# The Three Mountains

*by Samael Aun Weor*

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Through this work, advanced Gnostic students, occultists of the higher schools, and advanced religious persons will come to know the path of liberation that for the first time in life is made known in written form.

## PREFACE

*By the Master: GARGHA KUICHINES*

Through this work, advanced Gnostic students, occultists of the higher schools, and advanced religious persons will come to know the path of liberation that for the first time in life is made known in written form.

The primary Gnostic teaching leads us to the knowledge of the physical body, of the mortal soul, and of the immortal spirit. By knowing our body we know in what vehicle we travel and who commands and governs in it; we understand that we can improve it and improve its owner; we realize that the one who manages the body is the soul and that this is the result or consequence of the pilgrimage of the spirit through matter. We call it the sentient soul because up to that point it is the product of the senses, and conscious because it is lived knowledge — hence the name of consciousness; we are taught to convert the mortal soul into the immortal soul.

Consciousness — that is to say, our soul — we unbottle by means of three factors that revolutionize it: TO DIE, TO BE BORN, SACRIFICE; for it is asleep, locked away among thousands of vices, manias, and defects that we carry with us like undesirable ballast. We must free the soul and the God Prometheus — the one Greek mythology depicts bound to a rock with a vulture devouring his belly. Likewise, we have our (well-beloved) Father bound to the living rock of matter, incapacitated from manifesting himself.

When we destroy our defects (to die), we improve our body, because we cleanse our physical senses, our informers; they are purified, they see reality with clarity. The diamond is pure when it has no flaw; the same happens with our body when we rid ourselves of defects.

To be born we use men and women, our seeds (or seed-substance); every birth depends on the creative energy. When we use it for our benefit, other vehicles or bodies are born in us (vital, astral, mental, and of will). These vehicles increase our cognitive capacity and enable us for higher, transcendental study.

Only the superior man is capable of sacrificing himself for his fellows; only thus does man understand the first commandment of the law of God: "Love God above all things and your neighbor as yourself."

When we have traveled this knowledge within ourselves, we find ourselves in condition to scale the first mountain of which the master speaks in this book: that of INITIATION; the second mountain is that of the RESURRECTION, the manifestation of the Divine Monad in us, the incarnation of the third Logos. Under these conditions we are children of the resurrection, the bodies of sin disappear and the man is a son of himself; the third mountain is that of the ASCENSION which, as its name indicates, leads us to the absolute, totally liberated.

Each of these mountains has its own initiations.

The wisdom of transmutation is manifold; through it we unravel the most complicated mysteries — for example, that of the SACRED COW, who is our Individual Mother Kundalini, the Holy Spirit within us; JUPITER and his COW form the Divine Inner Pair of every creature. Many become disheartened when reading the many accounts the Master gives us, in order to lead us gradually to the truth, in the same measure as parents take care to make their children know the mysteries of procreation and their seed. Nevertheless, this knowledge is received by the soul of every reader; it does not matter that the sleeping senses do not (for the moment) understand it. But if they persevere in these studies, they will come to understand in due time, in the same way that the child in his proper time will come to know the mysteries of his coming into the world;

thus he will know in his time that the Kundalini is the flame of love, erotic fire, divine fire, our igneous serpent.

Students are spoken to about the Philosopher's Stone; in due time they will come to know that this Philosopher's Stone is SEX, which, when we come to know it in depth, transforms us radically. The semen (our seed) is a living entity at our service. By learning to use it, and by dissolving the PSYCHOLOGICAL EGO, [it is] the coagulum of which the ancient alchemists spoke.

Concerning the KEY OF SOLOMON — that is, the dissolution of the PSYCHOLOGICAL EGO — in order to prevent the various magnetic centers (INTELLECT, MOTION, EMOTION, and INSTINCT) from stealing Hydrogen SI-12 from the SEXUAL CENTER, work of the defects that live in the living temple (our physical body), we must cast out those defects, just as the SON OF MAN taught us — defects which trade with us. When we wholly prevent this theft, the King of Creation, the authentic man, is born.

THELEMA. The creative will is the instrument that converts vile metals into GOLD — that is, the bad into good, defects into powers (the opposite side of a defect is a power). We must convert: laziness into diligence, cowardice into courage, lying into truth, fornication into chastity, lust into temperance, hatred into love.

"THE GENESIS OF ENOCH." The tremendous sexual energies that invade our planet Earth in springtime, which incite couples to reproduce. The Gnostics avoid them through the annual practice of forty days of abstinence and continence, ceasing to eat any kind of meat and suspending the practice of the ARCANUM A.Z.F. (loving union). This takes place during the forty days counted from Good Friday onward. The forty days before is an erroneous form because they do not correspond with the sexual forces our planet receives. The laws of Nature are understood only by those whose inner senses are awakened, and they cannot be written down because they become distorted.

In the Essene Gospels of John, which only now is Christianity coming to know, the gentiles (the outsiders) asked him: "Master, what are the laws of life?" And Jesus replied (seated in the midst of them): "Truly I tell you no one can be happy except he who follows the Law," and the others answered: "We all keep the laws of Moses, our lawgiver, as they are written in the Sacred Scriptures." And Jesus replied: "Seek not the Law in your scriptures. For the Law is divine, while the scriptures are dead. Truly I tell you that Moses did not receive the laws of God in writing, but by living word."

The law is the living word of the living GOD (the Innermost) for living prophets. For living (resurrected) men. In all that

has life the law is written, but seek it principally within yourselves. "For truly I tell you, all living things are nearer to God than the scriptures which lack Life."

These teachings lead us to our blessed RAM-IO, "Virgin Mother, daughter of your Son," as we read it, said by DANTE in poetic form. She appears in the Drama of our life and helps us to root out our defects — those that hide stealthily in our various states of consciousness. Gold is tested with fire, and virtue with temptation; that is why we must exterminate our defects, and our Blessed Mother plays an important role in this labor.

The COSMIC postman (SAMAEL) has said to his free-of-charge enemies, in his eagerness not to engage in polemics, the following: "Do not trouble yourselves with my humble person, and I accept that I am an imbecile." But it is clear that his detractors do not accept this, since they have continued to attack him. Now he has said to the members of the M.G.C.U.: "Why do you visit a messenger? Why do you visit an errand-runner?" We know this brings disconcert among the Gnostic ranks, but hear us well — an immortal messenger, who brings us fine wheat bread, food for the spirit, very few opportunities we have to hear and feel him in our life; we must keep respectful silence before his request.

These teachings, of the Fifth Gospel, are written for the sixth and seventh race of our planet Earth and for all those who wish now to live and enjoy the wisdom of tomorrow so that they may know how to defend themselves from the battles of this dreadful storm in which the human species is succumbing.

## Chapter One: A FEW WORDS TO THE READER

Without in any way wishing to wound delicate sensibilities, we must emphasize the basic idea that in the cultural-spiritual environment of contemporary humanity there coexist various venerable institutions that very sincerely believe they know the secret path and that nevertheless do not know it.

Permit me the freedom to say with great solemnity that we do not wish to make destructive criticism; WE EMPHASIZE, and it is evident that this is no offense.

Obviously, and out of simple, deep respect for our fellows, we would never pronounce against any mystical institution.

No human element could be criticized for the fact of not knowing something he has never been taught. The secret path has never been publicly unveiled.

In rigorously Socratic terms, we would say that many erudite people who claim to know in depth the Path of the Razor's Edge not only do not know but, in addition, do not know that they do not know.

Not wishing to indicate or point out spiritual organizations of any type, and without the intent of taunting anyone, we shall simply say that the illustrated ignoramus not only does not know but also does not know that he does not know.

In all the sacred books of antiquity allusion is made to the secret path; it is cited, named in many verses, yet people do not know it.

To unveil, indicate, teach the esoteric path that leads to final liberation is certainly the purpose of this work that you hold in your hands, dear reader. This is one more book of the Fifth Gospel.

Goethe, the great German initiate, said: "All theory is gray, and green alone is the tree of golden fruits, which is life."

Transcendental experiences are what we deliver in this new book: what we attest to, what we have experienced directly.

It cannot be postponed to draw the maps of the path, to indicate with precision each step, to point out the dangers, etc., etc., etc.

Some time ago the guardians of the Holy Sepulcher said to me: "We know that you are leaving, but before you go you must leave humanity the maps of the path and your words."

I answered, saying: "That is what I shall do." From that moment I solemnly committed myself to writing this book.

*THE AUTHOR.*

*Chapter I*

## Chapter Two: MY CHILDHOOD

It is not out of place to affirm solemnly that I was born with great spiritual longings; to deny it would be absurd.

Though it may seem unusual and incredible to many that there could be someone in the world who can fully remember the entirety of his existence, including the very event of his birth, I wish to affirm that I am one of those.

After all the customary processes of birth, very clean and beautifully clothed, I was delightfully placed in the maternal bed beside my mother...

A certain very kind giant, approaching that sacred bed, smiling sweetly, gazed at me — it was my father.

It need hardly be said clearly and without circumlocution that at the dawn of any existence we originally walk on four legs, then on two, and finally on three. Obviously the last is the cane of the elderly.

My case could in no way be an exception to the general rule. When I was eleven months old I wished to walk, and it is evident that I succeeded, supporting myself firmly on my two feet.

I still fully remember that marvelous instant when, clasping my hands above my head, I solemnly made the Masonic sign of distress: "ELAI B'NE AL'MANAH."

And since I have not yet lost the capacity for astonishment, I must say that what happened then seemed to me marvelous. To walk for the first time with the body Mother Nature has given one is beyond all doubt an extraordinary prodigy.

Very serenely I walked to the old window from which one could clearly see the motley assemblage of people who, here, there, or yonder, appeared or disappeared in the picturesque little street of my town.

Gripping the bars of that ancient window was, for me, the first adventure; fortunately my father — a very prudent man — anticipating any danger well in advance, had placed a wire mesh on the balustrade so that I would not fall into the street.

Very old window of a high floor! How I remember it! Old centennial mansion where I took my first steps...

Certainly at that delightful age I loved the charming toys with which children entertain themselves, but this in no way interfered with my meditation practices.

In those first years of life when one learns to walk, I used to sit in the oriental style to meditate...

Then I studied retrospectively my past reincarnations, and it is evident that many people from ancient times visited me.

When the ineffable ecstasy concluded and I returned to the normal ordinary state, I contemplated with pain the ancient walls of that centennial paternal house where, despite my age, I seemed a strange cenobite...

How small I felt before those rough walls! I wept... Yes! As children weep...

I lamented, saying: Once again in a new physical body! How painful is life! Alas! Alas! Alas!...

In those precise instants my good mother always came with the purpose of comforting me, while exclaiming: "The child is hungry, he is thirsty," etc., etc., etc.

I have never been able to forget those moments when I ran happily through the old corridors of my house...

Then unusual cases of transcendental Metaphysics befell me: My father would call me from the threshold of his bedroom; I would see him in his nightclothes, and when I tried to approach him, he would vanish, lost in the unknown dimension...

However, I sincerely confess that this type of psychic phenomenon was very familiar to me. I would simply enter his bedroom, and upon verifying directly that his physical body lay asleep in the perfumed mahogany bed, I would say to myself: "Ah! What happens is that my father's soul is outside because his fleshly body is sleeping at these moments."

In those times silent cinema was beginning, and many people gathered in the public square at night to entertain themselves watching films in the open air on the rudimentary screen: a well-stretched sheet nailed to two suitably distanced posts...

I had at home a very different cinema: I would shut myself in a dark room and fix my gaze on the wall. Within a few moments of spontaneous and pure concentration, the wall would light up splendidly as if it were a multidimensional screen, the walls definitively disappearing; then would arise from the infinite space living landscapes of great nature, playful gnomes, aerial

sylphs, salamanders of fire, undines of the waters, nereids of the immense sea, joyful creatures that played with me, infinitely happy beings.

My cinema was not silent, nor did it need Rudolph Valentino or the famous White Kitten of times past.

My cinema was also with sound, and all the creatures that appeared on my special screen sang or spoke in the purest dawn of the divine primigenial language, which like a river of gold flows beneath the thick jungle of the sun.

Later, as the family grew, I invited my innocent little brothers and sisters, and they shared with me this incomparable joy, calmly watching the astral figures on the extraordinary wall of my dark bedroom...

I was always a worshipper of the Sun, and both at dawn and at dusk I would climb upon the roof of my home (for back then flat roofs were not used) and, seated in the oriental style like a child yogi, on the baked clay tiles, I contemplated the king star in a state of ecstasy, plunging myself thus into deep meditation: my noble mother received many a fright at seeing me walking upon the rooftop...

Whenever my elderly father opened the old wardrobe door, I would feel as if he were going to deliver to me that singular purple jacket or coat on which gold buttons gleamed...

An old piece of chivalrous attire that I wore with elegance in that ancient reincarnation in which I was called Simeon Bleler; at times it occurred to me that swords and foils of ancient times might also be kept in that old wardrobe.

I do not know whether my father understood me; perhaps he thought he might give me objects from that prior existence; the elderly man would look at me and, instead of such garments, he would hand me a little cart so that I might play with it; toy of innocent joys in my childhood...

*Chapter II*

## Chapter Three: RELIGION

Taught in good manners, I frankly confess and without circumlocution that I was educated according to the official religion of my town.

To frolic with someone in the loft during the full liturgy always seemed abominable to me...

From childhood I had the sense of veneration and respect. I never wanted to shrug my shoulders during worship; it never pleased me to slip away from my sacred duties, nor to laugh, nor to mock holy things.

Without now wishing to entangle myself among thorns and brambles, I must only say that in such a mystical sect — whatever its name may be — I found religious principles common to all the confessional religions of the world. To cite them now is fitting for the good of the Great Cause.

## Chapter Four: HEAVENS

We find them in every confessional religion, though with diverse names; however, these are always nine, as the Florentine Dante so aptly said in his classic poem of the Divine Comedy.

- Heaven of the MOON (Astral World).
- Heaven of MERCURY (Mental World).
- Heaven of VENUS (Causal World).
- Heaven of the SUN (BUDDHIC or INTUITIVE World).
- Heaven of MARS (ATMIC WORLD. Region of ATMAN).
- Heaven of JUPITER (THE NIRVANA).
- Heaven of SATURN (PARANIRVANIC World).
- Heaven of URANUS (MAHAPARANIRVANIC World).
- Heaven of NEPTUNE (THE EMPYREAN).

It is palmary and manifest that these nine heavens, justly cited, are also within ourselves, here and now, and they interpenetrate and intermingle with one another without being confused.

Obviously these nine heavens are located in nine superior dimensions; manifestly it is a matter of nine parallel universes.

## Chapter Five: HELLS

It is not out of place, in this esoteric Christmas Message of 1972-1973, to recall with a certain very singular emphasis the various religious hells...

Let us evoke with solemnity, let us call to mind, the many prehistoric and historic hells.

Reminders, reminiscences, exist everywhere of Chinese, Mohammedan, Buddhist, Christian hells, etc., etc., etc...

It is unquestionable that all those varied hells serve as a symbol for the submerged mineral world...

Clearly Dante, marvelous disciple of Virgil the Poet of Mantua, discovers with mystical wonder the intimate relation existing between the nine Dantean circles and the nine heavens...

"THE BARDO THODOL," "THE TIBETAN BOOK OF THE SPIRITS OF THE OTHER WORLD," stands out magnificently

before our eyes, showing us the harsh reality of the "WORLD-HELLS" within the interior of the planetary organism in which we live.

It is indubitable that the Nine Dantean Circles within the interior of the Earth correspond scientifically with the nine INFRA-DIMENSIONS submerged beneath the three-dimensional region of EUCLID.

Palmary and clear is the cosmic existence of the WORLD-HELLS in any world of infinite space.

Obviously the submerged mineral kingdom is certainly no exception on the planet Earth.

## Chapter Six: ANGELOLOGY

All the Cosmos is directed, watched over, and animated by almost endless series of Hierarchies of conscious Beings, each having a mission to fulfill, and who (whether called by one name or another — Dhyan-Chohans, Angels, or Devas, etc.) are Messengers only in the sense of being agents of the Karmic and Cosmic Laws. They vary infinitely in their respective degrees of consciousness and intelligence, and all of them are perfect men in the fullest sense of the word.

Multiple angelic services characterize Divine Love. Each Elohim works in his specialty. We can and must appeal to

Angelic protection.

## Chapter Seven: GOD

All religions are precious pearls strung on the golden thread of the Divinity.

Manifest is the love that all the mystical institutions of the world feel for the Divine: Allah, Brahma, Tao, Zen, I.A.O., INRI, God, etc., etc., etc.

Religious Esotericism does not teach atheism of any type, except in the sense contained in the Sanskrit word NASTIKA: non-admission of idols, including that anthropomorphic God of ignorant people (an absurd thing it would be to believe in a celestial dictator who, seated up there on a throne of tyranny, hurls thunderbolts and lightning against this sad human anthill).

Esotericism admits a LOGOS or collective "Creator" of the universe, an architect DEMIURGE.

It is unquestionable that such a DEMIURGE is not a personal Deity, as many mistakenly suppose, but only the collectivity of the DHYAN CHOHANS, Angels, Archangels, and other forces. GOD IS GODS.

Written in characters of fire in the resplendent book of life: God is the Army of the Voice, the Great Word, The Verb.

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

"All things were made by Him, and without Him nothing that has been made was made."

It is palmary and manifest that any authentic man who truly attains perfection enters by that fact into the current of sound, into the celestial militia constituted by the Buddhas of compassion, Angels, Planetary Spirits, Elohim, Rishi-Prajapatis, etc., etc., etc.

We have been told with great emphasis that the LOGOS sounds, and that is obvious. THE DEMIURGE, the Verb, is perfect manifold unity.

He who adores the Gods, who renders them worship, can better capture the deep meaning of the various divine facets of the architect DEMIURGE.

When humanity mocked the Holy Gods, it fell mortally wounded into the gross materialism of this iron age.

## Chapter Eight: LUCIFER

We can and even must radically eliminate all the subjective, shadowy, and perverse psychic aggregates that we carry within; however, it is unquestionable that we could never dissolve in ourselves the shadow of the inner Logos.

It is in every way clear and evident that LUCIFER is the antithesis of the Creator Demiurge, his living shadow projected in the profound depths of the MICROCOSM-MAN.

LUCIFER is the Guardian of the Door and of the keys of the Sanctuary, so that only the anointed who possess the secret of Hermes may enter therein.

And since we have written this name so abhorrent to the pious ears of the vulgar, it would be necessary also to record that the esoteric LUCIFER of the Archaic Doctrine is the very opposite of what Theologians — like the famous DES MOUSSEAUX and the Marquis de MIRVILLE — mistakenly suppose, for he is the allegory of the good, the symbol of the highest sacrifice (CHRISTOS-LUCIFER of the Gnostics), and the God of wisdom under infinite names.

Light and shadow, mysterious symbiosis of the Solar Logos, perfect manifold unity, INRI is LUCIFER.

## Chapter Nine: DEMONS

The various religious theogonies portray as punished those "DIVINE LOGOI" who, reincarnated in human bodies, committed the unforgivable error of falling into animal generation.

Those shadowy geniuses are fallen Angels, authentic demons in the fullest sense of the word.

It is absurd to assert that such rebels had given mind to man; it is obvious that those fallen angels are true cosmic failures.

It is very fitting at this moment to recall the inhuman names of ANDRAMELECH, BELIAL, MOLOCH, BAEL, etc., whose horrendous abominations can be studied by any adept of the White Lodge in the AKASHIC records of Nature.

Let one distinguish between what is an esoteric fall and what is a descent.

Evidently those REBEL ANGELS did not descend — they fell, and that is different.

> *It is absurd to assert that such rebels had given mind to man; it is obvious that those fallen angels are true cosmic failures.*

## Chapter Ten: LIMBO

Versed in Universal History, we know fully what really is the ORCUS of the Greek and Latin classics, the LIMBO of the Christian esotericists.

It is not out of place in this treatise to emphasize the transcendental idea that LIMBO is certainly the antechamber of the WORLD-HELLS...

All the caves known and yet to be known form a vast and uninterrupted network that encompasses the entire planet Earth, constituting the ORCUS of the classics — as we already said in the lines cited above — the authentic LIMBO of Gnostic esotericism... the other World, in short: where we live after death.

To LIMBO corresponds that mystical and terrible allegory which says: "There live those innocent children who died without having received the waters of baptism."

In Gnostic esotericism such waters are of genesiac type and constitute the ENS SEMINIS (the entity of the semen, as Paracelsus said).

The sacramental Baptism of the various religious cults symbolizes SEXO-YOGA, the Maithuna, Sexual Magic. In the Spinal Cord and in the Semen lies the key of salvation, and all

that does not go that way, by this path, is certainly a useless waste of time.

Innocent children are those saints who did not work with the spermatic waters of the first instant. Virtuous people who believed possible the INTIMATE SELF-REALIZATION OF THE BEING without fulfilling the commitment of the sacrament of baptism; they did not know SEXUAL MAGIC or rejected it emphatically.

Only Mercury, the Chief and evocator of souls, taking the Caduceus of Wisdom in his right hand, can evoke again to life the unhappy innocent creatures cast down into ORCUS.

Only he, the arch-mage and Hierophant, can make them be reborn in environments suitable for the fruitful and creative work in the "Forge of the Cyclops."

Thus it is that Mercury, the Messenger and the Wolf of the Sun, makes the souls of LIMBO enter into the celestial militias...

## Chapter Eleven: PURGATORY

Let us define Purgatory thus: lower molecular region; Sub-Lunar zone; submerged Astral (secondary KAMA-LOKA).

In the Purgatorial world we must fry the seeds of evil; annihilate infrahuman larvae of all types; purge ourselves of all corruption; purify ourselves radically.

Dante Alighieri, speaking of purgatory, says:

"We approached until we came to the place which before had seemed to me to be a fissure, like the breach that divides a wall; and I saw a gate, to which one ascended by three steps of different colors, and a porter who had not yet uttered any word."

"And as I opened my eyes more and more, I saw him seated upon the upper step, with so luminous a face that I could not fix my gaze upon him. He had in his hand a naked sword, which reflected its rays toward us in such a way that in vain I tried to fix my gaze upon it."

"Speak from there: what do you wish? — he began to say — Where is the one who accompanies you? Take heed that your coming be not fatal."

"A lady from heaven, informed of these things — my Master answered him — has just told us: 'Go there; that is the gate.'"

"May she guide your steps happily — replied the courteous porter — come then, and climb our steps."

"We advanced; the first step was of white marble, so burnished, solid, and smooth that I was reflected in it just as I am; the second, darker than turquoise, was of a calcined and rough stone, cracked lengthwise and crosswise; the third, which gravitates upon the others, seemed to me of a porphyry as red as the blood that spurts from veins. Upon this last one had both feet the Angel of God, who was seated upon the threshold, which seemed to me formed of diamond. My guide led me willingly up the three steps, saying: ask humbly that the lock be opened."

"I prostrated myself devoutly at his holy feet; I asked for mercy that he open, but first I struck myself three times on the breast. With the point of his sword he traced upon my forehead seven times the letter 'P,' and said: Strive to wash away these stains when you are within."

"Then he drew from beneath his garments — which were the color of ash or dry earth — two keys, one of which was of gold and the other of silver; first with the white and then with the yellow, he did at the gate what I desired."

"When one of the keys is false and does not turn properly in the lock — he said to us — this entrance does not open. One of them is more precious; but the other requires more art and intelligence before it opens, because it is the one that moves the spring."

"Peter gave them to me, warning me that I should rather err in opening the gate than in keeping it closed, whenever sinners prostrate themselves at my feet."

"Then he pushed the gate toward the sacred precinct, saying: Enter; but I must warn you that whoever looks behind comes out again."

"Then the pivots of the sacred gate, which are of metal, massive and resonant, turned in their hinges; and that of the Tarpeian rock did not produce so much noise, nor show itself so resistant, when the good Metellus was hurled from it, by which it was left empty. I turned attentively at the first sound, and I seemed to hear voices singing to the sound of sweet harmonies: 'TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.'"

"Such impression did what I was hearing make upon me, as that which one ordinarily receives when one hears song accompanied by the organ, where now the words can be perceived and now cannot."

*(See the Divine Comedy of Dante).*

## Chapter Twelve: THE DIVINE MOTHER

Mary, or rather I should say RAM-IO, is the same ISIS, JUNO, DEMETER, CERES, MAYA, the Divine Cosmic Mother, the

serpentine power that underlies in the living depth of all organic and inorganic matter.

## Chapter Thirteen: MARY MAGDALENE

The Beautiful Magdalene is, beyond all doubt, the same Salambo, Matra, Ishtar, Astarte, Aphrodite, and Venus.

The solar aura of the repentant Magdalene is constituted by all the priestess wives of the world.

Blessed are the men who find refuge in that aura, for theirs shall be the kingdom of the heavens.

## Chapter Fourteen: CHRIST

Among the Persians, CHRIST is ORMUZD, AHURA MAZDA, the antithesis of AHRIMAN (SATAN).

In the sacred land of the Vedas, CHRIST is VISHNU, the second LOGOS, sublime emanation of BRAHMA, the first LOGOS.

The Hindu JESUS is the Avatar KRISHNA. The Gospel of this Master is similar to that of the Divine Rabbi of Galilee.

Among the ancient Chinese, FU-HI is the Cosmic Christ, who composed the famous I-CHING or "book of laws" and appointed for the good of humanity Dragon ministers.

In the sun-drenched land of KEM, in the land of the Pharaohs, Christ was in fact OSIRIS, and whoever incarnated him became, for that reason, an OSIRIFIED one.

QUETZALCOATL is the MEXICAN CHRIST who now dwells in distant Tule, the White God.

> *In the sacred land of the Vedas, CHRIST is VISHNU, the second LOGOS, sublime emanation of BRAHMA, the first LOGOS.*

## Chapter Fifteen: IMMACULATE CONCEPTIONS

It is urgent to understand what immaculate conceptions truly are. These abound in all the ancient cults; FU-HI, QUETZALCOATL, BUDDHA, and many others are the result of immaculate conceptions.

The sacred fire fertilizes the waters of life so that the Master may be born in us.

Every angel is certainly a son of the Divine Mother Kundalini; she is truly virgin before birth, in birth, and after birth.

In the name of truth we solemnly affirm the following: the spouse of Devi Kundalini, our particular Cosmic Mother, is the THIRD LOGOS, the Holy Spirit, SHIVA the firstborn of cre-

ation; our intimate Monad, individual or rather supra-individual.

*Chapter III*

> *The sacred fire fertilizes the waters of life so that the Master may be born in us.*

## Chapter Sixteen: SPIRITISM

I was still a lad of twelve springs when, in concern for someone who was anxiously investigating the Mysteries of the beyond, I proposed also to inquire, investigate, look into the troubling terrain of spiritism.

Then, with the tenacity of a cleric in his cell, I studied innumerable metaphysical works. It is not out of place to cite authors such as Luis Zea Uribe, Camille Flammarion, Kardec, Leon Denis, Cesare Lombroso, etc.

The first of a series by Kardec certainly seemed very interesting to me, but I had to reread it three times with the unmistakable purpose of understanding it fully.

Subsequently, having truly become a bookworm, I confess frankly, without circumlocution, that I was passionate about the "Book of Spirits," before continuing on with many other volumes of substantial content.

With a mind impenetrable to anything that was not study, I would shut myself up for many long hours within my house or at the public library, with the evident yearning to find the secret path.

Now, without presuming to be wise, without any vainglory, I only wish in this chapter to make known the result of my investigations in the spiritist terrain.

## Chapter Seventeen: MEDIUMS

Passive, receptive subjects who yield their material, their body, to metaphysical phantoms from beyond the grave.

It is unquestionable that the KARMA of Mediumship is epilepsy. Obviously, epileptics were mediums in their previous lives.

## Chapter Eighteen: EXPERIMENTS

- A certain Lady, whose name I do not mention, constantly saw the phantom of a deceased woman; this latter said many things in her ear.

In a solemn spiritist session, the lady fell into trance; the obsessing phantom indicated to the aforesaid medium to dig in a certain place in the house, for there — it was said to her — she would find a great treasure.

The indications of the phantom were followed; unfortunately, the treasure was not found.

It is unquestionable that that fortune was only a simple mental projection of the subjective psyche of those present. Obviously, those people turned out to be at bottom very covetous.

- Beyond time and distance, far from this my beloved Mexican land, I had to go into the state of Zulia, Venezuela, South America.

Guest of my host, in his country dwelling, I must affirm that in those days I was an eyewitness to an unusual metaphysical occurrence.

It is fitting to ratify for the benefit of my readers that my aforementioned host was, beyond all doubt and stated without circumlocution, a most humble personage of the colored race.

It is unquestionable that this good gentleman, certainly very generous with the needy, spent with style of his property in rich feasts.

To reside in a hotel among cultivated people, or to bear resentment against someone for some reason, was for this good man something impossible; he certainly preferred to resign himself to his task, to his lot, in the hard misfortunes of work.

It needs hardly be said in great measure that the gentleman in question seemed to have the gift of ubiquity, for he was seen everywhere, here, there, and yonder.

Any one of those many nights, that distinguished gentleman, in great secrecy, invited me to a session of spiritism. I in no way wished to decline such a kind invitation.

Three persons gathered under the country roof of his estate, we sat around a three-legged table.

My host, full of immense veneration, opened a small box that he never abandoned on his travels, and from it drew an indigenous skull.

Subsequently he recited some beautiful prayers and called with a loud voice, summoning the phantom of the mysterious skull.

It was midnight; the sky was overcast with black clouds that loomed sinister in the tropical space; it rained, and thunder and lightning made the whole region tremble.

Strange knocks were felt within the furniture, and then, definitively violating the law of gravity, as if mocking the old physics texts, the table rose from the floor.

Then came the most sensational thing: The invoked phantom appeared in the room and passed close to me.

Finally, the table tilted to my side, and the skull that was upon this piece of furniture came to rest in my arms.

"Enough!" exclaimed my host. The storm is very strong, and under these conditions such invocations turn out to be very dangerous. At that instant a dreadful clap of thunder made the face of the invoker pale.

- Strolling one day through one of those old streets of Mexico City, D.F., moved by a strange curiosity, I had to enter with other persons an old mansion where, for good or ill, a spiritist or spiritualist center operated.

An exquisite, extra-superior salon, very fashionable, with many emotional, refined, top-quality people.

Without in any way intending to expose myself to risk, very respectfully I took a seat in front of the stage.

To steep myself in the doctrines of spiritist mediums, to argue, or to begin to cast ill in friendly terms and with feigned meekness and pietistic poses, was certainly not my purpose in entering that precinct.

I only wished to take note of all the details with flexible understanding and singular good sense.

To rehearse praying in speaking in order to recite in public, to prepare oneself in advance, is certainly something that is always excluded from the spiritist mentality.

Patiently the sacred fraternity of mystery awaited with mystical longing voices and words arising from beyond the grave.

Independent of the others in their diagnoses, well-suited for something quite nefarious, a gentleman of a certain age falls into trance, convulsively shakes like any epileptic, climbs the platform, takes the rostrum of eloquence, and takes the floor.

"Here among you, JESUS of NAZARETH the CHRIST," exclaimed that unfortunate possessed one in a loud voice.

In those terrifying instants the platform, adorned with candles and flowers — the altar of the Baals — vibrated horrifyingly, and all the devotees fell to the ground prostrate.

I, without wishing to disturb anyone in their performance, serenely set about studying the Medium with my sixth sense.

Pierced with anguish I could verify the harsh reality of that unusual metaphysical case. Obviously it was a matter of a sinister and left-hand impostor exploiting the credulity of others by passing himself off as Jesus Christ.

With my clairvoyant sense I observed a Black Mage attired in a red blood-colored tunic.

The dismal phantom lodged within the physical body of the medium, advising the consultants, sought to speak in a Jesus-Christlike tone so that those fanatics would not discover him.

When that horrifying session concluded, I withdrew from the precinct with the burning desire never to return there.

- To live at pleasure with one's family, free of charge, in peace to work, by deed of magic, upon the earth, is certainly something very romantic.

However, to throw oneself into risks is sometimes indispensable when it is a matter of procuring all possible good for others.

Freed from intellective walls, I wished to flourish in wisdom, and without weakening in strength, I traveled very young through diverse places of the world.

Beyond time and distance, in the remote distance of a South American region popularly known by the typical name of the Quindio, very flexible to understanding, I had to make the acquaintance of a spiritist medium who worked as a blacksmith.

Never becoming embroiled in any discussion, that workman labored peacefully at his reddish forge.

Strange spiritist horseshoer; mystical gentleman of bronze figure; athletic cenobite personality.

God and Holy Mary help me! I saw him in a sinister and left-hand mediumistic trance, possessed by Beelzebub, Prince of Demons.

I still recall those shadowy words with which the power of the darkness closed the session: "BEL TENGO MENTAL LA PETRA Y QUE A EL LE ANDUBE SEDRA, VAO GENIZAR LE DES." (then signed: BEELZEBUB).

Paradoxical blacksmith anchorite. I found him repentant the day after the left-hand spiritist sabbath; then he solemnly swore in the name of the eternal living God never again to lend his physical body to the horror of the darkness.

Sometimes I would surprise him at his forge, very sincerely consulting the spiritist devotional of Kardec.

Subsequently, that gentleman of marras invited me, full of mystical enthusiasm, to many other exhaustive mediumistic sessions, where with infinite anxiety he would evoke: "JUAN HURTADO THE ELDER."

Without exaggeration, for the good of my beloved readers, I must now opportunely affirm that the aforesaid phantom, speaking with the tongue of the entranced medium, boasted of being able to manifest through one hundred and fifty mediums simultaneously.

To conclude with a discourse (to someone), in a clever way, in consonant, is certainly very normal; however, to pluralize oneself into one hundred and fifty simultaneous, different discourses seemed to me at that time something astonishing.

It is unquestionable that at that time of my life I had not yet analyzed the theme of the plurality of the EGO, of the MYSELF.

> *I found him repentant the day after the left-hand spiritist sabbath; then he solemnly swore in the name of the eternal living God never again to lend his physical body to the horror of the darkness.*

## Chapter Nineteen: THE EGO

Without wishing to extend myself unduly in digressions of any kind, I very sincerely emphasize what I have directly and fully experienced.

The aforesaid EGO obviously lacks any Divine, self-ennobling, and dignifying aspect.

Permit us the freedom to disagree with those persons who presuppose the existence of two Egos — one of superior type, another of inferior class.

Certainly, and in the name of truth, we certify without any incongruence the tremendous well-informed realism that there exists in each subject only one PLURALIZED EGO, terribly perverse.

This deep conviction is grounded in the lived experience of the author of the present esoteric treatise.

In no way do we need to externalize immature ideas; we would never commit the folly of asserting outlandish utopisms.

Our assertion has abundant documentation in all the sacred books of ancient times.

As a living example of our assertion, it is not out of place to recall the bloody battles of Arjuna against his beloved relatives (the Egos) in the BHAGAVAD-GITA (the Song of the Lord).

Manifestly such psychic aggregates, subjective, evidently personify all that set of psychological defects that we carry within each of us.

In rigorous experimental psychology the bottling-up of consciousness within such subjective Egos becomes patent.

That which continues beyond the grave is, then, the EGO, a heap of EGOS-DEVILS, the psychic aggregates.

Manifest and palmary is the identification of such psychic aggregates in spiritist or spiritualist centers.

It is notorious and evident that those Egos-Devils, due to their multiplicity, can enter many mediumistic bodies — as in the case of Juan Hurtado the Elder — for their manifestation.

Any Master of SAMADHI can clearly evidence in a state of ecstasy the following: those who manifest through spiritist mediums are certainly not the souls or the spirits of the dead, but the Egos-Devils of these latter, the psychic aggregates that continue on beyond in the sepulchral grave.

We have been told with much emphasis that during the POST-MORTEM states, mediums continue, having become possessed by the Devil — or by demons — and it is unquestionable that after a certain time they end up divorcing themselves from their own Divine Being; then they enter into the submerged involution of the world-hells.

*Chapter IV*

> *The aforesaid EGO obviously lacks any Divine, self-ennobling, and dignifying aspect.*

## Chapter Twenty: THEOSOPHY

Without in any way boasting of such delicate and manifold inquiries of philosophical and metaphysical type, I confess frankly and with all sincerity that I had not yet reached sixteen springs of my present existence when I was already engrossed in many matters of substantial content.

With infinite longings I set out to analyze in detail the problems of the spirit in the light of modern science.

Very interesting to me at that time seemed the scientific experiments of the English physicist William Crookes, illustrious discoverer of matter in the radiant state and of Thallium, distinguished member of the Royal British Society.

Sensational to me seemed the famous materializations of the specter of KATIE KING in full laboratory, a theme set forth by Crookes in his "Measure of psychic force."

Excellent, exceptional, marvelous to me seemed many sacred themes of antiquity such as: The Serpent of Paradise, Balaam's Ass, the Words of the Sphinx, the mysterious voices of the Statues of Memnon at daybreak, the terrible MENE-TEKEL-PHARES of the feast of Belshazzar; the Seraph of Therah, Father of Abraham; the Oracles of Delphi; the Betyls or Speaking Stones of Destiny, the Oscillating and Magic Menhirs of the Druids; the enigmatic voices of all the bloody

necromantic sacrifices, authentic origin of all classical tragedy, whose indiscreet revelations in Prometheus, the Choephori, and the Eumenides cost the life of the Initiate Aeschylus; the words of Tiresias, the soothsayer evoked by Ulysses in the Odyssey, at the edge of the pit filled with the blood of the propitiatory black lamb; the secret voices that Alaric heard commanding him to destroy sinful Rome, and those that the Maid of Orleans also heard, that she might exterminate the English, etc., etc., etc.

Taught in good manners and without rehearsing oratory to recite in public, at seventeen years of age I delivered lectures in the Theosophical Society.

The Theosophical Diploma I received from the hands of Jinarajadasa, illustrious president of that august Society, whom in due time I knew personally.

Sure of myself in my character, I was then very well informed on the strange and mysterious Rochester knockings, the classic psychic phenomena of the Eddy farm where the Theosophical Society itself was born; I had accumulated much data related to those evocational tripods of the Pythonesses of ancient times; I knew of haunted houses and Post-Mortem apparitions and was thoroughly acquainted with all telepathic phenomena.

Unquestionably, with so much metaphysical data accumulated in my poor mind, I had become a very demanding erudite.

Nevertheless, I wished very sincerely to form the heart with good Theosophical criterion, and for that reason I delighted myself with the works I found in the rich library.

An inexhaustible source of Divine Wisdom I discovered with mystical wonder in the wrought pages of the Secret Doctrine, the extraordinary work of the Venerable Great Mistress Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, the sublime martyr of the 19th Century.

Let us now see the following notes, certainly very interesting:

"1885. In his Diary, Colonel Olcott notes on the day of January 9th": "H.P.B. has received from Master M. the plan for her Secret Doctrine." "It is excellent; Oakley and I tried to do it last night, but this is much better."

"The conspiracy of the Coulomb couple compelled H.P.B. to leave Adyar and travel to Europe in March. H.P.B. took with her the precious manuscript. When I was preparing to board the ship, Subba Row recommended that she write THE SECRET DOCTRINE and that what was written be sent to him weekly. I promised her, and I shall do it... since he is going to add notes and commentary and afterward the Theosophical Society will publish it."

"It was in that year that Master K.H. wrote: When the Secret Doctrine is ready, it will be a triple production of M., Upasika, and mine."

It is evident that such notes invite us to meditation. However, it is manifest that the V.M. interpreted the teachings, adapting them to the time.

Having exhausted the theoretical studies of Theosophical type, I practiced intensively RAJA-YOGA, BHAKTI, JNANA-Yoga, Karma-Yoga, etc., etc., etc.

Multiple psychic benefits I obtained with the practical Yogas extolled by that venerated institution.

Since the most meritorious Mistress H.P.B. always considered HATHA YOGA to be something very inferior, I can declare that I was never interested in such a branch of Hindustani YOGA.

Much later in time, I was invited to a great assembly of the Venerable Great White Lodge, where in full Agora HATHA YOGA was qualified as authentic BLACK MAGIC.

*Chapter V*

## Chapter 21: THE ROSICRUCIAN BROTHERHOOD

Eighteen springs of an adolescent I already had on the path of my present reincarnation when I was granted the high honor of entering the Old Rosicrucian School — a meritorious institution founded in due time by His Excellency Dr. Arnold Krumm Heller, Medical Colonel of the glorious Mexican Army; Illustrious Veteran of the Mexican Revolution; Distinguished Professor of the University of Medicine of Berlin, Germany; notable scientist; extraordinary polyglot.

An impetuous young man, I presented myself with a certain haughtiness in that "AULA LUCIS," then regented by an illustrious gentleman of distinguished intelligence, and without standing on many compliments, in the air, I frankly confess and without circumlocution that I began by arguing and ended by studying.

To draw close to the wall, to corner myself in the corner of the hall, rapt in ecstasy, after all seemed to me better.

It hardly need be said in great manner and without much grandiosity that, steeped in many intricate theories of substantial content, I only longed with infinite anxiety to find my ancient path, the path of the "Razor's Edge."

Carefully excluding all PSEUDO-PIETISM and vain insubstantial verbiage of ambiguous chatter, I definitively resolved to combine theory and practice.

Without prostituting intelligence to gold, I certainly preferred to prostrate myself humbly before the Demiurge creator of the Universe.

A very rich inexhaustible source of exquisite splendors I joyfully found in the magnificent works of Krumm Heller, Hartmann, Eliphas Levi, Steiner, Max Heindel, etc., etc., etc.

Without any verbosity, seriously, sincerely, I emphatically declare that during that time of my present existence I studied in an orderly way the entire Rosicrucian library.

With infinite anxieties I sought on the way a wayfarer who possessed some precious balm to heal my aching heart.

I suffered dreadfully and cried out in solitude invoking the Holy Masters of the Great White Lodge.

The great KABIR Jesus said: "Knock and it shall be opened to you," "ask and it shall be given to you," "seek and you shall find."

In the name of that which is the real, I declare the following: complying with the teachings of the Christian Gospel, I asked

and it was given to me; I sought and I found; I knocked and it was opened to me.

When it comes to studies as long and complex as those of the Rosicrucians, it is unquestionable that the subject matter could not in any way fit within the narrow frame of the present chapter; therefore I shall limit myself to synthesizing and concluding.

**Frontal Chakra**

It develops with the intonation of the Vowel I. Thus: iiiiiiii. Faculty: CLAIRVOYANCE.

**Laryngeal Chakra**

It develops by vocalizing the letter E. Thus: eeeeeeeeeee. Faculty: MAGICAL HEARING.

**Cardiac Chakra**

It develops by singing the Vowel O. Thus: oooooooooo. Faculties: INTUITION; ASTRAL UNFOLDMENT, ETC., ETC.

**Umbilical Chakra**

It develops by intoning the Vowel U. Thus: uuuuuuuuuu. Faculty: TELEPATHY.

**Pulmonary Chakras**

They develop by singing the letter A. Thus: aaaaaaaaaa. Faculty: REMEMBRANCE OF PREVIOUS EXISTENCES.

I.E.O.U.A. is the order of the vowels. With these letters all Mantrams are formed.

Dr. Krumm Heller used to say that one hour daily of vocalization was better than reading a million books of PSEUDO-ESOTERISM and PSEUDO-OCCULTISM.

I then inhaled with supreme avidity the Christic Prana, the vital breath of the mountains, and then exhaled slowly, making the corresponding vowel resound.

I declare for greater clarity that each vowel was preceded by an inhalation and that it sounded only on exhaling (it is obvious that I inhaled through the nostrils and exhaled through the mouth).

**Concrete Results**

All my Astral Chakras or Magnetic Centers intensified their vibratory activity, rotating positively from left to right, like the hands of a clock seen not from the side but from the front.

**Retrospective Exercise**

With much didactics the professor taught us a certain marvelous retrospective exercise.

He advised us never to move in bed at the instant of awakening, explaining that with such movement the astral body is agitated and the memories are lost.

