

My Return to Tibet

by Samael Aun Weor

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PREFACE

BY THE V. MASTER GARGHA KUICHINES

We crown another decade; we have reached the year 1970. I remember as if it were yesterday what was happening to us back in 1953. The first three works of the then Master Aun Weor had appeared: *The Perfect Matrimony, or the Gateway to Initiation*; *The Revolution of Beelzebub*; and *Secret Notes of a Guru*. The last of these recounts in broad strokes the sorrowful sojourn of the Master among us. The struggle was against all and against everything. The Master was persecuted by the dictatorial authorities of Colombia in those days, by the pas-

tors of all the militant churches, by official medicine, by classroom spiritualists, and by the people of the locality — above all, by those who supported vices and pleasures.

The persecution was so great that we had to bury the works that had come out, in order to defend them from the prevailing persecution. The Master had to emigrate to the virgin mountains of the Sierra Nevada to avoid the trouble of police inspectors, sanitary officials, customs guards, checkpoints, and in short all the petty officials clothed with authority undeservedly, and almost always in the service of authoritarian people who kept them in their posts.

Once in the heart of the jungle, he began to instruct the peasants who surrounded him, and to raise the temple of the Nevada. This is what today constitutes the Summum Supremum Sanctuarium, visited and respected by thousands of students who, like pilgrims, arrive at its doors. How many marvelous episodes we had the pleasure of witnessing — likewise of appreciating the tremendous struggle to extract tons of rock from the entrails of the earth with pick and shovel. Later we shall write those memoirs for the knowledge of the universal Gnostic studentship.

From that temple, when it had only a small hall and a chamber, we received from the lips of the Master prophecies such as that by the year 1970 man would already have set foot upon

the Moon. That one of the popes after Pius XII would visit various places in the world, and that another Pope would visit Colombia, whom he saw in a great city of ours, with the multitudes cheering him. That in the Third World War the Vatican would be razed by the enemies of Christendom, but that the Pope of the epoch would not be destroyed and would be found safe and sound in a Latin American country which, by its magnitude, would seem to be Brazil. That Colombia had to pay a great karma and that much blood would flow; that the wisdom of Scientific Chastity would extend first throughout America, and later through all the continents — in short, a series of reports that disconcerted all the listeners and made it seem that the Master was rambling or dreaming.

Scholars in spiritual knowledge would come to the Master. We recall an occasion when one such scholar was arguing with me, attacking the Master's teachings, and I was defending them; but the scholar's reasoning was weakening my own strength. The Master was meditating in a hammock a few paces from us, and to seek his help I said: "Master, they are attacking you, and you do not defend yourself." To which he answered: "I see before me two stubborn men trying to overpower each other; I have no interest in letting myself be bottled up by either of the two"...

Once the Master had completed the work in the temple, he was coming down with his family from those mountains with the purpose of preaching his body of doctrine in all the towns — the Doctrine of Aquarius. Alarmed by his departure, both the brethren of the Sierra and myself asked him: "Master, why do you return to that world which persecutes you?" And he replied: "And what does the saint do on the mountain? Good is proved by evil; besides, evil gives strength to good." We asked the Master, "But you announced that your coming forth would be in 1962, at the beginning of the era of Aquarius." And he answered: "By coming out now, what I am doing is getting ahead of my enemies; they expect me at that time, and I will have already passed; that is all."

We students of the Temple did not wish the Master to return to the world that had vexed and persecuted him — even less so after his sojourn in the mountains, where he had studied thousands of plants and written his fourth work, Occult Medicine and Practical Magic, which would clash with the pride of official medicine and would lead to his being persecuted again. We pointed this out to him, but he disconcerted us when he said: "For those gentlemen to find me, they will have to look for me on the world map — I teaching and they pursuing me; let us see who tires first." Today we fear nothing, because we know that the Christic force saves us from the malice of the world, and we understand that saying of the Lord Jehovah: "If

thou shalt keep my commandments, I will make thee a column of my temple, and thou shalt govern my courts."

With these Christmas Messages he is making known the Fifth Gospel, in order to unveil the four Gospels already known. With the help of the priestess-wife we kindle the flame of love and the sacred fire enclosed in the bone of the spinal column that bears that very name. With this sacred fire we form Christ within us, which makes us brethren in Christ; we learn to maintain a healthy friendship with the sisters of the path, and we put an end to the temptation that the tempting serpent sowed from Paradise. We enjoy with the sisters of the path an affinity previously unknown to us — and the same happens to the woman who raises her spinal fires: she sees in the man only the staff of the patriarchs turned into a resplendent lotus and, intoxicated with ecstasy, becomes the marriageable vestal of the temple of love...

Every mortal can become immortal. A total change exists for the children of the resurrection, for those who sowed their seed in the temple of the Living God and learned to form with it the bread of the wheaten loaf and the wine of the gods; for those who did not reap with the scythe of death; for those who did not join hands with the malice of the world.

All the social scaffolding is sustained by millions of slaves — slaves trained by the present civilization. When we try to give

them the road of redemption, they oppose us with all their strength. Every liberated one is a rebel who ceases to submit to the natural and seeks the supernatural. Let us think for a moment that man will free himself from illnesses and ailments. What would become of physicians, clinics, hospitals, drugstores, pharmacies, laboratories, of the manufacture and industry of instruments and machinery by which damaged bodies are repaired? All of this would bring about a social upheaval. This suggests to us that error is the best business of the social scaffolding of the present civilization, because it forms the consequent industry that lives off error — all of this more economically than teaching man to free himself and come out of the labyrinth into which he is led by the erroneous criterion he formed by accepting human knowledge unawares or under compulsion. This knowledge has led to the conclusion of controlling birth, giving life to new industries, and which has produced atomic and hydrogen bombs to wipe out enemies.

May the deepest peace reign in your heart.

Summum Supremum Sanctuarium, October 27, 1969.

JULIO MEDINA V.

Chapter One: THE SEVEN ETERNITIES

The absolute abstract space is the *causa causarum* of all that is, has been, and will be.

The deep and blissful space is certainly the incomprehensible Seity, the ineffable mystical root of the Seven Cosmoses, the mysterious origin of all that we know as spirit, matter, universes, suns, worlds, and so on.

THAT, the Divine, the space of happiness, is a tremendous reality beyond the Universe and the Gods.

"That" has no dimension whatsoever, and is in truth what is, what has always been, and what shall always be; it is the life that pulses intensely in each atom and in each sun.

Let us speak now of the great ocean of the spirit. How can we define it? Certainly it is Brahma, the first differentiation or modification of "That," before which Gods and men tremble.

"That" is the root of spirit and of matter, but it is neither the one nor the other.

"That" transcends the laws of number, measure, and weight; side by side; quantity; quality; before, behind, above, below, and so on.

"That" is what has reality beyond thought, word, and deed.

"That" does not belong to time, and lies beyond silence and sound and the ears that perceive it.

"That" is the immutable in profound divine abstraction — uncreated light, never created by any God or by any man, that which has no name.

Brahma is spirit, but "That" is not spirit. The Absolute, the Unmanifested, is uncreated light.

Where was the prime matter of the great work? It is evident that it lay, before the dawn of creation, in the profound bosom of the absolute abstract space.

That primordial matter turns out to be truly like the soul of the One, the living noumenon of any substance, undifferentiated cosmic matter.

The ancient wisdom says that Brahma, the Father, the ocean of the universal spirit of life, on the arrival of the GREAT NIGHT — what the Hindus call Pralaya, or the dissolution of the Universe — sinks into the absolute abstract space during seven eternities.

The seven eternities signify aeons or periods of time, totally defined, clear, and precise.

We have been told that a Mahakalpa — great age, cosmic day — has indeed a total of 311,040,000,000,000 years. It is obvi-

ous that a Mahapralaya, cosmic night, is equivalent to the same quantity of time.

Space is full of universes. While some systems of worlds emerge from the profound night, others come to their twilight — here cradles, there graves.

Before this Great Day dawned, in which we live, move, and have our being, what existed? The Rig Veda answers, saying:

"There existed neither something nor nothing.

The shining sky did not exist; nor did the immense celestial vault stretch on high.

What covered all? What sheltered it? What concealed it?

It was the unfathomable abyss of the waters.

Death did not exist; but there was nothing immortal.

There were no boundaries between day and night; only the One breathed unanimated and by itself, for there has never been another than He. Darkness reigned, and all the beginning was veiled.

In profound darkness, an ocean without light; the germ until then hidden in the wrapping causes a nature to spring forth from fervid heat.

Who knows the secret? Who has revealed it?

Whence, whence has this multiform creation arisen?

The gods themselves came into existence later.

Who knows whence this great creation came?

That from which all this immense creation has proceeded — whether his will has created it or whether he was mute — the highest seer in the loftiest heavens knows it, or perhaps even he does not know.

Contemplating eternity...

Before the foundations of the earth were laid,

Thou wert. And when the subterranean flame breaks its prison and devours the form, still Thou shalt be, as Thou wert before, suffering no change when time shall be no more.

O infinite intelligence, divine Eternity!"

Rig Veda

Chapter Two: PEOPLE OF OTHER WORLDS

We — poor and miserable worms of the mud of the earth! Are we, then, so foolish that we still need to investigate a little further the question of the possible extraterrestrial visitors? Are

not all the data we have already more than enough? Are we, to our misfortune, so obtuse, dull, and clumsy as not to understand that, since ancient times, we have always been visited by people of other worlds?

That they elude us? That they flee from us? That they do not come out into the light of day? Would we not do the same before a tribe of cannibals?

The people of other worlds know very well that we are precisely not meek sheep, and rather than fall into our feline fratricidal claws, they prefer to disappear furtively into the starry sky.

What would the great powers do with that type of cosmic ships? It is not difficult to guess. How dreadful those "flying saucers" would turn out to be, armed with atomic bombs!

To fall into jail without any motive — just like that, for no reason — or to become a guinea pig in a laboratory so that they may experiment on one, extract one's glands and inject various substances in order to study reactions, is certainly nothing pleasant. Is it not? It is obvious that the extraterrestrial visitors do not want to suffer such a fate, and therefore prefer to elude and avoid us.

This does not mean that the people of other worlds cannot defend themselves. It is clear and evident that, if they have already conquered space, they must also possess formidable

weapons; but they are not murderers, and from all points of view it is better to avoid problems. And as for us — what? When will we be capable of returning the visits to our extraterrestrial friends?

Certain romantic speculators of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries supposed the possibility of traveling to the Moon propelled by wings or by means of the system of hot-air balloons.

It is evident that such fantasies disappeared from the intellectual environment when the limit of our planetary atmosphere was discovered.

The scientific means of definite space travel revived with the marvelous works of Konstantin Eduardovich Tsiolkovsky, in which cosmic rockets are mentioned.

In the year 1920 the aforementioned sage predicted that, in a not-distant future, short radio waves would penetrate our atmosphere and would become the principal medium of stellar communications.

This prophecy is already being fulfilled; unfortunately the modern scientists are still not capable of interpreting the cosmic messages.

Tsiolkovsky believes that at least on a planet situated somewhere, human beings have already attained a technology that allows them to overcome the force of gravity and colonize the Universe.

It is obvious that we Gnostics go much further. We know very well, through direct mystical experience, that any harmless humanity of infinite cosmic space can take the luxury of traveling to OTHER INHABITED WORLDS.

In these modern times much is said about the possibility of travels between solar systems, and even of fantastic rockets propelled by atomic energy and guided by the pressure of light.

At present there exist most beautiful space theories, and both Russia and the United States of North America are struggling eagerly for the conquest of space.

Unfortunately, it is evident that, in order to reach any star similar to the sun that lights us, within a period of time properly human, one must first break the barrier of the speed of light.

Within that barrier exists the three-dimensional world; to break it, to transcend it, is in fact to truly penetrate the FOURTH DIMENSION, the latter being in itself time.

The supreme conquest of starry space is not possible without having first conquered time.

Beyond any doubt we emphatically affirm that the conquest of time is impossible while we remain enclosed within this three-dimensional mold of life, determined by the speed of light.

In the FOURTH DIMENSION it is evident that we can travel in time, plunge into the remote past, or project ourselves into the distant future. Let us recall that time is round.

If a cosmic vessel departed from our afflicted world at a speed greater than that of light, bound for some mysterious resplendent SUN situated at some point at the immeasurable distance of 137 light-years, it is certain, patent, and manifest, that on returning to this Vale of Tears — keeping the same speed throughout the journey — its crew would have to undergo a tremendous confusion on finding our Earth well advanced in time.

Yet what cosmic rocket is truly capable of traveling at a speed greater than that of light?

It is evident that the famous system of rockets, while it may indeed take us with much difficulty to the Moon, and eventually to Mars, turns out at bottom to be completely absurd for the conquest of infinite space.

Purcell, an eminent man of science, seriously analyzed the quantity of energy indispensable to carry out a hypothetical sidereal voyage — outward and return — to a sparkling star situated at some 12 light-years away, with the specific particularity of reaching, at the midway point of both going and returning, a maximum speed of 99 percent of light. (Our dear readers should not forget that light travels at the not-negligible speed of 300,000 kilometers per second.)

Now comes the question of fuel. There is no doubt that the fusion of the hydrogen bomb — in which the isotopes of this element, such as tritium and deuterium, are wisely combined to form helium — is certainly the most appropriate source of energy currently available.

Let us think for a moment, dear reader, on the tremendous efficacy of that extraordinary fusion that makes the sun shine. It is clear that, in that formidable reaction, four nuclei of hydrogen are intelligently exchanged, with superlative heat and powerful pressure, to actually form a nucleus of helium.

It is obvious that the marvelous cohesion energy that keeps the helium nucleus integrally bound turns out, beyond doubt, to be slightly less than that of the original hydrogen nuclei. We have been told that, after the reaction, a residue remains that acts as free energy in its movement.

It is evident, certain, dramatic, that this special kind of liberated energy is imposing, terrible, tremendous, since, according to Einstein's famous equation, $E/M = C^2$ (energy divided by mass equals the square of the speed of light), the value E is clearly of gigantic proportions.

Purcell supposes — quite rightly — that with this solar type of fusion, no less than 16 billion tons of hydrogen would be required to move his sidereal vessel on the hypothetical voyage.

It is clear that for such a journey of 12 light-years, that cosmic vehicle would have an appropriate weight of 100 tons.

It is logical that the cosmic vessel must be accelerated at take-off, halted on arrival, accelerated again to begin the return to earth, and finally halted again on landing on this world. All these maneuvers imply a tremendous consumption of many thousands of millions of tons of fuel. What rocket would be capable of transporting so much cargo?

We would still have the recourse of obtaining energy by intelligently combining MATTER with ANTIMATTER. It has already been demonstrated to the fullest that if two of these opposite substances make direct contact, they destroy each other mutually, liberating energy in the form of GAMMA rays.

In the name of truth we must recognize that this is the only process certainly known by which both matter and antimatter

can be transformed into energy. The famous gamma rays, which are evidently found at the short-wave end of the electromagnetic spectrum, could obviously propel a cosmic ship under identical conditions to those of propulsion by the pressure of light.

To every atomic particle there corresponds, in fact and by its own right, an antiparticle. It is easy to understand that the antiparticle is a mirror image of its original. It is obvious that, if the latter in itself is negatively charged, like the electron, its particle is undoubtedly positive. With this problem of generating energy to propel a cosmic ship apparently solved, the hypothetical voyage of Purcell would still not be clarified.

It is evident that for such a voyage, 406,400 tons of fuel would be urgently required, divided equally between matter and antimatter. Could a 100-ton ship load such a quantity of fuel? And we must repeat — and it does not do to forget — that we are speaking of a hypothetical voyage of only 12 light-years. And if the supposed vessel had to travel 50 or 100 light-years, where would this fuel problem stand?

It is obvious that this, at bottom, is certainly a problem without solution. If we truly wish to conquer space, we must approach the question from another angle. We need an authentic **SCIENTIFIC REVOLUTION**; it is urgent to learn to use solar

energy. With justice, Marconi said: "Where a sunbeam reaches, there man can reach."

SOLAR ENERGY AND THE FOURTH DIMENSION — these will be the two foundations of the future humanity. The fourth vertical must be traced, and this is only possible by studying the atom very deeply. When the fourth coordinate is traced, a new Geometry of tetradimensional type can then be elaborated. It is easy to understand that, upon this living foundation, a revolutionary physics with four dimensions can be created.

Present-day physics is certainly regressive, retrograde, reactionary; it does not serve for the conquest of space; it is antiquated, outmoded. When we have a revolutionary, tetradimensional physics, we shall then be able to fabricate cosmic ships capable of instantaneously crossing the barrier of the speed of light. Such cosmic vessels would travel in time at speeds millions of times greater than the speed of light.

This class of vessels, propelled by solar energy, would not need to carry fuel of any kind, and would travel freely through infinite space. The THREE-DIMENSIONAL world is not everything; it is certainly only a leaf of the tree of life. Let us think of the FOURTH DIMENSION. Let us REVOLUTIONIZE SCIENCE! We have already managed to break the sound barrier with airplanes and ultrasonic capsules, but we have still not been able to cross the barrier of the speed of light.

Chapter Three: CONSCIOUSNESS

When those memories come to me — burning effluvia of April and dawn, when I truly feel the fresh dew of drops of heaven — I suffer in truth for all those millions of human beings who dream and weep.

I awakened consciousness, attained ILLUMINATION. Where was I going, asleep, along the rough crag cut sheer? I gazed attentively at the firmament, and it was very high; the tremendous summit with its vertigo drew me on; I turned my face to the transposed depth, saw the earth, and it was very far below.

The PHOENIX, passing in swift flight, touched me with its wings of immaculate whiteness; and then, full of fervor, I prayed, knowing that the perfume of the prayer reached unto God.

I implored for the sleeping, for those sincere errants who dream that they are awake, for the failures who suppose they are doing very well.

The sage dreams of the splendid rose of the magic meadow, which opens its delicious leaves to the evening star of love.

The long-haired bard dreams of the timid singing brook that comes down the mountain dissolved in silver, all turned into filigree that runs and passes.

The unfortunate mother dreams of the son she lost in the war, and conceives no harder fate; she weeps at the foot of his portrait over the broken happiness, while the lightning plays with her torture and even kindles a rainbow in each tear.

Faust dreams of his Margaret, with her serene white face beneath the exquisite canopy of her blonde hair, which falls like a cascade of gold upon her alabaster shoulders.

What deep an abyss in her perfidious pupil, blue as the wave!

In the frightful claws of pain, the poor INTELLECTUAL ANIMAL dreams that he is Brutus, breaking the heart of Caesar into a thousand pieces; the dreadful Spartacus laying waste to Campania; Ulysses in his palace at Ithaca, furiously slaying the suitors of his wife; Tell pushing aside the skiff with his foot; Cleopatra seducing Mark Antony; Cromwell before the execution of a monarch; Mirabeau on the Tabor of the nations; Bolívar with five peoples liberated; Morelos on the battlefields.

The lover dreams of the star that rises in the East, resplendent; of the long-awaited meeting; of the book she holds in her hands; of her romantic window.

The offended husband dreams of obscure contention and rude rebellion; he suffers unspeakably and even dies in the nightmare.

The lustful one dreams of the indecent nudity of the she-devil, who wallows like a swine in the mud of filth.

The drunkard dreams that he is rich, young, a gallant knight of great renown, valiant in battle.

Amado Nervo dreams of "the immobile beloved," and Victor Hugo of Les Misérables. This life of Lunar type is only a weaving of dreams.

The old sages of the sacred land of the Vedas were not mistaken when they said that this world is MAYA (ILLUSION).

Ah!... If those poor people stopped dreaming... How different life would be!

The four Gospels insist on the necessity of AWAKENING CONSCIOUSNESS; but as they are written in code, no one understands.

At this moment, ineffable memories come to me. One autumn night, I was conversing delightfully with an Adept in the superior worlds.

To converse with an ELDER BROTHER in the parallel universes of the higher dimensions is certainly something impossible for the sleeping, for those poor people who dream. Fortunately I am awake...

The subject of the conversation was varied. The dialogue developed in synthesis. LITELANTES listened and was silent... it is obvious that she too is AWAKE and enjoys accompanying me... she is my PRIESTESS-SPOUSE.

And that conversation flowed delightfully like a river of gold beneath the dense forest of the sun.

The venerable one wished for an interview with me down here, in the physical world, in the THREE-DIMENSIONAL region.

It was necessary to define the factors of time and place. LITELANTES protested: midnight, and so far from our home, right in the center of Mexico City...

Her protests proved useless... He and I set the meeting and gave our word.

The autumn months passed... I awaited with deep interest the longed-for New Year 1968.

Yet everything passes... and I did not have to wait too long; the longed-for night arrived.

I left home early — so it had to be, for that is a night of many visits; I had to get ahead.

A taxi took me along the Tlalpan causeway as far as the Zócalo.

I had to alight at 20 de Noviembre, exactly at one of the corners of the Plaza of the Constitution.

I had to pay the fare. "How much do I owe?" "Two pesos, sir." "Here you are; take it." The chauffeur received the money without even remotely suspecting anything about me or about the motive of my journey. What can a sleeping person know? Did the poor chauffeur perhaps know my studies? What could I demand of him? One more dreamer driving a taxi... that is all.

And I walked through the very center of the Zócalo, stopping before a great iron pole — this was the mast of our national flag, the exact place of the mysterious meeting.

It is obvious that I had first to reconnoiter the place, and so I did; but it was not even ten o'clock at night yet.

I walked slowly down 5 de Mayo Avenue... slowly... and reached the Alameda Park.

The winter ice that breathes from the hills, where no shades or aromas ever sway, was descending in fresh torrents of silver, covering the withered meadows.

I sat down on a bench in the park; the cold of that winter night was certainly tremendous. Here and there and everywhere, well-bundled children played joyfully; old men austere con-

versed about things perhaps very serious and grave, or at least very unimportant; lovers smiled with luciferian glances of fire; lights of varied colors shone; and, as is only normal among that motley and picturesque human gathering of New Year's, there was no lack of disguises — people who took pleasure in having their picture taken before the four Magi.

Smoke that springs from the mountain, dark nostalgia, strange passion, insatiable thirst, immortal tedium, tender longing, indefinite subconscious, infinite craving for the impossible — that is what humanity feels at such moments.

Several times I wandered near the crystalline fountains, contemplating beautiful things beside the pines: balloons of varied colors, symbolic representations of the old and new year; carts drawn by the kids of Capricorn, and so on.

Time and again, walking slowly along 5 de Mayo Avenue, I approached on several occasions the mast of our national flag at the living center of the Plaza of the Constitution.

I gazed anxiously around; the glorious place was relatively empty, and, to crown all, the banner of the homeland with the eagle of the spirit, the sacred serpent, and the nopal of the will did not shine that night.

Obscure Alexanders and Spartacuses! How far you are from understanding all this; in the bloody labors of war, sower of

laurels and misfortunes, you were idols of clay that fell to earth in pieces.

In sublime absorption I searched my own mind, meditating on the mystery of life and of death.

Only half an hour was left for the appointed Mystery meeting. Many times I walked in silence about the area between the Zócalo and the Alameda. Suddenly, looking at my watch, I sighed deeply, saying with a voice that astonished me: "At last," "the hour is near."

It was necessary to hasten my pace a bit more to return again to the place of the longed-for meeting.

The bells of the old Metropolitan Cathedral rang out; when, anxious, I stopped before the mast of the national flag, only fifteen minutes remained before twelve. I looked around me as if inquiring, as if searching for some sign that would indicate to me the presence of the Master.

Innumerable questions assailed me. Would this Guru not be able to keep his appointment with me? Had the Adept perhaps not transferred the memory of this engagement to his physical brain?

At last, O God! In the towers of the temple ring out the twelve strokes of New Year. I was beginning to feel as if defrauded

when something unusual happens. I see three persons before me. It is a foreign family — perhaps North American? English? I do not know.

The gentleman advances alone toward me; I observe him attentively, I know those features, that majestic bearing — he is the Master. He congratulates me, embraces me, wishes me total success for the year 1968, and then withdraws.

Yet I notice something strange in him; he has come as a sleep-walker, unconscious, as if moved by a force superior to himself. This alarms me, saddens me a little.

Is it possible that the consciousness of the Master is awake in the superior worlds and asleep in the physical world? This is certainly strange, enigmatic, profound.

After the encounter with the Master I no longer felt defrauded; in my heart there was joy.

I went happily up to the atrium of the old cathedral; I waited, yes, and suddenly my son OSIRIS came; he was driving his small car of fire color; he stopped for an instant to pick me up and take me home.

"Did the Master keep the appointment with you?" That was his first question, and, since the answer was affirmative, it is clear that he rejoiced greatly, and then he kept silent.

It is useful to say that, after this event, I had a new interview with the Master in the superior worlds. I thanked him for keeping the appointment and congratulated him. The Guru, very happy, felt satisfied at having been able to conduct his human personality to the place previously agreed upon.

It is obvious that the Master in himself is what the Hindus call ATMAN, the divine Spirit fused with his spiritual Soul (BUDDHI).

The human Soul (Superior MANAS) clothed in its earthly personality is what in the mysterious East is wisely called BODHISATTVA.

It is easy to understand that the man who came to me was the BODHISATTVA of the Master.

And he came asleep... What sorrow! He was a fallen BODHISATTVA... yet the Master managed to control him and lead him like an automaton, like a marionette, to the place of the appointment.

It is not strange in any way that a BODHISATTVA (HUMAN SOUL OF A MASTER), after falling, lamentably plunges into the sleep of unconsciousness.

In the ancient times, in that epoch when the rivers of pure water of life flowed with milk and honey, many Masters lived

upon the face of the earth. With the fatal advent of the KALI YUGA, the black age in which we unfortunately live, very many BODHISATTVAS fell, and the lyre of Orpheus came crashing down upon the pavement of the temple, broken to pieces.

"The great ancient Divinity has fallen overthrown. It rests on one side, the face against the earth; yet the celestial hierarchies raise it up."

It is obvious that the Master in himself is what the Hindus call ATMAN, the divine Spirit fused with his spiritual Soul (BUDDHI).

Chapter Four: TIME

If we observe attentively any thing of this Mayavic world in which we live — a table, for example — we discover with mystical astonishment three perfectly defined aspects: length, width, and height. Yet it is evident that in the table of our concrete example there exists, besides, a fourth specific factor, totally defined; I wish to refer to the concept of time.

How much time ago did the humble carpenter make the shining table? Only minutes? Hours, perhaps? Months? Years?

Length, latitude, and altitude are, beyond any possible doubt — though it lies outside of the Cartesian type — the three Euclidean aspects of this three-dimensional world in which, for good or for ill, we live; yet it is clear that it would be absurd to exclude from our postulates the fourth factor.

Time in itself, considered as the FOURTH DIMENSION, contains intrinsically two fundamental properties: the temporal and the spatial.

It is positive, authentic, indubitable that the chronometric aspect of life is only the unstable surface of the spatial background. Years before the sage Einstein had surprised the world with his famous theory of relativity, any cultured man conceived the time factor as a straight line; today, any intellectual accepts that the aforesaid factor is curved.

Yet it is obvious that in this twentieth century there are still people who think with a medieval mind.

Great modern intellectuals, utopists by nature, fancy quite charmingly that eternity is a straight line, time prolonged infinitely.

REVOLUTIONARY GNOSTICISM teaches dialectically that eternity in itself has nothing to do with the concept of time.

The INTERNATIONAL GNOSTIC MOVEMENT affirms emphatically that there exists a FIFTH DIMENSION known by the solemn name of ETERNITY.

According to the wise Law of Recurrence, everything in life occurs again just as it happened, within the vicious circle of time.

Certainly, the times are eternally repeated, but let not time be confused with eternity.

Within the eternal NOW of the great life, there is incessant repetition of events and times.

The curve of time revolves within the perfect circle of eternity, but it is clear that these two wheels are different.

What lies beyond the two mysterious circles is the SIXTH DIMENSION; and the living foundation of any cosmogenesis must be sought in the unknown ZERO REGION.

Since the sage Einstein has mathematically demonstrated the relativity of time, we can emphasize the idea that the ABSOLUTE UNMANIFESTED, the fourth factor of our THREE-DIMENSIONAL world, has no existence.

Before the flaming heart of the SOLAR SYSTEM OF ORS — in which we live, move, and have our being — began to pulsate intensely after the GREAT PRALAYA (COSMIC NIGHT), time

did not exist, for it lay asleep within the profound bosom of the absolute abstract space.

If at the end of the MAHAMANVANTARA (COSMIC DAY) the seven basic DIMENSIONS of the Universe are reduced to a simple point that is lost like a drop in the GREAT OCEAN, it is evident that time then ceases to exist. Worlds, like men, animals, and plants, are born, grow, age, and die. Everything that breathes beneath the sun has a defined period of time. The UNIT OF LIFE for any living creature is equivalent, in fact and by its own right, to each beat of its heart. We have been told — very wisely, indeed — that the whole starry sky is a system of Hearts that beat intensely. It is evident that each pulsation of the worlds takes place every 27,000 years.

The total life of any world that gleams and sparkles in the profound bosom of the inalterable infinite is equivalent to a complete sum of 2,700,000,000 beats of the cosmic heart.

The humble insect that lives only one summer afternoon lives, in truth, as long as a man or a world, but in faster form. It is written, with embers of burning fire, that the number of cardiac beats for beasts, men, and worlds is always the same, in either a more rapid or slower form.

Time is most relative, and through the stage of the world many actors pass, carrying their own chronometer. There exist, be-

sides, secret reckonings and esoteric time — every Adept knows this.

The humble insect that lives only one summer afternoon lives, in truth, as long as a man or a world, but in faster form.

Chapter Five: DAROL FROMAN

Purcell's sober mathematical reasonings disqualifying the system of cosmic rockets and the consequent sidereal voyages toward other solar universes certainly did not discourage everyone. On the contrary — and although it may seem unbelievable — they stimulated the harebrained fantastic idea that, possibly, in a not-distant date, the men of science might be able to push the earth at their pleasure and take it out of orbit to transport it to another part of the galaxy.

This senseless suggestion was jokingly proposed by Darol Froman, former technical director of "Los Álamos Scientific Laboratory" in New Mexico. The fundamental energy to give concrete form to this monstrous tenebrous project could be obtained through fusion reactions, employing the waters of the seas as fuel.

It is obvious, evident, and notorious that the maritime supply of deuterium — the heavy form of hydrogen, which is unfortu-

nately used sinisterly in the H-bomb — is from all points of view more than insufficient to propel the planet earth to great distances.

Yet — according to the aforementioned man of science — this acute problem could be solved by using the reaction that takes place in the sun (combining four nuclei of hydrogen to form the nucleus of helium). This scientific procedure suggested by Froman to propel this earth of bitterness could function correctly for 8 billion years, time more than sufficient to abandon this system of ORS and reach other solar systems situated some 1,300 light-years away.

"For many of us," said Froman, "the most comfortable spaceship ever imaginable would be the earth itself. So if we are not satisfied with its present position, for one motive or another, let us move to another site with the earth and everything. We would have no reason to worry about the usual hardships of space voyages. For example, the problem of radiation would disappear thanks to the atmosphere, and because we would be sailing at low speed. The tranquility and the comfort of this way of traveling, you can see on the following slide."

Some commentators say that, as he said this, he took the luxury of projecting on a screen before his audience the delicious scene of some girls playing golf in a very beautiful place.

To play a game of golf? That is nothing wrong; but to wish to play with worlds — that, indeed, was a joke in very poor taste.

And if the men of science "overdid it"? If, for lack of precaution, they altered the normal rotation of the terrestrial ball, then what? What would the result be?

Have you already forgotten the cataclysm of Atlantis? At that time the verticalization of the terrestrial axis provoked the submergence of that old continent.

Darol Froman knows nothing about COSMIC LAWS; it is obvious that he is radically ignorant of them. What can people of three-dimensional psychology know of the FOHATS and their laws? That the FOHATS have established inviolable laws? That is indisputable. Yet do you think that men like Froman would willingly accept our statements?

It is evident, certain, patent, manifest, that each world of infinite space contains within itself its own directing FOHAT, intelligent, conscious.

What does Froman know about the 48 Laws? Has he ever studied anything about the 24, the 12, or the 6 ordinances? Darol Froman wishing to violate at his pleasure the cosmic laws of our planetary FOHAT. Have you ever heard anything more absurd?

Millions and billions of worlds are produced in each MAHAMANVANTARA (COSMIC DAY), and each planetary unit has, in fact and by its own right, its own SELF-CONSCIOUS, OMNIPRESENT, and OMNISCIENT FOHAT.

It is in truth no easy undertaking to try to displace the FOHAT contained in the interior of our planetary organism.

If the followers of Froman truly attempted to crystallize that monstrous project, the result would be a dreadful planetary catastrophe.

Millions and billions of worlds are produced in each MAHAMANVANTARA (COSMIC DAY), and each planetary unit has, in fact and by its own right, its own SELF-CONSCIOUS, OMNIPRESENT, and OMNISCIENT FOHAT.

Chapter Six: THE SACRED ORDER OF TIBET

Papus said in his Elementary Treatise of Occult Science that the true initiates of the East are those affiliated with the secret sanctuaries of Brahmanism, since they are the only ones capable of giving us the real key of the Arcanum A.Z.F., thanks to their knowledge of the primitive Atlantean tongue, Watan, the fundamental root of Sanskrit, Hebrew, and Chinese.

The Sacred Order of Tibet, most ancient, is certainly the genuine depository of the real treasure of Aryavarta. Old archaic traditions, lost in the terrifying night of all ages, say that this venerated institution is composed of 201 members; the chief body is formed by 72 brahmans.

It is written in the depths of the centuries, and with characters of fire, that Bhagavan Aclaiva, the great Maha-Rishi, is the secret regent of the mysterious order. By means of the holy Eight, sign of the infinite, any chela, on the condition of upright conduct, can put himself in direct contact with this secret organization.

The holy Eight, traced horizontally, is, beyond any doubt, a living clepsydra. If one considers intimately the extraordinary formation of this marvelous sign, it shows itself, from all points of view, as the continuity of a single stroke that closes a double circuit in the first trace, while in the second it closes only one, deviating in the other to project itself outward after cutting the sign at the very point of its central crossing.

