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GIULIANO KREMMERZ

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BOOKS



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Tarot and Philosophy

Tarot and Philosophy was originally published as a compilation of articles that, following a logical rather than chronological order, first saw the light of day in 1944 under the title *Il tarocchi dal punto di vista filosófico* (The Tarot from the point of view of Philosophy), in Milan, by the Fratelli Bocea publishing group.

These articles, using some of the most significant major arcana of the Tarot (The Fool, The Lovers, and Death), describe in a rather unique way, as a dialogue between “The Fool” and the reader, the predominant currents of thought at the beginning of the 20th century, particularly marked by the Enlightenment heritage of the 19th century, the two world wars, and new discoveries in fields as diverse as Egyptology (with the discovery of Tutankhamun's tomb), physics (with the theory of relativity), and the new discoveries in the fields of psychology, sociology, and anthropology. In this work, Kremmerz, from his hermetic perspective, analyzes and criticizes the dogmas imposed by both religion and science and invites the reader to acquire a different point of view that frees them from the restrictions imposed by the dogmas imposed by both religion and science.

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Introduction

Biography of Giuliano Kremmerz

Giuliano M. Kremmerz was born as Ciro Formisano in a small town near Naples called Portici on April 8, 180. The Italian author is considered one of the leading disseminators and scholars of Hermeticism between the 19th and 20th centuries, having published a significant volume of works between 1890 and 1930. His initiation into the magical and hermetic circles came about through contact with authors such as Pasquale de Servís (1818-1893), who was considered in his day to be one of the greatest scholars of the hermetic subject and a great initiate, known in these circles by the nickname “Izar.” It was this author who introduced Kremmerz at a very early age to the Order of the Grand Orient of Egypt, considered the last manifestation of an ancient tradition of immemorial origins.

He was the son of Michele Formisano, a road worker, and Gaetana Argano, who came from a wealthy bourgeois family. In fact, it was his mother's greater financial means that enabled him to complete his studies. Gifted with great talent and intelligence, in 1878, the young Kremmerz was only 17 years old when he was already professionally and academically qualified to teach Italian literature, history, and geography in the province of Naples. In 1883, he would go on to obtain a doctorate in literature from the University of Naples. After completing his studies, Kremmerz devoted himself to teaching and journalism, combining his work with hermetic training and studies. Between 1883 and 1885, he

worked as a teacher at a school in Alvito, a small town in Lazio, while also being employed at a printing house in his native Portici. Later, with the help of the founder of the printing company, Eduardo Scarfoglio, the young Kremmerz became editor of the newspaper *Il mattino*. Shortly thereafter, in 1887, he married Anna Beato. Between 1888 and 1893, he undertook a series of trips outside Italy, the motivations for which remain unclear. The places he visited during this period are also unknown, although it is known that he sailed to Montevideo, the capital of present-day Uruguay, and returned five years later on a ship from the same port. It is said that during these trips Kremmerz came into contact with shamanism. In 1895, he moved with his wife and daughters to Naples, where he began his career as a writer and disseminator of Hermetic teachings and practices.

In 1890, Giuliano Kremmerz founded the Therapeutic and Magical Brotherhood of Miriam, which sought to follow the legacy of his teacher, Pasquale de Servís, in relation to Egyptian priestly practices inspired by Isis, and to imitate organizations inspired by the Rosicrucians. During this same period, and thanks to his own financial resources, he began to publish *El mundo Secreto* (The Secret World), a magazine that sparked much controversy and disagreement in the esoteric circles of the time, who could not conceive that the practice of magic was not limited to an elite and that ideas were disseminated through printed propaganda, , violating the secrecy and inherent nature of teachings that were considered codified and not to be disclosed in this way to the uninitiated. However,

Kremmerz always exercised great caution when referring to certain contents, and never did so explicitly.

Some believed that the initiatory organization founded by the Neapolitan author had direct links to Masonic organizations and lodges. From 1909 onwards, Kremmerz finally outlined the basic points of the Brotherhood in a text known as the *Pragmático Fondamentale della S.P.H.C.I. Fr+ Tm+ di Miriam*. He established a network of operational headquarters in various cities on the Italian peninsula, including Naples, Bari, and Rome, among others.

With regard to the Brotherhood he had previously founded in 1890, he established the Hermetic tradition as its foundation, giving it a therapeutic meaning and trying to make it accessible to everyone, in what his followers considered an authentic revelation. In fact, the defenders of his doctrine—who still exist in Italy and remain very active—believe that Kremmerz had rescued Magic from a state of abandonment, ignorance, and oblivion. At the same time, he adapted both the theoretical and practical content to a language that was simple and understandable to the general public, while distancing himself from other pseudo-spiritual practices of the time, such as spiritualism and theosophy. He was also a staunch defender of the Italian and European tradition against Orientalist theories, reestablishing the degrees and lines of the Hermetic tradition in its most basic form.

The esoteric-occult and magical spectrum in which the organization founded by Kremmerz developed its activities was part of the ferment that arose from the intellectual and spiritualist circles of the years of the Risorgimento. Within these circles, the liberal-inspired Masonic lodges based on the Egyptian rite, the spiritualist teachings of Alian Kardec, and the medical-spiritualist

practices of Franz Anton Mesmer, in what came to be called animal magnetism or mesmerism, stood out.

Later, in 1907, Kremmerz and his family moved to Camogli, then to Ventimiglia, finally settling permanently in Beausoleil, in the Principality of Monaco. He temporarily withdrew from the management of Miriam's school, although he made regular trips to Italy. In fact, between 1920 and 1921, he stayed in Rome and Bari with the intention of giving lectures at Virgilian and Pythagorean academies on hermetic medicine, one of the basic pillars of his doctrine. With the advent of fascism during the *ventenio*, hermetic and magical circles throughout Italy were affected, and many of their headquarters were closed, which led to a significant restriction on Kremmerz's travels to Italy. However, the legacy of his teachings had already borne fruit, and many of his disciples frequently traveled to Monaco. Giuliano Kremmerz's life came to an end on May 7, 1930, already established as one of the great masters of Hermeticism of the 20th century.

Tarot and Philosophy

Tarot and Philosophy was originally published as a compilation of articles that, following a logical rather than chronological order, first saw the light of day in 1944 under the title / *tarocchi da! punto di vista filosófico*, in Milan, by the Fratelli Bocea publishing group. The compilation includes the following writings, written over a period of 14 years, between 1909 and 1921:

“The Book of the Major Arcana” (1909)

“Prelude to Pyromagic” (1909)

“Divinatory Magic: The Tarot” (1921)

“Death” (1923)

In addition to these writings, we could add two more chapters that appear in fragmentary form, as excerpts from the “Commentarium” and related to the appendix of “Materialism and Magical Reality,” and the excerpt from “I Deny, I Confirm, I Comment,” which was published in the well-known magazine founded by Giuliano Kremmerz, “Mondo Occulto,” in January 1911. At the same time, another article was added, published in December of that same year under the title “Preámbulo a la medicina Aurea” (Preamble to Aurea Medicine).

Subsequently, there were two more reissues after the 1944 edition: the first by Edizioni del Graal, Rome, in 1981, and later another by Edizioni II Torchio, also in the Italian capital, in 1999. On this occasion, we can proudly announce that Hipérbole Janus has published this work in Spanish for the first time. Previously, our readers have witnessed the publication of “La puerta hermética” (The Hermetic Door), one of the Italian author's most important works, published in 1910. The initial edition, in 1944, was not without controversy and criticism from the Italian thinker's acolytes and followers, given that the compilation of the texts was considered somewhat arbitrary, and even the deliberate omission of fragments or phrases with unclear intentions.

However, once the incidents and vicissitudes that witnessed the birth of this work have been pointed out, it is more interesting to focus on its content and ignore the political,

ideological, or editorial machinations and interests that may surround its posthumous publication. Nevertheless, we should not forget that Kremmerz's personal and ideological relationship with fascism was not the most cordial, and it was possibly the reason that prompted him to move to the Principality of Monaco and occasionally visit Italy.

As for the content of the work, the preface is a declaration of intent, a compendium of grandiloquent statements and judgments, very much in keeping with the spirit of the Italian Novecento. It was a time when intellectual movements throughout Europe were under the influence of Nietzsche's irrationalist currents, in the shadow of authors such as Sorel and Stirner, and in the midst of the effervescence of the avant-garde, notably the birth of Italian Futurism, led by the impetuous and petulant Filippo Marinetti, the precursor of early fascism. However, despite being a period that had the merit of being the intellectual preparation for events that would take place a few years later, changing the face of not only Italian but also European history, such as the advent of fascism in Italy, *El*

Tarot and Philosophy fully participates in the spirit and attitude of the 19th-century man, is the direct heir to the hopes and desires of a bourgeois society that was too comfortable, too passive, and given to dilettantism, especially in the wake of the gestation of mass society and the popularization of certain literary and intellectual genres among broad layers of society.

As we saw in The Hermetic Door, Kremmerz continues to insist on the idea of leading to a principle of harmony between the body and the intellect which, through a synthesis of thought and action, is capable of coordinating and bringing to the surface "dark," latent, and unsuspected forces that are present in man,

vital, spiritual, and intellectual potentialities that could shed light and cosmic meaning on the men of his time, wavering amid ignorance and prejudice, partly inherited and partly acquired with the triumph of the experimental sciences.

At the end of the 19th century, specifically during the last decade, we see certain signs of decadence and degeneration, with a Nietzschean work recently conceived, during the previous decade, with the proclamation of the doctrine of the superman, and the emergence of critical and heterodox sources, such as George Sorel himself, from a Marxism that evoked Christian values and the need to forge a new myth, a hope on which to build an alternative to the old positivist paradigms. It is a time when certainties are falling, and this can be felt in the rhetoric, in the use, often in an imperative tone, of judgments and assertions that Kremmerz makes about Christianity and bourgeois science, which appear as the target of his attacks, as the great evils that prevent nineteenth-century man from seeing the clarity of Kremmerz's precepts, reflected in the harmony of opposites, in an absolute synthesis where contradictions are blurred.

This work, as is often the case in the writings of the Italian author, is tinged with symbolism interspersed with irony and explicit criticism of the prejudices inherited from Pauline Christianity, which, since the distortion of its purer origins, has exalted occult and initiatory knowledge lost in the mists of time. Deep down, and in a somewhat fragmentary way, we find certain echoes of ideas and precepts that foreshadow the rich universe that, decades later, and especially from René Guénon onwards, would take on much more sober forms, with more solid and well-founded content, which would make the French author the great synthesizer of the knowledge of the Perennial Tradition. It is clear

that Kremmerz cannot be compared to René Guénon, Julius Evola, or Frithoff Schuon, but nevertheless he does foreshadow, often in a not very clear way, concepts such as the awakening of values such as spiritual power, the harmonization of opposites, and criticism of degenerate and deviant forms born with modernity.

The symbolism of the major arcana stands out, represented symbolically by three classic tarot figures: The Lovers, The Fool, and Death.

The first of these figures, corresponding to the lovers, expresses the sense of sexuality and attraction between opposites, the harmony of opposites that we mentioned earlier, and expresses the conflicts that arise prior to the synthesis of those principles that are found in contrast and conflict.

For its part, the figure of the fool evokes the exploration of new frontiers, the leap into the void referred to in Taoism, which forces us to detach ourselves from acquired certainties and securities, from any comfort zone, in order to launch ourselves into the exploration of the unknown, to broaden our mental and spiritual boundaries. However, when abandoned to its fate, without any form of guidance or direction along the right path, it is susceptible to deviation and can lead to self-destruction or degeneration, or to the conquest of new horizons, and it is the spirit of the madman that has inspired human conquests, that has impelled him to overcome all conventionalism and prejudice in every age, to set an upward and decisive course in material progress, an essential characteristic of bourgeois society. The madman can decide the course and direction of man, radically change his relationship with the space around him, with his situation in relation to the order of the Cosmos; he is constantly

choosing, far from prejudice and dogma. In this case, he would also have a sense of play and constant mockery, as well as creation and rupture. The madman is, in short, also the hope placed in the possibility of change and personal and collective growth.

Finally, and in reference to death, this represents the decisive moment, the events that arise in the face of consummated, irreversible facts, which imply the depth of change, the symbolic death of which many initiatory traditions can tell us about and which marks a sense of boundary and, at the same time, of overcoming, a double birth that leads to the regeneration of ideas, thoughts, and general perspective. The consummation of the transformative, cathartic, and almost ontological event that Kremmerz himself claimed for all those adepts and initiates in the Hermetic traditions, and which in this case take shape through the major arcana of the tarot.

We hope that, after this brief introduction, our readers will be able to draw their own conclusions from the Italian author's readings, and that this reading will satisfy their intellectual curiosity, spiritual demands, or simple desire for knowledge.

Preface

There is in many a keen desire, a great will to become magicians: scientists, philosophers, independent researchers, doctors who practice hypnosis, magnetizers, charlatans, journalists, priests, and mystics, all have the popular idea of magic and the magical arcane. Some portray a superman who has reached seventh heaven, others are skeptical critics, mystics, or pontiffs who excommunicate. But since 1899, the year in which writing on the Science of Magicians began, enormous progress has been made: human science, through observation and experimentation, through many studies and memoirs of various kinds, has come to understand and confess that anything is possible in living man, which, at first glance, does not appear: a reserve of unknown forces, which at certain moments are not needed, can give rise to unexpected and effective phenomena.

If man were not the most intelligent and gifted beast in zoology, he would be content to take advantage of what he has found and proven, to prolong the practical knowledge of these realizations of hidden powers that are within us. Powers that are in us, not with us, which we have learned to read in ourselves. We have studied a lot of beautiful scientific things in state schools (now experimental psychology is also taught), but in us, men, in me, in you, in your doorman, in the foreman, in humble women, in the grand lady who passes by in her car and on the next street. On the contrary, the intelligent and educated man builds on a little of the practice of others, castles of theories that are more confusing than all the simple observations of simple people who

try to experiment without explaining anything to themselves; in this way, the phenomenon of the forces hidden within us is not investigated according to nature, but through this accumulation of erroneous theories, and ends up in that Tower of Babel that was the confusion of languages in the times of sacred history.

To name one example: many of those who are engaged in these studies in Italy and elsewhere—mostly mystics and theosophists—beyond discrediting our Ancient Magic, see black magic everywhere. This appellation of “black” sends shivers down the spine. This black thing must give rise to untold lamentations! “The honest fashion is spiritualization; man must evolve upward, not downward; he must distance himself from matter and not wallow in the lowest mud of the earth; everything that is an end, an objective, a precise result that a magician proposes for his own benefit and that of others is a condemnable error; this is why the Magic that must be discarded is the “black” one, it must be especially cursed.” It is necessary to respond as follows: Magic is practical and natural philosophy. A magician is not one who does not create, who does not benefit, who does not heal, who does not take, who does not give, who does not comfort, who does not foresee, who does not provide, who does not love, who does not bless, who does not relieve, who does not defend, who does not overthrow, who does not stop, and who is not frustrated.

The hidden forces residing within us, integrated into powers that are an essential part of our animal nature, like the muscles of our body, become atrophied if exercise is not developed to keep them elastic. The will that directs these forces is a reflection of that divine spark that is our intellect. In the balance of spirit and matter, combined with a gentle temperament, the will has never been tempted to prevaricate: justice in desire determines the

realizable power of the will. Man must aspire, with all his strength, to the integration of the powers and virtues of his latent, dormant, forgotten personality, in the face of the new personality imposed on him by the society in which he lives. Neither mystical through excess of spirit, nor beastly through the preponderance of the most pleasant part of his elements. Thus, evolving slowly, one enters the realm of Magic: a state of being that those who have not experienced it are incapable of understanding.

I found in a book by a very dear person that magicians obtain everything through self-hypnosis; and in an American brochure, produced by a company that promises to turn anyone anywhere in the world into a magician for ten dollars a month. It is very easy to say how others do magic without doing it yourself! Such are the opinions of mystics, spiritualists, philosophers, and theosophists. You can achieve what you want in an area of human justice where your conscience remains pure, without stopping to do good for yourself or others: healing, giving, making happy, even for a moment, those who turn to you for the most trivial of things; and not taking seriously the warnings of people who consider it worthy of supermen to reject those who ask for help.

Chapter I

In the study of the Occult Sciences, proceed from simple and clear ideas.

If you give free rein to fantasy and imagination, you will find, in the exaggerated tension of your pride, that the results gathered are worthless. *Natural Magic* takes advantage of the development of the occult forces that are hidden in every human organism. Without exaggeration, it develops as best it can, and for those who are able, the manifestations that uncultivated forces can produce in us. When I say *forces*, I mean subtle, powerful, and intelligent vibrations of the human body, taken as a unit in its relations with universal nature. The mysterious, the wonderful, and the miraculous in the realm of nature, and not beyond or above nature. It is the practices of laws unknown to human knowledge that produce inexplicable and prodigious results, along with many other manifestations, always varied and always neglected.

The ignorance and superstition of the common people are disoriented by the phenomena that man himself produces under exceptional conditions, which are not easy to notice. A world “over there” is the creation of all primitive men, who cannot explain phenomena that are not normal, that are not easily reproducible for everyone. Thus were created the first rudiments of savages, thus religions personified the forces of natural laws. The error of attributing to the souls of the dead the miracles of

the living is the ancient and ever-present testimony of the ingenuity of the common people.

The man who flies in an airplane is a god to people who are ignorant of the progressive studies that have given rise to aeronautics as a science and an art. The inner man, as a *living spirit*, has been prey to religious institutions in all times and places. It has been in every century in which science has been officially recognized, and the relations between human thought and matter freely investigated, that the results of these studies have been still modest in the face of the grandiose trap of the dormant powers in our organism: but before the laws of awakening are known, many centuries will still pass! Charlatans take advantage of the ignorance of intellectual plebeians and exploit their credulity; mysticism, which is the most fragile part of our psychic mechanism due to education, tradition, and history, helps and feeds the state of fear of old and new divinities. Where the dark and bloody has not been created, as in the East, the spirits of the dead are created, as in the West. Natural Magic remains in the realm of *nature*, in the face of the weaknesses of the good faith of new revelations, based on disembodied spirits that everyone hails as the religion of the future. And it will always be a religion, a confession of human ignorance regarding the natural laws that govern the spirits of living men. We respect the honorable opinions of believers, for Christian schools have instilled in us the wonderful conception that faith is nobility and the expression of pure and upright souls. Modern history will begin when the new chemistry analyzes and develops the animistic elements that constitute the *individual man*, and will signal the end of a long night in which man has ignored himself.

The Kabbalah, for those who do not know, is the physiology of the absolute laws and immutable elements of physical, intelligent, and mental nature, of nature in its concrete expression. The Kabbalah is the Hebrew form of the same Orphic, Egyptian, and Pythagorean philosophy. The Pythagorean is the most complete, but the most complex for untrained intellects. However, in this mathematics of active and activating principles, the world *Universe* is conceived as a unity: it is the largest and also the most absolute unity, the visible and invisible macrocosm in its distant parts, which cannot be seen by the naked eye or by the telescope, because it is that which is the immeasurable and infinite *Being*. *Man* (remember the enigma of Oedipus) is the smallest *unmeasurable and infinite* unit, he is the universe in miniature; a brief being, but indeterminately profound.

He is the microcosm in the dimension of concrete, finite, and infinite reality. The unitary and immense Being is global—the great Universe is *fullness, completion, fulfillment*. Ethereal or heavy, it is complex matter; superbly evaporating in the face of certain currents of subtle and highly intelligent forms and forces, movement, vibration, and harmony, where every movement of planetary and stellar molecules has a reflection and a reaction on infinitely more distant limits of the great body. Pythagoras would write (alpha), one and a thousand, a million and infinity: the *number*, the value by no precise and limited force or conception, and truly limited in the precision of the *number*, which is graphic and, by necessity, finite. You need to understand that the immense becomes *finite*, determined and delineated by the simple virtue of expression. The number that contains everything is 1; but the graphic or oral expression is already the concretization of

the *infinite* in the *finite*. Hence the microcosmic *unity*, man. As the conception of the great Universe is global, the small universe, man, is the depth, the unfathomable abyss. The abyss in which the infinite Universe does not exist, in the collective, planetary, and stellar *unity*, but in the small universe. In man, in the dark depths of his consciousness, to which no *limits are assigned*. Subconsciousness, consciousness, unconsciousness, subliminal consciousness, historical individual, hidden personality, Socratic demon, passions, angels, mediumship, mass, intelligence, superior mentality, bestiality, instincts, memory, dreams, visions, glossolalia, divinizing will, virtues of all kinds, vices of all categories, reason, suffering, joy, love, affection, fear... in this abyss you will find the entire Larousse Encyclopedia. The microcosm, in its small and unfathomable depth, becomes more disconcerting than the macrocosm, which is not in our small universe, tangible in perception as in thought, which, in a moment of darkness, flashes across our psyche and disconcerts us with its luminosity. Die in the abyss, and you will find the key to old and new religions; you will extract the spirits of today's dead and the turning tables, the devil of the churches, the elements of all human masses, the mutability of opinions, the fluctuation of loyalties, the mystical gospel of becoming, Saint Ignatius of Loyola, and the theories of slavery or anarchy.

Proceed now, for example: The synthesis of the *microcosm* is the human body. The internal organs of the human body are fixed, immobile terms: they are incapable of moving within the synthetic organism. The heart, lungs, and liver are in the areas where they perform their particular functions; they do not move. *Every mobile synthesis is an organism, fixed factors or coefficients.* The *macrocosmos*, the universe, an immense synthetic unity, must

be considered as mobile (synthetically displaced) in the infinite continent of fixed organs and factors, with apparent mobility or limited to a fixed and determined sphere. In the *microcosmos* (man), life is the product of the balanced functions of his organs. In the *macrocosmos* (universe), life is in the activity of its elements, each of which is an organic synthesis (planets, star groups, solar systems). In man, the tearing of an epithelial cell, the pricking of a needle, or pressure on any peripheral point determines a tactile sensation that can be transformed into pain, causing the sensitive centers to vibrate abnormally and acting on organs and their functions, determining a slight, strong, or very strong imbalance; sensations would not be the result of these imbalances, which are very brief and rapid states that break the functional stillness of the smallest synthesis. In the universe, any alteration, even if normal, in the functioning of its large organs, or any new state of being of a distant planet or sun, thousands of kilometers away, influences the rest of the great synthetic body in a sensational reflex. If prolonged pressure on a brachial artery stops circulation in the extremities and is reflected on the human organism in a more or less subtle way, the interposition of a planet between the sun and the rest of the system must modify the general economy of planetary life in the system where it takes place, and beyond the system by reflection. Thus, in the Egyptian tradition, the origins of astrology and astral influences were traced back to the hypotheses of the Tolóm, the priestly college that observed the influence of the stars.

Thus, in the microcosm, the external and visible world determines the anemic impressions, and from the unknown abyss,¹ the astral background of man, emerge unsuspected forces, movements, and vibrations. This is how the laws of divinatory magic are established. The Kabbalah, in the words of fanciful

writers, has become distorted and complicated, and scholars—after much reading—must destroy half of the ideas formed and engendered from beautiful phrases in order to return, at my invitation, to the simplicity of the origins of elementary interpretations. As a mysterious book, it is understandable that the key to explaining it should be found, given the many keys that reveal its degrees. From the relative comes the absolute, to rise towards the finite and the temporal. For the orientation of modern research, the study of Kabbalah would contribute greatly to that group of doctrines in formation which have as their object the spirit of man and matter, and which do not find the point of equilibrium in which both values are compensated and founded.²

The historical succession of ideas cannot be precisely determined. In humanity, general ideas follow and renew themselves in cycles. What are the focal points of these parabolic curves for evaluating the cycles? We do not know. Do they suppose the return of groups of creatures that disappeared with death and were reborn to continue the initial work of other times? Are they palpitations or pulsations of the colloidal zone of the universe, expressing ideas and images that have disappeared but not been destroyed...? Man has always sought the synthetic book, not very voluminous, capable of integrating unsolved problems. It is not a theory, but a key. The key to the Kabbalah is yet to be found, like that of Alchemy by the classical alchemists, the unwitting and unsuspected fathers of the chemistry professors of modern universities. The reward for finding the key is wonderfully conspicuous. The iron chest containing the truth is locked. Who knows where the key has been placed! Has it been nailed to the pantry door? At the bottom of a well? In Calandrino's bowl? Whoever finds it, let them open it and close it again, and keep the key carefully, because not only would they

lose the treasure, but the treasure would be lost to everyone... The right of ownership belongs to yesterday. Possession comes with an obligation of servitude: to keep it for oneself, to hide it for oneself, not to let it be stolen, like Aladdin's old lamp. And it was logical; magic was *Ars Regia*, alchemy *Ars Magna*; both were subject to divine concession. The philatelist writes his masterful treatise on Alchemy, indicating the entrance to the King's palace. Doing good for humanity is characteristic of the Rosicrucians, but the chest is closed and the key is in the pocket. There is a second reason to justify such an attitude: profanation. He who possesses the secret will not give it to the commoners: the treasure of good and evil is transformed into a hell of evil that is given to those who do not deserve it, and the crown is lost. To come into its possession, merit was necessary. The philosophy of the Kabbalah is a source of power, but to understand it, it is necessary to consult it again.

In nature, there is an indissoluble link between forms, as between all substances. This unitary concept of the *Macrocosmos* as a universal unity is not a difficult interpretation of the idea of manifestation and the non-separation of things. The vision of the Universe is relative, but nevertheless harmonious and made up of related images that are never independent. This unity in nature exists because separation is impossible. However, all units of form and substance, all *natural species*, are units in themselves, simply because they instinctively tend toward separation. An example: man. Egoism does not preserve unity. A rudimentary *instinct* of egoism must exist in every species of the three natural kingdoms of conventional scholastic classification. The forms of crystallization, the forms of flowering in plants, the somatic forms of animals, are *instincts* of the separating egoism to which all

individuals and all units tend, without success. Chaos, in the Kabbalistic secret, excludes the idea of chemical combination and emphasizes that of separation as an instinct, approaching a mixture. If the feminine principle that exists and presides over forms in the Universe had not been added to Chaos, it would not have had forms, because that which presides over the fusion of substances of a separate nature is a feminine principle, which is given the name of Love among beings of human form. Hatred is the principle of separation, selfishness at the moment of its rebellion in the world. Despite all rebellion, there is an unbreakable link between the will that does not yield and the rest of nature. Individuality is an appearance. *Separation* is the enigma of the magic of the great magicians, and it is the only absolute purpose. A plant in a meadow and a dog running along the path and moving away from the meadow are apparently separate: the moment we look, we forget that the dog and the plant were breathing the same air and touching the same earth. We who observe this touch the same earth and breathe the same air, and we forget that we are part of the whole and continuous external vision. Who can tell us that vision is not simply a product of these continuities? And that it is this that gives us the illusory sense of our separation from the things we see?

Notes

1. The abyss in man is the astral background, whose etymology is darkness. Thus, the deep and dark abyss. The astral zone in the universe is also a zone without light, black.

2. I wrote this in 1905: After one or two years, a new revolution in knowledge is looming under Einstein's very novel theories, which are mathematical in nature but... schematically cabalistic in content. The theory of relativity in the determination of space and time, the anti-Euclidean conception, the negations of axiomatic truths accepted as absolute. The failure of Newton's doctrine and the scientific conception of a vision of what exists in nature in four dimensions, forming a cluster of cabalistic perceptions. Now the impact of these new theories will be immense on the biological sciences, on the discussion surrounding physical phenomena and their inverted values of the basic principles in judgments about scientific experiences. Intuition takes on a new aspect (whether it be that of Cardano, the Milanese physician and translator of Sinesius, who makes us smile when he wants to demonstrate, based on the principles of the Kabbalah, how intuition should refer to logical procedures for the search for truth) and causality takes on a character of priority.

Chapter II

The Madman's Prologue

I have written this book, which is the book of divine humanity, in twenty-two nights of full moon, to give to the Latin world, in *latendo*, a scientific monument that the learned of posterity should study, weighing their sighs, as the masters of the harpsichord taught after the death of Friar Guido d'Arezzo. I have written it with ink tempered with ammonia, which, in memory of the most famous alchemists, cannot be bought by the kilo in government stores.

I have spread it among all those whom the Philosopher's Stone usually takes in its delights of fusion and creed, modestly, having written a masterpiece. I do not take out a patent, because before the Nile dries up, no poet will be born who can write about the heavens with the words of a man.

(A reader) — Here we are, before a document of reasonable substance!

It is likely. I am not offended by your judgment, because either I must consider you a vile pedant who seeks grammar that flourishes in writings and a science, in your view, with a microscope and an infinitesimal scale, or I must imagine you a presumptuous beast who judges like Minos with his tail. In any case, I have granted you the freedom to revile that which you do not know.

I return to my point. I have said that no poet will be born who writes things like this, because poets today, as they were in the early days, are men who felt the sacred fire in their guts, where the word *prophecy* was formed, which the poet snatches from the heavens, which are, in sacred language, the hiding places where the gods hide.¹ This is why I urge you to ensure that those who come after us weigh these truths with the scales that the Holy Roman Church has placed in the hands of Michael, whose beautiful head is in the clouds, his feet on the dragon of human passions, while the cups of the machine are balanced between his navel and his archangelic pubis.²

And I have not written this solemn document with a glance at the miseries of religious decadence and the terrible audacity of licensed wisdom, which philosophy denies and experience grants in private, a relentless doubt that breeds suspicion. Religion, from *religo*, unites man to divinity through faith. *Pides* is born of fear of the unknown god: Zeus, Jehovah, Jupiter, the cause of the lightning that glides between the clouds, which hide the causal entity. An astronomer goes further and finds in the universe, *unus versus*, the immense in a single face. The dwelling place of the gods at the top of Olympus rises suddenly to the heights, at the same time as the perfection of telescopes. Science (from *scio* = I know) cannot, must not believe if experience, which is the proof of knowledge, does not consent, and its own, which now seems like an obstacle course, will one day, neither near nor far, be the announcement of the need for a Solomonic pontificate, which will hold the keys to faith by right of wisdom. For the two keys of St. Peter, even though they were made of a very noble metal, have rusted on contact with the acids of the triumphant beast and through the lack of preparation for the scientific priesthood of

those who, by right of conclave, have held them under their armpits. And I pause on the banks of the Tiber. Rome, *caput mundi*, inherited the right conferred by the nymph Egeria of Numa, when it placed itself as leader of the faith of the peoples. Catholic means universal. The warlike Romans, before uniting the empire to a new people in the sacred city, welcomed triumphantly the great and small gods of all the heavens, of every region, of every language, and in a short space of time, in the hidden meanders of the Eternal City, they formed a Babel-like assembly that one beautiful day needed to call within its walls a Paul or a Peter to synthesize the unity of the heavenly language in the pandemonium of different and divine languages.

Thus the Christian Essenes, under the symbol of the fish³, took root in Rome, absorbing cults and traditions that gave them the right to call themselves Catholic, while the imperial rule was broken by the barbarian invasions. What has happened since then is known to all except the priests. Classical religion, heir to Egyptian practical greatness, the only example in the religious doctrine of all peoples, was to become Catholic in the future, as the word of a Luciferian God, every advance in human science, becoming, on the contrary, the historical betrayal of the idea of light. Reformist attempts were futile. The history of the Templars, a vituperative robbery of temporality and wisdom in which a Capetian collaborated, is too little known, but it will be known later, even though the same pope and the same Capetian had, many centuries later and in a different way, paid for their sin. In Italy, many martyrs were misunderstood in the fundamental concept of their alleged heresies. Bruno and Campanella deserve to be studied in the light of other philosophical luminaries rather than science and its profanations of hidden truths. Will the new

Pope, the great one of the prophecy of the resurrection, be a saint by faith or an immortal by science?

