

# Parsifal Unveiled

*by Samael Aun Weor*

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## **PREFACE**

This Christmas Message contains detailed information on Parsifal Unveiled, indicating in a subtle way the tremendous mysteries of sex and where the benefits lead for the warrior who knows how to overcome all temptations.

People live life according to their own pleasure, without taking into account the multiple teachings given in the sacred books of all religions, which serve to orient and defend their followers. The festive and licentious life smiles at them, and then, at one of those parties or feasts, they meet an attractive woman who seduces them and carries them away. Without seeking the consent of the Beloved Father, often without the consent of their own parents or those of the woman, they define between themselves a union in matrimony, flattered solely by their defective senses. Then comes the reading, in countless magazines that abound in bookstores and stalls, that serves as their instruction in all branches of daily life. After the time of pleasures and payments received by those disoriented in life, pain and consequent bitterness come for every mistaken one. Many

of them arrive, in these conditions, in search of palliatives, even at the books of Gnostic teaching, and commit the grave error of studying those books — the man or the woman, indistinctly, alone — without informing each other as is fitting. If it is the husband, he tells his wife nothing of the new conduct he has decided to adopt, and naturally the Satan of the wife also takes its precautions — or vice versa — and then come the great oppositions. To avoid this, it is best that whichever of the spouses receives these teachings do so together, without fears or reservations; that the husband permit the wife to know the books that have come into his hands, or that the wife do so with her husband, so that the difficulties may be less painful.

All those who receive the light of divine wisdom must make it known to their partners, so that the latter do not oppose them later, counseled by their satanic legions that are always ready to close the road of light. There is something we must think about very seriously: a man may be a drunkard, gambler, vicious, smuggler, and even a thief, and his beloved little wife cooperates with him in everything and will always be at his service; but let the man follow the path of redemption, and we have her ready even to abandon the home at any price. The same thing happens when the woman is the one who accepts the path of redemption. The children follow the same vices of the parents, their same tendencies in the political, social, and economic spheres; but in this matter of the path of chastity it

is truly difficult. With just reason, in his time the Christ said: "Of a thousand who seek me, one finds me; of a thousand who find me, one follows me; and of a thousand who follow me, one is mine..."

For unmarried Gnostics, male or female, it is preferable that they seek their partner within Gnostic ranks, to avoid the bitterness of uniting in matrimony with persons totally ignorant of that wisdom of Scientific Chastity, with those who live to flatter their senses.

When the couple walks the path of chastity and knows what it consists of, on arriving at the bed without stain, they become pillars of the living temple and manage its courts just as the Lord Jehovah promised according to biblical wisdom. Matrimonies that follow the path of chastity and purifications are triumphant; success surrounds them; happiness and pure love allow them to know superior factors so as to know how to live among the pain and misery that surrounds them. These charms are totally unknown to the ordinary normal couple, the profaners of the inner temple.

When there is inner purification, when the disciple decides to put an end to his defects, to clean the living temple, expelling the merchants who trade within — passions, desires, envies, egoisms, rancors, and so on — he learns to decide for himself, acquires will, and ceases to be a permanent errant; he under-

stands the teachings better and is being formed as a future paladin; he ceases to be a permanent burden for the Masters and obtains inner powers.

The man without valor, without courage, resembles the shameless woman — that is, a few pounds of flesh wrapped in a skirt; they are interested only in the easy life and in having others work for them; they change indifferently from one man or woman to another as one who changes new clothes, and they will never know the pure love that reaches us from the depths of the soul.

The shortest path to save the soul was manifested by the Christ in these three truths: Abandon what you have, take up your cross, and follow me — that is, abandon your defects, your legions; unite the lingam with the yoni (the sexes); and sacrifice yourself, as I did, for humanity. Master Samael Aun Weor, Avatar of the synthesis, also expressed it in these three truths: One must die, one must be born, one must sacrifice oneself, which means: to die from instant to instant is to kill our defects, or to expel the merchants from the living temple. To be born is achieved with the proper use we make of sex, transmuting the waters of life so that the solar bodies may be born. And to sacrifice oneself for the poor orphan, the poor suffering humanity — thus we come to know the tremendous mysteries of sex in order to return to the lost paradise from

which we were expelled for having eaten of the tree of life, the tree of the knowledge of good and evil.

*JULIO MEDINA V.*

## **Chapter One: THE PARSIFAL**

Much has been written in life, but it is necessary to go deeper...

We are now going to unveil, with great care and great accuracy, the PARSIFAL, the masterwork of WAGNER. May the gods help us!...

Well do the muses know that this diamantine work of the great Master is something apart and exceptional in Wagnerian drama.

The verb of the Master flows there deliciously like a river of gold beneath the dense forest of the sun.

Of the Parsifal it might be said, emphatically, what Goethe said of his second FAUST: "I have accumulated in it great mysteries and arduous problems, that the coming generations will be busy deciphering."

Truly, and in the name of truth, I must confess that I am neither the first nor the last to occupy himself with the PARSIFAL...

Yet it is ostensible that I am the first to lay bare the truth enclosed within the august Mysteries of the Parsifal.

Don Mario Roso de Luna, the eminent Theosophical writer, has said: "In the Parsifal, the thought of Wagner appears veiled by intention; in effect, in order to extract the sense of certain philosophical allusions, when one succeeds, we must put forth a great force of work of divination and mental concentration, because in that work, as in a nightmare, we find confused the most diverse elements: high questions of philosophy, biblical and Eastern memories, mysticisms, orthodoxy, vestiges of Catholic worship, pagan rituals, necromancy, somnambulism and hypnotism, practices of medieval chivalry, ecstasies, asceticisms, piety, redemption, affinities of material nature with the human soul, love in its most base sense, love in its purest sense"...

From all points of view it stands out with full meridian clarity, that WAGNER was a great INITIATE, an esotericist in depth, an authentic illuminate...

In the Parsifal of Wagner there is science, philosophy, art, and religion... A new Doctor Faust, this great musician seems to have scrutinized most ancient religious scriptures...

What most astonishes me is something tremendous... I wish to refer emphatically to the INNATE MAGIC: where did he get it

from? Who taught him? In what school did he learn it?

Then comes the development of the Drama with a TRADITIONAL MAGISM at the foundation... mysteries greater than the vulgar understand.

To penetrate into that archaic occultism, to deepen the CHRISTIC MYSTERIES, to examine the ESOTERIC BUDDHISM contained in this Wagnerian gospel, is precisely what we attempt in this book.

It is obvious that many PSEUDO-ESOTERICISTS are going to be scandalized by our revelations.

It is unquestionable that many sincere errants, full of good intentions, indignant, will rend their garments, speaking horrible things against us Gnostics...

And it is that the PARSIFAL always provokes tremendous discussions; it is obvious that the sons of darkness abhor the light.

Let us remember that the PARSIFAL was presented in all the best theaters of Europe precisely on the first of January 1914, and this invites us to meditate.

"Only because of the outbreak of the First World War and the simultaneous premiere of the PARSIFAL throughout the cul-

tured world, the year 1914 will be memorable in the annals of humanity."

If Wagner had not forbidden the staging of his MAGNUM OPUS outside BAYREUTH, it is unquestionable that the world would have known it earlier.

Fortunately, for the good of the GREAT WORK OF THE FATHER, the will of the immortal musician could not be fulfilled, because above it stand the international treaties relating to intellectual property; it is ostensible that in Germany the legal protection of works ends thirty years after the death of their author.

Since on the first of January 1914 those thirty years were completed, the intellectual property of the PARSIFAL expired, and then the world could come to know that masterly work.

1914, a mysterious union... PARSIFAL and the FIRST WORLD WAR. It is indubitable that the Wagnerian gospel resounds on the battlefields; it is catastrophic, terrible, gloriously resplendent amid the tempest of all exclusivisms...

*From all points of view it stands out with full meridian clarity, that WAGNER was a great INITIATE, an esotericist in depth, an authentic illuminate...*

## **Chapter Two: THE KNIGHTS OF THE HOLY GRAIL**

Let us enter the scene: the place of the action we can and must locate in the ineffable bluish mountains of the north; in Gothic Spain...

It is unquestionable that precisely there, and in no other place, did Wagner see the domains and the castle of Montsalvat, occupied by the sublime Templar knights, terrible custodians of the Holy Grail.

It is written, with characters of fire, in the great book of nature, the Law of Contrasts.

It is obvious that the limit of light is darkness; the shadow of every Sanctuary of glory is always a tenebrous den.

It is not, therefore, in any way strange that, right there on the southern slope of the same mountain, looking toward Moorish Spain, is also found the enchanted castle of the necromancer Klingsor...

Don Mario Roso de Luna, the eminent Theosophical writer, says: "The vestments of the knights of the Grail and of their squires are white tunics and mantles, similar to those of the Templars, but instead of the red TAU of the latter, they bear a

dove in hovering flight on their arms and embroidered on their mantles."

That place of the scene, rather than gloomy, turns out to be quite severe and mysterious...

The austere terrain, indispensably rocky, in accordance with Initiatic traditions, shines in the center with a very clear space.

Any illuminate can see, toward the left, the painful path that leads up to the castle of the Holy Grail.

In the background, the terrain slopes deliciously toward a sacred mountain lake...

The sacred pool, the Initiatic lake of the representation of the mysteries, the eternal scenario of every temple, as is still seen in the present Hindu sanctuaries, could not be missing in those domains of the Holy Grail.

"After the sun and its fire — that is, its fecund vibrations awakening life in all the ambits of the planet — water, the terrestrial feminine element, the Great Mother or nourishing Cow, is the very basis of life, symbolized in all the theogonies with a thousand lunar names: IO, Maya, Isis, Diana, Lucina, Ataecina, Chalchiuhtli, and so many more"...

It is obvious, and all the world knows, that on this our world the fluid crystalline element always presents itself under two

opposing aspects; I wish to refer to the static and the dynamic.

It is not amiss to recall the profound and delicious lake, always serene, and the tempestuous river...

The state of lacustrine calm invites us to reflection... in reality, water is never more active than when it shows itself to us in the tranquil fountain.

Entering, then, this subject of deep meditation, we notice, for the moment, that the legitimate concept of "LAKE" can and must be expanded philosophically in a deep esoteric form.

It is convenient to know with full clarity that from such static, spermatic, genesial, or lacustrine waters comes the splendid substantial hieroglyph of the eternal zero...

It is urgent to understand that, from the dynamic or fecundating waters of the tempestuous river, there arises as if by enchantment the double line of Aquarius, the initial hieroglyph of the letter M, with which the eternal feminine element is designated everywhere: Mother, Mater, Mama, Maria, Maya, Mar.

The straight line of the singing brook, boldly crossing the serene lake, comes to form the primitive hieroglyph of IO, or rather the holy IO, tremendous foundation of our decimal system.

This comes to remind us of the terribly divine symbols of SHIVA, the Holy Spirit: The black Lingam embedded in the Yoni.

It is full of deep significance, in the Christian gospel, the concrete fact that in the most extraordinary moments of the preaching of the Great KABIR JESUS, the LAKE and the SEA play a formidable and mysterious role...

The gospel speaks clearly and tells us that, on initiating his mission, JESUS went to Capernaum, a maritime city of Galilee, of which the prophet Isaiah had wisely said: "The people which was in darkness saw a great light, and light is born to those who dwell in the shadow of death on the earth." (Matthew 4:16.)

Going then the great KABIR along the shore of the sea of Galilee, he took as his first disciples the fishermen Peter and Andrew, "to make them fishers of men."

When the Baptist was beheaded, the Great KABIR withdrew in a boat to a desert and remote place — that is, to the land of the JINAS — where he performed with the hungry multitudes the extraordinary and astonishing miracle of the five loaves and the two fish, of which nothing less than five thousand men ate, without counting women and children, with twelve baskets of pieces left over besides. (Ibid. 14:15-21.)

It would be more than impossible, then, that in the domains of the castle of Montsalvat the sacred lake of the great archaic mysteries should be lacking.

Esoteric water in itself is the ENS SEMINIS of the old medieval alchemists, within which is found the ENS VIRTUTIS of fire.

*This comes to remind us of the terribly divine symbols of SHIVA, the Holy Spirit: The black Lingam embedded in the Yoni.*

### **Chapter Three: THE CHALICE AND THE LANCE**

Amid the joyful song of the birds, the dawn has broken — the delight of rosy-fingered dawn.

The old sage Gurnemanz, accompanied by two young squires, sleeps profoundly beneath the charming shade of a leafy taciturn tree...

From the ancient ancestral side of the castle of the Grail, the solemn reveille of trumpets resounds powerfully, which with its formidable notes salutes victorious the welcome dawn...

On hearing the glorious and triumphant hymn, the elder Gurnemanz and his two squires, full of infinite veneration,

humbly kneel and pray with profound devotion.

On reaching this sublime part of the present chapter, it is convenient to recall that beautiful poem of Don Ramón del Valle Inclán:

## **Chapter Four: ASTRAL ROSES**

*Eternal empires! Golden sanctuaries!*

*Keys of the great all! Prayer on their lutes!*

*Still wills! Solemn virtues!*

*Bowels of the world! Burning ovaries!*

*Lit rites of celestial homes!*

*Sealed destinies of the human chorus!*

*Suns that guard the norms of the Demiurgic*

*Treasure! Arcane stellar roses!*

*Celestial Arcanum! Gnostic arcanum*

*where Trismegistus raised the enigmas:*

*For wanting to read thee, Julian opened*

*in his empire the schism, and became antichrist,*

*exegete, Gnostic of the pagan heaven.*

*A solar metamorphosis he saw in the Christ.*

With majestic step there arrive from the Grail two knights who, as vanguard, come cautiously exploring the rough path that Amfortas, the king of so precious a jewel, is to follow.

It is ostensible that the great priest of the sacred ember suffers unspeakably since that fatal day on which, to his misfortune, Klingsor, the black magician, wounded him with a sinister thrust of the lance.

The august successor of King Titurel comes earlier than usual to take his bath in the sacred pool of the lake.

The venerable lord needs most urgently to relieve himself of the tremendous pains that afflict him since, to his misfortune, he received the mortal thrust of the lance...

Well do the divine and the human know of KLINGSOR and his nefarious tenebrous arts.

The evil character of the shadow not only snatched the sacred lance from the hands of Amfortas, the king of the Grail, but moreover wounded him with it in the side.

Ah!... If people understood all this... if they comprehended the deep meaning of the lance...

In all this it is ostensible that there exists pure sexuality; transcendent phallicism; eroticism.

It is unquestionable that the GNOSTIC-ESOTERIC lance of the Grail and that other one, the one of magical pacts wielded by Wotan, are at bottom one and the same — the emblem of the masculine sexual force, the PHALLUS...

A great sage said: "To a certain point, the trunks or tablets of the law, where Moses, by Jehovah's mandate, wrote the precepts of the Decalogue, are nothing but a double lance of the Runes, on whose phallic significance we cannot dwell, but which in detail may be seen in the second volume of ISIS UNVEILED."

It is written, with characters of fire, in the great book of cosmic wisdom, the double use of the sacred lance; it is indubitable that it horribly wounded the side of the Lord, and that from his wound flowed blood and water. It is ostensible that it healed the wound in the side of Amfortas.

Explanations? Patience, dear reader; now we are only laying down principles; in future chapters we shall go to the depths...

Enigmas? Yes! And many... as serious as those of the Holy Grail, the feminine YONI, the cup, the sexual organs of the woman...

So many are the traditions of the Holy Grail... among the old medieval books there is a lyrical stanza that says:

*"Father, father of my life,*

*by that of the Holy Grail,*

*give me your license*

*to go and seek the Count."*

We are told that the great chalice was in the possession of Abraham; we are informed that Melchizedek, the Genius of the earth, or Changam — as he is also called — carried it from the land of Semiramis to the fertile land of Canaan; this happened in that epoch in which our planetary regent began some foundations, in the blessed place where later was Jerusalem, the beloved city of the prophets.

Ancient traditions, lost in the night of the centuries, affirm that Melchizedek used it liturgically when he celebrated the sacrifice in which he offered the bread and wine of transubstantiation in the presence of Abraham, and that he left it to that Patriarch.

Some very old legends emphatically assert that this Divine vessel was also in the ark of Noah.

It is not amiss to assert that this venerable relic was taken to Egypt and that Moses possessed it.

It was made of a most singular material, compact like that of a bell, and frankly did not have the appearance of having been worked like metals; rather, it seemed to be the product of a kind of vegetation.

The Queen of Sheba subjected King Solomon to many tests before making him the depositary of so sublime a relic.

The Great KABIR JESUS the CHRIST had it in his possession when he celebrated the Last Supper, and in that vessel he drank the wine of the Holy Eucharist.

The Roman senator Joseph of Arimathea, at the foot of the cross on Calvary, gathered in that cup the purple drops of blood that flowed from the wounds of the Adorable One...

Tradition says that the said senator, intelligent and wise as none other, knew how to keep secretly so precious a treasure...

The price of his sacred zeal turned out very dear, for on refusing to deliver to the Roman police the sacrosanct vessel and the lance of Longinus, that man was then made prisoner...

Many years later, Joseph of Arimathea, now free, carrying the holy relics, went to Rome in search of Christians; but, seeing

the persecutions that existed there, he continued his way through the regions of the Mediterranean...

The ancient scriptures say that one night in dreams the old senator was visited by an angel who told him: "That vessel has a very great magnetic power, for in it is contained the blood of the redeemer of the world; bury it there."

"Then that old man saw the temple of Montserrat in Catalonia, Spain"...

Joseph of Arimathea concluded his terrible mission, keeping in such temple these archaic relics...

What happened afterward... the Initiates know; today the castle of Montsalvat, in which is the temple, and part of the mountain of Montserrat, have entered the state of "JINAS," hidden from the sight of the profane.

Uselessly did the Crusader knights seek the Holy Grail in the Holy Land; as a souvenir of those efforts, the silver cup that is given to the Olympic champions is still preserved.

*The price of his sacred zeal turned out very dear, for on refusing to deliver to the Roman police the sacrosanct vessel and the lance of Longinus, that man was then made prisoner...*

## **Chapter Five: KLINGSOR THE BLACK MAGICIAN**

In the exotic corner of the welcoming valley, very close to the sacred land of the Mohammedans, the legends say that KLINGSOR lived, the evil magician, in terrible solitude...

"I certainly do not know" — says the old Titurel — "what his sins were, but he wished to be a penitent and a saint there."

A sincere errant full of good intentions, impotent to put an end to lust, he gripped the murderous knife and castrated, gelded, or mutilated himself dreadfully.

The pious hero Titurel recounts, who knew Klingsor and his tenebrous arts well, that the unhappy penitent of evil then extended his bloody supplicating hands toward the Grail; but it is obvious that he was then rejected with indignation by the guardian.

To feel oneself repudiated by the knights of the Holy Grail? And after having mutilated himself with the "healthy" purpose of eliminating the animal passions? What horror! My God!...

In the fury of his terrible and painful spite, impossible to describe with words, the eunuch of darkness sought the weapon of vengeance, and it is unquestionable that he found it.

Titirel, the voice of the past, says that the tenebrous one then transformed that wilderness of frustrated penitent into a bewitching garden of voluptuous sexual delights, and that within it lived beautiful women, exquisitely malign.

There, in secret, in the mansion of delights — says the ancient king Titirel — the evil magician awaits the knights of the Grail, to drag them delicately into lust and into infernal sufferings...

He who lets himself be seduced is his victim, says the old monarch, and many of ours he managed to lead to the path of perdition.

On reaching this part of our present chapter, there comes to my memory that beautiful poem of Don Ramón del Valle Inclán:

## **Chapter Six: ROSE OF SIN**

*The cat that purrs! The door that creaks!*

*The leak: glug-glug-glug!*

*Alone in the house! At the door roars*

*the aborted beast at the hour I was born.*

*The Night of October! They say of Moon,*

*with a strong wind and surges of the sea:  
beneath its stars my fortune rose;  
sea and strong winds saw me arrive.  
The Night of October! My announced death!  
My night, opened between earth and sun!  
The magus put on the starry vestment;  
a naked giant, he blew the conch.  
The beast at the door bellows shaken;  
in its eyes the autumn night remains,  
and far off, that night of my life,  
with its two paths. And I followed that of evil!  
Your flesh called me, rose of sin!  
Alone in the house, sleepless I,  
the Night of October, the raised sea...  
The leak: glug-glug-glug!*

## **Chapter Seven: AMFORTAS, KING OF THE GRAIL**

Precious woman, born for the best; she-devil woman, found for the abyss; pearl fallen from the throne of the Lord; ineffable rose of fire grown in Eden and stripped of leaves by infernal hands; charming swan of alabaster neck singing in immodest bacchanal... How much good thou hast done! And... how much evil! Oh, my God!

But — and this is best — let us speak now a little about King Amfortas, successor of the old Titurel, who eluded so accurately the cunning of the Demon...

The legend of the centuries says, and this our grandfathers know, that the good king had to suffer unspeakably...

And — God help me! — all because of them, or because of her: the original She-devil, the prototype of perdition and of the fall, whom not even Amfortas himself, Lord of the Grail, could resist...

And the people who go about say that the good lord also fell into the arms of a stormy blonde whom they called Herodias, Kundry, Gundrigia, and I know not what else...

The Sovereign wished to set a limit to the magical enchantments of Klingsor the evil magician, and behold what

happened...

The malign one, who certainly has never been a meek sheep, knew how to take good advantage of so marvelous an opportunity, and drawing very softly near to the lustful pair that was wallowing on its bed of pleasures, snatched the sacred lance and with it wounded dreadfully the side of Amfortas; then he went away laughing.

"O thou, Divine lance, marvelous in thy wounds, and which all are forbidden to seek!" — continues saying the old Gurnemanz — "My eyes, my own eyes, saw thee brandished by the most sacrilegious hand!"...

The king in his retreat was escorted by the elder Gurnemanz; but a wound burned in his side: it is the wound of remorse that will never wish to heal!...

Let us now recite a beautiful poem of Don Ramón del Valle Inclán:

## **Chapter Eight: ROSE OF THE EAST**

*She has in her walk the grace of the feline,*

*all of her full of deep echoes;*

*she enraptures with Moorish charms,*

*her dark mouth, tales of Aladdin.*

*Her eyes black, warm, cunning,*  
*sad with ancient knowledge the smile,*  
*and her flowered skirt, a breeze*  
*of Indic and sacred institutions.*

*Her hand cut, in a garden of the East,*  
*the apple of the forbidden tree,*  
*and coiled around her breasts, the Serpent.*

*She decorates the lust of a sacred sense.*

*In the transparent darkness*  
*of her eyes, the light is a whistle.*

## **Chapter Nine: THE WILD AMAZON**

Along the solitary path, like wandering phantoms — downcast, hesitant, with bowed heads, ragged — the defeated ones move slowly toward the lake; and looking at the distant tower of the temple, beneath a certain opalescent light that dawns in the heavens, they slow their pace, as if they feared to arrive...

Kundry, overcome by fatigue as well as by terrible and dreadful remorse, throws herself upon the perfumed earth...

In those moments there arrives, coming from the castle of the Grail, the unfortunate retinue that conducts the king toward the holy bath.

The suffering monarch holds no resentments in his aching heart; he fully understands his own errors, recognizes his guilt, and humbly thanks his servant — the woman! The eternal feminine; the monumental Eve of Hebrew mythology; eternal plaything of good and evil on the earth, according to the use that men make of her.

The Wagnerian Magdalene, vilely turned into the plaything of the malign one, also longs to second the Divine ideals of the Grail, but always falls defeated...

"Woman!" exclaims Amfortas... "Art thou perhaps a Demon vomited by hell to open this wound for me?..."

"Art thou perhaps an angel who descended from Urania to watch over my unfortunate existence?..."

The wild Amazon, the symbolic woman of Wagnerian drama, magnificent prototype of all that is most abject and at the same time most exalted in the world, is certainly formidable...

Her garment is wild and rude, gathered up high with a girdle from which hang long serpent skins.

Her black hair waves miraculously in loose locks of a dark reddish-brown shade.

On her delicious feminine face shine enchanting eyes of black color, which at times sparkle with fierceness, and often become immobile with the dreadful rigidity of death...

Kundry brings, like the Jewish Magdalene, a crystal pomander from exotic Arabia. The king of the Grail certainly needs a precious balm to heal his aching heart...

Blessed be the woman! Blessed be the beings who adore one another!...

Hermes Trismegistus said: "I give thee love, in which is contained the whole Summum of wisdom."

To love? How beautiful it is to love!... Only great souls can and know how to love...

Love begins with a flash of sympathy, is substantialized with the force of affection, and is synthesized in adoration...

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

Love is the best accessible religion...

## **Chapter Ten: THE CHASTE INNOCENT**

Gurnemanz, the voice of the past, the venerable elder, after solemnly relating all that once occurred in those mysterious regions of the castle of Montsalvat after the horrendous loss of the holy lance, continues expressing himself in the following terms:

"Before the sanctuary, orphaned of the sublime relic, lay Amfortas in fervent prayer, restlessly imploring a sign of salvation."

An intense, dazzling divine refulgence then flowed from the Grail, while a vision of celestial dream said to him, with clear accent, these words: "The sapient, the illumined by compassion, the chaste innocent; wait for him, HE IS MY ELECT."

In this, O gods! — says the legend of the centuries — a great scandal arose among the people of the Holy Grail, because on the side of the sacred lake, in the depths of the solitary forest, an ignorant young man was surprised who, wandering by those banks, had surely wounded with his arrow a very beautiful swan, the perfect symbol of the HOLY SPIRIT.

But... and why so much uproar, tumult, disorder? Who has not wounded to death the swan KALA-HAMSA?

Who has not violated the sixth commandment of the law of God, which says: Thou shalt not fornicate?

"He who feels himself free of sin, let him cast the first stone"...

O blessed miraculous HAMSA; sexual force of the THIRD LOGOS; immortal IBIS; white dove of the Grail!...

The conquest of the ULTRA-MARE-VITAE, the SUPER-LIMINAL and ULTRA-TERRESTRIAL world, is only possible with the Initiatic stone — sex — in which is contained the synthesis-religion, which was the primitive one of humanity; the mystical wisdom of JANUS, or of the JINAS.

Eliminate sex? Oh! No! No! No!... Transcend it? That is ostensible... to love is the best.

Let us now recite that beautiful poem of Amado Nervo titled:

## **Chapter Eleven: THE DAY THAT THOU LOVEST ME**

*The day that thou lovest me will have more light than June;*

*the night that thou lovest me will be a plenilune,*

*with notes of Beethoven vibrating in every ray*

*its ineffable things,*

*and there will be together more roses*

*than in the whole month of May.*

*A thousand crystalline fountains*

*will go along the slopes*

*leaping, singing.*

*The day that thou lovest me, the hidden groves*

*will resound with arpeggios never heard.*

*Ecstasy of thine eyes, all the springs*

*that have been and shall be in the world will exist when thou  
lovest me.*

*Holding hands like blonde little sisters,*

*showing innocent drops, the daisies will go*

*through mountains and meadows,*

*before thy steps, the day that thou lovest me...*

*And if thou pluckst one, its innocent*

*final white petal will say: Passionately!*

*All the clovers will have four prophetic leaves*

*at the rising of the dawn of the day that thou lovest me;  
and in the pond, nests of unknown germs,  
the mystical corollas of the lotuses will flower.  
The day that thou lovest me, every cloud will be  
a marvelous wing; every flush, a mirage  
of the Thousand and One Nights; every breeze, a song;  
every tree, a lyre; every mountain, an altar.  
The day that thou lovest me, for the two of us  
will fit in a single kiss  
the beatitude of God.*

## **Chapter Twelve: THE SON OF HERZELEIDE**

Parsifal the chaste innocent — it is ostensible that in a remote past he too had wounded with his arrow the swan of immaculate whiteness, the miraculous HAMSA...

To the various questions that with such emphasis are asked of him, he keeps silent; it is obvious that he is ignorant of all; he

has eliminated the I, does not even remember the name of his earthly progenitor, has reconquered Edenic innocence...

He knows only that his mother was called HERZELEIDE, and that the deepest forest was her dwelling.

His poor little mother of aching heart bore him fatherless, when his father, called Gamuret, fell gloriously among the helmets and shields on the battlefield.

The adorable mother, to protect her son from the premature sign of heroes, raised him with infinite tenderness in a wilderness, foreign to arms and in the midst of the most crass ignorance.

Yet... one day, that young man of heroic lineage saw human flames in the forest...

So great was the brilliance of those knights of shining vestments — the knights of the Grail — who happened to pass through those solitary wooded places, that the young man, impelled by his instinct of a hero, resolved to follow them across the mountains.

Protected with the arms of Vulcan, that lad fought the beasts of the abyss, vile representations of his ancient errors, and reduced them to cosmic dust.

Thus the boy advanced as far as the domains of the Grail...  
(Thus must we advance...).

KUNDRY, HERODIAS, informs him that his adorable mother has died. Cruel news that plunges him into infinite bitterness, impossible to describe with words...

Dreadful moment this; he rushes upon the hetaera like a madman, then falls fainting, and she immediately helps him with the delicious water of the spring...

Then comes the tremendous hour: the Gundrigia says terrible things; for everything there exists its day and its hour.