One closes and the other opens. This is, then, the key required to open all doors and to cut all currents formed by atomic energy — from the one we have imagined and deposited at the bottom of consciousness, to the originating one of all, which circulates in the same form in the vital center of the NINTH SPHERE.

Now, to save oneself, with these resources, from the risks proper to all astral experience, and to obtain a SELF-CONSCIOUS and rapid exit, is, among others, more than sufficient reason for the Sacred Order of Tibet to be able to emphasize its motto: "NOTHING RESISTS OUR POWER."

In accordance with the foregoing description, the following exercise is suggested:

- Stillness and mental silence.
- Vividly imagine the Holy Eight.
- Meditate profoundly on the Sacred Order of Tibet.
- Such a sign joins or separates all elements ruled by atomic energy, when traced with the middle finger, index finger, and thumb of the right hand on the surface of the cardiac plexus.

Love the holy Eight; venerate it; concentrate deeply on it. That number turns out to be a clear emblem of that philosophical Mercury — the true incarnation of Hermes — with which the INITIATE must work in the MAGISTERIUM OF FIRE.

Meditate on the sacred sign of the infinite, the perfect representation of the living nexus that wisely binds the two worlds, divine and material, that send forth, respectively, from the waters above and from those below, the profound space, in the second phase of creation, and that finally unite in the central

inner focus of individual consciousness, as vehicle, channel, and means of expression of the one in the other. Concentrate profoundly on the holy symbol, on the ineffable Eight, on that double current of fire and water that wisely intercrosses in the NINTH SPHERE within the living entrails of the earth.

Recall the noble alchemical figure of Basil Valentine, a resplendent variation of the caduceus, most sacred symbol of the Mercury of the sages, in which the active properties of SULFUR are united with the marvelous productive fecundity of SALT to wisely carry out the mystical wedding of two luminaries in three worlds.

Let there be depth in your concentration. Meditate on the Sacred Order of Tibet. Evoke those Eight KABIRS or KABIRIM of the sign of Infinity — those Eight Brothers, ineffable Semitic divinities whose cult and mysteries later passed to the Greeks and Romans, finding their special center in Samothrace. Considered as the sons of Hephaestus, or Vulcan, and of a beautiful daughter of Proteus, those holy gods appear as born of the SACRED FIRE that develops and unfolds within the interior of the earth. These Eight Brothers are, then, the rectors of nature, the generators of the vital phenomena, the regulators of all the fundamental activities of the planetary organism in which we live. Meditate and pray; remain alert and

vigilant as a sentinel in time of war, and do not fall into temptation.

May the holy Eight, ineffable and terribly divine, sink like a precious balm into your aching heart, and may the eight Kabirs guide your steps toward the Sacred Order of Tibet. Be, I say to you, UPRIGHT, UNITOTAL, RECEPTIVE; one night — no matter which — you will be called from the temple of the Himalayas. "Ask, and ye shall be given; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

Oh Lanu! Tell me: are you disposed to bear the trials? The old sages of the East say that seven are the basic trials, fundamental and indispensable for the Initiatory reception in the Sacred Order of Tibet. On the last of these trials Master Luxemil has already spoken. Is it pleasant indeed to experience the terror of death? Yet only thus do we come to understand that the price of the INTIMATE SELF-REALIZATION OF THE BEING is paid with one's own life.

A mournful fate is mine when I contemplate a fiery trail of what once was! I was in the struggles; I knew of trials; I knocked, as others did, at the doors of the temple. That seductive beauty of the Eastern Temple put a flash of life on my suffering soul, like the lightning bolt that puts color on the cloud weeping the rainbow that gladdens. Sacred image of the temple, gracious and radiant, was like a wandering star or like a

rapid meteor, the lightning bolt that opened in my night a burning furrow of gold. That ineffable sanctuary of Tibet is the lantern and the torch, the breath that refreshes and the squall that whirls, the calm of the spirit that recreates and the storm that lashes. Unfathomable mystery, sweet and strong harmony, severe and grave; may God grant me to obtain Thee as a funereal lyricism, blood-prize, flower of the abyss, mourning and glory of death.

Over this black river of profane existence, the austere and grave truth shines like the silence of the stars above the terrible roar of the waves. And I was subjected to unspeakable trials within those sacred walls, in the sunlit patio of the temple. How many memories! Let the evening fold its wing of gold in the void; let those esoteric reminiscences come to my mind for the good of my readers; let the stars twinkle; let the nocturnal birds tell me many things in secret.

And in that patio of mysteries, a LADY-ADEPT, after so many dreadful and terrible trials, showed me sinisterly the fleshless and horrible figure of death — a bony skull between her two crossed shinbones...

"Let me live a little longer... I am working for suffering humanity... I will pay all that I owe by sacrificing myself for the great orphan. Have compassion on me." "If you had been pre-

pared, you would have died in the presence of this figure." That was the response, and then came a terrifying silence.

I, vile worm of the mud of the earth, stood beside one of these solemn unconquered columns of the sanctuary... Woe is me! Tremendous memories came to my mind... I was within the Sacred Order of Tibet, but this was not new to me; I remembered that in other times I had been there in that same place, standing beside the same venerable column. In the patio, around the sacred table, a group of NIRMANAKAYAS were seated... those ineffable beings exuded felicity.

Oh God! What beautiful tunics, garments of paradise, what divine faces! It is obvious that there were also some SAMBHOgakayas among them, who, as is known, have three perfections more than the NIRMAnAkayas.

"Permit me to say a few words... I remember at this moment another time; many centuries ago I stood here in this very place, beside this very column." "If you had not been here before," an ancient venerable one answered me, "you would not have returned to knock at the doors of this temple." I advanced a few steps, withdrawing from the column, to stand reverently before the table of the saints; the elder, who had taken the word in the name of all the chosen, rose to his feet to make me some just recriminations.

What a majestic countenance! He seemed a living Christ; in his eyes were reflected many cosmic days and nights; his sacred beard was a living representation of the universal verb of life, and his immaculate hair, falling upon his ineffable shoulders, reminded us of the Ancient of Days of the Hebrew Kabbalah!

He spoke and said terrible things; he mentioned a woman whom I had known after the submergence of the old Atlantean continent. "Do you remember So-and-so?" Yes, venerable Master, I remember her; it is evident that I had failed because of her in ancient times. "Do you remember So-and-so?" Yes, venerable Master, I remember her. Then the living memory of a Tibetan queen came to my mind. In Central Asia, in the very heart of the Himalayas, alongside Tibet, there existed a marvelous kingdom nearly a million years ago. The inhabitants of that ancient country were the result of an Aryan-Atlantean mixture.

Every esotericist knows very well that the first sub-race of our present fifth root race flourished in Central Asia. I lived in that old country and knew that queen, the one whom the Master was recalling to me recriminatingly. She came to me when I was a priest of the Sacred Order of Tibet. The unfortunate one suffered and told me her tragedies. The monarch, her husband, was in love with another woman, and it is natural that

the unfortunate queen had fallen into desperation. I wanted to help her; I did what I could for her; but I committed grave errors.

To assault another's mind is a crime, and it would be absurd to deny my own errors; I used the psychic powers in an evidently negative form, and even committed the error of receiving some money. The royal treasury paid me the sum on account of the queen's expenses. The husband abandoned the concubine; king and queen were reconciled, for the good of that country.

Apparently I had done well; but let us remember the words of Master Morya: "Among the cadences of verse, crime also hides itself." It is clear to anyone that I had fallen into absurdity, that I had committed foolishness, and for that reason — although I was a "twice-born" — I was severely punished. There the elder was, reminding me of all these things, and it is clear that my moral pain was dreadfully great.

"Did you join the Order of the GARTER?" Yes, venerable Master, I joined it — that was my answer. How could I deny it? The gaze of that most sacred elder pierced my heart; impossible to hide before divinity. I then remembered that ancient personality I had had in old Rome. I was entrusted with the mission of establishing a strong scenario for the fourth sub-race of this fifth root race, and so I used the human personali-

ty of Julius Caesar. I formed the Great Roman Empire, fought like a lion in Gaul, and everyone knows that I was murdered by Brutus, the traitor.

I had no need to join the Order of the Garter; the secret laws of the Great Universal Life would have helped me in any case, without need of the said Roman institution. After these re-creations I felt ashamed of myself, troubled, and with an aching heart.

A LADY-ADEPT in disguise, wearing the garment of ritual executioner, advanced resolutely toward me with the sacred lash gripped in her right hand; I understood at once that I must undergo the evangelical flagellation. I walked toward the interior of the temple, slowly... along that ancient patio surrounded by archaic walls. "Die! Die! Die!" exclaimed the LADY, even as she struck me in truth with the sacred lash.

"Yes, that is what I want — to die, to die, to die; lash me more strongly"; and those lashes, instead of producing in me that dreadful pain of torture, entered into me as though they were electric rays, benefiting me, for I felt within me that those entities which constitute the PLURALIZED I were being struck down with death.

It is written that HORUS must conquer and destroy the demons of SETH (Satan), so that the soul may rise again in the

heart of OSIRIS (the Christ).

It is evident, certain, dramatic, that, having attained the Second Birth, I needed to die in myself, here and now. This is not the ordinary, common death of the profaners of life, that infuses such great terror in vulgar beings — in those multitudes who people the face of the earth.

Certainly this is the INITIATIC or PHILOSOPHICAL death of the MASTERS, to which Giordano Bruno referred, writing: "Coloro Che Filosofano Dirittamente Intendono a Morire."

This is the death of SETH, the MYSELF, the SELF, so adored by many sincere errants.

Many years of my life have passed, and I have never been able to forget this cosmic event that took place in the heart of the Himalayas. Today I am dead; I worked intensely with the help of my sacred serpent; the red demons have been defeated.

Great was the struggle, but I attained the INITIATIC death. The path is more bitter than gall. Many are called and few are chosen. The path of life is formed by the prints of the hooves of the horse of death.

I needed to dissolve the EGO, to die — yes — and now I speak, because...

*May the holy Eight, ineffable and terribly divine,
sink like a precious balm into your aching heart,
and may the eight Kabirs guide your steps to-
ward the Sacred Order of Tibet.*

Chapter Seven: MEDITATIONS

In this world of cosmic manifestation, there is no glory of higher hues than that of being, among the created light of the Universe, one of those crucibles in which all the charm of the soul condenses like the fire of the ether in the suns.

It is not true that Brahma, the universal spirit of life, lacks in himself that splendid unity. What does it matter that the sublime Prometheus, beneath the terrible spark that his forehead draws, bites in the struggle the mud of the earth — if, like Antaeus, he rises heroic whenever he falls?

To battle, to struggle, to suffer, to free oneself at last, to lose oneself like a diamantine drop in the ocean of uncreated light — that is certainly the best longing. The gods, through fire, rise out of the abyss and are lost in the ABSOLUTE.

As I write these lines, many things come to my memory... One night in deep intimate meditation, I abandoned the illusory world of MAYA and, freed from those fetters of bitter existence, I plunged during the SAMADHI into the world of the

spirit. There is no greater pleasure than that of feeling the soul detached from the body, the affections, and the mind. Immense is the ineffable bliss of those DIAMOND SOULS who are lost in the GREAT ALAYA of the Universe. And, intoxicated by the ecstasy, I entered through the doors of the temple of transparent walls. And with the OPEN EYE OF DANGMA — with that spiritual vision of the ADEPT or JIVANMUKTA — I looked down, into the depths, and saw, then, in the abyss of the mind (Ocean of cosmic mind, precipice, cliff, frightful depth) many loved beings who suffer. Ah!... Do not desolate me thus, have compassion on me... Let our waywardness now cease, eyes that give me anguish, eyes that have the look of leaves soaked in dew.

And those shadows expanded, melancholy and strange, assuming mysterious traces of smoke that quenches tints of flame. Murmur of confused, vague words, and with profound sadness in the soul... Poor shadows! Vain forms of the world of the mind!

Just as the furious sea inclemently lashes the beach with its waves, so too from the world of the mind, from the sea of understanding, arose waves that in vain attempted, desperate, to lash the threshold of the temple of transparent walls. LITELANTES, the LADY-ADEPT, exclaimed indignantly: "Those women trouble much; they try to reach this place," and

she unsheathed her flaming sword; I did the same. These swords flashed for an instant menacingly, casting devouring fire everywhere. And those vain shadows of the universal mind, terrified, were lost in the dreadful abyss of MAYA. In the absence of the body, the affections, and the mind, we come to experience directly what truth is.

Those poor shadows (EGOS) of SAMSARA, or the land of bitternesses, are certainly a painful compound of thought, sentiment, and desire which, when concentrated in one direction or another, becomes in fact something resembling will.

How different are the ineffable beings! They are strong living ones, solar creatures, burning flames. In the lords of the flame there is no such deep sadness of the soul, no eyes that have the look of leaves full of tears. The intelligent fires of the dawn of all creation are saturated with felicity. Those beings of gold, those ineffable ones, are not the sorrowful shadows of the mind; in them shine wisdom, love, and power.

These are the AH-HI, mysterious and terribly divine, who dwell beyond the mind and the shadows that weep. In the deep cosmic night, before the heart of the solar system began to pulsate intensely, the universal mind did not exist, for there were no AH-HI to contain it. Those AH-HI, mysterious and terribly divine, constitute the army of the voice, the VERB,

THE GREAT WORD, the hosts of spiritual beings, so distinct, so different from the shadows of the mind that weep.

It is from all points of view ostensible, palpable, clear, that these blissful beings, that these blessed flames, arise from within the bosom of the ABSOLUTE at the dawn of life, to give and establish laws in the living laboratory of nature.

At the end of the day, the great age, these ineffable ones cease to exist, and come to be lost in the inconceivable inexhaustible bliss of the profound abstract absolute space. The mind in itself, and all its vain illusory shadows, truly cease to exist when the cosmic day ends. The gods know well that, within the bosom of uncreated light, the mind dissolves like a soap bubble. In that which has no name, the existence of the mind is impossible — though its latencies allow us to glimpse a remote possibility for the future.

At the twilight of the Universe that sparkles in the infinite, the ELOHIM must break every fetter that in one form or another binds them to existence, and must liberate themselves radically from all that is called mind, will, and consciousness.

Those AH-HI, mysterious and terribly divine, constitute the army of the voice, the VERB, THE GREAT WORD, the hosts of spiritual beings, so

distinct, so different from the shadows of the mind that weep.

Chapter Eight: EVOLUTION AND INVOLUTION

In ancient times, Anaximenes of Miletus, the great sage, emphasized the idea that the number of inhabitable worlds is infinite.

He then insinuated that the life that vibrates and pulses upon the face of the earth originated in oceanic slime or mud, and that later, little by little, with the passage of countless centuries, it adapted to the environment. Anaximenes thought very seriously that all living species, including the INTELLECTUAL ANIMAL wrongly called man, descend from archaic oceanic beings.

EPICURUS believed in "SPONTANEOUS GENERATION," and his ideas intensely echoed in the intellectual environment of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It is needless to say that NEWTON and HARVEY accepted this theory.

Jan Baptist van Helmont believed that the key to life resided exclusively in fermentation, and even took the luxury of proposing methods for the generation of scorpions and other

living beings; the most amusing thing about that sage was his famous recipe for creating or generating mice:

"If a dirty shirt is squeezed through the mouth of a jar containing some grains of wheat, the fermentation that the dirty shirt exudes, altered by the smell of the grains of wheat, gives rise, after twenty-one days, to the transformation of the wheat into mice."

It is obvious that such a recipe turns out, at bottom, to be one hundred percent dreadfully ridiculous.

In the year 1765 the intellectual world in the Low Countries was stirred by tremendous discussions revolving around bacteria and protozoans. For many, such microscopic organisms developed in a natural and spontaneous form, although Leeuwenhoek suspected that they came from the air.

Meanwhile Buffon, the very famous French naturalist — to whom we owe the very debatable collision theory by which many have attempted to explain the origin of the solar system of ORS, in which we all live — gave a clever scientific explanation to the troubling theme of spontaneous generation. Living matter — he said — consists of "organic molecules," which during the process of putrefaction is capable of rearranging itself to form new organisms from matter just deceased.

The sophism of so absurd an explanation is evidently found in the word "rearrangement," spontaneous, by chance, without an intelligent guiding principle.

Laplace, the author of the theory of the nebula or dust cloud to explain the origin of the solar system, suggested the idea that the plants and animals of the world in which we live owe their existence to the solar rays.

The most acute intellectual conflict of the nineteenth century had its scenario in the field of the ideas of Pasteur and Darwin.

That rather thorny question related to the inferior forms of life and to spontaneous generation occasioned violent debates when Darwin made public his theory of evolution.

Pasteur, lance in hand, went against the dogma of evolution when he ridiculed Jules Michelet, who in an absurd manner described life as originating in a drop of sea water very rich in nitrogen, with a bit of fecundating mucilage or jelly, which possibly, after 10,000 years, evolved to the dignity of an insect and, in the space of 100,000 years, to that of monkey and man.

Pasteur very wisely canceled the theory of spontaneous generation when he said:

"No, currently no circumstance is known by which one can affirm that microscopic beings have come into the world without germs or ancestors that resemble them. All those who claim to deny this reality are nothing more than playthings of illusions, victims of badly conducted experiments, plagued with errors they do not know how to explain or are ignorant how to avoid."

Pasteur showed to the audience that listened to him attentively a flask containing matter that had been fermentable for many years. It is obvious that, because the vessel was hermetically sealed, the microorganisms of the air could not penetrate inside it, and for that reason the matter did not ferment.

Darwin, in a letter prior to the year 1871, writes textually the following:

"It has often been said that all the conditions necessary for the first generation of an organism are now present, and could always have been present. (And what a very dubious 'but'!) If we could conceive that in some warm little pond, with all sorts of ammonia and salts of phosphoric acid, light, heat, electricity, and so on, a protein compound was chemically formed, ready to undergo still more complex changes, currently such matter would be instantly devoured or absorbed, which would not have happened before the formation of living beings."

Pasteur put an end to the foundation of Darwin's evolutionary and transformist theory when he reduced to cosmic dust the theory of spontaneous generation. Life in itself, even in its lowest and most elementary form as in a bacterium, can really arise only from other life.

The germs of existence sleep during the deep night of the great PRALAYA, in the bosom of the absolute abstract space, and come into cosmic manifestation when the dawn of the MAHAMANVANTARA begins. The living germs, during the COSMIC DAY, are subject to the laws of EVOLUTION, INVOLUTION, RHYTHM, VIBRATION, NUMBER, MEASURE, and WEIGHT.

Each species has within itself its living prototype, its original germs. The living germs of the universal life, intelligently suspended in the vital atmosphere of the world in which we live, can be classified. It is ostensible, palpable, and clear that the surrounding environment, on each planet of the inalterable infinite, is subject to various changes.

It is evident that each specific germinal species demands, for its manifestation, clear and precise vital conditions.

Any elementary germinal specimen can and must evolve and develop during its particular cycle of activity. It is indubitable, and even axiomatic, that every germinal model or type in-

volves and regresses toward its elementary, primitive state when its cycle of activity ends.

Example: the polyps of flowers — today simple microorganisms involving on the way of return — were, in the preceding round, dreadful giants armed with terrible tentacles very similar to those of the marine octopuses.

The enormous antediluvian monsters that once devastated Cyclopean cities, leaving everywhere their indelible trace of terror and death — though it may seem incredible — still exist in the twentieth century. Today they are scarcely simple microbes suspended in the atmosphere.

In a world of the future MAHAMANVANTARA, those germs of life will inevitably develop.

And what shall we say of the intellectual-animal race, of three-brained or three-centered bipeds?

Why should this specimen, sample, or bestial reasoning model be an exception to the great rule? It is obvious that the germs of that biped wrongly called man began their multiple evolutionary processes from the very dawn of the MAHAMANVANTARA.

Have you ever heard of the protoplasmic race?

It is from all points of view evident, with the clearest meridian clarity, that the aforementioned giant generation, beyond time and distance, was in truth the culmination of a long series of evolutionary processes that had their scenario in the higher dimensions of nature.

Be it known, then, that the subsequent generations of the human species, descended from those colossal archaic giants, have been regressing since ancient times, involving toward their primitive germinal state.

ANTHROPOGENESIS teaches that any world of infinite space sooner or later becomes the scenario of seven human races. Fortunately, we know that in this ill-starred world of so much misfortune, we are precisely the fifth generation.

It is obvious that the sixth race will be even smaller in stature, and it is evident from all points of view that the last generation will be of Lilliputians.

Nature always has specimens, models, living examples to demonstrate her truths.

As I write these lines, there comes to my memory the singular case of a certain LEMURIAN-LILLIPUTIAN tribe that, until shortly ago, lived in LÍPEZ, Bolivia, South America.

Old traditions affirm that both the men and the women of that mysterious tribe have human bodies that scarcely reach statures from 15 to 25 centimeters. The people round about say that the curious village where these Lilliputians formerly lived still exists, and is situated some 120 kilometers from Potosí, Bolivia.

It seems to us, frankly, very lamentable that this unusual settlement — like a toy village — has been abandoned by its most tiny and strange inhabitants.

It would not be difficult to guess that such an unusual tribe entered into the FOURTH DIMENSION to transport itself to some place less exposed to the profane gaze of the curious.

The Aztec sages were not mistaken when they emphasized their idea that: "The sons of the Third Sun were turned into birds."

At the twilight... of terrestrial life, moments before the earth has been turned into a new moon, the intellectual-animal species will have regressed to its germinal state.

It is obvious that, after the death of the physical world, the human germs will continue evolving in the higher dimensions of nature, until they return to the elementary, atomic, original state.

It is written with characters of fire in the great Book of Life that, at the end of the GREAT COSMIC DAY, every vital germ must sleep profoundly in the chaos for seven eternities.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, that only music, the Word, the Logos, can awaken the vital germs at the dawn of every MAHAMANVANTARA, for a new cycle of activity.

OREMUS...

Anaximenes thought very seriously that all living species, including the INTELLECTUAL ANIMAL wrongly called man, descend from archaic oceanic beings.

Chapter Nine: EGYPTIAN MUMMIES

Oh KEB! Genius of the earth, mighty Lord of the world, sublime protector of the venerable mummies in the sun-drenched land of KEM, hail!...

What do my ears hear? Oh gods of AMEN-RA! Still resound in the profound depths of all ages the ineffable verb of Hermes Trismegistus, the thrice-great, the Ibis God of Thoth.

A torpor of eternity weighs upon the most ancient mysteries of the sphinx of the desert, and the souls of the AMENTI long for a new Neptunian-Amentine manifestation.

At these moments an Egyptian reincarnation comes to my memory. Certainly I was born and lived there during the dynasty of Pharaoh Khefren. Though my words may seem enigmatic and strange, verily I say unto you, my physical body did not die, and yet it went to the sepulcher.

Catalepsy? Yes! Of what type? Impossible to explain — for you would not understand it now.

Ah! But my case was certainly no exception; many other hierophants went to the sepulcher in a cataleptic state.

That a very special type of mummies should continue to live, and without any food, but with all their natural faculties in suspension, is something that ought in no way to surprise us.

Remember that toads, during the winter, buried in the mud, lie cadaverous without any food, but in spring they return to life. Have you heard of hibernation? In Paris that scientific field is very advanced; a doctor friend told me that here in Mexico it was also going to be established. Any human organism placed in hibernation chambers below zero degrees sleeps profoundly; it resembles a corpse with all human faculties in suspension. We have been told that the first man who served as guinea pig for such an experiment remained in that state for an entire century. They say that this subject is still alive.

The Egyptian catalepsy goes much further; besides, it is wisely combined with magic and occult chemistry.

It is obvious that my soul escaped from the body; it is unquestionable that this very special type of mummification was no obstacle for the continuation of my cycle of reincarnations. The soul of any Egyptian hierophant has four bodies:

- THE MUMMY.
- THE KA (ASTRAL BODY).
- THE BA (MENTAL BODY).
- THE KU (CAUSAL BODY).

I withdrew from the MUMMY — or rather, my soul emancipated itself from that mummified body. My soul, clothed in its higher vehicles, continued in the AMENTI and afterwards went on reincarnating in various places of the world. Yet there still exists a sympathetic magnetic thread that, in some manner, maintains a certain relation between my soul and the mummy.

Sometimes my spirit enters the apparently dead body; then it is obvious that this vehicle momentarily comes out of its cataleptic state. My present human personality is no obstacle for that kind of experiments; no one can hinder the spirit. He can take the mummy out of the sepulcher, submerging it within the fourth dimension. He can leave the FOURTH

DIMENSION and enter this world of three dimensions to visit someone. He knows the region of the canals and of the currents, the humid place, the antechamber of this chemical region in which we live. He knows how to open the door of KEM that gives access to the region of the air. He has the power to call the magical beings, with whose aid he can penetrate the region of the five senses to make himself visible and tangible before someone. After such experiments my spirit can make the mummy return to its sarcophagus. After my death my soul could definitively reincorporate in that mummy, if TUM should wish it. Then that body would come out of the cataleptic state definitively, and my soul, clothed in that flesh, could live like any person, traveling from country to country.

It would return to eat, drink, live beneath the light of the sun, and so on. Such mummy would be taken out definitively from the sepulcher through the fourth dimension.

Chapter Ten: THE SEVEN PATHS OF HAPPINESS

Within that intricate and confusing labyrinth of pseudo-esoteric and pseudo-occultist theories, much is certainly said and discussed in relation to the seven rays of cosmic action.

Human machines with viperous tongues that say marvels!
People who sleep upon the face of the earth; three-brained or
three-centered bipeds who not only are ignorant, but are also
ignorant that they are ignorant. Machines! They come and go
and pass by... speak, argue if you wish, but verily I say unto
you, you know nothing...

Direct mystical experience — that is to know; for in truth, the
esoteric living, the ecstasy, is only for men of AWAKENED
CONSCIOUSNESS. Do you wish to cease being a machine?
Well and good, I congratulate you; but begin by awakening.

Ah! If only people would awaken, if only they would cease be-
ing machines... how different life would be. It seems incredi-
ble! But with only ten percent of awakened
CONSCIOUSNESS, wars would disappear, and peace would
reign in this Vale of Tears.

Know it, sovereigns and vassals, leaders and beggars, that your
miserable existences are only a weaving of dreams.

On the unknown deep the vessel follows the chance of a bird's
impulse. Where is it going? Not even the Genoese navigator
knows, for he sleeps.

Within this tragic consciousness that we carry inside, there are
sadnesses that lift up and joys that tarnish; there are rejoicings

that weep and sufferings that sing; and the intellectual animal always kills what he most adores.

Consciousness that sleeps, how different you would be if you would awaken; you would know the seven paths of happiness; the light of your love would shine everywhere; the birds would rejoice in the mystery of their woods; the light of the spirit would shine forth; and the joyful elementals of nature would sing for you verses of gold.

On a certain night — no matter which, nor the date, nor the day, nor the hour — I was conversing with an ADEPT of the WHITE BROTHERHOOD in the PARALLEL UNIVERSE of the FIFTH DIMENSION; the conversation was truly soft and delicious and flowed slowly like a river of gold beneath the dense forest of the sun. Suddenly, beneath the sublime foliage of the tree of life, I addressed him thus: "Do you have a physical body? Are you conscious?"

It is obvious, ostensible, that the answers left me fully satisfied: "Yes, I am awake, I have a physical body, but at this moment I feel that my CONSCIOUSNESS is beginning to fall asleep by degrees, slowly, little by little, as my dense vehicle draws me toward that which is called the waking state." The most interesting was that ineffable moment in which the ADEPT, floating ecstatic in the sidereal environment, beatifically joined his two feet in such a way that the soles of them

made contact with each other; then it is evident that he seemed to be strengthened; his consciousness recovered lucidity.

It is clear that I imitated his example, and the ADEPT explained to me the key, saying: "With this secret, you will be able to resist the magnetic attraction of the dense body, and thus you will be able to remain outside as long as you wish."

It is ostensible, palpable, and clear that only ADEPTS such as these — true men, conscious and awake — know what the seven paths are. In the cosmic night the seven paths of happiness do not exist, and only the ONE breathes unanimated and by Himself.

Before the heart of the solar system began to pulsate intensely, the causes of pain did not exist, because there was no one to produce them and to be seized by them.

Direct mystical experience — that is to know; for in truth, the esoteric living, the ecstasy, is only for men of AWAKENED CONSCIOUSNESS.

Chapter Eleven: THE PANSPERMIA OF ARRHENIUS

Some predecessors of Darwin believed that the grouping of species into genealogical trees was the result of the evolution of one species into another. It is obvious that such a belief is at bottom an absurd hypothesis, for we have never witnessed the birth of a new species.

Lamarck was of the opinion that evolution had taken place by the adaptation of plants and animals to the environment, the acquired characteristics being transmitted to the following generation.

Darwin went still further in his expositions, with the hare-brained idea that the new types emerged by occasional variations, due to chance or to errors of heredity, and that they were then suppressed by the survival of the fittest.

On casting a retrospective glance at the long path of evolution, Mr. Darwin concludes by manifesting that, in the confused past, there must have existed some primeval, simple form of life, from which all other existences derive. It is from all points of view very interesting that question which the aforesaid author asked himself: "Whence come those original species?" In one of his last letters — supposed to be the last he dictated and signed before his death — he emphatically affirmed that

knowledge at that time was so meager that any serious attempt to explain the origin of life would prove a failure.

Mr. Darwin died without having discovered the origin of life; he wrote an absurd theory, without basis, without foundation.

Pasteur was much more comprehensive; let us recall with clarity that blow he struck to the absurd idea that life could arise from inorganic matter. The great sage said: "There is a peculiar quality of the chemical substances of animated things, which sets them fundamentally apart from inorganic substances."

Pasteur so thoroughly discredited all the fanatics of spontaneous generation that, in truth — and though it may seem incredible — only a few followers of so harebrained a theory dared to speculate on the origin of life.

Needless to say, of the remaining ones, some opted for the concept that some miraculous spark was necessary to give life to the first living being; others, undoubtedly the wisest, took refuge in Eastern wisdom, according to which life is eternal, and only the changing forms are perishable.

The germs of life travel eternally from sun to sun, from world to world, through time and distance. Electric whirlwinds, vorrices of force, escape from the worlds, bearing in their bosom

germs of life. Electric whirlwinds reach the worlds, bringing in their womb germs of life.

The difficulty that Arrhenius's THEORY OF PANSPERMIA offered was that even the bacterial spores that survived the boiling in Pouchet's flasks would probably have been killed by the solar ultraviolet rays shortly after rapidly crossing the protective terrestrial atmospheric layer. The rays of greatest lethal effect for the spores are possibly those with wavelengths below 3,000 angstroms. According to later calculations made by Carl Sagan at the famous University of California at Berkeley, these spores would not have been able to survive even during the journey from earth to Mars, or vice versa.

Yet Sagan affirmed that ultraviolet rays are much weaker at distances from the Sun to planets such as Uranus and Neptune, and that with regard to these, the theory of panspermia is not entirely discarded — although, according to him, it does not apply to the origin of life on earth.

We Gnostics go further; we are not speaking of spores; we affirm that the elementary germs of life are carried back and forth by electric whirlwinds.

It is evident that, if the elementary germs of universal life were not duly protected during their interplanetary voyages, they would be annihilated by the solar ultraviolet rays. It is ostensi-

ble and manifest that the vital germs of existence travel within the electric womb of the whirlwinds, duly protected by cosmic energy. The elementary germs evolve and develop wherever they find specific vital conditions.

After any evolutionary cycle, involutory ages follow, and the species return to their primitive germinal state. The EVOLUTION and INVOLUTION of each particular species demands precise vital conditions. All the living species that have evolved and involved on the planet earth repeated identical cycles on other worlds.

Arrhenius's THEORY OF PANSPERMIA has been improved by the Gnostics, and it is obvious that its foundations are exact.

Chapter Twelve: THE EGYPTIAN MYSTERIES

Hail, O blessed goddess ATHENA-NEITH! How great are thy works and marvels!

Well do the gods and the sages know that thou art the divine Clitone of the submerged Atlantis.

It is written, with characters of fire, in the great book of life, that thou, O goddess, didst intelligently select the best of the

seed of VULCAN to found the august city of Athens. O Neith! Thou didst establish SAIS in the delta of the Nile; the sun-drenched land of KEM bows reverently before thee. Hail! Hail! Hail!

Still resound in the depths of the centuries those phrases of the priest of Sais: "O Solon, Solon, you Greeks are only children! There is not an aged man in Greece!"

"You are all young in soul, since you treasure no opinion truly ancient, no archaic tradition handed down."

"You possess no, no knowledge whitened by time, and behold why, throughout the centuries, the destructions of men and of entire peoples have followed in great number — the greatest of them by fire and by water; the lesser, by various other causes."

"Thus, you have the old tradition that, in ancient times, Phaethon, the son of the sun, in undertaking to drive the chariot of his father, had set the earth on fire, and that, struck by lightning, he himself had perished."

"Such an account is of fabulous character, and the truth that such a fable conceals beneath its symbol is that all the celestial bodies that move in their orbits undergo perturbations that, with time, determine a periodic destruction of terrestrial things by a great fire."

"In such catastrophes, those who dwell in the mountains and lofty arid places perish sooner than the dwellers on the shores of the sea and of the rivers."

"To us, the Nile, to whom in so many ways we owe our life, then saved us from such a great disaster; and when the gods purified the earth by submerging it, if not all the oxherds and shepherds perished upon the mountains, at least the inhabitants of your cities were little by little carried to the sea, following down the current of the rivers."

"However, in our country, neither then nor at any other time have the rains fertilized our fields as in others; rather, nature has arranged that water should come to us from the earth itself, by the river."

"This is the cause that our country can preserve the most ancient traditions, because neither extreme heats nor excessive rains have despoiled it of its inhabitants; and besides, although the human race may increase or diminish in the number of its individuals, it never disappears entirely from the face of the earth."

"In this way, and for this reason, all that has been done of beautiful, of great, or memorable in any aspect — whether in your country, in ours, or in another — has been written for many centuries and preserved in our temples; but among you

and the other peoples, the use of writing and of all that is necessary to a civilized state dates from a very recent epoch; and suddenly, at certain intervals, there come down upon you, like a cruel plague, torrents that rush from heaven, and leave subsisting only men who are strangers to letters and to the muses, so that you begin again, so to speak, your infancy, and you are ignorant of every event of your country or of ours that goes back to the old times."

