

# **The Mystery of the Golden Blossom**

*by Samael Aun Weor*

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## **PROLOGUE**

*By Master Gargha Kuichines*

In this new Christmas message, “The Mystery of the Golden Flowering,” Samael Aun-Weor brings us the newest teachings for the devotees of the path, for all those who knew the natural and now wish to command the known through the study of the supernatural. This knowledge is totally sexual.

He speaks to us of the marvelous forces of OD and describes them in pathetic form so that we may learn to know them and handle them according to our own conveniences; he gives us tangible signs for the magnetic interchange by means of the amorous union, and through it to achieve the disintegration of our defects — even the most deeply rooted.

When the devotees of the Path come as far as Gnostic wisdom, they find themselves so weak that many of them are incapable of putting an end to their own habits, to their bad customs; later by means of the wisdom of Christification they not only

put an end to their habits, but are capable of destroying their own defects.

If it costs people effort to rid themselves of a habit, of a bad custom, how shall it be to rid themselves of a defect? All this teaching places us in a privileged position by which we dispose of forces that permit us to destroy the tenebrous entities we form with our defects, with our base passions.

With the revelation of the power of the Mantram Krim, if we are not capable of impelling the power of love to free ourselves from the satanic forces that come from error, at least we shall learn to give superior children by learning to modify our seed for procreation.

Three factors determine the physical, moral, and mental quality of our seed, when we learn to think, to breathe, and to select foods. The breeder is worth the seed he produces; the quality of the grain depends on the seed the farmer uses, and to improve our own work we must improve our seed. If the farmer uses only one seed to plant the coffee tree and the like, if the rancher uses artificial insemination to avoid losing millions of seeds, with much more reason we, through alchemical transmutation, learn the Divine fecundation, which consists of the going forth of a single spermatozoon for fecundation, when the woman is disposed to be fecundated — which is the three days that pass and counted from the arrival of the period as far

as fourteen days; that fourteenth day with the following two are apt for fecundation in a woman of normal period; for the abnormal one, it is first her turn to seek normality, and afterward, together with her husband, to ask the Blessed Mother that a child be granted them, which may be man or woman. If it interests the person, let him read this message and find the formula which is very clear.

The Lord Jehovah, who is the Chief of Reproduction, permits a strong and vigorous spermatozoon to escape to establish the fecundation, without losing the millions that the fornicator squanders, giving life to his satan with what is left over.

The education of these children of the Light is very sacred. The male, in permanent enamoration of his female, surrounds her with caresses and attentions; later, when she announces to him that she finds herself with child, he must withdraw corporeally from her — that is, he cannot practice the Arcanum because the womb of his wife is gestating a human, and she cannot simultaneously gestate two such different classes of personalities as: a human and a divine embryo. The male, then, takes the path of Scientific chastity to begin the angelic or devic path. During all the gestation the Gnostic will make life pleasant for his wife; the fact of not using sexual union elevates them to the category of sweethearts, keeps them in permanent trance of love, fortifies the will; they must use the

amorous magic of the unmarried, which is personal for each one of them. Upon being born, the child is born without pain because he is a child of the light, a blessed one.

The couple continues with the same magic of the unmarried until a time no less than 40 days after the birth of the child.

The milk that the mother provides for him can be improved both in quality and in spiritual force, which cannot be done with that given to the outsider: the milk from cans. The mother, in giving him the breast, imagines her child healthy, free from every illness; she sends love through her whole being and asks the Masters of the White Lodge to free him from all evil. The mother must avoid reading writings with deeds of blood, quarrels, and everything that mortifies her, because all that goes to the belly of the child of her bowels. Later when she returns to union with her husband, she must avoid every passionate emotion; the husband must treat her as a mother who is giving life with her own blood. Just as no Father would think to mistreat the bottles which his small child takes, much less with the natural one which the mother herself gives. When all these precepts are fulfilled, Nature aids the mother and puts her in conditions to have milk in abundance; if she wishes to increase it, she can drink much water of unrefined sugar; this avoids everything that obstructs her breasts and that they have to lance them and damage her Mammaries. She can feed

him each time the child demands it, without waiting the four hours that all the texts that speak of maternity indicate; sleep with him the first 40 days during which she gives the breast freely whenever the child asks for it, which permits the child to continue nourishing himself from the aura of the mother — Divine Force that envelops her, and above all in those days which are Pure Love for the Being who has just arrived at her home.

As may be observed, the education of these children begins from courtship, is maintained during gestation, and continues at birth, the mother taking care not to read the press, not paying attention to gossip, conjectures, or others' tales that only bring her pain.

If when we lose only one of the millions of spermatozoa, what will not happen with the millions we reserve for ourselves to give us Light and Wisdom! This is the same for males and females; the Woman maintains her Creative Force the same as the Male.

Take advantage, Gnostic students, of the teachings of "The Mystery of the Golden Flowering," whom the Divine Hierarchies are guiding so that they may understand these mysteries, because those on the outside will only be able to see the cards on Sexo-Yoga which the Master offers through the multiple lessons of this book.

If it is fitting to learn to give life, it is also of utmost interest to learn to know how to die. The Master speaks clearly about Return — what dies in the Human entity? What endures or remains? They disintegrate: the Physical Body, the Vital body — that is, the one which gives life to the Physical — and the personality; the three which humans take such care of through ignorance of the workings of life. Many persons who dedicate themselves to invoking the dead do not know that almost always the astral shells, or the Multiple I's that form Satan in us, attend the call. Today the bad custom of establishing contact with the deceased has become widespread, people believing that the souls of these attend the call, when those who attend are the Satanic I's of the called person; the contact with those sepulchral entities allows some of them to make possessed of the invokers, producing illnesses that neither psychiatrists nor doctors know, and they end in the madhouse, or their relatives seek persons knowledgeable in this class of entities to remove them. Ours must AVOID by all means attending such cures of the possessed because many times these are very perverse entities that cause havoc and damage to those who try to remove them. Now it has become common to use a small board with letters, and with sorrow we see that schoolgirls have it as a game, their Parents not knowing the evil they are causing their children with such a sport...

The dead from beyond are cold and ghostly, because people totally ignore the use of the creative energies to change the lunar bodies with which we are born. Gnostic wisdom will teach you to gestate these bodies yourself, so that you may not only learn to die but also to be born.

In this message the Student will find concrete formulas to determine the sex of his child whom he wishes to bring into the world, how to create beautiful children at will, how to create intelligent children at will, and many other factors that give importance to our existence.

The Master is delivering to the world the Fifth Gospel through the Christmas Messages, speaking of what had never been written.

Many students of occultism have pointed at the Master because he was a fallen BODHISATTVA; he has never denied it; it is also true that he rose up without the aid of all those fools, and today he stands.

Amid great sacrifices he obtained his rising up, and has served as an example for many of us to rise up; he has been a great sign for all those of us who have followed and taken advantage of his teachings.

Those attackers have not had the valor that our Master has had to tell not only of his triumphs and gains but also confess-

es to us his defeats and shows us Evil by his own knowledge, never by imagination; for he tries by all means to teach the doctrine, to make it comprehensible, to put it within reach of all Gnostic students. This valor is only of Supermen, for many of the detractors will take the confessed errors to attack him; this reminds me, in the beginnings of Gnosis back in the year 1950 when a reader of the book «The Perfect Matrimony» wrote to him, in which he said to him that in Cali many spiritualists attacked him for having drunk, for having belonged to many isms, for having gone along highways and roads as a vagabond, for being unknown, and many other assertions besides; and the Master replied to the friend from Cali, who praised the work, saying to him: “Those spiritualists who attack me are living dead, inhabitants of the old tombs of my memories; they chew on the dead leaves of my past, but augmenting the defects that old personality had — which I myself destroyed to form the present one and write the solemn work which you have just come to know.” “If Luz Bel had known the wisdom of sin, he would never have fallen.” “Damsels can fall, but the Mary Magdalenes never fall because they have the wisdom of sin and the vertigo of the Absolute. Vivekananda before awakening was a womanizer and vagabond; Gandhi the Liberator of India, before awakening was a night reveler and a drinker. So if we had not been lost, we would be lost. The Work is everything.”

*S. S. S. JULIO MEDINA VIZCAÍNO.*

## **Chapter One: SEXUAL MAGIC**

Magic is, according to Novalis, the art of consciously influencing the interior world.

It is written with burning coals in the extraordinary book of life that ardent love between Male and Female works magically.

Hermes Trismegistus, the thrice-great God IBIS OF THOTH, said in his emerald tablet: "I give you love, in which is contained the entire summum of wisdom."

"We all have something of electric and magnetic forces within us, and we exert, just as a magnet does, a force of attraction and repulsion... Among lovers that magnetic force is especially powerful, and its action reaches very far."

Sexual magic (SAHAJA MAITHUNA) between husband and wife is founded upon polar properties which certainly have their potential element in sex.

It is not patent Hormones or Vitamins that are needed for life, but authentic feelings of the you-and-I, and hence the interchange of the most select affective, erotic faculties between man and woman.

The medieval asceticism of the deceased age of Pisces rejected sex, classing it as Taboo or Sin.

The new revolutionary asceticism of Aquarius is founded upon sex; it is clear that in the mysteries of the LINGAM-YONI lies the key of all power.

From the intelligent mixture of sexual yearning with spiritual enthusiasm springs forth, as if by enchantment, the magical consciousness.

A wise author said: “Sexual Magic leads to the unity of the soul and sensuality, that is, vivified sexuality: the sexual loses the character of the suspect and despised that is only acknowledged secretly and with a certain confessed shame; on the contrary, it is placed at the service of a marvelous joy of living, penetrated by it and raised to a component of the affirmation of existence, which happily ensures the equilibrium of the free personality.”

We need urgently to evade ourselves from the somber daily current of vulgar, common and ordinary coupling, and to enter into the luminous sphere of the magnetic equilibrium of the “rediscovery in the other,” of “finding in you the path on the razor’s edge,” “the secret path that leads to final liberation.”

“Only when we know and use the laws of magnetism between bodies and souls, will all the words about love, sex, and sexuality no longer be fleeting and meaningless images, mists that vanish in the light.”

The tremendous difficulty that the study of Sexual Magic presents is patent. It is not easy to wish to show as “learnable and visible” the *sexo-yoga*, the *Maithuna*, with its government of the most delicate currents of nerves and the multiple sub-conscious, *infraconscious*, and unconscious influences upon the spirit.

Let us speak clearly and without ambages: this theme of *SEXO-YOGA* is a matter of direct intimate experimentation, something too personal.

To renounce animal concupiscence in favor of spirituality is fundamental in Sexual Magic, if in truth we wish to find the thread of Ariadne of the ascent, the golden cord that must lead us from darkness to light, from death to immortality.

A great philosopher whose name I do not mention said: “If the authentic procreative forces, the psychic and spiritual ones, are situated in the depths of our consciousness, we find precisely in the *sympathicus*, with its irradiating network of sensitive ganglion meshes, the mediator and conductor to the interior reality, which not only influences the organs of the soul

but also governs, directs, and controls the most important centers in the interior of the body; it guides, in an equally mysterious manner, the marvel of conception until the birth of the new being, as well as the phenomena of the heart, kidneys, suprarenal capsules, generative glands," etc.

"On the other hand, to all sensibility and spirituality, to rhythmic life, he attempts, as the authentic SPIRITUS CREATOR of the body, and through the direction of the molecular current and the crystallization of cosmic rays, to balance in the rhythm of the universe all the psychic and physical elements that are subordinate to him."

"This NERVUS SYMPATHICUS is in reality also a NERVUS IDEOPLASTICUS; it must be comprehended as mediator between our unconscious instinctive life and the moderation of the vivid image imprinted in our spirit from eternities; it is the great means equilibrator that can pacify and reconcile the perpetual polarity, the dawns and twilights of the sun of the soul, the manifestations of black and white, love and hate, God and Devil, exaltation and decay."

The Divine Androgyne of the first human race, Adam Kadmon, propagated himself only by the power of will and magical imagination, united in vibrant harmony.

The ancient sages of the Kabbalah affirmed that such volitional and imaginative potency was lost by the fall into sin, for which the human being was cast out of Eden.

This magnificent synthetic conception of the Hebraic Kabbalah has as its base a tremendous truth; it being so, it is precisely the function of Sexual Magic to re-establish within ourselves that Divinal original unity of the paradisiacal androgyne.

A certain wise man emphatically said the following: “Sexual Magic works by transfiguring corporeally and procures an ideal accentuation of the sexual in the soul. For this reason only those beings capable of Sexual Magic are those who try to overcome the dualistic dilemma between the psychic world and that of the senses; those who, endowed with intimate ‘candle,’ find themselves absolutely free from any species of hypocrisy, prudishness, negation, and devaluation of life.”

*From the intelligent mixture of sexual yearning with spiritual enthusiasm springs forth, as if by enchantment, the magical consciousness.*

## **Chapter Two: RASPUTIN**

I wish to emphasize the basic idea which we must formulate thus: “The great fascinators of lubricity and shamelessness be-

long rather to the Casanova type than to the famous Don Juan Tenorio.”

If the cunning Don Juan type reflects all his amorous adventures in the malignant egocentric mirror of his refined fantasy, with the abominable intention of debasing the woman, of vilely profaning her, of violating her and perversely defaming her by the passionate copulation — unique and without repetition in the “push of sin” — an incontrovertible special modality of masculine hatred against the female is evident.

By the law of contrasts, in the Casanova type the libidinous desire of sexual fascination predominates, based exclusively on natural instinctive and sentimental impulses. Unfortunately this class of subject is insatiable and suffers and makes others suffer.

The Casanova type is a sort of “master deceiver” of woman; he seems to have the gift of ubiquity, for he is seen everywhere, here, there, and yonder; he is like the sailor who has a sweetheart in each port; many times he commits himself and swears eternal love.

In contraposition to the refined sexual sadism of the Don Juan type, we discover in the Casanova type the rational Homunculus who wishes to drown in beds of pleasure the unbearable tedium of his own existence.

Another variety, fortunately uncommon, of the fascinator of women, it is fitting that we designate as “devil type.”

One of the most genuine representatives of this sinister type was, without doubt, the Monk Gregor Rasputin: a strange ascetic passionate about the beyond; a sort of rustic hypnotizer in religious habit.

From every angle there stands forth with entire meridian clarity that the despotic magical force of the “Sacred Devil” Rasputin was due exclusively to his tremendous sexual potency.

The Tsar and the Tsarina knelt before him; they believed they saw in that fatal monk a living Saint.

It is obvious that Rasputin found the spirits of the Tsars well disposed, thanks to the French Magician Papus (Dr. Encause), personal physician of the sovereigns.

Waldemar says: “Of the most instructive are the diplomatic memoirs of the former French ambassador in Saint Petersburg, Maurice Paléologue, published by the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.”

“The Ambassador describes an invocation of spirits effected by the conspicuous French occultist Papus (Dr. Encause), and indeed at the express wish of the Tsars. The cause of that session

was the revolutionary disturbances of 1905; Papus was to conjure away the revolt through a great exorcism in the presence of the Tsar, the Tsarina, and the adjutant captain Mandryka.”

“Paléologue, as guarantor for Papus, with whom he had friendly relations, reports:

“Through an intense concentration of his will and an extraordinary increase of his fluid dynamism, the Magician succeeded in evoking the shadow of the most pious Tsar Alexander III: indubitable signs proved the presence of the invisible spirit...”

Despite the anguish that oppressed his heart, Nicholas II nevertheless asked his father whether he should react against the liberal current that threatened to sweep over Russia. The phantom answered: “You must extirpate, cost what it may, the incipient revolution. Yet one day it will sprout forth again, and shall be more violent the harder the present repression is. No matter! Courage, my son! Do not cease to fight!”

Waldemar the wise says: “The Tsar, as a notorious believer in spirits, had then to lend great interest to a man who, like Rasputin, came preceded by great fame as a miraculous healer.”

“The peasant Monk also came from the category, so widespread in the Russia of the epoch, of the so-called village ma-

gicians, possessing a vital magnetism so extraordinary, owing to his unusual sexual potency, that he must have produced the effect of a primitive force breaking into the circles of the Petersburg nobility, partly already degenerated.”

“One of his first feats at the court was to treat magnetically the heir to the throne, who was ill with hemophilia, succeeding in containing his hemorrhages, something that the physicians had not achieved.”

Wise Waldemar continues, saying: “From that instant grand Dukes, Ministers, and the whole clique of the nobility trembled before him, for the circumstance that he held in his hands the life of the TSAREVITCH gained him the unlimited confidence of the Tsar and the Tsarina. And this confidence he knew how to use to his benefit thoroughly; he governed the Tsars at his whim, and hence Russia.”

“As his power constantly increased, a group of adversaries of high lineage and position, at whose head were prince Yussupov and the grand Duke Pavlovitsch, decided to suppress the importunate ‘miraculous Monk.’”

“And so, at a dinner in the palace of the cited prince, the invited monk was served foods and drinks poisoned with Potassium Cyanide, in doses so strong that they would have sufficed to kill a score of men or more in a few seconds. But

Rasputin ate and drank with increasing appetite; the poison did not seem to have any effect upon him.”

“The conjurers became uneasy, but continued urging the hated one to eat and drink more. Not even so; the poison had no power over the miraculous Monk; on the contrary, each time the wretched one seemed to feel more at his ease.”

“In consequence, the conjurers agreed that Yussupov should kill him with a pistol; the prince fired, then Rasputin fell flat on the floor, and the conjurers gave him up for dead.”

“Yussupov, who had hit the Monk in the chest, prepared to turn over the face of the fallen one, but to his horror, Rasputin gave him a push, stood up and with heavy steps tried to escape from the room. Then the conjurer Purischkjewitsch made four shots against the Monk, who again fell, rose up once more, being now beaten with blows from sticks and kicks by the furious Purischkjewitsch, until he seemed definitively finished off. But the vitality of Rasputin was such that he still gave signs of life when the conjurers put his sturdy body in a sack, which they tied, then casting it from a bridge among the ice floes of the Neva.”

This was the tragic end of a man who could have SELF-REALIZED thoroughly.

Unfortunately the Monk Gregor Rasputin did not know how to use wisely the formidable sexual potency with which Nature had endowed him, and descended to the plane of the basest sensuality.

One certain night I proposed to investigate directly the discarnate Rasputin.

Since I know thoroughly all the psychic functions of the EIDOLON (Astral Body) of the authentic man, it was not difficult for me to realize a magical unfolding.

Clothed, then, in that sidereal body of which Philip Theophrastus Bombastus of Hohenheim (Auriolus Paracelsus) spoke so much, I abandoned my physical body to move freely in the Fifth Dimension of nature; in the astral world.

What I saw with the spatial sense (with the Eye of Horus) was terrible. It is not amiss to assert emphatically that I had to penetrate into a frightful tavern where one only saw barrels full of wine, among which slipped here, there, and yonder, a multitude of horrifying creatures resembling men.

I was looking for Rasputin, the sacred Devil; I wished to converse with that strange monk before whom so many princes, Counts, Dukes, and Marquises of the Russian nobility had trembled. But behold that instead of one I, I saw many I's, and

all of them constituted the same EGO of the monk Gregor Rasputin.

I had then before my spiritual sight, in all the presence of my cosmic being, a heap of Devils; a PLURALIZED I within which only one worthy element existed; I wish to refer to the Essence.

Not finding then a responsible subject, I addressed myself to one of those abominable grotesque creatures who passed near me: “Here is the place where you came to end up, Rasputin. This was the result of your disorderly life and of so many orgies and vices.”

“You are mistaken, Samael,” the monstrous figure answered, as if defending himself or justifying his sensual life; and then added: “You need the line of intuition.”

“You cannot deceive me, Rasputin,” were my last words; then I withdrew from that tenebrous den situated in LIMBUS, in the ORCUS of the classics; in the vestibule of the submerged mineral kingdom.

If Rasputin had not done in life so many works of charity, by this hour he would be involving in time within the submerged worlds, beneath the crust of the Earth, in the dwelling of Pluto.

Many years have passed and I continue meditating: human beings still do not have an authentic individuality; the only thing that continues after death is a heap of Devils.

What horror! Devil-I's... Each of our psychological defects is represented by some of those abominable Dantesque creatures...

### **Chapter Three: THE DEVIL CONJUROR**

Patent is the existence of an extraordinary plastic mediator in that intellectual Homunculus mistakenly called “man.”

In emphatic form I wish to refer to the SOLAR PLEXUS, emotional center, wisely placed by nature in the region of the navel.

It is unquestionable that this magnificent ascendant of the tri-cerebrated or tri-centered biped saturates itself integrally with the sexual essence of our creative organs.

We have been told that the “Magic Eye” of the belly is frequently stimulated by the sexual Hydrogen SI-12 which rises from the sexual organs.

It is then an unbreakable axiom of Hermetic philosophy that in the region of the belly exists a powerful sexual energetic accumulator.

Through the sexual agent any representation can take form in the magnetic field of the SOLAR PLEXUS.

The ideoplastic representative constitutes in itself the content of the lower belly.

In no way do we exaggerate when we emphasize the basic idea that in the belly are gestated the I's that later emerge into existence. Such Psychological, ideoplastic entities would in no way come into existence without the sexual agent.

Each I is then a living psychological representation that arises from the belly; the personal EGO is a sum of I's.

The intellectual animal is certainly a machine controlled by various I's.

Some I's represent anger with all its facets, others greed, those lust, etc., etc., etc.

Those are the "Red Demons" cited in the book of the dead of ancient Egypt.

In the name of truth it is indispensable to say that the only worthy thing we carry within is the "ESSENCE"; unfortunately this in itself is dispersed here, there, and yonder, bottled up within each of the various I's.

“The Devil conjuror” takes form in the sexual potency; some very strong I’s are wont to produce varied astonishing physical phenomena.

Waldemar relates the following case: «The prestigious magistrate of the city of San Miniato al Tedesco, situated between Florence and Pisa, had a fifteen-year-old daughter, upon whom “came the Demon” in such a way that it caused a sensation in the country.»

“It was not only that the bed in which the girl was moved from one side of the room to the other, so that one moment it was against one wall and the next against the other; but the Demon broke a great quantity of dishes in the house, opened doors and drawers and made such a din that the inhabitants spent the night trembling and full of terror.”

“In the presence of the parents, the daughter was attacked by the malign one in such a way that, despite the supplications and implorations of the girl, he seized her by the hips and lifted her into the air.”

“In vain did she call out invoking: ‘Holy Virgin Mary! Help me to save myself!’ For — and this in the presence of hundreds of inhabitants of the city — she was dragged out the window, fluttering for several minutes before the house and above the market square.”

“It is not, then, to be wondered at that almost the whole city ran there, men and women, awestruck by the unheard-of, and frightened by the cruelty of the Devil, at the same time praising the valor of the girl.”

«A report of the epoch says: “All were terrified and deeply moved by the appearance of the mother and the women of the family, who with loose hair scratched their cheeks with their nails, beat their breasts with their fists, and filled the air with laments and shouts whose echo resounded through the streets.”»

“The mother, above all, cried out now to her daughter, now to the Demon, asking the latter to cast upon her all the misfortune; then she addressed the people once more, especially the mothers, to kneel down with her imploring help of God, which all did at once.”

«Oh Holy God! Then the daughter hurled down from above upon her mother and consoled the half-dead one, with a joyful countenance: ‘Abandon fear, my mother! Cease to weep, for here is your daughter; do not fear because of the phantom of the Devil, I beg you. Perhaps you believe that I was tortured and vexed, but rather I find myself filled with a delicious and indescribable sweetness, for always the shelter of all the disconsolate has been at my side, aiding me and speaking to me

to give me courage and constancy'; so — she said to me — is heaven won.»

«These words filled those present with joy and astonishment at the same time, and they went away relieved from there; but scarcely had the family returned to its house when the Devil broke out anew, and hurling himself with all violence upon the girl, seized her by the hair, put out lamps and candles, overturned boxes and drawers and all the household objects; and when the father could once more light the lamps, the daughter threw herself upon the crucifix of the house and cried out with a heart-rending voice: 'Make the earth swallow me, oh Lord, before abandoning me; sustain me and liberate me, I implore you earnestly!'

“And so speaking, she burst into weeping, which infuriated the malign one further, who first tore off her shirt from her body, then her wool dress, and finally the silk overgarment, as girls customarily wear; ripping it and destroying everything; and when the poor one was almost naked, he began to pull at her hair.”

«She cried out: 'My father, bring me a dress, cover my nakedness; Holy Virgin, help me!' Finally, and after the demon had made the object of more cruelties, the girl was succeeded in being freed from his arms by a pilgrimage and exorcisms effected by a priest.»

Up to here, then, the interesting account of Waldemar. It is evident that the sadistic Demon that tormented that poor girl was, beyond all doubt, the Devil Conjuror, a strong DEVIL I of the maiden which took form in the sexual potency of herself, that is all.

The flow of ideoplastic, sexual exteriorizations that manifests itself very especially during the years of puberty is wont to be truly tremendous; that is when we create terrible I's capable of producing sensational phenomena.

The rage of not being able to love or the very fact of feeling oneself defrauded by someone is, beyond all doubt, the true hell, and provokes those frightful fluidic sexual emanations capable of being transformed into the Devil Conjuror.

## **Chapter Four: THE ESOTERIC LANCE**

The Christic esoteric lance of the Holy Grail and the pagan Asta of the magical Pacts, brandished by Wotan, are one and the same blessed Pike, held as sacred among all peoples from the most remote antiquity.

Whether truly because it has a Phallic character and is symbolic of virile sexual power, or because it concerns the archaic combat weapon that in the dawn of life man could imagine, it is certain that the Roman Lance was, as is known, something

like the balance of Justice, presiding over all the juridical transactions of primitive Quiritary or lance law (KYRIES), and very especially over nuptials among those who enjoyed the right of citizenship — certainly highly prized.

The Roman matrons who found themselves under the tutelage of the blessed Goddess JUNO were called very wisely CURETIS (CAURETES or KYRIAS, and from this WALKYRIAS), because of CURES or TOWER, the city of the Sabines, founded by Medio Fidio and Himella, their ineffable Gods; and for this reason the Leaders and other men of the Roman Curiae who distinguished themselves as heroes in war were customarily rewarded with a small iron lance, called HASTA PURA — a name which indeed recalls the city HASTINAPURA, divine symbol of the Celestial Jerusalem.

“Matronae in tutela Junonis Curetis essent, quae ita vocabatur ab hasta ferenda quae sabinorum lingua curis dicebatur”...  
“Nec tibi, quae cupidae matura videbere matri, comat virgineas hasta recurva comas” (Ovid, 2 Fast).

“Hasta Pura dicitur, quae sine ferro est, et signum est pacis. Haec donabatur militibus, qui in bello fortiter fecissent” (Suetonius Claudius).

“Translatae hastae dicuntur argumenta oratoria” (Cicero I. I. Or, c. 57).

“Deos in hastario vectigales habetis” (Tertullian, Apologetics, c. 13).

“Ponitur etiam pro autione ineunda, quia auctio cum esset hasta erigebatur” (Calepinus, Hasta).

It is evident and patent that the trunks or tablets of the Law, where the prophet Moses wisely inscribed by the mandate of Jehovah the ten commandments, are in reality nothing other than a double lance of the Runes, on whose phallic significance much documentation exists.

It is not amiss to emphasize the transcendental idea that there exist two more commandments in the Mosaic esotericism.

I wish to refer to the Eleventh and Twelfth commandments, intimately related with the Arcana XI and XII of the Kabbalah.

The first of these — that is, the eleventh — has its classic expression in the Sanskrit DHARMAN CHARA: “Do your duty.”

Remember, brother reader, that you have the duty to seek the narrow, strait and difficult path that leads to the light.

Arcanum XI of the Tarot illuminates this duty: the marvelous force that can dominate and subdue the lions of adversity is essentially spiritual. For this reason it is represented by a beautiful woman who, without apparent effort, opens with her

delightful hands the terrible jaws of Leo, the frightful Puma, the furious lion.

With the eleventh, the twelfth commandment of the law of God is related and intertwined, illustrated by Arcanum XII: “LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE!”

For the light, which constitutes the ESSENCE BOTTLED UP within the I, to truly shine and resplend, it must liberate itself, and this is only possible through the Buddhist annihilation; by dissolving the Ego.

We need to die from instant to instant, from moment to moment; only with the death of the Ego does the new come.

Just as life represents a process of gradual and ever more complete exteriorization, or extroversion, so too the death of the I is a process of gradual interiorization, in which the individual consciousness, the essence, slowly divests itself of its useless garments — just as Ishtar in her symbolic descent — until remaining entirely naked in itself before the great Reality of life free in its movement.

The lance, sex, the Phallus, also plays a great role in numerous oriental legends as a marvelous instrument of salvation and liberation which, wisely brandished by the longing soul, allows it to reduce to cosmic dust all those cavernous entities which in their sinful set constitute the “MYSELF.”

In the sacred land of the Vedas, SHIVA, the THIRD LOGOS (THE SEXUAL ENERGY), has been analyzed profoundly in his creative and destructive aspects...

It is patent, clear, and visible that the subjective aspects, SEXUAL..., fatally crystallize in those multiple entities whose total sum constitutes that which the Egyptians called SETH. (The Ego).

The normal generative power of our endocrine sexual glands is manifest.

Transcendental is the objective creative power of the lord SHIVA, when he works creating the wedding garment of the soul; the TO SOMA HELIAKON; the body of gold of the solar man.

The sexual energy is highly explosive and marvelous. Verily I say to you that he who knows how to use the weapon of Eros (the lance, sex), can reduce the Pluralized I to cosmic dust.

To pray is to converse with God, and one must learn to pray during coitus; in those instants of supreme joy, ask and it shall be given to you, knock and it shall be opened to you...

Whoever puts heart into the supplication and asks his Divine Mother Kundalini to grasp the weapon of Eros, will obtain the

best of results, because she then will help him by destroying the Ego.

However, I tell you that this is a long, patient, and very delicate process. It is unquestionable that the hunter who wishes to catch ten hares at the same time, catches none; so too whoever wishes to eliminate all psychological defects simultaneously, eliminates none.

Within each of us exist thousands of defects, and all of them have many roots and facets that are hidden among the various subconscious folds of the mind.

Each of those psychological defects has animal-like form; within such submerged creatures is bottled up the ESSENCE, the CONSCIOUSNESS.

Pre-condition to every elimination is integral comprehension of the defect that one wishes to eliminate.

Supplicate if you are sure of having understood, and withdraw from coitus without ejaculating the semen.

Making transcendental synthesis on very long and hard works, we shall say: first the Essence must be liberated so that the light may shine in us; then to fuse it with "ATMAN" (the Being), to liberate ourselves from the mind; later to deliver it to the "ANCIENT OF DAYS" (the Father who is in secret, the

Monad) to transform ourselves into resurrected, perfect Masters. And lastly to absorb it definitively in ISHVARA, the LOGOS, first emanation of the supreme PARABRAHMAN (the great Ocean of the Universal spirit of Life).

We conclude now this chapter with the following account. A long time ago when I had not yet reduced the Ego to cosmic dust, I performed a formidable magical invocation.

I called upon a certain Great Master, saying: “Come! Come! Come! Prophet of RA... JOR... KU. Come unto me! He wants to fulfill it! He wants to fulfill it! He wants to fulfill it! AUM... AUM... AUM...” (Intoning this last word as is proper, opening the mouth with the “A,” rounding it with the “U” and closing it with the “M”).

It is not amiss to clarify that the atmosphere was saturated with infinite harmony, charged with “OD”...

The result of the invocation was not long in coming, and the great prophet came to me.

The KABIR assumed a formidable symbolic figure that I could see, hear, touch, and feel in all the presence of my cosmic being.

The Venerable seemed divided into two halves: from the waist upward he shone gloriously; his forehead was high as the un-

conquered walls of the Celestial Jerusalem; his hair like white wool falling upon his immaculate shoulders; his nose straight as that of a God; his eyes profound and penetrating; his beard precious like that of the Ancient of Days; his hands like rings of gold set with hyacinths; his lips like lilies that distill fragrant myrrh...

But in the lower part of his body, from the waist downward, I saw something unusual: horrifying bestial forms, personifying errors, red demons, Devil-I's, within which the consciousness is bottled up.

