Appendices to the second edition of *Journey to the Mayan Underworld*, available on Amazon and Create Space. See more information at [http://JohnMajorJenkins.com](http://JohnMajorJenkins.com)

Appendix 1: Xochipilli and the Stone-Flower Head of Loltun Cave

Note. This piece was dated October 27, 1993. I decided to add it to this book as an appendix, because it deals with themes explored in several chapters of this book. I’ve edited the piece very little. —JMJ, 2-24-16.

This will be an essay on the relationship between Xochipilli and the “Stone-Flower” head of the cave of Loltun. A summary of my approach and findings follows.

*The “Stone Flower” head in Loltun cave, Yucatan.*
*Photo by the author. 1989.*
Loltun means “stone-flower”, so the sculpture is aptly named the Loltun Head, ostensibly because it was found in the cave of Loltun. This large cave is located some 10 km from the Mayan town of Ocutzcab south of Merida in Yucatan. I visited Loltun in February of 1989. During that trip I was looking forward to going through Mexico City again, to visit the National Archeology Museum, specifically to get some good pictures of Xochipilli. I had learned about Xochipilli primarily from the work of Gordon Wasson. Briefly, this is a beautiful full-size sculpture representing the ecstatic mystical vision. Xochipilli means “the Prince of Flowers” and Wasson demonstrates that these flowers are none other than the sacred mushrooms spoken of in Aztec poetry. Carved all over the Xochipilli statue are other sacred plants; the morning glory, datura, as well as mushroom caps. The visionary state is unmistakable, and is beautifully portrayed. The Nahuatl artist who carved Xochipilli must have been quite familiar with the psychedelic realms. Xochipilli was found on the slopes of Volcan Popocatepetl near the town of Tlalmanalco in the 17th century. Stylistic features suggest that it was carved in the 1400s.

I was not expecting to find anything so suggestive of Xochipilli in a cave in the Yucatan. But here it was. The Loltun Head, from what I remember being told by the guide, originally had a full body, but what happened to that was not clear. I was so struck by the similarity between the facial expression of awestruck mystery on the face of this sculpture and that of the well-known Xochipilli that I hitch-hiked back to the cave the next morning to take some pictures. These turned out fairly well, even though the only illumination was my flashlight and the light of the guide, who was glad to lead me back down to the Head.

About three weeks later, standing in front of Xochipilli under dim lights in the National Anthropology Museum in Mexico City, I found myself in a similar situation. I was required to fill out a form and pay a fee to take pictures in the museum. To use a flash (which I didn’t have anyway) involved additional paperwork and dinero. So I set the F-stop wide and the shutter speed at 1/4 second and then at 1/8th of a second and held my
Several of these photos, from three different angles, turned out beautifully. These photos of both Xochipilli and the Loltun Head are reproduced here, and we can see the striking similarity between the two. It seems that the emotion represented is the same. What are the implications of this long-distance similarity of motif? What are the implications? I’ve come up with a few things.

The origin and source of Xochipilli is established. The Loltun Head, however, is surrounded by only possibilities and a few additional circumstantial facts. The rapt expression on the Loltun Head does suggest the psychedelic trance. At the mouth of the cave entrance is a faded carving which the guide said was a lance holding warrior. The outline of the object held suggested to me, however, that it was a long mushroom rather than a lance that was held. An early reconstruction of this carving demonstrates my point. The Classic as well as the Post-Classical Maya (900 - 1200 A.D.) who lived at nearby Sayil, Kabah and Uxmal must have known about Loltun. Religious rituals were probably undertaken there, and caves have always symbolized an entrance to the underworld and the re-birthing of the seeker from the Mother Earth. Visionary journeys might have been undertaken in Loltun as well. Since mushroom stones dating to the Classic period have been found all over Yucatan and Guatemala, it’s not hard to imagine the rest. Also, there were little statues on display outside the cave and also at nearby Mayapan. These were described as “fertility stones”. To me they indeed looked like phallic-gods complete with grimacing faces, but they also suggested the cross-symbolism between mushrooms and phalli. So to say they were “fertility stones” merely begs the question in the context of our discussion of sacred mushroom use at Loltun.