"So, Solon, all these genealogical details that you have given us, relative to your country, resemble children's tales."

"To begin with, you speak to us of one deluge, when many others have taken place before."

"Besides, you are ignorant that in your country there existed the most excellent and perfect race of men, from which you and the whole nation descend, after the whole of it perished, with the exception of a small number."

"You do not know it, because the first descendants of that race died without transmitting anything in writing during many generations; because formerly, Solon, before the last great destruction by the waters, this same republic of Athens, which already existed at that time, was admirable in war and distinguished itself in everything by the prudence and wisdom of its laws, as much as by its generous deeds; in short, it counted the

most beautiful institutions of which one has ever heard tell beneath the heavens."

"Solon added that he was astounded by such an account, and that, full of infinite curiosity, he begged the Egyptian priests to expand their accounts."

I was reincarnated in the sacred land of the pharaohs during the dynasty of Pharaoh Khefren. I knew thoroughly all the ancient mysteries of secret Egypt, and verily I say unto you, I have never been able to forget them.

At this very moment, marvelous events come to my memory.

On a certain afternoon — no matter which — walking slowly through the sands of the desert, beneath the burning rays of the tropical sun, I crossed silent like a sleepwalker a mysterious avenue of millennial sphinxes, before the exotic gaze of a nomadic tribe that was observing me from its tents. Beneath the venerable shade of a most ancient pyramid, I drew near for a moment to rest briefly and patiently arrange the straps of one of my sandals. Then, diligent, I anxiously sought the august entrance; I longed to return to the straight path.

The guardian, as always, was at the threshold of the mystery. Impossible to forget that hieratic figure with bronze face and prominent cheekbones. That man was a colossus... In his right hand he heroically gripped the terrible sword; his bearing was

wholly formidable, and there is no doubt that he wore by full right the Masonic apron.

The interrogation was very severe: "Who are you?" "I am a supplicant who comes blind in search of the light." "What do you desire?" "Light." (It would be too long to transcribe here, within the frame of this chapter, the already familiar verbal examination.)

Then in a manner I would call violent, I was stripped of every metallic object, and even of the sandals and of the tunic.

The most interesting was that moment in which that herculean man took me by the hand to lead me into the sanctuary; unforgettable were those instants in which the heavy door turned on its steel hinges, producing that mysterious DO of old Egypt. What followed — the macabre encounter with the "TERRIBLE BROTHER," the trials of fire, air, water, and earth — can be found by any illumine in the memories of nature.

In the trial of FIRE I had to control myself as best I could, as I crossed a hall in flames; that floor was full of steel beams glowing red-hot; very narrow was the passage between those rafters of burning iron — there was scarcely space to place one's feet; in those times many aspirants perished in this effort. I still recall with horror that steel ring driven into the

rock; at the bottom one saw only the horrifying precipice; yet I came out victorious in the trial of air; there where others perished, I triumphed.

Many centuries have passed, and still I have not been able to forget — despite the dust of so many years — those sacred crocodiles of the lake; had it not been for the magical conjurations, I would have been devoured by those reptiles, as always happened to many aspirants. Innumerable unfortunates were crushed and broken by the rocks in the trial of earth, yet I triumphed and saw with indifference two masses that threatened my existence, closing in on me as if to reduce me to cosmic dust.

Certainly I am no more than a miserable worm of the mud of the earth, but I came out victorious. Thus in truth was how I returned to the path of the REVOLUTION OF CONSCIOUSNESS after having suffered much. I was received in the INITIATIC COLLEGE; I was solemnly clothed with the white linen tunic of the Priests of Isis, and upon my breast was placed the Egyptian Cross TAU...

"Hail, O Ra! Like TUM (the Father), thou risest above the horizon; and like HORUS (the Innermost), thou culminatest the sky."

"Thy beauty rejoices my eyes, and thy rays (solar) illumine my body on earth."

"When thou sailest in thy celestial bark (the King Star), peace extends throughout the vast heavens."

"Behold, the wind swells the sails and gladdens thy heart; with swift march thou crossest the sky."

"Thy enemies are overthrown and peace reigns around thee. The planetary genii, traversing their orbits, sing thy glory."

"And when thou descendest on the horizon behind the mountains of the west, the genii of the fixed stars prostrate themselves before thee and adore thee" (for thou art the SOLAR LOGOS).

"Great is thy beauty at dawn and in the evening, O Lord of life and of the order of the worlds."

"Glory to thee, O Ra, when thou risest on the horizon and when, in the evening, like TUM (the Father), thou liest down!"

"For truly thy rays (solar) are beautiful when, from on high the celestial vault, thou showest thyself in all thy splendor!"

"There it is that NUIT (the Divine Mother Kundalini) dwells, who brought thee into the world."

"Behold, thou art crowned King of the Gods."

"The goddess of the celestial ocean, NUIT, thy Mother, prostrates herself in adoration before thee."

"Order, the equilibrium of the worlds, from thee emanates."

"From the morning, when thou settest forth, until the evening, on arrival, with great strides, thou crossest the sky" (Thou art the Christ-Sun).

"Thy heart rejoices, and the celestial lake remains pacified... Cast down is the demon (the Ego, the pluralized I). Its members are cut off, its vertebrae severed." (Thus it happens when we dissolve it.)

"Favorable winds drive thy bark to port."

"The divinities of the four regions of space adore thee, O thou, divine substance, from which proceed all forms and all beings!"

"Behold, thou hast just pronounced a word, and the silent earth listens to thee..."

"Thou, unique divinity (Solar Christ). Thou wert already reigning in the heaven at an epoch when the earth with its mountains did not yet exist..."

"Thou, the swift! Thou, the Lord! Thou, the Unique! Thou, the Creator of all that exists!"

"At the dawn of times, thou didst shape the tongue of the divine hierarchies!" (He places the word upon the larynx of the gods.)

"Thou didst pluck beings from the first ocean (chaos) and didst save them upon an island of the lake of Horus (the Innermost)."

"May I breathe the air of the windows of thy nostrils and the wind of the north which Nuit (the Divine Mother), thy Mother, sends!"

"O Ra! Deign to sanctify my spirit! O Osiris! Restore to my soul its divine nature. Glory to thee, O Lord of the gods! May thy name be praised."

"O creator of admirable works! Illumine with thy rays my body that rests on the earth, for all eternity." (This prayer is a textual quotation from the Egyptian Book of the Hidden Dwelling.)

Thus in truth was how I returned to the path of the REVOLUTION OF CONSCIOUSNESS after having suffered much.

Chapter Thirteen: BLACK LIGHT

"OSIRIS IS A BLACK GOD." Terrible words, dreadful, unusual mysterious phrase that was pronounced secretly in the silence

of the temples during the Initiatic ceremonies in the sun-drenched land of KEM.

Well do the GODS and MEN know that OSIRIS Numen, the Egyptian God, turns out at bottom to be absolutely incomprehensible for all of us. That which is mystery, that which we do not understand, is black for the human intellect; after this explanation, our readers will already understand the deep significance of that mysterious phrase.

At the beginning or dawn of each universe, the eternal BLACK LIGHT, or absolute darkness, turns into chaos. It is written, and with words of fire, in all the sacred books of the world, that CHAOS is the seedbed of the COSMOS. Nothingness, chaos, is certainly, without the slightest doubt, the ALPHA and OMEGA, the beginning and the end of all the worlds that live and pulse in the inalterable infinite.

In the Aitareya Brahmana — a precious masterly lesson of the Rig Veda — the tremendous identity is in truth demonstrated to the utmost between those luminous ideas of brahmans and Pythagoreans, for both rely on mathematics.

In the said Hindu volume, frequent allusion is made to the BLACK FIRE, the OBSCURE ABSTRACT WISDOM, the unconditioned and nameless ABSOLUTE LIGHT.

That abstract Seity is the primitive ZERO-ASTER of the Parsees, NOTHINGNESS saturated with life, that... that... that... God in himself — that is, the ARMY OF THE VOICE, the VERB, the GREAT WORD — dies when the GREAT PRALAYA, the COSMIC NIGHT, arrives, and is reborn terribly divine at the dawn of the MAHAMANVANTARA.

The radical ABSOLUTE ZERO in transcendent arithmetic, the abstract space in geometry, the unknowable Seity (let it not be confused with Seity, which is different), is not born, does not die, and does not reincarnate.

From this unknowable All, or radical zero, emanates, at the beginning of any sidereal universe, the Pythagorean Monad, the Gnostic FATHER-MOTHER, the Hindu PURUSHA-PRAKRITI, the Egyptian OSIRIS-ISIS, the Dual PROTOGONOS, or Kabbalistic ADAM-KADMON, the THEOS-CHAOS of Hesiod's Theogony, the UR-ANAS — or Chaldean Fire and Water — the RUACH ELOHIM, or DIVINE SPIRIT OF THE LORD, floating upon the Genesis waters of the first instant.

In the PROFOUND NIGHT only darkness filled the boundless All; for Father, Mother, and Son were once more One, and the Son had not yet awakened for the wheel and his pilgrimage upon it.

After these words: OREMUS... let us meditate... let us adore. Let us go now to the deepest of our being, and in the absence of the I, let us seek with infinite humility.

There... very deep within... beyond the body, the affections, and the mind, we shall find the child HORUS, the divine spirit, our real BEING, in the arms of his DIVINE MOTHER KUNDALINI, "ISIS, whose veil no mortal has lifted." She is, in truth, the feminine aspect of OSIRIS, the Father who is in secret; this in himself is the masculine phase of ISIS. Both are the IOD-HEVE of the Hebrews, Jah-Hovah or Je-hovah — which the Jews of these times of the Kali Yuga intentionally confused with Yahweh, who, as Saturninus of Antioch says, is the genius of evil, the devil!

May the gods hear me and may men understand me! Just as from the deep sea arise with tremendous force the furious waves that break upon the sandy beach, so too from the infinite bosom of SARASWATI, the eternal MOTHER SPACE, there rises and manifests within us the IGNEOUS SERPENT OF OUR MAGICAL POWERS, our particular cosmic mother.

The Lord is even deeper within, and as H. P. B. says, there are as many Fathers in heaven as there are men on earth; yet all of them are emanations of BRAHMA, the ocean of the great life. OSIRIS, ISIS, and HORUS: ye three, give us a sign, and come unto us.

FATHER, MOTHER, and SON: divine TRIMURTI, ineffable and terribly divine, three aspects of our authentic being.

At the dawn of each MAHAMANVANTARA, the son, the child, HORUS, the DIVINE SPIRIT of each one, must send into this Vale of Tears the best of himself, his essence, with the purpose of attaining SELF-REALIZATION.

The battle is terrible; HORUS, the Innermost, the PARTICULAR SPIRIT of each one, must conquer the RED DEMONS (THE PLURALIZED I), if he truly wishes to have a DIAMOND SOUL.

Imagine, even for a moment, the divine androgynous RASIT, or BRASIT, the Gnostic FATHER-MOTHER, now provided with a DIAMOND SOUL; thus are those who have already attained the final liberation.

Yet not every divine androgyne has a DIAMOND SOUL. Verily, verily I say unto you, many flames are without SELF-REALIZATION. Certainly HORUS is the vehicle of IOD-HEVE, the indispensable instrument for SELF-REALIZATION.

OSIRIS and ISIS fail when HORUS is defeated in the battles during his pilgrimage on the fatal wheel of SAMSARA. (Vale of tears.) When HORUS comes out victorious in the battles against the RED DEMONS, the IMMORTAL TRIAD, provided

with a DIAMOND SOUL, plunges forever into the ineffable bliss of the ABSOLUTE abstract space.

At the dawn of each MAHAMANVANTARA, the son, the child, HORUS, the DIVINE SPIRIT of each one, must send into this Vale of Tears the best of himself, his essence, with the purpose of attaining SELF-REALIZATION.

Chapter Fourteen: RADIO-ASTRONOMY

Radio-astronomy, an Atlantean science lost in the deep night of the centuries, resurfaced in our time in an apparently casual way thanks to the incessant efforts carried out by Karl G. Jansky, of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, to scientifically detect the high-frequency static that interfered, in too troublesome a manner, with the vital trans-oceanic communications of his company.

Jansky began his observations in August 1931 with a wavelength of 14.6 meters (20,600 kilocycles) and very soon managed to detect the sources of two types of static. The first was attributed, clearly, to the lightning that is produced in a terrible manner during any storm. The second, the aforementioned sage attributed to very distant storms whose radio-emissions

were probably deflected toward the earth by the ionized regions of the upper atmospheric layers.

Yet something unusual appears, something strange happens; he managed to detect what he was not looking for — a loud-speaker whistle whose strange intensity varied slowly during the day. Jansky very sincerely reported to the Proceedings of the Institute of Radio Engineers that the direction of this strange and mysterious whistle wandered across all the cardinal points of the compass every twenty-four hours.

"In the past December and in January," he said, "its direction generally coincided with that of the sun, the source not being precisely detectable." Then he reported that its direction was deviating, and that in March it preceded in time the direction of the sun by approximately one hour.

It is evident that Jansky supposed many things, made many conjectures in relation to so strange a whistle — and no wonder, the matter was too rare — but at last he drew his own conclusions.

"The radio-emissions," he said, "seemed to come from a single source or from a great number of sources scattered through the whole firmament," beyond the solar system. It has been possible to establish, with complete exactness, that the special cosmic center from which such radio-emissions come is found

at the center of our galaxy, in the very constellation of Sagittarius.

This does not mean in any way that, from all the other corners of the Milky Way, no waves reach the earth. It is obvious that our galaxy is a living source of radio noises with various zones of great emission intensity. The LOGOS sounds, and our Milky Way is not mute; it is sustained by the verb, by sound, by the luminous and spermatic FIAT of the first instant.

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

Sound, the Verb, the creative word, propagates everywhere, reaches every place.

The Second World War — dreadful in great measure — obviously impeded all new progress in radio-astronomy.

In February 1942 the British radar operators denounced a new form of obstruction adopted by the Germans; but on the new interference being brought to the attention of J. S. Hey of the Army Operational Research Group, it was possible to verify that the disturbing sound had its origin in a sunspot.

We can affirm without fear of being mistaken that radio-waves are an extension of light waves into waves of greater length; the marvelous discovery that some parts of the sky shine in the

radio-spectrum band signifies in fact that, in the firmament, something completely new has suddenly emerged.

It has been possible to verify integrally that the clouds of individual hydrogen atoms — contrary to what happens with the pairs of atoms of hydrogen gas — truly emit radio-waves of a length of 21 centimeters. Van de Hulst, an eminent man of science, very wisely suggested that the clouds of hydrogen scattered throughout the universe must be scattering in all directions radio-waves of 21 centimeters.

The hydrogen atom truly consists of an electron and a proton, both describing authentic, real, magnificent orbits, and therefore acting harmoniously like fine magnetic rods. Just as in contiguous magnets the poles of the same name repel each other, the most perfect alignment of these particles occurs when their magnetic poles are in opposite directions.

For this reason, the atom acquires a certain force that allows it to liberate the electron, so that its positive pole remains aligned with the positive pole of the proton. Once this liberation has occurred, the atom retains a slight reserve of energy. Finally, comes the best: the electron is liberated, emitting very intelligently this energy in the form of a radio-wave. This in itself always oscillates with a frequency of 1,420,405,752 times per second (1,420 megacycles), which certainly corresponds to a wavelength of 21 cm.

The discovery of the 21-centimeter emissions evidently gave a formidable impulse to radio-astronomy. From then on, it is ostensible, palpable, and clear that it has been possible to scientifically register eruptions on the sun; to determine the temperature of the lunar surface and of the nearer planets; to discover the existence of atomic particles trapped and furiously rotating in distant magnetic fields, as occurs in the turbulent gaseous clouds of the nebula of CANCER, and so on.

The first great antenna of the National Radio Astronomy Observatory in West Virginia was projected for wavelengths of 21 cm.

Two physicists proposed to seek intelligent signals coming from other worlds.

It is evident that other planetary humanities are sending us, at these critical moments of our existence, trains of waves corresponding to the prime numbers, vehemently desiring our response. The presence of interstellar signals is entirely real, and if we do not catch them, it is because the means to do so are not yet within our reach. Many intellectuals will deny the deep importance, practical and philosophical, that the registration of interstellar communications would have.

We Gnostics believe that a particular search for signals truly deserves a series of considerable super-efforts.

The possibilities of success are difficult to estimate, but if we do not investigate, if we do not attempt, those possibilities will be reduced to zero.

There are certainly about a hundred stars of very appropriate size within a distance of 50 light-years.

It is obvious that, of the seven stars found within 15 light-years, three of them (Alpha Centauri, Serpentario 70, and Cygni 61) are fully visible from earth against the marvelous background of the MILKY WAY; this invites us to think that the 21 cm. emissions which come from beyond them will be 40 times more intense than those of other regions of infinite starry space.

Therefore, the signals coming from near those stars, at the indicated wavelength, will only be receivable if they are exactly intense.

To send messages to worlds some 10 light-years distant, an antenna would be needed like the one projected by the Navy for Sugar Grove in West Virginia, provided that the receiving antenna were of the same dimensions as the transmitting one, and provided that no more powerful transmitters were used than those currently used on earth.

We must understand that, for a long time, other planetary humanities have established channels of communication that

someday we must come to know, and that they continue patiently awaiting the response of our terrestrial world — which would announce to them that a new society has entered to form part of the intelligent fraternity.

Chapter Fifteen: THE DEMON APOPI

After having died in myself, I was confirmed in the light; then I entered the temple and signed my documents.

To ascend to the first heaven of lunar type was the next step; the adepts taught me to protect myself from the fatal attraction that the sublunar infernos exert upon one. I was given a branch to smell, which exerted upon me something very special. That delicate fragrance truly had the savor of holiness. "With this perfume you will be able to defend yourself from the lunar attraction," exclaimed the adept who was instructing me.

I really know that adept: he is no less than the superior instructor of the temple of the twice-born; his character is like lemon, but he radiates infinite wisdom and love without limits or shores. He who wishes to ascend must first descend; that is the law. Every exaltation is preceded by a humiliation. It is obvious that I needed to annihilate the lunar bodies; these constituted for me like a fatal appendage.

I began then with the BODY OF DESIRES, the famous KAMA-RUPA cited by H. P. Blavatsky, which many PSEUDO-ESOTERICISTS and PSEUDO-OCCULTISTS have confused with the ASTRAL BODY. It is evident that the KAMA-RUPA is possessed by every intellectual animal, and is in truth the very demon APOPI of the Egyptian Mysteries. Then I exclaimed with the Book of the Hidden Dwelling: "O Demon APOPI! Thou must die in the depth of the lake of the sky, in the lunar atomic infernos, there where my Father who is in secret has ordained that thou shouldst die. Withdraw, then, evil Demon of desire, before the arrows of my light, which do thee much harm."

Behold, the gods who help me tear open thy breast without any mercy. The lion-headed goddess, dreadfully divine, immobilizes thy members; she takes from thee the bestial force that thou possessest.

The scorpion-headed goddess, the third specter of my divine Mother, walking within thyself, transformed into a tenebrous scorpion, makes her cup of destruction rain upon thee.

Disappear, then, definitively, APOPI! Enemy of RA (the LOGOS), thou didst wish also to enter into the mysteries of the WHITE LODGE, to cross victorious the regions of the inner East, retaining the venom of thy desires — but thou didst mistake the door, for thy destiny is the abyss and death.

APOPI, thou hast been overthrown! The pain that the scorpion-headed goddess has inflicted upon thee, well hast thou felt it! Thou shalt no more know the pleasures of sexual passion! RA, my INNER GOD, makes thee retreat, struck down by the bolt of cosmic justice; he beats thee, wounds thee with death, makes a thousand cuts in thy passionate face, breaks thy bones, reduces thee to dust!

In the SUBLUNAR atomic infernos there exist delicious enchantments — terribly malignant, fascinating beauties. Remember, dear reader, that among the miraculous cadences of verse, crime also hides itself.

From those exquisite regions of concupiscence that intoxicates and maddens, spring forth delicious infernal verses, like this one which we transcribe below by way of illustration.

Desires

*"I would wish to span that distance,
that fatal abyss which divides us,
and to intoxicate myself with love with the fragrance,
mystical and pure, that thy being gives forth.
I would wish to be one of the bands
with which thou dost adorn thy radiant temples;*

I would wish, in the heaven of thy arms,

to drink the glory thou hast on thy lips.

I would wish to be water, and that in my waves,

that in my waves thou shouldst come to bathe,

that I might, as I dream alone,

kiss thee at the same time everywhere.

I would wish to be One and in thy bed,

there in the shade, with ardor to cover thee,

to tremble with the tremblings of thy breast,

and to die of pleasure on pressing thee.

Oh, I would wish much more! I would wish

to bear thee within me, as the cloud bears fire,

but not like the cloud in its course,

to burst and then to separate.

I would wish to confound thee in myself,

to confound thee in myself and to enfold thee;

I would wish to turn thee into perfume,

to turn thee into perfume and inhale thee.

To inhale thee in a breath like essence,

and to unite to my heartbeats thy heartbeats,

and to unite to my existence thy existence,

and to unite to my senses thy senses.

To inhale thee in a breath of the air,

and thus to see, over my life in calm,

all the flame of thy burning body,

and all the ether of the blue of thy soul."

The fire of pain is like the flame of the vessel in which the myrrh is consumed: at times it purifies and uplifts and embalms, transmuting the harsh, inflamed aloe into delicate and celestial perfume.

I cannot in any way deny my intense abyssal sufferings; it is ostensible to understand that, in the world of the dead, those of us who have died in ourselves must annihilate the lunar bodies.

APOPI, the Theosophical KAMA-RUPA, is the memory of old sexual passions, secret immodesty — at times mystical and in-

effable — romance that maddens, poetry that intoxicates with its tales of love.

I gave myself into the arms of my mother that she might do with me what she wished; and she — O God! — saved me. APOPI is dead. What joy! That beast can no longer afflict my aching heart.

The crowd of passions has passed. In the nearby forest resound the voices of the ineffable gods. The sexual passion of APOPI has died, and not far from the nest in which the birds of mystery coo with their tender melodies, I feel more happy than the luminous swan that beheld the immortal whiteness of Leda.

I am he who only yesterday said the blue verse and the profane song. Like the Gongorine Galatea, the Verlainian marquise truly enchanted me, and thus I united to sublime passion a sensual human hyperaesthesia. Amid the lively sound of resounding music animated by the chorus of drunken bacchantes, drinking wine, scattering roses, and weaving dances, I wallowed like the swine in the mud.

APOPI is dead; the hour has come of the supreme triumph granted to my tears and offerings by the power of my divine Mother.

Chapter Sixteen: THE SEVEN SUBLIME LORDS

Truly, light is the COSMIC BREAD that most substantially nourishes us. I felt it on the millennial rocks of the mountain and in the purest waters of the river. I saw it as a delicious virgin, weaving a crown of roses for her charming temples, amid the imposing silence of noon... I felt it, ineffable, penetrate my soul, followed by a blond procession of dancing atoms.

The sacred herb of the forest made vibrate, down below in the timid singing brook, the iridescent wheels of its delicate stems; and immersed in the mystery, a beetle was patiently learning to lift the world upon each leaf. Confined to my hermit's and penitent's cave, I surprised the stones in the transcendental mystical experience of sucking light and being saturated with it with infinite thirst.

Certainly, in those moments, the worldly uproar with all its vain passing joys and its infinite bitternesses had ceased to exist for me; it had vanished like a dream.

The withered leaves, violently torn from the solitary trees, floating in the air driven by the autumn breezes, were lost in the forest. The mountain displayed, in the disarray of its solitude, the mutilated arms of its rocks. Delicious moments amid

the blue silence of the deep grove... Charming Numen of the shade.

The Adam of sin prostrated himself reverently before that which has no name, and understood the necessity of dying from instant to instant. We are not important. Our life has the brief destiny of the rose that opens one luxurious morning and one night withers, forsaken. I do not want the sensual delight that demeans and enervates the poor Intellectual Animal. The world and I do not understand each other; I have a mouth saddened with singing ineffable things, and people do not understand me.

The human earthquake has destroyed my heart, and all in it expires; the wisdom of death is terribly divine. There is no bond left, all is broken; I beseech heaven thus: Blessed be! With pleasure I drain the bitter cup; my soul rests at last; it desires nothing. Farewell, foolish world, I am going to depart very far; in brief moments the bark of Ra will set sail and furrow the eternal waves, like a winged steed that swiftly flies, carrying me from here.

Daily meditation is the bread of the sage; without it, it is impossible to attain the inner illumination of the BUDDHA. My concentration was very deep, and meditating in a way ever more intense, I fell at last into ecstasy. The attempts of MARA to draw me from the path proved useless; vain were his efforts.

At the door of mystery, the light of noon laughed blissfully; there in the remote distance the marriageable palm tree, romantic, shuddered, intoxicated with sun. In the rose garden of the perfumed orchard of the thousand-and-one-nights, the roses were lit, and in the crystalline fountain the foam, soaping the roses, smiled. Delicious moments, indescribable, indefinable, unutterable; Samadhi of the ascetic, exquisite fruit of meditation.

And I forgot the body and the affections and the mind; certainly there is no greater pleasure than that of feeling the soul detached. And there arose in my spirit exquisite living experiences, very intimate events. I vividly recalled the preceding MAHAMANVANTARA, the twilight of the gods and the deep night.

The moon, which formerly was a world full of light and of life, decidedly fell into the arms of death.

The seven sublime lords and the seven truths ceased to exist, and passed to BE. The lunar Universe was devoured by that which IS, and yet IS NOT, to be exhaled later. And life slept for seven eternities in the deep bosom of the ABSOLUTE abstract space. Yet something remained — not everything is lost; death devours the forms, but the fragrance of memory continues. The preceding Universe remained deposited as a simple memory in the intelligence of the holy gods.

It is written, with words of fire, that the holy recollections, projected on the eternal screen of uncreated light, constitute the Universe of the PLEROMA... Garden of felicities in the night of the cosmos, infinite delights... sublime absorption, inexhaustible bliss.

Each virginal spark returned to its flame, and it is obvious that mine was certainly no exception.

I then humbly studied in the temple those teachings that most ancient PARAMARTHASATYAS (Dwellers of the Absolute) had given us in preceding Cosmic Nights. Those beings, now invisible to all of us, had passed beyond our very capacities of comprehension. How long did this ecstasy last? I do not know, I do not wish to know. Now everything has passed; today I patiently leaf through the mystery of the days, hour after hour.

Like the nocturnal pilgrim, my immortal hope burns like devouring fire amid the ineffable orchestration of the spheres. Night of redemption, hold thy wings embroidered with the light of my memories.

*The human earthquake has destroyed my heart,
and all in it expires; the wisdom of death is terribly divine.*

Chapter Seventeen: A MAGNIFICENT CONVENTION

Concerning the truth, it is convenient to affirm emphatically what one feels.

Without wishing in any way to compete with other writers, very sincerely excluding all vain ostentation, but running the risk of tormenting many envious people, it is my duty to confess that I was the first to announce cosmic ships. The year 1950 was running when, after many bitternesses, criticisms, and challenging letters, my first book — titled *The Perfect Matrimony* — came out into the street, which, as is already known, the vulgar disputed and held as immoral. Be it known, then, that this book — written in good time — clarified the mystery of the flying saucers.

I then did not avoid this most thorny subject, and without sparing reasons, I exposed in truth most frankly my concept of cosmic ships. It is obvious that Julio Medina V., a famous man of clear intelligence and noble heart, besides financing that edition with his own funds, also drew those unidentified flying objects. It is ostensible to understand that that artistic work, so notable, had real foundations and models. This distinguished master had the joy of verifying for himself the real existence of the furtive extraterrestrial ships.

When, silent and tranquil, he was returning with his wife to his dwelling after a walk along the sandy beach of the Caribbean Sea, something unusual happened to him; he was certainly surprised by some cosmic ships that, floating in the blue space, were finally lost in the bosom of the inalterable infinite.

...March 13, 1954. The newspaper Los Angeles Times, making a foolish display of mockery and sarcasm, reports on a strange convention. It is a meeting of persons who solemnly affirm having traveled in cosmic ships of extraterrestrial origin. This rare event took place in a site of the State of California in the United States, called Giant Rock, in the desert, near the Imperial Valley. A cosmic ship was seen by all those present during the convention; hundreds of persons gave testimony of this fact. The mysterious ship hovered over the automobiles, as if observing the multitude, and then was lost in space. The Flying Saucer Convention was organized under the auspices of the Most Excellent Mr. George Van Tassel.

On opening the program, Van Tassel frankly accused some jealous earthlings of having sabotaged the meeting, and said that on the sand road that leads to the giant rock, barricades had been placed.

One of the most interesting things was when a very intelligent young man from Detroit, named Richard T. Miller, enthusias-

tically took the floor to explain with full clarity his extraordinary flight of twelve hours in a cosmic ship of one hundred fifty feet in diameter, which had been wisely arranged to send messages in English by means of powerful infrared rays. He said that the contact was agreed upon when, from the interplanetary ship, he was instructed to present himself on an abandoned golf course found forty miles from Detroit.

Once at the said place, the mysterious extraterrestrial apparatus appeared suddenly, and as soon as he boarded it, it ascended with great rapidity. He then described his sensational experiences during the twelve hours he remained in the control room, where some gigantic panels caused the ship to maneuver. Full of infinite emotion he said that he was allowed to look through a super-television, so that it was possible for him to visually penetrate an automobile in which some friends of his from earth were trying to communicate by means of radio signals with the ship. Then he explained very serenely that he was returned to the golf course by the extraterrestrial captain of the marvelous ship.

Miller and his partner George H. Williams are now working very intensely on what they call the "Telonid Research Center" in Prescott, Arizona. Among many other things, it is admirable that they have managed to record on a disk the voice of a creature of outer space that communicated with them.

One of the visitors who received the greatest attention at the convention was Dr. Charles Laughed, of Chicago, who, in December 1953, obtained great publicity in the whole territory of the United States when, without any fear, he frankly declared having received a communication from space, in which were foretold catastrophes on earth and the reappearance of the lost continents Lemuria and Atlantis.

People continued arriving in cars and airplanes, while a motley, picturesque human assembly, composed of a multitude of curious ones, gathered around the platform where the speakers were.

"We are here to reveal things, not to hide them," Van Tassel began by saying. "The ships of space are managed by intelligences superior to ours."

The men of space are here to help us at the critical moment. We, the speakers who are gathered here today for the first time, have a task to do, and we are going to do it.

Truman Bethurum, who has written a book entitled *Scow From Clarion*, said he had had eleven conversations with people from cosmic space, and added: "One morning there were so many space ships over Washington that the air force believed we were in danger of an attack from another planet."

An interesting moment was when the group who claim to have made voyages on space ships gathered so that a film could be taken of them for the newsreel.

Beside Miller and Bethurum were George Adamski, Dana Howard, and Orfeo Angelucci.

Then the descriptions of journeys through infinite space continued with intense fervor.

A man who was walking around with a Geiger counter said that the air of Giant Rock was impregnated with cosmic rays, and that either they were gusts of atomic clouds coming from Nevada, or they were produced by the space ships.

In any case, everyone was on the lookout in case a ship should land.

To conclude this Chapter we shall say: it is truly very interesting that, four years after we first announced cosmic ships, this magnificent convention should have taken place, as if to corroborate our affirmations.

It is obvious that Julio Medina V., a famous man of clear intelligence and noble heart, besides financing that edition with his own funds, also drew those unidentified flying objects.

Chapter Eighteen: THE KARMA OF THE HOLY GODS

O divine Mother Kundalini! Igneous Serpent of our magical powers! I suffer much, and thou knowest it; though I would wish to hide my pain in the shadows of the forest, it surfaces publicly under the light of the sun. I love thee, adorable Mother, as in our fertile perfumed land the wandering bird that dwells in the forest loves; and this sacred love that the immortal soul encloses sings in the lyre of Orpheus and weeps in my soul.

I love thee, my Queen. Profound Mother, Cybele, Rhea, Tonantzin, I adore thee, with that sublime fever that unstained kisses give to cover thy footprints, that pours forth in roses of life, that is written with stars. I feel wholly thine, my Mother. Immaculate Virgin. What is there in my being that is not thine? From my feeble human heart to my last holy thought. I lived to adore thee, sublime Lady; my existence already stripped of illusions, my constant ecstasies seek, in the sanctuary of thy innocence, the glory and warmth of thy delights. Slave of thy magical beauty, always superhuman, I yield my heart to thy tendernesses.

Speak to me as thou speakest to me! Let thy unmistakable accent penetrate pleasantly into my hermit's ears. Look upon me

as thou lookest upon me!... With that infinite sweetness of thy lovely eyes, far from the vain illusions of the world. Profound and good Mother, with lips of pomegranate and teeth of ivory, have compassion on me. Holy little Mother, beautiful little head with golden curls falling upon thy heavenly shoulders, have pity on me. I adore thee, my light, thou knowest it well. My thoughts fly through the heavens, surrounding thy countenance, like the birds that adorn the rich architraves of a temple of hope and consolation. Never in the world did I find a place so delicious as the garden of my Mother. Lying there, I forgot my cares; I heard sounds of sweet and modulated birds.

As soon as I lay upon the ground, I felt myself freed from all suffering: I forgot every care, every past pain; he who dwelt there would be fortunate.

The meadow of which I speak had another goodness: neither by heat nor by cold did it lose its beauty; it remained always green in all integrity, without any tempest withering its verdure. The men and the birds that came there carried away from the flowers all they wished; but no diminution in the meadow did they produce: for one carried away, three or four were born.

Ah!... If the poor people would return to the orchard of Eden... If, repentant, they would return to the spiritual Garden of their divine Mother, then they would understand how vain is

the desire to exist in this Vale of Tears! According to the esoteric teachings, the real cause of that desire for sentient life remains forever hidden, and its first emanations are the most profound abstractions. Joy of silence: resonance of fleeting murmur; daytime moon; vegetable topaz; somber jewel; form of recondite hope, show me the cause, the secret root of existence.

When thy soul shall be the empire of disillusion; when suffering exhausts thy tears, when the world mercilessly applies its cautery to thee and pain lashes thee, thou shalt cross the tempting gate, the white gate, the final Thule. Then thou shalt slowly walk through the garden of thy soul; there thy divine Mother shall, in great secret, teach thee the KARMA of the gods, the root of the worlds, the origin of every existence.

