Magic Runes

By

Samael Aun Weor

DEDICATORY

In memory, honour and glory of the Latin-American Ecumenical Gnostic Congress, I write this 1968-1969 Christmas Message.

I write the fifth Gospel, I teach the Synthesis Religion, which was the primeval religion of humanity, the doctrine of JANUS or the doctrine of the JINNS.

This is the Religion of Wisdom of the ancient Sacerdotal Colleges, of the Gymnosophists or solitary JINNS from Central Asia, of the Iohanes, Samoans, Egyptian Ascetics, ancient Pythagoreans, medieval Rosicrucians, Templars, primeval Masons and other more or less known esoteric Brotherhoods, whose list would occupy a dozen of pages.

This is the Secret Doctrine of the Knights of the Holy Grail. This is the Living Stone of Jacob. The Lapiz-Electrix (Magnes) dialectically explained.

Without the fifth Gospel, the four former Gospels remain veiled. Therefore, I write the fifth in order to tear the veil of ISIS.

It is urgent to unveil in order to teach. It is necessary to preach the Gospel of the Kingdom in all the nations of the world.

To preach without unveiling is equivalent to not teaching. Therefore, we need to explain the four Gospels with the fifth one.

The Gospel of the Kingdom has never been preached, because it has never been explained.

The four Gospels are in code. This is why no one could ever essentially explain them.

Therefore, with the fifth Gospel, the light shines in the darkness.

Behold then, here is another book of the fifth Gospel.

"Whosoever knows, the word gives power to, no one has uttered it, no one will utter it, except the one who has incarnated it (the Word, Christ)."

Mexico, March 14, 1968 – 7th Year of Aquarius.

Inverential Peace

SAMAEL AUN WEOR

CHAPTER 1

THE DIVINE MOTHER AND THE HOLY GODS

Virgin Mother, Daughter of your Son, more humble and sublime than any creature, fixed goal decreed from all eternity, you are the one whom gave to human nature so much nobility that its Creator did not disdain His being made its creature. That love whose warmth allowed this flower to bloom within the everlasting peace -was love rekindled in your womb; for as above, you are the noonday torch of charity, and there below, on earth, among the mortals, you are a living spring of hope. Lady, you are so high, you can intercede, that he who would have grace but does not seek your aid, may long to fly but has no wings. Your loving-kindness does not only answer the one who asks, but it is often ready to answer freely long before the asking. In you compassion is, in you is pity, in you is generosity, in you is every goodness found in any creature. This man -who from the deepest hollow in the universe, up to this height, has seen the lives of spirits, one by one - now pleads with you, through grace, to grant him so much virtue that he may lift his vision higher still -may I it toward the ultimate salvation. And I, who never burned for my own vision more than I burn for his, do offer you all my prayers -and pray that they may not fall short -that, with your prayers, you may disperse all of the clouds of his mortality so that the Highest Joy be his to see. This, too, O Queen, who can do what you would, I ask of you: that after such a vision, his sentiments preserve their perseverance. May your protection curb his mortal passions. (The Divine Comedy, Paradise, Canto XXXIII, verse 1-37, Dante Alighieri).

Oh ISIS, Mother of the Cosmos, root of Love, trunk, bud, leaf flower and seed of all that exists, we conjure Thee, naturalizing force. We call the Queen of the Space and of the Night, and kissing Her loving eyes, drinking the dew of Her lips, inhaling the sweet aroma of Her body, we exclaim. OH NUT! THOU ETERNAL SEITY OF HEAVEN Who art the PRIMORDIAL SOUL, Who art what was and what shalt be, whose veil no mortal has lifted, when You are beneath the irradiating stars of the nocturnal and profound sky of the desert, with purity of heart and in the flame of the serpent, we call Thee. (Gnostic Ritual)

Glory, Glory unto the MOTHER KUNDALINI who leads the SADHAKA from Chakra to Chakra and illuminates his intellect, identifying him with the supreme Brahman, by means of Her infinite Grace and Power. May Her benedictions reach us! (Sivananda)

Was perhaps Aeneas not the son of the hero Anchises and of the Goddess Venus?

How many times had the Divine Mother favorably assisted the Trojans, while even inclining the will of Jupiter (the Solar Logos), Father of Gods and men, on their behalf?

Oh Aeolus! Lord of the wind, You who have the power of calming and raising the waves of the immense sea. You who submerged part of the Trojan fleet within the boisterous waves, tell me:

What will become of Thee without thy Divine Mother Kundalini? From whence will You get such a great potency?

Oh Neptune! Lord of the sublime marine profundities. Oh Thou great God who makes the winds flee and who appeases the furious elements before thy divine sight, can You perhaps deny that You have a Mother? Oh Lord of the profundities! You know very well that without Her You cannot grasp in your dexterous hand that formidable trident which grants You power over the frightful, deepest pools of the abyss.

Oh Neptune! Venerable Master of humanity, You who gave such wise precepts unto the populace of the submerged Atlantis, remember us as well, the ones who love Thee, oh great Lord.

When the north wind raises the waves towards heaven, and some castaways see themselves rising with the waves to the stars, while for others the waters open, and in the troughs they see themselves submerging into the abysses, then there is no other hope than Your mercy.

The south wind strikes the ships against reefs hidden in mid-ocean, the southeasterly wind casts them helplessly from the high sea onto the sandbanks, running them aground, blocking them in with walls of sand, or striking them against the cliffs. But You, oh Lord Neptune, save many people who swim. Then all the crashing of the sea falls silent.

The marine grottos, home to the Sea Nymphs, are mysterious sites that conserve the memory of Your works, oh great God!

You who have known the dangers of the boisterous ocean of life, the terrible anger of Scylla of the howling reefs, the rocks thrown by the vigilant Cyclops, the hard path that leads to Nirvana, and the battles with the tempter Mara and his three Furies, do not commit the crime of ingratitude, never ever forget your Divine Mother.

Blessed be those who comprehend the mystery of their own Divine Mother. She is the root of their own Monad. She carries in Her arms our Intimate Buddha, the Child who is gestated within Her immaculate bosom.

Descending from the high summits, Venus disguised Herself as a Spartan girl out hunting in order to visit Her son Aeneas, the Trojan Hero. This was for the good purpose of guiding him towards Carthage where the Queen Dido, the one who killed herself for passion after having sworn loyalty to Sychaeus' ashes, was reigning with flourish.

The Adorable One has the power of making Herself visible and tangible in the physical world when this is what She wishes.

Oh God of mine! How many times, oh ignorant mortals, have you been visited by your Divine Mother, and nonetheless you did not recognize Her?

How fortunate you were, oh illustrious citizen of the proud Ilium, when your Adorable Mother covered you with Her protective cloud in order to make you invisible!

Behold, all of you who covet magical powers, do you ignore perchance that your sacred Mother is omnipotent?

Oh Lady of mine! Only the long-haired bard Iopas, with his cithara of gold, could sing Your goodness.

CHAPTER 2

PARALLEL UNIVERSES

There is a bold hypothesis, which suggests the existence of a phantom universe similar to our own:

"Only a very weak interaction between these two universes exists, therefore, we do not see this other world which is mixed with our own."

Revolutionary scientific Gnosticism goes much further into this question, emphatically affirming the harmonious coexistence of an infinitude of parallel universes.

The radical exclusion of this transcendental scientific concept would leave a considerable series of unclassified events without a logical explanation, such as mysterious disappearances, etc.

On the perfumed and delectable shores of a river, which joyfully and happily sings while gliding within the profound jungles of a tropical region of South America, a group of innocent children watched in horror as their own beloved mother disappeared. She floated in the air for a few moments, then apparently submerged herself into another dimension.

"On a summer day of 1809, Benjamin Bathurst, Ambassador of England in the Court of Austria, was in a small city of Germany. His chariot stopped before an inn. The Ambassador got off the chariot and walked a few steps -the horses hid his figure for a moment. The innkeeper, the Ambassador's servants, and some travelers who were present there did not see him again. He never reappeared."

In these unlucky days of life, the mysterious disappearances of men, women, children, ships, airplanes, etc. are scandalously multiplying in spite of the secret intelligence services and of the marvelous radar and radio equipment which theoretically should not permit such mysteries to exist in their dominion.

The concept of parallel universes is by all means more exact and more scientific than the famous subjective planes of the reactionary pseudo-occultism.

A deep analysis would take us to the logical conclusion that such universes exist not only in the superior dimensions of space, but also within the submerged infra-dimensions.

It is in no way an absurdity to affirm with complete clarity that within each parallel universe a series of universes exist. Let us refer to these as atoms, molecules, particles, cells, organisms, etc.

Please dear reader, be so kind as to reflect and comprehend. We are not speaking of universes of anti-matter, which are something totally different. Anti-matter obeys the

exact same laws as our matter, but each one of the particles by which it is compounded has an inverted electrical charge in relation with the matter, which we know.

Millions of galaxies constituted of anti-matter exist within the profound bosom of Mother-Space, but they also have their own parallel universes.

No physicist ignores that this universe in which we live, move and die in, exists thanks to certain constants: Speed of Light, constant of Planck, number of Avogadro, elemental charge, electro volt, energy in repose of a body of one kilogram of mass, etc.

When a universe possesses radically different constants, then it becomes totally strange and unimaginable for us. However, if the differences are not so great, interferences with our world become possible. The modern wise men have invented an astonishing magical mirror: The Accelerator of Protons.

The scenes of our neighbouring parallel universe, situated in the fourth dimension, certainly are astonishing.

The extraordinary behaviour of a certain mysterious particle named Meson K causes perplexity, indecision, uncertainty.

Three Chinese scientists Lee, Yang and Mrs. Wu, who live and work in the United States, discovered with surprise and amazement that the Law of the Conservation of Parity is not accomplished by the Meson K particles.

This admirable, stupendous and portentous discovery came to demonstrate that the Meson K is behaving in a strange manner because it is disturbed by the marvelous and extraordinary forces of a parallel universe.

Modern scientists are dangerously approaching the fourth dimension, and they even intend to pierce it with the help of the Neutrino.

The Neutrino is prodigious, portentous and astonishing. It possesses the capacity of crossing through an infinite thickness of matter without any appreciable reaction.

Photons or grains of light can come from the unalterable infinite, but only a delicate sheet of paper is needed in order to stop them. Nonetheless, the Neutrino can pass through the planet Earth in its totality as if it were a void. The Neutrino is by all means the indicated agent in order to penetrate into the neighbouring parallel universe.

It has been a long time since the famous Italian scientist named *Bruno Pontercorvo* proposed the construction of a Neutrino telescope. His idea was astonishing and momentous. Penetration into the neighbouring parallel universe could be possible with such a revolutionary optic instrument.

Certainly, it is remarkable to know that the Meson K particles, whose strange activity permitted the Chinese scientists to establish the hypothesis of the parallel universes, are obtained via the disintegrating effects of Neutrino emissions.

The parallel universes mutually interpenetrate without confusion. Each one possesses its own space which is not of our circuit.

Revolutionary scientific Gnosticism goes much further than simple hypothesizes and suppositions, and solemnly affirms the existence of parallel universes.

Students of esotericism need a spiritual cultural revolution. This matter of Planes and Sub-Planes is a matter or theme that has never been clear and objective, and has only succeeded in conducing us into confusion. To modify the Esoterist's lexicon is urgent. A new occult vocabulary is needed, a revolutionary special language that can exactly serve the Aquarian ideology.

Instead of the aforesaid metaphysical planes and of many pompous theories, it is better to talk of parallel universes.

CHAPTER 3

RUNE FAH 

Beloved reader, we have stated very solemnly in our former Christmas messages that the poor intellectual animal is only a chrysalis and that which is called man must be formed and developed within it.

Certainly, the Solar Fire is what is needed in order for the accessibility of becoming human to be created and developed within each one of us.

Fohat is the generative force, the central living and philosophical fire that can originate the authentic and legitimate mutant, the real and true human within the Cosmo-biology of the rational animal.

Many types of fire exist; let us remember the Lights of Saint Elmo seen during tempests. It is good for us to remember the mysterious column of fire which was guiding the Israelites in the wilderness.

It is worthy to remember the strange meteors of fire that appear in cemeteries which physics in its own way has qualified under the name of Fatuous Fires.

Many reminiscences of lightning exist in the form of balls, cat-meteors, etc.

In her monumental work entitled The Secret Doctrine, H. P. Blavatsky refers to the sacred fire of Zoroaster, or the ATASH-BEHRAN of Parsis.

How ineffable are the words of H. P. B. when she speaks of the Fire of Hermes!

The explanations of this great martyr from the last century are notable when she brings to our memory the Fire of Hermes of the ancient Germans, the flashing lightning of Cibele, the torch of Apollo, the flame of the Altar of Pan, the shining sparks on the hats of the Dioscuri, on the head of the Gorgons, on the helmet of Pallas, and on the Caduceus of Mercury.

How sublime was the imperishable fire in the Temple of Apollo, and in the Temple of Vesta!

How sublime was the Egyptian PTAH-RA! During the night of the centuries, how magnus shone the fire of the Greek Cataibates Zeus, which descended from heaven to earth in accordance with Pausanias.

Certainly, the Pentecostal Tongues of Fire and the Flaming Bush of Moses are very similar to the Burning Tunal which brought about the founding of Mexico.

The imperishable Lamp of Abraham still shines refulgent and terribly divine.

The Eternal Fire of the bottomless Abyss or Pleroma of the Gnostics is something that can never be forgotten.

When referring to the Sacred Fire, it is convenient to mention the fulgent vapours of the Oracle of Delphi, the Sidereal Light of the Rosicrucian-Gnostics, the Akasha of the Hindustani Adepts, the Astral Light of Eliphas Levi, etc.

The Initiatic books are written with characters of fire. We need to fecundate our intimate nature if what we truly want is the Solar Man to be born within ourselves.

INRI *"IGNIS NATURA RENOVATUR INTEGRA"*: THE FIRE RENEWS NATURE INTEGRALLY. Among the multiple fires which crackle in the Divine Eagle, the one which glows, glitters and shines in the pineal gland (the superior part of the brain) is always the singer of the Holy Spirit which carries the Ark from city to city, in other words, from chakra to chakra along the dorsal spine.

Really, we need to awaken consciousness with maximum accelerated urgency if what we want is to know ourselves in depth. Only the Self-conscious human being can penetrate into the parallel universes by will.

The Hindustani Hatha Yogis talk at length about Devi-Kundalini, the igneous serpent of our magical powers, and they even suppose that they can awaken it based on respiratory exercises and many other complicated and difficult physical practices.

We, the Gnostics know that the brazen serpent, which healed the Israelites in the wilderness, the divine Princess of Love, only awakens and rises along the dorsal spine by means of the Maithuna. Nonetheless, it is not advantageous to undervalue Pranayama.

It is worthy to know that this magical science of breath (Pranayama), when wisely combined with scientific meditation, permits us to utilize certain sparks, flashes, flames of Kundalini, for the healthy purpose of attaining the Awakening.

To consciously work within the distinct parallel universes, to travel by will in a lucid, clear and brilliant way through all of those supra-sensible regions, is only possible by transforming the sub consciousness into consciousness.

A Judo of the Spirit exists; we are referring to the Runic exercises. These are formidable in order to attain the awakening of the consciousness.

Whosoever wants to work with this Judo must begin to work with the Rune of Mercury, which has a violet colour that originates extraordinary cosmic forces.

Therefore, it is necessary to know that this aforesaid Nordic Rune encloses in itself the whole potency, an impulse for fecundity.
We need the Fohat's breath, the Pentecostal sparks, in order to fecundate our own psyche, in order for us to become Self-conscious.

If we analyze the practice of the Rune FAH, we can affirm that Pranayama, prayer, meditation and a specific sacred posture exist within it.

PRACTICE

When we get out of bed, with immense happiness we must salute each new day by raising our arms towards our Lord, the Sun-Christ. The arms must be placed in such a way that the left arm must be a little more elevated than the right one, and the palms of our hands must remain before the light in that ineffable and sublime attitude of one who really longs for receiving the solar rays.

This is the sacred posture of the Rune FAH. Thus, this is the method in order for us to work with Pranayama, by inhaling the air through the nose and exhaling it through the mouth in a rhythmical way and with much faith.

Let us imagine in those instants that the light of the Sun-Christ penetrates within us through the fingers of our hands, then circulates through our arms, inundates the whole of our organism, and finally reaches the consciousness in order to stimulate it, to awaken it, and to call it into activity.

You must also practice this Runic Judo in the mysterious and divine nights, before the starry sky of Urania, with the same posture, and praying like this:

Marvelous Forces of Love, revive my Sacred Fires, so that my consciousness will awaken. FAAA….. FEEE…. FIIII…… FOOO…… FUUU……

This short yet great prayer can and must be prayed with all of our heart, as many times as we want.

CHAPTER 4

PENNATE GODS

Four times did the Horse of Troy violently bump against the threshold of the unconquerable gate, and four times did the clanging of armour echo within its monstrous metallic womb. However, the Trojans paid no heed and pressed on blindly, accursed by a God own will.

Then the Prophetess Cassandra, possessed by the Divine Spirit, convulsively agitated, with hair in disorder, opened her lips to foretell their tremendous doom. But Apollo had willed that these would be lips, which the Trojans would never believe.

Oh Cassandra! You of marvelous prophesies, how horrible was your karma. With hair streaming, you were dragged in a cruel, pitiless, inhuman and barbaric way, while in the Priam's palace the ferocious and sanguinary Acheans tore down the august towers, dismantling the venerable walls and profaning everything with their homicidal bronze.

The sumptuous and splendid rooms of the Royal House of the old King were filled with cruel and pitiless soldiers.

Hecuba, with her hundred women (wives of her sons) were desperately running as madwomen through the halls and corridors, and the elder King Priam's blood was polluting the sacred altar of the Holy Gods with a frightful purplish red.

It is written that when the Gods want to punish men, first they confuse them.

Useless was the damnation of the venerable Monarch against Pyrrhus, for Pyrrhus then made his reply by lunging his cruel weapon at the respectable Elder. While winding King Priam's hair in his left hand, he slaughtered him next to the altar of Jupiter, father of Gods and men.

The fate of the beautiful Helen could have been horrendous if Venus, the Divine Mother Kundalini of Aeneas, had not stopped the right hand of her son.

She made herself visible and tangible before the Trojan Hero, and filled with pain told him:

Oh! my son, what bitterness can have been enough to stir this wild anger in you? Why this raging passion? Where is all the love you used to have for me? Will you not first go and see where you have left your father, crippled with age, and find whether your wife Creusa is still alive, and your son Ascanius? The whole Greek army is prowling all around them and they would have been carried off by the flames or slashed by the swords of the enemy f my loving care were not defending them.

It is not the hated beauty of the Spartan woman, the daughter of Tyndareus, that is overthrowing all this wealth and laying low the topmost towers of Troy, nor is it Paris although you all blame him, it is the Gods, the cruelty of the Gods. Look, for I shall tear away from all around you the dank cloud that veils your eyes and dulls your mortal vision.

After the uttering of these words by his Divine Mother Kundalini, She then passed Her adorable hand before the magnificent eyes of her son, the Trojan hero. Then before his rebel eagle sight, everything was transformed.

The warriors, the spears, the overthrowing weapons, generals and counselors, everything disappeared as if by magic, and replacing all of this, he saw something terribly divine: the dreadful vision of the bleeding Gods in all of their might, beating with their awful aegis the unconquerable walls of proud Ilium, and the walls falling with a great thundering, crash and roar.

Old traditions tell us that from the side of the sea the Trojan warrior could see the God Neptune loosening the foundations, making an enormous and profound gap with his great steel trident.

Everything before the eyes of the warrior was dreadful: Thundering Jupiter himself was throwing lighting bolts from Olympus, and Minerva, the Goddess of Wisdom, was killing thousands of Trojan warriors with her implacable sceptre.

The adorable Divine Mother Kundalini of the Trojan Aeneas said:

Behold, It is Jupiter himself who is rousing us the Gods against the armies of Troy, everything is lost, such is the heavenly decreet. Escape, my son, escape with all haste. Put an end to your struggle, I shall not leave your side till I see you safely standing on the threshold of your father's door.

It is stated that this Trojan paladin immediately obeyed his Divine Mother Kundalini and left his home, abandoning the royal doom.

When arriving at his home, he found a true apocalyptic drama: great weeping and lamentation. The head of the family, his elderly father, was complaining bitterly and refusing to leave his home in exile. Aeneas, in complete despair, rushed to take up his arms and once again rejoin the battle, in spite of the gentle anguished request of his wife.

Fortunately, divine Jupiter, the Cosmic Christ, intervened by sending an extraordinary prodigy, bringing to him new hopes.

The sacred fire of the altar jumped, and a light began to stream from the top of the pointed cap of his son Lulus. The flame seemed to lick his soft hair and feed round his forehead without harming him, and when he wanted to quench the holy fire with lustral

water, the grandfather of the child, the father of Aeneas, supreme head of the family, recognized the will of God, and raising his palms upward, lifted his voice in prayer. Then, a sudden peal of thunder rang out on the left. A star fell from the sky gliding over the topmost pinnacles of the house and buried itself, still bright, in the woods of Mount Ida.

The whole prodigy was definitive, so at last his old father who refused to abandon his home (where he saw himself lingering for many long years) was truly convinced and willing to go with the illustrious warrior, his grandson and the whole family.

The legend of the centuries states that before abandoning Troy, the respectable father of Aeneas had to penetrate into the Temple of Ceres (the Cosmic Mother) in order to take with profound devotion and divine terror his Pennate Gods.

The heroic General Aeneas could not personally touch the sacred sculptures of the holy venerated Gods, since he had fought and killed many men, Only by purifying himself with the pure waters of life could he have the right to touch these terribly divine effigies.

A lethargy of innumerable centuries weigh upon the ancient mysteries. Nonetheless, the Pennate Gods continue to exist within the parallel universes.

The Hierophants can converse with these Pennate Gods, who are regents of cities, countries, towns and homes, while in the supra-sensible worlds of the superior dimensions of space.

The blessed protector of a town is a Pennate God or holy Guardian Angel. The secret Rector of any city is its special Deity. The Protector Spirit of any family is its spiritual director.

All of these Genii or mysterious 'Jinns' of family, race, nation, tribe or clan, certainly are the Pennate Gods of ancient times, who continue to exist in the Superior Worlds.

We have conversed many times with these Pennate Gods, regents of ancient classical cities. Some of them are suffering the unspeakable, paying terrible karmic debts.

Ulysses, who had been chosen to keep watch, was guarding the loot of bowls of solid gold, all the robes and treasures of Troy, etc., which they pillaged and were going to distribute among themselves. He could not see Aeneas the Trojan who shouted in the darkness of that tragically night, calling onto his wife Creusa.

The will of the Holy Beings was fulfilled. Troy burned in a great holocaust, and Creusa died, but Aeneas together with his elderly father, his son and many people escaped towards the lands of Lacinium, carrying the Pennate Gods.

CHAPTER 5

THE PUNCTA

Very profound scientific analysis has come to impressively, convincingly and decisively demonstrate that the atom is in no way the most infinitesimal particle of matter.

Atomic physicists have created the dogma of the atom, and firmly, irrevocably, and unappealably, they proceed to excommunicate, accurse and throw their imprecations and anathemas against any and all attempts to delve further.

We, the Gnostics emphatically and solemnly affirm that matter is a compound of specific objects, which are correctly defined and known by the name of Puncta.

Our scientific theory will factually create a schism, a discord among academic people, but the truth must be uttered. We need to be frank and sincere and to once and for all put the cards upon the table.

The notion of space within the Puncta is something that should not even be given the least bit of importance.

Even though the following seems to be incredible, the fact is that within these objects, the radius of one of the last seven points is without any doubt the lesser existent longitude.
A certain great wise man whose name I do not mention said: *"The Puncta are attracted to each other when they are found very distant from one another, they repel each other when they are very close. Then, when they are at a certain distance, a new repulsion is executed again."*

Deep investigations with my spatial sense, which I have fully and integrally developed, have permitted me to verify that the Puncta have a very beautiful golden colour.

Direct mystic experience has permitted me to clearly verify that the interacting movements of the Puncta are developed in accordance with the theory of Modern Undulatory Mechanics. Gnostic wise men could profoundly comprehend through rigorous scientific observations that the Puncta are not atoms, neither nucleons, nor particles of any type.

Beyond any doubt, and without fear of being mistaken, we can and must categorically affirm that the Puncta are absolutely unknown entities to this contemporaneous Physics.

For a mind which is accustomed to the heavy disciplines of thought, to say that the Puncta occupy space will be an absurdity. To affirm that such objects possess some type of mass would become illogical and nonsensical.

It becomes clear by all means to understand that the Puncta do not have electric or magnetic properties, even though these forces and principles govern and direct them.

Diverse aggregates of Puncta under the intelligent impulse of the Creator Logos come to constitute all of that which we have called: Neutrinos, particles, nuclei, atoms, molecules, stars, galaxies, universes, etc.

Direct mystical experience in the parallel universe of the seventh dimension, or region of Atman the Ineffable, has permitted me to comprehend that everything that exists in any of the seven cosmos, beginning with the most insignificant atom up to the most complicated organism, is reduced to numbers in its last synthesis.

What quantity of Puncta is indispensable for the construction of an electron?

What capital of Puncta is required in order to restructure an atom of hydrogen?

What exact sum of Puncta is urgent for the existence of an atom of carbon?

How many Puncta are necessary for the creation of an atom of oxygen?

Which is the precise compendium of basic and cardinal Punctas for the formation of an atom of nitrogen?

All of this is something that we unfortunately ignore. We must search for the secret of the universe and of each and all of the seven cosmoses, not in illusory formulae, but in numbers, in mathematics.

After rigorous observations and deep analytical studies, we have arrived to the conclusion that the undulatory mechanical movement of the Puncta are processed in series that pass through one dimension into another, and then others.

The seven order of worlds have their *Causa Causorum*, origin and root in seven series of Puncta. It is clear to think by all means that the first series originated the second, and the second originated the third, and likewise successively.

By analyzing and examining this matter of the Puncta, and their development in series, which are multi-dimensionally processed, we find the very foundation of the parallel universes.

Analysis, experience, and superior logic permit us to comprehend that there exist universes, which travel in time in a distinct manner to our own, are constructed in a strange way, and are submitted to different laws.

Worlds, which are located in other times, which are strange and mysterious for us, travel throughout the starry Space.

Nature plays multiple games in the Infinite Space, but the Puncta are the living foundation of any type of matter.

The last treatise of physics has never been written in any corner of the universe, and if, perchance, Einstein would reincarnate in some galaxy of antimatter, he would have to astonishingly recognize himself as being illiterate.

Pseudo-esoterist and pseudo-occultist authors have written a great deal about Cosmogenesis, but in the infinite space millions of distinct and different micro-physics and Cosmogonies exist.

It is urgent to analyze, to judiciously observe and to pass beyond the particles of modern physics, if we truly want to know the primary elements, the fundamental Puncta.

It is the hour of transcending naive atomism, and to profoundly study the Puncta and the secret laws of life.

CHAPTER 6

RETURN AND TRANSMIGRATION

Ancient traditions tell us that Aeneas the Trojan, while in exile with his people, was sheltered for a time in the mountain range of Ida until the Greeks had to abandon ancient Troy.

When the Hellenes abandoned the heroic ruins of the proud Ilion, Aeneas built a fleet.

Weeping, he left the shores of his native land, its harbours and the plains where the ancient citadel of Troy had once stood. Now it lay smoking on the ground, transformed into black ruins.

The wind blew and swelled the sweet sail under the light of the full moon, while the oar, struggling with the soft marble, carried the hero with his fleet and his people to the shores of Thracia. It was a savage country yet he hoped to find a welcoming land, since the Thracians had ancient ties with the elder Priam.

The history of the centuries tells us that in the savage land of the Thracians, Aeneas laid out a city, which he named Aeneadae.

When the Trojans were performing the sacrifice to Jupiter the Cosmic Christ, precisely in the moments in which they were preparing themselves in order to light the fire and sacrifice a gleaming white bull, an extraordinary prodigy happened. The branches, which they cut from a tree for fire, dripped dark gouts of blood which stained the earth with gore.

Aeneas was chilled with horror and began to pray to the ineffable Gods, begging them to turn what he was seeing into good and to make the omen blessed.

The hero tells us that he tore some other branches off from the same tree, but the dark blood flowed from the bark of all of them, until he heard a heart-rending groan emerge from deep in the mound, and a voice rose in the air telling him:

Why do you tear my poor flesh, Aeneas? Take pity now on the man who is buried here and do not pollute your righteous hands I am not stranger toy It was Troy that bore me and this is not tree that is oozing blood Escape, I beg you, from these cruel shores, from this land of greed It is Polydorus that speaks. This is where I was struck down and an iron crop of weapons covered my body. Their sharp points have rooted and grown in my flesh.

The legend states that upon the mound of soil in which the roots of that tree were inserted, Aeneas consecrated an altar, dark with funeral wreaths and offerings of foaming cups of warm milk and bowls of wine.

Thus, this is how the funeral of Polydorus the dead warrior, who was killed in hard battle was celebrated.

Since the ancient times of Arcadia, when worship to the Gods of the four elements of the universe and to the Deities of the tender corn was still performed, the old Hierophants with their hair growing white with wisdom never ignored the multiplicity of the 'I'.

Is it then rare, perchance, for any one of these many entities, which constitute the ego to seize itself to life with much obsession and to be re-born in a tree?

Another case comes into my memory, that of Pythagoras and his friend who was reincorporated into a poor dog.

But, is it not perhaps true that the Centaurs are assisted? What are the legends of the centuries telling us?

These epic warriors (Centaurs) who fell bleeding among the helmets and bucklers of those who gloriously died for the love of their people and their country, receive a well deserved extra help when they return into this world.

It is written with tremendous words that the Centaurs, before returning into this valley of tears, eliminate part of themselves, part of their beloved ego.

The Law for Centaurs is as follows: What is decisively criminal in them must enter the crematorium of the Infernal Worlds and what is less perverse must be reincorporated into a human body.

The old laurel crowned Florentine Dante found many Centaurs in the abyss. Let us remember Chiron the old tutor of Achilles and Pholus, who was so frenzied.

It is said with frightening and complete clarity in the Great Book of Nature, written with flaming embers, that before returning into this world, many parts of the ego are lost. Many psychic aggregates of the 'Itself' are reincorporating into organisms of beasts, others are desperately being seized (as the case of Polidorus) into the branches of trees, and finally, certain subjective elements of the 'I' continue their involution into the submerged Mineral Kingdom.

Transmigration is beyond a doubt something very similar to all of this, although with great differences and more profound roots.

There exist people within the tremendous flames of life so bestial, that if by chance all of that coarseness which they possess was extracted from them, nothing would remain. So, it is necessary to reduce such creatures into dust within the interior of the earth in order for their Essence, their soul to be liberated.

Legend tells us that Capaneus, one of the seven Kings. who besieged Thebes, arrogantly cried within the abyss:

That which I was in life, I am in death. Though Jove wear out the smith from whom he took, in wrath, the keen-edged thunderbolt with which on my last day I was to be transfixed; or if he tire the others, one by one, in Mongibello, at the sooty forge, while bellowing: "O help, good Vulcan help!" -just as he did when there was war at Phlegra- and cast his shafts at me with all his force, not even then would he have happy vengeance.

Frightful involutions exist within the interior of this afflicted world on which we live. Precisely there is where Divine Justice has cast Attila who flogged Divinity on earth, there also is cast Pirroh, as well as Sexto whose boiling blood eternally throws out his tears.

"If you fall there, you must suffer unbearable punishments, and there will certainly be no time for escape."

Homer said: *"It is better to be a beggar upon the earth rather than a king in the kingdom of darkness."*

Therefore, the descent into the Tenebrous Worlds is a backward trip through the involuting path. It is a downfall into an always increasing density, within obscurity and rigidity. It is a return, a repetition of the animal, plant and mineral states, in short, a return into the Primitive Chaos.

The souls of the abyss are liberated with the Second Death. These souls receive the token for their freedom when the ego and the lunar bodies are reduced to dust.

The souls who are coming from the interior of the earth, who are marked by the frightful subterranean trip and covered with dust, convert themselves into gnomes of the mineral kingdom, then later into elementals of the plant kingdom, after into animals and finally they reconquer the lost human state.

This is the wise doctrine of the Transmigration taught in foregone times by Krishna, the Hindustani Master.

Millions of souls who died within the Inferno are now playing as gnomes upon the rocks. Other souls are now delectable plants, or are living within the animal creatures and longing to return into the human state.

CHAPTER 7

RUNE IS ᛁ

When we profoundly analyze the Rune IS, with mystical astonishment we discover our own Being, the Intimate.

The Testament of Learning says: *"Before the false dawn came over this earth, those who survived the hurricane and the storm gave praise to the Innermost, and to them appeared the heralds of the dawn."*

In the profound night of all ages, there, in the sunny country of Kern, the Rune IS was studied within the concealed Egyptian Temples. Thought was always on the bipolarity of man-woman, masculine-feminine. It is clear that ISIS is the outcome of this thought, which is the sacred name of the Eternal Mother Space.

In occultism, much has been said about Prakriti, the space as a Maternal Feminine Entity. Nonetheless, pseudo-esoterists know nothing about that mathematical point within which the Sun-King, the Golden Child of sexual alchemy is always gestated.

There is no doubt whatsoever that the very root of our own sacred Monad resides within that mysterious point.

Our particular, adorable and eternal Divine Mother, who has neither beginning nor end, is this point in itself

All of the sacred powers of the Monad (Atman-Buddhi-Manas) are found contained within our Divine Mother Kundalini. For those who are not well versed in Theosophy, we will say that all of the sacred powers of our own Spirit are found within our own particular Divine Mother, for everyone has their own Mother within.

Pseudo-esoterists and pseudo-occultists have spoken in length about the Immortal Triad or Triune Spirit of each living creature. However, they do not comment at all about the unfoldment of Prakriti (the Divine Mother).

She... the Unmanifested, has no symbolism among the Greeks, but in her second manifested aspect within Nature, She is the greatly adored and worshipped chaste Diana. The third aspect of Prakriti is the blessed Goddess Mother-Death, terror of Love and Law. She is the terrible Hekate, Proserpine, Queen of the Infernos.

Two more unfolding aspects of Prakriti take us into the negative aspect of Nature: That which is undesirable, that which in no way would be beneficial for us - the kingdom of terror and black magic.

It is written that all of these unfolding aspects of Prakriti are repeated within the Microcosmic Man. What is fundamental is the three superior aspects of Prakriti and we must learn to work with them.

The revolution of the consciousness would be radically impossible without the special help of our own particular adorable Divine Mother.

She is in herself our own Being, the root, cause and origin of our divine Spirit.

She is Isis, whose veil no mortal has lifted. In the flame of the serpent we call upon Her.