(A reader) — He begins to say many things... arrested in Rome

If I could, I would stop; but the spirit that does not stop speaks. The Church of Christ cannot be judged, discussed, or reformed *ab mis* until we have digested, by selection, the twenty centuries of priestly immunization that weigh on the psyche of all Europe, including the Protestant and Orthodox parts. Roses of deep filth. The French Revolution did not have its full effect because a wave of truth does not wash away all the stains from the water of the baptismal fonts. Nevertheless, I return to the science that experiments and say: the doctrine of the human essence prevails; twenty years ago, to speak of occult sciences and magic to the world of scholars meant excommunication by the bishop or a diploma of charlatans from the university. Now the time is more propitious: bishops do not claim to be experts, bent on fighting the modern hydra; universities, even sensing that a profound truth exists, of which the royal chairs do not confer the secret and the power, already see here and there the names of the luminaries who are giving the first scientific baptism to things repudiated, if not as impostures or dreams of the gullible, or else confined to the almanacs of the beasts. Thus a new horizon is opening up for officially accepted science, and a sublime function is glimpsed for integrating into a single bundle of experienced doctrine all the power of human matter, whose conception has been denatured by religion, now surpassed. It is difficult for a cook to measure out pepper. It is necessary to define words as well as possible in order to understand each other. Does a hidden science really exist in the age of wireless telephones and airships?

Isn't the famous adjective "hidden" just a classic label stuck on an empty bottle? Apparently, it should not exist because, by admitting it, we would be granting a gratuitous patent of stupidity to the academies of human sciences; but in reality, it could exist because the academies that possess all notable wisdom ignore certain axiomatic truths, which are the foundation of the knowledge that produces miraculous things.

Light, heat, electricity, the mechanical force of the physical sciences, love in psychology, pain, pleasure... are nothing more than things that are extremely hidden in their absolute essence. Human science has taken advantage of these sublime unknowns, studied their manifestations, provoked them, and adapted them to the effects of the physical world, and has commented on the extravagances and manifestations of human psychopathies that have emerged from the ordinary category of natural phenomena. To expect Marconi to explain why a battery develops energy and why this energy is special and decisive for so many phenomena is absurd: it is the same as asking the director of a phosphorus factory why phosphorus glows when rubbed on a rough surface...

(A reader) — Let's stop here at least. These are things that any mortal can figure out without bothering Marconi. Light, electricity, heat, and sound are known even to brats in working-class schools.

We know how they are produced and how they are always reproduced. Their essence has been discussed at length by scholars, until they have arrived at a single nature and origin. And when all physical manifestations have been reduced to a single root of force or movement, I will repeat the same question to you: Why force? And why movement? What is the reason for their respective natures? Compare an unknowable, an unknown, and a

hidden thing. Reminding you that in ancient times I was a pontiff, I will tell you that light, heat, sound, and magnetism are four gods and the four faces of a single god. You will find their names in all mythologies... Open your ears wide when I speak to you of love, pain, and pleasure: here the hidden is darker than ever. You know these three things, your neighbor knows them too, your maid, your doorman, your cobbler on the street corner, the elegant young lady who drives the shiny car, they all know these three things. But the three words have thousands of different meanings for thousands of people, and a hundred for a single person, and hundreds at different times. The mother, the sister, the father, the libertine, the shy man, the violent man, the very young, the adult, and the old man; they all love. Find me the definition of love! Do you understand? Will others understand it as you understand it? How do you intuit and understand it? Look at a crucifix. Christ on the cross told us to be love, as Buddha prayed before the tiger eager to feast on his flesh, because his love for him did not allow him to see him suffer from hunger. How many hysterical saints in the Catholic pantheon have not made love, literally, with Jesus, removing the nails from his armpits? And here I return to physics: do you perceive all the sensations of light, sound, and electricity like all the gentlemen I have mentioned above? You will tell me that the universal homogeneity of sensations is controlled by the mechanics of devices adapted to register intensity; even though the thermometer reads 20 degrees, you and your neighbor will not feel the same physical and psychological sensation; and here's a little spice, lest you think that *things are relative to the individual perceptions we have of them*. Normal sensitivity is deaf to morbid hypersensitivity. But is hypersensitivity, which may be normal in the eyes of future generations, really morbid? And from this unmeasurable

gradation of sensitivity, is the world as you see it, living on the top floor of the house, or as the doorman sees it from the lowest floor? See, O impetuous reader, that we stumble over a hidden pebble at every step. The road is rough. If in everyday life man had a way of reflecting on and thinking about everything that science and religion cannot explain, we would not foresee, prevent, facilitate, or be emboldened by the great and small annoyances of daily life, and we would be astonished at our official misery, because science and religion are official. The causes that generate anguish in life should belong to the domain of one or the other and, conversely, remain hidden in the mysteries of the deepest darkness of skeptical empiricism. The civilization of a great evolved race begins on the day when man, whether scientist or priest, has the power to alleviate every pain that oppresses and terrifies us.

All this is anti-Christian, I know. We have been preached to for so many centuries that pain is human that today it seems heretical to write that civilization begins with the conquest of the pleasure of living! Look at the little things. Come into contact with a man you have never seen before, on a train or in a café. He has not spoken to you or bothered you, and yet you feel irritated, as if he had slapped you an hour ago. You feel ravenously hungry, but before you get home you sense that the casserole has exploded in the oven and you will have to wait and curse Saint Veronika. You have a sick child, and between the mother praying to the Virgin and the doctor scientifically killing him, you guess that Mother Nature will heal him. These are things for which the official vocabulary already has names: instinctive antipathy, premonitory perception, intuitive foresight; that's fine, but the force, intelligence, and laws that manifest all these phenomena are hidden. Look at the big things: epidemics, wars, floods, or

earthquakes. Science and religion act as guarantors to prevent the most devastating effects, but who wins, who foresees, who determines or limits the painful consequences? Who stops it, who prevents it when the aura of blood is already in the lungs of an entire people? What do science and religion do in the face of the tremendous cataclysms of nature that engulf victims without respite? Science arms itself with experience and reason; religion with prayers for the dead and faith for the living. The hidden remains hidden. However, legend, even if attached to an empty bottle, can be a hidden and arcane wisdom. The emptiness of the holy ark may contain an omnipotent God or Nothingness, but what is hidden is true, possible, real, and may be a God who is Nothingness.

(A reader) — That's blasphemous.

Do not be amazed. Let us remain on the edge of the abyss, at the bottom of which reigns the sovereign Satan; where the science of the occult resides, like God in the law. The law is universal. Miracles in the law are not possible. For this reason, Catholicism is magical as a cult, and was born as a scientific religion of the West. From the creative point of view of faith, Western theologians and metaphysicians who, following Aquinas, have denatured the essence of worship and have been afraid of the light; two sacraments would suffice, baptism and holy unction, to determine the wise character; the table of the dead, to celebrate necromancy;⁴ consecration at the ordinary table, to evoke the Great Arcanum of the alchemists. Interpolate a fifth letter into the four Hebrew letters that give the name JEVE, and you will obtain the initials of the Gnostic-Christian: Christ, the God-man, the Man who will be God, a man who comes from the Father but

assumes the Father's power, hidden and great, the ineffable Nothingness.

(A reader) — Oh, you impious man!

Impious or mad, you may be right; and I remind you of the *Creed*: before the Catholic Christian approaches a sacramental symbol of worship, the priest says to us: Believe. I BELIEVE. All men believe. From the strongest spirit to the weakest, all bipeds with pants or skirts have faith. He who does not have it in one thing has it in another. He who has it in nothing believes in himself. He who ignores the laws of the human spirit, who kneels before the Holy Ark of Nothingness, makes himself a God or gives a face to a God accepted by most. Those who deny worship have faith in the pupil of their eye, which sees, in the hand that touches, in the mind that reasons. But tell me, oh reader who from time to time plays the hunting horn in the harmony of my words, tell me if man is sure of his own mind. For thirty centuries, more or less documented, humanity has reasoned or pretended to do so. The documents of the justice of human reason are confronted with the continuous renewal of political societies, the destruction of families and races, the patent injustice that divides brothers from brothers and wants us to be the possessors of the conquerors. Who guarantees you that reason prevails today in this old humanity, which has claimed, yesterday as today, the infallibility of its reasoning? This is why, in matters of the spirit, you must believe: absurdity, in the conquest of the truths of the deified human beast, is the very foundation of religions made for the masses, when Olympus was closer to earth, whereas now it is far from the planetary system, thousands of millions of kilometers away. Do you know what time is? Not even the Swiss who make the cheapest watches know... Man goes

through it like an idiot, between the ambition to dominate his equals, the lust for women, and the fear of the unexpected. If he is persuaded of his impotence, he becomes a reasonable or mystical philosopher. The mystery of the masses keeps him fearlessly in the breach, against the disappointments and miseries of reality. He works at his own destruction every moment, without respite, calm in the face of an enigma that may remain unsolved before him... The specter of redemptive penance clings to his mind like an oasis, or he waits for others to do it for him.

(A reader) — Judge us without mercy.

Let me speak. I speak, Satan speaks, the science of faith speaks and praises those early fathers with wigs who, in the first, second, and third centuries, wrote about all those things, about the sacred things of religion, which triumphed in imperial Rome.⁵ Official science makes its entrance into the realm of darkness with the study of the two satanic powers possessed by man: ghostly authority is that which externalizes magnetic or vital forces. Do you know why they are called satanic? The meaning of the word Satan is not understood by Christians after the third century; this is why the famous “Pope Satan Aleppe” has not been understood. The root SAT corresponds to the generative organ in male mammals.⁶ The impulses or abbreviations of this were taken as the normal movements, under certain excitations, of the nervous powers or nervous auras of man, by means of which man projected his shadow outside himself.

From these shadows comes the origin of the word Mary, which shoddy Catholic commentators want to throw away from *amaritude naris*; on the contrary, Mara, in the pyromagic religion of the Persians, comes to mean the shadow, from which *Mari*: authority of the shadow projected outside the human body. And,

in the magical sense, literally corresponding to the *Adda Nari* of the Indians, which from the chest has four arms with hands that hold the four suits of the playing cards, which are the four instruments of the great Alchemy: the scepter, the cup, the dagger, and the coin. If scholars of mediumistic phenomena, and among them those distinguished individuals who paused to observe the image of the *Adda Nari*, would be convinced that, until the time when birds and cattle spoke, humanity knew that men and women could emit other organs beyond the normal ones to perform a miracle. *Astarte*, with many, many heretical nipples on her ample bosom,⁷ was the plastic image of the power of the shadow. The Christian Mary has been somewhat distorted by Byzantine theologians and Greco-Roman art, also because when Paul began to preach Essenism, he gave his initial appeal a character that was too servile to the poor, simple, tearful rebels. Her assumption into heaven seems to have been achieved through the excessive merits of her son Christ, who imposes on her the character of virginity. We will return to this curious argument when we discuss the mystery of the High Priestess.

For now, I will limit myself to initiating the experimenters, although an intelligent look at medieval demonology is not useless when one undertakes experiments that seem new but are older than a raisin. *Lilith*, mentioned in all witchcraft rituals, curses, and exorcisms, was a succubus devil who feared neither holy water nor the most terrible psalms, and took on strange and violent forms, regardless of the will of her lover for the night. Just as *Adda Nari* and *Astarte* represent in the magical and religious symbol the externalizing properties of regular, volitional, and conscious occult forces, so *Lilith* represented the irregularity of externalization, over which neither the will of the subject nor the

magnetizer had any control. A great form of hysteria with highly effective epileptic phenomena.⁸

(A reader) — Bravo, you are beginning to agree with the clinicians...

Not with the doctrine they deduce. The few cases of mediums who have naturally developed the satanic powers of the shadow cannot allow an adherence that is already created by a doctrine of the phenomena examined and accepted... We would like, for example, a singular medium to evoke IBANIMA, who was the sixth pontiff of the sacred dynasty, to extract from his entrails the secret of giving authority in the unfolding of all those who want to manage it completely, from their own shadow or partially, with their own forces... And accompanied also by a law that would prevent writing about occult science. Because this science has existed since it ceased to be the weapon of priestly power. It is not limited to metaphysics, nor is it a religion, much less the theosophy that is spreading throughout Europe, almost as if a type of Buddha could prove that he has taken advantage of everything from the East.

This science is *Magic*, a discredited but unique and simple name that responds to what it is: *Mag* is the power of active trance; I cannot find a better way to explain something that few people can understand: it is the automatic, volitional trance state of the shadow in all its explanations and realizations. Magic is science and art; in the state of simple doctrine, it gives the key to the operative art of one's own attributes. The Hebrews, during their servitude to the Pharaohs, had much to learn, and magic became, evidently, in a Hebraized form, in memory of their captivity in Egypt, which in the ancient world represents the ring

of conjunction between East and West, and between the most ancient and the less ancient.

That Moses, saved from the waters and private secretary of the eternal father, possessed a rod which, transforming itself into a serpent, devoured the serpents vomited by the rods of the other magicians. This is the legend that Christianity helped to spread, elevating Eastern magic to the symbol of the visit of the Magi to the caves of Bethlehem, to rebuke us and tell us that, with the triumph of Christ, the magi sheathed their wands of power; but they made the mistake of allowing Christ to die on the cross, to drive away the anarchic masses of the vilified and prophesy divine vengeance for the social martyrdom they had suffered!

That is also why the cross remains a magical and eternal symbol: man, in the conquest of his divine powers, the reintegration of the power to direct the physical elements, the human passions, and the satanic ones of the human shadows. Why do you, O reader, who so often interrupts my prologue with the subcutaneous syringes of science and the intravenous injection of atavistic Christianity, believe in the problematic virtues of the holy morality of convents of nuns with painful menstruation and opulent priests? The virtues of man are the reintegration of all lost powers, and there are no virtues without powers. The science of the occult is a stubborn and crude way to conquer active, volitional, and intelligent powers. On the contrary, religion leads to dreaming, to grace, to obtaining without knowing from whom, how, or when. Human life is eternal. Eighty centuries ago, I was a doctor in the celestial empire...

(A reader, laughing) — And so you became a madman... and you were as mad then as you are today.

Eternal madness of light, of truth that extends one hand to the sun and the other to the moon and changes, in uniform and eternal law, the course of the boring manifestations of a path that always has its return, as punctual as the appetite of the poor! If you imagine humanity without the sonorous, glorious, and immense madness of Satan's science, you exchange the tears and laughter of the world for cretinous yawning. Ennui was born in uniform. And the madman who dominates the scene in the great paintings of the world; who walks through the centuries and paths, dies on the scaffold to free a generation that sits on the whip of servitude; who gets muddy to complete a work of justice that no one recognizes; today a charlatan, tomorrow a politician, then he will preach against war and the sovereigns who feed it.

He walks, and a dog bites his calf: necessity accompanies and incites him. Empires and dynasties die, old and new races sink, and from on high the madman looks down on humanity tormenting itself through the lenses of the destiny imposed on it by the path it follows. It is the great mystery of power: it is neither man nor god. It is the fatality of science that tells the masses: do not stop trying the improbable! Thus he dies and is reborn in this world, where everything returns: plants and animals return, man returns, love lost like spring, old age silent like winter, tragic and joyful hours, and kind words. When injustice takes on the appearance of virtue, there is the madman who laughs; when ignorance denies the truth, the madman weeps.

Notes

1. The true poet is in every man who lets Mercury, messenger of the gods, speak through his mouth, who remains unrepresentable to photographic lenses in order to preserve the dignity of his fruitful peace, and covers himself with mist if human indiscretion invades him.

2. The sign of Libra would not be in the zodiac without the Virgin; and in Alchemy, the scales have two weights of different volume, as physiology and anatomy have demonstrated. Michael is almost equal to God; that is why he calculates.

3. The constellation of Pisces, after Aquarius or the emerging flood, precedes Aries, the renewal of nature (spring) for the fertile action of the male on the sheep or the flock, because horns have always been a symbol of male power.

4. Necromancy is the magic of the shadow of the living, and necromancy is the magic that evokes the dead. The Neoplatonic initiation is known as such, to which Dante brought the concept from his writings, since he wanted to make use of any vestige of the sacred language; thus many things in *Vita Nuova*, *The Banquet* and *The Comedy* bear the signs, as well as where the meaning of words is clearer, such as in the name Beatrice, which is for those who know what I mean by the mention of the Rose. Alighieri perhaps had an intuition of the Great Magical Arcanum, but he certainly did not put it into practice. The so-called Neoplatonism said very little in two centuries, but in compensation, how much poetry in the true and classical sense of the word!

5. N.d.T: The author refers to the seventh canto of Inferno, a chapter of Dante Alighieri's Divine Comedy.

6. The Romans presented him as the god of fertility and prosperity. Look at Pompeii, in the vestibule of the House of the Vettii: there is a curious painting in which the monstrous god is weighed on a scale. The Italian government's archaeological cleaning, so as not to expose ancient historical flaws, has closed it with a wooden frame, in which the custodian opens the door and you can see that the visitor is not frightened.

7. The nipples on the breasts are erect, and therefore take on a satanic meaning.

8. Hysteria was more often epileptic, because epilepsy was a sacred but lunatic disease: it considers the moon as the womb of the naturalized nature of philosophers that acts on the growth and decline of things.

Chapter III

The Lovers

*Prelude to Pyromagic*¹

A woman confesses.

“I am imperfect. I have loved. I am repentant. Kneeling before the Crucifix, I have begged for forgiveness. O sublime vision of Nazarene goodness, thank you, thank you, and a thousand times thank you.

“Tears of joy run down my cheeks; I will never sin again for love, never again. And I could not have taken seduction upon myself; the indefinable breath of the Incarnate One had forgiven and redeemed me. But I don't know how, I don't know why, on a warm and sweet spring afternoon, I forgot everything: promises, tears, and forgiveness. The demon had sprinkled an invisible powder in the air; I relapsed into sin, and at night, at the foot of the same cross, I prayed and wept.

“O sublime voluntary martyr who destroys barbarism with the teaching of Charity, have mercy on me: my flesh has sinned, not I; I was absent, I did not see, I did not remember, I felt nothing but that you were there. Who will forgive me now that I have broken my promise, that I have perjured myself, to your blood, to your martyrdom?”

Christ's face remained motionless; only a smile of painful contempt seemed to be drawn on his lips.

“It is true, my God, I am vile, I have been the most vile of women, I have disobeyed you, who are just... But a word comes to my lips: Why did you create us so imperfect, if love is a sin? Forgive me, forgive me, I have blasphemed, I have found your work imperfect; let your rays destroy me; at your feet I have dared to pour out the cause of my sin, of my weakness, of my guilt...”

And you see it a second time; it seemed to me anything to encourage those cheeks beaten on the solid wood. Oh! The miracle: the yellow face colors, the shining pupil turns toward me, the lips close, a word comes out of his mouth, light as the beating of butterfly wings, a word strikes me. Am I crazy? Am I drunk with pain? Has the lightning bolt of punishment shaken my brain? He said: “Do you love me?” But then you are not Christ, you are not the son of the Virgin, I worship a false apparition; is it the demon of evil who has taken the form of the Crucified One? But I have sinned before loving, I have blasphemed the work of your father, I have said that there are imperfect deeds... and you say “love”! Stupid, perplexed, like a soul on the terrible edge of a precipice, I fell semi-conscious; and he appeared to me and spoke. His words still rang in my ears, one by one, hammered out, slowly pronounced, solemn and gentle:

“O sweet soul of candid torture, you give me pain; I feel great pity for you. You do not recognize me; I have always told men to ‘love.’ Why do you grieve and despair? Love; I do not forgive those who have not loved. And disappear... O doubt!”

The dream disappears; the Crucifix was there, nailed, yellow, dusty. Was that in the dream, in that quick vision, Christ or the enemy?

* * *

I remind you, reader, astute spectator of this philosophical comedy, that a few centuries ago I was a monk in Gubbio... The Renaissance era; there is a book I printed then with my family coat of arms: a sun...

(A reader) — A monk too? Bravo, you madman... but of the Mass and stole?

Don't laugh; I was a monk of the pen; and if I hadn't annoyed a prior, by now—made of stucco and wood—I would be a beautiful example of my bald head, turned into a miraculous saint. I remember everything, and to the beautiful creature who speaks to me, I respond as a monk of great penance:

“Devout and pious lady, you deserve to be roasted alive on Lorenzo's divine grill. Every word you utter, every thought you have is filthy; suffice it to say that you do not yet recognize the person who appears before you. Are you in doubt? Was it Christ or Lucifer?”

“I don't know...”

“Did his words seduce you?”

“He illuminated me!”

“Was his smile an invitation to sin?”

“A promise, sweet as a caress...”

“Wretched woman!”

“Was it the devil, Father?”

“I will not answer. Who can say? Me?”

But if I had not asked the question of a poor woman whom the disturbances of monthly hysteria have placed in a state of visual uncertainty, she would have rebelled against Christ himself. Would she have recognized the one who, in the face of the furious reasoning of priests and philosophers, bishops and unbelievers, made the most typical apparitions on the face of the civilized West?

“Now we are talking seriously, my dear. Love in its entirety is a sublime initiation. It is enough to love to peer into the abyss of the infinite.”

“You don't understand me. To understand, you must feel anxious in the face of this sublime unknown, drawn toward a realm that is implausible in living matter, in which your whole self and everything created in you vibrates in a way that no mechanism other than the human soul can give you.”

“Have you found it? Can you prove it?”

“And I have tried it... thus has my flesh sinned...”

“Flesh, or spirit?”

But if you, at that moment, knew how to distinguish where the spirit begins and where the flesh ends, you do not know what love is. Spirit and flesh do not exist. You will find the spirit in what Pasquino says to the popes, and beef in roast beef restaurants. We are matter: flesh, blood, nerves, and marrow are matter. Thought is matter. The soul is matter. Light is matter: it is a form of matter, of fuel called oil, petroleum, or an electrical device. When the fuel is exhausted, there is no more light. Why is this stupid paradox about love being of the spirit placed on our

minds? What if you have nothing more than matter for a spirit, a sublimation of the flesh?

At that moment, I bet you loved, because there was no difference between high and low. Where is low? Where is high? If the world-universe, infinite, is nothing more than a circle in perpetual motion, where is low and where is high? Is the dragon at Michael's feet, or does it perhaps gravitate above the inverted figure of the divine archangel of justice? Poor, gentle woman, you see me, you fool! The way you see things makes you stupid: if you want to see the sun, you need to buy yourself a pair of smoked glasses, otherwise you will be forced to lower your eyelids. Don't think I'm crazy...

(A reader) — You are twice crazy.

...I have visited only one insane asylum, and for many centuries it has always been the same world of faith and human credulity, and I guarantee you that I am not lacking any of the brain mechanisms, according to the regulated prescriptions of contemporary psychiatry.

The whole of the West is infested with Christian Paulism... and Christianity pretends to believe that man goes to school until he is twenty-five, through hardships, disappointments, unsophisticated loves, politics, and rheumatism for another thirty years. So what can we expect from those trumpets of apocalyptic madness that sound the *finis mundi*. And if this were not enough, Buddha clung to the horizon and renounced life: no desire, no love, no will, and no being.

Meanwhile, man is born, grows, declines, dies, is reborn, grows again, and continues, improving through his own

experience, in a permanently renewed construction. The Chaldean astrological foundation conceives the visible sky as the law of universal life. As the sun rises and sets, so do plants, animals, man, and all earthly forms, down to the microbes, which the Chaldeans must have known, because the diviahi are imperceptible demons of innumerable diseases that are driven away (but not destroyed) by sulfur and fish vapors.

If every spring a tree is clothed in leaves, at every rebirth the most sublime skeleton of human matter is clothed in new flesh; and each of us is one of many unknowns who pass through the centuries, who was yesterday's criminal, and if we delve deeper into the commentary of yesterday's smooth talker, who was yesterday's charlatan at the fair. The loss of memory with rebirth is a great good: if the river of forgetfulness had not been invented by the pagans, we would have had to invent it ourselves. They called it *efe*, hence *letizia*, which is the forgetfulness of sorrows. All religions had priestly origins. The priests of the caste had only one enemy: man; and the aristocratic and priestly Roman cave *canem* taught the need to protect oneself from the dog-vulgo, dog-people or dog-plebs, and contributed to poisoning what little existence they had left.

Pauline Christianity represented the revolution of the poor against the ancient theocracies, but it did not take long to take hellish revenge on the poor themselves, when it poisoned their own lives with all the demons and madness that the writers of the madhouse vomited on the people who were even more dog-like than before.²

(A reader) — But you are three times mad... What about Francis of Assisi?

I knew him, my hypercritical reader, a brave person, a psychiatric abnormal, one of many who wanted the realization of a paradoxical type of Christ, because of that epidemic disease of imitation that is characteristic of man and ape, and he was the least *holy* father of the others. Why suffer the world we have found as concrete.³ The critical and documented history of human madness can be read in the temples of the entire civilized and uncivilized world. Man has always had a relentless enemy: the God who has lent us his priests. A God who has always protected kings and priests, not even Christianity knew how to do it better. The man who has lived understands if historical man is searching for a more logical, more human, more true God, I would say more Christian if he were not afraid of preparing a new Vatican.

The historical man within us, the ancient man in whom each of us is reincarnated, says: "I am, I was, I will be," a Catholic form before and after Cagliostro; and it is good that I know well this god that I carry with me, like the soul of my earthen snail shell. The history of past life is engraved, syllable by syllable, on the disc of the human phonograph, of living man. It is not *karma* according to the Buddhist conception; it is the instinctive memory of all pains, all sorrows, all spasms, which repudiates every outburst of old litanies and privations and integrates them into its natural and satanic powers.

Vico's historical resources are explained by the hidden and constant historical identity of the men who made history before us. Human and social pains have deep roots in the imposition of the historical soul of each individual. The unconscious manifestations of children are the general characteristics of ancient works. The blacksmith of many lives makes iron obey

him; people who have never seen the sea feel in their veins the right to dominate the waves; destitute women have the most refined sense of elegance. It is impossible for a merchant with a historical soul of a merchant, more or less Phoenician, not to be half a thief. How is it that people never ask themselves why some young people who have studied very little in this life quickly become jurists, doctors, and famous architects? When did they study all that they reveal to the winds? Finally, the singular features of certain physiognomies are perpetuated. See it in the ruling houses: the Bourbon nose, for example, and certain mustaches that grow little...⁴

But dear lady, good daughter, I return to you. If you know what love is, do not commit sin. If Christianity has distorted it and Christ were really what is ideally imagined, Christ would be against the church, which for centuries has assumed the functions of a social institution and, in the Christian state, regulating customs. Then he sacramented love. He sacramented it because he had to create the Christian family, which we cannot conceive of as something that can be abolished even for an instant without seeing ourselves faced with the specter of anarchy.⁵ Now I leave it to other madmen to rush into the established society, and I study and explain to you in popular terms, if you want to be initiated into the mysteries of the great magic of miracles in the law of nature, that one of the majestic doors of the Ark is Love. But you must understand it as I understand it.

Normal man, in the normality of his functions, does not love in the divine sense. He satisfies the needs of his appetite by eating a breaded steak, which means that he has an appetite for one and then another. He digests both equally. If we were to place him under the obligation of eating only one steak for the rest of his

life, he would adapt. Every time he is hungry, he will resort to the food he is allowed. When he is full, he will loathe the steak, to rummage through the filth and leftovers of any stranger's dining room. Let us try to initiate someone into love! It is like washing a donkey's head! Love begins to take on a sacred character when it places the human spirit in a state of *magic* or *trance*. More substantial matter and more subtle matter are taken in by man from a state of magnetism so profound that it begins first with intuition and then with the sensation of a world that is not human, with the hypersensitivity of a special state of being, after reaching a human source.

(A reader) — Who is abstract? Turn off the lights, explain yourself more clearly.

Here you are. I speak to you as a printed book:

To know what a thing is, you need to be that thing. If, through magic, you want to know what a horse is, you need to feel like a horse. If, on the other hand, you remain an ox and I talk to you about horses, you will not understand me.

It is necessary to pray to Mother Venus to order her divine Cupid to shoot a poisoned arrow into your chest. And he must not shoot it only at you, but also at one of those creatures whom we have a duty to adore and protect, because they are the most sensitive and weakest among us: a woman.

I declare that you are not a normal man.⁶ I imagine and hope so, because if you were, you would not read the prose of a madman. Now Cupid's arrow would not make you return to your previous intention with the steak, and—standing in her presence (oh, that fatal pronoun!)—you would remain in a special

state of ecstasy, such as Saint Clare and others have never experienced. Making them more intense than those ecstasies, mute, without desire, you distance yourself from yourself to grasp the soul of your friend who is in the same state. Watch carefully that your body is nailed to a chair and make sure that the other one, her, is nailed to hers. In an undefined sense of *trance* she is passive, in *mag* she is active, you will tell the world beautiful things, you will recount the thousand and one nights and... You will be in a completely astral zone, in the zone where souls live, that is to say—in poor language—in a mental field where heavy and extremely subtle matter is less so, coming into contact not only with heavy matter, extremely subtle and less consistent than itself, but with all the bodies, entities, angels, and eons constituted by the same matter, which can, logically, come into contact with your senses.

A holy father would say: the devil has brought out his horns. Just like that. It seems like the easiest thing in the world, and it is. All refined loves have moments of magical love. But the difficult thing lies in both things: in the steak and in making this state last intensely and definitively.

Here, my dear and astute reader, I want to open your eyes to a mockery made of popes and scientists: alchemy, which has been taken as the mother of modern chemistry, was, on the contrary, a hoax prepared and digested by the Church, which has assumed the exclusivity of the science of the soul, so that no one could invade the religious sphere. But while the pleas burned, the sorcerers and magicians did so out of boredom, and those who truly practiced magic presented adulterated food in a metallic form. They said: Christianity is poor. There is a secret to changing all base and vile metals into gold. The former were

ordinary men (metals); gold was the integration of man. Those who took things literally lit the furnaces and prepared modern chemistry. Those who sensed the mask found two great secrets in those books: the simple secret of eonic magic and the arcane of arcana, which, in the sacrifice of the Mass—without understanding it—has been transmitted to us from the church: how to transform unleavened bread, with two liquids from the earth, into a visible god.⁷ We are talking about the easier of the two types of magic. Eonic magic should transport us to the Count of Gabalis.

Eon is being. *Eone* or *entity* must be matter, as the whole universe is matter. Eons or entities must be intelligent, and yet in perfect analogy with thinking and intelligent humanity. Are they *spirits*? If by *spirits* you mean creatures analogous to men, but living of a matter more subtle than ours, and perhaps more sensitive than us, let us really call them *spirits*. But if by this word you mean “the souls of the dead,” you are mistaken. It is a living realm that has nothing gloomy about it. It is the realm of fable. There are fairies, ogres, divinities, elves, undines, salamanders, sylphs, gnomes, nymphs, satyrs...⁸

(A reader) — Satyrs too?

... for whom it is acceptable to detest steak. Having revealed the how and when, you may enter this world of the improbable through the door of the divine Cupid. I do not know how to make you understand that I am taking a great risk at the beginning of this magic: the risk of ending up truly insane, if not wise. Because magic, through this door of love, truly begins when your individual state of being remains under the most implausible intensity of the soul vibrations of *Piro*, the magical fire. It

separates the lover who sees with physical eyes from the astral entities who admire each other with the sense of elongated horns (fairies, ogres, etc.) from the same area where you and she have arrived.

Oh wise critical oracle! Impatient reader who wants to know everything, who never claps your hands, in this prelude you think I have told you little, and I have told you many great things that no one before me has written, and that no one will write before the drying up of the sacred Nile, where the crocodiles, no less sacred, weep for the toads eaten alive. With this book I aspire to the Nobel Prize.

(A reader) — ... like Morconi.

More than Morconi. The wireless telegraph is a peculiarity of social life; it shortens the distance between the written word. On the contrary, I surpass Christopher Columbus by a thousand eight hundred cubits, who discovered a new world in the old land, and anyone who has to talk to you right away about Columbus' egg, keep the antennae standing tall when navigation is in full swing in the inter-oceanic waters. I want to reveal to all of humanity, which is debating vain theosophies, all the doors of a world that, under the clutches of ancient theocratic initiations, does not allow itself to be visited by those who make words and profess to be mystical visionaries or transcendental philosophers who say nothing but nonsense.

