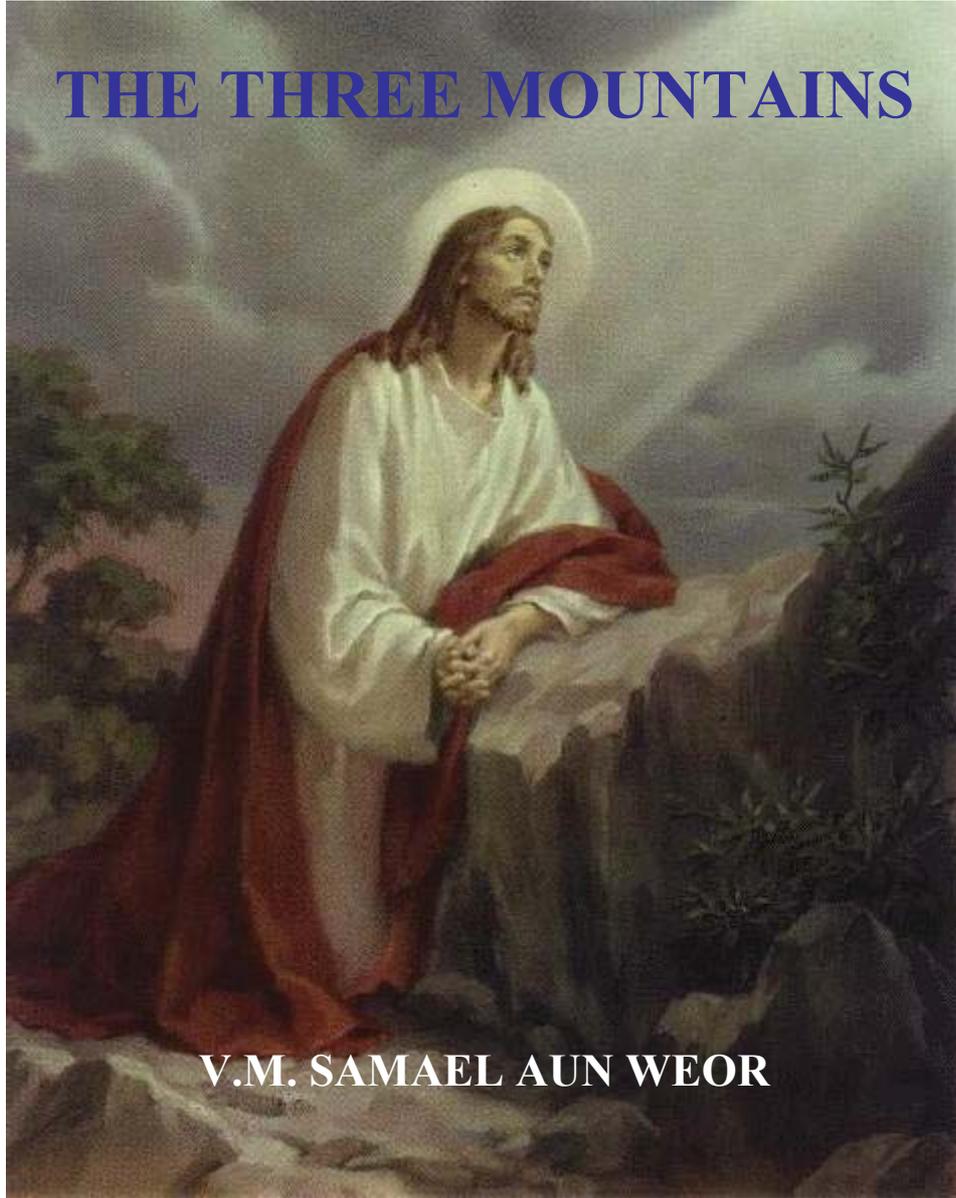


THE THREE MOUNTAINS



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Four words to the reader

Without wishing to hurt any delicate feelings, we must emphasise that venerable institutions exist within the cultural-spiritual environment of contemporary humanity that sincerely believe that they know the Secret Path, while nonetheless they do not.

Allow me the freedom of saying with great solemnity that we do not wish to make destructive criticisms; we *emphasise*, nothing more; and this is not a crime.

Obviously, because of simple, deep respect for our fellow men, we would never say anything against any mystical institution.

Human beings cannot be criticised for not knowing something that has never been taught to them. The Secret Path has never been revealed publicly.

In terms which are rigorously Socratic, we would like to point out that many scholars who pretend to know thoroughly the Path of the Razor's Edge, not only do not know it, but ignore the fact that they do not know it.

Without wishing to point at any spiritual organisation, and without intending to hurt anyone, we shall simply say that the *learned ignoramus* not only does not know, but also that he does not know that he does not know.

References to the Secret Path appear in many ancient sacred texts; there it is cited and mentioned in many verses. However, people do not really know it.

The purpose of this Work that you have in your hands, dear reader, is to show and teach the esoteric path leading to the final Liberation. This is, then, one more book of the Fifth Gospel.

Goethe, the great German Initiate, said, "Theories are grey; only the tree with golden fruits is green. And this is really life."

In this new book we only provide transcendental, living experiences: that which we have verified, that which we have experienced directly.

The Maps of the Path must be drawn now, each step indicated with precision, the dangers pointed out, etc.

Some time ago the guardians of the Holy Sepulchre told me, "We know that you are departing, but before you go you must leave for humanity the Maps of the Path and your own words."

I answered by saying, "This is exactly what I will do." From that instant I undertook, in a solemn manner, to write this book.

Chapter 1

My Childhood

It is not irrelevant to solemnly affirm that I was born with an enormous spiritual restlessness; it would be absurd to deny this...

To many it would appear unusual and unbelievable that there are some that can remember the totality of their existence, including their birth. I want to assert that I am one of them.

Very clean and beautifully dressed, I was placed in the maternal bed next to my mother after all the usual natal processes. A smiling giant approached the sacred bed, and looked at me. He was my father.

It is important to assert clearly now, that in the dawn of existence we walk originally on four legs, then on two and finally on three. Of course the last one is the walking stick used by the old.

I was not in any sense an exception to this general rule. When I was eleven months old I felt the desire to walk; I managed to keep myself upright on my feet.

I still remember that marvellous instant in which, interlocking my hands on my head, I solemnly made the Masonic sign of assistance, "ELAI B NE AL'MANAH".

And since I have not yet lost the capability to be astonished, I must say that what happened then appeared to me to be marvellous. It is doubtless an extraordinary event, to walk for the first time with the body given to us by Mother Nature.

Calmly I went to the old window from which one could clearly see the people who, here and there, appeared and disappeared in the picturesque old street of my village.

My first adventure consisted of holding firmly onto the iron grill in that old window; luckily my father, a very prudent man, anticipating the danger, had put a wire grill in the balustrade so that I would not fall into the street.

How well I remember that old window in that old house! That old house where I took my first steps...

Of course at that delightful age I enjoyed the charming toys that children like to play with, but this in no way interfered with my meditation practices.

During those first years of life, in which one learns to walk, I used to sit meditating in the oriental style...

Then I used to study in a retrospective fashion my past reincarnations, and many persons visited me from the past.

When the ineffable ecstasy concluded and I returned to the normal everyday state, I contemplated with pain the old walls of that paternal house where, in spite of my age, I appeared to be a strange monk.

How small I felt in front of those rough walls! I cried, yes, as children cry...

I used to complain, repeating: *"Again, in another physical body! Life is so painful!"*

It was at those moments that I used to ask my mother to help me and she said, "*The child is hungry, or thirsty*", etc., etc.

I have never been able to forget those moments in which I used to run happily along the lonely corridors of my house...

The most unusual cases of Transcendental Metaphysics started to happen to me at that time: my father was calling me standing at the door of his bedroom, I saw him in his night clothes, and when I tried to approach him he disappeared into some unknown dimension...

However, I must confess that this type of psychic phenomenon was quite well known to me. I simply came into his bedroom and after verifying directly that his physical body was asleep in the perfumed mahogany bed, I said to myself, "*Ah! The soul of my father is outside because his physical body is asleep at this time.*"

Silent movies were starting to make an appearance at that time, and people used to meet at the public square at night to entertain themselves watching movies in the fresh air on a rudimentary screen, a sheet stretched taught and nailed between two sticks kept at the right distance...

At home, I had a very different movie house, I used to shut myself up in a dark room and fix my gaze on the wall. After a few moments of spontaneous and pure concentration, the wall became illuminated as if it were a multidimensional screen, while the details of the wall itself disappeared totally; from the infinite space appeared living landscapes of Great Nature, playful gnomes, sylphs from the air, salamanders of fire, spirits from the water, nereids from the immense sea, happy creatures that played with me, infinitely happy beings.

My movie house was not silent, and it did not need Rudolph Valentino or the famous White Kitten of the old days.

My movies had sound, and all the creatures that appeared on my special screen sang or spoke in the pure, divine, original language that like a golden river runs under the forest filled with sun.

Later on, as my family multiplied, I invited my innocent brothers and sisters, and they shared with me this incomparable happiness, watching the astral figures on the extraordinary wall of my dark room...

I have always been a Sun worshipper, and at dawn as well as at the nightfall I used to climb onto the roof of my house (in those times balconies did not exist), and sitting down on the baked-mud tiles in the oriental manner as a child *yogi*, I contemplated the Sun King in a state of ecstasy, falling into a deep meditation. My noble mother suffered many scares when she saw me walk around on the roof...

Whenever my elderly father opened the old door of the wardrobe, I felt as if he was going to give me that strange purple jacket which displayed golden buttons...

That was an old garment which used to be worn by old knights, and which I have worn in my ancient incarnation in which I was called Simeón Bleler. Sometimes I imagined that in that old wardrobe one could find sabres and foils from the olden times.

I do not know whether my father understood me; I thought that perhaps he could obtain some of these objects from a past existence for me. The old man would look at

me, and instead of such garments he would give me a cart to play with: a toy from the innocent happiness of my childhood.

Chapter 2

Religion

Having been raised with good manners, I must say that I was educated in the official religion of my people. I always found it unacceptable to play about in the back rows while the liturgical services were taking place...

Since my childhood I have possessed a sense of veneration and respect. I never shrugged my shoulders in the middle of a service; I never tried to get out of performing my sacred duties, or laughed, or tried to mock the holy things.

Without wanting to entangle myself among thorns and brambles, I will only say that in a particular mystical sect ---its name is not important---I found some religious principles that are common to all confessional religions in the world. It is convenient to summarise these principles, for the good of the Great Cause.

Heavens

We find them in every confessional religion, even if they have different names; however, there are always nine of them, as affirmed with such accuracy by the Florentine Dante in his classic poem "*The Divine Comedy*".

1. Heaven of the Moon (astral world)
2. Heaven of Mercury (mental world)
3. Heaven of Venus (causal world)
4. Heaven of the Sun (buddhic or intuitional world)
5. Heaven of Mars (atmic world, Region of Atman)
6. Heaven of Jupiter (Nirvana)
7. Heaven of Saturn (paranirvanic world)
8. Heaven of Uranus (mahaparanirvanic world)
9. Heaven of Neptune (Empyrean)

These heavens are also inside ourselves, here and now, and they interpenetrate without confusion.

It is obvious that these nine heavens are located in nine superior dimensions; we are talking, of course, about nine parallel universes.

Hells

In this Christmas Message of 1972-1973 it is appropriate to remember the various religious hells...

Let us remember with a solemn feeling, the multiple prehistorical and historical hells.

Everywhere we can find remembrances of hells which are Chinese, Muslim, Buddhist, Christian, etc., etc.

It obviously follows that all of these diverse hells are a symbol of the submerged mineral kingdom...

Clearly Dante, the marvellous disciple of Virgil, the poet of Mantua, discovered with mystical surprise the intimate relationship that exists between the nine Dantesque circles and the nine heavens...

The "*Bardo Thodol*", the Tibetan book of the spirits of the other world, stands out, magnificent, in front of our eyes, allowing us to see the harsh reality of the infernal worlds inside the planetary organism in which we live.

It is certain that the nine Dantesque circles inside the Earth correspond scientifically to the nine infradimensions submerged under the tridimensional region of Euclid.

The cosmic existence of the infernal worlds in every world of infinite space is clear and unmistakable.

Obviously the existence of the mineral submerged kingdom is not an exception in the case of planet Earth.

Angelology

The whole of the Cosmos is directed, invigilated and animated by a nearly never ending series of hierarchies of conscious beings; each one of them has a mission to carry out, they are Messengers (known by any of a set of various names: Dhyanchohans, Angels, Devas, etc.) only in the sense that they are agents of the karmic and cosmic laws. They vary enormously in their respective degrees of consciousness and intelligence, and they are all perfect Men in the most complete sense of the word.

The Divine Love is characterised by multiple angelical services. Each Elohim works at his speciality. We can and should appeal to the angelical protection.

God

Every religion is a precious pearl set in the golden thread of the Divinity.

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

Religious Esotericism does not teach any manner of atheism, other than in the sense implied by the Sanskrit word *"nastika"*: there is to be no acceptance of idols, including the anthropomorphic God of the ignorant (it would be absurd to believe in a celestial dictator, sitting up there on his throne of tyranny, throwing lightning and rays against this sad human anthill).

Esotericism admits a Logos or collective Creator of the Universe, an architect Demiurge.

It is unquestionable that this Demiurge is not a personal deity as many wrongly suppose, but only the collectives of the Dhyán Chohans, Angels, Archangels and the rest of the forces. *"God is Gods"*.

It is written in characters of fire in the glittering Book of Life, that God is the Army of the Voice, the Great Word, the Logos.

"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 of that which was made would have been made."

It is obvious that an authentic Man who actually achieves perfection joins the current of sound, the celestial militia constituted by the Buddhas of Compassion, Angels, Planetary Spirits, Elohim, Rishi-Prajapatis, etc., etc.

We have been told emphatically that the Logos makes a sound, and this is obvious. The Demiurge, the Logos, is a perfect multiple unity.

Whoever worships the Gods, whoever surrenders worship onto them is more capable of capturing in a better way the deep significance of the various divine aspects of the architect Demiurge.

When humanity began to mock the Holy Gods, then it fell mortally wounded into the coarse materialism of this Iron Age,

Lucifer

We can and must radically eliminate every subjective psychic aggregate of a dark and perverse nature from within ourselves; however, it is unquestionable that we would never be able to dissolve within ourselves the shadow of the intimate Logos.

It is clear and evident that Lucifer is the antithesis of the Creator Demiurge, its living shadow projected into the profound depths of microcosm man.

Lucifer is the Guardian of the Door and the Keys to the Sanctuary, so that only those that have been anointed and hold the Secret of Hermes can enter it.

Since we have just written this name, so hateful for the pious ears of common people, it is necessary to clarify the fact that the esoteric Lucifer of the Archaic Doctrine is the opposite to what the theologians, such as the famous Demouss-Eaux and the Marquis of Mirville, mistakenly suppose, since he is an allegory of righteousness, symbol of the highest sacrifice (Christos-Lucifer) of the Gnostics and the god of Wisdom under an infinite number of names.

Light and shadow, mysterious symbiosis of the Solar Word, multiple perfect unity, INRI is Lucifer.

Demons

Those divine Logoi that committed the unforgivable error of falling into animal generation when reincarnated in human bodies, are depicted in the various religious theologies as if they had been punished.

These dark genies are the fallen Angels, authentic Demons in the most complete sense of the word.

It is absurd to affirm that these rebels would have given the mind to man; it is obvious that these Angels are truly cosmic failures.

It is appropriate now to remember the inhuman names of Andramelek, Belial, Moloch, Bael, etc., whose horrendous abominations can be studied by any adept of the White Lodge in the akashic records belonging to Nature.

Let us distinguish between an esoteric fall and a descent.

It is evident that these rebel Angels did not descend, they fell, and this is different.

Limbo

Being knowledgeable in Universal History, we are aware that the Orco of the classical Greeks and Romans is actually the Limbo of the Christian esotericists.

We emphasise here the transcendental idea that the Limbo is the antechamber room for the infernal worlds...

All caves that are known now, or are to be known in the future, form a vast and uninterrupted network that embraces the whole of the planet Earth, constituting the Orco of the classics---as we indicated some lines above---, the authentic Limbo of gnostic esotericism... the other world; that is, the place where we live after death.

That terrible mystical allegory that says, "Those innocent children that died without having received the Waters of Baptism live here", corresponds to the Limbo.

In gnostic esotericism these Waters give rise to a genesis, and constitute the "*ens seminis*", the essence of the semen, as indicated by Paracelsus.

The sacramental baptism of the various religious rites symbolises the Sex-Yoga, the Maithuna, the Sexual Magic. The key to salvation can be found in the marrow and in the semen, and everything that does not follow this path is certainly a waste of time.

Innocent children are those saints that did not work with *the spermatoc waters of the first instant*, virtuous people who thought it possible to achieve the intimate self-realisation of the Being without fulfilling the commitment of the Sacrament of Baptism; they did not know Sexual Magic, or, emphatically, they rejected it.

Only Mercury, the lord and summoner of souls, holding the Caduceus of Knowledge, can call again to life these unhappy innocent creatures precipitated into the Orco.

Only him, the Arch-Magician and Hierophant, could cause them to be reborn in a propitious environment, for the fruitful and creative work in the Forge of the Cyclops.

This is the way in which Mercury, the Harbinger and Sun Wolf, causes the souls of Limbo to join the celestial militias...

Purgatory

Let us define Purgatory in the following manner: molecular inferior region, zone of sublunar type, submerged astral (secondary Kamaloka).

In the purgatorial world we must incinerate the seeds of evil, annihilate the infrahuman larvae of all kinds, purge ourselves of corruption, and radically purify ourselves.

When writing about Purgatory, Dante Alighieri says,

"We advanced until we reached a place which at first had appeared to be merely a gap, like a breach dividing a wall, and I saw a gate, towards which it was possible to climb by three steps of different colours, and a warder that as yet spoke not a single word.

As I looked at him more intently, I saw that he was seated on the uppermost step; his face was so bright that I could not fix my sight on him. He had in his hand a naked sword, which so reflected its rays towards us that it was in vain that I tried to look at it.

---Say from there, what do you want? ---He started to say---Where is your escort? Take care that your arrival is not ill fated.

---A Heavenly Lady, who knows about these things---my Master replied--- has told us not long ago: Go there, that is the gate.

Happily she guides your path---replied the courteous warder. Come forward, then, and mount our steps.

We came forward. The first step was made of white marble, so polished and solid that I could see my reflection on it. The second, darker than turquoise, was made of blackened rough stone, split through its length and breadth. The third, standing above the rest, appeared to be made of a porphyry as red as the blood that flows along the veins. The Angel of God rested both his feet on this step, and was seated on the lintel, which appeared to be made of diamonds. My guide led me willingly along the three steps, saying, "Ask with humility to withdraw the bolt."

Devoutly, I knelt before the holy feet. I struck my chest three times, and then I asked him to open up, for the sake of mercy.

He traced seven times on my forehead with the point of his Sword the letter "P", and said, "Try to wash away these wounds once you are inside."

Immediately he got from under his garment, which was the colour of ash or of the dry earth, two keys, one of which was made of gold, the other of silver. First with the white one and then with the yellow one, he did on the door what I wished.

"When one of these keys fails and does not turn rightly in the lock ---he told us--- the entrance does not open. One of them is more precious, but the other requires more

art and intelligence before opening up because it is the one that moves the spring. Peter gave them to me, warning me that it was preferable to err in opening rather than to keep it locked, provided that the sinners kneel at my feet."

Afterwards, he pushed the door towards the sacred enclosure, saying: "Come in, but I must warn you that anyone who looks backwards returns outside."

Then the pivots of the sacred door---metallic, strong, sonorous--- turned in their hinges, the Tarpeian roared not so loud, nor showed itself so stubborn when the god Metellus was taken from it so that it was left bare.

I heard a sound, and it appeared that I could hear voices that sang accompanied by some sweet melodies: "Te Deum laudamos".

What I could hear gave me the same impression one sometimes get when people are singing with an organ, and the words are now distinguished, now lost.

(The Divine Comedy" by Dante, Purgatory, Canto IX)

The Divine Mother

Mary, or better RAM-IO, is the same Isis, Juno, Demeter, Ceres, Maia, the Divine Cosmic Mother, the serpentine power that underlies the living base of all organic and inorganic matter.

Mary Magdalene

Without any doubt, the beautiful Magdalene is the same Salambo, Matra, Ishtar, Astarte, Aphrodite and Venus.

The solar aura of the reformed Magdalene consists of all priestess-wives in the world.

Blessed are the men that find refuge in this aura, because they will have the Heavenly Kingdom.

Christ

Among the Persians, Christ is Ormuz, Ahura-Mazda, the antithesis of Ahariman (Satan).

In the sacred land of the Vedas, Christ is Vishnu, the Second Logos, the sublime emanation of Brahma, the First Logos.

The Hindustanic Jesus is the avatar Krishna. The Gospel of this Master is similar to that of the Divine Rabbi from Galilee.

Amongst the ancient Chinese, Fu-Hi is the Cosmic Christ, who wrote the famous "I-Ching", the book of laws, and who appointed Dragons as ministers for the benefit of humanity.

In the sunny country of Kem, in the land of the Pharaohs, Christ is in fact Osiris, and whoever incarnated Him became, therefore, Osirified.

Quetzalcoatl, the white God, is the Mexican Christ, and lives now in distant Tule.

Immaculate Conceptions

It is urgent to understand the actual nature of the immaculate conceptions. These abound in all the ancient cults. Fu-Hi, Quetzalcoatl, Buddha and many others, are the results of immaculate conceptions.

The Sacred Fire fecundates the Waters of Life so that the Master is born within us.

Every angel is certainly the son of the Divine Mother Kundalini; she is actually a virgin before, during and after childbirth.

We can assert the following in a solemn manner: The Husband of Devi Kundalini, our own Cosmic Mother, is the Third Logos, the Holy Ghost, Shiva the first-born of Creation, our intimate Monad, individual or better said, superindividual Monad.

Chapter 3

Spiritualism

I was still a boy of twelve springs when I, with someone else who was eagerly investigating the mysteries of the worlds beyond, decided to inquire and investigate the disturbing subject of spiritualism.

With the tenacity of a monk working in his cell I studied a large number of metaphysical works, by authors such as Luis Zea Uribe, Camille Flammarion, Kardek, Leon Denis, Cesare Lombroso, etc.

The first work of a series by Kardek appeared to be very interesting, but I had to read it three times so that I could understand it in its entirety.

I became a library mouse. I must confess that I developed a passion for "*The Book of the Spirits*"; afterwards I continued reading many other volumes full of interesting material.

With my mind closed firmly against anything other than this study, I used to shut myself up in my home or in the public library with an evident desire to search for the Secret Path.

Without pretending to be a renowned scholar in these matters, I intend now to show the results of my researches concerning spiritualism.

Mediums

Passive, receptive subjects that transfer their own matter, their own bodies, to the metaphysical ghosts from beyond the grave.

It is unquestionable that the karma associated with mediums is epilepsy. Clearly people who suffer from epilepsy were mediums in their previous lives.

Experiments

1. A certain lady, whose name I will not mention, constantly saw the ghost of a dead woman. This spirit whispered many things to her.

This lady fell into a trance during a solemn spiritualist *séance*. The ghost directed the lady to dig in a definite place in the house, because there---it said to her---she would find a large treasure.

The directions given by the ghost were followed, but unfortunately no treasure was found.

It is unquestionable that this fortune was only a mental projection of the subjective psyche of those present. It is obvious that these people were at heart very greedy.

2. Far away in time and distance, very distant from my beloved Mexican country, I had to go into the state of Zulia, in Venezuela, South America.

I was a guest of my host at his country home, and I must assert that during that time I was eyewitness to an unusual metaphysical occurrence.

It is convenient to tell my readers now that my host was, without any doubt, a very humble person, of the coloured race.

It is unquestionable that this good man, though very generous with the needy, spent much on great banquets.

It was impossible for this good man to live in a hotel amid educated people, or to feel resentful towards somebody with any motive whatsoever. He certainly preferred to devote himself to his task, the hard misfortunes of daily work.

This gentleman appeared to have the gift of ubiquity, since he was seen all over the place, here, there, everywhere.

One of the many evenings I spent with him, he invited me with much secrecy to a spiritualist *séance*. I did not want to refuse such a kind invitation.

We were seated around a three-legged table, three persons together under the roof of the old country house.

My host, filled with immense veneration, opened a small box that he always took with him on his travels and from it extracted a native skull.

Later on he recited some beautiful prayers and called out loudly for the ghost of this mysterious skull.

It was midnight; the sky was overcast with black, sinister clouds, which were outlined against the tropical horizon. It was raining, and the region was badly shaken by thunder and lightning.

Strange knocks were felt from the inside of the box, and then, defying the law of gravity, mocking the old texts of physics, the table raised up from the floor.

Then most sensational thing happened: the ghost that had been called materialised in the room and passed next to me.

At the end, the table leaned towards me, and the skull, that was on the table, came to rest in my arms.

"Enough!" cried out my host. "The storm is very intense, and under these conditions such invocations are very dangerous". At that precise moment a terrifying burst of lightning made the face of the conjurer turn pale.

3. Wandering about one of those old alleys one day in the Ciudad de Mexico D.F. moved by a strange curiosity, I managed, with some other people, to enter an old house where a spiritualist centre operated.

There was an exquisite drawing room of great refinement and with many delicate, emotional and important people.

In a respectful manner I sat down in front of the stage; I was determined not to take any risks.

My purpose in going into this place was certainly not to get imbued with the spiritualist doctrines, or even less to have commerce with evil, pretending friendliness and false piety.

I only wanted to take some notes of all the details, trying to show flexible understanding and common sense.

It is not part of the spiritualist mentality to practise public speaking.

The sacred brotherhood of the mystery waited with longing for mystical voices and words from beyond the grave.

A gentleman of some age fell into a trance independently of the others and started to convulse as if he were having an epileptic fit; he then mounted the stage, occupied the platform and started to speak.

"Here, among you, Jesus of Nazareth, the Christ", the poor possessed soul announced in a loud voice.

During those terrible instants the stage---decorated with flowers and candles---started to shake horribly, and all those devoted people fell prostrate to the ground.

Without wishing to disturb anybody in the performance of his or her duties, I started calmly to study the medium by means of my sixth sense. Full of anguish, I was able to verify with certainty the crude reality of that unusual metaphysical event. Obviously it was a sinister impostor of the left-hand path who exploited the credulity of these people by pretending to be Jesus Christ.

I saw with my clairvoyant powers a black sorcerer dressed in a tunic as red as blood.

The grim ghost inhabiting the physical body of the medium tried to speak in a Christian tone of voice when giving advice to the people in the audience so that these fanatics did not find him out.

At the end of this horrible *séance* I left the place with a strong wish to never go back.

4. It is romantic to live with your family, and work in peace and quiet, as if by magic, on your own land.

Sometimes, however, it is impossible to avoid taking risks, if it is with the objective of obtaining all the possible good for others.

Bounded by many intellectual walls, my desire was to acquire wisdom, and for this purpose I travelled when very young to many places of the world.

Far away in time and distance, in the distant remoteness of a South-American region known by the typical name of Quindío, I, being very flexible with understanding, had the opportunity to meet a spiritualist medium working as a blacksmith.

Without getting involved in discussions of any kind, the workman worked placidly in his red forge.

He was a strange spiritualist, a mystical lord with a bronzed figure, an athletic monk.

Good Heavens! I saw him in a sinister mediumistic trance, possessed by Beelzebub, Prince of all Demons.

I still remember those dark words with which the power of darkness closed the session:

"Bel tengo mental la petra i que a él le andube sedra, vao genizar le des". Then he signed: Beelzebub.

Blacksmith, paradoxical hermit. The day following the spiritualist meeting of the left-hand-path I found him very contrite, and he swore in the name of the living God that he would never again lend his body to the hideous being of darkness.

I used to see him sometimes at his forge consulting in a very sincere manner the spiritualist prayer book of Kardek.

Later on, full of mystical enthusiasm, he invited me to many exhaustive *séances*, in which, with infinite longing, he called forth Juan Hurtado "the Senior".

Without exaggerating, and for the good of my beloved readers, I must assert that this ghost, speaking through the medium, boasted of being able to manifest himself through one hundred and fifty mediums at the same time.

It is certainly normal to conclude with a speech (to someone) in rhyming words. However, at the time it appeared to me astounding to be able to pluralise himself into one hundred and fifty simultaneous, different discourses.

It is unquestionable that at that time of my life I still had not analysed the subject of the plurality of the Ego, of the Myself.

The Ego

Without wishing to overextend myself by deviating from my main subject in any way, I wish to emphasise very sincerely those matters, which I have experienced in a direct way.

The Ego mentioned above totally lacks any qualities, which are divine, self-exalting and dignified.

Let us be allowed to disagree with those who presuppose the existence of two Egos: one of a superior type, one of an inferior class.

We can certainly certify without any inconsistency the tremendous fact that for each person there is only one Ego, pluralized and terribly perverse.

This deep conviction is based on the experience lived by the author of this Esoteric Treatise.

In no way we need to publish immature ideas. We would never make the awful mistake of asserting absurd utopian propositions.

Our assertion has a copious documentation in every sacred text of ancient times.

As a living example of our assertion, we can remember the bloody battles of Arjuna against his beloved relatives (the Egos) in the "*Bhagavad Gita*" (The Song of the Lord).

It should be clear that these subjective, psychic aggregates evidently personify the entire set of psychological defects which all of us carry inside.

Rigorous experimental psychology indicates that the Consciousness is bottled up inside these subjective Egos.

What continues beyond the grave therefore is the Ego, a pile of Egos -Devils, the psychical aggregates.

The identification of such psychical aggregates in spiritualist centres is obvious and evident.

It is notoriously evident that these Egos-Devils, because of their multiplicity, can enter into many mediumistic bodies---as in the case of Juan Hurtado, "the Senior"---in order to achieve manifestation.

From a state of ecstasy, any Master of the Shamadhi would be able to give clear evidence of the following: those who manifest themselves through spiritualist mediums are certainly not the souls nor the spirits of the dead, but their Egos-Devils, the psychical aggregates which continue beyond the grave.

We have been told with much emphasis that during the post--mortem state mediums continue being possessed by the devil, or by some devils. It is unquestionable that after some time they end up divorcing themselves from their own Divine Being; then they join the submerged involution of the infernal worlds.

Chapter 4

Theosophy

Without being involved in any way in delicate and many-sided matters of a philosophical and metaphysical type, I must confess frankly and with utmost sincerity that I had not yet arrived at the sixteen springs of my present existence, when I was involved in many important and interesting matters.

With infinite eagerness I decided to analyse in detail the problems of the spirit under the light of modern science.

I was very interested then in the scientific experiments of the English physicist William Crookes, eminent discoverer of the radiant state of matter and of thallium, illustrious member of the Royal Society of Great Britain.

In my opinion, the materialisation of the ghost of Katie King actually in the laboratory were sensational; this subject was studied by Crookes in his *"Measurement of psychic forces"*.

Many sacred subjects from antiquity appeared to me as excellent, exceptional and marvellous, such as the Snake of Paradise, the ass of Balaam, the words of the Sphinx, the mysterious dawn voices of the statues of Mennon, the terrible Mene-Tecel-Phares of the feast of Balthasar; the Seraphim of Theran, the father of Abraham; the Oracles of Delphi; the Betylos or talking stones of Destiny, the oscillatory, magic menhirs of the druids; the enigmatic voices of all the necromantic bloody sacrifices, the authentic origin of the whole of classic tragedy, whose indiscreet revelations in Prometheus, the Choephoroe and the Eumenides cost his life to the Initiate Aeschylus; the words of Tiresias, the soothsayer evoked by Ulysses in *"The Odyssey"*, at the edge of the hole filled with the blood of the propitiatory black lamb; the secret voices that Alaric heard ordering him to destroy sinful Rome, and those that the maid of Orleans heard so that she would destroy the English, etc., etc.

Having been taught good manners by my parents, and without trying great oratory feats when engaging in public speaking, I was giving lectures to the Theosophical Society at the age of seventeen years.

I received the theosophist diploma from Jinarajadasa, illustrious president of that august Society, whom at that time I knew personally.

Being quite sure of my temperament, I then became well informed concerning the strange, mysterious knocks in Rochester, the classical psychical phenomena at the farm belonging to the Eddy family, where the Theosophical Society was born; I had accumulated much data related to the evocative tripods of the Pitonisas of ancient times, I knew about haunted houses and of post-mortem apparitions and was well acquainted with all telepathic phenomena.

Unquestionably, having so much metaphysical data in my poor, overstretched mind, I had become a very demanding scholar.

However, I sincerely wished to give shape to my heart by means of the good theosophical criteria, and I had a real feast with the works I found in the rich library.

With mystical surprise, I found an inexhaustible spring of Divine Knowledge in the pages of *"The Secret Doctrine"*, the extraordinary work of the Venerable Great Master Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, the sublime martyr of the XIX century.

Let us consider now the following interesting notes:

"1885. In his diary, Colonel Olcott notes on the 9th of January.

H.P.B. has received from Master M. the plan for her "Secret Doctrine". It is excellent. Oakley and I tried to draw up such a plan last night, but this one is much better.

The machinations by the couple Coulomb hastened the departure of H.P.B. from Adyar, and she arrived in Europe in March, carrying the precious manuscript. "When I was getting ready to board the ship, Subba Row advised me to write "The Secret Doctrine", and that every week he should receive what I had written. I promised this, and I will indeed do it...since he will add notes and commentaries, and then the Theosophical Society will publish it."

During that year, the Master K.H. wrote: "When "The Secret Doctrine "is ready, it will be a joint production by M., Upasika and I."

It is evident that these notes draw us to meditation. However, it is clear that the Venerable Master interpreted the Teachings, adapting them for our times.

Once finished with the theoretical studies of a theosophical type, I intensively practised Raya-Yoga, Bhakti, Jnana-Yoga, Karma-Yoga, etc., etc., etc.

I obtained multiple psychical benefits from the practical yoga commended by this venerable institution. Since the most worthy Master H.P.B. always considered the Hatha-Yoga as something inferior, I wish to assert that I was never interested in this branch of the Hindustani yoga. Much later, I was invited to a great assembly of the venerable Great White Lodge, where Hatha-Yoga was proclaimed as Black Magic.

Chapter 5

The Rosicrucian Fraternity

I was already in the eighteenth spring of my adolescence, in my present reincarnation, when I had the great honour of becoming a member of the Ancient Rosicrucian School. This worthy institution was fortunately founded by the great Dr Arnoldo Krumm-Heller, doctor-colonel of the glorious mexican army, illustrious veteran of the Mexican Revolution, distinguished professor of the Medical University in Berlin, Germany; notable scientist, extraordinary polyglot.

I turned up at the "Aula Lucis", then presided over by an illustrious gentleman of great intelligence; I will confess that, being a head-strong lad, I started arguing and showing some arrogance, but I finished studying.

What seemed best for me was to go and sit near the wall, at the corner of the classroom, enraptured in ecstasy.

Needless to say that, even when I was steeped into many intricate theories of vast content, I yearned with infinite longing to find my old way, the Path of the Razor's Edge.

Carefully excluding any feelings of pseudo-piety and any insubstantial wordiness, I definitely decided to combine theory and practice.

Without prostituting my intelligence for gold, I truly preferred to prostrate myself, full of humility, in the presence of the Demiurge Creator of the Universe.

I found a rich and inexhaustible source of exquisite splendours in the magnificent works of Krumm Heller, Hartman, Eliphas Levi, Steiner, Max Heindel, etc., etc., etc.

Without boasting, I declare seriously, sincerely and emphatically that during that period of my life I studied in an orderly fashion the whole of the Rosicrucian library.

With infinite yearning, I searched along the road for a traveller possessing a precious balsam to heal my aching heart.

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

The great Kabir Jesus said, "Knock and it shall be opened unto you, ask and it shall be given you, search and you shall find."

In the name of that which is Real, I declare the following: according to the teachings of the Christian Gospel, I asked and it was given to me, I searched and did find, I knocked and it was opened.

When dealing with such long and complex studies as those of the Rosicrucians, it is unquestionable that there is no way in which all the topics could be contained in the narrow frame of the present chapter; therefore I will only synthesize and draw some conclusions.

FRONTAL CHAKRA. It is developed by the intonation of the vowel I, as follows: iiiiii. Faculty: Clairvoyance.

LARYNGEAL CHAKRA. It is developed by singing the vowel E, as follows: eeeeeee. Faculty: Magic Hearing.

CARDIAC CHAKRA. It is developed by vocalizing the letter O, as follows: ooooooooo. Faculties: Intuition, inspiration, astral projection, etc., etc.

UMBILICAL CHAKRA. It is developed by singing the vowel U, as follows: uuuuuuuu. Faculties: Telepathy.

PULMONARY CHAKRA. These are developed by singing the letter A, as follows: aaaaaaaa. Faculty: Remembrance of past existences.

I.E.O.U.A. is the order of the vowels. All mantras are formed with these letters.

Dr Krumm Heller used to say that an hour of daily vocalization was better than reading a million books on pseudoesotericism and pseudooccultism.

I used to inhale with supreme ardour the Christic Prana, the vital breath of the mountains, and then exhaled slowly, making the corresponding vowel resonate.

For the sake of clarity, I shall indicate that each vowel was preceded by an inhalation, and that it resonated only at the exhalation. It is obvious that I inhaled by the nostrils and exhaled by the mouth.

Concrete Results

All my astral chakras or magnetic centres intensified their vibratory activity rotating positively from left to right like the hands of a clock observed from the front, and not from its side.

Retrospective Exercise

Using a fair amount of didactics, the professor taught us a certain marvellous retrospective exercise.

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

It is unquestionable that during the hours of sleep the human soul travels outside the physical body; it is important not to forget our intimate experiences when returning to the body.

He suggested to us to practice a retrospective exercise at that precise moment with the aim of remembering facts, occurrences and places visited during dreams.

Results

I solemnly declare that such a psychical exercise had astonishing results, because my recollections became more vivid, intense and deep.

Solar Plexus

According to the instructions of the professor, I used to sit every day, preferably at dawn, on a comfortable armchair with the face towards the east.

I imagined then in an extraordinary manner a gigantic golden cross, with the King Star as its basic centre, which cast divine rays from the east of the world that penetrated into my solar plexus after travelling the infinite space.

I was delighted when I combined this exercise with the mantric intonation of the vowel U, prolonging the sound as it should be done: uuuuuuuuuu.

Results

A result was the awakening of my telepathic eye (located as mentioned above in the region of the navel), and I became exquisitely hypersensitive.

Since this magnetic chakra has amazing capabilities such as the attraction and accumulation of the radiant energy of the solar globe, it is obvious that for this reason my lotus flowers or astral wheels could receive higher electromagnetic charges that intensified further the vibrating radioactivity.

It is appropriate to remind the reader at this moment that the solar plexus supplies all chakras of the human organism with solar radiations.

I can assert emphatically and solemnly that each of my astral chakras developed in an extraordinary manner, thus intensifying my clairvoyant and clairaudient perceptions, etc., etc., etc.

Departure

Just before I left this worthy institution, the professor said, *"None of those present here should dare to characterize himself as a Rosicrucian, because all of us are nothing but simple, ordinary candidates to become Rosicrucians"*.

And then he added with great solemnity, *"A Buddha, a Jesus, a Moria, a K.H., etc., etc., is a Rosicrucian"*.

Chapter 6

The Corsair

For some people of a very superficial nature, the theory of reincarnation is a reason for laughter; for others, who are very religious, it may be a taboo or a sin; for the pseudo-occultists, it is a very firm belief, and for the intellectual rascals, a crazy utopia. It is, however, a fact for those of us who remember our previous existences.

In the name of truth I must solemnly swear that I was born remembering all my past incarnations; to swear this is no crime. I am a man with an awakened Consciousness.

Obviously we must make a frank differentiation between Reincarnation and Return, two very different laws. This is not, however, the objective of the present chapter. After this preamble, let us go directly to the facts, and come to the point.

In days gone by, when the seas of the world were infested with pirate ships, I had a very bitter experience.

At that time, the boddhisattwa of the Angel Dióbulu Cartobu was reincarnated.

It should be asserted, with some emphasis, that that Being had a feminine body of magnificent beauty. It is a fact, that I was her father.

Unfortunately, at an ill-fated time, the cruel pirates that respected neither lives nor reputations, after laying waste the European town where we, together with many citizens, lived in peace, kidnapped the beautiful women of the town, among which was my daughter, an innocent maid of days gone by.

In spite of the terror of the inhabitants, I bravely managed, putting my own life in danger, to confront the treacherous captain of the pirate ship.

