mexico, the Indian that you see on earth's surface is the Indian residue, his appearance. The true Indian is hidden inside of the world, but not in a cave, which is where the Tiger lives, but in the very heart of Earth, our dear mother... Now all we have to lose is our life, but that is not ours, so we have to care for it, so that our children remember the greatness of their parents and act accordingly... The Indian who is left out, on the surface of the world, lives as a slave and his life is worth as much as a dog. You can see so many finished Indians, who lost their customs and with them the only refuge that he had, as if he was a dirty cloth, not worth anything... many years ago the Indian lost the right to own the surface of his land in the battle field. Today, it would be stupid to think that you can recover that right with a bow and arrow. Those who came took it away, perhaps forever, the surface of the world, but this defeat forced the Indian to penetrate into the interior of Earth, where the only thing whites find is oil... I already told you, destroyed all our buildings, our institutions came to an end. Today there are no schools, there are men that know and spread their knowledge among their children, so the ancient man is preserved in them and the memory of our parents on the land is not lost".*

I shudder remembering Don Angel Xochimapictli. There are many men and women who possess ancestral wisdom and are not "visible" to the

dominant culture. Not even the work of Carlos Castaneda, which is based on "Toltecáyotl" teachings -which according to the author, knowledge was transmitted from a Yaqui man- has failed to cross the immense "Academy" walls, remaining only in an exotic and psychedelic story of the "new age" movement, without greater significance. The knowledge destruction made by Castilians in the peninsula of Arab libraries in Seville and Granada, before the Anahuac invasion, they continued it here with the codices burning, assassination of men and women of knowledge, as well as with teachers of schools which were immediately banned, to leave the conquered without education and without memory. Medieval Europe was characterized by extermination of knowledge people, their knowledge and their books, as well as extermination for religious reasons. The Vatican power and exacerbated fanaticism fused with obscurantism and ignorance. The Catholic Church was the holder of the only truth and the Holy Inquisition was a deadly instrument that sowed terror and death, both in Spain and in America.

Another idea in my head was the Spanish Crown's decision to murder Gonzalo Guerrero and his family. The official hispanic History relates it as an isolated, casual and "minor", but arguably at its time, the orderly and systematic resistance of the Maya must have greatly worried Spaniards and the efforts made were "reasonable", to pursue him and track him from what is now Quintana Roo to Honduras in Central America. Precisely in 1540 began the great rebellion against the Crown known as the Mixton war, which took place in the west of the Viceroyalty and in which more than fifty thousand Spaniard men had to intervene and that was nearly lost by the Crown. This conflict was the drop that spilled the glass of many rebellions against the invasion that occurred between 1521 and 1550. Unquestionably the Maya peoples were the first to successfully confront the invaders, but there has always been a string of social outbursts and rebellions of indigenous peoples against the Spanish Viceroyalty Government and neo-colonial Creole State, in these last two occupation centuries.

The speech of yesterday and today, about indigenous rebellions is completely biased and malicious. In the sixteenth century the spaniards used the euphemism "rescue gold", for the action of going to indigenous communities to kill and destroy to steal gold. Of course before the violent defense of the invaded, the spaniards repression

was called, "pacification". In our days, rescuing "natural resources" by transnational corporations is called "development" and protesters are called "transgressors of social peace and progress enemies." Indigenous peoples have been in total and permanent resistance; only that it is ignored and silenced by mass media and weapons. Perhaps the most important rebellion in these five centuries of invasion and occupation is that of the Zapatista army of national liberation, because the rebellion is based on the requirement of strict compliance with law, violence repudiation violence and the rejection to seeking power or changing the system, as they say, "for everyone everything, for us nothing".

Don Anatolio speech, even though charged with emotion, had coherence and logic. And this was precisely what moved me. Don Anatolio arguments, which according to him were those of Gonzalo Guerrero "updated" by his father and himself, made me feel intellectually flabby and manipulated. Why was it that I never thought about doubting or questioning the official Spanish history discourse? Why did I meekly accept the supposed veracity of so-called "historical sources"? In the end, looking at it from a decolonizing perspective, in general, those Hispanic texts on the conquest are "pure fiction novels", based in exaggerated lies to extend and recreate more lies. Everything written at that time, by the supposed protagonists, had a purpose completely away from the historical truth and totally favoring the Crown, the Church interests and of those who wrote them, then, how is it possible that they are taken as true indisputable sources? The most pathetic example is the prologue of the book "General history of the things of new Spain" written by Fray Bernandino de Sahagún, where he confesses that he wrote the book as a manual to learn about "the disease of the spirit and idolatry" to be able combat them and better remove them. How is it possible that this writing is taken as a reliable historical source?