It is unquestionable that during the hours of sleep human souls travel outside the physical body; the important thing is not to forget our intimate experiences upon returning to the body.

He instructed us to practice at that precise moment a retrospective exercise with the intelligent purpose of remembering deeds, occurrences, and places visited in dreams.

**Results**

I solemnly declare that such psychic exercise turned out astonishing for me, because my memories became more vivid, intense, and profound.

**Solar Plexus**

According to the professor's instructions, daily (preferably at sunrise), I would comfortably sit in a delightful armchair with my face toward the east.

I then imagined in extraordinary fashion a gigantic golden cross which, from the East of the world and having the King Star as its basic center, cast forth divine rays that, after crossing the infinite space, penetrated within my Solar Plexus.

I delighted in intelligently combining such an exercise with the mantric intonation of the Vowel U, prolonging the sound as it should be: uuuuuuuuuuu.

**Results**

The unusual awakening of my telepathic eye was produced (located, as we said, in the region of the navel), and I became exquisitely hypersensitive.

Since this Magnetic Chakra possesses astonishing functions, such as that of attracting and accumulating the radiant energy of the solar globe, it is obvious that for this reason my lotus flowers or astral wheels could receive greater electro-magnetic charges that further intensified the vibratory radioactivity.

It is very fitting at this moment to remind our beloved readers that the Solar Plexus supplies with its solar radiations all the Chakras of the human organism.

Indeed, without any exaggeration, I can place a certain emphasis to solemnly affirm that each of my astral Chakras developed extraordinarily, intensifying for this reason the perceptions of clairvoyant, clairaudient type, etc., etc., etc.

**Withdrawal**

Shortly before withdrawing from that meritorious institution, that professor exclaimed, saying: "Let none of those here

present dare to call himself a ROSICRUCIAN, because none of us are anything more than simple aspirants to ROSICRUCIANS."

And then he added with great solemnity: "ROSICRUCIAN is: a BUDDHA, a JESUS, a MORYA, a K.H.," etc., etc., etc.

*Chapter VI*

## Chapter 22: THE CORSAIR

For certain very superficial persons, the theory of reincarnation is a reason for laughter; for other very religious ones, it may signify a Taboo or sin; for PSEUDO-OCCULTISTS, this is a very firm belief; for the scoundrels of the intellect, this is an outlandish utopia; however, for the men who remember our previous existences, reincarnation is a fact.

In the name of truth I must solemnly affirm that I was born remembering all my past reincarnations, and to swear this is no offense. I am a man of awakened consciousness.

Obviously, we must make a frank differentiation between REINCARNATION and RETURN (two very distinct laws); however, this is not the objective of the present chapter. After this preamble we go to the facts, to the point.

Long ago, when the seas of the world were infested with pirate ships, I had to go through a tremendous bitterness.

Then the BODHISATTVA of the Angel "DIOBULO CARTOBU" was reincarnated.

It is not out of place to affirm, with a certain emphasis, that that Being possessed a feminine body of splendid beauty. It is manifest that I was her father.

Unfortunately and in a luckless hour, the cruel piracy that respected neither lives nor honor, after laying waste to the European town where many citizens dwelled in peace, kidnapped the beautiful women of the place, among whom, of course, was my daughter, an innocent maiden of times gone by.

Despite the terror of so many villagers, I valiantly managed — and putting my own life at risk — to confront the treacherous captain of the corsair ship.

"Take my daughter out of that hell where you have put her, and I promise you that I will take your soul out of the hell where you yourself are already in!" Such were my anguished exclamations.

The terrible corsair, looking at me fiercely, took pity on my insignificant person and with imperative voice ordered me to

wait a moment.

I watched with infinite anxiety as the filibuster returned to his black ship; I understand that he knew how to astutely deceive his merciless sea wolves; the fact is that moments later he returned my daughter to me.

God and Holy Mary help me! But who would have thought that after several centuries I would re-encounter the EGO of that terrible corsair, reincorporated in a new human organism?

Such is the law of the eternal return of all beings and things; and everything repeats itself according to another law called recurrence.

One night of great spiritual stirrings I re-encountered him joyfully among the select group of aspirants to Rosicrucians.

That old corsair also spoke the English language and even informed me of having traveled much, for he was a sailor of a North American shipping company.

That friendship, however, turned out to be "a will-o'-the-wisp," a "straw fire," for I had to soon verify fully that such a man, despite his mystical longings, continued, in his most intimate background, as an old corsair dressed in modern style.

That gentleman of marras grew very enthusiastic relating to me his "astral experiences," for it is unquestionable that he knew how to unfold himself at will.

Any one of those many days, we arranged a transcendental metaphysical appointment in the S.S.S. of Berlin, Germany.

This was for me a relatively new experience, for certainly until then I had not yet thought of carrying out the experiment of the voluntary projection of the EIDOLON; however, I knew I could do it, and so I dared to accept such an appointment.

With complete clarity I remember those solemn moments when I became a spy of my own sleep...

In mystical watch I awaited the instant of transition existing between waking and sleep; I wished to take advantage of that wonderful moment to escape from the physical body.

The state of lassitude and the first dreaming images were enough to fully understand that the longed-for moment had arrived...

Delicately I rose from the bed and, walking very softly, left my house, feeling possessed of a certain spiritual voluptuousness — exquisite, delicious...

It is unquestionable that, upon rising from the bed in moments of drowsing, the astral unfoldment, the very natural

separation of the EIDOLON, was produced...

With that very singular brilliance of the astral body, I moved away from all those surroundings, yearning to arrive at the temple of Berlin...

Manifestly I had to travel deliciously over the stormy waters of the Atlantic Ocean...

Floating serenely in the radiant astral atmosphere of this world, I arrived at the lands of old Europe and immediately headed to the capital of France...

I walked silently like a phantom through all those old streets that once served as the setting of the French Revolution...

Suddenly, something unusual happens; a telepathic wave has reached my solar plexus and I feel the categorical imperative to enter a precious dwelling...

In no way would I ever regret having crossed the rich threshold of such a noble mansion, for there I had the immense joy of finding a friend from my past reincarnations...

Joyful floated that companion, submerged in the fluidic astral environment, outside the dense body that lay asleep in the perfumed mahogany bed...

In the nuptial chamber the delicious physical body of his beloved also slept; the sidereal soul of this latter, outside her mortal receptacle, shared the wondrous joy of her husband and floated...

And I saw two tender infants of splendid beauty, playing happily within the magical charm of that dwelling...

I greeted my old friend and also his ineffable Eve, but the children were frightened by my unusual presence.

It seemed best to me to go out into the streets of Paris, and my friend did not reject the idea; talking together, we moved away from the mansion of delights...

We walked slowly, slowly, through all those streets and avenues that go from the center to the periphery...

On the outskirts of that great metropolis, I proposed to him — point-blank, as one says — that we visit together the esoteric temple of Berlin, Germany; that initiate very kindly declined the invitation, objecting that he had a wife and children and that for that reason he only wished to concentrate his attention on the economic problems of life...

With great regret I moved away from that awakened man, lamenting that he postponed his esoteric work...

Suspending myself in the astral light of wonders and prodigies, I passed over some very ancient old walls...

Joyfully I traveled along the tortuous path that serpentine-like unfolded here, there, and yonder...

Inebriated with ecstasy I arrived at the temple of transparent walls; the entrance to that holy place was certainly very singular...

I saw a kind of Sunday park, full of beautiful plants and exquisite flowers that exhaled a breath of death...

In the extraordinary background of that enchanting garden, the temple of splendors shone solemnly...

The iron grated gates that gave access to the precious park of the sanctuary at times opened so that someone could enter, at times closed...

All that delicate and marvelous ensemble stood out illuminated with the immaculate light of the universal spirit of life...

Before the Sancta Sanctorum I joyfully found many noble aspirants of diverse nationalities, peoples, and tongues...

Mystical souls who, during those hours when the physical body sleeps, moved by the force of longing, had escaped from the dense mortal form to come to the SANCTA...

Sublime, all those devotees conversed on ineffable themes; they spoke of the law of KARMA, discoursed on extraordinary cosmic matters... they emanated from themselves the perfume of friendship and the fragrance of sincerity.

In a state of well-being I walked here, there, and yonder, searching for the bold filibuster who had so daringly made such a tremendous appointment with me...

In many groups I burst in asking for the aforementioned gentleman of marras, but no one knew how to give me any answer...

I then understood that that old pirate had not kept his pledged word; I was unaware of the motives, I felt defrauded...

Silently I resolved to approach the glorious gate of the temple of wisdom; I wished to penetrate within the holy place, but the guardian closed the door to me, saying: "It is not yet time; withdraw"...

Serene, and understanding everything, I joyfully sat upon the symbolic stone, very near the portal of the mystery...

In those instants of plenitude I observed myself fully: Certainly I am not a subject of subjective psyche; I was born with awakened consciousness and have access to objective knowledge...

How beautiful the astral body seemed to me! (Splendid result of very ancient transmutations of the libido).

I remembered my physical body that now lay asleep in the remote distance of the western world, in a town of America...

Self-observing, I committed the error of confronting the astral and physical vehicles; through such comparisons I lost the ecstasy and returned instantly to the interior of my dense material envelope...

Moments later I rose from the bed; I had achieved a marvelous astral unfoldment...

When I severely asked the old filibuster about the reason why he had not been able to keep his word, he did not know how to give me a satisfactory answer.

Thirty-five years went by since that time when that old sea wolf and I had arranged so mysterious an appointment...

Beyond time and distance, that strange personage was now only a memory written among the dusty pages of my old chronicles...

However, I confess, without circumlocution, that after so many years I had to be surprised with something unusual...

One spring night, finding myself absent from the dense perishable form, I saw the Lord SHIVA (THE HOLY SPIRIT), my Sacred SUPER-INDIVIDUAL Monad, with the ineffable semblance of the "ANCIENT OF DAYS"...

The Lord was admonishing with great severity the old corsair of the seas; it is unquestionable that the physical body of this latter, at those hours of the night, lay asleep in bed...

Anxiously I wished to intervene as a third party in the dispute. The ancient one of the centuries categorically ordered me quietness and silence...

Long ago that Pirate had returned my daughter to me; he had taken her out of the hell where he himself had placed her...

Now my Real Being — SAMAEL — labored to free him, to emancipate him, to take him out of the WORLD-HELLS...

*Chapter VII*

> *But who would have thought that after several centuries I would re-encounter the EGO of that terrible corsair, reincorporated in a new human organism?*

## Chapter 23: MEDITATION

Freed from intellective walls, weary of so many theories so complicated and difficult, I resolved to travel to the tropical coasts of the Caribbean Sea...

Far away, seated like a hermit of times gone by, beneath the silent shade of a solitary tree, I resolved to give burial to all that difficult retinue of vain rationalism...

With a blank mind, starting from the radical zero, immersed in profound meditation, I sought within myself the Secret Master...

Without circumlocution I confess, and with utter sincerity, that I took very seriously that phrase of the testament of ancient wisdom which literally says: "Before the false dawn arose upon the Earth, those who survived the hurricane and the storm praised the INNERMOST, and to them appeared the heralds of the dawn."

Obviously I sought the INNERMOST, I adored him in the secret of meditation, I rendered him worship...

I knew that within myself, in the unknown recesses of my soul, I would find him, and the results did not take long to come...

Later in time, I had to move away from the sandy beach to take refuge in other lands and in other places...

However, wherever I went, I continued with my practices of meditation; lying upon my bed or on the hard floor, I placed myself in the form of a flaming star — legs and arms open to right and left — with the body completely relaxed...

I closed my eyes so that nothing of the world could distract me; then I inebriated myself with the wine of meditation in the cup of perfect concentration.

Unquestionably, as I intensified my practices, I felt that I was really drawing close to the INNERMOST...

The vanities of the world did not interest me; I well knew that all the things of this valley of tears are perishable...

The INNERMOST and his instantaneous and secret responses was the only thing that really interested me.

There exist extraordinary cosmic festivals that can never be forgotten; this the Divines and the Humans know well...

At the moments in which I write these lines, the joyful dawn of a fortunate day comes to my memory...

From the inner garden of my dwelling, outside the planetary body, kneeling humbly, calling with a great voice I summoned the INNERMOST...

The blessed one crossed the threshold of my mansion; I saw him come toward me with triumphant step...

Clothed in precious zephyr and white ineffable tunic, the adorable one came to me; I joyfully contemplated him...

On his celestial head the crown of the Hierophants splendidly shone; his whole body was made of the nature of happiness...

In his right hand resplended all those precious gems of which the Apocalypse of Saint John speaks...

The Lord grasped firmly the Rod of Mercury, the scepter of kings, the staff of the Patriarchs...

Taking me in his arms, the venerable one sang with the voice of paradise, saying things which earthly beings cannot comprehend...

The Lord of perfections then took me to the planet Venus, far from the bitterness of this world...

Thus did I draw near to the INNERMOST by the secret path of profound inner meditation; now I speak because...

*Chapter VIII*

> *With a blank mind, starting from the radical zero, immersed in profound meditation, I sought within myself the Secret Master...*

## Chapter 24: JINAS STATES

Such is the case that, spending my life in so many occupations, I had nonetheless to investigate in depth the "JINAS" states.

See, gentlemen, whether it was reason that the reasonings of this chapter should astonish and gladden us when we were able to experience directly the real existence of "JINAS" lands and people.

"It will cause astonishment that, in the first third of the 18th century, when the superstitious Phillips no longer reigned, the very Don Juan de Mur y Aguirre, formerly Governor of San Marcos de Arichoa in Peru, believed blindly in the existence of multiple mysterious islands throughout all the seas of the world."

"That was because from Gomera and La Palma they sent more or less fantastic reports to the General and the Royal Audiencia about the repeated appearances of the dreamed-of islands, reports that produced — Viera says — new accesses of the fever of the marvelous in their spirits, moving them to attempt for the fourth time the discovery of the island NON-TRABADA."

"The truth is that the NON-TRABADA or HIDDEN ONE has not been seen again by mortals from the 18th century to the present day, because the aggressive skepticism that has been

reigning in the world since the Encyclopedia deserves nothing else than that the veil of Maya, which covers such mysterious etheric or fourth-dimensional islands, should become denser and more impenetrable."

"The island NON-TRABADA or HIDDEN, more generally known as San Borondón — Benitez says in his History of the Canary Islands — is one of those enchanted lands that has preoccupied the moderns, just as much as the Golden Fleece occupied the ancients. And in faith they had powerful reasons for it, because, in effect, from the islands of La Palma, Gomera, and Hierro, it used to be seen to the S.W. of the first and to the N.W. of the last, running from N. to S. — a kind of mountainous land that, according to the most generally admitted computation, would be 40 leagues from La Palma, and which could have — we do not know how it was measured — some 87 leagues long by 28 wide, and which, since it was sometimes seen from the southwest of Tenerife, could be at 28° and some minutes of northern latitude."

"On April 3, 1570, Dr. Hernan Perez de Grado, First Regent of the Audiencia of the Canaries, issued a writ commissioned to the islands of Palma, Gomera, and Hierro, so that they might make an exact inquiry with as many persons as had observed the appearance of such a land, or who, through any other means, might have proofs of its existence."

"By virtue of such information, the Portuguese pilot Pedro Vello, native of Setubal, deposed in La Palma, who said that, because of a tempest, he disembarked on the island NON-TRABADA with two of his crew, and there beheld such and such marvels (extraordinary phenomena, footprints of giants, etc.)." "Then, at dawn, the sky clouded over, the hurricane blew terrifyingly, and he, fearing to lose his ship, returned aboard more than quickly."

"At the instant of setting sail, they lost sight of the land, and then when that ceased they tried to return to it, finding it from every point of view impossible to discover it, for which they were greatly distressed, especially because of two men of the crew who had been left abandoned in the thickness of the jungle."

This true "JINAS" history, which is here presented to your worships, is taken word for word from old chronicles...

Ancient traditions — certainly very respectable — say that during the Golden Age of Latium and Liguria, the Divine King JANUS or SATURN (I.A.O., BACCHUS, JEHOVAH) reigned over those holy people, all Aryan tribes, though of very diverse epochs and origins. Then, as in the same epoch of the Hebrew people, it could be said that "JINAS" and men lived happily together.

The "JANA," YANA, GNANA, or GNOSIS, is none other than the science of "JANUS" — that is, the science of Initiatic Knowledge; the science of ENOICHION, or of the Seer, and the variants of his name are such that there is one in each tongue, such as JAN, CHHAN or KAN, DAN, DZAN, D'JAN, JAIN, JIAN, IOAN, KWAN, SWAN, THANOS, THOAN — all equivalent to the most sublime conception of "a PLANETARY SPIRIT" — the regent of Saturn — a NAZADA, a KABIR in the fullest sense of the word.

For me, the "JINAS" science is not opinion, but settled truth, and if you wish me to show it to you with lived experience, listen patiently to the following account:

Thirty times I had seen the autumn leaves fall in my present reincarnation when I had to work consciously and positively with the Doctrine of the JINAS, or of JANUS.

Any night of wonders, LITELANTES, my Priestess-Wife, made me a sublime invitation...

I was resting in the nuptial chamber, with my body relaxed, face up (dorsal decubitus).

I must affirm with a certain solemnity and for the good of the Great Cause, that at those instants I was in a state of alert novelty, alert perception.

I was drowsing attentive and vigilant like a sentinel in time of war; obviously I longed with infinite thirst for something extraordinary.

After the customary invocations, I felt as if another human being had placed himself upon my relaxed body, exactly upon those blankets or coverings that delightfully protected me from the cold of the night.

Unquestionably it was LITELANTES; I recognized her by the voice when she vehemently called me by my given name...

"Let's go!" — she said to me — "Let's go! Let's go!" — and I, who with infinite anxiety had always awaited this instant, hastily rose from the bed.

It is palmary and evident that, in rising thus assisted, I in fact crossed the barrier of the speed of Light, then standing beside the bed of penitent and anchorite, with the physical body well submerged within the fourth dimension.

Any sincere Gnostic could certainly do the same if at the moment of beginning to drowse he concentrated intensively on his Divine Mother Nature, particular, individual...

A very special magic formula is the following:

**"I BELIEVE IN GOD,**

**I BELIEVE IN MY MOTHER NATURE,**

**AND I BELIEVE IN WHITE MAGIC,**

**MY MOTHER, TAKE ME WITH MY BODY.**

**AMEN."**

Thousands of times this prayer is recited at the moments of wishing to drowse; however, it is wise not to forget that common saying which says: "Pray to God and keep the mallet swinging."

Very lightly drowsing, rise from the bed entreating and then leap with the intention to float in the surrounding atmosphere; have faith as a grain of mustard and you will move mountains.

If you do not manage to float, get back into your bed and repeat the experiment.

Many succeed immediately, and others take months and even entire years to achieve their entry into the "JINAS" paradises...

After this small but important indicative digression, let us continue with our account.

I left my bedroom with firm and decided step, I crossed a small patio, I headed for the street.

Yielding the path to me with much reverence, a certain group of very ancient ladies bowed reverently before my insignificant person, which is worth nothing. I thanked them for the special deference.

I left the city, followed very closely by that group of "JINAS" people; I headed for the neighboring mountains.

I felt as if I had sunk into a very ancient remote SUB-LUNAR past; I understood that I had penetrated into the inferior cosmos...

I was subjected to tests of valor, being made to pass over deep precipices...

Floating in the surrounding atmosphere of the fourth vertical, accompanied by LITELANTES and the entire retinue of "JINAS" people, I crossed the stormy ocean and arrived at a certain secret place of old Europe...

I penetrated valiantly into a certain castle, where I had to contemplate with astonishment a strange symbol beneath which was a crucifix...

The return to my mansion was relatively easy, for it is law in the fourth dimension that everything returns to its original starting point.

LITELANTES and I commented very happily on all this; obviously we had attained a marvelous triumph.

Days later we continued with these experiments; we learned to place the physical body within the superior cosmos...

Today, by direct experience, we know that with the help of the DIVINE MOTHER KUNDALINI, we can place the physical body in the "JINAS" state to travel through the cosmos of above.

*Chapter IX*

> *Any sincere Gnostic could certainly do the same if at the moment of beginning to drowse he concentrated intensively on his Divine Mother Nature, particular, individual...*

## Chapter 25: THE DIONYSIAN WAVE

Unquestionably MAMMON and DIONYSUS, being incompatible both in their container and in their content, could never be reconciled.

In axiomatic, irrefutable form, we can and even must define MAMMON with two terms:

- INTELLECTUALISM.

- MONEY. (Gold, riches).

Correctly, and in a forceful and definitive way, it is urgent to define DIONYSUS thus:

- VOLUNTARY TRANSMUTATION OF THE SEXUAL LIBIDO.
- TRANSCENDENTAL MYSTICAL ECSTASY.

It is fitting to cite now among the records of this poor pygmy humanity that date and hour — February 4, 1962, between 2 and 3 in the afternoon — when all the planets of our solar system gathered in supreme cosmic council; precisely in the brilliant constellation of Aquarius, to initiate the new era amid the august thundering of thought.

From that memorable date and under the regency of URANUS, the most venerable and meritorious Lord of Aquarius, the Dionysian Wave vibrates intensely throughout all nature.

It is not out of place in the present chapter to emphasize the transcendental news that this cited planet has been, is, and shall always be, the brilliant star that intelligently rules and governs the sexual endocrine glands.

Now you will explain to yourselves the intrinsic reason that in these instants originates the intensive Dionysian vibration.

However, evident, palmary, and manifest is the concrete fact that earth-dwellers in their overwhelming majority were not at the level of the circumstances; they were not capable of polarizing themselves positively with that Wave...

To define the two aspects — positive-negative — of that cosmic vibration is unpostponable, urgent, indispensable.

POSITIVE DIONYSIAN POLE: Subliminal sexual delight; voluntary transmutation of the entity of the semen; Awakened Consciousness; Objective Knowledge; Superlative Intuition; Transcendental Music of the great classical masters, etc., etc., etc.

NEGATIVE DIONYSIAN POLE: Sexual degeneration; Infra-Sexualism of every type; Homosexuality; Lesbianism; demonic pleasures in the world-hells through drugs, mushrooms, alcohol; infernal music like that of the new wave, etc., etc., etc.

To understand in depth the intimate processes of these two poles of the Dionysian Wave is something very urgent...

As a living example of this pair of diametrically opposed poles corresponding to the mentioned undulation, it is fitting to cite here by way of illustration two contemporary revolutionary movements.

In a delicate form I wish to refer clearly and without circumlocution to the "UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL CHRISTIAN GNOSTIC MOVEMENT," and also to the reverse of the Dionysian medal, known by the sadly famous name of: "The HIPPIE Movement."

Unquestionably the two mentioned psychological antipodes constitute "PER SE" a manifest living demonstration of a pair of opposite poles of the tremendous Dionysian vibration.

Coming judiciously to this part of the present chapter, the need for a didactic confrontation becomes ineludible.

Dionysian inebriation, Ecstasy, Samadhi, obviously turn out to be indispensable when it is a matter of experiencing that which is the truth, the real. Such exaltation is one hundred percent possible through the technique of meditation.

Psychedelia is different: translate this term thus: PSYCHE, soul. DELIA, drug.

Specifying we shall say: the psychedelic is the anti-pole of meditation; the hell of drugs is in the interior of the planetary organism in which we live, beneath the very epidermis of the earth's crust.

The hallucinogenic mushrooms, LSD tablets, marijuana, etc., etc., etc., evidently intensify the vibratory capacity of the sub-

jective powers, but it is manifest that they could never originate the Awakening of Consciousness.

Drugs fundamentally alter the sexual genes, and this is already scientifically demonstrated. As a sequel of such negative genetic mutations, the birth of monster children is evident.

Meditation and Psychedelia are incompatible, opposed, antagonistic; they could never be mixed.

Unquestionably these two factors of the Dionysian inebriation signal, indicate, psychological rebellion.

Gnostics and Hippies became disgusted with the vain intellectualism of MAMMON; they grew weary of so many theories; they came to the conclusion that the mind as an instrument of investigation is too miserable...

Zen? Jnana Yoga? That is superlative. Within us exist in latent state faculties of cognition infinitely superior to the mind; through these latter we can experience directly that which is the real, that which is not of time.

The Hippie Movement preferred the hell of drugs; indubitably it defined itself perversely.

The Gnostics, fully disillusioned with the foolish intellectualism of MAMMON, drink of the wine of meditation in the cup of perfect concentration.

Radical and fundamental psychological changes become urgent when we are disillusioned with the scoundrels of the mind.

To return to the original starting point is what is called for; only thus is a radical transformation possible.

Sexology? God and Holy Mary help me! This theme horrifies the puritans...

Written it is with words of fire in the sacred scriptures that sex is a stumbling block and a rock of scandal...

The evidence stands out that we are not children of any theory, school, or sect.

At the harsh root of our existence we find only a man, a woman, and a coitus...

We were born naked, someone cut our umbilical cord; we cried and then sought the maternal breast...

Clothing? Schools? Theories? Erudition? Money? — etc., etc., etc., all that came afterward as an addition.

Beliefs of every type exist everywhere; however, the only force that can transform us in an integral, unitotal way is that which placed us upon the tapestry of existence; I wish to refer to the creative energy of the first instant, to the sexual potency.

The loving delight, the erotic enjoyment is, by logical sequel, the greatest joy...

To know how to copulate wisely is indispensable when one sincerely longs for a definitive psychological change.

The "Hippies" foresaw all this when they rebelled against MAMMON, but they erred the path; they did not know how to tune themselves to the positive pole of Dionysus.

We Gnostics are different; we know how to enjoy, we are pleased to transmute and sublimate the libido. This is no offense.

The "Hippie Movement" marches resolutely along the involutionary, descending path of infra-sexualism.

The "Universal International Christian Gnostic Movement" advances victorious along the ascending revolutionary way of the supra-sexual.

*Chapter X*

> *Gnostics and Hippies became disgusted with the vain intellectualism of MAMMON; they grew weary of so many theories; they came to the conclusion that the mind as an instrument of investigation is too miserable...*

## Chapter 26: THE SEXUAL FIRE

The sexual transmutation of the "ENS SEMINIS" into creative energy is made possible when we carefully avoid the abominable spasm, the filthy orgasm of fornicators.

The bipolarization of this type of cosmic energy in the human organism was, since ancient times, analyzed in the Initiatic Colleges of Egypt, Mexico, Peru, Greece, Chaldea, Rome, Phoenicia, etc., etc., etc.

The ascent of the seminal energy to the brain is verified thanks to a certain pair of nerve cords that, in the form of an eight, splendidly unfold 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 mentioned pair of nerve cords could never be found with the scalpel, for they are rather of semi-etheric, semi-physical 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 would harm them, fire comes out of their mouths and devours their enemies.

In the sacred land of the Vedas, this pair of nerve cords are known by the Sanskrit names of Ida and Pingala; the first re-

lates to the left nostril and the second to the right.

It is obvious that the first of these two Nadis or canals is of LUNAR type; it is manifest that the second is of SOLAR nature.

Many Gnostic students may be a little surprised that, Ida being of cold and LUNAR nature, it has its roots in the right testicle.

Many disciples of our Gnostic Movement may find unusual and unexpected the news that, Pingala being of strictly SOLAR type, it actually departs from the left testicle.

However, 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, and this is already demonstrated.

The left testicle finds its perfect antipode in the right nostril, and obviously this must be so.

Esoteric physiology teaches that in the feminine sex the two witnesses depart from the ovaries.

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

Old traditions that arise 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 simple electrical induction a third force awakens; I wish to refer to the marvelous fire of love.

Written it is in the old texts of ancient wisdom, that the lower orifice of the medullar canal in common ordinary persons is hermetically closed; the seminal vapors open it so that the sacred fire of sexuality may penetrate through there.

Along the medullar canal a marvelous interplay of varied canals takes place, which interpenetrate one another without being confused due to the fact that they are located in different dimensions; let us remember the SUSHUMNA and others such as the VAJRA, the CHITRA, the CENTRALIS, and the famous BRAHMA-NADI; through this latter the fire of sexual delight ascends when we never commit the crime of spilling the semen.

Absurd it is to emphasize the mistaken idea that the erotic fire of all delights should set out on a return journey to the coccyx after the incarnation of the Being (THE JIVATMA) in the heart of man.

Horrifying falsehood it is which clumsily affirms that the Divine Flame of love, after having enjoyed its union with

PARAMASHIVA, should separate on a return journey by the initial path.

Such fatal return, such descent to the coccyx, is made possible only when the Initiate spills the semen; then he falls struck down by the terrible thunderbolt of Cosmic Justice.

The ascent of the sexual fire through the medullar canal is realized very slowly, according to the merits of the heart. The fires of the Cardias wisely control the miraculous ascent of the flame of love.

Obviously such erotic flame is not something automatic, or mechanical, as many sincerely mistaken ones suppose. This serpentine fire awakens exclusively with the loving and true sexual delight.

The erotic flame would never ascend through the medullar canal of couples united by mere personal convenience.

Impossible would be the ascent of the holy flame in the spine of adulterous men and women.

Never would the fire of sexual delights rise in the spinal column of those who betray the Guru.

The sexual fire would never ascend through the medulla of drunkards, effeminates, lesbians, drug addicts, murderers,

thieves, liars, slanderers, exploiters, the greedy, the blasphemers, the sacrilegious, etc., etc., etc.

The fire of sexual pleasures is similar to a serpent of wonders which, when awakened, emits a sound very similar to that of any viper that is goaded with a stick.

The sexual fire, whose Sanskrit name is KUNDALINI, develops, revolves, and ascends within the resplendent aura of the MAHA-CHOHAN.

The ascent of the flame of burning delights along the spinal canal, from vertebra to vertebra — from degree to degree — is in truth very slow; it would never rise instantaneously, as some persons who lack correct information mistakenly suppose.

It hardly needs to be said in great manner and without much grandiosity, that the thirty-three degrees of Occult Masonry esoterically correspond to the thirty-three spinal vertebrae.

When the Alchemist commits the crime of spilling the "Vase of Hermes" (I refer to seminal discharge), obviously he loses Masonic degrees, because the fire of loving enchantments descends one or more vertebrae according to the magnitude of the fault.

To recover lost degrees is usually frightfully difficult; however, it is written that in the Cathedral of the Soul there is more joy over one sinner who repents than over a thousand just who need no repentance.

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

The ADHYATMIC University of the sages periodically examines the aspirants who, after having renounced MAMMON (INTELLECTUALISM AND MATERIAL RICHES), wisely enjoy the delights of love in the nuptial chamber.

In the medulla and in the semen is found the key of redemption, and all that is not by there, by that path, signifies in fact a useless waste of time.

The serpentine fire (KUNDALINI) is coiled like any snake with three and a half turns, within a certain magnetic center located in the coccygeal bone, base of the spinal column.

When the sexual serpent awakens to initiate its march inward and upward, we pass through six transcendental mystical experiences that we can and must clearly define with six Sanskrit terms thus:

- ANANDA: A certain spiritual joy.

- KAMPAN: Hypersensitivity of electric and psychic type.
- UTTAHAN: Progressive increase of SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS; astral unfoldments; transcendental mystical experiences in the superior worlds, etc.
- GHURNI: Intense Divine Longings.
- MUKTA: States of lassitude, relaxation of muscles and nerves in a very natural and spontaneous form during meditation.
- NIDRA: Some specific mode of sleep which, combined with profound inner meditation, comes to be converted into resplendent Samadhi (ecstasy).

Unquestionably the fire of love confers upon us infinite transcendental powers.

The sexual flame is, beyond all doubt, a JEHOVISTIC and VEDANTIC truth at once.

The sexual flame is the Goddess of the Word adored by the sages; when it awakens it confers upon us illumination...

The erotic flame confers upon us that Divine Wisdom that is not of the mind and that is beyond time.

It is she who also gives the MUKTI of final beatitude and the JNANA of liberation.

DI-ON-IS-IO, DIONYSUS. Syllabifying this magic word, this Mantram of wonders, the voluntary transmutation of the libido during the paradisiacal coitus comes about extraordinarily.

**Magical Results of This Mantram**

DI: Intensified vibration of the creative organs.

ON: Intelligent movement of the creative energy throughout the sexual nervous system until it is submerged in consciousness.

IS: This mantric syllable reminds us of the Isiac Mysteries and their corresponding name ISIS. Obviously the vowel I and the letter S prolonged like a sweet and peaceable whistle invoke the sexual serpent to rise victorious through the medullar spinal canal.

IO: ISOLDE, the LUNI-SOLAR Androgyny, OSIRIS-ISIS, sparkles from the profound depth of all the ages, terribly Divine.

I: With its deep significance, certainly in the LINGAM (PHALLUS), the Hebrew IOD.

O: It is the eternal feminine, the womb (THE YONI), the famous HE of Hebraic type.

IO: When we intone this last syllable of the magic word during the sexual trance, then the integral transmutation of the libido comes about.

Thus it is that the igneous serpent of our magical powers awakens to initiate its exodus through the medullar canal.

Patent and manifest stands out the maternal aspect of the sacred flame, which serpentine-like ascends through the spinal column.

Flame with the figure of a snake; Divine Sexual Flame; Most Sacred Mother KUNDALINI.

Outside the physical body, our particular Cosmic Mother (for each one has his own) always assumes the marvelous presence of a virgin mother.

Once — no matter the date or the hour — finding myself outside the physical body I met with my Sacred Mother in the interior of a precious enclosure.

After the customary embraces of son and mother, she sat in a comfortable armchair facing me; an opportunity I took advantage of to ask very necessary questions.

— "Am I going well now, my Mother?"

— "Yes, my son, you are going well."

— "Do I still need to practice Sexual Magic?"

— "Yes, you still need to."

— "Is it possible that there, in the physical world, there might be someone who could SELF-REALIZE without need of sexual magic?"

The response to this last question was tremendous:

— "Impossible, my son; that is not possible."

I confess frankly and without circumlocution that these words of the adorable one left me astonished. I then remembered with supreme sorrow so many pseudo-esoteric and pseudo-occult people who truly long for final liberation, but who are ignorant of the SAHAJA MAITHUNA — Sexual Magic — the marvelous key of the Great Arcanum.

Unquestionably the path that leads to the abyss is paved with good intentions.

*Chapter XI*

> *The erotic flame confers upon us that Divine Wisdom that is not of the mind and that is be-*

> *yond time.*

## Chapter 27: THE SACRED COW

Before the second Transapalnian catastrophe, which fundamentally altered the aspect of the earth's crust, there existed an old continent that today lies submerged among the stormy waters of the Atlantic Ocean.

I wish to refer emphatically to "Atlantis," about which innumerable traditions exist everywhere.

See, if not, foreign Atlantean names or names of barbarian tongues, as those Greek cretins used to say who wished to murder ANAXAGORAS when he dared to say that the sun was a little larger than half the Peloponnesus.

Names, I say, translated into Egyptian by the Saitic priests, and returned to their primary meaning by the Divine Plato, to render them afterward marvelously into the language of Attica.

See the diamantine thread of the millenary tradition from those to Solon, continuing then with the two Critias and the Master Plato...

See, I say to you, extraordinary descriptions of Botany, Geography, Zoology, Mineralogy, Politics, Religion, customs,

etc., of the Atlanteans.

See also with rebellious eagle eyes, veiled allusions to the first Divine Kings of that old antediluvian continent, to whom Mediterranean Paganism and the very ancient sacred texts of the eastern world likewise make so many references.

Sublime kings of whom other astonishing notes of Diodorus Siculus, which we still have yet to study, give a detailed account.

See, finally — and this is the 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 highly celebrated and indestructible Bullfighting Ring is, at bottom, nothing but a very ancient ancestral survival of that Atlantean sacrificial festival, the description of which is still found in many archaic secret books.

Many are the legends existing in the world about those bulls let loose in the Temple of Neptune, animals that were not subdued brutally as today, with pikes and swords, but with lassoes and other ingenious arts of Classical Tauromachy.

Once defeated in the sacred ring, the symbolic beast was immolated in honor of the Holy Gods of Atlantis, who, like

Neptune himself, had involutioned from the primitive solar state until becoming people of lunar type.

Classical Tauromachy is certainly something Initiatic and related to the mysterious cult of the Sacred Cow...

See, the Atlantean ring of the temple of Neptune, and the present one, are certainly nothing but a living zodiac, in which constellated the honorable public is seated.

The Initiator or Hierophant is the master, the foot banderilleros are the companions. The picadors, in turn, the apprentices. Therefore the latter go on horseback — that is, with all the ballast on top of their untamed body, which usually falls dead in the hard struggle.

The companions, in placing the banderillas or staves, already begin to feel superior to the wild beast, to the animal ego; that is to say, they are already, 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 — or with the dominion of MAYA — and grasping with 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 EGO, of the beast, the horrible bellowing monster that also King Arthur, supreme chief of the illustrious Knights of the Round Table, saw in the KAMELOC or KAMALOKA.

Resplendent Atlantean Tauromachy is, then, a royal art, profoundly significant, inasmuch as it teaches us through its brilliant symbolism the hard struggle that must lead us to the dissolution of the EGO.

Any retrospective glance related to Taurine Esotericism, it is indubitable, can lead us to mystical discoveries of transcendental order.

As a fact of immediate actuality, it is not out of place to cite the profound love the bullfighter feels for his Virgin; it is manifest that he gives himself wholly to her before appearing with his suit of lights in the ring.

This comes to remind us of the Isiac Mysteries, the terrible sacrifice of the Sacred Cow, and the archaic cults of IO, whose origins arise solemnly from the dawn of life on our planet Earth.

Pathetic, clear, and defined stands out that only IO, Devi Kundalini, the Sacred Cow of the Five Legs, the Divine Mother, possesses in truth that Magical Serpentine Power that allows us to reduce to cosmic dust the Animal Ego, the bellowing beast of the ring of existence.

The vowels IO constitute in themselves the number TEN of generation and the ratio of the circumference to the diameter.

Obviously IO is then the number Pi (Pithar), the tremendous masculine-feminine mystery.

IO is also the Swastika, fohat, or the transcendent sexual electricity represented with the cross within the circle and symbol of the Earth, on which theme a whole book could be written.

Written it is with letters of fire in the book of life, that such a symbol of the Swastika, in the form of a mathematical coordinator, has existed in all the countries of the Earth from the night of the ages.

We need with utmost urgency, unpostponable, to become "Cowherds" — that is to say, wise conductors of the "Sacred Cow." The Venerable Great Mistress H.P.B. truly saw in Hindustan an authentic cow of five legs; it was a true caprice of nature, an immaculate miracle, very white, ineffable...

Don Mario Roso de Luna said that that singular creature carried the fifth leg on its hump; and that with it she would brush away flies or scratch herself...

The curious animal was led by a young man of the Sadhu sect; the youth fed himself exclusively with the milk of this mysterious cow.

The esoteric, marvelous, and splendid symbolism of the "Cow of the Five Legs" stands out palmary and manifest.

A most vivid manifest expression of the five unfoldings of our Divine Mother KUNDALINI, very particular...

Let us remember the sign of infinity, the eight laid horizontally and equated to a five, which gives, read literally: "Infinity equal to Five" — that is to say, the infinite equal to the pentalpha, to the Ineffable Cow of the Five Legs, to the five-pointed star or regular starred pentagon, which stopped MEPHISTOPHELES when he answered the witchlike evocation of Doctor Faust...

To define these five aspects is indispensable for the good of all and of each of our students:

- The unmanifested KUNDALINI.
- Ineffable ISIS, Chaste Diana. (Wisdom, Love, Power).
- The Greek HECATE, the Egyptian PROSERPINA, the Aztec COATLICUE. (The Queen of the Hells and of Death. Terror of love and Law).
- THE PARTICULAR INDIVIDUAL MOTHER NATURE. (She who created our physical body).
- The Instinctive Elemental Mage. (She who originated our instincts).

THE "COWHERD," the conductor of the "Sacred Cow," can and must work in the Magisterium of these five powers of the Pentalpha...

Solemnly I declare, emphatically, the following: I work directly with the five powers of the Sacred Cow.

To illustrate, to clarify, to teach about the Pentalpha is a duty, but I prefer to do so with lived accounts:

**First Account**

It is said that between the sublime and the ridiculous there is only one step, and this is axiomatic.

Recall for a moment the Bacchantes when they were in the period of their orgiastic frenzy.

Feminine beauties positively polarized with the Dionysian Wave, Nymphs of the woods and of the mountains pursued by the lascivious Silenuses...

See now the ridiculous Maenads, negatively polarized with the Wave of Dionysus...

Unbridled dancers in the frenzy of their sacred madness. "HIPPIE" women of ancient Greece.

Prostitute females excited by drugs, in full Dionysian inebriation... Human and animal sacrifices made them even more

dangerous...

It was the lustful Maenads who put Orpheus to death, and the marvelous lyre fell upon the temple pavement broken into pieces...

Once I was relating to my friends comic episodes related to a bohemian past...

Obviously the fermented fruit of the vine and the Bacchantes at the height of their orgiastic frenzy could not be missing from such comedy...

Ridiculous scenes from those bygone times in which I walked through this world of the KALI-YUGA as a fallen BODHISATTVA...

However, there exist stellar moments of humanity; a cosmic reminder is in truth often very necessary...

Outside the physical vehicle, in ASTRAL body, beneath the three-dimensional zone of Euclid, I had to enter the subterranean world...

What happened then was dreadful in great measure; what I saw there in the horrible submerged region was the same that the Hoffmanns, the Edgar Poes, the Blavatskys, the Bulwer-Lyttons of all times saw before me; the same that Espronceda depicted to us with his Demonic choirs, with the anguishes of

the poet, with his discordant voices of those who steer aimlessly the ship of life, trusting madly in the wind of passions and in the shadowy sea of doubt about doing good; of those who, fatal, are wed to destiny; of those who, proud, wish to raise Towers of Babel of foolish ambitions; of those who lie, of those who fight for worldly glories, of those who wallow in the pleasure of the orgy, of those who covet gold, of the idle who hate fruitful and creative work, of the wicked, of the hypocrites, and other victims of the Proteus of selfishness, in short...

Claws, teeth, horns, trunks, darts, lips, tails, sawing wings, dilacerating rings appeared, threatening to annihilate me like the lowliest of worms...

To my magical ears came in those moments many horrifying sounds: bellows, howls, hisses, neighs, creaks, lowings, croaks, mewings, barks, snorts, snores, and cackles.

Submerged I found myself among the mire of so much misery; anguish took hold of me; I anxiously awaited a balm to heal my aching heart...

Not vain, no, were the lucubrations of those great seers of the astral who were called Alchemists, Kabbalists, Occultists, Esotericists, Yogis, Gnostics, or simply poets.

Suddenly, something unusual happens beyond the muddy waters of the Acheron; the horrible gate that gives access to the

Dwelling of Pluto turns on its steel hinges...

Intensely moved I tremble; I sense that something terrible has happened. I am not mistaken... I see her, it is she, the UNMANIFESTED KUNDALINI; she has crossed the threshold where lost souls dwell...

Magnificent Madonna, excellent, extraordinary, and terribly Divine; she approaches me with magisterial step; I do not know what to do, I am confused, I feel fear and love simultaneously...

Cosmic Reminder? Recrimination? The adorable one speaks with the voice of paradise, blesses me, and then continues on her way like one who goes toward the fearsome walls of the city of DIS.

In the depth of my consciousness I felt at those moments as if she also wished to help others who dwell around the city of pain, where we will no longer be able to enter without just indignation...

Looking from the high tower of burning summit, it is said that Dante saw appear suddenly the three Infernal Furies, who, it is said, had feminine movements and limbs...

All this I remembered instantly; in no way did I — wretched mortal of the mire of the earth — wish to become one more in-

habitant of the city of pain.

Fortunately I had the immense joy of being able to come out of the entrails of Avernus to appear at the light of the Sun...

**Another Day**

Very early in the morning someone knocks on my door; it is an old Professor of Secondary Education...

That good gentleman invites me to a graduation party; his daughter has concluded her studies with full success...

Impossible to decline his invitation! He is my friend and I even owe him certain services. In no way am I prepared to scorn him...

After all the customary personal arrangements, LITELANTES and my insignificant person who is worth nothing left home with the intention of arriving at the professor's dwelling.