“I have called upon you to ask you for illumination”: such was my supplication! (It is obvious that in the form of his presentation lay the answer.)

The old one placed his right hand upon my head and said to me: “Call me each time you need me, and I will give you illumination!”... Then he blessed me and went away.

With infinite joy I understood it all; only by eliminating with lance-thrusts those animal-like creatures that we all bear within, and among which the consciousness sleeps, does illumination come to us.

*The Christic esoteric lance of the Holy Grail and the pagan Asta of the magical Pacts, brandished by Wotan, are one and the same blessed Pike,*

*held as sacred among all peoples from the most remote antiquity.*

## **Chapter Five: THE LASCIVIOUS I**

Brognoli elucidates very instructively to what extreme the force of formation (of DEVIL-I's) can reach — one may say IDEOPLASTIC, that is, the sexual representation excited by the sexual organ.

“Having stopped in 1664 in Venice, the Vicar General of a Bishop from the continent came to see me, to ask my advice on the following case”:

“In a convent of nuns there was one very given to voluntary fasting and abstinence. Apart from that, her pleasure and delight was the reading of profane books that dealt with transformations, like those effected by Circe and other enchantresses, or by the ancient Divinities, who turned beings into animals, birds, serpents, and spirits.”

On a certain night the figure of an extraordinarily beautiful youth appeared to her, and while she contemplated him in astonishment, he said to her:

“Fear not, my dear sister! Are you not that nun who delights in fasts beyond all measure? And have you not given yourself wholeheartedly to them? Then know that I am the Angel called

Fasting, and I come to you to give you thanks and to respond with equal love to yours.”

“Once I was the son of a King; but as in my youthful years, in which you also find yourself, I loved and gave myself also entirely to fasting, my father became very angry, scolding me.”

“But I, paying no heed to his admonitions, continued doing my will until he, full of wrath, expelled me from the palace. But the Gods whom I venerated reproved such repudiation and, taking me in, transformed me into an Angel, and giving me the name of Fasting, also bestowed upon me the faculty of adopting the form of a youth, in which you see me, and the gift of never aging.”

“I am furthermore endowed with such mobility that in inexpressibly brief time I can move from one part of the world to another, going and coming invisible, but showing myself to those who love me.”

“And so the Gods having manifested to me that you have destined all your love to me, I come to you to express my gratitude and to remain with you and serve you in all according to your pleasure.”

“For this cause I have today made the great journey; permit me, then, to sleep this night in your bed, if it pleases you. Do

not fear my company, for I am a friend of chastity and modesty.”

“The nun, exceedingly pleased and seduced by this discourse, admitted the Angel into her bed. The first night all went well; he did not move. But on the second he began to embrace her and kiss her, as a sign of gratitude and love, not separating himself from her by day or by night, admonishing her never to tell the secret to her confessor or to anyone.”

“He served her with the greatest zeal and diligence and followed her everywhere. At last, in the year 1664, when the date of the Jubilee arrived, the nun was assaulted by repentance and revealed everything to her confessor, who counseled her to expose the matter in confession also to the Vicar General of the Bishopric, so that he might provide the suitable means to free her from the malign one. Thus, then, the latter came to me in search of advice.”

It is patent that the lascivious spirit Fasting was an I projected so vividly by the nun, that he certainly seemed to be a different person.

It is evident that such an I must have been gestated in the lower belly of the religious before the unusual projection.

The “Magic Eye of the belly,” charged with sexual substance, is a formidable plastic intermediary.

There all the repressed sexual longings take form; all the unsatisfied desires.

## **Chapter Six: EROS**

Doctor Roubaud says the following: “As soon as the virile member penetrates into the vestibulum, the Glans Penis first brushes the Clitoral gland which is at the entrance to the sexual canal, and which through its position and the angle it forms, can yield and bend.”

“After this first excitation of both sensitive centers, the Glans Penis slides over the borders of both vulvae; the collum and corpus Penis will be enveloped by the protruding parts of the vulva, while the Glans Penis, more advanced, is in contact with the fine and delicate surface of the vaginal mucosa, which is elastic to the erectile tissue that is among the individual membranes.”

“This elasticity, which allows the vagina to adapt to the volume of the Penis, still further increases the turgescence and, consequently, the sensitivity of the Clitoris, while it leads to it and to the vulva the blood that had been expelled from the vessels of the vaginal walls.”

“On the other hand, the turgescence and sensitivity of the Glans Penis are increased by the compressive action of the

vaginal tissue, which becomes ever more turgent, and of both vulvae in the vestibule.”

“In addition the Clitoris is pressed downward by the anterior portion of the COMPRESSOR MUSCLE, and meets the dorsal surface of the Glans and the Corpus Penis, brushing with them and being brushed by them, so that each movement influences the copulation of both sexes; and finally, the voluptuous sensations (of the God Eros) adding themselves, lead to that elevated degree of orgasm which, on the one hand, provokes ejaculation, and on the other the reception of the seminal liquor in the cleft opening of the neck of the uterus.”

“When one thinks of the influence that temperament, constitution, and a series of other circumstances, both special and current, have upon the sexual faculty, one is convinced that the question of the difference in the sensation of pleasure between both sexes is far from being resolved, and even that said question, enveloped among all the diverse conditions, is insoluble; this is so true that it presents even difficulty to wish to trace a complete picture of the general manifestations in coitus; but while in one person the sensation of pleasure is translated only into a hardly perceptible vibration, in another it attains the highest point of exaltation, both moral and physical.”

“Between both extremes there are innumerable transitions; acceleration of the circulation of the blood, lively palpitations of the arteries; the venous blood, which is retained in the vessels by muscular concentration, raises the general temperature of the body, and that stagnation of the venous blood, which in an even more pronounced way has its action upon the brain, by the contraction of the neck muscles and the inclining backward of the head, causes a momentary cerebral congestion, during which some lose reason and all intellectual faculties.”

“The eyes, reddened by the injection of the conjunctiva, become fixed and of uncertain gaze, or, as in most cases, close convulsively, to avoid contact with the light.” (This is something that has been integrally proven.)

“Respiration, which in some is panting and interrupted, is interrupted in others by the spasmodic contraction of the larynx, and the air, retained for some time, finally seeks a path to the exterior, mixed with disconnected and incomprehensible words.”

“As I have indicated, the congested nervous centers produce only confused impulses.”

“The movement and sensation show an indescribable disorder; the limbs are seized by convulsions, sometimes also by cramps; they move in all directions, or contract and stiffen like

iron bars; the jaws clenched even to gnashing of the teeth, and certain persons go so far in their erotic delirium that, forgetting completely their partner, they bite her in these spasms of pleasure on the shoulder until making her bleed.”

“This frenetic state, this epilepsy and this delirium of Eros, customarily last only a brief time, but sufficiently long as to completely exhaust the energy of the organism in the intellectual animal who is ignorant of Sexual Magic, and for whom such hyperexcitation must conclude with a more or less abundant loss of sperm, while the woman, however energetically she may have participated in the sexual act, suffers only a passing lassitude that is much more reduced than that of the man, and which permits her to recover more rapidly to repeat the coitus.”

«“Triste est omne animal post coitum, praeter mulierem gal-lumque,” Galen has said — an axiom which in the essential is exact in respect to the masculine sex.»

In love, neither sorrow nor joy matters; only that which is called love...

While free love binds, disunion kills it, because Eros is what truly unites.

Love is kindled with love, like fire with fire: but... Whence came the first flame? It springs forth in you beneath the rod of

sorrow... you know it.

Then... O Gods!... When the hidden fire bursts forth in flames, the within and the without are one single thing, and all the barriers fall reduced to ashes.

Love begins with a sparkle of sympathy, becomes substantial with the force of fondness, and is synthesized in adoration.

A perfect matrimony is the union of two beings, one who loves more and one who loves better...

Love is the best attainable religion. To love? How beautiful it is to love! Only simple and pure souls know how to love. Love is nourished with love. Fan the flame of the spirit with the force of EROS.

“Since the union of the sexes can be equivalent to a creative act, which adheres to the potency and splendor of the first day, Luther denominates the sexual organs the HONESTISSIMAE ET PRAESTANTISSIMAE PARTES CORPORIS. It was through sin that the most useful and honest members became the most shameful.”

Muhammad said: “Coitus is an act even pleasing to Religion, provided that it is realized with the invocation of Allah and with one’s own wife for reproduction,” (or better, for sexual Transmutation).

The QURAN says: “Go, take a maiden for a wife, whom you caress and who caresses you; do not pass to coitus without having first excited yourself with caresses.”

The prophet emphasizes thus: “Your wives are for you a tilled field. Go to it as you please, but perform first some act of devotion. Fear God and do not forget that one day you must find yourself in His presence.”

“The author of EL KTAB, a writing extraordinarily prized by the Arabs, is not satiated in the glorification of coitus; this is for him the most magnificent and sacred hymn of praise, the noblest yearning of man and his companion after the primitive unity and the paradisiacal delights.”

“The famous Theologian often emphasizes the sublime and Divine character of the carnal act; he takes a decisive position against the profane and gross natures who satisfy in it only their animal voluptuousness.”

“These,” he says, “have not comprehended nor seen that love is the FIAT LUX of the book of Moses, the Divine mandate, the law for all continents, seas, worlds, and spaces.”

«And in his further explanations, the author of “EL KTAB” reveals the primitive esoteric science, that in the depths the physical union of man and woman is a supernatural act, a paradisiacal reminiscence, the most beautiful of all the hymns of

praise directed by the creature to the Creator, the Alpha and Omega of all creation.»

«The Sheikh Nefrani puts these words in the mouth of a sage: “Woman is similar to a fruit whose aroma is first inhaled when one takes her by the hand. If one does not warm, for example with the hand, the herb of basil, its aroma is not noticed. Amber gives off its fragrance only when warmed. And this you well know. So too with woman: When you wish to pass to the act of love, you must first warm her heart with all the preparations of the art of loving, with kisses, embraces, and small nibbles. If you neglect this, no complete enjoyment will be granted to you, and all the enchantments of the lovers will remain hidden from you.”»

In a very wise treatise on Chinese medicine I have read the following: “Taoism has other influences in medicine, as the reading of a compilation of Taoist treatises, the Sing-Ming-Kuei-Chen, of the year 1622 approximately, proves.”

“Three regions are distinguished in the human body. The superior or cephalic region is the origin of the spirits that dwell in the body.”

“The Jade pillow (Yu Chen) is found in the lower posterior part of the head. The so-called bone of the pillow is the occiput (Chen-Ku).”

«The palace of Ni-Huan (a term derived from the Sanskrit word Nirvana) is found in the brain, also called the “sea of bone marrow” (Suie-Hai); it is the origin of the seminal substances.»

«The middle region is the spinal column, considered not as a functional axis but as a conduit that joins the cerebral cavities with the genital centers; it ends in a point called “the celestial column” (Tiien Chu) situated behind the nape at the point where the hair begins; this point must not be confused with the acupuncture point of the same name.»

“The inferior region comprises the field of cinnabar (Tun-Ten), with which we shall occupy ourselves later; in it resides genital activity, represented by the two kidneys: the fire of the tiger (Yang) on the left and the fire of the Dragon (Ying) on the right.”

“The sexual union is symbolized by a couple; a young man leads the white tiger and a young woman rides upon the green Dragon; the lead (Masculine Element) and the mercury (feminine element) are about to mix; as soon as they are united, the youths cast their essence into a bronze cauldron, symbol of sexual activity. But the genital liquids, in particular the sperm (Tsing), are not eliminated and lost, but can return to the brain through the spinal column, thanks to which the course of life is recovered.”

“The basis of these Taoist sexual practices is the COITUS RESERVATUS, in which the sperm that has descended from the encephalon to the prostatic region (but which has not been ejaculated), returns to its origin; this is what is called causing the substance to return (Huan-Tsin).”

“Whatever objections may be formulated regarding the reality of this return, it is no less certain that the Taoists conceived a cerebral dominion of the elementary instincts that kept the degree of genesic excitation below the threshold of ejaculation; they gave to the sexual act a new style and a finality distinct from fecundation.”

The esoteric VIPARITAKARANI teaches scientifically how the Hindustani Yogi, instead of ejaculating the semen, makes it rise slowly through concentration, so that man and woman united sexually can eliminate the animal Ego.

The ancient Greeks knew very exactly the essential kinship between death and the sexual act; in Eros they presented the “Genie of death,” the god holding in his hand a torch inclined downward, as bringer of death.

The sexual being the most profound and primitive force of all in men, it is considered by the Tantra as the cosmogonic Eros, the igneous serpent of our magical powers.

Very far from violating our intimate essence in the sense of brutal concupiscence, or of becoming organically numbed by a spasm that lasts only a few seconds, the practitioner takes instead the potency of his particular Divine Mother Kundalini, to fuse with her in a unity and eliminate this or that I, that is, this or that psychological defect previously thoroughly comprehended.

Only with death does the new come. Thus is how Eros with his torch, inclined downward, reduces to cosmic dust all those Psychic aggregates that in their set constitute the I.

The Mantram or magical word that symbolizes the whole work of Sexual Magic is KRIM.

In this Mantram a great imagination must be employed, which works directly upon Eros, and the latter acts in turn upon the imagination, infusing it with energy and transforming it into magical force.

To put oneself in contact with the mobile universal potency, the practitioner perceives various images, but above all his adorable Divine Mother is revealed to him with the sacred lance in her right hand, fighting furiously against that DEVIL-I which personifies this or that Psychological error which we long to destroy.

The practitioner, chanting his mantram KRIM, then fixes his imagination, his translucid, upon the element fire, so that he himself feels as a burning flame, as a single flame, as a terrible bonfire that incinerates the DEVIL-I that characterizes the Psychological defect we wish to annihilate.

The extreme sensibility of the sexual organs always announces the proximity of the spasm; then we must withdraw in time to avoid the ejaculation of the semen.

Continue the work afterward, the man lying on the floor in dorsal decubitus (face up) and the woman in her bed...; supplicate the Divine Mother Kundalini; ask with simple phrases coming from the sincere heart; eliminate with the lance of Eros, with the sexual force, the I that personifies the error we have truly comprehended and which we long to reduce to cosmic dust.

Bless lastly the water contained in a very clean crystal glass, and drink it giving thanks to the Divine Mother.

All this ritual of PANCHATATTVA frees the hero from all sin; no tenebrous one can resist him; the terrestrial and supraterritorial powers are subordinated to him, and he walks upon the earth with awakened consciousness.

Feared by all the Demons, he lives as Lord of Salvation in complete bliss; he escapes the law of rebirth, for through long

and terrible works of Sexual Magic he has used the formidable electric power of Eros, not for brutal animal-type satisfactions, but to reduce the PLURALIZED I to dust.

*All this ritual of PANCHATATTVA frees the hero from all sin; no tenebrous one can resist him; the terrestrial and supraterrrestrial powers are subordinated to him, and he walks upon the earth with awakened consciousness.*

## **Chapter Seven: LUSTFUL I'S**

Because in the deceased age of Pisces the Catholic Church excessively limited the moral life of the people, by means of multiple prohibitions, it cannot cause astonishment that precisely Satan, as living incarnation of the most bestial appetites, occupied in a special manner the fantasy of those persons who, contained in free dealing with the human species, believed themselves obligated to a marked virtuous life.

Thus, and according to the analogy of contraries, that which was held in the daily mind was required all the more intensely, precisely from the subconscious, the more or less action the instinctive or impulse energies, eventually repressed, demanded.

This tremendous desire for action was able to so increase the sexual libido, that in many places they reached the abominable carnal commerce with the malign one.

The wise Waldemar says textually the following:

“At Hessimont the nuns were visited — as Wyer, the chamber physician of Cleves, recounts — by a Demon who at night precipitated himself like a whirlwind of air into the dormitory and, suddenly calmed, played the zither so marvelously that the nuns were tempted to dance.”

“Then he jumped in the figure of a dog upon the bed of one of them, upon whom consequently fell the suspicion that she had called the malign one.” (Miraculously, it did not occur to the religious women to place the case in the hands of the Inquisition.)

It is unquestionable that that Demon transformed into a Dog burning like fire was a lustful I that, after playing the zither, lost itself in the body of its owner who lay in bed.

Poor nun of ancestral sexual passions forcibly repressed; how much she must have suffered!

Astonishing! The sexual power of that unhappy anchorite; instead of creating Demons in the Cenoby, she could have elimi-

nated with the lance of Eros the submerged beasts had she followed the path of perfect matrimony.

«The chamber physician Wyer next describes a case that shows the “EROTOMANIA” of the nuns of Nazareth, in Cologne.»

“These nuns had been assaulted for many years by every class of plague of the Devil, when in the year 1564 a particularly frightful scene took place among them. They were cast to the ground, in the same posture as in the carnal act, keeping their eyes closed during the time they so remained.” (The closed eyes here clearly indicate the sexual act with the Demon, the self-copulation, for it is a question of coitus with the lustful I projected to the exterior by the subconscious.)

“A girl of fourteen — says Wyer — who was confined in the cloister was the one who gave the first indication regarding this.”

“She had often experienced strange phenomena in her bed, being discovered by her stifled little laughs; and although she made the effort to drive away the imp with a consecrated stole, he returned each night.”

“It had been arranged that a sister should lie with her, with the purpose of helping her to defend herself, but the poor one was terrified as soon as she heard the noise of the struggle.”

“Finally, the young one became completely possessed and lamentably attacked by spasms.”

“When she had an attack, it seemed as if she were deprived of sight; and even when she had the appearance of being in her senses and looking well, she pronounced strange and uncertain words that bordered on desperation.”

“I investigated this phenomenon as physician in the cloister on May 25, 1565, in the presence of the noble and discreet H. H. Constantine Von Lyskerkern, honorable councilor, and master John Alternau, former dean of Cleves.”

“Master John Eshst, notable Doctor in medicine, and finally, my son, Henry, also Doctor in Pharmacology and Philosophy, were also present.”

“I read on this occasion terrible letters which the girl had written to her gallant, but none of us doubted for an instant that they were written by the possessed in her attacks.”

“It was concluded that the origin lay in some youths who, playing ball in the vicinity, had established amorous relations with some nuns, climbing afterward over the walls to enjoy their lovers.”

“The thing was discovered and the way was closed. But then the Devil, the conjuror, beguiled the fantasy of the poor ones,

taking the figure of their friend (becoming a new lustful I) and made them represent the horrible comedy before the eyes of everyone.”

“I sent letters to the convent, in which I disentangled the whole question and prescribed adequate and Christian remedies, so that with the same they could settle the unfortunate matter...”

“The Devil conjuror is here no other than the concrete, exacerbated sexual potency, which from the moment it no longer occupied itself in commerce with the youths, took the form of the friend in fantasy, and in such a vivid manner indeed, that the appreciable reality of the act took on — perhaps precisely because of the isolation — even more intense forms with respect to the other longed-for sex; forms that so plastically seduced the inner eye of the unleashed instinct, that to explain them it was necessary precisely to lay the blame on the Devil.”

## **Chapter Eight: THE I OF WITCHCRAFT**

The wise author of the book «Specimen of British Writers», Barnett, presents an extraordinary case of Witchcraft:

“Fifty years ago there lived in a village in the county of Somerset an old woman who was generally considered a Witch.”

“Her body was dry, and bent by age; she walked with crutches. Her voice was cavernous, of mysterious but simulated solemnity; from her eyes sprang a penetrating glimmer which left silent in horror whomever it fell upon.”

“Suddenly, a healthy youth of about twenty-one, from the same locality, was assaulted by a nightmare so persistent that his health was affected, and within three to four months he became weak, pale, and thin, with all the symptoms of a life that was being exhausted.”

“Neither he nor anyone of his family doubted the cause, and after taking counsel he made the decision to keep watch for the witch.”

“So, on the very following night, toward eleven-thirty, he perceived some quiet, stealthy steps on the staircase.”

“Once the fearsome being had arrived at the room, it went to the foot of the bed, then climbed onto it, and crawled slowly toward the youth.”

“He let her do so until she reached his knees, and then seized her with both hands by the hair, holding her down with convulsive force, calling at the same time to his mother, who slept in an adjoining room, to bring a light.”

“While the mother went to fetch it, the youth and the unknown being fought in the dark, both rolling furiously on the floor, until at the first glimpse from the staircase, the woman wrenched herself free with supernatural force from the young man and disappeared like a flash from his sight.”

“The mother found her son standing, still panting from the effort and with locks of hair in both hands.”

«When he related the phenomenon to me — says Barnett — I asked him with curiosity whence he had drawn the hair. To which he answered: ‘I was clumsy in not having succeeded in holding her, for that would have better demonstrated the identity of the person.’»

“But in the whirlwind of my sensations I made her fall to the floor, and the witch to whom the hairs belonged took good care not to appear before my sight again, nor for that matter to come to molest me at night, for she had taken a good beating.”

“It is strange — he added — that while I held her and fought with her, although I knew who she must be, her breath and her whole body seemed those of a fresh girl.”

“The man to whom this happened is still alive; he told me the episode more than once and, therefore, I can certify the authenticity of the fact, think as one will about the cause.”

Commenting on the case, the wise Waldemar says: “This account contains two points of great weight: In the first place, the young man was certain that his nightmare had as its cause the witch who lived in the locality, and he also knew this witch from his fleeting encounters in passing during the day, and in her nightly astral visits.”

“In the second place, the witch bent by age and supported by crutches was transformed at the end of several months — during which he was weakening and being consumed — into the image of a fresh girl. Where is the cause of this evident rejuvenation of the old one to be found?”

“To answer this question — continues Waldemar — we must have before our sight the mechanism of the Eidolon, the Double.”

«If the aura that envelops and shrouds beings represents also a faithful reflection of their body, so that in it are correspondingly contained with exactitude their defects and weaknesses, the “double body” presents, as it were, an increased evidence, which, for example, is manifested often in gravely wounded persons, in such a way that one can feel pains in a limb amputated several years before, and indeed as intense as if it still existed.»

«This invulnerable integrity of the double is based on the “creator principle” that the form given by nature, the congenital one of the being, is contained in a sort of first germ.»

“In this, just as in the acorn, is contained the structure of the entire tree; the being is hidden in its living image.”

“By means of multiple false actions and deviations, the astral vibratory tissue that links with the primitive body is reflected in the course of life.”

«With respect to “primitive bodies” we should still indicate that Professor Hans Spemann, of the University of Freiburg, obtained in the year 1955 the Nobel prize of Medicine and Psychology, owing to his demonstration in transcendental studies, that in the early stages of embryonic development a sculptor of life is active, an “ideoplastic chemist” who forms the protoplasm according to a predetermined image.»

“Starting from these studies of Spemann, Professor Oscar E. Schotté of Yale University managed to prove, through his experiments with Salamanders, that ‘the sculptor of life’ does not disappear by any means, just as Spemann had supposed, after the time of embryonic development, but is maintained throughout the entire life of the individual.”

«A small piece of tissue, coming from the usual wound of a man, could, according to Professor Schotté, when grafted

upon a virgin and living “terrain,” reconstruct in entirely identical manner the whole body of the man in question who had been wounded. Perhaps experiments in the laboratories of homunculi will lead one day to reinforce practically in unsuspected measure the theories of Professor Schotté.»

It is obvious that the abominable harpy of this bloody account, by means of a certain “modus operandi” unknown to the vulgar, was able to suck or vampirize the vitality of the young man to transplant it to her own “primitive body”; only thus can the unusual rejuvenation of the body of the old woman be scientifically explained.

It is unquestionable that the “ideoplastic chemist,” impregnated by the vitality of the youth, was able to reconstruct the decrepit organism of the old woman.

While the life of the young man was wasting away frightfully, the fatal old woman of leftist tenebrous sabbats was recovering her ancient youth.

It is patent that the boy could have captured her had he not committed the error of seizing her by the hair; it would have been better to grasp her by the waist or by the arms.

Many of these abysmal harpies, surprised in flagrante, have been captured by other procedures.

Some ancient traditions say: “If we place on the floor a pair of steel scissors open in the form of a cross, and if we sprinkle black mustard around this metallic instrument, any witch can be trapped.”

It causes astonishment! That some illustrious occultists are unaware that these witches can elude the law of universal gravitation.

Although the news may seem unusual, we emphasize the idea that this is possible by placing the physical body within the fourth dimension.

It is in no way strange that these harpies, placed with their physical body within the unknown dimension, can levitate and travel in a few seconds to any place in the world.

It is evident that they have secret formulas to escape from the three-dimensional world of Euclid.

In strictly occultist terms we may well qualify those tenebrous creatures as “JINAS.”

The human organism offers certainly surprising possibilities. Remember, beloved readers, the execrable Celaeno and her filthy harpies, monsters with the head and neck of a woman. Horrendous big birds of the islands Strophades, found in the Ionian Sea.

Provided with long claws, they always have in their face the pallor of hunger. Terrible furies that with their contact corrupt everything they touch, and who once were beautiful maidens.

The principal capital of all these abominations is in Salamanca, Spain. There is the famous castle of Klingsor — the hall of witchcraft —, Sanctuary of darkness opportunely cited by Richard Wagner in his «Parsifal».

God and Holy Mary help me!... If people knew all this, they would seek the Castle of Klingsor through all those old streets of Salamanca...

However, both the Divine and the human well know that the castle of the black Grail is in the lands of “Jinas,” in the unknown Dimension.

On Tuesdays and Saturdays at midnight, those CALCHONAS gather there with their drones to celebrate their orgies.

When some harpy of these has been caught, what a thrashing, beating, or whipping she has received, for the poor people still do not know how to return good for evil...

It is necessary to be comprehensive and, instead of getting bogged down in the mud of infamy, to surpass such harpies through love, to approach the problem with valor and admonish with wisdom.

“Judge not, that ye be not judged.” Because with the judgment by which you judge, you shall be judged; and with the measure by which you measure, it shall be measured unto you.

“And why do you look at the speck that is in your brother’s eye, and not perceive the beam that is in your own eye?”

“Or how will you say to your brother: ‘let me take the speck out of your eye’ — and behold the beam in your own eye?”

“Hypocrite! First take the beam out of your own eye, and then you will see well to take the speck out of your brother’s eye.”

“He who is clean from sin, let him cast the first stone”...

Although it may seem incredible, it is good to know that many honorable and even religious persons carry within them the I of witchcraft.

In other words, we will say: honest and sincere people who in their present existence know nothing of occultism, esotericism, etc., nevertheless carry within themselves the I of witchcraft.

It is obvious that such an I is wont to travel through time and distance to cause damage to one or another.

Any fleeting interest in Witchcraft in some previous life could have created such an I.

This means that in the world there exist many people who without knowing it unconsciously practice witchcraft.

Verily I say to you that many are the devotees of the path who also bear within themselves the I of witchcraft.

We shall conclude the present chapter by saying: every human being — even though he be on the path on the razor's edge — is more or less black insofar as he has not eliminated the PLURALIZED I.

## **Chapter Nine: THE SEXUAL PAROXYSM**

With the Sahaja Maithuna (Sexual Magic), as practiced in the schools of white Tantrism, the power of the will is infinitely multiplied through the unleashing and omnipotent actualization of the subtle nervous currents.

The delicious paroxysm of sexual union is not only a reflection of Tamas, according to the Tantra; we need to inquire, to investigate, to research.

In the paroxysm of joys we must discover directly the cosmic and creative synthesis of SHIVA (The Holy Spirit) and of SHAKTI (His Divine spouse Kundalini).

While the common and ordinary intellectual animal is fatally conquered by abominable concupiscence and carried away by

passionate affections — in a word, suffers in enjoyment, for the vile consummation of pleasure — the Gnostic esotericist in full ecstasy during coitus penetrates victorious into the region of the Monads, into the splendid world of the TATTVA ANUPADAKA.

The previous degree to that world of ANUPADAKA is the extraordinary principle of the potency that is found in the dominion of space, time, and causality, and is denominated AKASHA - TATTVA. (The dwelling of ATMAN - BUDDHI - MANAS).

It is written with words of gold in the great book of all splendors, that the Sexual Paroxysm is PROTO-TATTVIC.

The play of extraordinary vibrations begins during the MAITHUNA with the Tattva of gold, Prithvi, the magnificent ether of the perfumed earth, keeping exact concordance with our physical body.

The harp of delight continues vibrations causing the water of universal life (APAS), the ENS SEMINIS, to tremble.

The breath (Vayu) is patently altered, and in the subtle atmosphere of the world the lyre of Orpheus resounds.

The sacred Flame is kindled (Tejas) in the mysterious candelabrum of the spinal column.

Now... O Gods!, the knight (Superior Manas) and his lady (Buddhi), embrace ardently in the region of the pure AKASHA, trembling with the sexual paroxysm.

However, it is patent and manifest that AKASHA is only a bridge of marvels and prodigies between the TATTVAS Prithvi (Earth) and ANUPADAKA (The world of splendors).

The Sexual Paroxysm crosses the bridge of bliss and penetrates into the world of Atziluth, the region of ANUPADAKA, the dwelling of SHIVA and SHAKTI; then HE and SHE shine gloriously intoxicated with love.

Women, listen to me: the SHAKTI must be lived regally during coitus as MAYA - SHAKTI (Woman - Eve - Goddess); only thus can the consubstantiation of love in the Psycho-physiological realism of your nature be successfully attained.

The Gnostic Male during the SAHAJA MAITHUNA (Sexual Magic) must personify SHIVA (The Holy Spirit) and feel himself flooded with that marvelous force of the Third Logos.

“Kalyanamalla repeatedly refers to the fact that the fulfillment of the code of love is much more difficult than the profane person imagines.”

«The preparatory enjoyments are already complicated; art must, then, be employed exactly according to the precepts, to

enliven the passion of the woman in the same way that a bonfire is enlivened, and that her YONI may become more soft, elastic, and apt for the “act of love.”»

«The “ANANGARANGA” gives great importance to both components of the pair not letting any cooling, weariness, or satiety creep into their common life in their relations, performing the consummation of love with concentration and total surrender. The form of the sexual act, that is, the position in it, is denominated ASANA.»

For the knowledge of some readers of a certain age, we will transcribe in the present chapter the position denominated TIRYAK:

“The position TIRYAK has three subdivisions, in which the woman always lies on her side.”

[“The man places himself lengthwise beside the woman, takes one of her legs and places it upon his waist. Only with a fully developed woman can this posture completely satisfy; it must be omitted with a young one.”, "li"]

[“Man and woman lie stretched on their sides, she having to move not in the least.”, "li"]

[“Stretched on his side, the man penetrates between the hips of the woman, so that one thigh is beneath him, while the oth-

er rests upon his waist.”, "li"]

It is fitting to invoke KAMADEVA during the SAHAJA MAITHUNA in the “Forge of the Cyclops.”

“KAMADEVA: The Hindu God of love. Literally his name means God of desire, and he is regarded as the son of heaven and of illusion.”

“Rati, tenderness, is his wife, and Vasanta (the season of flowering) his companion, who constantly carries his quiver with flowers on the points of the arrows.”

«KAMADEVA had a visible figure, but as he disturbed the Lord of creation, Hara, in his practices, the latter reduced him to ashes with a glance; the Gods resurrected him, dripping nectar upon them, and from then on he is called the “incorporeal.”»

“He is represented riding upon a parakeet, his bow being of sugar cane and its string formed of bees.”

The earthly pair ADAM - EVE through the SAHAJA MAITHUNA (Sexual Magic), finds its correspondence in the pair, more human and purer, in the elevated divine pair SHIVA - SHAKTI.

“Homer has made a description, at once desired and magical, of the amorous embrace of the Divine pair”:

“Beneath them, the germinating earth produced flowering verdure, lotuses, succulent clovers and hyacinths and saffron which, dense, turgent and tender, rose from the ground; and they lay there and drew up the twinkling and golden clouds, and the sparkling dew fell to the earth.”

Intoxicated by the wine of love, preciously adorned with the tunic of transcendent spirituality and crowned with the flowers of bliss, we must take advantage of the tremendous vibration of the Tattva ANUPADAKA during the sexual paroxysm to supplicate the igneous serpent of our magical powers to eliminate from our interior nature the psychological defect which we have already comprehended, in depth, in all the regions of the subconscious.

