

The Parsifal Unveiled

By

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INTRODUCTION

Let us talk about the Templar Knights, let us converse a little bit about these loyal custodians of the Holy Grail. May the Gods listen to us, may the Muses inspire us. What could we say about the Castle of Monsalvat? Let us all sing the hymn of the Grail.

HYMN OF THE GRAIL

*O Feast of love undying, from day to day
renewed, draw near, as for the last time,
to taste this sacred food. Who revels in
good deeds this holy Feast still feeds:
he dares approach the shrine to share this
gift divine.*

*For sins of the world with thousand sorrows
His sacred blood He offered; to the world's
Redeemer with joyful heart, oh, how gladly
my blood I proffer: He died, for sin atoning
thus, He lives, by death He lives in us!*

*In faith and love, behold the dove, the Savior's
shining token: take ye the wine, His blood
divine, and bread of life here broken!*

You men and Gods! Lo and behold the Grail Knights and their Squires. All of them are dressed with white tunics and white cloaks, similar to the Templar Knights... but, instead of the Red Tau, the symbol of a white dove in soaring flight is displayed with all right on their weapons and embroidered on their cloaks.

This is an extraordinary symbol of the Third Logos, a living sign of the Holy Spirit, of Vulcan, that marvelous sexual force with which we can perform many prodigies and marvels.

Well..., it would be helpful to penetrate within the deep meaning of Wagner's drama. In this drama, Amfortas is a specific type of remorse, Titurel is the voice of the past, Klingsor is the Black Magician, Parsifal is redemption, Kundry is seduction and Gurnemanz is tradition.

In the beginning, the marvelous trombones sound their solemn reveille and Gurnemanz sinks to his knees with his two Squires, joining them in silent morning prayer.

Two strong Knights come from the Grail's castle with the evident purpose of exploring the path which Amfortas, the King of the sacred Chalice, is going to follow.

The old successor of King Titurel comes earlier than he ever has, to bathe himself within the sacred waters of the lake. This is done with the desire of calming the strong pains which are afflicting him since the moment of his own disgrace, when he received a frightful thrust of a Lance, a spear which Klingsor, the perverse Black Magician, wounded him with.

Sorrowful story is the one of Klingsor! Horrifying! He was a sincerely mistaken one, as many are in this day and age.

He was living as a penitent in a frightful desert. He wanted to be a Saint; thus, he became an enemy to all that could have sexual savor. He dreadfully fought against the animal passions, he wore bloody sackcloths upon his flagellated body and he cried a lot.

Nevertheless, everything was useless, since his lust, lasciviousness and his secret impudence, in spite of all his efforts and sacrifices, were swallowing him alive.

Therefore (oh, dear God!), being impotent in eliminating his sexual passions, this unhappy man resolved to mutilate, to castrate himself with his own hands.

Then after, he beseechingly extended his hands towards the Grail, but he was rejected with indignation by the Guardian.

This disgraced one believed that by hating the Holy Spirit, by rejecting the Third Logos, by destroying the sexual organs, he could be admitted into the Castle of Monsalvat.

The unhappy one thought that he could be admitted into the Order of the Holy Grail without the Maithuna, without previously achieving the Second Birth, and while being dressed with lunar rags.

This wretched, unfortunate and ill-starred Knight supposed that one could enter to work with the Second Logos (the Christ) without previously having worked with the Third Logos (the Holy Spirit, the sexual fire).

To that end, the tenebrous, despairing Klingsor unjustly resolved to avenge himself against the noble Knights of the Holy Grail.

Therefore, he transformed his penitent desert into a bewitched and fatal garden of voluptuous delights and he filled it with exquisite and diabolical women, dangerously beautiful.

Thus, there, in that delectable mansion, accompanied with his beauties, he lurked in secrecy for the Grail Knights in order to drag them into concupiscence, which inevitably conduces people towards the infernal worlds.

Whosoever allowed himself to be seduced by these provocative she-devils became his victim. Hence, this is how he succeeded in carrying many Knights into perdition.

Amfortas, King of the Grail, fought this fatal, evil, venturesome Klingsor. The King wanted to put an end to this fatal enchanted plague, but he too fell, surrendering to passion within the impudent arms of the lustful Kundry.

With such a formidable moment for Klingsor, he would have been foolish if he would have lost such an opportunity. Therefore, he audaciously snatched the sacred Spear from the hands of Amfortas, then while smiling he triumphantly withdrew.

Thus, this is the way in which Amfortas the King of the Grail lost the blessed Spear with which Longinus pierced the side of the Lord upon Golgotha.

Amfortas, who is also pierced in his side with the frightful wound of remorse, suffers the unspeakable.

Kundry, a delectable woman of extraordinary beauty, also suffers with remorse; but she humbly serves the Brethren of the Holy Grail.

Within the depth, you, Kundry, fatal woman, are nothing but an instrument of perfidy, under the service of that Magician from darkness. You want to march throughout the path of light; yet, hypnotized you fail.

Amfortas, while submerged within intimate profound meditation, listens in ecstasy to the mysterious words of mystic meaning which come from the Grail: Made wise through pity, the blameless fool (the innocent and chaste one), wait for him, the one I choose.

Suddenly, something extraordinary happens, something unusual. A great commotion stirs among the people of the Grail. Precisely at the shore of the lake they have intercepted an ignorant boy, who, errant on those shores, has just wounded to death a Swan, a sacred bird of immaculate whiteness.

But, why so much scandal? To Parsifal, this was an event that had just occurred in the past, which fortunately was washed clean within the precious waters of Lethe.

Who has not wounded the sacred Swan to death? Who has not wounded the Third Logos? Who is the one who has not assassinated the miraculous Hamsa, the Holy Spirit? Who, because of fornication, has not assassinated the Phoenix Bird of paradise? Who has not sinned against the Immortal Ibis? Who has not made the Holy Dove, living symbol of the sexual force, to bleed?

It is clear that Parsifal, after suffering greatly, has reached total innocence. He is the son of Herzeleide, a poor woman from the forest. Really, he ignores mundane things, because he is protected with his innocence.

Klingsor's flower maidens are useless as these joyless ones cannot seduce such an innocent one. Therefore, they flee defeated.

Useless become the seductive efforts of Herodias, Gundryggia, Kundry, as all of her arts fail. Thus, when looking at herself defeated, she cries, asking for help to Klingsor, who in desperation and rage, hurls the sacred Spear against Parsifal.

Nevertheless, Parsifal is protected by his innocence. Therefore, the Spear instead of piercing his body, remains hanging over Parsifal's head for an instant. Then, the boy grasps the Spear with his right hand, and swings this sharp weapon in the blessed sign of the cross. Finally, the Castle of Klingsor collapses and sinks within the abyss, converted into cosmic dust.

The best comes afterwards, as Parsifal, in company with his Guru Gurnemanz, enters into the Temple of Montserrat, Spain, Cataluza.

The doors of the Temple are opened and in solemn procession, all the Knights of the Holy Grail penetrate inside the holy place. They orderly and with infinite veneration place themselves before two long, cloth covered tables, which are parallel to each other and which leave an empty space between them.

Delectable are those moments in which the Mystical Supper is celebrated, the Cosmic Banquet of the Pascal Lamb.

Extraordinary are those instants in which the bread and the wine of the Transubstantiation are eaten and drank.

The blessed Chalice in which Joseph of Arimathea collected the blood that poured from the wounds of the Lord upon the Golgotha of all bitterness, gloriously shines during the ritual.

Ineffable moments of Pleroma are those in which Parsifal miraculously heals the wound of Amfortas, by applying on his side the same blessed Spear which wounded him before.

This Spear is a formidable symbol. It is one hundred per cent phallic, it is sexual in its integral form.

Amfortas fell because of sex, he dreadfully suffered with the pain of remorse; but, thanks to the Sexual Mysteries, he totally regenerated and healed himself.

The Great Kabir Jesus said: *"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me."* (Matthew 16: 24).

The Knights of the Holy Grail did deny themselves, they dissolved the pluralized 'I' by incinerating the satanic seeds, by bathing themselves within the waters of Lethe and Eunoe.

The Knights of the Holy Grail worked in the Flaming Forge of Vulcan, they never ignored that the Cross is the result of the insertion of the vertical beam inside the formal *cteis*.

The Knights of the Holy Grail have sacrificed themselves for the sake of humanity, they have worked with infinite love in the Great Work of the Father.

Samael Aun Weor

CHAPTER 1

PARSIFAL

Much has been written in life; yet, it is necessary to delve profoundly...

Let us now, with great prudence, to unveil Parsifal, the culminating work of Wagner. May the Gods assist us..!

The Muses know very well that among the Wagnerian dramas, this diamantine work of this great Master is something special and exceptional.

In this opera, the word of this Master delectably flows as a golden river under the thick jungle of the Sun.

What Goethe stated about his second Faust also can be stated about Parsifal, namely: "I have accumulated in it many mysteries and enigmatic problems, which the future generations will occupy themselves in deciphering.

Certainly and in the name of the truth, I must confess that I am not the first, neither the last one who occupies himself with Parsifal..

Nevertheless, it is ostensible that I am the first one who undresses the incarnated truth within the august mysteries of Parsifal.

Mr. Mario Roso de Luna, the illustrious Theosophical writer has stated: "Wagner's thought seems intentionally veiled in his Parsifal. Of course, this is in order to select the meaning of certain determined philosophical allusions. When he achieves it, we have to make a great effort in works of divination and deep mental concentration. This is because in this, his work, like in a nightmare, we find confused the most diverse elements, namely: high philosophical matters, biblical and oriental remembrances, mysticism, orthodoxy, vestiges of catholic cult, pagan rituals, necromancy, somnambulism and hypnotism, practices from medieval chivalry, ecstasy, asceticism, piety, redemption, affinities of a material nature with the human soul, love in its more torpid signification, love in its more pure signification..."

It is evident by all means and with complete meridian clarity that Wagner was a great Initiate, an insightful Esotericist, an authentic Illuminated One...

Science, philosophy, art and religion exist within Wagner's Parsifal... A new Doctor Faust was endowed in this great musician. It seems that he had scrutinized very ancient religious scriptures...

What is the most astonishing to me is something tremendous... I am emphatically referring to Innate Magic: Where did he get it? Who taught it to him? In which school did he learn it?

Next, the development of this drama comes with a deep traditional Magism..., Major Mysteries that are not und for the crowds.

To penetrate within this archaic occultism, to delve within the Christic Mysteries, to examine the esoteric Buddhism contained within this Wagnerian gospel is precisely what we attempt in this book.

Obviously, many Pseudo-Esotericists will become scandalized with our revelations.

It is unquestionable that many sincerely mistaken ones filled with good intentions, while rending their vestures with indignation, will utter horrible things against us, the Gnostics...

Indeed, this is because Parsifal always provokes tremendous discussions. It is obvious that the children of darkness abhor the light.

Let us remember that Parsifal was shown in the best theaters of Europe on January 1, 1914. This invites us to meditate.

The year 1914 will always be a memorable date among the remarkable dates of this humanity, because of the explosion of the First World War and the simultaneous debut of Parsifal in all the civilized world.

It is unquestionable that if Wagner would not have prohibited the presentation of his Magnus Opus outside of Bayreuth, then, the world would have known it before 1914.

Fortunately, and for the sake of the Great Work of the Father, the will of this immortal musician could not be fulfilled, because the international treatises related to copyrights are above it. Ostensibly, in Germany, the legal protection of this type of works concludes thirty years after the death of its author.

Since the already mentioned thirty years were accomplished on January 1, 1914, the copyright of Parsifal was nullified. Since then, the world could know this majestic work.

1914 had a mysterious connubiality... Parsifal and the First World War. It is indubitable that the Wagnerian gospel resounds in the fields of battle; it is catastrophic, terrific; it gloriously shines amidst the tempest of all exclusiveness...

CHAPTER 2

THE KNIGHTS OF THE HOLY GRAIL

Let us now enter onto the stage: We may and must locate the place of action in the ineffable septentrional bluish mountains, in gothic Spain...

It is unquestionable that Wagner sees precisely here and not in any other place the domains and the castle of Monsalvat, which is occupied by the sublime Knight Templars, terrific custodians of the Holy Grail.

The law of contrasts is found written with characters of fire in the great book of Nature.

It is obvious that the limit of light is darkness. Thus, the shadow of any Sanctuary of Glory is always a tenebrous den.

Hence, in no way is it strange that also around there, upon the meridian slope of the same mountains which looks towards the Arabian Spain, the enchanted castle of the Necromancer Klingsor is found...

Don Mario Roso de Luna, the illustrious Theosophical writer stated: The costumes of the Grail Knights and their Squires are white tunics and white mantles, similar to the Templar Knights... Instead of the Red Tau, however, the symbol of a white dove in soaring, rising flight is displayed on their escutcheons and embroidered on their mantles."

The place of that scene, instead of gloomy, indeed, is greatly severe and mysterious...

The indispensably austere, rock-strewn ground, in accordance with the initiatic traditions, shines in the center, in a very clear space.

Towards the left rises the painful path that leads to the castle of the Holy Grail. This can be seen by any initiate.

In the background, the field delectably slopes steeply down to the sacred lake of the mountain...

This sacred pool, the initiatic lake, one among the representation of Mysteries, eternal scenario of any Temple, as still is shown in the present Hindustani sanctuaries, cannot be missed in the dominions of the Holy Grail.

After the sun and its fire (that is its fecundating awakening vibrations of life in all of the areas of the planet), the water, (the terrestrial feminine element, the great Mother or nourishing Cow, is the very base of life, who is symbolized in all Theogonies with thousands of lunar names: IO, Maya, Isis, Diana, Lucina, Ataecina, Calquihuitl and many others more...

It is obvious and known by everybody, that in this, our world, the crystalline fluidic element always presents itself under two opposite aspects, namely: the static and dynamic.

It is not irrelevant to remember the always peaceful, profound and delectable lake and the boisterous river...

Therefore, the peaceful lacustrine state invites us to reflection... Indeed, the water is never so active as when it is shown to us in a tranquil fountain.

Delving, then, into this theme of profound meditation, we warn in this moment that the legitimate concept of 'LAKE' can and must be philosophically applied in a deep esoteric manner.

It is important to know with complete clarity that from such spermatic, genesis or lacustrine static waters comes the splendid substantial hieroglyphic of the eternal zero...

It is urgent to comprehend that from the dynamic or fecundating waters of the boisterous river, emerges as if by enchantment, the double line of Aquarius, that is the initial hieroglyphic of the letter M, with which everywhere the eternal feminine element is designed: Mother, Mater, Mama, Mary, Maya, Mer.

The straight line of the singing rivulet, that audaciously is passing through the peaceful lake, comes to form the primeval hieroglyphic of **IO**, in other words, the holy **10** a tremendous foundation of our decimal system.

This remind us of the terribly divine signs of SHIVA, the Holy Spirit: The black Lingam inserted into the Yoni.

Filled with profound significance is the concrete fact that the Lake and the Sea in the Christian Gospel play a formidable and mysterious role related with the most extraordinary moments of the preaching of the great KABIR JESUS...

The Gospel clearly states, it tells us that when Jesus began his mission, he went to Capernaum, which was a city upon the sea coast of Galilee, of which Esaias the prophet wisely spoke of, saying, *"The people which sat in darkness saw great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up."* (Matthew 4:16).

Therefore, walking by the shore of the sea of Galilee, the great Kabir Jesus, chose as his first disciples the fishermen, Simon called Peter, and Andrew his brother, *"so that he can make of them fishers of men."*

When John the Baptist was beheaded, the Great Kabir Jesus *"departed into a desert place by ship privately"* (St. Mark, 6:32), in other words, into the 'JINN' lands. Here is where He performs with the multitude the extraordinary and astonishing miracle of the five loaves of bread and two fishes, from which about five thousand men, not to mention,

women and children were eating. Moreover, they took up twelve baskets full of fragments.. (St. Matthew, 14:15-21).

Therefore, It would be something more than impossible that the sacred lake of the great archaic Mysteries would be missing in the domains of the castle of Monsalvat.

The esoteric water in itself is the *Ens Seminis* of the ancient medieval Alchemists, within which the *Ens Virtutis* of the fire is found.

CHAPTER 3

THE CHALICE AND THE LANCE

Amidst the joyful singing of the birds, the daybreak has dawned, a delight of rosy blushful fingers.

The ancient Sage Gurnemanz, accompanied by two youthful Squires are lying profoundly asleep under the enchanted shadow of a leafy taciturn tree...

From the very ancient and ancestral side of the Grail's castle, a solemn reveille on trombones powerfully sounds, that with its formidable notes, victoriously greets the dawn...

Listening to the glorious and triumphant hymn, the Elder Gurnemanz and his two Squires, filled with infinite veneration, humbly kneel themselves and pray with profound reverence.

When arriving to the sublime part of this present chapter, it is important to remember that beautiful poem of Don Ramon del Valle Inclan:

ASTRAL ROSES

*Eternal empires! Golden sacrariums!
Clues from the great wholeness! I pray in its laudes!*

*Quiet wills! Solemn virtues!
Entrails of the world! Ardent ovariums!*

*Flaming rites of heavenly poses!
Sealed fates of the human chorus!*

*Suns guarded by the norms of a Demiurgic thesaurus!
Arcane, stellar roses!
Heavenly arcane! Gnostic arcano!
Where enigmas were bound by Trismegistus
Opened and read unto thee by the will of Giuliano.*

*In his empire was discord, thus he became anti Khristus,
From a pagan heaven, this Gnostic exegete
A solar metamorphosis he beheld in the Khristus.*

From the Grail's castle, two Knights arrive with majestic step. In their vanguard they are cautiously exploring the rocky path which Amfortas, the King of such a precious jewel, must follow.

It is ostensible that the great Priest of such a sacred, æsplendent gem, suffers the indescribable, ever since that fatal day in which for his own disgrace, Klingsor, the Black Magician, hurt him with a sinister thrust of a Lance.

Thus, the august successor of Titurel comes more early as customary, in order to take his bath in the sacred pool of the lake.

The venerable lord needs with supreme urgency to alleviate the tremendous pains that torture him ever since the moment in which, for his disgrace, the mortal thrust of the Lance was inflicted upon him...

Those who are divine and human know very well about Klingsor and his ominous, tenebrous arts.

This evil personage of the darkness not only snatched the sacred Lance from the hands of Amfortas, King of the Grail, but moreover, he wounded Amfortas' side with it.

Ah...! If people would understand all of this..., if they would comprehend the profound significance of the Lance...

It is ostensible that within all of this exists pure sexuality, transcendental phallicism, eroticism.

It is unquestionable that the Grail's gnostic-esoteric Lance and the other one, which is the Lance of the magic pacts displayed by Wotan, are in their depth the same one, meaning, the emblem of the sexual masculine force, the phallus...

A great Sage stated: *"To a certain point, the trunks of the tablets of the Law, upon which Moses wrote by command of Jehovah the precepts of the Decalogue, are nothing else than a double Runic Lance, whose phallic significance we cannot hold back. This can be seen in detail in the second volume of Isis Unveiled."*

It is written with characters of fire in the great book of cosmic wisdom about the double use of the sacred Lance. It is indubitable that this Lance wounded the side of the Lord and that from his wound poured forth blood and water. It is ostensible that the same Lance healed the wound in the side of Amfortas.

Explanations?... Patience, beloved reader, we are now only setting up principles. In our next chapters we are going to delve deeply into them...

Enigmas? Yes And many... as admirable as the ones of the Holy Grail, the feminine Yoni, the chalice, the woman's sexual organ...

So many are the traditions about the Holy Grail... Thus, somewhere among the old medieval books, a lyrical strophe exists, which states:

*“Father, father of my life,
for the one of the Holy Grail,
grant Thou unto me Thy license
so that the Count may I go to quest for.”*

It has been indicated to us that this great Chalice was in the power of Abraham. We learned that Melchisedec, the Genie of the Earth, or Changam (as he is also named) transported it from the Country of Semiramis to the fecund Land of Canaan. This occurred in the epoch when our planetary Regent initiated some enterprises in the blessed place, where much later Jerusalem, the beloved city of the Prophets was found.

Ancient traditions that are lost in the night of times affirm that Melchisedec utilized it liturgically for celebrating the sacrifice of bread and wine of the Transubstantiation. He offered this in the presence of Abraham, and then delivered the Chalice to this Patriarch.

Some very ancient legends emphatically asseverate that this divine Chalice was also in the Ark of Noah.

It is not irrelevant to asseverate that this venerated relic was carried into Egypt and that Moses possessed it.

This Cup was made from a singular matter. It was compact like the matter of a bell, yet did not look as if it had been worked like the metals. Rather, its matter looked as if it was produced from a specie of vegetation.

The Queen of Sheba submitted many ordeals to Solomon, before surrendering to him such a sublime relic.

The great Kabir Jesus Christ had it in his power when he celebrated the Last Supper. Thus, he drank the wine of the Holy Eucharist in such a Chalice.

The Roman Senator Joseph of Arimathaea, at the foot of the cross on the Mount of the Skulls, collected within that Chalice the purpurin drops of blood that were flowing from the wounds of the Adorable One.

Traditions state that this mentioned Roman Senator, intelligent and wise as no one, knew how to keep in secrecy such a precious treasure...

The price for his sacred zeal became very severe, because when that nobleman refused to deliver to the Roman police that sacrosanct Cup and the Lance of Longinus, he was then incarcerated...

After many years, the freed Joseph of Arimathaea took the holy relics (Chalice and Lance) and went to Rome in search of the Christians. Yet, when he saw the persecutions that they were suffering there, he continued traveling along the regions of the Mediterranean...

It is stated in the ancient Scriptures that one night, in his dreams, he was approached by an Angel who told him, *“That Chalice has a great power, because it contains the blood of the Redeemer of the World. Keep it there.”*

This Elder then saw the Temple of Monserrat, in Catalua, Spain.

Joseph of Arimathaea concluded his outstanding mission by keeping these archaic relics within that Temple.

What happened after... is known by the Initiates. Presently, the Castle of Monsalvat, within which is found the temple and part of the mountain of Monserrat, entered into Jinn state. It became hidden from the sight of the profane.

Uselessly the Crusade Knights were in the quest of the Holy Grail in the Holy Land. The silver cup that presently is delivered to the Olympic champions is preserved as a memory of such quests.

CHAPTER 4**KLINGSOR THE BLACK MAGICIAN**

Legends state that yonder, in the luxuriant corner of the warm valley, very close to the sacred land of the Moslems, Klingsor, the evil Magician, in a terrible solitude, made his dwelling...

“Certainly, I knew not” said the old Titurel *“what sin he there committed; he sought atonement for it, yes, holy he would be!”*

He was a mistakenly sincere one filled with good intentions, unable to kill the sinful, raging lust within him. An assassin’s dagger with his hand he held. Thus, he frightfully castrated, emasculated, mutilated himself.

The merciful hero Titurel, who knew Klingsor and his tenebrous arts very well, stated that then, the wretched evil penitent one outstretched his bloody supplicant hands to obtain the Grail for which he yearned. Yet, it is obvious that he with scorn was spurned by its Guardian.

To feel himself scorned by the Knights of the Holy Grail? And after having mutilated himself with the ‘sane’ purpose of eliminating animal passions? What a horror! Oh, God of mine..!

Consequently, in the rage of his terrible, painful and shameful deed, impossible to describe with words, the desperate eunuch of darkness searched for a retaliation weapon. It is unquestionable that he found it.

Titurel, the voice of the past, states that then, this tenebrous one transformed his frustrated penitent wilderness into a bewitched garden of voluptuous sexual joys, where blossoming, exquisite, devilish, lovely women lived.

There in secrecy, in that mansion of delights, states the Elder Titurel, the evil Magician waited to lure the Grail’s Knights in order to subtly drag them into shameful, lustful joy and hell’s defilement...

“The one who allows himself to be seduced is then his victim” says the old Monarch. *“Thus, he achieved making many of our own to fall onto a foul path of disaster.”*

It comes into my memory, when reaching this part of our present chapter, that beautiful poem of Don Ramon del Valle Inclan:

SINFUL ROSE

*The cat that hisses! The door that creaks
Glup-glup-glup the dripping hose
At the door shrieks the aborted beast,
when I was born, alone in the house!*

*In the night of October! They say that the moon
with a strong wind and jumps of the sea:
under its stars, my fortune was rising.
So, strong winds watched me when I arrived, and also
the sea.*

*That night of October! My death was announced!
Night of mine, opened between ground and sun!*

*The magician revested with the stellar apparel,
naked as a giant, blew the conch.*

*The beast at the door thrillingly yells,
in its eyes remains the autumn night
and yonder, that night of my life,
had its two ways. And I followed the one of evil!*

*Thy flesh called upon me, oh sinful rose!
Alone in the house, sleepless ego
that night of October, the sea arose...
The dripping glup-glup-glup!*

CHAPTER 5

AMFORTAS KING OF THE GRAIL

Beloved woman born for the best, devilish woman fashioned for the abyss, fallen pearl from the throne of the Lord, ineffable fiery rose grown in Eden and stripped by infernal hands, enchanted swan with alabastrine neck, singing amidst an immodest bacchanalia..., how much good you have done and... how much evil! Oh, God of mine!

Yet.., and this is accurately better, let us now talk a little about the King Amfortas, successor of the Elder Titurel, he who frustrated with much prudence the Demon's cunning...

The legend of the centuries states, and this is known by our forefathers, that the good King had to suffer the indescribable...

So, bless my soul, oh God! Everything was because of women, or because of that woman, she, the original devilish one, the prototype of perdition and downfall, whom not even Amfortas himself, the Lord of the Grail, could resist...

Consequently, the people who go around there state that this good lord also fell upon the arms of a tempestuous blonde woman whom they named Herodias, Kundry, Gundryggia and who knows what else...

The Sovereign planned without delay to put an end to the magical enchantments of Klingsor, the evil Magician; yet, what happened you now understand...

The malignant one, who, indeed, was never a meek sheep, knew how to take good advantage of such a marvelous opportunity. Thus, Klingsor, by approaching very quietly upon the lustful couple who were wallowing in their bed of pleasures, the sacred Lance he snatched away. Grasping the Spear he frightfully wounded the side of Amfortas; afterwards, mocking, he withdrew.

"...To fetch our missing Spear!" the Elder Gurnemanz continues saying: That is for another... That task we are denied. Oh wounding, wonderful, all-holiest Spear! I saw you with my own eyes wielded by unholy hand!

The Elder Gurnemanz escorted the King in his return, but he was wounded in his side, the wound was burning. This is the wound of remorse that never will heal again..!

Let us recite the beautiful poem of Don Ramon del Valle Inclan:

ROSE OF THE EAST

*When walking, she does it with feline grace
Her whole self is filled with profound echoes,
Tales of Aladdin, her dark mouth verbalizes*

Through moresque camouflages.

*Her eyes black, warm, cunning,
her smile gloomy because of ancient science,
and her skirt of flowers, a breeze
of Hindu and sacred constitution.*

*Her hand did cut, in an easterly garden,
from the tree forbidden, the apple,
while the Serpent entwined in her bosom.*

*She decorates the lust with a sense
that is sacred. Amidst the transparent darkness
of her eyes, the light is a whistle.*

CHAPTER 6

THE SAVAGE AMAZON

Upon the solitary path, the defeated ones, as vague, weakened, vacillating, pensive and ragged phantoms, set themselves on their way to the lake. Hence, when watching the distant tower of the temple, under a certain opalescent light that is dawning in the sky, they go with their halting step, as if they were afraid to arrive...

The surrendered Kundry, almost staggering by her fatigue as well as by her terrible and frightful remorse, lunges herself upon the perfumed ground...

In those moments, the unfortunate cortege that escorts the King from the Grail's castle to the holy bath advances...

The suffering Monarch does not keep any resentments in his painful heart. He totally comprehends his own errors, he recognizes his culpability. Thus, humbly he gives thanks to his maid, the woman, the eternal feminine, the monumental Eve from the Hebrew Mythology, an eternal toy for the good and evil on the earth, in accordance with the manner of treatment given to her by men.

The Wagnerian Magdalene, vilely converted into a toy by the malignant one, longs also to support the divine ideals of the Grail; yet, she always falls defeated...

‘Woman!’ exclaims Amfortas... *“Art thou not perhaps a Demon vomited by hell so that thou canst open this wound in me..?”*

“Art thou perhaps an angel who did descend from Urania so that thou canst keep vigil upon my unfortunate existence...?”

The savage amazon, the symbolic woman of the Wagnerian drama, a magnificent prototype of what in the world is the most abject and equally the most sublime, is certainly formidable...

She is in wild garb, her skirts tucked up by a snakeskin girdle with long hanging cords.

Her black hair loose and disheveled, miraculously waves in separated curls of an obscure reddish-brown hue...

Upon her delectable feminine face shines her enchanted dark colored eyes, which sometimes piercingly flash in a wild manner. Strangely, they more often frightfully fix and stare with a rigor of death...

Kundry brings, as the Jewish Magdalene, a small crystal phial from the exotic Arabia. Certainly, the King of the Grail needs a precious balm in order to heal his painful heart...

Blessed be the woman! Blessed be the beings who adore each other...!

Hermes Trismegistus stated: *"I give thee love, within which the whole summum of wisdom is contained."* To love, how beautiful it is to love...! Only the great souls can and know how to love...

Love begins with a flash of delectable sympathy. It is substantiated with infinite tenderness and it is synthesized in supreme adoration...

A perfect marriage is the union of two beings, one who loves more and the other who loves better...

Love is the best accessible religion...

CHAPTER 7

THE INNOCENT CHASTE ONE

After having solemnly narrated everything that happened in the past in those mysterious regions of the castle of Monsalvat, after the horrendous loss of the holy Lance, Gurnemanz, the voice of the past, the venerable Elder, continues expressing himself in the following words:

Before the ravished sanctuary, orphan from the sublime relic, in fervent prayer lay Amfortas, a sign of pardon he entreated:

The Grail was lighted by a very intense, dazzling and divine mystic radiance; a heavenly, holy vision then appeared to him and spoke, these words of mystic meaning shone before him: "Made wise through pity, the innocent chaste one, wait for him, THE ONE I CHOOSE."

All of a sudden, oh Gods, the legends of the centuries state that from the lake are heard great scandalous shouts and cries from the Knights and Squires of the Holy Grail. From the side of the sacred lake, in the depth of the solitary forest, an ignorant boy who wandering around those shores, pointedly wounded with his bow a very beautiful swan, a perfect symbol of the Holy Spirit.

But..., why so much agitation, tumult and disorder? Who has never wounded to death the Kala-Hamsa swan?

Who has never violated the sixth Commandment of the Law of God that states: Thou shalt not fornicate?

‘Whosoever is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone...’

Oh blessed, miraculous Hamsa, sexual force of the Third Logos, immortal Ibis, white dove of the Grail...!

The conquering of the ‘*Ultra-Mare-Vitae*’ or ‘*Superliminal World*’, and the ‘*Ultra-Terrestrial*’ is only possible with the initiatic stone (sex), within which the religion-synthesis, which was the primeval religion of humanity, the mystic wisdom of the Jinns or of Jano, is contained.