"Take my daughter away from that hell where you have put her, and I promise you that I will take your Soul from the hell in which it is now!"---Such were my painful exclamations.

The fearful corsair, looking at me fiercely, took pity on my insignificant person, and with an imperative voice ordered me to wait for a moment.

With infinite anxiety I watched the buccaneer return to his black vessel. I understand that he shrewdly managed to deceive his ruthless sea dogs. Anyhow, some moments later he gave me my daughter back.

Oh God and Hail Mary! But who could have thought that after several centuries I would find again the ego of this fearful pirate reincorporated in a new human organism!.

Thus is the Law of Eternal Return of all beings and things, and everything is repeated according to another law, that of Recurrence.

One night of great spiritual restlessness I joyfully found him among a select group of aspirants to become Rosicrucians.

That old corsair spoke English, and told me of his many travels; he had been a seaman working for a North American shipping company.

This friendship became, however, a will-o'-the-wisp, because soon I could verify that this man, in spite of his mystical yearnings, continued being, in his most intimate depths, an ancient corsair---the only difference being that he was now dressed in a modern fashion.

This gentleman got very excited telling me about his "astral experiences"; it was a fact that he could project at will.

One day we arranged a metaphysical transcendental session at the S.S.S. of Berlin, Germany.

This was a relatively new experience, because until then it had not yet occurred to me to carry out the experiment consisting of the voluntary projection of the eidolon; however, I knew I could do it, and therefore I dared to accept the appointment.

With total clarity I remember those solemn moments in which I became a spy of my own dream...

In a mystical ambush I waited for that instant of transition which exists between vigil and dream; I wanted to seize this moment of wonders to escape from my physical body.

The state of weariness and the first dream-like images were sufficient to warn me in an integral manner that the sought for moment had arrived...

In a delicate way I rose from my bed, and walking very quietly I left my home, feeling full of a spiritual, exquisite, delicious voluptuousness.

It is unquestionable that when I rose from my bed instants after starting to doze, the astral separation took place, the natural separation of the eidolon...

Exhibiting that singular shine of the astral body, I left these surroundings, wanting to go to the Temple in Berlin...

Delightfully, I was able to travel over the stormy waters of the Atlantic Ocean...

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

I walked silent as a ghost around those old streets that had served as a stage for the French Revolution...

Suddenly something unusual happened: a telepathic wave arrived at my solar plexus, and I felt the categorical imperative to go into a beautiful home...

There is no way in which I could regret crossing the opulent threshold of that noble mansion, since there I had the immense happiness of finding a friend of my past incarnations...

This friend floated happily, submerged in the fluid astral environment, outside the dense body that lay asleep in the perfumed mahogany bed ...

Also in that nuptial bed slept the delicious physical body of his love. Her sidereal soul, outside its mortal receptacle, shared the marvellous joy of her husband, and floated...

And I saw two tender infants of marvellous beauty happily playing among the magical charms of that dwelling...

I greeted my old friend, and also his ineffable Eve, but the children got scared at my unusual presence...

It appeared to me that it would be better to go out, to the streets of Paris, and my friend did not disagree with this idea. Talking, we moved away from the house full of delights...

We walked slowly, slowly, along those streets and avenues that point away from the center towards the periphery...

In the outskirts of this great metropolis, I proposed---point blank, as they say---that together we visited the esoteric temple of Berlin, Germany. This Initiate declined the invitation in an amiable manner, arguing that he had a wife and children and thus wanted to concentrate his attention on the economic problems of life...

With great regret I left this awakened man, lamenting the fact that he was postponing his esoteric work...

Suspending myself from the astral light of the wonders and marvels, I passed above some very old walls from antiquity...

Happy I travelled along the tortuous road that, serpentine, twisted and turned here and there...

Inebriated with ecstasy, I arrived at the Temple of the transparent walls. The entrance to this holy place was certainly very peculiar...

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

The temple of splendours shone, solemn, at the end of the enchanting garden...

The lattice iron doors that gave access to the beautiful park of the Sanctuary sometimes opened so that somebody could enter, sometimes they closed...

The whole of that delicate and wonderful ensemble stood out, illuminated by the immaculate light of the Universal Spirit of Life...

In front of the Sancta Sanctorum I found many noble applicants of various nationalities, countries and tongues...

Mystical souls that at that time when the physical body sleeps, moved by the strength of their yearning had escaped from the dense mortal shape to come to the Sancta...

These devoted people talked about ineffable themes. They reflected on the law of Karma, argued about extraordinary cosmic affairs...the perfume of friendship and the fragrance of sincerity arose from them...

In a state of goodwill I moved from here to there---everywhere--- looking for the audacious buccaneer that had dared to make this tremendous rendezvous...

I interrupted many groups asking for this gentleman, but nobody could give me an answer... I understood then that this old pirate had not kept his promise. I knew not why, and I felt let down,,,

Silently, I decided to get closer to the glorious door of the Temple of Knowledge. I wished to enter the holy place, but the Guardian closed the door, telling me: *"It is not time yet, go away..."*

Serenely, and understanding everything, I sat down joyfully on the symbolic stone very close to the portal of mystery...

At that moment of plenitude, I self-observed wholly. It is a fact that my psyche is not subjective; I was born with an awakened Consciousness and have access to objective knowledge...

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

I remembered my physical body that was now asleep in the remoteness of the western world, in a small town in America...

While self-observing I committed the error of confronting the astral and physical vehicles. Because of such comparisons I lost the ecstasy and returned immediately to the interior of my dense material sheath.

A few moments later I got up from the bed; I had achieved a marvellous astral split...

When I asked the old pirate in a severe manner the reason why he had been unable to carry out his promise, he could not give a satisfactory answer.

Thirty five years had passed since that time in which that old sea dog and I had agreed to that mysterious rendezvous....

Far away in time and distance, that strange character was only a memory lying among the dusty pages of my old chronicles...

However, I confess that after so many years I was amazed by something quite unusual...

One spring night, being absent from my dense mortal form, I saw the Lord Shiva, the Holy Ghost, my Sacred super individual Monad, with the ineffable appearance of the Ancient of the Days...

The Lord was admonishing the old corsair of the seas with great severity. It is unquestionable that his physical body was asleep in his bed at that time of the night...

Eagerly, I wanted to intervene as third party in the discord. The Old Man of the Centuries ordered me in a strong manner to be quiet...

Years ago the pirate had given me back my daughter, had taken her away from the hell in which he himself had put her...

Now my Real Being, Samael, struggled to free and emancipate him, to take him away from the infernal worlds...

Chapter 7

Meditation

Bounded by intellectual walls, fed up with so many complicated and difficult theories, I made up my mind to travel towards the tropical coast of the Caribbean sea...

Over there, far away, seated under the sparse shadow of a lonely tree like a hermit of times past, I decided to bury all this difficult retinue of useless rationalism...

With a blank mind, starting from radical zero, sunk in deep meditation, I searched inside myself for the Secret Master....

Without hesitation, I shall confess with sincerity that I took very seriously that sentence from the Gospel of Ancient Wisdom that says, to the letter: *"Before the false dawn appeared over the Earth, those that survived the hurricane and the storm praised the Intimate, and the heralds of the Dawn arose in front of them"*.

Obviously I was searching for the Intimate, I adored it in the secret of the meditation, worshipping him...

I knew that I would find it inside myself, in the unknown depths of my soul. And I did not have to wait long for the results...

Later on, I had to leave that sandy beach to take refuge in other countries, other places...

However, no matter where I was I continued my practices of meditation. Lying in bed or on the hard floor, I arranged myself in the shape of a burning star---legs and arms open at right and left---with the body totally relaxed...

I closed my eyes so that nothing in the world could distract me. Then I became intoxicated with the wine of meditation in the glass of perfect concentration.

Unquestionably, as I intensified my practices, I felt that I had really got nearer to the Intimate...

The vanities of the world did not interest me, knowing full well that everything in this valley of tears is transitory...

The Intimate and its secret, instantaneous answers were the only things that really concerned me...

There are extraordinary cosmic festivals that can never be forgotten, this is well known by the divines and the humans...

At this moment when I am writing these lines the pleasant dawn of a happy day comes to my memory...

From the interior garden of my home, outside the planetary body, kneeling humbly down, crying out with a great voice, I called the Intimate...

The Blessed One crossed over the threshold of my mansion. I saw him come to me in triumphal progress...

Dressed in precious zephyr and a white ineffable tunic, the Adorable came to me; I contemplated him happily...

The crown of the Hierophants glittered splendidly in his heavenly head, his body was made out of happiness...

Those valuable jewels mentioned in *The Apocalypse* of St John shone beautifully in his right hand...

The Lord gripped strongly the Wand of Mercury, the sceptre of the kings, the baton of the patriarchs...

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

In this way I approached the Intimate by the secret path of internal deep meditation. Now I speak because...

Chapter 8

The States of Jinn

It is a fact that, in spite of spending much of my life in many occupations, I had to investigate thoroughly the states of Jinn.

The reader should judge whether it is right that the findings given in this chapter should cause us to be amazed and happy; after all, we have been able to experience directly the actual existence of some of the lands and people of Jinn.

<< It will cause amazement that in the first third of the 18th century, when the superstitious Felipes no longer reigned, the same don Juan de Mur y Aguirre, former Governor of San Marcos de Arichoa in Peru, believed blindly in the existence of a multitude of mysterious islands present in all the seas of the world.

This was due to the fact that since La Gomera and La Palma used to send to The General and the Royal Audience rather fantastic reports concerning the repeated apparitions of such islands, they gave rise in the mood of the people---according to Viera--- to new attacks of wonderment, driving them to attempt for the fourth time the discovery of the island Non-Trabada¹.

It is true that this---also known as Encubierta, the Hidden island--- has not been seen again by mortals since the 18th century, because the aggressive scepticism that prevails in the world since the Encyclopaedia deserves nothing but that the veil of Maya should become denser and thicker, so that such ethereal mysteries, belonging to the fourth dimension, remain hidden.

The island Non-Trabada or Encubierta, also and more generally known as San Borondón---says Benítez in his "History of the Canary Islands"---is one of those enchanted places that have preoccupied modern people in the same way as the Golden Fleece fascinated the ancients. And indeed they had powerful reasons for this, since from the islands of La Palma, Gomera and Hierro one could occasionally see at the W.S.W. of the first and the W.N.W. of the last one, running in the direction North

¹ Not Found

to South, a kind of mountainous land which, according to the calculations usually accepted, was about 40 leagues from La Palma, and was of a size---we do not know how it was measured---of some 87 leagues in length by 28 of width, and that, since sometimes it was possible to see it from the Southeast of Tenerife, could have been about 28 degrees and some minutes of latitude North.

On April 3rd 1570, Dr Hernán Pérez de Grado, First Regent of the Audience of the Canary Islands, issued a stipulation directed to the islands of Palma, Gomera and Hierro, so that they do a precise research, with all the people that had observed the apparition of such a land, or had, by other means, proof of its existence.

In this way, the Portuguese pilot Pedro Vello, from Setubal, gave evidence that, because of a storm, he disembarked in the island Non-Trabada with two sailors from his crew, and there he saw some incredible wonders (extraordinary phenomena, footprints of giants, etc.)

Then, at dawn, the sky became cloudy, a horrifying hurricane started to blow, and him, afraid of losing his ship, went quickly back on board.

They lost sight of the land at the moment of setting sail, and soon after the hurricane stopped they tried to return to it, but it was impossible to find, so that they felt very distressed, especially since two sailors from the crew had stayed behind, abandoned in the thick of the forest. >>

This true Jinn history that I have just presented to the readers has been extracted verbatim from ancient chronicles...

Some old traditions---doubtless very respectable---say that during the Golden Age of Latium and the Liguria, the Divine King Janus or Saturn (I.A.O., Bacchus, Jehova) reigned over those holy people, Aryan tribes all, though from very different epochs and origins. Then, as in the corresponding era of the Hebrew people, it could be said that Jinn and men lived together happily.

The Jana, Yana, Gnana or Gnosis, is nothing but the science of Janus, that is, the science of Initiate Knowledge, the science of Enoichion, also known as the Seer, and the variants of his name are such that there is one in each tongue, such as Jan, Chan or Kan, Dan, Dzan, D'Jan, Jain, Jian, Ioan, Kwan-Swan, Thanos, Thoan, Chohan, all equivalent to the most sublime conception of a planetary Spirit, the Regent of Saturn, a Nazada, a Kabir in the most complete sense of the word.

For me, Jinn science is not an opinion, but an established truth, and if you want me to show it to you by means of a lived experience, listen patiently to the following story:

In my present reincarnation I had seen the autumn leaves fall thirty times when I had to work consciously and positively with the Doctrine of the Jinns or Janus.

One night full of marvels, Litelantes, my priestess-wife, made me a sublime invitation...

I was resting on my back on the wedding bed, in a relaxed state.

I must solemnly assert, for the good of the Great Cause, that at that time I was in a condition of alert novelty, alert perception.

I slept, observant and vigilant, as a watchman in times of war. I obviously yearned with infinite craving for something extraordinary.

After the well known, customary invocations, I felt as if another human being was settling on my relaxed body, on the blankets and bedclothes that were protecting me deliciously from the cold of the night.

Unquestionably it was Litelantes. I recognised her voice when in a vehement way she called me by my Christian name...

Ostensibly that Lady-Adept, through some extra help from 'Jinn' people, had managed to put her physical body inside the fourth dimension...

Let's go! She said, *let's go! Let's go!* I had waited for this moment for a long time with infinite yearning, so I urgently got up from our bed.

It is obvious and evident that when I got up, because of the help I had, I went over the barrier of the speed of light, remaining then standing next to the bed as a penitent and anchorite, with the physical body well submerged inside the fourth dimension.

Any sincere gnostic could certainly do the same if at the moment of starting to doze he would intensively concentrate on his special and individual Divine Mother Nature...

A very special magic formula is as follows:

**"I believe in God,
I believe in my Mother Nature,
and I believe in White Magic.
My Mother, carry me with my body.
Amen."**

This prayer should be prayed thousands of times at the moment of dozing off; it is convenient however not to forget the vulgar saying, *"Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition"*.

When you are feeling slightly drowsy get up from the bed, imploring, and then jump up with the intention of floating into the surrounding space. *"Have faith as a grain of mustard and you will move mountains"*.

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

Many succeed immediately, but others take months and even whole years to manage to enter into the Jinn paradise...

After this short but important indicative digression, we shall continue with our story.

I left my bedroom with a firm and determined step, went across a small courtyard and then on to the street.

Making way for me with much respect, a certain group of very elderly ladies bowed reverently at my insignificant, worthless person. I thanked them for the special deference.

I left the city followed very closely by that group of Jinn people, and went towards the neighbouring mountains.

I felt as if I had been plunged into a remote, ancient, sublunary past, and understood that I had penetrated the inferior cosmos...

I was subject to tests of courage, being forced to go over deep precipices...

Floating in the surrounding space of the fourth vertical, accompanied by Litelantes and the whole retinue of 'Jinn' people, I went over the stormy sea and arrived at a secret place of old Europe...

Courageously, I went into a certain castle, where I contemplated with astonishment a strange symbol under which there was a cross...

The return to my house was relatively easy, because it is a law in the fourth dimension that everything returns to its original point of departure.

Litelantes and I talked very joyfully about all this. We had obviously achieved a magnificent triumph.

Days later we continued with those experiments, and learned how to put the physical body in the superior cosmos...

Today, by direct experience, we know that with the help of the Divine Mother Kundalini we can put the physical body in a Jinn state, to travel around the superior cosmos.

Chapter 9

The Dionysian Wave

Unquestionably *Mammon* and *Dionysus* will never be able to be reconciled, being incompatible both in their form and their content.

In an irrefutable axiomatic manner we can---and must---define Mammon by means of two terms:

- A) Intellectualism.
- B) Money (gold, riches).

Correctly, and in a blunt and definitive manner, we must define a *Dionysus* as follows:

- A) Voluntary transmutation of the sexual libido.
- B) Mystical transcendental ecstasy.

It is appropriate to cite now among the grandeurs of this poor pygmy of a humanity, that date and hour---February 4th, 1962, between 2 and 3 P.M.---in which all the planets of our solar system got together in a supreme cosmic council, precisely in the brilliant constellation of Aquarius, to initiate the new Era surrounded by the august thundering of thought.

From that memorable date and under the regency of Uranus, the very venerable and most worthy Lord of Aquarius, the *Dionysian wave* vibrates intensely in the whole of Nature.

The following transcendental news should be emphasised: that this planet has been, is and always will be the brilliant heavenly body that rules and governs intelligently the sexual endocrine glands.

Now you can understand by yourselves the intrinsic cause that at this moment gives rise to the intensive Dionysian vibration.

The concrete fact that the earth-dwellers, in their overwhelming majority, did not rise up to the occasion, and were incapable of polarising that wave positively is evident and obvious...

To define the two aspects---positive-negative---of this cosmic vibration is urgent, pressing and indispensable.

Positive Dionysian pole: subliminal sexual pleasure, voluntary transmutation of the entity of the semen, awakened Consciousness, objective knowledge, superlative intuition, transcendental music by the great classical masters, etc.

Negative Dionysian pole: sexual degeneration, all kinds of infrasexualism, homosexuality, lesbianism, demoniac pleasures in the infernal worlds by means of drugs, mushrooms, alcohol; infernal music like that of the new wave, etc., etc., etc.

It is urgent to understand deeply the intimate processes of the two poles of the Dionysian wave...

As a living example of such a diametrically opposed pair of poles corresponding to the above-mentioned undulation, it is appropriate here to cite as illustration two contemporary revolutionary movements.

In a delicate way I want to refer clearly and without hesitation to the "*Universal International Christian Gnostic Movement*" and also to the obverse of the Dionysian medal, known by the sadly famous name of the "*Hippie Movement*".

Unquestionably, these two psychological antipodes are "per se" an unmistakable living demonstration of the pair of opposite poles of the tremendous Dionysian vibration.

Having arrived judiciously at this part of the present chapter, the need for a didactic confrontation becomes inevitable.

When one is trying to experience what is the Truth, the Reality, then Dionysian inebriation, ecstasy, shamadhi are obviously indispensable. Such an exaltation is a hundred per cent possible by means of the technique of meditation.

Psychedelia is different. This term should be translated as follows, *Psyche = Soul. Delia = Drug.*

Being more specific, we shall say: psychedelia is the antithesis of meditation. The drug hell is in the interior of the planetary organism in which we live, under the same skin of the earth's crust.

The hallucinatory mushrooms, pills, L.S.D., marijuana, etc., etc., etc., evidently intensify the vibratory capabilities of the subjective powers, but it is clear that they would never be able to awaken the Consciousness.

Drugs fundamentally alter the sexual genes; this has been scientifically demonstrated. As a consequence of such negative genetic mutations, the evident result is the birth of monstrous children.

Meditation and Psychedelia are incompatible, opposite, antagonistic; they will never be able to blend with each other.

Unquestionably these two factors of the Dionysian inebriation indicate and point to a psychological rebellion.

Gnostics and hippies got fed up with the vain intellectualism of Mammon, got fed up with so many theories, arrived at the conclusion that the mind is worthless as an instrument for research...

Zen? Gnana-Yoga? This is superlative. There are inside us in latent state faculties of cognition infinitely superior to the mind. Through them we can experiment in direct form with what is Real, that which does not belong to Time.

The Hippie movement preferred the drug hell; it undoubtedly defined itself perversely.

We gnostics, totally disillusioned by Mammon's futile intellectualism, drink the wine of meditation in the glass of perfect concentration.

Psychological changes, radical and deep, become urgent when the villains of the mind disillusion us.

It is necessary to go back to the starting point; only in this way is a radical transformation possible.

Sexology? Oh God and Hail Mary! Puritans are horrified by this subject...

It is written in letters of fire in the Scriptures that sex is a *stumbling block and a rock of scandal*²...

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

At the bare source of our existence, we just find a man, a woman and a coitus...

We are born naked, somebody cut our umbilical cord, we cry and then look for the maternal breast...

Clothes? Schools? Theories? Erudition? Money? Etc., etc., etc. All this came afterwards, as an extra.

Beliefs of all types exist everywhere. However, the only force that can transform us in an integral and unitotal manner is that one that has brought us into existence. I wish to refer to the creative energy of the first instant, sexual potency.

By logical consequence, the amorous delight, the erotic enjoyment, is the greatest happiness...

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

The hippies had a presentiment of all this when they rebelled against Mammon; however, they took the wrong road, and did not know how to synchronise with the positive pole of Dionysus.

We gnostics are different. We know how to enjoy, we like to transmute and sublimate the libido. This is not a crime.

The "*Hippie Movement*" marches resolutely by the involutive descending road of infrasexuality.

² 1 Pet 2:8

The "*Universal International Gnostic Christian Movement*" moves forward victoriously by the ascending path of the "*Supra-sexual*".

Chapter 10

The Sexual Fire

The sexual transmutation of the *ens seminis* into creative energy is possible when we carefully avoid the abominable spasm, the filthy orgasm of the fornicators.

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

The ascension of the seminal energy towards the brain takes place thanks to a certain pair of nerve fibres that, in the shape of an 8, unfolds splendidly to the left and right of the spine.

We have arrived, then, at the Caduceus of Mercury, with the wings of the spirit always open.

This pair of nerve fibres will never be found by means of a scalpel, because they are of a semi-etheric, semi-physical nature.

These are the two witness of the Apocalypse, the two olives and the two candelabra that are in front of the God of the Earth, and fire comes out of their mouth, devouring their enemies, if somebody wishes to harm them.

In the sacred country of the Vedas this pair of nerve fibres are known by the Sanskrit names of *Ida* and *Pingala*. The first is related to the left nasal cavity and the second to the right one.

It is obvious that the first of these *nadis* or channels is of a *lunar* type; it is apparent that the second is of a *solar* nature.

Many gnostic students could be surprised by the fact that, even if *Ida* has a cold and lunar nature, it has its roots in the right testicle.

Many disciples of our Gnostic Movement would feel surprised by the fact that, in spite of *Pingala* being of a strictly solar type, it really starts at the left testicle.

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

The right testicle finds its exact antipode in the left nasal cavity, and this is already demonstrated.

The left testicle finds its perfect antipode in the right nasal cavity, and obviously this is the way it must be.

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

It is unquestionable that the order of this pair of olives of the Temple becomes harmoniously inverted in women.

Ancient traditions that emerge from the deep night of all ages say that when the solar and lunar atoms of the seminal system make contact in the tribeni near the coccyx, then by simple electrical induction a third force awakens up. I wish to refer to the marvellous Fire of Love.

It is written in the old texts of the ancient wisdom that the inferior orifice of the medullar channel in common people is hermetically sealed. The seminal vapours open it so that the Sacred Fire of sexuality enters this way.

Along the medullar channel a marvellous set of varied channels can be found that interpenetrate without getting mixed up because they are situated in different dimensions. Let us remember the Sushumna and others, such as the Vajra, the Chitra, the Centralis and the famous Brahmanadi. The Fire of sexual delight ascends by this last one if we never commit the crime of spilling the semen.

It is absurd to emphasise the mistaken belief that the erotic Fire of all happiness starts the return trip towards the coccyx after the incarnation of Being (the Jivatma) in the heart of man.

It is a horrible untruth to affirm clumsily that the Divine Flame of Love, after having enjoyed its union with Paramashiva, separates during the return journey by the initial path.

Such a fatal return, the descent towards the coccyx, is only possible when the Initiate spills the semen; then he falls down fulminated by the terrible ray of the Cosmic Justice.

The rise of the sexual Fire by the medullar channel happens very slowly, according to the merits of the heart. The Cardiac Fires wisely control the miraculous ascent of the Flame of Love.

Obviously this erotic flame is not something automatic or mechanic, as many sincerely but mistakenly suppose. This serpentine Fire is awakened exclusively by sexual delight that is truthful and loving.

The erotic Flame of couples united by mere personal convenience would never rise by their medullar channels.

The ascent of the Holy Flame in the spines of adulterous men and women would be impossible.

The Fire of sexual delight would never rise in the spines of those who betray their guru.

The sexual Fire would never rise by the medullar channels of drunks, effeminates, lesbians, drug addicts, assassins, thieves, liars, slanderers, exploiters, the greedy, blasphemous, sacrilegious people, etc., etc., etc.

The Fire of sexual delight is like a wondrous serpent that emits when awakened a sound similar to that of a viper being egged on with a stick.

The sexual Fire, whose Sanskrit name is Kundalini, develops, revolutionises and ascends into the resplendent aura of the Maha-Chohan.

The ascent of the Flame of glowing happiness along the spinal channel, from vertebra to vertebra, degree by degree, is actually very slow. It would never ascend instantaneously, as some persons who do not have the correct information mistakenly suppose.

It is clear that the thirty-three degrees of the Occult Masonry correspond esoterically with the thirty-three spinal vertebrae.

When the alchemist commits the crime of spilling the *Cup of Hermes*---I am referring to seminal discharge--- he obviously loses masonic degrees because the Fire of amorous delights descends one or more vertebrae, according to the magnitude of the fault.

It is extremely difficult to recover lost degrees. It is written in the Cathedral of the Soul, however, that there is more joy for one sinner that repents than for a thousand righteous people who have no need of repentance.

In the Teaching of Love we are always assisted by the Elohim; they advise and help us.

The Adhyatmic University of the Wise examines periodically the candidates who, after having renounced Mammon (intellectualism and material riches), enjoy wisely the delights of Love in the nuptial bed.

The key to the redemption is found in the medulla and the semen, and everything that does not take this path is in fact a waste of time.

The Serpentine Fire (Kundalini) is twisted, like any snake, in three and a half turns in a certain magnetic centre situated in the coccyx, at the base of the spine.

When the sexual Serpent awakens to initiate its progress inside and above, we go through six transcendental mystical experiences that we can and should clearly define with six Sanskrit terms as follows:

Ananda: Certain spiritual happiness.

Kampan: Hypersensibility of an electrical and psychic type.

Utthan: Progressive increase of the self-consciousness, astral projection, transcendental mystical experiences in the superior worlds, etc.

Ghurni: Intense yearnings for the divine.

Murcha: States of lassitude, relaxation of the muscles and nerves during meditation in a natural and spontaneous manner.

Nidra: A specific mode of dreaming that, combined with interior deep meditation, becomes a shining shamadhi (ecstasy).

Unquestionably the Fire of Love confers on us infinite transcendental powers.

The sexual Flame is a truth in both systems of beliefs, associated with the Vedas and with Jehovah.

The sexual flame is the Goddess of the Word worshiped by the wise men. When awakened it confers illumination on us...

The erotic flame confers on us that divine Wisdom that is not of the mind, and is beyond time.

She gives also the *mukti* of the final beatitude and the *jnana* of liberation.

DI-ON-IS-IO. Dionisio (Dionysus). Dividing into syllables this magic word, this mantra of wonders, extraordinarily becomes the voluntary transmutation of the libido during paradisiac coitus.

Magic results of this mantra:

DI---intensified vibration of the creative organs.

ON---Intelligent movement of the creative energy in the whole of the sexual nervous system until being submerged in the Consciousness.

IS---This mantric syllable reminds us of the Isis Mysteries and their corresponding name, Isis. Obviously the vowel I and the letter S, prolonged by means of a sweet and peaceful whistle invokes the sexual Serpent so that it ascends victorious by the medullary spinal channel.

IO---Isolda, the androgynous lunar-solar being, Osiris-Isis, glints from the deep bottom of all ages, terrifyingly divine.

I, with its deep meaning, is certainly the lingam (phallus), the hebrew Iod.

O, is the eternal feminine, the uterus (yoni), the famous hebrew He.

IO. The integral transmutation of the libido takes place when we intone this last syllable of the magic word during the sexual moment.

Thus the Igneous Serpent of our magic powers awakens to start its exodus by the medullar channel.

The maternal aspect of the Sacred Flame stands out, patent and clear, as in a serpentine form it ascends along the spine.

Flame in a serpentine shape, divine sexual Flame, Most Sacred Mother Kundalini.

Outside the physical body our Cosmic Mother---particular to each of us, since everybody has his own---always assumes the marvellous presence of a virgin mother.

Once, no matter exactly when, I was outside the physical body, and found myself with my Sacred Mother in the interior of a precious enclosure.

After the usual embraces between son and mother, She sat down on a comfortable armchair opposite to me; I took advantage of the opportunity to ask some very necessary questions.

---Am I doing well now, my Mother?

---"Yes my son, you are doing well".

---Is it still necessary to practice Sexual Magic?

---"Yes, you still need it".

---Is it possible that somebody, there in the physical world, can find self-realisation without the need for Sexual Magic?

The answer to this last question was very strong and clear:

---"Impossible, my son, that is not possible".

I confess frankly and in plain language that I was amazed by these words from the Adorable. I remembered then with supreme pain the many pseudo esotericists and pseudo occultists truly yearning for the final liberation, but ignorant of the Sahaja Maithuna, the Sexual Magic, the marvellous key to the Great Arcanum.

There is no doubt that the way to the abyss is paved with good intentions.

Chapter 11

The Sacred Cow

Before the second transalpine catastrophe that fundamentally altered the configuration of the earth crust, there existed an old continent that today lies submerged under the tempestuous waters of the Atlantic Ocean.

I am referring in an emphatic manner to Atlantis, concerning which one can find many traditions in many places.

If not, consider the foreign names with Atlantean roots or with roots from the "barbarous tongues", as those cretinous Greeks used to say who also wanted to assassinate Anaxagoras when he dared to state that the Sun was a little bigger than half of the Peloponnese.

Names, I repeat, translated into the Egyptian language by the Saiphic priests, and returned to their original meaning by the divine Plato, by further translating them wonderfully into the Attic language.

Consider the adamantine thread of the millennial tradition from the original Atlantean people to Solon, continuing then with the two Christias and Master Plato...

Consider, I tell you, the extraordinary descriptions of botany, geography, zoology, mineralogy, politics, religion, customs, etc., of the people from Atlantis.

Look also with the eyes of a rebel eagle at the veiled references to the first Divine Kings from that ancient antediluvian continent, to which so many allusions appear in the pagan Mediterranean world as well as in the sacred ancient texts from the oriental world.

One can find detailed accounts concerning these sublime kings in the astonishing notes of Diodoro Siculo, which are still waiting to be studied.

Finally, consider---and this is the most interesting case---the same sacrifice of the Sacred Cow characteristic of the Brahmans, the Hebrews, the Moslems, the European gentiles and thousands of other nations...

It is unquestionable that our famed bullfights are really but an ancestral, very ancient survival of that Atlantean festivity of sacrifice, whose description can be found in many archaic secret books.

There are many legends in the world concerning those bulls that were released in the temple of Neptune, animals that were not subdued brutally as is done today, with lances and swords, but with lassos and other ingenious arts of classic bullfighting.

Once the symbolic beast was subjugated in the sacred bullring, it was immolated in honour of the Holy Gods of Atlantis, who, as Neptune himself, had involuted from the primitive solar state until they became beings of a lunar type.

The classic Art of the Bullfight is certainly something initiatory, and is related to the mysterious cult of the Sacred Cow...

Look at the Atlantean bullring in the temple of Neptune, and at the present day ring. They are certainly nothing more than a living zodiac, in which the honourable public sits down.

The Initiator or Hierophant is the Master, the *banderilleros*³ are the Companions. The *picadores*, in turn, are the Apprentices, who go on the horse---that is, with all of their weight on its untamed body---so that, sometimes, it falls dead during the hard struggle.

The Companions start feeling superior to the beast, to the animal Ego, when they put the *banderillas*; that is, they have become already, in the manner of Arjuna in the "*Bhagavad Gita*", the persecutors of the secret enemy. In the meanwhile the Master, dressed in the cape of his hierarchy, dominating Maya and gripping in his right hand the Flaming Sword of the Will, is like the god Krishna of that old poem, not the prosecutor, but the killer of the Ego, of the beast, the horrifying bellowing monster that was observed in Kameloc or Kamaloka by King Arthur, supreme chief of the illustrious Knights of the Round Table.

The glittering Atlantean bullfighting is, therefore, a regal art, deeply meaningful since it shows us through its brilliant symbolism the hard work that is necessary to lead us to the dissolution of the Ego.

Any backward look related to Esoteric Bullfighting will doubtless lead us to mystical findings of a transcendental order.

It is important to refer to the deep love that the bullfighter feels for his Virgin; it is clear that he gives himself totally to her before appearing with his bullfighter costume in the bullring.

This reminds us of the Isiac Mysteries, the terrible sacrifice of the Sacred Cow and the archaic cults of IO, whose origins can be traced to the dawn of life in our planet Earth.

It is moving, clear and definite, that only IO, Devi Kundalini, the Sacred Cow with five legs, the Divine Mother, truly possesses that Magic Serpentine Power that permits 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 associated with generation, and the ratio of the circumference to the diameter.

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

IO is also the swastika, fohat or the transcendent sexual electricity that are represented by the cross inside a circle, a symbol of the Earth, about which a whole book could be written.

It is written with letters of fire in the Book of Life that such a symbol as the swastika, in the shape of a mathematical co-ordinator, has existed in all countries of the world since the night of the centuries.

It is necessary that with the utmost urgency we become "cowherds", that is, wise guides of the Sacred Cow.

³ The men who stick barbed darts in a bull's back.

The Venerable Great Master H.P.B. actually saw, in India, an authentic cow with five legs. It was a true caprice of Nature, an immaculate miracle, white, ineffable...

Mr Mario Roso de Luna has said that that singular creature carried the fifth leg on its back, and used it to scare flies away, or to scratch itself...

This curious animal was led by a young man of the Sadhu sect. Exclusively the milk of this mysterious cow nourished this lad.

The esoteric symbolism, wonderful and glorious, of the Cow with five legs, is obvious and manifest.

Lively, clear expression of the five unfoldings of our Divine Mother Kundalini, very special...

Let us remember the sign of the infinite, the eight lying down horizontally and equated to a five, which means, read literally, "Infinity equals five"; that is, the infinity equals the Pentalpha, the Ineffable Cow of the five legs, the Star with the five points, or regular star-like pentagon, that stopped Mephistopheles when he came up in response to the invocation of Doctor Faustus...

It is indispensable for the good of everybody and of each of our students to define these five aspects:

- A) The Un-Manifested Kundalini.
- B) Ineffable Isis, Chaste Diana (Wisdom, Love, Power).
- C) The Greek Hekate, the Egyptian Proserpine, the Aztec Coatlicue (the Queen of Hell and Death. Terror of Love and Law).
- D) The particular individual Mother Nature (the one that created our physical body).
- E) The Elemental Instinctive Magician (the one that originated our instincts).

The "cowherd", the guide of the Sacred Cow, can and must work in the Teaching of these five powers of the Sacred Cow, the Pentalpha...

I solemnly and emphatically declare the following: I work directly with the five powers of the Sacred Cow...

It is a duty to illustrate, clarify and teach about the Pentalpha; I prefer to do this by means of living stories.

First Story

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

Remember for a moment the *bacchantes* when they were in a state of orgiastic rage...

Feminine beauties polarised positively with the dionysian wave, *nymphs* from the forests and mountains pursued by the lascivious *silenus*...

Look now at the ridiculous *maenads*, negatively polarised with the wave of Dionysus...

Dancers unbridled in the rage of their sacred madness. "Hippie" women from ancient Greece...

Female prostitutes excited by drugs, in full dionysian drunkenness... The human and animal sacrifices made them even more dangerous...

The lusty *maenads* killed Orpheus, and the wonderful lyre fell on the temple pavement, broken up...

Once I was telling 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 rage were not lacking there...

Ridiculous scenes of times gone by, when I walked the world of Kali-Yuga as a fallen bodhisattwa.

However, there are stellar moments for humanity. A cosmic reminder is truly very necessary...

Outside the physical vehicle, in the astral body, I entered the subterranean world, below the Euclidean three-dimensional zone.

What happened then was very frightful. What I saw there in the horrible submerged region was the same that had been seen before by people like Hoffman, Edgar Allan Poe, Blavatsky, Bulwer-Litton, the same things depicted with the distress of the poet by Espronceda, with his demoniac choirs composed of the discordant voices of those that sail without direction the ship of life, trusting like madmen on the wind of the passions and on the sinister sea of doubt towards good deeds, of those that fatally marry with destiny, of those proud people that want to build Towers of Babel of stupid ambitions, of those that lie, of those that fight for worldly glory, of those that stain themselves in the pleasures of the orgy, of those that covet gold, of those idle people that hate creative and fruitful work, of the villains, of the hypocrites and other victims of the Proteous of selfishness...

There appeared claws, teeth, horns, trunks, shafts, tails, serrated wings, lacerating rings that threatened to obliterate me as the lowest worm...

At that moment many horrible sounds arrived at my magic ears: screams, howling, whistles, neighing, chirping, mooing, squawks, meows, barking, spitting and snoring.

I found myself submerged in the mud of all that misery; distress overtook me; I waited anxiously for a balm to cure my aching heart...

The lucubrations of those great seers of the astral, the alchemists, kabbalist, occultists, esotericists, yogis, gnostics or simply poets, were not in vain.

Suddenly something unusual happens beyond the muddy waters of Acheron: the horrible door that gives access to the Home of Pluto turns on its hinges...

Feeling intensely moved, I tremble, and have a premonition that something terrible has happened. I am not wrong... I see her; the Un-Manifested Kundalini has crossed over the threshold of the place where the lost souls live...

Magnificent, excellent, extraordinary, divine Madonna, she approaches me with a magisterial step. I do not know what to do, I feel simultaneously fear and love...

Cosmic reminder? Recrimination? The Adorable One speaks with a voice from Paradise, blesses me and then continues her way as if progressing towards the dreaded walls of the city of Dite.

In the depths of my Consciousness I felt at that time as if She also wanted to help others that live around the city of pain, where we cannot enter anymore without just indignation...

It is said that Dante, looking out from the high tower with a flaming pinnacle, saw the Three Infernal Furies suddenly appear, and that they had feminine movements and organs...

I remembered all this instantaneously; in no way did I want---being a miserable mortal made from the mud of the earth----to become one more inhabitant of the city of pain.

Luckily I experienced the immense happiness of being able to get out from the entrails of the Avern and appear in the sunlight...

Early in the morning of another day somebody knocks at my door; it is an old secondary school teacher...

That good gentleman invites me to a graduation party. His daughter has finished her studies with great success...

It is impossible to decline his invitation! He is my friend and I even owe him some services. There is no way in which I am prepared to refuse him...

After all the usual personal grooming, Litelantes and my insignificant, worthless person left our home with the intention of going to the house of the teacher.

Many people, smartly dressed, received us very cordially in the great house...

Delectable music could be heard in the room, happy people went here and there, delighted couples danced on the soft carpet.

Several times my splendid host came to us to offer us the fermented wine...

I saw over and over again from close by the brilliant glasses of delicate baccarat; however, I emphatically rejected Bacchus and his orgies. I felt, in my heart, remorseful ... my host became caustic, incisive and even a bit hurtful...

Unquestionably he became by worst enemy, supposing wrongly that I had snubbed his party...

Later on he spread several libellous lies against me, and hurled against my insignificant person all of the venom of his criticisms...

Not happy with all of this, he resorted to public calumny, accusing me in front of the tribunals of justice of supposed crimes of which I am still ignorant...

That gentleman died later in an unfortunate automobile accident.

I now believe that in the party I behaved like an immature beginner, I lacked diplomacy.

There are guests in all the drawing rooms of the world that know how to play with the devil; they spend the whole night holding a glass, and they defend themselves in a marvellous manner.

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 Story

We move now to a very singular story, in which we will not refer to marvellous meals or to banquets in the manner of Heliogabalus...

**"What a restful life
for the one who escapes from mundane strife
and follows the hidden path
on where have walked
the few wise men
who in the world have lived!**

**Let not your heart be confused
as the great arrogant condition
neither of the golden ceilings rests
be wondrous, whose construction
by the wise moor, is on jaspers foundation!... "**

The huntress Venus, descending from the high mountains with the purpose of helping her son Aeneas, the Trojan hero who has disembarked in the country of Libya, evokes unusual memories in me...

Isis, Adonia, Tonatzin (the second aspect of my Divine Mother Kundalini) came to me faster than a gust of air from Eurus...

She did not have the typical face of a mortal, but had a beauty impossible to define in words, and appeared to be a sister of Phoebus Apollo...

I was in her loving immaculate arms. The Adorable appeared to be a grievous woman, like the one from the biblical Christian Gospel...

I was hungry and she gave me food, thirsty and she gave me drink, I was ill and she cured me. It is impossible to forget her words, *"My son, without me, you would be totally orphaned in the hour of death"*.

Then she continued, saying: "You, without me, would be totally alone in this world. What would your life be without me?".