It is convenient now to recall that beautiful poem of Don Ramón del Valle Inclán, titled:

## **Chapter Thirteen: THE ROSE OF THE CLOCK**

*It is the hour of enigmas,  
when the summer afternoon  
from the clouds sent a hawk  
upon the benign doves.  
It is the hour of enigmas!*

*It is the hour of the dove:  
the gaze of a girl follows the flights.*

*Rosy afternoon,  
musical and divine comma.*

*It is the hour of the dove!*

*It is the hour of the serpent:  
the devil plucks out a gray hair,  
the apple falls from the tree,  
and the crystal of a dream is broken.*

*It is the hour of the serpent!*

*It is the hour of the hen:  
the cemetery has lights,  
the devout women cross themselves before the crosses,  
the wind dies.*

*It is the hour of the hen!*

*It is the hour of the maiden:  
tears, letters, and songs,*

*the air full of orange blossoms,  
the blue afternoon, a single star.*

*It is the hour of the maiden!*

*It is the hour of the owl:*

*the old man deciphers writings,  
the mirror suddenly breaks,  
the old woman comes out with the oil cruet.*

*It is the hour of the owl!*

*It is the hour of the vixen:*

*a viol prowls the street,  
the old woman brings to the lass  
a ring with a rose.*

*It is the hour of the vixen!*

*It is the hour of the suffering soul:*

*a witch at the crossroads,  
with the excommunicated prayer  
asks the dead man for his chain.*

*It is the hour of the suffering soul!*

*It is the hour of twilight:*

*the little owl lies in wait on the pine,*

*the bandit on the road,*

*and Satan in the brothel.*

*It is the hour of twilight!*

*It is the hour of the suffering soul: a witch at the crossroads, with the excommunicated prayer asks the dead man for his chain.*

## **Chapter Fourteen: WORDS OF KUNDRY**

Kundry, the marvelous Eve of Hebrew Mythology, unconscious victim of the evil magician, before the Wagnerian Parsifal, exclaims with infinite pain:

"I never do good; I want only rest... only rest for this wretched exhausted one!"

"To sleep, and would that I might never awaken!" — At that moment she begins to experience the fluids of the magician's suggestion at a distance, and rising up, shuddering with fright, she exclaims: "No! Sleep! No! All this horrifies me!" — She immediately gives a muffled cry, her whole body trembles like a

blade of grass shaken by the tempest, until, impotent against the evil spell, she lets her arms fall inert, bows her head, and, taking a few hesitant steps, falls hypnotized among the brushwood, moaning:

"Useless resistance. The hour has come. To sleep... To sleep... It is necessary... It is necessary to sleep."

The woman par excellence, the symbolic woman, the original she-devil, the prototype of perdition and of the fall, whom not even Amfortas himself, the magnificent King of the Holy Grail, could then resist, now sleeps under the hypnotic power of the evil magician...

More than beautiful we see thee, Kundry! Thou wert born like a miracle in the Eden of all marvels! Thou art the most beautiful thought of the Creator made flesh, blood, and life!...

Thy delicious body seems to have been kneaded with the delicate roses of the bank of the countryside that makes the Wadi-al-Kebir fertile!...

The taciturn foliage silvered by the pale moon has given sweet shade to thy eyelashes...

Thy eyelids of exotic charm were created from divine leaves of orange blossoms. Essence of sublime spikenards hides in thy entrails...

Thy fascinating tresses seem rather cascades of night falling upon thy nubile shoulders...

How beautiful thou art!... Dost thou hear me? Thy charming mouth smiles: thy tongue struggles in dreams to form words...

The starry sky opens like a rose: Thou sleepest, Kundry, poisoned by an exotic mystery that none understands!...

Thou sleepest, yes!... I know it... The forest of the Thousand and One Nights lends me its foliage where the birds nest that sing sweetly; the grove softly whispers, the river murmurs in its bed of rocks: All invites to siesta, and thou sleepest; Eve, Kundry, Gundrigia, Herodias...

Sleep amid thy secret laments: Thou art the unconscious victim of a fatal sorcery...

But, O my God!... What terrifying idea pursues thee in dreams? What is that which, not wishing to do, thou dost?

## **Chapter Fifteen: HYMN OF THE GRAIL**

On the return now from the bath so delicious and pleasant, the king's litter is seen passing toward the castle of Montsalvat.

The venerable elder Gurnemanz joins the retinue, kindly inviting the young man to the sacred feast.

It is necessary that the boy too receive the benefits of the Grail...

"Hardly do we walk, and yet I feel I have already gone far," says Parsifal.

The old man whitened with wisdom answers him with great accuracy: "You see it, my son: Here time is space"...

Time in itself is the fourth dimension; that is ostensible...

The fourth coordinate is summed up in two wholly defined aspects: the temporal and the spatial.

It is unquestionable that the chronometric aspect of the fourth dimension is only the surface.

It is indubitable that the spatial aspect of the fourth vertical lies in the depths...

Within the three-dimensional world in which we live, there always exists a fourth vertical, and it in itself is time.

In eternity there is no time...

It is clear that the eternal turns out to be the fifth dimension; you know it...

In eternity everything is processed within the eternal now...

Have you heard about that which is beyond time and eternity?  
It is clear that the sixth dimension exists...

And what shall we say of the unknown zero dimension? Pure  
spirit? Yes! Yes! Yes!...

The old Gurnemanz, with that wisdom whitened by time, un-  
derstood it all, and wisely led the son of Herzeleide to the Holy  
Grail...

The scene gradually transforms as the old Master and his  
young disciple advance.

They now leave the solitary forest below, and between them  
they patiently scale the monstrous mass of granite.

Little by little they begin to hear ever more clearly the soft call  
of the trumpets and the august tolling of the bells of the  
temple...

Finally Master and disciple arrive in a precious hall whose ma-  
jestic dome is lost in the heights...

Parsifal falls silent, enraptured before such divine magnifi-  
cence, impossible to describe with words...

In the background two wide doors full of glory open, through  
which enter the knights of the Grail...

The men of the light arrange themselves in order before two long tablecloth-covered parallel tables, between which is left a free space in the middle.

On the tables of joy there are chalices or cups, but no delicious viands.

On the other hand, valiant squires and brothers of humble service appear, bringing King Amfortas on his litter; and before him, some pure children with rosy faces like the angels...

These creatures bring an ark covered with a purple cloth, within which are hidden the mysteries of sex.

The sublime retinue places King Amfortas on a bed at the back, beneath a canopy and upon the marble table that is before the sacred ark...

The congregation of light, joyful, intones from the various places of the temple the hymn of the Grail, which says:

"Day by day, prepared for the Last Supper of Divine Love, the feast shall be renewed, as if for the last time it were today to console him who has taken pleasure in good works. Let us approach the agape to receive the august gifts."

"Just as amid infinite pains there flowed one day the blood that redeemed the world, may my blood be shed with joyful

heart for the cause of the Saving Hero. In us, by his death, lives the body he offered for our salvation"...

"May our faith live forever, for over us hovers the dove, propitious messenger of the Redeemer. Eat of the bread of life and drink of the wine that for us has flowed"...

*The venerable elder Gurnemanz joins the retinue,  
kindly inviting the young man to the sacred feast.*

## **Chapter Sixteen: THE HOLY RELIC**

On the expiring of the last notes of the delicate songs in the mystery, and when all the august knights of divine aspect have taken their seats at the sacred tables, an imposing silence follows...

The stupendous vision was wholly naked, with whitenesses of spikenard, alluring and fatal...

Exotic mystery...

From a deep background, as if coming out of the black sepulchre, is heard the voice of the old Titirel...

He orders his son imperatively to uncover the Holy Grail to contemplate it for the last time.

Amfortas resists and says: "No! Leave it uncovered! Oh! Is it possible that no one can appreciate this torture I suffer on contemplating what enraptures you?"...

"What does my wound signify, what the rigor of my pains, before the anguish, the infernal torment of seeing myself condemned to this atrocious mission?"...

"Cruel inheritance entrusted to me, sole delinquent among all... guardian of the holy relic" ...

"I need to implore the blessing for the pure souls"...

"Oh punishment, punishment without equal that the Almighty sends me, whom I terribly offended!"...

"For him, for the Lord, for his blessings and mercies, I must sigh with vehement longing"...

"Only through penitence, only through the deepest contrition of the soul, must I reach HIM"...

"The hour approaches; a ray of light descends to illuminate the Holy Miracle; the veil falls"...

"With splendid power shines the Divine content of the consecrated vessel"...

"Palpitating in the pain of supreme delight, I feel pouring into my heart the fountain of celestial blood"...

"And the boiling of my own sinful blood must flow back in a mad torrent and pour out, with horrendous dread, through the world of passion and of crime."

"Again it breaks its prison and flows abundantly from this wound, similar to his, opened by the blow of the same lance that there struck the Redeemer — that wound through which he wept in tears of blood for the opprobrium of humanity in the longing of his Divine compassion."

"And now, from this wound of mine, in the most holy place, I, custodian of the Divine Goods, guardian of the balm of redemption, the boiling blood of sin breaks forth, ever renewed at the fountain of my longings, which no expiation can, alas, now extinguish"...

"Mercy! Compassion! Thou, the All-Merciful, have pity on me! Free me from this inheritance, close this wound, and grant that, healed, purified, and sanctified, I may die for thee!"...

"I do not know who I really am in this bloody flame of anguish, of pain, of joy and weeping in which is born the Mystery of an enchantment that destroys my life and nourishes it; but I sense something terribly Divine"...

"I do not know who I am in this fatal net of my own existence that contemplates with mystical astonishment fish of foam in

vertigoes of fright, and a spring of centuries that I lift to uselessly slake this insatiable thirst that torments me"...

"In this vain world of darkness and infinite bitternesses, I question myself with an unknown voice that seems an alien and grave voice" ...

"And my poor reason remains faded, miserable shadow of sin!"...

Amfortas falls in a swoon after these words, and the Holy Grail is uncovered...

Old traditions, lost in the night of countless centuries, tell that when that eminent sublime man drew forth the sacred chalice — perfect symbol of the feminine YONI — a dense twilight — the sexual mist of the Hebrew Tabernacle — spread deliciously throughout the marvelous ambit of the Sanctuary.

This reminds us of the SAHAJA MAITHUNA in the supreme instant... The mysteries of the LINGAM-YONI are terribly Divine...

From above, from heaven, from Urania, descends a purest ray of light that, on falling upon the chalice, makes it shine with a purple, infinite, inexhaustible splendor...

Amfortas knows how to use the phallic cross and, with transfigured countenance, raises the Grail on high and blesses the

bread and wine of transubstantiation.

The choruses resound deliciously, loving and adoring.

Amfortas returns the sacred ember to the ark; it gradually pales as the thick sexual twilight again dissipates...

"The bread and wine are distributed among the tables, at which all sit, except Parsifal, who remains standing and in ecstasy, from which he emerges at last only because of the laments of Amfortas, on whose account the young man suffers a mortal spasm. Gurnemanz, believing him brutish and unconscious of all that, seizes him by an arm and brutally casts him out of the sacred enclosure, while there are extinguished in the space the voices of youths, children, and knights who sing the sanctification in Faith and in Divine Love."

*On the expiring of the last notes of the delicate songs in the mystery, and when all the august knights of divine aspect have taken their seats at the sacred tables, an imposing silence follows...*

## **Chapter Seventeen: BAYREUTH**

It must be known, then, for the good of the great cause, that WAGNER forbade the representation of his PARSIFAL outside that marvelous theater of BAYREUTH...

With great accuracy we already said that, the legal term having been fulfilled, the PARSIFAL was made known in all the theaters of Europe...

In dealing with the truth we must be very frank; it is certainly lamentable that the widow and the son of Wagner, together with some other German musicians, attempted to modify the law on intellectual property, with the evident purpose of limiting the representation of the Parsifal exclusively to the old theater of BAYREUTH...

It is ostensible that these sincere errants did not achieve their stated purpose.

It is unquestionable that the pain of some is the joy of others. The failure of these well-intentioned persons had formidable international repercussions among the publics of Europe, who were thus not deprived of knowing the great work.

The great works cannot be limited in space or in time... It is absurd to wish to cover the sun with a finger...

People who go about say that the said work was sung before 1914 in the Metropolitan Theater of New York, leaping over every kind of legal obstacles to do so.

It is pathetic, clear, and defined, that the company paid the fine with infinite pleasure, for it is obvious that they were left

with handsome earnings.

Yet... God help me! Did not the same thing happen in Monte Carlo? All the world knows that the sacred poem was to be represented; unfortunately, owing to the threats of the widow and son of Wagner, the work could only be sung as a benefit performance.

Let us now transcribe with great care a newspaper article, certainly very interesting:

"The matter of PARSIFAL arose in WAGNER's mind in 1854, but he did not begin to work on the poem until the spring of 1857, suspending it several times, until at last he finished it on February 23, 1877."

"Long before concluding the book, he composed some musical pieces, the first in 1857; but in reality, he did not begin to work seriously on the score until the autumn of 1877 — that is, the same year in which he wrote the last verse of the poem."

"The work was definitively completed on January 13, 1882. Shortly afterward the preparations for the premiere began, and, after being well rehearsed, the PARSIFAL was premiered on July 26, 1882, at the Bayreuth theater."

"Parsifal obtained an enormous success that drew tears from that genius so accustomed to struggle."

"Wagner, moved, enthusiastically embraced Materna and Scaria, who interpreted the roles of Kundry and Gurnemanz respectively, as well as the great maestro Hermann Levi, who conducted the orchestra, and whom we met and applauded twelve or fourteen years ago in Madrid, in those famous concerts of Prince Alfonso, where there were so many eminent German conductors."

"It is fitting to dedicate, in speaking of this, a remembrance of admiration and sympathy to the great maestro Mancinelli, who was the one who 'truly brought the chickens' — that is, the one who made known to us almost all Wagner, and the first to organize great concerts."

"That season of auditions under the direction of Mancinelli constitutes a memorable epoch in the history of the development of lyric art in Spain."

"Wagner only survived approximately six months his great triumph of Parsifal."

"Shortly after the premiere, the Master went to spend the winter in Venice, as had been his custom since 1879, and there, suddenly, death surprised him on February 13, 1883, at the side of his wife, Cosima Liszt — daughter of the celebrated musician of that name — and of his friend Joukowsky."

"Two days later, the mortal remains of the glorious creator of lyric drama were transferred to Bayreuth, where they rest in the garden of the little house of Wahnfried, beneath a block of marble without ornament or any inscription."

## **Chapter Eighteen: THE MERCURY OF THE SECRET PHILOSOPHY**

In these moments of mysterious joy, it is not amiss to recall that subliminal poem of Horace, the author of the Epodes and Satires, which saw the light between the years 35 and 30 before Jesus Christ...

### **Mercury**

*Mercury, eloquent grandson of Atlas,  
who skillfully shaped with thy voice  
the wild ways of recent men,  
and with the noble custom of the palaestra.  
I will sing thee, of great Jove and of the gods  
the messenger, and parent of the curved lyre,  
cunning to hide, whatever pleased thee,  
with playful theft.*

*Thee, when as a boy thou hadst not returned  
the oxen craftily removed, while with threatening voice  
he terrified thee, Apollo, his quiver gone,  
was forced to laugh.*

*By thy guidance, rich Priam, having left Ilium,  
deceived the proud Atrides  
and the Thessalian fires and the hostile camp  
of Troy.*

*Thou restorest pious souls to joyful seats,  
and with the golden wand confinest the light  
throng, pleasing to the gods above  
and to those below.*

*Mercury, grandson of Atlas, thy eloquence  
was the teacher of primitive man:  
his rudeness thou didst polish with speech  
and the refining use of the palaestra.  
Herald of high Jove and of the gods,*

*thy glory was to invent the curved lyre;  
and it is thy grace to carry off, as a jest,  
whatever thy bold genius inspires.*

*As a boy thou didst steal Phoebus's flock,  
and he with furious voices upbraided thee;  
but he had to laugh on seeing, astonished,  
that thou hadst stolen even his quiver.*

*Priam left Ilium with royal gifts,  
when the Greek host besieged it:  
pitiless Atrides, Thessalian fires,  
all he left mocked under thy guidance.*

*To the pious souls, light shades,  
thy golden wand brings the eternal joy,  
pleasing deity to all the gods,  
enchantment of Olympus and of Avernus!*

Having sung so sublime a poem of the Horatian lyric, it is now convenient to know what Mercury is...

It is unquestionable, and any Gnostic can understand it, that as an astrological planet it is obviously much more mysterious than Venus itself, and identical to the Mazdean Mithra. The Buddha, the Genius or God, formidably established between the Sun and the Moon; sublime eternal companion of the solar disc of Divine Wisdom...

Pausanias, in his fifth book, wisely teaches us that he had an altar in common with thundering Jupiter, the Father of the Divine and of Men...

The old legends say that he displayed radiant wings of fire, as if to manifest that he attended the CHRIST-SUN on his eternal journey; with just reason he was called in other times Herald and Wolf of the Sun: SOLARIS LUMINIS PARTICEPS.

As a consequence and corollary, we must affirm that he was the Chief and evoker of souls; the Archimagus and the Hierophant.

Virgil, the illustrious poet of Mantua, intelligently describes him taking his hammer or caduceus of two serpents to evoke once again to life the unhappy souls cast down into the Orcus (LIMBO): "Tu virgam capit, hac animas ille evocat Orco," with the evident purpose of having them enter the celestial militia, as he teaches us in the VENDIDAD...

Mercury is the golden esoteric planet, the ineffable, whom the austere and sublime Hierophants forbade to name; and studying dusty millennial manuscripts, we could verify that in Greek Mythology he is symbolized by those dogs or hounds that guard the celestial cattle, that always drink at the crystalline wells of occult Wisdom; for which reason he is also known as HERMES-ANUBIS, and also as the good inspirer or AGATHODAEMON.

Remember that the emperor Julian prayed every night to the Hidden Sun, through the intercession of Mercury...

With just reason Vossius says: "All the Theologians assert that Mercury and the sun are one"...

Not without reason was that planet considered the most eloquent and wise of the Gods, which is not strange, for Mercury stands so close to Wisdom and to the word (or LOGOS), that with both he was confused.

*The Buddha, the Genius or God, formidably established between the Sun and the Moon; sublime eternal companion of the solar disc of Divine Wisdom...*

## **Chapter Nineteen: THE MARVELOUS SWASTIKA**

The sacred pool, the Initiatic lake of the representation of the Divine Mysteries in the domains of the Holy Grail, is beyond doubt the Mercury of the secret philosophy, that liquid, flexible, malleable glass, contained in our sexual glands.

Philippus Theophrastus Bombastus von Hohenheim (Aureolus PARACELSUS), says that within the ENS SEMINIS is found the whole ENS VIRTUTIS of fire.

After the radiant Sun and its tongues of burning fire that sparkle amid the ineffable orchestration of the spheres, it is the Mercury of the Secret Philosophy, the ENS SEMINIS, the chaotic water of the first instant, the eternal feminine element, the Great Mother or nourishing Cow, the very foundation of all cosmic life.

To intelligently transmute these waters of life, free in their movement — this Sophic Mercury of the sages — signifies intensive work in the LABORATORIUM-ORATORIUM of the THIRD LOGOS.

It is written, with characters of fire, in the great book of life, that in the JAINA or JINA cross is miraculously hidden the

unspeakable secret of the great Arcanum; the marvelous key of sexual transmutation.

It is not difficult to understand that such magical cross is the same Swastika of the great Mysteries...

Amid the delicious ecstasy of the soul that yearns, we can — and must — put ourselves in mystical contact with JANUS, the austere and sublime JINA Hierophant who once taught in our world the science of the JINAS.

In the secret Tibet there exist two schools that combat each other: I wish to refer clearly to the MAHAYANA and HINAYANA institutions.

Narrow is the gate and strait the path that leads to the light, and very few are they who find it...

The HINAYANA path is beyond doubt Buddhist and Christic; it is cited in the sacred books, it is mentioned in the Four Gospels.

Pure souls in a state of perfect beatitude can directly experience the intimate relation existing between the Swastika and the HINAYANA path.

Right was that great martyr of the past century H. P. B. in telling us that the Swastika of the spindle-whorls is the most sacred and most mystical symbol: it shines, in effect, upon the

head of the great serpent of Vishnu, the thousand-headed Shesha-Ananta that dwells in the Patala, or lower region.

Advancing with the cross on our shoulders toward the Mount of Skulls, we can verify that in ancient times the nations placed the Swastika at the head of all their sacred symbols.

The full lucidity of the spirit allows us to understand that the Swastika is the hammer of THOR, the magical weapon forged by the Pygmies against the giants or precosmic Titanic forces definitively opposed to the law of universal harmony; the hammer-producer of the tempests that the Aesir, or celestial Lords, use.

In the Macrocosmos of infinite splendors, its arms bent at right angles fully express the ever-tireless terrestrial rotation and the incessant renewing movement of the cosmic garden...

In the Microcosmos, the Swastika represents the man pointing with the right to the sky, while the left, like a fatal winter shadow, is directed downward, as if showing with infinite pain our afflicted world.

The Swastika is likewise an alchemical, cosmogonic, and anthropogonic sign, under seven distinct interpretive keys.

It is, in short, as the living symbol of transcendent electricity, the Alpha and the Omega of universal sexual force, which de-

scends through the golden steps of the spirit to the material world; and so it is ostensible that he who comes to embrace integrally all its mystical signification is free of all Maya (illusion).

The Swastika is the electric mill of the physicists; in it are hidden the terrible mysteries of the LINGAM-YONI.

Hindu and exotic SEX-YOGA with all its Eastern perfumes; the mysterious eroticism of the KAMA-KALPA; the SAHAJA MAITHUNA with its burning sexual postures like fire; it is obvious that they are sealed with the Swastika Cross.

The vertical stick of the Holy Cross is masculine, virile, powerful; the horizontal line is feminine, delicious; at the crossing of these two eternal shafts is found the key of all power.

The Swastika is the cross in movement; sex in full activity; sexual transmutation in action.

Blessed is the sage who, loving his woman, plunges joyful into the sacred erotic Mysteries of MINNA; the dreadful darknesses of a true love that is brother to death will allow him to sublimate and transmute the Mercury of the secret philosophy.

The enchanting night of love symbolizes both the vulgar INFRA-DARKNESS of ignorance and of evil magic, and the SUPER-DARKNESS of silence and the august secret of the

sages. (The YAKSHA and RAKSHASAS of the MAHABHARATA.)

With words of Diamond it is written in the book of all creation: "He who wishes to ascend must first descend."

The conquest of the ULTRA-MARE-VITAE, or SUPER-LIMINAL and ULTRA-TERRESTRIAL world, would be absolutely impossible without the wise transmutation of the Sophic Mercury.

The nubile maidens and wise men of the AMEN-SMEN, the Egyptian Paradise, suffered too much in the Avernus, living on the shores of the Stygian Lagoon; you know it.

To transmute water into wine, as the Great KABIR Jesus taught at the Wedding of Cana: that is more bitter than gall.

The white dove of the HOLY SPIRIT, hovering on the arms and embroidered on the mantles of the knights of the Holy Grail; the Sacred Swan; the miraculous HAMSA; the Phoenix Bird of Paradise; the immortal Ibis; marvelously resplendent upon the profound waters of life.

From the deep depths of the Stygian Lagoon, in the terrible profundities of Avernus, emerge Gods who are lost in the absolute abstract space.

Light comes forth from the darkness, and the cosmos springs from CHAOS...

*The HINAYANA path is beyond doubt Buddhist and Christic; it is cited in the sacred books, it is mentioned in the Four Gospels.*

## **Chapter Twenty: THE SEXUAL FORCE**

Be it known, then, that this said marvelous legend of the Holy Grail is certainly very well known in France.

If with the persistence of the cleric in the cell we scrutinize with infinite longing all those dusty manuscripts of medieval chivalry, we may then verify many traditions related to the Holy Grail.

Famous are truly very ancient works such as Le Baladro de Merlin and La Demanda del Santo Grial.

Those long-haired Bards of Bohemian Germany, who once cheered all Europe, always said GRAAL, using the double "A." To them and their accustomed songs!

The Bretons, who certainly have good fame with the Celtic legend, always called the sacred cup GRAAL.

From all points of view it is easy to understand that the radical forgetting of esoteric Christic principles would ill lead us into the confusing labyrinth of so many incoherent etymologies that have nothing to do with the ivory cup, the delight of the archaic mysteries.

It is not amiss to recall that stanza of the Archpriest of Hita, describing a certain kitchen of his time:

*"Bowls, frying-pans, jars, and cauldrons,  
pitchers and barrels, all household things,  
all of them he had washed by his laundresses,  
spits, GRAALS, pot, and covers."*

In the regenerating vessel, or feminine sexual YONI, we must drink the Initiatic nectar of the Holy Gods...

The Holy Grail is the miraculous Chalice of the supreme drink; the Initiatic cup of SUKRA and of MANTI...

In the Holy Vessel of the enchanting woman is contained the exquisite wine of transcendent spirituality.

The conquest of the ULTRA-MARE-VITAE, or SUPER-LIMINAL and ULTRA-TERRESTRIAL WORLD, would be more than impossible if we committed the error of underestimating woman.

The delicious Verb of ISIS rises from the deep bosom of all ages, awaiting the instant of being realized.

The Ineffable words of the Goddess NEITH have been sculpted with letters of gold on the resplendent walls of the temple of Wisdom:

"I AM SHE WHO 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 super-human 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 of Liguria, the Divine King Janus, or Saturn (IAO, BACCHUS, JEHOVAH), wisely ruled over those holy people, all Aryan tribes, 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 lived happily together.

Within the ineffable mystical idyll commonly called "THE ENCHANTMENTS OF GOOD FRIDAY," we feel in the depth of our heart that in our sexual organs there exists a terribly Divine force that can equally liberate as enslave man.

Sexual energy contains in itself the living prototype of the legitimate SOLAR MAN, who, on crystallizing in us, transforms us radically.

Many suffering souls would wish to enter the transcendent MONTSALVAT, but unfortunately this is more than impossible owing to the VEIL OF ISIS, or Adamic sexual veil.

Within the ineffable bliss of the JINA paradises there certainly exists a divine humanity that is invisible to mortals owing to their sins and limitations, born of misused sex.

It is ostensible that the White Brotherhood possesses grandiose treasures, like that inestimable Holy Grail.

The Verb of the Holy Gods, resounding in the depths of the profound night of the centuries, at every instant comes to remind us of the first love and the necessity of learning to sublimate and transmute the sexual energy.

Certainly, while we do not transcend sex as the MAHATMAS do, it is impossible to enter into direct contact with the sacred super-humanity, of which, however, every universal legend has always spoken...

Those Masters of compassion are the faithful custodians of the Holy Grail, or of the INITIATIC STONE — that is, of the

supreme synthesis-religion, which was the primitive one of humanity.

Let us speak clearly and without ambiguity: in no way do we exaggerate concepts if we emphasize the basic idea that sex is the center of gravity of all human activities.

As a consequence or corollary, we affirm: when man finds his sexual mate, society has begun.

Mechanicality is different: we Gnostics reject unconscious automatism...

The mechanicality of sex turns out to be obviously infrahuman; we want conscious action...

As a rule, pattern, guide to follow, it is convenient to know that the usual and habitual flow of sexual energy is from above downward... from within outward.

To make the creative energy of the THIRD LOGOS return inward and upward signifies in fact entering the blessed path of REGENERATION; that is precisely the good Law of the Holy Grail.

The lance with which the Roman centurion called Longinus cruelly wounded the side of the Adorable One on the Mount of Skulls; it is ostensible that it also plays a great role in countless traditions of the Asian world, both with the symbolism set

forth above, and as an esoteric instrument of salvation and liberation.

The venerable Amfortas, great lord, King of the Grail, eminent successor of the old Titurel, once wounded by sex, Phallus, or lance, when he fell victim to sexual seduction, could only be healed with the same Shaft that wounded him.

By logical consequence we can deduce that this good lord of so many bitternesses had to work intensely in the LIT FORGE OF VULCAN...

To transmute is best, and this was never ignored by the Roman Matrons who developed and unfolded under the tutelage of the Goddess JUNO...

Amid the deep torpor of the night of the centuries sleeps that legendary city of the Sabines, founded in good time by MEDIUS FIDIUS and HIMELLA; old Aryan traditions say that then those good people knew most thoroughly the sexual mysteries of the lance.

Now, with these unusual affirmations, our beloved Gnostic readers will be able to understand the reason why the heroes were rewarded with a small shaft or lance of iron.

HASTAPURA was the name of such shaft: this reminds us of the sacred city of HASTINAPURA, the living symbol of the

## CELESTIAL JERUSALEM.

*Those Masters of compassion are the faithful custodians of the Holy Grail, or of the INITIATIC STONE — that is, of the supreme synthesis-religion, which was the primitive one of humanity.*

### **Chapter 21: THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE**

An IT upon a marvelous stone. What is the deep significance of this tremendous Mystery?

"O chaste cleric!" — the bards used to chant, evokers of the Gaedhil, or of prehistoric Irish Galicia — speaking of their glorious millennial traditions to the Catholic priests who were going to evangelize them.

Its profound magical and sublime significance... who shall be able to unravel and reveal it?

No one but HE, the Chosen One, shall be able to decipher the Mystery of the Stone and of its IT...

In dealing with these sacred wonders that astonish the mystic, it is truly not incongruous that the said Stone should transform itself into crater, Hermetic Vessel, or Chalice of infinite splendors...

Why, then, so much perplexity, vacillation, and uncertainty about that poem of Chrétien de Troyes? (Twelfth century.)

If the Holy Grail is a precious Stone brought to earth by the angels or ineffable Devas, and placed under the jealous custody of a secret fraternity, that is no obstacle to such celestial Gem assuming the splendid form of the Vessel of Hermes.

Here we are, then, with the cubic Stone of YESOD, placed by the Hebrew Kabbalists in our very sexual organs.

This is the Blessed Stone that the patriarch JACOB, vivid reincarnation of the angel Israel, anointed of old with sacred oil...

Initiatic PETRA of the ESOTERIC Colleges... Philosopher's Stone of the old Medieval Alchemists...

Stone of stumbling and rock of scandal, as the Hierophant PETER, or PATAR, once said...

