

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON  
THE KING



## THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

NEMO

In the year 1909 we find the drawing together of the Paths by which Frater P. had been traveling.

First (March 21), the conscious personal work of his life was crystallized in the thorough establishment of his system of Scientific Illuminism or Sceptical Theurgy through the publication of Number I of the *Equinox*;

Second (October 17), he accomplished his purely human duty without which he had no right to become Sannyasin;

Third (April), another purely human side of his life reached a proper climax;

Fourth (December), he was relieved of his last human responsibility;

Fifth (June), he was brought back completely, in full freedom, into the work laid down in *Liber Legis*.

All these things were doubtless necessary as a winding-up of his business with Earth. The result is the final Initiation of December 3.

There is a very curious entry in his diary for January 1—

“Having left the Juggler (Standard Music-hall), ate 12 oysters = 1 crab = Abrahadabra, a small bottle of No. 111 (cost 231 pence), invoked and banished Mercury in P. Circus, opened message from Adonai. Folly = Aleph.”

This was the way in which he would divine the forthcoming year. He did various things of a quite ordinary nature with an intense magical intention. He had asked a disciple to write him a message to be opened at midnight. The disciple, being a fool, wrote a foolish message, but none the less inspired.

The diary continues thus—

“Sought accidental symbols while looking for a black woman to represent Binah” (to which he was aspiring).

“Entered by chance, firstly, Queen's Hotel [can this refer to Binah?] and Leicester.” (Leicester was the town whose hospitality had temporarily relieved him of his thorn in the flesh. Permanent relief followed in the course of the year.) He did not see any black woman, but a woman came to him and asked for alms, telling her sad story—which was that she had been a servant who was now a fertilized free-woman with a young male child. He took this as a symbol of Binah in her form of Aima, the Rejoicing Mother. Further, she was dressed in grey, the colour of Chokmah, which he took to imply that she was the right kind of Mother, being covered by the Father.

There is no record of any importance in the diary until the Vernal Equinox, when the “Word of the Equinox,” which is given out by the Masters to govern the events of the six months, was *Perdurabo*; and we find, in fact, that during this six months were some of the most important events of our history, those which finished *Perdurabo*.

On June 15, he was at his Sacred House, and there conferred the Initiation of Neophyte upon his first probationer.

The event of June 28 is so important that a little preliminary explanation is required. It has been explained with what reluctance he moved to the obtaining of *Liber Legis*. We have seen how he tried to avoid carrying out the instructions; how he tried to give up Magick altogether; how he tried to take up Buddhism; how he tried any and every Path to escape the task laid upon him. He even attempted to publish *Liber Legis* and the 30th and 29th Æthyrs which he had obtained in Mexico, with sceptical commentary. We find him driven inch by inch into the Path appointed by the Masters. We have seen him stripped of all that he had and of all that he was. We know, too, that he made the obtaining of Samadhi a condition of his taking up the work, on the ground that no one without that experience could possibly carry it out, and we have seen this demand granted. We have seen him hailed by the Adepts of the Great White

Brotherhood in England, as not only one of themselves, but as their Master, nay, as the Logos of the æon. We have seen him refuse to admit it. Ultimately, when every obstacle had been cleared away, when the Adepts themselves urged him to take up the work, his will refused assent, and that with finality. "For," said he, "it is impossible. In my copy of the Book of the Law I find it written 'This book shall be translated into all tongues, but always with the original in the writing of the Beast, for in the chance shape of the letters and their positions to one another, in these are mysteries that no Beast shall divine,' and this original has been lost. I have not seen it for five years."

With this he dismissed the matter from his mind. He would continue with scientific illuminism. He would publish various scholarly studies of such works as Dr. Dee's. What he would not do was—what he was told! It was impossible, and there was an end of the matter.

However, he was obliged to go to his house in Scotland on business, and he arrived there on June 15. Two days later he was joined by two disciples. One of these was interested in mountaineering, and had asked him for a pair of his skis. Several pairs were discovered in the loft. Some days later he determined to look for four large canvases, on which, nine years earlier, he had painted in their proper colours the Four Watch Towers of the universe given by Dr. Dee. The house was ransacked by the three men and by the servants; no trace was discovered, and the search was abandoned.