Many elegantly dressed people received us very cordially in the royal mansion...

Delightful music resounded in the room; happy people came and went here, there, and yonder; joyful couples danced upon the soft carpet.

Several times my splendid host came to us with the purpose of offering us the fermented wine...

I saw, again and again very closely, the resplendent goblets of fine baccarat; however, I energetically rejected BACCHUS and his orgies. I was contrite of heart...

Unquestionably he became my worst enemy; he mistakenly supposed that I was slighting his party...

Later he spread diverse defamatory slanders against me; he hurled against my insignificant person all the venom of his criticisms...

Not content with all that, he resorted to public calumny, accusing me before the tribunals of justice for supposed offenses that I still do not know...

That gentleman of marras died a little later in an unfortunate automobile accident.

Today I think that at that feast I certainly proceeded like any uncouth person; I lacked diplomacy.

There are guests in all the halls of the world who know how to play with the Devil; they spend the whole night with a cup in hand and defend themselves marvelously.

They pretend to drink each time there is a new toast, but in reality they do not drink; they mock the Demon of Alcohol...

**Second Account**

Let us now go to a new very singular account, in which we will not speak of marvelous feasts or of banquets in the manner of Heliogabalus...

*How restful the life*

*of him who flees from worldly noise*

*and follows the hidden*

*path by which have gone*

*the few sages that have been in the world!*

*Whose breast is not troubled*

*by the state of the haughty great,*

*nor does he admire the gilded ceiling,*

*fabricated*

*by the wise Moor, sustained on jasper!...*

Venus the huntress descending from the high summits with the purpose of aiding her son AENEAS, the Trojan hero who has disembarked on the land of Libya; brings me unusual memories...

ISIS, ADONIA, TONANTZIN (the second aspect of my Divine Mother KUNDALINI), came to me swifter than the breath of

Eurus...

She did not have the face proper of a mortal; she possessed a beauty impossible to define with words; she seemed sister of PHOEBUS APOLLO...

I found myself in her most loving immaculate arms; the adorable one seemed a sorrowful one like that of the biblical Christic gospel...

I was hungry and she fed me, thirsty and she gave me to drink, I fell ill and she healed me. Impossible to forget her words:

"My son, you, without me, in the hour of death would be completely orphaned."

Then she continued saying:

"You, without me, would be in the world totally alone." "What would become of your life without me?"

Subsequently I repeated: "Certainly, without you, my Mother, I would be orphaned. I fully recognize that, without your presence, in the hour of death I would truly find myself alone."

Life becomes a desert when one has died within oneself; without the aid of our Divine Mother KUNDALINI in all the presence of our being, we would then find ourselves inwardly orphaned...

Oh adorable Mother! You have manifested the Prana, the electricity, the force, the magnetism, the cohesion, and the gravitation in this universe.

You are the Divine Cosmic Energy hidden in the unknown depths of every creature.

Oh Maha Saraswati! Oh Maha Lakshmi! You are the ineffable spouse of SHIVA. (The Holy Spirit).

**Third Account**

The legend of the Celestial Cow, whose milk is ambrosia, life, and immortality, is in no way something without solid foundations, and we, the adepts, like the Divine Gautama or the Buddha conductor of the Cow, work very seriously with the Magisterium of the Five Aspects of DEVI-KUNDALINI.

To the Gnostics it greatly pleases us to feed ourselves with the apples of Gold and of Freya, which give immortality to the Gods...

Happily we drink the liquor of soma or Biblical Manna, with which we feel as comforted and vigorous as in the best moments of our florid youths...

A certain transcendental, divine cosmic event comes to my memory at moments in which I write these lines.

It happened many years ago that on a night of full moon I was transported to an extraordinary monastery of the Universal White Fraternity...

How happy I felt in the mansion of love!... Certainly there is no greater pleasure than that of feeling the soul detached... in those moments time does not exist and past and future fraternize within an eternal now.

Following my friends through regal chambers and galleries, we arrived at a very fresh patio, of which the one of the lions of the Alhambra was a miniature.

Enchanting patio in which, among flowers never seen or heard, several fountains of waters like those of the Divine Castalian Fount murmured...

However, the best thing shone at the center of the patio, and I contemplated it with mystical astonishment of penitent and anchorite...

I wish to refer emphatically to the "STONE OF TRUTH." This had then a Divine human form...

Sexual Prodigy of the blessed Mother Goddess Death; funereal, spectral marvel...

Third aspect of my Divine Mother KUNDALINI, living stone sculpture, tremendous representation of that which so fright-

ens mortals...

Without circumlocution, I confess before the Divines and before humans, that I embraced the terrible Goddess Death in full Dionysian inebriation...

It was indispensable to reconcile myself with the law; thus the Brothers of the Order of Saint John had told me — those Venerables who in themselves had already accomplished the Hyperborean Mystery...

Concluded that cosmic festival, I then had to meet with some Ladies and Knights of the Holy Grail in the refectory of the Monastery...

With much secrecy and great enthusiasm, all the brothers commented during the supper on the extraordinary event...

Unquestionably the "Animated Stones" that in ancient Arcadia radically modified the way of thinking of the sage Pausanias can be classified in two classes: OPHITES and SIDERITES, the "Stone-Serpent" and the "Stone-Star."

Eusebius, especially, never parted from his Ophites that he carried in his bosom, and received oracles from them, uttered by a little voice that resembled a faint whistle...

Arnobius recounts that whenever he found a stone of this kind, he never failed to address some question to it, which she

answered with a clear and sharp little voice...

HECATE, PROSERPINA, COATLICUE, in living animated stone, seemed to me as if she had sprung from the "Field of the Mother" or from some tomb of Carnac.

**Fourth Account**

"What common people currently know about Shamanism is very little, and even this little has been adulterated, the same as the rest of the non-Christian religions."

"It is usually called 'the paganism of Mongolia' without any reason, since it is one of the most ancient religions of India, namely: the cult of the spirit, belief in the immortality of souls, and that these, beyond death, continue to present the same characteristics of the men they animated here on Earth, although their bodies have lost, through death, their objective form, the man changing his physical form for the spiritual."

"Said belief in its present form is a sprout of primitive Theurgy and a practical fusion of the visible world with the invisible."

"When a foreigner naturalized in the country wishes to enter into communication with his invisible brothers, he must assimilate their nature — that is, he must find these beings by going half of the path that separates them from him, and then enriched by them with an abundant provision of spiritual es-

sence, he in turn endows them with a part of his physical nature, to place them in this manner in conditions of being able to show themselves at times in their semi-objective form, which they ordinarily lack."

"Such a process is a temporary change of natures, commonly called Theurgy."

"Common people call Shamans sorcerers, because it is said that they evoke the spirits of the dead with the end of practicing necromancy, but true Shamanism cannot be judged by its degenerated ramifications in Siberia, in the same way that the religion of Gautama-Buddha cannot be confused with the fetishism of some who call themselves his followers, in Siam and Burma."

Unquestionably theurgical invocations become simpler and more efficacious when one operates magically with the physical body totally submerged within the fourth dimension.

If by traveling inward and upward half of the path that separates us from beloved beings we can meet our beloved dead face to face, obviously all this would be easier by walking the totality of the path.

With the physical body submerged within the fourth coordinate, we can, like Iamblichus, invoke the Holy Gods to converse with them personally.

However, it is manifest that we need with utmost urgency a point of support, a lever, that allows us truly to leap with physical body and all to the fourth dimension.

It is fitting opportunely to cite here that famous phrase of Archimedes: "Give me a point of support and I will move the Universe."

Already in the eighth chapter of this book we spoke with much emphasis about the magical agent of the "Jinas" states; I wish to refer clearly to the fourth aspect of DEVI-KUNDALINI. (THIS IS THE POINT OF SUPPORT FOR THE FOURTH VERTICAL).

At moments in which I write these lines, some recollections come to my mind, magnificent divine evocations...

It happened that on an autumn night I resolved to drink of the wine of meditation in the cup of perfect concentration.

The motive of my meditation was "My Particular Mother Nature," the fourth aspect of the Igneous Serpent of our magical powers.

To pray is to converse with God, and I conversed with the adorable one, entreating her with the silent word to take me with my physical body to the Terrestrial Paradise. (The Fourth Dimension).

What then happened in the night of mystery was astonishing: assisted by the ineffable one I rose from the bed...

When I left my dwelling and went out into the street, I could verify that my physical body had penetrated into the fourth dimension...

She took me to the deepest forests of Eden, where the rivers of pure water of life flow with milk and honey...

Virgin Lady of wooded summits! All falls silent before you: uncultured Iberia, the Gaul who even dying austerely defies, and the fierce Sicambrian who, finally yielding his arms humbled, respects you.

Adorable Madonna of mine, by the Gods who from high heaven govern mortals on earth, I always implore your aid...

The face of my Mother Nature was like that of a paradisiacal beauty, impossible to describe with human words...

Her hair seemed like a cascade of gold falling delightfully upon her alabaster shoulders...

Her body was like that of the Mythological Venus; her hands with very beautiful conical fingers full of precious gems had the Christic form...

In the forest I conversed with the adorable one, and she told me things that earthly beings cannot comprehend...

Sublime, my Mother shone in the etheric world, in the fourth vertical, in the fourth dimension...

If, then, nothing produces relief for the aching breast — neither marbles of Phrygia, nor resplendent purple — better is it that one take refuge in the delightful bosom of one's particular individual Divine Mother Nature...

She is the author of our days, the true artificer of our physical body...

It was she who in the human laboratory joined the ovum to the zoosperm so that life might arise...

It is she who is the creator of the germinal cell with its forty-eight chromosomes...

Without her the cells of the embryo would not have multiplied, nor would the organs have been formed...

Though suffering bend your soul, hold firm, O Disciple! And surrender yourself humbly to your Mother Nature...

**Fifth Account**

"I wish to see at the confines of the terrestrial dwelling, Oceanus and Tethys, to whom we owe existence."

The loves of Jupiter with the Virgin IO, who was transformed into a celestial heifer or Sacred Cow of the Orientals, so as to escape the wrath of JUNO, is something that has very deep significance...

Hence, then, the first Jupiter of Greek Theogony, Father of all the Gods, Lord of the Universe and brother of URANUS or UR-ANAS — that is, the Primitive Fire and Water; for it is known, according to the classical writers, that in the Greek Pantheon nearly three hundred Jupiters figure.

In his other aspect of JOVE or IOD-EVE, he is the male-female JEHOVAH, collective androgynous ELOHIM of the Mosaic Books, ADAM-KADMON of the Kabbalists, the IACHO or INACHUS of Anatolia who is also the Dionysus, whose vibratory wave has become very intense with the entry of the Sun into the brilliant constellation of Aquarius...

Jesus, the Great Kabir, never rendered worship to the anthropomorphic JEHOVAH of the Jewish multitudes...

After the Law of Talion: "Eye for Eye and Tooth for Tooth" of the vengeful JEHOVAH, followed the Law of Love: "Love one another as I have loved you."

If with mystical enthusiasm we scrutinize the Sacred Scriptures, we can clearly evidence the palmary and manifest

fact that in none of the four gospels does the Hebraic anthropomorphic Jehovah figure.

RAM-IO (MARY), the DIVINE MOTHER KUNDALINI, always accompanied the adorable one, and there we see her on the Mount of Skulls at the foot of the cross...

"My Father, forgive them, for they do not know what they do," exclaims the Divine Rabbi of Galilee from the majestic summits of Calvary.

Unquestionably the blessed Lord of Perfections worshipped only his Father who is in secret and his Divine Mother KUNDALINI.

In other words, we will say: The Great KABIR Jesus profoundly loved IOD-HEVE, the Divine inner MALE-FEMALE...

IOD is certainly the particular individual Monad of each one, the Hindustani SHIVA, the Arch-Hierophant and Arch-mage, the firstborn of creation, the Golden Fleece, the treasure of which we must take possession after defeating the Dragon of Darkness...

HEVE is the unfolding of IOD, the Divine Spouse of SHIVA, our individual Mother KUNDALINI, the Sacred Cow of the five legs, the esoteric mystery of the Pentalpha.

Jupiter and his Cow of IO (iiiii ooooo) maintains an exact correspondence with the IOD-HEVE, the Divine inner Pair of every creature.

Four aspects of the Sacred Cow of IO we have studied; let us continue now with the Fifth Mystery...

On the esoteric path there exist transcendent and transcendental cosmic intervals.

After having entered the temple of the twice-born, I had to pass through one of those intervals...

I wish to refer emphatically to a sexual suspension; to a period of abstention that lasted several years.

In the interim I devoted myself with absolute exclusivity to profound inner meditation...

Objective: to dissolve the Psychological EGO, the Myself, the I-Self, which is certainly a knot in the cosmic energy, a tangle that we must reduce to cosmic dust.

To understand in integral form each of my psychological defects seemed to me fundamental, but I wished to go a little further along the path of meditation.

Comprehension is not all. We need with maximum, unpostponable urgency to capture the deep meaning of that which we

have comprehended.

Any devotee of the real path may have given himself the luxury of having comprehended a psychological defect in all the territories of the mind, without thereby having achieved the apprehension of its deep meaning.

Trying to understand my own defects in all the recesses of the mind, I resolved to become an enemy of myself.

Each defect was studied separately and in a very orderly form; I never committed the error of trying to chase ten hares at the same time; in no way did I wish to expose myself to a failure.

Meditation became exhaustive, it became deeper and deeper, and when I felt myself faint, I left the mind quiet and in silence as if awaiting some revelation; in those instants the truth came, I captured that which is not of time, the deep meaning of the defect comprehended in integral form.

Then I prayed, I entreated, I asked vehemently of my Divine Mother KUNDALINI to eliminate from my mind the psychic aggregate, the psychological defect in question.

Thus, little by little, with this didactic, with this "Modus Operandi," I managed during that sexual pause to eliminate fifty percent of those subjective, infrahuman elements that we carry within and that constitute the EGO, the I.

However, it is evident that everything in life has a limit. There are scales and scales, degrees and degrees.

This work became frightfully difficult when I had to face the most ancient infrahuman elements.

Unquestionably my Divine Mother needed superior weapons; I remembered the lance of Eros, the marvelous emblem of transcendental sexuality, but I was in a pause. What to do?

Nevertheless, a cosmic desideratum had already been delivered to me, and a certain categorical imperative demanded that I descend once again to the "Burning Forge of Vulcan" (sex), but I had not understood.

I had been transported to the mountains of mystery, I had seen in action the terrible forces of the Great Arcanum.

In vain I struggled against the categorical imperative of the Dionysian Waves; they were certainly dreadfully divine, omnipotent...

Those supernatural powers seemed an Apocalyptic hecatomb; I felt as if such forces could blow the Earth to pieces.

When I wished to search, inquire, investigate the origin of such sexual forces and powers, I found myself face to face with the Elemental Mage, with my Divine Mother KUNDALINI in her Fifth Aspect.

Certainly I had seen her most beautiful, the size of a Gnome or Pigmy, very small...

She wore a white tunic and a long black cloak that dragged on the ground; her head was covered with a very special magical headdress.

Beside one of the two symbolic columns of Occult Masonry, the adorable one had ordered me a new descent to the "Ninth Sphere" (Sex).

Unfortunately I had believed that it was a matter of some test, and for that reason I continued in disobedience: certainly I was dull in comprehension, and this was stagnating me.

After some time of mortal struggles against a certain very infrahuman psychic aggregate that resisted violently to disappear, I had to appeal to the Lance of Longinus.

No other solution remained to me. I appealed to the transcendent sexual electricity; I entreated my Divine Mother Kundalini during the metaphysical copulation, I anxiously begged her to grasp the Lance of Eros.

The result was extraordinary. My Sacred Mother, then armed with the Holy Pike, with the Divine Lance, with the electric-sexual power, was able to reduce to cosmic dust the horrifying

monster, the psychic aggregate that in vain I had tried to dissolve far from the chemical coitus.

Thus it was that I abandoned my sexual pause and returned to the "Forge of the Cyclops." Working with the Holy Lance I managed to reduce to cosmic dust all the infrahuman elements that constitute the EGO.

The Fifth Aspect of DEVI KUNDALINI gives us sexual potency, the natural instinctive force, etc., etc., etc.

*Chapter XII*

**First Mountain**

> *Classical Tauromachy is certainly something Initiatic and related to the mysterious cult of the Sacred Cow...*

## Chapter 28: THE GNOSTIC CHURCH

Those who have already passed to the other shore know well what the rigorous ordeals of Initiation are...

To separate ourselves from the monster of a thousand faces (humanity) in order to aid it efficiently is no offense.

I was thirty years of age when I was submitted to terrible and dreadful tests... What I then saw, what happened to me, is well

worth recounting.

It was on the night of mystery when I felt near me the howling of the hurricane; then I understood...

How alone I found myself that night, and yet... wherever I placed myself, here, there, or yonder, very soon I would see myself surrounded by the multitudes; I do not know how the people came to me, and then...

Once again only the hurricane howled; then I understood what the wind carried away. Today I speak because...

*"What rumor*

*sounds far off*

*that interrupted*

*the silence*

*in the serene black night?*

*Is it the swift gallop of the horse,*

*stretched out in flying escape,*

*or the rough roar of a hungry beast,*

*or perhaps the whistle of the Aquilon,*

*or the hoarse echo of distant thunder*

*that resounded in deep caverns,*

*or the sea that threatens with its swollen breast,*

*a new Lucifer, the throne of its God?"*

For all those specters of the night of mystery were also seen by that poet who sang thus:

*"Dense fog*

*covers the sky*

*and with spirits*

*is peopled,*

*wandering ones,*

*that here the wind*

*and there cross*

*vaporous,*

*and without count,*

*and here they take form,*

*and there they spin,*

*now they join,*

*they retreat,*

*now they hide,*

*now they appear,*

*they wander, they fly."*

*"Vague swarm of vain phantoms*

*of diverse forms, of varied color,*

*mounted on goats and serpents and on ravens,*

*and on broomsticks, with muffled noise..."*

*"They pass, they flee,*

*they return, they grow,*

*they diminish,*

*they evaporate,*

*they take color,*

*and among shadows*

*and reflections*

*near and far*

*now they are lost;*

*now they avoid me*

*with fear;*

*now they stir*

*with fury*

*in fantastic aerial dance*

*around me."*

With all those bellows, howls, hisses, neighs, creaks, lowings, croaks, mewings, barks, snorts, snores, and cackles, the seer poet keeps hearing, speaking to us in words that are livid and phosphoric brushstrokes of El Greco, in extraordinary apparitions like those of the Caprichos of Goya.

Everywhere shields, with rampant lions, Conchs of Compostela, beheaded Moors, fleurs-de-lis and trout; everywhere palaces and old houses in ruins, poverty and more poverty.

Many times I had to face valiantly the black Powers of which the Apostle Paul of Tarsus spoke in chapter II of the Epistle to the Ephesians.

Unquestionably the most dangerous adversary of that night bore the fatal title of "ANAGARIKA." I wish to refer emphatically to the Demon Cherenzi.

That repugnant shadowy creature had taught in the world "Black Tantrism." (Sexual Magic with seminal ejaculation).

The result appeared at first glance: a developed diabolical tail and horrifying horns.

That left-hand Tantric came before me accompanied by two other demons.

He seemed very satisfied with the "abominable KUNDARTIGUADOR organ" — the Satanic, witch-like, and terrible tail, the sexual fire projected from the coccyx down toward the atomic infernos of man, sequel and corollary of black Tantrism.

"Point-blank," as they say around here, I shot at him the following question: — Do you know me?

Answer: — "Yes! I saw you one night in the city of Bacata when I was giving a lecture."

What then happened was certainly not very pleasant: That "ANAGARIKA" had recognized me and, enraged, was hurling fire from his eyes and his tail... In violent form he tried to wound me; I defended myself with the best conjurations of high magic, and at last he fled with his accomplices...

Solitary, I continued on my way in the Night of Mystery; the hurricane howled...

In the deep depths of my consciousness, I had the strange sensation of taking leave of everything and everyone...

Panting, weary, after having fought many times against the tyranny of the Prince of the Powers of the Air — who is the Spirit that now reigns over the children of infidelity — I entered into the "Gnostic Church."

Temple of luminous marble, that rather seemed of crystal for its rare transparencies.

The terrace of that Transcended Church dominated, unconquered like a glorious acropolis, the solemn precinct of a sacred pine grove...

From there the firmly resplendent constellated heavens could be contemplated as of old in the Atlantean temples — those today buried temples longed for by the extraordinary poetry of Maeterlinck — from which ASURA-MAYA, the astronomer disciple of NARADA, made the prior observations to discover his chronological cycles of thousands of years, teaching them afterward to his beloved disciples by the light of the pale Moon, as today his devout successors practice it.

Slowly I advanced, walking very gently and in reverent attitude within the holy place.

However, something surprises me: I see a certain personage who, crossing my path, blocks my way. Another battle? I prepare for defense, but the personage smiles sweetly and exclaims with the voice of paradise:

— You do not frighten me; I know you very well!...

Ah! I recognize him at last... it is my Guru Adolfo — whom I have always called by the diminutive "ADOLFITO." God and Holy Mary help me! But... what was I doing?

— Forgive me, Master! I had not recognized you...

My Guru leads me by the hand into the interior of the Gnostic Church... THE MAHATMA takes a seat and then invites me to sit at his side; impossible to decline such a splendid invitation.

The dialogue that then took place between Master and Disciple was certainly extraordinary.

"Here in the Gnostic Church," said the Hierophant solemnly, "you can only be married to a single woman; not to two."

"You, in the past, gave vain hopes to a certain lady XX, who for that reason and despite time and distance still continues waiting for you."

"Obviously, in an unconscious way you are doing her great harm, for she, waiting for you, lives in a city in the most com-

plete misery."

"That Lady could well return to the bosom of her family in the country; thus it is clear that her economic problems would be solved."

Astonished, perplexed, on hearing such words, I embraced my Guru, thanking him infinitely for his counsel.

Master — I said — what could you tell me now about my wife LITELANTES? "She does serve you for Sexual Magic — SAHAJA MAITHUNA — with this LADY ADEPT you can work in the 'NINTH SPHERE.'" (Sex).

Oh, Guru! What I long for with infinite anxieties is the awakening of the KUNDALINI and union with the Innermost. Whatever it may cost me...

"But what have you said, oh disciple? Whatever it may cost?"

Yes, Master, that I have said... "Tonight, here, someone has been paid and then has been entrusted with the task of helping you in the awakening of the KUNDALINI."

"You have passed the DIRENE test," exclaimed the Hierophant — and then, placing upon my head a turban of immaculate whiteness with a gold button on the forehead, he said: "Let us go to the altar"...

Rising quickly, I advanced with my Holy Guru to the Sacred Altar...

I still recall that solemn instant when, kneeling before the sacred altar, I had to take a solemn oath...

"Whatever it may cost!" exclaimed my Master in a loud voice, and this phrase, vibrating intensely, was then repeated from sphere to sphere...

I then covered my SOLAR PLEXUS with the palm of my left hand and extended my right hand over the "HOLY GRAIL," saying: I swear it!

Terrible Oath!...

Genuine Castilian legends, such as that of Alfonso VII tearing from the hands of the Moors of Almeria the famous bowl or Grail — better said, cup — carved from an enormous emerald, and which was said to have been used by the great KABIR Jesus in his last supper, is terribly Divine...

To swear before the Holy Vessel?...

Ancient legends say that Joseph of Arimathea collected in that cup at the foot of the cross on the Mount of Skulls the blessed blood that flowed from the wounds of the adorable one...

Such a Vessel was earlier given by the Queen of Sheba to Soliman or Solomon — The Solar King — and was, according to others, the patrimony of the Tuatha de Danand, the "JINA" race of the Gaedhil (the British Galicia).

It is not known how this Venerated relic came to repose in the hermitage of San Juan de la Peña in the Pyrenees, and from there it continued its pilgrimage, sometimes to the Galician Salvaterra, sometimes to Valencia in the times of James the Conqueror, sometimes to Genoa, having been received by the Genoese in olden times as a reward for the aid they lent to Alfonso VII in the siege of Almeria.

## Chapter 29: THE FIRST INITIATION OF FIRE

When it comes to transcendental and practical esotericism, we can and even must emphasize the following:

All that has been said in pure occultism about our geomantic tableaux, astrology, magic herbs, marvelous parchments with cryptographic languages — despite being absolutely noble and true — is certainly nothing but the KINDERGARTEN, the lesser part of the Great Wisdom of the inherited East, which consists of the radical transformation of oneself through the revo-

lutionary asceticism of the New Aquarian Age. (Extraordinary mixture of sexual yearning with spiritual longing).

We Gnostics are in reality the chosen possessors of three great riches, namely:

- The "Philosopher's Stone."
- The "Key of Solomon."
- The "Genesis of Enoch."

These three factors constitute the living foundation of the Apocalypse, in addition to the collections of Pistorius, the Theosophy of Porphyry, and many other very ancient secrets.

The radical, absolute change within ourselves, here and now, would be impossible without the "Philosopher's Stone."

Speaking clearly and without circumlocution, I declare: The "ENS SEMINIS" (the entity of the semen) is certainly that venerable matter — cited by Sendivogius — with which we must elaborate "the Philosopher's Stone."

SEXUAL MAGIC is the path... thus I understood it in my present reincarnation when I wished to elaborate the "Philosopher's Stone."

Through that blessed stone we can fulfill that alchemical maxim that says: "Solve et Coagula."

We need to dissolve the Psychological I and coagulate within us the Sexual Hydrogen SI-12 in the form of solar bodies, intimate powers, virtues, etc., etc., etc.

The "Philosopher's Stone" is what gives value to the sexual seed and grants it the power to germinate, like a mystical leaven that ferments and raises the entire metallic mass, causing the King of Creation to appear in his integral form; I wish to refer to the authentic man, not to the intellectual animal mistakenly called man.

The Will — THELEMA — acquires the power of transmutation that converts vile metals into gold — that is, evil into good — in all the circumstances of life.

For this reason, transmutation demands a minimum quantity of "Philosopher's Stone" or "Powder of Projection."

Each vile metal dissolved in the crucible of Sexual Alchemy is always replaced by the pure gold of some new virtue. (Solve et Coagula).

The "MODUS OPERANDI" see in chapter Eleven, Fifth Account, of this same treatise. (For greater information, study my book titled: "The Mystery of the Golden Flowering").

To ignite the individual FOHAT, the Flame of Eros, in our Sexual Alchemical Laboratory, is certainly the foundation of

the Dionysian Wave; thus I deeply understood it, studying at the feet of my Guru "Adolfito."

Unquestionably I was always assisted during the metaphysical copulation; that other Divine Guruji who had been paid his salary in the temple (see chapter 12) kept his pledged word.

That Great Soul assisted me astrally during the chemical coitus; I saw him make strong magnetic passes upon my coccygeal bone, spinal column, and the upper part of my head.

When the erotic igneous serpent of our magical powers awakened to initiate its march inward and upward along the medullar spinal canal, I then felt much thirst and a very sharp pain in the coccyx that lasted me several days.

Then I was honored in the temple; I have never been able to forget that great cosmic event...

At that time I dwelt in peace in a small house, on the seashore, in the tropical zone of the Caribbean coasts...

The ascent of the KUNDALINI from vertebra to vertebra was realized very slowly, according to the merits of the heart...

Each vertebra is very demanding; from this we can infer difficult tests; as corollary we affirm: The ascent of the KUNDALINI to such or such a vertebra is not possible if for it we do not fulfill the precise moral conditions.

In the Superior Worlds, these thirty-three spinal vertebrae are designated with symbolic terms such as the following: "Canyons," "Pyramids," "Holy Chambers," etc., etc., etc.

The mystical ascent of the flame of love from vertebra to vertebra and from Chakra to Chakra, along the Medullar Canal, was certainly realized on the basis of Sexual Magic, including sanctification and sacrifice.

THE assisting MAHATMA gave me aid, conducting the sacred fire from my coccygeal bone — base of the spinal column — up to the pineal gland, located, as is already known by physicians, in the upper part of the brain.

Subsequently that "GREAT SOUL" made my erotic fire flow with great mastery as far as the region between the eyebrows.

The First Initiation of Fire came as a corollary when the Igneous Serpent of our Magical Powers made contact with the Atom of the Father, in the magnetic field of the root of the nose.

It was certainly during the mystical ceremony of the last supper that the cosmic date of the Initiation was set.

The Holy Grail! Like a sacred ember, it shines resplendently upon the table of the paschal banquet.

The true history of this Holy Grail is written in the stars and has its foundation, not in Toledo, as Wolfram of Eschenbach says...

The principal known origins of all these chivalric legends related to that of the Holy Grail are:

- The History: "Rerum in Partibus Transmarinis Gestarum," by William of Tyre (d. 1184), a Latin work translated into French with the title "Roman D'Eracle," and a book that serves as the basis for that of the "Great Conquest Overseas," translated from French to Castilian at the end of the 13th century or beginning of the 14th. In this conquest are summarized the five principal branches referring to the cycle of the First Crusade: The "Chansó D'Antiocha," the "Chanson de Jerusalén," "Les Chetiis" (or captives), "Elias" (the Knight of the Swan).
- The "Dolopathos" of John of Haute-Seille, written around 1190.
- That of the poem that Paris calls "Elioxa" or "Heli-Oxa" — The Solar Heifer — primitive name of the Isomberta or Isis-Bertha of the Knight of the Swan, the latter work of great analogies, according to Gayangos, with the famous Amadis of Gaul.

- The Parsifal and the Titurel of ESCHENBACH.
- The "Count of the Grail," by Chrétien de Troyes (1175), the "Lohengrin" or "Swan-Ritter" (the Knight of the Swan), an anonymous Bavarian work of the 13th century published by Goerres in 1813.
- The "Tristan and Isolde," by Gottfried of Strasbourg (1200-1220), and all the analogous "Tristans" that go about in literature.
- The "Quest of the Holy Grail" with the marvelous deeds of Lancelot and Galahad, his son (14th century), with all its concordant works.

I awaited with infinite anxiety the date and hour of the Initiation; it was a most sacred 27...

I wanted an Initiation like that which Commander Montenero received in the temple of Chapultepec, or like that other one that Gines de Lara — the reincarnated Deva — had in that Sancta Sanctorum or Adyita of the Knights Templar, on the extraordinary night of a lunar eclipse.

But my case was certainly very different, and although it may seem incredible, on the night of the Initiation I felt defrauded.

Resting with infinite anguish on my hard bed, within a humble hut, on the shores of the sea, I spent the night in vigil, awaiting uselessly...

My priestess wife slept, snored, sometimes she stirred in her bed or uttered incoherent words...

The sea, with its furious waves, beat the shore, roaring dreadfully, as if protesting...

Dawn came and nothing! What a dog of a night, my God!... God and Holy Mary help me!...

What intellectual and moral tempests I had to experience in those mortal nocturnal hours!

Truly there is no resurrection without death, nor any dawn in nature or in man without being preceded by the shadows, sadnesses, and nocturnal atonies that make its light more adorable.

All my senses were put to test, tortured in mortal agonies, that made me exclaim: "My Father! If it be possible, let this Cup pass from me, but not my will, but yours, be done."

At the rising of the Sun like a ball of fire that seemed to spring from the tempestuous ocean, LITELANTES awoke, saying to me:

Do you remember the festival they gave for you up there? You received the Initiation...

What? But what are you saying? Festival? Initiation? Which? The only thing I know is that I have spent a night more bitter than gall...

What! — exclaimed LITELANTES, astonished — Then you did not bring to your physical brain any memory?

Do you not remember the great chain? Did you forget the words of the Great Initiator?

Overwhelmed with such questions I interrogated LITELANTES, saying: What did the Great Being say to me?

You were warned — exclaimed the Lady-Adept — that from now on you would have double responsibility for the teachings you give in the world...

Moreover — said LITELANTES — you were clothed with the white linen tunic of the Adepts of the Occult Fraternity and the flaming sword was delivered to you...

Ah! Now I understand. While I was passing through such bitterness on my bed of penitent and anchorite, my Inner Real Being was receiving the Cosmic Initiation...

God and Holy Mary help me! But what is happening to me? Why am I so dull?

I am a little hungry; it seems to me that it is time to get up for breakfast...

Moments later LITELANTES gathered in the kitchen some dry logs that served as fuel to light the fire...

Breakfast was delicious; I ate with great appetite after such a painful night...

A new day of routine; I worked as always to earn my daily bread; I rested in my bed near noon...

Certainly I was sleepless, and a small rest seemed fitting to me; moreover, I felt contrite of heart...

I thus had no inconvenience in lying down in "dorsal decubitus" — that is, face-up position and with my body well relaxed.

Suddenly, finding myself in the waking state, I see that someone enters my bedroom; I recognize him — he is a Chela of the Venerable Great White Lodge...

That Disciple brings a book in his hands; he wishes to consult me and request a certain authorization...

When I wished to give a response, I spoke with a certain voice that astonished me; ATMAN responding through the creative larynx is terribly Divine.

Go — said my Real Being — fulfill the mission that has been entrusted to you. The Chela withdrew grateful...

Ah! How changed I have become... Now yes! I understand! These were my exclamations after the Chela withdrew...

Happy I rose from the hard bed to converse with LITELANTES; I needed to tell her what had occurred...

I felt something superlative, as if within my consciousness a transcendental ethnic change of divine esoteric type had taken place...

I longed for the new night; that tropical day was for me like the vestibule of wisdom. As soon as possible I wished to see the Sun like a ball of fire sinking once more amid the stormy waves of the ocean...

When the Moon began to silver the stormy waters of the Caribbean Sea, at those instants when the birds of heaven retire to their nests, I had then to urge LITELANTES to conclude her domestic chores.

That night we went to bed earlier than usual; I longed for something; I was in an ecstatic state...

Lying once more on my hard bed of penitent and anchorite, in that Hindustani asana of the dead man — dorsal decubitus, face up, relaxed body, arms along the sides, feet touching at

the heels with the tips of the toes open in fan shape — I awaited in a state of alert perception, alert novelty.

Suddenly, in a matter of thousandths of a second, I remembered a distant mountain; what then happened was something unusual, unprecedented...

I saw myself instantly there, upon the distant summit, very far from the body, the affections, and the mind...

ATMAN without ties, far from the dense body and in absence of the suprasensible vehicles...

In such moments of Samadhi, the Cosmic Initiation received the previous night was for me a palpable fact, a harsh living reality that I did not even need to remember...

When I placed my right hand upon the golden belt, joyfully I could verify that I had there the flaming sword, exactly on the right side.

All the data that LITELANTES had given me had turned out precise. How happy I felt now as MAN-SPIRIT! Truly clothed with the white linen tunic...

In full Dionysian inebriation I launched myself into the infinite sidereal space; joyfully I moved away from planet Earth...

Submerged within the ocean of the Universal Spirit of Life, I wished not to return again to this valley of bitterness, and then I visited many planetary dwellings...

When I gently set myself upon a giant planet of the unalterable infinite, unsheathing the flaming sword I exclaimed: I dominate all this!...

"Man is called to be the governor of all creation" — answered a Hierophant who stood at my side.

I sheathed the flaming sword in its golden scabbard and, submerging myself yet more in "the dormant waters of life," I carried out a series of invocations and extraordinary experiments.

Buddhic Body, come to me!... Attending my call, the beautiful Helen came to me — Guinevere, the Queen of the "Jinas," my adorable spiritual soul.

She entered into me and I into her, and together we formed that famous ATMA-BUDDHI of which Eastern Theosophy speaks so much.

With just reason it has always been said that the BUDDHI (SPIRITUAL SOUL) is like a vase of fine and transparent alabaster, within which burns the flame of PRAJNA. (Atman).

Continuing in successive order those singular invocations made from the very depth of the chaos, I then called my hu-

man soul, saying:

Causal Body, come to me!...

I saw my human soul gloriously clothed with the causal vehicle (Theosophical Superior Manas).

How interesting was that moment in which my human soul entered me joyfully...

In those instants I integrated in extraordinarily lucid form that Theosophical Triad known with the Sanskrit terms: ATMA-BUDDHI-MANAS.

Unquestionably ATMA — that is, the INNERMOST — has two souls. The first is the Spiritual Soul (Buddhi), which is feminine. The second is the Human Soul (SUPERIOR MANAS), which is masculine.

Subsequently, inebriated with ecstasy, I called my mind thus:

Mental Body, come to me!...

Several times I had to repeat the invocation, for the mind is slow to obey; however, at last it presented itself with much reverence, saying:

"Lord, here I am; I have come at your call; forgive me for having delayed! Did I fulfill your orders well?"

In the moments when I was about to give a response, there came forth from my deepest interior the solemn voice of my Pythagorean Monad, saying: "Yes!... you obeyed well; enter"...

That voice was like that of the RUACH ELOHIM that, according to Moses, worked upon the waters at the dawn of life...

It is not out of place to say with great emphasis that I concluded these invocations by calling the Astral Body. This also took a little while to come at my esoteric call, but at last it entered me.

Already clothed with my suprasensible vehicles, I could have called from the Chaos or Primitive Abyss my physical body, which at those moments lay on its hard bed of penitent and anchorite, and it is obvious that that body would also have come at my call.

This is never impossible: My physical body, which at such interesting moments lay on its hard bed, with the help of the fourth aspect of DEVI KUNDALINI, could have abandoned the three-dimensional region of Euclid to come at my call.

However, I then preferred to resurge from among that "VACUUM" — in the sense of plenum space — limitless and profound, in order to return to the planet earth...

I seemed in those moments a solitary ray arising from among the Abyss of the Great Mother...

The return to this planet of bitterness governed by forty-eight laws was relatively swift.

Frankly and without circumlocution, I declare: With full SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS I reentered the physical body, penetrating it through that marvelous door of the Soul cited by DESCARTES; I wish to refer to the Pineal Gland.

It is a pity that Cartesian Philosophy is ignorant of what OBJECTIVE Knowledge is.

Since such pure knowledge is accessible to my cognitive faculties, I have been able to write these lines for the good of our very beloved readers...

*Chapter XIV*

> *Frankly and without circumlocution, I declare: With full SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS I reentered the physical body, penetrating it through that marvelous door of the Soul cited by DESCARTES; I wish to refer to the Pineal Gland.*

## Chapter 30: THE SECOND INITIATION OF FIRE

Unquestionably we can and even must affirm with great emphasis the transcendent and transcendental existence of two classic types of occultism.

From the whole varied set of historical and prehistoric processes related to the Earth and its human races, it is given to us to infer two occultist modalities, namely:

- Innate Occultism.
- Scholastic Occultism.

The first of these two currents is manifestly antediluvian; the second is completely postdiluvian.

The exact parallels of these two clearly enunciated occultist forms we must discover clairvoyantly in the two modalities of the Law:

- Natural and paradisiacal Law. (Wisdom of the Gods).
- Written Law. Deuteronomy. (Second and more inferior Law).

Written it is, with characters of fire in the book of life, that when "the sons of God" — that is, of the ELOHIM or of the "Jinas" — knew the daughters of men, the dreadful Atlantean cat-

astrophe or Universal Flood became horrifying (Genesis, VI, 1). Then the formidable empire of the First Law concluded, and the time of Deuteronomy or Second Law arrived.

Too palmary and evident is the terrible imperfection of the Written law; torment of great men due to its dreadful limitations and iron tutelage of the lesser.

Moses, the illustrious Sacred Leader of the people of Israel, gathering his people on the plains of Moab, exposes to the sight of all the extraordinary prodigies that the Lord had worked in their favor since on Mount Sinai the first covenant had been established, and repeats the Law with new illustrations, pronouncing dreadful warnings against its transgressors and promising just rewards and felicities of every kind to those who keep it faithfully.

Moses, transfigured on Mount Nebo after having blessed the Twelve Tribes of Israel, contemplates "the Promised Land," the Elysian Fields or World of the "Jinas," the land that flows with milk and honey, the Etheric World, the Fourth Dimension...

Moses did not die like other men; he disappeared on Mount Nebo; his body was never found; what became of him?

Moses returned to the happy land of the Nordic and Druidic songs; he became "JINA," he became an inhabitant of

paradise.

With full lucidity we have been able to verify in integral form the conclusive, clear, and definitive fact that it is precisely there, in the supraliminal world, in the fourth dimension, where in olden times dwelt the joyful people of ancient Arcadia...

I wish to refer specifically to the paradisiacal humanities of ancient times.

When John the Baptist was beheaded, the Great Kabir Jesus withdrew in a boat "to a desert and remote place" — that is, to the lands of the "Jinas," to the fourth coordinate of our planet Earth — and it is there that he operates with the multitude the miracle of the five loaves and two fishes, of which no fewer than five thousand men ate, not counting women and children, with twelve baskets full of pieces left over (Ibid, XIV, 15-21).

It is manifest that the Great Gnostic Priest Jesus had also to place the multitudes within the Fourth Dimension with the evident purpose of carrying out the miracle...

Old Irish traditions, wisely recorded in the delightful songs of the Bards or Nordic Rhapsodies, speak with just reason of an extraordinary CAINITE or INCA people — that is, of "Priest

Kings," called the TUATHA DE DANAND, highly skilled in every kind of magical art learned in Thebes.

Obviously, it is a matter of a great "JINA" people, prototype of the "Wandering Jew," tireless traveler.

The Tuatha de Danand traveled through the Mediterranean countries, reaching even Scandinavia itself, where they founded, in addition to one Lunar and one Solar city, four great magical cities.

Returning to Ireland, the Tuatha disembarked on that island, protected, like Aeneas in Carthage, by a thick magical mist (or veil of ISIS of the fourth dimension that hid them).

In other words, we shall say that the Tuatha returned to Ireland through the fourth dimension.

Written it is in old chronicles, the very famous battle of MADURA, where they covered themselves with glory, defeating the shadowy "FIR-BOLGS."

"So great was the excellence of the TUATHA DE DANAND, so powerful and innumerable their hosts, that the plains were strewn with hordes of combatants who extended to the regions where the Sun hides at the decline of day. Their heroes immortalized themselves before TARA, the magical capital of Ireland."

"The Tuathas did not arrive at Erim in any known ship, nor did anyone manage to determine clearly whether they were people born of the Earth or descended from the heavens, or whether they were diabolical entities or a new nation that could in no way be human if through their veins did not flow the royal blood of Berthach, the tireless one, the founder of the primitive Ceinne."

When the Great Atlantean Catastrophe occurred, the Tuatha de Danand entered the Fourth Dimension definitively.

In the etheric region of our planet Earth, several human races dwell happily; those people, even in our days of so much bitterness, still live in a paradisiacal state...

In the Fourth Coordinate of our planet Earth, there exist many magical cities of resplendent beauty...

In the Earthly Fourth Vertical we can discover the elemental paradises of nature, with all their temples, valleys, enchanted lakes, and "Jinas" lands...

Unquestionably it is there, in the "Promised Land," where we can still happily find "Innate Occultism" and the "Natural and Paradisiacal Law."

Those blessed "Jinas" who happily dwell in "the Elysian Fields," in "the land that flows with milk and honey," certainly

do not fall under the regency of Deuteronomy or the Second Law, which so torments mortals...

Obviously the "Jinas" multitudes — like those known as the Tuatha de Danand — dwell joyfully in Eden under the regency of the First Law...

Four esoteric magical symbols the Tuatha de Danand always carried with them through those lands of their legendary exoduses:

- A Gigantic Cup or Grail. (Living symbol of the Feminine Womb).
- An enormous lance of pure iron. (Phallic Masculine symbol).
- A Great Flaming Sword. (Symbol of the Sexual Fire).
- The Stone of Truth. (Symbol of the Philosopher's, Sexual Stone).

If Moses, the Great Hebrew Leader, had been ignorant of the deep significance of these four magical symbols, he would never have been able to become "JINA" on Mount Nebo...

Thus I understood it when, prostrated before the LOGOS of the Solar System, I asked him with complete humility to be admitted to the Second Initiation of Fire...

Impossible to forget those instants when the Blessed One entrusted to a certain specialist the sacred mission of conducting wisely through my spinal column the second degree of power of the fire.