To eliminate sex? Oh no! No! No!... To overcome it? This is ostensible... To love is the best...

Let us now recite that beautiful poem of Amado Nervo that is entitled:

THE DAY WHEN THOU WILT LOVE ME

*The day when thou wilt love me will have more light
than June
the night when thou wilt love me will have a full moon,
with notes of Beethoven vibrating in every ray
its ineffable poses,
will gather there more roses
than in the whole month of May.
A thousand crystalline springs
will go about the hills
jumping around with singing.
Arpeggios never ever heard in the hidden groves,
will resound the day when thou wilt love me,
all the vernal seasons which were and shall be
in the world, will be an ecstasy on thine eyes, when
thou lovest me
Displaying candid dewdrops, as blonde little sisters
holding hands, will go the marguerites
through mounts and prairies
in front of thy steps, the day when thou wilt love me...
And if thou strippest one, its white petal innocently
will tell thee its hindmost: Passionately!
Four oracle leaves will have all the trefoil flowers
the day when thou wilt love me, at the dawning in the bowers,
and in the ewer, nests of unknowable buds, incipient flowers,
shall blossom mystic corollas of lotus flowers.
Each skyline will be a marvelous wing,
the day when thou wilt love me. A mirage, every star,
of the One Thousand and one Arabian nights, every
breeze a singing
every tree a lyre, every mount an altar.
The day when thou wilt love me, amidst the two of us
one single kiss shall settle
the beatitude of God.*

CHAPTER 8

HERZELEIDE'S CHILD

It is ostensible that in the past, Parsifal, the innocent chaste one had also wounded with his arrow the swan of immaculate whiteness, the miraculous Hamsa...

He keeps silent to all the diverse questions that, with much emphasis, are asked of him. It is obvious that he ignores everything, he has eliminated the 'I', he does not even remember the name of his terrestrial progenitor, he has re-conquered the edenic innocence...

He only knows his mother, her name, which is Herzeleide, and that in the most profound forest they made their home.

Fatherless did his poor, heartbroken, sweet mother bear him, for his father (Gamuret was his name) was gloriously slain amidst the armiets and bucklers in the battlefield.

This adorable mother, in order to protect her child against the premature sign of the heroes, far from arms and in the middle of the most crass ignorance, she raised him with infinite tenderness in a wilderness.

Nonetheless... one given day, this young man of heroic lineage saw human flames within the forest...

The glittering array of those Knights of sparkling vestures (the Grail Knights), who successfully passed through the edge of those solitary wooded spots, was so intense that the young man, impelled by his heroic instinct, resolved to pursue them through the mountains.

Protected with the weapons of Vulcan, such a young boy fought the beast of the abyss, vile representations of his ancient errors. Thus, he reduced them into cosmic dust. This is how that fearless boy advanced until the domain of the Grail (this is how we must advance)...

Kundry, Herodias, informs him that his adorable mother is dead, cruel news which gives him an infinite bitterness that is impossible to describe with words...

Frightful moment is this: Parsifal springs furiously at Kundry, then he faints and falls. She at once hastens to a spring and brings the refreshing water to help him...

Afterwards, the tremendous hour comes: Gundryggia says terrible things; everything that exists has its day and its hour.

It is now important to remember that beautiful poem of Don Ramon del Valle Inclan, entitled:

THE ROSE OF THE CLOCK

*It is the hour for the enigmas,
when in the evening of a summer,
a goshawk sent one from the clouds
upon the benign doves*

It is the hour for the enigmas!

*It is the hour of the dove:
pursuing the flights is the sight
of a girt. Pink evening light,
divine and musical comma of love.*

It is the hour of the dove!

*It is the hour of the serpent:
from himself a white hair the devil yanks off
from the tree the apple breaks off
and the crystal of a dream did rent,*

It is the hour of the serpent!

*It is the hour of the hen:
the cemetery has lights,
before the crucifixes, the devotees in heights
make the sign of the cross, the wind agonizes.*

It is the hour of the hen!

*It is the hour of the maiden:
tears, letters and songs,
the air filled with orange blossoms
the blue evening, only one star*

It is the hour of the maiden!

*It is the hour of the screeching owl:
by he, the aged one, the scriptures are deciphered
suddenly, the mirror is shattered
she, the aged one leaves with the oil bowl*

It is the hour of the screeching owl!

*It is the hour of the coquette:
Serenaded by a guitar is the street
she, the aged one a young lad treats
to a ring with a rosette.*

It is the hour of the coquette!

*It is the hour of a soul in grief:
In the crossroads, a soothsayer
with the excommunicated prayer
unto the dead asks for his necklace in brief*

It is the hour of a soul in grief!

*It is the hour of the vespertine:
lurking, the little owl is in the pine,
the bandit in his way receives a fine
and Satan in the brothel is a swine. It is the hour of the vespertine!*

CHAPTER 9

KUNDRY'S WORDS

Kundry, the marvelous Eve from the Hebrew Mythology, unconscious victim of the evil Magician, exclaims with infinite pain whilst in front of the Wagnerian Parsifal:

*“Good I do never: for rest I am yearning...
I am yearning, ah, I am wretched, weary!”*

“Slumber! Oh, may I not be wakened!”

*Then, at that moment, she starts to
experience in the distance the currents
from the Magician's suggestion. Thus,
falling into a frightful trembling, she
exclaims: “No! Not slumber! Terror seizes
me!”*

*She utters a noiseless cry, all her body
falls into a violent trembling as a leaf of a
herb shaken by the tempest, until she is
impotent against the spell. Then, leaving
her arms and head to drop wearily and
walking a few wavering steps, she sinks
down hypnotized behind the bushes while
lamenting:*

*“Vain to resist. The time has come.
Slumber... Slumber... I must... Slumber I
must.”*

The woman of antonomasia, the woman symbol, the original she-devil, the prototype of perdition and of downfall, whom not even Amfortas himself, the Everything invites to a nap; thus, you sleep, Eva, Kundry, Gundryggia, Herodias...

You sleep amidst your secret laments: You are an unconscious victim of a fatal sortilege...

But, oh God of mine...! What a terrifying idea pursues you in dreams? What is it that you do not want to do, yet you do?

CHAPTER 10**HYMN OF THE GRAIL**

From such a delectable and pleasant bath, the litter of the King is shown passing by towards the castle of Monsalvat.

The venerable Elder Gurnemanz joins the escort, kindly inviting the young man to the sacred feast.

It is necessary for the boy to also receive the benefits of the Grail...

"I scarcely stir; yet, I sense that all things move apace." says Parsifal.

The Elder, grown white in wisdom, answers with great assertion: *"You see my son, here time is one with space..."*

Time in itself is the fourth dimension. This is ostensible...

The fourth coordinate is summarized in two totally defined aspects: The temporal and the spatial.

It is unquestionable that the chronometrical aspect of the fourth dimension is just the surface...

It is indubitable that the spatial aspect of the fourth vertical is the depth...

A fourth vertical always exists within the three-dimensional world in which we live. This in itself is time.

Time does not exist within Eternity.

It is clear that Eternity becomes the fifth dimension. You know this...
In Eternity, everything is processed within an eternal now...

Have you ever heard about that which is beyond time and Eternity? It is clear that the sixth dimension exists...

But, what will we say about the unknowable zero dimension? Pure Spirit? Yes! Yes! Yes...!

The Elder Gurnemanz, with that wisdom whitened by time, understands everything. Thus, wisely, he leads the son of Herzeleide to the Holy Grail...

Gradually, while the old Master and his young disciple advance, the scene changes more perceptibly.

Down below, the solitary forest disappears, while Gurnemanz and Parsifal patiently climb the monstrous granite bulk.

Little by little, each time better, the gentle reveille of the trombones and the august sounding of the temple bells are heard...

Finally, Master and disciple arrive at a precious pillared hail, whose majestic vaulted dome is lost in the height...

Parsifal, standing in ecstasy, is speechless while in front of such a divine magnificence that is impossible to describe with words...

On both sides, at the far end, two doors full of glory are opened. The Knights of the Grail enter through them...

In order, the Cavaliers of the Light place themselves before two long, cloth covered tables, which are parallel to each other and which leave an empty space between them. Chalices or cups are upon such joyful tables; yet, delightful dishes are missing.

From another side appears the King Amfortas borne in on a litter by valiant Squires and serving Brothers, and before the King are some pure children, who are like angels with rosy faces...

These creatures bear a shrine covered with a purpure cloth, within which the mysteries of sex are hidden.

The sublime escort places the King Amfortas on a raised couch to the center upstage, under a canopy, upon a marble table that is in front of the sacred shrine...

From the diverse places of the temple, this Congregation of Light intones joyfully the hymn of the Grail, that says:

*O Feast of love undying, from day to day
renewed, draw near, as for the last time,
to taste this sacred food. Who revels in good
deeds this holy Feast still feeds: he dares
approach the shrine to share this gift divine.*

*For sins of the world with thousand sorrows
His sacred blood He offered; to the world's
Redeemer with joyful heart, oh, how gladly
my blood I proffer: He died, for sin atoning
thus, He lives, by death He lives in us!
In faith and love, behold the dove, the
Savior's shining token: take ye the wine,
His blood divine, and bread of life here broken!*

CHAPTER 11

THE HOLY RELIC

When the hindmost notes of those detectable chants expire in the mystery, and when all the august Knights of divine aspect have taken their places abreast the sacred tables, an imposing silence is kept...

A stupendous vision, completely naked, was advancing with a whiteness of entranced and fatal spikenards... An exotic mystery...

The voice of the aged Titurel is heard in the profound background as if emerging from a dark tomb...

He imperatively commands his son to reveal the Holy Grail so that he can contemplate it for the last time.

Amfortas resists him and says:

“No! Leave it unrevealed! May no one, no one know the burning pain caused by the hot sight that gives you delight...!”

“What is the Spear-wound, all its raging smart, compared to the pain, the infernal agony of being condemned to serve this task!...?”

“Woeful my birth-right, defiled by sinning; I, only sinner, am the guardian who holds the holy relic for sinless others...”

“Entreating its holy blessings on the pure souls, on my brothers...”

“Chastisement! Merciless chastisement from, ah! the almighty God of mercy, who I offended terribly!”

“For Him, for the Lord, for his all-holy greeting my stricken heart is yearning vehemently

“Only in deepest repentance, only in deepest innermost contrition, my soul can reach Him...”

“The time is near, a light beam sinks upon the Holiest Shrine: the covering falls...”

“The divine blood within that pure holiest Cup now glows and shines with a powerfully splendid tender light...”

“Transfixed by rapturous and joyful pain the fount of that heavenly blood, I feel it flowing in my heart...”

“The furious surge of my own guilty blood, my vile blood now defiled by shame, recoils before it; to the world of sin and lust how wildly now it is gushing.

“The wound has opened again, my blood now is streaming forth, here, through the Spear-wound, a wound like His, inflicted by the Spear that wounded the Redeemer, the Spear that inflicted the sacred wound, through which with bleeding tears the Holy One wept for the sins of men, in compassion’s Divine holiest yearning...

“And now here from my wound, in my sacred office, the guardian of divine, godliest treasure, of redemption’s balm the keeper, my fevered sinful blood flows forth, ever renewed by the tide of my yearnings that, ah! no repentance ever stills...!

“Have mercy! Have mercy! Thou, the All-merciful! Ah, have mercy! Take back my birth-right, heal my wound, end my affliction, that holy I perish- pure, whole, and healed for Thee...!

“In this anguished, painful, joyful and weeping bloody flame, within which is born the Mystery of an enchantment that destroys and nourishes my life, I do not know who am; yet, I forebode something terribly Divine...

“I do not know who I am, in this fatal snare of my own existence that contemplates with mystical bewilderment in frightful vertigines, foamy fish, and a font of time that I uselessly hoard to satiate this unquenchable thirst that torments me...

“I question myself with an unknown voice that rather seems an alien and grave voice from a vain world of darkness and infinite bitterness...

“Only my wretched haughty reasoning remains, meager sinful shadow.. !!!’

After these words, Amfortas sinks back unconscious and the Holy Grail is revealed...

Ancient traditions that are lost within the night of the innumerable centuries state that when this most excellent sublime cavalier grasped the sacred chalice, a perfect symbol of the feminine Yoni, a dense dusky glimmer (the sexual mist of the Hebrew Tabernacle) delectably spread everywhere, enveloping the marvelous hail of the Sanctuary.

This reminds us of the Sahaja-Maithuna in the supreme moment... The mysteries of Lingam-Yoni are terribly divine...

A very pure dazzling ray of light falls from the heights, from heaven, from Urania, upon the Chalice, and makes it now to glow ever more intensely, with an infinite and non-extinguishing brilliant crimson...

Knowing how to use the phallic cross, Amfortas with a transfigured countenance, raises the Grail aloft and waves it gently round to every side, consecrating the bread and the wine of transubstantiation.

Delectably, lovingly and adoringly, the choruses resound...

Amfortas sets down the sacred Grail within the shrine again, and its glow gradually fades as the dense, dusky sexual glimmer disappears anew...

The bread and wine are distributed on the tables. The Knights seat themselves at the feast. Parsifal, however, remains standing apart, motionless in ecstasy. Finally, his ecstasy ceases on hearing Amfortas' cry of agony. Hence, the young man suffers a mortal spasm Gurnemanz believes Parsifal is besotted and unconscious to what is happening.

Therefore, he comes up to him in an ill humor and shaking him by the arm, brutally pushes him out of the sacred precinct, while the voices of the youth, children and Knights who sing the sanctification with faith and divine love are decreasing.

CHAPTER 12

BAYREUTH

It is for the good of the great cause to know that Wagner prohibited the representation of his Parsifal anywhere out of that marvelous theater of Bayreuth...

We already stated with much assertion that after the legal terms were dissolved, Parsifal was known in all of the theaters of Europe...

Regarding the truth, we must be very frank. Indeed, it is lamentable that the widow and son of Wagner, along with other German musicians, wanted to modify the law in relation with the intellectual property, with the evident purpose of limiting the representation of Parsifal exclusively to the old theater of Bayreuth...

It is ostensible that these sincerely mistaken ones did not attain their fore mentioned purpose.

It is unquestionable that pain for some is happiness for others. The failure of these well intentioned people had formidable international repercussions among the public of Europe, who were not deprived of knowing this great work.

The magnum works cannot be limited neither in the space nor in time... It is absurd to try to hide the sun with a finger...

It has been milled around that this aforementioned work was sung before 1914 in the Metropolitan Theater of New York. For having done so, this company jumped above all kinds of legal obstacles.

It is pathetic, clear and definite, that such a company paid the fine with infinite pleasure, since, it is obvious that they received a substantial profit.

Nonetheless...! Bless my soul, oh God! Perchance, did not the same thing happen in Montecarlo? The whole world knows that they wanted to present this sacred poem. Unfortunately, because of the threats of Wagner's widow and son, the work only could be sung in a function at a banquet.

We are now going to transcribe with great care a journalistic article, that is indeed, very interesting:

This matter about Parsifal emerged in the mind of Wagner in 1845; yet, he did not start to work on the poem until the spring of 1857. He interrupted it many times, until finally finishing it on February 23, 1877.

Long before concluding with the book, he composed some musical pieces, the first ones in 1857. However, indeed, he did not start to work seriously on the score until the autumn of 1877, that is to say, the same year in which he wrote the last phrase of the poem.

The work was definitively finished January 13, 1882, a little while after the preparations for its feature presentation began. So, once this was already very well rehearsed, Parsifal was featured July 26, 1882 in the theater of Bayreuth.

Parsifal became an enormous success, provoking tears from that genius who was so accustomed to challenge.

The excited Wagner hugged with enthusiasm Materna and Scaria, who interpreted the roles of Kundry and Gurnemanz, respectively. He also hugged the great Maestro Hermann Levi, who conducted the orchestra and who we met and applauded twelve or fourteen years ago in Madrid, in those famous concertos of Prince Alphonso, within which there were so many eminent German conductors.

When speaking about this, it is best to dedicate a memory of admiration and sympathy to the great Maestro Mancinelli, the one who, indeed, brought the duck with golden eggs, that is to say, the one who gave us the way in order to know almost the whole of Wagner and the one who organized great concertos.

The auditions of that opera season under the direction of Mancinelli constitute a memorable epoch for the history of the development of the Lyrical art in Spain.

Wagner survived approximately only six months after his great triumph, Parsifal.

A little while after the feature presentation of Parsifal, the Master went to Venice for winter, as he had the custom of doing since 1879. Suddenly, in an unexpected way, he passed away February 13, 1883, at the side of his wife, Cosima Liszt (daughter of the famous musician with the same family name) and of his friend Joukowsky.

Two day after, the mortal remains of the glorious creator of the lyrical drama were transported to Bayreuth, where now they are resting in the garden of the small house of Wahnfried, under a marble stone without ornament or any inscription.

CHAPTER 13

THE MERCURY OF THE SECRET PHILOSOPHY

In these moments of mysterious joy, it is not irrelevant to remember that subliminal poem of Horace, the author of the Epodes and the Satires, which saw the light between the years 35 and 30 B.C.

MERCURY

*Mercuri, facunde nepos Atlantis,
Qui feros cultus hominum recentum
Voce formasti catus et decorae
More palaestrae,
Te canam, magni Iovis et deorum
Nuntium curvaeque lyrae parentem,
Callidum quidquid placuit iocosum
Condere furto.*

*Te, boves olim nisi reddidisses
Per dolum amotas, puerum minaci
Voce dum terret, viduus pharetra
Risit Apollo.*

*Quin et Atridas duce te superbos
Ilio dives Priamus relicto
Thessalosque ignis et iniqua Troiae
Castris fefellit.*

*Tu pias laetis animas reponis
Sedibus virgaque, levem coarces
Aurea turbam, superis deorum
Gratus et imis.*

*Mercury, grandson of Atlas, thine eloquence
for the primeval man, was the master:
his rudeness thou polished with utterance
and the finishing use of the palestra.
Nuncio of the Gods and highest Jove
was thy glory to invent the curving lyre,
and thy grace is to ride on a graceful
carriage, as much as the impulse of thy audacious genius
inspires.*

*When child, the flock of Apollo thou robbed,
and with furious voices he upbraided thee;
yet, he had to laugh when seeing, astonished,
that even his quiver thou had stolen.
With royal gifts Priamus left Illion,
when him, the Greek host was circling:
Pitiless Atridas, Thessalian bonfires,*

*everything was deceived by thy guidance.
The pitiful souls, airy shadows,
escort thy golden wand to eternal joy.
For all the Gods, an affable Deity,
a delight for Olympus and the Avernus.*

Thus, having chanted such a sublime poem from the Horacean lyrics, it is now important to know what Mercury is...

It is unquestionable and any Gnostic can comprehend that Mercury, as an Astrological Planet is obviously even more mysterious than Venus itself and is identical to the Mazdeist Mithra, Buddha, the Genie or God who is formidably situated between the Sun and the Moon. Mercury is the sublime eternal companion of the solar disc of Divine Wisdom..

Pausanias, in his fifth book, shows Mercury having a common altar with Thundering Jupiter, Father of those divine ones and humans...

Ancient legends state that Mercury was displaying radiant wings of fire in order to express that he was assisting the Christ-Sun in its eternal course. This is why, by his own right, he was called in other times Nuncio and Wolf of the Sun: *'SOLARIS LUMINIS PARTICEPS.'*

As a sequence or corollary we must affirm that he was the chief and the evocator of the souls, the Arch-Magi and Hierophant.

Virgil, the illustrious poet of Mantua, intelligently describes Mercury holding his Hammer or Caduceus with two serpents, in order to invoke the unhappy souls to a new life, those souls who were precipitated into the Orco or Limbus: *"TUM VIRGAM CAPIT, HAC ANIMAS ILLE EVOCAT ORCO"*, with the purpose of having them enter into the celestial militia, as he shows it in VENDIDAD...

Mercury, the esoteric auric planet, the ineffable one, is the one which the austere and sublime Hierophants prohibited to name. Thus, by studying dusty millenary manuscripts, we can verify that Mercury is symbolized in Greek Mythology by the famous hare-hunting dogs, or guardian dogs of the celestial cattle that always drink from the very pure crystalline wells of Occult Wisdom. Therefore, Mercury is also known as Hermes-Anubis, as well as the good inspirator, or Agathodaemon.

Remember that the emperor Juliano was praying every night to the Occult Sun through the intersection of Mercury..

For as Vossius, by his own right states: "All Theologists asseverate that Mercury and the Sun are one..."

This is why that planet was considered to be the most eloquent and wise of the Gods, a fact which is not strange since Mercury is found so close to the Wisdom and to the Word (or LOGOS), that is frequently mistaken for both.

CHAPTER 14

THE MARVELOUS SWASTIKA

Without a doubt, the sacred pool, the initiatic lake, representing the Divine Mysteries in the dominions of the Holy Grail, is the Mercury of the secret philosophy, It is the liquid, flexible, malleable glass contained within our sexual glands.

Philippus Theophrastus Bombastus von Hohenheim (Aureolus Paracelsus) states that within the Ens Seminis is found the whole *Ens Virtutis* of the fire.

After the radiant sun and its tongues of ardent fire (which sparkle within the ineffable orchestration of the spheres), the Mercury of the secret philosophy, the Ens Seminis, the chaotic water of the first instant, the feminine eternal element, the great Mother or nourishing Cow, is the very living foundation of all cosmic life.

To intelligently transmute these waters of life free in movement, this Sophic Mercury of the wise signifies an intensive work in the Laboratorium-Oratorium of the Third Logos.

It is written with fiery characters in the great book of life that the unutterable secret of the great Arcanum is miraculously hidden within the Jaina or Jinn cross. This is the marvelous clue of the sexual transmutation.

It is not difficult to comprehend that such a magical cross is the same Swastika of the great Mysteries...

While in a delectable ecstasy of a yearning soul, we can and even must place ourselves in mystical contact with Janus, the austere and sublime Jinn Hierophant, who taught in a foregone time of our world the science of the Jinns.

Two schools that mutually combat each other exist in secret Tibet. I want to clearly refer to the Mahayana and Hinayana Institutions.

“Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it...” Matthew 7:14

The Hinayana path is, without a doubt, Buddhic and Christic. It is cited in the sacred books. It is mentioned in the Four Gospels.

The pure souls in the state of perfect beatitude can experience in a direct way the intimate existing relationship between the Swastika and the Hinayana path.

H. P. B., the great martyr of the nineteen century was right when telling us that the Swastika of Fusaiolas is the most sacred and mystical symbol: Such an ineffable sign actually glows over the head of the great serpent of Vishnu, the Shesta-Ananta of one thousand heads, whose habitat resides in Patala or the inferior region.

While advancing with the cross on our shoulders towards the Mount of the Skulls, we come to evidence that all the nations of ancient times always put the Swastika at the head of their sacred symbols.

The complete lucidity of the Spirit allows us to comprehend that the Swastika is Thor's hammer, the magical weapon forged by the pygmies against the giants, or pre-cosmic Titanic forces, who were in opposition to the Law of Universal Harmony. The sacred Swastika is then the hammer that produces the tempests which the Ases or heavenly Lords use.

Its rectangular, elbowed arms in the Macrocosm of infinite splendors clearly expresses with plenitude the always indefatigable terrestrial rotation and the incessant renovating movement of the cosmic garden...

The Swastika in the Microcosm represents the human being with his right arm aiming towards heaven while his left arm, as a fatal shadow of winter, is aiming downwards, as if it is showing with infinite pain our afflicted world.

The Swastika is also an alchemical, cosmogonical and anthropological sign with seven distinct interpretative clues.

As a symbol of transcendental electricity, it is, in brief, the Alpha and the Omega of the universal sexual force, which descends through the golden steps of the Spirit until the material world. Therefore, whosoever achieves the grasping of all of its mystical significance remains free from all of Maya (illusion).

The Swastika is the electrical windmill of physicists. All of the terrific mysteries of the Lingam-Yoni are enclosed within it.

It is obvious that the exotic Hindustani sex-yoga with all of its oriental perfumes, the mysterious eroticism of Kama-Kalpa, the Sahaja Maithuna with its sexual positions ardent as the fire, are sealed with the Swastika Cross.

The vertical beam of the Holy Cross is masculine, virile, powerful. The horizontal beam is delectably feminine. The clue of all powers is found in the crossing of these two eternal rods.

The Swastika is the Cross in movement, sex in complete activity, sexual transmutation in action.

Blessed be the wise man who by loving a woman joyfully submerges himself within the sacred erotic mysteries of Minna, the dreadful darkness of a true love whose twin brother is death. This will allow him to sublimate and transmute the Mercury of the secret philosophy.

The enchanted night of love symbolizes the vulgar infra obscurity of ignorance and evil magic, as well as the super-obscurity of silence, and the august secret of the wise (the Yaksha and Rajkshas of Mahabharata).

It is written with diamond words in the book of all creation: *“Whosoever wants to ascend must first of all descend.”*

The conquest of the Ultra-Mare-Vite or Super Liminal and Ultra-Terrestrial world would be absolutely impossible without the wise transmutation of the Sophic Mercury.

The nubile maidens and the wise males from Amen Smen, the Egyptian Paradise, suffered greatly within the Averno, living at the shores of the Styx lake. You know this.

To transmute the water into wine such as the great Kabir Jesus taught in the weddings of Cana is something more bitter than bile.

The white dove of the Holy Spirit displayed on the weapons and embroidered on the cloaks of the Knights of the Holy Grail, the Sacred Swan, the miraculous Hamsa, the Phoenix Bird of paradise, the immortal Ibis, marvelously shines upon the profound waters of life.

From within the profound bottom of the Styx lake, within the terrible profundities of the Averno, emerge Gods who lose themselves within the Abstract Absolute Space. The light emerges from the darkness and the cosmos sprouts from the Chaos..

CHAPTER 15

THE SEXUAL FORCE

It is comprehensible that such an aforesaid, marvelous legend of the Holy Grail is certainly very well known in France

If with the constancy of a clergyman in a cell we study with infinite longings all of those dusty manuscripts of Medieval Cavalry, we can then evidence many traditions related with the Holy Grail

Famous, indeed, are very ancient works, such as, The Small Sloop of Merlin and The Quest for the Holy Grail. Those hairy Bards from Bohemian Germany, who in a fore time made all of Europe joyful, always uttered “GRAAL” by using the double “A”. So be it with them and their ballads in question...

The Britons who indeed have good fame with the Celtic legend always named the sacred chalice “GRAAL”...

It is certainly easy to comprehend that to be radically oblivious of the Esoteric Christic Principles would badly take us into the confusing labyrinth of too many incoherent etymologies that, indeed, have nothing to do with this eburnian cup, delight of the archaic mysteries. It is not irrelevant to remember that strophe from Arcipreste of Hita that describes a certain kitchen from his time:

*“Bowls, pans, carafes and cauldrons,
kettles and barrels, all domestic things,
everything was sent to be washed to his, the
washerwomen,
spatulas, grails, pots and cover-pans.”*

We must drink the initiatic nectar of the Holy Gods within the regenerating Cup or feminine sexual Yoni...

The Holy Grail is the miraculous Chalice of the supreme beverage, the initiatic cup of Sukra and of Manti...

Inside the enchanting female’s Holy Cup is contained the exquisite Wine of transcendental Spirituality...

The conquering of the “Ultra-Mare-Vitae” or “Superliminal world,” and the “Ultra-Terrestrial” is something more than impossible if we commit the error of underestimating the woman...

The delectable Verb of Isis emerges from within the profound bosom of all ages, awaiting for the instant to be realized...

The ineffable words of the Goddess Neith has been carved on the resplendent walls of the Temple of Wisdom with letters of gold...

"I AM THE ONE THAT WAS, IS AND SHALL BE AND NO MORTAL HAS EVER LIFTED MY VEIL."

The primeval religion of Jano or Jaino, in other words, the Quiritary and super-human, solar, golden Doctrine of the Jinns is absolutely sexual... You know this.

It is written with flaming coals in the book of life that within the Golden Age of Lacio and of Liguria, the divine King Jano or Saturn (I.A.O., Bacchus, Jehovah) reigned over those holy people, all Aryan tribes from diverse epochs and origins.

Then, oh God of mine..., it may be said that in similar epochs with other people from ancient Arcadia, those Jinns and mankind were happily living together...

We feel in the depth of our heart, within the ineffable mystical idyll commonly called the "enchantments of Holy Friday," that a terribly divine force exists within the sexual organs, which either can liberate or enslave the human being...

The sexual energy contains in itself the living prototype of the Solar Man which when crystallizing within ourselves transforms us radically.

Many suffering souls would like to enter into the transcendental Monsalvat; yet, unfortunately, this is something more than impossible due to the Veil of Isis or sexual Adamic Veil.

Among the ineffable blessings of the Jinn paradises, there certainly exists a divine humanity that is invisible to mortals, due to their sins and limitations born from their misused sex.

It is ostensible that the White Brotherhood possesses grandiose treasures in the style of such an inestimable jewel as the Holy Grail.

The verb of the Holy Gods, resounding in the depths of the profound night of times, each time comes to remind us of the first love and the necessity of learning how to sublimate and to transmute the sexual energy.

Indeed, while we do not overcome sex as the Mahatmas, it is impossible to enter into direct contact with the sacred super-humanity, which has always been talked about in every universal legend...

Those Masters of compassion are the loyal custodians of the Holy Grail, or of the Initiatic Stone, that is to say, of the supreme religion-synthesis, which was the primeval religion of humanity.

Let us talk clear and plain: By no means do we exaggerate concepts if we emphasize the basic idea that sex is the center of gravity of all human activities.

As a sequence or corollary, we affirm: When a male finds his female sexual partner, society has begun.

Mechanization is different: We, the Gnostics reject the unconscious automatism...

Obviously, the mechanization of sex becomes infra human. We want conscious action...

As a rule, conduct, guide to follow, it is important to know that what is current and habitual is the downwards flowing of the sexual energy, that is, from higher to lower..., from inside to outside...

To make the creative energy of the Third Logos to return inward and upward, that is, towards the inside and then raising it up, truly signifies to enter upon the blessed path of Regeneration. This is precisely the upright Law of the Holy Grail.

It is ostensible that the Lance (with which the Roman Centurion named Longinus cruelly wounded the side of the Adorable One on the Mount of the Skulls) also plays a great role in innumerable traditions from the Asiatic world; sometimes with the symbolism already unveiled in the former paragraphs, sometimes as an esoteric instrument of salvation and of liberation.

The venerable Amfortas, great lord, King of the Grail, successor of the Elder Titurel, wounded in a fore time by sex, phallus or Lance when falling victim to sexual seduction, can only be healed with the same Shaft that wounded him.

By a logical sequence we can deduce that this good lord of too much bitterness (Amfortas) had to intensely work in the Flaming Forge of Vulcan...

To transmute is the best and this was never ignored by the Roman Matrons who developed and advanced themselves under the tutelage of the Goddess Juno...

