

# The Prophetikos

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First Electronic Edition, 2002.

This edition typeset by Adityanath using the L<sup>A</sup>T<sub>E</sub>X Documentation System.

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Revision History:

Version 1.0 (02 June 2002) Created document from 1991 INO print edition.

# The Prophetikos

## **A Luna Labyrinth of Legend and Lacrimary Laughter of the Magick Transmutation of Birth, Life, Death, Reincarnation, and Utter Failure.**

Designated Script 999 of the Scrolls of Mahendranath  
for the Year 2000 Anno Daemon.

Prepare the Cosmic People, the craftsmen, Lords, princes, magicians, alchemists, and their ladies. Prepare the earthdom enchantress and pythoness of our magick kingdom, that they may move nearer to the profound depths of the Luna Oracle. Gaze into the dark abyss and see the blackness and shadows assemble to receive the rays of cosmic luminance.

The day of the Gods is soon to be. We must be ready. Naked or robed, we raise our arms in invocation and greeting. We have waited so long, and many thousands of years have passed since our ancestors walked, talked, and learned their wisdom from the celestial beings.

Now, the time approaches when they will return. Will they only see destruction, ruin, and misery of which mankind has been the architect, or will we have sufficient time to bring the people and the world to better order? We may not have to answer for the past, but we must demonstrate that we are willing, ready, and working to bring real peace, real freedom, and real happiness to all living beings and share our better way of life with all living creatures.

A new order can only be born out of our better, truer values. The Gods have already taught us the art of Cosmic Concord, and that love is superior to hatred, and that it is the only vital coin and substance which we can barter for peace, freedom, and happiness. Cut without hatred and kill with dispassion if our duty calls to these deeds and actions.

The Gods have taught us Magick and cosmic power,  
They have revealed wonders of new technology,  
Yet their temples, altars, and shrines are in ruins,  
And their sacred places are deserted, destroyed, and hid.

We question the Pythoness of Shambhala, and she gives no answer. We question a second time, and still there is silence. But when we ask for the third time, the Pythoness raises her arms to say: "Prepare! Make yourselves ready!"

The Divine Gods from our galaxy, the Initiates of Wisdom and Lords of Light, shall make known the law of the Cosmos:

**“The Will to Love is the Law to Live.”**

Thus all things will progress, and all will share. Even the slaves will sing at their toil, and the world will be happy. The inner sacrifice of men and women — the essence of their symbols — shall be offered at the magick shrines and laid at the feet of the Gods and Goddess or their symbols. Thus will our temples ring again with joy and laughter. The whole earth shall be ringed with chakras, and our magick will again become ubiquitous — a way of life.

Those who seek doomsday will find it tomorrow,  
 But those who seek joy will find it forever;  
 The lust of the Goddess is lust of living life;  
 The ecstasy of God is the birthright of everyone.  
 The joy of the divine is our song, dance, and laughter.  
 Work will progress and all deeds shall be done,  
 But clocks will no longer measure our life away.  
 The cosmic people only ask for peace and freedom,  
 With happiness as a basic right for all mankind.  
 Thus, and in this way, the Aquarian Aeon will  
 Endure for more than two thousand years of joy:  
 But what is this but a day in the super-aeon of OM?  
 So he is called OM OF OM for this is that  
 Which is greatest of the great in all the cosmos.

Those who take rebirth and fall into the abyss  
 Dwell in the darkness and dimness of dull dust,  
 But those who awaken to the light shall  
 Live again in the bright splendour of that light:  
 They shall scintillate the radiance of stars  
 And be as Gods to bless all living beings.

There is still a practical, eternal side of Magick  
 Which has been but barely explored as yet  
 And still lies buried beneath man's apathy.

The best of masters, and the loyal among the slaves,  
 Shall be the harmony of our new world age,  
 For some must direct, and some must do the toil:  
 Thus there will be think for the brains which lead;  
 Thus there will be physical labor for the toilers.

The day of the Gods draws nearer and nearer,  
 When the Space Gods will return to our planet  
 To save all cosmic people from chaos and bondage  
 And the degenerate national/political systems.  
 Blood must always flow downward and downward;

Fire must always go upward and onward to space.  
 In death, the repentant will find forgiveness,  
 And the human sacrifice divine shall be complete.

Mankind will cease to live inside dry history  
 But become the power which makes tomorrow.