Many pseudo-esoterists and pseudo-occultists read the literature of Sivananda. There is no doubt that this man was truly a Guru-Deva who worked intensely for this suffering humanity. I truly confess that I never liked his Hatha Yoga. This type of acrobatics always appeared to me to be quite circus-like. I never found that someone could Self-realize by converting himself into an acrobat.

Nonetheless, it is well known that this said Yogi profoundly worked and in strict secrecy with Sex Yoga. It seems that Hatha Yoga was only a bait in order to fish within the rivers of life.

I am glad to communicate to our beloved readers that this Guru-Deva Sivananda, while being in a Maha-Samadhi (Ecstasy), joyfully disincarnated.

I met him in the parallel universe of the fifth dimension. My happiness was tremendous when I witnessed that this man had built his Solar Bodies in the Flaming Forge of Vulcan.

My surprise was extraordinary when I verified that this Master had already died within himself before physically dying.

Sivananda intensely worked in the Great Work of the Father. Thus, he is a Guru-Deva in the most complete sense of the word.

Our meeting was very special, it took place inside a precious precinct where I was accomplishing the obligation of teaching. Suddenly the Great Yogi entered and as if wanting to recriminate me he said, *"You are vulgarizing the Doctrine."*

It is obvious that he referred to the spreading of the knowledge of the Maithuna (Sex Yoga) among profane people.

I was in no way speechless, my answer was strong and sincere since I belong to the virile fraternity, thus it could be in no other way. I expressed myself in an energetic way when saying, *"I am willing to answer all the questions that will be asked unto me before anyone within this precinct."*

However, the Guru-Deva Sivananda, being an enemy of any discussion, preferred to sit in the sacred buddhic posture, and thus submerged himself into profound meditation.

I felt the mind of this Yogi inside of my own innermost Self. This man was diving, inquiring, exploring within my most intimate profundities. There is no doubt that Sivananda wanted to converse with my Real Being whose secret name is Samael, and this he achieved.

Astonished, I could do nothing but exclaim: *"Sivananda you are a true Samyasin of thought!"* Filled with ecstasy, this Guru-Deva stood up and hugged me. He now comprehended the revolutionary statement of our Doctrine, and exclaimed, *"Now I agree with you and I will tell the whole world to read your books."*

Afterwards, he added, *"I know your Mother* (referring to my particular Divine Mother), *I saw Her very well dressed, She wears a white mantle which reaches to Her feet."*

This meeting was formidable. Many other things happened that I now omit because they are not suitable for this chapter.

Let us now practice with the Rune IS and let us meditate on the Divine Mother Kundalini.

PRACTICE

Standing in a straight position, let us raise our arms in order to form a straight line with the whole body, and after praying and asking for help to our Divine Mother we must sing the Mantra ISIS, as follows: IIIIIIIIISSSSSSSS….IIIIIIIIIISSSSSSSSSS. Prolong the sound of the two letters and divide the word in two syllables IS-IS. [sounding of the letter I is similar to that found in the word "tea"]

Afterward, the student must lay down with his relaxed body and filled with ecstasy must concentrate and meditate on the Divine Mother.

CHAPTER 8

THE COSMIC EGG

In the beginning of this century, Einstein, the famous author of the Theory of Relativity, conceived in his genius mind a curved, finite universe, enclosed like an egg.

The tremendous exclamation of this extraordinary man still comes into our memory. He said: *"The infinite lends to a limit."*

It is not ignored that later on, Edwin Hubble, at the famous Observatory of Mount Wilson, discovered with great astonishment that all the galaxies which abide in the infinite space are moving away from each other at fantastic velocities.

This is an undeniable fact. Disgracefully, George Lemaitre did not know how to comprehend this, and in searching for causes, he arrived at mistaken conclusions.

"If the universe is in a constant expansion (he absurdly explained) *it is because it exploded from a centre of a primeval atom in a foregone day."*

Lemaitre, with his erred calculations, firmly believed that his primeval, original nucleus had an exiguous, small, insignificant diameter, only the distance from the earth to the sun, in other words, 150 million kilometres.

Certainly, let us imagine at least for an instant the infinite space proportionally minuscule. Such a primeval nucleus, in accordance with Lemaitre, would have so frightful a density that (because of the very proximity of the atoms) the temperature would rise (as a natural consequence) to hundreds of millions of degrees over zero.

In this inconceivable temperature, in accordance with that theory, the liberated atomic energy would be so great and the cosmic radiation so intense, that everything would end in dislocation. Therefore, the profound explosion would be like the eruption of a terrible and frightful volcano.

All of this is marvelous, but who placed that cosmic egg there? What was existing before? Why did this cosmic explosion have to be performed in a determinate mathematical instant and not before or after? Where is the foundation for such a theory?

Who would be the eyewitness to these facts which are included in this hypothesis?

We, the Gnostics comprehend in depth that the galaxies are moving away from each other. This is already demonstrated, but it does not forcedly signify that all of them had departed from the same, singular nucleus.

Einstein said: *"Mass transforms itself into energy."* All the wise men of the world bent themselves in reverence before this tremendous truth. The great Mathematician also said:

"Energy transforms itself into mass." Nobody could reject this postulation either.

There is no doubt that *"Energy equals mass multiplied by the square of the velocity of light."*

These wise postulations demonstrate that the mass of all of the universes is eternal and immutable. matter disappears *here* in order to reappear *there* as in a type of flux and reflux, activity and repose, day and night.

The worlds are born, they grow, get old and finally die. They cease to exist in order to become energy and when this energy crystallizes into mass they then re-emerge, reborn anew.

A zero hour, a common root, does not exist in time counted retrospectively in all of the seven cosmos, which in their conjunction seethe and palpitate in the infinite space. We clarify that when we say common root, we concretely refer to the concept of time as zero hour. This does not signify in any way that we deny the zero hour in an absolute way. This zero hour exists, but, particularly for each universe, for every solar system in their pre-cosmic normal state.

In other words, we will say that each solar system of the unalterable infinite has its Mahamanvantaras and Mahapralayas, meaning, its cosmic days and nights, epochs of activity and repose.

Millions of solar systems exist within this galaxy in which we move and have our Being in and while some of them are found in their zero hour, others are in complete activity.

This is also repeated in the human being and in the atom, it is repeated in all that was, is, and will be.

Modern scientists try to explain all of these things, but, only based on the natural laws. It becomes frightfully ridiculous to want to exclude the intelligent principles of such laws. Each world of the starry space possesses its own Fohat, which is omnipresent in its own sphere of action.

Beyond all doubts, we can and must emphatically affirm that there are as many Fohats existing as there are worlds. Each one of these varies in power and in degree of manifestation. Millions, billions and trillions of Fohats exist, and these are in themselves conscious and intelligent forces. Truly, the Fohats are the constructors, the sons of the dawn of the Mahamanvantara (cosmic day), they are the true Cosmo Creators.

Our solar system, which was brought into existence by these agents, is certainly constituted of seven parallel universes.

Therefore, Fohat is the electric, vital, personified power, the transcendental unity which embraces all of the cosmic energies, in our three-dimensional world as well as in the parallel universes of the superior and inferior dimensions.

Fohat is the word made flesh, the messenger of the cosmic and human ideation, the active force within the universal life, the solar energy, the electric vital fluid.

Fohat is called *"The One Who Penetrates"* and *"The Builder"*, because Fohat gives form to the atoms which are proceeding from the unformed matter by means of the Puncta. Mathematics, the Army of the Voice, the Great Word, are found hidden within the Fohat.

Any explanation of cosmic mechanics which excludes the Noumenon behind the phenomena, the Fohat behind any Cosmogenesis, would be as absurd as to suppose that a car could appear by spontaneous generation, as a product of chance, without special fabrication, without engineers, without mechanics, etc.

The trajectory of galaxies never indicate that they have their origin or point of departure in such a reduced nucleus as the hypothetical egg of Lemaitre. As proof of this, we have that the angle of dispersion always varies between 20 and 30 degrees, in other words, that these galaxies could have passed away in an enormous distance from the supposed centre.

CHAPTER 9

THE ORACLE OF APOLLO

Aeneas the Trojan cut through the boisterous and dreadful sea with his fleet and people, after the royal and sacred funerals of Polydorus, the epic warrior who gloriously fell among hamlets and bucklers in a bloody battle. Sailing swiftly he arrived to the land of Delos, a land of many Hyperborean traditions. Then, blazing with the flame of faith, he consulted the Oracle of Apollo which was wisely built upon the hard rock.

Herodotus, in his IV Book, chapter XXXII and XXXIV, comments that the Hyperboreans, who were the ancestors of the Lemurians, were periodically sending their sacred offerings wrapped with fromentun straw to Delos. Such venerated offerings had their sacred itinerary very well marked. Firstly, they were passing into the country of Escita and then after towards the Occident, until the Adriatic Sea. This was a similar route which was followed from the Baltic Sea until the boisterous river Po, then to the Italic Peninsula for the pursuit of amber.

The first among the Greeks who received the Hyperborean offerings were the Dodonans. Then, the Hyperboreans were descending from Dodona until the Maliaco Gulf, and after continuing until Euboea and Cariptia.

Ancient legends which are lost within the night of the centuries narrate that these very sacred Nordic offerings were continuing their voyage from Cariptia without arriving into Andros. From there, the Catechumen were carrying them to Tenos, and then into Delos.

The people of Delos wisely said that the Hyperboreans had the beautiful and innocent custom of sending their sacred, divine offerings in the hands of two enchanting and ineffable virgins. The name of one was HYPEROCHA and the other LAODICEA.

The sacred scriptures say that in order to guard these so charming and sublime holy women, five Initiates or Perpheres were accompanying them in their long and dangerous voyage.

Nonetheless, everything was in vain because these holy men with the two sublime Sibyls were assassinated on the land of Delos, when they were accomplishing their mission.

Many beloved and beautiful nubile maidens of that city, filled with pain, cut their hair and deposited their curly tresses on a spindle found upon a monument built in honour of those sacred victims, who (it was said) were coming accompanied by the Gods Arternis and Apollo.

So, Aeneas arrived at Delos, a most revered place, a place of archaic Hyperborean legends which are hidden as precious jewel stones in the profound bottom of all ages.

While prostrated on the ground and breathing the dust of the centuries, with his heart in pain, he invoked Apollo, the God of Fire, within the sacred precinct. He begged the God to protect the city that he was going to build, which became the second Trojan Pergamum.

History tells us that this respectable man gazed in reverence at the God Apollo and asked about the place appointed to settle themselves. Then the earth began to tremble frightfully. The hero and his people threw themselves to the ground and these were the words that Febo Apollo said:

O much-enduring Sons of Dardanus, the land which first bore you from your parents' stock will be the land that will take you back to her rich breast. Seek out your ancient mother. For that is where the house of Aeneas and his sons' sons and their soizs after them will rule over the whole earth.

The epic leader narrates that after hearing the Oracle of Apollo he became worried, wondering which was this most remote land of his own origin. Then, his elderly father who was vividly remembering the ancient family traditions said:

Listen, you leaders of Troy, and learn what you have to hope for. In the middle of the ocean lies Crete, the island of great Jupiter, where there is a Mount Ida, the cradle of our race, and where the Cretans live in a hundred great cities, the richest of kingdoms. If I remember rightly what I have heard, our first father Teucer sailed from there to Asia, landing at Cape Rhoeteum, and chose that place to found his kingdom. Troy was not yet standing, nor was the citadel of Pergamum, and they lived low down in the valley.

This is the origin of the Great Mother of Mount Cybele (the Divine Mother Kundalini), the bronze cymbals of the Corybants, our grove of Ida, the inviolate silence of our worship and the yoked lions that draw the chariot of the mighty goddess.

Come then, let us follow where we are led by the bidding of the Gods. Let us appease the winds and set forth for the kingdoms of Cnossus. It is not to far to sail If only Jupiter is with us, the third day will see our ships on the shores of Crete.

Rumour (said Aeneas) as she flew told the tale of the great Idomeneus how he had been forced to leave his father 's kingdom and how the shores of Crete were now deserted. Here was a place empty of our enemies, their home abandoned, waiting for us.

The sailors raised all manner of shouts as they vied with one another in their rowing and my comrades (continued Aeneas) *kept urging me to make for Crete and go back to the home of their ancestors. The wind rising astern sped us on our way and we came to shore at last on the ancient land of the Curetes. Impatiently I set to work on walls for the city we all longed for. I called it Pergamea and the people rejoiced in the name.*

So, the heroic and terrific people commanded by Aeneas, the illustrious Trojan paladin., could have definitively established themselves on that island, if a malignant disastrous plague would not have obligated them to sail over the sea in search of other lands.

In the polluted putrefaction of that ill air, men were losing the lives they loved or were dragging around their sickly bodies because the sinister plague was disgracefully infecting all of their bodies and causing them to fail fulminated by the ray of death.

"The Dogstar (said Aeneas*) burned the fields and made them barren, the grass dried, the crops were infected and gave us no food."*

A tempest was released in the furious mind of Aeneas and with desperation, as a cast away who clings to a cruel rock, he thought to go back across the sea to the sanctuary of Phoebus Apollo, the God of Fire, and to his oracle at Ortygia to pray for his gracious favour again. But, that very same night, in those delectable hours in which the body sleeps and the soul travels out of the physical organism within the Superior Worlds, Aeneas found himself with his Phrygian Pennate Gods, the tutelar Genii of his family, the JINNS or Angels of Troy.

The Lords of the Flame spoke these words:

Deliaiz Apollo did not send you to these shores, Crete is not where he commanded you to settle. There is a place -Greeks call it Hesperia- an ancient land, strong in arms and in the richness of her soil. The Oenotrians lived there, but the descendants of that race now said to have taken the name of their king Italus and call themselves Italians. This is our true home. This is where Dardanus sprang from and his father lasius from whom our race took its beginning. Rise then with cheerful heart and pass on these words to Anchises your father.

His astonished father then remembered Cassandra, the Trojan prophetess, that grievous woman who made the same prophesy to him before the destruction of the proud Illion. None had believed her prophecies since Apollo was punishing her.

This noble woman whose name was Cassandra, who was so blessed and adored, paid a very singular type of karma for having wrongly used her divine faculties in her past lives. Thus, the legend of the centuries tells us that Aeneas and his people, without wasting time set sail upon their ships to run before the wind over the vast ocean towards the lands of Lacinium.

CHAPTER 10

RUNE ARA

Ineffable enchantments come into my memory, poems of love and things, which are impossible to describe with words. Certainly, what I have known, what I have seen, what I have palpated in the house of my Father and within all of those resplendent abodes of the Great City of Light, known as the Milky Way, can only be uttered with the verb of gold in the very pure rising of the Divine Language.

It was a night trimmed with stars, the projected rays of the moon were penetrating in my stay and pretending to be a shawl of silver. The profound blue of the sky was rather an infinite ocean where the stars were twinkling.

Meditating like this, I abandoned my dense form and penetrated into ecstasy. There is no better pleasure than the feeling of oneself as a detached soul, for then, past, present and future are brethren within an eternal now. Filled with a delectable, unutterable and indescribable spiritual voluptuousness and impelled by the mysterious force of longing, I arrived before the doors of the Temple.

The door of the Sanctuary was sealed with a great boulder which was blocking the way to profane people. Oh heart, do not desist before things of mystery! *"Open Sesame!"* was my exclamation and the rock opened in order for me to enter. So then, when some intruders tried to do the same, I had to grasp my flaming sword and cry with all the forces of my soul, *"Get ye hence profane and profaners!"*

I had penetrated into the Great Temple of this Milky Way, the central Sanctuary of this gigantic galaxy, the Transcended Church. The terror of Love and Law reigns within this venerated place. Only the Sidereal Gods can prostrate before the sacred altar of that terribly divine Temple.

Joyfully, I advanced towards the place of prostrations and adorations. Here, there, and everywhere, in all the blessed places of the temple, a multitude of humble and simple men were coming and going, who rather were resembling submissive and obedient peasants. They were the Boddhisattwas of the Gods, they were men in the most complete sense of the word, creatures who enjoy of the objective knowledge, who are one hundred per cent Self-conscious.

Certainly, I could evidence until satiety and without a doubt that already nothing that could be called 'I', 'myself', existed within these human creatures, these men were completely dead. I did not see within them the desire of standing out, of ascending, of climbing until the top of the ladder and wanting to boast of themselves, etc. These creatures had no interest in their existence, they only wanted the absolute death, to lose themselves within their Being, that is all.

How happy I felt while advancing through the centre of the temple towards the sacred altar! Certainly, I was marching arrogantly, energetically with a triumphal step. Suddenly, one of those 'humble peasants of pick and shovel' was walking by blocking my way. For a moment I tried to keep ahead walking arrogantly, haughtily and with disdain.

But, Oh God of mine! An intuitional lightning bolt fulminated me to death, and I then vividly remembered that in a forgone time, in the remote past I had committed the same error while in the presence of this humble peasant. That past error was clearly present within my mind. With horror, terror and fear I remembered the dreadful instant in which with frightening words uttered from the Sacred Altar, amidst lightning bolts, rays and thunder, I was cast out of the temple.

The whole of this event of the past revived within my mind in a thousandth of a second. Then repented, I stopped my arrogant and proud march and feeling contrite, regretful and remorseful in my heart, with modesty and submission, I prostrated myself before this peasant. I kissed his feet while addressing him like this: *"You are a great Master, a great Sage"*, but that creature instead of being satisfied with my words answered: *"I do not know anything, I am nobody."* I answered back, *"Yes, you are the Boddhisattwa of one of the great Gods who is the governor of many constellations."*

My joy was immense when that authentic man blessed me. I felt as if I had been forgiven and joyfully I continued my way towards the Sacred Altar. Then after, I returned into my physical body.

Many years have past and I never could forget that temple sealed with the sacred stone.

Behold I lay in Sion a chief corner stone, elect, precious: and he that believeth on it shall not be confounded.

The stone which the builders disallowed, the same is made the head of the corner and a stone of stumbling, and a rock of offence. (I Peter 4:8)

The old medieval Alchemists were always searching for the Philosophical Stone and some of them performed the Great Work with complete success.

Speaking with blunt frankness, it is our duty to emphatically affirm that this stone is the sex.

Peter, disciple of Jesus the Christ, is the Aladdin, the marvelous interpreter who is authorized to lift the stone which seals the Sanctuary of the Great Mysteries. The original name of Peter is PATAR with its three radical consonants: P, T, R, The 'P' reminds us with complete clarity of the Parents of the Gods, our Pater, Father who is in secret, the Phitaras. The 'T' is the Tau, the cross, the divine Hermaphrodite, the black Lingam inserted into the Yoni. The 'R' is fundamental in the fire, it is the Egyptian RA. The 'R' is also radical in the powerful Mantra *INRI: (IGNES NATURA RENOVATUR INTEGRA).*

The fire is found latent within the stone and the ancient people made the spark to jump from within the living bosom of the hard flint. My memory brings the remembrance of the Stones of the Lightning, the Orphic Galactite, the Sculapian Ostrite, the Stone with which Machaon healed Philoctetes, the Magic Betilo of all countries, the Howling, Oscillate, Runic and Uttering Stones of the Teraphims. The chalice of the Christified Mind has as its base the Living Stone, the Sacred Altar.

The Mantra ARIO prepares the Gnostics for the advent of the Sacred Fire. This Mantra must be chanted every morning, dividing it into three syllables: AAAAAA……. RIIIIIII…….OOOOOO…….. prolonging the sound of each letter. It is advisable to work with this practice for ten minutes daily.

CHAPTER 11

PROTON AND ANTIPROTON

The real existence of the proton and the antiproton was absolutely demonstrated in the year 1955 by the physician team from Berkeley. When a plate of copper was bombarded with an energy of 6,000 million electro volts, two marvelous nuclei of hydrogen were extracted from the target.

They were identical but of opposite charge: one positive proton and the other negative.

By all means it becomes clear to think that the half of the universe is constituted of antimatter. If the modern wise men could find anti-particles in the laboratories it is because they also exist in the profound depth of this great Nature. In no way can we deny that to detect the anti-matter in space is frightfully difficult.

The light of the anti-stars, even when apparently identical to the light of the stars, and even when photographs are registering them in the same way, have to have a difference which is unknown to the 'wise men'.

The concept which states that there is no place for anti-matter in our solar system is still arguable. The transformation of mass into energy is something very interesting. That the half of it escapes in the form of neutrinos is evidently normal, that a third of it becomes transformed into gamma rays and that a sixth part is transformed into sound and luminous waves should not surprise us in any way, since it is natural.

When we think in Cosmogenesis the same questions always emerge: What did exist before the dawn of our solar system? The RIG VEDA answers:

Nor Aught not Nought existed; yon bright sky
Was not, nor heaven's broad roof outstretched above.
What covered all? what sheltered? what concealed?
Was it the water's fathomless abyss?
There was not death-yet there was nought immortal,
There was no confine betwixt day and night;
The only One breathed breathless by itself
Other than It there nothing since has been.
Darkness there was, and all at first was veiled
In gloom profound an ocean without light-
The germ that still lay covered in the husk
Burst forth, one nature, from the fervent heat.

Who knows the secret? who proclaimed it here?
Whence, whence this manifold creation sprang?
The Gods themselves came later into being
Who knows from whence this great creation sprang?

That, whence all this great creation came,
Whether Its will created or was mute,
The Most High Seer that is in highest heaven,
He knows it or perchance even He knows not.

Gazing into eternity...
Ere the foundations of the earth were laid,
Thou wert. And when the subterranean flame
Shall burst its prison and devour the frame...
Thou shalt be still as Thou wert before
And knew no change, when time shall be no more.
Oh! endless thought, divine ETERNITY.

Energy free in its movement was solely existing before the Mahamanvantara (cosmic day) of this universe, in which we live, move and have our Being in.

Before this energy, matter in an organized form existed. This matter constituted the former universe of the past cosmic day (Mahamanvantara).

The Moon, our beloved satellite which illuminates us during the night, is the only remembrance left for us from that preterit universe.

Each time that energy crystallizes in the form of matter, it appears under the extraordinary shape of a pair of symmetrical particles.

Matter and anti-matter are mutually complementing each other. We can say that this is a new theme for the contemporary science, and that it will progress even more in the future.

To affirm that there is no place for anti-matter in our solar universe becomes an absurdity by all means. Matter is always accompanied by anti-matter and without it, it is clear that nuclear physics will remain without a foundation, and this science will lose its validity.

The universe appeared under the form of a cloud of plasma, that is to say, ionized hydrogen, during the dawn of the Mahamanvantara (cosmic day).

Twelve fundamental hydrogens exist in our solar system, and these have already been analyzed by the Great Masters of humanity. It has been said unto us that in such a sum of hydrogen, twelve categories of matter are represented. These matters are contained within the universe, from the Abstract Absolute Space until the submerged Mineral Kingdom.

The cloud of original plasma appears before the mind of the learned men in a double form. Therefore, a judicious exam of this matter allows us to comprehend that plasma and anti-plasma exist. This is what a certain sage has named *"Ambi-plasma."*

The scientists know very well through observation and experience that the intensive magnetic field which is formed in the galaxies, originates the radical split of the particles in accordance with their electrical charge. The plasma and anti-plasma are not only opposite, but moreover they are separated.

Thus, matter and anti-matter separatively coexist and they condense or crystallize into stars.

The total destruction of matter is originated when matter and anti-matter come in direct contact with each other. The living depth of matter is precisely the anti-matter, but a neutral field exists between these two forms of life.

Certainly, the three primary forces: Positive, Negative and Neutral, govern all of this universal mechanism. Matter and anti-matter, stars and anti-stars coexist in the infinite space.

The hydrogen and anti-hydrogen crystallize with the gravitational force, thus originating nuclear fission.

Thus, beloved reader, this is how protons accumulate with other protons of their own kind in order to form all the elements of Nature.

CHAPTER 12

THE HARPIIES

Aeneas, the epic Trojan paladin, was submitted to frightful new ordeals while navigating with his people towards the marvelous lands of the ancient Hesperia.

Ancient traditions which are lost within the night of centuries tell us that while in open sea the dreadful forces of Neptune rose a terrible tempest, which (thanks to God) did not sink his ship. However, it did make Palinurus, who was the most skillful of his pilots, lose his bearings in mid-ocean, after passing three long days of darkness and three starless nights.

Horrifying were the moments when the Trojans approached the shores of the terrifying Strophades islands, which are in the great Ionian Sea, and which are inhabited by the Dantesque Harpies. They are disgusting witches with the head and neck of girls, who were beautiful maidens in the past but are now transformed into horrible furies, who pollute everything they touch with their foul contagion.

It was a monstrous abominable Harpy army, which in a foretime was commanded by the execrable Celaeno. They were provided with hooked claws for hands and their faces were pale with a hunger that was never satisfied.

The glorious hero with his people arrived to this land and entered the harbour without thinking in abject witches neither in horrifying witches' Sabbaths. Hungry as they were, these strong descendants of Dardanus did not hesitate to sacrifice beautiful and reluctant cows, which were happily eating unguarded on the grass upon the land of no one.

But suddenly, when they were feasting on this rich fare, the Harpies were upon them screeching as ravens and swooping down from the mounts with a fearful clangour of their wings, reaching and tearing the food to pieces and polluting everything with their filthy mouths. This was a horrifying spectacle, all of that meat was infected, the odour polluted the air, and the banquet became filthy, repulsive and sickening.

The Trojans, escaping from these sinister ladies who were transformed into horrifying fowls, once again sheltered themselves in mysterious caves far back from the sunny beach. But to the disgrace of these illustrious warriors, when they were ready to eat after sacrificing new cattle, the noisy flock of damned witches came once again and polluted the food.

Therefore, filled with great anger, these men armed themselves with their bows and javelins in order to exterminate this fearsome tribe of abominable Harpies. But the Harpies were having a filthy skin that felt no violence against the bronze, and their backs were invulnerable as steel.

Terrible spell was the one, which Celaeno burst out of her breast, while flying round about the glorious heads of the courageous Trojans, screeching:

Is it war you offer us now, Sons of Laomedon, for the slaughter of our bullocics and the felling of our oxen? Is it your plan to make war against the innocent Harpies and drive us from the kingdom of our ancestors? Listen to what I have to say and fix it in your minds. These words were spoken by the Almighty Father of the Gods to Phoebus Apollo, and Phoebus Apollo spoke them to me, and now I, the greatest of the Furies, speak them to you. You are calling upon the winds and trying to sail to Italy. To Italy you will go and you will be allowed to enter its harbours, but you will not be given a city, and you will not be allowed to build walls around it before a deadly famine has come upon you, and the guilt of our blood drives you to gnaw round the edges of your tables, to put them between your teeth and eat them.

Surprised and consternated, the Trojans beseeched the Holy Gods to turn away this threat from them. They then abandoned that gloomy land and sailed into the sea again.

Factually, to sacrifice the Sacred Cow is equivalent to invoking cruel Harpies of pernicious presages.

It becomes opportune to refer here to the symbolic cow of five legs, which is the terrific guardian of the JINN lands.

H. P. Blavatsky really saw a cow with five legs in India, which had a “fifth leg” growing out of her hump. It scratched its head with the extra hoof and killed flies with it, etc. Such an animal was guided by a young man who was a member of the Sadhu sect.

If we read the three syllables of the word CABALA in the inverted way, then we read LA-BA-CA. In Spanish, LA VACA means ‘the cow’ which is the living symbol of the eternal Mother-Space.

The eternal feminine element of Nature, the Magna-Mater (from which the **“M”** and the Aquarian hieroglyphic emanates), is always mentioned in all theologies of the north, south, west and east of the world.

She is the Universal Womb of the great abyss, the primitive Venus, the great Virgin-Mother, who emerges from the waves of the sea with her son, Cupid-Eros. She is the final variant, in short, she is Gaia, Gaea or the Earth in her superior aspect, the Hindustani Prakriti.

Let us remember Telemachus descending into the world of shadows in order to inquire about the fate of Ulysses, his father. The young man walked under the light of the moon while invoking Prakriti, the powerful Deity who is Selene in heaven, as well as the Chaste Diana on the earth, and the formidable Hekate within the subterranean worlds.

The two subsequent unfoldments of Hekate-Proserpine, which are the fourth and fifth aspects of Prakriti are negative. They constitute the shadow of the Eternal Mother-Space, which are lost reflections within the mirror of Nature.

Black and white Jinns exist. The Harpies follow the tenebrous path. Dante found them tormenting the involuting submerged souls inside the Infernal Worlds.

The Harpies are black Jinns, they utilize the two negative inferior aspects of Prakriti. They submerge themselves within the fourth dimension with these two aspects, in order to fly through the air.

The physical body can take any given figure while inside the unknown dimension, and beautiful maidens can transform themselves into horrifying fowl, as the example of those birds which Aeneas found in the tenebrous Strophades islands.

Caron, the infernal God, whose eternal age is always melancholic and abominable, conduces the Harpies who have passed through the doors of death, until the other shore of the evil river. There, its muddy currents of black water with frightful and filthy borders are where the spectres of the dead are wandering. It is the fatal river where the boat of Caron navigates, conducing the lost ones into the somber, dismal and obscure regions of the Submerged Mineral Kingdom.

Horrible is the end which awaits the Harpies of the execrable Celaeno, which is to frightfully devolve within the Sub-World until petrifying and reducing themselves into cosmic dust. The condemnation of those who perform evil is just, their mouths are as open sepulchres. They never knew the path of peace.

CHAPTER 13

RUNE SIG 

It is difficult indeed to depict the enchantment, the inebriation of ecstasy, the communion of Saints in the nights of meditation. In one night such as that kind, the Patriarch Jacob, living reincarnation of the resplendent *Angel Israel,* while resting his head upon the Philosophical Stone, read within the astros the promise of an innumerable posterity, and he saw between heaven and earth the mysterious septenary ladder through which all the Elohim are ascending and descending.

To experience what is the Truth, the Reality, or 'That'...is only possible when we are absent from the 'I'.

On the day of the Lord, I was inspecting, searching, inquiring into the mysteries of my own hindermost hour. I saw and heard things which the profane and profaners are not allowed to comprehend. Then, I directly experienced the hindmost stage, the setting of the 'I', the catastrophical ending of 'Myself.

Thus, I could live the crucifixion of the Intimate Christ and the descent into the Holy Sepulchre. The fight against Satan was terrible... Then, my Priestess wife sealed my sarcophagus with a big stone while sweetly smiling.., and from the Golgotha of the Father, lightning, thunder and terribly divine voices were heard.

All of this reminds me of the Rune Sig, which is the terrible lightning from the Central Sun.

SULU-SIGI-SIG is the secret name of the sacred frightful viper Kundalini.

Certainly, the star of five points is a constant repetition of the Rune Sig. This star resembles the trace of the zig-zag of lightning. In ancient times, human beings were trembling before the Pentalpha.

Within the archaic mysteries, SIG was the phallus, and through its way we return to the Maithuna (sex-yoga).

SIG is the SUN, and its letter is the **'S'**, whose sound when wisely prolonged is converted into the subtle voice, into that sweet and appeasable whistle which Elias heard in the wilderness.

The final Initiation is sealed with the lightning, with the Rune Sig, and amongst thunder and lightning these tremendous words are heard: *"Father, into thy hands I commend my Spirit."*

The luminous flaming sword, which threateningly turns in every way in order to keep the way of the Tree of Life, has the dreadful figure of the Rune Sig, and it reminds us of the zig-zag of lightning.

"Woe unto the Samson of the Kabbalah if he permits himself to be put asleep by Delilah! The Hercules of science, who exchanges his royal sceptre for the distaff of Omphale, will soon experience the vengeance of Dejanira, and nothing will be left for him but the pyre of the Mount Oeta, in order to escape the devouring folds of the coal of Nessus."

Unhappy is the one who permits himself to be seduced by the original She-Devil, the no-name woman, who is a rose of perdition from the infernal abyss.

Disgraceful is the Initiate who falls inebriated into the arms of the sanguinary Herodias, the Harpy Gundrigia, and one hundred women more.

Woe! Woe! Woe to those Initiates who succumb to the fiery kisses, not of the many women, but of that one woman of antonomasia, of that symbolic woman who does not try to grossly seduce with suggestions of the mere animal sensation, but with the most perfidious and delectable arts of subtle sentimentalism and romantic emotionalism.

Therefore, it would be better for these Initiates not to be born or that a millstone be hung about their necks, and that they be drowned in the depths of the sea.

Disgraceful are the ones who instead of rising towards the Golgotha of the Father and descending into the Holy Sepulchre, will be fulminated by the terrible lighting of the Cosmic Justice. They will lose their Flaming Sword and will descend into the kingdom of Pluto throughout the black path.

The anguished sleeplessness, the frightful jealousy which makes our existence bitter, the cruel distrust, the filthy vengeance with covered wounds, and the abominable hatred which distillates blood, are always tenebrously flying round about the throne of ebony of the King of the Infernal Worlds. There also we find the gnawing avarice which always mercilessly devours itself, and the disgusting rage which tears its flesh with its own hands.

To that end, we also find the lunatic arrogance which miserably ruins everything, the infamous treason which always defends itself and is always nourishing itself with innocent blood without enjoying the corrupted fruit of its perfidies. There also is the mortal venom of envy which destroys itself when incapable of destroying others, also the cruelty which is precipitated into the hopeless abyss, and the macabre and frightful visions, the horrifying phantoms of the condemned ones who are the fear of the living ones, those nightmarish monsters and the cruel sleeplessness which cause so much anguish.

All of these and other fatal images are gird around the horrifying forehead of the fierce Pluto and they fill his ominous palace.

Telemachus, the son of Ulysses, found millions of hypocritical Pharisees in the kingdom of Pluto, they are whitened sepulchres who always fake love towards religion, but who are filled with arrogance and pride.

By descending this Hero into more submerged regions, he found many parricides and matricides who were suffering frightful torments. He also found many wives who bathed their hands with the blood of their husbands; also traitors who betrayed their country and who violated all of their oaths. Nevertheless, even when appearing incredible, these traitors were suffering less punishment than the hypocrites and simoniacs.

Thus, this was the will of the three judges of the Infernal Worlds, since they say that these hypocrites and simoniacs are not content with being evil as the rest of the condemned ones, but moreover, they boast of themselves as being saints, and they mislead people with their false virtue. They place people far away from the path which leads towards the Truth.

The Holy Gods who have been impiously and hypocritically mocked by everybody in the world, and who have become negligible before all people, are now with all of their power avenging themselves from the insults which people have thus inflicted on them.

The terrible ray of the Cosmic Justice also precipitates into the abyss those fallen Boddhisattwas who never want to rise again. They are accused of three crimes: 1) To have assassinated the internal Buddha; 2) to have dishonoured the Gods; 3) Numerous other crimes.

Every Great Work, any judgment, is always sealed with the Rune Sig, with the Flaming Sword.

PRACTICE: You must seal all of your magical works, invocations, supplications, healing chains, etc., with the Rune Sig. The zig zag of lightning must be traced with your hand and your extended index finger, at the moment when you also sound the letter SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS as a prolonged sweet and affable whistle.

