

Exchange of views of three people about  
Maltese Prehistoric Temples.

**ISLANDS OF DREAM**

By Francis Xavier Aloisio

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**ISLANDS OF**  
**DREAM**

The Temples of Malta - Hidden Mysteries  
Revealed

**Francis Xavier Aloisio**

## **Islands of Dream**

*The Temples of Malta - Hidden Mysteries Revealed*

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**DEDICATED TO MY PARENTS**

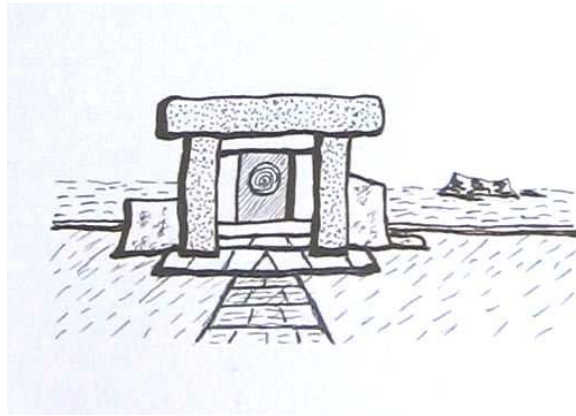
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# I

## THE ENCOUNTER



**It was a perfect day with a flawless sky and a warm southerly wind. The island of Malta was celebrating a National Holiday and many people were on leave. Manwel woke up early that morning and decided to go for a brisk walk along the southern cliffs. This was his practical therapy to clear his mind and to get some good exercise. Rosaria, his wife, wanted to stay home to do some spring cleaning and to prepare lessons for her classes.**

## THE ENCOUNTER

Manwel was a middle aged man with strong Mediterranean features - suntanned skin, well-built, dark curly hair and average height. He kept himself in shape and had a trimmed moustache. He took pride in his appearance although he preferred to wear casual clothes. He came from the southern part of Malta, from Zurrieq, while his wife Rosaria came from the nearby village of Qrendi where they lived. He worked as an engineer with a private company and his wife was a Secondary School teacher at the local College. They had no children. Manwel's only regret was that at his age he needed glasses for reading, a handicap that turned to frustration each time he forgot them at home. His main hobby was...well, it was more an obsession than a hobby.

That morning he decided to wear a sweater, his favourite jeans and the usual walking shoes. After a vigorous walk, he sat at the edge of the cliff for a breather, enjoying the feel of the wind brushing softly against his cheeks. Today he could clearly hear the sea ramming against the rock cliffs at *Wied iz-Zurrieq* and crashing into the caverns below and the almost audible silence. Around him there was just fresh air and patches of wildflowers sprouting here and there among the ragged rocks. He could never have imagined what a memorable day it would

turn out to be, and the many revelations that he would have to deal with.

“Good morning. How do you do?” a voice interrupted his reverie.

Manwel was too lost in his own thoughts to even answer the stranger’s question. That morning he just wanted to be on his own and enjoy his own company. He sat there motionless staring at the horizon, looking at the open sea and the clear blue sky. He was cherishing this rare opportunity to have his own thoughts as his sole companions. *It was almost impossible to be entirely on your own and have some peace and quiet on this island; there are too many people, too many cars, too much noise... he quietly observed to himself. Too much of everything on this small rock, but here on these cliffs facing the open sea, I can have some space.*

This place where he was sitting was tucked away in the hollow southern cliffs of Malta, with no modern development in sight, only the flowery slopes, the sea and the rocky islet of Filfla out in the distance. *It’s true we have too much of everything in Malta, even when it comes to prehistoric sites. Just imagine, we have more prehistoric temples on this island than all the sites put together in the whole of Europe, he found himself wondering. Besides, they are considered to be the oldest standing archaeological monuments on planet earth, although none of the historians and archaeologists agree on their precise dating. Well that is quite something!* he heard himself stating in amazement.

Manwel thought that he was alone on those high cliffs, but when he looked up he realised that there was a stranger standing beside him, looking as if he was waiting for an answer.