Thus is how we go on dying from instant to instant, from moment to moment; only with death does the new come.

*In the paroxysm of joys we must discover directly the cosmic and creative synthesis of SHIVA (The Holy Spirit) and of SHAKTI (His Divine spouse Kundalini).*

## **Chapter Ten: TENEBROUS VISITORS**

The wise Waldemar textually says: “A contemporary of Brognoli, the priest Coleti, tells us of a woman of his parish

who came to him with her husband.”

“She was devout and of good customs, but for ten years she had been beset by a certain spirit who by day and by night suggested to her the dishonest, and even when she was not asleep proceeded with her as an incubus, so that what she suffered was in no way a dream.”

But he did not manage to obtain her consent, she remaining unbreakable. Thus, the exorcist had only to pronounce the “Praeceptum leviticum” against the Demon, and henceforth she found herself free of him.

“In this case — says Waldemar — we see that when the consciousness of an obsessed person to such a point has imagined, as a subterfuge, the violation by the Demon — that is to say, almost a possession against her will — the state can be overcome through the process of an expulsion of the lascivious spirit by the still untyrannized moral forces.”

“But if the incubus (the lascivious I), the lustful image created by one’s own fantasy, affirms itself without opposition to the end, the individual himself converted into incubus performs, split into two beings, an AUTO-COPULATION. In this case, the obsession ends generally in total dementia.”

“Thus Brognoli attempted in the spring of 1643 to liberate in vain from an incubus a girl of twenty.”

“I went — he says — with her confessor to her house; scarcely had we penetrated into it when the Demon, who was given over to his task, slipped away. I then spoke to the girl, and she told me in detail what the Demon was doing with her person.”

“From her account I did not delay in comprehending that, although she denied it, she had given, nevertheless, indirect consent to the Demon. For when she noticed his approach, by the dilation and lively tingling of the affected parts, she did not seek refuge in prayer nor invoke God and the Holy Virgin for help, nor the Guardian Angel, but ran to her room and lay down in bed, so that the malign one could perform his task more comfortably and pleasingly.”

“When I tried to awaken in her, in conclusion, a firm trust in God to be liberated, she remained indifferent and without echo, noting rather a resistance, as if she did not wish to be liberated.”

“I left her, then, not without first having given some prescriptions to her parents about discipline and repression of the body of their daughter by fasts and ablutions.”

“But it was not only women who were so visited — says the wise Waldemar; Brognoli was led in Bergamo to a young merchant of about twenty-two years of age, who had grown thin to

the point of being a pure skeleton, due to being tormented by a succubus.”

“For several months, on lying down on his bed, the Demon had appeared to him in the figure of an extraordinarily beautiful girl whom he loved.”

“On crying out while contemplating that figure, she had urged him to be silent, assuring him that she was truly the same girl, and that because her mother beat her, she had fled from home, going to that of her beloved.”

“He knew that this was not his Teresa, but some Imp; nevertheless, after some conversation and a few embraces, he took her with him to bed.”

“Afterward the figure said to him that, indeed, she was not the girl, but a Demon that loved him — one of his Devil-I’s — and that for this reason he united with him day and night.”

“This lasted several months, until God liberated him through Brognoli, and he did penance for his sins.”

Through this unusual account, the AUTO-COPULATION with a DEVIL-I that had taken the form of the beloved woman is completely patent and manifest.

It is unquestionable that that lad of ardent imagination and frightful lust had unconsciously used the ideoplastic faculty to

give subtle form to his beloved.

Thus came into existence a succubus I, a passionate Demon of long hair and short ideas.

It is obvious that within that female Devil a good part of his consciousness remained bottled up.

Paracelsus says in this regard in his work «De origine morborum invisibilium Lib III»:

“Incubi and succubi have been formed from the sperm of those who perform the unnatural imaginative act of masturbation (in thoughts or desires).”

“And since it only proceeds from the imagination, it is not an authentic (material) sperm but a corrupted salt.”

“Only the semen that comes from an organ indicated by nature for its development can germinate into a body.”

“When the sperm does not come from appropriate matter (nutritional substrate), it will produce nothing good, but will generate something useless.”

“For this reason incubi and succubi, which come from corrupted semen, are harmful and useless according to the natural order of things.”

“These germs formed in the imagination have been born IN AMORE HEREOS, which means a kind of love in which a man imagines a woman, or vice versa, to perform copulation with the image created in the sphere of his spirit.”

“From this act results the evacuation of a useless ethereal fluid, incapable of generating a creature, but in a position to bring larvae into existence.”

Such an imagination is the mother of an exuberant shamelessness, which, continued, can render a man impotent and a woman sterile, since in the frequent practice of such a sick imagination much of the true creative energy is lost.

The I-LARVAE of lasciviousness are true autonomous thinking entities within which a good percentage of consciousness remains bottled up.

The larvae of which Paracelsus speaks are nothing other than those cultivated thought-forms which owe their force and their existence solely to denatured imagination.

## **Chapter Eleven: JOHN’S HEAD**

“The kettledrums resounded and shouts burst forth in the multitude. But the tetrarch dominated all the uproar with his voice”:

“Hey! Hey! Capernaum shall be yours! And the plain of Tiberias! Half of my kingdom!”

“Then she cast herself to the floor, and suddenly her heels swayed in the air, and she advanced several meters on her hands, like a great beetle.”

“Then she leaped to her feet, and now fixed her gaze upon Herod. She had her lips painted carmine and her eyebrows black, and her eyes sparkled with dangerous glimmer, twinkling droplets bursting on her brow.”

“Steadfastly Herod and Salome contemplated each other, until from the gallery Herodias snapped her fingers.”

“Then Salome smiled, showing her white and firm teeth, and whispered like a modest and timid maiden.”

“I want on a platter the head — she had forgotten the name; but smiling again, she said clearly: ‘The head of John!’”

“She was perhaps somewhat angry with her beloved, and had him decapitated; but when she contemplated the beloved head on the platter, she wept and went mad and perished in erotic delirium.”

Horrifying intimate battle in the Psyche of Salome; I of resentment dragging in its abominable decadence all the other I's. Repulsive triumph of the Homicidal Devil... Terror... Horror...

Herod feared the multitude because he considered John as a prophet. In chapter XI of the Gospel of Matthew, John the Baptist is spoken of as a true “JINA,” a celestial man, a demigod, superior to the prophets, for Jesus himself says of him:

“Verily I say to you that he is much more than a prophet, for of him it is written”:

“Behold, I send my angel before your face, so that he may go before you preparing and clearing the path for you.”

“Among the men born of woman, none greater has arisen than he, although he is less than the one who shall be least in the kingdom of heaven; and if you will, then, receive him, know that he is that Elijah who is said is to come... He who has ears to hear, let him hear.”

These words of the Great Kabir Jesus link the two great Hebrew personages into one alone.

John the Baptist, decapitated by the lustful Salome, was truly the most vivid reincarnation of Elijah the prophet of the Most High.

In that epoch the Nazarenes were known as Baptists, Sabeans, and Christians of Saint John; the error of such people consist-

ed in the absurd belief that the Kabir Jesus was not the Son of God, but simply a prophet who wished to follow John.

Origen (Vol. II, page 150) observes that “there are some who say of John the Baptist that he was the anointed one (Christus).” When the conceptions of the Gnostics, who saw in Jesus the Logos and the anointed one, began to gain ground, the primitive Christians separated themselves from the Nazarenes, who unjustly accused the Hierophant Jesus of perverting the Doctrines of John and of changing the Baptism in the Jordan for another. (Codex Nazarenius, II. Page 109).

Salome naked, drunk on wine and on passion, with the innocent head of John the Baptist between her erotic arms, dancing before King Herod, made the lands of Tiberias, Jerusalem, Galilee, and Capernaum tremble...

However, we must not be so scandalized: Salome lies very hidden in the depths of many women... You know it... And let no man boast of being perfect because in each one a Herod is hidden.

To kill is evidently the most destructive act and of greatest corruption that is known on the planet Earth.

It is written in the book of all the mysteries that one does not only kill with daggers, firearms, gallows, or poison; many are those who kill with a glance of scorn, with an ironic smile, or

with a burst of laughter; with a letter or with ingratitude and calumny.

Verily I say to you that the world is full of Uxoricides, Matricides, Parricides, Fratricides, etc., etc., etc.

It is necessary to love much and copulate wisely with the adored one if we truly wish to reduce to cosmic dust the Homicidal Devil, by means of the omnipotent lance of Eros.

## **Chapter Twelve: THE END OF A FATAL TRIANGLE**

Let us now present a frightful case that in emphatic form comes to demonstrate to us what the leftist and tenebrous I of jealousy is in the conjugal interchange of husband and wife.

The horrifying event occurred in the year 1180 in Provence, the news spreading everywhere, finally penetrating in 1250 into literature, somewhat in the form of an epic.

“It happened that William of Cabstaing, son of a poor knight of the castle of Cabstaing, arrived at the court of Lord Raymond of Roussillon, and after presenting himself, asked whether he would be welcomed as a squire. The Baron found him of good bearing and bid him welcome to remain at his court.”

“William, then, remained and knew how to behave so courteously that high and low loved him; and he also knew how to distinguish himself so much that Baron Raymond destined him for the service of Lady Margaret, his wife, as page. William now strove to be even more worthy in words and deeds; but as is a matter that concerns love, Lady Margaret found herself captivated by him, with senses inflamed.”

His diligence in service, his speech and his constancy so pleased her that one day she could not contain herself from asking him: “Tell me, William, would you love a woman who showed you signs of loving you?” To which William sincerely answered: “Certainly I would, my lady, provided that her signs were truth.”

“By Saint John,” exclaimed the lady, “you have answered like an accomplished knight! But now I wish to test whether you would know how to recognize what in the signs is truth and what only appearance.”

«To which words William replied: “Be it then, as it pleases you, my lady!”»

“He became pensive, and at once Love began its jousting with him: and the thoughts that Love sent him penetrated his heart, and henceforth he became its paladin, beginning to compose lovely verses and exquisite songs and poems, all of

which pleased to the highest degree she who recited and sang them.”

“But Love, who grants his reward to his servants when they please him, wished to grant his to William. And at once the lady began to long and ponder so much over her affection, that neither by day nor by night could she find rest, on seeing in William the sum of all the gifts of valor and heroic deeds.”

«Thus it came about that one day Lady Margaret addressed William, saying: “Do you know, William, what at this instant is truth and what is not of my appearance?” And William answered: “Lady, as truly as God help me, from the instant in which I became your squire, no other thought could I harbor in me except that you are among all living beings the best and the most true in words and appearance. So I believe and all my life I shall believe it.” The Lady replied: “William, as God help me also, I tell you that you shall not be deceived by me, and your thoughts shall not be lost in vain.”»

“And opening her arms, she kissed him delicately, and both seating themselves in the chamber, they began to nurture their love”...

“But not much time passed before malevolent tongues — upon whom the wrath of God should fall — began to loose themselves speaking of their love and chattering about the songs

that William composed, murmuring that he had set his eyes upon Lady Margaret. And they spoke so much and so much, that the matter reached the ears of the lord.”

“Baron Raymond grew exceedingly aggrieved because he was about to lose his riding companion, and even more on account of the affront to his wife.”

“And on a certain day when William had gone alone with a squire to the hawking of the sparrowhawk, Raymond took hidden weapons and rode until he came upon the youth.”

“Welcome, my lord,” William greeted him, going to meet him as soon as he perceived him. “Why are you so alone?”

After some indirections, Raymond began: “Tell me by God and the Holy Faith! Do you have a lover for whom you sing, and who chains you in love?”

“My lord,” answered William, “how else could I sing, were I not impelled to it by love? It is true, my lord, that love has wholly snared me in its bonds.”

“I should like to know, if it pleases you, who the lady in question is.”

“Ah, my lord, see in the name of God what you require of me! You well know that the lady must never be named.”

But Raymond continued urging (because the I of Jealousy was devouring him alive), until William said: “My lord, you must know that I love the sister of Lady Margaret, your wife, and I hope to be reciprocated by her. (The I of deception answered.) And now that you know it, I beg your support, or at the least that you do not harm me.”

“Here is my hand and my word,” spoke Raymond, “in promise and oath that I shall employ all that is in my power to help you.”

“Let us go, then, to her Castle, which is near here,” proposed William...

“So they did, being well received by Lord Robert of Tarascon, husband of Lady Inés herself. And Raymond, taking Lady Inés by the hand, led her to his chamber, and both seated themselves on the bed.”

“Tell me, my sister-in-law, by the loyalty you owe me,” spoke Raymond, “do you love someone?”

“Yes, my lord,” she answered (with her lying I).

“Whom?”

“Oh, I cannot say it!” she answered. “What evil are you speaking?”

“But he urged her so much, that she had no other recourse but to confess her love for William. So she acknowledged it on finding him so sad and brooding, although she well knew that he loved her sister; and her answer produced great joy to Raymond.”

“Inés told everything to her husband, judging that he had acted well and granting him all freedom to say and do as he pleased, to save William” (Infamous adulterer).

“Inés... become accomplice in the crime... did not fail to do so, for taking the youth alone to her chamber, she remained in his company for so much time, that Raymond had indeed to conjecture that they had been enjoying the honeys of love.”

“This pleased him greatly, and he began to think that of all that had been rumored about him nothing was true, but vacuous gossip. Inés and William left the chamber, supper was prepared, and it passed with great animation.” (Such are the farces that the PLURALIZED I performs.)

After dinner, Inés had the chamber of both guests arranged very close to the door of her own, and William and she played their part so well that Raymond thought the youth slept with the lady.

“The following day, and after taking leave, Raymond separated himself as soon as he could from William, went to his wife and

told her what had happened. Before those news, Lady Margaret passed the whole night plunged in the deepest disconsolation, and the next morning, calling William, she received him in bad manner, treating him as a false and treacherous friend.”

«William asked for mercy, as a man who had incurred no blame of those she imputed to him, and related to her word for word everything that had happened. The lady called her sister, and through her learned that William spoke the truth. With which she ordered the youth to compose a song for her in which he might show her that he loved no woman apart from her. And he composed the song that says: “The lovely fancies that often love inspires.”»

“Upon hearing the song that William had composed for his wife, the one of Roussillon had him come to converse with him, and at quite a distance from the castle slit his throat, keeping the severed head in a hunting pouch, then tearing out his heart”...

“With the same he returned to the castle, had the heart roasted, and served it to his wife at the table. She ate it, not knowing what she was tasting.”

“Upon finishing the meal, Raymond rose and informed his wife that what she had eaten was the heart of William, show-

ing her next the horrifying head.”

“He further asked her whether the heart had had good flavor. To which Lady Margaret answered that it was, indeed, so flavorful that no other dish would now remove the taste that the heart of William had left her. Furious Raymond — desperate due to the I of jealousy — lunged at her — the perverse adulteress — with his unsheathed dagger. Margaret fled, threw herself from a balcony and dashed her head in the fall.”

That was the catastrophic end of a fatal triangle where the I’s of jealousy, adultery, deception, farce, etc., led their actors to a dead-end alley.

God and Holy Mary help me! Well do the divine and the human know that the powerful lord Raymond of Roussillon became a murderer because of the demon of jealousy. It would have been better to give his wife a divorce.

## **Chapter Thirteen: THE PANCATATTVA RITUAL**

Amid the incessant crackling of the cosmic FOHAT, omnipresent, omnipenetrating, and omnimercifil, there also arise, as is natural, frightful indescribable and unutterable carnal temptations, in the manner of the great Gnostic Patriarch

Saint Augustine, who had visions on the cross of a delicious naked woman.

It is written in the book of splendors with characters of burning fire: “The real knowledge and the wise identification with all the infinite possibilities of sex must not signify for the sages a fall into the world of instincts and illusions; rather, precisely such familiarization and profound knowledge must lead us to INTIMATE SELF-REALIZATION.”

The Initiate, who in sexuality intelligently seeks the extraordinary potency of the eternal and creative principle, and passes from the dominion of passivity to the dominion of activity — of an action well understood, which dominates the sexual energies... This knower is obviously in a position to awaken consciousness through the death of the animal Ego.

In the terrain of practical life we have been able to verify to satiety that those who depart from the sexual question to live the superior life of the heart, classifying as Taboo everything that may have an erotic flavor, sooner or later come suddenly and unexpectedly to experience tedium and disconsolation.

Then the surfacing of the lowest submerged I's becomes patent and manifest, which before seemed numbed and as if dead; they enter into activity abruptly, and all spiritual joy so painfully achieved is transformed into infernal scruple.

That sublime hope of “Resting in the Divine” seems then as if cast off suddenly, and what shone as eternal harmony turns into abysses of a vain chimera.

For this reason, the man who wishes to attain authentic liberation must never lull himself in the false sensation of security.

It is urgent to learn to live dangerously from instant to instant, from moment to moment.

True direct, mystical, transcendental knowledge will certainly be impossible for as long as one has intimate conflicts.

We need to grab the Devil by the horns; it is indispensable to steal the torch of fire from Typhon Baphomet; the goat of Mendes.

“The esoteric Viparitakarani teaches how the Yogi causes the semen to rise slowly, through concentration, so that man and woman may attain the VAJROLI.”

«Explicitly the woman is designated as “Holy” in the carnal act; she must find herself in a position to transform likewise the fire of her sexual potency and be able to lead it to superior centers of the body», causing the semen to rise in the body — that is, causing it to reflow inward and upward instead of spilling it; reverting the drops that the profane and the profaners destine to the uterus of the woman, the ethereal flame of

the semen, the igneous serpent of our magical powers, enters into activity, by means of which we can and must reduce the animal Ego to dust.

In the «ANANGARANGA» of Kalyana Malla we have found the following ASANA of TANTRIC type.

### **Uttana-Danda**

The man kneels and bends over the woman lying on her back. There are ten varieties of this posture, which is the one generally preferred.

- The man places upon his shoulders the legs of the woman lying on her back, and cohabits while he bends over her...
- The woman lies on her back, the man places himself between her legs and raises them so that they touch her chest, and cohabits with the woman.
- One leg of the woman remains extended on the carpet or the bed, and the other is placed on the act upon the head of the man; it is an especially stimulating position for erotic sensation.
- The KAMA-RAD position: Situated between the legs of the woman, the man spreads with his hands as widely as possible her arms.

- During the carnal act, the woman raises both legs to the chest of the man, who is positioned between her thighs. It is one of the postures preferred by the connoisseurs of the art of loving.
- The man kneels before the woman lying on her back, then places his two hands under her back, and raises her toward him, so that the woman can in turn draw him with her arms linked at his nape.
- The man is positioned between the hips and the head-pillow of the woman, so that the body of the latter is raised in the form of an arch. He kneeling upon a cushion, performs the act, in whose much appreciated form both participants experience the greatest enjoyment.
- While the woman lies on her back, she crosses her legs and raises her feet slightly; a posture that vigorously stokes the fire of love.
- The woman lying on the bed or carpet places one leg on the shoulder of the companion, having the other extended.
- The man raises, after the introduction of the member, the legs of the woman lying on her back and presses close the hips of hers.

In the VIPARITAKARANI it is said: “This practice is the most excellent, the cause of liberation for the Yogi; this practice brings health to the Yogi and grants him perfection.”

«The VIRA-SADHAKA or Heruka considers the universe itself as the place of liberation; he knows how to live wisely; with his gaze set upon the infinite truth, he finds himself above fear and censure, by the evidence of “Saham” (I am she, that is, the potency, indubitably penetrated by her), free from every link to the Samsara, lord of his senses, proceeding to the ritual PANCHATATTVA.»

«This word designates the five elements: ether, air, fire, water and earth are considered as the diverse principles of the manifestation of the SHAKTI (Kundalini). In the five is contained the cosmic potency, and the VIRA-SADHAKA has to perform the task of resuscitating the primigenial nature of those elements as “act of potency,” to thus advance to the “firstborn of creation,” to SHIVA himself.»

From every angle there stands forth with entire meridian clarity the intrinsic need of a graduated ascent to the transcendental principles of universal life.

Such ascent must have as its base the organic nature of the Pentant.

With respect to the organic subject, ether is intimately related to woman or sexual commerce (MAITHUNA), air with wine (MADYA), fire with flesh (MAMSA), water with fish (MATSYA), and earth with cereals (MUDRA).

Thus through the intelligent enjoyment of the five “M’s” (Woman, wine, flesh, fish and cereals), the potency (SHAKTI) of the elements is invoked, actualizing it in oneself here and now.

THE PANCHATATTVA makes possible the SHAKTI-PUJA (that is, the Gnostic cult of the Divine Mother Kundalini Shakti).

The marvelous sparkles of MAHA-KUNDALINI are contained in all the properties of the five elements of nature.

We need urgently to convert those sparkles into flames within ourselves.

By means of the ritual PANCHATATTVA it is unquestionable that the inner hidden Divinity, even when it is not contained within the intellectual animal mistakenly called man, extends consciously its intimate energy with the evident purpose of helping the essence in the process of awakening...

We must know clearly that the five elements are diverse forms of a potency, and hence, they procure to attract the inner life

of the intimate being to unite it with the exterior life, the immanent with the transcendent, so that with this the being may be recognized here and now.

We need to learn to live intensely from instant to instant in the world of the five elements.

The KARMA-YOGA, the path of the straight line, has as its foundation the law of the balance.

How could we exercise with sovereign mastery the power over the AKASHIC TATTVA by excluding the SAHAJA MAITHUNA? (Sexual Magic).

The Indian traditions say that RAMAKRISHNA made Sarada Devi sit on the throne of the Divine Mother within the temple and began, while chanting the hymn to Devi Kundalini with the ancestral ritual ceremony that culminates in the famous SHORASHI PUJA, the adoration of the woman. He and She during the MAITHUNA reached the SAMADHI... Thus is how one comes to exercise all power over the AKASHIC TATTVA.

It is written with words of fire in the book of splendors that the potency of the Solar Logos is not found in the brain or in the heart or in any other organ of the body, but exclusively in the sexual organs, in the Phallus and in the uterus.

In no way could we develop in our intimate constitution the AKASHIC powers if we were to commit the error of fornicating, or of hating sex, or of adultery. “Every sin shall be pardoned except the sin against the Holy Spirit.” (Sex).

Once, finding myself outside the physical body, I asked my DIVINE MOTHER KUNDALINI the following question: Is it possible that out there in the physical world there exists someone who can SELF-REALIZE without the need of SEXUAL MAGIC? The answer was terrible, frightful. “Impossible, my Son, that is not possible.” I was very impressed and moved in the most intimate of the soul...

And what shall we say of the Vayu Tattva, the element air? What is its relation with the fruit of Life?

It is obvious that no drunkard could acquire the marvelous powers of the Vayu Tattva.

It is patent and manifest that the pure Wine, without fermentation of any kind, is used with success in the ritual of the PANCHATATTVA...

In what form or in what manner could we acquire the miraculous igneous powers of the Tattva Tejas if we commit the error of renouncing carnivorous elements? Unfortunately the human multitudes either become radical vegetarians or become almost cannibal-like.

And what shall we say of the Tattva Apas and its formidable powers? It is obvious that in the fishes is found the secret that allows us to dominate the tempests and walk upon the waters; unfortunately people either abhor seafood or abuse it.

In what manner could we conquer the powers of the Tattva Prithvi, the element earth, if we abhor cereals, legumes, and plants, or if we abuse these foods?

“From what has been said it is concluded that all the elements, both of the earth and of the flesh, are in essence absolutely pure. When the VIRA enjoys the pleasure without mixture of a personal tinge, there is revealed to him in sex the primitive cause of the cosmos, the world of phenomena, the world of Maya.”

“The currents of TATTVA that are found in the cosmos in consonance with the structuring of forces and which produce the Evolution and Involution of the universe, manifest themselves as the limit of creation and firstborn of nature, so that an immense potency rises up and transforms the will of the VIRA, who henceforth burns in the ember of MAHA-KUNDALINI.”

The wise writer Waldemar says textually in one of his works:

“Prana, the sixth fundamental force, not only takes effect upon men, but is the vital principle of every being existing in the universe.”

“Prana is what is called the breath of God and that provokes in the organisms the vital manifestations. Through the enjoyment of the five elements of the ritual (Panchatattva) the potencies are dynamized, so to say, to sparkle in the sixth principle, in the constitution of beings, that is, in the LINGAM-SARIRA, the etheric body.”

“If one knows how to give due attention to the true nature of the will awakened by this sparkle, to capture it with alert consciousness and not only imaginatively, but retaining it with the entire intimate being, a transport of transcendental order is realized.”

It is unquestionable that the sparkles of wine, woman, flesh, etc., after making the chakras of the vital body rotate, come to actualize the superior forces of the soul: ATMAN-BUDDHI-MANAS.

«So that the dark mass of TAMAS (Latent potency) may be overcome in its chaotic and inert state, special moments of ecstatic emotion must be provoked; the individual goes “out of himself” in a certain way, and the resources of wine and the sexual act play here a decisive role.»

This “going out of oneself” is, in the proper sense duly understood, an entering into the force of the elements.

The currents of Tattvas that are found in the cosmos are obviously subordinate to the SHAKTI, to the potency.

Once the potency of the five elements is actualized in the living foundation of the soul, it is evident that we become masters of the Tattvas. Then we can, if we so wish, immortalize the physical body; pass through fire without being burned; walk upon the waters; calm or unleash tempests; float in the air; unleash hurricanes; cross any rock or mountain from side to side without receiving the slightest damage; pronounce words that numb or enchant venomous serpents, etc., etc., etc.

“OM! Obedient to the Goddess, who resembles a serpent asleep in the SWAYAMBHU-LINGAM and marvelously adorned, He enjoys the beloved and other delights. She is held by wine and radiates like millions of rays. She will be awakened by air and fire, by the mantrams YAM and DRAM, and by the mantram HUM (During Sexual Magic).”

In the pronunciation of the Mantram KRIM, a great imagination must be employed: It is necessary to insufflate it with energy and transform it into magical force.

Such Mantram is not only used in Sexual Magic; it is patent that it forms a living part of the entire PANCHATATTVA ritual.

The Gnostic Vira, when he drinks the wine or eats the flesh or the fish or the cereals, pronounces the mantram KRIM; his imagination is intensified in such a way that the whole universe seems to him filled by the blessed Goddess Mother of the world.

*That sublime hope of “Resting in the Divine” seems then as if cast off suddenly, and what shone as eternal harmony turns into abysses of a vain chimera.*

## **Chapter Fourteen: TATTVIC POWERS**

For the good of the great cause, I shall now transcribe in the present chapter two extraordinary accounts of Sri Swami Sivananda:

### **“Yogi Bhusunda”**

“The Yogi Bhusunda is considered among the Yogins, as a Chiranjivin.”

“He was a master in the science of Pranayama. It is said that this Yogi built in the western part of the Kalpa Vriksha, situated on the northern peak of Mahameru, an enormous lair where he lived.”

“This Yogi was a Trikala Jnani and could be in Samadhi for a long time. He had obtained the supreme Shanti and Jnana, and in such state he enjoyed the felicity of his own SELF always as a Chiranjivin.”

“He possessed full knowledge of the five Dharanas and had given proof of dominion over the five elements through the practice of concentration.”

“It is said that when the twelve Adityas burned the world with their resplendent rays, he was able through his Apas Dharana to reach the Akasha, and when the fierce gale blew so as to make the rocks burst in pieces, he was able to remain in the Akasha through the Agni Dharana.”

“Moreover, when the world together with Mahameru sinks into the waters, he shall float through the Vayu Dharana.”

Up to here this marvelous account of Sri Swami Sivananda: It is obvious that the Yogi Bhusunda must have practiced intensively the ritual PANCHATATTVA.

Let us now see attentively the second account of Guru-Deva Sivananda:

**“Milarepa”**

“Milarepa was one of those souls who are deeply impressed on comprehending the transitory nature of mundane existence

and the sufferings and miseries in which beings find themselves immersed.”

“It seemed to him that existence, from this point of view, was equal to an enormous bonfire where the living creatures consumed themselves.”

“Before such disconcerting sorrow, he felt in his heart that he was incapable of perceiving anything of the celestial felicity enjoyed by Brahma and Indra in the heavens, but much less still did he feel the earthly enjoyments and delights proper to the profane world.”

“On the other hand, he felt himself profoundly captivated by the vision of immaculate purity and chaste beatitude, described in the state of perfect liberty and Omniscience attainable in the Nirvana, to such a point that he could not waste his life in pursuit of something that for a long time he had cast aside, dedicating himself with full faith, depth of mind and filled heart to the Omnipenetrating love and to the sympathy of all creatures.”

“Having obtained transcendental knowledge in the control of the ethereal and spiritual nature of the mind, he felt himself capable of giving demonstrations of it, and to such effect he was able to fly through the sky, walk and rest in the air.”

“He was capable, also, of producing flames and causing waters to spring forth from his body, transforming himself into the object he wished — demonstrations that were capable of convincing the unbelievers and turning them to the religious paths.”

“Milarepa was perfect in the practice of the four states of meditation, and through them he was able to project his subtle body to the extreme of being present presiding at Yogic councils in twenty-four distinct places, in which were celebrated assemblies of Gods and Angels equal to clouds of spiritual communion.”

“He was capable of dominating Gods and elementals, placing them at his immediate command in the fulfillment of their duties.”

“Perfect Adept of supernatural Tattvic powers, he had the grace of being able to cross and visit innumerable sacred paradises and heavens of the Buddhas, where with the virtue of his Omni-absorbing acts and never-surpassed devotion, the Buddhas and Bodhisattvas who rule those sacred places favored him, permitting him to express himself concerning the DHARMA, sanctifying him on his return through the vision of those celestial worlds and stay in such dwellings.”

## **Chapter Fifteen: THE ABOMINABLE VICE OF ALCOHOL**

Far from here, from this my dear Mexican homeland, traveling along other paths, I was carried by the winds of destiny to that ancient South American city which in pre-Columbian times was called “Bacatá” in the typical Chibcha language.

A Bohemian and taciturn city with criollo mentality of the 19th century; smoky settlement in the deep valley...

Marvelous city of which a certain poet said: “Bacatá city revolves under the rain like an uneven carousel; the neurasthenic city covers its hours with scarves of clouds.”

Then the First World War had begun... What times, my God! What times! Better now to exclaim with Rubén Darío: “Youth, Divine treasure, you go never to return; when I wish to weep I do not weep, and at times I weep without wishing.”

How much sorrow I still feel on recalling now so many friends already dead! The years have passed...

That was the epoch of the toast of the Bohemian and Julio Flores: years in which Lope de Vega and Gutiérrez de Cetina were in vogue.

Then whoever wished to boast of intelligence would recite between cup and cup that sonnet of Lope de Vega which literally says:

*“A sonnet Violante commands me to make,  
never in my life have I found myself in such a strait;  
fourteen verses, they say, make a sonnet,  
mocking, mocking, the three go ahead.”*

*“I thought I should not find a consonant,  
and I am in the middle of another quatrain,  
but if I see myself in the first tercet,  
there is nothing in the quatrains that frightens me.”*

*“Through the first tercet I am entering,  
and I even presume that I entered with the right foot,  
for I am giving it an end with this verse.”*

*“I am now in the second and I still suspect  
that I am finishing the thirteen verses;  
count if they are fourteen and it is done.”*

It is patent that in that criollo atmosphere of sleepless bards, this kind of declamation concluded amid shouts of admiration and salvos of applause.

Those were the times of the toast of the Bohemian; years in which gentlemen would gamble even their lives for any lady who passed in the street...

Someone introduced me to a friend of sparkling intellect, much given to studies of metaphysical type; Roberto was his name, and if I keep silent his surname, I do it with the evident purpose of not wounding susceptibilities.

Illustrious offshoot of a representative of his department in the National Chamber of that Country.

With the glass of fine Baccarat in his right hand, drunk on wine and on passion, that bard of disheveled hair, declaiming, stood out everywhere before intellectuals, in shops, taverns and cafes.

It was certainly something worthy of admiration in that lad, the prodigious erudition that he possessed; as quickly he commented on Juan Montalvo and his seven treatises as he recited the triumphal march of Rubén Darío...

Nevertheless, there were more or less pauses in his stormy life; sometimes he seemed to repent, and shut himself up for

long hours day after day in the national library.