CHAPTER 14

THE AIN SOPH

It is necessary to comprehend and urgent to know that within the poor intellectual animal mistakenly called man, three perfectly defined aspects exist.

The first one of these aspects is that which is called Essence. In Zen Buddhism this Essence is denominated Buddhata.

The second aspect is the Personality. This aspect in itself is not the physical body, even when it utilizes the physical body for its own expression in the three-dimensional world.

The third aspect is the Devil, the Pluralized 'I' within each one of us, that is to say, the 'Myself.

The Essence, the Buddhata, is within the human being and it is that aspect which has true reality, it is that which is genuine within the human being.

The Personality is that which is not genuine within the human being, because it is that which comes from the exterior world. It is what the human being has learned in his home, in the streets, in the school, etc.

The Pluralized 'I' is that conjunction of diverse entities which personify all of our psychological defects.

Beyond the organic machine (physical body) and the three aspects which manifest themselves through it, many substances, forces, and spiritual principles exist which emanate from the Ain Soph as a final synthesis.

But, what is this Ain Soph? We answer in an abstract way when saying the Ain Soph is the absolute 'No-Thing' without limits.

Nonetheless, it is necessary to particularize and concretize something more in order to comprehend. The Ain Soph is our super-divine atom which is singular, special, specific, genuine and super-individual.

This signifies that in the final synthesis, each one of us is nothing more than an atom from the Abstract Absolute Space, which is the interior atomic star that always has smiled upon us.

A certain author has said: *"I raise my eyes towards the utmost, towards the stars, from which, for me, all help has to come, but I always follow the inner star which guides my interior."*

It is clear that this super-divine atom is not incarnated, but yet, it is found intimately related with the Chakra Sahasrara, the lotus of one thousand petals, the magnetic centre of the pineal gland.

I have directly experienced the Ain Soph while in the state of a very profound meditation. One day, the date and hour does not matter, I attained that state which in India is known as Nirva-Kalpa-Samadhi, where my soul was totally absorbed within the Ain Soph in order to travel throughout the Abstract Absolute Space.

This journey started in my pineal gland and continued within the profound bosom of the Eternal Space. Thus, I saw myself beyond any galaxy of matter or anti-matter, I simply was converted into a Self-conscious atom.

How happy I was while in absence of the 'I', and beyond this world, beyond the mind, beyond the stars and anti-stars. What one feels during the experience of Samadhi is unutterable. It is comprehendible only through experimentation.

So, I entered through the doors of a Temple while inebriated with ecstasy, and then I saw and heard things which the intellectual animals are not allowed to comprehend.

I wanted to converse with a Divine Priest, and it is obvious that I achieved it in order to console my painful heart.

One among many of those Self-realized atoms from the Am Soph (Abstract Absolute Space) increased its size and assumed the venerated figure of an Elder of Days before my unusual presence.

Then, spontaneous words which resounded within the infinite space sprouted out from my creative larynx, and I consulted about someone who I knew in the world of dense forms.

The answer from this very illustrious Atomic Master was certainly extraordinary: *"The Mind is for us, the inhabitants of the Ain Soph what the mineral kingdom is for you."* and he added *"Therefore, we examine the human mind in the same way you examine any mineral."*

In the name of the Truth, I have to say that such an answer caused me great amazement, admiration, astonishment and surprise.

Afterwards, he demonstrated it, such an 'Essential Lover' studied the mind of the person I asked for, and he gave me an exact answer.

Many years have passed, but I cannot forget such a mystical experience. Certainly, I had the joy of conversing with an atomic Kabir beyond the parallel universes, there within the Ain Soph.

However, not all of these atomic stars from this spiritual firmament are Self-realized.

The Genesis-Atom (Ain Soph) of any person who has not built his Solar Bodies within the Flaming Forge of Vulcan is certainly very simple. This type of atom does not contain more atoms.

The Genesis-Atoms which are Self-realized are another matter. They are what in occult science we call *"Ain Soph Paranishpana"*. They have within themselves four seed-atoms, which are symbolically represented in alchemy with these four letters: C.O.N.H. (Carbon, Oxygen, Nitrogen, Hydrogen).

One summer night, I was interrogating a group of Gnostic students in the following way: *"If at the end of the Mahamanvantara we must disintegrate the solar bodies which we built with so much effort within the Ninth Sphere, then, why did we build them?"*

None of the these students could give the right answer. Therefore, my explanation was necessary. *"It is clear"*, I said, *"that when the Great Pralaya* (Cosmic Night) *arrives, the Ain Soph absorbs the three primary forces and disintegrates the four bodies. Nevertheless, the Ain Soph retains and attracts towards its interior sphere the four Seed-Atoms which correspond to the four bodies."*

Therefore, within the Ain Soph Paranishpana, that is to say, within the Self-realized atom, the three primary forces and the four Seed-Atoms exist."

The letter C symbolizes the body of Conscious Will. The letter O corresponds to the Christic Mind. The letter N is related with the Astral Body. The letter H is associated with the physical body.

The Ain Soph Paranishpana rebuilds its four bodies by means of its correspondent Seed-Atoms at the dawn of the Mahamanvantara (Cosmic Day).

These four bodies constitute the Hebraic Mercabah, which is the chariot of the centuries, the solar vehicle of the Ain Soph Paranishpana, which is the No-Thing without limits, and absolute.

The four bodies assume the form of the manifested Heavenly-Man, which is the vehicle in order to descend and manifest himself within the world of phenomenon.

CHAPTER 15

THE KING HELENUS

When Aeneas, the epic Trojan paladin, was approaching the wealthy palace of King Helenus, he saw with astonishment, admiration and pleasant surprise a woman called Andromache, the wife of Hector the Trojan who was gloriously killed in battle at the undefeated foundations of the walls of Troy.

Then, Aeneas gave thanks to the Holy Gods (Angels. Archangels, Principalities, Potencies, Virtues, Dominions, Thrones, Cherubims and Seraphims of Christianity). He gave thanks to these ineffable beings from the depth of his heart, for having liberated this woman Andromache and for having impeded the Acheans from taking her captive to Micene.

Andromache, a noble woman, was now the wife of Helenus, the Prophet-King, a splendid monarch who gave opulent hospitality to the Trojans in his royal palace.

Aeneas found Andromache offering a ritual meal and performing rites to the dead in a grove in a sacred forest. She was carrying in a magnificent golden urn the ashes of Hector, her former husband.

"Is this a true vision? Is it a true messenger that comes to me, Aeneas, son of the goddess? Are you alive? If the light of life has left you, why are you here? Where is Hector?" This is how the woman spoke, and then she fainted.

The unhappy woman had been held captive by the terrible Pyrrhus, a sly, evil warrior who was the assassin of the Elder Priam.

Fortunately, the fate of this unhappy woman changed radically after Pyrrhus died by the hands of the dreadful warrior Orestes. Then, she married the good King Helenus.

We know that on the third day Aeneas was taken into a solitary cave in order to foresee the will of Apollo.

The most important of the prophesies of Helenus was to tell Aeneas that the conclusion of his voyage was far away and that he was going to enter into many harbours before definitely establishing himself on that land which in a foretime was the ancient Hesperia.

Helenus advised him to go and see the Sibyl of Cumae, a Divine Prophetess, a virgin priestess who foretold the future in prophetic frenzy by writing her magical verses on falling leaves from a corpulent tree which was next to her cave.

Once in a while, a hurricane wind was dislodging the green prophetic leaves and the verses were becoming mixed and extraordinary mingled, thus forming non-intelligible phrases for the profane.

For this reason many men departed without receiving advice and cast maledictions against the Sibyl.

Putting all doubts aside, we can emphatically affirm that only the Initiates with awakened consciousness could understand the strange phrases and the mysterious enigmas of the Sibyl of Cumae.

Helenus also predicted for Aeneas that he would navigate close to Scylla and Charybdis, and as well close to the lands of the Cyclops and that he should avoid the entrance into the meridional shores of Itaca, which in that epoch were populated by the terrible Greeks.

Finally, the bountiful King Helenus advised Aeneas, the illustrious Trojan paladin, to worship the godhead of great Juno first and foremost in his prayers, through his own free will to submit his vows to Juno, and to win the love of the mighty Queen of Heaven with his offerings and prayers, since this Deity was always showing herself as an enemy of the Trojans.

So, the wind blew the sails under the light of the full moon and the paddle struggled with the soft marble and Palinuro consulted the stars. The ships were leaving the seigniorial dominions of the King Latinum, while Andromache was crying at the departure of the Trojans.

Helenus, illuminated King, Prophet of Apollo! You were the one who provided royal and magnificent hospitality to the Trojans, and then filled with love, you interrogated the God of fire for the sake of your friend Aeneas.

Helenus, you were also the one who (oh Gods!) advised this illustrious Trojan man to visit the Sibyl of Cumae.

When arriving to this part of our present chapter, all of the Priestesses of Eritrea, Endor, etc., come into my memory.

Wherever a holy one of these Sibyls abided, it was sure that also a Delphic, Bacchic, Kabiric, Dactylic or Eleusinian Mystery existed.

The Gods and most wise men will never forget the tremendous importance which these mysteries had in ancient times. The fame and great renown of Sais, Memphis and Thebes in the ancient Egypt of the Pharaohs was due to these mysteries.

There, within the night of the centuries, Mithra is still remembered by the Initiates among the Parses. Eleusis, Samothrace, Lemnos, Ephesus, etc., are remembered among the Greeks.

Formidable were the Initiatic Colleges of Bibractis and Alexis among the Gallic-Druids.

The mysteries of *Heliopolis* in Syria and Tara in Ireland, etc., became ineffable and indescribable for their beauty and splendour.

The Druid priests of the Celtics were practising magic and the mysteries in their caverns according to the sayings of Plinio, and also according to the proving of Caesar and Pomponio Mela.

These austere and sublime Druid Hierophants, crowned with oak, were solemnly reunited under the pale light of the moon in order to celebrate their Major Mysteries, especially in Spring-Easter, which is when life is powerfully and gloriously resuscitating.

The Initiatic Colleges were closed in the east, with the military barbarism of Alexander, and in the west with Roman violence.

The city of *Cote-d'Or,* which is next to St. Reine, was certainly the tomb for the Druid Initiation, since all the Masters and Sibyls were vilely slaughtered by the sanguinary ordes of Rome, without any consideration.

Equally fatal and painful a fate had Bivractis, the glorious emolus of Memphis. As well, Athens and Rome, whose Druid College had 40,000 students of Astrology, Occult Science, Philosophy, Medicine, Jurisprudence, Architecture, Literature, Grammar, etc., followed in the number of victims.

The Latin *Mysterium* is the Greek *Teletai,* whose original root is found in the word *Telelutia,* Death.

A vain thing is the death of the physical body. What is important is the total destruction of the 'Myself'.

The Illumination of the Sibyls of Cumae, the splendour of the Priestesses of Eritrea, the ecstasy of the Mahatmas, are only for people who have truly passed through the Great Death.

The awakening of the consciousness, the radical and absolute change becomes impossible without the death of the pluralized 'I'. The coming of the new is only possible through death.

The path of life is made with the prints of the hoofs of the horse of death.

CHAPTER 16

RUNE TYR 

Singing birds, jumping rivulets, roses which perfume the environment, sounding bells which call, stop good shadow of mine, beautiful illusion of the day, for night has arrived.

Delicious night brimming with stars, allow me to offer you the oasis from the old garden of my painful heart. It is in December, yet, with your romantic singing it will have roses from the month of May.

I would like to guess the voice which always denies vain things, which always rejects them, which repudiates them with a NO that is without hatred, and that also holds promise for many YESSES.

Divine night, behold, here I am, finally alone with myself, and listening through the voice of Isaiah to your insinuating clamour which is naming me.

Oh enchanted night, Urania, life of mine, to be sick because of you is to be sane. All the tales which amuse mortals in their remote infancy are nothing close to you, because you smell better than the fragrance of dreamy, enchanted gardens, and because you are more transparent, oh good of mine, than a transparent crystal palace.

So, with fertile endurance, without misfortune, and with simple pity, I passed through the streets of the capital of Mexico.

I went across the midnight city among ineffable crystals, clean of any mist.

Who is the one who traverses the abode while exclaiming my name? Who is the one who calls me in the night with such a delectable accent? Ah, it is a gust of wind which wails in the summit tower, it is a sweet thought.

So, I climbed the old tower of the Metropolitan Cathedral while singing my poem with the voice of the silence.

The mist was lost upon the summit of the mountains, upon those lands which had suffered tremendous convulsions. Then, among craters and vomits of lava, *IZTACCIHUATL* and *POPOCATEPETL* emerged like an enchantment in order to delight the eyes. These two legendary volcanoes are like two millenary guardians in custody of the city of Mexico.

Far away, beyond from these mountains, I saw worlds and ineffable regions which are impossible to describe with words. *"Behold, that which is awaiting for you!"* said a generous voice unto me, a voice which was endowing music to the wind.

This was a song which was listened by no one, and that is played and played wherever I go, such musical notes in which I seem to sense my own voice.

So, when descending from that tower, someone was following me, he was a Chela, or Disciple. Great was my joy, since I was inebriated with an exquisite spiritual voluptuousness. My body did not have weight, I was moving myself with my astral form, I had abandoned my physical vehicle a long time before.

Already upon the atrium of this old Cathedral, close to the foundation of its old walls, which have been mute witnesses to many quarrels, conflicts and challenges during many centuries, I saw a variegated and picturesque conjunction of men, women, children and elders who were selling their merchandise everywhere.

There, seated as an oriental Yogi, close to the wall and under the aged tower, on a corner of this old Cathedral, an Aztec Elder of an indescribable age was meditating.

Any sleeping person would have easily confused him as being another merchant. In front of him and upon the cold stone of the floor this venerable Elder had a mysterious object, a secret Aztec relic.

Then, humbled, confounded and abased before this holy, venerated indigenous Aztec, I had to prostrate myself with reverence. The Elder blessed me.

My Chela (disciple), who was following my steps looked like a zombie, his consciousness was profoundly sleeping... Suddenly, something happened, he bent down as if to grasp something and without the least bit of respect, he grasped the untouchable relic, he observed it in his hands with infinite curiosity and I, frankly, remained horrified by his behaviour.

This appeared so terrible to me that I exclaimed, *"What do you think you are doing? You are committing a great sacrilege. For God's sake, withdraw yourself from here and leave the relic in its place."* Nevertheless, the Master filled with infinite compassion replied, *"It is not his fault in this matter, he is asleep."*

Afterwards, like a pilgrim on the path who wants to heal the afflicted heart with a precious balm, he grasped the head of this sleeping neophyte, and blew the living FOHAT upon his face with the purpose of awakening him, but everything was useless. This Chela continued sleeping, dreaming.

So, filled with deep bitterness I said, *"How much I have fought there in the physical world in order for these people to awaken their consciousness and still they continue to sleep."* The Chela had assumed a gigantic figure. The pluralized 'I' (a conjunction of distinct and diverse entities), engulfed within the lunar bodies was giving him that aspect.

It was bizarre to see this enormous grayish coloured giant slowly walking like a zombie along the old atrium of this ancient Cathedral while heading towards his home where his

physical body was sleeping. In those moments I could only exclaim, *"What ugly lunar bodies they are!"* Nonetheless, the venerated Elder, while inebriated with compassion replied unto me, *"Inside the temple which you are now going to enter* (a Jinn Temple, an Aztec sanctuary), *there are many like this one so look at them with sympathy."* I replied, *"It is clear that I will look upon them with sympathy."*

Let us now talk about reincarnation. Are perchance these lunar creatures reincarnating? Could reincarnation exist where there is no individuality?

The doctrine of Krishna in the sacred country of Ganges teaches that only the Gods and demi Gods, heros, devas, and titans are reincarnating. In other words, we will say that only the Self- realized, those who have the Being incarnated can reincarnate.

The ego, the pluralized 'I' does not reincarnate. It is submitted to the Law of Eternal Return of all things. It returns into a new womb, it comes back into this valley of Samsara, it reincorporates.

PRACTICE:

The practices corresponding to the Rune TYR or TIR consist of placing the arms high above the head, then descending them to the sides while the hands are cupped like seashells. When lowering the straight arms pronounce the mantra " TIIIIIIIRRRRRRRR" (The sound of the letters 'I' and 'R' should be prolonged in order to awake the consciousness.)

The letter **'T'** or TAU strikes the consciousness in order to awaken it. The letter **'I'** works intensely within the blood which is the vehicle of the essence. The **'R'** while intensifying the circulation of the blood in the veins and in the sanguineous vessels, is operating marvels with the igneous flames by intensifying and stimulating the awakening.

CHAPTER 17

MEDITATION

Intellectual information is not a living experience. Erudition is not experimentation. Essays, tests, demonstrations, which are exclusively three-dimensional, are not uni-total, nor integral.

A faculty superior to the mind has to exist which must be independent from the intellect, capable of granting us knowledge and direct experience of any phenomena.

Opinions, concepts, theories, hypothesis do not signify verification, experimentation and complete consciousness of this or that phenomena.

Only when we liberate ourselves from the mind can we have the living experience of the Truth, of that which is the Reality, or of that which is found behind any phenomena in a potential state.

Mind exists in everything. The seven cosmos, the world, the moons, the suns are nothing else but crystallized and condensed mental substances.

The mind is also matter, although more rarefied. Mental substances exist in the mineral, plant, animal and human kingdoms.

The unique existing difference between the intellectual animal and the irrational beast is what is called intellect. The human biped gave intellectual form to the mind.

The world is nothing else but a mental illusory form which inevitably will be dissolved at the end of the Great Cosmic Day.

Myself your body, my friends, your things, my family, etc., are (in their depth) what the Hindustani name Maya (illusion), vain mental forms that sooner or later must be reduced to cosmic dust.

My affections, my most beloved beings that surround me, etc., are simple forms of the cosmic mind. They do not have real existence.

Intellectual dualism such as pleasure and pain, praise and slander, triumph and defeat, wealth and misery constitute the painful mechanism of the mind.

True happiness cannot exist within each one of us while we are slaves of the mind.

To ride on the donkey (the mind) in order to enter into the heavenly Jerusalem on Palm Sunday is urgent. Disgracefully, nowadays, the donkey rides on us, the miserable mortals of the mud of the earth.

No one can know the Truth while being a slave to the mind. That which is Reality is not a matter of suppositions but of direct experience.

Jesus, the Great Kabir said, *"Know the Truth, and this will set you free."* However, I tell you that truth is not a matter of affirmation or negation, of belief or doubt. The Truth must be directly experienced while in absence of the 'I' beyond the mind.

Whosoever liberates the self from the intellect can experience, can vividly verify, can feel an element which radically transforms.

When we liberate ourselves from the mind, then this mind is converted into a ductile, elastic and useful vehicle with which we express ourselves in this conscious world.

Superior logic invites us to think that liberating, emancipating ourselves from the mind, releasing ourselves from all mechanism is equivalent in fact to the awakening of the consciousness, to the termination of automatism.

That which is beyond the mind is Brahma, the uncreated eternal space, that which has no name, the Reality.

But let us study the facts, who is the one that wants to release himself, liberate himself from the mortifying mind?

It becomes obvious to answer this question by saying that the consciousness, the Buddhist interior principle, that part of the soul which we have in us, is what can and must be liberated.

The sole purpose of the mind is for the bitterness of our existence. Authentic, legitimate, real happiness is only possible when we emancipate ourselves from the intellect.

However, we must recognize that an inconvenience exists, as well as a capital obstacle and impediment in order to acquire that longed for liberation of the Essence. I am referring to the tremendous struggle of antithesis.

The Essence, the consciousness, even when of a Buddhic nature, disgracefully lives bottled up within the exaggerated intellectual dualism of the opposites 'yes and no', 'good and evil', 'high and low', 'mine and yours', 'like and dislike', 'pleasure and pain', etc.

By all means, it becomes luminous to deeply comprehend that when this tempest in the ocean of the mind ceases and the struggle between the opposites finishes, the Essence escapes and submerges itself within that which is the Reality.

What is very difficult, labourious, arduous and strenuous is the achieving of the absolute mental silence in all and each one of the 49 subconscious departments of the mind.

To reach, to obtain quietude and silence in the mere superficial intellectual level, or in some subconscious departments of the mind is not enough, because the Essence continues bottled up within the submerged infraconscious and unconscious dualism.

A blank mind is something extremely superficial, hollow and intellectual. What we need is serene reflection if what we truly want is to achieve the quietude and absolute silence of the mind.

The Chinese word **'MO'** signifies silence or serenity, and the word **'CHAO'** signifies to reflect or to observe.

Consequently, **'MO CHAO'** can be translated as serene reflection or serene observation.

However, it is clear to comprehend that in pure Gnosticism, the terms serenity and reflection have much more profound meanings and therefore should be comprehended within special connotations.

The sense of serenity transcends that which is normally understood as calmness or tranquility. It implies a superlative state which is beyond reasoning, desires, contradictions and words. It signifies a situation which is beyond mundane noise.

The sense of reflection in itself is beyond what is always understood as contemplation of a problem or idea. Here this word does not imply mental activity or contemplative thought, but rather a type of objective consciousness, clear and reflective, always illuminated within its own experience.

Therefore, serenity signifies the serenity of no thought, and reflection signifies intense and clear consciousness.

Serene reflection is the clear consciousness within the tranquility of no thought. When the perfect serenity reigns, the true profound Illumination is achieved.

CHAPTER 18

THE DEFORMED GIANT POLYPHEMUS

Men and Gods, you must remember that damned land where the deformed giant Polyphemus filthily abided. He was always accompanied by a hundred of his brothers who were equivalent in his cruelty and monstrous stature.

Ulysses, the cunning warrior, destroyer of citadels, was sheltered with his people in the cave of this ogre, who started devouring all the guests without respecting any rule of hospitality.

However, Ulysses, the sagacious warrior who was skillful, shrewd and sharp in every type of mischief, achieved the inebriation of this enormous giant (who was satiated with human flesh) with delicious wine.

So, the monster was sleeping on his back on the ground close to his cave and vomiting wine mixed with scattered flesh of those that he had inhumanely sacrificed.

A good opportunity exists for any warrior who is within the mouth of the wolf and it is clear that the king of Ithaca (Ulysses) knew how to take advantage of such a situation.

It is said by those with wisdom that this sly warrior, cunning, artful as no other, took a sharp pointed stake which was hardened by fire and stabbed it without any consideration into the frontal eye of this Colossus. Afterwards, he fled with haste far away from that cavern.

Aeneas, the illustrious Trojan man verified the reality of the former story when he was navigating towards the land of Lacinium.

He disembarked with his people on that inhospitable land and he listened to this story from the lips of Achaemenides. He saw Polyphemus appearing high up on the mountain. This blind giant was walking with his sheep, heaving his vast bulk down from a high cliff, towards the shore he knew so well.

Possessed by panic, the Trojans cut the cables, embarked in concealment and took with them Achaemenides. The giant heard the struggling of the oars, and though not able to pursue the navigators, he raised a great clamour as when a lion roars, and then one hundred Titans appeared, similar in stature to the high cedars or pines which adorn the sacred forest of Diana.

These are, then, the Titans, the Giants of antiquity, the ante and post diluvian Gibborim of the Bible.

The five statues of Bamian which are discovered by the famous Chinese traveller Hiouen Thsang come into my memory.

The largest is made to represent the first Root Race of mankind. Its protoplasmic (semi-ethereal, semi-physical) body was commemorated in hard everlasting stone, for the instruction of future generations, as its remembrance would otherwise never have survived the Atlantean Deluge.

The second statue, 120 feet high, represents with complete clarity the Hyperborean Root Race, the sweat-born.

The third measuring 60 feet high, wisely immortalizes the Lemurian Root Race which inhabited the continent *Mu*, or Lemuria which was situated in the Pacific Ocean. The last descendants are represented in the famous Statues found on Easter Island.

The fourth Root Race is represented by the next corresponding statue. This race lived in the Atlantean continent, situated in the Atlantic Ocean, and was still smaller than the previous one, though gigantic in comparison with our present fifth Root Race.

The last of these five images is a little higher than the average tall person of our actual Root Race. It is obvious that this statue personifies the Arian humanity which inhabits the present continents.

There exist everywhere, in all the corners of the world, Cyclopean ruins and colossal stones which are a living testimony of these giants.

Gigantic stones that walk, talk, utter oracles and even sing existed in the ancient times.

It is written that the Christ-stone, the spiritual Rock that followed Israel became a Jupiter lapis, swallowed by his father Saturn, under the shape of a pedernal (flint).

There could never have been a Stonehenge, a Carnac (Britain) and other such Cyclopean structures, if there had never been the existence of Giants to move about such colossal rocks.

If in foregone times the true and legitimate magic science would not have existed upon the face of the earth, then, there never would have existed so many testimonies of these Oracle and Chattering Stones.

In a poem on Stones attributed to Orpheus, these stones are divided into *ophites* and *siderites* (serpent stones and star stones).

The *ophite* is shaggy, hard, heavy, black and has the gift of speech. When one is prepared to cast it away, it produces a sound similar to the cry of a child. It was by means of this type of stone that Helenus predicted the destruction of Troy, his beloved country.

Very ancient sacred documents affirm that Eusebius never parted with his *Ophites*, and he received oracles from them, delivered in a small voice resembling a low whistling.

This was the same of course as the small voice heard by Elias or Elijah after the earthquake at the mouth of the cave (I Kings 19:12).

The famous stone of Westminster was called Liafail, or the speaking stone, which raised its voice only to name the king that had to be chosen. This stone had an inscription that is now erased by the dust of the centuries, which said:

Ni fallat fatum, Scoti quocumque locatum
Invenient lapidem, regnasse tenentur ibidem.

Suidas talked about a man that could distinguish with a mere glance the inanimate stones from those which were endowed with motion. Pliny mentions stones which ran away when a hand approached them.

The monstrous stones of Stonehenge were called in ancient times chior-gaur, or the dance of the giants.

Various very erudite authors, when writing of the ruins of Stonehenge, Carnac and West Hoadley, give marvelous information about this particular subject.

In those regions, enormous monoliths are found. Some of them weigh approximately 500,000 kilograms. The giants of ancient times were those who once could raise such boulders and could place them in perfect symmetrical order, setting them down with such marvelous equilibrium that they barely seemed to touch the ground. They are set in motion at the slightest touch of a finger, and would yet resist the efforts of twenty men who should attempt to displace them.

Giants were the ones who transported the stones for the construction of the pyramids of Egypt.

The Oscillating Stone was a medium for divination used by giants, but why do they oscillate? The most enormous of them are evidently relics of the Atlanteans. The smallest of them, like the rocks of Brimham, with oscillating rocks on their summit, are copies of the most ancient Lithoid.

CHAPTER 19

RUNE BAR 

When speaking in the golden language, in the very pure gold of divine language, with mystical astonishment we discover that in Syrian 'BAR' signifies SON.

BARON: This word in itself is broken down into two sacred syllables, BAR and ON. This must be intelligently translated as the SON of the EARTH.

Christ the Solar Logos is something more profound. In the Aramaic language, Christ is BAR-HAM, the Son of Man.

Certainly, the Christos or the cosmic and triumphant Chrestos is not Jesus, though He was incarnated within him. He was neither the Buddha, but He flourished in his fertile lips made verb.

He was not Moses, but He shone in his face, there on the mount Nebo. He was not Hermes, but He lived reincorporated within him. The Lord Chrestos is deprived of individuality.

Whosoever knows, the Word gives power to. No one has uttered It, no one will utter It, except the one who has incarnated It (the Word, Christ).

The son of Man (whether he is named Jesus, Buddha, Krishna or any other name) *must suffer many things, and be rejected of the elders* (those who are passing in this world as being prudent, judicious and discreet) *and chief priests* (constituted by men with mundane authority) *and scribes* (those who pass as being wise in this world), *and be slain, and be raised the third day... But I tell you of a truth, there be some standing here, which shall not taste of death, till they see the kingdom of God*

If any man will come after me, let him deny himself (let him dissolve the 'I'), *and take up his cross daily, and follow me... For whosoever will save his soul* (the egocentric person) *shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his soul for my sake* (the one who wants to die within himself), *the same shall save it.*

For what is a man advantage, if he gain the whole world and lose himself or be cast away?

For whosoever shall be ashamed of me and my words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed, when he shall come in his own glory, and in his Father's, and of the holy angels. (Luke 9: 22 to 27).

When we study cosmic grammar, then we can verify for ourselves that an intimate relationship exists between the Runes TYR or TIR and BAR.

TIR esoterically corresponds to the zodiacal sign of Pisces, and BAR burningly shines in the brilliant constellation of Aries. This reminds us of the existing occult relationship between water and fire, death and life.

If we place before the sacred syllable AR the letter B, then, we indicate with this the necessity of attracting the Sun to the Earth. AR-BAR-MAN is the primeval name of Abraham.

To incarnate Christ in and within oneself is what is vital, cardinal and fundamental in order to convert oneself into the Son of Man. This is the only way in which to have the right of entering into the Order of Melchizedek.

It becomes opportune to remind the children of the Earth, the dwellers of this world, this Lunar Race, that just as the water put an end to ancient history, as well, very soon now, the fire will destroy everything with life that is thereon.

Woe! Woe! Woe to the dwellers of the earth; woe to this perverse race of Adam.

But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up. (Peter II: 3:10)

It is good for the children of the Earth to know that the Solar Race dwells within the One Thousand and One Nights, the Jinn lands.

Truly, it is urgent, indispensable and necessary to convert ourselves into Kings or Queens and Priests or Priestesses of Nature in accordance with the Order of Melchisedec. This is the only way to be saved.

Among the multiple, disquieting faces of life, we have and must clearly affirm that next to our very side, another humanity exists which is invisible to us because of our sins and sexual abuses.

With the consent of the very venerable and respectable Masters, I have been granted the right to inform the lunar people that the Order of Melchisedec has many confraternities.

Let us remember just for a moment the transcendental Monsalvat, the exotic Shamballa, the sacred island of the north which is situated in that polar spherical segment, the Sacred Order of Tibet to which I have the honour of being affiliated, etc.

It is obvious that such ineffable corporations are unapproachable, thanks to the Veil of Isis. It is beneficial to explain to people that the sexual Adamic veil can only be lifted up by the Intimate Christ.

The Son of Man is born from the fire and the water. This is the Synthesis Religion, the doctrine of Jano with its three radicals, I. A. O. But the children of the Earth abhor this doctrine, since their motto is: *"Let us eat and drink, since tomorrow we will die."*

It is written that the Atlantean Root Race was devoured by the Averno, and that only the children of the Sun were saved.

This event will be repeated in accordance with the Law of Reoccurrence. The entrance of this present humanity into the submerged involution of this planetary organism on which we live becomes evident.

Three type of churches exist:

First, the Triumphant Church, which is represented by the few Knights of the Grail who persisted to remain pure;

Second, the Failing Church, represented by those who abhor the Initiatic Stone;

Third, the Militant Church, represented by the others, who as Mary Magdalene, Paul of Tarsus, Kundry, and Amphortas, are still in rebellion against the seductive Luciferin fire.

The Triumphant Church is certainly the church of the brethren who have already remounted upon the rash path of salvation -*PER ASPERA AD ASTRA*- as the Latin motto says true children of God in the most beautiful mystical sense.

Children of God and Son of Man are synonyms in Christic esoterism. They are the Knights of the Holy Grail.

ESOTERIC PRACTICE:

You must intelligently combine the exercises of the Rune BAR with the exercises of the Rune TYR or TIR.

Place the arms high above the head, descending them while the hands are cupped as shells, and while singing the mantras TIR, BAR, as follows: TIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIRRRRRRRRRR……., BAAAAAAAAARRRRRRR…….

Objective of this practice:

1. To wisely mix within our own interior universe the magical forces of the two Runes.
2. To awaken consciousness.
3. To intimately accumulate Christic Atoms of high voltage.

CHAPTER 20

THE TEN RULES FOR MEDITATION

Scientific Meditation has ten basic fundamental rules. Without them the emancipation and liberation from the mortifying shackles of the mind becomes impossible.

1st Rule. - To be completely conscious of the psychological mood in which we are situated, before the arising of any thought.

2nd Rule. - Psycho-Analysis: To investigate the root, and origin of each thought, remembrance, affection, emotion, feeling, resentment, etc. while they emerge from within the mind.

3rd Rule. - To serenely observe our own mind, to put perfect attention on all mental forms which appear on the screen of the intellect.

4th Rule.- To try remembering and recalling the "Sensation of Contemplation" from moment to moment during the common and current course of daily life.

5th Rule. - The intellect must assume a psychological, receptive, integral, uni-total, complete, tranquil and profound state.

6th Rule. - A continuity of purpose, tenacity, firmness, constancy and insistence must exist in the technique of Meditation.

7th Rule. - To assist any time we can in the Meditation Rooms of the Gnostic Lumisials is affable.

8th Rule. - It is peremptory, urgent and necessary to convert ourselves into watchers of our own mind, during any agitated or revolving activity, to stop at least for an instant in order to observe it.

9th Rule. - It is indispensable and necessary to always practice with closed eyes, with the goal of avoiding the external sensorial perceptions.

10th Rule.- Absolute relaxation of all the body and the wise combination of meditation with drowsiness.

Beloved reader, the moment has arrived in order to judiciously weigh and analyze these ten scientific rules of Meditation.

A. - The principle, base and living foundation of Samadhi (ecstasy), consists of the previous introspective knowledge of oneself. To introvert ourselves is indispensable during the deepest meditation. We must start to profoundly know the psychological mood which we are in before the appearance of any mental form in the intellect. It becomes

urgent to comprehend that any thought which emerges from within our understanding is always preceded by pain or pleasure, happiness or sadness, like or dislike.

B. - SERENE REFLECTION. Examine, estimate and inquire about the origin, cause, reason or fundamental motive of every thought, remembrance, image, affection, desire, etc., while they emerge from within the mind. Self-Discovery and Self-Revelation exist in this second rule.

C. - SERENE OBSERVATION. Pay perfect attention to every mental form which makes its apparition on the screen of the intellect.

D. - We must convert ourselves into spies of our own mind, by contemplating it in action from instant to instant.

E. - The CHITTA (mind), is transformed into VRITTIS (vibratory waves). The mind is like a pleasant and tranquil lake. A rock falls in this lake, then bubbles emerge from the bottom. All the different thoughts are perturbed buckles upon the surface of the waters.

Let the lake of the mind remain crystalline, without waves, serene and profound during the meditation.

F.- The inconstant people, who are voluble, versatile, changeable, without firmness, without will will never achieve the Ecstasy, the Satori, the Samadhi.

G. - It is obvious that the Scientific Meditation can be practised individually or in an isolated way, as well as in a group of affine people.

