The Three Mountains

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Translator’s Note

The masculine form used in this book refers to either sex.

Should a clarification on a possible contradiction or misinterpretation be needed, please have someone refer to the original text in Spanish.

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A few words to the reader

We do not wish to hurt any delicate feelings, but we must emphasise that venerable institutions co-exist in the cultural-spiritual environment of contemporary humanity which sincerely believe that they know the Secret Path, while actually they do not know it.

Let's make it clear that we do not wish to make destructive criticisms; we emphasise, nothing more; and this obviously is not a crime.

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

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

In rigorously Socratic terms, we would say that many scholars who pretend to know the Path of the Razor's Edge thoroughly, not only do not know it, but do not know that they do not know it.

We do not wish to point at any spiritual organisation and hurt anybody, we shall simply say that the learned ignoramus not only does not know, but also that he does not know that he does not know.

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

The purpose of the Work that you have in your hands, dear reader, is to reveal, show, teach the esoteric path leading to the final Liberation. It is yet another book of the Fifth Gospel.

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

In this new book we only give transcendental, real-life experiences: that which we know for certain, that which we have experienced directly.

Now we must draw the Maps of the Path, indicate each route with precision, point out the dangers, etc.

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

I answered, "This is exactly what I will do." From that instant I solemnly committed myself to write this book.

Chapter 1

My Childhood

There is no harm in asserting that I was born with an enormous spiritual restlessness; it would be absurd to deny this...

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

Very clean and beautifully dressed, I was delicately placed in the maternal bed next to my mother after all the usual natal procedures.

A very gentle giant approached the sacred bed, and softly smiling, looked at me. He was my father.

Needless to say, in the dawn of any existence we walk originally on four legs, then on two and finally on three. Of course the last one is the walking stick used by the elderly.

I was not in any sense an exception to this general rule. When I was eleven months old I felt the desire to walk; and I obviously achieved this by supporting myself firmly on my two feet.

I still fully remember that marvellous instant in which, crossing my hands on my head, I solemnly made the Masonic sign for help, "ELAI B NE AL'MANAH."

And since I have not yet lost the capability to be astonished, I must say that what happened then appeared to me to be marvellous. To walk for the first time with the body given to us by Mother Nature is without doubt an extraordinary prodigy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It was precisely at those moments that my mother always ran to help me, saying: "The child is hungry, or thirsty," etc., etc., etc.

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

The most unusual cases of Transcendental Metaphysics used to happen to me at that time: my father called me standing at the door of his bedroom; I saw him in his night clothes, and when I tried to approach him he disappeared into smoke...

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

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

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

My movies were not silent, and they did not need Rudolph Valentino or the famous White Kitten of the olden days.

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

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

I have always been a Sun worshipper, and at dawn as well as sunset I used to climb onto the roof of my house (because at that time they did not build houses with terraces), and sitting down on the baked clay tiles in the oriental manner as a child yogi, I contemplated the Sun King in a state of ecstasy, falling into a deep meditation. My noble mother went through many moments of great fear when she saw me walking on the house...

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

That was an old garment which used to be worn by noblemen, and which I had worn with elegance in my ancient reincarnation in which I was called Simeon Bleler. Sometimes it occurred to me that in that old wardrobe one could find sabres and foils from the olden times.

I do not know whether my father understood me; I thought that perhaps he could get for me some of these objects from a past existence. The old man looked at me, and instead of such garments he gave me a cart to play with: a toy of innocent blissfulness in my childhood...

Chapter 2

Religion

Having been taught good manners, I frankly and honestly confess that I was educated in the official religion of my people.

I always found it unacceptable to play about in the attic while a liturgical service was taking place...

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

I do not wish now to "get tangled in thorns and brambles"; I must only tell you that in a particular mystical sect - its name is not important - I found some religious principles that are common to all confessional religions in the world. It is convenient to summarise these principles now, for the good of the Great Cause.

Heavens

We find them in every confessional religion, though with different names; however, these are always nine, as affirmed with such accuracy by the Florentine Dante in his classic poem "The Divine Comedy".

1- Heaven of the Moon (astral world)
2- Heaven of Mercury (mental world)
3- Heaven of Venus (causal world)
4- Heaven of the Sun (buddhic or intuitional world)
5- Heaven of Mars (atmic world, Region of Atman)
6- Heaven of Jupiter (Nirvana)

7- Heaven of Saturn (paranirvanic world)
8- Heaven of Uranus (mahaparanirvanic world)
9- Heaven of Neptune (Empyrean)

It is obvious and manifest that these heavens are also inside ourselves, here and now, and they penetrate and interpenetrate each other without merging.

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

Hells

In this esoteric Christmas Message of 1972-1973 it is appropriate to remember with a very special emphasis the various religious hells...

Let us remember with a solemn feeling, let us bring back to our memory the multiple prehistoric and historical hells.

Everywhere we can find remembrances and reminiscences of hells which are Chinese, Moslem, Buddhist, Christian, etc., etc., etc.

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

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

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

It is certain that the nine Dantean circles inside the Earth correspond scientifically to the nine infra-dimensions submerged under the tri-dimensional region of Euclid.

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

Obviously the existence of the submerged mineral kingdom is certainly not exceptional to the planet Earth.

Angelology

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

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

God

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"All things were made by Him, and without Him nothing of that which was made would have been made."

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

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

Whoever worships the Gods, whoever venerates them can capture in a better way the deep significance of the various divine aspects of the architect Demiurge.

Humanity fell into the coarse materialism of this Iron Age, mortally wounded, after it had mocked the Holy Gods.

Lucifer

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

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

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

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

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

Demons

Those divine Logoi who committed the unforgivable error of falling into animal degeneration when reincarnated in human bodies, are

depicted in the various religious theogonies as if they had been punished.

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

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

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

Let us differentiate between an esoteric fall and a descent.

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

Limbo

Being knowledgeable in Universal History, we are well aware of what is the Orcus of the classical Greeks and Latins; and the Limbo of the Christian esotericists.

We emphasise in this treatise the transcendental idea that the Limbo is the waiting room for the infernal worlds...

All the caves that are now known, or will be known in the future, form a vast and uninterrupted network that embraces the whole of the planet Earth, constituting the Orcus of the classical people - as we indicated some lines above - the authentic Limbo of Gnostic Esotericism..., the other world; that is, the place where we live when we are dead.

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

In Gnostic Esotericism these Waters give rise to a genesis, and constitute the "ens seminis"(the essence of the semen, as indicated by Paracelsus).

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

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

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

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

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

Purgatory

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

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

When writing about Purgatory, Dante Alighieri says:

> So we drew near and came unto a part
> Whence, in what first had seemed a simple breach
> Or fissure such as rives a wall apart,
>
> I saw a gate; three steps beneath it, each
> Of different hue, led upward; and thereat
> A porter, who as yet vouchsafed no speech.
>
> Widening my eyes, I saw him, how he sat
> Over the topmost step, in countenance
> Such as would not abide the looking-at.
>
> A naked sword was in his hand, whose dance
> Of mirrored rays so blinding blazed and shot,
> I tried and tried, but could not fix my glance.
>
> Then he began: "Make answer from that spot;
> What would you? Where's the escort? Take good heed
> That your ascending hither harm you not."
>
> "A lady out of Heaven, well skilled indeed
> In matters such as this," my lord replied,
> "Told us: `There stands the gate; go there with speed..."
>
> To whom, immediately: "And may she guide
> Your journey on to a good end and fair!
> Approach our steps," the courteous porter cried.
>
> And when we reached the first step of the stair

It was white marble, polished to such gloss
That, even as I am, I saw me there;

And dyed more dark than perse the second was -
A calcined stone, rugged and rough in grain,
And it was cracked both lengthways and across;

The third step, piled above the other twain,
Seemed all of porphyry that flamed and shone
Redder than bright blood spurting from a vein,

And this, God's Angel held both feet upon,
And on the threshold of the door he sat,
And that seemed made of adamantine stone.

With great goodwill my master led me straight
Up those three steps: "And now," said he, "entreat
Most humbly of him to unlock the gate."

Devoutly falling at the holy feet
I prayed him let me in for mercy's sake,
But first upon my breast three times I beat.

Then did he write with his sword's point, and make
Upon my brow the mark of seven P's;
"Wash thou these wounds within there"; thus he spake.

Colour of ash, or earth dug dry, agrees
Well with the sober vesture on him clad,
And from beneath it he brought out two keys;

One golden and one silver key he had;
With the white first, the yellow afterward,
He wrought so with the gate that I was glad.

"Should one or other of the keys stick hard,

Turning askew so that the tumblers block,"
He said, "this wicket cannot be unbarred.

One's costlier; the other needs good stock
Of wit and skill to get the bolt to stir,
For that one grips the wards and frees the lock.

From Peter hold I these, who bade me err
In opening rather than in keeping fast,
So men but kneeled to me without demur."

That blest gate's door he pushed then, saying at last:
"Enter; but I must warn you: back outside
He goes, who looks behind him once he's passed."

When in their sockets now began to grind
The turning pivots of the sacred door,
Which are of strong and ringing bronze, they cried

Aloud - so loud Tarpeia did not roar,
Nor with such dreadful discord, when she found
The good Metellus gone, her wealth made poor.

Then, as I leaned, hearkening to that first sound,
Methought a voice sang, like some chorister's,
Te Deum laudamus, sweetly interwound

With music; and its image in my ears
Left such impression as one often catches
From songs sung to an organ, when one hears

The words sometimes and sometimes not, by snatches.

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

The Divine Mother

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

Mary Magdalene

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

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

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

Christ

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

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

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

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

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

Quetzalcoatl, the white God, is the Mexican Christ who now lives in distant Thule.

Immaculate Conceptions

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

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

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

In the name of Truth, we solemnly assert the following: the Husband of Devi Kundalini, our own particular Cosmic Mother, is the Third Logos, the Holy Spirit, Shiva the first-born of Creation, our intimate Monad, individual, or better said, superindividual.

Chapter 3

Spiritualism

I was still a twelve year old boy when, wanting to help someone who eagerly investigated the mysteries of the worlds beyond, I decided to inquire and investigate the disturbing subject of spiritualism.

Then, with the tenacity of a monk working in his cell, I studied countless metaphysical works, by authors such as Luis Zea Uribe, Camille Flammarion, Kardec, Leon Denis, Cesare Lombroso, etc.

The first work of a series by Kardec certainly appeared to be very interesting, but I had to read it three times, with the intention to understand it in its entirety.

After, I literally became a library mouse. I must frankly confess that I developed a passion for "The Book of the Spirits"; afterwards I continued reading many other volumes full of substantial material.

With my mind firmly closed to anything but this study, I used to shut myself up in my home or in the public library with a manifest yearning to search for the Secret Path.

Without boasting of being a scholar, without any vainglory, I now intend to show in this chapter the results of my researches concerning spiritualism.

Mediums

They are passive, receptive subjects who hand over their own matter, their own bodies, to the metaphysical ghosts from beyond the grave.

It is unquestionable that the karma from mediumism is epilepsy. Clearly, epileptics were mediums in their previous lives.

Experiments

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

This lady fell into a trance during a solemn spiritualist seance. The obsessive ghost directed the cited medium to dig in a specific place in the house, because there - it said to her - she would find a large treasure.

The indications of the ghost were followed, but unfortunately no treasure was found.

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

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

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

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

It is unquestionable that this good man, certainly very generous with the needy, spent much from his property on great banquets.

It was impossible for this good man to live in a hotel amid educated people, or to feel resentful towards somebody with any motive

whatsoever. He certainly preferred to devote himself to his task, in spite of the hard misfortunes of daily work.

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

One of the many evenings I spent with him, this distinguished gentleman invited me with much secrecy to a spiritualist seance. I did not want to refuse such a kind invitation.

Three persons gathered under the roof of his old country house, we were seated around a three-legged table

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

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

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

Strange knocks were felt from the inside of the table, and then, definitively defying the law of gravity, as if mocking the old texts of physics, it rose up from the floor.

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

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

"That's enough!" exclaimed my host. "The storm is very intense, and under these conditions such invocations are very dangerous." At those

precise moments a terrifying thunder clap paled the face of the conjurer.

3. One day, wandering along an old alley in Mexico City, moved by a strange curiosity, I managed with some other people to enter an old house where for good or bad, a spiritualist centre operated.

In an exquisite drawing room of great refinement, there were many fine, sensitive and important people.

Without wanting to take any risk, I sat down respectfully in front of the stage.

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

I only wanted to note all the details, with an open mind and fully conscious.

Certainly, it is always excluded from the spiritualist mentality to practise public speaking or to prepare themselves beforehand.

Patient, the sacred brotherhood of the mystery awaited with mystical yearning for voices and words from beyond the grave.

A gentleman of some age, independent of the others in his judgements and suitable for something unfortunate fell into a trance independently from the others, started to convulse like an epileptic and mounted the stage, occupied the platform and started to speak.

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

During those terrifying instants the stage - the altar of Baal, decorated with garlands of flowers and candles - started to shake horribly, and all those devoted people fell prostrate to the ground.

I did not wish to disturb anybody in the performance of their duties; I proceeded calmly to study the medium with my sixth sense. Full of anguish, I was able to verify with certainty the crude reality of that unusual metaphysical event. Obviously it was a sinister impostor of the dark path who exploited the credulity of these people by pretending to be Jesus Christ.

I saw with my clairvoyant powers a black magician dressed in a tunic red as the colour of blood.

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

After this horrible seance, I left the place with a burning wish to never come back.

4. It is certainly very romantic to live with your family in a pleasant way, and in peace, to work as if by magic, on the earth.

Sometimes, however, it is impossible to avoid taking risks, when we want to obtain all the possible good for others.

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

Far away in time and distance, in the distant remoteness of a South American region known by the typical name of Quindio, I had the opportunity to meet a spiritualist medium working as a blacksmith.

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

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

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

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

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

Blacksmith, paradoxical hermit. The day following the sinister spiritualist meeting of the dark path, I found him very contrite, and he swore in the name of the eternal living God that he would never again lend his body to the horror of darkness.

I used to find him sometimes at his forge very sincerely consulting the spiritualist prayer book of Kardek.

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

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

To carry on a speech (to someone) is certainly very normal; but to pluralise oneself in one hundred and fifty different speeches simultaneously seemed astounding to me at that time.

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

The Ego

I do not wish to overextend myself by deviating in any way from my main subject; I wish to emphasise very sincerely those matters which I have fully directly experienced.

Obviously, the aforementioned Ego totally lacks any qualities which are divine, self-exalting and dignifying.

Let us take the liberty of disagreeing with those who presuppose the existence of two Egos: one of a superior type, one of an inferior class.

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

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

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

Our assertion is very well-documented in every sacred text of ancient times.

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

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

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

What continues beyond the grave therefore is the Ego, a pile of Devil-selves, the psychic adjuncts.

The identification of such psychic adjuncts in spiritualist centres is obvious and evident.

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

Any Master of the Samadhi, in a state of ecstasy will be able to give clear evidence of the following: those who manifest themselves through spiritualist mediums are certainly not the souls nor the spirits of the dead, but their Devil-selves, the psychic adjuncts which continue beyond the grave.

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

Chapter 4

Theosophy

Without boasting by any means of such delicate and multiple yearnings of a philosophical and metaphysical type, I must confess frankly and with the utmost sincerity that I had not yet arrived to the sixteenth spring of my present existence, when I was already involved in many matters of substantial content.

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

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

In my opinion, the renowned materialisation’s of the ghost of Katie King right in the middle of a laboratory were sensational; this subject was studied by Crookes in his "Measurement of psychic forces".

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

him to destroy sinful Rome; and those that the maid of Orleans heard so that she would destroy the English, etc., etc., etc.

Having been taught good manners by my parents, and without having practised oratory to speak in public, I was giving lectures to the Theosophical Society at the age of seventeen years.

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

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

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

However, I sincerely wished to build my heart according to the proper theosophical view, and I took a liking to the works I found in the rich library.

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

Let us consider now the following interesting notes:

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

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

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

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

It is evident that these notes invite us to reflection. However, it is clear that the Venerable Master interpreted the Teachings, adapting them to the epoch.

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

I obtained multiple psychic benefits from the practical yogas commended by this venerable institution.

Since the most worthy Master H.P.B. always considered Hatha-Yoga as something excessively inferior, I wish to assert that I was never interested in this branch of the Hindustani yoga.

Much later, I was invited to a great assembly of the venerable Great White Lodge where, right in the middle of the whole assembly, Hatha-Yoga was labelled as authentic Black Magic.

Chapter 5

The Rosicrucian Fraternity

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

Somewhat arrogantly, being an impulsive lad, I presented myself at the "Aula Lucis", then presided over by an illustrious gentleman of great intelligence; and without being to formal I frankly confess that, being an impulsive lad, I started arguing but I finished studying.

To seek shelter against the wall, to retire in a corner of the room, entranced, in ecstasy, seemed to me better than anything else.

Needless to say that, deeply absorbed by many intricate theories of vast content, I only yearned with infinite longing to find my old way, the Path of the Razor's Edge.

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

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

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

Without boasting, I declare seriously, sincerely and emphatically that during that period of my present existence I methodically studied the whole of the Rosicrucian library.

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

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

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

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

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

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

LARYNGEAL CHAKRA. It is developed by singing the vowel E, as follows: eeeeeeee [as in d,j vu]. Faculty: Magic Hearing.

CHAKRA OF THE HEART. It is developed by vocalising the letter O, as follows: ooooooo. Faculties: Intuition, astral projection, etc., etc..

CHAKRA OF THE NAVEL. It is developed by singing the vowel U, as follows: uuuuuuuu [as in moon]. Faculties: Telepathy.

CHAKRAS OF THE LUNGS. These are developed by singing the letter A, as follows: aaaaaaaa. Faculty: Remembrance of past existence's.

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

Dr Krumm Heller used to say that an hour of vocalisation daily was better than reading a million books on pseudo-Esotericism and pseudo-occultism.

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

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

Concrete Results

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

Retrospective Exercise

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

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

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

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

Results

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

Solar Plexus

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

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

I loved to combine this exercise with the mantric intonation of the vowel U, prolonging the sound as it should be done: uuuuuuuuuu.

Results

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

Since this magnetic chakra has amazing capabilities such as the attraction and accumulation of the radiant energy of the solar globe, it

is obvious that for this reason my lotus flowers or astral wheels could receive higher electromagnetic charges that intensified further their vibrating radioactivity.

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

Indubitably and without exaggeration I can assert emphatically and solemnly that each of my astral chakras developed in an extraordinary manner, thus intensifying my clairvoyant and clairaudient perceptions, etc., etc., etc.

Withdrawal

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

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

Chapter 6

The Corsair

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

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

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

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

At that time, the bodhisattva of the Angel Diobulo Cartobu was reincarnated.

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

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

Putting my own life in danger, in spite of the terror of the villagers, I bravely succeeded in confronting the treacherous captain of the pirate ship.

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

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

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

Good Heavens! But who could have thought that after several centuries I would find again the ego of this fearsome pirate reincorporated in a new human organism!

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

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

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

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

This gentleman got very excited telling me about his "astral experiences"; for he could project at will.

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

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

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

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

The state of lassitude and the first dream-like images were sufficient to warn me that the moment I was waiting for had arrived...

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

It is unquestionable that when I rose from my bed at the moment I was falling asleep, the astral separation took place, the natural separation of the eidolon...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

These sublime devoted people had conversations about ineffable themes. They talked about the law of Karma, discoursed about extraordinary cosmic affairs... the perfume of friendship and the fragrance of sincerity arose from them.

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

I burst in on many groups asking for this gentleman, but no one could give me an answer... I understood then that this old pirate had not kept his promise. I knew not why, and I felt let down...

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

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

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

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

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

While observing myself I committed the error of confronting the astral and physical vehicles. Because of such comparisons I lost the ecstasy and instantly returned inside my dense material sheath.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter 7

Meditation

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

Over there, far away, seated under the silent shadow of a lonely tree like an hermit of by-gone days, I decided to bury all this difficult retinue of vain rationalism...

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

In plain language, I shall confess with sincerity that I took very seriously that sentence from the Gospel of Ancient Wisdom that says, to the letter: "Before the false dawn appeared over the Earth those who survived the hurricane and the storm praised the Intimate, and the heralds of the Dawn arose in front of them".

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

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

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

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

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

Unquestionably, as I intensified my practices, I felt much closer to the Intimate...

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

The Intimate and its secret, instant answers were the only things that I was really interested in.

There are extraordinary cosmic festivals that can never be forgotten: this is very well known by the divinities and by humans...

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

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

The Blessed One crossed over the threshold of my mansion. I watched him come to me walking triumphantly...

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

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

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

The Lord firmly grasped the Wand of Mercury, the sceptre of kings, the baton of the patriarchs...

The Venerable One picked me up in his arms and sung, with a paradisian voice, things that terrestrial beings cannot understand.

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

This is how I approached the Intimate by the secret path of deep internal meditation. Now I speak because...

Chapter 8

States of Jinas

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

The reader should judge whether it is right that the findings given in this chapter should fill us with wonder and rejoicing; after all, we have been able to experience directly the actual existence of some of the lands and people of Jinas.

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

This was due to the fact that, from Gomera and La Palma, there used to be sent rather fantastic reports to The General and the Royal Audience concerning the repeated apparitions of these dream islands. These reports gave rise - according to Viera - to new feverish excitement about these wonders in people's hearts, driving them to attempt for the fourth time the discovery of the island of Non-Trabada.

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

'The island of Non-Trabada or Encubierta, also and more generally known as San Borondon' - says Benitez in his "History of the Canary Islands" - 'is one of those enchanted places that have concerned

modern people in the same way as the Golden Fleece did with the ancients. And indeed they had powerful reasons for this, since from the islands of La Palma, Gomera and Hierro one could occasionally see at the W.S.W. of the first and the W.N.W. of the last one, running in the direction North to South, a kind of mountainous land which, according to the calculations usually accepted, was about 40 leagues from La Palma, and was of a size - we do not know how it was measured - of some 87 leagues in length by 28 in width, and that, since sometimes it was seen from the Southeast of Tenerife, could have been about 28- and some minutes of latitude North.

'On April 3rd 1570, Dr Hernan P,rez de Grado, First Regent of the "Audiencia" of the Canary Islands, issued a stipulation directed to the islands of La Palma, Gomera and Hierro, to carry out a precise research, with all the people who had observed the apparition of such a land, or had, by other means, proof of its existence.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Unquestionably it was Litelantes. I recognised her voice when she called me vehemently by my Christian name...

With the extra help from Jinas people, that Lady-Adept had obviously succeeded in putting her physical body in the fourth dimension...

'Let's go!' she said, 'Let's go! Let's go!' I had waited for this moment for a long time with infinite yearning, so I eagerly got up from the bed.

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

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

A very special magic formula is as follows:

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

This prayer should be said thousands of times when we want to fall asleep; however it is as well not to forget the common saying: "God helps those who help themselves".

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I was subjected to tests of courage, having to go over deep precipices...

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter 9

The Dionysian Wave

Unquestionably Mammon and Dionysus could never be reconciled, being incompatible both in their form and their content.

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

A) Intellectualism.

B) Money (gold, riches).

Correctly, and in a blunt and definitive manner, it is imperative to define Dionysius as follows:

A) Voluntary transmutation of the sexual libido.

B) Mystical transcendental ecstasy.

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

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

There is no harm in emphasising in this chapter, as a transcendental piece of information, that this planet has been, is and always will be

the brilliant heavenly body that rules and intelligently governs the sexual endocrine glands.

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

However the concrete fact is evident and obvious, that the Earth-dwellers, in their overwhelming majority, did not rise to the occasion, and were not capable of polarising positively with such a wave...

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

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

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

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

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

With sensitivity, I want to refer, clearly and in plain language to the "Universal Christian Gnostic Movement" and also to the obverse of the Dionysian medal, known by the sadly famous name of the "Hippy Movement".

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

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

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

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

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

The hallucinatory mushrooms, pills, L.S.D., marijuana, etc., etc., etc., evidently intensify the vibratory capacity of the subjective powers, but it is clear that they will never be able to give rise to the awakening the Consciousness.

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

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

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

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

Zen? Gnana-Yoga? This is superlative. Latent inside us, there are faculties of cognition infinitely superior to the mind. Through them we can experiment directly with that which is Real, that which does not belong to time.

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

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

In-depth, radical psychological changes become urgent when we become disillusioned by the villains of the mind.

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

Sexology? Bless my soul! Puritans are horrified by this subject...

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

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

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

We were born naked, somebody cut our umbilical cord, we cried and then looked for the maternal breast...

Clothes? Schools? Theories? Erudition? Money? Etc., etc., etc. All this came afterwards, in addition.

Beliefs of all kinds exist everywhere. However, the only force that can transform us integrally is the one which has brought us into existence. I am referring to the creative energy of the first instant, to the sexual potency.

In logical sequence, the amorous delight, the erotic enjoyment, is the greatest bliss...

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

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

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

The "Hippy Movement" marches resolutely on the involutive and descending road of infrasexuality.

The "Universal Christian Gnostic Movement" moves forward victoriously by the ascending path of the suprasexual.

Chapter 10

The Sexual Fire

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

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

The rise of the seminal energy to the brain takes place thanks to a specific pair of nerve cords that develop splendidly to the left and right of the spine in the shape of an eight.

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

This aforementioned pair of nerve cords will never be found by means of a scalpel, because they are more of a semietheric, semiphysical nature.

These are the two witnesses of the Apocalypse, the two olives trees and the two candlesticks that are in front of the God of the Earth, and if someone wishes to harm them, fire comes out of their mouths, devouring their enemies.

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

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

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

Many disciples of our Gnostic Movement could find it odd and unusual that Pingala really starts at the left testicle in spite of it being of a strictly solar type.

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

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

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

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

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

Ancient traditions that emerge from the mists of time say that when the solar and lunar atoms of the seminal system make contact in the tribeni near the coccyx, then by simple electrical induction a third force is awakened. I am referring to the marvellous Fire of Love.

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

Along the medullary channel, there is a marvellous set of various channels which penetrate and interpenetrate each other without merging because they are situated in different dimensions. Let us

remember the Sushumna and others, such as the Vajra, the Chitra, the Centralis and the famous Brahmanadi. If we never commit the crime of spilling the semen, the Fire of sexual delight ascends through the latter one.

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

It is a horrible untruth to affirm clumsily that the Divine Flame of Love, after having enjoyed its union with Paramashiva, separates and returns via the initial path.

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

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

This erotic Flame, obviously, is not something automatic or mechanical, as many sincerely but mistakenly suppose. This serpentine Fire is awakened exclusively by truthful and loving sexual delight.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ananda: Certain spiritual happiness.

Kampan: Hypersensitivity of an electrical and psychic type.

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

Ghurni: Intense yearnings for the divine.

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

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

The Fire of Love unquestionably gives us infinite transcendental powers.

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

The sexual Flame is the Goddess of the Word worshipped by wise men. When awakened it gives us illumination...

The erotic Flame gives us the divine Wisdom that is not of the mind and is beyond time.

It also gives the mukti of the final beatitude and the jnana of liberation.

DI-ON-IS-IO. Dionisio (Dionysius). Pronouncing this magic word syllable by syllable, this mantra of wonders, extraordinarily becomes the voluntary transmutation of the libido during paradisiac coitus.

Magic results of this mantra:

DI - intensified vibration of the creative organs.

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

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

IO - Isolde, the androgynous lunar-solar, Osiris-Isis, glints from the depths of all ages, terrifyingly divine.

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

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

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

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

The maternal aspect of the Sacred Flame that ascends by the spine in a serpentine form stands out patent and clear.

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

Outside the physical body our personal Cosmic Mother - since everybody has his own - always assumes the marvellous presence of a virgin mother.

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

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

- Am I doing well now, my Mother?

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

- Is it still necessary to practice Sexual Magic?

- "Yes, you still need it."

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

The answer to this last question was very strong and clear: "Impossible, my son, that is not possible."

I confess frankly and in plain language that I was amazed by these words from the Adorable. I remembered then with supreme pain the many pseudo-esotericists and pseudo-occultists truly yearning for the

final liberation, but ignorant of the Sahaja Maithuna, the Sexual Magic, the marvellous key to the Great Arcanum.

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

Chapter 11

The Sacred Cow

Before the second great Transalpine catastrophe that fundamentally altered the aspect of the Earth's crust, there existed an old continent that today lies submerged under the tempestuous waters of the Atlantic Ocean.

I want to refer in an emphatic manner to Atlantis, about which one can find countless traditions everywhere.

Consider the foreign Atlantean names or of "barbarous tongues", as those cretinous Greeks used to say; they who also wanted to assassinate Anaxagoras when he dared to state that the Sun was a little bigger than half of the Peloponnese.

Names, I repeat, translated into the Egyptian language by the Saiphist priests, and returned to their original meaning by the divine Plato, who later wonderfully translated them into the Attic language.

Consider the adamantine thread of the millennial tradition from these to Solon, continuing then with the two Critias and Master Plato...

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

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

In the astonishing notes of Diodorus Siculus that we still have to study, one can find detailed accounts concerning these sublime kings.

Finally, consider - and this is what is most interesting - the sacrifice of the Sacred Cow itself, characteristic of the Brahmans, the Hebrews, the Muslims, the European Gentiles and thousands of other nations...

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

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

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

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

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

The Initiator or Hierophant is the Master, the foot banderilleros are the Companions. The picadors, in turn, are the Apprentices. This is why they mount horses - that is, having all of their weight on its untamed body - which usually falls dead during the hard struggle.

The Companions start feeling superior to the beast, to the animal Ego, when they put the banderillas; that is, they have already become, in the same way as Arjuna in the "Bhagavad Gita", the persecutors of the secret enemy. In the meantime the Master, with the cape of his hierarchy, that is to say, with dominion over Maya, and gripping in his

right hand the Flaming Sword of the Will, is like the god Krishna of that old poem, not the persecutor, but the killer of the Ego, of the beast, the horrifying bellowing monster that was also observed in Kameluc or Kamaloka by King Arthur himself, supreme chief of the illustrious Knights of the Round Table.

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

Any retrospective glance on the subject of Esoteric Bullfighting can doubtlessly lead us to mystical findings of a transcendental order.

As an actual fact, there is no harm in mentioning the deep love that the bullfighter feels for his Virgin; it is obvious that he gives himself totally to her before appearing with his bullfighter costume in the bullring.

This reminds us of the Isiac Mysteries, the terrible sacrifice of the Sacred Cow and the archaic cults of IO, whose origins can solemnly come from the dawn of life on our planet Earth.

It is moving, clear and definite, that only IO - Devi Kundalini, the five-legged Sacred Cow, the Divine Mother - truly possesses that Magic Serpentine Power that permits us to reduce to cosmic dust the animal Ego, the bellowing beast of the ring of existence.

The vowels IO constitute in themselves the number ten associated with generation, and the ratio of the circumference to the diameter.

Therefore IO, obviously, is the number Pi (Pithar), the tremendous masculine-feminine mystery.

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

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

With utmost urgency it is necessary that we become "herders", that is, wise guides of the Sacred Cow.

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

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

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

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

It is a very lively and clear expression of the five unfoldings of our Divine Mother Kundalini, very intimate...

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

It is indispensable for the benefit of each and every one of our students to define these five aspects:

A) The Unmanifested Kundalini.

B) Ineffable Isis, Chaste Diana (Wisdom, Love, Power).

C) The Greek Hecate, the Egyptian Proserpine, the Aztec Coaticlue (the Queen of Hell and Death. Awe of Love and Law).

D) The particular individual Mother Nature (who created our physical body).

E) The Elemental Instinctive Magician (who originated our instincts).

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

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

It is a duty to illustrate, clarify and teach about the Pentalpha; but I prefer to do this through real-life stories:

First Story

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

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

Feminine beauties polarised positively with the Dionysian wave, nymphs from the forests and mountains pursued by the lascivious Silenus...

Now consider the ridiculous maenads, negatively polarised with the wave of Dionysius...

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

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

The lustful maenads killed Orpheus, and the wonderful lyre fell on the temple pavement, broken into pieces...

On occasion, I told my friends comic episodes related to a bohemian past...

The fermented fruit of the vine and the bacchantes at the height of their orgiastic rage were obviously a part of this comedy...

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

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

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

What happened then was very frightening. What I saw there in the horrible submerged region was the same as that which had been seen before by people like Hoffman, Edgar Allan Poe, Blavatsky, Bulwer-Litton, the same things as the poet Espronceda has described to us with such distress, with his demoniac choirs composed of the discordant voices of those who sail the ship of life without direction, like madmen relying on the wind of the passions and the sinister sea of doubt towards good deeds, of those who, ill-fated, marry with destiny, of those proud people who want to build Towers of Babel of stupid

ambitions, of those who lie, of those who fight for worldly glory, of those who stain themselves in the pleasures of the orgy, of those who covet gold, of those idle people who hate creative and fruitful work, of the villains, of the hypocrites and other victims of the Proteus of selfishness...