I should also mention my impression of these guides. They were not the slicked down variety you might find at Chichen Itza, but were humbly dressed local Mayan men who seemed to know a lot more than they were letting on. This is not to say they were being evasive; I was simply not asking the right questions. They delighted in my interest in all these things — the Head, the fertility stones, the “lance holding” warrior — and almost seemed to silently encourage the fringe conclusions I was drawing. Were they pointing me there? The few other visitors seemed content to come, snap pictures, absorb the ambience and then be on their way. To me, however, there seemed to be something funny going on. These observations suggest that the Loltun Head may represent sacred mushroom use by the Maya in Classic or Post Classic times. But that grimacing Head seems too contrived, too similar to Xochipilli — and rather crude in style if I may say so — to have been carved by the Classic or Post Classic Maya. Perhaps it has a more recent origin. Perhaps it was carved around the same time that Xochipilli was carved in Central Mexico and was brought to the Yucatan via established trade routes? Perhaps it was carved by a visiting Nahuatl artist who had seen Xochipilli? All this is possible. Problems arise, however, when the excavations of Loltun are researched.

Loltun was extensively excavated in the late 1890s. His findings were reprinted in some obscure journal at the behest of J. Eric S. Thompson, which I sought out through interlibrary loan. There is no mention of a head found in the cave. Some parts of the cave were not excavated, and it’s possible that the Loltun Head was found at a later date. But the gap between then and now remains unfilled, and no mention of this Loltun Head can
be found in the archeological literature. Could it be a hoax — a tourist stunt — contrived by the local guardians of the cave? While the possibility of ancient cave rites with hallucinogenic mushrooms evokes beautiful images, the latter possibility has equally astounding implications. As mentioned, the style of the Loltun Head is rough and seemingly contrived to resemble Xochipilli. Even the name “stone-flower head” suggests the “flower prince” Xochipilli. Could it have been carved very recently with the intent of placing it in the cave, to provide the tourists with a good story? These modern day Mayan hucksters might even expect the odd traveler to point out, in awe, that this head of theirs looks like that famous Xochipilli in the National Anthropology Museum. But what kind of vested interest might they have in this?

With the blatant display of those suggestive “fertility stones”, the “lance holding” warrior carved outside the cave entrance, and then the little Xochipilli prominently displayed within the cave itself, perhaps Loltun is a covert sacred site of a modern day Mayan mushroom cult. This would be much different, I suspect, from the traditional cult found in the Sierra Mazateca by Gordon Wasson in the 1950s. Why shouldn’t we expect young Hispanic and Mayan men and women in the relatively affluent Yucatan to have an interest in these psychedelic states? And if so, why not erect tongue-in-cheek monuments to their covert secret? As any traveller knows, hallucinogenic mushrooms can be found near Palenque, a few hours west of the Puuc Hills. Local culture there even seems to have sanctified Pacal, one of the great kings of Palenque, as a sort of God of ecstasy. In fact, a huge pearl-white sculpture of Pacal was erected in 1987 just outside of town at the turn off to the ruins. The emotion, the otherworldly expression of rapt awe is unmistakable: beshroomedment.

Like at Loltun, the locals may be letting out a little inside joke — an acknowledgement that, yeah, we know about those mushrooms that grow in the pastures around here. While this use of the mushrooms, like much of the recreational use of psychedelics in the United States, is a far cry from being a mushroom cult, nevertheless the experimentation and experience is occurring. So our brothers and sisters in Mexico are likely in league with the psychedelic community here in the States. It even seems that the official expressions and acceptance of these experiences are not repressed as much as they are here. I mean, could you imagine a gallery showing photographs of beshroomed explorers, or a statue of a visionary mystic being erected in New York City’s Central Park? Not at all. These are the kinds of things you could only find in the underground, in the backs of small, struggling magazines.

