



47

The Three Mountains

Christmas Message 1972-1973

Samael Aun Weor



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(Christmas Message 1972/73)

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...“Today and forever, my dear brethren, I renounce, I have renounced and I will continue to renounce the copyright. The only thing that I want is that these books can be sold inexpensively, accessible to the poor, accessible to all those who suffer and cry! May the happiest citizen manage to get this book with the few cents that he has in his pocket! That is all!”

*Samael Aun Weor
Pronouncement in the Congress of Guadalajara
Mexico: 29th October, 1976*



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A Few Words to the Reader

Without wanting to hurt delicate susceptibilities in any way, we must emphasize the basic idea that a variety of venerable institutions coexist within the cultural-spiritual environment of contemporary humanity that very sincerely believe they know the secret path. Nonetheless, they do not know it.

Allow us the freedom of stating with great solemnity that we do not want to utter any destructive criticism. We are making a point, and this is clearly not a crime.

Obviously, and because of a very simple and profound respect toward our fellowmen, we will never proclaim ourselves against any mystical institution.

No human being should be criticized for being ignorant of something that has never been taught to him. The secret path has never been publicly unveiled.

We will state in rigorous Socratic terms that there are many scholars who pretend to know the path of the razor's

edge in depth. Not only are they unaware but, moreover, they are unaware that they are unaware.

Without wanting to point to or single out any type of spiritual organization, and without having the intention of taunting anyone, we will simply state that the ignorant scholar not only does not know but, moreover, does not know that he does not know.

In all the sacred books of ancient times, allusion is made to the secret path, it is quoted, it is mentioned in many verses but people have no knowledge of it.

Unveiling, indicating, and teaching the esoteric path that leads to the final liberation is certainly the purpose of this book you have in your hands, dear reader. This is one more book of the Fifth Gospel.

The great German initiate Goethe wrote, "All theory is gray, my friend. But forever green is the tree of life."¹

Certainly, what we deliver in this new book are transcendental, lived experiences. It is what we have verified, what we have directly experienced.

It is imperative to trace **the maps of the path**, to indicate each step with precision, to point out the dangers, etc.

A short time ago, the Guardians of the Holy Sepulcher told me, "We know you will depart but before you go you must deliver the maps of the path and your words to humanity."

1 Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust*, First Part

I answered by saying, “That is what I will do.” Since then, I have been solemnly committed to writing this book.

Samael Aun Weor

Chapter 1

My Childhood

To solemnly state that I was born with enormous spiritual inquietudes cannot be overemphasized; to deny it would be absurd.

Although the concrete fact that there are those in the world who can fully remember the totality of their existence, including even their own birth, may seem somewhat unusual and incredible to many, I want to affirm that I am one of those people.

After all the familiar birth processes, very clean and beautifully dressed, I was gently placed on my mother's bed close to my mother.

A certain very gentle giant, approaching that sacred bed and smiling sweetly, contemplated me. He was my father.

Clearly and unambiguously, it goes without saying that at the dawn of any existence we originally walk on four legs, then on two, and finally on three; obviously, the latter indicates the cane of the elderly.

My case could in no way be an exception to the general rule. When I was eleven months old, I wanted to walk, and it is evident I managed it by standing firmly upon my two feet.

I still fully remember that wonderful moment when, clasp my hands over my head, I solemnly executed the Masonic sign to call for help, "*Elai Beni Almanah*."

And since I have not yet lost my capacity for wonder, I must state that what happened then was marvelous to me. To walk for the first time with the body Mother Nature grants us is beyond doubt an extraordinary miracle.

Very serenely, I went to the old window from which I could clearly see the motley array of people who appeared and disappeared here, there, and everywhere on the picturesque little street of my town. Clinging to the bars of such an old window was my first adventure; fortunately, my father, a very prudent man, having foreseen any danger well in advance, had placed a wire screen on the balustrade so I would not fall onto the street.

Such a very old window on a high floor! How well I remember it! That large centennial old manor where I took my first steps.

Certainly, at that tender age I loved the delightful toys with which children amuse themselves but it in no way interfered with my meditation practices.

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

Then I retrospectively studied my previous reincarnations, and it is ostensible that I was visited by many people of ancient times.

When the ineffable ecstasy ended and I returned to my normal, ordinary state, I contemplated with pain the old walls of that centennial family home where I seemed, in spite of my age, like a strange little monk.

How small I felt before those rustic walls! I cried. Yes, as children cry.

I would lament, saying, "In a new physical body again! How painful life is! Oh, woe is me!"

In those precise moments, my good mother would always come with the intention of helping me while exclaiming, "The child is hungry, he's thirsty," etc.

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

Then, unusual cases of transcendental metaphysics would happen to me. My father would call me from the threshold of his bedroom; I would see him in his nightclothes, and when I would try to approach him, he would vanish and disappear into an unknown dimension.

However, I sincerely acknowledge that this type of psychic phenomena was very familiar to me. I would simply enter his bedroom and, upon verifying directly that his physical body was lying asleep in his perfumed mahogany bed, I would say the following to myself, "Ah! What is

happening is that the soul of my father is outside because his carnal body is sleeping at this moment.”

In those times, silent movies were beginning, and many people gathered in the public square at night to amuse themselves by watching movies in the open air on rudimentary screens—a well-worn sheet nailed onto two properly spaced poles.

I had a very different kind of movie at home. I would close myself in a dark room and stare at the partition or wall. After a few moments of natural and pure concentration, the wall absolutely disappeared and it was splendidly illuminated as if it were a multidimensional screen. Then living landscapes arose from the infinite space of great nature—playful gnomes, airy sylphs, salamanders of fire, undines of the water, nereids of the immense sea, blissful creatures that played with me, infinitely happy beings.

My movie was not silent, nor did it need Rudolph Valentino or the famous *Gatita Blanca* of bygone times. My movie had sound, and all the creatures that appeared on my special screen sang or spoke in the purest orthoepy of the divine primeval language, which flows like a river of gold through a dense rainforest under the Sun.

Later, as the family multiplied, I would invite my innocent little siblings and they would share with me this incomparable joy by serenely watching the astral figures on the extraordinary wall of my dark bedroom.

I was always a worshipper of the Sun, and both at dawn and at dusk I would climb up on the roof of my abode (because in those times terraced roofs were not used), and sitting in the Eastern style like a child-yogi on the terracotta tiles, I would contemplate the Sun King in a state of ecstasy, immersing myself into profound meditation. My noble mother would get a good fright when she saw me walking on the house.

Whenever my elderly father opened the door of the old wardrobe, I felt as if he would hand me that unique purple jacket or dress coat which sported golden buttons.

It was the old chivalrous garment I wore with grace in an ancient reincarnation during which I was named Simeon Bleler; sometimes it occurred to me that ancient swords and foils might be kept within that old wardrobe. I don't know if my father understood me; I thought perhaps he could give me objects of that former existence. The old man would look at me and, instead of giving me any such clothes, he would give me a wagon to play with, a toy of innocent enjoyment in my childhood.

Chapter 2

Religion

Taught good manners, I frankly and unequivocally acknowledge that I was educated according to the official religion of my town.

Being mischievous with someone in the loft during a liturgical service always seemed abominable to me.

I've had a sense of veneration and respect ever since I was a child. I never wanted to shrug off worship; I never wanted to sneak away from my sacred duties, nor laugh at or mock holy things.

Now, without wanting to entangle myself among thorns and brambles, I need only state that I found in that mystical sect (the name of which does not matter) religious principles common to all the confessional religions of the world. To mention them now is convenient for the good of the Great Cause.

Heavens

We find them in all the confessional religions, though with different names; however, there are always nine, as

the Florentine Dante stated with such certainty 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 intuitive 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 (the empyrean)

It is crystal-clear that the nine above-mentioned heavens are fortunately also within us here and now, and they penetrate and interpenetrate without blending together.

Obviously, these nine heavens are located in nine superior dimensions; ostensibly, they are nine parallel universes.

Infernos

In this 1972-1973 esoteric Christmas message, it is essential to remember the various religious infernos with a certain very singular emphasis.

Let us solemnly evoke, let us remember, the multiple pre-historical and historical infernos.

Remembrances, reminiscences, of Chinese, Muslim, Buddhist, Christian (etc.) infernos exist everywhere.

It is unquestionable that all the various infernos serve as a symbol for the submerged mineral kingdom.

Dante, marvelous disciple of the Mantuan poet Virgil, clearly discovered with mystical astonishment the intimate relationship between the nine Dantean circles and the nine heavens.

The Bardo Thodol, the Tibetan book about spirits of the afterlife, stands out magnificently before our eyes, allowing us to see the crude reality of the infernal worlds located within the interior of the planetary organism on which we live.

There is no doubt the nine Dantean circles within Earth's interior are scientifically correlated with the nine infra-dimensions submerged below the Euclidean three-dimensional region.

The cosmic existence of infernal worlds in all planets of infinite space is crystal-clear.

Obviously, the submerged mineral kingdoms are certainly not something exclusive to the planet Earth.

Angelology

The whole cosmos is directed, watched over, and animated by an almost endless series of hierarchs of conscious beings, each having a mission to fulfill, and who (whether called by one name or another such as dhyan chohans, angels, devas, etc.) are messengers only in the sense of being agents of karmic and cosmic laws. They vary infinitely in

their respective degrees of consciousness and intelligence, and all of them are perfect Men in the most complete sense of the word.

Multiple angelical services characterize divine love. All elohim work within their specialty. We can and must appeal for angelical protection.

God

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

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

Religious esotericism does not teach atheism of any kind except in the meaning contained in the Sanskrit word *nas-tika*: non-admission of idols including that anthropomorphic god of ignorant people. It would be an absurdity to believe in a celestial dictator who, seated upon a throne of tyranny, would hurl lightning bolts against this sad human anthill.

Esotericism accepts a logos, or a collective creator of the universe, a demiurge architect.

It is unquestionable that demiurge is not a personal deity, as many mistakenly suppose, but rather a host of dhyan chohans, angels, archangels, and other forces. God is gods.²

2 See Psalm 82:1,6; John 10:34; Genesis 3:22

It is written with characters of fire in the resplendent book of life that God is the Army of the Voice,³ the Great Word,⁴ the Verb.

“In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.”⁵ (John 1:1)

“All things were made through Him, and without Him nothing was made that was made.” (John 1:3)

It is crystal-clear that any authentic human being who really achieves perfection enters the current of sound, the celestial army constituted by the buddhas of compassion, angels, planetary spirits, elohim, rishi-prajapatis, etc.

It has been said to us with great emphasis that the Logos resounds, and this is obvious. The demiurge, the Verb, is perfect multiple unity.

Whoever adores the gods, whosoever worships them, can better capture the deep significance of the various divine facets of the demiurge architect.

When humanity began to mock the holy gods, it fell mortally wounded into the gross materialism of this Iron Age.

Lucifer

We can and must radically eliminate all the subjective, tenebrous, and perverse psychological aggregates we

3 See Joel 2:11

4 See John 1:1

5 See Hebrews 11:3, and 2 Peter 3:5

carry within; however, it is unquestionable that we can never dissolve the shadow of the Intimate Logos within ourselves.

It is completely clear and evident that Lucifer is the antithesis of the Creator Demiurge, its living shadow projected in the profound depths of the microcosmic-man.

Lucifer is guardian of the sanctuary's door and keys, so no one may enter but the anointed who have the secret of Hermes.

And since we have written this name (so abhorrent to the pious ears of the profane), it is necessary to also convey that the esoteric Lucifer of the archaic doctrine is the total opposite of what theologians such as the famous Desmousseaux and the Marquis of Mirville mistakenly supposed, for he is the allegory of good, the symbol of the highest sacrifice, Christus-Lucifer of the Gnostics, and the god of wisdom under infinite names.

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

Demons

Diverse religious theologies portray to us those divine Logoi as being punished for committing the unforgivable error of falling into animal generation when they were reincarnated in human bodies.

Those tenebrous genii are fallen angels, authentic demons in the most complete sense of the word.

It is absurd to assert that such rebels gave the mind to human beings; it is obvious those fallen angels are truly cosmic failures.

It is very fitting in these moments to remember the inhuman names of Andrameleck, Belial, Moloch, Bael, etc., whose horrendous abominations can be studied in the Akashic records of nature by any adept of the White Lodge.

Let's distinguish between an esoteric fall and a descent.

Evidently, these rebel angels did not descend, they fell, and that is different.

Limbo

Being versed in universal history, we know full well what the Orcus of Greek and Roman classics really is, the Limbo of Christian esotericists.

It is essential to emphasize the transcendental idea in this treatise that Limbo is the antechamber of the infernal worlds.

All caves, known and unknown, form a vast and uninterrupted network that extends throughout the entirety of planet Earth, constituting the Orcus of the classics we mentioned in the lines above, the authentic Limbo of Gnostic esotericism, the other world, in short, where we live after death.

Limbo corresponds to that mystical and dreadful allegory that states, "There live those innocent children who died without having received the waters of baptism."

Within Gnostic esotericism, those types of waters are gen-
esic and constitute the *ens seminis* (the entity of semen, as
Paracelsus said).

The sacrament of baptism within diverse religious cults
symbolizes sexual yoga, the *maithuna*, sexual magic. The
key to salvation is found in the spine and in the semen;
anything else, apart from what's on that path, is certainly
a useless waste of time.

Those saints who did not work with the spermatic waters
of the first instant were naïve children, virtuous people
who believed the intimate self-realization of their Being
was possible without fulfilling the commitment of the
sacrament of baptism; they did not know about sexual
magic, or they emphatically rejected it.

Only Mercury, the leader and evocator of souls, taking the
caduceus of wisdom in his right hand, can summon back
to life the unhappy, innocent creatures precipitated into
the Orcus.

Only He, the great magician and hierophant, can help
them be reborn in favorable environments for fruitful and
creative work in the Forge of the Cyclopes.

This is how Mercury, the Nuntius and Sun-wolf, escorts
the souls of Limbo into the celestial militia.

Purgatory

Let us define purgatory as follows: an inferior molecular

region, a sub-lunar type zone, submerged astral (secondary Kama Loka).

In the purgatorial world we need to fry the seeds of evil, to annihilate infrahuman larvae of any type, to purge ourselves from all corruption, to radically purify ourselves.

When speaking about purgatory, Dante Alighieri says:

Nearer approached we, and were in such place,
That there, where first appeared to me a rift
Like to a crevice that disparts a wall,

I saw a portal, and three stairs beneath,
Diverse in colour, to go up to it,
And a gate-keeper, who yet spake no word.

And as I opened more and more mine eyes,
I saw him seated on the highest stair,
Such in the face that I endured it not.

And in his hand he had a naked sword,
Which so reflected back the sunbeams tow'rds us,
That oft in vain I lifted up mine eyes.

"Tell it from where you are, what is't you wish?"
Began he to exclaim; "where is the escort?
Take heed your coming hither harm you not!"

"A Lady of Heaven, with these things conversant,"
My Master answered him, "but even now
Said to us, 'Thither go; there is the portal.'"

“And may she speed your footsteps in all good,”
Again began the courteous janitor;
“Come forward then unto these stairs of ours.”

Thither did we approach; and the first stair
Was marble white, so polished and so smooth,
I mirrored myself therein as I appear.

The second, tinct of deeper hue than perse,
Was of a calcined and uneven stone,
Cracked all asunder lengthwise and across.

The third, that uppermost rests massively,
Porphyry seemed to me, as flaming red
As blood that from a vein is spirting forth.

Both of his feet was holding upon this
The Angel of God, upon the threshold seated,
Which seemed to me a stone of diamond.

Along the three stairs upward with good will
Did my Conductor draw me, saying: “Ask
Humbly that he the fastening may undo.”

Devoutly at the holy feet I cast me,
For mercy’s sake besought that he would open,
But first upon my breast three times I smote.

Seven P’s upon my forehead he described
With the sword’s point, and, “Take heed that thou
wash
These wounds, when thou shalt be within,” he
said.

Ashes, or earth that dry is excavated,
Of the same colour were with his attire,
And from beneath it he drew forth two keys.

One was of gold, and the other was of silver;
First with the white, and after with the yellow,
Plied he the door, so that I was content.

“Whenever faileth either of these keys
So that it turn not rightly in the lock,”
He said to us, “this entrance doth not open.

More precious one is, but the other needs
More art and intellect ere it unlock,
For it is that which doth the knot unloose.

From Peter I have them; and he bade me err
Rather in opening than in keeping shut,
If people but fall down before my feet.”

Then pushed the portals of the sacred door,
Exclaiming: “Enter; but I give you warning
That forth returns whoever looks behind.”

And when upon their hinges were turned round
The swivels of that consecrated gate,
Which are of metal, massive and sonorous,

Roared not so loud, nor so discordant seemed
Tarpeia, when was ta'en from it the good
Metellus, wherefore meagre it remained.

At the first thunder-peal I turned attentive,
And “Te Deum laudamus” seemed to hear
In voices mingled with sweet melody.

Exactly such an image rendered me
That which I heard, as we are wont to catch,
When people singing with the organ stand;

For now we hear, and now hear not, the words.

Purgatorio IX, Dante's Divine Comedy

The Divine Mother

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

Mary Magdalene

The beautiful Magdalene is without a doubt Salombo herself, Matra, Ishtar, Astarte, Aphrodite, and Venus.

All the priestess wives of the world constitute the solar aura of the repented Magdalene.

Blessed are the men who find refuge in that aura for the kingdom of heaven will be theirs.

Christ

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

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

The Avatar Krishna is the Hindu Jesus. The gospel of this Master is similar to the gospel of the divine rabbi of Galilee.

Fu Xi is the Cosmic Christ among the ancient Chinese, the one who wrote the famous *I Ching*, the book of laws, and who designated Dragon Ministers for the good of humanity.

In the sunny country of Khem, land of the Pharaohs, Osiris was in fact the Christ, and whoever incarnated him was therefore Osirified.

Quetzalcoatl, the White God, is the Mexican Christ who now dwells in distant Thule.

Immaculate Conceptions

It is urgent to really comprehend what immaculate conceptions are. They are abundant in all the ancient cults. Fu Xi, Quetzalcoatl, Buddha, and many others are the result of immaculate conceptions.

The sacred fire fecundates the waters of life in order for the master to be born within us.

Every angel is certainly a child of the Divine Mother Kundalini; she is truly virginal before, during, and after childbirth.

In the name of truth, we solemnly affirm the following: the spouse of Devi Kundalini, our Particular Cosmic Mother, is the Third Logos, the Holy Spirit, Shiva, first begotten

of creation, our individual, or more correctly, super-individual Intimate Monad.

Chapter 3

Spiritualism

I was yet a boy of twelve springs when, being solicitous with someone who was anxious to investigate the mysteries of the beyond, I also proposed to inquire, to investigate, to delve into the disturbing terrain of spiritualism.

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

The first of a series by Kardec certainly seemed very interesting to me but I had to reread it three times with the indisputable intention of comprehending it in its entirety.

Then, having become a real bookworm, I confess frankly and unequivocally that I became passionate about *The Spirits' Book* before going on to many other volumes of substantial content.

With a mind impenetrable to anything other than study, I would shut myself up for long hours in my house or the

public library with clear yearning to search for the secret path.

Now, without presuming to be wise, without any vainglory, I only wish to make known in this chapter the results of my investigations in the spiritualistic field.

Mediums

Passive, receptive subjects, who yield their matter, their body, to metaphysical ghosts from beyond the grave.

It is unquestionable that the karma for mediumship is epilepsy. Obviously, epileptics were mediums in their previous lives.

Experiments

1. A certain lady, whose name I will not mention, constantly saw the ghost of a deceased woman, which said many things in her ear.

In a solemn séance the lady fell into a trance; the obsessing ghost instructed the affected medium to dig in a certain place in the house for there, she was told, she would find a great treasure.

The ghost's instructions were followed; unfortunately, the treasure was not found.

It is unquestionable that the fortune was just a simple mental projection of the subjective psyche of the attendees. Obviously, these people were very greedy at heart.

2. Beyond time and space, far from my beloved Mexican land, I had to go to Zulia State, Venezuela, South America.

During those days as a guest of my host in his country home, I must affirm that I was eyewitness to an unusual metaphysical event.

It bears stating for the benefit of my readers that my host was, beyond any doubt and plainly stated, a very humble person of the dark-skinned race.

It is unquestionable that this good gentleman, though very generous with the needy, spent lavishly of what was his on rich feasts.

It was impossible for this good man to reside in a hotel among cultured people or to resent anyone for any reason; he certainly preferred to resign himself to the task, to his fate, the hard misfortunes of labor.

It goes without saying that this gentleman seemed to have the gift of ubiquity, for he was seen all over the place, here, there, and everywhere.

One of those many nights, that distinguished gentleman, with much secrecy, invited me to a séance. I, in no way, wanted to decline such a kind invitation.

Three of us, gathered under the peasant roof of his ranch, sat around a three-legged table.

My host, filled with immense veneration, opened a small box that he never left behind on his travels, and extracted an indigenous skull from it.

He then recited some beautiful prayers, and cried out in a loud voice calling the ghost of the mysterious skull.

It was midnight, the sky was overcast with black clouds that ominously loomed in the tropical locale, it was raining, and thunder and lightning made the whole region tremble.

Strange knocks were felt from within the furniture and then, definitely violating the Law of Gravity, as if mocking the old texts of physics, the table rose from the floor.

Then came the most sensational part; the summoned ghost appeared in the room and passed by me.

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

“That’s enough!” my host exclaimed. “The storm is very strong, and in these conditions such invocations are very dangerous.” At that moment, a frightful thunderclap made the summoner’s face turn pale.

3. Wandering one day through one of those old streets of Mexico City, D.F., moved by a strange curiosity, I ended up going with other people into an old house where, for better or worse, a spiritualist or spiritualistic center was operating.

It was an exquisite, grand, topnotch hall, with many emotional, sensitive, and high-class people.

Not wanting in any way to expose myself to risk, I respectfully took a seat in front of the stage.

My intention for entering such a place was certainly not to saturate myself in the doctrines of spiritualistic mediums, to argue, or begin to venture into evil on friendly terms and with feigned meekness and pietistic posturing.

I only wanted to take note of all the details with flexible understanding and singular sensibility.

The rehearsal of prayer in order to recite it in public speaking, to prepare in advance, is certainly something that is always excluded from the spiritualist mentality.

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

Independent of the others in their diagnoses, ideal for something very nefarious, a gentleman of a certain age fell into a trance, shaking convulsively like any epileptic; he mounted the stage, took up the rostrum of eloquence, and began to speak.

“Here, among you, Jesus Christ of Nazareth,” the possessed wretch exclaimed with a loud voice.

In those terrifying moments, the stage adorned with candles and flowers—the altar of the Baalim—shook horribly, and all the devotees fell to the ground prostrating.

I, not wanting to disturb anyone in the performance, serenely dedicated myself to study the medium with my sixth sense.

Overcome with anguish, I was certainly able to verify the crude reality of that unusual metaphysical case. It was obviously a sinister and left-hand impostor who exploited the credulity of others by impersonating Jesus Christ.

With my clairvoyant sense I observed a black magician dressed in a blood-red tunic.

The gloomy phantom was inside the physical body of the medium, advising the consultants, trying to speak in a Jesus Christ-like tone so the fanatics would not discover him.

Once that horrifying session was over, I left the place with the ardent desire of never returning there.

4. To live at ease with your family, to work the land to support them in peace, as if by magic, is certainly something very romantic.

However, to take risks is sometimes indispensable when it's a matter of obtaining the greatest possible good for others.

Flanked by intellectual walls, I wanted to flourish in wisdom and without faltering strength; I traveled to various places in the world when I was very young.

Beyond time and space, in the distant remoteness of a South American region commonly known by the traditional name of Quindio, very open-minded, I became acquainted with a spiritualist medium who worked as a blacksmith.

Without ever getting involved in any discussion, that worker labored calmly in his reddish forge.

He was a strange spiritualist blacksmith, bronze figured mystical gentleman, athletic cenobite personality.

Dear God and Holy Mary! I saw him in a sinister and left-hand mediumistic trance possessed by Beelzebub, prince of demons.

I still remember those tenebrous words with which the power of darkness closed the session, "*Bel tengo mental la petra y que a el le andube sedra, vao genizar le des.*" Then he signed, Beelzebub.

Paradoxical anchorite blacksmith. I found him repentant the day after the left-hand spiritualist coven; then he solemnly swore in the name of the eternal living God not to lend his physical body to the horror of darkness.

Sometimes I surprised him at his forge, very sincerely consulting Kardec's spiritualistic devotional book.

Subsequently, full of mystical enthusiasm, that gentleman invited me to many other exhaustive mediumistic sessions at which, with infinite eagerness, he evoked Juan Hurtado, the Elder.

Without any exaggeration, for the sake of my beloved readers, I should now promptly assert that the aforementioned ghost, speaking with the tongue of the medium in trance, boasted of being able to manifest himself through one hundred and fifty mediums simultaneously.

Concluding with a clever speech (to someone) in consonance is certainly very normal; however, to pluralize in one hundred and fifty different speeches simultaneously seemed astonishing to me at the time.

Unquestionably, at that time in my life I had not yet analyzed the subject of the plurality of the “I”, of the “myself”.

The Ego

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

The aforementioned ego obviously lacks any divine, self-exalting, and dignifying aspect.

Allow us the liberty of disagreeing with those people who assume the existence of two “I’s”, one of a superior type, the other of an inferior type.

Certainly, and in the name of truth, we certify without any incongruity whatsoever, the tremendously well-informed reality that only one pluralized and terribly perverse “I” exists in each person.

This basic conviction is strengthened by the lived experience of the author of this esoteric treatise.

In no way do we need to externalize immature ideas; we would never commit the folly of asserting far-fetched utopianisms.

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

As a living example of our assertion, it is not superfluous to recall the bloody battles of Arjuna against his beloved relatives—the “I’s”—in the *Bhagavad Gita* (“The Lord’s Song”).

Ostensibly, such subjective psychic aggregates evidently personify the whole set of psychological defects we carry within each of us.

In rigorous experimental psychology, the bottling up of the consciousness within such subjective “I’s” is evident.

That which continues beyond the grave is therefore the ego, a heap of devil “I’s”, the psychic aggregates.

The identification of such psychic aggregates in spiritualism or spiritualistic centers is obvious and manifest.

It is well-known and evident that these “devil-I’s”, due to their multiplicity, can enter many mediumistic bodies—as in the case of Juan Hurtado, the Elder—for their manifestation.

Any master of samadhi in a state of ecstasy will be able to clearly prove the following: those who manifest themselves through spiritualist mediums are certainly not the souls or spirits of the dead but rather their “devil-I’s”, the psychic aggregates that continue beyond in the sepulchral grave.

We have been told emphatically that during post-mortem states, mediums continue to be possessed by the demon or demons. It is unquestionable that after a certain time, they end up divorcing themselves from their own divine Being; then they enter the submerged involution of the infernal worlds.

Chapter 4

Theosophy

By no means am I boasting about such numerous and sensitive philosophical and metaphysical inquietudes as I frankly and sincerely declare that I had not yet reached sixteen springs of my present existence when I was already engrossed in many matters of substantial content.

With infinite eagerness, I set out to analyze in detail spiritual matters in light of modern science.

At that time, I found the scientific experiments of English physicist William Crookes, distinguished discoverer of radiant matter and thallium, and illustrious member of the Royal British Society, very interesting.

I found the famous materializations of the apparition of Katie King in the middle of the laboratory, a subject raised by Crookes in his *Measurement of Psychic Force*, to be sensational.

I found many excellent, exceptional, marvelous sacred topics from ancient times such as the serpent of Paradise,⁶ Balaam's donkey,⁷ the words of the Sphinx, the mysterious dawn voices of the Colossi of Memnon, the terrible Mene, Tekel, Upharsin from Belshazzar's feast,⁸ the Seraphim of Terah, father of Abraham, the Oracles of Delphi, the *baetylus* or speaking stones of destiny, the oscillating and magical menhirs of the Druids, the enigmatic voices of all the bloody necromantic sacrifices, authentic origin of all classical tragedy whose indiscreet revelations in *Prometheus [Bound]*, *The Choephori*, and *The Eumenides* cost the initiate Aeschylus his life, the words of Tiresias, soothsayer evoked by Ulysses in *The Odyssey* at the edge of the blood-filled pit of the propitiatory black lamb, the secret voices that Alaric heard commanding him to sack sinful Rome, and those too that The Maid of Orleans heard to exterminate the English, etc., etc., etc.

Schooled in good manners but without having been trained in public speaking, at the age of seventeen I was lecturing at the Theosophical Society.

I received my Diploma of Theosophy from the hands of Jinarajadasa, illustrious president of that august society, whom in good time I knew personally.

Confident of myself by nature, I was then very well informed about the strange and mysterious Rochester

6 Genesis 3:1

7 Numbers 22

8 Daniel 5:25-27

Knockings, the classic psychic phenomena of the Eddy farm where the Theosophical Society itself was born; I had accumulated a lot of information related to those evocative tripods of the pythonesses of ancient times, I knew about haunted houses and post-mortem apparitions, and I had a thorough knowledge of all telepathic phenomena.

Unquestionably, with so much metaphysical information accumulated in my poor mind, I had become a very exacting scholar.

However, I very sincerely wanted to train my heart with good theosophical criterion, and therefore I became enraptured with the works I found in the rich library.

With mystical amazement I discovered an inexhaustible source of divine wisdom in the golden pages of *The Secret Doctrine*, the extraordinary work of the venerable great Master Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, sublime martyr of the nineteenth century.

Let's now look at the following notes, which are very interesting by the way:

1885. In his Diary, Colonel Olcott notes on January 9: 'H.P.B. has received from [Master M.] the plan for her *Secret Doctrine*; and it is excellent. Oakley and I tried our hands at it yesterday, but this is much better.'

The conspiracy of the Coulomb couple forced H.P.B. to leave Adyar and travel to Europe in March. H.P.B. took the precious manuscript with

her. 'When preparing to go on the steamer, Subba Row told me to write *The Secret Doctrine* and send to him through you every week what I had written. I promised this to him and will do so.... He is going to make notes and commentaries and then the Theosophical Society will publish it.'

It was in that year that Master K.H. wrote, 'When *The Secret Doctrine* is ready, it will be a triple production of M., Upasika, and myself.'

It is evident that these references invite us to meditate. However, it is ostensible that the venerable master interpreted the teachings, adapting them to the times.

Having exhausted the theosophical type of theoretical studies, I practiced Raja-Yoga, Bhakti, Jnana-Yoga, Karma-Yoga, etc., etc., etc., with intensity.

I obtained multiple psychic benefits with the practicable yogas advocated by that venerable institution.

Since the most meritorious Master H.P.B. always considered Hatha-Yoga as something quite inferior, I must state that I was never interested in that branch of Hindustani yoga.

Much later in time, I was invited to a great assembly of the Venerable Great White Lodge where, in a filled agora, Hatha-Yoga was qualified as authentic black magic.

Chapter 5

The Rosicrucian Fraternity

I was already an adolescent of eighteen springs on the journey of my present reincarnation when I was granted the high honor of joining the ancient Rosicrucian School, a meritorious institution founded in good time by the most excellent man, Dr. Arnold Krumm-Heller, doctor-colonel of the glorious Mexican army, illustrious veteran of the Mexican revolution, distinguished professor at the University of Medicine in Berlin, Germany, notable scientist, extraordinary polyglot.

An impetuous young man, I presented myself with a certain haughtiness in that *aula lucis*, then run by an illustrious gentleman of enlightened intelligence, and without being overly complimentary, I frankly and unequivocally confess that I began by arguing and ended up studying.

To lean against the wall, isolated in the corner of the room enraptured in ecstasy, seemed best to me after all.

It largely goes without saying, and without too much pretentiousness, that, steeped in many intricate theories of

rich content, I only yearned with infinite longing to find my ancient path, the path of the razor's edge.

Carefully excluding all pseudo-pietism and vain, insubstantial drivel of ambiguous chatter, I definitively resolved to combine theory and practice.

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

Rich and inexhaustible sources of exquisite splendors, I found joy in the magnificent works of Krumm-Heller, Hartmann, Eliphas Levi, Steiner, Max Heindel, etc., etc., etc.

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

With infinite longing, I searched on the path for a traveler who possessed some precious balm to heal my aching heart.

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

The great Kabir Jesus said, "Ask, and it will be given to you, seek, and you will find, knock, and it will be opened to you." (Matthew 7:7)

In the name of that which is real, I declare the following, fulfilling the teachings of the Christian Gospel, I asked, and it was given to me; I sought, and I found; I knocked, and it was opened to me.

In the case of such large and complex studies as those of the Rosicrucians, it is unquestionable that the subject matter would in no way fit within the narrow framework of this chapter; therefore, I will limit myself to synthesizing and concluding.

Frontal chakra: developed by intoning the vowel I in this way, IIIIIII; faculty clairvoyance.

Laryngeal chakra: developed by singing the vowel E in this way, EEEEEEE; faculty magical hearing.

Cardiac chakra: developed by vocalizing the letter O in this way, OOOOOOO; faculties intuition, astral departures, etc., etc.

Umbilical chakra: developed by intoning the vowel U in this way, UUUUUUU; faculty telepathy.

Pulmonary chakras: developed by chanting the letter A in this way, AAAAAAA; faculty remembrance of previous existences.

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

Dr. Krumm-Heller used to say that vocalizing for one hour a day was better than reading a million books of pseudo-esotericism and pseudo-occultism.

I would therefore inhale the Christonic prana, the vital breath of the mountains with supreme eagerness, and then exhale slowly resonating the corresponding vowel.

I state for greater clarity that each vowel was preceded by an inhalation, and that it only resonated when exhaling (obviously, I inhaled through the nostrils and exhaled through the mouth).

Concrete Results

All my astral chakras or magnetic centers intensified their vibratory activity by rotating positively from left to right like the hands of a clock seen not from the side but from the front.

Retrospective Exercise

Didactically, the teacher taught us a certain wonderful retrospective exercise.

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

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

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

Results

I solemnly declare that such a psychic exercise was

amazing to me because my memories became more vivid, intense, and profound.

Solar Plexus

According to the teacher's instructions, each day (preferably at sunrise), I sat comfortably in a delightful armchair, facing east.

I then imagined in an extraordinary way a gigantic, golden cross that, from the planet's East and having the Sun King as its central core, gave off divine rays that, after traversing infinite space, penetrated my solar plexus.

I loved to intelligently combine that exercise with the mantric intonation of the vowel U, prolonging the sound UUU, as it should be.

Results

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

Since that magnetic chakra has amazing functionalism such as attracting and accumulating the radiant energy of the solar globe, my lotus flowers or astral wheels were therefore obviously able to receive greater electro-magnetic charges that intensified the vibratory radiation even more.

It is very appropriate now to remind our beloved readers that the solar plexus supplies all the chakras of the human organism with its solar radiations.

Undoubtedly and without any exaggeration, it is possible for me to place a certain emphasis on the solemn assertion that each of my astral chakras developed extraordinarily, therefore intensifying clairvoyant, clairaudient, etc., etc., etc., perceptions.

Withdrawal

Shortly before I withdrew from that worthy institution, that teacher exclaimed, "Let none of us present here dare to call ourselves Rosicrucians because all of us are nothing but simple Rosicrucian aspirants."

And then he added with great solemnity, "Rosicrucians: a Buddha, a Jesus, a Morya, a K.H., etc., etc., etc."

Chapter 6

The Corsair

For certain exceedingly superficial people, the theory of reincarnation is a laughing matter; for others who are very religious, it may signify a taboo or sin; for pseudo-occultists, it's a very firm belief; for rascals of the intellect, it's a wild pipe-dream; however, for men who remember our previous existences, reincarnation is a fact.

In the name of truth, I must solemnly affirm that I was born remembering all my past reincarnations, and to swear to this is not a crime. I am a man of awakened consciousness.

Obviously, we must make a clear differentiation between reincarnation and return (two very different laws); however, this is not the objective of the present chapter. After this preamble, let's get to the point, to the facts.

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

Then, the bodhisattva of the angel, Diobulo Cartobu, was reincarnated.

I should state with some emphasis, that being possessed a female body of splendid beauty. It is ostensible that I was her father.

Unfortunately, in an ill-fated hour the cruel piracy that respected neither lives nor honor ravaged the European village where many of us citizens lived in peace, and then kidnapped the beautiful women of the place, among whom was clearly my daughter, an innocent maiden of times gone by.

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

“Take my daughter out of the hell you have put her in, and I promise you that I will take your soul out of the hell it is already in!” Such were my painful exclamations.

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

With infinite anxiety I saw the pirate returning to his black ship; I understood he knew how to cunningly outwit his merciless sea wolves; the fact is that moments later he was returning my daughter to me.

Dear God and Holy Mary! But who would have thought that after several centuries I would reencounter the ego

of that fearsome corsair reincorporated into a new human organism?

Such is the Law of Eternal Return for all beings and things, and everything repeats in accordance with another law called Recurrence.

One night of great spiritual inquietudes, I reencountered him joyful among a select group of Rosicrucian aspirants.

That old corsair also spoke English, and even told me he had traveled a lot since he was a sailor for a North American shipping company.

However, that friendship turned out to be a fleeting fancy, a flash in the pan, for I soon managed to verify that this man, despite his mystical yearnings, continued in his innermost depths to be an old corsair dressed in modern clothes.

That gentleman was very enthusiastic in telling me about his astral experiences, since it is unquestionable that he knew how to unfold at will.

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

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

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

Mystically on the lookout, I awaited the moment of transition between vigil and sleep; I wanted to take advantage of that moment of wonders to escape from the physical body.

In a state of sleepiness, the first dreamlike images were enough to fully understand the longed-for moment had arrived.

I got out of bed delicately and, walking very softly, left my house feeling possessed by a certain exquisite, delightful spiritual voluptuousness.

It is unquestionable that the astral unfolding, the very natural separation of the *eidolon*, took place when I got out of bed in the moments of dozing.

With that very unique sparkle of the astral body, I moved away from all those surrounding areas, longing to reach the Berlin temple.

Ostensibly, I had to travel delightfully over the tempestuous waters of the Atlantic Ocean.

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

I wandered silently like a ghost through all those old streets that once served as stage for the French Revolution.

Suddenly, something unusual happened; a telepathic wave reached my solar plexus, and I felt the categorical imperative to enter a stunning abode.

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

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

In the nuptial bed also slept the delightful physical body of his beloved; the sidereal soul of the latter, out of her mortal receptacle, shared the mirific joy of her husband and floated.

And I saw two tender infants of splendid beauty playing happily amidst the magical enchantment of that abode.

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

I thought it better to leave there, to go out to the streets of Paris, and my friend did not reject the idea; talking together, we moved away from the mansion of delights.

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

On the outskirts of that great city, I proposed—point-blank, as they say—that we visit the esoteric temple of Berlin, Germany, together. The initiate very kindly declined the

invitation, objecting that he had a wife and children, and therefore only wanted to concentrate his attention on the economic matters of life.

I turned away from that awakened man with great regret, lamenting that he had postponed his esoteric work.

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

Blissfully, I traveled along the winding road that wound here, there, and everywhere in a serpentine form.

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

I saw a sort of Sunday park filled with beautiful plants and exquisite flowers that gave off a breath of death.

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

Latticed iron gates gave access to the precious park of the sanctuary, sometimes open for someone to enter, sometimes closed.

The whole delicate and marvelous complex stood out, illuminated with the immaculate light of the universal spirit of life.

Before the Sanctum Sanctorum I happily found many noble aspirants of diverse nationalities, peoples, and languages.

During those hours when the physical body sleeps, mystical souls moved by the force of yearning had escaped from the dense mortal form to come to the Sanctum.

All those devotees spoke sublimely about ineffable topics; they spoke about the Law of Karma, they discoursed about extraordinary cosmic matters, they emanated from themselves the perfume of friendship and the fragrance of sincerity.

In a state of bliss, I wandered here, there, and everywhere looking for the daring pirate who boldly made such a tremendous appointment with me.

I burst into many groups asking for the above-mentioned gentleman but no one knew how to give me any answer.

I comprehended then that the old pirate had not kept his word. I did not know why; I felt disappointed.

Silently I resolved to approach the glorious door of the temple of wisdom; I wanted to enter the holy place but the guardian closed the door saying, "It is not yet time; withdraw ..."

Serene, and comprehending everything, I joyfully sat down on a symbolic stone very close to the portal of mystery.

In those instants of plenitude, I observed myself integrally. Certainly, I am not a person of a subjective psyche; I was born with the consciousness awake, and have access to objective knowledge.

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

I remembered my physical body that now lay asleep in the remote distance of the Western world in a village in the Americas.

Self-observing, I made the mistake of bringing the astral and physical vehicles face-to-face; through such comparisons I lost my ecstasy and instantly returned to the interior of my dense material covering.

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

When I sternly asked the old pirate why he was unable to keep his word, he could not give me a satisfactory answer.

Thirty-five years have passed since the time when that old sea dog and I made that mysterious appointment.

Through time and distance, that strange character was now only a memory written within the dusty pages of my old chronicles.

However, I confess without ambiguity that after so many years I was surprised with something unusual.

One spring night, finding myself absent from the dense perishable form, I saw Lord Shiva (the Holy Spirit), my sacred super-individual Monad, with the ineffable semblance of the Ancient of Days.