Let us hope; let us not suffer; let us never cast at the invisible our negation as a challenge. Poor sad creature, thou shalt see, thou shalt see! Thy Mother draws near, draws near... From her blessed lips thou shalt hear the cosmic secret. When the heart of the SOLAR SYSTEM began to pulsate after the deep night of the GREAT PRALAYA, the gods of the dawn wept. Remember, my son, that the gods also err! Those DIVINE ELOHIM wrote their errata on the cosmic page of the past day.

Wilt thou now understand the motive? The real cause of the universe? The vital secret of sentient life? The desire to live?

When the dawn arose, I saw the CAUSAL LOGOS moving over the face of the waters. Begin not yet the dawn of the MAHAMANVANTARA — so cried the holy gods amid sobs! Useless were their pleas, vain their laments; from time to time the great BEING paused a moment to read the KARMA of the resplendent sons of the dawn.

The poor children prayed, wept much, and the mother with fervor; all remained in silence, and afterwards only, amid muffled sobs of the waves, the murmur of existence was heard. O my Mother, may thy greatness dispose of me as it pleases! For many intricate reasons I am going now to transcribe a beautiful poem by Don Ramón del Valle Inclán.

K.A.R.M.A.

"I wish to build a house

like the meaning of my life;

I wish to leave my soul in stone, erected.

I wish to carve my hermitage

in the midst of a Latin orchard,

Horatian Latin and Byzantine grimoire.

I wish to transmit my honest manhood

*to son and grandson,
to renew respect in my staff.
My house, like a pyramid,
shall be a funereal temple;
the murmur that stirs my chlamys is of tertiary.
I wish to build my village house
with a sunny gallery to the East,
and to meditate on the sunny porch devoutly.
I wish to build a stoic house
walled in stone of Barbanza,
the house of Seneca, heroic in temperance.
And let it be carved of stone,
my house, the KARMA of my clan,
and one day I shall adorn it with ivy
upon the dolmen of the VALLE INCLÁN."*

During the deep cosmic night, the vital causes of existence had been destroyed; the KARMA of the divine and of the human remained in suspension; the invisible that IS and the invisible

that WAS remained in the eternal NON-BEING — THE ONLY BEING.

Upon the silver waves of the warm and transparent atmosphere of the whole agonizing Universe, like a shipwrecked and grieving Ophelia, the tender serenade of life floats! Then the worlds dissolve; the night of the GREAT PRALAYA arrives; the soul shudders with joy; a spark that returns to the flame of the BEING, who is certainly a NON-BEING for vain reasoning.

Then thou shalt slowly walk through the garden of thy soul; there thy divine Mother shall, in great secret, teach thee the KARMA of the gods, the root of the worlds, the origin of every existence.

Chapter Nineteen: THE BEAUTIFUL SELENE

Alarming last-minute news emphasizes the idea that Tyrians and Trojans alike are about to land on the moon.

A certain very intelligent writer said: "When man arrives on the moon, he must divest himself of fatherlands and flags; of destructive weapons and of imperialist ambitions; he will take, yes, the consciousness of his humanity, and his best scientific equipment for the investigation of truth, of what may be inside

the 'rings,' seas, and high mountains of Selene, with a view to supplying the earth with metals and resources in general that may be extractable from the lunar surface. It would be iniquitous and criminal to take advantage of such resources for ends of war, asserting rights of conquest and pretending the possession of the whole lunar surface for one or two countries alone, establishing 'Little Americas' or 'Little Russias.'"

To the Moon we shall not have to take alleged racial superiorities, nor the predominance of strong nations over weak ones. And if we should come to establish "Selenite" colonies, these would not be ergastula or prisons, but communities where cooperativism, fraternity, and mutual sacrifice will be the conditions of a precarious and perhaps painful survival at its beginnings.

Beautiful words, magnificent intentions, sublime vows. Unfortunately the harsh reality of life is different; such phrases are fit for angels, and we are perverse demons.

May God bless the sublime longings of that author! We wish that all people thought as he does! Unfortunately the matter is very different. The evil in this case begins precisely with the "TOWER OF BABEL," the absurd system of COSMIC ROCKETS, the vital product of ignorance. Extraterrestrial ships piloted by people of other worlds would be the appropri-

ate thing, but this demands a greater effort, and it is ostensible that earthlings mortally hate the straight path.

To reduce the psychological I to dust, to earn merits, to eliminate wars, to abolish frontiers, and so on, turns out to be an abomination for the wicked, and it is obvious that these are the fundamental conditions of cosmic navigation. Any planetary humanity that fulfills these requirements receives the cosmic ships (flying saucers). The system of ROCKETS is a violation of Law. Very old traditions say that the Atlantean TITANS wished to assault heaven, and were struck down by the terrible bolt of Cosmic Justice.

We earthlings of this century are now at the end of a new crossroads; the personal encounter with the GENII becomes inevitable; such an event could take place on SELENE or on MARS; in any case the facts will speak for themselves. The moment will come to listen to conditions; we are before the dilemma of the to-be or not-to-be of philosophy.

"The prophecies as they have been written must be fulfilled by one path or another. Either the kingdom of the heavens is established on the earth, or the annihilation of its inhabitants will be the inevitable result."

"The choice rests in man himself. But the initial responsibility rests on the shoulders of the spiritual leaders of the whole

world."

These affirmations of the present "Christmas Message 1969-1970" would in other times have caused laughter, but now everything is different; Tyrians and Trojans alike are about to land on the moon.

It is certain that ever more powerful COSMIC ROCKETS will be invented, and that many people will travel to the MOON in the coming decades.

It is unquestionable that the GREAT HARLOT will export to SELENE all her abominations. It is patent, clear, and manifest that, on our neighbor satellite, the earthlings will establish hotels, dwellings of every type, cabarets, gambling houses, brothels, and so on.

The lunar night, of about fourteen continuous days, will obviously give the tourists a marvelous spectacle. The lunar atmosphere, emphatically denied by astronomers, truly exists, although in very rarefied form. It is indubitable that the NON-EXISTENCE of a LUNAR atmosphere equal to the terrestrial is really no obstacle for our neighbor satellite to possess a certain "IONOSPHERE."

It is ostensible that the LUNAR IONOSPHERIC field possesses little thickness, while permitting the production of luminous phenomena of a thermoelectric nature, which by them-

selves can explain the appearance of variable spots and points of great luminosity or brilliance, observable on nights of full moon.

The decomposition of electrons and ions into positrons and megatrons or anti-positrons evidently brings us closer to the intimate knowledge of those marvelous electromagnetic zones of great electrical conductivity. The very tenuous or thin lunar atmosphere may be artificially improved with adequate scientific means and procedures.

"The celestial body that has been a motive of fascination for humanity drew this first impression from Lowell: 'It looks like plaster or grayish-colored beach sand.'" The moon, as it was captured by Apollo 8 and sent to the earth, was described by the North American astronauts as vast, desolate, and impenetrable, something like a gigantic pumice stone. It is ostensible and manifest that the Moon is a dead world, a cosmic corpse.

Ostensibly ridiculous is that absurd affirmation that the moon is a world in the process of being born. It is an absurdity to affirm that the moon is a piece of earth thrown into space. It is evident that, in some very remote places of the lunar crust, there still exist very incipient remains of vegetable and animal life. It is unquestionable that under the lunar subsoil, in some places, there exist possibilities of water. Very soon the explorers of Selenite soil will be able to verify the reality of that

bridge of which Keyhoe speaks, whose observation he attributes to J. O. Neill, science editor of the newspaper Herald Tribune.

It is clear that such a bridge was placed by intelligent creatures; it is not, then, a simple natural phenomenon. The moon is the satellite of the earth exclusively within celestial mechanics. Considering this from a more philosophical point of view, we can — and even must — emphasize the idea that the earth is the satellite of the moon.

However surprising this unusual declaration may seem, scientific knowledge does not fail to confirm it to the utmost. Notable evidence in favor of this is the tides, the cyclic changes in many forms of illness that coincide with the lunar phases; it can be observed in the development of plants, and its influence is very marked in the phenomena of human conception and gestation. The moon, like any world of infinite space, was born, grew, aged, and died.

The moon was a living planet in the past Great Cosmic Day; then it had rich mineral, vegetable, animal, and human life. The moon is the mother of the earth and ceaselessly revolves around her daughter as if she were truly a satellite... The moon, then, is the one that plays the principal and most important role, both in the formation of the earth itself and in regard to peopling it with human beings.

It is indubitable that the mother moon, on exhaling her last breath, transferred to her daughter (THE EARTH) all her vital powers. Beneath the lunar subsoil archaeologists will be able to discover ruins of gigantic cities that once existed in the past MAHAMANVANTARA. It is evident that the moon will be able to be used as a cosmic platform for future voyages to other inhabited worlds.

Any JIVANMUKTA or MAHATMA may verify by himself the preceding manifestations on the lunar world. It is ostensible that the moon was, in other times, the dwelling of the Selenites. It is not difficult to understand that in the lunar crust seven human races evolved and involved. According to the wise law of Recurrence that always takes place on all worlds, it is obvious that the first Selenite human race was a giant generation.

Based on that aforementioned law, we can understand without much difficulty that the last families of Selene were Lilliputians, too small in stature. It is unquestionable the involutive regression of the Selenite humanity to the primitive elementary germinal state. The repose of the elementary germs during the great Pralaya is in fact an axiom of the ancient Wisdom.

The law of eternal return made possible the new development of the elementary germs of life. The law of recurrence repeated

the entire evolutionary and involutive process of those lunar germs here on the planet earth. (Let us remember that our world is the son of Selene.) If everything repeats, it is undoubted that all the history of terrestrial humanity is a repetition in time of the annals of Selene. In a remote future, terrestrial humanity will have returned to the primitive elementary germinal state; then the earth will be a new moon.

Chapter Twenty: THE BLACK BOAR

Opalescences of charming and delicious amber, with hyaline fluctuations of mysterious mirage...

Dilutions of light, like ineffable lucent stars seen through perfumed foliage... Blond lines that fade upon the ground, drowned by the uncertainties of the atmosphere that draws, with the clouds, capricious feminine figures upon the sweet majolica blooms...

Aquatic transparency of spectral enchantment envelops things in a soft cosmic caress. In the mystery of the night, the hall drowned in a twilight of palustrine vagueness...

The columns, the amphoras, the cups truly resemble enormous lacustrine flowers, sleeping in milky pallors... There is in the atmosphere something indescribable... Premonitions of anguish float in the air... Some withered flowers die on an al-

abaster vase. The light of Selene, pale as death, taciturn, enters through the window, pretending a silver shawl.

The sepulchral silence is profound and painful, like a great heart full of infinite premonitions... In the night sky sprinkled with stars that gently twinkle, the hues slowly melt together... Great red scars resemble the last solar rays that die behind the enigma of the leaves. Strange hour, in which the sapphire sky feels the infinite pain of dying...

Beings and things are born and die in the deep bosom of an obsessing dream... The shadow grows little by little, swells, seems like a monster, swallows life... Profound calm; cool freshness of foliage; nudity of the flowering night; Defloration of the roses of the twilight, fallen palely in the silence.

Hazy is the globe of the MOON, elusive iridescences delicious of mirages, upon the cold pallor of the woods, full of tenderesses impossible to recount with words. This delicious night I am neither alone nor accompanied — I find myself in plenitude; I open the Book of the Dead of the ancient Egyptians; I scrutinize the mysteries of the region of BUTO. (The World of Pure Spirit.) I know that region. Yes! Yes! Yes!

Some time ago I left down below, in the submerged MINERAL KINGDOM, in the underground world, in the region of Mendes, my corpse, my corpses; my I, my I's; I am truly a de-

ceased one, and that is why I understand the book of the hidden dwelling. I know the three ineffable aspects of the DIVINE MOTHER KUNDALINI, igneous serpent of our magical powers.

I am not ignorant, my Lady, that thou art the UNMANIFESTED goddess SHUTET, and that thou shinest among the fixed stars. I am not ignorant, my Queen, that thou art the MANIFESTED ISIS, goddess of the hunters of the region of BUTO; certainly thou pursuest the demons of SETH (THE DIABOLICAL I'S), thou trapest them, thou eliminateth them. I know, my Mother, what thy third aspect is. Hail HECATE, PROSERPINA, COATLICUE, QUEEN of the infernos and of death.

"Do you all know why the region of BUTO was offered to HORUS? (THE DIVINE BEING OF MAN.) I know it; but you do not know it."

"Behold, RA (THE SOLAR LOGOS) gave this region to HORUS (THE BEING of every man) to indemnify him for the wound suffered by his eye. (The third eye, in the space between the eyebrows.) RA, in fact, said to HORUS: 'Let me see what has happened to thy eye,' and looked at it... Then RA said to HORUS: 'Look thither. Watch that black boar' (THE EGO), 'and HORUS (the BEING, the INNERMOST) watched it without rest. The most furious BOAR assaulted him.'"

"Then HORUS (THE BEING) said to RA: '(THE EGO) has struck my eye (CLAIRVOYANCE, the SIXTH SENSE DESTROYED BY ANIMAL PASSIONS).'"

"That black boar (THE I) inspires HORUS (THE BEING) with nothing but repugnance." Only when the black boar dies shall the eye of HORUS shine again on the brow of man.

Valley of SAMSARA, dark night, marvelous solitude where my people await this "CHRISTMAS MESSAGE 1969-1970."

Profound valley, night of the serpent, in love with thy silence, I suffer much in recalling that, out there in the world, there are many who adore the black boar. Could the demons of SETH ever attain perfection? The black boar supposedly evolving? What horror, my God! What ignorance! Poor people!...

Satan evolving? What foolishness, what absurdity! Mephistopheles perfecting himself? The Devil saying mass? The black boar must die; HORUS abhors it, Ra abominates it. Certainly the destiny of SETH and his red demons is death.

How deep were my reflections in that night of mystery; the hours passed...! Dawn broke... Over the deep blue of the lake, the vague outline of the clouds feigned snowy fleeces. At last day began to appear, with indecisive light, like a caress of the moon upon the ash of a mountain just burned for sowing. The sun shone like a torch of my verb; nuptial taper laden with ex-

quisite perfumes... Radiant morning, in which the flight of tender doves mingled with the falling of the dew, falling like a fragrant balm upon the earth.

A mysterious melody traverses the places wrapped in an ineffable light, and spreads into distant space, like a delicious fragrance, like the breath of the soul of the nearby sea. Everything, in the diffuse clarities full of musical shudderings, seems to prepare itself to listen to the miracle of the word: the divine annunciation of the verb.

Chapter 21: MORTALITY AND IMMORTALITY

Mystical, ineffable rose of the deep valley of the spirit... immortal mother of my heart... Hear me! Light of my eyes, of my garden a rose, of the horizon of my life the East, like the prudent Hebrew Abigail, like the loving Ruth. Have pity on me! Fresh houri of rosy color and blue eyes full of love, most beautiful Mother of mine. Delicate and fresh flower of the fecund continent of my soul...

Embalmed jasmine of Ionia, cultivated in a garden where there are verdures of Erin without the mists of Caledonia. Through thee I learned to love; without thee, certainly, I am

nothing. Divine princess KUNDALINI, adorable serpent...
Thou didst teach me the secret of the abyss...

And I descended into the underworld, inquiring, investigating, seeking. Without thee, ADORABLE MOTHER, I could not even have found that gate of mystery where Dante found written these terrible words:

"Through me one goes to eternal pain; through me one goes among the condemned race; justice animated my sublime architect; the divine power, the supreme wisdom, and the first love made me. Before me nothing was created, save the immortal, and I endure eternally. O ye who enter, abandon all hope!"

I knew the vestibule of the slothful and the passage of the Acheron, and sailed in the bark of Charon to the other shore. I entered through the accursed gates of the city of DIS; I know the deep moats that gird that desolate land.

Unhappy he who succumbs before the dreadful horrors of the three Furies. And I saw many fallen colossi involving in the submerged mineral kingdom. And I saw muses, formerly of rosy complexion, becoming pale and sinister...

And I found the glorious tomb and the bacchantes coming, as ever, to adorn it with their leopard skins. The grape clusters wither on the brazen brows of the lubricious abyssal Sileni,

and the ivy with flowering thyrses are dry like worn-out hay. The insolent consuls of Rome, who unsubmissive attend the burial because their enervating pride does not yet submit to the immortal yoke of the gospel.

There come behind the lustful courtesans of Latium, the bohemian and degenerate poets, the learned hypocritical and perverse flocks, the materialist swine, enemies of the eternal. And in the flash of the axe that the inexorable Fate brandishes against the wretched mortal, they see no herald of sublime transit, nor understand the voice that may speak of spirituality to them. Behold there the famous empress Semiramis trying to slake the thirst of her lust!

Look!... Beyond is Capaneus, the proud old man of Crete, one of the seven kings who besieged Thebes; he scorned God, and still seems to continue scorning him. And in inexhaustible procession come Neo, who avenged the death of the beautiful Deianeira and even gave his life for her; the Centaur Chiron, who educated Achilles; and the irascible Phobus.

Oh!... How many crimes, my God! When would I finish enumerating them? In what book could they be contained? Black river of lost humanity, involving in time, falling backward, toward the past...

Dear reader: May God, on the path of thy life, pour out the soft fragrance of lilies, and mayst thou drain the crystalline nectar of honest pleasure, free from sorrows! Do not descend, my son, because the ladder of descent has seven rungs, at the end of which is the CYCLE of terrible necessity. To return to being beast, plant, and stone within the infernal worlds... is certainly more bitter than gall.

Remember the cruel harpies that drove the Trojans from the Strophades; Dante saw them in the Avernus torment human plants, making them bleed with their execrable nails. I wish you to know that, within the very core of the earth, where lies the abominable throne of DIS, I have seen creatures becoming fossilized, reducing themselves to cosmic dust.

Horrific, unforgettable Dantesque spectacle; meretrices, harlots, fornicating dreadfully on filthy beds; hetaerae, whores, prostitutes, slowly disintegrating, gradually losing arms, fingers, legs, and so on. Hair-raising and terrifying is the Second Death; the EGO and its lunar bodies disintegrate in the Tartarus very slowly; loathsome suffering for the lost souls.

"Let Medusa come and we will turn him to stone!" exclaim the three Furies. "We did wrong not to take vengeance for the bold entrance of Theseus."

Not long ago, my God!... Being in deep meditation, I saw two lost souls coming out of the Avernus after the Second Death... Fortunately they no longer had Ego or lunar bodies, but their sacred tunics were stained by the mud of the earth. Those unfortunate creatures wept, recalling their painful journey beneath the terrestrial crust.

At present they live again as GNOMES, playing joyfully under the tender gaze of our Lord the sun. In some future eternity they will enter the elemental paradises of the plants. In a very remote future they may have the joy of reincorporating in the organisms of animals, either to fly as eagles or to walk in the deep forests of nature, or to navigate as fish among the deep abysses of the waters.

It is ostensible that those souls will reconquer, after many billions or trillions of years, the human state that they once lost... And if by misfortune they should fall again? Alas, alas, alas!... How painful is the cycle of terrible necessity.

Come, ye who know the verb, full of grace, majesty, and vigor — that which, like Góngora yesterday, polishes Darío, refines Icaza, and subtilizes Neruo. Come and thou shalt see the hidden esoteric torrents of deep faith and virile boldness, latent in the rocks, in the airs, in the waters, and in the fire! Woe unto you, intellectual animals who populate the face of the earth! Poor souls of EGOIC CONSCIOUSNESS clothed in lunar gar-

ments! Your implacable thirst forges in vain mad attacks insulting heaven. You have not yet conquered immortality: the submerged involution in the INFERNAL WORLDS awaits you.

Now, with open soul, I go to relate to you a transcendental mystical experience... listen to me, please...

The peasant night is wounding me in its chaste beauty, with all its splendor of motive in principle. We — a group of Gnostic brethren — taking each other by the hands, formed a magical chain in the patio of the house. We prayed much: Yes! And then... we made an invocation to ANAEL, the angel of love. Above the sober walls, rocked by the breeze, the limpid branches laughed deliciously; the silver of the stream, crowned with lace, scattered the slender freshness of its laughter. A clear and sweet voice disturbed my senses. Was it the voice of a siren or the cooing of the sea? "Look, look, look,... the angel Anael is coming"... Yes, yes, yes, we all answered.

Our eyes rested attentively on a handful of white doves that joyfully flew over our dwelling... I still remember the bird of silver and fire; so pure, so tender, so soft... that was the guide.

"Anael, Anael, Anael!" we all exclaimed...

The night was sweet and serene, tenuous and fragrant... It had the savor of roses... A pause then came after so many cries of joy; we waited... we sighed... Those sublime birds disappeared

in the mystery and then... Three rhythmic, measured knocks resounded solemnly at the door of the house; I myself opened it hastily...

"They are there!... It is they... They have come... So exclaimed all the brethren of the group." We all went out to receive the group of beautiful celestial, terribly divine children... They brought flowers in their hands, and in their presence one felt childhood revive; I had the urge to play... We could verify that those most beautiful creatures came clothed in the wedding garment of the soul. (The solar bodies.)

Within the soul of these angels so pure we found nothing that, in one form or another, could resemble the I of psychology. Within those children only the BEING shines. It is obvious that those holy gods love intensely poor suffering humanity...

It is ostensible that, in some remote past, these venerable ones worked in the forge of the cyclopes. Their glorious bodies make them immortal in all the departments of the kingdom... It is not difficult to guess that they radically eliminated the lunar bodies...

Humbly I prostrated myself at the feet of ANAEL, the angel of love; I needed to consult him about something... The response left me fully satisfied. Many years have already passed and I continue meditating... Impossible to forget all this... Today,

searching among rancid chronicles with the persistence of the cleric in the cell, I write so that others may read.

We, the brethren of that group, still recall the presence of those ineffable beings, their charming voice, their majestic bearing... The light of pure spirit touched our temples, wounding us with swords, splendors, changing shadows into lights, steps into dance, stillness into sculpture, and the timid violence of the air into hair, clouds, treasures, joy...

Waves of light, very clear, empty, that our thirst burned, like glass, sinking us without voices, pure fire, in slow resonant whirlwinds... I return to my solitude... I reflect and meditate...

Whence has this multiform creation arisen? Who knows the secret? Who has revealed it? The gods themselves, these divine angelic creatures, came later into existence... Contemplating eternity... Before the foundations of the earth were laid... Thou wert...

"And when the subterranean flame breaks its prison and devours the form, still Thou shalt be, as Thou wert before, suffering no change when time shall be no more."

Before the dawn of the MAHAMANVANTARA broke... The One form of existence, limitless, infinite, causeless, stretched alone in dreamless sleep, and life pulsed unconscious in the absolute abstract space, throughout the extension of that om-

nipresence which the open eye of Dangma perceives: God never dies, say the long-haired bards crowned with laurels...

We sing the twilight of the gods. The death of the eternal is very relative... Let us raise the chalice and pray...

When the COSMIC NIGHT arrives, the army of the voice is submerged in the bosom of the deep, absolute, unconditioned space... It is ostensible that it then ceases to exist in the Universe...

At the breaking of the dawn of the Great Day, the great voice resurges... and the spirit of God moves over the face of the waters...

Mystical, ineffable rose of the deep valley of the spirit... immortal mother of my heart...

Chapter 22: BUILDING MOLECULES

René Dubos has said:

"The great spectacle of science is still being performed, only now it goes on behind a curtain, without audience or experts. Only the performers intervene. By the stage door a few talkative and ill-informed charlatans sell to the public confused imitations of the great rites. The world has been promised

miracles at low prices, but no longer participates in the glorious mysteries."

The complex matter of our bodies, at the dawn of life, was latent in the elementary atomic germs, but developed very slowly with the passage of countless centuries. It is ostensible and manifest that, in the varied processes of gradual transformation of organic matter, four basic types of molecules always intervene.

PROTEINS: These are among the most important structural materials of all organisms; it is evident that, in the form of enzymes, they serve concretely as specific catalysts, without which vital chemical reactions would develop very slowly or not at all.

Any protein molecule consists in truth of hundreds of amino acids intelligently linked in a marvelous chain that tends to form a spiral, with hydrogen atoms as very wise links to firmly hold the spirals in their place.

We have been told that, although some eighty amino acids are well known, only twenty intervene in the elaboration of proteins. Like the twenty-eight letters of the alphabet, they can be arranged forming infinite combinations that clearly express their functions.

NUCLEIC ACIDS: These are admirable substances upon which the essential quality of life depends: the continuity of existence. The form known as DNA (deoxyribonucleic acid) remains in the nucleus of the cell as a storehouse of directives for the correct functioning of the same.

It is unquestionable that its famous relative RNA (ribonucleic acid) is the transmitter of the directives that come from DNA, for whose portions of the cell it elaborates proteins.

The amino acids link or concatenate very wisely during the process in order to conform to the DNA norm... DNA molecules are double spirals, masterfully ordered in a way very similar to a spiral staircase of great length.

The splendid sides of this formidable staircase certainly consist of units of sugar and phosphate; the steps or rungs are paired purines and pyrimidines.

In DNA there are only four purines and pyrimidines: adenine, cytosine, guanine, and thymine, which in a very subtle way are in charge of transmitting messages, as the dots and dashes of the Morse alphabet do. Those that are found in RNA are the same, with the exception that thymine is substituted by uracil.

LIPIDS: These are fundamental fatty matters that store vital energy and form part of the structure of the cell. Their mole-

cules consist of hydrogen atoms and some of oxygen mounted on a framework of concatenated carbon atoms.

POLYSACCHARIDES: Chains of sugar molecules that accumulate energy and that, in the form of cellulose, compose the valuable cellular walls. We have been told that a cellulose molecule consists of about 2,000 units of glucose.

Eminent men of science emphasize the idea that polysaccharides form part of the numerous family of carbohydrates.

It is indubitable that the four primary elements of these vital substances — hydrogen, carbon, nitrogen, and oxygen — are precisely the most active chemical principles of the Universe.

It is worthy of mention — a very interesting fact, by the way — that only proteins and nucleic acids contain hydrogen. It is notorious that in many proteins sulfur is found, with phosphorus being an indispensable component of nucleic acids. Around the year 1930 it was discovered that the atmospheres of the planets Jupiter and Saturn were very rich in methane and ammonia, and later it was possible to verify that methane abounded much in Uranus and Neptune. These investigations contributed to reinforcing the idea that the primeval atmosphere of the planet earth belonged to the methane-ammonia variety.

Urey supposed, mistakenly, that both ultraviolet light and electrical discharges could have liberated molecules in such an atmosphere, allowing them to regroup to form more complex organic compounds. The key to the synthesis of organic compounds is sought; investigations are made. Miller supposes that, in an archaic atmosphere dominated by hydrogen, lies the origin of life. Agreed: it is unquestionable that HYDROGEN in itself is the first emanation of universal primordial matter (MULAPRAKRITI); but if we wish to know the origin of life, we must go to the depths.

The word "MATTER" is very debatable, for it encloses varied concepts; the dictionary explains it as: subject, occasion, theme, cause, motive, substance, nature, and so on. Matter is thus something very intellectual, abstract, vague, indefinite; it virtually includes and contains a whole procession of ideas. The term "procession" etymologically signifies theory, but used in learned style, or in dealing with ancient Greece, means: THEORY OF THE PANATHENAEA.

Matter in itself as substance "per se" surpasses, transposes, passes beyond the strict frame of Euclid's three-dimensional geometry. The infinite processes of matter are multidimensional, and this is obvious.

Viewed from this angle, it is ostensible that the earth with all its varied phenomena existed before in the fourth dimension.

Continuing with the inductive system, we can — and must — emphasize the idea of a still more ancient existence of our world in what is called the fifth dimension.

The JIVANMUKTA, the authentic ADEPT or MAHATMA, with the Open Eye of Dangma, goes still much further, and discovers traces of our world in the sixth and seventh dimensions. This open eye is the purely spiritual sight of the Adept; yet it is urgent to explain that it is not clairvoyance, but rather the faculty of spiritual INTUITION, through which direct and certain knowledge can be obtained. The deductive-Neoplatonic and Eastern system, opposed to the inductive Aristotelian method, allows us to understand the gradual descent of our world from the unknown, passing gradually from one dimension to another, until it crystallizes in its present dense form.

It is obvious that all the vital germs, during the planetary descent, develop, building molecules. It is unquestionable, effective, and real, that cells, organs, and organisms are developed with atoms and molecules. Within any living germ, cosmic energy operates in three modes: CENTRIFUGAL; CENTRIPETAL; NEUTRAL.

If the first of these three forces is extroverted and basic for action, it is patent that the second is introverted, attracting atoms and organizing molecules, while the third serves as the

point of support. The planet, in gradual descent, finally entered the three-dimensional region, bringing a formidable cargo of germs and organisms. It is evident, for any MAHATMA, that the most valuable treasure that this great ship called the earth brought was the first human race that lived at the north polar cap.

It is unquestionable that, at that time, the present north and south poles were in the equatorial zone.

It is clear, positive, and authentic that, if we exclude the faculty of INTUITION, the inner and spiritual eye of the ADEPT, then we lamentably fail in this type of investigations, because all the geological history of the first half-billion years of the earth in this three-dimensional region seems to be buried or lost in a definitive, radical, and absolute manner.

The task of reconstructing the way in which life and its primitive forms must have emerged is certainly hindered by the total lack of information on fossils of that epoch.

Apart from some traces of algae, the data most worthy of confidence date from only 500 million years ago — that is, from an epoch much later than the era in which the most important events of evolution took place.

"We can affirm with a certain degree of scientific confidence that cellular life, as we know it on the surface of the earth, ex-

ists in millions of other places of the universe."

"This does not deny, however, the possibility that there exist also other forms of matter that might be called living and that, according to the pattern we have formed on our soil, may seem strange..."

"We have now transferred life from the limited place that, until very recently, it occupied as a special and unique occurrence... to a state of matter widely diffused multidimensionally throughout the universe."

Five are the basic factors, indispensable for the transformation of matter into living cells:

- Formation of organic compounds.
- Transformation of these into more complex organic compounds.
- Origin of the key chemical products of life, such as proteins and nucleic acids.
- Origin of structures and metabolism. (Energetic chemistry.)
- EVOLUTION of metabolism.

Apply this five-point formula to organisms in the process of crystallization, and the problem of the origin of life is solved. I clarify: I am using the term "crystallization" in a convenient

form, to indicate, to point out, the arrival, the entry of any organism in the three-dimensional region.

It is obvious that the organisms on the way of crystallization were subjected to ceaseless past evolutions in the higher dimensions of nature. It would be an absurdity, a nonsense, to seek the origin of life exclusively in the three-dimensional region.

Chapter 23: THE REVOLUTION OF CONSCIOUSNESS

Favorite orchards of solar light that ripens delightful fruits, rivals of honey in sweetness... He who possesses the attributes of the bard, like Orpheus to the sounds of the lyre tames the fierceness of the brutes...

The verb makes everything clear... the darkness dissolves... light is made...

"Behold, I advance toward the dwelling of the king of the gods (the FATHER who is in secret)." (A winged spirit leads me.)

"Hail, O thou who soarest over the expanses of the sky and who illumines the son of the white crown!" (The Son of Man.)

"Oh, may my white crown (that shines on the head of the saints) be under thy protection." "Oh, may I live by thy side!

(My Father)... Behold, I have gathered and reunited all the dispersed members of the great GOD. Now, having created entirely a celestial path, I advance along this path." (Book of the Hidden Dwelling, Chapter LXXVI.)

Ah!... If people understood what it means to gather and reunite the dispersed members, the various fractions of our inner being, unfortunately bottled up among so many subconscious elements... Ah!... Yes, they would cease to exist radically, in order definitively to be integral, unitotal, complete!...

If they truly resolved to die from moment to moment... Then... Yes! they would cease to exist radically, in order definitively to be. In the sun-drenched land of KEM, during the dynasty of Khefren, I understood the necessity of returning to the straight path, of giving form to my own celestial path.

"Narrow is the gate and strait the way that leads to the light, and very few are they who find it. Among thousands of men, perhaps one attempts to reach perfection; among those who attempt, possibly one attains perfection; and among the perfect, perhaps one knows me perfectly." (Bhagavad Gita 7:3.)

"Of a thousand who seek me, one finds me; of a thousand who find me, one follows me; of a thousand who follow me, one is mine."

Well do the gods and the few men who have been in the world know that the multitudes always move within the circle of terrible necessity. (See chapter 22 of this message.)

On recapitulating the mysteries in the sacred land of the mighty Nile, I was able to recall dreadful difficulties. The path of the razor's edge is full of dangers, within and without. The path of the revolution of consciousness departs from the paths of evolution and involution.

Jesus the great Kabir said: "Whoever wishes to come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross, and follow me." These are the three factors of the intimate Revolution. The dogma of EVOLUTION is reactionary; let us speak of mystical insurrection. I, an old Tibetan lama, entered the Egyptian mysteries after having suffered much.

Ah, how much pain the death of my brother caused me! That was for me something decisive... Poor little bark of mine, broken between cliffs, without sails and without course, and alone among the waves!

Fortunately I was aided and studied much. I entered the Priestly College like any neophyte, and after successive exaltations I was a hierophant. That I was physician and priest at the same time? That is something I can never deny!

Daily I traveled on my camel, carrying many remedies for my sick; noble mission of the physician... Impossible to forget my dwelling in that sacred land of Hermes. Old ancestral house surrounded by ancient walls...

LITELANTES, as always, was my PRIESTESS-SPOUSE; she is not ignorant of that, she still remembers it. To me belongs the high honor of having been the educator of the pharaoh Khefren. I was the preceptor of that boy, and it does not weigh on me, because later he came to be a great sovereign.

I remember terrible things... Those who violated the vow of silence and divulged the GREAT ARCANUM were condemned to the death penalty; they were beheaded, their heart was torn out, and their ashes were scattered to the four winds. The execution took place in a paved courtyard surrounded by terrible walls on which crocodile hides and mysterious hieroglyphs were seen.