It is not amiss in this chapter to transcribe, with infinite patience and deep serenity, the authentic text of Wolfram von Eschenbach concerning the said Stone and the Mysterious fraternity that guards it:

*"Those heroes are animated by a Stone.*

*Do you not know its august and pure essence?*

*It is called lapis-electrix (Magnes).*

*By it every marvel can be performed (Magic).  
It, like the Phoenix that throws itself into the flames,  
is reborn from its own ashes,  
for in the same flames it renews its plumage  
and shines rejuvenated, more beautiful than before.  
Its power is such that any man, however unhappy  
in his state he may be,  
if he contemplates this Stone,  
instead of dying like the rest,  
no longer knows age,  
neither by his color, nor by his face;  
and whether man or woman,  
he will enjoy the ineffable joy  
of contemplating the Stone  
for more than two hundred years."*

JESUS the GREAT KABIR said: "The Stone (sex) which the builders (the religious) rejected has come to be the head of the

corner." "The Lord has done this, and it is a marvelous thing in our eyes."

Beyond time and distance, KLINGSOR the evil magician disputed it and held it for taboo or sin...

It is written, with words of fire, in the Wagnerian Drama, that with steel knife he violently cast aside the Blessed Stone...

Yet Master KLINGSOR, mincing and lachrymose like none other, after such tremendous nonsense, extended his bloody supplicating hands toward the Grail.

It is obvious that the indignant Guardian rejected him with the terrible point of his sword...

People of other times say that far away, where the voluptuous land of the Pagans begins, Klingsor, the Lord of darkness, learned to hate SEX...

His bookish erudition is ostensible in the wilderness of penitent and disciplinarian...

The unhappy cenobite believed in a possible transcendental mutation through the elimination of the sexual instinct...

Impossible decoy, useless mirror, absurd lure, that of this exotic anchorite...

Distinguished man come from remote places; notable knight, eminent strange and contradictory lord...

Paradoxical hermit, presuming sanctity, foolish puritan with airs of an illuminated one...

He adored Shiva, the THIRD LOGOS, the HOLY SPIRIT, and yet he spit all his defamatory drool on the NINTH SPHERE (SEX)...

He worked tenaciously with multiple PSEUDO-ESOTERIC exercises and flagellated himself horribly to the point of exhaustion...

He clothed himself in the filthy rags of a beggar, threw ashes on his head; carried hair shirts on his mortified body...

Insufferable vegetarian, he was the creator of a kitchen-religion; those who saw him say he never drank wine or cider...

He guided others, when he had greater need to be guided himself, and never bothered to eliminate the inner Pharisee...

Yet all was in vain; the Initiatic Petra discarded, the marvelous doors of the transcendent Montsalvat closed before the unworthy one...

## **Chapter 22: LUCIFER**

Prometheus, the Greek God, is the MAHA-ASURA, the Hindu LUCIFER who rebelled against BRAHMA the Lord, for which reason SHIVA, the THIRD LOGOS, indignantly cast him into the lower Patala.

The Florentine Dante, distinguished disciple of Virgil, the eminent bard crowned of Mantua, in good time finds DIS, PROMETHEUS-LUCIFER, in the NINTH SPHERE, obviously at the center of the earth, in the deep pit of the universe, "in the place where the shadows were completely covered with ice and made transparent like straw of glass."

The MAHA-ASURA, fatally chained to the severe rock of sex, cruelly passes through unspeakable bitternesses; the fierce flames of lust torture him dreadfully; the insatiable vulture of useless reasoning gnaws at his entrails.

PROMETHEUS, LUCIFER, is a mysterious fire detached from the SOLAR LOGOS and wisely fixed at the center of the earth by the force of gravity and the weight of the atmosphere.

It is written, with words of gold, in the book of life: "The superlative ingredient of the ANIMA MUNDI is the LUCIFERIC PHOSPHORUS."

As a consequence and corollary, it is fitting here to assert, with much emphasis, the following: the sterile work of Mime in his forge; the rotund failure of the creative powers comes about when the fire is extinguished.

The ardent crackling of the elemental fire of the sages beneath the alchemical crucible is an axiom of Hermetic Philosophy.

INRI: (IGNIS NATURA RENOVATUR INTEGRAM). Fire incessantly renews all nature. You know it...

Exclude LUCIFER, the MAHA-ASURA, from SEX-YOGA, and then observe what happens... contemplate the failure.

At the resplendent dawn of the MAHAMANVANTARA, when man and the terrestrial chain were going to appear, there was produced as if by the enchantment of the presence of the LOGOS an Angel (the shadow of the Lord), full of progressive desire, and it is obvious that the Divine Architect of the Universe gave him the dominion of the INFERNAL WORLDS.

Thus, it is unquestionable that the superior likeness of that vile worm that traverses the heart of the world is IOAN, SWAN, CHOAN, JOHN, THE VERB, THE ARMY OF THE VOICE, THE LOGOS.

PROMETHEUS-LUCIFER, descending to the depths of Avernus to free its victims from their tortures, reminds us of

Hercules, the Solar God, descending into the Hades or Cave of Initiation to save the lost souls.

LUCIFER is the active and centrifugal energy of the universe – fire, life, self-independence, psychological rebellion.

The hell of his revolutionary impetus is the vital expansion of the nebula to become new planetary units.

PROMETHEUS-LUCIFER valiantly steals the Divine fire to help us on the path of spiritual insurrection.

LUCIFER is the Guardian of the gate and of the mysterious keys of the Sanctuary, so that none may penetrate into it but the anointed, who possess the terrible secret of Hermes.

The resplendent Lord of the seven glorious mansions, known by the sacred names of LUCIFER-PROMETHEUS, MAHA-ASURA, and so on, is certainly the splendid Minister of the SOLAR LOGOS.

The Seven Lords of Time (the seven Chronids) know well that to LUCIFER-SABAOth have been entrusted the sword and the balance of Cosmic Justice, for he is the norm of weight, measure, and number; HORUS; AHURA-MAZDA; and so on.

PROMETHEUS-LUCIFER, placing his Verb in the mouth of the aching Titan, referring to the wretched mortals, exclaims with all the strength of his soul:

"So that they would not be sunk, snatched away into the tenebrous Hades. For this, terrible tortures oppress me. Cruel sacrifice that moves to pity. I who pitied the mortals"...

The chorus observes very pertinently:

"Great Benefit was that which thou didst grant to mortals!"

LUCIFER-PROMETHEUS answers:

"Yes, and besides, I gave them fire."

CHORUS: "So those ephemeral beings possess the flaming fire."

PROMETHEUS: "Yes, and through it many arts will they perfectly learn."

Yet it is easy to understand that, with the arts that exalt and dignify man, the Luciferic fire received has turned into the worst of curses.

The animal element and the consciousness of its possession have changed the periodic instinct into chronic animalism and sensuality.

This is what threatens humanity like a heavy funereal mantle. Thus arises the responsibility of free will; the Titanic passions that represent humanity in its most somber aspect.

Since in our past Christmas Messages we have already spoken about the tenebrous aspects of the LUCIFERIC FIRE, it only remains for us now to say that such Fire is neither good nor bad; it all depends on the use we make of it; precisely upon this are based both sin and redemption.

Ah! Had Amfortas, the King of the Grail, eminent successor of the old Titurel, taken advantage of the regal instant, the terrible moment of sexual passion; had he, in those moments of supreme voluptuousness, grasped his sacred lance firmly, the Evil Magician would not have been able to snatch the Holy Shaft from him.

Yet that notable lord, in spite of knowing the secret of the ELOHIM, the Mystery of the CREATIVE FIRE, fell exhausted into the arms of KUNDRY, HERODIAS...

*PROMETHEUS-LUCIFER valiantly steals the Divine fire to help us on the path of spiritual insurrection.*

## **Chapter 23: ANGELS AND DEVILS**

The ULTRA-MODERN LUCIFER-PROMETHEUS, involuting dreadfully in time, has now become EPIMETHEUS: "He who sees only after the event," because the glorious universal phil-

anthropy of the former has degenerated, for many centuries now, into self-interest and self-adoration.

O Holy Gods! When shall we be able to break these chains that bind us to the abyss of mystery?

In what epoch of the history of the world will the brilliant free Titan of yore reappear in the heart of every man?

To die in oneself is radical, if we truly long, with all the strength of the soul, to harmonize the two natures, Divine and Human, in each of us.

Invulnerability before the inferior titanic forces, impenetrability on a large scale, is only possible by integrally eliminating our psychological defects, those horrible Red Devils mentioned in the Book of the Hidden Dwelling...

SETH, the animal EGO, with all its sinister subjective aggregates, is truly terribly malign.

It is written, with burning coals, in the tremendous book of Mystery, that the Luciferic Gift, terrible like none other, later turned — to our misfortune and that of all this afflicted world — into, if not the principal cause, the sole origin of evil...

Tempestuous Zeus, the gatherer of the clouds, clearly represents the host of the primary progenitors, the PITRIS, the Fathers who created man in their image and likeness...

The few sages who have been in the world are not unaware that LUCIFER-PROMETHEUS, the MAHA-ASURA, the "Giver of fire and of light," horribly chained to Mount Caucasus and condemned to the penalty of living, also represents the rebellious DEVAS who fell into animal generation at the dawn of life...

It is not amiss to cite in this book some of those Titans fallen at the breaking of dawn...

Let us first remember Moloch, once a luminous angel, the horrible king stained with the blood of human sacrifices and with the tears of fathers and desperate mothers — although, because of the sounds of drums and timbrels, the cries of the children could scarcely be heard when, thrown into the fire, they were ruthlessly immolated to that execrable monster, beautiful God of other times...

The Ammonites adored him in Rabbah and on its damp plain, in Argob and in Basham, even to the most remote streams of the Arno...

The legend of the centuries says that Solomon, son of David, King of Zion, raised a temple to Moloch on the Mount of Opprobrium.

The seven lords of time say that later the old sage dedicated to such fallen angel a sacred grove in the sweet valley of

HINNOM...

Fecund perfumed land that, for so fatal a motive, changed thenceforth its name to Tophet and the black Gehenna, a true type of hell...

After MOLOCH, MAN-ANGEL of the archaic Volcanic Lemuria, where the rivers of pure water of life flowed with milk and honey, then comes BAAL PEHOR, the obscene terror of the children of MOAB, who dwelt from Aroer to NEBO and even much beyond the southern part of the desert of Abarim...

People of HESHBON and HORONAIM in the kingdom of Zion, and beyond the flourishing valleys of SIBMAH, carpeted with vines, and in Elealeh, as far as the ASPHALT lake.

Dreadful, sinister, tenebrous BAAL PEHOR: in SHITTIM he incited the Israelites during their march from the Nile to make him lubricious oblations, which brought so many evils upon them...

From there, this ELOHIM fallen amid the red Luciferic fires, cunningly extended his lascivious tenebrous orgies to the very mount of scandal, very close to the grove of the homicidal MOLOCH...

It is obvious that thus was established abominable concupiscence at the side of hatred, until pious JOSIAH cast them into

hell...

With these terribly malign Divinities, who in the old continent MU were truly exemplary men, humanized angels, came those who, from the delightful banks washed by the stormy waters of the ancient Euphrates as far as the torrent that separates Egypt from the land of Syria, bear the undesirable names of BAAL and ASTAROTH...

Continuing then in successive order, appears BELIAL: from the EMPYREAN, certainly no more impure spirit has fallen, nor one more grossly inclined to vice, than this creature who in ancient Lemurian times was really an angelic Master or Guru of ineffable splendors...

This Demon — Deidusus in other times — had no temples, nor were sacrifices offered to him at any altar, and yet no one is more frequently in the temples and at the altars.

When the priest turns atheist, like the sons of Eli, who unfortunately filled the house of the Lord with prostitutions and violence, they in fact become slaves of BELIAL...

Sublime HIEROPHANT of the archaic epochs of our world, delicious angel, now evil Luciferic Demon: he also reigns in the palaces and in the sumptuous courts and in the dissolute cities, where the noise of scandal, of lust and outrage rises above the loftiest towers...

And when night darkens the streets, the sons of BELIAL wander, full of insolence and wine.

Witnesses of them are the streets of Sodom and that horrible night in which, at a gate of GIBEAH, a matron was exposed to avoid a more disgusting abduction.

Inspire me, Muses! Speak to me, Gods! that my style may not fall short of the nature of the subject...

And what shall we now say of AZAZEL, glorious CHERUB, extraordinary man of the ancient earth?

Alas, alas, alas! How much pain... This most excellent creature also fell into animal generation... How terrible is the thirst for sexual lust!

The fallen one unfurls from the bright shaft the imperial standard, which, advanced, extended, and waved in the wind, shines like a meteor, with the pearls and rich brilliance of the gold that draw upon it the arms and the seraphic trophies...

And then comes MAMMON, the least elevated of the MAN-ANGELS of ancient Arcadia, also fallen into bestial generation...

He was the first to teach the inhabitants of the earth to plunder the center of the world, as they did, extracting from the en-

trails of their mother some treasures that it would be better had remained hidden forever...

Mammon's covetous band soon opened a wide wound in the mountain and extracted from its bosom great ingots of gold...

And as for the angel MULCIBER, what shall we now say? He was truly not less known, nor did he ever lack fanatical adorers in ancient Greece. The Divine and the human know it...

The classical fable relates how he was cast down from Olympus, hurled by the irritated Jupiter over the crystalline divine walls. It availed him nothing then to have raised high towers in heaven...

Genial man of the purple race in the continent MU, fallen into the abysses of sexual passion...

And to conclude this small list of Deidusi struck down by the bolt of Cosmic Justice, it is necessary to say that, in the PANDEMONIUM, the great capital of SATAN and his PEERS, there are by no means lacking ANDRAMELEK, of whom we have spoken so much in our past Gnostic books, and ASMODEUS his brother...

Two resplendent THRONES of the starry sky of URANIA, also fallen into beastly generation...

Exemplary MEN, GODS with human bodies in the land of MU, abjectly wallowing in the bed of PROCRUSTES...

The LUCIFERIC-CHRISTIC host that incarnated in archaic Lemuria, induced by that NEMESIS or HIGHER KARMA (which controls the ineffable ones and which is known as the law of KATANCIA), committed the error of falling into animal generation.

Fatal for the human species was the sexual fall of the Divine Titans, who did not know how to use the Gift of PROMETHEUS, and rolled into the abyss.

Our Saviors, the AGNISHVATTAS, the higher Titans of Luciferic fire, can never be deceived: they, the brilliant sons of the dawn, know very well how to distinguish what is a fall from what is a descent.

Some sincere errants now insist on justifying the angelic fall.

LUCIFER is, metaphorically, the conducting torch that helps man find his route through the reefs and sandbanks of life...

LUCIFER is the LOGOS in his most elevated aspect, and the "adversary" in his inferior aspect, both reflected in and within each one of us.

Lactantius, speaking of the nature of CHRIST, makes the LOGOS, the VERB, the "First-born brother of Satan and the

first of all creatures."

Amid the great tempest of the Luciferic fire, squadrons of Angels and Demons (Prototypes and Antitypes) combat each other.

Had that good Lord Amfortas, king of the Holy Grail, known how to use accurately the Luciferic Gift in the supreme moment of sexual temptation, it is ostensible that he would then have undergone a radical transformation.

*In what epoch of the history of the world will the brilliant free Titan of yore reappear in the heart of every man?*

## **Chapter 24: THE PRECIOUS BALM**

KUNDRY-HERODIAS brings, like the Hebrew Magdalene of other times, a delicious pomander from exotic Arabia...

Amfortas, the distinguished man of the Holy Grail, urgently asks for a precious balm to heal his aching heart...

Wondrous passage of Wagnerian Drama that ought to be gloriously sculpted in august marble and with letters of gold...

A crystalline concomitance in this case is that of the great KABIR JESUS, anointed by the beauty of the palace of

Magdala...

"She has done a good work upon me" — said the Adorable One — "you will always have the poor with you, and whenever you wish you can do them good; but me you will not always have."

"She has done what she could; for she has anticipated the anointing of my body for the sepulture."

Female of irresistible charms, breaking the alabaster vessel to pour it upon the head of the sweet Rabbi of Galilee...

It is written, with words of mystery, that only the symbolic woman, the original She-devil, the prototype of all that is most exalted and at the same time most abject on earth, alone has the power truly to anoint us for death...

Understanding and elimination are radical if we truly wish to die in ourselves...

To discard the multiple Psychic aggregates (or defects) that, in their horrifying whole, constitute the ANIMAL EGO, is not truly a too-easy task; you know it...

Better to drink feminine liquor, which is liquor of mandrakes; if you drink it, you will never miss the path...

Sexual eroticism is indispensable; to love is certainly the purest and most delicious longing...

A defect discovered in integral form must be suppressed, removed, separated, under the charms of Eros...

Do not forget your Divine Mother Kundalini: ISIS, RHEA, CYBELE, TONANTZIN, MARY, ADONIA, INSOBERTA...

Sex is a holy vessel; place in it only a pure thought... after each kiss there must be a prayer, after each embrace a rite of mystery... in the sacred copula ask and it shall be given to you; knock and it shall be opened unto you...

She whose veil no mortal has lifted will then eliminate what is undesirable, what is abominable, and thus you will die from instant to instant...

Raise well your cup at the feast of love and beware of spilling even a single drop of the precious wine...

Do not spill the VESSEL OF HERMES; intoxicate yourself with kisses and tendernesses beneath the shadow of the tree of knowledge, but do not swallow the golden apples of the garden of the Hesperides...

*Amfortas, the distinguished man of the Holy Grail, urgently asks for a precious balm to heal his aching heart...*

## Chapter 25: ABSURD JUSTIFICATION

Extraordinary delirium of supreme bitterness is that in which LUCIFER-PROMETHEUS exclaims:

"O Divine ether, flying winds... See what I, a God, suffer at the hands of other Gods."

"But, what do I say? Clearly I foresaw what must come to pass... It is now fitting to bear this fatal fate constantly, since the Law of Fate is invincible"...

With what pain, O Gods! Have I read somewhere in a certain book that I do not mention, a paragraph that reads literally: "The host that incarnated in a part of humanity, though induced to it by KARMA or NEMESIS, preferred free will to passive slavery; pain and even conscious intellectual torture, 'during the course of myriads of times,' to instinctive, imbecile, and empty beatitude."

And the said author continues, saying emphatically: "Knowing that such incarnation was premature and was not in the program of nature, the celestial host, Prometheus, nevertheless sacrificed itself to benefit thereby at least a part of humanity."

This obviously brings us to the myth par excellence of all the ancient Theogonies — that of celestial rebellion or of the fallen

Angels, those Titans who dare to fight even with the Holy Gods...

Ineffable ones, terribly Divine, turned into men; Deities reincarnating in human bodies...

Vain thing it is to confuse a fall with a descent! These DEIDUSI did not descend; they fell! And that is different...

For this reason, and with just cause, the theogonies paint as punished those Divine LOGOI...

The Universal Myth therefore considers them as failed, punished, and fallen, finding themselves obliged to live with their tenebrous legions in that inferior region, hell, which is called the interior of our planetary organism, the earth. (See chapter XVIII of the present book.)

It is written, with dreadful characters, in the Book of the Law, that one third of the host of the so-called Dhyanis or Arupa was simply condemned by the Law of KARMA or NEMESIS to be reborn ceaselessly in our afflicted world...

Billions of horrifying auras, breaths, or exhalations are now involuting in the infernal worlds amid weeping, darkness, and gnashing of teeth...

Unhappy creatures of Avernus, falling into worlds of ever-increasing density, returning toward primitive chaos...

Lost souls impatiently longing for the second death to escape from the underground world...

Precious essences bottled up among all those abyssal Egos; Divine flames suffering...

BUDDHATAS of fallen angels desiring to re-enter the elemental paradises of nature.

Auras, Breaths, beginning again afterward the evolutionary march that must lead them once more from the stone to the man...

The Divine and the human know well that the human species gained nothing with the fall of those Titans of fire.

What became of MOLOCH? What of ANDRAMELEK and his brother ASMODEUS? What of BELIAL? What of BAAL PEHOR? What of YAHWEH?... Lights of ancient times, today horrifying Demons...

And as for the gold of the mind, then what? The rational Humanoids have never been endowed with Manas (MENTAL BODY).

The TO SOMA HELIAKON, the GOLDEN BODY OF THE SOLAR MAN, the suprasensible vehicles of the soul, must be created in the LIT FORGE OF VULCAN; you know it...

In the symbolic apple of Paradise, of the Hesperides, or of Pippala, the sweet forbidden fruit of sex, is found the key of all power...

Instead of the paradisiac vehicles that the intellectual animal believes himself to have, within every rational creature there exists only the EGO, the MYSELF, MEPHISTOPHELES...

*The TO SOMA HELIAKON, the GOLDEN BODY OF THE SOLAR MAN, the suprasensible vehicles of the soul, must be created in the LIT FORGE OF VULCAN; you know it...*

## **Chapter 26: THE PAPAPURUSHA**

In the name of the hundred thousand virgins of the ineffable mystery that is hidden in the depths of all ages, it is now convenient to speak a little about the famous Hindu PAPAPURUSHA (THE I).

The old hermits of the sacred land of the Ganges have the custom of mentally visualizing it on the left side of the cavity of the stomach, of the measure of the thumb; they imagine him with fierce aspect, red eyes and beard, holding sword and shield with frowning brow — symbolic figure of all our Psychological defects...

Mystical, unforgettable moment of exotic Eastern beatitude is that in which the ancient anchorites chant their Sacred Mantram and concentrate in ecstasy on the region of the navel...

In those delicious moments of unsuspected joy, the Yogi must think on the PAPAPURUSHA, imagining him reduced to ashes amid the sparkling fire.

Tears of profound repentance for the faults committed since ancient times fall from the eyes of the penitent who, in the holy silence, supplicates his Divine Mother Kundalini to eliminate from his interior this or that Psychological defect.

Thus, in truth, the SADHAKA dies from instant to instant; only with death does the new come.

The PAPAPURUSHA is the Lunar EGO, the MEPHISTOPHELES of Goethe, the dreadful KLINGSOR of Wagnerian Drama...

From all points of view, it stands out with full meridian clarity the terrible fact that the PAPAPURUSHA has no legitimate individuality, is not a unique center of command, is not a particular ray.

Each idea, any sentiment, one or another sensation, "I love," "I do not love," is beyond doubt a different, distinct "I."

Those multiple I's are not bound together, nor coordinated in any way. Each of them really depends on varied external changes.

Such "I" fatally follows such other, and some even take the luxury of appearing accompanied by others; but it is obvious that there is in this neither order nor system.

Some capricious groups of "I's," quarrelsome and shouting, have among themselves certain Psychic bonds constituted by natural associations of a completely accidental kind: chance memories or special similarities.

It is ostensible that each of these fractions of the horrible PAPAPURUSHA, each of these Psychic aggregates or I's, represents, at a given moment, only an infinitesimal part of all our Psychological functions; yet it is unquestionable that, in particular, any type of "I" sincerely believes itself to represent the whole...

When the poor intellectual animal, wrongly called "MAN," says "I," one has the false impression that he speaks of himself in his total, integral aspect; but in truth, it is any one of the innumerable subjective fractions of the PAPAPURUSHA that speaks.

Moments later, he may have totally forgotten it and express with identical conviction any antithetical idea, simple manifes-

tation of another "I."

The multiple contradictions of Psychological type have as their foundation the PLURALIZED I, the varied phases of the PAPAPURUSHA.

The serious aspect of all these Psychic processes is that truly the poor rational HUMANOID remembers nothing of such things; in most cases, he gives credit to the last "I" that has spoken, while it lasts — that is, while a new "I," sometimes without any relation to the preceding one, has not yet expressed its stronger opinion.

The CONSCIOUSNESS bottled up among all these subjective fractions of the PAPAPURUSHA is indubitably profoundly asleep; it turns out subconscious...

We need to convert the SUBCONSCIOUS into CONSCIOUS, and that is only possible by annihilating the PAPAPURUSHA.

To conclude the present chapter, it is convenient to analyze some very interesting Sanskrit words; let us see:

AHAMKRITA BHAVA: The meaning of these two Hindu terms is: Egoic condition of our own CONSCIOUSNESS.

It is obvious that the CONSCIOUSNESS embedded among all these Psychic aggregates that constitute the PAPAPURUSHA is fatally processed in function of its own bottling.

ATMA-VIDYA: Mysterious word, Sanskrit term full of deep significance; translate it as awakened CONSCIOUSNESS, freed from the PAPAPURUSHA through the total annihilation of the latter.

The CONSCIOUSNESS bottled up among all the subjective elements of the PAPAPURUSHA, it is notorious, does not enjoy authentic illumination; it is in a state of millennial torpor, asleep, always a victim of MAYA (illusions).

ATMA-SHAKTI: Divine Sanskrit term; with this golden word we point out, indicate, the absolutely spiritual power.

By consequence, corollary, we can — and must — emphasize the classical idea that the CONSCIOUSNESS cannot enjoy legitimate spiritual power so long as it has not integrally freed itself from its EGOIC condition.

The Wagnerian PARSIFAL, protected by the arms of Vulcan, reduced to cosmic dust the monster of the thousand faces, the famous PAPAPURUSHA; only thus could he reconquer Innocence in the mind and in the heart.

Although it is certain that in a remote past the son of HERZELEIDE had also mortally wounded the swan KALAHAMSA, it is ostensible — and any one understands it — that on entering the lands of Montsalvat there was no longer lust in

him; he was pure, had become a saint, had attained the ATMA-VIDYA...

*ATMA-VIDYA: Mysterious word, Sanskrit term full of deep significance; translate it as awakened CONSCIOUSNESS, freed from the PAPAPURUSHA through the total annihilation of the latter.*

## **Chapter 27: AWAKEN**

O poor intellectual HUMANOIDS! Awaken from your dreadful dream of AJNANA! (Ignorance.)

Open your eyes and attain the full and absolute knowledge of ATMAN! (THE BEING.)

Crowned with the blessed laurel of poetry, it is fitting that we pour from the golden amphora of wisdom the sweet wine...

In the name of IOD-HEVE, the FATHER who is in secret, and the Divine Mother Kundalini, we must converse, you and I, dear reader...

Ah! If you understood what it is to be awake...

Listen, I tell you! to the DHAMMAPADA, the sacred work of the BUDDHA SIDDHARTHA GAUTAMA...

"The awakened one has as supreme penitence to be patient, as supreme NIRVANA to be long-suffering; for he is not an anchorite who strikes others, he is not an ascetic who reviles others."

"Even the gods envy those who are awake, are not forgetful, give themselves to meditation, are wise, and delight in the calm of remoteness from the world."

"To commit no sin, to do good, and to purify one's own mind — such is the teaching of every one who is awakened."

"He who pays homage to the one worthy of homage, to the one who has awakened — to his Disciples, to those who have subdued the malign guest (THE ANIMAL EGO) and crossed the torrent of sadness — he who pays homage to such ones, as to those who have found liberation and know no fears, acquires merits that none can measure."

"Truly we live happily if we hate not those who hate us; if among men who hate us, we dwell free of rancor."

"Truly we live happily if we refrain from afflicting those who afflict us; if, living among men who afflict us, we abstain from afflicting them."

"Truly we live happily if we are free of greed among the greedy; we shall die free of greed among men who are greedy."

"Truly we live happily, though we call nothing our own. We shall be like the resplendent Gods, who are nourished by happiness."

"Four things does the foolhardy man gain who covets his neighbor's wife: Demerit, an uncomfortable (besides filthy) bed; in the third place, punishment; and finally hell."

"The prudent men who injure no one and who constantly oversee their own body, will go to the place where there is no change (Nirvana), where, once arrived, they will suffer no more."

"Those who always remain vigilant, who study night and day, who strive to reach Nirvana, will end by extirpating their own passions."

This matter of extirpating, discarding, or eliminating Psychological defects is radical for awakening CONSCIOUSNESS.

Multiple aggregates of subjective type — let us call them "I's" — particularize and give their characteristic feature to our passions.

Understanding and elimination are indispensable to discard all that variety of subjective elements that constitute the EGO, the MYSELF, the SELF.

Understanding is not all: someone might integrally understand what are the three classical forms of anger — "bodily wrath," wrath of the spirit, and wrath of the tongue — and yet continue with them.

We might even take the luxury of controlling the body, the spirit, and the mind; but it is ostensible that this does not signify elimination.

When one wishes to extirpate passions, he must appeal to a higher power; I wish to refer to the solar, sexual, serpentine power that develops in the body of the ascetic.

The mysterious word that defines such power is KUNDALINI, the igneous serpent of our magical powers, the Divine Mother.

It is unquestionable that this creative energy is particularized in each creature.

As a consequence and corollary, we can — and must — emphasize the transcendental idea of a particular Cosmic Mother in each man.

KUNDRY, HERODIAS, GUNDRIGIA, the woman par excellence, sleeping in the land of Montsalvat, must awaken from her millennial sleep.

*Understanding and elimination are indispensable to discard all that variety of subjective ele-*

ments that constitute the *EGO*, the *MYSELF*, the *SELF*.

## **Chapter 28: THE SERPENTINE FORCE**

When we converse sweetly in the purest Orient of the Divine Tongue, that flows like a river of gold beneath the dense forest of the sun, it becomes impossible for us to forget the magical "S" that resounds in the shade like a sweet and gentle whistle...

That is the subtle voice that Elijah heard in the desert; Apollonius of Tyana wrapped himself in his famous woolen mantle to pray to the Holy Gods, asking for the enigmatic sound...

The mystical note, the magical "S," conferred on the old Hierophant the power to go out consciously in the astral body.

The "S" has, in truth, a certain similarity to the Hebrew letter "TSAD," while the Greek triple sigma is related to the first and with SHIN and SAMEKH; the latter means "support" and has the Kabbalistic value of 60.

We have been told — and any Kabbalist knows this — that SHIN has the value of 300 and means "Tooth."