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Postscript. Other ecstatic visages include the sculpture of Pacal in the town of Palenque:
And my dream-guardian, which I named Megatron as a young boy, who seems to have a strange affinity with Metatron, the Angel of the Divine Countenance in Jewish mysticism:
The archetype of the mystic visionary was a central theme as I wrote my book in 1988-1989, expressed nicely in the Xochipilli sculpture. For me it goes deep into the dreams of my childhood, and there’s more to explore here in my early personal journals — particularly the three “Mead” notebooks that cover 1981-1983.

Appendix 2. Shot in the Head: My Past-Life Hypno-Regression
(this is also in the print book)

My strange vision in the highlands, of a night-time fire ceremony, is a glimpse of a past life and the moments before incarnation into this life. Just prior to my current life I flew into a fire ceremony in highland Guatemala — I began a condensation into physical incarnation by contact with the fire ceremony, where I — my spirit — was seen by the shaman. In 1987, in San Cristobal, I realized that my sacred birthday — 4 Caban or Kahib N’oj (Four Thought) in Quiché — was also the Year Bearer, the bringer of the next cycle. I was born on the Year Bearer, New Years Day for the Quiché Maya, in 1964. The following story relates, with little embellishment, my one-and-only past life
regression (in ‘95 or ‘96), which was very powerful. It answered my stated question, “why am I so driven with the Maya material.” All of these things did not get put together until 1999. The past-life regression below took place in 1995, and was transcribed from the audio recording, though rendered into past tense from my original present tense narration.

### Shot in the Head

I remember looking down at my naked feet as I stepped through the forested gateway of leaves. With painted legs and ceremonial dress, my arms adorned with sacred shells, I was firmly determined to descend into the devil’s midst, as was my mission, to find out their weaknesses and come back to my village with an understanding of their ways. And this I did, but in doing so I lost myself into them.

I padded along the path, feeling the warm sun and the secure presence of my spirit allies, all around, dancing like angel breezes, watching me, protecting me. Hearing the sounds down below, at the water’s edge: a ship at port, unloading things, noises and these strange people yelling and barking to each other like dogs. Passing through a stretch of dense woods before the opening to the bay, BOOM! A loud booming noise made me jump out of my skin. It hit me bad and my soul flew out — I got scared and all my spirit-bird angels got scared too and ran away. I was left alone, frightened, just as I was about to enter the white person’s place. I stood there in the trees, dazed, glancing around me feeling abandoned by my helpers. Instead of returning to my village, I foolishly continued, proudly determined to fulfill my mission.

I came out of the forest and walked among them. They saw me come. I was almost naked, without weapons, and this was my medicine, my mask. They would see me almost naked and wouldn’t be afraid. And I was young. A young foolish brave on a mission without his guides. For to gather knowledge of their ways I was to walk silently, ceremonially, among them for a good space, observing and seeing how they go. Then I would wordlessly depart, return to my people and tell of what I learned, so we could know how to be with the strange white two-leggeds. But it didn’t happen like that, because my guides got scared away, by the big boom. I was left open, and the white poison got into me then. When they saw me they were a little scared at first. Then a fat one carefully walked by me, then another. They saw I had no weapons. Then two stood right in front of me, stopping me. I looked beyond their eyes, trying to be invisible. They started laughing, and drank something from a jug which they passed around. They circled me and laughed and one of them spit on me. Stunned, unprotected, I fell to the ground. They laughed and began to kick me, and poured water on me while I squirmed. Then I suddenly stopped moving, and everything seemed strange. The angry shouts rang loudly in my heart and a hatred I did not know of before entered me. An evil that came from them took root in my body. And I was forever changed, poisoned with evil and hatred. By the white devils. I got up and ran, them throwing rocks at me, the evil laughter fading as I cried, running, running, running, back to my village. But never was I home again.
By my twentieth summer I had killed many white devils. The Great Spirit was with me on many battles, it seemed, helping me to kill and not be killed, so that the devil would go from our land. I had a strange power for this, ever since I first killed a devil, in my sixteenth summer. But they kept coming. My mother said that I had changed after that time I came back, that my soul got sick, and she cried for me like I had died. But the warriors were proud of me, of my fights and bravery. I was respected as fierce and fearless, and had killed so many devils that they all honored me with praise. I went far to fight any fight that I heard of, to go and kill the evil that was coming. But it, the evil, was working in me too, and I was angry and full of an emotion that our people did not know much about, at least as a way of being and living: hate. White monsters! Full of death, hate, and cruelty. Full of evil and spite and disrespect for Mother Earth. And the poison was working bad in me. I was losing the spirit. In my twenty-first summer I got killed, and this is how it happened.