H. - The soul must be liberated from the body, affections and the mind. It is evident, notorious and obvious that when the soul is emancipated from the intellect, it is radically liberated from the rest.

I. - To eliminate the external sensorial perceptions during the interior profound meditation is urgent, indispensable and necessary.

J.- It is indispensable to relax the body for the meditation, no muscle must remain with tension. It is urgent to provoke and to regulate drowsiness by will.

It is evident, notorious and unarguable that from the wise combination of drowsiness and meditation, that which is called Illumination is the outcome.

RESULTS: Upon the mysterious threshold of the Temple of Delphi, a Greek maxim existed, which was engraved in the stone and said: *"HOMMO NOSCETE IPSUM"*, Man know thyself and thou will know the universe and the Gods.

In the final instance, it is obvious, evident and clear that the study of oneself, and serene reflection conclude in the quietude and in the silence of the mind.

When the mind is quiet and in silence, not only in the intellectual level, but in all and each one of the forty-nine subconscious departments, then the Newness emerges. The Essence, the consciousness is unbottled, and the awakening of the soul, that is to say, the Ecstasy, the Samadhi, the Satori of the Saints occurs.

The mystical experience of the Reality transforms us radically. People who have never directly experimented with what is the Truth live like butterflies from school to school.

They have yet to find their centre of cosmic gravitation. Therefore, they die as failures, and without having achieved the so-longed for intimate Self-realization.

The awakening of the consciousness, of the Essence, of the soul or Buddhata is only possible by liberating, emancipating ourselves from the mental dualism, from the struggle of the antithesis, of the intellectual waves.

Any subconscious, infra conscious and unconscious submerged struggle is converted into a bondage for the liberation of the Essence (soul).

Every antithetical battle, as insignificant and unconscious as it might appear, indicates, accuses, aims to obscure points which are ignored, unknown within the atomic infernos of the human being.

To reflect, observe and know these infra human aspects, these obscure points of oneself is indispensable in order to achieve the absolute quietude and silence of the mind.

To experience that which is not of time is only possible while in absence of the 'I'.

CHAPTER 21

THE TRAGEDY OF THE QUEEN DIDO

No one can deny that the Eternal Mother Space has two rival aspects: Venus and Astaroth, Heva and Lilith, Sophia Achamoth and Sophia Prunikos.

Let us now talk about Venus or it is better if we say, let us talk of Astaroth which is its negative aspect, and PRAKRITI's tenebrous antithesis in Nature and in the human being.

Long ago, over many centuries, we find how the heart of the Queen Dido became inflamed by the cruelty of KALI. The unhappy Sovereign did not want to comprehend that her passion was contrary to the will of the Holy Gods.

Oh Dido! Light of a delectable dream, flower from an enchanted myth, your admirable beauty sings the grace of Hermafroditus with the aerial enchantment of Atalanta, and from your ambiguous form the evocative ancient Muse raises a hymn to the fire.

Thus, from the old wine poured down within the amphora, Aeneas thirstily drank. Therefore, Phoebus frowned his forehead, and Juno frowned her own as well, but nodding in assent, Kali Astaroth laughed as always when Eros untied his philter within the chalices of Hebe.

So, before meeting the illustrious Trojan man Aeneas, the saddened Queen spurned the love of Jarbas, the King of Libya, a courageous man who did not tolerate any offense, a terrific archer who dwelled with his people of war close to the African desert.

Poor Dido! ... What a terrible intimate struggle she would have to endure between her sacred duty, the love of her people and the cruel wound of Cupid, who began his destructive labour by incessantly erasing from the memory of the Sovereign the image of Sychaeus, her former husband.

LILITH-ASTAROTH...what damage have you caused! Goddess of Desire and Passions, Mother of Cupid...the human tempests shed blood from their hearts because of you. Thus, this is how, oh Queen, you put your tremendous oath aside and into oblivion, by finding on the path of your life a Trojan who placed on your thirsty lips a new breath, a beautiful cup of delicious wine.

Then, when Cupid arrived, a wild triple flame was lit in your scarlet blood, and among grapevines of fire you delivered the vintage of your life to a dreadful sexual passion.

This beauty, whose terrible fate commanded with much tenderness that she be martyrised, received from Lucifer a rare black pearl for her tiara of madness.

Thus, the unhappy Queen consulted her dearest sister Anna, and both of them traversed the altars of their diverse Gods in search of presages that would favour her desires.

They immolated victims to Ceres, to Phoebus Apollo, and to Dionysus and especially to Juno who is the Goddess of women who work in the Ninth Sphere. Juno also presides over Just and perfect nuptial ceremonies.

Many times (oh God!), the tragic Queen bent herself over the open wounds of the innocent sacrificed victims, inspecting inside their palpitating inner organs. Yet, an enamoured woman who has her consciousness asleep clearly will always be ready to interpret all the signs in favour of her dream.

From heaven, Juno, the Goddess of Initiated women was observing with indignation the tenebrous progresses that Kali Astaroth was making upon the poor Dido, but all of Juno's claims and protests were in vain.

Consumed by passion, the unhappy Sovereign was walking in vigil every night, exclusively thinking of Aeneas.

Madly in love, the Trojan Aeneas rebuilt the walls of Carthage and worked in the fortification of this foreign city.

Ah! How distinct the fate of poor Dido would have been if Mercury, the messenger of the Gods did not intervene.

The epic Trojan paladin had to march towards Lacinium, and to forget she who adored him. Such was the command of Jupiter, father of Gods and men.

…*"You are not the son of a goddess and Dardanus was not the first founder of your family. It was the Caucasus that fathered you on its hard rocks and Hyrcanian tigers offered you their udders."* This is what the desperate enraged Sovereign exclaimed.

Useless were all of her complaints and her mourning... If this unhappy bride was not in Aulis, sacrificing to the Gods in order to invoke the destruction of the city of Priam, and if she was never in alliance with the Acheans, then why (oh God of mine!) should this unhappy woman have suffered so much?

This unfortunate Sovereign, transformed into a slave by the cruel dart of sexual passion, was invoking death.

Useless were her offerings before the altar of the Goddess Juno, since animal passion receives no answer from the Gods.

Ah! If people could know that the poison of animal passion cheats the mind and heart...

The disgraced Queen believed herself to be in love, the dart of Cupid was inserted in her heart, but certainly in its depth, passion was that which she felt.

So, the unhappy one cried upon the altar of Juno, and suddenly, the lustral water became black like a sackcloth of hair and the sacred wine of libation became red as blood.

Terrible were the moments... Upon the solitary dome of the palace, the owl of death sung his sinister song, and at times the Sovereign dreamt of herself walking in a desert without limits in search of her adored Aeneas or desperately escaping while being chased by the merciless Furies.

Nevertheless, the unhappy one did not ignore the magical, marvelous and infallible procedures in order to forget her bestial passion.

…*"Go now telling no one* (said she unto her sister Anna), *and build up a pyre under the open sky in the inner courtyard of the palace and lay on it the armour this traitor has left hanging on the walls of my room, everything there is of his remaining, including that .sword which was engraved with gold and that he offered as a present for our nuptial wedding which was never fulfilled, and the marriage bed on which I was destroyed, I want to wipe Out everything that can remind me of such a man and that is what the priestess advised."*

Disgracefully, the passionate Sovereign instead of burning in that funeral pyre the remains of this illustrious Trojan man, resolved to immolate herself into that fire in a sudden blaze of madness.

She tied her royal temples with the band of the victims who are destined for sacrifice and at the foot of the funeral pyre she took as her witnesses the hundred Gods, as well as Erebus, Chaos and Hecate, the third aspect of the Divine Mother Space.

She, the unfortunate Sovereign who could have utilized the magical effects of the lunar herbs by using them as a fuel for the incineration of memories, passion and evil thoughts, instead, desired with violence to burn herself in the pyre of death.

She begged to the Sun, exclaimed to Juno, invoked the Furies of Vengeance and committed the error of damning Aeneas, and finally, pierced her heart with the Trojan's sword. Her sister found her already burning within the blazing fire of madness. Thus is how the Queen Dido died.

CHAPTER 22

RUNE UR 

Surveying from a height within the infinite space, searching and lurking within the Akashic Records of Nature, I could verify for myself that the Moon is the mother of the Earth.

Now, with the open Eye of Dangma, I will submerge myself within the Great Maya, the famous super soul of Emerson, the soul of the universe. I invite you, beloved reader, to study in depth this chapter. It is necessary to meditate on it, to go deeply into its content, to know its profound significance.

If you ask me who I am, I will answer you... I am one of the seven AMSHA-SPENTAS of the Zoroastrians, who was active in the past Mahamanvantara that was named the Lotus of Gold.

Therefore, I am going to give testimony of that which I have seen and heard. Listen to me men and Gods: I know in depth the Seven Mysteries of the Moon, the Seven Jewels, the Seven Surges of Life which evolved and devolved within that which the Theosophists call the "Lunar Chain".

Certainly, the Moon is the satellite of the Earth only in one sense. What I am referring to is that it rotates around our planet.

When this matter is seen from another angle, when it is investigated with the Eye of Shiva (intense spiritual vision of the Adept or Jivan-Mukta), then, truly, the Earth becomes the satellite of the Moon.

The evidences in favour of this fact are found in the tides, in the changing cycles of the many forms of sicknesses which coincide with the lunar phases, in what we can observe within the development of plants, and in the very marked influence within the phenomena of conception and gestation of all creatures.

The Moon was an inhabited planet, but now it is just cold refuse, a shadow that is dragged by the new body (the Earth), which is where all of its powers and principles of life have been passed by transfusion. It is condemned to be in pursuit of the Earth throughout many ages. The Moon looks like a satellite, but it is a mother which rotates around its daughter (the Earth).

I lived among the Lunar humanity. I knew its seven Root Races, its epochs of civilization and barbarism, its alternating cycles of evolution and involution.

When the Selenites arrived to the sixth Sub-Race of the Fourth Round (the same age to which this Terrestrial humanity has already reached) I accomplished a similar mission to the one which I am accomplishing in these moments on the planet in which we live.
I taught to the people of the Moon the Synthesis-Religion, which is contained within the Initiatic Stone (the sex), the doctrine of Jano (I.A.O.) or the doctrine of the Jinns.

I lit the flame of Gnosis among the Selenites, I formed a Gnostic Movement there. Thus, I sowed the seed... and as I sowed, some seeds fell by the way side, and the mundane fowls of the air devoured them.

Some seeds fell upon rocks of discussions, theories and anxieties, where there did not exist profound and reflective people. As soon as they sprung up, they withered away before the light of the sun, for they did not pass the ordeal of fire, as they did not have roots.

Some fell among the thorns of brothers and sisters who hurt each other with their thorns of slander and gossip, etc. So, the thorns sprang up with the seeds, and choked them.

Fortunately, my labour as a sower was not in vain, since some seeds fell on good ground, and sprang up, and bore fruit, some a hundredfold, some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold.

Many latent faculties exist within the Devamatri, Aditi or Cosmic Space, inside the Runic UR, within the Microcosms, Machine-Man or better if we say Intellectual Animal, that could be developed through tremendous intimate super-efforts.

On the ancient Moon, in those times before it became a corpse, those who accepted the Synthesis- Religion of Jano, became saved and they transformed themselves into Angels. Nevertheless, the great majority, those who were enemies of the Maithuna, those who rejected the Initiatic Stone (the sex), converted themselves into Lucifers, terribly perverse demons which the Bible refers to.

As usual, a third party is never missing... so, in that Lunar Apocalypse, a certain cold group at last became fiery, and they accepted the work in the Ninth Sphere (the sex). A new abode was granted to these people, in order for them to work with the Brute Stone until giving it perfect cubic form.

"The stone which the builders disallowed, the same is made the head of the corner, and stone of stumbling, and a rock of offense." (Peter I, 2:7-8)

In those times the Selenites had a dreadful sanguinary religion. The Pontiff of such a cult, sentenced me with the death penalty, and I was crucified upon the summit of a mountain close to a great city.

The transference of all the vital powers of the Moon to this planet Earth left that old Selenite abode without life. Therefore, the Lunar-Soul is now reincarnated in this world upon which we live.

I was absorbed within the Absolute at the end of that Lunar Mahamanvantara which endured 311,040,000,000,000 years, or, in other words, an age of Brahma.
It is indispensable to say that after the Great Day, the Monadic waves of the moon submerged themselves within the Runic UR, within the profound womb of the Eternal Mother Space.

It is urgent to affirm that during such Maha-Samadhi (Ecstasy without end), we (the Monadic waves) penetrated much more deeply, and thus, we arrived to the Father, Brahma, the Universal Spirit of Life.

It is necessary to clarify that Brahma submerged himself into the Absolute during the whole period of the Maha-Pralaya, the Great Night.

While we, the Brethren were in that tremendous Para-Nirvanic repose, the Unknown Darkness converted itself into Uncreated Light for us.

UHR is the clock, the time measurement, thus, the Mahamanvantara RHU is the repose, the Great Pralaya.

Certainly, the Cosmic Night endures as much as the Great Day. It is my duty to affirm that each one of us, the Brethren, was radically absorbed within his own primordial atom, the Am Soph.

Therefore, when the dawn of the new Cosmic Day is initiated, the Eternal Mother-Space widens herself from inside towards the outer like a lotus bud. Thus, this is how the universe is gestated inside the womb of PRAKRITI.

PRACTICE:

Loving our Divine Mother and thinking in that great womb where the worlds are gestated, let us pray daily as follows:

Within my internal real Being resides the Divine Light, RAAAAAMMMMM IIIIIIIIOOOOOOO is the Mother of my Being, Devi Kundalini, RAAAAMMMM IIIIIIIOOOOOO, help me... RAAAAAAMMMMMM IIIIIIIIOOOOO assist me, illuminate me.

RAAAAAAMMMMM IIIIIIIIOOOOOOO, Divine Mother of mine, Isis of mine, Thou hast the child Horus, my true Being, in thy arms. I need to die within my self so that my Essence might be lost in Him...Him. ..Him...

INDICATION:

This prayer must be performed before the sun, with raised arms and hands. The legs must be opened, and the body slightly crouched, thus awaiting to receive Light and more Light.

CHAPTER 23

THE STORY OF THE MASTER MENG SHAN

Old traditions which are lost in the night of the centuries, say that the Chinese Master *Meng Shan* knew the science of meditation before the age of twenty.

It is stated by the yellow skinned Mystics that from such an age until thirty-two, the cited Master was studying with the Eighteen Elders.

Certainly, it is interesting, pleasant and worthwhile to know that this great illuminated one was studying with infinite humbleness at the feet of the venerable elder Wan Shan, who taught him how to intelligently utilize the powerful mantra **WU**. This mantra is pronounced like a double **U**, and wisely imitates the howl or sound of the hurricane when blowing within the rifts of the mountains.

This brother could never forget the state of alert perception and alert novelty, which are so indispensable and so urgent for the awakening of the consciousness.

The venerable elder Guru Wan Shan told him that during the twelve hours of the day, it is necessary to be alert like a cat which is lurking for a mouse, or like a hen which is brooding on her eggs. They do this without abandoning their duty, not even for a second.

Therefore, in these studies mere efforts are not worthy, only super-efforts are so. Since we are not illuminated, we must work without rest, like a mouse which is gnawing on a sarcophagus. If we practice in this manner, we will finally be liberated from the mind and we will experience in a direct way that element which radically transforms, that element which is the Truth.

One given day, after eighteen days and nights of profound interior meditation, Meng Shan sat down in order to drink tea, and then.. .(oh marvel!) he comprehended the intimate sense of a certain gesture of the Buddha showing a flower, and the deep significance of Mahakasyapa with his unforgettable exotic smile.

He then questioned three or four elders about such a mystic experience, but they kept silent. Other elders told him to identify such a living esoteric experience with the Samadhi, the Seal of the Ocean. Naturally, this wise advise inspired complete confidence in himself.

Meng Shan was triumphantly advancing in his studies, nonetheless, in life not everything comes up roses, there are also thorns. So, in the month of July, during the fifth year of Chindin (1264), he unfortunately got dysentery in Chunking, a province of Szechuan.

With death on his lips he decided to make his will and to dispose of his terrene goods. When this was done, he slowly rose to a sitting position, burned incense and sat on an

elevated place. There, in silence, he prayed to the three Blessed Ones and to the Holy Gods by repenting himself from all of the evil deeds he committed in his life.

However, since he considered the end of his existence definite, he asked the ineffable ones to hear his last petition: *"By means of the power of PRAJNA and a controlled mental state, I want to reincarnate myself in a favourable place, where I can become a Monk (Swami) at an early age"*

"If perchance I recuperate my self from this illness, I will renounce the world, will take the vows and I will try to carry the light to other young Buddhists."

After pronouncing these vows, he submerged himself into a profound meditation while mentally chanting the mantra WU. The sickness was tormenting him, his intestines were frighteningly torturing him, but he resolved not to pay attention to them.

Meng Shan radically forgot his own body, his eyelids were firmly closed, and he remained as if dead.

Chinese traditions tell us that when Meng Shan entered into meditation, only the Verb, that is to say, the mantra WU (U....U….) was resounding in his mind. Afterwards, he lost the notion of himself.

But, the sickness..? What became of it..? What happened..?

It is clear and lucid to comprehend that any affliction, illness, or pain has determined mental forms as a foundation. If we achieve the radical and absolute forgetftilness of any suffering, then the intellectual base is dissolved and the organic indisposition disappears as well.

When Meng Shan rose from his place at the beginning of the night, with infinite happiness he felt that he was already half cured. Then after, he sat anew, and continued being submerged into profound meditation until midnight. Thus, his cure became complete.

Meng Shan went to Chiang Ning in the month of August, and filled with faith he entered the priesthood. He remained one year in that monastery, afterwards he initiated a voyage in which he was cooking his own food, and washing his own clothes, etc. He then comprehended that the duty of meditation must be tenacious, resistant, strong, firm, constant, without ever getting tired of it.

Later on, walking throughout those Chinese lands, he arrived at the Monastery of the Yellow Dragon. While there, he deeply comprehended the necessity of the awakening of the consciousness. Afterwards, he continued his voyage towards Che Chiang.

Immediately after his arrival, he tossed himself at the feet of the Master Ku Chan from Chin Tien and swore not to leave the monastery until reaching the Illumination.

The time he lost during his voyage in the work of meditation was recuperated after one month of intense meditation. But in the interval, his body became filled with horrible blisters. He intentionally ignored them and continued with his esoteric discipline.

One given day, it does not manner which one, some people invited him to a delicious supper. While walking on the way there he took his Hua Tou and worked with it. Thus, he submerged himself into profound meditation and passed the door of his host without noticing it. So, he comprehended that he could keep ahead with his esoteric work while being in complete physical activity.

On the sixth of March, while Meng Shan was meditating with the help of the mantra WU, a monk who was the principal of the monastery, entered the Lumisial of meditation with the evident purpose of burning incense. However, it so happened that when this monk struck the box of the smoke-offering a noise was produced, and Meng Shan came to recognise himself and he could see and hear Chao Chou, a notorious Chinese Master.

"Desperate, I arrived at the dead end of the path. Then I stroked the wave (but) this was nothing else than water. Oh, that notorious old man Chao Chou whose face is so ugly."

All the Chinese biographers agree when they affirm that in autumn, Meng Shan had an interview with Hsueh Yen in Lingan and with Tui Keng, Shis Keng, Hsu Chou, and other notorious elders.

I understand that the Koan or enigmatic phrase which was decisive for Meng Shan was without any doubt the same one with which Wan Shan interrogated him.

"Is not that phrase: The light shines serenely upon the sand of the brook, a prosaic observation from this foolish Chang?"

The meditation upon this phrase was enough for Meng Shan. When later Wan Shan interrogated him with the same phrase, that is to say, when he repeated to him the same question, the yellow skinned mystic answered by throwing away the mattress of his bed, as if he was saying: *I AM ALREADY AWAKENED!*

CHAPTER 24

THE COUNTRY OF THE DEAD

Aeneas, the most excellent Trojan man, olympically and solemnly ascended the august mountain of Apollo on whose majestic summit the mysterious cavern of the Pythoness was found.

Close to the temple, there was the sacred forest of the third aspect of the Divine Mother Kundalini, an ineffable jungle of Hecate, Proserpine, Coaticlue.

It was a hermetically sealed sanctuary with one hundred doors, a glorious entrance on which Daedalus, the skillful sculptor, engraved marvelous embossments with his extraordinary mastery.

It is said that Icaros with his I.A.O. chiselled by his father on the sacred rock of that mysterious entrance, wanted to soar towards heaven, to convert himself into a Son of the Sun, but the wax that held his wings to his body melted and he fell into the horrifying precipice.

Icaros is the marvelous symbol of the vain intention of those who do not know how to work with the luminous and spermatic Fiat of the first instant. It is the disgrace and downfall of those Alchemists who spill the Raw Matter of the Great Work.

Was Daedalus not perhaps the famous sculptor, the creator of Icaros, and also the same one who taught Theseus how to escape from the intricate labyrinth of Crete...?

It was a horrifying corridor, and in the centre of this labyrinth was always found the famous Minotaur, a half-man half-beast (complicated intellect which is bottled up within the 'Myself).

We can make ourselves truly free only by eliminating the interior beast. We will reach the Intimate Self-Realization only by the dissolution of the animal ego.

"This is no time for you to be looking at sights like these (said the Priestess), *since soon Apollo, similar to a hurricane-wind will arrive."*

So, this illustrious Trojan man sacrificed a hundred black rams from a herd in honour to Proserpine, who is the third manifested aspect of the Eternal Mother Space, Queen of Hell and Death.

Thus, when the Sibyl spoke...oh God!... a frightening earthquake shook the bottom of the earth and, while transfigured, the virgin priestess cried: *"It is the God Apollo! The God Apollo is here!... Why are you hesitating, Trojan Aeneas? Why are you so slow to offer your vows and prayers? Until you have prayed the great mouths of my house are dumb and will not open."*

The legend of the centuries states that when this notorious man heard these venerated words, he poured out ardent prayers from the depths of his heart to Apollo.

Then, the priestess, with her voice transfigured by ecstasy, spoke and warned this most illustrious warrior to lay hold his foot upon the shores of Italy, and to establish himself in the kingdom of Lavinium.

She told him that a second Achilles, equal in strength to the first one would declare war upon him, and that the Latin rivers would be foaming with torrents of blood as the Simois and the Xanthus were in Troy. However, he must not give way to these adversities. Instead, he must face them all, since his road to safety, strange as it may seem, would start from a Greek city.

"With these words from her Sanctuary the Sibyl of Cumae sang in the mountain her fearful riddling prophecies, her voice boomed in the temple, and the earth howled as she wrapped the truth in darkness..." (Demonius est Deus Inversus).

So, the hero Aeneas began to beseech the Sibyl, he wept, and asked to be allowed to go into the country of the dead, he wanted to descend into the abode of Pluto and said:

"Since they say the gate of the king of the underworld is here and here too is the black swamp which the tide of Acheron floods, I pray to be allowed to go and look upon the face of my dear father. Show me the way and open the sacred door for me. On these shoulders I carried him away through the flames of the smoking Troy...

"Besides, it was my father himself who begged and commanded me to come to you as a supplicant and approach your doors...was not Orpheus allowed to summon the shade of his wife with the sound of the strings of his Thracian lyre? Do I need to speak of Theseus? Or of great Hercules? I too am descended from highest Jupiter (Aeneas was an Initiate)."

Certainly, to descend into the Averno in order to work in the Ninth Sphere and to dissolve the ego is easy, but it is dreadfully difficult to retrace our steps and to escape to the upper air. *"That is the task! That is the difficult labour!"*

Proserpine, the Queen of Hell and Death is certainly very capricious, and she always ordains that an offering must be brought to her from those who visit her. This offering is the golden bough, the golden branch of the tree of knowledge, with plenty seed.

Joyful is the one who finds this magic Tree (which, by the way, is not too far from us, since it is the very spinal medulla). The doors of Pluto will be open to this one.

Whosoever wants to ascend must previously descend, this is the Law. The Initiation is death and birth at the same time.

However, you who read these lines, let the dead bury their dead, but you go and follow me.

Whosoever wants to come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.

To deny the self signifies to dissolve the 'I', to die from moment to moment, to reduce the 'Myself to dust from instant to instant.

To take up the heavy Cross of the Master upon our shoulders is something very significant. The vertical pole of this sacred symbol is masculine, and the horizontal pole is feminine. The clue of the Second Birth is found in the sexual crossing of these two poles.

To follow the Lord from second to second signifies sacrifice for humanity, to be ready to give even our last drop of blood for our fellow men, to immolate ourselves upon the Sacred Altar of supreme love for the sake of all of our brethren of the world.

Now, Gods and mortals listen to me: The Sibyl and Aeneas penetrated into the womb of the earth through the dreadful cave.

I place the Genie of the earth as witness, in order to solemnly affirm that before entering into the Averno one has to pass through the Orcus (limbo). The Orcus is in itself a vestibule where many abide, such as: white faced Diseases, horrifying, perverse Hunger who is a corrupter of men, squalid Poverty, perverted Pleasures, murderous War, the Furies, raving Discord with blood- soaked ribbons binding her viperous hair, Pain and the idle dreams of the consciousness.

Here is where Aeneas found the stubborn dreams of people. Here is where he saw all manner of monstrous beasts like Briareus, the giant with his hundred arms, the Hydra of Lerna, who Hercules killed with mastery when cutting off all of its multiple heads, the Chimaera of people, which is a monster with the face of a goat, the Gorgons and Harpies (witches), etc.

The Orcus is the very throat of hell where the mysterious route, which conduces the lost souls to the Tartarous (Infernal Worlds) commences.

Aeneas and the Sibyl, while seated on the boat of Charon, navigated on the waters of Acheron and arrived to the other shore.

Aeneas also found Cerberus the demon of Gluttony, and Minos the inexorable judge, and he saw the gloomy river, which nine times serpentines the Ninth Sphere, and the terrible water-pools of Styx.

Within the Averno, the pitiful Aeneas found Dido the Queen who loved him and he was able to embrace his deceased father.

CHAPTER 25

RUNES DORN AND TORN

Just few days ago, it occurred to me to visit the Temple of Chapultepec in Mexico again.

A certain sister was humbly bowing herself before the door of the temple, thus imploring her admission. These types of sincere supplications are always heard.

Master Litelantes and I entered behind such a supplicant. Frankly, I cannot deny that I advanced filled with profound veneration and devotion, walking upon my own knees, as many penitents do. Thus, in this way, I ascended each one of the steps of the Sanctuary.

Litelantes entered very happy.... and a little bit playful. I had to become a little severe with her and because of my attitude she became surprised. *"Once inside the temple, I am different."* I said, addressing her.

A group of lunar people took advantage of this opportunity of open doors, poor people...

Litelantes and my insignificant person who has no value, felt ourselves so distinct to all of those people who were dressed with lunar rags... Truly, how different are the Solar Bodies!

What is astonishing is the way in which this lunar group advanced, without veneration, without respect.

However, I could clearly and with complete lucidity comprehend that I should see such a group with sympathy, since they were selected people and with a lot of merits.

Unfortunately, it was not an hour for a meeting, and the way in which these people entered was not organized either.

The Superior Master of the Temple was severely grumbling at them and he even took them out of the temple by singing in a very delectable language.. .thus, all of these people had to withdraw.

I have remained reflecting upon all of this. The Love of Christ is formidable because this lunar group is very sincere, even though these poor little ones have yet to achieve the Second Birth. But they deserve to be helped, so the Lord takes care and cultivates them, as if they were delicate little flowers from the greenhouse. Good opportunities will be finally granted unto them in order to work in the Ninth Sphere. Then, oh yes, disgrace be on them if they would fail in the difficult ordeal.

Since ancient times, the descent into the Ninth Sphere was the maximum ordeal for the supreme dignity of the Hierophant. Buddha, Jesus, Dante, Hermes, Krishna, Quetzalcoatl, etc. had to descend into the abode of Pluto.

Here is the cave where Cerberus, who is a prodigy of terror howls. With its barking, its three enormous flat-nosed heads and with serpents writhing on its neck, Cerberus fills all the defuncts with terror.

Those who died cheated by the poison of sexual passion dwell in those painful profundities as did Evadne, Pasiphae and Laodamia... and also the poor Queen Dido who swore to be faithful to the ashes of Sychaeus.

Here is where many heroes of ancient Troy live as did Glaucus, Medon, Thersilochus, Polyboetes, and also Idaeus who was so beloved yet feared.

Here is where the terrible shadows of Agamemnon and Ajax and many other Acheans, who fought against Troy are running and screaming, while reviving their life as if still fighting on the fields of battle sprinided with sunlight. They still are inebriated with light and blood.

Here is where the sinister city exists, encircled by a triple wall, and from where horrible groans and dragging and clanking of iron chains are heard.

Here are the three Furies: Desire, Mind and Evil Will who flog the guilty ones with whips which hiss as viperous tongues over them.

The Titans of ancient Atlantis, who intended to climb the firmament to conquer other worlds of the infinite space, without having reached the true Sanctity, also live there in those tenebrous submerged regions.

In the Tartarous live the fornicators, adulterers, homosexuals, assassins, drunkards, the avaricious, the selfish, thieves, swindlers, the angry, the violent, the greedy, the envious, the proud, the vain, the lazy, gluttons, the founders of evil doctrines, hypocritical Pharisees, traitors and materialistic atheists who are enemies of the Eternal One.

Immense, oh God, is the multitude of crimes which even if having one hundred mouths, a thousand tongues and a voice of steel, their enumeration can never be uttered.

To descend into those mineral regions of the earth, into that sub-world, becomes extremely easy, but to ascend again, to return up to the light of the sun is frightfully difficult, almost impossible.

When I was born in the Causal World, or better if we say the parallel universe of the Conscious

Will, then, the Sacred Cloth of Veronica shone upon the altar of the temple.

Many heads crowned with thorns that are chiselled in stone are found to be related to the Age of Bronze.

A cult to the God of Thorns existed. Such thorns, when treated with consideration and judiciously examined, present to us with clarity the symbolic figure of the Rune Thorn.

In these sacred mysteries of the Thorn Cult special practices were given in order to develop the Conscious Will.

Dorn, Thorn, signifies Will-Power. Remember Gnostic brethren that our motto is THELEMA.

The Divine Rostrum crowned with Thorns signifies Thelema, that is to say, Conscious Will.

Dorn is also the phallus, the volitive principle of Sexual Magic (Maithuna).

There is the need, by means of the phallus, to intelligently accumulate the seminal energy, and when it is refrained and transmuted, it is converted into Thelema (Will-Power).

Arm yourself with a will-power like steel, remember beloved reader that without the thorn which pierces or sticks, the spark does not jump, the light does not emerge.

We can return from the Tartarous and up to the light of the sun, only with Thelema (Christ Will).

Truly, I tell unto you that Christ Will knows how to obey the Father on earth as it is in heaven.

Take heed of the Evil Will, it is in itself the strength of Satan, that is to say, concentrated desire.

PRACTICE:

In the military position, on our feet, firm, and facing towards the east, place your right arm in such a way that your hand will remain resting upon your waist or hips, thus, performing the form of this Rune.

Now, you must sing the mantric syllables, TAAA…., TEEEE….., TIIIIIII…., TOOOOOO…… TUUUUU……, with the purpose of developing in yourself Christ-Will.

This exercise must be practiced every day at sunrise.

CHAPTER 26

THE "I"

You, who with mystical patience have auscultated the Arcanum of the mysterious night, you, who have comprehended the enigma which is hidden in each heart, as well as the resound of a far away carriage, of a vague echo, of a slight sound which is lost in the far off distance... listen to me.

In those instants of profound silence, when forgotten things emerge from the bottom of the memory, in those forgone times, in the hour of the dead, in the hour of repose, you will know how to study in depth this present chapter of the Fifth Gospel, not only with your mind, but also with your heart.

As if in a cup of gold, I pour my sufferings in these lines, sufferings of past remembrances and fatal disgraces, sorrowful nostalgia of my soul inebriated with flowers, mourning of my heart, sad from festivities.

But, what is that which I want to say?... Soul of mine!... Are you perhaps lamenting with vain complaints because of too many yesterdays?

You can still hunt for the perfumed rose and the fleur-de-lis, and at least there are also myrtles for your pitiful gray head.

The soul satiated with vain remembrances, cruelly is immolating what the ego enjoys, such as Zingua, the black and lubricous Queen of Angola.

You have enjoyed yourself with horrifying Bacchanals, stubborn pleasures within the mundane noise, and now, woe of thee! You heard the terrible imprecation of Ecciesiasticum.

Disgrace on thee!... Poor ego! The moment of passion bewitched you, but behold, how Ash Wednesday is arriving: MEMENTO HOMO.

Thus, this is why towards the mountain of Initiation the selected souls are going and they are defined as Anacreonte and Omar Kayan.

The old time gnaws everything with no clemency, and it goes quickly. You must know how to defeat it, Cintia, Cloe and Cidalisa.

While in the absence of the 'I' and beyond time, I experienced That, which is the Reality, the element which radically transforms.

To vividly experience the reality beyond the mind.., to experience in a direct way that which is not from time..., certainly, is something impossible to describe with words.

So, I was in that state which is known in the oriental world as Nirva-Kalpa-Samadhi. Being an individual, I had passed beyond any individuality, I felt for an instant that the drop was getting lost within the ocean that has no shores, the sea of indescribable light.. the bottomless abyss.. .the Buddhist void filled with glory and happiness.

How can the Illuminated Void be defined...? How can that which is beyond time be described...?

Thus, the Samadhi became extremely profound... The absolute absence of the 'I', the complete loss of Individuality, the more and more radical impersonalisation caused fear in me.

Yes, fear...! I was afraid of losing what I was, my own particularity, my human affections...! What a terrible thing is the Buddhist annihilation...!

So, filled with fright and even terror, I lost the ecstasy, I entered time, I bottled myself up within the 'I', I fell into the mind.

Then, woe of me!... Woe! Woe! It was then when I comprehended the inconvenient joke of the ego. The ego was the one who was suffering, it was afraid of its life, it was crying.

Satan, the 'Myself', my beloved ego, caused me the loss of my Samadhi. What a horror If I could have known it before...

But, the people adore their 'I' too much, they quality it as divine and sublime. Certainly, how mistaken they are...! Poor humanity...!

When I passed through this mystical living experience, I was still very young, and she (the night, the firmament) was named Urania.

Ah! crazy youth plays with such mundane things and sees in each woman a Greek Nymph, even when she could be a scarlet courtesan girl.

Such a time is now already distant! But, still I see orange blossoms in the green orange trees, which are impregnated with aromas, and in the old frigates which come from the distant seas, or in the haycock, or thick mangroves, your adored rostrum from that time begins to appear like the first sorrow and first love.

So, I comprehended that I needed to dissolve the ego, to reduce it into dust, in order to have the right to ecstasy.

Then... God of mine!... I found myself with many and too many yesterdays. Truly, the 'I' is a book of many volumes.