Many times I counseled him to abandon forever the abominable vice of alcohol, but my counsels availed nothing; sooner or later the youth returned to his old escapades.

It happened that on a certain night while my physical body lay sleeping in bed, I had a very interesting astral experience:

With eyes of terror I saw myself before a horrendous precipice facing the sea; and looking into the abysmal darkness I observed small light ships with swelled sails approaching the cliffs.

The sea cries and the noise of anchors and oars allowed me to verify that those small vessels had arrived at the tenebrous shore.

And I perceived lost souls, leftist people, horrifying, frightful, disembarking threateningly...

Vain shadows ascending to the summit where Roberto and I stood!

Terrified, the youth threw himself headfirst into the abysmal depths, falling like the inverted pentalpha and losing himself definitively among the stormy waters.

I cannot deny that I did the same, but instead of sinking among those waters of the Pontus, I floated deliciously while in space a star smiled upon me.

It is patent that that astral experience impressed me vividly; I understood the future that awaited my friend.

The years passed and I, continuing my journey along the path of life, departed from that smoky Bohemian city...

Much later, beyond time and distance, traveling along the coasts of the Caribbean Sea, I arrived at the Port of Río del Hacha, today capital of the Guajira Peninsula. A town of sandy tropical streets on the shore of the sea; hospitable and charitable people with faces burnt by the sun...

I have never been able to forget those Guajiro Indian women dressed in such beautiful tunics and crying out everywhere: “Carua! Carua! Carua!” (Charcoal).

“Piracá! Piracá! Piracá!” (Come here), the ladies exclaimed from the door of each house with the purpose of buying the necessary fuel.

“Haita Maya” (I love you very much), the Indian man says when he courts the Indian woman. “Ai macai pupura” she answers, as if saying: “Days come and days go.”

There exist unusual cases in life, tremendous surprises; one of them was for me the encounter with that bard whom I had earlier known in the city of Bacatá.

He came to me declaiming in the middle of the street, drunk on wine — as always — and to top it off, in the most frightful misery.

It is patent that that luminary of the intellect had frightfully degenerated with the vice of alcohol.

All my efforts to take him out of the vice were useless; each day he went from bad to worse.

The New Year was approaching; everywhere drums resounded inviting the people to the festivities, to the dances that were celebrated in many houses, to the Orgy.

On a certain day while I sat beneath the shade of a tree in profound meditation, I had to come out of my ecstatic state on hearing the voice of the poet...

Roberto had arrived with bare feet, gaunt face, and half-naked body; my friend was now a beggar; the I of alcohol had transformed him into an almsman.

Looking at me fixedly and extending his right hand he exclaimed: "Give me an alms."

Why do you want the alms? “To gather the money that will permit me to buy a bottle of Rum.”

I am very sorry, friend; believe me that I will never cooperate with the vice. Abandon the path of perdition.

Once these words were said, that shadow withdrew silent and taciturn.

New Year’s night arrived; that bard of disheveled mane wallowed like a pig in the mud, drinking and begging from orgy to orgy...

Having completely lost his judgment under the repulsive effects of alcohol, he got into a quarrel; he said something and they said something, and it is evident that he received a tremendous beating.

Then the police intervened with the healthy purpose of putting an end to the fracas, and as is obvious in all such cases, the bard ended up in jail.

The epilogue of this tragedy, whose author was naturally the I of alcohol, is truly macabre and hair-raising, for that poet died hanged; those who saw him say that the next day they found him hanging by the neck from the very bars of the cell.

The funeral rites were magnificent and many people attended the cemetery to bid the last farewell to the Bard.

After all this, deeply aggrieved, I had to continue my journey, departing from that maritime Port.

Later, I proposed to investigate directly the discarnate friend in the astral world.

This class of metaphysical experiments can be realized by projecting the EIDOLON or magical double of which Paracelsus spoke to us so much.

To leave the dense form certainly cost me no effort; the experiment turned out marvelous.

Floating with the EIDOLON in the astral atmosphere of the Planet Earth, I entered through the gigantic doors of a great edifice.

I situated myself at the foot of the stairway that leads to the upper floors; I was able to verify a bifurcation of the staircase on approaching the base.

I called with great voice pronouncing the name of the deceased! And then I waited patiently for the results...

These latter certainly did not let themselves wait for long; I was surprised by a great throng of people who hastily descended along one and the other side of the bifurcated staircase.

All that host arrived near me and surrounded me; Roberto, my friend! Why did you commit suicide?

I knew that all those people were Roberto, but I did not find someone to address myself to; I did not find a responsible subject, an individual...

I had before me a PLURALIZED I, a heap of Devils; my discarnate friend did not enjoy a permanent center of consciousness.

The experiment ended when that legion of I's withdrew, ascending along the bifurcated staircase.

## **Chapter Sixteen: CREATIVE MAGNETIC PAUSE**

The experience of daily life has come to demonstrate to us in conclusive form that excessive excitation of light and sound lamentably dulls the marvelous organs of sight and hearing.

The wise law of concomitances allows us to infer in logical form that the continual interchange of psychic rays exhausts both the soul and the body.

Man as microcosmos requires to walk in accordance with all those living rhythms of infinite space that sustain the universe firm in its march.

Just as the heavenly bodies in the firmament come and go within their orbits, without mutually disturbing each other and having hence their proportional luminosities, so also husband and wife must proceed by uniting sexually in periodic form.

Even when it were impossible that certain spouses have separate bedrooms, there exists an infallible remedy to avoid magnetic surfeit; and given that it would be very grave to keep this silent, we will give the formula: "One cohabits once or twice a week, and one tries not to interrupt the flowing vital electricity, carefully avoiding the abominable spasm."

These verses are from von Hutten:

*"It is twice-weekly the duty  
which you have toward the woman,  
that harms neither you nor me,  
and assigns one hundred four a year."*

Zoroaster writes to his faithful that man should dwell with the woman every nine days; for this, the woman must ask her lord nine times each morning the question: "Tell me, my master, what I must do today. Your will is Law."

The wise legislator Solon assigned to the woman the right to be covered by the man three times in the course of four weeks.

To men who have already passed beyond fifty years it is simply counseled to obey the creative magnetic pause that nature establishes in their physiology of Eros.

These persons, although they may wish to practice Sexual Magic, must know how to wait for the opportune moment; it would be absurd to do violence to the sexual organs or perform the copulation with deficient erection.

In no way must persons of advanced age be concerned; it is patent that nature also establishes in them its “PLUS” and “MINUS” sexual ones — its epochs of activity and repose.

The creative magnetic pause also remedies the somewhat deficient development of the genitals and the chakras or sympathetic plexuses supplied by these.

The Wise Waldemar says:

“In the preparatory period, energies are spent from one’s own mass of potency, and the consequence is that, through the frequent repetition of these expenditures, a growing interior emptiness and discontent are produced.”

“The magnetic pause is necessary for the replenishment of what is consumed.”

“Often, however, a participant goes so far as to interpret this pause as deficiency in love and conjugal desire, then obliging her partner, in morbid vanity, to show his complacent deference through new ostentations of excitement.”

“Forcibly, the sensual fire must give clear flames repeatedly; to the other no other recourse remains, then, but to evade himself into mimic representation of sensations no longer excitable or able to be experienced.”

“As a consequence of this, the psychic deviation increases, until repulsion and despair become so great that vehement disputes are no longer to be avoided.”

The shame and hatred of the affected ones increase, which leads to psychic disturbance and hence to the conversion of the matrimony into a curse. The guilty one here is called: Ignorance and non-employment of the “creative magnetic pause.”

The magnetic interchange in sexual relations is manifested especially positive when husband and wife unite with the evident purpose of not going beyond the sexual culminating point, that is, not arriving at orgasm.

Then both, husband and wife, dispose of electric, sexual, prodigious forces, with which they can reduce to ashes all the

psychic aggregates that in their set constitute that which is called EGO, I, MYSELF, ONESELF.

## **Chapter Seventeen: THE UNFOLDING**

In dealing with projections of the EIDOLON and suprasensible journeys outside the physical body, we have much to say.

At the instants in which I write these pages, extraordinary, marvelous events come to my memory.

Going over old chronicles of my long existence, with the tenacity of the cleric in his cell, Eliphaz Lévi arises.

On a certain night, outside the dense form, I went about everywhere invoking the soul of that deceased who in life was called: Abbé Alphonse-Louis Constant (Eliphaz Lévi).

It is obvious that I found him seated before an old desk, in the august salon of an ancient palace.

With much courtesy he rose from his chair to attend respectfully to my greetings.

I come to ask of you a great service — I said —; I wish that you give me a key to go out instantaneously in astral body each time I need it.

With much pleasure — the abbé responded — but first I wish that you bring me tomorrow the following lesson: “What is the most monstrous thing that exists upon the Earth?”

Give me the key right now, please... “No! Bring me the lesson and with much pleasure I will give you the key.”

The problem the abbé had set me turned out to be a real puzzle, for there are so many monstrous things that exist in the world, that frankly I did not find a solution.

I went through all the streets of the city observing, trying to discover the most monstrous, and when I believed I had found it, then something worse arose; soon a ray of light illumined my understanding.

Ah! — I said to myself —, now I understand. The most monstrous must be, according to the law of analogies of contraries, the antipode of the greatest...

Good! But what is the greatest thing that exists upon the painful face of this afflicted world?

There came then to my translucid the mountain of skulls, the Golgotha of bitterness, and the great Kabir Jesus agonizing on a cross out of love for all suffering humanity...

Then I exclaimed: Love is the greatest thing that exists upon the Earth! EUREKA! EUREKA! EUREKA! Now I have discov-

ered the secret: Hatred is the antithesis of the greatest.

The solution of the complex problem turned out to be evident; now it is indubitable that I had to put myself again in contact with Eliphas Lévi.

To project the EIDOLON again was for me a routine matter, for it is clear that I was born with that precious faculty.

If I sought a special key, I did so not so much for my insignificant person which is worth nothing, but for many other persons who long for conscious and positive unfolding.

Traveling with the EIDOLON or magical double very far from the physical body, I went through various European countries seeking the abbé; but he was nowhere to be found.

Suddenly in an unusual way I felt a telepathic call and entered into a luxurious mansion; there was the abbé, but...

Oh! Surprise! Marvel! What is this? Eliphas transformed into a child and tucked into his cradle. A truly unusual case, is it not?

With profound veneration very quietly I approached the baby, saying: "Master, I bring the lesson; the most monstrous thing that exists upon the Earth is hatred. Now I wish that you fulfill what you promised me. Give me the key"...

However, to my astonishment, that little one was silent while I despaired, not understanding that silence is the eloquence of wisdom.

From time to time I took him in my arms desperately, beseeching him, but all in vain; that creature seemed the sphinx of silence.

How long would this last? I do not know! In eternity time does not exist, and past and future are joined within an eternal now.

Finally, feeling myself defrauded, I left the little one in his cradle and departed very sadly from that ancient and ancestral house.

The days, months, and years passed, and I continued feeling defrauded; I felt as if the abbé had not fulfilled his word so solemnly pledged; but one day the light came to me.

I then recalled that phrase of the Kabir Jesus: "Let the children come unto me, because of them is the kingdom of heaven."

Ah! Now I understand, I said to myself. It is urgent, it is indispensable, to reconquer infancy in mind and heart. "Unless you become as children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

That return, that going back to the original point of departure, is not possible without having first died in oneself; the essence, the consciousness, is unfortunately bottled up among all those psychic aggregates that in their tenebrous set constitute the EGO.

Only by annihilating such leftist and somber aggregates can the essence awaken in a state of primeval innocence.

When all the subconscious elements have been reduced to cosmic dust, the essence is liberated. Then we reconquer the lost infancy.

Novalis says: “The consciousness is man’s own essence in complete transformation, the primitive celestial being.”

It is patent and manifest that when consciousness awakens, the problem of voluntary unfolding ceases to exist.

After I had comprehended in depth all these processes of the human Psyche, the abbé in the superior worlds delivered to me the second part of the royal key.

Certainly it was a series of mantric sounds with which one can in conscious and positive form perform the projection of the EIDOLON.

For the good of our Gnostic students it is fitting to establish in didactic form the intelligent sequence of these magical sounds.

- A long and delicate whistle similar to that of a bird.
- Intonation of the vowel “E” (eeeeeeee) prolonging the sound with the note “RE” of the musical scale.
- Chanting the “R” making it resound with the “MUSICAL SI” imitating the voice of the child in a sharp form; something similar to the sharp sound of a windmill or a very fine and subtle motor (rrrrrrrrrrrr).
- Making the “S” resound in a very delicate form like a sweet and gentle whistle. (ssssssss).

Clarification: Point (A) is a real and effective whistle. Point (D) is only similar to a whistle.

## **Asana**

The Gnostic student lies down in the position of a dead man: Dorsal decubitus (face up).

The tips of the feet open in fan form, touching at the heels.

The arms along the body; the whole physical vehicle well relaxed.

Drowsy, the devotee in profound meditation will chant many times the magical sounds.

## **Elementals**

These mantrams are intimately related with the elemental department of the birds, and it is patent that the latter will assist the devotee, helping him effectively in the work of unfolding.

Each bird is the physical body of an elemental, and these always help the neophyte on condition of upright conduct.

If the aspirant longs for the assistance of the elemental department of the birds, he must learn to love them. Those who commit the crime of enclosing the creatures of heaven in abominable cages will never receive that help.

Feed the birds of heaven; transform yourself into a liberator of those creatures; open the doors of their prisons, and you shall be assisted by them.

When I experimented for the first time with the royal key, after intoning the mantrams, I felt vaporous and light, as if something had penetrated within the EIDOLON.

It is obvious that I did not wait for them to lift me from the bed; I myself abandoned the bed; I rose voluntarily and walking slowly went out of the house; the innocent elementals of the friend birds placed within my astral body helped me in the unfolding.

*Asana The Gnostic student lies down in the position of a dead man: Dorsal decubitus (face up).*

## **Chapter Eighteen: MAGNETIC INTERCHANGE**

In chemical copulation, in metaphysical coitus, during SAHAJA MAITHUNA, the maximum erotic Sensation is experienced at five minutes.

Dynamic magnetic flames, like a wavy sea of purple-red gas, terribly divine, surround the couple during the sexual trance.

Tremendous is that instant in which the masculine currents try to unite themselves with the feminine.

With the creative magnetic pause, harmonic and coordinated sexual rhythms are established between man and woman.

Such pause contains in itself two basic factors:

- A determined period of time intelligently and voluntarily established between copulation and copulation.
- Prolonged enjoyment of metaphysical coitus, without orgasm, spasm and without loss of the seminal liquor.

For the interchange of the magnetic forces to be profound, edifying, and essentially dignifying, it is urgent that the most im-

portant centers of the body make contact in harmonic and tranquil form.

The clitoris, which is set between the two small lips of the vulva, represents the most sensitive point of the feminine organism, and that is something that has already been demonstrated.

Any illuminated clairvoyant could perceive the centrifugal magnetic forces that begin their march from the clitoris.

It is then beyond all doubt that the clitoris is the centrifugal magnetic point that provides the aura of the woman with suitable currents of energy.

However, we must study all this not in partial but in total form; it would be absurd to suppose that the clitoris — which is found before the entrance of the vagina, separated from it by the conducting canal of the urethra — is the only bearer and generator of sensation for the feminine sex.

We must think clearly and comprehend that also the uterus and isolated parts of the interior of the vagina can be bearers and generators of the maximum sexual sensation.

It is unquestionable that the cavernous tissue and the terminal corpuscles are found in the clitoris.

Without such tissues and corpuscles, the feminine physiological suitability and the possibility of attaining the maximum sexual sensation would be excluded.

After contact with the male, the clitoris provided with cavernous bodies enters into erection just like the masculine Phallus, becoming inflamed at the same time.

At the extraordinary instant in which the cavernous bodies also swell in the region of the lips of the vulva, it is obvious that the entrance of the vagina is covered by a kind of spongy padding that marvelously envelops the masculine Phallus.

The more the entrance of the vagina is now moistened by the glandular secretion, the greater is the possibility of bringing the fine magnetic condensers situated there into an electrical affinity with the Phallus, which in the tension organization of the human organism represents, so to say, the primary emitter of energy, to interchange a physico-psychic alternating current.

The Wise WALDEMAR says: "Let us not forget: our body will be invariably the more complete the more developed and under conscious control the sympathetic nervous system is found."

"When man and woman, with the minimum possible of movements, that is, only with those that are necessary for the main-

tenance and prolongation of contact, make of the sexual union also a psychic union, only then will the opportunity be procured for the cerebrospinal ganglia to be charged with electricity, which are connected to the pineal gland, the sovereign of the body, and besides also to the solar plexus (Plexus coeliacus) with the numerous radiating plexuses for liver, intestine, kidneys, and spleen.”

The abominable sexual spasm is certainly a short circuit that comes to discharge us frightfully; for this reason we must always avoid it.

The marvelous force of OD is certainly specified in the diverse organs in diverse quality; thus, the best and most fecund creative magnetic interchange is founded upon the following revolutionary procedure: the heart side of the male reposes upon the right side of the female, his left hand uniting with her right, and his right foot establishing contact with the left of the woman.

“The sexual organs can then dedicate themselves to a task from which they are too often subtracted, that is, to serve the physical principle of the assimilation and purification of matter, primarily through the action upon the plexus situated below the diaphragm (ventral part of the sympathetic nervous system), which is absolutely necessary as a base for the development of the more refined sensation.”

The metaphysical copulation with all its erotic refinement places us in a privileged position by which we dispose of marvelous forces that allow us to reduce to cosmic dust each of those tenebrous entities that personify our psychological defects.

## **Chapter Nineteen: THE DEMON ALGOL**

It is urgent to repeat sometimes certain phrases when it is a matter of comprehending: it is not amiss to emphasize what we already said in chapter thirteen. I wish to refer to alcohol.

«There is no need to discuss at length the effects of alcohol. Its very Arabic name (the same as that of the star Algol, which represents the Head of Medusa, cut off by Perseus) means simply: “the Demon”»...

“And that it is in fact a Demon or maleficent spirit, when it possesses man, is evident and easily demonstrable by its effects, which range from drunkenness to delirium tremens and madness, being consigned to the descendants in the form of paralysis and other hereditary taints.”

It is unquestionable that being a product of disintegration, which originates also in our organism among those which are eliminated through the skin, it has a disgregating, dissolving, and destroying vibratory tendency, drying our tissues and de-

stroying the nervous cells, which are gradually replaced by cartilage.

It is patent and manifest that alcohol tends to eliminate the capacity to think independently (since it fatally stimulates fantasy), and to judge serenely, as well as it frightfully weakens the ethical sense and individual freedom.

The Dictators of all times, the tyrants, never ignore that it is easier to govern and enslave a people of drinkers than a people of abstainers.

It is equally known that in a state of drunkenness one can be made to accept any suggestion and to fulfill acts against one's decorum and moral sense. The influence of alcohol on crimes is too notorious for there to be need to insist on it.

Alcohol, hideous, rises from the precipice and falls into the abyss of perdition; it is the malignant substance that intimately characterizes the "Inferior Worlds" where one only hears bellowings, howlings, whistlings, neighings, creakings, lowings, croakings, mewings, barkings, snortings, snorings, and cawings.

The abominable Algol turns incessantly within the vicious circle of time.

It insinuates itself everywhere, always tempting; it seems to have the gift of ubiquity; as readily it smiles amid delicious dreams in the cup of gold or silver beneath the gilded roof of a sumptuous palace, as it makes the long-haired bard of the horrifying tavern sing.

The malign Algol is sometimes very fine and diplomatic; behold it there shining dangerously! From the resplendent cup of fine Baccarat, the beloved woman offers it to you.

And the poet says that when in the soft and perfumed mahogany bed, the beloved drunk on wine attempted to undress, the guardian angel went out for a moment...

We all go to one end; we all have our name in the fatal urn; never drink, I tell you, the cursed liquor, because if you drink it you will soon stray from the path.

Strong Sabine wine in small cups you will drink today with me, although in a Greek amphora was the container, which I myself sealed, exclaims Satan from the depths of the abyss...

In its black depths, each demon fulfills his task, harvesting vines, until the evening sun; and, like God, he calls you, when at the merry supper the hour arrives to drink the fermented wine...

A new numen in his home is; the laborers offer you vows and libations of the must of their vines, and Algol smiles, perfidious Medusa, taking delight with her victim.

Fasts, mortifications, hair shirts the penitent anchorite asks for at the laughing dawn, and afterward everything ends drinking amid the squall and the orgy when the sun, already weary, fades in the west...

What does time not wear away? Already our beloved parents were inferior to the rough grandfathers; peons of them are we; and in withered decadence amid liquor and tragedy a vicious descendance follows us.

“How different the progeny — of how different a family! —

which dyes the seas of Sicily with Punic blood,

the one that lays low Pyrrhus and Antiochus with a single thrust,

and the formidable Hannibal, because to the end she faces him.”

“Virile caste of rustic soldiers, taught

to turn the clods with the Sabellian hoe,

stalwarts obedient to a severe mother,

who at her command would carry, in the final hour.”

“Of the day enormous trunks cut for the hearth,  
when, loosed from the yoke the tired oxen,  
the sun sinks in the shadows that the night calms,  
and in friendly repose the farmhouse rests.”

Today all has passed; this poor humanity full of so many bitternesses has been degenerated by the abominable vice of alcohol.

And who are those fools who pretend to negotiate with Satan? Listen, friends! With the sinister Demon Alcol it is not possible to make arrangements, deals, or shady deals of any species. Alcohol is very treacherous, and sooner or later it stabs us in the back.

Many THELEMA (Will) people drink only one or two daily glasses — marvelous shady deal. True?

Arrangement? Cronyism? Pie? People inexperienced in life; certainly to them speaking in Socratic language we could say that they not only are ignorant but moreover are ignorant that they are ignorant.

The atoms of the secret enemy, similar to microscopic fractions of glass, with the passage of time and amid so much

singing, scarf, or very subtle and concealed drunkenness, become embedded within the living cells of the human organism...

Thus well do the Divine and the human know that the Demon Algol takes possession of the human body very astutely and slowly, until at last on some day it precipitates us into the abyss of drunkenness and madness.

Listen to me very well, Gnostic students; under the light of the sun or of the Moon, by day or by night, with the Demon Algol one must be radical! Any composure, transaction, diplomacy or negotiation with that malign spirit is condemned sooner or later to failure.

Remember, devotees of the secret path, that the fatal axis of the painful wheel of Samsara is moistened with alcohol.

It is written with words of fire in the book of all mysteries that with alcohol the Demons, the I's already dead, those abominable brutal and animal-like creatures that personify our psychological errors, resurrect.

Since liquor is related with the Vayu Tattva (the element air), by drinking it we shall fall like the inverted pentalpha with head downward and legs upward into the abyss of perdition and frightful lamentations; (See chapter 13).

The pit of the abyss from which rises smoke as from a great furnace, smells of alcohol.

That woman of the «Apocalypse» of Saint John dressed in scarlet purple, and adorned with gold, precious stones, and pearls; and who has in her hand a golden chalice full of abominations and of the filth of her fornication, drinks alcohol; she is the great harlot whose number is 666.

Wretched is the religious Guide, the priest, the mystic, or the prophet who commits the error of becoming intoxicated with abominable alcohol!...

It is well to work for the salvation of souls, to teach the doctrine of the Lord, but truly I say to you: it is not just to hurl rotten eggs against those who follow you.

Priests, anchorites, mystics, missionaries, who with love teach the people, why do you scandalize them?

Are you unaware that to scandalize people is equivalent to disrespecting them? to hurling tomatoes and rotten eggs at them?...

When are you going to comprehend all this?

## **Chapter Twenty: GREED**

Traveling here, there, and yonder through all these countries of the world, I had to dwell for some time in the city of the conqueror Gonzalo Jiménez de Quesada at the foot of the mountains of Monserrate and Guadalupe.

In those times very close to the Second World War, I was introduced in that city to a very singular friend.

His name was Sucre, and traveling he too had come in search of University knowledge from a certain Atlantic port to the Andean summit.

With this friend of other times everything was very curious, even the unusual introduction itself.

Someone whose name I do not mention knocked one night on the door of my dwelling with the evident purpose of inviting me to a deep talk with the said friend...

The meeting place was certainly not very lovely; a shabby shop with a small parlor.

And after all the formalisms of introduction, we entered into matters of discussion.

The intellectual capacity of my new friend was patent and manifest; a theoretical, speculative, studious subject...

He called himself the founder of some Theosophical-type Lodge and frequently cited H.P.B., Leadbeater, Annie Besant, etc.

In the interchange of ideas he indubitably shone, making pseudo-esoteric and pseudo-occultist expositions...

If it had not been for his fondness for Hypnotism and the exhibitionist desire, that meeting of friends would have ended peacefully; but behold, the Devil meddles wherever he can.

It happened that this friend took it into his head to make demonstrations of his hypnotic power, and approaching a gentleman of a certain age who was there seated near another table, he begged him most courteously to serve as a passive subject for his experiment.

In matters related with hypnology it is not amiss to emphasize the idea that not all subjects are susceptible of falling into trance.

Sucre with his exhibitionist I patently did not wish to see himself in a ridiculous position; he needed to demonstrate his power, and for this reason he made superhuman efforts to plunge the gentleman into hypnotic sleep.

But all was useless; while Sucre struggled and even suffered, that good gentleman in question in his innermost was thinking

the worst.

And suddenly, as if lightning fell on a tenebrous night, what had to happen happened; the passive gentleman jumped from his seat reproaching Sucre, calling him a thief, swindler, bandit, etc., etc., etc. But our friend, who was not a gentle sheep either, thundered and lightninged.

And tables flew through the air, and chairs and cups and plates, and the owner of the establishment cried out amid that great commotion asking that his bill be paid.

Fortunately the police intervened and everything calmed down; poor Sucre had to pawn his luggage to pay the debt...

After that disagreeable disaster, we set a new appointment with the mentioned friend, which obviously was more tranquil since Sucre did not take it into his head the absurd idea of repeating his experiment.

Then we clarified many ideas and concepts of esoteric and occultist substance.

That friend later entered the University with the purpose of becoming a good lawyer, and it is evident that he was a magnificent student.

On a certain day, after many years, the mentioned friend invited me to a meal, and at the table there was a conversation on

hidden treasures; then it occurred to me to relate to him the following case:

“I was sleeping in my bedroom,” I told him, “when I was suddenly awakened by a strange subterranean noise that ran or circulated mysteriously from Northeast to Southeast.”

“I sat up somewhat startled by such an unusual sound to see from my bed what was happening.”

“Then with great surprise I saw that in a corner of my room the earth opened.”

«And there arose as if by enchantment the phantom of an unknown woman who with a very delicate voice said to me: “Many years ago I am dead; here in this place I buried a great treasure; take it out, it is for you.”»

Upon hearing my account at the table, Sucre vehemently begged me to take him to the place of the events, and it is clear that I did not wish to deny him this service...

Another afternoon he came to tell me that he had put himself in contact with the owner of that house — a very famous doctor of the city — and begged me to investigate for him whether such a person was or was not truly the owner of said property, for he had his doubts.

I confess plainly and with the most entire frankness that it was not difficult for me to perform the astral unfolding; I simply took advantage of the state of transition between wakefulness and sleep.

At the moments of beginning to doze, I rose delicately from my bed and went out into the street. It is patent that the physical body remained asleep on the bed.

Thus the unfolding of the EIDOLON was realized with full success; I still faithfully remember that notable psychic experiment.

Flying, floating in the astral atmosphere of the planet Earth, I went through various streets seeking the medical office of the Doctor...

I begged my elemental intercessor to take me to that office, and it is patent that I was assisted...

On arriving at a certain house I understood; three steps led to the sumptuous portal of a mansion...

I entered through those doors and found myself in a waiting room; I advanced a little more and resolutely penetrated into the consulting room...

I examined in detail the interior of the latter; I saw a desk and upon it a typewriter and some other things; a window allowed

me to see a patio of the residence; the Doctor was seated, and in his aura I could see the said property...

I returned to my physical body very satisfied with the experiment; the EIDOLON certainly is extraordinary...

Very early in the morning my friend came to learn the result of my Psychic experiment...

I narrated in detail everything I had seen and heard; then I saw astonishment on Sucre's face; he knew that consulting room, and the data I gave him turned out to be exact...

What happened after is easy to guess; Sucre not only succeeded in having that doctor rent him the house but, moreover — and this is the most curious — made him his partner.

In those days I resolved to depart from that city in spite of the entreaties of that friend who insisted that I cancel my trip...

When I returned later, after some years, to that place, everything had changed; that house had disappeared...

Then I found myself on arid, horrible, stony terrain, frightfully boring...

And I saw high-voltage electric installations and double-pump motors and machines of every type and well-paid workers, etc., etc., etc.

Sucre, living there inside a room that seemed rather a trench in a battlefield, entered, went out, gave imperative orders to the workers, etc., etc., etc.

That room was protected with gigantic rocks, and on its walls were seen here, there, and yonder, many small windows that could be opened or closed at will.

Through those shutters Sucre watched what was happening around him. Such peepholes were “supposedly” very useful to him...

From time to time at the slightest exterior noise he grasped his pistol or his rifle, and then those openings were seen from outside opening or closing or the mouths of rifles or pistols showing through them...

Thus things were when I returned; then my friend explained to me that that treasure was much coveted; that it concerned the famous golden calf that had disquieted so many people of the region, and that therefore he was surrounded by mortal greedy enemies who had tried to assassinate him.

God and Holy Mary help me! I said to myself... in an evil hour I told this friend that vision of the treasure... it would have been better to have kept my beak shut...

Another day full of optimism he confessed to me that certainly at twelve meters of depth he had found a baked clay doll, and that within the hollow head of the dummy he found a parchment on which the entire plan of the treasure was traced.

In the Doctor's laboratory that parchment was carefully removed from the head of the puppet, for it is obvious that with time and humidity it had stuck too much...

According to the plan, at twelve meters of depth existed four deposits situated one to the East, another to the West, a third to the North, and the last toward the South...

Such plan gave precise signs and data, and at the end had a sentence signed with initials of name and surname:

*“Whoever finds my treasure that I buried in deep wells, will be persecuted by the Church of the Patron, and before twenty days let them not know that he took out the earnings I buried for me.”*

By those days the Second World War was already very advanced; Hitler had invaded many European countries and was preparing to attack Russia...

My friend was a Germanophile one hundred percent and believed very seriously in Hitler's triumph...

It is clear, then, that influenced by the political tactics of Hitler, who today signed a peace treaty with any country and the next day attacked it, he did not wish to work according to the indications of the plan...

Sucre said to himself: "Such indications are a misdirection" ..., the treasure is many meters beneath the doll; the cited four deposits do not interest me...

Thus, then, he abandoned the indications and went deep down; when I looked into that hole I only saw a black, deep, frightful precipice...

"Friend Sucre," I said to him, "you have committed a very grave error, you have left the treasure above, in the four deposits, and you have gone down to the bottom; no one buries a treasure at such a depth..."

It is patent that such words pronounced by me bore the fragrance of sincerity and the perfume of courtesy.

However, we must speak without ambages to emphasize the I of greed.

Unquestionably this last stood out exorbitantly in my friend, combining with astuteness, distrust, and violence.

In no way was it for me something unusual that Sucre then thundered and lightnined, vociferating and even attributing

to me things which I had never thought.

Poor Sucre!... He threatened me with death; he believed for an instant that I was “supposedly” very much in agreement with his said enemies, perhaps with the purpose of robbing him of the treasure...

After all, and seeing my frightful serenity, he invited me to his “trench refuge” to drink coffee...

Before definitively departing from that Hispanic city in other times known as New Granada, that friend made another request of me; he begged me with all his heart to study with the EIDOLON his subterranean work.

It is evident that I too wished to make an astral exploration in that depth, and for this reason I acceded to his petition...

And it happened that on an exquisite night of full moon I went to bed very tranquilly in dorsal decubitus (face up) and with the body well relaxed...

Without any concern I proposed to watch, to spy on, my own sleep... I wished to use for my astral departure that state of transition existing between wakefulness and lethargy...