On June 28, we find this entry—

"Glory be to Nuit, Hadit, Ra-Hoor-Khuit in the Highest! A little before midday I was impelled mysteriously (though exhausted by playing fives, billiards, etc. till nearly six this morning), to make a final search for Elemental Tablets. And lo! when I had at last abandoned the search, I cast mine eyes upon a hole in the loft, where were skis, etc., and there, O Holy, Holy, Holy! were not only all that I sought, but the manuscript of *Liber Legis!*"

It was the last straw. For the next two days he remained in meditation, as in his previous Samma Sati meditation in Burma and China, where his marvellous escape from death supplied the last factor in the equation, and brought him to the understanding of who he was and what his work. So this strange finding robbed him of his last excuse for not taking up the work. Here was the reason for the years spent by him in climbing mountains. Because he had climbed mountains he desired skis; because he had climbed mountains he had gone to Cumberland in the winter previous, and there found the disciple K. M. W., whose request for the ski had brought him to the loft. Here, too, was the reason of his life-tragedy, for without that he would not have gone to Cumberland at that time or gone to his house in Scotland that summer. There was no further escape. He must take up the terrible Karma, which he had evaded, in spite of the tremendous pressure brought to bear upon him by the Masters, for five years. It is Their silent dealings with him which fill Volume 0 of the *Equinox*.

Broken at last, he went to the topmost point of the hill which crowns his estate, at midnight, and there, as we read in the diary, "I once more solemnly renounced all that I have or am. On departing, instantly shone the moon, two days before her fullness, over the hill among the clouds." A pencil note in the diary, written much later, underlines the words "two days before her fullness," and notes: "And I attained two quarters of year later approximately."

The traces of this decision are now apparent when, from August 22 to 25, we find him at Maidenhead writing *Aha!* In this poem he gives a complete account of all that had occurred to him. Beginning with some hint of the aspiration to the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel, it continues with an account of the method of meditation, culminating in that same Knowledge and Conversation. The agony of the Passing of the Abyss is then described, and the tearing away of all that he has or is, ending in Shivadarshana. This passage is quoted fully in the section "The Babe," *supra*. Further instruction is then given in meditation.

MARSYAS. There are seven keys to the great gate,  
Being eight in one and one in eight.  
First, let the body of thee be still,  
Bound by the cerements of will,  
Corpse-rigid; thus thou mayst abort  
The fidget-babes that tense the thought.  
Next, let the breath-rhythm be low,  
Easy, regular, and slow;

So that thy being be in tune  
With the great sea's Pacific swoon.  
Third, let thy life be pure and calm  
Swayed softly as a windless palm.  
Fourth, let the will-to-live be bound  
To the one love of the Profound.  
Fifth, let the thought, divinely free  
From sense, observe its entity.  
Watch every thought that springs; enhance  
Hour after hour thy vigilance!  
Intense and keen, turned inward, miss  
No atom of analysis!  
Sixth, on one thought securely pinned  
Still every whisper of the wind!  
So like a flame straight and unstirred  
Burn up thy being in one word!  
Next, still that ecstasy, prolong  
Thy meditation steep and strong,  
Slaying even God, should He distract  
Thy attention from the chosen act!  
Last, all these things in one o'erpowered,  
Time that the midnight blossom flowered!  
The oneness is. Yet even in this,  
My son, thou shalt not do amiss  
If thou restrain the expression, shoot  
Thy glance to rapture's darkling root,  
Discarding name, form, sight, and stress  
Even of this high consciousness;  
Pierce to the heart! I leave thee here:  
Thou art the Master. I revere  
Thy radiance that rolls afar,  
O Brother of the Silver Star!

Yet, immediately following this, comes the Method of Invocation of the Holy Guardian Angel, and an account of the attainment of that knowledge.

MARSYAS. I teach the royal road of light.  
Be thou, devoutly eremite,  
Free of thy fate. Choose tenderly  
A place for thine Academy.  
Let there be an holy wood  
Of embowered solitude  
By the still, the rainless river,  
Underneath the tangled roots  
Of majestic trees that quiver  
In the quiet airs; where shoots  
Of the kindly grass are green  
Moss and ferns asleep between,  
Lilies in the water lapped,  
Sunbeams in the branches trapped  
—Windless and eternal even!  
Silenced all the birds of heaven  
By the low insistent call