How difficult was the dissolution of the 'I' for me, but I achieved it. Sometimes when fleeing from evil, I was encountering the evil, and I cried.

For what use is the vile envy and lust, if their pale furies writhe as reptiles?

For what use is the fatal hatred of those who are ungrateful...? For what use are the libidinous gestures of the Pilates?

Within the depth of the most chaste men, the Biblical Adam lives inebriated with carnal passion, and delectably tastes the forbidden fruit, as does the naked Frine in the work of Fidias.

So, I cry out a lot to heaven, saying: *"Give unto this fawn which is in me, science, the wisdom which makes the angel shake his wings. Through praying and penance allow me to put in fugue the evil she-devils. Give me, oh Lord, other eyes, and not these ones that enjoy looking at the roundness of snow and red lips. Give me another mouth in which the ardent embers of asceticism can remain impregnated forever, and not this mouth of Adam in which wine and insane kisses are infinitely increasing and multiplying this bestial gluttony. Give me hands of discipline and penitence which can leave my back stained with blood, and not these lubricous hands of a lover which caress the sinning apples. Give me innocent Christic blood, and not this blood which makes my veins to boil, my nerves to vibrate, and my bones to crackle. I want to be free from evil and deceit. I want to die within myself and to feel a lovely hand which pushes me into that cave which always welcomes the hermit".*

So, by intensely working, oh my brethren, I arrived unto the kingdom of Death, through the path of Love.

Ah! ... if those who look for the illumination would truly comprehend that the soul is bottled up into the 'I'...

Ah! ... if they would destroy the 'I', if they would reduce to dust their beloved ego, then truly, their soul would remain free.. .in ecstasy...in a continuous Samadhi. Thus, they will directly experience that which is the Truth.

Whosoever wants to vividly experience the Reality, must eliminate the subjective elements of perception.

It is urgent to know that such elements constitute diverse entities which form the 'I'.

The soul profoundly sleeps within each one of those elements. What pain...!

CHAPTER 27

THE CRUEL ENCHANTRESS CIRCE

Ancient traditions of Latium narrate:

You too, Caieta, nurse of Aeneas, have given by your death eternal fame to our shores; the honour paid you there even now protects your resting-place, and your name marks the place where your bones lie great Hesperia, f that glory is of any value.

Good Aeneas duly performed the funeral rites and heaped up a barrow for the tomb, and when there was calm on the seas, he set sail and left the port behind him. A fair breeze kept blowing as night came on, the white moon lit their course and the sea shone in its shimmering rays. Keeping close inshore, they skirted the island of Calixto where Circe, the daughter of the Sun, lives among her riches...with her irresistible herbs the savage goddess had given to men the faces and hides of wild beasts.

The legend of the centuries states that Neptune, Lord of the sea, powerful God protector of devout Trojans, kept them from sailing into that harbour or coming near the deadly shore where the frightful Enchantress dwelled, by filling their sails with favouring winds...

Let us remember the case of Ulysses, cunning warrior, destroyer of citadels, the one who penetrated into the abode of Circe.

The old scriptures state that the warrior halted at the mysterious portals where the fair-tressed goddess lived. There he stood and called aloud and the goddess heard his voice, and she came forth and invited him to enter.

In *The Odyssey*, Ulysses himself tells of his adventure:

I went with her heavy at heart. So she led me in and set me on a chair with studs of silver, a goodly carven chair, and beneath was a footstool for the feet. And she made me a potion in a golden cup, that I might drink, and she also put a charm therein, in the evil counsel of her heart.

Now when she had given it and I had drunk it off and was not bewitched, she smote me with her wand and spoke and hailed me: "Go thy way now to the stye, couch thee there with the rest of thy company."

So Spoke she, but I drew my sharp sword from my thigh and sprang upon Circe, as one eager to slay her. But with a great cry she slipped under, and clasped my knees, and bewailing herself if spoke to me winged words:

"Who art thou of the sons of men, and whence? Where is thy city? Where are they that begat thee? I marvel to see how thou hast drunk of this charm, and wast nowise subdued..."

Circe transformed men into swine; but is this perchance possible? What does Licantrophy say about this? What do the Holy Gods say of this?

We have already spoken a great deal about the three states of the Eternal-Mother-Space. Do opposite aspects of Devamatri exist? What does Occult Science say about this?

Any given body which penetrates into the Fourth Dimension can change its shape, however, something else is needed. What could this be?

Let us go into the roots, into the very facts. It is urgent to comprehend in depth that the third aspect of the Cosmic Mother, whether named Hecate or Proserpine, has always the possibility of unfolding herself into two more aspects of an opposite or fatal type.

Let us define and clarify: These two negative aspects of Prakriti constitute that which is named Kali or Holy Mary.

The sixth Arcanum of the Tarot has the representation of these two polarities of the Great Mother-Space. Let us remember Virtue and Vice, the Virgin and the Whore, Heva the White Moon and Lilith the Black Moon.

Let us remember the two gracious wives of Shiva (the Third Logos), Parvati and Uma. Their antithesis are those two sanguinary and ferocious women, Durga and Kali, the latter being the tenebrous regent of this horrible age of Kali Yuga.

Kali is the tempting serpent of Eden. She is the abominable Kundartiguador organ, of which we have written a great deal about in our former Christmas messages. With the sinister power of such a fatal organ is how men are transformed into swine.

That the abominable Harpies convert themselves into frightful fowls, or that Apuleyus transforms himself into a donkey and the comrades of Ulysses into swine is certainly not an impossible task.

These are very natural phenomena of the Fourth Dimension, Fourth Vertical or Fourth Coordinate, and these phenomena are always performed with the tenebrous power of Kali or Circe.

Our affirmations might appear very strange to the readers who have never studied our former Christmas messages, however, in synthesis, we have to tell them that truly this Circe or Kali is the blind Fohatic force, the transcendental sexual electricity used in a malignant way.

If a Harpy introduces herself with her physical organism into the Fourth Vertical, and if afterwards she transforms herself into a bird of evil omen, or into any given beast, you can be completely sure that she has based the whole of her work on the sinister power of the abominable Kundartiguador organ.

Have you ever heard about the tail of Satan...? It is actually the sexual fire when projected from the coccyx downwards, towards the atomic infernos of the human being.

Such a Luciferin tail is found controlled by a malignant atom from the Secret Enemy. Occult anatomy teaches that such an atomic demon is found located in the magnetic centre of the coccyx.

It is in this abominable Kundartiguador organ (Satanic tail) where the whole leftist and sinister power of Kali, Circe or Holy Mary is found contained.

The Adepts of Black Tantrism, such as the Bons and Dugpas of red cap develop in themselves that blind Fohatic force of this cited fatal organ.

Licantrophy, the science of metamorphosis (commented on by Ovidius) has always existed. Presently, and as incredible as it may seem, there still exist modern Circes in some corners of the world, in this present twentieth century.

As for scoundrels, pseudo-learned ones, those who believe to be filled with virtues, what does it matter to science or to us if they laugh?

There exists an abundance of Licantrophy and modern Circes in the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, Mexico.

We know the concrete case of a certain specimen who was a drunkard Don Juan, a certain remarkable gentleman who had the bad taste of having sexual relations with an ultra-modern Circe of the new age.

It is clear by all means that such a Don Juan placed the whole starry heaven at this Harpy's feet, painting rainbows in the sky for her, and making formidable promises to her.

"If you do not accomplish your pledged word, I will convert you into a donkey." Such was the cunning comment of the beautiful she-devil. Her lover laughed at what seemed to be a simple joke.

Days were passing and even weeks without this suburban Don Juan remotely thinking of accomplishing his romantic promises.

But something unusual happened. On a given night, he did not return to his apartment.

His roommate thought that perhaps Don Juan was fooling around somewhere, having found some new adventure.

However, his absence was prolonged far too long...many nights passed and nothing. Finally, while preoccupied, he suddenly saw that instead of Don Juan, a donkey was appearing which was insisting to go inside the apartment.

So, the good friend went to the streets in search of Don Juan, he interrogated the beautiful Circe, he inquired and finally she told him... *"Your friend is wandering around, behold him!"* and she pointed to the donkey.

The guffaw, the malicious sarcasm... the thundering laughter of one of her friends (another very beautiful she-devil) was something definitive. This man comprehended everything.

Later on, some good people advised him to leave from that place before it would become too late for him as well.

So, the best thing which this poor man did was to return towards the capital city of Mexico.

CHAPTER 28

RUNE OS 

It is urgent, indispensable, and unpostponable that we deeply study the problem of sexual transmutation for single people in this 1968-1969 Christmas message.

Innumerable letters from many single students suffering from nocturnal pollutions are constantly arriving to this patriarchal headquarters of the Gnostic movement.

Certainly, nocturnal pollutions are something filthy, dirty and execrative. We always answer that the medicine against such subjective states is sexual magic, the Maithuna.

However, we must clarify this matter. While we remain very alive, in other words, while we remain with the ego existing in the forty-nine regions of the subconsciousness, erotic dreams inevitably will continue.

Nonetheless, to make light within the darkness, we must emphatically affirm that the Maithuna establishes an adequate foundation in order to avoid nocturnal pollutions, even when pornographic dreams continue.

What occurs is that with the Sahaja Maithuna (sex-yoga), the Chela (disciple) becomes accustomed to refraining the sexual impulse often. Therefore, when an erotic dream is produced, the mind refrains the sexual impulse by instinct. This is how we avoid what is called a nocturnal pollution or the lamentable loss of the vital liquor.

It is clear, certain and evident that such a formula helps when one has continuity of purpose. Thus, daily practice is needed, year after year, with intensity.

Unfortunately, this formula only works when one has a spouse, but, what about those who are single, who do not have a spouse? Then what?

Here is precisely where the problem resides, and it is certainly very grave. If what we truly want is to utilize this formula, then what we need is to get a spouse.

Now, let us pass into another very similar matter. I want to refer to sexual transmutation for single men and women.

It would be lamentable if single men and women could not utilize the sexual energy in some way. They also need to progress. So how? Well, let us get to the roots, to the facts.

I do not want to say that those who are single can Self-realize themselves in depth. They cannot, because it is clear that without the Maithuna, it is more than impossible to reach the Adepthood, which is so longed for.

Nevertheless, those who are single can and must utilize the creative energy for the awakening of the consciousness.

What we need to know is the technique, and this is precisely what this present chapter is committed to. Thus, let us now in full, enter into the fields of the Rune Os.

This Rune intensely vibrates with the Constellation of the Scorpion, which is very important because this court of stars is found intimately related with the sexual organs.

This is the same Rune Olin of Aztec Mexico and it is esoterically related with the famous Rune Thorn.

Among the Aztecs, Olin is the mystical symbol of the God of Wind, the Lord of the Cosmic Movement. The name of this angel is Ehecati, the one who intervened in the resurrection of Jesus by transmitting Prana, life into the body of the great Kabir and saying: *"Jesus rise with your body from within your tomb."*

I personally know the angel Ehecati, the God of Wind. He is certainly an extraordinary Deva who lives in the World of the Conscious Will. So then, we can see the intimate existent esoteric relation between the Rune Os and the Rune Thorn (movement and will).

Albeit, the many "super-transcended" stubborn ones from the worthless pseudo-esoterism and pseudo occultism will laugh at the notion of elemental creatures of Nature, considering them fantasy. Even when they mock and do scoff at Paracelsus and his elementals, such as Gnomes, Pygmies, Sylphs, Salamanders, etc., etc., these elementals have existed, do exist, and will always continue to exist, eternally.

Ehecatl is certainly a Guru Deva who has power over the Sylphs of the air. So, what if the foolish, obtuse, and stubborn do not like this? Do they laugh about elementals? Do they mock us? Frankly, we are not bothered by it, since he who laughs at what he does not know is an ignoramus who walks the path of idiocy.

The millenary Sphinx in the sacred land of the Pharaohs corresponds to the Elemental Sphinx of Nature, which is the mysterious instructor of the holy Devic College.

This Elemental Sphinx of ancient Egypt, which is so intimately related with the mysterious Sphinx of stone, came to me when I was born in the world of Conscious Will. This Elemental came with its feet covered with mud... so, I exclaimed: *"Your feet are filled with clay!"* It was clear... I understood everything... In this black age which is governed by the

Goddess Kali, everything has been profaned, and no one wants to do anything with the Sacred College of the Sphinx.

When I, filled with love, wanted to kiss this Elemental, she (the Sphinx) told me: *"Kiss me with purity."* This I did when kissing her cheek. Afterwards, the Sphinx returned to her point of departure, that is to say, to the sacred land of the Pharaohs.

All the Gnostic Brethren would like to do the same thing, to talk face to face with the Elemental Sphinx of Nature, to have a dialogue with the Devas, to walk with Ehecati. But, first of all, it is necessary to awaken the consciousness, to open the door, to call with persistency, to set in motion our Will-Power.

PRACTICE:

Observe very carefully the two diagrams of the Rune Os. In the same way that the Rune FA has its two arms upwards, the Rune Olin has them downwards, and this is profoundly significant.

During these esoteric practices, there is the need to successively alternate movements by placing the arms in the first position (downwards), then, in the second position (placing the arms on our waist as in the Rune Dorn or Thorn). I repeat, examine very carefully the two diagrams of the Rune Os.

During these Runic practices, you must combine the movement with harmonious and rhythmic breathing. Inhale the Prana through the nose, and exhale it through the mouth along with the mystic sound TTOOOORRRRRNNN, prolonging the pronunciation of each letter.

When inhaling, imagine the sexual forces rising, ascending from the sexual glands throughout the pair of sympathetic nervous cords, which are known in India by the names of Ida and Pingala.

These nerves or tubes reach the brain, then after they continue through other nerves towards the heart. These nerves are other channels, the Amrita Nadi is one among them.

When exhaling, imagine the sexual energies entering the heart, and even penetrating more deeply, reaching to the consciousness in order to awaken it. Strike the consciousness with force, with THELEMA (Will-Power), thus combining the Runes Thorn and movement.

Afterwards, pray and meditate. Beseech the Father who is in secret, ask Him to awaken your consciousness.

Beseech your Divine Mother Kundalini, beg Her with infinite love to raise, to make the sexual energies reach the heart and even further, to the very profound bottom of your consciousness.

You must love and pray, meditate and supplicate. Build faith even the size of a grain of mustard seed and you will be able to say unto a mountain, *"remove hence to a distant place"*, and it shall remove. Remember that doubt is the beginning of ignorance.

"Ask and it shall be given you, Knock and it shall be opened unto you."

CHAPTER 29

ORIGIN OF THE PLURALIZED "I"

"My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me." Listen to me, you must study in depth with your mind and your heart this revolutionary chapter of this 1968-1969 Christmas message. The Elohim (holy Gods) produced Man from themselves (by modification), in their likeness ... He (the collective Deity) created them (the collective humanity or Adam) male and female.

The Protoplasmatic Root Race from the Sacred Island (located in the Septentrion) was truly their first production. It was a tremendous transformation of themselves (the Elohim) and which was through themselves. These productions were pure spiritual existences. Behold here the Adam Sollus.

From this primeval Polar Root Race, the second Root Race arose: The Adam-Eve or Jod-Heva, the Hyperborean people, the inactive androgenous.

The third Root Race, the Lemurian people, arose always by modification, from the Hyperborean. This race was the separative Hermaphrodite Cain and Abel, which lived upon the gigantic continent of Mu or Lemuria as it was later called, and that was situated in the Pacific Ocean.

This third Root Race was the last semi-spiritual one. As well, it was the final vehicle of the pure, virginal, unbegotten, instinctive and innate esoterism of the Enochs, or the Illuminated ones from that humanity.

The separative Hermaphrodite Cain and Abel produced the fourth Root Race of Seth-Enos, which lived on the continent of Atlantis, situated in the Atlantic Ocean.

Our actual Arian Root Race, which perversely dwells upon the five continents of the world arose from the Atlantean people.

Each one of the four preceded Root Races perished from gigantic cataclysms, and our fifth Root Race will not be an exception.

It has been said unto us that in a remote future, two more Root Races will exist upon the face of the earth. It is obvious that each one of them will have its own scenario.

The primeval bisexual unity of the third human Root-Race is an axiom of ancient wisdom. Its virginal individuals elevated themselves to the rank of Gods, because these people were actually representing their divine dynasty.

Certainly, the separation into opposite sexes was performed throughout various thousands of years, and this was a consummated fact at the end of the Lemurian Root Race.

Let us now talk about Eden, of those paradisiacal Jinn lands which the sacred individuals of Lemuria had continuous access to in the times in which the rivers of pure water of life were flowing milk and honey.

This was the epoch of the Titans, when neither that which is mine and that which is yours existed.

Every one could collect fruits from the tree of the neighbour without any fear.

This was the epoch of Arcadia, in which people were rendering cult to the Gods of Fire, Air, Water and Earth.

This was the Age of Gold when the lyre had not yet been smashed into pieces by falling upon the floor of the temple.

Then, only the pure rising of the divine Cosmic Language, that as a river of gold runs under the thick jungle of the sun was spoken.

In that ancient age, people were very simple and innocent because the Pluralized 'I' was not born yet. They were rendering cult to the Gods of the tender corn, and also to the ineffable creatures of rivers and forests.

I knew the Hermaphrodite Lemurian Root Race. Those terrible volcanoes which were in constant eruption come into my memory in these instants. What a time! All of us Initiates were normally using very common sacerdotal vestures. Those sacred venerated vestures were splendidly standing Out with white and black colours, which were symbolizing the tremendous struggle between the Spirit and matter.

It was exalting to admire and see those Lemurian Giants with their noble vestures and their sandals which were displaying great tassels.

The pituitary gland, the sixth sense, which is the light-keeper and the page of the pineal gland, was displayed between the eyebrows of these Colossuses.

Then, the life of any individual had the average age of twelve to fifteen centuries,
So, gigantic cities were built, which were protected with enormous stones formed with lava of volcanoes.

I also knew the last times of the third Root Race. I lived in that epoch, which is cited in Genesis as being that ancient age in which Adam and Eve were cast out of Eden.

In those times, humanity had already divided themselves into opposite sexes. The sexual act was then a sacrament which was only performed inside of the temples.

In certain lunar epochs, the Lemurian tribes were performing long travels. They were departing on pilgrimages towards the holy places, with the purpose of multiplying the specie (let us recall our honeymoon trips).

We, all the Lemurians, were children born from will power and yoga. Maithuna was what we performed during the copulation, and no one was committing the error of ejaculating the entity of semen.

The human seed always passed into the womb without the spilling of semen being necessary. The multiple combinations of this infinite substance are marvelous.

The king and queen monarchs were sexually united before the very altar of the temple, and the multitudes were performing the copulation inside the sacred precinct and in the rocky patios filled with mysterious hieroglyphics.

The holy Gods were wisely directing those mystical ceremonies, which were indispensable for the reproduction of the human specie. No one was thinking in perversity, since the pluralized 'I' was not born yet.

I was living in the country with my tribe, far away from those walled cyclopean cities. We were abiding in a big cabin, cottage or hut. Close to our rounded palm roofed residence, I remember with entire clarity that there was a military base where the warriors of our tribe were meeting.

It happened that on a certain night, all of us, fascinated by a strange Luciferic power, resolved to perform the sexual act out of the temple. Thus, we, each of the couples delivered ourselves to lust.

Next day, in the morning, as if nothing had happened, we had the daring, the shame, the insolence, the impudence to present ourselves as usual in the temple. However, something unexpected and terrible happened.

All of us saw a God of Justice, a great Master, dressed with a day-breaking and immaculate sacerdotal vesture. With a flaming sword which he was turning in every way to threaten us, he said,: *"Get out, you unworthy!"* It is clear that we then fled terrorized.

Obviously, this event was repeated in all the corners of the enormous continent Mu. This is how the humanity Adam-Eve was cast out from the Garden of Eden.

Following this event, which is registered in the Genesis of all religions, horrifying epilogues were occurring. Millions of human creatures were developing the abominable Kundartiguador organ when they started to mix Magic with fornication...

Incidently, it is useful to mention here Kalayoni, the King of the serpents, the Black Magician, keeper of the temple of Kali which is the fatal antithesis of the Eternal Mother Space.

Krishna saw with the magical conjuration of Kalayoni, a long blue-greenish reptile appearing. The fatal serpent slowly straightened its body, then horizontally it bristled its reddish mane, and its penetrating eyes frightfully flashed in its monstrous head of shining shells.

"Better if you worship it, or you will perish" said the Black Magician...but the serpent died in the hands of Krishna.

So, when Krishna heroically killed this great serpent, keeper of the Temple of Kali (the Goddess of Desire) the Mother of Cupid made ablutions and prayers for one month at the shores of the river Ganges.

This viper from Kali is the tempting serpent of Eden, the horrible serpent Piton which is writhing in the mud of the earth and which Apollo enragedly hurt with his darts.

It is indispensable to comprehend that such a sinister snake is without any doubt the tail of Satan, the abominable Kundartiguador organ.

When the Gods intervened, eliminating from the human specie the cited fatal organ, the awful consequences of this tail of Satan remained within the five cylinders of the human machine (intellect, emotion, movement, instinct and sex).

It is obvious that such evil consequences from the abominable Kundartiguador organ constitute that which is called ego, the pluralized 'I', the 'Myself, a tenebrous conjunction of perverse entities which personify all of our psychological defects.

Therefore, the pluralized 'I' is a granulated lunar, negative Luciferic Fohat. This Fohatic satanic crystallization constitutes that which is called EGO.

CHAPTER 30

THE THREE FURIES

Let us now talk about the Three Furies who are gorged with all the poisons of the Gorgons. They wear hydras of the deepest green as girdles, small serpents and cerastes form their hair, which are used to encircle their bestial temples.

Listen to me M. M., you must know once for all that these are the three traitors of Hiram Abif.

Megaera is on the left, always dreadful and horrible. She who weeps upon the right is Allecto, in whose heart is hidden discord, fraud which produces disorder, and evil things which take away peace. Between them is Tisiphone.

Each Fury tears at her breast with her repugnant nails, each with her palms beats on herself and wails so loud: *"Just let Medusa come; then we shall turn him into stone."* Looking down, they all cry *"we should have punished Theseus' assault."*

Remember Gnostic Brethren that MARA is the Lord of the five desires, the factor of death, and is an enemy of the Truth. Who are they who always accompany him? Are not perhaps his three daughters the Three Furies, those tempting females? Are they not the ones, with all of their tenebrous legions, who assaulted the Buddha?

Can perhaps Judas, Pilate, and Caiaphas be missed in the Cosmic Drama? Dante found Judas, Brutus and Cassius in the Ninth Circle of the Infernos.

Judas has his head inserted within the mouth of Lucifer and his legs jerk on the outside.

The one who has his head beneath, the one who hangs from the second Luciferin mouth is Brutus.

He writhes and does not say a word.

The third traitor is Cassius, who seems to be so robust, but is very weak in depth.

These are the three aspects of Judas, the Three Furies. They are the Demon of Desire, the Demon of the Mind, and the Demon of Evil Will. They are the three Upadhis, bases or lunar foundations which are within each human being.

Let us think of the three presences of the Guardian of the Threshold within the interior of each person.

The Apocalypse says:

And I saw three unclean spirits like frogs came out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet.

For they are the spirits of devils, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth, and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty.

But who is the Dragon? Who is the Beast? Who is the false Prophet? Gods tell me, where is he?

If we comprehend that he is Mara, Lucifer, the blind Fohatic force from the abominable Kundartiguador organ, or the sexual negative fire which is the father of the Three Furies, then we are not mistaken.

Thus, the vile slug which passes through the heart of the world is the root of the pluralized 'I', he is the foundation of the Three Furies.

Lucifer-Mara, the tempter, with all of his legion of Devil-'I's that each mortal carries within is the origin of the three sufferings: oldness, sickness and death.

Ah...! If the negative aspect of the Goddess Juno would not have intervened in Latium by arousing Allecto (the most abhorred one among the Furies), then the marriage of Aeneas, the illustrious Trojan man, with the daughter of the good King Latinus, would not have been preceded by a war.

Do this service for me, O virgin daughter of Night. It is task after your own heart. See to it that my fame and the honour in which I am held are not impaired or slighted, and see to it that Aeneas and his men do not win Latinus over with their offers of marriage and are not allowed to settle on Italian soil. You can take brothers who love each other and set them at each other's throats. You can turn a house against itself in hatred and fill it with whips and funeral torches. You have a thousand names and a thousand ways of causing hurt. Your heart is teeming with them. Shake them out. Shatter this peace they have agreed between them and sow the seeds of recrimination and war. Make their young men long for weapons, demand them seize them!

Alas, oh God of mine..! What pain! This frightful Fury of the mind presented herself within the royal chamber of the Queen Amata and drove in her ideas of protest and rebellion against the will of the King Latinus.

Under the perfidious influence of Allecto, the Queen Amata desperately left the palace and swiftly as any Bacchante ran through the middle of the Italian mountains. She danced and jumped as any Bacchante. She seemed to be a furious Menade in a wild mad rage, driven with the lash of Bacchus.

Amata, the Sovereign, protested with indignation before the Monarch. She did not want to do the will of her Lord and defend Turnus, a young Greek suitor who was the son of a people, which in a foretime were assaulting the unconquerable walls of Troy.

The Queen was afraid that Aeneas would flee with her daughter far away from Latium. She felt the pain of losing her daughter and cried.

Albeit, the work of Allecto still did not finish here. She flew straight to the abode of the bold prince Turnus. Allecto changed her appearance, and took on the face of an old woman with a viperine tongue, and told him everything that was happening inside the palace of the King. Thus, the insinuating and evil Allecto awoke the jealousy of the young prince.
Afterwards came the war, and the young prince fought for his lady, the beautiful Lavinia, the precious daughter of good King Latinus.

The Monarch did not want war, neither was he himself the one who opened the doors of the Temple of Janus (Janos, I.A.O.), the Biphrontes God. His enraged people were the ones who opened them.

Inside the Temple of Janus, the Doctrine of Saturn was preserved. This was the primeval, original revelation of the Jinns. So, this temple was only opened in a time of war.

This is how the war was lit among the Rutulians. When this repugnant Fury Allecto ended her work, she flew down within the innermost parts of the frightful abyss through the mouth of a dry volcano, which was once and a while spitting the fetid vapours of death. In a short time she arrived to the sinister banks which surrounded the waters of the Cocytus.

Turnus, the new Achilles, died at the hands of Aeneas, who became married to Lavinia, daughter of the King Latinus.

Nevertheless, oh God! Allecto as ever, still is lighting bonfires of discord everywhere, and millions of human beings cast themselves to war.

Ah...! If people would comprehend that each one of them carries Allecto within themselves... Unfortunately, the human creatures are profoundly asleep, they do not comprehend anything.

CHAPTER 31

RUNE RITA 

Coming into my memory in these instants are scenes of a previous reincarnation of mine during the Middle Ages.

I was living in Austria, in accordance with the customs of that epoch. I do not deny that I was a member of an illustrious family of aristocratic rank.

In that epoch, my people, my lineage were very conceited about matters of royal blood related with rigid ascendancy and notable ancestry.

I feel ashamed, yet I must confess (and this is what is critical in this matter) that I also was engulfed within the bottle of those social prejudices, the matters of that epoch!

One given day, it does not matter which, a sister of mine became in love with a very poor man, and of course, this was the scandal of the century. The ladies of the class of nobles and their stubborn little fops, dandies, dudes, peacocks, and coxcombs, came to skin alive the neighbour. They scoffed at my unhappy sister.

They said that she had disgraced the honour of the family, and that she could have married better, etc.

It did not take long for my poor sister to become a widow, but the outcome of her love was clearly a child.

What if she would have wanted to return into the bosom of her family? It was not possible. She greatly knew the viperine tongue of those elegant ladies, their fastidious counterpoints, their disregard. Therefore, she preferred an independent life.

Did I help the widow? It would be an absurdity to deny it. Did I have pity on my nephew? That is true. Unfortunately, there are times when one is trying not to be a person without pity, yet one becomes pitiless.

That was my case. Feeling pity on the child, I put him in a boarding school (with the pretext that he could receive a strong, firm and vigorous education) without taking into account the feelings of his mother, and I even committed the error of prohibiting this suffering woman to visit her son. I thought that in this way my nephew would not receive any type of harm, so, he could become someone else later, that is to say, to become a great gentleman, etc.

The path which leads to the abyss is paved with good intentions. True? Yes, it is true.

How many times when one is trying to do good, one accomplishes evil! My intentions were good, but my actions were mistaken. Nonetheless, I was firmly believing that I was doing the right thing.

My sister was suffering greatly because of the absence of her son, and she could not even see him at the college, as this was prohibited for her.

By all means, it is clear that from my part there was love for my nephew and cruelty for my sister. However, I thought that if I was helping the son I would also be helping his mother.

Fortunately, as if by magic, the police of Karma, the Kaom, emerge inside each one of us, within those intimate regions where love is missing.

To flee from the agents of Karma is not possible, since inside of each one of us exists the police who inevitably will conduce us towards the tribunals.

Many centuries have passed since that epoch. All of the personages from that drama became old and they died.

However, the Law of Reoccurrence is terrible, because everything is repeated as it once happened, along with its consequences.

In the twentieth century, we, all the actors of that past event, have reencountered ourselves again. Everything has been repeated in a certain way, but it is clear that it has been with consequences. This time I was the one who was repudiated by the family. Such is the Law. My sister reencountered her husband anew. I do not reject the fact that I am united again with my ancient priestess spouse, known with the name of Litelantes.

The so adored and fought over nephew became reborn again, this time with a feminine body. She, by the way, is a very beautiful girl. Her face seems to be a very delightful night and the stars shine in her eyes.

One time, the date does not matter now, we were living next to the sea, the girl (my ancient nephew) could not play as she was grievously ill with an intestinal infection.

It was a very delicate situation as various children of her age died in that epoch because of the same cause. Why should my daughter be an exception?

The numerous remedies which were administrated to her frankly were useless. In her infantile face, the unmistakable profile of death was already starting to be drawn with horror.

By all means the failure was standing out, the case was lost, and I did not have any other chance than to visit the Dragon of the Law, the terrible genie of Karma whose name is Anubis.

Fortunately, thanks be given to God, we, Litelantes and I, know how to consciously and positively travel in the Astral Body.

Therefore, it was not a problem for us to present ourselves together in the palace of this Great Archon, within the parallel universe of the fifth dimension.

That Temple of Karma is impressive, majestic and grandiose.

The Hierarch was there, seated on his throne, imposing, and terribly divine. Anyone would be frightened to see him officiating with that sacred mask of a jackal, just as he appears in many embossments of the ancient Egypt of the Pharaohs.

Finally, the opportunity to talk to him was granted to me, and clearly I did not let it pass away so easily: *"You have a debt with me"* I told him. *"Which one?"* he answered astonished.

Then, completely satisfied, I introduced to him a man who in a foretime was a perverse demon. I am referring to Aztaroth, the great Duke.

"This was a lost son for the Father," I continued, saying unto him, *"nonetheless, I saved him, by showing him the path of the light, I took him out of the Black Lodge, and now he is a disciple of the White Brotherhood, and you did not pay me this debt."*

The case was that this daughter of mine had to die in accordance with the Law, and her soul was to penetrate within the womb of my sister in order to form a new physical body for my daughter. This is how I understood it. Therefore, I added, *"I ask that Aztaroth can go into the womb of my sister instead of the soul of my daughter."*

The solemn answer of this Hierarch was definitive: *"Granted, let Aztaroth go into the womb of your sister, and let your daughter be healed"*

Therefore, that girl (my ancient nephew) was miraculously healed, and then my sister begot a male-child.

I had capital in order to pay that debt, I had Cosmic Capital. The Law of Karma is not a blind mechanical Law, as many pseudo-esoterists and pseudo- suppose.

As these matters show, it becomes evident and easy to comprehend that with the possible death of my daughter, I had to feel the same pain of detachment, the same bitterness which in an ancient epoch my sister was feeling for the loss of her son.

Thus, by means of the Great Law, the damage would be compensated, with the repetition of similar scenes. However, this time I, myself would be the victim.

Fortunately, Karma is negotiable, this Law is not the blind mechanicalism of the Astrologers and Chiromancers of fairs.

I had cosmic capital, so, I paid that old debt. Thus, thanks to God, it was possible for me to avoid the bitterness which was awaiting for me.

When will the people comprehend all of the mysteries of the Rune Rita? Certainly, this is the Rune of the Law.

Rita comes to remind us of the words: reason, roll, religion, right.

The Roman Law has the scale and the sword as symbols of justice.

It is then not too strange that inside the Palace of Anubis, the Great Archon of the Law, scales and swords are seen everywhere.

This Great Judge is assisted in his work by forty-two Judges of the Law.

Illustrious lawyers of the Great Law, who defend us when we have enough cosmic capital in order to pay our old debts, are never absent before the Tribunal of Karma.

To get credits with the Lords of the Law or Archivists of Destiny is also possible, but these must be paid with good deeds, through working for humanity, or based upon supreme pain.

PRACTICE:

The fundamental mantras of the Rune Rita are: RA…….. RE……. RI…….. RO…… RU……

In the Rune **F**, we had to raise the arms. In the Rune **U**, we opened the legs. In the Rune D, we placed the arm on our waist. In the Rune **O**, the legs were open and the arms upon the waist. So, in the present Rune Rita we must open one leg and one arm. Thus, in this position, the Gnostic students will see that they in themselves are forming the Runic Letters, such as they are written.

The present Runic practice has the power of liberating the Internal Judgement.

We need to convert ourselves into judges of consciousness. To awaken the Buddhata, the soul is urgent.

The present Rune has the power of awakening the consciousness of the Judges.

Let us remember what is called remorse, which certainly is the accusing voice of the consciousness.

Those who never feel remorse are truly very far from their Interior Judge. Commonly, they are lost cases.

People like that must work very intensely with the Rune Rita, thus, this is how they will liberate their Interior Judgement.

We need with urgency to learn how to be guided by the voice of the silence, that is to say, by the Intimate Judge.

Karma is being paid not only for the evil that is done, but also for the good that could be done, yet is left undone.

CHAPTER 32

THE DIVINE MOTHER KUNDALINI

Oh, ineffable Muses!....Inspire me. Here shall your excellence reveal itself so that my style does not retract from the nature of this matter...

Oh, Divine Mother Kundalini! ... You are Venus, Lady of mine, You are Heva, Isis, Sophia Acharnoth, Parvati, Uma, Tonatzin, Rea, Cibeles, Mary, or better if called Ram...Io.

Oh Devi Kundalini! You are Adshanti, Rajeswari, Adonia, Insobertha, Tripurusndari, Maha Lakshmi, Maha-Saraswati.

By all means, without thee oh adorable Mother, the manifestation of prana, electricity, magnetic force, molecular cohesion and cosmic gravitation is something more than impossible.