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

In those moments many horrible sounds reached my magic ears: screams, howling, whistles, neighing, chirping, mooing, squawks, miaows, barking, spitting and snoring.

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

The lucubrations of those great seers of the astral, who were called Alchemists, Kabbalists, Occultists, Esotericists, Yogis, Gnostics or simply Poets were not imaginary...

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

Feeling intensely perturbed, I trembled and had a premonition that something terrible had happened. I was not wrong... I saw her; the un-manifested Kundalini had crossed over the threshold of the place where the lost souls live...

The magnificent, excellent, extraordinary, and awesomely divine Madonna approached me with a magisterial step. I did not know what to do, I was confused, I felt both fear and love at the same time...

Cosmic reminder? Recrimination? The Adorable One spoke with a voice from Paradise, blessed me and then continued on her way as if progressing towards the dreaded walls of the city of Dis.

In the depth of my Consciousness I felt at that time as if She also wanted to help others who live around the city of pain, into which we can no longer enter without just indignation...

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

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

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

One day, early in the morning, somebody knocked at my door: it was an old secondary school teacher...

That good gentleman invited me to a graduation party. His daughter had completed her studies with great success...

It was impossible to decline his invitation! He was my friend and I even owed him some services. By no means did I want to snub him...

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

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

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

My splendid host came to us several times to offer us the fermented wine...

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

Doubtless he became my worst enemy, wrongly supposing that I had snubbed his party...

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

Not happy with all of this, he resorted to public calumny, accusing me in front of the tribunals of justice of supposed crimes about which I still know nothing...

That gentleman died soon afterwards in an unfortunate car accident.

I now believe that in that party I behaved like a boor, I lacked diplomacy.

There are guests in all the drawing-rooms of the world who know how to play with the devil; they spend the whole night with a glass in their hand, and they defend themselves marvellously...

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

Second Story

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

> "What a restful life
> that of the person
> who flees from worldly noise
> and follows the hidden path
> taken by the few wise men
> who have existed in this world!"

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

Isis, Adonia, Tonantzin (the second aspect of my Divine Mother Kundalini) came to me faster than the gust of the east wind...

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

I found myself in her loving immaculate arms. The Adorable appeared to be a grieving woman, like the one from the biblical Christic Gospel...

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

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

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

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

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

You are the Divine Cosmic Energy hidden inside the unknown depths of each creature.

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

Third Story

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

However, the best shone at the centre of the courtyard, and I contemplated it with the mystical surprise of a penitent and anchorite...

I am referring - with emphasis - to the Stone of Truth. This had then a divine human form...

Sexual prodigy of the blessed goddess Mother Death; funeral, spectral marvel...

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

I honestly confess in the presence of the divine and of humans that I embraced the terrible goddess Death in full Dionysian rapture...

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

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

In great secrecy and with much enthusiasm, all the Brothers commented on the extraordinary event during the dinner...

The Animated Stones that in ancient Arcadia which radically modified the way of thinking of the sage Pausanias can unquestionably be classified into two kinds: Ophites and Siderites, the Stone-Serpent and the Stone-Star.

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

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

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

Fourth Story

Most people really know very little about shamanism, and even this little has been adulterated, in the same way as the rest of the non-Christian religions.

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

their objective form because they died, the man changing his physical form for the spiritual one.

In its present form, such a belief is an off-shoot of the Primitive Theurgy (Magic) and a practical fusion of the visible world with the invisible.

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

Such a process is a temporary change of nature, and is usually called Theurgy.

Common people call the shamans sorcerers, because they are said to evoke the spirits of the dead with the objective of practicing necromancy; but true Shamanism cannot be judged by its degenerate ramifications in Siberia, in the same way that the religion of Gautama-Buddha cannot be confused with the fetishism of some who call themselves his followers in Siam and Burma.

Magic invocations obviously become simpler and more effective when one operates magically with the physical body totally submerged in the fourth dimension.

If, after going halfway along the path that separates us from our loved beings we could find our dead loved ones face to face, it would obviously be easier to accomplish this by going the whole way.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The motive for my meditation was my personal Mother Nature, the fourth aspect of the igneous Serpent of our magical powers.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Her body was like that of the mythological Venus; her hands, with conical, beautiful fingers covered in precious gems, had the Christic shape...

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

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

If, therefore, nothing gives relief to the aching breast, not the marble from Phrygia, nor the magnificent purple, it is better to seek refuge in the enchanting bosom of your personal and individual Divine Mother Nature...

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

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

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

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

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

Fifth Story

"I want to see Ocean and Thetis - to whom we owe our existence - in the limits of the terrestrial mansion."

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

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

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

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

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

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

RAM-IO, Mary, the Divine Mother Kundalini, always accompanied the Adorable, and there, on Golgotha, we see her at the foot of the Cross...

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

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

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

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

Heve is Iod's derivative, the Divine Wife of Shiva, our individual Mother Kundalini, the Sacred five-legged Cow, the esoteric mystery of the Pentalpha.

Jupiter and his Cow IO (iiiii oooooo) has exact concomitance with Iod-Heve, the interior Divine Couple of each creature.

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

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

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

I am referring - with emphasis - to a sexual suspension, to a period of abstention that lasted for several years.

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

Objective: to dissolve the psychological Ego, the Myself, the Self, which is certainly a knot in the cosmic energy, an obstacle we must reduce to cosmic dust.

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

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

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

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

Very methodically, I studied each of my defects separately; I never committed the error of wanting to catch ten hares at the same time. In no way did I want to risk a failure.

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

Afterwards I prayed, begged with vehemence to my Divine Mother Kundalini to eliminate from my mind the psychic adjunct, the psychological defect in question.

In this way, - little by little, with this didactic, with this "modus operandi" - during that sexual pause I succeeded in eliminating fifty per cent of the subjective, infrahuman elements that we carry within us and which constitute the Ego, the I.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I certainly saw her as very beautiful; quite small, the size of a gnome or a pygmy...

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

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

Unfortunately, I had believed that this was some kind of trial, and thus I continued to disobey. I was certainly slow in understanding, and that was holding me up.

After some time of mortal struggles against a very infrahuman psychic adjunct that violently resisted its own disappearance, I had to appeal to the Lance of Longibus.

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

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

This is how I quit my sexual pause and returned to the Forge of Cyclops. Working with the Holy Shaft I succeeded in reducing to cosmic dust all infrahuman elements that constitute the I.

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

FIRST MOUNTAIN

Initiation

Chapter 12

The Gnostic Church

The rigorous ordeals of Initiation are well known by those who have already crossed to the other side...

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

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

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

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

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

"Which rumour
what sounds from afar
broke into the silence
of the serene black of night?"

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

- a new Lucifer - the throne of his God?"

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

"Dense fog
covers the sky
and fills
with spirits,
wandering,
here and there,
on the wind
they cross
vaporous
countless,
here they take,
and there they gyrate,
now they come together,
they withdraw,
now they hide,
now they reappear,
they rove, they fly."

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

"They pass on and escape,
return and grow,
they decrease,
evaporate,
colour,
and amidst shadows
and reflections,
near and far away,

now they get lost,
now they avoid me
fearfully,
now they agitate
with fury
in a fantastic aerial dance
around me."

All those screams, howls, whistles, neighs, chirps, moos, squawks, miaows, barks, snorts and snores the clairvoyant poet goes on hearing, talking to us with words like livid and phosphoric brush-strokes by El Greco, in extraordinary apparitions such as those in "The Caprices" by Goya.

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

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

Unquestionably the most dangerous adversary of that night had the ill-fated title of Anagarika. I am emphatically referring to the demon Cherenzi.

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

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

That dark Tantrist arrived before me accompanied by two demons.

He appeared very satisfied with the abominable organ Kundartiguador, the satanic, witch-like, terrible tail, the sexual Fire

projected from the coccyx towards the atomic hells of man, the sequence and corollary of black tantrism.

I asked him point blank - as they say - the following question, "Do you know me?"

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

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

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

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

I entered the Gnostic Church panting, tired after having fought many times against the tyranny of the Prince of the Powers of the Air, who is the spirit that now reigns over the sons of infidelity.

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

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

From here, the starred, shining firmament could be contemplated as in ancient times in the Atlantean temples, those now-buried temples, mourned in the extraordinary poetry of Maeterlinck, and from which Asura-Maya, the astronomer disciple of Narada, made the precious

observations to discover its chronological cycles of thousands of years, teaching them to his beloved disciples by the light of the pale moon. They are still being used by his devoted successors.

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

Something, however, surprises me. I see a person who, crossing my path, blocks my way. Another battle? I prepare my defence, but the person smiles sweetly and exclaims with a voice from paradise:

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

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

- I am sorry, Master! I did not recognise you...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

- Oh, guru! I long for the awakening of the Kundalini and the union with the Intimate with infinite yearning, whatever the cost may be...

- But, what did you say, my disciple? Whatever the cost may be?

- Yes, Master, that is what I said...

- Someone was paid here tonight, and was given the task of helping you in the awakening of the Kundalini.

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

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

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

"Whatever the cost may be!" said my Master in a loud voice. And this sentence, intensely vibrating, was soon repeated from sphere to sphere...

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

Terrible oath..!

Genuine legends from Castille, such as that of Alfonso VII taking the famous bowl or grail, or better said goblet from the hands of the Moors from Almeria, this goblet which was carved from an enormous emerald, and said to have been used by the Great Kabir Jesus at his last supper. It is terribly divine...

To swear in the presence of the Sacred Vessel..?

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

This vessel was previously given by the queen of Sheba to Solomon, the Solar King. This was an inheritance, according to others, of the Tuatha of Danand, a Jinas race of the Gaedhil (the British Galicia).

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

Epilogue

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

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

Chapter 13

The First Initiation of Fire

When dealing with transcendental and practical Esotericism, we can - indeed must - emphasise the following:

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

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

A) The Philosopher's Stone.
B) The Clavicle of Solomon.
C) The Genesis of Enoch.

These three factors constitute the living foundation of the Apocalypse, not to mention the collections of Pistorius, the Theosophy of Porphyry and of many other extremely ancient secrets.

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

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

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

By means of that Blessed Stone we can fulfil that alchemical maxim that says, "Solve et coagule".

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

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

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

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

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

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

To light the individual Fohat, the Flame of Eros, in our Sexual Alchemical Laboratory is certainly the basis of the Dionysian wave; I deeply understood this when I studied at the feet of my guru, "Adolfito".

Undoubtedly, I was always assisted during the metaphysical copulation. This other divine guru who was paid his salary in the Temple (see Chapter 12) fulfilled his pledge.

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

When the erotic Igneous Serpent of our magical powers awoke to initiate its march upwards and inwards along the spinal medullary canal, I felt extremely thirsty and experienced a very sharp pain in the coccyx that lasted for several days.

Then I was given a royal welcome to the Temple. I have never forgotten that grand cosmic event.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The true history of this Holy Grail is written in the stars; it does not have its foundation in Toledo, as Wolfram von Eschenbach claims...

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

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

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

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

D) "Parsifal" and "Titurel" of Eschenbach.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It dawned and nothing! Nothing! Nothing! What an awful night, my God..! Good heavens!

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

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

All my senses were put on trial, tortured in mortal agonies that made me cry, "My Father! If possible spare me this chalice, but let your will be done and not mine."

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

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

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

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

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

- You were warned - said the Adept-Lady - that from today onwards you will have double the responsibility for the Teachings that you give in the world... Besides - said Litelantes - you were dressed in the tunic

of white linen of the Adepts of the Occult Fraternity and you were given the Sword of Fire...

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

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

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

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

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

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

Certainly I had had a sleepless night, so a short rest seemed fair to me. Besides, in my heart I felt sorrowful...

So, I had no objection to lying down in the recumbent dorsal position, that is to say, face upwards, and with the body well relaxed...

Being in a state of vigil, I suddenly saw somebody entering my room. I recognised him, he was a Chela of the Venerable Great White Lodge...

This disciple carried a book in his hands, he wished to consult me and to ask for certain authorisation...

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

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

Ah, how much I have changed... Now I understand! Those were my exclamations after the Chela left...

Happy, I got up from the hard bed to talk to Litelantes; I needed to tell her what had happened...

I felt something superlative, as if a transcendental change of an esoteric, divine type had taken place in the interior of my Consciousness.

I was eager for the coming night. That tropical day was for me like the waiting room of Wisdom. I wanted to see as soon as possible the Sun sinking once more into the stormy waves of the ocean like a ball of fire...

When the Moon started to shine on the tempestuous waters of the Caribbean Sea, at that time when the birds from the sky take shelter in their nests, I had to press Litelantes to finish her household chores.

That night we went to bed earlier than usual. I yearned for something, and was in an ecstatic state...

Lying down again on my hard bed of penitent and anchorite, in that Hindustani asana of the dead man (recumbent dorsal position, face upwards, body relaxed, arms along the sides, feet touching at the heels, the tips of the toes open as a fan) I waited in a state of vigilant alertness, ready for anything new.

Suddenly, in a matter of a few thousandths of a second, I remembered a mountain far away. Then something unusual, unwonted happened...

Instantaneously I saw myself there, on the distant mountain top, very far from my body, my feelings and my mind...

Atman without bonds, far from the dense body and in the absence of the supersensible vehicles...

At such moments of Samadhi, the Cosmic Initiation received the previous night was a palpable fact, a raw living reality that I did not even need to remember...

When I put my right hand on the golden belt, I was happy to see that the Sword of Fire was there, exactly on the right-hand side...

All the facts that Litelantes had given to me had turned out to be accurate. How happy I felt now as Spirit Man, certainly dressed in the white linen tunic..!

In a full Dionysian rapture I threw myself into infinite sidereal space; I happily moved away from the planet Earth...

Submerged in the Ocean of the Universal Spirit of Life, I did not want to return to this vale of sorrows. So I visited many planetary places...

When I alighted softly on a gigantic planet of the unalterable Infinite, unsheathing the Sword of Fire I said, "I dominate all this..!"

"Man is destined to be the governor of all creation," answered a Hierophant who was next to me.

I sheathed the Sword of Fire in its golden scabbard, and submerging myself even further into the sleeping waters of Life, I carried out a series of extraordinary invocations and experiments: "Buddhic body, come to me..!"

Answering my call, the Beautiful Helen, Guinevere, the Queen of Jinas, my adorable Spiritual Soul came to me.

She entered into me and I entered into her, thus forming the famous Atman-Buddhi which is so often referred to in Oriental Theosophy.

Quite rightly, it has always been said that the Buddhi (Spiritual Soul) is like a vase made of delicate and transparent alabaster, inside which burns the flame of Prana (Atman).

Continuing in successive order those singular invocations made from the very bottom of Chaos, I called then my Human Soul, saying: "Causal body, come to me..!"

I saw my Human Soul dressed gloriously in the causal vehicle (Superior theosophical Manas).

How interesting that moment turned out to be, when my Human Soul entered happily into me..!

At that instant I integrated, in an extraordinarily lucid form, that theosophical triad known in Sanskrit as Atman-Buddhi-Manas.

Unquestionably Atman, that is to say, the Intimate, has two Souls. The first is the Spiritual Soul (Buddhi) which is feminine. The second is the Human Soul (superior Manas) which is masculine.

Afterwards, intoxicated with ecstasy, I called my mind as follows: "Mental body, come to me..!"

I had to repeat this invocation several times, because the mind is slow to obey, but finally it came with much reverence, saying: "Lord, here I am, I have obeyed your call, please forgive me for my lateness! Did I carry out your orders well?"

At the moment when I was going to give an answer the solemn voice of my Pythagorean Monad came out of my deep interior, saying: "Yes..! You have obeyed well, come in..."

That voice was like that of Ruach Elohim who, according to Moses, worked on the Waters at the dawn of Life...

It must be said with great emphasis that I finished these invocations calling the astral body. This one also took its time in answering my esoteric call, but at last it came into me.

Covered already by my supersensible vehicles, I could have called my physical body from the Chaos or Primitive Abyss; at this moment it was lying on its hard bed of penitent and anchorite, and it is obvious that this body would have also obeyed the call.

This is never an impossible thing: my physical body, which in such interesting moments was lying on its hard bed, would have been able to abandon the three-dimensional region of Euclid to obey my call, helped by the fourth aspect of Devi Kundalini.

However, I preferred then to reappear from that "Void" - in the sense of full, unlimited and deep space - to return to the planet Earth...

I seemed at that moment a solitary ray coming out of the Abyss of the Great Mother...

The return to this planet of sorrows governed by forty-eight laws was achieved relatively quickly.

I declare frankly and honestly: I returned to the physical body with full Consciousness, coming into it by that marvellous door to the Soul cited by Descartes. I am referring to the pineal gland.

It is a pity that Cartesian philosophy does not know anything about what is Objective Knowledge.

Since such a type of pure knowledge is in fact accessible to my cognitive faculties, I have been able to write these lines for the benefit of my beloved readers...

Chapter 14

The Second Initiation of Fire

Unquestionably we can - and even must - assert with great emphasis the transcendent and transcendental existence of two classical types of occultism.

From the whole of the varied set of historical and prehistorical processes relating to the Earth and its human races, it is possible for us to infer two modalities of occultism, namely:

A) Innate occultism.
B) Scholastic occultism.

The first of these two currents is ostensibly pre-Flood, the second is completely post-Flood.

The exact parallels of these two clearly enunciated occult forms must be found by means of discernment in the two modalities of the Law:

A) Natural and paradisiac Law. (Wisdom of the Gods.)
B) Written Law. Deuteronomy. (Second and more inferior law)

It is written with characters of fire in the Book of Life that when the Sons of God, that is, of the Elohim or of the Jinas, knew the daughters of men, the appalling and terrible Atlantean catastrophe took place, the Universal Flood (Genesis, VI, 1). Thus the formidable empire of the first Law ended, and the time arrived for the Deuteronomy or second Law.

The terrible imperfections of the written Law are obvious and evident: torment of the great by its appalling limitations, an iron rule for lesser individuals.

Moses, the illustrious sacred leader of the people of Israel, congregating his people on the plain of Moab, exhibited for all to see the extraordinary wonders that the Lord had brought about as good graces since the first alliance was established at Mount Sinai. He repeated the Law with new illustrations, pronouncing awesome warnings against its transgressors and promising just rewards and successes of all kinds to those who observe it faithfully.

Moses, transfigured on Mount Nebo, after having blessed the twelve tribes of Israel, contemplates the Promised Land, the Elysian Fields or Jinas world, the land that flows with milk and honey, the etheric world, the fourth dimension...

Moses did not die like other men; he disappeared on Mount Nebo. His corpse was never found. What happened to it?

Moses returned to the happy land of the Nordic and Druidic chants, became Jina, an inhabitant of Paradise...

With total lucidity we have been able to completely verify the impressive, clear and definitive fact that it is precisely there, in the superluminal world, in the fourth dimension, where in other times the happy people of ancient Arcadia lived...

I am specifically referring to the paradisiac humanities of ancient times.

When John the Baptist was beheaded, the Great Kabir Jesus withdrew in a ship to "a deserted and isolated place", that is, to the land of Jinas, to the fourth co-ordinate of our planet Earth, and it is there where he performed in front of the multitude the miracle of the five loaves and two fishes that fed no less than five thousand men not counting women and children, there being twelve baskets full of pieces left over (Ibid, XIV, 15-21).

It is clear that the Great Gnostic Priest Jesus also had to transfer the crowds to the fourth dimension with the evident purpose of carrying out the miracle...

Ancient Irish traditions, wisely recorded in the delightful chants of the bards or Nordic rhapsodizers, speak with good reason of an extraordinary "cainita" or Inca people, that is to say, of King Priests, called the Tuatha of Danand, extremely skilful in all kinds of magic arts that they had learned in Thebes.

Obviously this is an example of a great Jinas nation, a prototype of the "wandering Jew", the tireless traveller.

The Tuatha of Danand travelled around the Mediterranean countries until they arrived in Scandinavia itself, where they founded four great magical cities as well as a lunar city and another solar one.

When the Tuatha came back to Ireland, they landed on that island protected, like Aeneas was in Carthage, by a special magical fog (or veil of Isis of the fourth dimension) that hid them.

In other words, the Tuatha came back to Ireland through the fourth dimension.

The famous battle of Madura is described in old chronicles, where they were covered in glory defeating the sinister Fir-Bolgs.

'In fact, the excellence of the Tuatha of Danand was so tremendous, so powerful and innumerable were their soldiers, that the plains were full of hordes of combatants who were spread out as far as the regions where the Sun sets at the end of the day. Their heroes were immortalised at the gates of Tara, the magical capital of Ireland.'

'The Tuatha did not arrive in Erin in any known kind of ship, and nobody was able to determine clearly whether they were people born on the Earth or had come down from Heaven, or if they were diabolic

entities or a new nation who would not in any way be human unless the blood of Berthach, the tireless, the founder of primitive Ceinne, ran in their veins.'

When the great Atlantean catastrophe took place, the Tuatha of Danand went into the fourth dimension forever.

Some happy human races inhabit the etheric region of our planet Earth. These people, even in our days of sorrow, still live in a paradisiac state...

In the fourth co-ordinate of our planet Earth there are many magical cities of splendid beauty...

In the fourth terrestrial vertical we can discover the elemental paradises of nature, with all their temples, valleys, enchanted lakes and lands of Jinas...

Unquestionably it is there, in the Promised Land, where, happily, we can still find innate Occultism and the natural and paradisiac Law...

Those blessed Jinas that live happily in the Elysian Fields, in the land that flows with milk and honey, are certainly not subject to the regency of the Deuteronomy or second Law that torments mortals so much...

Obviously the Jina masses, such as those known as the Tuatha of Danand, live happily in bliss in Eden under the regency of the first Law...

The Tuatha of Danand always carried with them four esoteric magical symbols across the lands of their legendary exodus:

A) A gigantic Goblet or Grail (living symbol of the feminine uterus).

B) An enormous Lance of pure iron (phallic masculine symbol).

C) A great Sword of Fire (symbol of the sexual Fire).

D) The Stone of Truth (Symbol of the Philosopher's Stone, sexual).

If Moses, the great Hebrew leader, had not known the deep significance of these four magical symbols, he would never have been able to become a Jina on Mount Nebo...

Thus I understood it when, prostrated in the presence of the Logos, I asked him with complete humility for admission to the Second Initiation of Fire...

It is impossible to forget those moments in which the Blessed One entrusted to a certain specialist the sacred mission of conducting wisely along my spine the Second Degree of the Power of Fire...

I wanted to know thoroughly the mysteries of the fourth co-ordinate and penetrate victorious into the Promised Land...

I needed with maximum, crucial urgency to restore the igneous powers in my vital etheric substance...

When the Second Serpent awoke to start its ascent inwards and upwards along the etheric spinal cord, I was lavishly entertained in the Temple with a great cosmic festival.

The specialist Jina assisted me during the metaphysical copulation. Litelantes and I were aware of him with our sixth sense.

Ostensibly I was not abandoned. The Jina helped me with strong magnetic passes that went from the coccyx to the pineal gland...

That Master had taken on his shoulders a great moral responsibility. He had to lead in an intelligent manner the Living and Philosophical

Fire along the medullary spinal channel of the famous theosophical Lingam Sarira (vital substance of the human organism).

Obviously such a vehicle is only the superior section of the physical body, the tetra-dimensional aspect of our physical body.

"This Initiation is much more laborious", thus the Logos of our Solar System had told me; however, I yearned with infinite longing to know the mysteries of the etheric world, to enter the Promised Land.

The shining ascent of the Second Serpent of Fire along the medullary channel, from vertebra to vertebra and from chakra to chakra, happened very slowly, according to the merits of the heart.

Each spinal vertebra of etheric type implies specific virtues; ostensibly we must be tested before arriving to such-and-such a vertebra. Let us remember that gold is tested with fire and virtue with temptation.

The legs of the thrones of the gods have animal shapes. The wicked ones endlessly attack those who try to achieve any degree of Occult Masonry in the spine. "Heaven is taken by assault, the valiant ones have taken it."

There are also mystical banquets in the country of a thousand and one nights; I attended one of those dinners. The guests were very well served by swans of immaculate whiteness on the banks of a crystalline lake...

On another occasion, I was taught the following Cosmic Law: "Never mix opposing forces in the same house, because the mixture of two contrasting currents gives rise to a third force, which is destructive for everybody."

The vital body is composed of four ethers:

A) Reflective Ether.

B) Luminous Ether.
C) Chemical Ether.
D) Ether of Life.

The first of these ethers is found intimately related to the various functions of the will and the imagination.

The second is secretly associated with all sensory and extrasensory perceptions.

The third serves as the foundation for all biochemical organic processes.

The fourth serves as a medium for the forces that work with the reproductive processes of the races.

During the Second Initiation of Fire, I learned how to free the two superior ethers so as to travel with them far from the physical body.

Unquestionably, the clairvoyant and clairaudient perceptions are extraordinarily intensified when one absorbs the two superior ethers in the astral body.

Such ethers allow us to bring the totality of supersensible memories to the physical brain.

The vivid esoteric explanation of the mystic decapitation given to me in scenic form was certainly extraordinary...

I was invited to a macabre banquet, and what I saw on that tragic table was actually terrifying...

A profane bloody head placed on a silver tray, everything adorned with something about which it is better not to speak...

Its deep significance was clearly shown: the animal Ego, the Oneself, the Myself, must be beheaded...

From this we can deduce the definitive fact that the head of John the Baptist on a resplendent silver tray has an identical meaning...

Unquestionably John, the Precursor, taught this terrible truth by mounting the Altar of supreme Sacrifice...

Examining old chronicles with the tenacity of a monk in his cell, we discovered the following: The Nazarenes were also known as Baptists, Sabeans and Christians of St John; their belief was that the Messiah was not the Son of God, but simply a prophet who wanted to follow John.

Origen (Vol. II, page 150) observes that:

'There are some who say of John that he was the Anointed One (Christus)'.

When the metaphysical conceptions of the Gnostics, who saw in Jesus the Logos and the Anointed One, started to gain ground, the primitive Christians parted from the Nazarenes, who accused Jesus of perverting the doctrines of John and of changing the baptism in the Jordan to something else.'

(Codex Nazaraeus II, page 109).

The transcendental fact that John the Baptist was also a Christus must be asserted with great emphasis...

On the other hand, considered from the standpoint of the Logos (Perfect Multiple Unity), we can say that He saved those who had died in themselves, those who decapitated the animal Ego and defeated the kingdom of shadows, hell.

As a consequence or corollary, I totally understood all this when I saw the macabre table in the banquet hall...

When I left that unwonted and abysmal den, the Adepts of the Occult Brotherhood gave me a beautiful present.

It was a minuscule magic instrument, by means of which I could act as a magician modifying my features...

Those who have seen my photos can verify by themselves the concrete fact that I can voluntarily modify the characteristics of my face.

The best photographers are puzzled by the different shapes of my face. However, I confess frankly and honestly that it is not I who has this power, but the Intimate, my inner Real Being, Atman the Ineffable. He operates on my features when necessary...

My insignificant person is worthless, the Work is everything. I am certainly no more than an ordinary worm in the mud of the earth...

If I were to write at great length everything that we, the mystics, have experienced in the thirty-three Holy Chambers of the etheric world, we would fill many volumes; thus I prefer to speak in synthesis...

When the Second Degree of the Power of Fire got to the height of the creative larynx, I was put in jail.

The accusatory act textually said as follows: "This gentleman, besides committing the crime of healing the sick, is also the author of a book entitled "The Perfect Matrimony" that is an outrage against public morality and the good customs of the citizens."

Thus, I had to undergo the classical Ceremony of Decapitation in the horrible dungeon of an old South American prison.

Then I saw, at the foot of an old tower, my Divine Mother Kundalini with the Sword of Fire in her right hand, beheading a creature.

"Ah! I understand now!" I said, surrounded by the frightening darkness of the horrible dungeon. Later on I entered into that delicious state which in high yoga is known as Nirvi-Kalpa-Samadhi.

Outside that other dungeon that is named the physical body, in a state of ecstasy, I experienced in myself the great profound interior reality...

He, my Monad entered me, in my Soul, and I was totally transfigured. With lucid fullness, I saw myself entirely.

He is the fifth of the seven Spirits before the Throne of the Lamb, and I am his bodhisattva. This reminds us of that phrase of Mohammed: "Allah is Allah and Mohammed is his Prophet."

When I got out of that prison I went home; there my best friends were waiting for me...

Days later, the Second Degree of the Power of Fire made direct contact with the atom of the Father, situated in the magnetic field at the root of the nose. Then I saw in a nocturnal vision the Star of Fire with the Eye of God in its centre.

The shining Pentalpha detached itself from the Sun Christ to shine above my head...

The cosmic festival on the night of Initiation was extraordinary. From the threshold of the Temple I saw my Real Being, the Intimate, crucified on his cross at the very sacred end of the Sanctuary and before the Brothers of the Occult Brotherhood.

While He was receiving the Initiation, I, in the vestibule of the Temple, was settling accounts with the Lords of Karma...

Chapter 15

The Third Initiation of Fire

Death is unquestionably something deeply significant. It is an urgent task to investigate this subject thoroughly, to study in depth, sincerely and completely, with infinite patience and at every level of the mind.

As a consequence or profound corollary, we can - and even must - solemnly affirm the following postulate: "We can discover the origin of life only by completely bringing to light the mysteries of death".

If the seed does not die, the plant is not born. Death and conception find themselves intimately associated.

As we exhale the last breath of our existence, we inevitably project, across time and space, the electrical design of our own existence...

Ostensibly, such an electro-psychic design comes to impregnate the fertilised egg later on; thus we return.

The path of life is formed by the hoofprints of the horse of death.

The last moments of the dying person are found to be secretly linked to the amorous delectations of our future earthly parents.

The destiny that awaits us beyond death will be the repetition of our present life, plus its consequences.

What continues beyond the grave are my affections, my tendernesses, my hates: I want, I do not want, I envy, I wish, I take revenge, I kill, I lust after, I am angry, I covet, etc., etc., etc.

The whole of that legion of egos, a true legion of demons personifying psychological defects, returns, comes back, rejoins.

It would be absurd to talk about an individual Ego, it is better to talk clearly about a pluralised ego.

Orthodox esoteric Buddhism teaches that the Ego is a sum of psychic adjuncts.

The Egyptian book "The Occult Abode" mentions with great emphasis the Red Demons of Seth (the devil egos that constitute the Ego).

Those quarrelling and screaming egos constitute the dark legions, against which Arjuna had to fight following orders coming directly from the blessed Lord Krishna (see "The Bhagavad Gita").

The personality does not return, it is a daughter of its time, it has a beginning and an end. The only thing that continues with certainty is a mass of devils.

We can reach immortality in the astral world. However this is only possible by fabricating the eidolon (astral body).

Various authors of a pseudo-esotericist and pseudo-occultist type make the mistake of confusing the Ego with the astral body.

Modern metaphysical literature says much about the projections of the astral body; however, we must have the courage to acknowledge the fact that those who are fond of occultism are wont to project with the Ego to travel in the sublunar regions of Nature across time and space.

The astral body is not an indispensable implement for existence. It must be remembered that the physical body fortunately has a vital source or Lingam Sarira that totally guarantees its existence.

Unquestionably the astral body is a luxury that few people can afford. Rare are the individuals who are born with this splendid vehicle.

The raw material for the Great Work, the alchemic element with which we can fabricate the astral body, is the Sexual Hydrogen Te-12.

Obviously, this Hydrogen represents the final product of the transformation of the food inside the marvellous laboratory of the organism.

It is evident that this is the most important material with which sex works. The preparation of this substance is carried in rhythmic consonance with the seven notes of the musical scale.

It must be understood that the ens seminis, and its peculiar Hydrogen Te-12, is seed and fruit at the same time.

To transmute this marvellous Hydrogen to give it intelligent crystallisation in a superior octave means, in order to create a new life inside the existing organism, to give evident form to the sidereal or astral body of the alchemists and Kabbalists.

You must understand that the astral body is born of the same material or the same substance of which the physical body is born; the only difference is the procedure.

The whole of the physical body, all its cells, remain, so to say, impregnated by the emanations of the matter that is Te-12. And when these have been sufficiently saturated, the matter Te-12 starts to crystallise.

The crystallisation of this matter constitutes the formation of the astral body.

The transition of the matter Te-12 to a condition of emanations and the gradual saturation of the whole organism with these emanations, is what is known in Alchemy as transmutation or transformation.

This transformation of the physical body into the astral body is exactly what Alchemy calls the transformation of base metals into fine ones, that is, the procurement of gold from ordinary metals.