On the other hand, how is it possible that the now called Mexican accepting all those lies that they call "pre-Hispanic history". In addition to the supposed heroic Spanish conquest, how is it possible that textbooks teach our children that when the invaded defeated the invaders in 1520, the glorious historical feat is called "Battle of the sad night"? How it is possible that Mexican teachers are so indolent and little critical in their professional career, and voluntarily lend themselves

to be the tool used to colonize the minds of Mexican children. The defense of the Matria and decolonization should be in the classroom.

All these ideas and judgments were waving in my mind as a furious hurricane. Don Anatolio was completely right, The White Jaguar sacred manuscripts should be immediately known by the nation. The life of Gonzalo Guerrero, Zazil Ha, their three children and the family Rivadeneira, would transcend in as long that this vision of the importance and value of our miscegenation would become the beginning of the full recovery of our historical memory, our identity and our self-esteem, as individuals, families, peoples and nation. The greatness of the fusion had been taken away since the beginning by the conqueror-colonizer. Instead, imposed on us the demeaning myth of being children of a "killer and a treacherous", by means of rape. And have imposed on us, subliminally, the figure of Martin Cortes, the bastard son who was also a traitor, nicknamed "the mestizo" by the very Spaniards, to deny any possibility of that our luminous mestizo origin have dignity and greatness.

According to don Anatolio, today would be the last "delivery" of manuscripts and of my stay in Mérida, which by the way, I had gone by quickly. So after breakfast I went out walking, thanks to an invitation by Manuel Rosado, connoisseur of the Mayan culture, who showed me in detail the Paseo Montejo. The intention was to say farewell to this beautiful city founded over the ruins of the Maya city called T'Ho ó Ichkansihó in 1542 and whose first buildings were built with the stones of the old city, also called "five Hills". The Paseo Montejo is a faithful reflection of this Creole syncretism that has been called "México" since 1821. In the economic heyday of the sisal fiber created by the exploitation of Mayan villages, rich francized farmers wanted to make their "little Paris" and copied the famous Champs Elysées in Paris. It is interesting and significant, but El Paseo Montejo contains the mythical of a completely creole colonized nation. With roundabouts with monuments that seek to exalt a non-assimilated cultural mix and discriminatory. At the beginning of the Paseo, is the questioned, monument to "the Hispanic founders", Francisco Montejo and his son, two genocides that initiate the times of terror for the Mayan culture, when "the Dzules castrated the Sun". A monument to the Patria made by Colombian artist Rómulo Rozo, with strange and uncertain Mayan nuances, where Spaniards are in standing positions and the Mayas are

crouched down or leaning back, but pointing to a nationalism excluding the indigenous plurality of the nation, especially in the middle of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. Another monument to Felipe Carrillo Puerto revolutionary leader who in the 1920's, was called "The Red Maya Apostle" and accordingly shot. The monument to Justo Sierra O'Reilly, father of Justo Sierra Méndez, educator during the Porfirio Diaz regime and that among other things, sought support from the United States against the war of castes. The latest acquisition of the Paseo was the roundabout of La Paz, also called "4<sup>th</sup> of July Roundabout", futuristic, not only by its suggestive name, but by the overhead pass that points to "progress and modernity". The monument to Gonzalo Guerrero could not be left out, in a marginal place in the Paseo, the Zacatecas artist Raúl Ayala, where the Spaniard is upright and Zazil Há, in back of him and sitting on the floor. By the way, the sculptural work was not made for the Paseo Montejo, but for Akumal, Quintana Roo in 1974.

Back at don Anatolio's house, after a long journey, I thought that now, the Paseo Montejo is saturated with transnational businesses and that thereupon closes the cycle of the invasion-neo-colonization.

After eating, I found myself relaxing from the walk, when an urgent knock at the door woke me up from a little nap I was taking in the heat of the afternoon. It was Caralampio, who with obvious anguish informed me that don Anatolio was badly ill, and that he wanted to advance the working meeting. I said that if it was believed convenient, could postpone it for the following day. With moist eyes Caralampio replied that it would not be possible, don Anatolio was about to leave this world.