Later on I repeated, *"Certainly, without you, my Mother, I would be an orphan. I recognise fully that without your presence I would find myself completely alone at the time of death"*.

Life becomes a desert when one has died in oneself: without the help of our Divine Mother Kundalini in the entire presence of our Being, we would find ourselves internally 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 inside the hidden depths of each creature.

Oh Maha Saraswati! Oh Maha Lakshmi! You are the ineffable wife of Shiva (the Holy Ghost).

Third Story

The legend of the Celestial Cow, whose milk is ambrosia, life and immortality, is something with a solid foundation, and ourselves the Adepts, like the divine Gauthama or the Buddha leader of the Cow, work very seriously with the Teaching of the five aspects of Devi Kundalini.

We gnostics very much enjoy eating the apples of gold or of Freya, that give immortality to the gods...

We drink, happily, the liquor of the Soma or biblical Mana, with which we feel so comforted and vigorous as in the best moments of our youth...

A certain cosmic, transcendental event comes to my memory as I am writing these lines.

Many years ago, in a night of the full moon, I was transported to an extraordinary Monastery of the Universal White Brotherhood...

How happy I felt in that mansion of Love! Certainly there is no greater pleasure than the feeling that the Soul is detached... at those instants time does not exist and past and future join in an eternal now.

Following my friends along royal chambers and galleries, we arrived at a cool courtyard, a miniature copy of that of the Lions in the Alhambra.

A charming courtyard in which whispered, among flowers never seen or heard of, several fountains like those at the Divine Fountain of Castalia...

However, the best shone at the centre of the courtyard, and I contemplated it with the mystical surprise of a 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 goddess Mother Death, a funeral, spectral marvel...

The third aspect of my Divine Mother Kundalini, a stony living sculpture, tremendous representation of that which frightens mortals so much...

In plain language, I confess in the presence of divine and humans that I embraced the terrible goddess Death in total dyonisian drunkenness...

It was essential for me to become reconciled with the Law. Thus I had been told by the Brothers of the Order of St John, those Venerable ones that in themselves had already achieved the "Hyperborean Mystery".

When that cosmic festival was over, I had to meet with some ladies and gentlemen from the Holy Grail in the refectory of the Monastery...

With much secret and great enthusiasm, all the Brothers commented on the extraordinary event during the dinner...

Unquestionably the Animated Stones that in ancient Arcady radically modified the way of thinking of the sage Pausanias can be classified in two kinds: Ophites and Siderites, the *Stone-Serpent* and the *Stone-Star*.

Eusebio, especially, was never separated from his Ophites, which he carried in his breast, and received oracles from, uttered, by a small voice that appeared to be a slight whistle...

Arnobio tells that whenever he found a stone of this kind he never failed to ask it questions, which were answered by the stone in a small but clear and sharp voice...

Hekate, Proserpine, Coaticlue, in living animated stone, appeared to me as if she had sprouted from the Field of Death or from a grave in Carnac.

Fourth Story

“What is actually known by most people about Shamanism is very little, and even that has been adulterated, in the same way as the rest of the non-Christian religions.

It is sometimes called the paganism of Mongolia for no reason whatsoever, since it is one of the most ancient Indian religions, that is: the cult of the spirit, the belief in the immortality of souls and that these, beyond death, continue exhibiting the same characteristics of the men that they animated on earth, even if their bodies have lost, because of death, their objective form, changing the physical form for the spiritual one.

In its present form, such a belief is a shoot of Primitive Theurgy and a practical fusion of the visible world with the invisible.

When a foreigner naturalised in the country wishes to enter in communication with his invisible brothers, he has to assimilate their nature, that is, must find these beings by moving halfway along the way which separates them, and enriched then by them with a plentiful provision of spiritual essence, must give them in turn a part of his physical nature, to put them in this way in a position of being able to show themselves sometimes in a semi-objective form, which they usually lack.

Such a process entails a temporary change in natures, and is usually known as Theurgy.

Vulgar people call the shamans sorcerers, because they are said to evoke the spirits of the dead with the objective of practising necromancy; but true Shamanism cannot be judged by its degenerate ramifications in Siberia, in the same way that the religion of Gautama-Buddha cannot be confused with the fetishism of some self-appointed henchmen in Siam and Burma”.

Unquestionably magic invocations become simpler and more effective when one operates magically with the physical body totally submerged in the fourth dimension. If after going halfway into the path that separates us from our loved beings we can find our loved dead ones face to face, it would obviously be easier to accomplish this by going on for the totality of the path.

With the physical body submerged inside the fourth dimension, we can, as Jamblicus, invoke the Holy Gods to converse with them personally.

However, it is clear that we need with maximum urgency a point of support, a lever that permits us to jump with the physical body and all that to the fourth dimension.

It is appropriate to cite here that famous phrase of Archimedes, *“Give me a point of support and I will move the Universe”.*

In the eighth chapter of this book we talked with much emphasis about the magic agent of the Jinn states, I want to refer clearly to the fourth aspect of Devi Kundalini. (This is the point of support for the fourth vertical).

At the time in which I write these lines, some remembrances come to my mind, magnificent divine evocations.

It happened that during an autumnal night I decided to drink of the wine of meditation from the glass of perfect concentration.

The motive for my meditation was my particular Mother Nature, the fourth aspect of the Igneous Serpent of our magic powers.

To pray is to converse with God, and I talked to the Adorable begging her with silent words to take me with my physical body to the Terrestrial Paradise (the fourth dimension).

What soon happened in that night of mystery was astonishing: assisted by the Ineffable One I rose from my bed.

When I left my home and went out into the street I was able to prove that my physical body had penetrated into the fourth dimension...

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

Virgin, Lady of the wooded heights! Everything turns silent before you: the uncultivated Iberia, the Gaul that even when even dying challenges, grim; and the ferocious soldier who, humiliated, finally giving up his arms still respects you.

Adorable Madonna of mine, by the Gods who from the high heaven govern the mortals on Earth, I implore your help...

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

Her hair seemed to be a golden waterfall falling deliciously on her alabaster shoulders...

Her body was like that of mythological Venus, her hands, with conical beautiful fingers full of precious gems, had the christic form...

I talked to the Adorable in the forest and She told me things that earthly beings cannot understand...

My Mother shone, sublime, in the etheric world, in the fourth vertical, in the fourth dimension...

If, therefore, nothing gives relief for the aching breast, not the marble from Phrygia, not the magnificent purple, it is better to seek refuge in the delicious bosom of your particular and individual Divine Mother Nature...

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

It was Her who joined the ovum with the sperm in the human laboratory so that life would arise...

She is the creator of the germinal cell with its forty-eight chromosomes...

Without Her the cells of the embryo would not have multiplied and the organs would not have been formed...

Even if your soul is warped by suffering, stand firm, oh disciple! And give yourself humbly to your Mother Nature...

Fifth Story

"I want to see Ocean and Thetis, to whom we owe our existence, inside the terrestrial mansion".

The loves of Jupiter with the Virgin IO, who was transformed into the celestial calf or Sacred Cow of the orientals to escape the rages of Juno, is something that has very deep significance...

From here, then, the first Jupiter of the Greek theogony, father of all the gods, lord of the Universe and brother of Uranus or Ur-Anas, that is, the early Fire and Water; since it is known, according to the classics, that there were about three hundred Jupiters in the Greek pantheon.

In his other aspect of Jove or Iod-Eve, he is the male-female Jehovah, collective androgynes of Elohim of the mosaic books, Adam-Kadmon of the kabbalist, the Ia-Cho or Inacho of the Anatolia who is also Dionysus, whose vibratory wave has become very intense with the entry of the Sun in the brilliant constellation of Aquarius...

Jesus, the Great Kabir, never paid homage to the anthropomorphic Jehovah of the Jewish masses...

Talion's law, *"An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth"* of the vengeful Jehovah was followed by the Law of Love, *"Love each other as I have loved you"*.

If we examine the Sacred Scriptures with mystical enthusiasm, we can clearly prove the obvious and manifest fact that the anthropomorphic Hebraic Jehovah does not appear in any of the four Gospels.

RAM-IO, Mary, the Divine Mother Kundalini, always accompanied the Adorable, and there, in the Mount of the Skulls, we see her at the feet of the Cross...

"My Father, forgive them because they do not know what they are doing", cries the Divine Rabbi of Galilee from the majestic heights of Calvary.

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

In other words we shall say: the Great Kabir Jesus deeply loved Iod-Heve, the interior Divine Male-Female...

Iod is certainly the particular individual monad of each one, the Hindustani Shiva, the Arch-Hierophant and Arch-magician, the First Born of Creation, the Golden Fleece, the treasure we must take hold of after defeating the Dragon of Darkness...

Heve is the unfolding of Iod, the Divine Wife of Shiva, our individual Mother Kundalini, the Sacred Cow with five legs, the esoteric mystery of the Pentalpha.

Jupiter and his Cow of IO (iiii ooooo) have exact concomitance with the Iod-Heve, the divine interior Divine Couple of each creature.

We have studied four aspects of the Sacred Cow of IO. We continue now with the fifth mystery...

In the esoteric path there are cosmic intervals of a transcendent and transcendental nature.

After having become a member of the Temple of the *twice born*, I had to go through one of those intervals...

I want to refer in an emphatic manner to a sexual suspension, to a period of abstention that lasted for several years.

In the meantime I devoted myself exclusively to deep interior meditation...

Objective: to dissolve the psychological I, the Myself, the Oneself, which is certainly a node in the cosmic energy, a link we must reduce to a cosmic dust cloud.

It seemed to me fundamental to understand in a complete way each one of my psychological defects, but I wanted to go a bit further in the meditation path.

Understanding is not everything. We need to capture the deep significance of what we have understood with maximal, pressing urgency.

Any devotee of the Real Path could have had the pleasure of understanding a psychological defect in every territory of the mind, without however having achieved the perception of its deep significance.

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

Each defect was studied separately in a very methodical way; I never committed the error of wanting to catch ten hares at the same time. In no way did I want to risk a failure.

The meditation became exhaustive, turning deeper each time, and when I felt myself weakening I let my mind turn quiet and silent as if waiting for a revelation. The Truth came forth at those instants, I captured thus what is apart from time, the deep significance of the defect having been understood in an integral manner.

Afterwards I prayed, begged with vehemence to my Divine Mother Kundalini to eliminate from my mind the psychic aggregate, the psychological defect just identified.

In this way, little by little, with this didactic, with this "modus operandi", I managed during that pause to eliminate fifty per cent of the subjective, infrahuman elements that we carry with us and constitute the Ego, the I.

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

This work became frightfully difficult when I had to confront the oldest infrahuman elements.

Unquestionably my Divine Mother needed a superior kind of armament. I remembered the Lance of Eros, the marvellous emblem of transcendent sexuality, but I found myself experiencing a pause. What to do?

I had already been given a cosmic list of things to obtain, and a certain categorical imperative demanded that I go down again to the Burning Forge of Vulcan (the Sex), but I had not understood.

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

In vain I fought against the categorical imperative of the dyonisian waves. They were frightfully divine, omnipotent...

These supernatural powers appeared to constitute an apocalyptic disaster; I felt as if such forces could make the Earth burst into pieces.

When I wanted to search, investigate, inquire about the origin of such forces and sexual powers, I found myself face to face with the Elemental Magician, with my Divine Mother Kundalini in her fifth aspect.

She was very beautiful, though quite small, the size of a gnome or a pygmy...

She was dressed in a white tunic and long black cape that dragged along the ground. Her head was covered with a very special magical headdress.

Next to one of the two columns symbolising the Occult Masonry, the Adorable ordered me to undertake a new descent into the Ninth Sphere (the Sex).

Unluckily, I had believed that this was a trial, and thus I continued to disobey. I was certainly slow in understanding, and that was slowing me down.

After some time passed during which I was engaged in mortal struggles against a very infrahuman psychical aggregate that resisted violently its own disappearance, I had to appeal to the Lance of Longinus.

There was no other solution. I appealed to the transcendental sexual electricity, supplied to my Divine Mother Kundalini during metaphysical copulation, I asked her to grasp the Lance of Eros.

The result was extraordinary. My Sacred Mother, armed then with the Holy Pike, with the Divine Shaft, with the electrical-sexual power, was able to reduce to cosmic dust the horrible monster, the psychical aggregate that I had in vain tried to dissolve far from the chemical coitus.

In this way I abandoned my sexual pause and returned to the Forge of Cyclops. Working with the Holy Shaft I managed to reduce to cosmic dust every infrahuman element that constituted the Ego.

The Fifth aspect of Devi Kundalini gives us the sexual potency, the instinctive natural force, etc., etc., etc.

FIRST MOUNTAIN

THE INITIATION

Chapter 12

The Gnostic Church

The rigorous trials of Initiation by ordeal are well known by those that have already crossed to the *other side*...

It is not a crime to separate us from the monster with a thousand heads (humanity) so as to help it in an efficient manner...

I was thirty years old when I was submitted to terrible and frightful trials... It is worth the trouble to report what I then saw, what happened to me.

It was during the *night of mystery* when I felt near me the howl of a hurricane. Then I understood...

How lonely I was that night! However...whenever I went, here, there, anywhere, I soon saw myself surrounded by multitudes. I do not know how the people came to me and then...

Again the hurricane howled. Then I understood what it was that was taken by the wind... Today I speak because...

**"Which rumour
sounds afar
that the silence
of the serene and black
night
interrupted?"**

**"Is it the swift run of the horse
stretched in a flying escape,
or the harsh roar of the hungry beast,
or the whistle perhaps of Achilles,
or the hoarse echo of far off thunder
rumbling along the deep caverns,
or the sea threatening with its swollen trough
---a new Lucifer---the throne of his God?"**

Because all those spectres from *the night of mystery* were also seen by that poet, who sang thus:

**"Dense fog
covers the sky
and of spirits
becomes full,
wandering,
here the wind
and there, they cross
vaporious
and countless,
and here they take,
and there they gyrate,**

**now they get together,
they withdraw,
now they hide,
now they appear,
they rove, they fly".**

**"Vague swarm of vain ghosts
of diverse shapes, of varied colour,
on goats and serpents mounted and on ravens,
and on broomsticks, with dull rumour..."**

**"They pass on and escape,
return and grow,
they decrease,
evaporate,
colour,
and among shadows
and reflections,
near and far away,
now they vanish,
now they avoid me
with fear,
now they get agitated
with fury
in an aerial fantastic dance
around me".**

All those screams, howls, whistles, neighs, chirping, moos, squawks, meows, barking, snorts and snores the clairvoyant poet goes on hearing, talking to us with words that are livid and phosphoric brush-strokes by El Greco, in extraordinary apparitions such as those in *"Los Caprichos"* by Goya.

Everywhere shields with rampant lions, shells from Compostela, beheaded moors, fleurs-de-lis and trout, everywhere palaces and old houses in ruins, poverty and more poverty.

Many times I had to confront bravely the black powers referred to by the Apostle Paul of Tharsus in Chapter II of the *"Epistle to the Ephesians"*.

Unquestionably the most dangerous adversary of that night had the ghastly title of *anagarika*. I want to refer in an emphatic manner to the demon Cherenzi.

That repugnant and sinister creature had taught the world black tantrism (Sexual Magic with seminal ejaculation).

The result was apparent at a glance: diabolical tail and horrifying horns.

That Left Hand tantric demon arrived at my presence accompanied by two demons.

He appeared very satisfied with the abominable organ Kundartiguador, the satanic, magic, terrible tail, the sexual Fire projected from the coccyx towards the atomic hells of man, sequence and corollary of the black tantrism.

At point blank I asked him the following question, *"Do you know me?"*

Answer: *"Yes! I saw you in the city of Bacatá when I was giving a lecture"*.

What happened then was not very pleasant. That *anagarika* had recognised me, and enraged he emitted fire by the eyes and tail... He wanted to hurt me violently; I defended myself with the best conjurations from High Magic, and finally he ran away with his companions.

Lonely, I continued my course into *the night of the mystery*. The hurricane howled...

In the profound depths of my Consciousness I had the strange sensation of being in the process of saying goodbye to everything and everybody....

I entered the Gnostic Church panting, tired 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 sons of infidelity.

Temple of luminous marble, it appeared to be made of crystal because of its rare transparency.

The terrace of that Transcended Church dominated invincible like a glorious acropolis over the solemn site of a sacred pine grove...

From here, the starred, shining firmament could be contemplated as in ancient times in the Atlantean temples, those yearned today in the extraordinary poetry of Maeterlink, and from which Asura-Maya, the astronomer disciple of Narada, made the previous observations to discover the chronological cycles of thousands of years, teaching them to his beloved disciples at the light of the pale moon, and still being used by his devoted successors.

I advanced very slowly and in a reverent attitude into the holy place.

Something, however, surprises me. I see a certain person that crossing my path stops my progress. Another battle? I prepare my defence, but the person smiles sweetly and exclaim with a voice from paradise:

--You do not frighten me, I know you very well!

Ah! I recognise him at last...he is my guru Adolfo---who I have always called by the diminutive "Adolfito"---By God and the Virgin Mary! But... what was I doing?

--I am sorry, Master! I had not recognised you...

My guru leads me by the hand towards the interior of the Gnostic Church...

The Mahatma sits down and then invites me to sit at his side. Impossible to decline such a splendid invitation.

The dialog that took place then between Master and disciple was certainly extraordinary.

--Here in the Gnostic Church---said the Hierophant solemnly---you can only be married to one woman, not two.

In the past, you gave vain hopes to a certain lady XX, who still waits for you in spite of the time and distance.

Obviously, you are unconsciously doing her a grave harm, because, waiting for you, she lives in a city in a total state of poverty.

This lady could well return to live in the bosom of her family in the country; thus her economic problems would be resolved.

Made aghast and bewildered by these words, I embraced my guru thanking him infinitely for his advice.

--Master---I said---what can you tell me about my wife Litelantes?

--She can indeed help you with Sexual Magic (Sahaja Maithuna), with this lady adept you can work in the Ninth Sphere (the Sex).

--Oh, guru! I wish with infinite yearning the awakening of the Kundalini and the union with the Intimate, cost what it may...

--But, what have you said, my disciple? Cost what it may?

--Yes, Master, this I have said...

--Somebody has been paid here tonight, and has been given the task of helping you in the awakening of the Kundalini.

--You have passed the Direne Test---said the Hierophant. And then, putting on my head a white, immaculate turban with a golden button in front, said: Let us go to the Altar...

Getting up, I advanced with my holy guru towards the Holy Altar...

I still remember that solemn instant in which, kneeling in front of the Holy Altar, I had to swear solemnly...

"Cost what it may!" said my Master in a loud voice. And this sentence, intensely vibrating, was soon repeated from sphere to sphere...

I then covered my solar plexus with the palm of the left hand and extended my right hand over the Holy Grail saying: *I swear it!*

Terrible oath!

Genuine legends from Castille, such as that of Alfonso VII taking away from the hands of the moors from Almería the famous bowl or grail---better said, a cup---carved from an enormous emerald, and said to have been used by the Great Kabir Jesus in his last supper. It is terrifyingly divine...

To swear in the presence of the Holy Grail?

Ancient legends say that Joseph of Arimathea received in this Cup at the foot of the Cross in the Mount of the Skulls the Holy Blood that poured out of the wounds of the Adorable...

A similar cup was given before by the queen of Sheba to Salomon, the Solar King, and was an inheritance, according to others, of the Tuatha de Danand, a Jinn race of the Gaedhil (the British Galicia).

It is not known how this venerated relic happened to end up at the hermitage of San Juan de la Peña, in the Pyrenees; from there it continued its pilgrimage, now to Salvatierra, now to Valencia during the reign of Jaime I the Conqueror, now to Genoa, since in ancient times the genoese had received it as a reward for the help given to Alfonso VII during the siege of Almería.

Epilogue

Very early next day I wrote to the suffering noble lady who waited for me in that remote city...

I advised her with infinite sweetness to return to the country with her family and to forget my worthless insignificant person...

Chapter 13

The First Initiation of Fire

When dealing with transcendental and practical esotericism, we can---indeed must---emphasize the following:

Everything that has been said in pure occultism concerning geomantic tables, astrology, magic herbs, wonderful parchments with cryptographic languages, in spite of being absolutely true and noble, is certainly nothing but the kindergarten, the lesser part of the Great Wisdom inherited from the orient, that consists of the radical transformation of oneself by means of the revolutionary asceticism of the new Aquarian Age (an extraordinary mixture of sexual anxiety and spiritual yearning).

We gnostics are in reality the chosen, possessors of the three riches, that is:

- A) The Philosopher's Stone.
- B) The Clavicle of Salomon.
- C) The Genesis of Henoah.

These three factors constitute the living foundation of the Apocalypse, as well as those of the collections of Pistorius, of the Theosophy of Porfirio and of many other extremely ancient secrets

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

Speaking clearly and in plain language I declare: the *ens seminis*(the entity of semen) is that venerable matter---referred to by Sendivogius---with which we must prepare the Philosopher's Stone.

Sexual magic is the way... Thus I understood in my present reincarnation when I undertook the preparation of the Philosopher's Stone.

By means of that Blessed Stone we can satisfy that alchemist maxim that says, "*Solve et coagule*".

We need to dissolve the psychological Ego and coagulate in ourselves the Sexual Hydrogen Si-12 in the form of solar bodies, innermost powers, virtues, etc., etc., etc.

The Philosopher's Stone is the one that valorizes the sexual seed and gives it the power to germinate as a mystical yeast that makes the whole metallic mass ferment and rise up, causing the King of Creation to appear in its integral form. I am referring to the authentic man, not to the intellectual animal incorrectly called man.

The Will (Thelema) acquires the power of transmutation that converts the base metals into gold, that is evil into good, in all circumstances of life.

For this reason, a minimal amount of the Philosopher's Stone or Projection Powder is required for the transmutation.

Each base metal dissolved in the crucible of the Sexual Alchemy is always replaced by the pure gold of a new virtue. (Solve et coagule).

The "modus operandi" can be found in Chapter 11, fifth story, of this book. (More information can be found in my book *"The Mystery of the Golden Blossom"*).

To light the individual Fohat (Fire), the Flame of Eros, in our Sexual Alchemist Laboratory is certainly the basis of the dionysian wave; I deeply understood when studying at the feet of my guru, "Adolfito".

Unquestionably I was always assisted during the metaphysical coupling. This other divine guru who was paid his salary in the Temple (see Chapter 12) did his duty well.

That Great Soul assisted me astrally during the chemical coitus. I saw him make strong magnetic passes over my coccyx bone, spine and superior part of my head.

When the erotic Igneous Serpent of our magic powers awoke to initiate its march along the spinal canal towards interior and upper regions, I felt extremely thirsty and experienced a very sharp pain in the coccyx that lasted for several days.

Then I was entertained lavishly at the Temple. I was never able to forget that cosmic event.

At that time I lived in peace in a small house, at the seaside, in the tropical region of the Caribbean coast.

The ascent of Kundalini from vertebra to vertebra happened very slowly, in accordance with the merits of the heart.

Each vertebra is very demanding; from this we can infer difficult trials. As a corollary we assert: the ascent of the Kundalini is not possible if we do not fulfil the precise moral conditions necessary for this to happen.

These thirty three vertebrae are designated in the superior worlds by symbolic names, such as cannons, pyramids, holy chambers, etc., etc., etc.

The mystical ascent of the Flame of Love from vertebra to vertebra and chakra to chakra along the medullar canal certainly happened on the basis of Sexual Magic, including sanctification and sacrifice.

The Mahatma that was assisting brought me help by guiding the Sacred Fire from the coccyx bone---at the base of the spine---to the pineal gland, situated, as is already known by the doctors, in the superior part of the brain.

Subsequently that Great Soul caused my Erotic Fire to flow into the region of the space between the eyebrows.

The First Initiation of Fire happened as a corollary, when the Igneous Serpent of our magic powers made contact with the atom of the Father in the magnetic field of the root of the nose.

Certainly it was during the mystic ceremony of the last supper when the cosmic date of the Initiation was fixed.

The Holy Grail! It shines as a sacred ember, burning on the table of the Easter banquet.

The true history of this Holy Grail is written in the stars and has its foundation; not in Toledo, as Wolfram von Eschembach claims...

The main known origins of these chivalric legends related to the Holy Grail are:

A) "*Historia Rerum in Partibus Transmarinis Gestarum*", by William of Tiro, (circa 1184), a latin work translated into French with the title "*Roman d'Eracle*", book that served as a basis to "*The Great Conquest of Overseas*", translated in turn from French to Spanish at the end of the XIII century or beginning of the XIV. In this conquest are summarized the five main branches that refer to the cycle of the First Crusade: the "*Chansó d'Antiochia*", the "*Chanson de Jerusalem*", "*Les Chettis*" (or captives), "*Elias*" (the Knight of the Swan).

B) "*Dolopathos*" by Jean d'Haute-Seille, written around 1190.

C) The legend of the poem that Paris calls "*Elioxa*" or "*Heli-Oxa*" (the Solar Calf), primitive name of the Insoberta or Isis-Betha of the Knight of the Swan, work this one of many analogies, according to Gayangos, with the famous "*Amadis de Gaula*".

D) "*Parsifal*" and "*Titirel*" of Eschembach.

E) "*Count of the Grail*" by Chrétien de Troyes (1175), "*The Lohengrin*" or "*Swan-Ritter*" (the Knight of the Swan), anonymous Bavarian work of the XIII century published by Goerres in 1813.

F) "*Tristan and Isolde*", by Godfrey of Strasbourg (1200-1220) and the many similar Tristans which can be found in the literature.

G) "*The Demand of the Holy Grail*" with the marvelous deeds of Lanzarote and his son Galahad (XIV century) with all its concordant works.

I waited with infinite anxiety for the date and time of the Initiation. It concerned a very sacred 27...

I wanted an Initiation such as that the commander Montenero received in the temple of Chepultepec, or as that Ginés de Lara, the reincarnated Deva, had in the Sancta Sanctorum or Adyita of the Templar Knights, in the extraordinary night of a Lunar eclipse.

But my case was certainly very different, and even if it appears incredible, that night of Initiation I felt defrauded.

Resting on my hard bed in a humble hut at the seaside, with infinite anguish, I spent the night in vigil, waiting uselessly...

My priestess wife slept, snored, sometimes she moved on her bed, or pronounced incoherent words...

The sea, with its furious waves, struck the beach roaring frightfully, as if complaining...

Dawn came, and nothing! Nothing! Nothing! What a dirty night, my God...! Good heavens!

What intellectual and moral storms I had to experience during those deadly nocturnal hours!

Really there is no Resurrection without Death, nor any dawn in Nature or man without being preceded by nocturnal darkness and sadness that make its light all the more adorable.

All my senses were put to trial, tortured in mortal agonies that made me cry, *"My Father! If possible spare me this chalice, but not my will but yours be done"*.

When the Sun rose, like a ball of fire that appeared to grow out of the tempestuous ocean, Litelantes woke up saying to me:

--Do you remember the Party that was given up there for you? You received the Initiation...

What? But, what are you saying? Party? Initiation? Which one? I only know that I have endured a night more bitter than bile...

--What?---said Litelantes, astonished---then you did not bring any recollection whatsoever to your physical brain? Don't you remember the Great Chain? Have you forgotten the words of the Great Initiator?

Troubled by these questions I interrogated Litelantes, saying: *"What did the Great Being say to me?"*.

--You were warned---said the Adept-Lady---that from today on you will have double responsibility for the Teachings that you give in the world... Besides---said Litelantes---you were dressed with the tunic of white linen of the Adepts of the Occult Fraternity and you were given the Sword of Fire...

--Ah! I understand. While I experienced so much bitterness in my bed of penitent and anchorite, my interior Real Being was receiving the cosmic Initiation...

Good heavens! What is happening to me? Why is it that I am so slow?

I am a bit hungry, it is time to get up for breakfast...

Moments later, Litelantes gathered some dry logs in the kitchen for fuel to light up the fire...

Breakfast was delicious. I ate with much relish after such a painful night...

A new day; I worked as usual to earn the daily bread; I rested in bed around midday...

I was feeling wakeful, so I thought that a short rest would be appropriate. Besides, in my heart I felt remorseful ...

I had no difficulty to go to bed in the recumbent dorsal position, that is with the mouth pointing upwards, and with the body well relaxed...

Finding myself in a state of vigil, I suddenly saw that somebody had entered my room. I recognized him, a chela of the Venerable Great White Lodge...

This disciple carried a book in his hands, wished to consult me and asked for a certain authorization...

When I tried to answer, I spoke with a certain type of voice that astonished me. Atman, answering through the creative larynx, is terrifyingly divine.

"Go---my Real Being told him---carry out the mission you have been entrusted".
The chela left, thankful...

"Ah, how much I have changed... Now! I understand!" Those were my exclamations after the chela left...

Happy, I got up from the hard bed to talk to Litelantes; I needed to tell her what had happened...

I felt something superlative, as if a transcendental change of an esoteric, divine type had taken place in the interior of my Consciousness.

I was eager for the coming night. That tropical day was for me like the waiting room of Wisdom. I wanted to see as soon as possible the Sun sinking once more into the stormy waves of the ocean like a ball of fire...

When the Moon started to shine on the tempestuous waters of the Caribe, as the birds from the sky were taking shelter in their nests, I had to press Litelantes to finish her household chores.

That night we went to bed earlier than usual. I yearned for something, and was in an ecstatic state...

Lying down again on my hard bed of penitent and anchorite, in that hindustani asana of the dead man (recumbent dorsal position, mouth pointing upwards, body relaxed, arms along the sides, feet touching by the heels, the tips of the fingers open as a fan) I waited in a state of vigilant perception, alert to novelty...

Suddenly, in a matter of a few thousands of a second, I remembered a mountain far away. Then something happened that was unusual, unwonted...

Instantaneously I saw myself there, on the far off mountain top, very far from my body, my feelings and my mind...

Atman without bonds, far from the dense body and in absence of the super sensible vehicles...

At such moments of shamadi, the Cosmic Initiation received the previous night was a palpable fact, a raw living reality that I did not even need to remember...

When I put my right hand on the golden belt, I was happy to see that the Sword of Fire was there, exactly on the right hand side...

All the facts that Litelantes had given to me had turned out to be accurate. How happy I felt now as Spirit Man, dressed of course in the white linen tunic!...

In a full dyonisian rapture I threw myself into the infinite sidereal space; I happily moved away from the planet Earth...

Submerged in the Ocean of the Universal Spirit of Life, I wanted to return no more to this valley of sorrows, and then visited many planetary places...

When I alighted softly on a gigantic planet of the unalterable Infinite, unsheathing the Sword of Fire I said, *"I dominate all this!..."*

"Man is destined to be the governor of all creation", answered a Hierophant that was next to me.

I sheathed the Sword of Fire in its golden scabbard, and submerging myself even further into the *sleeping waters* of life, I carried out a series of extraordinary invocations and experiments: "*Buddhic body, come to me!...*".

Answering my call, the Beautiful Helen, Ginebra, the Queen of jinas, my adorable Spiritual Soul came to me.

She came into me and I in her, and formed the famous Atman-Buddhi which is much referred to by the oriental Theosophy.

Quite rightly, it has always been said "*that the Buddhi (Spiritual Soul) is like a vase made of delicate and transparent alabaster, inside which burns the flame of Prana (Atman).*"

Continuing in successive order those singular invocations made from the bottom of Chaos, I called then my Human Soul, saying: "*Causal body, come to me!...*"

I saw my Human Soul dressed gloriously in the causal vehicle (Superior theosophical Manas).

How interesting that moment turned out to be, when my Human Soul entered happily into me!...

At that instant the theosophical triad known by the sanskrit terms, Atman-Buddhi-Manas, became integrated in an extraordinarily lucid form.

Unquestionably Atman, that is the Intimate, has two Souls. The first is the Spiritual Soul (Buddhi) which is feminine. The second is the Human Soul (superior Manas) which is masculine.

Later on, drunk with ecstasy I called my mind as follows: "*Mental body, come to me!...*".

I had to repeat this invocation several times, because the mind is slow to obey, but finally it turned up with much reverence, saying: "*Lord, here I am, I have obeyed your call, please forgive me for my lateness! Did I carry out your orders well?*"

At the moment when I was going to give an answer the solemn voice of my Pythagorean Monad came out of my deep interior, saying: "*Yes!... You have obeyed well, come in!...*".

That voice was like that of Ruach Elohim, that according to Moses worked on the Waters at the dawn of Life...

It is not too much to say emphatically that I finished these invocations calling the astral body. This one also took its time in answering my esoteric call, but at last he came into me.

Covered already by my super sensible vehicles, I could have called my physical body from the Chaos or Primitive Abyss; at this moment it was on its hard bed of penitent and anchorite, and it is obvious that this body would have also obeyed the call.

This is never impossible: my physical body, which in such interesting moments was on its hard bed, would have been able to abandon the three-dimensional region of Euclides, helped by the fourth aspect of Devi Kundalini, to obey my call.

However, I chose then to leave that "*Void*"---in the sense of full, unlimited and deep space---to return to the planet Earth...

I appeared at that moment as a solitary ray coming out of the Abyss of the Great Mother...

The return to this planet of sorrows governed by the forty eight laws was achieved in a relatively quick manner.

Frankly and in plain language, I declare: I returned to the physical body in total consciousness, coming into it by that marvellous door to the Soul cited by Descartes. I wish to refer to the pineal gland.

It is a pity that the cartesian philosophy ignores what is Objective Knowledge.

Since such a type of pure knowledge is actually accessible to my cognitive faculties, I have been able to write these lines for the benefit of my beloved readers...

Chapter 14

The Second Initiation of Fire

Unquestionably we can---and even must---assert with great emphasis the transcendent and transcendental existence of two classical types of occultism.

From the whole of the varied set of historical and prehistorical processes related to the Earth and its human races, it is possible for us to infer two modalities of occultism, that is:

- A) Innate occultism.
- B) Scholastic occultism.

The first of these two currents is clearly pre-flood; the second is completely post-flood.

The exact parallels of these two clearly enunciated occult forms must be found by means of clairvoyance in the two modalities of the Law:

- A) Natural and paradisiac Law. (Wisdom of the Gods).
- B) Written Law. Deuteronomy. (Second, inferior Law).

It is written with characters of fire in the Book of Life that when the Sons of God, that is, of the Elohim or of the Jinn, knew the daughters of men, the appalling and terrible Atlantean catastrophe took place, the Universal Flood (Genesis, VI, I). Thus the formidable empire of the first Law ended, and the time was ready for the Deuteronomy or second Law.

The terrible imperfections of the written Law are obvious and evident; torment of the great men by its appalling limitations, iron rule by lesser individuals.

Moses, the illustrious sacred leader of the people of Israel, congregating his people at the Moab plain, exhibits for all to see the extraordinary prodigies that the Lord had brought about on their behalf since the first alliance was established at Mount Sinai, and repeated the Law with new illustrations, pronouncing awesome warnings against its transgressors and promising just rewards and successes of all kinds to those that observe it faithfully.

Moses, transfigured at Mount Nebo, after having blessed the twelve tribes of Israel, contemplates the Promised Land, the Elysian Fields or Jinn world, 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 corpse was never found. What happened to it?

Moses returned to the happy land of the Nordic chants and druids, became Jinn, an inhabitant of Paradise...

With total lucidity we have been able to verify completely the impressive, clear and definitive fact that it is precisely there, in the super-liminal world, in the fourth dimension, where in other times lived the happy people of ancient Arcadia...

I wish to refer specifically to the paradisiac humanities of ancient times...

When John the Baptist was beheaded, the Great Kabir *Jesus "departed into a desert place by ship privately"*⁴, that is, to the land of Jinn, to the fourth coordinate of our planet Earth, and it is there where he performed in front of the multitude the miracle of the five loaves and two fish that fed no less than five thousand men without counting women and children, being left over twelve baskets full of pieces. (Luke 9:12-17).

It is clear that the Great Gnostic Priest Jesus also had to transfer the crowds to the fourth dimension, with the obvious intention of carrying out the miracle...

"Ancient Irish traditions, confined wisely to the delightful chants of the bards, speak of an extraordinary people, the Tuatha de Danand, governed by Priests Kings extremely skilful in all kinds of magic arts, learned in Thebes".

Obviously it is an instance of a great Jinn nation, prototype of the "wandering Jew", the tireless traveller.

"The Tuatha de Danand travelled around the Mediterranean countries until they arrived in Scandinavia, where they founded, besides a lunar and a solar city, four great magic cities. When the Tuatha arrived back in Ireland, they landed on this island protected, like Aeneas was in Carthage, by a special magic fog (or veil of Isis of the fourth dimension) that hid them".

In other words, the Tuatha arrived back to Ireland by the fourth dimension.

It is described in old chronicles the famous battle of Madura, where they were covered in glory defeating the sinister Fir-Bolgs.

<< It was, in fact, so tremendous the excellence of the Tuatha de Danand, so powerful and innumerable their soldiers, that the plains were full of hordes of combatants that were spread as far as the regions where the Sun sets at the end of the day. Their heroes were immortalised in front of Tara, the magical capital of Ireland".

⁴ Mark 6:32

"The Tuatha did not arrive in Erin in any kind of known ship, and nobody was able to determine clearly whether they were people born on Earth or had come down from Heaven, or if they were diabolic entities or a new nation who would not in any way be human unless the blood of Berthach, the tireless, the founder of primitive Ceinne, run in their veins. >>

When the great Atlantean catastrophe took place, the Tuatha de Danand went into the fourth dimension forever.

Some happy human races inhabit the etheric region of our planet Earth. These people, even in our days of sorrow, still live in a paradisiacal state...

In the fourth coordinate of our planet Earth there are many magic cities of splendid beauty...

In the fourth terrestrial vertical we can discover the elemental paradises of nature, with all their temples, valleys, enchanted lakes and lands of Jinn...

Unquestionably it is there, in the Promised Land, where, happily, we can still find the innate Occultism and the natural and paradisiacal Law...

Those blessed Jinn that live happily in the Elysian Fields, in the land that flows with milk and honey, are certainly not subject to the regency of the Deuteronomy or second Law that torments mortals so much...

Obviously the Jinn masses, such as those known as the Tuatha de Danand, live happily in Eden under the regency of the first Law...

The Tuatha de Danand always carried with them four esoteric magic symbols when undertaking their legendary exodus:

- A- A gigantic Cup or Grail (living symbol of the feminine uterus).
- B- An enormous Lance of pure iron (phallic masculine symbol).
- C- A great Sword of Fire (symbol of the sexual Fire).
- D- The Truth Stone (Symbol of the Philosopher's Stone, sexual).

If Moses, the great Hebrew leader, had not known the deep significance of these four magic symbols, he would have never become Jinn at Mount Nebo...

Thus I understood it when, prostrated in the presence of the Solar Logos, I asked him with complete humility for admission to the Second Initiation of Fire.

It is impossible to forget those moments in which the Blessed One entrusted to a certain specialist the sacred mission of conducting wisely by my spine the Second Degree of the Power of Fire...

I wanted to know thoroughly the mysteries of the fourth coordinate and penetrate victorious into the Promised Land...

I needed with maximum, crucial urgency to restore the igneous powers in my vital etheric substance...

When the Second Serpent woke up to start its ascent along the etheric spine towards the interior and upper regions, I was entertained lavishly at the Temple with a great cosmic festival.

The Jinn specialist assisted me during the metaphysical copulation. Litelantes and I were aware of him with the sixth sense.

Ostensibly I was not abandoned. The Jinn helped me with strong magnetic passes that went from the coccyx to the pineal gland...

That Master had taken on his shoulders a large moral responsibility. He had to lead in an intelligent manner the Living and Philosophical Fire along the medullary spinal channel of the famous theosophical Lingam Sarira (vital substance of the human organism).

Obviously such a vehicle is only the superior section of the physical body, the tetra-dimensional aspect of our physical body.

"This Initiation is much more laborious", thus the Solar Logos had told me; however, I yearned with infinite longing to know the mysteries of the etheric world, to enter the Promised Land.

The shining ascent of the Second Serpent of Fire along the medullar channel, from vertebra to vertebra and chakra to chakra, happened very slowly, according to the merits of the heart.

Each spinal vertebra of etheric type implies certain virtues; ostensibly we must be tested before arriving to such-and-such vertebra. Let us remember that gold is tested with fire and virtue with temptation.

The legs of the thrones of the gods have animal shapes. The dark ones endlessly attack those who try to achieve any degree of the Occult Masonry in the spine. "Heaven is taken by assault, the valiant ones have taken it".

In the country of the thousand and one nights there also are mystical banquets; I attended one of those dinners. The guests were very well served by swans of immaculate whiteness at the banks of a crystalline lake...

On another occasion I was taught the following Cosmic Law: "Never mix opposing forces in the same house, because the mixture of two contrasting currents gives rise to a third force, which is destructive for everybody".