The esoteric procedure can be found in Sex-Yoga, in the Maithuna, in Sexual Magic: connection of the lingam-yoni, phallus-uterus without ejaculation of the ens seminis.

The restrained desire will give rise to marvellous processes of crystallisation of the Hydrogen Te-12 in a superior octave.

Nourishment is different. Unquestionably the astral body needs its nourishment and nutrition, this is obvious.

Since the physical body is controlled wisely by forty-eight laws, a fact that has been scientifically proven by the forty-eight chromosomes of the germ cell, it is a clear and evident that the principal Hydrogen of the cellular body is the Hydrogen 48 (forty eight).

It is relatively easy, indeed, to save this specific type of Hydrogen when we follow the path of the straight line.

The excess Hydrogen 48 (forty-eight) not spent in the physical activities of the three-dimensional Euclidean world is marvellously converted into Hydrogen 24 (twenty-four).

Ostensibly this Hydrogen 24 (twenty-four) always becomes the extraordinary nourishment of the astral body.

It is urgent to affirm with great emphasis that the sidereal or astral body of the alchemists and Kabbalists develops and unfolds marvellously under the absolute control of the twenty-four laws.

Every organ is known clearly by its functions, and we know that we have an astral body when we are able to travel with it (see Chapter 6 of this same treatise).

My personal case was certainly extraordinary. I must specifically affirm that I was born with an astral body.

I had built it magnifically before I was born, during the ancient ages of a previous mahamvantara forbear, long before the dawn of the lunar chain.

It was for me of the foremost importance to restore the igneous powers to this sidereal body. Thus I understood this before asking the Logos of the Solar system for admission to the Third Initiation of Fire.

I must tell my beloved readers that the Great Being, after granting me what I had asked, took special steps to help me.

From this you can conclude that I was granted a specialist to help me in the Third Degree of the Power of Fire.

That Guru-Deva fulfilled his mission directing the Third Serpent of Fire along the medullary canal in the astral body.

Litelantes and my insignificant, worthless person perceived the astral specialist who helped us during the metaphysical copulation with our sixth sense.

The awakening of the Fire in the astral body is always announced by a terrible lightning in the night.

Originally, the Third Power of Fire in such a precious vehicle has an immaculate, beautiful white colour. Later on it appears, shining in the aura of the Universe with a beautiful golden colour.

I frankly and honestly confess that during the esoteric work with the Third Degree of the Power of Fire I had to live the whole Cosmic Drama in symbolic form.

One, who is no more than a vile worm that crawls around in the mud of the earth, feels really touched when, suddenly and undeservedly, he sees himself converted into the central character of such a Drama, even if this is done in a merely symbolic way.

Unlike the two previous serpents, the Third Degree of the Power of Fire, after touching the atom of the Father in the magnetic field at the root of the nose, continues its march towards the heart.

Between the magnetic field at the root of the nose and the heart, there are secret pathways, nadis or marvellous channels.

A secret path connects the root of the nose with the capital chakra, which controls the heart from the centre of the brain. The Fire circulates by that path. Later on it continues its march towards the heart itself, circulating mysteriously by the Anahata Nadi.

To live the whole Drama of Christ in the astral world is doubtless something that could never be forgotten.

As the Third Degree of the Power of Fire develops and evolves harmoniously in the astral body, the various happenings of the Christic Drama open up.

When the Sacred Fire arrives at the marvellous harbour of a quiet heart, we experience that symbolism which is intimately related to the Death and Resurrection of Christ.

It is a terrible moment, that instant in which the symbolic Longinus pierces the side of the Initiate with the Sacred Spear, the extraordinary emblem of the phallic force.

Parsifal cured the terrible wound that burned painfully on the side of King Amfortas with such a Shaft.

When I was secretly approved by a certain sidereal power, the sinister Adepts of the Left Hand, filled with hatred, attacked me.

The Holy Sepulchre is always present in the mysteries of the great cathedrals, and it is evident that mine had to be present in my Initiation.

As I am writing these lines, I recall the Initiatory moment of Gins de Lara.

At that esoteric moment of the distinguished Initiate's life there was effectively no maiden of "grand ancestry", daughter of the founder of the monastery, to accompany him, and the only "good man" was the Master guide. He led him to the Sancta Sanctorum or Adytia of that temple, where the neophyte found, in the centre of a very rich room fashioned in marble, a sumptuous sepulchre hermetically closed. Gins, following the instructions of the Master, easily lifted its heavy lid with his hands. To his great surprise, he found inside his own physical body.

Unlike Gins de Lara, I saw my own astral body in the sepulchre. I then understood that I had to go through an esoteric Resurrection.

Unquestionably the Great Master mason Hiram Abif must be resurrected in ourselves. "The King is dead. Long live the King!"

A realistic, hard, legitimate, authentic Resurrection is only possible in the Second Mountain. In these paragraphs we are definitely referring only to the symbolic Initiatic Resurrection.

I had to stay astrally inside the Holy Sepulchre for a period of three days before the above-mentioned symbolic Resurrection.

The descent to the dark abode of Pluto was indispensable after the whole symbolic process of Resurrection had taken place.

I had to begin some dark recapitulations inside the deepest bowels of the Earth, where the Florentine Dante found the city of Dis.

The progressive ascension slowly happened through the various strata of the submerged mineral kingdom...

A scenic, vivid, progressive, ascendant recapitulation was indispensable for the total knowledge of the Oneself, of the Myself.

To recapitulate ancient abysmal errors is sometimes useful when one tries to dissolve the Ego.

To know our own psychological errors is certainly urgent, imperative.

"I am a Saint!" I said in front of a group of elegant and sinister ladies who were seated in a sumptuous abysmal hall...

Those women laughed, willingly mocking me at the same time that they repeated ironically, making a provocative grimace: "Saint! Saint! Saint!..."

Those unlucky creatures were right. At that time I had not yet dissolved my Ego, I was a fallen bodhisattva...

It is written in glowing embers in the Book of all Splendours that in the Abode of Pluto the truth is disguised as shadows. "Demonius est Deus inversus", wrote H.P.B. *

A symbolic, Initiatic, instructive Ascension, however, different from the Logical Ascension of the Third Mountain.

*Translator's note: "The Devil is God inverted"

Nineteen days after initiating the ascending abysmal march, the Adepts of the Occult Brotherhood eliminated from my lower abdomen a specific layer or substance similar to the skin of the human organism.

Inside the microcosmos man, such an atomic layer is like a great door that gives access to the lower abysmal depths...

As long as this atomic element exists in individuals, the Essence will remain too self-confined inside the Ego.

When that atomic door is taken out of the astral counterpart of the abdomen, the Adepts must then heal this ventral zone.

When the Third Degree of the Power of Fire succeeds in exiting by the superior part of the cranium, it assumes the mystical figure of the Holy Spirit, a white dove with the head of a venerable old man.

This immaculate divine creature perches above the tower of the temple in mystical vigil, happily waiting the supreme instant of the Initiation...

Remembering ancient errors committed in prior incarnations, after thirty three days, I had to go through an unusual, unwonted event...

I had to be subjected to the test of fire in three of the four fundamental states of Consciousness...

It is urgent to define the four states of the Consciousness for the benefit of our beloved readers:

A) Eikasia.
B) Pistis.
C) Dianoia.
D) Nous.

The first of these four states is deep unconsciousness, barbarism in motion, infrahuman dream, cruelty, etc., etc., etc.

The second of these states exactly corresponds to all the reasoning processes: opinions, fanatic sectarianism, etc., etc., etc.

The third manifests itself as conceptual syntheticism, scientific spirit, intellectual revision of beliefs, induction, deduction of a reflexive type, very serious studies concerning phenomena and laws, etc., etc. etc.

The fourth is awakened Consciousness, the state of Turiya; really objective, illuminated and perfect clairvoyance; polyvision, etc., etc., etc.

I emerged victorious from this difficult test. Unquestionably in the Path of the Razor's Edge we must be tested many times.

The hermetic symbolism of this esoteric test was very interesting: three very serene maidens surrounded by fire. The result was: victory!

Today I find myself firmly established in the dianoetic and noetic states. It is not superfluous to assert that Eikasia and Pistis were eliminated from my nature through the terrible trials by ordeal of the Initiation.

Thirty-seven days after having started abysmal revisions, I had to study directly the twelve zodiacal constellations, under whose regency we constantly evolve and involute.

Each of the twelve zodiacal constellations shines with its own peculiar hue.

The astral light of the constellation of Leo has a beautiful golden colour and one feels inspired looking at it.

The end of the processes associated with the Ascension is always announced by four angels, who face the four cardinal points of the planet Earth, each of them blowing his trumpet.

Inside the Temple, I was given the white dove of the Holy Spirit, as if saying, "Work intensively in the Ninth Sphere if you want to incarnate the Third Logos in yourself."

All these symbolic processes of the Ascension were finished after forty days.

The final ceremony took place in the causal world. What I felt and saw then was certainly extraordinary.

The Great Initiator was, then, Sanat Kumara, the founder of the Great School of Initiates of the Venerable White Lodge.

By the Altar, with the cane of seven knots in his potent right hand, the Great Being shone, terrifyingly divine.

Chapter 16

The Fourth Initiation of Fire

This sad rational homunculus wrongly named man is very similar to a fatal ship manned by many sinister and dark passengers. I am referring to the Egos.

Unquestionably, each of these has its own mind, ideas, concepts, opinions, emotions, etc., etc., etc.

Obviously we are full of infinite psychological contradictions. If we could see ourselves in a full-length mirror the way we are internally, we would be horrified at ourselves.

The type of mind that at a given moment is expressed in ourselves through the various brain functions depends exclusively on the quality of the Ego in action (see Chapter 3, paragraph entitled: the Ego).

The existence of many minds within the interior of each of us is evident, obvious and manifest.

We certainly do not possess an individual, particular mind; we have many minds.

We need with maximal, pressing urgency to create the mental body, but this is only possible by transmuting the Sexual Hydrogen Te-12.

By means of the Sahaja-Maithuna (Sexual Magic) we can, and must pass on the excess Sexual Hydrogen Te-12, not used in the creation of the astral body, to a second octave of superior order.

The crystallisation of this Hydrogen in the splendid and marvellous form of the mental body is an axiom of Hermetic Wisdom.

Obviously this crystallisation of the Sexual hydrogen is solemnly processed according to the doh, ray, me, fah, soh, lah, te in a second transcendent octave.

Nourishment is different. It is evident that every organism that comes into existence needs its specific food and nourishment. The mental body is no exception to the general rule.

The surplus Hydrogen 24 not spent in the nourishment of the astral body is converted into Hydrogen 12. (Do not confuse this one with the Sexual Hydrogen Te-12).

As a consequence or evident corollary, it is valid to assert clearly that the Hydrogen 12 is a cardinal and definitive nourishment for the mental body.

It is not possible to achieve the total individualisation of the mind without the creation of a mental body.

We will possess organised inferior Manas, a concrete particular individual mind only by creating such a vehicle.

The foundation of this creation can be found in the Ninth Sphere (the Sex). It is indispensable to work in the Burning Forge of Vulcan.

It is evident that we know that we have a mental body when we can travel with it consciously and positively across the supersensitive worlds.

My particular case was something very special. I was born with a mental body, I had already created it in a very remote past, much earlier than the dawn of the mahamvantara of Padma or Golden Lotus.

With maximal urgency I only needed now to recapitulate the Fourth Initiation of Fire, and restore the powers of fire in this vehicle.

The shining Dragon of Wisdom - I am referring to the Logos of the solar system of Ors - gave a specialist the noble mission of assisting and helping me.

It is certainly very slow and terribly difficult to raise the Fourth Serpent along the medullary channel of the mental body, from vertebra to vertebra and from chakra to chakra.

"Before the flame of gold can burn with a serene light, the lamp must be taken good care of, and be in a place free of any wind."

"The terrestrial thoughts must fall dead in front of the doors of the Temple."

"The mind that is a slave to the senses, makes the soul as much of an invalid as the boat that the wind leads astray over the waters."

Astounded I perceived the multiple splendours of the marvellous Pentalpha over the very sacred chandeliers of the Temple.

I crossed the threshold of the Sanctuary, blissful; my thoughts flamed glowingly.

I clearly understood that during the work in the Ninth Sphere I should separate very carefully "the smoke from the flames".

Smoke is horror, bestiality; the flame is light, love, transcendent chastity.

Any exterior impact gives rise to undulatory reactions in the mind. These have their fundamental nucleus in the Ego, the Myself.

It is certainly indispensable that we exert absolute control over these reactions.

We need to become indifferent to praise and vituperation, to triumph and defeat.

It is indispensable that we smile at those who insult us, that we kiss the whip of the executioner. Remember that hurtful words have no value other than that given to them by the offended.

When we give no value to the words of those who insult us, these words become something akin to a bad cheque.

The Guardian of the Threshold in the world of the mind becomes a personification of the Ego.

In the Fourth Initiation of Fire, it is indispensable to confront heroically the terrible trial, to defeat the Terrible Brother, as it is known in Occult Masonry.

With no fear whatsoever I promptly unsheathed the Sword of Fire. What happened then was extraordinary: the Larva of the Threshold ran away, terrified.

It is clear that such a trial always takes place after the igneous wings have been opened.

It is a tremendous truth that when the ascending Sacred Fire reaches the level of the heart, the radiant angelic wings are always opened.

The burning wings unquestionably allow us to enter instantaneously into any department of the Kingdom.

Another marvellous cosmic event that I had to experience during the multiple processes of the Fourth Initiation of Fire was the victorious entry of Jesus into the city beloved by the prophets.

Whoever really wants to enter into upper Jerusalem (the superior worlds) must liberate himself from his body, affections and mind.

It is urgent, indispensable, to mount the symbolic donkey (the mind), tame it, control it; only in this way can we liberate ourselves from it to enter the worlds of the Spirit (the celestial Jerusalem).

I felt that my worn physical body was disintegrating and would die. At that moment the Divine Rabbi of Galilee said in a strong voice, "That body no longer serves you."

Happily, I escaped from the destroyed shape of cloth, with the "To Soma Heliakon", the golden body of the Solar Man.

When the Sacred Fire shone solemnly in the Star of Fire and in the star-shaped Cross, my personal, individual Divine Mother Kundalini was honoured in the Temple.

The Kundalini flourished on my fruitful lips, transformed into the Word when the Fire reached the creative larynx.

I still remember the time when the celebration was given. The Adepts of the Occult Fraternity rewarded me with a marvellous symbol that I still possess.

The moment when the Fire of Kundalini reached the level of the cerebellum was extraordinary. Then my mental body went through the symbolic Crucifixion of the Lord.

The ascent of the erotic Flame to the thirty-second vertebra was very noticeable. At this moment of great solemnity I understood the mysteries associated with the grade of Lion of the Law.

"When an inferior law is transcended by a superior one, the superior law washes away the inferior law."

"We fight the Lion of the Law with the Scales."

"Do good deeds to pay your debts."

When the Divine Fire opened the lotus of the thousand petals (the chakra Sashastra), a metallic bell solemnly made all the ambits of the Universe tremble.

During those instants of supreme beauty I heard ineffable choirs that resonated in the Sacred Space.

Afterwards, I had to patiently take the erotic Flame towards the magnetic field at the root of the nose.

Taking intelligent advantage of a secret nervous filament, I proceeded afterward to lead the Fire to the region of the thalamus where the Capital chakra that controls the heart is located.

Finally I made intelligent use of the Anahata Nadi, to take the sexual Flame to the Heart-Temple.

The final ceremony of that Initiation was really extraordinary, sublime and terrifyingly divine.

On that mystical night, the Temple was clothed in glory. It is impossible to describe such beauty...

Sanat Kumara, the Great Hierophant, was waiting for me, stern, on his regal throne. I entered this sacred place with deep veneration...

In front of this great Immolate, as H.P.B. used to call him, my Divine Mother Kundalini, with infinite love, put on my head the yellow cloak of the Buddhas, and the extraordinary diadem in which glows the Eye of Shiva.

"This is my beloved Son!" said my Mother, and then added, "He is a Buddha."

The Ancient of Days, Sanat Kumara - the illustrious founder of the Great School of Initiates of the White Lodge on planet Earth - came close to me and put in my hands the symbol of Imperator (the sphere with the cross on top).

At that moment we could hear angelic harmonies, regal symphonies based on the rhythms of the Mahavan and Chotavan that keep the Universe firmly on its way.

Chapter 17

The Fifth Initiation of Fire

We assert with great solemnity and without any pomposity, the tremendous reality, evident and palpable, of three specific types of action:

A) Acts based on the Law of Accidents.
B) Acts based on the eternal Laws of Return and Recurrence.
C) Marvellous acts arising from the Conscious Will.

The basis for the first type of action is certainly the natural mechanicalness of every order of things.

A fundamental element of the second type of action is doubtless the unceasing repetition of many dramas, comedies and tragedies.

This always happens from life to life across time and space, in the sorrowful vale of Samsara.

Dramas are for people who are more or less good, comedies are for the clowns, and tragedies are for the perverse.

Everything happens again as it has already happened, with the addition of the positive or negative consequences.

The real cause for the third type of action is certainly the causal body or the body of Conscious Will.

As a consequence or corollary we can establish the following principle: Acts born from the Conscious Will are only possible when we have succeeded in creating a causal body for our own use.

By means of Sex-Yoga - with its famous Sahaja-Maithuna (Sexual Magic), the Sexual Hydrogen Te-12 can and must pass to a third octave of a superior order.

The crystallisation of this Hydrogen in the splendid and marvellous form of the causal body, will take place with the notes doh, ray, me, fah, soh, lah, Te in the aforementioned octave.

Nourishment is different. The causal body also needs its food and this is taken from the surplus Hydrogen 12 not consumed by the mental body.

Obviously, the Hydrogen 12 (not to be confused with the Sexual Hydrogen Te-12) can and must be transformed into Hydrogen 6 which is the specific nourishment of the causal body.

Unquestionably, common people, as they do not really have the body of Conscious Will are, inevitably, victims of circumstances.

The categorical command, the determinative faculty, the one that enables us to originate new circumstances, is only possible when one possesses the causal body, also known as the body of Conscious Will.

With great sincerity and tremendous Gnostic realism, we must affirm the following: the intellectual animal, wrongly called man, does not have the astral, mental and causal bodies. He has never created them.

It is unacceptable, indefensible, inadmissible, to assume even for an instant the total manifestation of man, when these supersensible vehicles have not even been created.

If we truly want to become authentic Men, it is a basic, indispensable, urgent condition that we create these vehicles inside ourselves.

It is a grave error to believe that the three-brained or three-centred bipeds come to this world with such bodies.

In the medulla and in the semen there are infinite possibilities that, when developed, are able to transform us into legitimate Men. However, these could be lost, and it is normal that they actually are lost when we do not work with the fundamental scale of the Hydrogens.

The intellectual humanoid is not a Man, but he thinks he is one; he assumes - wrongly - that he is one and, because of his ignorance, tries to usurp this position to which he is not entitled. He believes himself to be the King of Creation, when he can't even master himself.

Immortality is something very serious; moreover, it must be achieved by means of the Sahaja-Maithuna (Sexual Magic).

Whoever fabricates an astral body for himself, becomes in fact and by right immortal in the world of the twenty-four laws.

Whoever has had the luxury of having created a mental body, ostensibly achieves immortality in the world of the twelve laws.

Whoever builds a causal body for himself, undoubtedly achieves the desired immortality in the world of the six laws.

Only by creating the solar vehicles can we incarnate what is called the Human Soul; I am referring to the third aspect of the Hindustani Trimurti: Atman-Buddhi-Manas.

Much has been said concerning the famous To Soma Heliakon, the golden body of the Solar Man.

Without a doubt, it is the Wedding Dress of the Soul cited by the biblical Christic Gospel.

Obviously such a garment is made up of the supersensible bodies, those extraordinary crystallisation’s of the Sexual Hydrogen Te-12.

It is absolutely impossible to penetrate into the Sanctum Regnum, Regnum Dei, Magis Regnum, without the Wedding Dress of the Soul.

With the sincere purpose of illuminating these paragraphs even more, we now transcribe the parable of the Wedding Celebration:

'Answering them, Jesus spoke again by means of parables, saying:

"The Kingdom of Heaven is similar to a king who gave a wedding celebration for his son.

And he sent his servants to call the guests to the wedding, but would not come. He sent other servants again, saying: 'Tell the guests: I have prepared my dinner; my bulls and animals have been fattened and killed, and everything is ready; come to the wedding.' But they, paying no heed, went on their ways, some to their farming, some to their business. And others, getting hold of the servants, killed them.

When the king heard this, he was angry, and sending forth his armies, he destroyed those murderers and burned their city. Then he said to his servants:' The wedding is prepared, but those who were invited were not worthy of it. Go, then, on all the roads, and call all the people you can find to the wedding.'

So the servants went out on all the roads, gathering as many as they could find, both bad and good, and there was a multitude of people at the wedding.

And when the king came in to see the guests, he saw there a man who was not dressed for the wedding. He told him: 'My friend, how did you come in, not being dressed for the wedding?' But he said nothing. Then the king told his servants: 'Tie his hands and feet, and throw him into the darkness outside; there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth. For many are called, but few are chosen.'"

It is notorious and evident that the guest not dressed in his Wedding Dress of the Soul could not legitimately be called Man. However that title is given to him simply because of love and respect for our fellow men.

The parable would have been grotesque if it had been said that there was an animal which was not dressed for the wedding.

Obviously no animal, including the intellectual beast, can ever be dressed in the Wedding Dress of the Soul.

Let us, however, go back to my personal case, to approach closer the actual purpose of this chapter.

In the name of the truth I must say with complete clarity that I was born with the four bodies: physical, astral, mental and causal.

It was indispensable and urgent for me to restore the power of Fire in each body, to recapitulate Initiations.

After the four previous Initiations, I had to patiently revise the Fifth Initiation of Fire.

Here I wish to give the term revise an intrinsic, transcendent and transcendental meaning.

Since I had gone through the Cosmic Initiations of Fire in previous lives, all I needed to do was to revise them.

When I asked for permission from the Logos of our solar system of Ors to enter the mysteries of the Fifth Initiation of Fire, he gave me the following answer: "You do not need to ask for permission to enter the Initiation, you all have the right to do so."

Then the Blessed One gave to a noble specialist of the causal world the mission to assist and help me.

This specialist had to intelligently lead the Sacred Fire along the medullary spinal canal of my causal body (or body of Conscious Will).

The awakening of the Fifth Igneous Serpent of our magic powers in the Muladhara chakra of the coccyx was celebrated in the Temple with a great party.

The ascent of the Kundalini from vertebra to vertebra and chakra to chakra along the dorsal spine of the causal body happened very slowly according to the merits of the heart.

Since I was born awakened and I certainly enjoy what we can call Objective Consciousness and Objective Knowledge it was very easy for me to bring back the memories of the causal world to my physical brain.

I will clarify this: modern Revolutionary Psychology of the new Era of Aquarius uses the terms objective and subjective in the following way:

A) Objective: real, spiritual, true, divine, etc.
B) Subjective: vague, incoherent, imprecise, illusory, fantastic, absurd.

In the world of natural causes, I understood the need to learn to obey the Father, on Earth as well as in heaven.

One of my main joys was to enter the temple of the Music of the Spheres in that cosmic region.

At the threshold of the Temple, the Guardian taught me one of the secret greetings of the Occult Fraternity.

The face of that Guardian was like lightning. When that Man lived in the world his name was Beethoven.

I found many bodhisattvas in the causal world, working intensively for humanity.

These Causal Men operate marvellously, each under the direction of their Internal God.

Only Causal Men have definitely achieved immortality. This class of beings is beyond Good and Evil.

It is certainly something never to be forgotten, the experience of the Drama of the Cosmic Christ in those regions, to become the central character in the Via Crucis. We need to refine ourselves, to really purify ourselves, if we truly yearn to experience seriously the tremendous realities contained in the divine Christic symbolism.

Without restraining my intimate yearnings in any way , I sincerely confess that in the world of natural causes I saw myself loaded down by the weight of my own cross, facing profane crowds which, filled with anger, stoned me.

I found the face of the Adorable miraculously and very clearly stamped on the sacred cloth of Veronica.

It must be remembered that archaeologists have discovered many heads of stone crowned with thorns. Such statues belong to the Bronze Age.

This reminds us of the Thorn rune, about which we spoke in much detail in the 'Esoteric Treatise of Runic Magic'.

Anyone versed in Universal Gnosticism knows the meaning of that rune very well.

The deep significance of the divine face with the head crowned by thorns is: "Christic Will".

Ecstatic, I saw the cloth of Veronica shine over the Sacred Altar on the night of Initiation with singular, divine transparency and diaphanousness.

The final cosmic event inevitably happened when the Fifth Serpent, after having passed by the pineal gland and the magnetic field at the root of the nose, arrived at its corresponding secret chamber in the tranquil heart.

Then, fused with my interior Real Being, I happily felt that I was going back to the infantile paradisiac state.

At the end of the final ceremony, I prostrated myself before my guru 'Adolfito', saying: "Thank you Venerable Master, I owe all of this to you."

The blessed Mahatma, standing up, answered: "Do not thank me! What I need to know is how you are going to behave in your life now."

"The facts are speaking for me, Venerable Master, you can see that" - such were then my words.

Afterwards, I was visited by a great elemental genie. I am referring to that deity, who personifies the Sphinx of the desert in Egypt.

The feet of that being were covered with mud. I understood its deep occult esoteric meaning.

"Your feet are covered with mud" - I said. The mysterious being kept silent. Unquestionably, it was necessary for me to wash the feet.

When I tried to deposit a holy kiss on his cheek, he gently called me to order saying: "Kiss me with purity." I did so.

Later on I was visited by Isis - my Divine Mother Kundalini - whose veil has never been raised by a mortal. I immediately asked her about the results.

- Oh, my Mother! I have raised the Five Serpents then?

- Yes, my son.

- I want you to help me now to raise the Sixth and Seventh Serpents.

- These, you have them raised.

At that moment, perfect self remembrance arose in me:

- Ah! I am an ancient Master; I was fallen, now I remember.

- Yes, my son, you are a Master.

- Oh, Devi Kundalini! You are Lakshmi, the Wife of Vishnu. Adorable Mother! You are the Divine Bride of Shiva, venerable Virgin! You are the aqueous Saravasti, the Consort of Brahma.

Oh, dear reader! Listen to me: She is certainly the Eternal Feminine represented by the Moon and the Water, the Magna Mater from which the magic "M" and the famous hieroglyph of Aquarius originate.

Unquestionably, She is also the Universal Matrix of the Great Abyss, the Primitive Venus, the Great Virgin Mother that emerges from the waves of the sea with Cupid-Eros, her son.

Without any doubt we must frankly affirm that She is the Hindustani Prakriti, and metaphysically Aditi and even Mulaprakriti.

Without the help of our Divine Mother Kundalini we would never be able to walk the rocky path that leads to the final liberation.

Chapter 18

A Supersensory Adventure

We were three wandering friends, talking in the forest of mystery when we arrived very slowly, before the sacred hill.

Without any fear, we then witnessed something unusual and unexpected. It is urgent to write about this for the benefit of our beloved readers.

A very ancient and pure rock on the rocky hill opened suddenly, as if it had been split into two exactly equal pieces, leaving us perplexed and amazed...

Before we had enough time to evaluate this, without thinking, and as if attracted by a strange force, I approached the mysterious granite door...

I encountered no obstacles, so I bravely crossed the threshold of a Temple. My friends, meanwhile, sat serenely before the great mass of stone that closed before them...

Any dictionary - no matter how extraordinary - would be definitely insufficient if we intended to describe in minute detail all the marvels of that subterranean Sanctuary.

Without any kind of 'savoir-faire', I prefer to speak about this in a simple way but with sincerity, limiting myself to narrate what happened.

Briskly, animated by the Living Flame of the Spirit, I advanced along a narrow corridor until I arrived at a small drawing-room...

That exotic place appeared to be the office or room of a lawyer...

Seated at the desk, I found an Archon of Destiny, an indecipherable personage, an hermetic Judge of Karma, a mystic dressed as an elegant modern gentleman...

How wise that lawyer appeared! A sublime prophet! Infallible! And terrifyingly divine...

With profound veneration I approached his desk: the Sacred Fire shone in his face...

I immediately and directly felt its deep significance. "Thank you, Venerable Master!" - I said with infinite humility...

With a sibilant tone, the austere Hierophant began to speak, and said:

- That person - obviously referring to one of the two friends who waited for me outside - is one of the ragged types who will always live in poverty. The other person - referring now to my other friend - is of the samuro type.

- How? Samurai?

- I repeat: samurai. (A fighting, spiritual friend, like the progressive Buddhist samurai of the Empire of the Rising Sun).

Finally, addressing my insignificant, worthless person, he said, "You are of the military type, because you will have to draw the multitudes, and form the Army of World Salvation to initiate the new Aquarian Era."

Then he proceeded in the following way: "Your specific mission is to create Men, to teach the people to fabricate the astral, mental and causal bodies so that they can incarnate the Human Soul."

Then he got up from his desk with the evident purpose of looking for one of my books in his library, and when he had it in his hands, enraptured with ecstasy, he said: "The book that you opportunely sent by mail to a particular person was very much appreciated."

It is easy to infer what happened afterwards: with infinite veneration and great humility, without boasting and far from any vain conceit, I said goodbye to the Venerable One and left the Temple.

Now it is urgent and indispensable that we think and meditate seriously about the essential matter of this story.

Excluding from our vocabulary any cutting remark in bad taste, we shall emphasise the following postulate: It is indispensable that we create Man inside ourselves, here and now.

Since I am teaching the Doctrine to the people, I am obviously a creator of Men.

There is a need to create within ourselves a predisposition for Man. We must remember that we have come to the end of our time.

Much has been said in occultist literature about the two paths. I am referring specifically to the spiral and direct paths.

The two paths unquestionably only open, majestically, before the authentic Man, never before the intellectual animal!

I will never be able to forget the final moments of the Fifth Initiation of Fire. After all those processes of summing-up, I had to bravely confront a nirvanic Guardian, terrifyingly divine.

The blessed Lord of Perfections, showing me the nirvanic spiral path, said, "This is a good work."

Afterwards, indicating the direct path to me, he exclaimed with his great voice like that of a roaring lion, "This is a superior work."

Later on, I saw him coming towards me with that tremendous commanding manner of the great majesties. He interrogated me and I answered him, establishing the following dialogue:

- Which of these two paths are you now going to follow?

- Let me think about it.

- Do not think about it, say immediately: define your position.

- I will go by the direct path that leads to the Absolute.

- But what are you saying? Do you not realise that this path is excessively painful?

- I repeat: I am going to the Absolute!

- How can you think of getting into that? Do you not understand the extent to which you are going to suffer? What is wrong with you?

- I am going to the Absolute.

- Well, you have been warned!

Those were the final words of the Guardian, after which he solemnly withdrew.

Another night, outside my supersensible bodies, in total command of the functions as Atman or Spirit-Man...

In total Nirvana, I was alone on the beautiful terrace of the dwelling of delights in the corner of Love...

I saw the inhabitants of that region in ever increasing numbers floating in sacred space...

They sat down happily in that place full of perfumed flowers. Divine algorithm, sublime inspiration, unforgettable revelation.

Atman-Buddhi-Manas, Trimurti of Perfection. At this moment as I write these lines it occurs to me to repeat that verse of the book "The Hidden Dwelling", that says, to the letter:

> I am the sacred crocodile Sebek.
> I am the flame with three wicks,
> and my wicks are immortal.
> I enter the region of Sekem,
> and enter the region of the flames
> that have vanquished my adversaries.

An igneous creature started to speak in the name of the Sacred Brotherhood and said, "My brother, why are you going to take such a hard path? Here in Nirvana we are happy. Stay here with us!..."

Full of energy, my answer was the following: "The intellectual animals were unable to make me change my mind with their temptations, far less you the Gods. I go for the Absolute!..."

The Ineffable Ones were silent, and I quickly left that building.

The Voice of Silence says: "The bodhisattva who renounces Nirvana for the love of humanity is confirmed as three times honoured and, after many nirvanas won and lost because of this cause, he wins the right to enter the world of supernirvanic happiness..."

Nirvana has cycles of activity and others of deep rest. By this epoch, in the 20th century, it finds itself in a period of action.

The nirvanis who reincarnated during the first races have only now reincarnated again. When this epoch has passed, they will submerge in infinite happiness until the future mahamvantara.

The Path of long and bitter duty is different, implying total renunciation. However, it leads us directly to the Absolute.

One of these many nights, as I was happily in the state of Samadhi, I saw the planet Mars shine with purple hues...

Its vibrations were certainly of a telepathic character. I felt in my quiet heart that I was being urgently called from the central nucleus of that planetary mass. Its glittering was unmistakable...