The sum of these two letters is equivalent, therefore, to the 360 degrees of the circle and to the sidereal days of the solar

year.

Yet we Gnostics must go further: inquire, investigate, seek, discover the intimate relation existing between the serpent and the cross.

The "S" (Serpent) and the "T" (Cross) are two esoteric symbols that profoundly complement each other.

The "S" is a JEHOVISTIC and VEDANTIC truth at the same time; the serpentine power or mystical fire; the primordial energy or potential SHAKTI that lies dormant in the magnetic center of the COCCYGEAL bone.

MULADHARA is the Sanskrit name of that magnetic center; this is the Church of EPHESUS.

The KUNDALINI is the pristine force of the Universe, the occult, electric power that underlies in all organic and inorganic matter.

The sexual connection of the PHALLUS and the UTERUS forms a CROSS; the KUNDALINI, the magical "S," the serpent, is intimately related to that CROSS or TAU.

The serpentine fire awakens with the power of the Holy Cross; that is ostensible.

In Hebrew, "TAU" has precisely the marvelous meaning of "CROSS," being the twenty-second letter of the alphabet and with numerical value of 400.

It is easy to understand that the vowel "U" is a modern letter derived from "V," as is "G" from "C," by the urgent necessity to clearly distinguish between the two sounds, naturally acquiring a practical form identical to the Greek.

Observe very attentively that marvelous curve that descends and ascends: humiliation or descent to the infernal worlds, to the Ninth Sphere (Sex), necessary preliminary of the exaltation or sublimation...

He who wishes to ascend must first descend; that is the Law. Every exaltation is always preceded by a humiliation.

The descent to the NINTH SPHERE (Sex) was, from ancient times, the supreme test for the supreme dignity of the Hierophant; Hermes, Buddha, Jesus, Dante, Zoroaster, and so on, had to pass through that terrible test.

There Mars descends to retemper the 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 magical point, the sidereal and Hermetic symbol of the star-king and of the substantial princi-

ple of Life, of light, and of cosmic CONSCIOUSNESS, is beyond doubt a marvelous Phallic emblem.

Such symbol clearly expresses the masculine and feminine principles of the Ninth Sphere...

It is unquestionable that the active principle of radiation and penetration is complemented in the Ninth circle by the passive principle of reception and absorption...

The Biblical Serpent presents us the image of the Creative Logos, or sexual force, that begins its manifestation from the state of latent potency.

The Serpentine Fire, the sacred Viper, sleeps coiled three and a half times within the coccygeal Church.

If we reflect very seriously on that intimate relation existing between the "S" and the "TAU," cross or "T," we reach the logical conclusion that only through SAHAJA MAITHUNA (Sexual Magic) can the creative serpent be awakened.

The "Key," the "Secret," I have published in almost all my previous books, and it consists of never spilling the "Vessel of Hermes" during the sexual trance.

Connection of the LINGAM-YONI (Phallus-Uterus), without ever ejaculating the ENS SEMINIS (the entity of the semen),

because in that said substance is found latent all the "ENS VIRTUTIS" of fire.

I.A.O. is the fundamental Mantram of SAHAJA MAITHUNA. Chant each letter separately in the LABORATORIUM-ORATORIUM of the THIRD LOGOS... (during the sacred copula.)

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 in the human organism was, from ancient times, analyzed in the Initiatic Colleges of Egypt, Mexico, Greece, India, and so on.

The ascent of the seminal energy up to the brain is made possible thanks to a certain pair of nervous 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 always open.

The said pair of nervous cords could never be found with the scalpel, for they are rather of etheric, TETRADIMENSIONAL nature.

These are the two witnesses of the Apocalypse, the two olive trees and the two candlesticks that stand before the god of the

earth, and if anyone should wish to harm them, fire comes out of their mouths and devours their enemies.

In the sacred land of the Vedas, this pair of nerves is known by the names of Ida and Pingala; the first is related to the left nostril, and the second to the right.

It is obvious that the first of these two famous Nadis is of lunar nature; it is ostensible that the second is of solar type.

It may somewhat surprise many Gnostic students that, Ida being of cold and lunar nature, it has its roots in the right testicle.

To many disciples of our Gnostic Movement, it may seem unusual that, Pingala being of strictly solar type, it really starts from the left testicle.

Yet we should not be surprised, because everything in nature is based on the law of polarities.

The right testicle finds its exact anti-pole in the left nostril.

The left testicle finds its perfect anti-pole in the right nostril.

Esoteric physiology teaches that in the female sex the two witnesses start from the ovaries.

It is unquestionable that in women the order of this pair of olive trees of the temple is harmoniously inverted.

Old traditions that emerge from the deep night of all ages say that when the solar and lunar atoms of the seminal system make contact in the Triveni near the coccyx, then by electrical induction a third magical force awakens; I wish to refer to the KUNDALINI, the mystical fire of the Gnostic ARHAT.

It is written in the old texts of ancient wisdom that the lower orifice of the medullar canal in ordinary persons is hermetically sealed; the seminal vapors open it so that the sacred serpent may penetrate through there.

Along the medullar canal, a marvelous play of varied canals is processed; let us recall SUSHUMNA, VAJRA, CHITRA, CENTRALIS, and BRAHMA-NADI: through the latter ascends the KUNDALINI.

It is a dreadful lie to assert that, after incarnating the JIVATMA within the heart, the sacred serpent undertakes the return journey until it is again enclosed in the MULADHARA Chakra.

It is a horrible falsehood to assert that the igneous serpent of our magical powers, after having enjoyed its union with PARAMA-SHIVA, separates, initiating the return journey by the initial route.

Such fatal return, such descent to the coccyx, is only possible when the initiate spills the semen; then he falls struck down by

the terrible bolt of Cosmic Justice.

The ascent of the KUNDALINI along its spinal canal is realized very slowly in accordance with the merits of the heart. The fires of the CARDIA control the miraculous ascent of the sacred serpent.

DEVI KUNDALINI is not something mechanical, as many suppose; the sacred serpent awakens with true love between man and woman, and never ascends through the spinal column of adulterers and perverse ones.

It is well 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 poked with a stick. This reminds us of the magical "S"...

The KUNDALINI develops, revolves, and ascends within the marvelous aura of the MAHACHOHAN...

It is well to understand that on the arrival of the serpentine fire at the level of the heart, the igneous wings of the caduceus of Mercury open; then we can penetrate into any department of the Kingdom instantaneously.

The ascent of the sacred fire along the spinal canal from vertebra to vertebra — from degree to degree — turns out to be terribly slow...

It is ostensible that the thirty-three degrees of the occult masonry of a Ragon or a Leadbeater correspond to this total sum of the spinal vertebrae...

When the alchemist spills the Vessel of Hermes — I refer to ejaculation of the "ENS SEMINIS" — it is unquestionable that there then exists a loss of esoteric degrees, because the Kundalini goes down, descends one or more vertebrae in accordance with the magnitude of the fault.

Amfortas, the Venerable Lord of the Holy Grail, in the immodest arms of Kundry, Gundrigia, Herodias, the tempting Eve of Hebrew Mythology, spills the Mercury of the Secret Philosophy; he then falls struck down by the Sixteenth Arcanum of the Kabbalah.

The fall of the rebellious angels benefited no one and unfortunately harmed all the world...

Had they not spilt the sacred Wine, very different would have been their Nemesis; then the lyre of Orpheus would never have fallen upon the pavement of the temple, broken to pieces...

To descend to the Ninth Sphere is not forbidden, and is even indispensable for every exaltation; but to fall is different, and Amfortas fell; you know it...

When the KUNDALINI reaches the SAHASRARA, the lotus of the thousand petals located at the upper part of the brain, then she weds the Lord Shiva, the Third Logos, the Holy Spirit.

It is written, with letters of gold, in the book of the hidden mystery, that the famous TATTVA SHIVA-SHAKTI governs the SAHASRARA (The Church of LAODICEA).

In the Magisterium of Fire we are always assisted by the Elohim; they counsel us and help us.

The ADHYATMIKA University of the sages periodically examines the aspirants.

In the marrow and in the semen is found the key of human salvation, and everything that is not by way of there is wasting time uselessly... KUNDALINI is the Goddess of the word adored by the sages; only she can confer on us illumination.

As soon as the KUNDALINI awakens and begins its subliminal ascent, inward and upward, the Alchemist attains six transcendental experiences, namely: ANANDA, a certain spiritual joy; KAMPA, electrical and Psychic hypersensitivity; UTTHA, increase in the percentage of OBJECTIVE CONSCIOUSNESS; GHURNI, intense mystical longings; MURCHA, states of lassitude or spontaneous relaxations during esoteric exercises; NIDRA, some specific mode of sleep that, combined with meditation, becomes Samadhi (Ecstasy).

To bear witness to the Truth can never be a crime: in my condition as KALKI AVATAR or SOSIOSH of the new Aquarian era, I emphatically declare the following:

With all the multiple pseudo-esoteric procedures in vogue in various schools, the awakening of the KUNDALINI is not possible.

The bellows system with all its varied Pranayamas; the various Asanas and forms of HATHA YOGA; the Mudras, Bhaktis, Bandhas, and so on, will never be able to set the serpentine fire into activity.

The igneous particles that tend to escape from the sacred flame during certain Yogic practices do not signify the awakening of the KUNDALINI; unfortunately, many sincere errants full of magnificent intentions confuse the sparks with the flame.

The Serpentine fire can only be awakened and developed exclusively through SEXUAL MAGIC (SAHAJA-MAITHUNA).

The advent of the fire is the most extraordinary cosmic event; the igneous element comes to transform us radically.

As I write these burning lines, a certain transcendental memory comes to my mind.

Once during an incorporeal voyage, in a state of ecstasy or Samadhi, I dared to interrogate my Divine Mother Kundalini in the following manner: Is it possible that someone in the physical world can SELF-REALIZE without the need of Sexual Magic?

The answer was tremendous: "Impossible, my son!" "That is not possible." And she said it with such vehemence... that frankly I felt moved.

The serpentine fire is the mystical "DUAD"; the unfolding of the unity, of the "MONAD"; the eternal feminine aspect of BRAHMA, "GOD MOTHER"...

The igneous serpent confers on us infinite powers, among them the MUKTI of final beatitude and the JNANA of liberation...

*DEVI KUNDALINI is not something mechanical, as many suppose; the sacred serpent awakens with true love between man and woman, and never ascends through the spinal column of adulterers and perverse ones.*

## **Chapter 29: THE MIRACLE OF TRANSUBSTANTIATION**

Let us return to the Horatian lyric and sing a little:

### **To an Amphora of Wine**

*Born with me under the consul Manlius,  
whether thou bringest complaints, jests,  
quarrels and mad loves,  
or easy slumber, pious jar.*

*By whatever name thou keepest the chosen Massic,  
worthy to be moved on a good day,  
come down, at Corvinus's bidding,  
to bring forth more languid wines.*

*He, though steeped in Socratic discourses,  
will not gruffly neglect thee:*

*it is told that even ancient Cato's virtue  
often warmed itself with neat wine.*

*Thou bringest gentle torment to the wits*

*of the wise; thou revealest the cares  
and secret counsel of the sages with playful Lyaeus.  
Thou bringest hope back to anxious minds,  
and addest strength and horns to the poor,  
who, after thee, trembles neither at the angry crowns  
of kings nor at the arms of soldiers.  
Thee Liber and, if cheerful Venus be present,  
and the slow-to-loose-the-knot Graces  
and living lamps shall draw out,  
until returning Phoebus puts the stars to flight.*

In the Gnostic Mass we find a precious account that literally says the following:

"And Jesus, the Divine Great Gnostic Priest, intoned a sweet song in praise of the Great Name, and said to his Disciples: Come to me; and they did so."

"Then he turned to the four cardinal points, extended his calm gaze, and pronounced the profoundly sacred name 'LEW,' blessed them, and breathed into their eyes."

"Look upward, he exclaimed: You are now clairvoyant. They then raised their eyes to where Jesus pointed and saw a great Cross that no Human Being could describe."

"And the Great Priest said: Turn your gaze from that great light and look the other way. They then saw a great fire and water and wine and blood. (Here the blessing of the bread and wine.)"

"And he continued: Truly I say to you that I have brought nothing into the world but fire, water, wine, and the blood of redemption."

"I have brought the fire and water from the place of light, from the deposit of light, from where the light is found."

"And I have brought the Wine and the blood from the dwelling of Barbelo. After some time had passed, the Father has sent me the Holy Spirit in the form of a white dove; but listen: The fire, the water, and the wine are for the purification and pardon of sins."

The gospel of TATIAN bears witness to the sacrament of the body and the blood, saying:

"And Jesus took the Bread and blessed it." "And he gave it to his Disciples, saying: Take and eat." "For this is my body, which is given for you." "And taking the chalice, he gave

thanks, and offered it to his disciples." "And he said: Take and drink. For this is my blood, which is to be poured out for the remission of sins." "And from now on I will drink no more of the fruit of the vine, until the day when I drink it with you in the kingdom of my Father." "Do this in remembrance of me."

Luke intelligently unveils the deep meaning of this mystical magical ceremony, saying: "The day of the unleavened bread arrived, on which it was necessary to sacrifice the Paschal lamb." "And Jesus sent Peter (whose gospel is sex) and John (whose gospel is the Word), saying: Go and prepare the Passover for us, that we may eat it."

The secret name of Peter is "PATAR," with its three consonants, which in high esotericism are radical: P reminds us of the Father who is in secret, the Ancient of Days of the Hebrew Kabbalah. T or TAU, the cross-letter studied in our previous chapter, famous in SEX-YOGA. RA, SACRED FIRE, Divinity, Logos.

JOHN breaks down into the five vowels I.E.O.U.A. (IEOUAN, SWAN, CHOAN, IOAN), the Verb, the word...

Peter dies sacrificed on an inverted cross, with his head downward and his feet upward, as if inviting us to descend to the FORGE OF THE CYCLOPES, to the NINTH SPHERE, to work

with water and fire, the origin of worlds, beasts, men, and Gods.

Every authentic White Initiation begins there.

The ineffable John leans his head on the heart of the great KABIR Jesus, as if declaring: Love is nourished by love...

From all points of view, it is very easy to understand that the creative Verb, in mystical watchfulness, awaits, crouched at the bottom of the ark, the precise moment of being realized.

To him who knows, the word gives power; no one pronounced it, no one will pronounce it, but only he who has it INCARNATED.

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

It is written, with words of fire, in the great book of cosmic existence, that we must first traverse with full firmness the path of PETER...

The Word, which lies hidden in the profound and mysterious depth of all ages, clearly teaches that afterward it is necessary to walk along the path of JOHN...

Yet it is unquestionable that between those two terribly Divine paths there lies an abyss...

It is urgent, it is indispensable, to span a bridge of wonders and prodigies between the two paths... and then to die from moment to moment.

To transmute in order to speak in the purest Orient of the Divine tongue is certainly the deep mystical meaning of the Gnostic anointing...

The bread and wine, the seed of wheat and the fruit of the Vine, must be regally transformed into the flesh and blood of the inner Christ...

The SOLAR LOGOS with his pushing and active life makes the seed germinate so that the ear may grow from millimeter to millimeter, and then is enclosed, as in a precious coffer, within the tight hardness of the grain...

The solar rays, penetrating solemnly into the vine stock, develop and unfold in silence until they ripen in the holy fruit...

The Gnostic Priest in ecstasy perceives that cosmic substance of the CHRIST-SUN enclosed in the BREAD and the WINE, and acts by releasing it from its physical elements so that the Christic atoms may victoriously penetrate within the human organisms.

Those solar atoms, those igneous lives, those secret agents of the Adorable One, work silently within the TEMPLE-HEART,

inviting us again and again to tread the path that must lead us to NIRVANA.

From all points of view, the mysterious help of the Christic atoms stands out...

And the light shines in the darkness, and on the altar appear the twelve loaves of showbread, manifest allusion to the zodiacal signs or distinct modalities of cosmic substance...

This reminds us of the twelfth card of the TAROT, the Apostolate; the Magnum Opus, the binding of the cross with the triangle...

As for the Wine, derived from the ripe fruit of the Vine, it is the marvelous symbol of fire, of blood, and of Life that is manifested in substance...

It is unquestionable that, although the words Wine, Life, Vine have different origins, they nevertheless do not cease to have certain symbolic affinities...

Not otherwise is Wine related to Vis "Force" and Virtus "Moral force," as well as with Virgo "Virgin" (The Igneous Serpent of our magical powers).

The SAHAJA MAITHUNA (SEXUAL MAGIC) between Male and Female, ADAM-EVE, in the delicious bed of authentic

love, truly keeps sublime rhythmic concordances with the mystical agape of the great KABIR Jesus...

The enchanting Germ of the sacred ear has its intimate exponent in the human seed...

The sacrosanct fruit of the Vine is truly the natural emblem of Life that is manifested with all its splendor in Substance.

To transform Bread (SEED) into solar flesh, and the delicious Wine into Christic Blood and holy fire, is the most extraordinary miracle of SEX-YOGA.

The GOLDEN BODY OF SOLAR MAN, the famous "TO SOMA HELIAKON" (Complete synthesis of the Christic Vehicles), is flesh, blood, and life of the creative LOGOS, or Demiurge.

The living secret crystallization of sexual energy in the resplendent form of that glorious body is only possible with LOVE MAGIC...

Einstein, one of the great lights of intellect, wrote a wise postulate that reads literally: "Mass is transformed into energy." "Energy is transformed into mass."

It is ostensible that, through SAHAJA MAITHUNA, we can and must transform the ENS SEMINIS into energy.

It is unquestionable that our "MODUS OPERANDI SEXUAL" allows us to transform the creative energy into the glorious flesh of the body of gold of MAN-CHRIST.

To transform Bread into Flesh, and Wine (Life) into Royal Blood, into living and Philosophical Fire, is to realize the formidable miracle of Transubstantiation.

The Wagnerian Parsifal, after many bitternesses, is wisely conducted by his Guru GURNEMANZ to the Sacred Sanctuary of the Holy Grail, with the evident purpose of teaching him the Mysteries of Transubstantiation.

From above, from heaven, from Urania, descends as if by enchantment a purest ray of light that, on falling upon the Divine cup, makes it resplendent with purple color...

Amfortas, with transfigured countenance, raises on high the Chalice (Living symbol of the feminine YONI) and very slowly moves it in all directions, blessing with it the Bread and Wine for the tables, while the joyful choirs sing the Eucharistic Hymn...

*To transmute in order to speak in the purest Orient of the Divine tongue is certainly the deep mystical meaning of the Gnostic anointing...*

## **Chapter 30: SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND**

The sacred scriptures say: "Seek and ye shall find, ask and it shall be given to you, knock and it shall be opened."

It is written, with burning coals, in the book of all mysteries, that the Lanu or Disciple must ask, if he truly longs with all the strength of his soul for INTIMATE SELF-REALIZATION.

Well do the Divine and the Human know that PARSIFAL, as Chela or Disciple, did not come to be king of the Grail because he did not ask the reason for the pains of AMFORTAS.

The Bread and the Wine of transubstantiation is distributed among the sacred tables, at which all the brethren are seated, except PARSIFAL, who remains standing and in a state of mystical rapture; delicious and ineffable circumstance from which he emerges at last only because of the heartbreaking laments of the good Lord AMFORTAS.

GURNEMANZ, the old Hierophant, believing him unconscious and even pitiless before all this, in fact assumes a severe attitude and indignantly withdraws him from the Holy enclosure...

On judging very seriously the brilliant theme of this regal Wagnerian Drama, glorious like none other, we can discover, not without a certain mystical astonishment, the three classi-

cal esoteric degrees: APPRENTICES, COMPANIONS, and MASTERS.

That adolescent of the first part of the Drama knows nothing yet of the mansion of delights and the corner of love with its dangerously beautiful flower-women, nor of that KUNDRY, HERODIAS, GUNDRIGIA, exquisitely sinful; he is still the apprentice of Occult Masonry...

The PARSIFAL of the second part is the man who valiantly descends to the Ninth Dantean Circle; the aspirant who works in the LIT FORGE OF VULCAN; the COMPANION.

The Hero of the third part is the MASTER who returns to the temple after having suffered much.

The boy of the first part of the Drama has not even awakened CONSCIOUSNESS; he is only one of those many pilgrims who travel in great secret through the dark forests of life in search of a compassionate wayfarer who has among his treasures a precious balm to heal his aching heart...

The joy is very great when he finds on his painful path the old hermit GURNEMANZ, who then serves him as guide or Guru...

The PARSIFAL of the second part is the ascetic who consciously descends to the INFERNAL WORLDS; the man who

works in the FORGE OF THE CYCLOPES; the mystic who conquers the seven priestesses of temptation...

The devotee of the third part is the ADEPT clothed in the wedding garment of the soul — marvelous synthesis of the solar bodies — in which are contained the superior emotion, the authentic mind, and the conscious will.

The triumphal return to the temple of the Grail is the principal characteristic of the Parsifal of the third part.

The anchorite returns to the sacred enclosure, holding in his formidable right hand the Holy spear, the blessed shaft...

*The devotee of the third part is the ADEPT clothed in the wedding garment of the soul — marvelous synthesis of the solar bodies — in which are contained the superior emotion, the authentic mind, and the conscious will.*

## **Chapter 31: THE SPECTER OF KUNDRY**

In the second act of the Wagnerian Drama, there appears with full sinister clarity the interior and the horrible dungeon of an ancient half-ruined tower.

A gallery of living stone leads inevitably to the battlements of the Dantesque Wall.

Terrifying darkness reigns in the mysterious depth of that black den, into which one always descends from the terrifying buttress of the wall.

Most varied instruments of Black Magic and apparatuses of Necromancy appear scattered here, there, and yonder...

On the dreadful buttress of the abject wall of abominations, to one side, sits the tenebrous KLINGSOR, fatally before the famous metallic mirror of Magic...

In the perfidious paragon, the sinister character of the shadows sees astrally pass by all the extraordinary events of the preceding act, which occurred in the Domains of the Holy Grail.

There are supreme moments of humanity, and this is precisely one of them; the terrible instant has come; the hour of great decisions.

The gloomy Magician of darkness has managed to draw to his den, as so many other unfortunate knights, the ingenuous young man PARSIFAL, with the evident Machiavellian purpose of making him fall dreadfully amid the charms of the irresistible, terribly beautiful flower-women.

That fascinating and tremendous Hypnotic sleep into which moments before we saw KUNDRY plunged — the woman

without name, the original She-devil, the bloodthirsty Herodias, the harpy Gundrigia — is now producing all its atrocious effects.

The Lord of darkness cries with great voice from the depth of the abyss, invokes and calls...

The specter of KUNDRY appears amid the blue mephitic vapors of ignominy; in the brazier burn myrrh, asafoetida, incense, and many other evocative perfumes.

"Ah!... Ah!... Tenebrous night! Mystery, madness, fury!... Dream, dream of pain and misfortune... profound sleep... Death!" laments, torn, the original and gentle she-devil of she-devils.

The sinister somber character gives imperative orders; KUNDRY protests in vain, for at last she is obliged to obey.

To resign herself once again to serve as an instrument of perdition... What horror! ..., to envelop PARSIFAL in her charms, to make him fall like the good king AMFORTAS, is the order; and the unhappy wretch is only a slave at the service of the perverse one.

The suggestive order of the evil one completed, he plunges quickly down with the whole tower, and as if by enchantment a delicious garden then emerges, occupying the whole scene.

A splendid and luxuriant tropical vegetation extends lasciviously, as if voraciously awaiting the full satisfaction of bestial pleasures...

With regal silken garment and crowned with red trees, the specter of KUNDRY rises on tiptoe to gaze from afar at the magnificent and ample panorama.

She listens, mute, perplexed, to the white river that brawls among crags, splitting into eddies; and she sees painted in its mirrors the omnipotent flame of the golden sun.

The stars on a throne of amaranth rise neighboring in the immense space, sprinkling crystalline drops on the black leaves of the sleeping acanthus.

## **Chapter 32: THE NYMPHS**

In the cavernous background of Mystery, exotic, one contemplates the fatal battlement of the ancient walls, against which lean laterally the strange projections of the millennial edifice of KLINGSOR's castle and its splendid terraces of arabesque style...

Amid the sacred terror of those strange battlements of enigma, there emerges as if by enchantment the Wagnerian PARSIFAL, contemplating in rapture the bewitching gardens...

The feminine beauties of Holy predestination, unfortunately perverted by the spirit of evil, appear everywhere.

From everywhere — both from the gardens and from the magnificent palace — there emerge, as if by the art of magic, many young Nymphs, dangerously beautiful.

They come, some in a throng, others isolated, in ever-increasing number, half naked, beautiful, dreadfully provocative.

They who slept blissfully with their lovers — the unfortunate knights of the Grail fallen among their amorous nets — as if awakening from an erotic dream, now abandon their bed of pleasures...

It is the hour of temptation, and they have returned to their former wanderings in search of a new victim...

By all the paths of the night they have come: Behold them! There are heads golden in the sun, like ripened fruits. There are heads as if touched with shadow and mystery. Heads crowned with laurels. Heads that would wish to rest in heaven. Some that do not yet smell the spring, and many others that exude the flowers of winter.

What terrible longing stirs the entrails of every Nymph on seeing the ship depart that embroiders upon the water its fleeting wake!...

They, the delicious feminine beauties, now attempt to seduce with their charms the Wagnerian youth, but he indignantly pushes them aside with his Herculean arm!...

"Sole love, already so mine, that time shall ripen. Why do you scorn me?" cries a desperate one...

"My hands have forgotten thee, but my eyes saw thee, and when the world is bitter, I close them to look upon thee." Another exclaims...

"I do not want to find thee, for thou art with me; and I do not want what my dream fashions to tear thy life apart." Thus speaks a dreamer.

"As thou gavest her to me one day, I possess thy living image, which daily my eyes wash with tears for thy memory." Thus whispers in the boy's ear the most provocative...

The Nymphs, females, mutable through all times, now preoccupied... suffering for PARSIFAL, doing even the impossible...

The musical passage that underlines this whole Arabian-Nights scene has totally fascinated the most demanding audiences of the entire world...

In this igneous passage of the colossus, there is color, love, perfume, unspeakable enchantments, all that can truly seduce the human senses.

Yet it is obvious that the Hero does not succumb in the battle of temptations...

Yet this is not all; the most terrible thing is still missing: the encounter with KUNDRY, the woman par excellence, the symbolic woman, the marvelous Eve of Hebrew Mythology.

### **Chapter 33: THE ORIGINAL SHE-DEVIL**

From amid the charming dream of bewitching flowers, the magical voice of KUNDRY emerges — the original she-devil, the prototype of perdition and of the fall, whom not even Amfortas himself, the marvelous king of the Holy Grail, could once resist.

The mysterious female passionately calls the hero by his own name — the name with which, in other times, his loving mother had tenderly called him.

"PARSIFAL, halt!" — the sweet voice cries to him — "pleasure and happiness invite you at once... Withdraw from him, common women, enamored and frivolous girls, fascinating flowers of a few hours that very soon wither!"

Before those words, the fickle, changeable, versatile Nymphs are left profoundly grieved.

It is written — and many know this — that those malign beauties then withdrew, laughing, back to the tenebrous castle of KLINGSOR.

PARSIFAL directs a fearful glance toward that place of love whence the voice had arisen...

And then he contemplates the vision of youthful and splendid beauty: the provocative KUNDRY, lying upon a bank of exquisite flowers and adorned with the most fantastic and tempting attire that Arab refinement could ever dream.

"Wast thou perchance, sublime feminine beauty, the one who called me? Me, who never had a name?"

"Did thou too, O Gods, grow up and detach thyself from the perfumed grove?"

"Yes," answers KUNDRY, that tempestuous blonde whom they called Herodias, and her tender words resound with moving accents of sweetest lyre...

"To thee, innocent and pure, I called FAL-PARSI"...

"Dying in the exotic land of CALIPHS and SULTANS, thus did thy valorous Father GAMURET joyfully name and greet the son he had engendered. Precisely to reveal this to thee, I waited here."

"Certainly I was not born of this garden of marvels, like the other beauties"...

"Very far from all these Arabian-Nights enchantments is my beloved Homeland; I was only in this corner of passional joys so that thou mightest find me."

"From very distant lands I came, and many extraordinary things have I seen; I hope thou wilt listen to me"...

"It is well that thou shouldst know that I had the immense joy of knowing thy mother HERZELEIDE"...

"Only weeping did that exceptional woman know, yielding to the pain over the love and death of thy father, from whose very misfortune she wished to preserve thee, placing in this her highest and most imperious duties, withdrawing thee from the practice of arms to guard and save thee from the wrath of men."

"Lovely little mother, good little mother, who hadst one day lips of pomegranate, teeth of ivory, locks that rolled like a cascade upon that warm and perfumed back of thine, upon that body of thine carved with a chisel"...

"Holy little mother who hadst one day all the charms of a beautiful houri; tender little mother, white and perfumed like

a lily that, on opening its chalice, became a cradle to rock thee."

"For her there were only shadows and fears, which thou never wast to know. Dost thou not hear her anguished calls — the same ones from when thou wast far away?"

"Lovely little mother, good little mother, who on those full moon nights placed the swing upon the great tree of thy garden"...

"There the sweets were brought to thee, and the supper fragrant with moss, carnation, verbena, and roses, peach and jasmine"...

"But thou never knew her sorrows, nor ever the delirium of her sufferings; one day thou wentest away to never return"...

"Anxiously she awaited thee many days, until her own laments silenced her, and she died"...

## **Chapter 34: THE TERRIBLE KISS**

Tremendously interested by the marvelous account of KUNDRY, the original she-devil, PARSIFAL falls at the feet of the beautiful one, overcome and overwhelmed by the most bitter pain.