Four ethers constitute the vital body:

- A) Reflective Ether.
- B) Luminous Ether.
- C) Chemical Ether.
- D) Ether of Life.

The first of these ethers is found intimately related to the various functions of the will and the imagination.

The second is secretly associated with all sensory and extrasensory perceptions.

The third serves as the foundation for all biochemical organic processes.

The fourth serves as an agency for the forces that work with the reproductive processes of the races.

During the Second Initiation of Fire I learned how to free the two superior ethers so as to travel with them far from the physical body.

Unquestionably the clairvoyant and clairaudient perceptions are extraordinarily intensified when one absorbs the two superior ethers in the astral body.

Such ethers allow us to bring to the physical brain the totality of the super sensible memories.

The esoteric vivid explanation of the mystic decapitation given to me in a scenic form was certainly extraordinary...

I was invited to a macabre banquet, and what I saw on the tragic table was actually terrifying...

Profane bloody head placed on a silver tray, everything adorned with something that is better not talked about...

Its deep significance showed clearly: the animal Ego, the Oneness, the Myself, must be beheaded...

From this we can deduce the definitive fact that the head of John the Baptist on resplendent silver has certainly an identical meaning...

Unquestionably John, the Precursor, taught this terrible truth mounting the Altar of the supreme Sacrifice...

Examining old chronicles with the tenacity of a monk in his cell, we discovered the following: *“The Nazarenes were also known as Baptists, Sabaeans and Christians of St John; their belief was that the Messiah was not the Son of God, but simply a prophet that wanted to follow John.”*

Origen (Vol. II, page 150) observes that “There are some that say of John that he was the Anointed One (Christus)”.

“When the metaphysical conceptions of the Gnostics, who saw in Jesus the Logos and the Anointed One, started to gain ground, the primitive Christians parted from the Nazarenes, who accused Jesus of perverting the doctrines of John and to change for another the baptism in the Jordan.” (Codex Nazaraeus, page 109).

It is not too much to assert with great emphasis the transcendental fact that John the Baptist was also a Christus...

On the other hand, considered from the standpoint of the Logos (Perfect Multiple Unity), we can say that He has saved those who have died in themselves, those who have decapitated the animal Ego and have defeated the kingdom of shadows, hell.

As a consequence or corollary, I totally understood all this when I saw the macabre table in the banquet hall...

When I abandoned that unusual and abysmal place, the Adepts of the Occult Brotherhood gave me a beautiful present.

It was a minuscule magic instrument, by means of which I can act as a magician modifying my features...

Those who have seen my photos can verify by themselves the concrete fact that I can voluntarily modify the characteristics of my face...

The varied forms of my face puzzle the best photographers. However, I confess frankly and in plain language that it is not I who has this power, but the Intimate, my inner Real Being, Atman the Ineffable. He operates in this manner when necessary...

My insignificant person is worthless, the Work is everything. I am certainly no more than an ordinary worm in the mud of the earth...

If I were to write at great length everything that us, the mystics, have experienced in the thirty three Holy Chambers of the etheric world, we would fill many volumes; thus I prefer to speak in synthesis...

When the Second Degree of the Power of Fire reached the height of the creative larynx, I was put in jail.

The accusatory act said textually as follows: *"This gentleman, besides committing the crime of healing the sick, is also the author of a book entitled "The Perfect Matrimony" that is an outrage against public morality and the good customs of the citizens"*.

I had to undergo the classical Ceremony of Decapitation in a horrifying dungeon in an old South-American prison.

Then I saw, at the foot of an old tower, my Divine Mother Kundalini with the Sword of Fire in her right hand, beheading a creature.

"Ah! I understand now! ---I said, surrounded by the frightening darkness of the horrible dungeon. Later on I entered into that delicious state which in high yoga is known as Nirvi-Kalpa-Shamadi.

Outside that other dungeon known as the physical body, in a state of ecstasy I experienced in myself the great profound interior reality...

He, my Monad, entered in me, in my Soul, and then I was totally transfigured. In lucid fullness I saw myself integrally.

He is the *fifth* of the *seven* Spirits before the Throne of the Lamb, and I am his boddhisattwa. This reminds us of that phrase of Mahomet: *"Allah is Allah and Mahomet is his Prophet"*.

When I left that prison I went home; there my best friends were waiting for me...

Days later, the Second Degree of the Power of Fire made direct contact with the atom of the Father, situated in the magnetic field of the root of the nose. Then I saw in a nocturnal vision the Star of Fire with the Eye of God in its centre.

The shining Pentalfa detached itself from the Sun Christ to shine above my head...

The cosmic festival of the night of Initiation was extraordinary. From the threshold of the Temple I saw my Real Being, the Intimate, crucified in its cross at the very sacred end of the Sanctuary and before the Brothers of the Occult Brotherhood.

While He received the Initiation, I, in the vestibule of the Temple, was settling my accounts with the Lords of Karma...

Chapter 15

The Third Initiation of Fire

Death is unquestionably something deeply significant. It is an urgent task to investigate this subject thoroughly, to extend its study sincerely and completely, with infinite patience and at every level of the mind.

As a consequence or profound corollary, we can---and even must---affirm solemnly the following postulate: *"Only by completely bringing to light the mysteries of death, we can discover the origin of life"*.

If the seed does not die, the plant is not born. Death and conception find themselves intimately associated.

While exhaling the last breath of our existence, we project inevitably, across time and space, the electrical design of our own existence...

Ostensibly, such an electro-psychical design comes later on to impregnate the fertilised egg; thus we return.

"The footprints of the hooves of the horse of death form the path of life".

The last moments of the dying person are found to be secretly linked to the amorous delectations of our future earthly parents.

The destiny that waits for us beyond death, will be a repetition of our present life, plus its consequences.

What continues beyond the grave, are my affections, my tenderness, my hates: I want, I do not want, I envy, I wish, I come back, I kill, I lust, I am angry, I covet, etc., etc., etc.

The whole of that legion of egos, a true legion of demons personifying psychological defects, returns, comes back, rejoins.

It would be absurd for me to talk about an individual Ego; it is better to talk clearly about a pluralized ego.

Orthodox esoteric Buddhism teaches that the Ego is a sum of psychical aggregates.

The Egyptian book *"The Occult Abode"* mentions with great emphasis the Red Demons of Seth (the devil egos that constitute the Ego).

Those fighting, noisy egos constitute the dark legions, against which Arjuna had to fight following orders coming directly from the blessed Lord Krishna (see *"The Bhagavad Gita"*).

The personality does not return, is a daughter of its time, has a beginning and an end. The only thing that continues with certainty is an assortment of devils.

We can reach immortality in the astral world. However this is only possible by fabricating the eidolon (astral body).

Diverse authors of a pseudo esotericist and pseudo occultist type make the mistake of confusing the Ego with the astral body.

The modern metaphysical literature says much about the projections of the astral body; however, we must have the courage to acknowledge the fact that those fond of

occultism sometimes break down into the Ego to travel in the sublunary regions of Nature across time and space.

The astral body is not an indispensable implement for existence. It is not too much to remember that the physical body has fortunately a vital core or Lingam Sarira that guarantees its existence completely.

Unquestionably the astral body is a luxury that few people can afford. Rare are the individuals who are born with this splendid vehicle.

The “*raw material for the Great Work*”, the alchemical element by means of which we can fabricate the astral body, is *Sexual Hydrogen Si-12*⁵.

Obviously this Hydrogen represents the final product of the transformation of the food inside the marvellous laboratory of the organism.

It is evident that this is the most important material with which the sex works. The preparation of this substance is carried in rhythmic consonance with the seven notes of the musical scale.

It is not too much to understand that the *ens seminis*, and its peculiar Hydrogen Si-12, is seed and fruit at the same time.

To transmute this marvellous Hydrogen so as to give it intelligent crystallisation in a superior octave, means, in fact, to create a new life inside the existing organism, to give evident form to the sidereal or astral body of the alchemists and kabbalist.

You must understand that the astral body is born of the same material, the same substance of which the physical body is born; the only thing that is different is the procedure.

The whole of the physical body, all its cells, remain, so to say, impregnated by the emanations of the matter that is Si-12. And when these have sufficiently saturated, the matter Si-12 starts to crystallise.

The crystallisation 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 known in Alchemy as transmutation or transformation.

This transformation of the physical body into the astral body is exactly what Alchemy calls the transformation of the base metals into fine ones, that is, the procuration of gold from the ordinary metals.

The esoteric procedure can be found in the Sex-Yoga, in the Maithuna, in the Sexual Magic: connection of the lingam-yoni, phallus-uterus without ejaculation of the *ens seminis*.

The restrained desire will give rise to marvellous processes of crystallisation of the Hydrogen Si-12 in a superior octave.

Nourishment is different. Unquestionably the astral body needs its nourishment and nutrition, this is obvious.

Since the physical body is wisely controlled by forty eight laws, a fact that has been scientifically proved by the number of the (forty eight) chromosomes in the

⁵ Also known as Hydrogen Te-12.

germinal cell, it is a clear and manifest consequence that the principal Hydrogen of the cellular body is Hydrogen 48 (forty eight).

It is relatively easy to save this specific type of Hydrogen when we follow the path of the straight line.

The excess Hydrogen 48 (forty-eight) not spent in the physical activities of the three-dimensional Euclidean world is marvellously converted into Hydrogen 24 (twenty-four).

Ostensibly this Hydrogen 24 (twenty-four) always becomes the extraordinary nourishment of the astral body.

It is urgent to affirm with great emphasis that the sidereal or astral body of the alchemists and kabbalist develops and unwinds marvellously 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 is able to travel with it (see Chapter 6 of this same treatise).

My particular case was certainly extraordinary. I must specifically affirm that I was born with an astral body.

I had built it in a magnificent way before being born, during the ancient ages of a bygone mahamvantara, long before the dawn of the lunar chain.

It was for me of the foremost importance to restore the igneous powers to this sidereal or astral body. Thus I understood the situation before asking the Solar Logos for admission to the Third Initiation of Fire.

It is not too much to tell my beloved readers, that the Great Being, after granting me what I had asked, arranged for special providence to help me.

From this you can conclude that I was granted a certain specialist to help me in the Third Degree of the Power of Fire.

That Guru-Deva fulfilled his mission directing the Third Serpent of Fire by the medullary canal in the astral body.

Litelantes and my insignificant, worthless person perceived with the sixth sense the astral specialist that helped us during the metaphysical copulation.

The awakening of the Fire in the astral body is always announced by a terrible lightning in the night.

Initially the Third Power of Fire in such a precious vehicle has an immaculate, beautiful white colour. Later on it evolves, shining in the aura of the Universe with a beautiful golden colour.

I confess frankly and in plain language that during the esoteric work with the Third Degree of the Power of Fire I had to live the Cosmic Drama in symbolic form.

One, who is no more than a vile worm that crawls around in the mud of the earth, feels really touched when, suddenly and undeservedly, he sees himself converted into the central character of such a Drama, even if this is done in a merely symbolic way.

A difference with the two previous serpents is that the Third Degree of the Power of Fire, after touching the atom of the Father in the magnetic field of the root of the nose, continues its march towards the heart.

Between the magnetic field of the root of the nose and the heart there exist secret pathways, *nadis* or marvellous channels.

A certain secret path connects the root of the nose with the capital chakra, which controls the heart from the centre of the brain. The Fire circulates by that path. Later on it continues its march towards the heart itself, circulating mysteriously by the Anahata Nadi.

To live the whole Drama of Christ in the astral world is doubtless something that cannot ever be forgotten.

As the Third Degree of the Power of Fire develops and evolves harmoniously in the astral body, the various events of the Christic Drama open up.

When the Sacred Fire arrives to the marvellous harbour of a quiet heart, we experience then that symbolism related intimately to the Death and Resurrection of Christ.

It is a terrible moment, that instant in which the symbolic Longinus pierces the side of the Initiate with the Sacred Lance, the extraordinary emblem of the phallic force.

Parsifal cured with such a Shaft the terrible wound that burned painfully on the side of the king Amfortas.

When I was secretly approved for certain sidereal power, the sinister Adepts of the Left Hand attacked me filled with great hate.

Among the mysteries of the great cathedrals the Holy Sepulchre is never absent, and it is evident that mine could never be missing in the Initiation.

At the moment when I am writing these lines, I recall the initiatory moment of Ginés de Lara.

At that esoteric moment of the notable Initiate there was effectively no maiden of "grand ancestry", daughter of the founder of the monastery, to accompany him, and the only "good man" was the actual Master guide. He led him to the Sancta Sanctorum or Adytia of that temple, where the neophyte found, in the centre of a very rich room fashioned in marble, a sumptuous sepulchre hermetically closed, whose heavy lid Ginés, following the instructions of the Master, lifted up easily with his hands. He found inside, to his great surprise, his own physical body.

Unlike Ginés de Lara, I saw my own astral body in the sepulchre. I then understood that I had to go through an esoteric Resurrection.

Unquestionably the Great Master Mason Hiram Abif must be resurrected in us. "The King is dead. Long live the King".

A realistic, hard, legitimate, authentic Resurrection is only possible in the Second Mountain. In these paragraphs we are definitely referring only to the symbolic initiatory Resurrection.

I had to stay astrally inside the Holy Sepulchre for a period of three days before the above mentioned symbolic Resurrection.

The descent to the dark abode of Pluto was indispensable after this symbolic process of Resurrection had taken place.

I had to begin some gloomy recapitulations up inside the deepest bowels of the Earth, where the Florentine Dante found the city of Dite.

The progressive ascension slowly took place through the various strata of the submerged mineral kingdom...

Scenic, vivid, progressive, ascendant recapitulation was indispensable for the total knowledge of the Oneseif, of the Myself.

To recapitulate ancient abysmal errors is sometimes useful when one tries to dissolve the Ego.

To know our own psychological errors is certainly urgent, imperative.

"*I am a Saint!*" I said in front of a group of elegant ladies that, sombre, took a seat in a sumptuous abysmal salon...

Those women laughed, willingly mocking me at the same time that they repeated ironically, making a provocative grimace: "*Saint! Saint!, Saint!...*".

These unhappy creatures were right. At that time I had not yet dissolved my Ego, I was a fallen boddhisattwa...

It is written in burning coal in the Book of all Splendours that in the Abode of Pluto the truth is disguised as shadows. "*Demonius est Deus inversus*", wrote H.P.B.

Symbolic, initiatory, instructive Ascension, different however from the Logoic Ascension of the Third Mountain.

Nineteen days after initiating the ascending abysmal march, the Adepts of the Occult Brotherhood eliminated from my lower abdomen a certain atomic layer or substance similar to the skin of the human organism.

Inside the microcosmic man, such an atomic layer is like a great door that gives access to the lower abysmal depths...

While this atomic element exists in the individuals, the Essence will remain self-enclosed within the Ego.

When that atomic door is taken from the astral counterpart of the abdomen, the Adepts must heal such abdominal zone.

When the Third Degree of the Power of Fire manages to get out by the superior part of the cranium, it assumes the mystical figure of the Holy Ghost, a white dove with the head of a venerable old man.

Immaculate divine creature perched above the tower of the temple in mystical ambush, happily waiting the supreme instant of the Initiation...

Remembering ancient errors committed in prior incarnations, at the thirty-three days I had to go through an unusual, unwonted event.

Three of the four fundamental states of Consciousness had to be subjected to the proof of fire...

It is urgent to define the four states of the Consciousness for the benefit of our beloved readers:

- A) Eikasia. B) Pistis. C) Dianoia. D) Nous.

The first of these four states is deep unconsciousness, active barbarism, infrahuman dreams, cruelty, etc., etc., etc.

The second of such states corresponds exactly to all reasoning process: opinions, fanatic sectarianism, etc., etc., etc.

The third manifests itself as conceptual synthetism, scientism, intellectual revision of beliefs, induction, deduction of a reflexive type, very serious studies concerning phenomena and laws, etc., etc. etc.

The fourth is awakened consciousness, state of Turiya, really objective, illuminated, perfect clairvoyance, polyvision, etc., etc., etc.

I emerged victorious from this difficult test. Unquestionably, in the Path of the Razor's Edge we must be tested many times.

The hermetic symbolism of this esoteric test was very interesting: three very serene maidens surrounded by fire. Victory! Was the result.

Today I find myself firmly established in the Dianoetic and Noetic states. It is not superfluous to assert that Eikasia and Pistis were eliminated from my nature through the terrible trial by ordeal of the Initiation.

Thirty seven days after having started these abysmal revisions I had to study directly the twelve zodiac constellations, under whose regency we constantly evolve and involute.

Each of the twelve zodiac constellations shines with its own peculiar hue.

The astral light of the constellation of Leo has a beautiful golden colour and one feels inspired looking at it.

Four angels, who play their trumpets facing the four cardinal points of the planet earth, always announce the end of the processes associated with the Ascension.

I was given inside the Temple the white dove of the Holy Ghost, as if saying, *"Work intensely in the Ninth Sphere if you want to incarnate in yourself the Third Logos"*.

All these symbolic processes of the Ascension were finished after forty days.

The final ceremony took place in the causal world. What I then felt and saw was certainly extraordinary.

The Great Initiator was Sanat Kumara, the founder of the Great School of Initiates of the Venerable White Lodge.

In the Altar, with the cane of seven knots in his potent right hand, that Great Being shone, terrifyingly divine.

Chapter 16

The Fourth Initiation of Fire

This sad rational homunculus incorrectly known as man is very similar to a fatal ship full of many sinister and shadowy passengers. I wish to refer to the Egos.

Unquestionably, each of these has its 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 the way we are internally, we would feel full of horror at ourselves.

The type of mind that at a given moment is expressed in ourselves through the various brain functions depends exclusively on the quality of the Ego in action (see Chapter 3, paragraph entitled: the Ego).

The existence of many minds in the interior of each of us is evident, obvious and manifest.

We are certainly not the possessors of an individual, particular mind; we have many minds.

We need with maximal, pressing urgency to create the mental body, but this is only possible by transmuting the Sexual Hydrogen Si-12.

By means of the Sahaja-Maithuna (Sexual Magic) we can---and even must---pass on the excess Sexual Hydrogen Si-12, not used in the fabrication of the astral body, to a second octave of superior order.

The crystallisation of such Hydrogen in the splendid and marvellous form of the mental body is an axiom of Hermetic Wisdom.

Obviously this crystallisation of the Sexual Hydrogen is solemnly processed according to the do-re-mi-fa-sol-la-si⁶ in a second transcendent octave.

Nourishment is different. It is evident that every organism that progresses into existence needs its specific food and its nourishment. The mental body is not an exception to the general rule.

The surplus Hydrogen 24 not spent in the nourishment of the astral body is converted into Hydrogen 12. (Do not confuse this with the Sexual Hydrogen Si-12).

As a consequence or evident corollary, it is valid to assert clearly that the Hydrogen 12 is a cardinal and definitive nutriment for the mental body.

It is not possible to achieve the total individualisation of the intellect without the creation of the mental body.

Only by creating such a vehicle will we possess *organised inferior manas*, a concrete particular individual mind.

The foundation of this creation can be found in the Ninth Sphere (the Sex). It is indispensable to work in the Flaming Forge of Vulcan.

⁶ The note si is also known as te.

It is evident that one knows that one has a mental body when one can travel with it consciously and positively across the super sensible worlds.

My particular case was something very special. I was born with a mental body; I had created it already in a very remote past, much earlier than the dawn of the mahamvantara of Padma or Golden Lotus.

With maximal urgency I needed now to recapitulate the Fourth Initiation of Fire, and restore the powers of fire in this vehicle.

The shining Dragon of Wisdom---I wish to refer to the Logos of the solar system of Ors---gave a specialist the noble mission of assisting and helping me.

To raise the Fourth Serpent along the medullar channel of the mental body, from vertebra to vertebra and chakra to chakra, is certainly something very slow and awfully difficult.

"Before the flame of gold can burn with a serene light, the lamp must be taken care of, and be in a place free of the wind".

"The terrestrial thoughts must fall dead in front of the doors of the Temple".

"The mind that is a slave to the senses makes the soul as much of an invalid as the boat that the wind leads astray over the waters".

Astounded I perceived the multiple splendours of the marvellous Pentalpha over the very sacred chandeliers of the Temple.

I happily crossed the lintel of the Sanctuary; my thoughts burned glowingly.

I understood clearly that during the work in the Ninth Sphere I should separate very carefully *"the smoke from the flames"*.

Smoke is horror, bestiality; the flame is light, love, and transcendent chastity.

Any exterior impact gives rise to undulatory reactions from the mind. These have their fundamental nucleus in the Ego, the I, the Myself.

It is certainly indispensable to exert absolute control over these reactions.

We need to become indifferent to praise and vituperation, to triumph and defeat.

It is indispensable to smile at those that insult us, to kiss the whip of the executioner. Remember that hurtful words have no value other than that given to them by the offended party.

When we give no value to the words of those that insult us, these words become something akin to a check that bounces.

The Guardian of the Threshold in the world of the mind evolves into a personification of the Ego.

It is indispensable in the Fourth Initiation of Fire to confront heroically the terrible trial, to defeat the Terrible Brother, as it is known in Occult Masonry.

With no fear I unsheathed the Sword of Fire. What happened then was extraordinary: the Larva of the Threshold ran away, terrified.

It is clear that such a trial always takes place, after the igneous wings have been opened.

It is a tremendous truth that when the ascending Sacred Fire reaches the level of the heart, the radiant angelic wings are always opened.

Unquestionably the burning wings allow us to enter instantaneously in any department of the Kingdom.

Another marvellous cosmic event experienced by myself during the multiple processes of the Fourth Initiation of Fire was that of the victorious entry by Jesus into the city beloved by the prophets.

Whoever wants to enter into the Jerusalem above (the superior worlds) must liberate himself from the body, the affections and the mind.

It is urgent, indispensable, to mount the symbolic ass (the mind), tame it, control it; only in this way we can liberate ourselves from it to enter the worlds of the Spirit (the celestial Jerusalem).

I felt that my worn physical body was disintegrating and would die. At that moment the Divine Rabbi of Galilee said in a strong voice, *"That body is of no use for you any more"*.

Happily I escaped from the destroyed shape dressed with the To Soma Eliakon, the golden body of the Solar Man.

When the Sacred Fire shone solemnly in the Star of Fire and in the star-shaped Cross, my particular, individual Divine Mother Kundalini was honoured in the Temple.

The Kundalini flourished in my fruitful lips and became the Word when the Fire reached the creative larynx.

I still remember that time when the festival was celebrated. The Adepts of the Occult Fraternity rewarded me with a marvellous symbol that I still possess.

The moment when the Fire of Kundalini reached the level of the cerebellum was extraordinary. Then my mental body went through the symbolic Crucifixion of the Lord.

The ascent of the erotic Flame to the thirty-second vertebra was very noticeable. At this moment of great solemnity I understood the mysteries associated with the grade of Lion of the Law.

"When a superior one transcends an inferior law, the superior law washes the inferior law".

"The Lion of the Law is fought with a Balance".

"Do good deeds to pay your debts".

When the Divine Fire opened the lotus of the thousand petals (the Sashastra chakra) a certain metallic bell solemnly made all the confines of the Universe tremble.

During those instants of supreme beauty I heard ineffable choirs that resonated in the Sacred Space.

Later on I had to guide patiently the erotic Flame towards the magnetic field at the root of the nose.

Taking intelligent advantage of a certain secret nervous filament, I managed to lead the Fire towards the region of the Thalamus; here is located the Capital chakra, controlling the heart.

Finally I made intelligent use of the Anahata Nadi, to take the sexual Flame to the Heart-Temple.

The final ceremony of that Initiation was really extraordinary, sublime, terrifyingly divine.

That mystical night the Temple was clothed in glory. It is impossible to describe such beauty...

Sanat Kumara, the Great Hierophant, was waiting for me, stern, in his regal throne. I entered in this sacred enclosure with deep veneration...

In front of this *great Immolate*, as H.P.B. used to call him, my Divine Mother Kundalini put on my head the yellow cloak of the Buddhas, and the extraordinary tiara in which glows the Eye of Shiva.

"This is my beloved Son!"---Said my Mother---, and then added, *"He is a Buddha"*.

The Ancient of Days, Sanat Kumara, the illustrious founder of the Great School of Initiates of the White Lodge on planet Earth, came close to me, put in my hands the symbol of Imperator (the sphere with the cross on top).

At that moment we could hear angelic chords, regal symphonies based on the rhythms of the Mahavan and Chotavan that keep the universe firmly on its way.

Chapter 17

The Fifth Initiation of Fire

We can assert with great solemnity and without much presumption the tremendous realism evident and palpable in three specific types of action:

- A) Acts based upon the Law of Accidents.
- B) Acts based upon the eternal Laws of Return and Recurrence.
- C) Marvellous acts arising from the Conscious Will.

The basis for the first type of action is certainly the *mechanical* aspect natural to this order of things.

A fundamental element of the second type of action is doubtless the *unceasing repetition of many dramas, comedies and tragedies*.

This always happens from life to life across time and space, in the painful valley of Samsara.

The drama is for people more or less good, the comedy for the clowns, the tragedy for the perverse.

Everything happens again as it has happened already, plus the positive or negative consequences.

The main cause of the third type of action is certainly the causal body or body of Conscious Will.

As a consequence or corollary we can assert the following: The acts born of the Conscious Will are possible only when we have had the luxury of having created a causal body for our own use.

By means of the Sex-Yoga with its famous Sahaja-Maithuna (Sexual Magic), the Sexual Hydrogen Si-12 can and must pass to a third octave of a superior order.

The crystallisation of this Hydrogen in the splendid and marvellous form of the causal body will be processed with the notes do-re-mi-fa-sol-la-si in this octave.

Nourishment is different. The causal body also needs its food and this is taken from the surplus Hydrogen 12 not consumed by the mental body.

Unquestionably the abject people, since they do not really have a body of the Conscious Will, are always fatally victims of circumstances.

The categorical imperative, the determinative faculty, the one that enables us to originate new circumstances, is only possible when one possesses a causal body, also known as the body of Conscious Will.

With great sincerity and tremendous gnostic realism, we affirm the following: the intellectual animal wrongly known as man, does not have the astral, mental and causal body. He has never created them.

It is unacceptable, indefensible, inadmissible, to suppose even for an instant the total manifestation of man, when not even these super sensible vehicles have been created.

If we truly want to become authentic Men, it is a basic, indispensable, urgent, condition to create these vehicles inside ourselves.

It is a grave error to believe that the bipeds with three brains and three centres come to this world with such bodies.

In the medulla and the semen there are infinite possibilities that, developed, are able to transform us into legitimate men. However these could get lost, being normal that they actually do get lost when we do not work with the fundamental scale of the Hydrogens.

The intellectual humanoid is not a Man, but pretends to be one, assumes---wrongly---that he is one, and by mere ignorance tries to usurp this position, to which he is not entitled. He believes himself to be the King of Creation, when really he is not even king of himself.

Immortality is something very serious; moreover, it must be achieved by means of the Sahaja-Maithuna (Sexual Magic).

Whoever fabricates for himself an astral body, becomes by fact and by right immortal in the world of the twenty-four laws.

Whoever has had the luxury of having created a mental body ostensibly reaches immortality in the world of the twelve laws.

Whoever makes a causal body for himself undoubtedly reaches the desired immortality in the world of the six laws.

Only by making the solar vehicles can we incarnate that which is called the Human Soul; I wish to refer to the third aspect of the hindustani Trimurti: "*Atman-Buddhi-Manas*".

Much has been said concerning the famous To Soma Heliakon, the golden body of the Solar Man.

Unquestionably it is the Wedding Dress of the Soul cited by the biblical Christic Gospel.

Obviously, such a garment is made up of the super sensible bodies, by those extraordinary crystallisations of the Sexual Hydrogen Si-12 (or Te-12).

It is in no way possible to penetrate into the Sanctum Regnum Dei, Magis Regnum, without the Wedding Dress of the Soul.

With the healthy purpose of illuminating these writings even more, we now transcribe the parable of the Wedding Banquet:

"And again Jesus spoke to them in parables, saying: "The kingdom of heaven may be compared to a king who gave a marriage feast for his son, and sent his servants to call those who were invited to the marriage feast; but they would not come. Again he sent other servants, saying, 'Tell those who are invited, Behold, I have made ready my dinner, my oxen and my fat calves are killed, and everything is ready; come to the marriage feast.' But they made light of it and went off, one to his farm, another to his business, while the rest seized his servants, treated them shamefully, and killed them. The king was angry, and he sent his troops and destroyed those murderers and burned their city. Then he said to his servants, 'The wedding is ready, but those invited were not worthy. Go therefore to the thoroughfares, and invite to the marriage feast as many as you find.' And the servants went out into the streets and gathered all whom they found, both bad and good; so the wedding hall was filled with guests.

But when the king came in to look at the guests, he saw there a man who had no wedding garment; and he said to him, 'Friend, how did you get in here without a wedding garment?' And he was speechless. Then the king said to the attendants, 'Bind him hand and foot, and cast him into the outer darkness; there men will weep and gnash their teeth'. For many are called, but few are chosen".⁷

It is well-known and evident that the guest not dressed in his Wedding Dress of the Soul could not legitimately receive the name of Man, even though that title is given to him simply because of love and respect for our fellow-creatures.

The parable would have been grotesque if it had been said that there was *an animal* that was not dressed for the wedding.

Obviously no animal, including the intellectual beast, can ever be dressed in the Wedding Dress of the Soul.

Let us, however, go back to my personal case, to approach closer the actual purpose of this chapter.

⁷ Matthew 22:1-14.

In the name of the truth I must say with complete clarity that I was born with four bodies: physical, astral, mental and causal.

It was indispensable and urgent for me to restore the power of Fire in each body, to recapitulate Initiations.

After the four previous Initiations, I had to pass by again patiently the Fifth Initiation of Fire.

Here I wish to give the term *pass by again* an intrinsic, transcendent and transcendental meaning.

Since in previous lives I had gone through the Cosmic Initiations of Fire, I only needed now to pass by them again.

When I asked for permission from the Logos of our solar system of Ors to enter the mysteries of the Fifth Initiation of Fire, he gave me the following answer: *"You do not need to ask for permission to enter the Initiation, you have the right to do so"*.

The Blessed One gave then to a noble specialist of the causal world the mission to assist and help me.

This specialist had to lead the Sacred Fire by the medullar spinal canal of my causal body (or body of Conscious Will).

The awakening of the Fifth Igneous Serpent of our magic powers in the Muladhara chakra of the coccyx was celebrated in the Temple with a great festivity.

The ascent of the Kundalini from vertebra to vertebra and chakra to chakra along the dorsal spine of the causal body happened very slowly according to the merits of the heart.

Since I was born awakened and I certainly enjoy what we can call Objective Consciousness and Objective Knowledge, it was very easy to bring back the memories of the causal world to the physical brain.

I will clarify this: modern Revolutionary Psychology of the new Era of Aquarius uses the terms objective and subjective in the following way:

A) Objective: real, spiritual, true, divine, etc.

B) 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 it is in heaven.

One of my main joys was to enter the temple of the Music of the Spheres in that cosmic region.

At the threshold of the Temple, the Guardian taught me one of the secret greetings of the Occult Fraternity.

The face of that Guardian was like lightning. When that Man lived in the world his name was Beethoven.

I found many boddhisattwas in the causal world, working intensely for humanity.

These Causal Men operate marvellously, each under the direction of their Internal God.

Only the Causal Man has definitely achieved immortality. This class of beings is beyond Good and Evil.

It is certainly something not to be forgotten, the experience of the Drama of the Cosmic Christ in those regions, to become oneself the central character in the whole of the Via Crucis. We need to refine ourselves, to really purify ourselves, if it is true that we yearn to experience seriously the tremendous realities contained in the divine Christian symbolism.

Without restraining in any way my intimate yearnings, I sincerely confess that in the world of natural causes I saw myself loaded down by the weight of my own cross, faced with the profane crowds that, angrily, stoned me.

Notably, I found the face of the Adorable, stamped miraculously on the sacred cloth of the Veronica.

It is not in vain to remember that the archaeologists have discovered many heads of stone crowned with thorns. Such statues belong to the Bronze Age.

This reminds us of the Thorn rune, about which we spoke in much detail in the *"Esoteric Treatise of Runic Magic"*.

Anybody versed in Universal Gnosticism knows very well the meaning of that rune.

The deep significance of the divine face with the head crowned by thorns is: "Christic Will".

Ecstatic, I saw the cloth of the Veronica shine over the Sacred Altar in the night of Initiation with singular, divine transparency and diaphanousness.

The final cosmic event happened inevitably when the Fifth Serpent, after having passed by the pineal gland and the magnetic field at the root of the nose, arrived at its corresponding secret chamber in the quiet heart.

Then, fused with my interior Real Being, I happily felt that I was going back to the infantile paradisiac state.

At the end of the final ceremony, I prostrated myself before my guru "Adolfito", saying: *"Thank you Venerable Master, I owe all of this to you"*.

The blessed Mahatma, standing up, answered: *"Do not thank me! What I need to know is how you are going to behave in your life"*.

*"The facts speak for me, Venerable Master, you can see that"---*such were then my words.

Later on I was visited by a great elemental Genie. I wish to refer to Deiduso, who personifies the Sphinx of the desert in Egypt.

That Being had his feet covered with mud. I understood its deep occult esoteric meaning.

*"Your feet are covered with mud"---*I said. The mysterious creature kept silent. Unquestionably the washing of the feet was necessary for me.

When I tried to deposit the holy kiss on his cheek, he called me to order delicately saying: *"Kiss me with purity"*. I did so.

Later on Isis, whose veil has never been raised by a mortal, the Divine Mother Kundalini, visited me. I asked her immediately about the results.

---Oh, my Mother! I have then raised the Five Serpents?

---Yes, my son.

---I want you to help me now to raise the Sixth and Seventh Serpents.

---These are already raised.

At that moment I experienced perfect self remembrance:

---Ah! I am an ancient Master; I was fallen; now I remember.

---Yes, my son, you are a Master.

---Oh, Devi Kundalini! You are Laksmi, the Wife of Vishnu. Adorable Mother! You are the Divine Bride of Shiva, venerable Virgin! You are the aqueous Saravasti, the Consort of Brahma.

Oh, dear reader! Listen to me: She is certainly the Eternal Feminine represented by the Moon and the Water, the Magna Mater from which originates the magic "M" and the famous hieroglyph of Aquarius.

Unquestionably She is also the Universal Matrix of the Great Abyss, the Primitive Venus, the Great Virgin Mother that emerges from the waves of the sea with Cupid-Eros, who is her son.

Without any doubt we must affirm frankly that She is the hindustani Prakriti, and metaphysically Aditi and even Mulaprakriti.

We could never walk the rocky path that leads to the final liberation without the help of the Divine Mother Kundalini.

Chapter 18

A Super sensible Adventure

Three friends, talking and wandering in the forest of mystery, we arrived slowly, slowly, slowly, before the sacred hill.

Without much fear, we were then witnesses to something unusual and unexpected. It is urgent to write about this for the benefit of our beloved readers.

An ancient rock on this stony ground opened suddenly, as if it had been split into two exactly equal pieces, leaving us perplexed and amazed...

Before we had enough time to evaluate this, without thinking, as if attracted by a strange force, I approached the mysterious granite door...

Without meeting any obstacle, I bravely crossed the threshold of a Temple. In the meantime, my friends sat serenely before the great mass of stone that was closing in front of them...

Any dictionary, no matter how extraordinary, would frankly be insufficient if we intended to describe in minute detail all the portents of that subterranean Sanctuary.

Without any *savoir-faire*, I prefer to speak about this in "grosso modo" but with sincerity, limiting myself to narrate what happened.

Lively, animated by the Living Flame of the Spirit, I advanced along a narrow corridor until I arrived to a small drawing room...

That exotic place appeared to be the office or room of a lawyer...

Sitting down before the desk, I found an Archon of Destiny, an indecipherable character, hermetic Judge of Karma, mystic dressed as an elegant modern gentleman...

How wise that lawyer-Cohen appeared! Sublime prophet! Infallible! And terrifyingly divine...

With deep veneration I approached his desk; the Sacred Fire shone in his face...

Immediately I felt its deep significance, in a direct way. "Thanks, Venerable Master!"---I said with infinite humility...

The austere Hierophant, with sibilant tone, took his parabola and said:

*---That person---*referring to one of the two friends who waited for me outside*---is of the worn type, who will always live in poverty. The other person---*referring now to my other friend*---is of the samuro type.*

---How? Samuro?

---I repeat: samuro. (A fighting, spiritual friend, like the progressive Buddhist samurai of the Empire of the Rising Sun).

Finally, addressing my insignificant, worthless person, said, *"You are the military type, because you will have to draw the multitudes, and form the Army of World Salvation, to initiate the new Aquarian Era"*.

Then he proceeded in the following way: *"Your specific mission is to create Men, to teach the people to fabricate the astral, mental and causal bodies so that they can incarnate the Human Soul"*.

Then he got up from his desk with the evident purpose of looking for one of my books in his library, and when he had it in his hands, enraptured with ecstasy, said: *"The book that you sent by mail at the appropriate time to a particular person, was very much appreciated"*.

It is easy to infer what happened afterwards: with infinite veneration and great humility, with no haste of any kind and no vain infatuation, I said goodbye to the Venerable One and left the Temple.

Now it is urgent and indispensable to think and meditate seriously about the essential, basic nature of this story.

Excluding from our vocabulary any cutting remark in bad taste, we shall emphasise the following postulate: *"It is indispensable to create the Man inside ourselves, here and now"*.

Since I am teaching the Doctrine to the people, I am obviously a creator of Men.

There is a need to create inside us the *availability for Humanity*. It is not superfluous to remember that the end time has already arrived.

Much has been said in occultist literature about the two paths. I wish to refer specifically to the spiral and direct paths.

Unquestionably the two paths only open, augustly, 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 these processes of recapitulation, I had to confront bravely a nirvanic Guardian, terrifyingly divine.

The blessed Lord of Perfection, showing me the nirvanic spiral path, said, *"This is a good work"*. Afterwards, indicating the direct path to me said with his great voice like that of a roaring lion: *"This is a superior work"*.

Later on I saw him coming towards me with that tremendous commanding manner of the great majesties. He interrogated me and I answered him, so we established the following dialogue:

---Which of these two path are you going to follow now?

---Let me think about it.

---Do not think about it, say it immediately, define your position.

---I will go by the direct path that leads to the Absolute.

---But, what are you saying? Don't you realise that this path is very painful?

---I repeat, I go to the Absolute!

---How can you even think of entering there? Don't you want to understand the extent to which you are going to suffer? What's happening to you, Sir?

---I will go to the Absolute.

---Well, you are warned! Those were the final words of the Guardian, after which he withdrew, solemn.

Another night, outside my super sensible bodies, in total command of functions as Atman or Spirit-Man.

In Nirvana, I was alone on the beautiful terrace of the dwelling of delights in the corner of Love...

I saw the inhabitants of that region in always increasing number floating in the sacred space...

They happily sat down in that place full of perfumed flowers. Divine algorithm, sublime inspiration, and unforgettable talent...

Atman-Buddhi-Manas, Trimurti of Perfection. At this moment in which I am writing these lines it occurs to me to repeat that verse of the book *"The Occult Abode"*, that says

**"I am the sacred crocodile Sebek.
I am the flame with three wicks,
and my wicks are immortal.
I enter the region of Sekem,
and enter the region of the flames
that have vanquished my adversaries".**

An igneous creature started to talk in the name of the Sacred Brotherhood and said, *"My brother, why are you going to take such a hard path? Here in Nirvana we are happy. Stay with us!"*

Full of energy, my answer was the following: *"The intellectual animals were unable, with their temptations, far less you the Gods. I go for the Absolute!"*

The Ineffable Ones went silent, and I quickly left that house.

The Voice of Silence has said: *"The bodddhisattwa who renounces Nirvana by love of humanity, is confirmed as three times honoured and, after many nirvanas won and lost because of this cause, he gets the right to enter the world of supranirvanic happiness..."*

Nirvana has cycles of activity and others of deep rest. By the 20th century, it finds itself in a period of action.

The Nirvanis that reincarnated during the first races have reincarnated again. When this epoch has passed, they will submerge in the infinite happiness towards the future mahamvantara.

The Path of the long and bitter duty is different, implying total renunciation. However, it leads directly to the Absolute.

Any one of these many nights, finding myself happily in the state of shamadhi, I saw the planet Mars shine with purple hues...

Its vibrations were certainly of a telepathic character. I felt in my quiet heart that I was being called urgently from the central nucleus of that planetary mass. Its glittering was unmistakable...

Immediately I transported myself towards the living entrails of that world dressed in To Soma Heliakon...

