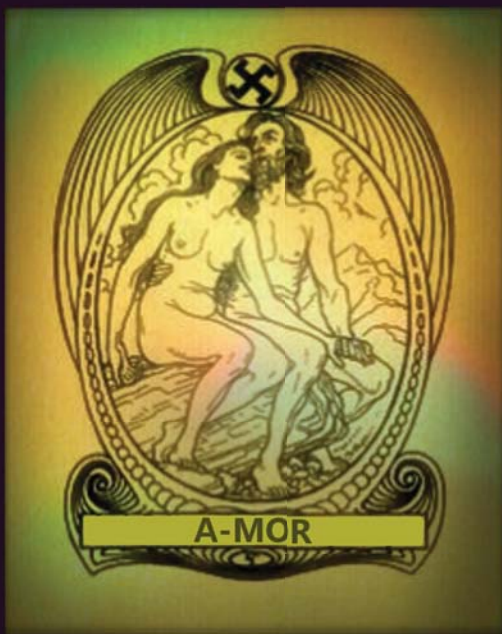


THE MYSTERIES



MIGUEL SERRANO

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THE MYSTERIES

Prologue

T*he Mysteries* (New Delhi, 1960) is a reflection of the exalted prose of Miguel Serrano. In this unique work the departure of the Beloved from the physical and her journey to the spiritual is described. It is a human story with the power to reach the divine. And that through the divine projects simultaneously into the human. It is a resonance of the cult of A-Mor and an evocation of the unfathomable mystery of HE-SHE/SHE-HE.

An echo of the cult of the Two-Faced Deity who inhabits Venus.

What is described in *The Mysteries* is not a literary creation but a reality in fact. And for that reason, this fascinating work transcends mere literature and is projected beyond, on the *other side*, into the Realm of Light, where Gravitation and Time are not.

Yonder, the deep waves resound like *music* from Yephun-Oiehuen, the *most beautiful star*. The Realm of Light.

Certainly, *The Mysteries*, along with *The Visits of the Queen of Sheba* (1960), *The Ultimate Flower* (1969), *EL/ELLA: Book of Magic Love* (1973) and *NOS: Book of the Resurrection* (1980) comprise the pentalogy of Kaula Tantrism, a remote Western alchemical tradition that our Miguel Serrano transmits through *trovar clus*.

The fundamental key of *Opus alchimicum*, the profound mystery of the Drama, has been glimpsed by Miguel Serrano, thus providing a superior and transcendent projection:

The Androgynous is not the final goal of the Initiation of A-Mor, derived from the Orphic mythology, preserved by the polar Golden Cord. It is not the fusion of opposites, but the final and ultimate separation of ELELLA and ELLAEL, of Absolute Man and Woman, of two heads, united in separation, that is, in the inexpressible Mystery of A-MOR, which expands and completes the Orphic Myth, as I was allowed to reveal. That is to say, ELELLA, the Absolute Man, and ELLAEL, the Absolute Woman, with faces, personalized, 'individualized', are loving each other ['see a-man'], eternally united in their separation, in

a love without love, which is more than love; because it is a comedy, a parody of the love hitherto known to mortals, something impossible to grasp and express with words; a dream of another universe, the greatest possible effect of combat on this Earth, a flower that does not exist and that is, however, more real than all the flowers in the gardens of Nature. The Ultimate Flower.

Then, the *Sahasrara chakra* of a Thousand Petals, the *Ultimate Flower*, flourishes in the Universe/Multiverse of Uncreated Light, beyond the domains of the Demiurge.

* * *



The Mystery of the Resurrection.

Left: The Immortality of Total Man and Total Woman, the 'creation' of EL-ELLA, NOS:

'In the Drama that here concerns us, her immortality depends exclusively on Someone who searches for and rescues her, the Kristus-He, unable to find her nevertheless. All this is revealed in extremely ancient unknown runic texts and a certain gnosticism that is not dualistic. Our cosmogony gleans this and perfects it.'

~ Miguel Serrano, *Manú: Por el Hombre que Vendrá*

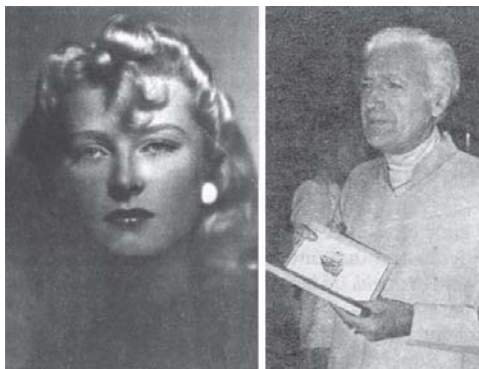
Emblem XXXIII,

Hermaphroditus mortuo similis, in tenebris jacens, igne indiget of *Atlantia fuegiens* (1617) by Michael Maier.