"Until now pain was unknown to thee" — she adds — "nor till now couldst thou feel in thy heart the sweetnesses of pleasure" — KUNDRY tells him. — "Now allay in the consolations, which are the natural spoil of love, the pain and anguish of thy weeping!"

"Knowledge will turn unconsciousness into consciousness. Seek then to know that love that one day embraced the heart of GAMURET when the ardent passion of HERZELEIDE flooded him; that love which one day gave thee body and life; that love which will banish death; which will banish thy crudeness, and which today must offer thee... as the last greeting and blessing of thy mother... the first kiss of passion."

While speaking so deliciously and with that moving language, KUNDRY, the most terrible beauty, has completely leaned her charming head upon that of PARSIFAL, finally uniting her lips of accursed purple with his in a long and ardent kiss...

Yet for everything there is a moment; the igneous contact of so dreadful a sexual passion gives rise in the hero of Wagnerian Drama to intensive terror...

Torn by anguish, he cries with all the strength of his soul: "AMFORTAS! The wound! The wound!"

"In my heart it now burns! His laments tear my soul! I saw that wound bleed, which now bleeds within me... here, right

here"...

"No, no! It is not the wound! That blood must still flow in torrents! It is the fire here, here, in my body!"

"It is the horrible craving that violently seizes and grips the senses! O torment of love!"

"All my being palpitates, burns, trembles, and shudders with sinful longings!"

Then comes the best: the hero evokes the memory of the Sacred Vessel and of the Divine blood that sin shed; he heroically rejects KUNDRY, the Wagnerian Magdalene, who dreadfully writhes among her bed of flowers, agitated by the most tremendous lust...

KUNDRY then resorts in vain to all the charms, deceits, and artifices that her cunning suggests. The Hero escapes her...

The sinner, exasperated and defeated, but not wishing to renounce what she believed her easy prey, calls to her aid the magician, who appears on the wall brandishing the Lord's lance...

Lance that he hurls against PARSIFAL with the intent to wound him as he did AMFORTAS; but the hero is pure, and is therefore invulnerable; the lance is suspended above his head,

who seizes it and, in ecstatic gesture, makes with it the sign of the cross...

Beneath such a conjuration, the tenebrous castle of KLINGSOR falls into the horrible precipice, turned into cosmic dust...

The garden of delights is reduced to a simple wilderness of penitent, and the flower-women wither and roll on the ground, swept away by terrible hurricanes...

Terrible is the moment in which KUNDRY, the malign beauty, lets out a cry and collapses as if mortally wounded...

PARSIFAL, victorious, withdraws and disappears...

## **Chapter 35: PRACTICAL METAPHYSICS**

Authentic Magic, the practical Metaphysics of Bacon, is the mysterious science that allows us to control the subtle forces of nature.

Practical Magic is, according to Novalis, the prodigious art that allows us to consciously influence the inner aspects of man and of nature.

Love is, beyond doubt, the intimate ingredient of magic. It is ostensible that the marvelous substance of love works magically.

Goethe too, the great German initiate, declared himself for the magical existence of the creative being; for a soul-Magic that acts upon bodies.

The fundamental Law of every Magical influence is based on polarity. "All human beings, without exception, have something of electrical and Magnetic forces in us, and exercise, like a magnet, a force of attraction and another of repulsion... Among men and women who adore each other, this magnetic force is most especially powerful, and it is unquestionable that its action reaches very far."

"The word MAGIC derives from the Aryan root MAB (hence, in Persian MAGA; in Sanskrit MAHAS; in Latin MAGIS; in German MEHR — that is, More), signifying in its proper sense a knowing and a knowledge greater than the ordinary measure."

In the name of truth, we must say the following: it is not patent Hormones or Vitamins that humanity needs to live, but full knowledge of the Thou and the I, and therefore the intelligent exchange of the most select affective faculties between man and woman.

SEXUAL MAGIC, the MAITHUNA, is grounded upon the polar properties of man and woman, which beyond doubt have their potential element in the PHALLUS and the UTERUS.

Sexual functionalism stripped of all spirituality and of all love is only one pole of life.

Sexual yearning and spiritual longing in full mystical fusion constitute in themselves the two radical poles of all healthy and creative eroticism.

For us Gnostics, the physical body is something like materialized, condensed soul, and not an impure, sinful element, as the writers of medieval absolute asceticism suppose.

In contrast to absolute asceticism with its life-denying character arises, as if by enchantment, the revolutionary asceticism of the new Aquarian era: an intelligent mixture of the sexual and the spiritual.

From all points of view it stands out, with full meridian clarity, that SEXUAL MAGIC, SEX-YOGA, leads intelligently to the mystical unity of soul and sensuality — that is, vivified sexuality: the sexual then ceases to be a motive of shame, dissimulation, or Taboo, and turns profoundly religious.

From the full integral fusion of spiritual enthusiasm with sexual yearning comes Magical CONSCIOUSNESS.

It is urgent, unpostponable, indispensable, to emancipate ourselves from the vicious circle of vulgar coupling and consciously penetrate into the glorious sphere of magnetic equilibrium.

We must rediscover ourselves in the beloved being, find in him the path of the razor's edge.

Sexual Magic prepares, orders, binds, ties and unties — also again in harmonic rhythm — those billions of physical and psychic devices that constitute our own particular inner universe.

We recognize difficulties; it is unquestionable the double problem presented by the nervous currents and the subtle influences that, in conscious or unconscious form, act upon our spirit.

Wisely to govern such delicate mechanisms, currents, and influences during the sexual trance is only possible through the personal experience of each one.

This specific type of knowledge turns out to be intransmissible; it is the result of individual experimentation; it is not something that can be shown as teachable and visible.

*Practical Magic is, according to Novalis, the prodigious art that allows us to consciously influence the inner aspects of man and of nature.*

## **Chapter 36: THE NERVUS SYMPATHICUS**

THE NERVUS SYMPATHICUS is fundamental in all rituals of High Magic, for beyond doubt it is in itself that omnipotent condenser of feeling that alternates and concentrates the whole marvelous circuit of our psychic faculties, and by which are governed thoughts, conceptions, desires, ideas, longings, and so on.

Nuclear physics has come to demonstrate in conclusive, clear, and definitive form that all matter is immaterial.

It is unquestionable that all the internal cellular rhythms are psychic (ANIMAE).

The unity of body and essence usually manifests in the form of electroid vibrations through the world of external and internal sensations.

Only through intimate esoteric aspiration toward the all, the inevitable, the insurmountable, can men and women who adore each other come to be truly complete, integral, unitotal.

It is written, with words of gold, in the great book of cosmic existence, that only in that masculine-feminine plenitude can the opposite sexes find perfect reciprocal equilibrium.

With simultaneous surrender to the Father who is in secret and to the Divine Mother Kundalini, man and woman have in

hand the thread of Ariadne of the mystical ascent, the golden twine that will lead them from darkness to light, from death to immortality.

It is indubitable — and every competent Esotericist knows it — that the authentic procreative forces, the psychic and the spiritual, are found in the vital ground, or Lingam Sarira, of our organism.

It is the "SYMPATHICUS," or secondary nervous system, with all its network of sensitive ganglionic meshes, the mediator and conductor to the inner reality, which not only definitively influences the organs of the soul, but also governs, directs, and controls the most important centers in the interior of our organism.

It is patent, clear, and manifest that the "SYMPATHICUS" guides in an equally mysterious manner the marvels of fetal conception and the activities of the heart, kidneys, adrenal capsules, sexual glands, and so on.

Through the direction of the molecular current and the crystallization of cosmic rays, the "SYMPATHICUS" balances among the rhythms of universal fire all the physical and psychic elements that are subordinated to it.

The "NERVUS SYMPATHICUS" is also a marvelous, extraordinary, formidable "NERVUS IDEOPLASTICUS."

We must emphasize the idea that the secondary system acts as a mediator between subjective, three-dimensional life and the inner world of spiritual objectivity.

The "NERVUS SYMPATHICUS" is the great equalizer, the means that pacifies and reconciles the pairs of opposites of philosophy in the living background of our consciousness.

THE REVOLUTIONARY GNOSTIC MOVEMENT affirms that medieval Christian asceticism is now extemporaneous, antiquated, reactionary.

It is ostensible that, in these times of Aquarius, many ancient sexual cults — often of Asian origin — are going to awaken again to life.

*THE REVOLUTIONARY GNOSTIC MOVEMENT  
affirms that medieval Christian asceticism is now  
extemporaneous, antiquated, reactionary.*

## **Chapter 37: ADAM-KADMON**

Primitive man, the sexual Androgyne, Adam-Kadmon, reproduced through the power of imagination and will united in vibrant harmony.

It is written, with coals of fire, in the book of all mysteries, that in the union of these two magical poles is found the key of all

power.

Old Kabbalistic traditions say that man lost that creative, imaginative, and volitive power through the fall into sin... they say that because of this he was expelled from Eden.

From all points of view it stands out with full meridian clarity that the said Kabbalistic conception has solid foundations.

To re-establish that original unity of the primeval androgyne is precisely the main objective of SEXUAL MAGIC.

Through SEX-YOGA with its famous SAHAJA MAITHUNA, we make ourselves integral, unitotal, complete.

It is unquestionable the cosmic, transcendental background of sexuality. Esoteric Sexology allows us to realize an electro-biological link between those mysterious, transcendent zones of the Psychic and the Physiological, in order to convert ourselves into authentic MUTANTS.

The love for the spouse or the consort is mystically bound up with splendid representations that have their origin in the world of pure spirit.

The hour has come to view the sexual functions not as a motive of shame, taboo, or sin, but as something infinitely elevated, sublime, and terribly Divine.

Thus does SEX-YOGA, the MAITHUNA, work — transfiguring us radically and obviously giving an ideal accentuation to the sexual in the soul of each one of us.

Those persons who are intelligent and understanding, who try to transcend the dualism that separates the soul-world from the physical world, are capable of SEXUAL MAGIC.

Creative imagination is the marvelous agency of sexual life and possesses in itself a Divine cosmic quality.

Only the magical mirror of Imagination receives within itself the Will of our Father who is in secret.

The Will and the Imagination of two lovers who adore each other — man-woman — consist, then, in that through their common sexual ardor they may give form to their intimate universe.

In all the old books of ancient wisdom, there is always spoken of the "Sacred Island" and of the holy Gods.

Such blessed and imperishable isle has never, in the history of countless centuries, partaken of the Nemesis of the other continents, being certainly the only one whose destiny is to endure from the beginning to the end of the Mahamanvantara, passing through every Round.

That is, beyond doubt, the archaic paradisiac cradle of Adam-Kadmon, the first human race, androgynous, protoplasmic people, capable of reproducing as we have already said, through the power of will and imagination united in vibrant harmony.

Venerated isle, exotic dwelling of the last mortal Divine, chosen then as a Shishta for the seed of this pygmy humanity.

Arabian-Nights land of the "Jina" paradises in the northern regions of the world.

"The polar star of the north fixes upon it its watchful gaze, from the dawn until the close of the twilight of one day of the Great Breath."

Blessed isle that we must seek in the very depth of our intimate consciousness.

ADAM-KADMON must be born within each one of us, through the marvelous power of SEXUAL MAGIC.

Thus shouldst thou fill a hundred lacrimatories with the salt of thine eyes; thus shouldst thou sigh dreadfully until thou contendest in impetus with the painful wind that passes, cruelly destroying the perfumed petals of the flowers of thy gardens; thus shouldst thou bitterly sob until thou woundest unto death the entrails of the starry night — I swear to thee by the eternal

living God that in no way would thy INTIMATE SELF-REALIZATION be possible, if thou shouldst remove from thy life the joy of love, Sexual Magic.

*In all the old books of ancient wisdom, there is always spoken of the "Sacred Island" and of the holy Gods.*

### **Chapter 38: THE DIVINE PAIR**

This is the terrible moment in which the erotic weapons of overwhelming passional love must come into play — the most special patrimony of KUNDRY, the superior woman, the most charming and pernicious of all creatures in her eternal victory.

The coarse vestment of the penitent of the surly land, of the faithful messenger of the Holy Grail, has disappeared.

KUNDRY, HERODIAS, GUNDRIGIA, is now the nubile feminine beauty, with all the marvelous power of her irresistible magical fascination.

Amid the delicious twilight of the garden, it is understood that the bewitching conjuration of the evil magician has enveloped her dreadfully in his fatal sorceries.

The enslaving performance of the abyssal desideratum is now frankly inescapable; and as is natural, the unfortunate beauty

suffers in the unknown depths of her intimate consciousness.

The most beautiful and dreadful scene of sexual temptation has begun amid the fascinating mirrors of life...

And what occurs in the psychic background of that provocative woman, only God knows.

It is unquestionable that within that adorable female there is a struggle of the woman against the woman, of the temptress against the savior, of love against perfidious cruelty that poisons all.

It is obvious that the two Arabian-Nights KUNDRYS contend hand-to-hand in the miraculous soul of the beauty.

It is ostensible that this sweet, fascinating creature comes to be, in the depth of the mystery, one more victim of perverted natural impulses.

Slave of sexual passion, which over herself exerts the delight of the suggestion of man, constrained by the magical power of the conjuration, she resorts then to feminine cunning to subdue the youth to her temptations.

On entering this part of Wagnerian Drama, it is fitting to recall that the Persians saw in woman the aspect of illusion, the element of absolute seduction.

Most clear concerning the nature of their ideology are those allegories and stories adopted from the Qur'an; especially that of Joseph and Potiphar, where the aspect of woman as universal danger is shown.

Thus in Firdausi, the Potiphar transmuted into Luleica not only induces Joseph to temptation through her physical charms — no, her intention was to seize the virtuous one in a magical manner in the dazzling net of her lust.

Thus she received Joseph in a hall of mirrors; the red hair, the lips of accursed purple, the rosy nipples of the upright pearly breasts, the whole body anointed and undulating, dazzled him here, there, and yonder wherever he turned his gaze.

According to the Persian interpretation, the patriarch Joseph could not resist and succumbed to the artifice.

In this marvelous representation of the magical mirrors is hidden the whole mystery of sexual fascination.

Nature disposed to passional voluptuousness is beyond doubt a unique seduction, and acts upon all living creatures in a hypnotic manner.

The three-dimensional world of vain appearances thus horribly imprisons us, because invariably we succumb to the charm of the sexual anti-pole.

KUNDRY, GUNDRIGIA, HERODIAS, the mystical Magdalene of the Wagnerian Parsifal, is not unaware of the living secret of her own existence and knows very well by nature and by instinct that she can only free herself from the sinister and tenebrous power of KLINGSOR if she encounters on her path of bitternesses a strong man capable of conquering himself and of rejecting her.

"All are weak... all fall with me, dragged down by my curse"... exclaims the tempter.

Temptation is fire; the triumph over temptation is light. Blessed be the woman, blessed be love, blessed be the beings who adore each other.

It is indubitable that the old religious cults in Greece, Chaldea, Egypt, Persia, India, Mexico, Peru, and so on, were one hundred percent of sexual nature.

Without doubt, the recognition of sexual potency as a supra-terrestrial, engendering, and creative force is fundamentally more self-exalting and dignifying than the medieval attitude that relegates sex, considering it something low, sinful, dirty, and enemy of the soul.

In the sexual cult of the ancient Greeks, the mortal pair aspired with all the strength of their soul to reflect within themselves the joy of the Divine pair.

The legend of the centuries says that, both in Greece and in Rome, the celebration of the Sacred espousal was in use.

Man and woman — Adam and Eve — anointed, preciously attired, and crowned with sublime flowers, went out to meet each other as God and Goddess after a ceremony in the temple, in order to be sharers, through the ritual embrace, of that felicity of the supreme pair that ruled heaven and earth.

Each man represented as Zeus and each woman as Hera in the act of sexual love, there was realized a magnificent connection of the LINGAM-YONI.

It is ostensible that the joyful pair withdrew from the act without spilling the Vessel of Hermes.

The sexual was then the reflection of a formidable cosmic event that made the whole Universe tremble.

Naturally — and this is something we must never forget — such sublime identification with the Divine could only be attained by truly awakened, individualized, illuminated pairs.

Sacred experience, alchemical wedding, ritual embrace, limitless joy of the supreme pair, accessible only to the Adepts of the White Brotherhood.

Homer, the great Greek poet, has verified a sublime and magical description of the Divine pair ZEUS-HERA: "Beneath

them, the germinating earth produced flowery verdure, lotuses, juicy clovers, and hyacinths and saffron that, packed, turgid, and tender, rose from the ground; and they lay there and drew above them the twinkling and golden clouds, and the sparkling dew fell to the earth."

*Naturally — and this is something we must never forget — such sublime identification with the Divine could only be attained by truly awakened, individualized, illuminated pairs.*

## **Chapter 39: FAL-PARSI**

In the grandiose work PARSIFAL of Richard Wagner is found the gospel of the New Aquarian Era.

This is the doctrine of synthesis, the primitive Religion of humanity, hidden since the sad days when the archaic wisdom, the symbolic temple, was buried by the ruins of the Initiatic Mysteries with the tenebrous advent of the KALI-YUGA.

KUNDRY, with all the delicious artifice of her charms, emerging from amid the perfumed grove to tempt FAL-PARSI, is the beauty of holy predestination perverted by the spirit of evil.

In the resistance, in the chastity of the youth, lies the salvation of KUNDRY — of woman — but she mistrusts; the strong man

has not existed for her; the intellectual animals are very weak.

The precious female understands that she could only free herself from the chains of slavery when she encountered on her path a man strong enough to reject her in the very middle of sexual coupling.

She recognizes FAL-PARSI the youth, guesses his mission, and resists withdrawing from him, fearful of conquering him, very sure of the power of the sorcery.

The unforgettable beauty, dressed with such Arab refinement, cunning, begins by calling him by his familiar name of FAL-PARSI, and then continues with the law of intimate associations, leading him finely along the path of sentiment to the very sexual origin of his existence.

The exotic priestess of the delicious Arabian-Nights temptation wishes to establish a passional vibration in the sexual center of the youth, with the evident purpose of making him fall, swooning, into her shameless arms...

The previous seduction of the Flower-Women of KLINGSOR, the Black Magician, is also traditional among the Asians. There is no sacred hero who has not passed through it.

Krishna the conductor of the chariot, piercing with his fiery eyes NISUMBA, the Eastern KUNDRY, and the seven priest-

esses of temptation among the Syrian Druses attempting to seduce the Initiates, constitute in themselves the basic root of esoteric studies.

The Great KABIR JESUS, tempted by the KUNDRY of the Egyptian Mysteries, was certainly the PARSIFAL of the sun-drenched land of KHEM.

And what shall we say of the Flower-Women, who so assailed the Great Master in the sacred land of the Pharaohs?

The touchstone, the ALMA-MATER of the Great Work, is found in KUNDRY, the woman par excellence, the Symbolic Woman without whose presence we are inevitably condemned to the abyss and to the second death.

Adorable woman!... Thou art the path of the razor's edge; the rocky road that leads to Nirvana...

Who could give me to take thy white hands to press my heart with them, and to kiss them ardently while listening most attentively to the sweetest fascinating words of thy love!...

Who could give me to feel, leaning upon my chest, thy languid head, and to listen to thy divine sighs of love and poetry!...

Who could give me to place chastely and softly my loving lip upon thy hair, and that thou shouldst feel my soul sob in every kiss I left upon it!

Who could give me to steal a single marvelous ray of that light of thy calm gaze, to have afterward wherewith to illuminate the solitude of the soul!...

Oh! Who could give me to be thy very shadow, the very sweetest air that bathes thy face, and, to kiss thy celestial eyes, the tear that trembles on thy eyelash.

And to be a heart all joyfulness, nest of light and of divine flowers, in which thy dove-soul might sleep the virginal dream of thy loves... GUNDRIGIA, HERODIAS, KUNDRY, remember that thou art the secret path of Mystery...

*And to be a heart all joyfulness, nest of light and of divine flowers, in which thy dove-soul might sleep the virginal dream of thy loves...*

## **Chapter 40: THE SUPREME KEY**

When the world, that Tantalus that aspires in vain to the ideal, bends beneath the weight of the rock of Sisyphus, and expires burned by the tunic of Nessus...

When tenebrous and sparkling at once, it imitates Barabbas and abhors the Just One; and a Pygmy with longings of a giant writhes in the bed of Procrustes...

When it moans amid horrible convulsions to expiate its criminal errors, bitten by its avid passions like Actaeon by his voracious dogs...

When, bound to its fatal chain, it drags its misfortunes through the mud, and each one in his egoistic pain turns his back on the affliction of all — then are born the great Avatars who teach the secret path...

Sacred Lampstand that in the austere chapel burns without truce as a clear offering and consumes its wick and its wax to dissipate the gloom of the altar; glorious vessel where God sums up all that is love...

Sublime PARSIFAL who aspires to wound Satan amid the roar of the lightning and the terror of the thunder...

Phoenix that, in resplendent enterprises, kindles the fire of its hard pyre and dies, turning into embers from which it is reborn victorious and pure...

That is the Initiate in his fatal exile!... To sing of Phyllis by her sweet name and then... To love is best... To kiss?... Yes, in the supreme moment!...

Amfortas! The wound!... The wound!... exclaims the hero of Wagnerian Drama...

Not to ejaculate the semen... pain for the beast, pleasure for the spirit, torture for the brute...

Strange symbiosis of love and rebellion; mystical revolutionary of Aquarius, new ascetic...

There is a heaven, woman, in thine arms; I feel my heart oppressed with bliss... Oh! Sustain me in the life of thy embraces, that thou kill me not with thy kiss.

In vain then does the erotic beauty resort to all her charms; Fal-Parsi does not spill the Vessel of Hermes and withdraws...

The sinner, exasperated and defeated, but not wishing to renounce what she believed her easy prey, uses all the sexual resources of her inner KLINGSOR, the animal Ego, Mephistopheles; she hurls against the youth the Lord's lance...

The blessed lance, emblem of sexual force, then floats suspended above the head of the Initiate; he grasps it with his right hand and makes with it the sign of the cross... beneath such a conjuration, the castle of iniquities that the Adam of sin carries within, converted into cosmic dust, falls into the horror of the dreadful precipice.

She, terribly beautiful, dreadfully delicious, lets escape from her nubile throat a cry of lust, and then faints upon her bed of pleasures...

The victorious hero, carrying in his splendid right hand the lance of Longinus, withdraws from the alveus refuge, walking slowly, slowly, through the inner and delicate garden... beneath a diffuse light of gold and violet.

## **Chapter 41: HATHA-YOGA-PRADIPIKA**

The HATHA-YOGA-PRADIPIKA of the Great Hindu Initiates emphasizes the transcendental idea that a coitus performed with a consecrated woman is in truth a real panacea for the attainment of more elevated mystical states.

The sexual act is a legitimate joy of man; the consubstantiation of love in the psycho-physiological realism of our nature.

A certain great sage whose name I do not mention, commenting on something about Hindu Tantrism, said:

"A sect of SHIVA in Bombay, India, today celebrates the sacred espousals according to the rules of VATSYAYANA, the author of the KAMASUTRA."

"A chosen SHAKTI is placed, naked, upon an altar; the high Priest consummates with her his offering through coitus."

"The gigantic image of the God SHIVA, illuminated by numerous oil lamps, contemplates the carnal copula from on high."

"At a certain signal of the high Priest, there is to take place a general cohabitation in which each couple must represent SHIVA and his SHAKTI (or spouse)."

"The devotees of the sect believe they glorify with their sexual offering the universe, sustained only by the eternal spontaneous procreation of Divinity, and they believe they arrive precisely by the act at the rhythmic consonance of eternity."

"Already weeks before the beginning of the 'sacred espousals,' the participant was earnestly instructed by the priests: Woe to him who in this act gives place to the slightest profane thoughts, or who seeks the satisfaction of his own senses; mercilessly the wrath of Divinity will descend upon him."

"When in the temples of Assyria, Egypt, Persia, India, Greece, and so on, priests and priestesses united in the sexual act before the faithful, or when, as in the temples of SHIVA, hundreds of couples copulated at the same time on certain festivities of the God, at the bottom of the apparent greatest licenses there was still a more hidden and profound sense."

Through the SAHAJA MAITHUNA, the sexual act of prodigies, a fluid essence is liberated, an extraordinary, marvelous, omnipotent magnetism, that, suddenly discharged at the same point, becomes in fact the "Genius Lucis" of all magical enchantments.

An old Japanese proverb says: "Through veneration, one can make the tooth of a dog shine."

"Your teeth are whiter than the pearls that spring from the seas," said the Great Kabir Jesus, referring to the cadaver of a dog in decomposition.

From all points of view it stands out, with full meridian clarity, that this is the traditional Magic, the famous Eastern GUPTA-VIDYA, that mysterious science through which it is obvious we can definitively attain the final liberation.

PARSIFAL, the mystical hero, valiantly restraining the sexual impulse, intrepidly withdrawing from that tempestuous blonde whom they called Herodias, without spilling the Vessel of Hermes — the ENS SEMINIS — it is unquestionable that in fact he holds in his omnipotent and terribly Divine right hand that lance of Longinus, the extraordinary emblem of the "GENIUS LUCIS," the Odic or magnetic force with which he makes the sign of the cross to convert the ANIMAL EGO into cosmic dust.

In this new era of the zodiacal sign of Aquarius, the collective copulation of gone times is off-orbit, extemporaneous, antiquated, retrograde. This is the sidereal instant when all of us must walk along the loving path of the Perfect Matrimony.

To grasp with vigor the venerated lance in the LABORATORIUM ORATORIUM of the THIRD LOGOS is, beyond doubt, something radical if we truly wish to reduce to ashes the sinister and tenebrous castle of the secret KLINGSOR, or MEPHISTOPHELES, that each one of us carries within.

UNDERSTANDING AND ELIMINATION: basic, decisive, fundamental factors. It is unquestionable that every psychological defect must indispensably have been previously understood integrally before its elimination.

A didactic is needed; that is obvious; fortunately we have it, and it is, indeed, very simple and powerful.

To pray in the bridal bed of the garden of delights; in the nuptial bed of the erotic marvels; to supplicate at the moment of joys, in the unforgettable moment of coitus, to ask our Divine and adorable Divine Mother Kundalini to grasp splendidly in those moments of kisses and tendernesses the magical lance to eliminate that defect we have understood in all the departments of the mind, and then to withdraw without spilling the sacred Wine, the ENS SEMINIS, signifies death, bliss, intoxication, delight, joy...

Exclusivist UNDERSTANDING is not all; radical, absolute elimination is urgent, unpostponable, indispensable.

Any rational homunculus might clearly understand the abominable defect of anger and yet, to crown the woes, continue with it even though it devours his entrails.

This poor animal, intellectual mind cannot truly alter anything fundamentally; we need a higher power, a living authority capable of totally eliminating or discarding that sinister entity that personifies psychically the error we have understood; such authority is, beyond doubt, our Divine and Adorable Mother Kundalini, the sublime spouse of the Holy Spirit, the igneous serpent of our magical powers — that solar electronic fire which, in splendid form, unfolds and develops in the spinal column of the ascetic.

Vain it is to pride ourselves on the animal, lunar mind!... It alone can only lead us into error...

The intellect can take the luxury of hiding defects, repudiating them, condemning them, justifying them, labeling them with various names, dissimulating them, hiding them from the view of others, passing them from one department to another, and so on, but never eliminating them.

The ESOTERIC-CHRISTIC lance of the Holy Grail and the pagan lance of pacts wielded by Wotan are one and the same lance, shaft, or Holy Pike, held as sacred in all peoples since the most remote antiquity.

It is unquestionable that only with that arm of Eros wielded by the Divine Mother Kundalini during the sacred coitus can we truly eliminate radically, one by one, all those tenebrous entities that personify our psychological defects and that, taken together, characterize the ANIMAL EGO.

*The HATHA-YOGA-PRADIPIKA of the Great Hindu Initiates emphasizes the transcendental idea that a coitus performed with a consecrated woman is in truth a real panacea for the attainment of more elevated mystical states.*

## **Chapter 42: THE EGYPTIAN CONFESSION**

After having created the "TO SOMA HELIAKON" in the "FORGE OF THE CYCLOPES" — sex — I then had to pass through a time of profound reflection.

It is opportune to clarify that within the "body of gold of solar man," as in a holy vessel, are contained the superior emotion, the mind of the Gnostic ascetic, and the conscious will.

It is not amiss to emphasize the transcendental fact of the "second birth" after having clothed myself in the wedding garment of the soul in the Ninth Dantean circle.

In the residence of love I encountered other brethren and sisters who had also worked intensely in "the lit forge of Vulcan" (sex). They all shone gloriously amid the Divine, indescribable charms of Good Friday.

From all points of view it stands out with full meridian clarity that I am speaking mystically about the temple of the "Twice Born."

Divine Humanity, extraordinary people of various nations, peoples, and tongues!

In that "Aula Lucis" I came to understand integrally the transcendental idea that Man must also be carnally one with God.

It is unquestionable that the human creature can only SELF-REALIZE intimately by surrendering his body to God.

Although it may seem paradoxical, it is ostensible that not all the "twice born" have dissolved the I.

After the second birth I was intensively instructed in the temple; I then understood that I needed to die from moment to moment if I did not wish to be converted into a Hasnamuss with double center of gravity.

Already in my past books I explained that the HASNAMUSSEN are cosmic failures; abortions of the Divine Mother Kundalini; lost cases.

It is indispensable, it is urgent, to die radically in our own person, in the flesh, in the I, with the firm purpose of incarnating the power of God within us.

We need to reconcile ourselves with the supreme Maker, so that He may recognize in the flesh His own creature.

Light and dust must celebrate their espousals, and heaven and earth liberate themselves together in love.

A new heaven is already prepared, and likewise a new earth, equal to it in beauty and magnificence, must be created.

The outer is only the projection of the inner. He who is already well dead and has God within projects a paradise.

