

SNAKE GOLD

Chapter I

I was motherless three days after my birth. From this fact, my destiny, in a sense, was determined. But this only became clear to me years later.

My father, still very young and without sufficient financial resources to bear the responsibilities of my creation - if any responsbilidade Ten parents towards their children - gave me a couple wealthy family in Rio. These adoptive parents brought me up and educated within the best standards existing at the time, though too traditional.

I was born so slight that, according to medical opinion, there was little or no chance for my survival, especially in the absence of breast milk.

Maria, a beautiful young mulatto girl of nineteen, was contracted by my parents, to supply this lack as' wet nurse. " Single mother, gave birth to a girl a few days before my birth. For years, I and Simone - My Sister milk - we interact as true siblings. This fact contributed to any type of social or racial prejudice was pulled out by the roots of my heart.

Thanks to vigorous milk Maria, could contradict the funeral medical prognosis. Thus supplanted the first hurdle erected before me in the dawn of life. The young loves milk represented, over time, and in many ways the most important influence that I would suffer in the first years of existence, and without a doubt, my future paths.

Buoyed by the energy of Mary, managed to survive. Also thanks to your auric influence the innate tend6encias mystical and magical, inherited from my family, surfaced quickly.

Mary remained for a long time, the service of the house as a housekeeper. Had fully integrated family.

The years passed

I still had not completed the age of sixteen, in full early teens, when I lived the first and most unusual experience that a man may experience in his youth from the point of view of his psychic development, sexual and magical. Experience which would be the precursor of other subsequent, and which would never be forgotten for the rest of my life. Represented my first initiation into the mysteries of life.

Happened in summer 1950.

I was already in my room to sleep. Studied all day. Was ched. Within four days I would submit to examination for admission to the Military Academy. My agitation and anxiety afastarvam sleep. The room, a large room like it was normal in the houses of those times, was plunged into semi-darkness. My adoptive parents, as usual, were in the ground floor living room of the house listening to the radio; common habit at the time. The television was still crawling in Brazil. And not everyone possessed a device as expensive.

With the door and open windows to minimize heat reigning, I could see, the bed, the beautiful sky, where the crescent moon floated like a boat in an ocean of stars. Whenever pruned, I relished the stars, and I was entranced by the moonlight. And when most children wanted to know what was done and how the stars were hanging in the sky, blinking incessantly. In my imagination seemed eyes watching the world below.

Between asleep and awake, I noticed a slight noise and a figure entering the semi dark. Assutei me. Raising the body, realized relieved that maria was in solar door. But what could she be doing here at

this hour? Would ask the question when he took the finger to his lips for silence. Then came toward me, speaking a strange language and sound. Singularly few words seemed familiar, others not. He walked slowly, as if she were floating. Stopped at few steps from the foot of the bed and - I could see it now - was completely naked, not a necklace that hung on large breasts and well made. Naked, Maria was, as I imagined there had been several times in my teenage erotic daydreams, incredibly beautiful and attractive. The skin looked chocolaty satin. The umbilicus round and shallow excelled in the womb as gracious as could not be equal. Her lush body glistened in the moonlight coming through the windows. His sweat due to the heat reigning ran into droplets glistening like pearls to her pubis velvety black as night. Were other stars in another space. The hair between slender thighs was well trimmed, exposing the outline of his wonderful bunch of venus. Almost at the beginning of puberty, with the Sacred Fire burning at its base, remained static, amazed and fascinated before that unprecedented vision unfolding before my eyes. Maria was in the prime of life, in their thirties: beautiful and mature. At the height of her sensuality and sexuality. It would not be necessary to say that in the world there is no vision more paradise for a boy, in full bloom Fire, than that of a naked woman, radiant ahead. Maria had become a veritable living statue, becoming more and more visible as my eyes adjusted to the dimness of the room. High breasts, long legs and firm, flat stomach ...

Dim light, such as blue light of electrical discharge, enveloped as an aura of soft flames, accentuating the contours of the brown body. At that moment I remembered Oya, the Orisha Pantheon feminio Umbanda, while Isis, the Egyptian Goddess and Lunar Mysteries, on which there had been read in various books of my father, a scholar student of esoteric and Masonic themes .

Almost whispering, "Goddess" in front of me, began a rhythmic chant, while moving in a sexy ballet movements, much like belly dancing. But it was not the same thing. There was something different ballet eastern ...