I immediately transported myself to the living entrails of that world, dressed in the To Soma Heliakon...

Shining, dressed in the uniform of the celestial militias, Samael was waiting for me, my own individual Monad, my intimate Real Being, the divine Regent of that planet.

Reverent, I prostrated myself before the Omniscient One, illustrious Lord of that place, and then said:

- Here I am, my Father! What have you called me for?

- You have forgotten me, my son!

- No, my Father, I have not forgotten you!

- Yes, my Son, if you are given the role of caretaker of the Universe, you will forget me!

- Oh, my Father, I have come to kiss your hand and receive your blessing!

The Omnimerciful blessed me, and I kissed his right hand on bended knee. A bed of grief appeared at the back of the Planetary Temple.

Later on, I fell into deep thought. Why did I choose this path for myself? Why did I forget my Father before the terrible presence of the Guardian of the Paths?

Jesus, the Great Gnostic Priest, gave us a great lesson on the Mount of Olives when he said, "My Father, if it is possible take this cup away from me, but let your will be done, and not mine."

Eighteen years later: with thunder and lightning, I tore my garments, protesting against so much pain. Ow! Ow! Ow!

A virgin from the Nirvana answered me: "Such is the path which you yourself have chosen. For us, the inhabitants of Nirvana, the triumphs are less, and because of this we evidently suffer less. However, since your triumphs will be greater, your suffering will be more intense also."

When I wanted to rest a while, the Agents of Karma recriminated me, saying: "What is wrong, sir? Aren't you going to move? Move on, my friend! Move on! Move on!"

I patiently continued my march along the rocky Path that leads to the final Liberation.

Chapter 19

Persecutions

On the tropical slopes of the Sierra Nevada, near the Macuriba or Caribbean Sea, I had to patiently recapitulate the different Initiatory esoteric processes of the Third, Fourth and Fifth Initiations of Fire.

I lived there in austerity with a group of select Gnostic students, very far from the fuss of vain intellectualism...

Thankfully, these honest and irreproachable anchorites had built for me a simple dwelling using the wood from those forests...

I want to evoke now, at least for a moment all those illustrious men, some of whom now excel as notable international missionaries...

From my old Mexican land I salute you, illustrious sons of the South American Sierra Nevada...

I wish also to include in my salutations your wives and children, and the children of your children...

How happy I was, staying in that refuge deep in the forest, far from worldly noise!...

I returned then to the elemental paradises of Nature, and the Princes of fire, the air, the waters and the perfumed earth gave me their secrets...

One day, no matter which, some of these coenobites of Universal Gnosticism anxiously knocked on the door of my house to beg me to extinguish a fire.

The unceasing crackling of the igneous element advanced terribly across the thick plantation, incinerating everything that it found in its path...

This horrendous cremation threatened the fields and the huts. Trenches were dug in vain to stop the triumphant progress of the fire.

The igneous element crossed over every ditch and gully, mercilessly threatening all the immediate and surrounding areas.

Obviously, I had never been a fireman or "smoke-eater" as those heroic public servants are kindly called...

However, I frankly confess that at that instant the fate of those Gnostic brothers was in my hands. What to do?

I yearned to serve them in the best possible way, and this was, without doubt, one of my best opportunities...

It would have been absurd and ungrateful to deny such an urgent assistance. Karma is paid not only by the evil one does, but also for the good that one does not do when one is able to do it.

I therefore decided to act magically. Going closer to the titanic flare, I sat down next to it, and then I concentrated on the Intimate...

Praying secretly, I begged him to invoke Agni, the huge and illustrious god of Fire...

The Intimate heard my prayer and cried out in a tremendous voice, like that of a roaring lion, calling Agni, and seven thunders repeated his voice...

Promptly, he was at my side, the brilliant Lord of Fire, the shining Son of the Flame, the Omni-compassionate...

I felt him present in all of my Being and I begged Him to dissipate this fire in the name of Universal Charity...

Undoubtedly, this blessed Lord of Perfection considered my demand to be justified and perfect...

In an unusual way, a soft and perfumed breeze appeared from the blue mystery of the deep forest, and it completely modified the route of the tongues of fire, and then dissipated them totally ...

Another day, as I was talking to the Gnostic people in a beautiful clearing in the deep of the forest, very near the huts, we were suddenly threatened by torrential rain.

With great fervour, I concentrated on the Intimate, praying with all my heart and asking Him to invoke Paralda, the Elemental Spirit of the restless sylphs of the air.

Olympian, that Deva came with the evident purpose of helping me. I took advantage of this wonderful opportunity that was offered to me and I begged him to remove the stormy clouds from those surroundings...

Unquestionably, those clouds cleared themselves from above our heads in the shape of a circle, and then went away before the astonished mystics of that corner of love...

At that time, the Gnostic brothers travelled each week to the sandy beaches of the stormy sea...

Litelantes asked those sincere penitents to bring us fish and even vegetables and fruit, which could not be cultivated in the Sierra Nevada because of the ferocious hunger of the implacable ants.

Those involutive creatures ate insatiably, flowers, fruits and vegetables, and certainly nothing could stop them. Such is the cycle of

the forest: this is well known to both human and divine beings. The nocturnal patrols of the ants are certainly frightening...

The poisonous snakes, such as the dreadful Talla X, and others known from ancient times by the names of Cascabel, Coral and Mapana, used to thrive here, there and everywhere to a frightening degree...

I still remember an old healer from the mountain, named Juan. This man lived with his wife in the deepest part of the forest...

Like a good Samaritan from the Old Testament, that man cured the humble mountain people bitten by vipers with his precious balms...

Unfortunately, he hated snakes, and implacably and vindictively he killed them with no consideration whatsoever...

- Friend Juan - I told him one day - you are in state of war against the vipers, and they are preparing to defend themselves. Let us see who wins the battle...

- I hate snakes...

- It would be better if you loved them. Remember that snakes are clairvoyant; the marvellous Zodiac shines in the astral aura of these creatures; and they know, by experience, who truly loves them and who detests them...

- I cannot love them... I feel sick to my stomach when I see them... I kill every snake that crosses my path...

- Oh, good old man! You have been bitten by twelve snakes, and when the thirteenth hurts you, you will die...

Some time later on, near his lonely hut, the old man was bitten by a frightful snake that, coiled three and a half times, was waiting for him, hidden...

So my prophecy was fulfilled: the old healer died with the Arcanum 13 of the Kabbala, and none of his friends could find the poisonous snake...

The old healer always carried in his haversack some marvellous plants. Let us remember the five lady captains: Captain Solabasta, Captain Generala, Captain Silvadora, Captain Pujadora, Captain Deer's Tongue.

Miraculous plants which are not classified by botany and are only known in the Sierra Nevada, near the stormy waters of the Macuriba. Extraordinary plants with which the old healer of the lonely forest cured the victims of snakes.

There is no doubt that the old man used them therapeutically in a wise way, prescribing them either to be taken orally, as teas or infusions, or externally by having the wound or wounds washed with the infusions of those plants.

The Gnostic hermits of the Sierra Nevada never killed the dangerous vipers. They learned to sincerely love them...

As a result of this behaviour, they gained the confidence of the frightening snakes. Now, these poisonous serpents have become guardians of the Temple.

Whenever these mountain anchorites wanted the snakes to move away, they used to sing full of faith the following mantras: Osi...Osoa...Asi...

Every time that those hermits truly wanted to magically charm the terrible snakes, they said the mysterious words: Osi...Osoa...Asi...

No mystic from that mountain ever suppressed the life of any snake! Those coenobites learned to respect every existence... However, there are some exceptions. One such exception is the precious Rattlesnake...

Cancer

In the name of Truth I want to state the following fact in this book: An infallible remedy against the dreaded disease of cancer has been discovered, and can be found in the Rattlesnake.

Formula of salvation: kill this animal, get rid of the rattles and head (those parts are not useful). Grind the useful meat until it is reduced to a fine powder. Put this substance into empty capsules that can be found in any pharmacy.

Dosage: take one capsule every hour.

Observation: continue the treatment until radical healing takes place.

Warning: the sick person must completely eliminate all medicines and limit himself exclusively to the treatment with the viper powder.

Hawks

At this moment some rural reminiscences come to mind, recollections from the mountains, wild memories...

How those penitents suffered from the cruel birds of prey! The astute hawks laid waste the farmyards taking the chickens and hens away in their claws...

I often saw these bloodthirsty birds sitting in the branches of the nearby trees, lying in wait for their defenceless victims...

To eat and be eaten is the Eternal Common Cosmic Trogo Auto Egocratic Law (the reciprocal feeding of all organisms).

Unquestionably, such a reciprocity, correspondence or mutuality, is caused intimately by the active Omni-present element Okidanokh.

Persecutions

How happily we lived in our huts in the lonely forest! Unfortunately, new persecutions began...

Profane people from neighbouring villages took on the very bad task of propagating various slanderous lies against us...

The gossiping of the ladies, the lies of the men, the deceitfulness, the tittle-tattle, assumed monstrous shapes and started a storm...

I had undoubtedly become the central character of the drama, the one at whom every spark, flash and shot was thrown...

Things were going from bad to worse every day, and at last, the accuser, the informer, the denouncer, appeared...

Having been alerted, the police looked for me everywhere with express orders to shoot to kill if I tried to escape.

Certainly for these poor gendarmes I was not a simple agitator or troublemaker in the style of Paul of Tarsus, but something worse: a sorcerer from the Avernus coming straight from some mysterious witches' Sabbath, a bird of ill omen, a monster that must be jailed or killed...

One starry night, finding myself in a state of ecstasy, I was visited by a Mahatma who told me: "A large contingent of armed people are looking for you; you must leave by a different road."

I must emphasise the fact that I always know how to obey the orders of the Universal White Brotherhood...

Taking advantage of the silent night, I went down the mountain by a steep and difficult path. In the Plain, as the Gnostic hermits called the coastal lands, away from the mountains, I was picked up by the Venerable Master Gargha Kuichines. He took us to a beautiful city in his car.

Chapter 20

The Secret of the Abyss

Excluding any possible boast from my mind, without any pride at all, humbly, I frankly confess that after having climbed the five steps of the Igneous Initiations, it became urgent for me to pursue the development in the Light with the Eight Degrees of the Venusian Initiation.

It becomes urgent to work in the Fiery Forge of Vulcan (Sex) when we truly want to completely awaken the First Serpent of Light.

The following is written in golden words in the Book of all Splendours: "The Kundalini develops, revolutionises and ascends in the marvellous aura of the Mahachohan".

Unquestionably, we first work with the Fire and then with the Light: we must never confuse the Serpents of Fire with the Vipers of Light...

The extraordinary ascent of the First Serpent of Light inwards and upwards along the medullary spinal canal of the physical body enabled me to know the secret of the abyss.

The foundations of this secret can be found in the Law of the Fall, as formulated by St. Venoma.

This is the formulation that the above-mentioned Master gave of this cosmic law, which was discovered by him:

"All things that exist in the world fall towards the lowest point. And the lowest point, for any part of the Universe, is its nearest stability, and such stability is the place or point where all the lines of force coming from all directions converge.

The centres of all the suns and all the planets of our Universe are precisely those points of stability. They are nothing but the inferior points of those regions of space, towards which the forces coming from every direction of that given part of the Universe definitely gravitate. The equilibrium that allows suns and planets to maintain their positions is also concentrated in those points."

'The Tiger of Turkestan', commenting, says:

"When enunciating his principle, St Venoma also said that when things fall in space, wherever this happens, they tend to fall towards one sun or another or towards one planet or another, according to which sun or planet belongs to that part of space where the object is falling. Therefore, each sun or planet, in that particular sphere, constitutes the stable or lowest point."

The former paragraphs in quotation marks clearly refer to the two aspects, external and internal, of the Law of Gravity.

What is external is only a projection of what is internal. The secret gravitation of the spheres is always repeated in a three-dimensional way...

The central nucleus of this planetary mass on which we live is doubtless the mathematical place or point where all the lines of force coming from diverse directions converge.

The involutive and evolutive forces of Nature can be found at the centre of planetary stability, where they reciprocally balance.

Essential surges of life begin their evolution in the mineral kingdom, progress to the plant state, then continue to the animal scale, until they finally reach the level of the intellectual humanoid type.

Later, surges of life descend in involution according to the Law of the Fall, living through animal, plant and mineral processes again, towards the terrestrial centre of gravity.

The wheel of Samsara turns: on the right-hand side evolving Anubis ascends and on the left, involuting Typhon descends.

The sojourn in the intellectual humanoid state is something completely relative and circumstantial.

Justly, we have been told that any one of the humanoid periods always consists of one hundred and eight lives of evolutive and involutive types that always take place and repeat, be they in higher or in lower spiral curves.

I clarify: each rational humanoid period is always assigned one hundred and eight existences. These keep a strict mathematical concordance with the same number of beads that constitute the necklace of the Buddha.

After each humanoid epoch, according to the laws of time, space and movement, the wheel of the Arcanum 10 of the Tarot inevitably turns. Then, it is obvious and manifest that the surges of involuting life descend into the submerged mineral kingdom towards the centre of planetary stability, to ascend again evolving some time later on.

Any new evolutive reascension from the terrestrial centre of gravity requires the previous disintegration of the Ego. This is the Second Death.

Since the Essence is bottled up in the Ego, the dissolution of the latter becomes indispensable so that the Essence is liberated.

The original pristine purity of any Essence is restored at the centre of planetary stability.

The wheel of Samsara turns three thousand times. If we really yearn for the final liberation, it really is imperative and urgent to understand this, to capture its deep significance.

Continuing with the present chapter, it is necessary to call the attention of the reader with the aim of asserting the following: when the three thousand periods of the great wheel are over, any type of intimate self-realisation becomes impossible.

In other words, it is necessary to assert the inescapable fact that each Monad is mathematically assigned three thousand periods for its deep interior self-realisation. It is indubitable that the doors close after the last turn of the wheel.

When this happens, the Monad, the Immortal Spark, our Real Being, gathers its Essence and its Principles to become definitively absorbed in the bosom of the Universal Spirit of Life (the supreme Parabrahatman).

It is written with mysterious characters of fire, in the Testament of Ancient Wisdom the clear, concrete and definitive fact that there are very few divine Monads or virginal Sparks that really want to achieve mastery.

When a Monad really yearns for mastery, it is indubitable that it obtains it by working intensively on its Essence.

In the world of dense shapes it is very easy to recognise every Essence which is intimately worked on from within by its divine Monad. This is the concrete case of any person with great spiritual restlessness.

Obviously, such a specific type of mystical longing could never exist in people whose Essences had not been worked on from within by their own divine Monads.

Once, when I was on holiday in the seaside town of Acapulco on the Pacific coast of Mexico, I had to go into the yogic state of Nirvi-Kalpa-Shamadhi.

I wanted to know something about those Monads that, after having endured the three thousand turns of the wheel of Samsara, had already lost every cosmic opportunity.

What I saw on that occasion, far from the body, the feelings and the mind, was really extraordinary...

Totally submerged in the Current of the Sound, in the shining and immaculate ocean of the Supreme Parabrahatman-Atman, I came in by the doors of an ineffable Temple...

It was not necessary to interrogate, examine and investigate. With my whole being, I could experience the impressive reality of such sublime Monads: they are beyond Good and Evil.

They are very small and innocent creatures, flashes of the Divinity without self-realisation, they are happy beings but without mastery.

Those noble creatures floated delightfully in the immaculate whiteness of the Great Ocean. They came into the Temple or went out, they prayed and bowed down before the Buddhas, before the Holy Gods, or before the Mahatmas.

Unquestionably, such divine Monads see the Masters in the same way that ants look up to people.

The Agnisvatas, the Buddhas of Compassion, the Hierophants, are for this type of Monad without mastery something that cannot be understood- strange, enigmatic beings, terrifyingly divine...

In the Sanctas or Churches of the life free in its movement, these Monads obey the Holy Gods and serve them with infinite humility.

The happiness of these Monads is thoroughly deserved, since the Essence of each of them knew the horrors of the abyss and turned three thousand times in the wheel of Samsara.

Each of the three thousand cyclical turns of the Wheel of Samsara includes numerous "evolutive" processes through the mineral, plant, animal and Humanoid kingdoms.

Chapter 21

The Baptism of John

The Second Degree of the Venusian Initiation, the superior octave of its corresponding Initiation of Fire, transcendentally appeared as an esoteric result of the miraculous ascent of the radiant Second Serpent of Light inwards and upwards along the medullary spinal canal of the vital organic body (lingam sarira).

The encounter I had with John in the Garden of the Hesperides, where the rivers, with the pure water of life, flow with milk and honey was certainly unexpected, magical...

I am referring with great solemnity to the Baptist, the living reincarnation of Elias, who lived in the roughness of Mount Carmel having only wild beasts for company, and from where he would come out like lightning to both raise and humble kings. He was a superhuman being, sometimes visible and sometimes invisible, and respected even by death itself.

Obviously, the esoteric divine Baptism of the Christus John has very deep archaic roots.

The Baptism of Rama, the Christ-Yogi of Hindustan, must be remembered in this paragraph:

'When they were at a half yodjana from the southern bank of the river Sarayu, Visvamitra said sweetly: "Rama, it is convenient that you throw water over yourself, in accordance with our rites. I am going to teach you our greetings so as not to waste any time. First receive these two marvellous sciences: the Potency and the Ultrapotency. They will prevent tiredness, old age or any other illness from ever invading your members."

'Having finished this speech, Visvamitra, the man of mortifications, initiated Rama in the two sciences, once he had been purified in the waters of the river and was standing up, the head inclined and the hands together.'

(This is a text from the "Ramayana" and it invites good Christians to meditate.)

The adamantine baptismal foundation is unquestionably found in the Sahaja Maithuna (Sexual Magic).

It was crucial that full instruction on Sex-Yoga was given to the candidate before receiving the baptismal waters.

Rama had to be previously instructed by Visvamitra before being baptised. In this way he came to know the sciences of the Potency and Ultrapotency.

The key to Baptism can be found in the scientific transmutation of the spermatic waters of the first instant.

The baptismal sacrament is in itself full of a deep meaning: it is in fact a sexual pact.

Therefore, to baptise is in fact equivalent to signing a pact of Sexual Magic. Rama knew how to fulfil this serious agreement: he practised the Sahaja Maithuna with his priestess wife.

Rama transmuted the seminal waters into the Wine of Light of the alchemist, and at the end, he found the Lost Word and the Kundalini flowered on his fertile lips. Then he was able to say with all the strength of his soul, "The King is dead, long live the King!"

In the presence of the Christus John I could feel with my whole Cosmic Being the deep meaning of Baptism.

The Nazarenes were known as Baptists, Sabeans and Christians of St John. Their belief was that the Messiah was not the Son of God, but simply a prophet who wanted to follow John.

Origen (Vol. II, page 150) observes that 'there are some who say of John the Baptist that he was the Anointed One (Christus).

'When the metaphysical conceptions of the Gnostics, who saw in Christ the Logos and the Anointed One, started to gain ground, the primitive Christians separated from the Nazarenes, who accused Jesus of perverting the doctrines of John and exchanging the baptism on the Jordan for a different one.'

(Codex Nazaraeus II, page 109.)

I will conclude this chapter emphasising the following: when the Second Serpent of Light made contact with the atom of the Father in the magnetic field at the root of my nose, the Christ-Sun shone over the Waters of Life and the final Initiatory ceremony took place.

Let the blessings from Amenzano, with their inalterability, be for all eternity. Amen!

Chapter 22

The Transfiguration of Jesus

The bright ascent of the Third Serpent of Light inwards and upwards along the shining medullary canal of the sidereal body gave me open access to the superior Venusian octave of the corresponding Initiation of Fire...

In the narrow frame of this treatise, it is not possible to write everything that I learned long ago in each and all of the thirty-three holy chambers...

The extraordinary revolution of the radiant Third Snake happened very slowly according to the merits of the quiet heart...

When the Shining Viper crossed the threshold of the third secret chamber of the Heart Temple, I obviously felt transfigured...

Is this truly something unusual? Didn't the same thing happen to Moses on Mount Nebo? Unquestionably I am not the first to whom this happened, and neither am I the last...

In those moments of happiness I was transported before the presence of that illustrious man of celebrated intelligence and noble face whom I knew in days gone by when I was only a tender adolescent...

I am frankly referring to the teacher of aspirants to Rosicrucianism referred to in chapter 5 of this same treatise.

Unfortunately, this notable man could not see me even in full Transfiguration...

Those who consider themselves Christians have never meditated sufficiently about the moving and sublime scene of the

Transfiguration of Jesus nor about the Ascension. It is described by Luke (IX,18-37) in the following terms:

'And it happened that Jesus was praying, and then he asked his disciples: "Whom do people say I am?" And they answered: "Some say that you are John the Baptist (Ioannes, Ra or the Lamb of God), others say that you are Elias, and many others say that one of the ancient prophets is reborn in you."

'To which Jesus added: "And yourselves, whom do you say I am?" Answering, Simon Peter stated: "You are the Christ of God!" He then bid them to say nothing to anybody of all this, adding: "The Son of Man must suffer many things and be rejected by the elders, the priests and the scribes, and be handed over to death, and be resurrected on the third day."

'And he said to them all, "Whoever wants to come after me, must deny themselves (dissolve the Ego), take their cross day after day (practice Sexual Magic) and follow me (sacrifice themselves for humanity)."

'"Because anyone who wants to save his Soul (the selfish person who never sacrifices himself for his fellow men) will lose it, but anyone who, for the love of me, will lose his Soul (the altruist who mounts the altar of supreme Sacrifice for Humanity), this one will save it."

'"Because what profits it someone to gain everything in the world, if they harm and lose themselves?"

'"Because those who are ashamed of me and my words, of them will be the Son of Man be ashamed, when He arrives in his glory, and that of the Father and his holy angels."

'"But I tell you in truth that there are some standing here who will not taste death until they see the Kingdom of God for themselves."'

This passage, taken to the letter, refers only to Jesus, but when interpreted symbolically or "in the spirit" refers in fact to everyone, as we will see later on. The text continues with the scene from the Transfiguration, saying:

'And it so happened that about eight days after saying these words (and as if the fact to be described were, we add, a practical and tangible corroboration of them) Jesus went up a mountain to pray, taking his disciples Peter, James and John with him.

'And as the Master prayed, he changed and his face was altered, and his garments became white and shining.

'And two men were talking to Jesus. These were Moses and Elias, who appeared in glory and talked to him about his departure, or about Jerusalem.

'But Peter and his companions were asleep, and, waking up, they saw the glory of both Jesus and the two men who were with him.

'And when these men moved away from him, Peter said to Jesus, without knowing what he was saying, "Master, it is a good thing that we are here. Let us make three tents: one for you, one for Moses, and one for Elias."

'And while Peter was saying this, a great cloud came that surrounded them causing them fear.

'And from the cloud a voice came out that said: "This is my beloved Son! Listen to him!" And when the voice stopped, they found Jesus on his own. And they kept quiet and told nobody what they had seen and heard...'

Chapter 23

Jerusalem

The extraordinary development, revolution and ascent of the Fourth Venusian Serpent inwards and upwards along the medullary canal of the mental body allowed me to experience the whole of the raw evangelic reality of the magisterial entrance of the Great Kabir Jesus into Jerusalem.

Then I could directly verify by myself the inferior (Hell) and superior (Heaven) aspects of the mental world.

Unquestionably, the apocalyptic Great Whore, whose number is 666, involutes horrifyingly in the mental hells...

I am not a treacherous iconoclast devoted to the destruction of cherished ideals like an intellectual vandal. However I must confess sincerely to everything that I saw in those regions of Nature.

The nonsense in the inferior region of the mind appears very natural.

What I perceived with the spatial sense in the mental hells has already been stated by St John in "The Apocalypse":

'Merchandise of gold and silver, and of precious stones, and of pearls, and of fine linen, and of scarlet cloth, and of silk, and of all kinds of fragrant wood, and of vases of ivory, and of copper, and of iron, and of marble.

And cinnamon, and fragrances, and ointments, and of frankincense, and of wine, and of oil, and of fine flour and wheat, and of beasts, and of sheep, and of horses, and of chariots, and of slaves, and of Souls of men.'

Horrible buildings and beds of Procustes, where the Great Whore fornicates unceasingly.

Abominable brothels, repugnant streets, cinematic dens where pornographic movies are shown, etc., etc., etc.

When one wishes to enter in triumph into the celestial Jerusalem (the Heaven of Mercury and after that the world of the Spirit), it is indispensable to go beyond the body, the affections and the mind.

Let us look now at chapter 21 of Matthew (verses 1 to 20).

'And when they approached Jerusalem and came to Bethphage, to the Mount of Olives, then Jesus sent two disciples, saying to them: "Go to the village which is ahead of you, where you will find a female donkey tied up, and her colt. Untie them and bring them to me."

'"And if anyone says anything, tell them: The Lord needs them. And then he will let them go."

'And all this was done, so that what was said by the prophet could be fulfilled:

'"Tell the daughter of Sion:
Behold, your King is coming to you,
Meek and sitting upon a donkey, (symbol of the Mind)
And on a colt, the foal of a donkey."

'And the disciples went, and did as Jesus - the Great Kabir - ordered them.

'And they brought the female donkey and the colt, and laid their cloaks on them, and he sat on the animals.

'And the company, which was very numerous, laid their cloaks on the road, and others cut branches from the trees, and laid them also on the path (esoteric).

'And the people who were in front (on the Path of the Razor's Edge) and those who came behind (in the esoteric path) acclaimed him, saying: "Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest!"

'And when he came into Jerusalem, the whole city was moved, saying: "Who is this?"

'And people said, "This is Jesus, the prophet of Nazareth in Galilee."

'And Jesus entered the Temple of the Lord (the temple which each of us carries inside) and threw everybody out who sold and bought in the temple (the merchants: the egos that personify our defects of a psychological type). He overturned the tables of the money-changers (demons who adulterate everything which is good) and the chairs of those who sold doves (devils who sell the Third Logos, who trade by desecrating the Holy Spirit: fornicators, prostitutes, lesbians, homosexuals).

'And he told them: "It is written, this is my house, to be named a house of prayer, but you have made of it a den of thieves." (In this way the mind of each person is a den of perversity.)

'Then came to him in the temple blind people and cripples, and he healed them (people who are incapable of seeing the truth and subjects who cannot walk the Path).

'But the princes, the priests and the scribes (or intellectuals), seeing the wonders that he performed and watching the children who acclaimed him in the temple saying "Hosanna to the Son of David!", became indignant.

'And they said to him: "Can you hear what these people are saying?" And Jesus told them: "Yes, have you never read that from the mouths of children and from those who suckle you have perfected praise?"

'He then left them and went outside the city, to Bethany, and lodged there.

'And in the morning, when he returned to the city, he was hungry.

'But when he saw a fig tree near the road (symbol of the sexual force) and went to it, he found nothing on it but leaves. And he told it: "Never again will you yield fruit." And then the fig tree withered away.

'And the disciples saw this and said in astonishment: "How soon is the fig tree withered away!"'

It is written in burning coals in the Book of Splendours: "A tree which yields no fruit is cut down and used for firewood."

When Adam and Eve (the paradisiac humanity) ate from the forbidden fruit, their eyes were opened and they realised that they were naked. Then they saw fig leaves and made aprons for themselves.

Gautama Buddha, seated for four days and nights in deep meditation under the shadow of a fig tree, reached final Illumination.

In the ancient Egypt of the Pharaohs, the fig tree was always venerated as a living symbol of the Creative Energy of the Third Logos.

The involuting creatures of the inferno are certainly sterile figs trees that never yielded any fruit.

An odd epigraph about this perpetually green plant can be written, since one of the most typical characteristics, concomitant with certain

astral sightings, is of a plant that is always green and spins very rapidly.

A good friend from Jumilla tells me: "In the area of this village there is a cave of great width and height, where a fig tree grows that neither loses leaves or yields fruit. It is a general belief, supported by the testimony of several who say that they have seen it, that on the dawn of St John's day, a great military cohort of spectres, with richly harnessed war horses comes out from this cave. Warriors who, preceded by fantastic banners, go towards the South, disappearing far away, as if they were evoking a distant historical fact." (This is textual from the Tree of the Hesperides).

Jesus, the Great Gnostic Priest, said:

'"The Stone (The Philosopher's Stone, the Sex) that was rejected by the builders (people of many religions) was made the cornerstone. The Lord has done this, and it is a marvellous thing before our eyes."

'"Therefore, I tell you that the Kingdom of God will be taken from you, and will be given to those who get results from it (people who are capable of practicing Sexual Magic, of dissolving the Ego and sacrificing themselves for their fellowmen)."

'"And whoever falls on this Stone (the Sex), will be crushed, and on whom it falls, it will grind him to dust."'

Unquestionably, only by means of the sexual Fire is it possible to burn out all the perverse psychic aggregates that we have inside us, in order to enter the celestial Jerusalem on Palm Sunday. (See my book entitled "The Mystery of the Golden Blossom".)

Chapter 24

The Mount of Olives

The marvellous ascent of the Fifth Serpent of Light inwards and upwards along the medullary spinal canal of the causal body gave me in fact free access to the Initiatory mysteries of the Fifth Degree of Venusian Wisdom.

If I were to write in detail everything that I learned then in the thirty-three holy chambers of the causal world, it is obvious that I would fill an enormous volume.

As a Causal Man, seated with much humility, I crossed my arms over my chest to attend the final ceremony...

Unfortunately, I had the bad habit of crossing the arms in such a way that the left arm was over the right one...

"You should not cross your arms like that," an Adept of the Temple said to me, and then he added: "The right arm must be over the left." I obeyed his indications.

Have you ever seen Egyptian sarcophagi? The arms of the dead crossed over their chests illustrate these assertions.

A skull between two shinbones, as a signal of danger, tells us the same.

To do the will of the Father on Earth as it is in Heaven, to die in the Lord, is the deep meaning of this symbol...

The Great Kabir Jesus, on the Mount of Olives, prayed thus:

'"My Father, if you will take this cup of suffering away from me: not my will, however, but your will be done."

'And being in agony, he prayed more intensely, and his sweat was like great drops of blood falling to the ground.

'And after he finished his prayer, he went back to his disciples and found them asleep because of sorrow (their Consciousness being asleep).

'And he told them: "Why are you sleeping? (Why is your Consciousness asleep?) Get up and pray so that you will not fall into temptation." (Because it is clear that those who are asleep fall into temptation.)

Truly, I say unto you that your Consciousness must always be as alert and vigilant as a watchman in time of war.

It is written: "Before the cock (the Logos) crows (or is incarnated in us) you will deny me three times."

When the Hierophant Patar or Peter forgot himself, he denied the Intimate Christ three times.

Peter, Petra or Stone was the actual Hierophant - 'interpreter' in Phoenician - from which the famous evangelic sentence has its origin: "You are Peter and on this Stone I will build my Church (our interior Temple)."

Bunsen, in his 'The place of Egypt in Universal History' (Vol. 5, p. 90), comments in turn on the inscription found in the sarcophagus of a great queen of the eleventh dynasty (2250 years B.C.), which is just a transcription of the 'Book of the Dead' (4500 years B.C.), interpreting hieroglyphs of Peter, Patar, Revelation, Initiation, etc., etc., etc.

The ancient medieval alchemists made no mistake when they discovered the 'Initiatory stone' in our sexual organs...

To spill the Vessel of Hermes, to prostitute the Stone of Truth, is unquestionably equivalent to denying the Christ...

From the All-Unknowable or Radical Zero emanates, at the beginning of a manifestation or Universe, the Pythagorean Monad, the Logos, the Arch-Magus or Hierophant, the One-Only, the Buddhist Aunand-Ad, the Chaldean Ain-Soph, En Soph or Pneuma-Eikon, the Ruach Elohim, the Divine Spirit of the Lord floating over the generating waters, the Existent by himself, Anupadaka, or Aryan Manu-Swayambu-Narayana.

This, the particular Monad of each of us, is transformed into the most sublime Duality: our particular, individual Divine Mother Kundalini...

He and She are actually the Gnostic Father-Mother, the Parsee Zeru-Ana, the Dual Protogonos or Adam Kadmon, the Theos-Chaos of 'The Theogony' by Hesiod, the Chaldean Ur-Anas or Fire - Water, the Egyptian Osiris-Isis, the Semitic Jah-Hovah, Jehova or Iod-Heve, etc., etc., etc.

Roma is, reversed, Amor (in Latin: Love). The Sacrament of the Church of Love or Rome is the Sahaja-Maithuna (Sexual Magic).

We must learn to carry out this Holy Sacrament, vibrating in tune with the divine couple.

He must become the living expression of the Hebraic Iod; she must be the living manifestation of Heve.

The Kabbalist Adam-Kadmon, the Rha-Sephira or Eternal Masculine-Feminine harmonising perfectly above and below, in the infinitely large and in the infinitely small, constitute the culminating note of the Mount of Olives.