In the SAHAJA MAITHUNA, in SEX-YOGA, with its LINGAM-YONI and PUDENDA, lies hidden the unspeakable secret... The Levantine Egyptian light, varied in shades of ineffable vigor, develops within each soul infinite powers. "Eager light of the volume of the sacred river, that hastens the foliage of the acacia, sacrosanct symbol of resurrected masters. Light dear to the fresh rice fields, that perfumes the flower of the

lemon tree, so fertile in summer songs as in sweet twilights of January."

In the deep night of all ages, still resound the words of the priest of Sais:

Solon, Solon! Ah, my son! A day will come when men will laugh at our sacred hieroglyphs, and will say that we ancients adored idols.

Chapter 24: ALAYA AND PARAMARTHA

ALAYA is the Anima Mundi of Plato, the OVERSOUL of Emerson, subject to incessant periodic changes.

ALAYA is eternal and immutable in itself, yet undergoes tremendous changes during the Mahamvantaric manifestations. The YOGA CHARYAS of the Mahayana school say that ALAYA is the personification of the illuminating void. It is unquestionable that ALAYA is the living foundation of the seven cosmoses...

When the mind is still and in profound silence, the soul escapes to sink into the great ALAYA of the Universe. Many years ago I experienced this truth during meditation; unfortunately at that epoch I had not yet dissolved the PLURALIZED I, and terror harmed the experiment. I felt myself definitively lost in the void of Buddhist annihilation; infinite ocean of in-

comprehensible light beyond the body, the affections, and the mind; radical forgetfulness of the myself.

Liberated from its egoic condition, the consciousness was lost like a drop in the sea... The void seemed to grow more profound... dreadful abyss... I ceased to exist... I felt being worlds, flowers, birds, fish, radiant suns, humble plant and gigantic tree, insignificant insect that lives only a summer afternoon, and rebellious eagle... That ocean of my being still continued to expand; the impersonalization seemed to become deeper and deeper... of my human form not even the memory remained; I was everything and nothing at once.

One more step — and what would become of me? Oh, what terror! And that ocean of my being continued to expand fearfully. And what then of my dear individuality?

...It is ostensible that it too was condemned to death... Dread, fright, panic, fear! Suddenly... I felt myself withdrawing into myself; I lost the ecstasy; I returned, like the genie of Aladdin, to the bottle. I entered into time; I became enmeshed in the Ego; poor Mephistopheles, the wretch was trembling cowardly! Such is Satan.

It is obvious that the wretch had made me lose the Buddhist Satori, the Samadhi. ALAYA, though eternal and immutable in

its essence, is reflected in every object of the Universe, like the Moon in clear and tranquil water.

Let us now speak of PARAMARTHA. The YOGA CHARYAS interpret this Sanskrit term in their own way; they hold that it depends on other things (PARATANTRA); each one is free to think as he wishes. The MADHYAMIKAS emphatically say that PARAMARTHA is limited exclusively to PARANISHPANA, or absolute perfection.

It is unquestionable that the former believe and hold that, in this valley of Samsara, there exists only SAMVRITISATYA, the relative truth. It is indubitable that the latter teach the existence of PARAMARTHASATYA, the absolute truth.

"No Gnostic Arhat can reach absolute knowledge before identifying himself with PARANIRVANA." We have been told very wisely that PARIKALPITA and PARATANTRA are its two great enemies.

PARIKALPITA (in Tibetan Kuntag) is the vain error of those who are deluded in this Vale of Tears, poor people of egoic consciousness; unhappy creatures who adore the I.

PARATANTRA is the phenomenal world. Woe to those who know not how to discover the causes of existence! Relatively recently, being in deep meditation, I was a witness to something unusual. I saw, certainly, and with mystical astonish-

ment, two Adepts who, having attained full identification with PARANIRVANA, reached the final liberation. Attired in their tunics of white linen and their heads covered with the mantle of immaculate whiteness that reached to their feet, these Brethren entered the absolute abstract space. I, frankly, have still not lost the capacity for astonishment; I felt amazed, stupefied, surprised; I accompanied them as far as the Ring Pass-Not... (the gateway of the Universe.)

I saw them penetrate the uncreated light of the ABSOLUTE, full of infinite humility and veneration. They passed beyond the gods and men, and became PARAMARTHASATYAS; yet they sank into that as mere apprentices... For in the absolute also there exist successive mystical exaltations that are for us beyond all comprehension.

*When the mind is still and in profound silence,
the soul escapes to sink into the great ALAYA of
the Universe.*

Chapter 25: BIRTH CONTROL

The gonads of the woman are the ovaries, the breasts, and the uterus, and those of the male are the testicles, the phallus, and the prostate gland. It is ostensible that such generative glands

turn out to be, at bottom, marvelous sexual micro-laboratories.

It is unquestionable that the aforementioned glands possess a double function, for they have external and internal secretion. Although it is certain that the ovaries produce the ovum, it is no less evident that they also secrete a formidable endocrine substance that vitalizes the woman and makes her feminine. It is true, effective, and real that the testicles have the ENS SEMINIS (the entity of the semen) as external secretion, in which the zoosperms float, which in fact are the vital germs of existence. The intimate hormonal secretion of the cortex of the testicles is the marvelous power that gives energy to the male and makes him essentially masculine.

The normal male is the one who has normal masculine gonads. The ovaries very wisely regulate the distribution of calcium in the woman, and this is already demonstrated.

The disproportionate number of pregnancies, by reason of circumstance, gives rise to the terrible cases of osteomalacia or deformities by soft bones, which are so common in the various densely populated countries of the world in which we live. It has been scientifically verified that very frequent pregnancies truly use all the reserves of calcium, and then it is obvious that the bones suffer.

Any physician can verify by himself that many women suffer ailments in the teeth during pregnancy.

In men, the testicles (also called interstitial) regulate the calcium in the bones, giving them strength and stability. Through many years of observation and experience, the sages have been able to verify that the male of very strong bones is, as a rule, very virile sexually.

It is already completely demonstrated through deep scientific observations that some of the endocrine glands act intelligently as accelerators of the sexual glands, and others diminish that action. Eminent biologists, of whom we cannot doubt, conceptualize that the Thymus gland halts sexual appetite.

It is known that the ovaries emit ova every twenty-eight days in accordance with the lunar cycle. It is evident that such a female gamete is gathered in one of the Fallopian tubes and led to the uterus, where it must meet with the male germ (spermatozoon) if a new life is to begin. It is demonstrated to the utmost that there is no force in life more impelling in its expression than the effort that the masculine and feminine germs make to meet.

Birth control is a crime; the control of fecundation is a duty. In these times of world crisis and demographic explosion, there exist three absurd systems for the control of fecundation.

- PHYSICAL.
- CHEMICAL.
- BIOLOGICAL.

Within the first system are included: pessaries, spirals, condoms, diaphragms, and so on.

The second system includes spermicidal pomades based on arsenic, mercury, and so on. (Cellular poisons.)

Within the third system are included anovulatory pills; tubal ligations or vasectomies; Ovulen 28; Anovlar 21; IUDs, and so on.

It is obvious that all the physical contraceptive procedures, mechanistic one hundred percent, besides causing organic destructions often irreparable, radically relax human ethics and lead to degeneration. It is unquestionable that pomades of all types applied to the vagina cause chemical irritations and imbalances in the cells of the neck of the womb. It is indubitable that all the biological anovulatories — anything that prevents the descent of the ovum to the womb — cause dreadful imbalance of the marvelous Hypophysis-Gonads axis.

It is indispensable to understand deeply the tremendous power of those vital agents called Lysosomes, without which the nucleus of the organic cell could never be kept alive. It is from

all points of view manifest, clear, and positive that the stabilized Lysosomes of zoosperm and ovum give rise to healthy and strong creatures.

The contraceptive pill and other biological and chemical elements destroy the Lysosomes of zoosperms and ova, giving rise then to sick creatures, mad people, paralytics, deaf-mutes, blind people, idiots, homosexuals, lesbian women, and so on. The men of science have been able to verify by themselves that the pomades applied to the neck of the womb with the purpose of blocking it, destroy cellular Lysosomes.

Those destroyed Lysosomes act freely, annihilating cells and giving rise to ulcers and cancer in the vaginal walls and neck of the womb. The Lysosomes, in full harmonious activity within the living cell, constitute the foundation of existence.

There are various forms of Lysosomes: Amylases (Carbohydrates), Lipases (Fats), Catalases, Oxidases, Peroxides, Proteases (Proteins), Hydrolases (Hydrogens).

It is ostensible that the Lysosome in itself is an enzymatic ELECTRO-MAGNETIC center. In the living nucleus of the cell resides the K-meson, which on radiating toward the periphery gives rise to the intracellular Lysosomes by the Law of the eternal HEPTAPARAPARSHINOKH.

In harmony with the infinite, in contact with nature, the surface tension, the osmotic and oncotic pressure of all the cells, red blood cells, zoosperms, and so on, are stabilized. Detergents, insecticides, spermatocidal pomades, drugs, animal hormones, carbon monoxide, and so on, destroy the Lysosomes of zoosperms, ova, and so on.

The vital air outside the cities, the Prana of the forests, the sun, pure water, and so on, fortify and enrich the organism with prodigious Lysosomes. Certainly the Lysosomes are the active agents of the vital ground (LINGAM-SARIRA). It is indubitable that the physical, chemical, and biological procedures in vogue for birth control destroy Lysosomes, give rise to dreadful illnesses, and put an end to life.

The INTERNATIONAL GNOSTIC MOVEMENT has revolutionary scientific procedures and methods for the control of fecundity. Our system has formidable advantages, such as the fact that it does not destroy Lysosomes. Our plan builds Lysosomes, enriches the human organism, vitalizes it.

I wish to refer emphatically to the Hindu SAHAJA MAITHUNA; the famous Italian CARETZA. There exists abundant documentation on all this in the famous Hindu KAMA-KALPA; in the works of all the medieval alchemists: Sendivogius, Paracelsus, Nicolas Flamel, Raymond Lully, and so on. It is lamentable that the Hindu KAMA SUTRA has been

adulterated and deformed in a monstrous, sinister, abominable way.

The biologists have been able to verify through many years of observation and direct experience that the sexual glands are not closed capsules, for they excrete and secrete hormones. The word "hormone" comes from a Greek root that means "longing to be," "force of being." It is ostensible the astonishing vital power of sexual hormones; to save them, to secrete them, to make them return inward and upward with the healthy purpose of enriching life, is no crime.

It has been fully verified that the sexual hormonal secretions intensify the hormonal production of all the endocrine glands. The bloodstream conducts sexual hormones, transports them, puts them in contact with all those glandular MICRO-LABORATORIES. Non-ejaculation of semen is something radical to avoid fecundation and to intensify hormonal secretion.

If the man avoids ejaculation and the woman the orgasm, the problem of fecundity is solved. Thelema (Will) is what is required to withdraw in time, before the sexual spasm.

Restrained sexual desire will make the creative energy ascend; thus it is that the brain is seminized and the semen is cerebralized. It is obvious that semen can be transformed into energy; it is unquestionable that sexual energy ascends to the brain. It

is certain, patent, and manifest that there exist specific nervous channels for the ascent of sexual energy; unfortunately the scalpel cannot find them, because they belong to the fourth dimension.

I wish to refer now in concrete form to that pair of nervous cords known in India by the names of Ida and Pingala. In the man, Ida starts from the right testicle and Pingala from the left; in the woman, this order is inverted, starting from the ovaries.

These two most fine nervous channels gracefully knot themselves at the coccyx bone, and then ascend like two serpents coiled on the spinal column, up to the brain. The continuous ascent of the sexual energy along these nervous channels transforms us radically, makes us MUTANTS (Geniuses). We are speaking concretely of SAHAJA MAITHUNA (SEX-YOGA), WHITE TANTRISM. This is the only healthy system for resolving the most grave problem of demographic explosion. This is the key for controlling, in an intelligent way and without any harm, human fecundity.

It is ostensible the dreadful sacrifice of NON-EJACULATION for lustful persons. It is convenient to affirm that nature does not make leaps; the beginner can — and even must — carry out the change little by little; if one truly wishes to consolidate, anchor, fix our system, I consider it necessary to begin with short

sexual practices, very brief time; at most from one to five minutes daily.

It is unquestionable that one can later lengthen the time in each practice. The great athletes of SEX-YOGA tend to practice SAHAJA MAITHUNA for one hour daily. It is in no way convenient to begin with long sexual practices; the change must be carried out methodically and with great patience, without ever faltering.

The movement of the phallus within the uterus must be slow and very gentle, avoiding all violence. It is convenient to remember that, if the sexual movements become very strong, the result is the spasm with lamentable loss of seminal liquor. When the danger of ejaculating approaches, it can be avoided through the control of the breath.

In this case the male will quickly withdraw the phallus from the vagina and will lie in dorsal decubitus (face up); then he will hold his breath, closing his nostrils with the index finger and thumb. If he has to inhale again, he will do so, trying to retain the breath as much as possible.

In those moments he should intensely restrain himself, and imagine that his sexual energy ascends through the two channels of Ida and Pingala up to the brain. This very procedure

can — and must — be used by the woman to avoid orgasm and the loss of the feminine sexual liquor.

In the sacred land of the Vedas, any YOGINI who knows SAHAJA MAITHUNA knows how to control the danger of the spasm through the retention of the breath. If the neophyte fails at the beginning in this effort, he should not despair; at last he will learn with much patience and effort. One of the marvelous advantages of our system is to preserve sexual potency throughout life.

In the future "CHRISTMAS MESSAGE 1970-1971," we will teach the practical method for engendering healthy, intelligent, strong children — at will and within an order duly planned.

Chapter 26: THE EGYPTIAN SAHU

Golden clouds bathe the wall. The black crows, not yet whitened by the alchemical labor, caw above their nests, in which it is obvious that they wish to continue reposing...

Meanwhile the bride, the soul, alone and young, bottled up in the Ego, sighs melancholy... Her hands abandon for a moment the loom on which a destiny is incessantly woven and unwoven, and she turns her eyes to the blue curtain of the sky that isolates her from the world...

Poor BUDDHATA, unhappy soul; she is certainly very alone. The bridegroom, the eternal beloved, the spirit, runs through remote lands... Alone every night in her chamber, solitude oppresses her heart, and her tears fall like light rain fertilizing the earth... The moon has gone and the Pleiades are not seen; it is midnight; time slips away while, stretched on the bed, she lies... Oh, so alone...

As the wind of the forest inclemently shakes the massive oaks, Eros shakes and stirs the poor solitary one... Ah! If only she could clothe herself in the wedding garment... If only she could marry the beloved... Unfortunately, the unhappy one is clothed in lunar rags, in the garment of desire and the mind of an animal...

If she knew the secret of the philosopher's stone! If she understood it, if she did not reject it! O ageless stone, as old as the world! Why do people hate thee so? It is written with letters of gold that Nahilla, daughter of Nadir, loves Shebbun, the most intrepid of warriors; thou knowest it...

In sex lies the key, the secret of the PHILOSOPHER'S STONE. (Review chapter 26 of this "Christmas Message 1969-1970.")

Only on the basis of ceaseless sexual transmutations, working with the SAHAJA MAITHUNA, can the soul elaborate TO SOMA HELIAKON; the wedding garment, the Egyptian Sahu.

Poor solitary soul, clothe thyself in the nuptial garment, marry the Beloved, that thou mayest sit at the table of the guests.

"The kingdom of heaven is like a king who made a wedding feast for his son; and he sent his servants to call those who had been invited to the wedding; but they would not come. Again he sent other servants, saying: Tell those who were invited: Behold, I have prepared my meal; my bulls and fattened animals have been slain, and all is ready; come to the wedding."

"But they paid no heed and went their way, one to his farm and another to his business; and others, taking the servants, treated them shamefully and killed them. When the king heard it, he was angered; and sending his armies, he destroyed those murderers and burned their city."

"Then he said to his servants: The wedding is indeed prepared; but those who were invited were not worthy. Go therefore to the crossings of the roads, and call to the wedding as many as you find. And the servants going out into the roads gathered together all whom they found, both bad and good; and the wedding was filled with guests. And the king came in to see the guests, and saw there a man who was not clothed in a wedding garment. (Who had not fabricated the Egyptian Sahu, the solar bodies.) And he said to him: Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having a wedding garment? And he was speechless."

"Then the king said to those who served: Bind him hand and foot, and cast him into the outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth. For many are called, but few are chosen."

The Egyptian book of the hidden dwelling says: "Traverse the farthest limits of the sky! As, on becoming Horus, thou hast acquired a glorious body — Sahu — (THE WEDDING GARMENT OF THE SOUL), even so the crown of NEMES (the crown of the saints) has been adjudicated to thee. Verily, thy Word of Power (the Verb) reaches even to the extreme limits of the sky."

"I take, then, possession of the divine attributes of Horus (THE BEING), which are those of OSIRIS (the INNERMOST LOGOS OF EACH ONE), in the region of the dead." (In that region where those dwell who dissolved the I.)

"Behold, HORUS (THE BEING) repeats for me the sacred words pronounced by his Father (the Being of the Being) on the day of the funerals (of the I). Cause that the God of the two lion heads grant thee the crown of Nemes (the crown of holiness) that he keeps, that thou mayest traverse the routes of the sky and see what exists, even to the limits of the horizon! May I be admitted to the secret cult, and may it be given me to contemplate the mystery of the birth of the divinity. Behold, with his glorious body Horus clothes my members."

It is written on the mysterious pages of the great Book of Life that it is necessary to be born again in order to enter the kingdom of heaven.

That is the second birth of which the Great Kabir Jesus spoke to the rabbi Nicodemus. "Unless a man be born of water (semen) and of spirit (fire), he cannot enter the kingdom of God." The Book of the Hidden Dwelling says: "Behold, I am born and I come into the world in the Universe of RE-STAU"... (THE KINGDOM OF GOD).

"Thanks to the libations of my priest (or Guru) before OSIRIS (the inner LOGOS), I enjoy happiness among the glorious bodies, 'Sahu.' I am received among the spirits of RE-STAU. (The World, marvelous synthesis of the solar bodies, is the extraordinary fruit of the fig tree.)"

That tree has been, is, and always shall be the living symbol of SEX. Woe to the sterile fig tree! The Christian gospel tells that the Kabir Jesus, returning to the city in the morning, was hungry. And seeing a fig tree by the way, he came to it, and found nothing on it but leaves only; and he said to it: Let no fruit ever grow on thee again... And immediately the fig tree withered.

*Meanwhile the bride, the soul, alone and young,
bottled up in the Ego, sighs melancholy...*

Chapter 27: THE UNCONSCIOUS

According to Hegel, the "Unconscious" would never have undertaken the vast and laborious task of unfolding the Universe, except in the hope of attaining clear consciousness of itself.

The term "Unconscious" turns out at bottom to be very ambiguous, doubtful, confused, debatable. We can use such a term in a conventional way to indicate or point out a creative mystery, something that is much beyond CONSCIOUSNESS. It is unquestionable that PARABRAHMAN, the universal spirit of life, transcends everything called CONSCIOUSNESS, and it is obvious that we can call it the "Unconscious."

Within this strictly human theme, we can — and even must — emphasize the idea that, before transcending "CONSCIOUSNESS," we need first to awaken it. That talk of "ABSOLUTE CONSCIOUSNESS BEHIND PHENOMENA" is indubitably too vague, incoherent, imprecise. It is absurd to confuse CONSCIOUSNESS with the ABSOLUTE BEING. Unfortunately, many philosophers believe in those aberrations of the mind.

SAT, the UNMANIFESTED ABSOLUTE, has nothing to do with CONSCIOUSNESS; the latter, however brilliant it may

be, turns out to be like a miserable tallow candle before the uncreated light of that which has no name.

The schools of Schelling and Fichte have certainly diverged much from the archaic and primitive concept of an absolute principle, and have reflected only one aspect of the fundamental idea of the Vedanta. The "Absoluter Geist," vaguely suggested by Von Hartmann in his pessimistic philosophy of the "Unconscious," though it is perhaps the closest approximation of European speculation to the Advaita-Hindu doctrines, is nonetheless also far from reality, falling into the error of identifying the absolute being with what is called CONSCIOUSNESS.

The human biped — or rather, that homunculus wrongly called man — incapable of forming a single concept, except as related to wholly empirical phenomena, is impotent, owing to his strictly intellectual and animal constitution, to lift even a corner of the veil that covers the majesty of the ABSOLUTE ABSTRACT SPACE.

The COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS, the GREAT ALAYA of the Universe, must awaken in every human being. Yet we emphasize the necessity of not confusing CONSCIOUSNESS with the ABSOLUTE.

"The finite cannot conceive the infinite, nor apply its own kind of mental experiences. How can it be said that the Unconscious and the absolute can have even an instinctive impulse or hope of attaining clear consciousness of themselves?"

The necessity of attaining the awakening of consciousness is indubitable, if we sincerely want illumination. Such superlative awakening would be impossible without having previously passed through the terrible Buddhist annihilation... I wish to refer emphatically to the destruction of the I, to the death of the myself.

There are two kinds of illumination; the first is usually called "DEAD WATER" because it has fetters. The second is praised as "THE GREAT LIFE," because it has no fetters; it is direct experience in the illuminating void.

It is altogether ostensible, with full meridian clarity, that we must first become SELF-CONSCIOUS in order to experience fully the illuminated aspect of CONSCIOUSNESS. It is ostensible that it would not be possible to submerge ourselves in the current of sound, in the illuminating void, without having previously shattered the fetters that, in one form or another, bind us to consciousness. With the annihilation of the EGO, we transform the SUBCONSCIOUS into CONSCIOUS; afterwards we must destroy the shackles that bind us to CONSCIOUSNESS.

The ILLUMINATING VOID is the "UNCONSCIOUS" (the latter term being used in the sense of something that lies far beyond consciousness). Have you heard of ANUPADAKA? The strict and rigorous sense of this word signifies: "Without parents, without progenitors." OSIRIS is the Father who is in secret, the particular Monad of each one. ISIS is the DUAD; the feminine aspect; the divine Mother Kundalini. HORUS is the INNERMOST, our divine Spirit; the Triad. It is easy to understand that when HORUS comes out victorious in the battles against the red demons (DEVIL I'S), he then takes the luxury of swallowing his own soul.

After the banquet comes the best: FATHER, MOTHER, and SON; OSIRIS, ISIS, and HORUS, three divine fires with a diamond soul, mix, fuse, and integrate, to form a single flame; an ANUPADAKA. The hidden Lord, the one immersed in the ABSOLUTE within the inexhaustible and inconceivable felicity, the ANUPADAKA, cannot have parents, since he is self-existent and One with the universal spirit of life.

The mystery of the hierarchy of the ANUPADAKAS in the ABSTRACT-ABSOLUTE space is for us beyond all possible comprehension.

It is altogether ostensible, with full meridian clarity, that we must first become SELF-CONSCIOUS

*in order to experience fully the illuminated aspect
of CONSCIOUSNESS.*

Chapter 28: GREEN FIREBALLS

In these moments of world crisis, the modern scientists face an enigma from space; I wish to refer emphatically to the mystery of the green fireballs. These balls flash, gleam, shine, and then vanish as if extinguished by some remote-control switch, leaving not the slightest trace.

We have been told that the residents of Albuquerque, N.M., are accustomed to this kind of mystery, for it is ostensible that they live next to the Los Alamos plant of atomic secrets. Travelers know very well that at the end of the city are the armed forces of the Sandia base, the place where the terrible atomic bomb is armed for the misfortune of this afflicted world. It is evident that, in the same state, the famous White Sands laboratory is located, a specialist in the fabrication of guided missiles. Yet, despite all these mysteries, the dwellers of this place, on seeing a bright green fireball pass silently through infinite space, were astonished, were left admiring, surprised.

"In a place of the desert that crosses New Mexico, on a Sunday night last November — that is now several years ago — a mysterious event took place.

In the sky, the stars shone on a clear night; along the highway a Jeep was running at 25 miles per hour, driven by three students of the University of New Mexico: Ted Chamberlain, a geology student; his friend Gus Armstrong, owner of the Jeep; and the third, Tom Bebooy. It was around nine at night, and the young men were returning from a hunt at San Agustín, near Magdalena. In the back of the Jeep they carried their game.

Suddenly the three were blinded for a second. There, far off, in the northwest sky, a gigantic fireball burned and rapidly crossed the firmament. Its tail was whitish, but the ball was of a radiant green color, as if it were a neon tube or, as Chamberlain said, the same as copper when it burns in a laboratory furnace.

"Look!" shouted Armstrong, at the same time losing control of his Jeep, which veered off course, somersaulted, and threw its occupants onto the sands of the desert. Above their heads, the fireball vanished silently; minutes later, the three astonished young men returned to the Jeep and headed for Albuquerque. Something similar happened two nights before. Lertes Miller and his wife, from Palo Alto, California, were driving along highway 60, near Globe, Arizona. A little before nightfall, they saw a bluish-green flame that burned above their heads.

"It was so intense that I almost ran off the road, for I was blinded for some seconds," said Mr. Miller. This was no ordinary meteor (a wise author has said). Observers across a thousand miles, from Santa Fe, New Mexico, to Vista, California, saw the green fireball in the heavens."

It is unquestionable, and from all points of view it stands out, that green fireballs turn out to be radically different from ordinary meteors.

It is evident, and the observers know very well, that these balls are certainly larger and more luminous than the beautiful Selene. It is obvious that no meteor is so. Astonishing is their dreadful silence; any meteor of such size, it is ostensible, falls with great roar. All the witnesses agree that such balls, within our planetary atmosphere, move in a straight line. It is clear that any meteor, large or small, on entering our environment, falls in a concave curve.

There exist now infinite conjectures about the mystery of the green fireballs. Some inhabitants of the West blame the ball for the collapse of the water tower of Tucumcari, New Mexico, which killed four persons, for the investigations revealed that the fireball passed at the precise moment in which the collapse was produced by a short circuit in the lines. We are thus before a tremendous enigma, and frankly we have no other re-

course but to return to ARRHENIUS'S PANSPERMIA. (See chapter 11.)

"The spectacle of the great green fireballs, crossing the heavens like lightning, is an unforgettable experience; they, like all those thousands of Americans who have seen them in the Southwest, ask themselves: 'What is this?'"

The answer to this formidable question is held by the INTERNATIONAL Gnostic Movement when it says: "ELECTRIC WHIRLWINDS, VORTICES OF FORCE, ESCAPE FROM THE WORLDS BEARING IN THEIR BOSOM GERMS OF LIFE." "ELECTRIC WHIRLWINDS REACH THE WORLDS BRINGING IN THEIR WOMBS GERMS OF LIFE."

The solar system, including our afflicted world, has obviously reached a certain corner of the cosmos in which the electric vortices that carry vital germs have become visible. Our solar system, on its eternal journey through the inalterable infinite, has reached a corner of the universe in which cosmic events never expected can occur.

Chapter 29: TRUTH-JUSTICE

It was the night of mystery, and in my somber chamber the terrible darkness grew from moment to moment. My pale lamp sputtered, agonizing very slowly and spreading its livid

reflections of sinister clarity. Outside in the street, the wind rattled my windows, harsh and unrelenting.

The rain, falling with a roar, lashed my windowpane, and as the tempest tore the chaos with its lightning-sword, I thought then of the valley of darkness and of the dwelling of the perverse.

"May my soul not be subdued nor carried captive by the demons. May I be allowed to turn my face from the scaffold of Sepdu! (The scaffold of Karma)... Be praised, O ye planetary spirits of the constellation of the hip!" (Libra.)

"As for you, O divine knives of the mysteries — says the sacred Book of the Hidden Dwelling — clamoring from the deep depths of the centuries. You, the two divine arms — of the cosmic balance — that illumine and gladden the Universe and lead, according to the rhythms of the epochs, young and old, behold! Here is that Thoth (the Innermost Buddha of every man), Lord of the Mysteries, proceeds to the libations before the master of the millions of years (THE UNIVERSAL LOGOS of Life) and opens for him the path through the firmament."

"It is Thoth who immobilizes the hurricanes and locks them in his fortresses. (He is truly the INNER BUDDHA of every living being, the Lord of the powers.) O ye divine spirits of Karma,

withdraw from me misery and sufferings! And may my person be pleasing to RA." (God.)

Hear, men and gods: This firmament of steel that had protected the world from the Amenti (the region of the dead), the demon APOPI (the body of desires of every living being) has pierced it; for it is obvious that even the most perverse tenebrous ones are accustomed to enter that dwelling.

Ah! When will people cease to confuse the authentic ASTRAL with the demon APOPI? When will the pseudo-occultists understand that the body of desires cited by Theosophy is the dreadful demon APOPI? Ordinary people do not have astral body; they only have the lunar vehicle of desires, the dreadful demon APOPI. May the human beings and the dwellers of limbo hear me: Listen, then; you need to fabricate the ASTRAL BODY in the FORGE OF THE CYCLOPES.

RA abhors the demon APOPI, and it is ostensible that every authentic deceased SELF-REALIZED one, after being clothed in the Egyptian Sahu, must eliminate the demon APOPI.

The Book of the Dead exclaims, saying: "Behold, I come before the celestial hierarchies and forever free RA from the dragon APOPI. I watch! Truly, the Dragon shall never be able to approach him. Of the magical signs placed before me by the Demon, I shall know how to possess myself; the sepulchral

meals shall not be lacking. Thoth shall provide me with the magical potency, the result of my actions, of my Karma, in the past life."

"I shall make TRUTH-JUSTICE circulate in the celestial bark of my life, establishing the divine Hierarchies in my heart, for millions of years; I shall triumph in the midst of them."

The goddess Maat (Justice) comes before her Lord and God. Remember, you, that the functions of Karma reside in the brilliant constellation of the hip (Libra). Tremble before the divine knives of the Law. Know that Karma is paid not only for the evil one does, but for the good one fails to do when one could. Traverse the cycle of metamorphoses in the bark of Khepra, the vessel of your own life.

It is unquestionable that you must transform yourselves time and again into crocodiles, every time it becomes necessary to descend into the Infernal Worlds; it is obvious that to every mystical exaltation there corresponds a previous humiliation; he who wishes to ascend must first descend; that is the Law.

It is indubitable that on AWAKENING CONSCIOUSNESS you will transform yourselves into hawks with human heads, being able to fly freely through starry space.

It is evident that you will truly have to convert yourselves into NAGAS, SERPENTS; a day will come when you will be like the

lotus.

"May the gods grant me thy throne, O RA, even as thy glorious body. Thy route I traverse; and at dawn, I reject the demon NEBT (the demon of evil will) who arrives concealed behind a column of flames, and in a narrow and long corridor attacks me unexpectedly..."

"Truly I have been warned in advance with respect to the dangers awaiting me. Behold, I take my seat in the bark of RA, and I receive the offerings owed to me."

Be praised, O ye planetary spirits of the constellation of the hip!" (Libra.) "As for you, O divine knives of the mysteries — says the sacred Book of the Hidden Dwelling — clamoring from the deep depths of the centuries.

Chapter 30: THE HOMOGENEOUS BASE

Revolutionary GNOSTICISM would never accept an anthropomorphic God in the style of the biblical Jehovah, seated up there on a throne of tyranny and hurling thunderbolts against this sad human anthill. Yet it is ostensible that the INTERNATIONAL GNOSTIC MOVEMENT has never been atheistic.

Sincerely we confess that force and forces are something very united in creation; "Gods, there is God!" exclaimed Victor Hugo...

It is obvious that variety is unity; polytheism is synthesized in unity: the total sum of all those celestial beings, called Elohim, gods, Dhyani-Chohans, Dhyani-Buddhas, angels, Devas, archangels, and so on, constitutes what is usually called God. We have always believed that mortality and immortality is something too relative, and though it may seem incredible, God also dies at the end of the MAHAMANVANTARA.

This does not signify divine annihilation; it is unquestionable that, on the ending of the GREAT COSMIC DAY, the ARMY OF THE VOICE, the VERB, that which is called God, ceases to exist in the cosmos and passes to BE in the ABSOLUTE. To BE is better than to exist, and the reason for the BEING to BE is the BEING himself. In the ABSOLUTE is our legitimate existence, which is a NON-BEING, a NON-EXISTING for human reason. The ABSOLUTE is not a GOD, nor a divine or human individual; it would be absurd to give form to that which has no form; it would be an absurdity to attempt to anthropomorphize space. Certainly the ABSOLUTE is unconditioned and eternal ABSTRACT SPACE, much beyond the Gods and men.

On the dawn of the MAHAMANVANTARA, heterogeneity unfolds from homogeneity; the ARMY OF THE VOICE (GOD) is

reborn, to create once more. The biologists currently seek their homogeneous protoplasm, and the chemists their protyle, while science is eagerly seeking the force of which electricity, magnetism, heat, and so on, are differentiations.

On reaching this part of the present chapter, it is necessary that we speak a little more clearly, that I myself say what I have experienced by myself and directly. It is unquestionable that I have passed through the mystical experience of several preceding PRALAYAS, for I am an ARCHANGEL of ancient MAHAMANVANTARAS.

The Sanskrit word that could best define that, and where all things originate and dissolve, is, beyond doubt: PRABHAVAPYAYA. Translate this word as the place or plane where all things originate and dissolve.

Yet it is necessary to emphasize the transcendental idea that "PRABHAVAPYAYA" is not the "MOTHER OF THE WORLD," nor the "MATRIX" of the COSMOS, nor the material cause of our planet earth. We Gnostics find the root of the cosmos exclusively in PARABRAHMAN and MULAPRAKRITI, the eternal FATHER-MOTHER, the DIVINE ANDROGYNE. I have never been able to forget those moments of the PLEROMA of bliss in which the FATHERS-MOTHERS taught their children the laws of nature; I remember that they instructed by singing deliciously in the language of light.

It is then unquestionable that the plastic essence existing in itself, the HOMOGENEOUS base of the Universe, must be sought in PARABRAHMAN and MULAPRAKRITI, the ONE, that, under two aspects...

Going deeper into this question so abstract and, for many, even difficult to understand, I recall that during the deep night of the Pralaya the FATHERS-MOTHERS or DIVINE ANDROGYNES do not easily forget the universe that existed, and this memory is projected on the ABSOLUTE abstract space, forming paradises of inconceivable felicity in that which has no name. It is indubitable that, if we tore a marvelous flower from any one of those Edens of the ABSOLUTE and then brought it to the cosmos, it would instantly cease to have any existence.