I quickly took my things and went with Caralampio to the library. Caralampio stopped me at the door and entered the room. Shortly after four men and a woman came out, ostensibly indigenous Mayas, and very ceremonious greeted me on their way out. Their faces were serious and could tell, sad. Shortly after Caralampio came out and asked me in. Although heavy curtains were covering the two windows, light filtered in, I could see the space more clearly. I was struck by lots of flowers, candles and incense odor.

Don Anatolio was bedridden in the large armchair. Deposited as a fragile rag doll, his broken body seemed a small flame about to go off.

His large eyes denoted life in the spent body. Caralampio accommodated him very carefully, putting some pillows, so that he took a more comfortable position. With barely audible voice told me,

- The White Jaguar sacred manuscripts, are about to disappear from this world. I am going Fernando, but need finish transmitting the history bequeathed by Gonzalo Guerrero.

- I am grateful for your confidence and your interest in this story. I know that is difficult to believe that Gonzalo Guerrero wrote it, and even more, that it has survived 478 years, first in paper and then in the oral tradition of my family. The Mission of Gonzalo, Zazil Há, their children and my family will be fulfilled, to the extent that you spread it among the children of the children of the first mestizo family of the country. I thank in advance the effort of your arduous task, I know you will face the fierce attack of colonized minds and hearts, as well as academic, political and economic institutions, but cannot stop the road to recovery of our historical memory and the dignity of our honorable miscegenation. Just as there will be people that will deny any version that does not adjust to the neocolonial official history, you will also find in the road people that are working for the recovery of the ancestral memory, the wisdom treasured in the Toltecáyotl and by the flowering of our ancient civilization starting from the conscious and integrating miscegenation. Not only in indigenous and peasant communities, but also in urban centers. People who through traditional medicine, dance, folk art, agriculture and anahuaca agriculture, archaeoastronomy and ancient mathematics, are awakening consciences.

I would appreciate it very much that when you leave Merida, forget myself, as if I had never existed. Trust that you will be able to disseminate the content of the manuscripts so they reach the receptive hearts of the Zazil Ha and Gonzalo descendants. Everything is ready for my departure, this house, Caralampio and my remains, they all will disappear, and we will again be dust on the road. -I was a bit confused by what don Anatolio said-. Automatically, I opened my notebook and with a body gesture, let him know I was ready to listen to the last part of the manuscripts.

There was a long silence, I looked up, and I felt don Anatolio deep gaze, like a beam of light that penetrated not only my brain through my

eyes, but I literally felt that it reached the depths of my soul. It was not heavy look or frightening, on the contrary, was a look that felt as a light alive and vibrant. Serene, loving, but above all, very wise. I felt paralyzed, something very important was happening in my body, but I did not know exactly what it was. It felt as if an energy "re-composition" occurred in all my cells. Don Anatolio, not only was doing "something" with his eyes, but I felt that the "something" was very important but barely perceptible. Now, when I remember that time, I do not know how long it took, it could have been a moment or a few minutes, I don't know. I only know that it was something very intense, profound and important.

Don Anatolio closed his eyes and rested in the large pillows. Breathed deep and began to relate the story in first person, as if Gonzalo Guerrero spoke through him.

- A long time had passed since our arrival at the refuge in the mountains. We were about to collect the first harvest. The families lived according to tradition and community life began to flourish. For my part, I agreed with Crystal Water to write our history and that our children will never forget the memory of their parents. Our children should not lose consciousness of their root and essence, because without it, they were lost. This awareness would be the powerful force that would allow them to overcome all the adversities of the future. Among things taken away from Castilians in a battle where we defeated them, was a great file of paper sheets, pens and ink from a Crown clerk. The Mission of these men, who did not belong to the expedition, was giving royal attest of what happened, and accounting for the "Royal Fifth", this is the fifth part of the stolen treasures, which was what the Crown charged them for granting the permission or concession to "rescue gold".