There was a big battle coming. Our scouts knew it, cause the soldiers with little boomers, those things they called guns, were going to march straight through. They knew we were gonna fight, and we were. It was bad. We were outnumbered so much, and got surrounded, the field just turned into an ugly scene of death. We fought hard but they just kept coming. More and more, with horses too, and they just kept coming, out of the woods and up from the creek, around us in the big open field. Dust flying in our eyes, crying agony in my ears, and I kept trying to kill them — got one there, and another. My brothers dead in front of me, horses stepping all over us and guns exploding — Ahhh! I'm hit in the back, then my shoulder, and fall. I lay there, hearing all the death and screams and noise. And I can't move my legs, 'cause I was hit right in the middle of my back. I am bleeding from three places, slumped over a little mound of grass, but I pull myself up to lean against a dead horse.

Oh, a pain now grows, and I see everything happen now, everyone dying, and I go into a kind of trance, like when we did ceremony when I was younger. I fade in and out, cough a little blood, but still breathing okay. But I am bleeding, slowly, and my legs won't move at all. Finally the booms slowly die out, and stop. The battle is over. And we lost bad. I lay crumpled and dazed for a good while. I hear moans, moans of the wounded, and a light rain falls. The sun comes through a little and then I hear a gunshot in the distance. Then a short while later another gunshot, closer. I see a soldier walking from dead brave to dead brave, taking weapons and anything else he wants. But some of my brothers are still alive, like me. I hear a brave talking to Wakan Tanka, Great Spirit, and then a shot. His talking stopped. The devil is killing off the wounded, making sure we're all good and dead. I am not afraid to go see the grandfathers. I've seen them and talked with them already, in a dream of my fourteenth winter.

They told me that the white devil was death but we should fight to keep our people going, because one day, they said, many generations away, the great Mother-Father spirit would appear in the sky and help our people come alive again. Then the whole world, they said, would be reborn.
But now I sense the white soldier notice me. I'm looking down in the grass, but I feel it. He is coming to me now, and I want to look deep into his eyes to really see how this monster sees, and what is in him to make him so evil. I feel quite alert now, as the big black boot steps into my field of vision. He stops. I slowly look up and already see the big nozzle of the gun pointing right into my head, right between my eyes. I look beyond it though, into the cold, hard, dead eyes of the monster filled with hate. I see something not human, but something cold, heartless, and evil. For a long pause he looks at me watch him, my heart empty and open, and I feel he sees something in me, almost stirring him a little out of his deathgrip. He pauses and I look deep down into his soul, to the innocent helpless child he once was — and still is — afraid in a big, bad, ugly world. Ugly white devil world. His soul was taken then, and he is a devil long gone now for sure. There was a long, long silence, his scared animal eyes not sure what to do… and a little rain falls. A bird in the forest… a little sun breaking through… BANG! Ringing and roaring I’m flying over the battleground, just catching a glimpse below me of my slumped over body and the soldier still pointing the gun. That’s it! My spirit’s going now, and a roaring sound grows louder as I fly off, am pulled off into the sky lands.

In the big sky house the campfire of grandfathers welcomes me and they sit silently staring into the flames. They don’t look up, but their spirits welcome me. They don’t talk, but I hear their thoughts. I am sitting around the fire with them, their ancient faces frozen in sad but wise gazes. The circle of elders. The eternal flame. Warmth. The great lake of life beyond beckons me onward, to another realm. But they gesture for me to stay, to sit for a while, as long as I like. I do. I sit and absorb the peace and wisdom of the ancient fire, melting into a place where I finally feel free and warm. It is a place I am from, and where I belong. Stay, they say. Stay for as long as you like.