And I open this brand-new world to all the Vespuccios and Portuguese navigators who are now striving to skirt the coasts of an unknown land, to which they cannot find a navigable access.⁹

I tell everything with sincerity and ingenuity. I do so that the people, subject to the priests of all religions, may say that the day

of glory has come. I hide nothing. I make no mysteries. We leave mysteries to the old and conformist social structures. I say live, enjoy, rejoice, and integrate yourselves. You have the strength to understand that vain monologues are words that deceive weak and lazy men, who are stupid and do not understand these simple things that I reveal, for the greater glory of the living and true God who is the living man, the holy ark of the Ineffable Omnipotent, Nothingness?

And to say that those jokers who award the Nobel Prize did not think of me, who open the door of salvation and the invisible to humanity. Today it is fashionable to talk about the *beyond*, but the adverb *there* is not conceivable as a topographically accurate place without having defined a world *that is here*. The science of the wise, dear reader, does not recognize a sun as the center of life, which is neither there nor here, but precisely in the middle, between past and future. The universe is one. The utopia of “heaven,” hidden from the gods and souls, is a fable. Things are here, all here, all on this beautiful and friendly planet. The invisible is just around the corner. There are many people who have not perfected their sight and cannot see. I open the eyes of the blind and say: look, here are the seventy-two doors of wisdom, I open them one after the other. Look, learn through exercise and practice what you can see better. You will do theosophy later, when you have no need to do it.

Do you think I am really so crazy for not giving you a little key to try to climb the castle of spirits? I have announced love to you. All the Italian and Provençal Neoplatonic schools of past centuries in Italy, based on everything I have pointed out to you, attempted eonic magic.¹⁰ The novel of the rose, the courts of love, the knights errant, Guerrino, called the Mean, the knights of

France... Dig into these things that all barbers know and you will find the hidden medlar. The Greek heroes had in their bodies the *Eras*, a little animal very similar to Cupid. Charlemagne's knights roamed forests and mountains experiencing the charm of love, fighting against infidels; the Mohammedan represented the type of infidelity in love, because he personified the being incapable of initiation into love, because he ate only steaks, eternally steaks.

More philosophically, it was called Neoplatonism. As soon as heroic chivalry passed, initiation passed into poetry. See how humanity delves into the flattery of our great poets without understanding what they have clearly written, and how this is horrifying through those mad with love, who would be subjects of psychiatry if they had not meant what others did not know how to read. Beatrice, Laura, Flaminia... They started the never-ending series. The infiltration of this initiation spread and circulated in the courts of princes and prelates.

During the Angevin period in Naples, the Medici court in Florence, that of Este, that of Leo X: the kingdom of love takes over the kingdom of God. The return of Rome is Love (Roma-Amor-Orma-Maro were the initiatory names of the city, which was the hidden sanctuary where heat and cold were made. When the tabernacle of the watery seas or the sacred labyrinths were unveiled, the smell of Petronius Arbiter's dinners was felt. A sin to which the Madman does not aspire, and a chair for the Latinism of the mystical Orma, to explain certain things that were never explained). This is why Dante stands as a teacher and guide to the initiate who had known and sung of the heroes who had that wisdom in their bodies, a sting that pushes and excites. And Dante, with such a Master, takes things from the beginning and begins his journey to the lower gates, from which, after many

vicissitudes, he comes into the presence of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit.

Infernial gate or Dante's magical gate, which you see represented in different forms in certain ruins in the public garden of Piazza Vittorio Emanuele in Rome, ruins of a low gate with cabalistic signs indicating how to enter through the gate of Love into the optician's warehouse, where human sight can begin its perfection.¹¹ Look, you won't find anyone crazier than me. I'll lift the veil from Isis and take her to dinner after the theater and, after dinner, to the bridal chamber. As you can see, I'm a long-suffering madman. Do you know how magnetic spiritualism began in France with that mocking Alfonso Cahagnet?

A simple process, says the Master:

Take a young girl, place her on a chair in front of a glass of clear water, place your hand on her head, pray to the good angel to descend upon your young girl and see her... remain calm to feel everything that will come... Then people believed in the good angel. Who believes us today? These seers see a superficial trance and dream with their eyes open about everything that happens in the realm of human thoughts. On the contrary, I have discovered the planet of happiness... And of truth. Love. Love like the legendary knight loves that beautiful creature locked in a bronze castle. You cannot love except by grace... All the bells of your castle must ring out, as a sign that your soul has clung to the immense and infinite abyss of souls.

Her soul clung to the same abyss, and the invisible cinema opens up to the profane eater of roast chicken. Lucifer (and could it not be Christ?) awaits you and can guide you; he knows and does not fear. You are in the midst of pyromancy, or the magic of

divine fire. Have you lost your balance? Are you staggering? Are you trembling? Behold how I have pushed you toward infernal magic; the divine fire loses its purity, and the fumes of the embers and fish envelop you. Lucifer disappears, and the voice of the ephebe begins to sing flattery. At this point, the pyromagic interlude ends, preluding the greatest mystery of Venus since the eonic initiation.

Read carefully, attentively, without becoming intoxicated with vainglory, and you will understand the three secrets:

1. How to keep the sacred fire burning intensely;
2. How to keep it perpetual and with what coals to feed it;
3. How, with the seal of Solomon, to celebrate your wedding with a fairy, if you are a man, with an ogre if you are a woman, so that the iridescent fable that men do not yet know and which they pretend not to want to believe may be revived.

Notes

1. According to the Kabbalists, the seventy-two gates of absolute truth are hidden in the seventy-two divine names. The fool illuminates the arcana of the tarot, pointing to the initiatory gates that correspond to the Kabbalistic forms. Pyromancy, or the magic of fire, symbolized in the mysteries by flames and pyres, is the passionate gate of love.
2. The profound knowledge of the ancient priestly orders about the miseries of the human soul was a complete body of psychic sciences, because the theocracies did not take into account the dominion of man through his soul. Pauline Christianity arose and spread as a rebellion and a revenge; then the church absorbed it, without the science of the human soul, the powers of the ancient theocracies, and prevented the spiritual problem from being discussed and investigated. This is why the great progress of the contemporary world in all the arts and sciences of research is not matched by the progress of psychic studies, which are still in their infancy.
3. The miraculous imitation of the Christ type found in the saint of Assisi is a miracle of sublime faith. The influence of the saint and his example was undoubtedly great in the new civilization, but how sweetly ignorant was that faith in the destiny of human society!
4. If we could prove by some hidden record that we (the collective) are always the same under different masks, we could agree to make life less harsh for ourselves.
5. The sacrament of marriage led, as a reaction, to the obscene coven of witches. We would need to investigate where that pernicious utopia of loving humanity as an aspirant to the negation of society through the sole bond of love came from in the West.
6. We have types of degenerates and abnormal people. We must have the normal type. I imagine him as a perfect living automaton who fulfills no animal function without rules. I am glad that no beast of this kind is among my readers; otherwise I would cry out: poor prose of mine...
7. If any Catholic priest wants to earn himself a couple of excommunications, he need only concern himself with the sacred rites in their

original and magical meaning. The sacred hierarchy is a form of initiatory society, in which the highest ranks should know everything. They say that Mass is Christ's last supper, but I would like to know if the cup used at the supper was shaped like a chalice. And, since this has been called into question, which even Renan has not addressed, it should be investigated why the *color of the cups* in playing cards, and why certain cups used by classical alchemists are all shaped like chalices. And the paten used to cover the chalice, which is the color of money in card games and tarot cards, is perhaps the plate from which Judas Iscariot ate his bread.

8. Paganism, in many myths, personified, or rather photographed, the different forms of the human soul. Satyrs, nymphs, nereids, or naiads... They are symbols or realities. Christianity has slandered paganism and sapiential mythologies too much.

9. These discoverers, instead of writing prose poetry, fantasizing about the challenges of Indian fantasy to see what did not exist, did better by sailing without speaking and writing prose with the deceptions of subtle Western reason.

10. What a punishment from God for the sailors and mothers of that time! The magic of the blood of characters such as Bluebeard represented, a couple of centuries later, the reaction of the Platonic form.

11. This low door, reconstructed in the gardens of Piazza Vittorio Emanuele in Rome, bears the cabalistic signs of eonic magic necessary to open the door closed to the uninitiated, and also bears inscriptions, which should not be confused with the signs, because the former belong to eonic magic and the latter to the great transmuting or alchemical magic.

Chapter IV

Death

Quod fatui contumeliant, sapientes congreariant

I

Life, in the plain sense of the word, is an unbroken chain of small and great sorrows; moral and spiritual life is in constant struggle with the environment, a vice that presses against our elemental freedoms. The physical, material, and ordinary life of our body struggles constantly with unmet needs, against small and great disasters, contagions, epidemics, or constitutional diseases with all the varied scale of pains and impotences of our skeleton.

Civilization, with its laws, regulations, customs, habits, and transactions, seeks to repair the liberalizing needs of human morality as best it can, by coercing, educating in hypocrisy, varnishing to hide the unpleasant color of rebellious souls, and perfuming to prevent the scent of the will to prevail over one's equals from being discovered.

It is medical science that seeks to repair the human body, the man who struggles against nature to break the secret of health and invulnerability. Examining carefully the balance of pains and pleasures, of hours of delight, of disgust, of peace, of terror, and considering it with a little practical insight, even the most stupid

of men would see clearly that it is not worth living and striving to live.

Young people, struggling with needs, ambitions, desires for enjoyment, with a body full of blood, muscles, sap, often famished, eternally tense to cling to the luck of a quick exit, calling *imitation*, out of hypocrisy, every ambush that leads us to take away our neighbor's bread and fame in order to take his place and crush him, gently, like a filthy insect. Old people, with the means gathered in life, when many could enjoy experience, temperance, wisdom, physical ailments, impotence, weakness, and frailty reduce us to shadows or resignation, waiting for the end. However, with such a picture, men would not want to die.

Death, considered in cold blood, without warlike zeal or exasperation, frightens the whole human race. We embellish it because we cannot avoid it. We claim it on a beautiful philosophical epitaph to sweeten the pill that, whether we like it or not, is swallowed with a grimace of anguish or a heroic mask. Why? From the Egyptians, the Chaldeans, and the Assyrians to the Christians, all religions have insisted on this fearful and oppressive idea of the afterlife. The afterlife, dark, ignored, and discussed with many and varied arguments, from those who describe it as joyful, happy, and luminous, such as the spiritualists in full swing; from those who want it to be purifying and ascending towards the immense cosmic greatness that is identified with Nothingness; from those who leave it to God's judgment, as from ancient Egypt to Catholicism, this leap into the immense darkness of the unknown is so universally feared that at certain moments it takes on the most comical aspect; so much so that if we were not civilly educated to respect death as a solemn moment of sublime gravity, we would start laughing. Because, my friend,

so many people die every minute of every hour, that when you think about it, it shouldn't be something scary or hard to deal with. The doctor Cirillo, mockingly, used to say that death must be beautiful, because after its arrival, the sick never complain. Our age, which is marvelous for science and doctrine, and which possesses instruments, methods, and tons of experience that no century seemed to have possessed—more than all the preceding ones—would like to solve the problem of life, its prolongation to infinity.

I am not inclined to give an account of all the ideas developed in the last fifty years, but they are all perceptible. Contrary to the customs of statistical doubt, there are those who have maintained that the average human life is 150 years—but to reach 200 would be easy, and to reach 250 is not an extreme possibility (V. Smith, FinotyMapp, quoted by Weber). Much was said about research into a means of rejuvenating the body; Brown-Séquard, in 1889, seemed to have discovered the true remedy, exciting his entire generation, but ended up failing. Then came Ancol and Bonin, who discovered the interstitial glands (1903), which stirred up hope in Steinach in Germany and Woronoff in France. Others, starting from a concrete and explicit result of biological philosophy, argued that the prolongation of normal life is not only absurd but also useless. Absurd, because human laws cannot be violated, says one critic (Frusuman): “Nature generously determines the limit of human life, because normal life should exceed a century, with active and fruitful maturity beyond the age of eighty.” (!)

In short, experimental expectations to date point to Woronoff with the replacement of a living gland from an ape to a human (and the glands of rams and goats are also being experimented

with) — while Lespinasse, an American, limits himself to human glands alone, and others question the results achieved, arguing that the complexity of biological phenomena shows that it is not a single gland that does good or evil, but the synergy of a complex of glands which, taken individually, have no more value than a separate and insufficient element.

Is this true? We are not out of step with the times, nor outside the relativity of the present moment, superstitious about the legend of the apocalyptic millennium; but we feel far removed from the religious conception of immortality, both in the most distant and the most recent times. Modern science—which is concerned with deciphering the ancient dreams of believers—allows its followers to hope for, or at least glimpse, a cellular, organic, and unprecedented immortality that has nothing to do with that of the mystics, much less that of the initiates. Lancelín asserts that occultism is a persevering effort toward science, and he ruins the hypothesis of the true path that universities have traced to solve the enigma of Antaeus: to fight the divine hero with the force of earthly chemistry, mother of those wonderful discoveries that, in the last war, have amused the human race.

Ramón Llul, the Rosicrucians, the Templars, the followers of Flamel, Rupescissa, Trevisano, or the Illuminati, Saint Germain, Cagliostro, the Orphics, the Egyptian mysteries, and the books of the first Greek alchemists. Religious legends seem buried forever. The majesty of materialism, which was considered dead with the rebirth of post-war mystical spiritualism, seems to be rising again from the graves of failed fables. Not even brats believe in fables anymore. But this materialism, without virtue of temperament, remains decrepit a few meters from a swamp, vast you might say, before the passage of a man, who today understands few human

and living intelligences, and who tomorrow will be transformed into the sea.

Neither Sed, nor the builders of new and small temples, nor the Sanhedrin, nor the Holy Office will demolish them without shouting or cursing; nor have a hundred years of continuous deceit prolonged them; nor have the ancient universities of ten or twelve centuries, perpetual and inexhaustible, conservators of methods and judgments that have no end and leave no room, outside of tradition, any room for radical innovation and multiple dimensions. And a counter-altar will be erected before this scientific university, with its exclusive science, and people will speak in a more comprehensive and humane way. For this materialism is neither dead nor dying; it is proliferating in injustice; it has poured into the contemporary mentality the impure conception of a life aspiring to unlimited physical enjoyment, irrational and desiring to prolong it, for the capricious pleasure of the multitude. This multitude, in the speed of disturbing visions supplied by the maximum suppression of time and space, does not find it necessary to deify the mechanical philosophy of control, with a religion of the most solemn senses, direct and indoctrinated by an intelligence that denies itself a life of the spirit, of the soul, and that does not recognize any power in human thought itself, apart from adaptation to the materiality of life.

A serpent and a forked tongue. The newest school will give character to the Pythagorean and Italian interpretation of magic, and beyond, above magic, overcoming the particularities of rituals, it will affirm the luminous immortality of the intelligent spirit of matter, passing from the symbolic conception of the human or humanized sphinx to the attainment of the divinity of

an atom, matter, and thought. Is this a desecration of integral alchemy? Is it an irreverent seizure of the accumulated words of alchemists who disappeared over the centuries, thrown into the pigsty? But let's not exaggerate! It is absolutely useless to erect an Eiffel Tower as the basis of Italian common sense, the common sense of clear practical philosophy. *Magna Graecia*, married to that hidden judgment of inflexible temperament that was that of Etruria and Rome.

I believe in the resurrection of the potentiality of Pythagorean thought—the Pythia, the Python, the helical thread that has its birth in the astral of ancient Italy and elevates it to the empire of universal consciousness—and I believe that this Pythagorean and Italian mission, as the sign of a philosophical, scientific, and artistic renaissance, is impossible in the hands that still clench the scholastic rod of the Middle Ages. Is it a suspicion or a messianic desire? Who can say? We are close to the year 2000. Will the catastrophic fears of the millennium be repeated? I do not yet hear the echoes of the apocalypse of terror; the end of a world is not always the fracture of the small planet we inhabit, and much less can it be limited to a flood that raises the waves to the height of Monte Rosa and the twenty-eight volcanoes mentioned earlier by the American geologist, which set Europe ablaze and reduced it to ashes and charcoal. The end of the world may be the death of all stale senility, subjected to a rejuvenation of light and thinkers who, emerging from their fateful graves, resume their long-awaited mission and renew and regenerate ideas and visions in the outside world.

And for our own conversion and rejuvenation? Death! Terrible, frightening, skeletal, image of the thirteenth tarot card, you bring on the cold. Twenty Christian centuries, in the vision

of your calcified bones, stir within us. They communicate to us the joyful thoughts of the ancient incisions and engravings on the walls where our beds were placed, in archaic rooms filled with cones, parades of festivals, illuminated by lamps with the smell of frying, with a devil laughing because we cannot cling to an angel armed with a Turkish scimitar with which he defends us.

We are awakened by the love that good Dominican theologians have had for us, to purify us from heresy, from accusations and suspicions of diabolical magic, and we revoke those sympathetic strings that emboldened us with joyful shakes, to confess our covens and the orgies of the walnut tree of Benevento, or the roasted humans of Fray Giordano or the prior of the Templars—or the penitential processions and the joyful carnivals of renunciations and public confessions.

Are you Shiva? Are you the temple of the crows that eat the corpses on the towers of the Parsis? Are you the bell tower of the viaticum? Are you the fierce dismemberer of Osiris? Are you the toothed mouth of the Chaldean monsters? Are you the ashes in a useless amphora that your grandchildren no longer thought about? You, oh miraculous, thrice holy skeleton, who foreshadows a feared end, you have a smiling gaze; you are the symbol of youth. You, in the three worlds of spirit, matter, and action, are renewal. Death, let me look you in the face; your bones are pure as the teeth of a sacred elephant, a white shroud, you are like the most beautiful and exuberant smiling maiden, enjoying her adolescent flesh; if I had eyes as penetrating as X-rays, I would see skeletons like yours and feel the breath of perfumed youth; if I think of you, I notice the same fragrance in your breath. Do not cover yourself with damp earth, moss, fungi, cryptograms, or mold, because you, to the spirit, are nothing more than the error

of pride, slavery, and obsession. If the skeleton is still strong, if the flesh is still flourishing, the cells alive and the tissue of the veins elastic, what need is there to pass through the grave and be remade? You, O Death, are the solution to the spiritual enigma in living man and the deep guardian of his ancient, ignored soul. You are the symbol of the great alchemy, you are the triple Mercury and the Mercury of death, you are Azoth,

LIFELESS, you are the deeply dark wing of the raven, you are the preparatory dream before awakening, the tremendous pain that prepares the most luminous birth of the child, then the avatar, the metempsychosis of the ancient and dirty soul into NEW LIFE.

Thus Dante began the journey to raise Beatrice to the light in action, in the most exalted heights that are Love and Light. PHARMACUM CATHOLICUM OR ELIXIR OF LONG LIFE. Divine secret of the alchemists, you are eternal youth, radiant spirit on the black background of the mystery of the astral; man walks like the fool of the tarot: a dog, necessity, bites the calves of his sturdy legs: always forward, further forward; far, farther. The Pope, the High Priestess, the Emperor, the Empress, the four kings, the knights, the ladies, the stars, the lovers, and those[^] pass by, return; they circle around, melt away, fight until the dice player, driven by the mocking Devil, decides to drink from the cup of Love, which is Death, and is transformed into the young Faust, dazzling, charming, and indifferent, who, in order not to keep the pact (fear), falls into the music of the vulgar angels, the heaven of the vulgar... and is saved by mysticism. And now we return to the interstitial glands... do you understand? You must have been a terrible disappointment to Orpheus when,

turning back, he no longer saw his Eurydice: she had escaped with a guardian of the knights of Florence.

One afternoon, he is traveling on the Paris-Marseille express with the astronomer Camille Flammarion, a handsome old man with excellent eyesight and good spirits: above all, he is a famous author of spiritualism, a believer in the afterlife, in the other world, in the hereafter... In his prose, many generations throughout the West have drunk the cup of the greatest poetry of the interplanetary spaces of fantasy. His volumes on Death, with the greatest veneration for the illustrious and beloved author, read and reread with fascination for the subject matter and the writer, do not give credence to what awaits us after the coffin is lowered into the grave. Such poetry is nothing more than empty hope of finding the means, in this evil three-dimensional world, where human life is reduced to a series of tragicomic scenes that end in liberation from earthly chains and a passage to the realm of the happy. Blessed are those men who have the mission of enchantment and the certainty of writing in prose the highest poem of faith: the existence of the end of bodily slavery and the conquest of all that we lack here below: peace, the light of the mind, the cessation of pain and of the need that compels and instigates us to a struggle of passions and hope.

I don't know why, but all night long, sleeping on the train, the presence of the great writer brought to mind the memory of Mardrus. At first he was in Lord Carnavon's illness, sponsoring the excavations in the pharaonic tombs of the Valley of the Kings; London and Paris were passionate about the fate of the corpse violators, and Orientalists and professors of the occult sciences were interviewed to find out if the insect that had bitten the Englishman could have been armed with a poison from the days

of the priesthood of magic. The echo of this dramatic moment of collective superstition reached Italy, but not the feverish curiosity of London and Paris. In Italy, people are not prone to such commotions. Shortly before, *Le Matin* had called on Mardrus, the eminent Orientalist, to explain the gentle repose of the Mummy in the magical and perpetual vision of a life not *beyond the grave*, but in the *grave*.

Mardrus has been the most artistic and original translator of the “Thousand and One Nights”; an effective writer, who has given all the color and harmony of their origins to these magical novels; and reading his explanations in the newspaper about the paradise of the Royal mummies, full of sober observations, I thought that unless the conception of death is very different after almost five thousand years, in two distant eras between which neither the certainty of faith nor scientific demonstration has been able to determine a precise idea of the “afterlife.”

Imagination and reasoning have their center in science. The author of “Lumen,” a convinced spiritualist, poet of undefined spaces, the kind and white Flammarion, with his writings on Death, neither proves, nor demonstrates, nor convinces. Orientalism, bringing to light in our century the magical procedures of all religions ignored for millennia, translates and interprets a different but no less grandiose poetry of impressive relevance, which seduces adults, like children, with a collection of fables about spirits and ogres. But even with this second poetry, we are not prepared to determine within ourselves the precise consciousness of what we will become. Mardrus has an Eastern vision of priestly magic, just as he had a keen insight into the hidden and strange nature of Arabic novels.

This Pharaoh, Tutankhamun, three thousand years old or more, lay in his small, regal tomb, surrounded by his precious chests, statuettes, and paintings of his past life. A caravan of merchants arrives from the north, driven by the idea of violating the luxuriously funereal home of the ancient monarch, seizing his corpse and separating it from his double, the Ka, which had secretly served him since ancient times. Of the three souls, the

Ka, the most faithful of all, had remained at his side; the *bird of intelligence and the bird of light*, the other two, had flown to the sun, returning to the womb, universal intelligence. The conscious shadow of the buried man, Ka, was as sorrowful as his offended King.

Mardrus evokes the origin, the hour of the passing, the blessed day of the funeral, after the precise moment when the ritual pontiff with pure hands pronounced the magic words to open the mouth of the Mummy. From the moment these words of the High Priest were spoken in the right voice and with the right intonation to reach the unintelligent and sleepy Mummy, its condition was abruptly transformed. Death in Egypt is a transformation of state; one dies as one goes to a wedding, all that is needed is a good officiating priest, a magician with enchanting powers.

Enclosed in its hypogaeum, where all those gathered there have life, the mummy begins, revived, to live in all truth, served by its double, who dwells in the enchanted statuettes. And so it imagines words, hieroglyphs, and statues that fulfill their duty. Thus, says the Orientalist, the word “light” becomes the sun or an illuminating flame; the word “loaf” becomes a fragrant cake, and at a gesture of the mummy’s will, every human figure comes to life: the dancer dances and the musicians sing, the perfume

offers its essences to the adored Pharaoh, the steward brings him his stuffed geese, the favorite acrobat begins his seductive movements... and it is perpetual happiness, “delicious as the scent of lotus, like rest on the banks of a country of drunkards.”

I thought about this enchanting magic of the ancient tombs, I thought about what the mystics of the spirit wrote after twenty Christian centuries! We have not progressed even a tenth of a millionth of a millimeter in the science of the powers of the soul. We are on the edge of a muddy swamp called “vulgarization,” and in this puddle sinks the foot of the bold man who goes ahead, talking, arguing, and publishing that the methods for investigating the science of souls must not be identical to the ordinary ones adopted for a secret of metallurgy. Otherwise, the process of death will remain a great impenetrable mystery. The crowd, the scientific rabble, says, with industrial reunions and discoveries patented: “If you know and can prove it, come, I will place a laurel wreath on your head.” I fear that this most noble laurel tree has not yet been cultivated, and that its foliage has not yet sprouted to make a crown for the discoverer of any truth excluded from the masses. Irenaeus Philatelus, in one of his curious writings, teaches us “not to sell the gold you make.” Who can know what need they have for a blessing and a patent? What if the masses were to ignore certain truths?

II

If Trimalchio offered his guests a silver skeleton before meals to encourage them to enjoy life, it must be understood that the Romans of his time were not afraid of death. Our sublime fathers,

you were not attacked by the neo-Hebraic mold for twenty centuries, considering life as an expiation. Of what? Of what guilt? You, heroic, balanced, and just admirers of every religious mass, assigned Death a place as a boring and necessary person, like the one who governs the greasy pots in the kitchen. No trembling and no tenderness; neither the image of Charon nor the judgment of Minos concerned you; your friend Mercury was enough to accompany your immortal personality on the road to Elysium. And when the symposium, amid amphorae of wine and women smelling of roses, continued beyond sunset. The slaves, torchbearers, pronounced the “vivamus, pereundum est”: let us enjoy life, for we shall cease to live.

The night, divine blackness, representation of cosmic darkness, from which the creation of forms proceeds, was for the Greeks and Latins the mother of Sleep and Death. Sleeping and dying, children of the same goddess to whom the rooster was sacrificed, the herald of light³, which was the symbol of Asclepius, who carried it on his fist. So sleeping is dying, death is like sleep. Through Hellenism, every form of exaggerated and complex Eastern symbolism became artistic; the dark Night in poetic mythologies was here and there the mother of the theory of the darkest divinities and Destiny—but Sleep and Death remain fixed in Latin as brothers, ignored, gloomy, and similar.

To die and to sleep. I WAS, I AM, I WILL BE. If, clinging to the deep abyss of the astral, you ask who your God is, the Voice answers you: “I AM HE WHO WAS, WHO IS, WHO WILL BE ETERNALLY, NEITHER DEATH HAS CHANGED ME, NOR HAVE THE SCATTERED ASHES OF MY YESTERDAY'S CORPSE DIMINISHED THE POWER OF BEING.” The myth of Orpheus, who looks back at his wife,

knowing that he has lost her, Hellenizes the Egyptian Osirian enigma: the mystery of the tragic death among the bacchantes in love, who tear the body to pieces; and his severed head, carried by the waves of the Aegean, mysteriously laments at the foot of the rocks of Lesbos. Osiris and Orpheus, initiators of civilization. Sacred cycles personified; sacred because they reveal to the savage commoners that, beyond death, a part of us is transformed and lives a different life to perpetuate itself. The snake, which sheds its skin in hibernation. Is hibernation not, perhaps, anything more than sleep, and little less than death? The legends of cults, the passion of Marduk, the passion of Osiris, and the passion of Christ are tears and martyrdom, death and resurrection. Osiris, defeated by Set, is murdered, his body divided into fourteen parts, scattered mercilessly across the land of Egypt. Isis searches for him with love, and in each place where a scattered part is found, an Osirian temple is built. Osiris is reborn in plant and animal life, and Isis, in the pain of her holy quest, gives men the rites of immortality.

III

After many centuries of forgotten history, we offer, as the Chaldeans and Egyptians did six thousand years ago, the solution to the enigma of death; and we reflect it among the dead, among thousands of missing human bodies, the crust of our small planet pasted over with the material remains of our predecessors born before us or our parents. If the brother who yesterday still thought and spoke dies while still full of life, we ask ourselves before his corpse whether he is destroyed and has flown away like

a butterfly in peace and freedom, with a more ideal aura, to regions never dreamed of, in a new life, never revealed to men. Are only the ashes of his body left, which dissolve into the earthly elements, or does the faintest essence of his suffering in life see, enjoy, and suffer as before? If we speak to him, does he hear us? If we think of him, does his thought understand us? If, in the pain of our affection, we seek the beloved forms in which he loved us, can he, moved by the same love, gather the scattered atoms of his vanished body, appear before us, and speak to us? And when, necromancer or unconscious, in my hallucinatory pain, I believe it, I hear it, I recognize the accent and remember the thought, am I on the verge of madness or in the presence of an intervention from beyond the grave? And if he flies or has flown free, intelligent and happy, in a different form, what space has welcomed him? What is our conception of a dimension outside the notes of vulgar Euclidean geometry?

IV

Oh philosophers, oh believers, oh religious of practical Franciscanism! Do not be distressed by your reasoning and your faith. If you lack reasoning or faith, there is no need to remain in denial. Human science, the official kind, offers no consolation: it denies. Science, which has invented omnipotent powders to destroy the earth and pestilential fumes to murder men, aircraft to travel to the moon and the means to carry messages and sounds to the antipodes, this omnipotent science, to which no praise is denied, cannot tell us whether, there is life and love beyond the grave, we are still in complete heterodoxy if we believe

in the spirits of the dead, in ghosts, or in the souls in purgatory who manifest themselves to the living. Science denies and religions forbid; the priest celebrates Mass, still reciting the prayers of the archangel Michael, so that he may defeat and dispel the demons who make the spirits of the dead their stage for enchantments and attack the purity of the credulous. Science and religion leave us stunned, outside of faith and rebellion.

The initiator clung to his belief. Does the Master who has solved the enigma of survival exist? Have Hermes, Pythagoras, and Orpheus had no followers? Like the spirit of Christ hovering over the Pauline era. He who was the wisdom of seekers, does he not live on in the ancient disciples devoted to the pontifical mission? This initiation is beyond the orbit of university science and contrasts with the Christian religious tradition.

I believe that it is not necessary to be vile in criticizing pseudo-initiatory and mystical ideas that come from anywhere; and out of love for peace, we are all practically exempt from this vileness. We do not open our arms to all mystics, nor do we respect all the lies spewed forth by the most fanciful. We have had admirers of the East and of famous Tibet; we willingly admire Taoism and Confucianism; we are entranced by a little blurred Buddhism; Germanic circles are moved, and stories of the unknown seem to us to be the fruit of Providence. But these things, for those who have the pleasure of being distracted, are pleasant pastimes; between a cup of tea and a sugary biscuit, pretending to know the mysteries of the invisible and aspiring to the omniscient wisdom of spirits who are ten meters away from Father Bacchus is fun.

This lack of opportunity and this habit of letting people say and do as they please generate confusion and a tangle of ideas

among the general public, attracted, by childish and congenital weakness, to the marvelous of any kind. All the more so if we are taken with any word inspired by Japanese, or an Indian gargle or other Hebrew guttural sounds. What should be understood by initiation is something else entirely. It has nothing to do with mysticism. It is a materialism of another kind because it shapes and builds by educating the workers, the priests who celebrate with pure hands and the right words, as Dr. Mardrus translates the hieroglyphics, to enchant and enliven the mummies.

V

Magical initiation is more than aristocratic, it is regal. Its symbol is the crown. Not the laurel wreath of poets. The crown that gives imperial authority. Theocracy is understood in this way. For this reason, Eliphas Levi, who has an evident Hebrew tenderness, would have liked to give the rusty keys of the Ebionite Caiaphas, in an act of opening the gates of heaven. The crown is a fitting symbol, a splendid golden label on an empty bottle. Initiation into the Great Imperial Magic begins with Death, Death that is an incomplete purification, because rebirth carries the seed in the memory of the life previously lived. Catholicism is infiltrated with magical rites from the time when Gnostic elements manipulated the liturgy. Eliphas Levi casts a malicious glance; those famous keys need to be oiled with the oil of wisdom in order to open, with Paradise, the revelation of the mysteries. That is what Egyptologists have not yet understood.