Amidst the profound lethargy of the night of time sleeps that legendary city of the Sabines, which was founded happily by Medio Fidio and Himella. Ancient Aryan traditions state that these good people knew very well in depth the sexual mysteries of the Lance.

Now, based on these unusual assertions, our very beloved Gnostic readers will comprehend the motive why the heroes were rewarded with a small iron shaft or lance.

Hastapura was the name of such a Shaft. This reminds us of the sacred city of Hastinapur-a, a living symbol of the Heavenly Jerusalem.

CHAPTER 16

THE PHILOSOPHICAL STONE

There is an 'IT' about this marvelous stone. What is the deep significance of this tremendous mystery?

"Oh, chaste clergy" chanted the evoking bards from Gaedheal or the primeval Gael, Ireland, when singing about their glorious millenarian traditions to the catholic priests, who went there to evangelize them.

Its profound magic and sublime signification... who can decipher and unveil it?

No one but HE, the Chosen One can decipher the mystery of the Stone and of its "IT"...

When dealing with these sacred portents that astonish the Mystic, it is certainly not incongruent that such an aforesaid Stone transforms itself into a crater, Hermetic Cup or Chalice of infinite splendors...

What is then the purpose of all the perplexity, vacillation and uncertainty in regards to that poem of Chretien de Troyes (XII Century)?

If the Holy Grail is a precious stone that was brought to the earth by the Angels or ineffable Devas, and entrusted to a secret Fraternity for its zealous custody, there is then no obstacle for this celestial Gem in obtaining the splendid shape of the Cup of Hermes.

Here we are then with the Cubic Stone of Yesod, situated accordingly with the Hebrew Kabbalists in our very sexual organs.

This is the blessed Stone that the Patriarch Jacob, living reincarnation of the Angel Israel, anointed with sacred oil in a fore time...

This is the initiatic Petera from the Esoteric Colleges..., the Philosophical Stone of the ancient medieval Alchemists...

"A stone of stumbling, and a rock of offense" was a statement made in a fore time by the Hierophant Peter or Patar...

It is not irrelevant in this chapter to transcribe with infinite patience and profound serenity the authentic text of Wolfram of Eschembach, related to this aforesaid Stone and to the mysterious Brotherhood who have custody of it: .

*Those heroes are animated by a stone.
Do you not know of its august and pure essence?
It is called Lapis-Electrix (Magnes).
Any marvel (magic) can be performed through it.*

*As the phoenix which is precipitated into the flames,
 It can be reborn from its own ashes.
 Because within the same flames
 it rejuvenates its plumage,
 thus rejuvenated, it glows more beautiful than before.
 Its power is such that any man,
 who, no matter how unhappy in his
 own state he might be,
 no matter his color, no matter his face,
 instead of dying as others,
 he no longer knows what age might be.
 And whether man or woman,
 they shall enjoy from this ineffable delight,
 which is to contemplate the STONE
 for more than two hundred years.*

Jesus the Great Kabir said: *"The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner: this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes."*
 Matthew: 21:42

Beyond time and distance, Klingsor, the evil Magician disputed this Stone and had it as a taboo or a sin... it is written and with words of fire in the Wagnerian drama that with a sharp steel knife he violently discarded the blessed Stone...

But, Master Klingsor, finicky and weepier as no one, after performing such a tremendous inanity, outstretched his bloody supplicant hands to gain the Grail.

It is obvious that the Guardian, with the terrible sharp point of his sword, rejected him with indignation...

People from other times state that where the Pagan's luxuriant land starts, Klingsor, the lord of darkness, learned how to hate sex...

His bookish erudition amidst his penitent and disciplinary desert was ostensible.

This disgraceful cenobite believed in a possible transcendental mutilation by means of the elimination of the sexual instinct...

Impossible enticement, useless reflector, absurd decoy was the one used by this exotic anchorite...

He was an illustrious gentleman who came from remote places, notable cavalier, eminent sir, strange and contradictory...

He was a paradoxical hermit boasting sanctity, a foolish puritan with airs of being an illuminated one...

He adored Shiva, the Third Logos, the Holy Spirit; nevertheless, he spat all of his defamatory slobber into the Ninth Sphere (sex)...

He worked tenaciously with multiple pseudo-esoteric exercises and he also horrifyingly whipped himself until extenuation...

He dressed himself with filthy rags of a mendicant, he poured ashes over his head and he put sackcloth upon his mortified body...

Obnoxious vegetarian, he was the creator of a kitchen- type of religion. Those who met him stated that he never drank wine nor cider...

He guided many, when rather his major necessity was to be guided, and he never preoccupied himself in the elimination of the interior Pharisee...

Nonetheless, everything was in vain. When he discarded the Initiatic Petera, the marvelous doors of the transcendental Monsalvat were closed before this unworthy one...

CHAPTER 17

LUCIFER

Prometheus, the Greek God is the Maha-Asura, the Hindustani Lucifer who rebelled against Brahma the Lord, for which Shiva, the Third Logos, hurled him with indignation down into the inferior Patala.

The Florentine Dante, illustrious disciple of Virgil, the eminent crowned bard from Mantua, finds in the right moment Dis, Prometheus-Lucifer in the Ninth Sphere. This is obviously in the center of the earth, in the profound well of the universe, the *place* “where the souls were all covered underneath, transparent, as through glass Pellucid the frail stem.”

The Maha-Asura, fatally enchained to the severe rock of sex, cruelly passes through unutterable bitterness. The wild flames of lust frightfully torture him. The insatiable, useless vulture of reasoning gnaws at his entrails.

Prometheus-Lucifer is a mysterious fire detached from the Solar Logos and wisely fixed in the center of the earth by the force of gravity and the weight of the atmosphere.

It is written with golden words in the book of life: “*The superlative ingredient of the Anima Mundi is the luciferin phosphorus.*”

As a sequence or corollary, it fits here to asseverate with much emphasis the following: The sterile work of Mime in his forge, the rotund failure of the creative powers comes when the fire is extinguished.

The ardent crepitation of the elemental fire of the wise under the Alchemist’s crucible is an axiom of Hermetic Philosophy.

INRI: *Ignis, Natura, Renovatur, Integra*; the fire renews all Nature incessantly. You know this...

Let Lucifer, the Maha-Asura be excluded from Sex-Yoga and observe then what happens... Let failure be contemplated.

In the resplendent dawn of the Mahamanvantara, when the human being and the terrestrial chain were going to appear, an Angel (the shadow of the Lord), filled with a desire for progression, was produced from the presence of the Logos like an enchantment. Thus, it is obvious that the Divine Architect of the universe granted to him the dominion of the Infernal Worlds.

Hence, it is unquestionable that the superior semblance of that vile worm who passes through the heart of the world is Ioan, Swan, Choan, John, the Verb, the Army of the Voice, the Logos.

Prometheus-Lucifer, descending to the bottom of the Averno in order to liberate the victims from their tortures, reminds us of Hercules, the Solar God, descending into Hades or the Cave of the Initiation in order to save the lost souls.

Lucifer is the active and centrifugal energy of the universe, fire, life, self-independence, psychological rebellion.

The inferno in its revolutionary impetus is the vital expansion of the nebula in order to convert itself into new planetary units.

Prometheus-Lucifer courageously plunders the divine fire in order to assist us in the path of spiritual insurrection.

Lucifer is the Guardian of the Door, who alone is entrusted with the keys of the Sanctuary, where no one enters therein, save the anointed ones who have the terrific secret of Hermes.

The resplendent Lord of the seven glorious mansions, known with the sacred names of Lucifer-Prometheus, Maha-Asura, etc., is certainly the splendid Minister of the Solar Logos.

The Seven Lords of Time (the seven Chronides) know very well that Lucifer-Sabaoth is the one who bears the sword and the scale of Cosmic Justice, because to him is undoubtedly committed the norm of the weight, measure and number. He is Horus, Brahma, the Ahura Mazda etc., etc., etc.

Prometheus-Lucifer, placing his Verb (word) in the mouth of the wounded Titan, when speaking of the wretched mortals, exclaims with all of the strength of his soul:

*“I rescued men from shattering destruction
that would have carried them to Hades’ house;
and therefore I am tortured on this rock,
a bitterness to suffer, and a pain
to pitiful eyes. I gave to mortal man
a precedence over myself in pity...”*

Chorus observes very pertinently:

“That was a mighty boon you gave to men.”

Lucifer-Prometheus answers:

“Yes, besides this, I gave them fire.”

Chorus:

“And do creatures of a day now possess the flame- bright fire?”

Prometheus:

“Yes, and with it they shall master many crafts.”

However, it is easy to comprehend that with the arts which exalt and dignify man, the granted luciferic fire has turned itself into the worst damnation.

The animal element and the consciousness in its possession have changed the periodical instinct into animalism and chronic sensuality.

This is what is menacing humanity like a heavy funerary mantle. This is how the responsibility of free will surges; the titanic passions that represent humanity in its more somber aspect.

Hence, since we have already talked about the tenebrous aspects of the luciferic fire in our past Christmas Messages, now we only have to say that such a fire is neither good nor evil. All depends on how we use it. Precisely, sin and redemption are established upon this, in unison.

Ah..! If Amfortas, the King of the Grail, eminent successor of the Elder Titurel, would have taken advantage of that royal moment, the terrible moment of sexual passion, if in those moments of supreme voluptuousness he would have grasped the sacred Lance with firmness, then the evil Magician would not have snatched from him the sacred Shaft.

However, that noble Sir, in spite of knowing the secret of the Elohim, the mystery of the Creative Fire, he fell defeated upon the arms of Kundry, Herodias...

CHAPTER 18

ANGELS AND DEVILS

The ultra-modern Lucifer-Prometheus, frightfully devolving in time, has now converted himself into Epimetheus: "*The one who sees only after the event*" because the glorious universal philanthropy of the first has degenerated itself since many centuries ago into interest and self-adoration.

Oh, holy Gods! When will these chains that tie us to the abyss of mystery be broken?

In which epoch of the history of the world will the brilliant and free Titan of the past reemerge again within the heart of every human?

To die within oneself is radical, if indeed what we long for with all the strength of the soul is to harmonize the two natures, divine and human, in each one of us.

Invulnerability against the titanic inferior forces, impenetrability in great scale, are only possible by integrally eliminating our psychological defects, those horrible Red Devils mentioned in The Book of the Occult Abode...

Seth, the animal Ego, with all of its sinister subjective aggregates is accustomed to being terribly malignant, indeed...

It is written with flaming coals in the tremendous book of mystery that the Luciferin Mighty Boon, terrible as no one, at a later time turned into the principal cause, into the unique origin of evil for our own disgrace and for all of this afflicted world...

Thundering Zeus, the one who gathers the clouds, clearly represents the host of the primary progenitors, the Pitris, the Fathers who created man into his own image and likeness...

The few Sages who have existed in the world do not ignore that Lucifer-Prometheus, Maha-Asura, the "*Giver of light and fire*", horribly enchained to the mount Caucasus and condemned to the pain of living, also represents the rebel Devas who fell into animal generation in the dawning of life...

It is not irrelevant to cite in this book some of those Titans who fell at the beginning of the dawn...

First, let us remember Moloch, a luminous Angel of yore, a horrid King besmeared with the blood of human sacrifices, with the tears of parents and the desperation of mothers. Though for the loud noise of drums and timbales unheard went the cries of their children, who passed through fire to be pitilessly immolated to this execrable Monster, beautiful God from other times...

The Ammonites worshipped him in Rabba and its watery Plain, in Argob and in Basan, to the stream of utmost Arnon...

The legend of the centuries state that Solomon, son of David, King of Zion, built a temple to Moloch right on that opprobrious hill.

The seven Lords of time state that subsequently, this wise old King dedicated a sacred grove in the pleasant Valley of Hinnom to such a fallen Angel...

Such a fecund perfumed land, for such a fatal motive, then changed its name for Tophet and black Gehennan, a true type of hell...

Next following Moloch, a Man-Angel from archaic volcanic Lemuria, where the rivers of pure waters of life were pouring forth milk and honey, comes Baal Pehor, the obscene dread of Moab's sons, who dwelled from Aroer to Nebo, and even far beyond the South most of the desert of Abarim...

He dwelled also in Hesebon and Horonaim, in Zion's Realm, beyond the flowery dales of Sibma clad with Vines, and Eleale to the Asphaltick lake.

Frightful, left-handed, tenebrous Baal Pehor, he enticed the Israelites in Sittim on their march from the Nile to perform for him wanton rites, which cost them woes...

From there this Elohim, fallen amidst the luciferic reddish fires, his lascivious orgies he enlarged even to that hill of scandal, by the Grove of the homicidal Moloch...

Thenceforth, it is obvious that their abominable debauchery was established hard by hate, till pious Josiah drove them thence to hell...

With these terribly malignant Divinities, who in the ancient continent Mu were indeed exemplar men, humanized Angels, came those who from the bordering flood of old Euphrates to the brook that parts Egypt from Syrian ground, had the undesirable names of Baal and Ashtaroth...

Thereafter, continuing in a successive order came Belial from the Empyrean. Indeed, there is not a Spirit who fell more impurely lewd, or more grossly inclined to love vice than this creature, who in ancient Lemurian times was certainly a Master or Angelic Guru of ineffable splendors...

This Demon, a Deity in other times, had no temples stood, nor were any consecrations offered to him at any altar; nonetheless, no one is more often than he in temples and at altars.

When the priests turn atheist, as did Ely's sons, who disgracefully filled with prostitution and violence the house of the Lord, they are then, as a fact, converted into slaves of Belial...

Sublime Hierophant from archaic epochs of our world, delectable Angel, now an evil Luciferic-Demon, he also reigns in luxurious courts and palaces and in dissolute cities, where the noise of riot, lust and outrage ascends above their loftiest towers...

Thus, when night darkens the streets, then wander forth the children of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.

Witnesses of all these are the streets of Sodom and that horrible night in Gibeah, when its doors yielded a Matron to prevent a worse loathed rape.

Inspire me oh, ineffable Muses! Oh Gods, talk to me now, so that my style does not retract from the nature of this matter...

What would we say now about Azazel, a glorious Cherub, extraordinary man of the ancient earth?

Woe! Woe! Woe! How painful it is... This so excellent creature also fell into animal generation! How terrible is the thirst of sexual lust!

The fallen one unfurled the glittering staff, the imperial ensign, which full high advance shone like a meteor streaming to the wind with pearls and rich golden luster that depicts seraphic arms and trophies...

Mammon comes after, the least erected among the Men- Angels from ancient Arcadia, also fallen into bestial generation...

He was the first one who taught the inhabitants of the earth to ransack the center of the world. Thus, they did it, rifling the bowels of their mother Earth for treasures better hid forever...

The covetous band of Mammon soon opened into the mountain a spacious wound and extracted from its womb ribs of Gold.

Now, what will we say in regard to Mulciber? Indeed, his name was not unheard, nor did he ever lack fanatical adorers in ancient Greece. This is known by the divine and human...

The classical fable refers how Mulciber fell from Olympus, thrown by angry Jupiter over the crystalline, divine battlements. Nothing ought availed him then to have built in heaven high towers...

A man with genius from the purple race in the continent Mu, fallen into the abysses of sexual passion...

Finally, in order to conclude with this small list of Deities, fulminated by the thunderbolt of Cosmic Justice, it is necessary to state that in no way are missing in the

Pandaemonium (the high Capital of Satan and his Peers) Andrameleck, about whom we have already talked abundantly in our former Gnostic books, and Asmodeus, his brother...

Two resplendent Thrones from the starry heaven of Urania, also fallen into animal generation...

Exemplar men, Gods with human bodies in the land of Mu, abjectly wallowing in the bed of Procusto...

The Luciferic-Christic host who incarnated in the archaic Lemuria (induced by that nemesis or Superior Karma that controls the ineffable ones and that is known as the Law of Katancia) committed the mistake of falling into animal generation.

Fatal was for the human species the sexual downfall of the divine Titans who did not know how to use the mighty boon of Prometheus, thus rolling into the abyss.

Our Saviors, the Agnishvatta, the superior Titans of the luciferic fire, can never be cheated. They, the brilliant children of the dawn, know very well how to distinguish between what is a downfall is and what is a descent.

Some sincerely mistaken ones now compel themselves to justify the angelic downfall.

Metaphorically, Lucifer is the conductor-torch which helps the human being to find his route through the cliffs and the sand banks of life...

Lucifer is the Logos in its more elevated aspect and the 'adversary' in its inferior aspect, both reflecting themselves in and within each one of us.

Lactacio, when speaking about the nature of Christ, makes of the Logos, the Verb, the "first begotten brother of Satan and the first of all creatures."

Amidst the great tempest of the luciferic fire, squadrons of Angels and Demons (Prototypes and Antitypes) mutually combat each other.

If the good Sir Amfortas, King of the Grail, would have known how to properly use the luciferic mighty boon in the supreme moment of sexual temptation, then, it is ostensible that he would have passed through a radical transformation.

CHAPTER 19

THE PRECIOUS BALM

Kundry-Herodias, as the Hebraic Magdalene of other times, brings a delectable phial from the exotic Arabia...

Amfortas, the illustrious knight of the Holy Grail, asks urgently for a precious balm in order to heal his wounded heart...

This is an astounding passage from the Wagnerian drama, which should be gloriously sculpted over august marbles and with letters of gold...

Crystalline concomitance, in this case, is that event in which the great Kabir Jesus is anointed by the beauty from the palace of Magdala...

The Adorable One said: *"She hath wrought a good work on me. For ye have the poor with you always, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good: but me ye have not always."*

"She hath done what she could: she is come aforehand to anoint my body to the burying." Mark: 14: 6 -8.

She is a female of irresistible enchantments, breaking the alabaster phial of ointment to pour on the head of the dearest Rabbi of Galilee...

It is written with words of mystery that only the woman symbol, the original she-devil, prototype of that which is the most sublime and on par with that which is the most abject on the earth, is the unique one who indeed has the power of anointing us to the death...

Comprehension and elimination are radical if indeed what we want is to die within ourselves...

To discard the multiple psychological aggregates (defects), which in their horrifying conjunction constitute the animal ego, is certainly not an easy task; you know

It is better to drink the feminine liquor, which is the mandrake liquor. If you drink of it you will never err upon the path...

Sexual eroticism is indispensable. To love is indeed the most pure and delectable yearning...

A defect discovered in an integral way must be suppressed, removed, separated under the enchantments of Eros...

Do not forget your Divine Mother Kundalini: Isis, Rea, Cibeles, Tonantzin, Mary, Adonia, Insoberta...

Sex is a holy phial; put in it just a pure thought... Behind every kiss, there must be a prayer, behind every hug a rite of mystery... While in sacred copulation, ask and it shall be granted onto you, knock and it shall be opened onto you...

She, the one whose veil no mortal has lifted, will then eliminate what is undesirable, what is abominable; thus, you will die from moment to moment... this..

Hold your cup very well aloft while in the feast of love and be careful of not even spilling a drop of the precious wine...

Do not spill Hermes Cup, inebriate yourself with kisses and tenderness under the shade of the tree of knowledge, but do not swallow the golden apples from the Garden of Hesperides...

CHAPTER 20

ABSURD JUSTIFICATION

Extraordinary delirium of supreme bitterness is the one in which Lucifer-Prometheus exclaims:

*Oh divine ether! Breezes on swift bird- wings...
Behold what I, a God, from Gods endure!
And yet - what am I saying?- exactly I foresee
all that shall come to pass... what is determined now...
To suffer the fatal destiny that fate has given me;
for I know well the Law of Hades is unconquerable...*

With a lot of pain, oh Gods, I have read in a certain book whose title I do not want to mention a paragraph that literally states:

“For the Host who incarnated in a portion of humanity, though led to it by Karma or Nemesis, preferred free-will to passive slavery, intellectual self-conscious pain and even torture, ‘while myriad time shall flow’ to inane, imbecile, instinctual beatitude.”

The cited author continues emphatically stating:

“Knowing such an incarnation was premature and not in the programme of nature, the heavenly host ‘Prometheus’ still sacrificed itself to benefit thereby, at least, one portion of mankind.”

Obviously, this brings us the myth of excellence from all the ancient Theogonies, which is the myth of celestial rebellion or of the fallen Angels, those Titans who dare to fight even against the holy Gods...

Ineffable, terribly divine ones, converted into men, reincarnated Deities within human bodies...

Vain thing is to mistake a downfall with a descent! These Deities did not descend, they fell, and this is different...

Therefore and rightly so, this is why the Theogonies depict to us these divine Logoi as punished...

The universal myth considers them as failed ones, punished and fallen when they are obligated to live with their tenebrous legions in that inferior region, inferno, which is the name given to the earth's interior planetary organism. (Read chapter 18 of the present book).

It is written and with dreadful characters in the Book of the Law that a third of the host of those named Dhyanis or Arupas was simply condemned by the Law of Karma or Nemesis to incessantly be reborn in our afflicted world...

Billions of auras, breaths or horrifying gusts devolve now in the infernal worlds amidst the weeping, the darkness and the gnashing of teeth...

These are unhappy creatures from the Averno, falling into worlds whose density is always increasing, returning towards the primeval chaos...

Such lost souls impatiently yearn for the Second Death in order to escape from the underground world...

They are precious essences bottled up within all of those abysmal Egos, divine flames suffering..

These Budhatas of fallen Angels yearn to reenter into the elemental paradises of Nature...

These Auras, Breaths recommence thereafter the evolving march that will conduce them again from the stone until the human being...

The Divine Ones and humans know very well that the human species gained nothing with the downfall of those Titans of the fire...

What happened then with Moloch? What occurred then with Andrameleck and his brother Asmodeus? What then with Belial? What then with Baal Pehor? What then with Jahve?... Luminaries from ancient times; yet, now horrifying Demons...

But, the gold of the mind, what about that? The rational humanoids have never been endowed with Manas (Mental Body).

To Soma Heliakon, the golden body of the solar man, the supersensible vehicles of the soul, must be created in the Flaming Forge of Vulcan, you know this...

Within the symbolic apple of the Paradise of Hesperides or Pippala, the forbidden sweet fruit of sex, is found the clue of all powers...

Instead of the paradisiacal vehicles that the intellectual animal believes to be in possession of, only the Ego, the Myself, Mephistopheles, is what exists within each rational creature...

CHAPTER 21

THE PAPAPURUSHA

In the name of the one hundred virgins from the ineffable mystery that is hidden in the depth of all ages, it is now important to talk a little about the famous Hindustani Papapurusha (the 'I').

The old hermits from the sacred land of Ganges have the custom of mentally visualizing it in the left side of the cavity of the stomach and it having the size of the thumb. They imagine it with a wild aspect, red colored eyes and beard, holding sword and shield with its shirring forehead. This symbolical figure represents any of our psychological defects...

Mystical, unforgettable moment of exotic oriental beatitude is the one in which the anchorite Elders chant their sacred Mantras and concentrate themselves ecstatically in the region of their navel...

In those delectable moments of unsuspected joy, the Yogi must think in the Papapurusha, imagining it being reduced into ashes within the crackling fire.

Tears of profound repentance for the deeds committed in ancient times fall from the eyes of the penitent one, who in holy silence beseeches his Divine Mother Kundalini to eliminate from his interior this or that psychological defect.

This is, indeed, how the Sadhaka is dying from moment to moment. What is new arrives only with death...!

The Papapurusha is the Lunar Ego, Goethe's Mephistopheles, the dreadful Klingsor from the Wagnerian drama...

The terrible fact is by all means evident that the Papapurusha does not have a legitimate individuality, it is not a unique center of command, it is not a particular ray...

Each idea, any sentiment, this or that sensation, 'I love', 'I do not love', is without a doubt a different, distinct 'I'... These multiple 'I's are neither joined amongst themselves, nor are they coordinated in any way. Each one of them certainly depends upon the diverse exterior changes...

Any given 'I' fatally follows another, and some of them even give to themselves the luxury of appearing accompanied by others. Nonetheless, it is obvious that there is neither an order nor a system in this.

Some capricious groups of quarrelsome and shouting 'I's have amongst themselves certain psychic ties, constituted by natural associations of a completely accidental type: fortuitous remembrances or special similarities.

It is ostensible that each one of these fractions of the Papapurusha, each one of these psychic aggregates or 'I's represent, in any given moment, only a most inferior part of all our psychological functions. Nevertheless, it is unquestionable that any particular type of 'I' believes very sincerely that it is representing the whole...

When the wretched intellectual animal mistakenly called human says "I he has the false impression that he is talking of himself in his total, integral aspect. But indeed, it is any one of the innumerable subjective fractions of his Papapurusha that is speaking.

Moments later, he can totally forget it, and express with identical conviction any other antithetical idea, a simple manifestation of another 'I'.

The multiple contradictions of a psychological type have as a foundation the Pluralized 'I', which are the various phases of the Papapurusha.

The grave aspect of all of these psychological processes is that the wretched rational humanoid certainly does not remember anything about these things. In the majority of cases, he gives his reputation to the last 'I' that has spoken. This will be for as long as such an 'I' endures, that is to say, until a new 'I', which sometimes without any relation with the anterior one, expresses another strong opinion.

It is certain that the consciousness, bottled up inside all of those subjective fractions of the Papapurusha, sleeps profoundly. It is subconsciousness...

We need to convert the subconsciousness into consciousness and this is only possible by annihilating the Papapurusha...

So, in order to conclude with this chapter, it is important to analyze some very interesting words in Sanskrit; let us see:

AHMKRITA BHAVA: The meaning of these two Hindustani terms is egoic condition of our own consciousness.

It is obvious that the consciousness inserted into all of those psychological aggregates that constitute the Papapurusha fatally processes itself in accordance to its own bottled condition.

ATMAVIDYA: This is a mysterious word, a Sanskrit term filled with a deep significance. This must be translated as awakened consciousness freed from the Papapurusha, by means of the total annihilation of the latter one.

It is notorious that the consciousness, bottled up inside all of those subjective elements of the Papapurusha, does not enjoy authentic illumination. It is found in the state of millenary somnolence. It sleeps, it is always a victim of Maya (illusions).

ATMASHAKTI: This is a divine Sanskrit term. We point, indicate absolute spiritual power with this golden word.

As a result, consequence or corollary, we can and even must emphasize the classic idea that the consciousness cannot enjoy legitimate spiritual power while it is not yet integrally liberated from its Egoic condition.

The Wagnerian Parsifal, protected with the weapons of Vulcan, reduced into cosmic dust the monster of one thousand phases, the famous Papapurusha. Thus, only in this way did he re-conquer the innocence in his mind and heart.

If indeed it is true that in a remote past the son of Herzeleide had mortally wounded the Kalahamsa Swan, it is ostensible (and anybody can comprehend this) that when he entered into the lands of Monsalvat, lust no longer existed inside of him. He was pure, he had converted himself into a Saint, he had attained the ATMAVI DYA..

CHAPTER 22**AWAKE**

Oh, wretched intellectual humanoids! Wake up from your dreadful dream of Ajnana (ignorance)!

Open your eyes and attain the complete and absolute knowledge of Atman (the Being)!

Crown yourselves with the blessed laurel of poetry. It is important that we pour from the golden amphora of wisdom the sweet wine...

In the name of Iod-Heve, the Father who is in secret, and the Divine Mother Kundalini, you and I, beloved reader, must talk..

Ah! If you could comprehend what it is to be awakened...

Listen to me, I tell you, about the Dhammapada, the sacred work of Buddha Siddhartha Gautama...

For the awakened one, forbearing patience is the highest austerity. Nirvana is supreme, says the Buddha. He, verily, is not an anchorite who harms another. Nor is he an ascetic who oppresses others.

The awakened ones who are intent on meditation, who delight in the peace of renunciation, such mindful perfect Buddhas even the gods hold (most) dear.

To cease from all evil, to cultivate good, to purify one's mind: This is the advice of all those who are awakened.

Whoever honors those worthy of honor, those who have awakened, or honors their disciples who have overcome the malignant guest (the animal ego) and who have traversed through the floods of suffering; he who honors those worthy of honor, those who have reached liberation and who do not know fear, he has overcome Suffering, he has gained great merit.

Ah, happily do we live without hate amongst the hateful; amidst hateful men we dwell unhatting.

Ah, happily do we live if we restrain ourselves of afflicting those who afflict us, if amongst those who afflict us we dwell in good health (free from the disease of revenge).

Ah, happily do we live without yearning (for sensual pleasures) amongst those who yearn (for them); amidst those who yearn (for them) we dwell without yearning.

Ah, happily do we live, we who have no impediments. Feeders of joy shall we be even as the gods of the Radiant Realm who nourish themselves with happiness.

Four misfortunes befall the reckless person who consorts with another's spouse: acquisition of demerit, disturbed bed (filthy as well), punishment and states of woe (hell).

Those sages who are harmless, and are ever restrained in body, go to the deathless state (Nirvana), whither gone they never grieve.

Those who are ever vigilant, who discipline themselves day and night, who are wholly intent on Nirvana, will succeed by destroying their own passions.

This matter about destroying, discarding or eliminating psychological defects is radical in order to awaken consciousness.

Multiple aggregates of a subjective type (let us call them "I") particularize and give their characteristic feature to our passions.

Comprehension and elimination are indispensable in order to discard all of that variety of subjective elements which constitute the ego, the myself, the itself.

Comprehension is not everything. Somebody can comprehend in an integral way what the three classical forms of anger are: corporeal anger, emotional-moody anger and anger of the tongue. Nonetheless, this person can continue having all of them.

We can even give to ourselves the luxury of controlling the body, the emotional mood and the mind; yet, it is ostensible that this does not signify elimination.

When one wants to extirpate passions, then one has to call upon a superior power. I want to refer to the solar, sexual, serpentine power, which is developed in the body of the ascetic.

The mysterious word that defines such a power is Kundalini, the fiery serpent of our magical powers, the Divine Mother.

It is unquestionable that this creative energy particularizes itself in every creature.

As a sequence and corollary, we can and must even emphasize the transcendental idea of a particular Cosmic Mother in every human being.

Kundry, Herodias, Gundryggia, the woman of antonomasia, sleeping in the land of Monsalvat, must awake from her millenarian dream.

CHAPTER 23

THE SERPENTINE FORCE

When we speak with the very pure rising of the Divine Language, which as a river of gold runs under the dense jungle of the sun, then it is impossible for us to forget the magic 'S' that resounds within the umbra as a sweet and affable whistle...

That is the subtle voice, the one which Elias listened to in the wilderness. Apollonius of Tyana enwrapped himself with his famous wool mantle in order to beg to the holy Gods, asking them for the enigmatic sound...

The mystical note, the magic 'S' conferred to the old Hierophant the power of consciously projecting himself with his astral body.

Indeed, the 'S' has a certain similitude with the Hebraic letter 'TSAD', while the triform Greek 'SIGMA' is related with the 'S' and with 'SHIN' and 'SAMEK'; the latter one means 'sustain' and has the numerological value of 60.