I stayed at the Sacred Council Fire for a long time. I learned many things from the Mother-Father spirits. They liked me. Finally, I was given a mission for my next life. So I took off my spirit clothes and went out and down to the world again, to be born again. First I went into the lake of life, all the way in, and I forgot a lot of things about my life. But when I came out I was still awake, I still knew I was me. But I didn’t know my name, or the day. I flew over mountains and lakes, over the earth, at night, to a place where fire ceremony was happening. They prayed and saw me as I came in through the fire — I saw their eyes lighten up. They were Indians of a kind, I could see, but I was really not to be born with them. The fire was distantly warm and I began to feel the sacred spark — I came into life a little through the fire and one of them saw me, my spirit. But then I was called away to the north, over mountains, through the dark-night, into a storm and cold, and was born. I had two brothers and a sister and was called John Major Jenkins. This is my story. And in my new life I forgot everything, but now I remember who I am and why I came.

This is my true voice. I know it sounds strange, but in this crazy world ruled by ego and greed, dying for a chance at new life, you can bet that the strange things are closer to the truth.*

*This last paragraph was added by me, later, in order to close the narrative.
Appendix 3: Honoring Richard Luxton and Pablo Canche Balam

I never knew him, but I read and admired his wonderful book *Mystery of the Mayan Hieroglyphs* (1981). I must have acquired it in 1988 or thereabouts, and it is cited and quoted from in this, my first major book. It’s funny how things come full circle and you can see old things in a new light when you revisit them, decades later. During the rush of debates and discussions in the years leading up to 2012, I recalled Luxton’s book and wondered if he’d mentioned 2012 in it. I pulled it off my shelf, blew dust off its edge, and thumbed through it. Yes, there was a mention of the date — but it was Coe’s miscalculation, which Waters also used: December 24, 2011. Darn it. In any case, I noted it and mentioned it to a few of my contacts, probably Geoff Stray for sure. That was it.

In these post-2012 days I’ve been going through my bookshelves and was drawn back to Luxton’s book. I wondered what happened to that guy. I always assumed he was an English hippie who lucked out with a book deal, and disappeared into obscurity. I liked his writing style and I could relate to some of his experiences — he spent a little time in jail, as I did at the end of my adventure. He also was tuned into the spiritual messages of the Maya. I googled around for him and was surprised to learn that he was a professor at Western New England College. But sadly, he had died in 2010, at age 60. I noted he did a translation of some of the prophetic books of the Yucatec Maya balams — Chumayel I think.

I decided to re-read his book, and really enjoyed it. His comments on 2012 are actually quite striking, and in some central way he used the coming end of the 13th baktun, as a spiritual renewal, as a device toward the end of his book. It’s rather striking that I read his book but didn’t reference these mentions of 2011/2012, probably because I was tuning into other things at that time — Maya shamanism and the history of oppression in particular. Luxton’s comments are both curious and a bit frustrating, mainly because one essential quote is unattributed. Answers to the implied questions might fill in some information gaps in the history of the “2012 phenomenon,” as modern critics have come to call it, appropriating our phrase, but which I would simply refer to as documentation on the historiography of 2012. This has been a large aspect of my work since the early 1990s.

So, what did Luxton write, and publish in 1981? First, we should note that by 1978 he had his PhD in Sociology. See the Preface to the second edition for details and more quotes from Luxton’s 1981 book:


(Note: I explained Luston’s role in more detail in my new preface to the print version of the book, as well as in a lengthy end note.)
Appendix 4: The Tree of Life Cosmology

Written in September 2000, adapting earlier material from the 1989 book.

Mt. Meru is the ‘cosmological axis of creation’ and finds validation in its universal manifestation in all philosophical and religious thought worldwide. It is the central column of the Sacred Calendar. It is the Sushumna Nadi of the Tibetan Chakra system, through which the Kundalini energy of enlightenment travels from the Root Center to the Crown Center. In Maya thought, it is the Kuxan Suum (the Milky Way) — the umbilical cord leading to the heart of the sky. It is the spinal cord, the axis mundi, or world axis of the alchemical tradition, in which the base psychic qualities are transformed into subtle spiritual capacities (the lead-into-gold metaphor).