You are the Matripadma, the Devamatri, Aditi or Cosmic Space, the Mother of the Gods! You have, oh eternal Mother Space, three luminous aspects during cosmic manifestation, and two antithesis.

May humans listen to me! It is said that each living being has his own Devi Kundalini, his own particular Divine Mother.

To truly eliminate the Ahamkrita Bhava, the egoic condition from our consciousness, would be absolutely impossible if we commit the crime of forgetting our own Divine Mother Kundalini.

The intellectual animal mistakenly called man is nothing else but a compound of aggregates which sooner or later must become cosmic dust.

The only thing eternal within ourselves is the Intimate Buddha, and truly He is found beyond the body, mind and affections.

To eliminate the vain and perishable aggregates is something cardinal and definitive in order to awaken the consciousness.

These aggregates are certainly those entities or tenebrous ‘l’s which dwell within the five cylinders of the human machine.

We explained, we already stated with complete clarity in our former Christmas messages that the five cylinders of the human machine are: intellect, emotion, movement, instinct and sex.

Let us concretize that these Devil 'I's constitute the ego (pluralized 'I'). So, the consciousness sleeps within each one of them.

In order to awaken consciousness it is vital to eliminate those 'I's, those entities, those aggregates which personify our defects. Thus, we attain the Atman-Vidya, the complete Illumination.

To have deep comprehension, clear consciousness of the defect which we want to extirpate is fundamental, but it is not enough. The elimination of it is necessary, and this is only possible with the help of the Kundalini.

The mind cannot fundamentally alter anything. What the mind does is label things, hide defects, pass them onto other levels, etc.

To eliminate errors is another thing, and without Devi Kundalini, the magic Serpent of our magical powers, this would be something absolutely impossible.

One given night, the day and hour does not matter, I was travelling with my astral body within the parallel universe of the fifth dimension. Then, while inebriated by a certain spiritual voluptuousness, I ecstatically arrived before the mysterious threshold of that marvelous Temple of the Twice Born.

The hieratic and terrific Guardian of the Great Mysteries, as always, was at the door, and when I wanted to enter something unusual happened.

While fixedly looking at me, he said with a severe voice: *"Among a group of Brethren who have worked in the Ninth Sphere, and who after having worked in that region, presented themselves in this Temple, you were the most advanced one. But now you are stagnant in your progress."*

Those words pronounced with too much severity by the Guardian at the threshold of the Mystery, certainly left me perplexed, confused and indecisive. I could think of nothing else but to ask:

"Why?"

Then, the Hierarch answered my question, *"Because of your lack of love."*

"How come?" I said, *"I love humanity, I am working for all the human beings, I do not understand what you are telling me. In which way am I lacking love?"*

"You have forgotten your mother, you are an ungrateful son" explained the Guardian, and the way in which he intoned these words, I confess, produced in me not only pain, but moreover terror.

"But, I do not know where she is, I have a long time without seeing her" I replied, believing that it was all related with my physical mother, who I had to leave when I was still very young. *"How is it possible that a son does not know where his mother is?"* replied the Guardian, then, he continued saying: *"I am telling you this for your own good, because otherwise you are aggravating yourself"*

Truly, I confess that only after various days of useless inquiring in order to find in this world my terrene mother, I finally understood the enigmatic words of the Guardian of the Temple.

Ah!...But the literature of a pseudo-esoteric and pseudo-occultist type, which is so abundant in the market says nothing about this matter. If only I would have known this before! To that end, I thought too many things, and then I prayed.

To pray is to talk with God, and I, in secrecy prayed to the Eternal Feminine, to God as Mother.

Then, I knew that each creature has his own particular Divine Mother, and I even knew the secret name of my own.

It is clear that in that epoch I was suffering the unutterable when dissolving the ego, struggling in order to reduce it to cosmic dust.

What is the most terrible is that I had already reached the Second Birth. I comprehended very well that if I did not achieve death within myself, I would fail by converting myself into an abortion of the Cosmic Mother, into a Hanasmussen with a double centre of gravity.

It seemed in that time that my efforts were useless, I was failing the ordeals and if I would have continued like that, it is clear that complete failure would have been inevitable.

Fortunately, thanks to God, the Guardian of the Temple knew how to warn me and advise me.

The work was terrible, the failed ordeals were indicating to me with exactitude where the faults were.

Each ordeal was enough in order to indicate to me, to point to me the basic defect, the error.

The meditation on each error was enough for the comprehension. Although, I could clearly evidence that there are many degrees and degrees in relation with understanding.

There is too much elasticity and ductility in relation with comprehension. Many times we believe to have integrally comprehended a defect of a psychological type, but only later, we come to discover that really we did not comprehend it.

To eliminate it is another thing. Anyone can comprehend a given defect, yet in spite of this cannot achieve its extirpation.

If we exclude the Divine Mother Kundalini, then the work becomes incomplete. Without Her it would be impossible to eliminate defects.

Frankly, I converted myself into an enemy of myself, thus, I resolved to equilibrate comprehension and elimination.

Each comprehended defect was eliminated with the power of the Divine Mother Kundalini.

Finally, one given day, I was inspecting my work in the Tartarous, in the Averno, within the submerged mineral kingdom, in those infra-dimensional regions or submerged parallel universes.

Navigating upon the waters of the Acheron, inside of the boat of Charon, I arrived to the other shore in order to inspect the work, then I saw thousands of Devil-'I's, my own aggregates, parts of myself which were living in those regions.

I wanted to resuscitate something, an effigy which was symbolizing my own sinning Adam, who was lying down as a cadaver within the muddy waters of the river.

Then, my Divine Mother, dressed with a mourning suit, like a Mater Dolorosa, told me with Her voice filled with infinite love, *"This one is already well dead, I have nothing more to take from him."*

Certainly, my Mother had extracted from me all of the legion of Devil-'I's, all of the conjunction of tenebrous entities which personify our defects and that constitute the ego.

Thus, this is how I achieved the dissolution of the pluralized 'I'. This is how I attained the reduction into dust of all of those aggregates which form the *Myself*

CHAPTER 33

THE FORGE OF THE CYCLOPS

When Venus, the Divine Mother Kundalini begged help to Vulcan on behalf of her son Aeneas, She taught with it the clue of the Intimate Self-Realization.

The Goddess said:

Listen to me, you who forge the indomitable iron with the fires of the centre of the earth! When the citadel of Troy was being ravaged in war by the kings of Greece, it was owed to Fate and was doomed to fall in the fires lit by its enemies, but I asked for nothing for those who suffered I did not call upon the help of your art to make arms for them.

You yielded to Thetis, the daughter of Nereus, you yielded to the w of Tithonus when they came and wept to you. Look at all the nations gathering. Look at the walled cities that have closed their gates and sharpening their swords against Aeneas to destroy those I love.

Although I owed much to the sons of Priam and had often wept at the sufferings endured by Aeneas, I did not wish, O my dearest husband, that you should exert yourself to no purpose. But now, in obedience to the commands of Jupiter, Aeneas is standing in Rotulian soil and so now I come to you as a suppliant. I approach that godhead which I so revere, and as mother, I ask you to make arms for my son Aeneas.

He is not a destroyer, is only frying to defend himself against those who threaten his purposes of fertile peace.

Oh, you!...the ones who courageously descend into the Averno in order to work in the Flaming Forge of Vulcan (the sex) listen to me.

The fetus remains nine months within the maternal womb, and nine months remained this entire humanity within the womb of Rea, Ceres, Cibeles, Isis, the Cosmic Mother.

Vulcan works within the Ninth Circle of Inferno forging the indomitable iron with the living fires of this planetary organism.

People with THELEMA (will-power), men and women with a will-power of steel, you must work without rest within the Ninth Sphere (the sex).

Venus, the Divine Mother Kundalini is, has been, and always will be the Priestess spouse of Vulcan, the Third Logos, the Holy Spirit.

The Igni-potent God of Fire descends from the marvelous heights of heaven into the terrible Forge of the Cyclops.

With a great voice he demands for the presence of his three brothers Brontes, Sterope and Pyracmon, who are living symbols of the elemental creatures of the air, the waters and the perftimed earth.

The work in the Forge of the Cyclops (the sex) is terrific. Here, the tempestuous lightning, the secret forces of the storm, as well as the hurricane-like winds collaborate in the effort.

Here lead is transmuted into gold and the steel of the Flaming Sword is tempered.

Here the gigantic protector shield of the soul is forged. Such a shield will be enough in order to stop the strikes of the most terrible tenebrous armies.

It is an argentine armour, a splendid shield formed with transformative atoms of a high voltage, which reside within the seminal system.

It is a divine auric shield, which is septenary within the intimate constitution of the true Man.

The sexual cavern trembles under the erotic pressure of the bellow during the Maithuna, and strong, sweaty arms strike the anvil with a rhythmic effort.

Aeneas looked like a god while challenging the arrogant Laurentians and the impetuous Turnus to combat.

When rejoicing with the gifts of his Divine Mother, Aeneas dressed himself with weapons made by Vulcan.

Behold here the Solar Bodies, the terrific crested and fire-spurting helmet, the Flaming Sword and the huge, unyielding breastplate of blood-red bronze, as well as the polished greaves and the fabric of the shield engraved with innumerable figures.

There, on that auric luminous shield, Vulcan, the Third Logos, the Holy Spirit, with his knowledge of the prophets engraved astonishing prophetic scenes.

The scenes of all the generation that would spring from Ascanius were gloriously shining on that shield. As well, Vulcan had made a mother wolf which milked Romulus and Remus, and showed the first of these twin brothers (dear God!) performing the violent rape of the Sabines. Also depicted was the bloody war both brothers would fight.

Ah! If only people would understand the mystery of these twin brothers.. .one lone soul in two distinct persons.. .the Buddhata divided in two, and of course incarnated in two different personalities.

Romulus and Remus milked by the She-Wolf of the Law, is a soul with two men, two persons, two bodies.

The Gods know very well that it is possible to live simultaneously in different distinct times and places.

How much wisdom had Vulcan engraved in the brilliant aura of Aeneas, how many prophesies!

Behold men and Gods that there was also on this shield the scenes of Porsenna ordering the Romans to take Tarquin back within the unconquerable walls of the city after they had expelled him.

On the summit of the sharpened shield you could also see the scene of the golden goose fluttering, honking for help against the Gauls who were trying to invade the Roman Capital.

Observe and see the Salii priests with their Martian dances and their conical warrior hats, their chaste matrons in their cushioned carriages, the traitor Catiline tormented in the Averno, the pale faces of the Furies. There too was Cato, the wise administrator of justice, the armoured fleets of war, Augustus Caesar, Aggripa with favouring winds and favouring Gods, Marc Antony and Cleopatra, Anubis the Lord of the Law, Neptune, Venus and Minerva the Goddess of Wisdom.

Finally, (oh God!) were the scenes of Caesar riding into the walls of Rome in victory, the defeated nations walking in long lines as slaves, a wealthy booty, golden thrones, defeated kings.

CHAPTER 34

RUNE KAUM

A long time ago, in the profound night of the centuries, there in the continent of Mu or Lemuria, I knew Javhe, a fallen angel who was spoken of by Saturnine of Antioch.

Certainly, Javhe was a venerable Master from the White Brotherhood, a glorious Angel from previous Mahamvantara.

I knew him, I saw him when he was a Priest and a warrior among the people of Lemuria. Everybody loved, adored and venerated him.

The Hierophants of the Purple Race granted to him the high honour of using armour, crest, helmet, shield and sword of pure gold.

This warrior-Priest was shining as a flame of gold under the thick jungle of the sun.

Upon his symbolic shield, Vulcan had engraved many prophesies and terrible warnings.

Woe! Woe! Woe! This man committed the error of betraying the Mysteries of Vulcan.

The Lucifers of that epoch who were floating in the atmosphere of the ancient continent Mu taught him Black Tantrism, the Maithuna with the ejaculation of the Ens Seminis.

What is most grave in this matter is that this man who was so loved and venerated by all the world allowed himself to be convinced and began to practice this type of pernicious Sexual Magic with certain women.

Therefore, it is clear that the igneous serpent of our magical powers descended through his medullar canal and was projected from his coccyx downwards, thus, forming and developing in Javhe's Astral Body the abominable Kundartiguador Organ.

This is how this Angel fell and through all of the ages became converted into a terribly perverse demon.

Many times we have found the Priestess-spouse of Javhe in the Superior Worlds, she is an ineffable Angel.

Useless were the efforts of this man to convince his spouse because she never accepted the Black Tantrism of the tenebrous. Therefore, she preferred divorce rather than entering onto the black path.

Javhe is that Demon who tempted Jesus the Christ, and when Jesus had fasted in the wilderness, this Demon tempted him and said: *"If thou be the Son of God, command this stone that it be made bread"*

"It is written, that Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of God "answered Jesus."

The sacred Scriptures say that Javhe then took Jesus the Great Kabir up into a high mountain and tempted him by saying: *"ITABABO all these kingdoms of the world will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me."*

Then, the great Master Jesus answered: *"Get thee hence Satan: for it is written, Thou shall worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve."*

Finally, it is written that Javhe brought Jesus to Jerusalem and set him on a pinnacle of the temple, and said unto him: *"If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down from hence for it is written, He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee: And in their hands' they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone."*

"And Jesus answering said unto him, it is said, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God" and when Javhe had ended all the temptation, he departed from him for a season.

If we want to learn all the mysteries of the Rune Kaum, then we must now talk about White Tantrism.

Those old times of ancient Egypt come into my memory in these instances.

I was an Egyptian Initiate during the dynasty of the Pharaoh Kephren, in the sunny country of Kern.

One given afternoon, filled with sun, while walking through the sands of the desert, I passed through a street that had millenary sphinxes on it and I arrived at the doors of a pyramid. The Guardian of the Temple, a man with a hieratic and terrible face was at the threshold. He was threateningly grasping the Flaming Sword with his dexterous hand.

He asked me: *"What do you wish?"*

I answered, *"I am SUS* (the supplicant or genuflector) *who blindly comes in search of the light."*

"What do you want?" I answered again, *"Light."*

"What do you need?" I answered anew, *"Light."*

I can never forget the next instant in which the heavy stone door turned upon its own hinges and produced the characteristic sound of the Egypt of the Pharaohs: that profound *DO.*

Then, the Guardian took me roughly by the hand and put me inside the temple. I was deprived of my tunic and of every metallic object. Then, I was submitted to terrible and frightful ordeals.

When in the ordeal of Fire, I had to maintain complete control of myself. It was terrible to walk between two blazing beams of steel which were lit to a red heat.

When in the ordeal of Water, I was very close to being devoured by the crocodiles of a deep well. When in the ordeal of Air, I resisted with heroism the hurricane winds, while hanging from a metal ring upon the deep of the abyss.

When in the ordeal of Earth, I believed I would die while between two boulders which were threatening to crunch me.

I already had passed through these Initiatic ordeals in ancient times, but I had to recapitulate them in order to return onto the straight path from which I had retired.

Next, I was dressed with a tunic of white linen and the Tau Cross was hung from my neck and placed upon my chest.

I entered as any neophyte in spite of being a Boddhisattwa. I had to pass through rigorous studies and esoteric disciplines, and when I arrived to the ninth door, the great mysteries of sex were taught unto me.

Still I remember those instants in which my Guru, after profound explanations, while fixedly staring at me, told me with a solemn voice: "*Uncover your CHECHERE (Phallus).*"

Then from his lips to my ears, he communicated to me the 'unutterable secret of the Great Arcanum, the sexual connection of the Lingam-Yoni without the ejaculation of the Ens Seminis.

Afterwards, he brought a vestal dressed with a yellow tunic and all of her was filled with an extraordinary beauty.

I performed the work with her, I practiced the Maithuna, White Tantrism, in accordance with the instructions of my Master.

"This practice is marvelous" I said. Thus, I descended into the Ninth Sphere. This is how I performed the Great Work.

The objective was to build the Solar Bodies and to awaken and develop the serpentine fire of the occult anatomy.

In that epoch, there were sacred prostitutes inside the Temples, special Vestals. The celibate male Initiates were working with these Vestals.

In this day and age such women inside of the Lumisials would not be beneficial... They would be scandalous.

Therefore, in this day and age, the Maithuna, Sex Yoga, can only and must only be practiced between husband and wife, within legitimate, constituted marriages.

In the ancient Egypt of the Pharaohs, those who were violating their oaths and were divulging the Great Arcanum were condemned to the death penalty. Their heads were cut off, their hearts were torn out, their bodies were cremated, and finally their ashes were thrown to the four winds.

The mysterious Rune **K** represents the Priestess woman and also the Flaming Sword with complete exactitude.

The Rune Kaum with its Kabbalistic six, vibrates with maximum intensity within the sphere of Venus, the planet of love.

Men and women of the world, you must know that in order to put in activity that annular serpentine fire in the body of the ascetic is only possible with the Maithuna.

We need with immediate urgency to learn how to wisely manipulate the eternal feminine principle of the solar forces.

We must remember the Eagle with a woman's head, the Sun-Lady, the diamantine foundation of the Great Work of the Father.

First of all, we must transmute the lead into gold, and later, we need to build diamonds of the best quality.

Decidedly, the Rune Rita influences the masculine endocrinal glands, but the Rune Kaum exercises its influence upon the feminine glands.

There exist within the labyrinth of all theories many contortionists of Hatha Yoga. Those acrobatic people suppose that they can exclude the Maithuna and Self-realize themselves in depth without the necessity of descending into the Ninth Sphere.

Those contortionistic mystics believe that based on such recreation or absurd gymnastics they can build the Solar Bodies and reach the Second Birth.

A certain time ago, I had the high honour of being invited to a secret council of the Great White Lodge. So, I must clearly tell to the world that Hatha Yoga was disqualified, it was reproved, it was condemned as authentic and legitimate Black Magic of the worst type.

The esoteric Rectors of humanity do not accept, they will not ever accept the absurd frolics of Hatha Yoga.

Whoever truly wants the in-depth Self-realization must transmute the sexual hydrogen Ti-12 by means of Sex-Yoga, in order to build with it the Solar Bodies, the Wedding Garment of the soul.

It becomes absolutely impossible to incarnate the Real Being, if we have not previously built the bodies of gold in the Forge of the Cyclops.

To walk with firmness upon the Path of the Razor's Edge is urgent.

The hour of following the path of the perfect matrimony has arrived. Remember that our motto is THELEMA (Will-Power).

The mysteries of the Rune Kaum gloriously shine in the bottom of the Ark awaiting for the instant for them to be accomplished.

CHAPTER 35

THE PURGATORIAL REGION

The eagle with plumage of pure gold, which took away Ganimedes in order to bring him to Olympus (so he could serve as a cupbearer to the Gods), has always the custom of hunting in the Purgatorial Region.

This majestic bird of the Spirit, while making marvelous turns, terrific descents like lightning, takes away the soul to the Sphere of the Fire in order to burn with her. Thus, they are both converted into a living flame.

Let us remember the powerful Achilles who turned with fear because he did not know where he was. This is because his Mother took him away from Chiron and transported him asleep to the island of Scyros, where later, the Greeks found him and took him away. Those times in which I abandoned the Averno in order to enter into the Purgatorial Region come to my memory.

My Mother, converted into a Mater Dolorosa, had already instructed me in depth. She had navigated with me on the boat of Charon, She had demonstrated to me the dissolution of the pluralized 'I', and finally she had taught me that when the mind is deprived from the ego, the mind still continues with evil tendencies.

Oh God of mine!... When the pluralized 'I' is dissolved, it leaves in the mind its seeds of perdition.

The Yogis say that there is the need to burn the seeds, to incinerate them, to reduce them to cosmic dust.

It is urgent to know that the 'I' is re-born again like an evil weed from its own seeds.

I needed then, to incinerate those evil seeds of a poisonous weed. It was necessary for me to enter into the Purgatorial Region of the Inferior Molecular World in order to burn the seed-plot of myself

Close to the top, I reached a point from where I saw a gate (it first appeared to be merely a gap, a break within the wall) and leading up to it there where three steps, each one a different colour. Over that terrible gate I saw engraved with indelible characters the word Purgatory.

I then saw the silent figure of someone on guard. I saw that Genie standing on the highest step, he was an Angel of extraordinary beauty, imposing, severe and terribly divine. In his right hand he held a naked sword, which was dazzlingly reflecting its rays.

Everyone who intends to penetrate into the Purgatorial Region must devoutly prostrate himself at the feet of this Angel, and in mercy's name he must make supplications to him to open it. Prior to this, one has to smote his breast three times.

Unforgettable and terrible moments are those in which the Angel inscribes on the forehead of the Initiate the letter 'P' seven times. Then, one listens from his lips the following phrase: *"Once entered here, be sure you cleanse away these wounds."*

Do you remember the case of the wife of Lot? She became converted into a pillar of salt because she looked back from behind her husband.

As well, the Angel of the Purgatory warns that whosoever turns to look back after having entered into the Inferior Molecular World loses his work, and goes back out again from where he came.

This signifies absolute repentance, not to commit the same error of the past again, not to commit delinquency.

Whosoever turns to look back, fails, repeats the same errors, returns into the same sinning past, does not purify himself

Everyone who turns to look back converts himself into a purgatorial failure. Once in the Purgatory, one has to march ahead with firmness.

One comprehends how absurd arrogance and pride is when within the Inferior Molecular Region. We are nothing else but simple chrysalides, miserable slugs from the mud of the earth,, inside which the heavenly butterfly could be formed, based on tremendous Intimate super-efforts. But, there is not a law in order for this to be fulfilled. Those chrysalides could become lost, and this is what is most common.

How stubborn are those individuals who suffer the unutterable when they see happiness in any given person. Why would they place their hearts in that which requires an exclusive possession?

"BEATI PACIFICI", The Ones who lack of a sinning anger. Unfortunately, the rage, the anger can disguise itself within the toga of a Judge or with a smile of forgiveness. Thus, each defect is multifarious.

We frightfully suffer within the fire of lust while in the Purgatorial Region because we revive within those submerged subconsciousness regions all of the pleasures of carnal passion. However, this causes profound pain within us.

"ADHAESIT PAVIMENTO ANIMA MEA." Poor souls who were attached to terrene things, how they suffer within the Purgatorial Region.

People of the Purgatorial Region! I tell you, remember Pygmalion, whose gluttonous thirst of gold made him a traitor, robber, and even what is worse, a parricide.

What would we say of the misery of the avaricious Midas, who became converted into a ridiculous personage throughout the innumerable centuries because of his absurd petitions?

What would we say of laziness? It is a Siren, who distracts mariners on the wide sea of existence. She was the one who lay Ulysses aside from his course. A loathsome, exhaling smell is what goes out of her belly.

Gluttons from the Purgatory! Behold Boniface, who waved the crosier of numerous flock. Behold also Meser Marchese who had only a short time of thirst before inebriating at Forli; yet so, was one never sated.

Remember those unblessed creatures of the clouds, how with their twofold bosoms overgorged were opposed in fight to Theseus.

Let us call to mind the Hebrews. How effeminately they stooped to ease their thirst where Gideon's ranks were thinned, marching down the hills to Midian.

So, I saw frightful things within the Purgatory. When reviving all of my bestialities of ancient times in this region, truly, I felt myself converted into a swine.

One given day among others, while conversing with a fellow soul of the Purgatory, I told her:

"Sister of mine, we have become as s-wines in this place." She answered me, *"Thus ills, we have become as swine in this place."*

The time was passing by, and I was suffering the unutterable while incinerating malignant seeds, while eliminating filthy things.

Many fellow souls of this Purgatorial Region were looking as decomposing cadavers. Lying down on their beds, they were painfully eliminating seeds, horrifying filthy larvae and evil tendencies.

Those poor souls were sighing and also moaning. I was never forgetting my Divine Mother, I always beseeched her to help me in this Purgatorial work, to eliminate from me this or that psychological defect. The fight against myself was terrible.

Finally, one night, the Blessed Goddess Mother Kundalini disguised as a man, entered within the Purgatorial Region. I intuitively, recognized her. *"Why did you disguise yourself as a man?"* I asked her. *"In order to enter into these regions"* was her answer.

"When are you going to take me out of here?" She, the Adorable One then established a date and hour. *"Afterwards, the televiewed instruction will come"*, She continued saying. It is clear that I understood everything.

Various details were confirming the words of my Mother, since the seven 'P's already had been erased little by little, one by one. The purifications were evident, manifest, clear and positive.

CHAPTER 36

THE TEMPLE OF HERCULES

The Sanctuary of Hercules (the Christ), which gloriously shone in the submerged Atlantis was a resplendent companion to the marvelous Temple of JAGRENAT (of whose so many marvels A. Snider wrote about in the formidable work entitled: La Creation *Etses Mystreres)*

Such unforgettable times of profound poetry are those in which the King Evander eloquently explained to Aeneas, the eminent Trojan man, all the delectable enchantments of the sacred banquet, offered in honour of Hercules.

If the God Vulcan (The Third Logos) truly deserves a lot of praise, then what would we say of the Lord, the Christ, the Second Logos, Hercules?

The chorus of young warriors sang in the sacred banquet, hymning praise to the Lord (Hercules) and his great deeds, enumerating with exceptional beauty the way he endured all of his labours.

When he was still a child, Hercules seized and throttled all the poisonous snakes which were the first monsters sent against his life. (Let us remember King Herod and the slaying of all the innocent children).

Hercules slaughtered the Lernaean Hydra, that is to say, the tempting serpent of Eden, the horrifying viper from the sinister temple of the Goddess Kali.

With the Sacred Fire, Hercules cleaned the stables of Augeias, that is to say, the forty-nine subconscious regions of the human mind, where all of the beasts of desire horrif abide.

Hercules killed the huge lion of Nemea, that is to say, he eliminated or extinguished the Luciferin Fire, and also dragged Cerberus, the infernal watchdog of Orcus (the sexual instinct), from the darkness into the light. Hercules is certainly admirable, and worthy of all praise and glory.

To think, oh God, that Hercules always repeats his labours each time he comes into the world is terrific.., grandiose...!

It is clear, and by all means it is evident that in order to incarnate Hercules within ourselves, we must firstly work in the Flaming Forge of Vulcan (the sex).

"Woe to the Samson of the Kabbalah if he permit himself to be put asleep by Delilah! The Hercules of science, who exchanges his royal sceptre for the distaff of Omphale, will soon experience the vengeance of Dejanira, and nothing will be left for him but the pyre of Mount Oeta, in order to escape the devouring folds of the coat of Nessus."

From the heights of the Rock Tarpeya, all of those who betray Hercules are precipitated into the bottom of the abyss.

There, in those times of the submerged Atlantis, the Temple of Hercules was erected upon a rocky boulder.

The extraordinary and marmoreal perron which was giving access into the temple, its Cyclopean and imponent mass was truly making this sanctuary like a precious twin brother to the Temple of Philoe in Upper Egypt and to other many venerated Mayan, Nahoa and Aztec sanctuaries.

If we think at least for a moment in the City of the Gods (Teotihuacan, Mexico), and in the secret paths and subterranean crypts of that sacred place (ignored by tourists), then, we must not ever forget the colossal constructions beneath the temple of Hercules.

Certainly, a royal portico was opened beneath the posterior front of the Temple that had twelve zodiacal God statues. These were clearly symbolizing the twelve faculties of the human being and the twelve Saviours of whom the Great Kabir Jesus so wisely spoke about.

Ancient traditions state that such a portico was similar to the celebrated House of the Dwarf also called House of the Magi, Great Teocali or House of God, in Mexico.

The Initiates were reverently and timorously entering under that terrific portico and they were passing beneath the columns of Hercules.

Such columns were of pure gold, and upon them were engraved the words ADAM KADMON with sacred characters. The M.M. know very well about the 'J' and 'B', PLUS ULTRA.

Seven auric steps upon where the Initiate descended were conducing him to a rectangular precinct.

That mysterious place was found wholly revested with pure gold, and was exactly in correspondence with the superior hall, which was always opened to the supplications of the profane world.

This was the Chamber of the Sun, but four other Chambers existed, and the Mysteries were shining in all of them.

The second crypt was ineffable. Five descending flights of silvery tin, the sacred metal of Brihaspati, Jupiter or IO, were reaching into it.

The planets Mars and Venus were shining in the third crypt. The red colouration of one and the foamy white of the other were giving to that environment a pinky and very beautiful tint.

Of the seven Solar Palaces, the third one in Christian and Jewish Kabbalah is related to Lucifer- Venus, which make of it the abode of Samael.

The Occidental allegorical Titans are in themselves also intimately related with Lucifer-Venus. Thus, Sukra, in other words, the Regent of the planet Venus, is the one who incarnated in the Earth as Usanas, and is known as Uriel in Hebrew. He gave perfect laws to the inhabitants of this world. Disgracefully, these perfect laws were disregarded and rejected in later ages.

I knew Usanas or Uriel in the Polar continent, during the first root race. He wrote a precious book with Runic characters.

Lucifer is the fatal negative aspect of Venus. Venus always shines at dawn, but, the Luciferin forces are terribly agitated at dawn.

Venus is truly the Major Brother, the Messenger of the Light for the Earth, in the physical as well as in the mystical sense.

Saturn and Moon glowing face to face upon the Altar, were always shining in the Fourth Initiatic Chamber of the Temple of Hercules.

It is urgent to remember that the two paths from the Atlantean epoch, the Dexterous and Sinister were clearly shown, and their struggles of more than 800,000 years are symbolically sung in that oriental poem of the Great War or the Mahabaratha.

So, by descending a little more, the Atlantean Initiates were penetrating into the fifth crypt, the one of Hermes, or Mercury, who was splendidly glittering upon the Altar.

Mercury, as an astrological planet is the Nuncio and Wolf of the Sun, *Solaris Luminis Particeps.* Mercury is the chief and evoker of souls, the Arch-Magi and Arch-Hierophant. The unhappy souls who are precipitated into the Orcus (Limbus) can be summoned to a new life by Mercury who holds in his dexterous hand the Caduceus or hammer with two serpents. TUN VIRGAM CAPIT HAC ANIMAS ILLE EVOCAT ORCO, in order to initiate them into the celestial militia...

Remember that within Limbus live many Saints, wise men and sweet maidens who believed in achieving the inner Self-realization of the Being without Sexual Magic. Poor souls.. .they did not work in the Forge of the Cyclops, they did not build the Solar Bodies, the Wedding Garment of the soul.

Blessed be the one who comprehends in an integral way the wisdom of the five crypts of the Temple of Hercules.

CHAPTER 37

RUNE HAGAL 

Let us now talk of Elementals, Gods and Devas, Sparks and Flames. May the Muses inspire us!...

May we play the lyre of Orpheus.

Let us remember the old Tiber himself, rising as a mist from within the waters of the river which has his name in order to speak to Aeneas.

O you who are born of the race of the Gods, who are bringing back to us the city of Troy saved from its enemies, who are preserving its citadel Pergamum for all time, long have we waited for you in the land of the Laurentines and the fields of Latium. This is the home that is decreed for you. This is the home decreed for the Gods of your household Do not give up. Do not be intimidated by the threat of war. All the angry passions of the Gods are now spent. But come now, so that you may not think what you are seeing is an empty dream.

I tell you that you will find a great sow with a litter of thirty piglets lying beneath ilex trees on a shore. There she will lie all white on the ground and the young around her udders will be white.

This will be a sign that after three times ten years revolve, Ascanius will found the city of Alba, white in name and bright in glory. What I prophesy will surely come to pass. Attend now I shall teach you in few words how you may triumphantly resolve the difficulties that lie before you.

The Arcadians are a race descended from Pallas. They came to these shores following the standards of their king Evander, chose a site here and established in these hills a city called Pallanteum after their founder Pallas. This people wages continual war with the Latin race. Welcome them into your camp as your allies. Make a treaty with them. I will take you to them straight up my river between these banks and you will be able to row upstream into the current.

Up with you then, son of the Goddess, for the first stars are beginning to set. Offer due prayers to Juno and overcome her angry threats with vows and supplications. To me you will give honour and make repayment when you are victorious. I am that full river whom you see scouring these banks and cutting through the rich farmland I am the river Thybris, blue as the sky and favoured of heaven. Here is my great home. My head waters rise among lofty cities.

So spoke the River-God and plunged to the bottom of a deep pool.

Certainly, Virgil, the poet of Mantua tells us that when this vision of Tiber vanished, Aeneas awoke, rose, then after rubbing his eyes, he ran around to see if he could discover the sign that the sublime Elder had spoken about. Concretely, before his astonished eyes there appeared an omen.

Through the trees he caught sight of a great white sow with a litter of thirty piglets, all of the same colour.

This was enough for him to state that the predictions of the God Tiber, an Elemental Deva from the sacred Italian river had become totally fulfilled.

These were times in which our Arian root race still had not entered into the descending, involuted cycle. The human mind had yet to be poisoned by the materialistic skepticism of the XVIII century. The people had faith in their visions, and they were rendering cult to the Elemental Gods of Nature.

JINN lands do exist, paradises where the wolf and the Lamb, men and Gods live together! Yes, this is obvious.

Let us remember the Monk Barinto who returned to his country after navigating for a period of time and told Brendan that beyond the Stone-Mount was the Island of Delights.

This was where his disciple Merloc and many other religious members of his order had retired. He then said that even further towards the Occident, passing a thick mist, another island was shining with eternal light. This island was the promised land for the Saints.

It is clear that Brendan did not have to hear this story twice. Filled with intense faith and a holy zeal, he embarked himself in a boat of osier that was revested with curried and bituminous skins. With him were seventeen religious monks, and one amongst them was the young Saint Malo, one of his most illustrious disciples.

“Patiently navigating towards the tropic, they made a stop on a very craggy and hospitable island

Then, they arrived to another island, rich in land animals and freshwater fish, and shining with light and beauty.

They arrived to another island without beaches, neither sand or banks, where they were determined to celebrate Easter Mass. However, it turned out that this land was a big whale or perhaps a gigantic Cachalot.

They proceeded ahead in their navigation until Pentecost on the Paradise of Birds, where their eyes enjoyed the abundance of leaves and flowers and their ears the singing of coloured birds.

Strong winds kept them many months on the ocean, until arriving to another island, which was inhabited by Cenobites, who had Saint Patrick and Saint Ailbeo as Patrons. They remained there from Christmas until Epiphany.

They spent a year in these peregrinations, and in the six following months, they gathered themselves for Christmas on the Island of Saint Patrick and Saint Ailbeo. They were on the Island of the Sheep during the Holy Week, they were upon the back of the whale during Easter Resurrection, and on the Island of the Birds for Pentecost.

Still they had not arrived to the Island of Delights, from where Mernoc had taken Barinto into the promised land.

Strange and mysterious adventures proceeded with the most curious events.

So, our heroes successively fought in the seventh year, with a whale, with a Gryphon and with the Cyclops.

They saw other islands, one among them was very flat and was producing big red fruits. This island was inhabited by a populace who called themselves the Strong Men. Another island was embalmed with the fragrance of those vines which were bending the trees that produced them.