Right: Irene Klatt and Miguel Serrano –‘NOS’:

‘If the Hero goes through this test, if he manages to overcome it, on the other side, in the Walhalla of Wotan, his Valkyrie, together with the Father of the Heroes will gather his scattered pieces and will resurrect his glorious flesh, now made of immortal Red Vajra, allowing him to reach the region where only his Valkyrie can follow him, because ‘she is his only companion and he will not have another, not even within that dream that has never been dreamt.... His path has no name; it is the Inexistent Path of the Green Ray.’

~ Miguel Serrano, *Adolf Hitler, el Último Avatāra*



Left: Irene Klatt. The Princess Papan. **Right:** Miguel Serrano at the presentation ceremony of his book *The Mysteries* that took place on November 26, 1981 at the Plaza Mulato Gil de Castro in Santiago de Chile.

Words of Miguel Serrano in the Presentation Ceremony of 'The Mysteries'

Although the book was originally published in 1960 in India, it was presented on November 26, 1980, at the Plaza Mulato Gil de Castro in Santiago de Chile. During the ceremony Miguel Serrano read the book, accompanied by the music of Millapol Gajardo.

In this my city I release this old mystery that took place here, so many years ago beneath the light of the Evening Star, Venus, Yephun, that is also the double Morning Star Oiehuen which because of this duality was called Baphomet, Quetzalcoatl, Abraxas, Lucifer, the He-Carrier/She-Carrier of Light, Lord-Lady of Beauty; the Dwelling of the Defeated Ones on this Second Earth of the Kali Yuga in which I am; also the Dwelling of the Beloved and eternal love.

O Morning Star! Embrace me in your deep humid light! Make your petals fall upon me as in an autumn of light! Never ever leave—be with us!

The Mysteries

Long ago, far away, in the night of my land. Her mother brought her to me, in her arms, dead. And she married me to her. Yes, because she brought her dead to me in her arms and covered with a bridal veil. Just before, I had given her my blood so she would live; but in truth it was so she would die. That is because when blood is transmitted in this way, drenched in love, trembling with pity, it saves more by killing than by resurrecting. And which is better? To live in order to destroy love or to die so that love be made eternal?

I killed her on the outside in order to give her my soul as heaven, so she would live in me. My blood killed her. My trembling blood, amplified, coursing through outstretched arms, sobbing, unto madness.

What is blood? Ah, I truly cannot say! But she is now there and she spins, spins. I know she is there and that her hands, as lights, reach my heart at intervals and caress it. One day they will stop my heart forever, when her fingers make the spinning of those tepid little minutes stop, when they make the exact sign. Because she, who was life, is now also become death.

She died at midnight. Sitting on her bed, with a supreme effort she looked straight ahead where there was an empty hole in the air and shouted:

‘Jesus, Jesus, help me!’

Did the Crucified in truth show himself? Later, she fell backwards and, just for a moment, was not pretty. But her mother was there, holding her head and saying to her:

‘Go away calmly, my daughter, go away calmly. . .’

Later the mother explained that her daughter had died from fear. From the fear of death. And who doesn’t have fear, Lord? Didn’t perhaps even the Crucified have it?

I arrived early that morning; early as always. And I found her dressed as a bride. My God, she was afraid not of death but of the Eternal Nuptials, afraid of her marriage to my blood! As difficult as it is to be a wife in this life, how much more so in death. The future loyalty of her death with mine, or of her eternal life with my death, surely terrified her. She was afraid of eternal love. Afraid of the hell that is my soul.

I remember as if it were today. I barely touched her lips and wept, wept so long that my eyes are still tired. But her mother did not understand this: She thought I should feel happy because she had given her to me in marriage and the wedding would take place at the agreed date. Yet tears are something else. They are something human, especially when blood has been given and pity is felt for a small creature, with a generous soul, who is sobbing with fear before the night.

Before the night of my land.

I kissed her lips and said to her:

'I love you, o eternal ring, o shrouded girl!'

Later, the burial took place. And the burial was the wedding. Because she was not buried in the earth, but in my soul.

The light married us, at dawn. The mortuary horses galloped fast and merry. They were also the wedding horses. I saw their horse shoes galloping on the pavement. And gladness and strength came from out of them. They carried the delicate body with joy.

Two cords of light lowered the coffin into the earth. And the coffin was opened so I could see her face for the last time. From beyond sleeping petals, through the wedding veil and the golden curls, the light she kept in this land watched me. And this light gave itself to me as a hand for the bedchamber of my blood; as fingers for the ordering of her heartbeats.