Shining, dressed in the uniform of the celestial militias, Samael was waiting for me, my own individual Monad, my intimate Real Being, and the divine Regent of that planet.

Reverent, I prostrated myself before the Omniscient One, illustrious Lord of that place, and then said:

---Here I am, my Father! What have you called me for?

---You, my son, forget me!

---No, my Father, I do not forget you!

---Yes, my Son, if you are given the role of gatekeeper of the Universe, you forget me!

---Oh, my Father, I have come to kiss your hand and receive your blessing!

The Omnimericiful blessed me, and I kissed his right hand with bent knee.

Later on I fell into deep thoughts. Why did I choose this path for myself? Why did I forget my Father before the terrible presence of the Guardian of the Paths?

Jesus, the Great Gnostic Priest, gave us a great lesson in the Mount of Olives when he said *"My Father, if though art willing, remove this cup from me, nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done."*

Eighteen years later: thundering and lightning I tore my garments protesting about so much pain. *Oh! God!*

A virgin from the Nirvana answered me: *"Such is the path you have yourself chosen. For us inhabitants of the Nirvana the triumphs are less, and because of this we suffer less. However since your triumphs will be bigger your suffering will be also more intense"*.

When I wanted to rest a while, the Agents of Karma recriminated me, saying: *"What is wrong, sir? Are you going to move? Move on, my friend! Move on! Move on!"*

I patiently continued the march by the rocky Path leading to the final Liberation.

Chapter 19

Persecutions

In the tropical slopes of the Sierra Nevada, near the Caribbean Sea, I had to recapitulate patiently the diverse initiatory esoteric processes of the Third, Fourth and Fifth Initiations of Fire.

I lived there in austerity with a certain group of select gnostic students, very far from the fuss of vain intellectualism...

Thankfully these honest and irreproachable anchorites had built for me a simple dwelling using wood from those forests...

I want to evoke now, at least for a moment, all those illustrious men, some of whom now excel as notable international missionaries...

From my old Mexican land I salute you, illustrious sons of the South American Sierra Nevada!

I wish also to include in my salutations your wives and children, and the children of your children...

How happy I was, staying in that refuge in the deep forest, far from wordily noise!

I returned then to the elemental paradises of Nature, and the Princes of fire, air, water and the perfumed earth gave me their secrets...

One day, it does not matter which one, some of these people from Universal Gnosticism anxiously knocked on the door of my house to beg me to extinguish a fire.

The unceasing crackling of the igneous element advanced terribly across the thick plantation incinerating everything that it found in its path...

This horrendous conflagration threatened the fields and the huts. In vain trenches were dug, hoping to stop the triumphal progress of the fire.

The igneous element crossed over every ditch and gully, threatening all the surrounding fields and houses.

Obviously I had never been a fire-fighter or "smoke-eater" as these heroic public servants are kindly called...

However, I frankly confess that at that instant the fate of these gnostic brothers was in my hands. What to do?

I yearned to serve them in the best possible way and this was, without any doubt, one of my best opportunities...

It would have been absurd and ungrateful to deny such urgent assistance. Karma is paid not only for the evil one does, but also for the good that one does not do when one is able to do it.

Thus, I made up my mind to use magic. Getting closer to the titanic flare, I sat down next to it, and then I concentrated on the Intimate...

Secretly praying, I begged it to invoke Agni, the huge and illustrious god of Fire...

The Intimate answered my prayer and cried out in a tremendous voice like that of a roaring lion, calling Agni, and seven thunders repeated his voices...

Promptly he was at my side, the brilliant Lord of Fire, the shining Son of the Flame, the Omni-compassionate...

I felt him present in all of my Being and I begged him to dissipate this fire in the name of Universal Charity...

Undoubtedly, this blessed Lord of Perfection considered my demand to be justified and perfect...

In an unusual way a soft and perfumed breeze appeared from the blue mystery of the deep forest, and it diverted the path of those tongues of fire, and then the fire was completely put out.

Another day, when I was talking to the gnostic people, in a clearing in the deep of the forest, very near the huts, we were suddenly threatened by torrential rain.

Eagerly I concentrated upon the Intimate, praying intensely and asking it to invoke Paralda, the Elemental Spirit of the restless sylphs of the air.

That deva appeared, olympic, with the evident purpose of helping me. I took advantage of the magnificent opportunity being offered and I begged him to remove the stormy clouds from these surroundings...

Truly, the clouds actually positioned themselves above our heads in the shape of a circle, and then went away, before the astonished mystics of that corner of love...

At that time, the gnostic brothers travelled each week to the sandy beaches of that stormy place...

Litelantes asked those sincere penitents to bring us fish and even vegetables and fruit, that cannot be cultivated in the Sierra Nevada because of the ferocious hunger of the implacable ants.

Those involuntary creatures ate insatiably, flowers, fruits and vegetables, and nothing could stop them. Such is the whirlpool of the forest; this is well known by the divines and the humans. The nocturnal patrols of the ants are frightful...

The poisonous snakes, such as the dreadful Talla X and others known since classic times by the names of Cascabel, Coral and Manapá, thrived here, there and everywhere...

I still remember an old medicine man from the mountain, named Juan. This man lived with his wife in the deepest part of the forest...

Like a good Samaritan from the Old Testament, that man cured with his precious balsams the humble mountain people bitten by the vipers...

Unfortunately he hated snakes, and implacable and vindictive he killed them with no consideration whatsoever...

---Friend Juan---I told him one day---, you are in state of war against the vipers, and they are preparing to defend themselves. Let us see who wins the battle...

---I hate snakes...

---It would be better if you loved them. Remember that snakes are clairvoyant; the marvellous Zodiac shines in the astral aura of these creatures, and they know, by direct experience, who truly loves them and who detests them...

---I cannot love them... I feel that my body starts decomposing when I see them... I kill any snake that crosses my way...

---Oh, good old man! Twelve snakes have bitten you, and when the thirteenth hurts you, you will die...

Somewhat later on, near his lonely hut, the old man was bitten by a frightful snake that, coiled three and a half times, was waiting for him, hidden...

The prophecy was fulfilled: the old medicine man died with the Arcanum 13 of the Kabbala, and his friends could not find the poisonous snake...

The old medicine man always carried in his haversack some marvellous plants. Let us remember the five lady captains: Captain Solabasta, Captain Generala, Captain Silvadora, Captain Pujadora, and Captain Tongue of Deer.

Miraculous vegetables not classified by botany and only known in the Sierra Nevada, near the stormy waters of the Macuriba. Extraordinary plants by means of which the old medicine man of the lonely forest healed the victims of the snakes.

Indeed, the old man used them therapeutically in a very wise way, prescribing them, sometimes in an oral form, as teas or infusions, or in an external form, having the wound or wounds washed with the decoction of such vegetables.

The gnostic recluses of the Sierra Nevada never killed the dangerous vipers. They learned to love them sincerely...

As a consequence of this behaviour, they gained the confidence of the terrible snakes. Now, these poisonous serpents have become guardians of the Temple.

When these anchorites of the mountain wished to move the snakes away, they sang full of faith the following mantras: OSI...OSOA...ASI...

Every time that those hermits wanted truly, magically, to charm the terrible snakes, they said the mysterious words: OSI...OSOA...OSIAS...

No mystic from that mountain ever took the life of any snake! They learned to respect every existence...even though there are exceptions. Such is the case of the precious Rattlesnake...

Cancer

In the name of the Truth I want to establish in this book the following fact: *“The infallible cure for the fearful Cancer has been discovered, and can found in the serpent Rattlesnake!”*

Formula of salvation: kill this animal, get rid of the rattles and head (those parts are not useful). Mince the useful meat until it is reduced to a fine powder. Put this substance into empty capsules that can be found in any pharmacy.

Dosage: take one capsule every hour.

Observation: continue the treatment until radical healing takes place.

Warning: the sick person must radically eliminate all medicines and limit himself exclusively to the treatment with the viper.

Hawks

At this moment come to mind wild reminiscences, recollections from the mountains, wild memories...

How those penitents suffered from the cruel birds of prey! The sharp eyed hawks laid waste the farmyards taking away in their claws the chickens and the hens...

I saw many times these bloodthirsty birds standing on the branches of the trees of the neighbourhood, lying in wait for their defenceless victims...

To eat and be eaten is the Law of the Eternal Autoegocratic Common Cosmic Trogo (the reciprocal feeding of all organisms).

Unquestionably, such a reciprocity, correspondence or mutuality, appears because of the active omni-present element Okidanokh.

Persecutions

How happily we lived in our huts in the lonely forest! Unluckily, new persecutions started...

Profane people from the neighbourhood villages began propagating various slanderous lies against me...

The gossiping of the ladies, the lies of the gentlemen, the deceits, assumed monstrous shapes and started a tempest...

In fact I became the central character of the drama, against whom all sparks, flashes, were thrown...

Things were going from bad to worse every day, and at last the accuser, the informer, appeared...

Having been alerted, the police looked for me everywhere with express orders to apply the law of flight.

Certainly I was not for these poor gendarmes a simple agitator in the style of Paul of Tarsus, but something worse: a sorcerer from the Avern coming straight from some mysterious witches' Sabbath, a monster that must be jailed or killed...

On a starry night, finding myself in a state of ecstasy, I was visited by a Mahatma, who told me: "A large contingent of armed people is looking for you; you must leave by a different road".

I must emphasise the fact that I always know how to obey the orders of the Universal White Brotherhood...

Taking advantage of the silent night, I went down the mountain by a steep and difficult path. In the Plane, as the gnostic people called the coastal lands, away from the mountains, the Venerable Master Gargha Kuichines picked me up. He took me in his carriage to a beautiful city.

Chapter 20

The Secret of the Abyss

Humbly, frankly, now I must confess that after having climbed the five steps of the Igneous Initiations, it became urgent for me to pursue the development in the Light with the Eight Degrees of the Venusian Initiation.

It becomes pressing to work in the Fiery Forge of Vulcan (Sex) when one truly requires the complete awakening of the First Serpent of Light.

The following is written in golden words in the Book of all Splendours: *"The Kundalini develops, revolves and ascends in the marvellous aura of the Mahachohan"*.

Unquestionably we first work with the Fire and then with the Light; we must never confuse the Serpents of Fire with the Vipers of Light...

The extraordinary ascent of the First Serpent of Light towards the interior and upper regions along the medullar spinal canal of the physical body enabled me to know *the secret of the abyss*.

The foundations of this secret can be found in the Law of the Fall, as formulated by St Venoma.

This is the formulation given by this Master of this cosmic law discovered by him:

<< *"Everything existing in the World fall towards the bottom. And the bottom, for any part of the Universe, is its nearest "stability", and this said "stability" is the place or the point upon which all lines of force arriving from all directions converge.*

The centres of all the suns and all the planets of our Universe are just such points of "stability". They are the lowest points of those regions of space upon which the forces from all directions of the given part of the Universe definitely tend. In these points there is also concentrated the equilibrium which enables suns and planets to maintain their position". >>

"The Tiger of Turkestan"⁸, commenting, says:

⁸ G. I. Gurdjieff

<< *"In this formulation of his, Saint Venoma said further that everything when dropped into space, wherever it may be, they tend to fall on one or another sun, or another planet, according to which sun or planet the given part of space belongs to, where the object is dropped, each sun or planet being for that particular sphere, the 'stability' or bottom".* >>

These paragraphs in quotation marks refer clearly to the two aspects, external and internal, of the Law of Gravity.

"The external aspect is only a projection of the internal one". In a three-dimensional form the secret gravitation of the spheres is repeated...

The central nucleus of this planetary mass in which we live is doubtless the mathematical place or point where all lines of force coming from diverse directions converge.

The involutive and evolutive forces of Nature can be found at the centre of planetary stability, where they reciprocally equilibrate.

Essential surges start their evolution in the mineral reign, continue in the vegetable state and then in the animal scale, and at last reach the level of the intellectual humanoid type.

Surges of life descend soon, involuting according to the Law of the Fall, reviving animal, vegetable and mineral processes, towards the terrestrial centre of gravity.

The wheel of Samsara turns: on the right-hand side ascends evolving Anubis, on the left involuting Typhon descends.

The sojourn in the intellectual humanoid state is something completely relative and circumstantial.

Justly, we have been told that any one of the humanoid periods always consists of one hundred and eight lives of evolutive and involutive type that are always processed and repeated, be it in an elevated or in a lower type of spiral.

I clarify: one hundred and eight existences are always assigned to each rational humanoid period; these keep a strict mathematical concordance with the same number of beads that constitute the necklace of the Buddha.

After each humanoid epoch, according to the laws of time, space and movement, the wheel of the Arcanum 10 of the Tarot inevitably turns. Then, it is obvious and manifest that the surges of involuting life descend into the mineral kingdom submerged towards the centre of planetary stability, to ascend again evolutively somewhat later on.

Any new evolutive re-ascension from the terrestrial centre of gravity requires the previous disintegration of the Ego. This is the Second Death.

Since the Essence is bottled up in the Ego, its dissolution becomes indispensable so that the Essence is liberated.

The original pristine purity of the Essence is restored at the centre of planetary stability.

The wheel of Samsara turns three thousand times. If we really yearn for the final liberation, it really is imperative and urgent to understand this, to capture its deep significance.

Continuing the present chapter, it is necessary to call the attention of the reader to the following: when the three thousand periods of the great wheel are over, any type of intimate self-realisation becomes impossible.

In other words, it is necessary to assert the inescapable fact that each Monad is assigned mathematically three thousand periods for his deep interior self-realisation. It is indubitable that the doors close after the last turn of the wheel.

When this happens, the Monad, the Immortal Spark, our Real Being, collects its Essence and its Principles to absorb itself definitively in the bosom of the Universal Spirit of Life (the supreme Parabrahmatman).

It is written in the Testament of Ancient Wisdom with mysterious characters of fire the concrete, clear and definitive fact that there are very few divine Monads or virginal Sparks that really want to achieve mastery.

When a Monad really yearns for mastery, it is indubitable that it obtains it by working intensively on its Essence.

It is very easy to recognise in the world of the dense shapes every Essence that is being intimately worked inwards by its divine Monad. This is the concrete case of any person with great spiritual restlessness.

Obviously, such a specific type of mystical longing could never exist in people whose Essence had not been worked inwards by its corresponding divine Monad.

Once, being on holiday in the seaside town of Acapulco in the Pacific coast of Mexico, I had to go into the yogic state of Nirvi-Kalpa-Shamadhi.

I wanted to know something about those monads that, after having endured the three thousand turns of the wheel of Samsara, had lost every cosmic opportunity.

What I saw on that occasion, far from the body, from the feelings and the mind, was extraordinary...

Totally submerged in the Current of the Sound, in the shining ocean of the Supreme Parabrahmatman-Atman, I came in by the doors of an ineffable Temple...

It was not necessary to interrogate and investigate. I could feel the enormous reality of such sublime Monads in my whole Being: they are beyond Good and Evil.

Very small innocent creatures, flashes of the Divinity without self-realisation, happy beings but without mastery.

Those noble creatures floated deliciously in the immaculate whiteness of the Great Ocean, they came into the Temple or went out, prayed and kneeled down before the Buddhas, before the Holy Gods, before the Mahatmas.

Unquestionably, such divine Monads see the Masters in the same way that ants look up to people.

The Agnisvatas, the Buddhas of Compassion, the Hierophants, are for this type of monads without mastery something that cannot be understood, strange, enigmatic beings, terrifyingly divine...

In the Sanctas or Churches of the *free life in their movement*, these Monads obey the Holy Gods and serve them with infinite humility.

The enjoyment of these Monads is very well merited, because the Essence of each of them has known the horrors of the abyss and turned three thousand times in the wheel of Samsara.

In each one of the multiple cyclic turns of the Samsara Wheel are included multiple Evolutive processes through the Mineral, Vegetal, Animal and Humanoid Kingdoms.

Each one of the 3.000 fatal turns of such wheel means in fact terrible descendent involutions towards the planetary centre of stability, going down slowly through the Humanoid, Animal, Vegetal and Mineral steps.

Specifying real facts, we emphasize the following:

3.000 ascents from the Planetary gravity centre.

3.000 descents to the Planetary gravity centre.

3.000 times going up from the hard rock to the Rational Animal. 3.000 times going down from the Rational Humanoid to the stone.

3.000 times of repetition and failure in the 108 cycles of human lives.

Undoubtedly that those divine Monads excluded from the Mastery –because of intentional rejection or because they failed despite all their efforts—suffered very much in this painful valley of Samasara and in the Pluto's dwelling (the submerged mineral kingdom).

This last fact is showing the infinite divine mercy and gives a sense to the elemental happiness that such Monads enjoy between the Universal Spirit of Life

Chapter 21

The Baptism of John

The Second Degree of the Venusian Initiation, the superior octave of its corresponding Initiation of Fire, transcendently appeared as an esoteric result of the miraculous ascent of the radiant Second Serpent of Light towards the interior and upper regions by the medullar spinal canal of the vital organic reserve (*lingam sarira*).

It certainly was an unexpected, magic encounter the one I had with John in the Garden of the Hesperides, where the rivers with the pure water of life flow with milk and honey...

I wish to refer with great solemnity to the Baptist, living reincarnation of Elias, that colossus that lived in the roughness of the Carmelo's mountain having for company the vicinity of wild beasts, and from where he used to emerge as lightning to sink and raise kings. Super-human creature, sometimes visible, other times invisible, which was respected until death.

Clearly, the esoteric divine Baptism of the Christus John has very deep archaic roots.

It is appropriate to remember in this paragraph the Baptism of Rama, the Christ-Yogi of the Hindustan:

<< When they were at a half yodjana from the southern bank of the river Sarayu, Visvamitra said sweetly: "Rama, it is convenient that you throw water over yourself, according to our rites. I am going to teach you our greetings so as not to waste any time. First receive those two marvellous sciences: the Potency and the Ultrapotency. They will prevent tiredness, old age or any other injury from invading your limbs".

Having finished this speech, Visvamitra, the man of the mortifications, initiated Rama, who was already purified in the waters of the river and was standing up, the head inclined and the hands together, into the two sciences. >>

(This is a text from the "*Ramayana*" and it invites the good Christians to meditate).

The adamantine baptismal foundation can unquestionably be found in the Sahaja Maithuna (Sexual Magic).

It was urgent that full information on Sex-Yoga was given to the candidate before receiving the baptismal waters.

Rama had to be informed in advance by Visvamitra before being baptised. In this way he got to know the sciences of the Potency and Ultrapotency.

The key to the Baptism can be found in the scientific transmutation of the *spermatic waters of the first instant*.

The baptismal sacrament is in itself full of a deep meaning: it is in fact a sexual commitment.

To become baptised is thus equivalent, in fact, to signing a pact of Sexual Magic. Rama knew how to fulfil this terrible agreement: he practised the Sahaja Maithuna with his priestess wife.

Rama transmuted the *seminal waters* into the Wine of Light of the alchemist and at the end he found the Lost Word; the Kundalini having become the Logos, flowered in his fertile lips. Then he was able to say with all the strength of his soul, "*The King is dead, long live the King!*".

In the presence of the Christus John I could feel in my whole Cosmic Being the deep meaning of Baptism.

"The Nazarenes are known as Baptists, Sabians and Christians of St John. Their belief was that the Messiah was not the Son of God, but simply a prophet that wanted to follow John".

Origen (Vol. II, page 150) observes that *"there are some that say of John the Baptist that he was the Anointed One (Christus)"*.

<< *When the metaphysical conceptions of the gnostics, that saw in Christ the Logos and the Anointed One, started to gain terrain, the primitive Christians separated from the Nazarenes, who accused Jesus of perverting the doctrines of John and exchanging the baptism on the Jordan with another one. >>* (Codex Nazaraeus, page 109).

I will conclude this chapter emphasising the following: when the Second Serpent of Light made contact with the atom of the Father in the magnetic field at the root of the nose, the Christ-Sun shone over the Waters of Life and the initiatory final ceremony took place.

Let the blessings from Amenzano, with their inalterability, be for all eternity. Amen!

Chapter 22

The Transfiguration of Jesus

The luminous ascent of the Third Serpent of Light towards the interior and upper regions by the shining medullar canal of the sidereal body gave me open access to the superior Venusian octave of the corresponding Initiation of Fire...

It is not possible to write in the narrow frame of this treatise everything that I learned years ago in each and all of the thirty-three holy chambers...

The extraordinary revolution of the radiant Third Snake was processed very slowly according to the merits of the quiet heart...

When the Shining Viper crossed the threshold of the third secret chamber of the Heart Temple, I obviously felt transfigured...

Is this, perhaps, something very rare? Didn't the same thing happen to Moses in Mount Nebo? Unquestionably I am not the first to whom this happens, and neither I am the last...

At this moment of happiness I was transported before the presence of that illustrious man of celebrated intelligence and noble face that I knew in days gone by when I was only a tender adolescent...

I wish to refer to the professor of aspirants to the Rosicrucian order referred to in chapter 5 of this same treatise.

Unfortunately, this notable man could not see me even in full Transfiguration...

Those who consider themselves Christians have never meditated enough on the moving and sublime scene of the Transfiguration of Jesus, nor on his Ascension, as it is described by Luke (9:18-37) in the following terms:

<< Now it happened that as he was praying alone the disciples were with him; and he asked them, "Who do the people say that I am?" And they answered, "John the Baptist (Ioannes, Ra or the Lamb of God); but others say, Eli'jah; and others, that one of the old prophets has risen." And he said to them, "But who do you say that I am?" And Peter answered, "The Christ of God." But he charged and commanded them to tell this to no one saying, "The Son of man must suffer many things, and be rejected by the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be killed, and on the third day be raised."

And he said to all, "If any man would come after me, let him deny himself (dissolve the Ego) and take up his cross daily (practice Sexual Magic) and follow me (sacrifice for Humanity). For whoever would save his life (the selfish person who never sacrifices himself for his fellow men) will lose it; and whoever loses his life (the altruist that mounts the altar of the supreme sacrifice for Humanity) for my sake, he will save it. For what does it profit a man if he gains the whole world and loses or forfeits himself? For whoever is ashamed of me and of my words, of him will the Son of man be ashamed when he comes in his glory and the glory of the Father and of the holy angels. But I tell you truly, there are some standing here who will not taste death before they see the kingdom of God." >>

And after this passage, that taken literally refers only to Jesus, but when taken symbolically or "in the spirit" refers in fact to every man, as we shall see further on, the text continues with the scene from the Transfiguration, saying:

<< Now about eight days after these sayings (and as if the fact to be described were, we add, a practical and tangible corroboration of them) he took with him Peter and John and James, and went up on the mountain to pray. And as he was praying, the appearance of his countenance was altered, and his raiment became dazzling white. And behold, two men talked with him, Moses and Eli'jah, who appeared in glory and spoke of his departure, which he was to accomplish at Jerusalem. Now Peter and those who were with him were heavy with sleep but kept awake, and they saw his glory and the two men who stood with him. And as the men were parting from him, Peter said to Jesus, "Master, it is well that we are here; let us make three booths, one for you and one for Moses and one for Eli'jah" --not knowing what he said. As he said this, a cloud came and overshadowed them; and they were afraid as they entered the cloud. And a voice came out of the cloud, saying, "This is my Son, my Chosen; listen to him!" And when the voice had spoken, Jesus was found alone. And they kept silence and told no one in those days anything of what they had seen... >>

Chapter 23

Jerusalem

The extraordinary development, revolution and ascent of the Fourth Venusian Serpent towards the interior and upper regions along the medullar canal of the mental body allowed me to experience vitally the whole of the raw evangelic realism of the magisterial entrance of the Great Kabir Jesus in Jerusalem.

Then I could verify by myself in a direct manner the inferior (Hell) and superior (Heaven) aspects of the mental world.

Unquestionably that Great Harlot of all fatalities, the apocalyptic Great Whore, whose number is 666, involutes horrifyingly in the mental hells...

I am not a treacherous iconoclast devoted to the destruction of cherished ideals like an intellectual vandal. However I must confess sincerely to everything that I saw in those regions of Nature.

What I perceived with the spatial sense in the mental hells had been stated already by St John⁹ in "The Apocalypse":

<< And the merchants of the earth weep and mourn for her, since no one buys their cargo any more, cargo of gold, silver, jewels and pearls, fine linen, purple, silk and scarlet, all kinds of scented wood, all articles of ivory, all articles of costly wood, bronze, iron and marble, cinnamon, spice, incense, myrrh, frankincense, wine, oil, fine flour and wheat, cattle and sheep, horses and chariots and slaves, that is, human souls. >>

⁹ Rev 18:11-13.

Horrible buildings and “beds of Procusto”, where the Great Whore fornicates unceasingly.

Abominable brothels, repugnant streets, caverns where pornographic movies are being shown, etc., etc., etc.

When one wishes to enter in triumph into the Jerusalem above (the Heaven of Mercury and after that the world of the Spirit) it is indispensable to go beyond the body, the affections and the mind.

Let us look now at chapter 21 of Mathew (verses 1 to 20).

<< When Jesus came near Jerusalem and reached Bethphage at the mount Olives, He sent out two disciples saying to them, “Go to the village opposite you and immediately you will find a donkey hitched and a colt with her. Unhitch them and bring them to Me. Should anyone say anything to you, you reply, ‘The Lord needs them’, and without delay he will let them go” This happened so that the saying of the prophet might be fulfilled, “Tell Zion’s daughter, ‘Behold, your king is coming to you, gentle and mounted on a donkey (symbol of the mind), even on a colt, the foal of a beast of burden’”

The disciples went and did as Jesus---the Great Kabir---had directed them; they brought the ass and the colt, and put their garments on them, and he sat thereon. Most of the crowd spread their garments on the road, and others cut branches from the trees and spread them on the road (esoteric). And the crowds that went before him (on the Path of the Razor's Edge) and that followed him (in the esoteric path) shouted, "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 entire city was stirred, saying, "Who is this?" And the crowds said, "This is the prophet Jesus from Nazareth of Galilee."

And Jesus entered the temple of God (the temple which each of us carries inside) and drove out all who sold and bought in the temple (the merchants, the "I's" that personify our defects of a psychological type), and he overturned the tables of the money changers (demons who adulterate everything that is good) and the chairs of those who sold doves (devils who sell the Third Logos, who trade desecrating the Holy Ghost: fornicators, prostitutes, lesbians, homosexuals).

He said to them, "It is written, 'My house shall be called a house of prayer'; but you make it a den of robbers (in this way the mind of each person is a lair for perversity)."

And the blind and the lame came to him in the temple, and he healed them (people who are incapable of seeing the truth and subjects that cannot follow the Path).

But when the chief priests and the scribes (or intellectuals) saw the wonderful things that he did, and the children crying out in the temple, "Hosanna to the Son of David!" they were indignant; and they said to him, "Do you hear what these are saying?" And Jesus said to them, "Yes; have you never read, 'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast brought perfect praise'?"

And leaving them, he went out of the city to Bethany and lodged there. In the morning, as he was returning to the city, he was hungry. And seeing a fig tree by the wayside (symbol of the sexual force) he went to it, and found nothing on it but leaves only. And he said to it, "May no fruit ever come from you again!" And the fig tree

withered at once. When the disciples saw it they marvelled, saying, "How did the fig tree wither at once?" >>

It is written in burning coal on the Book of Splendours: *"Tree that yields no fruit is cut and used for firewood"*.

When Adam and Eve (the paradisiac humanity) ate from the forbidden fruit, their eyes were opened and they realised that they were naked; they then sewed fig leaves and made aprons for themselves.

Gauthama Buddha, seated for four days and their nights in deep meditation under the shadow of a fig tree, attained the Final Illumination.

In the old Egypt of the Pharaohs, the fig tree was always venerated as a living symbol of the Creative Energy of the Third Logos.

The involutory creatures of the hell worlds certainly are sterile fig trees that never yielded any fruit.

Something strange can be written about this evergreen fig tree, because one of the most typical details, concomitant with certain astral visions, is of a plant that is always green and rotates giddily.

A good friend from Jumilla tells me: *"Just outside this village there is a cave of large width and height, where a fig tree grows that never loses a leaf or yields fruits; it is a general belief, supported by the testimony of several who say that they have seen it, that on the day of St John, when the day dawns, from this cave goes out a great military cohort of spectres with war horses richly harnessed. Warriors who, preceded by fantastic banners, go towards the South, disappearing far away, as if they were evoking a distant historical fact"*. (This is textual from the Tree of the Hesperides).

Jesus, the Great Gnostic Priest, said:

"The Stone (Philosophers', the Sex) that was rejected by those who were building (people of many religions) was made into a cornerstone. Because the Lord has done this, and it is a marvellous thing before our eyes".

"Therefore, I tell you that the Kingdom of God will be taken from you, and will be given to people that gets results from it" (people who are capable of practising Sexual Magic, to dissolve the Ego and sacrifice for their fellow creatures).

"And he who falls on this Stone (the Sex), will be crushed, and on whom it falls, will be crumbled".

Unquestionably, only by means of the sexual Fire is it possible to burn out all the perverse psychic aggregates that we have inside us, to enter the celestial Jerusalem on Palm Sunday. (See my book entitled *"The Mystery of the Golden Blossom"*).

Chapter 24

The Mount of Olives

The marvellous ascent of the Fifth Serpent of Light towards the interior and upper regions along the medullar spinal canal of the causal body gave me in fact free access to the initiatory mysteries of the Fifth Degree of the Venusian Wisdom.

If I were to write in detail everything that I learned then in the thirty-three holy chambers of the causal world, it is obvious that I would fill an enormous volume.

As a Causal Man, seated with much humility I crossed my arms over my chest to attend the final ceremony...

Unfortunately I had the atrocious habit of crossing the arms in such a way that the left arm was over the right one...

"You should not cross your arms in this way"---an Adept of the Temple said--- and then he added: "The right arm must be over the left". I obeyed his indications.

Have you ever seen Egyptian sarcophagi? The arms of the dead people crossed over their chests illustrate these assertions.

A skull between two shinbones as a signal of danger tells the same story.

To do the will of the Father in heaven as it is on earth, to die in the Lord, is the deep meaning of this symbol...

The Great Kabir Jesus, in the Mount of Olives, prayed thus:

"Father, if thou art willing, remove this cup from me; nevertheless not my will, but thine be done".

<< And being in an agony he prayed more earnestly; and his sweat became like great drops of blood falling down upon the ground. And when he rose from prayer, he came to the disciples and found them sleep for sorrow (with the Consciousness asleep), and he said to them, "Why do you sleep? (Why do you have your Consciousness asleep?) Rise and pray that you may not enter into temptation." (Because it is clear that those that sleep are falling into temptation)¹⁰. >>

In truth, in truth I tell you that your Consciousness must always be alert and vigilant as a watchman in times of war.

It is written: *"Before the cock (the Word) crows (or is incarnated in us) you will deny me three times".*

When the Hierophant Patar or Peter forgot himself, he denied the Intimate Christ three times.

Peter, Petra o Stone was the actual Hierophant---"interpreter" in Phoenician---from which the famous evangelic sentence has its origin: *"You are Peter and on this Stone I will build my Church"¹¹* (our interior Temple).

Bunsen, in his *"The place of Egypt in Universal History"* (Vol. 5, p. 90), comments in turn on the inscription found in a sarcophagus of a great queen of the eleventh

¹⁰ Luke 22:42 44-46.

¹¹ Mathew 16-18

dynasty (2250 years BC) which is just a transcription of of the "*Book of the Dead*" (4500 years B.C.), interpreting hieroglyphs of Peter, Patar, Revelation, Initiation, etc., etc., etc.

The ancient medieval alchemists made no mistakes when they discovered the "initiatory stone" 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, at the beginning of a manifestation or Universe, the Pythagorical Monad, the Logos, the Arch-Magus or Hierophant, the One-Only, the Buddhist Aunand-Ad, the chaldean Ain-Soph, En Soph or Pneuma-Eikon, the Ruach Elohim or Divine Spirit of the Lord floating over the *generating waters*, the Existent by himself, Anupadaka, or aryan Manú-Swayambu-Narayana.

This, the particular Monad of each of us is transformed into the most sublime Duality: our particular, individual Divine Mother Kundalini...

Him and Her are actually the gnostic Father-Mother, the parsee Zeru-Ana, the Dual Protogonos or Adam Kadmon, the Theos-Chaos of "*The Theogony*" by Hesiod, the chaldean Ur-Anas or Fire and Water, the egyptian Osiris-Isis, the Jah-Hovah, the semitic Jehova or Iod-Heve, etc., etc., etc.

The word Rome¹² has as inverse the word Love¹³. The Sacrament of the Church of Love or Rome is the Sahaja-Maithuna (Sexual Magic).

We must learn to carry out this Holy Sacrament, vibrating in tune with the divine couple.

He must become the live expression of the hebraic Iod; she must be the live manifestation of Heve.

The kabbalist Adam-Kadmon, the Rha-Sephira or Eternal Masculine-Feminine harmonising perfectly above and below, in the infinitely large and in the infinitely small, constitutes the culminating note of the Mount of Olives.

¹² Roma, in Spanish.

¹³ Amor, in Spanish.

Chapter 25

The Beautiful Helen

The sublime and marvellous ascent of the radiant Sixth Serpent towards interior and upper regions along the medullar spinal canal of the buddhic body gave me in fact and by right free access to the Sixth Venusian Initiation...

In the buddhic or intuitional universal world, I experienced at that time some transcendental chapters of the Christian Gospel...

I wish to refer now, with the utmost delicacy, to certain secret, marvellous passages, intentionally eliminated from the original text by the scribes and doctors of the law.

It is certainly deplorable that the Hebraic Holy Bible has been so cruelly mutilated, adulterated, deformed...

What I experienced then in the intuitional cosmic region has multiple perfect rhythmic concordances with the diverse esoteric initiatory 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 shining Sixth Viper of Light crossed the august threshold of its corresponding chamber in the quiet heart, the Sun of Midnight shone gloriously in the unalterable infinite...

I came into the Temple of Initiation accompanied by many people. Each one of us in the procession carried in our right hand a candle or a burning torch...

At that moment I felt I was living those esoteric, Christian verses that to the letter say:

<< And immediately, while Jesus was still speaking, Judas came, one of the twelve, and with him a crowd with swords and clubs, from the chief priests (that is, men constituted by worldly authority), the scribes (that is, those considered as wise by the world) and the elders (those considered by the world as prudent, sensible and discrete).

And when Judas (the Demon of Desire) came, he went up to him at once, and said: "Master". And he kissed him.

And they laid hand on Jesus and seized him. ¹⁴ >>

Intoxicated with ecstasy, I cried, *"I am the Christ"*. A Lady-Adept warned me saying: *"Look out! Do not say that, it shows lack of respect"*.

"At this moment I am representing him"---I answered. The Sacred Lady kept then a respectful silence.

The Cosmic Drama in the Temple of the Transparent Walls had a certain majestic feeling, very serious, terrifyingly divine...

¹⁴Mark 14:43-5-6.

Converted into the central character, I had to experience in myself the following evangelic passages:

<< And they took Jesus to the house of the high priest Caiaphas (the Demon of the Ill Will) where the chief priests (the official authorities of this world), the elders (the very respectable people who have much experience) and the scribes (the intellectuals) were assembled. Now the chief priests and the whole council sought testimony against Jesus (the internal Saviour) to put him to death; but they found none. For many bore false witness against him, and their witness did not agree. And some stood up and bore false witness against him, saying, "We heard him say, 'I will destroy this temple that is made with hands (referring to the animal body), and in three days I will build another, not made with hands (the spiritual body, the To Soma Heliakon).' " Yet not even so did their testimony agree.

And the high priest (with his ill will) stood up in the midst, and asked Jesus, "Have you no answer to make? What is it that these men testify against you?" But he was silent and made no answer (Silence is the eloquence of Wisdom). Again the high priest asked him, "Are you the Christ, the Son of the Blessed? (The Second Logos)" And Jesus said, "I am (He is); and you will see the Son of Man (every person truly Christified or Osirified) sitting at the right hand of Power (the First Logos), and coming with the clouds of heaven. "

And the high priest (the Demon of Ill Will) tore his mantle, and said, "Why do we still need witnesses? You have heard his blasphemy. What is your decision?" And they all condemned him as deserving death. And some began to spit on him, and to cover his face, and to strike him, saying to him, "Prophecy!" And the guards received him with blows.

And as soon as it was morning the chief priests, with the elders and scribes, and the whole council held a consultation; and they bound Jesus and led him away and delivered him to Pilate.

And Pilate (the Demon of the Mind) asked him, "Are you the King of the Jews?" And he answered him, "You have said so." And the chief priests (the authorities of this world) accused him of many things. And Pilate again asked him, "Have you no answer to make? See how many charges they bring against you." (Everybody accuses the Intimate Christ, even by those that call themselves his disciples).

But Jesus (the Intimate Christ) made no further answer. (I repeat: Silence is the eloquence of Wisdom). Pilate (the Demon of the Mind) wondered.

Now at the feast he used to release for them one prisoner whom they asked. And among the rebels in prison, who had committed murder in the insurrection (because the Ego is always homicidal and wicked), there was a man called Barab'bas (the Demon of Perversity that everyone carries inside). And the crowd came up and began to ask Pilate to do as he was wont to do for them. And he answered them, "Do you want me to release for you the King of the Jews?" For he perceived that it was out of envy that the chief priests (the authorities of all kinds) had delivered him up. But the chief priests stirred up the crowd to have him release for them Barab'bas instead (the authorities of every type defend the Ego. They say: first I, second I, third I). And Pilate again said to them, "Then what shall I do with the man whom you call the King of the Jews?" And they cried out again, "Crucify him." And Pilate said to them, "Why,

what evil has he done?" But they shouted all the more, "Crucify him." (Crucifix! crucifix! crucifix!) ¹⁵ >>.

Ecstatic, I left the ineffable Sancta after having experienced in a direct form the tremendous, intimate realism of all these verses cited above.

Dressed in a new tunic of glory, brilliant clothing, I left the Great Cathedral of the Soul...

How happy I felt contemplating from there the ample panorama! I saw then the flow, back and forth, of all things...

"The Buddhi is like a fine and transparent vase of alabaster, inside which burns the flame of Prana"...

Atman, the Being, has two souls. The first is the Spiritual Soul and it is feminine (Buddhi). The second is the Human Soul and is masculine (superior Manas).

The intellectual animal wrongly called man only has the Essence incarnated inside himself.

In fact, this is the Buddhata, a minimal fraction of the Human Soul, the psychic material with which one can and should fabricate the Golden Embryo. (See *"The Mystery of the Golden Blossom"*).

The origin and basis of High Magic can be found in the perfect marriage of Buddhi-Manas, be it in the purely spiritual regions or in the terrestrial world.

Helen clearly symbolises the marriage of the Nous (Atman-Buddhi) with Manas (the Human Soul or Causal Body); by means of this union Consciousness and Will can be identified, and both Souls are thus given divine powers...

The essence of Atman, the primordial, eternal and universal Divine Fire, can be found contained inside the Buddhi, which in full conjunction with the Causal Manas (Human Soul) determine the masculine-feminine.

The beautiful Helen of Troy is the same Helen of the Faust by Goethe, the Shakti, or Feminine Potency of the Internal Being...

He and She, Buddhi-Manas, are the Twin Souls inside ourselves (even if the intellectual animal as yet does not have them incarnated), the two adorable daughters of Atman (the Intimate), the Husband and Wife eternally in love...

Such Love has an infinite number of correlations, be it in the conjugate pairs of the double suns of the sky, in the Earth and the Moon, in the protoplasmic control mechanism of the cells, determining, as it is well known, the mysterious phenomenon of morphological duplication of a cell, in the universal symbolism of the epics and all of the related literature, where the ideal love between two beings of the opposite sex are the "alma mater" of the literary production.

Unquestionably the Sahaja Maithuna, as a Sacrament of the Church of Rome, is repeated with the Twins of the Akasha Tattwa, and is continued gloriously as Osiris-Isis in the religion of Anupadaka.

I clarify this: when we refer to the Church of Rome (Roma in Spanish), put the letters the other way around and read it thus: Amor (Love in Spanish). Obviously Sex is the Church of Love.

¹⁵Mark 14:53,55-65, 15:1-14.

The theory of the Twin Souls does not imply any danger whatsoever when we understand its deep meaning.

The chemical coitus, the metaphysical copulation, shines gloriously in the zenith of the ideal without the least shadow of impurity...

The legitimate falling in love is never separated from sex. The sexual act certainly achieves the consubstantiality of love in the psycho-physiological realism of our nature.

The marriage Buddhi-Manas is only possible by means of the chemical coitus. Sexual enjoyment is a legitimate right of man.

Renato committed the grave error of affirming, in an emphatic manner, that the Helen of Simon Magus was a beautiful woman of flesh and blood found by the Magus in a brothel in Tire, and who, according to his biographers, was the reincarnation of the Greek Helen.