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

I eagerly wanted to intervene as a third party in the discord. The Ancient of the Centuries categorically ordered me to be quiet and silent.

Once the pirate had returned my daughter to me, he had taken her out of the hell where he himself had put her.

Now my Real Being, Samael, struggled to liberate him, to emancipate him, to take him out of the infernal worlds.

Chapter 7

Meditation

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

There, far away, seated like a hermit of bygone times under the silent shadow of a solitary tree, I resolved to bury that whole difficult train of vain rationalism.

Starting from radical zero with a blank mind submerged in deep meditation, I searched within myself for the Secret Master.

I avow without ambiguity and with complete sincerity that I took very seriously that phrase from *The Testament of Learning*, which reads verbatim, “Before the false dawn came over this earth, those who survived the hurricane and the storm gave praise to the Innermost, and to them appeared the heralds of the dawn.”

Obviously, I was searching for the Intimate. I adored him in the secrecy of meditation, I worshipped him.

I knew I would find him inside myself in the unknown depths of my soul, and the results were not long in coming.

Later, I had to leave that sandy beach to take refuge in other lands and other places.

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

I closed my eyes so nothing in the world could distract me, afterward becoming intoxicated with the wine of meditation in the cup of perfect concentration.

Unquestionably, as I intensified my practices I felt I really was drawing closer to the Intimate.

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

The only thing that really interested me was the Intimate and his secret and instantaneous answers.

There are extraordinary cosmic festivals that can never be forgotten; this is well known by gods and humans.

As I write these lines, the pleasant dawn of a happy day comes to my memory.

From the inner garden of my house, outside of the planetary body, kneeling humbly, crying out with a loud voice, I called to the Intimate.

The blessed one crossed the threshold of my villa; I saw him coming toward me with triumphant steps.

The Adorable One came to me dressed in a precious zephyr and ineffable, white tunic; I contemplated him happily.

The crown of the Hierophant shone splendidly on his celestial head; his whole body was made of the nature of happiness.

All those precious gems of which St. John speaks in Revelation⁹ shone beautifully in his right hand.

The Lord held the Rod of Mercury, scepter of the kings, staff of the Patriarchs, with great firmness.

Taking me in his arms, the Venerable One sang with a paradisiacal voice, saying things earthly beings cannot possibly comprehend.

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

This was how I drew close to the Intimate through the secret path of deep inner meditation; now I speak because ...

9 See Revelation 1, 16, and 20

Chapter 8

Jinn States

Despite the fact that I spent my life in so many pursuits, I nonetheless had to deeply investigate the Jinn states.

Do consider, ladies and gentleman, whether the accounts of this chapter should be cause for our admiration and delight, given that we were able to directly experience the real existence of Jinn lands and people.

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

This was due to the fact more or less fantastic reports were sent from La Gomera and La Palma to the general public and the Royal Audience about repeated appearances of those dream islands, reports that produced—says Viera—new bouts

of fever-pitched marvels, motivating them to try to discover the Non Trubada Island for the fourth time.

The truth is that the Non Trubada or ‘the Undercover’ has not been seen again by mortals since the 18th century because the aggressive skepticism that has reigned in the world since the encyclopedia deserves nothing more than for the Veil of Maya, which covers such ethereal or fourth dimensional mysteries, to become thicker and denser.

The Non Trubada or ‘the Undercover’ Island, more generally known as San Borondón, says Benítez in his *History of the Canary Islands*, is one of those enchanted lands that have interested modern people as much as the Golden Fleece interested the ancients. And they had powerful reasons for it because, indeed, from the islands of La Palma, Gomera, and Hierro, to the west-southwest of the first, and to the west-northwest of the last, running in a north-south direction, one used to see a mountainous land that, according to the most generally accepted calculation, would be 40 leagues from La Palma, and which might be (we do not know how it would be measured) some 87 leagues long by 28 wide, and which, since it was sometimes seen from the

southwest of Tenerife, might be at 28 degrees and some minutes of north latitude.

On April 3, 1570, Dr. Hernán Pérez de Grado, First Regent of the Court of the Canary Islands, issued a provision entrusted to the islands of La Palma, Gomera, and Hierro so they would make an accurate inquiry with all the people who had observed the appearance of such a land, or by any other means, had evidence of its existence.

By virtue of such information, the Portuguese pilot, Pedro Vello, a native of Setubal, deposed in La Palma, said that he landed on the Non-Trubada Island with two of his crew because of a storm, and there he contemplated such and such wonders—extraordinary phenomena, footprints of giants, etc.

Then, at dawn, the sky clouded over, the hurricane blew horrendously, and he, fearing he would lose his ship, got back on board more than quickly.

The moment they set sail, they lost sight of the land, and after it ceased, they tried to return to it but it was impossible for them to discover, so they were very disgruntled, especially because of the two crew members who had been abandoned in the thick jungle.

This true Jinn story, which is represented to you here, is taken verbatim from old chronicles.

Ancient traditions—certainly very respectable—say that during the Golden Age of Latium and Liguria, the Divine King Janus or Saturn (I.A.O., Bacchus, Jehovah) ruled over those holy people, all Aryan tribes though of very different times and origins. Then, just the same as the epoch of the Hebrew people, it could be said that Jinn and men coexisted happily.

The Jana, Yana, Gnana, or Gnosis is but the science of Janus, that is, the science of initiatic knowledge, the science of the *Enoichion* or Seer, and the variants of its name are such that there is one in every language such as Jan, Chhan 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 ruler of Saturn—a Nazada or Kabir in the fullest sense of the word.

For me, Jinn science is not opinion but an established truth, and if you want me to show it to you with lived experience, listen patiently to the following account.

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

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

I found myself resting in the nuptial bed with my body relaxed, face up on my back.

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

I slept attentive and vigilant as a sentry in wartime; obviously, I longed with infinite thirst for something extraordinary.

After the customary rigorous invocations, I felt as if another human being was resting on my relaxed body, precisely on those blankets, covers, or serapes, which protected me delightfully from the cold of the night.

It was unquestionably Litelantes. I recognized her by her voice when she vehemently called me by my first name.

Ostensibly, that Lady-Adept, through the extra help of some Jinn people, had managed to place her physical body into the fourth dimension.

“Let’s go,” she said to me, “come on, come on!” And I, who had always awaited this moment with infinite longing, quickly got up from the bed.

It is obvious and evident that upon rising, thus helped, I indeed crossed the lightspeed barrier, remaining then standing next to the bed of a penitent and anchorite with my physical body well submerged within the fourth dimension.

Any sincere Gnostic can certainly do the same if, in moments of beginning to doze off, he would concentrate intensely on his particular, individual Divine Mother Nature.

The following is a very special magical formula:

I believe in God, I believe in my Mother Nature,
and I believe in White Magic,
My Mother, take me with my body.
Amen!

Recite this prayer thousands of times in the moments of wanting to doze off; however, it behooves us to not forget that old saying that says, “God helps those who help themselves.”

Dozing very lightly, get up from bed begging, and then jump with the intention of floating in the surrounding environment; “have faith as a mustard seed and you will move mountains.”

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

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

After this small but important illustrative type of digression, let us continue with our story. I left my bedroom with a firm and determined step, crossed a small courtyard, and headed for the street.

Giving way to me with great reverence, a certain group of very old ladies bowed reverently before my insignificant, worthless person. I thanked them for their special deference.

I left the city, closely followed by that group of Jinn people. I headed toward the neighboring mountains.

I felt as if I had sunk into a very ancient, remote sub-lunar past; I comprehended that I had penetrated the inferior cosmos ...

I was subjected to tests of courage, making me pass over deep precipices.

Floating in the surrounding atmosphere of the fourth vertical accompanied by Litelantes and the whole retinue of Jinn people, I crossed the stormy ocean and arrived at a certain secret place in old Europe ...

I bravely entered a certain castle where I had to contemplate with astonishment a strange symbol beneath which was a crucifix ...

The return to my manor was relatively easy because it is a law in the fourth dimension that everything returns to its original starting point.

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

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

Today, by direct experience we know that with the help of the Divine Mother Kundalini, we can place the physical body in a Jinn state in order to travel within the cosmos above.

Chapter 9

The Dionysian Wave

Unquestionably, mammon and Dionysus can never be reconciled because they are incompatible in their countenance as well as in their content.¹⁰

We can and must irrefutably and axiomatically define mammon with two terms:

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

Correctly, bluntly, and definitively, it is urgent to define Dionysus in this way:

- A. Voluntary transmutation of the sexual libido.
- B. Transcendental mystical ecstasy.

It is appropriate to mention now that date and time amidst the annuls of this poor pygmean humanity—February 4, 1962, between 2:00 and 3:00 in the afternoon—when all the planets of our solar system met in supreme cosmic council, precisely in the brilliant constellation of

¹⁰ Matthew 6:24, and Luke 16:13

Aquarius, to initiate the New Age within the august thunder of thought.

Since that memorable date and under the regency of Uranus, very venerable and meritorious Lord of Aquarius, the Dionysian Wave has vibrated intensely in all of nature.

Worth emphasizing in this chapter is the transcendental news that the aforementioned planet has been, is, and always will be the brilliant star that intelligently rules and governs the sexual endocrine glands.

Now you will see for yourselves the intrinsic reason that these moments cause the intense Dionysian vibration.

Nonetheless, the concrete fact is evident, clear, and manifest that the overwhelming majority of Earthlings were not up to the task; they were not capable of positively polarizing themselves with such a wave.

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

Positive Dionysian Pole: sublime sexual delight, voluntary transmutation of the entity of semen, awakened consciousness, objective knowledge, superlative intuition, transcendental music of the great classical masters, etc., etc., etc.

Negative Dionysian Pole: sexual degeneration, infra-sexuality of all types, homosexuality, lesbianism, demoniac pleasures within the infernal worlds by means of drugs,

mushrooms, alcohol, etc., infernal music like new wave music, etc., etc., etc.

To deeply comprehend the intimate processes of the two poles of the Dionysian Wave is something very urgent. As a living example of this pair of diametrically opposed poles corresponding to the aforementioned undulation, it is appropriate to mention here as an illustration two contemporary revolutionary movements.

I want to refer clearly and without hesitation, though delicately, to the Universal Gnostic Christian Movement, and to the other side of the Dionysian coin well-known as the hippie movement.

Unquestionably, the two aforementioned psychological antipodes intrinsically constitute a clear, living demonstration of this pair of opposite poles of the tremendous Dionysian vibration.

When judiciously arriving at this part of the chapter, the necessity of a didactic confrontation becomes unavoidable.

Dionysian inebriation, ecstasy, samadhi, obviously becomes indispensable when one is trying to experience that which is the Truth, which is Real. Such exaltation is one hundred percent possible by means of the technique of meditation.

Psychedelia is different. This term must be translated *psyche*: Soul, *delia*: drug.

Specifying, we will say psychedelia is the opposite pole of meditation. The inferno of drugs is within the interior of the planetary organism in which we live, under the very epidermis of the terrestrial crust.

Hallucinatory mushrooms, pills, L.S.D., marijuana, etc., etc., etc., evidently intensify the vibratory capacity of subjective powers but it is ostensible that they could never cause the awakening of the consciousness.

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

Meditation and psychedelia are incompatible, opposite, antagonistic. They could never be mixed.

Unquestionably, these two factors of Dionysian inebriation point to, indicate, psychological rebellion.

Gnostics and hippies were annoyed with the vain intellectualism of mammon. They were bored with so many theories. They arrived at the conclusion that the mind as an instrument of investigation is extremely miserable.

Zen? Jnana yoga? That's superlative. Faculties of cognition, which are infinitely superior to the mind, exist in a latent state within us. By means of these faculties, we can experience directly that which is Real, that which is not of time.

The hippie movement preferred the inferno of drugs. Indubitably, they defined themselves perversely.

We, the Gnostics, completely disillusioned with the stubborn intellectualism of mammon, drink the wine of meditation from the cup of perfect concentration.

Radical and deep psychological changes become urgent when we are disillusioned with the rogues of the mind.

Returning to the original point of departure is what is indicated; only in this way is a radical transformation possible.

Sexology? Bless my Soul, oh God, and hail Mary! This topic horrifies the puritans.

It is written in sacred scriptures with words of fire that sex is the stumbling block and a rock of scandal.¹¹

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

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

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

Clothing, schools, theories, erudition, money, etc., etc., etc.? All that came later, as an addition.

There are beliefs of all types everywhere. However, the only force that can transform us integrally and totally is

¹¹ See Psalm 118:22; Romans 9:33, and 1 Peter 2:8

the force that placed us on the carpet of existence. I am referring to the creative energy of the first instant, to sexual potency.

By logical sequence, amorous delight, erotic enjoyment, is the greatest joy.

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

Hippies sensed all this when they revolted against mammon but they erred in their way; they did not know how to polarize themselves with the positive pole of Dionysus.

Gnostics are different. We know how to enjoy sex; to transmute and sublimate the libido is enjoyable for us. This is not a crime.

The hippie movement resolutely marches on the involutive, descending path of infra-sexuality.

The Universal Gnostic Christian Movement victoriously advances on the ascending, revolutionary path of supra-sexuality.

Chapter 10

The Sexual Fire

Sexual transmutation of the *ens-seminis* into creative energy becomes possible when we carefully avoid the abominable spasm, the filthy orgasm of fornicators.

Bipolarization of this type of cosmic energy in the human organism has been analyzed since ancient times in the initiatic colleges of Egypt, Mexico, Peru, Greece, Chaldea, Rome, Phoenicia, etc., etc., etc.

The ascension of the seminal energy to the brain is realized thanks to a certain pair of neural cords, which unfold splendidly in the form of an eight to the right and left of the spine.

We come, then, to the Caduceus of Mercury with the wings of the spirit always open.

The aforementioned pair of neural cords could never be found by the scalpel since they are more of a semi-etheric, semi-physical nature.

These are the two witnesses of Revelation,¹² the two olive trees and the two candlesticks that stand before God and Earth; if anyone tries to harm them, fire comes out of their mouths and devours their enemies.

In the sacred land of the Vedas this pair of neural cords are known by the Sanskrit names of *ida* and *pingala*; the former relates to the left nostril and the latter to the right.

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

Many Gnostic students may be a little surprised that *ida*, since it is of a cold and lunar nature, has its roots in the right testicle.

Many disciples of our Gnostic Movement may be surprised to learn that *pingala*, being of a strictly solar type, is actually rooted in the left testicle.

However, we should not be surprised because everything in nature is based on the Law of Polarities.

The right testicle finds its exact antipole in the left nostril, as has already been demonstrated.

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

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

12 Rev 11:3-5; Zech 4:3,11

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

Old traditions that emerge from within the profound night of all ages say that when the solar and lunar atoms of the seminal system make contact in the triveni, near the coccyx, a third force awakens by simple electrical induction; I mean to refer to the marvelous fire of love.

It is written in old texts of ancient wisdom that the inferior orifice of the spinal cord in ordinary people is hermetically sealed; seminal vapors open it so the sacred fire of sexuality can penetrate through there.

Processed along the spinal cord is a marvelous interplay of various channels, which mutually penetrate and interpenetrate one another without mixing due to the fact that they are located in different dimensions; let us remember the *sushumna* and others such as the *vajra*, the *chitra*, the *centralis* and the well-known *brahmanadi*; the fire of sexual delight ascends through the latter when we never commit the crime of spilling the semen.

It is absurd to emphasize the mistaken idea that the erotic fire of all joys undertakes a return journey to the coccyx after the incarnation of the Being (the *Jivatma*) in the heart of man.

Horrifying falsehood is that which misguidedly asserts that the divine flame of love, after having enjoyed its union with *Paramashiva*, separates on a return journey along the initial path.

Such a fatal return, such a descent to the coccyx, only becomes possible when the initiate spills the semen; then he falls, fulminated by the terrible ray of Cosmic Justice.

Ascent of the sexual fire through the spinal cord takes place very slowly, in accordance with the merits of the heart. The fires of the cardia wisely control the miraculous ascent of the flame of love.

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

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

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

The fire of sexual delights would never rise in the spine of those who betray the guru.

The sexual fire would never ascend through the spine of drunkards, effeminates, lesbians, drug addicts, murderers, thieves, liars, slanderers, exploiters, the covetous, blasphemers, the sacrilegious, etc., etc., etc.

The fire of sexual enjoyment is similar to a serpent of wonders which, when awakened, emits a sound very similar to that of any snake spurred on with a stick.

The sexual fire, the Sanskrit name of which is *Kundalini*, develops, revolutionizes, and ascends within the resplendent aura of the *Maha-Chohan*.

Ascent of the flame of ardent joys, vertebra to vertebra along the spinal canal, degree by degree, is indeed very slow; it would never rise instantaneously, as some people who do not have the correct information suppose.

Needless to say, and without much ado, the thirty-three degrees of occult masonry correspond esoterically to the thirty-three spinal vertebrae.

When the alchemist commits the crime of spilling the Cup of Hermes (I am referring to spilling the semen), he obviously loses Masonic degrees because the fire of loving delights descends one or more vertebrae according to the magnitude of the fault.

To recover the lost degrees is usually terribly difficult; however, it is written that in the cathedral of the Soul there is more joy for one sinner who repents than for a thousand righteous who do not need repentance.

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

The Adhyatmic University of the sages periodically examines aspirants who, after having renounced mammon (intellectualism and material riches), wisely enjoy the delights of love in the nuptial chamber.

The key to redemption lies in the spine and the semen, and anything else, apart from what's on that path is, in fact, a useless waste of time.

The serpentine fire (Kundalini) is found curled like any snake with three and a half coils within a certain magnetic center located in the coccygeal bone at the base of the spinal column.

When the sexual serpent awakens to initiate its journey inward and upward, we go through six transcendental mystical experiences, which we can and should clearly define with six Sanskrit terms as follows:

- *ananda*: certain spiritual bliss.
- *kampan*: hypersensitivity of an electrical and psychic type.
- *utthan*: progressive increase of self-awareness, astral unfoldings, mystical transcendental experiences in the superior worlds, etc.
- *gurni*: intense divine yearnings.
- *murcha*: states of lassitude, relaxation of muscles and nerves in a very natural and spontaneous way during meditation.
- *nidra*: some specific mode of sleep that, combined with deep inner meditation, becomes resplendent *samadi* (ecstasy).

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

The sexual flame is, beyond any doubt, both a Jehovahistic and Vedantic truth.

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

The erotic flame confers upon us that divine wisdom which is not of the mind and which is beyond time.

It is she who also gives the *mukti* of final bliss and the *jnana* of liberation.

DI-ON-IS-IO. DIONISIO. Voluntary transmutation of the libido during the paradisiacal coitus becomes extraordinary by pronouncing this magical word, this mantra of marvels, syllable by syllable.

Magical results of this mantra:

- DI: intensified vibration of the creative organs.
- ON: intelligent movement of creative energy throughout the sexual nervous system until it submerges in the consciousness.
- IS: this mantric syllable reminds us of the Isiac mysteries, and its corresponding name, Isis. Obviously, the vowel “I” and the letter “S”, prolonged like a sweet and peaceful whistle, invokes the sexual serpent to ascend victoriously through the spinal cord.

IO: Isolde, the androgynous luni-solar Osiris-Isis, sparkles from the profound depths of all ages, tremendously divine. “I,” with its deep significance, is certainly the *lingam* (phallus), the Hebraic IOD. “O” is the eternal feminine, the womb (the *yonī*), the well-known Hebraic HE. IO, when we chant this last syllable of the magical word during the sexual trance, integral transmutation of the libido takes place.

This is how the igneous serpent of our magical powers awakens to begin its exodus through the spinal cord.

The maternal aspect of the sacred flame, which ascends in serpentine form through the spine, stands out clearly and manifestly.

Flame with the figure of a snake, divine sexual flame, most sacred mother Kundalini.

Outside the physical body, our particular Cosmic Mother (since everyone has his own) always assumes the marvelous presence of a Virgin Mother.

Once while out of the physical body (the date and hour do not matter), I found myself with my Sacred Mother within a precious place.

After the usual embraces of son and mother, she sat down in a comfortable armchair in front of me, and I took the opportunity to ask some pressing questions.

“Am I doing well now, my mother?”

“Yes, my son, you are doing well.”

“Do I still need to practice sexual magic?”

“Yes, you still need to.”

“Is it possible that there, in the physical world, there is someone who can self-realize without the need of sexual magic?”

The answer to this last question was tremendous, “Impossible, my son, that is not possible.”

I confess frankly and unequivocally that these words from the Adorable One left me astonished. I then remembered with supreme pain so many pseudo-esotericists and pseudo-occultists who truly yearn for the final liberation but who do not know the *sahaja maithuna*—sexual magic—marvelous key of the Great Arcanum.

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

Chapter 11

The Sacred Cow

Before the second Transapalnian catastrophe, which fundamentally altered the appearance of the earth's crust, there existed an ancient continent that today lies submerged in the tempestuous waters of the Atlantic Ocean.

I want to refer emphatically to Atlantis, about which there are innumerable traditions everywhere.

Observe, indeed, foreign Atlantean names or barbarian languages, like those Greek cretins used to speak who wanted to kill Anaxagoras when he dared to say the Sun was a little larger than half of the Peloponnese.

Names, I say, translated into Egyptian by the priests of Sais, and returned to their original meaning by the divine Plato to render them marvelously into the language of Attica.

Observe the diamantine thread of the millenary tradition from those [priests] to Solon, continuing thereon with the Master Plato and the two *Critias*.

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

Observe also, with the eyes of a rebel eagle, veiled allusions to the first divine kings of that old antediluvian continent to whom so many references are also found in Mediterranean paganism and in the sacred ancient texts of the Eastern world.

Sublime kings of whom these amazing notes of Diodorus Siculus, which we have yet to study, give a detailed account.

Observe, finally, and this is the most important, the same sacrifice of the Sacred Cow is characteristic of the Brahmans, Hebrews, Mohammedans, European gentiles, and thousands of other peoples. It is unquestionable that our celebrated and indestructible bullfighting ring, in the end, is nothing but an ancient ancestral survival from that Atlantean sacrificial feast, the description of which is still found in many secret archaic books.

In fact, there are many legends in the world about those bulls loose in the Temple of Neptune, animals that were not brutally slaughtered like today, with pikes and swords, but with lassoes and other ingenious arts of classical bullfighting.

Once the symbolic beast was defeated in the ring, it was immolated in honor of the holy gods of Atlantis who, like

Neptune himself, had involuted from the primitive solar state to become people of a lunar type.

The classic art of bullfighting is certainly something initiatic and related to the mysterious Cult of the Sacred Cow.

Observe the Atlantean ring of the Temple of Neptune, and the present one; certainly they are nothing but a living zodiac in which the honorable public sits like a constellation.

The initiate or hierophant is the Master, the banderille-ros on foot are the Companions. The picadors, in turn, are the Apprentices. This is why the latter are on horseback, that is, bearing down with all their weight on the untamed body [of the horse], which usually falls dead in the hard battle.

When the Companions insert the banderillas or sticks, they then begin to feel superior to the beast (to the animal ego, that is to say); they are then just like Arjuna from the *Bhagavad Gita*, persecutors of the secret enemy, while the Master with his hierarchical cape (that is to say, with the dominion of Maya) wields the flaming sword of will with his right hand becoming, in the manner of the God Krishna of that old poem, not the persecutor but the matador of the "I", of the beast, the horrifying, roaring monster that King Arthur himself, supreme chief of the illustrious Knights of the Round Table, also saw in the Kameloc or Kama-Loka.

Therefore, resplendent Atlantean bullfighting is a deeply significant royal art because, through its brilliant symbolism, it teaches us the hard battle through which we must conduct ourselves in the dissolution of the “I”.

Any retrospective glimpse in connection to the esotericism of bullfighting can undoubtedly lead us to mystical discoveries of a transcendental order.

As a fact of immediate actuality, it is not superfluous to mention the deep love the bullfighter feels for his Virgin; it is ostensible that he gives himself totally to her before appearing in the ring with his matador’s outfit.

This reminds us of the Isiac mysteries, the terrible sacrifice of the Sacred Cow and the archaic cults of IO, the solemn origins of which have developed since the dawn of life on our planet Earth.

It is evident, clear, and definite that only IO, Devi Kundalini, the five-legged Sacred Cow, the Divine Mother, truly possesses that magical serpentine power that allows us to reduce to cosmic dust the animal ego, the bellowing beast of the ring of existence.

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

Obviously, IO is thus the number pi (Pithar), the tremendous masculine-feminine mystery.

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

It is written in letters of fire in the book of life that such a symbol of the swastika, in the form of a mathematical co-ordinate, has existed in all the countries of the Earth since the night of the centuries.

We urgently need to become herdsman, in other words, wise Sacred Cow drivers.

The venerable great Master H.P.B. truly saw an authentic five-legged cow in Hindustan; it was a true whim of nature, an immaculate, very white, ineffable miracle.

Mr. Mario Roso de Luna said that singular creature carried the fifth leg on its head; it scared away the flies or scratched itself with it.

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

The esoteric, marvelous, and splendid symbolism of the five-legged Cow is obvious and clear.

It is a very vivid manifested expression of the five unfoldings of our very particular Divine Mother Kundalini.

Let us remember the sign of the Infinite—the eight, stretched out horizontally—which equals five, which read

literally becomes, “infinity equals five”; that is to say, the Infinite equals the Pentalpha, the ineffable five-legged Cow, the five-pointed star or regular starry pentagon, which stopped Mephistopheles when he attended Doctor Faust’s witch’s invocation.

Defining these five aspects is indispensable for the good of each and every one of our students:

- a. the unmanifested Kundalini.
- b. ineffable Isis, chaste Diana (wisdom, love, power).
- c. the Greek Hekate, Egyptian Proserpine, Aztec Coatlicue (Queen of the Infernos and Death, Terror of Love and Law).
- d. the particular individual Mother Nature (the one who created our physical body).
- e. the instinctive elemental magi (the one who originated our instincts).

The herdsman or Sacred Cow driver can and must work in the magistry 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.

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

First Story

They say 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 the period of their orgiastic fury.

Feminine beauties positively polarized with the Dionysian Wave, nymphs of the forests and mountains were pursued by the lascivious Sylenes.

See now the ridiculous Maenads, negatively polarized with the Dionysian Wave.

Dancers were unbridled in the rage of their sacred madness. Female hippies from ancient Greece.

Female prostitutes excited by drugs, in full Dionysian inebriation. Human and animal sacrifices made them even more dangerous.

It was the lustful Maenads who killed Orpheus, and the marvelous lyre fell to pieces on the temple pavement.

From time to time, I used to relate comical episodes related to a bohemian past to my friends.

Obviously, fermented fruit of the vine, and bacchantes at the height of their orgiastic fury, could not be missing from such comedies.

Ridiculous scenes of those bygone times in which I wandered the eastern world of the Kali-Yuga as a fallen Bodhisattva.

However, there are stellar moments of humanity. A cosmic reminder is indeed often much needed.

Outside the physical vehicle, in the astral body, below the three-dimensional zone of Euclid, I had to enter the underworld.

What happened next was frightening to the extreme. What I saw there in the horrible submerged region was exactly what the Hoffmanns, the Edgar Poes, the Blavatskys, the Bulwer-Lyttons of all times had seen before me; the same demonic choirs Espronceda depicted for us with the anguish of a poet, with the discordant voices of those who aimlessly sail the ship of life, trusting madly to the winds of passion, and the tenebrous seas of doubt in good deeds, of those who fatally espouse destiny; of those who arrogantly want to raise the Towers of Babel with foolish ambitions; of those who lie, of those who fight for worldly glories, of those who mire themselves in the pleasure of orgy, of those who covet gold, of the idle who hate fruitful and creative work, of the wicked, the hypocrites, and in short, other victims of the selfishness of Proteus.

There appeared claws, teeth, horns, snouts, stingers, labra, tails, serrated wings, dilacerating coils that threatened to annihilate me like a tiny worm.

Many horrifying sounds reached my magical ears in those moments—bleats, howls, whistles, whinnies, screeches, moos, squawks, mews, barks, snorts, snores, and croaks.

I was submerged in the mud of so much misery; anguish seized me. I anxiously awaited a balm to heal my aching heart.

The lucubrations of those great astral seers who called themselves alchemists, Kabbalists, occultists, esotericists, yogis, Gnostics, or simply poets were not in vain.

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

Intensely moved, I shuddered, I felt something terrible had happened. I was not mistaken. I saw her, it was she, the unmanifested Kundalini had crossed the threshold where the lost Souls dwell.

Magnificent Madonna, excellent, extraordinary, and exceedingly divine; she approached me with a masterly step. I did not know what to do, I was confused, I felt fear and love simultaneously.

Cosmic reminder? Recrimination? The Adorable One spoke with a paradisiacal voice, blessed me, and then continued on her way as if she were going toward the frightful walls of the city of Dis.

In the depths of my consciousness, I felt in those moments as if she also wanted to help others who dwelt around the city of pain, which we can't enter without righteous indignation.

Looking down from the high tower with its fiery summit, it is said that Dante suddenly saw the three hellish Furies, which are said to have female movements and limbs.

I remembered all this instantly; in no way did I (miserable mortal of the mud of the Earth) want to become one more inhabitant of the city of pain.

Fortunately, I had the immense joy of being able to emerge from the bowels of Avernus to appear in the sunlight.

Very early in the morning on another day, someone knocked at my door; it was an old high school teacher.

That good man invited me to a graduation party. His daughter had successfully completed her studies.

I couldn't refuse his invitation! He is my friend, and I even owed him certain services. I was in no way ready to disregard him.

After all the usual personal arrangements, we—Litelan-tes, and my insignificant worthless person—left the house with the intention of reaching the teacher's home.

Many elegantly dressed people received us very cordially in the regal manor.

Delightful music resounded in the room, cheerful people came and went here, there, and everywhere, happy couples danced on the soft carpet.

Several times, my splendid host came to us with the purpose of offering us fermented wine. Again and again I saw very closely the sparkling crystal of fine Baccarat but I

strongly rejected Bacchus and his orgies. I wholeheartedly felt remorse. My host became caustic, biting, and even a little scathing.

He unquestionably became my worst enemy, mistakenly assuming I was snubbing his party.

Later he spread various slanderous lies against me; he hurled all the venom of his criticisms against my insignificant person.

Not content with all that, he appealed to public calumny, accusing me before the courts of justice for alleged crimes of which I am still ignorant.

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

Nowadays I think I certainly proceeded like any other boorish person that in that banquet, I lacked diplomacy.

There are guests in all the world's halls who know how to play with the devil; they spend the whole night with a glass in their hand, and defend themselves marvelously.

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

Second Story

Let us go now to a new, very singular story, in which we will not speak of wonderful feasts or banquets in the style of Heliogabalus.

How tranquil is the life
Of him who, shunning the vain world's uproar,
May follow, free from strife,
The hidden path, of yore
Chosen by the few who conned true wisdom's lore!

For he, with thoughts aloof,
By proud men's great estate is not oppressed.

Nor marvels at the roof
Of gold, built to attest
The Moor's skill, that on jasper pillars rests.¹³

Venus the Huntress descending from the high peaks with the purpose of helping her son Aeneas, the Trojan hero who disembarked in the land of Libya, brings me unusual memories.

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

She did not have the face of a mortal, she possessed a beauty impossible to define with words, she looked like the sister of Phoebus Apollo.

I saw myself in her immaculate loving arms; the Adorable One appeared as a Madonna like the one in the biblical Christic Gospel.

13 Poem "The Life Removed" by Fray Luis de León.

I was hungry and she gave me to eat, thirsty, and she gave me to drink, sick, and she cured me. It was impossible to forget her words, “My son, without me, you would be completely orphaned at the hour of death.”

Then she went on to say, “Without me, you would be all alone in the world. What would your life be without me?”

Subsequently I repeated, “Certainly, without you, my Mother, I would be an orphan. I fully recognize that without your presence, I would be truly alone at the hour of death.”

Life becomes a desert when one has died to oneself. Without the help of our Divine Mother Kundalini in the full presence of our Being, we would find ourselves internally orphaned.

“Oh, adorable Mother, you have manifested as prana, electricity, force, magnetism, cohesion, and gravitation in this universe.

“You are the divine cosmic energy in the unknown depths of every creature.

“Oh, Maha Sarasvati! Oh, Maha Lakshmi! You are the inefable spouse of Shiva, the Holy Spirit.”

Third Story

The legend of the Celestial Cow whose milk is ambrosia, life, and immortality is by no means something without solid foundation, and we adepts, like the divine Cow

driver Gautama or the Buddha, work very seriously with the Magisterium of the five aspects of Devi Kundalini.

We Gnostics take great pleasure in nourishing ourselves with Freya's golden apples, which give immortality to the gods.

We happily partake of Soma liqueur or biblical manna, with which we feel as comforted and vigorous as the best moments in the flower of our youth.

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

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

How happy I felt in the Mansion of Love! Certainly, there is no greater pleasure than that of feeling the Soul unfold. Time does not exist in those moments, and the past and future are united within an eternal now.

Following my friends through royal chambers and galleries, we arrived at a very refreshing courtyard, which was a miniature version of the Court of the Lions in the Alhambra.

Several fountains of water like those of the divine Castalia spring murmured in the charming courtyard among flowers never seen or heard of.

However, the best was in the center of the courtyard, and I contemplated it with the mystical amazement of a penitent and anchorite.

I want to refer emphatically to the Stone of Truth. It had a divine human form.

It was a sexual prodigy of the blessed goddess Mother Death, a spectral, funereal marvel.

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

Without ambiguity, I confess before the divine and humans that I embraced the terrible goddess Death in full Dionysian intoxication.

It was indispensable to reconcile myself with the Law. This is what the brothers of the Order of St. John had told me, those venerable ones who themselves had already realized the Hyperborean Mystery.

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

With much secrecy and great enthusiasm, all the brethren commented on the extraordinary event during dinner.

Unquestionably, the animated stones that radically changed the way of thinking of the wise Pausanias in ancient Arcadia can be classified into two kinds: ophites and siderites, "serpent-stones" and "star-stones."

Eusebius, especially, never parted with his ophites, which he carried in his bosom, and he received oracles from

them, uttered by a small voice that resembled a faint whistle.

Arnobius recounts that whenever he found one of these stones, he never failed to ask it a question, which was answered in a clear and sharp small voice.

Hekate, Proserpine, Coatlicue, in living animated stone; it seemed to me as if she had sprung from the field of death or from some tomb of Carnac.

Fourth Story

What is now generally known of Shamanism is very little; and that has been perverted, like the rest of the non-Christian religions. It is called the “heathenism” of Mongolia, and wholly without reason, for it is one of the oldest religions of India. It is spirit-worship, or belief in the immortality of the souls, and that the latter are still the same men they were on earth, though their bodies have lost their objective form, and man has exchanged his physical for a spiritual nature. In its present shape, it is an offshoot of primitive theurgy, and a practical blending of the visible with the invisible world. Whenever a denizen of earth desires to enter into communication with his invisible brethren, he has to assimilate himself to their nature, i.e., he meets these beings halfway, and, furnished by them with a supply of spiritual essence, endows them, in his turn, with a portion of his physical nature, thus enabling them sometimes to

appear in a semi-objective form. It is a temporary exchange of natures, called theurgy. Shamans are called sorcerers, because they are said to evoke the “spirits” of the dead for purposes of necromancy. The true Shamanism ... can no more be judged by its degenerated scions among the Shamans of Siberia, than the religion of Gautama-Buddha can be interpreted by the fetishism of some of his followers in Siam and Burma.

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

If by traveling inward and upward half the way that separates us from our loved ones, we can meet our beloved departed face-to-face, it would obviously be easier to do all of this by walking the entire path.

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

However, it is ostensible that we need with the utmost urgency a fulcrum, a lever, which will allow us to really jump to the fourth dimension with the physical body and everything.

It is appropriate to quote here in this paragraph that famous phrase of Archimedes, “Give me a fulcrum, and I shall move the world.”

In the eighth chapter of this book, we already spoke with much emphasis on the magical agent of the Jinn states. I want to refer clearly to the fourth aspect of Devi Kundalini, this is the fulcrum for the fourth vertical.

As I write these lines, some remembrances come to my mind; magnificent, divine invocations.

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

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

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

What happened in the night of mystery was astonishing; assisted by the Ineffable One, I rose from my bed.

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

She took me to the deepest forests of Eden where the rivers of life's pure waters flowed with milk and honey.

Virgin Lady of wooded peaks! Everything becomes silent before you, the uncultivated Iberia, the Gaul, who grimly

defies even as dying, and the fierce Sicambro who, at last, surrendering his arms, humbly respects you.

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

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

Her hair looked like a cascade of gold falling delightfully over her alabaster shoulders.

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

In the forest, I spoke with the Adorable One and she told me things that earthly beings are not able to comprehend.

My Mother radiated sublimely in the etheric world, in the fourth vertical, in the fourth dimension.

If nothing is a relief for your suffering heart, neither Phrygian marble nor splendid purple, it is better for you to take refuge in the delightful bosom of your particular, individual Divine Mother.

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

It was she who joined the ovule with the zoosperm in the human laboratory so life could emerge.

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

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

Although suffering may bend your Soul, be steadfast, oh, disciple! And humbly surrender yourself to your Mother Nature.

Fifth Story

“I want to see in the confines of the terrestrial mansion, Oceanus and Tethys, to whom we owe our existence.”

Jupiter’s love affair with the Virgin Io (IIIOOO) who was transformed into the celestial calf or Sacred Cow of the Orientals in order to escape the wrath of Juno, is something that has a very deep significance.

Hence, the first Jupiter of the Greek theogony, Father of All the Gods, Lord of the Universe, and brother of Uranus or Ur-Anas (that is, the primitive fire and water), for it is known according to the classics that in the Greek pantheon there are about three hundred Jupiters.

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

Jesus, the Great Kabir, never worshipped the anthropomorphic Jehovah of the Jewish multitudes.

The Law of Talion, “eye for eye, tooth for tooth,” (Exodus 21:24) of the vengeful Jehovah was followed by the Law of Love, “love one another, as I have loved you.” (John 13:34)

If we examine the holy scriptures with mystical enthusiasm, we can clearly evidence the obvious and manifest fact that the anthropomorphic Hebrew Jehovah does not appear in any of the Four Gospels.

RAM-IO, Mary, the Divine Mother Kundalini, always accompanied the Adorable One, and there we see her on the Mount of the Skulls at the foot of the cross.

The Divine Rabbi of Galilee exclaims from the majestic summits of Calvary, “Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.” (Luke 23:24)

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

To rephrase, the Great Kabir profoundly loved Iod-Heve, the divine inner male-female.

Iod is certainly each one’s particular, individual Monad, the Hindu Shiva, the Arch-Hierophant and Arch-Magus, the first-born of creation, the Golden Fleece, the treasure we must seize after defeating the Dragon of Darkness.

Heve is the unfoldment of Iod, Shiva's divine wife, our individual Mother Kundalini, the sacred five-legged Cow, the esoteric mystery of the Pentalpha.

Jupiter and his Cow, Io (IIIIIIIIIOOOOOO), keep exact concomitance with Iod-Heve, the divine godly inner couple of each being.

We have studied four aspects of the Sacred Cow, Io. Let us now continue with the fifth mystery.

There are transcendent and transcendental cosmic intervals on the esoteric path.

After having entered the Temple of the Twice-Born, I had to go through one of these intervals.

I want to emphatically refer to a sexual suspension, a period of abstention that lasted several years.

In the meantime, I dedicated myself with absolute exclusivity to deep inner meditation.

Objective: to dissolve the psychological "I", the "myself", the "oneself", which is certainly a knot in the cosmic energy, an entanglement we must reduce to cosmic dust.

To integrally comprehend each of my psychological defects seemed fundamental to me but I wanted to go a little further through the path of meditation.

Comprehension is not everything. We need with the utmost urgency to capture the deep meaning of that which we have comprehended.

Any devotee of the real path can have the luxury of comprehending a psychological defect in all the territories of the mind without having achieved apprehension of its deep meaning.

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

Each defect was studied separately and in a very orderly manner; I never made the mistake of wanting to catch ten hares at the same time. In no way did I want to set myself up for failure.

Meditation became exhaustive, it became deeper and deeper, and when I felt weary, I would leave the mind still and silent as if awaiting some revelation. In those moments, Truth would come, I would grasp that which is not of time, the deep meaning of the fully comprehended defect.

Then I prayed, pleaded, begged vehemently to my Divine Mother Kundalini to eliminate from my mind the psychic aggregate, the psychological defect in question.

Thus, with this didactic, with this *modus operandi* during that sexual pause, I was gradually able to eliminate fifty percent of those subjective, infra-human elements we carry within and which constitute the ego, the "I". However, it is evident that everything in life has a limit. There are levels and levels, degrees and degrees.

This work became frighteningly difficult when I had to face the oldest infrahuman elements.

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

The fact remained that I had already been given a cosmic desideratum and a certain categorical imperative, it was demanded of me to descend again to the fiery Forge of Vulcan (sex) but I had not comprehended. I had been transported to the mountains of mystery; I had seen the tremendous forces of the great arcanum in action.

I struggled in vain against the categorical imperative of the Dionysian waves. They were certainly amazingly divine, omnipotent. Those supernatural powers seemed like an apocalyptic catastrophe; I felt as if those forces could blow the Earth to pieces.