There are many esoteric representations of the cosmic Tree of Life, and the tree depicted on Pacal’s lid is no doubt a visionary passageway, reflective of the passage to enlightenment. The lid seems to depict Pacal in the midst of an unearthly journey through the inner realms of the mind to Hunab Ku, the heart of the Quetzalcoatl sky dragon. As a shaman-priest, Pacal would be familiar with the sacramental use of Teonanacatl. The carving on the sarcophagus lid seems to represent the nature of the visionary shamanic journey, the landmarks to be envisioned, the celestial sky birds which will steer ones passage, and the highest realm to be reached — the realm of the two-headed sky dragon, Quetzalcoatl.

In the town of Palenque, at the crossroads to the ruins, an immense white stone carving was erected in 1987. It shows Pacal Votan’s face, the neck arched backward and a detached, delicate ecstasy etched upon the features which is reminiscent of Xochipilli. I was surprised that this statue was placed in an honored spot. It demonstrates the continued respect of the locals for the entheogenic experience induced by the mushrooms which grow so abundantly in their area. Pacal Votan was the living Xochipilli. He was a shamanic voyager and a spiritual/political leader.

The sarcophagus lid of Pacal Votan’s tomb is a beautiful representation of the spiritual journey to the highest realm, where the celestial birds guide the traveler to where Quetzalcoatl resides. For a shaman, the entire carving could be construed as a road map to guide one through the Kuxan Suum to Hunab Ku. The Kuxan Suum is the inner highway, the sushumna nadi, and the axis mundi. As the Milky Way, it is the umbilical cord leading to the heart of the sky. In the carving, it is conceived as a tree, an analogy which accurately serves to express the nature of the visionary journey. This is because a
tree is a manifestation of the same process. It is not just a conceptual analogy, but shares
the same theme which manifests on different levels of reality. It is a yearning and
stretching toward the source of light and warmth, somewhere high up, beyond the reach
of the tree’s primitive sensory equipment. The tree will never reach the sun, but this is
neither tragic nor a deception, for in so striving the tree has succeeded in manifesting its
full potential of the tree, which in turn is a faithful reflection of the sun’s essential nature
—a being which gives birth and nourishes life.

The tree of life is an image used worldwide since the dawn of religious thought. The
ceiba tree was sacred to the Maya, for in it they saw the essential design of the cosmos
and the calendar. The Tzolkin itself is hidden in the tree of life, for the movement of the
Tzolkin extrudes the latent spiritual essence from gross physical matter, and impregnates
the earth-body with spiritual vitality. In this sense, the tree operates exactly like lung
alveoli, which mediate the passage of carbon dioxide and oxygen between the earth and
air realms. The lung is a harmonic analogy of the tree in the human body. In the human
spiritual body, the occult physiology described in such vivid detail in the Tibetan Chakra
system, the tree finds its analogy in the sushumna nadi. The raw energy of the Root
Center is refined and sublimated, to awaken the successive chakras along the ‘trunk’ to
ultimately produce the ‘fruits’ of children and creative intelligence.


In 1985 I made a painting I call the Tree of Life. As a universal symbol it serves well to
express these motifs so we can better understand them. The inspiration for this came
during an intense period of fasting, celibacy, and spiritual sensitivity. The 260-day
Tzolkin grid fits nicely into the Tree of Life symbol, and in this way we can understand more deeply the interconnected systems related to the key numbers of 64 and 260.

The tree of life has a toroidal shape, which is the essential design of the so-called Harmonic Module, the cosmos, the earth, the psyche, the chakra system, and sub-atomic particles.

An understanding of the Tzolkin as embodying all human evolution is revealed in that it corresponds with the 260-day gestation period. During this miraculous unfolding the being passes through all primordial phylogenetic stages of growth. Embryogenesis is a progressive sequence of developmental stages which are harmonically tuned to the 260-day cycle. Would not the further unfolding and maturation of the organism be timed to this cycle? The ‘stages’ in life may be triggered at intervals based upon the initial 260-day tzolkin/gestation cycle.