We Gnostics find the root of the cosmos exclusively in PARABRAHMAN and MULAPRAKRITI, the eternal FATHER-MOTHER, the DIVINE ANDROGYNE.

Chapter 31: THE MUTANTS

Since Louis Pauwels and Jacques Bergier spoke didactically and scientifically of the mutants, it is ostensible to understand that there was produced in the intellectual world a true ideo-

logical disquiet. It is unquestionable that the talk of MUTANTS is something unusual; yet it is urgent to elucidate, clarify, illuminate in a meticulous way this matter of study.

Delving then into this matter of such vital importance, we can clearly discover two kinds of MUTATIONS: the first we shall designate as favorable; the second we shall reckon as unfavorable. MUTATION is change, alteration, variation. The foundation, base, support, and groundwork of the MUTANT is SEX.

The two authors cited above believe they see in child prodigies real cases of authentic MUTANTS. Dr. J. Ford Thomson, after having examined five thousand children of England, found an outbreak of intelligence fever. Of the last ninety children from seven to nine years of age interrogated by this psychiatrist, twenty-six had an intelligence quotient of one hundred forty, which is equivalent to genius, or a little less.

Dr. Thomson says that strontium-90, a radioactive product that penetrates the body, may be responsible for this. This product did not exist before the first atomic explosion.

Two North American sages, C. Brooke and Robert K. Enrdes, in their famous work titled *The Nature of Living Things*, believe they can demonstrate that the grouping of the genes currently undergoes a perturbation, and that, through the effect

of as-yet mysterious influences, a new race of men, endowed with superior intellectual powers, is appearing.

It is indubitable that this is a rather bold thesis, and one to be received with certain reservations. It is altogether clear with full meridian clarity that the atom of heredity has been localized in the chromosomes. It is wholly manifest that biological heredity can be radically transformed to give rise to a MUTANT. In the matter of sexual transmutation and SAHAJA MAITHUNA, as we teach it in chapter 26 of the present "Christmas Message 1969-1970," it is unquestionable that there exists dreadful sacrifice and authentic psychological rebellion; better said: declared insurrection against biological heredity.

The patent and manifest result of this very special type of psycho-sexual rebellion is the MUTANT. We Gnostics need to study deeply the cardinal and definitive laws of scientific MUTATION. Any legitimate mutant of favorable type is the specific result of various crystallizations of sexual Hydrogen SI-12.

It is unquestionable, and from all points of view it stands out, that the said Hydrogen represents the final product of the transformation of foods within the marvelous laboratory of the human organism. It is ostensible that this is the primordial matter with which sex works.

It is unquestionable that this is the prime substance of the GREAT WORK, and that sex fabricates it very wisely. It is indubitable that the ENS SEMINIS and its peculiar Hydrogen SI-12 is at once seed and fruit. To transmute this prodigious hydrogen, giving it intelligent crystallization in a second higher octave, means in fact to create a new life within the existing organism, to give evident form to the "ASTRAL or SIDEREAL BODY of the ALCHEMISTS and KABBALISTS."

Master G. said: You must understand that the "ASTRAL BODY" is born of the same material, of the same substance, of the same matter from which the physical body is born; the only thing that differs is the procedure. The whole physical body, all its cells remain, so to speak, impregnated by the emanations of the matter that is SI-12. And when these have been saturated sufficiently, the matter SI-12 begins to crystallize. Then adds the said Master: The crystallization of this matter constitutes the formation of the "ASTRAL BODY." The transition of the matter SI-12 to a condition of emanations is what alchemy calls "TRANSMUTATION," or transformation.

And Master G. continues, saying: Precisely this transformation of the physical body into the astral is what alchemy called the transformation of coarse metals into fine metals, or the obtaining of gold from ordinary metals. (The scientific key of

sexual TRANSMUTATION is the SAHAJA MAITHUNA taught in chapter 26 of this book.)

The homunculus wrongly called man is not born with astral body; it is obvious that this precious vehicle is not an implement indispensable for existence in this physical world; the human organism possesses a vital seat that allows it to live...

The ASTRAL BODY is a luxury that very few can afford. An INTELLECTUAL ANIMAL without such a sidereal vehicle can give the impression of being very intelligent and even spiritual, and it is ostensible that thus he can self-deceive himself and deceive others.

Yet there is something that Master G. forgot. I wish to refer emphatically to the DEMON APOPI of the Egyptian mysteries; this is in itself the body of desires. It is obvious that the clairvoyant PSEUDO-ESOTERICISTS and PSEUDO-OCCULTISTS confuse such demon with the precious astral body. It is ostensible that the horrible demon APOPI, the seat of every pas-sional bestiality, is found in intimate relation with the grand sympathetic nervous system. Let us go a little deeper into this most important theme: let us go to the depths; to the mind.

Permit me the liberty of dissenting with the famous Dr. J. Ford Thomson. Frankly I do not believe that the famous child prodigies discovered by the said psychiatrist are MUTANTS!

Let us recall that the EGO is memory and that it returns to new human wombs; it is unquestionable that it reincorporates after every death.

The vulgar saying goes: "The devil knows much, not so much because he is the devil, as because he is old."

At this hour of life the EGOS are already old; they have returned to this world many times; they have repeated too much what they know, what they learned, and the result is the so-called "child prodigies"; people who know their trade marvelously, that is all.

The miserable homunculus, falsely called man, still does not possess the authentic SOLAR MIND; he only has the understanding of an intellectual beast; the RATIONAL ANIMAL, even when a child prodigy, is not a mutant.

It would be the height of absurdity to conceive of a MUTANT with a mind of lunar, animal, bestial type. (This is only possible in the MUTANTS classified as unfavorable.)

Unfortunately, in this too the great clairvoyants of PSEUDO-ESOTERICISM and reactionary PSEUDO-OCCULTISM were lamentably mistaken, confusing the demon Hai, the horror of OSIRIS, with the legitimate solar mental vehicle. It is unquestionable that the said intellectual demon is the lunar animal mental body that currently occupies, within the human organ-

ism, the place that should be occupied by the authentic CHRIST-MIND of the favorable MUTANT.

The INTELLECTUAL ANIMAL is not born with the mental body of solar type; he must fabricate it if he wishes to become a favorable MUTANT. It is ostensible that the alchemist can — and must — transmute sexual Hydrogen SI-12, passing it through SAHAJA MAITHUNA to a third musical octave, the result of which would be the crystallization of the said element in the splendid and surprising form of the suprasensible solar mental vehicle. This is the CHRIST-MIND of the Gnostic ARHAT, the extraordinary result of sexual mutation.

This specific type of mind differs as much from the animal intellect as water differs from oil.

Another very debatable theme that in no way is it convenient for us to forget in this chapter is that of the CAUSAL BODY, or BODY OF CONSCIOUS WILL. It is clear, patent, and manifest, that in this too the clairvoyants of some PSEUDO-ESOTERIC and PSEUDO-OCCULTIST systems were lamentably mistaken, confusing the essence with the causal body. The ESSENCE in itself is only a fraction of the human soul, clothed in LUNAR RAGS.

It is unquestionable that the homunculus wrongly called man is subject to the law of recurrence; he is incapable of originat-

ing anything new; he is a victim of circumstances. Every time the EGO returns to this valley of SAMASARA, he repeats exactly all the acts of his previous lives, either on higher spirals or on lower spirals.

In these times of cheap PSEUDO-OCCULTISM, much is said about the law of epigenesis, the capacity to originate new circumstances; it is obvious that only AUTHENTIC MEN with conscious will can modify their destiny and originate a new order of things. THE INTELLECTUAL ANIMAL has not fabricated the BODY OF CONSCIOUS WILL, the causal vehicle; the poor rational homunculus is always a victim of the eternal laws of return and recurrence. It is indubitable that the place that within us should be occupied by the CAUSAL BODY is unfortunately occupied by the demon Nebt of the Egyptian mysteries. It is ostensible that such demon is the living personification of evil will.

We need to create the CAUSAL BODY if we sincerely wish to incarnate the BEING. Only the BEING can do. Only HE can modify circumstances and exercise with mastery the law of EPIGENESIS. Whoever truly wishes to fabricate the causal body must transmute sexual Hydrogen SI-12, passing it through SAHAJA MAITHUNA to a fourth musical octave, in order to crystallize it in the excellent form of the vehicle of CONSCIOUS WILL. The authentic MUTANT possesses, in fact

and by his own right, the four bodies: PHYSICAL, ASTRAL, MENTAL, and CAUSAL.

It is the vital condition for the SECOND BIRTH to possess the four bodies of ALCHEMY. He who incarnates the Being attains the second birth, becomes a TWICE-BORN; a legitimate MUTANT. It is unquestionable, then, that the type of favorable MUTANT is the result of the positive crystallizations of sexual Hydrogen SI-12. Yet we must not forget that there exist also unfavorable mutants, negative crystallizations of sexual Hydrogen SI-12.

I wish to refer emphatically to the BLACK TANTRICS, to those alchemists who spill the VESSEL OF HERMES, who ejaculate the ENS SEMINIS during MAITHUNA. Those alchemists develop the abominable KUNDARTIGUATOR ORGAN and fortify within themselves the three traitors of HIRAM ABIFF and the demons of SETH. Those three traitors — Judas, Pilate, and Caiaphas — are the same three demons of the Egyptian mysteries cited in this chapter: the demon of desire, the demon of the mind, and the demon of evil will.

The unfavorable MUTANT finds himself before the dilemma of disintegrating his false crystallization or entering the submerged involution, the cycle of terrible necessity. The unfavorable MUTANT cannot incarnate the BEING within himself; he is in fact a cosmic failure. The unfavorable MUTANT is cer-

tainly a perverse homunculus, never a true man. It is ostensible that to be an authentic MAN one must first have fabricated the solar bodies and have incarnated the BEING.

Man, then, is the legitimate MUTANT; the true ADEPT, as different from the intellectual animal as day from night.

Radioactivity can give rise to the modification of the genes of certain individuals, but it could never create a favorable or unfavorable MUTANT. The protein of the gene, slightly affected, would cease to produce, as Louis Pauwels says, certain acids that are the cause of anguish. We would then see appear people who fear nothing — cynical, perverse, who take pleasure in killing — but these are not MUTANTS, as many authors suppose.

It seems absurd to me that the effects of radioactivity respond, as Pauwels supposes, to a will directed toward the heights.

It does not seem correct to me that concept that the genetic mutation produced by the atomic radioactivity of these times signifies a spiritual ascension of humanity. It is obvious that intensive radioactivity can alter the order of the genes and originate defective embryologies, but such monstrous specimens are not MUTANTS. We do not deny that there exists mutation, change, variation in a monstrous embryology, but

the authentic MUTANT we are studying in this chapter is radically different.

The idea seems absurd to me that, by the mere fact of fundamentally altering the protein of the gene, the MUTANT is born.

This idea of the MUTANT is fascinating, astonishing, formidable. From the side of the luciferians comes Hitler, shouting: "I am going to reveal to you the secret: the MUTATION of the human race has already begun: superhuman beings exist."

From the side of renewed Hinduism, Pauwels says, the Master of the Ashrama of Pondicherry, one of the greatest thinkers of new India, Sri Aurobindo Ghose, founded his philosophy and his commentaries on the sacred texts upon the certainty of an ascending evolution of humanity, realizing itself through mutations.

We Gnostics emphasize the idea that the birth of the MUTANT is not possible through atomic and radioactive explosions. We do not commune with parchment wafers; we cannot be deceived. We shall never accept the DOGMA OF EVOLUTION. The MUTANT is the result of the REVOLUTION OF CONSCIOUSNESS; the living product of PSYCHOLOGICAL rebellion.

That extravagant concept of Dr. Louis Wolf, English specialist on childhood diseases of London, seems utopian to me when he affirms that thirty thousand PHENYLKETONURIC MUTANTS are born in that country per year. Pauwels says that these MUTANTS possess genes that supposedly do not produce in the blood certain ferments that act in normal blood. The said author continues, telling us that a PHENYLKETONURIC MUTANT is incapable of dissociating phenylalanine. Pauwels goes on to explain that this incapacity makes the child vulnerable to epilepsy and eczema, provokes, according to the said author, a grayish-ashen coloration of the hair, and makes the adult prone to mental illnesses. The said author believes that this Phenylketonuric race, on the margin of normal humanity, is the result of unfavorable mutations produced by radioactivity.

Pauwels will not realize that this Phenylketonuric race is sick, and not mutant, even though they may be of the unfavorable type.

Pauwels will not understand that those sick human specimens are certainly the result of the atomic explosions.

It is lamentable that a mysticism should be made of those scientific follies, such as the atomic experiments, the H bomb, and so on. Pauwels believes in the possibility of favorable mutations through the radioactivity of this fatal epoch in which

we live; he supposes that this positive type of MUTANTS could supposedly have in their blood products susceptible of improving their physical equilibrium and increasing their coefficient of intelligence well above our own.

Pauwels thinks that this kind of MUTANTS could carry in their veins natural sedatives that would shelter them from the psychic shocks of life and from the complexes of anguish, and so on.

It is a pity that this intelligent author has made of the atomic explosions and their radiations a religion.

This is the CHRIST-MIND of the Gnostic ARHAT, the extraordinary result of sexual mutation.

Chapter 32: THE DEMON HAI

Long ago, in an old palace, I found a dungeon. Inside was a venerable elder. His haloed beard had thirteen locks; his white hair had thirty-one curls. This was the ancient of days, the goodness of goodnesses, the hidden of the hidden, the mercy of mercies. His neck was like a tower of ivory; his eyes like the pools of Heshbon by the gate of Bath-rabbim; his nose like the tower of Lebanon, looking always toward Damascus...

I fell on my knees, biting the dust of the earth! I cried in anguish, dagger in hand!... I exclaimed, saying with all the strength of my soul!... I killed him! I killed him!

Strange vision... the years passed, the days of mad youth went by, and at last I understood. It is written with letters of fire in the book of the law that fallen BODHISATTVAS enter the cycle of terrible necessity, accused of three crimes: First, having murdered the BUDDHA. Second, having dishonored the gods. Third, many other varied common crimes. I was a fallen Bodhisattva — yes! Yes! It is unquestionable that, had I not repented, I would have had to enter the submerged INVOLUTION of the MINERAL KINGDOM...

Have you heard of Count ZANONI? I too had an immortal physical body. On the old continent MU, after the departure from EDEN, I re-entered the mysteries with a contrite heart... I swallowed earth!... Yes! Yes! My body was buried; the gods know it... After three days came the Initiatic resurrection; I used the fourth dimension to escape from the sepulcher... The holy women treated my Lemurian body with many drugs and aromatic ointments...

Through more than ten thousand years of incessant earthquakes and erupting volcanoes, the old continent MU was sinking among the stormy waters of the Pacific... I continued existing with my immortal body on the Atlantean continent; I

led many mystical pilgrimages that headed at times to Yucatan or to Teotihuacan, and so on.

To persons not versed in Revolutionary Gnosticism, it might seem more than impossible to attain the immortalization of the human organism; the present sages want precisely that; yet it is obvious that they do not know our formulas. I confess that in that epoch I loved to dwell especially in a precious valley now covered by the stormy waters of the Gulf of Mexico.

The fourth root race, or that of the Atlanteans, evolved notably to its goal and then plunged onto the involutive, descending path. It is ostensible that every ascent is followed by a descent; every rise is followed by a fall. When the continent known by the name of Atlantis was submerged in the Atlantic Ocean, some survivors continued to exist on the present lands, as paleontological studies are beginning to suspect.

I wish to refer emphatically to two types of people: the first, the famous TROGLODYTES, Atlanteans decidedly in INVOLUTIVE state, sunk, as is obvious, in the most dreadful barbarism, just as Western science has caught their unmistakable remains in the deep caverns of the earth.

The second, Atlanteans in evolutionary state; the historical PELASGIANS; very cultured people who, from the first igneous manifestations of the second Transapalnian catastro-

phe, began their return to the Eastern regions from which they came.

It is ostensible that from here came the universal tradition of the exodus of IO, from the GARDEN OF THE HESPERIDES (POSEIDON), through all southern Europe and across the BOSPHORUS toward Colchis and Armenia, where tradition says the Ark of Noah came to rest — that is, the holy Initiatic cult of the AR-AR-AT, or of the Aryan mountains, where the Tigris and the Euphrates, with other rivers, are born.

A wise esotericist author says: These PELASGIANS, or ARYAN-ATLANTEANS of the West, receive a different name in each of the regions of the world through which they spread. As they still had the eye of intuition open, being depositaries, more or less, of the Initiatic truths, they were called Cyclopes, and the gigantic constructions they raised were called Cyclopean. It is clear that from North American Pennsylvania to the Oxus and the Aral, through Europe and Africa, one still sees astonishing remains of such constructions.

Tyrians and Titans, of the God It or Ti, the Hercules who commanded them, and about whom there are quite more data than supposed. Chaldeans or Calchidians, both for their pre-Atlantean origin from the land of Chalcis, to which they thus returned, and for knowing copper (Chalcas) and for developing in an age of frank decadence. Arcadians for knowing navi-

gation and for having crossed the sea with their redeeming chieftains. Arcadians, by corruption of Accadians, or for the Ark, or symbolic vessel, which recalls them.

Colchians or Colchides, as a corruption of the word calcis: knowledge of numeration, of hieroglyphic-hieratic and symbolic writing, Kabbalah, and so on. Aramaeans, or Aryan men. Druids, for their initiated priests and for their cult of fire — that is, of the sun, of purity, of the truth buried in the catastrophe. JANI, for their Inca, Connos, of Brig, the Aryan root of that which shines, that which gleams — that is, ever a guide or priest-king (IAO, TAO, IANUS, and so on): Bretons or Britons of Brit, the Aryan root of that which shines, that which gleams — that is, ever and always the sun.

MENFIRES or MENHIRS, for being western men, or rather for their cult of fire, the stones of their tombs still being called MENHIRS.

NAHOAS, NAHUALS in Mexico and in certain parts of Arabia, Syria, and so on, Nebo, Initiatic wisdom. TUATHA DE DANANN, for the same or similar reasons, already given elsewhere. SUMERIANS (from Suria, the Sun), in Babylon and Nineveh; TIAHUANACOS or HUANACOS in Peru.

Primitive THESSALIANS, perhaps for the said regression of their peregrinations. Minoans, for their colonization on the is-

land of Crete, and Mycenaeans, for other similar ones in Asia Minor and Greece. Germans, for their wisdom in celestial things as in terrestrial.

HIMYARITES or HOMERITES, for their double character — Aryan (of origin) and Atlantean (of their epoch and country of colonization).

HAMITES, for their instructor Ham, Jan, or Janus; Hyperboreans for the regions in which the Greeks knew them and for the WHITE ISLAND beyond Boreas, of their most exalted Initiatic traditions of the first root race.

Axinos, or inaccessible in the JINA concept; PHRYGIANS of the Goddess FRIHA, JUNO, or Scandinavian DIANA-LUNUS. MYSIANS or envoys to save the TROGLODYTE humanity from its definitive moral and physical ruin. TAURIDS, for their MITHRAIC cult, which passed on to give the name to the famous Armenian mountain range.

PHALEGIANS, like eternal human comets, pilgrims or wanderers. Caretas and Quirites for their quiritary deeds (Kyries, lance, ray of sun) and for their cauries or curiae; Aenians or Aonians, for their Aeneas, Ennos, Enoch, Janus or Noah, and so on.

It is unquestionable that it was precisely in the Eastern world, during that brilliant ARYAN-ATLANTEAN epoch, when I

committed an error very similar to that of Count ZANONI. It is indubitable that the said count fell in love with a beautiful Neapolitan artist; the result was dreadful: he died on the guillotine during the French Revolution.

Count Zanoni was an immortal Chaldean; he received the ELIXIR of long life in ancient times, and it is clear to understand that sex was already forbidden to him. My case was similar; I, an ancient LEMURIAN, with an immortal body, also fell into the arms of KUNDRY, the Eve of Hebrew mythology, the woman par excellence, and the result was the fatal loss of my precious Lemurian vehicle.

It is written, with characters of fire, in the book of life, that no Resurrected master must return to sex. This is known to the divine and the human. The violation of this great law signifies Death.

It is evident that my capital error was having accepted Cupid's gift in full youth. I tell men and gods to avoid immortalizing the young body. When the civilization of the first Aryan SUBRACE flourished on the central plateau of Asia, I attempted to resurge; then I entered, with much humility, the SACRED ORDER OF TIBET, and became an authentic LAMA. It is unquestionable that I had to again fabricate the SOLAR BODIES through SAHAJA MAITHUNA.

It is written in the AKASHIC records of nature that I then re-conquered the SECOND BIRTH. Unfortunately, I committed certain very grave errors in wishing to help, with the SACRED KEY IT, the queen of my country. Because of this I was expelled from the venerable order and continued within SAMSARA. During the dynasty of Pharaoh Khefren, I returned to Egypt and attained much, but not everything.

Today, after having suffered much, I have returned to the straight path; now I am again on my feet. I know in depth the path of the REVOLUTION of CONSCIOUSNESS, and for that reason I am the AVATAR of the NEW AQUARIAN ERA. All the intellectual homunculi, wrongly called men, desire only to free themselves from death; but they do not know how to free themselves from life.

Blessed are those dignified by the glacial beauty of the blessed Mother goddess death. Blessed are those who destroyed the illusory world of vain existence, who dissolved the I and entered all the abysses. Death! What yesterday was our All is now only our Nothingness... Eternity! Sepulchral beauty...

I wept much; I descended to the forge of the cyclopes; I cried out with all the strength of my soul: "Hear my imploring voice, O ISIS, tear thy veil!... And thy unknown star, in pity, give me a sign of light..." Eternity: Give me back what thou tookest from me; my purple tunic, my wedding garment...

Abyss of deep mystery: Restore to me what thy depth swallowed! Sphinx of the Egyptian desert: Open thine ear! Have pity now, dark night... What seas without shores, what infinite night, what wells so deep, what Stygian beasts, I found within myself...

And I returned to the SECOND BIRTH clothed in the wedding garment of the soul; and I learned to die in myself... I am alive, and yet I am dead... Ah!... If people understood all this...

The night that I returned to the sacred order of Tibet, I was happy; in the deep abysses I left the corpse of the terrible demon APOPI...

Lord, Lord! How I suffer to see the poor people so mistaken; they think they already have the astral body. Yet they truly possess only the body of desires, the abominable demon APOPI!

Beautiful work of my Mother Kundalini!... She reduced the dreadful demon of desire... But what about the mind? Alas, alas! And how proud I felt of my mental demon; with the dreadful mental devil; with the dreadful devil Hai... I too believed that this was the authentic intellectual vehicle.

Oh God! Lust was the causa causarum of my lunar mental vehicle... Thus I understood... If I had known earlier... Yes, yes, I knew, but I had forgotten.

I open the Egyptian Book of the Hidden Dwelling and study the chapter that reads:

"Back, O Demon Hai! (Demon of the mind), horror of OSIRIS. Thy head (the lunar mental vehicle) has been cut off by THOTH. (The Inner Buddha.) The cruelties (the work of mental disintegration) that I have exercised upon thy person have been ordered to me by the Hierarchies of heaven."

"Back, then, O Demon Hai, thou for whom Osiris feels horror. Withdraw from my bark (the very vessel of my life) driven by favorable winds. Gods of the sky who have overthrown the enemies of Osiris (those entities or Devil-I's that constitute the EGO), watch! The gods of the vast earth are bound. Go, Demon AM-AAU (HAI), the God, Lord of the region of the dead (Initiates), detests thee. I know thee! I know thee. Go, Demon (of the animal mind), do not attack me, for I am pure and I accommodate myself to the cosmic rhythms."

"Approach not (tempt me not), thou who comest unbidden! Thou knowest me not, Demon (who thinkest thou knowest all) and art ignorant that I retain dominion over the enchantments of thy mouth" (that speaks to us of great things and knows nothing).

"Well, then, know it, as that I am sheltered from thy claws. As for thee, O Demon Has-as! (the same demon of the mind), be-

hold Horus (the divine spirit of every person), who cuts thy nails (time). Truly thou hast been destroyed in PE and in DEP (the worlds of desire and of the mind), with thy legions of demons (devil-I's) in order of battle. It is the eye of Horus (Clairvoyance) who, studying thee and seeing thee, has conquered thee (but with the help of ISIS) as thou dost advance. Demon, I reject thee. Thou, who torturest the sinners and devourest them" (perverse mind).

"Return to me, then, my tablet of writing with all the accusations it contains" (blasphemous and accusing mind). "I have not committed sins against the gods, therefore attack me not. Take only what I myself give thee" (the death thou deservest) (the abyss).

"Carry me not with thee. Devour me not! For I am the lord of life, sovereign of the horizon." (A being already sacrificed.)

And thus, working intensely and supplicating ISIS, my Divine Mother Kundalini, I managed at last to disintegrate, to reduce to cosmic dust, the terrible demon Hai of the Egyptian mysteries. It is unquestionable that such perverse demon is the very mental body of which innumerable authors speak, such as Leadbeater, Annie Besant, Max Heindel, Arthur Powell, and so on. I, frankly, do not criticize those authors; they did what they could; poor things... they suffered much.

Yet it is indubitable that we, the brethren of the Gnostic Movement, must go to the root of all these things, and it is obvious that this is no crime.

JESUS, the great KABIR, said: "Suffer the children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

It is urgent to reconquer infancy in the mind, in the heart, and in sex. It would be absurd to attempt such reconquest without a previous elimination of the lunar mental body. (The demon Hai.) I cannot deny that I had to pass through dreadful sufferings before being able to eliminate the mental demon. Such intellectual, animal vehicle is granulated Luciferic fire; it is ostensible that the origin of the animal mind was lust. The most tremendous test was also the decisive one. One night my own inner God, placing on the ground a crucible full of liquid mercury, attempted to carry out an alchemical transmutation, but as there was no fire beneath the crucible, it is obvious that he failed in his attempt.

He then gave me to understand that he needed to perform such alchemical operation with the purpose of crystallizing a new very subtle organism. I believed that perhaps it could be about creating the famous SAMBHOGAKAYA which, according to some high Initiates, is said to have three perfections more than the ineffable vehicle of the NIRMANAKAYAS. Well,

I am a NIRMANAKAYA, and it is clear that the prospect of possessing the precious vehicle of the SAMBHOGAKAYAS was something too tempting for me. "I have failed for lack of fire," my real being said to me; then he added: lend me a match (spark, phosphorus, or flame). I understood that I should perform a work of SEXUAL MAGIC.

It is unquestionable that this left me perplexed, confused, astonished.

But is it permitted to a twice-born to return to the LIT FORGE OF VULCAN? What is this? What? It is clear I did not fall in the test; some fell, others did not fall.

That the inner God himself subjects one to tests is certainly rare and astonishing. From all points of view it stands out that the BELOVED wants to be sure of those he has; He needs DIAMOND SOUL (VAJRASATTVA). The reception in the temple was formidable; the venerable ANCIENT OF DAYS (MY MONAD) and I, poor suffering soul, each gripped in our right hand — He the scepter, I the cross. Both of us entered the sanctuary clothed in our sacred vestments. I knew that I had murdered the ANCIENT, but he had resurrected in me. "The King is dead; long live the King." And yet it was not I, the unhappy soul of pain, who had murdered the ANCIENT OF DAYS. The three traitors, Judas, Pilate, and Caiaphas, slew

him. Yes. Yet it is obvious that Pilate always washes his hands: how horrible Hai, the demon of the Mind, is.

Within the temple, before the altar, the old man of all ages and I prayed. The ancient one placed beside us a Buddhist bowl full of coins. These in themselves are the capital of good works.

It is clear that my good works were enough to pay off the old and attain forgiveness. The host was a glorious Master of the WHITE BROTHERHOOD. Some trees within that precious enclosure were crowned with laurels. Those small shrubs looked very beautiful in their pots; they shone in the enclosure.

The guests all arrived dressed in mourning and with utmost respect; it is obvious that they had to celebrate the feast of the deceased. The horrible demon Hai had died, and this deserved a festivity; soon the hall was filled with people. I received many guests... the host Master welcomed many others.

The delicious music and the tables full of people gave the place a very special note of cosmic joy. I felt joyful conversing with the great hierophant. Now I no longer have a lunar mind; yet I can think; I use my SOLAR MIND, the one I fabricated in the FORGE OF THE CYCLOPES. (SEX.)

As for thee, O Demon Has-as! (the same demon of the mind), behold Horus (the divine spirit of every person), who cuts thy nails (time).

Chapter 33: THE CAUSES OF EXISTENCE

We can and must classify the multiple causes of existence in three orders:

- Physical causes.
- Metaphysical causes.
- Karmic causes.

It is obvious that the first cosmic order of causality has already been studied, even if superficially, by the men of official science. It is unquestionable that the second cosmic causal order has been investigated very deeply by the Eastern sages. It is ostensible that the third cosmic causal order has been scrutinized with the open eye of Dangma by the JIVANMUKTA or SELF-REALIZED ADEPTS.

Within the first category are included all the known physical laws. (Gravitation, cohesion, weight, and so on.)

Within the second causal category is hidden very deeply the desire to live in the physical world; the longing for sentient life; a manifest result of Nidana and of Maya (Illusion). In the

third category are found the laws of action and consequence; there is no effect without cause.

Before the breaking of the dawn of the MAHAMANVANTARA, the first two causal orders had been destroyed. It is ostensible that, if the third order had been destroyed, the solar universe in which we live, move, and have our being would never have been born in infinite space. It is unquestionable that any world or solar system that comes into cosmic existence is the result of KARMA.

In the past solar system, represented now by all the moons of our system of ORS, the gods worked intensely and even had their errors... The gods also err...

The worlds of the past system are now corpses, moons... Each of the present planets of our solar system is related to these moons. The earth is no exception. The divine and the human know this...

The earth is a living reincarnation of the LUNAR-SOUL; this is known to any MAHATMA. Unfortunately, and to crown the misfortunes, our terrestrial planetary fire is very poor and is laden with lunar KARMA. This is because the fruits of that fire were once very poor in the lunar world; so it is written in the book of the law. The karmic result is before our eyes in this

Vale of Tears; certainly terrestrial humanity is a lost case... you know it.

Had the gods not owed cosmic karma, the earth and the whole solar system of ORS would not currently exist.

Before the dawn of the GREAT DAY, the invisible that IS and the visible that WAS remained in the eternal NON-BEING, THE ONLY BEING.

Chapter 34: ATOMIC BOMBS IN ORBIT

Russia is organizing space horror. In Washington the alarm is being sounded. They say that the infernal atomic charges are detonated by remote control. The Machiavellian system of horror, consisting of a far-from-pleasant series of atomic bombs in orbit, is abominable, execrable, horrifying. Truly, life on the face of the Earth is becoming almost impossible; the evil of the world has already overflowed and reached even to heaven.

The Kremlin has the not-very-beautiful intention of putting into motion its monstrous program called: "Fractional Orbital Bombardment System"; the terrifying FOBS bombs are not, of course, a beautiful caress, nor a demonstration of love to suffering humanity; that is obvious. Such nuclear bombs would be placed in very low orbits, about 160 kilometers above the

earth, and it is ostensible that they would be detonated by remote control against military objectives and defenseless cities before they completed their first circuit; it is indubitable that the horrendous FOBS bombs would fatally cover a fraction of orbit before their detonation. The low altitude would make it possible for the orbital bomb not to be discovered by the early warning radar system that the United States of North America has.

We have been informed that the Russians have carried out at least thirteen scientific experiments of FOBS type; we have been told that the first seven orbital atomic experiments failed, but that the next six were a complete success. It is obvious that the Yankees are no meek sheep either, and we can be sure that they will not only imitate the Soviet example, but will also invent something worse.

Peaceful coexistence or atomic war, exclaimed a threatening Soviet minister; unfortunately, Tyrians and Trojans alike hate peace, and this is already demonstrated by clear, conclusive, and definitive facts. In these moments of world crisis and demographic explosion, there exist everywhere alarming symptoms of world war. The radioactive particles of the nuclear explosions will profoundly alter the upper zones of the world atmosphere. It is ostensible — and any man of science knows it — that such zones constitute something like a kind of supreme

filter for the solar rays. When the said marvelous filter has been completely altered by the disgusting nuclear explosions, it is unquestionable that it will then no longer be able to filter, analyze, and decompose the solar rays into light and heat, and we shall then see the sun black as sackcloth.

It is convenient to know that the upper chamber of the planetary atmosphere is the living support of our world, and that its alteration will contribute to the intensification of earthquakes and tidal waves. Then the cities will fall to dust, and sea waves never before seen will lash the beaches; it is written in the Christian gospel that a very strange sound will come forth from the very bottom of the seas.

Unknown illnesses never before discovered by medical science are already appearing as a consequence of atomic abuse; the phosphorus of human brains will be contaminated by the radiations, and very many people will lose their reason and will wander mad through the streets; the hospitals will be overflowing with the sick, and there will be no remedy; the waters of earth and heaven, it is obvious, will also be contaminated, and harvests will be lost, for they cannot be used by the hungry multitudes because they will be charged with radiation.

Then we shall see Dantesque, horrifying scenes through the streets, and among the smoking ruins of this perverse civilization of vipers, we shall hear only bellowings, howlings, hiss-

ings, neighings, screeches, lowings, croakings, mewings, barkings, snortings, snorings, and croakings.

Chapter 35: THE DEMON NEBT

The infinite and I stood face to face. And it was like a troop of formless dogs pursuing a cloud of titans, the divine clouds of the west. In the background of scarlet purple, ineffable things were seen. Suddenly the dark frieze was illumined with sun, and the inner gold, delicate, sidereal, and pure, broke into exquisite dazzles with mysterious moonlike pallor, and very slowly dissolved into a serene vision of opal and silver... Then I abandoned the dense body, and, clothed in the wedding garment of the soul, I entered the superior worlds; what happened in those Arabian Nights regions, the gods know well...

I saw myself lying deliciously in a regal nuptial chamber; it was the hour of love: all the waves of the rivers, of the fountains, and of the seas, in an ineffable chorus prefigured a rhythm of the Song of Songs. The blessed incense of the perfume exhaled from all the flowers floated like an enchantment, radiating in the zephyrs that, in the murmur of their wings, were rehearsing a concert of kisses and sighs... It was the nuptial hour. Nature, just emerged from chaos, still dazzled, intoxicated with youth and beauty, virginal and sacred, veiling herself in mystery, smiled... "Kiss me, my love," said to me the

Eve of Hebrew mythology, Kundrigia, Herodias, the woman of the symbol... "I will kiss thee with a sacred kiss as a sister; I abhor animal passion, thou knowest it..."