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

Certainly, I had seen her looking very beautiful, the size of a gnome or very small pygmy. She was dressed in a white robe, and a long black cloak that trailed on the ground. Her head was covered with a very special magical headdress.

Next to one of the two symbolic columns of occult masonry, the Adorable One ordered a new descent for me to the ninth sphere (sex).

Unfortunately, I had believed it was some kind of test, and so I continued in disobedience. Certainly, I was slow in comprehending and it was stagnating me.

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

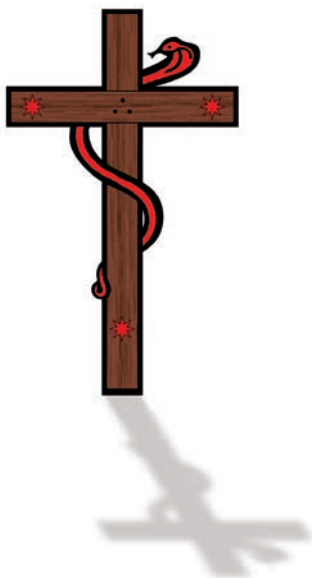
I had no other solution left. I appealed to transcendent sexual electricity; I begged my Divine Mother Kundalini during the metaphysical copulation, I begged her eagerly to wield the Lance of Eros.

The result was extraordinary. My sacred Mother, armed then with the holy pike, the divine shaft, electric-sexual power, was able to reduce to cosmic dust the horrifying monster, the psychic aggregate I had tried in vain to dissolve outside of the chemical coitus.

This was how I abandoned my sexual pause and returned to the Forge of the Cyclopes. Working with the holy shaft, I succeeded in reducing to cosmic dust all the infra-human elements that constitute the "I".

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

First Mountain
INITIATION



Chapter 12

The Gnostic Church

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

To separate ourselves from the monster of a thousand faces (humanity) in order to help it efficiently is not a crime.

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

It was the night of mystery when I felt the hurricane howling close to me. Then I comprehended.

How lonely I was that night, and yet wherever I was—here, there, and everywhere—I was soon surrounded by crowds. I don’t know how the people came to me then.

Again, only the hurricane howled. Then I comprehended what the wind carried off. Today I speak because...

What whisper sounds afar,
that silence
in the serene

black night interrupted?
Is it the swift horse racing,
stretched out in flying escape,
or the harsh roar of hungry beast,
or perhaps the whistling of the north wind,
or the hoarse echo of distant thunder
resounded in deep caverns,
or the sea, new Luzbel,
threatening with its swollen bosom
the throne of its God?

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

Dense mist
covers the sky,
and of wandering
spirits
is populated,
which here and there
cross the wind,
vaporous
and countless,
and here they return,
and there they swirl
they gather,
they retreat,
they hide themselves,
they appear,
they wander, they fly...

They pass, they flee,
they return, they grow,
they diminish,
they evaporate,
they color,
and among shadows
and reflections
near and far
they are lost,
they avoid me
with fear,
they agitate
with fury
in fantastical aerial dance
around me,
vague swarm of vain phantoms,
diverse forms, various colors,
on mounted goats and serpents and crows,
and on broomsticks, with voiceless whisper.¹⁴

Hearing all the bleating, howling, hissing, neighing, squeaking, mooing, squawking, mewling, barking, snorting, roaring, and croaking, the seer poet speaks to us in words that are the pallid and phosphoric brushstrokes of El Greco, and the extraordinary apparitions of Goya's *The Whims*.

Rampant everywhere, coats of arms with lions, shells of Compostela, the Moor's head, fleurs-de-lis, and trout;

14 From the poem, "El Diablo Mundo" ["The Devil World"] by Jose de Espronceda

everywhere, palaces and mansions in ruins, poverty and more poverty.

I had to courageously confront black powers many times, like the apostle Paul of Tarsus spoke of in the second chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians.

Unquestionably, the most dangerous adversary of that night had the fatal title of *anagarika*. I want to refer emphatically to the demon Cherenzi.

That repugnant, tenebrous creature had taught black tantrism (sexual magic with seminal ejaculation) around the world.

The results appeared in plain sight, a developed diabolic tail and horrifying horns.

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

He seemed very satisfied with the abominable kundabuffer organ (the terrible, satanic, witch-like tail); the sexual fire projected from the coccyx toward man's atomic infernos (sequence and corollary of black tantrism).

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

Answer, "Yes, I saw you one night in the city of Bacatá¹⁵ when I was giving a lecture."

15 Ancient indigenous name for Bogota, Colombia.

What happened next was certainly not very pleasant; that anagarika recognized me and, in a rage, hurled fire from his eyes and tail. He wanted to hurt me violently; I defended myself with the best conjurations of high magic, and in the end he fled with his companions.

Alone, I continued on my way in the night of mystery; the hurricane howled.

In the profound depths of my consciousness, I had the strange sensation of saying goodbye to everything and everyone.

Out of breath, tired after having fought many times against the tyranny of the prince of the power of the air, which is the spirit that now reigns over the children of infidelity, I entered the Gnostic Church.

It was a temple of luminous marble, which seemed more like glass because of its rare transparency.

The terrace of that transcended church stood out invincibly, like a glorious acropolis in the majestic environment of a sacred pine forest.

From it, the resplendent starry firmament could be contemplated like in the Atlantean temples of bygone times, those temples now buried and longed for in the extraordinary poetry of Maeterlinck and from which Asuramaya, astronomer disciple of Narada, who previously made observations in order to discover chronological cycles of thousands of years, which he then taught to his beloved

disciples in the light of the pale moon, and which today are practiced by his devoted successors.

I gradually advanced, walking very slowly and in a reverent attitude, within the holy place. However, something surprised me. I saw a certain person crossing my path and blocking my way. Another battle? I prepared to defend myself but the person smiled sweetly and exclaimed in a paradisiacal voice, "You don't scare me. I know you very well!"

Ah, I recognized him at last, he was my guru Adolfo (whom I have always called with the diminutive Adolfito). Good God and Holy Mary! But, what was I doing?

"Forgive me, Master! I didn't recognize you."

My guru led me by the hand into the interior of the Gnostic Church. The mahatma took a seat and then invited me to sit next to him. It was impossible to decline such a splendid invitation.

The dialogue that ensued 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 to two.

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

"Obviously, you are unconsciously doing her a great wrong since she, waiting for you, lives in a city in the most complete misery.

“That lady could well return to the bosom of her family in the countryside; thus, it is clear that her economic problems would be solved.”

Stunned, perplexed on hearing such words, I embraced my guru, thanking him infinitely for his advice.

“Master,” I said, “what can you now tell me about my wife Litelantes?”

“Yes, she is good for you for sexual magic (*sahaja maithuna*); you can work with this lady-adept in the ninth sphere (sex).”

“Oh, Guru, what I yearn for with infinite longing is awakening of the Kundalini and union with the Intimate, at any cost.”

“But what did you say, oh disciple; at any cost?”

“Yes, Master, that is what I said.”

“Here tonight, one has been paid and so entrusted with the task of helping you in the awakening of the Kundalini.”

“You have passed the Test of Irene,”¹⁶ exclaimed the hierophant. And then, placing a turban of immaculate white-

16 Often seen translated as Test of Direne, perhaps because in Spanish de means of, and the text could appear as Prueba de Irene shortened to Prueba d'Irene. Irene or Eirene derives from ancient Greek and means, “She who brings peace.” She is one of the three Hours, daughters of Zeus and Themis. Irene is the personification of peace and wealth and is depicted in art as a beautiful young woman carrying a cornucopia, a scepter and a torch or rhyton. She can also be represented with a crown of flowers, an olive branch in her hand and a cornucopia in the other, or also, with Pluto, her son, in her arms. In Roman mythology her equivalent is the goddess Pax.

ness with a golden button on the front upon my head, he said, "Let us go to the altar."

Rising quickly, I advanced to the altar with my holy guru.

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

"Whatever the cost!" exclaimed my master in a loud voice. And this phrase, vibrating intensely, was then repeated from sphere to sphere.

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

It was a tremendous oath!

Genuine legends of Castile such as that of Alfonso VII, wresting from the hands of the Moors of Almeria, the famous bowl or grail—or better said, cup—carved out of an enormous emerald, and which was said to have been used by the great Kabir Jesus at the Last Supper. It is tremendously divine.

Swearing before such a holy vessel?

Ancient legends say that, at the foot of the cross on the Mount of Skulls, Joseph of Arimathea collected in that cup the blessed blood that flowed from the wounds of the Adorable One. That cup was formerly given by the Queen of Sheba to Soliman or Solomon, the solar king, and was the heritage, according to others, of the Tuatha of Danann, a Jinn race of Gaedhil (British Galicia). It is not known

how this venerated relic ended up in the hermitage of San Juan de la Peña in the Pyrenees; from there it continued its pilgrimage either to Galatian Salvatierra or to Valencia in the time of James I the Conqueror, or to Genoa for having received it in the past by the Genoese as a reward for help given to Alfonso VII in the Siege of Almeria.

Epilogue

Very early in the morning, I wrote to the noble, suffering lady who was waiting for me in the remote city, advising her with infinite sweetness to return to the land of her elders, and to forget about my insignificant, worthless person.

Chapter 13

The First Initiation of Fire

In dealing with transcendental and practical esotericism, we can and even must emphasize the following.

All that has been said in pure occultism about our geomantic charts, astrology, magical herbs, marvelous scrolls with cryptographic languages, despite being absolutely noble and true, is certainly nothing but kindergarten, the minor part of the inherited Great Wisdom of the East, which consists of the radical transformation of oneself through the revolutionary asceticism of the New Age of Aquarius (extraordinary mixture of sexual longing with spiritual yearning).

In reality, we Gnostics are the chosen possessors of three great treasures, namely,

- a. the Philosopher's Stone,
- b. the Clavicle of Solomon,
- c. Enoch's Genesis.

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

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

Speaking clearly and unambiguously, I declare the *ens seminis* (entity of the semen) is certainly that venerable matter cited by Sendivogius, with which we must construct the Philosopher's Stone.

Sexual magic is the path. That's how I comprehended it in my present reincarnation when I wanted to elaborate the Philosopher's Stone.

By means of that blessed stone we can fulfill the alchemist's maxim which says, "*Solve et coagula.*"

We need to dissolve the psychological "I", and coagulate within ourselves sexual hydrogen SI-12 in the form of solar bodies, intimate powers, virtues, etc., etc., etc.

The Philosopher's Stone is what gives the sexual seed value and the power to germinate, like mystical yeast that makes the entire metallic mass ferment and rise, making the King of Creation appear in his integral form. I want to refer to the authentic Man, not to the intellectual animal mistakenly called man.

Will (*thelema*) acquires the power of transmutation that converts vile metals into gold—that is, evil into good—in all circumstances of life.

That is why a minimum amount of Philosopher's Stone or powder of projection is required for transmutation.

Every vile metal dissolved in the crucible of sexual alchemy is always replaced by the pure gold of some new virtue (*solve et coagula*).

The *modus operandi* can be found in chapter 11, fifth story, in this treatise itself (for more information, see my book entitled *The Mystery of the Golden Blossom*).

To ignite the individual Fohat, the flame of Eros, in our sexual alchemical laboratory is certainly the foundation of the Dionysian wave; I profoundly comprehended it thus, studying at the feet of my guru Adolfito.

Unquestionably, I was always assisted during the metaphysical copulation. This other divine guruji whose salary was paid in the temple (see chapter 12) kept his word.

That great soul assisted me in the astral during the chemical coitus; I saw him make magnetic passes over my coccygeal bone, spine, and the top of my head.

When the erotic igneous serpent of our magical powers awoke to begin its march inward and upward along the spinal cord, I felt very thirsty, and felt a very sharp pain in my coccyx that lasted for several days.

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

At that time, I was living in peace in a small house by the sea, in a tropical zone of the Caribbean coasts.

The ascent of the Kundalini from vertebra to vertebra took place very slowly according to the merits of the heart.

Each vertebra is very demanding; from this we can infer difficult tests. As a corollary, we affirm, the ascent of the Kundalini to this or that vertebra is not possible if we do not fulfill the precise moral conditions for it.

In the superior worlds, these thirty-three spinal vertebrae are denominated with symbolic terms such as the following: canyons, pyramids, holy chambers, etc., etc., etc.

The mystical ascent of the flame of love from vertebra to vertebra and from chakra to chakra along the spinal cord was certainly performed on the basis of sexual magic, including sanctification and sacrifice.

The assisting mahatma helped me by leading the sacred fire from the coccygeal bone (base of the spine) to the pineal gland located, as is well known to physicians, in the upper part of the brain.

Subsequently, that great soul made my erotic fire flow with great mastery to the region between the eyebrows. The first initiation of fire ensued 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.

It was certainly during the mystical ceremony of the Last Supper that the cosmic date of initiation was set.

The Holy Grail, like a sacred ember, a piece of red-hot iron, shines brightly on the paschal banquet table.

The true history of this Holy Grail is written in the stars, and does not have its foundation in Toledo, as Wolfram von Eschenbach says. The main known origins of all these chivalric legends related to the Holy Grail are:

- a. The *Historia Rerum in Partibus Transmarinis Gestarum* [History of Deeds Done Beyond the Sea], by William of Tyre (d. 1186), a Latin work translated into French under the title of [*Estoire*] *d'Eracles*, and a book that serves as the basis for *La Gran Conquista de Ultramar*, translated from French into Spanish at the end of the 13th century or the beginning of the 14th century. In this conquest are summarized the five main branches referring to the cycle of the First Crusade, *La Chanson d'Antioche*, *La Chanson de Jerusalem*, *Les Chetifs* (or *The Captives*), *La Fin d'Elias* (the Swan Knight).
- b. The *Dolopathos* by Johannes de Alta Silva, written around 1190.
- c. She of the poem who [Gaston] Paris names as Eloixe, or "Heli-Oxa" (the "Solar Calf")—original name of Isomberta or Isis-Bertha of *The Swan Knight*—this latter work, one of the great analogies according to Gayangos with the well-known *Amadís de Gaula*.
- d. *Parzival* and the *Titarel* by Eschenbach.
- e. *Le Conte del Graal* [*The Story of the Grail*] by Chrétien de Troyes (1175), *Lohengrin* or *Schwanenritter* (*The Swan Knight*), an anonymous Bavarian

work from the 13th century published by Goerres in 1813.

- f. *Tristan and Isolde* by Godfrey of Strasbourg (1200-1220), and the many analogous Tristans to be found in literature.
- g. *Quest for the Holy Grail with the Marvelous Deeds of Lancelot and Galahad his Son* (14th century), with all its concordant works.

I waited with infinite longing for the date and time of the initiation; it was a most sacred 27th.

I wanted an initiation like the one Commander Montenero received in the Temple of Chapultepec, or like the one that Ginés de Lara—reincarnated deva—received in that *sancta sanctorum* or adytum of the Knights Templar on the extraordinary night of a lunar eclipse.

But my case was certainly very different and, though it seems incredible, I felt disappointed the night of the initiation.

Resting with infinite anguish on my hard bed in a humble hut by the sea, I spent the night awake, waiting uselessly.

My priestess wife slept, snored, periodically moved in her bed, or uttered incoherent words.

The sea pounded the beach with its furious waves roaring frightfully as if protesting.

Dawn broke and nothing, nothing, nothing! What a night for the dogs, my God! Good God and Holy Mary!

What intellectual and moral storms I had to experience in those deadly night hours!

There really is no resurrection without death, nor any dawn in nature or in man that isn't preceded by darkness, sadness, and nocturnal lethargy that make its light most worshipful.

All my senses were put to the test, tortured in mortal agonies, which made me exclaim, Oh, my Father! If it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not my will but yours be done.

As the sun rose like a ball of fire that seemed to burst out of the stormy ocean, Litelantes woke and said to me, "Do you remember the celebration they gave you up there? You received the initiation."

"What? What are you saying? Celebration? Initiation? Which one? All I know is that I passed through a night more bitter than bile."

"What?" Litelantes exclaimed, astonished. "So, you didn't bring any memory back to your physical brain? Don't you remember the great chain? Did you forget the words of the Great Initiator?"

Overwhelmed with such questions, I asked Litelantes, "What did the great being tell me?"

"You were warned," exclaimed the lady-adept, "that from now on you will have double responsibility for the teachings you give in the world."

“In addition,” said Litelantes, “you were dressed with the white linen tunic of Adepts of the Occult Fraternity, and you were given the flaming sword.”

“Ah! Now I understand. While I was going through such bitterness in my penitent and anchoritic bed, my interior real Being received the cosmic initiation.

“Good God and Holy Mary! But what is wrong with me? Why am I so slow?

“I’m a little hungry; it seems to me that it’s time to get up for breakfast.”

Moments later, Litelantes was gathering some dry logs in the kitchen that served as fuel to light the fire.

Breakfast was delicious; I had a big appetite after such a painful night.

A new routine day—I worked as usual to earn my daily bread; I rested in my bed at about twelve o’clock.

Certainly, I had been unable to sleep, and a little rest seemed just to me; besides, I felt heartbroken.

I had no problem at all in laying down *dorsal decubitus*—that is to say, face up—and with the body well relaxed.

Suddenly, I found myself in a state of wakefulness; I saw someone enter my bedroom. I recognized him; he was a chela of the venerable great White Lodge.

That disciple brought a book in his hands; he wished to consult me, and request certain authorization.

When I wanted to give an answer, I spoke with a certain voice that astonished myself—Atman answering through the creative larynx; he is tremendously divine.

“Undoubtedly,” said my real Being, “fulfill the mission that has been entrusted to you.” The chela withdrew appreciatively.

“Ah, how I’ve changed. Now I understand!” These were my exclamations after the chela left.

Joyful, 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 in the interior of my consciousness a transcendental ethnic change of a divine esoteric type had taken place.

I longed for the new night; that tropical day was like the vestibule of wisdom for me. I wanted to see the sun as a ball of fire sinking once more into the stormy waves of the ocean as soon as possible.

When the moon began to approach the stormy waters of the Caribbean Sea, in those moments when the birds of the sky gather in their nests, I had to urge Litelantes to finish her household chores.

That night, we went to bed earlier than usual; I longed for something. I was in an ecstatic state.

Lying again on my hard, penitent, and anchoritic bed, in that Hindu asana of the dead man (*dorsal decubitus*, face

up, body relaxed, arms along the sides, feet touching at the heels with the tips of the toes open in the form of a fan), I waited in a state of alert perception, alert novelty.

Suddenly, in a matter of milliseconds, I remembered a distant mountain; what happened then was something unusual, extraordinary.

I saw myself instantly there on the distant summit, far away from the body, attachments, and mind.

Atman untethered, far from the dense body and in the absence of the suprasensible vehicles.

In those moments of samadhi, the cosmic initiation received the night before was a palpable fact for me, a crude living reality I did not even need to remember.

When I placed my right hand on the golden sash, I was happy to see I had the flaming sword there, precisely on the right side.

All the information Litelantes had given me had proved to be precise, and how happy I now felt as a Spirit Man, certainly dressed in the white linen tunic.

In full Dionysian intoxication, I launched myself into the infinite sidereal space; blissfully, I moved away from planet Earth.

Immersed in the ocean of the Universal Spirit of Life, I did not want to return again to this valley of bitterness, and so I visited many planetary dwellings.

When I landed softly on a giant planet of the unalterable infinite, unsheathing the flaming sword I exclaimed, "I dominate all this!"

"Man is called to be the ruler of all creation," answered a hierophant standing beside me.

I kept the flaming sword in its golden scabbard and, submerging myself even more into the "sleeping waters of life," I performed a series of extraordinary invocations and experiments.

"Buddhic body, come to me!"

Heeding my call, the beautiful Helen, Guinevere, the Jinn Queen, my adorable Spiritual Soul, came to me.

She entered me and I her, and between the two of us we formed that famous Atman-Buddhi of which oriental Theosophy speaks so much.

It has always been said, with just cause, that Buddhi (Spiritual Soul) is like a vessel of fine and transparent alabaster within which burns the flame of *prajna* (Atman).

Continuing those singular invocations in successive order made from the very depths of the chaos, I then called my Human Soul, saying, "Causal body, come to me!"

I saw my Human Soul gloriously clothed with the causal vehicle (Theosophical superior Manas).

How interesting was that moment in which my Human Soul happily entered me!

In those instants, I integrated in an extraordinarily lucid manner that Theosophical triad known by the Sanskrit terms Atman-Buddhi-Manas.

Unquestionably, Atman—that is to say, the Innermost—has two Souls. The first is the Spiritual Soul (Buddhi), which is feminine. The second is the Human Soul (superior Manas), which is masculine.

Subsequently, intoxicated with ecstasy, I called my mind thus, “Mental body, come to me!”

I had to repeat the invocation several times, for the mind is slow to obey, but at last it presented itself with great reverence, saying, “Lord, here I am, I have come to your call; forgive me for having delayed! Have I fulfilled your orders well?”

Just as I was about to answer, the solemn voice of my Pythagorean Monad issued from my deep interior, saying, “Yes, you obeyed well; come in.”

The voice was like that of the Ruach Elohim which, according to Moses, worked upon the waters at the dawn of life.

It is not superfluous to say with great emphasis that I concluded these invocations by calling the astral body. It also delayed a little in coming to my esoteric call but it entered me at last.

Now clothed with my suprasensible vehicles, I could have called from the chaos or primitive abyss to my physical

body, which in those moments lay on its hard, penitent, and anchoritic bed, and obviously this body would have also attended my call.

This is never impossible; with the help of the fourth aspect of Devi Kundalini, my physical body, which was laying on its hard bed in such interesting moments, would have been able to leave the three-dimensional region of Euclid to attend my call.

However, I then preferred to re-emerge from within that vacuum (in the sense of full, limitless, and deep space), to return to planet Earth.

I seemed at that moment like a solitary ray emerging from the abyss of the Great Mother.

The return to this planet of bitterness governed by forty-eight laws was relatively quick.

Frankly and without ambiguity, I declare with full self-consciousness I re-entered the physical body by entering it through that marvelous door of the Soul mentioned by Descartes; I want to refer to the pineal gland.

It is a pity that Cartesian philosophy ignores what objective knowledge is.

Since knowledge of such a pure type is accessible to my cognitive faculties, I have been able to write these lines for the good of our beloved readers.

Chapter 14

The Second Initiation of Fire

Unquestionably, we can and even must affirm with great emphasis the transcendent and transcendental existence of two classic types of occultism.

From the whole varied set of historical and prehistoric processes related to the Earth and its human races, it is possible to infer two occult modalities, namely:

- a. innate occultism,
- b. scholastic occultism.

The first of these two currents is ostensibly antediluvian; the second is completely postdiluvian.

We must clairvoyantly discover the exact parallels of these two clearly enunciated occult forms in the two modalities of the Law:

- a. natural and paradisiacal law (wisdom of the gods).
- b. written law, Deuteronomy (second and lower law).

It is written with fiery letters in the book of life that when the “sons of God,” that is, those of the Elohim or Jinn, met the daughters of men, the terrible Atlantean catastrophe or Universal Flood (Genesis 6) became frightful. Then the formidable empire of the first law came to an end and the time of Deuteronomy or the second law arrived.

The terrible imperfection of the written law is quite obvious and evident—torment of great men by its frightful limitations and fierce tutelage of Moses, the illustrious sacred leader of the people of Israel. Gathering his people on the plains of Moab, he expounds in full view of all on the extraordinary wonders the Lord had wrought in their favor ever since the first covenant had been established on Mount Sinai, and he repeats the Law with new examples, pronouncing frightful warnings against its transgressors, and promising just rewards and happiness of every kind to those who faithfully keep it.

Moses, transfigured on Mount Nebo after having blessed the twelve tribes of Israel, contemplates the Promised Land—the Elysian Fields or Jinn world, the land that flows with milk and honey, the etheric world, the fourth dimension.

Moses did not die like other men; he disappeared on Mount Nebo, his corpse was never found. What happened?

Moses returned to the happy land of Nordic and Druidic songs; he became a Jinn, an inhabitant of Paradise.

With full lucidity we have been able to integrally verify the conclusive, clear, and definitive fact that it is precisely there in the superliminal world, in the fourth dimension, where the happy people of ancient Arcadia dwelled.

I want to refer specifically to the paradisiacal humanities of ancient times.

When John the Baptist was beheaded, the Great Kabir Jesus departed in a ship “into a desert place apart” (Matt 14:13), that is to say, to the land of the Sun, in other words, the Jinn lands, the fourth coordinate of our planet Earth, and it is there where he performed the miracle of the five loaves and two fish for the multitude of which no less than five thousand men ate, in addition to women and children, leaving over twelve baskets full of pieces.¹⁷

It is ostensible that the great Gnostic priest Jesus also had to put the multitudes into the fourth dimension with the evident purpose of performing the miracle.

Ancient Irish traditions, wisely recorded in the delightful songs of Nordic bards or rhapsodes, speak with good reason of an extraordinary Cainite or Inca people, that is to say, the Priest Kings called the Tuatha Dé Danann, very skilled in all kinds of magical arts learned in Thebes.

Obviously, this is a great Jinn people, prototype of the Wandering Jew, the tireless traveler.

¹⁷ see Matt 14:13-21; Mark 6:31-44; Luke 9:12-17; John 6:1-14

The Tuatha Dé Danann traveled through Mediterranean countries until they reached Scandinavia itself where they founded, in addition to one lunar and one solar city, four great magical cities.

When the Tuatha arrived in Ireland again, they disembarked on that island protected by a thick magical fog (or, the fourth dimensional veil of Isis that hid them), like Aeneas in Carthage.

In other words, we will say the Tuatha arrived back in Ireland through the fourth dimension.

Written of in old chronicles is the very famous Battle of Moytura during which they covered themselves with glory by defeating the tenebrous Fir Bolgs.

Indeed, so great was the excellence of the Tuatha Dé Danann, so mighty and innumerable their hosts ... that the plains were filled with hordes of fighters stretching as far as the regions where the sun sets at daybreak. Their heroes were immortalized before Tara (the magical capital of Ireland ...) ...

... the Tuatha, who did not come to Erin in any known ship, nor did anyone succeed in determining clearly whether they were people born of the earth or descended from the heavens, nor whether they were diabolical entities or a new nation that could not in any way be human if through their veins did not run the regal blood

of Berthach ... the indefatigable, the founder of primitive Ceinne.

When the great Atlantean catastrophe occurred, the Tuatha Dé Danann definitively entered the fourth dimension.

In the etheric region of our planet Earth, some human races live happily; those people still live in a paradisiacal state, even in our days of so much bitterness.

In the fourth coordinate 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 its temples, valleys, enchanted lakes, and Jinn lands.

Unquestionably, it is there in the Promised Land where we can still find blissful, innate occultism, and natural and paradisiacal Law.

Those blessed Jinn who happily dwell in the Elysian Fields, in the land that flows with milk and honey, certainly do not fall under the regency of Deuteronomy or the second law that torments mortals so much.

Obviously, the Jinn multitudes such as those known as the Tuatha Dé Danann dwell blissfully in Eden under the regency of the first law.

Four esoteric magical symbols were always carried by the Tuatha Dé Danann throughout the lands of their legendary exodus:

- a. a gigantic cup or grail (living symbol of the feminine womb),
- b. an enormous spear of pure iron (masculine phallic symbol),
- c. a great flaming sword (symbol of sexual fire),
- d. the Stone of Truth (sexual symbol of the Philosopher's Stone).

If Moses, the great Hebrew leader, had ignored the deep significance of these four magical symbols, he would never have been able to become a Jinn on Mount Nebo.

That's how I comprehended it when, having prostrated before the Logos of the solar system, I asked him with complete humility to enter the second initiation of fire.

Impossible to forget those moments when the Blessed One entrusted a certain specialist with the sacred mission of wisely guiding the second degree of the power of fire through my spine.

I wanted to know the mysteries of the fourth coordinate in depth, and to victoriously penetrate the Promised Land.

I needed with the utmost urgency, without delay, to restore the igneous powers in my vital etheric foundation.

When the second serpent awoke to begin its ascent inward and upward along the etheric spinal cord, I was honored in the temple with a great cosmic festival.

The Jinn specialist assisted me during the metaphysical copulation; Litelantes and I perceived him with the sixth sense.

Ostensibly, I was not abandoned; the Jinn assisted me with strong magnetic passes that went from the coccyx to the pineal gland.

That Master had taken upon his shoulders a great moral responsibility; he had to intelligently lead the living and philosophical fire along the spinal cord of the famous Theosophical *lingam sarira* (vital base of the human organism).

Obviously, such a vehicle is only the superior part of the physical body, the tetra-dimensional aspect of our physical body.

“This initiation is much more laborious,” that is what the Logos of our solar system told me; however, I yearned with infinite longing to know the mysteries of the etheric world to enter the Promised Land.

The brilliant ascent of the second igneous serpent along the spinal canal took place very slowly, from vertebra to vertebra and from chakra to chakra, in accordance with the merits of the heart.

Each etheric spinal vertebra implies certain virtues; ostensibly, we must be tested before reaching this or that vertebra (let us remember that gold is tested by fire and virtue by temptation).

The legs on the thrones of the gods have animal forms. The tenebrous incessantly attack those who try to attain any degree of occult masonry in the spine. Heaven is taken by storm, the valiant have taken it.¹⁸

There are also mystical agapes¹⁹ in the land of a thousand and one nights. I was at one such dinner party; we guests were regally attended by swans of immaculate whiteness on the shores of a crystalline lake.

On another occasion, I was taught the following cosmic law, “Never mix opposing forces within the same house because the mixture of two opposing currents results in a third force, which is destructive for all.”

The vital body is comprised of four ethers:

- a. luminous ether,
- b. reflective ether,
- c. chemical ether,
- d. ether of life.

The first of these ethers is intimately related to the diverse functionalisms of will and imagination.

The second is secretly associated with all sensory and extrasensory perceptions.

The third is the basis of all organic biochemical processes.

The fourth serves as a medium for the forces working

¹⁸ see Matthew 11:12, and Luke 16:16

¹⁹ Christian feasts

with the processes of reproduction of the races.

During the second initiation of fire, I learned to liberate the two superior ethers in order to travel with them outside of the physical body.

Unquestionably, clairvoyant and clairaudient perceptions are extraordinarily intensified when one absorbs the two superior ethers into one's astral body.

Such ethers allow us to bring the totality of suprasensible memories to the physical brain.

The esoteric explanation about mystical decapitation, which was staged for me, was certainly extraordinary.

I was invited to a macabre feast, and what I saw on the tragic table was really frightful.

A desecrated bloody head placed on a silver platter, all adorned with something of which it is better to keep silent.

Its deep significance is obvious: the animal ego, the "one-self", the "myself", must be beheaded.

From this we can deduce with great accuracy the conclusive and definitive fact that John the Baptist's head on a silver platter certainly has the same meaning.

Unquestionably, John the Precursor taught this tremendous truth, ascending the altar of supreme sacrifice.

Scrutinizing old chronicles with the tenacity of a clergyman in a cell, we discover the following:

The Nazarenes were known as Baptists, Sabians, and John's Christians. Their belief was that the Messiah was not the Son of God, but simply a prophet who would follow John. ... Origen remarks 'there are some who said of John (the Baptist) that he was the *anointed*' (Christus). ...²⁰

When the metaphysical conceptions of the Gnostics, who saw in Jesus the Logos and the anointed, began to gain ground, the earliest Christians separated from the Nazarenes, who accused Jesus of perverting the doctrines of John, and of changing the baptism in the Jordan for another.²¹

It is not superfluous to assert with great emphasis the transcendental fact that John the Baptist was also a Christus.

On the other hand, considered from the point of view of the Logos (perfect multiple unity), it can be said that he has saved those who have died in themselves, those who have decapitated the animal ego and have conquered the kingdom of darkness or hell.

As a consequence or corollary, I comprehended all this in an integral, uni-total form when I saw the macabre table in the banquet hall.

When I left that unusual and abysmal den, Adepts of the Occult Fraternity gave me a beautiful present.

²⁰ Origen, vol. ii, p (as cited in HPB, Isis Unveiled, vol. II)

²¹ Codex Nazaraeus, vol. ii, p. 109 (as cited in HPB, Isis Unveiled, vol II)

It was a tiny magical instrument by means of which I can operate as a theurgist modifying plasticity.

Those who have seen my photos will be able to see for themselves the concrete fact that I voluntarily manage plasticity.

Various forms of my face baffle my best photographers; however, I confess frankly and unequivocally that it is not I who has this power but the Innermost, my real Inner Being, Atman the Ineffable. He operates on plasticity when it is indispensable.

My insignificant person is worthless, the work is everything. I am certainly nothing more than a simple worm in the mud of the earth.

If I were to write at length all that we mystics have experienced in the thirty-three holy chambers of the etheric world, we would fill many volumes; therefore, I prefer to speak synthetically.

When the second degree of the power of fire reached the height of the creative larynx, I was thrown into prison.

The accusatory act read as follows, "This gentleman, in addition to committing the crime of healing the sick, is also the author of a book entitled *The Perfect Matrimony*, which is an attack against public morals and the good customs of citizens."

So, it was in the horrifying dungeon of an old South American prison where I had to undergo the classic ceremony of decapitation.

Then at the foot of an old tower I saw my Divine Mother Kundalini with the flaming sword in her right hand, decapitating a creature.

“Ah, now I understand,” I exclaimed within the dreadful darkness of the horrible dungeon. Subsequently, I entered that delightful state which in high yoga is known as *nirvikalpa samadhi*.

Outside of this other dungeon, which is called the physical body, I ecstatically experienced in myself the profound inner Great Reality.

He, my Monad, entered me—entered my Soul—and then I was totally transfigured. I saw myself integrally and with full lucidity.

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’s, “There is no god but God. Muhammad is the messenger ...”

When I left that prison, I went home; there, my best friends were waiting for me.

Days later, the second degree of the power of fire made direct contact with the atom of the Father located in the magnetic field at the root of the nose; then, in a night vision, I saw the flaming star with the Eye of God in the center.

The resplendent 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 Innermost—crucified on his cross in the most sacred depths of the sanctuary and before the brothers of the Occult Fraternity.

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

Unquestionably, death is something profoundly significant. To go into this subject deeply, to integrally, sincerely, delve into it with infinite patience in all levels of the mind is certainly urgent and cannot be postponed.

As a consequence or luminous corollary, we can and even must solemnly affirm the following postulate, “Only by totally discovering the mysteries of death will we be able to discover the origin of life.”

If the seed does not die, the plant is not born. Death and conception are intimately connected.

As we exhale the last breath of our existence, we inevitably project the electrical design of our own existence through time and space.

Ostensibly, such an electro-psychic design later comes to impregnate the fertilized egg; this is how we return.

The path of life is formed with the hoofprints of the horse of death.

The last moments of the dying are secretly linked to the loving delights of our future earthly parents.

The destiny that awaits us beyond death will be the repetition of our present life plus its consequences.

That which continues beyond the sepulchral grave are my affections, my endearments, my hatreds (I want, I do not want, I envy, I desire, I get my revenge, I kill, I steal, I am lustful, I am angry, I covet, etc., etc., etc.).

This whole legion of “I’s” (truly, a legion of demons) personifying psychological defects returns, comes back, reincorporates itself.

It would be absurd to speak about an individual “I”; it is better to speak with complete clarity about the pluralized “I”.

Orthodox esoteric Buddhism teaches that the ego is a sum of psychic aggregates.

The Egyptian Book of the Dead [*Book of Coming Forth by Day*] mentions with great emphasis the red demons of Seth (devil “I’s” that constitute the ego).

Such quarrelsome and loud-mouthed “I’s” constitute the tenebrous legions against which Arjuna was to fight under orders emanating directly from the blessed Lord Krishna (see the *Bhagavad Gita*).

The personality does not return; it is a child of time, it has a beginning and an end. The only thing that continues is certainly a bunch of devils.

We can attain immortality in the astral world; however, this is only possible by fabricating the *eidolon* (the astral body).

Many different types of pseudo-esoteric and pseudo-occultist authors fall into the error of confusing the ego with the astral body.

Modern metaphysical literature talks a lot about projections of the astral body; however, we must have the courage to recognize that occultists usually unfold themselves in the ego in order to travel in the sub-lunar regions of nature through time and space.

The astral body is not an indispensable implement for existence; it is not superfluous to remember that the physical body fortunately has a vital backdrop or *lingam sarira*, which integrally guarantees its existence.

Unquestionably, the astral body is a luxury that very few people are given; rare are the people who are born with that splendid vehicle.

The raw material of the Great Work, the alchemical element with which we can fabricate the astral body, is sexual hydrogen SI-12.

Obviously, the aforementioned hydrogen represents the final product of the transformation of food within the marvelous laboratory of the organism.

It is evident that this is the most important substance with which sex functions; the elaboration of this substance

develops in rhythmic consonance with the seven notes of the musical scale.

It is important to comprehend that the *ens seminis* and its peculiar hydrogen SI-12 are seed and fruit at the same time.

Transmuting the portentous hydrogen to give it intelligent crystallization in a superior octave, in fact, means creating a new life within the existing organism, giving evident form to the astral or sidereal body of alchemists and Kabbalists.

You must understand that the 'astral body' is born of the same material, of the same matter, as the physical body, only the process is different. The whole of the physical body, all its cells, are, so to speak, permeated by emanations of the matter si 12. And when they have become sufficiently saturated the matter si 12 begins to crystallize. The crystallization of this matter constitutes the formation of the 'astral body.'

The transition of matter si 12 into emanations and the gradual saturation of the whole organism by it is what alchemy calls 'transmutation' or transformation. It is first this transformation of the physical body into the astral that alchemy called the transformation of the 'coarse' into the 'fine' or the transformation of base metals into gold.

We can discover the esoteric procedure in sexual yoga, in the *maithuna*, in sexual magic. Connection of the *lingam-yoni* (phallus-uterus) without ejaculation of the *ens seminis*.

The restrained desire will originate the marvelous processes of the crystallization of hydrogen SI-12 in a superior octave.

Nourishment is different. Unquestionably, the astral body also needs its food and nourishment; that is obvious.

Since the physical body is wisely controlled by forty-eight laws—a fact that is scientifically demonstrated with the forty-eight chromosomes of the germinal cell—it is very clear and manifest that the capital hydrogen of the cellular body is hydrogen 48.

Saving this specific type of hydrogen is indeed relatively easy when we march on the straight-line path.

The surplus of hydrogen 48 that's not wasted in the physical activities of Euclid's three-dimensional world is marvelously converted into hydrogen 24.

Ostensibly, the aforementioned hydrogen 24 always becomes extraordinary nourishment for the astral body.

It is urgent to affirm with great emphasis that the sidereal or astral body of alchemists and Kabbalists develops and unfolds splendidly under the absolute control of twenty-four laws.

Every organ is clearly known by its functions, and one knows he has an astral body when he can travel with it (see chapter 6 of this treatise).

My particular case was certainly extraordinary. Specifically, I must state that I was born with an astral body.

I had fabricated it magnificently before I was born, in very ancient ages of a past mahamanvantara, long before the dawn of the Lunar Chain.

To restore the igneous powers in the aforementioned sidereal body was certainly the most important thing for me; that's what I comprehended before requesting entry to the third initiation of fire from the Logos of the solar system.

It is not superfluous to tell my beloved readers that the great being, after granting my request, issued a special order to help me.

From this you may infer that I was given a certain specialist in the third degree of the power of fire.

That guru-deva fulfilled his mission by directing the third igneous serpent through the spinal cord in the astral body.

With the sixth sense, Litelantes and my insignificant person who is worthless perceived the astral specialist who would help us during the metaphysical copulation.

Awakening of the fire in the astral body is always announced with a tremendous flash of lightning in the night.

Originally, the third degree of the power of fire in such a precious vehicle possesses a beautiful immaculate white color; later, it shines within the universe's aura with a beautiful golden color.

I avow frankly and unequivocally that during the esoteric work with the third degree of the power of fire, I had to live the whole Cosmic Drama symbolically.

One who is nothing more than a vile worm crawling in the mud of the earth feels really moved when, suddenly and without deserving it, he finds himself converted into the central character of such a drama, even though it is merely symbolic.

Unlike the two previous serpents, the third degree of the power of fire continues its march to the heart after touching the atom of the Father in the magnetic field at the root of the nose.

Between the magnetic field at the root of the nose and the heart, there are secret pathways, *nadis* or marvelous channels.

A certain secret path connects the root of the nose with the capital chakra, which controls the cardiac from the center of the brain. The fire circulates through this pathway; later, it continues its march to the heart itself, circulating mysteriously through the *anahata nadi*.

To live the entire drama of the Christ in the astral world is beyond all doubt something that can never be forgotten.

As the third degree of the power of fire develops and unfolds harmoniously in the astral body, the various events of the Christic Drama become open.

When the sacred fire reaches the marvelous port of the tranquil heart, we then experience that symbolism intimately related to the death and resurrection of the Christ.

Terrifying is that instant in which the symbolic Longinus pierces the sacred lance, extraordinary emblem of phallic force, into the initiate's side.

Parsifal healed the frightful wound that burned painfully in the side of King Amfortas with such a lance.

When I was secretly approved by a certain sidereal power, the tenebrous left-hand adepts filled with great hatred attacked me.

The holy sepulcher is never absent among the mysteries of the great cathedrals, and it is evident that mine could not be absent in the initiation.