I wished to know in depth the Mysteries of the Fourth Coordinate and to penetrate victorious into the "Promised Land."

I needed with maximum, unpostponable urgency, to restore the igneous powers in my etheric vital depth...

When the second serpent awakened to initiate its ascent inward and upward along the etheric spinal medulla, I was honored in the temple with a great cosmic festival.

The "JINA" specialist assisted me during the metaphysical copulation; LITELANTES and I perceived him with the sixth sense.

Manifestly I was not abandoned; the "Jina" assisted me with strong magnetic passes that went from the coccyx to the Pineal gland...

That Master had taken upon his shoulders a great moral responsibility: he had to conduct the living and philosophical fire intelligently along the medullar spinal canal of the famous

Theosophical "LINGAM SARIRA" (Vital depth of the Human organism).

Obviously such a vehicle is only the superior section of the physical body, the tetradimensional aspect of our physical body. "This Initiation is much more laborious," thus the Logos of our Solar System had told me; however, I longed with infinite anxieties to know the mysteries of the "Etheric World"; to enter the "Promised Land."

The brilliant ascent of the second Igneous Serpent along the Medullar Canal, from vertebra to vertebra and from Chakra to Chakra, was realized very slowly, according to the merits of the Heart.

Each spinal vertebra of etheric type implies determined virtues; manifestly we must be tested before arriving at such or such a vertebra; let us remember that gold is tested with fire and virtue with temptation.

The legs of the thrones of the Gods have animal-like forms. The shadowy ones incessantly attack those who try to attain any degree of occult masonry in the spinal column.

"Heaven is taken by assault; the valiant have taken it." In the country of a thousand and one nights mystical agapes also exist; I was at one of those suppers; we guests were regally at-

tended by swans of immaculate whiteness on the shores of a crystalline lake...

On another occasion the following Cosmic Law was taught to me: "Never mix within the same house contrary forces, because from the mixture of two opposite currents results a third force, which is destructive to all."

The Vital Body is constituted by four Ethers:

- LUMINOUS ETHER.
- REFLECTIVE ETHER.
- CHEMICAL ETHER.
- ETHER OF LIFE.

The first of these ethers is intimately related with the various functions of will and imagination.

The second is secretly associated with all sensory and extrasensory perceptions.

The third is the basis of all organic biochemical processes.

The fourth serves as a medium for the forces that work with the processes of the reproduction of the races.

During the Second Initiation of Fire I learned to liberate the two superior ethers in order to travel with them far from the physical body.

Unquestionably clairvoyant and clairaudient perceptions intensify extraordinarily when one absorbs in one's astral body the two superior ethers.

Such ethers permit us to bring to the physical brain the totality of suprasensible memories.

The esoteric vivid explanation that in scenic form was given to me about the mystical decapitation was certainly extraordinary...

Invited I was to a macabre feast, and what I saw upon the tragic table was really dreadful...

A profane bleeding head placed upon a silver platter, all adorned with something that is better to leave unsaid...

Manifest is its deep significance: The animal Ego, the I-Self, the Myself, must be beheaded...

From this we can infer with great accuracy the conclusive and definitive fact that the head of John the Baptist on a silver platter certainly possesses the same meaning...

Unquestionably John the precursor taught this terrible truth, climbing the Altar of supreme sacrifice...

Scrutinizing old chronicles with the tenacity of a cleric in his cell, we discover the following:

"The Nazarenes were known as Baptists, Sabaeans, and Christians of Saint John. Their belief was that the Messiah was not the Son of God, but simply a prophet who wished to follow John."

"Origen, (Vol. II, page 150) observes that 'there exist some who say of John that he was the anointed.' (CHRISTUS)."

"When the metaphysical conceptions of the Gnostics, who saw in Jesus the LOGOS and the anointed, began to gain ground, the primitive Christians separated from the Nazarenes, who accused Jesus of perverting John's Doctrines and of changing for another the baptism in the Jordan. (Codex Nazaraeus, II, p. 109)."

It is not out of place to affirm with great emphasis the transcendental fact that JOHN the Baptist was also a CHRISTUS...

On the other hand, considered from the point of view of the LOGOS (PERFECT MANIFOLD UNITY), it can be said that he has saved those who have died in themselves — those who have beheaded the Animal Ego and who have defeated the kingdom of darkness or hell.

As a consequence or corollary, all this I understood in integral, unitotal form, on seeing the macabre table in the hall of the feast...

When I abandoned that unusual and abyssal den, the Adepts of the Occult Fraternity gave me a beautiful gift.

It was a minuscule instrument of magic, by means of which I can operate as a theurge, modifying plasticity...

Those who have seen my photos can verify for themselves the concrete fact that voluntarily I handle plasticity.

Various forms of my face disconcert my best photographers; however, I confess frankly and without circumlocution that it is not I who have this power, but the INNERMOST, my Inner Real Being, Atman the ineffable. He operates upon plasticity when it is indispensable...

My insignificant person is worth nothing; the Work is everything. I am certainly nothing more than a simple worm of the mire of the earth...

If I were to write in detail all that we mystics have experienced in the thirty-three Holy Chambers of the etheric world, we would fill many volumes; therefore, I prefer to speak in synthesis...

When the second degree of power of the fire reached the level of the creative larynx, I was placed in jail.

The accusation text said textually the following: "This Gentleman, in addition to committing the offense of healing

the sick, is also the author of a book titled: 'The Perfect Matrimony,' which is an offense against public morality and the good customs of the citizens."

It was, then, in the horrifying dungeon of an old South American prison where I had to pass through the classic ceremony of decapitation...

Then I saw at the foot of an old tower my Divine Mother KUNDALINI, with the Flaming Sword in her right hand, beheading a creature.

Ah! Now I understand, I exclaimed amid the fearsome darkness of the horrible dungeon. Subsequently I entered that delightful state which in high YOGA is known as NIRVI-KALPA-SAMADHI.

Outside that other dungeon called the physical body, in ecstasy I experienced within myself the great profound inner reality...

He — my Monad — entered me — into my soul — and then I was totally transfigured. With lucid plenitude I saw myself integrally.

He is the Fifth of the Seven Spirits before the Throne of the Lamb, and I am his BODHISATTVA. This comes to remind us

of that phrase of Muhammad: "Allah is Allah, and Muhammad is his Prophet."

On leaving that prison I headed home; there my best friends awaited me...

Days later, the second degree of power of the fire made direct contact with the Atom of the Father, located in the Magnetic Field of the Root of the Nose; then I saw in nocturnal vision the flaming star with the Eye of God at the center.

The resplendent Pentalpha detached itself from the Christ Sun to shine upon my head...

The cosmic festival of the night of the Initiation was extraordinary. From the threshold of the temple I saw my Real Being — the INNERMOST — crucified on his cross in the most sacred depth of the Sanctuary and before the Brothers of the Occult Fraternity.

While He received the Initiation, I, in the vestibule of the temple, settled accounts with the Lords of Karma...

*Chapter XV*

> *When the second serpent awakened to initiate its ascent inward and upward along the etheric spinal medulla, I was honored in the temple with a great cosmic festival.*

## Chapter 31: THE THIRD INITIATION OF FIRE

Unquestionably death is something profoundly significant. To delve into this theme, to deepen it integrally, sincerely, with infinite patience and at all levels of the mind, is certainly urgent, unpostponable.

As a consequence or luminous corollary, we can and even must affirm with solemnity the following postulate: "Only by totally discovering the Mysteries of Death can we discover the origin of life."

If the germ does not die, the plant is not born. Death and Conception are intimately associated.

Upon exhaling the last breath of our existence, we inevitably project, through time and space, the electric design of our own existence...

Manifestly such electro-psychic design later comes to impregnate the fertilized egg; thus it is that we return.

The path of life is formed by the hoofprints of the horse of death.

The last moments of the dying are secretly linked to the loving pleasures of our future earthly parents.

The destiny that awaits us beyond death will be the repetition of our present life, plus its consequences.

That which continues beyond the sepulchral grave are my affections, my tendernesses, my hatreds: I want, I do not want, I envy, I desire, I take revenge, I kill, I steal, I am lustful, I have anger, I covet, etc., etc., etc.

All this legion of EGOS — a true legion of DEMONS — personifying psychological defects, returns, comes back, is reincorporated.

Absurd it would be to speak of an individual EGO; better is it to speak with complete clarity of the PLURALIZED EGO.

Orthodox esoteric BUDDHISM teaches that the EGO is a sum of psychic aggregates.

The Egyptian book of "The Hidden Dwelling" mentions with great emphasis the red DEMONS of Seth (the EGOS-DEVILS that constitute the EGO).

Such quarrelsome and shouting EGOS constitute the shadowy legions against which Arjuna had to combat by orders emanating directly from the blessed lord KRISHNA (see the BHAGAVAD-GITA).

The Personality does not return; it is a child of its time; it has a beginning and an end. The only thing that continues is cer-

tainly a heap of DEVILS...

We can attain immortality in the Astral World; however, this is only possible by fabricating the EIDOLON (THE ASTRAL BODY).

Very diverse Pseudo-Esoteric and Pseudo-Occultist authors fall into the error of confusing the EGO with the Astral Body.

Modern metaphysical literature speaks much about projections of the Astral Body; however, we must have the courage to recognize that occult enthusiasts tend to unfold in the EGO to travel in the Sub-Lunar regions of Nature through time and space.

The Astral Body is not an indispensable implement for existence; it is not out of place to remember that the physical body fortunately has a vital background or LINGAM SARIRA, which integrally guarantees its existence.

Unquestionably the Astral Body is a luxury that very few people can afford; rare are the subjects who are born with that splendid vehicle.

The "Prime Matter of the Great Work," the ALCHEMICAL ELEMENT with which we can fabricate the Astral Body, is the Sexual Hydrogen SI-12. Obviously, the cited Hydrogen repre-

sents the final product of the transformation of foods within the marvelous laboratory of the organism.

It is evident that this is the most important matter with which sex works; the elaboration of this substance develops in rhythmic consonance with the seven notes of the musical scale.

It is not out of place to understand that the "ENS SEMINIS" and its peculiar Hydrogen SI-12 is seed and fruit at the same time.

To transmute this prodigious HYDROGEN, giving it intelligent crystallization in a Superior Octave, signifies in fact creating a new life within the existing organism, giving evident form to the "Astral or Sidereal Body" of "ALCHEMISTS and KABBALISTS."

"You must understand that the Astral Body is born from the same material, from the same substance, from the same matter from which the physical body is born; the only thing that differs is the procedure."

"The entire physical body, all the cells, become, so to speak, impregnated by the emanations of the matter that is SI-12. And when these have been sufficiently saturated, the matter SI-12 begins to crystallize."

"The Crystallization of this matter constitutes the formation of the Astral Body."

"The transition of the Matter SI-12 to a condition of emanations and the gradual saturation of the whole organism with these emanations is what is called in alchemy TRANSMUTATION or TRANSFORMATION."

"Precisely this transformation of the physical body into ASTRAL is what ALCHEMY calls: Transformation of the coarse metals into fine metals, or the obtaining of gold from the ordinary metals."

The esoteric procedure we can discover in SEXO-YOGA, in MAITHUNA, in SEXUAL MAGIC. Connection of the LINGAM YONI-PHALLUS-WOMB without ejaculation of the ENS SEMINIS.

Restrained desire will originate the marvelous processes of the crystallization of the Hydrogen SI-12 in a superior octave.

Nourishment is different. Unquestionably the Astral Body also needs its food and nourishment; that is obvious.

Since the physical body is wisely controlled by forty-eight laws — a fact that is scientifically demonstrated by the forty-eight chromosomes of the germinal cell — it is very clear and mani-

fest that the capital Hydrogen of the cellular body is Hydrogen (48) Forty-eight.

To save this specific type of Hydrogen is in truth relatively easy when we march along the path of the straight line.

The excess of Hydrogen (48) Forty-eight, not spent in the physical activities of the three-dimensional world of Euclid, marvelously converts itself into Hydrogen (24) Twenty-four.

Manifestly the cited Hydrogen Twenty-four always becomes extraordinary food of the Astral Body.

It is urgent to affirm with great emphasis that the Sidereal or Astral Body of ALCHEMISTS AND KABBALISTS develops and unfolds splendidly under the absolute control of the twenty-four laws.

Every organ is known clearly by its functions, and one knows that one has an astral body when one can travel with it (see chapter 6 of this same treatise). My particular case was certainly extraordinary. I must affirm specifically that I was born with an Astral Body.

In magnificent form I had fabricated it before being born, in very ancient ages of an antecedent MAHANVANTARA, much before the dawn of the Lunar Chain rose.

To restore the igneous powers in the said Sidereal Body was certainly for me the most important thing; thus I understood it before requesting of the Logos of the Solar System admission to the Third Initiation of Fire.

It is not out of place to tell my beloved readers that the Great Being, after granting me what I requested, issued special provision, aiding me.

From this you can infer that a certain specialist in the Third Degree of Power of Fire was given to me.

That Guru-Deva fulfilled his mission, directing the third Igneous Serpent through the Medullar Canal in the Astral Body.

LITELANTES and my insignificant person who is worth nothing perceived with the sixth sense the astral specialist who assisted us during the metaphysical copulation.

The awakening of the fire in the astral body is always announced with a terrible flash of lightning in the night.

Originally the Third Degree of Power of Fire in such a precious vehicle possesses a most beautiful immaculate white color; later it comes to shine among the aura of the Universe with a most beautiful golden color.

I confess frankly and without circumlocution that during the esoteric work with the Third Degree of Power of Fire, I had to live in symbolic form the entire Cosmic Drama.

One who is no more than a vile worm that crawls through the mire of the earth feels truly moved when suddenly and without deserving it, he sees himself converted into the central personage of such Drama, although this be in merely symbolic form.

Unlike the two previous serpents, the Third Degree of Power of Fire, after touching the atom of the Father in the magnetic field of the root of the nose, continues its march to the heart.

Between the "magnetic field" of the root of the nose and the heart, there exist secret pathways, "Nadis," or marvelous canals.

A certain secret path connects the root of the nose with the Crown Chakra, which from the center of the brain controls the Cardias. Through that way the fire circulates; later it continues its march to the heart itself, circulating mysteriously through the ANAHATA NADI.

To live the whole Drama of the Christ in the Astral World is, beyond all doubt, something that could never be forgotten.

As the Third Degree of Power of Fire develops and unfolds harmoniously in the Astral Body, the various events of the

Christic Drama become open.

When the sacred fire reaches the marvelous port of the tranquil heart, we then experience that symbolism intimately related with the death and resurrection of the Christ.

Terrible is that instant in which the symbolic Longinus thrusts into the side of the Initiate the Sacred Lance, the extraordinary emblem of the phallic force.

Parsifal healed with such a Lance the dreadful wound that burned painfully in the side of King Amfortas.

When I was secretly approved by a certain sidereal power, the shadowy Adepts of the Left Hand attacked me, full of great hatred.

Among the Mysteries of the Great cathedrals the Holy Sepulcher is never lacking, and it is evident that mine could not be lacking in the Initiation.

At moments in which I write these lines, the Initiatic moment of Gines de Lara comes to my memory.

There was not, in fact, at that esoteric instant of the illustrious initiate, any maiden of the "Great Lineage," daughter of the founder of the Monastery, accompanying him, nor any other "Worthy Man" than the Master Guide himself, who led him to the Sancta Sanctorum or Adyita of that temple, where the neo-

phyte found, at the center of a richly appointed marble chamber, a sumptuous sepulcher hermetically closed, and whose heavy lid Gines easily lifted with his own hands, obeying the Master, and saw therein, with great surprise, his own physical body.

Unlike Gines de Lara, I saw in the sepulcher my own Astral Body; I understood then that I had to pass through the esoteric resurrection.

Unquestionably the Great Master Mason HIRAM ABIFF must rise in us. "The King has died. Long live the King!"

Realistic, harsh, legitimate, authentic resurrection is only possible on the Second Mountain. In these paragraphs we are only referring emphatically to the symbolic Initiatic Resurrection.

Within the Holy Sepulcher I had to remain astrally for a space of three days before the mentioned Symbolic Resurrection.

The descent into the dark dwelling of Pluto was indispensable, after the whole symbolic resurrective process.

Shadowy recapitulations I had to initiate amid the deepest entrails of the Earth — there where the Florentine Dante found the city of Dis.

The progressive ascension was realized slowly, through the various strata of the submerged mineral kingdom...

Scenic, vivid, progressive, ascending recapitulation was indispensable for full knowledge of the Self, of the Myself.

To recapitulate ancient abyssal errors usually proves useful when it is a matter of dissolving the EGO.

To know our own psychological errors is certainly urgent, unpostponable. I am a Saint! — I exclaimed before a group of elegant ladies who shadowy took their seats in a sumptuous abyssal salon...

Those women laughed at me, mocking heartily, while with a certain very provocative gesture they repeated ironically: Saint! Saint! Saint!... Those unfortunate creatures were right. At that time I had not yet dissolved the EGO; I was a fallen BODHISATTVA...

Written it is, with burning coals, in the Book of All Splendors, that in the dwelling of Pluto "truth disguises itself with shadows." "Demonius est Deus Inversus," wrote H.P.B.

Symbolic Initiatic ascension, instructive, however different from the Logoic Ascension of the Third Mountain.

Nineteen days after having initiated the ascending abyssal march, the Adepts of the Occult Fraternity eliminated from my

lower belly a certain layer or atomic substance similar to the skin of the human organism.

Within the man microcosm, such an atomic layer is like a great door that gives access to the abyssal depths...

While this atomic element exists in individuals, the essence shall remain too self-enclosed in the EGO.

Once that atomic door is removed in the astral counterpart of the belly, the Adepts must then heal such ventral zone.

When the Third Degree of Power of Fire manages to come out through the upper part of the skull, it assumes the mystical figure of the Holy Spirit, a White dove with the head of a venerable elder.

Immaculate Divine creature perched upon the tower of the temple, in mystical watch, awaiting joyfully the supreme instant of the Initiation...

Recalling ancient errors of previous reincarnations, I had to pass at the thirty-three days through an unusual, unprecedented event...

Three of the four fundamental states of consciousness had to be submitted to the trial of fire...

To define these four states of consciousness is urgent for the good of our beloved readers:

- EIKASIA.
- PISTIS.
- DIANOIA.
- NOUS.

The First of these four states is profound unconsciousness, barbarism in motion, infrahuman dream, cruelty, etc., etc., etc.

The Second of such states corresponds exactly with all the processes of reasoning: opinions, fanatical sectarianisms, etc., etc., etc.

The Third manifests itself as synthetic conceptualism, Scientism, intellective revision of beliefs, induction, deduction of reflective type, very serious studies on phenomena and laws, etc., etc., etc.

The Fourth is Awakened Consciousness; state of Turiya, truly objective, illuminated, perfect Clairvoyance; Polyvidence, etc., etc., etc.

I emerged victorious in the difficult test; unquestionably on the path of the "Razor's Edge" we must be tested many times.

The Hermetic Symbolism of the cited esoteric test was very interesting. "Three maidens" very serene amid the fire. Victory! Was the result.

Today I find myself firmly established in the DIANOETIC AND NOETIC states. It is not out of place to affirm that EIKASIA and PISTIS were eliminated from my nature through the terrible ordeals of the Initiation.

Thirty-seven days after having initiated abyssal revisions, I had then to study in direct form the twelve zodiacal constellations, under whose regency we constantly evolve and involve.

Each of the twelve zodiacal constellations shines with its peculiar tone.

The Astral Light of the constellation of Leo is of a most beautiful gold color, and one feels inspired when contemplating it.

The end of all the processes related to ascension is always announced by four angels who, turned toward the four cardinal points of the planet Earth, each sound his trumpet.

Within the temple the white dove of the Holy Spirit was delivered to me, as if telling me: "Work intensely in the Ninth Sphere if you wish to incarnate within yourself the THIRD LOGOS." All these symbolic processes of the ascension concluded at the forty days.

The final ceremony was carried out in the Causal world; what I then felt and saw was certainly extraordinary.

The Great Initiator was then SANAT KUMARA, founder of the Great College of Initiates of the Venerable White Lodge.

On the Altar, with the cane of seven knots in his potent right hand, that Great Being shone terribly Divine.

*Chapter XVI*

> *When the sacred fire reaches the marvelous port of the tranquil heart, we then experience that symbolism intimately related with the death and resurrection of the Christ.*

## Chapter 32: THE FOURTH INITIATION OF FIRE

That sad rational homunculus mistakenly called "Man" is very similar to a fatal ship crewed by many left and shadowy passengers. (I wish to refer to the EGOS).

Unquestionably each of these in particular has his own mind, ideas, concepts, opinions, emotions, etc., etc., etc.

Obviously we are full of infinite psychological contradictions; if we could see ourselves in a full-length mirror just as we are

internally, we would be horrified at ourselves.

The type of mind that at a given moment expresses itself in us through the various cerebral functions depends exclusively on the quality of the EGO in action (see chapter 3, section entitled the EGO).

It is evident, palmary, and manifest in each of us the inner existence of many minds.

Certainly we are not possessors of an individual, particular mind; we have many minds.

We need with maximum, unpostponable urgency to create the "MENTAL BODY," but this is only possible by transmuting the Sexual Hydrogen SI-12.

Through the SAHAJA MAITHUNA (Sexual Magic), we can and even must pass the excess of Sexual Hydrogen SI-12 not used in the fabrication of the Astral Body to a second octave of superior order.

The crystallization of such hydrogen in the splendid and marvelous form of the Mental Body is an axiom of Hermetic Wisdom.

Manifestly this crystallization of the cited sexual hydrogen is processed solemnly according to the notes DO-RE-MI-FA-SOL-LA-SI in transcendent SECOND OCTAVE.

Nourishment is different; it is evident that every organism that comes into existence needs its specific food and nourishment. The Mental Body is no exception to the general rule.

The excess of Hydrogen 24 not spent in feeding the Astral Body is converted into Hydrogen Twelve. (Do not confuse the latter with the Sexual Hydrogen SI-12). As an evident consequence or corollary, it is licit to affirm clearly that Hydrogen Twelve is the cardinal and definitive food for the Mental Body.

It is not possible to attain the full individualization of understanding without the creation of a Mental Body.

Only by creating such a vehicle do we possess "ORGANIZED INFERIOR MANAS," particular individual Concrete Mind.

The foundation of this creation is found in the "Ninth Sphere" (sex). To work in the "Burning Forge of Vulcan" is indispensable.

It is evident that one knows that one possesses a Mental Body when one can travel with it consciously and positively through the suprasensible worlds.

My particular case was certainly something very special; I was born with a Mental Body; I had already created it in a most remote past, much before the dawn of the MAHANVANTARA of PADMA or GOLDEN LOTUS rose.

In reality now I only needed with maximum, unpostponable urgency to recapitulate the Fourth Initiation of Fire and restore the flaming powers in the already-mentioned vehicle.

The Resplendent Dragon of Wisdom — I wish to refer to the Logos of the Solar System of ORS — entrusted to a specialist the noble mission of assisting and helping me.

To raise the fourth serpent along the medullar canal of the Mental Body, from vertebra to vertebra and from Chakra to Chakra, is certainly something very slow and dreadfully difficult.

"Before the flame of gold can burn with serene light, the lamp must be well tended and in a place free from all wind."

"Earthly thoughts must fall dead before the doors of the temple."

"The mind that is a slave of the senses makes the soul as invalid as the boat that the wind leads astray upon the waters."

Astonished, I perceived the multiple splendors of the marvelous Pentalpha upon the most sacred candlesticks of the temple.

Joyfully I crossed the threshold of the Sanctuary; my thoughts blazed ardently.

I understood clearly that during the work in the Ninth Sphere I would have to separate very carefully the smoke from the flames.

Smoke is horror, darkness, bestiality; flame is light, love, transcendent chastity.

Any exterior impact originates undulatory reactions in the mind; the latter in themselves have their fundamental nucleus in the EGO, the I, the MYSELF.

To exercise absolute control over the cited mental reactions is certainly indispensable.

We need to become indifferent before praise and reproach, before triumph and defeat.

To smile before insulters, to kiss the lash of the executioner, is indispensable. Remember that wounding words have no more value than that given them by the offended.

When we give no value to the words of insulters, these remain as a check without funds.

The Guardian of the Threshold, in the World of the Mind, comes to personify the EGO, the I.

To confront with heroism the terrible test, truly to defeat the terrible brother — as he is called in Occult Masonry — is indis-

pensable in the Fourth Initiation of Fire.

Without any fear, I quickly unsheathed the flaming sword; what happened afterward was extraordinary; the larva of the threshold fled terrified.

It is manifest that such a test always comes after the "Igneous Wings" have been opened.

It is a tremendous truth that when the Sacred Fire ascending arrives at the level of the heart, the radiant angelic wings always open.

Unquestionably the burning wings allow us to enter instantly into any department of the Kingdom.

Another marvelous cosmic event that I had to experience in myself during the multiple processes of the Fourth Initiation of Fire was certainly that of the victorious entry of Jesus into the beloved city of the prophets.

Whoever wishes really to enter the Jerusalem above (the Superior Worlds) must free himself from the body, from the affections, and from the mind.

It is urgent, indispensable, unpostponable to mount the symbolic ass (the mind), to tame it, to control it; only thus is it possible to free ourselves from it to enter the Worlds of the Spirit (the Celestial Jerusalem). I felt that my worn physical

body was disintegrating and dying; in those moments the Divine Rabbi of Galilee exclaimed with a great voice, saying: "That Body no longer serves you."

Joyfully I escaped from the destroyed form, clothed with the "TO SOMA HELIAKON," "The Body of Gold of the Solar Man."

When the Sacred Fire shone solemnly in the flaming star and in the starred Cross, my particular individual Divine Mother Kundalini was honored in the temple.

KUNDALINI flowered on my fertile lips as the Verb when the fire reached the creative larynx.

I still remember that instant in which the celebration was held. The Adepts of the Occult Fraternity rewarded me with a marvelous symbol that I still preserve.

Extraordinary was that moment in which the fire of the KUNDALINI reached the level of the cerebellum; then my mental body passed through the symbolic crucifixion of the Lord.

Notorious was the ascent of the Erotic Flame to the thirty-second vertebra; in those moments of great solemnity I understood the Mysteries related to the degree of Lion of the Law.

"When an Inferior Law is transcended by a Superior Law, the Superior Law washes away the Inferior Law."

"The Lion of the Law is combated with the scale."

"Do good works so that you may pay your debts."

A certain metallic bell solemnly made all the realms of the universe tremble when the divine fire opened the lotus of the thousand petals (the Sahasrara Chakra). In those instants of supreme beatitude I heard ineffable choirs that resounded in sacred space.

Later I had to bring the erotic flame patiently to the magnetic field of the root of the nose.

Taking intelligent advantage of a certain secret nerve thread, I afterward continued conducting the fire to the region of the Thalamus, region where the Capital Chakra that controls the heart is located.

Finally, I took intelligent advantage of the ANAHATA Nadi to bring the sexual flame to the TEMPLE-HEART.

The final ceremony of that Initiation was really extraordinary, sublime, terribly divine.

That mystical night the temple was clothed with glory; impossible to describe such beauty...

SANAT KUMARA, the Great Hierophant, awaited me austerely on his royal throne; I entered with deep veneration within the sacred precinct...

Before this Great Immolated One, as H.P.B. usually calls him, my Divine Mother KUNDALINI with infinite love placed upon my head the yellow mantle of the BUDDHAS and the extraordinary diadem in which the Eye of SHIVA shines.

"This is my Beloved Son!" exclaimed my Mother, and then added: "He is a BUDDHA."

THE ANCIENT OF DAYS, SANAT KUMARA, the illustrious founder of the Great College of Initiates of the White Lodge on planet Earth, approaching me, placed in my hands the symbol of the imperator. (The sphere with the cross on top).

In those instants angelic chords were heard, royal symphonies based on the rhythms of the MAHAVAN and the CHOTAVAN that keep the universe firm in its march.

*Chapter XVII*

> *It is a tremendous truth that when the Sacred Fire ascending arrives at the level of the heart, the radiant angelic wings always open.*

## Chapter 33: THE FIFTH INITIATION OF FIRE

We affirm with great solemnity and without much pomp the tremendous palpable and evident realism of three specific types of action:

- Acts based on the Law of Accidents.
- Acts founded on the Eternal Laws of Return and Recurrence.
- Marvelous acts born of the Conscious Will.

The basis of the first type of action is certainly the natural mechanicity of this whole order of things.

Primordial element of the second type of action is, beyond all doubt, the incessant repetition of many dramas, comedies, and tragedies.

This always happens from life to life through time and space, in the Painful Valley of SAMSARA.

The drama is for more or less good people; the comedy for clowns; and the tragedy for the perverse.

Everything happens again just as it occurred, plus the positive or negative consequences.

The causa causarum of the third type of action is certainly the Causal Body or Body of the Conscious Will.

As a consequence or corollary we can lay down the following enunciation: "Only the acts born of the Conscious Will are possible when we have given ourselves the luxury of creating, for our particular use, a Causal Body." The Sexual Hydrogen Si-12, through SEXO-YOGA with its famous SAHAJA-MAITHUNA (Sexual Magic), can and must pass to a Third Octave of superior order.

The crystallization of the cited hydrogen in the splendid and marvelous form of the Causal Body will be processed with the notes DO-RE-MI-FA-SOL-LA-SI in the mentioned Octave.

Nourishment is different. The Causal Body also needs its food, and this comes perfectly from the excess Hydrogen Twelve not consumed in the Mental Body.

Obviously, Hydrogen Twelve (not to be confused with Sexual Hydrogen SI-12) can and must convert itself into Hydrogen Six (6), which is the specific food of the Causal Body.

Unquestionably the poor people, since they do not really possess the Body of the Conscious Will, are always fatally victims of circumstances.

The categorical imperative, the determinative faculty — that which permits us to originate new circumstances — is only possible when one possesses the Causal Body or Body of the Conscious Will.

With great sincerity and tremendous GNOSTIC realism, we must affirm the following: the intellectual animal mistakenly called man does not have the Astral, Mental, and Causal bodies. He has never created them.

Unacceptable, untenable, inadmissible to suppose, even for an instant, the full manifestation of man when the cited suprasensible vehicles have not even been elaborated.

Basic, indispensable, urgent condition, when in truth we wish to become authentic men, is to create within ourselves the mentioned vehicles.

Grave error it is to believe that the tri-cerebrated or tri-centered bipeds come into this world with such bodies.

In the medulla and in the semen there exist infinite possibilities which, when developed, can transform us into legitimate men; however, those could be lost, and it is even normal that they be lost when we do not work with the fundamental scale of hydrogens.

The intellective Humanoid is not man, but pretends to be such; he mistakenly supposes that he is, and through mere ignorance tries to usurp a position that does not correspond to him; he believes himself the King of Creation when he is not even king of himself.

Immortality is something very serious; however, it must be attained through the SAHAJA MAITHUNA (Sexual Magic).

He who fabricates an Astral Body in fact and by his own right becomes immortal in the World of the Twenty-Four Laws.

He who gives himself the luxury of creating a Mental Body manifestly attains immortality in the World of the Twelve Laws.

He who forges a Causal Body indubitably achieves the longed-for immortality in the World of the Six Laws.

Only by fabricating the aforesaid solar vehicles can we incarnate that which is called Human Soul; I wish to refer to the third aspect of the Hindustani Trimurti: "ATMA-BUDDHI-MANAS."

Much has been said now about the famous "TO SOMA HELIAKON," "the Body of Gold of the Solar Man."

Unquestionably it is a matter of the Wedding garment of the Soul, cited by the biblical Christic gospel.

Obviously such garment is composed of the suprasensible bodies, of those extraordinary crystallizations of the Sexual Hydrogen SI-12. In no way is it possible to penetrate the "SANCTUM REGNUM," "REGNUM DEI," "MAGIS REGNUM," without the Wedding Garment of the Soul.

With the healthy purpose of further illuminating these paragraphs, we transcribe below the Parable of the Wedding Feast: "Answering, Jesus spoke again to them in parables, saying":

"The Kingdom of heaven is like a king who made a wedding feast for his son."

"And he sent his servants to call those who were invited to the wedding, but these did not wish to come."

"Again he sent other servants, saying: Tell those who were invited, behold, I have prepared my dinner; my bulls and fattened animals have been killed, and everything is ready; come to the wedding."

"But they, paying no heed, went off, one to his farm, and another to his business."

"And others, seizing the servants, mistreated them and killed them."

"Upon hearing this, the king became angry; and sending his armies, he destroyed those murderers and burned their city."

"Then he said to his servants: 'The wedding is indeed ready, but those who were invited were not worthy.'"

"Go, then, to the highways, and call to the wedding as many as you find."

"And the servants, going out into the highways, gathered all whom they found, both bad and good; and the wedding was filled with guests."

"And the King entered to see the guests, and saw there a man who was not clothed in a wedding garment."

"And he said to him: Friend, how did you enter here without being clothed in a wedding garment? But he was silent."

"Then the King said to those who served: Bind him hand and foot, and cast him into the outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

"For many are called and few are chosen."

It is notorious and evident that that guest who was not clothed in the "Wedding Garment of the Soul" could not legitimately receive the qualification of "Man"; however, such a term is given simply out of love and respect for our fellows.

Grotesque the parable would have been if it had said that there was an animal there that was not clothed in a wedding

garment.

Obviously no animal — including the intellectual beast — is ever clothed in the "Wedding Garment of the Soul." However, let us return to my personal case so that we may come a little closer to the purpose of this chapter.

In the name of truth I must say with complete clarity that I was born with the four bodies: Physical, Astral, Mental, and Causal.

To restore the power of the fire in each body, to recapitulate initiations, was certainly indispensable, urgent, unpostponable for me.

After the four previous Initiations, I had to review patiently the Fifth Initiation of Fire.

To the term "review" I wish in these lines to give an intrinsic, transcendent, and transcendental meaning.

Since in previous lives I had already passed through the cosmic Initiations of Fire, I now only needed to review them.

When I asked the Logos of our solar system of ORS permission to enter the Mysteries of the Fifth Initiation of Fire, I was given the following response: "You no longer need to ask permission to enter the Initiation; you have every right to do so."

The blessed one then entrusted to a noble specialist of the Causal World the mission of assisting and helping me.

The cited specialist had to conduct the Sacred Fire intelligently for me through the Medullar Spinal Canal of the Causal Body or Body of Conscious Will.

The awakening of the Fifth Igneous Serpent of our Magical Powers in the Muladhara Chakra of the coccygeal bone was celebrated in the temple with a great festival.

The ascent of the KUNDALINI from vertebra to vertebra and from Chakra to chakra along the spinal column of the Causal Body was realized very slowly according to the merits of the heart.

Since I was born awakened and certainly enjoy what we might call "Objective Consciousness" and "Objective Knowledge," it was very easy for me to bring the memories of the causal world to the physical brain.

I CLARIFY: The modern revolutionary Psychology of the New Aquarian Age uses the terms "OBJECTIVE" and "SUBJECTIVE" in the following manner:

- "OBJECTIVE": Real, Spiritual, True, divine, etc.
- "SUBJECTIVE": Vague, Incoherent, Imprecise, Illusory, Fantastic, Absurd.

In the world of natural causes I understood the need to learn to obey the Father on Earth as in the heavens.

To enter the temple of the music of the spheres in that cosmic region was certainly one of my greatest joys.

At the threshold of that temple, the Guardian taught me one of the secret salutations of the Occult Fraternity.

The face of that Guardian seemed a flash of lightning; when that man lived in the world he was called BEETHOVEN.

In the Causal World I encountered many BODHISATTVAS working intensely for humanity.

Those Causal Men develop marvelously, each under the direction of his Inner God.

Only the Causal Man has definitively attained immortality; that class of beings is beyond good and evil.

To experience the Drama of the Cosmic Christ in those regions, to become oneself the central personage of the whole Way of the Cross, is certainly something that one could never forget. We need to refine ourselves, to make ourselves quintessential, to truly purify ourselves, if we truly long seriously to experience the tremendous realities contained in the divine Christic symbolism.

Without restraining in any way my intimate longings, I sincerely confess that in the world of natural causes I saw myself carrying the weight of my own cross before the profane multitudes who, enraged, stoned me.

Very marked seemed to me the face of the adorable one, miraculously stamped on the Sacred Cloth of Veronica.

It is not out of place to recall that archaeologists discovered many stone heads crowned with thorns; such effigies belong to the Bronze Age.

This clearly comes to remind us of the Thorn Rune, on which we already spoke amply in the "Esoteric Treatise of Runic Magic."

Any person versed in Universal Gnosticism knows very well what such Rune signifies.

The deep significance of the divine face with the head crowned with thorns is: "Christ Will."

With singular divine diaphanousness and transparency, I in ecstasy saw the cloth of Veronica resplend upon the Sacred Altar on the Night of the Initiation.

The final cosmic event came inevitably when the Fifth Serpent, after having passed through the Pineal Gland and the magnet-

ic field of the root of the nose, reached its corresponding secret chamber in the tranquil heart.

Then, fused with my Inner Real Being, joyfully I felt that I was returning to the paradisiacal childlike state.

Concluded the final ceremony, I prostrated myself before my Guru "Adolfito," exclaiming: Thank you, Venerable Master; to you I owe all this.

THE blessed MAHATMA, rising to his feet, replied: "Do not thank me! What I need to know is how you are going to behave now in life." "The facts are speaking for me, Venerable Master; you are seeing it." Such were then my words.

Subsequently I was visited by a Great Elemental Genius: I wish to refer to that Deiduso who personifies the Sphinx of the Egyptian Desert.

That being came with his feet full of mud. I understood his deep esoteric occultist significance.

"You come with your feet full of mud," I said to him: The mysterious creature kept silent; unquestionably the washing of the feet was needed by me.

When I wished to deposit on his cheeks the Holy Kiss, he delicately called me to order, saying: "Kiss me with purity"; I did so.

Later ISIS visited me — she whose veil no mortal has lifted; my Divine Mother Kundalini. I immediately interrogated her about results.

— "Oh my Mother! Do I then already have the Five Serpents raised?"

— "Yes, my Son!"

— "I want now that you help me to raise the Sixth and Seventh Serpents."

— "Those you have raised."

In those instants there arose in me the perfect remembrance of myself:

— "Ah! I am an ancient little Master; I was fallen; now I remember."

— "Yes, my Son; you are a Master."

Oh, Devi KUNDALINI! You are LAKSHMI, the spouse of VISHNU. Adorable Mother! You are the divine betrothed of SHIVA. Venerable Virgin! You are the watery SARASWATI, the consort of BRAHMA.

Oh, dear reader! Listen to me: She is certainly the eternal feminine represented by the MOON and by WATER; the Magna

Mater from which comes the magical "M" and the famous hieroglyph of Aquarius.

Unquestionably she is also the Universal Womb of the Great Abyss, the primitive Venus, the Great Virgin Mother who arises from the waves of the sea with Cupid-Eros, who is her son.

Beyond all doubt we must affirm frankly and without circumlocution that she is the Hindustani PRAKRITI and metaphysically Aditi and even MULAPRAKRITI.

We could never tread the rocky path that leads to final liberation without the aid of the Divine Mother KUNDALINI.

*Chapter XVIII*

> *With great sincerity and tremendous GNOSTIC realism, we must affirm the following: the intellectual animal mistakenly called man does not have the Astral, Mental, and Causal bodies.*

## Chapter 34: A SUPRASENSIBLE ADVENTURE

Conversing in the forest of mystery, three wandering friends arrived slowly, slowly, slowly, before the sacred hill.

Without the slightest fear, we were then witnesses of something unusual and unprecedented; to narrate it is urgent for the good of our beloved readers.

Impolluted millenary rock, suddenly opened in the crag, as if it had split exactly in two equal pieces, leaving us perplexed and astonished...

Before there had been time enough to evaluate that, without any hesitation, as if drawn by a strange force, I approached the mysterious granite door...

Without any impediment from others, valiantly I crossed the threshold of a temple; meanwhile my friends, calm, sat before the gigantic mass that closed before them...

Any extraordinary glossary would turn out frankly insufficient if we tried to describe in minute detail all the portents of that subterranean Sanctuary.

Without worldliness of any kind, I prefer to speak about this "in broad strokes," but sincerely, limiting myself to narrating what occurred.

Slowly, animated by the living flame of the spirit, I advanced through a narrow corridor until I arrived at a small hall...

That exotic precinct seemed rather a study, office, or lawyer's chambers...

Before the desk, seated, I found an Archon of Destiny; an indecipherable personage; hermetic Judge of KARMA; mystical augur dressed as an elegant modern gentleman...

How wise that Lawyer-Cohen seemed! Sublime soothsayer! Infallible! And terribly divine...

With deep veneration I approached his desk; the Sacred Fire shone on his face...

Immediately I felt directly his deep significance; "Thank you, Venerable Master!" I exclaimed with infinite humility...

The austere Hierophant in sibylline tone took up his parable and said: "So-and-so" — referring manifestly to one of the two friends who awaited me outside — is the ragged type; he will always live in misery.

Such-and-such — now referring to my other friend — is the ZAMURO type. — How? "ZAMURO" — I repeat: "ZAMURO."

A struggling and spiritual friend like the progressive Buddhist Samurai of the Empire of the Rising Sun.

Finally, addressing my insignificant person who is worth nothing, he said: "You are the military type, because you will have to drag along multitudes, to form the army of World Salvation, to initiate the New Aquarian Age."

Then he continued thus: "Your specific mission is to create men, to teach people to fabricate their Astral, Mental, and Causal Bodies, so that they may incarnate their Human Soul."

Subsequently he rose from his desk with the evident purpose of seeking in his library one of my works, and once he had it in his hands, inebriated by ecstasy, he exclaimed: "The book that you opportunely sent by mail to so-and-so was very much liked."

What happened afterward is easy to infer: With infinite veneration and great humility, without prattle of any kind, far from all vain infatuation, I took leave of the Venerable One and left the temple.

To discourse now, to ponder, to meditate seriously on the essential question of this account is urgent, indispensable.

Excluding from our lexicon every dart of bad taste, we emphasize the following postulate: "It is indispensable to create the man within ourselves, here and now." Since I am teaching the doctrine to people, obviously I am a creator of men.

There is need to create within ourselves the readiness for the man. It is not out of place to recall that the times of the end have already arrived.

Much has been said now in occultist literature about the two paths: I wish to refer specifically to the spiral and direct ways.

Unquestionably the two paths only open august before the authentic man: Never before the intellectual animal!

I will never be able to forget the final moments of the Fifth Initiation of Fire! After all those recapitulative processes, I had to face valiantly a Nirvanic Guardian who was terribly Divine.

The Blessed Lord of Perfections, showing me the Spiral Nirvanic Path, said: "This is a good work." Then, pointing to the direct way, he exclaimed with a loud voice as when a lion roars, saying: "This is a superior work."

Subsequently I saw him advancing toward me with that tremendous imperative of the great majesties: he interrogated me, and I responded, the following dialogue being established:

— "By which of these two paths are you going to continue now?"

— Let me think about it.

— "Do not think about it; say it immediately; define yourself."

— I am going by the direct path that leads to the ABSOLUTE.

— "But what are you saying? Do you not realize that that path is too painful?"

— I repeat: I am going to the ABSOLUTE!

— "How can it occur to you to go that way? Do you not wish to understand what you are going to suffer? What is happening to you, sir?"

— I am going to the ABSOLUTE.

— "Well, you have been warned!" (These were the final words of the Guardian; afterward he withdrew solemnly).

**Another Night**

Outside my Suprasensible Bodies, in full exercise of functions as ATMA or "MAN-SPIRIT"...

**In Full Nirvana**

Solitary I found myself upon the beautiful terrace of the mansion of delights in the corner of love...

I saw the inhabitants of that region in ever-growing number, floating in sacred space...

Happily they took their seats on the plateau full of perfumed flowers. Divine algorithm; sublime inspiration; unforgettable Numen...