Men knew about Magick before they invented the wheel,  
 Consulted the oracle before they could grow corn,  
 Worshiped the Gods before they knew their father;  
 Magicians ruled before there were kings and queens;  
 Mankind was born into a world of Magick and wonder,  
 Though his powers are dormant, they are not forgotten:  
 Magick, oracle, and wonder are but man's original nature.

Our Luna cult of new age cosmic people,  
 A life of joy no misery can mar,  
 Where everyone can have a better future,  
 And every man and woman is a star.

So many have started on the pilgrimage to Magick,  
 But few are they who have completed the journey;  
 Many have lost their powers in modern mechanized din  
 Or in the dark jungles of religion and superstition;  
 Families now trample out our sacred magick circles,  
 And the mighty mandalas have lost their colours,  
 While many are drugged with their routine and boredom,  
 And some there be who died decades ago  
 Yet walk and talk like zombies in a dream.

Let me throw more dust in your languid eyes.

The future always arrives with unforeseen surprises,  
 So remember well today the events of the morrow.  
 Super wisdom from the great Lords of our Galaxy —  
 Yet who in this garbage world is yet fit to receive it?  
 In the obscure, the obsolete, and the rejected,  
 Try to find the true science of our cosmic Magick.  
 He who, in anger, threw away his alembic  
 Found that its touch had turned the soil to gold.  
 If there is only one percent truth in the secrets,  
 We must set ourselves the sacred task to find it.

Goblins do less harm to us than generals;  
 Pixies plague us less than do the politicians;  
 Fairyland is much more happy than our society;  
 Musing can be more profitable than reading;  
 The oracle more truthful than the news media;  
 Nature has the facts, mankind the theories;  
 Nature keeps the world clean, and man pollutes.

Happiness is the only true sign of human progress;  
 Freedom is so rare, and few have ever found it;  
 True peace is yet to be discovered by mankind.  
 A million laws, yet nothing has been solved;  
 Millions of books, yet truth is still unknown:  
 What must the cosmos think of all this confusion?  
 Precepts and wise sayings are not meant for you,  
 For that which is worth knowing cannot be spoken.

Nineteen seventy-nine to Nineteen ninety-nine:  
 What a fantasy parade of new and great inventions?  
 Probes into space, medical miracles, big bang war:  
 Yet man lives in a society of laws and morals  
 With social orders from the past nineteenth century  
 And religious codes and customs for desert bandits,  
 Wasteland vagabonds, priests, robbers, and princes.  
 Cheating the public has been history's only stable law,  
 Supporting religion, society, and hereditary privilege.

Those who choose to live beneath injustice  
 Will for all time live beneath my curse;  
 The Guru can save you from the wrath of Gods,  
 But, from the wrath of the Guru, none can escape.

Sigh, lie, cry, slaughter and treachery,  
 Forgeries, interpolations, and frustrations:  
 In our argot we call them 'holy scriptures'.  
 They populate vast land, great nations,  
 With millions of morons and un-buried dead.  
 Folk have childish faith in princes and politicians,  
 Yet nobody but you can solve the real problems.  
 The transmission of the flame: our lamp is lit  
 By the flame of another lamp, and on and on,  
 Thus the Magick of the cosmos passes on.

The Earth Lords are alchemists and magicians  
 Who possess the higher occult art and knowledge,  
 And use the powers of will, think, and insight.  
 If they join together in secret orders and places,  
 It is because other do not understand the argot  
 And have neither the desire or the ability to have  
 Understanding of the Magick and Gnosis of the cosmos.  
 A thin line divines the magician from the scientist  
 Because one works with the insight and imagination,  
 And science is confined within books and prison walls.

He or she who is the transformer of transformations is designated, in this Art, as a Magician; the man by the power of his will and the woman by the power of her subtlety,

for power is both forceful and yielding, thunderous and gentle, but one is not less effective than the other.

True magick revolves in spirals and not in circles,  
 Round and round a carousel of cakes and wine,  
 Never to return to the same exact position,  
 But rising spiral-wise onto a higher plane  
 Of a celestial helix and a galaxy of stars;  
 Thus repetition becomes stagnant circulation,  
 But spiral magick leads us to the real success.  
 The magician guides the disciples to look within,  
 For magick requires the development of latent powers.