As I write these lines, the initiatic moment of Ginés de Lara comes to my memory.

Indeed, in that esoteric moment of the distinguished initiate, there was no maiden of the great lineage, daughter of the monastery's founder, accompanying him nor any good man other than the master guide himself who led him to the *sancta-sanctorum* or adytum of that temple where, in the center of a very lavish marble room, the neophyte found a magnificent sepulcher, hermetically sealed.

Having obeyed the master, Ginés easily lifted the heavy lid with his own hands and, to his great surprise, he saw his own physical body in it.

Unlike Ginés de Lara, what I saw in the sepulcher was my own astral body; I comprehended then that I had to pass through the esoteric resurrection.

Unquestionably, the Grand Master Mason Hiram Abiff must resurrect in us. "The King is dead, long live the King!"

Realistic, crude, legitimate, authentic resurrection is only possible on the Second Mountain. We emphatically only refer in these paragraphs to the symbolic initiatic resurrection.

I had to remain within the holy sepulcher in the astral for three days before the aforementioned symbolic resurrection.

Descent into the dark abode of Pluto was indispensable after the whole symbolic resurrection process.

Tenebrous recapitulations had to be initiated in the deepest bowels of the Earth, there where the Florentine Dante found the city of Dis.

The progressive ascent was carried out slowly, ascendingly, it was indispensable for full knowledge of the "oneself", the "myself".

Recapitulating old abysmal errors is often useful when it comes to dissolving the ego.

To know our own psychological errors is certainly urgent, unpostponable.

“I am a saint!” I exclaimed before a group of elegant ladies who tenebrously took their seats in an extravagant abysmal hall.

Those women laughed at me, mocking me gladly while, with very provocative grimaces, they repeated ironically, “Saint, saint, saint!”

Those wretched creatures were right. At that time, I had not yet dissolved the ego; I was a fallen bodhisattva.

It is written with burning coals in the book of all splendors that “truth is disguised as darkness” in the abode of Pluto. “*Demon est Deus inversus*,” wrote H.P.B.

Symbolic, initiatic, instructive ascension but different from the logical ascension of the Third Mountain.

Nineteen days after having begun the ascending march from the abyss, the Adepts of the Occult Fraternity eliminated from my lower abdomen a certain layer or atomic substance similar to the skin of the human organism.

Within the human microcosm, such an atomic layer is like a great door that gives access to the abysmal underworld.

As long as this atomic element exists in individuals, the essence will remain all too self-enclosed in the ego.

Once this atomic door is removed in the astral counterpart of the abdomen, the adepts must heal this ventral zone.

When the third degree of the power of fire manages to emerge through the upper part of the head, it assumes the mystical figure of the Holy Spirit, a white dove with the head of a venerable old man.

An immaculate divine creature perched on the tower of the temple, mystically stalking, blissfully awaiting the supreme moment of initiation.

Remembering ancient errors of previous reincarnations, I had to go through an unusual and strange event on the thirty-third day.

Three of the four fundamental states of consciousness had to be submitted to the test of fire.

To define these four states of consciousness is urgent for the good of our beloved readers:

- a. *eikasía*,
- b. *pístis*,
- c. *dianoia*,
- d. *nous*.

The first of these four states is profound unconsciousness, barbarism in progress, infra-human sleep, cruelty, etc., etc.

The second of these states corresponds precisely to all reasoning processes—opinions, sectarianism, fanaticism, etc., etc., etc.

The third manifests itself as conceptual synthetism, scientism, intellectual revision of beliefs, induction, reflective deduction, very serious studies of phenomena and laws, etc., etc., etc.

The fourth is awakened consciousness, the state of turiya, truly objective, illuminated, perfect clairvoyance, polyvision, etc., etc., etc.

I was victorious in the difficult test. Unquestionably, on the path of the razor's edge we must be tested many times.

The hermetic symbolism of the aforementioned esoteric test was very interesting—three maidens, very serene amidst the fire. Victory was the result!

Today, I am now firmly established in the dianoetic and noetic states. It is not superfluous to affirm that eikasia and pistis were eliminated from my nature through the tremendous ordeals of initiation.

Thirty-seven days after beginning abysmal revisions, I had to study directly the twelve zodiacal constellations, under the regency of which 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 is a very beautiful golden color, and one feels inspired when contemplating it.

The end of all the processes related to the ascension is always announced by four angels who, turned toward the four cardinal points of the planet Earth, each sounds his trumpet.

Inside the temple, the white dove of the Holy Spirit was given to me as if telling me, "Work intensely in the ninth sphere if you want to incarnate the Third Logos within yourself."

All these symbolic processes of the ascension concluded after forty days.

The final ceremony took place in the causal world; what I then felt and saw was certainly extraordinary.

The Great Initiator was then Sanat Kumara, founder of the great College of Initiates of the venerable White Lodge.

At the altar, with the seven knotted cane in his powerful right hand, that great being was shining, tremendously divine.

Chapter 16

The Fourth Initiation of Fire

This sad rational homunculus mistakenly called man is very similar to a fatal ship crewed by many tenebrous passengers of the left (I want to refer to the “I’s”).

Unquestionably, each of these has its own particular mind, ideas, concepts, opinions, emotions, etc., etc., etc.

Obviously, we are infinitely full of psychological contradictions. If we could see how we are internally in a full-length mirror, we would be horrified with ourselves.

At any given moment, the type of mind that expresses itself in us through the various cerebral functionalisms depends exclusively on the quality of the “I” in action (see chapter 3, section entitled “The Ego”).

The inner existence of many minds within each of us is evident, obvious, and manifest.

Certainly, we are not the possessors of an individual, particular mind; we have many minds.

We need to create the mental body with the utmost urgency, without delay but this is only possible by transmuting sexual hydrogen SI-12.

By means of the *sahaja maithuna* (sexual magic) we can and even must pass the surplus of sexual hydrogen SI-12 not utilized in the fabrication of the astral body to a second octave of a superior order.

The crystallization of that hydrogen in the splendid and marvelous form of the mental body is an axiom of hermetic wisdom.

Ostensibly, this crystallization of the aforementioned sexual hydrogen is solemnly processed according to the notes DO-RE-MI-FA-SOL-LA-SI in the transcendent second octave.

Nourishment is different; it is evident that any organism that comes into existence needs its specific food and nutrition. The mental body is not an exception to the general rule.

The surplus of hydrogen 24 that is not spent to nourish the astral body becomes hydrogen 12 (do not confuse the latter with sexual hydrogen SI-12).

As a consequence or evident corollary, it is legitimate to state clearly that hydrogen 12 is the cardinal and definitive food for the mental body.

It is not possible to achieve full individualization of the mind without the creation of a mental body.

Only by creating such a vehicle do we possess organized lower manas, a particular, individual concrete mind.

The foundation of this creation is found in the ninth sphere (sex). Working in the Fiery Forge of Vulcan is indispensable.

It is evident that one knows one possesses a mental body when one can travel with it consciously and positively through the supra-sensible worlds.

My particular case was certainly something very special. I was born with a mental body; I had already created it in the remote past, long before the dawn of the mahamanvantara of Padma or Golden Lotus.

Now, I really only needed with the utmost urgency to recapitulate the flaming powers in the aforementioned vehicle.

The resplendent Dragon of Wisdom (I want to refer to the Logos of the Ors Solar System) entrusted a specialist with the noble mission of assisting and helping me.

To raise the fourth serpent along the spinal cord of the mental body, from vertebra to vertebra and from chakra to chakra, is certainly something very slow and frightfully difficult.

“Ere the gold flame can burn with steady light, the lamp must stand well guarded in a spot free from all wind.”

“... so must earthly thoughts fall dead before the fane.”

“The Mind which follows the rambling senses, makes the Soul as helpless as the boat which the wind leads astray upon the waters.”

Amazed, I perceived the multiple splendors of the marvelous pentalfa upon the most sacred oil lamps of the temple.

I crossed the threshold of the sanctuary blissfully; my thoughts burned ardently.

I clearly comprehended that during work in the ninth sphere I should very carefully separate the smoke from the flames.

Smoke is horror, darkness, bestiality; flame is light, love, transcendent chastity.

Any external impact originates undulatory reactions in the mind; the latter themselves have their fundamental nucleus in the ego, the “I”, the “myself”.

To exercise absolute control over the aforementioned mental reactions is certainly indispensable.

We need to become indifferent to praise and insult, to triumph and defeat.

To smile before insulters, to kiss the whip of the executioner, is indispensable. Remember that hurtful words have no more value than that given to them by the offended.

When we give no value to the words of insulters, they are like a check with insufficient funds.

The Guardian of the Threshold in the mental world is the personification of the ego, the “I”.

To heroically face the terrible ordeal, to really defeat the Terrible Brother, as he is called in occult masonry, is indispensable in the fourth initiation of fire.

Without any fear, I quickly unsheathed the flaming sword; what happened next was extraordinary; the larva of the threshold fled terrified.

It is ostensible that such a test always comes after the igneous wings have opened.

It is a tremendous truth that when the ascending sacred fire reaches the height of the heart, the radiant angelic wings always open.

Unquestionably, the fiery wings allow us to instantaneously enter any department of the Kingdom.

Another marvelous cosmic event I had to experience in myself during the multiple processes of the fourth initiation of fire was certainly that of Jesus’s victorious entrance into the beloved city of the prophets.

Whoever really wants to enter the Jerusalem above (the superior worlds) must free himself from the body, affections, and mind.

It is urgent, indispensable, unpostponable, to ride on the symbolic donkey (the mind), to tame it, to control it; only in this way is it possible to liberate ourselves from it in

order to enter the worlds of the Spirit (the celestial Jerusalem).

I felt that my worn-out physical body was disintegrating and dying; in those moments the divine Rabbi of Galilee cried out with a great voice saying, "That body is no longer of any use to you."

Joyfully, I escaped from the destroyed form of apparel with the *to soma heliakon*, the golden body of the Solar Man.

When the sacred fire shone solemnly in the flaming star and in the starry cross, my particular, individual Divine Mother Kundalini was honored in the temple.

The Kundalini blossomed on my fertile lips made Word when the fire reached the creative larynx.

I still remember that instant in which the celebration took place. The Adepts of the Occult Fraternity rewarded me with a marvelous symbol I still keep.

Extraordinary was that moment in which the fire of the Kundalini reached the height of the cerebellum; then my mental body passed through the symbolic crucifixion of the Lord.

The ascent of the erotic flame to the thirty-second vertebra was note-worthy; in those moments of great solemnity, I comprehended the mysteries related to the degree of the Lion of the Law.

"When an inferior law is transcended by a superior law, the superior law washes away the inferior law."

“The Lion of the Law is combated with the scales.”

“Do good works so you can pay your debts.”

When the divine fire opened the lotus of a thousand petals (the *sahasrara* chakra), a certain metallic bell solemnly shook all the spheres of the universe.

In those moments of supreme beatitude, I heard ineffable choruses that resounded in sacred space.

Later, I had to patiently carry the erotic flame to the magnetic channel at the root of the nose.

Intelligently taking advantage of a certain secret neural thread, I then continued to lead it to the region of the thalamus, the region where the capital chakra that controls the heart is located.

Finally, I intelligently took advantage of the *anahata nadi* to take the sexual flame to the heart temple.

The final ceremony of that initiation was truly extraordinary, sublime, tremendously divine.

That mystical night, the temple was vested in glory; it is impossible to describe such beauty.

Sanat Kumara, the Great Hierophant, awaited me austere-ly on his regal throne; I entered the sacred precinct with profound veneration.

Before this Great Immolated One, as H.P.B. usually calls him, my Divine Mother Kundalini placed upon my head,

with infinite love, the yellow mantle of the buddhas and the extraordinary diadem in which the Eye of Shiva shines.

“This is my beloved son!” my Mother exclaimed, and then added, “He is a buddha.”

The Elder of Days, Sanat Kumara, illustrious founder of the great College of Initiates of the White Lodge on planet Earth, approached me and placed in my hands the symbol of the Imperator (the sphere with the cross on top).

In those moments, angelic chords were heard, regal symphonies based on the rhythms of Mahavan and Chotavan that keep the universe firm in its march.

Chapter 17

The Fifth Initiation of Fire

We affirm with great solemnity and without much ado the tremendous palpable and evident realism of three specific types of actions:

- a. acts based on the Law of Accidents,
- b. acts based on the eternal Laws of Return and Recurrence,
- c. wonderful acts born of conscious will.

The basis of the first type of action is certainly the natural mechanicalness of this whole order of things.

The primordial element of the second type of action is, beyond any doubt, the incessant repetition of many dramas, comedies, and tragedies.

In the painful valley of *samsara*, this always happens from life to life through time and space.

Drama is for the more or less good people, comedy for the clowns, and tragedy for the perverse.

Everything happens again as it happened before, plus the positive or negative consequences.

The *causa causarum* of the third type of action is certainly the causal body or body of conscious will.

As a consequence or corollary, we can establish the following statement, “Acts born of conscious will are only possible when we have given ourselves the luxury of creating a causal body, for our particular use.”

By means of sexual yoga with its famous *sahaja-maithuna* (sexual magic), sexual hydrogen SI-12 can and must pass to a third octave of superior order.

Crystallization of the aforementioned hydrogen in the splendid and marvelous form of the causal body will be processed with the notes DO-RE-MI-FA-SOL-LA-SI in the aforementioned octave.

Nourishment is different. The causal body also needs its nourishment, and perfect for this is the surplus hydrogen 12 not consumed in the mental body.

Obviously, hydrogen 12 (not to be confused with sexual hydrogen SI-12) can and must be converted into hydrogen 6, which is the specific nourishment of the causal body.

Unquestionably, since they do not really possess the body of conscious will, the poor people are always inevitably victims of circumstances.

The categorical imperative, the determinative faculty, that which allows us to originate new circumstances, is only

possible when one possesses the causal body or body of conscious will.

With great sincerity and tremendous gnostic realism, we must affirm the following: the intellectual animal mistakenly called man does not have the astral, mental, and causal bodies. He never created them.

It is unacceptable, unsustainable, inadmissible to suppose, even for an instant, man's full manifestation when the aforementioned suprasensible vehicles have not even been elaborated.

When we really want to become authentic Men, the basic, indispensable, urgent condition is to create within ourselves the aforementioned vehicles.

It is a grave error to believe that three-brained or three-centered bipeds come to this world with such bodies.

There are infinite possibilities in the spine and semen, which can transform us into legitimate Men when developed; however, they could be lost, and it is even normal that they are lost when we do not work with the fundamental scale of the hydrogens.

The intellective humanoid is not Man but presumes to be such, mistakenly supposes he is, and by mere ignorance tries to usurp a position that does not correspond to him; he believes himself to be the King of Creation when he is not even king of himself.

Immortality is something very serious but it must be achieved by means of *sahaja maithuna* (sexual magic).

The one who fabricates an astral body, in fact and by his own right, becomes immortal in the world of twenty-four laws.

The one who has the luxury of creating a mental body ostensibly attains immortality in the world of twelve laws.

The one who forges a causal body undoubtedly achieves the longed-for immortality in the world of six laws.

Only by fabricating the aforementioned solar vehicles can we incarnate that which is called the Human Soul; I want to refer to the third aspect of the Hindu trimurti, Atman-Buddhi-Manas.

Much has been said now about the famous *to soma heliakon*, the golden body of the Solar Man.

Unquestionably, it is the wedding garment of the Soul cited by the biblical Christic Gospel.

Obviously, such a garment is composed of the suprasensible bodies, those extraordinary crystallizations of sexual hydrogen SI-12.

In no way is it possible to penetrate the *sanctum regnum*, the *regnum dei*, the *magis regnum*, without the wedding garment of the Soul.

With the beneficial purpose of further illuminating these paragraphs, we transcribe below the Parable of the Wedding Feast:

And Jesus answered and spoke to them again
by parables and said:

“The kingdom of heaven is like a certain king who arranged a marriage for his son, and sent out his servants to call those who were invited to the wedding; and they were not willing to come. Again, he sent out other servants, saying, ‘Tell those who are invited, “See, I have prepared my dinner; my oxen and fatted cattle are killed, and all things are ready. Come to the wedding.”’ But they made light of it and went their ways, one to his own farm, another to his business. And the rest seized his servants, treated them spitefully, and killed them. But when the king heard about it, he was furious. And he sent out his armies, destroyed those murderers, and burned up their city.

Then he said to his servants, ‘The wedding is ready, but those who were invited were not worthy. Therefore go into the highways, and as many as you find, invite to the wedding.’ So those servants went out into the highways and gathered together all whom they found, both bad and good. And the wedding hall was filled with guests. “But when the king came in to see the guests, he saw a man there who did not have on a wedding garment. So he said to him, ‘Friend, how did you come in here without a wedding garment?’ And he was speechless.

Then the king said to the servants, ‘Bind him hand and foot, take him away, and cast him

into outer darkness; there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth.’

“For many are called, but few are chosen.” (Matt 22:1-14)

It is obvious and evident that the guest who was not dressed with the wedding garment of the Soul could not legitimately receive the qualification of Man; nevertheless, such a term is given simply out of love and respect for our fellowmen.

The parable would have been grotesque if it had said there was an animal there that was not dressed for a wedding.

Obviously, no animal—including the intellectual beast—is ever dressed in the wedding garment of the Soul.

However, to draw a little closer to the purpose of this chapter, let us return to my personal case.

In the name of truth, I must say with complete clarity that I was born with the four bodies, physical, astral, mental, and causal.

To restore the power of fire in each body, to recapitulate initiations, was certainly indispensable, urgent, unpostponable.

After the four previous initiations, I had to patiently redo the fifth initiation of fire.

In these lines, I want to give an intrinsic, transcendent, and transcendental meaning to the term “redo.”

Since I had already gone through the cosmic initiations of fire in previous lives, I only needed to redo them now.

When I asked the Logos of our Ors Solar System for permission to enter the mysteries of the fifth initiation of fire, I was given the following answer, “You no longer need to ask permission to enter the initiation, you have every right to do so.”

The Blessed One then entrusted a noble specialist of the causal world with the mission of assisting and helping me.

The aforementioned specialist had to intelligently direct the sacred fire through the spinal cord of the causal body or body of conscious will.

The awakening of the fifth igneous serpent of our magical powers in the *muladhara* chakra of the coccygeal bone was celebrated in the temple with a great celebration.

The ascent of the Kundalini from vertebra to vertebra and from chakra to chakra along the spine of the causal body took place very slowly in accordance with the merits of the heart.

Since I was born awake, and I certainly enjoy what we could call objective consciousness and objective knowledge, it was very easy for me to bring the memories of the causal world into the physical brain.

Let me clarify; modern revolutionary psychology of the New Age 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 comprehended the need to learn to obey the Father on Earth as well as in the heavens.

Entering the Music of the Spheres Temple in that cosmic region was certainly one of my greatest joys.

At the threshold of that temple, the guardian taught me one of the secret greetings of the occult fraternity.

The face of that guardian looked like lightning; when that man lived in the world, he was called Beethoven.

In the causal world, I found many bodhisattvas working intensely for humanity.

Those causal men unfold marvelously, each under the direction of his internal god.

Only the causal man has definitively attained immortality; such beings are beyond good and evil.

To experience the drama of the Cosmic Christ in those regions, to become the central character in the entire Way of the Cross, is certainly something that can never be forgotten. We need to refine ourselves, quintessentialize ourselves, really purify ourselves, if we truly yearn to seriously experience the tremendous realities contained in the divine Christic symbolism.

I sincerely avow that, in the world of natural causes, I saw myself carrying the weight of my own cross before the profane crowds that angrily stoned me without stifling my intimate yearnings in any way.

The face of the Adorable One, miraculously imprinted on the sacred cloth of Veronica, seemed to me to be very striking.

It is not superfluous to remember that archaeologists have discovered many stone heads crowned with thorns; such effigies belong to the Bronze Age.

This is clear, and reminds us of the rune Thorn about which we have already spoken extensively in the *Esoteric Treatise of Runic Magic*.

Any person versed in universal Gnosticism knows very well what such a rune means.

The deep significance of the divine face with the head crowned with thorns is Christ will.

With singular diaphanousness and divine transparency, I saw the cloth of Veronica shining ecstatically over the sacred altar on the night of initiation.

The final cosmic event inevitably came when the fifth serpent, after having passed through the pineal gland and magnetic field at the root of the nose, reached its corresponding secret chamber in the tranquil heart.

Then, fused with my real interior Being, I blissfully felt I was returning to the paradisiacal infantile state.

Once the final ceremony was concluded, I prostrated myself before my guru Adolfo, exclaiming, "Thank you, venerable Master; I owe all this to you."

The blessed Mahatma, standing up, replied, "Don't thank me! What I need to know is how you are now going to behave in life."

"The facts are speaking for me, Venerable Master, you are seeing it." Such were my words then.

Later, I was visited by a great elemental genie; I want to refer to that *deiduso* that personifies the Sphinx of the Egyptian desert.

That being had feet covered in mud. I understood its deep, esoteric, occult significance.

"You have feet covered in mud," I said. The mysterious creature kept silent. Unquestionably, I lacked the washing of the feet.

When I wanted to deposit the holy kiss on her cheeks, she delicately called me to order saying, "Kiss me with purity." I did so.

Later, I was visited by Isis, whose veil no mortal has ever lifted, my Divine Mother Kundalini. I immediately questioned her about results.

"Oh, my Mother, do I now have the five serpents raised?"

"Yes, my son!"

“I want you now to help me raise the sixth and seventh serpents.”

“You already have them raised.”

At that moment, the perfect memory of myself came to me, “Ah, I am an old master; I now remember I was fallen.”

“Yes, my son; you are a master.”

“Oh, Devi Kundalini! You are Lakshmi, wife of Vishnu, adorable Mother! You are the divine betrothed of Shiva. Venerable Virgin! You are the watery Saraswati, consort of Brahma.”

Oh, dear reader! Listen to me; she is certainly the eternal feminine represented by the Moon and water, the *magna mater* from which the magical M and famous hieroglyph of Aquarius originate.

Unquestionably, she is also the universal matrix of the great abyss, the primitive Venus, the great Virgin Mother who emerges from the sea’s waves with Cupid-Eros who is her son.

Beyond any doubt, we must affirm frankly and unequivocally that she is the Hindu *prakriti*, and metaphysically, *aditi*, and even *mulaprakriti*.

We could never tread the rocky path that leads to ultimate liberation without the help of the Divine Mother Kundalini.

Chapter 18

A Suprasensible Adventure

Talking in the forest of mystery, three of us wandering friends arrived slowly, slowly, slowly before the sacred hill.

Without the slightest fear, we were then witnesses of something rare and unusual; to narrate it is urgent for the good of our beloved readers.

An unblemished millenary rock suddenly opened in the crag, as if it had split into exactly two equal pieces, leaving us perplexed and astonished.

Before there was enough time to evaluate it, as if attracted by a strange force, I approached the mysterious granite door without any concern.

Bravely, I crossed the threshold of a temple without hindrance; in the meantime, my friends sat serenely in front of the gigantic rock closing before them.

Frankly, an extraordinary glossary would be insufficient to try to describe in minute detail all the marvels of that subterranean sanctuary.

Without worldliness of any kind, I prefer to talk about it in broad yet sincere terms, limiting myself to just narrating what happened.

Vibrantly, animated by the living flame of the spirit, I advanced along a narrow corridor until I reached a small parlor.

That extravagant enclosure seemed more like a lawyer's chambers, office, or study.

Seated before the desk, I found an Archon of Destiny, an indecipherable personage, a hermetic Judge of Karma, a mystical, prophetic seer dressed as an elegant modern gentleman.

How wise was that soothsayer-lawyer! Sublime prophet! Ineffable and tremendously divine!

With profound veneration, I approached his desk; the sacred fire shone in his face.

I immediately felt its deep significance directly. "Thank you, Venerable Master," I exclaimed with infinite humility.

The austere hierophant took up his parable, and said with a sibylline tone, "So-and-so (ostensibly referring to one of the two friends who were waiting for me outside) is a ragged type of fellow; he will always live in misery."

"So-and-so (referring now to my other friend) is the Samuro type."

“What? Samuro?”

I repeat, “Samuro.” (a brave and spiritual friend like the progressive Samurai Buddhists of the Empire of the Rising Sun)

Finally, addressing my insignificant, worthless person, he said, “You are the military type because you will have to persuade multitudes to form the Army of World Salvation, to initiate the New Aquarian Age.”

Then he continued, “Your specific mission is to create Men, to teach people how to fabricate their astral, mental, and causal bodies so they can incarnate their Human Soul.”

Afterward, he got up from his writing table with the evident purpose of looking for one of my works in his library, and once he had it in his hands, intoxicated by ecstasy, he exclaimed, “The book you mailed not a moment too soon to So-and-so was very well received.”

What happened next is easy to deduce. With infinite veneration and great humility, without boasting of any kind, far from any vain infatuation, I said goodbye to the venerable one and left the temple.

To now seriously discuss, excogitate, meditate, on the essential question of this story is urgent, indispensable.

Excluding from our lexicon any tasteless remarks, we emphasize the following postulate, “It is indispensable to create the Man within ourselves, here and now.”

Since I am teaching people the doctrine, I am obviously a creator of Men.

We need to create within ourselves an “availability for the Man.” It is not superfluous to remember that the end times have already arrived.

Much has now been said in occult literature about the two paths; I want to refer specifically to the spiral and direct paths.

Unquestionably, two paths open augustly before the authentic Man; never before the intellectual animal!

I will never be able to forget the final moments of the fifth initiation of fire. After all these processes of recapitulation, I had to courageously confront a tremendously divine nirvanic guardian.

The Blessed Lord of Perfections, showing me the nirvanic spiral path, said, “This is a good work.” Then pointing to the direct path, he exclaimed with a great voice like a roaring lion, “This is a superior work.”

Subsequently, I saw him advancing toward me with that tremendous imperative of the great majesties. He questioned me, and I answered him; the following dialogue was established, “Which of these two paths are you going to follow now?”

“Let me think about it.”

“Do not think about it, answer immediately, define yourself.”

“I am going on the direct path that leads to the Absolute.”

“But, what are you saying? Don’t you realize that path is very painful?”

“I repeat, I am going to the Absolute!”

“How can you even think of entering there? Do you not comprehend how you will suffer? What’s happening to you, sir?”

“I will go to the Absolute.”

“Well, you have been warned!” These were the final words of the guardian; then he solemnly withdrew.

On another night, out of my suprasensible bodies, fully exercising the functions of Atman or Spirit-Man, alone in the midst of Nirvana, I found myself on a beautiful terrace of the mansion of delights in the corner of love.

I saw inhabitants of that region in ever-increasing numbers, floating in the sacred space.

They happily took their seats on the terrace filled with perfumed flowers. Divine algorithm, sublime inspiration, unforgettable numen.

Atman-Buddhi-Manas, Trimurtis of Perfection. As I write these lines, it occurs to me to repeat that verse from the *Book of the Dead* which reads:

I am the sacred crocodile Sebek.
I am the three-wicked Flame,

and my wicks are immortal.
I enter into the domain of Sekhem,
I enter the region of the Flames
who have destroyed their adversaries.

The igneous creature improvised, and took the floor in the name of the sacred brotherhood and said, "My brother, why are you going on such a hard path? Here in Nirvana, we are happy. Stay here with us!"

My answer, full of great power, was the following, "The intellectual animals failed with their temptations, much less you Gods. I am going to the Absolute!"

The ineffable ones fell silent, and I hastily withdrew from that abode.

The *Voice of Silence* has said, "The Bodhisattva who renounces Nirvana for love of humanity, is confirmed thrice honored and after having won and lost many Nirvanas for that cause, earns the right to enter the world of Super Nirvanic happiness."

Nirvana has cycles of activity and cycles of deep repose; at this time in the 20th century, it is in the period of action.

Nirvanis who reincarnated during the first races have only now reincarnated again; after this epoch, they will submerge themselves in infinite bliss until the future mahamanvantara.

The path of long and bitter duty is different, it implies total renunciation; however, it leads us directly to the Absolute.

One of those many nights, finding myself happily in the state of *samadhi*, I saw the planet Mars shining with purple hues.

Its vibrations were certainly of a telepathic character; I felt in my tranquil heart that I was being urgently called from the central nucleus of that planetary mass, that sparkle was unmistakable.

I quickly transported myself dressed in the *to soma heliakon* to the living bowels of that world.

Dressed in the garment of the celestial militias, resplendently awaiting me, was Samael, my own Individual Monad, my real Intimate Being, the divine regent of that planet.

I prostrated myself reverently before the omniscient one, illustrious lord of that place, and taking the floor, I then said, "Here I am, my Father. Why have you called me?"

"You, my Son, you forgot me!"

"No, my Father, I don't forget you!"

"Yes, my Son, if the goal of the universe is given to you, you forget me!"

"Oh, my Father, I have come to kiss your hand and receive your blessing!"

The omni-merciful one blessed me, and I knelt down and kissed his right hand. At the back of the planetary temple there appeared a bed of pain.

Afterward, I entered into deep reflections. Why did I choose the path myself? Why did I forget my Father in the tremendous presence of the Guardian of the Paths?

Jesus, the great Gnostic priest, gave us a great lesson on the Mount of Olives when he exclaimed, “O My Father, if it is possible, let this cup pass from Me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as You will.” (Matt 26:39)

Eighteen Years Later

Thundering and flashing, I tore my garments, protesting because of so much pain. Woe, woe, woe!

A Virgin of Nirvana answered me, “Such is the path you yourself chose. For us inhabitants of Nirvana, the triumphs are lesser and therefore it is evident that we suffer less. However, as your triumphs will be greater, your sufferings will also be more intense.”

When I wanted to rest a little, the Agents of Karma re-criminated me, saying, “What is going on with you, sir? Are you going to walk? Move along, my friend! Move along! Move along!”

Patiently, I continued marching along the rocky path that leads to the ultimate liberation.

Chapter 19

Persecutions

On the tropical slopes of the Sierra Nevada, on the shores of the *Macuriba* or Caribbean Sea, I had to patiently recapitulate the diverse esoteric initiatic processes of the third, fourth, and fifth initiations of fire.

There, I lived austere with a very select group of Gnostic students, very far from so much nonsensical, silly, foolish, vain intellectualism.

Upright and irreproachable Gnostic anchorites had graciously built me a simple dwelling with wood from those forests.

I now want to briefly recall all those illustrious men, some of whom at this moment stand out as notable international missionaries.

From this ancient Mexican land of mine, I acknowledge all you heroic gentlemen of the South American Sierra Nevada!

I also want to include your wives, and your children, and your children's children in these greetings.

How joyful I was dwelling in that wooded refuge in the deep forest, away from the worldly hustle and bustle!

Back then, I returned to the elemental paradises of nature, and the princes of fire, air, water, and the perfumed earth shared their secrets with me.

On a given day, it doesn't matter which, some of those cenobites from universal Gnosticism eagerly knocked at the door of my abode to ask me to extinguish a fire.

The incessant crackling of the igneous element advanced terribly through the thick shadows, incinerating everything in its path.

The frightful cremation threatened crops and cabins. In vain, ditches and trenches were built to contain the triumphal march of the fire.

The igneous element burned through every ditch and stream, severely threatening all the neighborhoods, surroundings, outskirts, and bordering areas.

Obviously, I was never a fireman or smoke eater, as these heroic public servants are genially nicknamed.

However, I confess frankly and unambiguously that the fate of all of those Gnostic brothers was in my hands in that moment. What to do?

I longed to serve them in the best possible way, and this was without a doubt one of my best opportunities.

It would have been horrible, absurd, and even ungrateful to deny that urgent help. Karma is paid not only for the

evil that is done but also for the good that could be done yet is left undone.

Therefore, I resolved to operate magically; after marching by foot toward the titanic fire, I seated myself very close to it, then I concentrated on my Intimate.

By secretly praying, I beseeched him to invoke Agni, the enormous and illustrious God of Fire.

My Intimate heard my supplication and cried out with a loud voice like a lion's roar, calling Agni, and seven thunders echoed their voices.

Promptly, beside me was the brilliant Lord of Fire, the resplendent son of the flame, the omni-merciful.

I felt him in the whole presence of my Being, and I begged him in the name of universal charity to dissipate that fire.

Clearly, the Blessed Lord of Perfection considered my demand just and perfect.

Unexpectedly, a soft scented breeze emerged from within the mysterious blue of the profound forest, which totally modified the direction of those tongues of fire. Then the fire dissipated.

Another day, when conversing with the Gnostic cenobites in a very beautiful clearing in the thick of the forest, very close to the cabins, we were suddenly threatened by a torrential downpour.

I concentrated on the Intimate, yearning, intensely praying, and asking him to invoke Paralda, elemental genie of the restless sylphs of the air.

That Olympic deva clearly came to my aid. I took advantage of the magnificent opportunity offered me, and begged him to push the stormy clouds away from those surroundings.

Unquestionably, the clouds opened up above our heads in the form of a circle. Then later, they dispersed before the astonished mystics of that corner of love.

In those times, the Gnostic brethren traveled weekly to the sandy beaches of the stormy sea.

Litelantes would entrust those sincere penitents to bring us fish and even vegetables and fruits, which could not be cultivated in the Sierra Nevada due to the ferocious hunger of the relentless ants.

These involutory creatures devoured flowers, fruits, and vegetables insatiably and certainly nothing could stop them. Such is the maelstrom of the jungle; this is well known to gods and humans. The nocturnal rounds of the *tambochas* or ants are certainly frightening.

Poisonous snakes, such as the fearsome Talla X and others recognized since ancient times with such classic names as rattlesnake, coral snake, and common lancehead were all over the place, here, there, and everywhere.

I still remember an old mountain healer 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, with his precious balm, healed the humble mountain men bitten by vipers.

Unfortunately, that gentleman hated snakes, and implacably and vengefully killed them without any consideration.

“My friend, Juan,” I said to him one day, “you are at war against the vipers, and they are preparing to defend themselves. Let’s see who wins the battle.”

“I hate snakes,” he said.

“It would be better for you to love them. Remember that snakes are clairvoyant; the marvelous Zodiac shines in the astral aura of these creatures and they know by direct experience who really loves them and who hates them.”

“I cannot love them. I feel my body getting sick when I see them ... I will kill any snake that crosses my path.”

“Oh, good old man! Twelve snakes have bitten you, and when the thirteenth wounds you, you will die.”

A little later, near his lonely hut, the old man was bitten by a frightful snake that, coiled three and a half times, hid and awaited him.

My prophecy was fulfilled; the old healer died with the thirteenth arcanum of the Kabbalah; none of his friends could find the poisonous snake.

The old doctor always carried some marvelous plants in his bag; let’s remember the five captains: *capitana solabasta*, *capitana generala*, *capitana silvadora*, *capitana pujadora*, *capitana lengua de venado*.

Miraculous plants not classified by botany and only known in the Sierra Nevada near the stormy waters of the

Macuriba. Extraordinary plants by means of which the old healer of the solitary forest healed snakebite victims.

There is no doubt the old man used them therapeutically in a very wise way, prescribing them either in oral form as teas or tisanes, or external form, washing the wound or wounds with the decoction of such plants.

The Gnostic hermits of the Sierra Nevada never killed the dangerous vipers; they learned to love them sincerely.

As an outcome of this procedure, they gained the confidence of the fearsome serpents; now such venomous snakes have become temple guardians.

When these mountain anchorites wanted to keep the snakes away, they chanted the following mantras, full of faith, OSI OSOA ASI.

Whenever those hermits truly longed to magically enchant the terrible snakes, they would pronounce the mysterious words, OSI OSOA ASI, syllable by syllable.

No mystic of that mountain ever struck down the life of a snake! Those cenobites learned to respect all existence; however, there are certain exceptions—such is the case of the precious rattlesnake.

Cancer

In the name of truth, I want to make the following statement in this book, the infallible remedy against the dreaded cancer has already been discovered, and it is found in the rattlesnake!

Lifesaving formula: Kill the aforementioned animal; remove the rattles and head (these parts are not useful). Grind the usable meat until it is reduced to a fine powder. Enclose this substance in empty capsules, which can be obtained in any pharmacy.

Dosage: Take one capsule every hour.

Observation: Continue with the treatment until radically healed.

Warning: The patient should radically eliminate all medicine and limit himself exclusively to the treatment of the viper.

Sparrow hawks

Wild reminiscences, mountain memories, savage evocations arise in my mind at this moment.

Those penitents suffered so much with the cruel birds of prey! The cunning sparrow hawks ravaged the corrals, taking chickens and hens in their claws.

Many times, I saw those bloodthirsty birds perched on the branches of the neighboring trees, stalking their helpless victims.

To eat and be eaten is the law of the eternal common-cosmic *Trogoautoegocrat*, the reciprocal nourishment of all organisms.

Unquestionably, such reciprocity, correspondence, or mutuality comes intimately from the Omnipresent-Active-Element-*Okidanokh*.

Persecutions

How happily we dwelt in our secluded forest huts! Unfortunately, new persecutions came.

Profane people from the neighboring villages undertook the task—by the way, not very nice—of spreading various defamatory falsehoods against us.

The lady's gossip, the gentlemen's fabrications, the thing-amajig, the piece of rubbish, the piece of gossip, assumed monstrous proportions and the storm was unleashed.

Unquestionably, I became the central character of the drama against whom every conjecture, rumor, and rifle-shot was launched.

So, this order of things went from bad to worse every day, and finally the accuser, the informer, the denouncer appeared.

I was alarmed; the police were looking for me everywhere with categorical orders to apply the “escape law”²² to me.

Certainly, for those poor police officers I was not a simple instigator or troublemaker in the style of Paul of Tarsus but something worse, a sorcerer from the underworld escaped from mysterious covens, a bird of ill omen, a monster that it was essential to imprison or kill.

One starry night, finding myself in a state of ecstasy, I was visited by a mahatma who, addressing me, said, “Many

22 “The “escape law” is a very quick system for getting rid of unwanted persons used by the police that consists of first detaining the victim and then letting him go and shooting him in the back while he tries to escape.

armed people are coming in search of you; you must go another way.”

It is not superfluous to affirm with great emphasis that I always know how to obey the orders of the Universal White Fraternity.

Taking advantage of the night’s silence, I descended from the mountain through a steep and difficult path. In *El Plan*—as the Gnostic hermits call the coastal lands—outside the Sierra, I was picked up by the Venerable Master Gargha Kuichines. He transported us in his car to a beautiful city.

Chapter 20

The Secret of the Abyss

Excluding from my mind all possible pretense, without boasting, I humbly and frankly confess that after having climbed the five degrees of igneous initiations, it was urgent for me to develop in the light with the eight degrees of the Venustic Initiation.

To work in the fiery Forge of Vulcan (sex) is not to be postponed when one really wants the complete awakening of the first serpent of light.

It is written in golden words in the book of all splendors, “The Kundalini develops, revolutionizes, and ascends within the marvelous aura of the *mahachohan*.”

Unquestionably, we first work with FIRE and then with LIGHT; we must never confuse the serpents of fire with the vipers of light.

The extraordinary ascent of the first serpent of light inward and upward along the spinal cord of the physical body allowed me to know the Secret of the Abyss.

The foundation of said secret is found in the Law of Falling, as formulated by Saint Venoma.

Here is the formulation the aforementioned master gave to this cosmic law he discovered:

“Everything existing in the world ‘falls to the bottom.’ The ‘bottom’ for any part of the Universe is its nearest ‘stability,’ and this stability is the point toward which all the lines of force from all directions converge.

“The centers of all the suns and planets of our Universe are precisely such points of stability. They are the lowest points of that region of space toward which forces from all directions of the given part of the Universe inexorably tend, and where they concentrate. Each of these points is also a center of gravity that enables suns and planets to maintain their proper places.”²³

The Tiger of Turkestan comments by saying:

Saint Venoma stated further that when an object, wherever it may be, is dropped into space, it tends to fall on one or another sun or planet, depending on which sun or planet this part of space belongs to—that sun or planet being for the given region the stability, or bottom.²⁴

23 G. Gurdjieff's *Beelzebub's Tales to his Grandson*

24 G. Gurdjieff's *Beelzebub's Tales to his Grandson*

The previous paragraphs in quotation marks clearly allude to the two aspects of the Law of Gravity, external and internal.

The exterior is only the projection of the interior. The secret gravitation of the spheres is always repeated in a three-dimensional form.

The central nucleus of this planetary mass on which we live is beyond any doubt the place or mathematical point where all the lines of force coming from diverse directions converge.

In the center of planetary stability, the involutionary and evolutionary forces of nature meet and balance each other.

Essential waves begin their evolution in the mineral kingdom; they continue with the plant state, continue on the animal scale, and finally reach the level of the intellectual type of humanoid.

Waves of life then involute downward according to the Law of Falling, reliving animal, plant, and mineral processes, toward the terrestrial center of gravity.

The wheel of *samsara* turns: the evolving Anubis ascends on the right side, and the involutionary Typhon descends on the left side.

The length of stay within the intellectual humanoid state is something quite relative and circumstantial.

With much justice we have been told that any humanoid period always consists of one hundred and eight lives of

an evolutive and involutive type that are always processed and repeated, either in higher or lower spirals.

I clarify; each rational humanoid period is always assigned one hundred and eight existences that keep strict mathematical concordance with the same number of beads that form the Buddha's necklace.