The Tzolkin is in process, is saturated with motion, and the tree of life is a good image for its vertical motion. The inescapable movement of the Tzolkin is the movement of time, which is defined by the counter-spin of the yin/yang eggs (as seen in the painting). Without the continuous germination of the male/female seed, the world will bog down in darkness and time will stop. Spirit is generated by the passage of time. In other words, spiritual beings are something the universe does. Our responsibility is to cooperate with the latent plan of unfolding inside of our hearts.

The Ollin symbol in the central crossover zone of the Aztec calendar stone means ‘movement.’ The Tzolkin is always in process, moving from past to future and extruding the latent seed of awareness trapped in the earthen matrix. Material transforms into spirit and spirit breathes life into matter.
The horizontal polarity of the yin/yang poles, which manifest on the human plane as man/woman, find their reconciliation at the center, where the egg-like ovoids of their essential natures (seed and egg) meet in conception, from which unfolds a complete human being in 260 days. This new human being reflects the toroid pattern of the cosmos in the psyche, and in the chakra system. The Kuxan Suum is the subtle ‘tree’ of this system, and is the ‘road of life’ or ‘path of knowledge’ — the psycho-physical conduit to unify the lowest with the highest and awaken all hidden potential in between. The highest realm is Hunab Ku, the Self archetype, the Crown Center. It is at once the source and center of both mind and world.

The Tzolkin is the codified permutation rhythm of the cycle resulting from the ‘first impulse’ and ‘original cause’, from which the yin/yang polar opposites have formed in the natural world (on a horizontal level in the diagram), and from which external systems (organic life, human culture) continuously move toward a progressive unfolding of their latent internal potential (vertically in the diagram). The deepening ingression of awareness culminates in a full awareness of the ‘original cause’ and its eternal nature, resulting in the illumination of the temporal, material world with eternal, spiritual life.

What falls into place now is a model by which we can understand human unfolding on two levels — the individual physical level and the collective spiritual level. Earlier in the book we saw how the 260-day calendar is a miniature reflection of the vast 26,000-year Precession of the Equinoxes. Human gestation is but a micro-counterpart to the vast cycle of collective spiritual unfolding, the Precession. Both of these time cycles of unfolding
are based on the sacred number 260. And 260 has a special relationship with another principle: 64. We saw how the 64-unit DNA is a necessary “partner” to the 260-day gestation period — you can’t make a baby without the code. In addition, we explored in some detail the strange parallels between the 64-unit DNA and the 64-unit I Ching (via the work of Martin Schonberger). Would it be too bold to assemble these pieces into one unified cosmology? This is what emerged for me while researching and writing this book, in November of 1989:

*Schematic diagram from my Tree of Life booklet (May 1994):*

The Tree of Life is a spherical toroid
In these diagrams we see how the 64/260 system encodes human unfolding on two levels. Incredibly, this information seems embedded like a hidden gem in the sacred calendar, awaiting discovery. One wonders if Pacal and his contemporaries ventured deeply into the cosmos to retrieve the universal principles which inform human evolution. If so, then the Tree of Life model I present here may not be of my own making; it may simply be a rediscovery, a reemergence of knowledge that was previously known. For Pacal Votan was the living Xochipilli who ascended the tree of life and illuminated his society with the eternal wisdom of Hunab Ku.

My wife Ellie gave me this painting she did in 2001. I always thought of it as Lake Atitlan with its volcanoes. Thank you, Ellie.
First, there was a quest
it led to a vision
of the Tree of Life.

Then, there was the
U. Church, Yeshi, etc.,
and a model emerging
from it.

The plot thickened;
knowledge quickened;
connections were made:
Magic Squares
and it all entered
the picture.

PM-64 meets Tolkien;
further research.

The model seems complete
and work in progress.

TOTAL elucidation of the mystical
meaning of the visions:
Gnostic vision is unfolded, and
which stoked itself upon my
soul in an instant of startling sparkles,
some 2 years ago.