Of the constant waterfall.  
 There, to such a setting be  
 Its carven gem of deity,  
 A central flawless fire, enthralled  
 Like Truth within an emerald!  
 Thou shalt have a birchen bark  
 On the river in the dark;  
 And at the midnight thou shalt go  
 To the mid-stream's smoothest flow,  
 And strike upon a golden bell  
 The spirit's call; then say the spell:  
 "Angel, mine angel, draw thee nigh!"  
 Making the Sign of Magistray  
 With wand of lapis lazuli.  
 Then, it may be, through the blind dumb  
 Night thou shalt see thine angel come,  
 Hear the faint whisper of his wings,  
 Behold the starry breast begemmed  
 With the twelve stones of the twelve kings!  
 His forehead shall be diademed  
 With the faint light of stars, wherein  
 The Eye gleams dominant and keen.  
 Thereat thou swoonest; and thy love  
 Shall catch the subtle voice thereof.  
 He shall inform his happy lover:  
 My foolish prating shall be over!  
 OLYMPAS. O now I burn with holy haste.  
 This doctrine hath so sweet a taste  
 That all the other wine is sour.  
 MARSYAS. Son, there's a bee for every flower.  
 Lie open, a chameleon cup,  
 And let Him suck thine honey up! [. . .]  
 Ah, boy, all crowns and thrones above  
 Is the sanctity of love.  
 In His warm and secret shrine  
 Is a cup of perfect wine,  
 Whereof one drop is medicine  
 Against all ills that hurt the soul.  
 A flaming daughter of the Jinn  
 Brought to me once a wingéd scroll,  
 Wherein I read the spell that brings  
 The knowledge of that King of Kings.  
 Angel, I invoke thee now!  
 Bend on me the starry brow!  
 Spread the eagle wings above  
 The pavilion of our love! . . . .  
 Rise from your starry sapphire seats!  
 See, where through the quickening skies  
 The oriflamme of beauty beats  
 Heralding loyal legionaries,  
 Whose flame of golden javelins  
 Fences those peerless paladins.  
 There are the burning lamps of them,

Splendid star-clusters to begem  
The trailing torrents of those blue  
Bright wings that bear mine angel through!  
O Thou art like an Hawk of Gold,  
Miraculously manifold,  
For all the sky's aflame to be  
A mirror magical of Thee!  
The stars seem comets, rushing down  
To gem thy robes, bedew thy crown.  
Like the moon-plumes of a strange bird  
By a great wind sublimely stirred,  
Thou drawest the light of all the skies  
Into thy wake. The heaven dies  
In bubbling froth of light, that foams  
About thine ardour. All the domes  
Of all the heavens close above thee  
As thou art known of me who love thee.  
Excellent kiss, thou fastenest on  
This soul of mine, that it is gone,  
Gone from all life, and rapt away  
Into the infinite starry spray  
Of thine own Æon . . . Alas for me!  
I faint. Thy mystic majesty  
Absorbs this spark.

OLYMPAS. All hail! all hail!  
White splendour through the viewless veil!  
I am drawn with thee to rapture.

Yet no sooner is this attained than he utters the new doctrine declared in *Liber Legis*.

MARSYAS. I bear a message. Heaven hath sent  
The knowledge of a new sweet way  
Into the Secret Element.

OLYMPAS. Master, while yet the glory clings  
Declare this mystery magical!

MARSYAS. I am yet borne on those blue wings  
Into the Essence of the All.  
Now, now I stand on earth again,  
Though, blazing through each nerve and vein,  
The light yet holds its choral course,  
Filling my frame with fiery force  
Like God's. Now hear the Apocalypse  
New-fledged on these reluctant lips!

OLYMPAS. I tremble like an aspen, quiver  
Like light upon a rainy river!

MARSYAS. Do what thou wilt! is the sole word  
Of law that my attainment heard.  
Arise, and lay thine hand on God!  
Arise, and set a period  
Unto Restriction! That is sin:  
To hold thine holy spirit in!  
O thou that chafest at thy bars,  
Invoke Nuit beneath her stars

With a pure heart (Her incense burned  
Of gums and woods, in gold inurned),  
And let the serpent flame therein  
A little, and thy soul shall win  
To lie within her bosom. Lo!  
Thou wouldst give all—and she cries: No!  
Take all, and take me! Gather spice  
And virgins and great pearls of price!  
Worship me in a single robe,  
Crowned richly! Girdle of the globe, [. . .]  
I love thee. I am drunkness  
Of the inmost sense; my soul's caress  
Is toward thee! Let my priestess stand  
Bare and rejoicing, softly fanned  
By smooth-lipped acolytes, upon  
Mine iridescent altar-stone,  
And in her love-chaunt swooningly  
Say evermore: To me! To me!  
I am the azure-lidded daughter  
Of sunset; the all-girdling water;  
The naked brilliance of the sky  
In the voluptuous night am I!  
With song, with jewel, with perfume,  
Wake all my rose's blush and bloom!  
Drink to me! Love me! I love thee,  
My love, my lord—to me! to me!