After each humanoid epoch, the wheel of the tenth arcanum of the Tarot inevitably turns in accordance with the laws of time, space, and movement; it is then obvious and manifest that the waves of involutionary life descend into the submerged mineral kingdom toward the center of planetary stability, to re-ascend evolutionarily a little later.

Any new evolutionary re-ascent from the terrestrial center of gravity demands previous disintegration of the "myself". This is the Second Death.

Since the essence is bottled up in the ego, the dissolution of the latter becomes indispensable in order for it to be liberated.

In the center of planetary stability, the original pristine purity of all the essence is restored.

The wheel of *samsara* turns three thousand times. To comprehend this, to grasp its deep significance, is indispensable and cannot be postponed if we really long for final liberation.

Continuing with the present chapter, it is necessary to grab the reader's attention with the purpose of asserting

the following: once the three thousand periods of the great wheel are concluded, any type of intimate self-realization is impossible.

In other words, it is necessary to affirm the inescapable fact that every Monad is mathematically assigned three thousand periods for its profound inner self-realization. It is indubitable that after the last turn of the wheel, the doors close.

When the latter happens, the Monad, the immortal spark, our Real Being, gathers its essence and principles to be definitively absorbed within the bosom of the Universal Spirit of Life (the Supreme *Parabrahman*).

Written with mysterious characters of fire in the testament of ancient wisdom is the concrete, clear, and definitive fact that there are very few divine Monads or virginal sparks that really want mastery.

When any Monad truly longs for mastery, it is unquestionably achieved by working intensively on its essence.

Every essence, intimately worked from within by its divine Monad, is very easy to recognize in the world of dense forms. Any person with great spiritual inquietudes is a concrete case.

Ostensibly, such specific types of mystical inquietudes could never exist in people whose essence had not been worked from within by their corresponding divine Monad.

Once, while on vacation at the port of Acapulco on the Pacific Coast of Mexico, I had to enter the yogic state of *nirvikalpa samadhi*.

I then wanted to know something about those Monads who, after having passed through the three thousand turns of the wheel of *samsara*, had lost all cosmic opportunity.

What I saw on that occasion, far from the body, affections, and mind, was truly extraordinary.

Completely submerged within the current of sound among the resplendent and immaculate ocean of the Supreme *Parabrahman-Atman*, I entered through the doors of an ineffable temple.

It was not necessary to interrogate, scrutinize, or investigate. In the whole presence of my Being, I was able to experience the tremendous reality of such sublime Monads; they are beyond good and evil.

They are very small innocent creatures, sparks of the Divinity without self-realization, happy beings but without mastery.

Those noble creatures floated delightfully within the immaculate whiteness of the Great Ocean; they entered and exited the temple; they prayed and prostrated themselves before the buddhas, before the holy gods, before the mahatmas.

Unquestionably, such divine Monads see the masters in the same way ants see men.

The *agnishvattas*, the buddhas of compassion, the hierophants, are for such type of Monads without mastery something that cannot be understood, strange, enigmatic beings, tremendously divine.

In the *sanctas* or churches of life free in their movement, the aforementioned Monads obey the holy gods and serve them with infinite humility.

The joy of those Monads is well deserved because each of their essences knew the horrors of the abyss and turned three thousand times on the wheel of *samsara*.

Each of the three thousand cyclic turns of the wheel of *samsara* includes multiple evolutionary processes through the mineral, plant, animal, and humanoid kingdoms.

Each of the three thousand fatal turns of said wheel in fact means dreadful, descending involutions toward the center of planetary stability, slowly descending through the humanoid, animal, plant, and mineral steps.

Specifying concrete information, we will emphasize the following: three thousand ascents from the planetary center of gravity, three thousand descents to the planetary center of gravity.

Three thousand ascents from hard stone to rational animal. Three thousand descents from rational homunculus to stone.

Three thousand failed and repeated cycles of one hundred and eight human lives.

Unquestionably, those divine Monads radically excluded from mastery, either by intentional rejection or simply for having failed in their efforts to achieve it, suffered the unspeakable in the painful valley of *samsara* and in the infernal abode of Pluto (the submerged mineral kingdom).

This last fact demonstrates infinite divine mercy, and gives meaning to the state of elemental happiness that such Monads possess within the bosom of the Universal Spirit of Life.

Chapter 21

The Baptism of John

The second degree of the Venustic Initiation, superior octave of its corresponding initiation of fire, arose transcendently as an esoteric result of the miraculous ascent of the radiant second serpent of light, inward and upward through the spinal cord of the vital organic base (*lingam sarira*).

An unexpected, magical encounter was certainly what I had with John in the Garden of the Hesperides where the rivers of pure water of life pour forth milk and honey.

I want to refer with great solemnity to the Baptist, the ever-living reincarnation of Elijah, that colossus who lived in the ruggedness of Mount Carmel, who had wild beasts as his sole companions, and who emerged from there like lightning to crush or to raise kings, this superhuman being, sometimes visible, other times invisible, who was respected even by death itself.

Ostensibly, the esoteric divine Baptism of the Christus John has very deep archaic roots.

It is not superfluous to recall in this paragraph the Baptism of Rama, the Hindu Yogi-Christ:

When they were half a yojana from the southern bank of the Sarayu: 'Rama,' said Visvamitra sweetly, 'it is advisable that you throw water on yourself, according to our rites. I am going to teach you our salutations so as not to waste time. First receive these two wonderful sciences, Potency and Ultra-potency. They will prevent fatigue, old age, and other evil from ever invading your limbs.'

Having pronounced this discourse, Visvamitra, the man of mortifications, initiated Rama once he was purified in the waters of the river, standing with his head bowed and his hands folded, into the two sciences. (This is verbatim from the Ramayana, and invites good Christians to meditate.)

The fundamental baptismal diamond is unquestionably found in the *sahaja maithuna* (sexual magic).

Full information about sex-yoga was urgently required by the candidate before receiving the baptismal waters.

Rama had to first be instructed by Visvamitra before being baptized; thus, he knew the science of potency and ultra-potency.

The key to baptism lies in scientific transmutation of the spermatic waters of the first instant.

The baptismal sacrament itself is full of deep significance; it is in fact a sexual commitment.

To be baptized is in fact equivalent to signing a pact of sexual magic. Rama knew how to fulfill this tremendous commitment; he practiced *sahaja maithuna* with his priestess wife.

Rama transmuted the seminal waters into the wine of light of the alchemist, and at last found the “lost word.” And the Kundalini blossomed on his fertile lips made word. Then he could exclaim with all the strength of his Soul, “The King is dead, long live the King!”

Before the Christos John, I could feel the deep meaning of baptism in the whole presence of my Cosmic Being.

The Nazarenes were known as Baptists, Sabians, and John’s Christians. Their belief was that the Messiah was not the Son of God, but simply a prophet who would follow John. ... Origen remarks ‘there are some who said of John (the Baptist) that he was the *anointed*’ (Christos). ...²⁵

When the metaphysical conceptions of the Gnostics, who saw in Jesus the Logos and the anointed, began to gain ground, the earliest Christians separated from the Nazarenes, who accused Jesus of perverting the doctrines of John, and of changing the baptism in the Jordan for another.²⁶

²⁵ Origen, vol. ii, p (as cited in HPB, Isis Unveiled, vol. II)

²⁶ Codex Nazaraeus, vol. ii, p. 109 (as cited in HPB, Isis Unveiled, vol II)

I will conclude this chapter by emphasizing the following: when the second viper of light made contact with the atom of the Father in the magnetic field of the root of the nose, the Sun-Christ shone over the waters of life, and the final initiatic ceremony came.

May the blessings of Amenzano be with his immutability for all eternity. Amen!

Chapter 22

The Transfiguration of Jesus

The luminous ascent of the third serpent of light inward and upward through the brilliant spinal cord of the side-real body gave me frank access to the superior Venustic octave of the corresponding initiation of fire.

It is not possible to write within the narrow framework of this treatise all that I once learned in each and every one of the thirty-three holy chambers.

The extraordinary revolution of the third radiant snake was processed very slowly according to the merits of the tranquil heart.

When the luminous viper crossed the threshold of the third secret chamber of the heart-temple, I obviously felt transfigured.

Is this, perhaps, something too strange? And did not the same thing happen to Moses on Mount Nebo? Unquestionably, I am not the first to whom this has happened, nor the last.

In such moments of bliss, I was transported before the presence of that illustrious man of precluded intelligence and noble countenance whom I once knew when I was only a tender adolescent.

I want to refer frankly and without ambiguity to the teacher of aspirants to the Rosy Cross mentioned in chapter five of this same treatise.

Unfortunately, that distinguished gentleman could not even see me in full transfiguration.

The moving and sublime scene of the Transfiguration of Jesus, on which, as on the Ascension, those who consider themselves Christians have never meditated enough, is described by Luke (9:18-36) in the following terms:

And it happened, as He was alone praying, that His disciples joined Him, and He asked them, saying, "Who do the crowds say that I am?"

So they answered and said, "John the Baptist [IO-AGNES, RA, or the Lamb of God], but some say Elijah; and others say that one of the old prophets has risen again."

He said to them, "But who do you say that I am?"

Peter answered and said, "The Christ of God."

And He strictly warned and commanded them to tell this to no one, saying, "The Son of Man must suffer many things, and be rejected by the elders

and chief priests and scribes, and be killed, and be raised the third day.”

Then He said to them all, “If anyone wants to come after Me, let him deny himself [dissolve the ego], and take up his cross daily [practice sexual magic], and follow Me [sacrifice for humanity].

For whoever desires to save his life will lose it [those who are selfish will never sacrifice for humanity], but whoever loses his life for My sake [the altruist who climbs the altar of the supreme sacrifice for humanity] will save it.

For what profit is it to a man if he gains the whole world, and is himself destroyed or lost? For whoever is ashamed of Me and My words, of him the Son of Man will be ashamed when He comes in His own glory, and in His Father’s, and of the holy angels. But I tell you truly, there are some standing here who shall not taste death till they see the kingdom of God.”

And after this passage, which taken literally refers only to Jesus but taken symbolically or in “spirit” refers, in effect, to all men; as we shall see later on, the text continues with the scene of the Transfiguration, saying:

Now it came to pass, about eight days after these sayings [we add that this act comes to be a practical and tangible corroboration of these

statements], that He took Peter, John, and James and went up on the mountain to pray.

As He prayed, the appearance of His face was altered, and His robe became white and glistening. And behold, two men talked with Him, who were Moses and Elijah, who appeared in glory and spoke of His decease which He was about to accomplish at Jerusalem. But Peter and those with him were heavy with sleep; and when they were fully awake, they saw His glory and the two men who stood with Him. Then it happened, as they were parting from Him, that Peter said to Jesus, “Master, it is good for us to be here; and let us make three tabernacles: one for You, one for Moses, and one for Elijah”—not knowing what he said.

While he was saying this, a cloud came and overshadowed them; and they were fearful as they entered the cloud. And a voice came out of the cloud, saying, “This is My beloved Son. Hear Him!” When the voice had ceased, Jesus was found alone. But they kept quiet, and told no one in those days any of the things they had seen.

Chapter 23

Jerusalem

The extraordinary development, revolution, and ascent of the fourth Venustic serpent inward and upward through the spinal cord of the mental body allowed me to experience all the stark evangelical realism of the masterful entrance of the great Kabir Jesus into Jerusalem.

I was then able to directly verify for myself the inferior aspects (hell) and superior aspects (heaven) of the mental world.

Unquestionably, that harlot of all fatalities or great apocalyptic whore whose number is 666 involutes horrifyingly in the mental infernos.

I am certainly not a treacherous iconoclast bent on destroying cherished ideals like an intellectual vandal; however, I must confess sincerely and unequivocally all that I saw among those manasic regions of nature.

Icastic, natural, and without any adornment, reasonless reason appears in the lower regions of the concrete planetary mind.

That which I perceived with the spatial sense in the mental hells was stated by St. John in Revelation:

... merchandise of gold and silver, precious stones and pearls, fine linen and purple, silk and scarlet, every kind of citron wood, every kind of object of ivory, every kind of object of most precious wood, bronze, iron, and marble; and cinnamon and incense, fragrant oil and frankincense, wine and oil, fine flour and wheat, cattle and sheep, horses and chariots, and bodies and souls of men. (Rev 18:12-13)

Horrible buildings and Procrustean beds in which the great whore fornicates incessantly.

Abominable brothels, disgusting streets, seedy movie theaters in which pornographic films are shown, etc.

To go beyond the body, affections, and mind is indispensable when one wants the triumphant entrance into the Jerusalem above (the Heaven of Mercury, and then the world of the Spirit).

Let us now look at chapter 21 of Matthew (verses 1 to 20):

Now when they drew near Jerusalem, and came to Bethphage, at the Mount of Olives, then Jesus sent two disciples, saying to them, "Go into the village opposite you, and immediately you will find a donkey tied, and a colt with her. Loose them and bring them to Me. And if anyone says anything to you, you shall say, 'The Lord has

need of them,' and immediately he will send them."

All this was done that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet, saying:

"Tell the daughter of Zion,
 'Behold, your King is coming to you,
 Lowly, and sitting on a donkey [symbol of
 the mind],
 A colt, the foal of a donkey.'"

So the disciples went and did as Jesus [the great Kabir] commanded them. They brought the donkey and the colt, laid their clothes on them, and set Him on them. And a very great multitude spread their clothes on the road; others cut down branches from the trees and spread them on the [esoteric] road. Then the multitudes who went before [on the path of the razor's edge] and those who followed [on the esoteric path] cried out, saying:

"Hosanna to the Son of David!
 'Blessed is He who comes in the name of the
 Lord!'
 Hosanna in the highest!"

And when He had come into Jerusalem, all the city was moved, saying, "Who is this?"

So the multitudes said, "This is Jesus, the prophet from Nazareth of Galilee."

Then Jesus went into the temple of God [the temple that each one of us has within] and drove out all those who bought and sold in the temple [the merchants, the “I’s” that personify our psychological types of defects], and overturned the tables of the money changers [demons that adulterate all that is good] and the seats of those who sold doves [devils who sell the Third Logos, that do business by profaning the Holy Spirit: fornicators, prostitutes, lesbians, homosexuals, etc.]. And He said to them, “It is written, ‘My house shall be called a house of prayer,’ but you have made it a ‘den of thieves [thus each person’s mind is a den of perversity].”

Then the blind and the lame came to Him in the temple, and He healed them [people incapable of seeing the truth and people who could not traverse the path]. But when the chief priests and scribes saw the wonderful things that He did, and the children crying out in the temple and saying, “Hosanna to the Son of David!” they were indignant and said to Him, “Do You hear what these are saying?”

And Jesus said to them, “Yes. Have you never read,

‘Out of the mouth of babes and nursing infants
You have perfected praise’?”

Then He left them and went out of the city to Bethany, and He lodged there.

Now in the morning, as He returned to the city, He was hungry. And seeing a fig tree [symbol of the sexual force] by the road, He came to it and found nothing on it but leaves, and said to it, "Let no fruit grow on you ever again." Immediately the fig tree withered away.

And when the disciples saw it, they marveled, saying, "How did the fig tree wither away so soon?"

It is written with burning coals in the book of splendors, "A tree that bears no fruit is cut down and cast into the fire."

When Adam and Eve (the paradisiacal humanity) ate of the forbidden fruit, the eyes of both were opened and they knew they were naked, so they sewed fig leaves together and made themselves aprons.

Sitting four days and nights in deep meditation in the shade of a fig tree, Gautama Buddha attained final enlightenment.

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 involutionary creatures of the infernal worlds are certainly sterile fig trees that never bore fruit.

A strange epigraph could be written about this ever-green fig tree because one of the most typical details, concomitant with certain astral visions, is of the eternal plant that rotates vertiginously.

A good friend from Jumilla tells me, “At the end of this town is a cave of considerable length and height where a fig tree grows that never loses its leaves or makes fruit, and it is generally believed—supported by the testimony of several who say they have seen it—that at daybreak on St. John’s Day, out of this cave emerges a great military cohort of specters with richly harnessed war horses; preceded by fantastic banners, the warriors head south, disappearing into the distance as if evoking some distant historical fact.” This is verbatim from *The Tree of the Hesperides*.

Jesus, the great Gnostic priest, said:

The [philosopher’s] stone [sex], which the builders [people of many religions] rejected has become the chief cornerstone. This was the Lord’s doing; It is marvelous in our eyes. (Psalm 118:22-23, 1 Peter 2:7)

Therefore I say to you, the kingdom of God will be taken from you and given to a nation bearing the fruits of it [people who are capable of practicing sexual magic, dissolving the ego, and sacrificing themselves for their fellow men and women]. (Matt 21:43)

And whoever falls on this stone [sex] will be broken; but on whomever it falls, it will grind him to powder. (Matt 21:44, Luke 20:18)

Unquestionably, only by means of the sexual fire is it possible to incinerate all the perverse psychic aggregates we carry within in order to enter the heavenly Jerusalem on Palm Sunday (see my book entitled *The Mystery of the Golden Blossom*).

Chapter 24

The Mount of Olives

The marvelous ascent of the fifth serpent of light inward and upward through the spinal cord of the causal body actually gave me free access to the initiatic mysteries of the fifth degree of Venustic wisdom.

If I were to write in detail all I then learned in the thirty-three holy chambers of the causal world, I would obviously fill an immense volume.

As a causal man, sitting very humbly, I crossed my arms over my chest to attend the final ceremony.

Unfortunately, I had the terrible habit of crossing my arms in such a way that the left one was over the right one.

“This is not the way you should cross your arms,” an adept of the temple told me and then added, “The right one should go over the left one.” I obeyed his instructions.

Have you seen Egyptian sarcophagi? The arms of the deceased crossed over the chest illustrate these statements.

Any skull between two crossbones or skeletal bones says the same as a sign of danger.

To do the Father's will on earth as it is in heaven, to die in the Lord, is the deep meaning of such a symbol.

On the Mount of Olives, the great Kabir Jesus prayed in this way:

... "Father, if it is Your will, take this cup away from Me; nevertheless not My will, but Yours, be done." ... And being in agony, He prayed more earnestly. Then His sweat became like great drops of blood falling down to the ground. When He rose up from prayer, and had come to His disciples, He found them sleeping from sorrow [with their consciousness asleep]. Then He said to them, "Why do you sleep? [Why is your consciousness asleep?]. Rise and pray, lest you enter into temptation. [for it is clear that those who are asleep fall into temptation]." (Luke 22:42-46)

Truly, truly, I say to you that your consciousness must always remain as alert and vigilant as the sentry in wartime.

It is written, "... 'Before the rooster [the Word] crows [or incarnates in us], you will deny Me three times.'" (Luke 22:61)

When the Hierophant *Patar* or Peter forgot himself, he denied the Intimate Christ three times.

Peter, Petra, or *Piedra* [Stone] was the Hierophant (or interpreter, in Phoenician) himself, and hence the famous evangelical phrase, "... you are Peter, and on this rock I will build My church [our inner temple]." (Matt 16:18)

Bunsen, in his *Place of Egypt in Universal History* (vol. 5, pg. 90), comments on the inscription found in the sarcophagus of a great queen of the eleventh dynasty (2,250 years B.C.), which is only a transcription of the *Book of the Dead* (4,500 B.C.) interpreting hieroglyphs of Peter, Patar, revelation, initiation, etc., etc.

In no way were the old medieval alchemists ever mistaken when they discovered the Peteric initiation in our sexual organs.

Unquestionably, to spill the Cup of Hermes, to prostitute the Stone of Truth, is equivalent to denying the Christ.

At the beginning of a manifestation or universe, the Pythagorean Monad, the Word, the Arch-Magus or Hierophant, the One-Unique, the Buddhist *Aunad-Ad*, the Ain Soph (En Sof or *Pneuma-Eikon* in Chaldean), the Ruach Elohim or Divine Spirit of the Lord floating upon the Genesiac waters, the self-existent *Anupadaka* or Aryan Svayambhuva Manu Narayana emanates from the unknowable whole or radical zero.

This, the particular Monad of each of us, is transformed into the most exalted Duad, our particular, individual Divine Mother Kundalini.

He and She really constitute the Gnostic Father-Mother, the Parsi *Zeruana*, the dual *Protogonos* or Adam-Kadmon, the Theos-Chaos of Hesiod's *Theogony*, the *Ur-Anas* (or Chaldean Fire-Water), the Egyptian Osiris-Isis, the Jah-Hovah, Jehovah, or Semitic IOD-HEVE, etc., etc., etc.

Rome [*Roma*], in reverse, is Love [*Amor*]. The sacrament of the Church of Love (or Rome) is the *sahaja maithuna* (sexual magic).

We must learn to fulfill this holy sacrament, vibrating in tune with the divine couple.

He must become the living expression of the Hebraic IOD; she must be the living manifestation of HEVE.

The Kabbalistic Adam-Kadmon, the *Rha-Sephira* or Eternal Male-Female, reconciling in perfect harmony 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 marvelous ascent of the sixth radiant serpent inward and upward along the spinal cord of the buddhic body gave me, in fact and by its own right, direct access to the sixth Venustic Initiation.

In the buddhic or universal intuitional world at that time, I had to go through some transcendental chapters of the Christic Gospel.

I want to refer now with great delicacy to a myriad of certain secret passages intentionally eliminated from original texts by the scribes and doctors of the law.

It is certainly deplorable that the Holy Bible has been so cruelly mutilated, adulterated, deformed.

What I experienced then in the cosmic intuitional region keeps multiple perfect rhythmic concordances with the diverse esoteric initiatic processes we must experience here and now.

Extraordinary scenes related to the other planets of the Ors Solar System in which we live, move, and have our Being.

When the resplendent sixth viper of light crossed the august threshold of its corresponding chamber in the tranquil heart, the Midnight Sun shone gloriously in the unalterable infinite.

I entered the temple of initiation accompanied by many people; each of us in the procession carried a candle, taper, or burning torch in our right hand.

In that instant I felt myself experiencing those esoteric Christic verses, which to the letter read:

And immediately, while He was still speaking, Judas, one of the twelve, with a great multitude with swords and clubs, came from the chief priests [or men constituted by worldly authority], and the scribes [that is, from those considered wise in the world], and the elders [those considered to be prudent, wise, and discreet in the world]. ...

And as soon as he [Judas, the demon of desire] had come, immediately he went up to Him and said to Him, “Rabbi, Rabbi!” and kissed Him.

Then they laid their hands on Him and took Him. (Mark 14:43,45-46)

Drunk with ecstasy, I exclaimed, "I am the Christ!" A Lady-Adept admonished me, saying, "Careful! Don't say that, it's disrespectful."

"At this moment I am representing him," I replied. The Sacred Lady then kept a respectful silence.

The cosmic drama within the temple of transparent walls had a certain majestic, very serious, tremendously divine flavor.

I, having become the central character, experienced in myself the following Gospel passages:

And they led Jesus away to the high priest [Caia-phas, demon of ill-will]; and with him were assembled all the chief priests [official authorities of this world], the elders [very respectable people who are full of experience], and the scribes [intellectuals]. ...

Now the chief priests and all the council sought testimony against Jesus [the inner savior] to put Him to death, but found none. For many bore false witness against Him, but their testimonies did not agree.

Then some rose up and bore false witness against Him, saying, "We heard Him say, 'I will destroy this temple made with hands [referring to the animal body], and within three days I will build another made without hands [the spiritual

body, the *to soma heliakon*].” But not even then did their testimony agree.

And the high priest [with his ill-will] stood up in the midst and asked Jesus, saying, “Do You answer nothing? What is it these men testify against You?” But He kept silent and answered nothing [silence is the eloquence of wisdom].

Again the high priest asked Him, saying to Him, “Are You the Christ, the Son of the Blessed [the Second Logos]?”

Jesus said, “I am [He is]. And you will see the Son of Man [every truly Christified or Osirified person] sitting at the right hand of the Power [the First Logos], and coming with the clouds of heaven.”

Then the high priest [demon of ill-will] tore his clothes and said, “What further need do we have of witnesses? You have heard the blasphemy! What do you think?”

And they all condemned Him to be deserving of death.

Then some began to spit on Him, and to blindfold Him, and to beat Him, and to say to Him, “Prophecy!” And the officers struck Him with the palms of their hands. (Mark 14:53,55-65)

Immediately, in the morning, the chief priests held a consultation with the elders and scribes

and the whole council; and they bound Jesus, led Him away, and delivered Him to Pilate. Then Pilate [demon of the mind] asked Him, "Are You the King of the Jews?"

He answered and said to him, "It is as you say."

And the chief priests [authorities of this world] accused Him of many things, but He answered nothing. Then Pilate asked Him again, saying, "Do You answer nothing? See how many things they testify against You!" [The Inner Christ is accused by all people, even by those who call themselves his followers.] But Jesus [the Intimate Christ] still answered nothing [I repeat, silence is the eloquence of wisdom], so that Pilate [demon of the mind] marveled.

Now at the feast he was accustomed to releasing one prisoner to them, whomever they requested. And there was one named Barabbas [demon of perversity within each of us], who was chained with his fellow rebels; they had committed murder in the rebellion [because the ego is always murderous and evil]. Then the multitude, crying aloud, began to ask him to do just as he had always done for them. But Pilate answered them, saying, "Do you want me to release to you the King of the Jews?" For he knew that the chief priests [authorities of all kinds] had handed Him over because of envy.

But the chief priests stirred up the crowd, so that he should rather release Barabbas to them [Authorities of all kinds defend the “I”. They say, “me” first, “me” second, “me” third]. Pilate answered and said to them again, “What then do you want me to do with Him whom you call the King of the Jews?”

So they cried out again, “Crucify Him! [Crucifixion! Crucifixion! Crucifixion!]” (Mark 15:1-13)

I left the ineffable *sancta* ecstatic after having directly experienced the tremendous intimate realism of all these verses cited above.

Clothed with a new Robe of Glory, a splendorous full-length vesture, I left the great cathedral of the Soul.

How blissful I felt as I gazed from there upon the wide panorama! Then I saw the ebb and flow of all things.

Buddhi is like a vessel of fine, transparent alabaster within which burns the flame of prajna.

Atman, the Being, has two souls. The first is the Spiritual Soul and is feminine (Buddhi), the second is the Human Soul and is masculine (superior Manas).

The intellectual animal mistakenly called man has incarnated within himself only the essence.

Ostensibly, the latter is the *buddhata*, a tiny fraction of the Human Soul, the psychic material from which the Golden

Embryo can and must be fabricated (see *The Mystery of the Golden Blossom*).

The source and basis of high magic is found in the perfect betrothal of Buddhi-Manas, whether in the purely spiritual regions or in the terrestrial world.

Helen clearly signifies the marriage vows of Nous (Atma-Buddhi) with Manas (the causal or Human Soul), the union through which consciousness and will are identified, both Souls being thereby endowed with divine powers.

The essence of Atman, the primordial, eternal, and universal divine fire, is contained 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 Goethe's *Faust*, the Shakti or feminine potency of the Inner Being.

He and She, Buddhi-Manas, are the twin souls within us (even though the intellectual animal does not yet have them incarnated), the two adorable children of Atman (the Intimate), the bridegroom and the bride, eternally in love.

Such love has infinite correlations, be it in the conjugated pairs of the double luminaries of the heavens, or in that of the Earth with the Moon, be it in the protoplasmic amphister of determinant cells, as is known of the mysterious phenomenon of karyokinesis or morphological duplication of a single cell, be it in the universal symbolism of the epics and all other literature in which the ideal love

between two beings of the opposite sex constitutes the *alma mater* of literary production.

Unquestionably, the *sahaja maithuna*, as the sacrament of the Church of Rome, is repeated with the twins in the *akasha tattwa* and continues gloriously with Osiris-Isis in the region of *Anupadaka*.

I clarify: when we cite the Church of Rome [*Roma*], reverse the letters and read it as Love [*Amor*]. Obviously, sex is the Church of Love.

The theory of twin souls does not imply any danger when we capture its deep significance.

Chemical intercourse, the metaphysical copulation, shines gloriously at the zenith of the ideal without the slightest shadow of impurity.

To genuinely fall in love is never separated from sex. The sexual act is certainly the consubstantiation of love in the psycho-physiological realism of our nature.

The betrothal of Buddhi-Manas is only possible through chemical coitus. Sexual enjoyment is a legitimate right of man.

Renato committed the grave error of emphatically asserting that the Helen of Simon Magus was a beautiful woman of flesh and blood, whom the aforementioned magician had found in a brothel in Tyre, and who, according to his biographers, was the reincarnation of the Greek Helen.

Such a concept does not withstand an in-depth analysis; the authentic initiatic colleges teach with complete clarity that the beautiful Helen is Buddhi, the Spiritual Soul of the sixth Venustic Initiation, the feminine Shakti potential.

Chapter 26

The Event of Golgotha

The radiant ascent of the seventh Venustic serpent, inward and upward through the spiritual spinal cord of the divine vehicle (Atman), allowed me to experience the event of Golgotha.

Unquestionably, I need to confess frankly and unequivocally the concrete, clear, and definitive fact that I was converted into the central character of the Cosmic Drama.

To experience the cosmic event of Calvary itself, with all the raw transcendental realism of the world of the Divine Spirit (Atman), is certainly extraordinary.

I am not the first to experience the event of the Mount of Skulls, nor will I be the last.

And I saw myself after the crucifixion, lying like a corpse in the “mud of the Earth.”

Then the Shakti potential, divine wife of Shiva, my perfect Mother Kundalini, adored me, prostrating with infinite humility.

“Oh, my Mother!” I exclaimed “You are my Mother! I am the one who must kneel before you! It is not possible for you to kneel before me! I do not deserve that! I am a vile worm from the mud of the earth, a sinner, unworthy!”

However, it is evident that in such moments of the Cosmic Drama, I represented Christus, Vishnu, the Second Logos, the Son.

As I am writing these pages, I remember that ineffable prayer of Dante Alighieri, which reads:

Thou Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son,
Humble and high beyond all other creature,
The limit fixed of the eternal counsel,

Thou art the one who such nobility
To human nature gave, that its Creator
Did not disdain to make himself its creature.

Within thy womb rekindled was the love,
By heat of which in the eternal peace
After such wise this flower has germinated.

Here unto us thou art a noonday torch
Of charity, and below there among mortals
Thou art the living fountain-head of hope.

Lady, thou art so great, and so prevailing,
That he who wishes grace, nor runs to thee,
His aspirations without wings would fly.

Not only thy benignity gives succor
To him who asketh it, but oftentimes
Forerunneth of its own accord the asking.

In thee compassion is, in thee is pity,
In thee magnificence; in thee unites
Whate'er of goodness is in any creature. [Unques-
tionably, each Being has his original, particular,
individual Divine Mother Kundalini.]

Now doth this man, who from the lowest depth
Of the universe as far as here has seen
One after one the spiritual lives,

Supplicate thee through grace for so much power
That with his eyes he may uplift himself
Higher towards the uttermost salvation.

And I, who never burned for my own seeing
More than I do for his, all of my prayers
Proffer to thee, and pray they come not short,

That thou wouldst scatter from him every cloud
Of his mortality so with thy prayers,
That the Chief Pleasure be to him displayed.

Still farther do I pray thee, Queen, who canst
Whate'er thou wilt, that sound thou mayst pre-
serve
After so great a vision his affections.

Let thy protection conquer human movements ...

Stopping here with this sublime Dantean prayer; let us now continue with the theme of this chapter; let us study some Christic verses.

Then the soldiers of the governor took Jesus into the Praetorium and gathered the whole garrison around Him. And they stripped Him and put a scarlet robe on Him [the Philosopher's Stone is first black, then white, and lastly red]. When they had twisted a crown of thorns, they put it on His head [classic painful diadem on every Christified astral body], and a reed in His right hand [as the Rod of Aaron or Staff of the Patriarchs, living symbol of the spinal cord]. And they bowed the knee before Him and mocked Him, saying, "Hail, King of the Jews!" (Matt 27:27-29)

And when they had mocked Him [because that's how this path of sex is], they took the robe off Him [because they, the tenebrous, never want the initiate to wear the purple of his Intimate Logoi], put His own clothes on Him, and led Him away to be crucified.

Now as they came out, they found a man of Cyrene, Simon by name. Him they compelled to bear His cross [the Guru always appears on the path to help us]. And when they had come to a place called Golgotha, that is to say, Place of a Skull [synonym for death], they gave Him sour wine mingled with gall to drink. But when He

had tasted it, He would not drink [it is evident that the path of the razor's edge is very bitter].

Then they crucified Him [with the sexual cross, because the phallus inserted within the womb forms such a sacrosanct sign], and divided His garments, casting lots [clear allusion to the elimination of human possessions] ... (Matt 27:31-35)

Sitting down, they kept watch over Him there. And they put up over His head the accusation written against Him: [INRI, *Igné Natura Renovatur Integra*, fire incessantly renews nature].

Then two robbers were crucified with Him, one on the right and another on the left [good thief: the secret divine power that steals the sexual energy for Christification, bad thief: the secret enemy who plunders the storehouse of sexual hydrogen SI-12 for evil].

And those who passed by [the profane and profaners of all times] blasphemed Him, wagging their heads and saying, "You who destroy the temple and build it in three days [you, who annihilate the Adam of sin so that the Celestial Adam may be born], save Yourself! If You are the Son of God, come down from the cross" [because the tenebrous do not like the intersection of the crossed beams, which form its two arms like two enormous hands that extend themselves to banish sinister forces and inferior powers].

Likewise the chief priests [the authorities] also, mocking with the scribes [or intellectuals and pharisees who always presume to be virtuous and holy] and elders [very respectable people of the world], said, “He saved others; Himself He cannot save. If He is the King of Israel, let Him now come down from the cross [one who abandons the path of the razor’s edge and the *sahaja maithuna*], and we will believe Him. He trusted in God; let Him deliver Him now if He will have Him; for He said, ‘I am the Son of God’ [he Christified himself and, therefore, became the Son of the Eternal; we are the children of the devil because we are the fruit of fornication].” (Matt 27:36-43)

Now from the sixth hour [temptation] until the ninth hour [ninth sphere] there was darkness over all the land. (Matt 27: 45)

If we add 9 plus 6 Kabbalistically, it equals 15. This is the arcanum of the Typhon Baphomet, the Devil. This esoteric value corresponds to the constellation of the Whale, under whose cosmic influence the initiate develops until he achieves resurrection. Let us remember the sign of Jonah.

And about the ninth hour Jesus cried out with a loud voice, saying, “*Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?*” that is, “My God, My God, why have You forsaken Me? [ostensibly, before the resurrection, every initiate feels truly abandoned]”

Some of those who stood there, when they heard that, said, “This Man is calling for Elijah! [Helias, Elihu, Elijah, Helios, the Sun Christ, the Intimate Logoi is our supreme aspiration]” Immediately one of them ran and took a sponge, filled it with sour wine and put it on a reed [symbol of the spinal cord], and offered it to Him to drink [as if to say the work with the sexual spinal fires is more bitter than bile]. (Matt 27:46-48)

And Jesus cried out again with a loud voice, and yielded up His spirit [this is how we initiate die in ourselves with the death of the cross; see my book entitled *The Mystery of the Golden Blossom*].

Then, behold, the veil of the temple [the well-known Veil of Isis or Adamic sexual veil, product of the original sin] was torn in two from top to bottom [due to the supreme death of the ego]; and the earth quaked, and the rocks [the path of the razor’s edge] were split ... (Matt 27:50-51)

Chapter 27

The Holy Sepulcher

It is written with characters of fire in the book of splendors that when Jesus, the great Gnostic Priest, breathed his last breath, the philosophical earth (his very human person) trembled when he comprehended the difficult task destiny had in store for him, and the stones on the path of the razor's edge split open, making the path even more difficult. This was only fully comprehended by those masters preparing themselves for the resurrection after having died in themselves.

Mercury, as an astrological planet, is still more mysterious than Venus itself, and is identical with the Mazdean Mithra, the Buddha, the genius, or god, established between the Sun and the Moon, the perpetual companion of the Sun of Wisdom.

Pausanias shows him as having an altar in common with Jupiter (Book V). He had wings to express his attendance upon the Sun in its course; and he was called the *Nuntis* and the Sun-Wolf, *solaris luminis particeps*.²⁷ He was the

27 Sharing in the sunlight.

leader and evocator of Souls, the great Magician and the Hierophant.

Virgil depicts him as taking his Caduceus or hammer to evoke back to life the unhappy Souls that were plunged into Orcus or Limbo (*tum virgam capit, hac animas ille evocat Orco*),²⁸ with the sound purpose of making them enter the celestial militia.

After these explanations the following verses become clear (explained):

“... and the graves were opened; and many bodies of the saints who had fallen asleep [in Orcus or Limbo] were raised; and coming out of the graves after His [esoteric] resurrection, they went into the holy city [the Jerusalem above] and appeared to many.” [Matt 27:52-53]

Unquestionably, many saints have wanted to intimately self-realize without the holy sacrament of the Church of Love (*sahaja maithuna*).

Those wretched Souls always fall into the Orcus or Limbo of ignorance, darkness, and pain.

Only by dying in oneself with the death of the cross (a completely sexual symbol) is resurrection then possible.

If the seed does not die, the plant is not born.²⁹ “The path of life is formed with the hoof prints of the horse of death.”

²⁸ Virgil, Aeneid Book 4, “Then he takes his wand; with this he calls pale ghosts from Orcus...”

²⁹ See 1 Corinthians 15:36

Mercury is also Hermes Anubis, the good inspirer, or Agathodaemon. As the Bird of Argus, he watches over the Earth, which mistakenly takes him for the Sun itself, the two being respectively the Hindu Saram and Sarameya.

The Emperor Julian prayed every night to the Occult Sun at the intercession of Mercury; for, as Vossius says:

All the theologians agree that Mercury and the Sun are one.... He was the most eloquent and the most wise of all the gods, which is not to be wondered at, since *Mercury is in such close proximity to the Wisdom and the Word of God* [or Logos] that he was confused with both.

Mercury is the Third Logos, Shiva, the Holy Spirit, First-born of Creation, our authentic, particular, individual Monad.

Oh, holy gods! How sad would the fate of the saints in Limbo be if Mercury were to abandon them.

Mercury, Shiva, Great Hierophant, *Nuntis*, and Wolf of the Intimate Christ, supreme hope of those who sleep within the holy sepulcher.

I recognized the phallic sign in the Boat of Ra when passing through the eighth Venustic Initiation. Then I cried out with a loud voice, saying, "When the first trumpet sounds, I will resurrect from the dead."

"Hail, oh Great Divinity who sails in your boat! Transported here, I appear before you!"

“Let me take command of the bridge and direct the maneuvering of the boat, as do your servants, the Archons of the planets.”

Litelantes was a little distressed as she contemplated my holy sepulcher. “Fear not,” a Mahatma said to her, “his physical body will not die yet.” These words reassured her completely.

At that distant time of my present existence, I had not even died in myself, I continued with the ego well alive. The sepulcher was therefore merely symbolic, like the coffin in every Masonic Lodge.

Yes, I comprehended the sepulchral symbolism in its entirety. I knew I had to die within myself in order to have the right to the resurrection of Hiram Abiff, the Secret Master, within my heart temple.

That initiation concluded with precise instructions related to the mission I am currently fulfilling in the world.

Second Mountain
RESURRECTION



Chapter 28

Serenity and Patience

It is ostensible that we, the brethren of the Temple of the Twice Born, had eliminated from our psyche various subjective, infrahuman elements; however, after having passed through the eight initiations, we yearned with all the forces of our Soul to enter the esoteric magical works of the Mountain of Resurrection.

We were told in the temple that we should wait with infinite patience for the abbot of the monastery but it is evident that the hours passed long and boring with an unbearable monotony; the Venerable One did not seem to be in any hurry whatsoever.

Some of those veterans of the First Mountain moved about here, there, and everywhere, impatiently protesting against the singular delay of the Superior.

There are cases that surprise in life and one of them was the astonishing entrance of the abbot into the temple. All the brethren of the sacred order were astonished since some of our people had already lost hope of seeing the master.

Before the sacred confraternity, the Venerable One spoke, saying, "You brethren lack two virtues this brother has"; he said this while pointing at me with his index finger. Subsequently, at once gently and imperatively, he ordered me thus, "Tell them, brother, what those two virtues are."

"You have to know how to be patient; you have to know how to be serene," I exclaimed in a deliberate and clear voice.

"You see, have you been convinced?" asked the abbot with great solemnity. All the adepts, frightened and amazed at the same time, chose to keep a respectful silence. Unquestionably, all the members of the congregation except for myself then had to be deferred since only my insignificant and worthless person was victorious in the difficult ordeal.

The austere hierophant then presented me with a beautiful orange; I immediately grasped its deep significance. Much later in time, I had to appear before the brotherhood of another monastery of the White Universal Fraternity with the definite purpose of receiving instructions and signing documents.

Then I was warned with the following words, "You must guard yourself very well from the lunar cold." Returning to the fiery Forge of Vulcan after a long recess was urgent for me.

Unquestionably, between mountains there are always long periods of sexual abstention.

Chapter 29

The Nine Degrees of Mastery

To capture, to apprehend, to grasp in an integral, uni-total way the deep significance of the nine masters who went in search of Hiram and his assassins is urgent, it cannot be postponed.

Unquestionably, none of the nine masters went to the northern regions, but intelligently arranged in three groups of three, they were distributed respectively to the East, the South, and the West. Ostensibly, it was the latter group that succeeded in discovering the tomb and the assassins.