Fingers of light.

But I wanted to leave when I heard her voice, from far away, or from within myself. I heard her saying to me:

'Do not leave me alone, the wedding is near!'

Then, with no one, without trees, without her mother, alone, with the shadow of light, in the full sun of midday, I felt we were married at the edge of her tomb.

Yes, that blood I had given her just a little earlier before her

death, thinking to resurrect her and that I had murdered her because it was red blood for a pallid young woman, that blood was still alive in her, alive as light, as seed, because it was my blood, flowing through her like a polishing cloth, my blood whose time has still not come. And she was returning my blood to me. Here is love. Here is the marriage. She returns it as heat, as the remainder of energy that I felt passing from her death into my life, from her body to my essence. And this is why I have said that she was not buried in the earth but in my soul. Because together with returning my living blood, she also gave me the light of her dead blood. Something of her eternity belongs to me. . . The rites of marriage were fulfilled in the obscurity of the midday sun, were fulfilled in the darkness of the midday Sun, on the back of the light, there, where heat is cold and light is made of ice.

And we were already beyond the earth.

Early, as always, far away, in the night of my land, I began to contemplate the flight of obscure birds that rise impregnating each other with a soft transparency. And I watched those petals falling from the sun as in an autumn of light. Then came the Morning Star. From the peaks of snow, pulsating deep as a candle, as music. And in the waves of sound I also felt the colour, the celestial light and felt she was living there, in the regions of colour, in the Morning Star. And that she touched me with her fingers and consoled me with her hands. Because my heart was beating there and the star was in me. And her fingers, in the centre of distant music, began to weave a tunic for my soul; they weaved, they weaved, the ship, the keel, the sound, the shadow that can one day make us cross over the fearsome waters of eternity.

But this is not how one should leave the Earth. No. Earth needs us so we can transport her. The milk of the land should rise up through our soles, overflowing the cup, making the air increase, becoming the atmosphere itself. And this cannot be done without us. Moreover, she did not know the earth. She was conversing for so long with death, so absorbed in this history that she did not have time, that she did not have life. Her life was so focused there, completely, in death.

That is why the Crucified came. But now I who have her with me forever, I thought to show her the world, to show her Earth, to

fix my steps for her, my feelings, to organize my eyes so she would see through them. And I started to walk and I started to see. I saw so many things; I went to so many places!

I climbed a mountain. On its silent summit grow fiery lilies. I made her walk barefoot over the paths of light amid the snows, surrounded by lighted lilies. We also saw those birds that fly between two worlds, blue breasted and watching with red eyes over the wind. I entered many temples and I am certain that she recognized herself in the ashen statues with tall slim willowy necks.

I watched all this for her. But there, within, where her hands weave, stringing beads, little amber stones, making things balance, deciding matters, there, silence is made and something weighs and leans towards nothingness. That is also her voice reaching conclusions. Those are her eyes that see through my veins, my rivers, my lakes and that whisper the days and hours. Her voice has the soft sound of a clock of sand: She tells me what remains for me.

But neither did she know love. The love on the other side of the face of light, the love of shadows. Because she was so taken with the light. . . And I said to myself: I must show the shadows to her. And then, in every love there she was, inquiring, asking. I taught her everything I could without feeling unfaithful to her. How could I be when I was in love with her? In the bodies of every woman she entered too. There at night, in their bodies, she always was, feeling their longings, watching the anguish of their dreams. She drew away from me only when my blood ran insane. But not her hand, nor her clock of sand. They were spilled completely on my heart.

Yes, it was long ago, so far away, in the night of my land. Her mother brought her dead to me, dead in her mother's arms. And as a thief in the night, on tiptoe, she took everything that I had.

That is why the Crucified came.

And when I die, I will also try to stand up and shout towards the hole in the shadow:

'Help me, help me, O shrouded girl!'

And when my head falls back there will be no one to hold it, no one, no one. . . Because I have lived in dreams, filled with dreams, as a madman.

Note to the 2006 Edition of 'The Mysteries'



Her name was Irene. To me she was the Princess Papan, she who resurrected to announce to Moctezuma the return of Quetzalcoatl. She was also Allouine, the Hyperborean priestess that on the Island of Delfos established the cult of Apollo. She was reborn in Chile to meet me again. She lived and died contemplating the tree of her home garden. Her beautiful hands caressed its leaves, those leaves that I place in the copies of this book to also be able to caress them with my eyes and with my soul contemplate once again her unforgettable face, as in the last moment of her life here, in my Fatherland so many years ago. And to remember her last words:

'In the silence of the white peaks grows the fiery lily of eternal love. . .'

which I recited in tears next to her dead body.

Miguel Serrano
Santiago,
March 2006

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