When the dreaming process began, when the images proper to sleep began to arise, delicately and as if feeling myself spirit, I

made an effort to eliminate laziness, and then I rose from the bed...

I left my bedroom as if I were a phantom, walking delicately, and then I abandoned the house...

Through the streets of the city I floated deliciously full of an exquisite spiritual voluptuousness...

It was not difficult for me to orient myself; soon I was at the place of events, on the terrain of the facts...

Before that black and horrible hole that was already more than seventy meters deep, a little old dwarf, a Pygmy, a Gnome of respectable white beard, contemplated me innocently...

Floating in the atmosphere, I descended softly to the watery bottom of the ill-fated pit of greed...

On touching with my sidereal feet the silt of the damp and somber earth, I made gladly one more effort and penetrated into the interior beneath the very bottom of the well...

How softly I descended with the EIDOLON beneath the black bottom of that den, from which much water flowed...!

Examining in detail each granite rock submerged under the chaotic waters, I went very deeply beneath that subsoil...

It is evident that my said friend had left the fabulous treasure up above, as we have already said in previous paragraphs...

Now and in these abyssal regions, I only saw before my insignificant person, stones, mud, water...

But suddenly something unusual happens; I am in a horizontal canal that, leaving that terrain, goes toward the street...

What a surprise! Sucre had said nothing to me of this; he never told me that at such depths he thought of making a horizontal perforation...

Serenely I glided with the EIDOLON through that aforementioned canal flooded by the waters; I advanced a little more, and then I came to the surface on the side of the street...

The astral exploration concluded, I returned to my physical body; the investigation obviously was marvelous...

Later when I communicated all this to my friend, I saw him very sad (this man was suffering the unspeakable; he wanted gold, emeralds, riches; greed was eating him alive...).

However, he justified himself saying that he needed all that treasure to make a proletarian revolution, supposedly he needed to invest those moneys in armaments, etc.

How horrible greed is!... In that place there reigned only fear, distrust, the revolver, the rifle, espionage, astuteness, thoughts of murder, the cravings to command, dominate, climb to the top of the ladder, make himself heard... etc.

When I left that city, I made the resolution never again to intervene in those motives of greed...

“Sell what you possess,” said Christ, “and give alms; make for yourselves things that do not grow old, treasure in the heavens that does not give out, where no thief comes near, nor moth destroys.”

“For where your treasure is, there your heart shall be also...”

## **Chapter 21: BETRAYAL**

One by one with another, of so many, among many stand out from the three filthy mouths of that vile worm that crosses the heart of the world, Judas, Brutus, and Cassius.

To return to the misdeeds of Rome and meet with Brutus, marked with a knife from the hand of God, to refer to those originals, to taste the poisoned caramel, is certainly not at all pleasant — but it is urgent to draw out from the well of the centuries certain painful memories.

Pierced with anguish, without any vainglory, in a state of alert novelty, I conserve with energy the living memory of that my Roman reincarnation born with the name of Julius Caesar.

Then I had to sacrifice myself for humanity, setting the stage for the fourth sub-race of this our fifth root race.

God and Holy Mary help me! If any very grave error I committed in that ancient age, it was having affiliated myself to the order of the Garter; however, it is obvious that the Gods wished to pardon me...

To rise to the clouds above one's friends is in truth not at all easy, and yet it is evident that I succeeded, surprising the Roman aristocracy.

On relating this I do not feel conceited, for I well know that only the I likes to climb, ascend to the top of the ladder, make itself heard, etc. I fulfill the duty of narrating, and that is all.

When I left for the Gauls, I begged my beautiful wife Calpurnia to send our two sons to meet me upon my return.

Brutus was dying of envy remembering my triumphal entry into the eternal city; but he seemed to forget deliberately my frightful sufferings on the battlefields...

The right to govern that empire was certainly not given to me as a gift; well do the divine and the human know how much I

suffered.

I could well have saved myself from the perfidious conspiracy if I had known how to listen to the old astrologer who visited my mansion.

Unfortunately the Demon of jealousy tortured my heart; that old one was a great friend of Calpurnia, and this I did not much like...

On the morning of that tragic day, on rising from the nuptial bed with my head crowned with laurels, Calpurnia told me her dream; she had seen in a night vision a star falling from the heavens to the earth and warned me, begging me not to go to the Senate...

Useless were the supplications of my wife; "Today I shall go to the Senate," I answered in imperative form...

"Remember that today a friendly family has us invited to a meal in the outskirts of Rome; you accepted the invitation," replied Calpurnia...

"I cannot attend that meal," I objected. "Are you going then to leave that family waiting?"

"I have to go to the Senate"...

Hours later in the company of a charioteer I marched in a war chariot toward the Capitol of the Roman eagle...

Soon I arrived there amid the tremendous cheers of the enflamed multitudes...

“Hail Caesar!” they shouted to me...

Some notables of the city surrounded me in the atrium of the Capitol; I answered questions, clarified some points, etc.

Suddenly, in an unusual way, the old astrologer appears before me, the one who had earlier warned me about the Ides of March and the terrible dangers; he stealthily hands me a piece of parchment on which the names of the conspirators are written...

The poor old man wished to save me, but it was all useless; I paid no heed to him; besides, I was very occupied attending to so many illustrious Romans...

Afterward, feeling invincible and invulnerable, with that Caesarean attitude that characterized me, I advanced toward the Senate among the Olympian columns of the Capitol.

But woe is me! The conspirators behind those heroic columns lay in wait for me; the steel edge of the assassin’s dagger tore my back...

Accustomed to so many battles, instinctively I tried to grasp my sword, but I felt myself faint; I see Brutus and exclaim: “You too, my son?”

Then... the terrible Fate carries off my soul...

Poor Brutus... the I of envy had devoured his entrails, and the result could not be other...

I had two more reincarnations in the august Rome of the Caesars, and then very varied existences with magnificent DHARMA in Europe during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance.

In the times of the terrible Inquisitor Tomás de Torquemada I reincarnated in Spain, and this is another very interesting account...

To speak about the cited Inquisitor and the Holy Office certainly is not very pleasant, but it is now fitting...

I was then a very celebrated Marquis who, unfortunately, had to put myself in contact with that execrable inquisitor as perverse as that other one called Juan de Arbués.

In that time I encountered the traitor Brutus reincorporated in a new human organism.

What an incisive, biting, and ironic Count!... A good mockery he made of my person... What insults!... What sarcasms!

In no way did I wish to become entangled in new disputes; I had no desire to become angry...

The vulgarity, rudeness, and crudeness of that noble displeased me frightfully, but I did not wish to wound him; it seemed good to me to avoid new duels, and for this reason I sought out the Inquisitor...

On any of those many days, very early in the morning I went to the palace of the Inquisition; I had to seek an intelligent solution to my said problem...

“Oh! Mr. Marquis, what a miracle to see you here! How may I serve you?”

Thus answered my greeting the Monk who was always at the door of the Palace where the “Holy Office” functioned...

Many thanks, your reverence — I said —, I come to ask you for an audience with the Lord Inquisitor...

“Today is a day of many visits, Mr. Marquis, but since it is you, I will immediately arrange your audience.”

Having said such words, that Friar disappeared, to reappear before me moments later...

“Come in, Mr. Marquis, I have obtained for you the audience.”  
Many thanks, your reverence...

I crossed a patio and penetrated into a salon which was in complete darkness; I passed to another hall and found it also in shadow; I finally penetrated into the third room, and on the table a lamp shone... There I found the fearful Inquisitor Torquemada.

That Cenobite certainly seemed a Saint... What a gaze!... What beatific attitudes! What pietistic poses!... On his chest a crucifix shone.

What sanctimoniousness, my God! What a horrifying prudery!... It is patent that the PHARISEE I was very strong in that blue monk...

After many greetings and reverences according to the customs of that epoch, I sat before the table beside the Friar...

“How may I serve you, Mr. Marquis? Speak.”

Many thanks, your Lordship...

It happens that the Count — so-and-so — has made life impossible for me, insulting me out of envy, ridiculing me, slandering me, etc.

“Oh! Do not worry about that, Mr. Marquis; we have here many complaints against that Count.”

“Immediately I will give orders for him to be captured. We will lock him in the tower of martyrdom; we will tear out the nails from his hands and feet and pour molten lead on his fingers to torture him; afterward we will burn his soles with red-hot coals, and finally we will burn him alive at the stake.”

But by God! Has this monk gone mad? I never thought to go so far; I only sought from the Inquisitorial House a Christian admonition for that Count in whom were reincorporated those values that formerly were placed in the personality of Brutus...

That blue monk seated before the sacred table with that face of penitent and anchorite in pietistic attitude, and the Christ hanging from the neck...

That singular beatific figure, so devout and cruel, so sweet and barbaric, so sanctimonious and perverse...

That wicked one dressed in sheep's clothing awakened in the interior of my consciousness an I-don't-know-what; I felt that what I have of Bodhisattva rose up, protested, groaned.

An intimate tempest had broken out within me; the lightning, the thunder, was not slow in appearing, and then...

Oh God! What had to happen happened...

You are a perverse one — I told him —; I have not come to ask you to burn anyone alive; I have only come to ask you for an admonition for that noble; you are a murderer; that is why I do not belong to your sect, etc., etc., etc.

“Ah! So that’s how it is, Mr. Marquis?”...

Enraged, the prelate vehemently rang a resounding bell, and then as if by enchantment there appeared in the chamber some gentlemen armed to the teeth...

“Seize him,” exclaimed the abbot. “One moment! Respect the rules of chivalry; remember that we are among gentlemen; I have no sword; give me one and I will fight with each of you”...

One of those men, faithful to the Code of chivalry, handed me a sword, and then...

I leapt upon him like a lion; not in vain did I have the reputation of being a great swordsman... (those were my times as a fallen Bodhisattva).

Like snowflakes that fly in the air, congealed at the breath of the ethereal Boreas, the strong and resplendent helmets, the convex shields, the hard cuirasses, and the ashen lances scattered within that inquisitorial enclosure.

And their resplendence ascended to Uranus, and certainly the earth illumined by the brilliance of the bronze laughed, trem-

bling beneath the feet of the warriors; and in their midst was I, doing battle in hard combat with that other knight...

As the light vessel is shattered when the sea-water swollen by the winds, which blow vehemently from the clouds, attacks it, covering it completely with foam, while the air makes the sail groan, frightening the sailors with imminent death; so fear shattered in their chests the hearts of those gentlemen who contemplated the battle...

Obviously I was victorious amid the thunderous clash of the steels, and only my best thrust was lacking to put that warrior out of combat...

Frightened at the inevitable proximity of the terrible sovereign Fate, the lords forgot all the rules of chivalry, and then in a gang they attacked me...

That I did not expect; it was grave for me to have to defend myself from all that well-armed throng...

I had to fight until I was exhausted, spent, defeated, for they were many...

What happened after is easy to guess; I was burned alive at the stake in the very patio of the palace of the Inquisition...

Tied to a pitiless post upon the green firewood that burned with slow fire, I felt pains impossible to describe with words;

then I saw how my poor incinerated flesh detached, falling among the flames...

However, human pain, no matter how grave it may be, also has a well-defined limit beyond which there exists happiness...

It is not, then, surprising that at last I experienced a certain joy; I felt upon me something very pleasant, as if a refreshing and beneficial rain were falling from the sky...

It occurred to me to take a step; how soft I felt it! I left that palace walking slowly... slowly... I weighed nothing; I had already discarnated.

Thus is how I came to die during that frightful epoch of the "Holy Inquisition."

The Arcanum fourteen of the golden book (The Tarot) teaches us how the water of life passes from one amphora to another...

It is not, then, surprising that after that stormy reincarnation with so many titles of nobility that availed me nothing before the terrible Inquisitor Tomás de Torquemada, I should take physical body again...

Then I was called Simeón Bleler and I went about the new Spain; it is not my purpose to speak in the present chapter of that my new life, nor of my previous existence in the Porfirist

Mexico of old; I only wish to refer now to my present reincarnation.

The Nemesis of life had to put me again in contact with those values that formerly were reincorporated in the personality of Brutus...

I permitted a certain gentleman, return of such values, to do some work in the temple...

Many people heard him and he even seemed very full of sincerity; he spoke about Gnosis and the people applauded him...

But suddenly something unusual happens; on a certain day he enters the Sanctuary with aggressive attitudes...

He sounds! Thunders! Lightnings! He becomes an insulter; I then limit myself to pardoning and blessing; then he withdraws threatening...

That Ego had returned to its old escapades: again his said calumnies and threats...

Such absurdities and defamatory falsehoods had as background certain senseless dreams in which he saw me along very dark paths, committing unfounded crimes...

It is patent and manifest that that perverse spirit which he saw in his absurd dreams was an I created by himself since ancient

Rome...

Such I of Brutus assumed, under his infraconscious impulses, my own form and figure.

It is not amiss to comment that some of those other I's of his, assuming a Jesus-Christian-like form, entrusted to him the mission of assassinating me; thus he manifested it in the public square...

To free me from such ancestral enemy it was necessary to place the case in the hands of ANUBIS, the Chief of the lords of Karma...

Since then Brutus has departed from me; for a long time I have not seen him in this physical world.

From what has been said about Brutus and his dream visions, it is concluded that no one can truly become a competent investigator of life in the superior worlds for as long as he has not dissolved the psychological I and all the subjective elements that condition the perceptions...

Ungrateful to his benefactors, with much knight-like effort, however, Brutus accepted Gnosis and the SAHAJA MAITHUNA...

Without inhibiting himself in the knowledge of a cause, but turning his back on the Guru (Master), he worked in the

BLAZING FORGE OF VULCAN uselessly, because DEVI KUNDALINI never rewards betrayal...

Although one works very seriously with SEX-YOGA, the igneous serpent of our magical powers would never ascend along the spinal column of traitors, assassins, adulterers, violators, and perverse ones...

Devi Kundalini would never become accomplice of crime; the sacred fire ascends in accordance with the merits of the heart...

Sexual magic is fundamental, but without holiness spiritual achievements are not possible...

Brutus thought of a mechanical KUNDALINI, and was lamentably mistaken; the Divine Mother is very exigent...

For the unworthy all the doors are closed except one — that of repentance; unfortunately Brutus did not wish to knock on that door, and the sacred fire, instead of rising through his medullar canal, precipitated itself from the coccyx, becoming the abominable KUNDARTIGUATOR organ, the tail of Satan...

On a starry night, conversing in the superior worlds with my great friend, the resplendent Angel Adonai, who now has physical body, I had to receive an extraordinary news...

“So-and-so (Brutus),” said the Angel, “has awakened in evil and for evil.”

This I verified some days later on encountering him in the superior worlds...

We shall conclude the present chapter with those words that Daniel the Prophet of the eternal heard in ecstasy, and which refer to the times of the end:

“And many of those who sleep in the dust of the earth shall be awakened, some to eternal life, and others to perpetual shame and confusion.”

“The understanding ones shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and those who teach justice to the multitude, as the stars to perpetual eternity.”

“But you, Daniel, close the words and seal the book until the time of the end. Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.”

## **Chapter 22: COMPREHENSION**

In dealing with comprehending fundamentally any defect of psychological type, we must be sincere with ourselves...

Unfortunately Pilate, the Demon of the mind, always washes his hands, is never to blame, never recognizes his errors...

Without evasions of any kind, without justifications, without excuse, we must recognize our own errors.

It is indispensable to AUTO-EXPLORE ourselves to AUTO-KNOW ourselves profoundly, and start from the basis of the RADICAL ZERO.

The inner Pharisee is an obstacle to comprehension. To presume oneself virtuous is absurd...

Once I asked my Guru the following question: Is there any difference between your Divine Monad and mine? The Master answered: "None, because you and I and each of us, is no more than a poor snail within the bosom of the Father"...

To judge others and classify them as black magicians is incongruous, because every human creature, for as long as he has not dissolved the PLURALIZED I, is more or less black...

To AUTO-EXPLORE intimately is certainly something very serious; the EGO is truly a book of many volumes...

Instead of rendering cult to the execrable demon "ALGOL" it is fitting to drink of the wine of meditation in the cup of perfect concentration...

Full attention, natural and spontaneous on something that interests you, without any artifice, is truly perfect concentration.

Any error is polyfaceted and is fatally processed in the forty-nine dens of the subconscious...

The Psychological Gymnasium is indispensable; fortunately we have it, and this is life itself...

The path of the domestic home with its infinite details, often painful, is the best hall of the gymnasium.

The fecund and creative work through which we earn our daily bread is another hall of marvels.

Many aspirants to the superior life desperately long to evade themselves from the place where they work, no longer to circulate through the streets of their town, to take refuge in the forest with the purpose of seeking the final liberation...

Those poor people are similar to the foolish boys who flee from the school, who do not attend classes, who seek escapes.

To live from instant to instant, in a state of alert perception, alert novelty, like the watchman in time of war, is urgent, indispensable, if we truly wish to dissolve the PLURALIZED I...

In human interrelation, in coexistence with our fellows, there exist infinite possibilities for AUTO-DISCOVERY...

It is unquestionable — and anyone knows it — that in interrelation the multiple defects which we have hidden among the

unknown depths of the subconscious always surface naturally, spontaneously, and if we are vigilant then we see them, we discover them.

However, it is obvious that AUTO-VIGILANCE must always be processed from moment to moment.

A discovered psychological defect must be integrally comprehended in the various recesses of the mind.

The deep comprehension would not be possible without the practice of meditation.

Any intimate defect turns out to be multifaceted and with diverse links and roots that we must judiciously study.

AUTO-REVELATION is possible when integral comprehension exists of the defect that we sincerely wish to eliminate...

New AUTO-DETERMINATIONS arise from consciousness when comprehension is unitotal...

SUPERLATIVE ANALYSIS is useful if combined with profound meditation; then the flame of comprehension bursts forth.

The dissolution of all those psychic aggregates that constitute the EGO is precipitated if we know how to take advantage of the worst adversities to the maximum.

The difficult psychological gymnasiums in the home or in the street or at work always offer us the best opportunities...

To covet virtues is absurd; it is better to produce radical changes...

The control of intimate defects is superficial and is condemned to failure...

Substantial changes are the fundamental, and this is only possible by integrally comprehending each error...

Eliminating the psychic aggregates that constitute the MYSELF, the ONESELF, we establish in our consciousness adequate foundations for right action...

Superficial changes serve nothing; we need with unpostponable urgency, substantial changes.

Comprehension is the first; elimination the second.

## **Chapter 23: ELIMINATION**

The subliminal chemical coitus originates transcendent nervous shocks and extraordinary auric vibrations among the very diverse components of the human pair Adam-Eve...

The Divinal radiations of sexual type have been classified by the best treatise-writers of esotericism as “ODIC LIGHT” ...

Science having already begun to study the astral theory of the human body, it is fitting for greater simplicity to use the terms of ancient tradition...

Here the “OD” is beyond all doubt and without ambages, the brilliant positive active magnetism, directed by the marvelous power of conscious will.

Here the “OB” is the passive magnetic fluid, governed very wisely by the intelligent faculty known as creative imagination...

Here the “AUR” is the differentiated luminous agent, the “Genius Lucis” of the cosmic amphitheater...

A regal image that keeps sublime concordance with the sexual magnetism of Eros is the already known one of the famous caduceus of Mercury girded with serpents; the flaming solar viper of the right represents the “OD”; the Lunar and moist snake of the left allegorizes the “OB”; in the magnificent crown of the mysterious caduceus shines gloriously the globe of “AUR” or the equality to light...

Through the metaphysical coitus, the azoth and magnesia of the ancient alchemists, the polarized astral light suffers notable alterations...

It is unquestionable that such intimate alterations secretly influence the electro-chemical relations in the vital units of our organism to transform its structure...

Waldemar says: “When the chemists tell us that the totality of the biocatalysts of an organism appears as an ordered system of inferior teleocausal factors that find themselves under the legality of life — that is, at the service of the superior objectives of the organism — it is not difficult to complete that the formation of internal emotions, reflexes, and impulses depends on the radio-causal factors of the aura.”

“Let us cast in comparative manner,” says Waldemar, “a glance at the relations of electrons and ions of the living substance, and we shall approach in considerable manner the comprehension of what has been said.”

It is something patent and manifest that at the marvelous instant of the garden of delights, at the exquisite moment in which the virile member enters profoundly into the vagina of the woman, a very singular kind of electrical induction presents itself.

It is indubitable that then the teleocausal factors of the aura under the electric impulse offer surprising possibilities...

Substantial psychological changes can arise in the depths of consciousness if we know how to intelligently take advantage

of the cosmic opportunity offered to us...

Such opportunity of marvels is lost when we only propose to gratify our senses...

“Woe to the Samson of the KABBALAH who lets himself be put to sleep by DELILAH, the HERCULES OF SCIENCE who exchanges his scepter of power for the spindle of Omphale, shall soon feel the vengeance of DEIANIRA, and there will be no recourse left him but the pyre of Mount ETA to escape from the devouring torments of the tunic of NESSUS.”

Concupiscence is abomination; to fall as a beast in the bed of Procrustes is equivalent to losing the best of opportunities...

Instead of the fatal incontinence of sexual libido, it is better to pray; it is written with words of fire in the book of all enigmas that coitus is a form of prayer...

The Gnostic Patriarch Saint Augustine emphatically said: “Why should we not believe that humans could before the fall into sin dominate the sexual organs the same as the other members of the body, which the soul serves through desire without discomfort or excitement?”...

Saint Augustine proposes the incontrovertible thesis that only after sin or Taboo was the Libido formed (despotic or arbitrary carnal agitation, or instinct, uncontrolled sexual potency): “Af-

ter sin, nature, which before did not feel shame, felt the libido, was aware of it, and was ashamed of it, because it had lost the sovereign force that originally offered to all parts of the body.”

The secret of the felicity of the intimate God of every creature consists in the relation of HIM with himself...

The very Divine state is beyond all doubt that of supreme bliss, a sexual desire and enjoyment that remain invariable in AEONS, and that proceeds from the relation of the Divinity with itself...

At the ultimate extreme, the seven cosmoses that shine gloriously in infinite space link themselves sexually...

Why should the MICROCOSMOS man be an exception? HE and SHE always adore each other... you know it...

Sexual enjoyment is then a legitimate right of man, and derives, as we have already said, from the relation of the divinity with itself...

In other words, we shall emphasize the transcendental reality saying: SEXUAL ENJOYMENT is terribly Divine...

Saint Albert says that the spiritual man must direct carnal commerce to a moral objective, and that a function of sexuality based only on the pleasure of the senses pertains to the most infamous vices...

At these moments it is opportune to remember that those trunks or tablets of the Law where Moses wrote by mandate of IOD HEVE the luminous precepts of the Decalogue are nothing but a double lance of the Runes, on whose phallic significance we must meditate profoundly...

Love is the FIAT LUX of the book of Moses, the great cosmic, sexual desideratum, the Divinal Law for all continents, seas, worlds, and spaces.

THE SAHAJA MAITHUNA, the SEX-YOGA, is the diamond and eternal foundation of the luminous and spermatic FIAT of the first instant.

It is unquestionable that if we valorously grasp the sexual lance of Eros with the healthy purpose of reducing to cosmic dust in successive order each of the various subjective elements that we bear within, then the light springs forth.

Within each of those various and quarrelsome shouting I's that personify our errors of psychological type, there exists substance, animic essence.

Just as the atom on being fractioned liberates energy, so also the total disintegration of any of those various infernal I's liberates essence, light...

We must, then, fabricate light, make light...

“More light, more light!” cried Goethe with all the forces of his soul moments before dying...

COMPREHENSION is basic in transcendental psychology, but it is obvious that it is not all; we need to eliminate...

In DEVI KUNDALINI, the igneous serpent of our magical powers, lies the key.

It is not possible to eliminate Devil-I's (psychological defects) without the aid of DEVI KUNDALINI, you know it...

IO, our particular Cosmic Mother, is certainly the marvelous unfolding of our own Divine Monad, and although she lacks concrete form, she may, if she so wishes, assume human and maternal figure.

At the supreme moment of sexual surrender, in full coitus, meditate and pray that you may not fall into temptation.

In those instants of bliss, plead with all the forces of your soul; supplicate your Divine Mother Kundalini to eliminate from your interior the I Devil; I wish to refer to the psychological defect which through profound meditation you have comprehended at all the levels of the mind... Thus is how we go on dying from instant to instant. Only with death does the new come.

## **Chapter 24: THE SACRED FIRE**

The descent to the NINTH SPHERE (Sex) was, from ancient times, the maximum test for the supreme dignity of the Hierophant; Hermes, Buddha, Jesus, Dante, Zoroaster, Quetzalcoatl, etc., etc., etc., had to pass through that terrible test.

There Mars descends to retemper his sword and conquer the heart of Venus; Hercules to clean the stables of Augeas, and Perseus to cut off the head of Medusa with his flaming sword.

The perfect circle with the magic point at the center, sidereal and Hermetic symbol of the king-star and of the substantial principle of life, of light, and of cosmic consciousness, is beyond all doubt a marvelous sexual emblem.

Such symbol clearly expresses the masculine and feminine principles of the NINTH SPHERE.

It is unquestionable that the active principle of irradiation and penetration is complemented in the Ninth Dantesque Circle with the passive principle of reception and absorption.

The Biblical Serpent presents us with the image of the Creator Logos or sexual force that begins its manifestation from the state of latent potential.

The serpentine fire, the Igneous Serpent of our magical powers, sleeps coiled three and a half times in the center of the Muladhara Chakra situated in the coccyx bone.

If we reflect very seriously upon that intimate relation existing between the “S” and the TAU, cross, or “T,” we arrive at the logical conclusion that only through the SAHAJA MAITHUNA (Sexual Magic) can the creative snake be awakened.

The “Key,” the “Secret,” I have published in almost all my previous books, and consists in never spilling in life the “Vase of Hermes” (THE ENS-SEMINIS) during the sexual trance.

Connection of the LINGAM-YONI (Phallus-Uterus) without ever ejaculating that liquid, flexible, malleable glass (THE ENS-SEMINIS); because in that aforesaid substance which the fornicators miserably spill, there is found in latent state all the “ENS VIRTUTIS” of the fire.

“OM, obedient to the Goddess, who resembles a serpent asleep in the SWAYAMBHULINGAM and marvelously adorned, He enjoys the beloved and other delights. She is held by wine and irradiates with millions of rays. She will be awakened during SEXUAL MAGIC by the air and the fire, with the mantrams: YAM and DRAM, and by the mantram HUM.” (The H sounds like J thus: JUM.)

Chant these Mantrams in those precious instants in which the Phallus is set within the uterus; thus will the igneous serpent of our magical powers awaken.

I.A.O. is the basic, fundamental Mantram of the SAHAJA MAITHUNA; intone each letter separately, prolonging its sound when you are working in the laboratorum-oratorium of the THIRD LOGOS (in full metaphysical copulation).

The sexual transmutation of the “ENS-SEMINIS” into creative energy is a legitimate axiom of Hermetic wisdom.

The bipolarization of that type of cosmic energy within the human organism was, from ancient times, very carefully analyzed in the Initiatic Colleges of Egypt, Mexico, Greece, India, Persia, etc.

The miraculous ascent of the seminal energy as far as the brain is made possible thanks to a certain pair of nerve cords that in the form of an eight unfold splendidly to the right and left of the spinal column.

We have arrived, then, at the Caduceus of Mercury, with the wings of the spirit marvelously open...

The mentioned pair of nerve cords could never be found with the scalpel; these two threads are rather of ethereal TETRA-DIMENSIONAL nature.

There is no doubt that these are the two witnesses of the Apocalypse of Saint John; the two olives and the two candelabra that stand before the God of the earth.

In the sacred land of the Vedas this pair of nerves are classically known by the Sanskrit names of Ida and Pingala; the first is related with the left nostril and the second with the right.

It is obvious that the first of these two Nadis is of Lunar nature; it is patent that the second is of Solar type.

Many Gnostic students may be a little surprised that Ida, being of cold and Lunar nature, has its roots in the right testicle.

To many disciples of our International Gnostic Movement, the news that Pingala, being exclusively of Solar type, really starts from the left testicle, may come as something unusual and unprecedented.

However, we must not be surprised, because everything in nature is based on the Law of polarities.

The right testicle finds its opposite pole precisely in the left nostril.

The left testicle finds its perfect antipode in the right nostril; that is unquestionable.

Esoteric, Gnostic physiology teaches with complete meridian clarity that in the feminine sex the two witnesses start from the ovaries.

It is indubitable that in women the order of this pair of Olives of the temple is inverted harmoniously.

Ancient traditions that arise as if by enchantment from the deep night of all ages say that when the solar and lunar atoms of the seminal system make contact at the Triveni near the coccyx bone, then by electrical induction a third magical-type force awakens; I wish to refer to the KUNDALINI, the mystic fire of the Gnostic ARHAT, through which we can reduce the animal EGO to cosmic dust.

It is written in the old texts of ancient wisdom that the lower orifice of the medullar canal in common and ordinary persons is hermetically closed; the seminal vapors open it so that the sacred snake may penetrate through it.

Along the length of the medullar canal a marvelous play of various channels is processed; they penetrate and interpenetrate mutually without confusing themselves because they are situated in different dimensions.

It is not amiss to recall emphatically the glorious SUSHUMNA and the famous CHITRA, and the CENTRALIS and the

BRAHMANADI; it is unquestionable that through this last the flaming fire ascends.

Dealing with truth we must be very frank; certainly it is a frightful lie to dare to say that after having incarnated the JIVATMA (THE BEING) in the heart, the sacred serpent undertakes the journey of return to remain again enclosed in the MULADHARA CHAKRA.

It is a horrible falsehood to affirm before God and before men that the igneous serpent of our magical powers, after having enjoyed her union with PARAMASHIVA, cruelly separates herself, beginning the journey of return to the coccygeal center.

Such fatal return, such descent as far as the MULADHARA, is only possible when the initiate in full coitus spills the semen; then he loses the flaming sword and falls struck down to the abyss under the terrible ray of cosmic justice.

The ascent of the KUNDALINI along the medullar canal is realized very slowly in accordance with the merits of the heart. The fires of the HEART control the miraculous development of the sacred serpent.

DEVI KUNDALINI is not something mechanical, as many suppose; the igneous serpent only awakens with the authentic

love between husband and wife; she would never rise through the medullar canal of adulterers.

In a past chapter of this book we said something about the three types of seducers: Don Juan Tenorio, Casanova, and Devil.

It is obvious that the third of these turns out to be certainly the most dangerous; we must not, then, be surprised that this class of subjects — Devil type — with the pretext of practicing the SAHAJA MAITHUNA seduce many naive damsels.

It is good to know that when HADIT, the winged Serpent of light, awakens to begin her march along the medullar spinal canal, she emits a mysterious sound very similar to that of any viper that is provoked with a stick.

The Devil type, the one who seduces here, there, and yonder with the pretext of working in the NINTH SPHERE, the one who abandons his wife because “supposedly” she is no longer useful for the work in the “BLAZING FORGE OF VULCAN,” instead of awakening the KUNDALINI, will awaken the abominable KUNDARTIGUATOR organ.

A certain Initiate whose name I do not mention in this treatise commits the error of attributing to the KUNDALINI all the sinister qualities of the abominable KUNDARTIGUATOR organ.

It is patent that such an error is causing very grave damages among the pseudo-esoteric and pseudo-occultist circles.

It is urgent, unpostponable, to comprehend that in no way is it possible to eliminate all those quarrelsome and shouting I's we bear within if we do not appeal to the aid of the KUNDALINI.

That Initiate who committed the offense of pronouncing himself in an ill-fated hour against the KUNDALINI is obviously to be duly punished by the judges of the Law of KATANCIA. (I wish to refer to the judges of the Superior KARMA, before whom the Masters of the White Lodge appear.)

In the name of THAT which has no name I say: THE KUNDALINI is the "MYSTIC DYAD," "GOD-MOTHER," ISIS, MARY, or better said RAM-IO, ADONIA, INSOBERTA, REA, CYBELE, TONANTZIN, etc., the transcendental unfolding of every Divine Monad in the profound depth of our BEING.

Analyzing roots I clarify: The word KUNDALINI derives from two terms: KUNDA and LINI.