Deep reflections moved my soul... I understood thoroughly and integrally each of my own psychological errors.

O MAHA LAKSHMI, MAHA SARASWATI, ISIS, ADONIA, INSOBERTA, TONANTZIN, DIVINE MOTHER KUNDALINI! OM... SHANTI... SHANTI...

Without thee, my Divine Mother, I could never have eliminated the red Demons of Seth, those tenebrous entities that personify our defects!

One day — no matter the date, nor the day, nor the hour — I was visited by the KETHER of the HEBREW KABBALAH; the

"ANCIENT OF DAYS"; "MY FATHER WHO IS IN SECRET"; "the hidden of the hidden," "the goodness of goodnesses," "the mercy of mercies."

The Lord seated himself on his throne and said: "As you are working you are going very well; you must continue with your work" ...

Time passed and I died from instant to instant... to understand and to eliminate was my task.

It is written, with burning coals, in the great book of splendors, that those who have died in themselves are received in the world of the deceased...

My case was no exception to the funereal rule. Clothed in those mourning garments I always wear after each disincarnation, I then lived joyful in the hidden dwelling.

I wish to end the present chapter by transcribing and briefly commenting on each verse of the Egyptian confession, Papyrus NEBSENI:

- "O thou, Spirit, who marchest with great strides and who appearest in Heliopolis, hear me! I have not committed perverse actions." (It is obvious that he who was truly capable of evil-intentioned deeds has ceased to exist. Only the Ego commits such acts. The

Being of the deceased, even with the living body, would never carry out anything evil.)

- "O thou, Spirit, who manifestest in Ker-ahá and whose arms are surrounded by a burning fire! I have not acted with violence." (From all points of view it stands out with full meridian clarity that violence is multifaceted. The Ego breaks laws, violates honors, profanes, forces other minds, breaks, withers, dulls, intimidates one's neighbor, and so on. The Being respects the free will of our fellows; he is always serene and peaceful.)
- "O thou, Spirit, who manifestest in Hermopolis and who breathest the Divine breath! My heart detests brutality." (The Ego is certainly coarse, clumsy, incapable, friend of lightness, bestial by nature and by animal instinct. The Being is different, refined, wise, capable, Divine, sweet, severe, and so on.)
- "O thou, Spirit, who manifestest at the springs of the Nile and who feedest upon the shadows of the dead! I have not stolen." (The Ego likes theft, plunder, sacking, pillaging, abduction, kidnapping, fraud, swindling, taking, borrowing and not returning, abusing the confidence of others and retaining what belongs to others, exploiting one's neighbor,

dedicating oneself to embezzlement, and so on. The Being takes joy in giving and even in renouncing the fruits of action; he is helpful, disinterested, charitable, philanthropic, altruistic, and so on.)

- "O thou, Spirit, who manifestest in RE-STAU and whose members rot and stink! I have not killed my fellow beings." (Murder is, beyond doubt, the greatest act of corruption in the world. Not only does one extinguish or quench the life of another with revolvers, gases, knives, poisons, stones, sticks, gallows, and so on, but the life of our fellows is also annihilated with harsh words, violent looks, acts of ingratitude, infidelity, betrayal, peals of laughter, and so on. Many fathers and mothers would still be alive if their children had not taken their existence through evil actions. A multitude of wives or husbands would still breathe under the light of the sun if the spouse had permitted it. Let us remember that the human being kills what he most loves. Any moral suffering can sicken us and lead us to the grave. Every illness has Psychic causes.)
- "O thou, Spirit, who manifestest in the heaven under the double form of the lion! I have not diminished the bushel of wheat." (The Ego arbitrarily alters the weight of provisions.)

- "O thou, Spirit, who manifestest in Letopolis and whose two eyes wound like daggers! I have not committed fraud." (The Being would never commit such a crime.)
- "O thou, Spirit of the dazzling mask who walkest slowly and backward! I have not stolen what belonged to the gods." (The Ego likes to plunder the tombs of the Great Initiates; to profane the sacred tombs; to steal the venerated relics; to take the mummies from their dwellings; to search in the bowels of the earth for sacred things to profane them.)
- "O thou, Spirit, who manifestest in Heracleopolis and who crushest and torturest the bones! I have not lied." (The Ego likes the lie, the deception, the falsehood, the hoax, the springboard, the vanity, the error, the fiction, the apparent, and so on. The Being is different; he never lies, always speaks the truth, cost what it may.)
- "O thou, Spirit, who manifestest in Memphis and who makest the flames rise and grow! I have not taken away the food of my fellow beings." (The Ego is pleased to separate the food from his fellows, to deal illicitly with the food of others, to subtract, to extract

even part of what does not belong to him, to starve peoples or groups of people, to hoard food, to make it costly, to draw absurd surcharges from it, to take, rob, steal, deny bread to the hungry, and so on.)

- "O thou, Spirit, who manifestest in the Amenti, Divinity of the two springs of the Nile! I have not defamed." (The Ego likes calumny, imposture, murmuring, slander; to discredit others, denigrate, insult, and so on. The Being prefers to keep silent rather than profane the Verb.)
- "O thou, Spirit, who manifestest in the region of the lakes and whose teeth shine like the sun! I have not been aggressive." (The Ego is by nature provoking, caustic, ironic, biting, insulting, stinging; he likes the attack, the assault, the onslaught; he wounds with the subtle smile of Socrates and kills with the thunderous laugh of Aristophanes. In the Being, always serene, sweetness and severity are wisely balanced.)
- "O thou, Spirit, who emergest near the scaffold and who voraciously rushest upon the blood of the victims! Know it: I have not killed the animals of the temples." (The animals consecrated to Divinity; yet the Ego wounds and kills the creatures dedicated to

the Eternal One. The Being only knows how to bless and to love and to do all things perfectly.)

- "O thou, Spirit, who manifestest in the vast hall of the thirty judges and who feedest on the entrails of sinners! I have not defrauded." (The Ego is pleased to usurp, take, embezzle, rob, frustrate, disturb, ruin, and so on.)
- "O thou, Lord of universal order who manifestest in the Hall of Truth-Justice, learn! I have never hoarded the cultivated fields." (The earth belongs to those who work it; the worker labors, plows, sweats. Yet the powerful, the landowners, retain and absorb the cultivable lands. Such is the Ego.)
- "O thou, Spirit, who manifestest in Bubastis and who marchest backward, learn! I have not eavesdropped at the doors." (The Ego is curious and perverse by nature and by instinct. They say that fences, walls, or partitions have ears, and it is ostensible that doors also do. The Ego loves to meddle in the intimate things of one's neighbor; Mephistopheles or Satan is always intruding, busybody, nosy.)
- "O thou, Spirit, Asti, who appearest in Heliopolis! I have not sinned through excess of speech." (The I tends to be talkative, chatterbox, prattler, garrulous,

loquacious, gabbler, blab, loose-lipped, and so on.

The Being speaks strictly the indispensable; he never plays with the word.)

- "O thou, Spirit, Tatum, who appearest in Ati! I have not pronounced curses when some harm has been done to me." (The Ego likes to curse, denigrate, abominate, decry, and so on. The Being only knows how to bless, to love, to forgive.)
- "O thou, Spirit Uamenti, who appearest in the caves of torture! I have not committed adultery." (The Ego is mystified, corrupted, vitiated, false; he takes joy in justifying adultery, sublimating it, giving it ineffable, subtle tints; he takes the luxury of concealing it, hiding it from himself and from others; decorating it, adorning it with legitimate norms and bills of divorce; legalizing it with new nuptial ceremonies. He who covets another's wife is in fact an adulterer even though he never copulate with her; truly I say unto you, adultery in the subconscious backgrounds of the most chaste people tends to have multiple facets.)
- "O thou, Spirit, who manifestest in the temple of Ansu and who carefully watchest the offerings brought to thee! Know: that I have never ceased in

society to be chaste." (Absolute chastity is only possible when the Ego is well dead. Many anchorites who here in the physical world reached purity, virginity of soul, honesty, candor, and so on, when subjected to tests in the suprasensible worlds, failed, transgressed, fell like Amfortas, the King of the Grail, into the immodest arms of Kundry, Gundrigia, that tempestuous blonde whom they called Herodias.)

- "O thou, Spirit, who appearest in Hehatu, thou chief of the ancient Gods! I have never terrified the people." (The Ego likes to horrify, frighten, scare, intimidate others, threaten, morally beat down one's neighbor, prostrate him, dismay him, frighten him, and so on. Commercial houses tend to send to their delinquent clients reminders, sometimes very subtle, but always threatening.)
- "O thou, destroying Spirit, who manifestest in Kauil! I have never violated the ordering of the times." (The Ego arbitrarily changes the schedules and alters the calendar. It is useful to recall the authentic order of the seven days of the week: Monday, Wednesday, Friday, Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday. The pseudo-sages altered this order.)

- "O thou, Spirit, who appearest in Urit, and from whom I hear the voice of the psalmody! I have never given myself over to wrath." (The Ego is always ready to be carried away by anger, rage, vexation, annoyance, irritation, fury, exasperation, coarseness, and so on.)
- "O thou, Spirit, who appearest in the region of the lake Hekat under the form of a child! I was never deaf to the words of Justice." (The Being always loves equity, right; he is impartial, upright, just. He wills legality, what is legitimate; he cultivates virtue and holiness; he is exact in all his things, complete; he longs for precision, for punctuality. By contrast, the Ego always tries to justify and excuse his own crimes; he is never punctual, desires bribery, is given to bribing and corrupting the tribunals of human justice.)
- "O thou, Spirit, who appearest in Unes and whose voice is so penetrating! I have never promoted quarrels." (The Ego likes complaint, discord, dispute, quarrel, brawl, fight; he is friend of disputes, contentions, grudges, lawsuits, litigations, discussions, demands, wars, and so on. By antithesis we shall say that the Being is different: he loves peace, serenity, is the enemy of hard words; he

abhors altercations, brawls. He says what he has to say and then keeps silent, leaving his interlocutors full freedom to think, to accept, or to reject; afterward he withdraws.)

- "O thou, Spirit Basti, who appearest in the Mysteries! I have never made my fellow beings shed tears." (The weeping of the oppressed falls upon the powerful like a bolt of vengeance. The Ego promotes laments and lamentations everywhere. The Initiate who is well dead, although he still has his living body, wherever he passes leaves sparks of light and joy.)
- "O thou, Spirit, whose face is on the back of the head and who comest from thy hidden dwelling! I have never sinned against nature with men." (The infrasexuals of LILITH, homosexuals, pederasts, Lesbians, effeminate, and so on, are degenerate seeds, lost cases, subjects who in no way can SELF-REALIZE. For them are the outer darknesses where only weeping and gnashing of teeth are heard.)
- "O thou, Spirit with the leg wrapped in fire and who comest from Akhekhu! I have never sinned by impatience." (Restlessness, disquiet, lack of patience and serenity are an obstacle, hindrance, impediment, to the esoteric work and to the INTIMATE SELF-

REALIZATION of the BEING. The I is by nature impatient, restless, always has the tendency to be irritated, vexed, to rage, to fume, to burn, to be angered. He does not know how to wait, and it is unquestionable that he fails.)

- "O thou, Spirit who comest from Kenemet and whose name is Kenemti! I have not injured anyone." (It is obvious that the Initiate who is well dead because he dissolved the I has within himself only the Being, and it is ostensible that the latter is of Divine nature and therefore would be incapable of injuring his neighbor. The Being offends no one; he is perfect in thought, word, and deed. The Ego wounds, mistreats, damages, insults, outrages, offends, and so on.)
- "O thou, Spirit who comest from Sais and who carriest in thy hands thy offering! I have never been quarrelsome." (The Ego likes broils, uproars, rows, scuffles, brawls, ruckus, quarrels, disputes, and so on.)
- "O thou, Spirit who appearest in the city of Djefit and whose faces are multiple! I have never acted with precipitation." (The I always has the marked tendency to throw himself down; he is impetuous,

inconsiderate, scatterbrained, imprudent, reckless, unreflective; he wishes to run, to walk fast; he has no precaution. The Being is very different — deep, reflective, prudent, patient, serene, and so on.)

- "O thou, Spirit who appearest in Unth and who art full of cunning! I have never failed in respect to the Gods." During this present tenebrous cycle of the KALI YUGA the people mock the Holy Gods, Prajapatis, or Biblical Elohim; the multitudes of the future sixth great race will return to venerate the ineffable ones.
- "O thou, Spirit adorned with horns and who comest from Santiu! In my speeches I have never used excessive words." Observe the chatterboxes of the various radio stations; such is the I: always prattling.
- "O thou, Nefer-Tum, who comest from Memphis! I have never defrauded nor acted with perversity." Fraud has many colorings of a psychological type. Deceived sweethearts, betrayed husbands, fathers and mothers abandoned or morally wounded by their children, the worker unjustly fired from his work, the child who did not receive the promised reward, the esoteric group abandoned by its guide,

and so on, feel defrauded. The I likes to defraud, pervert, corrupt, infect everything it touches.

- "O thou, TUM SEP, who comest from Djedu! I have never cursed the King." The heads of the States are vehicles of Karma; therefore we must not curse them.
- "O thou, Spirit whose heart is active and who comest from the Dehti! I have never dirtied the waters." It would be the height of absurdity for an Initiate with the Ego well dead to commit the crime of dumping garbage or filth into the lakes or rivers. Yet it is obvious that the I delights in such crimes; he takes pleasure in doing evil; feels no compassion for the creatures; will not understand that, by infecting the liquid element, he in fact harms all that has life.
- "O thou, Hi, who appearest in heaven! Know it: My words have never been haughty." The Ego is by nature haughty, proud, arrogant, imperious, contemptuous, disdainful. He is wont, however, to hide his pride beneath the tunic of Aristippus — a garment full of holes and patches — and even takes the luxury of speaking with feigned meeknesses and pietistic poses, but through the holes of his garment his vanity is seen.

- "O thou, Spirit, who givest the orders to the Initiates! I have never cursed the Gods." Perverse people abominate and denigrate the Gods, Angels, or Devas.
- "O thou, NEHEB-NEFERT, who comest from the lake! I have never been impertinent nor insolent." Impertinence and insolence are grounded in the lack of humility and patience. The Ego tends to be tiresome, irreverent, untimely, absurd, coarse, hasty, clumsy.
- "O thou, NEHEB-KAU, who comest from the city! I have never intrigued nor pushed myself forward." The Ego wants to ascend, to climb to the top of the ladder, to make himself felt, to be someone in life, and so on. The I is a hypocrite, plotter, entangler, schemer, machinator, friend of intrigue, of conspiracy; thorny, dark, dangerous.
- "O thou, Spirit, whose head is sanctified and who suddenly comest from thy hiding! Know it: I have not enriched myself in an illicit way." The Ego lives in function of the "more"; the accumulative process of the I is certainly horrifying: more money, no matter the means, even by swindling, cheating, defrauding, conning, deceiving; Mephistopheles is a

fraudster, perverse, wicked; thus has Satan always been, the MYSELF.

- "O thou, Spirit who comest from the lower world and carriest before thee thy severed arm! I have never disdained the Gods of my city." Those ineffable Deidusi, protecting angels of the populations, household Spirits, and so on, deserve our admiration and respect. They are the Penate Gods of ancient times. Each citadel, town, metropolis, or hamlet has its spiritual rector, its Prajapati. There is no family that does not have its own spiritual regent. The Ego scorns such pastors of the soul.

*It is opportune to clarify that within the "body of gold of solar man," as in a holy vessel, are contained the superior emotion, the mind of the Gnostic ascetic, and the conscious will.*

## **Chapter 43: THE BELLOWING BEAST**

Before the second Transapalnian catastrophe that fundamentally altered the aspect of the earth's crust, there existed an old continent that today lies submerged amid the stormy waters of the Atlantic.

I wish to refer emphatically to the "ATLANTIS," about which it is ostensible that there exist everywhere innumerable traditions.

Behold, then, foreign names from Atlantis or from barbarous tongues, as those Greek cretins used to call them, who wished to sacrifice ANAXAGORAS when he dared to suspect that the sun was a little larger than half of the Peloponnese.

Names, I say, translated into Egyptian by the Saitic priests, and returned to their original signification by the Divine Plato to be then marvelously rendered into the language of Attica.

Behold the diamantine thread of the millennial tradition from those to Solon, continuing then with the two Critias and the Master Plato...

Behold, I say, extraordinary descriptions of botany, geography, zoology, mineralogy, politics, religion, customs, and so on, of the Atlanteans.

Behold also, with eyes of a rebel eagle, veiled allusions to the first Divine Kings of that old antediluvian country, to whom so many references are likewise had by Mediterranean Paganism and by the sacred texts of the Eastern world.

Sublime Kings of whom these other astonishing notes by Diodorus Siculus that still remain for us to study give detailed

account.

Behold, finally, and this is most interesting, the very sacrifice of the Sacred Cow, characteristic of the Brahmans, the Hebrews, the Mohammedans, the European gentiles, and thousands of other peoples...

It is unquestionable that our celebrated and indestructible bullring is at bottom only a most ancient ancestral survival of that Atlantean sacrificial festival, whose description is still found in many secret books.

There truly exist many legends in the world about those bulls released in the temple of Neptune, animals to which they did not surrender brutally as today, with picks and swords, but with lassos and other arts of classical bullfighting.

Once defeated in the sacred ring, the symbolic beast was immolated in honor of the Holy Gods of Atlantis, who, like Neptune himself, had involved from the primitive Solar state until becoming people of Lunar type.

The classical bullfighting art is certainly something Initiatic and related with the mysterious cult of the Sacred Cow.

Behold the Atlantean ring of the temple of Neptune and the present one; certainly they are nothing but a living zodiac, in which, constellated, the honorable public sits.

The Initiator or Hierophant is the Master; the banderilleros on foot are the companions. The picadors in turn are the apprentices.

For this reason these last go on horseback — that is, with all the ballast on top of their untamed body, which usually falls dead in the fray.

The companions, on placing the banderillas or staves, begin to feel superior to the beast, to the animal Ego; that is, they are now, in the manner of the Arjuna of the Bhagavad Gita, the persecutors of the secret enemy, while the Master, with the cape of his hierarchy — that is, with the dominion over Maya — and gripping in his right hand the flaming sword of will, turns out, in the manner of the God Krishna of that old poem, not the persecutor, but the slayer of the I, of the beast, the horrifying bellowing monster that King Arthur, supreme chief of the famous knights of the round table, also saw in the KAMELOC or KAMA-LOKA.

Atlantean bullfighting is, then, a regal, profoundly significant art, since it teaches us, through its brilliant symbolism, the hard fray that must lead us up to the dissolution of the I.

Any retrospective glance related to the esotericism of the bullring is indubitably capable of leading us to mystical discoveries of a transcendental order.

As a fact of immediate actuality, it is not amiss to mention the profound love that the bullfighter feels for his virgin; it is ostensible that to her he totally surrenders himself before appearing in his suit of lights in the ring.

This reminds us of the Isiac Mysteries; the terrible sacrifice of the sacred cow and the archaic cults of IO, whose origins come solemnly from the dawn of life on our planet earth.

It is pathetic, clear, and defined that only IO, Devi Kundalini, the Sacred Cow, the Divine Mother, possesses truly that magical serpentine power that allows us to reduce to cosmic dust the animal Ego, the terrible bull, the bellowing beast of the ring of existence.

Parsifal, the astral bullfighter, after the hard fray in the marvelous ring of life, became in fact and by his own right the chaste innocent of Wagnerian drama, announced by the voice of silence amid the exquisite splendors of the Holy Grail.

*The classical bullfighting art is certainly something Initiatic and related with the mysterious cult of the Sacred Cow.*

## **Chapter 44: THE THREE TRAITORS**

"And I saw coming out of the mouth of the Dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet, three unclean spirits like frogs."

"For they are spirits of demons, that work signs, and go to the kings of the earth throughout all the world, to gather them together for the battle of that great day of God Almighty." (Apocalypse.)

It is written, with coals of burning fire, in the marvelous book of all splendors, that these are the three traitors who murdered HIRAM — or rather HIRAM-OSIRIS, the inner God of every man who comes into the world.

We must seek, with infinite longing, within ourselves, these three murderers of the secret Master, until at last, one day — no matter the date, nor the day, nor the hour — we may exclaim with all the strength of our soul: "The King is dead, long live the King!"

It is ostensible that the first treacherous one is certainly the disgusting demon of desire.

It is unquestionable that the second unfaithful one is the horrifying demon of the mind.

Pathetic, clear, and defined is the third traitor — the vile demon of evil will.

JUDAS is the first, the one who sells the secret Christ for thirty pieces of silver.

PILATE is the second; he always washes his hands and declares himself innocent, never recognizing himself as guilty.

CAIAPHAS is the third; he never does the will of the Father; he abhorred the Lord and still abhors him.

The origin of these three evildoers is certainly too tenebrous; it is indubitable that they come from the dreadful perversion of the three GUNAS.

- SATTVA is the GUNA of universal harmony.
- RAJAS is the GUNA of emotion.
- TAMAS is the GUNA of inertia.

Any illuminated Hierophant studying the AKASHIC records of Nature can verify by himself, in a clear way, the transcendental fact of the absolute equilibrium of the three GUNAS of mystery during the deep night of the great Pralaya.

When these three GUNAS are unbalanced on the pans of the cosmic balance, the dawn of the new day then begins.

KRISHNA, that illustrious man who once carried out a gigantic mission in the sacred land of the Vedas, referring emphatically to the three GUNAS of ancient wisdom, said:

"If the incarnated being dies when SATTVA predominates, he then goes to the sphere of the devotees who adore the highest."

"If at the moment of dying RAJAS predominates, one is born among the people addicted to action; and if TAMAS predominates, he is born among the beings who do not reason."

"Those of SATTVIC temperament go upward (to the higher spheres of the Universe)."

"The RAJASIC remain in the middle (they are reborn in human body immediately or mediately, without having taken the luxury of vacations in the ineffable regions)."

"And the TAMASIC go below (they submerge into the interior of the earth, enter the submerged mineral kingdom to retreat, involving in time, descending through the animal, vegetable, and mineral steps. Then they come out again into the light of the sun and then restart a new evolutionary ascent that must begin again in the hard stone)."

And that distinguished Lord took up the word again to say the following:

"When knowledge shines through the senses, it must be considered that SATTVA predominates."

"When greed, activity, the conception of new enterprises, restlessness, and desire prevail — then, O Bharata, RAJAS predominates."

"And when TAMAS predominates, O Kaunteya, mental darkness, inertia, inadvertence, and hallucination prevail."

"Transcending the three GUNAS, which cause this body, the incarnated being is freed from birth, from death, from old age, and from suffering, and becomes immortal."

KUNDALINI YOGA brilliantly teaches that the BHUJANGINI, or serpent power, is found coiled three and a half times within the Coccygeal Chakra. The three turns represent the three GUNAS of PRAKRITI: SATTVA, RAJAS, and TAMAS.

It is an axiom of occult wisdom that the half-tail that remains represents VIKRITIS, the modification of PRAKRITI, the eternal feminine.

The gospel of the Lord BUDDHA says:

"The three daughters of MARA (the three perverted GUNAS) tempted the BODHISATTVA, but he heeded them not; and when MARA saw that he could not kindle any desire in the heart of the victorious SRAMANA, he ordered all the evil spir-

its, obedient to his commands, to attack and terrify the great MUNI."

"But the Blessed One contemplated them as one who looks upon the innocent games of children, and the burning hatred of the evil spirits was without result. The flames of hell turned into salubrious perfumed breezes, and the furious bolts turned into lotus flowers."

"Before this, MARA (THE DRAGON OF DARKNESS), and his army fled. Meanwhile, from the celestial heights a rain of flowers fell, and the voices of the good spirits were heard."

"Behold the great MUNI! Hatred does not move his spirit! The legions of the evil one (those red devils that constitute the famous I) have not intimidated him. He is pure and wise; he is full of love and compassion."

"As the rays of the sun sweep away the shadows of the world, so will he who perseveres in his search find the truth, and the truth will illuminate him."

Thus far, some sacred verses of the gospel of our Lord the BUDDHA.

Many centuries later, the Divine Rabbi of Galilee exclaimed with all the strength of his soul:

"You shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free."

"God is Spirit" — says the Christian gospel — "and those who worship him must worship him in Spirit and in Truth."

"When, however, the Spirit of Truth shall come, He shall teach you all truths; for He shall not speak of himself, but shall say all the things He shall have heard, and shall pronounce to you the things that are to come."

It is written, with characters of burning fire, that only by dying in ourselves shall we be able to incarnate the Spirit of Truth. To him who knows, the word gives power; no one pronounced it, no one will pronounce it, but only he who has it INCARNATED.

SIDDHARTHA, the BUDDHA, the one who fulfills what he set out to do, like the PARSIFAL of Wagnerian Drama, valiantly grasps the lance of EROS to annihilate first the Demons of SETH (THE EGO) and then the three Furies who dwell in the terrible abysses of the Acheron.

Gautama was certainly a Magus of Tantra Initiation; he practiced the SAHAJA MAITHUNA intensively and wielded the lance with singular mastery.

*It is an axiom of occult wisdom that the half-tail that remains represents VIKRITIS, the modification of PRAKRITI, the eternal feminine.*

## **Chapter 45: SERENITY AND PATIENCE**

Each one of Us knew well that the dissolution of the EGO corresponds to the esoteric work in the sinister abysses of the Acheron.

It is ostensible that we, the brethren of the Secret Order, were well dead, yet wished to enter a higher work.

All of us were suffering, full of intimate longings; we wanted to reduce to cosmic dust those three classical Furies that Dante saw in the infernal abysses.

We were told in the temple that we must await with infinite patience the Abbot of the Monastery; but it is obvious that the hours grew long and tedious for us... the Venerable certainly did not seem to be in any hurry.

It was unusual to see those Adepts of the White Brotherhood, quite tired, irritated, and ill-humored.

Some most respectable brethren were moving everywhere — here, there, and yonder — protesting at the singular delay of the Superior.

There are cases in life that surprise, and one of them was the surprising entrance of the Abbot into the temple. All the brethren of our order were astonished, stupefied, for they had already lost hope of seeing the Master.

Before the sacred brotherhood the Venerable spoke, saying: "You, brethren, lack two virtues that this brother has." Saying this, he pointed to me with his index finger...

Then in a manner sweet and imperative at the same time, he said to me: "Tell them, brother, what those two virtues are!":

"One must know how to be patient; one must know how to be serene." Thus I spoke with a slow and clear voice...

"Now you see? Are you convinced?" exclaimed the Abbot. All, frightened and amazed at the same time, opted to keep a tremendous silence...

It is indubitable that all the brethren had to be postponed for the higher work, for only my insignificant person came out victorious in the difficult trial.

Much later in time, I had to appear before the brotherhood of another monastery of the White Brotherhood, to receive certain instructions and sign some important documents. I was going to work intensively in the lunar atomic infernos, disintegrating the three Daughters of Mara, and it is ostensible that for this reason, I had first to be instructed and admonished.

It is not amiss to emphasize the transcendental fact of a work concluded in the submerged mineral kingdom of the planet

Earth; for it is obvious that in the Tartarus I had reduced to cosmic dust the animal EGO.

Yet it is unquestionable that the higher work in the lunar abysses, eliminating the three traitors of HIRAM-OSIRIS, would undoubtedly be much more difficult.

I was warned and advised with the following words: "You must guard very well against the lunar cold" — as if telling me, do not abandon sexual magic. "You have the I well dead, but if you should commit the error of falling again into animal generation, then the EGO would resurrect little by little."

In a state of NIRVIKALPA SAMADHI I was led by my Divine AUGOEIDES to the Lunar World; there I was wisely advised.

My soul was moved in its most intimate depths upon finding there the ancient one of the temple of the twice-born; our dear rector. The sacred elder seems to have all the psychological characteristics of the lemon, but it is ostensible that he radiates infinite love...

I understood that, to have the right to the ascent to the lunar heaven, I must first descend to the Selenite infernos and valiantly face the three Furies.

"Come, Medusa, and we will turn him to stone" — cry the perverse ones — "we did wrong not to take vengeance for the bold

entrance of Theseus."

When I wished to ascend by the symbolic ladder of Jacob, the Sacred Old Man of the temple plucked from the tree of knowledge a delicious branch and had me smell it; that fragrance was Nirvanic, paradisiac. "Always smell this branch so that you may ascend." Such were the words of the Adept.

We must nourish ourselves with the delicious fragrance of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, but not eat of it... that is the Law.

In the abysses of Selene I began my work with Judas, the demon of desire, the Theosophical KAMARUPA; it is lamentable that many ignorant people confuse this first traitor with the sidereal or astral body that the twice-born fashioned in the LIT FORGE OF VULCAN.

The Goddess with the head of a Scorpion — the third cosmic aspect of my Divine Mother Kundalini — walking within the passional monster, disguised as a mysterious scorpion, made her cup of destruction rain upon him.

Behold, the Gods who helped me tore open without any mercy the breast of the first Fury. The Goddess with the head of a Lion, dreadfully Divine, immobilized his members and took from him all the bestial force he possessed.

Needless to say with full accuracy and great emphasis that, thank God, and thanks to the direct aid of my Divine Mother Kundalini, the horrifying demon of desire, the wicked Judas, was reduced to ashes.

A little later I had to continue my work with the restless demon of the mind that brings us so much bitterness — the abominable Pilate of all times.

That vile classical Fury has obviously given rise to certain confusions in the intellect of notable occultist investigators...

It is ostensible that some very serious authors confused the inner Pilate of each one with the authentic and legitimate mental body that the twice-born patiently fashioned in the "FORGE OF THE CYCLOPES."

"Back, O mental demon, thou for whom Osiris (the inner being of every human being) feels horror! Withdraw from my bark driven by favorable winds."