It has been stated to us (which is known by any Kabbalist) that SHIN has the value of 300 and signifies "Tooth".

The addition of these two letters is therefore equivalent to the 360 degrees of the circle and to the sidereal days of the solar year.

However, we, the Gnostics must go much further beyond; we must inquire, scrutinize, search, discover the intimate existing relationship between the serpent and the cross.

The 'S' (Serpent) and the 'T' (Cross) are the esoteric symbols that profoundly complement each other.

The 'S' is simultaneously a Jehovistic and Vedantine truth. It is the serpentine power or mystic fire, the primordial energy or Shakti potential, which lies dormant within the magnetic center of the coccygeal bone.

The Sanskrit name of such a magnetic center is Muladhara. This is the church of Ephesus.

The Kundalini is the pristine force of the universe, the electric, occult power which underlies all organic and inorganic matter.

The sexual connection of the phallus with the uterus forms a cross. The Kundalini, the magic 'S', the snake, is found intimately related with that Cross or Tau.

The serpentine fire awakes with the power of the Holy Cross, this is ostensible.

‘Tau’ has precisely the marvelous significance of ‘Cross’ in Hebrew. It ends as the twenty-second letter of that alphabet and with the numeric value of 400.

It is easy to comprehend that the vowel ‘U’ is a modern letter derived from the ‘V’, as the ‘G’ is from the ‘C’, because of the urgent necessity of clearly distinguishing between the two sounds and naturally acquiring a Greek identical practical form.

Observe very attentively that marvelous curve which descends and ascends. The humiliation or descent into the Infernal Worlds, into the Ninth Sphere (sex) is a necessary preliminary for the exaltation or sublimation...

Whosoever wants to ascend must first of all descend, this is the Law. Every exaltation is always preceded by a humiliation.

The descent into the Ninth Sphere (sex) was, since ancient times, the greatest ordeal for the supreme dignity of the Hierophant. Hermes, Buddha, Jesus, Dante, Zoroaster etc., had to pass through that difficult ordeal.

Mars descends there in order to retemper his sword and conquer the heart of Venus. Hercules descends in order to clean the stables of Augias, and Perseus descends in order to cut off the head of Medusa with his flaming sword.

The perfect circle with the magic dot, a sidereal and Hermetic symbol of the King-Star (Sun) and of the substantial principle of life, Light and of the Cosmic Consciousness is, without any doubt, a marvelous phallic emblem.

Such a symbol clearly expresses the masculine and feminine principles of the Ninth Sphere...

It is unquestionable that the active principle of irradiation and penetration complement each other in the Ninth Circle with the passive principle of reception and absorption...

The Biblical Serpent presents us the image of the Creator Logos or sexual force which starts its manifestation from the potential latent state.

The Serpentine Fire, the Sacred Viper sleeps coiled three and a half times within the coccygeal church.

If we reflect very seriously in the intimate existing relationship between the ‘S’ and the ‘TAU’, cross or CT we then arrive at the logical conclusion, that only by means of the Sahaja Maithuna (sexual magic) can the creative snake be awakened.

I have published the clue, the secret in almost all of my former books. This consists of not ever spilling the Cup of Hermes during the sexual trance.

The clue is the connection of the Lingam-Yoni (phallus- uterus) without ever ejaculating the Ens Seminis (the entity of semen), because within that aforementioned substance is found latent the whole Ens Virtutis of the fire.

IAO is the fundamental mantra of the Sahaja Maithuna. Chant each letter separately while in the Laboratorium Oratorium of the Third Logos (during the sacred copulation)...

The sexual transmutation of the Ens Seminis into creative energy is a legitimate axiom of Hermetic Wisdom.

The bi-polarization of this type of cosmic energy in the human organism was analyzed ever since ancient times in the Initiatic Colleges of Egypt, Mexico, Greece, India, etc.

The ascension of the seminal energy to the brain is performed thanks to a certain pair of nervous cords that in the form of an eight splendidly unfold to the right and to the left of the dorsal spine.

We now have arrived at the Caduceus of Mercury with its wings of the Spirit that are always opened.

These pair of mentioned nervous cords can never be found with the scalpel, because they are rather of an ethereal, tetra-dimensional nature.

These are the two witnesses of the Apocalypse, the two olive trees and the two candlesticks standing before the God of the earth, and if any man will hurt them, fire proceeds out of their mouth and devours their enemies.

In the sacred land of the Vedas, these pair of nervous cords are known with the Sanskrit names of Ida and Pingala. The first one is related with the left nasal cavity and the second one with the right.

It is obvious that the first one of these two famous Nadis is of a lunar type. It is ostensible that the second one is of a solar type.

Many Gnostic students may be a little surprised to find that the roots of Ida are in the right testicle, when Ida is of a cold and lunar nature.

Many disciples of our Gnostic movement might receive the news as unexpected and unusual that Pingala really emerges from the left testicle, when Pingala is of a strictly solar nature.

Nevertheless, we must not be surprised, because everything in Nature is based on the law of polarities.

The right testicle finds its exact anti-pole in the left nasal cavity.

The left testicle finds its perfect antipode in the right nasal cavity.

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

It is unquestionable that within women, the order of these two olive trees of the temple are harmoniously reversed.

Old traditions which surge forth from within the profound night of all ages, state that when the solar and lunar atoms of the seminal system make contact in the Triveni, close to the coccyx, then as a simple electrical induction, a third magic force awakens. I want to refer to the Kundalini, the mystic fire of the Gnostic Arhat.

It is written in old texts of ancient wisdom that the inferior orifice of the medullar canal is found hermetically closed in common and current people. The seminal vapors open this canal in order for the sacred snake to penetrate through it.

Along the medullar canal a marvelous play of various canals are processed. Let us remember the Sushumna, the Vajra, the Chitra, the Centralis and Brahmanadi. The Kundalini rises through the latter one.

It is a frightful lie to affirm that after the incarnation of the Being (the Jivatma) within the heart of the human being, the sacred Serpent undertakes a return trip towards the coccyx, until remaining enclosed again inside the Muladhara Chakra.

It is a horrifying falsity to affirm that the fiery Serpent of our magical powers separates itself, venturing on a return trip through the initial path, after having its enjoyable union with Paramashiva.

Such a fatal return, the descent towards the coccyx, is only possible when the Initiate spills the semen. Then the Initiate falls, fulminated by the thunderbolt of Cosmic Justice.

The ascension of the Kundalini along the spinal column is performed very slowly, in accordance with the merits of the heart. The fires of the Cardias wisely control the miraculous ascension of the sacred Serpent.

Devi Kundalini is not something mechanical, as many suppose. The sacred Serpent awakens with the true love between man and woman and will never ascend through the dorsal spine of the adulterers and perverse ones.

It is good to know that when Had it, the Winged Serpent of Light awakes in order to initiate her march along the spinal medullar canal, it emits a mysterious sound very similar to any viper which is incited with a stick. This comes to remind us of the magical 'S'..

The Kundalini is developed, revolves, and ascends within the marvelous aura of the Maha-Choan...

It is not irrelevant to comprehend that when this serpentine fire arrives at the height of the heart, then the igneous wings of the Caduceus of Mercury are opened. Thus, we can then instantaneously penetrate into any of the departments of the Kingdom.

The ascent of this sacred fire throughout the spinal column, from vertebra to vertebra, from degree to degree, is frightfully slow...

It is ostensible that the thirty-three degrees of Occult Masonry, which belonged to one such as Ragon, or as Leadbeter, correspond with the total sum of these thirty- three spinal vertebrae.

When the Alchemist commits the crime of spilling the Cup of Hermes (I am referring to the ejaculation of the Ens Seminis), he obviously loses esoteric degrees, because the Kundalini goes down, descends one or more vertebrae in accordance with the magnitude of the fault.

Amfortas, the venerable Lord of the Holy Grail, while amidst the immodest arms of Kundry, Gundryggia, Herodias, the temptress Eve from the Hebraic Mythology, spilled the Mercury of the Secret Philosophy. Therefore, he fell fulminated by the Sixteenth Arcanum of the Kabbala.

The downfall of the rebel Angels did not benefit anyone; yet, instead, it disgracefully ruined the whole world... If the Angels would not have spilled the sacred Wine, then their nemesis would have been very different. Thus, the Lyre of Orpheus would not have ever fallen to the floor of the temple, smashing into pieces...

To descend into the Ninth Sphere is not prohibited and it is even indispensable for every exaltation; yet, to fall is different. Therefore, Amfortas fell; you know this...

When the Kundalini reaches the Sahasrara, the lotus of one thousand petals, situated in the superior part of the brain, She then betroths herself with the Lord Shiva, the Third Logos, the Holy Spirit.

It is written with letters of gold in the book of the Occult Mystery that the famous Tattwa Shiva-Shakti governs the Sahasrara (the Church of Laodicea).

We are always assisted by the Elohim in the Magisterium of Fire. They advise and help us.

The Adhyatmica University of the Wise periodically examine the aspirants.

The clue of human salvation is found in the medulla and in the semen, and anything that is not through this way signifies a useless waste of time...

Kundalini is the Goddess of the world adored by the wise. Only She can grant us illumination.

As soon as the Kundalini awakens in order to initiate its subliminal inward and upward ascent, the Alchemist then achieves the following six transcendental mystical experiences:

ANANDA: A type of spiritual enjoyment.

KAMPAN: Electric and psychic type of hypersensibility.

UTTHAN: Progressive increase of the Objective- Consciousness.

GHURNI: Intense mystical longings.

MURCHA: States of lassitude, spontaneous relaxation during the esoteric exercises.

NIDRA: A specific mode of dream that when combined with meditation becomes transformed into Samadhi (ecstasy).

To give testimony of the Truth will never be a crime. In my condition of Kalki Avatar or Sosiosh of the new Aquarian Era, I emphatically declare the following:

It is not possible to awaken the Kundalini with all of those multiple pseudo-esoteric procedures in vogue and taught in diverse schools.

The bellow system, with all its variety of Pranayamas, the diverse Asanas and forms of Hatha Yoga, the Mudras, Bhaktis, Bandhas, etc., will never place in activity the Serpentine Fire.

The igneous particles that escape from the sacred Flame during certain Yogic practices do not signify the awakening of the Kundalini. Unfortunately, many sincerely mistaken ones, filled with magnificent intentions, confuse the sparks with flame.

The Serpentine Fire can only be awakened and developed exclusively with sexual magic (Sahaja Maithuna).

The advent of the Fire is the most extraordinary cosmic event. This igneous element comes to transform us radically.

A certain transcendental memory comes into my mind in the moments in which I write these ardent lines:

On one occasion during an incorporeal travel, in a state of ecstasy or Samadhi, I dared to question my Divine Mother Kundalini in the following way:

Q. *“Is it possible that in the physical world there could be someone that could Self-Realize himself without the necessity of sexual magic?”*

The answer to this last question was tremendous:

A. *“Impossible my son, that is not possible.”*

She said this with so much vehemence..., that I frankly confess, I felt myself bewildered.

The serpentine fire is the mystic ‘Dwad’, the unfolding of the Unity, of the Monad, the eternal feminine aspect of Brahma, ‘Mother-God’...

The igneous Snake grants us infinite powers, among them being the Mukti of final beatitude, and the Jnana of liberation...

CHAPTER 24

THE MIRACLE OF TRANSUBSTANTATION

Lets us return to the Horacean lyrics and sing a little:

TO AN AMPHORAE OF WINE

*O nata mecum consule Manlio,
 Seu tu querellas siue geris iocos
 Seu rixam et insanos amores
 Seu facilem, pia testa, somnum,
 (Born with me under the consul Mantio,
 Soon thou inspirest quarrels, soon games and jokes,
 soon brawls among friends or crazy loves,
 soon tranquil dreams, pitiful amphorae).
 Quocumque lectum nomine Massicum
 Seruas, moueri digna bono die, Descende,
 Coruino iubente Promere languidiora vina.
 (The pure Massicum worthy of a great day,
 that thou hast loyally kept - what for?
 It does not matter
 offer it and descend, Corvino calls upon thee,
 thou languid flux, stingy; do not blench).
 Non ille, quamquam Socraticis madet
 Sermonibus, te negleget horridus:
 Narratur et prisci Catonis
 Saepe mero caluisse virtus.
 (It will not make of thee hideous,
 no matter how much deeply
 within Socratic books affably it is absorbed;
 that even the Elder Caton used, they say,
 to warm with wine his virtuous frown).
 Tu lene tormentum ingenio admoues
 Plerumque duro; tu sapientium
 Curas et arcanum iocoso
 Consilium retegis Lycaeo.
 (Stallion of affable torment, thou makest to utter
 whosoever that, with tardy genius,
 words cannot acquire;
 thou loosest the tongue of the wise who conceals
 his secret plans and his deep sorrows).
 Tu spem reducis mentibus anxiiis
 Viresque et addis cornua pauperi,
 Post te neque iratos trementi
 Regum apices neque militum arma.*

*(Thou grantest hope unto the heart that doubts,
 thou addest vigor unto the wretched one,
 and he, after some cups,
 firmly, the diadems of enraged kings
 and of their followers, their weapons confront).
 Te Liber et si laeta aderit Venus
 Segnesque nodum soluere Gratiae
 Vivaeque procucent lucernae,
 Dum rediens fugat astra Phoebus.
 (If Bacchus, if Venus smiling assist,
 if the Graces who gamboling together abet,
 thou then will endure upon the glimmering
 of loyal lamps
 until the stars are off by the dawn).*

We find a precious narrative in the Gnostic Mass which textually states the following:

Then Jesus, the Divine Great Gnostic Priest, chanted a delightful song of praise in the Great Name and Jesus said unto his disciples: Draw near unto me! And they drew near unto him.

Then he turned himself towards the four corners of the world, he extended his quiet look and uttered the profoundly sacred name 'JEU', He blessed them and breathed into their eyes.

And Jesus exclaimed unto them: Look above! Now ye are clairvoyant! Then, they raised their eyes to where Jesus was pointing and saw a great, exceedingly mighty Light which no human being in the world can describe.

The Great Priest Jesus said unto them anew: Look away out of that mighty Light and look towards the other side. Then, they saw a mighty Fire, Water, Wine and Blood. (Here occurs the blessing of bread and wine).

And Jesus proceeded and said unto his disciples: Amen, I say unto you: I have brought nothing into the world when I came, save the Fire, the Water, the Wine and the Blood of Redemption.

I have brought the Fire and the Water out of the region of the Light of lights, from there where the Treasury of the Light is found.

And I have brought the Wine and the Blood out of the region of Barbelo. And after a little while, the Father sent me the Holy Spirit in the form of a White Dove. But hear me: The Fire, the Water and the Wine are for the purification and forgiveness of sins.

The Gospel of Taciano gives testimony of the sacrament of the body and of the blood when saying:

And Jesus took bread, and blessed it. And gave it to the disciples, and said, "Take and eat."

"For this is my body which is given for you." And he took the chalice, and gave thanks, and offered it to his disciples.

And said: "Take and drink ye all of it. For this is my blood which is shed for many for the remission of sins."

"But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom."

"Do this in remembrance of me."

Luke unveils intelligently the deep significance of this mystical, magical ceremony, saying:

"Then came the day of unleavened bread, when the Pascal Lamb must be sacrificed."

"And Jesus sent Peter (whose gospel is sex) and John (whose gospel is the Word), saying, Go and prepare us the Passover, that we may eat." Luke: 22: 7-8.

The secret name of Peter is 'PATAR' with its three consonants, which in high esotericism are radical: 'P' reminds us of the Father who is in secret, the Ancient of Days of Hebraic Kabbalah. 'T' or TAU, crossed letter, already studied in our former chapter, is famous in Sex Yoga. 'R', RA, is the Sacred Fire, Divinity, Logos.

'JOHN' disarranges itself in the five vowels: I, E, O, U, A (IEOUAN, SWAN, CHOAN, IOAN) the Verb, the Word...

Peter dies crucified on the inverted cross, with his head towards the ground and his feet towards the heavens, as if he is inviting us to descend into the Forge of the Cyclops, into the Ninth Sphere, in order to work with the fire and water, origin of worlds, beasts, humans and Gods. Every authentic White Initiation begins here.

John, the ineffable one reposes his head over the chest of the great Kabir Jesus, as if he is stating: Love nourishes itself with love...

By all means, it is very easy to comprehend that the Creative Word awaits in mystical lurking, huddled in the depth of the arch, for the precise moment to be realized.

Whosoever knows, the Word gives power to. No one has uttered it, no one will utter it, except the one who has the Verb incarnated.

“In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.”

It is written with fiery words in the great book of the cosmic existence that first we must walk with complete firmness upon the path of PETER...

The Verb that reposes hidden within the profound and mysterious depth of all ages clearly teaches that it is necessary to subsequently traverse along the path of JOHN.

However, it is unquestionable that between these two terribly divine paths there exists an intermediate abyss...

It is urgent, it is indispensable to build a breach of marvels and prodigies between these two paths... then subsequently, to die from moment to moment.

To transmute in order to utter with the very pure rising of the Divine Language is certainly the deep mystical significance of the Gnostic Unction...

The bread and the wine, the seed of wheat and the fruit of the grapevine must be royally transformed into the flesh and blood of the Intimate Christ...

The Solar Logos, with its impelling and active life, makes the seed of wheat to germinate in order for the stalks to grow from millimeter to millimeter. Then, the Solar Logos, as if confined inside of a precious coffer, becomes enclosed within the dark hardness of this grain.

The solar rays, solemnly penetrating into the stump of the grapevine, are developed and unfolded in concealment, until ripened in the sacrosanct fruit...

The Gnostic Priest, when in a the state of ecstasy, perceives this Cosmic Substance of the Sun-Christ, which is enclosed within the Bread and Wine. Thus, he unbinds this Substance from its physical elements in order for the Christic atoms to victoriously penetrate within the human organism.

The Solar Christic atoms, these igneous existences, these secret agents of the Adorable One, work silently within the Heart-Temple, in order to invite us over and over again to tread the path that must conduce us into Nirvana.

The mysterious help of the Christic atoms by all means stand out.

Thus, the light shines within the darkness, and the twelve loaves of hallowed bread of the Proposition appear upon the Altar. This manifestation alludes to the twelve zodiacal signs or distinct modalities of Cosmic Substance.

This reminds us of the twelfth card of the Tarot, which is the Apostolate, the Magnus Opus, the union of the Cross with the Triangle...

Regarding the wine, which is derived from the ripe fruit of the grapevine, it is the symbol of the Fire, of the Blood and of the Life, which manifests itself in this Substance.

It is unquestionable that even when the words Vino, Vida, Vine (wine, life, grapevine) have distinct origins. Nonetheless, it cannot be denied that they have certain symbolic affinities.

Therefore, we cannot correlate vino (wine) with vis (strength), and with virtus (moral strength), as well as with Virgo (virgin, the Igneous Serpent of our Magical Powers) in any other way.

The Sahaja Maithuna (sexual magic) between male and female, Adam-Eve, on the delicious bed of authentic love truly keeps sublime rhythmic concordances with the mystical Agape of the Great Kabir Jesus...

The enchanted germ of the sacred stalk has its intimate exponent in the human seed...

The sacrosanct fruit of the vine is, indeed, the natural emblem of life that manifests itself with all of its splendor in the Substance.

Transforming the bread (seed) into solar flesh, and the exquisite wine into the Christic blood and Holy Fire is the most extraordinary miracle of Sex-Yoga.

The golden body of the Solar Man, the famous "To Soma Heliakon" (complete synthesis of the Christic vehicles) is the flesh, blood and life of the Creator Logos or Demiurge.

The living secret crystallization of sexual energy into the resplendent form of that glorious body is only possible with amorous magic...

Einstein, one of the great luminaries of the intellect, wrote a wise statement that says literally:

Matter transforms into energy.

Energy transforms into matter.

It is ostensible that through the Sahaja Maithuna, we can and we must transform the Ens Seminis into energy.

It is unquestionable that our sexual modus operandi allow us to transform the creative energy into the glorious flesh of the Man-Christ's Golden body...

To transform the bread into flesh and the wine (life) into royal blood, into the living and Philosophical Fire is to perform the formidable miracle of Transubstantiation.

The Wagnerian Parsifal, after too much bitterness, is wisely guided by his Guru Gurnemanz until the sacred Sanctuary of the Holy Grail, with the evident purpose of teaching him the Mysteries of the Transubstantiation.

From the heights, from the heaven of Urania, descends, as if by enchantment, a very pure dazzling ray of light, that when falling upon the divine Chalice, makes it to glow with a brilliant crimson color...

Amfortas, with a transfigured countenance, raises the Chalice (living symbol of the feminine Yoni) aloft and waves it gently round to all sides, consecrating the bread and the wine for the tables, while the joyful choruses chant the Eucharistic Hymn...

CHAPTER 25

SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND

The sacred Scriptures state: *“Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.”* Matthew: 7:7.

It is written with burning coals in the book of all mysteries that the *Lanu* or Disciple must question, if the intimate Self-Realization is what he truly longs for with all the strength of his soul.

The divine ones and humans know very well that Parsifal as Chela or Disciple did not become the king of the Grail because he did not ask for an explanation regarding the reason for Amfortas' agony.

The bread and wine of the transubstantiation are distributed on the sacred tables. The Brethren seat themselves at the feast. Parsifal, however, remains standing apart, in a state of mystical ecstasy. Finally, his delectable and ineffable exaltation ceases upon hearing Amfortas' cries of agony.

Gurnemanz, the ancient Hierophant believes Parsifal is unconscious and even pitiless to what is happening. Therefore, he comes up to him in a severe attitude and pushes him out of the sacred precinct...

In very seriously passing judgment on this brilliant theme of such a royal Wagnerian drama, glorious as no other, we can discover (not without a certain mystical wonder) the three esoteric classic degrees: Apprentices, Comrades and Masters.

The adolescent from the first part of the drama still does not know anything about the mansion of delights and the corner of love with its dangerously blossoming, lovely women; neither does he know anything about Kundry, Herodias, Gundryggia, the exquisitely sinful one. He is still the Apprentice of Occult Masonry...

The Parsifal of the second part is the man who courageously descends into the Dantesque Ninth Circle.

He is the Aspirant who works in the Flaming Forge of Vulcan, the Comrade.

The Hero of the third part is the Master who returns into the Temple after having suffered too much.

The boy of the first part does not even have his consciousness awakened. He is just one of those many peregrines who travel in much secrecy throughout the obscure jungles of life, in search of a compassionate traveler who can have, among his treasures, a precious balm in order to heal his painful heart...

The joy is very great when he finds on his suffering path the ancient hermit Gurnemanz, who serves him as Guide or Guru...

The Parsifal of the second part is the ascetic who consciously descends into the Infernal Worlds. He is the man who works in the Forge of the Cyclops, the Mystic who defeats the seven priestesses of temptation...

The devotee from the third part is the Adept dressed with the Wedding Garment of the soul, marvelous synthesis of the solar bodies, within which is contained the Superior Emotion, the Authentic Mind and the Conscious Will.

The triumphant return into the Temple of the Grail is the principal characteristic of the Parsifal from the third part.

The Anchorite returns into the sacred precinct, grasping with his dexterous hand the formidable holy Pike, the blessed Shaft...

CHAPTER 26

THE SPECTER OF KUNDRY

In the second act of this Wagnerian drama, a horrible dungeon and the inner keep of an old tower almost in ruins appears with sinister clarity.

A gallery of bare stone, steps inevitably leads up to the battlements of the Dantesque wall.

Darkness dreadfully reigns down below in the mysterious background of that black den, which is always accessed by descending from the dreadful abutment of the rampart.

Diverse instruments of Black Magic and necromantic apparatuses appear dispersed here, there and everywhere...

On the dreadful abutment of the abject rampart of abominations, to one side, is Klingsor, the tenebrous one, fatally sitting before the famous metal mirror of Magic...

The left-handed personage from darkness astrally sees marching past in the perfidious mirror all the extraordinary events from the former act, which occurred around the domains of the Holy Grail.

Supreme moments in humanity exist and this is precisely one of them. The terrible moment has arrived, the hour of great decisions.

The dismal Magician of darkness has achieved bringing towards his den (just as many other unfortunate Knights) the blameless boy Parsifal, with the evident machiavellian purpose of making him to dreadfully fall amidst the enchantments of the irresistible, terribly beautiful blossoming women.

That fascinating and tremendous hypnotic dream (in former moments we saw how Kundry, the no named woman, the original she-devil, the sanguinary Herodias, the harpy Gundryggia was submerged in it) is now providing all of its atrocious effects.

The Lord of darkness cries out with a great voice from the depths of the abyss, he invokes and calls...

Amidst the blue, malodorous smoke of disgrace, Kundry's specter rises up and appears. Myrrh, sulfur, incense and many other evocative perfumes burn in the censer.

"Ah..! Ah.. tenebrous night..! Mystery... Madness... Oh, rage!... Sleep...sleep of sorrow and disgrace...deepest sleep..! Death!..." So cries out the hedonic and original devilish female of all she-devils.

The left-handed, somber personage gives imperative commands; Kundry protests in vain; thus, she finally is subdued and is compelled to obey.

To resign herself to serve again as an instrument of perdition.. .what a horror..! To enwrap Parsifal with her enchantments, to make him fall as she did with the good King Amfortas is the command; yet, the unhappy unfortunate one is just a slave under the service of the perverse one.

Once the hypnotic command of the evil one is achieved, the whole tower rapidly sinks with him, and as an art of magic, a delectable garden rises in its place. This magic garden fills the whole stage.

A splendid, tropical and luxuriant vegetation lasciviously extends itself, as if it is voraciously awaiting for the complete satisfaction of bestial pleasures...

Dressed with a royal attire of a gamut of silk and crowned with bright reddish trees, the specter of Kundry rises in order to see from afar the magnificent and broad panorama.

Mute, perplexed, she listens to the white river that, amidst the rocks, roars while sundered into streamlets, and she sees portrayed upon the watery mirrors the omnipotent flame of the golden Sun.

The stars within the immense space, on a throne of amaranth, stand abreast, sprinkling with crystalline drops the black leaves of the sleepy acanthus.

CHAPTER 27

THE NYMPHS

In the cavernous background of mystery, the fatal battlement of the very ancient rampart is exotically shown, upon whose side appears strange projections of the millenary castle building of Klingsor and its splendid terraces of arabesque style...

Upon the sacred terror of these strange enigmatic battlements, the Wagnerian Parsifal emerges standing, as if by enchantment, gazing in astonishment into the bewitched gardens...

The beautiful females of the holy predestination, unfortunately perverted by the spirit of evil, appear everywhere.

Many dangerously beautiful, young Nymphs emerge, as if by dint of magic, from many places, from the gardens, as well as from the magnificent palace.

They come in groups, others individually, all in an always increasing number, semi-naked, exquisite, frightfully provocative.

The Nymphs, who were joyfully sleeping with their lovers (the unfortunate Knights of the Grail who felt amidst their amorous snares), as if they were awakening from an erotic dream, abandon now their beds of pleasure...

It is the hour of temptation and they have returned again to their ancient adventures in search of a new victim...

They have come from all of the passages of the night:

Behold them there! There are heads browned under the sun, as well as mature ones. There are also heads that are as if touched with gloominess and mystery, heads crowned with laurels, heads that would like to repose in heaven, some that cannot reach to smell the spring and many others that transcend the winter's flowers.

What a terrible eagerness that agitates the bosom of every Nymph, when she beholds the boat that embroiders upon the waters its fugitive trail..!

They, the delectable feminine beauties are intent now to seduce with their enchantments the Wagnerian young man; yet, he, with his Herculean arm, pushes them away with indignation..!

"Unique love, already so mine, that time will season, why do you despise me?" cries out a desperate one...

“My hands have forgotten thee, but my eyes have beheld thee; thus, when the world is bitter in order to behold thee I close my eyes.” “cries out another one...

“I do not want to cherish thee ever, since I do not want thy life to break asunder my dream’s creations by your cherishing.” This is what a female dreamer says.

“As one day thou gayest it to me, thine living image I possess, so thy remembrance daily washes my eyes with tears.” This is how the most provocative female murmurs in the ear of that young man...

Thus, the Nymphs, or mutable females from all times were at that point preoccupied...

They were momentarily suffering for Parsifal, they were even doing the impossible...!

The musical transition which emphasizes the whole of this thousand-and-one-nights scene has totally fascinated the most demanding audiences of the whole world...

In this igneous transition from this Colossus exist color, love, perfume, unutterable sorcery, all of that which, indeed, can seduce the human senses.

Regardless, it is obvious that this Hero does not succumb in the battle against temptations...

Nonetheless, this is not everything. What is most terrible is still missing: the encounter with Kundry, the woman of antonomasia, the woman-symbol, the marvelous Eve from Hebrew Mythology.

CHAPTER 28

THE ORIGINAL SHE-DEVIL

From within the enchanted dream of those bewitching flowers breaks out the magical voice of Kundry, the original She-Devil, the prototype of perdition and of downfall; she, the one who not even Amfortas himself, the marvelous King of the Holy Grail, could in a foregone time resist.

The mysterious female cries out passionately, calling the Hero by his own name, the name with which, in other times, his loving mother tenderly used to name him.

“Parsifal, stay here” cries out the sweet voice. *“Here linger! Parsifal! To greet you, pleasure and joy are here... You, vulgar amorous women and flimsy children, leave him alone; fast-withering charming flowers, be off..!”*

When hearing these words, the voluble, variable and versatile Nymphs remain profoundly reluctant.

It is written (this is known by many people) that those malignant beauties subsequently disappeared laughing into the tenebrous castle of Klingsor.

Parsifal looks around timidly to the side of love whence the voice came forth...

Then, he contemplates the vision of such a young and splendorous, beautiful woman. The provocative Kundry appears in altered form lying on a flowery couch, embellished with the most fantastic and tempting light veil-like garment that the Arabian style could ever dream of.

“Were you perhaps, oh sublime feminine beauty, the one who called to me? Did you call to me, the nameless?”

“Are you also (oh Gods!) a flower grown and detached from this perfumed garden?”

“Yes”, answered Kundry, that impetuous blond woman who was named Herodias. Her so tender words resound with heartbreaking accents, as a very sweet lyre...

“I name you, foolish pure one, Fal-Parsi...”

“So pure and foolish: ‘Parsifal’, there, in the far exotic land of Caliphs and Sultans, your father Gamuret so named you, his son, who in your mother’s womb were stirring. Precisely, to give you these tidings I was waiting here.”

“However, indeed, I was not born amidst this garden of marvels as the other beauties...”

“Far, far from these enchantments of a thousand-and- one-nights is my beloved homeland. Just for you to find me, I lingered here awhile in this corner of passionate joys.,,

“From very far lands hence came I, many extraordinary things I have seen; expecting you so that you might listen...”

“It is good for you to know that I have the joy of knowing your mother Herzeleide...”

That exceptional woman for ever weeping, born of sorrow, but laughing while before the grief for your father’s love and death. Placing her hope as the most high and imperious holy duty, she decided to save you from fate like his. From clash of arms, from men in deadly conflict, she ever strove to shield you and protect you.