Chapter 25

The Beautiful Helen

The sublime and marvellous ascent of the radiant Sixth Serpent inwards and upwards along the medullary spinal canal of the buddhic body gave me, in fact and by right, free access to the Sixth Venusian Initiation...

In the buddhic or universal intuitional world, I experienced at that time some transcendental chapters of the Christic Gospel...

I am referring now, with great delicacy, to some marvellous secret passages intentionally eliminated from the original text by the scribes and doctors of the law.

It is certainly deplorable that the Hebraic Holy Bible has been so cruelly mutilated, adulterated and deformed...

What I experienced then in the intuitional cosmic region has perfect multiple rhythmic concordances with the diverse esoteric Initiatory processes that we must experience here and now...

Extraordinary scenes related to the other planets of the solar system of Ors, in which we live, move and have our Being.

When the shining Sixth Viper of Light crossed the august threshold of its corresponding chamber in the quiet heart, the Midnight Sun gloriously shone in the unalterable infinite...

I came into the Temple of Initiation accompanied by many people. Each one of us in the procession carried in their right hand a candle or a burning torch...

At that moment I felt that I was living those esoteric, Christic verses that say to the letter:

'Jesus was still speaking when Judas, who was one of the twelve disciples, arrived. With him was a crowd armed with swords and staves sent by the chief priests (that is, men appointed by worldly authority), the scribes (that is, those considered as wise by the world) and the elders (those considered by the world as prudent, sensible and discrete).

'And then Judas (the Demon of Desire) went up to him and said: "Master," and kissed him.

'So they arrested Jesus and held him securely.'

Drunk with ecstasy I cried: "I am the Christ." A Lady-Adept admonished me saying: "Be careful! Do not say that, it shows a lack of respect."

"At this moment I am representing him" - I answered. The Sacred Lady then kept a respectful silence.

The Cosmic Drama in the Temple of the Transparent Walls had a majestic feeling, very serious, terrifyingly divine...

Converted into the central character, I had to experience in myself the following evangelic passages:

'And they took Jesus to the house of the high priest Caiaphas (the Demon of Ill Will) where the chief priests (the official authorities of this world), the elders (the very respectable people who have much experience) and the scribes (the intellectuals) had gathered. And all the chief priests and the whole Council tried to find some evidence against Jesus (the internal Saviour) in order to put him to death, but they could find none, because many gave false evidence against him but their testimonies did not agree.

'Then, some men stood up and gave false evidence against him, saying: "We have heard him say: I will tear down this temple which has been built by hand (referring to the animal body) and after three days I will build one that is made without hands (the spiritual body, the To Soma Heliakon)." But even in this way their evidence did not agree.

'Then the high priest (with his ill will), standing up, asked Jesus: "Do you not wish to answer? What do these people testify against you?" But Jesus kept quiet and did not answer (Silence is the eloquence of Wisdom).

'The high priest asked him again, saying: "Are you the Christ, the Son of God?" (The Second Logos.) And Jesus said: "I am (He is) and you shall see the Son of Man (every person truly Christified or Osirified) seated on the right hand of the power of God (the First Logos), and coming with the clouds of heaven."

'Then the high priest (the Demon of Ill Will) tore his garments and said: "What further need do we have of witnesses? You have heard the blasphemy. What do you think?" They all found him guilty and that he should be put to death. And some started to spit on him, and to cover his face, and slap him, and to say to him: "Prophesy!" And the servants struck him with the palms of their hands.

'And then in the morning, after having held a council meeting, the chief priests with the elders and the scribes, and the whole council, took Jesus bound and handed him to Pilate.

'And Pilate (the Demon of the Mind) asked him: "Are you the king of the Jews?" Jesus answered: "You have said it."

'And the chief priests (the authorities of this world) accused him over and over again.

'And Pilate asked again, saying: "Don't you wish to say something? Look at how many things you are accused of." (The Intimate Christ is accused by everybody, even by those who call themselves his followers.)

'But Jesus (the Intimate Christ) did not answer even to this. (I repeat: Silence is the eloquence of Wisdom). Pilate (the Demon of the Mind) was amazed.

'However, during the feast day, a prisoner was usually set free, whoever was chosen by the people. And there was one called Barabbas (the Demon of Perversity that everyone carries inside), imprisoned with his accomplices in an insurrection, who had committed murder in an insurrection (because the Ego is always homicidal and wicked). And as the crowd gathered, they asked that the usual custom be carried out.

'And Pilate answered them saying: "Do you wish that I set free the king of the Jews?" Because he knew that Jesus had been handed over by the chief priests (the authorities of all kinds) because of envy. But the chief priests incited the crowd to demand the release of Barabbas (the authorities of every type defend the Ego. They say: first I, second I, third I).

'Pilate, answering, said to them again: "What do you want me to do with the one that you call the king of the Jews?" And they shouted again: "Crucify him!" (Crucifixia! Crucifixia! Crucifixia!)'

Ecstatic, I left the ineffable Sancta after having directly experienced the tremendous, intimate reality of all these verses cited above.

Dressed in a new tunic of glory, a brilliant garment, I left the Great Cathedral of the Soul...

How happy I felt contemplating the wide panorama from there! I then saw the flow and ebb of all things...

Buddhi is like a fine and transparent vase of alabaster, inside which burns the flame of Prana...

Atman, the Being, has two Souls. The first is the Spiritual Soul and is feminine (Buddhi). The second is the Human Soul, which is masculine (superior Manas).

The intellectual animal, wrongly called man, has only incarnated the Essence within himself.

In fact, this latter is the Buddhata, a minimal fraction of the Human Soul or the psychic material with which one can and should fabricate the Golden Embryo. (See 'The Mystery of the Golden Blossom.')

The origin and basis of High Magic can be found in the perfect marriage of Buddhi-Manas, be it in the purely spiritual regions or in the terrestrial world.

Helen clearly means the marriage of Nous (Atman-Buddhi) with Manas (the Human or Causal Soul), the union through which Consciousness and Will are joined, and both Souls are thus given divine powers...

The essence of Atman, the primordial, eternal and universal Divine Fire, can be found within Buddhi, which in full conjunction with the Causal Manas (Human Soul) determines the masculine-feminine.

The beautiful Helen of Troy is the same Helen of Faust by Goethe, the Shakti or Feminine Potency of the Internal Being...

He and She, Buddhi-Manas, are the Twin Souls inside ourselves (even if the intellectual animal does not have them incarnated yet). They are the two adorable daughters of Atman (the Intimate), the Husband and Wife eternally in love...

Such Love has an infinite number of correlations, be it in the conjugate pairs of double suns of the sky, be it in that of the Earth with the Moon, or in the protoplasm of cells which determines, as is well known, the mysterious phenomenon of cellular morphological duplication; or be it in the universal symbolism of the epics and of all other literature, where the ideal love between two beings of the opposite sex is the "alma mater" of literary production.

Unquestionably, the Sahaja Maithuna, as a Sacrament of the Church of Rome, is repeated with the Twins in the Akasha Tattwa and gloriously continues as Osiris-Isis in the region of Anupadaka.

I clarify this: when we refer to the Church of Rome [Roma], reverse the letters and read so: Amor [Love, in Latin]. Obviously Sex is the Church of Love.

The theory of the Twin Souls does not imply any danger whatsoever when we understand its deep meaning.

The chemical coitus, the metaphysical copulation, shines gloriously in the zenith of the ideal without the least shadow of impurity...

The legitimate falling in love is never separated from sex. The sexual act is certainly the highest expression of love in the psycho-physiological reality of our nature.

The marriage of Buddhi-Manas is only possible by means of chemical coitus. Sexual enjoyment is a legitimate right of human beings.

Renato committed the grave error of emphatically affirming that the Helen of Simon Magus was a beautiful woman of flesh and blood found by the Magus in a brothel in Tire, and who, according to his biographers, was the reincarnation of the Greek Helen.

This concept does not resist a deep analysis. The authentic Initiatory Schools teach, with complete clarity, that the Beautiful Helen is

Buddhi, the Spiritual Soul of the Sixth Venusian Initiation, the Shakti Feminine Potency.

Chapter 26

The Event of Golgotha

The radiant ascent of the Seventh Venusian Serpent inwards and upwards along the spiritual medullary spinal canal of the divine vehicle (Atman) allowed me to vividly experience what happened on Golgotha...

Unquestionably, I need to frankly confess to the concrete, clear and definitive fact that I saw myself converted into the central character of the Cosmic Drama.

It is certainly extraordinary to experience in oneself the cosmic event of Calvary, with all the crude transcendental reality of the world of the Divine Spirit (Atman).

I am not the first to vividly experience the event of Golgotha, neither will I be the last...

And I saw myself after the crucifixion, laid out like a corpse on the 'mud of the earth'.

Then the Potency Shakti, the Divine Wife of Shiva, my perfect Mother Kundalini, prostrated with infinite humility, adored me...

'Oh, my Mother!' I said. 'You are my Mother! It is I who should kneel before you! It is not possible that you bend your knee before me! I do not deserve this! I am a vile worm of the mud of the earth, a sinner, a contemptible one..!'

However, it is evident that at such moments of the Cosmic Drama I represented the Christus, Vishnu, the Second Logos, the Son...

As I write these pages, that ineffable prayer of Dante Alighieri comes to my recollection, the one that says:

'Virgin Mother, Daughter of your Son, the most humble as well as the highest of all creatures, unchanging term of the Eternal Will: you are she who has ennobled human nature in such a way that your Maker did not disdain to become his own work.

'In your bosom Love was inflamed, whose heat has made germinate this flower in Eternal Peace.

'You are here for us the brilliant Sun of Charity, and below, for the mortals, as a live Spring of Hope.

'You are magnificent, Lady, and so valuable that everybody who wishes to obtain a grace and does not ask it from you, really wants his wish to fly without wings.

'Your kindness not only helps those who implore you, but many times it comes in advance, spontaneously before the pleading. In you are joined together forgiveness, piety, magnificence and everything good that exists in a creature (unquestionably each being has his own original, private, individual Divine Mother Kundalini).

'This one, therefore, who now has seen, one by one, all spiritual existences from the deepest pool of the Universe, asks you to grant him the grace to acquire such virtue so that he may raise his eyes to the Supreme Salvation.

'And I, who have never wished to see more than I wish him to see, address all my prayers to you, and I beg you that they not be in vain, so that you can dissipate with yours all the clouds that are due to his mortal condition, so that he can contemplate openly the Supreme Joy.

'Oh, Queen, who can do whatever you wish to do! I also beg you that you his feelings pure after seeing so much, that your custody triumphs over the impulses of the human passions.'

So ends this sublime Dantean prayer here. And let us continue now with the subject of this chapter; let us study some Christic verses...

'Then Pilate's soldiers took Jesus into the governor's palace, and the whole company gathered around him.

'They stripped off his clothes and put a scarlet robe on him (the Philosopher's Stone is first black, then white and finally red).

'Then they placed on his head a crown of thorns (a classic grievous diadem in every Christified astral). After which, they put a reed in his right hand (like the Rod of Aaron or the Rod of the Patriarchs, living symbol of the spine) and kneeling down before him they said in mockery: "Long live the King of the Jews."

'When they had finished mocking him (because such is this path of sex), they took the robe off (because they, the dark ones, never want the Initiate to dress in the purple of his Intimate Logoi) and put his own clothes back on him. Then they led him out to crucify him.

'As they were going out, they found a man from Cyrene named Simon, and the soldiers forced him to carry the Cross of Jesus (the Guru always appears on the way to help us).

'They came to a place called Golgotha, which means 'The place of the Skull' (synonym of death).

Then they offered Jesus vinegar mixed with gall; but after tasting it, he would not drink it (it is evident that the Path of the Razor's Edge is very bitter).

And after having crucified him (on the Sexual Cross: the phallus inserted into the uterus forms such a sacred sign), they divided his clothes among them by casting lots (a clear reference to the elimination of human possessions). After that they sat there and watched him. Above his head they put the written notice of the accusation against him: INRI. Ignis Natura Renovatur Integram (Fire Unceasingly Renews Nature).

'Then they crucified two thieves with him, one on his right and the other on his left. (Penitent Thief: the secret divine power that steals the sexual energy for Christification. Impenitent Thief: the secret enemy who, with evil purposes, plunders the reserve of Sexual Hydrogen Te-12).

'People passing by (the usual profaners and desecraters) shook their heads and hurled insults at Jesus: "You were going to tear down the Temple and build it up again in three days! (You, who annihilates the Adam of sin so that the celestial Adam is born.) Save yourself. If you are God's Son, come down from the Cross!" (Because we, the dark ones, do not like the cross that forms your two arms, like two huge hands, that extend to scare away the sinister forces and the inferior powers.)

'Likewise the chief priests (the authorities), the scribes (or intellectuals), the Pharisees (who always pretend to be virtuous and holy) and the elders (very respectable people of the world) jeered at him: "He saved others, but he cannot save himself! If he is the king of Israel, let him come down off the Cross (abandon the Path of the Razor's Edge and the Sahaja-Maithuna), and we will believe in him! He trusted in God. Well then, let us see if God wants to save him now, because he said: I am the Son of God."(He Christified himself, and therefore became the Son of the Eternal. We are sons of the devil, because we are the fruits of fornication.)

'And from the sixth hour (temptation) the whole land was covered in darkness until the ninth hour (Ninth Sphere. Adding up kabbalistically

we have 9 plus 6 equals 15. This is the Arcanum of Typhon Bahomet: the Devil. Such an esoteric value corresponds to the constellation of the Whale, under whose cosmic influence the Initiate develops until reaching the Resurrection. Let us remember the sign of Jonas.)

'And around the ninth hour, Jesus cried with a loud voice, "Eloi, Eloi, lema sabachthani." This is: My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me? (In fact, before the Resurrection every Initiate feels truly abandoned.) Some of the people there heard him and said: "He has calls for Elijah!" (Helias, Eliu, Elijah, Helios, the Christ Sun, the Intimate Logos, is our supreme aspiration.)

'And then, one of them ran up with a sponge, soaked in vinegar, and put it on the end of a cane (symbol of the spine). Then he held it up to Jesus' lips (as if to say: the work with the spinal sexual Fires is more bitter than gall).

'But, having cried again with a loud voice, Jesus gave up the spirit. (In this way we, the Initiates, die in ourselves with the Death on the Cross. See my book entitled "The Mystery of the Golden Blossom".)

'And behold, the veil hanging in the Temple (the famous Veil of Isis or Sexual Veil of Adam, product of the original sin) was torn in two (due to the supreme death of the Ego) and the Earth trembled and the stones (from the Path of the Razor's Edge) cracked.'

Chapter 27

The Holy Sepulchre

It is written, with characters of fire, in the Book of Splendours that when Jesus - the Great Gnostic Priest - gave out his last breath, the philosophical earth, his very human person, trembled when it understood the difficult task that destiny had reserved for him. Then the stones of the Path of the Razor's Edge cracked, causing the Path to become even more difficult (this is understood integrally only by those Masters who, after having died to themselves, are preparing themselves for the Resurrection).

As an astrological planet, Mercury is far more mysterious than even Venus. It is identical to the Mazdean Mithra, the Buddha, the genie or god situated between the Sun and the Moon. It is the perpetual companion of the Son of Wisdom.

Pausanias, in his book V, shows him sharing an altar with Jupiter. He displayed wings, to express his assistance to the Sun in its course, and was called the Nuncio and the Wolf of the Sun; Solaris Luminis Particeps. "He was the Leader, the one who Evokes the Souls, the Arch-Magus and Hierophant."

Virgil describes him taking his Caduceus or Hammer to call to life again those unhappy Souls fallen into the Orcus or Limbo. "Tum virgam capit, hac Animas ille evocat Orco," with the intelligent purpose of making them join the celestial militia.

After these explanations the following verses become clear.

'The graves broke open, and many bodies of saints who had been sleeping in the Orcus or Limbo were raised to life. They left the graves (after their esoteric Resurrection), went into the Holy City (the celestial Jerusalem), and appeared to many.'

Unquestionably, many saints have wanted intimate self-realisation without the Holy Sacrament of the Church of Love (Sahaja Maithuna).

These unhappy souls always fall into the Orcus or Limbo of ignorance, darkness and pain...

Resurrection is only possible by dying in oneself with the Death on the Cross - a symbol which is totally sexual...

If the germ does not die, the plant cannot germinate. The Path of Life is formed by the footprints of the hooves of the horse of Death.

Mercury is the golden planet, the ineffable one, which the Hierophants used to forbid naming. It is symbolised in Greek mythology by the famous guardian dogs of the celestial herd that drinks from the pure fountains of Occult Wisdom...

Mercury is also Hermes-Anubis, the good inspirer or Agathodaemon. As the Bird of Argos, it keeps watch over the Earth, where he is mistaken for the Sun itself. They are the Hindu Sarama and Sarameya respectively.

The emperor Julian prayed every night to the Occult Sun for the intercession of Mercury, since, as Vossius says: "Every theologian reassures us that Mercury and the Sun are one and the same... That is why he used to be considered as the most eloquent and wise of the gods. This should not puzzle us, since Mercury is so very close to the Wisdom and the Word (or Logos), that he has been mistaken for both..."

Mercury is the Third Logos, Shiva, the Holy Ghost or the First Born of Creation. It is our authentic, personal, individual Monad...

Oh, Holy Gods! How sad would be the fate of the saints in Limbo if Mercury were to abandon them...

Mercury, Shiva, Great Hierophant, Nuncio and Wolf of the Intimate Christ, is the supreme hope of those who sleep inside the Holy Sepulchre...

I recognised the phallic signal of the Boat of Ra when going through the Eighth Venusian Initiation. Then I shouted in a loud voice, saying: "When the first trumpet sounds I will resuscitate from amongst the dead."

"Hail, oh Great Divinity, who navigates your boat! Having been transported here, I appear before you!"

"Let me go up to the bridge and direct the manoeuvres of the boat, like your servants, the Archons of the planets, do."

Litelantes felt a bit sad as she contemplated my Holy Sepulchre. "Do not be afraid" - a Mahatma told her - "his physical body will not die." These words calmed her completely.

In that distant time of my present existence I had not even died in myself. I continued with the Ego very much alive. The sepulchre was then merely symbolic, like the coffin of any Masonic lodge...

I indeed understood, in an integral manner, the sepulchral symbolism. I knew that I had to die in myself to have the right to the Resurrection of Hiram Abif, the Secret Master, inside my Heart Temple...

That Initiation ended with precise instructions related to the mission that I am now fulfilling in the world...

Second Mountain

Resurrection

Chapter 28

Serenity and Patience

It is clear that we, the Brothers of the Temple of the twice born, had eliminated from our psyche several subjective, infrahuman aspects. However, after having gone through the Eight Initiations, we yearned with all the strength of the Soul to join the magic esoteric works of the Mountain of Resurrection.

In the Temple we were told that we had to wait with infinite patience for the abbot of the Monastery. However, it is evident that the hours went on and on, long and boring, with an unbearable monotony. Certainly, the Venerable One did not seem to be in any hurry.

Some of the veterans of the First Mountain were moving about everywhere, here and there, impatiently protesting at the singular delay of the superior.

There are events in this life which are surprising, and one of these was the astonishing entrance of the abbot of the Temple. All the Brothers of the Sacred Order were amazed, because some of our people had already lost any hope of seeing the Master.

The Venerable One spoke before the Sacred Brotherhood, saying: "Brothers, you are missing two virtues that this brother has" - saying this, he pointed at me with his index finger.

Then, in a manner both sweet and imperative, he ordered me thus:

- Brother, tell them which those virtues are.

- One must know how to be patient, one must know how to be serene - I said in a clear and deliberate voice...

- Can you see now? Are you convinced? - exclaimed the abbot with great solemnity. The Adepts, at the same time scared and amazed, chose to keep a respectful silence.

Unquestionably, all the members of the congregation, me being the only exception, then had to be deferred, because only my own insignificant, worthless person came victoriously through this difficult test.

The austere Hierophant then presented me with a beautiful orange; I immediately grasped its deep meaning...

Much later I had to appear before the Brotherhood of another Monastery of the Universal White Brotherhood with the specific purpose of receiving instructions and signing documents...

I was then warned with the following words: "You must beware of the lunar cold."

It was urgent for me to return to the Burning Forge of Vulcan after a long recess.

Between one Mountain and the next there are, unquestionably, always long periods of sexual abstinence.

Chapter 29

The Nine Grades of Mastery

It is urgent to capture, apprehend and understand in an integral manner the deep significance of the nine Masters who went looking for Hiram and his murderers. This cannot be postponed.

Unquestionably none of the nine Masters went to the Northern regions, but cleverly separated into three groups of three, who went to the East, the South and the West respectively. In fact, it was this last group who managed to find the grave and the murderers.

This symbolic esoteric pilgrimage of the nine Masters specifically refers to the individual pilgrimage that every Initiate must undertake in the Second Mountain, going through nine successive stages or grades which are totally enumerated and defined in the nine spheres:

Moon, Mercury, Venus, Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune.

We can - and even must - make the following statement: it is only by means of these intimate pilgrimages, from sphere to sphere, that we are in a position to enliven and revive inside ourselves the Secret Master, Hiram, Shiva, the Husband of our Divine Mother Kundalini, the Arch-Hierophant and Arch-Magus, the personal individual Monad or our Real Being...

It is one thing to be a Master and quite another to reach perfection in mastery.

Any esotericist who makes the To Soma Heliakon, the Wedding Dress of the Soul, in the Forge of the Cyclops becomes a Man and thus a Master. However, perfection in mastery is something quite different.

The number nine, applied to the rhetoric, puts us in intimate mystical relationship with the nine eternal muses:

We must cite in this chapter each of these ineffable deities of the ancient classics:

1 - Clio
2 - Erato
3 - Melpomene
4 - Calliope
5 - Euterpe
6 - Thalia
7 - Urania
8 - Polyhymnia
9 - Terpsichore

Personal experiences are very important because they allow our beloved readers to better understand the Doctrine...

Listen to me: one night, no matter the date, the day or the time, splendidly dressed in the Wedding dress of my Soul, I left the physical body at will...

Experiencing in the full presence of my Cosmic Being an exquisite spiritual voluptuousness, I softly floated in the aura of the Universe...

As if I was a celestial bird, I happily placed my feet on the mud of the earth under the green foliage of a silent tree...

At the right moment, I cried out in a great voice and invoked the Adepts of the Occult Brotherhood...

Unquestionably I was assisted...

The brothers kindly led me to the marvellous Temple of the Transparent Walls...

The Mahatma remained seated behind his desk as he was attending to many people...

"I want to know" - I said - "what it is that I need..."

The Venerable One, taking a secret book from a drawer in his desk, consulted its pages and then answered:

"You need fifty-eight (58) minutes. You must present here thirty-six (36) bolivars, each of twenty-three (23) kilos. And the eight (8) Initiations you have received must be assessed."

"Thank you, Venerable Master." Then I left the Temple with infinite humility and veneration...

Kabbalistic analysis of this matter:

58 minutes: 5 plus 8, equals 13. This Arcanum signifies the death of all the subjective elements that constitute the Ego.

36 bolivars: 3 plus 6, equals 9. To break the chains and fetters in the submerged worlds of the nine planets referred to in this chapter; a very intense work in the Burning Forge of Vulcan...

23 kilos: 2 plus 3 equals 5. The work of Liberation must be perfect under the splendours of the Burning Star of five points...

(We should remember now the Rishi Baha-Deva and his 23 prophets.)

Assessment: Before the authentic Resurrection, every one of the eight Initiations must be assessed. This takes place over a period of eight years, during which we have to experience the Book of the Patriarch Job in all its raw reality.

We solemnly emphasise the following statement: "The eight Initiations could never be assessed in a period of less than eight years, as indicated above..."

Obviously one year corresponds to each of the eight Initiations. As a corollary, eight years are needed for the eight Initiations...

I clarify this: the aforementioned period of time corresponds exclusively to the epilogue of a whole mystical series of deep esoteric works carried out in each and all of the nine planets already referred to.

Undoubtedly, such works take place in different periods of time and they are truly very delicate.

It is clear that everyone who enters the Second Mountain receives no more Grades or Initiations.

Perfection in mastery is only reached by the esoteric transcendental Resurrection...

The full manifestation of the Monad inside the Resurrected Master gives him extraordinary magical powers...

Chapter 30

The Patriarch Enoch

The symbol of time, to which the ring of bronze also makes emphatic reference, cyclically leads the Gnostic arhat back to the ancient patriarchal epoch, also known as the Bronze Age or Dvapara Yuga, which undoubtedly preceded our present Iron Age or Kali Yuga...

The best writers of treatises on occultism have always asserted that, in between these two ages, the second transalpine catastrophe occurred, which totally modified the geological physiognomy of the planet Earth.

Among the ten sublime antediluvian patriarchs, the seventh is, beyond doubt, as different from the six who preceded him in the course of the centuries (Adam, Seth, Enos, Cainan, Mahalaleel, Jared), as he is from the three who succeeded him (Methuselah, Lamech, Noah).

However, it is clear that the most amazing thing about this is the sacred name of Enoch, which means: initiate, dedicated, consecrated, master.

The Hebraic Genesis (V. 24) solemnly asserts that Enoch did not die physically, but that 'he walked with God, and disappeared because God took him'.

Very ancient esoteric traditions, lost in the depths of the centuries, clearly say that when Enoch was on the majestic summit of mount Moria, he had a clairvoyant Samadhi in which his enlightened Objective Consciousness was carried away and taken to the nine heavens cited by Dante in his 'Divine Comedy'; and in the last of these heavens - that of Neptune - the patriarch found the Lost Word (his own Logos, his personal Individual Monad).

Afterwards, the Great Hierophant wished to express that vision in a permanent and eternal memory...

With great wisdom, he categorically arranged for a secret subterranean temple to be built under this blessed place, which consisted of nine domes laid out in succession, one under the other, within the living entrails of the mountain...

His son Methuselah, was, with certainty, the architect in charge of building this extraordinary Sancta...

The contents and specific roles of each of these domes or magical caves have not been mentioned. They were connected to each other by a spiral staircase...

The last of these caves, however, is the one with all the occult importance. The others that come before only constitute the indispensable secret path through which one can reach the last cave, which is in the deepest part of the mountain...

It is in this last one, the most intimate Sancta, where the patriarch Enoch deposited his richest esoteric treasure...

The Golden Fleece of the ancients, the ineffable and everlasting treasure that we look for is not found on the surface. Instead we must scratch, dig and search for it in the entrails of the Earth until it is found...

When the Initiate bravely goes down into the entrails or Hells of the Mount of Revelation, he finds the mystical treasure - his Divine Monad - which has been conserved for him throughout the uncountable centuries that preceded him during the course of History...

In chapter II of the 'Apocalypse' of St John we can still read the following: 'To those who win I will give some of the hidden Manna. I

will also give each of them a white Stone on which is written a new name that no one knows except the one who receives it'.

Chapter 31

The Lunar Heaven

The Great Individual Work takes place in the zodiacal dominion of the Titanic Powers...

The Twelve Labours of Hercules, prototype of the authentic man, indicate and signal the secret path that will lead us to the grades of Perfect Master and Great Elect...

First of all, comes the capture and death of the Lion of Nemea, the force of instincts and uncontrolled passions that devastate and devour everything...

In a state of ecstasy I was consciously and positively taken to the lunar world (or astral world), where I was given advice of infinite wisdom...

My Soul was shaken to its most intimate depths when it found, there, the Ancient of the Temple of the twice born. Our beloved Rector, the Sacred Elder, certainly appeared to have all the characteristics of a lemon, but he obviously irradiated infinite Love...

I understood that to have the right to ascend to the Lunar Heaven (superior astral), I first had to descend to the Lunar Hell (inferior astral) and bravely confront the Three Furies...

In this very moment, in which I am writing these lines, that Initiatory passage comes to my mind in which the astonished Gin,s de Lara, led by his Master, contemplated in astonishment the steely waters of the lake...

- Look here now! - said the Mahatma...

And Gin,s looked in amazement, and saw two things which no mortal has ever seen, but which were true an amazing indeed.

He saw first as through a gigantic telescope, the inhabitants of the nearest side of the Moon: unhappy and wretched beings, whose nature and origin are wrapped in great mystery by 'those who know everything'.

And he saw afterwards something even more marvellous: the secret of the other side of the satellite; that is of the hemisphere which is always turned away and from where the miserable Earth is never seen. It is a place where some mystics have wanted to locate the Paradise of Enoch and Elias, the two Jinas of the Hebraic people...

Let us continue, after this small digression, with the subject of the present chapter.

When I wished to climb the symbolic Ladder of Jacob, the Sacred Elder of the Temple pulled from the Tree of Knowledge - or Tree of the Science of Good and Evil - a magnificent branch and gave it to me to smell. That fragrance was certainly nirvanic. "Always smell this branch so that you can climb," were the words of the Adept...

Unquestionably we must practice the Sahaja-Maithuna and must breathe the delicious fragrance of the forbidden fruit. However, we must not eat it: that is the Law...

In the abyss of Selene I started my work by disintegrating Judas, the Demon of Desire...

Needless to say that thanks to the direct help of my Divine Mother Kundalini, the horrible Demon of Desire was reduced to ashes...

Some time later on, I had to continue my work with the restless Demon of the Mind, who brings us so much bitterness: the abominable Pilate of all times...

Annihilation! Terrible word... This was the catastrophic end of the fatal Pilate that tormented me...

Later on, I continued my work in the abyss by attacking Caiaphas, the Demon of Ill Will, the most detestable of the three classical Furies in the interior of each of us...

The Third Fury definitely died after receiving several spear thrusts in the body... None could equal her horrible appearance. None had in her hair as many snakes, and even her own sisters were afraid of her. The wretched one had in her hands all the poisons of Hell...

I could verify with surprising clarity the whole of the death process of the Three Furies...

It is unquestionable that they went through all the magic transformations sung by Ovid...

If at the beginning they were gigantic and horrible, like the monster Polyphemus of the accursed country, who ate the companions of Ulysses, afterwards, and moments before the sovereign Parca arrived, they had the aspect of newborn children...

Those abominable shadows, those three traitors I carried inside, fortunately died...

Oh dear! What would have happened to me without the help of my Divine Mother Kundalini?

I invoked my Mother from the depths of the abyss, and She gripped the Lance of Eros...

Chapter 32

Guinevere

The Eternal Lady, the Soul-Spirit (Buddhi) always asks from her Gentleman, the Human Soul (superior Manas), all kinds of extraordinary sacrifices and prodigies of valour...

She is Guinevere, the perfect Divine Wife, the Queen of Jinas, who poured the wine for Lancelot...

Delicious wine of transcendent spirituality in the Initiatory glasses of Sukra and Manti...

Glasses which are no other, in fact, than the Holy Grail - meaning here chalice of the supreme beverage or Initiatory nectar of the Holy Gods...

Happy is the Gentleman who, after hard struggle, celebrates his wedding with the Queen of Jinas!

It is written in golden letters in the Book of Life that inside the Buddhi (Spiritual Soul), like a vase of alabaster, delicate and transparent, the Flame of Prana (the Being) burns.

During a night of indisputable delights I experienced the happiness of finding my loved one in the secret place of the Second Mountain.

The carriage of my betrothed advanced slowly along the lonely road...

It is said in the legend of the centuries that the Marquess of Beaupr used to travel in a carriage of singular beauty, made of pure porcelain. But the triumphal carriage of my adorable Valkirie resembled that other carriage that, in the times of the rococo, was used by the wife of the duke of Clermont. It was a splendid carriage with a team of six

horses that wore silver horseshoes and had wheel rims made of that same metal...

The triumphal carriage of my beloved stops before a palace of shining porphyry, where the riches and splendours of the orient brighten the walls and coffered ceilings...

The splendid vehicle stops before the doors of shining brass, which frighten with their majesty...

Soon the carriage is surrounded by a friendly choir: distinguished gentlemen, princes and nobles, beautiful ladies and delicate infants...

Somebody gives a signal and I obey by moving towards the carriage of Love, and see my Valkyrie (Buddhi) through the crystal panes of happiness.

Dressed in her wedding dress, the Wedding Dress of the Soul, my betrothed has arrived in her shining carriage for the wedding...

To get married before the Holy Altar with my Twin Soul, the theosophical Buddhi... My God, what happiness! However, I was told that I had to wait for a short time...

The virile supplier of the force from above had postponed my case, and I suffered in an indescribable way...

Around that time I had to immerse myself deeply in the Sacred Mysteries of Minna, the frightening lunar darkness of a love that is the twin brother of death itself...

I worked intensively in the supra-darkness of silence and in the august secrecy of the wise ...

I had to wait a while... But I was longing for Guinevere, the Queen of Jinas (my spiritual Soul).