- KUNDA: Reminds us of the abominable KUNDARTIGUATOR organ.
- LINI: Atlantean word that signifies end.
- KUNDA-LINI: "End of the abominable KUNDARTIGUATOR organ."

It is obvious that with the ascent of the sacred flame through the medullar canal, the organ of abominations reaches its end; the blind fohatic force concludes.

Such negative FOHAT is the sinister agent in our organism through which the ideoplastic is transformed into that series of I's that personify our psychological defects.

When the fire is projected downward from the COCCYGEAL Chakra, the tail of Satan, the abominable KUNDARTIGUATOR organ, appears.

The hypnotic power of the organ of the Sabbats has the human multitudes asleep and brutalized.

Those who commit the crime of practicing BLACK TANTRISM (SEXUAL MAGIC WITH SEMINAL EJACULATION) patently awaken and develop the organ of all fatalities.

Those who betray the Guru or Master, although they practice WHITE TANTRISM (WITHOUT SEMINAL EJACULATION), obviously will put into activity the organ of all evils.

Such sinister power opens the seven gates of the lower belly (the seven infernal Chakras) and transforms us into terribly perverse Demons.

*The fires of the HEART control the miraculous development of the sacred serpent.*

## **Chapter 25: THE SEMINAL PEARL**

On arriving at this chapter of the Christmas Message 1971-1972, it is not amiss to emphasize something very painful which we have been able to verify through very many years of constant observation and experience.

I wish to refer without ambages to “MYTHOMANIA,” a very marked tendency among people affiliated to various schools of metaphysical type.

Apparently very simple subjects, overnight, after a few hallucinations, become MYTHOMANIACS.

Unquestionably such persons of Subjective Psyche almost always succeed in surprising many naive ones who in fact become their followers.

THE MYTHOMANIAC is like a wall without foundations; a slight push suffices to convert him into fine sediment.

THE MYTHOMANIAC believes that occultism is something like “blowing and making bottles,” and from one moment to another declares himself MAHATMA, Resurrected Master, Hierophant, etc., etc., etc.

THE MYTHOMANIAC commonly has impossible lures; he invariably suffers from what is called “delusions of grandeur.”

That class of personage is wont to present themselves as reincarnations of Masters or of fabulous, legendary, fictitious heroes.

However, it is clear that we are emphasizing something that deserves to be explained.

EGOIC centers of animal-like subconsciousness which in the relations of interchange follow certain mental groups, can provoke through fantastic associations and reflexes something like “spirits” that almost invariably are only illusory forms, personifications of one’s own PLURALIZED I.

It is not, then, strange that any psychic aggregate may assume a Jesus-Christian form to dictate false oracles...

Any of those many entities that in their set constitute that which is called EGO can, if it so wishes, take the form of MAHATMA or Guru, and then the dreamer on returning to the state of Wakefulness will say of himself: “I am SELF-REALIZED, I am a MASTER.”

It must be observed in this regard that in any case in the subconscious of every person the tendency to take sides, to personification, lies latent.

This is then the classic motive for which many Asian GURUJIS, before initiating their disciples in Transcendental

Magism, warn them against all possible forms of SELF-DECEPTION.

A monk went to visit Te Shan, who closed the door in his face. The monk knocked on the door and Te Shan asked: “Who is it?” The monk answered: “The lion cub.” Then Te Shan opened the door and leapt onto the neck of the monk, while crying out: “Animal! Where will you go now?” The monk did not answer anything.

The term “lion cub” is employed by Zen Buddhists to designate a disciple who is capable of understanding the Zen truth: when the masters praise the understanding of a disciple, or wish to test him, this term is customarily employed.

In this case, the monk calls himself, presumptuously, “the lion cub,” but when Te Shan tests him, treating him as a true lion cub — when he climbs onto his neck and asks him an esoteric question — then the monk does not know how to answer.

“This is proof that the monk lacked the authentic understanding which he pretended to possess.”

Such monk was in fact a man of sleeping consciousness, a sincere mistaken one, a MYTHOMANIAC.

“One day, in the Monastery of Nan Chuan, the monks of the eastern wing had a fight with those of the western wing over

the possession of a cat. All went to Nan Chuan to officiate as judge.”

«Brandishing a knife in one hand and the cat in the other, Nan Chuan said: “If any of you can hit on what must be said, the cat will be saved; otherwise, I will cut it in two.” None of the monks knew how to say anything. Then Nan Chuan killed the cat.»

That night when Chao Chou returned to the Monastery, Nan Chuan asked him what he would have said had he been present. Chao Chou took off his straw sandals, placed them on his head, and walked away. Then Nan Chuan commented: “Oh! If you had been here the cat would have been saved.”

It is obvious that Chao Chou was a man of awakened consciousness, an authentic illuminated one.

It is not possible to awaken consciousness, to objectify it totally, without having previously eliminated the subjective elements of the perceptions.

Such infrahuman elements are formed by all that multiplicity of quarrelsome and shouting I's that in their set constitute the EGO, the MYSELF.

The ESSENCE bottled up among all those subjective and incoherent entities sleeps profoundly...

The annihilation of each of those infra-human entities is indispensable to liberate the essence.

Only by emancipating the essence is her awakening attained; then illumination comes.

The Hindustani Yogis attempt to awaken consciousness by means of the KUNDALINI; unfortunately they do not teach the didactics, the procedure.

They say that when the KUNDALINI sleeps coiled within the Muladhara Chakra, man is awake in this valley of tears, and that is one hundred percent false because the intellectual biped wherever he is found — whether in the physical world or in the superior dimensions of nature — is always asleep.

They say that when the KUNDALINI awakens, the man sleeps in this land of bitterness, loses the consciousness of the world, and penetrates into his Causal body; such an affirmation turns out in the depths utopian for two motives:

- The tri-cerebrated or tri-centered biped mistakenly called man is always asleep here and now, and not only has already lost the planetary consciousness, but also — and this is the worst — continues degenerating.

- The rational animal has no Causal Body; he must manufacture it through Sexual Alchemy in the BLAZING FORGE OF VULCAN.

The most important principle is that, when the KUNDALINI has awakened, it ceases as a static power and is transformed into a dynamic potency.

To learn to handle the active power of the KUNDALINI is urgent to awaken consciousness.

In full chemical coitus we must intelligently direct the ray of the KUNDALINI against those Red Demons (I's), within which unfortunately the ESSENCE, the CONSCIOUSNESS, is found.

The hunter who wishes to catch ten hares at the same time catches none; so also the Gnostic who simultaneously longs to eliminate several I's, lamentably fails.

The esoteric work directed at dissolving any psychological defect turns out to be a true Chinese puzzle; not only must we previously comprehend the defect in question in each and every subconscious level of the mind, but also eliminate each of the I's that characterize it.

From every angle it is conspicuously and meridian-clearly evident that very long and patient works are needed to eliminate

any psychological defect.

Many aspirants who arrived in this three-dimensional world of Euclid at absolute chastity, lamentably failed in the suprasensible worlds when they were submitted to test; they demonstrated with conclusive and definitive deeds that they were fornicators and adulterers.

Any psychological defect can disappear from the intellectual zone and continue existing in the diverse subconscious regions.

Someone could be an honorable person in this physical world and even in forty-eight subconscious zones, and yet fail in the forty-ninth.

Now our beloved readers must reflect and comprehend how difficult it is to awaken consciousness, to become a “Lion cub,” to understand the Zen truth, to experience the TAO.

It is not so easy to awaken consciousness; it is necessary to liberate the essence, to draw it out from among its subconscious habitats, to destroy such habitats, to turn them to dust; it is a very slow, painful, difficult gradual process.

As the ESSENCE goes on being liberated, the percentage of consciousness goes on increasing.

The intellectual humanoids mistakenly called men truly possess only three percent of consciousness; if they had even ten percent, wars would be impossible on the face of the Earth.

The primigenial ESSENCE that is liberated upon the dying process beginning is unquestionably transformed into “THE SEMINAL PEARL”; that mathematical point of consciousness cited by the gospel of the TAO. Thus the mystery of the “golden flowering” is initiated.

The MYTHOMANIAC presumes himself ILLUMINATED without having liberated the ESSENCE, without possessing even the SEMINAL PEARL.

The people of subjective Psyche are utopists one hundred percent; they mistakenly suppose that one can be illuminated without having achieved the death of the EGO in radical and definitive form...

Those poor people do not wish to understand that having SELF-ENCLOSURE, OBJECTIVE, AUTHENTIC ILLUMINATION is completely impossible.

It is obvious that when the ESSENCE is bottled up within the PLURALIZED I, SELF-ENCLOSURE exists.

The bottled-up ESSENCE only functions in accordance with its own conditioning.

The EGO is SUBJECTIVE and INFRA-HUMAN; it is patent that the perceptions which the ESSENCE has through the senses of the PLURALIZED I turn out deformed and absurd...

This invites us to comprehend how difficult it is to arrive at true, objective ILLUMINATION.

The price of ILLUMINATION is paid with one's own Life. In the sacred land of the Vedas there are Chelas — disciples — who after thirty years of intensive work find themselves only at the beginnings, in the prologue of their work.

The MYTHOMANIAC wants to be illuminated overnight; he presumes himself wise; he believes himself a God.

*If you had been here the cat would have been saved." It is obvious that Chao Chou was a man of awakened consciousness, an authentic illuminated one.*

## **Chapter 26: THE GOLDEN EMBRYO**

THE MYSTERY OF THE GOLDEN FLOWERING says: "Purify the heart, cleanse the thoughts, hold back the appetites, and conserve the semen."

"If the thoughts are lasting, so will the semen be; if this is lasting, so will the strength be; if this is lasting, so will the spirit

be lasting.”

“The strength of the kidneys is under the sign of water. When the impulses are stirred, it flows downward, is directed to the exterior, and produces creatures. When it is directed backward by the force of thought, invading upward in the crucible of the creative, and refreshes and nourishes heart and body, this is the method of reflux.” (These are the words of the cited Taoist text.)

Let us now transcribe another “TANTRIC ASANA” from the princely author of the «ANANGARANGA»: (This is the UTTHITA posture).

“The carnal act is performed standing. Only physically very strong men employ this posture.”

- “First one positions oneself before the other, then the man takes the woman between his knees, lifts her, holds her in the arc of his elbows, and performs the copulation while she takes hold of his neck.”
- “The man raises one leg of the woman while she has the other firmly planted on the floor. Especially young women find this position much to their liking.”
- “While the man stands with his legs somewhat apart, the woman takes hold with arms and legs to his hips,

he supporting her with his hands, so that she hangs completely from him.”

It is vital, cardinal, and definitive never in life to ejaculate the seminal liquor.

It is urgent to make the sexual energy return inward and upward, without ever spilling the vase of Hermes.

“This method of reflux or recurrence realizes that rotary movement of light, by which the forces of heaven and earth crystallize in the body in a ‘Golden Flower.’”

“The seminal force directed outwardly (flowing downward) produces a dissipation and lowering of the spiritual consciousness.”

Through the sublimation of life and the procreative forces, the phenomenon of a rebirth can be attained: the “point of the vital elixir,” the “Seminal Pearl,” is born, forming from it the golden embryo or Puer Aeternus, which comes to develop and to transform our immortal pneumatic principles.

The wise author of the «ANANGARANGA» teaches another very interesting Tantric Asana which I transcribe below:

**“POSITION OF THE ELEPHANT”:**

“The woman has lain down in such a way that her face, chest, and abdomen touch bed or carpet. The man approaches then from behind and introduces the virile member very softly within the Vulva, withdrawing before the spasm to avoid the ejaculation of the semen.”

THE PURUSHAYITA-BANDHA makes the woman the active element while the man remains passive on his back. In those moments she, placed upon the male, grasps with her right hand the Phallus and introduces it within the Vulva, beginning then a very slow and delicious erotic movement while she invokes KAMADEVA to help her in the MAITHUNA.

The consecrated woman, “THE SUVANI,” knows how to close through will all the sphincters, compressing the YONI to the maximum in order to avoid the orgasm and the loss of sexual liquor. (Thus the Tantra initiation teaches.)

It is not amiss to add in opportune form the following: in case of a spasm coming on, one must avoid the seminal ejaculation by withdrawing instantaneously and lying down on the floor in dorsal decubitus (face up).

In those moments close the right and left nostrils, plugging them with the index and thumb fingers of the right hand. Try to retain the breath thus to the maximum possible. Send the nervous current toward the sexual sphincters or escape gates,

with the purpose of avoiding the spilling of the vase of Hermes. Imagine that the seminal energy ascends through Ida and Pingala as far as the brain.

The Tantric ASANAS taught by the great Initiates in the sacred land of the Ganges turn out marvelous in the SAHAJA MAITHUNA.

The chemical coitus, the metaphysical copulation of the Tantra Initiation, is really transcendental.

In those moments of indisputable paradisiacal delights, we must supplicate our particular Divine Mother Kundalini (for every person has her own Igneous Serpent) to eliminate from our interior that defect which we have comprehended in all the recesses of the mind.

She, the adorable, will grasp the lance of Eros and reduce to ashes that I Devil that personifies the comprehended defect.

Thus the essence in progressive form will go on liberating itself as we go on destroying I's...

In this form and in this manner, the "Seminal Pearl" will develop with the increase of the various Percentages of the essence until becoming the "Golden Embryo."

It is unquestionable that the awakening of consciousness becomes marvelous in the mystery of the Golden FLOWERING.

The “Golden Embryo” confers upon us SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS and the objective transcendental knowledge.

The “Golden Embryo” transforms us into conscious citizens of the superior worlds.

*The Tantric ASANAS taught by the great Initiates in the sacred land of the Ganges turn out marvelous in the SAHAJA MAITHUNA.*

## **Chapter 27: THE JINAYANA SCHOOL**

The conquest of the ULTRA-MARE-VITAE or SUPRALIMINAL and ULTRA-TERRESTRIAL WORLD would be something more than impossible if we were to commit the error of underestimating the woman.

The delicious Word of ISIS arises from amid the profound bosom of all ages, awaiting the instant of being realized...

The ineffable words of the Goddess NEITH have been sculpted with letters of gold upon the resplendent walls of the temple of wisdom.

**“I AM THAT WHICH HAS BEEN, IS, AND SHALL BE, AND NO MORTAL HAS LIFTED MY VEIL.”**

The primitive religion of JANUS or JAINUS — that is, the golden, solar, quiritary, and superhuman doctrine of the JINAS — is absolutely sexual, you know it.

It is written with burning coals in the book of life that during the Golden Age of Latium and Liguria, the Divine King JANUS or SATURN (I.A.O., BACCHUS, JEHOVAH, IOD-HEVE) wisely ruled over those holy peoples, Aryan tribes all, although of very diverse epochs and origins.

Then, O my God!... as in similar epochs of other peoples of ancient Arcadia, it could be said that JINAS and men dwelt happily together...

Within the ineffable mystical idyll commonly called “THE ENCHANTMENTS OF HOLY FRIDAY,” we feel in the depths of our heart that in the sexual organs there exists a terribly Divine force that can equally liberate as enslave man.

The sexual energy contains within itself the living archetype of the authentic SOLAR MAN that must take form within ourselves.

Many suffering souls would wish to enter into the transcendent Monsalvat, but unfortunately this is something more than impossible owing to the Veil of ISIS, or Adamic sexual Veil.

Within the ineffable bliss of the JINAS paradises there certainly exists a divine humanity that is invisible to the senses of mortals due to their sins and limitations, born of sexual abuse.

It is written and with characters of fire in the great book of life that in the JAIN or JINA cross is miraculously hidden the unspeakable secret of the Great Arcanum, the marvelous key of sexual transmutation.

It is not difficult to comprehend that such magical cross is the very swastika of the great mysteries...

Amid the delicious ecstasy of the longing soul, we can and even should put ourselves in mystical contact with JANUS, the austere and sublime "JINA" Hierophant who in the old continent MU taught the science of the "JINAS."

In secret Tibet there exist two schools that combat each other mutually: I wish to refer clearly to the MAHAYANA and JINAYANA institutions.

In our next chapter we shall speak of the first of these two institutions; now we shall only concern ourselves with the school "JINAYANA"...

It is patent that the "JINAYANA" path turns out in the depths profoundly Buddhist and Christic...

In this mysterious path we encounter with mystical astonishment the faithful guardians of the Holy Grail, or of the Initiatic Stone — that is, of the supreme Synthesis-Religion, which was the primitive one of humanity; the doctrine of Sexual Magic...

JANA, SWANA, or JAINA is then the doctrine of that old God of struggle and action, called JANUS, the Divine Lord of two faces, androgynous transposition of the Egyptian Hermes and of many other Gods of the MAYA-QUICHE and AZTEC pantheons, whose imposing and majestic sculptures chiseled in the living rock can still be seen in Mexico.

The Greco-Roman Myth still preserves the memory of the exile of JANUS or JAINOS to Italy because CRONOS or SATURN cast him from heaven — that is, the legendary recollection of his descent to the Earth as instructor and guide of humanity to give to it the primitive Natural Religion “JINA” or “JAINA.”

Janna or Jaina is also obviously the marvelous Sino-Tibetan Doctrine of Dan, Chhan, Dzan, Shuan, Ioan, or Dhyan-Chohan — characteristics of all the esoteric schools of the Aryan world with roots in submerged Atlantis.

The Secret Doctrine, the primitive Jaina Doctrine, is founded upon the Philosophical Stone, upon sex, upon the Sahaja Maithuna.

Gnostic Doctrine infinitely superior, because more ancient than Brahmanism itself, the primitive JINAYANA school, that of the narrow path that leads to the light...

Doctrine of Salvation truly admirable, of which in Central Asia and in China very many memories remain, as they also remain in universal Masonry where we still find, for example, the survival of the symbolic cross Jaina or Swastika (from Swan, the Hamsa, the Swan, the Phoenix Bird, the Dove of the Holy Spirit or Paraclete, soul of the temple of the Grail, Nous, or spirit that is none other than the BEING or DHYANI of man).

Even in these modern times we can find traces in Ireland of those 23 DJIN prophets or conquerors of souls who were sent in all the directions of the world by the founder of Jainism:

The Rishi-Raja-Deva...

At the moments in which I write these lines, transcendental memories come to my mind...

In one of those many corridors of an ancient palace — never mind the date, nor the hour — drinking water with lemon in delicate cups of fine Baccarat, together with a very select group of ELOHIM, I said: “I need to rest for a time amid felicity; for several MAHAMANVANTARAS I have been helping humanity and I am already tired.”

“The greatest felicity is to have God within,” answered a great-friend Archangel.

Those words left me perplexed, confused; I thought of Nirvana, of Maha-Paranirvana, etc.

Inhabiting in regions of such intensive felicity, could perhaps any creature not be happy? How? Why? Because of not having the Monad within?

Full then of so many doubts, I resolved to consult the old Sage “JANUS,” the living God of the science of “Jinas”...

Before entering his abode I made a secret greeting before the Guardian; I advanced before the watchers and greeted them with another greeting, and finally I had the joy of finding myself before the God JANUS...

“Another greeting is lacking,” said the Venerable: “There is no greater greeting than that of the tranquil heart.” Thus I answered, at the same time devotedly placing my hands on the cardias...

“It is well,” said the Sage...

When I wished to ask him questions that would dissipate the said doubts, the old one without speaking a single word deposited the answer in the depths of my consciousness...

Such answer we may summarize thus:

“Although a man dwell in Nirvana or in any other region of infinite joys, if he does not have God within, he would not be happy.”

“However, if he were to live in the inferior worlds or in the most filthy prison of the Earth, having God within he would be happy.”

We shall conclude this chapter by saying: The JINAYANA School with its profound esotericism leads us via sex to the incarnation of the Verb and the final liberation...

OREMUS...

## **Chapter 28: ZEN BUDDHISM**

Why is the ultimate TRUTH-PRAJNA which ZEN BUDDHISM wishes to indicate so indefinable, abstract, and unreachable?

“To define” really means to put intellectual limits on, or to declare the meaning of a determined thing.

“To grasp,” in the sense employed here, means to comprehend something and retain it in memory.

As the very act of defining consists obviously in enclosing something within a certain limit, it cannot necessarily not be finite, narrow, and restrictive in its nature; likewise, as “To comprehend” means to grasp something mentally, but not everything, it must be equally limitative and exclusive.

The ultimate TRUTH-PRAJNA which the ZEN school wishes to indicate cannot be in any way something narrow, finite, or exclusive; it must be something vast, universal, and infinite, something that includes and reaches all, something beyond definition and designation.

The very word “to define” patently suggests a human finger pointing at a determined object, and the word “to grasp” a hand retaining something and not releasing it.

Given this lamentable limitation and this clinging, profoundly rooted in the rationalism of the intellectual animal mistakenly called Man, it is in no way surprising that the free and OMNI-INCLUDING TRUTH-PRAJNA truly becomes something evasive that is always mysteriously eluding every thinker.

Illumination. This grandiose word in essence and potency is used in this chapter to indicate emphatically the transcendental mystical experience that consists in experiencing the TAO, the ZEN-TRUTH, the REAL.

It is not sufficient to comprehend something; we need to capture, apprehend, capture its intimate significance.

The sixth Patriarch asked the BODHIDHARMA: “How is it possible to attain the TAO?” The BODHIDHARMA answered:

“Externally, all activity ceases; internally, the mind ceases to agitate itself. When the mind has become a wall, then the TAO comes.”

It is urgent to know that the Japanese ZEN is the same Hindustani DHYANA, the Pali JHANA, the Chinese CHAN: an extraordinary form of MAHAYANA BUDDHISM...

It is unquestionable that the studies and practices of ZEN allow us to capture the intimate significance of the Buddhist teachings preached by the MAHAYANA school — marvelous antithesis and complement at the same time of the school of INTIMATE SELF-REALIZATION JINAYANA.

The illuminating void turns out to be impossible to describe with human words. It is not definable or describable. As the Zen Master Huai Jang has said: “Whatever I may say will miss the principal point.”

The Buddhist teaching on emptiness is comprehensive and profound, and requires much study before being understood...

Only in absence of the EGO can we experience directly the illuminating void.

To deify the mind is an absurdity, because this in itself is only a fatal dungeon for consciousness...

To affirm that the mind is the Buddha, to say that it is the TAO, is preposterous because the intellect is only a cage for consciousness.

The mystical experience of the illuminating void is always realized outside the intellectual terrain.

Buddhist illumination is never obtained by developing the mental force, nor by deifying reason; on the contrary: it is attained by untying any link that ties us to the mind.

Only by liberating ourselves from the intellectual dungeon will we be able to experience the bliss of the illuminating void, free and entirely insubstantial.

The void is simply a clear and precise Buddhist term that denotes the non-substantial and non-personal nature of beings, and a sign of indication of the state of absolute detachment and freedom outside of time and beyond the mind.

Drink the wine of meditation in the delicious cup of perfect concentration.

*Buddhist illumination is never obtained by developing the mental force, nor by deifying reason; on the contrary: it is attained by untying any link that ties us to the mind.*

## **Chapter 29: THE TWO SCHOOLS**

Reality (Li in Chinese) can be seen in a sudden manner, but matter (Shih in Chinese) must be cultivated in a progressive and orderly form.

In other words, after having reached ecstasy, one must cultivate it until its complete development and maturity.

Thus, esoteric work consists of two principal aspects, the “VISION” and the “ACTION.”

To have a vision one must ascend to the highest of the mountain and look from there; to begin the journey one must descend to the bottom of the abyss and begin to walk from there.

Although the ZEN temple, which is a marvelous form of MAHAYANA Buddhism, is sustained by the two pillars of “Vision” and “Action,” it is patent that it places very special emphasis on the first.

This is clearly acknowledged by Guruji I Shan, who said: “Your vision and not your action is what matters to me.”

That is why the Zen Masters place all the emphasis on ecstasy, on Samadhi, on Satori, and concentrate all their efforts in leading their disciples or Chelas directly to it.

The Tibetan JINAYANA school is different, and although its two main columns are also “Vision” and “Action,” it is unquestionable that it places special solemnity on the second and struggles tirelessly to lead its devotees to the Ninth Sphere (Sex).

It is not amiss in this chapter to affirm that the aspirants of the MAHAYANA school truly long with infinite eagerness for the direct experience of the illuminating Void.

In no way do we exaggerate concepts if we affirm with certain vehemence that the disciples of the JINAYANA school work tenaciously in the “Forge of the Cyclops” — sex —, with the intelligent purpose of attaining the intimate (SELF-REALIZATION) of the illuminating Void.

When the mind is quiet, when the mind is in silence, within and without and at the center, the mystical experience of the Void comes; however, it is obvious that SELF-REALIZING it is something very different.

The Void is not very easy to explain. Verily I say to you that it is not definable or describable.

The language of these humanoids who people the face of the Earth has been created to designate existing things and feelings; it is not adequate to express those that are beyond the body, the affects, and the mind.

The illuminating Void is not a matter of knowing or not knowing; experiencing it directly is what is indicated.

“VISION” and “ACTION” complement each other mutually. The two cited schools turn out to be indispensable.

To see with infinite lucidity is only possible in absence of the EGO, of the MYSELF, of the ONESELF; to dissolve it is urgent.

Conscious action is the result of progressive work in the “Forge of the Cyclops.” (Sex)...

The “Golden Flower” establishes the perfect harmonious equilibrium between “VISION” and “ACTION.”

The “Golden Embryo,” the sublime flower, is the extraordinary foundation of the intimate BUDDHA.

Millenary archaic traditions say that there exist two classes of BUDDHAS:

- Transitory BUDDHAS.
- Permanent BUDDHAS.

It is patent that the first are found in transit, from sphere to sphere, struggling to realize within themselves the “illuminating Void.”

It is unquestionable that the second are the BUDDHAS of contemplation; those who have already realized within themselves the “illuminating Void.”

In the esoteric study of Zen — marvelous form of the MAHAYANA school — there exist two very interesting Chinese terms: CHIEN and HSING.

Used as a verb, CHIEN means “to see,” or “to look”; used as a noun it means “the sight,” “understanding,” or “observation.”

HSING means “practice,” “action,” “esoteric work.” It may also be used as verb or noun.

CHIEN, in its most intimate sense, means the entire mystical understanding of the Buddhist teaching; but in Zen it not only denotes the clear and evident understanding of the principles and of the Truth-Prajna, but also implies the awakened vision that arises from the Experience — “Wu” (Satori, ecstasy, Samadhi).

CHIEN in this transcendental and Divinal sense can be understood as seen reality or a vision of reality.

However, it is unquestionable that although this signifies seeing reality, it does not imply the possession or dominion of it.

HSING, the fecund and creative work in “the Blazing Forge of Vulcan,” is fundamental when one desires the possession and the dominion of the “Real.”

*When the mind is quiet, when the mind is in silence, within and without and at the center, the mystical experience of the Void comes; however, it is obvious that SELF-REALIZING it is something very different.*

## **Chapter 30: AWAKENED MEN**

The awakened Monk called Tien Jan went to visit the Venerable Master Hui Chang.

(On arriving) he very solemnly asked a certain assistant ascetic whether the “Real Master” was at home.

The mystic answered: “Yes, but he does not receive visitors.” Tien Jan said: “Oh! What is said is too deep and strange!”

The helping Anchorite replied: “Not even the eyes of the Buddha can see it.”

Then Tien Jan argued: “The female Dragon gives birth to a little Dragon, and the female Phoenix to a little Phoenix!” And then he withdrew.

Later, when Hui Chang came out of the meditation in which he found himself and learned what had happened in his house, he struck the assisting religious.

When Tien Jan learned of this, he made the following commentary: “This old one deserves to be called the real master.”

The next day Tien Jan, the man of awakened consciousness, returned to visit the Guru Hui Chang.

In accordance with the exotic oriental customs, as soon as he caught sight of the Guru, he spread his blanket upon the floor (as preparing to sit down to receive his teachings). Hui Chang said: “It is not necessary, it is not necessary.”

Tien Jan stepped back a little, and the Real Master emphatically said: “It is well; it is well.”

However, in unusual form, Tien Jan again advanced a few steps. Then the Real Master said: “No. no.”

However, Tien Jan comprehended it all, took a symbolic turn around the Hierophant, and went away.

Later the Venerable commented: “Much time has passed since the days of the Blessed Ones. People are now very lazy. Within thirty years it will be very difficult to find a man like this one.”

Strange attitudes! Instantaneous telepathic conversations! “Intuitions” that flash like lightning...

To explain all this would be like castrating the teaching: our very beloved readers must capture its deep significance...

Hui Chang possessed the golden embryo; it is patent that he had realized within himself the “Illuminating Void.”

Tien Jan was also a man with awakened consciousness, someone who, although he had not yet self-realized the Void, possessed the “Golden Flower.”

Huang Po once encountered an awakened monk and walked together with him. When they came near a turbulent river that flowed furiously between its rock bed, Huang Po took off his bamboo hat for a moment and, setting aside his staff, stopped to think how they might cross.

Being in these reflections, suddenly something unusual happens; the other monk walked upon the tumultuous waters of the river without letting his feet touch the water, and immediately reached the other shore.

Old traditions that are lost in the night of the centuries say that when Huang Po saw the miracle he bit his lips and said: “Oh! I did not know that he could do that; had I known, I would have pushed him to the bottom of the river.”

These miraculous powers are simply the natural products of true illumination, and they are possessed by awakened men, those who have already manufactured the “golden embryo” in the “Blazing Forge of Vulcan” (Sex).

Chan Chen-Chi tells us the following account:

“The Zen Master Pu Hua had been an assistant of Lin Chi. One day he decided that the moment of his death had arrived, and so he went to the market and asked the people to give him by charity a vestment. But when some people offered him the vestment and other clothing, he refused them and went on marching with the staff in his hand.”

«When Lin Chi heard this, he persuaded some people to give Pu Huan a coffin. So they offered a coffin to Pu Huan. He smiled and said to the donors: “This fellow, Lin Chi, is really bad and a chatterbox.”»

«After that he accepted the coffin and announced to the people: “Tomorrow I will leave the city by the East gate and die in some corner of the eastern suburbs.”»

«The next day many people of the city, carrying the coffin, escorted him to the East gate. But suddenly he stopped and exclaimed: ‘Oh, no, no, according to geomancy, this day is not auspicious. It is better that I die tomorrow in a southern suburb.’»

“Thus the following day all set out for the South gate, but Pu Huan changed his mind again, and told the people that he preferred to die the next day, in the western suburb.”

“Many fewer people went to escort him the following day. And again Pu Huan changed his mind, saying that he was postponing his departure from this world one more day, and that he would then die in a northern suburb. By then the people had grown weary of the affair, and so no one escorted him the next day.”

“Pu Huan had to carry the coffin himself to the northern suburb. When he arrived he got into the coffin, still with the staff in his hand, and waited for some passers-by to come. Then he asked them to nail the coffin once he had died. When they consented, he lay down and died.”

“Then,” Chang Chen-Chi continues, “the passers-by nailed the coffin as they had promised.”

“The news of this fact soon reached the city, and people began to come in droves. Someone then suggested that they open the

coffin to take a look at the corpse, but on doing so, to their surprise, they found nothing.”

“Before recovering from their surprise they heard, from the sky, the familiar sound of the bells of the staff that Pu Huan had carried all his life.”

“At first the tinkling was violent, because it was very close; afterward it became weaker and weaker, until finally it disappeared entirely. No one knew where Pu Huan had gone.”

*When Tien Jan learned of this, he made the following commentary: “This old one deserves to be called the real master.” The next day Tien Jan, the man of awakened consciousness, returned to visit the Guru Hui Chang.*

## **Chapter 31: GOETHE**

In sublime ineffable ecstasy, Goethe proclaims his Divine Mother Kundalini as authentic liberator:

*“Raise your eyes to the saving gaze.*

*You all, tender repentant souls,*

*in order to transform yourselves, full of gratitude*

*for a fortunate destiny.*

*May each purified sense be ready for her service.*

*Virgin, Mother, Queen, Goddess,*

*Be propitious!”*

Goethe well knew that without the aid of DEVI KUNDALINI, the Igneous Serpent of our magical powers, the elimination of the animal EGO would be something more than impossible.

It is unquestionable that the most known love relationships of Goethe — excluding, naturally, the one he sustained with Christiane Vulpius — were without any exception of a more erotic than sexual nature.