Such concept does not resist a deep analysis. The authentic Initiatory Schools teach, with complete clarity, that the Beautiful Helen is the Buddhi, the Spiritual Soul of the Sixth Venusian Initiation, the Shakti Feminine Potential.

Chapter 26

The Event of Golgotha

The radiant ascent of the Seventh Venusian Serpent towards the interior and upper regions along the spiritual medullar spinal canal of the divine vehicle (Atman) permitted me to experience vividly the event of Golgotha...

Unquestionably, I need to confess frankly the concrete, clear and definitive fact that I saw myself converted into the central character of the Cosmic Drama.

It turns out to be something extraordinary, to experience in myself the cosmic event of the Calvary, with all the rough transcendental realism of the world of the Divine Spirit (Atman).

I am not the first to experience vividly the event of the mount of the Skulls, neither will I be the last...

And I saw myself after the crucifixion, spread out like a corpse on the ground.

Then the Potential Shakti, the Divine Wife of Shiva, my perfect Mother Kundalini, prostrated with infinite humility, adored me...

Oh, my Mother!--I said. You are my Mother! It is I who should kneel before you! It is not possible that you should bend your knee before me! I do not deserve this! I am a base worm made of mud of the earth, a sinner, very low!...

However, it is evident that at such moments of the Cosmic Drama I represented the Christ, Vishnu, the Second Logos, the Son...

While I write these sheets, it comes to my recollection that ineffable prayer of Dante Alighieri, that says textually,

<< *Virgin Mother, Daughter of your Son, the most humble as well as the highest of all creatures, fixed end of the Eternal Will, you are the one who has ennobled human nature in such a way that your Maker did not disdain to become his own work.*

In your bosom Love was inflamed, whose heat has made germinate this flower in the Eternal Peace.

You are here, for us, meridian Sun of Charity, and below, for the mortals, live Spring of Hope.

You are magnificent, Lady, and worth so much, that everybody who wishes to obtain a grace and does not ask you, really wants his wish to fly without wings.

Your kindness not only helps those who implore you, but many times it forestalls the pleading spontaneously. In you are joined together the forgiveness, the piety, the magnificence and everything good that exists in a creature (unquestionably each being has his own original, particular, individual Divine Mother Kundalini).

This one, therefore, who has up to now seen one by one all spiritual existences from the deepest pool of the Universe, asks you to grant him the grace to acquire such virtue so that he can raise himself with the eyes to the Supreme Health.

And I, who have never wished to see more than I wish him to see, I address to you all my prayers, and I beg you that they not be in vain, so that you can dissipate with yours all the fogs due to his mortal condition, so that he can contemplate openly the Supreme Pleasure.

Oh, Queen, who can do whatever you wish to do! I also beg you that you conserve pure his feelings after seeing so much, that your custody triumphs over the impulses of the human passions ¹⁶>>.

Up to here this sublime dantesque prayer. Let us continue now with the subject of this chapter; let us study some christic verses...

<<*Then the soldiers of the governor took Jesus into the praetorium, and they gathered the whole battalion before him. And they stripped him and put a scarlet robe upon him (the Philosophical Stone is first black, then white and finally red), and plaiting a crown of thorns they put it on his head (the traditional painful diadem on every Christified astral body), and put a reed in his right hand (like the Wand of Aaron or the Rod of the Patriarchs, living symbol of the spine). And kneeling before him they mocked him saying, "Hail, King of the Jews !" And they spat upon him, and took the reed and struck him on the head. And when they had mocked him (because such is this path of the sex), they stripped him of the robe (because they, the sinister ones, never want the Initiate to dress in the purple of his Intimate Logoi), and put his own clothes on him, and led him away to crucify him.*

As they were marching out, they came upon a man of Cyre'ne, Simon by name; this man they compelled to carry his cross (the Guru always appears on the way to help us). And when they came to a place called Golgotha, which means "the place of a skull", (synonym of death), they offered him wine to drink, mingled with gall; but when he tasted it, he would not drink it (it is evident that the Path of the Razor's Edge is very bitter). And when they had crucified him (with Sexual Cross because the phallus inserted into the uterus forms such a sacred sign), they divided his garments

¹⁶ Paradise, canto XXXIII, verses 1-37.

among them by casting lots (clear reference to the elimination of human possessions); then they sat down and kept watch over him there. And over his head they put the charge against him, which read, "This is Jesus the King of the Jews." (INRI, Ignis Natura Renovatur Integram, Fire Renews Nature Unceasingly).

Then two robbers were crucified with him, one on the right and one on the left (Good Thief: the divine secret power that steals the sexual energy for christification. Bad Thief: the secret enemy who with evil purposes steals the deposit of Sexual Hydrogen Si-12). And those who passed by (the usual profaners and desecraters) derided him, wagging their heads and saying, "You who would destroy the temple and build it in three days (you, who annihilate the Adam of sin so that the celestial Adam is born); save yourself! If you are the Son of God, come down from the cross." (Because the sinister ones do not like the insertion of the cross' beam that form your two arms, like two huge hands, that extend to scare away the sinister forces and the inferior powers).

So also the chief priests (the authorities), with the scribes (or intellectuals) and the pharisees (that always pretend to be virtuous and holy) and the elders (very respectable people of the world), mocked him, saying, "He saved others; he cannot save himself. He is the King of Israel; let him come down now from the cross (if he abandons the Path of the Razor's Edge and the Sahaja-Maithuna), and we will believe in him. He trusts in God; let God deliver him now, if he desires him; for he 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 fruits of fornication). And the robbers who were crucified with him also reviled him in the same way.

Now from the sixth hour (temptation) there was darkness over all the land until the ninth hour. (Ninth Sphere. Adding up kabbalistically we have 9 plus 6 equals 15. This is the Arcanum of Tiphon Bahomet: the Devil. Such an esoteric value corresponds to the constellation of the Whale, under whose cosmic influence the Initiate develops until reaching the Resurrection. Let us remember the signal of Jonas).

And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, "Eli, Eli, la'ma sabach-tha'ni?" that is, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" (In fact, before the Resurrection every Initiate feels really abandoned). And some of the bystanders hearing it said, "This man is calling Eli'jah." (Helias, Eliu, Elijah, Helios, the Christ Sun, the Intimate Logoi, is our supreme aspiration).

And one of them at once ran and took a sponge, filled it with vinegar, and put it on a reed (symbol of the spine), and gave it to him to drink (like saying: the work with the spinal sexual Fires is more bitter than gall). But the others said, "Wait, let us see whether Eli'jah will come to save him." And Jesus cried again with a loud voice and yielded up his spirit. (In this way we, the Initiates, die in ourselves with Death on the Cross). (See my book entitled "The Mystery of the Golden Blossom").

And behold, the curtain of the temple (the famous Veil of Isis or Sexual Veil of Adam, product of the original sin), was torn in two (due to the supreme death of the Ego) and the Earth shook and the stones (from the Path of the Razor's Edge) were split.¹⁷ >>

¹⁷Matthew 7:27-51.

Chapter 27

The Holy Sepulchre

It is written with characters of fire in the Book of Splendours that when Jesus---the gnostic Great Priest---exhaled his last breath, the philosophical earth, his very human person, trembled on understanding the difficult task that destiny had reserved for him, and the stones of the Path of the Razor's Edge cracked and the Path became even more difficult (this is only understood integrally by those Masters who, after having died to themselves, are prepared for the Resurrection).

Mercury, as an astrological planet, is much more mysterious than even Venus is, and identical to the mazdean Mithra, the Buddha, the genie or god situated between the Sun and the Moon, the perpetual companion of the Son of Wisdom.

Pausanias, in his book V, shows him to us sharing an altar with Jupiter. He showed wings, to express his assistance to the Sun in its course, and was called the Nuncio and the Wolf of the Sun; *Solaris Luminis Particeps*. "He was the Leader and the one who Evokes the Souls, the Arch-Magus and Hierophant".

Virgil describes him taking his Caduceus or Hammer to call up again to life those unhappy Souls fallen in the Orco or Limbo. "*Tum virgam capit, hac Animas ille evocat Orco*", with the sane purpose of making them join the celestial militia.

After these explanations the following verses become clear.

<< ...and the earth shook, the rocks were split, the tombs also were opened, and many bodies of the Saints who had fallen asleep (and were in the Orcus or Limbo) were raised, and coming out of the tombs (after their esoteric Resurrection) after his resurrection, they went into the Holy City (the superior Jerusalem) and appeared to many¹⁸. >>

Unquestionably many saints have wanted to self-realise intimately without the Holy Sacrament of the Church of Love (Sahaja Maithuna).

These unhappy souls always fall into the Orco or Limbo of ignorance, darkness and pain...

Only by dying in oneself, with the Death on the Cross---a symbol which is totally sexual---it the Resurrection then possible...

"If the germ does not die the plant is not born". "The Path of Life is formed with the footprints of the hooves of the horse of Death."

Mercury is the golden planet, the ineffable one, that which the Hierophants forbid naming, and it is symbolised in the Greek mythology by the famous guardian dogs of the celestial herd that drink from the pure fountains of the Occult Wisdom...

Mercury is also Hermes-Anubis, the good inspirer or Agathodaemon. As Bird of Argos, he keeps watch over the Earth, where he is wrongly mistaken by the Sun itself; they are the Hindu Sarama and Sarameya respectively.

The emperor Julian prayed every night to the Occult Sun for the intercession of Mercury, since, as Vossius says: "*Every theologian reassures us that Mercury and the Sun are one and the same... That is why Mercury used to be considered as the most*

¹⁸Matthew 27:51,53.

eloquent and wise of the gods, which should not puzzle us, since Mercury is so very close to the Wisdom and the Word (or Logos), that he has been mistaken by both..."

Mercury is the Third Logos, Shiva, the Holy Ghost, the First Born of Creation, our authentic, particular, individual Monad...

Oh, Holy Gods! How sad would the fate of the saints be in Limbo if Mercury were to abandon them...

Mercury, Shiva, Great Hierophant, Nuncio and Wolf of the Intimate Christ, supreme hope of those that sleep inside the Holy Sepulchre...

I recognised the phallic signal of the Boat of Ra when going through the Eighth Venusian Initiation. Then I shouted in a loud voice, saying: *"When the first trumpet sounds I will resuscitate from amongst the dead"*.

"Hail, oh Great Divinity, who navigates on your boat! Having been transported here, I appear before you!"

"Let me go up to the bridge and direct the manoeuvre of the boat, like your servants do, the Archons of the planets".

Litelantes felt somewhat sad as she contemplated my Holy Sepulchre. *"Do not be afraid---a Mahatma told her---, his physical body will not die"*. These words totally calmed her.

In that far away time of my present existence I had not even died to myself, I continued with the Ego very much alive. The sepulchre was then merely symbolic, like the coffin of a Masonic lodge...

I did understand, though, in an integral manner, the sepulchral symbolism. I knew that I had to die in myself to have the right to the Resurrection of Hiram Abif, the Secret Master, inside my Heart-Temple...

That Initiation ended with precise instructions related to the mission that I am actually fulfilling in this world...

SECOND MOUNTAIN

THE RESURRECTION

Chapter 28

Serenity and Patience

It is clear that we, the Brothers of the Temple of *the twice born*, have eliminated from our psyche several subjective, infrahuman aspects; however, after having gone through the Eight Initiations, we yearned with all the strength of the Soul to join the magic esoteric works of the Mountain of the Resurrection.

In the Temple we were told that we should wait with infinite patience for the abbot of the Monastery; however it is evident that the long and boring hours passed with an unbearable monotony. The Venerable One did not seem to be in any hurry.

Some of the veterans of the First Mountain were everywhere, here and there, protesting impatiently for the singular delay of the superior.

There are events in this life which are surprising, and one of them was the astonishing entrance of the abbot of the Temple. All the Brothers of the Sacred Order were amazed, because some of our people had already lost any hope of seeing the Master.

Before the Sacred Brotherhood the Venerable One spoke, saying: ---“*Brothers, you are missing two virtues that this brother does have*”---saying this, he pointed at me with the index finger.

Later on, in a manner at the same time sweet and imperative, he ordered me thus:

---“*Brother, tell them which are those virtues.*

---“*One must know how to be patient, one must know how to be serene---I said with a clear and deliberate voice...*

---“*Can you see now? Are you convinced?*”---burst forth the abbot with great solemnity. The Adepts, at the same time scared and amazed, chose to keep a respectful silence.

Unquestionably all the members of the congregation, with my exception only, had then to be deferred, because only my own insignificant, worthless person came victorious out of this difficult test.

The austere Hierophant then presented me with a beautiful orange; I captured its deep meaning immediately...

Much later in time I had to appear before the Brotherhood of another Monastery of the Universal White Brotherhood with the definite purpose of receiving instructions and signing documents...

Then I was warned with the following words: “*You must take good care of the lunar chill*”.

It was urgent for me to come back to the Burning Forge of Vulcan after a long recess.

Unquestionably, between Mountain and Mountain there are always long periods of sexual abstinence.

Chapter 29

The Nine Grades of Mastery

To capture, apprehend, understand in an integral manner, the deep significance of the nine Masters that went looking for Hiram and his murderers, is urgent, and cannot be postponed.

Unquestionably none of the nine Masters went to the Northern regions, but cleverly separated into three groups of three each, and went respectively to the East, the South and the West. In fact, it was this last group who managed to find the grave and the murderers.

This symbolic esoteric pilgrimage of the nine Masters refers specifically to the individual pilgrimage that every Initiate must undertake in the Second Mountain, going through nine successive stages or grades totally enumerated and defined in the nine spheres:

Moon, Mercury, Venus, Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune.

We can---and even must---make the following announcement: *“Only by means of these intimate pilgrimages from sphere to sphere are we in the position to enliven and revive inside of ourselves the Secret Master, Hiram, Shiva, the Husband of our Divine Mother Kundalini, the Arch-Hierophant and Arch-Magus, the particular individual monad, our Real Being”...*

It is one thing to be a Master, quite another to reach perfection in mastery.

Any esotericist who makes the To Soma Heliakon, the Wedding Dress of the Soul, in the Forge of the Cyclops becomes a Man and thus a Master. However, perfection in mastery is something quite different.

The number nine, applied to the rhetoric, places us within an intimate relationship with the nine eternal muses:

It is not too much to cite in this chapter each of these ineffable deities of the ancient classicism:

- | | | |
|-------------|---------------|----------------|
| 1. Clio | 2. Erato | 3. Melpomene |
| 4. Calliope | 5. Euterpe | 6. Thalia |
| 7. Urania | 8. Polyhymnia | 9. Terpsichore |

Listen to me: a certain night, no matter the date, the day or the time, splendidly dressed in the Wedding dress of the Soul, I left the physical body at will...

Experiencing in the full presence of my Cosmic Being a certain exquisite spiritual voluptuousness, I floated softly in the aura of the Universe...

Feeling supremely happy I had to put my feet like a bird on the mud of the earth, under the green foliage of a taciturn tree...

Congratulations, I cried out in a loud voice invoking the Adepts of the Occult Brotherhood...

Unquestionably I was assisted...

The brothers lead me amicably to the marvellous Temple of the Transparent Walls...

The Mahatma stayed sitting down before his desk as he was attending to many people...

---I want to know---I said---what is it that I am in need of...

The Venerable One, getting from a drawer in his desk a certain secret book, consulted its pages and then answered:

---You are in need of fifty-eight (58) minutes. You must present here thirty-six (36) bolivares each of twenty-three (23) kilos. And the eight (8) Initiations that have been received must be accredited.

---Thank you, Venerable Master. Later on I left the Temple with infinite humility and veneration...

Kabbalistic analysis of this matter:

58 minutes: 5 plus 8, equals 13. This Arcanum signifies the death of all the subjective elements that constitute the Ego.

36 bolivares: 3 plus 6, equals 9. To break the chains and fetters in the submerged worlds of the nine planets referred to in this chapter... very intense work in the Burning Forge of Vulcan...

23 kilos: 2 plus 3 equals 5. The work of Liberation must be perfect under the splendours of the Burning Star of five points...

(It is not too much to remember now the Rishi Baha-Deva and his 23 prophets).

Accreditation

Before the true Resurrection, every one of the eight Initiations must be accredited. This is processed during eight years, during which we have to experience the Book of the Patriarch Job in all of its crude realism.

We emphasise solemnly the following declaration: *"The eight Initiations will never be accredited in a period less than the one indicated above, of eight years..."*

Obviously one year corresponds to each of the eight Initiations. As a corollary eight years are needed for the eight Initiations...

I clarify this: the already mentioned period of time corresponds exclusively to the epilogue of a whole mystical series of deep esoteric works carried out in all and each of the nine planets already referred to.

Undoubtedly, such works are processed in different periods of time, and sometimes are very delicate.

It is clear that every one who joins the Second Mountain receives no more Grades or Initiations.

The perfection in mastery is only reached with the esoteric transcendental Resurrection...

The full manifestation of the Monad inside the Resurrected Master bestows extraordinary magical powers upon him...

Chapter 30

The Patriarch Enoch

The symbol of time, to which the ring of bronze also makes emphatic reference, leads cyclically to the gnostic Arhat, as far as that ancient patriarchal epoch also known as the Bronze Age or Dvapara Yuga, which undoubtedly preceded our own Iron Age or Kali Yuga...

The best writers of treatises on occultism have always asserted that in between these two ages the second great catastrophe took place that totally modified the geological physiognomy of the planet Earth.

Among the ten sublime antediluvian patriarchs, the seventh is, beyond discussion, totally different from the six that preceded him in the course of the centuries (Adam, Seth, Enos, Kenan, Mahalalel, Jared), as much as he is from the three that succeeded him (Methuselah, Lamech, Noah).

However, it is clear that what amazes us most in all this is the sacred name of Enoch, which translated means: initiate, dedicated, consecrated, master.

The Hebraic Genesis (V.24) asserts in a solemn manner that Enoch did not die physically, but that *"he walked with God, and he was not, for God took him"*.

Very ancient esoteric traditions lost in the night of the centuries say clearly that, being Enoch on the majestic summit of mount Moria, he had a clairvoyant Shamadhi in which his visionary Objective Consciousness was carried away and taken to the nine heavens cited by Dante in his *"Divine Comedy"*, and in the last of which---the one of Neptune---the patriarch found the Lost Word (his own Logos, his particular Individual Monad).

Later on that Great Hierophant wanted to express that vision in a permanent and eternal memory...

Categorically and with great wisdom he arranged that under this same blessed place a secret underground temple was built, consisting of nine domes laid out successively one under the other, inside the living entrails of the mountain...

His son Methuselah was certainly the architect in charge of building this extraordinary Sanctum...

The contents and specific roles of each of these domes or magical caves have not been mentioned; spiral staircases connected them to each other...

The last of these caves is, however, the one with all the occult importance, in such a way that those before it only constitute the indispensable secret path by means of which the last one is reached in the deepest part of the mountain...

It is this last one; the most intimate Sancta, where the patriarch Enoch deposited his richest esoteric treasure...

The Golden Fleece of the ancients. The ineffable and everlasting treasure that we look for, is never found on the surface, but we must scratch, dig, search for in the entrails of the Earth until it is found...

Going down bravely to the entrails or Hells of the Mount of Revelation, the Initiate finds the mystical treasure---his Divine Monad---which has been conserved for him throughout the uncountable centuries that preceded us in the course of History...

In Chapter II of the "*Apocalypse*" or "Revelation" of St John¹⁹ we can still read the following: "*To him who conquers I will give some of the hidden Mana. I will give him a white stone, with a new name written on the stone that no one knows except him who receives it*".

Chapter 31

The Lunar Heaven

The Great Individual Work takes place in the zodiacal dominion of the Titanic Potencies...

The Twelve Labours of Hercules, prototype of the authentic man, indicate, signal the secret way that will lead us to the grades of Perfect Master and Great Elected one...

First of all, comes the capture and death of the Lion of Nemea, the force of instincts and uncontrolled passions that devastates and devours everything...

In a state of ecstasy I was taken conscious to the lunar world (or astral world), then I was given advise with infinite wisdom...

My Soul was shaken to its most intimate depths when it found there the Ancient of the Temple of *the twice born*. Our beloved Rector, the Sacred Ancient, certainly appears to have all the characteristics of a lemon, but it is clear that he irradiates infinite Love...

I understood that to have the right to ascend to the Lunar Heaven (superior astral), I first had to descend to the Lunar Hell (inferior astral) and bravely confront the Three Furies...

At this moment in which I am writing these lines, it comes to my memory that initiatory passage in which Ginés de Lara, led by his Master, astonished contemplates the steely waters of the lake...

---*Look here now!* ---Said the Mahatma...

And Ginés looked, as with a gigantic telescope, at the inhabitants of the near side of the Moon, unhappy, unlucky beings, about whose nature and origin a great mystery is made by "*those who know everything*".

And he saw afterwards something even more marvellous: the secret of the other side of the satellite, that is of the hemisphere always turned away, from which the

¹⁹ Rev 2:17

miserable Earth is never seen, and a place where some mystics have wanted to locate therefore the Paradise of Enoch and Elias, the two Jinn of the Hebraic people...

Let us continue, after this small digression, with the subject of the present chapter.

When I wanted to climb the symbolic Jacob's Ladder, the Sacred Ancient of the Temple pulled from the tree of Knowledge---or Tree of the Science of Good and Evil--a delicious branch and gave it to me to smell. That fragrance was certainly nirvanic. "Always smell this branch so that you can climb", thus were the words of the Adept...

Unquestionably we must practice the Sahaja-Maithuna, to breathe in the delicious fragrance of the forbidden fruit, but not eat it: that is the Law...

In the abyss of Selene I started my work by disintegrating Judas, the Demon of Lust...

It should be mentioned now that thanks to the direct help of my Divine Mother Kundalini, the horrible Demon of Lust was reduced to ashes...

Somewhat later on I had to continue my work with the restless Demon of the Mind, who so much bitterness brings to us, the abominable Pilate of all times...

Annihilation! Terrible word... This was the final catastrophe of the fatal Pilate that tormented me...

Later on I continued my work in the abyss, attacking Caiaphas, the Demon of Ill Will, the most detestable of the three classical Furies in the interior of each of us...

The Third Fury certainly died after receiving several lance thrusts in the body... None equalled her horrible appearance; none had in her hair as many snakes; her own sisters were afraid of her. This unhappy Fury had in her hands all the poisons of Hell...

I could verify with surprising clarity the whole of the death process of the Three Furies...

It is unquestionable that they went through all the magic transformations chanted by Ovid...

If at the beginning they were gigantic and horrible, like the monster Polyphemus of the wicked country, who ate the companions of Ulysses, afterwards, some moments before the sovereign Parca arrived, they already had the aspect of newborn children...

Those abominable shadows, those three traitors I carried inside, luckily died...

Oh, my God! What will happen to me without the help of my Divine Mother Kundalini?

I invoked my Mother from the depth of the abyss, and She gripped the Lance of Eros...

Chapter 32

Guinevere

The Eternal Lady, the Soul-Spirit (Buddhi) always requires from her Gentleman, the Human Soul (superior Manas), every kind of outrageous sacrifice and prodigy of valour...

She, the perfect Divine Wife, is Guinevere, the queen of Jinn, the one that poured the wine for Lancelot...

Delicious wine of the transcendent spirituality in the initiatory cups of Sukra and Manti...

Cups which are nothing, in fact, but the Holy Grail in its meaning of *chalice of the supreme beverage or initiatory nectar* of the Holy Gods...

Happy is the Knight who after the hard struggle celebrates his wedding with the Queen of Jinn!

It is written in golden letters in the Book of Life that “*inside the Buddhi (Spiritual Soul), like a vase of alabaster, delicate and transparent, burns the Flame of Prajna*” (the Being).

During one night of indisputable delights I experienced the happiness of finding my loved one in the secret place of the Second Mountain.

The carriage of my betrothed advanced slowly along the lonely road...

It is said in the legend of the centuries that the marquise of Beaupré used to travel in a carriage of singular beauty, made of pure porcelain; but the triumphal carriage of my adorable Walkyrie resembled that other carriage that in times of the rococo was used by the wife of the duke of Clermont, splendid carriage with a team of six horses that wore silver horseshoes and wheels rims made of that same metal...

The triumphal carriage of my beloved stops before a palace of shining porphyry, where the riches and splendours of the orient brighten the walls and panels...

The splendid vehicle stops before the doors of shining brass, which frighten with their majesty...

Soon a friendly choir surrounded the carriage: distinguished gentlemen, princes and nobles, beautiful ladies and delicate infants...

Somebody gives a signal and I obey, I move towards the carriage of Love, and see through the crystal panes of happiness my Walkyrie (Buddhi).

Dressed in the wedding dress, the Wedding Dress of the Soul, my betrothed has arrived in her shining carriage for the wedding...

To get married before the Holy Altar with my Twin Soul, the theosophical Buddhi... My God, what happiness! However, I was told that I had to wait for a short time...

The virile provider of the force from above had delayed me, and I suffered in an indescribable way...

Around that time I had to immerse myself deeply in the Sacred Mysteries of Minna, the frightening lunar darkness of a love that is a twin brother of death itself...

I worked intensively in the super-darkness of silence and the august secret of the wise men...

I had to wait for a time... However, I sighed for Guinevere, the Queen of Jinn (my spiritual soul).

A certain night, the stars shining in the infinite space seemed to have a new aspect...

Far from the worldly noise I was in ecstasy, the door of my room was hermetically sealed...

It was certainly then, at that time, when I celebrated the Wedding with my adored one (Buddhi); she entered me and I got lost in her...

At those instants of happiness the Sun of Midnight (the Solar Logos) shone intensively.

I felt transformed in an integral manner. The famous chakra Sahasrara, the Lotus of the Thousand Petals, the Crown of the Saints, shone victorious in my pineal gland and I went into the state known by the hindustani with the Sanskrit term *paramananda* (supreme spiritual happiness).

It was then that I felt the need to become an authentic and legitimate Bhamavidvarishta.

The thousand Yogic nadis of the Sahasrara conferred to me, in fact, power over certain subtle forces of Nature...

Buddhi, my Guinevere, my Spiritual Soul, besides taking the Shiva-Shakti-Tattwa to the maximum of vibratory activity, had put the Coronary Padma in a certain state of intensified mystical functioning...

Then I saw myself become the Messenger of the New Aquarian Age, teaching humanity a Doctrine so new and revolutionary...and however so ancient...

When I opened the door of my room, the Diamond Eye (the pineal gland) let me see many enemies. It is obvious that the diffusion of Gnosis, in its revolutionary form, will increase progressively the number of my adversaries.

It is not too much to say that after this great cosmic event, a certain nuptial rite had to take place 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).

However now, oh, Gods! With this alchemical and kabbalist wedding I incarnated also my Spiritual Soul (the Buddhi).

In fact, inside the Spiritual Soul always burns in an unalterable manner the Flame of Prajna (the Intimate).

Chapter 33

The Dragon of Darkness

I believed that after the Chemical Wedding with my Spiritual Soul I would enter fully into a paradisiacal Honeymoon. I did not remotely suspect that among the submerged dens of the human subconscious would be hiding the left-hand and sinister Mara of the Buddhist Gospel, the famous Dragon of Darkness cited in "*The Apocalypse*" by St John, the father of the Three Traitors.

Gigantic abysmal monster of seven infrahuman heads, always personifying the seven deadly sins: Anger, Greed, Lust, Envy, Pride, Sloth and Gluttony...

And the beast roared dreadfully like a lion, and the Powers of darkness shuddered with horror...

Only by means of the sexual transcendent electricity in full Sexual Magic it is possible to reduce to cosmic dust that horrible abysmal monstrosity...

Luckily I could make maximum use of the *coitus reservatus* to direct my pleadings to Devi Kundalini, the Igneous Serpent of our magic powers.

The monster holds the frightful lance in his left hand; three times he tries in vain to hurt me. Desperate he throws the hard spear at me. My Divine Mother Kundalini intervenes and gets hold of the singular relic and with it she mortally wounds the Red Dragon...

Mara, the horrible infernal beast, loses then his gigantic size, gets smaller bit by bit, is reduced finally to a mathematical point and disappears for ever from the sinister cavern...

Later on, that fraction of my consciousness that was engaged before with the abominable monster, returns, comes back to me...

The secrets of the old abyss are terrible; it is a sombre and limitless ocean, where the Primogenital Night and the Chaos, grandparents of Nature, keep a perpetual anarchy in the middle of the rumour of eternal wars, sustained with the help of confusion...

The heat, the cold, the humidity, the drought, those four terrible champions, fight there for superiority and lead to combat their embryonic atoms which, grouping around the ensign of their legions and gathered together in different tribes, armed either in a light or a heavy manner, sharp or rounded, fast or slow, swarm as innumerable as the sands of the Barca or of the blazing beach of Cyrene, pulled along to take part in the struggle of the winds and to serve as ballast to their rapid wings...

The atom to which adheres the highest number of atoms dominates for a moment. The Chaos governs as an arbiter, and its decisions augment the disorder even more, the device by which it reigns. After it, it is clear that in those infernal worlds chance governs everything...

Before that wild abyss, cradle and grave of Nature, before that cavern that is neither sea nor land, nor air or fire, but is formed by all those elements that, mixed in utter confusion in their fertile causes, must always fight in the same way, unless the Creator Demiurge disposes of his black materials to form new worlds. Before that barbarous Tartarus, the Dragon of Darkness exhaled his last breath...

It is easy to descend to the infernal worlds, not so easy to return. There is the hard work! There the difficult test!

Some sublime heroes, in fact just a few, have managed the triumphal return. Impenetrable forests separate the Avern from the World of Light, and the waters of the pallid river, the Cocytus, mark out labyrinthine convolutions in that darkness, whose image makes one tremble...

Chapter 34

The Conclusion of the Lunar Labours

After having reduced Mara, the father of the three Furies, to cosmic dust, I had to confront the secondary beasts of the abyss...

The day was finishing slowly, the delicious air of the night was inviting the living beings that inhabit the face of the Earth to rest from their travails, and I, vile worm in the mud of the earth, only wished to bear the struggles of the path and of those things worthy of compassion that my memory will write without mistakes...

Oh, ineffable muses! Oh, high divine talent! Come to my help; inspire me so that my style is not incompatible with the nature of the subject...

My deep sleep was interrupted by a very strong thunder... Like a man who has been awakened in a violent way I got up and, looking around me, I tried to find out what kind of place I was in. I saw myself then in a lonely house next to a dark road...

Seated on a coarse armchair next to the window, from which one could see the steep path, I evoked very sincerely times gone by...

I had certainly been there in times gone by, in the mansion of the abyss and before this same path...

Nothing of all this appeared new to me; I understood that I was recapitulating mysteries. Getting up from the chair, I opened the old door of that house and went out, walking slowly... slowly... slowly... by the solitary road...

In a single glance, and with my sight spread out across as far a space as it is possible with the penetration of spiritual sight, I saw a sad place, devastated and sombre...

The floor was humid and I had to stop before an electric cable lying on the pavement...

A copper cable charged with high tension? What horror! And I was nearly standing on it!

"It is better to die free than to live in captivity". Thus said the Voice of Silence in the night of the mystery....

And I, in a state of alarm, who was trying at that precise moment to move back, felt encouraged...

I went forward resolutely through those sublunary places along the abysmal winding road...

The steep path, turning suddenly to the left, lead to certain picturesque hills...

In them I saw something like a national park on Sunday, a colourful ensemble of human creatures that appeared to be having a good time on the meadow...

Some peddlers moved around selling coloured balloons for the solace of many people...

A living symbol of profane living, thus I understood it; however it is clear that I wanted to live all of this with intensity...

I was very absorbed in all of this, contemplating the crowds, when suddenly something unusual and unwonted happened: it appeared to me that time itself stopped for a moment...

At that time of terror a bloodthirsty wolf appeared from the bushes; ferocious, it tries in vain to catch its prey. Before him some hens try to escape, crowing in desperation.

Extraordinary occult symbolism: barnyard fowl, faint-hearted and cowardly, shy. Bloodthirsty wolf, cruel, merciless...

Fright! Terror! Astonishment! Human sublunary states of the human infra-consciousness and I, who believed to have died in myself, ignored the existence of these psychical aggregates inside my own atomic hells...

Luckily, I never forgot my Holy Spear during this hard struggle; thanks to my Divine Mother Kundalini I have done better than many with respect to the force and skill of the Lance...

Having already destroyed the main demon-egos, vile embodiments of my horrible infrahuman defects, my lunar tasks finished in an epic manner, killing with the Holy Shaft many other infernal beasts...

It is not too much to say that I got to collect a very rich bounty of war after so many bloody battles...

I wish to refer with great emphasis to those multiple precious gems of my own existence, to those grains of consciousness remaining among those frightful abortions from Hell...

The last part of the task was of a totally atomic character. It is not easy to expel the malignant intelligences from their nuclear habitats...

This is certainly what is understood by the transformation of the *black waters into white*...

Now, these atoms have become marvellous vehicles for certain luminous intelligences...

Magnificent sparks, atoms capable of giving information about the activities of the secret enemy...

One night of glory I had the greatest honour that can be bestowed on a human being: I was visited by the Cosmic Christ. The Adorable One had a great book in his right hand as if saying, "Now you are entering the Sphere of Mercury".

When I saw the Master I could not but say: ---*Lord! You have arrived earlier than I thought. I was not expecting you yet...*

The living Christ answered sweetly:

---I sometimes get delayed when it is my turn to come here in March... You still have to continue dying in yourself...

---How? To continue dying? Still?

---Yes---answered the Adorable One---you have to continue dying---he repeated...

What happened then was miraculous. The Master ascended slowly towards the Sun of Midnight, quitting the vicinity of the King of the Stars after a while to bless me and forgive my ancient errors...

In this way I succeeded in rejoining the First Heaven, the abode of the ineffable Angels...

Unquestionably I was a fallen Angel, but it is clear that I had been forgiven...

In the Cathedral of the Soul *"there is more happiness for a sinner that repents, than for a thousand just persons that have no need of repentance"...*

Chapter 35

The Heaven of Mercury

The Second Labour of Hercules is to happen now, transcendental and transcendent: the destruction of the Hydra of Lerna, symbolic monster of immortal origin, endowed with nine threatening heads that regenerate themselves each time they are destroyed, threatening the hordes as well as the harvest.

Hard struggle in which the Solar Hero is accompanied by Yolao, his driver and inspirator, whose notable role is very similar to that of Sri Krishna in his relationship to Arjuna. (See *"The Bhagavad Gita"*---The Song of the Lord).

Even though this magnificent task can be interpreted as work of improvement on a marshy delta such as that of the sacred Nile, this many-sided Hydra is also an allegorical image clearly personifying the mind together with all its psychological defects.

As a constellation, such a symbolic Hydra has its fore part between Leo and Cancer, extending towards the south as far as the shining feet of Virgo.

With burning coal, Yolao burns the heads that are reborn in place of those that Hercules crushes with his maze, after which, the hero having cut off the immortal head, extraordinary symbol of authentic Love, he hides it under a rock that obviously takes on the role of the Philosophers' Stone of his life, regenerated and exquisite in its spiritual way.

It is written with characters of fire in the Book of Life: *"He who wants to ascend must first descend". "Each exaltation is always preceded by a terrible humiliation".*

Unquestionably I yearned truly and with the whole strength of my Soul, to ascend to the Heaven of Mercury, the Devachan of the Hindustani, the superior mental world, the abode of the Archangels. However, before this it was indispensable to descend to the Hells of the Mind to destroy there the Hydra of Lerna.

Those psychological defects of many-sided structure that in the Lunar Hells had been reduced to cosmic dust, continued to exist like the abominable heads of the fatal Hydra, in the diverse folds of the mind.

Horrifying animal-like creatures, abysmal revolting abortions, clearly personified each of my own psychological defects.

One can have the luxury of understanding every psychological error, without having actually captured its deep meaning...

Unquestionably we need with maximum urgency not only to understand but also to capture the deep meaning of that which we want to eliminate.

It is only possible to eliminate the heads (psychological defects) of the Hydra of Lerna by means of 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 begged at that time to Devi Kundalini...

Goethe, the great German initiate, worshipping his Divine Mother Kundalini, cried in full ecstasy:

**"Virgin pure in heavenly sheen,
Mother throned supernal,
highest birth, our chosen Queen,
Godhead's peer eternal."**

Yearning to die in himself here and now, during the chemical coitus, that great poet said:

**"Arrows pierce me,
lances conquer me;
maces hurt me.
Everything should disappear,
everything should vanish.
Let the perennial Star shine,
the focus of eternal Love..."**

Unquestionably I always proceeded in a very similar manner, and the Hydra of Lerna, little by little, slowly, started to lose each of its abominable heads...

On a certain occasion, finding myself in a monastery in the oriental Tibet, I had the idea of telling my Divine Mother Kundalini the following: *"You and I talk and appear to be two different persons; however, we are the same Being"*.

It is not too much to assert emphatically that the answer was certainly extraordinary: *"Yes, my son! You and I are the same Being, but a derivative"*.

In the name of the Truth I frankly confess that without the immediate help of my adorable Divine Mother, there is no way in which I would have been able to radically eliminate the Hydra of Lerna... (My psychological defects in the intellectual subconscious).

"Before the golden flame can burn with a serene light, the lamp must be well taken care of in a place free from the wind. The worldly thoughts must fall down dead at the doors of the Temple".

"The mind, a slave of the senses, transforms the Soul into an invalid, like the boat that the wind leads astray on the waters".

When the Sun of Midnight shone victorious in the spiritual firmament, I returned to the angelic state that I had lost in days of old, and entered happily into the Heaven of Mercury.

Chapter 36

The Heaven of Venus

Now comes the Third Labour of Hercules, the Solar Hero. I wish to refer emphatically to the capture of two animals, one of them being as delicate as the other is fast, turbulent and menacing: *the Deer of Arcadia* and the *Wild Boar of Erymanthus*.

We can and even must identify these famous quadrupeds with the two shining southern constellations closest to the stars of Gemini, that are near the two Centaurs, with which Hercules sustains a bloody fight.

In the Deer with feet of bronze and golden horns, sacred to Diana and contended for by Apollo, the God of Fire, we can see a clear reference to the Human Soul (the Husband of the Walkyrie), the superior Manas of Theosophy.

And in the terrible Wild Boar, more perverse than anybody, is the living symbol of all the low animal passions.

It is not too much to assert at this time that I yearned very sincerely and with the whole strength of my Soul to enter the Heaven of Venus, the causal world, the abode of the Principalities.

However, it is clear that first I needed to gain some merits, to reduce the frightful Boar to cosmic dust...

It is necessary before ascending to descend; every exaltation is always preceded by a terrible humiliation.

It was indispensable, urgent, to descend to the Venusian Hells before the ascent...

It was necessary to have previous information; this, in itself, was pressing, peremptory...

Precise, extraordinary indications came to me during meditation. It is clear that the Initiate is always assisted...

On a great table, similar to the attractive board of a chess game, instead of the well known pieces of this game, I saw animal-like figures of revolting appearance...

Unquestionably, with the help of my Divine Mother Kundalini, I had eliminated defects of a psychological type, whether in the astral or in the mental world; however, their causal germs went on existing inside me, here and now...

In the sphere of the most pure experimental psychology, we can assert the following statement: *"The radical elimination of any psychological defect fails absolutely when there is no dissolution of its secret cause".*

Te extirpate from my psyche such intrinsic causes, was certainly my task in the Venusian Hells...

It is clear that then I had to pass victorious through frightful carnal temptations, similar to those suffered by the gnostic patriarch St Augustine, at the foot of the cross...

**"The gnostic mystery is present
in the quiet flight of the dove,
and the sin of the world in the serpent
that bites the foot of the angel who tames it."**

**"Over the eternal night of the past
opens the eternal night of the tomorrow.
Each hour, a germ of sin!
And the symbol: the serpent and the apple".**

Immense is the multitude of crimes 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 the Tartarus, where the wicked are punished, I also found two old friends from my youth: one is still living, the other is already dead...

It is not too much to remember those Titans of ancient times that wanted to ascend up to heaven; they suffer now, chained in the abyss, because of the anger of Jupiter.

There also live the insolent Lapiths, and the impudent Ixion, who made an attempt on Juno, and Peirithous, who tried to abduct Persephone...

In the subterranean world also lives the proud Salmoneo, king of Elis, who claimed for himself divine honours, he being a simple mortal, a vile worm from the mud of the earth...

Moments before definitely abandoning the abode of Pluto, I saw something frightful, terrible, as if a huge, gigantic monster wanted to devour the whole humanity. Oh my God!

Later on in those atomic hells I felt transformed; the Cosmic Christ entered me and I got lost inside Him...