## **The Enigma of Phaeton and the Fire-ball**

In ancient Greek mythology, Phaeton was the son of Helios the Sun. One day he was given permission by his father to ride and drive the horses of the chariot of the Sun. The myth relates that in his erratic ride, he came too close to the Earth, and Zeus, seeing the danger, struck him down with a thunderbolt to save the world from catching on fire. In this way Phaeton<sup>1</sup> was destroyed.

Phaeton is thus the name given to the planet which once orbited the sun between Mars and Jupiter. The people of this planet had reached a very high standard of development, and a chain reaction began which eventually caused the planet to explode. The remains of this planet still orbit the sun and are known as the Asteroids. They vary in size from nearly five hundred miles in diameter down to small pieces only a mile across.

Some of the leaders only just had time to leave in a spacecraft, and thus escape. Some, but only some, reached the Earth and were able to help the people of our planet to progress. These visitors formed several groups. One of these we call the Sage-Kings, and another formed a group of nine secret masters. After their experience of the misuse of knowledge, they decided that much must remain secret until mankind was ready. Because they themselves had a lifespan of only a little over one hundred years, they passed their knowledge on to successors of suitable quality. The line of Sage-Kings died out, but the group of nine Lords has continued to the present day.

Important today is a set of alloy tablets brought by the spacecraft. These alloy tablets were collected by the DRACAENA OF NUMINOR and enshrined in the great city. The Dragoness of the Dreamflower had copies made and passed them on to others, with the stipulation that they may be meaningless until an age when mankind would be ready to understand them. Through the centuries, the transmission has been transmuted to make them more meaningful to each passing age; yet they remain unaltered in their basic substance and sublime intention.

They are now called:

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<sup>1</sup>pronounced *fay-a-than*

## The Collectanea of Phaeton

On the alloy tablets in the shrine of the great capital,  
 The Sage-Kings/Priests of the planet Phaeton,  
 Whom the myth-masters call the OLIGO-ZYGOS,  
 The few and fit who did rule in unity  
 Inscribed the magick code of the cosmic people.  
 Thus it came to be that these people have taken  
 This fantastic, fabulous figuration for dedication,  
 Inscribed in the magick argot of the New Age:

We organize our life and love by this:  
 Our oath of dedication and swearing by,  
 The Sage-Kings of a divine and ordered cosmos,  
 The Peace Lords of the three divine kingdoms —  
 Heaven and Earth and the Celestial Regions;  
 The cosmic magick, everywhere abounding,  
 The divine grace and power of naked hermits,  
 The secret magick rites of the Initiates,  
 The lords and ladies of our confraternity,  
 The mystic transmutation by cosmic cauldron,  
 The third eye of our insight-intuition,  
 The super-wonderland of our imagination,  
 The magick spiral of our eternal life,  
 Our rebirth, immortality, and continuity,  
 The high magick of our mage-chemists and magicians,  
 The secret rites of the living stone circles,  
 The sparking constellations of the Zodiac,  
 The star beacon ray of the Sothis zone system,  
 The absolute cosmos everywhere abounding,  
 Vast galaxies strung only on a thread of energy,  
 Each but a luminous symbol of what we all are.  
 Legend, lore, and myth, in the cosmic crucible,  
 Becomes the magick ingot of truth and wisdom.

## The Tablets of Method in Alchemy, Yoga, and Magick

1. The search, study, and meditation on obscure texts and manuscripts, which have been contrived to deliberately mislead and discourage the idle and merely curious. This can lead and help one to understand the imagination faculty, the true methods and seed wisdom. This search helps to awaken the mind, but must never become an end in itself.
2. Routine practices, repetitions, preparations, and the tedium of exercises, rituals, and experiments. This aims at physical and mental changes, and that other-worldly attitude to prepare us of the Magnum Opus awakening.

3. In their essential basis, they cause a change in the individual, and this brings about the awakening, insight, and understanding essential to the Great Work of Magick.
4. Through this knowledge, the magician will now possess new powers which are super-human and unknown to the masses. They can now heal, transmute, know and do things impossible to ordinary people. Insight, intuition, and imagination become the divine catalyst of the work.
5. Yet most essential to the birth of this power is that the individual undergoes a spiritual transformation, and although outwardly the same, inwardly they become very different.

Here ends that which remains of the PHAETON TABLETS.