- I knew that my life was a trophy, -continued don Anatolio, positioned in the voice of Gonzalo Guerrero- a requirement for Montejo to continue receiving support from the Crown, and a substantial reward to his minions, for which they would do nearly the impossible to kill me. My days were numbered, and I had to defend my family life and the seed that they represented the future of the Anahuac. The first thing was based on military defense, the second involved ensuring that Crystal Water and my children had consciousness of the sacred

mission they had, and of what their lives represented for the future of the nation. Miscegenation is the beginning of the new history of the Cem Anahuac, its root and essence is of nobility, love and balance between two ways of perceiving the world and life. To do this, I had to write a text in which there will be the truth, so future generations knew about the Odyssey of miscegenation birth.

- I was about to finish the manuscripts -continued don Anatolio- when one day a Messenger came with new instructions from the Supreme Council. It was known that Francisco de Montejo had put price to the life of my family, and of course mine, as the soul of the defense against the invasion. Casualties among the adventurers were substantial and did not find the great quantities of gold and silver they were looking for. This had influenced many of the adventurers to join the Francisco Pizarro expedition in the South of the continent, and Montejo was committed to the Crown to exterminate resistance in order not to lose the rights on these lands. Because of this, they ordered me to organize resistance on the Ticamaya shores, leaving my family and the community in the refuge.

- The next day a farewell ceremony was held with all members of the community. Informed them of the status of Christians persecution, and of the instructions from the Supreme Council. The Community Council appointed the new Nacon. I asked them to be responsible for their high mission. We had that understand that the Sun was hiding and that we would live in darkness during almost ten year bundles, but that the Sun would rise again. Our old grandparents taught us to count. We were taught to measure movement, the way of life and of the stars. Birds will stop singing, the water will dirty, we will live an evil night, corn will finish and the land will turn bitter. We will lose our face and hearts; the monkeys will return, will come down from the trees and live in our homes.

- These will be difficult times. Our temples and institutions will fall, we will be left without teachers or priests, without light and path, the sacred will be misplaced, wisdom hidden, shame will be lost. The Dzules have not only come to neuter the Sun. And their children's children will remain among us; from them we will only receive bitterness, frustration and ignorance. That is precisely the reason to defend the lives of the children of the Feathered Serpent and the Lord

of lightning and Thunder. We will never again be the same, but we will fight to the last drop of blood to not be, as the Spaniards want us to be, their slaves. We have to be the best in the future, defending in the present, the best of our past.

To my dear children and my beloved wife, Crystal Water, to Afternoon Lucero, Moon Ray and Black Snake, they will have to maintain over all things their life, which now no longer belongs to them, because it represents the new lineage of these lands. The best mix of opposites. You my beloved children are the best of your parents. You are the beginning of a new story, must proudly maintain awareness of your high responsibility. Your father and Mother shall die, but in you, and your children's children, the new history will be born. You represent in your miscegenation the Cem Anahuac potential for the future.

- When I finished talking there was a great silence. I took the manuscripts in my hands, which was the miscegenation birth history and gave them to Crystal Water told her to take care of them for the future, that they were like our sons, the fruit of our love. Crystal Water took them and said aloud that the Cem Anahuac women, throughout history are who have kept customs and tradition. That I should go fulfill my mission, that she would meet hers, as mothers and grandmothers have done over time. The following morning left before the sun came up to meet my destiny.

Don Anatolio remained silent with eyes closed completely exhausted, seemed dead. The night darkness had gradually filtered to the room and covered it all, only the table lamp and candles gave a little light. I did not know what to do, I was dazed and disoriented. The departure of Gonzalo Guerrero had also affected me. A few moments before I asked don Anatolio if he was fine, he broke the silence with a different mood. As if he was another person.

- This is the tale of the White Jaguar sacred manuscripts. -said in a powerful voice -Zazil Há, her children and then their descendants, kept the manuscripts hidden for many years and most likely, due to the resistance war that ended until 1697 and the ferocious persecution by the Holy Inquisition, perhaps in the late 16<sup>th</sup> or early 17<sup>th</sup> century, the descendants transferred the manuscripts to my family, and with them, the responsibility of preserving up to our days.