One night, the stars shining in infinite space seemed to have a new aspect...

Far from worldly noise, I was in ecstasy with the door of my room hermetically sealed...

Certainly, it was then when I celebrated the Wedding with my adored one (Buddhi). She entered me and I was lost in her...

In those instants of happiness, the Midnight Sun (the Solar Logos) shone intensely.

I felt completely transformed. The famous chakra Sahasrara - the Lotus of a Thousand Petals, the Crown of the Saints - shone victoriously in my pineal gland and I entered the state known by the Hindustanis as paramananda (the Sanskrit term for supreme spiritual happiness).

It was then that I felt the need to become an authentic and legitimate Brahmavidvarishta.

The thousand yogic nadis of the Sahasrara conferred on me, in fact, power over the subtle forces of Nature...

Buddhi - my Guinevere, my Spiritual Soul - besides taking the Shiva-Shakti-Tattwa to the maximum of vibratory activity, had put the Crowning Padma in a certain state of intensified mystical functioning...

Then I saw myself become the Messenger of the New Aquarian Age, teaching humanity a Doctrine so new and revolutionary... yet so ancient...

When I opened the door of my room, the Diamond Eye (the pineal gland) let me see countless enemies. It is obvious that the diffusion of

Gnosis, in its revolutionary form, will progressively increase the number of my adversaries.

Needless to say that after this great cosmic event, a specific nuptial rite had to take place in the Temple. Many people attended this festival of Love...

Unquestionably, in the Fifth Initiation of Fire I had incarnated my Human Soul (the superior Manas of Theosophy).

Now however, oh Gods! with this alchemic and Kabbalist wedding I also incarnated my Spiritual Soul (the Buddhi).

Inside this latter, in fact, the Flame of Prana (the Intimate) always burns in an unalterable manner.

Chapter 33

The Dragon of Darkness

I believed that after the Chemical Wedding with my Spiritual Soul I would fully enter a paradisiacal honeymoon. I did not even remotely suspect that, in the submerged dens of the human subconscious, the malign and sinister Mara of the Buddhist Gospel, the famous Dragon of Darkness cited in 'The Apocalypse' by St John, and the father of the Three Traitors, would be hiding.

It is the gigantic abysmal monster with seven infrahuman heads, always personifying the seven deadly sins: Anger, Greed, Lust, Envy, Pride, Sloth and Gluttony...

The beast roared dreadfully like a lion, and the Powers of darkness shuddered with horror...

It is only possible to reduce that horrible abysmal monster to cosmic dust with the transcendent sexual electricity in full Sexual Magic...

Luckily I could make maximum use of the coitus reservatus to direct my pleas to Devi Kundalini, the Igneous Serpent of our magic powers.

The monster held the frightening spear in its left hand and three times it tried in vain to hurt me. Desperate, it threw the hard pike at me. My Divine Mother Kundalini intervened, took hold of the singular relic and, with it, she mortally wounded the Red Dragon...

Then Mara - the horrible infernal beast - began to lose its gigantic size and became progressively smaller, until it was finally reduced to a mathematical point and disappeared forever from the sinister cavern...

Later on, that fraction of my Consciousness that was previously entrapped within the abominable monster, returned and came back to me...

The secrets from the old abyss are terrible. It is a sombre and endless ocean, where the First-Born Night and Chaos, grandparents of Nature, maintain a perpetual anarchy in the midst of the confused noise of eternal wars. They maintain themselves thanks to this chaos...

The heat, cold, humidity and drought, those four terrible champions, fight there for superiority and lead their embryonic atoms to combat. These are regrouped around the standard of their legions and are gathered together in different tribes, with weapons either light or heavy, sharp or rounded, fast or slow. Their swarm is as innumerable as the sands of the Barca or of the blazing beach of Cyrene. They are dragged along to take part in the struggle of the winds and to serve as the ballast for their rapid wings...

The atom to which the highest number of atoms stick, dominates for a moment. Chaos governs as an arbiter, and its decisions increase the confusion even more, thanks to which it reigns. After this, it is clear that those infernal worlds are governed by chance...

Before that wild abyss, the cradle and grave of Nature, before that cavern that is neither sea nor land, nor air or fire, but which is formed by all those elements that, mixed in utter confusion in their fertile causes, must always fight in the same way, unless the Creator Demiurge disposes of his black materials to form new worlds, before that barbaric Tartarus, the Dragon of Darkness exhaled his last breath...

It is easy to descend to the infernal worlds, but not so easy to return. There lies the hard work!... There lies the difficult test!...

Some sublime heroes, in fact just a few, have succeeded in returning triumphantly. Impenetrable forests separate the Avernus from the

World of Light, and the waters of the pale river, the Cocytus, draw labyrinthine convolutions in that darkness, whose image makes one tremble...

Chapter 34

The Conclusion of the Lunar Labours

After having reduced Mara, the father of the three Furies, to cosmic dust, I had to confront the secondary beasts of the abyss...

The day was finishing slowly and the delicious air of the night was inviting the living beings that inhabit the face of the Earth to rest after their labours. And I, a vile worm in the mud of the earth, only wished to bear the struggles of the path and of the things worthy of compassion about which my memory would write without mistakes...

Oh, ineffable muses! Oh, high divine talent! Come to my help, inspire me so that my style is not unworthy of the nature of the subject...

My deep sleep was interrupted by a very strong thunder... Like a man who has been violently awakened, I got up and, looking around me, tried to recognise the place I was in. I then saw myself in a lonely house next to the dark path...

Seated on a coarse armchair next to the window, from which I could see the steep path, I evoked, very sincerely, bygone times...

I had certainly been there in bygone times, in the mansion of the abyss and before the same path...

None of this appeared new to me. I understood that I was recapitulating mysteries. Getting up from the chair, I opened the old door of that house and went out, walking ever so slowly along the solitary road...

With a single glance, and with my penetrating spiritual sight stretched across the farthest reaches of space, I saw a sad place, devastated and sombre...

The ground was humid and I had to stop before an electric cable lying on the ground...

A copper cable charged with high tension? What horror! And I was about to step on it!...

"It is better to die free than to live in captivity." Thus said the Voice of Silence in the night of mystery...

And I, who, alarmed, was trying to go back at that precise moment, felt encouraged...

I resolutely went ahead through those sub-lunar places along the abysmal winding road...

The steep path, turning suddenly to the left, led to certain very picturesque hills...

I saw there something like a national park on a Sunday, with a colourful ensemble of human creatures who appeared to be having a good time in a meadow...

Some hawkers moved around selling coloured balloons for the solace of many people...

I understood it to be a living symbol of profane life; nevertheless it is obvious that I wanted to live all that intensely...

I was very absorbed in all of this, contemplating the crowds, when suddenly something unusual and unexpected happened: it appeared that time itself stopped for a moment...

In that moment of terror, a bloodthirsty wolf appeared from the bushes. It was ferocious with a sinister look, and tried in vain to catch

its prey. Before it some hens tried to escape from a cruel death, crowing in desperation.

Extraordinary occult symbolism: fowl that was faint-hearted, cowardly and shy. A bloodthirsty wolf which was both cruel and merciless...

Fright!... Terror!... Dread!... Sublunar states of the human infra-consciousness and I, who believed I had died in myself, knew nothing about the existence of these psychic adjuncts inside my own atomic hells...

Luckily, I never forgot my Holy Pike during this hard struggle, and thanks to my Divine Mother Kundalini, I have been able to surpass many others with respect to the force and skill of the Spear...

Having destroyed the main Devil I's, vile personifications of my horrible infrahuman defects, I finished my lunar tasks in an epic manner by killing, with the Holy Shaft, many other infernal beasts...

Needless to say, I was able to collect a very rich booty of war after so many bloody battles...

I am referring - with great emphasis - to those multiple precious gems of my own existence, to those grains of Consciousness, which are trapped within those frightening monsters from Hell...

The last part of the task was of a totally atomic character. It is not easy to expel the malignant intelligence’s from their nuclear habitats...

This is certainly what is understood by the transformation of the black waters into the white...

Now, these atoms have become marvellous vehicles for luminous intelligence’s...

They are magnificent sparks: atoms capable of giving information about the activities of the secret enemy...

One glorious night, I had the greatest honour that can be bestowed on a human being: I was visited by the Cosmic Christ. The Adorable One had a great book in his right hand as if to say, "Now you are going to enter the Sphere of Mercury."

When I saw the Master I could not help myself from saying: - Lord! You have arrived earlier than I thought. I was not expecting you yet...

The living Christ answered sweetly:

- I sometimes get delayed when it is my turn to come here in March... You still have to continue dying in yourself...

- How? To continue dying? Still?

- Yes - answered the Adorable One - you have to continue dying - he repeated...

What happened then was miraculous. The Master ascended slowly towards the Midnight Sun, then he detached himself a little from the Sun to bless me and to forgive my old errors...

This is how I succeeded in re-entering the First Heaven, the abode of the ineffable Angels...

Unquestionably, I was a fallen Angel, but it is clear that I had been forgiven...

In the Cathedral of the Soul, there is more happiness for a sinner who repents, than for a thousand righteous persons who have no need of repentance...

Chapter 35

The Heaven of Mercury

The Second Labour of Hercules is a transcendental and transcendent event: the destruction of the Hydra of Lerna, a symbolic monster of immortal origin that is endowed with nine threatening heads that regenerate themselves each time they are destroyed, and which threatens the herds as well as the harvest.

It is a hard struggle in which the Solar Hero is accompanied by Iolaus, his driver and inspirator, whose notable role is very similar to that of Sri Krishna in relation to Arjuna. (See 'The Bhagavad Gita' - The Song of the Lord.)

Even though this magnificent task can be interpreted as a work to improve a marshy delta, such as that of the sacred Nile, this many-sided Hydra is also an allegorical image clearly personifying the mind together with all its psychological defects.

As a constellation, this symbolic Hydra has its fore part between Leo and Cancer, extending towards the south as far as the shining feet of Virgo.

Using glowing embers, Iolaus burns the heads that are reborn in place of those that Hercules crushes with his club. Then, when the hero has cut off the immortal head - extraordinary symbol of authentic Love - he hides it under a rock, which obviously represents the Philosopher's Stone of his exquisitely spiritual and regenerated life.

It is written with characters of fire in the Book of Life: "Whoever wants to ascend must first descend." "Each exaltation is always preceded by a terrible humiliation."

I unquestionably yearned, truly and with the whole strength of my Soul to climb, to ascend to the Heaven of Mercury - the Devachan of

the Hindustanis, the superior mental world, the abode of the Archangels. However, it was indispensable to previously descend to the Hells of the Mind to destroy there the Hydra of Lerna.

Those psychological defects of many-sided structure that had been reduced to cosmic dust in the Lunar Hells, continued to exist like the abominable heads of the fatal Hydra, in the different layers of my mind.

These horrifying animal-like creatures, abysmal revolting monsters, clearly personified each of my own psychological defects.

One may have the luxury of understanding every psychological error, without having actually captured its deep meaning...

Unquestionably we need, with maximum urgency, not only to understand but also to grasp the deep meaning of that which we want to eliminate.

Only by means of the transcendent sexual electricity during the Sahaja Maithuna in the Forge of the Cyclops, is it possible to eliminate the heads (psychological defects) of the Hydra of Lerna.

Since the metaphysical copulation in the Ninth Sphere is a form of prayer, I begged at that time to Devi Kundalini...

Goethe, the great German initiate, worshipping his Divine Mother Kundalini, cried in full ecstasy:

> "Virgin pure in the most beautiful sense,
> Mother worthy of veneration,
> Queen elected by us
> and of a state equal to that of the gods."

Yearning to die in himself here and now, during the chemical coitus, that great poet said:

"Arrows pierce me,
spears conquer me;
clubs hurt me.
Let everything disappear,
Let everything vanish.
Let the perennial Star shine,
focus of eternal Love."

Unquestionably, I have always acted in a very similar manner and the Hydra of Lerna, slowly and progressively, began to lose each of its abominable heads...

On one occasion, when I was in a monastery in oriental Tibet, it occurred to me to tell my Divine Mother Kundalini the following: "You and I talk and appear to be two different persons; however, we are the same Being."

It must be emphatically asserted that the answer was certainly extraordinary: "Yes, my son! You and I are the same Being, but derived."

In the name of Truth I frankly confess that without the immediate help of my adorable Divine Mother, there is no way in which I would have been able to radically eliminate the Hydra of Lerna... (my psychological defects in the intellectual subconscious).

"Before the golden flame can burn with a serene light, the lamp must be well taken care of in a place free from wind. The worldly thoughts must fall dead at the doors of the Temple."

"The mind, a slave of the senses, makes of the Soul an invalid, like the boat that the wind leads astray on the waters."

When the Midnight Sun shone victorious in the spiritual firmament, I regained the archangelic state, which I had lost in days of old, and happily entered into the Heaven of Mercury.

Chapter 36

The Heaven of Venus

It is now the turn of the extraordinary Third Labour of Hercules, the Solar Hero. I am emphatically referring to the capture of two animals, one of them being as gentle as the other is fast, turbulent and menacing: the Deer of Arcadia and the Wild Boar of Erymanthus.

We can, and even must, identify these famous quadrupeds with the two shining southern constellations closest to the stars of Gemini. These are near the two Centaurs, with whom Hercules had a bloody fight.

The bronze-footed Deer with golden antlers, sacred to Diana and claimed by Apollo, the God of Fire, clearly represents the Human Soul (the Husband of the Valkyrie), the superior Manas of Theosophy.

And in the terrible Wild Boar, more perverse than any other, is the living symbol of all the low animal passions.

It must be asserted at this time that I yearned very sincerely, and with the whole strength of my Soul, to enter the Heaven of Venus, the causal world, the abode of the Principalities.

However, it is clear that first I needed to gain merits in order to reduce the frightful Boar to cosmic dust...

It is necessary to descend before ascending: every exaltation is always preceded by a terrible humiliation.

It was indispensable and urgent to descend to the Venusian Hells before the ascent...

It was necessary to have prior information; this, in itself, was pressing, peremptory...

Precise, extraordinary indications came to me during meditation. It is clear that the Initiate is always assisted...

On a great table, similar to the attractive board of a chess game, I saw animal-like figures of revolting appearance instead of the well-known pieces...

Unquestionably, with the help of my Divine Mother Kundalini, I had eliminated defects of a psychological type, in both the astral and the mental worlds; however, their causal germs went on existing inside me, here and now...

In the sphere of the purest experimental psychology, we can assert the following statement: "The radical elimination of any psychological defect totally fails when its secret cause is not dissolved."

To extirpate from my psyche such intrinsic causes was certainly my task in the Venusian Hells...

It is clear that I had to come victoriously through frightening carnal temptations, similar to those suffered by the Gnostic patriarch St Augustine at the foot of the Cross...

> "The Gnostic mystery is present
> in the quiet flight of the dove,
> and the sin of the world in the serpent
> that bites the foot of the angel who tames it.
>
> Over the eternal night of the past
> opens the eternal night of tomorrow.
> Each hour, a germ of sin!
> And the symbol: the serpent and the apple."

Immense is the multitude of crimes whose causal germs I had to eliminate, and even if I had a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues and a voice of iron, I could not enumerate them all...

In Tartarus, where the wicked are punished, I also found two old friends from my youth: one is still living, the other is already dead...

It must be remembered that those Titans of ancient times who wanted to scale heaven are suffering now, chained in the abyss, because of the anger of Jupiter.

There also live the insolent Lapiths, and the impudent Ixion, who committed an outrage against Juno, as well as Peirithous, who tried to abduct Persephone...

The proud Salmoneus, king of Elis, who claimed divine honours for himself although he was nothing more than a simple mortal, a vile worm from the mud of the earth, also lives in this subterranean world...

Moments before definitively abandoning the abode of Pluto, I saw something frightening and terrible: as if a huge, gigantic monster wanted to devour the whole of humanity. Ay! Ay! Ay!

I later felt transformed within those atomic hells: the Cosmic Christ entered me and I was lost inside Him...

Then a multitude of mothers brought their children to me and I, full of ecstasy, said: "Let the children come to me, because theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven."

How happy I felt with the causal body transformed! After blessing all of those tender infants, I abandoned the submerged mineral kingdom and victoriously entered the Heaven of Venus (the causal world).

This is how I regained the state of a Principality that I had lost in days of old, when, in the central plateau of Asia, I committed the same error as Count Zanoni...

To surrender at the heavenly feet of exquisite feminine beauty, to drink the liquor of the mandrakes, and to eat the Golden Apples of the Garden of the Hesperides, that was indeed the above-mentioned error. However, working later on with the transcendent sexual electricity I was able to return to the path I had abandoned in days of old...

That marvellous causal world or world of the Conscious Will, so often cited by Mr Leadbetter, Annie Besant, Arthur Power, Rudolf Steiner, H.P.B., etc., is evidently governed by Love and Law. Undoubtedly, the Heaven of Venus does not belong to time and is beyond the mind.

It is patent that the akashic substance, as a natural element, vibration or Tattwa, constitutes in itself the living and philosophical depth of the world of cosmic causality...

A marvellous vivid deep blue colour shines in that region and sparkles here, there, and everywhere, saturating us with an exquisite spiritual voluptuousness that is indescribable...

The world of Natural Causes is like an ocean without limits or shores. The unceasing waves of Action and Consequence ebb and flow constantly, from instant to instant...

It is evident that there is no cause without effect nor effect without a cause. Every action is followed by a reaction. There is always a consequence to every act or, better still, a series of consequences...

During that period of my actual existence, I received much objective information which was both demonstrated and demonstrable.

Example: in an auditorium, I present myself before the speaker in front of the whole assembly. I do not know how to behave myself and get involved in what I should not, I refute concepts...

Result: the speaker - a man from the causal world - leaves, infuriated...

Later on, the lecturer talks to others about my attitude and this, in fact, leads to a whole concatenated series of consequences...

In the causal world I also saw, with mystical surprise, the future that lies in wait for the planet Earth and the human creatures who live in this physical world...

Clothed in the causal body, I found myself suddenly in the interior of a great railway yard...

The Gnostic Movement is certainly a train in motion: some passengers get on at a station and get off at another. Those who reach the final destination are rare...

Later on I had to submerge myself in infinite starry space: I needed to investigate something in the amphitheatre of Cosmic Science...

Amazed and in admiration (since I had not yet lost the capacity for astonishment), I could perceive with the Eye of Dangma, or Eye of Shiva, something unusual and unexpected...

Before my spiritual sight, the Earth appeared fatally besieged by twelve enormous giants that were black, sinister and menacing... (the twelve zodiacal constellations bring about the definitive crystallisation of the world karma).

People from other worlds are aware of the great catastrophe that will take place and will come close with their ships to register or photograph the cataclysm.

Here is the 'Apocalypse' of St John in full motion. Collision of worlds. Ay! Ay! Ay!

It is timely to cite in this place some extraordinary verses from the Koran.

'Among the signs that must precede the arrival of the last hour, one will find the Moon divided into two parts. But in spite of this, the unbelievers will not trust their eyes.'

(It is obvious that this can in no way refer to a geological or physical division of our neighbouring satellite. This should be interpreted in a political and military way. The great powers will fight over the Moon.)

'When the trumpet sounds for the first time... When the Earth and the mountains are taken through the air and crushed in a single stroke... When heaven is torn and falls in pieces... that day will be the inevitable day.'

(Collision! That is the precise term. The planet Earth will collide with another world that is dangerously approaching it).

'This is the blow! It will be the day of the Final Judgement! Those who have deeds weighing in the Balance will have an agreeable life. Those who can only show light deeds will have the burning pit (the infernal worlds) for their abode.

'When the Earth trembles with that tremor which is reserved for it... When it has vomited the dead that rest in its entrails... human beings will prepare to be judged.

'The Sun will be torn, the stars will fall, the mountains will move and end up crashing to the ground. Heaven will burst into a thousand pieces and the seas and rivers will mix their waters. The graves will open and the dead will be resurrected. Those who have practised

righteousness will have happiness without limits, but the damned ones will be punished without restraint.'

Before the inevitable collision, the excessive proximity of that planetary mass will unquestionably give rise to frightening electromagnetic storms.

It is clear that the presence of that sidereal world will exert an attraction over the liquid fire in the interior of our terrestrial globe. Then the igneous element will look for a way to get out, giving rise to innumerable volcanoes.

At that time the Earth will shudder with terrible earthquakes and frightening seaquakes...

Villages and cities will fatally collapse, like castles made of playing cards, and become ruins.

Monstrous waves never seen before will furiously beat the sandy beaches and a very strange sound will rise up from the bottom of the sea...

The extraordinary radiation of that planet will undoubtedly kill millions of creatures and everything will be destroyed in an apocalyptic holocaust.

Peter - or Patar - the Great Hierophant, said: "But the day of the Lord will come like a thief in the night, in which the heavens will sound with a great clamour, and the burning elements will be broken up, and the Earth and the works which are in it will be burned."

In the causal world I contemplated with mystical amazement the great catastrophe that is approaching and, since this is the region of Ineffable Music, the vision was illustrated in the current of sound.

A delightful tragic symphony resonated in the depths of the Heaven of Venus.

That score was amazing, in general, by its grandeur and majesty, and by the inspiration and beauty of its structure; by the purity of its lines and the colourful nuances of its wise and artistic instrumentation: sweet and stern, grandiose and frightening, tragic and mournful at the same time...

The fragmented melodious parts (leitmotivs) that were heard in the causal world, during the different prophetic situations, have a great expressive power and are intimately related to the great event and to the historical circumstances that will inevitably precede it in time.

In the score of this great cosmic opera, there are symphonic fragments that relate to the Third World War, enchanting and unfortunate sonorities, horrifying happenings, atomic bombs, frightening radioactivity over the whole Earth, hunger, total destruction of the great metropoli, unknown illnesses, unceasing fights here, there and everywhere, etc., etc., etc.

Intermixed with an unprecedented art, I heard themes related to the destruction of New York, Paris, London, Moscow, etc., etc., etc.

Chapter 37

The Heaven of the Sun

The next Labour of Hercules, the Solar Hero, is, with certainty, the cleansing of the famous Stables of Augeias, king of Elis. His daughter, who knew about the virtues of plants, made magical beverages with them.

The above mentioned Stables (living symbolic representation of our own submerged subconscious depths) lodged their innumerable herds (those multiple bestial psychic aggregates that constitute the Ego), and among them twelve simple bulls, symbolising the zodiacal Karma. In these Stables the dirt of several generations had accumulated over time.

Unquestionably, Hercules had to clean these stables in a single day. Old traditions, lost in the mist of time, say that he achieved this by first making a hole in the wall. After which, he diverted the course of a river so that its waters would flood them.

This unusual task can, therefore, be identified with Aquarius, zodiacal house of Uranus or Ur-Anas, the primordial Fire and Water, clearly symbolising the sexual currents in the human organism.

As first Divine King of primitive Atlantis, Uranus is the regent of our sexual glands.

Uranus, Asura-Maya, is actually the first to reveal the Mysteries of Life and Death.

He is certainly Ur-Anas, the primeval Fire and Water, who intrinsically determines the first lunar-solar cult of the androgynous IO... (iiiiiiiii ooooooooo).

IO Pitar is the Sun. Menes or Mani is the Moon.

"Om Mani Padme Hum" - a mantra of immense esoteric power - has its equivalence in the Sun and Moon gods, in the innermost recesses of the Sacred Lotus that appears miraculously from the spermatic waters of the first moment...

The legend of the centuries says that Uranus had forty-five children from several women and that, besides them, he had another eighteen children with Titaea. This last group were called Titans because of their mother.

Adding separately each of these Kabbalistic quantities, we obtain the following results:

45: 4 plus 5 equals 9. The Hermit of the Tarot, the Ninth Sphere, the Sex.

18: 1 plus 8 equals 9. The Arcanum 18 is the Twilight of the Tarot. It includes the Arcanum 9 twice and implies the secret, occult enemies: the underground fight in the domains of the Ninth Sphere, the darkness...

In fact, Uranus is the absolute king of the sexual functions, the leader of the New Aquarian Age.

Since Titaea surpassed all women in beauty and virtues, she was included among the gods. We have been told that her faithful devotees, thankful for all the benefits received, named her Earth.

In the name of truth, I must confess, frankly and openly, that the Fourth Labour was tremendously easy for me. However, I had to pass through a delicate test.

In an old park of the city I saw myself talking to a noble lady. She was, without a doubt, a great friend.

We were sitting very close on a bench, feeling a great love for each other. For an instant we appeared to be lovers, but...

Suddenly I remembered my Divine Mother Kundalini! Then I diverted this current of Love inwards and upwards, towards my adorable Mother...

At that instant I said with all the strength of my soul: "This Love is for my Mother!..."

This is how Hercules diverted the course of a river so that its waters would flood the Stables of Augeias. (Let those who have understanding understand, because there is Wisdom here).

I was unquestionably submerged inside the mineral entrails of the Sun, in the Solar Hells...

How clean they appeared to me, these submerged worlds of the King Star! Hells without souls in purgatory, without demons. What marvels!...

It is clear that demons could not live within the living entrails of the shining Sun: they would never resist the potent vibration of this star...

When I found myself locked up inside one of those symbolic Stables of Augeias, I found it completely clean and with no animals of any kind. Then I understood...

I wanted to get out, but the door was hermetically sealed. "Open Sesame!" I shouted with all my strength...

At that moment, the doors opened, as if by magic, and then I entered a second Stable. I found it as clean as the first...

"Open, Sesame!" I shouted again. When the doors opened, I entered a third Stable, which was also clean and beautiful...

"Open, Sesame!", I shouted for the third time. When the third door opened, I crossed the threshold of a bright solar mansion...

What I saw at the far end of the Sanctuary was something unusual and unexpected. Oh, Gods! There, sitting on their thrones, Osiris, Isis and Horus were waiting for me...

I advanced towards them and, prostrating myself, I adored them. At that moment I felt their blessings on me.

Three aspects of my Being, but derived. Thus I understood it, and this deserves an explanation...

One of our esoteric Gnostic rituals literally states the following:

'Osiris (the Arch-Hierophant and Arch-Magus, our personal, individual Monad), powerful emperor, answer the imploring son!...

Isis (the unfolding of Osiris, the Mystical Duality, Devi Kundalini), most honourable mother, answer the imploring son!...

Horus (the Intimate Christ), answer the imploring pilgrim!..'

They received me and I victoriously entered into the Solar Heaven, the abode of the Powers, the buddhic/intuitional world. Then I regained my place among those divine creatures, a glorious state of Consciousness that I had lost in the days of old.

Chapter 38

The Heaven of Mars

The Fifth Labour of Hercules, the Solar Hero, was to hunt and slay the cannibalistic birds living in the lakes of Stymphalis. They killed people with their bronzed feathers by throwing them like deadly arrows at their defenceless victims.

Obviously, this labour is clearly and intimately related to the constellation of Pisces, the house of Neptune, who is the Lord of Practical Magic.

Those cannibalistic birds are unquestionably the cruel Harpies cited by Virgil, the poet of Mantua...

For the good of the Great Cause, for which all of us, the brothers of the Gnostic Movement, are fighting, I am now going to transcribe a few paragraphs from 'The Aeneid'...

'We approached the Strophades Islands in the Ionian Sea which are inhabited by the filthy Harpies - horrible witches, black Jinas - monsters with female heads and necks. Although they were once beautiful maidens, they had been transformed into Furies whose touch corrupted everything it contacted. Captained by the execrable Celaeno, they have long claws, and their faces always show the paleness of hunger.

'Not thinking about them, we arrived there; after having disembarked, we found a herd of cows, beautiful and shining, that were grazing without anyone to take care of them.

'We were so hungry that we lost no time in sacrificing them to satiate our appetite for their fresh meat. But while we were in the middle of the banquet, the Harpies (witches) came down from the mountains,

croaking like crows and beating their wings, bringing their filthy mouths near our food.

'The meat was corrupted and the stench infested the air. We thought then that it would be impossible to run away from them so we left that place to take refuge near some caves isolated from the beach. But once again, at the very moment we were about to eat the new cows we had killed, those monsters (those cannibalistic birds) returned, and again spoiled our food.

'My men courageously prepared to attack and assembled arcs and javelins to exterminate those horrible creatures. Unfortunately, the bronze would not pierced their skin and their flanks were invulnerable. Then the horrible Celaeno said, shouting as he flew above our heads:

"Why do you make war against us, you fools? The Gods have made us immortal. We have not treated you unfairly, considering that you have sacrificed many cows of our herd. In punishment, I shall curse you: Aeneas and his lineage will wander the seas and suffer great hunger before they find the country they are looking for. They will be unable to build the walls of their new city until they are so hungry that they will be obliged to devour their own tables."

'These strange words filled us with dismay. We prayed to the Gods to remove those threats, and, going back aboard our ships, we left that sad country.'

This is the end of this unusual occult and esoteric story. Let us continue now with the explanations.

Many of these abysmal harpies, caught in flagrancy, have been captured thanks to specific procedures.

It is said in ancient traditions that: "If we put on the floor a pair of steel scissors opened to form a cross and if we pour black mustard around this metallic instrument, any witch can be caught."

It is astonishing that some illustrious occultists do not know the fact that these witches can avoid the universal law of gravity!

Even if it may sound unusual, we solemnly assert that this is possible by putting the body of flesh and bones into the fourth dimension.

It is in no way strange that these witches and their drones, having their physical body in the fourth vertical (hyperspace), can levitate and travel anywhere in the world within a few seconds.

In fact, they have secret formulas to "physically" escape from this three-dimensional world of Euclid.

In strict occultist terminology, these sinister and dark harpies can be indeed, given the title of black Jinas to radically differentiate them from the white Jinas.

Contrary to official science, the human organism can take any form or shape when it is placed in the fourth dimension...

Remember, beloved readers, the execrable Celaeno and her dirty Harpies, those horrible birds from the Strophades islands in the Ionian Sea...

One evening, no matter the date, day or time, I was seated near the bars of an old prison cell, studying an esoteric work...

The Sun was hiding amidst the red fires of the sunset and the evening light was slowly disappearing...

Suddenly, something unusual happened: next to me, I heard a sarcastic, loud, mocking guffaw, which was markedly feminine...

It was one of those cannibalistic birds that inhabit the lakes of Stymphalis, a witch of ill omen, a woman from the dark witches' Sabbaths...

The depraved woman ran away and hid herself in the frightening shadows of the infernal worlds...

Thus began my intrepid descent into the living entrails of the submerged Martian mineral kingdom...

Before going up it is indispensable to go down: this is the Law. Each exaltation is preceded by terrible and frightening humiliation.

To annihilate inside myself those inhuman witch-like elements, those birds of ill omen, was certainly my task in dark Tartarus.

Even if it appears incredible, as it is not usually heard, it is urgent to realise that all human beings without exception, have in their unconscious depths various witch-like elements.

This means that there are many people in this world who, without knowing it, unconsciously practise Black Magic.

It is undeniable that even the saints of every religion suffer in an indescribable way when they discover themselves. They can then verify for themselves the raw reality of those inhuman elements that, obviously, they must eliminate from their psyche.

As long as any adept, mystic or saint has not radically died in each and every one of the forty-nine departments of the subconscious, they are more or less black.

Here is one of the important reasons why we should not condemn anyone: "Let whoever is without sin cast the first stone."

At that time of my life I was attacked unceasingly and mercilessly by the sinister birds that inhabit the lakes of Stymphalis...

At the meeting places of sinister witches' Sabbaths within the Martian Hells, I found to my astonishment many brothers of the stony path...

They were witch-like adjuncts, and it was obvious that, their human personalities had no knowledge of their existence...

Once I had finished my work in the mineral abysses of Mars, I ascended victoriously to the Fifth Heaven, the world of Atman, the radiant abode of the Virtues.

Thus I returned to the Heaven of Mars and I regained my place among those sublime beings, a divine position I had lost a long time ago...

The objective of my work in the Martian Hells had been achieved. Having eliminated from my psyche the inhuman elements, my Consciousness was free...

The intellectual shackles had been annihilated. And my liberated Consciousness, having left that horrible prison of the mind where, for a long time, it had been a prisoner, had succeeded in fusing - or merging - with Atman, the Ineffable, my Real Being.

Ah, if people could understand what the prison of the intellect actually is... If only they understood that they live as a prisoner in the jail of the mind!...

In complete happiness as Spirit-Man in the Martian Heaven, far from the body, the affections and the mind, I walked consciously as a shining bird of light, the radical antithesis of those sinister birds from the lakes of Stymphalis...

In such moments of exquisite happiness, I passed by many symbolic works built from pure iron.

The region of Atman or the Ineffable, is the world of the rawest reality and the dimension of Mathematics.

In the three-dimensional world of Euclid we never perceive a solid in an integral manner, as a totality. We only see in a subjective manner, angles, surfaces, etc.