ATMA-BUDDHI-MANAS. Trimurti of Perfection. At moments in which I write these lines, it occurs to me to repeat that verse

of the book of "The Hidden Dwelling" which literally says:

*"I am the sacred crocodile Sebek.*

*I am the flame of three wicks,*

*and my wicks are immortal.*

*I enter the region of SEKEM,*

*I enter the region of the flames*

*that have defeated my adversaries."*

An impromptu igneous creature took the floor in the name of the sacred fraternity and said: "My brother, why do you go by that path so hard? Here in the NIRVANA we are happy. Stay here with us!"...

My response, full of great energy, was the following:

Neither the intellectual animals with their temptations could prevail against me — much less you, the Gods. I am going to the ABSOLUTE!... (The ineffable ones fell silent, and I retired hastily from that dwelling).

The voice of the Silence has said: "The BODHISATTVA who renounces NIRVANA for love of humanity is confirmed three times honored, and after many Nirvanas won and lost for that

cause, he earns the right to enter a world of SUPER-NIRVANIC happiness...

NIRVANA has Cycles of activity and CYCLES of profound repose; in this 20th Century epoch, it finds itself in the period of action.

The Nirvanis who reincarnated during the first races have only now returned to reincarnate; once this epoch is past, they will be submerged in infinite bliss until the future MAHA-MANVANTARA.

The Path of long and bitter duty is different; it implies total renunciation; however, it leads us directly to the ABSOLUTE.

Any one of those many nights, finding myself happy in the state of Samadhi, I saw the Planet Mars shining with purple tints...

Its vibrations were certainly of telepathic character; I felt in my tranquil heart that I was being called urgently from the central nucleus of that planetary mass; that scintillation was unmistakable...

Quickly I transported myself, clothed with the "TO SOMA HELIAKON," to the living entrails of that world...

Clothed in the garment of the celestial militias, resplendent there awaited me "SAMAEL," my own Individual Monad; my

Inner Real Being; the Divine Regent of that Planet.

Reverently I prostrated myself before the OMNISCIENT, illustrious Lord of that place, and then taking the floor I said: Here I am, my Father! Why have you called me?

— "You, my Son, forget me!"

— "No, my Father, I do not forget you!"

— "Yes, my Son; if to you the porter's lodge of the Universe is given, you forget me!"

— "Oh my Father, I have come to kiss your hand and to receive your blessing!"

The All-Merciful One blessed me, and I, kneeling, kissed his right hand. At the back of the planetary temple there appeared a bed of sorrow...

Subsequently I entered into deep reflections: Why did I myself choose the path? Why did I forget my Father before the terrible presence of the Guardian of the paths?

JESUS, the Great Gnostic Priest, on the Mount of Olives gave us a great lesson when he exclaimed:

"My Father, if it be possible, let this Cup pass from me; but not my will, but yours, be done."

**Eighteen Years Later**

Thundering and flashing, I rent my garments, protesting at so much pain. Alas! Alas! Alas!...

A Virgin of NIRVANA answered me: "Such is the path that you yourself chose. For us, the inhabitants of NIRVANA, triumphs are lesser, and that is why it is evident that we suffer less."

"However, since your triumphs will be greater, your sufferings will also be more intense."

When I wished to rest a little, the agents of KARMA reproached me, saying: "What is wrong with you, sir?" "Are you going to walk?" "Keep moving, friend! Keep moving! Keep moving!"

Patiently I continued the march along the rocky path that leads to final liberation.

*Chapter XIX*

> *Another Night Outside my Suprasensible Bodies, in full exercise of functions as ATMA or "MAN-SPIRIT"...*

## Chapter 35: PERSECUTIONS

On the tropical slopes of the Sierra Nevada, on the shores of the "Macuriba" or "Caribbean Sea," I had to patiently recapitulate the various esoteric Initiatic processes of the Third, Fourth, and Fifth Initiations of Fire.

There I lived austerely with a certain very select group of Gnostic students, far from so many fools, simpletons, dolts, of vain intellectualism...

Honest and irreproachable Gnostic anchorites, grateful, had built for me with woods from those forests a simple dwelling...

I wish to evoke now, if only for a moment, all those distinguished men, some of whom in these instants stand out as notable International Missionaries...

From this my ancient Mexican land, I greet you, illustrious lords of the Nevada Mountains of South America!...

I wish also to include within these my greetings, their wives and their children and the children of their children...

How happy I dwelt in that wooded refuge of the deep grove, far from the worldly bustle!...

Then I returned to the elemental paradises of nature, and the princes of fire, the airs, the waters, and the perfumed earth de-

livered to me their secrets...

Some day, no matter which, some of these cenobites of UNIVERSAL Gnosticism eagerly knocked at the door of my dwelling to beg me to extinguish the fire.

The incessant crackling of the igneous element advanced terribly through the thick shade, incinerating everything it found in its path...

Dreadful conflagration threatened crops and cabins. In vain were ditches and trenches made with the purpose of stopping the triumphal march of the fire.

The Igneous Element crossed burning every moat and swept on, threatening inclemently all the surroundings, contours, outskirts, and adjacent areas...

Obviously, I have never been a fireman or "smoke-eater," as those heroic public servants are affectionately nicknamed...

However, I confess frankly and without circumlocution that in those instants the fate of all these Gnostic brothers was in my hands. What to do?

I longed to serve them in the best way possible, and this was, beyond all doubt, one of my best opportunities...

Outrageous, absurd, and even ingrate it would have been to deny such urgent help. One pays KARMA not only for the evil one does, but for the good one fails to do when one could have done it.

Thus, I resolved to operate magically: advancing on my feet to the titanic firebreak, I sat very near there and then concentrated on the INNERMOST...

Praying secretly I begged him to invoke "AGNI," the great and illustrious God of Fire...

The INNERMOST heard my prayer and called with a loud voice, as when a lion roars, calling "AGNI," and seven thunders repeated their voices...

Quickly at my side was the brilliant Lord of Fire, the resplendent Son of the Flame; the All-Merciful One...

I felt him in all the presence of my Being, and I begged him in the name of "Universal Charity" to disperse that fire...

Manifestly the Blessed Lord of Perfection considered my demand just and perfect...

In unusual form there arose from amid the blue mystery of the deep grove a soft perfumed breeze that totally modified the course of those tongues of fire, and then the conflagration was totally dissipated...

Another day, when I was speaking before the Gnostic Cenobites, in a very beautiful clearing of the dense forest, very near the cabins, we suddenly saw ourselves threatened by a torrential downpour...

Eagerly I concentrated on the INNERMOST, praying intensely and asking him to invoke "PARALDA," the Elemental Genius of the restless Sylphs of the Air.

Olympic, that Deva came with the evident purpose of helping me; I took advantage of the magnificent opportunity offered to me and begged him to drive the stormy clouds away from those surroundings...

Unquestionably, the latter opened over our heads in the form of a circle, and then they departed before the astonished mystics of that corner of love...

In those times, the Gnostic brothers traveled weekly to the sandy beaches of the stormy sea...

LITELANTES entrusted to those sincere penitents to bring us fish and even vegetables and fruits, which it was not possible to cultivate in the Nevada Sierra due to the ferocious hunger of the implacable ants...

These involutionary creatures devoured insatiably flowers, fruits, and vegetables, and certainly nothing could stop them.

Such is the maelstrom of the jungle; this the Divines and the Humans know well. The nocturnal rounds of the "Tambochas" or ants are certainly dreadful.

The venomous serpents, such as the fearsome "Talla X" and others recognized since ancient times by the classic names of "Rattlesnake," "Coral," and "Mapanari," thrived dreadfully everywhere, here, there, and yonder...

I still recall an old mountain healer, named Juan; that man dwelt with his wife in the deepest part of the forest...

Like a good Samaritan of the Old Testament, that man with his precious balms healed the humble mountaineers bitten by vipers...

Unfortunately, that gentleman hated snakes, and implacable and vengeful he killed them without any consideration...

— Friend Juan — I said to him one day — You are at war against the vipers, and they are preparing to defend themselves. Let us see who wins the battle...

— "I hate snakes"...

— Better would it be that you love them; remember that serpents are clairvoyant; in the astral aura of those creatures shines the marvelous Zodiac, and they know by direct experience who truly loves them and who abhors them...

— "I cannot love them"... "I feel my body falling apart when I see them..." "Snake that crosses my path I kill"...

— Oh, good old man! Twelve serpents have bitten you, and when the thirteenth wounds you, you will die.

A little later, near his solitary cabin, the old man was bitten by a fearsome snake that, coiled three and a half times, hidden, awaited him...

My prophecy was fulfilled; the old healer died with Arcanum Thirteen of the Kabbalah; none of his friends could find the venomous serpent...

The old physician always carried in his pouch some marvelous plants; let us recall the five captains:

- Captain Solabasta.
- Captain Generala.
- Captain Silbadora.
- Captain Pujadora.
- Captain Lengua de Venado (Deer's Tongue).

Miraculous plants not classified by botany and only known in the Nevada Sierra, near the stormy waters of the "Macuriba." Extraordinary plants through which the old healer of the solitary forest healed the victims of the serpents.

There is no doubt that the old man used them therapeutically in a very wise form, prescribing them, either orally, as tea or infusions, or externally, having the wound or wounds washed with the decoction of such plants.

The Gnostic hermits of the Nevada Sierra never killed the dangerous vipers; they learned to love them sincerely...

As a consequence of this procedure, they gained the confidence of the fearsome serpents; now such venomous snakes have become guardians of the temple... When these mountain anchorites wished to drive away the serpents, they sang full of faith the following mantrams: "OSI... OSOA... OSIAS..."

Every time those hermits truly longed to magically charm the terrible snakes, they syllabified the mysterious words: "OSI... OSOA... OSIAS..."

Never did any mystic of that mountain suppress the life of any serpent! Those cenobites learned to respect every existence... however, there are certain exceptions; such is the case of the precious rattlesnake...

**Cancer**

In the name of the Truth, I wish to leave recorded in this book the following enunciation: The infallible remedy against the

fearsome CANCER has already been discovered, and it is found in the rattlesnake!

Saving formula:

Sacrifice the cited animal; eliminate the rattles and the head. (These parts are not useful).

Grind the usable flesh until reducing it to a fine powder. Enclose such substance in empty capsules, which can be obtained at any pharmacy...

Dose: Take one capsule each hour.

OBSERVATION: Continue the treatment until radically healed.

WARNING: The patient must radically eliminate every medicine and limit himself exclusively to the treatment with the viper.

**Hawks**

Wild reminiscences arise in my mind in these instants — mountain memories, savage evocations...

How those penitents suffered from the cruel birds of prey!... The cunning hawks ravaged the corrals, carrying off in their claws chicks and hens...

I saw many times those bloody big birds perched on the branches of the neighboring trees, watching for their defenseless victims...

To swallow and be swallowed is the Law of the eternal "TROGOAUTOEGOCRATIC COSMIC COMMON"; reciprocal nourishment of all organisms.

Unquestionably, such reciprocity, correspondence, or mutuality comes intimately from the omnipresent active element "OKIDANOKH."

## Chapter 36: PERSECUTIONS

How happily we dwelt in our cabins of the solitary forest! Unfortunately new persecutions came...

Profane people from the neighboring villages dedicated themselves to the task — certainly not very beautiful — of spreading, against us, various defamatory slanders...

The gossiping of the ladies, the falsehood of the gentlemen, the trifling, the rubbish, the busybodyism, assumed monstrous forms, and the tempest broke out...

Unquestionably, I became the central personage of the drama, against whom every flash, spark, and gunshot was hurled...

That order of things then went from bad to worse every day, and at last there arose the accuser, the snitch, the informer...

Alarmed, the police searched for me everywhere with categorical orders to apply to me the law of flight (extrajudicial killing)...

Certainly I was not for those poor officers a simple troublemaker or rabble-rouser in the style of Paul of Tarsus, but something worse: a sorcerer of Avernus escaped from mysterious Sabbaths, an evil bird of omen, a monster that it was indispensable to imprison or kill...

A starry night, finding myself in the state of ecstasy, I was visited by a Mahatma, who taking the floor said: "Many armed people are coming to search for you; you must go by another path."

It is not out of place to affirm with great emphasis that I always know how to obey the orders of the Universal White Fraternity...

Taking advantage of the nocturnal silence, I descended the mountain by a steep and difficult path.

In "El Plan" — as the Gnostic hermits call the coastal lands — outside the Sierra, I was picked up by the Venerable Master

GARGHA KUICHINES. He transported us in his carriage to a beautiful city.

*Chapter XX*

> *In "El Plan" — as the Gnostic hermits call the coastal lands — outside the Sierra, I was picked up by the Venerable Master GARGHA KUICHINES.*

## Chapter 37: THE SECRET OF THE ABYSS

Excluding from my mind every possible babbling, without any boasting, humbly, I confess frankly and without circumlocution that, after having climbed the five steps of the Igneous Initiations, the development in the Light with the Eight Degrees of the Venustic Initiation became urgent to me.

To work in the "Burning Forge of Vulcan" (Sex) is unpostponable when one truly wishes the complete awakening of the first serpent of light.

Written it is, with words of gold, in the book of all splendors, the following: "THE KUNDALINI develops, revolutionizes, and ascends within the marvelous Aura of the MAHACHOHAN."

Unquestionably we first work with the fire, and then with the light; we should never confuse the serpents of Fire with the vipers of Light...

The extraordinary ascent of the first serpent of light inward and upward along the Medullar Spinal Canal of the physical body allowed me to know the secret of the abyss.

The foundation of such secret is found in the Law of the Fall, as it was formulated by San Venoma.

Here is the formulation that the cited Master gave to this cosmic law discovered by him:

"All the things that exist in the world fall to the bottom. And the bottom, for any part of the Universe, is its nearest stability, and such stability is the place or point upon which converge all the lines of force coming from all directions."

"The centers of all the suns and of all the planets of our universe are precisely those points of stability. They are nothing but the lower points of those regions of space, toward which definitively tend the forces coming from all the directions of that given part of the universe. Also concentrated at these points is the equilibrium that allows the suns and planets to maintain their position."

"The Tiger of Turkestan," commenting, says:

"On enunciating his principle, San Venoma further said that, when things fall in space, wherever it may be, they tended to fall toward one or another sun, or toward one or another planet, according to which sun or planet that given part of space in which the object fell belonged to, each sun or planet constituting, in that determined sphere, the stability or bottom."

The previous paragraphs cited between quotation marks clearly allude to the two aspects, external and internal, of the Law of Gravity.

What is exterior is only the projection of what is interior. The secret gravitation of the spheres always repeats itself in three-dimensional form...

The central nucleus of this planetary mass in which we live is, beyond all doubt, the place or mathematical point where all the lines of force coming from diverse directions converge.

At the center of planetary stability the involutionary and evolutionary forces of nature meet and balance reciprocally.

Essential waves initiate their evolution in the mineral kingdom; they continue with the vegetable state; they continue in the animal scale and finally reach the level of the intellective humanoid type.

Waves of life then descend involutionarily according to the Law of the Fall, reviving animal, vegetable, and mineral processes, toward the terrestrial center of gravity.

The wheel of SAMSARA turns: on the right side ascends ANUBIS, evolutionary, and on the left descends TYPHON, involutionary.

The stay within the "INTELLECTIVE HUMANOID" state is something too relative and circumstantial.

With much justness we have been told that any "HUMANOID" period always consists of one hundred and eight lives of evolutionary and involutionary type that are always processed and repeated, sometimes in higher spirals, sometimes in lower ones.

I CLARIFY: To each "RATIONAL HUMANOID" period are always assigned one hundred and eight existences that maintain strict mathematical correspondence with the same number of beads that form the necklace of the BUDDHA.

After each "HUMANOID" epoch, according to the laws of time, space, and motion, the wheel of the Arcanum Ten of the TAROT inevitably turns; then it turns out palmary and manifest that the waves of life Involutionary descend in the submerged mineral kingdom toward the center of planetary stability, in order to re-ascend Evolutionarily a little later.

Any new evolutionary re-ascent from the terrestrial center of gravity requires the previous disintegration of the "MYSELF." This is the Second Death.

Since the essence is bottled up within the EGO, the dissolution of the latter becomes indispensable so that it may be liberated.

At the center of planetary stability the pristine original purity of every essence is restored.

Three thousand times the wheel of SAMSARA turns. To understand this, to grasp its deep significance, is indispensable and unpostponable if we truly long for the final liberation.

Continuing with the present chapter, it is necessary to draw the reader's attention with the purpose of affirming the following: once the three thousand periods of the great wheel are concluded, any type of INTIMATE SELF-REALIZATION becomes impossible.

In other words, it is necessary to affirm the ineludible fact that to every Monad are mathematically assigned three thousand periods for its profound interior SELF-REALIZATION. It is indubitable that after the last turn of the wheel, the doors close.

When this last happens, then the Monad, the Immortal Spark, our Real Being, gathers its Essence and its principles to absorb

itself definitively into the bosom of the Universal Spirit of Life. (The supreme PARABRAHMAN).

Written it is with mysterious characters of fire in the testament of Ancient Wisdom, the concrete, clear, and definitive fact that very few are the Divine Monads or Virginal Sparks that really want Mastery.

When any Monad certainly longs for Mastery, it is unquestionable that it achieves it by working intensively upon its Essence.

Every Essence intimately worked from within by its divine Monad is very easy to recognize in the world of dense forms. That is the concrete case of any person with great spiritual longings.

Manifestly, such a specific type of mystical longings could never exist in persons whose essence had not been worked from within by their corresponding Divine Monad.

Once, finding myself on vacation in the Port of Acapulco on the Pacific Coast, Mexico, I had to enter the Yogic state of NIRVI-KALPA-SAMADHI.

I then wished to know something about those Monads which, after having passed through the three thousand turns of the wheel of Samsara, had already lost every cosmic opportunity.

What I saw on that occasion, far from the body, from the affections, and from the mind, was really extraordinary...

Completely submerged within the "current of sound," amid the resplendent and immaculate ocean of the Supreme Parabrahman-Atman, I entered through the doors of an ineffable temple...

It was not necessary to interrogate, scrutinize, and investigate; in all the presence of my Being I was able to experience the tremendous reality of such sublime Monads; they are beyond good and evil.

Very small innocent creatures, sparks of Divinity without SELF-REALIZATION, happy beings, but without Mastery.

Deliciously floated those noble creatures amid the immaculate whiteness of the Great Ocean; they entered the temple or went out; they prayed and prostrated themselves before the BUDDHAS, before the Holy Gods, before the Mahatmas.

Unquestionably, such Divine Monads see the Masters in the same way that ants see men.

The AGNISVATAS, the BUDDHAS of compassion, the Hierophants, are for such Monads without Mastery something that cannot be understood, strange beings, enigmatic, terribly Divine...

In the SANCTAS or churches of free life in its movement, the cited Monads obey the Holy Gods and serve them with infinite humility.

The joy of those Monads is very well deserved, for the essence of each of them knew the horrors of the abyss and turned three thousand times in the wheel of SAMSARA.

Each of the three thousand cyclic turns of the Wheel of Samsara includes multiple "Evolutionary" processes through the Mineral, Vegetable, Animal, and Humanoid Kingdoms.

Each of the three thousand fatal turns of the aforesaid Wheel signifies in fact dreadful involutionary descents toward the center of planetary stability, descending slowly through the Humanoid, Animal, Vegetable, and mineral steps.

Specifying concrete data we shall emphasize the following:

- Three thousand ascents from the Center of Planetary Gravity.
- Three thousand descents toward the Center of Planetary Gravity.
- Three thousand ascents from the hard stone up to the Rational Animal.
- Three thousand descents from the Rational Homunculus down to the stone.

- Three thousand failed and repeated cycles of one hundred and eight human lives.

Unquestionably, those Divine Monads radically excluded from Mastery, either by intentional rejection or simply by having failed in their efforts to achieve it, suffered the indescribable in the painful Valley of Samsara and in the Infernal Dwelling of Pluto (the Submerged Mineral Kingdom).

This last datum demonstrates the infinite Divine Mercy and gives meaning to the state of elemental happiness that such Monads possess within the bosom of the Universal Spirit of Life.

*Chapter XXI*

> *Written it is with mysterious characters of fire in the testament of Ancient Wisdom, the concrete, clear, and definitive fact that very few are the Divine Monads or Virginal Sparks that really want Mastery.*

## Chapter 38: THE BAPTISM OF JOHN

The Second Degree of the Venustic Initiation, Superior Octave of its corresponding Initiation of Fire, arose transcendent as the esoteric result of the miraculous ascent of the second radi-

ant serpent of light, inward and upward, through the Medullar Spinal Canal of the organic vital depth. (LINGAM SARIRA).

Unusual, magical encounter was certainly that which I had with John in the Garden of the Hesperides, where the rivers of pure water of life flow with milk and honey...

I wish to refer with great solemnity to the Baptist, the most vivid reincarnation of Elijah, that colossus who lived in the asperities of Mount Carmel, having for all company the proximity of ferocious beasts, and from where he came out like lightning to bring down and raise up kings; superhuman creatures, sometimes visible, sometimes invisible, whom even death itself respected.

Manifestly the esoteric Divine Baptism of the CHRISTUS JOHN has very profound archaic roots.

It is not out of place in this paragraph to recall the baptism of RAMA, the CHRIST-YOGI of Hindustan:

"When they were at the half-yojana of the southern bank of the Sarayu: RAMA — said Visvamitra sweetly — it is fitting that you cast water upon yourself, according to our rites. I am going to teach you our greetings, so as not to lose time. First receive these two marvelous sciences: POTENCY AND ULTRA-POTENCY. They will prevent fatigue, old age, or any other ill from ever invading your limbs."

"Pronouncing this discourse, Visvamitra, the man of mortifications, initiated into the two sciences RAMA, already purified in the waters of the river, standing, head bowed and hands joined." (This is textual from the RAMAYANA and invites good Christians to meditate.)

The diamantine baptismal foundation is unquestionably found in the SAHAJA MAITHUNA. (Sexual Magic).

Full information on SEXO-YOGA was urgent to the candidate before receiving the baptismal waters.

RAMA had to be previously informed by Visvamitra before being baptized; thus he came to know the science of POTENCY and ULTRA-POTENCY.

In the scientific transmutation of the spermatic waters of the first instant lies the key of baptism.

The baptismal sacrament in itself is full of deep significance; it is in fact a sexual commitment. To be baptized is in fact equivalent to signing a pact of Sexual Magic. RAMA knew how to fulfill this terrible commitment; he practiced the SAHAJA MAITHUNA with his Priestess wife.

RAMA transmuted the seminal waters into the Alchemist's wine of light, and at last he found the "lost word," and the KUNDALINI flowered upon his fertile lips as the Verb. Then

he could exclaim with all the forces of his Soul: The King has died, long live the King!

In the presence of the CHRISTUS JOHN, I was able to feel in all the presence of my Cosmic Being the deep significance of baptism.

"The Nazarenes were known as Baptists, Sabaeans, and Christians of Saint John. Their belief was that the Messiah was not the Son of God, but simply a Prophet who wished to follow John."

Origen (Vol. II, page 150) observes that: "There exist some who say of John the Baptist that he was the anointed (Christus)."

"When the metaphysical conceptions of the Gnostics, who saw in Jesus the Logos and the anointed, began to gain ground, the primitive Christians separated from the Nazarenes, who accused Jesus of perverting John's Doctrines and of changing for another the baptism in the Jordan." (Codex Nazaraeus II, p. 109).

I shall conclude this chapter by emphasizing the following: When the Second Serpent of Light made contact with the atom of the Father in the magnetic field of the root of the nose, the CHRIST-SUN shone over the waters of life, and the final

Initiatic ceremony came. May the blessings of AMENZANO, with his unalterability, be for all eternity! Amen!

*Chapter XXII*

> *Manifestly the esoteric Divine Baptism of the CHRISTUS JOHN has very profound archaic roots.*

## Chapter 39: THE TRANSFIGURATION OF JESUS

The luminous ascent of the Third Serpent of Light inward and upward through the brilliant Medullar Spinal Canal of the Venustic Body of the corresponding Initiation of Fire...

It is not possible to write, within the narrow frame of this treatise, all that long ago I learned in each and every one of the thirty-three holy chambers...

The extraordinary revolution of the Third radiant Serpent was processed very slowly according to the merits of the tranquil heart...

When the luminous viper crossed the threshold of the Third Secret Chamber of the Temple-Heart, obviously I felt myself transfigured...

Is this perhaps something too unusual? No, did not the same happen to Moses on Mount Nebo? Unquestionably I am not the first to whom this has happened, nor will I be the last...

In such moments of well-being, I was transported before the presence of that illustrious man of distinguished intelligence and noble countenance whom I had known long ago when I was only a tender adolescent...

I wish to refer frankly and without circumlocution to the professor of aspirants to Rosicrucians, cited in chapter five of this same treatise.

Unfortunately, that distinguished gentleman could not see me even in full transfiguration...

"The moving and sublime scene of the Transfiguration of Jesus — upon which, as upon the ascension, those who consider themselves Christians have never sufficiently meditated — appears described by (LUKE 9:18-37) in the following terms":

"And it happened that while Jesus was praying, he asked his disciples: Who do the people say that I am?" "And they answered him": "Some say that you are John the Baptist — IO AGNES, RA, or the Lamb of God; others say that you are Elijah, and many others that in you has risen one of the ancient prophets."

"To which Jesus added": "And you, who do you say that I am?"; Simon Peter answering: "You are the Christ of God!" He then admonished them not to say anything to anyone about all that, saying to them:

"It is necessary that the Son of Man suffer many things and be rejected by the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be put to death and rise on the third day." "And he added to all":

"Whoever desires to come after me, let him deny himself (dissolve the EGO), take up his Cross day after day (practice Sexual Magic) and follow me (sacrifice himself for humanity)."

"For whoever wishes to save his soul — the egotist who never sacrifices himself for his fellows — will lose it, and whoever for love of me will lose his soul — the altruist who climbs the Altar of Supreme Sacrifice for Humanity — that one will save it."

"For what does it profit a man to gain all that the world holds if he harms and loses himself?"

"For whoever is ashamed of me and my words, the Son of Man will be ashamed of him when he comes in all his majesty and that of the Father and of his Holy Angels."

"But I tell you truly, there are some who shall not taste of death until they see for themselves the Kingdom of God."

"And after this passage, which taken literally refers only to Jesus, but which taken symbolically or in 'Spirit' refers, in effect, to all men, as we shall see further on, the text continues with the scene of the transfiguration, saying":

"And it happened, about eight days after these words — and as if the deed, we add, came to be a practical and tangible corroboration of them — that Jesus, taking his disciples Peter, James, and John, went up to a mountain to pray."

"And while the Master made his prayer, the look of his face was changed, and his garments became white and dazzling."

"And behold, two men were speaking with Jesus. And these were Moses and Elijah, who appeared in glory and spoke of his exodus, that is, of Jerusalem." "But Peter and his companions were weighed down with sleep, and on waking, they saw the glory of Jesus and the two men who were with him."

"And when these were about to part from him, Peter said to Jesus, not knowing what he said: Master, it is good that we are here: Let us make three tents, one for you, another for Moses, and another for Elijah."

"And while Peter was saying this, a great cloud came that enveloped them, causing them great panic."

"And from the cloud came a voice that said": This is my Beloved Son! Listen to him! "And when the voice ceased, they found only Jesus. And they kept silent, and told no one of anything they had seen and heard"...

*Chapter XXIII*

## Chapter 40: JERUSALEM

The extraordinary development, revolution, and ascent of the Fourth Venustic Serpent, inward and upward through the Medullar Canal of the Mental Body, allowed me to experience all the raw evangelical realism of the masterful entry of the Great KABIR Jesus into Jerusalem.

Then I was able to verify for myself and in direct form the inferior aspects (Hell) and superior (Heaven) of the Mental World.

Unquestionably, that Harlot of all fatalities, or Great Apocalyptic Harlot, whose number is 666, involves horrifyingly in the mental hells...

I am certainly no treacherous iconoclast bent on destroying, like an intellectual vandal, beloved ideals; however, I must confess sincerely and without circumlocution all that I saw amid those "MANASIC" regions of nature.

Icastic appears the reason of unreasons in the inferior region of the planetary concrete mind...

That which I perceived with the spatial sense in the mental hells was already said by Saint John in the Apocalypse:

"Merchandise of gold and silver, and of precious stones and of pearls, and of fine linen, and of scarlet, and of silk and of crimson, and of every kind of fragrant wood, and every vessel of ivory, and of copper, and of iron, and of marble."

"And cinnamon, and perfumes and ointments, and of incense, and of wine and of oil; and of fine flour and wheat, and of beasts and of sheep; and of horses, and of chariots, and of slaves, and of souls of men."

Horrible buildings and beds of Procrustes, where the Great Harlot fornicates incessantly.

Abominable brothels; nauseating streets, cinema dens where pornographic films are shown, etc., etc., etc.

To pass beyond the body, the affections, and the mind, is indispensable when one wishes the triumphal entry into the Jerusalem above. (The Heaven of Mercury and afterward the World of the Spirit).

Let us now see (MATTHEW 21:1-20):

"And as they drew near to Jerusalem, and came to Bethphage at the Mount of Olives, Jesus sent two disciples, saying to them":

"Go to the village before you, and at once you will find an ass tied, and a colt with her; untie her, and bring them to me."

"And if anyone says anything to you, say: The Lord has need of them. And then he will send them."

"All this was done that what was spoken by the prophet might be fulfilled, saying":

"Tell the Daughter of Zion": "Behold, your King comes to you, meek, and seated upon an ass (symbol of the Mind), and upon a colt, the foal of a beast of burden."

"And the disciples went and did as Jesus — the Great KABIR — commanded them."

"And they brought the ass and the colt, and placed upon them their cloaks; and he sat upon them."

"And the crowd, which was very numerous, spread their cloaks on the road; and others cut branches from the trees and spread them on the road — esoteric."

"And the people who went before — on the path of the razor's edge — and those who went behind — on the esoteric path —

cried out, saying: Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest!"

"And when he entered Jerusalem, the whole city was stirred up, saying: Who is this?"

"And the people said: This is Jesus, the Prophet, of Nazareth of Galilee."

"And Jesus entered the Temple of God — the Temple that each of Us carries within — and cast out all who were selling and buying in the temple, — the merchants, the EGOS that personify our defects of psychological type — and overturned the tables of the money-changers — Demons that adulterate all that is good — and the seats of those who sold doves; (Devils who sell the Third Logos, who trade by profaning the Holy Spirit). (Fornicators, Prostitutes, Lesbians, homosexuals)."

"And he says to them: It is written: My house shall be called a house of prayer, but you have made it a den of thieves." (Thus the Mind of every person is a den of perversity).

"Then there came to him in the temple the blind and the lame, and he healed them." (People incapable of seeing the truth and subjects who could not walk the path).

"But the chief priests and the scribes — or intellectuals — seeing the marvels he did, and the children crying out in the tem-

ple and saying: Hosanna to the Son of David! were indignant."

"And they said to him: Do you hear what they say? And JESUS said to them: Yes. Have you never read: Out of the mouth of children and nursing infants you have perfected praise?"

"And leaving them, he went out of the city to Bethany, and lodged there."

"And in the morning, returning to the city, he was hungry."

"And seeing a fig tree by the road — symbol of the sexual force — he came to it, and found nothing on it but leaves only; and he said to it: May no fruit ever grow upon you again. And immediately the fig tree withered."

Written it is, with burning coals, in the "Book of the Splendors": "A tree that bears no fruit is cut down and cast into the Fire."

When Adam and Eve (paradisiacal humanity) ate of the forbidden fruit, the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked; then they sewed fig leaves together and made themselves aprons.

Gautama, the BUDDHA, seated four days with their nights in profound meditation under the shade of the fig tree, attained final illumination.

In ancient Egypt of the Pharaohs, the fig tree was always venerated as a living symbol of the Creative Energy of the THIRD LOGOS.

The involutionary creatures of the World-Hells are certainly sterile fig trees that have never given fruit.

"Upon this ever-green fig tree could be written a strange epigraph, because one of the most typical details concomitant with certain astral visions is of the ever-green plant that spins vertiginously."

"A good friend from Jumilla tells me: 'Within the boundary of this town there is a cave of considerable extent and height, where grows a fig tree that never loses its leaves nor bears fruit; and the general belief, supported by the testimony of several who say they have seen it, is that on the day of Saint John, at break of day, there comes out of this cave a great military cohort of specters with richly caparisoned warhorses; warriors who, preceded by fantastic banners, head south, disappearing in the distance, as if evoking some distant historical event.'" (This is textual from the "tree of the Hesperides").

Jesus, the Great Gnostic Priest, said:

"The Stone — philosopher's, sex — which the builders rejected. (People of many religions). This has become the head of the corner":

"By the Lord is this done, and it is marvelous in our eyes."

"Therefore I say to you, that the Kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and shall be given to a people that produces the fruits of it." (Persons who are capable of practicing Sexual Magic, dissolving the Ego, and sacrificing themselves for their fellows).

"And he who falls upon this stone — sex — will be broken; and on whomever it falls, it will crush him."

Unquestionably, only through the Sexual Fire is it possible to incinerate all the perverse psychic aggregates that we carry within, in order to enter the Celestial Jerusalem on Palm Sunday. (See my book titled: "THE MYSTERY OF THE GOLDEN FLOWERING").

*Chapter XXIV*

> *To pass beyond the body, the affections, and the mind, is indispensable when one wishes the triumphal entry into the Jerusalem above. (The Heaven of Mercury and afterward the World of the Spirit).*

## Chapter 41: THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

The marvelous ascent of the Fifth Serpent of Light inward and upward through the Medullar Spinal Canal of the Causal Body gave me, in fact, free access to the Initiatic Mysteries of the Fifth Degree of the Venustic Wisdom.

If I were to write in detail all that I then learned in the thirty-three holy chambers of the Causal World, it is obvious that I would fill an immense volume.

As a Causal Man, seated with much humility I crossed my arms upon my chest to attend the final Ceremony...

Unfortunately, I had the very bad habit of crossing my arms in such a way that the left was over the right...

"That is not how you should cross your arms," an Adept of the temple said to me — and then added: "The right must go over the left." I obeyed his indications.

Have you seen Egyptian sarcophagi? The arms of the deceased crossed upon the chest illustrate these affirmations.

Any skull between two cross-bones, as a sign of danger, says the same.

To do the Will of the Father, on Earth as in heaven, to die in the Lord, is the deep meaning of such a symbol...

The Great KABIR Jesus, on Mount Oliveti, prayed thus:

"My Father, if it be possible, let this Cup pass from me; but not my Will, but yours, be done."

"And being in agony, he prayed more intensely: and his sweat became as great drops of blood falling to the ground."

"And when he rose from prayer and came to his disciples, he found them sleeping from sorrow." (With CONSCIOUSNESS asleep).

"And he said to them: Why do you sleep? (Why do you have CONSCIOUSNESS asleep?) Rise, and pray that you may not enter into temptation." (Because those who are asleep clearly fall into temptation).

Truly, truly I say to you that your Consciousness must always remain alert and vigilant like the sentinel in time of war.

Written it is: "Before the Rooster (The Verb) crows (or is incarnated in us), you will deny me three times." When the Hierophant "PATAR" or PETER forgot himself, he denied the INNERMOST Christ three times.

PETER, PETRA, or STONE was the Hierophant himself, or the interpreter in Phoenician; and hence the famous evangelical phrase: "You are PETER, and upon this STONE I will build my Church" (Our Inner Temple).

Bunsen, in his "Egypt's Place in Universal History" (Vol. 5, p. 90), comments in turn on the inscription found in the sarcophagus of a great Queen of the Eleventh Dynasty (2250 years before J.C.) and which is only a transcription of the Book of the Dead (4500 before J.C.), interpreting hieroglyphs of PETER, PATAR, REVELATION, INITIATION, etc., etc., etc.

In no way did the old medieval ALCHEMISTS ever err when they discovered the "Initiatic Petra" in our sexual organs...

Unquestionably, to "spill the Vase of Hermes," to prostitute the Stone of Truth, is equivalent to denying the Christ...

From the ALL-UNKNOWABLE or RADICAL ZERO emanates, on commencing a manifestation or universe, the Pythagorean Monad, the Verb, the Arch-Mage or Hierophant, the ONE-ONLY; the AUNAD-AD of the Buddhists, the AIN-SOPH, EN SOPH, or Chaldean PNEUMA-EIKON, the RUACH ELOHIM or Divine Spirit of the Lord floating upon the Genesiac waters, the self-existent, the Aryan ANUPADAKA or Manu-Swayambhu-Narayana.

This, the particular Monad of each of us, transforms itself into the most excelsior Dyad, our particular individual Divine Mother KUNDALINI...

HE and SHE truly constitute the "Gnostic PARENT-MOTHER," the Parsi ZERU-ANA, the DUAL PROTOGONOS

or ADAM-KADMON, the THEOS-CHAOS of the Theogony of Hesiod, the UR-ANAS or Chaldean Fire and Water, the Egyptian OSIRIS-ISIS, the Semitic JAH-HOVAH JEHOVAH or IOD-HEVE, etc., etc., etc.

ROMA, in reverse, is AMOR (Love). The Sacrament of the Church of LOVE or ROMA is the SAHAJA MAITHUNA. (SEXUAL MAGIC).

We must learn to fulfill this Holy Sacrament, vibrating in tune with the Divine couple.

He must become the living expression of the Hebraic IOD; She must be the living manifestation of HEVE.

The Kabbalist ADAM-KADMON, the RHA-SEPHIRA or eternal MASCULINE-FEMININE, conciliating themselves in perfect harmony above and below, in the infinitely great and in the infinitely small, constitute the culminating note of the "MOUNT OLIVETI."

*Chapter XXV*

> *Unquestionably, to "spill the Vase of Hermes," to prostitute the Stone of Truth, is equivalent to denying the Christ...*

## Chapter 42: THE BEAUTIFUL HELEN

The sublime and marvelous ascent of the Sixth radiant Serpent, inward and upward along the Medullar Spinal Canal of the BUDDHIC Body, gave me, in fact and by my own right, free passage to the Sixth Venustic Initiation...

In the BUDDHIC or UNIVERSAL INTUITIVE World, I had to experience at that time some transcendental chapters of the Christic Gospel...

I wish to refer now, with utmost delicacy, to certain wondrous secret passages, intentionally eliminated from the original text by the scribes and doctors of the law.

It is certainly deplorable that the Sacred Hebraic Bible has been so cruelly mutilated, adulterated, deformed...

What I then experienced in the cosmic Intuitional region maintains multiple perfect rhythmic concordances with the various Esoteric Initiatic processes that we must experience here and now.

Extraordinary scenes related to the other planets of the Solar System of ORS in which we live, move, and have Our Being.

When the Sixth Viper of Resplendent Light crossed the august threshold of its corresponding chamber in the tranquil heart, gloriously shone the Midnight Sun in the unalterable infinite...

I entered the temple of Initiation accompanied by many people; each one of those of the cortege carried in his right hand a candle, taper, or burning torch...

In those instants I felt myself experiencing those Christic Esoteric verses which literally say:

"And then, while he was still speaking, came Judas, who was one of the twelve, and with him a company with swords and clubs, from the chief priests, (or men constituted by worldly authority), and the scribes (or those held wise in the world), and the elders (those held in the world as prudent, sensible, and discreet)."

"And when Judas came (the Demon of Desire), he immediately approached him, and said to him: Master. And kissed him."

"Then they laid their hands on him and seized him."

Inebriated with ecstasy I exclaimed: I Am the Christ! A LADY-ADEPT admonished me, saying: "Take care! Do not say that; it is a lack of respect."

"In these moments I am representing him," I replied. The Sacred Lady then kept a respectful silence.

The Cosmic Drama within the temple of transparent walls had a certain Majestic flavor, very grave, terribly Divine...

Converted into the central personage, I had to experience in myself the following evangelical passages:

"And they brought JESUS to the High Priest: Caiaphas (the Demon of Ill Will), and there gathered to him all the Chief Priests (the official authorities of this world) and the elders (very respectable persons full of experience) and the scribes (the intellectuals)."

"And the Chief Priests and all the Council sought testimony against JESUS (the Inner Savior), to put him to death; but they did not find it." "For many gave false testimony against him, but their testimonies did not agree."

"Then, some, rising up, gave false testimony against him, saying":

"We have heard him say: I will destroy this temple made with hands (referring to the animal Body) and in three days I will build another made without hands" (the Spiritual Body, the TO SOMA HELIAKON).

"But not even thus did their testimony agree."

"Then, the High Priest (with his Ill Will), rising up in their midst, asked JESUS, saying: Do you not answer something? What do these testify against you?"

"But he kept silent and answered nothing": (Silence is the Eloquence of Wisdom).

"The High Priest again asked him, and says to him: Are you the Christ, the Son of God?" (The Second Logos).

"And JESUS said to him: I Am (HE IS), and you shall see the Son of Man (every truly Christified or OSIRIFIED one) seated at the right hand of the power of God (the First Logos), and coming in the clouds of Heaven."

"Then, the High Priest (the Demon of Ill Will) rent his garments and said: What further need do we have of witnesses?"

"You have heard the blasphemy: What do you think? And they all condemned him to be guilty of death."

"And some began to spit on him, and to cover his face, and to slap him, and to say to him: Prophesy. And the servants struck him with slaps."

"And immediately in the morning, having taken counsel together, the Chief Priests with the elders and with the scribes and with the whole council, brought JESUS bound, and handed him over to Pilate."

"And Pilate (the Demon of the Mind) asked him: Are you the King of the Jews?" "And answering him, he said: You have said it."

"And the Chief Priests (the authorities of this world) accused him of many things."

"And Pilate again asked him, saying: Do you not answer something? See how many things they accuse you of." (The Inner Christ is accused by all peoples, even those who say they are his followers).

"But JESUS (the INNERMOST Christ), not even with that responded. (I repeat: Silence is the eloquence of wisdom). Pilate (the Demon of the Mind) marveled."

"However, at the day of the feast he released a prisoner to them, whichever they asked."

"And there was one called Barabbas (the Demon of the perversity that each one carries within), imprisoned with his companions of the riot who had killed someone in an uprising" (Because the EGO is always homicidal and wicked).

"And the multitude coming, began to ask him to do as he had always done for them."

"And Pilate answered them saying: Do you want me to release to you the King of the Jews?"

"For he knew that the Chief Priests had handed him over out of envy (the authorities of every type)."

"But the Chief Priests stirred up the multitude, so that he would rather release Barabbas to them." (The authorities of every type defend the EGO. They say: First I, Second I, Third I).

"And answering, Pilate said to them again: What then do you want me to do with the one you call King of the Jews?"

"And they cried out again: Crucify him!" (Crucify! Crucify! Crucify!)

From the ineffable Sancta I emerged ecstatic, after having experienced in direct form the tremendous intimate realism of all these verses cited above.

Clothed with a new tunic of Glory, splendid robe, I left the Great Cathedral of the Soul...

How happy I felt to contemplate from there the broad panorama! Then I saw the flow and reflow of all things...

BUDDHI is like a vase of fine and transparent ALABASTER, within which burns the flame of PRAJNA...

ATMAN, the BEING, has two Souls. The first is the Spiritual Soul and is feminine (BUDDHI). The second is the Human Soul and is masculine (SUPERIOR MANAS).

THE INTELLECTUAL ANIMAL mistakenly called "MAN" has only the ESSENCE incarnated within himself.

Manifestly, this latter is the Budhata, a minimal fraction of the Human Soul, the psychic material with which the "Golden Embryo" can and must be fabricated. (See "The Mystery of the Golden Flowering").

The FOUNT and BASE of High Magic is found in the perfect espousal of BUDDHI-MANAS, whether in the purely spiritual regions or in the earthly world.

HELEN clearly signifies the espousal of NOUS (ATMA-BUDDHI) with MANAS (the Human or Causal Soul), the union through which CONSCIOUSNESS and WILL are identified, both Souls thus being endowed with Divine powers...

The essence of ATMAN, of the primordial, eternal, and universal Divine Fire, is contained within BUDDHI, which in full conjunction with CAUSAL MANAS (HUMAN SOUL), determines the MASCULINE-FEMININE.

The Beautiful HELEN of Troy is the same HELEN of Goethe's Faust, the SHAKTI or Feminine potency of the Inner Being...