Sang and danced and spun around imaginary point in the center of the room. The movements performed by Maria, in her exotic dance, seemed to draw the lines of a geometric figure. Impossible to describe the duration of those movements. Seemed eternal. She was moving, if it is possible, in slow motion. Something began to throb inside me, and it grew and grew. I had the impression it was going out of his mouth in a scream ever given by the human throat. In the depths of my being I knew with absolute certainty that passes through the supreme moment of my life. The certainty grew up with divine feelings.

Suddenly, Mary, stopped dancing and singing. Directed palms toward me. Illusion or not, I saw threads of light come out of there. My whole body vibrated in spasms of pleasure to the impact of that light. It was as gentle electrical current running through the muscles and skin. I lost my identity. It was no longer I, but that pleasure. I became small dimensionless point lost in space. This point grew and grew, but still without any dimension. I found myself a star among thousands of others. I've gone through there had similar experience when, some years ago, with pneumonia, ardi for high fever. However, it was not the same thing, do not feel bad. There was a surprising change in my consciousness I found myself in other places and in other forms, difficult to describe. Wonderful places, others terrible, paraded before my "eyes" as a movie screen. However, I do not assaulted any sense of fear. On the contrary, I was pure energy, and universe as the Garden of Delights. And nothing in this universe could affect me. Strange feeling: I universe and we were continuing. I was the universe itself. Everything else consisted of projections from my mind.

In front of me were still parading scenes of breathtaking beauty and magic, in which Maria became a coruscating golden serpent and then took on a human form sparkling, as if woven of starlight. Above his head, spirals of light rose until they were lost in the infinite ocean system of stars. Countless points of light swirled around me. I was those points. Was in them, and they me.

As if woven of living light, radiated maria: a flame gold melting into light rays, flaky, a colorful and indescribable beauty. The pubis that "goddess" shone like a black diamond wounded by violet light, his green eyes were pure sparkling emeralds. There followed an interlude of happiness and pleasure extreme. It took me a feeling of being plunged into darkness bright that Portal. Maria smiled. Oh my god, what madness. My penis throbbed. Indentifiquei me that pulsar, consuzindo me to full consciousness. The same phenomenon would reappear years later, and several times when practicing Swastikasana, held the

position for argo time.

Maria came in my direction. But Mary was no more. Not walk: just came ... Smile. From his lips flowed light fillets. As arrows gold, toward my heart.

She climbed onto the bed and knelt down, and made me sit up slowly, but so slowly that I could barely feel. Stripped me completely. Then, coming closer, crossed my legs in position of Sacred Lotus. Soft and gently sat down, turn on my member bloated, crossing her long legs to my back. The penetration was deep. I seemed to dissolve me into it. The radiant heat from the body of Mary wrapped me in a wonderful cuddle, and the warm scent of her sensuality, mixed with his sweet sweat smelled around room. I never felt a scent so intoxicating. Hands of the "woman goddess" ran smoothly on my back. The breath flowed slow and deep. Our bodies were wrapped together in a wonderful light alo.

Maria moved her hips forward, introducing deeper my penis into her vagina hot and humid. Stammered one name and remained motionless, radiating a divine flame of love embracing me tenderly in a sea of stars. For me there would never be a vision, a happiness as superb as that endless moment. My perception was a mixture of sexual satisfaction, fullness and religiosity. My lover was a goddess incarnate.

Now, I felt the moviementos gentle contraction of the vulva of Mary around my cock, but it was as if the whole body ... and beyond. But that body? I had no body - at least that was my feeling this. The name was pronounced again and again. Only years later I was to learn its meaning. The time in which we so embraced in a deep "worship", could not be measured by ordinary standards. And never would. Eternity in a second.

In the supreme moment, she gently pushed me the solar plexus, My breath stopped for a few moments. Waves of pleasure almost choked me. Maria kissed me long. A sun exploded inside me. A coruscating language of fire rose up through my spine, reaching an unspecified point in the brain. My column was a phallus and my brain kteis one. The fire burned, however it was pleasurable. Walls, ceiling, floor, all limited in that disappeared glare. "I melted me" on It. From that moment there was only Light Only Darkness existed. And what, the melodious and soothing sound of a flute undulated, building and destroying universes. Everything and Nothing that were sound. Perdir me in a Sea of indescribable happiness ...