“Mother sweetest, dearest mother, who had one time pomegranate lips, ivory teeth, long curls of hair falling as a cascade upon those, her warm and perfumed shoulders, upon that, her body chiseled with burin...”

“Holy, truest, dearest mother who had one time all the enchantments of a beautiful Houri; tender, white and perfumed mother, as a Madonna lily that, when opening its calyx, on tender mosses you were cradled.”

“So anxious was she, ah, and fearful: such grieves that never would disturb you. Can you remember her anxious cry when late and far you were roaming?”

“Mother, sweetest, dearest mother, who in those nights of full moon placed a swing in the great tree of your garden...”

“There she brought sweets to you and your dinner scented with moss, carnation, verbena, roses, peaches and jasmine...”

“You were heedless of all her care, of all her anguished grieving, when one day you did not return and left no trace behind you...”

“Long days and nights, for you she anxiously waited, until her cries grew silent, and died...”

CHAPTER 29

THE TERRIBLE KISS

In a tremendously growing surprise due to the marvelous narrative of Kundry, the original she-devil, Parsifal sinks down at the beauty's feet, struck with awe and overwhelmed by the most intense distress.

Kundry states *"Had you felt such grief, then consolation's sweet relief within your heart you did not know; let sorrow that you feel, let torment yield to the joy that love can reveal...!"*

"Acknowledge your ignorance and then it is ended; by knowledge your folly soon is mended. Of love now learn the rapture that Gamuret once learned, when Herzeleide's passion within him fiercely burned! For love that gave you life and being, must death and folly both remove, love sends you now a mother's blessings greet a son with love's first passionate kiss!"

While delectably speaking with her so touching language, Kundry, the most superb beauty, has bent her enchanting head completely over the head of Parsifal, and now presses her accursed purple lips to his mouth in a long and ardent kiss...

Nevertheless, there is a time for everything. The igneous contact of such a frightful sexual passion initiates a gesture of intense terror in the hero of this Wagnerian drama..

As though to subdue a rending pain in his heart, he cries out with all of the strength of his soul: *"Amfortas! The Spear-wound! The Spear-wound...!"*

"It burns here in my heart! Oh! Torment! Torment! Fear-fullest torment! The cry of anguish pierces my soul. Oh! Oh! Keen anguish! Piteous sufferer! The wound that I saw bleeding is now bleeding in me! Here, here...!"

"No! No! Not the Spear-wound is it, still freely the blood may stream from my side! It is here! Here, a flame in my body!"

"It is the yearning, the wild fearful yearning that fills my senses and holds them fast with fire! Oh! Pain of loving..."

"The whole of my being throbs, blazes and shakes in sinful guilty yearning!"

The best comes afterwards: The hero evokes the remembrance of the sacred Cup and the divine blood shed by the sin. Thus, heroically, he rejects Kundry, the Wagnerian Magdalene who dreadfully wallows, lying on her flowery couch, agitated by the most tremendous lust...

In vain, Kundry then appeals to all the enchantments, deceptions and artifices suggested by her cunning. The hero escapes away from her...

The exasperated and defeated sinful woman, without giving up what she thought was an easy prey, calls in her aide, the Magician, who appears on the rampart holding the Lance of the Lord...

He hurls the Spear against Parsifal with the intention of wounding him, as he did with Amfortas. Yet, since the hero is pure, he becomes invulnerable. Thus, the Spear remains hanging over Parsifal's head, who then seizes the Spear, and in an ecstatic gesture swings it in the sign of the Cross...

Under such a kind of conjuration, the tenebrous castle of Klingsor falls into the horrible precipice, converted into cosmic dust...

The garden of delights withers to a simple penitent's desert and the ground is scattered with faded women- flowers, which whirl on the ground, swept away by dreaded hurricanes...

Terrible moment is that one in which Kundry, the malignant beauty, sinks down with a cry, as if she was fatally wounded...

Parsifal pauses victoriously, withdraws and disappears...

CHAPTER 30

PRACTICAL METAPHYSICS

The authentic Magic, the practical metaphysics of Bacon, is the mysterious science that allows us to control the subtle forces of Nature.

Practical Magic is in accordance with Novalis, the prodigious art that allows us to consciously have influence over the interior aspects of the human being and of Nature.

Love is without any doubt the intimate ingredient of Magic. It is ostensible that the marvelous substance of love works magically.

Goethe, the great German Initiate, also declared himself in agreement with the magical existence of a Creative Being, with a psychic Magic that acts over the bodies.

The fundamental law of every magical influence is based on polarity. ‘All of us human beings, without exception, have certain amounts of electric and magnetic forces in ourselves. Therefore, similar to a magnet, we exert a force of attraction and a force of repulsion... This magnetic force is very powerful, especially among men and women who adore each other, and it is unquestionable that its action reaches very far.’

“The word Magic comes from the Aryan root Magh (it also comes from the Persian Magu, Sanskrit Mahas, Latin Magis, and Mebr that in German means more), signifying in its own sense a way of understanding and a knowing ‘beyond that of ordinary evaluation.’”

In the name of truth we have to state the following:

Neither hormones nor patented vitamins is what humanity needs in order to live, but complete knowledge of YOU and ME, which is the intelligent interchange of the most selected effective faculties between man and woman.

Sexual Magic, Maithuna, is based on the polar properties of the man and the woman, which without any doubt, have their potential element in the phallus and the uterus.

Sexual functionalism deprived from any spirituality and from any love is only one pole of life.

Sexual yearning and spiritual longing in a complete mystical function constitute in themselves the two radical poles of every sane and creative eroticism.

The physical body is for us, the Gnostics, something like a materialized and condensed soul and not an impure, sinful element, as the authors of absolute asceticism of a medieval type suppose.

In contraposition to absolute asceticism with its denying life character, emerges as if by enchantment the revolutionary asceticism of the new Aquarian Era: that is the intelligent mixture of what is sexual and what is spiritual.

By all means, it stands out that Sexual Magic or Sex Yoga leads intelligently to the mystical union of the soul with sexuality, that is to say, vivifying sexuality. Then, what is sexual stops being a motive of shame, dissimulation or taboo. Thus, it becomes profoundly religious.

The Magic Consciousness is an outcome of the complete integral fusion of spiritual enthusiasm with sexual yearning.

It is urgent, unavoidable and indispensable to emancipate ourselves from the vicious circle of the vulgar coupling, and to consciously penetrate into the glorious sphere of the magnetic equilibrium.

We must rediscover ourselves within our beloved one, to find in him/her the path of the razor's edge.

Sexual Magic prepares, commands, fastens, ties and unties repeatedly, in harmonic rhythms, those thousands of millions of physical and psychic contrivances that constitute our own particular interior universe.

There are difficulties we have to recognize, for what is unquestionable is the double problem that the nervous currents and the subtle influences that in a conscious or unconscious way exert upon our psychic mood.

To wisely govern such delicate mechanisms, currents or influences during the sexual trance is only possible by means of the personal experience of each one of us.

This specific type of knowledge becomes non transmissible, since it is the outcome of individual experimentation. It is not something that can be shown as apprehensible and visible.

CHAPTER 31

THE NERVUS SYMPATHICUS

The 'Nervus Sympathicus' is fundamental in all the rituals of High Magic. Without any doubt, it is in itself a potent condenser of feelings that alternates and concentrates the whole marvelous circuit of our psychic faculties and through which our thoughts, concepts, desires, ideas and yearnings, etc., are governed.

Nuclear physics has come to demonstrate in an impressive, clear and definitive way that all matter is immaterial.

It is unquestionable that all the internal cellular rhythms are psychic (psyche).

The unity of the body and the essence manifests itself in a form of electrode vibrations through the realm of exterior and interior sensations.

Indeed, only by means of the intimate esoteric aspiration directed towards the whole, towards the inevitable, towards the insuperable, can men and women who adore each other become complete, integral, unitotal.

It is written with golden words in the great book of cosmic existence that only in that masculine-feminine plenitude can the opposite sexes find the reciprocal perfect equilibrium.

With the simultaneous submission to our Father who is in secret and to our Divine Mother Kundalini, man and woman have in their hands Ariadne's slender thread of mystical ascension, the golden hemp string that will guide them from the darkness to the light, from death to immortality.

It is indubitable (any competent esotericist knows it) that the authentic, procreative, psychic and spiritual forces are deposited in the vital depth or Lingam Sarira of our organism.

The 'Sympathicus' or secondary nervous system, with the whole web of its sensible ganglionic nets, is the mediator and conductor towards the interior reality that definitively not only influences the organs of the soul, but also governs, directs and controls the most important centers in the interior of our organism.

It is evident, clear and manifested that the 'Sympathicus' also guides in an equally mysterious way the marvels of fetal conception and the activities of the heart, kidneys, suprarenal capsules, sexual glands, etc.

The 'Sympathicus', by means of the molecular current and the crystallization of cosmic rays, balances amidst the rhythms of the universal fire all the physical and psychic elements that are subordinate to it.

The 'Nervus Sympathicus' is also a marvelous, extraordinary and formidable 'Nervous Ideoplasticus'.

We must emphasize the idea that the secondary system works as a mediator between the tridimensional subjective life and the interior world of spiritual objectivity.

The 'Nervus Sympathicus' is the great medial equilibrant that pacifies and reconciles the pair of opposites of philosophy within the living depth of our consciousness.

The revolutionary Gnostic movement affirms that the medieval Christian asceticism now becomes extemporaneous, antiquated and reactionary.

It is ostensible that in these Aquarian times, many ancient sexual cults, frequently Asiatic in their origin, will awake to life anew.

CHAPTER 32

ADAM KADMON

The primeval human beings, the sexual androgynous Adam-Kadmon, reproduced themselves by means of imagination and willpower united in a vibrant harmony.

It is written with fiery coals in the book of all mysteries that in the union of these two magic poles (imagination and willpower) is found the clue of all powers.

Ancient Kabbalistic traditions state that the human being lost that creative, imaginative and volitive power because of the downfall into sin... They state that due to it, the human being was expelled from Eden. Such a Kabbalistic concept has solid foundations.

To reestablish that original unity of the primeval androgyny is precisely the principal objective of Sexual Magic.

By means of Sex Yoga with its famous Sahaja Maithuna we make ourselves integral, unitotal, complete.

The transcendental cosmic depth of sexuality is unquestionable. Esoteric sexology permits us to perform an electrical-biological link between those psychic and physiological transcendental mysterious zones, in order to convert ourselves into authentic Mutants.

The love for our spouse is mystically united with splendid representations that have their origin in the world of the pure Spirit.

The hour in order to see the sexual functions, not as a motive of shame, taboo or sin, but as something infinitely elevated, sublime and terribly divine has arrived.

Therefore, Sex Yoga, Maithuna, works by transfiguring us radically and by obviously giving an ideal accentuation to that which is sexual in the soul of each one of us.

Capable of Sexual Magic are those intelligent and comprehensible people who try to transcend the dualism that separates the psychic world from the physical world..

Creative imagination is the marvelous agency of sexual life and it possesses in itself a divine cosmic quality.

Only the magical mirror of imagination is the one that holds in itself the will of our Father who is in secret.

Therefore, the willpower and imagination of two lovers (man and woman) who love each other give rise to the ability of giving form to their intimate universe by means of their common sexual ardor.

In all the old books of ancient wisdom it is always stated about the ‘sacred island’ and about the Holy Gods.

Such a blessed and imperishable island has never throughout the history of the innumerable centuries participated in the Nemesis of the other continents. This is because, indeed, it is the only land whose unique destiny is to endure from the beginning until the ending of the Mahamanvantara, passing through each Cosmic Round. This island is without any doubt the archaic paradisiacal cradle of Adam-Kadmon, the first human root race, androgynous people, protoplasmic, capable of reproducing themselves, as we already stated, by means of the power of imagination and willpower united in vibrant harmony.

This is a venerated island, an exotic abode of the last divine mortals, selected at that time as a Shishta for the seed of this pigmy-like humanity.

This thousand-and-one-night land from the ‘Jinn’ paradises is located in the septentrional regions of the world.

“The northern polar star fixes its vigilant sight upon it, from the dawn until the termination of the dusk of a day of the Great Breath.”

This is a blessed Island that we must search for within the very bottom of our inner consciousness.

Adam-Kadmon must be born within each one of us, by means of the marvelous power of Sexual Magic.

This is how you will fill one hundred lachrymatories with the salt of your eyes. This is how you will frightfully sigh until fighting an impetus against the painful wind, which by passing by is cruelly destroying the perfumed petals of the flowers of your gardens. This is how you will bitterly weep until hurting to death the bosom of the starry night. I swear to you by the Eternal Living God that by no means can your Intimate Self-Realization be possible if you remove from your life the joy of love, of Sexual Magic.

CHAPTER 33

THE DIVINE COUPLE

It is a terrible moment when the erotic weapons of the overwhelming passionate love (very special patrimony of Kundry, the superior woman, the most enchanted and pernicious of all creatures in their eternal victory) must enter into activity.

The rugged vesture of that penitent one from the sullen land, of that loyal messenger of the Holy Grail, has disappeared.

Kundry, Herodias, Gundryggia is now the nubile feminine beauty with all the marvelous power of her irresistible magical fascination.

Amidst the delectable penumbra of the garden, it is understood that the bewitched conjuration from the evil Magician has frightfully enveloped her within his fatal sortilege.

The enslaving discharge from the abysmal desideratum is frankly already unavoidable.

Thus, as it is natural, the miserable beauty suffers within the unknowable profundities of her intimate consciousness.

The very beautiful and frightful scene of sexual temptation has started amidst the fascinating mirrors of life...

Only God knows what happens within the psychic depths of that provocative woman. It is unquestionable that within such an adorable female exists a battle of the woman against the woman, of the temptress against the redeeming one, of love against the cruel perfidy that poisons everything.

It is obvious that the two Kundrys struggle hand to hand within the miraculous soul of that beauty.

It is ostensible that in the depth of mystery this fascinating sweet creature becomes just another victim of the perverted natural impulses.

Enslaved by the sexual passion of the enjoyment that man's attraction exercises over her own self, constrained by the magical potency of the conjuration, she then inclines to her feminine ingenuity in order to subdue the young man to his temptations.

When penetrating into this part of the Wagnerian drama, it is important to remember that the Persians were seeing in the woman the aspect of illusion, the element of absolute seduction.

Regarding the nature of this Persian ideology, what is clear are those allegories and adopted stories from the Koran, especially, the one of Joseph and Potiphar where the aspect of the woman is shown as a universal danger.

Thus, Firdawsi transforms Potiphar's wife into Luleica who with her physical enchantments not only induces Joseph into temptation, but, rather, her intention was to apprehend the virtuous one through magical manners in the hallucinating snare of her lasciviousness.

Thus, she received Joseph in a hall of mirrors. Her red hair, her damned purple red lips, the rosy nipples of her erect nacreous breasts, her whole body anointed and undulant were dazzling him, here, there and everywhere he directed his sight.

Accordingly, with this interpretation of the Persian story, the Patriarch Joseph could not resist and he succumbed to her craftiness.

In this marvelous representation of the magic mirrors is found hidden the whole mystery of sexual fascination.

Nature inclined to passionate voluptuousness is without any doubt a unique seduction, and works upon all living creatures in a hypnotic way.

The tridimensional world of vain appearances imprison us horribly in this way, since we invariably succumb to the enchantment of our sexual antipode.

Kundry, Herodias, Gundryggia, the mystic Magdalene from the Wagnerian Parsifal does not ignore the living secret of her own existence. She knows very well by her own nature and instinct that she can only be liberated from the left-handed and tenebrous power of Klingsor if she finds in her path of bitterness a strong man capable of defeating himself and thus rejecting her.

"Weak all men...! I am accursed and I bring all of them to their downfall... !" exclaims the temptress.

Temptation is fire, the triumph over temptation is light. Blessed be the woman, blessed be love, blessed be the beings who adore each other.

It is indubitable that the ancient religious cults in Greece, Chaldaeia, Egypt, Persia, India, Mexico, Peru, etc., were one hundred percent of a sexual nature.

Without any doubt, the acknowledgment of the sexual potency as a supra-terrestrial, engendering and creative force is fundamentally more self-ennobling and dignifying than the medieval attitude that relegates sex when considering it something low, sinful, filthy and an enemy of the soul.

In the sexual cult of ancient Greeks, the mortal couple aspired with all the forces of their soul to reflect in themselves the joy of the divine couple.

It is stated by the legend of the centuries that the celebration of sacred nuptials were in practice in Greece and equally so in Rome.

The man and the woman (Adam and Eve) anointed, preciously arrayed and crowned with sublime flowers, after a ceremony in the temple, were directing themselves to their mutual encounter as God and Goddess, in order to be participants of the ritual embrace, which is that happiness of the supreme couple who reigned in heaven and earth.

Each man was represented as Zeus and each woman as Hera in the sexual amorous act, thus performing a magnificent connection of the Lingam-Yoni.

It is ostensible that the joyful couple were withdrawing themselves from the sexual act without spilling Hermes' Cup.

Thus, sexuality at that time was the likeness of a formidable cosmic event that was making the whole universe to be shaken.

This is something that we must never forget, such a sublime identification with the Divine can only be acquired by couples who are truly awakened, individualized, illuminated.

Sacred experience, alchemical weddings, ritual embrace, joy without limits for the sacred couple can only be accessible to the Adepts of the White Fraternity.

Homer, the great Greek poet has verified a sublime and magical description of the divine couple Zeus-Hera.

Beneath them, the germinating earth burst with fresh green grass, lotuses, succulent clover, hyacinths and saffron, so thick and soft it lifted their bodies off the hard packed ground... and there they laid down together and drew about them a golden marvelous cloud, and the sparkling dew fell upon the ground.

CHAPTER 34

FAL - PARSI

The gospel of the New Aquarian Era is found within Richard Wagner's grandiose work, Parsifal.

This is the doctrine of the synthesis, the primeval religion of humanity, hidden since the sad days in which the archaic wisdom, the symbolic temple, was entombed by the ruins of the Initiatic Mysteries. This was due to the tenebrous advent of Kali Yuga.

With the whole delectable artifice of her enchantments, emerging from within the perfumed grove in order to tempt Fal-Parsi, Kundry is the beauty of holy predestination, perverted by the spirit of evil.

In the resistance, in the chastity of this young man lies the salvation of Kundry (of the woman). Yet, she is distrustful. A strong man does not exist for her; the intellectual animals are very weak.

This precious female comprehends that she can only be liberated from the chains of slavery when she finds in her path a man sufficiently strong enough to reject her while in complete sexual coupling.

She meets Fal-Parsi, the young man. She foresees his mission. Thus, she resists in removing herself from him; yet, she is afraid of defeating him, since she is very sure of the power of the sortilege.

This remarkable beauty, dressed in so much Arabian refinement, astutely starts to call him with his familiar name of Fal-Parsi. Then, she continues with the law of intimate associations, carrying him finally through the path of feelings, until the very sexual origin of his existence.

The exotic priestess of this delectable temptation from the thousand-and-one-nights wants to establish a passionate vibration in the sexual center of this young man, with the evident purpose of making him to faintly fall upon her immodest arms...

The previous seduction of the blossom-women of Klingsor, the Black Magician, is also traditional among the Asiatic people. There has never existed a sacred hero who has not passed through this seduction.

Krishna, the charioteer, piercing Nysumba (the oriental Kundry) with his fiery eyes, and the seven priestesses of temptation (among the Druzian Syrians) who try to seduce the Initiates, constitute the basic root of the esoteric studies.

The great Kabir Jesus tempted by the Kundry of Egyptian Mysteries was indeed the Parsifal of the sunny country of Kem.

But what can we say about the blossom-women who terribly assaulted the great Master in the sacred land of the Pharaohs?

The Touchstone, the Alma-Mater of the Magnus Opus is found in Kundry, the woman of antonomasia, the woman symbol. Without her presence, we are inevitably condemned to the abyss and to the second death.

Adorable woman...! You are the path of the razor's edge, the rocky path which leads to Nirvana...

Who could grant me the joy of taking your white hands so that I may press my heart with them, and so that I may ardently kiss them while listening very attentively to your very sweet fascinating words, my love...!

Who could grant me the joy of feeling upon my chest your languid head so that I may listen to your divine sighs of love and poetry...!

Who could grant me the joy of placing chastely and softly my lovable lips upon your head of hair, so that you can feel my soul softly weeping with each kiss that I could leave upon it!

Who could grant me the joy of stealing a single, marvelous, gleaming ray from the light of your sight in calm, so that I can have thereafter something to light the solitude of my soul...!

Oh, who could grant me the joy of being your own shadow, the very sweet environment that your countenance bathes, and from your celestial eyes, to be the tear which trembles in your eyelashes.

Thus, I want to be a whole heart of happiness, nest of light and of divine flowers, on which your dove like soul can sleep the virginal dream of your love...

Gundryggia, Herodias, Kundry, remember that you are the secret pathway of Mystery...

CHAPTER 35**THE SUPREME CLUE**

When the world, like Tantalus who aspires in vain to reach an ideal, bends itself because of the weight of the stone of Sisyphus, and expires burned by the tunic of Nessus...

When equally tenebrous and flashing, it imitates Barrabas and abhors the Just One, and as a Pigmy with longings of a giant, it wallows in the bed of Procustus...

When wailing amidst horrible convulsions, in order to expiate its criminal faults, torn by its ardent passions as Actaeon by his ferocious dogs...

When fastened to its fatal chains it drags its miseries through the mud and everyone selfishly in grief turns a back to everybody's affliction, then, the great Avatars who teach the secret path are born...

Sacred candlestick that in the austere chapel burns without rest as a clear offering and consumes its wick and its wax in order to dissipate the obscurity of the altar; glorious cup where God encloses all that which is love...

Sublime Parsifal, whose ambition is to wound Satan amidst the roar of the lightning and the terror of the thunder...

Phoenix bird that in refulgent tasks enlivens the fire of its harsh combustion, thus, dying and becoming flying cinder from where it emerges reborn anew, victorious and pure...
All of these are what the Initiate is in his fatal exile...! He sings to Phyllis, to her sweet name and then after...

To love is the best...

To kiss...? Yes! In the supreme moment...

"Amfortas! The Spear-wound! The Spear-wound...!" exclaims the hero of this Wagnerian drama...

Not to spill the semen... pain for the beast, pleasure for the Spirit..., torture for the brute one...

Strange symbiosis of love and rebellion, revolutionary mysticism of Aquarius, a new asceticism...

There is a heaven in your arms, oh woman. Due to joy, I feel my heart oppressed... Oh, hold me in the life of your arms so that you cannot kill me with your kisses.

Thus, in vain the erotic beauty then appeals to all of her enchantments. Fal-Parsi does not spill Hermes' Cup; hence, he withdraws...

The exasperated and defeated sinful woman, without giving up what she thought was an easy prey, uses all the sexual resources of her interior Klingsor, her animal Ego, Mephistopheles, and casts the Lance of the Lord against the young man...

The blessed Spear, emblem of the sexual force, remains hanging over the head of the Initiate, who then seizes the Spear with his dexterous hand, and in a gesture he swings it in the sign of the Cross... Under such a kind of conjuration, the castle of iniquities that the sinful Adam carries inside falls into the horrible precipice, converted into cosmic dust...

Then, she, the terribly beautiful and frightfully delectable female, releases from her nubile throat a lustful scream. Consequently, she sinks down dismayed within her bed of pleasures...

The victorious hero, holding with his dexterous hand the splendid Spear of Longinus, withdraws from the sheltered bed. He pauses and walks slowly, slowly within the internal and delicate garden... under a golden and violet diffused light.

CHAPTER 36

HATHA YOGA PRADIPIKA

The Hatha-Yoga-Pradipika of the Great Hindustani Initiates emphasizes the transcendental idea that a coitus, which is performed with a consecrated woman, is a true panacea for the attaining of the most elevated mystical states.

The sexual act is the legitimate enjoyment of human beings. It is the consubstantiation of love in the psycho-physical realism of our nature.

A certain great Sage (whose name I do not mention), when commenting something about Hindustani Tantrism, stated:

Presently, a sect of Shiva in Bombay India performs the sacred nuptials in accordance with the rules of Vatsyayana, the author of Kamasutra.

A selected Shakti is placed naked upon an altar, the High Priest accomplishes in her his offering by means of the coitus.

The gigantic image of the God Shiva, illuminated by numerous oil lamps, contemplates the carnal coupling from the heights.

With a determined sign from the High Priest, a general cohabitation must be verified, in which each couple must represent Shiva and his Shakti (Spouse).

The adepts of this sect believe that with their sexual offering they glorify the universe, which is maintained only by the eternal spontaneous procreation of Divinity. Thus, they precisely reach through this act the rhythmic consonance of eternity.

Previously, weeks before the beginning of these 'sacred nuptials', the participant was earnestly instructed by the priests: Woe to the one who during this act allows the activity of the most meaningless profane thoughts, or rather, looks for the satisfaction of his own senses, for the wrath of the Divinity will pitilessly throw itself upon him.

When in the temples of Assyria, Egypt, Persia, India, Greece, etc., etc., Priests and Priestesses were united in the sexual act in front of the attendants, or rather, when in the temples of Shiva, hundreds of couples at the same time were copulating during determined festivities of this God. In the depth of this apparently major license, there was still a most occult and profound sense.

Through the Sahaja Maithuna, the sexual act of prodigies, a fluidic essence, an extraordinary, marvelous and omnipotent magnetism is liberated, that when discharged suddenly, in the very moment actually converts itself into the 'Genius Lucis' of all magical enchantments.

An ancient Japanese proverb states: “*By means of veneration, one can make a dog’s tooth to shine.*”

“*Your teeth are whiter than the pearls which grow from within the seas,*” said the great Kabir Jesus when addressing a cadaver of a dog in decay.

It is evident by all means and with complete meridian clarity that this is the Traditional Magic, the famous oriental Gupta Vidya, that mysterious science with which we can definitively attain the Final Liberation.

It is unquestionable that Parsifal, the mystic hero, by courageously refraining the sexual impulse, by intrepidly withdrawing himself from that impetuous blond woman whom they called Herodias, without spilling Hermes’ cup (the Ens Seminis), as a fact, is grasping in his omnipotent and terribly divine dexterous hand the Lance of Longinus, the extraordinary emblem of the ‘Genius Lucis’, the Odic or magnetic force with which in a gesture he swings in the sign of the Cross, in order to convert the animal ego into cosmic dust.

In this new era of the zodiacal sign of Aquarius, the collective copulation in the manner of those forgone times becomes out of orbit, extemporaneous, antiquated and retarded. This is the sidereal instant in which all of us must walk on the amorous path of the perfect matrimony.

To grasp with vigor the venerated Lance in the *Laboratorium-Oratorium* of the Third Logos is without any doubt something radical, if indeed, what we want is to reduce into ashes the left-handed and tenebrous castle of Klingsor or secret Mephistopheles, which each one of us carries inside.

Comprehension and elimination are basic, decisive and fundamental factors. It is unquestionable that every psychological defect must be previously comprehended in an integral way before its elimination.

A didactic is necessary, this is obvious. Fortunately we have it, and indeed, this is very simple and powerful.

To pray while in the bridal chamber of the garden of delights, in the nuptial bed of erotic marvels; to beseech in the moment of enjoyments, in the unforgettable instant of the coitus; to ask to our Divine Mother Kundalini to splendidly grasp the Magical Lance in those moments of kisses and tenderness, in order to eliminate that defect that we have previously comprehended in all the departments of the mind; and subsequently, to withdraw from the act, without spilling the sacred Wine (the Ens Seminis) signifies death, joy, inebriation, delight, enjoyment...

On its own, comprehension is not enough; radical and absolute elimination is urgent, unavoidable and indispensable...

Any rational homunculi could clearly comprehend the abominable defect of anger and, nonetheless, continue with it even if he devours its entrails.

This wretched intellectual animal mind certainly cannot fundamentally alter anything. We need the aid of a superior power, of a living potency capable of eliminating or totally discarding the sinister entity that psychologically personifies the error which we have comprehended. Such an authority is, without any doubt, our divine and adorable Mother Kundalini, the sublime spouse of the Holy Spirit, the fiery serpent of our magical powers, the solar electronic fire that in a splendid form unfolds and develops in the dorsal spine of the ascetic.

It is a vain thing to be conceited with the animal and lunar mind... By itself, it can only lead us to error...

The intellect can give to itself the luxury of hiding defects or repudiating them, condemning them, justifying them, labeling them with diverse names, dissimulating them, hiding them from the sight of the neighbor, passing them from one department into another, etc. Yet, it can never eliminate them.

The Esoteric-Christic Lance of the Holy Grail and the pagan Lance of Pacts displayed by Wotan, is the same and unique Lance, Shaft or Holy Pike, kept as sacred in all populaces from the most remote antiquity.

Indeed, it is unquestionable that only with the weapon of Eros, grasped by the Divine Mother Kundalini during the sacred coitus, can we radically eliminate one by one all of those tenebrous entities that personify our psychological defects and that in their conjunction characterize the animal ego.

CHAPTER 37

EGYPTIAN CONFESSION

After having created '*To Soma Heliakon*' in the '*Forge Of The Cyclops*' (sex), I had then to pass through a time of profound reflections.

Opportunely, it is good to clarify that the superior emotion, the mind of the Gnostic Ascetic and the conscious will are found contained inside the 'golden body of the solar human', as within a holy cup.

It is not irrelevant to emphasize that the 'Second Birth' becomes a transcendental fact after one has become dressed with the Wedding Garment of the Soul in the Dantesque Ninth Circle.

Within the residence of love, I found other brothers and sisters who had also intensely worked in the 'Flaming Forge of Vulcan' (sex). All of them were gloriously shining amidst the indescribable enchantments of Good Friday.

By all means it stands out that I am mystically talking about the temple of the 'Twice Born', This is a divine humanity, extraordinary people from various nations, populaces and tongues!

Inside that '*Aula Lucis*', I came to comprehend in an integral way the transcendental idea that the human being must also be carnally one with God,

It is unquestionable that the human creature can only intimately Self-Realize by delivering his body to God.

Even though it seems paradoxical, it is ostensible that not all the 'Twice Born' have dissolved their 'I'.

After the Second Birth, I was intensely instructed in the temple. I comprehended at that time that I needed to die from moment to moment, if I did not want to convert myself into a Hanasmuss with a double center of gravity.

Previously, in my former books, I explained that the Hanasmussen are cosmic failures, abortions of the Divine Mother Kundalini. They are lost cases.

It is indispensable and urgent to radically die within our own person, in the flesh, in the 'I', with the firm purpose of incarnating the potency of God within ourselves.

We need to reconcile ourselves with the Supreme Maker so that He can recognize in the flesh His own creature.

Light and dust must celebrate their nuptials; thus, heaven and earth together become liberated with love.

A new heaven is already prepared. Hence, in like manner, a new earth must be created, equal to Him in beauty and magnificence.

The exterior is just the projection of the interior.