However, in the brilliant region of Atman, we not only perceive solids in an integral way, but also hypersolids, including the exact quantity of atoms that together constitute the whole of any body.

Unquestionably in the Heaven of Mars we actually enjoy the most complete objective perception.

How happy I felt in that region of infinite bliss! However, not everything in life is a celebration; there are also sufferings. You know that...

The seat of Celestial Judgement, where Objective Justice is administered, always intervenes.

One day, when I was happy in the world of Atman, a Judge of the Law of Katancia (superior Karma) approached me.

He sat at a table and I, with much respect and veneration, then had to answer some charges.

- You have criticised many people in your books - said the Hierarch.

- I am by nature combative - I emphatically answered.

- You are condemned to seven days in prison (such was the sentence).

I have to honestly confess that when I heard the sentence I felt slightly cynical.

It appeared, from my perspective, to be a daft police case, such as the case when one lad fights with another of the same age and gets sent to jail for a few hours.

However, as I was serving the sentence, I felt that this punishment was very painful.

Seven days in the horrible jail of the mind and after having been emancipated...

Seven symbolic days of bitterness inside the dreadful jail of the intellect...

Ow! Ow! Ow!...

Chapter 39

The Heaven of Jupiter

Almost adjacent to the brilliant constellation of Pisces we find the constellation of Taurus, which is unquestionably related, in an intimate way, to the transcendent esoteric work: the capture of the Cretan Bull.

This animal had been sent to Minos by the god Neptune to be offered as a sacrifice but the king, being greedy, wrongly kept it for himself. The animal then became frighteningly menacing, terrorising the whole country.

The legend of the centuries says that Hercules, the Solar Hero, easily obtained permission to seize, chain and drag it along the sea to Mycenae.

It is indubitable that the work associated with the Hells of Jupiter is fully allegorised by the Sixth Labour of Hercules...

We must remember in these pages that we are referring to the first Jupiter of the Greek theogony, father of all the gods, Lord of the Universe and brother of Uranus (Ur-Anas, of the primitive Fire and Water) since it is known - according to classical lore - that there are around three hundred Jupiters in the Greek pantheon.

In his other aspect of Jove or Iod-Eve, he is the male and female Jehova, the androgynous and collective Elohim of the mosaic books, Adam-Kadmon of the Kabbalists, the Iacho or Inacho of Anatolia, who is also the Bacchus or Dionysus of the Phoenicians, who continued the primitive theogony of Sanchoniaton...

The character always assigned to Jupiter, the venerable father of the gods, as Celestial Man, gave rise to several typical Nordic names, such as Herr-Man, Herr-Manas or Hermes, which literally means Divine Man or Lord Man, and Alcides or El Cid, theogonic precursor of all our prehistoric Cids of the Romances (a collection of medieval ballads).

In the Punjab and in Rajistan, Jupiter is unquestionably Hari-Kulas or Hercules, the Solar Lord, the prototype of the Solar race, the Hari Mukh of Kashmir, that is, the Sun on the horizon of life.

Jupiter or IO-Pitar, that is to say, the father of IO, is the Divine Spirit of that ancient multitude of creators who, after reincarnating in bodies of opposite sexes, gave rise to the Greek fable of the love of Jupiter with the virgin IO (iiiii ooooo) who was later transformed into a celestial calf or Sacred Cow of the Orientals, in order to escape the anger of Juno.

Jupiter and his Cow IO (iiii oooo) give us the meaning of another set of archaic names, such as Geryon or Feryon (who conducts the cows), or Hyperion Bosphorus (which literally means "the conductor of cows"), as well as Gauthama the Buddha.

The multitude of lords or Elohim Jupiter are thus symbolised by the sexual hierogram IO (iiiiii oooooo); it is clear that they have dozens of names in each tongue and a hundred or even a thousand myths for each of these names in their respective tongues.

The whole of this ineffable legion of divine beings, the Elohim, constitute, as an ensemble, the nameless, single God of the Tartesians and the authentic sublime Jupiter of ancient times...

By very carefully developing this transcendental theme, we can solemnly deduce the following: the Heaven of Jupiter is the abode of the Elohim, the Nirvana...

The devotees of the Path who choose the spiral path when arriving at the Fifth Initiation of Fire will enter Nirvana...

Complete development is different. In the name of Truth I must honestly confess that this was always my main yearning...

The full development of all my superlative, nirvanic possibilities in the presence of my Cosmic Being was my aspiration...

However, it is unquestionable that before climbing we must descend. Every exaltation must be preceded by a frightening and terrible humiliation...

The task that followed was to chain the symbolic Cretan Bull, and this in itself seemed terrifying to me...

During that time of my present existence, many severe sexual temptations were besieging me in sinister Tartarus...

By psychologically exploring myself, I discovered the famous Cretan Bull in the most profound depths of my own mind.

I saw it: it was black, enormous, gigantic, menacing and had sharp horns...

It was obviously expressing itself in my psyche as passionate, impetuous, strong sexual impulses...

It was urgent to chain the sinister beast and indispensable to disintegrate it, to reduce it to cosmic dust...

Undoubtedly, I was assisted by my Divine Mother Kundalini, the Igneous Serpent of our magic powers...

This great cosmic event was celebrated by a feast that took place in the marvellous Temple of Jupiter...

Then many Kings and Priests of Nature, dressed in the sacred purple, welcomed me...

That is how I re-entered the Heaven of Jupiter, the abode of the Dominions, the nirvanic happiness...

Thus, by eliminating infrahuman elements, I re-conquered my place among those ineffable Hierarchies, a state of Consciousness that I had lost in olden times, when, about a million years ago in the central plateau of Asia, I committed the error of eating from the forbidden fruit...

Chapter 40

The Heaven of Saturn

The Seventh Labour of Hercules, the Solar Hero, is the capture of the Mares of Diomedes, son of Mars and king of the warlike people of the Bistonians and which would kill and eat the shipwrecked people who reached those shores.

Hercules and his companions succeeded in getting hold of those beasts only after a ferocious combat with the Bistonians who had come with Diomedes to defend their possessions. Once the Bistonians were defeated, the king was left as food for those anthropophagous females.

In the Hells of Saturn I had to capture and destroy the Mares of Diomedes, that is: the infrahuman elements of passion which were deeply submerged in my own unconscious abysses...

They are symbolic beasts next to the spermatic waters of the first moment, always ready to devour the failures...

During that time of my present existence, I was unceasingly attacked in sinister Tartarus...

The adepts of Atlantean magic decided to fight me with unprecedented ferocity and I had to defend myself valiantly...

Adorable nubile ladies, exquisitely dangerous and malignant beauties, besieged me everywhere...

In the Hells of Saturn, we unquestionably experience, live and revive the Atlantean terrors...

Aelianus ('Several Stories', book V, chap. 3) says: “ Hercules cleansed the Earth and the seas of the whole genre of monstrosities, not monsters, by defeating the necromancer Briareus, the one with a hundred arms, in one of his famous labours or triumphs over the Atlantean evil magic that had taken over the whole Earth.”

Hercules, the true Aryan Krishna of the Mahabharata, having a premonition that the final Atlantean catastrophe was coming, and with it the disappearance of the Divine Garden of the Hesperides, transplanted wherever he went - that is to say, to the whole of the Punjab, Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt, Greece, Italy, Germany, the British Isles, Spain, Mauritania, and even America, under the name of Quetzalcoatl (the Luminous White Serpent) - the symbolic Initiatory Tree that would save all these countries from the catastrophe.

However, it is written: " You may eat from every Tree in the Garden. But from the Tree of the Science of Good and Evil you may not eat, because on the day you eat from it you will die."

As Hercules taught, it is indispensable to be enraptured with the delicious fragrance of the forbidden fruit...

Within sight of the ocean barrier, impassable to man, Hercules, full of titanic rebelliousness, stretched his bow against the Sun, as if to hurt it. He wanted to prevent the Sun from fleeing beyond the sea, where it was going to hide and where Hercules could not follow. However, the god Apollo ordered him to be still and remain patient (because it is only with infinite patience that the Magnus Opus, the Great Work, can be carried out) and in reward for his compliance, he gave him a Golden Cup: the Holy Grail, shining eternal symbol of the feminine uterus or yoni.

It is unquestionable that the Arrow of Hercules is none other than the Magnes Stone, the Phallus or the Spear of Longinus, the Roman centurion with which he wounded the side of the Lord. It is the same

Holy Pike whose secret power Parsifal used to heal the wound on the side of Amfortas...

With the miraculous powers of these venerable relics, I defeated in bloody battles the king of the Bistonians, the Knights of the Black Grail, Klingsor, the animal Ego...

When I finished the work of Saturn in the abode of Pluto, I was transported in the eidolon to the Solar Land of the Hyperboreans...

This is the island of Avalon, the magical Jinas region where the Holy Gods live...

It is the sublime island of Apollo, the firm ground in the middle of the Ocean of the Great Life free in its movement...

Ah!... If the Emperor Frederick in the Middle Ages had fulfilled in himself the Mystery of the Grail, the Hyperborean Mystery, then it is indubitable that the dried up tree of the Empire would have splendidly flourished again... It is clear that the Kingdom of the Grail would have marvellously reappeared in the Holy Roman Empire itself...

The Path of Life is formed by the hoofprints of the horse of Death...

It is not possible to fulfil, in oneself, the Hyperborean Mystery without having been previously judged in the immense Hall of Truth-Justice...

It is not possible to fulfil, inside oneself, the Mystery of the Grail without having weighed beforehand the heart of the deceased on the plate of the Balance that carries Truth-Justice...

The Intimate Self-Realisation of the Being is not possible without having been declared 'dead' in the Hall of Truth-Justice...

The legend of centuries says that many Initiates travelled in the past to the country of Brother John - the Solar Land - to receive a magic esoteric consecration of a very special kind...

The Brothers of the Order of St John on the Island of the Solar Apollo are indeed 'dead'...

It is not strange, therefore, that I also had to travel to the Land of Light or Solar Land.

In the glorious vestibule of the Saturnian Sancta, before the Royal Beings, I had to sit down and answer certain questions. The Holy Gods took notes in a large book...

During those mystical moments, some memories came forth in the full presence of my Cosmic Being...

Ah! I had been there before, in the same holy place before the venerable Thrones, many millions of years ago, in the epoch of the continent Mu or Lemuria...

Now I came back victorious, after having suffered so much. Ow! Ow! Ow!...

Having fulfilled the essential esoteric requirements, I left the vestibule and entered the Temple...

Unquestionably, the Temple of Saturn in the Jina Solar Land of the northern regions was full of intense darkness...

It is a fact that the Sun and Saturn alternate their work in the government of the world...

I saw Thrones who seated themselves... The Angels of Death went back and forth, here and there...

Divine people arrived at the temple. They came from different places on the enchanted Island which was situated at the end of the world...

'Thule ultima a Sole nomen habens'. It is in Ajryanem-Vaejo, the northern country of the ancient Persians, where the palace of King Arthur is magically located. Likewise Mitgard, the shining, holy abode of the Aces, the Ineffable Lords of the North, is also found there...

"Oh, Maat! Here I am, arriving before you! Let me contemplate your shining beauty! Look! My arm is raised at your most holy name!

Oh, Truth-Justice, listen! I arrive at the place where the trees do not grow and where the soil does not allow the plants to spring up..."

The skeletal figure of the God of Death, upon the dais of the Sanctuary, weighed my heart on the Balance of Cosmic Justice before the Divine Humanity...

That word of Potency declared me 'dead' before the shining beings dressed in the glorious bodies of Kam-Ur...

On the 'floor' or 'platform' of the Sanctuary a symbolic coffin could be seen, inside which my corpse appeared...

In this manner I returned to the Heaven of Saturn, Paranirvana, the abode of the Thrones...

In this manner I regained that hierarchic status that I had lost a long time ago, when I committed the serious error of eating the Golden Apples of the Garden of the Hesperides...

Afterwards, I underwent the Death Ceremony: when I returned home I found something unusual...

I saw funeral posters on the walls of my house, announcing my death and inviting people to attend my burial...

When I crossed the threshold I found, with mystical surprise, a very beautiful white coffin...

Obviously, within that funeral box lay my body, totally cold and inert...

Many relatives and mourners cried and wept bitterly around that coffin...

The fragrance of delicate flowers perfumed the ambience of that room...

I approached my mother, who at that moment was drying her tears with a handkerchief...

I kissed her hands with infinite love and said: "I thank you, oh, mother, for the physical body you gave me. This vehicle has been very helpful and it certainly was a marvellous instrument, but everything in life has a beginning and an end..."

When I left that planetary abode, I happily decided to float inside the aura of the Universe...

I saw myself become a child without ego, devoid of the subjective elements of perception...

My small baby shoes did not look very pretty to me. For a moment I wanted to take them off, but then I told myself: He will dress me as he wishes...

In the absence of the mortifying intellect, which doesn't make anyone happy, only the most pure sentiment existed in me...

And when I remembered my old father and my brother Germain, I told myself: They are already dead...

And at that moment, when I remembered all those sufferers whom I was leaving behind in the painful vale of Samsara, I said: "Family? Which one? I already have no family..."

Feeling absolutely disembodied, I left with the intention of arriving at a remote place where I should help others...

At such a moment of mystical enchantment, I told myself: I will not take a physical body again for a long time...

Later on, I felt that the Silver Cord - the famous Antakarana, the Thread of Life - had not yet been broken. Then I had to return to the physical body to continue the hard struggle of each moment...

Chapter 41

The Heaven of Uranus

The legend of countless centuries says that Aeneas - the agreeable Trojan - sat down with King Evander and the venerable senators at the banquet table...

'The slaves served all kinds of dishes and poured sweet wine and when the desire for food and drink had been satisfied, King Evander explained to his guest that the ceremony in honour of Hercules, whose celebration had just been finished when they arrived, was no superstition but a ritual. This ritual was given in honour of the god because nearby was the place of one of his greatest feats (the eighth): the cavern where he killed the thief Cacus.

'Nearby, one could see an enormous slope covered in stones that appeared to have been thrown down by an earthquake. Beneath them was the opening that lead to the cavern where Cacus took refuge and where the son of Jupiter cornered him. There, Hercules threw stones and logs at him as a punishment for having tried to steal his herds.

'After this explanation by King Evander, a choir of adolescents intoned a eulogy of Hercules and his great feats. They enumerated all his labours: how he strangled the Hydra, how he killed the Lion and how he fetched Cerberus, the hound from hell, from the darkness to the light... (the sexual instinct that must guide us until the final liberation).

'Once the songs and ceremonies were finished, the old king, walking slowly due to his age, made for the city of Pallanteum, where he had his throne. As he walked, he was supported by two young men: his son Pallas and Aeneas.

'While the three were walking, they amused themselves by conversing, and the king explained to Aeneas the origin of the name Latium, the place where his city was located. The word came from long ages past when Chronos, the father of Jupiter, took refuge there to escape from his enemies, who defended the cause of his son after he had overthrown him.

'It was then that the Golden Age started, followed by the Age of Iron, where the anger of war and the frenzy to possess predominated.

'The country began being invaded by people of different origins. Walking, Evander showed Aeneas the forest and the locations where the future heroic deeds of the new Rome would take place: the place where the impetuous Romulus would carry out his feats; the Capitol, which is now a square covered in gold and marble, but was then only a clearing in the forest full of thorny bushes and brambles; and the Tarpeian rock, from where Roman justice would cast down traitors to the fatherland.

'Scattered ruins showed monuments from other ages; the Januculum and the Saturnia: and some stones were raised by Janus and other ones by Saturn, gave the two places their names.'

This is literally from 'The Aeneid' by Virgil, the poet from Mantua, the good Master of the Florentine Dante...

Jesus, the Great Kabir, was crucified between two thieves, one to his right and the other to his left...

Agatus, the good thief within us, steals the Sexual Hydrogen Te-12 of the creative organs with the evident objective of crystallising the Holy Spirit - the Great Comforter - within ourselves, here and now...

Cacus, the evil thief, hidden inside the dark cave of the human infraconsciousness treacherously steals the sexual centre of the organism for the satisfaction of brutal animal passions...

The cross is a surprising, marvellous and magnificent sexual symbol. The vertical pole is masculine while the horizontal is feminine. In the crossing of both lies the key to all power...

The black lingam, inserted into the feminine yoni, forms a cross. This is well known by divines and by humans...

We can and must assert as a corollary the following postulate: Agatus and Cacus, crucified on Golgotha, on the right and left of the Great Kabir, emphatically allegorise white and black tantrism: the good and evil Sexual Magic...

The Bible, from the Genesis to the Apocalypse, is nothing but a series of historic annals telling of the great struggle between the followers of Agatus and Cacus, between White and Black Magicians, between the Adepts of the right-hand path, the Prophets, and those of the left-hand path, the Levites...

In the Abyss of Uranus, I had to reduce to cosmic dust the bad thief, the sinister Cacus who had previously stolen the energy from my organic machine's sexual centre for the base satisfaction of animal passions...

When I entered the vestibule of the Sanctuary, I remembered that I had been there before... in ancient times...

With the Eye of Shiva I saw, in the future, various tantric movements of Aquarius, among which stood out the Gnostic people, whose flags waved victoriously in all the countries of the World...

Uranus or Aquarius is, unquestionably, one hundred per cent sexual, magical and revolutionary...

This is how I re-entered the Heaven of Uranus, the Mahaparanirvana, the abode of the Cherubims...

In this way I reconquered that brilliant state of Consciousness that I had lost in the days of old, when I fell, defeated, at the feet of the marvellous Eve of Hebraic mythology...

Chapter 42

The Heaven of Neptune

The Ninth Labour of Hercules, the Solar Hero, is, unquestionably, very complex: to gain possession of the girdle of Hippolyta, queen of the Amazons, the feminine psychic aspect of our own interior nature...

After embarking on a ship with other legendary heroes, he first had to fight with the sons of Minos, the black magicians. He then had to battle with the enemies of King Lycaon, whose exotic name reminds us of the analogy between the wolf and the light, it is about the Lords of Karma, with whom we must transact some business. Finally, Hercules had to contend with the Amazons - terrible temptresses - stirred up by Hera, even though Hippolyta had peacefully agreed to give him her girdle. The queen is thus uselessly sacrificed by the masculine brutality that supposes it can violently take hold of her innate virtue.

That marvellous girdle, analogous to that of Venus, is an emblem of femininity which loses its meaning and value when it is separated from its legitimate owner. Therefore, Love, not violence, makes its conquest really significant and worthwhile...

The god Neptune, after having travelled along the coasts of the Atlantean continent, which now lies submerged in the stormy waters of the ocean that bears its name, is said by tradition to have fathered several children by a mortal woman...

Everything was flat on the island where he lived; however, in its centre, there was a very special valley with a small central hill fifty stadia from the sandy beach...

On that hill lived one of those great beings born on Earth, called Evenor, who had fathered by his wife Leucipe, his only daughter, Cleito.

When the parents of Cleito died, Neptune married her and enclosed the hill where she lived with several ditches filled with water. And according to the legend of the centuries, three of these ditches came from the sea and were equidistant from the ocean, walling in the hill to make it unconquerable and inaccessible...

This Cleito, or Minerva-Neith, built Athens in Greece and Suez on the famous delta of the Nile...

In memory of all this, the Atlanteans built the marvellous temple of Neptune and Cleito...

The bodies of the ten descendants of Neptune, a symbolic magical number, were deposited in this Sancta...

We cannot finish studying the magic number 10 without referring to the biblical obligation of the tithe, to which Abraham subjected himself voluntarily, in relation to the Initiate King Melchizedek...

According to the chapter XIV of Genesis:

'The king of Sodom came to receive him (Abraham)... Then Melchizedek, king of Salem - who was a priest of the Most High God - brought bread and wine to Abraham, blessed him, and said: "May the Most High God, lord of heaven and earth, bless Abraham! May the Most High God, who gave you victory over your enemies, be praised!" And Abraham gave him a tenth of everything.'

In its exoteric or public aspect, the obligation of the tithe, cited in the Jewish legislation, is the universal duty that all the brothers of the Path must faithfully do. This duty involves contributing a part of their income - which must not be less than a tenth - in the manner they see

as being the most appropriate and effective to support the Cause of Truth and Justice...

In its esoteric or secret aspect, the tithe symbolises the balance of payments in the sphere of Neptune...

It is unquestionable that we must settle our accounts with the enemies of King Lycaon (the Lords of Karma) in that sphere.

It is indubitable that all of us have assassinated the god Mercury, Hiram, and it is not possible to resuscitate him within ourselves before paying for the abject crime...

Therefore, the tithe becomes a practical and necessary complement to the dynamic principle that originates from the in-depth study of the Tenth Commandment, that is: consider the Mysterious Iod that is hidden in the middle of the central delta of the Sanctuary of our Being as a source, fountain and spiritual providence of the whole interior and divine centre of our life...

The tithe is clarified by the evangelic words (Matthew VI, 19-21):

“Do not store up riches for yourselves on Earth, where it grows rusty and moth-eaten, and thieves break in to steal it. Store up treasure in heaven, where there is no moth and no rust to spoil it, no thieves to break in and steal. For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.”

The third chapter of Malachi says:

“Bring the full amount of your tithes to the storehouse, so that there will be plenty of food there. Put me to the test and you will see that I will open the windows of heaven and pour out onto you, in abundance, all kinds of good things.”

Digging into the deep entrails of Avernus and working intensively in the Ninth Sphere, I searched with infinite yearning for the treasure of heaven, the Golden Fleece of the ancients...

The sons of Minos, the Adepts of the Left Hand, the eternal Levites, angrily and unceasingly attacked me in the dreadful Abysses of Neptune...

During that hard struggle I yearned to capture the girdle of Hippolyta, but the Amazons, stirred up by Hera, besieged me unceasingly with their subtle abysmal charms...

One night, no matter the date, the day or time, I was transported to the castle of Klingsor, precisely situated in Salamanca, Spain...

It must be remembered with great emphasis that the 'hall of witchcraft' operates in that old castle cited by Wagner in his opera 'Parsifal'.

What I saw then in the gloomy abode of those harpies was certainly horrifying...

Sinister, dismal witches attacked me many times inside the castle; however I defended myself valorously with the Sword of Fire...

My old friend, the angel Adonai - who at present has a physical body - accompanied me in this adventure...

The visions of those great seers of the astral known as alchemists, Kabbalists, occultists, etc. were not in vain. What we saw in that cavern was certainly dreadful...

I often unsheathed the Sword of Fire to throw flames over the fatal abode of the necromancer Klingsor...

Unexpectedly, Adonai and I approached some harpies that were setting up a table for a banquet...

With my sword, I pierced in vain the breast of one of these witches. She remained impassive. She had unquestionably awakened in evil and for evil...

In fact, I wanted to make fire rain over that horrendous palace...

I made supreme efforts, and felt that I was about to pass out. At that moment angel Adonai approached the window of my eyes to observe what was happening inside me...

Imagine for a moment, a person stopping before the window of a house to observe through the glass panes to see what is happening in the interior...

It is clear that the eyes are the windows of the Soul and the Angels of heaven can see through these panes and observe what happens in the interior of each of us...

Once he made this singular observation, Adonai left, satisfied. My own interior castle, the abode of Klingsor, had been incinerated by the Intimate Fire...

Each one of us carries within a palace of dark witches' Sabbaths. The mahatmas are always aware of this...

Later on, I had to clearly experience the dark aspect of existence. It is obvious that Satan has the gift of ubiquity: watch him inside yourself, here, there and everywhere...

After I had completed my esoteric work in the Hells of Neptune, I had to ascend to the Empyrean, the region of the Seraphim, creatures of Love who are direct expressions of the Unit...

Thus I regained that hierarchic status in the Heaven of Neptune. This is the Universe of the Divine Monads...

I had unquestionably obtained the Girdle of Hippolyta. One night I proved this in a cosmic celebration and, afterwards, I danced with other Ineffables...

Another night, floating in the Empyrean in a seraphic state, I asked my Divine Mother Kundalini for the lyre. Then, I was able to play it with mastery...

Chapter 43

The Resurrection

It is unquestionable that for Richard Wagner - and generally in all Christian countries - the Grail is the Sacred Vessel from which the Lord of Perfection drank in his last supper, the Divine Goblet that received his royal blood which was spilled from the Cross on Golgotha and devoutly collected by the Roman senator Joseph of Arimathea.

The Great Chalice was owned by the patriarch Abraham. Melchizedek, the planetary Genie of our world, transported it with infinite love to the land of Semiramis, in the country of Canaan. There he laid the foundations where Jerusalem, the city beloved by the prophets, would later stand. He used it wisely when he celebrated the sacrifice in which he offered the bread and the wine of the transubstantiation in the presence of Abraham. He later left it in the care of this Master. This Holy Vessel was also in Noah's Ark...

We have also been told that this Venerated Vessel was also taken to the sacred land of the Pharaohs, the sunny land of Kem, and that Moses, the leader of the Jewish Mysteries and Great Enlightened Hierophant, possessed it...

Very ancient millennial traditions, lost in the frightening night of the ages, say that this Magical Vessel was made out of a singular material which is as compact as that of a bell, and that it did not appear to have been worked like a metal. It appeared, rather, to be the product of a kind of vegetation...

The Holy Grail is the miraculous chalice of the supreme libation. It is the goblet where the Manna, which fed the Israelites in the desert, is contained. It is the yoni, the uterus of the Eternal Feminine...

The exquisite Wine of transcendental spirituality is contained in that vessel of delight...

The conquest of the Ultra-Mare-Vitae or superliminal and ultraterrestrial world, the esoteric Resurrection, would be somewhat more than impossible without Sexual Magic, woman, or Love...

The delicious word of Isis emerges from the depths of all ages, waiting for the moment to be fulfilled...

The ineffable words of the goddess Neith have been sculpted in golden letters on the shining walls of the Temple of Wisdom...

"I am the one who has been, is and will be and no mortal has lifted my veil."

The primitive religion of Jano or Jaino - that is, the golden, solar and superhuman doctrine of the Jinas - is absolutely sexual...

In the ineffable mystical idyll, commonly called 'the delights of Good Friday', we feel in the depths of our heart, that a terrifyingly divine force exists in the sexual organs...

The Stone of Light - the Holy Grail - has the power to resuscitate Hiram Abif, the Secret Master, the Sun King, inside ourselves, here and now...

The Grail preserves the character of a 'misterium tremendum'. It is the stone fallen from the crown of Lucifer...

With its frightening force, the Grail wounds and destroys the curious and the impure, but it defends and gives life to the just and the sincere...

Unquestionably, the Grail can only be obtained by using the Spear of Eros to fight against the eternal enemies of the night...

It is only possible to fulfil the Hyperborean Mystery in oneself by descending into the infernal worlds...

This Resurrection is the true apotheosis or exaltation of what is the most pure and alive in man: the Divine Monad, eternal and immortal, but which was previously dead, hidden...

This monad is undoubtedly - in itself - the Logos, the luminous and spermatic fiat of the first moment, the Lord Shiva, the sublime Husband of our Divine Mother Kundalini, the Arch-Hierophant and Arch-Magus, the personal super-individuality of each 'person' or 'individual'...

It is written with characters of fire in the Book of Life: "To whomever already knows, the word gives power. No one has pronounced it and no one will pronounce it except he who has it incarnated..."

We reach perfection in mastery with the Resurrection of the Secret Master in each of us... Then every one of our stains is washed away from us and the original sin is radically eliminated...

I worked intensively in the supra-darkness of silence and the august secret of the wise...

I submerged myself in the Sacred Mysteries of Minna, the frightening darkness of a Love that is the twin brother of Death...

I reconquered my place in the First Heaven or Heaven of the Moon, where Dante had the vision of the blessed and recognised, ecstatically, Piccarda Donati and the empress Constance...

I returned to my place in the Second Heaven or Heaven of Mercury, abode of the Active and Beneficial Spirits...

I went back to the Third Heaven or Heaven of Venus, region of the Loving Spirits, where Dante dealt with Robert, the king of Naples...

I returned to the Fourth Heaven or Heaven of the sun, abode of the Wise Spirits, the chapter in which Dante cited St Francis of Assisi...

I reconquered the Fifth Heaven or Heaven of Mars, region of the Martyrs of the Faith, the chapter in which Dante mentioned Cacciaguida and her elders, the old and the new Florence...

I returned to the Sixth Heaven or Heaven of Jupiter, region of the Wise and Just Princes...

I went back to the Seventh Heaven or Heaven of Saturn, exquisite abode of the Contemplative Spirits, the magnificent chapter where the Florentine Dante mentioned, with great emphasis, Peter Damian and spoke against the luxury of the priests...

I returned to the Eighth - or Starry - Heaven, the region of Uranus, the immortal paragraphs where Dante mentioned the triumph of the Intimate Christ and the Coronation of the Divine Mother Kundalini, paradise of the Triumphant Spirits...

I returned to the Ninth - or Crystalline - Heaven, the region of Neptune, the extraordinary chapter in which Dante cast his invective against bad preachers...

Later on, I had to appear before the Third Logos, Shiva, my Real Being, my own super-individuality, Samael himself...

Then the Blessed One assumed a different figure from mine, as if he were a stranger: he had the aspect of a very respectable gentleman...

The Venerable asked me to make a chiromantic study of the lines of his hand...

The line of Saturn on his omnipotent right hand appeared to be very straight, amazing, marvellous: however, in some places it appeared to be interrupted, damaged, broken...

- Lord! You have had some struggles and sufferings...

- You are mistaken. I am a very lucky man: everything always goes very well for me...

- Well... the point is that I see some small harm in the line of Saturn...

- Measure that line correctly: at what age do you see this harm?

- Lord!... Between the ages of fifty-three (53) and sixty-one (61) you had a hard time...

- Ah!... That is at the beginning..., but afterwards, what?

- Eight years go by very quickly and then... triumph awaits you...

Once the study had finished, the Venerable stood up and said: "I like these chiromantic studies, but only when done sporadically. My wife (Devi Kundalini) also likes them and I will soon bring her. Ah!, but now I have to pay you for your work. Wait for me here and I will come back to pay you..."

The Blessed One went away and I stayed waiting for him. .. In the far distance I saw two of my daughters, now grown-ups, however, they still appeared to be small. I became a bit worried over them, and I called them...

It is indubitable that in that epoch of my present existence, I was at the above-mentioned fifty-three (53) years of age... In the hand of the Blessed One I had seen my own future...

The Eight Initiations that I had received must, evidently, be assessed. It is very hard work: one year for each Initiation...

To live now, in eight years, the whole of the 'Book of the Patriarch Job', to pay the tithe of Neptune before the Resurrection...

The Book of Job is a complete representation of the ancient Initiation and of the people that preceded this great ceremony.

In it, the neophyte sees himself dispossessed of everything, even of his children, and affected by an impure illness.

His wife distresses him, mocking the confidence he puts in a god that treats him in such a way, and his three friends, Eliphaz, Bildad and Zophar, torment him and judge him to be impious and therefore deserving of such a punishment...

Job then cried out for a champion, a liberator, because he knows that this one (Shiva) is eternal and is going to redeem him from the slavery of the Earth (through the intimate Resurrection), repairing his flesh.

Job, by divine permission, sees himself tormented, dispossessed, ill and under the cruel action of those malignant beings that Aristophanes called 'the black birds'; which St Paul called 'the cruel powers of the air', the Church called 'demons' and the theosophists and the Kabbalists called 'elementals', etc., etc., etc....

However, because Job is just and enlivens the theme of his own justification against such rigours of destiny, he wins at last with the Sacred IT of his Crucifixion in the lacerated flesh, and Jehovah (the interior Iod-Heve of each one) allows the healing angels, or Jinas, to treat him. Their leader, cited in other classic literature such as the book of Tobias, is the archangel Raphael.

One night, after a cosmic celebration given in my honour because I had been assessed well in the First Initiation, I was properly instructed...

- You will have to pay for the crime of having assassinated the god Mercury - I was told...

- Forgive me this karma...

- This cannot be forgiven and can only be paid for by working with the Moon.

I then saw the Moon approach the planet Mercury more and more at each labour, until it finally blended with it...

My Intimate Real Being - the god Mercury, Shiva, my Monad - approached me and said: "You will have to use the boots of the god Mercury." He then put these boots on me...

When the Great Hierophant of the Temple showed me a sports ground, this was a sensational, extraordinary instant to me...

"Look!" he told me, "you converted the Temple of Mercury into a sports ground..."

Without a doubt, we all assassinated Hiram (the god Mercury, our Monad) when we ate from the forbidden fruit of the Garden of Eden... This is why we were warned: "If you eat from that fruit you will die."

Afterwards, the Path became frightfully difficult and I had to suffer intensely...

It is obvious that the Path of the Razor's Edge is absolutely sexual. You know it...

