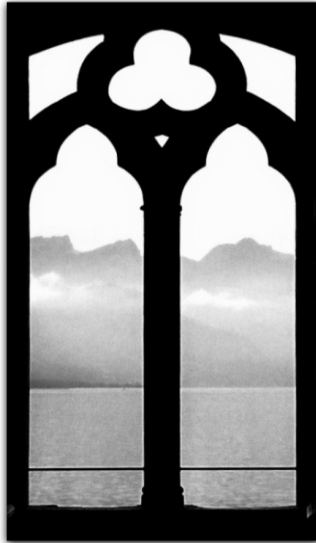


# Crystal-Tor

*Archaeology of The Soul*

Zen-Su



*NewMind Technologies*

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## Cultúr La Tène

It was late at night as I turned the car off the motorway with no idea where to drive next. The road ahead only got narrower and darker. Wheat fields lined the ribbon of tarmac as I watched the lights of the town fade in the rear view mirror.

I let my instincts lead me. The road turned this way and that without going anywhere. I turned right at the next empty crossroad without knowing why. It looked like a road to nowhere.

Up ahead a small sign pointed to a tiny road on the left. I slowed the car and tried to read the sign. It said: *La Tène*. Without knowing where I was going I had arrived. I turned the car into the side road. A wall

of darkness stretched ahead for as far as I could see.

La Tène! Home of the ancient Kelts!

I had always been drawn here, but never thought I would arrive. Drifting clouds were gathering overhead as I pulled into an empty car park. There were some brick buildings, a camping site and a hotel – not exactly the way I remembered it.

In front of the hotel was the lake...

Lake Neuchâtel of the early Celtic La Tène ‘Hallstadt’ culture!

Clouds were drifting against the tops of the surrounding hills. It looked like rain, but no rain fell – the atmosphere was ominous.

The air was warm and yet I was shivering. As I walked to the edge of the lake a large heron suddenly flew off from the water's edge. Angry calls echoing into the darkness sent smaller birds flying noisily from their sleep. Only a few ducks remained to watch me walk along the stone wall as unseen friends joined me.

The lake's silence echoed deep inside my ears. The place seemed empty and devoid of life; but then it was well after midnight. I stood looking out across the water, fixated in awe by a swirling energy vortex. Above the lake was a giant portal, a vortex so powerful it seemed to cast its otherworld presence into the surrounding landscape.

I scanned the area with my mind to try and pick up the ancient ones, the ancestors. The Celts had left behind their swords, shields and spears; but not their souls. The place was barren even though it should have been filled with ancestral memories...

I was in the 'place of masters'.

The subtle presence of those who had once lived at the lake was totally absent. Even the land did not speak of their presence. I scanned through layers of reality with my mind and found nothing. All that existed here was the mysterious and powerful presence of the portal.

I looked directly into the energy portal. It acted like a clear mirror. There was nothing there. Clouds were darkening as the first rain lightly began to fall. The energy mirror rotating above the lake was beyond comprehension. A blue magnetic field spiralled down from space. Is this where Tolkien got the idea for Galadriel's Mirror?

I had finally arrived home...

High above in the atmosphere, unseen by any human eyes, a large disk shaped craft tipped and pitched in stormy skies. Lightning flashed. There was no sign of life below them. There were no towns, no roads, no people and no lights. The craft swung violently as the pilots appeared to get it under control and then suddenly the disk plunged straight down into the side of the lake.



Steaming water took the full force of the landing. Strange birds cried out their angry calls flying from the water's edge in all directions. The lake lapped at the edge of the disk. Where are we? What happened? The occupants of the craft were alive, but in a state of shock.

The disk had unexpectedly tilted into the vortex field as some incredible force instantly transported them to the space above the lake. Their interstellar craft was not designed for planetary flight. It spiralled in erratic swings until the pilots could bring it down into the water. With no way of knowing where they were and with no outside communications, the strangers from strange lands were lost on the shores of planet Earth.

They did not see me and I did not see them. Our presence was separated within silent mirrors of energy buffered by some neutral zone. They were lost and I had returned. It would take centuries to understand what had happened and to re-establish our spirit navigation. We had forgotten everything as we struggled to survive.

In another time-space, in another zone an indigo-blue light field opened up over the lake. The sun was rising as the vortex field shimmered, sending subtle rays out into the surrounding landscape.

From inside this field of light tribes of dark haired Celts wandered through a portal from another time. They did not cross continents... they wandered into this world through a natural time portal.

Escaping some catastrophe with the help of guardians and friends the Celtic tribes appeared at the side of Lake Neuchâtel. They were carrying ritual swords, decorated shields and long spears. These people were tall and proud, their craftsmanship exquisite. All around them lay a pristine wilderness upon which they began to build.

Men, women and children worked together to begin to construct wooden buildings standing out into the waters of the lake on long stilts, until they could understand the nature of the landscape.

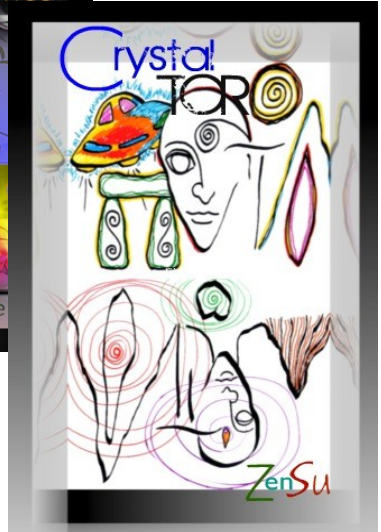
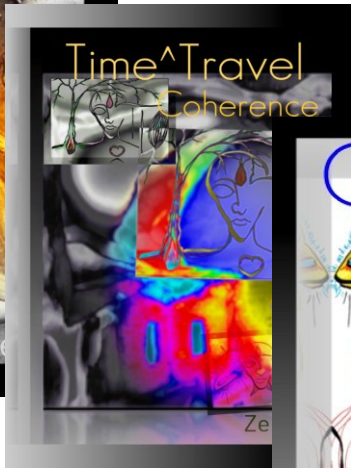
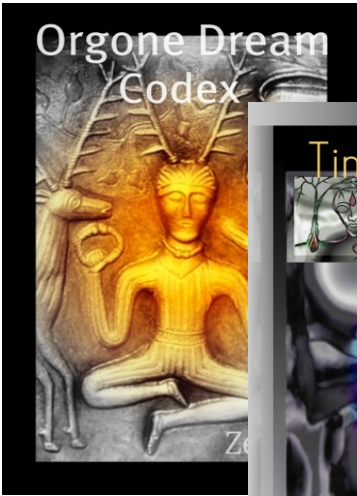
Later, they would forget... as we all did. All of us strangers brought to this place by a force unseen. We were all affected in powerful ways by that mysterious force. The teachings of the vortex, through its mystery, would make us stronger in spirit. Is that not why we are here?

I decided to sleep in the tent I always carried with me. I returned to pull it out of the back of the car and carry it across to the small *La Tène* camping place. The ground was hard as stone. I threw a mat and blankets down and pulled the thick warm travel duvet over me.

I could feel the energy vortex turning slowly above the lake like some inter-dimensional galaxy of worlds hovering unseen over the water. The neutrality of the place was puzzling!

How could such a powerful crossroads be devoid of singular presence?

The land did not seem to record the past. The birds behaved as though they came from a prehistoric time and this area was their own sacred place – it belonged to them. I felt like an intruder in their world. Even my friends the herons were noisy, their cries piercing through the night with echoing prehistoric calls.



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