And I cried with great voice as when a lion roars, calling with all the strength of my soul to my Divine Mother Kundalini, and seven thunders repeated my voices...

"The Gods of the vast earth are bound. Go, disgusting Pilate; the God, Lord of the region of the dead, detests thee!"

This sinister Fury, in her terrifying twilight, came to take the appearance of a child...

Vain shadow, slowly reducing her figure; monster that is beautified, loses its original size, is reduced to a point, and disappears forever.

Annihilation... terrible word... that was the end of the fatal Pilate who tormented me...

Then I continued my work, attacking Caiaphas, the third traitor, the most detestable of all the Furies.

I saw the demon of evil will ascend the staircase of my dwelling; he had a Caesarean aspect.

Unfortunately, the unhappy one was not to blame; I myself had created him and, to crown all, even committed the error of fortifying him with tyrannical atoms when in Rome I was called: JULIUS CAESAR.

Glorious epochs of the Roman eagle: in that age I established the scenario for the people of the fourth Aryan sub-race and was murdered by the wicked Brutus and his followers...

What profound meditations... my God!...

Ah! — I said to myself — I must eliminate from my intimate nature this perverse rebel who has never wanted to obey the

Father...

"May the gods grant me thy throne, O RA! As well as thy glorious body."

"Thy route I traverse; and at dawn I reject the demon of evil will, who arrives concealed behind a curtain of passionate flames, and in the narrow and long corridor of the esoteric tests, attacks me unexpectedly."

Alas, alas, alas! What would have become of me without the cosmic aid of my Divine Mother Kundalini?

Venus, Adonia, Insoberta, Rhea, Isis, grasping in her right hand the lance of Eros, fought against the horrible beast...

Not even the Amazon Camilla, with her hair loose to the wind and blonde as gold, advancing like Diana to meet her enemies, could ever have competed with my Mother in beauty...

The third Fury certainly died after receiving several lance-thrusts in the body...; none equaled her horrible appearance; none had in her hair so many serpents; her own sisters feared her; the unfortunate one carried in her hands all the Gorgonian poisons of Hell.

I could verify, with full clarity that astonishes, the whole process of death in the three Furies...

It is unquestionable that they passed through all the magical transformations sung by Ovid.

If at first they were gigantic and horrible like the monster Polyphemus of the cursed land who implacably devoured the companions of Ulysses, then, moments before the arrival of the sovereign Fate, they already had the aspect of newborn children...

Those shadows have died, distilling within me the fragrance of life, a certain percentage of my consciousness that was bottled up among them...

*Before the sacred brotherhood the Venerable spoke, saying: "You, brethren, lack two virtues that this brother has." Saying this, he pointed to me with his index finger...*

## **Chapter 46: THE QUEEN OF THE JINAS**

Lance at the ready, strong shield at the chest, body threatening on the saddle, the fierce barbarian threatens the hero, eyes fixed, livid the countenance; serene the face, in forced gesture, the knight brandishes the sparkling iron, and, wrapped in the dust they raise, they frighten the earth round about as they charge.

In confused revolt the battle: the knight fights for his Lady; all the sons of Satan, burning in wrath, savage themselves; the broken chain mail flies in pieces; harsh blows torment the bodies; there is no yielding, no calming, an immovable wall, a thousand crossed irons continually bristle; they wound each other, return to wound each other, and despise death, boiling with anger, and they redouble.

The eternal Lady, the SOUL-SPIRIT (BUDDHI), always demands of her knight every kind of unheard-of prodigies of valor and sacrifice.

She, the Divine Perfect Spouse, is Guinevere, the Queen of the JINAS, the one who poured wine for Lancelot.

Delicious wine of transcendent spirituality, in the Initiatic cups of SUKRA and of MANTI...

Cups that are, in sum, nothing but the Holy Grail in its meaning of Chalice of the supreme drink or Initiatic nectar of the Holy Gods.

Fortunately the dog Cerberus (the sexual instinct) guides the leash that helps the knight in his huge adventure.

Hercules took Cerberus, the three-headed dog, and, in spite of his barks, took him out of Tartarus, bound by the collar...

Horrible den where Cerberus howls, prodigy of terror, who with his barks, his three enormous flat heads, and his neck surrounded with serpents, fills with fright all the dead...

Cerberus, "Guiding Dog"; grateful, leads along the path of the razor's edge the knight who is capable of taking him out of the tortures of hell.

Cerberus sunk in the atomic infernos of man, emancipated, becomes the best guide of the Initiate.

Marvelous dog (sexual Libido), pulling the chain, guides the Adept who seeks his Beloved...

Joyful is the knight who, after the hard fray, celebrates his espousals with the Queen of the JINAS!...

It is written, with letters of gold, in the book of life, that within BUDDHI, like a vessel of pure and transparent crystal, miraculously burns the flame of PRAJNA (The Being).

Precious LADY-SPIRIT, eternal adorable spouse, ideal woman; Buddhistic enchantment of love.

Accept me in gracious honor as a servant and slave that I am to thee. Know, beloved of mine, that I am not worthy of thee...

But, noble Divine Lady, I dare not ask of thee but that thou allow my surrendered service. That in all that is in me I shall

serve thee as a faithful vassal.

Behold... Surrendered to thee, with all my zeal and care, thus I give myself wholly to thy will!...

Well do the Divine and the human know that the Lord of Perfection (the Theosophical ATMAN) has two souls, you and I... (the Buddhi and the superior or causal Manas)...

The few sages who have been in the world are not unaware that thou art my adored one, and that I am thy adorer...

Is it the light of day that illuminates me, or the memory of thy presence? Wherever I direct my gaze, the world appears to me full of thy image. In the ray of sun that wavers on the water and plays among the leaves, I see only the likeness of thy eyes...

What is this change that has altered my being, and that has caused the aspect of the Universe to vary?

I am not going to seek any remedy for thy trials. To all that thou imposest upon me, I submit. Thy subject I am... and thou my queen. I proclaim it aloud, and of it I glory. Truly to die for thee must be the greatest joy.

One night of indisputable delights, I had the joy of meeting my Beloved in the secret recess of a mountain.

Along the solitary path the carriage of my betrothed advanced slowly...

The legend of the centuries says that the Marquise of Beaupré rode in a coach of singular beauty, for it was made of pure porcelain; but the triumphal carriage of my adorable WALKYRIE resembled rather that coach which, in the times of "rococo," the wife of the Duke of Clermont used: a splendid carriage with a team of six horses, which bore silver horse-shoes, and whose wheels had rims of the same metal.

"Thou hast set fire to my heart, sister, my spouse;"

"Thou hast captured my heart with one of thine eyes."

"With a chain of thy neck."

"How beautiful are thy loves, sister, my spouse!"

"How much better than wine are thy loves!"

"And the scent of thine ointments than all aromatic spices!"

"Like a honeycomb thy lips distil, O spouse."

"Honey and milk are under thy tongue; and the scent of thy garments is like the scent of Lebanon."

"A closed garden art thou, my sister, my spouse; a closed fountain, a sealed fountain."

"Thy plants are a paradise of pomegranates, with sweet fruits, of henna flowers and spikenards."

"Spikenard and saffron, aromatic cane and cinnamon, with all the trees of frankincense; myrrh and aloes, with all the chief aromatic spices."

"Fountain of gardens, well of living waters, that flow from Lebanon."

(See the Song of Songs: Bible, Old Testament.)

The triumphal carriage of my adored one stops before an alcazar of shining porphyry, of the wealth and splendor of the East, brightening its walls and panels...

The splendid vehicle stops before the gates of refulgent bronze that with such majesty awe...

Soon there one sees the carriage encircled by a friendly chorus; distinguished knights, princes, and nobles; beautiful ladies and delicate children...

Someone gives a signal and I obey; I advance toward the carriage of love; I see through the crystals of joy my WALKYRIE...

"How beautiful are thy feet in sandals, O daughter of a prince! The contours of thy thighs are like jewels, the work of the hand of an excellent master."

"Thy navel like a round cup that wants no drink. Thy belly like a heap of wheat surrounded with lilies."

"Thy two breasts like twin gazelles. Thy neck like a tower of ivory; thine eyes like the pools of Heshbon by the gate of Bath-rabbim."

"Thy nose like the tower of Lebanon, which looks toward Damascus. Thy head upon thee like Carmel; and the hair of thy head like the purple of the King hanging in the corridors."

(See the Song of Songs: Bible, Old Testament.)

Clothed with the nuptial garment, the wedding garment of the soul, my betrothed has arrived in her resplendent coach for the espousals.

To be wedded before the Sacred Altar to my Twin Soul, the Theosophical BUDDHI. What joy, my God!... Yet I was told that I must still wait a little...

The virile suppliant of the force from on high postponed me, and I suffered with infinite patience...

I then had to plunge profoundly into the sacred mysteries of Minna, the dreadful darknesses of a love that is the twin brother of death...

I worked intensively in the SUPER-DARKNESS of silence and the august secret of the sages...

I had to wait for a time and times and the half... yet I sighed for Guinevere, the Queen of the Jinas...

One night... the stars shining in omni-embracing space seemed to have a new aspect...

Far from the worldly uproar I was in Samadhi; the door of my chamber remained hermetically sealed...

Then I was able to celebrate the Alchemical Wedding; she entered into me and I was lost in her...

In those moments of beatitude there intensively shone the Sun of midnight, the Solar Logos...

I felt myself transformed in integral form. The Church of LAODICEA, the famous SAHASRARA chakra, the LOTUS OF THE THOUSAND PETALS, the crown of the Saints shining in the Pineal Gland, brought me legitimate happiness... (PARAM ANANDA).

In those moments of supreme beatitude I truly became an authentic and legitimate "BRAHMA-VID VARISHTA."

The thousand Yoga Nadis of the SAHASRARA in fact gave me power over certain forces of nature...

BUDDHI, my GUINEVERE, besides bringing the SHIVA-SHAKTI-TATTVA to the maximum of vibratory activity, had placed the coronary PADMA in a certain state of intensified mystical functions...

Then I saw myself converted into the Messenger of the New Aquarian Era, teaching humanity a doctrine so new and so revolutionary... (and yet so ancient).

When I opened the door of my chamber, the Eye of Diamond (the Pineal) allowed me to see innumerable enemies. It is obvious that the diffusion of Gnosis in its revolutionary form will increase ever more the number of my adversaries.

It is not amiss to say that after this great cosmic event, the nuptial ceremony had to be carried out in the temple... Many people attended this great festival of love...

*The eternal Lady, the SOUL-SPIRIT (BUDDHI), always demands of her knight every kind of unheard-of prodigies of valor and sacrifice.*

## **Chapter 47: THE DRAGON OF DARKNESS**

After the Alchemical Wedding with that ineffable woman called GUINEVERE, the Queen of the "JINAS," I had then to face valiantly the Dragon of Darkness.

I already said in my past chapter that the delicious Walkyrie always demands of her adorable knight every kind of unheard-of prodigies of valor and sacrifice.

Amid the burning fire of the Universe, there are certainly no exceptions: even the LADY-ADEPTS must fight in many battles, like epic Amazons, when they truly long to be wedded to the Beloved (THE BUDDHI).

I thought that after the Alchemical Wedding with my adored one, I would enter fully into a paradisiac honeymoon; I did not remotely suspect that, in the submerged dens of the Subconscious, the sinister and tenebrous Mara was hidden — the father of the three classical Furies.

Gigantic monster of seven inhuman heads, bitterly personifying the seven capital sins...

The I of the I, horrifying offspring of the abyss within which was bottled a good percentage of my consciousness.

On writing these lines, we cannot fail to recall that Apocalyptic verse that textually says: "And the great Dragon was cast out, the ancient serpent, called the devil and Satan, who deceives the whole world; he was cast out to the earth, and his angels (the I's that constitute the Ego) were cast out with him."

If Michael Archangel and his luminous angels of Divine Light fought heroic battles against the Dragon, why should I precisely be an exception to the general rule?

God help me, and holy Mary! For even the very Buddha Gautama Siddhartha had to fight dreadful wars against the horrifying Dragon MARA and his three disgusting Furies.

It is not amiss to transcribe here, in opportune form, a certain verse of the Buddhist gospel that reads:

"MARA (The Dragon of darkness) uttered the threats that inspire terror, and stirred up such a hurricane that the heavens darkened and the sea roared and palpitated. But under the tree of Buddhi (the Fig tree symbol of sex), the Blessed One remained tranquil, fearing nothing. The illuminated one knew that no evil could befall him."

Ah! If the Adept could exclaim: "I am not the Dragon"... if he could say: "That monster has nothing to do with me"...

Yet it is clearly written in the book of all enigmas that MARA is the MYSELF, the SELF, in his states of most profound infraconsciousness.

Zeus from Olympus governs the world, and the Gods often do what is not expected, and what is awaited does not happen,

and heaven gives to human affairs an unthought-of end. So has it happened now.

Fighting against the Dragon after the Wedding? What a surprise, my God! Strange is what happens to me...

It is easy to descend to the INFERNAL WORLDS; but it is not so easy to return. There is the hard work! There the difficult test!

Some sublime heroes — few in truth — have achieved the triumphal return. Impenetrable forests separate the Avernus from the world of light; and the waters of the pale river, the Cocytus, trace labyrinthine windings in that twilight, whose mere image makes one shudder.

And the great beast roared dreadfully as when a lion roars, and the powers of darkness shuddered in horror.

When in the immense Silan forest, in the splendid shade of the Taburnus, two bulls with sharp horns run furiously against each other to fight, the humble shepherds, frightened, retreat, and as is only natural, the whole flock remains there immobile and mute with terror.

They with all their strength go on filling each other with terrible wounds, and with all their weight their sharp horns sink into the flesh; their necks and backs flow with red purple

blood, and the whole deep forest trembles with their bellowings.

Likewise the Dragon of darkness and my longing soul ran against each other, protecting themselves with their shields, and the abyss was filled with the roar.

Jupiter, the venerable Father of the Divine and of the human, has in balance, contemplating the hard fray, the two marvelous pans of his cosmic balance, and places upon each of them the destinies of the two combatants. Which shall succumb? On which side shall death weigh? The perfidious Mara feels himself invulnerable in his audacity. Hope and the excess of hatred agitate him.

The monster grasps with his sinister hand the dreadful lance of Longinus; three times he attempts to wound me in vain; desperate, he hurls the Holy Shaft against me; I dodge the blow of the hard pike; my Divine Mother Kundalini intervenes in those precise moments; she seizes the singular relic and with it mortally wounds the abominable offspring of hell.

The Red Dragon little by little loses his gigantic stature, dreadfully shrinks, is reduced to a mathematical point, and disappears forever into the tenebrous den...

Terrible are the secrets of the old abyss, somber and limitless ocean, where firstborn night and Chaos, grandparents of na-

ture, maintain a perpetual anarchy amid the rumor of eternal wars, sustaining themselves with the aid of confusion.

Heat, cold, humidity, dryness — four terrible champions — there dispute supremacy and lead to combat their embryos of atoms which, grouping around the standard of their legions and reunited in their different tribes, armed lightly or heavily, sharp, rounded, swift, or slow, swarm so innumerable as the sands of Barca or those of the burning beach of Cyrene, drawn to take part in the struggle of the winds and to serve as ballast for their swift wings.

The atom to which the greatest number of atoms adheres dominates for a moment. Chaos governs as arbiter, and his decisions come to increase ever more the disorder by which he reigns; after him, it is ostensible that in those sublunary sub-merged regions chance directs all.

Before that wild abyss, cradle and sepulcher of nature, before that den which is neither sea nor land, neither air nor fire, but is formed of all those elements which, confusedly mixed in their fecund causes, must always combat in the same way, unless the creating LOGOS dispose of their dark materials to form new worlds — before that barbarous Tartarus, the horri-fying abyssal offspring exhaled his last breath.

Then something unusual, marvelous, extraordinary happened. That fraction of my consciousness, formerly embedded in the colossal body of the abominable monster, returned to the depth of my soul...

*That fraction of my consciousness, formerly embedded in the colossal body of the abominable monster, returned to the depth of my soul...*

## **Chapter 48: ENIGMAS**

Tieh Shan writes:

I knew Buddhism since I was thirteen years old. At eighteen I entered the priesthood. Afterward, one day I read a thesis brought by a monk from Hsueh Yen, called "Advanced Meditations."

"This made me understand that I had not yet reached this point. So I went to see Hsueh Yen and followed his instructions on the way to meditate on the word Wu."

"On the fourth night, sweat broke out from my whole body, and I felt comfortable and light."

"I remained in the Meditation Hall, concentrated, addressing the word to no one."

"Then I saw Miao Kao Feng, who told me to continue meditating on the word Wu without ceasing, day and night."

"When I arose before dawn, the Hua Tou (the meaning of the word, the essence of the sentence) immediately presented itself before me."

"As soon as I had a little sleep, I left the seat and descended. The Hua Tou (that is, the word Wu) accompanied me while I walked, prepared my bed or my food, when I took the spoon or set aside the chopsticks. It was with me all the time, in all my activities, day and night."

"If one manages to merge his mind into a continuous and homogeneous whole, illumination is assured."

"As a result of this counsel, I became completely convinced that I had reached this state. On the twentieth of March, Master Yen addressed the congregation."

"Sit upright, refresh your minds as if you were at the edge of a ten-thousand-foot precipice, and concentrate on your Hua Tou" (The magical word Wu).

"If you work in this way for seven days (without resting a single second), without doubt you will reach realization. I made a similar effort forty years ago."

"I began to improve as soon as I followed these instructions. On the third day I felt my body floating in the air; on the fourth day I became completely unconscious of everything that happened in this world. That night I remained a while leaning against a banister. My mind was as serene as if I were not conscious. I constantly maintained before me the Hua Tou (the word Wu) and then returned to my seat."

"At the moment I was going to sit down, suddenly I had the sensation that my whole body, from the crown of my head to the tips of my feet, was divided."

"I had the sensation that my skull was being broken or that I was being lifted up to the heavens from a well ten thousand feet deep."

"Then I told Master Yen of this indescribable ecstasy and the unleashed joy I had just experienced. But Master Yen said: No, this is not it. You must continue working at your meditation."

"At my request, he then quoted some words of the Dharma, whose last verses were:"

"To propagate and glorify the noble deeds of the Buddhas and the Patriarchs, you must receive a good hammer blow on the back of the neck."

"I asked myself: Why do I need a hammer blow on the neck? Evidently, there was still in my mind a slight doubt, something of which I was not sure."

"Thus I continued meditating a long time every day, for half a year. Then, on one occasion when I was preparing an herbal decoction for a headache, I recalled a KOAN (enigmatic phrase) in which Red Nose asked Naja the question: 'If you return your bones to your father and your flesh to your mother, where, then, will you be?'"

"I then remembered that, when the monk who received me first asked me this question, I did not know how to answer him, but now, suddenly, my doubt had disappeared."

"Afterward, I went to see Meng Sham. Master Meng Sham asked me: When and where can we consider that our Zen work has ended?"

"Again I did not know how to answer. Master Meng Sham insisted that I must work with greater zeal in meditation (Dhyana) and that I must set aside customary human thoughts."

"Each time I entered his room and gave an answer to his question, he said that I had not understood the thing."

"One day I meditated from afternoon until the next morning, using the power of Dhyana to maintain myself and advance, until I reached directly the stage of profound subtlety."

"Leaving the Dhyana, I went to where the Master was and told him my experience. He asked: 'What is your original face?'"

"When I was about to answer, the Master threw me out and closed the door. From that moment, I achieved every day a subtle improvement."

"Later I understood that the whole difficulty had arisen because I had not remained long enough with Master Hsued Yen working on the delicate and subtle aspects of the task."

"But how fortunate I was to find such an excellent Zen Master! Only thanks to him could I reach this stage."

"I had not understood that if one exercises oneself ceaselessly and insistently, one will always achieve something from time to time, and one's ignorance will diminish at every step of the way."

"Master Meng Sham told me: this is the same as polishing a pearl. The more you polish it, the brighter, clearer, and purer it becomes."

"A polishing of this kind is superior to a whole work of incarnation. Yet when I wanted to answer my Master's question, he

told me that something was missing in me."

"One day, in the middle of meditation, the word 'missing' presented itself in my mind, and suddenly I felt that my body and mind opened wide from the marrow of my bones, completely."

"The feeling was as if an ancient mountain of sand were suddenly dissolved beneath the burning sun, which had emerged after many dark and cloudy days."

"I could not avoid it, and I broke out into peals of laughter. I leaped from my seat, seized the arm of Master Meng Sham, and said: Tell me: What is missing in me? What is missing in me?"

The Master slapped me three times, and I prostrated myself three times before him. He said: "Oh, Tieh Sham, you have taken many years to reach this point."

*Evidently, there was still in my mind a slight doubt, something of which I was not sure." "Thus I continued meditating a long time every day, for half a year.*

## **Chapter 49: THE FINAL ILLUMINATION**

Truth must be understood through an instantaneous illumination, but the fact, the complete INTIMATE SELF-

REALIZATION OF THE BEING, must be worked intensively in gradual form.

The Mantram "Wu" refers principally to the awakening of mystical experience in its immediate sense, and the SAMYAKSAM BODHI (CHUE in China) denotes the permanent and complete illumination.

If through a retrospective exercise we return to the original point of departure and theoretically return the bones to our father and the flesh to our mother: Where, then, shall we be? It is obvious that in the seed, in the semen...

This leads us to think that without SAHAJA MAITHUNA we could never understand the essence of the sentence of the famous Hua Tou, "Wu"...

Observe the verticals of the "W," study the whole; the graphic form of the combinations that clearly emphasizes the basic idea of successive exaltations always preceded by tremendous humiliations.

He who wishes to ascend must first descend, that is the Law; Initiation is death and matrimony at the same time.

For greater understanding of the Hua Tou, "Wu," it is not amiss to repeat the following: "The descent to the Ninth Sphere (sex) was, from ancient times, the supreme test for the

highest dignity of the Hierophant. Jesus, Buddha, Hermes, Dante, Zoroaster, and so on, had to pass through that difficult test."

"There Mars descends to retemper the 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."

Yet, for the good of the great cause, it is convenient to recall that beside the "W" shines, in ZEN, the radical "U," living symbol of that "Great womb within which the worlds are gestated."

In cosmic grammar, the "RUNE UR" is certainly the Divine Mother-Space; the Sacred matrix where beasts, men, and gods are gestated. It is unquestionable that without the esoteric power of DEVI KUNDALINI, it would be impossible to work in the LIT FORGE OF VULCAN (Sex).

The Magisterium of Fire must be realized in seven days or periods: Let us recall our astrological formula: Moon, Mercury, Venus, Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn (The starry sky of Uranus and the classical Empyrean are for those who have already reached the longed-for goal).

I won the right to enter the Lunar heaven after a previous humiliation. This is law for all worlds. No one could definitively enter the heavens of Mercury, Venus, and so on, without hav-

ing first worked esoterically in their corresponding planetary infernos.

The "Wu" experiences are one and many; one, because they are identical in essence; many, because they differ in depth, clarity, and efficacy. This gives a slight idea of the meaning and nature of the "Wu."

"What is your original face?" Terrible question of Master Meng Sham! The Hebrew Genesis says: "Man shall abandon father and mother to unite himself to his wife and be both, two in one flesh."

Let the gods of the dawn speak! Let the muses inspire me! Let the hurricane roar!

It is written, with burning coals, in the book of all mysteries, that all the Avatars of Ishwara always present the requirement of the Omni-merciful universal spirit of life: To restore upon the face of the earth "the original face," the pristine, paradisiac state of ADAM-KADMON, the androgynous being who incarnates both man and woman at the same time.

This precious restoration of the cosmic Being within each of us is realized precisely in the delicious moments of that supreme ecstasy of love when two beings — one masculine, the other feminine — in full coitus, consciously yield their differential individuality to fuse into one.

And since this unity is not only physical but also of PSYCHIC-SPIRITUAL kind, the Doctrines that reject the SEXUAL MAGIC of Eros turn out to be anti-human and anti-divine.

There is found in the cultural-spiritual environment of the present epoch — and above all in the most refined esoteric circles — the recognition of man as image and likeness of the living cosmos, and therefore the cosmic sense of his sexual potency.

The theologians and naturalists of the Middle Ages already knew something about the connection between sexual energy and the prodigious forces that crossed the inalterable infinite...

Thus, Saint Albertus Magnus was imbued with a deep belief in the power of the stars that exert decisive influence upon the sexual potency of the individual.

Saint Albertus, opining that the stars were bipolar, that is, of an Angelic-Animal nature, came to the logical conclusion that, in matrimony, a double union, spiritual and animal, could occur.

Saint Augustine, the Gnostic Patriarch, emphasizes the idea that sexual libido embraces not only the whole body, but the intimate being who, in carnal agitation, is bound with the psychic, so that a sensation of pleasure is formed that has no

equal among the sensual; thus, at the instant it reaches its culmination, every consciousness and every force of understanding is disconnected.

This disconnection between consciousness and intellect is precisely what can transfigure the delicious coitus into supernatural, into spiritual, into something terribly Divine.

It is the ultimate goal of mystical practices, such as, for example, that of Zen, or that of the Christian quietism of Friar Miguel de Molinos; that of leading us to the quietude and silence of the mind.

When the mind is still, when the mind is in silence, the new comes.

In those moments of indisputable delights, consciousness escapes from the mortifying mind to experience the real...

The second Patriarch of Zen asked the BODHI-DHARMA:  
How is it possible to reach the TAO?

The BODHI-DHARMA answered:

*"Externally, all activity ceases;*

*internally, the mind ceases to be agitated.*

*When the mind has become a wall,*

*then you can enter into the TAO."*

The CHAN Buddhists in China rarely speak of SAMBODHI, the final illumination (the famous Chueb).

Since the "Wu" is fundamentally the mystical experience of awakening to truth (Prajna), the person who attains the "Wu" experience may not be capable of dominating it, deepening it, and ripening it.

Much work in the "Ninth Sphere" is needed before reaching perfection, in order to put aside the dualistic, egoistic, and deeply rooted thoughts that arise from the passions.

The gospel of the TAO has said: "Purify your heart, cleanse your thoughts, restrain your appetites, and preserve the semen."

The author of EL-KTAB, a marvelous writing appreciated by the Arabs, never tires of glorifying coitus; for him this is, with just reason, the most magnificent and sacred hymn of praise, the noblest longing of man and his companion in the quest for the primitive unity and the paradisiac delights.

Love is the FIAT LUX of Moses' book, the Divine mandate, the law for all continents, seas, worlds, and spaces.

When we valiantly grasp that lance of Eros with the evident purpose of reducing to dust all and each of the subjective ele-

ments we carry within, light springs forth.

Within each subconscious entity, there exists bottled essence, light in a potential state.

Just as the atom, when split, liberates energy, so too the total destruction of any of our infernal elements liberates light.

We need to make the light in each one of us. "Light, more Light," said Goethe at his death.

Sexual Magic is the eternal foundation of the luminous and spermatic FIAT of the first instant.

The radical death of the Ego and of the other infrahuman elements we carry within leads us to the final Illumination (SAMYAKSAM-BODHI).

Thus the ZEN illumination, or "Wu," varies greatly, from the superficial glimpse of the beginners on the mental essence, to the total Buddhism, as was realized by BUDDHA.

*Truth must be understood through an instantaneous illumination, but the fact, the complete INTIMATE SELF-REALIZATION OF THE BEING, must be worked intensively in gradual form.*

## **Chapter 50: WHITE TANTRISM**

The authentic Tantric doctrines of the KAMASUTRA of Vatsyayana and the ANANGARANGA of Kalyanamalla are complemented by the VAJROLI-YOGA and the PANCATATWA.

The legitimate Hindu KAMASUTRA has nothing to do with certain editions of a spurious, bastard, adulterated kind that, bearing the same title, circulate profusely in all the Western countries.

This classical work of the Hindu amatory art is divided into seven parts; in the first are set forth, together, the impulse of life and the arts and sciences that are of practical utility in Sexual Magic.

Only those women who have practiced Sexual Magic with some man are considered as Mistresses of the beginners. The disciple must come to possess sixty-four basic arts.

Among others — singing, instrumental music, dance, tattooing, the making of a bed of flower petals, musical execution with vessels containing pure water, mineralogy, chemical science, the organization of fights of cocks, quail and rams, and the technique of all literary works — the pupil must obligatorily learn magical arts. Not only must she know how to prepare

the diagrams and love philters of esoteric efficacy, but she must also be instructed in wise sorceries and Mantrams.

In the second part of the KAMASUTRA, the great Hindu Master Vatsyayana wisely sets forth abundant esoteric teaching on the art of love, dealing very especially with something extraordinary that is, truly, the division of types of women and men according to the size of their sexual parts.

He intelligently presents three classes of men, who are designated according to their PHALLUS as: 1, hare; 2, bull; 3, stallion (Large animal of Hindustan).

Corresponding to the males, women are also classified in three classes according to the constitution of their YONI (sexual organ):

- Gazelle.
- Mare.
- She-elephant.

This differentiation of both sexes gives fundamentally nine amatory combinations that remind us of the Ninth Sphere:

- Elevated sexual joy:
- Hare with gazelle.
- Bull with mare.

- Stallion with she-elephant.
- Unequal sexual unions:
- Hare with mare.
- Hare with she-elephant.
- Bull with gazelle.
- Bull with she-elephant.
- Stallion with mare.
- Stallion with gazelle...

The nine possibilities of sexual union subdivide into three classes, according to the size of the sexual organs:

- The proportion of the same size, which undoubtedly is the best.
- The relation between large and small organs, in which the enjoyment of pleasure is most unfortunate.
- All other amatory relations, which can simply be classified as regular.

The eventual temperament of the spouses undoubtedly plays a great role in the sexual act; they are grouped in three classes: cold, medium, and ardent; so that the nine couplings of the Ninth Sphere are possible, namely:

- Cold with cold.
- Medium with medium.
- Ardent with ardent.