Waldemar says: “We do not think we are pretending too much in saying that in Goethe the enjoyment of fantasy was the elemental in his relationships with women: he made efforts to perceive the sensation of enthusiastic consolation; in a word, the exciting muse-like element of the woman that inflamed his spirit and heart, and that absolutely was not to procure satisfaction for his matter.”

“The passionate infatuation he had for Charlotte Buff, Lili, or Frederike Brion could not propagate the whole situation correspondingly to the sexual.”

“Many literary histories have already attempted to expound plainly to what point the relationships of Goethe with Frau

Von Stein went. The examined facts support the idea that it was an ideal correspondence.”

“That Goethe, as is known, did not live in complete sexual abstinence in Italy, and that on his return to the fatherland he soon linked a tie with Christiane Vulpius, who refused him nothing, permits the conclusion that he must previously have lacked something.”

“Indubitably,” Waldemar continues telling us, “Goethe loved in the most passionate manner when he was separated from the object of his longing; only in reflection did his love take body and inspire him with ardor.”

Invariably, when he let pour forth from his pen the effusions of his heart to Frau Von Stein, he was truly close to her... closer than he could ever be physically.

Hermann Grimm rightly says: “We have seen how his relationship with Lotte is only comprehensible when we refer all his passion to the hours when he is not with her.”

It is not amiss in this chapter to emphasize the idea that Goethe abhorred the coitus of fornicators: *Omne animal post coitum triste:*

*“So you bring to my love*

*a wretched enjoyment?”*

*Take away the desire of so many songs,  
take away again the brief pleasure,  
take it and give to the sad breast,  
to the eternally sad breast, something better.”*

Let the poet now speak! Let him say what he feels! In truth and poetry he writes: “I went out rarely, but our letters — referring to Frederike — were exchanged all the more living. She kept me informed of her circumstances... So that I had before my soul with affection and passion her merits.”

“Absence made me free, and all my inclination flourished duly only through conversation in the distance. In such instants I could properly let myself be dazzled by the future.”

«In his poem “Joy of Absence” he clearly expresses his propensity for metaphysical eroticism»:

*“Sip, O youth, of the sacred joy of the flower  
throughout the day in the eyes of the beloved!...  
But always this joy is greater than nothing  
being far from the object of love.”*

*“In no place can I forget her,*

*but I can sit tranquil at the table  
with cheerful spirit and in complete freedom.  
And the imperceptible deception  
that makes love venerate  
and converts desire into illusion.”*

Waldemar commenting says: “The poet was not at all interested — and this must be noted — in Frau Von Stein, in how she really was, but in how he saw her through the pressure of his own creative heart.”

His metaphysical longing for the “eternal feminine” was projected in such a way upon Charlotte, that in her he saw the Mother, the beloved — in a word, the universal principle, or, better expressed, the very idea of Eve. Already in 1775 he wrote: “It would be a great spectacle to see how the universe is reflected in this soul. She sees the universe as it is, and indeed through love.”

«As long as Goethe could “poetize” the girl he loved — that is, create an ideal being that corresponded to the flight of his fantasy — he was faithful and devoted; but as soon as this process of “poetization” weakened, whether by his own fault or that of the other person, he withdrew. Invariably, he procures for himself his erotic-poetic sensations until the moment when

the matter threatens to turn serious, then taking refuge in the PATHOS of distance.»

Allow us the liberty to dissent from Goethe on this thorny point of his doctrine.

To love someone at a distance, to promise much and forget afterward, seems to us too cruel; at the bottom of that there exists moral fraud...

Instead of stabbing adorable hearts, it is better to practice the SAHAJA MAITHUNA with the priestess wife, to love her and remain faithful to her throughout life.

This man understood the transcendental aspect of sex, but failed at the most delicate point; for this reason he did not attain INTIMATE SELF-REALIZATION...

Goethe adoring his Divine Mother KUNDALINI exclaims, full of ecstasy:

*“Pure Virgin in the most beautiful sense,  
mother worthy of veneration,  
queen chosen by us  
and of condition equal to the Gods...!”*

Longing to die in himself here and now during the chemical coitus, wishing to destroy MEPHISTOPHELES, he exclaims:

*“Arrows, pierce me;*

*lances, subdue me;*

*maces, wound me.*

*May all disappear,*

*may all vanish.*

*May the perennial star shine,*

*focus of eternal love”...*

Unquestionably this Genial Bard possessed a marvelous intuition; if he had exclusively rediscovered himself in one single woman; if in her he had found the secret path; if with her he had worked throughout his life in the “NINTH SPHERE,” it is obvious that he would have arrived at final liberation.

In his «Faust» he expounds with great success the Faith in the possibility of the elevation of the liberated “GOLDEN EMBRYO” to a “SUPERSOUL.” (THE SUPERIOR MANAS OF THEOSOPHY).

When this happens, said theosophical principle penetrates into us, and fused with the GOLDEN EMBRYO passes through

extraordinary intimate transformations: then it is said of us that we are men with soul.

On reaching these heights we shall attain Mastery, Adeptship; we shall become active members of the Occult Brotherhood.

This does not signify perfection in the most complete sense of the word. Well do the Divine and the human know how difficult it is to attain perfection in Mastery.

It must be said in passing, it is urgent to know that such Perfection is only attained after having performed deep esoteric works in the worlds Moon, Mercury, Venus, Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune.

In any case, the incarnation of the human Soul or third aspect of the Hindustani Trimurti known as Atman-Buddhi-Manas in us and its mixture with the Golden Embryo is an extraordinary cosmic event that transforms us radically.

The incarnation of the Superior Manas in us does not imply the entry of the Atmic and Buddhic principles into the interior of our organism. This last pertains to ulterior works of which we shall speak profoundly in our future book entitled: «THE THREE MOUNTAINS».

After this small digression indispensable for the theme in question, we shall continue with the following account:

Long ago, something unusual and unprecedented happened to me on the path of life. On a certain night while I was occupied with my most interesting esoteric works outside the physical body, I had to approach with the EIDOLON the gigantic city of London.

I remember with entire meridian clarity that on passing through a certain place of that city I could perceive with mystical astonishment the resplendent yellow aura of a certain intelligent youth who was on a corner.

I entered a very elegant café of that metropolis and, sitting down at a table, I commented the said case with a person of a certain age who slowly tasted in a cup the delicious content of that Arabesque beverage.

Suddenly something unusual happens; a personage approaches us and sits down at our side; on observing him carefully I could verify with great astonishment that he was the same youth of resplendent yellow aura who moments before had so astonished me.

After the customary introductions I came to know that such subject was no less than the one who in life had written Faust; I wish to refer to Goethe.

In the astral world marvels happen, extraordinary, prodigious events; it is not strange to find oneself there with men already

discarnate; with personages like Victor Hugo, Plato, Socrates, Danton, Molière, etc., etc., etc.

Thus, then, dressed in the EIDOLON I wished to converse with Goethe outside of London and on the shore of the immense sea; I invited him, and it is obvious that he in no way declined such invitation.

Conversing together on the cliffs of that British island where the English capital is situated, we could see some mental waves of bloody red color that, floating upon the stormy ocean, came toward us.

I had to explain to that youth of radiant aura that those mental forms came from a certain lady who, in Latin America, desired me sexually. This did not fail to cause us certain sadness...

The stars shone in infinite space, and the enraged waves, roaring frightfully, incessantly beat the sandy beach.

Conversing on the cliffs of the Pontus, he and I, interchanging ideas, I resolved to put to him point-blank — as we say here in the physical world — the following questions: Do you have now again a physical body? The answer was affirmative. Is your current vehicle masculine or feminine? Then he answered: “My current body is feminine.” In what country are you reincarnated? “In Holland.” Do you love someone? Yes, he said: “I love a Dutch prince and I think of marrying him” on a

determined date (excuse the reader for not mentioning this last).

I thought your love would be strictly universal; love the rocks — I said to him —, the mountains, the rivers, the seas, the bird that flies and the fish that glides in the deep waters. “Is not human love perhaps a spark of divine love?” This kind of answer, in the form of a question, pronounced by the one who in his past reincarnation was called Goethe, certainly left me stunned, perplexed, astonished. Indubitably the distinguished poet had said something irrefutable, incontrovertible, exact, to me.

*Well do the Divine and the human know how difficult it is to attain perfection in Mastery.*

## **Chapter 32: REINCARNATION**

The «Bhagavad-Gita», the sacred book of Lord KRISHNA, textually says the following:

“The Being is not born, nor dies, nor reincarnates: he has no origin, is eternal, immutable, the first of all, and does not die when the body is killed.”

Let our Gnostic readers now reflect on the following antithetical and contradictory verse:

“As one casts off worn-out garments and puts on new ones, so the corporeal Being casts off his worn-out body and enters into new ones.”

Two opposite verses of the great Avatar KRISHNA: If we did not know the key it is obvious that we would be confused:

“On leaving the body, taking the path of fire, of light, of day, of the luminous fortnight of the Moon and of the northern solstice, the knowers of BRAHMAN go to BRAHMAN.”

“The Yogi who, on dying, goes by the path of smoke, of the dark fortnight of the Moon and of the southern solstice, reaches the Lunar sphere (the Astral World) and then is reborn (Returns, is reincorporated).”

“These two paths, the luminous and the dark, are considered permanent. By the first, one emancipates oneself, and by the second one is reborn (returns).”

Let us declare without ambages that the Being, the INCARNATED Lord in some perfect creature, can return, RE-INCARNATE...

“When the Lord (THE BEING) takes a body, or leaves it, HE associates himself with the six senses or abandons them, and goes as the breeze that carries with itself the perfume of the flowers.”

“Directing the ears, the eyes, the organs of touch, taste and smell, and also the mind, HE experiences the objects of the senses.”

“The ignorant, hallucinated, do not see Him when HE takes a body, leaves it, or has experiences in association with the Gunas; in contrast, those who have the eyes of wisdom see Him.”

As extraordinary document for the doctrine of RE-INCARNATION it is worth meditating on the following verse of Lord KRISHNA:

“O Bharata! Whenever religion declines and irreligion prevails, I incarnate again (that is, I RE-INCARNATE) to protect the good, destroy the evil and establish religion. I incarnate (or RE-INCARNATE) in different epochs.”

From all these verses of Lord KRISHNA, two conclusions are logically deduced with complete clarity.

- The knowers of BRAHMA go to BRAHMA and can, if they so wish, return, incorporate themselves, REINCARNATE, to work in the GREAT WORK of the Father.
- Those who have not dissolved the EGO, the I, the MYSELF, go after death by the path of smoke, of the

dark fortnight of the Moon, and of the southern solstice; they arrive at the Lunar sphere and then are reborn, RETURN, reincorporate themselves in this painful valley of Samsara.

The Doctrine of the Great Avatar KRISHNA teaches that only the Gods, Semi-Gods, Divine Kings, Titans and Devas RE-INCARNATE.

The Law of the eternal return of all things is always combined with the Law of RECURRENCE.

The EGOS return incessantly to repeat Dramas, scenes, events, here and now. The past is projected toward the future through the alley of the present.

The word RE-INCARNATION is very exigent; it must not be used in any way: No one could RE-INCARNATE without having first eliminated the EGO, without truly having a Sacred Individuality.

INCARNATION is a very venerable word; it signifies in fact the reincorporation of the Divinal in a man.

RE-INCARNATION is the repetition of such cosmic event; a new Manifestation of the Divine...

In no way do we exaggerate concepts on emphasizing the transcendental idea that RE-INCARNATION is only possible for

the “GOLDEN EMBRYOS” which have already achieved in any CYCLE OF MANIFESTATION the glorious union with the SUPER-SOUL.

Absurd would it be to confuse RE-INCARNATION with RETURN. It would be to fall into a nonsense of the worst kind to affirm that the EGO — legion of tenebrous, sinister and leftist I’s — can RE-INCARNATE.

RETURN is something very different: the RETURN of KALPAS, YUGAS, MAHAMANVANTARAS, MAHAPRALAYAS, etc., etc., etc., is unquestionable.

*The word RE-INCARNATION is very exigent; it must not be used in any way: No one could RE-INCARNATE without having first eliminated the EGO, without truly having a Sacred Individuality.*

## **Chapter 33: RETURN**

Speaking clearly and without ambages, we can and must affirm with certain very marked emphasis that three human forms go to the sepulchre:

- The physical cadaver.
- The Vital body or Lingam Sarira.

- The Personality.

It is unquestionable — and anyone knows it — that the dense form in gradulative process disintegrates within the sepulchral pit...

It is patent that the second aspect, vital or Lingam Sarira, floating before the sepulchre like a phosphorescent ghost sometimes visible to very psychic people, disintegrates slowly together with the physical body.

The third form is interesting for clairvoyants: I wish to refer to the energetic Personality...

Certainly it would be a nonsense to emphasize the idea of some possible RE-INCARNATION for the Personality: this last is the child of its time; it is born in its time; it dies in its time... There is no tomorrow for the personality of the deceased...

In the name of Truth we must say that the Personality is formed during the first seven years of infancy, and that it is strengthened with time and experiences...

After the death of the carnal body, the personality goes to the sepulchre; however, it is wont to escape from there to wander around the cemetery.

Our compassion must also extend very amply to these discarded personalities who have made the sepulchre their dwelling...

The ancient peoples were not unaware of this, and for this reason they placed within the tomb of their beloved ones, things and foods related to these last. This many archaeologists have been able to verify upon discovering huacas, ancient tumuli, cenotaphs, niches, dwellings, sarcophagi...

The flowers and visits of mourners gladden much the discarded personalities.

The process of disintegration of such personalities is wont in truth to be frightfully slow.

At the moments in which I write these lines, my comrades fallen on the battlefields during the Mexican Revolution come to my memory: It is indubitable that their sepulchral personalities came out from their tombs to receive me when I visited them in an old cemetery; it is obvious that they recognized me and questioned me, inquiring, investigating about my existence and form of life in the present.

DEVI-KUNDALINI, the consecrated Queen of SHIVA, our particular, individual Divine Cosmic Mother, assumes in each creature five transcendent mystical aspects which it is urgent to enumerate.

- The unmanifested PRAKRITI.
- The chaste DIANA, ISIS, TONANTZIN, MARY, or better said RAM-IO.
- The terrible HECATE, PROSERPINE, COATLICUE, queen of the hells and death; terror of love and law.
- The particular, individual Mother Nature, creator and artificer of our physical organism.
- The Elemental Magician to whom we owe every vital impulse, every instinct.

The blessed Goddess Mother Death has power to punish us when we violate the law, and authority to take our life.

It is undoubted that she is only a magnificent facet of our mystic dyad, a splendid form of our own Being. Without her consent no angel of death would dare to break the thread of life, the silver cord, the antakarana.

That which continues beyond the sepulchre is the EGO, the I, the Myself — a certain sum of Devil-I's that personify our psychological defects.

Normally said “Psychic Aggregates” are processed in the Astral and Mental worlds. Rare are the ESSENCES which manage to emancipate themselves for some time from among such sub-

jective elements to enjoy a vacation in the Causal world before returning to this vale of tears.

Through these tenebrous times of the KALI YUGA, the celestial life between death and the new birth becomes more and more impossible... The cause of such anomaly consists in the strengthening of the animal Ego; the ESSENCE of each person is too trapped by the PLURALIZED I...

The Egos normally submerge within the Mineral Kingdom in the Inferior Worlds or return in immediate or mediate form in a new organism.

The EGO continues in the seed of our descendants; we return incessantly to repeat always the same dramas, the same tragedies.

We must emphasize that not all the psychic aggregates achieve such human return; really many Devil-I's are lost because either they submerge within the mineral kingdom, or continue reincorporating themselves in animal organisms, or resolutely cling, adhere to certain places.

## **Chapter 34: FECUNDATION**

It is unquestionable that the ovaries emit an egg every twenty-eight days, which is gathered in one of the Fallopian tubes and conducted wisely to the uterus of prodigies, where it must

meet with the masculine Germ (zoosperm) if a new life is to begin.

The SAHAJA MAITHUNA, the SEX YOGA, with all its TANTRIC ASANAS and its famous “COITUS RESERVATUS,” although it limits the quantity of fecundations, is in no way an obstacle to some conceptions.

Any mature zoosperm can escape during the SAHAJA MAITHUNA to perform the fecundation.

It is interesting that of the six or seven million zoosperms that any common and ordinary profane loses in a coitus, only one fortunate spermatozoid succeeds in penetrating the egg.

It is patent that the fecundating zoosperm capable of entering the egg possesses a greater force.

It is not amiss to emphasize the idea that the Dynamism of the fecundating zoosperm is owed to the ESSENCE that returns to reincorporate itself.

It results, then, manifestly absurd to spill the vase of Hermes, to lose several millions of zoosperms, when in reality only one fecundating spermatozoid is necessary...

We Gnostics create with the power of KRIYA-SHAKTI — the power of will and Yoga — never in life do we spill the “Vase of the Sophic Mercury.”

There is no force more impelling in its expression in life than the effort the masculine and feminine germs make to meet.

The uterus is the feminine sexual organ in which the fetus develops, the vestibule of this world where the creature prepares for its advent.

We have been told with great accuracy that it is possible to voluntarily choose and determine the sex of the creature; this is possible when the law of Karma permits it.

In the imagination of every man there always exists the living prototype of an ideal feminine beauty...

In the imagination of every woman there never ceases to exist some Prince Charming; that is already demonstrated...

If at the instant of coitus the masculine longing predominates, the fruit of love will be female...

If at the precise moment of copulation the feminine longing stands out, the creature will be male...

Based on this principle we may formulate thus: if both, Adam-Eve, agree to create, it is obvious that they may voluntarily determine the sex of the creature.

If at the transcendental instant of the chemical copulation, husband and wife, in mutual psychological accord, truly long

for a male child, the manifest result would be a boy.

If at the marvelous moment of metaphysical coitus, HE and SHE ardently wish for a daughter, the result would be a girl...

It is written with burning coals on the pages of the book of life that every conception is realized under the cosmic influences of the Moon in Cancer.

Death and Conception are intimately related. Extremes touch. The path of life is formed with the prints of the hooves of the horse of death.

The last instants of the dying are associated to the erotic delights of the couples who love each other...

In the last second of life, at the precise moment in which we exhale the final breath, we transmit to the future organism that awaits us beyond time and distance, a certain particular cosmic design that comes to crystallize in the fertilized egg...

It is through the silver cord — the famous ANTAKARANA — that we remain connected with the fecundating zoosperm...

It is not amiss to affirm that the ESSENCE only comes to penetrate into the physical body at the instant we make our first inhalation...

## Chapter 35: BEAUTY

Waldemar says:

“The so-called ‘pregnancy fright’ of woman is too well known for us to extend ourselves much on the particular. It records the special agitations of the spirit that act upon the tender fruit that is in the maternal womb. But, in singular manner, the immense importance of a psychic influence upon the fetus has never been sufficiently taken into account.”

“Already a simple suggestion of objects can bring about a physical transformation of the same; thus, a woman gave birth some time ago in a Berlin hospital to a monster that had ears and snout of a dog and the pelage of a beast. Among my acquaintances the case occurred that, frequently visiting the Zoo during her pregnancy, the wife of a Chemnitz industrialist — for she liked very much the lion cubs — gave birth to a pair of twins with leonine heads and claws; both creatures were devoid of human intelligence and died at the ages of eleven and twelve respectively.”

“From pregnant women who had a mouse fright, it has often been heard that the newborn had a spot or mole similar to mouse skin, exactly at the place where its mother had brought her hand to in the moment of the fright.”

“In antiquity,” Waldemar continues telling us, “the corresponding consequence was drawn from the fright of women; it could entail negative results, but also positive. So Oppian declares that the women of Sparta gave birth to extraordinarily beautiful and well-constituted creatures because they had in sight in their bedrooms statues of Apollo, Hyacinth, Narcissus, and the Dioscuri, and furthermore enjoyed during their pregnancy the music of harps and flutes.”

“It was also imposed on the Spartan husbands that during the pregnancy of their wives they never show a frowning or ill-tempered countenance, but always a satisfied one. Heliodorus tells that of a pair of spouses frightfully ugly was born an extraordinarily handsome offspring, owing to the mother always having before her in her bedroom a marvelous life-size statue of Adonis. Likewise the tyrant of Cyprus, ill-formed and ugly, was nonetheless father of surprisingly pretty little boys, owing to having had the bedroom adorned with radiant figures of divinities.”

«In the course of History it repeatedly happened that women raised suspicions of infidelity owing to their ‘pregnancy fright.’»

«The dark-skinned wife of the also dark-skinned Hydaspo, called Persina, gave birth, at the end of ten years of sterile matrimony, to a completely white daughter. In her despera-

tion that her husband would not believe in her innocence and would accuse her of dealings with a stranger, she abandoned the creature. She gave it the name Charikleia, and it happened that she found her again at the end of many years. Joyfully she then declared to her daughter: 'As at birth you were white, whose color contradicts the nature of the Ethiopians, I myself recognized the cause: in the arms of my husband I had seen the image of Andromeda naked, when Perseus took her from the rocks, and for that reason you obtained that color.' Next, Persina confessed to her husband that she had a daughter; she had the image of Andromeda placed next to Charikleia, and indeed, the similarity was disconcerting. Hidaspo let himself be convinced, admiring, and the people, beside themselves with joy, filled the three with approbations.»

«Also a critic of such penetrating spirit as Lessing very expressively states that in particular the plastic arts, apart from the infallible influence they have on the character of the nation, are capable of an action that requires a closer control of the State: 'If beautiful beings create beautiful statues, these in turn act on those, and the state has to thank the beautiful statues for beautiful citizens.'»

Among us, the delicate imagination of the mother seems to externalize itself only in monsters.

It is necessary to return to the original point of departure and cultivate with singular longing the beauty of the spirit...

The nuptial chamber must become the temple of art; she is in herself the magnetic center of love...

The women of holy predestination must never lose the capacity of wonder...

Contemplate, O Daughters of Venus! The divinal sculptures of your room so that the fruit of your love may truly be beautiful...

Create beauties, I tell you in the name of love and of truth... Be happy, beloved ones, be joyful with your creations...

The nuptial chamber is the sanctuary of Venus; never profane it with unworthy thoughts...

## **Chapter 36: INTELLIGENCE**

The magical, esoteric procreation, without seminal ejaculation, the ideoplastic impregnation of the fetus, should be animated by the intelligent desire to procure for the offspring the best characteristic properties and the possibility of a long life full of light and life...

The opportune moment for engendering healthy and intelligent children is found on the curve of ascending life, in which

the marvelous essence of the infant borne by the great breathing to the sun in the jubilant subtle resurrection of great nature, will be reincorporated in the general flowering of universal life.

It is written with words of fire that the potency of action and the psychic and physical energy is reached in magical procreation in a very special manner in the first quarter of May and in the hour of the rising of the sun.

The so-called “Children of the nuptial night,” or those unfortunate ones who were engendered after copious banquets and drunkenness, are bearers of very inferior animic values...

The neurastenoids, those who suffer from complexes of every type, the cowards, misanthropes, schizophrenics, masochists, murderers of every type, hardened drunkards, homosexuals, lesbians, dulled, blunt, imbecilic and idiotic, who furthermore add to their repulsive defect a sickly and deformed body, come from random abominable cohabitations or from the concurrence of venereal diseases.

The uncontrolled procreation of “creatures of the moment of drunkenness-unconsciousness,” often under the depraved influence of alcohol, acts as a curse in subsequent generations...

Only when ADAM-EVE live in an SELF-ENNOBLING edifying and essentially dignifying state, is produced that interchange

of animic forces through each cell, which truly succeeds in engendering a child of the sun, a beautiful creature physically and animically blessed...

“It is properly inconceivable that man, who as cattleman or gardener takes the greatest care to produce the best specimens of beasts and the most beautiful, fragrant, and variegated fruits and plants, through the selection and crossing of the most select products and seeds, excludes in general in the very generation of his species those precautions, diligence, and attention.”

The quality of the semen is intimately associated with the imaginative potency; if one commits the crime of spilling this marvelous elixir, the creative faculty, the translucent, the imagination, is impoverished; then it is no longer possible to maintain with equal freshness in the mind any beautiful image which we might use to give life and form to a resplendent creature.

Plato, who in his “Banquet” denominates the doctrine of beauty “the mysteries of Eros,” defines love as the divine desire suggested to man by a great universal power, which succeeds in enthusing the heart to create healthy and beautiful children...

It is known that monthly during the phase of the full moon an egg is released from the ovary of the woman, which causes hemorrhage; this is called menstruation.

It is known that monthly an egg is released from the ovary of the woman.

The ovum not fecundated by any zoosperm leaves the uterus after some days, and a new vital rhythm begins.

We have been told that in the place where the ovum was released, the so-called “yellow body” is formed, which is infinitesimal...

This is the marvelous fruit which possesses the precious substance of nervous potency, from which all the body obtains an energizing and structuring consequence.

The bloodstream, as well as all the vital cells are then, so to say, charged electrically anew...

The more chaste the woman is, the more she transmutes and sublimates the sexual energy, so much the more is produced in her a physical and animic reanimation...

It is indubitable that the more spasms and orgasms she has, a diminution of the structuring internal secretion will be produced. The valuable organic nuclei of the genital glands will then not be able to be transformed into those ethereal sub-

stances of subtle weave which grants tension and renovation to the cells of the physical body, and premature old age and illnesses will come.

“Also the longer or shorter respiratory rhythm of the mother determines at birth the quality of the first breathing of the creature; with this breathing rhythm she will make flow to herself from the world, and return to it, taste and disgust, value and futility.”

“Blind passion in the carnal act generates disordered electromagnetic whirls, which as inherited vital oscillations provoke a dissonance all the greater in the cells of the creature, the more the positive part of the paternal influence cannot break through”...

It is patent that, where there is scientific chastity, beauty and love, the fecundated egg will be impregnated by some very developed essence, and the result will then be a son or daughter with rich animic values.

## **Chapter 37: THE LAW OF KARMA**

Dealing with transcendent metaphysical experiments, it is not amiss to assert solemnly that I have been fully satisfied with the intelligent use of the EIDOLON...

Without boasting in any way of certain discoveries of esoteric order, simply, humbly, I shall narrate a certain notable intimate event.

It happened that on a certain night, finding ourselves absent from the dense form, Master LITELANTES and I resolved to put ourselves in contact with the temple of the Zodiac.

It is notorious and evident — and anyone can comprehend — that to find such Sanctuary here in the three-dimensional world of Euclid would turn out to be something more than impossible...

It is not, then, something strange, unusual, and unprecedented that for this type of experimental investigation we used the “EIDOLON.”

In no way do I wish to boast of being wise; I only propose now to clarify that such contact turned out marvelous...

The Zodiacal SANCTA SANCTORUM, virginal, shines gloriously amid the ardent rhythms of the MAHAVAN and the CHOTAVAN that sustain the universe firm in its march.

Cosmic temple, Basilica of zodiacal light with twelve sanctuaries, sidereal house of the Divinal...

Sublime circular Church of irresistible enchantments: opposite “SANCTAS” that complement each other, situated face to

face...

Projecting ourselves into the future, beyond our present reincarnation, LITELANTES resolutely penetrated into the “SANCTA” of the brilliant constellation of LIBRA...

On the threshold of that sanctuary there was an effigy with the likeness of an angel; with one hand it held the balance of cosmic justice, and with the other it grasped the sword.

LITELANTES, advancing a few steps within the sacred enclosure, stopped at last, placing herself upon a venerable stone...!

“Are you going to continue with LIBRA?”

“Yes!”

“But notice that the stone of that constellation is very cold...!”

“It does not matter!” thus the Initiate answered...

Since this Lady-Adept is currently preparing herself to fulfill a very special mission with a masculine body, it is obvious that the constellation of Libra will be very favorable to her, especially when her labor will have to be in the terrain of laws...

I, for my part, full of profound recollection and tremendous veneration, resolutely entered the sublime “SANCTA” of the constellation of Leo.

The threshold of that sanctuary shone, adorned with a pair of resplendent lions of pure gold.

Ecstatic I had to lie down silently in dorsal decubitus position upon a delicious divan whose lion-like arms shone...

My intention was to wait within that sanctuary for the sublime archons of destiny...

It is patent that they manipulate the ANTAKARANA (The Thread of Life) connecting it to the fecundating zoosperm...

Every living being on dying takes with him beyond death the seed-atom of his physical body...

The Lords of KARMA deposit such atom in the fecundating zoosperm so that we may reincorporate ourselves...

The extreme of the MAGNETIC THREAD is united to such atom... Any creature during normal sleep leaves the body to travel many times to remote distances; the Thread of life lengthens to infinity and always permits us to return to the physical body...

On dying, the angels of death cut that silvery thread, and then it is obvious that we can no longer return to the physical body...

I, advanced in time, was not unaware of any of this and patiently waited for the Lords of Law; I longed to reincarnate under the constellation of Leo...

But, reflecting a little, I said to myself: What am I doing here? I must await orders from my Father; moreover, I have been told that during this MAHAMANVANTARA I shall not have a physical body again.

Reflecting thus, I rose and left that sacred place.

It is patent that the Masters can choose at will the Zodiacal sign under which they are going to reincarnate...

In the zodiacal temple within the chosen "SANCTA," the Initiates await the Lords of Karma with the purpose of relating themselves psychically with the fecundating Zoosperm that, navigating among the waters of life, must lead them to the physical world under the regency of the chosen constellation.

For the unconscious BUDDHATAS (ESSENCES) of the painful valley of SAMSARA, everything is different; they discarnate without knowing it and reincorporate themselves automatically under any sign...

In this matter of return there is no injustice; the Masters of Karma choose the Zodiacal sign of those who sleep...

When we inhale for the first time we become intimately impregnated by the star that is to govern our new existence...

In the marvelous book of the Zodiac is written the destiny of every creature that returns to the world...

One does not only pay KARMA for the evil one does, but for the good one fails to do when one can do it...

Each bad action is a letter we sign to pay in the subsequent life...

The law of action and consequence governs the course of our various existences, and each life is the result of the previous one...

To comprehend integrally the bases and “Modus Operandi” of the law of KARMA is indispensable to orient the ship of our life in a positive and edifying form...

A great Master of the good law, dressed in a white linen vestment, approaching very quietly gave me the following teaching:

“When an inferior law is transcended by a superior law, the superior law washes the inferior law.”

During the initiatic esoteric processes of fire, I had to comprehend in full form the following postulates:

“The Lion of the law is combated with the balance.”

“He who has capital with which to pay, pays and comes out well in business”; “He who has nothing to pay with, must pay with sorrow”...

Do good works that you may pay your debts.

It is possible to obtain credits with the Masters of KARMA, and this is something that many are unaware of.

However, it is urgent to know that every credit must be cancelled with good works or with supreme sorrow...

I owed KARMA from previous lives and was pardoned. I had already been announced a special encounter with my Divine Mother KUNDALINI: I knew very well that on reaching a determined esoteric degree I would be brought to her presence.

And certainly the longed-for day arrived, and I was led before her: an Adept of the occult brotherhood took me out of the physical body in the EIDOLON and brought me to the sanctuary...

I saw on the wall of the “SANCTA” a mysterious obelisk on which a terribly Divine Madonna shone; she was my mother...

Kneeling, prostrated, in tremendous adoration, I wept, cried out, supplicated...

That Madonna detached herself from the obelisk and came to me as marvelous synthesis of Wisdom, love, and power...

Impossible to explain with human words what in those instants of ecstasy I felt; in her was represented the best of all those beautiful little mothers whom I have had in my various reincarnations...

However... it is obvious that she went further due to her infinite perfections...

On a pair of comfortable armchairs we sat down face to face very close together, son and Mother... I had something to ask, and I spoke with a voice that astonished even myself...

“I ask you to pardon all my offenses committed in previous lives, because you know that nowadays I would be incapable of falling into those same errors.”

“I know it, my Son,” my Divine Mother responded with a paradisiacal voice, full of infinite tenderness.

“Not even for a million dollars would I again repeat those errors,” I continued saying.

“What is that of dollars, my son? Why do you say that? Why do you speak so?”...

“Excuse me, my mother; what happens is that there, in that vain and illusory physical world where I live, one speaks so”...

“I understand, my Son,” my Mother responded; and with these words of the adorable one I felt myself comforted...