“Oh. I am so sorry,” he said, not knowing what he was sorry for. He was really not in a mood for a chat with anybody, especially foreigners. This one must want some information or other directions.



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“How do you do?” asked the stranger softly once again, and then he went on to ask him whether he minded if he joined him.

“Well, of course not,” nodded Manwel, as he moved slightly aside to make room for the stranger. There was sitting on an open *xaghri*, one of the few spaces left on this overpopulated island. “My name is Manwel.”

“Pleased to meet you. Mine is Ranfis,” shaking hands as they introduced themselves. “What a beautiful view!” remarked Ranfis, as he sat down beside Manwel looking out at the blue horizon towards Filfla.

“Well yes, it certainly is! I like the way the blue sky melts into the deep blue of the sea,” continued Manwel. “We lack the green of the countryside and of the trees, but we do have many shades of blue to make up for it.”

“It is also very peaceful over here,” added Ranfis.

“It must be one of the few places still undisturbed around this island. I come here when I want some quiet and when I need to meditate and to think without being disturbed by any noise. We have too much noise on this island,” said Manwel. “Are you visiting the island?” he asked with a hint of curiosity in his voice.

“Well yes and no,” answered Ranfis with a bit of hesitation.

“I am from this area,” replied Manwel hastily without pondering on the half answer that Ranfis had just given him. “I live in the next village from here. I woke up early this morning and I decided to come out for a walk on these cliffs. I generally finish my walk end up sitting besides one of these temples over the edge of this hill. When I am there, I just sit quietly and daydream. I never cease to wonder how our forefathers managed to build these temples. I frequently ask myself what their real purpose was.”

Manwel seemed hardly aware of what he was saying. He was really still lost in his own thoughts. Ranfis let him talk without interrupting him. *Well yes, why did they build so many*

*temples on this small island in the middle of the Mediterranean Sea?*

Malta is a small island situated midway between the Suez Canal and the Straits of Gibraltar, with Sicily and Europe in the north and Libya and Africa to the south. It covers an area of only 123 square miles or 316 square kilometres. Yet, throughout history, its importance was associated with its geographical position and its natural harbours.

*Such a colourful history because of its position*, he reflected. He had been struggling all his life for an answer to this one question: *why did the prehistoric people build so many temples on such a small island?*

“After all they could have just built a big one,” he continued thinking aloud. “One temple would have been enough as I suppose there could not have been that many people on this island at that time. No, they not only built just one big temple, they actually built several big ones all over the islands of Malta and Gozo, besides the many *Dolmens* found scattered everywhere. It is said that there are more sites that still have to be unearthed. UNESCO should declare the whole island as a World Heritage Site. And where would we all go then?” asked Manwel chuckling at his own question.

Ranfis stood there motionless listening to Manwel questioning himself and pondering about these mysteries. There was a moment of silence and the stillness of the morning filled the air around them. Impulsively Manwel turned to Ranfis, asking him out of curiosity if he had been to Mnajdra, and whether he had visited the temples around the area.

“Well yes, many times. I know them very well,” answered Ranfis quietly.

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“When I was a child,” continued Manwel totally ignoring Ranfis’ answer to his question, “my family used to come to these temples on picnics, while we children used to play hide and seek inside the many altars, chambers and portholes of the temple site. For us it was a playground. Later on when I was at secondary school, the history teacher brought the whole class to visit these temples. She was very interested in Maltese history. Her enthusiasm for everything that was connected with our culture and prehistory seemed rather strange to us children. You could see this enthusiasm in her eyes and in her voice. *But what is so special about these stones?* I can remember asking myself. We had to admit that these stones were a bit bigger than the normal ones, but there were a lot of stones around in our countryside. *So what was special about these ones?* But she was determined to instruct and to show us our heritage, even though at that age we hardly understood what that word stood for. So off we went on our first ‘cultural school trip.’ For us it was better than staying in and going through those boring lessons such as maths. But I have to admit that I started to get to know about our temples on that first school trip to Mnajdra and Hagar Qim with our school teacher.” Manwel suddenly realised that he was mumbling to himself and he was almost ignoring this stranger sitting besides him, “You said that you have been to Mnajdra. Have you visited these sites?” he asked almost apologetically.