They celebrated Christmas again in the accustomed place and afterwards they navigated towards the north, avoiding in this way the terrible Rocky Island, a bleak, windy spot where the Cyclops had their forges. The next day, they saw a mountain sending such a spray of sparks and embers that its whole summit was ablaze. This was the Hell Island

Without a doubt, such a place was not the one searched for by Saint Brendan and his companions. Therefore, they sailed south and disembarked on a small and round island, which was deprived of vegetation, and which was inhabited upon its summit by a Hermit, who filled them with benedictions.

They celebrated the Holy Week, Easter Resurrection and Pentecost where it was customary for them. Departing from that repetitive circle, they passed through the zone of obscurity which surrounds the Island of Saints, and which appeared before them filled with precious stones, autumn-like fruits and illuminated by a perpetual day.

In short, they wandered for forty days on that island without finding a limit to it. Upon a shore of a river which was crossing the island, an Angel told them that they could not pass ahead and that they should return the same way they came. So consequently, they repassed the darkness, they rested three days on the Island of Delights, and after the benediction of the Abbot of that Monastery, they returned directly to Ireland, without noticing with exactitude what it was that had just occurred."

These tales, placed between quotations, comes from Sigberto of Gemblours and Surio the Cartujo.

All ye worthy ones Those who have reached the Second Birth, have dissolved the ego and have sacrificed themselves for humanity's sake, listen to me, please!

Upon the Living Rock, right there, on the beach, you must trace with a reed the Rune Hagal. Then, you must call the little boat of the Sacred Swan. This is how you can embark yourselves to the mysterious islands of the fourth dimension.

Afterwards, when this sacred sign, this marvelous Rune has been traced, you must chant the following mantras: ACHAXUCANAC, ACHXURAXAN, ACHGNOYA, XIRAXI, IGUAYA, HIRAJI.

Look fixedly at the holy Rune Hagal, and with your heart filled with faith, beseech, ask unto the Roman Harpy, the Nordic Urwala, the Scandinavian Erda, the primeval Sibyl of the earth, your own Divine Mother Kundalini, to send for you the extraordinary little boat moved by the Sylphs.

Ah! How joyful you will be when you embark upon the mysterious boat of the Sacred Swan towards the mysterious islands of Eden.

But to you, the beginners, I advise you to render cult unto the Holy Gods, to work with the creatures of fire, air, water and earth.

You must not forget your Divine Mother Kundalini, since without her you cannot progress in this sacred science.

You must remember that God has no name and that he is only an inhalation, a sigh, the Incessant Eternal Breath, profoundly unknown to Itself.

This Breath, by all means, is the principle of the Logos, of all the Runes and of all words.

PRACTICE:

Beloved disciples, you must profoundly meditate on the Unity of Life, on the Great Alaya of the universe, on the invisible world, on the parallel universes of the superior dimensions of space.

Concentrate your thought on the Walkirias, Gods of fire, air, water and earth.

AGNI is the God of fire. PARALDA is the God of air. VARIJNA is the God of water. GOB is the God of the element earth.

Through meditation is how you can enter into contact with the Gods of the elements.

You must trace the Rune Hagal on a blank paper, then after, concentrate your mind on any of the four principal Gods of the elements. Call upon them so they can help you when it is necessary.

FINAL COMMENTARY

How can we forget XOCHIPILLI, the God of happiness, music, dance and flowers among the Aztecs, and TLALOC, the God of the rain, who still is gloriously shining among the Nahuas. This Elemental God lives in the parallel universe of the Conscious Will. *"The human sacrifices, were not my fault,"* he said, when we were recriminating him about it. Then, he added, *"I will return in the Aquarian Age."*

What can we say about EHECATL, the God of Wind? This Elemental Deva of the Aztecs was precisely the one who cooperated in the Resurrection of Jesus, by inducing activity and movement into the body of the Master.

We, the Gnostics still render cult to the Gods of the tender and ripe corn.

We know very well CAMAZOTZ, the Aztec Bat God. This Angel lives in the parallel universe of the Cosmic Will and works in the fourth dimension with the Angels of Death. We love the Elemental Gods of the ancient Egypt of the Pharaohs and we will never forget the millenary Sphinx.

The Rune Hagal and deep meditation will permit us to be put in contact with those Sparks, with those Ineffable Flames.

CHAPTER 38

THE RIVER LETHE

The Divine Mother Kundalini always accomplishes her word. Therefore, I waited with supreme patience for the given day, date and hour.

The Purgatorial Region is very painful and I wanted to leave from there, I was longing for my emancipation.

CATON, the Angel of Purgatory, fights in those molecular regions for the souls freedom.

This Angel greatly suffered when he lived in this world. Any Initiate knows that when in Utica, Africa, this Being was a man who preferred death, instead of living under the chains of slavery.

I also wanted liberty, therefore I asked for it, and it was granted unto me. Each time that a soul abandons the Purgatorial Region, an intense joy originates within the heart of CATON.

So, the longed for moment arrived... Since I had known the temporal and eternal fire and had departed from abrupt ways and from narrowness, I had to encounter the Sun inside of my own soul.

Thus, I felt that from the unknown, something mysterious was forcing, straining the intimate atomic doors of my interior universe.

My fears were useless, vain was the resistance, 'It' was compelling me, constraining me, pressing me, and finally, (oh God of mine!) I felt myself transformed. The Cosmic Christ had entered within me.

But, my individuality? Where had it gone? What had happened to my vain human personality? Where was it?

Only remembrances of the Holy Land were coming into my memory: The humble birth in the stable of the world, the baptism in the River Jordan, the fast in the wilderness, the Transfiguration, Jerusalem - the beloved city of the Prophets, the human multitudes of those times, the Doctors of the Law, the Pharisees, the Sadducees, etc.

I was floating in the surrounding environment of the temple. I courageously advanced towards a table before which the Modern Caiaphases, the most high Dignitaries of the failing Church, were seated. They were revested with their sacerdotal habits and the cross was hanging from their necks. They were projecting, planning, tracing insidious and perfidious plans against me in secrecy.

"You thought that I would not return, but I am here again." This was the only thing that occurred to me to utter.

Moments later, the LORD had gone out of me, and I again felt myself an individual. Then, together with Litelantes, I rested for brief moments at the foot of my cross.

I cannot deny that lamentably the thorns of the heavy crosspiece were hurting me, and I had a brief discussion with Litelantes about it.

Afterwards, she and I advanced towards the platform of the temple. A Master took the floor in order to say that CHRIST has no individuality and that HE incarnates and manifests HIMSELF inside any MAN who is properly prepared.

It is clear that the word MAN is extremely demanding. Diogenes did not find a single MAN in Athens.

The Intellectual Animal is not a MAN (human being). In order to become one, one needs to be dressed with the Wedding Garment of the soul, the famous TO SOMA HELIAKON, the body, or better if we say, the bodies of the SOLAR MAN.

Fortunately, I built those bodies of gold in the Forge of the Cyclops, in the Flaming Forge of Vulcan.

Hercules had repeated all of his tasks, all of his labours, inside of me. He had to strangle all of the poisoned serpents which wanted to take his life when he was still. a child. He had to decapitate the Hydra of Lerna, to clean the stable of Augeias, to kill the lion of Nemea, to take out Cerberus the infernal dog from within the frightful Tartarous, etc.

Hercules, the Christ practices what he teaches, and each time when he incarnates inside of a MAN, he repeats the whole of his Cosmic Drama. This is why the Lord is the Master of Masters.

It is written that the Son of Man has to descend into the atomic infernos of Nature.

It is written that the Son of Man has to ascend to heaven, after passing through the purgatorial region.

The Son of Man has to carefully submerge himself within the waters of Lethe in order to reconquer innocence.

With great urgency we need to forget the sinful and absurd past, which is the origin of much bitterness.

The Lethe and Eunoe are certainly, and without the least bit of doubt, a single river of clear and profound waters.

On one side, its waters delectably descend singing upon its rocky bed, carrying the marvelous virtue which erases the memory of sin, the remembrances of 'Myself'. Its name is Lethe.

The other so holy and sublime shore, has the delectable enchantment of fortifying virtues, and its name is Eunoe.

It is obvious that the tenebrous remembrances of too many yesterdays must be erased, because, to our own disgrace, they have the tendency of actualizing, projecting themselves into the future through the alley of the present.

In the name of Truth, I have to say that the profound work within the waters of Lethe is frightfully difficult and more bitter than bile.

The matter of passing beyond the body, affections and the mind is not easy. Too many beloved shadows live within time.... The memories of desire persist, they refuse to die, they do not want to disappear.

But, what about sex? The Maithuna? Sex Yoga? Then what, oh God of mine?! The Twice Born already know very well that they cannot return into the Flaming Forge of Vulcan.

It is obvious that the Maithuna is vital, cardinal and definitive in order to build the Wedding Garment of the soul, the To Soma Heliakon. However, any Initiate knows that this is only the inferior work of the Initiation.

Sex is forbidden for the Son of Man, this is known by the Gods, and as thus it is written. First, we must work with the Third Logos in the Ninth Sphere, until reaching the Second Birth (which the great Kabir Jesus spoke of to the Rabbi Nicodemus).

Afterwards, we need to work with the Second Logos, and then sex is prohibited.

The error of many pseudo-esoterists and pseudo-occultists, monks and anchorites consists of renouncing sex without having previously built the Solar Bodies in the Forge of the Cyclops.

These sincere mistaken ones want to work with the Second Logos, without previously having worked with the Third Logos. Behold, here is their mistake.

The definitive and radical sexual abstention is only commendatory for the Twice Born, for the Son of Man.

Whosoever is admitted into the temple of the Twice Born must dissolve the ego, must incinerate the seeds of the 'I' and must bathe in the waters of Lethe. This is known by the Gods, the Sparks, the Flames, the resplendent Dragons of Wisdom.

Truly, no one could pass beyond the sex, the affections and the mind, without previously having bathed within the waters of Lethe.

After the Second Birth, we need to tear the sexual Adamic Veil (or Veil of Isis) into pieces in order to penetrate into the Great Mysteries.

Children of the Earth' Listen to your instructors, who are the Children of the Fire. Adepts of the Light! You must invoke your Divine Mother Kundalini and then submerge yourselves into the profound waters of Lethe.

CHAPTER 39

THE NYMPHS

Iris, divine ineffable maiden, messenger Goddess of winged feet, you are the one who protects Initiate women who work in the Flaming Forge of Vulcan.

Was it perhaps not you, oh sublime beauty, who delivered the celestial message from Juno, Goddess of Initiate Matrons to bold Turnus, the warring Rotulian chief commander?

After the solemn libations, the war-like Turnus, as a new Achilles, was soon moving threateningly across the open Trojan plain with his whole army. This is how it is written and known by the Divine and humans.

However, the Trojans were neither tardy nor weak. They reunited themselves at once in the army room and with a great clamour they streamed into the battle line.

Terrorizing, Dantesque and dreadful was Turnus, who prowled round the Trojan walls in a fury, going one way and another. It was a strange destiny to repeat in Latium the same epic combats of defeated Troy.

Nevertheless, this time the Trojans, in spite of being veterans of many wars, did not commit themselves to a fair fight with the enemy on the level plain, because of Aeneas' absence. For these were the orders they had received from Aeneas, the greatest of warriors, as he left them.

What later happened is known by the legend of the centuries... The fire, the flames, the blazing torches crackled threateningly.

The Rotulians, blazing with anger, wanted to burn Aeneas' fleet. But Cybele herself the Divine Mother Kundalini, is said to have beseeched the help of the Cosmic Christ, Great Jupiter, Son of Cronos, and thus, Jupiter helped the Trojans.

Fortunately, those ships were made with the sacred wood of pines, from trees gladly given to the Trojan warrior upon the Holy Mount of Ida, where the Christ (Jupiter) had his favourite forest.

Oh, the astonishment!.. Oh, the marvel!. In an instant, each one of these mysterious ships, instead of burning as a fatal holocaust, was miraculously changed into a nymph of the immense sea.

Ah!...if only the human mind had not degenerated so greatly... Many times I, myself, have seen tender maidens dressed as brides, as if ready for their wedding celebration.

Yes, oh God! I have seen these innocent souls at the foot of each pine. Truth? Yes, these are plant elementals.

These are truly the elementals of the pines, each one of these Christmas trees has its own soul. When will the Christ Cultists once again establish their sanctuaries within the forest filled with pines?

Do these trees have powers? Who would dare to doubt it? Could perhaps the warriors of Turnus, the new Achilles, have turned the Trojan fleet into a holocaust?

If people could awake consciousness, then, they could converse face to face with the Nymphs of the boisterous ocean.

If people could awake consciousness, then, they could talk with the elementals of the pines.

Nevertheless, oh what pain!... Oh God of mine!... These poor people are profoundly asleep.

Ah! If those who investigate in the field of occultism, could truly comprehend the author of *The Metamorphosis of Plants*. If they could understand Humboldt with his Cosmoses. If truly they could intuit Timeous and Critias of Plato the Divine, then they would approach the amphitheatre of the Cosmic Science and they would penetrate into the mystery of the magic of plants.

If those who study occult anatomy could comprehend the mysteries of Devi Kundalini, if truly they would love Cybele and divine Jupiter, if they would work in the Ninth Sphere, then, they would be admitted into the elemental paradises of Nature.

Let us now remember the chorus of the Nymphs of Calypso, in the very occult work of Telemachus of Phenelon.

The Fairies spread on the moss of a millenary rock a fine lace tablecloth. Its beautiful figure could be compared to those subtle textiles which are formed sometimes by the cirrus in the sky. Right upon it was placed factored Atlantean ware which had colours that brought remembrances of the Talaveranean zone (which was in fashion a few years earlier) from afar. They served them a meal of frugal appearance, but which was so nutritive that it seemed to fill all of them with happiness and youth.

Wheat, rye, honey syrup, corn, cocoa, walnut, kola nut, sopari bread, are what the Hindustani Adepts give as a sign of alliance to their disciples. The honey, the non-fermented must, a thousand juices and undescribable molasses constituted their dishes.

These were delicious dishes that not even Brillat Savarin had ever tasted, and that neither Montino and Altimira would ever reach to comprehend.

A certain fragrant liquor that was served in an agate cup, which was evoking memories of the Holy Grail, placed this group of brethren into a mysterious and strange state in the end.

They were joyful, happy and filled with vigour and youth, capable of embarking without any fear into the most terrible adventure.

It is relevant to say that this group explored Atlantis and knew all the mysteries of that submerged continent.

I also knew two other marvelous Nymphs when I was navigating on a sail ship in the Caribbean Sea.

They came to encounter us through the boisterous waves. They were of an incomparable beauty.

One of them, a delicate maiden, had the colour of violets. She was floating over the waters, sometimes walking with a rhythmical and innocent step, sweetly approaching, agile and simple. She was without anything of animal, yet, she had a lot of divinity. She looked rather like an Indian female with bare feet.

The other one had the marvelous colour of coral. Within the cordial shape of her mouth, a strawberry left its purplish red, and in the subtle delicate draw of that visage, her eyes were shining.

The aurora was dawning upon the ocean, I saw them and when uttering the verb of light they spoke to me. Then, very slowly, they approached the beach and rose upon the cliffy rocks.

I became a friend of these two marvelous Nymphs, and when I think in their powers and in those changed ships of Aeneas, I then submerge myself into meditation and prayer.

CHAPTER 40

RUNE NOT 

Truly, it is indispensable in this 1968-1969 Christmas Message to deeply study the famous Rune Not.

Let us continue studying this matter of Karma. Listen to me beloved reader: One day, it does not matter which one, Raphael Ruiz Ochoa and my insignificant person were coming back from the picturesque city of Taxco, Guerrero, of the Republic of Mexico.

We were going to the Federal District (Capital of Mexico) in a ramshackle vehicle, which due to the unbearable weight of years, was roaring frightfiully with tremendous noise and clatter.

To see this old and decrepit vehicle running was intriguing. Frequently, like something Dantesque, it horrifyingly and dreadfully over-heated, and only my friend Raphael had the patience to deal with it.

Once in a while, we were stopping in the shadow of some tree of the road in order to put water in the vehicle and to cool it a bit.

This was a duty for my friend Raphael as I preferred to take advantage of those instants in order to submerge myself into profound meditation.

I now remember something very interesting. While seated near the road, out of that curious, very old vehicle I saw some insignificant ants which assiduously and diligently were circulating everywhere.

Suddenly, I resolved to put order into my mind and to concentrate my attention exclusively on one of them.

Afterwards, I passed into meditation and finally Ecstasy, Samadhi, or that which in Zen Buddhism is denominated Satori came unto me.

What I experienced was extraordinary, marvelous, formidable. I could verify the existing intimate relationship between the ant and that which Leibnitz named the Monad [Spirit].

Certainly, it becomes obvious to integrally comprehend that such a Directrix-Monad is not incarnated or inserted inside the body of the ant. It is clear that this Monad lives out of its physical body. However, it is connected to its dense vehicle by means of the silver cord.

Such a cord is the thread of life, the septuple Antakarana of the Hindustani. It is something magnetic and subtle, that has the power of extending or prolonging itself until the Infinite.
Truly, such a Monad of that insignificant ant, which was observed in detail by me, seemed to be a beautiful twelve year old girl. She was dressed with a white tunic and was carrying over her shoulders a dark blue coloured cape.

Much has been spoken about Marguerite Gautier, but this girl was more ineffable and beautiful. Her eyes were of an evocative beauty, her gestures like that of a Prophetess. There was on her the sacred fragrance of the altar. Her innocent smile was like that of the Mona Lisa, and with such lips that no one in heaven or earth would dare to kiss.

So, what is that which the girl said? Terrible things, she spoke to me about her Karma, certainly very horrifying Karma. We conversed very carefully, inside the vehicle, she entered in by herself and when seated, she invited me to conversation. I humbly seated myself beside her, *"We the ants"* said this Monad, *"have been punished by the Lords of Karma, and we suffer a lot."*

Now it is opportune to remember the legends of the giant ants form Tibet, which are referred to by Herodotus and Plinius (Herodotus, Historiam book XI. Plinius, Natural History, book III).

Of course, oh God of mine!...it would be difficult on the first attempt to imagine Lucifer as a bee, or the Titans as ants. But it is clear that these creatures also had their downfall. This downfall in itself was of the same nature as the error committed by Adam.

Many centuries before the first Root-Race appeared upon the face of the earth, those NON HUMAN creatures which today are named ants and bees were living on this world. These creatures knew in depth good from evil and evil from good. Certainly, and in the name of truth, I have to say that they were old souls. They had evolved greatly, but never in life had they entered onto the path of the Revolution of the Consciousness..

It is obvious that evolution can never conduce anyone to the Intimate Self-Realization.

It is normal that every evolution is inevitably followed by an involution. Every rising is followed by a setting, every ascension is followed by a descent.

These creatures came to renounce the idea of a superior knowledge and of the esoteric circle of life. Thus, they established their faith on such gibberish as that of a Marxist-Leninist type, similar to that of the Soviet Union.

Their way of understanding was undoubtedly more mistaken and graver than that of Adam; therefore, the result is shown before the sight of the entire world.

Thus, this is what the ants and bees are, they are involutioning, retarded and regressive creatures.

These beings altered their own organism, they horrifyingly modified it, they made their organism to retrocede in time, until reaching the present state which they are in.
Maeterlinck, when referring to the civilization of the termites he writes:

Their civilization, which is the most ancient amongst all, is the most curious, the most intelligent, the most complex and in a certain way, the most logical and the one which is the most adapted to the difficulties of existence among all the civilizations which have appeared before our own civilization upon the globe. From many points of view, this civilization, even when cruel, sinister and often repulsive, is superior to that of the bee, to that of the common and current ant and to that of the human being.

Within the termite colony (or nest of white ants), the Communist Gods convert themselves into insatiable Molochs. The more that is given unto them, the more they demand, and they persist in their demands until the individual is annihilated and his misery is complete. This frightful tyranny has not been parallelled in humanity, since among us humans, some people benefit at least, but in the termite colony not one benefits.

Their discipline is more ferocious than that of the Carmelites or Threepences. Their voluntary submission to laws and regulations, which comes from who knows where, is such that it does not have a parallel in any human society. This new form of fatality maybe the most cruel of all the social fatalities which we, ourselves are walking towards. It is a society which has been added to those which we already know and that have already sufficiently preoccupied us. They do not rest, except in the very last of their dreams. Sickness is intolerable, and weakness carries with it its own death sentence. Their communism is taken until the limits of cannibalism and coprophagy.

Demanding the sacrifice and misery of many for the benefit and happiness of no one, is all for the objective that one specie of universal desperation, could be continuable, renovative and multipliable as long as the world is alive. These cities of insects which appeared on this planet before humans appeared, could serve almost as a caricature of ourselves, as a parody of the terrestrial Paradise, towards which, the majority of civilized countries walk towards.

Thus, Maeterlinck demonstrates in an evident way what is the price of such a type of Marxist- Leninist regimen.

They used to have wings, now they do not have them any more. They do not have eyes, since they have renounced them. They use to have sex, but they have sacrificed this too.

To all of this, we have to add that before sacrificing their wings, their sight and their sex, these white ants (and all ants in general), had to sacrifice their intelligence.

If in the beginning an iron dictatorship was necessary in order to establish their abominable communism, afterwards, everything became automatic and their intelligence became atrophied little by little, once displaced by their mechanicalism.

Today, we are astonished when we contemplate a bee's honeycomb or an ant-hive, but we only lament that they now lack intelligence and that they have become mechanical.
Let us now talk about the forgiveness of sins. Can perhaps Karma be forgiven?

We say that Karma can be forgiven. When an inferior law is transcended by a superior law, the latter has in itself, without a doubt, the extraordinary power of washing away the first one. Nevertheless, there are lost cases, as such of the ants and bees. Such creatures, after having normal personalities, became involuted, they became deformed and diminished themselves, until reaching their present state.

I owed Karma from previous lives, but I was forgiven. An eminent special encounter with my Divine Mother Kundalini was announced to me, I knew that when arriving at a certain esoteric degree, I was going to be taken to her presence.

Certainly, the longed for day arrived, and I was taken before her. A very exalted adept conduced me towards the Sanctuary.

Oh God of mine! Once there,..I cried...I prayed....I invoked my Adorable One. This cosmic event was extraordinary.

She, my Adorable Mother, came to me. It is impossible to explain what I felt. All of my dear mothers who I have had in all of my distinct reincarnations were represented in Her.

However, She was beyond all of them... She was my Mother, yes, but, perfect, ineffable and terribly divine.

The Father had deposited within Her all the grace of His wisdom. Christ (the Son) had saturated Her with His love, and the Holy Spirit had conferred Her with all of His igneous powers.

Thus, I could comprehend that in my Mother, all of wisdom, love and power were vividly expressing themselves.

We sat face to face, she was on one chair and I on another, and so, delectably we conversed as Son and Mother.

How joyful.. .how happy I was when conversing with my Divine Mother! I had something to say, and when I spoke I did so with a voice which surprised my very own self.

"I ask you to forgive me of all of the crimes committed by me in previous lives, since, you know that nowadays I would be incapable of falling into the same errors."

"I know it, my Son" replied my Mother with a paradisiacal voice filled with infinite love.

"Not even for a million dollars would I commit those errors again," I continued saying to my Divine Mother Kundalini.

"What is that about dollars, my son? Why are you saying that? Why are you talking like that?"

Then, oh God!... I felt embarrassed with myself...confused, ashamed and filled with pain I answered: *"Pardon me, Mother of mine, the problem is that this is the spoken way of that vain and illusory physical world where I live."*

"I comprehend my son" answered my Mother. So, with these words the Adorable One returned tranquility and peace unto me.

"Now, yes, Mother of mine, I ask you to bless me and forgive me", I spoke filled with ecstasy. Terrific was the moment in which my Mother, on Her knees, kneeled with infinite humbleness and filled with wisdom, love and power, blessed me when saying: *"My son you are forgiven." "Allow me to kiss your feel, oh Mother of mine*", I cried.

Then, oh God! when I deposited my mystical kiss upon Her sacred feet, She instructed me with a certain symbol, which reminded me of the washing of feet in the Last Supper of the Lord.

I understood and comprehended everything in depth. I already had dissolved the pluralized 'I' within the mineral regions, within the Infernal Worlds of Nature, but, I needed to burn up the Satanic seeds within the Inferior Molecular World, or Purgatorial Region. Then after, I had to bathe myself in the rivers of Lethe and Eunoe in order to erase the memories of evil and fortified virtues. Such has to be done, before having the right to be confirmed in the light.

Later, I found myself involved in a potentially painful scene, similar to one from my past life where I had committed a lamentable error. I was very close to being run down by a car within the Federal District, capital city of Mexico. I was completely convinced until satiety that I was already free of Karma.

I studied my own book of Karma in the Superior Worlds, and I found all of its pages blank. I only found written the name of a mountain on one of them. I comprehended that later I have to live there.

"Is this a type of Karma?" I asked unto the Lords of Karma. *"This is not a Karma"* they answered me. *"You will go to live there, for the good of the Great Cause."*

Nonetheless, it is clear, that this will not be mandatory for me, the liberty of choosing is granted unto me.

At present, I do not owe any Karma, yet, I have to pay tax unto the Lords of the Law. Everything has a price, and the right for living in this world must be paid, I pay with good deeds.

Therefore, I have presented to the consideration of my readers two cases: the irremediable Karma, like that of bees and ants, and the forgiven Karma.

Let us now talk of negotiations. Let us concretize it with the Rune Not. In Masonry, this symbol is taught only to Masters, never to beginners.

Let us remember the sign for succour for those of the Third Degree, that is to say, for the Masters: The interlaced hands are placed over the head, at the level of the forehead, with the palms facing outward, while pronouncing at the same time, *"Around me, children of the Widow!"* or, in Hebraic, *"E LAI B NE AL MANAH."*

All Masons must concur when hearing this cry, in order to aid the brother who is in misfortune and to grant him their protection in all cases and circumstances of life.

In Masonry, the Rune Not is practised with the head, and this Rune has been, is, and will always be an 'S. O. S.', a sign for help.

As a fact, the Rune Not in itself signifies danger, but, it is obvious that the power for intelligently avoiding this danger resides within the same Rune.

Those who transit upon the Path of the Razor's Edge are incessantly combated by the tenebrous ones, and so they suffer the unspeakable. Therefore, they can and must defend themselves with the Rune Not.

We can beseech, ask for help to Anubis and his forty-four Judges of Karma with this Rune Not, in order for them to consider negotiations.

We must not complain because of Karma, since it is negotiable. Whosoever has capital from good deeds, can pay without the necessity of suffering.

PRACTICE 1:

The practices of the Rune Not take us to the performing of Pranayama, that is to say, to the wise and intelligent combination of solar and lunar atoms.

You must profoundly inhale the vital air, the Prana, the life, through the right nostril, and exhale it through the left nostril while mentally counting up to twelve. Then after, inhale through the left nostril and exhale through the right one, and vice versa. Continue with this exercise for ten minutes. In this practice, you must control your nostrils with your index finger and your thumb.

Afterwards, the Gnostic student must sit down or lay down in dorsal decubitus (on his back, facing upwards). With his body relaxed, he must concentrate and try to remember his past lives.

PRACTICE 2:

In the case of requiring the assistance of Anubis, if you urgently need to negotiate with him, then, you must open your arms to the sides. While in this position, you must form the Rune by placing one arm at an angle of 135 degrees and the other arm at an angle of only 45 degrees.

Then, the arm which is forming the angle of 45 degrees will move in order to form an angle of 135 degrees, and the other arm will move to form the angle of 45 degrees.

During this exercise, you must chant the Mantras, NA, NE, NT, NO, NU, while having your mind concentrated on Anubis, the Chief of Karma. In this manner, beseech him for the negotiation you wish, and ask him for the help urgently needed.

You must observe well the form of the Rune Not, imitating with your arms this sign. The right and left arms must alternate in their movements.

CHAPTER 41

PARSIFAL

Now let us talk about the Templar Knights, let us converse a little bit about these loyal custodians of the Holy Grail. May the Gods listen to us, may the Muses inspire us.

What could we say about the Castle of Monsalvat? Let us all sing the hymn of the Grail.

HYMN OF THE GRAIL

O Feast of love undying, from day to day renewed, draw near, as for the last time, to taste this sacred food who revels in good deeds this holy Feast still feeds: he dares approach the shrine to share this gift divine.

For sins of the world with thousand sorrows His sacred blood He offered; to the world's Redeemer with joyful heart, oh, how gladly my blood I proffer: He died, for sin atoning thus, He lives, by death He lives in us!

In faith and love, behold the dove, the Savior's shining token: take ye the wine, His blood divine, and bread of life here broken!

Ye men and Gods! Lo and behold the Grail Knights and their Squires. All of them are dressed with white tunics and white cloaks, similar to the Templar Knights.. .but, instead of the Red Tau, the symbol of a white dove in soaring flight is displayed with all right on their weapons and embroidered on their cloaks.

This is an extraordinary symbol of the Third Logos, a living sign of the Holy Spirit, of Vulcan, that marvelous sexual force with which we can perform many prodigies and marvels.

Well...it would be helpful to penetrate within the deep meaning of Wagner's drama.

In this drama, Amfortas is a specific type of remorse, Titurel is the voice of the past, Klingsor is the black magician, Parsifal is redemption, Kundry is seduction and Gurnemanz is tradition.

In the beginning, the marvelous trombones sound their solemn reveille and Gurnemanz sinks to his knees with his two Squires, joining them in silent morning prayer.

Two strong knights come from the Grail's castle with the evident purpose of exploring the path which Amfortas, the King of the sacred Chalice, is going to follow.

The old successor of King Titurel comes earlier than he ever has, to bathe himself within the sacred waters of the lake. This is done with the desire of calming the strong pains which are afflicting him since the moment of his own disgrace when he received a

frightful thrust of a lance, a spear which Klingsor, the perverse black magician, wounded him with.

Sorrowful story is the one of Klingsor! Horrifying! He was a sincere mistaken one, as many are in this day and age.

He was living as a penitent in a frightful desert. He wanted to be a saint, thus, he became an enemy to all that could have sexual savour. He dreadfully fought against the animal passions, he wore bloody sackcloths upon his flagellated body and he cried a lot.

Nevertheless, everything was useless, since his lust, lasciviousness and his secret impudence, in spite of all his efforts and sacrifices, were swallowing him alive.

Therefore (oh dear God!), being impotent in eliminating his sexual passions, this unhappy man resolved to mutilate, to castrate himself with his own hands.

Then after, he beseechingly extended his hands towards the Grail, but he was rejected with indignation by the Guardian.

This disgraced one believed that by hating the Holy Spirit, by rejecting the Third Logos, by destroying the sexual organs, he could be admitted into the Castle of Monsalvat.

The unhappy one thought that he could be admitted into the Order of the Holy Grail without the Maithuna, without previously achieving the Second Birth, and while being dressed with lunar rags.

This poor unfortunate and ill-starred knight supposed that one could enter to work with the

Second Logos (the Christ), without previously having worked with the Third Logos (the Holy Spirit, the sexual fire).

To that end, the tenebrous, despairing Klingsor unjustly resolved to avenge himself against the noble Knights of the Holy Grail.

Therefore, he transformed his penitent desert into a bewitched and fatal garden of voluptuous delights and he filled it with exquisite and diabolical women, dangerously beautiful.

Thus, there, in that delectable mansion, accompanied with his beauties, he lurked in secrecy for the Grail Knights in order to drag them into concupiscence, which inevitably conduces people towards the infernal worlds.

Whosoever allowed himself to be seduced by these provocative she-devils became his victim. Thus, this is how he succeeded in carrying many Knights into perdition.

Amfortas, King of the Grail, combated this fatal, evil, venturesome Klingsor. The King wanted to put an end to this fatal enchanted plague, but he too fell, surrendering to passion within the impudent arms of the lustful Kundry.

With such a formidable moment for Klingsor, he would have been foolish if he would have lost such an opportunity. Therefore, he audaciously snatched the sacred spear from the hands of Amphortas, then while smiling he triumphantly withdrew.

Thus, this is the way in which Amfortas the King of the Grail lost the blessed spear with which Longinus pierced the side of the Lord upon Golgotha.

Amfortas, who is also pierced in his side with the frightful wound of remorse, suffers the unspeakable.

Kundry, a delectable woman of extraordinary beauty, also suffers with remorse, but she humbly serves the Brethren of the Holy Grail.

Within the depth, you, Kundry, fatal woman, are nothing but an instrument of perfidy, under the service of that magician from darkness. You want to march throughout the path of light, but, hypnotized you fail.

Amfortas, while submerged within intimate profound meditation, listens in ecstasy to the mysterious words of mystic meaning which come from the Grail: Made wise through pity, the blameless fool, (the innocent and chaste one), wait for him, the one I choose.

Suddenly, something extraordinary happens, something unusual, a great commotion stirs among the people of the Grail. Precisely at the shore of the lake they have intercepted an ignorant boy, who, errant on those shores, has just wounded to death a swan, a sacred bird of immaculate whiteness.

But, why so much scandal? To Parsifal, this was an event which had just occurred in the past, which fortunately was washed clean within the precious waters of Lethe.

Who has not wounded the Sacred Swan to death? Who has not wounded the Third Logos? Who is the one who has not assassinated the miraculous Hamsa, the Holy Spirit? Who, because of fornication, has not assassinated the Phoenix Bird of paradise? Who has not sinned against the Immortal Ibis? Who has not made the Holy Dove, living symbol of the sexual force, to bleed?

It is clear that Parsifal, after suffering greatly, has reached total innocence. He is the son of Herzeleide, a poor woman from the forest. Really, he ignores mundane things, because he is protected with his innocence.

Klingsor's flower maidens are useless as these unjoyful ones cannot not seduce such an innocent one. Therefore, they flee defeated.

Useless become the seductive efforts of Herodias, Gundryggia, Kundry, as all of her arts fail. Thus, when looking at herself defeated, she cries, asking for help to Klingsor, who in desperation and rage, hurls the sacred spear against Parsifal.

Nevertheless, Parsifal is protected by his innocence. Therefore, the spear instead of piercing his body, remains hanging over Parsifal's head for an instant. Then, the boy grasps the spear with his right hand, and swings this sharp weapon in the blessing sign of the cross. Finally, the Castle of Klingsor collapses and sinks within the abyss, converted into cosmic dust.

The best comes afterwards, as Parsifal, in company with his Guru Gurnemanz, enters into the Temple of Montserrat, Spain, Cataluña.

The doors of the Temple are opened and in solemn procession, all the Knights of the Holy Grail penetrate inside the holy place. They orderly and with infinite veneration place themselves before two long, cloth covered tables, which are parallel to each other and which leave an empty space between them.

Delectable are those moments in which the Mystical Supper is celebrated, the Cosmic Banquet of the Pascal Lamb.