The dense forest, sensing the day, peopled its grove with murmurs; the joyful and playful water fled among reeds and trembling rushes; the angel of the mists shook the miraculous drops from its wings upon the flowers... It was the nuptial hour. The land of the thousand and one nights was sleeping like a delicious virgin beneath the chaste veil, and the divine sun, surprising her loving, lit the sky to kiss her holily... Bathed in splendor, full of dawn, I left the regal nuptial chamber and went out with her... We walked slowly... slowly, to the edge of an old precipice.

"Beware!" exclaims the maiden-spouse. "Fear not!" I replied, "the danger is not here: it has already passed and was in there, in the nuptial chamber..."

It is not at the end that thou must fear, but at the beginning, whose result turns out to be this abyss. Having said these words with a voice that astonished me, the maiden-lover of the proved delight vanished as if by enchantment... And there then came to me the BELOVED (ATMAN), my real BEING, the INNERMOST, the secret Master... The blessed one advanced joyfully toward me, as if to teach me and to congratulate me at the same time...

The venerable one came attired in the sacred garment of the principalities... his steps were preceded by (BUDDHI) my spiritual soul, who was also attired in the same vestment... I, the poor human soul (the causal or superior Manas of Theosophy), joyfully embraced my twin sister (BUDDHI).

The Blessed One looked at us and smiled.

Ah! I said to myself, I must eliminate from my inner nature the dreadful demon of evil will, the horrifying NEBT of the Egyptian mysteries; only thus will I be able to win the right to use the sacred garment I see on my sister and on my BELOVED.

"May the gods grant me thy throne, O RA! Even as thy glorious body."

"Thy route I traverse; and at dawn I reject the demon NEBT who arrives concealed behind a curtain of (passionate) flames, and in the narrow and long corridor — of the esoteric trials — attacks me unexpectedly..."

"Truly, I have been forewarned with respect to the dangers awaiting me."

"Behold, I take my seat in the bark of RA and receive the offerings owed to me."

(This is textual from the Book of the Dead of ancient Egypt.)

Peace on Earth to men of good will...

If people understood what this signifies; if they learned to do the will of the Father. If they intentionally dissolved the demon NEBT, the devil of evil will. Then the Earth would become an EDEN; each one would learn to respect the free will of his fellow beings.

But, alas! All in this world is lost; all human beings want to dominate their fellow beings, to climb, to scale the top of the ladder, to make themselves felt. The abominable demon NEBT reigns powerfully over the face of the Earth.

During those disquieting days of intensive esoteric work, I had to study very deeply that sinister demon of evil will; I wish to refer to the terrible NEBT. It is written that any intellectual carries within the horrible Caiaphas, the third traitor of Hiram Abiff. If Judas, the terrifying demon of desire, the abominable APOPI, is so depraved; if Pilate, the tenebrous one of the mind, the hair-raising devil Hai, causes us so much pain with his unworthy justifications and washings of hands... What shall we say of the horrendous Caiaphas? I saw mine ascend step by step the staircase of my dwelling; it is unquestionable that he had a Caesarean, imposing, terrible aspect.

Only with the power of the divine Mother Kundalini, the igneous serpent of our magical powers, is it possible to reduce to

cosmic dust the perverse demon of evil will. It is indubitable that it was necessary for me to study minutely all these occult concomitances. It is ostensible that it was urgent for me to penetrate many times the region of natural causes — into the world of conscious will — with the evident purpose of investigating mysteries. And I navigated among the deep chaotic waters of infinite space; and I saw and heard extraordinary things that the poor rational animals are not able to understand; it is clear that in a state of perfect lucidity I received direct information on the work. I integrally understood the displeasure of many people; they are unjustly angry with me, supposedly because I do not accept their theories; poor creatures!

In very deep Samadhi, I saw many barks with white sails, adorned with multiple diamond symbols. Crosses, roses, diamantine stars adorning the mystical ships of the deep ocean. Solar barks; Mahatmas; Diamond Souls, Jivanmuktas, Mahatmas; navigate among the waters of chaos.

When one is very close to God, one must be very prudent. He who eliminates the third traitor of Hiram Abiff becomes a DIAMOND SOUL.

The Egyptian Book of the Hidden Dwelling says: "I, OSIRIS, hold in check the tempests of heaven. I bind with bandages

and fortify HORUS (through the esoteric work), the good God, continually."

"I, whose forms are diverse and multiple, receive my offerings at the hours fixed by destiny. The immobilized tempests are before my face. Behold, RA (THE LOGOS) arrives, accompanied by four superior divinities. All traverse the sky in the SOLAR BARK. I, OSIRIS, depart for my voyages at the hour fixed by destiny. Mounted on the cordage of the solar (or Diamond) bark, I begin my new existence."

The venerable one came attired in the sacred garment of the principalities... his steps were preceded by (BUDDHI) my spiritual soul, who was also attired in the same vestment...

Chapter 36: THE SEVEN COSMOCRATORS

CHRISTIC ESOTERICISM speaks of the seven CREATIVE SPIRITS before the throne of the Lamb, and it is convenient to clarify this question well and place the cards on the table once and for all. These seven COSMOCRATORS are the same Dhyan-Chohans, who clearly correspond to the Hebrew Elohim. The cosmic order is the following:

It is unquestionable that the DHYANIS preside successively in each of the seven rounds and root races of our planetary chain.

It is ostensible that each of the seven emanates from himself his human soul — that is, his BODHISATTVA — when it becomes necessary. It is indubitable that any of the seven can send his BODHISATTVA wherever he wishes. I personally am the BODHISATTVA of SAMAEL, the fifth of the seven, and any esotericist knows that I am the one who has suffered most.

My real INNER BEING is in himself OSIRIS, ISIS, HORUS, IOD-HEVE. The heart of the heaven of the Mayan POPOL VUH, ADAM-KADMON, BRAHMA-VIRAJ, and so on.

Before his unfolding into the DUAD and into the TRIAD, my real INNER BEING is the Pythagorean Monad, the ONE-ONLY, the Buddhist AUNADAD; the AIN-SOPH, En-Soph, or Chaldean Breuma Eikon, and so on. As for me, I am the BODHISATTVA of the INNER LORD; I never pretend to perfection.

My duty is to teach the fifth truth, the fifth Gospel, the fifth Veda. It is not necessary to wait for the fifth round, as many believe, so that my teaching can be given. Here you have it, and everyone who hears my voice and follows it, I shall compare to the prudent man who built his house on the living rock; and rains and storms came, and it did not fall because it was built on a solid foundation.

But he who rejects my word can certainly be compared to the foolish man who built his house on the sand, and rivers and anguished storms came, and his dwelling fell into the precipice with great crashing, because it had no solid base. I could never deny that I have been with terrestrial humanity since the dawn of creation.

My Father who is in secret is perfect, but it is unquestionable that I, his BODHISATTVA, could not boast of any kind of perfections; in no way would I be immodest if I emphatically affirm that I have been a witness to the twilight and dawn of several MAHAMANVANTARAS (COSMIC DAYS). My duty is to bear witness to all that I have seen and heard; humanity urgently needs a legitimate orientation.

During the MAHAMANVANTARA of PADMA or GOLDEN LOTUS, I fulfilled on the lunar world a mission very similar to the one I am at this moment fulfilling on the planet Earth. I taught the Selenites the fifth truth, and it is obvious that it was rejected by a majority of votes. Result: Death on the cross; it is ostensible that everyone who sets himself up as a redeemer dies crucified.

A few Selenites accepted the fifth Gospel; those, after arduous work, attained full SELF-REALIZATION and became angels.

It is written in the great Book of Life that, at the end of the lunar Apocalypse, a new group accepted the doctrine; to those repentant ones a planetary dwelling was given where they are currently in process of SELF-REALIZATION. Any MAHATMA can verify by himself with the Open Eye of Dangma that those Selenite multitudes who once pronounced themselves against the fifth gospel, now live in the underground world, turned into authentic Lucifers.

At the end of the seventh round of the lunar chain, the VIRGINAL SPARKS — divine rays or sparkles — sank into the ABSOLUTE without any SELF-REALIZATION, save for some few exceptions; those of the MAN-ANGELS who did accept the doctrine. On the immersion of the VIRGINAL SPARKS in the uncreated light of the absolute abstract space, they radically abandoned their tenebrous ex-personalities, which violently fell down the involutive path. Such sinister ex-personalities or Lucifers continue involuting, regressing backward, descending into the infernal worlds, slowly going down through the animal, vegetable, and mineral steps. Only the SECOND DEATH can liberate those souls so that they may BEGIN AGAIN the ascent from the mineral to man.

It turns out, then, absolutely false to assert that, at the end of a MAHAMANVANTARA (COSMIC DAY), all living beings reach the state of PARANISHPANA or absolute perfection. "YONG-

GRÜB," radical perfection, is never the result of evolutionary mechanics. The revolution of consciousness is something else, but that pleases no one... you know it.

Jesus the Great KABIR said: Whoever wishes to come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross, and follow me. To deny oneself signifies to dissolve the PLURALIZED I. To take up the cross — which is in itself a hundred percent phallic — signifies in fact sexual crossing, work in the LIT FORGE OF VULCAN with the evident purpose of attaining the second birth. To follow the INTIMATE CHRIST means SACRIFICE; to be willing to give even the last drop of blood for all suffering humanity.

The end of a MAHAMANVANTARA does not include the INTIMATE SELF-REALIZATION of all creatures. Speaking to you with my heart in my hand, I can tell you that it is very difficult to find SELF-REALIZED people.

All we human bipeds are more or less demons; to cease being demons, to become something different, distinct, is something that pertains to the mysteries. Yet, why should one give people something they do not want? If the multitudes are content as they are, if they do not want to be different, no evolutionary mechanics — not even the twilight of the MAHAMANVANTARA — could oblige them to be different. The radical change, the INTIMATE SELF-REALIZATION, is

the unquestionable result of a series of dreadful SUPER-EFFORTS made within ourselves here and now.

Only on the basis of terrible SELF-EFFORTS is it possible to attain a radical change, a definitive transformation. It would be absurd to suppose even for a moment a profound change, an authentic INNER SELF-REALIZATION in involuntary and mechanical form, as the fanatics of the dogma of Evolution suppose.

Until a man reaches the state of ANUPADAKA, it is absolutely impossible for him to experience the nature of PARANIRVANA. Until the days of the YOGACHARYA school, the true nature of Paranirvana was publicly taught; but since then, that doctrine was kept secret, for it is ostensible that the RATIONAL HOMUNCULI are not prepared to understand it.

CHRISTIC ESOTERICISM speaks of the seven CREATIVE SPIRITS before the throne of the Lamb, and it is convenient to clarify this question well and place the cards on the table once and for all.

Chapter 37: CANCER

What is cancer? We shall answer this question by emphasizing the idea that it is a disordered and anarchic growth of the cells

of the patient's own organism. Is cancer contagious? The scientific experiments performed at the Institute of Experimental Medicine of Argentina are conclusive; the men of science placed in the same cage healthy and sick rats, and it is unquestionable that no contagion was discovered. Within such experiments, duly controlled, rats of different sexes were placed without contagion being found. It is said in the scientific world that rats fed with cancerous tumors were not infected. It is affirmed that rats injected with the blood of a sick animal remained immune, without contagion.

Can any blow cause a cancer? This question has extraordinary importance, from the civil point of view and from the legal point of view, for its bearing on indemnities for work accidents, when the cancer that any worker suffers is attributed as cause to a blow received; it is ostensible that small blows, frequently repeated in the same place, may be a cause of this terrible illness, but a single blow, however strong, decidedly not.

For this intelligent scientific conclusion, the bullet wounds produced during the First World War 1914-1918 were taken into account.

Is cancer caused by a germ? Official science affirms that it is not; it emphasizes the concept that this dreadful illness is not caused by any microbe or germ.

Scientific Revolutionary Gnosticism takes, with all respect, the liberty of dissenting; we Gnostics affirm the existence of the "CANCRO," the microbe or germ of cancer.

Is cancer transmissible? Official science, after many experiments, answers with a rotund NO. Yet there exist exceptions. Example: A rat maintained on a diet poor in copper and low in catalases was inoculated with cancer. Result: positive. It became infected. It is indubitable that every time the same experiment has been repeated, the same result has been obtained.

The other opposite experiment: cancer was inoculated into a rat that had been previously prepared with a diet very rich in copper and catalase; the result was negative — the rat was not infected. Official science has discovered that hydrogen peroxide (oxygenated water) particularly increases catalase and protects against the undesirable development of cancer.

I understand that the germ of cancer, the terrible "cancro," develops in organisms poor in copper and catalases. It is unquestionable that not even by means of the most powerful electron microscope has it been possible to see the "cancro"; but if this terrible illness can be transmitted to organisms poor in copper and catalase, it is obvious that such microbe exists. From all points of view it is clear to understand that the germ of cancer

develops and unfolds in the fourth dimension, making itself felt in the three-dimensional world by its destructive effects.

It is indubitable that, in a not-distant future, more powerful electron microscopes will be invented; then the "cancro" will be perceptible to the ultra-modern scientists. It is ostensible that this fatal germ reaches the planet Earth submerged in the electromagnetic currents of the constellation of Cancer. From all points of view it stands out that cancer is the KARMA of fornication. The ancient sages knew thoroughly this very special type of Nemesis.

Here in Mexico there exists a very special plant that can cure cancer; I wish to refer emphatically to a certain shrub known in the region of Ixmiquilpan, State of Hidalgo. The name of that shrub is ARANTO; the ancient natives baptized it with the indigenous name of AULAGA.

The concrete data that our dear Gnostic brother Alfonso Silva gives us are very interesting:

Mr. Mario Aponte, head of the office of the former light and power company of the Mexican republic in Mixquiahuala, Hidalgo, found himself attacked by an illness of the gums; it is obvious that he could not recognize it.

He then traveled to Mexico City with the healthy purpose of consulting the doctors of the electricians' union; they diag-

nosed cancer of the mouth.

Unsatisfied with such diagnosis, the said gentleman consulted other physicians, but the opinion of the latter was the same.

Mr. Aponte, very afflicted, returned to Mixquiahuala; it is obvious that he should not remain absent from his office for too long.

The said gentleman tells that an elderly woman of the place committed herself to cure him with a plant tea that she herself would have him drink in her presence, for the elderly woman doubted, feared that her patient would not take the remedy.

The result was extraordinary; within eight days, Mr. Aponte was radically cured.

Yet he continued taking the elderly woman's tea; it was no longer indispensable for her to give it to him or to beg him to drink it; the said gentleman sought it daily.

A month later, the doctors of the capital city of Mexico, astonished, had to accept that the cancer had disappeared.

The fraternal Gnostic brother Alfonso Silva continues, saying:

To date, of the persons to whom I have given the ARANTO or AULAGA, I remember the name of Mrs. Luisa Lara de Barroeta, my sister-in-law, who was on the point of being op-

erated on for a cancerous tumor at the Social Security Institute. It was a tumor of that type in the womb, something too serious, that is obvious. Drinking infusions of ARANTO, the sick woman was radically healed, and to date she lives completely cured.

Frater Silva continues, telling us:

The wife of Mr. Agustín Uribe (we reserve his address) was operated on by the doctors with the purpose of removing a tumor of the liver; but on verifying that it was something cancerous, they immediately sewed her up again, declaring her a lost case. No wonder: the doctors found the abdominal cavity full of cancerous tumors. The said sick woman was definitively healed with the ARANTO, and still lives thanks to the astonishing virtues of this shrub.

The distinguished medical doctor Jacinto Juárez Parra, of the National University of Mexico, tested the power of this shrub on a last-degree cancer patient already given up; in this case the matter was very difficult, and it was not possible to save the sick woman's life. I think that, with the organism already completely destroyed by the illness, every remedy fails.

Dr. Juárez is of the opinion that a study can — and should — be made with an electron microscope of the whole plant, and afterwards to separate by centrifugation the nuclei, lysosomes,

ribosomes, and microsome, making a SPECTROPHOTOMETRIC analysis of each of the parts of the plant with the intelligent purpose of discovering its colloids, enzymes, and trace elements or oligoelements.

It is necessary to investigate, says Dr. Juárez, which intracellular portions of the said plant actually act on cancer.

Every cancer patient — continues the said doctor — diagnosed by exfoliative cytology and biopsy, as well as catalase and copper dosing, will be administered the ARANTO, and afterwards he will be dosed on these data again. In cancer patients, catalase and copper are low; that is already completely demonstrated. It is indispensable to investigate the catalase content of the blood and the dosing of copper in the plasma. Any organism poor in catalase and copper is appropriate terrain for the full development of the dreaded "CANCRO."

Chapter 38: THE TRIPLE DOMAIN OF SETH

Behold, the sparkling Eye of HORUS — in mystical watchfulness — luminous like RA — the inner LOGOS — appears on the horizon — inner. His movements are full of harmony, and he (thanks to meditation and with the aid of the sacred serpent) destroys the triple domain of SETH (the EGO). For it

had been decreed that SETH (the EGO) would be caught and led to the INFERNAL WORLDS, and that the devouring flames of the divine Eye would be directed against him.

"May this regenerating flame — my Divine Mother Kundalini — come, then, that I may adore her." (She has the power to eliminate all those perverse entities or shouting and quarrelsome I's that constitute the EGO.)

"May she cause the divine ordering to reign around RA — the inner LOGOS. O RA! Truly, the divine Eye of HORUS lives, lives, in the sanctuary of the great temple." "Its esoteric name is AN-MA-AUT-F." (Book of the Dead.)

It is unquestionable that the multiple tenebrous entities that personify our psychological defects constitute the EGO (SETH). The triple domain of SETH is clear, patent, and manifest. It is ostensible that the red demons — I's or tenebrous entities — express themselves through the body of desires (Judas), the animal mental vehicle (Pilate), and the bestial will (Caiaphas).

We already said in past chapters, and in this one we repeat, that the INTELLECTUAL ANIMALS wrongly called MEN still do not have the authentic ASTRAL, MENTAL, and CAUSAL vehicles. It is very painful to have to emphatically affirm that, instead of the said solar vehicles, these poor rational homun-

culi only truly have three perverse demons (the three bad friends of Job). This perverse race of ADAM is one hundred percent diabolical; the poor people do not have the BEING incarnated; my word may seem hard to many readers, but we must not hide the truth.

How difficult it is to fabricate the glorious bodies of KAM-UR!... Those Christic vehicles can only be created in the LIT FORGE OF VULCAN.

The Christmas of the heart! The incarnation of the BEING within us is only possible by clothing ourselves in the garments of OSIRIS. (The SOLAR BODIES.)

Yet I tell you: Woe to those who, after attaining the SECOND BIRTH, continue to live. Those, O God! Will become in fact HASNAMUSSEN (abortions of the Divine Mother Kundalini) with double center of gravity.

The BEING clothed in the wedding garment of the soul, the TO SOMA HELIAKON, constitutes in himself an ineffable and terribly divine solar entity... It is ostensible that SETH clothed in LUNAR BODIES of triple tenebrous aspect assumes the undesirable form of an abominable lunar black magician...

When one invokes the HASNAMUSS ANDRAMELEK, the white Master or the black Master may attend the call, and yet both are the same.

After the SECOND BIRTH of which the KABIR JESUS spoke to the Great Rabbi NICODEMUS, one finds oneself before two paths: that of the right and that of the left... It is patent, clear, and manifest, that the path of the left hand is that of the HASNAMUSSEN (pronounce this word with J, thus: JASNAMUSSEN). This order of concomitances invites us to think on the inevitable urgency of a radical and definitive moral asepsis from the beginning... Such intimate asepsis is attained by reducing to cosmic dust all those red devils or tenebrous I's that express themselves in us through those three bad friends of Job...

By corollary, we can emphasize the irrefutable idea that it would be absurd to attempt the radical elimination of the three traitors of HIRAM ABIFF without a previous death of the PLURALIZED I... (SETH). From all points of view it is easy to understand that each psychological defect is certainly personified in some tenebrous form... The BUDDHA taught that the EGO is constituted by a sum of psychological aggregates. (DEVIL-I's.) Such aggregates are perishable: the only thing in us that assumes transcendental aspects of eternity is the INNER BUDDHA; unfortunately the poor people do not have him INCARNATED.

This secret BUDDHA is as different from the body, the mind, and the most intimate affections as oil is from water, as day

from night, as winter from summer. It is dreadful to know that the SECRET BUDDHA is the judge of ourselves, of our own affections, sentiments, thoughts, desires, loves, passions, and so on.

That my BEING should be the judge of myself? That is terrible, but true. In no way does my INNER BUDDHA want me to exist. He desires my radical death. How beautiful it is to die from instant to instant! Only with death does the new come!

After the death of SETH (the EGO), the secret BUDDHA is then our best friend. The reason for the BEING to BE is the BEING himself...

His movements are full of harmony, and he (thanks to meditation and with the aid of the sacred serpent) destroys the triple domain of SETH (the EGO).

Chapter 39: RETURN AND REINCARNATION

Here I am at Parral before the sepulcher of Pancho Villa; I call with a great voice, I invoke, I cry out... The sails shaken by the nocturnal breeze flutter like the wings of birds in flight, and the air, on the surface of the wave, lightly wrinkles the blue silk, woven with strands of crystal.

Someone answers terrifyingly from the deep depth of the black sepulture; it is the phantom of the noble general... He upbraids me with hard words... His ex-personality rises up, recognizes me; I too was in the Division of the North, I served in his ranks with my people... "Now return to thy sepulcher!" I exclaimed. That shadow returned to the sepulchral grave...

Later I visited several other cemeteries; I invoked my old battle companions, and they came at my call, scattering race and trampling centuries... Astonished, the laws of time gathered them; the soul of the tombs, with a mournful cry, shouted: "Here I am!" And, O my God!... From every sepulcher, as if by enchantment, one of my companions dead on the battlefields sprang forth... All recognized me... with all I conversed; and afterwards each one returned to his sepulchral grave...

And after all I remained meditating: What do the PSEUDO-ESOTERICISTS know of this? What have the PSEUDO-OCCULTISTS said on this subject?

It is ostensible that to the sepulcher go three things: the body, the vital ground, and the personality, which slowly dissolves... It is unquestionable that not everything goes to the sepulcher; there is something that continues beyond — I refer to SETH, the EGO, the MYSELF. In no way do we exaggerate if we emphasize the correct idea that what survives is a heap of devils (I's). Such DEVIL-I's tend to attend the spiritist centers; they

then enter the bodies of the MEDIUMS and identify themselves.

The world gains nothing with those tenebrous experiments; the KARMA of such mediumistic subjects is epilepsy in subsequent lives...

SETH, the PLURALIZED I, does not REINCARNATE; he returns, reincorporates in new organisms, that is all. The word REINCARNATION is very demanding; the doctrine of KRISHNA teaches that only the gods, Devas, divine kings, demigods, and so on, REINCARNATE; unfortunately, in the Western world, that term has been much abused... In ancient times the REINCARNATIONS were celebrated in Tibet with great festivities.

The PLURALIZED I excludes all INDIVIDUALITY. In no way can there be INDIVIDUALITY where there coexist multiple entities (I's) that quarrel among themselves and that originate in us varied psychological contradictions. REINCARNATION is only for SACRED INDIVIDUALS...

When SETH dies integrally, only the BEING remains in us, that which gives us authentic INDIVIDUALITY... When SETH disintegrates totally, then the CONSCIOUSNESS, the SOUL, is liberated, awakens radically, and inner illumination comes... Later it is ostensible that we must reach SUPER-

INDIVIDUALITY if we really aspire to the final liberation. As we ascend on the marvelous scale of full revolutionary development, we realize fully that in the stages in which we have worked, we almost always committed the error of confusing the shadows with the realities.

When we have attained the final liberation after many deaths and renunciations, ever more and more terrible, then every MAYAVIC veil will have ceased to exist for us.

When SETH disintegrates totally, then the CONSCIOUSNESS, the SOUL, is liberated, awakens radically, and inner illumination comes...

Chapter 40: THE AKASHIC RECORDS

Any logical deductive and inductive system invites us to understand that the whole history of the Earth and of its races cannot have been lost. The Hindu sages speak frequently in their works of what we could well call AKASHA, the causa causarum of the ether of science... The Akashic substance is the very omnipresent and omnipenetrating OKIDANOKH that fills all infinite space...

All the cosmic concentrations of infinite space are the mathematical result of the multiple crystallizations of the omnipresent OKIDANOKH. It is written in old archaic docu-

ments that when human beings still possessed what is called the "OLOOESTESKHNIAN VISION" (the open eye of Dangma), they could correctly perceive all the cosmic concentrations of starry space. Then human beings knew how to read the AKASHIC archives of nature; in those times no one was ignorant of the memories of creation.

When human beings abused sex, when they ate of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, the terrestrial visual organ progressively degenerated, becoming what is called an ordinary "KORITSNOKHNIAN" with eyes that see only the three-dimensional world of EUCLID. Yet, it is unquestionable that there still exist on the face of the earth some MAHATMAS who can study the memories of nature in the records of the omnipresent OKIDANOKH.

Any event leaves in the AKASHA its living photograph; in those mysterious cosmic records are all our previous lives. In these modern times electronics is advancing marvelously, and it is ostensible that all we now lack is a special device to capture the vibratory waves of the past. When such device is invented, we shall then be able to see and hear on the television screen all the history of the countless centuries. Thus it is that the AKASHIC records of nature will inexorably fall into the hands of the scientists.

We have been told that the FBI of the United States of North America currently possesses a very special photographic camera, by means of which it can register on very sensitive plates homicides committed hours or days before being reported to the authorities.

It is inferred from this that, if the agents of the law arrive at the scene of events, they can, with such camera, photograph the crime even if it was committed hours or days before. Such revolutionary cameras work with infrared rays and absolute vacuum.

We have been informed that the cooling of their most fine lenses reaches temperatures of 15 to 20 degrees below zero. This means that the AKASHIC records of nature are already beginning to fall into the hands of the modern sages.

If photographs of past events are now being taken, a little later films of this type will be able to be made. Thus it is that in this new age of Aquarius, the men of science will have to recognize the esoteric and occultist affirmations.

Chapter 41: LUCIFER

We have reached, in the present "CHRISTMAS MESSAGE 1969-1970," a most thorny problem; I wish to refer emphatically to LUCIFER-VENUS, to whom Isaiah directed that inef-

fable song of pure mysticism that begins: "How art thou fallen, O morning star, that didst seem so brilliant at the breaking of the dawn?" How could we come to truly understand the deep mystery of the rebellion in the heavens, if we do not rend the veil that covers the Luciferic mysteries? Let us recall the seven sons of inertia, from the Egyptian mysteries, who were cast out of the AM-SMEN or paradise.

Let us not forget, dear reader, the seven kings of the Babylonian legend of creation, the seven monarchs of the Book of Revelation, the seven Chronids or watchers of heaven, stars that disobeyed God's commands and were cast out of heaven.

And what shall we say of the seven constellations of which the Book of Enoch speaks? O my God! These were deposed like the seven shining mountains on which the scarlet woman sits.

It is written in the AKASHIC records of nature that a third of the resplendent host of the so-called Dhyanis or Arupa fell dreadfully into animal generation...

The degradation of the gods into demons is not a myth exclusive to Christianity, but happened the same with Zoroastrianism and Brahmanism, and even with Chaldean esotericism. That the angels of Light, Asuras, or Ahuras, breaths

of the Supreme Spirit, became demons?... Why doubt it? Is this perhaps something rare?

Any sacred individual can become a demon if he falls into animal generation. It is unquestionable that on falling into bestial generation, the three traitors (JUDAS, PILATE, CAIAPHAS) are reborn within the sacred individual.

It is pathetic, clear, and manifest, that the PLURALIZED I (SETH) can resurrect like the PHOENIX bird from its own ashes... In no way are those theogonies mistaken that paint as punished those DIVINE LOGI who committed the error of falling into sexual degeneration after the Lemurian race separated into opposite sexes.

That they sacrificed themselves, like Prometheus, to endow with conscious spirit the man of the infantile primitive paradise? Lies, ignorance, absurdity!

I was a spectator and actor at the same time of the genesis of life, and in the name of truth I tell you that there was no such sacrifice. We Lemurians liked sexual relations; we fell for pleasure into bestial degeneration.

This unusual affirmation is ostensible that it is called to cause surprise to many readers. It is obvious that, if they know the doctrine of reincarnation, they have no reason to be astonished. That a man may have been reincarnated in Lemuria?

That he may remember his past lives? That he may give archaic testimony? That is within the normal; there is nothing rare or strange about it.

Let us go now a little deeper: gods and Devas, ineffable Pitris and demigods, were reincarnated in Lemuria. That those DIVINE LOGI, that those rebellious angels, endowed with mental body this poor intellectual homunculus wrongly called man? False, it is a lie! The poor rational animal, instead of receiving as inheritance the authentic mental body, the only thing he received was PILATE, the DEMON HAI of the Egyptian mysteries.

The poor THREE-CENTERED or THREE-BRAINED BIPED, erroneously called MAN, is unconscious, ignorant.

In the name of truth, and cost what it may, I find myself in the necessity of affirming that I too was a fallen archangel, and that for this reason I have full consciousness of what I am writing in this Message; I am not repeating others' theories; I affirm what I know. I repented of my errors, I rose from the mud of the earth, and now I bear witness to these things. This poor humanity gained nothing with the rebellion of the angels of heaven; it would have been better to have known how to obey the Father.

The PSEUDO-ESOTERICISTS and PSEUDO-OCCULTISTS might object, saying that after the human division into opposite sexes, sexual cooperation was indispensable for the reproduction of the species. This objection is not valid for the GODS. It is unquestionable that the GOD-MEN of Lemuria could have conserved their physical bodies during millions of years through the ELIXIR of LONG LIFE of the ALCHEMISTS...

For the information of our readers, I say: in some secret places of the world, many immortal LEMURIANS still live. My holy Guru, whose sacred name I must not mention, still preserves the same physical body he had in LEMURIA. I myself, after the fall in Lemuria, it is obvious that I repented and returned to the mysteries of that old continent; then I received the ELIXIR of long life. In the name of THAT which is REAL, the TAO, the divine, I tell you that I lived with an immortal physical body during millions of years...

Disobedience was not indispensable for the multiplication of the human species; it is obvious that the rebellion was foolishness; the angel-men of the continent MU could have bequeathed, donated, their physical vehicles to the human souls of the Earth, coming from the higher animal kingdoms, without the need to violate the law.

It is unquestionable that all the people who live on the face of the Earth are children of ADAM and EVE, the original pair — the Lemurian race — fallen into the Luciferic sin of lust. It is indubitable that the poor people continue in the original Luciferic, sexual sin.

We are children of lust and continue in it; this is ostensible, it stands out at first sight. The divine cannot be lustful; therefore we are not children of God but of the Devil.

Let us recall those words of CHRIST when he said: "I speak what I have seen with the Father, and you do what you have heard from your father." They answered and said to him: "Our father is Abraham." Jesus said to them: "If you were sons of Abraham, you would do the works of Abraham. But now you seek to kill me, a man who has told you the truth, which I have heard from God; Abraham did not do this. You do the works of your father." Then they said to him: "We are not born of fornication; we have one father, which is God." Jesus then said to them: "If your father were God, you would surely love me; for I came forth and came from God; for I have not come of myself, but he sent me. Why do you not understand my language? Because you cannot hear my word. You are of your father the Devil, and the desires of your father you want to do. He has been a murderer from the beginning, and has not remained in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaks a

lie, he speaks of his own; for he is a liar and the father of lies. And me, because I tell the truth, you do not believe. Which of you convicts me of sin? If I tell the truth, why do you not believe me? He who is of God hears the words of God; therefore you do not hear them, because you are not of God."

There exist two basic fires in man and in nature: the first is the MAHA-KUNDALINI. The second is LUCIFER-VENUS... It is ostensible that the first is divine; it is unquestionable that the second is diabolical, passionate, lustful.

Much has been said about AGNI, the god of fire; DAKSHA, the universal father of every force, beginning, as is evident, with the supreme one of knowledge, for the Zoroastrians, magi, and Alchemists.

It is manifest that we must seek the said supreme force in the central sun, which beyond doubt is the highest of the four celestial suns, the last of which is our physical sun; the originating fountain of the sidereal light, or astral light of Paracelsus and the Hermeticists, which, if physically it is the ether, in its most exalted spiritual sense, related to the ANIMA-MUNDI, is the origin of the stars that are granulated Christic fire. Confronting fires, inquiring, investigating, we discover with astonishment a notable igneous antithesis of submerged lunar type...

I wish to refer to LUCIFER, the tempting serpent of EDEN, that fatal FOHATIC force which, on developing in the human being, becomes in fact and by its own right the abominable KUNDARTIGUATOR organ. (Satan's tail.)

From all this we can infer, without fear of being mistaken, that both SETH (the PLURALIZED I) and the three bad friends of JOB are in themselves, within the atomic infernos of man, vile granulations of the Luciferic lunar fire. It is obvious that the original human pair (the Lemurian race) was fatally a sexual victim of the Luciferic serpent. The rebellion in the heavens and the consequent fall of the angels is a one-hundred-percent sexual problem...

Lucifer, that vile worm that traverses the heart of the world, lies, as is natural, at the bottom of all organic and inorganic matter. The Luciferic lunar FOHAT exerts direct control over a certain malign atom of the COCCYX, sexual organs, heart, and brain. The Luciferic, malign sexual impulse controls even our intimate sentiments. It is indubitable that this blind FOHATIC force of Luciferic lunar type has hypnotized humanity, plunged into unconsciousness.

It is easy to understand that, on the crystallization of the Luciferic fire in all that legion of DEVIL-I's that each one carries within, the result is unconsciousness. It is ostensible that consciousness sleeps among those tenebrous entities that con-

stitute the EGO. Thus it is that the Luciferic hypnotic process develops within each subject who lives upon the face of the Earth. The intellectual animal wrongly called man is Luciferic by ninety-nine percent.