HE and SHE, BUDDHI-MANAS, are the Twin Souls within ourselves (although the INTELLECTUAL ANIMAL has not yet incarnated them), the two adorable daughters of ATMAN

(THE INNERMOST), the eternally enamored Husband and Wife...

Such love has infinite correlations, whether in the conjugated pairs of the Double Suns of the Sky, in that of the Earth with the Moon, in the protoplasmic "AMPHIASTER" of the determining cells — known, as is known, for the mysterious phenomenon of karyokinesis or morphological duplication of the single cell — or in the universal symbolism of the epics and of all the remaining literature, where the ideal love between two beings of the opposite sex constitutes "the Alma Mater" of literary production.

Unquestionably, the "SAHAJA MAITHUNA" as a Sacrament of the Church of ROMA is repeated with the Twins in the AKASHA TATTVA and continues gloriously with OSIRIS-ISIS in the region of ANUPADAKA.

I CLARIFY: When we cite the Church of ROMA, place the letters in reverse and read thus: A M O R (LOVE). Obviously, SEX is the Church of LOVE.

The theory of the Twin Souls implies no danger when we grasp its deep significance.

The Chemical Coitus, the Metaphysical Copulation, shines gloriously at the Zenith of the Ideal, without the slightest shadow of impurity...

Legitimate enamoredness is never separated from SEX. The sexual act is certainly the consubstantialization of love in the PSYCHO-PHYSIOLOGICAL realism of our nature.

The BUDDHI-MANAS espousal is only possible through the Chemical Coitus. Sexual Enjoyment is a legitimate right of man.

RENATO committed the grave error of affirming, in emphatic form, that the HELEN of SIMON the Mage was a beautiful woman of flesh and blood, whom the cited Mage had found in a brothel of Tyre, and who, according to his biographers, was the reincarnation of the Greek HELEN.

Such concept does not stand a deep analysis: the authentic Initiatic Colleges teach, with complete clarity, that the beautiful HELEN is BUDDHI, the SPIRITUAL SOUL of the Sixth Venustic Initiation, the potential Feminine SHAKTI.

*Chapter XXVI*

> *HELEN clearly signifies the espousal of NOUS (ATMA-BUDDHI) with MANAS (the Human or Causal Soul), the union through which CONSCIOUSNESS and WILL are identified, both Souls thus being endowed with Divine powers...*

## Chapter 43: THE EVENT OF GOLGOTHA

The radiant ascent of the Seventh Venustic Serpent, inward and upward through the Spiritual Medullar Spinal Canal of the Divine vehicle (ATMAN), allowed me to experience the event of Golgotha.

Unquestionably I need to confess frankly and without circumlocution the concrete, clear, and definitive fact that I saw myself converted into the central personage of the "Cosmic Drama."

To experience in oneself the Cosmic event of Calvary, with all the raw transcendental realism of the "World of the Divine Spirit" (ATMAN), is certainly extraordinary.

I am not the first to experience the event of the Mount of Skulls, nor shall I be the last...

And I saw myself, after the crucifixion, lying like a corpse upon the "Mud of the Earth."

Then the potential Shakti, the Divine Spouse of Shiva, my perfect MOTHER KUNDALINI, prostrate with infinite humility, adored me...

Oh, my Mother! I exclaimed. You are my Mother! I am the one who must kneel before you! It is not possible that you kneel

before me! I do not deserve that! I am a vile worm of the mire of the earth; a sinner, an unworthy one...

However, it is evident that in such instants of the "Cosmic Drama," I represented the CHRISTUS, VISHNU, the Second LOGOS, the SON...

At moments when I write these pages, that ineffable prayer of Dante Alighieri comes to my memory, which textually says:

"Virgin Mother, Daughter of your Son, the most humble at once and the most exalted of all creatures, fixed end of the Eternal Will, you are the one who has so ennobled human nature that its Maker did not disdain to become his own work."

"In your womb was kindled the love whose warmth has caused this flower to germinate in Eternal Peace."

"You are here, for us, the meridian Sun of Charity, and below, for mortals, a living fountain of hope."

"You are so great, Lady, and so valuable, that all who desire to obtain some Grace and do not recur to you wish that their desire fly without wings."

"Your benignity not only helps the one who implores you, but many times also anticipates spontaneously the supplication. In you are gathered mercy, piety, magnificence, and all the goodness that exists in the creature." (Unquestionably each

Being has his original, particular, individual Divine Mother KUNDALINI).

"This one, then, who, from the deepest pool of the universe up to here, has seen one by one all the spiritual existences, supplicates you to grant him the grace of acquiring such virtue that he may be able to elevate his eyes to the supreme salvation."

"And I, who have never desired to see more than I desire that he see, direct all my prayers to you, and I supplicate you that they not be in vain, so that with yours you may disperse all the mists proceeding from his mortal condition, so that he may openly contemplate the supreme pleasure."

"I beg you, moreover, O Queen, who can do whatever you wish! that you keep his affections pure after seeing so much; that your custody triumph over the impulses of human passions."

Up to here is the sublime Dantean prayer; let us now continue with the theme of this chapter; let us study some Christic verses...

"The soldiers of the president took Jesus into the praetorium, and gathered to him the whole band."

"And stripping him, they cast upon him a scarlet robe." (The Philosopher's Stone is first black, then white, and finally red).

"And they placed upon his head a crown woven of thorns — classic painful diadem in every Christified astral — and a reed in his right hand — like the Rod of Aaron or the Staff of the Patriarchs, living symbol of the spinal column — and kneeling before him, they mocked him, saying: Hail, King of the Jews!"

"And after they had mocked him — because such is this path of Sex — they stripped him of the robe — because they, the shadowy ones, never want the Initiate to wear the purple of his INNERMOST Logos — and clothed him with his own garments and led him away to crucify him."

"And going forth, they found a Cyrenian, named Simon: this one they compelled to carry his Cross." (The Guru always appears on the path to help us).

"And when they came to a place called Golgotha, which is called the place of the Skull." (Synonym of death).

"They gave him vinegar mixed with gall to drink; and tasting it, he would not drink." (It is evident that the path of the razor's edge is very bitter).

"And after they had crucified him (with Sexual Cross because the PHALLUS embedded within the WOMB forms such most sacred sign), they divided his garments, casting lots." (Clear allusion to the elimination of human possessions).

"And sitting down, they kept watch over him there."

"And they placed over his head his accusation written: INRI. IGNIS NATURA RENOVATUR INTEGRAM." (Fire Renews Nature Incessantly).

"Then there were crucified with him two thieves, one on the right and another on the left." (Good thief, the Divine secret power that for the Christification steals the sexual energy. Bad thief, the secret enemy who for evil sacks the deposit of the Sexual Hydrogen SI-12).

"And those who passed by (the profane and profaners of all times), reviled him, wagging their heads."

"And saying: You who destroy the temple and in three days re-build it — you who annihilate the Adam of sin so that the Celestial Adam may be born — save yourself: If you are the Son of God, come down from the Cross — because we the shadowy ones do not like the insertion of the crossed beam that forms your two arms, like two great hands extended to drive away sinister forces and inferior powers."

"In the same way also the chief priests — the authorities — mocking with the scribes — or intellectuals — and the Pharisees — who always pretend to be Virtuous and Holy — and the elders — very respectable persons of the world — said": "He saved others; he cannot save himself: if he is the

King of Israel, let him come down now from the Cross — let him abandon the Path of the Razor's Edge and the SAHAJA MAITHUNA — and we will believe in him."

"He trusted in God. Let him deliver him now if he wants him, for he has said: I am the Son of God." — He Christified himself and, therefore, became Son of the Eternal. We are sons of the Devil because we are the fruit of fornication.

"And from the sixth hour (temptation) there was darkness over all the Earth until the ninth hour" (Ninth Sphere). Summing KABBALISTICALLY we have 9 plus 6 equals: 15. This is the Arcanum of Typhon Baphomet: the Devil. Such esoteric value corresponds to the Constellation of the Whale, under whose cosmic influence the Initiate develops until attaining the resurrection. Let us remember the Sign of Jonah.

"And near the ninth hour, Jesus cried out with a great voice, saying: Eli, Eli, Eli, LAMA SABACHTHANI; that is: My God, why have you forsaken me?" — Manifestly before the resurrection every Initiate feels really abandoned.

"And some of those who stood there, hearing it, said: This one calls upon Elijah." (Helios, Eliu, Elijah, Helios, the Sun Christ, the INNERMOST Logos, in our supreme aspiration).

"And then, one of them running, took a sponge, and filled it with vinegar, and putting it on a reed (symbol of the Spinal

Column) gave him to drink — as if saying: the work with the sexual, spinal fires, is more bitter than gall."

"But Jesus, having again cried out with a great voice, gave up the Spirit." (Thus it is that we Initiates die in ourselves with the death of the cross). (See my book titled: "The Mystery of the Golden Flowering").

"And behold, the veil of the temple — the famous Veil of ISIS or Adamic Sexual Veil, product of original sin — was rent in two — due to the supreme death of the Ego — and the earth trembled and the stones (of the path of the razor's edge) were split."

*Chapter XXVII*

> *The radiant ascent of the Seventh Venustic Serpent, inward and upward through the Spiritual Medullar Spinal Canal of the Divine vehicle (ATMAN), allowed me to experience the event of Golgotha.*

## Chapter 44: THE HOLY SEPULCHER

Written it is, in characters of fire in the book of the splendors, that when Jesus — the Great Gnostic Priest — exhaled his last breath, the philosophical earth, his very human person, trem-

bled on understanding the difficult task that destiny had reserved for him; and the stones of "the Path of the Razor's Edge" were split, the road becoming still more difficult. (This only those Masters integrally understand who, after having died in themselves, prepare for the resurrection).

Mercury, as an Astrological Planet, is much more mysterious than Venus itself, and identical to the Mazdean MITHRA, the BUDDHA, the Genius or God, established between the Sun and the Moon, the perpetual companion of the Sun of Wisdom.

Pausanias, in his book V, shows him to us as having an altar in common with Jupiter. He bore wings to express that he assisted the Sun in his course, and was called the Messenger and the Wolf of the sun: "SOLARIS LUMINIS PARTICEPS." "He was the Chief and the evocator of Souls, the Arch-mage and the Hierophant."

Virgil describes him taking his Caduceus or Hammer to evoke again to life the unhappy Souls cast down into Orcus or LIMBUS: "TUM VIRGAM CAPIT, HAC ANIMAS ILLE EVOCAT ORCO." With the healthy purpose of making them enter into the Celestial Militia.

After these explanations, the following verses become clear: (explained).

"And the graves were opened, and many bodies of Saints who had slept in ORCUS or LIMBUS rose."

"And going out of the graves, after their esoteric resurrection, they came into the holy city, the Jerusalem above, and appeared to many."

Unquestionably, many Saints have wished to SELF-REALIZE INTIMATELY without the Holy Sacrament of the Church of LOVE (SAHAJA MAITHUNA).

Those unhappy Souls always fall into the ORCUS or LIMBO of ignorance, darkness, and sorrow...

Only by dying in oneself with the death of the cross — that completely sexual symbol — is resurrection then possible...

If the germ does not die, the plant is not born. The Path of Life is formed by the hoofprints of the horse of death.

Mercury is the Golden Planet, the ineffable one, whom the Hierophants forbade naming, and is symbolized in Greek Mythology by the famous greyhounds or dogs that guard the celestial herd, that drinks at the most pure fountains of Occult Wisdom...

Mercury is also "HERMES-ANUBIS," the good inspirer or AGATHODAEMON. As the Bird of Argos, he watches over the

Earth, which mistakenly takes him for the sun itself, both being, respectively, the Hindu SARAMA and SARAMEYA.

Emperor Julian prayed every night to the Occult Sun, through the intercession of Mercury, for, as Vossius says: "All Theologians assure that Mercury and the Sun are one... For this reason he was considered the most eloquent and wise of the Gods, which is not strange, since Mercury is so close to Wisdom and to the word (or LOGOS) that he was confounded with both..."

"Mercury is the THIRD LOGOS, SHIVA, THE HOLY SPIRIT, the Firstborn of creation, our authentic, particular, individual Monad..."

Oh Holy Gods! How sad would be the fate of the Saints in LIMBO if Mercury were to abandon them...

Mercury, SHIVA, Great Hierophant, Messenger, and Wolf of the INNERMOST CHRIST, supreme hope of those who sleep in the Holy Sepulcher...

I recognized the phallic sign in the "Bark of RA" upon passing through the Eighth Venustic Initiation; then I cried out with a great voice, saying: "When the first trumpet sounds, I shall rise from among the dead."

"Hail, oh great Divinity, who sail in your bark! Transported here, I appear before you!"

"Let me ascend to the command bridge and direct the maneuver of the bark, as your servants do, the Archons of the Planets."

LITELANTES was a little saddened on contemplating my Holy Sepulcher. "Do not fear," a MAHATMA said to her — "his physical body will not yet die." These words tranquilized her wholly.

At that distant time of my present existence, I had not even died in myself; I continued with the EGO well alive; the sepulcher was then merely symbolic, like the coffin of every Masonic Lodge...

I did indeed understand, in integral form, the sepulchral symbolism; I knew that I must die in myself in order to have the right to the resurrection of "HIRAM ABIFF," the Secret Master, within my temple-heart...

That Initiation concluded with precise instructions, related to the mission that I am currently fulfilling in the world.

*Chapter XXVIII*

## Second Mountain

> *I did indeed understand, in integral form, the sepulchral symbolism; I knew that I must die in myself in order to have the right to the resurrection of "HIRAM ABIFF," the Secret Master, within my temple-heart...*

## Chapter 45: SERENITY AND PATIENCE

It is manifest that we, the brothers of the Temple of "the twice-born," had eliminated from our psyche various subjective, infrahuman elements; however, after having passed through the Eight Initiations, we longed, with all the forces of the Soul, to enter the esoteric Magical works of the "Mountain of Resurrection."

We were told in the Temple that we must await with infinite patience the Abbot of the Monastery; however, it is evident that the hours passed long and tedious, with an unbearable monotony; the Venerable One certainly did not seem to be in any hurry.

Some of those Veterans of the First Mountain were moving about everywhere — here, there, and yonder — protesting impatiently at the singular delay of the Superior.

There are cases that surprise in life, and one of them was the astonishing entry of the Abbot into the Temple. All the

Brothers of the Sacred Order were stupefied, for some of ours had already lost hope of seeing the Master.

Before the Sacred Fraternity the Venerable One spoke, saying: "To you, Brothers, two virtues are lacking that this brother has." This he said while pointing me out with his index finger.

Subsequently, in sweet and imperative form at the same time, he commanded me thus: "Tell them, Brother, what are those two virtues."

"One must know how to be patient, one must know how to be serene," I exclaimed with paused and clear voice...

"Do you see? Are you convinced?" pronounced the Abbot with great solemnity. All the Adepts, frightened and marveled at the same time, chose to keep a respectful silence.

Unquestionably all the members of the Congregation, except for me, had then to be deferred, for only my insignificant person who is worth nothing emerged victorious in the difficult test.

The austere Hierophant then gave me a beautiful orange; I immediately captured its deep significance...

Much later in time, I had to appear before the Brotherhood of another Monastery of the Universal White Fraternity, with the

defined purpose of receiving instructions and signing documents...

Then I was warned with the following words: "You must take great care of the Lunar cold."

To return to "The Burning Forge of Vulcan" after a long recess was urgent to me.

Unquestionably, between Mountain and Mountain, there always exist long periods of sexual abstention.

*Chapter XXIX*

> *All the Brothers of the Sacred Order were stupefied, for some of ours had already lost hope of seeing the Master.*

## Chapter 46: THE NINE DEGREES OF MASTERY

To capture, to apprehend, to grasp in integral, unitotal form, the deep significance of the nine Masters who went forth in search of HIRAM and his murderers is urgent, unpostponable.

Unquestionably none of the nine Masters went toward the regions of the North; rather, intelligently arranged in three groups of three, they distributed themselves respectively to the

East, the South, and the West. Manifestly, it was these last who succeeded in discovering the tomb and the murderers.

This symbolic esoteric pilgrimage of the nine Masters refers specifically, in consequence, to the individual pilgrimage that every Initiate must carry out in "The Second Mountain," passing through nine successive stages or degrees, totally enumerated and defined in the nine spheres: MOON, MERCURY, VENUS, SUN, MARS, JUPITER, SATURN, URANUS, and NEPTUNE.

We can and even must issue the following enunciation: "Only through these pilgrimages from sphere to sphere shall we be in condition to vivify and bring forth again, in and within each of us, the Secret Master, HIRAM, SHIVA, the spouse of our DIVINE MOTHER KUNDALINI, the ARCH-HIEROPHANT and the ARCH-MAGE, the particular individual Monad, our Real Being..."

One thing is to be a Master, and another, certainly very different, is to attain perfection in Mastery.

Any Esotericist who fabricates in the "Forge of the Cyclops" the "TO SOMA HELIAKON," the "Wedding Garment of the Soul," for that reason becomes a Man and therefore a Master; however, perfection in Mastery is something very distinct.

The number nine, applied to Rhetoric, puts us in intimate mystical relation with the nine eternal Muses: It is not out of place in this chapter to cite each of these ineffable deities of ancient classicism:

- CLIO.
- ERATO.
- MELPOMENE.
- CALLIOPE.
- EUTERPE.
- THALIA.
- URANIA.
- POLYHYMNIA.
- TERPSICHORE.

Lived experiences are something very important, so that our beloved readers may better understand the Doctrine...

Listen to me: One night, no matter now the date, the day, or the hour, splendidly attired with the "Wedding Garment of the Soul," I willfully left the Physical Body...

Experiencing in all the presence of my Cosmic Being a certain exquisite spiritual voluptuousness, I floated with complete softness in the aura of the universe...

In supreme well-being I had to set my feet, as if I were a celestial bird, upon the mud of the earth, beneath the green foliage of a silent tree...

Opportunely I then cried out with a great voice, invoking the Adepts of the Occult Fraternity...

Unquestionably I was assisted...

The Brothers kindly led me to the marvelous Temple of transparent walls...

The MAHATMA remained seated at his desk as if he were attending to many people...

I wish to know — I said — what it is that I lack...

The Venerable One, drawing from one of the drawers of the desk a certain secret book, consulted its pages and then responded:

— "You are lacking fifty-eight (58) minutes."

— "You must present here thirty-six (36) Bolivares of twenty-three (23) kilos each."

— "And the Eight (8) Initiations received must be qualified."

— Thank you, Venerable Master. Subsequently I withdrew from the temple with infinite humility and veneration...

Kabbalistic Analysis of this matter:

- 58 Minutes: 5 plus 8, equals 13. This Arcanum signifies Death of all the subjective elements that constitute the I.
- 36 Bolivares: 3 plus 6, equals 9. To break chains and shackles in the submerged Worlds of the nine planets cited in this chapter... very intense work in the "Burning Forge of Vulcan"...
- 23 Kilos: 2 plus 3, equals 5. The works of Liberation must be perfect under the splendors of the Flaming five-pointed star... (It is not out of place to opportunely recall the RISHI Baha-Deva and his 23 Prophets).

QUALIFICATION: Before the authentic resurrection, each of the Eight Initiations must be qualified. This is processed in Eight years, during which we must experience the Book of the Patriarch JOB in all its raw realism.

We solemnly emphasize the following enunciation: "The Eight Initiations could never be qualified in a time less than the already-indicated Eight years"...

"Obviously to each of the Eight there corresponds a year; as corollary, eight years result for the Eight Initiations"...

I CLARIFY: The already-mentioned time corresponds exclusively to the epilogue of a whole mystical series of profound esoteric works, carried out in each and every one of the Nine Planets cited before.

Indubitably such works are processed at different times and tend in truth to be too delicate.

It is manifest that everyone who enters the Second Mountain does not for that reason receive more Degrees or Initiations.

Perfection in Mastery only comes with the transcendental esoteric Resurrection...

The full manifestation of the Monad within the Resurrected Master confers upon him extraordinary Magical powers...

*Chapter XXX*

## Chapter 47: THE PATRIARCH ENOCH

The symbol of time, to which the bronze ring also emphatically refers, cyclically leads the Gnostic Arhat to that ancient Patriarchal epoch also called the Bronze Age or DVAPARA YUGA, which undoubtedly preceded this our present Iron Age or KALI YUGA...

The best treatise-writers of Occultism have always affirmed that, between these two Ages, occurred the Second

Transapalnian Catastrophe, which totally modified the geological physiognomy of planet Earth.

The Seventh among the Ten sublime antediluvian Patriarchs is, beyond any supposition, totally different from the six who in the course of the centuries preceded him... (Adam, Seth, Enos, Cainan, Mahalalel, Jared), as well as from the three who succeeded him (Methuselah, Lamech, Noah).

However, it is clear that what astonishes us most in all this is the sacred name of ENOCH, which translated means: "Initiate, dedicated, consecrated, Master." The Hebraic Genesis (V. 24) affirms in very solemn form that ENOCH did not physically die in reality, but "walked with God and disappeared because God took him."

Very ancient esoteric traditions that are lost in the night of the centuries clearly say that, being ENOCH on the majestic summit of Mount Moria, he had a clairvoyant Samadhi in which his illuminated objective consciousness was caught up and taken to the Nine Heavens cited by Dante in his Divine Comedy, and in the last of which — that of Neptune — the Patriarch found the lost word (His Own Verb, his particular individual Monad).

Subsequently, that Great Hierophant wished to express this vision in a permanent and imperishable memorial...

Thus he categorically and with great wisdom arranged that there be built beneath that same blessed place a secret and subterranean temple, comprising nine vaults successively arranged one beneath the other, amid the living entrails of the Mountain...

His son Methuselah was certainly the material Architect entrusted with such an extraordinary Sancta...

The specific defined content and destiny of each of these magical vaults or caves, in communication with one another through a spiral staircase, are not mentioned...

The last of these caverns is, however, the one that absorbs all the occult importance, so that the preceding ones constitute only the indispensable secret way through which one arrives at that one in the deepest part of the Mountain...

It is that last one, the "Penetral" or most intimate "SANCTA," in which the Patriarch ENOCH deposited his richest esoteric treasure...

The "Golden Fleece of the ancients," the Ineffable and Imperishable Treasure that we seek, is never found, then, on the surface, but we must dig, excavate, search amid the entrails of the Earth, until finding it...

Descending valiantly to the entrails or infernos of the Mount of Revelation, the Initiate finds the Mystical treasure — his Divine Monad — that for him is preserved through the countless centuries that have preceded us in the course of History...

In Chapter 2 of the Apocalypse of Saint John, we can still read the following: "To him who overcomes I will give to eat of the hidden Manna, and I will give him a white stone, and on the stone a new name written, which no one knows but he who receives it."

*Chapter XXXI*

## Chapter 48: THE LUNAR HEAVEN

The Great Individual Work is fulfilled in the Zodiacal Domain of the Titanic Powers...

The Twelve Labors of Hercules, prototype of authentic Man, indicate, signal the secret way that must lead us to the Degrees of Perfect Master and Great Elected.

First among all comes the capture and death of the Nemean lion, the force of the uncontrolled instincts and passions that lay waste and devour everything...

In a state of ecstasy I was consciously and positively taken to the Lunar World (or Astral World); then I was counseled with

infinite wisdom...

My Soul was moved in its most intimate depths to find there the elder of the temple of the twice-born; our beloved Rector, the sacred elder, certainly seems to have all the characteristics of the lemon — yet it is manifest that he radiates infinite love...

I understood that to have the right to the ascent to the Lunar Heaven (Superior Astral), I had first to descend into the Selenite Infernos (Inferior Astral) and confront valiantly the Three Furies...

At moments in which I write these lines, there comes to my memory that Initiatic passage in which Gines de Lara, led by his Master, contemplates astonished the steel-gray waters of the Lake...

— "Look now here!" exclaims the MAHATMA...

And Gines looked, his hair standing on end, and saw two things that no mortal has seen, but no less astonishing nor less certain for that...

He saw first, as in a gigantic telescope, the inhabitants of this side of the Moon — beings unhappy, miserable above all measure, and concerning whose nature and origin great mystery is kept among "those who know everything"...

And he saw afterward something more marvelous still: the secret of the other side of the satellite — that is, the hemisphere always turned to the other side, and from which the miserable earth is never seen, place where some mystic has wished therefore to situate "The Paradise of ENOCH and ELIJAH," the two "JINAS" of the Hebrew people...

After this small digression, let us continue with the theme of the present chapter:

When I wished to climb the symbolic ladder of Jacob, the Sacred elder of the Temple plucked from the tree of knowledge — or tree of the science of good and evil — a delicious branch and made me smell it; that fragrance was certainly Nirvanic. "Always smell this branch so that you may ascend," such were the words of the Adept...

Unquestionably we must practice the "SAHAJA MAITHUNA," inhale the delicious fragrance of the forbidden fruit, but not eat it; that is the Law...

In the abysses of Selene I initiated my work, disintegrating JUDAS, the Demon of Desire...

It hardly need be said with great accuracy that, fortunately and thanks to the direct aid of my "Divine Mother KUNDALINI," the horrifying Demon of Desire was reduced to ashes...

A little later I had to continue my work with the restless Demon of the Mind, which brings us so much bitterness, the abominable Pilate of all times...

Annihilation! Terrible word... That was the catastrophic end of the fatal Pilate who tormented me...

Subsequently I continued my work in the abyss, attacking Caiaphas, the Demon of Ill Will, the most detestable of the three classic furies within each of us...

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 wretch carried in her hands all the Gorgonean venoms of Hell...

I was able to verify with complete and astonishing clarity the whole process of death in the three Furies...

It is unquestionable that they passed through all the magical transformations sung by Ovid...

If in the beginning they were gigantic and horrible, like the monster Polyphemus of the accursed land, who implacably devoured Ulysses's companions, afterward, moments before the sovereign Reaper arrived, they already had the aspect of newborn children...

Those abominable shadows, those three traitors that I carried within, fortunately died...

Alas! Alas! Alas! What would have become of me without the aid of my Divine Mother KUNDALINI?

I invoked my Mother from the depth of the Abyss, and she grasped the Lance of Eros...

*Chapter XXXII*

> *The Twelve Labors of Hercules, prototype of authentic Man, indicate, signal the secret way that must lead us to the Degrees of Perfect Master and Great Elected.*

## Chapter 49: GUINEVERE

The eternal Lady, the SOUL-SPIRIT (BUDDHI), always demands of her knight (THE HUMAN SOUL, SUPERIOR MANAS) every sort of unheard-of sacrifice and prodigies of valor...

She, the Perfect Divine Spouse, is Guinevere, the Queen of the "JINAS," she who poured the wine for Lancelot...

Delicious wine of transcendent spirituality, in the Initiatic cups of SUKRA and of MANTI...

Cups that are not, in sum, but the Holy Grail in its meaning of Chalice of the supreme drink or Initiatic nectar of the Holy Gods...

Happy the Knight who, after the hard struggle, celebrates his espousals with the Queen of the "JINAS!"

Written it is, with letters of gold, in the book of life that within BUDDHI (SOUL-SPIRIT), like a vase of fine and transparent alabaster, burns the flame of PRAJNA (The Being).

One night of indisputable delights I had the joy of finding my beloved in the secret place of the Second Mountain...

Along the solitary path, the carriage of my betrothed advanced slowly... The legend of the ages says that the Marquise of Reaupré rode in a carriage of singular beauty, for it was made of pure porcelain; but the triumphal carriage of my adorable VALKYRIE rather resembled that other coach that, in the times of the "rococo," the wife of the Duke of Clermont used: splendid carriage with a team of six horses, who wore silver horseshoes, and the wheels, rims of the same metal...

The triumphal carriage of my adored one stops before a fortress of shining porphyry, where the riches and splendor of the East make bright the walls and panels...

The splendid vehicle is parked before the gates of resplendent bronze, that with such majesty frighten...

Soon there one sees the carriage surrounded by a friendly choir; 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 VALKYRIE (BUDDHI).

Attired with the nuptial dress, the Wedding garment of the Soul, my betrothed has arrived in her resplendent coach for the espousals...

To wed before the Holy Altar with my Twin Soul, the Theosophical BUDDHI — what joy, my God!... However, I was told that I must still wait a little...

The virile dispenser of the force from above postponed me, and I suffered the unspeakable...

At that time I had to submerge deeply into the Sacred Mysteries of Minne, the fearful lunar 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... However, I sighed for Guinevere, the Queen of the "JINAS" (my SPIRITUAL SOUL).

One night, the stars sparkling in infinite space, seemed to have a new aspect...

Far from worldly bustle I found myself in ecstasy; the door of my bedroom remained hermetically closed...

It was certainly then that I celebrated the Wedding with my adored one (BUDDHI); she entered me, and I lost myself in her...

In those instants of beatitude shone intensely the Midnight Sun (THE SOLAR LOGOS).

I felt myself transformed in integral form; the famous SAHASRARA Chakra, the Lotus of a Thousand Petals, the Crown of the Saints, shone victorious in my Pineal Gland, and I entered that state known among Hindustanis by the Sanskrit term "PARAMANANDA" (Supreme Spiritual happiness).

It was then that I felt the need to become an authentic and legitimate "BRAHMAVIDVARISHTA."

The Thousand Yoga Nadis of the SAHASRARA conferred upon me, in fact, power over certain subtle forces of nature...

BUDDHI, my Guinevere, my Spiritual Soul, besides bringing the SHIVA-SHAKTI-TATTVA to maximum vibratory activity, had placed the Crown PADMA in a certain state of intensified mystical functions...

Then I saw myself converted into the Messenger of the New Aquarian Age, teaching humanity a Doctrine so new and so revolutionary... And yet so ancient...

When I opened the door of my bedroom, the Eye of Diamond (the Pineal) allowed me to see innumerable enemies. It is obvious that the diffusion of the Gnosis in its revolutionary form will increase ever more the number of my adversaries.

It is not out of place to say that, after this great cosmic event, a certain nuptial rite had to be performed in the temple. Many people attended this festival of love...

Unquestionably in the Fifth Initiation of Fire I had incarnated my Human Soul (THE SUPERIOR MANAS OF THEOSOPHY).

But now, oh Gods! with this Alchemist and Kabbalist espousal, I was also incarnating my Spiritual Soul (BUDDHI). Manifestly within this latter, the flame of PRAJNA (the INNERMOST) burns always in inalterable form.

*Chapter XXXIII*

> *The eternal Lady, the SOUL-SPIRIT (BUDDHI), always demands of her knight (THE HUMAN SOUL, SUPERIOR MANAS) every sort of un-heard-of sacrifice and prodigies of valor...*

## Chapter 50: THE DRAGON OF DARKNESS

I thought that after the chemical Wedding with my Spiritual Soul, I would enter fully into a paradisiacal Honeymoon; I did not even remotely suspect that within the submerged dens of the human Subconscious there hid the sinister and shadowy Mara of the Buddhist gospel; the famous Dragon of darkness cited by the Apocalypse of Saint John; the father of the three traitors...

Gigantic abyssal monster of seven infrahuman heads, always personifying the seven capital sins: Anger, Greed, Lust, Envy, Pride, Sloth, and Gluttony...

And the great beast roared dreadfully, as when a lion roars, and the powers of darkness trembled with horror...

Only with the transcendent sexual electricity in full Sexual Magic is it possible to reduce to cosmic dust that horrifying abyssal monstrosity...

Fortunately I knew how to take full advantage of the "Coitus Reservatus" to make my supplications to "DEVI-

KUNDALINI," the "Igneous Serpent of Our Magical Powers."

The Monster grasps with his sinister hand the fearsome lance; three times he attempts in vain to wound me; desperate he throws against me the hard pike; in those instants my Divine Mother KUNDALINI intervenes; she takes hold of the singular relic and with it mortally wounds the Red Dragon...

MARA, the horrifying infernal beast, then loses his gigantic stature, becomes smaller little by little, reduces to a mathematical point, and disappears forever from the shadowy den...

Subsequently, that fraction of my Consciousness, before bottled up within the abominable monster, returns to me...

Terrible are the secrets of the old abyss, somber and limitless ocean, where the firstborn night and Chaos, grandparents of nature, maintain a perpetual anarchy amid the rumor of eternal wars, sustaining themselves with the aid of confusion...

Heat, cold, humidity, and dryness — four terrible champions — dispute there for superiority, and they bring to combat their embryos of atoms, which, grouping themselves around the standard of their legions and gathered in different tribes, armed lightly or heavily, sharp, rounded, swift or slow, swarm as innumerable as the sands of Barca or those of the burning beach of Cyrene, dragged to take part in the struggle of the winds and to serve as ballast for their swift wings...

The atom to which a greater number of atoms adheres dominates for a moment; Chaos governs as arbiter, and its decisions come to increase ever more the disorder by means of which it reigns; after it, it is manifest that in those World-Hells chance directs everything...

Before that savage abyss, cradle and grave of nature, before that den that is neither sea nor land, nor air nor fire, but is formed of all those elements that, confusedly mixed in their fertile causes, must combat in the same way always, unless the Creator Demiurge dispose of his black materials to form new worlds — before that Barbarian Tartarus, the Dragon of darkness exhaled his last breath...

Easy is it to descend into the "World-Hells," but not so to return. There is the hard work! There is the difficult test!...

Some sublime heroes — few in truth — have achieved the triumphal return. Impenetrable forests separate Avernus from the World of Light; and the waters of the pale river, the Cocytus, trace labyrinthine folds in that gloom whose mere image makes one tremble...

*Chapter XXXIV*

## Chapter 51: THE HEAVEN OF MERCURY

There comes now transcendental and transcendent the Second Labor of Hercules: the destruction of the Hydra of Lerna, Symbolic Monster of immortal origin, endowed with Nine threatening Heads that regenerate each time they are destroyed, threatening the herds as well as the crops.

Hard struggle in which the Solar Hero has himself accompanied by "IOLAUS," his charioteer and inspirer, whose notable role is very similar to that of Sri Krishna in his relation with Arjuna. (See the BHAGAVAD-GITA, the SONG OF THE LORD).

Even though this magnificent work can be interpreted as a reclamation work in a marshy Delta like that of the Sacred Nile, that polyfaceted Hydra is also an allegorical image that clearly personifies the Mind with all its Psychological defects.

As a Constellation, such symbolic Hydra has its front part between Leo and Cancer, extending to the South up to the resplendent feet of Virgo.

With burning coals, "IOLAUS" burns the reborn heads in place of those that Hercules crushes with his mace, after which, having cut off the immortal head, extraordinary symbol of authentic love, he hides it under a rock that obviously is to serve as

"Philosopher's Stone" of his regenerated, exquisitely spiritual life.

Written it is, in characters of fire, in the book of life: "He who wishes to rise must first descend." "Every exaltation is always preceded by a terrible humiliation."

Unquestionably I longed truly and with all the forces of my Soul to rise, ascend, to the Heaven of Mercury, the Devachan of the Hindustanis, the Superior Mental World, the Dwelling of the Archangels. However, it was indispensable first to descend into the Infernos of the Mind, to destroy there the Hydra of Lerna.

Those psychological defects of polyfaceted structure, which in the Lunar Infernos I had reduced to cosmic dust, continued existing like the abominable heads of the fatal Hydra in the various folds of the mind.

Horrifying animal-like creatures, nauseating abyssal monstrosities, clearly personified each of my own psychological defects.

One can give oneself the luxury of understanding any psychological error without thereby having captured its deep significance...

Unquestionably we need with maximum, unpostponable urgency not only to understand but also to grasp the deep meaning of that which we wish to eliminate.

To eliminate the Heads (psychological defects) of the Hydra of Lerna is only possible through the transcendent Sexual electricity during the "SAHAJA MAITHUNA" in the "FORGE OF THE CYCLOPS."

Since the "Metaphysical Copulation" in the "Ninth Sphere" is a form of prayer, I supplicated in those instants to Devi KUNDALINI...

Goethe, the Great German Initiate, adoring his Divine Mother KUNDALINI, full of ecstasy exclaimed:

*"Pure Virgin in the most beautiful sense.*

*Mother worthy of Veneration.*

*Queen chosen by us*

*and of condition equal to the Gods."*

Longing to die in oneself here and now, during the Chemical Coitus, that Great Bard said:

*"Arrows, pierce me;*

*lances, subdue me;*

*maces, wound me.*

*May everything disappear,*

*may everything vanish.*

*May the perennial star shine,*

*focus of eternal love."*

Unquestionably I always proceeded in very similar form, and the Hydra of Lerna, little by little, slowly, was losing each of its abominable heads...

On a certain occasion, finding myself in Eastern Tibet, within a Monastery, I had the occurrence to say to my Divine Mother KUNDALINI the following:

"You and I converse and we seem two different persons, and yet, we are the same Being." It is not out of place to affirm emphatically that the response was certainly extraordinary:

"Yes, my Son! You and I are the Same Being, but DERIVED."

In the name of Truth I confess frankly and without circumlocution that, without the immediate aid of my Adorable DIVINE MOTHER, in no way could I have radically eliminated the Hydra of Lerna... (My Psychological defects in the Intellectual Subconscious).

"Before the flame of gold can burn with serene light, the lamp must be well tended in a place free from all wind. Earthly thoughts must fall dead at the doors of the temple."

"The mind that is a slave of the senses makes the Soul as invalid as the boat that the wind leads astray upon the waters."

When the Midnight Sun shone victorious in the spiritual firmament, I returned to the Archangelic state that I had once lost, and joyfully entered the Heaven of Mercury...

*Chapter XXXVI*

> *Goethe, the Great German Initiate, adoring his Divine Mother KUNDALINI, full of ecstasy exclaimed: "Pure Virgin in the most beautiful sense.*

## Chapter 52: THE HEAVEN OF VENUS

There comes now extraordinary the third feat of Hercules, the Solar Hero: I wish to refer emphatically to the capture of two animals, soft the one as swift, turbulent and threatening the other. The Cerynitian Hind and the Erymanthian Boar.

We can and even must identify these famous quadrupeds with the two resplendent southern constellations nearest to the stars of Gemini, which are near the two Centaurs, with whom Hercules sustains a bloody fight.

In the hind with feet of bronze and horns of gold, sacred to Diana and disputed by Apollo, the God of Fire, we can see a clear allusion to the Human soul (the spouse of the VALKYRIE), the SUPERIOR MANAS of THEOSOPHY.

And in the terrible Boar, perverse like no other, is the living symbol of all the low animal passions.

It is not out of place to affirm at these instants that I longed very sincerely and with all the forces of my Soul to enter the heaven of Venus, the Causal World, the dwelling of the PRINCIPALITIES.

However, it is clear that I needed first to earn merit, to reduce to cosmic dust the dreadful Boar...

To descend is necessary before ascending; every exaltation is always preceded by a terrible humiliation.

To descend into the Venustic Infernos was indispensable, urgent, unpostponable, before the ascent.

Previous information I needed, and this in itself was certainly urgent, peremptory...

Precise, extraordinary indications came to me during meditation; it is manifest that the Initiate is always assisted...

Upon a great board, very similar to the attractive board of a chess game, instead of the customary pieces of the cited game, I saw many nauseating animal-like figures...

Unquestionably, with the help of my Divine Mother KUNDALINI, I had eliminated defects of Psychological type, whether in the Astral World or in the Mental World; however, the causal germs of those continued existing within myself, here and now...

Within the terrain of the purest experimental Psychology, we can lay down the following enunciation: The radical elimination of any Psychological defect fails absolutely when its secret cause is not dissolved.

To extirpate from my Psyche such intrinsic causes was certainly my task in the Venustic Infernos...

It is manifest that I then had to pass victoriously through dreadful carnal temptations, like those that the Gnostic Patriarch Saint Augustine suffered at the foot of the Cross...

*"The Gnostic mystery is present*

*in the still flight of the dove,*

*and the sin of the world in the serpent*

*that bites the foot of the Angel who tames her."*

*"Over the eternal night of the past*

*opens the eternal night of tomorrow.*

*Each hour, a larva of sin!*

*And the symbol — the serpent and the apple!"*

Immense is the multitude of offenses whose causal germs I had to eliminate, and even if I had a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues, and a voice of iron, I could not enumerate them all...

In Tartarus, where the wicked are punished, I also found two old friends from youth; one still lives, the other is already dead...

It is not out of place to recall those Titans of ancient times who wished to scale heaven; they suffer now in the abysses, chained by the wrath of Jupiter.

There also dwell the insolent Lapiths and the daring Ixion, who made an attempt against Juno, and Pirithous, who wished to abduct Proserpina...

In the subterranean world there also lives the proud Salmoneus, King of Elis, who claimed for himself the Divine honors, being a simple mortal, a vile worm of the mire of the earth...

Moments before definitively abandoning the dwelling of Pluto, I saw something dreadful, terrible — as if a gigantic colossal monster wished to devour all humanity. Alas! Alas! Alas!

Subsequently I felt myself transformed amid those atomic infernos; the Cosmic Christ entered me and I lost myself in him...

Then a multitude of Mothers brought their children to me, and I, full of ecstasy, exclaimed: "Let the children come to me, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heavens."

How happy I felt with the Causal Body transformed! After blessing all those tender infants, I abandoned the Submerged Mineral Kingdom and victorious penetrated the Heaven of Venus (the Causal World).

It was thus that I re-entered the state of the Principalities, that I had once lost, when on the central plateau of Asia I committed the same error of Count ZANONI...

To fall surrendered at the paradisiacal feet of exquisite feminine beauty, to drink the liquor of Mandrakes, to eat of the golden apples of the "Garden of the Hesperides," was certainly the mentioned error. However, working subsequently with transcendent sexual electricity, I had to return to the path that I had once abandoned...

That marvelous Causal World, or World of the Conscious Will, so many times cited by Mr. Leadbeater, Annie Besant, Arthur Powell, Rudolf Steiner, H.P.B., etc., is manifestly the terror of love and law. Indubitably the Heaven of Venus is not of time and is beyond mind.

It turns out patent that the AKASHIC substance, as natural element and vibration or TATTVA, constitutes in itself the living and philosophical depth of the World of Cosmic Causality...

The deep electric blue shines marvelously in that region and sparkles here, there, and yonder, saturating us with an indescribable exquisite spiritual voluptuousness...

It is the World of Natural Causes, like an ocean without limits or shores; the incessant tide of action and consequence flows and ebbs there from instant to instant...

It is evident that there is no cause without effect, nor effect without cause; every action is followed by a reaction; from any act there is always a consequence... Or rather we should say, a series of consequences...

At that time of my present existence, I received much objective, demonstrated and demonstrable information.

EXAMPLE: Before the speaker of a certain audience I present myself at a full assembly; I do not know how to keep my composure, I poke my nose where I should not, I refute concepts...

Result: The lecturer — a man of the Causal World — withdraws indignant...

Subsequently, that lecturer comments with others on my attitude, and this becomes in fact a whole linked series of consequences...

In the Causal World I also saw, with mystical astonishment, the future awaiting planet Earth and the human creatures who dwell in this physical world...

Clothed with the "Causal Body," I saw myself suddenly placed within a great railway yard...

Certainly the Gnostic Movement is a train in motion; some passengers get on at one station and get off at another; rare are those who arrive at the final station...

Subsequently I had to submerge myself in infinite starry space; I needed to investigate something in the Amphitheater of Cosmic Science...

Surprised, marveled — since I have not yet lost the capacity of astonishment — I was able to perceive with the "Eye of

Dangma" or "Eye of SHIVA" something unusual and unprecedented...

Before my spiritual sight appeared the Earth besieged unto death by twelve gigantic giants, black, sinister, threatening... (the twelve zodiacal constellations, agencying the definitive crystallization of World KARMA).

People from other worlds are not ignorant of the Great Catastrophe that will come and will approach with their ships to record or photograph the cataclysm.

Behold the Apocalypse of Saint John in full march. Collision of Worlds. Alas! Alas! Alas!...

It is fitting to cite in this part some extraordinary verses from the QUR'AN:

"Among the signs that must precede the arrival of the last hour, is that the Moon will be split in two. But despite this, the unbelievers will not give credit to their eyes."

(It is obvious that in no way can this be a geological or physical division of our neighboring satellite. Interpret this in political and military form. The great powers will dispute the Moon).