"My son!, you have to suffer patiently the consequences of your errors," said my Divine Mother Kundalini...

Another night, my Mother shouted in a great voice, full of pain, saying:

- My son!, you have replaced me in the physical world with other women...

- That was in the past, my Mother. Now I am not replacing you with anyone...

- You have replaced me with other women.

- The past is past, what I am interested in is the present. I live from instant to instant, it is wrong for me to argue with you...

- Past, present or future, you are the same one...

- You are right, my Mother...

How could I deny, then, that I had converted the Temple of Mercury into a sports ground?

And it happened that, having gone on holiday to the port of Acapulco on the Pacific coast of Mexico, I had to be instructed on the stigmatisation of the astral body...

Outside of the physical body, a holy monk, a hermit, tried to pierce the palm of my hands with the purpose of stigmatising me. At those moments when the monk was hitting the nail to perforate my hands, divine rays burst up...

At that moment I prayed to my Father who is in secret, asking for help. The prayer reached the Lord...

It is unquestionable that I had received such stigmata during the Initiation, but in a symbolic form...

I had to make them, form them, in the Forge of the Cyclops, on the Mountain of Resurrection...

The anchorite led me to the Gnostic Church. Shiva, my Divine Monad, came with us...

Inside the Temple I saw a religious androgen, dressed in the purple tunic, next to the baptismal font...

- He is very strong and responds very well, but he should fulfil in a better way the Sacrament of the Church of Rome (Love)... - said the Mahatma addressing my Monad...

From then I understood the need to refine the creative energy even more. In this way I made a form of prayer out of the Maithuna...

The insertion of the vertical phallus inside the formal uterus makes a cross. Unquestionably the five Christic stigmata in the astral body, are formed by means of the Holy Cross...

The Resurrection is not possible without having previously formed the stigmata of the Adorable in the astral body...

Thus I formed my stigmata, the way the mystics of all ages have formed theirs...

INRI... Ignis Natura Renovatur Integram: Fire unceasingly renews Nature.

THIRD MOUNTAIN

Ascension

Chapter 44

Conversation in Mexico

Monday the 12th of June, 1972 (10th year of Aquarius).

- Well, Joaco (familiar diminutive of Joaquin), today we are going to the city centre...

- What for, Master? Last Saturday we took the correspondence from the post office. What can we find now?

- In any case I need to go to the centre: I have a cheque in my possession and I must cash it. It is not a great amount, but it will be enough to buy food; thus I will avoid spending the small sum I have put away to pay the rent... Besides, I have to mail many letters at the post office; I like to have the correspondence up to date...

A few moments later Joaquin Amortegui V., international Gnostic missionary and great warrior of this tremendous crusade for the New Era of Aquarius, and my insignificant person, worth somewhat less than the ash from a cigarette, made our way to the centre of Mexico City...

Needless to say, I like to drive my own vehicle. Thus, very happily, we were speeding along the avenue of Tlalpan, towards Constitution Square (the Zocalo, as we say in Mexico).

- This is the era of the automobile, my dear Joaco, but I frankly confess that if I had the choice, to live in a world with a technology like this one, or in another in a stone age but actually totally spiritual, I would prefer the second, unquestionably, even though, instead of using the automobile I had to travel on foot or mounted on a donkey...

- Oh, I feel the same... I travel now as a sacrifice, for the love for humanity, to teach the Doctrine, but I prefer to ride on donkeys and horses of as of old. I neither like the smoke of these great cities, nor this mechanistic life...

Thus conversing, Joaco and I went along an avenue that seemed to be a river of cement and steel. We reached the Zocalo, went around it, passed beside the metropolitan cathedral, and then went along the avenue Cinco de Mayo looking for parking...

A few moments later we went into a large building:

- Would you like us to clean your car?

- No! No! No! What for? This is the rainy season...

- Shall we wax your car, sir?

- No, lad, no. First I have to take it to the body shop, and have it repainted!...

Conclusion: we left that building and went to the post office after we had parked the car.

At the main post office I was certainly pleasantly surprised when I received a copy of the sixth edition of 'The Perfect Matrimony'. It was sent to me from Cucuta, Colombia, South America, by the international Gnostic missionary Efrain Villegas Quintero...

I also received some letters, I mailed those I had brought from home and then we went to an exchange bureau...

The money-changer, his Consciousness sound asleep, was extremely busy with his job.

I saw him with two telephones, one in his right and the other in his left hand. Obviously he was answering two calls at the same time, and he even talked at intervals to a third client who was standing at the counter...

That poor 'intellectual humanoid' with his subjective psyche, was obviously not only totally identified with everything, but also tremendously fascinated... and kept on dreaming.

That 'rational homunculus' was speaking about values, exchange rates, currencies, gold, enormous sums, cheques, riches, etc., etc., etc...

Luckily we did not have to wait long, his secretary dealt with us diligently...

Moments later we left that place with some money in our pockets. It wasn't much, but enough to pay for food for some more days...

Again walking along the famous avenue Cinco de Mayo, I felt the need to invite Joaco to partake of a small refreshment. He does not eat much, but he did not decline the invitation out of kindness to me.

We found, of course, a beautiful place; I am referring to the Café Paris.

An elegant waitress approached us:

- What would you wish to order, sir?

- Please, miss - I told her - a strawberry milk shake and a piece of cheesecake...

- I - said Joaco - just want a papaya milk shake.

Having taken the orders from the gentlemen, the girl went away to reappear moments later with the requested dishes...

Savouring the delicious snack very slowly, extracting from the food its spiritual element, Joaco and I began the following dialogue:

- I tell you, Joaco, I am almost at the end of my book entitled 'The Three Mountains'. All that is missing is an introduction to the Third Mountain, three chapters on the Ascension and the conclusion...

- So, you are near the end of this work!

- Yes, Joaco!, yes, yes... What is very interesting is that now I have to refer to Lemuria...

- What? To Lemuria? Why?

- It is clear that in this reincarnation I have only reached the summit of the Second Mountain. However, on the ancient continent Mu or Lemuria, which was located in the vast Pacific Ocean long ago, I lived through the Three Mountains...

I undoubtedly achieved Liberation then, but I renounced total happiness and stayed in this vale of tears to help humanity. In fact, the possession of the Elixir of Long Life allowed me to keep that Lemurian body for millions of years...

Thus, my dear Joaco, I tell you that I was a witness to all those volcanic catastrophes that finished off the continent of Mu. It is evident that after more than ten thousand years of unceasing earthquakes and frightful seaquakes, that ancient land sank in the stormy waters of the Pacific Ocean. It is a moving, clear and definite fact that as that old continent was slowly sinking into the wild waves of the stormy ocean, Atlantis, that continent mentioned by Plato, arose gradually from the deep waters of the Atlantic...

I also unquestionably lived with my Lemurian body in 'the country of the hills of mud'; I knew its powerful civilisations, far superior to our

culture, and I saw it sink in the furious waves of the ocean that bears its name...

'In the year 6 of Kan, the 11 Muluc, in the month of Zrc, terrible earthquakes took place that continued without interruption until 13 Chuen. 'The country of the hills of mud', the Atlantean land, was sacrificed. After two violent earthquakes, it disappeared over-night, being constantly shaken by subterranean fires that caused the land to sink and reappear several times and in several places. At the end, the surface yielded and ten countries were separated and disappeared. Sixty-four million inhabitants drowned in the ocean, eight thousand years before this book was written.'

(This is a textual quotation from a Mayan manuscript, part of the famous collection of Le Plongeon 'The Manuscripts of Troano', which can be found in the British Museum).

Before the star Bal fell into the place where now there is only sea and sky, before the seven cities with their golden doors and their transparent temples trembled and shook like the leaves of a tree moved in a storm, I left and headed for Asia's central plateau, where Tibet can now be found...

In that zone of the Earth the surviving Atlanteans became intermixed with the Nordic people: this is how the first sub-race of our Aryan race was formed...

The saviour guide of the elected Atlanteans, who got them out of the 'country of the hills of mud', was the biblical Noah, the Manu Vaivasvata, the founder of the Aryan race...

I still remember, far away in time and distance, those cosmic festivals that were then celebrated in our monastery. I am emphatically referring to the Sacred Order of Tibet, an ancient esoteric institution. There is no doubt that this ancient order has two hundred and one (201) members. The staff is composed of seventy-two (72) Brahmans.

Unquestionably, such a worthy mystical organisation keeps the Treasure of Aryabarta Ashram. At that time I was always received there with much veneration. I was regarded as exotic as I was living with a Lemurian body in a fully Aryan world...

Unfortunately, 'the devil puts his tail into everything, wherever he may be', and something unexpected, unfortunately, happened. I went back to my old habits, backsliding into crime. I again fell in love with Eve of the Hebraic mythology, and I ate the Forbidden Fruit. Result: the Great Law took that precious vehicle away from me, and from one life to another I remained like the wandering Jew on the surface of the Earth...

- Now indeed, Master, I really feel smaller than an ant, like nothing. I do not understand: if you had dissolved the Ego, the Myself, who could be the tempter? How did you fall..?

- Oh, Joaco... In the name of Truth I want you to know that even if the Ego is dissolved, it stays in its place in the mind... Undoubtedly this was the 'causa causorum' of my fall...

- This is something unexpected, I do not understand...

- Passionate things: I fell in love, I committed the same error as Count Zanoni; that is all...

Such a maiden of mysterious charms was forbidden to me. However, I must admit that I humbly fell at the feet of the enchanting woman...

Afterwards, my Divine Mother Kundalini took me to the interior of a cave, in the depth of a mountain, and I then saw rain, tears and torrents of turbid water, bitterness and mud, misery, etc., etc., etc.

"See the future that lies in wait for you!" - said my Mother.

My begging was useless, I did not deserve to be forgiven: it was a relapse into the crime. At the end I saw her shut herself in the chakra Muladhara in the coccyx, and then... Poor me! Ow! Ow!...

I had committed the same error that gave rise to the angelic fall in the archaic continent Mu. It is unquestionable that before joining the Lemurian Mysteries I had already committed the same crime...

The allegory of the biblical Adam, considered aside from the Tree of Life, clearly means that the Lemurian race, that had just separated into the opposite sexes, abused sex and sank into the region of animality and bestiality...

The Zohar teaches that Matromethah (Shekinah, symbolically the wife of Metraton) 'is the Way towards the Great Tree of Life, the Powerful Tree and Shekinah is the Divine Grace'. There is no doubt that this marvellous tree reaches the Celestial Valley, and it is hidden in the midst of the Three Mountains. From these Three Mountains the Tree ascends towards the heights and then starts descending to lower regions. The Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil grows from the roots of the Tree of Life. The Dhyanis Bodhisattvas reincarnated in Lemurian bodies reproduced by means of the power of Kriya-Shakti (the power of the Will and of the Yoga).

Attributes of Shiva: the black lingam inserted into the yoni. Unquestionably the Arch-Hierophant and Arch-Magus never spills the Cup of Hermes.

When the Dhyanis - among whom I counted myself - committed the crime of spilling this flexible, liquid, malleable glass of Alchemy, they moved away from their Divine Monad (they assassinated the god Mercury) and fell into animal degeneration...

- I am astounded.

- Why, Joaco?, because I was perhaps the first to fall, or the last?

H. P. Blavatsky says in 'The Secret Doctrine' that Samael was the first to fall, but this is symbolic. It is clear that I am the Dhyani Bodhisattva of the fifth of the seven, and because of this it is said that Samael was the first one to fall. Fortunately I am standing now, in spite of having relapsed into the same crime...

How different was the case of many of those other Dhyanis who fell into animal degeneration. Let us remember Moloch, the great murderer, now involuting appallingly in the infernal worlds. Let us remember Andramelek and his brother Asmodeus, two Thrones precipitated into the Avern...

- I thought that after Liberation no fall was possible...

- You are wrong, my dear Joaco: in the Cosmos there is always the danger of falling. All danger disappears only when one enters the Unmanifest Sat, the Absolute Abstract Space...

When the conversation ended, we called the waitress who was humbly looking after the table of the gentlemen...

- The bill, miss?...

- Yes, sir... It is this much...

- Here you are, plus your tip...

Quietly, we left that luxurious place to look for the car...

Walking again in the sunlight along that famous avenue Cinco de Mayo, it occurred to me to say:

- What is serious, oh, Joaco, is the abominable resurrection of the animal Ego after the fall. The Ego unquestionably resuscitates like the Phoenix from its own ashes. You will understand now in a deep and

complete way the intrinsic motive by which all religious theogonies emphasise the idea that the fallen Angels became Demons...

- Ah!, yes!... This is very clear...

Moments later, we were swiftly gliding along the avenue of Tlalpan to return home...

- Since I have ascended and descended and again ascended, it is obvious that I have a vast experience in these matters of an esoteric type...

- Oh, Master! In this sense you have a very special experience...

Certainly, my dear reader: I am nothing more than a miserable worm of the mud of the earth, a worthless nobody. However, since I have travelled the path, I can show it to others with complete clarity, and this is not a crime...

We will finish this chapter with the phrase by Goethe: "Every theory is grey, and it is only the tree with golden fruit that is green, that is Life..."

Chapter 45

The Tenth Labour of Hercules

The tenth feat of Hercules was the conquest of the Herd of Geryon. The Great Solar Hero killed its owner, who confronted him, after his guards, the dogs Orthos and Eurytion.

This unusual happening was staged beyond the ocean, on the island of Eritia (The Red). This appears to refer to an island in the Atlantic Ocean, which was inhabited by giant beings, clearly personified by the three-headed Geryon himself, whom Hercules killed with his lethal arrows after he had killed his shepherd and his dog with his mace.

Comparative mythology likens the two-headed dog Orthos, brother of Cerberus, with Vritra, the Vedic Spirit of the storm.

During his journey Hercules goes from Europe to Africa, to go across the ocean in the Golden Goblet (in the Sacred Vessel), wisely using it on his nocturnal journey...

This clearly means that the brilliant Sun had to wait for him while he returned, stopping in its solstice to the advantage of the Hero...

Undoubtedly, the Man-God passed with the herd acquired in the Vessel - or Holy Grail - itself, to then return via the old continent of Europe, in a journey full of endless adventures...

The legend of the centuries tells us that the Solar Hero then raised the Columns 'J' and 'B' of Occult Masonry over the Strait of Gibraltar, probably as thanks to the Dioscuri who helped him to emerge victorious in this task...

When he returned to Mycenae, the cows were sacrificed to Juno by her brother Eurystheus to placate her anger.

Needless to say, these Archaic Mysteries were always celebrated in august majestic Temples...

When I crossed the threshold of that Mu or Lemurian Temple, where in other times I was instructed in the Mysteries of the Ascension of the Lord, with infinite humility I asked the Hierophant for a few services; and he conceded them to me....

It is unquestionable - and this is known to every Initiate - that every exaltation is always preceded by a frightful and terrible humiliation...

We have clearly asserted in an emphatic way that every ascent is preceded by a descent...

The Tenth Feat of Hercules, the Solar Hero of esotericism, takes place in the infernal worlds of the planet Pluto...

Painful feelings tore my Soul apart when I saw myself subjected to the torture of detachment...

Those ladies of august times, bound to me by the law of Karma, were waiting for me in Avernus with broken hearts...

All those tempting beauties, dangerously gorgeous, felt they had a perfect right over me...

For better or for worse, these terribly charming females had been my wives in previous reincarnations, as a natural consequence of the great rebellion and the angelic fall...

The dogs Orthos and Eurytion, living symbols of animal passion, harshly besieged me with unprecedented force; the temptations were multiplied ad infinitum....

However, thanks to Thelema (Will) and deep understanding, and with the help of my Divine Mother Kundalini, I defeated the Lord of Time, the three-headed Geryon...

There is no doubt that I took charge of the herd and became an authentic Shepherd, not of cattle as is implied in a veiled manner, but of sheep...

For the good of the Great Cause it is fitting that we now study some verses from Chapter 10 of St John's Gospel:

'Jesus said, "In truth I tell you, in very truth, whoever does not enter the sheepfold by the door (the Sex), but climbs in some other way (preaching different doctrines that have nothing to do with the White Sexual Magic), is nothing but a thief and a robber (he steals the sheep and takes them to the abyss).'"

(We were cast out of Eden by the Door of Sex: it is only by this door that we can go back to Eden. Eden is Sex itself.)

'"Whoever enters via the door (the Sex) is the Shepherd in charge of the sheep. The doorkeeper admits him, and the sheep hear his voice; he calls his own sheep by name (with the intimate Logos), and he leads them out (he takes them by the Path of the Razor's Edge). When he has brought them all out, he goes ahead, and the sheep follow, because they know his voice (his Logos). They will not follow a stranger; they will run away from him because they do not recognise the voice of strangers (the false shepherds do not have the Logos).'"

'Jesus (whose meaning is Saviour) gave them this parable, but they did not understand what he was talking about (it is evident that behind the letter that kills is the Spirit that brings to life).

'Jesus (the Intimate Saviour) told them again:

'"In truth, in very truth, I tell you: I am the door of the sheepfold (the power is not in the brain or in any other part of the body, but in the Sex)."'

(In other words, we assert the following: the creative power of the Logos can be found exclusively in the Sex. It is easy to understand now why He is the door to the sheepfold: to find other ways to escape is equivalent to running away from the Door to Eden...).

'"The sheep paid no heed to any who came before me, for these were all thieves and robbers (because they had not been initiated in the sexual mysteries)."

"I am the door; whoever comes into the fold through me will be saved (they will not fall into the abyss of perdition); they will come in and out and find pasturage. (rich spiritual nourishment)".'

Christ could not do anything without the Sexual Serpent: it is because of this that the Second Logos, the Lord of Perfection, the Intimate Logos of each one, descends from his elevated sphere and becomes in himself the Son of the Divine Mother Kundalini, the Igneous Serpent of our magic powers... (by deed and grace of the Third Logos).

The Sethians adored the Great Light and said that the Sun shapes a nest in us with its emanations, and that it constitutes the Serpent.

It is clear that that Gnostic sect had as a sacred object a chalice, a yoni, the Holy Grail, in which they took the semen of Benjamin. This in itself was a mixture of Water and Wine...

The sacred symbol of the Sexual Serpent was undoubtedly always present on the altar of the Nazarene Gnostics...

The strength, the power that accompanied Moses was the Serpent on the Staff that later became the Staff itself.

The Serpent was certainly the one that spoke to the other serpents and tempted Eve...

In the Canto of Homer to Demeter, found in a Russian library, it can be seen that everything revolved around a physiological-cosmic fact of great transcendence:

'I am the Good Shepherd: the Good Shepherd (one who has reached this esoteric Christic grade) gives his life for his sheep'.

'But the wage-earner (the tantric esotericist who has not yet achieved Christification) and who does not own the sheep, sees the wolf coming, and leaves the sheep and runs away, and the wolf snatches them away, and the sheep are scattered'.

'I also have other sheep that are not from this sheepfold (who are part of other schools), Those too I must bring here; and they will hear my voice and there will be one flock and one Shepherd".

'This is why my Father loves me, because I give my life, to take it back again (the Intimate Christ crystallises in us and redeems us when we are worthy)'.

'No one will take it away from me, but I give it myself (as if saying: I crystallise in my human person when I so wish). I had the power to give it, and I have the power to take it back. This commandment I received from my Father.'

After this Christic esoteric comment, it is indispensable that we continue with the present chapter...

What simple, what unfalsifiable primitive beauty have those Platonic stories that deal with archaic gods and goddesses, divine beings from the Lemurian past, authentic tantric shepherds of the Sexual Eden!...

Sublime beings who built cyclopean cities, educated people, giving them a legislation never surpassed, and rewarded their heroism’s.

It is urgent that we fulfil in ourselves, the Hyperborean Mystery, the Mystery of the Grail, if we yearn to become authentic prophets, genuine Christified shepherds...

We need 'to cross the Red Sea', the stormy ocean of life, and reach the other side in the Golden Vase, the Sacred Goblet that Helios, the Sacred Absolute Sun, lends to us...

When I finished my esoteric tasks in the Hells of the planet Pluto, I had to build Columns...

Plus Ultra, Adam-Kadmon, Celestial Man: such are the mystical significance’s that have been attributed to the two Columns of Hercules...

That cosmic-human event was preceded by the disincarnation of my priestess wife Litelantes...

There is no doubt that she herself was the only karmic link left for me in this painful vale of Samsara...

I saw her go away in her discarded Lemurian vehicle, dressed in the deepest mourning...

Adam-Eve is indubitably the most secret meaning of the two columns of Hercules...

Reconciliation with the divine is urgent, pressing. You know that...

To build Columns is reconciliation, the return of the original couple, going back to Eden...

We need to return to the original point of departure, to return to the first love; this is indisputable and unquestionable...

In the Archaic Mysteries of the continent of Mu or Lemuria, I had to live the raw reality of this in paradisian, Edenic weddings...

Then a great Initiate was given to me as wife. I am emphatically referring to my other half, to my personal, original Eve. Thus I built the two Columns of Hercules...

I was at the table of the banquet, accompanied, happy, by my new wife and many high priests...

Litelantes then crossed the threshold of the regal hall, she came disembodied to watch the celebration...

Thus..., oh, gods! I re-established the Second Logos, the Cosmic Christ, in the Sanctuary of my Soul...

Chapter 46

The Eleventh Labour of Hercules

The Eleventh Feat of Hercules, the Solar Hero, took place in the Transatlantic domain. It consisted of the appropriation of the Apples of the Hesperides, the nymphal daughters of Hesperus, vivid representation of the planet Venus, the enchanting bright star of Love...

Not knowing the way, he first needed to get hold of Nereus, who knows everything, and then he had to go to Africa to confront the frightening giant Antaeus, son of Poseidon, in a hand-to-hand fight...

Sometimes related to this journey is the liberation of Prometheus-Lucifer - by killing the eagle that tormented him - and also the temporary substitution of the famous Atlas - supporting the world on his titanic shoulders to obtain his help...

Finally, the symbolic Golden Apples were given to him by the Hesperides themselves, after he had killed the dragon that was guarding them...

This feat obviously bears a close relationship to the biblical story of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, in the Edenic garden, in which, however the Dragon was substituted for a Serpent, which gave an invitation to gather and taste this marvellous fruit that Hercules later on gave to Athena, the goddess of Wisdom, his divine protector...

An intrepid descent into the old Tartarus of the eleventh planet of our solar system became urgent, pressing and undelayable, before ascending to the Father (the First Logos).

An abrupt, broken and uneven descending path unavoidably led me to those horrendous shadows of the city of Dis...

My 'Nereus', or better said, my guru, Master or guide, patiently showed me all the dangers...

And it certainly was in those horrifying abysses of pain, in that planet which is beyond the orbit of Pluto, where I found Antaeus, the enormous giant, even more dreadful than the massive Briareus...

The Florentine Dante, in his 'Divine Comedy', says:

> "Thou that of old within the fateful vale
> That made the name of Scipio ever-glorious,
> When Hannibal with all his host turned tail,
>
> Didst capture by thy prowess meritorious
> A thousand lions; thou whose aid 'twoud seem,
> Might well have made the sons of earth victorious
>
> Hadst thou allied thee with thy brethren's team,
> Pray be not loth, but lower us to the deep,
> Where the great cold locks up Cocytus's stream.
>
> Make us not go to Typhon; let not slip
> Thy chance to Tityus; for this man can give
> That which is craved for here; curl not thy lip,
>
> But stoop; for he's alive, and can retrieve
> Thy fame on earth, where he expects - so Grace
> Call him not early home - long years to live."
>
> Thus spake the master; he, all eagerness,
> Stretched those enormous hands out to my guide
> Whence Hercules endured so great distress.

And when he felt them grasp him, Virgil cried
To me: "Come here and let me take thee!" So
He clasped me and made one bunch of us twined and tied.

As Carisenda looks, when one stands below
On the leaning side, and watches a passing cloud
Drift over against the slant of it, swimming slow,

Antaeus looked to me, as I watched him bowed
Ready to stoop; and that was a moment such
That I heartily wished we might travel another road.

But he set us lightly down in the deep whose clutch
Holds Judas and holds Lucifer pent fast;
Nor in that stooping posture lingered much,
But swung him up, as in a ship the mast.

('The Divine Comedy' by Dante, Hell, Canto XXXI)

Antaeus: allegoric magician character, representative Titan of the abysmal, dark hordes...

Having fought my bloody battles against the demons of the city of Dis, Lucifer-Prometheus had to be freed...

I saw the steel door of his awful cell open, and the guard let him through...

I saw horrible scenes in the dark abode, unexpected cases, unsuspected, of which the inhabitants of the Earth know nothing...

Lucifer is the Guardian of the Door of the Keys of the Sanctuary, so that only the anointed who know the Secret of Hermes can penetrate it..

The Christ-Lucifer of the Gnostics is the God of Wisdom under different names, the God of our planet Earth without any shadow of evil, because he is One with the Platonic Logos...

Prometheus-Lucifer is the Minister of the Solar Logos and Lord of the Seven Mansions of Hades...

Lucifer is certainly the spirit of the Spiritual illumination of humanity and of the freedom of choice and, metaphysically, the torch of humanity; the Logos in his superior aspect, and the adversary in his inferior one; the divine and chained Prometheus; the active and centrifugal energy of the Universe; fire, light, life, struggle, effort, Consciousness, freedom, independence, etc., etc., etc.

The Sword and the Balance of Cosmic Justice are entrusted to Lucifer, because he is the standard of weight, measure and number.

Inside each one of us, Lucifer is the reflection of the Intimate Logos, shadow of the Lord projected onto the depth of our Being...

As I write these words, I remember an unusual case...

One night, no matter which, I met the horrid character inside a beautiful bedroom...

Prometheus-Lucifer, impressive, standing on paws rather than feet, looked at me, menacingly...

Two frightening horns could be seen, terrifying, on his sinister forehead; he was, however, dressed like an elegant gentleman...

Approaching him, I patted him serenely on the shoulder and at the same time I told him:

- You do not frighten me, I know you too well, you have not been able to defeat me, I am victorious...

The colossus left and I, sitting on the comfortable and perfumed mahogany bed, waited for a moment...

Soon afterwards a dangerously beautiful female came into the bedroom: naked, she lay down on the bed...

Almost passing out because of lust, the beautiful one encircled me in her lustful arms inviting me to the pleasures of the flesh...

Lying down next to the beauty, I demonstrated my powers to the Devil: I controlled myself...

Afterwards I got up from the bed of pleasure. The woman, nearly dead from lust, feeling cheated looked at me in vain...

Then a shining child entered the room, a glittering creature, terrifyingly divine...

The sublime infant, richly dressed in a beautiful priestly tunic of a very special black colour, went across the exotic room...

I recognised him immediately and going near him very quietly, I told him:

- It is useless for you to keep on disguising yourself; I will always recognise you, oh, Lucifer!... You will never defeat me...

The sublime creature, terror of the ignorant, smiled then with an infinite sweetness...

He is unquestionably Socrates' 'Divine Daimon', our special trainer in the psychological gymnasium of life...

Just is his freedom after such hard work: the Logos swallows him, absorbs him...

This story ends here, let us continue with the transcendental subject of this chapter...

My new priestess in the Mountain of Ascension was certainly extraordinary...

My intimate progress was obviously accelerated and, as a consequence, I succeeded in getting hold of the Golden Apples in the Garden of the Hesperides...

The Venusian nymphs, exquisitely charming, dropped at my feet: they could not defeat me...

When I finished my magic labours in Avernus, I ascended victorious to the Father...

Obviously, that mystical transcendental happening could in no way be overlooked...

That cosmic event was then celebrated with infinite joy in the Sancta...

On a splendid throne, seated before the August Brotherhood, I felt totally transformed...

At that indescribable moment, the Ancient of Days, my Father who is in secret, the Kindness of Kindness, the Occult of the Occult, the Mercy of Mercies, the Keter of the Hebraic Kabbala, shone inside me, definitely crystallised in the whole presence of my Being.

At that moment the Brothers of the Universal White Fraternity contemplated me with infinite veneration... My face took on the aspect of old age...

Without a doubt, I had been able to crystallise the Three Primary Forces of the Universe in the different parts of my Being...

Chapter 47

The Twelfth Labour of Hercules

The Twelfth Feat of Hercules, the Solar Hero, was certainly imposed by his brother, that is, by his shining Divine Prototype, in the Sacred Absolute Sun...

That labour undoubtedly consisted of retrieving from his Plutonic domain the three-headed Dog that was guarding it...

Having gone into the subterranean abode of the dead, he first tries to propitiate Hades, who permits him to take the Dog provided that he succeeds in taking hold of it without weapons, which he achieves by gripping it first by its dragon tail and then by the neck, almost choking it to death.

Hermes guided him on the return path, and after Cerberus was shown to Mycenae, he let it free to return home...

Unquestionably, our shining solar system of Ors has twelve planets, and this reminds us of the Twelve Saviours...

It is obvious and evident that the final labour of Hercules had to take place in the twelfth planet of the solar family...

Equally, only with Scorpio, whose constellation is the most appropriate to show it, can and must we relate the last of his zodiacal feats, which consisted in getting the three-headed Dog out of the jealous subterranean world, out of the kingdom of shadows where the truth is disguised as darkness...

Of course, he can fulfil this labour only with the consent of Hades or Pluto himself, and with the joint help of Hermes and Minerva... (Sex-Yoga and Wisdom).

I crossed the threshold of the Temple with infinite veneration. I yearned for the final liberation...

The spermatic waters of the sacred pool shone gloriously in the walled courtyard of the priests...

There had to be the Initiatory lake of the representation of the Ancient Mysteries, eternal stage of every Temple...

What I asked then in that Lemurian Sancta, was unquestionably given to me...

My work began with the descent to the Tartarus of that planet, the twelfth of our solar system...

Three enchanting women, dangerously beautiful, resorted to all of their irresistible charms in vain...

Those provocative devilish women struggled in vain. They wanted to make me fall, but I knew how to control myself...

The zodiacal sign of Scorpio let loose in my creative organs all of their passionate ardour’s, but I won all the battles against myself...

The Guide Dog (the sexual instinct) always leads the knight by the narrow path that goes from darkness to light, from death to immortality...

The Dog pulls the leash of his master, taking him by the steep path towards the winning-post. Afterwards, the Dog must rest: then comes the Great Renunciation.

In harmonious rhythmic concordance with this cosmic-sexual event, the supreme detachment from all material things and the radical elimination of the desire to exist take place, unavoidably...

The transcendental idea of the breath of the shadows, moving over the sleeping waters of Life - the Primordial Matter with the Spirit latent within it - invites us to reflection...

In every cosmogony, the 'water' (the ens seminis) plays the same important role: it is the basis and origin of material existence and the foundation of every intimate self-realisation.

However, it is urgent that we never overlook the fact that many dangerous beasts live in the primitive abyss, in the depths of the waters...

If the divine Titans of the old continent of Mu, those Angels fallen into animal degeneration, had not forgotten this tremendous truth, if they had stayed alert and vigilant like a sentry in time of war, they would still be in a heavenly state...

To get hold completely of the three-headed Dog without any weapons, actually means absolute control over Sex...

Once I became the owner of this Dog, I ascended victorious from the depths of the horrendous and black precipice...

Then the Being of my Being - that which is beyond Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva..., that divine Solar Absolute Prototype - was incarnated in me.

When that mystical event happened, I blissfully entered into a small Sanctuary of the Sacred Absolute Sun...

From that extraordinary instant I could nourish myself from the Tree of Life, beyond Good and Evil...

I had returned to the original point of departure; I had unquestionably returned to my abode...

Each one of us has his Divine Prototype in that radiant sphere of light and joy...

The Sacred Individuals who inhabit the Central Sun get ready to enter Absolute Abstract Space; this always happens at the end of the mahamvantara (cosmic day).

Each universe of infinite space has its own Central Sun and the sum total of these spiritual suns constitutes the protocosmos...

The emanation of our Omni-Merciful and Sacred Solar Absolute is what H. P. B. calls 'the Great Breath', in itself profoundly unknown...

Obviously, this Omnipresent Active Principle, even if it participates in the creation of worlds, does not merge into these worlds: it stays independent, omnipresent and omni-penetrating...

It is easy to understand that the emanation of the Solar Absolute unfolds into the Three Primary Forces - Brahma, Vishnu, Shiva - with the evident purpose of creating, and then creating again...

When any cosmic manifestation finishes, the Three Original Forces integrate to merge or fuse with the unceasing Breath, in itself profoundly unknown...

That which happens on the macrocosmic scale is repeated in microcosmic human being; this was my personal case...

Thus I was able to return to the bosom of the Sacred Solar Absolute. However, I continued with the physical Lemurian body, living for millions of years... I became one more of the stones of the Guardian Wall. That Wall is formed by all the Masters of Compassion, those who have renounced every happiness because of Love for humanity...

Inverential Peace.