This symbolic esoteric pilgrimage of the nine masters, therefore, refers specifically to the individual pilgrimage every initiate must make on the Second Mountain, passing through nine successive stages or degrees fully enumerated and defined in the nine spheres: Moon, Mercury, Venus, Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune.

We can and even must issue the following statement, “Only by means of these intimate pilgrimages from

sphere to sphere will we be able to revitalize and bring to life within each of us the Secret Master, Hiram, Shiva, spouse of our Divine Mother Kundalini, the Arch-Hierophant and Arch-Magus, the individual particular Monad, our Real Being.”

To be a master is one thing, and to attain perfection in mastery is certainly another very different thing.

Any esotericist who fabricates the *to soma heliakon*, the wedding garment of the Soul, in the Forge of the Cyclopes becomes a Man and, therefore, a master but perfection in mastery is something very different.

The number nine, applied to rhetoric, puts us in intimate mystical relationship with the nine eternal Muses. In this chapter, it is not superfluous to mention each of these ineffable deities from ancient classicism:

1. Clio
2. Erato
3. Melpomene
4. Calliope
5. Euterpe
6. Thalia
7. Urania
8. Polyhymnia
9. Terpsichore

Experiences are something very important so our beloved readers may better comprehend the doctrine.

Listen to me; on a certain night—the date, day, or hour does not matter now—splendidly dressed with the wedding garment of the Soul, I departed the physical body at will.

Experiencing in the whole presence of my Cosmic Being a certain exquisite spiritual voluptuousness, I floated with complete lightness in the aura of the universe.

In supreme bliss, I had to rest my soles under the green foliage of a taciturn tree as if I were a celestial bird on the silt of the earth.

I then cried out congratulations with a loud voice, invoking the Adepts of the Occult Fraternity.

I was unquestionably assisted.

The brothers kindly led me to the marvelous temple of transparent walls.

The Mahatma remained seated at his desk as if he were attending to many people.

“I want to know,” I said, “what is it that I need?”

The Venerable, taking out a certain secret book from one of the desk drawers, consulted its pages and then answered, “You need fifty-eight (58) minutes. You must present here thirty-six (36) bolivars of twenty-three (23) kilos each. And the eight (8) initiations received must be qualified.”

“Thank you, Venerable Master.” I then 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 “I”.

36 bolivars: 3 plus 6 equals 9. To break chains and shackles in the submerged worlds of the nine planets mentioned in this chapter. Very intense work in the fiery forge of Vulcan.

23 kilos: 2 plus 3 equals five. The works of liberation must be perfect under the splendors of the flaming five-pointed star. It is not superfluous to opportunely remember the Rishabha Deva and his 23 prophets.

Qualification

Before the authentic resurrection, each of the eight initiations must be qualified. This is processed in eight years, during which we must experience the Book of the Patriarch Job in all its crude realism.

We solemnly emphasize the following statement, “Never could the eight initiations be qualified in a time less than the already indicated eight years.”

Obviously, one year corresponds to each of the eight. As a corollary, the result is eight years for the eight initiations.

I clarify; the above-mentioned time corresponds exclusively to the epilogue of a whole mystical series of profound

esoteric works carried out in each and every one of the nine planets mentioned above.

Undoubtedly, such works are processed in different times and tend to truly be quite delicate.

It is ostensible that anyone who enters the Second Mountain therefore does not receive more degrees or initiations.

Perfection in mastery only comes with the transcendental esoteric resurrection.

The full manifestation of the Monad within the resurrected master confers extraordinary magical powers.

Chapter 30

The Patriarch Enoch

The symbol of time, to which the bronze ring also makes emphatic reference, leads the Gnostic arhat cyclically to that ancient patriarchal epoch also called the Bronze Age or Dvapara Yuga, which undoubtedly preceded our present Iron Age or Kali Yuga.

The best occultists always affirmed that, between these two ages, the second Transapalnian catastrophe occurred, which totally modified the geological physiognomy of the planet Earth.

The seventh among the ten sublime antediluvian patriarchs is, therefore, beyond any assumption, totally different from the six who in the course of the centuries preceded him (Adam, Seth, Enos, Cainan, Mahalalel, Jared), as well as the three that succeeded him (Methuselah, Lamech, Noah).

However, it is clear that what amazes us most in all this is the sacred name of Enoch, which translated means initiated, dedicated, consecrated master.

The Hebrew Genesis asserts very solemnly that Enoch did not really die physically but that he "... walked with God; and he was not, for God took him." (Gen 5:24)

Ancient esoteric traditions, which are lost in the night of the centuries, clearly state that while Enoch was on the majestic summit of Mount Moriah, he had a clairvoyant *samadhi* in which his illuminated objective consciousness was carried away and taken to the nine heavens cited by Dante in his *Divine Comedy*, and in the last of which (in the heaven of Neptune), the patriarch found the Lost Word (his own Word, his individual particular Monad).

Subsequently, that great hierophant wanted to express this vision in a permanent and imperishable memory.

Thus, with great wisdom he categorically ordered that a secret and subterranean temple be built below that same blessed place, comprising nine crypts successively arranged one below the other within the living bowels of the mountain.

His son, Methuselah, was certainly the architect in charge of such an extraordinary sanctum.

No mention is made of the specific content and definite destination of each of these crypts or magical caves that connected with each other by means of a spiral staircase.

The last of these caverns is, however, the one that incorporates all the occult importance in such a way that the

previous ones only constitute the essential secret way through which one arrives at this last one in the deepest part of the mountain.

It is the latter, the innermost interior or sanctum, in which the patriarch Enoch deposited his richest esoteric treasure.

The Golden Fleece of the ancients, the ineffable and imperishable treasure that we seek, is never found, therefore, on the surface; rather, we must burrow, dig, search in the bowels of the Earth until we find it.

Descending courageously into the bowels or hells of the Mount of Revelation, the initiate finds the mystical treasure (his divine Monad), which is preserved for him through the countless centuries that preceded us in the course of history.

In chapter two of St. John's Revelation, we can still read the following, "To him who overcomes I will give some of the hidden manna to eat. And I will give him a white stone, and on the stone a new name written which no one knows except him who receives it." (Rev 2:17)

Chapter 31

The Lunar Heaven

The individual Great Work is fulfilled, then, in the zodiacal domain of the titanic powers.

The Twelve Labors of Hercules (prototype of the authentic Man) indicate, point out, the secret path that will lead us to the degrees of perfect master and great elected one.

First comes the capture and death of the Lion of Nemea, the force of uncontrolled instincts and passions that devastates and devours everything.

In a state of ecstasy, I was taken consciously and positively to the lunar world (or astral world); then I was advised with infinite wisdom.

My Soul was moved to its innermost depths to find the Elder of the Temple of the Twice Born there. Our dear rector, the sacred elder, certainly seems to have all the characteristics of a lemon but it is ostensible that he radiates infinite love.

I comprehended that in order to have the right to ascend to the lunar heaven (superior astral), I must first descend to the Selenite hells (inferior astral) and courageously confront the three Furies.

As I write these lines, I am reminded of that initiatic passage in which Ginés de Lara, led by his master, contemplates the steely waters of a lake with astonishment.

“Now look here!” exclaims the mahatma.

Ginés looked, his hair standing on end, and saw two things no mortal had ever seen (but no less astonishing or true for that matter).

He first saw, as in a gigantic telescope, the inhabitants on this side of the Moon—unhappy beings, unfortunate beyond all consideration, about whose nature and origin a great mystery is kept among those who “know everything.”

And then he saw something even more marvelous, the secret of the other side of the satellite, that is, the hemisphere that’s always turned the other way, and from which the miserable Earth is never seen, a place where some mystic wanted to therefore locate the Paradise of Enoch and Elijah, the two Jinn of the Hebrew people.

After this little digression, let’s continue with the topic of the present chapter.

When I wanted to climb the symbolic Jacob’s Ladder, the sacred elder of the temple pulled from the Tree of Knowledge (or Tree of the Science of Good and Evil) a delicious

branch and made me smell it. That fragrance was indeed nirvanic. "Always smell this branch so that you may ascend," those were the adept's words.

Unquestionably, we must practice the *sahaja maithuna*, inhaling the delicious fragrance of the forbidden fruit but not eating it; that is the Law.

In the abysses of Selene, I began my work by disintegrating Judas, the demon of desire.

Needless to say, with great success and thanks to the direct help of my Divine Mother Kundalini, the horrifying demon of desire was reduced to ashes.

A little later, I had to continue my work with the restless demon of the mind, which brings us so much bitterness, the abominable Pilate of all times.

Annihilation! Terrible word. That was the catastrophic end of the fatal Pilate who tormented me.

Subsequently, I continued my work in the abyss, attacking Caiaphas, the demon of ill-will, the most detestable of the three classic Furies within the interior of each of us.

She certainly died, the third Fury, after receiving several body blows.

None equaled her horrible appearance, none had so many serpents in her hair, her sisters themselves feared her, the wretched one carried all the gorgonic poisons of hell in her hands.

I was able to verify with astonishing clarity the whole process of death in the three Furies.

It is unquestionable that they went through all the magical transformations sung by Ovid.

If at the beginning they were gigantic and horrible, like the monster Polyphemus of the cursed land that relentlessly devoured the companions of Ulysses, in the later moments before the arrival of the sovereign Grim Reaper, they appeared like newborn children.

Fortunately, those abominable shadows, those three traitors I carried within, died.

Alas! Alas! Alas! What would have become of me without the help of my Divine Mother Kundalini?

I invoked my Mother from the depths of the abyss, and she wielded the lance of Eros.

Chapter 32

Guinevere

The eternal lady, the Spirit-Soul (Buddhi), always demands from her knight, the Human Soul (superior Manas), all kinds of unprecedented sacrifices and prodigies of courage.

She, the divine perfect wife, is Guinevere, Jinn Queen, the one who poured wine for Lancelot.

Delicious wine of transcendental spirituality in the initiatic cups of Sukra and Manti.

Cups that are essentially none other than the Holy Grail in its connotation as chalice of the supreme drink or initiatic nectar of the holy gods.

Blessed is the knight who, after the hard struggle, celebrates his betrothal with the Jinn Queen!

It is written in letters of gold in the book of life that “within Buddhi (Spiritual Soul), which is like a vessel of fine and transparent alabaster, burns the flame of *prajna* (the Being).”

One night of indisputable delights I had the joy of meeting my beloved in the secret place of the Second Mountain. The carriage of my betrothed was slowly advancing along the solitary path.

Legend of centuries says the Marquise de Reaupré rode in a coach of singular beauty for it was made of pure porcelain but my adorable Valkyrie's triumphant carriage instead resembled that other coach used in the Rococo period by the Duke of Clermont's wife, a splendid carriage with a team of six-horses that had silver horseshoes, and its wheels had rims made of the same metal.

The triumphant carriage of my beloved stopped in front of a castle of shining porphyry upon the walls and coffered ceilings of which shone the richness and splendor of the East.

The splendid vehicle parked in front of the gleaming bronze gates, which were so majestic.

Soon the carriage was surrounded by a kindly choir of distinguished gentlemen, princes and nobles, beautiful ladies, and delicate children.

Someone gave a signal and I obeyed. I advanced toward the carriage of love; I saw my Valkyrie (Buddhi) through the windows of bliss.

Dressed in the bridal vestment, the wedding garments of the Soul, my betrothed arrived in her resplendent carriage for the betrothal.

To be betrothed before the holy altar with my twin soul, the Theosophical Buddhi, what a joy, my God! However, I was told I had to wait a little longer.

The virile provider of force from on high held me back, and I suffered the unspeakable.

At that time, I had to submerge myself deeply in the sacred mysteries of Minna, the dreadful lunar darkness of a love that is death's twin brother.

I worked intensely in the super-obscurity of silence and the august secret of the wise.

I had to wait a time and times and half a time...³⁰ However, I longed for the Jinn Queen Guinevere (my Spiritual Soul).

One night, the stars twinkling in infinite space seemed to have a new characteristic.

Far from the worldly bustle, I was in ecstasy; the door of my chamber remained hermetically closed.

It was then indeed that I celebrated the wedding with my beloved (Buddhi). She entered me, and I lost myself in her.

In those moments of bliss, the Midnight Sun (the Solar Logos) shone intensely.

I felt myself transformed integrally. The famous *sahasrara* chakra, the thousand-petalled lotus, the crown of saints, shone victoriously in my pineal gland, and I entered that state known among Hindus by the Sanskrit term *paramananda* (supreme spiritual bliss).

30 Dan 7:25, Rev 12:14

It was then that I felt the need to become an authentic and legitimate *brahmavid-varishta*.

The one thousand yoga *nadis* of the sahasrara actually gave me power over certain subtle forces of nature.

Buddhi, my Guinevere, my Spiritual Soul, in addition to bringing the Shiva-Shakti *tattwa* to its maximum vibratory activity, had put the coronal *padma* into a certain state of intensified mystical functions.

Then I saw myself become the Messenger of the New Aquarian Age, teaching to humanity a doctrine that is so new and so revolutionary, and yet so ancient.

When I opened the door of my chamber, the diamond eye (the pineal), allowed me to see innumerable enemies. It is obvious that the diffusion of Gnosis in its revolutionary form will increase the number of my adversaries more and more.

It is not superfluous to say that after this great cosmic event, a certain nuptial rite had to be performed in the temple. Many people attended that festival of love.

Unquestionably, in the fifth initiation of fire I had incarnated my Human Soul (the superior Manas of Theosophy).

But then, oh Gods, with this alchemical and Kabbalistic betrothal, I also incarnated my Spiritual Soul (Buddhi).

Ostensibly, within the latter, the flame of *prajna* (the Intimate) always burns in an unalterable form.

Chapter 33

The Dragon of Darkness

I thought that after the alchemical wedding with my Spiritual Soul, I would enter fully into a paradisaical honeymoon. I did not even remotely suspect that among the submerged lairs of the human subconscious, the left-hand and tenebrous Mara of the Buddhist gospel was hiding, the famous Dragon of Darkness mentioned in St. John's Revelation,³¹ the father of the three traitors.

Gigantic abysmal monster of seven infra-human heads always personifying the seven deadly sins: anger, greed, lust, envy, pride, laziness, and gluttony.

And the Great Beast roared frightfully, as when a lion roars, and the powers of darkness trembled with horror.

Only with transcendental sexual electricity in the act of sexual magic is it possible to reduce that horrifying abysmal spawn to cosmic dust.

31 Revelation 12:3

Fortunately, I knew how to make the most of the coitus reservatus to make my supplications to Devi Kundalini, igneous serpent of our magical powers.

The monster wields the terrible spear with his left hand. Three times he tried to wound me in vain; in desperation he threw the hard pike against me. My Divine Mother Kundalini intervened in those instants; she took possession of the singular relic and mortally wounded the red dragon with it.

Mara, the horrifying infernal beast, then lost his gigantic stature, gradually becoming smaller, and was reduced to a mathematical point, disappearing forever from the tenebrous den.

Subsequently, that fraction of my consciousness previously bottled up in the abominable monster returned, it came back to me.

Terrible are the secrets of the old abyss, a gloomy and limitless ocean where the primogenital night and chaos, ancestors of nature, maintain a perpetual anarchy amidst the noise of endless wars sustained with the help of confusion.

The heat, the cold, the moist, the dry—four fierce champions—fight for mastery there, and lead into battle their embryo atoms that, grouping around the ensign of their legion and gathered in different clans, lightly or heavily armed, sharp or smooth, swift or slow, swarm as innumerable as the sands of Barca or Cyrene's torrid beach,

pulled to take sides with warring winds and to serve as ballast for their swift wings.

The atom to which the greatest number of atoms adhere dominates for a moment. Chaos rules as arbiter, and his decisions come to increase the disorder more and more, thanks to which he reigns; subsequently, it is ostensible that Chaos directs everything in those infernal worlds.

Before that wild abyss, cradle and sepulcher of nature, before that den which is neither sea nor earth, nor air, nor fire but is formed of all these elements that, mixed confusedly in their fecund causes, must always fight in the same way unless the Creator Demiurge disposes of his dark 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 it is not so easy to return. The hard work lies there! That is where the difficult trial is!

Some sublime heroes, few indeed, have achieved the triumphant return. Impenetrable forests separate the underworld from the world of light, and the waters of the pale River Cocytus trace labyrinthine folds in that penumbra, the mere image of which makes you shudder.

Chapter 34

Conclusion of the Lunar Works

After having reduced Mara, father of the three classic Furies, to cosmic dust, I then had to face secondary beasts of the abyss.

The day was slowly ending, delicious night air was inviting the living beings that populate the face of the Earth to rest from their fatigues, and I, vile worm of the mud of the earth, only wanted to sustain the combats of the path and of the things worthy of compassion, which my memory will write without error.

Oh, ineffable muses! Oh, high divine genie! Come to my aid, inspire me so my style does not diverge from the nature of the subject.

My deep sleep was interrupted by thunder as loud as a man who is violently awakened. I got up and, looking around me, focused my sight to recognize the place where I was; then I saw myself in a lonely house next to the dark path.

Sitting in a rustic armchair next to the window from which the steep path could be seen, I very sincerely evoked by-gone times.

Certainly, in other ages, I had been there in the mansion of the abyss and before the same path.

None of this seemed new to me; I comprehended I was recapitulating mysteries. Rising from my chair, I opened the old door of that dwelling and went out, walking slowly... slowly... slowly... along the solitary path.

With a single glance, piercing with my eyes a space as far away as it is possible for spiritual sight to penetrate, I saw that sad, devastating, and somber site.

The floor was damp, and I had to stop unexpectedly in front of a certain electric cable lying on the ground.

A copper wire charged with high voltage? How horrible! And I almost stepped on it!

“It’s better to die free than to live imprisoned.” Thus cried the Voice of Silence in the night of mystery.

And I, who was alarmed and trying to retreat at that very moment, felt comforted.

I advanced resolutely through those sub-lunar places along the tortuous abyssal path.

The steep path veered surprisingly to the left; I penetrated certain very picturesque hills.

In them I saw something like a national park on a Sunday, a motley assortment of human creatures that seemed to delightfully enjoy the meadow.

For the amusement of many, peddlers came and went here, there, and everywhere selling colorful balloons.

A living symbol of profane life, that's how I understood it; however, it is obvious I wanted to live everything with intensity.

I was so absorbed in all that, contemplating the usual crowds, when suddenly, behold, something unusual and uncommon happened; it seemed to me as if time really stopped for a moment.

In those moments of terror, a bloodthirsty wolf emerged from the undergrowth, fierce and with a wicked look, it tried in vain to seize its prey. Before him some hens that desperately clucked fled from the merciless Grim Reaper.

Extraordinary hidden symbolism: faint-hearted, cowardly, timid fowl; bloodthirsty, cruel, merciless wolf.

Dread, terror, horror! Human sub-lunar states of the human infra-consciousness, and I, who believed I had died within myself, ignored the existence of these psychic aggregates within my own atomic infernos.

Fortunately, never in the hard struggle did I forget my holy lance; thanks to my Divine Mother Kundalini, I have been able to surpass many in strength and skill with the lance.

Since the main demon “I’s”, vile personifications of my horrible infra-human defects had previous fallen, my lunar works were epically concluded, killing many other infernal beasts with the holy shaft.

It is not superfluous to say I had to garner very rich spoils of war after many bloody battles.

I want to refer with great emphasis to those multiple precious gems of my own existence, to those seeds of consciousness embedded, enmeshed, among those horrifying beasts of hell.

The last part of the work was of a completely atomic character. It is not at all easy to expel the evil intelligences from within their nuclear dwellings.

This is certainly what is meant by transforming the “black waters into white waters.”

Now, those atoms have become marvelous vehicles of certain luminous intelligences.

Magnificent sparks, atoms capable of informing me about the activities of the secret enemy.

One night of glory, I had the greatest honor that can be given to a human being, I was visited by the Cosmic Christ. The Adorable was holding a large book in his right hand as if to say to me, “You are now going to enter the sphere of Mercury.”

Upon seeing the Master, I could only cry out, saying, “Lord, you have arrived sooner than I thought. I was not

expecting you yet.”

The living Christ answered sweetly, “Sometimes I delay when it is my turn to come in the month of March. You still must continue dying.”

“What? Still continue dying?”

“Yes,” answered the Adorable, “you must continue to die,” he repeated.

What happened next was prodigious. The Master slowly rose toward the Midnight Sun, then detached himself a little from the King Star to bless me and forgive me for my ancient errors.

This is how I was able to re-enter the first heaven, the abode of ineffable Angels.

Unquestionably, I was a fallen angel but it is ostensible that I had been forgiven.

In the cathedral of the Soul, “there is more joy for one sinner who repents than for a thousand righteous ones who need no repentance.”

Chapter 35

The Heaven of Mercury

The second labor of Hercules now becomes transcendental and transcendent—the destruction of the Hydra of Lerna, a symbolic monster of immortal origin, endowed with nine menacing heads that regenerate each time they are destroyed, threatening flocks and harvests.

It's a tough battle in which the solar hero is accompanied by Iolaus, his charioteer and inspirer, whose remarkable role is very similar to that of Sri Krishna in his relationship with Arjuna (see the *Bhagavad Gita*, “The Lord’s Song”).

Even though this magnificent labor can be interpreted as a rewarding work in a swampy delta like that of the sacred Nile, that multifaceted hydra is also an allegorical image that clearly personifies the mind with all its psychological defects.

As a constellation, that symbolic hydra has its front part between Leo and Cancer, extending south to the shining feet of Virgo.

With red-hot coals, Iolaus burns where heads reemerge in place of those Hercules crushes with his mace; after, having cut off the immortal head—extraordinary symbol of authentic love—he hides it under a rock that must obviously serve as the Philosopher’s Stone of his regenerated, exquisitely spiritual life.

It is written with characters of fire in the book of life, “Whoever wishes to ascend must first descend,” and “Every exaltation is always preceded by a terrible humiliation.”

Unquestionably, I truly longed with all the forces of my Soul to rise, to ascend to the heaven of Mercury, the *Devachan* of the Hindustanis, the superior mental world, abode of Archangels. However, it was indispensable to first descend to the infernos of the mind in order to destroy the Hydra of Lerna there. Those psychological defects of a multifaceted structure, which I had reduced to cosmic dust in the lunar infernos, continued to exist as the abominable heads of the fatal hydra in the diverse folds of the mind.

Horrible animalistic creatures, disgusting abysmal spawn, clearly personified each of my own psychological defects.

One might give oneself the luxury of comprehending any psychological error without having grasped its profound significance. Unquestionably, we need with the utmost pressing urgency to not only comprehend but to

also grasp the deep meaning of that which we want to eliminate.

To eliminate the heads (psychological defects) of the Hydra of Lerna is only possible by means of transcendental sexual electricity during the *sahaja maithuna* in the forge of the Cyclopes.

Since the metaphysical copulation in the ninth sphere is a form of prayer, I was pleading in those moments to Devi Kundalini.

Goethe, the great German initiate, adoring his Divine Mother Kundalini, full of ecstasy exclaimed:

Virgin, pure in the loveliest sense,
Mother, worthy of honours,
Queen, elected for us,
equal to gods!

Longing to die in himself here and now, during the chemical coitus, that great bard would say:

Arrows, pierce me!
Lances, subdue me!
Clubs, smash me!
Lightning, strike through me!
That the inanities
All may evaporate.
Shine, enduring star,
Essence of eternal Love.

Unquestionably, I always proceeded in a very similar manner and the Hydra of Lerna, little by little, slowly, was losing each one of its abominable heads.

On a certain occasion, finding myself inside a monastery in eastern Tibet, I had the idea of saying to my Divine Mother Kundalini the following, “You and I speak and seem to be two different people, and yet we are the same Being.”

It is not superfluous to state emphatically 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 and unequivocally confess that without the immediate help of my adorable Divine Mother, in no way would I have been able to radically eliminate the Hydra of Lerna (my psychological defects in the intellectual subconscious).

“Ere the gold flame can burn with steady light, the lamp must stand well guarded in a spot free from all wind.”

“... so must earthly thoughts fall dead before the fane.”

“The Mind which follows the rambling senses, makes the Soul as helpless as the boat which the wind leads astray upon the waters.”

When the Midnight Sun shone victorious in the spiritual firmament, I returned to the archangelic state I had once lost, and I happily entered the heaven of Mercury.

Chapter 36

The Heaven of Venus

The third labor of Hercules, the solar hero, now becomes extraordinary; I want to refer emphatically to the capturing of two animals, one as gentle as the other is swift, turbulent, and threatening. The Ceryneian Hind and the Erymanthian Boar.

We can and even must identify these famous quadrupeds with the two shining austral constellations closest to the stars of Gemini, which are near the two centaurs with whom Hercules sustains a bloody fight.

In the hind with bronze feet and golden horns, consecrated to Diana and fought for by Apollo, God of Fire, we can see a clear allusion to the Human Soul (the wife of the Valkyries), the superior Manas of Theosophy.

And in the terrible boar, perverse like no other, is the living symbol of all the lower animal passions.

It is not superfluous to assert at this moment that I longed very sincerely and with all the strength of my Soul

to enter the heaven of Venus, the causal world, abode of Principalities.

However, it is clear that I first needed to earn merits, to reduce the frightful boar to cosmic dust.

It is necessary to descend before ascending; every exaltation is always preceded by a terrible humiliation.

To descend to the Venusian infernos was indispensable, urgent, unpostponable before the ascent.

Preliminary information was needed, and this in itself was certainly urgent, pressing. Precise, extraordinary indications came to me during meditation; it is ostensible that the initiate is always assisted.

On a large board very similar to the attractive board of a chess game, I saw many disgusting looking animal-like figures instead of the usual pieces of the aforementioned game.

Unquestionably, with the help of my Divine Mother Kundalini, I had eliminated defects of a psychological type, whether in the astral world or in the mental world; however, the causal seeds of those defects continued to exist within me here and now.

Within the field of the purest experimental psychology, we can establish the following statement, "The radical elimination of any psychological defect completely 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 ostensible that I then had to pass victoriously through frightful carnal temptations like those suffered by the Gnostic patriarch St. Augustine at the foot of the cross.

The Gnostic Mystery is present
in the still flight of a 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.
Every hour, a larva of sin!
And the symbol: the serpent and the apple.³²

The multitude of crimes whose causal seeds I had to eliminate was immense, 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 encountered two old friends from my youth; one was still living, the other was already dead.

It is not superfluous to remember those titans of ancient times who wanted to climb to heaven now suffer in the abysses, chained by the wrath of Jupiter. There also dwell the insolent Lapiths and the daring Ixion, who

32 Excerpt from the poem "Rosa Gnóstica" [Gnostic Rose] by Ramón del Valle-Inclán

tried to violate Juno, and Pirithous, who wanted to kidnap Proserpine.

In the underworld lives also the proud Salmoneus, king of Elis, who claimed for himself divine honors, being a simple mortal, a vile worm of the mud of the earth.

Moments before definitively leaving the abode of Pluto, I saw something frightful, terrible, as if a gigantic monster wanted to devour all of humanity. Woe, woe, woe!

Afterwards, I felt myself transported among those atomic infernos; the Cosmic Christ entered me and I lost myself in Him.

Then a multitude of mothers brought me their children and I, full of ecstasy, exclaimed, "Let the children come to me, for the Kingdom of Heaven is theirs."

How happy I felt with the transformed causal body! After blessing all those tender infants, I left the submerged mineral kingdom and victoriously entered the heaven of Venus (the causal world).

This was how I re-entered the state of the Principalities I had once lost; when in the central plateau of Asia, I committed the same mistake as Count Zanoni.

To fall head over heels for paradisaical, exquisite, feminine beauty, to drink the liquor of mandrakes, to eat the golden apples of the garden of the Hesperides, was certainly the aforementioned error. However, working later with

transcendent sexual electricity, I returned to the path I had once abandoned.

That wonderful causal world or world of conscious will, so often cited by Mr. Leadbeater, Annie Besant, Arthur Powel, Rudolf Steiner, H.P.B., etc., is ostensibly terror of love and law. Undoubtedly, the heaven of Venus is not of time, and is beyond the mind.

It is evident that the *akashic* substance, as natural element, and vibration or *tattwa*, constitutes in itself the living and philosophical background of the world of cosmic causation.

The deep electric blue shines marvelously in that region and sparkles here, there, and everywhere, saturating us with an exquisite and indescribable spiritual voluptuousness.

The world of natural causes is like an ocean without limits or shores. The ceaseless surge of action and consequence ebbs and flows there from instant to instant.

It is evident that there is no cause without effect and no effect without cause. Every action is followed by a reaction; from any act there is always a consequence, or better said, a series of consequences.

At that time of my present existence, I received a lot of objective, proven, and demonstrable information.

Example: before the speaker at a certain auditorium, I came forward in the middle of a meeting; I didn't know

how to keep my composure; I stuck my nose where I shouldn't have, I refuted concepts.

Result: the lecturer, a man from the causal world, withdrew in indignation. Subsequently, the lecturer commented to others on my attitude, and this in fact became a whole chain of consequences.

In the causal world I also saw, with mystical amazement, the future that awaits the planet Earth and the human beings that dwell on this physical world.

Dressed in the causal body, I suddenly saw myself in a great railway yard.

Certainly, the Gnostic Movement is a train in motion; some passengers get on at one station and get off at another. Rare are those who reach the final station.

Later I submerged myself within the infinite starry space; I needed to investigate something in the amphitheater of cosmic science.

Surprised, amazed (since I have not yet lost the capacity for astonishment), I was able to perceive with the Eye of *Dangma* or Eye of Shiva something unusual and rare.

Before my spiritual sight appeared the Earth mortally besieged by twelve huge, black, sinister, threatening giants (the twelve zodiacal constellations, bringing about the definitive crystallization of world karma).

People from other worlds are aware of the great catastrophe that will come, and they will approach with their ships to record or photograph the cataclysm.

Behold St. John's Apocalypse in full swing. Collision of worlds. Woe, woe, woe!

It is appropriate to quote in these pages some extraordinary verses from the Qur'an:

The Hour has drawn near and the moon was
split in two.
Yet, whenever they see a sign, they turn away,
saying, "Same old magic!"

Surah Al-Qamar 54:1-2

It is obvious that this is in no way a geological or physical division of our neighboring satellite. This should be interpreted in the political and military sense. The great powers will fight for the Moon.

At last, when the Trumpet will be blown with
one blast,
And the earth and mountains will be lifted up
and crushed with one blow,
on that Day the Inevitable Event will have come
to pass.

Surah Al-Haqqah 69:13-15

Collision is the precise term! Planet Earth will collide with another world that is coming dangerously close.

Al-Qâri'ah (the striking Hour, i.e., the Day of Resurrection). ... Then as for him whose balance (of good deeds) will be heavy, He will live a pleasant life (in Paradise). But as for him whose balance (of good deeds) will be light, He will have his home in Hâwiyah (pit, i.e., Hell) [the infernal worlds].

Surah Al-Qari'ah 101:1,6-9

When the earth is shaken with its (final) earthquake. And when the earth throws out its burdens. ... That day mankind will issue forth in scattered groups to be shown their deeds.

Surah Az-Zalzalah 99:1-2,6

When the sun is wound round and its light is lost and is overthrown. And when the stars fall. And when the mountains are made to pass away (Surah At-Takwir 81:1-3) ... When the heaven is cleft asunder. And when the stars have fallen and scattered. And when the seas are burst forth. And when the graves are turned upside down (and bring out their contents) (Surah At-Takwir 82:1-4) ... Verily ... the pious believers ... will be in Delight ... And verily, ... (the wicked, disbelievers, polytheists, sinners and evil-doers) will be in the blazing Fire ... (Surah Al-Infitar 82:13-14)

Unquestionably, before the inevitable collision, the extreme approach of that planetary mass will originate frightful electromagnetic storms.

It is ostensible that the presence of that sidereal world will attract the liquid fire from the interior of our terrestrial globe; then the igneous element will look for a way out, giving origin to innumerable volcanoes.

In those days the Earth will tremble with terrifying earthquakes and horrifying tidal waves.

Towns and cities will fatally fall like miserable card castles, ruined.

Monstrous waves like never before seen will furiously wash up the sandy beaches, and a very strange sound will emerge from the bottom of the seas.

Undoubtedly, the extraordinary radiation of that planet will kill millions of creatures and everything will be consumed in an apocalyptic holocaust.

Peter, or Patar, the great hierophant, said:

But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night, in which the heavens will pass away with a great noise, and the elements will melt with fervent heat; both the earth and the works that are in it will be burned up.(2 Peter 3:10)

With mystical awe I contemplated in the causal world the impending great catastrophe that was approaching, and since that is the region of ineffable music, the vision was

illustrated with a current of sound. A certain delightfully tragic symphony resounded within the depths of the Venusian sky.

That score was generally amazing for its grandeur and majesty, for the inspiration and beauty of its composition, for the purity of its lines, and for the color and nuance of its wise and artistic illustration, sweet and severe, grandiose and terrifying, dramatic and mournful all at the same time.

The fragmentary melodic pieces (leitmotifs) heard in the causal world in different prophetic situations are of great expressive power, and are intimately related to the great event and to historical events that will inevitably precede it in time.

There are, in the score of this great cosmic opera, symphonic fragments related to the Third World War, enchanting and dismal sounds, horrifying events, atomic bombs, frightful radioactivity all over the Earth, famine, total destruction of the great metropolises, unknown diseases, incessant strife here, there, and everywhere, etc., etc., etc.

Interspersed with unprecedented art, themes related to the destruction of New York, Paris, London, Moscow, etc., etc., etc., were heard.

Chapter 37

The Heaven of the Sun

The next labor of the solar hero Hercules is certainly the extraordinary cleansing of the famous stables of Augeas, king of Elis, whose daughter, knowing the virtues of plants, made magical concoctions with them.

The filth of several generations had accumulated in those aforementioned stables (living symbolic representation of our own submerged, subconscious depths) where innumerable cattle were housed (those multiple, bestial psychic aggregates, which make up the ego), and among them twelve snow-white bulls, allegorizing zodiacal karma.

Unquestionably, Hercules had to clean those stables in a single day. The old traditions that are lost in the night of centuries say he achieved this by making a hole in the wall and then diverting the course of a river so its waters flooded the stables.

This last work can, therefore, be identified with Aquarius, the zodiacal house of Uranus, Ur-Anas, primordial fire and

water, clearly symbolizing sexual currents in the human organism.

Uranus, as the first divine king of primitive Atlantis, is the ruler of our sexual glands.

Uranus, the Asura-maya, is really the first revealer of the mysteries of life and death. It is certainly Ur-Anas, primordial fire and water, who intrinsically determines the first luni-solar cult of the androgynous IO (IIIOOO).

IO Pithar is the Sun. Menes or Mani is the Moon.

OM MANI PADME HUM as a mantra of immense esoteric power has its equivalence in the Sun and Moon gods, in the bosom of the sacred lotus which miraculously emerged from the spermatic waters of the first instant.

The legend of centuries says Uranus had forty-five children by various women, and also that he had eighteen other children by Titea. The latter received the collective name of Titans because of their mother.

Adding together each of these separate Kabbalistic quantities, we have the following results:

45: $4 + 5 = 9$

The Hermit of the Tarot, the ninth sphere, sex.

18: $1 + 8 = 9$

Arcanum 18 is the Twilight of the Tarot. It includes Arcanum 9 twice; it signifies secret, hidden enemies,

subterranean struggle in the domains of the ninth sphere, the tenebrous.

Ostensibly, Uranus is the absolute king of the sexual functions, master of the New Aquarian Age.

Since Titea surpassed all women in beauty and virtues, she was also numbered among the Gods. We have been told that her faithful devotees, grateful for all the goods received, called her Earth.

In the name of truth, I must frankly and unequivocally confess that the fourth labor was tremendously easy for me; however, I had to pass a delicate test beforehand.

In an old city park, I saw myself chatting with a noble lady, someone who was without a doubt certainly a great friend.

We sat very close together on a bench, feeling a great love between us. For a moment we looked like two people in love, but ...

Suddenly I remembered my Divine Mother Kundalini! And then I diverted that current of love inward and upward toward my adorable Mother.

At that moment I exclaimed with the strength of my soul, "This love is for my Mother!"

This was how Hercules diverted the course of a river so its waters flooded the Augean stables. ("He who has understanding let him understand, for here is wisdom.")

Unquestionably, I was inside the mineral entrails of the Sun, in the solar infernos.

The submerged worlds of the King Star seemed so clean to me! Infernos without souls in pain, without demons; how marvelous!

It is ostensible that within the living entrails of the resplendent Sun, demons could not live; the latter could never resist the powerful vibrations of that star.

When I found myself locked inside one of the symbolic stables of Augeas, I found it completely clean and without animals of any kind. Then I comprehended.

I wanted to get out but the door was hermetically closed. "Open Sesame!" I shouted with all my might.

At that moment the doors opened as if by magic and I entered a second stable. I found it as clean as the first.

"Open Sesame!" I shouted again, and when the doors opened, I entered a third stable. Ostensibly, this one was also clean and beautiful.

"Open Sesame!" I shouted a fourth time, and when the fourth door opened, I stepped over the threshold of a bright solar mansion.

What I saw at the back of the sanctuary was something unusual and rare. Oh, Gods! There, seated on their thrones, Osiris, Isis, and Horus awaited me.

I advanced toward them and, prostrating myself, I adored them. In those moments I felt their blessings in me.

Three aspects of my Being but derived. This is how I comprehended it, and this deserves an explanation.

One of our Gnostic esoteric rituals reads:

“Osiris [the Arch-Hierophant and Arch-Magus, our particular, individual Monad], powerful emperor, respond to the beseeching son.”

“Isis [the unfoldment of Osiris, the mystic Duad, Devi Kundalini], most worthy Mother, respond to the beseeching son.”

“Horus [the Intimate Christ], respond to the beseeching pilgrim.”

They received me and I entered victoriously into the heaven of the Sun, into the abode of the Powers, into the buddhic or intuitional world. I then reconquered my place among those divine beings, a glorious conscious state I had once lost.

Chapter 38

The Heaven of Mars

The fifth labor of Hercules, the solar hero, was to hunt and destroy the anthropophagous birds that tenebrously inhabited Lake Stymphalia and killed men with their bronzed feathers, which were launched against their defenseless victims like deadly arrows.

Ostensibly this work is intimately related to the constellation of Pisces, house of Neptune, Lord of Practical Magic.

Unquestionably those anthropophagous birds are the cruel harpies cited by Virgil, the poet of Mantua.

For the good of the Great Cause for which all us brethren of the Gnostic Movement are fighting, I will now transcribe some paragraphs from *The Aeneid*:³³

The Strophades islands took me in—I was safely on dry land. ... they're in the great Ionian sea. Vile Celaeno and her Harpies [horrifying witches, black jinn] had been living there ... They're birds

33 Virgil, *Aeneid*, Book III 209-277

with young girls' faces, but their belly-droppings stink, their hands are hooked, their faces always pale with hunger.

When we sailed into this port, we saw lush herds of cattle in the fields, a flock of goats grazing the grass, and no shepherds anywhere.

We fell on them with swords, ... and ate rich meat. Suddenly, the Harpies [witches] were there from the hills: a ghastly swoop of beating, clattering wings. They tore our food and fouled it all with filth.

Besides their horrid shrieks, the stench was awful. We tried again. At the far back of a cave ... we prepared our meal and lit the altars once again. And again from some new place or secret lair the screeching throng [those anthropophagous birds] flew round our food, sliming it with crooked claws and filthy beaks. ...

... This time, ... My men charged in for the strange fight. They gashed the stinking sea-birds with their swords. But the Harpies' plumes and backs received no wounds. ... By herself, Celaeno perched upon a rock, a prophetess of grief. This shriek burst from her chest.

'So it's war you want, ...? As thanks for our butchered cows and bulls, you drive the faultless Harpies from their homeland? Then hear my words

and fix them deep inside your heart. You sail for Italy, summoning the winds: you'll reach her and her ports will open to you.

But you won't set walls around your fated city until wrenching hunger and your harm to us will have your jaws gnawing your very tables.'

... my men's blood froze with sudden fear; ...

... [we] called on the great gods, ... 'Gods, ward off these threats and this disaster. Be kind and protect the pious.' ... we fled ...

This is an incredible occult and esoteric story. Let's now continue with the explanations.

Many of these abysmal harpies have been captured, caught red-handed, with certain procedures.

Some ancient traditions say, "If we put a pair of steel scissors on the ground, opened in the shape of a cross, and if we sprinkle black mustard seeds around this metallic instrument, any witch can be caught."

It is astonishing that some illustrious occultists ignore that these witches can elude the universal Law of Gravity!

Although the news may seem unusual, we very solemnly assert that it is possible by putting the body of flesh and blood within the fourth dimension.

It is in no way strange that these hags and their drones, with their physical bodies placed in the fourth vertical

(hyperspace), can levitate and travel anywhere in the world in a matter of seconds.

It is ostensible that they have secret formulas to physically escape from this three-dimensional world of Euclid.

In strictly occult terms, we can qualify these left-hand and tenebrous harpies with the title of black jinn, in order to radically differentiate them from white jinn.

In spite of everything that official science says, the human organism can assume any shape, can change form, within the fourth dimension.