Conventional and routine habits of thinking  
 Destroy all progress for the alchemagician.  
 We can be better guided by primordial memory  
 And recapture the pearls of the ancients  
 Than to repeat outworn cliches and codes.  
 This means that all literature may only contain  
 A tiny percentage of the wisdom which we need,  
 While the inner search of our primordial memory  
 And guidance from our Guardian Spirit beings  
 Are the true voice of the Oracle and ancient Gods.

Thus, the reconstruction of the master magicians,  
 Of the yogi adepts, and the wise alchemists,  
 Has its basis on the inner transmutation  
 Of suitable people into great Magicians.  
 Invert the confusion and restore to sanity.  
 View the reflection and see the real worlds.  
 Some attain by sitting in quiet, calm concentration;  
 Some by stopping the thinking process altogether;  
 Some will prefer ceremony and ritual as the medium:  
 Individuals must decide on the most suitable patterns.

The oracle of the *Changes* can also help to bridge  
 The abyss between not knowing and understanding,  
 For *The Book of Changes* is in itself a complete  
 Oracle, philosophy, and system of higher magick,  
 And may one day give mankind a new way of life.

Speak freely and discuss only with the Initiates,  
 But do not discuss these things with the churls.  
 The lotus lacks all beauty when trampled in the mud,  
 And diamonds do not glisten in the darkness.  
 As tigers do not consort with dogs or jackals,  
 The wise speak only in the company of the wise.

Inter-Galactic communication can be of two kinds:

1. In the period of waiting for the Light-Gods to arrive, our immediate contact can be sought through the mind.
2. When the Inter-galactic visitors appear on Earth, then the medium of communication will be revealed.

Now Earth contact is by means of telepathy with the Guardian Spirits as the divine catalyst. Thus our Magnus Opus becomes real and complete, for our magick is the true science of man.

There are questions to which we have no answers,  
 And the cosmic people will not pretend to know,  
 For what is felt to one's own satisfaction  
 May suffice as the pattern for life and living.  
 There is personal awareness and public knowledge:  
 Do not confuse them, for they are different things.

The Pythoness in her nakedness,  
 Lords of the galaxy will caress,  
 And bathe her body in cosmic bliss  
 To give her the revelation kiss;  
 From the scarlet lips in the lovely head,  
 The will of the Gods will then be said,  
 For when she speaks in her accents low,  
 The will of the cosmos we will know.

In the perfumed bliss of her pubic hair,  
 We do her homage and make this prayer:  
 "O come thou Gods of Galactic light,  
 Teach us the oracle and insight;  
 Although mankind has Chaos made,  
 And all around us traps are laid;  
 For evil past, O lords forgive,  
 In a better world teach us to live."

I take oath before the shrine of the cosmos  
 That I will reverence the Lord Pythagoras,  
 Prince of cosmic science, planets and numbers,  
 Who gave us a complex yet more orderly image of God  
 And expressed the cosmos as a vision of living beauty,  
 To consign ugliness and Chaos to darkness;  
 Who taught us to worship Gods of universal perfection:  
 To Apollo, Horus, Mithras, Marduk, and Dionysus,  
 For these are the Gods of the galaxy of light,  
 And if their shrines decay, abyss alone remains.

Forget not the Lord Apollonius, master magician,  
 And the long list of chelas, devotees, and initiates

Who carried the torch through centuries of dim;  
 Julian the Pagan who tried to halt the evil plague  
 Of torture and the fire for church and power,  
 And to restore the joy which only pagans knew.

We worship the memory of Druids and Pythia,  
 The Gnostics, Simon Magus and those unknown,  
 The poets and composers of song and dance,  
 Striving for joy and expression in an age  
 And period of darkness, sorrow, and frustration.  
 We bow to the great Mages, alchemists, and adepts  
 Who kept the flame of Magick burning in the dim.

Homage to the Lord and Grand Master Cagliostro,  
 To Saint Giordano Bruno who bore the flame aloft;  
 I bow to these adepts and all of our martyrs  
 Who died that our way of life might prosper.

I revere the shrine of To Mega Therion 666,  
 The wisest of men in a sordid, wicked world,  
 Who threw the first dart at the heart of corruption,  
 Winning the hatred of the Dark ones and their lackeys —  
 Black-robed pastors, priests, pimps and prelates —  
 And thus his sainthood must never be forgotten.

To the new aeon of Aquarius, libations pour,  
 As an era of magicians comes to take birth;  
 If there is work and toil, it is to depart from  
 Obsolete rules, morals, and anti-human ways.