Therefore, whosoever is already very well dead and has God inside projects out of himself a paradise.

Deep reflections touched my soul... I comprehended in depth and in integral way each one of my own psychological errors.

OH MAHA LAKSHMI, MAHA SARASWATI, ISIS, ADONIA, INSOBERTA, TONANTSIN, DIVINE MOTHER KUNDALINI! OM... SANTI... SANTI...

Without You, Divine Mother of mine, I could never have eliminated the Red Demons of Seth, those entities of darkness which personify our defects!

One given day, the date, day and hour does not matter now, I was visited by Kether of the Hebrew Kabbalah, 'the Ancient of Days, my Father who is in Secret, the Hidden of the Hidden, the Pity of Pities, the Mercy of Mercies.'

The Lord sat on His Throne and said: *"The way you are working is good, you are doing very well, you must continue with your work..."*

Time passed by, and I was dying from moment to moment... To comprehend and to eliminate, that was my task.

It is written with fiery coals in the great book of splendors that those who have died in themselves are welcome in the world of the dead...

My case was not an exception to the funerary rule. Thus, dressed with that funerary attire that I am always accustomed to using after every reincarnation, I then joyfully lived within the Occult Abode.

I want to finish this present chapter by transcribing and even briefly commenting on each one of the verses of the Egyptian confession.

PAPYRUS NEBSENI

1. Hail, thou, Spirit whose strides are long, who comest forth from Anu (Heliopolis), I have not committed iniquity.

It is obvious that the one who indeed was capable of evil-disposed deeds ceased to exist. Only the Ego commits such actions. Yet, the Being of the defunct one who still has his physical body alive will never perform anything evil.

2. Hail, thou, Spirit who art embraced by burning fire, who comest forth from Kher aha, I have not behaved with violence.

By all means it stands out with complete meridian clarity that violence is multifaceted. The ego breaks laws, wounds honor, profanes, violates the mind of others, smashes, crumples, ruins, intimidates the neighbor, etc. Yet, the Being respects the free will of our neighbors, He is always serene and appeased.

3. Hail, thou, Spirit who sniffs divine breath, who comest forth from Khemenu (Hermopolis), my heart detests brutality..

Indeed, the Ego is brute, torpid, incapable, a friend of lewdness, bestial by nature and by animal instinct. Yet, the Being is distinct, refined, wise, capable, divine, sweet, severe, etc.

4. Hail, thou, Spirit who eatest over the shades of the dead, who comest forth from Qerrt, the place where the Nile riseth, I have not stolen.

The Ego pleases itself with thievery, robbery, pillage, ravishment, abduction, fraud, swindle, deprivation, with borrowing and not restoring, with abusing the trust of others and thus keeping what is not his own, with exploiting the neighbor, with dedicating himself to speculation, etc. Yet, the Being enjoys when giving and even when renouncing to the fruits of his actions. He is serviceable, unselfish, charitable, philanthropic, altruistic, etc., etc., etc.

5. Hail, thou, Spirit who comest forth from Restau, whose limbs come rotten and emit a stench! I have not slain man or woman.

Assassination is without any doubt the most great act of corruption that exists in the world. A neighbor's life is not only extinguished or put out by revolvers, gas, knives, poisons, stones, sticks, gallows, etc., etc., etc., but, also we annihilate the life of our fellowmen with hard words, violent eyesight, acts of ingratitude, infidelity, treason, guffaws, etc. Deceased fathers and mothers from many families could still be alive if their children would not have taken their existence by means of their evil deeds. Multitudes of husbands and wives could still be breathing under the light of the sun, if their spouses would have allowed them to do so. Remember that the human being kills

what he or she loves the most. Any moral grief can make us sick and take us to the sepulcher. Every sickness has psychic causes.

6. Hail, thou, Spirit, who comest forth from heaven as a double Lion God, I have not made light the bushel.

The Ego arbitrarily alters the weight of the provisions.

7. Hail, thou, Spirit, whose two eyes wound like daggers, who comest forth from Sekhem (Letopolis), I have not acted deceitfully.

The Being will never commit such a crime.

8. Hail, thou, Spirit, of the flaming mask who slowly comest forth as thou goest back, I have not stolen the property of the Gods.

The Ego pleases itself when pillaging the sepulchers of the Great Initiates, when profaning the sacred tombs, when vandalizing the venerated relics, when taking out the mummies from their abodes, when searching within the entrails of the earth for holy things in order to profane them.

9. Hail, thou, Spirit, who comest forth from Suten-henen (Herakleopolis), who crushes and tortures the bones, I have not told lies.

The Ego pleases itself with falsehood, deception, falsity, hypocrisy, vanity, error, fiction, with pretending, etc. Yet, the Being is different; He never lies, always utters the truth no matter what the cost might be.

10. Hail, thou, Spirit, who makest the flame to wax strong, who comest forth from Memphis, I have not carried away my fellow men's food.

The Ego pleases itself when separating the food of his fellowmen, when he illicitly negotiates with the neighbor's food, when rationing, when subtracting even a little of what does not belong to him, when making the populace or groups of people to starve, when keeping provisions or when raising the price of them, thus taking from them absurd unearned increments, when plundering, stealing, when denying a piece of bread to the hungry one, etc., etc., etc.

11. Hail, thou, Spirit, who comest forth from Amenti, Divinity who comest forth from the two sources of the Nile, I have not uttered evil words.

The Ego pleases itself with calumny, with slander, with gossip, with backbiting, with discrediting others, with denigration, defamation, etc. Yet, the Being prefers to be silent rather than profaning the Word.

12. Hail, thou, Spirit, who comest forth from the region of the lakes and whose teeth shine like the sun, I have attacked no man.

The Ego is an aggravator, it is caustic, ironic, mordant, insulting, sarcastic by nature, it likes to attack, to assault, to assail, it hurts with the subtle smile of Socrates and kills with the thundering guffaw of Aristophanes. Yet, within the always serene Being, sweetness and severity are always equilibrated.

13. Hail, thou, Spirit, who comest forth from the house of slaughter and who, voracious, does consume the victims' blood, I have not slain the beasts which are the property of the temples.

These are animals which are consecrated to Divinity. However, the Ego harms and assassinates the creatures dedicated to the Eternal One. In contrast, the Being only knows how to bless and love, the Being only knows how to make all things perfect.

14. Hail, thou, Spirit, who dost consume the entrails of sinners, who comest forth from the thirty judges' chamber, I have not acted deceitfully.

The Ego pleases itself when usurping, expropriating, misapplying, pilfering, frustrating, disturbing, destroying, etc.

15. Hail, thou, Lord of universal order, who comest forth from the hail of Truth and Justice, I have not pillaged the lands which have been ploughed.

The land belongs to the one who sows it. The laborer labors, sweats, cultivates the land. However the powerful ones, the landholders, retain, absorb the farm lands. This is how the Ego is.

16. Hail, thou, Spirit, who goest backwards, who comest forth from Bubastis, I have never pried behind doors to make mischief.

The Ego is curious and perverse by nature and instinct. People say that fences, ramparts or walls have ears and it is ostensible that so do doors. The Ego enjoys when intruding into the personal things of the neighbor. Mephistopheles or Satan is always an intruder, a rumormonger, a meddler.

17. Hail, thou, Spirit, Aati, who comest forth from Heliopolis, I have never sinned by uttering words in excess.

The Ego is a charlatan, jabberer, chatterer, prattler; it is garrulous, loquacious, gabby, talkative, babbling, etc. Yet, the Being utters strictly what is indispensable. He never plays with the Word.

18. Hail, thou, Spirit Tatu, who comest from from Ati, I have never uttered accursed words when I was adversely affected.

The Ego likes to swear, denigrate, abominate, detract, etc. Yet, the Being only knows how to bless, love and forgive.

19. Hail, thou, Spirit Uamenti, who comest forth from the caves of torture, I have never committed adultery.

The Ego is perverted, corrupt, vicious, false; it enjoys when justifying adultery, when making it sublime. The Ego endows adultery with ineffable, subtle excuses. It gives to itself the luxury of hiding, concealing adultery from itself and from others. The Ego decorates, adorns adultery with legitimate norms and divorce papers. He legalizes adultery through new nuptial ceremonies. Whosoever lusts after the spouse of the neighbor is, as a fact, an adulterer, even if this person never copulates with the coveted one. Indeed, I tell you that within the subconscious depths of the most chaste people adultery disguises itself with multiple faces.

20. Hail, thou, Spirit, who lookest upon the offerings brought unto thee, who comest forth from Ansu, I have never, in society, committed any sin against chastity.

Absolute chastity is only possible when the Ego is very well dead. Many anchorites who in this physical world reached purity, a soul's virginity, chastity, candor, etc., failed, faltered when they were submitted to sexual ordeals within the supra-sensible worlds. They fell as Amfortas, the King of the Grail when amidst the impure arms of Kundry, Gundryggia, that impetuous blond woman whom they called Herodias.

21. Hail, thou, Spirit, Chief of ancient Gods, who comest forth from Nehatu, I have never terrorized people.

The Ego likes to terrorize, to frighten, to scare, to intimidate others, to threaten them, to morally degrade the neighbor, to debase, to bring people down, to terrify them, etc. Sometimes business stores send to its clients who have past-due bills very gentle reminders; yet, they are always threatening reminders.

22. Hail, thou, Spirit, Destroyer, who comest forth from Kau, I have never encroached upon times and seasons.

The Ego arbitrarily changes the timetable and alters the calendar. It is worthy to remember the authentic order of the seven days of the week: Monday, Wednesday, Friday, Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. The pseudo-sapient ignoramuses altered this order.

23. Hail, thou, Spirit, who orderest speech of psalmody, who comest forth from Urit, I have not been a man of anger.

The Ego is always predisposed to be dragged by anger, to be with wrath, rage, madness, irritability, fury, exasperation, frenzy, etc.

24. Hail, thou, Spirit, who comest forth from the Lake of Heq-at having the shape of a child, I have not made myself deaf to the words of Justice.

The Being loves always equity, righteousness. He is impartial, upright, just. He wants legality, that which is legitimate. He cultivates virtue and sanctity. He is precise in all things, faultless, complete. He longs for precision, punctuality. On the other hand, the Ego always try to justify and to excuse its own crimes, it is never punctual, it has a fervor for subornation, it is accustomed to bribing and corrupting the tribunals of human justice.

25. Hail, thou, Spirit, who comest forth from Unes, thou with sharp speech, I have not stirred up strife.

The Ego enjoys grievance, discord, disputes, quarrels, altercations, wranglings; it is a friend of revolts, conflicts, grudges, disputes, litigation, discussions, complaints, wars, etc. By antithesis, we assert that the Being is distinct: He loves peace, serenity, He is an enemy of harsh words, He abhors altercations, squabbles. He says what he has to say and afterwards he keeps silence, allowing his interlocutors complete liberty to think, to accept or reject; thereafter, he withdraws.

26. Hail, thou, Spirit, Basti, who comest forth from the Mysteries, I have made no man to weep.

The weeping of the oppressed ones tall upon the powerful ones as a ray of vengeance. The Ego promotes moans and grieving everywhere. The Initiate, very well dead, although with his physical body alive, leaves gleams of light and happiness wherever he passes through.

27. Hail, thou, Spirit, whose face is turned backwards, who comest forth from thy hidden cavern, I have not committed acts against nature, or acts of sexual impurity by lying down with men.

The infrasexual people from Lilith: Homosexuals, pederasts, lesbians, perverted ones, etc., are degenerated seeds, lost cases, subjects who in no way can attain Self-Realization. They shall be cast out into outer darkness where only weeping and the gnashing of teeth are heard.

28. Hail, thou, Spirit with his Leg in fire, who comest forth from Akhekhu, I have never lost my patience and become angry.

Restlessness, uneasiness, the lack of patience and serenity are a hindrance, obstacle, impediment for the esoteric work and the Intimate Self-Realization of the Being. The 'I' is impatient, restless by nature; it has always the tendency to become enraged, angry, furious, fiery, irritated, upset. The Ego does not know how to wait; therefore, it is unquestionable that it fails.

29. Hail, thou, Spirit, Kenemti, who comest forth from Kenemet, I have never cursed any man.

It is obvious that the Initiate is very well dead because he dissolved the 'I'; therefore, he has only the Being within himself and since the Being is of a divine nature, it is ostensible that he is incapable of calumniating the neighbor. The Being does not offend anyone. He is perfect in thought, word and action. The Ego hurts, abuses, damages, insults, mistreats, aggravates, etc.

30. Hail, thou, Spirit, who bringest in thy hands thine offering, who comest forth from Sais, I have never acted with violence.

The Ego likes to be involved in riots, disorders, tumults, turmoil, quarrels, scuffles, fisticuffs, altercations, arguments, etc.

31 Hail, thou, Spirit with multiple faces, who comest forth from the city of Tchefet, I have not acted or judged hastily.

The 'I' has the marked tendency of becoming impetuous, hasty, inconsiderate, a scatterbrain, imprudent, foolhardy, thoughtless; it desires to run, to walk hastily; it is not cautious. The Being is very different; He is profound, reflective, prudent, patient, serene, etc.

32. Hail, thou, Spirit endowed with cunning, who comest forth from Unth, I have never disrespected the Gods.

Presently, during this tenebrous cycle of Kali Yuga, people mock the Holy Gods, Prajapatis or Biblical Elohim, the multitudes of the future sixth great root race will again venerate the Ineffable Ones.

33. Hail, thou, Spirit, Lord of two horns, who comest forth from Satiu, I have never multiplied my speech overmuch.

Observe the charlatans of the different radio stations. This is how the 'I' is, always a blabbermouth.

34. Hail, thou, Spirit, Nefer-Tum, who comest forth from Memphis, I have never acted with deceit, I have not worked wickedness.

Fraud has many colors of a psychological type. Many brides feel themselves deceived, husbands betrayed, fathers and mothers abandoned or morally wounded by their children, the employee feels unjustly fired from his job, the child feels he did not receive the promised gift, the esoteric group feels abandoned by its guide, etc., etc., etc. The 'I' likes to deceive, to pervert, to corrupt, to infect everything it touches.

35. Hail, thou, Spirit, TUM SEP, who comest forth from Djedu, I have never uttered curses on the king.

The chiefs of all Nations are the vehicles of Karma; therefore, we must not damn them.

36. Hail, thou, Spirit, whose heart doth labour, who comest forth from Tebti, I have never fouled the waters.

It would be the breaking point of absurdity to think that an Initiate with the Ego very well dead would commit the crime of dumping garbage or filthy things into the lakes or rivers. However, it is obvious that the 'I' enjoys such crimes, it delights in doing evil, it does not feel compassion for all creatures. The Ego does not want to understand that when the liquid element (water) is infected, as a fact, he is damaging everything that is with life.

37. Hail, thou, Ahi, who comest forth from Heaven, I have never made haughty my voice.

The Ego is lofty, haughty, proud, arrogant, imperious, contemptuous, disdainful. It is accustomed, nonetheless, to hide its pride under the tunic of Aristippus (a vesture filled with holes and patches). The Ego even gives to himself the luxury of uttering with fake meekness and pietistic poses; yet, through the holes of its clothing its vanity is shown.

38 Hail, thou, Spirit, who givest commands to the Initiates, I have never cursed the Gods.

Perverse people abominate and denigrate the Gods, Angels or Devas.

39. Hail, thou, Neheb-nefert, who comest forth from the Lake, I have never behaved with impertinence nor insolence.

Impertinence and insolence are based on the lack of humbleness and patience. The Ego is always offensive, irreverent, an inopportune one, nonsensical, gross, hasty, torpid.

40. Hail, thou, Neheb-kau, who comest forth from the city, I have never sought to make myself unduly distinguished.

The Ego wants to rise, to climb to the top of the ladder, so that he then can boast of himself, to show that he is somebody in life, etc. The 'I' is a pretender, mischief-maker, prankster, troublemaker, trickster, friend of plot and conspiracy, sly, obscure, dangerous.

41. Hail, thou, Spirit, whose head is holy, who comest forth from thy cavern, I have not increased my wealth through illicit ways.

The Ego lives through the business of 'MORE'. The accumulative process of the 'I' is indeed horrifying: To get more money, it does not matter how, could be even through swindling, cheating, deceiving, tricking, trapping, defrauding. Mephistopheles is a swindler, a perverse, evil one. This is how Satan, the MYSELF has always been.

42. Hail, thou, Spirit, who bringest thine own arm cut, who comest forth from the underworld, I have never scorned or treated with contempt the Gods of my town.

Those ineffable Deities, Angels, protectors of populations, Familial Spirits, etc., deserve our admiration and respect. They are the Penate Gods from ancient times. Each village, town, metropolis or suburb has its own spiritual rector, its Prajapati. A family does not exist without its own spiritual regent. The Ego despises such pastors of the soul.

CHAPTER 38

THE BELLOWING BEAST

Before the second transalpine catastrophe, which fundamentally altered the aspect of the terrestrial crust, an old continent that now remains submerged within the boisterous waters of the Atlantic Ocean existed.

I am emphatically referring to Atlantis. Innumerable traditions abound everywhere in regards to it.

Behold, or not, the Atlantean foreign names, or names of barbarian languages, as those cretin Greeks used to say who wanted to kill Anaxagoras when he dared to say that the Sun was a bit bigger than half of Peloponnesus.

These names, I say, were translated into the Egyptian language by the Saiphic Priests, and restored into their primary significance by Plato the Divine, in order to later marvelously pour them into the language of Attica.

Behold the diamantine thread of the millenary tradition, from the Saiphic Priests to Solon, and then continuing with the two Cristias and the Master Plato...

Behold, I tell you, the extraordinary descriptions of Botany, Geography, Zoology, Mineralogy, Politics, Religion, customs, etc., which come from the Atlanteans.

Behold as well with eyes of a rebel eagle the veiled allusions to the first divine Kings of such an anti delugean old continent; divine Kings who simultaneously have many references in Mediterranean Paganism and in very ancient sacred texts from the Oriental world.

Behold those astonishing notes of Diodoro Siculo (which for us are still material for studying) that give a detailed account of those sublime Kings.

Behold, at last, and this is what is most interesting, the similar sacrifice of the Sacred Cow, characteristics of Brahmans, Hebrews, Mohammedans, the European Gentiles, and thousands of other populates...

It is unquestionable that our most celebrated and indestructible Taurine Circus is in its depth nothing but a very ancient ancestral survival from that Atlantean sacrificial festivity, whose description is still found in many archaic secret books.

There are in reality many existing legends in the world about the bulls that were released in the Temple of Neptune. These animals were not brutally subdued with barbed darts and swords as in these times, but with ropes and other ingenious arts of classic Tauromachy.

Once the symbolic beast was defeated in the sacred bull ring, it was immolated in honor to the Holy Gods of Atlantis; Gods, who as the very Neptune, had devolved from the primeval solar state, till converting themselves into a lunar type of people.

The classic art of Tauromachy is indeed something Initiatic and it is related with the mysterious worship of the Sacred Cow...

Behold, the Atlantean bull ring from the Temple of Neptune and the present one. Indeed, they are nothing but a living zodiac, in which the honorable public as starry constellations are seated.

The Initiator or Hierophant is the Master, the walking baderillos are the companions, and the mounted bull fighters are the beginners. Therefore, the beginners ride on the horse, in other words, with all the ballast over their untamed body, which always fall dead in hard battle.

The companions already feel superior since they are putting the banderillas or the lances into the wild bull, into the animal ego; in other words, they are already (as Arjuna from the Bhagavad Gita) the persecutors of the secret enemy. The Master (as the God Krishna from that old poem) with the cape of his hierarchy, which signifies the dominion of Maya, is the one who grasps with his dexterous hand the flaming sword of willpower. He becomes not the persecutor, but the killer of the 'I', or the beast, a horrifying, roaring monster, which was also seen in Camelot, Kamelok or Kamaloka by the very King Artus, supreme chief of the illustrious Knights of the Round Table.

Therefore, the resplendent Atlantean Tauromachy is a profoundly significant royal art, since it teaches us through its brilliant symbolism the hard battle which must conduce us to the dissolution of the 'I'.

Any retrospective glance related with Taurine Esoterism can indubitably conduce us to mystic discoveries of a transcendental order.

As a fact of the present actuality, it is worthy to cite the profound love which the Torero feels for the Virgin. It is ostensible that he totally delivers himself to Her before appearing with his sparkling suit in the bull ring.

This reminds us of the Isiac Mysteries, the terrible sacrifice of the Sacred Cow and the archaic worships of I.O, whose origins have become solemn on our planet Earth since the dawn of life.

It is outstanding, clear and defined that indeed, only 10, Devi Kundalini, the Sacred Cow, the Divine Mother possesses the Serpentine Magical Power that permits us to reduce the animal ego, the terrible bull, the roaring beast within the ring of existence into cosmic dust.

Parsifal, the Torero of the astral plane, after the hard battle in the marvelous ring of life, converted himself, as a fact and by his own right into the innocent chaste one of the Wagnerian drama, who was announced by the Voice of the Silence amidst the exquisite splendors of the Holy Grail.

CHAPTER 39

THE THREE TRAITORS

“And I saw three unclean spirits like frogs come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet.”

“For they are the spirits of devils, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty.” Revelations:1 6:13-14.

It is written with ardent fiery coals in the marvelous book of all splendors that these are the three traitors who assassinated Hiram or better if we say Chiram-Osiris, the Intimate God of every man who comes into the world.

We must search with infinite yearnings within each one of us for these three assassins of the secret Master, so that, finally, on a given day (the date, day and hour does not matter), we will exclaim with all of the strength of our soul: “The King is dead, hail to the King!”

It is ostensible that the first treacherous one is indeed the loathsome demon of desire.

It is unquestionable that the second disloyal one is the horrifying demon of the mind.

It is evident, clear and definitive that the third traitor is the vile demon of evil will.

Judas is the first. He is the one who sells the secret Christ for thirty silver coins.

Pilate is the second. He always washes his hands and declares himself innocent; he never recognizes himself as guilty.

Caiaphas is the third. He never does the will of the Father; he abhorred the Lord and still is abhorring Him.

The origin of these three evil ones is indeed extremely tenebrous, It is indubitable that they are an outcome of the frightful perversion of the three Gunas.

Sattwa is the Guna of universal harmony.

Rayas is the Guna of emotion.

Tamas is the Guna of inertia.

Any illuminated Hierophant who studies the Akasic records of Nature will verify by himself the transcendental fact of the absolute equilibrium of the three Gunas of mystery during the profound night of the great Pralaya.

When these three Gunas become unbalanced on the plates of the cosmic scale, then the dawn of the new day begins.

Krishna that renowned Master who accomplished in a fore time a gigantic mission in the sacred land of the Vedas, when emphatically referring to the three Gunas of ancient wisdom, stated in the Bhagavad-Gita:

“When a soul departeth, fixed in SATTWA, it goeth to the sphere -- perfect and pure -- of those devotees who worship the most excellent.”

“If it departeth in set habitude of RAYAS, it shall pass into the world of people tied to action; and, if it dies in hardened TAMAS, that blinded soul is born anew in some unlighted womb among irrational beings.”

“Those of SATTWA temperament rise ever higher” to the superior spheres of the universe.

“Those of RAYAS take a mid place,” they are reborn in a new human body immediately or medially, without giving to themselves the luxury of some vacations in the ineffable regions.

“The darkened souls of TAMAS sink back to lower deeps, loaded with witlessness!”

They submerge themselves into the interior of the earth; they enter into the submerged mineral kingdom in order to retrograde by devolving in time; they descend through the animal, plant and mineral steps. Afterwards, they reemerge in the Sun’s light in order to restart a new type of evolving ascent, which has to recommence in the hard rock.

Thus, the Glorious Lord took the floor again in order to state the following:

“When at all gateways of the Body shines the Lamp of Knowledge, then may one see well SATTWA settled in.”

“Where longing is, and ardor, and unrest, impulse to strive and gain, and avarice, those spring from RAYAS -- Oh Bharata! -- engrained.”

“And where Darkness and dullness, sloth and stupor are, ‘Tis TAMAS hath caused them, Oh Kounteya!”

“The Soul, thus passing forth from the Three GUNAS whereby arise all bodies, overcomes Birth, Death, Sorrow, and Age becomes immortal, and drinketh deep the undying wine of Amrit.”

Kundalini Yoga teaches in a brilliant way that the *Bhujanjini* or serpentine power is found coiled three and a half times inside the Coccygeal Chakra. The three tails represent the three Gunas of Prakriti: Sattwa, Rayas and Tamas.

It is an axiom of the occult wisdom that the remnant middle tail represents Virkritis, the modification of Prakriti, the eternal feminine.

The Gospel of the Lord Buddha states:

“The three daughters of MARA (the three perverted GUNAS) tempted the Bodhisattva, but he paid no attention to them, and when MARA saw that he could kindle no desire in the heart of the victorious SRAJVIANA, he ordered all the evil spirits at his command to attack him and overawe the great MUNI.”

“But the Blessed One watched them as one would watch the harmless games of children. All the fierce hatred of the evil spirits was of no avail. The flames of hell became wholesome breezes of perfume, and the angry thunderbolts were changed into lotus-blossoms.”

“When MARA (the Dragon of Darkness) saw this, he fled away with his army from the Bodhi-tree, whilst from above a rain of heavenly flowers fell, and voices of good spirits were heard:”

“Behold the great MUNI! his heart unmoved by hatred. The wicked Mara’s host (the red Devils who constitute the famous ‘I’) against him did not prevail. Pure is he and wise, loving and full of mercy.”

“As the rays of the sun drown the darkness of the world, so he who perseveres in his search will find the truth and the truth will enlighten him.”

The former verses were some among the sacred Gospel of our Lord Buddha.

Many centuries after, the divine Rabbi of Galilee exclaims with the whole strength of his soul: *“And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.”* John: 8:32.

“God is a Spirit: (states the Christian Gospel) and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.” John: 4:24.

“Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: and he will show you things to come.” John: 16:13.

It is written with characters of ardent fire that only by dying within ourselves can we incarnate the Spirit of Truth. Whosoever knows, the word gives power to. No one has uttered it, no one will utter it, except the one who has incarnated it.

Siddharta, the Buddha is the one who accomplishes what he promises to himself, as does Parsifal of the Wagnerian drama, who courageously grasps the Lance of Eros in order to annihilate first the Demons of Seth (the Ego), and thereafter, the Three Furies who dwell in terrible abysses of Acheron.

Gautama was indeed a Magician of Tantric Initiation, who practiced intensely the Sahaja Maithuna, and who skillfully handled the Lance with singular mastery.

CHAPTER 40

SERENITY AND PATIENCE

Each one of us knew very well that the dissolution of the Ego corresponds to the esoteric work in the sinister abysses of Acheron.

It is ostensible that we, the Brethren of the Secret Order were very well dead. However, we wanted to enter into a superior work.

All of us were suffering, filled with intimate longings. We wanted to reduce into cosmic dust those three classic Furies that Dante saw within the infernal abysses.

We were told that we must wait with infinite patience for the Abbot of the Monastery. But, evidently, the passing hours were for us very long and boring... Certainly, the Venerable Abbot did not seem to be in any hurry whatsoever

It was something unusual and unexpected to see those Adepts of the White Lodge extremely weary, annoyed and ill-humored...

Some of those very respectable Brethren were moving, here, there and everywhere, complaining because of the singular delay of the Superior.

There exists events in life that are surprising, and one of these is the astonishing entrance of the Abbot into the Temple. All the Brethren of our Order were astonished, overwhelmed since they had already lost all hope of seeing the Master.

Before the Sacred Confraternity, the Venerable One spoke and said: *"All of you Brethren are lacking two virtues that this Brother has."* He said this while he was pointing at me with his index finger...

Following, in a simultaneously sweet and imperative way, he commanded me saying:

"You, Brother tell them which are these two virtues."

"There is the need to know how to be patient, and there is the need to know how to be serene," I exclaimed with a slow and clear voice...

"Did you realize this? Are you convinced of this?" broke forth the Abbot. All of them, simultaneously frightened and amazed, chose to keep a tremendous silence...

It is indubitable that all the Brethren had then to be deferred for the superior work, because only my insignificant person became victorious in the difficult ordeal.

Much later in time, I had to appear before a Brotherhood of another Monastery of the White Fraternity, in order to receive orders and to sign some important documents. I was going to work in the Atomic Lunar Infernos disintegrating the three daughters of Mara.

Thus, it is ostensible that for such a motive, I should be, first of all, instructed and admonished.

It is not irrelevant to emphasize a transcendental fact, such as a finished work within the submerged mineral kingdom of the planet earth. It is obvious that within that Tartarus, I had reduced the animal Ego into cosmic dust.

However, it is unquestionable that the superior work within the lunar abysses, in order to eliminate the three traitors of Chiram-Osiris, undoubtedly would be very difficult.

I was warned and advised with the following words: *“You must be very careful of lunar coldness,”* as if they were trying to say: *“Do not abandon Sexual Magic, since you have now the ‘I’ very well dead; yet, if you commit the mistake of falling again into animal generation, then, your Ego will resurrect little by little.”*

I was taken by my divine Augoides into the Lunar World (or Astral World) while in the state of Nirvikalpa Samadhi.

Then, I was wisely advised...

My Soul was touched in its more intimate depths when I found there the Elder of the Temple of the Twice Born. Our beloved Rector, this sacred Elder, certainly seemed to have all of the characteristics of a lemon; but it is ostensible that he irradiated infinite love...

I comprehended that in order to have the right to ascend into the Lunar Heaven (Superior Astral), I should first descend into the Selenian Infernos (Inferior Astral) and courageously confront the Three Furies...

“Just let Medusa come; then we shall turn him into stone.” The Three Furies cry, “We should have punished Theseus’ assault.”

When I wanted to rise upon the symbolic ladder of Jacob, the Sacred Elder of the Temple pulled out from the Tree of Knowledge, or the Tree of the Science of Good and Evil a delectable branch that he made me smell. That fragrance was Nirvanic, paradisiacal.

“You must smell this branch in order for you to rise,” such were the words of the Adept...

We must nourish ourselves with the delectable fragrance of the tree of science of good and evil, but not to eat it... this is the Law.

I initiated my work by disintegrating Judas, the Demon of Desire, the Theosophical Kama Rupa in the abyss of Selene. It is lamentable that many ignorant people confuse this first traitor with the sidereal or astral body that the Twice Born built in the Fiery Forge of Vulcan.

The Scorpion Head Goddess, the third cosmic aspect of my Divine Mother Kundalini, while walking inside of that passionate monster, disguised as a mysterious scorpion, made to rain upon him her cup of destruction...

Thus, the Gods who assisted me rent apart the chest of the first Fury without any kind of mercy. The frightfully divine Lion Head Goddess immobilized its limbs, She removed from him the whole bestial force that he possessed.

It is not irrelevant to say with complete assertion and great emphasis that at good time and thanks to the direct help of my Divine Mother Kundalini, the horrifying Demon of Desire, the evil Judas was reduced to ashes.