Remember, beloved readers, the execrable Celaeno and her filthy harpies, the horrendous birds of the Strophades Islands in the Ionian Sea.

One evening, the date, day, or hour doesn't matter, while sitting at the foot of the bars inside an ancient dungeon, I was studying an esoteric work.

The sun was hiding among the red fires of the sunset, and the evening light was slowly fading away.

Suddenly, something unusual happened; beside me I heard a thunderous, sarcastic, mocking, markedly feminine cackle.

It was one of those anthropophagous birds that inhabit Lake Stympalia, a hag, a witch of ill omen, a woman of left-path covens.

The perverse one fled and hid among the dreadful darkness of the infernal worlds.

Thus began my intrepid descent into the living bowels of the submerged Martian mineral kingdom.

“Before ascending it is indispensable to descend,” that is the law. Every exaltation is preceded by a frightful and terrible humiliation.

To annihilate within myself those inhuman sorcerous elements, those birds of ill omen, was certainly my task in the tenebrous Tartarus.

Although it may seem incredible due to the unusual nature of the news, it is urgent to know that all human beings, without exception, carry in their unconscious depths various sorcerous elements.

This means that there are many people in the world who, without knowing it, unconsciously practice black magic.

Unquestionably, even the saints of all religions suffer the unspeakable when they are self-discovering; then, they can verify for themselves the crude realism of those inhuman elements, which they are ostensibly obligated to eliminate from their psyche.

Any adept or mystic or saint, if he has not died radically in each and every one of the forty-nine departments of the subconscious, is more or less black.

This is one of the great reasons why we cannot condemn anyone. “Let any one of you who is without sin be the first to throw a stone ...” [John 8:7]

At that time of my life, I was attacked incessantly and mercilessly by the sinister birds that inhabit Lake Stymphalia.

In the black halls of tenebrous covens within the Martian infernos, I was astonished to discover many brothers of the rocky path.

They were sorcerous aggregates, evidently ignored by their human personalities.

I concluded my work in the mineral abysses of Mars, I ascended victorious to the fifth heaven, the world of Atman, radiant abode of the Virtues.

This was how I returned to the heaven of Mars; then I reconquered my place among those sublime beings, a divine position that I had once lost.

The objective of my works in the Martian infernos had been achieved. Having eliminated the inhuman elements from my psyche, my consciousness was free.

The intellectual shackles had been annihilated and my liberated consciousness, out of the horrifying dungeon of the mind where it had been imprisoned for so long, had managed to fuse, to merge, with Atman the Ineffable, my Real Being.

Ah, if people would only comprehend what the dungeon of the intellect is. If only they understood that they live imprisoned within the prison of the mind.

In complete bliss, as a Spirit-Man in the Martian heaven, far from the body, affections, and mind, I walked consciously as a bird of shining light, radical antithesis of those other sinister birds of Lake Stymphalia.

In those moments of exquisite bliss, I passed by many symbolic works constructed of pure iron.

It is the region of Atman the Ineffable, the world of the starkest realism, the dimension of mathematics.

In the three-dimensional world of Euclid, we never perceive a solid in an integral, uni-total way; here, we only subjectively see angles, surfaces, and so on. However, in the brilliant region of Atman, we not only perceive solids integrally but also hyper-solids, including the exact quantity of atoms that constitute the totality of any body as a whole.

Unquestionably, in the heaven of Mars we really 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 this.

The headquarters of celestial judgment, where objective justice is administered, always intervenes.

One day, happy in the world of Atman, a Judge of the Law of Katancia (superior karma) came to me.

He sat at a table and I, with much respect and veneration, responded then to his charges.

“You have criticized many in your books,” the Hierarch said.

“I am combative by nature,” I answered emphatically.

“You are sentenced to seven days imprisonment.” That was the sentence.

I must confess frankly and unequivocally that when I heard the sentence, I was a little cynical.

It seemed to me like a silly police case, like when a young boy gets in a fight with another boy of the same age and he’s put in jail for a few hours.

However, when I was serving my sentence, I felt the punishment was terribly painful.

Seven days within the horrible dungeon of the mind after having emancipated myself.

Seven symbolic days of bitterness inside the dreadful prison of the intellect. Woe! Woe! Woe!

Chapter 39

The Heaven of Jupiter

Nearly adjacent to the brilliant constellation of Pisces is that of Taurus, which is unquestionably intimately related to the transcendental esoteric work of capturing the Cretan bull.

It had been sent to Minos by the god Neptune to be offered as a sacrifice but the greedy king improperly kept it for himself, whereupon it became a frightening and threatening animal, terrorizing the whole country.

Legend of centuries says that Hercules, the solar hero, therefore easily obtained permission to seize, chain, and drag it by sea to Mycenae.

It is indubitable that the work related to the Jupiterian infernos is fully allegorized with Hercules's sixth labor.

It is not superfluous in these lines to recall the first Jupiter of Greek theogony, Father of All the Gods, Lord of the Universe, and brother of Uranus or Ur-Anas (that is, the primitive fire and water), for it is known according to the

classics that in the Greek pantheon there are about three hundred Jupiters.

In his other aspect of Jove or Iod-Eve, he is the male-female Jehovah, collective androgynes or Elohim of the Mosaic books, Adam-Kadmon of the Kabbalists, the Ia-Cho or Inacho of Anatolia who is also Bacchus or Dionysus of the Phoenicians, who carried on in Sanchuniathon's primitive theogony.

The character always assigned to Jupiter, venerable father of the gods, as Celestial Man, also gave rise to many typical Nordic names such as Herr-Man and Herr-Manas or Hermes (literally, Divine Man or Lord Man), Alcides or El Cid, theogonic precursor of all our prehistoric Cid's from the Spanish ballads.

Unquestionably, in the Punjab and Rajasthan, Jupiter is Hari-Kulas or Hercules, solar lord, prototype of the solar race, Hari Mukh of Kashmir, in other words, the Sun on the horizon of life.

Jupiter or Io-Pitar, that is, the Father of Io, is the divine spirit of that whole ancient host of creators who, when reincarnating in bodies with opposite sexes, gave rise to the Greek fable of Jupiter's love affair with the Virgin Io (IIIOOO) who was transformed into the celestial calf or Sacred Cow of the Orientals in order to escape the wrath of Juno.

Jupiter and his cow, Io (IIIOOO), gives us the meaning of a number of archaic names such as Geryon or Pherion (the

cow herder), that of Hyperion Bosphorus (literally, cow driver), just as, Gautama the Buddha.

Thus, the Host of Lords or Elohim, Jupiter, are symbolized by the sexual hierogram of Io (IIIOOO); it is ostensible that they have dozens of names in each language and a hundred or a thousand myths for each of these names in their respective language. This whole ineffable legion of Divine Beings, all these Elohim, constitute as a whole the One and Nameless God of the Tartessians, the authentic sublime Jupiter of ancient times.

By very carefully developing this transcendental topic, we can solemnly deduce the following: the Heaven of Jupiter is the dwelling of the Elohim, Nirvana.

Those devotees of the path who, upon reaching the fifth initiation of fire, choose the spiral path will enter Nirvana.

Integral development is different. In the name of Truth, I must frankly and unequivocally confess that this was always my best yearning.

The full unfoldment of all my superlative Nirvanic possibilities, in the complete presence of my cosmic Being, was my aspiration.

However, it is unquestionable that “before ascending we must descend.” Every exaltation is always preceded by a frightful and terrible humiliation.

Truly the next task ahead was to chain the symbolic Cretan bull, and this task seemed horrifying to me. During

that period of my life, many sexual temptations mercilessly besieged me within the tenebrous Tartarus.

Through psychological exploration of myself, I discovered in the most profound inner depths of my own mind the famous Cretan bull.

Yes, I saw it; it was black, enormous, gigantic, threatening, and equipped with sharp horns.

Obviously, it expressed in my psyche with strong passionate and rash sexual impulses.

It was urgent to chain the tenebrous beast; it was indispensable to disintegrate it, to reduce it to cosmic dust.

Undoubtedly, I was assisted by my Divine Mother Kundalini, igneous serpent of our magical powers.

This great cosmic event was held in the marvelous temple of Jupiter with a celebration.

Then many kings and priests of nature, dressed in sacred purple, welcomed me.

This was how I re-entered the heaven of Jupiter, abode of the dominions, Nirvanic bliss.

Therefore, by eliminating infrahuman elements, I reconquered my place among those ineffable hierarchies, a conscious state I had once lost in ancient times when, on the central Asian plateau nearly one million years ago, I made the mistake of eating the forbidden fruit.

Chapter 40

The Heaven of Saturn

The seventh labor of Hercules, the solar hero, is the subsequent capture of the Mares of Diomedes, son of Mars and King of the Bistonian warlike people who killed and ate the castaways who reached those shores.

Hercules and his companions only managed to seize those beasts after fierce combat with the Bistonians (who with Diomedes had come to defend their possessions), whom they defeated, leaving the king for those anthropophagous mares to feed on.

In the Saturnian hells, I had to capture and destroy the Mares of Diomedes, infrahuman passionate elements deeply submerged in my own unconscious abysses.

Symbolic beasts beside the spermatic waters of the first instant, always ready to devour the ones who have failed.

At that time of my present existence, I was incessantly attacked in the tenebrous Tartarus.

The adepts of evil Atlantean magic decided to fight me with unheard of ferocity, and I had to defend myself valiantly.

Attractive nubile ladies, malignant beauties, exquisitely dangerous, besieged me from all sides.

Unquestionably, in the Saturnian hells, we experience, live, and relive the Atlantean terrors.

Hercules, as Aelian says in *Various History* (book V, chapter 3), cleansed the land and the seas of all kinds of monstrosities (not of monsters), defeating the one-hundred-armed necromancer Briareus, in one of his famous works or triumphs over the evil Atlantean magic that had dominated the whole Earth.

Hercules, the true Aryan Krishna of the *Mahabharata*, foreseeing the final Atlantean catastrophe that was approaching and with it the disappearance of the Divine Garden of the Hesperides, transplanted wherever he went, that is, throughout the Punjab, Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt, Greece, Italy, Germania, the British Isles, Spain, Mauritania, and even America (under the name of Quetzalcoatl, the Luminous White Serpent), the symbolic Initiatic Tree, which will save all these countries from catastrophe.

However, it is written, "Of every tree of the garden you may freely eat; but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil you shall not eat, for in the day that you eat of it you shall surely die." (Gen 2:16-17)

To be intoxicated by the delicious aroma of the forbidden fruit is indispensable, as Hercules taught us.

At the sight of the barrier of the ocean impassable to man, Hercules, full of titanic rebellion, stretched out his bow against the Sun as if to hurt it, to stop it in its swift race across the ocean in which it was going to bury itself and where he could not follow it but the God Apollo commanded him to be still and patient (because only with infinite patience can the *Magnus Opus*, the Great Work, be accomplished), in reward for which he gave him a golden cup, the Holy Grail, the resplendent eternal symbol of the uterus or feminine *yon*i.

It is unquestionable that the Arrow of Hercules is none other than the Magnes Stone, the phallus, or the Roman centurion Longinus's lance, the one with which he wounded the Lord's side, the same holy pike through whose secret power Parsifal healed the wound in Amfortas's side.

With the miraculous powers of these venerated relics, I defeated the King of the Bistonians, the Knights of the Black Grail, and Klingsor, the animal ego, in bloody battles.

Having finished the saturnine work in the abode of Pluto, I was then transported in the Eidolon to the solar land of the Hyperboreans.

That is the Island of Avalon, the magical Jinn region where the holy gods dwell.

Apollo's sublime island, solid ground in the midst of the great ocean of life free in its movement.

Ah, if only the Emperor Frederick had realized in himself the Mystery of the Grail, the Hyperborean Mystery, during the Middle Ages.

It is indubitable that the Empire's dry tree would have then bloomed splendidly once again.

It is ostensible that the Kingdom of the Grail would have reappeared marvelously within the Holy Roman Empire itself.

"The path of life is formed with the hoofprints of the horse of death."

It is not possible to realize within oneself the Hyperborean Mystery without first having been judged in the vast Hall of Truth-Justice.

It is not possible to realize within oneself the Mystery of the Grail without first having the heart of the deceased weighed in the pan of the scale which bears Truth-Justice.

Intimate self-realization of the Being is not possible without having been declared "dead" in the Hall of Truth-Justice.

The legend of the centuries says that many initiates traveled in the past to the country of Brother John (the Solar Land) to receive a certain esoteric, magical, and very special consecration.

These Brethren of the Order of St. John on Apollo's Solar Island are good and "dead."

It is not strange then that I also had to travel to the Land of Light or Solar Land.

While seated in the glorious vestibule of the saturnian *sancta* before the royal beings, I had to answer certain questions. The holy gods took notes in a large book.

In those mystical moments, some memories arose in the whole presence of my cosmic Being.

Ah! I had been there before and in the same holy place before the venerable Thrones many millions of years ago, around the time of the continent Mu or Lemuria.

Now I was returning victorious after having suffered much. Woe, woe, woe!

Having fulfilled the indispensable esoteric requirements, I left the vestibule and entered the temple.

Unquestionably, the Temple of Saturn in the solar Jinn land of the northern regions was full of intense darkness.

It is ostensible that the Sun and Saturn alternate their works in governing the world.

And I saw Thrones and they sat. The Angels of Death came and went, here, there, and everywhere.

Divine people arrived at the temple. They came from various places of the enchanted island located at the outer end of the world.

*"Thule ultima a Sole nomen habens."*³⁴ Airyanem-Vaejah, the northern country of the old Persians where the palace of King Arthur is magically located like Midgard, the resplendent sacrosanct residence of the Aces, the ineffable Lords of the North.

"O Maat, behold, here I come before you; let me then behold your radiant beauty; behold, my arm is raised in adoration of your sacrosanct name!"

"O Truth-Justice, listen! I come before the places where trees are not given, where the soil does not bring forth plants."

The skeletal figure of the God of Death on the sanctuary's dais weighed my heart on the scale of cosmic justice before divine humanity.

That Word of Potency before the shining beings dressed with the glorious bodies of Kam-Ur, declared me "dead."

On the sanctuary's dais was a symbolic coffin, inside of which appeared my corpse.

That was how I returned to the Heaven of Saturn, to Paranirvana, the abode of the Thrones.

This is how I reconquered the hierarchical state I had lost in the past when I committed the grave error of eating from the Golden Apples of the Garden of the Hesperides.

34 Farthermost Thule, which takes its name from the Sun.

Later I went through the Ceremony of Death; when I returned home, I found something unusual.

I saw funeral posters on the walls of my mansion, announcing my death and inviting people to my burial.

With mystical amazement, I encountered a very beautiful white coffin when I crossed the threshold.

It is ostensible that inside that funeral box lay my corpse, completely cold and inert.

Many relatives and mourners around that coffin wept and sobbed bitterly.

Delightful flowers embalmed the atmosphere of that room with their aroma.

I approached my mother, who at that moment was wiping her tears with a handkerchief.

I kissed her hands with infinite love and exclaimed, "Thank you, oh mother, for the physical body you gave me; that vehicle was very useful to me, it was certainly a marvelous instrument but everything in life has a beginning and an end."

When I left that planetary abode, I happily resolved to float within the aura of the universe.

I saw myself transformed into a child without ego, devoid of the subjective elements of perceptions.

My little child-like shoes did not seem very beautiful to me. For a moment I wanted to take them off but then I said to myself he will dress me as he wishes.

In the absence of the mortifying intellect, which makes no one happy, only the purest sentiment existed in me.

And when I remembered my old father and my brother, Germán, I told myself they had already died.

And when I remembered all those mourners I left in the painful valley of *samsara*, I exclaimed, “Family? Which one? I no longer have a family.”

Feeling absolutely disincarnated, I walked away with the intention of reaching a remote place where I could help others.

In those moments of mystical enchantment, I told myself I would not return to my physical body for a long time.

Later I felt that the silver cord, the famous *antakarana*, the thread of life, had not yet been broken. Therefore, I had to return to the physical body to continue with the hard struggle of every moment.

Chapter 41

The Heaven of Uranus

The legend of countless centuries says that Aeneas—the contented Trojan—sat down with King Evander and the venerable senators at the feasting table.

Slaves served him all kinds of food and poured sweet wine, and when they had satisfied their desire to eat and drink, King Evander explained to his guest that the ceremony in honor of Hercules, which they had just celebrated when they arrived, was no superstition but a ritual owed to the god because the place of one of his greatest labors [the eighth] was nearby, the cave where he killed the thief, Cacus.

Nearby was an enormous embankment covered with stones that seemed to have been collapsed by some earthquake.

Under them was the opening that led to the cave where Cacus took refuge, and where the son of Jupiter cornered him, throwing stones and logs

at him in punishment for having tried to steal his flock.

After this explanation of King Evander's, a chorus of adolescents sang the praises of Hercules and his high deeds.

All his labors are enumerated—how he strangled the Hydra of Lerna, how he slew the Lion of Nemea, and brought Cerberus, the infernal dog, out of darkness into light [the sexual instinct that should guide us to the final liberation].

When the songs and ceremonies were over, the old King, walking at a slow pace because of his age, went toward the city of Palantia where he had his throne; he walked supported by two young men, Pallas, his son, and Aeneas.

As the three walked they entertained themselves with animated talk, and the King explained to Aeneas that the name Lazio [Latium] where his city stood came from distant times when Cronus, Father of Jupiter, took refuge there to flee from the enemies who defended the cause of his son who had dethroned him.

Then began the Golden Age, which was followed by the Iron Age, where the rage for war, and furor of possessing predominated.

The country began to be invaded by people of different origins. Walking, Evander showed

Aeneas the forest and the places where, in the future, deeds of the New Rome were to take place.

The place where the impetuous Romulus would perform his exploits, the Capitol, now a square covered with gold and marble, then a forest clearing full of brambles and thorns, and the Tarpeian rock, from which Roman justice hurls those who are traitors to the Fatherland.

Scattered ruins showed there the monuments of other ages, and some stones raised by Janus and others by Saturn gave the name to two places—the Saturnia and the Janiculum.³⁵

All this is textual from *The Aeneid* by Virgil, the poet of Mantua, the good Master of the Florentine Dante.

Jesus, the Great Kabir, was crucified between two thieves, one on his right and one on his left.

Agathos, the good thief within us, steals sexual hydrogen SI-12 from the creative organs with the evident purpose of crystallizing the Holy Spirit, the Great Comforter, within us here and now.

Cacus, the evil thief, hidden within the tenebrous cave of the human infra-consciousness, treacherously plunders the sexual center of the organism for the satisfaction of brutal animal passions.

35 Virgil, *Aeneid*, Book VIII

The cross is a surprising, marvelous, formidable sexual symbol. The vertical pole is masculine, the horizontal is feminine. In the crossing of the two lies the key to all power.

The black lingam, embedded in the feminine yoni, forms the cross. This is well known to gods and humans.

We can and must state as a corollary the following postulate: Agathos and Cacus, crucified on the Mount of the Skulls to the right and left of the great Kabir, emphatically allegorize white tantrism and black tantrism, good sexual magic and evil sexual magic.

The Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, is but a series of historical annals of the great struggle between the minions of Agathos and Cacus, white and black magic, the adepts of the right-hand path, the prophets, and those of the left, the Levites.

In the abysses of Uranus, I had to reduce to cosmic dust the evil thief, the tenebrous Cacus, the one who had previously plundered the sexual center of my organic machine for the vile satisfaction of animalistic 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 diverse tantric movements of Aquarius in the future, among which the Gnostic people stood out, their banners waved victoriously in all the Earth's countries.

Unquestionably, Uranus, Aquarius, is one hundred percent sexual, magical, revolutionary.

This is how I re-entered the Heaven of Uranus, Mahaparanirvana, the abode of the Cherubim.

This is how I reconquered that brilliant conscious state I had once lost when I fell head over heels for the marvelous Eve of Hebraic mythology.

Chapter 42

The Heaven of Neptune

Unquestionably, the ninth labor of the solar hero, Hercules, is very complex: conquest of the belt of Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons, the psychic feminine aspect of our own inner nature.

Embarking with other legendary heroes, he has to first fight with the Sons of Minos (black magicians), then with the enemies of King Lycus (whose exotic name reminds us of the analogy between wolf and light, so they are the Lords of Karma, with whom we must therefore arrange business affairs), and finally with the Amazons (terrible temptress women) roused by Hera even though Hippolyta consented to yield her belt to her peacefully; subsequently, the queen is uselessly sacrificed to male brutality, which intends to violently seize her innate virtue.

That marvelous belt, analogous to that of Venus and an emblem of femininity, loses all meaning and value when it is separated from its legitimate owner. Therefore love, not violence, makes its conquest truly meaningful and worthwhile.

Tradition says that the god Neptune, having followed the coast of the Atlantean continent, now submerged in the tempestuous waters of the ocean that bears its name, begot several children with a mortal woman.

Near where he lived on the island was all flat but in the middle was a very special valley with a small mountain centered fifty stadia from the sandy beach.

On that mountain dwelt one of those great beings born from the earth named Evenor who, with his wife, Leucippe, had begotten Cleito, their only daughter.

When Cleito's parents died, Neptune married her and surrounded the hill on which she dwelt with several moats of water, three of which, according to the legend of the centuries, came from the sea and were equidistant from the ocean, walling off the hill to make it unconquerable and inaccessible.

This Cleito (or Minerva-Neith) built Athens and Sais in Greece on the famous Nile Delta.

In memory of all this, Atlanteans built the marvelous temple of Neptune and Cleito.

In that sanctum were deposited the bodies of Neptune's ten sons, a symbolic magic number.

We cannot leave study of the number ten without addressing the biblical obligation of the tithe, to which Abraham himself voluntarily subjected himself in relation to the initiate King Melchizedek.

According to chapter fourteen from Genesis, “The king of Sodom went out to meet him [Abraham] ... Then Melchizedek king of Salem brought out bread and wine; he was the priest of God Most High. And he blessed him and said: ‘Blessed be Abraham of God Most High,

Possessor of heaven and earth; And blessed be God Most High, Who has delivered your enemies into your hand.’ And he gave him a tithe of all.” (Gen 14:17-20)

In its exoteric or public aspect, the obligation of the tithe in Jewish legislation is the universal duty of all brethren of the path to contribute faithfully a part of their income, which must not be less than the tithe, in that freely chosen manner which they judge most expedient and efficacious to sustain the cause of truth and justice.

In its esoteric or secret aspect, the tithe symbolizes balance of payments in the sphere of Neptune.

It is unquestionable that we must settle accounts there with the enemies of King Lycus (the Lords of Karma).

It is indubitable that all of us murdered the God Mercury, Hiram, and it is not possible to resurrect him within ourselves without first having paid for the wretched crime.

Therefore, the tithe becomes a practical and necessary complement of the dynamic principle, which emanates from the profound study of the tenth commandment, which is to consider the mysterious Yod as source, spring, and spiritual providence of the whole inner and divine

center of our life, which is hidden in the middle of the central delta of our Being's sanctuary.

This point of the tithe is clarified by the evangelical words, "but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, ... For where your treasure is, there your heart will also be." (Matt 6:20-21)

Chapter three of Malachi says, "Bring all the tithes into the storehouse, That there may be food in My house, and try Me now in this, ... 'If I will not open for you the windows of heaven And pour out for you such blessings, That there will not be room enough to receive it.'" (Mal 3:10)

Digging into the deep bowels of Avernus, working intensely in the ninth sphere, I searched with infinite longing for the Treasury of Heaven, the Golden Fleece of the ancients.

The sons of Minos, left-hand adepts, Levites of old, wrathfully attacked me incessantly in the dreadful Neptunian abysses.

In the hard struggle I longed to conquer the belt of Hippolyta but the Amazons, aroused by Hera, besieged me tirelessly with their subtle abysmal charms.

One night, no matter the date, day, or hour, I was transported to Klingsor's castle, precisely located in Salamanca, Spain.

It is not superfluous to reiterate now with great emphasis that the Hall of Witchcraft is in that old castle mentioned by Wagner in his *Parsifal*.

What I saw then in the gloomy abode of those harpies was certainly horrifying.

Sinister, tenebrous hags of left-path covens attacked me many times inside the castle but I defended myself bravely with the flaming sword.

My old friend, Angel Adonai (who by now has a physical body), had to accompany me in this adventure.

The lucubrations of those great astral seers who were called alchemists, Kabbalists, occultists, etc., were not in vain. What we now saw inside this den was certainly frightening.

I unsheathed my flaming sword many times in order to hurl flames upon the fatal abode of the necromancer Klingsor.

Adonai and I uncharacteristically approached some witches who were arranging the table for a feast.

I pierced the chest of one of those witches with my sword in vain; she remained impassive. Unquestionably, she was awake in evil and for evil.

That I wanted to rain fire from heaven upon that horrendous castle is ostensible.

I made supreme efforts; I felt faint. In those instants Angel Adonai approached the windows of my eyes to see what was happening within me.

Imagine for a moment some person stopping at the window of a house to look through the glass and see what is going on inside.

It is obvious that the eyes are the windows of the Soul, and the angels of heaven can see what is going on inside each of us through those panes.

Having made this singular observation, Adonai retired satisfied; my own inner castle, the abode of Klingsor, had been incinerated with the intimate fire.

Each of us carries within ourselves the castle of left-path covens. Mahatmas never ignore this.

Subsequently, I had to clearly reveal the tenebrous aspect of existence. It is clear that Satan has the gift of ubiquity; see him within yourself, here, there, and everywhere.

Once the esoteric works in the Neptunian hells were concluded, I then had to ascend to the Empyrean, region of the Seraphim, creatures of love, direct expressions of the Unity.

This is how I reconquered that hierarchical state in the Heaven of Neptune, which is the universe of the divine Monads.

I had unquestionably obtained the belt of Hippolyta; on one of those given nights I manifested it in a cosmic festival, I then danced with other Ineffables.

Another night, floating in the Empyrean in a seraphic state, I asked my Divine Mother Kundalini for the lyre; I then knew how to play it with mastery.

Chapter 43

Resurrection

It is unquestionable that for Richard Wagner, as for all Christian countries in general, the Grail is the sacred cup from which the Lord of Perfection drank at his Last Supper, the divine cup that received his royal blood that poured from the cross on the Mount of the Skulls and was devoutly collected by the Roman senator Joseph of Arimathea.

The great chalice was possessed by the patriarch Abraham. Melchizedek, planetary genie of our world, transported it with infinite love from the country of Semiramis to the land of Canaan, when he initiated some foundations in the place that later became Jerusalem, the beloved city of the Prophets. He used it wisely when he celebrated the sacrifice in which he offered the bread and wine of the transubstantiation in the presence of Abraham, and left it to this master. This holy cup was also in Noah's Ark.

We have been told this venerable cup was also taken to the sacred land of the Pharaohs, the sunny country of

Kem, and that Moses, chief of the Jewish mysteries, great enlightened hierophant, possessed it.

Ancient millenary traditions that are lost in the terrifying night of all ages say this magic vessel was made of a singular matter, as compact as a bell, and did not seem to have been worked like metals; rather, it seemed to be the product of a kind of vegetation.

The Holy Grail is the miraculous chalice of the supreme drink, the vessel containing the manna that nourished the Israelites in the desert, the *yoní*, womb of the eternal feminine.

In that cup of delights is contained the exquisite wine of transcendent spirituality.

The conquest of the *ultra-mare-vita* or super-liminal and ultra-terrestrial world and the esoteric resurrection would be more than impossible without sexual magic, without woman, without love.

The delightful word of Isis emerges from within the deep bosom of all ages, awaiting the instant of being realized.

The ineffable words of the Goddess Neith have been carved in letters of gold on the resplendent walls of the Temple of Wisdom.

“I am she who has been, is, and will be,
and no mortal has lifted my veil.”

The original religion of Janus or Jaino, that is to say the golden, solar, quiritarian, and super-human doctrine of the Jinns is absolutely sexual.

Within the ineffable mystical idyll, commonly called the enchantments of Good Friday, we feel in the depths of our heart that an incredibly divine force exists in the sexual organs.

The stone of light, the Holy Grail, has the power to resurrect Hiram Abiff, Secret Master, Sun-King, within us here and now.

The grail preserves the character of a *misterium tremendum*. It is the stone fallen from the crown of Lucifer.

As a formidable force, the Grail wounds and destroys the curious and impure but it defends and gives life to the just and sincere.

Unquestionably the Grail can only be attained by means of the lance of Eros, fighting against the eternal enemies of the night.

The realization of the Hyperborean Mystery in oneself is only feasible by descending to the infernal worlds.

This resurrection is the true apotheosis or exaltation of that which is most elevated and living in man: his eternal and immortal divine Monad, which was dead and hidden.

Undoubtedly it is the Word in oneself, the luminous and spermatic fiat of the first instant, Lord Shiva,

sublime spouse of our Divine Mother Kundalini, Arch-Hierophant and Arch-Magus, everyone's particular super-individuality.

It is written with characters of fire in the book of life, "To the one who knows, the Word gives power; no one has pronounced it, no one will pronounce it but the one who has incarnated it."

With the resurrection of the Secret Master in each of us, we attain perfection in mastery. Then we are washed of all stain, and original sin is radically eliminated.

I worked intensively in the super-obscurity of silence and the august secrecy of the wise.

I submerged myself in the sacred mysteries of Minna, the dreadful darkness of a love that is death's twin brother.

I reconquered my place in the first heaven or heaven of the Moon where Dante had the vision of blessed souls, and ecstatically recognized Piccarda Donati and the Empress Constance.

I returned to my place in the second heaven or heaven of Mercury, abode of the active and beneficent spirits.

I returned to the third heaven or heaven of Venus, region of the loving spirits where Dante encounters Roberto, King of Naples.

I returned to the fourth heaven or heaven of the Sun, abode of the wise spirits, the chapter in which Dante quotes 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 mentions Cacciaguida and his 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 returned to the seventh heaven or heaven of Saturn, exquisite abode of the contemplative spirits, magnificent chapter in which the Florentine Dante mentions Peter Damian with great emphasis, and speaks against the worldliness of prelates.

I returned to the eighth or starry heaven, region of Uranus, immortal paragraphs in which Dante mentions the triumph of the Intimate Christ and the coronation of the Divine Mother Kundalini, the paradise of the triumphant spirits.

I returned to the ninth or crystalline heaven, region of Neptune, an extraordinary chapter in which Dante launches his tirade against evil preachers.

Subsequently, 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, different from mine, as if he were a strange person; he had the appearance of a very respectable gentleman.

The Venerable One asked me to make a chirosophical study of the lines of his palm.

The line of Saturn in his omnipotent right hand seemed to me to be very straight, surprising, marvelous; however, in one part it appeared to be interrupted, damaged, broken.

“Sir, you have had some struggles, sufferings!”

“You are mistaken. I am a very lucky man, I always do very well.”

“Well, it’s just that I see a little damage in the line of Saturn.”

“Calculate that line well. At what age do you see that damage?”

“Sir, you had a hard time between the age of fifty-three (53) and sixty-one (61)!”

“Ah! That’s at the beginning. But then how about after that?”

“Eight years go by very fast and then the triumph that awaits you.”

When the study was over, the Venerable One stood and said, “I like these chirosophical studies but only sporadically. My wife (Devi Kundalini) also likes them, and soon I am going to bring her. Ah, but I have to pay you for your work! You wait for me here, and I will come back to pay you.”

The Blessed One went away, and I was left waiting for him. In the distance I saw two of my daughters who are

now grown but they still seemed young; they worried me a little and I called out to them.

It is indubitable that at that time of my present existence I was fifty-three (53) years old. In the hand of the Blessed One I had seen my own future.

Evidently the eight received initiations had to be qualified—very hard work, one year for each initiation.

Now to live the whole book of the patriarch Job in eight years to pay Neptune's tithes before the resurrection.

The Book of Job ... is a complete representation of the ancient initiation and of the people who preceded the *magna ceremonia*. In it, the neophyte sees himself stripped of everything, even of his children, and afflicted by an impure disease. His wife distresses him by mocking the trust he places in a God who treats him in this way, and his three friends, Eliphaz, Bildad, Zophar, torment him by judging him an impious man surely deserving of such punishment... Job then cries out for a Champion, a Liberator, 'for he knows that he [Shiva] is eternal and is going to redeem him from the bondage of the earth [through the Intimate Resurrection], restoring his skin ...

Job, by divine permission, is tormented, stripped, sick, under the cruel action of those evil beings that Aristophanes called 'the black

Birds,' St. Paul, 'the cruel Powers of the Air,' the Church, 'the demons,' Theosophy and Kabbalah, 'the ... elementaries,' etc. But since Job is just and intones the Theme of his own justification in the face of such rigors of destiny, he wins in the end with the sacred and magical crucifixion of his wounded flesh, and Jehovah [everyone's Inner Iod-Heve] allows the 'healing angels' or jinn, whose classic leader in other books such as Tobit is the archangel Raphael, to come to him.

One night, after a cosmic celebration held in my honor on the occasion of my having been well qualified in the first initiation, I was properly instructed.

"You will have to pay for the crime of having assassinated the God Mercury," I was told.

"Forgive me for that karma."

"It is unforgivable, and can only be paid by working with the Moon."

Then I saw how in each work the Moon would come closer and closer to the planet Mercury until it finally blended with it.

Approaching me, my Intimate Real Being, the God Mercury, Shiva, my Monad, told me, "You will have to wear the boots of the God Mercury." Subsequently, I was given those boots.

That moment in which the Great Hierophant of the Temple showed me a sports field was sensational, extraordinary, for me.

“Look,” he said to me, “you turned the Temple of Mercury into a sports field.”

Certainly, we all murdered Hiram (the God Mercury, our Monad) when we ate of the forbidden fruit in the Garden of Eden. That is why we were warned, “in the day that you eat of [that fruit] you shall surely die.” (Gen 2:17)

Subsequently, 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 this.

“My son, you have to patiently suffer the consequences of your errors,” exclaimed my Divine Mother Kundalini.

Another night, full of pain, my Mother exclaimed with a loud voice saying, “My son, you have exchanged me for other women there in the physical world.”

“That was in the past, my Mother; now I do not exchange you for anyone.”

“You have exchanged me for other women.”

“The past is the past, what matters is the present, I live from instant to instant. I am wrong to argue with you.”

“Past, present, or future, you are the same.”

“You are right, Mother.”

How could I deny then that I had turned the Temple of Mercury into a sports field?

And it happened that, having gone on vacation to the Port of Acapulco on the Pacific coast of Mexico, I was instructed on the stigmatization of the astral body.

Outside the physical body, a holy monk, a hermit, tried to pierce the palms of my hands with the purpose of stigmatizing me. In those instants in which that cenobite struck the nail to pierce my hands, divine rays flew out.

In those moments I prayed to my Father who is in secret, asking him for help. The prayer reached the Lord.

It is unquestionable that on the [Mountain of] Initiation I had received those stigmata but in symbolic form.

On the Mountain of Resurrection, I had to form them, to make them, in the forge of the Cyclopes.

The anchorite led me to the Gnostic Church; Shiva, my Divine Monad, walked with me.

Inside the temple I saw an androgynous religious man dressed in the purple robe, next to the Pillar of Baptism.

“He is very strong and responds very well but the Sacrament of the Church of Rome [Love]³⁶ must be fulfilled better,” said the mahatma addressing my Monad.

³⁶ In Spanish, Rome is spelled *Roma* and love is spelled *amor*, (*roma* in reverse).

Since then, I comprehended the need to refine the creative energy even more; that is how I made the *maithuna* a form of prayer.

The insertion of the vertical phallus into the formal uterus makes a cross. Unquestionably the five Christic stigmata in the astral body are formed with the holy cross.

Resurrection is not possible without having previously formed the stigmata of the Adorable One in the astral body.

This is how I myself formed my stigmata, and this is how the mystics of all times have formed them.

INRI ... *Ignis Natura Renovatur Integra*. Fire Incessantly Renews Nature.

Third Mountain
ASCENSION



Chapter 44

Conversing in Mexico

Monday, June 12, 1972 (10th Year of Aquarius)

“Well, Joaco (familiar diminutive of Joaquín), today we are going to the city center.”

“To do what, Master? We got the mail that was at the post office on Saturday last week. What could there be now?”

“Well, I need to go downtown. I have in my possession a check and I must cash it. It’s not a large sum but it’s enough to eat; this way I will avoid spending the little I have already put together to pay the house rent.

“Besides, I must put a lot of letters in the mail. I like to keep my correspondence up to date.”

Moments later Joaquín Amorteguí V., international Gnostic missionary and great champion of this tremendous crusade for the New Age of Aquarius, and my insignificant person who is worth something less than the ash of a cigarette, were heading toward the center of Mexico City.

It's worth mentioning without much pretention, I like to drive my own vehicle. So, very happy, we cruised in the "chariot" along the *Calzada de Tlalpan* toward the *Plaza de la Constitución* (the *Zócalo*, as we Mexicans say).

"This is the age of the automobile, my dear Joaco, but I confess frankly and unequivocally that if I had to choose life in a world like this, with technology, or another with a Stone Age (but a totally spiritual one), I would unquestionably prefer the second even if I had to travel on foot or by donkey instead of by automobile."

"Oh, I too say the same. I travel now for sacrifice, for love of humanity, to teach the doctrine, but I prefer to move around on the donkeys and horses from the past; I don't like the smoke of these big cities nor this mechanistic life."

Conversing like this along a roadway that seemed more like a river of steel and cement, Joaco and I arrived at the *Zócalo*, went around the *Zócalo*, passed by the Metropolitan Cathedral, and then went down *Cinco de Mayo* Avenue in search of a parking spot.

A few moments later we were inside a large building.

"Do you want us to wash your car?"

"No! No! No! This is rainy weather. What for?"

"Shall we wax your car, sir?"

"No, my boy. No! Let me take it to the body and paint shop first."

Conclusion: we left that building on our way to the post office after leaving the car parked.

At the central post office, I certainly had a pleasant surprise when I received a copy of the sixth publication of *The Perfect Matrimony*; it was sent to me from Cúcuta, Colombia, South America, by the international Gnostic missionary Efraím Villegas Quintero.

I also received some letters. I put the ones I had brought from home in the mail, and then we went to a money exchange bureau.

The money changer, with his consciousness deeply asleep, was quite busy at his job.

I saw he had two handsets, one in his right hand and the other in his left. Ostensibly, he was simultaneously answering two telephones, and even had the luxury of chatting at intervals with a third customer at the counter.

Obviously that poor intellectual humanoid with a subjective psyche was not only identified with everything but was also tremendously fascinated ... and he was dreaming beautifully.

This rational homunculus talked about values, exchange rates, coins, gold, enormous sums, checks, wealth, etc., etc., etc.

Fortunately, it was not necessary to wait long; his secretary attended me diligently.

A few moments later we were leaving the place with some money in our pockets, not much but enough for a few more days of food.

Walking again along the famous *Cinco de Mayo* Avenue, I felt the need to invite Joaco to have a little snack. Though he is not a big eater, out of consideration for me, he did not decline the invitation.

Undoubtedly, we found a beautiful place. I am referring to Café Paris.

An elegant waitress approached us, "What are you gentlemen going to order?"

"Miss," I said to her, "bring me a strawberry smoothie and a piece of cheesecake."

"I," said Joaco, "only want a papaya smoothie."

Having heard these words from the gentlemen, the lady withdrew to reappear moments later with the customary food.

Slowly savoring the delicious refreshment, extracting the spiritual element from these delicacies, we both, Joaco and I, engaged in the following dialogue.

"I will tell you, Joaco, that I am now approaching the end of my book entitled *The Three Mountains*. Certainly, I only need an introduction to the Third Mountain, three chapters of the Ascension, and the conclusion."

“So, you are now finishing this work.”

“Yes, Joaco, yes, yes, yes! The interesting thing about all this is that now I must appeal to Lemuria.”

“What? To Lemuria? Why?”

“It’s clear that in this reincarnation I have only reached the peak of the Second Mountain.

“However, on that ancient continent Mu or Lemuria, once located in the vast Pacific Ocean, I passed through the three mountains.

“So, I unquestionably achieved liberation but renounced all happiness, and stayed in this Valley of Tears to help humanity.

“It is ostensible that possession of the Elixir of Long Life allowed me to preserve that Lemurian body for millions of years.

“So, then, my dear Joaco, I tell you I was eyewitness to all those volcanic catastrophes that wiped out the continent of Mu.”

It is evident that over more than ten thousand years of incessant earthquakes and dreadful tidal waves, that ancient land was submerged in the tempestuous waters of the Pacific Ocean.

It’s something crystal clear and definite that as that ancient continent was slowly submerged among the raging

waves of the stormy ocean, Plato's Atlantis gradually emerged from the deep waters of the Atlantic.

Unquestionably, I also lived with my Lemurian body in "the country of the hills of mud," I knew its powerful civilizations, much superior to the present one, and saw it submerge among the furious waves of the ocean that bears its name.

In the 6th year of Kan, on the 11th Muluc, in the month of Zac, terrible earthquakes occurred which continued without interruption until the 13th Chuen. The country of the hills of mud, the land of Mu, was sacrificed. After two shocks, it disappeared during the night, being constantly shaken by subterranean fires that made the earth sink and reappear several times and in various places. At last, the surface gave way and ten countries separated and disappeared. Sixty-four million inhabitants sank, 8,000 years before this book was written. (This is verbatim from a Mayan manuscript that is part of Le Plongeon's famous collection, the Troano manuscripts, and can be seen in the British museum).