Unequal sexual unions:

- Cold with medium.
- Cold with ardent.
- Medium with cold.
- Medium with ardent.
- Ardent with cold.
- Ardent with medium.

"The duration of a sexual enjoyment — that is, the possibility of a long permanence of the same — is not, for the Hindus, based, for example, on a purely animal sensual activity, but is considered as a vital question that expresses, in the executed act, a demonstration of very developed and most exquisite culture. A spouse who is not really oriented on the most intimate sexual phenomena is considered as deficient. According to Rasamanjuri, such is every man who, in the game of love, does not reflect on what must be done and what must be allowed to be done."

From all points of view, it stands out with full meridian clarity that the duration of sexual joy is also divided into three class-

es: 1, rapid; 2, medium; 3, slow.

The secret of the happiness of God consists of his relation with himself.

From such a relation comes, in accordance with the law of philosophical analogies, every cosmic bond, every sexual link.

Sexual enjoyment is, then, a legitimate right of man; the happiness of God expressing itself through us.

Mohammed said: "Coitus is an act pleasing even to religion, provided it be carried out with the invocation of Allah and with one's own wife, for reproduction."

The Qur'an says: "Go, take for a wife a maiden whom you caress and who caresses you; do not pass to coitus without having first excited yourself by the caresses."

The Prophet underlines: "Your wives are for you a plowed field. Go to it as it pleases you, but perform first some act of devotion. Fear God and do not forget that one day you shall have to be found in his presence!"

According to this conception, it is ostensible that the delicious coitus with the adorable woman is certainly a form of prayer; in those moments of supreme joy we become collaborators of the Creating Logos; we continue the radiant task, at every in-

stant recreating, of the maintenance of the universe within the mysterious bosom of the eternal MOTHER-SPACE.

"Do as your creator, as a man powerful in works and force who is conscious of what he does, and you shall obtain double enjoyment; an increased seminal liquor and healthy and strong children."

Thus has MOHAMMED said: "Ten graces does Allah bestow upon the man who grants his sympathy to woman with caressing hands; twenty if he presses her against his heart; but if his amorous embrace is the authentic one, he obtains from God thirty graces for each kiss."

KALYANAMALLA emphasizes the transcendental idea that the exact fulfillment of the code of love is much more difficult than the intellectual humanoid mistakenly thinks:

"The preparatory pleasures are already complicated; thus, the art must be employed exactly according to the precepts, to enliven the passion of the woman in the same way as a bonfire is enlivened, so that her YONI becomes softer, more elastic, and apt for the amorous act."

A wise author said: "The ANANGARANGA grants great importance to the fact that both members of the couple should not let any cooling, weariness, or satiety enter into their common life in their relations, carrying out the consummation of love

with recollection and total surrender. The form of the sexual act — that is, the position in it — is called ASANA." Four modalities must be distinguished:

- UTTANA-DANDA.
- TIRYAC.
- UPAWISHTA.
- UTTHITA.

Since the esoteric study of these four Tantric ASANAS has complicated content, for exclusively pedagogical purposes we shall limit ourselves in the present book to transcribing specifically that sexual position called: "UPAWISHTA." Yet it is clear that in future treatises we shall continue with the study of the other ASANAS.

UPAWISHTA means the seated position, of which twelve sub-postures are given:

- The especially preferred: PADMASANA. The man sits with his legs crossed on the bed or a carpet, takes the woman upon his legs, and she with hers wraps the man's body in such a way that her two feet come to make contact upon the masculine coccyx (thus the woman absorbs the Phallus).

- Both seated, and during the delicious act, the woman raises one of her legs with one hand.
- Man and woman interlace their hands behind their respective necks.
- While the woman takes the man's feet in her hands, he seizes those of the woman.
- The man takes the woman's legs in his arms, lets them rest on the arch of the elbow, and interlaces his arms behind her nape.
- The posture of the tortoise. Both sit so that they mutually touch mouth, hands, and leg.
- Seated with the legs spread apart, the man penetrates with his member and presses between his thighs those of the woman.
- A posture executable only by a very strong man and a very light woman; the man supports the woman with the elbows raised, penetrates with his member, and then sways her from right to left.
- The same posture, only that the swaying of the woman is performed back and forth.

The Eastern UPAWISHTA is marvelous; yet it is unquestionable that we Gnostics are not exclusivists. It is obvious that in

the West of the world, many mystics prefer the following ASANA:

- Woman lying on her back on the bed; legs spread, that is, opened to right and left; low pillow or none at all.
- Man placed upon the woman, between her legs; face, chest, and masculine belly making direct contact with the body of the female.
- Brow against brow, chest against chest, plexus against plexus; all the corresponding astral centers superimposed to permit an exchange of magnetic currents and thus to establish a complete androgynism.
- Introduce the virile member very softly into the vagina; avoid violent actions. The movement of the Phallus within the uterus must be slow and delicate.
- The coitus must last at least one hour.
- Withdraw from the woman before the spasm to avoid the ejaculation of the semen.
- The Phallus must be removed from the UTERUS very slowly and with all delicacy.

Pierre Huard, speaking with Ming Wong about Chinese medicine, says: "TAOISM has other influences in medicine, as is

proved by the reading of a compilation of TAOIST treatises, the SING-MING-KUEL-CHEN, of the year 1622 approximately."

"Three regions are distinguished in the human body. The upper or cephalic region is the origin of the spirits that dwell in the body."

"The Jade pillow (YU CHEN) is found in the postero-inferior part of the head. The so-called pillow bone is the occiput (CHEN-KU)."

"The palace of NI-HUAN (term derived from the Sanskrit word NIRVANA) is found in the brain, also called 'sea of the bone marrow' (SUEI-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 unites the cerebral cavities with the genital centers; it ends at a point called the celestial column (TIEN-CHU), located behind the nape at the point where the hairs are born; this point must not be confused with the acupuncture point of the same name."

"The lower region comprises the field of cinnabar (TAN-TIEN), in which the genital activity resides, represented by the two kidneys, the fire of the tiger (YANG) on the left and the fire of the Dragon (YIN) 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; lead (masculine element) and mercury (feminine element) come to mix; as soon as they are united, the young ones 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 along the spinal column, thanks to which the course of life is recovered."

"The basis of these Taoist sexual practices is the 'COITUS RESERVATUS,' in the course of which the sperm that has descended from the encephalon to the Prostatic region (but that has NOT been ejaculated) returns to its origin; it is what is called making the substance return (HUAN TSING)."

"Whatever the objections that may be formulated against the reality of this return, it is no less certain that the Taoists conceived a cerebral dominion of the elemental instincts that maintained the degree of genesic excitation below the threshold of ejaculation; thus they gave the sexual act a new style and a purpose distinct from fecundation."

"Sexual practices have played a great role in Taoism; the public and collective practices, noted in the second century, disappeared in the sixth century."

"The private practices continued so long that TSENG TSAO (twelfth century) devotes to them a section of his TAO CHU."

"In reality, both TAOISTS and BUDDHISTS observed continence (which has its basis in SEXUAL MAGIC); but the former considered it as a form of detachment that would lead them to liberation, while the latter (besides their longing to attain the TAO) remained chaste to concentrate, conserve their substance, and live a long time." "It is possible that, as happened with their breathing exercises, the Taoists were inspired by the Indian Tantric Treatises; some were translated into Chinese in the epoch of the T'ANG and known by SUEN-SSEU-MIAO."

"The PAO-P'U-TSEU contains a section titled 'The bedchamber' (Eighteen chapters), which was printed in 1066 and reprinted in 1307, 1544, and 1604 by KIAO CHE-KING."

These data have been taken from texts included in the Annals of the Sui by TAMBA YASUYORI in his YI-SIN-FANG (982-984, printed by TAKI GENKIN, who died in 1857).

"In 1854, this medical compendium of thirty chapters contains the bedchamber secrets; it was reedited by YE TO-HUEI (1864 - 1927), who reconstructed the lost texts and in particular the 'ARS AMATORIA' of the Master TONG HIUAN."

A great sage said: "Through the practice of VAJROLI-MUDRA, the Yogi causes the SHAKTI to flow into himself — that is, the revealed universal sexual energy — so that he will no longer be merely a partaker of her, but also her Lord. In the VIPARITA-KARANI 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."

If we strip the VAJROLI-MUDRA, if we rend the veil of ISIS, the naked truth remains: SEXUAL MAGIC, the SAHAJA MAITHUNA.

The esoteric VIPARITA KARANI clearly and precisely teaches how the YOGI slowly makes the semen ascend through concentration, so that man and woman in full copula can attain the VAJROLI.

"OM! Obedient to the goddess, who resembles a serpent asleep in the SVAYAMBHU-LINGAM and marvelously adorned, she enjoys the beloved and other enchantments. She is enraptured by wine and radiates with millions of rays. She will be awakened (during Sexual Magic) by air and fire, with the Mantrams: YAM and DRAM, and by the Mantram HUM."

Chant these Mantrams in those precious moments in which the LINGAM-YONI are connected in the nuptial bed. Thus

DEVI KUNDALINI, the igneous serpent of our magical powers, will be awakened.

## **Chapter 51: THE THIRD ACT**

Don Mario Roso de Luna, the eminent Theosophical writer, commenting on the third part of the Wagnerian Parsifal, writes textually thus:

"The third act unfolds again in the domains of the Grail. It is springtime. A smiling countryside whose limits extend from the edge of the forest to the mountains of the Grail shows, among the grove, a spring, and, opposite it, leaning against the rocks, a poor hermit's hut."

"It is the first hour of Good Friday; Gurnemanz, the hermit, aged, and with no other clothing than the old tunic he still preserves from the knights of the Grail, comes out of the hut and listens to deep moans, as of someone who, in deep sleep, struggles against a nightmare."

"He then hastens toward the bramble whence the moans came and finds KUNDRY, cold and rigid, hidden one knows not how long, in the harsh brambles of winter — the sad moral night of the sinner — without knowing of the arrival of the redeeming spring"...

"The elder drags KUNDRY out and begins to revive her with his breath. She awakens at last, letting out a cry. She is dressed as a penitent. Her complexion is paler. From her face and manners the surly fierceness has disappeared."

"She contemplates Gurnemanz with a prolonged gaze, like one who evokes old memories; she rises, and going toward the hermit's cabin, prepares for the task of serving him, as in olden days she did with the holy knights."

"She takes out, then, a pitcher and goes to fill it at the fountain. Then she returns to the cabin, in which she prepares to work, as customary, in the service of the last survivor of the Grail."

"Meanwhile, Parsifal comes out of the forest with black attire and armor, the visor lowered, the lance low, and his head bowed beneath the weight of his conflicting thoughts."

"Gurnemanz approaches him in case he needs to be guided. Parsifal does not answer the attentions of the ascetic; but the latter reminds him that it is Good Friday, a day whose holiness must not be mocked by arms."

"Parsifal rises, casts down his arms, drives the lance into the earth and, before it, falls upon his knees in ecstatic prayer."

"Gurnemanz then contemplates him, moved and astonished, and likewise calls KUNDRY by signs. In him he recognizes the slayer of the swan of yore, sinner who has come, as the man, to the Holy Enclosure by the paths of desolation and bewilderment, a hundred times cursed; through trackless regions and innumerable contentions"...

"The hermit at once informs him of the state of misfortune into which the knights of the Grail have fallen — all dispersed or dead but he — since Amfortas, now impotent to resist the curse of his wound, seeks death, renouncing to uncover the sacred Vessel so that IT may no longer prolong his life with the immortal Breath."

"Parsifal, before such great pain, falls fainting beside the fountain. Gurnemanz holds him up and makes him sit on the grass, and KUNDRY hastens with a vessel of water to sprinkle Parsifal's face."

"No! says Gurnemanz — let the sacred fountain itself be the Vessel — the YONI that restores the pilgrim."

"I foresee that he is called to perform today a sublime work; to exercise a Divine mission. Let him then be cleansed of every stain and washed here of the impurities of his long pilgrimage."

"Between the two, they conduct Parsifal to the edge of the fountain, while KUNDRY unbuckles his greaves and bathes his feet, even as the hermit strips him of the old black vestments of pain and of struggle, leaving him in the white tunic of the Neophyte alone, which is the new tunic of purity, every old ferment of sin now expunged, as Saint Paul would say."

"KUNDRY then anoints the feet of the chosen one, pouring on them the content of a little vessel of gold she hid in her bosom."

"Like a new Magdalene, she dries them with her own hair, while Gurnemanz also anoints his head as a future King, baptizing him as Redeemer of the Grail, and as wise through compassion"...

"The ineffable idyll commonly called THE CHARMS OF GOOD FRIDAY then resounds triumphal in space, greeting joyfully the Redeemer, amid the august joy of the mountain and the forest, where everything smiles at the approach of the supreme moment of liberation"...

"The bells of the Grail ring again as in olden days, calling to the holy ceremony."

"Gurnemanz clothes the new King with his preserved jerkin and knight's mantle, and with him undertakes the ascent to-

ward the castle, whose splendors, thanks to the sacred sexual lance, will not be slow to return."

"The ambit of the great Hall of the Grail fills with knights and squires who, on one side, lead the litter of Amfortas and, on the other, the corpse of Titurel, which comes to receive the last blessing of the Grail."

"The grieving son, seeking only the rest of death, has unconsciously caused the death of his father by being deprived of the immortal contemplation of the Regenerating Vessel."

"All the knights demand of Amfortas that, for the last time, he fulfill his task!"

"Amfortas, sensing already near him the sweet darkneses of death, resists returning to the life that, once the Grail is uncovered, must be given to him, and indignantly rends his vestments, asking with cries for death in tremendous paroxysm"...

"All withdraw from him in dismay as the funeste wound is uncovered, gushing blood."

"Parsifal, who has arrived, detaches himself from the group, brandishes the lance, and, touching the side of Amfortas with its point, miraculously closes it at last."

"He then raises the lance triumphantly; all prostrate themselves before it in ecstasy, while Amfortas, drawing the sacred

relic from the ark, makes the whole environment soak in the glory of the Grail, and Parsifal, elevated from that moment to the supreme dignity and blessing from that instant and forever with IT the restored Holy Assembly"...

"Titurel, returned for a moment to life, rises in his bier, while, from the dome, the snow-white dove hovers over the head of the new King, of the wise one through compassion!... while the sacred chants burst forth more vigorously than ever, and KUNDRY, the symbolic woman, also falls lifeless to the ground, redeemed, amid the universal homage that heaven and earth gloriously render to the Hero who has conquered the powers of evil, achieving Liberation through effort and sacrifice."

## **Chapter 52: THE SIGN OF JONAH**

"This evil and adulterous generation demands a sign, but no sign shall be given to it, save that of Jonah the prophet. For as Jonah was three days and three nights in the belly of the whale, so shall the Son of Man be in the earth three days and three nights." (MATTHEW 12:39-40.)

This exotic, somewhat confused account of the marvelous Book of Jonah has as its esoteric foundation a most ancient symbolic ceremony that consisted of leaving the initiate for

three days and three nights in the unspeakable mystery of a cavern or inner sanctum similar in its form to a fish.

Old traditions, lost in the terrifying night of all the centuries, say that during this interval, while the body of the initiate lay like a corpse within a sarcophagus, his soul, absent from the dense human form, experienced directly in the superior worlds the ritual of life and of death.

Both the elemental water and the perfumed earth — elements beyond doubt passive or simply negative — represent the preliminary purification and the serious basis of every regenerative process, which then must become effective by means of the higher and active elements, air and fire respectively, symbolic of the spirit and of the great reality.

The extraordinary and marvelous form of the old coffin of OSIRIS naturally brings to mind, by its similarity and Initiatic meaning, another fish, magnificently represented by the Semitic alphabet in the letter SAMEKH, which occupies the fifteenth Kabbalistic place, and which undoubtedly symbolized at the beginning the famous constellation of the whale, under whose regency we must carry out certain works of the "Ninth Sphere."

The Kabbalistic fifteen of Typhon Baphomet — the Devil — animal passion, representative of the said constellation, invites

us to understand what is the work in the "Ninth Sphere" (Sex).

The Initiate who spills the Vessel of Hermes will be struck down by the sixteenth Arcanum of the constellation of Aries; he will fall from the tower under the bolt of cosmic justice, like the inverted Pentalpha, with his head downward and his two legs upward.

If we Kabbalistically add the two ciphers of 15, we shall have the following result:  $1 + 5 = 6$ .

Six in the Tarot is the Arcanum of the Lover; the man between virtue and passion. Learn to polarize yourselves wisely with Arcanum six and you shall have conquered the dreadful 15 of the constellation of the whale.

Remember, beloved reader, that in the center of the chest you have a very special magnetic point that captures the waves of light and of glory that come from your human soul.

She is TIPHEREETH, Arcanum six of the TAROT. Listen to her. Obey the orders that emanate from her.

Act in accordance with those intimate impulses; work in the forge of the Cyclopes when she so requires. If you learn to obey, you shall not perish in the belly of the whale.

Behold! You have become a fish working among the chaotic waters of the first instant. Now you will understand why the

coffin of OSIRIS has the form of a fish.

It is unquestionable that the seven days or genesic periods of Moses are synthesized in those three days and three nights of Jonah in the belly of the Whale; an Initiatic ceremony repeated by the Great Kabir Jesus in the Holy Sepulchre.

Some very ill-informed persons mistakenly suppose that the simple symbolic Initiatic ceremony of the Great Sepulchre, with its famous three days plus the catalepsy of the physical body, is all there is...

Lamentably, those good people are ignorant that the simple ceremony is only a sign, the symbol or allegory of something immense and terrible that is projected into the unknown...

Jonah the Prophet, working under the regency of the constellation of the Whale, immersed in the deep pit of the universe, in the "Ninth Sphere" (Sex), carries out his work in three days or periods of more or less length.

- He fashions the wedding garment of the soul and establishes within himself a permanent center of consciousness.
- He radically eliminates the three traitors of the intimate Christ and reduces to cosmic dust the

Dragon of darkness and the secondary beasts  
(Sublunary Work).

- He continues to die in the higher spheres of Mercury, Venus, Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and so on.

The first period of time concludes in the "Second Birth," of which the Great Kabir Jesus spoke to the Rabbi Nicodemus.

The second period ends with marvelous nuptials. Nothing less than the wedding of the human soul with Guinevere, the Queen of the Jinas. To the women we shall say that they then marry the eternal Beloved...

The third period concludes magisterially with the resurrection of the secret Christ within our own heart.

The Hindu esoteric texts constantly mention the famous Trimurti: ATMAN-BUDDHI-MANAS (This is the Innermost with his two souls: Buddhi and Manas, respectively).

Of that Trimurti, only an insignificant fraction of the third aspect is incarnated in the intellectual humanoid mistakenly called man.

Such fraction is called the "ESSENCE"; in Japanese Zen... it is simply called "The Buddhata."

Unfortunately, the "Essence" lies asleep within that motley and grotesque assembly of submerged, tenebrous entities that constitute the Ego, the Myself, the Self.

Yet such "Essence" is the raw material to fashion soul; a concept which, unfortunately, has not yet been very well understood by our Gnostic students.

The Chinese TAO clearly teaches that the "Essence," bottled up among that whole assembly of Devil-I's that constitute the Ego, must pass in the "Ninth Sphere" through incessant alchemical transformations before becoming the "Seminal Pearl."

The marvelous reflux of sexual energy in the form of a luminous whirlwind — as when a ray of light returns upon striking a wall — comes to crystallize within us in the "Golden Flower," which, as is known, establishes within the Neophyte a permanent center of consciousness.

The "Seminal Pearl," developing through Sexual Magic and the formidable work with the lance of Longinus, must pass through unspeakable bitternesses before becoming "the golden embryo." (In the golden flower.)

The "Second birth" is truly an extraordinary, marvelous cosmic event; we then incarnate the third aspect of the Trimurti: ATMAN-BUDDHI-MANAS.

The Human soul (the higher Manas of the Hindus) enters into the "Golden Embryo"; from that instant it is said of us that we are men with soul; sacred individuals; persons truly responsible in the most complete sense of the word.

The "Golden Embryo," clothed in the Wedding garment of the soul, truly experiences a supreme joy in the moment when it fuses with the human soul.

In the "Golden Embryo" are summarized all the experiences of life, and for this reason it is ostensible that it gives rise to deep transformations in the immortal Pneumatic principles of man. Thus it is that we are converted into Adepts of the White Brotherhood.

The Marriage with Guinevere, the Divine Amazon, is certainly another event of marvels that marks the apotheotic end of the second great day or period of time. Then it is unquestionable that we experience another radical transformation, because within the Buddhi, as within a vessel of fine and transparent alabaster, the flame of Prajna burns.

Yet it is indubitable that the superlative transformation is only possible with the resurrection of the intimate Christ in the heart of man. This is the culminating phase of the third period. The formidable instant when the brilliant constellation of the Whale vomits Jonah the prophet onto the beach of

Nineveh; the supreme moment when Jesus the Great Kabir is resurrected; the extraordinary second of Parsifal's triumph in the resplendent temple of the Holy Grail.

*Yet it is indubitable that the superlative transformation is only possible with the resurrection of the intimate Christ in the heart of man.*

## **Chapter 53: THE SCORE OF PARSIFAL**

Don Mario Roso de Luna, the Great Spanish Sage, writes:

"The score of Parsifal" — says Rogelio Villar — "is astonishing, in general, by its grandeur and majesty, by the inspiration and beauty of its design, by the purity of its lines, and by the coloring and shade of its wise and artistic instrumentation, sweet and soft, grandiose and solemn. It marks the term of the evolution begun in TANNHAUSER and LOHENGRIN, in whose inspired works are sketched his theories on lyric drama, reaching their utmost extremes in the most beautiful score of Parsifal."

"The fragmentary melodic pieces (leitmotifs) that are heard in the course of Wagner's drama, in the different situations, are of great expressive power and, in relation with the character of the poem, always subordinated to the spirit of the literary phrase."

"The prelude and the consecration of the Holy Grail (Last Supper of the apostles), a magnificent and intensely moving page in the first act; the prelude and the enchanted Garden of KLINGSOR (voluptuous scene of the flowers), and the dramatic duet of seduction between KUNDRY and PARSIFAL, in the second; the brief and melancholic prelude, the moving scene of baptism (one of the most emotional moments of PARSIFAL), and the charms of Good Friday, pages of sublime beauty, in the third; the more peaceful and poetic for its delicacies and for its rich and exuberant orchestration, as all the outstanding situations of the opera, swelling with enchanting poetry and exquisite tenderness; delicate or sweet, somber or gloomy, always in character with the poem."

"Other interesting episodic fragments for the orchestral work of descriptive character are: the morning prayer of Gurnemanz; the entrance of KUNDRY; the King's cortege, of great visuality, as well as the speech of GURNEMANZ in the shade of a centenarian tree, in which he relates to his squires the origin of the order of the Grail, KUNDRY, the pains of AMFORTAS, and the evil spell of KLINGSOR."

"There stands out also, in the second act, the whole sinister scene of the infernal magus, in which he avails himself of his cunning so that KUNDRY, the Eve of Hebrew mythology,

may seduce PARSIFAL; and in the third, the desolating scene of Amfortas, of deep emotion, and the funeral march."

"There are in the score of Parsifal symphonic fragments of an unspeakable beauty, delicious sonorities blended and fused with an art so new, so suited to the medium in which the action unfolds, to the character of the landscape, poetic-musical images so expressive, and true successes of interpretation of the legend of the Holy Grail, that they subjugate."

"Intermixed with an unprecedented art, there are heard in the orchestra the themes of the Last Supper, Titurel (Order of the Grail), KUNDRY, AMFORTAS, PARSIFAL, which symbolize Faith, Compassion, humility, melancholy, Love, resignation, the Swan, the lance, and others, whose meaning it is necessary to know in order to fully enjoy the Wagnerian conception in all its magnitude and grandeur; Amfortas symbolizes remorse; Titurel, the voice of the past; Klingsor, sin (the I). Parsifal, redemption; Gurnemanz (The Guru), tradition; KUNDRY, seduction."

**INVERENCIAL PEACE**

**SAMAEL AUN WEOR**

## CONCLUSION OF THE LUNAR WORKS

After having reduced to cosmic dust MARA, the father of the three classical Furies, I then had to face valiantly the secondary beasts of the abyss.

The day was slowly ending; the delicious air of the night invited the living beings who populate the face of the earth to rest from their fatigues, and I alone was concerned to sustain the combats of the path and the things worthy of compassion that my memory shall write without error.

O ineffable Muses! O high Divine ingenuity! Come to my aid; Jupiter, venerable Father of the Divine and of the human! Inspire me, that my style may not fall short of the nature of the subject.

My deep sleep was interrupted by a thunder so strong that I shuddered like a man who is awakened violently; I rose and, directing a glance around me, fixed my gaze to recognize the place where I was; I saw myself in a solitary house beside the tenebrous path.

Seated in a rough chair beside the window from which the steep path could be well contemplated, I then evoked the gone times...

Certainly in other ages I had been there in the dwelling of the abyss and before the same path...

Nothing of this seemed new to me; I understood that I was recapitulating mysteries; rising from the chair, I opened the old door of that dwelling and went out, walking slowly... slowly along the solitary path...

With a single glance, and passing with my gaze a space as distant as is possible to the penetration of spiritual sight, I saw that sad, devastated, and somber place...

The floor was damp, and I had to stop intemperately before a certain electrical cable that lay extended on the ground...

A copper cable charged with high voltage? What horror!... And I was on the point of stepping on it...

"It is better to die being free than to live being imprisoned." Thus cried the voice of silence in the night of mystery...

And I, who, alarmed, was attempting in those precise moments to retreat, felt myself comforted.

I resolutely advanced through those SUBLUNARY regions along the tortuous abyssal path...

Horrendous way amid the dreadful entrails of the pale Moon; mysterious path of the past great cosmic day... How many

memories thou bringst me!...

Ah yes!, I was active in the preceding MAHAMANVANTARA and lived among the Selenites of the Lunar World...

Now that old Lunar World is a corpse, and of the Selenites not even their bones remain...

Deep reflections terribly moved the most intimate fibers of my soul as silently I walked along that submerged path...

Meanwhile my planetary body here on the Earth lay in deep repose...

Is it rare for the soul to escape from the physical body during meditation?

To dream? No!... A long time ago I ceased to dream... those who awaken consciousness no longer dream...

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS? This is a different faculty, and I have it because I am well dead...

OBJECTIVE CONSCIOUSNESS? It is obvious that if I did not have it, I could not inform my beloved readers about life in the superior worlds...

Studies?... Yes, and I do them out of my physical body during Samadhi.

Yet let us return to our account, dear reader, and pardon this small but important digression.

The steep lunar path, turning surprisingly to the left, penetrated within certain very picturesque hills...

There I saw something like a national park on a Sunday; a motley assembly of human creatures seemed to delightfully enjoy the prairie...

For the solace and entertainment of many, some ambulatory vendors went and came here, there, and yonder, selling colored balloons...

Living symbol of profane life — thus I understood it; yet it is ostensible that I wished to live all that intensively...

I was very absorbed in all this, contemplating the multitudes of always, when suddenly, behold, something unusual happens; it seemed to me as if time really had stopped for a moment...

In those moments of terror there emerges from amid the brushwood a bloodthirsty wolf which, ferocious and with sinister look, vainly attempts to seize his prey; before him flee from the merciless feline Fate some hens that cackle... Extraordinary hidden symbology: poultry bird, pusillanimous, cowardly, timid. Bloodthirsty wolf, cruel, merciless...

Dread! Terror! Fright!... human sublunary states of the human infraconsciousness, and I who had died in myself... was ignorant of the existence of these animals within my own atomic infernos...

Fortunately, never in the hard fray did I throw my Holy Pike; thanks to my Divine Mother Kundalini I have been able to exceed many in strength and skill with the lance...

The principal abyssal demons having already fallen — vile representations of my infrahuman defects — my lunar works concluded epically by giving death with the holy shaft to many other infernal beasts.

It is not amiss to say that I had to collect very rich war spoils after many bloody battles...

I wish to refer with great emphasis to those multiple precious gems of my own consciousness embedded in the deformed abyssal bodies.

The last part of the work was of completely atomic character; it is not at all easy to expel the malign intelligences from their nuclear dwellings.

This is certainly what is meant by transforming the black waters into white.

Now such atoms have become marvelous vehicles of certain luminous intelligences.

Magnificent sparks capable of informing us about the activities of the secret enemy...

One night of glory I had the greatest honor that can be offered to a human being: I was visited by the Cosmic CHRIST. The Adorable One brought a great book in his right hand, as if telling me: "You will now enter the sphere of Mercury."

On seeing the Master, I could not but exclaim, saying: Lord!, you have arrived sooner than I thought. I was not yet expecting you.

The living Christ replied sweetly: "I sometimes delay in arriving when it is my turn to come in the month of March. You must continue to die still."

"How to continue to die still? Yes!" — answered the Adorable One — "You must continue to die," he repeated...

What followed afterward was prodigious. The Master rose slowly toward the sun of midnight, then detaching himself a little from the King Star as if to bless me and forgive my ancient errors...

## **AUTHOR**

*Samael Aun Weor*

V.M. Samael Aun Weor is the founder of AGEACAC (Gnostic Association of Anthropological and Cultural Studies, A.C.) and of the International Gnostic Movement.

He left a great teaching in which is synthesized the path that man must follow in order to attain the complete awakening of his consciousness and his self-realization. V.M. Samael was an anthropologist, sociologist, spiritual guide, and author of more than 70 books, and he delivered over 300 lectures.

He devoted his life to deepening the study of the great truths that the various civilizations have bequeathed to humanity in diverse forms of manifestation: philosophy, religion, art, and science.

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