“Now indeed, my Mother; I ask you to bless me and pardon me”: I exclaimed full of supreme beatitude...

Terrible was that moment in which my Mother, on her knees, with infinite humility, blessed me, saying: “MY SON, YOU ARE PARDONED”...

“Allow me to kiss your feet, my Mother,” I exclaimed. Then, Oh God! On depositing the mystic kiss on her Divinal soles, I discovered a certain symbol equivalent to that of the sacred washing of the last supper.

It is patent that I intuitively grasped the deep significance of such symbol...

I had already dissolved the PLURALIZED I in the mineral regions of our planet Earth, but I had to continue dying in the hells of Moon, Mercury, Venus, Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune...

Later, after having investigated a certain very lamentable error of my past reincarnation, I was on the point of being run over by a car in the Federal District, Capital City of Mexico; it is un-

questionable that if my Karma had not previously been pardoned, I would have ended up at the cemetery or hospital...

When I had in my hands the book of my own destiny — for each person has his own —, I found its pages blank; the pending accounts had been erased by my Divine Mother KUNDALINI: only on a certain page did I find the name of a mountain where later I shall have to live...

Is this any KARMA? — I asked the Lords of Law. “It is not KARMA” — I was answered. “You will go to live there for the good of the Great Cause.” However, this last is not obligatory; the liberty of choice was conceded to me...

I no longer owe ordinary human KARMA, but it is clear that I must pay tax to the Lords of Law. Everything has a price, and the right to have a physical body and to live in this world must be paid for; the adepts of the occult brotherhood pay with good works...

Negotiating with the Lords of Law is possible through meditation: Pray, Meditate, and concentrate upon ANUBIS, the most exalted regent of the good Law...

For the unworthy all the doors are closed except one: That of repentance... Ask and it shall be given to you; knock and it shall be opened to you.

*It is possible to obtain credits with the Masters of KARMA, and this is something that many are unaware of.*

## **Chapter 38: THE LAW OF RECURRENCE**

With a series of unusual accounts I wish to explain now what the Law of Recurrence is.

Certainly the cited law was never for me something new, strange, or extravagant: in the name of THAT which is the Divinal I must affirm emphatically that I came to know that pragmatic, that rule, only through my unusual experiences.

To bear witness to all that we have truly experienced directly is, beyond all doubt, a duty toward our fellows.

I have never wished to escape, slip out intellectually from among that manifold variety of memories related with my preceding three previous existences and what corresponds to my current life.

For the good of the great cause for which we are intensely struggling, I prefer to take responsibility, assume responsibilities, pay, frankly confess my errors before the solemn verdict of public conscience.

Authentically and without ambages it is opportune to declare now that I was in Spain the Marquis Juan Conrado, third great Lord of the Province of Granada.

It is evident that this was the golden epoch of the famous Empire of Spain: the cruel conquistador Hernán Cortés, treacherous as no other, had pierced with his sword the heart of Mexico, while the pitiless Pizarro in Peru caused the hundred thousand virgins to flee...

Since many nobles and plebeians, adventurers and perverse ones in search of fortune embarked constantly for the New Spain, it is patent that I in no way could be an exception.

In a simple caravel, fragile and light, I sailed for several months upon the stormy ocean with the purpose of arriving at these lands of America.

It is not amiss to assert vehemently that I never had the intention of sacking the sacred temples of the august Mysteries, nor of conquering peoples, or destroying citadels.

I certainly traveled through these lands of America in search of fortune; unfortunately I committed some errors...

To study them is necessary to know the parallels and consciously verify the wise Law of Recurrence.

Those were my times as a fallen BODHISATTVA, and indeed I was not a gentle sheep...

The centuries have passed and as I have awakened consciousness, it is obvious that I have never been able to forget so much nonsense...

The first parallel that we must study corresponds exactly with my current physical body.

Having arrived in a fragile vessel from the Mother Country, I established myself very near the cliffs on these coasts of the Atlantic...

In those times of the Spanish conquest, there existed unfortunately the international business related with the infamous sale of African blacks.

Then for good or for evil I came to know a noble family of color originally from Algeria...

I still remember a young damsel as black and as beautiful as a miraculous dream of the Thousand and One Nights...

If I shared with her the bed of pleasures in the Garden of Delights, it was truly moved by the incentive of curiosity; I wanted to know the result of this racial crossing...

That from it a mulatto offspring would be born is in no way strange; later came the grandson, the great-grandson, and the great-great-grandson...

In those times as a fallen BODHISATTVA, I forgot about the famous astral marks that originate in coitus and that every discarnate one carries in his KARMASAYA...

It results patent and manifest that such marks relate one with those people and blood associated with the chemical coitus; it is opportune to say now that the Yogis of Hindustan have already made on this detailed studies.

It is not amiss to assert that my current physical body derives from the cited metaphysical copulation; in other words, I shall say that thus I came to be dressed with the flesh I wear in my present existence. My paternal ancestors were exactly the descendants of that sexual act of the Marquis.

It is astonishing that our descendants through time and distance become ancestors. It is marvelous that after some centuries we come to clothe ourselves in our own flesh, to become children of our own children.

Incessant journeys through these lands of the New Spain characterized the life of the Marquis, and these were repeated in my subsequent existences, including the current one.

LITELANTES, as always, was at my side patiently enduring all those nonsenses of my times as a fallen BODHISATTVA... On the arrival of the autumn of life in each reincarnation, I confess without ambages that I always had to go away with the “Burier”; I wish to refer to an ancient initiate for whom I always abandoned my wife, and who in one and another existence fulfilled her duty of giving me Christian burial.

In the evening of my present life, that ancient initiate returned to me; I recognized her immediately, but since I am no longer fallen I repudiated her sweetly; she went away afflicted...

Clothed with that haughty and even insolent personality of the Marquis, I began the return to the mother Country after a certain repulsive quarrel motivated by a cargo of rough diamonds extracted from a very rich mine...

For the good of many readers it is not amiss to make a certain emphasis on crudely asserting that after a short interval in the region of the dead, I had to enter the scene again, reincarnating in England...

I entered the bosom of the illustrious Bleler family and was baptized with the pious name of Simeon...

With youthful flowering I moved to Spain, moved by the intimate longing to return to America. Thus works the Law of recurrence...

Obviously it is not amiss to say that there were repeated in space and time the same scenes, identical dramas, similar farewells, etc., etc., etc. Including, naturally, the trip across the stormy ocean...

Intrepidly I jumped to land on the tropical coasts of South America, inhabited then by different tribes...

Exploring this and that jungle region inhabited by ferocious beasts, I arrived at the deep valley of New Granada at the foot of the mountains of Monserrate and Guadalupe: a beautiful country governed by Viceroy Solís...

It is unquestionable that in those times I in fact began to pay the KARMA which I owed since the years of the Marquis...

Among these criollos of the New Spain, indubitably my efforts to obtain some well-remunerated work were useless; desperate due to the bad economic situation, I enlisted as a simple private in the army of the Sovereign: at least there I found bread, shelter, and refuge...

It happened that on a feast day, very early in the morning, the troops of his majesty were preparing to render very special honors to their chief, and for this they were distributed here, there, and yonder, performing maneuvers with the purpose of organizing ranks.

I still remember a certain bad-faced and quarrelsome sergeant who, reviewing his battalion, shouted, cursed, struck, etc., etc., etc.

Suddenly, coming before me, he gravely insulted me because my feet were not in correct military position, and afterward, observing minute details of my jacket, treacherously slapped me...

What happened next is not very difficult to guess: nothing good can ever be expected of a fallen BODHISATTVA. Without any reflection, clumsily, I plunged my steel bloody bayonet into his battle-hardened chest.

The man fell to earth mortally wounded; shouts of terror were heard everywhere, but I was astute and, taking precisely advantage of the confusion, disorder, and fright, I escaped from that place pursued very closely by the well-armed soldiery.

I went along many paths toward the rugged coasts of the Atlantic ocean; I was sought everywhere, and for this reason I always avoided passage through the customs, making many detours through the jungles.

On the cartroads — which were few in those times — some carriages drawn by pairs of spirited steeds passed by my side: in such vehicles traveled people who did not have my KARMA, wealthy persons.

On a certain day on the side of the path, near a village, I found a humble shop, and into it I penetrated with the desire to drink a cup; I wanted to cheer up a little.

Astonished! Confused! Astounded! I was on discovering that the owner of that business was LITELANTES. Oh! I had loved her so much, and now I found her married and mother of several children. What claim could I make? I paid the bill and left there with my heart torn...

I continued the march along the path, when with certain fear I can verify that someone is coming behind me: the son of the lady, a kind of rural Alcalde. That young man took the floor to say to me: "In accordance with Article 16 of the Code of the Viceroy you are under arrest." Uselessly I tried to bribe him: that well-armed gentleman led me before the tribunals, and it is obvious that after being sentenced I had to serve a very long imprisonment for the death of the said Sergeant.

When I got out of prison I walked along the wild and terrible banks of the mighty Magdalena river, performing very hard material works wherever I had the opportunity.

As an interesting note of the present chapter, I must say that the ESSENCE of that Alcalde for whom I had to pass through so many bitternesses locked up in a filthy dungeon, returned with feminine body; she is now a daughter of mine; indeed she

is even already mother of family; she has given me some grandchildren.

Before her reincorporation I interrogated in the suprasensible worlds that soul; I asked her about the motive that induced her to seek me as Father; she answered me saying that she had remorse for the evil she had caused me and that she wanted to behave well with me to amend her errors. I confess that she is fulfilling her word.

In that epoch I established myself on the coasts of the Atlantic ocean after infinite Karmic bitternesses, thus repeating all the steps of the insolent Marquis Juan Conrado... The best I did was to have studied esotericism, natural medicine, botany...

The noble aborigines of those tropical lands gave me their love, thankful for my labor as Galen: I always cured them in disinterested form.

Something unusual happens on a certain day: the spectacular appearance of a great Lord coming from Spain. That gentleman recounted to me his misfortunes. He brought all his fortune on his ship, and the pirates were following him. He wanted a safe place for his rich riches.

It is evident that fraternally I offered him consolation and even proposed to him to open a cave and keep his riches in it:

the lord accepted my counsels, not without first demanding from me a solemn oath of honesty and loyalty.

With the fragrance of sincerity and the perfume of courtesy we both came to an agreement. Afterward I gave orders to my people, a very select group of aborigines: these latter parted the crust of the earth.

Having made the hole, we put there with great diligence a large trunk and a smaller box, containing morrocotas of solid gold and rich jewels of incalculable value.

Through certain magical exorcisms I achieved the enchantment of the “joyous treasure,” as Don Mario Roso de Luna would say, with the purpose of making it invisible before the disagreeable eyes of greed.

The gentleman of the said affair compensated me very well, generously handing over to me a rich pouch with gold coins, and then went away from those places, making the purpose to return to his mother Country to bring his family from there, for he wished to establish himself in lordly fashion in these beautiful lands of the New Spain.

The sandglass of destiny is never still; the days, months, and years passed and that good man never returned; perhaps he died in his land or fell victim to the piracy which then infested the seven seas, I do not know.

There exist sensational cases in life; on a certain day in my present reincarnation, being far from this my Mexican land, I was conversing on said matter with a certain group of Gnostic brothers, among whom stood out for his wisdom Master GARGHA KUICHINES: it was then that I received a tremendous surprise: I saw with mystical astonishment how the Sovereign Commander G. K. rose to emphatically confirm my words.

The cited Master informed us that he personally had seen written such account in gilded verses. He spoke of an old dusty book, and regretted having loaned it out. God and Holy Mary help me!, but I never knew of such treatise.

Very ancient traditions tell us that many people of those Caribbean coasts were searching for the treasure of Bleler.

Curious is that those noble aborigines who formerly buried such rich fortune are now reincorporated, forming the group of the S.S.S. Thus works the Law of Recurrence.

I clearly remember that after that my stormy existence with the aforementioned English personality, I was constantly invoked by those people who dedicate themselves to spiritism or spiritualism. They wished that I tell them where the place was in which the delicious golden treasure was kept; they coveted the Treasure of Bleler; however, it is evident that, faithful to

my oath in the region of the dead, I never wished to deliver to them the secret.

Repeating the steps of the insolent Marquis Juan Conrado, in my subsequent existence I came to reincarnate in Mexico; I was baptized with the name of Daniel Coronado; I was born in the North, around Hermosillo — all these places known in other times to the Marquis. My parents wanted all good for me, and as a young man enrolled me in the Military Academy, but all was in vain.

On any of those many days I took bad advantage of a weekend in banquets and drunkenness with rake friends. I confess still with certain shame that I had to return home with the cadet uniform dirty, torn, and degraded... It is obvious that my parents felt defrauded.

It is patent that I never returned to the military academy: indubitably from that moment my path of bitterness began...

Fortunately I then re-encountered LITELANTES, she was reincarnated with the name of Ligia Paca (or Francisca): in good time she received me as husband...

To biographize any life turns out, in fact, a very difficult work and of substantial content, and for this reason I only highlight for esoteric purposes determined details.

Unquestionably I did not enjoy comfortable situation; with difficulty I earned the daily bread; many times I ate with the miserable salary of Ligia: she was a poor rural schoolteacher, and to top it off I even tormented her with my execrable jealousies. I did not wish to view with good eyes all those colleagues of the teaching profession of hers who offered her friendship...

Nevertheless, something useful I did in those times: it is not amiss to say emphatically that I formed a beautiful Gnostic esoteric group in the Federal District: the students of such congregation in my current existence, in accordance with the Law of recurrence, returned to me...

During the cruel Porfirist regime I had a position not very pleasant in the rural Police. I committed the unpardonable error of judging the famous "GOLONDRINO," dangerous bandit who ravaged the region; it is clear that such criminal died by firing squad...

In my current existence I re-encountered him reincorporated in a human female body; she suffered persecution delirium, feared being imprisoned for theft; she struggled to untie herself from certain imaginary bonds; she believed she was about to be shot... It is clear that I cancelled my debt by curing the said sick woman; the psychiatrists had failed lamentably: they were not capable of healing her...

Upon the outbreak of the rebellion against Don Porfirio Díaz, I abandoned the ill-fated post in the rural force: then with humble proletarians of pick and shovel, poor peons enticed away from the masters' haciendas, I organized a battalion. Certainly admirable was this valiant handful of humble people armed only with machetes, for no one had money to buy firearms. Fortunately General Francisco Villa received us in the Division of the North; there we were given horses and rifles.

There is no doubt that during those years of tyranny we struggled for a great cause; the Mexican people groaned under the boots of the Dictatorship...

In the name of truth I must say that my personality as Daniel Coronado was certainly a failure: the only thing for which it was worth living was the esoteric group in the Federal District and for my sacrifice in the Revolution...

To my companions of the rebellion I say: I abandoned the ranks when I became gravely ill. In the latter days of that tormented life, I walked the streets of the Federal District, barefoot, with clothes in tatters, hungry, old, sick, and begging...

With profound regret I frankly confess that I came to die in a filthy hovel.

I still remember that moment in which the Galen seated in a chair, after having examined me, exclaimed shaking his head:

“This case is lost.”

And then he withdraws.

What follows immediately is tremendous: I feel a frightful cold like the ice of death. To my ears come cries of despair: “Saint Peter, Saint Paul, help him!” Thus exclaims that woman whom I call “The burier.”

Strange skeletal hands seize me by the waist and pull me out of the physical body: it is obvious that the Angel of Death has intervened: he resolutely cuts with his scythe the silver cord, and then blesses me and goes away.

Blessed death, how long I had been awaiting you, at last you arrived to my aid; my existence was quite bitter!

Joyful I reposed in the superior worlds after innumerable bitternesses: certainly the human pain of mortals also has its limit beyond which peace reigns.

Unfortunately that repose did not last long within the profound bosom of eternity: on a certain day, no matter which, very quietly, one of the brilliant lords of Law came to me. He took the floor and said: “Master Samael Aun Weor, everything is ready; follow me.”

I responded immediately, yes venerable Master, it is well, I will follow you. We then walked together through diverse

places and finally entered a stately house, we crossed a patio and then passed through a hall, and then entered the bedroom of the matron: we heard her moaning, she was suffering labor pains...

That was the mystical instant in which I saw with astonishment the silver cord of my current existence connected psychically to the infant about to be born.

Moments later that creature avidly inhaled the prana of life: I felt myself attracted toward the interior of that small organism, and then I wept with all the forces of my soul...

I saw around me some people who smiled, and I confess that especially a giant who looked at me with affection caught my attention; he was my terrestrial progenitor.

It is not amiss to say with certain emphasis that that good author of my days was in the medieval epoch, during the times of chivalry, a noble lord whom I had to defeat in bloody battles. He then swore vengeance, and it is clear that he fulfilled it in my present existence.

Very young I abandoned the paternal home moved by painful circumstances and traveled through all those places where I had been earlier in past existences.

The same dramas repeated, the same scenes: LITELANTES appeared anew on my path: I re-encountered my old friends: I wanted to speak with them, but they did not know me; useless were my efforts to make them remember our times gone by.

Nevertheless, something new happened in my current reincarnation: my real inner being made desperate, terrible efforts, to bring me back to the right path from which I had strayed for a long time.

I frankly confess that I dissolved the Ego and that I rose up from the mud of the earth.

It is obvious that the I is submitted to the Law of Recurrence; when the Myself is dissolved we acquire freedom, we become independent of the cited Law.

Practice has taught me that the different scenes of the various existences are processed within the cosmic spiral, always repeating themselves in higher or lower coils.

All the deeds of the Marquis, including his innumerable journeys, were always repeated in coils ever lower in the three subsequent reincarnations.

There exist in the world persons of exact automatic repetition; people who are always reborn in the same town and among their same family.

It is evident that such EGOS already know their role by heart, and even give themselves the luxury of prophesying about themselves: it is clear that the constant repetition does not let them forget events; for this reason they seem soothsayers.

Said persons are wont to astonish their relatives by the exactitude of their prognostications.

*On the cartroads — which were few in those times — some carriages drawn by pairs of spirited steeds passed by my side: in such vehicles traveled people who did not have my KARMA, wealthy persons.*

## **Chapter 39: THE TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS**

Having for stage the cosmic amphitheater, I wish to pour out in these pages some memories...

Much before that lunar chain of which so many distinguished theosophist writers spoke arose from the Chaos, there existed a certain universe of which now only traces remain in the intimate records of nature...

It was in a world like those where what I narrate next happened, with the evident purpose of clarifying the Doctrine of

the Transmigration of souls...

In accordance with the cosmic desiderata, on such planet seven human races very similar to those of our world evolved and involved...

In the epoch of their Fifth Root Race too similar to ours, the abominable civilization of KALI-YUGA, or age of iron, existed just as in these moments we have it here on Earth...

Then I, who was only a poor "INTELLECTUAL ANIMAL" condemned to the pain of living, had gone from bad to worse, reincorporating myself incessantly in masculine or feminine organisms according to the debit and credit of KARMA...

I confess without ambages that my Mother Nature uselessly worked creating bodies for me; I always destroyed them with my vices and passions.

As if it were an unbearable curse, each of my existences was repeated within the spiraloid line, in lower and lower curves... obviously I had precipitated myself along the involutory, descending path.

I wallowed like a pig in the abject mud of all vices, and not remotely was I interested in spiritual matters...

It is unquestionable that I had become an unredeemed cynic: it results patent and manifest that any kind of punishment,

however grave it might be, was in fact condemned to failure...

It is said that One Hundred Eight beads has the necklace of the BUDDHA, and this indicates to us the number of lives that are assigned to every soul...

I must make certain emphasis on saying that the last of those one hundred eight existences was for me something definitive... then I entered the Involution of the submerged Mineral Kingdom.

The last of those personalities was of feminine sex, and it is evident that after wallowing in the bed of Procrustes it served me as passport to Hell...

Within the mineral belly of that world, I blasphemed, cursed, wounded, insulted, fornicated frightfully, and degenerated more and more without ever giving signs of repentance...

I felt myself falling into the remote distance of the past; the human form displeased me; I preferred to assume among those abysses figures of beasts; afterward I seemed plant, shadow that glided here, there, and yonder; finally, I felt that I was fossilizing...

Become stone? What horror!... However, since I was already so degenerated, not even this mattered to me...

To see as the leper of the city of the living dead, fingers, ears, nose, arms, and legs fall off, certainly is not at all pleasant; nevertheless, not even this moved me...

I fornicated incessantly on the bed of Procrustes with whatever larva approached, and I felt myself extinguishing like a candle...

Life in the mineral entrails of such planet, obviously became too boring to me, and for this reason, as if wishing to kill the long and tedious time, I wallowed like a pig amid the filth.

I weakened frightfully, all in pieces, and died painfully; I disintegrated with a horrendous slowness...

I no longer even had forces to think — it was better thus —, finally came the “Second Death” of which the Apocalypse of Saint John speaks; I exhaled the last breath and then...

The ESSENCE remained free; I saw myself transformed into a beautiful child; certain Devas, after examining me carefully, allowed me to enter through the atomic doors that lead one back to the planetary surface; to the light of the sun.

Patently the EGO, the MYSELF, the I had died: my free soul now assumed the beautiful form of a tender infant... What joy, my God!

How great is the mercy of God!...

The ESSENCE liberated from the EGO is integrally innocent and pure: that I was converted within the entrails of that world into cosmic dust...

How long did I live in the inferior worlds? I do not know: possibly some eight thousand or ten thousand years...

Now devoid of EGO I returned to the path of evolutionary type; I entered the kingdom of the Gnomes or Pygmies, beings who work with the silt of the earth, innocent elementals of the mineral...

Later I entered the elemental paradises of the vegetable kingdom; reincorporating myself constantly in plants, trees, and flowers; how joyful I felt in the temples of EDEN, receiving teachings at the feet of the DEVAS!...

The joy of the "JINAS" paradises is inconceivable for human reasoning.

Each family in those Edens has its temples and its instructors; one is filled with ecstasy on entering the sanctuary of the orange groves, or in the chapel of the elemental family of the peppermint, or in the Church of the eucalyptus trees...

Dealing with evolutionary processes we must make the following enunciation: "Natura Non Facit Saltus." Nature does not make leaps. It is then evident that the most advanced states of

the vegetable kingdom permitted me passage to the animal state.

I began reincorporating myself in very simple organisms, and after having had millions of bodies, I concluded by returning in organisms more and more complex...

As an outstanding note of these paragraphs, I must assert that I still preserve very interesting reminiscences of one of those many existences on the bank of a beautiful river of musical waters that, cheerful, always cascaded among its bed of millenary rocks...

I was then a humble creature, a very particular “specimen” of the genus “Batrachians”: I moved by giving little leaps here, there, and yonder, among the forest.

It is evident that I had full consciousness of myself: I knew that formerly I had pertained to the dangerous kingdom of the intellectual animals... My best friends were the elementals of those vegetables that had their roots on the banks of the river; with them I conversed in the universal language...

I dwelt deliciously in the shaded grove very far from the rational humanoids; when I sensed some danger, immediately I took refuge in the crystalline waters...

Many times I continued returning in varied organisms, before I had the joy of reincorporating in a “specimen” of a certain class of very intelligent amphibians, who joyful came out from among the rough waters of the Pontus to receive the solar rays on the sandy beach...

When the terrible sovereign Fate that makes all mortals tremble with fear arrived, I gave the last farewell to the three inferior kingdoms and returned in a humanoid organism; thus I laboriously reconquered the state of rational animal that I had formerly lost.

In that, my new state of “Tri-cerebrated or Tri-centered biped,” I remembered, evoked, unusual abyssal events; not remotely did I wish to return to the submerged world; I longed to take wise advantage of the new CYCLE of one hundred eight lives that were now being assigned to me for my intimate SELF-REALIZATION...

The past experience had left painful scars in the depth of my soul; in no way was I disposed to repeat the involutory processes of the WORLDS-INFERNOS.

I well knew that the wheel of SAMSARA turns incessantly in evolutionary and involutory form, and that the essences after their passage through the kingdom of intellectual animal, descend thousands of times into the horrifying precipice to

eliminate the subjective elements of the perceptions; however, in no way did I long for more abyssal sufferings, and for this reason I was well disposed to take advantage of my new cycle of rational existences.

In that epoch the civilization of said planet had reached its peak; the inhabitants of that world had maritime and aerial vessels, gigantic ultra-modern cities, powerful industries and commerce, universities of every type, etc., etc., etc.; unfortunately such order of things in no way coordinated with the spiritual yearnings.

In one of those my new humanoid existences, with the consciousness uneasy, as if feeling a strange terror, I resolved to inquire, investigate, search the secret path...

A proverb of ancient wisdom says: "When the disciple is prepared the Master appears."

The Guru, the Guide, appeared to lead me out of the darkness to the light; he taught me the Mysteries of life and death; he showed me the Path on the Razor's Edge.

Thus came the Mystery of the Golden Flowering; I understood profoundly my own situation; I knew that I was only a poor rational homunculus, but I longed to become a "TRUE MAN," and it is obvious that I achieved it on that great cosmic day, in

that sidereal day before yesterday, very much before the mahamanvantara of Padma or Lotus of Gold.

Unfortunately in those very remote times, when I scarcely began my esoteric studies at the feet of the Master, I did not enjoy any fortune; my family — inhabitants of that world — lived in poverty; a sister who looked after the house earned miserable cents in the public market selling fruits and vegetables; I used to accompany her...

On some occasion they locked me up in a horrendous prison without any motive...

I was for a long time behind the cruel bars of that jail; however — and this is curious — no one accused me; there was no crime to prosecute; it was a very special case, and to top it off, not even my name figured in the list of prisoners; obviously there existed a certain type of secret persecution against the initiates; thus I came to understand.

Patiently, awaiting some opportunity, I watched for any fortunate instant with the purpose of escaping...

Several times I tried it in vain, but finally, on one of those many days, the guards without knowing how or why forgot a door, leaving it open; it is unquestionable that in no way was I willing to lose the longed-for opportunity; in a matter of seconds I left that prison, then making certain detours to a mar-

ket square with the desire of throwing off the trail of some policemen who managed to see me and were following me; in any case I triumphed in the attempt and departed from that city forever.

I shall conclude the present chapter by saying that only by working in the BLAZING FORGE OF VULCAN did I then succeed in becoming AUTHENTIC MAN.

*Patently the EGO, the MYSELF, the I had died:  
my free soul now assumed the beautiful form of a  
tender infant... What joy, my God!*

## **Chapter 40: ARCANUM TEN**

From the rigorously academic point of view, the word EVOLUTION signifies: development, construction, progression, advancement, edification, dignification, etc., etc., etc.

Making a grammatical, orthodox, pure focus, I clarify: the term INVOLUTION means: reverse progression, retrospection, retreat, destruction, degeneration, decadence, etc., etc., etc.

Obviously it is urgent to emphasize the transcendent idea that the law of the Antitheses is coexistential with any rawly natur-

al process. This concept of content is absolutely irrefutable, unrejectable, irrebuttable.

Concrete examples: day and night, light and darkness, construction and destruction, growth and decrease, birth and death, etc., etc., etc.

The exclusion of either of those two cited laws — EVOLUTION and INVOLUTION — would originate stasis, quietism, the radical paralysis of the natural mechanisms...

To deny, then, either of those two ordinances signifies in fact falling into a barbarism...

EVOLUTION exists in the plant that germinates, develops, and grows. INVOLUTION exists in the vegetable that ages and slowly decreases until becoming a heap of dry logs.

EVOLUTION exists in every organism that is gestated, born, and develops; INVOLUTION exists in every creature that decays and dies.

EVOLUTION exists in any cosmic unit that emerges from chaos; INVOLUTION exists in every planet in a state of decline, called to become a Moon, a cadaver...

There is EVOLUTION in every ascending civilization; there is involution in any culture of descending type...

It is patent that these two cited laws constitute the mechanical, fundamental axis of nature.

Unquestionably, without such basic axis the wheel of natural mechanisms could not turn. Life is processed in waves that rotate with the Arcanum Ten of the Tarot...

ESSENTIAL waves begin their EVOLUTION in the mineral kingdom; continue with the vegetable state; continue in the animal scale, and at last reach the level of intellectual humanoid type...

Waves of life descend then involving within the interior of the planetary organism to descend through the animal and vegetable scales until returning to the mineral kingdom.

The wheel of SAMSARA turns: on the right side ascends Anubis, evolving; on the left side descends Typhon, involving.

The stay within the intellectual humanoid state is something too relative and circumstantial.

With great justice we have been told that any humanoid period consists always of one hundred eight existences of evolutionary and involutory type more or less alternated.

I clarify: To each rational humanoid CYCLE are assigned one hundred eight lives that keep strict mathematical concordance

with the number of beads that form the necklace of the BUDDHA.

After each humanoid epoch, in accordance with the laws of time, space, and movement, the wheel of arcanum ten of the TAROT inevitably turns; then it becomes patent and manifest that the waves of life involving descend into the interior of the planetary organism to re-ascend evolutionarily later...

Three thousand times turns the wheel of SAMSARA. To comprehend this, to grasp its deep significance, is indispensable and unpostponable if we truly long for the final liberation.

Continuing with the present chapter it is urgent now to make certain emphasis with the purpose of asserting the following: once the three thousand periods of the great wheel are concluded, any type of intimate self-realization turns out to be impossible.

In other words, it is necessary to affirm in unquestionable form the unavoidable fact that to every monad are mathematically assigned three thousand CYCLES for its profound interior self-realization. It is indubitable that after the last turn of the wheel the doors close.

When this last happens, then the monad, the immortal spark, our real being, gathers up its essence and its principles to ab-

sorb itself definitively in the bosom of that which has no name.  
(The Supreme Parabrahman.)

It is obvious that the failed monads that did not attain Mastery; possess divinal felicity, but they do not have legitimate self-consciousness; they are scarcely sparks of the great bonfire, they could not become flames...

No kind of excuse could those sparks give, for the three thousand turns of the wheel are always processed in many cosmic days and in varied universal scenes offering infinite possibilities.

Above the wheel of Arcanum Ten we see a sphinx adorned with a crown of nine metallic points. Such Egyptian figure is patently not situated either at the right or at the left of the great wheel.

The crown speaks to us of the Ninth Sphere, of sex, of the esoteric work in the **BLAZING FORGE OF VULCAN**.

Patently that hieratic image, so removed from the evolutionary and involutory laws symbolized on the right and left sides of the wheel, is indicating to us the path of the revolution of consciousness, the true initiatic wisdom...

Only by entering on the path of intimate rebellion, only by separating ourselves from the evolutionary and involutory

paths of the wheel of SAMSARA, will we be able to become authentic, legitimate, and true men.

The intransigent exclusion of the Doctrine of the transmigration of souls taught by KRISHNA, the great Hindu Avatar, comes to bottle us up in fact in “THE DOGMA OF EVOLUTION.”

In matters of esotericism, orientalism, occultism, etc., the erudite have full freedom to write whatever pleases them; however, they must not forget the “Golden Book.” I wish to refer to the “Standard of measures”: “The TAROT.”

No one could violate with impunity the laws of the TAROT without receiving his due; remember that the Law of KATANCIA, the SUPERIOR KARMA, exists... There is responsibility in the words...

THE DOGMA OF EVOLUTION breaks the cosmic laws of the ARCANUM TEN of the TAROT; it violates the desiderata of the golden book... it leads many people into error.

Obviously every erudite occultist, esotericist, must always appeal to the “Standard of measures,” to the “TAROT,” if he does not wish to fall into absurdity.

**INVERENTIAL PEACE.**

*SAMAEL AUN WEOR.*

## **CONCLUSION**

We have set forth in the present chapter, then, the fundamental aspects of the royal key.

The full and absolute development of these two parts of the great key will allow us to unfold at will in conscious and positive form.

Those who truly long to become experimenters of the great realities in the superior worlds, must unfold within themselves the two aspects of the great key.

## **AUTHOR**

*Samael Aun Weor*

The 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 to arrive at the complete awakening of his consciousness and at his self-realization. The V.M. Samael was an anthropologist, sociologist, spiritual guide, and author of over 70 books, and gave more than 300 lectures.

He dedicated his life to going deeply into the great truths that the diverse civilizations have bequeathed to humanity in vari-

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