- I can tell you that Gonzalo Guerrero went to the Ticamaya lordship, in what today is Honduras, and put himself at the orders of their Nacon, Cicumba. He planned the resistance strategy. When the word spread about the presence of Gonzalo Guerrero, filibusters came like vultures for the reward. After several victorious battles for the Mayans. They fought the final battle on the banks of the river Ulúa. Guerrero had formed a small army of more than a thousand very well trained and disciplined men attacking the Spanish by land and water. The Spanish were commanded by Captain Lorenzo de Godoy. At the end of the day, Gonzalo Guerrero was hit by a crossbow arrow. Despite being hit in the belly by the arrow, continued directing the combat, until he was again wounded by a harquebus shot and fell in the shore of the river.

- The strongest part of battle -continued don Anatolio- occurred over Gonzalo Guerrero, who mortally wounded could not move. Spaniards charged on the brave warrior to take him prisoner, in order to collect the reward, the Mayans defended him as one of their own. Night fell, the spaniards withdrew without achieve their purpose and the Mayan took Gonzalo body to their headquarters, who managed to arrive alive. His last words were requesting that children and wife was looked after. He asked them not to fall into spaniards hands because they would be tortured and killed. Mayan warriors decided to pay honors and performed a very solemn ceremony early in the morning, placed the lifeless body of Gonzalo Guerrero in a canoe decorated with flowers, and incense burners burning copal and took it to the mouth of the river, guarded by 50 canoes illuminated with torches and filled with warriors, playing their drums and sea snails. Gonzalo Guerrero returned to the sea with all the honors of the people he loved and defended with his life. The seed had been planted in good soil and is still alive in the miscegenation, among the children of their children, waiting for the bright moment for rebirth.

The last session was accompanied by a heavy storm that did not stop until dawn. Don Anatolio Rivandeneira already seemed a corpse.

- We have reached the end of "The White Jaguar sacred manuscripts", now you know the truth, -asserted with a very low voice. Your mission is sharing the truth about how was our country was born. Your challenge is letting the truth be known. This nation is no longer of

spaniards or Indians. This nation is composed by the mix of many peoples of the entire world, but the primordial seed, the deepest base and root is indigenous, which has flowered from the loving fusion of all the others parts that make it up. Zazil Há children are the fruit of this loving encounter, which in an energetic embrace merged with the aim of creating a new people, with the best of each. The history you have learnt is about how the first mestizo family was formed. That is the symbolic seed of our nation. As Zazil Há and Gonzalo Guerrero there have been many more loving unions than rapes, as that of Cortes and Malinche. The sons of the sons of Zazil Ha and Gonzalo today inhabit our country. There are no longer "pure Indians and much less pure spaniards". The problem that today we suffer is the great amnesia, the terrible absence of ourselves, and the excessive exploitative abuse of a few against the majority. Their mission is "re-member", which is "re-doing the past with the heart". My ancestors and I have complied by preserving and delivering the manuscripts.

A vast silence engulfed the night. A mysterious blue fog began to invade the room, in the darkness it seemed as if all this fog came out of don Anatolio eyes that remained fixed, as if looking at eternity. I don't know how long it was, but it was early in the morning. I slowly approached Don Anatolio who had been completely still and silent, I called him; he looked at me and asked me to go to my room.

A huge heaviness invaded me. It seemed that my brain and my body extremities were lethargic. Five hundred years had suddenly fallen on me. I almost dragged me up to my room, collapsed on the bed and fell deeply asleep.

Daylight was fighting to open my eyes. The bird singing came to my ears. The noise of the city was heard clearly. I could not open my eyes; only felt my body extremely sore, as if I had been beaten. Finally I opened one eye and I saw the room flush with the floor. In that moment I woke up and realized that I was laying on the floor of an empty and abandoned room. I got up and looked around, the room was completely empty and only my belongings were on the floor, next to pieces of plaster fallen from the ceiling and wall.

I left the room; the house was completely empty and abandoned. I went to the library and I almost had to pull the door down, because the hinges were completely moldy, for a long time that door wasn't opened. I was shocked to see the interior. Part of the ceiling had collapsed and doves got scared and came out loud flying through the hole in the roof. The entire house was abandoned and empty. Quickly I went to collect my belongings and left the house in ruins terrified and disoriented. Suddenly I thought that I perhaps I was in the wrong house and started to look at it from what was the garden, which was now an almost impenetrable jungle. An old man in the neighboring property, doing yard work asked me what happened. All disheveled and confused I asked if it was Don Anatolio Rivadeneira house. The gardener responded affirmatively, but that he had died two years ago and that today they were to start demolishing the house, to build a gas station for a powerful federal official, who was the businesses Tzar in the region and that because of his influences, he had appropriated of the land that had been intestate.