*"When the trumpet is sounded for the first time...*

*When the Earth and the mountains are carried away*

*by the air and crushed with a single blow...*

*When the sky is torn and falls in pieces...*

*That day will be the inevitable day."*

(Collision! is the precise term. Planet Earth will collide with another world that is approaching dangerously).

The blow that is! It will be the Day of the Final Judgment.

"Whoever has works that weigh in the balance will have a pleasant life. Those whose works are light will have for dwelling the burning pit." (The World-Hells).

"When the Earth trembles with the trembling reserved for it"...

"When it has vomited the dead who rest in its entrails... man will prepare to be judged."

"The Sun will be torn, the stars will fall, the mountains will be set in motion and will end up crashing against the ground. The sky will burst into a thousand pieces, and the seas and rivers will mingle their waters. The tombs will open and the dead will resurrect. Those who have practiced good will have happiness without limits; but the reprobates will also be punished without measure."

Unquestionably, before the inevitable collision, the excessive approach of that planetary mass will originate dreadful elec-

tromagnetic tempests.

It is manifest that the presence of that sidereal world will exert attraction upon the liquid fire of the interior of our terrestrial globe; then the igneous element will seek exit, giving rise to innumerable volcanoes.

In those days, the Earth will tremble with fearful earthquakes and horrifying tidal waves...

Peoples and cities will fall fatally like wretched houses of cards, made ruins.

Monstrous waves never seen will lash with fury the sandy beaches, and a very strange sound will arise from the depth of the seas...

Indubitably the extraordinary radiation of that planet will kill millions of creatures, and everything will be consumed in apocalyptic holocaust.

Peter or PATAR, the Great Hierophant, said:

"But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up."

In the Causal World I contemplated with mystical astonishment the Great Catastrophe that approaches, and since that is the region of Ineffable Music, the vision was illustrated in the "current of sound."

A certain delicious tragic symphony resounded amid the deep depths of the Heaven of Venus.

That score astonished, in general, by the grandeur and majesty, and by the inspiration and beauty of its draftsmanship; by the purity of its lines and by the coloring and tone of its wise and artistic instrumentation, sweet and severe, grandiose and terrifying, dramatic and lugubrious at the same time...

The fragmentary melodic pieces (Leitmotiv) that were heard in the Causal World, in the different prophetic situations, are of great expressive power, and in intimate relation with the great event and with the historical events that inevitably will precede it in time...

There are, in the score of that Great Cosmic Opera, symphonic fragments related to the third world war; delicious and ominous sonorities, horrifying events, atomic bombs, dreadful radioactivity throughout the Earth, famines, total destruction of the great metropolises, unknown diseases, incessant conflicts here, there, and yonder, etc., etc., etc.

Intermingled with an art without precedent, were heard the themes related to the destruction of New York, Paris, London, Moscow, etc., etc., etc.

*Chapter XXXVII*

> *In the hind with feet of bronze and horns of gold, sacred to Diana and disputed by Apollo, the God of Fire, we can see a clear allusion to the Human soul (the spouse of the VALKYRIE), the SUPERIOR MANAS of THEOSOPHY.*

## Chapter 53: THE HEAVEN OF THE SUN

The following Work of Hercules, the Solar Hero, is certainly the extraordinary cleaning of the famous stables of Augeas, King of Elis, whose daughter, knowledgeable of the virtues of plants, composed with them magical potions.

In such mentioned stables (vivid symbolic representation of our own submerged subconscious depths), which housed their innumerable herds (those multiple bestial psychic aggregates that constitute the Ego), and among them twelve white bulls allegorizing the Zodiacal Karma, the filth of several generations had accumulated.

Unquestionably, Hercules had to clean those stables in a single day. Ancient traditions, lost in the night of the centuries, say that he succeeded by making a hole in the wall and then diverting the course of a river so that its waters would flood them.

This unusual work can, therefore, be identified with Aquarius, Zodiacal House of Uranus, UR-ANAS, the Primordial Fire and Water, clearly symbolizing the sexual currents in the human organism.

Uranus, as first Divine King of primitive Atlantis, is the Regent of our sexual glands.

Uranus, the ASURA-MAYA, is really the first revealer of the Mysteries of Life and Death.

It is certainly UR-ANAS, the primeval Fire and Water, who intrinsically determines the first LUNI-SOLAR cult of the Androgynous IO... (iiiiiiii oooooooo).

IO Pithar is the Sun.

MENES or Mani is the Moon.

"OM MANI PADME HUM," as Mantram of immense esoteric power, has its equivalent in the Gods Sun and Moon, in the bosom of the Sacred Lotus, miraculously emerged from the spermatic waters of the first instant...

The legend of the ages says that URANUS had forty-five children by various women, and that he also had from TITAEA eighteen other children. These latter received the collective name of Titans because of their mother.

Adding to each other, separately, each of these Kabbalistic quantities, we shall have the following results:

- 45: 4 plus 5, equals 9. The Hermit of the TAROT: "The Ninth Sphere," SEX.
- 18: 1 plus 8, equals 9. Arcanum 18 is the Twilight of the TAROT. It includes Arcanum 9 twice: it signifies the secret, hidden enemies: the subterranean struggle in the demons of the "Ninth Sphere"; the shadowy...

Manifestly URANUS is the absolute King of sexual functions; the lord of the new Aquarian age.

Since TITAEA surpassed all women in beauty and virtues, she was also placed in the number of the Gods. We have been told that her faithful devotees, grateful for all the goods received, called her "Earth."

In the name of truth I must confess frankly and without circumlocution that the Fourth Labor turned out tremendously

easy for me; however, I previously had to pass through a delicate test.

In an old city park I saw myself conversing with a noble lady; someone who, without doubt, was certainly a great friend.

Very close together we sat on a bench, both of us feeling great love. For an instant we seemed two lovers, but...

Suddenly I remembered my Divine Mother KUNDALINI! And then I diverted that current of Love inward and upward, toward my Adorable Mother...

In those moments I exclaimed with all the forces of my soul: "This love is for my Mother"...

Thus it was that Hercules diverted the course of a river so that its waters would flood the "Stables of Augeas." (He who has understanding, let him understand, for here there is wisdom).

Unquestionably I was placed within the mineral entrails of the Sun, in the Solar Infernos...

How clean the Submerged Worlds of the King Star seemed to me! Infernos without souls in pain, without Demons. What Marvels!...

It is manifest that within the living entrails of the resplendent Sun, the Demons could not live: the latter would never resist

the potent vibrations of that star...

When I found myself enclosed within one of the symbolic "Stables of Augeas," I found it completely clean and without animals of any kind; then I understood...

I wished to leave, but the door was hermetically closed. Open sesame! I cried with all my strength.

In those instants the doors opened as if by magic, and then I entered a second stable; I found it as clean as the first...

Open sesame! I cried again, and when the doors opened, I entered a third stable. Manifestly this one was also clean and beautiful...

Open sesame! I cried a fourth time, and when the fourth door opened, I crossed the threshold of a brilliant Solar mansion...

What I saw in the depth of the Sanctuary was something unusual and unprecedented. Oh, Gods! There seated on their thrones awaited me Osiris, ISIS, HORUS...

I advanced toward them, and prostrating myself, I adored them. In those instants I felt within me their blessings.

Three aspects of my Being, but "DERIVED"; thus I understood, and this deserves an explanation...

One of our esoteric Gnostic rituals textually says the following:

OSIRIS (The Arch-Hierophant and Arch-Mage, our Particular Individual Monad), Powerful Emperor, answers the supplicant Son...

ISIS (The unfolding of OSIRIS, the Mystical Dyad, DEVI-KUNDALINI), Most Worthy Mother, answers the supplicant Son...

HORUS (The INNERMOST Christ) answers the supplicant Pilgrim...

They received me, and I entered victorious in the Heaven of the Sun, in the Dwelling of the Powers, in the BUDDHIC or INTUITIONAL World. Then I reconquered my place among those Divine creatures, glorious conscious state that I had once lost...

*Chapter XXXVIII*

> *Then I reconquered my place among those Divine creatures, glorious conscious state that I had once lost...*

## Chapter 54: THE HEAVEN OF MARS

The Fifth labor of Hercules, the Solar Hero, was the hunt and destruction of the anthropophagous birds that shadowy inhabit the Stymphalian lagoons and killed men with their bronze

feathers, which like deadly arrows they hurled against their defenseless victims.

Manifestly this labor is intimately related with the Constellation of Pisces, house of Neptune, the Lord of Practical Magic.

Unquestionably those anthropophagous birds are the cruel Harpies cited by Virgil, the poet of Mantua...

For the good of the Great Cause for which all of us Brothers of the Gnostic Movement are fighting, I am going to transcribe now some paragraphs of the Aeneid...

"We approached the Strofadas islands, which are in the Ionian Sea, and on which dwell the foul Harpies (Horrifying Witches, black Jinas), monsters with the head and neck of a woman, who were before beautiful maidens, but are now transformed into Furies, and their contact corrupts all they touch. Their leader is the execrable Celaeno, and, provided with long claws, they always have on their face the pallor of hunger."

"Without thinking of them, we arrived at that land, and as soon as we disembarked, we found a herd of cows, beautiful and gleaming, that were grazing without anyone caring for them."

"Hungry as we were, we did not take long to sacrifice them to satisfy our appetite with their fresh meat. But when we were in the midst of the banquet, the harpies (Witches) descended from the mountains, croaking like ravens and beating their wings, and brought their foul mouths near our food."

"The meat became corrupted and the stench infected the air. Then we believed that we could flee from them, and we changed location, taking refuge near some caves remote from the beach. But, for the second time, when we prepared to eat after sacrificing new beasts, those monsters returned (those anthropophagous birds), and they ruined our food again." "Full of rage, my men prepared for the attack, and armed bows and javelins to exterminate such horrible beings. But their skin did not let itself be pierced by the bronze, and their flanks were invulnerable. Then the horrendous Celaeno said, screaming, while she fluttered over our heads":

"Why do you make war on us, fools? The gods have made us immortal."

"We have not offended you without justice, because you have sacrificed many cows of our herd."

"As punishment, I am going to give you a curse. Aeneas and his lineage will wander errant across the sea before finding the land they seek, and they will go hungry."

"They will not be able to raise the walls of their new city until, so hungry, they have seen themselves obliged to devour their own tables."

"These strange words filled us with consternation. Imprecating the Gods to drive away from us such threats, we abandoned that sad land and embarked again."

Up to here this unusual occultist and Esotericist account. Let us continue now with the explanations.

Many of these abyssal harpies, caught in the act, have been captured with certain procedures.

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

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

Although the news may seem unusual, we very solemnly affirm that this is possible by placing the flesh-and-blood body within the Fourth Dimension.

It is in no way strange that these CALCHONAS with their DRONES, placed with their physical body within the fourth

vertical (the Hyperspace), can levitate and travel in a few seconds to any place in the world.

It is manifest that they have secret formulas to escape "physically" from this Three-Dimensional World of Euclid.

In strictly occultist terms, we may well qualify those left and shadowy harpies with the title of "JINAS" blacks, to differentiate them radically from the "JINAS" whites.

The human organism placed within the Fourth Dimension, in spite of all that official science says, can assume any figure, change form...

Remember, beloved readers, the execrable Celaeno and her foul harpies, dreadful big birds of the Strofadas islands, in the Ionian Sea...

One afternoon, no matter the date, the day, or the hour, seated at the foot of the bars within an old dungeon, I studied an esoteric work...

The Sun was hiding amid the red fires of the sunset, and the evening light was slowly fading...

Suddenly, something unusual happens: I hear next to me a thunderous, sarcastic, mocking, markedly feminine laugh...

It is one of those anthropophagous birds that inhabit the Stymphalian lagoons; a Calchona, a Witch of bad omen, a woman of left Sabbaths...

The perverse one flees and hides amid the dreadful darkness of the World-Hells...

Thus begins my intrepid descent amid the living entrails of the submerged Martian mineral kingdom.

Before ascending it is indispensable to descend; that is the Law. Every exaltation is preceded by a dreadful and terrible humiliation.

To annihilate within myself those inhuman, witchy elements, those birds of bad omen, was certainly my task in the shadowy Tartarus.

Although it may seem incredible — due to the unusual nature of the news — it is urgent to know that all human beings, without any exception, carry in their unconscious depths various sorcerous elements.

This signifies that in the world there exist many people who, without knowing it, unconsciously practice Black Magic.

Unquestionably even the Saints of all Religions suffer the indescribable when they SELF-DISCOVER; then they can verify by themselves the raw realism of those inhuman elements,

which manifestly they are obliged to eliminate from their Psyche.

Any Adept or Mystic or Saint, insofar as he has not radically died in each and every one of the forty-nine departments of the Subconscious, is more or less black.

There is one of the great motives by which it is not given to us to condemn anyone. "He who feels himself clean of sin, let him cast the first stone."

At that time of my life I was attacked incessantly and in pitiless form by the sinister birds that inhabit the Stymphalian lagoons.

In the "MANDINGO" Halls of Shadowy Sabbaths, within the Martian Infernos, astonished I discovered many brothers of the rocky path...

It was a matter of "Witchy Aggregates," manifestly ignored by their human personalities.

Concluded my labors in the mineral abysses of Mars, I ascended victorious to the Fifth Heaven, the World of Atman, the radiant Dwelling of the VIRTUES.

Thus it was that I returned to the heaven of Mars; then I reconquered my place among those sublime beings, divine position that I had once lost...

The objective of my labors in the Martian Infernos had been achieved. With the inhuman elements eliminated from my Psyche, my Consciousness was free...

The intellectual shackles had been annihilated, and my Consciousness liberated, already outside the horrifying dungeon of the mind, where for so long it dwelt prisoner, had achieved fusion, mingling with ATMAN, the Ineffable, my Real Being.

Ah! If people understood what the dungeon of the intellect is... If they understood that they live as prisoners within the prison of the mind...

In complete well-being, as "Man-Spirit" in the Martian Heaven, far from the Body, the Affections, and the Mind, I walked consciously like a bird of resplendent light, radical antithesis of those other sinister birds of the Stymphalian lagoons...

In such moments of exquisite beatitude, I had to pass close to many symbolic works structured in pure iron.

It is the region of ATMAN, the ineffable, the World of the rawest realism; the dimension of mathematics.

In the three-dimensional World of Euclid we never perceive a solid in integral, unitotal form; here we only see in subjective

form angles, surfaces, etc.

However, in the brilliant region of ATMAN, we not only perceive solids in integral form, but also hyper-solids, including the exact quantity of atoms that, in their entirety, constitute the totality of any body.

Unquestionably in the Heaven of Mars we really enjoy the most complete objective perception. How happy I felt in that region of infinite joys! However, not all in life are festivities; sufferings also exist; you know it...

The Seat of the Celestial Judgment, where "Objective Justice" is administered, always intervenes.

One day, happy in the World of ATMAN, there came to me a Judge of the Law of KATANCIA (Superior KARMA).

He sat at a table, and I, with much respect and veneration, then had to respond to charges:

— "You have criticized many in your books," said the Hierarch.

— I am combative by nature, I responded in emphatic form.

— "You are condemned to seven days of imprisonment." (Such was the Sentence).

I must confess frankly and without circumlocution that on hearing the sentence I was a little cynical.

The question seemed to me a foolish police case, like when one as a boy fights with another of his same age, and they put him in jail for a few hours...

However, already in full fulfillment of the sentence, I felt that this punishment was terribly painful.

Seven days in the horrible dungeon of the mind, and after having emancipated myself...

Seven symbolic days of bitterness within the dreadful prison of the intellect... Alas! Alas! Alas!...

*Chapter XXXIX*

## Chapter 55: THE HEAVEN OF JUPITER

Almost contiguous to the brilliant Constellation of Pisces is found that of Taurus, which is unquestionably intimately related to the transcendent esoteric work: "The capture of the Cretan Bull."

This had been sent to Minos by the god Neptune so that he would offer it as a holocaust, but the King, covetous, retained it improperly for himself, due to which the animal became dreadful and threatening, terrorizing the whole country.

The legend of the ages says that Hercules, the Solar Hero, thus easily obtained permission to take hold of it, chain it, and drag

it by sea to Mycenae.

It is indubitable that the work related to the Jupiterian Infernos is fully allegorized with the Sixth Feat of Hercules...

It is not out of place in these lines to recall the first Jupiter of Greek Theogony, Father of all the Gods, Lord of the Universe and brother of Uranus, UR-ANAS — that is, of the primitive Fire and Water; for it is known, according to the Classical writers, that in the Greek Pantheon nearly three hundred Jupiters figure.

In his other aspect of JOVE or IOD-HEVE, he is the Male and Female JEHOVAH, or Androgynous and collective ELOHIM of the Mosaic books, ADAM-KADMON of the KABBALISTS, the IACHO or INACHUS of Anatolia, who is also the BACCHUS or DIONYSUS of the Phoenicians, continuators of the primitive Theogony of Sanchuniathon...

The character always assigned to Jupiter, the Venerable Father of the Gods, as "Celestial Man," gave rise as well to no few typical Nordic names, such as that of HERR-MAN and HERR-MANAS or HERMES, literally: "The Divine Man" or: "The Lord Man," Alcides or the Cid, Theogonic precursor of all our prehistoric Cids of the Romancero.

Unquestionably Jupiter, in the Punjab and in Rajasthan, is HARI-KULAS or Hercules, the Solar Lord, "the Prototype of

the Race of the Sun," the HARI-MUKH of Kashmir, or the Sun on the horizon of life.

Jupiter or Io-Pithar — that is, the Father of Io — is the Divine Spirit of all that ancient host of creators who, on reincarnating in bodies of opposite sexes, gave rise to the Greek fable of the loves of Jupiter with the Virgin IO (iiiii ooooo), who was transformed into a celestial heifer, or "Sacred Cow" of the Orientals, so as to escape the wrath of Juno.

Jupiter and his Cow of IO (iiii ooooo) facilitate for us the meaning of another portion of archaic names, such as Geryon or Pheryon — he who drives the cows — that of Hyperion Bosphorus; literally: "the conductor of the Cow," the same as Gautama "the BUDDHA."

Thus, the host of the Lords or ELOHIM, Jupiter, is symbolized by the Sexual Hierogram of Io (iiiiii oooooo); it is manifest that it has dozens of names in each tongue and a hundred or a thousand myths for each of these names, in its respective tongue.

All this ineffable legion of Divine Beings, all these ELOHIM, constitute, in their entirety, the unique and NAMELESS God of the Tartesians, the authentic sublime Jupiter of ancient times...

Having developed very carefully this transcendental theme, we can solemnly deduce the following: The Heaven of Jupiter is the Dwelling of the ELOHIM, NIRVANA...

Those devotees of the Path who, on arriving at the Fifth Initiation of Fire, choose the spiral path will enter NIRVANA...

Integral development is different. In the name of Truth I must confess frankly and without circumlocution that this was always my best longing...

The full unfolding of all my Superlative, Nirvanic possibilities in all the presence of my Cosmic Being was my aspiration...

However, it is unquestionable that before ascending we must descend. Every exaltation is always preceded by a dreadful and terrible humiliation...

To chain the symbolic "Cretan Bull" was really the task to follow, and this in itself seemed to me horrifying...

At that time of my present existence, many sexual temptations besieged me inclemently in the shadowy Tartarus...

SELF-EXPLORING myself psychologically, I discovered in the deepest depths of my own mind the famous "Cretan Bull."

I saw it — yes — black, colossal, gigantic, threatening, and provided with sharp horns...

Obviously it expressed itself in my Psyche with strong sexual, passionate, irreflexive impulses...

It was urgent to chain the shadowy beast; it was indispensable to disintegrate it, to reduce it to cosmic dust.

Indubitably I was assisted by my Divine Mother KUNDALINI, the Igneous Serpent of our Magical Powers...

This great cosmic event was celebrated with a festival in the marvelous temple of Jupiter...

Then many Kings and Priests of Nature, clothed with the sacred purple, gave me Welcome...

Thus it was that I re-entered the Heaven of Jupiter, the Dwelling of the DOMINIONS, the Nirvanic happiness...

Thus, eliminating infrahuman elements, I reconquered my place among those ineffable Hierarchies, conscious state that I had once lost, when on the Central Plateau of Asia, nearly a million years ago, I committed the error of eating of the forbidden fruit...

*Chapter XL*

> *SELF-EXPLORING myself psychologically, I discovered in the deepest depths of my own mind the famous "Cretan Bull." I saw it — yes — black,*

> *colossal, gigantic, threatening, and provided with sharp horns...*

## Chapter 56: HEAVEN OF SATURN

The Seventh labor of Hercules, the Solar Hero, is the subsequent capture of the mares of Diomedes, Son of Mars and King of the warrior people of the Bistones, who killed and ate the shipwrecked who arrived at those coasts.

Hercules and his companions only manage to seize those beasts after a ferocious combat with the Bistones, who, with Diomedes, had come to defend their possessions, whom they defeat, the King being given as fodder to those anthropophagous females.

In the Saturnian Infernos I had to capture and destroy the mares of Diomedes; infrahuman passionate elements, profoundly submerged in my own unconscious abysses...

Symbolic beasts beside the spermatic waters of the first instant, always ready to devour the failed ones...

At that time of my present existence, I was attacked incessantly in the shadowy Tartarus...

The Adepts of the evil Atlantean magic resolved to combat me with unheard-of ferocity, and I had to defend myself

valiantly...

Nubile adorable ladies; malign beauties, exquisitely dangerous, besieged me everywhere...

Unquestionably in the Saturnian Infernos, we experience, live through, relive, the Atlantean terrors... "Hercules, as Aelian says (Various Histories, book V, C. 3), cleaned the Earth and the seas of every kind of monstrosities — not of monsters — defeating the Necromancer Briareus, he of the hundred arms, in one of his celebrated labors or triumphs over the evil Atlantean magic that had taken hold of all the Earth."

Hercules, the true Aryan Krishna of the Mahabharata, foreseeing the final Atlantean catastrophe that was approaching and with it the disappearance of the Divine Garden of the Hesperides, transplanted, wherever he went — that is, in all the Punjab, Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt, Greece, Italy, Germany, the British Isles, Spain, Mauritania, and even America, under the name of QUETZALCOATL (The Luminous White Serpent) — the symbolic Initiatic tree that would save all these countries from the catastrophe.

However, it is written: "Of every tree of the Garden you may eat; but of the tree of the science of good and evil you shall not eat, because the day you eat of it you will die."

To intoxicate ourselves with the delicious aroma of the forbidden fruit is indispensable; thus taught Hercules...

At the sight of the impassable barrier of the ocean for man, Hercules, full of Titanic rebelliousness, stretched his bow against the Sun as if he were going to wound it to stop it in its swift course beyond the Ocean, in which it was going to bury itself, and toward where he could not follow it, but the God Apollo commanded him to be still and patient — because only with infinite patience can the "Magnum Opus," "the Great Work," be accomplished — in reward for which he gave him a "Golden Vase," the "Holy Grail," resplendent eternal symbol of the Womb or feminine YONI...

It is unquestionable that the Arrow of Hercules is none other than the Magnet Stone, the PHALLUS or lance of Longinus, the Roman Centurion; that with which he wounded the Lord's side, the same Holy Pike through whose secret power Parsifal healed the wound in Amfortas's side...

With the miraculous powers of these venerated relics, I defeated in bloody battles the King of the Bistones, the knights of the Black Grail, KLINGSOR, the animal EGO...

Finalized the Saturnian work in the dwelling of Pluto, I was then transported in the EIDOLON to the "Solar Land" of the Hyperboreans...

That is the Isle of Avalon; the Magical "JINAS" Region where the Holy Gods dwell... Sublime Isle of Apollo; firm land in the midst of the ocean of the great life free in its movement...

Ah!... If the Emperor Frederick in the Middle Ages had accomplished in himself the Mystery of the Grail, the Hyperborean Mystery...

It is indubitable that then the dry tree of the Empire would have splendidly flowered again...

It is manifest that the Kingdom of the Grail would have reappeared marvelously, within the same Sacred Roman Empire...

The path of life is formed with the hoofprints of the horse of death...

It is not possible to accomplish in oneself the Hyperborean Mystery without first having been judged in the Vast Hall of Truth-Justice...

It is not possible to accomplish within oneself the Mystery of the Grail without the heart of the Deceased having first been weighed on the dish of the Balance that Truth-Justice carries...

INTIMATE SELF-REALIZATION of the BEING is not possible without having been declared "Dead" in the "Hall of Truth-Justice."

The Legend of the Ages says that many Initiates traveled in the past to the country of Brother John — the Solar Land — to receive a certain very special magical Esoteric Consecration...

These Brothers of the "Order of Saint John" on the "Isle of Solar Apollo" are well dead...

It is not strange, then, that I also had to travel to the "Land of Light" or "Solar Land."

In the glorious vestibule of the Saturnial Sancta, before the regal Beings, seated I had to answer certain questions. The Holy Gods took notes in a great book...

In those mystical instants there arose, in all the presence of my Cosmic Being, some recollections...

Ah!... I had been there before, and in the same Holy place, before the Venerable THRONES, many millions of years ago, in the time of the Continent "MU" or Lemuria...

Now I returned victorious after having suffered much. Alas! Alas! Alas!...

Having met the indispensable esoteric requirements, I left the vestibule and entered the Temple...

Unquestionably the Temple of Saturn in "the Solar Land," "Jina," of the Septentrional regions, was full of intense

darkness...

It is manifest that the Sun and Saturn alternate their work in the government of the World...

And I saw Thrones, and they sat... The Angels of Death came and went, here, there, and yonder...

Divine people arrived at the temple; they came from diverse places of the enchanted Island, located at the end of the world...

"THULE ultima a sole nomen habens." "Airyanem-Vaejo," the Septentrional country of the old Persians, where the Palace of King Arthur is magically located, like the Mitgard, the resplendent Sacrosanct residence of the "Aesir," the ineffable lords of the North..."

"Oh, Maat! Behold me here — I have arrived before you! Let me then contemplate your radiant beauty! Look, my arm rises in adoration to your sacrosanct name!" "Oh, Truth-Justice, listen! I arrive before the places where the trees do not grow, where the soil does not bring forth plants..."

The skeletal figure of the God of Death, on the dais of the Sanctuary, weighed my heart in the balance of cosmic Justice, before the Divine Humanity.

That Verb of Power, before the brilliant beings clothed with the glorious bodies of KAM-UR, declared me "DEAD"...

On the platform of the Sanctuary was seen a symbolic coffin, within which appeared my corpse...

Thus it was that I returned to the Heaven of Saturn, to the PARANIRVANA, the dwelling of the Thrones.

Thus it was that I reconquered that Hierarchical state that I had once lost, when I committed the grave error of eating of the golden apples of the Garden of the Hesperides...

Subsequently I passed through the Ceremony of Death: On returning home I encountered something unusual...

I saw funereal placards on the walls of my mansion, announcing my death and inviting people to my burial...

When I crossed the threshold I encountered, with mystical astonishment, a coffin of white color and very beautiful...

It is manifest that within that funereal box my corpse lay, completely cold and inert...

Many relatives and mourners, around that coffin, wept and sobbed bitterly...

Delicate flowers embalmed with their aroma the atmosphere of that room...

I approached my mother, who at those moments was wiping her tears with a handkerchief...

I kissed her hands with infinite love and exclaimed: "Thanks I give you, Oh Mother! For the physical body that you gave me; that vehicle served me much; it was certainly a marvelous instrument, but everything in life has a beginning and an end"...

When I left that planetary dwelling, joyfully I resolved to float amid the Aura of the Universe.

I saw myself converted into a child, without Ego, deprived of the subjective elements of perceptions...

My little childhood shoes did not seem very beautiful to me; for a moment I wished to take them off, but then I said to myself: "He will clothe me as he wishes"...

In the absence of the mortifying intellect, which makes no one happy, only the purest sentiment existed in me...

And when I remembered my elderly father and my brother German, I said to myself: "They have already died"...

And on remembering all those mourners whom I left in the Painful Valley of SAMSARA, I exclaimed: "Family? What family? I no longer have family"...

Feeling myself absolutely disincarnated, I moved away with the intention of arriving at a remote place where I should help others...

In such moments of mystical enchantment, I said to myself: "For a long time I will not return to take a physical body"...

Subsequently I felt that the Silver Cord, the famous ANTAKARANA, the Thread of life, had not yet been broken; then I had to return to the Physical Body to continue with the hard struggle of each instant...

*Chapter XLI*

> *It is not possible to accomplish within oneself the Mystery of the Grail without the heart of the Deceased having first been weighed on the dish of the Balance that Truth-Justice carries...*

## Chapter 57: HEAVEN OF URANUS

The legend of the countless centuries says that Aeneas — the pleased Trojan — sat with King Evander and the Venerable senators at the table of the feast...

"The slaves served him every kind of viand and poured the sweet wine, and when they had satisfied the desire to eat and drink, King Evander explained to his guest that the ceremony

in honor of Hercules, which they had just celebrated when they arrived, was no superstition, but a ritual owed to the god because near there was the place of one of his greatest feats (the eighth): the cave where he killed the thief Cacus."

"There was seen, nearby, an enormous embankment covered with stones that seemed to have been knocked down by some earthquake."

"Beneath them was the opening that led to the den where Cacus took refuge, and where the son of Jupiter cornered him, hurling stones and trunks, as punishment for having tried to steal their herds."

"After this explanation by King Evander, a chorus of adolescents intoned the eulogy of Hercules and his lofty deeds."

"They enumerate all his labors: how he strangled the Hydra of Lerna; how he killed the Nemean Lion and brought out of the darkness to the Light Cerberus, the infernal dog... (The Sexual Instinct that must guide us to the final liberation)."

"Finished the songs and ceremonies, the old King, walking at a slow pace from age, headed toward the city of Palantia, where he had his throne, and walked supported by two youths: Pallas, his son, and Aeneas."

"While the three walked, they entertained themselves by enlivening the conversation, and the King explained to Aeneas that the name of Latium, where his city 'Latium' rose, came from the distant times in which Cronus, the Father of Jupiter, took refuge there to flee from the enemies who defended the cause of his son when he had dethroned him."

"Then began the age of Gold, which was followed by the age of iron, where the rage of war and the fury to possess predominated."

"The country began to be invaded by people of different origins. Walking, Evander showed Aeneas the forest and the places where, in the future, the deeds of the New Rome would take place."

"The place where the impetuous Romulus would carry out his feats; the Capitol, now a square covered with gold and marbles, then a clearing in the forest full of brambles and thorns, and the Tarpeian rock, from where Roman justice cast those who are traitors to the Homeland."

"Scattered ruins showed there the monuments of other ages, and some stones raised by Janus and others by Saturn gave the name to two places: the Saturnian and the Janiculum."

All this is textual from the Aeneid of Virgil, the Poet of Mantua, the Good Master of the Florentine Dante...

Jesus, the Great KABIR, was Crucified between two thieves, one on his right and the other on his left...

AGATHO, the good thief within us, steals the Sexual Hydrogen SI-12 from the creative organs, with the evident purpose of crystallizing the Holy Spirit, the Great Comforter, within ourselves, here and now...

CACUS, the evil thief, hidden within the shadowy cave of the human Infraconsciousness, treacherously sacks the sexual center of the organism for satisfaction of brutal animal passions...

The Cross is an astonishing, marvelous, formidable sexual symbol. The vertical staff is masculine, the horizontal feminine. At the crossing of both is found the key of all power...

The black LINGAM, embedded in the Feminine YONI, forms a Cross. This the Divines and the Humans know very well...

We can and must lay down as a corollary the following postulate: AGATHO and CACUS, crucified on the Mount of Skulls, on the right and left of the Great KABIR, emphatically allegorize WHITE TANTRISM and BLACK TANTRISM; the Good and the Evil Magic of Sex...

The Bible, from Genesis to the Apocalypse, is nothing but a series of historical annals of the Great struggle between the fol-

lowers of AGATHO and CACUS, the White and Black Magic; the Adepts of the Right-hand Path, the Prophets, and those of the Left, the Levites...

In the abysses of URANUS I had to reduce to cosmic dust the Evil Thief, the shadowy CACUS, he who previously sacked the Sexual Center of my organic machine, for vile satisfaction of animal-like passions...

When I penetrated the Vestibule of the Sanctuary, I remembered that I had been there before... In ancient times...

With the Eye of SHIVA I saw in the future diverse Tantric Movements of Aquarius, among which stood out the Gnostic People, whose banners waved victorious in all the countries of the Earth...

Unquestionably URANUS, AQUARIUS, is Sexual, Magical, Revolutionary, One Hundred Percent...

Thus it was that I re-entered the Heaven of URANUS, the MAHAPARANIRVANA, the Dwelling of the CHERUBIM...

Thus it was that I reconquered that brilliant conscious state that I had once lost, when I fell surrendered at the feet of the Marvelous Eve of Hebraic Mythology...

*Chapter XLII*

## Chapter 58: THE HEAVEN OF NEPTUNE

Unquestionably the Ninth Labor of Hercules, the Solar Hero, turns out very complex: The conquest of the Belt of Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons, the feminine psychic aspect of our own inner nature...

Embarking with other legendary heroes, he has to fight first with the Sons of Minos — the Black Mages — then with the enemies of King Licus, whose exotic name reminds us of the analogy between wolf and light; — these are, then, the Lords of KARMA, with whom we must then settle accounts — and finally with the amazons — terrible tempting women — incited by Hera, even though Hippolyta had consented to peacefully give him her belt, due to which the queen is uselessly sacrificed by masculine brutality that intends to seize violently her innate virtue...

That marvelous belt, analogous to that of Venus and emblem of femininity, loses all meaning and value upon being separated from its legitimate possessor; Love and not Violence makes, therefore, its conquest really significant and valid...

Having coasted along the Atlantean Continent, the God Neptune — now submerged in the stormy waters of the ocean that bears his name — the traditions say, engendered several children with a mortal woman...

Beside the island where he dwelt was all level land, but in the middle of it was a very special valley, with a small central mountain distant fifty stadia from the sandy beach...

On that mountain dwelt one of those great beings born on the earth, called Evenor, who, from his wife, Leucippe, had engendered Cleito, his only daughter...

Dead these parents of Cleito, Neptune married her, and surrounded the hill where she dwelt with several moats of water — of which, according to the legend of the ages, three came from the sea and were equally distant from the ocean — walling the hill to make it unconquerable and inaccessible.

This Cleito or Minerva-Neith built in Greece Athens, and Sais in the famous Nile Delta...

In memory of all this, the Atlanteans built the marvelous Temple of Neptune and Cleito...

In that SANCTA were deposited the corpses of the Ten Children of Neptune, symbolic magical number...

We cannot leave the study of the Number 10 without dealing with the biblical obligation of the tithe, to which Abraham himself voluntarily submitted, in relation to the Initiate King Melchizedek...

As Chapter XIV of Genesis recounts: "The King of Sodom went out to receive him (ABRAHAM)... Then Melchizedek, King of Salem — who was Priest of the high God — brought out bread and wine, and blessed him, and said: Blessed be Abraham of the high God, possessor of heaven and Earth; and blessed be the high God, who delivered your enemies into your hand. And Abraham gave him the tithes of all."

In its EXOTERIC or public aspect, the obligation of the Tithe, in Jewish legislation, is the universal duty that all the brothers of the Path have to faithfully contribute with a part of their income — which should not be less than the Tithe — in whatever freely chosen form they judge most opportune and effective, to sustain the Cause of Truth and Justice...

In its ESOTERIC or secret aspect, the Tithe symbolizes the balance of payments in the sphere of Neptune...

It is unquestionable that there we must settle accounts with the enemies of King Licus (the Lords of Karma).

It is indubitable that all of us murdered the God Mercury, HIRAM, and it is not possible to resurrect him within ourselves without first having paid the abject offense...

Consequently, the tithe becomes a practical and necessary complement of the dynamic principle that emanates from the deep study of the tenth commandment — that is: To consider

as Source, Spring, and spiritual Providence of all the Inner and Divine Center of our Life, the Mysterious IOD that hides in the midst of the Central Delta of the Sanctuary of Our Being...

These evangelical words clarify this point of the Tithe (MATTHEW 6:20): "But lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven... Because where your treasure is, there will your heart be also"...

Chapter 3 of Malachi says: "Bring all the Tithes to the storehouse, that there may be food in my house, and prove me now in this, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour out upon you blessings until there is no more need."

Digging amid the deep entrails of Avernus, working intensively in the "Ninth Sphere," I sought with infinite anxieties the Treasure of Heaven, the "Golden Fleece" of the ancients...

The Sons of Minos, the Adepts of the Left Hand, the Levites of always, enraged attacked me incessantly in the fearful Neptunian abysses...

In the hard struggle I longed to conquer the Belt of Hippolyta, but the amazons, incited by Hera, besieged me untiringly with their subtle abyssal enchantments...

One night, no matter now the date, the day, or the hour, I was transported to the Castle of KLINGSOR, located exactly in

Salamanca, Spain...

It is not out of place to recall now with great emphasis that, in that old Castle cited by Wagner in his Parsifal, "the Hall of Witchcraft" operates.

What I saw then in the dismal dwelling of those harpies was certainly horrifying...

Sinister calchonas of left sabbaths, shadowy attacked me many times within the Castle; however, I defended myself valiantly with the flaming sword...

My old friend: the Angel Adonai — who in these times has a physical body — had to accompany me in this adventure...

They were not vain, no, the lucubrations of those great seers of the astral who were called Alchemists, Kabbalists, Occultists, etc.; what we now saw within this den was certainly dreadful...

Many times I unsheathed the flaming sword to hurl flames upon the fatal dwelling of the Necromancer KLINGSOR...

In unusual form Adonai and I approached some calchonas who were arranging the table for the feast...

In vain I pierced with the sword the breast of one of those Witches; she remained impassive; unquestionably she was awakened in evil and for evil...

It is manifest that I wished to make fire rain from heaven upon that horrendous Fortress...

I made supreme efforts; I felt myself faint; in those instants the Angel Adonai approached the window of my eyes to look at what was happening within myself...

Imagine for a moment any person stopping before the window of a house, to observe through the glass and see what is happening inside it...

It is manifest that the eyes are the windows of the Soul, and the Angels of heaven can see through those glasses what is happening within each of us...

Having made the singular observation, Adonai withdrew satisfied; my own inner Castle, the dwelling of KLINGSOR, had been incinerated with the inner fire...

Each one of us carries within the Fortress of left Sabbaths; this the MAHATMAS never ignore...

Subsequently I had to clearly evidence the shadowy aspect of existence; it is manifest that Satan has the gift of ubiquity; see him within yourself, here, there, and yonder...

Concluded the esoteric labors in the Neptunian Infernos, I then had to ascend to the Empyrean, the region of the SERAPHIM, creatures of love, direct expressions of Unity...

Thus it was that I reconquered that Hierarchical state in the Heaven of Neptune. That is the Universe of the Divine Monads...

Unquestionably I had obtained the Belt of Hippolyta; some night I evidenced it at a cosmic festival; then I danced with other ineffable ones...

Another night, floating in the Empyrean, in seraphic state, I asked my Divine Mother KUNDALINI for the lyre; then I knew how to play it with mastery...

*Chapter XLIII*

> *Another night, floating in the Empyrean, in seraphic state, I asked my Divine Mother KUNDALINI for the lyre; then I knew how to play it with mastery...*

## Chapter 59: THE RESURRECTION

It is unquestionable that, for Richard Wagner, as for all Christian countries in general, the Grail is "The Sacred Vessel" from which the Lord of Perfection had drunk at his Last Supper: The Divine Cup that had received his royal blood shed from the cross on the Mount of Skulls and devoutly collected by the Roman Senator Joseph of Arimathea.

The Great Chalice was possessed by the Patriarch Abraham; Melchizedek, the Planetary Genius of our world, transported it with infinite love from the land of Semiramis to the land of Canaan, when he initiated some foundations in the place where Jerusalem, the beloved city of the Prophets, would later stand; he wisely used it when he celebrated the sacrifice in which he offered the bread and wine of transubstantiation in the presence of Abraham, and he left it to this Master. This Holy Vessel was also in Noah's Ark...

We have been told that this Venerated Cup was also taken to the sacred land of the Pharaohs, to the sun-drenched country of KEM, and that Moses, the Chief of the Jewish Mysteries, the illuminated Great Hierophant, possessed it...

Very ancient millenary traditions that are lost in the dreadful night of all the ages say that this Magical Vessel was made of a singular matter, compact like that of a bell and did not seem to have been worked like metals; rather it seemed the product of a kind of vegetation...

The Holy Grail is the miraculous Chalice of the supreme drink; the Vessel where the Manna that fed the Israelites in the desert is contained; the YONI, the WOMB of the eternal feminine...

In that Cup of delights is contained the exquisite Wine of transcendent spirituality...

The Conquest of the "ULTRA-MARE-VITAE" or "SUPRA-LIMINAL" and "ULTRA-TERRESTRIAL WORLD," the esoteric Resurrection, would be something more than impossible without SEXUAL MAGIC, without woman, without love...

The delicious Verb of ISIS arises from the deep bosom of all the 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 will be, and no mortal has lifted my veil."

The primitive religion of JANUS or JAINUS — that is, the Golden, Solar, Quiritarian, and Superhuman Doctrine of the JINAS — is absolutely Sexual...

Within the ineffable mystical idyll, commonly called the "enchantments of Good Friday," we feel in the depths of our heart that in the sexual organs exists a terribly Divine force...

The "Stone of Light," the "Holy Grail," has the power to resurrect HIRAM ABIFF the Secret Master, the Sun King, within ourselves, here and now...

The Grail preserves the character of a "MYSTERIUM TREMENDUM." It is the Stone fallen from the Crown of Lucifer...

As a fearsome force, the Grail wounds and destroys the curious and impure, but defends and gives life to the just and sincere...

Unquestionably the Grail can only be attained through the Lance of Eros, combating against the eternal enemies of the night...

To accomplish in oneself the Hyperborean Mystery is only possible by descending into the World-Hells...

Such Resurrection is the true apotheosis or exaltation of what is most elevated and alive in man: His Divine, eternal, and immortal Monad which was dead, hidden...

Indubitably that is, in itself, the Verb, the Luminous and spermatic Fiat of the First Instant, the Lord Shiva, the Sublime Spouse of Our Divine Mother KUNDALINI, the ARCH-HIEROPHANT and the ARCH-MAGE, the SUPRA-INDIVIDUALITY particular to each one...

Written it is, with characters of fire, in the book of life: "To him who knows, the word gives power; no one pronounced it, no one will pronounce it, but only he who has it incarnated..."

With the Resurrection of the Secret master in each of Us, we attain Perfection in Mastery... Then we are washed of every stain, and the original sin is radically eliminated...

I worked intensively in the SUPER-DARKNESS of silence and the august secret of the sages...

I submerged myself in the sacred Mysteries of Minne, the fearsome darknesses of a love that is the twin brother of death...

I reconquered my place in the First Heaven, that of the Moon, where Dante had the vision of the Blessed Ones and recognized in ecstasy Piccarda Donati and the Empress Constance...

I returned to my place in the Second Heaven or of Mercury, dwelling of active and beneficent Spirits...

I returned to the Third Heaven or of Venus, region of the Loving Spirits, there where Dante deals with Robert, the King of Naples...

I returned to the Fourth Heaven or of the Sun, Dwelling of the Wise Spirits; chapter where Dante cites Saint Francis of Assisi...

I reconquered the Fifth Heaven or of Mars, region of the Martyrs of the Faith; chapter where Dante mentions CACCIAGUIDA and his elders, the old and the new Florence...

I returned to the Sixth Heaven or of Jupiter, region of the Wise and Just Princes...

I returned to the Seventh Heaven or of Saturn, exquisite dwelling of the Contemplative Spirits; magnificent chapter where the Florentine Dante mentions with great emphasis Peter Damian and speaks against the luxury of the Prelates...

I returned to the Eighth Heaven or starry one, region of Uranus; immortal paragraphs where Dante mentions the triumph of the INNERMOST Christ and the Coronation of the Divine Mother KUNDALINI; paradise of the Triumphant Spirits...