The revival of the enameled and wrapped mummy is the charm by which, brought back to human life, the Ka and the

other two accomplices reunite to continue the same happiness of the life they lived. The same desire has nothing to do with someone who has led a life of misery and deprivation. Christianity provides assistance to the dying; to assist a dying person in a Christian, Catholic manner means to commit oneself to the same gloomy, fearful faith in the afterlife. Afterlife? But we misunderstand each other; not in heaven, nor in the Elysian Fields, but on earth, in the next reincarnation. The initiator tells you: don't believe. Between faith and science there is an abyss. The initiator does not say "believe" but "try." Do you want to know about "after death"? Oh, try to remember where you came from! Oh, try to die to remember! And, showing a statuette of Mercury ready to take flight, the initiator invites you not to drink wine: dry law like the Americans; do not get drunk if you do not want to have visions of the saints in paradise, who are, as a rule, unpleasant, like Simon or Paul, two ugly and ungrateful characters created by Italian artists when they created mystical, luminous, and ideal beauty, as it has never been conceived since Hellenic art, the generator of another kind of beauty.

Anyone who has visited the excavations at Pompeii will remember that on the wall adjacent to the ointment shop there are some Latin words written that say: "Idle people, do not linger, go on your way." In other words: there is no honey here for those who are not willing to defy the poisons of Death; this is the translation that the initiator inscribes on the door of his confusion. To die and rise again; in its beginning, Death is the vision of awakening. The idle, the lazy, the curious, the grammarians, and the sensationalists are praying to go beyond. You will find them ahead of the easiest and most seductive shops. A cup of tea and orange-flavored biscuits. An old speech to acquire clairvoyance in two sittings, or become a magnetizer in

eight days, and then succeed in life. Ideal for the modern way of understanding the usefulness of knowing anything that can condense the pleasure of living. And it's not a stupid idea: if the Supreme promises us an easy conquest of an afterlife paradise, we might as well anticipate a little happiness in this valley of tears: Buddha was as dumb and fat as a Dominican prior, and the most famous initiates never lacked a little gunpowder to turn broomsticks into gold.

VI

These brief and varied notes on Death, which is the alpha and omega of all religions and all philosophies, are little lights for the astute reader who, like Theseus, sets out to discover the Minotaur in the labyrinth. These notes are iconoclastic warnings; the monumental statues of the superstitious beliefs of other faiths and other doctrines, denatured by the comments on the evil of the prevailing religions, fall to pieces, in gunpowder, rolled in lakes of ink.

I write for my only astute reader who wants to pay attention to me, purified, if possible, of the ideas absorbed over long and painful centuries in the transformation of his Christian soul. This sole reader is there, in a dark corner, ready for criticism, curious to learn, eager for unheard-of theories; the deaf rebellion of the new reconstitution of an occultism based on mystical theology, of superimposed religious cycles, mixed with scenes of mysticism of every color, boils in his soul. This single reader, who tomorrow will be completely purified of atavistic suggestions and of the pride of the social group in which he has grown up and lives, will

see the flames of my lamps magnified, reaching the great lights of unknown times.

The confusion of ideas, theories, mysticism, mystagogy, and exegesis is such that the visual field of Nature, in its simplicity, is reduced to nothing. And now that the Orientalists have joined the party, Babel triumphs. The practical wisdom of the Americans promises to mass-produce initiates, like automobiles, shoes, hats, and season tickets. The grammatical value of initiate does not correspond to the initiate in the magical sense; initiation is the beginning, from “to initiate,” to begin. Our unborn have the weakness, perhaps necessary, to create words with double meanings; they fell into the frying pan with a word that resembled and clashed with one of vulgar meaning, and then... “qui vult capere capiat.” True, profanely, “initio” and “initiare” mean to consecrate, to introduce into the mysteries; but if anyone wants to waste time, consider that “nitium” and “exitium,” the beginning and the catastrophe or death, have the same second part of the word: that “to,” “tio,” and “t,” meaning to go frequently, to go, or to move, are words of movement. In the URBE ARCANA, where initiation is not an appearance, and the suppers of ordinary chairs were pleasant gatherings in peace, M. ROMA, ORMA, RAMO were external forms of hidden meanings.

Now I want to say that Egyptologists also believe that the part of the mysteries that were not public could have been reserved for the “initiated,” the part of the mysteries dramatized by mime, like those of Greece, and later, in the dark Middle Ages, in Italy and other countries of Europe. And this is a mistake, because those who attended these arcane celebrations were not initiated into priestly magic, but into the meaning of the mysteries, of the

analogical words that the plebs of the *misti* were not supposed to understand. True initiation was reserved for those who were to become priests, not for those of lower rank, such as the celebrants of the mysteries, but for those of the highest hierarchy, in which miracle workers were common. This is why I have said that grammarians, philosophers, charlatans, and mystics are not initiated: whoever was to become one, man or woman, was taken and educated with a long, tiring, and very severe training, just as the Christian priesthood has not felt the need to educate aspirants to the sacred orders.

Our contemporaries would not know how to conceive of an education in operative magic: books, old speeches, and inventions of ill-tempered words are enough, and the magical horizon is conquered; the occult sciences, contrary to the indication that they should be taught in the most hidden places and in the deepest silence, are spread by strokes of eloquence and volumes revealing truth and enigmas! The idle go even further. The contemporary public understands a rigid education and life, with severe and uninterrupted surveillance, like that of a boxer who must aspire to victory in the arena and win riches; but it would not understand thirty years of austere learning, with imprecise rules, without the brusqueness of curious newspapers being able to transform a man into a demigod. The chair has taught them: it is nothing but the madness and superstition of a band of impostors. Science is, honestly, sincere: study and you will know everything; we say the same thing: study, but above all practice, and you will know how to keep quiet, renouncing printed books. But who takes seriously an invitation that implies hardship and fatigue at every moment?

VII

More than many saints of the Church, Kardec, Léon Denis, D'Alveidre, and Flammarion, as well as numerous second-rate contemporary mystics, have appealed to human gratitude: creatures buffeted by the storms of life, by the violence of unforeseen misfortunes, by spiritual disturbances, groping in the dark from a complete lack of faith in the religion of their parents, pained and isolated in life under the disappearance of dearest loved ones, have turned to salvation, oblivion, hope, and living faith, often in the literature and poetic prose of these artists of contemplation.

What does it matter if making a three-legged table dance does not cause a phenomenon approved by official science and the priest? The pains of the soul find comfort in spasms and relief, and this is, unconsciously, an act of consoling magic for bleeding souls. An American poet, Mortimer Clapp, has written that "reality (truth) is a fleeting moment of lucidity between two dreams." The conception of life, thought, and vision as a dream was formulated by Calderón de la Barca: to live is to dream, and each dream is a life. An anonymous writer, a preparer of the revolution of '93, wrote that the usefulness of religions is to superimpose on the harshness of each moment's pain a continued hope in a dream that makes Death, the last pain and the last dream, lord.

As every time a great catastrophe looms over mankind, the immediate postwar period has generated a mystical flood throughout Europe; if there are advantages in religions for that "*credo quia absurdum*" which is the basis of the contradiction

between critical human reason and faith. Never has a wave of skepticism, rebellion, and protest invaded humanity for such a prolonged period, rebelling against the conventional lies about the powerful action of merciful heavens, which have remained unmoved by the cries of the victims: according to the mysticism of reaction to divinity.

Of the two states of the Western psyche, which have taken hold of literature, as an artistic expression of feeling, Death, the Philosophy of Death, and the psychopathy of rebellion in Death, the disillusionment of long sufferings, repugnance, and immolation for unjust causes, where the wickedness of the leaders of peoples, subjected to the useless slavery of defying death, predominates. Vanity of life, vanity of death, vanity of history and pain; the dream of existence, amid an immense accumulation of vanity, is interrupted in a *furtively lucid* moment in which the truth is considered in the rapid and dazzling light of its divine integration, the miserable truth of human life, from the unprotected heavens, amid the indifference of gods or of a single god who intervenes only through absurdity in earthly affairs; cruelty, desolation, or anguish.

The initiate seeks the elixir to defeat death. Prometheus? No. Prometheus, in the splendor of wise fable, in Greek art, in the skeptical Latin poetic smile, is human science, that of the society of mortals in coexistence on earth. The man who is bold in his research, who rises up to conquer a domain in which the invisible divinity is distrusted, belongs to the arrogance of humanity: Vico's conception. The initiate sets himself the sole problem of the continuity of consciousness, of crossing the river of oblivion, the picturesque Lethe, continuing without interruption the dream of integration into the divine powers. Prometheus, the

little god, demigod, aspiring to replace God, is the greatest university of the science of the vulgar who challenge the unknown, in the enunciation of the mechanical authority of all the infallible, interrupted laws of earthly nature. Resignation is nothing more than philosophy or vileness. The mystical laboratory of Christianity has sought for centuries to inoculate it into the mentality of peoples; like the will of Allah in Islam; like the inevitability of the phases to come in the Buddhist East.

But does Western servility resign itself to the impotence of the rebellious act? In the final hour, in the face of strident injustices, the oldest, the most ancient, the freest souls stir: the myth of the rebellion of the angels must be eternal, on the small planet we inhabit, and in the infinity of animated worlds, in the solar systems of the unknowable Universe: who knows what spiritual revolutions are hidden in the twinkling stars in the blue sky of Italy, which, sardonically, in apparent calm, observe our poverty of mind in eternity! Our small and proud sorrows, of which we write the mad epic, owing them to the indifferent ideas that, perhaps—who knows?—will look upon us with the same bored curiosity with which we contemplate an anthill or a nest of angry wasps!

The magician priest of Egypt worked his enchantment on the mummy, awakening it and preparing it for the journey with talismans and images; he taught it the deceptions to ridicule the divinity on the long journey to reach, unscathed and unhindered, the origin of causes.

A theocratic philosopher, the pontiff had before his eyes the path to the kingdom of shadows, the ever-crowded road traveled by the dead of all ages. The Book of the Dead is a monument. It is worth the weight and labor of the Pyramid of Cheops.

Fortunate is he who has read it well. Magic stamped its seal on you. Rebellious souls should serve as sentinels for you too, in this age of forced slavery, as fierce as the slavery of the current civilization of the ungodly West, which incubates fire and human massacres. The initiate must defeat Death, overcome the slavery of inexorable law. Immortal like the invention of God. The living enigma. See, oh astute reader, how far we are from religious mysticism, from the philosophy of the equality of human values, from the anarchic mysticism of the worthlessness of human life, from resignation, from Islamic fatalism, from Karmic inevitability. I believe, oh astute friend, that no one has ever spoken to you like this: I play the role of Lucifer with these notes, which are like little lights, waiting, if you are free, to become radiant torches. Defeat Death.

VIII

Disappeared religions that have ruled the soul of man for millennia believed in gods—and, among the gods, in a most powerful man. The great and small gods invaded human life. Often opposing and friendly gods fought, as in an invisible battle, for the happiness of an earthly creature. Warriors protected by one god were adversaries of another. The Trojan War raged on.

Israel, which had lived under Babylonian and Egyptian servitude, defended a single god, then prophetism and messianism. Expelled from Palestine, it invaded the world, with Jehovah as its banner, waiting for twenty centuries for the State of Zion.

Monotheism? Polytheism? Atheism? Lucifer, sardonic as the stars on a clear night, somewhere between the rebellious and the humorous, traces a mysterious sign in the air with his hand: what if the concept of error were the deification of the spirit and the search for and investigation of human hypotheses? Lucifer the destroyer, Prometheus the blasphemer. This unique Jupiter, arrogant, ultra-powerful like a Marconi station, is the most unjust tyrant ever conceived. Like Ea, like Nun, like a mild Hebrew.

Slave trader. Master of slave gangs. Humanity, a mistaken creation. An abortion. He created man imperfect to turn him into a lackey, to put his foot on his head and force him to breathe pain. Death, after an ephemeral life. The cremation of the corpse. The weeping and misery of the outcasts and the powerless. Then as now, as tomorrow, as always. Change the name to Jupiter, and the evil type of master and terrible father remains. Mercy, resignation, the vileness of inventing excuses suggested by the apologists to pity, calm, and beg for mercy from the terrible ruler. If we are imperfect, evil, miserable, disorderly in our desires, violent, and cruel, he is to blame, for he made us this way. It suited him not to have upright subjects who were immune to decay: would he not take away the beloved son from the desperate mother? Or the husband from his wife? Or the father from his miserable children? Is bread denied to the hungry? A roof to the homeless?

Sacrifice is the action that most delights us in our idle hours. The seer-sacrificer contemplated the gods in droves, in the clouds, like flies rushing to feast on the blood of the sacrificed victim. The fierce pleasure of violent death is of divine origin! The nectar of the chalices of the heavenly symposiums! It must have flowed

from the blood, and from the intoxication of cruelty, and from the foolish laughter of drunkenness, sated with the pains of men.

Prometheus, the maker of man, to whom Minerva, the divine intelligence of human wisdom, brought the contribution of heavenly gifts. The little god felt the logic of proud struggle against this father without compassion for the lamentations of his vast offspring—and he became science, research, audacity, and recklessness: he became human wisdom, ready to climb the most distant Olympus. In the fable, Prometheus makes man out of clay. Minerva admired the creation he had completed and instilled in him the timidity of the rabbit, the cunning of the fox, the ambition of the peacock, the cruelty of the tiger, and the strength of the lion. Prometheus asked what he should take from the heavens to complete his work, and Prometheus asked to go himself to the divine regions to choose his purpose accompanied by Dea. He stole the sacred fire and brought it to earth. Jupiter's wrath was unleashed upon Pandora. Jupiter and the other gods, upon seeing the man created by Prometheus, also created a living being, a woman, to whom each deity gave one of their virtues: beauty, seduction, irresistibility, and youth. The old god sent her to Prometheus to make him fall in love with her, and sent him a sealed chest to offer her as a gift on their wedding night. Prometheus, very cunning, avoided the deception and rejected the seduction, but he wanted to deceive Jupiter himself, who, irritated and implacable, ordered Vulcan to chain the unwary little god to a rock.

Aeschylus, who wrote the tragedy: immense as the bloody poetry of man's science through distant ages, against the proud and evil will of uncontrollable fate. Prometheus invokes heaven, earth, and sea, ether, wind, and sun to bear witness to the

injustice of the gods: “Jupiter wanted to destroy men, to renew the world, the gods who made him king consented, I alone had the courage to save the human race: this is my crime. Wild men wander in their fortune, I dictate the laws, build houses and temples, teach the course of the stars, calculate time, reveal the mystery of numbers, teach how to cultivate the land, domesticate the horse, and navigate: this is my fault.”¹²

O kind, grumbling Prometheus! You have done much against your father Jupiter, intolerant, envious, and unjust; you have obtained everything with the fire you stole from the heavens,¹³ and you have not destroyed Olympus; you have not emancipated enslaved humanity from his tyranny. You have remained confident on the mountain, skeleton of the Earth, blaspheming; but why have you not taught man how to defeat Death? You have not conquered the destiny of humans. Could you not? Can you not? Will your wisdom never be able to do so? Will the periods of wakefulness and sleep, of light and darkness, of life and death last forever? Will the sun rise for infinite dawns, setting in endless nights, eternally?

But may your genius as a creator in struggle with the gods not be one of the paradoxes of genius, like Lombroso, who precipitated the human race into suicide, which, provoked by the recklessness of your conquests, and unconscious, does not prepare a new Atlantis, of floods and disappearances of races and continents.¹⁴ Is this your crime? Will this be the original sin of future races in future millennia? Lucifer, ironic as the eternal stars of the firmament, traces the sign of the hand in the twilight night: investigate, O mortal; the bridge covers the Lethe; overcome it, do not sink into oblivion.

Remember the distant yesterday, Osiris on the narrow plain of the Delta, Jupiter in the palace of the little Olympus, Jehovah threatening and growling over the land of Zion, Assiriel lavish and opulent in Nineveh, Babylon, and Tyre. Overcome oblivion, as you have overcome the despicable age of fear, prophesied by the Jews as Ezekiel, as Baruch: the distant tomorrow belongs to the vulgar, to the masses, to the ambitious; the plebeians will be renewed, and new plebeians will rise; the earth vomits its seeds, makes them germinate into rough and dwarf plants, into flowering bushes, into pompous trees of leaves and fruit. Open your hand in the darkness of the night! Seek and grasp the hand of the initiator! Become King! The integration of all powers will be eternal: it will not pray before the destiny of men and intellectual plebeians. In the dense darkness, do not become the mystical madman of pride—you say and you do not say—the magic word, the *verbum*, is reality, creation. It is necessary. The pontiff magician of Chaldean magic tells his mystical story.

IX

Mamo Rosar Amru, he who never knew death, eternally young and mitred, orthodox and templar, comments: Oh miste, profane one awaiting wisdom, remember that Lucifer speaks to you of rebels—the *verbum* is the word of the creator—that in the dark and deep night you will not find the hand of the initiator ready to shake yours, your little numen is within you, and it forbids you. I am the law of our greatest temple, do not expect triumphs. When the sky above was not yet named, and the earth below had no name, the waters formed a single mass. The

primordial apsu and the tumultuous timai were confused in a single embrace.¹⁵ The uncos did not know where they stood or where their roots were, and the dense groves of roses had not yet appeared. Then no destiny was fixed, and the gods were created.¹⁶ How many? Countless. Like the stars. It was the word, the air, the suffering, the first body. Ea, above the abyss of the waters, was wind, breath, respiration: thus were things named.

To ease the stay of the gods, men were created: Marduk willed it so. The seed of humanity is Aruru; when she set out to create man, she mixed clay with drops of her blood; she fashioned him in the image of the gods, and prepared worship for them. Creation is accomplished whenever it pleases the gods, and every god can participate. Ishtar presides. That is why, oh miste, be warned, your destiny is slavery.¹⁷ The invisible gods, who were the architects of your being, loved to delight in you, to be served and worshipped by you. You are perfect in this: selfishness is your most ruthless virtue, it is in your fibers, in your nerves, in your blood, it is your seal and your value: do not delight in war, with the pure ferocity of the beast, and do not seek the honor of warriors in graves covered with flowers. You do not have the refined taste for the spasm of others and for revenge. You have not been gifted with a mind as intricate as a work of sculpture, with which you have found the most sublime arguments that Nebo, the most subtle of the gods, could not find, to crown all the misdeeds of your pride with beautiful and pious reasons.

The gods rejoice, happy: they irritate you from time to time when you moderate your insane spectacles. Does not vileness, the will to pride, and unbridled ambition, lust, and treachery complete your proud image? Do they not make you live tragedies with every rising and setting of the moon? Better? You have the

will to strip yourself of your old bloodstained shirt and assume a purity that excites you in the calm hours of idle peace, when hunger and greed do not torment you, when the most vile and fearful weave delicious philosophical fables to numb the memory of the beautiful beast that, eternally, in thousands of changing forms, remains within you.

Is not your history of yesterday, today, and tomorrow written with a bloody brush in long, deep red smears? Are you not superlatively cynical in your philosophy of massacres? Are the violent and voluptuous despotisms of the East not worth the metaphysics of Western freedom, in which slavery changes form, and ideas, expressed in conventional words, are more solemn than the heavy and rough chains of ancient empires? Do you believe that then, through distant millennia, we will not live, the happy, the poor, the abject, the violent, the vile peaceful, the lustful, and the martyrs, as now, as tomorrow, in the most superb and rich cities of our great metropolises, with palaces and gardens unsurpassed by temples, whose gold and gems were abundant? Did Babylon not display to the burning sun the artistic magnificence of its riches and the seduction of its charms? Lucifer, spirit of rebellion, then as now, mocked; in his lucubrations, tongues were torn out or cut off with incandescent cuts; those who offended the divine right of command had their eye sockets gouged out by the executioner, and their flesh, torn to shreds, was given to the ferocious dogs of Nergal's temple...

* * *

Lucifer, ironic and cruel, flutters his eyelids in assent and, parodying the pontiff defender of the invisible gods, concludes in a gloomy voice: "Oh mist, the word of your slavery is made flesh

and blood in you, your destiny is written.” Then he smiles mockingly and his eyes sparkle like pure diamonds, with a bright light, like a flash.

X

In Rome's time, Chaldean meant magician. They were Chaldeans or pretended Chaldeans who acted as fortune tellers, astrologers, and charmers. At that time, Professor Richet had not yet invented the word “metapsychic,” which seems to contemporaries to be more noble than the word magic and of greater value. Chaldea was then regarded as the forge of the dark arts of the world's devilry. The most priestly Egypt; Babel, Nineveh, Tyre, forges of sorcerers, in which each person was the imprecatory instrument for commanding the innumerable groups of ulu, ululu, and other horrible inhabitants of the ocean of evil spells.

Beloved reader, when I began to write thirty years ago about magic to evoke the ancient art of the traditional and fabulous miracle workers, all the spirits of Alian Kardec in Italy, all the readers of the propaganda of Denis, Schuré, and Flammarion, rebelled as one man against this name that referred to honor, to demand the attention of the avant-garde on the integral powers of the human organism. Essays change with the changing times, and the word magic is now found, in quotation marks, every ten words of Orientalists, folklorists, scholars of primitive peoples, or credulous savages. I was told that such curiosity was not befitting the most Christian spirits. They had forgotten that our common friend Israel, between Egypt and Babel, was also steeped in

Hebrew magic: that Moses invited the Egyptian magicians to prove their power and that they threw copper snakes onto the sand that came to life and became voracious, and Moses threw his, which destroyed all the other snakes; that King Solomon, far from having an alchemical laboratory in the valley of Ophir, came close to manufacturing diamonds by the ton to satisfy the blonde Queen of Sheba; that the Hebrew Kabbalah is the most subtle of all confusions for transmitting to posterity the Great Mystery of the universe; that Saint Peter also competed with the art of Simon Magus and surpassed him.

Now, thanks to scientific missions, magic is a word of good repute, because, digging into documents that preceded the happy appearance of the Holy Fathers by three millennia, it explains that empires of very long duration did not have the impudence to govern the peoples with the diabolical trade that took place with threats, punishment, and flogging.

The Chaldeans lived, in those days, by divinity and demons. Odes, spells, blasphemies, cursing the thousands of devils who favored diseases, such as microbes, or who attacked the bodies of those who had strayed from their god, or had angered him, or had betrayed him. To entertain the honorable company of the gods of Marduk, the Babylonian had to struggle with the strange cases of everyday life, fueled by the adversities of the seven terrible geniuses of evil, capable of all wickedness, masked in thousands of forms against the peace of sinful man; and after a life that was not joyful, when death struck him, he himself had to impose fear on the living, who feared him more with every evil, if his shadow was not appeased in the grave and an offering of food was not ready there to satisfy him with culinary perfumes.

Once the dead had descended into the kingdom of Nergal, Arallu, the place from which there is no return, they were forced, amid the blackest darkness and the most oppressive ashes, to live eternally. Nergal, who in the dark regions where he ruled, had them surrounded by towering walls, and the devils, more or less horned and horned, were respected by the shadows, lest they go and torment the living. A deeply doubtful and disturbing interpretation, the logic of life, if this is the true idea of the religious interpretation of the Chaldeans; I believe you are close to the third; the picture, given by modern psychology,¹⁸ (which in other places is not even an exact science, if it is a science at all), is not comprehensible to us, in its melancholy of eternal life in a dark hell, after a horrible stay on earth for the amusement of the gods of Marduk. Man, a creature in the image of the gods, or forged on earth with the drops of blood of a god, distilled one by one into clay or putty, had a picture of existence different from charcoal, with the most terrible grotesqueries.

How beautiful must have been the earthly life of a free citizen of Babylon! Certainly, in the prayers of those omnipotent sovereigns, incarnations of Assur, the ever-victorious and supreme warrior, they addressed the god or goddesses, asking for a long life. Arallu attended to a decomposed mixture of all mortals: kings, priests, warriors, magicians, merchants, and slaves, libertine women and priestesses, doctors, and notaries. It seems too much to me! Only warriors killed in battle could be served by their wives—anyone else could drink fresh water—and the rest by the most mangy dogs. Ferocious Nergal! Ishtar, immortal lady of beauty and love, who corresponded somewhat to the venerable Greek and Latin Diana, descends to Arallu to seek her lover, is stripped of her veils and cannot return to the heavens without a sprinkling of the water of life.¹⁹

Metaphysicians and theologians are a little off the mark when they trivialize this dirty place called hell, where the decomposing debris of human pride goes to dwell eternally, if the gods do not transform it. Among all the things related to the ineffable Einstein, there is one thing that has nothing to do with his relativities: the fear of the unknown after death; the fear of the unknown and of death is represented in the most synthetic and simple way; the most acute pain, for natures that do not have the philosophical discipline of Seneca, is fundamentally in death: to be born and to die; in Latin “*oriri et moriri*”; I am born, “*orior*”; to die, “*morior*”; could “die” be a syncope of “*moriri*”? That “m” that precedes “*orior*” (I am born) to say “I die”? Etymological mysteries...²⁰

XI

Irenaeus Philatelus, in one of his famous books, on how to turn base metals into gold for drinking, warns with his candid charity that once the precious metal has been made, it is necessary to be very careful when spending or showing it: because the military authorities, alerted by the voices of the people who spend and display gold of the finest quality, will come and ask you if such-and-such a goldsmith or merchant sold it to you; and since you will not be able to prove it, they will throw you into prison with the thieves, because you will not say that you made it with lead, tin, and copper, and with particles of filed iron—and if you did say so, they would not believe you, and the judge would laugh at what you said: 'I am not a peasant who cheats at the fair

with trinkets; I am a philosopher and I do not drink like an uneducated villain.'

This applies to hell, or to the realm of shadows in general, whether it be the Chaldean Arallu or the Christian purgatory, or the paradise of St. Bonaventure. The paradox of throwing these things known as ideas into the pot, passing through the antechamber of the skull like a butterfly on a calm night around the chalice of a flower in love. And the astute reader will understand that I am not talking about Dante when I say that anyone would have done well to visit hell and then return to earth with the memory of the things seen, and to know, and not be able to tell, lest they tell the four corners of the firmament that they have seen Ishtar, the Dominatrix, the Lady, the Great Lady without a veil, while everyone else sees her only dressed and veiled, deeply dark, with eyes sparkling with love, because She is, has been, and will be the everlasting mother and Virgin, the mother of the phalanxes of creatures that populate the old planet, in which the sky is a cerulean canopy, and lies arise, through self-insemination, like pellitory on the ruins of ancient buildings.

I mean, my sharp and critical friend, that the skeptical world will never make anyone brave who has been in hell and remembers the events, confesses them, and tells them. Like the authority feared by Filalete, the doctors of modern Salamanca laughed and despised him as one: "But what nonsense are you accumulating? Do you have memories of the afterlife? Of the darkness of the infernal cave? Go and be healed by Morselli or Leonardo Bianchi, because you are either mad or want to go mad! Who are you: Moses, Endiku, or another revelator?" Endiku was Gilgamesh's companion;²¹ in a dream he had seen hell, where high and powerful lords, conjurers, prophets, and servants were

mixed together like a Russian salad, dressed like birds in feathers. When Endiku dies, Gilgamesh evokes him to learn the “law of the land he has seen.” And it is a very painful revelation, very sad for the living; enough to make one weep.

How desirable is immortality! The plant or herb of life that the gods had answered through Apsu, in the abyss of the heavens and the waters; Gilgamesh, after a horrible journey, seizes only a snake that steals it. It seems like an alchemical journey, ending like vinegar; like the conquest of the Golden Fleece, like the labors of Hercules, like the enchanting Orpheus, like Cadmus in the conquest of Attica. The dead are in a bad way, even under the monuments of great sculpture, although Flammarion's books say otherwise: better a live donkey than a dead doctor. What do you think, my subtle philosopher friend, who stands there smiling? It cannot be in our day, after more than five thousand years of the history of Endiku and Gilgamesh, that anyone who has returned from the land of the dead is afraid to shout it out loud, lest they risk a stay in the madhouses of the great Enotria, beloved by the drunken gods of all ages. Is progress a fable?

XII

I'm opening a rather long and prolonged parenthesis. Many of these notes are not scholarly material, and I have presented them as simple flashlights to illuminate any light from Aladdin. The reader knows that since spiritualism was created, since it became transcendental in the society of the last century, opposed to science as something unproven (priests here and there have tolerated or excommunicated it), as an instrument of faith it has a

long legion of believers. For centuries, everyone has believed in the dead in one form or another; there is no people that has not been nourished by the certainty that the living dead watch us from the shadows, see us, inspire us and, if necessary, visit us in our dreams to indicate an imminent destiny or a lottery prize. However, spiritualism, like occultism or theosophy, has not been subjected to devastating, controversial, and, ultimately, metaphysical criticism—but after the war (what has war not done!), the tune has changed.

I read “*L'Erreur spirite*” by René Guénon, author of another volume, “*Le Théosophisme*,” which appeared a year ago. It is a book that is out of the ordinary. I know nothing about the author: “Le Théosophisme” gave me the impression of a cultural polemic, as if a religious group wanted to control its followers and a pseudo-religious congregation, as the subtitle calls the foundation of Colonel Olcott and Mrs. Blavatski. But “*l'Erreur spirite*,” recently published, has another value.

It is necessary reading for any opponent of respectability, because without yet confessing where he is aiming, he acts a little like

Attila, king of the Huns, attacking spiritualism, occultism, and metapsychics; by spiritualism, occultism, and metapsychics, he means French spiritualism, French occultism, and French metapsychics, as well as any news from England: the rest of the world does not count: in Italy, we grow the carrots that are sown for us in French books; I have already made this clear when I wrote “Guide to the Science of the Magicians,” and if I had not shown the utmost tolerance for the flood of books on spiritualism that Paris forced us to digest, I would not have found a single reader who would have studied me.

French bookstores now contain a complete collection of authors who have published volumes on all the arcane subjects, and who should make more of the interpretations, in the romantic guise under which they are presented. After Eliphas Levi, there is now talk of "Haute Magie," as if it had distinguished scholars in Paris who exhibit a model of the genre to the world. A survey on Haute Magie, recently published in the *Revue Mondial*, is very interesting. Since I am writing these notes with a smile, so as not to complain about the gloomy subject of death, I must confess that this Haute, among other things, has put me in a good mood; and, without being a psychometrist, I seem to see, beyond the screen, my friend Eliphas laughing, serious, serious with a handkerchief that, as he blows his nose, hides his laughing mouth.

But let us return to "l'Erreur." Guénon, although I am not capable of fully understanding everything that philosophers say, seems to lament here and there that pure metapsychics makes it difficult for him to think: here and there he implies that he knows magic as well as I know my pocket, and, in fact, he often points out, "en passant," that in the East certain things are done with the feet; this would suggest that he has gone beyond Tibet and reached the summit of Everest; the West, with its machines, its lubricating oils, and its hydroelectric plants, is not worth three coins of Pius IX. But as he has thought and written the book, it deserves to be read. It demonstrates that the spirits of the dead, philosophically speaking, cannot communicate with the living, because for a million reasons, the disintegration of the dead is a proven fact.

Since the perispirit does not exist, let alone its synonym, the astral body of occultists, one grain goes north, five go west, and

eighteen go east; the rest of the flesh and bones go underground, to return the elements that have been lent to us. Dialectics, critical thinking, and common sense are demolished for reasons unknown, putting what is harmful to mental balance in spiritism first, representing a heavy and mutilated burden, in pages with tasty and admirable (without mockery) twists that lead many readers to the last page of the book, although without understanding, like me, the purest metaphysics by which we are not all constructed according to the art of Pontius Pilate.