Three days after that night, Mary went away with her daughter, and I never saw her again, unless the memorable day of my

Chapter II

YEMANJA

I swim in the Mystical Union of
Thought and body.
Thou art a woman from another world,
another time.
Thy beauty, incandescendia spiri-
tual, brazier carnal, is the incarnation
of the Black Sea.
Thee I worship you as a Goddess,
The that Thou art indeed.
gold chains bind me to Thee

(Anonymous)

My adoptive parents, although originating family traditionally Roman Catholic, began to devote himself to the Umbanda cult following certain important events in their lives. My adoptive mother revealed to be a magician of considerable natural powers. Was initiated into the Mysteries of Umbanda shortly after his second marriage, and when his son died in circumstances indeed real painful for her.

So very early on I found myself in contact with energies from other planes of manifestation, which obviously served directly into my natural tendency for the Magic, and at the same time, pushed me away enough of the unhealthy influences of Romanism.

I tend to magic and mystical certainly came from my Spanish-Arab origins. My ancestors, through the paternal line, emigrated to Spain during the Moorish occupation of the Iberian Peninsula. Settled in Valencia. In the black days of the Inquisition, one of my ancestors, name Almada, suffer martyrdom at the stake inquisitorial because of their alchemical studies and experiments. This knowledge, dangerous at the time, were kept secret as equity within the family group, and later, to judge is lost when one branch family immigrated to Brazil. However, the genetic inheritance of my ancestors came with them, emerging in my training psychosomatic centuries later.

Reaching adolescence, I was drawn sharply to the most prominent entity Umbanda pantheon: Yemanjá, the female deity of the waters, the Afro-Brazilian syncretism is identified with the Virgin, in Ancient Egypt with Isis, the Great Mother Earth that turn on the highest plane, identified with Nuit, the Great Heavenly Mother. The images of these 'deities', in various pantheons, were given me to see and experienced in intimate contact, embodied in Mary, the gorgeous woman breasts that nursed me in my early life, and later, copulating with me ritualistically.

The "worship" addressed to Yemanjá (more truly Iansã - a variant of Yemanjá), developed in my personality characteristics eroto-mystical and a great respect for women. At various times, deeply "energized" to the point of exaltation, but unable to discharge the stored energy with a woman, I masturbated visualizing the "Goddess". In these moments of self-eroticism, "felt" almost physical presence Dela; into a trance and "traveling". However, the 'education' of those times I had nothing to my parents about it. How many like me have lost the opportunity to develop their gifts in a more natural way?

Identical phenomenon happen, tops later, when already mature, I went to bed with a woman. Mainly prostitutes. Immediately the first caresses, she "transformed" that magically stunning Goddess. This meant that many of the women with whom he had contact, fall in love before the love, the tenderness, gentleness and "devotion" existing in a man. Of course, the fact has created me many headaches.

The masturbatory act may be shocking to malicious and Puritans crististas related to various cults, and also to hypocrites, slaves of religions under the stigma of the "Dying God" killed and castrated - not for the real insiders who come in all the presence Divina. The act was automatic, spontaneous and totally exempt from guilt. The image of the Divine Woman emerged naturally on the screen of my mind. I visualized the Goddess with all its attributes; IstoÉ, at its tlesmática, as it represented the true Pantheon. The "archetype" appeared perfect.

Yemanjá, being an African deity of the Pantheon, should never be represented using white prom dress, as usually happens to be figurative. This image, totally distorted, fully demonstrates the intrusion of Romanism, which false umbandistas passively accept. The image of Yemanjá undoubtedly should be a black woman, breasts and lush in all its sensuality and sexuality. The atmosphere of "sin" or "guilt", involving not only the act of copulation, like any other form of sexual expression, poisons the man and woman, both physically and mentally.

We theologians of sadness, the widespread diffusion of a negative asceticism, denying life, and glorifying death, which aborts the growth of the flower of joy, making her give way to thorns of bitterness. The Martyrdom of the physical body, the sacrifice (as understood by the Church of Rome castrated) the most natural, spontaneous and genuine manifestations of Being, Life - this wonderful gift that allows us to efficiently had acted on the physical plane, creating in our image and likeness and by aiding the more subtle forms of manifestation - belong to an age outdated when religions, Christian or not, supported the

idea that the highest incursions of man would only be possible through the suffering, self-sacrifice and the denial of the senses. This idea is symbolized in the image of a "god" bloodied, martyred and dying, tied to a cross demeaning.

Although it was created in the shadow of this "God", I never got it absorbs. I could never understand a deity being mocked by mortals. This drove me more and more towards the Hero, the Warrior God and the "woman girt with a sword"-the Woman Warrior, conscious of its powers, duties and rights. Therefore Yansā become the Goddess My favorite at that stage of my life.