“Well yes, many times,” answered Ranfis without hesitation.

“How come?” he asked inquisitively. “You seem to me to be a visitor to these islands.”

Manwel knew that Ranfis was a foreigner. He was tall with pale skin, blue eyes and had quite big hands. He seemed to come from somewhere in the north although his appearance was quite different from the typical European. He had something unusual about him. For sure he was a visitor to these islands.

“Well yes and no. I am a visitor but I know this place quite well,” replied Ranfis with a sure but gentle voice.

“Yes of course you said you have been here. I suppose the majority of tourists come or are brought here to visit these temples,” Manwel continued again totally ignoring the answers of the stranger. “They come with their cameras to capture an angle of these temples so they can take back home a memento of their visit. I wonder what they really take back with them. What impressions, what insight, what experience? I wonder. Yes, why do they really come to visit Malta and why the temples?” he mumbled to himself. “I spent several years in England and Peru. When I spoke to people about our prehistory, I realised that they hadn’t heard about our temples. Everybody knew about Stonehenge, Newgrange, Machu Picchu, the Mayan temples and the Pyramids, but nobody knew about our temple heritage. They didn’t know that these temples are far older than those well known sites.”

There was frustration in his voice as he spoke. “Do you know that it was only very recently that we, as a nation, really started to be interested and appreciate our prehistoric heritage?” asked Manwel regretfully. It was more a question directed to himself and to his nation than to the stranger. There was a hint of sarcasm in his voice now, even incredulity.

“How is that possible?” queried the stranger, “You Maltese should be so proud of your past history. This cultural heritage gives you your identity and dignity as a nation. The rest of the world holds the architectural feat of temple building in awe and values their historical importance.”

“Well, that is the same question I find asking myself so often,” said Manwel. “It had to be a vandal attack on the Mnajdra temples some years ago to provoke a local and a worldwide reaction to the damage caused on these World Heritage sites. UNESCO and ICOMOS have declared the Mnajdra incident, ‘an act of blatant and most appalling

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vandalism - a great tragedy for Malta.’ But what transpired at Mnajdra is also symptomatic of an ingrained local disrespect and wilful disregard for law and order, committed under the aegis of a justifiable protest. This attack happened on Good Friday but, ironically enough, it provoked our resurrection, as it woke us up from our slumber and from our indifference. As often happens in Malta, nobody or no group claimed responsibility for the damage. Those who committed the crime knew exactly what they were doing and how to seal their protest. They simply wanted to make a point about protecting their pastime. Fortunately out of this tragedy a number of initiatives and action plans emerged and saw the light. So finally both Government and NGOs came together to protect and enhance these sites, and thus we now have a Heritage Malta organisation to look after them not to mention a Heritage Act, which was passed through Parliament. This vandal act was our ‘wake up call.’ And now that we are in the European Union, I suppose we will be given some funds to better the environment around these sites,” concluded Manwel ironically. “I think we, locals, do not appreciate what we have around us and we hardly bother about the value of these structures. For many of us, they are just a pile of stones. “*What’s the big deal about a group of old stones?*” you sometimes hear people saying in amazement. “*What’s the fuss anyway about these temples?*” many of us ask indifferently. Unfortunately, this shows the widespread indifference to our heritage.