Afterwards, a little bit later, I had to continue my work with the disquieting demon of the mind that brings us too much bitterness, the abominable Pilate of all times.

That vile, classic Fury had obviously originated certain confusions in the intellect of notable investigating occultists...

It is ostensible that some very serious authors confused the interior Pilate of each one of us with the authentic and legitimate Mental Body that the Twice Born patiently built in the Forge of the Cyclops.

“Get thee hence, then, oh Demon of the mind, thou unto whom Osiris (the Inner Being of each human being) feels horror! Get away from my boat blown by propitious winds.”

And I cried with a loud voice, as when a lion roars, calling to my Divine Mother Kundalini with all the strength of my soul; and seven thunders uttered my voice...

“The Gods from the vast land are subjugated. Away from me loathsome Pilate, the God, Lord of the region of the Dead detests thee!”

Thus, that sinister Fury in its terrifying dusk took the appearance of a child...

A vain shadow slowly losing its figure, a monster slowly attaining beauty... it loses its original size, it is reduced into a point; then, it disappears forever...

Annihilation - a terrible word that was the final doom of that fatal Pilate who was tormenting me...

Thereafter, I continued my work by attacking Caiaphas, the third traitor, the most detestable of all Furies...

I saw the Demon of Evil-Will climbing up all the stairs of my own abode. He possessed a Caesar-like aspect.

Unfortunately, it was not this wretched one's fault. I, myself, had created it and the breaking point was that I even committed the mistake of fortifying it with tyrannical atoms when I was named Julius Caesar in Rome.

Glorious epochs of the Roman eagle: In that age I established the scenario for the people of the Fourth Sub-Race of the Aryan Race. I was assassinated by the evil Brutus and his henchmen.

What profound meditations... Oh God of mine...!

Ah...! I say to my own self... I must eliminate from my intimate nature this perverse rebel who has never wanted to obey the Father...

"May the Gods furnish me with thy throne, Oh RA! Furnish me likewise with thy glorious body."

"I traveleth over the paths of RA at daybreak to drive back the Demon of evil will who cometh in disguise behind a column of passionate flames. Thus, on a narrow and long corridor of the esoteric ordeals, he unexpectedly attacks me."

Woe! Woe! Woe! What would have become of me without the cosmic help of my Divine Mother Kundalini?

Venus, Adonia, Insobertha, Rea, Iris, holding with her dexterous hand the Lance of Eros combated against the horrible beast...

Not even the Amazon Camille with her long hair blown by the wind, blond as the gold, advancing as Diana to the encounter of her enemies, could have ever competed against the beauty of my Mother...

Certainly, the third Fury died after receiving various thrusts with the Lance in her body... None of the furies equaled her horrible appearance. None of them had as many serpents as she was having in her mane, even these very sisters were afraid of her. This disgraceful one was carrying in her hands all the Gorgonian venoms of the infernos.

I could verify with complete astonishing clarity the whole death process of the three Furies...

It is unquestionable that they were passing through all of the magical transformations, as recited by Ovid.

If in the beginning they were gigantic and horrible, as the Monster Polyphemus from the damned land, who implacably was devouring the companions of Ulysses, in the end,

before the arrival of their sovereign death, they were having the aspects of new born children...

Now, those shadows have died, they distilled within my interior the fragrance of life, a certain percentage of my consciousness that was bottled up within them...

CHAPTER 41**THE QUEEN OF THE JINNS**

With the spear in its rest, the strong breastplate about the chest, the menacing body upon the saddle, the hero threatens in a barbaric, furious gesture. With the eyes fixed, the countenance livid, the face serene, and with a forced spirit, the Knight brandishes the flashing iron. While girdled amidst the dust which they raised, the land around is frightened with their encounter.

In a confused revolt, the Knight is fighting the battle for his lady. All the children of Satan are ardently infuriated with anger; the shredded chain mail, crude wounds martyrize the bodies; there is no yield, there is no calm; an unmovable barrier, their crossed irons bristle a thousand times continuously. They wound each other, they wound themselves again and despise death. They fly into a rage and they grow stronger.

The eternal Lady, the Spiritual-Soul (Buddhi) always demands from her Knight all types of unbelievable prodigies of sacrifice and boldness...

She, the Divine Perfect Spouse is Guinevere, the Queen of the Jinn' Knights, the one who poured wine for Lancelot...

This was a delicious wine of transcendental spirituality within the Initiatic cups of Sukra and Manti...

In sum, these cups are none other than the Holy Grail in its symbolic meaning as the chalice of the supreme beverage, or initiatic nectar of the Holy Gods...

Fortunately, Cerberus, the dog (the sexual instinct) pulls the leash that helps the Knight in his tremendous adventure...

Hercules seized the three-headed dog Cerberus and in spite of its barking, he tied it by its collar and took it out from within the Tartarus...

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

Cerberus, the Guide Dog, gratefully conduces the Knight, who is capable of taking it from within the tortures of hell, along the Path of the Razor's Edge.

Cerberus, sunken within the atomic infernos of the human being becomes the best guide for the Initiate, when emancipated.

He is a marvelous dog (sexual libido), pulling the oriental chain of the Adept who is in search of his beloved one... Fortunate is the Knight who after the difficult battle celebrates his betrothal with the Queen of the 'Jinns'...

It is written with golden letters in the Book of Life that the flame of Prajna (the Being) is burning within Buddhi, as within a fine and transparent glass of alabaster.

Adorable Spirit-Lady, eternal adorable spouse, ideal woman, Buddhistic enchantment of love, receive me with gracious honor, as the serf, the slave that I am for you. I know, beloved of mine, that I am not worthy of you...

Yet, Divine Lady, I do not dare to ask anything of you, only that you may allow me to give you my obedient service, so that, with all that which is in me, I will serve you as a loyal vassal.

Behold... I am surrendering to you. Thus, with all of my eagerness and zealousness I deliver myself to your freewill entirely...!

The divine ones and humans know very well that the Lord of Perfection (the Theosophical Atman) has two souls, You and Me.. (Buddhi and Superior Manas, or Causal).

The few who have become Sages in the world do not ignore that you are my adored one and that I am your adorer...

Is it the light of the day that illuminates me or the remembrance of your presence? Wherever I place my sight the world seems to me filled with your image. Upon the sun's beam, which vacillates in the water and plays amidst the leaves, I do not see anything but the resemblance of your eyes...

What is the consistency of this change that my Being has altered and that has made variable the aspect of the universe?

I will not search for any remedy for your trials. Thus, I submit myself to all trials that you impose upon me. I am subject to you... and you are my Queen. I proclaim it in a loud voice and I glorify myself in it. Indeed, to die for you has to be the supreme joy.

One night of indisputable delights, I had the joy of finding my Beloved One in a secret spot on a mountain.

The Chariot of my Fiancee was slowly advancing on the solitary path...

The legend of the centuries states that the Marquise of Beauprj was parading herself on a chariot of a singular beauty that was made of pure porcelain. However, the triumphal chariot of my adorable Walkiria was similar to another chariot, which in the times of Rococo the wife of the Duke of Clermont used to ride in. It was a splendid chariot with a

trunk of six horses that were all wearing horseshoes of silver. As well, the wheels and carriage were made of the same metal...

*Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse;
Thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes,
With one chain of thy neck.
How fair is thy love, my sister, my spouse!
How much better is thy love than wine!
And the smell of thine ointments than all spices!
Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honeycomb:
Honey and milk are under thy tongue;
and the smell of thy garments is like the
smell of Lebanon.
A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse;
a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.
Thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates,
with pleasant fruits; camphire, with spikenard,
Spikenard and saffron; calamus and cinnamon,
with all trees of frankincense; myrrh and aloes,
with all the chief spices:
A fountain of gardens, a well of
living waters, and streams from
Lebanon. Read
“The Song of Songs”, Old Testament, Bible.*

The triumphal chariot of my Beloved One stopped before a fortress of flaming porphyry, where the wealth and splendor of the East polishes the walls and coffer to the glaze of a looking glass...

The splendid vehicle then parked before the dazzling bronze doors, where one stands motionless in fear of their remarkable majesty...

Suddenly, the chariot was surrounded by a gentle cortege of distinguished gentlemen, princes and noblemen, beautiful ladies and delicate children, Someone gave me a sign. I obeyed the sign and advanced towards the chariot of love. Through the crystals of joy, I saw my Walkiria...

*How beautiful are thy feet with shoes,
O prince's daughter! The joints of thy thighs
are like jewels, the work of the hands of a
cunning workman.
Thy navel is like a round goblet,
which wanteth not liquor: thy belly
is like an heap of wheat set about
with lilies.
Thy two breasts are like two young*

*roes that are twins.
Thy neck is as a tower of ivory;
thine eyes like the fishpools in
Heshbon, by the gate of Bathrabbim:
Thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon
which looketh toward Damascus.
Thine head upon thee is like Carmel,
and the hair of thine head like
purple; the king is held in the galleries.*

Read “The Song of Songs”, Old Testament, Bible.

Dressed with the nuptial attire, the Wedding Garment of the Soul, my Fiancee had arrived in her resplendent chariot for our nuptials...

To wed before the Holy Altar with my Twin Soul, the Theosophical Buddhi. ...what a joy, oh God!... However, I was told that I had to wait a while...

The virile provider of strength from above was delaying me and I was suffering with infinite patience...

I had to profoundly submerge myself into the sacred Mysteries of Minna, the dreadful darkness of one love whose twin brother is death...

I intensely worked within the super-obscurity of silence and the august secret of the wise...

I had to wait for a time, times and the half of a time...

However, I was sighing for Guinevere, the Queen of the ‘Jinn’ Knights.

One certain night, the shining stars in the infinite space appeared as if they had a new aspect...

I was in Samadhi, far away from all mundane clamor.

The door of my room was kept hermetically closed...

Then, I celebrated the Alchemical Wedding. She penetrated within me and I became lost within Her...

The Solar Logos, the Sun of Midnight intensely shone in those blessed instants...

I felt transformed in an integral way. The Church of Laodicea, the famous Chakra Sahasrara, the Lotus of One Thousand Petals, the Crown of the Saints victoriously shone in my Pineal Gland, it brought legitimate happiness (Param Anand) to me.

Then, in those moments of supreme beatitude I indeed converted myself into an authentic and legitimate 'Brahmavid Varishta'...

The thousand Yoga Nadis of the Sahasrara granted me, as a fact, power over certain forces of Nature...

Buddhi, my Guinevere, in addition to putting the Shiva Shakti-Tattwa to the maximum of its vibratory activity, She also put the Coronary Padma into a certain state of intensified mystical function...

Then, I saw myself transformed into the Messenger of the New Age of Aquarius, teaching humanity a Doctrine so new and revolutionary..., nonetheless, so ancient....

When I opened the door of my room the Diamond Eye (the pineal gland) granted me the power of seeing my innumerable enemies. It is obvious that the diffusion of Gnosis in its revolutionary way will increase the number of my adversaries each time.

It is not irrelevant to state that after this great cosmic event, the nuptial ceremony was celebrated in the temple. Many people assisted to this festivity of love...

CHAPTER 42

THE DRAGON OF DARKNESS

After the Alchemical Wedding with that ineffable woman whose name is Guinevere, the Queen of the 'Jinn' knights, I had then to courageously confront the Dragon of Darkness.

I already stated in the former chapter that the delightful Walkiria always demands from her Knight all types of unbelievable prodigies of sacrifice and boldness...

Indeed, exceptions do not exist within the flaming fire of the universe. Even the Adept-Ladies must fight in many battles, as epic amazons, when indeed they yearn to betroth themselves with their Beloved One (Buddhi).

I thought that after the Alchemical Wedding with my Beloved One I would fully enter into a paradisiacal Honeymoon. But, I did not even vaguely suspect that hidden within the submerged dens of my subconsciousness was the leftist and tenebrous Mara, the father of the three classic Furies.

It is a gigantic monster with seven infrahuman heads that bitterly personify the seven capital sins...

The "I" of the "I" is a horrifying engender of the abyss within which a good percentage of my consciousness was bottled up.

When writing these lines we cannot avoid remembering the apocalyptic verse which textually states the following:

And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world: he was cast out into the earth, and his angels (the 'I's which constitute the Ego) were cast out with him.

If the Archangel Michael and his luminous Angels from the Divine Light fought heroic battles against the Dragon, why should I precisely be an exception to the general rule?

Bless my soul, oh God, and Hail Mary! Even Buddha Gautama Siddharta himself had to fight frightful wars against the horrifying Dragon Mara and his three loathsome Furies...

It is not irrelevant to transcribe here in this opportune moment a certain verse from the Buddhist gospel which literally states:

MARA (the Dragon of Darkness) uttered fear-inspiring threats and raised a hurricane so that the skies were darkened and the ocean roared and trembled. But the Blessed One under the Bodhi tree (the Fig Tree symbol of sex) remained calm and feared not. The Enlightened One knew that no harm could befall him.

Ah! If the Adept could exclaim: *“I am not the Dragon.. If he could say: ‘That monster has nothing to do with me...”*

However, it is clearly written in the book of all enigmas that Mara is the Myself, the Itself in the states of most profound infraconsciousness.

Zeus governs the world from the Olympus and many times the Gods do what is not expected; yet, what is expected does not happen. Thus, the heavens give to the human affairs an unthinkable end. This is what has happened now.

To fight against the Dragon after the Wedding? What a surprise, oh God of mine! What has befallen is very strange...

Smooth is the descent, and easy is the way into the Infernal Worlds. But it is not easy to retrace our steps and return. Here is where the difficult task and difficult trial lies!

Some few sublime heroes indeed have succeeded to triumphantly return. Between those regions and our upper world of light, deep and impenetrable forests occupy the middle space: and the waters of the pale river, the Cocytus, with its sable waves, trace labyrinthic convolutions within that penumbra, whose mere image makes us shudder.

So, the great beast frightfully howled, as when a lion roars and the potencies of darkness do quake with horror...

In the immense Silano forest, in the splendid shade of the Taburno, two infuriated bulls with sharpened horns run one against the other in order to fight. The humble shepherds withdraw with fear, and as it is natural, the whole flock remains there immobile and mute with terror.

The bulls with all of their strength become filled with terrible wounds, since, with all of their weight, they shove their sharpened horns inside their flesh. Thus, their necks and backs pour blood and the whole profound forest trembles with their bellows.

Likewise, the Dragon of Darkness and my longing soul were running one against the other protecting themselves with their armor, and the abyss was filled with clamor...

While contemplating the hard battle, Jupiter, the venerable Father of divine ones and humans has in equilibrium the two marvelous plates of the cosmic scale, and he places upon each one of them the destiny of the two combatants. Which one will succumb? In which part will death fall upon? The perfidious Mara feels himself invulnerable in his audacity. Hope and excess of hatred agitates him.

The Monster grasped the dreaded Lance of Longinus with his sinister hand. In vain, he intended to hurt me three times, and desperately, he threw the Holy Spear against me. I evaded the strike of the hard pike. Immediately, in those instants, my Divine Mother

Kundalini intervened. She took hold of this singular relic and mortally wounded that abominable engendering of hell.

The Red Dragon then lost, little by little, his gigantic stature. He frightfully diminished himself, he reduced himself to a mathematical point and disappeared forever from the tenebrous den...

The secrets of the old abyss are terrible. It is a gloomy and unlimited ocean where the primogenitor night and the Chaos, grandparents of Nature, keep perpetual anarchy in the midst of rumors of eternal wars, and which are sustained with the help of confusion...

Heat, Coldness, Humidity, and Drought are the four terrible champions who dispute superiority in this abyss. They lead their embryonic atoms to combat, which when gathering together around the ensign of their legions and when reunited into many tribes (lightly or heavily armed, being sharp, round, fast or slow) are moving innumerable in a swarm, like the sands of Barca or like the sands of the ardent beach of Cirene, which are pulled in order to take their place in the battle of the winds and in order to serve as a ballast for their speedy wings...

The atom which adheres to the major number of atoms is the one which momentarily dominates. Chaos is the one who governs as a referee, and his decisions increase disorder each time more, thanks to the one who reigns after him. It is ostensible that in those Infernal Worlds 'chance' is directing everything...

The horrifying abysmal engendering exhaled his last breath before this savage abyss, the cradle and sepulcher of Nature, before this den (which is neither sea nor earth, neither air nor fire. It is formed by all the elements that in confusion mix themselves in their fertile causes and that must always do combat in the same way. This is unless the Creator Logos determines to form new worlds from these black materials), before this barbarian Tartarous...

Then something unusual, marvelous and extraordinary happened. That fraction of my consciousness that was previously bottled up within that abominable monster returned into the depths of my soul...

CHAPTER 43

CONCLUSION OF THE LUNAR WORKS

After having reduced Mara, the father of the three Classical Furies, into cosmic dust, I then had to confront other secondary beasts of the abyss...

The day was slowly ending. The delectable air of the night was inviting all living human beings who populate the face of the earth to rest from their fatigue. But I only wanted to endure the combats of the path and what is worthiest of compassion, which my memory will write without mistake...

Oh, ineffable Muses! Oh divine, high Genius! Help me now. Inspire me. Here shall your excellence reveal itself so that my style does not retract from the nature of this matter...

My profound, deep slumber was interrupted by a crash of heavy thunder, that I shook myself, as one who is violently awakened from his sleep. I rose upright, and my rested eyes moved around, searching with fixed ken, to know what place it was wherein I stood. I then saw myself inside a solitary house, next to a tenebrous path...

While seated on a rustic armchair, next to the window from where the steep path could well be contemplated, I very sincerely evoked foregone times...

Indeed, I had been there, in that mansion of the abyss, in other ages, and before the same path...

None of this seemed new to me, I understood that I was recapitulating Mysteries. By rising up from the chair, I opened the old door of that abode and I left, while walking slowly...slowly...slowly...on the solitary path....

With only one glance, my sight bore into a very far space, as far as the spiritual sight is capable of penetrating, and I saw a sad, devastating and somber place...

The floor was wet and I had to unexpectedly stop before a certain electric cable that was lying on the ground...

A wire or copper charged with high voltage? What a horror...and I came very close to stepping on it!...

"It is preferable to die being free than to live while being imprisoned." This is what the Voice of the Silence uttered on that night of mystery...

So, I who was alarmed and had intended to retreat in those precise moments, felt comforted..,

Resolutely, I advanced through those sub-lunar places, along the tortuous, abysmal path...

Horrendous path within the dreadful entrails of the pale moon, mysterious path from the past great cosmic day... how many remembrances it brings to me...!

Ah yes! I was active in the former Mahamanvantara and I lived among the Selenites of the Lunar World...

Now that old lunar world is a cadaver, and from the Selenites nothing remains, not even their bones...

Deep reflections touched terribly the most intimate fibers of my soul, while quietly I walked throughout that submerged path...

Meanwhile, my planetary body, here on this earth, was lying down in a profound rest... Is it perhaps something rare for the soul to escape from the physical body during meditation?

To dream? No!... It has been long time since I stopped dreaming... Those who awake their consciousness do not dream anymore...

Self-Cognizance? This is a different faculty and I have it because I am very well dead...

Objective Consciousness? It is obvious that if I would not have it, I could not inform my beloved readers about life in the superior worlds...

Studies...? Yes, I perform them during the Samadhi, when I am out of my physical body. However, beloved reader, let us go back to our narration and forgive me this small but important divergence.

The steep path surprisingly turned towards the left and penetrated within certain very picturesque hills...

In those hills, I saw something similar to a national park on a Sunday. A variegated conjunction of human creatures seemed to pleasantly enjoy the prairie land...

For the recreational entertainment of many, some walking vendors were coming and going, selling multi colored balloons here, there and everywhere...

This was a living symbol of the profane life. This is how I understood it. However, it is ostensible that I wanted to live all of this with intensity...

I was very absorbed in all of this while contemplating the perpetual crowds, when suddenly, to and behold, something unexpected and unusual happened. It appeared to me as if momentarily time was truly standing still...

In an instant of terror, a sanguinary wolf emerged from within the bushes and with ferociousness and malicious sight intended to catch his prey in vain. Before this wolf, some hens that desperately cackled escaped from their pitiless death.

This was extraordinary occult symbology: A pusillanimous, cowardly, timid farm yard bird, a cruel, pitiless, sanguinary wolf...

Dread! Terror! Fright!... These were sub-lunar human states from the human infra-consciousness, and I, who have died within myself... I was ignoring the existence of these psychic aggregates within my own atomic infernos....

Fortunately, I never forget my Holy Pike while in hard battle. Thanks to my Divine Mother Kundalini, I could exceed many in strength and ability with the Spear.

Having had the main Demon 'I vile personifications of my horrible, infrahuman defects fall, my lunar works epically concluded by giving death to many other infernal beasts with the Holy Spear...

It is not irrelevant to say that I had collected a very rich booty of war after many bloody battles...

I am referring with great emphasis to those multiple precious gems of my own consciousness, trapped, bottled up within those deformed abysmal bodies...

The final part of the work was completely of an atomic nature. To expel these malignant intelligences from within their nuclear habitats is not easy...

Indeed, this is what is understood as the transformation of the black waters into white...

Now, these atoms have converted themselves into marvelous vehicles of certain luminous intelligences...

These are magnificent sparks, atoms that are capable of informing me about the activities of the secret enemy...

One night of glory, I had the highest great honor that can be granted to a human being: I was visited by the Cosmic Christ. The Adorable One was carrying a great book in his right hand and said to me: *"Now you are going to enter into the sphere of Mercury."*

When I saw the Master I could not say anything, except to utter: *"Lord, you have arrived sooner than I thought. I did not expect you so soon..."*

The living Christ sweetly answered: *"Sometimes I delay when I have to come in the month of March... You have to still keep dying..."*

“What?... To keep dying?... Still?” “Yes” the Adorable One answered. “You have to keep dying” he repeated...

Then, what happened after that was prodigious. The Master slowly rose up towards the Sun of Midnight. He slightly detached himself from the Star King in order to bless me and to forgive my ancient errors...

CHAPTER 44

ENIGMAS

Tie Shan writes:

“I knew Buddhism since I was thirteen years old. At the age of eighteen, I entered the priesthood. Later, I read a thesis one day brought by a monk named Hsueh Yen, entitled Advanced Meditations.

“This made me comprehend that I had not yet arrived at that point. I then went to see Hsueh Yen and I followed his instructions about the way to meditate on the word

“On the fourth night, perspiration surged from my whole body, and so, I felt comfortable and light.

“I remained in the meditation hail, concentrated, without exchanging a word with anyone.

“Afterwards, I saw Miao Kao Feng who told me to continue meditating on the word ‘WU’ without rest day or night.

“When I got up, before dawn, the Hua Tou (the meaning of the word ‘WU’, the essence of this phrase) immediately presented itself before me.

“As soon as I had some drowsiness I came down off of my seat. The Hua Tou (that is to say the word ‘WU’) accompanied me while I walked, while I prepared the bed or the food, when I took the spoon or when I put aside the chopsticks. It was with me all the time, in all my activities, day and night.

“If one succeeds in fusing one’s mind into a continuous and homogeneous whole, enlightenment is assured.

“As a result of the former advice, I completely convinced myself that I had reached that state. On the twentieth of March, Master Yen addressed the congregation.

“Sit erect, refresh your minds as if you are at the edge of a precipice that is about one thousand feet in height and concentrate yourself on your Hua Tou (the magical word WU).’

“If you work in this manner during seven days (without resting for even a second), you will undoubtedly attain realization, performed a similar effort forty years ago.’

“I began to improve as soon as I followed his instructions. On the third day I felt that my body was floating in the air; on the fourth day I became completely unconscious in regards to what was happening in this world. That night I remained leaning against a

balustrade. My mind was so serene as if I was not conscious. I constantly kept the Hua Tou (the magic word 'WU') before me and afterwards I returned to my seat.

"At the moment that I was going to sit down, I suddenly had the sensation that my entire body, from the crown of the head to the tip of the toes, was divided.

"I had the sensation that my cranium was being broken or that I was being raised to the sky from a pit of about ten thousand feet in depth.

"I then told Master Yen about this indescribable ecstasy and the detached happiness that I had just experienced.

"But Master Yen said, 'No, it is not this. You must continue working in your meditation.'

"To my request, he quoted some words of the Dharma, of which the last verses were: To propagate and glorify the noble deeds of the Buddhas and the patriarchs you need to receive a good hammer blow on your neck.

"I asked myself, 'Why do I need a hammer blow on my neck?' Evidently, there was still a slight doubt in my mind, something that I was not sure about.

"So, I continued meditating a long time every day for half a year. Afterwards, on a certain occasion when I was preparing a brew of medicinal herbs for a headache, I remembered a Koan (enigmatic phrase) in which Red Nose made a question to Naja: If you return your bones to your father and your flesh to your mother, where, then, would you be?

"I then remembered that, when the monk who received me asked me the same question I did not know what to answer him; yet now, suddenly, my doubt disappeared.

"Afterwards, I went to see Meng Shan. Master Meng Shan asked me: 'When and where can we consider that our Zen work is finished?'

"Once again I did not know what to answer. Master Meng Shan insisted that I must work with greater insistence in meditation (Dhyana) and that I must leave aside all human habitual thoughts.

"Every time that I entered into his room and gave an answer to his question, he said that I did not understand the thing.

"One day, I meditated from evening to the following morning, utilizing the power of Dhyana to maintain myself and to advance, until I directly reached the state of profound subtlety.

"Leaving Dhyana, I went towards where the Master was and I told him about my experience. He asked me:

‘Which is your original face?’

“When I was going to answer, the Master cast me out and closed the door. Since that moment, I achieved, each day, a subtle improvement.

“Later, I comprehended that the whole difficulty had arisen because I did not remain long enough with Master Hsueh Yen, working in the delicate and subtle aspects of the task. But how fortunate I was to have found such an excellent Zen Master! It is only thanks to him that I was able to reach that state.

“I did not comprehend that if one practices in an incessant and insistent manner, one will always achieve something every now and then. Thus, one’s ignorance will diminish at each step of the path.

“Master Meng Shan told me, ‘This is similar as to polishing a pearl. The more you polish it, the more it shines, and it becomes clear and pure.’

“A polishing of that kind is superior to an entire work of incarnation. Nonetheless, when I wanted to answer my Master’s question, he always told me that I was lacking something.

“One day, in the middle of meditation, the word ‘lacking’ presented itself within my mind and I suddenly felt that my body and my mind were broadly wide open from the medulla of my bones in a complete manner.

“This feeling was as if an ancient mountain of sand was suddenly dissolved under the scorching sun, that surged after many dark and hidden nights.

“I could not help it and I burst out in laughter. I jumped from my seat, I took the arm of Master Meng Shan and asked him, ‘Tell me, what am I lacking? What am I lacking?’

“The Master slapped me three times and I prostrated myself before him three times. He told me, ‘Oh, Tie Shan, you have taken many years in order to reach this point.’”

CHAPTER 45

THE FINAL ILLUMINATION

The truth must be comprehended by means of an instantaneous illumination. However, the factual thing, the complete Inner Self-Realization of the Being must be intensely worked in a gradual manner.

The Mantra 'WU' mainly refers to the awakening of the mystical experience in its immediate sense, and the Samyasam Boddhi (Chueh in China) denotes a permanent and complete illumination.

If by means of a retrospective exercise we return to the original point of departure and we theoretically return our bones to our father and our flesh to our mother, then, where would we be? Obviously, we will be in the seed, in the semen...

This induces us to think that without the Sahaja Maithuna we could never comprehend the essence of the sentence of the famous Hua Tou 'WU'...

Observe the verticals of the 'W', study it in its whole. The graphical shape of its combinations clearly emphasizes the basic idea of successive exaltations preceded always by tremendous humiliations.

Whosoever wants to ascend must first descend, this is the Law. Initiation is both death and matrimony at the same time.

For greater comprehension of the Hua Tou 'WU' it is not irrelevant to repeat the following: 'The descent into the Ninth Sphere (sex) was from ancient times the maximum ordeal for the supreme dignity of the Hierophant. Jesus, Buddha, Hermes, Dante, Zoroaster, etc., had to pass through this difficult ordeal.

Mars descends into the Ninth Sphere in order to retemper his sword and conquer the heart of Venus. Hercules does so in like manner, in order to clean the stables of Augias and Perseus, as well as to cut off the head of Medusa with his flaming sword.

However, for the good of the great cause, it is important to remember that in Zen, next to the 'W', the radical 'U' shines, which is a living symbol of that great womb within which the worlds are gestated.

In cosmic grammar, the 'Rune UR' is certainly the Divine Mother-Space, the sacred womb where beasts, humans and Gods are gestated. It is unquestionable that without the esoteric power of Devi Kundalini, to work in the Flaming Forge of Vulcan (sex) would be impossible.

The Magisterium of Fire must be performed in seven days or periods. Let us remember our astrological formula: Moon, Mercury, Venus, Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn. The starry

heaven of Uranus and the classic Empyrean are for those who have reached the longed for goal.

I earned the right to enter into the Lunar heaven after a previous humiliation. This is the law for all worlds. No one can definitely enter into the heavens of Mercury, Venus, etc., without previously having esoterically worked in their corresponding planetary infernos.

The 'WU' experiences are one and many. They are one, because they are identical in essence, and they are many because they differ in profundity, clarity and efficacy. This provides a notion of the sense and nature of 'WU'.

"What is your original face?" A tremendous question of Master Meng Shan! The Hebraic Bible states:

"Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh." Genesis: 2:24.

Let the Gods of the Dawn utter! Let the muses inspire me! Let the hurricane howl!

It is written with fiery embers in the book of all mysteries that all the Avatars of Ishvara always present the requirement of the Omnimericiful Universal Spirit of Life, in order to restore upon the face of the earth 'the original face', the paradisiacal pristine state of Adam-Kadmon, the androgynous entity who incarnates the pair, man- and-woman.

This precious reestablishment of the cosmic Being within each one of us, is precisely performed in the delightful instants of that supreme ecstasy of love in which two beings, one masculine, the other feminine, in complete coitus, consciously cede their differential individuality in order to fuse themselves into one.

Therefore, since this unity is not only physical, but also a Psychic-Spiritual type, the doctrines that reject the Sexual Magic of Eros are anti-human and anti-divine.

The recognition of the human being as the image and likeness of the living cosmos and thereby the cosmic purpose of his sexual potency is found in the cultural- spiritual environment of the present era, and mainly in the most refined esoteric circles.

Medieval theologians and naturalists knew something about the connection between the sexual energy and the prodigious forces that traversed the inalterable infinite...

Thus, Saint Albert Magno was imbibed in the profound belief about the power of the stars, which exerts a decisive influence upon the sexual potency of the individual.

Saint Albert believed that the stars were bipolar, in other words of an Angelic and animal nature. He arrived at the logical conclusion that a double union, spiritual and animal, can occur in the matrimony.

St. Augustine, the Gnostic Patriarch, emphasizes the idea that the sexual libido encompasses not only the entire body, but also the inner Being, which in the carnal agitation is linked with the psychic, in such a manner that a pleasurable sensation is formed that has no equal among sensual sensations. Thus, in the instant in which it reaches its culminating point, all consciousness and all energy of understanding is disconnected.