Before the star Bal fell in the place where there is now only sea and sky, before the seven cities with their golden gates and transparent temples trembled and shook like the leaves of a tree moved by the storm, I left heading for the central plateau of Asia, to that place where Tibet is today.

In that area of the Earth, the Atlantean survivors mixed with the Nordic ones; thus, the first sub-race of our present Aryan Race was formed.

The savior guide of the chosen Atlanteans, the one who led them out of the land of the “hills of mud” was the biblical Noah, the Manu Vaisvasvata, founder of the Aryan Race.

I still remember, beyond time and distance, those cosmic festivals that were then celebrated in our monastery.

I want to refer emphatically to the Sacred Order of Tibet, an old esoteric institution.

It is indubitable that the ancient order has two hundred and one members. The top leaders are formed by seventy-two Brahman.

Unquestionably, such a meritorious mystical organization preserves the treasure of the Aryavarta Ashram.

In those times I was always received there with great veneration. It was exotic to live with a Lemurian body in the middle of the Aryan world.

Unfortunately, the devil sticks his tail in everywhere, and regrettably something unusual happened.

I returned to my old adventures—recidivism in the crime—I fell in love again with the seductive Eve of Hebraic mythology and fell for the forbidden fruit.

Result: the great Law took away from me that precious vehicle, and from one life to the next, I remained as a wandering Jew on the face of the Earth.

“Now, Master, I feel smaller than an ant, like nothing.

I don’t comprehend. If you dissolved the ego, the myself, who could be tempted? In what way did you fall?”

“Oh, Joaco... in the name of truth I want you to know that when the ‘I’ dissolves, the mind remains in its place... Undoubtedly, this was the *causa causarum* of my fall.”

“This is something unusual. I don’t understand.”

“Things of passion. I fell in love. I made the same mistake as Count Zanon; that is all.”

That maiden of mysterious enchantments was forbidden to me; however, I must say I fell head over heels for the delectable female.

My Divine Mother Kundalini subsequently took me to the interior of a cavern in the depths of a mountain, and then I saw rainfall, tears, and torrents of muddy water, bitterness and mud, misery, etc., etc., etc.

“See the future that awaits you!” exclaimed my Mother. My pleas were useless. I did not deserve forgiveness, I was a recidivist in the crime. At last I saw her lock herself inside the *muladhara* chakra in the coccygeal bone, and then, woe, woe, woe was me.

I had committed the same error that triggered the angelic fall on the ancient continent of Mu.

It is unquestionable that before entering the Lemurian Mysteries I had already committed the same offense.

The allegory of the biblical Adam, considered banished from the Tree of Life, clearly signifies that the Lemurian Race, which had just separated into opposite sexes, abused sex and sank into the region of animality and bestiality.

The Zohar teaches that Matromethah (Shekinah, symbolically the wife of Metatron) “is the way to the Great Tree of Life, the mighty Tree,” and Shekinah is Divine Grace.

There is no doubt that this marvelous tree reaches the Celestial Valley and is hidden within the three mountains.

From these three mountains, the tree ascends to the top and then descends again to the bottom.

The Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil grows from the roots of the Tree of Life.

The Dhyani-bodhisattvas reincarnated in Lemurian bodies reproduced through the power of *kriya shakti* (the power of will and yoga).

Attributes of Shiva: the black *lingam* embedded in the *yonis*. Unquestionably, the Arch-Hierophant and Arch-Magus never spills the Cup of Hermes.

When the Dhyanis—among whom, I myself was one—committed the crime of spilling that liquid, flexible, malleable glass of alchemy; they moved away from their Divine Monad (they assassinated the God Mercury), they fell

into animal generation.

“I am astonished.”

“Why Joaco? Was I 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 ostensible that I am the Dhyani-bodhisattva of the Fifth of the Seven, and that is why it is said Samael was the first to fall.

Fortunately, I am now on my feet, despite having relapsed into the same crime.

Quite different from the case of many of those other Dhyanis who fell into animal generation.

Let’s remember Moloch, the great murderer, now frightfully involuting in the infernal worlds.

Let’s remember Andrameleck and his brother Asmodeus, two Thrones precipitated to Avernus.

“I believed that after the liberation any fall would be impossible.”

“You are mistaken, my dear Joaco, in the cosmos the danger of falling always exists.” Only by entering the Unmanifested SAT, Absolute Abstract Space, does all danger disappear.

Once the conversation sitting around the table was over, we called to the lady who humbly waited on the table of

these gentlemen.

"The bill, miss!"

"Yes, gentlemen ... it's this much."

"Here's your tip, too."

Very quietly, we left this sumptuous place in search of the "chariot."

Wandering again under the sunlight along that famous *Cinco de Mayo* avenue, it occurred to me to say, "The serious thing, oh Joaco, is the abominable resurrection of the animal ego after the fall! Unquestionably, the 'myself' resurrects like the phoenix bird from among its own ashes."

"Now you will comprehend deeply and integrally what the intrinsic reason is for all religious theogonies to emphasize the idea that the fallen angels became demons."

"Ah! Yes! This is very clear."

Moments later we were cruising down the *Calzada de Tlalpan* on our way back home.

"As I have climbed up and down and back up again, it is obvious I have vast experience in these esoteric matters."

"Oh, Master! In that sense you have very special experience."

Certainly, my dear reader, I am nothing more than a miserable worm from the mud of the earth, a worthless nobody; however, since I have traversed the path, I can point

the way with complete clarity, and that is not a crime.

We will conclude the present chapter with that phrase from Goethe, “All theory is gray, my friend. But forever green is the tree of life.”

Chapter 45

The Tenth Labor of Hercules

The tenth labor of Hercules, the great solar hero, was the conquest of the cattle of Geryon, killing their possessor who confronted him after facing his guards, the dogs Orthrus and Eurytion.

This unusual event took place on the island of Erytheia (the red island) across the ocean, which seems to refer to an island in the Atlantic Ocean inhabited by gigantic beings clearly personified by the three-headed Geryon himself who perished from Hercules's deadly arrows after he struck down his herdsman and dog with his mace.

Comparative mythology parallels the two-headed dog Orthrus, brother of Cerberus, with Vritra, the Vedic Genie of Storms.

In his journey, Hercules goes from Europe to Africa to then cross the ocean in the golden cup (in the sacred goblet), which he cleverly uses in his nighttime journey.

This clearly signifies that in the meantime the splendid Sun had to wait for him until he returned, standing still at its solstice for the hero's benefit.

Undoubtedly the Man-God went with the cattle he acquired in the same cup or Holy Grail to then return by way of old Europe in a journey full of infinite adventures.

The legend of the centuries recounts that the solar hero then raised the columns "J" and "B" of occult Freemasonry over the Strait of Gibraltar, probably in gratitude to the Dioscuri, who made him victorious in the endeavor.

On his return to Mycenae, the cows were sacrificed to Juno by his brother, Eurystheus, to placate her anger.

When it comes to the archaic mysteries, it is not superfluous to say these were always celebrated in august stately temples.

When I crossed the threshold of that Lemurian or Mu temple where I was once instructed in the Mysteries of the Ascension of the Lord, I requested with infinite humility some services from the Hierophant, which were granted to me.

It is indubitable—and every initiate knows this—that every exaltation is always preceded by a frightful and terrible humiliation.

Certainly, we have asserted in an emphatic tone that every ascent is preceded by a descent.

The tenth labor of Hercules, the solar hero of esotericism, is performed in the infernal worlds of the planet Pluto.

Painful feelings tore my Soul when I was subjected to the torture of detachment.

Those ladies of august times, bound to me by the Law of Karma, awaited me in Avernus with a broken heart.

All those tempting, dangerously beautiful belles felt they had full entitlement over me.

For my good or for my bad, those terribly delightful females had been my wives in previous reincarnations as a natural consequence of the great rebellion and the angelic fall.

The dogs Orthrus and Eurytion, living symbols of animal passion, besieged me relentlessly with unheard-of ferocity; the temptations multiplied to infinity.

However, based on *thelema* (will) and deep comprehension, and with the help of my Divine Mother Kundalini, I defeated the Lord of Time, the three-headed Geryon.

It is indubitable that in this way I took possession of the flock and became an authentic shepherd, not of cows as it is said in a veiled manner but of sheep.

For the good of the Great Cause, it is convenient that we next study some verses from the tenth chapter of John:

Most assuredly, I say to you, he who does not enter the sheepfold by the door [sex], but climbs

up some other way [preaching different doctrines that have nothing to do with white sexual magic], the same is a thief and a robber [he steals the sheep and carries them away to the abyss]. (John 10:1)

We left Eden through the door of sex; only through this door can we return to Eden. Eden is sex itself.

But he who enters by the door [sex] is the shepherd of the sheep.

To him the doorkeeper opens, and the sheep hear his voice; and he calls his own sheep by name [with the intimate verb] and leads them out [takes them by the path of the razor's edge].

And when he brings out his own sheep, he goes before them; and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice [his word].

Yet they will by no means follow a stranger, but will flee from him, for they do not know the voice of strangers [the false shepherds do not possess the word].

Jesus [which means savior] used this illustration, but they did not understand the things which He spoke to them [it is evident that behind the letter that kills there is the Spirit that gives life].

Then Jesus [the intimate savior] said to them again, 'Most assuredly, I say to you, I am the door

of the sheep' [the power is not in the brain or in any other place of the body but in sex]. (John 10:2-7)

In other words, we assert the following, the creative power of the Logos is found exclusively in sex.

It is easy now to comprehend why he is the Gate of the Sheep; seeking escape routes is equivalent to fleeing from the Gate of Eden.

All who ever came before me [because they were not initiated into the sexual mysteries] are thieves and robbers.

I am the door. If anyone enters by Me, he will be saved [he will not fall into the abyss of perdition], and will go in and out and find pasture [rich spiritual food]. (John 10:8-9)

Christ, without the sexual serpent, could do nothing. It is for this reason that the Second Logos, the Lord of Perfection, everyone's intimate Logos, descends from his elevated sphere and becomes the Son of the Divine Mother Kundalini, the igneous serpent of our magical powers (by the work and grace of the Third Logos).

"The Sethians adored the great light and said that the Sun, in its emanations, forms a nest in us, and constitutes the serpent."

It is ostensible that that Gnostic sect had as a sacred object a chalice, a yoni, the Holy Grail, from which they drank

the semen of Benjamin. The latter itself was a mixture of wine and water.

Undoubtedly, the sacred symbol of the sexual serpent was never missing from the altar of the Gnostic Nazarenes.

“... the force, the power that accompanied Moses was the serpent on the staff, which later became the staff itself. The serpent was certainly the one that spoke to the rest of the serpents, and the one that tempted Eve.”

“In Homer’s *Hymn of Demeter*, found in a Russian library, one can see that everything revolved around a transcendental, cosmic, physiological fact.”

I am the good shepherd. The good shepherd [the one who has already reached that esoteric christic degree] gives His life for the sheep.

But a hireling [the tantric esotericist who has not yet attained christification], he who is not the shepherd, one who does not own the sheep, sees the wolf coming and leaves the sheep and flees; and the wolf catches the sheep and scatters them.

And other sheep I have which are not of this fold [who are placed in other schools]; them also I must bring, and they will hear My voice; and there will be one flock and one shepherd.

Therefore My Father loves Me, because I lay down My life that I may take it again [the

Intimate Christ crystallizes in us and redeems us when we are worthy].

“No one takes it from Me, but I lay it down of Myself [as if to say, “I crystallize in my human person when I want to”]. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This command I have received from My Father. (John 10:11-18)

After this esoteric christic commentary, it is indispensable that we continue with the present chapter.

How simple, how unfalsifiable, is the original beauty of all those platonic stories that deal with ancient gods and goddesses, divine beings from the Lemurian past, authentic tantric shepherds from sexual Eden.

Sublime beings that raise cyclopean cities, instruct people, endow them with an unsurpassed legislation, and reward their heroism.

To realize in oneself the Hyperborean Mystery, the Mystery of the Grail, is urgent when we long to become authentic prophets, genuine christified Shepherds.

We need to “cross the Red Sea,” to traverse the tempestuous ocean of life, to pass to the other shore in the golden cup, in the sacred goblet, which Helios, the Sacred Absolute Sun, lends us.

Having concluded the esoteric works in the infernos of the planet Pluto, I then had to “raise columns.”

Plus Ultra, Adam-Kadmon, Celestial-Man, those are the mystical meanings that have been attributed to the two Pillars of Hercules.

That cosmic-human event was preceded by the disincarnation of my priestess wife, Litelantes.

Unquestionably, she herself was certainly the only karmic link left to me in this painful valley of *samsara*.

I saw her driving away from her discarded Lemurian vehicle, certainly dressed in deep mourning.

Adam-Eve is undoubtedly the most secret meaning of the two columns of Hercules.

Reconciliation with the divine is urgent, unpostponable, cannot be put off; this is something you know.

To raise columns is reconciliation, return of the original couple, return to Eden.

We need to return to the original starting point, return to the first love; that is indisputable, irrefutable, unarguable.

In the ancient mysteries of the continent of Mu or Lemuria, I had to experience the crude realism of this in "Edenic paradisiacal weddings."

Then I received a great initiate as my wife. I want to refer emphatically to my other half, my particular primordial Eve; thus, I raised the two columns of Hercules.

I was at the celebration table, happily accompanied by the new wife and many high priests.

Litelantes then crossed the threshold of the regal hall; she came, disincarnated, to witness the celebration.

There you have it. ... Oh, Gods! This is how I reestablished the Second Logos, the Cosmic Christ, in the sanctuary of my Soul.

Chapter 46

The Eleventh Labor of Hercules

The eleventh labor of the solar hero Hercules took place in the transatlantic domain and consisted of taking possession of the apples of the Hesperides, the nymphs, daughters of Hesperus, a very vivid representation of the planet Venus, delightful star of love.

Not knowing the way, he first needed to get hold of Nereus who knows everything, and then to engage in hand-to-hand combat in Africa with the dreadful giant Antaeus, son of Poseidon.

This journey is also related to liberating Prometheus-Lucifer, killing the eagle that torments him, as well as temporarily standing in for the famous Atlas who carries the world on his titanic back, in order to secure his help.

Finally, having previously killed the dragon that guarded them, the symbolic golden apples are given to him by the Hesperides themselves.

Evidently, this labor is closely related to the biblical story about the fruits of the tree of the knowledge of good and

evil in the Garden of Eden; however, the snake is replaced with a dragon that invites the picking and tasting of those marvelous fruits, which Hercules then delivers to Athena, Goddess of Wisdom and his divine protector.

The intrepid descent into the old Tartarus of the eleventh planet of our solar system became urgent, unpostponable, before the ascent to the Father (the First Logos).

An abrupt, broken, and uneven descending path led me fatefully to the horrendous darkness of the City of Dis.

My Nereus—or better said, my *guruji*, master, or guide—patiently taught me all the dangers.

And it was certainly in those horrifying abysses of pain on that planet beyond the orbit of Pluto where I encountered Antaeus, the huge giant, even more frightening than the enormous Briareus.

In his *Divine Comedy*, Dante the Florentine exclaims:

O thou, who in the valley fortunate,
Which Scipio the heir of glory made,
When Hannibal turned back with all his hosts,

Once brought'st a thousand lions for thy prey,
And who, hadst thou been at the mighty war
Among thy brothers, some it seems still think

The sons of Earth the victory would have gained:
Place us below, nor be disdainful of it,
There where the cold doth lock Cocytus up.

Make us not go to Tityus nor Typhoeus;
 This one can give of that which here is longed for;
 Therefore stoop down, and do not curl thy lip.

Still in the world can he restore thy fame;
 Because he lives, and still expects long life,
 If to itself Grace call him not untimely.

So said the Master; and in haste the other
 His hands extended and took up my Guide—
 Hands whose great pressure Hercules once felt.

Virgilius, when he felt himself embraced,
 Said unto me: 'Draw nigh, that I may take thee;'
 Then of himself and me one bundle made.

As seems the Carisenda, to behold
 Beneath the leaning side, when goes a cloud
 Above it so that opposite it hangs;

Such did Antaeus seem to me, who stood
 Watching to see him stoop, and then it was
 I could have wished to go some other way.

But lightly in the abyss, which swallows up
 Judas with Lucifer, he put us down;
 Nor thus bowed downward made he there delay,

But, as a mast does in a ship, uprose.³⁷

(This is verbatim from *The Divine Comedy*.)

37 Dante, *Inferno*, XXXI, 115-145

Antaeus, allegorical magus character, representative titan of the abysmal tenebrous hordes.

After very bloody battles were fought against the demons of the City of Dis, Lucifer-Prometheus was liberated.

I saw the steely door of the horrifying dungeon open; the guardian gave way to him.

Terrible scenes of the dark abode, unusual, unsuspected cases, which the dwellers of Earth ignore.

Lucifer is the guardian of the door of the keys of the Sanctuary so only anointed ones who possess the secret of Hermes may enter.

Christos-Lucifer of the Gnostics is the God of Wisdom under different names, the god of our planet Earth without any shadow of evil for he is one with the Platonic Logos.

Prometheus-Lucifer is the minister of the Solar Logos and Lord of the seven mansions of Hades.

Lucifer is certainly the Spirit of spiritual illumination of humanity and freedom of choice, and metaphysically, the torch of humanity, the Logos in its superior aspect, and the Adversary in its inferior aspect, the divine Prometheus chained, the active and centrifugal energy of the universe, fire, light, life, struggle, effort, consciousness, freedom, independence, etc., etc., etc.

Lucifer is entrusted with the sword and the scale of cosmic justice for he is the standard of weight, measure, number.

Within each of us, Lucifer is the reflection of the Intimate Logoi, the shadow of the Lord projected in the depths of our Being.

As I write these pages, an unusual case comes to my mind.

One night, it does not matter which, I encountered a frightening personage inside a beautiful bedroom.

Imposing Prometheus-Lucifer, standing on beastly legs instead of feet, stared at me menacingly. Two dreadful horns looked terrifying on his sinister forehead but he was dressed like an elegant gentleman.

Approaching him serenely, I patted him on the shoulder while I said to him, "You do not frighten me, I know you very well. You have not been able to defeat me, I am victorious."

The colossus withdrew and I, sitting down on the soft and perfumed mahogany bed, waited for a moment.

Afterwards, a dangerously beautiful woman entered the bedroom; naked, she lay down on the bed.

Almost swooning with lust, the beautiful one wrapped me in her impudent arms, inviting me to the pleasures of the flesh.

Lying next to the beauty I demonstrated my powers to the Devil; I dominated myself.

Then I got up from the bed of pleasures. The beauty, almost dead of lubricity, feeling disappointed, contemplated me uselessly.

Then a resplendent child entered the room, a radiant, tremendously divine child.

The sublime infant, richly dressed in a beautiful priestly robe of a very special black color, crossed the exotic room.

I recognized him immediately, and approaching him very quietly, I said to him, "It is useless for you to continue disguising yourself. I always recognize you, oh, Lucifer! You can never defeat me."

That sublime being, terror of the ignorant, then smiled with infinite sweetness.

Unquestionably, he is the divine daemon of Socrates, our special trainer in the psychological gymnasium of life.

Righteous is his freedom after his hard work; the Logos swallows him, absorbs him.

So much for this story; let's continue with the transcendental subject of this chapter.

My new priestess on the Mountain of Ascension was certainly extraordinary.

Obviously, my intimate progress was accelerated and, consequently, I succeeded in seizing the golden apples in the Garden of the Hesperides.

The exquisitely delightful Venustic nymphs fell at my feet; they could not defeat me.

Once the magical works in that Avernus were concluded, I ascended victoriously to the Father.

It is obvious this mystical, transcendental event could in no way go unnoticed.

That cosmic event was then celebrated with infinite joy in the *sancta*.

On a splendid throne, seated before the august confraternity, I felt completely transformed.

In those unspeakable moments, the Ancient of Days, my Father who is in secret, the kindness of kindness, the hidden of the hidden, the mercy of mercies, Kether of the Hebraic Kabbalah, shone within me; he crystallized definitively in the whole presence of my Being.

In those moments, the brothers of the universal white fraternity contemplated me with infinite veneration. My face assumed the aspect of old age.

Undoubtedly, I had succeeded in crystallizing in the diverse parts of my Being the three primary forces of the universe.

Chapter 47

The Twelfth Labor of Hercules

The twelfth labor of the solar hero Hercules was certainly imposed by his brother, that is, by his resplendent divine prototype, in the Sacred Absolute Sun.

Undoubtedly, this work consisted of removing from its plutonic domain the three-headed dog that guarded it.

Having entered the subterranean abode of the dead, he first tries to win over Aidoneus himself who allows him to take the dog on condition that he manages to take possession of it without weapons, which he does by grabbing it first by its dragon tail and then by the neck until he almost drowns it.

Hermes guides him on the way back, and after Cerberus was shown to Mycenae, he sets him free to return to his residence.

Unquestionably, our resplendent Ors Solar System has twelve planets, and this reminds us of the twelve saviors.

It is obvious and evident that the final labor of Hercules must always be done on the twelfth planet of the solar family.

Likewise, it is only with Scorpio, whose constellation is the most appropriate representation, that we can and must relate the last of his zodiacal exploits, which consists of bringing the three-headed dog out of the jealous underworld, out of the kingdom of shadows where truth is disguised as darkness.

Naturally he can only accomplish this task with the consent of Hades or Pluto himself, and with the help of Hermes and Minerva at the same time (sex-yoga and wisdom).

With infinite veneration, I crossed the threshold of the temple; I longed for final liberation.

In the walled courtyard of the priests, the spermatic waters of the sacred pool gloriously shone.

The initiatic lake of the representation of the ancient mysteries, eternal stage of every temple, could not be absent there.

Whatever I asked for in that Lemurian *sancta* was unquestionably granted to me.

My work began with the descent to Tartarus on that twelfth planet of our solar system.

Three delightful, dangerously beautiful belles called upon all their irresistible charms in vain.

Provocative she-devils, they fought at great lengths; they wanted to make me fall but I knew how to dominate myself.

The zodiacal sign of Scorpio unleashed all its passionate ardors in my creative organs but I won all the battles against myself.

The guide dog (sexual instinct) always leads the knight along the narrow path that goes from darkness to light, from death to immortality.

The dog pulls his master's leash, leading him along the steep path to the goal, subsequently, 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 radical elimination of the desire to exist become inescapable.

The transcendental idea of the breath of darkness moving over the sleeping waters of life, which is primordial matter with the spirit latent in it, invites us to reflect.

Water (*ens seminis*) plays the same important role in all cosmogonies; it is the basis and origin of material existence and the foundation of all authentic intimate self-realization.

However, it is imperative, urgent, mandatory, to never ignore that at the bottom of the waters within the primeval abyss dwell many dangerous beasts.

If the divine Titans of the ancient Mu continent, those angels who fell into animal generation, had not forgotten this tremendous truth, if they had remained alert and vigilant like the sentry in wartime, they would still be in a paradisiacal state.

To completely take possession of the three-headed dog without any weapon, in fact, means absolute control over sex.

When I became the owner of that dog, I ascended victoriously from the bottom of the black and horrifying precipice.

Then the Being of my Being incarnated in me, that which is beyond Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva, that divine absolute solar prototype.

When this mystical event took place, I happily entered a small sanctuary of the Sacred Absolute Sun.

From that extraordinary moment I was able to nourish myself with the fruits of the Tree of Life, beyond good and evil.

I had returned to my original starting point; I had unquestionably returned to my abode.

Each of us has his divine prototype in that radiant sphere of light and joy.

The sacred individuals who inhabit the central sun prepare themselves to enter Absolute Abstract Space; this always happens at the end of the mahamanvantara (cosmic day).

Each universe of infinite space possesses its own central sun, and the sum total of those spiritual suns constitutes the Protocosmos.

The emanation of our omni-merciful and sacred Solar Absolute is that which H.P.B. calls the Great Breath profoundly unknown to itself.

Obviously, although this omni-present active principle participates in the creation of worlds, it does not merge with them; it remains independent, omni-present, and omni-penetrating.

It is easy to comprehend that the emanation of the Solar Absolute unfolds into the three primary forces—Brahma, Vishnu, Shiva—with the evident purpose of creating and again creating anew.

When any cosmic manifestation concludes, the three original forces integrate to fuse or merge with the incessant breath profoundly unknown to itself.

What happens in the macrocosmic is repeated in the microcosmic Man; that was my particular case.

This is how 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 stone of The Guardian Wall.

This wall is formed by the Masters of Compassion, those who renounced all happiness out of love for humanity.

Paz inverencial!

Samael Aun Weor

Outline





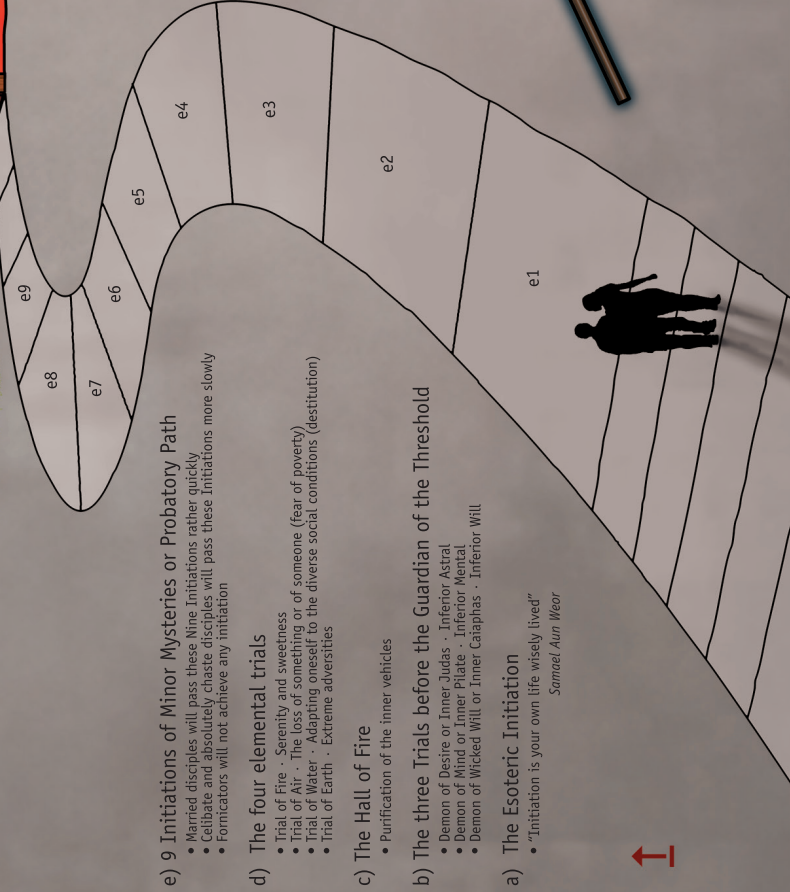
Body of WILL · Obedience to the Father on earth as it is in Heaven
The "Io Soma Heliakon", "the Golden Body of the Solar Man"

4th Initiation of Major Mysteries or serpent of fire
MENTAL body · Separating the smoke from the flames · Indifference
Plate, demon of the mind · Victorious entrance into the higher Jerusalem

3rd Initiation of Major Mysteries or serpent of fire
ASTRAL body · To symbolically live the Cosmic Drama · Fire's descent from prior to its resurrection · Judas, demon of desire · Atomic layer or substance

2nd Initiation of Major Mysteries or serpent of fire
ETHERIC body · Innate versus scholastic occultism · A more demanding initiation
The fourth dimension is the Promised Land

1st Initiation of Major Mysteries or serpent of fire
PHYSICAL body · The white linen robe · The flaming sword · The fusion of soul and spirit



- c) 9 Initiations of Minor Mysteries or Probatory Path**
- Married disciples will pass these Nine Initiations rather quickly
 - Celibate and absolutely chaste disciples will pass these Initiations more slowly
 - Fornicators will not achieve any initiation
- d) The four elemental trials**
- Trial of Fire · Serenity and sweetness
 - Trial of Air · The loss of something or of someone (fear of poverty)
 - Trial of Water · Adapting oneself to the diverse social conditions (destitution)
 - Trial of Earth · Extreme adversities
- e) The Hall of Fire**
- Purification of the inner vehicles
- f) The three Trials before the Guardian of the Threshold**
- Demon of Desire or Inner Judas · Inferior Astral
 - Demon of Mind or Inner Pilate · Inferior Mental
 - Demon of Wicked Will or Inner Caiaphas · Inferior Will
- g) The Esoteric Initiation**
- "Initiation is your own life wisely lived"

Samael Aun Weor

- g) In the Gnostic Church or the Superior Worlds**
- Encounter with the Guru
 - The Sacred Oath
 - Awakening the Kundalini fire
- f) "Trial of Direne" and "Trial of Justice"**
- Defining oneself for or against sexual alchemy
 - Becoming the center of a scandal



1) Esoteric Initiation:

- Samael Aun Weor, *"Initiation is your very life lived wisely."*

2) The Three Tests with the Guardian of the Threshold:

- Demon of desire or inner Judas / inferior astral
- Demon of the mind or inner Pilate / inferior mental
- Demon of ill-will or the inner Caiaphas / inferior will

3) The Hall of Fire:

- Purification of the internal vehicles

4) The Four Elemental Tests:

- Test of fire / serenity and sweetness
- Test of air / loss of something or someone (fear of poverty)
- Test of water / adapting to various poor social conditions
- Test of earth / the worst adversities

5) The Nine Initiations of Minor Mysteries or the Probationary Path

- Married disciples pass these nine elemental initiations very quickly
- The celibate and absolutely chaste disciples pass these initiations more slowly
- Fornicators cannot receive any initiations

6) Test of Irene³⁸ and Test of Justice

- To define oneself for or against sexual alchemy (Test of Irene)
- Becoming the center of a scandal (Test of Justice)

7) In the Gnostic Church or Church of the Superior Worlds

- Meeting the guru
- The sacred oath
- Awakening of the Kundalini fire

First Mountain: Initiation

- **First Initiation of Major Mysteries or Serpent of Fire:** physical body / the white linen robe / the flaming sword / fusion of the Soul with the Spirit
- **Second Initiation of Major Mysteries or Serpent of Fire:** etheric body / innate and scholastic occultism / more laborious initiation / power of plasticity / law of mixtures / Promised Land of the fourth dimension
- **Third Initiation of Major Mysteries or Serpent of Fire:** astral body / symbolically living the Cosmic Drama / descent of the fire from the root of the nose to the heart / astral body remains in the sepulcher for three days before the resurrection / Judas, the demon of

38 Often seen translated as Test of Direne, perhaps because in Spanish *de* means of, and the text could appear as *Prueba de Irene* shortened to *Prueba d'Irene*. Irene or Eirene derives from ancient Greek and means, "She who brings peace." (see additional background on the Greek goddess in footnote on page 127)



...tune - The Initiation of Judas - **3rd PURIFICATION**

...n Queen - The Third Logos: the Holy Spirit - The
...Madalini

...rvana
...anirvana

...s - Body of the Intimate

...ncsciousness, buddhic or intuitional

...Causal body or body of will

...al body

...Three Furies -

...e -

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g) In the Gnostic Church or the Superior Worlds

- Encounter with the Guru
- The Sacred Oath
- Awakening the Kundalini fire

f) "Trial of Direne" and "Trial of Justice"

- Defining oneself for or against sexual alchemy
- Becoming the center of a scandal

e4

e3

2



THE "GREAT WORK"
through the

THREE

desire / elimination of atomic substance from lower abdomen / white dove of the Holy Spirit / the three maidens

- **Fourth Initiation of Major Mysteries or Serpent of Fire:**
mental body / slow and difficult initiation / separation of smoke from flames / indifference to praise and insult / kissing the executioner's whip / fiery wings open and battle begins / Test Against the Terrible Brother / Pilate, the demon of the mind / victorious entry into Jerusalem / symbolic crucifixion / degree of Lion of the Law / yellow mantle of the buddhas and symbol of the Imperator
- **Fifth Initiation of Major Mysteries or Serpent of Fire:**
body of will / obedience to the Father on Earth as in Heaven / categorical imperative / becoming central character of entire Way of the Cross / *to soma heliakon*, golden body of the Solar Man
- **The Nirvanic Guardian:**
 - spiral, nirvanic, or wet path / Christ is not incarnated
OR
 - direct, chistic, or dry path / sixth and seventh serpents of fire
- **Initiation of Tiphereth:** Incarnation of the Christ
First Purification
- **First Venustic Initiation or Serpent of Light:** physical body / "The Secret of the Abyss"

- **Second Venustic Initiation or Serpent of Light:** etheric body / “The Baptism of John”
- **Third Venustic Initiation or Serpent of Light:** astral body / “The Transfiguration of Jesus”
- **Fourth Venustic Initiation or Serpent of Light:** mental body / “Jerusalem”
- **Fifth Venustic Initiation or Serpent of Light:** causal body / “The Mount of Olives”
- **Sixth Venustic Initiation or Serpent of Light:** buddhic body / “The Beautiful Helen”
- **Seventh Venustic Initiation or Serpent of Light:** body of the Intimate / “The Event of Golgotha”
- **Eighth Venustic Initiation or Serpent of Light:** The Third Logos / “The Holy Sepulcher”
- **Test of Serenity and Patience:** note that one has not yet died in oneself

Second Mountain: Resurrection

First Nine Labors of Hercules

(of the twelve labors carried out by the solar Man)

- **First Labor:** heaven and hell of the Moon / capture and death of the Lion of Nemea / three Furies / betrothal to Jinn Queen Guinevere / Dragon of Darkness / conclusion of the lunar works / physical, vital, and astral body

Second Purification

- **Second Labor:** destruction of the Hydra of Lerna / mental body
- **Third Labor:** heaven and hell of Venus / Ceryneian hind and Erymanthian boar / causal body or body of will
- **Fourth Labor:** heaven and hell of the Sun / cleansing of stables of Augeas / buddhic or intuitional body of consciousness
- **Fifth Labor:** heaven and hell of Mars / The hunting and destruction of the anthropophagous birds / body of the Intimate
- **Sixth Labor:** heaven and hell of Jupiter / capture of Cretan bull / Nirvana
- **Seventh Labor:** heaven and hell of Saturn / capture of mares of Diomedes / Paranirvana
- **Eighth Labor:** heaven and hell of Uranus / thief, Cacus, and Agathos / Mahaparanirvana
- **Ninth Labor:** heaven and hell of Neptune / conquest of belt of Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons / Third Logos, the Holy Spirit, sublime spouse of our Divine Mother Kundalini
- **Purgatory**
- **Eight Years of Job / paying Neptune's tithe / Initiation of Judas /** **Third Purification**
- **Initiatic Death and Resurrection**



First nine Ordeals of Hercules
(from the 12 a solar man must execute)
The nine works of mastery

- Ψ 9th- NEPTUNE (+) · The taking of Hippolyte's Belt, the Amazon Queen · The Third Logos: the Holy Spirit · The Sublime Consort of our Divine Mother Kundalini
- ♄ 8th- URANUS (+) · The thief Cacus and Agathos · Mahaparanirvana
- ♄ 7th- SATURN (+) · The capture of the mares of Diomedes · Paranimvina
- ♃ 6th- JUPITER (+) · Capturing the Cretan bull · Nirvana
- ♂ 5th- MARS (+) · Hunt and destruction of the Stympalian birds · Body of the Intimate
- ☼ 4th- SUN (+) · Cleansing of King Augeas' stables · Body of consciousness, buddhic or intuitional
- ♀ 3rd- VENUS (+) · Hind of Ceryneia and the Erymanthian boar · Causal body or body of will
- ☿ 2nd- MERCURY (+) · Termination of the Lernean hydra · Mental body
- ☾ 1st- MOON (+) · Capture and death of the Nemean lion · The Three Furies · The engagement of the Jinn Queen: Guenivere · Dragon of darkness · Conclusion of the lunar tasks · Physical, vital and astral bodies ·

2nd PURIFICATION

(* Heaven and hell)

12th work

11th work

10th work

Retrieving Cerberus from the Underworld

Sacred Absolute Sun · Planet: PLENE

Seizing the apples of the Hesperides

Logos: the Father · Planet: VULCAN

Subjugating of the cattle of Geryon

5th Initiation

Body of WIL

The "To Son

4th Initiation of M

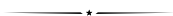
MENTAL body · Sepa

Pilate, demon of the

3rd Initiation of Major M

Third Mountain: Ascension

- **Tenth Labor:** conquest of cattle of Geryon / Second Logos, the Son / planet: Pluto
- **Eleventh Labor:** taking possession of the apples of the Hesperides / liberation of Prometheus-Lucifer / First Logos, the Father / planet: Vulcan
- **Twelfth Labor:** taking the three-headed dog from its Plutonian dominion / divine prototype / Sacred Absolute Sun / planet: Persephone
- **Thirteenth Aeon:** only by entering the Unmanifested SAT, Absolute Abstract Space, does all danger of falling disappear / Absolute Abstract Space / planet: Clarion





ASCENSION

- 13th Aeon** Entering "SAT" the Unmanifested, the Absolute Abstract Space, danger of falling disappears · Planet: CLARION
- 12th work** Retrieving Cerberus from the Underworld · The divine Prototype · The Sacred Absolute Sun · Planet: PERSEPHONE
- 11th work** Seizing the apples of the Hesperides · Liberating Prometheus-Lucifer · The First Logos: the Father · Planet: VULCAN
- 10th work** Subjugating of the cattle of Geryon · The Second Logos: the Son · Planet: PLUTO



Chronology of the written works of Master Samael Aun Weor

1. Doorway to Initiation or Entry-level Perfect Matrimony	1950
2. The Revolution of Bel	1950
3. Zodiacal Course	1951
4. Secret Notes of a Guru	1952
5. The Book of the Virgin of Carmel	1952
6. Supreme Christmas Message 1952 (Gnosis XX th C.)	1952
7. The Seven Words. Elemental Occultism for Beginners	1953
8. Igneous Rose	1952/53
9. Second Christmas Message 1953 (Gnosis XX th C.)	1953
10. Christmas Message of 1954 (Gnosis XX th C.)	1954
11. Treatise of Sexual Alchemy	1954
12. Christ Will	1955
13. Message for the 27 th of October of 1955 (Gnosis XX th C.)	1955
14. Supreme Christmas Message of 1955 (Gnosis XX th C.)	1955
15. Christmas Message of 1956 (Gnosis XX th C.)	1956
15a. Major Mysteries	1956
16. Christmas Message of 1957 (Gnosis XX th C.)	1957
17. Fundamental Notions of Endocrinology and Criminology	?
18. Esoteric Treatise of Theurgy	1958
19. Christmas Message for 1958 (Gnosis XX th C.)	1958

20. Christmas Message 1958-1959 (Gnosis XX th C.)	1959
21. Logos, Mantram, Theurgy	1959
22. The Yellow Book	1959 ³⁹
23. Supreme Christmas Message of 1959-1960 (Gnosis XX th C.)	1960
24. Message of Aquarius	1960
25. Supreme Christmas Message 1960-1961 (Gnosis XX th C.)	1961
26. The Perfect Matrimony	1961
27. Supreme Christmas Message 1961-1962 (Gnosis XX th C.)	1962
28. Aztec Christic Magic	?
29. The Mysteries of Fire	1962
30. The Book of the Dead	?
31. Supreme Christmas Message 1962-1963 (Gnosis XX th C.)	1963
32. Supreme Christmas Message 1963-1964 (Gnosis XX th C.)	1964
33. Christmas Message 1964-1965	1965
34. Supreme Christmas Message 1965-1966	1966
35. Fundamental Education	1966
36. Social Transformation for Humanity	?
37. The Platform of P.O.S.C.L.A.	?
38. The Social Christ	?
39. Christmas Message 1966-1967. The Buddha's Necklace	1967
40. Esoteric Treatise of Hermetic Astrology	?
41. Christmas Message 1967-1968. The Solar Bodies	1968
42. Christmas Message 1968-69. Esoteric Course of Runic Magic	1969
43. Tarot and Kabbalah	1969
44. Christmas Message 1969-1970. My Return to Tibet	1970
45. Christmas Message 1970-1971. Parsifal Unveiled	1971

³⁹ We have information that the first complete edition of this book was printed in (Colombia) Medellín in 1959, but we have not obtained a copy.

46. Christmas Mess. 1971-72. The Mystery of the Golden Blossom	___	1972
47. Christmas Message 1972-1973. The Three Mountains	_____	1973
48. Yes, Hell exists; yes, the Devil exists; yes, Karma exists	_____	1973
49. The Great Rebellion	_____	?
50. Treatise of Revolutionary Psychology	_____	1974
51. Christmas Message 1973-1974 (?)	_____	1974
52. Christmas Message 1974-75. The Secret Doctrine of Anahuac	___	1975
53. Pistis Sophia Unveiled	_____	1977
54. Treatise of Occult Medicine & Practical Magic (X. Mess. 77-78) ⁴⁰	__	1978
55. Seven Lectures on Gnostic Anthropology	_____	1978
56. Brothers from Outer Space (Compilation)	_____	
57. The Revolution of the Dialectic (Compilation)	_____	
58. Seven Lectures and the Lamasery Exercises (Compilation)	_____	
59. Woman's Holy Predestination	_____	1976

⁴⁰ First edition in 1950