“My school teacher used to tell us that although we were in the hands of the experts, the scholars and the archaeologists for any explanation of their purpose, there is more to the temples than we know up till now. I can always remember her insisting on us *to keep an open mind to other points of view and possibilities.*

“One day I was not in a mood to take part in any games, so I went to find a quiet corner in the school playground. I was lost

in my own thoughts when the teacher came to ask me if I was feeling all right. I shyly replied in the affirmative. *“Yes of course you are, but why aren’t you taking part in the games?”* she asked me without really expecting me to give her an answer. “Well, I was just thinking about our last visit to those temples,” I replied while I lifted my head to look into her eyes. “I still cannot understand how these people could have built the temples and for what purpose,” I said. *“Yes, I know, nobody knows much about them,”* she said smiling at me affectionately. *“We need to keep our options open. Keep your heart open and your mind soft, as I always say to you. Our intellect is very much limited by our three dimensional perception. One day,”* she said to me waving her finger in the air, *“one day...at the birth of a new consciousness on earth, there will be a new age of light. Then many secrets will be revealed and all the theories of the so-called experts will eventually be confounded,”* she affirmed with a smile. *“You are lucky to be born at a time when you can see this event,”* she said. And with that she left me to my thoughts.

“I must admit, I didn’t understand a word of what she said to me, all very big words...but she said them as if she knew some secret...”mumbled Manwel. “It was only through the passing of years that I started to understand the wisdom and the depth of her words. How very right she was,” he observed nodding in agreement with his own assertion. “I think we have come a long way and it is about time that we know the truth. She always said that *“when the time is right, things will be clearer and the truth will be revealed.”* Still, I’m very confused and I feel unable to find a solution and an explanation to these questions. I have a lot of doubts about our prehistoric past, but my wife is totally sceptical about the many new theories on the temples. Nobody seems to agree about anything,” asserted Manwel. In his voice there was a longing for some answers to his long-standing questions.

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“Well, you have just said that the first question that needs to be asked is: *Why did your ancestors build so many temples on these islands?* And you are absolutely right, understanding this question might give you an insight into their purpose. You need to comprehend the builder’s mindset to be able to get the answers. Sometimes your experts look at things from the wrong angle and they start their theories from a given premise and a given bias, and get stuck with data and dating,” said Ranfis firmly.

“You have to let go of any theories and start where you do not dare to go. Things are not always as they seem to be to you or as you perceive them to be. After all you are limited by your own beliefs. There is much more than meets the eye. Many other realities are hidden from your immediate consciousness, so your understanding of the truth is partial at best and completely inaccurate at worst while you are here in this three-dimensional reality.”

Ranfis stopped suddenly as he noticed that Manwel was not following him. So he paused to let his words sink in before continuing with what he had to say. He knew that Manwel was hungry for information but he was more interested at this point that his friend could assimilate the knowledge and understand the wisdom behind the mystery. Meanwhile, Manwel was wondering about what he was hearing. *What does he mean, hidden while we are on earth* he thought to himself. *Are there other worlds out there? Is there another reality? So many questions that I want to ask...Yes, so many questions!*

“Yes, I have so many questions about what you are saying....as for example...what do you mean when you said that *our* understanding of things is partial at best?” he asked feeling quite baffled.

“Well, there are many worlds within multidimensional universes that are unseen even with your most powerful telescopes. These other realities that are beyond your 3-

dimensional world are invisible to the eyes of humanity, but still they are very true,” continued Ranfis matter-of-factly. “Your Earth is directly bridged to Sirius and to the Central Sun, while a photon band anchors a bridge through Sirius and the Central Sun to the Greater Central Sun - Rakuna. Now somewhere in the centre of the Cosmos, there sits The Great Council of the Gods and the Goddesses or The Council of the Creators - known as the Central Race. They act as genetic planners and architects of the Universe and they hold the genetic archetype of the human species. Thus humanity knows its origin from other biologies, other universes and other planets. In other words, your current human biology is not entirely earth-born, as its human seed came from outside your Solar System. I know that this might seem far-fetched and controversial, but eventually...”

“Are you saying that we actually came from other planets? Were Adam and Eve extraterrestrials then?” interrupted Manwel.

“No,” replied Ranfis hastily, “what I am saying is that your human DNA is a combination of human evolution and a mixture from another star system, in your case from Sirius. The merging of these life forms caused the world to have a hybrid species. Those beings or ETs came from a higher dimension and they are your actual biological ancestors.”