## COLOPHON.

I returned to Mexico City with my notes, full of doubts and questions. I felt as a bomb about to explode at any moment. Something, very deep and vital had moved in my essence. I did not know for certain what had happened to me in those ten days in the city of Merida. I could not say if all had been a hallucination or figment of my imagination. Since I was on the flight to Mexico City an obsession came about me, arrived immediately to my house searching for don Anatolio letter, it was the only testimony that what happened was not a hallucination. When I got to my house I nervously went directly to my desk and upon opening the third drawer found the letter. My stomach dropped to the floor and I felt I was going to vomit. I relaxed in a chair and fell asleep.

When I woke up had a headache and I went to the medicine cabinet to find the aspirin bottle. I drank water in abundance and I opened my suitcase in search of the notes taken from conversations with don Anatolio, still doubted that the story was true. When I found the books my hands trembled. There were the books with the same notes that I had been taking during the interviews with don Anatolio. Also, very clearly remembered part of the talks and the intense moments that we passed together, as if memories of lived actions, but sanity told me it could not be true. However, I felt that every encounter with Don Anatolio had been a depth charge, that one by one were producing powerful implosions in the foundations of my weak identity structures. "Reality" in the end, is a small handful of ideas that describe the perception of energy charges in motion, and 'life', is nothing more than a set of memories.

Be it as it may, the truth is that I had a very intense experience in those ten days. If the experiences were certain or created by my imagination had no importance. The transcendence is that it had an impact on the perception that I now have of my identity and of my nation. On the one hand there was an uncontrollable rage. I felt cheated and frustrated. They had been hiding from me the origin of my "original being", of the primordial genesis. They had lied over and over again and in many ways, to prevent me from awareness of the potential of my primordial identity, I was left as an orphan. Not only that I despised the Spanish in me, but also, unaware and scorned the potential of the indigenous greatness of my mother culture. I was very angry and upset.

But at the same time, I felt very moved by having recovered the "totality that integrates everything that makes up my being". Felt alive the hearts of Zazil Ha and Gonzalo that pulsed in my chest. Their love, conscience and heroism, their sacrifice so that I would be who I am. The two gave their life for me to exist. The love for their children and all the children of their children reached thanks to Don Anatolio and his family, to me, in the 21<sup>st</sup> century. I understood that bodies die but values and feelings travel through the people and sooner or later reach us to be re-born. The spirit does not have neither space nor time.

I had the urgent need to share this immense turmoil that would make me explode into a thousand pieces if I didn't speak with teacher Antonio Velasco.

After ordering my notes I brought them to his office. As usual, the teacher was travelling giving a lecture. I left my notes asking him to please give his opinion of the incredible encounter with Don Anatolio Rivadeneira and "The White Jaguar sacred manuscripts".

A few weeks later came to my door a courier envelope. In it were my notes and a letter from the teacher.

Mexico, D.F., November 21, 2014.

Mr. Fernando de Ita  
present.  
Very dear friend:

Today I finished reading the notes that you had the attention of sending me. In my opinion, "The White Jaguar sacred manuscripts" belongs to the small group of texts whose reading encourages its readers to change their way of thinking and valuing history and reality, generating reflections on their own identity.

This is a work of great merit for its originality and historical content.

Without question the marriage of Zazil Ha and Gonzalo Guerrero, as well as the birth of their three children in the bosom of the Mayan culture, marks the beginning of a new stage in the civilization development of what will become Mexico. But this is a harmonious beginning, a union based in love and respect, not a conquest, not a violent colonization that inherits a birth scar to all those children of Malinche and Cortes, which founds the historical colonizer myth.

I consider important and necessary to revise all our history, especially the rise of the mestizo culture through a decolonized and critical review of this traumatic and violent fact. Already the European history has been written, now it is required to know the other version, ours. And thus recognize us as heirs of two cultures.

The ethnic and cultural miscegenation has enriched us and currently those who live in this country are cultural mestizos. For this reason we must know the true origin of miscegenation to thus enhance the future of the nation.

The Anatolio Rivadeneira message becomes a challenge for all the peoples that now make up Mexico.

I wish you good luck. Send you affectionate greetings.

Lic. Antonio Velasco Piña.