Then a multitude of mothers brought their children to me and I, full of ecstasy, said: *"Let the children come to me, because theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven"*.

How happy I felt with the transformed causal body! After blessing all of these tender infants, I abandoned the submerged mineral kingdom and entered victorious into the Heaven of Venus (the causal world).

In this way I returned to the state of the Principalities that in days of old I had lost, when in the central plateau of Asia I committed the same error as count Zanoni...

To surrender at the heavenly feet of the exquisite feminine beauty, to drink the liquor of the mandrakes, to eat of the Golden Apples of the Garden of the Hesperides, that was indeed the above mentioned error. However, working later on with the transcendent sexual electricity I was able to return to the path I had abandoned in days of old...

That marvellous causal world or world of the Conscious Will, so many times cited by Mr Leadbetter, Annie Besant, Arthur Power, Rudolf Steiner, H.P.B., etc., is clearly terror of Love and Law. Undoubtedly the Heaven of Venus is not of time, and is beyond the mind.

It is patent that the akashic substance, as a natural element and vibration or tattwa, constitutes in itself the living and philosophical depth of the world of cosmic causality...

The deep electric blue shines marvellous in that region and sparkles here, there, everywhere, saturating us with an exquisite spiritual voluptuousness that is indescribable...

The world of Natural Causes is like an ocean without limits and shores. The unceasing swell of Action and Consequence, flows and flows again, 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 every act follows always a consequence..., or better, a series of consequences...

In that period of my actual existence I received much objective information which was both demonstrated and demonstrable.

Example: before the orator in a certain auditorium I present myself in front of the whole assembly; I do not know how to behave myself, I get involved in what I should not, I refute concepts...

Result: the speaker---a man from the causal world---leaves, infuriated...

Later on, the lecturer talks to others about my attitude and this in fact leads to a whole concatenated series of consequences...

In the causal world I also saw, with mystical surprise, the future that lies in wait for the planet Earth and the human creatures that live in this physical world...

Dressed up in the causal body I found myself suddenly in the interior of a great railway yard...

The Gnostic Movement is without doubt a train in motion: some passengers get on at a station and get off at another. Those that reach the final destination are rare...

Later on I had to submerge myself in the infinite starry space; I needed to investigate something in the amphitheatre of the Cosmic Science...

Surprised, in admiration---since I had not yet lost the capacity for astonishment--- I could perceive with the Eye of Dangma or Eye of Shiva something unusual and unwonted...

Before my spiritual sight the Earth appeared, besieged by twelve enormous giants, black, sinister, menacing... (the twelve zodiacal constellations bringing about the definitive crystallization of the world karma).

People from other worlds are aware of the great catastrophe that will take place and will come close with their ships to register or photograph the cataclysm.

Here is the "Apocalypse" of St John in full flight. Collision of worlds. Oh my God!

It is timely to cite in this place some extraordinary verses from the Koran²⁰.

<< Among the signs that must precede the arrival of the last hour, is that of the Moon which will split in two. But in spite of this the unbelievers will not trust their eyes.

(It is obvious that this in no way can refer to a geological or physical division of our neighbouring satellite. This should be interpreted in a political and military way. The great powers will fight over the Moon).

On the day when the first trumpet resounds... When the Earth and the mountains will be taken in the air and crushed with one single strike... When heaven will be split asunder and will fall down in pieces... that day will be the inevitable day.

(Collision! That is the precise term. The planet Earth will collide with another world that is approaching dangerously).

This is the strike! That will be the day of the Final Judgment! Those who have deeds weighing heavily in the Balance, will have a pleasant life. Those who can only show light deeds will have for abode the burning pit (the infernal worlds).

When the Earth is shaken with her (final) earthquake... When it has vomited the dead that rest in its entrails... That day mankind will be prepared for judgement.

The Sun will be torn, the stars will fall, the mountains will move and end up crashing to the ground. Heaven will burst into a thousand pieces and the seas and rivers will confound their waters. The graves will open and the dead will resurrect. Those who have practised righteousness will have happiness without limits, but the reprobates will be punished without measure. >>

Unquestionably, before the inevitable collision, the excessive approximation of that planetary mass will give rise to frightful electromagnetic storms.

It is clear that the presence of that sidereal world will exert an attraction over the liquid fire in the interior of our globe; then the igneous element will look for a way to get out, giving rise to innumerable volcanos.

At that time the Earth will shudder with terrible earthquakes and frightful seaquakes...

Villages and cities will fall down fatally like castles made of playing cards, become ruins.

Monstrous waves never seen before will beat with fury the sandy beaches and a very strange sound will rise up from the bottom of the sea...

Undoubtedly the extraordinary radiation of that planet will kill a million creatures and everything will be destroyed in an apocalyptic holocaust.

Peter or Patar, the Great Hierophant, said: *"But the day of the Lord will come like a thief, and then the heavens will pass away with a loud noise, and the elements will be dissolved with fire, and the Earth and the works that are upon it will be burned up²¹".*

In the causal world I contemplated with mystical surprise the great catastrophe that was approaching, and since this is the region of the Ineffable Music, the vision was illustrated in the *current of sound*.

²⁰ Suras 54.1, 69.13, 82.001.

²¹ 2 Pet 3:10.

A certain delicious tragic symphony resonated among the deep depths of the Heaven of Venus.

That score amazed, in general, by its grandeur and majesty, and by the inspiration and beauty of its plan; by the purity of its lines and the colouring and nuances of its wise and artistic instrumentation, sweet and stern, grandiose and frightful, dramatic and mournful at the same time...

The melodic fragments (leitmotifs) that have been heard in the causal world, in the different prophetic situations, are of great expressive power, and are in intimate relationship with the great event and the historical incidents that inevitably will precede them...

There are in the score of this great cosmic opera, symphonic fragments related to the third world war, delicious and unfortunate sonorities, horrifying happenings, atomic bombs, frightful radioactivity in the whole Earth, hunger, total destruction of the great metropolis, unknown illnesses, unceasing fights here and there, etc., etc., etc...

Intermixed with an art without precedent, they listened to themes related to the destruction of New York, Paris, London, Moscow, etc., etc., etc.

Chapter 37

The Solar Heaven

The next Labour of Hercules, the Solar Hero, is the cleaning of the famous Stables of Augeias, king of Elis, whose daughter, who knew about the virtues of plants, made magical beverages with them.

In these stables (living symbolic representation of our own submerged subconscious depths) that housed his innumerable herds (those multiple bestial psychic aggregates that constitute the Ego), and among them twelve simple bulls, symbolising the zodiacal Karma, the dirt of several generations had accumulated.

Unquestionably Hercules had to clean these stables in one single day. Old traditions lost in the night of the centuries say that he achieved this by making a hole in the wall and diverting the course of a river so that its waters flooded them.

This unusual task can, therefore, be identified with Aquarius, zodiacal house of Uranus, Ur-Anas, the primordial Fire and Water, clearly symbolising the sexual currents in the human organism.

Uranus, as first Divine King of the primitive Atlantis, is the regent of our sexual glands.

Uranus, the Ahura-Mazda, is actually the first to reveal the *Mysteries of Life and Death*.

He is certainly Ur-Anas, the primeval Fire and Water, who determines intrinsically the first moon-solar cult of the androgynous IO... (iiiiiii oooooooo).

IO Pitar is the Sun. Menes or Mani is the Moon.

"Om Mani Padme Hum" as a mantra of immense esoteric power has its equivalence in the gods Sun and Moon, in the innermost recess of the Sacred Lotus emerging miraculously from the *spermatic waters of the first instant*...

The legend of the centuries says that Uranus had forty five children from several women, and that besides them he had from Titaea other eighteen children. These received the collective name of Titans because of their mother.

Adding separately each of these kabbalistic quantities, we obtain the following results:

45: 4 plus 5 equals 9. The Hermit of the Tarot, the Ninth Sphere, the Sex.

18: 1 plus 8 equals 9. The Arcanum 18 is the Twilight of the Tarot. It includes the Arcanum 9 twice: it implies the secret, occult enemies; the underground fight in the domains of the Ninth Sphere, the dark...

In fact, Uranus was the absolute king of the sexual functions, the leader of the New Aquarian Age.

Since Titaea surpassed all women in beauty and virtues, she was included among the numbers of the gods. We have been told that her faithful devotees, thankful for all the benefits received, named her Earth.

In the name of truth I must confess frankly and openly that the Fourth Labour turned out to be tremendously easy for me; however I had to pass through a delicate test.

In an old park of the city I saw myself talking to a noble lady; somebody that was doubtless a great friend.

We were sitting very close on a bench, feeling a great mutual love. For an instant we appeared to be lovers, but...

Suddenly I remembered my Divine Mother Kundalini! Then I diverted this current of love towards the interior and upper regions, towards my adorable Mother...

At that instant I said with all the strength in my soul: "This love is for my Mother!..."

In this way Hercules diverted the course of a river so that its waters would flood the Stables of Augeias. (Let those who have understanding understand, because here there is Wisdom).

Unquestionably I was submerged inside the mineral entrails of the Sun, in the Solar Hells...

How clean they appeared to me, these submerged worlds of the King Star! Hells without souls in penance, without demons. What marvels!...

It is clear that demons could not live among the living entrails of the shining Sun ; they could never resist the potent vibration of this star...

When I found myself locked up inside one of those symbolic Stables of Augeias, I found it completely clean and with no animals of any kind. Then I understood...

I wanted to get out, but the door was hermetically sealed. "*Open Sesame!*", I shouted with all my strength...

At that moment 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 shouted again, and when the doors opened I entered a third Stable. In fact, this was also clean and beautiful...

"Open, Sesame!", I shouted for the fourth time, and when the fourth door opened I crossed the threshold of a bright solar mansion...

What I saw at the far end of the Sanctuary was something unusual and unwonted. Oh, Gods! There, sitting on their thrones, Osiris, Isis and Horus were waiting for me...

I advanced towards them and prostrating myself I adored them. At that moment I felt their blessings in me.

Three aspects of my Being, but *derivative*. Thus I understood it, and this deserves an explanation...

One of our esoteric gnostic rituals says textually the following:

**<< Osiris (the Arch-Hierophant and Arch-Magus, our particular, individual Monad), powerful emperor, answers the imploring son!...
Isis (the unfolding of Osiris, the Mystical Duality, Devi Kundalini), dignified mother, answers the imploring son!...
Horus (the Intimate Christ), answers the imploring pilgrim... >.**

They received me and I entered victorious into the Solar Heaven, into the abode of the Potencies, into the buddhic or intuitional world. Then I regained my place among those divine creatures, a glorious state of consciousness that I had lost in days of old.

Chapter 38

The Heaven of Mars

The Fifth Labour of Hercules, the Solar Hero, was *the hunting and killing of the cannibalistic birds living in the lakes of Stymphalus*²², who killed people with their bronzed feathers, throwing them like deadly arrows at their defenceless victims.

This labour is clearly and intimately related to the constellation of Pisces, house of Neptune, the Lord of Practical Magic.

Unquestionably those cannibalistic birds are the cruel Harpies cited by Virgil, the poet of Mantua...

For the good of the Great Cause, for which all of us, the brothers of the Gnostic Movement, are fighting for, I am now going to transcribe a few paragraphs from "*The Aeneid*"...

<< We struck our sails, we strained at the oars; our mariners quickly made the foam fly with their hard stroke, sweeping the dark blue sea. It was the coast of the Strophades that rose to welcome me. Preserved from the waves, Strophades being the Greek name for those islands in the broad Ionian Sea where dreadful Celaeno and her coven of Harpies (horrible witches, black Jinn) dwell, now the house of Phineus is barred and in fear they have left their pristine banquets. No viler monstrosity than they, no pest more atrocious did ever the wrath of god conjure up out of hell's swamp. Bird-bodied, girl-faced things they are; abominable their droppings, their hands are talons, their faces haggard with hunger insatiable.

When we had made our landfall and entered port, we observed abundant herds of cattle dotted over the vale and goat flocks browsing there without any goatherd by them. We slaughtered some; we invited Jove and the other gods to take their share of the spoil. Then by the winding shore seated on makeshift benches, we are most richly feasting. But, the next moment, we hear a hoarse vibration of wing beats; the Harpies (witches) are on us, horribly swooping down from the mountains. They tear the banquet to pieces, filthying all with their bestial touch. Hideous the sounds, nauseous the stench about us. We choose a secluded spot under an overhanging crag, enclosed by trees and their shifting shadows; to set up our tables again and light a fire on a new altar. Again from their hidden lairs, flying in from different angles, that noisy coven claws at the feast, hovering around it, their mouths tainting the meat (those cannibalistic birds).

So then I order my friends, stand to arms, for we must fight this damnable brood. They did as they were ordered: they hid their swords in the grass ready to hand, and put their shields out of sight beside them. So when the creatures again came screeching round the bay, Misenus, from an observation post above us, blew the alarum. My friends went in to an unfamiliar combat, trying their steel on sinister birds of the sea. But blows did not make them turn a feather, their bodies would not be wounded---they simply flew off at high speed into the blue, leaving a half devoured feast and their own disgusting traces. Celaeno alone, perching upon a rock pinnacle, stayed behind, and broke into speech, a fortune-teller of evil:

²² Also known as Stygian lakes.

"So you're willing to go to war-to war, sons of Laomedon over the cattle you slaughtered, over slain bullocks? Prepared to drive us innocent Harpies out of our rightful domain? Very well: take these words to heart, and never forget them. What the Father almighty foreshadowed to Phoebus Apollo and he to me, will I, the chief of the Furies, reveal you. You are making all speed for Italy, and the winds won over, to Italy you shall go, even enter port you may: But, before you can wall your promised city, outrageous famine shall fasten upon you, in return for trying to kill us, and force you to chew your tables---yes, gnaw at them and devour them."

She spoke: she winged away into the sheltering forest. As for my friends, their blood went cold with the shock of panic and curdled; their hearts sank: no more fighting, they said. Through vows and prayers alone we must seek security, whether those creatures are of heaven or uncanny birds of ill omen. Anchises stretched out his hands from the shore in supplication to the powers above, appointing due sacrifice in their honour. Ye gods, prevent these threats! Ye gods, avert this calamity! Incline your hearts to the faithful! Oh, save us! Then he gave orders to cast off the moorings, to free the sheets and pay them out >>.

This is the end of this unusual occult and esoteric story. Let us continue now with the explanations.

Many of these abysmal harpies, caught red-handed, have been captured by means of certain procedures.

Some ancient traditions say: *"If we put on the floor a pair of steel scissors opened to form a cross and if we spill black mustard around this metallic instrument, any witch can be caught."*

It is astonishing that some illustrious occultists ignore that these witches can avoid the universal law of gravity!

Even if it may sound unusual, we assert solemnly that this is possible by putting the physical body into the fourth dimension.

It is in no way strange that these witches and their drones, living with their physical body in the fourth vertical (hyperspace) can levitate and travel in a few seconds anywhere in the world.

In fact, they have secret formulas to escape "physically" from this three-dimensional world of Euclid's.

In strictly occultist terms, we can well qualify these sinister and dark harpies by the title of black Jinn, to differentiate them radically from the white Jinn.

The human organism put into the fourth dimension, in spite of everything that official science may say, can assume any figure, change shape...

Remember, beloved readers, the execrable Celaneo and his dirty Harpies, horrible birds from the islands of Stymphalus, in the Ionic Sea...

One evening, no matter which date, day or time, I was seated near some railings in an old dungeon, studying an esoteric work...

The Sun was hiding among the red fires of the sunset and the evening light was slowly disappearing...

Suddenly, something unusual happens: I hear next to me a sarcastic, loud, mocking guffaw, markedly feminine...

It was one of these cannibalistic birds inhabiting the lakes of Stymphalus, a witch of ill omen, a woman of sinister witches' Sabbaths...

The depraved woman runs away and hides among the frightful shadows of the infernal worlds...

Here starts my intrepid descent among the living entrails of the submerged Martian mineral kingdom...

"Before ascending it is indispensable to descend": it is the Law. Each exaltation is preceded by a frightful and terrible humiliation.

To annihilate inside myself those inhuman elements, witch-like, those birds of ill omen, was certainly my task in the dark Tartarus.

Even if it appears incredible, it is urgent to realise that all human beings, without exception, have in their unconscious depths varied magic elements.

This means that in the world there are many people that, without knowing it, unconsciously practice Black Magic.

Unquestionably even the saints of every religion suffer something indescribable when they discover this trait in themselves; then they can verify by themselves the crude realism of those inhuman elements that in fact they are obliged to eliminate from their psyches.

Any adept or mystic or saint, provided that he has not radically died in each and every one of the forty-nine departments of the subconscious, is more or less black.

Here is one of the great motives why we should not condemn anybody: *"He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone at her²³"*.

At that time of my life I was attacked unceasingly and in a merciless way by the sinister birds that inhabit the lakes of Stymphalus...

At the meeting places of sinister witches' Sabbaths in the Martian Hells, I found, astonished, many brothers of the stony path...

They were in fact witch-like aggregates, clearly ignored by their human personalities...

Once I was finished with my work in the mineral abysses of Mars, I ascended victorious to the Fifth Heaven, the world of Atman, the radiant abode of the Virtues.

Thus I returned to the Heaven of Mars; then I regained my place among these sublime beings, a divine position lost a long time ago...

The objective of my work in the Martian Hells had been achieved. Having eliminated from my psyche the inhuman elements, my Consciousness was free...

The intellectual shackles had been annihilated and my Consciousness liberated, having left that horrible prison of the mind where for such a long time it had been a prisoner; it had managed to fuse, to merge, with Atman, the Ineffable, my Real Being.

Ah, if people could understand what the prison of the intellect actually is... if they understood that they live as a prisoner in the jail of the mind...!

²³ John 8:7.

In complete happiness as Spirit-Man in the Martian Heaven, far from the body, from the affections and from the mind, I walked consciously as a shining bird of light, radical antithesis of those sinister birds from the lakes of Stymphalus...

At such moment of exquisite happiness, I had to pass next to many symbolic works constructed from pure iron.

This is the region of Atman, the Ineffable, the world of the crudest realism, the dimension of Mathematics.

In the three-dimensional world of Euclid's we never perceive a solid in an integral manner, as a totality. Here we only see angles, surfaces, etc., in a subjective way.

However, in the brilliant region of Atman, we not only perceive solids in an integral way, but also hypersolids, including the exact quantity of atoms that together constitute the entirety of any body.

Unquestionably in the Heaven of Mars we actually enjoy the most complete objective perception.

How happy I felt in that region of infinite bliss! However, not everything in life is a party; there are also sufferings. You know that...

The seat of the Celestial Judgement, where the Objective Justice is administered, always intervenes.

One day, when I was happy in the world of Atman, a Judge of the Law of the Katancia (superior Karma) approached me.

He sat at a table and I, with much respect and veneration, had then to answer some charges.

*---You have criticised many people in your books---*said the Hierarch.

*---I am by nature combative---*I answered in an emphatic manner.

---You are condemned to seven days in prison (such was the sentence).

I have to confess frankly that when I heard the sentence I felt slightly cynical.

It appeared to me that this was a silly police case, such as that when one as a lad fights with another of the same age and gets sent to jail for a few hours.

However, already in full fulfilment of the sentence, I felt that this punishment was very painful.

Seven days in the horrible jail of the mind and after having already been emancipated...

Seven symbolic days of bitterness inside the frightful jail of the intellect... *Oh my God!*

Chapter 39

The Heaven of Jupiter

Nearly adjacent to the brilliant constellation of Pisces we find that of Taurus, which is unquestionably related in an intimate way with the esoteric transcendent work: the capture of the Cretan Bull.

This animal had been sent to Minos by the god Neptune to be offered as a holocaust, but the king, greedily, improperly kept the bull for himself, and then the animal became frightful and menacing, terrorising the whole country.

The legend of the centuries says that Hercules, the Solar Hero, easily obtained permission to seize, chain and drag it along the sea towards Mycenae.

It is indubitable that the work associated with the Hells of Jupiter is allegorised fully by the Sixth Labour of Hercules...

It is not too much to remember in these pages the first Jupiter of the 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, since it is known, according to classical lore, that in the Greek pantheon there are around three hundred Jupiters.

In his other aspect of Jove or Iod-Eve, he is the male and female Jehovah, or androgynous and collective Elohim of the Mosaic books, Adam-Kadmon of the kabbalists, the Iacho or Inacho of the Anatolia, who is also the Bacchus or Dionysus of the Phoenicians who continued the primitive theogony of Sanchoniaton...

The character always assigned to Jupiter, that of the venerable father of the gods, as Celestial Man, gave rise also to not a few Nordic names, such as the Herr-Man and Herr-Manas or Hermes, literally the Divine Man or Lord Man, Alcides or El Cid, theogonic precursor of all our prehistoric Cids of the Romancero²⁴.

Unquestionably Jupiter, in the Punjab and the Registan, is Hari-Kulas or Hercules, the Solar Lord, the prototype of the Solar race, the Hari Mukh of Kashmir, that is, the Sun on the horizon of life.

Jupiter or IO-Pitar, that is, the father of IO, is the Divine Spirit of that ancient multitude of creators who, when reincarnated into bodies of the opposite sex, gave rise to the Greek fable of the loves of Jupiter with the virgin IO (iiii ooooo), who was transformed into a celestial calf or Sacred Cow of the orientals, thus to escape the anger of Juno.

Jupiter and his Cow of IO (iiii oooo) provide us with the meaning of another set of archaic names, such as the same Gerion or Ferion--- the one who herded the cows---, that of Hyperion Bosphorus---literally "the conductor of cows"---and even Gauthama the Buddha.

In this way, the multitude of the lords or Elohim Jupiter, are symbolised by the sexual hierogram of IO (iiiiii oooooo); it is clear that they have dozens of names in each tongue and a hundred or even a thousand of myths for each of these names in the respective tongues.

²⁴ A collection of Spanish medieval ballads or romances.

The whole of this ineffable legion of divine beings, all of these Elohim constitute, as an ensemble, the nameless, single God of the Tartesians, the authentic sublime Jupiter of ancient times...

By developing very carefully this transcendental theme, we can solemnly deduce the following: the Heaven of Jupiter is the abode of the Elohim, Nirvana...

Those devotees of the Path who, when arriving at the Fifth Initiation of Fire choose the spiral path, will enter Nirvana...

Integral development is different. In the name of the Truth I must confess frankly that this was always my main yearning...

The full development of all my superlative, nirvanic possibilities in the presence of my Cosmic Being, was my aspiration...

However, it is unquestionable that before ascending we must descend. Every exaltation must be preceded by an awful and terrible humiliation...

To chain the symbolic Bull of Crete, was really the task to follow, and this appeared to me to be horrible...

At that time of my actual existence, many severe sexual temptations were besieging me in the sinister Tartarus...

By exploring myself in a psychological manner, I discovered in the most profound depths of own mind the famous Bull of Crete.

I saw it, yes, black, enormous, gigantic, menacing and with sharp horns...

It was obviously impressing itself in my psyche with passionate, unthinking, strong sexual impulses...

It was urgent to chain the beast, it was indispensable to disintegrate it, reduce it to cosmic dust...

Undoubtedly my Divine Mother Kundalini, the Igneous Serpent of our magic powers, assisted me...

This great cosmic event was celebrated by a party, which took place in the marvellous Temple of Jupiter...

Then many Kings and Priests of Nature, dressed up in the sacred purple, welcomed me...

Thus I went back into the Heaven of Jupiter, the abode of the Dominations, the nirvanic happiness...

In this way, by eliminating infrahuman elements, I reconquered my place among these ineffable Hierarchies, a state of consciousness that I had lost a long time ago, when in the central plateau of Asia, about a million years ago, I committed the error of eating from the forbidden fruit...

Chapter 40

The Heaven of Saturn

The Seventh Labour of Hercules, the Solar Hero, is the capture of the Mares of Diomedes, son of Mars and king of the warlike country of the Bistons, that used to kill and eat the shipwrecked that reached those shores.

Hercules and his companions managed to get hold of those beasts only after a ferocious combat with the Bistons---who had come with Diomedes to defend their possessions---, who they defeated, the king being left as food for the man-eating females.

In the Hells of Saturn I had to capture and destroy the Mares of Diomedes, infrahuman elements full of passion deeply submerged into my own unconscious depths...

Symbolic beasts next to the *spermatic waters of the first instant*, always ready to devour the failures...

At that time of my actual existence I was unceasingly attacked in the gloomy Tartarus...

The adepts of the Atlantean magic decided to fight me with unprecedented ferocity and I had to defend myself powerfully...

Adorable nubile ladies, exquisitely dangerous and malignant beauties, besieged me everywhere...

Unquestionably in the Saturnine Hells we experience, live and re-live, the Atlantean terrors...

"Hercules---as Aelianus ("Several Stories", book V, C.3) says--- cleansed the Earth and the seas from a whole genre of monstrosities, if not of monsters, defeating the necromancer Briareus, the one with the hundred arms, in one of his famous labours or triumphs over the atlantean magic that had taken over the whole Earth".

Hercules, the true aryan Krishna of the Mahabharata, having the presentiment of the final Atlantean catastrophe that was coming, and with it the disappearance of the Divine Garden of the Hesperides, transplanted wherever he went, that is to the whole of 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 Initiatory Tree that would save all these countries from the catastrophes.

However, it is written: *" You may freely to eat of every tree of the garden; but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil you shall not eat, for in the day when you eat of it you shall die²⁵".*

As Hercules taught, it is indispensable to get intoxicated with the delicious fragrance of the forbidden fruit...

Within sight of the barrier of the ocean, impassable for man, Hercules, full of titanic defiance, stretched his bow against the Sun, as if to hurt it so as to stop it in its swift race beyond the sea in which it was going to hide and to where he could not

²⁵ Genesis 2:16-17.

follow; but the god Apollo ordered him to be quiet and stay patient (because only with infinite patience the Magnus Opus, the Great Work can be carried out) and in recompense for this behaviour he gave him a Golden Cup, the Holy Grail, glowing eternal symbol of the feminine uterus or *yoni*.

It is unquestionable that the Arrow of Hercules is nothing but the Magnes Stone, the Phallus or Lance of Longinus, with which the Roman Centurion wounded the side of the Lord, the same Holy Pike by means of whose secret power Parsifal healed the wound on the side of Amfortas...

By means of the miraculous powers of these venerable relics, I defeated in bloody battles the king of the Bistons, the Knights of the Black Grail, Klingsor, the animal Ego...

When the Saturnine work in the abode of Pluto was finished, I was then transported in the eidolon to the Solar Land of the Hyperboreans...

This is the island of Avalon, the magic Jinn region where the Holy Gods live...

Sublime island of Apollo, firm ground in the middle of the *Ocean of the Great Life free in its movement...*

Ah! If Emperor Frederick in the Middle Ages had fulfilled in himself the Mystery of the Grail, the Hyperborean Mystery... It is indubitable that then the dry tree of the Empire would have flourished again in a splendid manner... It is clear that the Kingdom of the Grail would have reappeared, marvellous, in the same Sacred Roman Empire...

"The Path of Life is formed with the footprints of the hooves of the horse of Death..."

It is not possible to fulfil in oneself the Hyperborean Mystery without having been judged in the immense Hall of the Truth-Justice...

It is not possible to fulfil inside oneself the Mystery of the Grail without having weighed beforehand the heart of the deceased on the plate of the Balance carried by the Truth-Justice...

The Intimate Self-Realisation of Being is not possible without having been declared "dead" in the Hall of the Truth-Justice...

The legend of centuries says that many Initiates travelled in the past to the country of Prester John---the Solar Land---to receive a certain magic esoteric consecration of a very special kind...

These Brothers of the Order of St John in the Island of the Solar Apollo are indeed "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 saturnine Sancta, before the Royal Beings, I had to sit down and answer certain questions. The Holy Gods took notes in a grand book...

At that mystical moment some remembrances came forth, in the full presence of my Cosmic Being...

Ah! I had been there before, and in the same holy place before the venerable Thrones, many millions of years ago, in the epoch of the continent Mu or Lemuria...

Now I was returning victorious after having suffered much. Oh my God!

Having fulfilled the essential esoteric requirements, I left the vestibule and entered the Temple...

Unquestionably the Temple of Saturn in the Solar Land, Jinn land, of the northern regions, was full of intense darkness...

It is a fact that the Sun and Saturn alternate their work in the government of the world...

And I saw Thrones. And they sat down... The Angels of Death went back and forth, here and there...

Divine people arrived at the temple. They came from several places in the enchanted Island situated at the end of the world...

"Thule ultima a Sole nome habens". Ajryanem-Vaejo, the northern country of the ancient Persians, where the palace of King Arthur is magically located like the Mitgard, the shining sacrosanct abode of the Aces, the Ineffable Lords of the North...

"Oh, Maat! Here I am, arriving before you! Let me contemplate your shining beauty! Look, my arm is raised at your sacrosanct name!"

Oh, Truth-Justice, listen! I arrive at the places where the trees do not grow, where the soil does not allow the plants to spring up..."

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 Potency declared me "dead" before the shining beings dressed in the glorious bodies of Kam-Ur...

On the stage of the Sanctuary a symbolic coffin could be seen, inside which my corpse had appeared...

In this manner I returned to the Heaven of Saturn, the Paranirvana, the abode of the Thrones...

In this manner I regained that hierarchic status that I had lost a long time ago, when I committed the serious error of eating from the Golden Apples of the Garden of the Hesperides...

Later on I went through the Death Ceremony: when I returned home I found something unusual...

I saw funeral posters on the walls of my house, announcing my death and inviting to my burial...

When I crossed the threshold I found with mystical surprise a very beautiful white coffin...

It is clear that inside that funeral box was my body, totally cold and inert...

Many relatives and mourners cried and wept bitterly around that coffin...

Delicious flowers perfumed with their scent the ambience of that room...

I approached my mother, who at that time was drying her tears with a handkerchief...

I kissed her hands with infinite love and said: *"I thank you, oh, mother! for the physical body you have given me. This vehicle has been very helpful, and it certainly is a marvellous instrument, but everything in life has a beginning and an end..."*

When I left that planetary abode, I happily decided to float inside the aura of the Universe...

I saw myself become a child, with no Ego, devoid of the subjective elements of perception...

My small infant shoes did not look very pretty to me. For a moment I wanted to take them off, but then I told myself, He will dress me up as he wishes...

In the absence of the mortifying intellect, which makes nobody happy, only the most pure sentiment existed in me...

And when I remembered my old father and my brother Germán, I told myself: *"They are already dead..."*

And at the moment of remembering all those suffering people that I was leaving in the painful valley of Samsara, I said: *"Family? Which one? I have no family..."*

Feeling absolutely discarnate, I left with the intention of arriving at a remote place where I should help others...

At such a moment of mystical enchantment, I told myself: I will not take a physical body again for a long time...

Later on 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 every moment...

Chapter 41

The Heaven of Uranus

The legend of countless centuries says that Aeneas---the self-satisfied Trojan--- sat down with king Evander and the venerable senators at the table of the banquet.

“The slaves served all kinds of dishes and poured the sweet wine, and when the desire for food and drink had been satisfied, king Evander explained to his guest that the ceremony in honour of Hercules, whose celebration had just been finished when they arrived, was no superstition, but a ritual that was owed to the god because nearby was the place of one of his greatest feats (the eighth): the cavern where he killed the thief Cacus.

One could see nearby an enormous rampart covered in stones that appeared to have been thrown down by an earthquake. Beneath them was the opening that lead to the cavern where Cacus took refuge and where the son of Jupiter cornered him, throwing stones and logs as a punishment for having tried to steal his herds.

After this explanation by king Evander, a choir of adolescents intoned a eulogy of Hercules and his great feats. It enumerated all his labours: how he strangled the Hydra of Lerna, how he killed the Lion of Nemea and how he fetched up Cerberus, the hound from hell, from the darkness to the light... (The sexual instinct that must guide us until the final liberation).

Once the songs and ceremonies were finished, the old king, walking slowly due to his age, made for the city of Pallanteum, where he had his throne, and walked supported by two young men: his son Pallas and Aeneas.

While the three were walking, they amused themselves by conversing, and the king explained to Aeneas that the name of Latium, the place where the city was, came from ancient times when Chronos, the father of Jupiter, took refuge there to escape from the enemies who defended the cause of his son once he had overthrown him.

Then the Age of Gold started, followed by the Age of Iron, where the anger of war and the frenzy to possess predominated.

The country started to be invaded by people of different origins. Walking, Evander showed Aeneas the forest and the locations where in the future the heroic 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 in gold and marbles, then a clearing in the forest full of weeds and brambles; and the Tarpeian rock, from where the roman justice casts down the traitors to the fatherland.

Scattered ruins showed monuments from other ages, and some stones lifted by Janus and others by Saturn gave their name to two places: Janiculum and Saturnia”.

This is taken from *"The Aeneid"* by Virgil, the poet from Mantua, the good Master of the Florentine Dante...

Jesus, the Great Kabir, was crucified between two thieves, one to his right and the other to his left...

Agatus, the good thief inside us, steals the Sexual Hydrogen Si-12 of the creative organs with the evident objective of crystallising the Holy Ghost, the Great Comforter inside ourselves, here and now...

Cacus, the evil thief, hidden inside the dark cave of the human infraconsciousness, steals, treacherously, the sexual centre of the organism for the satisfaction of brutal animal passions...

The cross is a surprising, marvellous and formidable sexual symbol. The vertical pole is masculine; the horizontal, feminine. In the crossing of both members lies the key to all power...

The black *lingam*, inserted into the feminine *yonis*, forms a cross. This is well known by divines and by humans...

We can and must assert as a corollary the following postulate: *“Agatus and Cacus, crucified in the Mount of the Skulls, at the left and right of the Great Kabir, emphatically allegorise the white and the black tantrism, the good and evil Sexual Magic...”*

The Bible, from the Genesis to the Apocalypse, is nothing but a series of historic annals of the great struggle between the henchmen of Agatus and Cacus, between White and Black Magic; between the Adepts of the Right Hand Path, the prophets, and those of the Left Hand path, the Levites...

In the Abyss of Uranus I had to reduce to cosmic dust the evil thief, the sinister Cacus, the same one who had previously stolen the sexual centre from my organic machine for the base satisfaction of animal passions...

When I entered the vestibule of the Sanctuary, I remembered to have been there before... In ancient times...

With the Eye of Shiva I saw in the future diverse tantric movements of Aquarius, among which the gnostic people stood out, whose flags waved victorious in all the countries of the World...

Unquestionably, Uranus, Aquarius, is one hundred per cent sexual, magic, revolutionary...

In this way I re-entered the Heaven of Uranus, the Mahaparanirvana, the abode of the Cherubims...

In this way I reconquered that brilliant state of consciousness that I had lost in days of old, when I fell defeated at the feet of the marvellous Eve of the Hebraic mythology...

Chapter 42

The Heaven of Neptune

The Ninth Labour of Hercules, the Solar Hero, unquestionably turns out to be very complex: taking the girdle of Hippolyte, queen of the Amazons, the feminine psychic aspect of our own interior nature...

When embarking with other legendary heroes, first he had to fight with the sons of Minos---the black sorcerers---, then with the enemies of king Lycus, whose exotic name reminds us of the analogy between the wolf and the light---it is a question, therefore, of the Lords of Karma, with whom we must transact some business--- and finally with the Amazons---terrible temptresses---stirred up by Hera, even though Hippolyte had agreed to give her her girdle peacefully; the queen is thus uselessly sacrificed by masculine brutality, that pretends to take hold violently of her innate virtue.

That marvellous girdle, analogous to that of Venus and an emblem of femininity, loses its meaning and worth when it is separated from its legitimate owner. Love and not violence makes, therefore, its conquest really significant and worthwhile...

Having travelled around the coast of the Atlantic continent, the god Neptune, submerged now in the stormy waters of the ocean that bears his name, is said by tradition to have engendered several children with a mortal woman...

Everything was flat on the island where he lived, but in its middle there was a very special valley, with a small central hill fifty stadia²⁶ from the sandy beach...

On that hill lived one of those great beings born on Earth, called Evenor, who had engendered in his wife Leucipe his only daughter, Cleito.

When the parents of Cleito died, Neptune married her, and enclosed the hill where she lived with several trenches with water, of which, according to the legend of centuries, three came from the sea and were equidistant from the ocean, walling in the hill to make it unconquerable and inaccessible...

This Cleito or Minerva-Neith built Athens in Greece and Sais in the famous delta of the Nile...

In memory of all this, the Atlanteans built the marvellous temple of Neptune and Cleito...

In this Sancta the bodies of the ten children of Neptune, a symbolic magical number, were deposited...

We cannot leave the study of the magic number 10 without referring to the Biblical obligation of the tithe, to which Abraham subjected himself voluntarily, in his relations with the initiate king Melchisedek...

According to the chapter XIV of Genesis²⁷

<<The king of Sodom went out to meet him (Abraham)... And Melchizedek, king of Salem brought out bread and wine; he was a priest of the God Most High. And he

²⁶ Stadium, an ancient Greek and Roman measure of length, equivalent to 1/8 of a Roman mile.

²⁷ Gen 14:18-20.

blessed him, and said: "Blessed be Abraham by God Most High, maker of heaven and earth; and blessed be God Most High, who has delivered your enemies into your hand!" And Abraham gave him a tenth of everything. >>

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 of contributing faithfully with a part of their income---it must not be less than a tenth---in such a manner freely chosen that they consider to be the most appropriate and effective way to sustain the Cause of Truth and Justice...

In its esoteric or secret aspect, the tithe symbolises the balance of payments in the sphere of Neptune...

It is unquestionable that there we must settle our accounts with the enemies of King Lycus (the Lords of Karma).

It is indubitable that all of us assassinate the god Mercury, Hiram, and it is not possible to resuscitate him inside ourselves before paying up for the abject crime...

Therefore, the tithe becomes a practical and necessary complement to the dynamical principle that originates from the deep study of the Tenth Commandment, that is: consider as a source, fountain and spiritual providence of the whole interior and divine centre of our life the Mysterious Iod that is hidden in the middle of the central delta of the Sanctuary of our Being...

This point concerning the tithe is clarified by the evangelic words (Mathew VI, 19-21): *<< Do not lay up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust consume and where thieves break in and steal, but lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven, where neither moth nor rust consumes, and where thieves do not break in and steal. For where your treasure is, there will your heart be. >>*

The third chapter of Malachi says:

<<Bring the full tithes into the storehouse, that there may be food in my house; and thereby put me to the test, says the LORD of hosts, if I will not open the windows of heaven for you and pour down for you an overflowing blessing²⁸. >>

Excavating in the profound entrails of the Avern, intensely working in the Ninth Sphere, I searched with infinite yearning for the treasure of heaven, the Golden Fleece of the ancients...

The children of Minos, the Adepts of the Left Hand, the Levites of all ages, angrily and unceasingly attacked me in the frightful Abyss of Neptune...

During that hard struggle I yearned to conquest the girdle of Hippolyte, but the Amazons, stirred up by Hera, besieged me unceasingly with their subtle charms of the abyss...

A particular night, no matter now the date, the day, the time, I was transported to the castle of Klingsor, situated in Salamanca, Spain...

It is not too much to remember that, in that old castle cited by Wagner in his *Parsifal*, operates "the hall of witchcraft".

It was certainly horrifying, what I saw then in the gloomy abode of those harpies...

²⁸Mal 3:10.

Sinister, dismal witches, they attacked me many times inside the castle; however I defended myself with valour by means of the Sword of Fire...

My old friend, the angel Adonai---who at this time had a physical body---accompanied me in this adventure...

They were not in vain, no, the lucubrations of those great seers of the astral known as alchemists, kabbalists, occultists, etc. What we saw in this cavern was certainly dreadful...

Many times I unsheathed the Sword of Fire to throw flames over on the fatal abode of the necromancer Klingsor...

In an unwonted manner, Adonai and I approached some harpies that were setting up a table for the banquet...

In vain I pierced with the sword the breast of one of these witches; she remained impassive. Unquestionably she was awakened in evil and for evil...

In fact, I wanted to make fire pour as rain over that horrendous palace...

I made supreme efforts, and felt that I was passing out. At that moment angel Adonai approached the window of my eyes to look at what was happening inside me...

Imagine for a moment a person stopping before the window of a house to observe through the glass panes to see what is happening in its interior...

It is clear that the eyes are the windows of the Soul and the Angels of heaven can see through these panes what happens in the interior of each of us...

Once he made this singular observation, Adonai left, satisfied. The Intimate Fire had incinerated my own interior castle, the abode of Klingsor,

Each one of us carries inside a palace of sinister witches' Sabbaths; the *mahatmas* never ignore this...

Later on I had clear experiential evidence of the dark aspects of existence. It is clear that Satan has the gift of ubiquity: watch him inside yourself, here, there, everywhere...