## **Mirror, Mystery, Mirage, and Magick**

Look in a mirror and view our magick kingdom  
 And see reflected a view which is not there;  
 Yet no less real than the one in which we live,  
 And yet a place where beings can be viewed.

When the Lords of Light, who come from so far away,  
 Come to our world to meet and talk with us,  
 We may observe them only through the glass,  
 And find they are reflections of ourselves  
 As we are but reflections of the Gods,  
 And Gods are but the mirrors of mankind,  
 And we are but their fantasies and dreams.

Self-know, the real truth and understanding,  
 Is an inversion order of a unique system  
 Because it is intuitive, irrational, inexplicable.  
 Stand the world on its head if you would view it;

Look into a mirror and see its inverted depth.  
 Did not Paracelsus teach the wise magicians  
 "To beget the spirit from the inner firmament  
 By means of the magick faculty of imagination?"  
 And that, "Man is a small model of the cosmos,  
 Perceptible and reversed as if in a mirror";  
 "Magick is the conscious use of spiritual powers,  
 The visible effects of will, love, and imagination!"  
 The spirit of light and the galactic people  
 Ride on he chariots of space and mind.

## **The Oracle of the Cauldron**

Fire over wood, the sacred cauldron made,  
 And the spiritual food to nourish cosmic people,  
 For fire is the trigram of the sun and clarity,  
 Our way of life and that to which we cling.  
 It is the all-consuming fire of our congress  
 And the deepest secret of the Tantriks.

Wood and wind are the greatest of forces,  
 Yet they succeed by their gentle nature,  
 Penetrating every corner of the globe.

Proud is the mountain which has a ring of trees  
 Where mage and druid meet to make their rites.  
 What king could wear a gentle crown like this  
 Which ripples with the wind a mystic voice  
 That nature is the glory of the Gods.

When wood is burned, the force of fire is unleashed  
 And brings the rotund cauldron to the boil.  
 Where is the magick to manage such a scene,  
 To use its clinging strength and gentle force?  
 A magick rite! A cauldron filled with power!

A Hexagram is a temple complete in itself,  
 Yet every beam, brick, or stone is meaningful;  
 Though a man and woman is a complete unit,  
 A family becomes judged by its children;  
 Thus, the cauldron will be judged by its contents,  
 And cosmic people by what they have achieved.

We believe in a great and boundless cosmos,  
 And the basic pattern is order and perfection.  
 Who can but muse with a simple structured brain  
 That all this so vast was only intended

To breed that hate and confusion Man has made?

We are not scientists or technologists,  
But joy of life is ours, and ours alone.  
Nebulous knowledge makes for happiness,  
So do not imprison it in dim and dusty books,  
But let it be for everyone to know.

The joy song of the cosmic people is  
The triad of Peace, Freedom, and Happiness,  
Though freedom and human dignity remain  
Still unknown in most parts of the world.

Should not people live by the law of magick  
And inspired by the grandeur of the cosmos?  
Every man, woman, and child is a star  
Having a rightful place to live on earth  
And all to live to their own free patterns.

Individual freedom is our true way of life;  
Happiness is the right of every individual,  
And peace must be the goal for mankind:  
Let us live and die as nature intended.

Think international, speak international.  
People are greater than race or colour.  
In our occult world are wonderful secrets,  
But magick does not flourish in bondage.



# INTERNATIONAL NATH ORDER

This edition of Shri Gurudev Mahendranath's PROPHETIKOS is one of many projects planned by the not-for-profit International Nath Order. The International Nath Order itself is based upon the fundamental principles and inspiration set forth in Shri Mahendranath's *Master Pattern of the Nath Order*, TWILIGHT YOGA trilogy, and other writings. The three manuscripts which comprise the TWILIGHT YOGA Trilogy offers the building blocks with which to construct a more fantastic way of life. The International Nath Order strives to realize these aims through practical action and was conceived and constructed to serve the needs of many. Our primary concerns are the dissemination of higher wisdom, the construction and maintenance of places of meeting and worship, plus the activities related to continuing a spiritual transmission or initiation lineage which has its roots in a distant past, but continues to burn brightly even today. The International Nath Order seeks to fan this spiritual flame and make available to many the ideas and basics on which to develop a more expansive spiritual experience and fantastic way of life.

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