“They do not seem to me to be the cavemen that our current history books talk about,” remarked Manwel turning to look at Ranfis with surprise in his voice.

“These beings were highly evolved creatures from outer space and they were the first to set the grids on and through the physical world. Their seed was necessary for your DNA to respond to a universal stimulus, to make the differentiation in your consciousness between beasts and humans. That is when humanoids became intelligent and endowed with a human soul. You have to realise that the human soul pertains exclusively to



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the human species and planet earth. Malta, since that distant time, was very much part of this new seed and the centre where this new energy incarnated on this planet.”

“Strangely I have heard quite a few people, even foreigners, say that they feel a strong attraction when they land on this island,” Manwel remarked in almost a whisper.

“Well, yes, many feel that they belong to this land, because it was right here that they first set foot on the dust of the Earth. Until now the only explanation that exists about the creation of mankind is that found in the Bible and other religious scriptures. It is far from convincing. The myth of Adam and Eve was a story that had been around for many years in various cultures, and the story of Genesis was copied from the very ancient cultures. The Sumerians were the first that felt the need to put down on tablets the story of creation; it is the nearest description to the real event. Later on, other cultures and spiritual leaders tried to explain the beginnings of humankind but distorting somehow the original format through the ages. It was a good effort to bring the concept down to a human level of understanding, but it was still a mere liberal interpretation of the real events.”

“So the whole official story that our ancestors crossed over by sea from Sicily and that they were farmers and grew cereals and raised domestic livestock is just a myth?”

“It does not hold any ground. It is off target by a mile,” replied firmly Ranfis. “They did not leave any evidence of an advanced society in Sicily, as they built no temples there. If it were so why did they wait to come to Malta to suddenly develop these megalithic monuments? The high qualities of technological and architectural skills of the temple builders are hardly compatible with those of Sicilian farmers,” stated firmly Ranfis.

“Then the historians are relating these archaeological structures to a more recent past.”

“The Temple heritage was not an import from outside but a product of a very long on-site development in Malta itself. Your ancestors are incomparably older than archaeologists are actually assuming, and for sure, the temples were not the initiative of Neolithic or of Bronze Age farmers,” asserted Ranfis emphatically.

“This is new to me,” observed Manwel incredulously.

The statements that this stranger had expressed made his mind reel. He recalled seeing a painting by a local artist of the Hagar Qim temple aligned with the Moon, the Sun, the Pleiades, Orion and Sirius. He had never seen a painting of the temples with such a mysterious interpretation and so full of images and icons. He could remember asking himself if there were a hidden interpretation to this painting. There must have been as there were too many subtle images and hidden symbols. *So was that the real explanation of that painting and is that what this stranger is talking about?* Manwel was asking himself. *Do artists really know what they are putting on canvas, or do they get some sort of intuition or revelation to paint things beyond their own comprehension?* he wondered silently. Something inside him made him feel that it was indeed so. Somehow he had never been satisfied with the answers the experts provided and had always known that there was so much more yet he never dared express his doubts for fear of appearing too controversial. *Yet the official and orthodox view holds that the Maltese islands were not inhabited by humans until 7,000 years ago, which is the Neolithic period,* he found himself questioning.

And now here he was on this sunny morning, talking to this person and though unable to understand fully the things that he was talking about, he was gripped by a strange sensation that they were not entirely new to him. *Is this,* he wondered, *what my history teacher was trying to tell me when she said to me to keep an open mind? Well, I will try to keep an open mind,* he

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quietly affirmed to himself. *I might even learn something new about my culture. Ranfis seems to know a great deal, and he might be willing to share his knowledge with me...* he thought to himself.

The hot sun was beating down on his head and the heat made him thirsty. Manwel was always hungry for knowledge, but at that moment he realised he felt also hungry for food. He needed a drink too and some shade from the unrelenting sun. He knew of the place up the hill where they could get some refreshment and so he asked Ranfis if he would like to join him for a drink. The latter seemed in no hurry to leave, rather he accepted with a smile and together they trudged up the hill.



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