Having proven the impossibility that the spirit of a deceased person can exist in its complex and complete personality, in order to be able to say “I feel and so-and-so,” and then, specifying that communication between the living and the dead is not possible for this reason, the author affirms the impossibility that reincarnation can take place, not even for messiahs, in the Hebrew form, or of another race. Reincarnation is a modern idea, like spiritualism: the ancients knew nothing about it; even today's Orientalists are influenced by the idea of reincarnation and interpret ancient documents with contemporary ideas drawn from Kardec's spiritualism, Besant's theosophy, and other French occultists; and from these, across the Channel, to England, where spirit communications seem to say the opposite of those in France. Guénon has forgotten that the idea of reincarnation is pre-Pythagorean, and that Diogenes Laertius is not a 19th-century author. In short, astute reader, there is a need to discover the gentleman who has returned from hell and has not yet opened his mouth to settle such cheerful questions.

XIII

It would be a misfortune if the science of universities were to concern itself with the human spirit; greater would be the misfortune if philosophers were to concern themselves with it. Metapsychics and experimentalism seem to me two things that are fearsome for the peace of the dead. How much would you pay to know where the clever man is who has been in hell seeing the dead? And if he returns alive with full and conscious memory? Lucifer smiles ironically, like the stars looking down from above, from the blue sky, deeply serene and mysterious, the Italian sky, filled with the perfumes of our gardens, of our little metaphysics.

Lucifer speaks, winking, as the stars twinkle in the firmament: Who do you want from the kingdom of the dead, adorned, to come and tell you, and recount it to the scientific fools in your tent? Do you want to question a madman? Are we not the madmen who are the freshest of those who have arrived from the dark valley where the gods, geniuses, and dead heroes play poker to pass the time? The madman of the tarot does not mince his words: summon him; do you want him to help you? Lucifer waves his arms like two windmills and points his right hand toward the darkest corner, as if throwing a pinch of pepper; a dog barks; then the madman appears, also surrounded by pilgrims' staffs:

“Oh, old friends from the seminary! Why do you want me? Why are you calling me?” I was behind the funeral procession; a beautiful woman has died, and people are mourning and praising her; stupid people! If she had lived a few more years, she would have become as ugly as the most sooty of pots; those who, when

she was alive, did not know how to make her happy are now mourning her now that she is happy...

While the madman was speaking, a crowd of curious onlookers who had followed him separated from the dark corner: in the powerful invocation of magnetic whirlwinds of the ironic Lucifer, we were almost drawn before us in the funeral procession of the beautiful woman: the audience laughed.

Lucifer asks:

“And what is the dead woman doing? Is she happier now than when she was alive? We want to know what the dead do, what Death is... A madman with a degree like you, if you have seen it and know it, you will not be afraid of critics and metaphysics, of the university or the stake! What do the dead do? What is Death?”

The madman replied immediately with an intoxicating chuckle, a mocking laugh that metaphysicians have not invented, and prepared to preach. Everyone remained lying down, silent, waiting for him to speak. Even the dog was silent, waiting anxiously. Only one star in the sky, ironic, reflected the malicious rhythm of the bearer of light.

Notes

1. These are the tables of the major arcana of the tarot, philosophical figures that serve to open the eyes of almost anyone who is blind.
2. Magic formulas, especially those belonging to port rites, are all in the possession of the not inconsiderable phalanx of scholars; but powerful words have no efficacy if they are not pronounced with the right voice and intonation, needless to say, in the mouth of the vulgar they have no value.
3. Ovid called Death “nutrix máximo curam,” the great nurse of cares; and Varro said “nox,” from “nocere,” because in the hours without light, the pain of sorrow is more acute. Catullus called death “perpetua nox”; and Ovid called ignorance “nox animi.”
4. Is it the secret of men to become immortal? Remember this when I speak of Death in alchemy. Of the fourteen parts, Isis found only thirteen. The fourteenth, the phallus, had been eaten by a fish.
5. That which judged Galileo and wanted to prevent Columbus from discovering America was official science in those days.
6. *Magicis, etiam coeius eum nitaverat (Quintilianus).*
7. Joshua Tres-Marschall, Boston.
8. The poetry of today's prosaic America conceives, with two tendencies (Davidson Ficke and the imitators of Whitman), the vision of life. “Life is nothing and dreams are everything,” says the first; “Reality is the most beautiful of dreams,” sing the second. Cf. JEAN CASTEL in *Mercur de Franco*, 1898.
9. Quoted in the introduction to a group of 18th-century writers, from Létur.
10. The word Prometheus, in Latin Prometeus, contains the root mat, or met, which is assonant in all words containing the concrete idea of reason and measure: met-omai, I thought, cogito; mederi: to take care, to cure, to medicate. Mathesis; mathe-maticus; remed-iūm. He was the wise, meditative,

prudent, and bold: the wise man of today and of all times, uninitiated as a civilizer, the great one, and the living demigod.

11. Minerva dieta quod bene moneat. Hanc enim prosapientia pagani ponebant. (Fest. De veterum, etc.).

12. Now I could add: I have taught you the manufacture of poisons, of microbes applied to warfare, under the seas, and flight in the skies. But it is to be supposed that evil was sent down here by the wickedness of the gods, in the little box carried as a wedding gift by Miss Pandora.

13. Here we see it too: *Pir*, fire; pyramid, shape of the flame of the holocaust rising to the heavens. Prometheus transformed the holocaust (*dos*, whole; and *kaien*, to burn) which consisted of the consummation, by means of fire, of the entire victim, partial consummation of the bones, distributing the flesh among the sacrificers. This must have seemed a great offense to Jupiter, who, deceiving appearances, had chosen the cremation of the bones as an offering to the gods.

14. The two columns of time, in the binomial of the two opposites of light and shadow, are immovable. Vision is not possible if light is not tempered by shadow. Good exists in relation to evil; sweet by bitter; man cannot confuse contradictory terms; he cannot even think of them together; we will speak later about the conception of a kingdom of spirits in the manner of the mystics.

15. *Dhorm. Choix de textes assiro babiloniens.* p. 3 and 5. Apsu was the abyss of waters over which Ea ruled. (CONTENAU, *La civilisation ass-bab.*). Delaporte (La mésopotamie) translates Apsu as the ocean of fresh waters surrounding the earth, and Tiatnat as the sea, the ocean of salt waters.

16. The astute reader reads well. Heaven, earth, and the gods were not named, that is, they had no name, creation had not happened, because the word, which indicated the thing, the name, the creative verb, had not been spoken.

17. Ishtar possessed all goods: beauty, chaste love, lascivious love, cruel love, and maternal love. In Assyria, she was even a warrior goddess, because women, since the most distant times, were recognized for that warlike spirit that makes them so adorable.

18. The cranial cavity of man, in that ineffable anatomy of poets, is a cave of stalactites and stalagmites that vary in width and thickness in each individual. The psyche is a butterfly that inhabits it and enjoys itself. Wise men often agree that the exuberance of some stalactites does not coincide with the poverty of other stalagmites. Philosophers have taken advantage of these things, and many psychological doctrines have emerged that hope to become mature and admirable.

19. Whatever this “water of life” may be, no Assyriologist has been able to know.

20. In the search for etymologies of words with hidden meanings, special attention is paid to those that refer to religious mysteries or ancient sectarian mythologies, so caution is necessary. In Greek, brotas means mortal and antobros means immortal. Is ambrosia the drink of the gods, or the nectar of immortality?

21. DELAPORTE, op. cit.; L'EPOPEA DI GHILGAMESCH, 1944, Elli Bocea Editori, Milan.

The Search for Hermetic Truth

I

Errors of the Objective Method

When it comes to psychic studies, the general opinion is that phenomena of any kind and degree emanating from the powers of the nerve centers—in individuals who are sick according to secular science or in individuals who are sensitive and capable of serving as *means* or *mediums* for spiritual or non-materialized entities, according to spiritualist psychologists—must be objectively verifiable in sessions guaranteed by the strictest scrupulousness and honesty of competent individuals.

A man announces that he can move a hat without touching it or that, when in a *trance*, he can make a hand appear, and here are ten people, either curious or skeptical, each with the intention of enriching human knowledge with irrefutable proof of the existence of spirits or of deception, who gather to test him.

What do the observing judges do?

They invite the alleged *medium* at a specified time to a house that offers the maximum guarantee of not being led astray by the cunning of an adventurer, and they begin by provoking the special state of nervousness that precedes true manifestations, or those believed to be such, and then examine whether the phenomena that occur should be accepted as genuine.

Ordinarily, the judges divide themselves into two camps: the credulous, who start with the preconception that secular science

is wrong not to accept the reported phenomena as true; and the incredulous, who have another preconception, namely that the phenomena appear remarkable only because it is difficult to discover the trick in certain more sensational cases.

The credulous, in turn, are divided into those who believe in phenomena of nervous origin, simply mechanical, animated by the intelligence of the patient suffering from characteristic hysterical epilepsy, and those who await communication between the living and the *spirits of the dead*, that is, with souls that no longer have a physical body.

For thirty years now, specialized literature has been consolidated with an enormous production of reports, controversies, magazines, and books, featuring illustrious names from all over the civilized world.

Everyone knows the story of Eusapia Paladino, even those who are not particularly interested in these studies. After the poor woman was tossed about for thirty years by all the hands of international psychic science, there is still no unanimous, irrefutable consensus on the true value of the apparitions and powers of Eusapia.

I believe so, others are in doubt, others are negative, and still others say that Eusapia does not even exist...; what was the point of the reports and everything else?

The first and simplest idea that comes to mind of a reader of the reports, indifferent to whether the thing is true or not, whether secular science is convinced that it is wrong or consolidates its disbelief, is Cagliostro's aphorism: "*To know a thing, you must be the thing you want to know*" — which is a

hermetic aphorism of *self-inspection* that is now part of experimental psychology. Who better than Eusapia Paladino can know whether she fooled half the world in her lifetime or whether she really performed fluid acrobatics?¹

Therefore, the objective study of phenomena involving the psyche and soul of a medium has not brought the desired effects, and the long-awaited verification has resulted in differing opinions for many reasons:

1) The neutrality of the judge, as I have explained in *Porta Ermetica*, is almost always lacking in the examination of the hysterical phenomenology of mediums: a) because phenomena of nervous origin spring from centers of extraordinary power that radiate a magnetic movement which, *positive* towards some members of the jury, is *negative* towards others due to homogeneity or will—therefore, *there is no session in which a medium being tested does not win over some of the members and reject others, and the former are an integral part of the phenomenon or phenomena, while the latter are the obstacle or resistance to their production.* - b) because the nervous radiation of the heightened centers of the *medium*, due to the two *positive* or *negative* properties it develops in its action, becomes communicative in both directions, at least to the most impressionable part of the audience; and in one direction or another, it *generates a state of emotion in them that is sufficient to alter the probable success in favor of the double current created automatically.*

1. We will see later how, once this has been stated, the application of the aphorism is false. Being or becoming the thing to be evaluated hermetically presupposes a state of consciousness that the evaluable thing naturally does not possess.

2) The *mediumship* of a subject, or *that quid* commonly called so, is not a psychic state that can be obtained at will, especially in people ignorant of the occult laws of the material soul of men—just like the celestial phenomena that astronomers do not *cause* but *observe* when they can witness them. Observers and scholars using objective methods must now deliberately provoke a *state of being in the medium*, which is to the spontaneous state as artifice is to nature. The resulting phenomena and their examination are to truth as provocation is to spontaneity.¹

3) The environment in which the phenomena of any mediumship occur is part of the phenomenon itself, and in premeditated experiments, mediums are influenced by the medium, almost always in the following way: a man or woman discovers that they are a “medium” many times spontaneously, with an sudden manifestation, without having thought about it or wanted it. A. One evening, he is quietly reading the newspaper; overcome by a great urge to write, he picks up a pen and, in a state of superficial consciousness, feels his arm moving the pen and writing: “Your son has won the competition” or “Your friend N. has recovered.” Everyone knows the psychology of curiosity. First, one asks: Is it true? Is it false? Then one waits for proof. Confirmation of what was predicted arrives: his

1. What makes almost all mediums *false*, unconsciously false, is ignorance of the law or of a law that puts their faculties into a state of complete action. The Kardec method of invoking an angel or a soul to obtain a response contains within itself the weak point that determines a thousand failures against a single success. Without going into the merits of spiritual manifestations, whether they are spirits or other intelligent entities that communicate some truth to the medium, the following almost always happens: a man or woman discovers that they have the ability to communicate with spirits, and they immediately begin to communicate with them.

son has indeed won the competition, and his friend N. has indeed recovered. Amazement, astonishment: so *spirits do exist!*... But human reasoning follows: if this happened to me, it is true that I am a worthy person — pride rears its head — then reasoning takes hold — *so I can communicate with the other world...* This is enough to be seized by a form of graphic mania that has no limits and creates many misfits who cannot be clearly and roundly called mad because mad people influence others positively and negatively.¹

4) *The moral influence* of the spectators on the subject of production is such that there is little to trust. As with writing mediumship, so with all other forms. No one makes the simplest argument: I, *unexpectedly and without provocation, obtained a true response; to obtain other true responses, I would have to put myself in the same spontaneous conditions as before; what are they, how can I study them?* Mediumship or a single case of mediumship becomes habitual and creates those *similar natures* of which I have spoken so much in “Elements of Natural and Divine Magic.” The suggestive character of what is to be manifested is a very important factor in the phenomenon or trickery of spontaneous or automatic movements.

1. By environment I mean the *place*; materially, it is the setting in which a mediumistic neurosis takes place or manifests itself. Now, both in phenomena of faith and in those of mediumship, the place has an enormous effect on the psyche of the operator. Artists—who can all be considered inspired and partially neurotic, or mildly insane—feel the influence of place on their dream power extraordinarily. Churches, temples, sacred places, and woods dedicated to occult deities have a direct effect on religious people. This is true in magic and hermeticism, as well as in spiritualism and hysteria.

II

The Difference Between Asceticism and Hermetism in Subjective Ascent

Ever since I wrote the *Elements of Natural and Divine Magic*, I have insisted on the premise that the experimental method of the physical sciences is not capable of yielding practical results in the study of the phenomena of the human soul. The errors are identical to those that would be produced if the phenomena of the natural sciences were to be controlled by the sentimental reasoning of novelists or by the verses and stanzas of poets.

Experimental psychology has made rapid progress today, while retaining the flaws of its origins as a philosophy of natural phenomena using laboratory methods, when the *subject* to be studied is of such a changeable nature that classifications, opinions, and reasoning often fail to explain even the transient morbid conditions of the subjects and the causes of the disorders of hysterics and epileptics, and only what can be attributed to heredity and physical or moral occasions or pretexts is known.

Excluding, therefore, as enormously imperfect this objective method, which will never reach certain conclusions about the effectiveness and realization of man's integrative powers, there remains the subjective method of experimenting *as far as we can go by integrating our soul powers to obtain certain results in a field unlikely for ordinary men.*

This method of *self-inspection*, or *subjective* method of investigation, was the method of the ancient philosophers and of priestly *initiation*.

I must pause here for a moment to determine clearly and precisely what I mean, so as not to generate confusion and quibbles that, like elastic stockings, fit all legs.

The *subjective* method, scientifically and hermetically understood, is not the way to become an ascetic or a believer; religious people, men who have faith in Mohammed or Christ, who prepare themselves according to their chosen method to conquer eternity, do not follow a method of subjective introspection, because the character of a man of faith is to *follow examples in order to achieve the reward in eternity* — whereas the method of subjective *scientific* investigation is “to have awareness of every step forward and exact knowledge of the most homogeneous means of provoking a *state of feeling* that is out of the ordinary”¹

The religious, in the precise sense of faith, must attribute everything they can obtain to the grace of a God or a deity. The spirit of religious holiness subordinates its own thinking unity to the external will of the miracles of faith—since faith is not supported by any reasoning that is not such in its essence and does not create faith or is truly a concatenation of demonstrable premises and consequences and destroys the state of credulity. A religious person *feels* God, he does not discuss him; if he

1. Always keep in mind this difference between the religious path and the hermetic path. *Theosophy*, or divine wisdom, is strictly speaking a religious path to mystical perfection. *Theology* is reasoning about the gods or the divine idea: when theologians and discussions about faith arise, they have in fact ceased.

proclaims that God is synonymous with master (origin of the Hebrew Jehovah) and can give and take away everything at his whim, he must not and cannot question this statement, which is absurd to the reasoning of a healthy Western mind, since this concept of God is of Eastern Semitic origin, from that East where kings were gods and ruled their subjects as their mood dictated. The immeasurable greatness of the Roman people, republican and imperial, in the face of the whole morbid world of the Eastern psyche, inferior to us by millions of cubits, lies in having given the world for the first time the spectacle of administrative justice on earth and of man raised to the dignity of being able to deal on equal terms with the gods of the ignorant masses.

Master of all things: the Israelites are like Christians and Muslims on this subject.

Jeremiah preached then as the holy Christians of the Middle Ages: "Cursed be the man who trusts in himself—Blessed be the man who places all his hope in God." One need only read the penitential psalms, the same ones recited in the Roman breviary, to understand how psychologically different the man of faith is from the man of science.

In the psalms, the religious man declares: "I am a filthy vessel —my wounds are foul, I am despised."

In Psalm 42, he says: "I will not trust in my bow, nor will my sword save me, but you, O Jehovah, are my master." Muslims refer everything to Allah: "What Allah has written is and will be, so what is the use of rushing?"

Now, the path of religious ascension, the Isiac and passive path, has nothing to do with our subjective method, examination of oneself and in oneself to reintegrate the possible powers of man

— nor is it to be hoped for with this method, as the imitators of Christ want, that the Master may spring forth in us, because nothing else springs forth in us but reason and human intellect when we are not men of faith, the *followers of Christ* of Thomas à Kempis, that *the Master will spring up in us*, because nothing else springs up in us but reason and human intellect when we are not men of faith. *The imitators of Christ*, if they have faith or true faith, *begin* the religious ascent.

By splitting their individuality, the higher part speaks in the name of *Christ* or *Master*, the other listens and *humbles itself*. This is the way to paradise in all religions of the East and West, when it is not the way to the madhouse or delinquency through hysterical exaltation. The subjective method has nothing in common with old and new religions.

Man is what he is. Man is neither an angel nor a parrot. Man has as much value as a unit in himself as he has known and knows, even if apparently forgotten, insofar as his Hermes penetrates natural causes and facilitates their application. The human soul is a historical *unity*. Every *unity* has its historical value. It unfolds and becomes eternal in the conflict between two forces: the *absolute will* to evolve and the external *necessity* that determines needs and restrictions. In abstract terms, all men are essentially equal, but in reality they differ in history, merit, and faults. Marmo Rosar Amru goes further: “Souls are not all equal in their origin; some are earthly, others are of heavenly origin, that is, they are and were gods, coming from other planetary regions.” Perhaps Pontiff Amru exaggerated to create a little respect for the priestly aristocracy, but today our origin is... in the civil registry, and, in the name of equality, we await universal suffrage.

Through will, patience, and study, the whole hidden historical man within us manifests himself—whatever that may be. It is not necessarily true that if we have a very foolish character in our bag, simply because we follow the practices of Hermeticism, a Bacon or an Olao Magno will emerge. Therefore, the criterion that it is enough to want to see the master appearing within oneself is a mystical concept from the *Imitation of Christ*, of which I have always spoken with respect and admiration — and mystics call this appearance of Christ within us *initiation*.

And that is fine. But Hermetic initiation, initiation or initiation into the true arcana of the ancient mysteries, is something different because it is the science of the soul and the human psyche that opens up, with the guarantee of effective, non-illusory, non-fearful preparation, a new horizon for human life and the human soul, a conquest that becomes eternal; even if we change births, it remains deeply attached to our consciousness... and we are reborn poets with rhymes in our baptismal bonnets.

Who gives this *initiation*? — We are on planet Earth and it is clear that initiation is given by men, more or less like others, but who have earned in previous lives or in the present to know what others do not know.

III

The Subjective Scientific Method and Its Flaw

And now let us return to the method.

Twelve months have passed since the *Commentarium*, and by way of summary, I will draw some conclusions: everything I have said boils down to laying the foundations for a subjective preparation, which will expand as we proceed.

But, as I have noted the flaws and shortcomings of objective experiments using known and common methods, I must note the deviations to which young people who try to follow me spontaneously lend themselves.

I have said that the preparation for hermetic study must consist in *re-educating oneself*, stripping oneself of all the plaster and falsehood that ordinary education has given us—in other words, to *live, not simply to show* the virtues that are the decorum of civil society.

Feel and practice good rather than show it without feeling it.

Feel and practice charity rather than pretend it.

Be in harmony with oneself, that is, be aware of what we are and not get drunk on spring water.

Be temperate in desires, in the practice of life, in the satisfaction of bodily needs.

Never exaggerate: even in good things, exaggerations are anachronisms.

Be and not appear.

Possess an unlimited *sense and feeling* of justice and practice it.

Never do harm.

Free yourself from passions, that is, make good use of everything, within the limits of what is right, without becoming slaves to the needs we create for ourselves.

And I will not continue because I have repeated ad nauseam that the preparation of classical Hermeticism is a fruitful regeneration of oneself without dismay, without lies, proud to live absolute morality in its philosophical idealism and not to slip into the plebeian convention of saving outward forms, nor in the mysticism of saving the soul.

Never lying to oneself is an aphorism that must be lived—showing oneself what one is after becoming conscious of being.

Eating only vegetables, drinking only pure water, sleeping on a plank bed, abstaining from all sensuality, believing that every pain that comes to us is the expiation of a sin, asking forgiveness from God and the saints twenty times a day, are admirable things if you want to become an ascetic, if you want to imitate the saints of religions based on penance.

What I have insisted on is completely different.

Eat everything and be frugal.

Drink everything in great moderation to satisfy your needs. Sleep as you can and be diligent. Abstain and use at will to be

master of your actions. If you suffer, say that the cause is within you and seek it until you find it. Correct yourself, straighten yourself out, erase the stains of ugliness from yourself. If you are a misfit in society, you will find your place through reason, you will do justice to yourself. If you have a family, a wife and children, be honest and in your private life be a practical example of the morality you preach and show in public.

In prosaic terms, the ascetic suppresses the reasons for physical sensuality in all its forms. The *mystic* who aspires to open the *Hermetic Gate* must possess absolute mastery over the senses, using them and abstaining from them according to the most balanced conscience.

When a *mystic* was admitted to the angiporto of the temple of mysteries, he was filled with enthusiasm, believing he was going to see the truth unveiled. The master (a man, not a Christ) made him stretch out his hand in a tabernacle on the side and told him to *take the truth*. The initiate trembled and withdrew his hand, clutching a *pear*.

First wonder: Was it worth the wait to pick a fruit?

The priest simply said to him: *This is the first mystery that you will never reveal to the people.* And another veiled person, who could have been a woman, warned: *The fruit of the earth is divine.*

Now the *mystic* who sought nature and the vision of the gods stood horrified before the mystery of the first truth in prose: you wanted to see the divinity and you found the reality of the law of nature, which gives fruit if you sow and wait.

Symbolic forms are beautiful, but difficult to penetrate — and Nature, the immense Mother, expresses herself through symbols: Hermes penetrates them and gives you the law and the true meaning.¹

But in the 20th century, this is not enough. We educate our children in the tortures of class. Young people grow up with the enormous burden of seeking and conquering quickly. And I have known many of these young people who have embarked on the study of Hermeticism and have failed. I love them all the same. They are immature. They search the world and the universe for what is not there, by means that are unsuitable for opening their eyes.

Philosophy, the science of analytical observation, newspaper dialectics, erudition botched in booksellers' catalogs, the way of conceiving existence through the prism of seductive ideas stolen from the poets of religions, the morbid psychology of a Christianity of custom that softens or hardens us in the face of the miseries of brutality, They forbid young people to remember

1. There is so much talk of analogy among scholars of the occult sciences and occult medicine that, in theory, it seems that everyone has understood and has at their fingertips the key to symbolism and symbolic forms of the eternal manifestation of nature. When I speak of symbols, I do not mean the artificial ones based on riddles that bizarre minds have scattered here and there in order not to be understood, as in the books of alchemists. But no one can make head or tail of the highly practical symbolic form of *natural vision*, because nature in its manifestations is simple, and the brain of philosophers tries to quibble over every *natural* manifestation in order to find what is not there.

To read the book of visible nature, one must intuit its elementary mentality, that is, the simplicity of its forms. The augural doctrine and priestly astrology had their origins in the interpretation of visions according to nature.

simple ideas and observe simple facts as nature presents them — they create psychological investigations from the most elementary and simple visions. It is enough to compile statistics of all the works of literature based on adultery to see what kind of psychology the pens of the most famous writers peddle. Custom allows simple and crude truths to be presented with literary subtleties, with flowers and trinkets, and where common sense would say that everything is filth, the contemporary education of young people analyzes the soul in the most sordid acts of the species.²

This is why the self-creation of a more balanced mind and a will that commands the senses without restriction is the most difficult of trials and preparations.

I began by establishing a principle: if you want to know the truth, if you want to conquer and possess it, begin by believing only in yourself. I am doing the opposite of Jeremiah because I

The philosophy and theosophy of Macrocosmic Unity came later: if *something is to happen, the whole visible creation must know it, recognize it, and announce it*. If a war is to break out, if this war will be horrible and fatal to a particular people, everything is in the vision of nature: the advice that was sought from the gods was the reading of things to come, near or far, in the free spectacle that nature gives us. Hence all the superstitions still prevalent among peoples have their origin. But Nature *in us*, that is, in our soul, gives us foreknowledge of things that are about to happen *in ourselves*. The whole history of occult medicine is full of these signs, especially in dreams (*oneiromancy*): I will have to discuss this often: simple dreams, the simplest possible, portray the actual pathological state of the individual who dreams — as if the constitution of individuals were reflected in even the most trivial dream visions. Dreaming of bathing, immersing oneself in water, is always a sign of flux, distemper, catarrh: those predisposed to pneumonia dream of drowning — fire, burning, is a sign of fever; if it comes from visceral causes, the dream of fire is accompanied by dazzling lights, blinding flames — but there is no need to talk about that yet.

am not writing a religious work but a scientific one.

But first of all, regenerate yourself morally, return to virgin sincerity with yourself and with others, as if the serpent of habitual malice had not bitten you. The honest and the dishonest in the world are tested by the touchstone of sincerity with ourselves. If you feel the need to lie about what you feel and believe to be right, you are a criminal.

If you are honest with yourself, reflect that your mental safety in matters of experimental science of the arcane must result from *not believing* in what human hysteria in a thousand ways has vomited onto the simple earth that, when plowed and sown, bears fruit. Dogmatism in statements about spiritual evolution, which has created the fashion of modern leaders of mysticism in Europe and America, is a bubonic plague of balanced common sense.

I myself, who am stating a concrete truth to you and do not prove it, must be discussed by you as a madman—but I *teach you not to believe*; to reason in the balance of your sincere conscience; to return to the simplicity of the nature of things; to judge everything with serenity using the *subjective method*, so that the truth you discover becomes your own flesh and blood and you

2. By dint of practicing psychology in literature, ideas and analyses creep into people who, according to Muhammad, have the bad habit of reading, ideas and analyses that increasingly distance the avid reader from simple interpretations of things in nature. The feelings, affections, and refinements that accompany them are morbid, hysterical forms of feeling and affection as they exist in nature. Adultery is a violation of a pact; it is simply something unworthy of free women and men who have freely entered into a bond of love—and if that bond was not freely contracted, then marriage itself is prostitution.

can say to others: if you are mad, become reasonable in yourselves and for yourselves.

To know the truth of a thing, you must become the thing itself. If you want to know whether Eusapia Paladino is serious or playing tricks, you would have to be Eusapia Paladino herself... And, I ask you, are you sure that Eusapia knows in her integrated consciousness whether she is serious or not, when she is cheating and when she is really doing it?

— So the hermetic aphorism on the subjective method is not true except for the hermeticist, who has attained his equilibrium; and here is the flaw in the *subjective* method, which is equivalent to all the flaws of the *objective* experimental method if the balancing and purifying preparation of sincerity does not predispose the experimenter who attempts the test in himself.

IV

The Consciousness of Being

Contrary to all the conventional assertions of common philosophy, man does not have complete consciousness of his feelings and actions at all times of his existence—some would say that man *never* has complete consciousness of himself.

This is not the place to discuss or affirm the *why*, but the occult sciences based on Kabbalah confirm as a law verifiable by psychic experience that the fact of *incomplete consciousness* in humans has never been doubted by those who have studied these matters.

In fact, what is now called the *astral body* in humans was described and indicated by symbols that could be translated as *lunar man* or *lunar body*,¹ a *being* or part of the *human being* that establishes the boundary between present consciousness and the reincarnated historical entity; within this boundary, the inner historical man manifests his tendencies under *instinctive* manifestation, and the outer modern man stores the achievements of new experimental knowledge. This intermediate zone would correspond in many respects to a repository of recent memory and a synthetic laboratory for transforming the external sensations and judgments of contemporary man into materials of

1. *Lunar*, as the changing form of the moon, whose light is uncertain according to its phases.

learning that are assimilated into the hidden historical entity.¹

I have used the word “memory” not at random. The state of unconsciousness is a state of oblivion: the sleep of ordinary man is like the anesthesia of pathological or simply normal sensations; dreams, which many scholars are already studying from the point of view of psychology and physiology, must be examined in the light of the inner influence of the historical entity on the elaboration of the real images most recently in the possession of our psyche.²

What curious and strange words to express ideas that I do not want to hide but to make clear! Psyche, memory, consciousness, instinct, lunar man, are many different things according to the different analytical culture of the person reading me—yet the simple idea of a human *microcosm* (small world) gives the exact concept of the reality of consciousness in Being.

Memory in action: a) Modern external man.

Memory in collaboration: b) limits of conscious memory.

Memory in reserve: c) Ancient and historical inner man.

1. The individual or occult personality would be the mental reserve laboratory, where all the past and new knowledge are synthetically stored.

2. It is curious to note that contemporary scientific literature on dreams and physiological sleep is being nourished by numerous new studies. In Italy, France, Germany, and Russia, new memoirs and books have come to light in the last twenty years that study the mechanism of dreams, very imperfectly, it is true, but it is enough that interest in the subject has begun. Even more curious is that many authors of these studies have had to resort to the *subjective method* to say anything at all, that is, the authors themselves have become

Analogical relationships:

- a) Light that strikes a body or permanent light.
- b) Limit or zone between light and shadow.
- c) Shadow, the unfathomable factor that is the main factor of vision in illuminating light.

Simple ideas:

- a) The consciousness of sensation and of the act of our thinking will.
- b) State of latent consciousness from which our faculty of awakening can draw the ideas it has introduced.
- c) The unexplorable consciousness which, while remaining such, directs the instincts and tendencies in our modern and explanatory life.

Psychic studies—truly such of the human psyche—will make enormous progress after the current floundering of research. Nevertheless, conscientious scientific studies today present us with pathological cases of unconsciousness in states of neurosis, which fall under the competence of medicine.

subjects of experiments and dreamers in order to say something concrete. In any case, the good old days when all known science on dreams consisted of the dogma that *dreams contain nothing but images of the day, spoiled and corrupted*. A recent study, well structured in its complexity but still rudimentary from a hermetic point of view, is that of Dr. Va- schide, *Le sommeil et les rêves* (Paris, Flammarion, 1911). At the end of this volume there is a complete bibliography of modern authors who have studied sleep and dreams.

Neuropathology is currently in a position to account for many imbalances in the manifestation of consciousness in neurotic patients, i.e., in the most obvious forms, which are relatively few compared to the vast number who do not reach the maximum limit at which medicine declares them truly ill.

Yet neurosis, or the group of phenomena included in this defining indication, in varying degrees and for varying periods of time, is the pathological state of all human beings, in which the *true normal type* is an abstraction of possible reality.