Once the esoteric works in the Hells of Neptune were completed, I then had to ascend to the Empyrean, the region of the Seraphim, creatures of Love, direct expressions of the Unity...

Thus I regained that hierarchic status in the Heaven of Neptune. This is the Universe of the Divine Monads...

Unquestionably I had obtained the Girdle of Hippolyte. One night I proved this in a cosmic celebration; I danced then with other Ineffables...

Another night, floating in the Empyrean in a seraphic state, I asked my Divine Mother Kundalini for the lyre; I managed to play it then with mastery...

Chapter 43

The Resurrection

It is unquestionable that for Richard Wagner, as it is generally in all Christian countries, the Grail is the Sacred Vessel from which the Lord of Perfection drank in his last supper, the Divine Goblet that received his real blood spilled from the Cross in the Mount of the Skulls and devoutly gathered by the roman senator Joseph of Arimathea.

The Great Chalice was owned by the patriarch Abraham. Melchisedek, the planetary Spirit of our world, transported it with infinite love to the land of Semiramis, in the country of Canaan, where he started some foundations in the place in which Jerusalem, the city beloved by the prophets, would stand later on. He used it wisely when he celebrated the sacrifice in which he offered the bread and the wine of the 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 Vessel was also taken to the sacred land of the pharaohs, the sun drenched land of Kem, and that Moses, the leader of the Jewish Mysteries, the Great Hierophant, possessed it...

Very ancient millennial traditions lost in the frightening night of the ages, say that this Magical Vessel is made out of a singular material, as compact as that of a bell, and that it does not seem to have been worked on as metals are; it appears rather to be the product of a kind of vegetation...

The Holy Grail is the *miraculous chalice of the supreme libation*, the cup where the Manna that fed the Israelites in the desert is contained, the *yoní*, the uterus of the Eternal Feminine...

The exquisite Wine of transcendental spirituality is contained in that vessel of delight...

The conquest of the Ultra-Mare-Vitae or superliminal and ultraterrestrial world, the esoteric Resurrection, would be somewhat more than impossible without Sexual Magic, without women, without Love...

The delicious Verb of Isis comes out from the depths of all ages, waiting for the moment to be fulfilled...

The ineffable words of the goddess Neith has been carved in golden letters on the shining walls of the Temple of Wisdom...

**"I am the one who has been, is and will be
and no mortal has lifted my veil".**

The primitive religion of Jano or Jaino, that is, the golden, solar and superhuman doctrine of the Jinn, is absolutely sexual...

In the ineffable mystical idyll, commonly called "the delights of Good Friday", we feel in the depth of our heart that there is in the sexual organs a force that is terrifyingly divine...

The Stone of Light, the Holy Grail, has the power to resuscitate Hiram Abif, the Secret Master, the Sun King, inside ourselves, here and now...

The Grail preserves the character of a "misterium tremendum". It is the stone fallen from the crown of Lucifer...

As a frightening force, the Grail wounds and destroys the curious and the impure, but it defends and gives life to the just and the sincere...

Unquestionably the Grail can only be obtained by means of the Lance of Eros, fighting against the eternal enemies of the night...

It is only possible to fulfil in oneself the Hyperborean Mystery by descending into the infernal worlds...

This Resurrection is the true apotheosis or exaltation of what there is of most high and alive in man: his Divine Monad, eternal and immortal but that was dead, hidden...

Undoubtedly the Monad is, in itself, the Verb, *the luminous and spermatic fiat of the first moment*, the Lord Shiva, the sublime Husband of our Divine Mother Kundalini, the Arch Hierophant and Arch Magus, the particular super-individuality of each other...

It is written with characters of fire in the Book of Life: *"To who already knows, the word gives power. Nobody has pronounced it, nobody will pronounce it, but only that one who has it incarnated..."*

We reach the perfection in the mastery with the Resurrection of the Secret Master in each of us... Then every one of our stains is washed away from us and *the original sin* is radically eliminated...

I worked intensively in the super-darkness of silence and the august secret of the wise men...

I submerged myself in the Sacred Mysteries of Minna, the frightful darkness of a Love that is the twin brother of Death.

I reclaimed my place in the First Heaven (Lunar), where Dante had the vision of the blessed and ecstatically recognised Piccarda Donati and the empress Constance...

I returned to my place in the Second Heaven (of Mercury), abode of the Active and Beneficial Spirits...

I went back to the Third Heaven (of Venus), region of the Loving Spirits, where Dante was engaged with Robert, the king of Naples...

I returned to the Fourth Heaven (Solar Heaven), abode of the Wise Spirits, in which chapter Dante cites St Francis of Assisi...

I reconquered the Fifth Heaven (of Mars), region of the Martyrs of the Faith, the chapter in which Dante mentions Cacciaguida and her elders, the old and the new Florence...

I returned to the Sixth Heaven (of Jupiter), region of the Wise and Just Princes...

I went back to the Seventh Heaven (of Saturn), exquisite abode of the Contemplative Spirits, a magnificent chapter where the Florentine Dante mentions with great emphasis Peter Danian and spoke against the luxury of the priests...

I returned to the Eighth Heaven (or Starry Heaven), region of Uranus, immortal paragraphs where Dante mentions the triumph of the Intimate Christ and of the Coronation of the Divine Mother Kundalini, paradise of the Triumphant Spirits...

I returned to the Ninth Heaven (or Crystalline Heaven), the region of Neptune, extraordinary chapter in which Dante cast his invective against the bad preachers...

Later on I had to appear before the Third Logos, Shiva, my Real Being, my own super-individuality, Samael in him...

Then the Blessed One assumed a different figure, different from mine, as if he were a stranger; he had the aspect of a very respectable gentleman...

The Venerable asked me to make a chiromantic study of the lines of his hand...

The line of Saturn on his omnipotent right hand appeared to be very straight---amazing, marvellous; however, in some places it appeared to be interrupted, damaged, broken.

---Lord! You have had many struggles, sufferings...

---You are mistaken, I am a very lucky man, everything always goes very well for me...

---Well... the point is that I see a small damage in the line of Saturn...

---Measure that line in a correct way: At what age do you see the damage?

---Lord! Between the ages of fifty-three (53) and sixty-one (61) you had a hard time...

---Ah! That is at the beginning... but afterwards, what?

---Eight years go by very quickly and then... the triumph that awaits you...

Finished this study, the Venerable stood up and said: *"I like those chiromantic studies, but sporadically. My wife (Devi Kundalini) also likes them and I will soon bring her. Ah! now I have to pay you for your work. Wait for me here that I will come back to pay you..."*

The Blessed One went away and I stayed waiting for him. . In the far distance I saw two of my daughters, now grown-ups; however, they still appeared to be small. I got a bit worried about them, and started to call them...

It is indubitable that in that epoch of my actual existence I had the above-mentioned fifty-three (53) years of age... In the hand of the Blessed One I had seen my own future...

Evidently the Eight Initiations that had been received must be accredited; very hard work: a year for each Initiation...

To live now in eight years the whole of the *"Book of the Patriarch Job"*, to pay the title of Neptune before the Resurrection...

"The Book of Job is a complete representation of the ancient Initiation and of the people that preceded this great ceremony.

The neophyte, in this book he sees himself dispossessed of everything, even of his children, and affected by an impure illness.

His wife distresses him, mocking the confidence he puts in a god that treats him in such a way, and his three friends Eliphaz, Bildad, Zophar, torment him judging him to be impious, surely meriting such a punishment"...

“Job, then, cried out for a champion, a liberator, because he knows that this one (Shiva) is eternal and is going to redeem him from the slavery of the earth (by means of the intimate Resurrection), repairing his skin.

Job, by divine permission, sees himself tormented, dispossessed, ill, under the cruel action of those malignant beings that Aristotle called "the black birds"; St Paul, "the cruel powers of the air"; the Church, "the demons"; Theosophy and the Kabbala, "the elementals", etc., etc., etc....

However, as Job is just and sings the theme of his own justification faced with such rigours of destiny, he wins at last with the Sacred IT of his Crucifixion in the lacerated flesh, and Jehova (the interior Iod-Heve of each one) allows the healing angels, or Jinn, to treat him; their classic leader as found in other books such as the book of Tobias, is the archangel Raphael”.

One night, after a cosmic party that was given in my honour because I had been qualified in the First Initiation, I was properly instructed...

---You will have to pay for the crime of having assassinated the god Mercury---I was told...

---Forgive me this karma...

---This cannot be forgiven and can only be paid for by working with the Moon...

I then saw how the Moon will approach the planet Mercury more and more at each labour, until blending at last with it...

My Intimate Real Being, the god Mercury, Shiva, my Monad, approaching me said: *"You have to use the boots of the god Mercury"*. Later on he put these boots on me...

That moment when the Great Hierophant of the Temple showed me a sporting ground was for me sensational, extraordinary...

"Look!---he told me---, you have converted the Temple of Mercury into a sporting ground..."

Certainly we all assassinate Hiram (the god Mercury, our Monad) when we eat from the forbidden fruit of the Garden of Eden... This is why we were warned: *"If you eat from that fruit you will die"*.

Later on the Path became frightfully 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 patiently the consequences of your errors", said my Divine Mother Kundalini...

Another night, full of pain my Mother shouts in a great voice, saying:

---My son!, you have replaced me in the physical world with other women...

---That was in the past, my Mother. Now I am not replacing you with anybody...

---You have replaced me with other women.

---The past is past, what is interesting is the present. I live from instant to instant, it is wrong for me to argue with you...

---Past, present or future, you are the same one...

--- *You are right, my Mother...*

How could I deny, then, that I had converted the Temple of Mercury into a sporting ground?

And it happened that having gone on holiday to the port of Acapulco in the Pacific coast of Mexico, I had to be instructed on the stigmatisation of the astral body...

Outside of the physical body, a holy monk, a hermit, tried to pierce the palm of my hands with the purpose of stigmatising me. At the time when that monk hit the nail to perforate my hands, divine rays burst up..

At that moment I prayed to my Father who is in secret, asking for help. The prayer reached the Lord...

It is unquestionable that I had received such stigmata during the Initiation, but in a symbolic form...

During the Mountain of Resurrection I had to give them shape, make them in the Forge of the Cyclops...

The anchorite lead me to the Gnostic Church; Shiva, my Divine Monad, came with us...

Inside the Temple I saw a religious androgyne, dressed in the purple tunic, next to the font of Baptism...

---*He is very strong and responds very well, but he should fulfil in a better way the Sacrament of the Church of Rome (Love)...*---said the Mahatma addressing my Monad...

Since then I understood the need to refine even more the creative energy. In this way I made a form of prayer out of the Maithuna...

The insertion of the vertical phallus inside the formal uterus, makes a cross. Unquestionably the five Christic stigmata in the astral body form a Holy Cross...

The Resurrection is not possible without having previously formed the stigmata of the Adorable in the astral body...

Thus I formed my stigmata, thus the mystics of all ages have formed theirs...

INRI... *"Ignis Natura Renovatur Integram"*: Fire renews Nature unceasingly

THIRD MOUNTAIN

THE ASCENSION

Chapter 44

Conversing in Mexico

Monday the 12th of June 1972 (10th year of Aquarius).

---Well, "Joaco" (familiar diminutive of Joaquín), today we are going to the city centre...

---What for, Master? Last Saturday we collected the mail from the post office. What can we find now?

---In any case I need to go to the city centre, I have a cheque in my possession and I must cash it. It is not a great amount, but it will be enough to eat; then I will not have to touch the small sum I have put together to pay the rent... Besides, I have to send many letters at the post office; I like to have the correspondence up to date...

A few moments later Joaquín Amórtegui V., international gnostic missionary and great champion of this tremendous crusade for the New Era of Aquarius, and my insignificant person, worth somewhat less than the ash of a cigarette, made our way to the centre of Ciudad de México (Mexico City)...

It is not too much to say that I like to drive my own car. Thus, very happily we glided very fast down by the avenue of Tlalpan, towards the Square of the Constitution (the Zócalo, as we Mexicans say).

---This is the era of the automobile, my dear "Joaco", but I frankly confess that if I had to choose a life in a world with a technology like this one, or in another in a stone age but actually totally spiritual, I would prefer the second one, unquestionably, even though instead of using the automobile I had to travel by foot or mounted on a donkey...

---Oh, I also say the same thing... I travel now as a sacrifice, because of the love for humanity, to teach the Doctrine, but I prefer to ride on the donkeys and horses of olden days. I do not like the smoke of these great cities, or this mechanistic life...

Thus, conversing, "Joaco" and I, along an avenue that seemed to be a river of cement and steel, reached the side of the metropolitan cathedral and then went along the avenue 5 de Mayo looking for parking...

A few moments later we went into a great building:

---Would you like us to clean your car?

---No! No!, No! This is a time of much rain, so what for?

---Shall we wax your car, sir?

---No, lad, no. First I have to take it to the body shop, and have it repainted!

Conclusion: we left that building towards the post office after having parked the car.

At the main post office I certainly had a nice surprise when I received a copy of the sixth edition of *"The Perfect Matrimony"*. It was sent to me from Cúcuta, Colombia, South America, by the international gnostic missionary Efraín Villegas Quintero...

I also received some letters, I sent those I had brought from home and then we went to a *bureau de change*...

The moneychanger, with the Consciousness deeply asleep, was too busy changing money.

I saw him with two telephones, one in his right and the other in his left hand. Clearly he was dealing with two calls at the same time, and he even talked for a while to a third client that was before the counter of the bureau...

Obviously the poor "intellectual humanoid" of subjective psyche, was not only totally identified with everything, but also tremendously fascinated... and kept on dreaming...

This "rational homunculus" spoke of values, quotations, currencies, gold, enormous sums, cheques, riches, etc., etc., etc.

Luckily it was not necessary to wait a long time; his secretary dealt with us in a diligent manner...

Moments later we left this place with some money in the purse. It wasn't much, but enough to pay for the food of a few more days...

Again walking along the famous 5 de Mayo avenue, I felt the need to invite "Joaco" to partake of a small refreshment. He, who does not eat much, did not decline the invitation because of his regard towards me.

Undoubtedly we found a beautiful place; I wish to refer to the Café Paris.

An elegant waitress approached us:

---*What do you wish, sir?*

---*Please, miss---I told her---a strawberry ice cream and a piece of cheesecake...*

---*I---said "Joaco"---would like only a papaya ice cream.*

Having taken the orders from the gentlemen, the lady went away to reappear later with the requested dishes...

Savouring very slowly the delicious snack, extracting from the food its spiritual element, I started the following dialog with "Joaco":

---*Let me tell you, "Joaco", that I am approaching the end of my book entitled "The Three Mountains". Certainly it is only lacking an introduction to the Third Mountain, three chapters on the Ascension and the conclusion...*

---*Then you are already finishing this work!*

---*Yes, "Joaco"! yes, yes... It is very interesting, that now I have to have recourse to Lemuria...*

---*What? To Lemuria? Why?*

---*It is clear that in this reincarnation I have only reached the summit of the Second Mountain. However in this ancient continent Mu or Lemuria, in olden days situated in the vast Pacific Ocean, I reached the Three Mountains...*

I unquestionably achieved then the Liberation, but I renounced total happiness and stayed in this valley of tears to help humanity. In fact the possession of the Elixir of Long Life permitted me to conserve that Lemurian body during millions of years...

Thus, my dear "Joaco", I tell you that I was a witness to all those volcanic catastrophes that finished the continent of Mu. It is evident that after more than ten thousand years of unceasing earthquakes and frightful seaquakes, that ancient land submerged among the stormy waters of the Pacific Ocean. It is a moving, clear and definite fact that as that old continent was slowly submerging into the wild waves of the stormy ocean, Atlantis, that one of Plato, arose gradually from among the deep waters of the Atlantic...

Unquestionably I also lived with my Lemurian body in "the country of the hills of mud", I knew its powerful civilisations, much superior to our culture, and I saw it submerge among the furious waves of the ocean that carries its name"...

<<In the year 6 of Kan, the 11 Muluc, in the month of Zrc, terrible earthquakes took place that continued without interruption until 13 Chuen. The country of "the hills of mud", the Atlantean land, was sacrificed. After two commotions, it disappeared during the night, being constantly shaken by the subterranean fires that made the earth sink and reappear several times and in several places. At the end the surface yielded and ten countries were separated and disappeared. Sixty four million inhabitants sank, eight thousand years before this book was written.>>

(This is a textual quotation from a Mayan manuscript part of the famous collection of Le Plongeon "*The Manuscripts of Troano*", that can be found in the British Museum).

"Before the star Bal fell into the place where now there is only sea, before the seven cities with their golden doors and their transparent temples trembled and shook like the leaves of a tree moved by the storm, I left, headed for the central plateau of Asia, to that place where Tibet can now be found"...

In that zone of the Earth the surviving Atlanteans became intermixed with the Nordic people: in this way the first sub-race of our Arian race was formed...

The saviour guide of the elected Atlanteans, the one that got them out of the "country of the hills of mud", was the biblical Noah, the Manú Vaivasvata, the founder of the Arian race...

I still remember, far in time and distance, those cosmic festivals that were celebrated in our monastery at that time. I wish to refer in an emphatic manner to the Sacred Order of Tibet, an ancient esoteric institution. It is indubitable that this ancient order has two hundred and one (201) members. The staff is composed of seventy-two (72) Brahmans. Unquestionably such a worthy mystical organisation keeps the Treasure of Aryabarta Ahsram. At that time I was always received there with much veneration. It was exotic, to live with a Lemurian body in a fully Arian world...

Unfortunately, "the devil puts his tail in, wherever he may be", and something unwonted happened. I went back to my old ways, backsliding into crime. I again fell in love with Eve, the seductress of the Hebraic mythology, and I ate the Forbidden Fruit. Result: the Great Law took away from me such a precious vehicle, and from one life to another I remained like the wandering Jew on the surface of the Earth...

---Now, Master, I do feel smaller than an ant, like nothing. I do not understand: if you dissolved the Ego, the Mysself, who could be the tempter?, how did you fall?...

---Oh, "Joaco"... In the name of Truth I want you to know that if the Ego is dissolved, the mind stays in its place... Undoubtedly this was the "causa causorum" of my fall..

---This is something unwonted, I do not understand...

---Passionate things: I fell in love, I committed the same error as the count Zanoni; that is all...

Such a maiden of mysterious charms, for me was forbidden; however I must admit that I fell at the feet of the delicious woman...

My Divine Mother Kundalini took me later to the interior of a cave, in the depth of a mountain, and I then saw rain, tears and torrents of turbid water, bitterness and mud, misery, etc., etc., etc.

"See the future that lies in wait for you!"---said my Mother.

My begging was useless, I did not deserve to be pardoned: it was a relapse into crime. At the end I saw her shut herself in the chakra Muladhara in the coccyx, and then... Oh my God!

I had committed the same error that in the archaic continent Mu gave rise to the angelic fall. It is unquestionable that before joining the Lemurian Mysteries I had already committed the same crime...

The allegory of the biblical Adam, considered apart from the Tree of Life, clearly means that the Lemurian race, which had just separated into the opposite sexes, abused sex and sunk into the region of animality and bestiality...

The Zohar teaches that Matromethah (Shekinah, symbolically the wife of Metraton) "is the Way towards the Great Tree of Life, the Powerful Tree and Shekinah is the Divine Grace". There is no doubt that this marvellous tree reaches the Celestial Valley, and it is hidden in the midst of the Three Mountains. From these Three Mountains the Tree ascends towards the heights and soon starts descending to lower regions. The Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil grows from the roots of the Tree of Life. The Dhyanis Boddhisattwas reincarnated in Lemurian bodies reproduced by means of the power of Kriya-Shakti (the power of the Will and of the Yoga).

Attributes of Shiva: the black lingam inserted into the yoni. Unquestionably the Arch Hierophant and Arch Magus never spills the Cup of Hermes.

When the Dhyanis---among which I counted myself---committed the crime of spilling this flexible, liquid, malleable glass of the Alchemy, they moved away from their Divine Monad (they assassinated the god Mercury), fell into the animal generation...

---I am astounded.

---Why, "Joaco"?, because I was perhaps the first to fall, or the last one?

H. P. Blavatsky says in "The Secret Doctrine" that Samael was the first to fall, but this is symbolic. It is clear that I am the Dhyani Boddhisattwa of the fifth of the seven and because of this it is said that Samael was the first one to fall. Luckily I am standing now, in spite of having relapsed into the same crime...

How different was the case of many of those other Dhyanis who fell into the animal generation. Let us remember Moloch, the great murderer, now involuting appallingly

in the infernal worlds. Let us remember Andramelek and his brother Asmodeus, two Thrones precipitated into the Avern...

---I thought that after the Liberation any fall was impossible...

---You are wrong, my dear "Joaco", in the Cosmos there is always the danger of falling. Only by entering the Inmanifest Sat, the Absolute Abstract Space, does every danger disappears...

Once finished the conversation, we called the waitress that humbly looked after the table of the gentlemen...

---The bill, miss?...

---Yes, sir...it is that much...

--Here you are, also your tip...

Quietly we left that luxurious place to look for the car...

Walking again under the light of the Sun 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 resuscitates like the Phoenix from the midst of its own ashes. You will understand now in a deep and integral way what the intrinsic motive is by which all religious theogonies emphasise the idea that the fallen Angels became Demons...

---Ah!, yes!... this is very clear...

Moments later we were gliding along the avenue of Tlalpan to return home...

---Since I have ascended and descended and again ascended, it is obvious that I have a vast experience in matters of an esoteric type...

---Oh, Master! In this sense you have a very special experience ...

Certainly, my dear reader: I am nothing more than a miserable worm from the mud of the earth, a worthless nobody; however, since I have travelled the path, I can show it to others with complete clarity, and this is not a crime...

We shall finish this chapter with the phrase by Goethe: *"Every theory is grey, and it is only the tree with golden fruit that is green,. And this is really life"*.

Chapter 45

The Tenth Labour of Hercules

The tenth feat of Hercules, the Great Solar Hero, was the conquest of the Herd of Geryon, killing its owner, who confronted him after his guardians, the dogs Ortos and Eurition.

This unusual happening had as stage the island of Eritia (The Red), beyond the ocean, which appears to refer to an island in the Atlantic Ocean inhabited by gigantic beings, clearly personified by the same tripicite Geryon, who was killed by Hercules' lethal arrows, after his shepherd and his dog, killed by his mace.

Comparative mythology compares the dog Ortos, brother of Cerberus, with Vitra, the Vedic Spirit of the storm.

During his journey Hercules goes from Europe to Africa, to go across the ocean in the Golden Cup (in the Sacred Vessel), using it in an intelligent way in his nocturnal travels...

This clearly means that the brilliant Sun had to wait for him while he returned, stopping at his solstice for the good of the Hero...

Undoubtedly the Man-God passed with the herd acquired in the same Vessel or Holy Grail, to return soon by the way of the old Europe, in a trip full of infinite adventures...

The legend of the centuries tells us that then the Solar Hero raised the Columns "J" and "B" of the Occult Masonry over the Strait of Gibraltar, probably as thanks to the Dioscurs, who helped him to arise victorious in this task...

Having returned to Mycenae, the cows were sacrificed to Juno, to placate her anger, by her brother Euristeus.

When dealing with the Archaic Mysteries, it is not too much to say that these were always celebrated in august lordly Temples...

When I crossed the threshold of that Mu or Lemurian Temple, where in other times I was instructed in the Mysteries of the Ascension of the Lord, with infinite humility I asked the Hierophant for some services that were conceded to me....

It is indubitable---and this is known by every Initiate---that *“every exaltation must be preceded by a frightful and terrible humiliation...”*

We have clearly asserted in an emphatic tone that every ascent is preceded by a descent...

The Tenth Feat of Hercules, the Solar Hero of esotericism, takes place in the infernal worlds of the planet Pluto...

Painful feelings tore my Soul apart when I saw myself submitted to the torture of detachment...

Those ladies of august times, bound to me by the law of Karma, were waiting for me in the Avern with their broken hearts...

All these tempting lovelies, dangerously beautiful, felt they had complete authority over me...

For good or for bad, these terribly delicious females had been my wives in previous reincarnations, as a natural consequence of the great rebellion and the angelic fall...

The dogs Ortros and Eurition, living symbols of the animal passion, besieged me severely with unprecedented force; they multiplied the temptations ad infinitum....

However, on the basis of Thelema (Will) and deep understanding, and with the help of my Divine Mother Kundalini, I beat the Lord of Time, Geryon...

It is indubitable that I got hold of the herd and became an authentic Shepherd, not of cows as it is implied in a veiled manner, but of sheep...

For the good of the Great Cause it is convenient that we study now some verses from Chapter 10 of St John's Gospel²⁹:

“Truly, truly I say to you, he who does not enter the sheepfold by the door (the Sex), but climbs by another way, (preaching different doctrines that have nothing to do with the White Sexual Magic), that man is a thief and a robber.” (He steals the sheep and takes them to the abyss).

We departed from Eden through the Door of Sex; only through this door we can return to Eden. Eden is Sex itself.

“He who enters by the door (the Sex) is the shepherd of the sheep. To him the gatekeeper opens; the sheep hear his voice, and he calls his own sheep by name (with the intimate Word), and leads them out (he takes them by the Path of the Razor's Edge). When he has brought out all his own, he goes before them, and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice (his Word). A stranger they will not follow, but they will flee from him, for they do not know the voice of strangers”. (The false shepherds do not have the Word).

“Jesus (whose meaning is Saviour) delivered to them this parable, but they did not understand the things of which he spoke”. (It is evident that behind the letter that kills is the Spirit that brings to life).

Jesus (the Intimate Saviour) told them again³⁰:

“Truly, truly I say to you, I am the door for the sheep”. (the power is not in the brain or in any other part of the body, but in the Sex).

In other words, we assert the following: *“the creative power of the Logos can be found exclusively in Sex”.* It is easy to understand now why He is the Gate for sheep: to find other ways to escape is equivalent to run away from the Door of Eden...

“All who came before me (because they had not been initiated in the sexual mysteries) are thieves and robbers, but the sheep did not heed them. I am the door; if any one enters by me he will be saved (they will not fall into the abyss of perdition); they will come in and out and find pasture (rich spiritual sustenance)”.

Without the Sexual Serpent Christ could do nothing: it is because of this that the Second Logos, the Lord of Perfection, the Intimate Logoi of each other, descends from his elevated sphere and makes himself become the Son of the Divine Mother Kundalini, the Igneous Serpent of our magic powers... (By deed and grace of the Third Logos).

²⁹ John 10:1-6.

³⁰ John 10:7-10.

“The Sethians adored the Great Light and said that the Sun in his emanations gives shape to a nest in us and constitutes the Serpent”.

It is clear that that Gnostic sect had as a sacred object a chalice, a *yoní*, the Holy Grail, in which they took the semen of Benjamin. This was in itself a mixture of Wine and Water...

The sacred symbol of the Sexual Serpent indubitably was never lacking on the altar of the Nazarene Gnostics...

“The strength, the power that accompanied Moses was the Serpent on the Staff that later became the Staff itself.

This Serpent was certainly the one who spoke to the other serpents and tempted Eve...”

In the Canto of Homer to Demeter, found in a Russian library, it can be seen that everything revolved around a physiological-cosmic fact of great transcendence:

<<“I am the Good Shepherd: the Good Shepherd (the one who reached this esoteric Christic grade) gives his life for his sheep”.

“But the hired help (the tantric esotericist that has not yet achieved Christification) who does not own the sheep, sees the wolf coming, and leaves the sheep and runs away, and the wolf snatches them away, and the sheep are scattered”.

“And other sheep I have, which are not from this fold (they are within other schools), them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there will be one fold and one Shepherd”.

“Therefore does my Father love me, because I lay down my life, that I might take it again (the Intimate Christ crystallises inside of us and redeems us when we are worthy)”.

“No man takes it from me, but I lay it of myself (as if saying: I crystallise in my human person when I want). I have the power to lay it down, and I have the power to take it again. This commandment have I received from my Father”. >>

After this critical esoteric comment, it is indispensable that we continue with the present chapter...

What simple, what unfalsifiable primitive beauty have those platonic stories that deal with archaic gods and goddesses, divine beings from the Lemurian past, authentic tantric shepherds of the Sexual Eden...!

Sublime creatures that build cyclopean cities, educate people, giving them a legislation never surpassed, and reward their heroism.

To fulfil in oneself the Hyperborean Mystery, the Mystery of the Grail, is urgent when we yearn to convert ourselves into authentic prophets, into genuine Christified shepherds...

We need "to pass over the Red sea", to cross the stormy ocean of life, reach the other side in the Golden Cup, the Sacred Goblet that Helios, the Sacred Absolute Sun, lends to us...

Once finished the esoteric tasks in the Hells of the planet Pluto, I had to build up the Columns...

Plus Ultra, Adam-Kadmon, Celestial Man: such are the mystical significances that have been attributed to the two Columns of Hercules...

That cosmic-human event was preceded by my priestess wife Litelantes becoming discarnate...

Unquestionably she, in herself, was certainly the only karmic link left for me in this painful valley of Samsara...

I saw her withdrawing from her discarded Lemurian vehicle, certainly dressed in the deepest mourning...

Adam-Eve is indubitably the most secret meaning of the two columns of Hercules...

Reconciliation with the divine is urgent, pressing. You know that...

To build Columns is reconciliation, the return of the original couple, coming back to Eden...

We need to return to the original point of departure, to return to the first love; this is indisputable and unquestionable...

In the Archaic Mysteries of the continent Mu or Lemuria, I had to live the raw realism of this in paradisiac, Edenic weddings...

Then I received as wife a great Initiate. I wish to refer in an emphatic manner to my better half, to my particular Eve. Thus I built the two Columns of Hercules...

I was at the table of the banquet, accompanied, happy, by my new wife and many high priests...

Litelantes then crossed the threshold of the regal hall; she came in a discarnate state to watch the festivity...

Thus... oh, Gods! it was how I re-established the Second Logos, the Cosmic Christ, in the Sanctuary of my Soul...

Chapter 46

The Eleventh Labour of Hercules

The Eleventh Labour of Hercules, the Solar Hero, took place in the transatlantic domain, consisting of the seizure of the Apples of Hesperides, the nymphs daughters of Hesperus, vivid representation of the planet Venus, the delicious bright star of Love...

Unsure of the way, he first needed to get hold of Nereus, who knows everything, and then in Africa to confront the frightful giant Antaeus, son of Poseidon, in hand to hand combat...

Sometimes related to this journey is the liberation of Prometheus-Lucifer, killing an eagle that torments him, as well as the temporary substitution of the famous Atlas, supporting the world on his titanic shoulders, to obtain his help...

Finally, the symbolic Golden Apples were given to him by the Hesperides, previously killing the dragon that was guarding them...

Evidently, this feat bears a close relationship to the Biblical story of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, in the Edenic garden, in which however the Dragon was substituted by a Serpent, who invites to gather and taste this marvellous fruit that Hercules later on gives to Athena, the goddess of Knowledge and his divine protector...

The intrepid descent to the old Tartarus of the eleventh planet of our solar system, was made urgent, unpostponable, before the ascent to the Father (the First Logos).

Abrupt, broken and uneven descending path, it led me fatally to those horrendous shadows of the city of Dis.

My "Nereus", or better said, my guru, Master or guide, patiently showed me all the dangers...

And it certainly was in those horrifying abyss of pain, in that planet which is beyond the orbit of Pluto, where I found Antaeus, the enormous giant, more dreadful even than the disproportionate Briareus...

The Florentine Dante, in his *"Divine Comedy"*, says:

<<"Oh, you, who in that fortunate valley which made Scipio the heir of so much glory, when Hannibal and his followers showed their backs, took more than a thousand lions for your prey, and if you had been in that ambitious war, with your brothers here, according to what some think, the Sons of the Earth would have then won the day; take us down, and do not be unwilling, to where the cold imprisons Cocytus.

Do not make us go to Tityos or Typhon; this man can give what here is so desired: therefore bend down, and do not twist your lips.

He can still give you your fame on earth, for he still lives, and has a long life to come, unless before the time Grace calls him in..."

So said the Master and the giant, in haste stretched out his hands, from which, in other times, Hercules had felt stress; and took him up.

When Virgil felt the grasp upon him , he told me: "Come here, so that I can take you". And then he embraced me and made a bundle of himself and me.

As the tower of Garisenda seems to the eye from the sloping side when a cloud passes over it, as if it were leaning into the opposite direction, so Antaeus seemed to me, as I stood and gaped to see him bend, and it was such a moment that I should have wished to go some other way.

But he lead us lightly to those depths of the abyss that devours Lucifer and Judas; and did not stay there bending over us, but rose as a mast does on a ship... >>

(This is a textual quotation from "*The Divine Comedy*").

Antaeus: allegoric magician character, representative titan of the abysmal, dark hordes...

Having fought my bloody battles against the demons of the city of Dis, Lucifer-Prometheous had to be freed...

I saw the steel door of his dreadful cell open, the guard let him through...

Horrible scenes in the dark abode, unwonted cases, unsuspected, which the inhabitants of the Earth ignore...

Lucifer is the Guardian of the Door of the Keys of the Sanctuary, so that only the anointed that know the Secret of Hermes can penetrate it...

The Christ-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...

Prometheous-Lucifer is the Minister of the Solar Logos and Lord of the Seven Mansions of Hades...

Lucifer is certainly the spirit of the spiritual illumination of humanity and of the freedom of choice and, metaphysically, the torch of humanity; the Logos in his superior aspect, and the adversary in his inferior one; the divine and chained Prometheous; 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 the Cosmic Justice, because he is the norm of weight, the measure and the number.

Inside each one of us, Lucifer is the reflection of the Intimate Logoi, shadow of the Lord projected onto the depth of our Being...

At the moment I am writing these words, I remember an unusual case...

Some night, no matter which, I happened to meet a frightful character inside a beautiful bedroom...

Impressive, Prometheous-Lucifer, standing on paws rather than feet, looked at me, menacingly...

Two frightful horns could be seen, terrifying, on his sinister forehead; he was however dressed like an elegant gentleman...

Approaching him, serenely I patted him on the shoulder and at the same time I told him:

---You do not frighten me, I know you too well, you have not been able to defeat me, I am victorious...

The colossus left and I, sitting on the comfortable and perfumed bed of mahogany, waited for a moment...

Soon afterwards a dangerously beautiful female came into the bedroom; naked, she lay down on the bed...

Almost passing out because of lust, the beautiful one encircled me in her lustful arms inviting me to the pleasures of the flesh...

Lying down next to the beauty I demonstrated my powers to the Devil, I controlled myself...

Afterwards I got up from the bed of pleasure. The woman, nearly dead of lust, feeling cheated looked at me uselessly...

Then a shining child entered the room, a glittering creature terrifyingly divine...

The sublime infant, richly dressed in a beautiful priestly tunic of a very special black colour, went across the exotic room...

I recognised him immediately and getting close to him very quietly, I told him:

---It is useless for you to go on dressing up, I always recognise you, oh, Lucifer...! You will never defeat me...

That sublime creature, terror of the ignorance, smiled then with an infinite sweetness...

Unquestionably he is the "divine Daimon" of Socrates, our special trainer in the psychological gymnasium of life...

Just is his freedom after such hard work; the Logos swallows him, absorbs him...

This story ends here; let us continue with the transcendental subject of this chapter...

My new priestess in the Mountain of Ascension turned out to be extraordinary...

Obviously my intimate progress was accelerated and, as a consequence, I managed to get hold of the Golden Apples in the Garden of the Hesperides...

The Venusian nymphs, exquisitely delicious, dropped at my feet, they could not defeat me...

Once finished the magic labours in that Avern, I ascended victorious to the Father...

It is obvious that that mystical transcendental happening could in no way be overlooked...

That cosmic event was then celebrated with infinite joy in the Sancta...

On a splendid throne, seated before the August Brotherhood, I felt totally transformed...

At that indescribable moment, *the Ancient of the Days, my Father who is in secret, the Kindness of Kindness, the Occult of the Occult, the Mercy of the Mercies, the Kether of the Hebraic Kabbala, shone inside me, definitely crystallised in the whole presence of my Being.*

At such a moment, the Brotherhood of the Universal White Fraternity contemplated me with infinite veneration... My face took on the aspect of old age...

Indubitably I had been able to crystallise in the diverse parts of my Being the Three Primary Forces of the Universe...

Chapter 47

The Twelfth Labour of Hercules

The Twelve Labour of Hercules, the Solar Hero, was certainly imposed by his *brother*, that is, by his shining Divine Prototype, in the Sacred Absolute Sun...

Undoubtedly such labour consisted in fetching up from his plutonic domain the Dog Cerberus that was guarding it...

Having gone into the subterranean abode of the dead, he tries first to propitiate Aidoneo, who permits him to take the Dog on the condition that he manages to take hold of it without arms, which he achieves by grabbing it first by its dragon tail and then by the neck until almost choking it.

Hermes guided it in the return path, and after Cerberus was shown in Mycenae, he left it free to return to its residence...

Unquestionably our shining solar system of Ors has twelve planets, and this reminds us of the Twelve Saviours...

It is obvious and evident that the final labour of Hercules had to take place in the twelfth planet of the solar family...

Equally, only with Scorpio, whose constellation is the most appropriate to find it out, we can and must relate the last of his zodiacal feats, consisting in fetching up the Dog Cerberus from the jealous subterranean world, from the kingdom of the shadows where the truth is dressed up as darkness...

Naturally he can only fulfil this labour with the consent of the same Hades or Pluto, and with the joint help of Hermes and Minerva... (Sex-Yoga and Wisdom).

With infinite veneration I crossed the threshold of the Temple. I yearned for the final liberation...

In the walled courtyard of the priests, shone gloriously the *spermatic waters* of the sacred pool...

The initiatic lake of the representation of the Ancient Mysteries, eternal stage of every Temple, could not be missing from there...

What I had asked then in that Lemurian Sancta, unquestionably had been given to me...

My work was started with the descent to the Tartarus of that planet, twelfth of our solar system...

Three delicious women, dangerously beautiful, appealed in vain with all of their irresistible charms...

These provocative she-devils struggled in vain, they wanted to make me fall; but I knew how to keep control of myself...

The zodiacal sign of Scorpio let loose in my creative organs all their passionate ardour, but 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 death to immortality...

The Dog pulls the leash of his master, taking him by the steep path towards the winning post. Later on the Dog 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 takes place, inaudible...

The transcendental idea of the *breath of the shadows*, moving over the *sleeping waters of Life*, that is the Primordial Matter with the Spirit latent in it, invites us to reflect...

In every cosmogony "the water" (the *ens seminis*), plays the same important role: it is the basis and origin of the material existence and the foundation of every intimate self-realisation.

However, it is urgent never to ignore that in the primitive abyss, at the depth of the waters, live many dangerous beasts...

If the divine titans of the old continent Mu, those Angels fallen into the animal generation, had not forgotten this tremendous truth, if they had stayed alert and vigilant like the watchman in times of war, they would still be in a paradisiacal state...

To completely get hold of the Dog Cerberus without any weapons, means the absolute control over Sex...

Once I became the owner of the Dog, I ascended victorious from the depths of the horrendous and black precipice...

Then the Being of my Being was incarnated in me, that which is beyond Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva..., that divine Solar Absolute Prototype.

When that mystical fact took place, I happily entered into a small Sanctuary of the Sacred Absolute Sun...

From that extraordinary instant I could nourish myself from the Tree of Life, beyond Good and Evil...

I had returned to the original point of departure; unquestionably I had returned to my abode...

Each one of us has in that radiant sphere of light and joy, his Divine Prototype...

The Sacred Individuals that inhabit the Central Sun are prepared to enter the Absolute Abstract Space; this always happens at the end of Mahamvantara (cosmic day).

Each universe of the infinite space has its own Central Sun and the total sum of such spiritual suns constitutes the protocosmos...

The emanation of our Omni-Merciful and Sacred Solar Absolute is what H. P. B. calls "the Great Breath", to itself deeply unknown...

Obviously this Omnipresent Active Principle, even if a participant in the creation of worlds, does not melt into these worlds: it stays independent, omnipresent and omni-penetrating...

It is easy to understand that the emanation of the Solar Absolute unfolds into the Three Primary Forces---Brahma, Vishnu, Shiva---with the evident purpose of creating and then going back again to create...

When any cosmic manifestation finishes, the Three Original Forces integrate to blend or fuse with the unceasing Breath, to itself deeply unknown...

That which happens in the macrocosmos is repeated in the microcosmic man; such was my particular case...

Thus I was able to return to the bosom of the Sacred Solar Absolute; however, I continued with the physical Lemurian body, living for millions of years... I became one more of the stones of the Guardian Wall.

That Wall is formed by all Masters of Compassion, those that renounced every happiness because of Love for humanity...

Inverential Peace!

Samael Aun Weor.