Were it not for the SOUL ESSENCE bottled up in the EGO, the rational homunculus would be one hundred percent Luciferic. We must start from zero and recognize that we are demons, if we truly wish to attain the INTIMATE SELF-REALIZATION of the BEING. Above all, we must eliminate from our inner nature the secret PHARISEE. Let us recall those words of JESUS: "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! For ye shut up the kingdom of heaven — with all those theories you have — neither go ye in yourselves, nor suffer ye them that are entering to go in. Blind guides who are not illuminated, ye strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! For ye cleanse the outside of the cup and platter, but within ye are full of extortion and unrighteousness. Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites — fanatics, puritans who commit crimes and wash their hands — ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which outwardly indeed appear beautiful — full of feigned meekness and with sublime pietistic poses — but within are full of dead men's bones and of all uncleanness! Even so ye outwardly appear righteous unto men — even self-deceiving, believing yourselves good and holy

— but within — though ye may never believe it — ye are truly full of hypocrisy and iniquity."

Master G. commits the error of confusing the KUNDALINI with the LUCIFERIC fire of the abominable KUNDARTIGUATOR organ, and even attributes to the former all the sinister aspects of the latter. It is obvious that we need to understand and to eliminate. That has already been said in preceding chapters. It is ostensible that the KUNDALINI, the IGNEOUS SERPENT OF OUR MAGICAL POWERS, is a terribly divine Vedantic and JEHOVISTIC truth. The ascending fire of the KUNDALINI victoriously opens the seven seals of the Apocalypse of Saint John of the spinal column of man. DEVI-KUNDALINI, our DIVINE ADORABLE MOTHER, is the ascending serpent of the medullar spinal canal... She, the DIVINE SERPENT, has power to eliminate the red demons of SETH.

That sacred viper can destroy the crystallizations or granulations of the Luciferic serpent.

We are then before the two serpents. The first ascends victoriously up the spinal canal of the human organism; the second descends, plunges down from the coccyx, toward the atomic infernos of man. The first is the brazen serpent that healed the Israelites in the desert. The second is the tempting serpent of EDEN, Lucifer, the horrible Python serpent that crawled in the

mud of the earth and that Apollo, irritated, wounded with his darts.

At this moment, very interesting reminiscences come to my memory... One delicious night — no matter which — in that ZEN state known as SATORI or SAMADHI (ECSTASY), I entered, joyful, through the doors of the temple on the wings of longing... And thus, as other adepts sat, I sat, and listened to most delicious songs... What those golden voices said deeply moved even the most intimate fibers of the soul. We all then praised the emperor, that divine Monad of each one that, before the dawn of the MAHAMANVANTARA, moved among the chaotic waters of infinite space. A staircase in the form of a spiral, helicoidal, led up to the upper floor of the temple. It is ostensible that such staircase ended exactly at the foot of the sacred altar of the emperor. The shrine shone gloriously upon the most sacred altar, and the fire burned within its lamp... Some flower vases marvelously completed that precious enchantment. It is obvious that flowers place an indescribable exquisiteness wherever they are.

Yet there was something more, something unusual: a strange set of figures skillfully carved in wood. Such figures, placed exactly before the altar, on the mysterious divine staircase, in fact represented a serious inconvenience, a tremendous obstacle to reaching the inner lord.

I, then in struggle against the third traitor of Hiram Abiff, had to study profoundly the symbolism of those hieratic figures of Mystery. Motley and picturesque assembly of strange wooden beings on the polished steps of the holy stair... It was indispensable to concentrate my attention on such artistic representations. The regal art of nature is not something dead; it has life, and it has it in abundance. Let us recall those living pictures seen by FRANZ HARTMANN in the Gnostic ROSICRUCIAN temple of BOHEMIA, GERMANY. Then HARTMANN, on concentrating his attention on a Tibetan representation, was able to see a MAHATMA who, mounted on his spirited steed, smiled and rode off after greeting him from afar. The regal art of the white brotherhood is, then, something that has life, something precious.

In no way should the attentive reader be surprised if I told him that, on concentrating my attention on those exotic figures so finely carved, they came to life. And though it may seem incredible, all is possible in the unknown dimension. I looked and saw something unusual. In truly unusual form, one of those figures suddenly detached itself; it has the appearance of an old man dressed in an exotic way; the voice of the silence informs me that this is the lord of time; I am told that I must eliminate the useless debris of the past. I understand it all, and the old man walks, carrying in his right hand a strange vessel full of refuse... I deeply understand the deep significance of

such allegory; the filthy reminiscences of the past, the rubbish of many yesterdays, must be forgotten...

The old man digs a grave in the cemetery of the dead and then buries there those useless wastes. His symbolic labor accomplished, the old man returns to his place. Then another figure detaches itself from the strange assembly; I am taught that Lucifer works in time; I am shown that, by means of memories, he manages to resurrect the dead I's... And Lucifer walks among the sepulchers of time; he seeks the I's buried beneath the dust of the centuries; he wants to bring them back to life; I, absorbed, contemplate him... How cunning Lucifer is! He awakens in one lustful, sinful memories, so that the dead I's may rise again...

Then I understand fully the necessity of living from instant to instant, from moment to moment... Alas, my God; the I is time. Yes! Yes! Yes! Yet the BEING is TIMELESS, that which is always new... That illustration finished, the Luciferic figure returns to its mysterious place...

Then I concentrate my attention more intensively, and I see something that stands out: a fatal flame; it is clear that such sinister fire assumes a terrible masculine form; the voice of the silence tells me that Lucifer controls the three traitors of Hiram Abiff and the residues of the Ego after its final disintegration; thus I understand it; I draw near to Lucifer, I tell him

that I am his friend; he laughs at me, and then, speaking, gives me to understand that I am his enemy; it is ostensible that he is not mistaken in this, that diabolical fire...

Amazement! Even after the death of the I, Lucifer continues to control even the seeds of the Ego... What horror! Remember, dear reader, that the I can also resurrect like the phoenix bird from its own ashes.

The rebellion in the heavens was, then, a very complete process of resurrection of the EGO and of the three bad friends of Job, within each sacred individual. It is obvious that the Luciferic fire gave rise to that special type of diabolical resurrection within the psyche of each MAN-ANGEL of the continent MU... The Resurrected EGO and the three traitors, brought back to life, it is ostensible, turned the MEN-ANGELS into authentic demons...

In the preceding MAHAMANVANTARA of PADMA, or of the GOLDEN LOTUS, the ineffable ones of the rebellion had already eliminated SETH and the three traitors; unfortunately, Lucifer works in time... It is unquestionable that the Luciferic lunar fire has the power to resurrect JUDAS, PILATE, and CAIAPHAS.

It is indubitable that Lucifer-Mara, the sexual tempter, can call to life all the red demons of ancient times, all the devil-I's

of SETH.

*That they sacrificed themselves, like Prometheus,
to endow with conscious spirit the man of the in-
fantile primitive paradise?*

Chapter 42: THE DARKNESS

Darkness is in itself FATHER-MOTHER; light, its son, says the ancient wisdom. It is evident that the uncreated light has an unknown origin, absolutely unknown to us... In no way do we exaggerate if we emphasize the idea that such origin is darkness. From chaos comes the COSMOS, and from darkness springs forth light; let us pray profoundly...

Let us speak now of borrowed, cosmic, secondary light; it is obvious that, whatever its origin, and however beautiful it may be, it has at bottom a passing, Mayavic character... The ineffable, profound darkness, then, constitutes the eternal matrix, in which the origins of light appear and disappear...

In this our afflicted world of SAMSARA, it is unquestionable that nothing is added to darkness to turn it into light... In this painful valley of bitternesses, it is clear, nothing is added to light to transform it into darkness. The logic of thought, or rather, the TERTIUM ORGANUM, invites us to think that light and darkness are interchangeable. Analyzing this from a

rigorously scientific point of view, we reach the conclusion that light is only a mode of darkness, and vice versa. Light and darkness are phenomena of the same NOUMENON, unknown, deep, inconceivable to reason... That we perceive more or less the light that shines in the darkness is something that depends on our power of spiritual vision...

A great Being said: What is light for us, is darkness for certain insects; and the spiritual eye sees illumination where the normal eye perceives only darkness...

The Universe submerged in PRALAYA after the MAHAMANVANTARA, dissolved in its primordial element, necessarily rests amid the deep darkness of infinite space... It is urgent to understand thoroughly the deep mystery of the chaotic darkness. Before the dawn of the MAHAMANVANTARA, the Universe slept in the terrible obscurity...

It is written, with unmistakable characters of fire, in the book of the great life, that at the end of the MAHAMANVANTARA (COSMIC DAY), OSIRIS (THE FATHER), ISIS (THE DIVINE MOTHER KUNDALINI), and HORUS (THE DIVINE SPIRIT) integrate, mix, and fuse like three fires to form a single flame...

It is ostensible, and any MAHATMA knows it, that during the MAHAPRALAYA (COSMIC NIGHT), the whole dissolved

Universe lies in the unique, eternal, and primary cause, to be reborn at the next dawn of the new great day, as KARANA, the eternal cause, periodically does...

Let us seek OSIRIS, ISIS, and HORUS within ourselves, in the unknown depths of our own being... OSIRIS, ISIS, and HORUS constitute in themselves the MONAD, the DUAD, and the TRIAD of our INNER BEING...

Have you heard of BRAHMA? He is in himself FATHER-MOTHER-SON (OSIRIS, ISIS, HORUS). At each new cosmic dawn, the Universe resurrects like the PHOENIX bird from its own ashes... At the dawn of each MAHAMANVANTARA, the MONAD unfolds again into the DUAD and the TRIAD...

At the breaking of the dawn of the new COSMIC DAY after the deep night, the SON, the TRIAD, HORUS (THE DIVINE SPIRIT OF EACH ONE), emanates from himself his essence, his mystical principles, to the wheel of SAMASARA, with the healthy purpose of acquiring DIAMOND SOUL...

Ah! How great is HORUS's joy on acquiring DIAMOND SOUL! Then he is absorbed in his DIVINE MOTHER, and she, fusing with the FATHER, forms a single diamantine flame, a GOD of splendid inner beauty...

A great Being said: What is light for us, is darkness for certain insects; and the spiritual eye sees

*illumination where the normal eye perceives only
darkness...*

Chapter 43: SUBSTANCES, ATOMS, FORCES

Master G., speaking on substances and forces, said: "Returning to the law of three, we must learn to find the manifestations of this law in everything we do and in everything we study. On applying this law in any medium, in any fact, we will see that it reveals many new things to us, much that we did not see before."

"Let us take chemistry as an example. Ordinary chemistry does not know the law of the trinity and studies matter without taking into account its cosmic properties. But there exists another chemistry, apart from the ordinary; it is a special chemistry that we can call alchemy: this chemistry studies matter, taking into account its cosmic properties. As was indicated above, the cosmic properties of every substance are determined, first, by the place that the substance occupies; and secondly, by the force that acts through it at a given moment."

"Even in the same place, the nature of a given substance undergoes a great change; and this change depends on the force that is manifesting through it. Every substance can be the con-

ductor of the three forces (first, second, and third Logos), and accordingly, can be active, passive, or neutral. In the case that no force manifests through it at a given moment, or if it is taken without any relation to the manifestation of forces, the substance can be neither active, passive, nor neutral. The substance appears in this form, so to speak, in four different aspects or states."

"In this sense, it is necessary to take into account that, when we speak of matter, we are not speaking of chemical elements. The special chemistry we are treating sees a separate function in each substance, even in the most complex; it sees it as an element. This is the only way the study of the cosmic properties of matter can be carried out, because all complex compounds have their own cosmic finality and purpose."

"If we see it from this point of view, the atom of any given substance is only the smallest quantity of that substance. It retains all its chemical, physical, and cosmic properties."

"In consequence, the size of the atoms of different substances is not always the same. And in some cases, an atom may be a particle visible even to the physical eye."

"The four aspects or states of every substance have precise names. When a substance is the conductor of the first force, or of the active force, it is called 'CARBON'; and as with the car-

bon of chemistry, it is designated with the letter 'C.' When a substance is the conductor of the second force, or of the passive force, it is called 'OXYGEN,' and as with the oxygen of chemistry, it is designated with the letter 'O.'"

"When a substance is the conductor of the third force, or of the neutral force, it is called 'NITROGEN,' and as with the nitrogen of chemistry, it is designated with the letter 'N.' When the substance is taken without relation to the force manifesting through it, it is called HYDROGEN; and as with the hydrogen of chemistry, it is designated with the letter 'H.' The active, passive, and neutral forces are designated with the numbers 1, 2, and 3; and the substances with the letters C, O, N, H. It is indispensable that these denominations be understood." Peter Ouspensky, commenting, said: One of us asked: "Do these elements correspond to the four elements of alchemy — fire, air, water, and earth?"

"Yes," answered G., "they do indeed correspond to them, but we will use these. Later you will be able to understand the reason for that."

Well: thus far Master G. Now let us go in depth into this ALCHEMICAL formula...

Already in our preceding "CHRISTMAS MESSAGE 1968-1969," we spoke of the AIN SOPH, that super-divine atom that

resides in the unknown depths of our own BEING. In the last analysis, each of us is no more than an atom of the absolute abstract space; that is the inner star that has always smiled upon us. A certain author said: "I raise my eyes to the stars, from which my help shall come; but I always follow the star that guides my interior."

We must make a specific distinction between the AIN SOPH and the AIN SOPH PARANISHPANA; in the first case there is no INNER SELF-REALIZATION; in the second there is.

Any MAHATMA knows very well that, before entering the ABSOLUTE, he must dissolve the SOLAR BODIES. It is ostensible that, of such Christic vehicles, four seed-atoms remain.

It is indubitable that such atoms correspond to the physical, astral, mental, and causal bodies. It is obvious that the four seed-atoms are absorbed into the SUPER-DIVINE ATOM AIN SOPH PARANISHPANA, together with the three primary forces, laws, essence, and spiritual principles... Then comes the deep night of the MAHAPRALAYA. The AIN SOPH without INTIMATE SELF-REALIZATION does not possess the four seed-atoms; it is a simple atom of the absolute abstract space, that is all. In ALCHEMY the letter C symbolizes the body of CONSCIOUS WILL, the CARBON of occult chemistry. In ALCHEMY the letter O symbolizes the SOLAR MENTAL BODY, fabricated in the FORGE OF THE CYCLOPES; the

OXYGEN of SACRED CHEMISTRY. In ALCHEMY the letter N symbolizes the authentic SOLAR ASTRAL BODY, so different from the BODY OF DESIRES; it is obvious that the legitimate SIDEREAL ASTRAL BODY is the NITROGEN of occult chemistry... In ALCHEMY the H of HYDROGEN symbolizes the PHYSICAL body, the vehicle of flesh and bone, three-dimensional...

We are not exaggerating, then, if we emphasize the transcendental ALCHEMICAL idea that an AIN SOPH PARANISHPANA (SUPER-REALIZED ATOM) possesses within itself four seed-atoms: CARBON, OXYGEN, NITROGEN, HYDROGEN. With these four ALCHEMICAL atoms, the AIN SOPH PARANISHPANA reconstructs the chariot of MERKABAH (THE SOLAR BODIES) to enter any Universe when necessary... Let us not forget that MERKABAH is the chariot of the ages, the CELESTIAL MAN of the KABBALAH...

As a consequence, as a corollary, we can — and must — affirm that those who have not realized the work in the NINTH SPHERE (SEX) do not really possess the chariot of MERKABAH... It is unquestionable that everything changes in the field of action of PRAKRITI due to the modifications in positive or negative form, but if we do not fabricate the chariot

of MERKABAH, AIN SOPH will remain without INTIMATE SELF-REALIZATION...

Those who have not eliminated the ABHAYAN-SAMKARA (THE INNATE FEAR) will flee from the NINTH SPHERE, telling others that the work in the FORGE of the CYCLOPES (SEX) is useless. Those are the hypocritical Pharisees who strain at a gnat and swallow a camel; the failures who neither enter the Kingdom nor allow others to enter; truly sex is a stumbling block and a rock of scandal...

Already in our preceding "CHRISTMAS MESSAGE 1968-1969," we spoke of the AIN SOPH, that super-divine atom that resides in the unknown depths of our own BEING.

Chapter 44: THE PRATIMOKSHA

We shall begin this chapter with a beautiful poem by Don Ramón del Valle Inclán:

Gnostic Rose

"Nothing shall be that has not been before.

Nothing shall be only to not be tomorrow.

Eternity is every instant

that is measured by the grain the clock crumbles."

"Eternity, the grace of the thing,

and the first lark that opens the day,

and the caterpillar, and her flower the butterfly.

Eternally guilty is my consciousness!"

"On the edge of the road, leaning back

like a worm that germinates in mud,

I feel the black anguish of sin,

like the divine aspiration to the All."

"The gnostic mystery is present

in the still flight of the dove,

and the sin of the world in the (TEMPTING) serpent

that bites the foot of the angel who tames it."

"Above the eternal night of the past

opens the eternal night of tomorrow.

Each hour, a larva of sin!

And the symbol, the serpent and the apple!"

*"Time keeps the enigma of the Forms;
like a dragon over the worlds it watches,
and the All and the Unity, supreme norms,
weave the Infinite of their wake."*

*"Nothing quenches the boiling of the crucibles;
sealed at their bottom is the eternal
idea of Plato. Distant suns
one day shall kindle our cavern."*

*"While the Fates spin my shroud,
I trace a cross of ash on my forehead.
Time is the woodworm that labors
for Satan. And God is the present!"*

*"All is Eternity! All was before!
And all that is today shall be later,
in the instant that opens the instants,
and the pit of death at our feet!"*

Beautiful poem, is it not? "Nothing shall be that has not been before." "Nothing shall be only to not be tomorrow." Behold the law of RECURRENCE; the constant repetition of successive lives. And in each existence everything happens again just as it did; certainly "time is the woodworm that labors for Satan." Vicious circle of the repetition of the drama of existence.

Do you wish to know what your destiny shall be in your future existence? I want you to know that above the eternal night of the past opens the eternal night of tomorrow. Understood? When you are reborn in this Vale of Tears, the past will become future. This signifies that your present life, with all its vain joys, sufferings, and pains, will unfortunately be repeated.

And epigenesis, the creation of new causes — what then? Alas, poor mortals of the earth! Do you believe that the EGO, or PLURALIZED I, is capable of creating something new? Are you ignorant that the EGO is memory? The accumulated dust of the centuries? GNOSTICS!... It is indispensable that you dissolve the EGO; it is urgent to die from moment to moment; only with death does the new come.

Have you heard of the Buddhist PRATIMOKSHA? That is the ceremony of confession; we Gnostics practice it. To confess our offenses publicly, to exhibit them, to put them on the carpet of actuality, not to hide them, signifies in fact to make a

mockery of oneself, of the I. One evening I attended the PRATIMOKSHA in the Gnostic Church. Someone — no matter who — sat down in a comfortable chair before the congregation; a great being placed himself behind him. The devotee confessed all the offenses of his life publicly before the brotherhood.

After declaring some offense, he made a pause; in those moments the priest and the attendees supplicated the DIVINE MOTHER KUNDALINI of the penitent to cast down, into the INFERNAL WORLDS, the I that personified that sin. It is obvious that the DIVINE MOTHER KUNDALINI operated wisely, eliminating the entity that personified the confessed offense.

Then I was able to understand that truly the Buddhist Pratimoksha is a ceremony of confession. To declare such offenses implied in fact recounting publicly the history of one's life.

It was explained to me that this form of PRATIMOKSHA is practiced three or five times during the course of our existence. Within the Gnostic liturgy there exists a very special monthly form of Pratimoksha very necessary for all the brethren. In the monthly PRATIMOKSHA, only the offense or offenses committed within the last thirty days of existence are

publicly declared before the brotherhood. (See our book titled Constitution and Liturgy of the Gnostic Movement.)

It is obvious that without the help of the Divine Mother Kundalini, the elimination of the various entities that personify our errors would be an impossibility. These various forms of the PRATIMOKSHA are very useful for eliminating all those various PSYCHOLOGICAL aggregates that constitute the EGO. The return of the seventy confirms the PRATIMOKSHA; They said: Lord, even the demons (I's of the people) are subject to us in thy name.

It is written that Jesus the GREAT KABIR answered: "I beheld Satan (THE PLURALIZED I) fall from heaven like lightning."

"Behold, I give you power to tread upon serpents and scorpions (black entities of sin), and over all the power of the enemy, and nothing shall hurt you. But rejoice not that the evil spirits are subject unto you, but rejoice rather that your names are written in the heavens."

Be careful, Gnostic priests, not to fall into pride because power has been given to you to work with DEVI KUNDALINI, eliminating DEVIL-I's. Be humble, pure, and simple.

During the work with gold and silver, with the SUN and with the MOON, in the forge of the cyclopes, the PRATIMOKSHA is necessary.

To the sons of FIRE and of WATER, to the twice-born, the PRATIMOKSHA is indispensable. Let us recall Joshua exclaiming: "Sun, stand still in Gibeon; and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon."

And the Sun stood still, and the Moon stopped (a symbol of the esoteric work) until the people — the initiates — had avenged themselves on their enemies (the DEVIL-I's). Is not this written in the book of Jasher? And the Sun-Christ stood still to guide the initiate, as he always does, and hastened not to set, hiding himself for almost a whole day. The COSMIC CHRIST, the SOLAR LOGOS, the SUN of midnight, guides all those who fight against their enemies, the tenebrous I's, the red demons of SETH. (THE EGO.)

And the Sun-Christ stood still to guide the initiate, as he always does, and hastened not to set, hiding himself for almost a whole day.

Chapter 45: THE TWELVE NIDANAS

The ancient wisdom emphasizes the idea that there are seven "Ways" to the ineffable bliss of NON-EXISTENCE, which is absolute Being and real existence. At bottom such luminous idea is unitary, for only one path exists, with seven journeys.

Let us think of the astrological formula of Moon, Mercury, Venus, Sun, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn.

It is unquestionable that each of the seven worlds is intimately related to each of the seven journeys...

Have you heard about the twelve causes of Being? What do you know about the four noble truths?

It is obvious that the twelve NIDANAS and the four truths especially characterize the Hinayana system. They belong to the wise theory of the current of the law of chaining that produces merit and demerit and that finally manifests Karma in the plenitude of its power. It is a system that has as its foundation the famous laws of TRANSMIGRATION, RETURN, RECURRENCE, and KARMA.

It is ostensible that the Hinayana system, or school of the small Vehicle, is of very ancient origin; while the Mahayana, or school of the great Vehicle, belongs to a later period, having had its origin after the disincarnation of the Buddha. It is clear that both schools at bottom teach the same esoteric doctrine. "YANA," or Vehicle, is a mystical expression, and both vehicles signify that we can escape from the torture of rebirths through the INTIMATE SELF-REALIZATION OF THE BEING.

We need to clothe ourselves in the DHARMA MEGHA, the cloud of virtue, the marvelous splendor of the perfect ones

who renounce the powers. All the various ideas that arise and make us believe that we have need of something exterior to be happy are an obstacle to perfection. The inner Being is happiness and beatitude by his own nature; the knowledge is unfortunately covered by past impressions. It is urgent, indispensable, necessary, that such impressions exhaust their effects. Their destruction is accomplished in the same manner as that of ignorance, of egoism, and so on. If, even on reaching the correct discrimination of essences, the fruits are rejected, the result is the Samadhi called cloud of virtue. He who clothes himself in the cloud of virtue is liberated from pains and works; yet, this does not mean that he is exempt from the possibility of falling; only by entering the ABSOLUTE do we pass beyond all danger.

The successive transformations of qualities disappear only when we are absorbed in the absolute abstract space. The paths that exist in relation to moments, and that are perceived at the end of a series at the other extreme, are succession.

For the SELF-REALIZED and diamantine spirit there is no succession; for him only the eternal present exists; he lives from instant to instant; he has freed himself from the twelve NIDANAS.

For the SELF-REALIZED and diamantine spirit there is no succession; for him only the eternal present exists; he lives from instant to instant; he has freed himself from the twelve NIDANAS.

Chapter 46: THE THYMUS GLAND

The THYMUS is a very important gland of internal secretion, and we must study it profoundly. The men of science know very well that such gland is located below the thyroid, in the upper anterior mediastinal cavity (behind the upper bones of the chest).

Any biologist knows by observation and direct experience that the THYMUS usually consists of two longitudinal lobes united through a central plane. The construction of this gland is admirable, marvelous, formidable; each lobe is extraordinarily formed by even smaller divisions called lobules. It is ostensible, and any scientist can understand, that each lobule comprises an external or cortical portion and a central or medullary portion. The THYMUS of the child is relatively large, but from all points of view it is clear to verify that, during the latter part of childhood, the weight of this gland gradually diminishes in relation to the weight of the body.

Biology teaches that the THYMUS evolves in children marvelously, until acquiring a specific weight of 25 to 40 grams.

Endocrinologists are not ignorant that such gland begins its involutive processes generally between the ages of eleven and fourteen. Such regression is very slow and lasts the whole life.

A wise author whose name I do not mention said the following textually: "We still do not know enough about the Thymus gland, but it appears to be the one that dominates the growth of the child before puberty." "It inhibits the activity of the testicles and the ovaries. Castration causes the persistent growth of the Thymus." The extraction of the Thymus, or its inhibition by means of X-rays, hastens the development of the gonads. The continued action of the Thymus, after puberty, is the cause of peculiarities in sexual expression. Degenerate, repulsive practices invariably appear in persons in whom the function of the Thymus predominates. The Thymus impedes differentiation and arrests the transformation toward a positive sexual expression, whether man or woman. If tadpoles are fed with Thymus substance, their development and differentiation into male or female frogs is prevented. Persons in whom the function of the Thymus predominates become homosexuals.

The male does not come to be entirely male, and since there is still in him so much that is potentially feminine, he prefers the society of the male to that of the female. The female will still be potentially male and therefore will enjoy more the company of the female.

A multitude of degenerates and criminals are principally persons in whom the action of the Thymus predominates. The Thymus appears to be the builder of the body of the child, supplying many of the elements necessary for its structure. The Thymus begins to halt its action during puberty, and therefore is supposed to be the propulsive gland of infant growth.

In animals whose Thymus has been extracted, the process of calcification is delayed. It seems that the Thymus dominates in the lymphatic system.

The infrasexual degenerates, homosexuals and lesbians, in whom the action of the Thymus unfortunately predominates, are the fatal result of degenerate seed. It is ostensible that degenerate seed does not serve for the INTIMATE SELF-REALIZATION OF THE BEING. If the germ does not die, the plant is not born; it is obvious that only from normal seed can the REAL and true MAN be born.

Homosexuality and lesbianism indicate, accuse, point out, an involutive, regressive, descending process. It is pathetic, clear, and manifest that no legitimate school of regeneration would ever admit within its bosom degenerate seeds.

Chapter 47: THE NEGATIVE CONFESSION I (PAPYRUS OF NU)

We are now going to speak from the deep depths of all the ages. Hear me, men and gods!

The negative confession of the Papyrus of NU is for the men who have attained radical, absolute death. After the definitive annihilation of the EGO and of the three traitors of Hiram Abiff, we can well take the luxury of penetrating, clothed in the glorious bodies of KAM-UR, into the double hall of TRUTH-JUSTICE.

It would be useless to attempt to enter victoriously into the double hall of MAAT without having first passed through the supreme death... (We are not referring to the death of the physical body.) Only the authentic deceased ones have the right to the negative confession; only they can really submit themselves to the terrible confession of the papyrus of NU of the Egyptian mysteries. By "authentic deceased ones" we mean those who died within themselves in the forty-nine regions of the subconscious.

Any true deceased one clothed in the solar bodies can present himself in the double hall of MAAT to make his negative confession.

Negative Confession

"Hail, great God, lord of Truth and Justice, mighty Master: Behold, I have come before thee." "Let me, then, contemplate thy radiant beauty! I know thy magical name and those of the forty-two divinities who surround thee in the vast hall of Truth-Justice, on the day when the account of sins is made before Osiris; the blood of the sinners serves them as food."

Thy name is: "THE LORD OF THE ORDER OF THE UNIVERSE," whose eyes are the two sister goddesses.

"Behold, I bring in my heart TRUTH and JUSTICE, for I have torn out of it every evil."

- "I have not caused suffering to men. I have not employed violence with my kindred."
- "I have not substituted injustice for justice."
- "I have not frequented the wicked."
- "I have not committed crimes."
- "I have not caused work for my benefit in excess."
- "I have not intrigued out of ambition."
- "I have not mistreated my servants."
- "I have not blasphemed the gods."
- "I have not deprived the destitute of his subsistence."

- "I have not committed acts execrated by the gods."
- "I have not permitted a servant to be mistreated by his master."
- "I have not caused another to suffer."
- "I have not provoked hunger."
- "I have not made my fellow men weep."
- "I have not killed nor ordered to kill."
- "I have not provoked illnesses among men."
- "I have not taken the offerings from the temples."
- "I have not stolen the loaves of the gods."
- "I have not seized the offerings destined for the sanctified spirits."
- "I have not committed shameful actions in the most sacred enclosure of the temples."
- "I have not diminished the portion of the offerings."
- "I have not tried to enlarge my domains by employing illicit means, nor to usurp the fields of another."
- "I have not tampered with the weights of the balance nor its beam."
- "I have not taken the milk from the mouth of the child."

- "I have not seized cattle in the meadows."
- "I have not caught with a snare the birds destined for the gods."
- "I have not fished for fish with corpses of fish."
- "I have not obstructed the waters when they should flow."
- "I have not broken the dams placed at the passage of running waters."
- "I have not extinguished the flame of a fire that should burn."
- "I have not violated the rules of the offerings of meat."
- "I have not seized the cattle belonging to the temples of the gods."
- "I have not prevented a god from manifesting: I am pure, I am pure, I am pure!"

"I have been purified as the great Phoenix of Heracleopolis has been."

"For I am the Lord of the breath that gives life to all the initiates on the solemn day when the Eye of Horus, in the presence of the divine Lord of this earth, reaches its culmination in Heliopolis."

"Since I have seen the Eye of Horus culminate in Heliopolis, may no evil befall me in this region, O gods, nor in your hall of Truth-Justice. For I know the name of those gods who surround MAAT, the great divinity of Truth-Justice."

Thus far the negative confession of the said papyrus. In our future "CHRISTMAS MESSAGE 1970-1971," we shall continue with the Papyrus II (Nebseni).

After the definitive annihilation of the EGO and of the three traitors of Hiram Abiff, we can well take the luxury of penetrating, clothed in the glorious bodies of KAM-UR, into the double hall of TRUTH-JUSTICE.

Chapter 48: KOAN

What is a KOAN exercise? This is something we Gnostics must study profoundly. KOAN is the Japanese pronunciation of the Chinese phrase KUNG-AN, whose original sense is: "DOCUMENT OF AN OFFICIAL AGREEMENT ON THE DESK."

It is ostensible that the ZEN BUDDHISTS give the KOAN a totally different meaning. It is obvious that they designate the KOAN as a certain mystical dialogue between master and disciple. For example: a certain monk asked Master TUNG SHAN, "Who is the Buddha?" The master answered strangely:

"Three chin (a measure) of flax." A Buddhist monk asked Master CHAO CHOU: "What is the sense of the BODHISATTVA's coming from the west?" The answer was: "The cypress that is in the garden."

Enigmatic answer, is it not? All these famous histories narrated in the aforesaid manner are KOAN. It is pathetic, clear, and manifest that KOAN designates a ZEN history, a ZEN situation, a ZEN problem. The esoteric KOAN exercise signifies, as a rule: "To seek a solution to a ZEN problem."

Examples for meditation: "Who recites the name of the Buddha?" "If all things are reduced to unity. To what is that unity reduced?" It is unquestionable that the mind shall never be able to solve a ZEN problem. It is ostensible that the understanding will never be able to comprehend the deep significance of a KOAN. From all points of view it is easy to guess that the mind fails when it tries to integrally comprehend any KOAN; defeated, it then remains in deep stillness and silence.

When the mind is still, when the mind is in silence, the new comes. In those instants, the ESSENCE, the BUDDHATA, escapes from the intellect and, in the absence of the I, experiences THAT which is not of time...

That is the SATORI, the ECSTASY of the saints, the Samadhi. In those moments we can experience the REAL, the TRUTH.

As the word KOAN is already officially accepted in the West and is very well known, it is necessary to use it in our Gnostic lexicon instead of the Chinese word HUA TOU. Both KOAN and HUA TOU are, therefore, used in the general and specific sense, respectively.

In old China, the ZEN Buddhists do not use the term KOAN: they prefer to say "HUA TOU exercise."

A monk asked Master CHAO CHOU: "Does a dog have the nature of the Buddha?" The Master answered: "Wu" (no). This single word "Wu," besides being a mantram that is pronounced with double "U," as if imitating the sound of the hurricane, is also in itself a KOAN.

To work with the KOAN "Wu" with the mind still and in silence is something marvelous.

The experience of the "ILLUMINATING VOID" allows us to experience an element that radically transforms.

Chapter 49: FINAL SALUTATIONS

MOST BELOVED:

We have concluded the present "Christmas Message 1969-1970." This is one more book of the FIFTH GOSPEL; study it and live it.

I wish to tell you that this teaching for the new Aquarian era is being given in accordance with the law of the musical octaves. Each of these works is being unfolded in higher and higher notes; when we reach the synthesis note, then the Message will have concluded. After that I shall depart with my Divine Mother Kundalini into eternity.

My friends: I beg you most earnestly not to send me by mail, nor by any other means, praise, adulation, or flattery. Every letter bearing such vanities will be returned immediately.

It is not enough to read this book; it is necessary to study it very profoundly and to put the teachings into practice. It is indispensable to leave behind lukewarmness and to decide once and for all to tread the path of the razor's edge.

MY FRIENDS: I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

May the star of Bethlehem shine upon your path.

INVERENCIAL PEACE

SAMAEL AUN WEOR

AUTHOR

Samael Aun Weor

V.M. Samael Aun Weor is the founder of AGEACAC (Gnostic Association of Anthropological and Cultural Studies, A.C.) and of the International Gnostic Movement.

He left a great teaching in which is synthesized the path that man must follow in order to attain the complete awakening of his consciousness and his self-realization. V.M. Samael was an anthropologist, sociologist, spiritual guide, and author of more than 70 books, and he delivered over 300 lectures.

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