The definition of *madness* is not absolute, but very relative to the defense of human society. The witches burned in the Middle Ages would today be subjects of laboratory and asylum, the apocalyptic prophets would be in the same category as the hysterical saints and the holy fanatics who have bloodied the earth.

The ancient proverbs and good-natured humor of our fearful ancestors have always defined the world as a madhouse and social life as a comedy.

All ages, socially speaking, gave special causes to the nervous disorders of the great mass of people—and here and there these causes became different for reasons related to climate, political conditions, and diseases that emanate from the crowd and affect man morally before making him truly physically ill. Historical periods in which new religions or new social orders have been established are full of contagious madness that finds fertile ground for propagation in the moral conditions of new converts.

The monotheistic mysticism of the Jewish people has been handed down for centuries and spread with Christianity, adapting to races and peoples of different histories.

The tiny people of Israel, living in a poor country on a crossroads between conflicting empires, were a sick people from their historical origins. Slavery, persecution, exile; the feeling of the weak demanding vengeance against the whole world from a god imagined as vengeful and terrible in his punishments is stylistically engraved in all the sources of its traditions—the physiognomy of the weak, like all degenerate weaklings, full of ambitions and privileges, to the point of considering themselves the only people of priests among the peoples and the only people truly protected and defended by the one God. Ten to fifteen centuries before the Common Era, in the consciousness and unconsciousness of this people, who were mystical and remain so by inheritance and isolation, because it prevents the race from renewing itself and refounding itself in others, the essentially historical character of this people was established, to which the Christianity of all churches gives rise.

All the historical events of this small people, who unfortunately conquered the world, are a disorder of their collective psyche in which lamentation or intemperance of anathema hurls curses until the end of time.

The people who historically appear to critics as more balanced and less crazy in temperament are the Romans, and in literature, art, language, politics, the administration of justice, and the very character of their religion, this people, in its history, in its most grandiose and most terrible periods, does not present figures of insane imbalance, even in the expression of heroism, which is a form of generous madness, but madness nonetheless. The

introduction of Eastern cults into Rome and then the plague of Jewish madness set an example of the contagion of the reasoning crowd, which changed its face, destroyed the work of the genius of gentle Rome, and returned the West to barbarism for seventeen centuries.

Islam was born from a madhouse dream, the nullity of human work except as an instrument of Allah: a paraphrase of early Judaism—it spread on the basis of the same preconception of Jewish form, unlike Judaism; with violence and the patient stasis of waiting without renouncing the struggle.

The Reformation was equally a mystical madness, and the religious hysteria that devastated Europe for so many years was based on an exaggeration of faith in free judgment on the interpretation of the fundamental books of Christianity.

The political revolutions from the French Revolution of the eighteenth century to the temporary Portuguese revolution; the civil wars from the struggles against local tyrants to the epics for the assertion of national independence; the contemporary class struggles of socialism; social misery with the peculiar mechanisms of contemporary life, all determine states of latent or overt neurosis in the history that marks its triumphs and ideological defeats.

Where is the balance of consciousness in its philosophical integrity if man does not regenerate himself, removing himself from the two factors of imbalance that are the environment and the slightest resistance to the struggle against the necessity of living?

Given the potential factors, the manifestation of neurosis in every single individual in the mass is so common that madness,

which is a real threat to the society that wants to defend us from it, must reach the limit of murderous delinquency or fundamental disruption of the order accepted by the laws.

Look closely and investigate the physiognomy of the people we come into contact with, from the most orderly to the least well-off who struggle for bread and ambition, and you will find that a truly intact, immaculate, serene state of consciousness is a phoenix that is long in coming.

Go down to the analysis: *fixed ideas, disturbances, verbal agitation, phobias, anesthesia, sensory, alimentary, and visceral disturbances, autosuggestions specific to the environment, morbid emotionality...* all the different chapters of modern neuropathology are found in many subjects who, strictly speaking, are not sick. Delinquency, the definitions of crime, of offense, of passion, of cruelty, studied from a strictly scientific point of view, will end up changing definition, and the concept of the criminal asylum for the insane, opposed to the right to live and to freedom, will have to replace prisons and life imprisonment.

The brief picture is bleak, but that is how it is.

Faced with the ultimate goal of hermetic preparation, of acquiring or conquering *self-awareness*, every young person recently out of high school feels superior to the opinion that the humble undersigned may have of them. The latter is not writing a paradox when he confesses that, in his opinion, *having, possessing, feeling one's own conscience and integrating it to the point of escaping from one's immediate environment and historical prejudices* is a task that goes beyond the limits of common

natures, of natures and characters stereotyped on class models that determine the social environment with which we are constantly in a relationship of dependence. The famous *guardian of the threshold* of truth should be the fear of feeling beyond all the lies of moral conventionalism, which philosophy or hermetic inquiry must mow down without mercy in order to rise to the purity of real life.

V

The Pride of Beasts

By preaching *disbelief*, I establish the point of origin for the integration of our consciousness, removing it:

- 1° from historical superstition, both individual and social;
- 2° from the tyranny of environmental custom;
- 3° from the falsehood of vision;
- 4° from the morbid reflexes of every imitation of the types living in the external world.

Your consciousness, in order to become clear as crystal, pure as spring water, strong and resistant as beaten gold, only with the freedom to examine it can glimpse the simplicity and harmony of simple things, of which the *Uni-verse* is formed within us and outside us.

The burden of historical superstition, of nation, family, and race weighs heavily on the conscience of every man. What weighs on the conscience of a Chinese man is analogous, according to historical value, to what weighs on the Western European, whose sentimental tradition is different.

One by one, every feeling is a historical vision of truth and therefore a prejudice: Christianity has nailed the conventional prejudices of the soul to the cross, without pity, without mercy,

the same Christianity that should be pious and merciful. The feelings of self-love, dignity, honor; the feelings of legitimate love and guilty love, the feelings of fear and suffering, of death, of poverty and self-interest, of preservation, of rights over one's children, of possession, of the right to surpass one's fellow man, are in nature or artifice, as they appear in the most refined consciences? I will not tell you, I will not make a verbal analysis full of paradoxes to lead you to the brink of anarchism, but confess that you are a slave to all these bonds, like the most imbecilic of slaves in the Turkish markets. A circle, a thousand concentric circles of iron, envelop you like a silkworm; the cocoon is not silk, it is iron, it is a groove of red-hot iron that obscures the real vision of the things that are in you and around you. You see as your ancestors saw, and you will see differently when the edges of your ancient burns have new layers of growing flesh.

Why do you call yourself free? Be humble. Humble not because, with Semitic religious sentiment, you are but a grain of sand before the omnipotence of God, but because you imagine that you have a consciousness of things that you do not even possess in a rudimentary form. You are proud because of the artifice of common logic—but the feeling of reality is in a logic that you do not possess, because the attributes and qualities of sensations are hidden by conventional inheritance. The right to freedom of inquiry, which every beast believes it possesses, is outside the effective vision of your logical artifice, and verbosity, if you discuss it, brings false words and arguments into conflict — which only silence can dispel. Freedom is conquered by negation, as demonstrations are by absurdity.

Mystics of all categories and all cults preach that the senses are liars; if organic sensation is the source of comparison for every concrete idea, this foolish claim of the mystics enters the realm of the dogmatic assertions of neuropathics. It is not the senses that are deceitful, but the sensations that are processed in the conscious centers of men who are no longer free to judge. When mystics bring up the words of Paul of Tarsus and Clement of Alexandria, one is tempted to ask whether the consciousness and nerve centers of these supermen were really intact, or whether their followers, nineteen centuries later, imagined them and personified them intellectually as they were not.¹ Paul's words are given philosophical value, which perhaps the author never intended, just as the dubious cabalistic figures, personifications of Jewish prophecy, never had it in reality.

This is why I insist on psychic immunization against the common idea of the fetishistic worship of the first sowers and propagators of the conquest of the heavens, understood literally—or enlarged in astonishing proportions, understood in a spirit that is very artificially different from the dreamers of spurious and legitimate theologies.

*The physical sense for man is exclusive control of reality, but sensory impressions take on their value according to the state of consciousness and psychic neutrality of the sensitive.*²

Only in this sense should we understand the deception of the

1. Or rather, *as they would be intellectually twenty centuries after their historical action*. Paul of Tarsus, reincarnated for the twenty-fifth time after the *Epistle to the Corinthians*, in the trousers of a contemporary bourgeois, might feel great sorrow for having fathered all the tons of ink and words of the commentators on his revered prose.

physical senses regarding the absolute conception of truth. Martyrs, in their hysterical exaltation, manage to convert pain into pleasure—and this example of the so-called saints is enough to convince us that any exaltation of consciousness causes a different interpretation in different individuals of different consciousness.

The state of effective consciousness is real and superior to any passionate state because passions are pathological and morbid, and passionate people must be considered as suffering from temporary insanity.

2. I do not consider this a dogma. It is easy to dogmatize when writing about matters relating to the human soul and mind—even in the experimental sciences, some distinguished authors may refrain from stating with scientific certainty truths that are valid today but will no longer be true tomorrow. My statement (not a dogma, because I am afraid that someone will mistake me for what I am not and do not want to be) is the result of all the centuries of hermetic studies that have preceded us. Spiritualists will cry out that I am too close to exclusively *sensualist materialism* — and I reply clearly that I am telling the truth as it appears to me and to others who have preceded me and been my companions. The sensory apparatus in its function is as precise as nature has made it to give us an account of what immediately concerns us. However, the impressions that are transmitted from the periphery to the centers, from the simplest to the most complex, are all false when the centers that receive them are not clear, that is, free from any fog, that is, not sick either physically due to anatomical alterations or passionately due to suggestive activity. The senses in a healthy person perform their function; the receptor alters it according to its conditions of receptivity. Let us take an example from photography. An excellent lens transmits the image to the sensitive plate; if the plate does not have the requirements to retain the image in its entirety, the lens cannot be accused of deception.

Let us take a second example from practical life: the sight of human blood gushing from a wound affects a surgeon differently from a woman who would

not know how to assist in the killing of a chicken... and yet eats roast chicken every evening. The senses do not deceive; it is our awareness of things, the opinion we have or that has been imposed on us, that determines whether or not the impression we feel is true. In recent years, there has been much discussion, especially among spiritualists, as to whether, beyond the five senses, humans have undeveloped senses that they can accidentally activate, even in a rudimentary way. The question is premature and pointless if these occult senses are not possessed and developed in the anatomical alterations, or passionately through suggestive activity.

To those who have followed the path of magical hermeticism, even in the way the question is posed, it seems that there is no need to speak of hidden or occult senses, but rather of different states of consciousness in which more delicate impressions are received with precision without being able to attribute them to the five senses known to all men. If Hermetic philosophy is not a gross lie, every explanation is to be found in the human mind or psyche, for which there is neither time nor space, which would be the limits of animal perceptions. Movement, in the absolute sense, is outside human time and space, and its symbol is winged Mercury. The purity of every consciousness is granted freedom beyond the limits of relative time and space. Why do the dying feel with such exquisite sensitivity during their slow agony? Because on the brink of life's change, consciousness naturally strips itself of all charm and passion—to the point of acquiring the power to project its own phantom far away and visible. My current commentary aims to indicate this state of purified consciousness as the only preparation, which is the key to the *Hermetic Door*.

VI

The Shadow of Consciousness. The Reserve Laboratory of Impulsive States

In the course of life, all human beings (women in greater numbers) do not permanently possess vigilant consciousness in all acts of their external manifestation. Neuropathology studies the most complex typical cases, the classic forms of non-consciousness, of non-presence to oneself for shorter or longer periods. These classic cases are evident in patients with epilepsy, hysteria, and hystero-epilepsy, pathological states or conditions whose origins have not yet been fully revealed to the most patient scholars, but there is no man or woman who does not have, in a latent form or at very short or long intervals, manifestations similar to the classic states of hysterical epilepsy. Men who are great for the manifestation of their positive genius are afflicted by moments of *distraction*, and in reality they are nothing more than temporary sufferers of unconsciousness. The *tic* that is classically associated with psychasthenia in its severe forms is very common in its mild forms. The amnesia of many individuals in social life manifests itself innocently in the tendency to lose small or large items—losses that are essentially amnesia, often automatically corrected by the inner consciousness, when the same person who has lost, for example, their house keys finds them by unconsciously returning to the place where they left them. Very common is the state of doubt that common psychology attributes to indecisiveness. Phobias are very common, often appearing

instinctive, but in reality they are always determined by a lack of awareness of the true value of the thing that is feared.¹

The very agitated external life in the throes of social struggle — it is said — is essentially a predisposition to mental disorders and the manifestation of even mild neurosis in all morally and intellectually preoccupied people. Excessive intellectual and methodical work, persistent and voluntary investigation of a single subject in art, science, industry, or commerce are nothing more than highly active factors of mental degeneration and therefore states of consciousness

This is disturbing because the entire external sensory world presents itself to us through the veil of a fixed idea, which is not enough to drive us mad, but which clouds all the centers of sensory perception.²

Some people who wax poetic about science observe that a solitary and methodical life in the countryside is less prone to the excesses that cause disturbances of the psyche and conscience; this is also an exaggeration. Farmers are all afflicted with a phobia of the city and crowds (agoraphobia) when they come out of solitude into contact with a society different from the very limited one in which they live. A methodical life then determines such a limit on freedom and will that the characteristics of psychasthenia and renunciation of everything new appear

1. There is a very curious one: people of intelligence and upright life who have never hurt a hair on anyone's head are terribly afraid of being called as witnesses before judges or police commissioners. Others are no less curious: the fear of getting one's hands dirty, the great distress caused by a microscopic stain on one's clothes that no one notices, the reluctance to enter a crowded room and the great haste to arrive there before others.

inexorable and force existence into an eggshell, for which even a slight change in the weather that affects habits is a disaster.³

Therefore, the obvious manifestations of the morbid state of individual consciousness are far from rare; to a greater or lesser extent, we are all a little flawed. Delinquency is nothing more than a morbid state of consciousness that establishes the energetic power to violate the law.

I analyze the experimental possibilities. All mental forms (I am referring to *forms* not of *ideas*) that present themselves to the study of a subjective researcher, that is, a man who gives himself reasons for what consciousness is in itself and who wants to prove and control phenomena in himself, can be, in general, either illusory creations of ourselves or forms projected from another source.

For example: I see in complete darkness a white human face that seems alive and real. Whether this illusory vision is a fantastical creation (ghost) of my mind or whether the apparition has a different origin, it is scientifically undeniable that the normal, habitual, human nervous equilibrium within me was interrupted for a moment, otherwise I would not have seen it.

Now we must establish whether, at the moment of the vision,

2. I knew a very wealthy grain merchant, a respectable and honorable person, who thought, spoke, and dealt only in quintals of grain, tons of grain, ships, and cargoes of grain. He did not frequent theaters, society, or meeting places.

The world, the universe, was summed up in wheat. People admired him as an expert technician and a shrewd and exemplary merchant, qualities that I do not doubt, given his *fixed idea* of wheat.

I was conscious of the equilibrium being maintained or interrupted.

Unconscious mental and fantastical visions are scientifically considered morbid, hysterical, and epileptic. Is this true or false? Hysterical epileptics who retain the memory of the vision say that it is not only real, but they also put all their will as morbid and creative creatures behind it, with a pathological sincerity that only strong suggestion can dispel, and even this means is often ineffective. Most—I would say almost all—of the *mediums* find themselves in this state of unconsciousness of lying or of *real creation* in all the manifestations they extol and forget. Therefore, wanting to know from these mediums whether they are serious or lying—even if you put yourself in their shoes for ten minutes—is a waste of time because they either don't know or are deluding themselves. Mediumship, as it is commonly understood, is a state of psychopathy or mental illness that is full of lies, often sincere, lies of the sick person who is not aware of lying and lies. In archaic language, influenced by ancient demonologists, the state of hysterical mediumship, unconscious and incapable of controlling itself, is the Lilith or the waning lunar Astarte of the Magi.⁴

Many men, of normal psychic appearance, as soon as they obtain a so-called mediumistic mental state, if they are not firmly prepared for equilibrium, fall into the category of these harmless madmen who see even what they cannot see — and give life, strength, name, and blood to those similar *natures* or inert

3. Those who speak of a peaceful life, meaning a life that unfolds with constant habits, are mistaken; if they mean that it predisposes us to the progression or ascent of our psyche or to the purity of our consciousness, they must reflect that every habit is slavery.

vampiric forms that I examined at length in *Elements of Natural and Divine Magic*.

This is the danger of the *subjective method*, if I am misunderstood, if the instructions I give are misguided or linked to the pride of young people who believe themselves ready for anything and tire easily; experimenters set out on the sinister path from the gentle slope towards pathological unreasonableness.

If in men most highly regarded for their reasonableness and sincerity in human society, even to a very slight degree, a morbid character of latent hystero-epilepsy appears everywhere and at all times, what will happen to the individual who intends to subjectively examine psychic phenomena in himself, if his fundamental concept of *self-inspection* is to begin by stimulating in his mind a *mediumistic* power, however defined by the books on spiritualism or the regions made for the masses?

Mediumship (I use the word improperly in the common sense) is a state of inner disorder, where *non-consciousness* predominates by reflex over peripheral external consciousness and morbid manifestations, the origin of which is forgotten by the medium who draws from the individual source what he attributes to others.

If *introspection*, the study of the inner self, is to be begun on the basis of mediumistic attempts, it is the opposite of what I am saying. I start from the premise that I *do not believe*, and mediumistic attempts are pushed into the dark labyrinth of the

4. How many houses are there in which so-called 'spirits' have made objects disappear which, on the contrary, in a state of unconsciousness, a hysterical member of the family has hidden and sincerely forgotten?

shadowy conscience; I say: *educate and remake your consciousness, stripping it of every influence to which it is enslaved, historical superstition, environment, custom, clarity of vision, servile imitation of familiar types.* Otherwise, the state of consciousness will be converted into credulity toward the fictitious products of one's own imagination.

There are authors of books on magic and magazine articles on Hermeticism who go so far as to define the magician as a self-suggested person, a voluntary medium, a miracle worker by faith—but such a statement is precisely the opposite of what a magician or Hermetic artist should be. Hermeticism only opens up to minds that have already been stripped of all obscuring factors, governed by pure morality, unclouded by any passion, not even by the preconception of their own infallibility. The whole key to the educational concept of one's own personality lies precisely in this purification of consciousness from the fog of human convention.

Only then does the hermetic novitiate begin to bear fruit, when the consciousness is free to evaluate a double current:

1º) The sensory or sensitive current that comes to us from the periphery.

2º) The instinctive current that begins to lay bare the tendencies of the ancient man within us.

Reduced to true and real perception, the consciousness of the first current, the one that prepares us for the most unexpected surprises, is the second.

The true historical character that is in every man does not forget and does not remain silent even in the most idiotic beings:

representing the *dark consciousness* of everyone who comes to earth, the ancient entity presents itself in all crises violently with impulsive manifestations and in peaceful daily life with strictly and tacitly instinctive manifestations.

The desire of many to know their ancient history, that is, the history and structure of their re-formed personality, can only be answered in ordinary cases by examining impulses and instincts. Only when the purification of one's own consciousness is complete does the “reserve laboratory” or “second will” begin to reproduce the stereotypical images of past lives on the modern consciousness, until some reach the power and omniscience of a demon or a god who knows everything, foresees everything, and can do anything.

Is this the inner Christ or God the Father to whom mystics turn?

Yes, but in a very different sense from hermetic integration. The mystic and the ascetic have different characters and different mental forms, depending on whether they are inspired by Christ, Mohammed, or Buddha. The historical entity that animates them in their mentality, instead of being reflected in a clear consciousness, is projected onto a spotlight that portrays all manifestations in the chosen color of the subject who prays and invokes. If the historical entity is a convinced Lutheran and the ascetic an obedient Catholic, it is the ascetic who dresses the Lutheran in Catholic garb and makes him speak like a Catholic, and if, in moments of hysterical distraction, the Lutheran peeps out with a blasphemy, the ascetic labels him with diabolical names and qualities, and, for once, confesses and does penance.

But what if the Lutheran is more stubborn? What if the anti-Catholic manifestations are repeated and become stubbornly overbearing? Theology sees this as *obsession*... a diabolical obsession that is part of the study of hysterical manifestations in the most typical cases, which theologically are nothing more than invasions of the evil principle, the poor *Devil* who is responsible for the errors and conflicts of mystical consciences with historical figures who do not correspond to them.

VII

The Hermetic Will

I would gladly refrain from writing this chapter so as not to pour cold water on the heads of many. Hermes is not Mars. Impure consciousness and exaltation of the imperative will do no miracles.

Unless you put yourself in a state of pure consciousness, you will not understand what the willing Mercury is. The Hermetic Will is the right to create any form, therefore a creative power that has its origin in the state of integrated consciousness.

The will is not desire, nor is it the belonging of a thing to be achieved. It is not a *fixed idea* of something to be realized.

It is not a permanent effort, as if in a minute the dart must escape from our congested head to the point of danger of a stroke. It is not stubbornly projecting an idea outside oneself that must become reality despite all obstacles. It is not obstinacy... It is nothing like what one might believe at first glance.

Mars is the god of war. Mercury, *callidus*, astute, penetrating, is sweet, cheerful, and playful. The hermetic will is creative, the martial will of struggle is destructive.

Hermeticism does not recognize any magical will that is not, like Hermes, creatively gentle—nor is creation possible through violence—much less is it possible with a state of consciousness

free from all servitude. The impetuous martial will does not generate; virility is a fulcrum that slaughters.

Ares is Mars, like Azir, who is formidable. Virgil calls him *Graui- dus pater*, the father of fighters.

Hermetic will can arm him to destroy, it is enough to create.

Martial will converts young initiates into eraelei warriors who claim to exercise creative power through destructive means.

Will, understood as the force or energy of the imagination, is characteristic of consciences enslaved by the passions of attainment. It is useless.

Without going into details that no reader would understand, I will briefly note:

that in the integrated consciousness alone, free from all environmental influences, superstition, and passion, the Will Power manifests itself spontaneously and effortlessly through the act of imagination alone;

that imagination is an instrument of creation in integrated consciousnesses;

that the creation of a form thought in this inner condition is sufficient for the form to be realized;

that this success is not the result of an effort, but of an independent and inner state of being that knows no obstacles;

that realization above as below, that is, in the inner mind as in creation, is an act of love;

that this is true in good as in evil, that is, in forms or realities that generate utility and pleasure, as in all those that cause harm and pain.

VIII

The Vision of the Simple

Truth is within us, outside us, in the Universe.

All that is is Truth.

Every thought (*cogitatio*), free from the disturbing influences of preconceptions, ambitions, and environment, is a realization and therefore a truth.

Man can integrate his powers by purifying his conscience, and there is no other way to attain true perception of nature, which is *Eternal Truth*.

Christianity says that the kingdom of heaven is reserved for children, because faith belongs to purified souls.

Hermeticism, which seeks absolute truth as the goal of perfect knowledge, says not to believe and, purified of all transitory conventions, to find first within yourself, then outside yourself, the simple vision of Nature, which is Eternal Truth and therefore absolute science.

The magical rites of purification, from ablutions to lunar fasts, are hermetic invocations of the state of purity.

The vision of our inner being and of Nature takes on a different appearance in the eyes of those who reach the point of escaping all influences; they see with simplicity where a whole

mass finds the intrigue of struggle, and where struggle is law, they will find the simple law of struggle by resistance.

In simplicity, they see that Love, in its complete integration, sustains the Universe and that the Universe is Love even where the contrast of struggle generates, renews, reproduces, and fixes in every living being, from crystal to plant, from infusory to man, the right to participate in the life of Absolute Truth.

In simple ideas, he will find: that hatred, necessity, and pain are spirits of the false conception of life, since *innocence*, which is purity of free conscience, does not conceive any of the three terms (hatred, pain, necessity); that to preach the morbid idealism that makes one desire and dream of *what is not in nature* is to deviate from Truth; that *one* is the law, *one* the existence of all things, *one* is the matrix of every sensible form, and that outside this One Truth there exists only reasoning madness, which has found that imperfect man must hope for everything through *grace* and that the *eternal life of spirits takes place outside the power of matter, which is the only law, the only essence, the only matrix of what was, what is, will be forever, on earth and in all the stars of the firmament.*

The single spirit of this single thing is called by the same letters that form the name of the City, in whose ancient meanders Virgil, whom Dante takes as his guide, was initiated.

The true face of the True and Universal God, justice and goodness, appears thus in every work of the perfect creation that came forth from his will.

IX

My Intentions

My writings pass through the hands of a few people.

If I have thirteen readers, one of whom understands me, I am content. I have never had the ambition, much less now, to found a scientific religion and sit in a chair like a pope.

I am what I was, I will be what I am, a man; I invite all those who consider themselves men to become such in purity and in the possession and freedom to see what is, not what ignorance, fanaticism, and the hysterical crises of past and present madmen and fools have hurled upon the human mass, happy in its essence, unhappy through no fault of its own.

Mine is not an apostolate—mine is not the habit of an apostle, because I know that among the thirteen readers, an apostle who teaches not to believe would be laughed at. I want to save the most ready souls of the thirteen from the new currents of neurotic idealism, which denies matter its divinity, and from laboratory science, which denies matter its spirit. No more. I am content to be the redeemer of Italian common sense, and when the preachers and dispensers of *Luce* speak ill of what I write, I smile, admiring the poetic parts of so many minds that provide for the protection of domestic animals, enjoying pigeon shooting and using insecticides in old mattresses.

In this way, I offend no one and follow the path I believe to be most just.

I must warn, however, that the hermetic conquest in its real value is essentially aristocratic and produces doers of good, not philosophers who are mere talkers. The true initiation that gives the powers of realization outside and far from its generator, when the state of integration of the first consciousness gives the intuition of the One Truth, is man who grants it to man, because, as I have written in the *Elements of Natural and Divine Magic*, in matter the great Arcanum of the Initiates is physical; this contrasts with all the utopias of the mystics; it is not only physical, but it is simple. Those who truly possessed it and wrote about it, often disguising themselves as mystics, explained it for the *elect*, not for the profane.

Who are the *elect*? Another people of Israel? Another Melchizedek group that monopolizes the priesthood? They are the people, men or women, who already knew all or part of the arcane. Returning as new pilgrims to this old land, they need the milestones that mark the path already traveled, and they are the only people who read these books and these initiatory symbols. Do not waste time, you who are unprepared or do not have the right to understand what is not yet for you. I am speaking of the complete initiation; to achieve it, prepare yourselves as I have explained, and you will understand which door you must knock on.

I have also said—and I repeat it again explicitly—that Roman Catholic Christianity is the most complete preserver of symbols and magical practices that perpetuate the Great Mystery of the Magi and the pontiffs, and these symbols are not preserved in the

theology that killed science and freedom of thought, not in religious practices, but in cultural forms and liturgy.

I have mentioned many times the Mass—the symbolic bloodless sacrifice—if you give the word sacrifice the meaning of sacred act or work, and if you consider everything that the priest does on the altar, you will have a perception not of the Arcane, which you cannot understand, but of the elements that transform the celebrant into the consecrator and then into Christ risen to heaven. It is all a ritual of Latin initiation which gave the West, as a reminder of its divine power, the occult name of the *sacred* city, not mystical, *sacred* in the profound sense that it had the knowledge of Man, long before the plague of Eastern origin shifted the vision of Eternal Truth.

X

The Mission

Having explained the need to free the conscience for the hermetic conquest and the danger of the subjective method, having confessed my intentions, which are devoid of any ambition, I need to remind those who wish to be disciples of the good idea of the nature of the new mission. It is legitimate for every man to think of himself, to direct his studies, his intellect, and his aspirations to conquer what the typical Adam of the Kabbalists lost by transgressing.

But we must not forget that humanity is one, and that human solidarity is an essential duty of everyone who aspires to the royal crown of truth.

Is this idealism? Do not smile, reader, because in the vulgar sense I do not have enough hysteria to create illusions for myself and others.

It is the reality of life that demands it. Man dies and is reborn. In being reborn, he reaps the fruit he has sown; on earth, the earthlings are always the same, while in the cemeteries, bones are converted into calcium carbonate, and the dead live again. We are always the same members of the same family. We have in common the blood, flesh, and bones that the earth gives us back; the peace, pains, and aspirations that are the products of our justice, our faults, and our ancient experience.

Reason, community of origin, and coexistence oblige us not to refuse those who are more unhappy than us the open hand that gives everything, without desire for compensation or reward.

The hermetic mission must be carried out against ignorance and superstition, in favor of the masses who must be redeemed by human science: therefore, an altar of human science against ignorance, a beacon of light against the obscurantism of degenerates who evoke barbarism whitewashed under the guise of morbid idealism.

Work humbly and obscurely for the good; publicly and gloriously inculcate everywhere that human science will in time give complete order to our human matter, bring peace among peoples, and combat the pain and fear of death.

To atheists you will say that man is the sovereign of humanity and the wisdom of man is the queen of the universe.

To believers, you will explain that God manifests himself in his creatures, as the tree does in its fruit. To all, you will teach that hermetic perfection is a MIRACULOUS MEDICINE THAT THE GODS AND THE DEITIES FROM THE LIMBO BROUGHT IN HUMAN FORM TO EARTH, AMONG THE SUFFERING AND FEROCIOS MEN, TO HEAL THEIR BLOODY WOUNDS AND MAKE THEM MEEK—WHICH MERCURY DISTILLS FROM BLOOMING ROSES, THE ESSENCE THAT LOVE GIVES TO MORTALS WHEN RADIANT VENUS SMILES.

If you are not believed, return to your humble work and do good, which is the seed that bears fruit even among the thorns of life, which Christianity has placed, as an ornament of martyrdom, on the heads of those who preached peace.

Medicina Dei

I

The healing power of the soul. — The brotherhood of Miriam. — Man does not want to suffer. — Different theories: spiritualists, religious people, doctrinaire people. — Dr. Coué's autosuggestion. — Can you have a son if you want one? — A Chinese superman. — Transplantation, absorption, and transfer. — The healing aura of man and chains of men. — Folk healers. — Do not be overcome by pride. — "Christian Science." — The faith of healers. — Magnetism. — Love. — The Word.

Through the "Occult World," I have received many letters in the first six months of this year (1921) from sick people who, attracted by the singularity of the explanations that I have been offering here and there in books and magazines for thirty years to my readers about the healing potential of the soul force which every human being possesses latently in their organism, have asked me questions about the possibility of healing ailments that doctors have tried in vain to cure.

So that I am not misunderstood by those who have not followed my almost assiduous work of propaganda, I think it useful to summarize in a few lines the fundamental ideas of what I have always said on this subject.

* * *

Man, apparently consisting of a physical organism and a spirit or soul that thinks, suffers, enjoys, and vegetates, has within himself great undeveloped virtues, by means of which he occasionally performs small or great wonders when, in

exceptional conditions of necessity that determine an effort, these virtues manifest themselves. If man methodically cultivates the development of these inner forces, he can make them useful for daily existence. Magical, hermetic, or soul education facilitates the manifestation of these active and unknown forces which, not yet within the domain of officially known science, can produce a series of miraculous achievements in all fields of human activity.

In 1898, excluding all adaptations of this occult potential of man for precarious and selfish purposes, I reconstituted the “Brotherhood of Miriam,” which, through various events, today has disciples in all regions of Italy and several outside Italy. Purpose: to adapt the occult forces of each of us and of chains of men converging on this healing goal, to relieve, cure, and heal, as far as possible, the pains and infirmities of human beings.

Let us be clear: we do not intend to replace experimental science with a company of professional miracle workers, but to contribute, free of charge, to the practical shortcomings of ordinary medicine and to assist the work of ordinary doctors in a thousand situations where university and therapeutic methods are insufficient.

Free experiments, carried out with the dual aim of helping suffering people and providing future medical science with new therapeutic experience outside the confines of ordinary experimental rationalism.