Extraordinary are those instants in which the bread and the wine of the Transubstantiation are eaten and drank.

The blessed chalice in which Joseph of Arimathea collected the blood that poured from the wounds of the Lord upon the Golgotha of all bitterness, gloriously shines during the ritual.

Ineffable moments of Pleroma are those in which Parsifal miraculously heals the wound of Amphortas by applying on his side the same blessed spear which wounded him before.

This spear is a formidable symbol, it is one hundred per cent phallic, it is sexual in its integral form.

Amfortas fell because of sex, he dreadfully suffered with the pain of remorse, but, thanks to the Sexual Mysteries, he totally regenerated and healed himself

The Great Kabir Jesus said: *if any man will come after me, let him deny himself: and take up his cross, and follow me.* (Matthew 16: 24)

The Knights of the Holy Grail did deny themselves, they dissolved the pluralized 'I' by incinerating the satanic seeds, by bathing themselves within the waters of Lethe and Eunoe.

The Knights of the Holy Grail worked in the Flaming Forge of Vulcan, they never ignored that the Cross is the result of the insertion of the vertical beam inside the formal cteis.

The Knights of the Holy Grail have sacrificed themselves for the sake of humanity, they have worked with infinite love in the Great Work of the Father.

CHAPTER 42

THE SACRED FIRE

The sexual energy polarizes itself in the two following ways: static or potential (Kundalini), and dynamic. These polarizations, known by all cultural and spiritual persons, are certainly active forces within the organism.

It is obvious that within the dorsal spine, seven very special magnetic centres exist. Infinite igneous powers are found latent within them.

All of the multiplicity of divine powers enter in activity with the ascension of the Sacred Fire along the medullar canal.

The fundamental clue in order to awaken this Sacred Fire, the Kundalini, is certainly hidden within Sex-Yoga, within the Maithuna, within the sexual connection of the Lingam-Yoni, phallus-uterus, but without the ejaculation of the Ens Seminis (entity of semen). This is because the whole *Ens Virtutis* of the fire is enclosed within this semi-solid and semi-liquid substance.

The refrained desire will make the sexual energy flow inward and upward towards the brain.

When the solar and lunar atoms of the seminal system make contact in the coccyx near the Tribeni, the base of the dorsal spine, then, the Sacred Fire is awakened in order to rise through the medullar canal until the brain.

It is urgent to comprehend, it is necessary to know, that if the entity of semen is spilled, then, the ascending fire descends one or more vertebrae, according with the magnitude of the fault.

The Kundalini, the Divine Fire, ascends slowly in accordance with the merits of the heart. Those who walk upon the Path of the Razor's Edge know very well by direct experience that the Divine Mother Kundalini, the Sacred Fire, conduces Shiva, the Holy Spirit, to the cerebral centre and finally into the Heart-Temple.

No authentic esoterist would ever dare to deny that a static state always exists behind any activity.

We can undoubtedly find the fundamental static centre of the human organism in the coccygeal bone (base of the dorsal spine).

This coccygeal chakra is in itself the Church of Ephesus of Christian esoterism. It is the support- root of the physical body and of all movements of vital forces within the interior of our organism.

We know by direct experience that in this specific centre of the body, the igneous serpent of our magical powers is found coiled three and a half times. This is the serpentine annular fire which is marvelously developed in the body of the ascetic.

A very careful analysis of this magnetic coccygeal centre permits us to comprehend that this in itself is consciousness. There is no doubt that this centre possesses very special qualities.

The Kundalini, the contained power within this cited coccygeal centre, becomes efficient and definitive for the awakening of the consciousness. It is obvious that this Sacred Fire can open the igneous wings of the Caduceus of Mercury upon the dorsal spine of the Initiate. Thus, this is how we can consciously penetrate into any department of the Kingdom.

The Hindustani Adepts make a distinction between the supreme cosmic consciousness and its active energetic power, which is capable of penetrating within the most profound zones of our subconsciousness in order to really awaken us.

The oriental wise men say that when the cosmic consciousness is manifested as energy, then it possesses two identical faces, the potential and the kinetic.

The Kundalini, the sexual fire, is without a doubt a *Vedantic* and *Jehovistic* truth, which exactly represents the whole universal process as a wise polarization in the consciousness itself

To utilize this Sacred Fire, the igneous serpent of our magical powers, in order to awaken the consciousness is an intimate, vital and indispensable necessity.

The human being, or better if we say, the poor intellectual animal mistakenly called man, has his consciousness completely asleep. Therefore, he certainly is incapable of vividly experiencing that which is not from time, that which is the Reality.

The Sacred Fire possesses very special and effective virtues, in order to take out the poor human biped from the unconscious state in which he is situated.

Whosoever develops this Sacred Fire with all of its seven degrees of power, obviously acquires certain faculties with which he can command the creatures of fire, air, water and earth.

Nevertheless, it is urgent to comprehend that the sword, forged by Vulcan, must be incandescently tempered within the spermatic waters of the Styx lake.

Disgraceful is the one who spills the Cup of Hermes. *"It had been good for that man if he had not been born, or it would be better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were drowned in the depth of the sea."* (Matthew 18: 6, 26: 24)

Aeneas, the eminent Trojan hero, with his flaming sword on high and looking up fixedly at the sun, uttered words while in prayer. Such words could only be comprehended by those who work in the magistery of fire. He put as his witness the Cosmic Christ, his blessed land which he invoked, also the all-powerful Father who dwells in secret, and Saturnian Juno Kundalini, the eternal spouse of the Third Logos.

He called to glorious Mars, Lord of wars and to all the elemental creatures of the fountains and rivers, to all the children of the fire, to all divinities of the blue sea. He even promised that if victory should chance befall to his enemy Turnus, he would withdraw to the city of Evander defeated. But, if victory would be granted to him with Mars being in his favour, then, he would not convert the Italians into slaves. He would only think in co-existing with them as friends, and that is all.

The following oath of the good King Latinus becomes very significant to all of those who work in the Magistery of Fire. When he looked up fixedly to the sun, and called as his witness the Sacred Fires which stand lit within us and the Divinities, he said: The day shall not come when men of Italy shall violate this treaty or break this peace, whatever chance will bring.

King Latinus put the same Divinities to witness all his oaths: the earth, sea and stars, the two children of Latona, the unmanifested Prakriti (Diana and Apollo), and Janus (Ianos) with his I.A.O., the three vowels which are chanted during the sexual trance of the Maithuna.

This great King Latinus did not forget in his prayer the terrible abode of Pluto and the Infernal Gods, those divine Beings, those sacred Individuals who renounced the happiness of Nirvana, in order to live in the Infernal Worlds to fight for the decidedly lost ones.

All of these prayers, all of the supplications and oaths from the ancient classic world, certainly become incomprehensible without the sacred science of fire.

The advent of the fire within our own selves is the most formidable cosmic event. The fire transforms us radically.

The four letters written upon the cross of the Redeemer of the world come into my memory in these instants: INRI. IGNTS NATURA RENOVATUR INTEGRA. The Fire renews Nature incessantly.

There, in the profound night of the centuries, in the ancient Egypt of the Pharaohs, the Great Kabir Jesus, while practicing the Maithuna with a Vestal of a pyramid, chanted the mantras INRI, ENRE, ONRO, UNRU, ANRA. He resounded each letter in a prolonged and profound way. It is obvious that each one of these mantras is divided into two esoteric syllables for its pronunciation.

We need to be swallowed by the serpent. It is urgent to convert ourselves into living flames, it is indispensable to achieve the Second Birth in order to enter into the Kingdom.

CHAPTER 43

RUNE LAF 

I was still very young and she (the starry night) was named Urania. So, on one of those nights, it does not matter which one, I abandoned this physical body for a while.

How happy I felt while out of the dense body. There is no better pleasure than feeling oneself as a detached soul. Past, present and future become an eternal now.

To penetrate within the parallel universes becomes relatively easy when one has the consciousness awakened.

While in the parallel universe of the fifth dimension, I felt the necessity of invoking a Master, thus, I cried with a great voice, calling, beseeching, asking.

In an instant it looked as if the whole universe was transformed, such is the power of the Verb.

The silver cord has the power of infinitely elongating itself this is how the souls can freely travel throughout the starry space.

So, I traveled a lot and arrived at the Temple. Filled with ecstasy, I advanced through the mysterious path which conduces the Initiates until the doors of this very saintly place. I was then unexpectedly attacked by a great beast, by a Mitraic bull, which was dreadful in a great manner.

Without boasting of valiance, I tell you, beloved reader, that I did not feel fear. I confronted the animal in a resolute and blunt way, holding it by its horns. Thus, I managed to sink it down to the ground.

However, in those precise moments something unusual happened. Before my astonished consciousness, a chain of iron dropped and as if by magic the terrible animal disappeared. I intuitively comprehended everything in those moments. Clearly, I needed to make myself free, to brake the slavering chains, to eliminate the animal ego.

Afterwards, I continued on my way and I entered through the doors of the Temple. I became inebriated by an exquisite spiritual voluptuousness. Certainly, I would not change those instants, not even for all the gold of the world.

What happened afterwards is well known by the Gods, and now I write it for the humans. I saw the chariot of the centuries, which was driven by three Masters of the White Lodge and a venerable Elder was in this chariot of mystery.

How can I forget such a face? Such a countenance? Such an appearance? Such sublime perfection?
The forehead of that Elder was certainly high and majestic, his nose straight and perfect, his lips fine and delicate, his ears small and recoiled, his beard white and with an aureole of light, and his hair of an immaculate whiteness which was falling over his shoulders.

It is obvious that I could not stop inquiring about him, since he was terribly Divine, and formidable.

"The name of Him is PETER" answered one of the Hierophants who was driving the chariot of the centuries.

Then after...oh God of mine!... I abased myself on the ground before this Elder of the Centuries, and filled with infinite love and compassion, while speaking in the golden language, he blessed me.

Since then I have reflected a lot, and I will never be sorry for having taught humanity the Gospel of PETER, the Maithuna, Sex Yoga.

PATAR, PETER, said:

Behold I lay in Sion a chief corner stone, elect, precious...

Unto you therefore which believe he is precious: but unto them which be disobedient, the stone which the builders disallowed, the same is made the head of the corner.

And a stone of stumbling, and a rock of offense. (1 Peter, 2: 6, 7, 8).

But then, what about the Holy Grail? Is it not perhaps the same Initiatic Stone?

The Grail is a precious stone which was brought to the earth by the Angels, and entrusted to an Initiatic Fraternity for its custody. This Fraternity was named the Grail Custodians.

Here we are then with the Stone of Jacob, the Sacred Stone of the Scottish Liafail, the Cubic Stone of Jesod which the Hebraic Kabbalists locate in the sex.

The legitimate text from Wolfram of Echembach, related to this Holy Stone and to the White Brotherhood which wisely have custody of it, effectually is as follows:

Those heroes are animated by a stone.
Do not you know its August and pure essence?
Iris called Lapiz-Electrix (MAGNES).
Any marvel (MAGIC) can be performed through it.
As the phoenix which is precipitated into the flames,
It can be reborn from its own ashes.
Because within the same flames it rejuvenates its plumage,

thus rejuvenated, it glows more beautiful than before.
Its power is such that any man,
who, no matter how unhappy in his own state he might be,
no matter his colour, no matter his face, instead of dying as others,
he no longer knows what age might be.
And whether man or woman,
they shall enjoy from this ineffable delight,
which is to contemplate the STONE
for more than two hundred years.

This Initiatic Stone is esoterically converted into the Hermes Cup, into the Sacred Chalice.

PEDRO, PATAR, PETER, the Initiatic Revelation, is within the sex, and anything that is not through this way signifies a useless loss of time.

It becomes tremendously significant that as much in the north of America as well as in the same whole continent, we can find engraved on the stones the LAFTAR, or RUNE LAF, whose meaning is SAVIOUR.

It is obvious that we must build the church for the Intimate Christ upon the Living Stone. Woe to those who build their interior temple upon the quicksand of all theories. Rain will fall, rivers will run and their house will crumble into the abyss, where only weeping and the gnashing of teeth are heard.

If we join two LAFs by its arms, then we have the letter **M** of Matrimony.

It is clear and certain by all means that only by treading upon the Path of the Perfect Matrimony can the Wedding Garment of the soul be attained. This Garment is the perfect synthesis of the Solar Bodies.

Woe to those unhappy ones who present themselves at the banquet of the Lord, without the Wedding Garment.

The command of the King is written:

"Bind him hand and foot, and take him away, and cast him into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.
"For many are called but few are chosen." (Matthew, 22: 13,14).

PRACTICE:

The practice which corresponds to this Rune consists of going towards the Sun in the morning. In the moments of sunrise, adopt a mystical attitude, that is, lift the hands as shown by the Rune. In this way one implores unto HE (the Sun, Christ) for esoteric help. This practice must be performed on the 27th of each month.

CHAPTER 44

THE FINAL LIBERATION

In the name of the Truth, we have to affirm the necessity of Renunciation. We need to pass through the Great Death, and this is only possible by totally liberating ourselves from the mind.

When Nature has been radically dominated, Omnipotency and the Omniscience are the logical result.

When the Self-realized Gnostic renounces even to the ideals of Omnipotency and Omniscience, the destruction of the true seed of evil, the one which brings us into the Maha-Manvantara (Cosmic Day) after the Great Pralaya (Cosmic Night), is precipitated.

It is obvious that whosoever has achieved the Intimate Self-Realization, has the right to live in Nirvana, but, if he renounces to such happiness, he will continue upon the direct path which leads to the Absolute.

Nevertheless, many lateral paths exist, as well as tempting Gods, who are many times more dangerous than human beings.

They tempt us, not because of evil, or jealousy, not even because of fear of losing their place, as many oriental authors mistakenly suppose, but, because of compassion.

In these instants in which I write this chapter, something very interesting comes into my memory.

A certain day, after having made a Nirvanic renunciation, I was joyfully in my seventh principle (Atman), upon a precious balcony of an ineffable mansion.

It is clear that I was in Nirvana, the region of the Dharmasayas, the world of Gods.

Suddenly, floating in that sacred space, many blessed Nirvanis approached me.

Certainly, seeing these ineffable Beings dressed with their tunics of Dharmasayas was worthy of admiration.

When seeing them, I could verify by direct experience that these Beings are living flames with three wicks and that they are immortal.

To that end, one of those ineffable ones took the floor in order to tell me: *"My Brother, why are you going through that so narrow, so bitter and so hard path? Here in Nirvana we are happy. Stay here with us!..."*

"The human beings could not patronize me with their temptations, you Gods will not do so, not even by a long shot. I go to the Absolute." That was my answer. Afterwards, I left that precious place with a firm and decided step.

The Gnostics who do not achieve absolute perfection die. Then, they are converted into Gods. They commit the mistake of abandoning the great direct path, they undertake the lateral paths and acquire many powers. Afterwards, it is clear that they need to reincarnate anew, in order to enter again into the direct path which will take them into the Absolute.

It is indispensable to avoid our mental content that takes on diverse forms, with the goal of attaining the absolute quietude of the mind.

The direct knowledge grants us very beautiful qualities, but whosoever walks on the direct path must not be attached to such virtues.

The obtaining of psychic powers never leads to any liberation. It is nothing else but a search for vain enjoyments.

The possession of occult powers does not do anything else but increase that which is mundane in us, which in the end makes this existence bitterer.

Even when almost achieving the total liberation, numerous souls fail because they cannot absolutely renounce all their occult powers. Those Beings submerge themselves for a short time within Nature, in order to emerge anew as owners, chiefs and lords.

Thousands of Gods exist of this type. They are divine and ineffable, but they have not the right to enter into the Absolute.

Many Self-realized ones exist, who are submerged within Nature. Certainly, these are brethren who have desisted in this part of their perfection. While impeded for a certain time in reaching the end, they continue governing this or that part of the universe.

Certainly, the holy Gods correspond to certain superior functions of Nature, which are attained by different souls. However, in reality, they still have not achieved the final liberation.

Only by renouncing the idea of converting ourselves into Gods, and of becoming rulers of Kalpas (cycles), can the radical absolute liberation be achieved.

Success is close for the one who is extremely energetic. We need to be pitiless towards ourselves.

To renounce and to die from instant to instant is urgent. We can enter into the Absolute, but only based on many renunciations and deaths.

I talk to human beings based on my own direct experience. I am an Avatar from ISHVARA.

Really, ISHVARA (the Supreme Master) is a very special Purusha, who is exempted from sufferings, actions with results, and desires.

Imagine the Universal Spirit of Life as an ocean without beaches, without shores. Think for a moment in a wave which emerges in order to get lost anew within its liquid element. Then, this diamantine wave would be ISHVARA.

BRAHMA the ocean of the Spirit, manifests itself as ISHVARA, who is the Master of Masters, the Governor of the universe.

Within Him, that Omniscience (which in others only exists as a germ) becomes infinite. He is the Master, even of the ancient Masters, since he is not ever limited by time. The word which manifests him is AUM.

So, ISHVARA came unto me, and he told me: "You must write books, messages, pamphlets and TIJITLIS."

"Lord" I exclaimed, *"What does the word TIJITLIS means?"* The Lord answered, *"To form the Salvation Army, the Gnostic Movement, the POSCLA."* And then I comprehended.

ISHVARA is the true prototype of perfection. Certainly, he is very much beyond the body, the mind and the affections.

Nevertheless, truly I tell you beloved Gnostics that first you must achieve the Second Birth. You must die in yourselves and give even the last drop of blood for this suffering humanity.

Only thus can you tread upon the path of JOHN, which is the direct path that will take you until the Absolute, beyond human beings and Gods.

Do not commit the error of awaiting for the law of evolution to conduce you to the final liberation.

This direct path is only possible through incessant intimate revolutions.

Now you are only IMITATUS. In order to climb the three triangles you must first convert yourselves into ADEPTUS

Angels, Archangels and Principalities constitute the first triangle.

Potencies, Virtues and Dominions personify the second triangle.

Thrones, Cherubims and Seraphims personify the third triangle.

That which has no name, that which is not of time, which is the Absolute, is very much beyond these three ineffable triangles.

CHAPTER 45

THE DREAM OF THE CONSCIOUSNESS

Well beloved Gnostic disciples, with a lot of efforts and great love, we have arrived at the penultimate chapter of this 1968-1969 Christmas Message and it is convenient for the good of the Great Cause, to eliminate certain weeds which obstruct the way.

Something very grave exists in all of this matter. I want to emphatically refer to the dream of the consciousness.

The four Gospels insist in the necessity of awakening, but disgracefully, people suppose that they are awakened.

What is even worse is that certain type of individuals exist everywhere, who by the way, are certainly very psychic, yet, they not only sleep, but more over, they dream that they are awakened.

These kinds of people self-denominate themselves (so to speak) 'seers'. They become very dangerous because they project their dreams, hallucinations and madness upon others. Precisely, they are the ones who accuse others of crimes they did not commit, and this is how they destroy homes.

It becomes obvious to comprehend that we are not talking against the legitimate clairvoyants. We are only referring to the hallucinating ones, to those sincerely mistaken ones who dream that they are awakened.

Truly, with profound pain we have evidenced that the cause of esoteric failure is due to the sleeping consciousness.

Really, many sincere, devout Gnostics who are lovers of the Truth, fail due to the lamentable state of their sleeping consciousness.

In ancient times, the Great Arcanum, the Maithuna, Sex Yoga was only taught to those neophytes who had awakened their consciousness. The Hierophants knew very well that the sleeping disciples sooner or later would abandon the work in the Ninth Sphere.

What is the worst is that these failing ones self-cheat themselves by thinking the best of themselves. Almost always they fall as harlots over the arms of some new little school which will grant unto them some kind of consolation. Afterwards, they pronounce phrases like these: *I do not follow the Gnostic teachings, because they demand a couple. This is a matter for oneself since the Liberation, the Great Work, is a matter which has to be searched for alone.*

Naturally, the only cause of all of these words of self-consolation and self-consideration is their own self-justification.

If these poor people could have their consciousness awake, then they could evidence their error, they would comprehend that they did not beget themselves alone, that they have a father and a mother, and that there was a coitus which gave them life.

If these poor people could have their consciousness awake, then they could verify for themselves that as above so below, and vice versa. They would directly experiment with their crude reality, they would be perfectly aware of the lamentable state in which they are in. Thus, they would comprehend the necessity of the Maithuna in order to build their Solar Bodies, the Wedding Garment for their souls. This is how they would achieve the Second Birth, which the great Kabir Jesus spoke about to the Rabbi Nicodemus.

But such 'wisdom taunting ones' are asleep, and truly, they are not capable of verifying for themselves that they are dressed with Protoplasmatic bodies, with lunar rags, that they are wretched and miserable.

The dreaming ones, the sleepy ones who suppose that they are awakened, not only harm themselves, but more over, they cause grave harms to their fellowmen.

Truly, I believe that the sincerely mistaken one, the sleepy one who dreams of being awake, the Mythomaniac who believes himself to be a super-transcended one, the hallucinated one who qualifies himself as being an Illuminated one, is used to doing very much harm to himself and to humanity. He does more harm than that inflicted by the one who never in his life has entered into our studies.

We are talking in a very blunt language. However, you can be sure beloved reader, that when many sleeping and hallucinated ones read these lines, instead of stopping for awhile in order to reflect, correct and rectify themselves, they will only search for the way of incorporating my words to themselves with the evident purpose of supporting their madness.

For the disgrace of this poor human ant-hive, people carry within themselves an awful secretary, which is always wrongly interpreting the Gnostic teachings. We are referring to the pluralized 'I', the 'Myself'.

What is the most comical aspect of Mephistopheles (the ego) is the way in which he disguises himself as a 'Saint'. It is clear that the ego is pleased when it is placed upon altars and is worshipped.

It becomes pathetic and evident to comprehend in depth that while the consciousness continues bottled up within the pluralized 'I', not only will we sleep, but even worse, the consciousness will sometimes have the bad taste of dreaming of being awakened.

The worst genre of madness is the result of the combination of Mythomania with hallucination.

The Mythomaniac type of person is the one who boasts of being a God, who feels himself to be super-transcended, who wishes to be worshipped by all of the world.

When studying this chapter, these type of persons will accommodate my words to others, since they will think that they have already dissolved the 'I' in themselves, even though they might have it more robust than a gorilla.

You must be very sure that when a sleeping mythomaniac works in the Forge of the Cyclops, very soon they will abandon this work, and will say: *I already achieved the Second Birth, I am a liberated one, I have renounced Nirvana for the love of humanity, I am a God*

We have seen many ugly things within our beloved Gnostic Movement. It becomes dreadful to see the mythomaniacs, the sleepy, hallucinated ones prophesying madness, slandering their neighbours, qualifying others as black magicians, etc. Certainly, this is dreadful.

Devils judging devils! All of these 'perfection boasters' do not want to be aware that in this painful world in which we live, it is sometimes almost impossible to find a Saint.

Every Magician is more or less black. In no way can one be white while the demon, the pluralized 'I' is inserted within the body.

The attitude of going everywhere saying that such a fellow is a fallen one, is certainly a joke of very bad taste, since in this world all the people are fallen.

The attitude of slandering neighbours and destroying families with false prophesies is proper of hallucinated ones, of people who dream of being awakened.

Truly, if someone wants to Self-awaken, then he has to have the resolution of dying from moment to moment. Let him practice deep meditation, let him be liberated from his mind, let him practice the Runes such as we have taught them in this book.

Constantly, many letters from many sleepy ones are mailed to me at this patriarchal headquarters of the Gnostic Movement, which say: *My wife, my friend, or such fellow, is very evolved, is a very old soul, etc.*

These poor sleepy ones who talk like this, think that Time and Evolution can awaken them, can Self-realize them, can take them to the final liberation. These people do not want to comprehend that Evolution and its twin sister Involution, are exclusively two mechanical laws of Nature, which work in a harmonious and coordinated way, in the whole of creation.

When one awakens the consciousness, then one comprehends the necessity of emancipating oneself from these two laws and of penetrating into the path of the Revolution.

We want awakened people, firm and revolutionary. In no way do we accept incoherent, vague, imprecise, insipid and inodorous phrases, etc.

We must live alert and vigilant as the watchman in an epoch of war. We want people who work with the three factors of the Revolution of the Consciousness. We lament the cases of too many sincere, mistaken ones, sleepy ones who only work with one factor which disgracefully is many times wrongly done.

We need to comprehend what we are poor, sleepy beasts, machines which are controlled by the ego.

CHAPTER 46

RUNE GIBUR

The discs or baked clay coins which are very abundant in the marvelous ruins of ancient Troy are engraved with Jaina crosses or Swastikas.

This invites us to think that the people of Shekelmesha, even when they were related to the Atlanteans, were also carrying the Arian genes in their veins like the famous Yucatecan populace. We must remember that the Arian populace began about one million years ago. The first of three Atlantean catastrophes happened 800,000 years ago, and the last one, as we already said in our former Christmas Message, happened about 11,000 years ago.

The Swastika of Fusaiolas is a profoundly significant esoteric symbol.

Such an ineffable sign actually glows over the head of the great serpent of Vishnu and in the Shesta-Ananta of one thousand heads, whose habitat resides in Patala or the inferior region.

If we study this matter in depth, then we come to evidence that all of the ancient populace always put the Swastika at the head of their religious emblems. We also find Thor's hammer, which is the magical weapon forged by the pygmies against the giants, or pre-cosmic Titanic forces, who were in opposition to the Law of Universal Harmony.

The sacred Swastika is then the hammer that produces the tempests which the Ases or heavenly Lords use. It's rectangular, elbowed arms in the Macrocosms, clearly express without the least bit of doubt the incessant evolutions and devolutions of the seven cosmoses.

The Swastika in the Microcosms, represents the human being with his right arm aiming towards heaven and the left arm aiming towards the earth.

The Swastika is an alchemical, cosmogonical and anthropological sign with seven distinct interpretative clues. In short, it is (as a symbol of transcendental electricity) the Alpha and the Omega of the universal sexual force, from the Spirit to the matter. Therefore, whosoever achieves the grasping of all of its mystical significance remains free from MAYA (illusion).

Without any doubt, the Swastika is the electrical windmill of physicists. All of the mysteries of the Lingam-Yoni are enclosed within it.

The Swastika in itself is the Cross in movement (the Rune Gebo in movement), that is to say, Sex Yoga, Maithuna, Sexual Magic.

Gnostics know very well that the *Ens Seminis* which is contained within the endocrine sexual glands, is the Water of Life, the Fountain of Immortality, the Elixir of Longevity, the Nectar of Spirituality.

The Intimate Self-Realization is rooted exclusively in the medulla and the semen.

Therefore, anything that is not through this way is lamentably a waste of time.

Everybody would like to submerge themselves within the current of sound in order to achieve the final liberation. *Albeit, verily, verily, I say unto you, Except you be born again, you cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.*

Truly, this matter about being born again in the Sanctum Regnum is something that belongs to the mysteries of the Cross, of the Swastika.

The God of Life of Aztec-Mexico carries the Swastika-Cross on the forehead and the Priests had it as an ornament over their sacred vestures.

It is obvious that without sexual alchemy, without the electric windmill, without the sacred mysteries of the Swastika, the Intimate Self-Realization, the Second Birth which the Great Kabir Jesus talked about to the Rabbi Nicodemus, becomes something more than impossible.

In Zen Buddhism from Japan, the onion with its distinct layers symbolizes the human being with his subtle bodies. In the Occidental world, distinct schools of pseudo-esoterism and pseudo- occultism study such suprasensible vehicles.

Zen Monks emphasize the necessity of disintegrating, of reducing to dust such subtle bodies in order to achieve the final liberation.

Zen Philosophy conceptualizes that these subtle organisms are nothing else but simple mental forms that must be dissolved.

It is evident that these internal bodies, which were studied by Mister Leadbeater, Annie Besant and many other authors, are nothing else but lunar bodies, protoplasmatic bodies which evolve until certain points that are perfectly defined by Nature. Then afterwards, they precipitate themselves into the involuted way until reaching the point of their original departure.

Therefore, it is obvious that the lunar bodies have a beginning and an end. Thus, the Zen Monks are not mistaken when they try to dissolve them.

But, let us go a little bit further, let us talk about the To Soma Heliakon, the Wedding Garment of the soul, the body of the Solar Man.

Remember the evangelical parable of the Wedding Feast *"…When the King came in to see the guests, he saw there a man which had not on a wedding garment, and he saith unto him, Friend, how cammest thou in hither not having a wedding garment?"* (Matthew 22: 11,12). It is clear that he was speechless, since he was not prepared to answer.

Terrible was the moment in which the King commanded that he be bound by hand and foot, and he be taken away, in order to be cast into the outer darkness, where only weeping and gnashing of teeth are heard.

That the distinct, interpenetrated Solar Bodies constitute in themselves the Wedding Garment of the soul is something which must not surprise us.

What is fundamental, what is cardinal is to build the Solar Bodies and this is only possible by transmuting the Sexual Hydrogen TI-12.

It is obvious that based on incessant sexual transmutations, we can perform the condensation of the hydrogen of sex into the splendid and marvelous form of the Astral Solar Body.

It is evident that we can crystallize the sexual hydrogen into the paradisiacal body of the Solar Mind with the hammer of the physicists, within the Forge of the Cyclops (the sex).

It is indisputable that by working until the maximum in the Ninth Sphere, we can and must give form to the Solar Body of the Conscious Will.

Thus, only in such a way, by means of these Alchemical crystallizations, can we incarnate the divine Spirit within ourselves.

Thus, only in such a way, by working with the mysteries of the sacred Swastika can we arrive at the Second Birth.

The absolute ignorance of these enunciated principles conduce thousands of mystic students towards the most grave errors.

To ignore these fundamental postulations of Gnosticism is very serious, because the result of such an attitude is that our intelligence becomes bottled up inside of distinct dogmas and theories, which are sometimes enchanting and fascinating, yet, absurd and stupid when we truly examine them in the light of the *Tertium Organum* (the third cannon of thought).

Max Heindel thinks that the Wedding Garment of the soul is the 'Soma Puchikon' which is constituted by the two superior ethers of the Vital Body, or Lingarn Sarira of the Hindustani.

This author (Heindel) believes that the Soma Puchikon is attained by increasing the volume of these two superior ethers.

This concept is very pretty, yet, it is false, because these two ethers are not all that we need. It is urgent to build the superior existential bodies of the Being, that is to say, the Solar Vehicles, if truly, what we want is to attain the Second Birth.

In no way can the Solar Bodies, the Wedding Garment of the soul be built without the sexual mysteries of the Rune Gibur (Gebo).

This Rune is the letter G of Masonry. It is lamentable that the M.M. did not comprehend the profound significance of this mysterious letter.

The G is the Swastika Cross, the Amen, the marvelous end found in all prayers.

G is also GOTT which signifies GOD. It is good to know that Gibraltar, was named Giburaltar in the past, that is to say, the Ara, the Altar of the Divine Life from the Gibur.

People have already forgotten the Runic practices, but fortunately the Rune Cross (Gebo) has not been forgotten yet.

When tracing the sacred sign of the Swastika with the thumb, middle and index fingers, we can defend ourselves from the tenebrous potencies. The columns of demons flee before the Swastika.

It is written in previous chapters, yet, we will never tire of repeating it: *If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross, and follow me.* (Matthew 16: 24).

Peter, when crucified with his head downwards towards the hard stone and with his feet vertically upwards, invites us to descend into the Forge of the Cyclops, into the Ninth Sphere in order to work with the fire and the water, which is the origin of worlds, beasts, human beings, and Gods. Every authentic White Initiation begins here.

The infra-sexuals protest against the Sexual Alchemy, against the Swastika. The infrasexuals are the degenerated, the declared enemies of the Third Logos.

If someone tells you that it is possible to achieve the Self-realization without the Holy Cross, that is to say, without the sexual crossing of two people (wife and husband), then, tell them that they lie.

If someone utters maledictions against sex and assures you that sex in itself is bestial and satanic, then, tell them that they lie.

If someone tells you that to spill the Cup of Hermes is necessary, and that this matter has not even the miniscular of consequences, then, tell them that they lie.

If someone teaches you some beautiful doctrine which excludes the sex, then, tell them that they lie.

Woe to you sodomites, homosexuals, enemies of the opposite sex. For you...there will be only weeping and the gnashing of teeth.

Woe to those who call themselves Christians and who carry the cross hanging over their chest, yet, they abhor the Maithuna, the Sex-Yoga. For these hypocritical Pharisees, there will be only weeping and desperation.

Woe! Woe! Woe!

FINAL SALUTATIONS

Beloved Gnostic Brethren:

I wish you a merry Christmas and a prosperous new year. May the star of Bethlehem shine upon your way.

Practice these Runes in order, you should start your Runic exercises the 21st of March [read Chapter 3]. Dedicate the time that you wish to each Rune.

Beloved reader I beseech you, if you write, do not mail me adulations, praises or compliments.

Remember, that all of them who betrayed us in the past, they really were tremendous adulators.

I want all of you to radically resolve to die in all of the levels of the mind.

Really, the way you are now, with that tremendous "I" very alive inside, you are only a failure.

Many are complaining that they cannot willingly go in the Astral Body. Let these people awake their consciousness.

The astral travel stops being a problem when one awakens consciousness. The sleepy ones are good for nothing.

I have delivered to you, in this 1968-1969 Christmas Message, the whole science that you need in order to attain the awakening of the consciousness.

Do not commit the error of reading this book as when someone is reading the newspaper. You must profoundly study it during many years, thus, you will live it, and will select it in the practical way.

I advise patience and serenity to those who complain because they do not achieve the Illumination.

The Illumination comes to us when we dissolve the pluralized 'I', when we truly have died in all the forty-nine regions of the subconsciousness.

Those who are coveting occult powers, those who utilize the Maithuna as a pretext in order to seduce women (or men), will enter into the submerged involution in the Infernal Worlds.

Work with the three factors of the Revolution of the Consciousness in an orderly and perfect way.

Do not commit the error of committing adultery and fornication. You must abandon fluttering. Those who live fluttering around like butterflies from flower to flower, that is to say, from school to school, are really candidates for the abyss and the Second Death.

You must abandon all self-justification and self-consideration. You must convert yourselves into enemies of your own selves if in reality what you want is to radically die. Thus, only in this way, you will attain the Illumination.

Beloved ones, depart from zero, you must abandon mystic pride, mythomania, that tendency of considering yourselves super-transcended.

All of you are nothing else but poor Intellectual Animals, who are sentenced to the penalty of living.

Thus, only in this way, by doing an inventory of yourselves is how you can know what you really are.

Truly, you only possess the lunar bodies and the animal ego, that is all. Then, why do you fall into mythomania? Your soul, your Essence, is bottled up asleep within the 'I'. Then, on what is your mystic pride based on?

Be humble, so you can reach Wisdom, and after this Wisdom is reached by you, be even more humble.

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross, and follow me." (Matthew 16: 24).

Inverencial Peace

SAMAEL AUN WEOR