I returned to the Ninth Heaven or Crystalline, the Region of Neptune; extraordinary chapter in which Dante launches his invective against bad preachers...

Subsequently I had to appear before the "Third Logos," "SHIVA," My Real Being, my own "SUPRA-INDIVIDUALITY," SAMAEL himself... Then the Blessed One assumed a distinct figure, different from mine, as if he were a strange person; he had the aspect of a very respectable gentleman...

The Venerable One asked me to make a Chiromantic study of the lines of his hand...

The line of Saturn on his omnipotent right hand seemed to me very straight, surprising, marvelous; however, in some part it seemed to me interrupted, damaged, broken...

— Lord! You have had some struggles, sufferings...

— "You are mistaken; I am a very lucky man; for me everything always goes very well..."

— Well... It is that I see a small damage in the line of Saturn...

— "Measure that line well: At what age do you see that damage?"

— Lord!... Between the age of fifty-three (53) and sixty-one (61) you had a hard period...

— "Ah!... That is at the beginning... But after, how is it?"

— "Eight years pass very quickly, and then... the triumph that awaits you..."

Concluded the study, the Venerable One stood up and said:

— "I like these Chiromantic studies, but sporadically. My wife (Devi KUNDALINI) also likes them, and presently I am going to bring her. Ah! But I have to pay you for your work. Wait for me here; I will return to pay you..."

The Blessed One moved away, and I remained waiting for him... In the distance I saw two of my daughters, now persons of adult age; however, they still seemed small; they worried me a little, and I called them...

It is indubitable that at that time of my present existence I was the customary fifty-three (53) years of age... In the hand of the Blessed One I had seen my own future...

Evidently the Eight Initiations received had to be qualified; very hard work; one year for each Initiation...

To experience now in Eight years the entire Book of the Patriarch JOB; to pay the Tithes of Neptune before the Resurrection...

"The Book of Job is a complete representation of the ancient Initiation and of the peoples who preceded the Magna Ceremony."

"The Neophyte, in it, sees himself stripped of everything, even of his children, and afflicted by an impure disease."

"His wife distresses him, mocking the trust he places in a God who treats him this way, and his three friends ELIPHAZ, BILDAD, ZOPHAR torment him, judging him impious, surely deserving of such punishment..."

"Job, then, cries out for a Champion, a Liberator, because he knows that this one (SHIVA) is eternal and will redeem him from the slavery of the Earth (through the Intimate Resurrection), restoring his skin."

"Job, by Divine permission, sees himself tormented, stripped, sick, under the cruel action of those malign beings whom Aristophanes called: 'The Black Birds'; Saint Paul, 'The Cruel Powers of the Air'; the Church: 'The Demons'; Theosophy and the Kabbalah, 'The Elementaries,' etc., etc., etc..."

"However, since Job is just and intones the theme of his own justification in the face of such rigors of Destiny, he overcomes in the end with the Sacred IT of his Crucifixion in the wounded flesh, and Jehovah (THE IOD-HEVE Within of each one) permits that the 'Healing Angels' or JINAS come to him, whose classical leader in other books, like that of Tobit, is the Archangel Raphael."

One night, after a cosmic festival that was celebrated in my honor for having been well qualified in the First Initiation, I was duly instructed...

— "You will have to pay for the Crime of having murdered the God Mercury," I was told...

— Forgive me that KARMA.

— "That has no forgiveness, and can only be paid by working with the Moon."

Then I saw how the Moon in each work would come closer and closer to the Planet Mercury, until finally mixing with it...

My INNERMOST Real Being, the God Mercury, SHIVA, My Monad, approaching me, said: "You will have to wear the boots of the God Mercury"; subsequently he shod me with such boots...

Sensational, extraordinary was for me that instant when the Great Hierophant of the Temple showed me a sports field...

"Look!" — He said to me — "You converted the Temple of Mercury into a sports field"...

Certainly we all murdered HIRAM (the God Mercury, our Monad), when we ate of the forbidden Fruit in the Garden of Eden... That is why we were warned: "if you eat of that fruit, you will die."

Subsequently the path became dreadfully difficult, and I had to suffer intensely...

It is obvious that the Path of the Razor's Edge is absolutely Sexual; you know it...

— "My son! You have to suffer with patience the consequences of your errors," exclaimed my Divine Mother KUNDALINI...

Another night, full of sorrow, my Mother exclaims with a great voice, saying:

— "My son! You have exchanged me, there in the physical world, for other women"...

— That was in the past, my Mother: Now I am not exchanging you for anyone...

— "You have exchanged me for other women."

— Past is past; what matters is the present; I live from instant to instant; I do wrong to argue with you...

— "Past, present, or future, you are the same"...

— You are right, my Mother...

(How to deny, then, that I had converted the Temple of Mercury into a sports field?)

And it happened that, having gone on vacation to the Port of Acapulco on the Pacific coast, Mexico, I had to be instructed on the stigmatization of the Astral Body...

Outside the Physical Body, a Holy Monk, a Hermit, tried to pierce the palms of my hands with the purpose of stigmatizing

me; in instants when that Cenobite struck the Nail to perforate my hands, Divine rays sprang forth...

In those moments I prayed to my Father who is in secret, asking him for help: the prayer reached the Lord...

It is unquestionable that in the Initiation I had received such stigmas, but in symbolic form...

On the Mountain of Resurrection I had to form them, to make them in the Forge of the Cyclops...

The Anchorite led me to the Gnostic Church; SHIVA, my Divine Monad, walked beside me...

Within the Temple I saw an ANDROGYNOUS religious one, clothed with the purple tunic, next to the Baptismal Font...

"He is very strong and responds very well, but he needs to fulfill better the Sacrament of the Church of 'ROMA' (LOVE)"... Said the MAHATMA, addressing my Monad...

From then on I understood the need to refine even more the creative energy; thus it was that I made of the MAITHUNA a form of prayer...

The Insertion of the Vertical Phallus within the Formal Womb makes a Cross. Unquestionably the five Christic stigmas on the Astral Body are formed with the Holy Cross...

Resurrection is not possible without having previously formed the stigmas of the Adorable One on the Astral Body...

Thus I formed my stigmas myself; thus the Mystics of all times have formed them...

I N R I... Ignis Natura Renovatur Integram. Fire Renews Nature Incessantly...

*Chapter XLIV*

**Third Mountain**

> *Such Resurrection is the true apotheosis or exaltation of what is most elevated and alive in man: His Divine, eternal, and immortal Monad which was dead, hidden...*

## Chapter 60: CONVERSING IN MEXICO

**Monday, June 12, Year 1972 (10th Year of Aquarius)**

— Well, "Joaco" (familiar diminutive of Joaquin), today we are heading to the center of the city!...

— To what Master? Last Saturday we took out the correspondence that was at the post office. What could there be now?

— In any case, I need to go to the center; I have in my possession a check, and I must cash it; it is not a large sum, but it

does help me to eat; thus I will avoid spending the little I have already gathered for paying the house rent... Also, I must put many letters in the mail; I like to have my correspondence up to date...

Moments later Joaquin Amortegui B., International Gnostic Missionary and great Paladin of this tremendous crusade for the New Age of Aquarius, and my insignificant person worth somewhat less than the ash of a cigarette, headed for the center of Mexico City...

It is not out of place to say, without much pomp, that I like to drive my own vehicle; thus, very contented we glided swiftly in the carriage along the "Calzada de Tlalpan," toward the Plaza of the Constitution (The Zocalo, as we Mexicans say).

This is the "Era of the Automobile," my esteemed "Joaco," but I confess frankly and without circumlocution that, if I had to choose life in a world with a technology like this one, or in another with a stone age, but truly entirely spiritual, I would prefer the second, unquestionably, even though instead of an automobile I would have to travel on foot or by donkey...

Oh! I say the same... I travel now from sacrifice, from love of humanity, to teach the Doctrine, but I prefer to move on the donkeys and horses of yesteryear; I do not at all like the smoke of these great cities, nor this mechanistic life...

Thus, conversing, "Joaco" and I, along a roadway that seemed rather a river of steel and cement, arrived at the Zocalo, drove around it, passed beside the metropolitan Cathedral, and then entered Avenida Cinco de Mayo searching for a parking lot...

Instants later we entered a great building:

— Do you want us to wash your car?

— No! No! No! This is the rainy season. What for?

— Shall we wax your automobile, sir?

— No, lad, no! Let me first take it to the bodywork and painting shop!...

Conclusion: We left that building heading to the post office after having parked the car.

At the central post office I certainly had a pleasant surprise on receiving a copy of the Sixth Edition of "The Perfect Matrimony"; the International Gnostic Missionary Efrain Villegas Quintero sent it to me from Cucuta, Colombia, South America...

I also received some letters; I put in the mail those I brought from home, and then we headed for a money-changing house...

That money-changer, with his consciousness profoundly asleep, was too occupied in his trade.

I saw him with two telephone receivers, one in his right and the other in his left hand. Manifestly he was attending simultaneously to two telephones and even gave himself the luxury of chatting at intervals with a third client who was at the counter of the business...

Obviously that poor "Intellectual Humanoid" of subjective psyche was not only identified with everything but, moreover, tremendously fascinated... and dreaming wildly.

That "rational homunculus" spoke of values, quotations, currencies, gold, enormous sums, checks, riches, etc., etc., etc.

Fortunately it was not necessary to wait long; his secretary attended to me diligently...

Instants later we left that place with some money in our pockets; it was not much, but enough for a few more days of meals...

Walking again along the famous Avenida 5 de Mayo, I felt the need to invite "Joaco" to have a small snack; he, although he is a light eater, out of consideration for me did not decline the invitation.

Indubitably we found a beautiful place; I wish to refer to the Café Paris.

An elegant waitress approaches us:

— What will you order, gentlemen?

— Bring me, miss — I told her — a strawberry shake and a piece of cheesecake...

— "I," — said Joaco — "want only a papaya shake"...

Having heard these words from the gentlemen, the lady withdrew to reappear moments later with the customary refreshments...

Savoring very slowly the delicious snack, extracting from these delicacies their spiritual element, both "Joaco" and I entered into the following dialogue:

— I tell you, "Joaco," that I am now approaching the end of my book entitled "The Three Mountains." Certainly only an introduction to the Third Mountain, three chapters of the Ascension, and the Conclusion remain for me...

— "Then you are now finishing that work."

— Yes, JOACO, yes, yes!...

— The interesting thing about all this is that now it falls to me to appeal to Lemuria...

— How? To Lemuria? Why?

— It is clear that in this reincarnation I have only reached the summit of the Second Mountain... However, in that archaic Continent "MU" or Lemuria, once located in the vast Pacific ocean, I passed through "The Three Mountains"...

Then, unquestionably I achieved Liberation, but I renounced all happiness and stayed in this Valley of Tears to help Humanity...

It is manifest that the possession of the "ELIXIR OF LONG LIFE" allowed me to preserve that Lemurian Body for millions of years... Thus, my esteemed "JOACO," I tell you that I was an eyewitness to all those volcanic catastrophes that ended the continent "MU."

It is evident that, through more than ten thousand years of incessant earthquakes and dreadful tidal waves, that ancient land submerged amid the stormy waters of the Pacific ocean...

It is pathetic, clear, and defined that as that old continent was slowly submerging amid the raging waves of the stormy ocean, Atlantis, that of Plato, gradually rose from the deep waters of the Atlantic...

Unquestionably I also lived with my Lemurian Body in "The Country of the Mud Hills," I knew its powerful civilizations, much superior to the present one, and I saw it submerge amid the furious waves of the ocean that bears its name...

"In the year 6 of KAN, the 11 Muluc, in the Month Zac, terrible earthquakes occurred that continued without interruption until the 13 Chuen. The Country of 'The Mud Hills,' the Atlantean land, was sacrificed. After two convulsions, it disappeared during the night, being constantly shaken by subterranean fires, which made the land sink and reappear several times and in various places. Finally the surface gave way, and ten countries separated and disappeared. 64 million inhabitants were submerged 8,000 years before the writing of this Book."

(This is textual from a Mayan Manuscript that is part of the famous Le Plongeon collection: "the Troano Manuscripts," and which can be seen in the British Museum).

Before the Star "BAL" fell in the place where now there is only sea and sky, before the seven cities with their Golden Gates and transparent temples shook and trembled like the leaves of a tree moved by the storm, I left there heading to the central plateau of Asia, to that place where today Tibet is...

In that zone of the Earth the Atlantean survivors mixed with the Nordics; thus the First Sub-Race of our present Aryan

Race was formed...

The Savior Guide of the elected Atlanteans, he who brought them out of the country of the "Mud Hills," was the Biblical Noah, the Manu VAIVASVATA, the founder of the Aryan Race...

I still remember, beyond time and distance, those cosmic festivals that were then celebrated in our Monastery...

I wish to refer emphatically to the "Sacred Order of Tibet," an old esoteric institution...

It is indubitable that that ancient order has two hundred and one (201) members. The High Command is formed by seventy-two (72) Brahmans...

Unquestionably such a meritorious mystical organization preserves the treasure of the ARYAVARTA ASHRAM...

In those times I was always received there with much veneration; exotic it turned out, living with a Lemurian Body in the full Aryan World...

Unfortunately "The Devil sticks his tail in everywhere," and unfortunately something unusual happened...

I returned to my old wanderings; relapse in offense; I fell in love again with the seductive Eve of Hebraic Mythology and

swallowed the "Forbidden Fruit."

Result: The Great Law took from me such a precious vehicle, and from life to life I remained like the wandering Jew upon the face of the Earth...

— Now, indeed, Master, I feel myself smaller than an ant, like nothing; I do not understand; if you dissolved the EGO, the Myself, who could have been the tempter? In what form did one fall?...

— Oh! Joaco... In the name of Truth I want you to know that when the I dissolves, in its place remains the mind... Indubitably this was the "Causa Causarum" of my fall...

— "This is something unusual; I do not understand..."

— Passional matters; I fell in love, I incurred the same error of Count Zanoni; that is all...

Such a maiden of mysterious enchantments was forbidden to me; however, I must say that I fell surrendered at the feet of the delicious female.

My Divine Mother KUNDALINI subsequently led me to the interior of a cavern, in the depth of the mountain, and then I saw rains, tears, and torrents of muddy water, bitterness and mud, misery, etc., etc., etc...

Behold the future that awaits you! exclaimed my Mother. Useless were my supplications; I did not deserve forgiveness; I was a relapser in offense; finally I saw her shut herself in the Muladhara Chakra in the Coccygeal Bone; and then alas for me! Alas! Alas!...

I had committed the same error that on the archaic continent "MU" caused the angelic fall...

It is unquestionable that before entering the Lemurian Mysteries I had already incurred in the same offense...

The allegory of the Biblical Adam, considered apart from the "TREE OF LIFE," clearly signifies that that Lemurian Race, which had just separated into opposite sexes, abused Sex and sank into the region of animality and bestiality...

The ZOHAR teaches that MATROMETHAH (SHEKINAH, symbolically the wife of METATRON) "is the path toward the Great Tree of Life, the powerful Tree," and SHEKINAH is the Divine Grace.

There is no doubt that this marvelous Tree reaches the Celestial Valley, and is hidden among "The Three Mountains."

From these "Three Mountains" the Tree ascends on high and then again descends below.

The Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil grows from the roots of the Tree of Life.

The Dhyani BODHISATTVAS reincarnated in Lemurian Bodies reproduced through the power of KRIYA-SHAKTI (The Power of Will and YOGA).

Attributes of SHIVA: The Black LINGAM embedded in the YONI. Unquestionably the ARCH-HIEROPHANT and ARCH-MAGE never spills the Vase of HERMES.

When the Dhyanis — among whom was myself — committed the crime of spilling that flexible malleable liquid glass of Alchemy, they moved away from their Divine Monad (they murdered the God Mercury), they fell into animal generation...

— "I am astonished."

— Why, "Joaco"? Because perhaps I was the first to fall, or the last?

H. P. Blavatsky says in the "Secret Doctrine" that SAMAEL was the first to fall, but this is symbolic...

It is manifest that I am the DHYANI BODHISATTVA of the Fifth of the Seven, and for this reason it is said that SAMAEL was the first to fall...

Fortunately I am already on my feet, despite having relapsed in the same offense...

How different the case was of many of those other Dhyanis fallen into animal generation...

Let us remember MOLOCH, the Great Homicide, now Involving horrifyingly in the World-Hells...

Let us remember ANDRAMELECH and his Brother ASMODEUS, two Thrones precipitated into Avernus...

— "I believed that after liberation every fall would be impossible..."

— You are mistaken, my esteemed "Joaco"; in the cosmos there always exists the danger of falling...

Only by entering the Unmanifested "SAT," the "Absolute Abstract Space," does every danger disappear...

Concluded the after-meal conversation, we called the young lady who humbly attended the gentlemen's table...

— The bill, Miss?...

— Yes, gentlemen... it is so much...

— Here is also your tip...

Very quietly we left that sumptuous place searching for the carriage...

Walking again under the sunlight along that famous avenue 5 de Mayo, it occurred to me to say:

— The grave thing, Oh Joaco! Is the abominable resurrection of the "ANIMAL EGO," after the fall...

Unquestionably the "MYSELF" resurrects like the "Phoenix" from its own ashes...

Now you will understand profoundly and integrally what is the intrinsic motive by which all the Religious Theogonies emphasize the idea that the Fallen Angels became Demons...

— Ah! Yes!... This is very clear..."

Moments later we glided swiftly along the "Calzada de Tlalpan" returning home...

— Since I have risen and fallen and risen again, it is obvious that I possess vast experience in these matters of esoteric type...

— Oh, Master! You have very special experience in that sense...

Certainly, my dear reader: I am no more than a wretched worm of the mire of the earth; a nobody who is worth nothing;

however, since I have walked the path, I can indicate it with complete clarity, and that is no offense...

We will conclude the present chapter with that phrase of GOETHE: "All Theory is Gray, and green alone is the tree of golden fruits, which is life..."

*Chapter XLV*

> *In the name of Truth I want you to know that when the I dissolves, in its place remains the mind...*

## Chapter 61: THE TENTH LABOR OF HERCULES

The tenth feat of Hercules, the Great Solar Hero, was the conquest of the herd of Geryon, killing its possessor, who confronted him, after his guardians, the dogs Orthrus and Eurytion.

This unusual event had as its scene the Isle of Erytheia (The Red One), beyond the ocean, which seems to refer to an Island of the Atlantic ocean inhabited by gigantic beings, clearly personified by the Tricephalous Geryon himself, who perished beneath his deadly arrows, after his cowherd and the dog, struck down by his mace.

Comparative mythology compares the bicephalous dog Orthrus, brother of Cerberus, with Vritra, the Vedic Genius of the storm.

On his journey, Hercules passes from Europe to Africa, then to cross the ocean in the Golden Cup (in the Sacred Vessel), which he intelligently uses on his nocturnal journey...

This clearly signifies that the splendid Sun had to wait for him while he did not return, stopping in his solstice for the good of the Hero...

Indubitably the Man-God passed with the cattle acquired in the same Cup or Holy Grail, to then return by the path of old Europe, in a journey full of infinite adventures...

The legend of the ages recounts that then the solar Hero raised the Columns "J" and "B" of Occult Masonry above the strait of Gibraltar; probably in gratitude to the Dioscuri, who made him emerge victorious in the enterprise...

On returning to Mycenae, the cows were sacrificed to Juno to appease her wrath, by his brother Eurystheus.

When dealing with the Archaic Mysteries, it is not out of place to say that these were always celebrated in august Seignorial temples...

When I crossed the threshold of that "MU" or LEMURIAN temple, where I had once been instructed in the Mysteries of the Ascension of the Lord, with infinite humility I requested of the Hierophant some services that were granted to me...

It is indubitable — and this every Initiate knows — that every exaltation is always preceded by a dreadful and terrible humiliation...

Clearly we have affirmed in emphatic tone that every ascent is preceded by a descent...

The tenth feat of Hercules, the Solar Hero of esotericism, is carried out in the World-Hells of the Planet Pluto...

Painful feelings tore at my Soul when I saw myself submitted to the torture of detachment...

Those LADIES of august times, bound to me by the law of KARMA, with their hearts broken awaited me in Avernus...

All those tempting beauties, dangerously beautiful, felt with full right over me...

For my good or for my ill, those terribly delicious females had been my wives in previous reincarnations, as a natural consequence of the Great Rebellion and the angelic fall...

The dogs Orthrus and Eurytion, living symbols of animal passion, besieged me inclemently with unheard-of fierceness; the temptations multiplied to infinity...

However, on the basis of THELEMA (Will) and deep understanding, and with the help of my Divine Mother KUNDALINI, I defeated the Lord of Time, the Tricephalous Geryon...

It is indubitable that thus I seized the herd and made myself an authentic Shepherd — not of Cows, as is veiledly said, but of Sheep...

For the good of the Great Cause it is fitting that we now study some verses of Chapter Ten of John:

"Truly, truly I say to you: he who does not enter through the Door (Sex) into the sheepfold, but climbs up by another way (preaching different doctrines that have nothing to do with White Sexual Magic), this one is a thief and a robber (he steals the Sheep and the Abyss carries them off)."

We left Eden through the Door of Sex; only through that Door can we return to Eden. Eden is the very Sex.

"But he who enters by the Door (Sex), the Shepherd of the Sheep he is."

"To this one the porter opens, and the Sheep hear his voice; and he calls his Sheep by name (with the INNERMOST Verb), and leads them out (he takes them along the path of the Razor's Edge)."

"And when he has brought forth his own, he goes before them; and the Sheep follow him, because they know his voice (his Verb)."

"But the stranger they will not follow, but will flee from him: For they do not know the voice of Strangers (the false Shepherds do not possess the Verb)."

"This parable Jesus told them (whose meaning is Savior), but they did not understand what he was saying to them (it is evident that behind the letter that kills is the Spirit that gives life)."

"Jesus (the INNERMOST Savior) said to them again: Truly, truly I say to you: I Am the Door of the Sheep. (The Power is neither in the Brain nor in any other place of the body, but in Sex)."

In other words, we affirm the following: The creative power of the Logos is found exclusively in Sex.

It is easy now to understand why HE is the Door of the Sheep: to seek escape is equivalent to fleeing from the Door of Eden...

"All who came before me (because they were not initiated in the Sexual Mysteries) are thieves and robbers."

"I am the Door: he who enters by me, will be saved (will not fall into the abyss of perdition) and will enter, and go out, and find pastures. (Rich spiritual food)."

Christ, without the Sexual Serpent, could do nothing; it is for this motive that the Second Logos, the Lord of Perfection, the INNERMOST Logos of each one, descends from his elevated sphere and becomes Son of the Divine Mother KUNDALINI, the Igneous Serpent of Our Magical Powers... (By Operation and Grace of the Third Logos).

"The Sethians worshipped the Great Light and said that the Sun, in its emanations, forms a nest in us and constitutes the Serpent."

It is manifest that that Gnostic Sect had as sacred object a Chalice, a YONI, the Holy Grail, in which they took the semen of Benjamin. This latter in itself was a mixture of Wine and Water...

Indubitably the sacred symbol of the Sexual Serpent never failed on the altar of the Gnostic Nazarenes...

"The force, the power that accompanied Moses was the Serpent on the Rod that then was converted into the Rod

itself."

"The Serpent was certainly the one who spoke to the other serpents, and the one who tempted Eve..."

"In the Song of Homer to Demeter, found in a Russian library, one sees that everything revolved around a PHYSIOLOGICAL-COSMIC fact of great transcendence."

"I am the Good Shepherd: The Good Shepherd (He who has already attained that Christic Esoteric Degree) gives his life for the Sheep."

"But the hireling (The Tantric Esotericist who has not yet attained Christification), and to whom the sheep are not his own, sees the wolf coming, and leaves the Sheep and flees, and the wolf snatches them, and scatters the Sheep."

"I also have other sheep which are not of this fold (who are placed in other schools); these also I must bring, and they will hear my voice, and there will be one flock and one Shepherd."

"Therefore the Father loves me, because I lay down my life to take it up again." (The INNERMOST Christ crystallizes in us and redeems us when we are worthy).

"No one takes it from me, but I lay it down of myself (as if saying: I crystallize in my human person when I wish). I have

power to lay it down, and I have power to take it up again. This Commandment I received from my Father."

After this Esoteric Christic commentary, it is indispensable that we continue with the present chapter...

How simple, how unfalsifiable primitive beauty do truly all those Platonic accounts have that deal with archaic Gods and Goddesses; Divine Beings of the Lemurian Past; authentic Tantric Shepherds of the Sexual Eden...

Sublime creatures who raise Cyclopean cities, instruct peoples, endow them with a legislation never surpassed, and reward their heroisms.

To accomplish in oneself the "Hyperborean Mystery," the "Mystery of the Grail," is urgent when we long to become authentic Prophets, genuine Christified Shepherds...

We need to "pass the Red Sea," to cross the tempestuous Ocean of Life, to pass to the other shore in the Golden Cup, in the Sacred Vessel, which Helios, the Sacred Absolute Sun, lends us...

Concluded the esoteric labors in the Infernos of the Planet Pluto, I then had to raise Columns...

"Plus ultra," "ADAM-KADMON," "Celestial-Man," such are the mystical meanings that have been attributed to the two

Columns of Hercules...

That cosmic-human event was preceded by the disincarnation of my priestess wife LITELANTES...

Unquestionably she, in herself, was certainly the only Karmic bond that remained for me in this painful Valley of SAMSARA...

I saw her move away from her discarded Lemurian vehicle, dressed certainly in rigorous mourning...

ADAM-EVA is indubitably the most secret meaning of the two columns of Hercules...

Reconciliation with the Divine becomes urgent, unpostponable, you know it...

To raise Columns is reconciliation, return of the original couple, return to Eden...

We need to return to the original starting point, to return to the first love; that is indisputable, irrefutable, irrebuttable...

In the archaic Mysteries of the Continent "Mu" or "Lemuria," I had to experience the raw realism of this in "Paradisiacal," "Edenic" Weddings...

Then I received as wife a Great Initiate; I wish to refer emphatically to the other half of the orange; to my particular

primigenial Eve; thus I raised the two Columns of Hercules...

In the midst of the feast table I found myself, happily accompanied by the new wife and many High Priests...

LITELANTES then crossed the threshold of the regal hall; she came disincarnated to witness the festival...

Thus... Oh, Gods! It was how I restored the Second Logos, the Cosmic Christ, in the Sanctuary of my Soul...

*Chapter XLVI*

> *Indubitably the sacred symbol of the Sexual Serpent never failed on the altar of the Gnostic Nazarenes...*

## Chapter 62: THE ELEVENTH FEAT OF HERCULES

The Eleventh feat of Hercules, the Solar Hero, took place in the transatlantic domain, consisting of appropriating the Apples of the Hesperides, the Nymphs daughters of Hesperus, the most vivid representation of the planet Venus, the delicious star of love...

Not knowing the way, he needed first to take hold of Nereus, who knows everything, and then in Africa face in a hand-to-

hand fight the dreadful giant Antaeus, son of Poseidon...

Also one usually relates to this journey the liberation of PROMETHEUS-LUCIFER, killing the eagle that torments him, as well as the temporary substitution of the famous Atlas, carrying the world on his titanic shoulders, to obtain his aid...

Finally, the symbolic golden apples are delivered to him by the Hesperides themselves, previously killing the Dragon that guarded them...

Evidently, this feat has close relation with the Biblical account of the fruits of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, in the Edenic Garden, in which, however, the Dragon is substituted by a Serpent, who invites to gather and taste those marvelous fruits, which Hercules then delivers to Athena, the Goddess of Wisdom and his Divine protector...

The intrepid descent to the old Tartarus of the eleventh planet of our solar system became urgent, unpostponable, before the ascent to the Father (The First Logos).

An abrupt, broken, and uneven descending path led me fatally to the horrendous darkness of the City of Dis...

My "Nereus" or rather my "GURUJI," "Master or Guide," patiently taught me all the dangers...

And it was certainly in those horrifying abysses of sorrow, in that planet that is beyond the orbit of Pluto, where I found ANTAEUS, the colossal giant, more dreadful even than the enormous Briareus...

The Florentine Dante, in his Divine Comedy, exclaims:

"Oh, you who in the fortunate Valley where Scipio inherited so much Glory, when Hannibal and his men turned their backs, gathered a thousand lions as prey; and who, if you had assisted in the great war of your brothers, there are still those who believe that you would have assured victory to the Sons of the Earth!..."

"If you do not take it ill, lead us to the bottom where the cold hardens the Cocytus."

"Do not make me address Tityos or Typhoeus; this one whom you see can give what is here desired; therefore bend down and do not twist your mouth. He can still renew your fame in the world, for he lives, and hopes to enjoy a long life yet, if grace does not call him to itself before time..."

"Thus the Master spoke to him; and the giant, hastening to extend those hands that so roughly oppressed Hercules, took my Guide."

"When Virgil felt himself seized, he said to me: Come close so that I may take you; and at once he embraced me in such a way that the two of us together formed a single bundle."

"As, on looking at the Carisenda from the side to which it is leaning, when a cloud passes over it in the opposite direction, it seems about to fall, so ANTAEUS seemed to me when I saw him bend down; and for me it was so terrible that moment that I would have wished to go by another path. But he gently led us down to the bottom of the abyss that devours Lucifer and Judas; and without delay his bending ceased, rising again like the mast of a ship...

(This is textual from the Divine Comedy).

ANTAEUS: Allegorical Magist personage, representative Titan of the abyssal "Shadowy Hordes"...

Having fought very bloody battles against the Demons of the City of Dis, LUCIFER-PROMETHEUS had to be liberated...

I saw the steel door of the horrifying dungeon open; the guardian yielded the passage to him...

Terrible scenes of the dark dwelling; unusual, unsuspected cases; what "the inhabitants of the Earth" are ignorant of...

LUCIFER is the Guardian of the Door of the keys of the Sanctuary, so that only the anointed who possess the secret of

Hermes may enter...

The CHRISTOS-LUCIFER of the Gnostics is the God of Wisdom under different names, the God of our planet Earth without any shadow of evil, because he is one with the Platonic Logos...

PROMETHEUS-LUCIFER is the Minister of the SOLAR LOGOS and Lord of the Seven Mansions of HADES...

LUCIFER is certainly the Spirit of Spiritual Illumination of Humanity and of Freedom of Choice, and, metaphysically, the torch of humanity; the LOGOS in his superior aspect, and the adversary in his inferior aspect; the Divine and chained PROMETHEUS; the active and centrifugal energy of the universe; fire, light, life, struggle, effort, consciousness, freedom, independence, etc., etc., etc.

To LUCIFER are entrusted the Sword and the Balance of Cosmic Justice, because he is the norm of weight, measure, and number.

Within each of us, LUCIFER is the reflection of the INNERMOST LOGOS, shadow of the Lord projected in the depths of our Being...

At moments in which I write these pages, an unusual case comes to my memory...

Some night, no matter which, I had to encounter the dreadful personage within a beautiful bedroom...

Imposing, "PROMETHEUS-LUCIFER," sustained on beast's feet instead of human feet, looked at me threateningly...

Two dreadful horns shone fearfully on his sinister forehead; however, he was dressed as an elegant gentleman...

Approaching him serenely, I patted him on the shoulder while saying to him:

"You do not frighten me; I know you very well; you have not been able to defeat me; I am victorious"...

The colossus withdrew, and I, sitting on the soft and perfumed mahogany bed, waited a moment...

Subsequently a dangerously beautiful woman entered the bedchamber; naked she lay on the bed...

Almost fainting with lust, the beautiful one enveloped me in her shameless arms, inviting me to the pleasures of the flesh...

Lying beside the beauty, I demonstrated my powers to the Devil; I dominated myself...

Then I rose from the bed of pleasures; that beauty, almost dying with lewdness, feeling herself defrauded, contemplated me uselessly...

Then a resplendent child entered the chamber; a radiant creature terribly Divine...

The sublime infant, richly attired with a beautiful priestly tunic of a very special black color, crossed the exotic precinct...

I recognized him immediately, and approaching him very quietly, I said to him: "It is useless that you continue disguising yourself; I always recognize you: Oh! Lucifer... You can never defeat me"...

That sublime Creature, terror of the ignorant, then smiled with infinite sweetness...

Unquestionably; he is the "Divine Daimon" of Socrates; our special trainer in the Psychological Gymnasium of Life...

Just is his Liberation after his hard work; the LOGOS swallows him, absorbs him...

Up to here this account; let us continue with the transcendental theme of this chapter...

My new Priestess on the Mountain of Ascension turned out certainly extraordinary...

Obviously my intimate progress was accelerated, and consequently, I managed to seize the golden apples in the Garden of the Hesperides...

The Venustic Nymphs, exquisitely delicious, fell at my feet: they could not defeat me...

Concluded the magical works in that Avernus, I ascended victorious to the Father...

It is obvious that this transcendental mystical event could in no way go unnoticed...

That cosmic event was then celebrated with infinite joy in the SANCTA...

On a splendid throne, seated before the august Fraternity, I felt myself completely transformed...

In those unspeakable moments, "The Ancient of Days," "My Father who is in secret," "The Goodness of Goodnesses," "The Hidden of the Hidden," "The Mercy of Mercies," "THE KETHER of the HEBRAIC KABBALAH," shone within me; he crystallized definitively in all the presence of my Being...

In such instants, the Brothers of the Universal White Fraternity, with infinite veneration, contemplated me... My face assumed the aspect of old age...

Indubitably I had managed to crystallize in the various parts of my Being the Three Primary Forces of the Universe...

*Chapter XLVII*

> *The CHRISTOS-LUCIFER of the Gnostics is the God of Wisdom under different names, the God of our planet Earth without any shadow of evil, because he is one with the Platonic Logos...*

## Chapter 63: THE TWELFTH LABOR OF HERCULES

The Twelfth Labor of Hercules, the Solar Hero, was certainly imposed by his Brother — that is, by his resplendent "Divine Prototype," in the Sacred Absolute Sun...

Indubitably this work consisted in taking out of his Plutonian Domain the Tricephalous dog that awaited him...

Having entered the subterranean dwelling of the dead, he tries first to propitiate Aidoneus himself, who allows him to take the dog with the condition that he succeed in taking hold of him without arms, which he does by first taking him by his Dragon's tail and then by the neck until almost choking him.

Hermes guides him on the return path, and after Cerberus was shown to Maecenas, he leaves him free to return to his residence...

Unquestionably our resplendent Solar System of ORS has Twelve Planets, and this comes to remind us of the Twelve

Saviors...

It turns out palmary and evident that the final work of Hercules must always be carried out in the Twelfth Planet of the solar Family...

Likewise, only with Scorpio, whose constellation is the most appropriate to represent it, can and must we relate the last of his zodiacal feats, consisting in taking out the Tricephalous Dog from the jealous subterranean world, from the kingdom of shadows where truth disguises itself with darkness...

Naturally he can only fulfill this task with the consent of Hades or Pluto himself, and with the help of Hermes and Minerva at the same time... (Sexo-Yoga and Wisdom).

With infinite veneration I crossed the threshold of the Temple; I longed for the final liberation...

In the walled courtyard of the Priests, the spermatic waters of the Sacred Pool shone gloriously...

The Initiatic lake of the representation of the Ancient Mysteries, eternal stage of every temple, could not be missing there...

What I asked of that Lemurian Sancta then, unquestionably was granted to me...

My work began with the descent into Tartarus on that twelve Planet of our Solar System...

Three delicious females, dangerously beautiful, in vain appealed to all their irresistible enchantments...

Provocative she-devils struggled to the impossible, wished to make me fall, but I knew how to dominate myself...

The Zodiacal Sign of Scorpio unleashed in my creative organs all its passionate ardors; however, I won all the battles against myself...

"The Guide Dog" (the Sexual Instinct), always leads the knight along the narrow path that goes from darkness to light, from the death of death to immortality...

The Dog pulls his master's leash, leading him along the steep path to the goal; subsequently the Hound must rest; then comes the "Great Renunciation."

In harmonious rhythmic concordance with this Cosmic-Sexual event, the supreme detachment from all material things and the radical elimination of the desire to exist becomes ineludible...

The transcendental idea of the Breath of Darkness, moving over the dormant waters of life, which is the Primordial Matter with the Spirit latent in it, invites us to reflection...

In all the cosmogonies "Water" (THE ENS SEMINIS) plays the same important role; it is the base and origin of material existence and the foundation of every authentic "INTIMATE SELF-REALIZATION."

However, it is urgent, unpostponable, never to ignore that, amid the primitive abyss, in the depth of the waters, dwell many dangerous beasts...

If the Divine Titans of the Old Continent "MU," those Angels fallen into animal Generation, had not forgotten this tremendous truth, if they had remained alert and vigilant like the sentinel in time of war, they would still find themselves in a Paradisiacal state...

To take complete control of the Tricephalous dog without any weapon signifies in fact absolute control over Sex... When I made myself master of such a Hound, I ascended victorious from the depths of the black and horrendous precipice...

Then the Being of my Being incarnated in me; that which is beyond "BRAHMA, VISHNU, and SHIVA"... That Divine Absolute Solar Prototype...

When this Mystical event occurred, I entered joyfully into a small Sanctuary of the Sacred Absolute Sun...

From that extraordinary instant I could feed myself with the Fruits of the "Tree of Life," beyond good and evil...

I had returned to the original starting point; unquestionably I had returned to my Monad... Each of Us has in that radiant sphere of light and joy his Divine Prototype...

The Sacred Individuals who inhabit the Central Sun prepare to enter the "ABSOLUTE ABSTRACT SPACE"; this always happens at the end of the MAHANVANTARA (Cosmic Day).

Each universe of infinite space possesses its own Central Sun, and the total sum of such Spiritual Suns constitutes the "PROTOCOSMOS"...

The emanation of our "All-Merciful and Sacred Solar Absolute" is that which H. P. B. calls "The Great Breath," deeply unknown to itself...

Obviously this omnipresent active principle, although it participates in the creation of the worlds, does not merge with them; it remains independent, omnipresent, and Omnipenetrating...

It turns out easy to understand that the Emanation of the "Solar Absolute" unfolds in the "Three Primary Forces": BRAHMA, VISHNU, SHIVA, with the evident purpose of creating and creating anew...

When any cosmic manifestation concludes, the three original forces integrate to mix or fuse with the incessant breath, deeply unknown to itself...

This that happens in the Macrocosmic is repeated in the Microcosm Man; such was my particular case...

Thus it was that I was able to return to the bosom of the Sacred Solar Absolute; however, I continued with the Lemurian Physical Body, living for millions of years... I became one more stone of "The Guardian Wall."

This Wall is formed by the Masters of Compassion, those who renounced all happiness for love of humanity...

*REVERENT PEACE.*

*SAMAEL AUN WEOR.*

**Visits**

Without exceptions of any kind:

The author of this book does not receive visitors.

If you wish to come to Mexico with the purpose of visiting the author, cancel your trip immediately.

If you are a Gnostic missionary and wish to come to Mexico with the longing to visit the author, refrain from that trip be-

cause the Master does not receive visits...

The teaching is in the books; study them, practice the doctrine; that is the fundamental thing...

**Praises**

The author of the present work categorically rejects every kind of praise, flattery, adulation, eulogy, etc., etc., etc.

Every letter bearer of such absurdities will either be returned to its sender or end up in the wastebasket...

*Chapter XLVIII*

> *The Twelfth Labor of Hercules, the Solar Hero, was certainly imposed by his Brother — that is, by his resplendent "Divine Prototype," in the Sacred Absolute Sun...*

## EPILOGUE

Very early in the morning I wrote to the noble suffering lady who awaited me in the remote city...

I advised her with infinite sweetness that she should return to the land of her elders and forget my insignificant person, which is worth nothing...

*Chapter XIII*

## CONCLUSION OF THE LUNAR LABORS

After having reduced to cosmic dust MARA, the Father of the three Classic Furies, I had then to confront the secondary beasts of the abyss...

The day was ending slowly; the delicious air of the night invited the living beings who people the face of the earth to rest from their fatigues, and I, vile worm of the mire of the earth, only wished to sustain the combats of the path and of the things worthy of compassion that my memory will write without error...

Oh, ineffable Muses! Oh, high Divine ingenuity! Come to my aid. Inspire me so that my style may not detract from the nature of the matter...

My deep sleep was interrupted by a thunderclap so loud that, like a man who is violently awakened, I rose, and directing a glance around me, fixed my gaze to recognize the place where I found myself; I saw myself then in a solitary house beside the shadowy road...

Seated in a rough armchair by the window, from which one could well contemplate the steep path, I very sincerely evoked the bygone times...

Certainly in other ages I had been there, in the mansion of the abyss, and before the same road...

None 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... slowly... along the solitary road...

At a single glance, traversing with my gaze a space as distant as is possible to the penetration of spiritual life, I saw that sad, wasted, and somber place...

The floor was wet, and I had to stop suddenly before a certain electric cable that lay stretched on the ground...

A copper cable charged with high voltage? What horror!... And I was about to step on it...

"It is preferable to die being free than to live being a prisoner." So cried the voice of silence in the night of Mystery...

And I, who alarmed was trying at that precise instant to retreat, felt reinvigorated...

Resolutely I advanced through those Sub-Lunar places, along the tortuous abyssal path...

The steep Path, turning surprisingly to the left, penetrated into certain very picturesque hills...

In them I saw something like a national park on a Sunday; a motley assembly of human creatures who seemed to be delightfully enjoying the meadow...

For the entertainment of many, some street vendors came and went, here, there, and yonder, selling colored balloons...

Living symbol of profane life, thus I understood it; however, it is manifest that I wished to live all that with intensity...

I was very absorbed in all that, contemplating the multitudes of always, when suddenly, behold, something unusual and unprecedented happens; it seemed to me as if time really stopped for a moment...

In those instants of terror, there arises from the undergrowth a bloodthirsty wolf, which ferociously and with twisted gaze tries in vain to seize its prey; before him flee from the merciless Reaper some hens that cackle in desperation.

Extraordinary occult symbology: Barnyard fowl, pusillanimous, cowardly, timid. Bloodthirsty wolf, cruel, merciless...

Dread! Terror! Horror!... Human Sub-Lunar states of human Infraconsciousness, and I, who believed I had died in myself, was ignorant of the existence of these psychic aggregates within my own atomic infernos...

Fortunately, never in the hard struggle did I forget my Holy Pike; thanks to my Divine Mother KUNDALINI, I have been able to exceed many in strength and skill in the lance.

Having already fallen the principal Demon-Egos, vile personifications of my horrible infrahuman defects, my Lunar works concluded epically, putting to death with the Holy Lance many other infernal beasts...

It is not out of place to say that I had to gather a very rich war booty after many bloody battles...

I wish to refer with great emphasis to those multiple precious gems of my own existence, to those grains of consciousness embedded, bottled up, among those horrifying engendrers of Hell...

The last part of the work was of a completely atomic character; it is not at all easy to expel the malign intelligences from among their nuclear habitations...

This is certainly what is understood by transforming the black waters into white...

Now, such atoms have been converted into marvelous vehicles of certain luminous intelligences...

Magnificent sparks, atoms capable of informing on the activities of the secret enemy...

One night of Glory I had the greatest honor that can be granted to a human being: I was visited by the Cosmic Christ. The Adorable One was bringing a great book in his right hand, as if saying to me: "You are going to enter now the sphere of Mercury."

On seeing the Master, I could not refrain from exclaiming, saying: "Lord! You have arrived sooner than I thought. I was not yet awaiting you"...

The living Christ responded sweetly: "I sometimes delay when it falls to me to come in the month of March... You must still continue dying...".

How? Continue dying? Still? "Yes," — answered the adorable one — "you must continue dying," he repeated...

What happened afterward was prodigious. The Master rose slowly toward the midnight sun, then detaching himself a little from the King Star to bless me and forgive my ancient errors...

Thus it was that I achieved the re-entry to the First heaven, the Dwelling of the ineffable Angels...

Unquestionably I was a fallen Angel, but it is manifest that I had been forgiven...

In the Cathedral of the Soul there is more joy over one sinner who repents than over a thousand just who need no

repentance...

*Chapter XXXV*

## 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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