* * *

Now all men, whether serious, incredulous, or mystical by nature, when they suffer or are afflicted by any evil, tend to believe the incredible, in order not to suffer and in the hope of

being cured. Faced with the absence of any doctrinal propaganda in this logical sense that I have outlined in a few words, all means that promise miracles attract the suffering man to an experiment. Thus, people resort to asking the spirits of the dead for a remedy, or to witches in the countryside, or to the most accredited shrines, to the most miraculous Madonnas, and to men who believe themselves to be endowed with healing powers of all kinds, because of their holy life or their exceptional knowledge.

Experience, while ignoring the cause of these new factors brought about by the sick, shows that a very high percentage of treatments of this kind are successful. Then—the constitutional vice of man is to give himself an immediate explanation for every event in order to form a general theory—the explanations have been different and the theories have multiplied—which is excellent because everything contributes to enriching the science of the future with concrete ideas or methodological adaptability.

Spiritualists, that is, those who believe in the progressive continuation of the spirit of the dead and in the possibility of communication between the living and the dead, tend to believe that the spirit of man, becoming freer and more clairvoyant after it has freed itself from its body, can see precisely the evil that afflicts us in its causes, and suggest to us the remedy which, by touching and correcting the cause, heal the sick.

Religious people and mystics, more faithful to their assumption that divinity can break or change the laws of nature at will, by grace or mercy, demand pure and simple miracles, classic miracles. God created heaven and earth, and God can restore the body of a sick person to a healthy organism. This is the classic type of miracle performed by Christ.

The doctrinaire, on the other hand, taking advantage of the only official achievement of science, hypnotism, believe that the power of suggestion over the sick has such an effective preponderance in the cure of an illness that everything can be expected from it.

In the first half of July, Dr. Coué of Nancy published a long report in the Paris newspaper *Le Matin* on the most difficult cases he had treated with suggestion. He turns patients into doctors of themselves, enabling them to heal themselves through "autosuggestion."

Readers who follow publications on the occult should not forget that there was a period after Charcot when the explanation for all the most difficult problems of the mind and body was sought in suggestion. There were even those who believed they could prove that magicians were nothing more than self-suggesters.

A newspaper summarized Dr. Coué's article as follows:

"Autosuggestion, which I have been practicing for twenty years," said Dr. Coué, "is a docile element of enormous power. Whatever we say, it is not the will that makes us act, but the imagination. There are two beings within us, one conscious, which is the master of our will, and one unconscious, which directs our imagination. Now, if there is antagonism between these two forces, it is always the imagination that wins. We always talk about educating the will, when it seems more important to know how to control the imagination. Think that it is our unconscious that directs all our organs. If we force ourselves to believe that our liver or our stomach is working well, they will work well." This is what autosuggestion consists of: "Every

morning and every evening, while you are in bed, close your eyes to better concentrate your attention and repeat this phrase twenty times in a row: 'Every day, in every way, I am getting better and better! According to Dr. Coué, this method has produced remarkable results: cancer patients have been cured; two young women saw their hair grow back; all cases of insomnia were cured... But that's not all: in addition to all the benefits of autosuggestion, there is also the creation of sex at will. "A woman," says Dr. Coué, "can have a son or daughter according to her desire, and this child can be endowed with all the physical and moral qualities she wants him or her to have. I know of a case of this kind that occurred in Bordeaux. Just don't say, 'I want to try to succeed.' You have to say, 'The unborn child must have these qualities!' What more? The 'miracle' doctor doesn't say, but the 'elixir' of long life probably lies in self-suggestion. All you have to do is awaken it and feed it.

* * *

In truth, the ability to choose the sex of one's child is not the literary property of Dr. Coué. The June 1 issue of the *Revue Mondiale* presents a Chinese superman named "Tu-Se-Ka-Ki" who is said to be a rival of Albert Einstein because in 1886 he published a work on "The Identity of Space and Time." Now this great yellow man establishes that all women who feel pregnant, if they think from the very first days that they want to give birth to a boy or a girl, will have the desired sex of the child formed in their womb. Self-suggestion will end up making women who have never known a man become mothers and prolonging the life of men in competition with Methuselah, who lived to be 130, and the king of Numidia, who fathered a handsome black baby at the age of 88.

But, even leaving full freedom to the Westerner Coué and the Chinese Tarekari, it is not difficult to understand that will and imagination are two factors that act in medicine as two forces that highly restore the organism, and that the limit of their action on the alteration of the physical body, for better or for worse, is not definable, depending on the power of the person giving the suggestion or the suggestibility of the person receiving it. However, ancient superstitions and witchcraft methods for healing the sick are not at all an encyclopedia of suggestive methods for curing diseases that have never been cured by the common means of official pharmacopoeia.

There are phenomena, generally involving the healing of the sick, which all doctors have observed to a greater or lesser extent in the course of their practice and which cannot be explained by any known means.

* * *

Among the curious methods used in magic, surviving memories of other eras, there is, for example, the “transplantation”¹ of diseases and the ridding of an evil or pain by transferring it to or allowing it to be absorbed by any animal.

“Transplantation” is the way of ridding oneself of a disease by transferring it to any tree or shrub. The individual suffering from gout cuts off pieces of his toenails and leg hair, makes a hole in the trunk of an old oak tree, places his “diseased body parts” in the bottom of the hole, and the sick person is cured while the tree withers or dies from absorbing the gout. Colonel de Rochas, in

1. See the writings of M. G. Paolucci on all the varieties of these practices in the “Commentarium” (1910).

one of his golden books, gave this practice as an example: a Hungarian wanted to try it, did as I have said above, and was cured. This is well known and documented.

The “absorption” or “transfer” was carried out in another way. A feverish patient, for example, slept with a dog in his bed and the dog left with the fever of the cured patient.

Specialized literature is rich in examples of this kind, so numerous and varied that it is easy to imagine how entertaining it is to read about things so contrary to contemporary medical practice.

* * *

But the strictly hermetic or magical conception of a superpotent medicine that bestows health is different.

The basis is this:

Man externalizes a sick aura if he is sick, and a healthy and healing aura if he is in perfect equilibrium of his organic or psychic functions.

What is this aura or radiation? It is subtle matter; it vibrates if it is animated by a magnetism of love; it is healing if, in contact with the aura of a sick person, it compensates for the imbalances that the sick person carries with the causes of their illness.

A “chain” of healthy people can determine a current of the matter of which the aura of each of the components is composed, or direct it to relieve the pains or sufferings of the person who has voluntarily made himself the recipient.

To be a hermetic healer, it is therefore necessary:

1. To possess this vibrant, highly developed aura.
2. Be in complete balance with your own active, organic, or spiritual forces.
3. Have before you a sick person who welcomes with love this effort of emission that the improvised doctor sends to him.

This is in simple terms and without lengthy explanations on how and why one can heal in this way, on the formation of the aura or magnetic and balancing radiation of the healer, or on the state of receptivity of the sick person you want to heal. For the sake of clarity, I have reduced the explanation to as few words as possible.

* * *

There are people who, by 'nature', historical precedents of their spirit, or a life of great mental, physical, and mystical balance, carry within themselves a very sensitive and developed power, which boils down to the possession of a richly compensatory aura. Among men of great religiosity, immense faith, or high moral standing, they are found in abundance: only many are unaware that they possess a virtue that can heal the suffering.

There is no country that does not know a healer: here there is an ignorant monk who prays to St. Pasquale, there a bigot who recites rosaries to the Virgin Mary, there a solitary peasant who talks to angels. From time to time, great healers appear who seem to find everything easy and who amaze with their wonders performed with marvellous simplicity, using plants unknown to the pharmaceutical industry or strange remedies.

This is why healers are found in all religions, among Muslims, Catholics, Protestants, schismatics, Orthodox Christians, in savage tribes, and among black people who are still at the first stage of humanity.

It is the “Spiritus Dei” that hovers over and manifests itself in humanity, a valley of misery and tears, and which does not become the property of any church, mosque, or temple.

It is the duty of every man to rush, with the help of his strength, to attempt the healing of those who request it, without becoming proud or despicable beasts who scorn doctors or official medicines, for the sole enthusiasm of glimpsing a Columbus' egg that can heal, without university courses, diseases declared incurable or fatal in the short term by science. Officially recognized science is the result of controlled experiments in clinics and medical school laboratories; the doctor diagnoses and suggests the remedy recognized as effective. And this work cannot be despised simply because it does not achieve its healing goal; anyone who has a healing aura that is capable of doing good to a sick person is not a doctor but a therapist, a “healer” who revitalizes and balances a patient. To take pride in this hidden virtue, which is present in all human organisms, and to replace the value of doctors and scholars with experience is simply foolish. The exaltation of mystics and the smugness of those who see the phenomenon of healing as the result of their own occult individuality prepare the ground for the discrediting of officially recognized doctors, who also serve as a public guarantee against the ignorance of the masses and the charlatanism of impostors. We must not fall into this error of discrediting the mission of ordinary doctors. The great gift of our old Italian race is not to exaggerate, but our great vice is to begin, in the face of every new

vulgarization, by being distrustful and slow to try it out: reluctant to experiment, if we do get to see the first practical proof of what has been announced, we will let ourselves be guided by common sense without exaggerating.

Elsewhere, it is different. In America, the therapeutic society of "Christian Science," founded by the mystic Mary Eddy in the second half of the 19th century, has more than 150,000 members. When one of the members finds himself in the presence of a sick person, his first act is to throw all the vials and jars of medicine out of the window, declaring doctors and pharmacists to be useless, and drugs and preparations to be poisons.

We believe that this is a reprehensible exaggeration of sectarian enthusiasm, which excludes "a priori" any collaboration with official, i.e., recognized practitioners.

* * *

Since the intelligent reader, of Italian style, that is, not fanatical, must understand that all believers in something, spiritualists, mystics, religious people, inspired people, witches, all have some reason to attribute the results of healings, when they are obtained, to their imaginative nature. Those who carry out experiments of this kind need to "have faith in something outside themselves" when they do not have the certainty, the security, and therefore the other faith that every man has a hidden organism that radiates good and evil according to his moral elevation or his balance in the balancing law of Nature, whose intelligence is the creative principle, the personified and anthropomorphic God of the religious masses.

Hypnotism officially accepted in clinics is not "magnetism." "Magnet" is a magnet, that is, attraction by sympathy, a power that cannot be sold for five lire a kilogram, because it is an expression or externalization of an inner state of the living human being, which, according to the moral elevation of the individual, becomes beneficial or harmful to other men.

To form a practical idea of this "magnetism" as a property of all men, it is enough to look around us, in whatever social class we live. All individuals who perform preponderant actions in human society and have followers are active magnetic subjects who subjugate the will of others or bind the lustful wills of others to their own. All political leaders, mass leaders, great revolutionaries, victorious army commanders, and heroes of the underworld are organically individuals rich in magnetism; eloquence, boldness in action, or elegance of movement are factors and often expressions of this same magnetism. An exceptional artist who, laughing or crying on stage, makes the whole audience laugh or cry, is an active magnetic subject. The suggestive activity of a gesture, a sound, a vibration of accent, a music of words that determine in the audience the awakening of concrete ideas, a synthesis of common desires and appetites, is but an exponent, a factor, a means of magnetization.

There are moments when the power of suggestion is confused with magnetism: this is an appearance, because no act of suggestion becomes truly effective if the magnetic power of the person performing it is not vibrant.

The character or physiognomy of the highest magnetism is love. Love and you will do well. Love and your dormant magnetism will awaken and generate the miracle of good. Hate and you will be inexorably rejected like a filthy animal. Purity in

the shining figure of Christ is love among men; its triumph or the symbolic reign of the Human God will come about, will be real, alive, true, when all men love one another and the evil magnetism that separates men will be impossible, because love will have no night. Dante's Christian piety is love, and the poet's last verse is love. That is why he is a divine poet.

The doctor—to return to our subject—is a scientist, a scholar invested with a mission of love. The word “*medicus*” comes from “*meder*,” which in Latin means “to cure, to remedy”; now, one cannot remedy something unless one loves it; and apart from charlatans, egoists, hack doctors, and shopkeepers, the vast majority of doctors are pioneers of love.

The “*therapist*,” that is, any man who loves his fellow man, is a loving doctor by virtue of his magnetism of love alone. Remedies, medicines, pills, balms, herbal juices, and decoctions acquire power when given with love; they become toxic when given and taken without love.

* * *

“*Medicina Dei*” is the universal panacea, a kind of master recipe for pharmacists at the end of the ages: faith in the Great Unknown Intelligence, manifestation of God's creative power. Magnetism of love in large doses, and great humility. Mercury, Hermes, Serapis, Kons, the Holy Spirit or the spirits of our ancestors pronounce the “*Verbum*,” the patient receives it, and the resurrection of youth in the mortified flesh begins and the miracle is visible.

Everything else is orchestral accompaniment: where the “*Verbum*” is received, there is no need for earthly works, plants,

minerals, glandular extracts, nothing. It is God, the Great One, who comes in the current of love and heals.

I will return to this subject, but may the intelligent reader understand me or follow me, for however humble my words may be, it is not good that the wind should carry them away and scatter them into infinite oblivion.

II

Physical magnetism. — The human organism is magnetic. — Plants and stones. — Life is a magnetic node or circuit. — The aura is magnetic. — Love and compassion. — The mixture of auras in contacts: sympathy, antipathy, the evil eye, *jettatura*. — Hypnotism as defined by Bernheim. — Dr. Frumusan and psychotherapy. — Healing suggestion is omnipotent for us. — Medical boasting and presumption. — The Antifimosis experiment. — Incompetent judges and extremely incompetent opinions. — Psychoanalysis and Freud's theory: an investigative method of the unconscious and psychoanalytic treatments.

The benevolent reader of my writings is asked not to comment on them as if they were songs by symbolist poets. I do my best to be clear and straightforward; if I fail, it is unintentional. In the preceding brief discussion on "Medicina Dei," what did not seem to me to be sufficiently understood is the magnetism of healers.

Magnetism is studied in physics, in middle schools, and in universities.

Like heat, sound, and electricity, it manifests itself through its observable effects and belongs to the Earth, our solar system, or the universe. Could what we call magnetism be the prototype of the force that encompasses all the energies of nature?

The human organism, which is terrestrial (humus is earth), possesses it in its structure, like all living bodies, animal, vegetable, and mineral.² Man possesses it in proportion to the

harmony or discord between the two main factors of his small unit: the intelligent spirit and its carcass of flesh, bones, and skin.

The most vibrant and marvelous face of God, of the great mysterious principle of universal life, is magnetism, the attraction that renews the succession of infinite atoms, through which everything is love, creation, life and death, transformation and rebirth. The traditional influence attributed to precious stones is terrestrial magnetism in relation to their molecular constitution. The traditional virtue attributed to plants by primitive empiricists and to current *materia medica* is terrestrial magnetism in relation to plant cells, the structure of the outer flour and its coloration. The fascination of the snake is a sample of terrestrial magnetism swirling in the animal organism, and is linked to the externalization of human magnetism in man, who can direct it.

Now, the magnetism that all humans possess has nothing to do with putting a subject to sleep and making them talk or influencing them. When I refer to this great power, which we all possess in varying degrees, I am referring to its unconscious manifestation in both good and evil. It becomes a formidable therapeutic agent only if we want it to be so, only if we decide to love a person who is suffering morally or physically. If, in the indefinite search for the mother source of all manifestations of

2. It is neither wrong nor fanciful that the created universe was called the “macrocosm” and man the “microcosm.” Man, in relation to the world, can be considered as containing all the universal elements and energies, plus man has within himself the “mind” (*mens*) and the “spirit” (*spiritus*); above, the skull is the “sky” (*caelare*) where the little god (*iod*, *Jehovah*, *Jupiter*) hides in the relativity of his temporary incarnation (Christ or *Astaroth* or the demon). Men differ from one another in the different dosage of the combination between the spiritual principle and the heavy material element. This dosage is influenced by

physical forces and energies, we want to achieve unity, I do not believe that we can imagine anything more synthetic than magnetism in nature, which is magically always considered as energy, force, heat, sound, electricity, time, space, dimension, movement, life: the expression of everything that resolves itself in many manifestations, in different forms, of the physical and intelligent nature of the sensible world.

What is hidden within us gives rise to the variety of forces that are summed up in the word 'life,' from animal sensation to thought, to the idea, to the thought image, is conservative, organic or transformative and creative magnetism. Magnetic disorders are determinations of organic infirmities, and magnetic deviations due to infringements manifest the state of death, since the human magnetic node that defines the vegetative and intelligent unity of the human body, dissolved in its concentration and continuity, ceases from the conditions of personal synthesis to take refuge in the parts constituting the defeated unity. Can you divert an electric current or interrupt it or cause it to be exhausted in a system of conduits that power motors or lighting lamps? Death is an interruption or cessation or magnetic deviation that breaks or exhausts the center or nodule of a human unit. When the body lies inert, dead as a thinking or living unit, the corruption or putrefaction and fermentation of its

the history of the unity of the spirit, which makes it more or less powerful, perfect or dormant; the physical and moral inheritance of the parents and their ancestors; and the environment in which spiritual and physical education takes place. The magnetism available in a man is always in relation to the proportion of the mixture of spirit and shell in terms of quantity and power. From the moment of conception, a dazzling and fixing magnetism forms a magnetic nodule, which is a "life."

parts represent the magnetic reaction that returns to nature the material residues or the residues of cells and tissues agglomerated for a destroyed synthesis.

Therefore, magnetism is the synthesis of energy and life constituting a human unit—magnetism is indefinable, life is indefinable—the former being the universal source, father, and supreme center of all forces in sensible nature; the latter being procreated by the former and evolving or stopping for reasons that are elusive, interrupting itself like an electric current and vanishing in the dissolution of the bodily matter that manifested it.

That is why I said at the beginning that we all possess a magnetic power but in different proportions, according to our natural constitution. This constitutive power is externalized with a radiation of the living body, without the consciousness of the individual subject, without obvious will, without determination of good or evil, and yet inexorably all men carry and expand this magnetic aura, poor or rich, which envelops us like an invisible fabric of matter, vibrating the harmonic or disharmonic note that is the tone of our magnetic individuality. I mentioned this in a different way in my previous writing when I said that all leaders of peoples, political leaders, and victorious army commanders are rich in magnetism, radiating an aura full of vibrations, and therefore attractive. Magnet is attraction, magnetism.

I now ask you, if I have been a successful exponent of a simple idea of magnetism, to consider how it is possible to magnetically influence a sick person and contribute, as far as possible, to their recovery.

I said it: by loving them.

There is no need to put them to sleep with frantic gestures and movements; it is enough to love them, to feel compassion for them in the etymological sense of the word. Compassion does not mean lecturing the sick person to show him that you are sorry to see him struggling with pharmaceutical products and that you wish him a speedy recovery—to have compassion or to suffer together—path is the root of the Latin pati, which means to suffer; and it is the same as suffering passion, suffering. Whether you speak or not, if your state of mind is compassionate, the magnetic radiation becomes healing. Two souls that converge in unison in a single suffering penetrate and love each other. Love is passion, that is, suffering, disorder of the soul in turmoil due to interpenetration.³

In everyday life, in the streets, in churches, in offices, in workshops, in laboratories, in public meeting places, in families, good and evil are produced by reaction or magnetic harmony between the auras of different people who negotiate, contrast, hate or love each other. Loving one's neighbor is a religious and moral formula—religious people practice this precept not by loving but by tolerating the annoyances of their neighbors, leaving the pious impression of charitable people who, without inconveniencing themselves, can look at a neighbor without kicking him—but to love one's fellow man magically⁴ is to

3. Selfishness is the negation of love. The selfish person, as the highest manifestation of love, recognizes only possession, and if he exaggerates this love, he devours or destroys the beloved object. Natures of poor magnetism, like certain passive organisms that need a master, are enslaved by necessity by more vampiric natures and remain slaves because of the specific weight of their own metal. This would prove that men cannot consider themselves equal to one another, nor possess the same faculties.

penetrate him and sympathize with him. Magically, this love is an immediate reward — because it is reciprocated with a wave of beneficial auras that give health and all kinds of good.

Those who live their daily lives in relation to other people and are not fools must examine the effects of contact, effects that cannot be attributed to the will of conscious people: — joys, happiness, pleasures, infirmities, health, pains, misfortunes are caused by contacts — antipathy and sympathy are premonitory signs of a personal magnetic influence for good or evil. The common people believe in the evil eye, which is always accompanied by the envious or subtractive consciousness of the person who possesses it. The evil eye is closer to the idea of human auras that vampirically harm and produce evil unconsciously.

The healer is always surrounded by a magnetic aura which, when balanced, has a beneficial influence on the sick. Without astonishing or rotating magnetic movements, the mere presence of a person rich in beneficial magnetism does as much good as a thousand vials of medicine.

Hypnotism, suggestion, and autosuggestion have very little to do with this magnetism. Hypnotism is defined by Bernheim as “a particular psychic state susceptible to being provoked that

4. Do not forget that magic is wisdom. To love magically means to love wisely, because one loves knowing why. To love religiously is a state of tolerance for fear that a powerful god will slap us. To love what is useful and pleasurable until both are exhausted and then move on to a new love is characteristic of human nature in its most genuine expression, that of intelligent animal selfishness! Revolutions, wars, invasions, and periods of upheaval in humanity shamelessly expose all the selfishness of the human beast, which has changed

activates or enhances to varying degrees suggestibility, that is, the aptitude to be influenced by an idea accepted by the brain in order to realize it. The definition is a bit of a springboard, but it is quoted in all textbooks. Sleep is induced by physical effects, a spinning disc, a luminous globe, and the subject falls asleep—at a certain point, the hypnotist suggests something to them, that is, presents them with a concrete idea and makes them believe it, and when they are awake, makes them carry out this imposed idea.

For example: “Smoking cigarettes, gentlemen, poisons the stomach. You must always remember, when you see cigars, that tobacco contains nicotine, which poisons you if you smoke. Therefore, remembering this, you must stop smoking and feel an aversion to tobacco forever.”

This is how it works in special cases and for different illnesses.

We believe that the action of suggestion, whether hypnotic or magnetic, depending on the sensitivity of the person being suggested and the volitional potential of the suggester, or suggestion in the waking state, must and can act on all illnesses, without exception—provided that the environment in which the subject lives does not act on him in a way contrary to the accepted suggestion.

Contemporary university doctors do not share this view.

In a recent paper, Dr. Prumusan⁵ reviews the elements of psychotherapy through the ages, the mystical period of religions, mystical and religious thought awakened in weak and defenseless men in the face of implacable nature, in which suggestion was the prerogative of priests and sorcerers. Then: “Suggestion is no longer religious. In all branches of human activity, it plays an

unsuspected but powerful role... It works through the teaching of the arts, and among the sciences, medicine elevates the suggestive power of thought to a cult which, after its first faltering steps, has continued to develop to the present day." Note that old doctors acted by suggestion, especially when they were gifted with a special talent for persuasion that made them masters of the patient's will; that doctors of this kind are found everywhere and in all ages, whose triumphs are recounted by history and are certainly due to the power of suggestion of their brains, while parallel to their work, miracle workers, sorcerers, and fortune tellers exercised an irresistible power over the crowd: remember Cagliostro, Mesmer, and those who are almost our contemporaries. Madame de Thèbes, Rasputin, Philippe, who through their illustrious clients exerted a decisive influence on the historical events of our times... And then, all things considered, he claims the right to practice psychotherapy by suggestion as belonging solely to doctors, who have a duty to practice it within the limits of cases where it is applicable. And he concludes by seeking to define the area of its certain achievements:

"It is not true that suggestion can cure disorders resulting from an organic change in our functions. It cannot cure cancer, an ulcer, a gallstone or a bladder stone. It cannot cure any disease of the nervous system caused by an anatomical-pathological change, nor gout, diabetes, obesity, arteriosclerosis, any infectious

only superficially over many centuries of civilization. Man in a society governed by strict moral laws is ashamed even to confess to himself what stings him inside, but as soon as he can find a pretext for transgression or can act without fear of betraying himself, he reverts to his natural savagery. In this, Freud's observations, which I will discuss later, have a sense of reality.

5. "Revue Mondial," no. 20, year 1921.

disease, or any disorder caused by pathological changes in our organs. Its domain is restricted, clearly limited, and only the physician can establish this limit and determine the mode of its action.

The author concludes by recommending that physicians use this powerful weapon against certain mental disorders and as an adjunct in general pathology, and expresses the hope that "its use will be prohibited to all enlightened individuals or missionaries of a misunderstood idea."

Those who have read everything I have published and said over the last thirty years know that I have always instilled the utmost respect for practicing physicians, who combine kindness of heart with the scientific heritage of recognized medical doctrine. But let us leave exaggerations to the inkwell or to the advertising of infallible specific remedies in medical journals, with certificates from the most renowned practitioners. Those who are least suited and least prepared to understand psychotherapy in its experimental practice are doctors, professors, and renowned teachers in universities where scientific mysticism (which is mysticism like all mysticism) often arouses pity and hilarity. The education of the physician, with the continuity of the tradition of medical teaching, is based on absolute dogmas spewed forth from the lectern by illustrious leaders who limit the universe to the one-sided knowledge of their studies with stereotypical opinions. Worse than going out at night when the dryness has had bigoted imiters for whom science means matter or phenomena of the lowest materiality, verifiable by the most obtuse senses of our organism, considered as a mechanical apparatus with an internal chemical laboratory.⁶ After leaving university, young people go to hospitals for their second school of life, imitating their elders,

becoming accustomed to the routine of the prescription book, and think that they must live and, in imitation of their masters, achieve notoriety and wealthy comfort—and this is the moment when one either becomes a humble lover of medical science, with an absolute desire to be useful, with a sincere enthusiasm for modestly doing good—or one continues to practice medicine and the medical industry. Others who continue to preach from their pulpits perpetuate dogma or pronounce the word science, puffing out their cheeks as if to release a giant balloon. But it is one thing to talk and another to die; it is one thing to write books full of cabalistic words and another to truly heal a sick person. People preach against the charlatanism of mystics and magnetizers, among whom there are many people full of faith and charity, capable of sacrificing time, comfort, and money for the ideal of a mission, because among these charlatans and impostors there are often good doctors with a good heart, capable of devoting themselves with love to the sick who call on them. how many priests of Aesculapius, charging like speculators, make you pity them? How many advertising specialists live by certifying that Palibrok pills and Bum syrup save consumptives from the grave and rebuild damaged organisms? And then, if suggestion does not really cure them, are we sure that cancer, malignant ulcers, liver or kidney stones are cured by medicine, even with the help of

6. The type of distinguished scientist, a laboratory spider, undisputed fame and Olympian serenity because he feels related to Jupiter, is a supremely interesting character because of his psychology, sometimes childish, sometimes priestly. He does not live with the times, cares little about others who work, is unaware of anything, and sometimes, when you engage him in conversation on a subject you think will interest him, you find yourself faced with an ignorant person who, outside the orbit of his daily enemas, understands nothing, because outside himself and his small academic world, he sees no sun.

surgery? And will you cure gout, diabetes, arteriosclerosis, nervous diseases, and insanity, you who want to monopolize suggestion, disinheriting it "a priori" as insufficient to cure these diseases, which, when all is said and done, you have no way of curing for sure?

We are not of the opinion that suggestion is powerless to cure many of these ills, especially when there are no spoilsports in the form of skeptical doctors and undertakers by nature who pronounce their sentence of death or failure and put the sick person in a family circle where everyone, because the attending physician has said so, determines a collective will that neutralizes any contrary action. Jean Finot, writing about the unknown instruments of happiness in his latest book, *L'Atelier des Gens Houreux*, writes these valuable paragraphs:

"The most fantastic medicines, provided they are supported by impressive advertising, always produce their effect. It is useless to note their insignificant and often contraindicated content. They work all the same because of the favorable feelings they have acquired."

"Dr. A. Mathieu gives us a typical example of this. A series of tuberculosis patients in a hospital were injected with a serum baptized with the pompous name 'antifimosis'. The results were prodigious. Coughing and expectoration decreased significantly and the weight of the patients increased by three kilograms after a few weeks. The same serum, which contained no active ingredient, injected without any mental preparation of the patients, produced no results.

"Thus, by simple suggestion, it is possible to cause functional disorders and lesions to the organism and even a curative

construction of the vessels. The most frequent recoveries obtained by the same means, blood expectoration and mainly those of nasal hemorrhages (epistaxis), are the most frequent.

"A very strong fright can kill, by syncope. We cause the same slowing or acceleration of the heartbeat with fear or anger."

The astonishing finding that for fifty years it has not been possible for the unquestionable supermen of the great universities to verify phenomena (spiritual or otherwise) that we have all observed in certain special types of sensitive hysterical-epileptics, proves that the whole host of experimenters who have seen, photographed, shown fingerprints or models of organs, for years must be committed to mental hospitals if in good faith and banished if in bad faith.

The latest masterpiece of this kind is the Sorbonne, which disproves the ectoplasm for which Geley worked and wrote so much. Salamanca renews Columbus's chance to reach the Indies by an untraveled route. But what preparation did the judges have to provoke and judge a phenomenon that requires some kind of faith to propitiate it, when the judges stand guard, suspicious of being taken for cucumbers in vinegar by the prestidigitation of a charlatan? And what about the newspaper inquiries? A celebrity who has spent his entire life conversing only with metals, salts, test tubes, reagents, alkalis, and acids is interviewed and asked: "What do you think? Is it possible that spirits can make an egg with a live chick inside?" And the other person seriously replies that they have never seen anything like it and that their maid prepared the eggs, but that patatì patatà, the people who saw the chick in the egg must have been hemorrhoid sufferers or owl sellers!

They tell me that Marconi has discovered the wireless telegraph and is now experimenting with the telephone of the same type; I cannot believe such a monumental hoax, and since among my acquaintances is the famous manufacturer of mortadella in Bologna, made without meat of any kind, I ask him about the possibility that Marconi could make such a blunder; and my distinguished sausage-maker friend, to whom both hemispheres have bestowed honor, replies with a smile: 'There must be a trick to it; you can't even tie up blood sausages without string. I assure you that certain situations are comical, because I don't know why we should expect professors who have never dealt with the soul and personal psychic powers to endorse or reject things witnessed by at least a thousand people, who are not from the madhouses of civilized countries!'

But another comet is on the horizon. Freud's "Psychoanalysis."

Freud is a professor at the University of Vienna, professor of neuropathology, and founder of therapeutic "Psychoanalysis" for neuroses. All in the German style.

Freud defines psychoanalysis as "a method of treating certain nervous disorders." He is concerned with practical therapy and follows a new method, searching for the unconscious causes of psychopathies, and he carries out these investigations in the hidden consciousness of the patient through the manifestations of the "unconscious." From the second half of the 19th century, consciousness, unconsciousness, the subconscious, and higher and lower psychism disturbed the peaceful sleep of psychologists; a wealth of original scientific works were published in all countries by experimenters in one sense or another of the two schools of Charcot and Bernheim, always based on suggestion

and hypnotism. With Freud, the autonomous manifestations of the unconscious began to be studied without resorting to the old methods. Freud began by assisting the experiments of Dr. Breuer, a fellow Viennese, who hypnotized a hysterical woman or brought back memories of the causes that made her utter disconnected and apparently meaningless phrases. The results of this research decided Freud's life. He found that the Nancy school, with hypnosis and hypnotic suggestion or in the waking state, did not attack the nervous disorder in its hidden and remote causes, but merely told the patient: you no longer have this infirmity, this discomfort, you no longer have to feel this or that discomfort. It provided the illusion of healing, not healing itself. He remembered Breuer's experiences and established the talking cure (treatment through conversation),⁷ which had yielded surprising results in early experiments. Thus, a new form of psychology emerged in the examination of inner phenomena and their unexpected external manifestations. From the unconscious, hitherto a somewhat abstract and empty expression, he drew out the naive manifestations of his preserved and hidden ideas, which prove to have real content.