This disconnection between consciousness and intellect is precisely the one that can transfigure the delightful coitus into something supernatural, spiritual and terribly divine.

The ultimate goal of mystical practices, like that of Zen or that of Christian quietism of Fray Miguel de Molinos, is that they can lead us to the stillness and silence of the mind,

The new arrives only when the mind is still, when the mind is in silence.

In those moments of indescribable delights, the consciousness escapes from within the mortifying mind in order to experience the reality.

The second Zen Patriarch asked to the Bodhidharma:

“How is it possible to attain the Tao?”

The Bodhidharma answered:

Externally, all activity ceases; internally, the mind ceases to be agitated.

When the mind has become a wall, you can then enter the Tao.

Ch’an Buddhists in China rarely speak about Sambodhi, the Final Illumination (the famous Chueh).

Since ‘WU’ is the fundamental and mystical experience of awakening to the truth (Prajna), the person who attains the ‘WU’ experience might not be capable of dominating, deepening and maturing it.

Before reaching perfection, a lot of work in the ‘Ninth Sphere’ is needed. This is with the purpose of removing the dualistic, egotistical and profoundly rooted thoughts which surge forth from within the passions.

The gospel of the Tao has stated:

*Purify your heart,
cleanse your thoughts,
stop your appetites
and conserve the semen.*

The author of the *EL-KTAB*, a marvelous book appreciated by the Arabs, does not become tired of glorifying the coitus. With just reason, the coitus is for him the most magnificent and sacred hymn of praise, the most noble aspiration of the man and his companion the woman, behind the primeval union and the paradisiacal delights.

Love is the *Fiat Lux* of the book of Moses, the Divine Command, the law for all continents, seas, worlds and spaces.

When we courageously grasp that Lance of Eros with the evident purpose of reducing into dust all and every one of those subjective elements that we carry within, then, light surges forth. Imprisoned essence, light in a potential state exists within every subconscious entity.

Thus, in the same manner that the atom liberates energy when it is fractionated, likewise, the total destruction of any of our internal elements liberates light.

We need to make light within each one of us. "Light, more light" exclaimed Goethe, when dying.

Sexual magic is the eternal foundation of the luminous and spermatic Fiat of the first instant.

The radical death of the Ego and other inhuman elements that we carry within ourselves leads us to the Final Illumination (Samyasam Bodhi).

Therefore, the Zen or WU' illumination varies greatly, from the superficial glimpse of the beginners over their mental essence, until the total Buddhism, as was performed by Buddha.

CHAPTER 46

WHITE TANTRISM

The authentic Tantric doctrines of Vatsyayana's Kamasutra, and Kayanamalla's Anangaranga complement themselves with the Vajroli Yoga and the Pancatattwa.

The legitimate Hindustani Kamasutra has nothing to do with certain spurious, bastard, adulterated type of editions, which, displaying the same title, profusely circulate everywhere, in all the western countries.

This mentioned classic book of the Hindu amatory art is divided into seven parts. The first part exposes conjointly the impulse of life and the arts and sciences which are of practical use in Sexual Magic.

The female Masters of female apprentices are only those women who have practiced Sexual Magic with a man. The female disciple has to possess seventy-four basic arts.

Subsequently, among many of these arts are chanting, music, instrumentation, dance, tattooing, elaboration of beds with flower petals, musical execution with cups containing pure water, mineralogy, science of chemistry, organization of quail, ram and rooster fights and technique on all literary works. The pupil is obliged to learn magic arts. She must not only know how to prepare the diagrams and amorous philters of esoteric efficacy, but moreover, to instruct herself about sortilege and mantras.

In the second part of Kamasutra, the great Hindustani Master Vatsyayana wisely exposes an abundant esoteric teaching about the art of loving, occupying himself very specially on something extraordinary, that is indeed, the division of the types of women and men in accordance with the size of their sexual parts.

He intelligently presents three types of men who are designated in accordance with their phallus, as:

1. Hare
2. Bull
3. Stallion

In comparison to these males, the women are also classified in three types in accordance with the constitution of their Yoni (sexual organ):

1. Gazelle
2. Mare
3. Female-Elephant

This differentiation in both sexes gives fundamentally nine amorous combinations, which come to remind us of the Ninth Sphere:

Excellent sexual pleasure:

- A. Hare with Gazelle
- B. Bull with Mare
- C. Stallion with Female-Elephant

Unmatched sexual unions

- A. Hare with Mare
- B. Hare with Female-Elephant
- C. Bull with Gazelle
- D. Bull with Female-Elephant
- E. Stallion with Mare
- F. Stallion with Gazelle

The nine possibilities of sexual union are subdivided into three types, in accordance with the size of the sexual organs:

1. The proportion of the same size indubitably is the best.
2. The relationship between large and small organs, among which the enjoyment of pleasure is of the most unfortunate.
3. All of the other amorous relations can be classified as regular.

Unquestionably, the eventual temperament of the consorts displays a great role in the sexual act. These are grouped in three types:

- A. Cold
- B. Mild
- C. Hot

Therefore nine type of couplings are possible in the Nine Sphere, namely:

- A. Cold with Cold
- B. Mild with Mild
- C. Hot with Hot

Unmatched sexual unions:

- A. Cold with Mild
- B. Cold with Hot
- C. Mild with Cold
- D. Mild with Hot
- E. Hot with Cold
- F. Hot with Mild

Among the Hindus, the span of the sexual enjoyment, that is to say, the possibility of a long permanency of it, is not based, for instance, in a purely sensual animal activity. Rather, it is considered as vital matter, which expresses in the performed act a demonstration of a very developed and more exquisite culture. Deficient is considered the consort who is found not truly oriented about the most intimate sexual phenomena. This is what any man is, according to Rasamanjuri, who when in the act of love does not reflect upon what he should or should not do.

By all means it stands out in complete meridian clarity that also the prolongation of the sexual enjoyment is divided in three types:

1. Fast
2. Middle
3. Slow

The secret of the God's happiness consists in the relation of Him with Himself.

From such a relation, in accordance with the law of the philosophical analogies, comes every cosmic vehicle, every sexual junction.

Therefore, the sexual act is a legitimate right of the human being. It is the happiness of God expressing itself through ourselves.

Mohammed said: *"Coitus is an act even pleasing unto religion if, whenever it is performed, it is with the invocation to Allah and with one's own woman for reproduction."*

The Koran states: *"Go and take for a wife a maiden whom you caress and who caresses you. Do not begin coitus without previously arousing each other with caresses."*

The Prophet emphasizes: *"Your women are your tilth, so come into your tillage how you choose; but do a previous good act for yourselves, and fear God, and know that one day you are going to meet Him."*

Accordingly, with the former thoughts, it is ostensible that the delightful coitus with the adorable woman is certainly a form of praying. In those moments of supreme enjoyment we convert ourselves into collaborators of the creator Logos. We continue with the radiant and, in every instant, re-creative task of the maintenance of the universe within the mysterious bosom of the eternal Mother-Space.

"Do as your creator does, as a powerful man in deeds and strength, who has consciousness in what he does. Thus, you will obtain double enjoyment, an increasing seminal liquor and healthy and strong children."

This is what Mohammed said: *"Ten graces bequests Allah to the man who grants his sympathy to the woman with caressing hands, twenty if he presses her against his heart;*

yet, if his amorous embrace is the authentic one, then, he obtains from God thirty graces for every kiss.”

KALYANAMALLA emphasizes the transcendental idea that the exact fulfillment of the code of love is much more difficult than the intellectual humanoid mistakenly thinks.

“The preliminary enjoyments are complicated in themselves. Therefore, this art must be employed in exact accordance with the precepts in order to arouse the woman’s passion, in the same way that a fire is kindled, for her Yoni to become softer, more elastic and suitable for the act of love.”

A wise author stated: *“ANANGARANGA confers great importance to both components of the couple in that they keep their everyday life from taking on a lukewarm quality, or letting weariness or satiety enter into their relationship, by consummating their love with spiritual absorption and total surrender. The method of intercourse, that is to say, the love making position, is denominated Asana.”*

Four modalities must be differentiated:

1. UTTANA-DANDA
2. TIRYAC
3. UPAWISHTA
4. UTTHITA

Since the esoteric study of these four Tantric Asanas has a complicated content, with exclusively pedagogical goals, we will limit ourselves in this present book to specifically transcribing that sexual position named: *Upawishta*.

Upawishta means seated position. Twelve sub-postures are given from this position:

- A. The especially favorite Padmasana: The man sits on the bed or on a carpet with his crossed legs. He receives the woman over his legs and she envelops the body of the male with her legs in such a way that her two feet come to make contact with the masculine coccyx. Thus, the woman absorbs the phallus.
- B. Both seated and during the delightful act, the woman with one hand takes one of her legs aloft.
- C. Man and woman entwine their hands behind each others respective necks.
- D. While the woman takes in her hands the feet of the man, he holds those of the woman,
- E. The man takes with his arms the legs of the woman, he lets them to repose over the arc of his elbows and entwines his arms behind her neck.

F. The turtle posture: Both of them seat, in such a way that their mouth, hands and legs are mutually touching.

G. Seated with the legs widely apart, the man penetrates her with his member and presses between his thighs the thighs of the woman.

H. This posture is only executable by a very strong man with a very light woman: The man places the legs of the woman over his elbows aloft, he then penetrates her with his member, thereafter he oscillates her from right to left.

I. The same former posture, but the oscillation of the woman is effectuated back and forth.

The oriental Upawishta is marvelous, however, it is unquestionable that we, the Gnostics, are not exciusivists. It is obvious that in the western world many mystics prefer the following Asana:

A. The woman lies down on the bed on her back, legs widely open, that is to say, opened from right to left, with a low pillow, or without it.

B. The man places himself over the woman, between her legs, masculine face, chest and belly making direct contact with the body of the female.

C. Forehead against forehead, chest against chest, plexus against plexus, all of the corresponding astral centers superpose in order to permit an interchange of magnetic currents and thus, establishing a complete androgynous.

D. Introduce very slowly the virile member into the vagina, avoid violent actions. The movement of the phallus inside the uterus must be slow and delicate.

E. The coitus must endure at least one hour.

F. Withdraw from the woman before the spasm in order to avoid the ejaculation of the semen.

G. The phallus must be withdrawn from within the uterus very slowly and with much delicacy.

Pierre Huard Ming Wong, when referring to Chinese medicine states the following:

“Taoism has other influences in medicine, as is confirmed by reading the compilation of Taoist treatises the Sing-Ming-Kuel-Chen, from the year 1622, approximately.

“Three regions are remarkable in the human body. The superior or cephalic region is the origin of the spirits which live in the body.

“The pillow of Jade (Yu-Chen) is found in the lower back part of the head. The so called ‘pillow bone’ is the Occipital (Chen-Ku).

“The palace of Ni-Huan (this term is derived from the Sanskrit word Nirvana), is found in the brain - known also as the sea of the bone marrow (Suei-Hai), it is the origin of seminal substances.

“The middle region is the vertebral column, considered not as a functional shaft but as a channel which joins the cerebral cavities with the genital centers. It ends at a point called the celestial column (T’ien’ Chu), situated at the back of the neck, at the hair line. Do not confuse this point with the acupuncture point that has the same name.

“The lower region includes the region of cinnabar (Tan-T’ien). In this location is seated the genital activity, that is represented by the two kidneys: the fire of the tiger (YANG) on the left and the fire of the Dragon (YING) on the right.

“Sexual union is symbolized by a couple: a young man leads a white tiger and a young woman rides upon a Green Dragon. Lead (masculine element) and mercury (feminine element) are about to be combined. As soon as they are united, the young couple cast their essence into a bronze cauldron, the symbol of sexual activity. However, the genital fluids, particularly the sperm (TSING), are neither eliminated nor lost but can return to the brain throughout the spinal column, thanks to which the course of life is restored.

“The basis of these Taoist sexual practices is Coitus Reservatus, whereby the sperm which has descended from the encephalon (brain) to the prostatic region (but which has not been ejaculated) returns to its origin; this is designated as the return of the substance (HUAN-TSING).

“Whatever the objections might be against the truth of this return, it is no less true that the Taoists understood the cerebral dominion over the elemental instincts, which maintains the level of generative stimulation below the threshold of ejaculation. Thus, they gave new style to the sexual act and a distinct purpose to fertilization.

“Sexual practices have played a great role in Taoism. The public and collective practices mentioned in the II century, disappeared in the VI century.

“Private practices continued for such a long time that TSENG TSAO (XII century) consecrated a section for them in his TAO CHU.

“Indeed, Taoists and equally so Buddhists observe continence (that has its bases in Sexual Magic); however, the first ones considered it as a form of detachment that should take them to liberation, while the second ones (in addition to their longing for attaining the Tao), were maintaining themselves chaste in order to concentrate, preserve their substance and to live a long time.

“It is possible that in a similar fashion to their respiratory exercises, the Taoists were inspiring themselves in the Hindu Tantric Treatises. Some of these were translated into Chinese in the epoch of T’ANG and known by SUEN-SSEU MIAO.

“The PAO-P’U-TSEU contains a section that is entitled ‘The Bedchamber’ (eighteen chapters) that was printed in 1066 and reprinted in 1307, 1544 and 1604 by KIAO CHE-KING.

This data has been taken from texts which have been included in the annals of the Sui by TAMBA YASUYORI in his YI-SIN-FANG (982-984) printed by TAKI GENKIN (dead in 1857).

“In 1854, this medical compendium of thirty chapters containing the secrets of the bedchamber, was reedited by YE TO-HUEI (1864- 1927) who reconstructed the lost texts, particularly the ‘ARS AMATORIA’ from the Master TONG-HIUAN.”

A great sage stated: “By means of the practice of the Vajroli-Mudra, the Yogi makes his Shakti, that is to say the universal revealed sexual energy, in his own accord to flow, so that he will not be the only participant, but also his Lord. About the Viparitakarani he stated: This practice is the most excellent. It is the cause of the liberation for the yogi. This practice confers health to a Yogi and grants him perfection.”

If we undress the Vajroli Mudra, if we tear the veil of Isis, then the naked truth remains, which is Sexual Magic, Sahaja Maithuna.

The esoteric Viparitakarani teaches in a clear and precise way how the Yogi can make his semen to slowly arise by means of concentration, so that man and woman in complete copulation can reach the Vajroli.

“Om! Obedient to the Goddess, who marvelously adorned resembles a dormant serpent in the swayanbbulingam. She enjoys the beloved one and others delights. She is captivated by the wine and radiates like a million light beams. She will be awakened (during sexual Magic) by the air and fire, by the Mantras YAM and DRAM and by the Mantra HUM.”

Chant the former mantras in those precise moments in which the Lingam-Yoni are found connected in the nuptial bed. Thus, this is how Devi Kundalini, the Igneous Serpent of our Magical Powers, will awaken.

CHAPTER 47

THIRD ACT

Don Mario Roso de Luna, the illustrious Theosophical writer, when commenting about the third act of the Wagnerian Parsifal textually writes the following:

The third act is developed again in the domain of the Grail, a pleasant, open, spring landscape with a background of gently rising flowery meadows. The edge of the forest forms the foreground, and extends to the right to rising rocky mountains of the Grail. In the foreground, by the side of the wood is a spring; facing it, a little further back is a humble hermit's hut, leaning against a mass of rock.

It is the first hour of Good Friday. Gurnemanz, now a very old man, clad as a hermit with only the tunic of the knights of the Grail, comes out of the hut and listens from yonder to some deep groaning, as if from somebody who within a profound slumber fights against a nightmare.

Gurnemanz walks firmly to a densely overgrown thorny thicket at the side, he forces the undergrowth apart and then stops suddenly. He finds Kundry, cold and stiff, the rough wintry thorns (the sad moral night of the sinner) have been concealing her for who knows how long..., without knowing that the redeeming spring has arrived...

The Elder drags Kundry out of the bushes, carries her to a nearby grassy mound and starts to reanimate her with his breath. When at last she opens her eyes, she utters a cry. Kundry is in the coarse robe of a penitent, her face is paler and the wildness has vanished from her looks and behavior.

She gazes long at Gurnemanz, as someone who evokes ancient memories. Then, she rises, walks towards the hermit's hut and she sets to work like a serving-maid, as she did in the past with the holy Knights.

Kundry carries a water pitcher and goes with it in order to fill it in the spring. She then moves into the hut, where she busies herself as accustomed, as a gift of the last survivor of the Grail.

Meanwhile, Parsifal emerges from the forest, entirely accoutered in black armor; with closed helm and lowered spear he strides slowly forward with his head bowed under the weight of his uncertain thoughts.

Gurnemanz draws nearer to him in case he needs to be guided. Parsifal does not respond to the ascetic's greetings. Yet, he reminds Parsifal that it is the supremely holy Good Friday, a day whose sanctity must not be scoffed at with weapons.

The ineffable idyll commonly called the Enchantments of Holy Friday resounds triumphantly in the space, joyfully greeting the Redeemer amidst the august joy of the mount and the meadow, where everything smiles to the approach of the supreme moment of liberation...

The bells of the Grail sound increasingly again, as of yore, calling for the holy ceremony. Gurnemanz has brought out his mantle of the Knights of the Grail, and invests Parsifal, the new King, with it. Then, they slowly start on their way up to the castle, whose splendors, thanks to the sacred, sexual Spear, will return without delay.

The great hail of the Grail is filled with Knights and Squires who from one side enter bearing Titurel's body in a coffin, and from the other carrying Amfortas on a litter, who comes to receive the last blessing of the Grail.

Amfortas, the grieving son, who alone longed for death's repose, has unconsciously brought death to his father by depriving him of the immortal contemplation of the divine radiance of the Regenerating Cup.

All Knights pressing closer to Amfortas exhort him for the last time, so that he can be mindful of his charge.

Amfortas, foreboding the approaching of the sweet darkness of death, resists turning towards the life that the uncovered Grail shall grant him. Thus, he leaps up in wild despair and in a tremendous paroxysm, tears open his garments asking for death in shouts...

All the Knights recoil, overwhelmed by the sight of his dreaded, gushing wound.

Parsifal has appeared unobserved among the Knights and now steps forward and extends the Spear, touching Amfortas' side with its point. The wound finally, miraculously, heals.

Parsifal steps towards the center, holding triumphantly the Spear aloft before him. All gaze and prostrate themselves in supreme rapture at the uplifted Spear, while Amfortas taking the sacred relic from the shrine falls to his knees before it in silent prayer and contemplation. The Grail then gradually glows with a soft light, imbibing the whole environment with its glory. Parsifal, raised from that instant as a supreme Dignitary, waves the Grail in blessing in that moment and forever over the worshipping restored Holy Brotherhood of Knights.

Parsifal rises after a further silence, thrusts the Spear into the ground before him, lays shield and sword beneath it, opens his helmet, takes it off from his head and lays it with the other arms. He then kneels ecstatically before the Spear in silent prayer.

Gurnemanz watches Parsifal with astonishment and emotion. He beckons to Kundry, who has just emerged from the hut. She recognizes in him the one who once killed the swan, the sinner who has come, as the man, to the Holy Precinct, throughout the ways of

desolation and disconcertion, hundred times damned, through passages without end and innumerable battles...

The hermit informs him at once about the state of disgrace on which the Knights of the Grail had fallen upon. All have been dispersed or are dead except him, since Amfortas in maddened defiance craved only for death while fighting against the damnation of his wound, which brought torment to his soul. No entreaties, no misery of his Knights could move him to uncover again the sacred Cup, for the covered Grail ceases to prolong his life with its immortal Breath.

Parsifal, springing up in intense grief, seems about to fall in a faint before the spring. Gurnemanz holds him upright and sets him down on the grassy mound. Kundry hurriedly fetches a bowl of water with which to sprinkle the face of Parsifal.

Gurnemanz, gently spurning Kundry, says, ' *“Not with this! The holy spring itself (the Yoni) shall refresh and bathe our pilgrim.”*

“I suspect he has today to fulfill a sublime task, to perform a divine mission. Then let him be free of stain, and the dust of lengthy wanderings now be washed from him.”

Parsifal is gently led by the two to the edge of the spring. During those moments, Kundry loosens his greaves while Gurnemanz removes his body from the old armor, black from the pain and battles. He is left with only his white tunic of a Neophyte, which is the new tunic of purity. Every old ferment of sin has been expiated already, as Saint Paulo might say.

Kundry bathes the feet of the chosen one, she draws from her bosom a golden phial and pours part of its contents over Parsifal's feet.

Kundry, as a new Magdalene, then dries him with her hastily unbound hair, while Gurnemanz empties the phial over Parsifal's head, the new King. He then gently strokes his head and then folds his hands upon it, anointing him as a redeemer of the Grail and as a sapient for compassion.

Titurel, alive again for a while, raised himself a little in his coffin. At the same time, from the dome, a white dove descends and hovers over the head of the new King, the King sapient in compassion...! The sacred chants explode more vigorous than ever. Kundry, the woman symbol, slowly sinks lifeless to the ground amidst the universal homage that heaven and earth gloriously render to the Hero, who has defeated the potencies of evil and who has achieved Liberation by means of effort and sacrifice.

CHAPTER 48

THE SIGN OF JONAH

“An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign; and there shall no sign be given to it, but the sign of the prophet Jonah: For as Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale’s belly; so shall the Son of man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth.” Matthew: 12: 39-40.

This exotic narration, apparently somehow confused with the marvelous book of Jonah, has an esoteric foundation. It is in regards to a very ancient symbolic ceremony that consisted in leaving the Initiate for three days and three nights within the unutterable mystery of a cavern or coffin, similar to a fish in its shape.

It is disclosed in some old traditions that are lost within the frightful night of all centuries, that during this interval, while the body of the Initiate was laid down as a cadaver within the coffin, the Soul which was absent from the dense human form, was directly experiencing in the superior worlds the ritual of Life and Death.

The elemental water, in equal fashion to the perfumed elemental earth are without any doubt passive or simply negative symbols. They represent the preliminary purification and the serious basis of any regenerative process, that afterwards has to become effective by means of the superior and active elements, the air and the fire, which respectively are symbols of the Spirit and of the Great Reality.

The extraordinary and marvelous form of the old Coffin of Osiris, because of its likeness and significance, naturally brings into the memory another fish, which is magnificently represented in the Semitic Alphabet by the letter Samech. It is a letter that occupies the 15th Kabbalistic place, which in the beginning undoubtedly symbolized the famous Constellation of the Whale, a Constellation under whose direction we have to perform all of the works in the Ninth Sphere.

The Kabbalistic 15, Typhoon Baphomet, the Devil, the Animal Passion, is the representation of such a cited constellation. This invites us to comprehend what is the work in the Ninth Sphere (sex).

The Initiate who spills the Cup of Hermes will be fulminated by the sixteenth Arcanum of the Constellation of Aries. The Initiate will fall from the Tower straightened by the thunderbolt of Cosmic Justice and will form the inverted Pentalpha, with the head aiming downwards and the legs aiming upwards.

If we Kabbalistically add the numbers of the fifteenth Arcanum of the Constellation of the Whale, we will have the following result: $1 + 5 = 6$.

The number six in the Tarot is the Arcanum of the Lover.

It is the Arcanum of the human being who is between

Virtue and Passion. You must be wisely polarized with the sixth Arcanum in order to defeat the frightful fifteenth Arcanum, the Constellation of the Whale.

Remember, beloved reader, that in the center of your chest you have a very special magnetic point which captures the waves of light and glory that come from your Human Soul.

The Human Soul is Tiphereth, the sixth Arcanum of the Tarot. Listen and obey the orders which emanate from your Human Soul.

Act in accordance with those intimate impulses. Work in the Forge of the Cyclops when your Soul requires it from you. If you learn to obey you will not perish in the belly of the Whale.

Behold! You have turned into a fish who works within the chaotic waters of the first instant. Now you will comprehend why the Coffin of Osiris has the form of a fish.

It is unquestionable that the seven days or periods in the Book of Genesis of Moses, are synthesized in these three days and three nights of Jonah within the belly of the Whale.

This is an Initiatic Ceremony that was repeated by the Great Kabir Jesus in the Holy Sepulcher.

Some people who are badly informed mistakenly suppose that the simple symbolic initiatic ceremony of the Magnum sepulcher, with its famous three days, plus the catalepsy of the physical body, is the whole thing...

These good people lamentably ignore that this simple ceremony is only a sign, symbol or allegory of something immense and terrific that is projected into the unknowable...

The Prophet Jonah working under the direction of the Constellation of the Whale, inside the profound well of the universe, in the Ninth Sphere, sex, performs his work in three days, or three more or less long periods.

A) He builds the wedding garment of the soul and establishes within himself a permanent center of consciousness.

B) He eliminates the three traitors of the Intimate Christ and reduces the Dragon of Darkness and the secondary beasts into cosmic dust (sub-lunar work).

C) He continues dying in the superior spheres of Mercury, Venus, Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, etc.

The first period of time concludes with the Second Birth, which the Great Kabir Jesus spoke about to the Rabbi Nicodemus.

The second period finishes with a marvelous Wedding as a result. This is the Wedding of the Human Soul with Guinevere, the Queen of the Jinn knights. To women we say that they then get married with the Eternal Beloved One...

The third period magisterially concludes with the Resurrection of the Intimate Christ within our own heart.

The esoteric Hindustani texts constantly mention the famous Trimurti: Atman-Buddhi-Manas This is the Innermost with his two souls: Buddhi and Manas.

Inside the intellectual humanoid, mistakenly called a human being, only an insignificant fraction from the third aspect of that Trimurti is incarnated.

Such a fraction is denominated 'Essence.' In Nippon Zen, this fraction is simply named 'Buddhata.'

Lamentably, this 'Essence' abides in dreams within the variegated and grotesque conjunction of submerged, tenebrous entities, which constitute the Ego, the Myself, the Itself.

However such an 'Essence' is the raw matter in order to build soul; a concept that unfortunately has not yet been very well understood by our Gnostic students.

The Chinese Tao clearly teaches that the 'Essence', which is bottled up within all of these conjunctions of Devil-I's that constitute the Ego, has to pass through incessant alchemical transformations in the Ninth Sphere, before converting itself into the 'Seminal Pearl.'

The marvelous reflex of the sexual energy in a form of a luminous whirlwind (like when a ray of light returns after crashing against a wall) comes to crystallize within ourselves, forming the 'Golden Flower', which, as it is known, comes to establish within the neophyte a permanent center of consciousness.

The Seminal Pearl, developing itself by means of Sexual Magic and the formidable work with the Lance of Longinus, has to pass through unutterable bitterness before converting itself into the Auric Embryo (Golden Flower).

The 'Second Birth' is an extraordinary, marvelous cosmic event. Here is where we incarnate the third aspect of the Trimurti: Atman-Buddhi-Manas.

The Human Soul (the Superior Manas of the Hindustani) enters within the 'Auric Embryo.' From that moment, it can be said that we are human beings with Soul, sacred individuals, truly responsible people in the most complete sense of the word.

The Golden Embryo dressed with the wedding garment of the Soul truly experiences a supreme joy in the moment in which it is fused with the Human Soul.

All of the experiences of life are found resumed within the Golden Embryo. That is why it is ostensible that the Golden Embryo originates deep transformations within the Pneumatic Immortal Principles of the human being.

This is how we convert ourselves into Adepts of the White Brotherhood.

The matrimony with Guinevere, the divine Amazon is indeed another marvelous event which marks the glorifying finale of the second great day or period, It is unquestionable that then we experience another radical transformation, for inside Buddhi, as if inside of a fine and transparent cup of alabaster, the Flame of Prajna is burning.

However, it is indubitable that the superlative transformation is only possible with the resurrection of the Intimate Christ within the heart of the human being. This is the culminating step of the third period, the formidable moment in which the Constellation of the Whale is vomiting out the Prophet Jonah on the shores of Niniveh the supreme moment in which Jesus the Great Kabir resurrects, the extraordinary second of the triumph of Parsifal in the resplendent temple of the Holy Grail.

CHAPTER 49

THE OVERTURE OF PARSIFAL

Don Mario Roso de Luna, the great Spanish Sage writes:

“The overture of Parsifal, says Rogelio Villar, amazes in general with the grandiosity, majesty, inspiration and beauty of its arrangement, with the purity of its lines and with the color and tinge of its wise and artistic instrumentation; sweet and gentle, grandiose and solemn. It marks the end of the evolution initiated in Tannhauser and Lohengrin. In these inspired works are found sketched his theories about the lyrical drama, that reaches its ultimate extremes in the very beautiful overture of Parsifal.

“Its melodic fragmentary pieces (leitmotifs), which were heard during the course of Wagner’s drama in the different situations, are of a great expressive potency. In relation with the character of the poem, these are always subordinated to the spirit of the literary phrase.

“The prelude and the consecration of the Holy Grail (Supper of the Apostles) is a magnificent scene and with intense emotion in the first act. The prelude and enchanted garden of Klingsor (voluptuous scene of the flowers), and the dramatic duo of seduction between Kundry and Parsifal, is in the second act. The brief and melancholic prelude, the moving scene of the baptism (one of the moments of more emotion in Parsifal), and the enchantments of Holy Friday, scenes of sublime beauty, are in the third act. It is most gentle and poetic because of its delicacies, and rich and exuberant because of its orchestration, as are all of the salient situations of the opera, filled with enchanted poetry and of an exquisite tenderness, delicate or sweet, somber or gloomy always with the character of the poem.

“Other interesting episodic pieces, due to the work of its orchestration that gives a descriptive character, are: The morning prayer of Gurnemanz, the departure of Kundry, the King’s cortege with its panoramic view, as well as the parliament of Gurnemanz under the shade of a secular tree, where Gurnemanz talks to his Squires about the origin of the Order of the Grail, Kundry, the agony of Amfortas and the sortilege of Klingsor.

“What also stands out in the second act is the whole sinister scene of the infernal Magician, in which he takes advantage of his cunning skills in order for Kundry, the Eve of Hebrew mythology, to seduce Parsifal; and in the third act what stands out is the desolated scene of Amfortas, with its deep emotion and the funeral march.

“In the overture of Parsifal, there are symphonic melodies of an imponderable beauty, delectable sounds covered and fused with an art so new, so suitable to the environment in which the action is developed, the character of the landscape, poetic musical images so expressive, and true assertions of interpretations of the legend of the Holy Grail that subjugate.

“Intermixed with an art without precedents are themes heard from the orchestra, such as: The Supper, Titurel (the Order of the Grail), Kundry, Amfort Parsifal, which symbolize faith, compassion, humbleness, melancholy, love, resignation, the Swan, the Spear and others whose signification is important to know in order to enjoy completely of the Wagnerian conception in the whole of its magnitude and grandiosity. Amfortas symbolizes remorse, Titurel is the voice of the past, Klingsor is sin (the ‘I’), Parsifal is redemption, Gurnemanz (the Guru) is tradition and Kundry is seduction.

Samael Aun Weor