“This content is formed from all the experiences of previous life, from all memories, from all traces of events experienced, from the feelings felt afterwards or on the occasion of these events, from all feelings that are not satisfied. These experiences, memories, traces, feelings, and desires are eliminated from conscious life, either because, having fulfilled their part in the life of the individual, have lost all necessity or usefulness, or because they are incompatible with the conventions of social life, they

7. Information taken from the preface by Dr. S. Iankelevitch to “Introduction to Psychoanalysis” by Dr. Sigm. Freud.

would expose the individual who asserted them in real life to the penalties and punishments that society reserves for those who do not conform to its prescriptions and requirements. Rejected, but not suppressed, these feelings and desires acquire in certain circumstances all the characteristics of morbid germs and create the pathological states known as neuroses. What characterizes these states is that the feelings and desires in question, unable to manifest themselves in their true light due to the repression they are constantly subjected to, find an outlet through indirect channels, under appearances that conceal their true nature and are known as symptoms. To unmask these symptoms, strip them of their deceptive appearances, reconnect them to their source, and make their causes and origins conscious to the patient—this is the aim of psychoanalysis.⁸

But by delving into this deep sea of new psychological practice, I could not summarize this fascinating topic in a few lines, and space is limited. I will exhaust the examination of this method full of surprising wonders in the following, exposing the singular process of investigation of the unconscious used by Freud with slips of the tongue, dream analysis (or shadows of Synesius and Artemidorus rejoice!), or the exception of “infantile sexuality,” a disconcerting idea of psychoanalysis.

8. idem, see S. Freud: “La Psichanalyse,” 1921.

III

The reservoir of impressions of the unconscious. — Difference in our way of seeing. — The little god is within us, in historical man. — The Ka of the Egyptians. — The impure animality and pure reason of Descartes. — The symbolism of triangles. — The Sphinx. — Freud and slips of the tongue or "lapses." — Symptomatic acts. — Split personality. — Dreams reveal the hidden personality. — For Freud, dreams are the satisfaction of sensual desires. — Medical dream interpretation begins. — Freud justifies it.

In order for the reader to follow what I am about to say on Freud's psychoanalysis, I must recall some special conditions of magical philosophy — so as not to create confusion between what we say and the investigations of the Viennese physician.

The unconscious, the subconscious, and the occult consciousness of the psychologists of the past century are, for the most part, accepted by those of our century. Man has within himself an unexplored reservoir where (according to materialist reasoning) from the moment he is born, all impressions, all forms, all ideas that our consciousness forgets and to which neither the awake nor the reasoning man thinks any more are recorded. From this reservoir of impressions imprinted in the continuity of existence, ideas are occasionally poured into the outer consciousness that seem new to us, simply because we have consciously forgotten them to the point where we can no longer recall the moment when they struck us. Hence a series of classifications and studies on memory and the cerebral lobes, the mechanisms of these recordings. Now, when psychologists (and

Freud and psychoanalysts in particular) want to reach the unconscious of any psychopathic patient, they intend to stir up, in the deep unknown of recorded ideas, everything that has been forgotten by the individual, but of which he retains the imprint treasured from the time of his birth until the moment he becomes the subject of investigation.

In other words, only impressions subsequent to our birth can be recorded in our unconscious. And this is right, otherwise science would have to admit that, before birth, we had the power to perceive sensations and ideas and that, therefore, after death, we can, by the same method of hoarding, continue to replenish them, which would sanction the existence of an eternal soul within us.

Conversely, our hieratic or simply Pythagorean philosophy admits as fundamental the idea that there is a part of us that is ancient and a second part that is very recent. This ancient part (the historical man) is the marrow, the center, the core of the outwardly visible, reasoning man, not a consciousness formed by sensations and by the adaptation of his mentality to the environment in which he operates. The unconscious, the subconscious, and the subliminal belong to that astral field that is within us⁹ from which all the most inconceivable wonders or disorders spring forth from time to time: the spark of genius or the exaggeration of madness. Identify this field as a nucleus, as an entity, as a person, and you will see a historical unity of our spirit throughout all past existences.

The scientific word representing this historical individual, which is our solar soul enveloped in a cloud of black fog, has not

9. Remember: Astral = without light, dark.

yet been coined because words must phonetically communicate an idea or remember or evoke it; but even in contemporary religions there is no conception of the historical personality in us that is not just soul or spirit or pure breath, but a combination of matter, spirit, tradition, tendency, and memory in a special activity that reaches our consciousness as living and vegetating human beings, like a mentor for characters in a play in the most critical moments of oblivion or impotence.

The famous 'Ka' of Maspero and Egyptologists, which the Egyptians detached from the dead human body to send it on its way to conquer Elysium until the reappearance of the verdant Osiris, has been translated as 'double', i.e. the duplicate of the dead person, a translation which, however imperfect, is not the soul of Christian philosophers, because the Ka is life that survives life, if I may be permitted a play on words. The Ka is material in that it survives in the desire for earthly memories, earth, home, love, passions, comforts, luxury, and entertainment, in order to evolve and climb the Elysian Fields or by mocking the gods, enchanting them, or defeating them in order to return to earthly life, summarized in the tomb, to start again in the struggle for pleasure or pride, resurrection, after having conquered or tamed the obstructive or fatal elements represented by the animal-headed deities of the Egyptian sky.

This conception of the human double, surviving the dead body, is so different from the Kardechians' idea of the soul and the perispirit that it is impossible to conceive of it as immaterial. Lucretius, ironically, is content to observe: the center of the temple is not a god, but a cat, a crocodile, a beak, a bull, a dog. Clement of Alexandria, who is not as impious as Lucian, repeats his words and ideas.¹⁰ Hence the rites of sacred bestiality in the

secret rituals of the temple, where women united with the god who took the form of an animal, the ram became the living soul of Amun-Ra or Osiris, impregnated virgins, and was the source of the virility of gods and men. “We fled from the impure Egypt of animality to the desert of pure reason, where we still wander today with Israel.”¹¹

Now the hidden self, about which philosophers have spilled many hectoliters of ink, has not begun to appear in the most recent experimental psychologies except through the most daring innovators of ancient methods, which are either clearly negative or too metaphysical and dogmatic.

I prefer to call the inner man historical, and I include in this the whole long journey of experimental lives, all the wealth of experience that our sensual consciousness does not understand or remember. Therefore, our unconscious, for us, is rich in ancient ideas, prior to our reincarnation, and, in addition, in ideas introduced since our most recent birth.

In the linear symbolism of the Kabbalists, the triangle with its apex pointing upwards is the obvious, conscious, visible, sensible life. The man who lives in full consciousness of external reason: the man with his head raised to the sky, above ground level. If the triangle is inverted, like a wedge stuck deep in the earth, below the level, it is the hidden, mysterious life, in the unfathomable darkness of death from man, man vital in his unconscious, the foggy, dark, deep astral that no longer belongs to external and

10. Dimitri Mèrekowsky: “La joie celeste de la terre” (The Heavenly Joy of the Earth), translated by M. de Grammont.

11. Ibid.

visible life. The double triangle, that is, the penetration of the two so that the earthly level stops at the middle intersection of the sides, is the type of the magician, a man integrated between the apparent outer consciousness (upper triangle) and the occult of his consciousness (lower triangle), which takes the place of the occult god with all his powers.¹²

We need to understand the true value of all this in order to judge the psychic knowledge of the ancient seraphic centers. Today's humanity, prodigiously rich and innovative in mechanical, physical, and chemical applications, is still stammering in its knowledge of the intellectual, soul, and psychic powers of human nature, the functions of which medicine claims to evaluate with the same mechanical and physio-chemical probe as aniline dyes or devices for flying or destroying men in the name of civilization and arrogance. In order to devalue scientific research into these powers of man, into looking inwardly at his history, that is, at what is now called the unconscious, profane doctrines admit only material counterevidence, that is, evidence that can be materially verified. And readers and scholars who are convinced of the futility of these procedures and want to seek a right path they fall from the frying pan of scientific materialism onto the burning coals of religious or spiritual mysticism, which is the opposite and illogical meaning of the materialism they want

12. In "Dogme et Rituel de l'Haute Magie," Eliphas Levi reconstructed in drawings, personifying the images, the higher and the lower, to explain the double head of the "Sohar," which in essence corresponds in linear symbolism to the two intertwined triangles found as an ornament in place of the cross on some printed editions of the Bible. from 500 to 800, and which on the other hand form the pentacle of Freemasonry. In the volume of "Mondo Secreto" of 1898 (pp. 80 and 81) I reproduced the two drawings and annotated them. The three Masonic points are the three corners of the outer triangle.

to avoid — since animality and spirit, matter and holiness, mechanical forces and soul powers are nothing but elements of the true unity of the Existing, which is truth. Why not understand the Sphinx: matter and material powers, a woman's head and eagle's wings, spirit, imagination, art, beauty, and lion's claws?

So, to return to our subject, Freud is the first to experimentally probe the unconscious, to consult without preamble the “black god” who sleeps in the depths of the human being, the one who lines the consciousness of the neurotic with certain mild neuroses. It is a beginning. I will not say that the procedure used by the doctor is sophistical, as some of his critics claim;¹³ let us leave that aside and examine the value of the method of the work he accomplishes.

As I said in my previous chapter, instead of replacing our command in the hypnotic state with the disordered and obscure manifestation of the hidden individual who agitates in a patient suffering from neurosis or psychosis (without lesions), instead of saying: “I command you to believe and feel as I tell you,” Freud wants to try a different method, to get to the root of the causes, to know, reveal, and expose what is hidden in the deepest recesses of the soul, and attack the cause of psychosis,¹⁴ which almost

13. Dubujadouz calls it purely sophistry, but if we want something new, we should not create obstacles for ourselves with philosophical and methodological concerns. Kostyleff, Delage, Regis, and Hesnard seem concerned to me.

14. Do not forget that for these psychologists, impressions or ideas prior to the date of birth do not exist in our unconscious. I will show later the difference in the assessments of the two different ways of defining the unconscious.

always originates from ideas that are almost impossible to admit —not only to others, but also to the subject affected by the disorder.

How does our unconscious entity, armed with a separate will (and an imperious will, I would say, in moments of high crisis), manifest itself to the external consciousness, violating its inhibitory control?

In two ways: through “slips” (or lapses) or through “dreams.”

What are slips?¹⁵ Writing or pronouncing a word that is not really what one wants to write or say — reading one word for another, hearing one word instead of another that is actually pronounced — the momentary forgetfulness of a name or any word, of a plan made and forgotten — losing or rather not finding an object that has been kept with special care. These are all a class of trivial phenomena, says Freud, which are unlikely to have importance and go unnoticed in everyday life, but all these phenomena have their own meaning. Thus concludes the author after two long chapters on these missed acts. Lapses occur due to the interference of two wills, the conscious and the unconscious. The stricter the control of the conscious over the unconscious, the more the unconscious will escape at the slightest inattention,

15. The French translator translates the German “Die Fehlleistungen” as “acts of omission” for lack of a corresponding word. I believe that, with a little goodwill, all acts that are missed in speech can be understood by the word “lapsus”: an error due to inadvertence. Lapsus in Latin properly means to fall; to slip, the darting of fish, of eels, of lightning, which surprises because it is not noticed in time; in fact, the “acts that are missed” of the French translator are nothing more than errors that surprise us, suddenly, in our conscious attention; the “lapsus calami” and “lapsus linguae” of our ancient Latin classes were lapses of attention.

like smoke through the smallest crack in the lid. “You will want to keep these limitations in mind, because from now on our starting point, that failed acts are psychic acts resulting from the interference of two intentions, is the first result of psychoanalysis. Psychology had never supposed these interferences or the phenomena that result from them. We have considerably extended the field of the psychic world and conquered for psychology phenomena that were not previously part of it,” says Freud towards the conclusion of his examination of failed acts,¹⁶ adding that there are many other phenomena that resemble failed acts (or slips), but which cannot be called the same thing; he calls them “accidental or symptomatic acts,” they also have all the characteristics of an unmotivated, insignificant, meaningless, and above all superfluous act. But what distinguishes them from the failed act (or slip) is the absence of a hostile and disruptive intention that contradicts a primitive intention.¹⁷ They are confused with gestures or movements that serve to express emotions. This category of phenomena includes all manipulations, seemingly useless, as if joking, of our clothes, of this or that part of our body, of objects within reach; the melodies we sing belong to the same category of acts, which are generally characterized by the fact that we suspend them as we have begun them, without apparent reason. Now, I do not hesitate to say that all these phenomena are significant and can be interpreted in the same way as slips of the tongue or lapses, and that they constitute

16. Chap. IV. — The author uses the word “interference” as a metaphor taken from the optical phenomenon in which the meeting of light rays destroys the effects of light. “Interficere” in Latin means to kill, by metaphor, to annul, to weaken.

17. See note (15).

small signs revealing other more important psychic processes that are psychic acts in the full sense of the word.

This very brief mention of the first part of the elements of psychoanalysis is sufficient to give an approximate idea of Freud's method of investigation. Through spontaneous, fleeting acts beyond conscious and volitional control, the unconscious and its intentions manifest themselves. But Freud uses the two words interference and intentions, thus attributing to this inner realm that reveals itself through slips and surprises, intentions that are volitional acts, and by defining failed acts as the result of interference, that is, the encounter of two manifestations of will, one hidden and the other overt and conscious, he gives the unconscious (astral) not only the power to retain images or impressions, but also an eonic power, that is, a personality capable of performing the same acts as our conscious personality. This is not Freud's conclusion, but ours, from our point of view of magical philosophy—an examination of the impressive powers of a second complete personality that represents the stumbling block of all philosophies. — The inner man is the father (qui es, eris, fuisti) — the conscious man, inhibited by education, by inculcated ideas, by the environment in which he lives, by respect for moral, civil, penal, and religious laws, represses every manifestation of the historical personality as soon as it (and this is the majority of cases) does not live in accordance with the direction of the inner character, but is external and conscious.

Freud is convinced that the control of the external will when one is awake cannot be violated or surprised for long enough to provide sufficient arguments for an examination of the desires or unconscious will that education has accustomed us to keep sealed in the depths of our being. The fisherman in "One Thousand and

One Nights" pulls a pot into his net and uncovers it; thick smoke pours out, condensing into the large figure of a powerful genie. If you open the pot and set free the mysterious character that stirs and moves deep within you, it will be some time before you can force him back into the pot.

Alfonso Cahagnet, a handsome, mystical magnetizer, wanted to try out a magic ointment, a salve containing some unknown narcotic. He rubbed it on himself in the evening and waited. After a few moments of sleep, there was a sharp sound of a knife opening and a human head, hideous, bloodied, rolls spasmodically on the bed. What a fright! — of the devil? of the astral? of spirits? — He should have convinced himself that the demonic impression was the result of a "tour de force" of his hidden personality, which gave concrete form to an image that, if not meditated upon, was at least feared. And Freud, in order to have a broader subject for analysis, clings to dreams as the most complex and concrete manifestations of the nature of the hidden entity — the latent Saturn.¹⁸ If, when awake, the external consciousness needs to be caught at a moment when its strict control slackens, when sleeping, consciousness does not cease its control, but slackens it out of habit. Then the dream appears to reveal the secret desires of this imprisoned demon, suffocated by the surveillance of his own external being. According to Freud (and not according to us and our philosophy), dreams are always the symbolic satisfaction of a desire, generally a sensual desire.¹⁹

Starting from Breuer's experiences,²⁰ it was observed that

18. The "Lazio da latendo": therefore, in the secret language of Rome, "Latium" is the hiding place of the gods.

19. Dubujadoux l. c.

the morbid symptoms of certain nervous people have a meaning, a significance, a value — and that these patients have the habit, as symptoms of their suffering, of recounting their dreams. The question was then raised as to whether dreams also had a meaning, a significance that should be studied carefully. Freud writes: “The study of dreams is the best preparation for the study of neuroses... The dream itself is a nervous symptom and offers us the invaluable advantage of being able to be studied in all people who dream, even healthy people... This is how dreams became the subject of psychoanalytic research; an ordinary phenomenon to which little importance is attached, apparently devoid of any practical value, dreams offer themselves to our investigations in the most unfavorable conditions... Because dealing with dreams is a despicable pastime, and this occupation was seen as a set of anti-scientific practices, with those who engaged in it being accused of mysticism.²¹

Here we are in the midst of “medical oneiromancy.”²² Freud had the courage to draw the attention of neuropathologists and psychiatrists to the art of interpreting dreams, considered vile or foolish, the stuff of women and good for lottery numbers. At the time of the Medici in Florence and Charles IX in France, medicine still smacked of philosophy and scholasticism—when a seriously ill patient was treated by two doctors who fought in the dying man's room after a philosophical dispute over whether humors rose or fell, were cold or hot, acidic or neutral—medicine

20. 1880-1882 As I mentioned in the previous chapter, Freud began the system of psychoanalysis (which he presents as the great system) with Breuer.

21. Introduction to Chapter V and the five lectures on psychoanalysis given in America in 1909.

preserved the secrets of dreams, certainly due to some quack who had hoarded them. But dealing with dreams today is an astonishing novelty.²³ Freud recognizes that men three or four thousand years ago dreamed as we do, and attached to dreams an importance that we do not admit, considering them useful for indications about the future and for deriving wishes and omens. In Greek times, a war was not started until dreams had been taken into account; a military campaign, says the author, without dream interpreters was like a military campaign today without aerial reconnaissance. Alexander the Great's expeditions were accompanied by the best interpreters. At the siege of Tyre, Alexander stormed the city and subjugated it after a dream he had on the eve of lifting the siege. Freud observes that all authors of "exact" science (?) of our day have studied dreams from the point of view of bodily impressions in order to deprive them of any real value; he cites Bina, Macry, Wundt, Jold, and Morly-Wold, who do not arrive at any encouraging conclusion, and asks, "What would science say if it learned that we want to try to discover the meaning of dreams?"

But, dear reader, unable to exhaust the subject as I had hoped and promised myself, given the limited space available, I will conclude in the next chapter this brief overview of psychoanalysis in relation to our magical practice and its application to the psychic disorders of human beings.

22. "Oneiros" (Greek) means dream, hence oneiromancy and oneirocriticism, the art of interpreting dreams.

23. The following example is from that period: Do you dream of taking a bath? You have caught a cold in your head and chest. – Are you coming out of the water dry? You will be cured immediately. – Are you drowning? The catarrhal flow will kill you.

IV

Memory. — Do we become idiots in the presence of St. Peter? — Why did Freud make such an impact? — Sleep as a memory of intrauterine life — Dreams. — Why sleep is partial. — "Censorship" in dreams. — Observations on the censorship empire. — The demon of the flesh: Libido. — What does not coincide with our ideas. — Sleep repairs magnetic dispersions. — Central Unit. — The grandeur of the vision of the enlightened. — The lightning vision of Zeus. — Sleep in the sick.

We must convince ourselves that the professor of psychiatry at the University of Vienna did not do useless and cowardly work when he began an analytical study of dreams as an expression of the human astral unconscious and a reservoir of the hidden memory of the living personality. Memory, according to philosophers, seems to be a property of living, reasoning organisms. If the dying organism disintegrates, if it turns into elements or ashes, memory ceases with organic life. If this were true, it would lead us to conceive of the immortal essence of man (soul, spirit, jod) as devoid of any memory of any existence. This would be particularly painful for spiritualists, occultists, and Christians. When the soul of a deceased person appears before St. Peter at the gates of Paradise, its personality has become that of an idiot, so it would not even remember if it had stolen, murdered, or done good deeds; and unless the deceased's sins were stuck to him like band-aids, even the most virtuous saint would not understand much. Psychiatry, which means 'medicine of the psyche or mind', is still, like much of general medicine, in the investigative stage. It has reached some very important

doctrinal and experimental conclusions, but as far as therapy is concerned, it is better to call St. George than to wait for the healing of a pure and simple demented person with art and scientific drugs.

We are certainly a long way from the days when no distinction was made between the nervous, neurasthenic, neurotic, melancholic, and furious, and the only and most important remedy was the whip. Now, asylums full of comfortable facilities, respectful of the most accurate hygiene, with showers, bathrooms, bathtubs, electrical appliances, and large supplies of powerful sedatives are not uncommon in Europe and America, where re-education processes have succeeded in restoring a semblance of normality to the least disturbed of those confined to asylums. In our beautiful Italy, there has been no shortage of highly valued alienist doctors, animated by truly superhuman charity, who devote their intelligence to the care of the mentally disordered and the most seriously insane, with hereditary defects that poor human wisdom cannot erase or make disappear. This is why Freud succeeded, by breaking through the barriers of classical psychiatry, which is always waiting for the remedy or infallible method to straighten out brains that are full of springs and surprises, in achieving a success that no one would have hoped for, seeing dreams accepted into the scientific repertoire. It brings to mind Lombroso when he was inspired by the physiognomy of Giovanni Battista della Porta!

“Sleep,” says the author, “is a state in which the sleeper wants to know nothing of the outside world.” An original definition that bears no resemblance to the old ones, it is neither a pathological nor a physiological state; according to Freud, it is an unconscious or conscious volitional act, the will to isolate oneself,

to withdraw from the stream of sensations through contact or reasoning; and he adds:

“we immerse ourselves in the state in which we found ourselves before we came into the world. Some of us curl up and give our bodies, during sleep, an attitude similar to that of the fetus in the womb.”²⁴

A man of science and an observer, Freud, unintentionally tending to proclaim a hidden individuality, goes back only to the fetal state as the primary origin of the sensations of being. Not recognizing a historical personality in the organism being formed in the womb, not admitting in the development of a body with a central nucleus the embryo of a spirit already lived, laden with memories of good or bad experiences, he in the position of sleeping in bed with his legs and knees bent, as if they wanted to touch his chin, sees the conscious memory of a time that has passed into the unconscious, the memory of my protective and magnetically isolating position, as if wanting to establish contact between extremities²⁵ for regeneration; for the mystery of sleep does not lie in the state of being asleep, but in the rebirth of exhausted forces when one awakens: an enigma to which no one has given an exact answer.

“Unable,” says the author, ”to determine the state of complete rest, the sleeper dreams, and these dreams either have a meaning that is too clear, or are incoherent, or have no meaning at all. It is then necessary to question the dreamer and ask him what the dream means.... I assure you that it is quite possible or even likely

24. “Introduction to Psychoanalysis,” p. 88. The other passages I quote below are taken from this work.

that the dreamer knows, despite everything, what the dream means, but not knowing that he knows, he believes he does not know."

So we must question, with investigative, analytical questioning that goes back to the origins of the stored, unconfessable ideas that man cannot even confess to himself. But dreams are often interrupted, with long gaps and inexplicable lacunae, and Freud says categorically: "We must blame these interruptions on the intervention of dream censorship." Censorship is an important element because it exists and is real. Freud does not determine its psychology, but only its active psychological value. Freudism knows nothing of censorship except the act itself.

I will complete the idea from a particular point of origin, because my few observations may open the door to greater or richer reflections for those who practice magic and those who study so-called mediums. So let us leave Freud for a moment.

If we admit that the embryo developing in a woman and passing through infancy to adolescence contains an old soul, one that returns to the scene of life from the performance of a

25. A child who is cold and goes to bed curls up in the fetal position and does not disperse either magnetism or heat. When a weak being falls while another stronger one strikes or attempts to strike, the act of hiding the head, as in the fetal position, is instinctively a search for defense in the human magnetic circuit. Poor children, abandoned in large modern cities, forced to sleep in places barely sheltered from the elements and the cold, huddle together like a mass of earthworms; surprise them in the dead of night and you will be amazed at how groups of two or three involuntarily tend to form closed circles that protect them with a more intense circulation of protective magnetic currents.

previous and closed human comedy; if, in short, we admit the reincarnation of humans, we must agree that adaptation to the new family or social group or readaptation to the old represent two efforts of different intensity.

In the first case, if the family or group is new to the child, it is only education or habituation to new forms and ideas that acts, covering the previous personality with a new layer that is not only silenced but lulled to sleep and then put to sleep. Freedom in nature is limited by physical conditions and obstacles, even for all lower creatures. But psychic freedom, the freedom of expansion of all the positive values of the human psyche and the expression of the living reality of mental powers, finds a complete and complex limitation in the atmosphere of the society in which man must live.

Compare a working-class family with an aristocratic society; a simple, religious, puritanical, bigoted family with another that is bohemian and gypsy-like. However identical the mental values of each of these many people may be in origin, the ideas practised by each are so different that their conception of life is so varied, so dissimilar from one element to another, that if there were no apparent, violent and threatening levelling in the sanctioning of customs and laws, social life would be impossible.

Nor is that enough. What we see of our neighbor is the mask; what lies within is a mystery, an unfathomable unknown. If this mysterious and unknown inner animal does not become a constant danger, it is because of education, example, and habits that constitute a sensory empire over all of us. Generally, it takes a sentimental form, of non-violent religious origin—often sentimental out of modesty and pride—but in terrible moments of social upheaval, the censoring empire weakens, slows down,

and stops, and the savages who had been gentlemen until then become ferocious, violent, immoral, and people fit for the gallows.

This censorial obstacle, whether pre-existing or recent, is an enormous bridge that divides ordinary man from attempts at magical experiences — because the obstacle is not only spiritual in the ordinary sense of the word, but has power over all physical and mental life — it influences success in practical life as a rational inhibitory power — at other times instinctive, more often sentimental — it has a hundred different faces and is of imitative origin. Today's censorship is a widespread example: many people are eager to learn in order to practice, but never find the time to do so. An example of this are those who want to regain their powers, who study extensively, who end up knowing everything and how to do everything, but end up never doing anything. In those who give themselves over to the mediumship of the much-praised spiritualism, the appropriate empire manifests itself in the medium through the prohibitions imposed by the guiding spirit; the only true spirit of the medium is that which represents his unconscious in struggle with an inhibitory obstacle that sometimes belongs to the historical entity of the medium himself and sometimes to his imaginative consciousness. I could recount some curious examples, but returning to Freud, for him censorship has a meaning limited to the unfolding of dreams in their dramatized or imaginative representation. Freud's censorship is an autonomous power that "always tries to attenuate in the dream precisely what interests us most. That is to say, the 'libido,' our most hidden, most intimate desire."²⁶ The practice of psychoanalysis in these censored gaps searches for the cause and finds the sex instinct or libido by interpreting "after repeated experiences a very considerable number of constant translations

of the symbolic elements of the unconscious thought of the dream."

This exposition, which I am presenting in the briefest and clearest manner possible, has taken on a length that I did not intend to achieve, because I consider Freud's theory only in relation to the psychology of scholars of magic and practitioners of Isiac orders or brotherhoods—and I must, while agreeing that psychoanalysis invades the field of our philosophy and transports elements of it into the scientific field—separate the Viennese doctor's conceptions from the concrete manner, with other elements of our practice. And this, in a subject in which pseudo-scientists have written nonsense to be taken with a grain of salt, becomes of paramount importance when sleep, dreams, and dream interpretation become part of a therapeutic application that tomorrow will have numerous followers and adherents, especially in the treatment of nervous diseases and exceptional mental disorders, for hidden desires, serious psychopathies, and abnormal lives leading to suicide or mental asylums.

I have already mentioned the original definition of sleep in psychoanalytic theory; looking purely at the symptomatic form that invites us to sleep, the new school stops at the consideration

26. Op. e. pp. 154-155. In a more recent work, *Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality*, he defines the word "libido" as strictly scientific language. A man who needs to eat is hungry, who needs to drink is thirsty; who feels the need for his sexual nature is in the aforementioned state. The biological hypothesis of hunger, thirst, and love is to accept instinct for every form of bodily need. In psychoanalytic doctrine, biological concepts take on another appearance, which, due to its originality, astonishes those who are not accustomed to observation that is more or less materialistic or intelligent. I will explain this better later.

that the biological tendency to rest seems to consist in physical fatigue. That seems to be Freud's view. The psychological character of rest, in the disinterest or extinction of interest in the external world.²⁷

This is the controversial point of natural sleep (I do not think there is any need for the adjectives biological and physiological) and of magnetic sleep and hypnotic sleep.

Natural sleep and the other two modes for those who do what we propose to do in ourselves, in our magical education, must be examined with different critical elements: I have long intended to write about this at length, as no one has yet discussed it from our particular point of view.

We sleep to recover the waste of vital, physical, and psychic energies. The disinterest in the external world that induces sleep, according to Freud's definition, is a consequence of the exhaustion of energies, exhaustion with a preponderance of psychic or physical factors, depending on the case, always accompanied by the dispersion of that magnetic radiation which exhausts the nucleus that is the endowment of every human being. I have said elsewhere in these conversations what is meant by a magnetic nodule and how this specific quantity of energy is related to the magnetism of the universe. Once the reserve of

27. In the "Introduction to Psychoanalysis," I find a curious passage by Freud on page 100: "In our relationship with this world into which we have come without wanting to, we find ourselves in such a situation that we cannot bear it continuously, so we immerse ourselves from time to time in the state in which we were before we came into the world, in our intrauterine existence." In this passage, if I were to psychoanalyze the founder of psychoanalysis, I would find the unconscious elements of a certain belief in a pre-uterine existence.

magnetism has been exhausted by the expenditure of every form of force and action that our body performs and externalizes, the need for replenishment arises. The mystery of the recovery of forces is, in its mechanism of self-nutrition, conceivable because it explains the result of the revival of human forces after even a very short and light sleep; but it cannot be demonstrated by the ordinary methods of scientific demonstration used in universities and laboratories.

No vitalist theory before or after Claude Bernard has ever come close to the concept of the synthetic vitality of a human being centered on a magnetic node or cell, constituting the being, and in a relationship of repercussion and replenishment with a terrestrial magnetic center, which in turn relates to the magnetic center of the planetary and stellar worlds and of the entire universe. This theory is part of the Enlightenment doctrine of the lodges that have now disappeared from Europe, but which were learned from the teachings of the Osirian magical schools, properly of Italic origin, and passed unnoticed until the second half of the 18th century, when they returned to the shadows of history, so much so that now we do not know where they are or if they still exist. A Western Enlightenment theosophy with a theory such as this, which I am now examining more clearly for the first time, would not make one desire the metaphysical mysticism of the East — and would offer the scientific conception of the universe the contribution of an intuition or vision of a universal magnetism in which electricity, heat, sounds, currents and waves, molecular or atomic mass movements, the life of the universe in the infinite universe, in man, in plants, animals of any order and subspecies, crystals, minerals, the formation of changes in the subsoil, the elements constituting rare gases, radium, condensations of light, energies transformed into reserves of

vitality unexplored by human medicine — would be conceived as modalities of a single and immense law that the manifestation of Zeus, whose expression is lightning, light, heat, sound, motion, destruction, and dissolution, in Greek mythology.

A single center of energy—a single magnetism.

Not a unity of forces, but a single central force of life, of which all expressions are but states of being. The Pimandria Intelligence of Hermes, the predominant part of distribution, the cause of adaptations and the rapid variable forms of specific units.

Sleep is the indispensable condition for replenishing our wasted energy. All dispersions of our energies are accumulated currents of vital magnetism, which are externalized to enter the great invisible river of terrestrial and universal vibrations and rise back up to the universal center of life. If the integration of human powers can lead to the formation of the magician, a living reserve of forces drawn from richer sources of energy, a simple progression of the magnetic riches accumulated within us, with the provocation of acts and the attraction of non-human entities, can make divine or hermetic medicine possible and make us useful to all those who suffer and turn to us.

Prayers, invocations of saints, spirits, madonnas, sometimes demons and astral entities are useless tools for all those who are ignorant, who do not leave the religious circle of their religion or the superstitious sphere of their tribe. But knowing that we are centers of life, radiant, drawing on the intelligent vitality and pimandria of the inexhaustible center of the universe, makes us conceive of the value of the Lord of causes as the most generous, noble, and immeasurable dispenser that religious and mystical imagination has ever conceived.

In the sick, every crisis that heals takes place in sleep—pain disappears only in sleep; the state of coma is a state of sleep in which the magnetic centers struggle for a supply that does not arrive—when the constituent elements of the human organism, as a center of magnetism, become incontinent, dissolution is at hand.

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