OLYMPAS. There is no harshness in the breath  
Of this—is life surpassed, and death?

MARSYAS. There is the Snake that gives delight  
And Knowledge, stirs the heart aright  
With drunkenness. Strange drugs are thine,  
Hadit, and draughts of wizard wine!  
These do no hurt. Thine hermits dwell  
Not in the cold secretive cell,  
But under purple canopies  
With mighty-breasted mistresses  
Magnificent as lionesses—  
Tender and terrible caresses!  
Fire lives, and light, in eager eyes;  
And massed huge hair about them lies.  
They lead their hosts to victory:  
In every joy they are kings; then see  
That secret serpent coiled to spring  
And win the world! O priest and king,  
Let there be feasting, foining, fighting,  
A revel of lusting, singing, smiting!  
Work; be the bed of work! Hold! Hold!  
The stars' kiss is as molten gold.  
Harden! Hold thyself up! now die—  
Ah! Ah! Exceed! Exceed!

OLYMPAS. And I?

MARSYAS. My stature shall surpass the stars:  
He hath said it! Men shall worship me



In hidden woods, on barren scaurs,  
Henceforth to all eternity.

OLYMPAS. Hail! I adore thee! Let us feast.

MARSYAS. I am the consecrated Beast.  
I build the Abominable House.  
The Scarlet Woman is my Spouse—

OLYMPAS. What is this word?

MARSYAS. Thou canst not know  
Till thou hast passed the Fourth Ordeal.

OLYMPAS. I worship thee. The moon-rays flow  
Masterfully rich and real  
From thy red mouth, and burst, young suns  
Chanting before the Holy Ones  
Thine Eight Mysterious Orisons!

MARSYAS. The last spell! The availing word!  
The two completed by the third!  
The Lord of War, of Vengeance  
That slayeth with a single glance!  
This light is in me of my Lord.  
His Name is this far-whirling sword.  
I push His order. Keen and swift  
My Hawk's eye flames; these arms uplift  
The Banner of Silence and of Strength—  
Hail! Hail! thou art here, my Lord, at length!  
Lo, the Hawk-Headed Lord am I:  
My nemyss shrouds the night-blue sky.  
Hail! ye twin warriors that guard  
The pillars of the world! Your time  
Is nigh at hand. The snake that marred  
Heaven with his inexhaustible slime  
Is slain; I bear the Wand of Power,  
The Wand that waxes and that wanes;  
I crush the Universe this hour  
In my left hand; and naught remains!  
Ho! for the splendour in my name  
Hidden and glorious, a flame  
Secretly shooting from the sun.  
Aum! Ha!—my destiny is done.  
The Word is spoken and concealed.

OLYMPAS. I am stunned. What wonder was revealed?

MARSYAS. The rite is secret.

OLYMPAS. Profits it?

MARSYAS. Only to wisdom and to wit.

OLYMPAS. The other did no less.

MARSYAS. Then prove  
Both by the master-key of Love.  
The lock turns stiffly? Shalt thou shirk  
To use the sacred oil of work?  
Not from the valley shalt thou test  
The eggs that line the eagle's nest!  
Climb, with thy life at stake, the ice,  
The sheer wall of the precipice!  
Master the cornice, gain the breach,

And learn what next the ridge can teach!  
Yet—not the ridge itself may speak  
The secret of the final peak.

OLYMPAS. All ridges join at last.

MARSYAS. Admitted,  
O thou astute and subtle-witted!  
Yet one—loose, jagged, clad in mist!  
Another—firm, smooth, loved and kissed  
By the soft sun! Our order hath  
This secret of the solar path,  
Even as our Lord the Beast hath won  
The mystic Number of the Sun.

OLYMPAS. These secrets are too high for me.

MARSYAS. Nay, little brother! Come and see!  
Neither by faith nor fear nor awe  
Approach the doctrine of the Law!  
Truth, Courage, Love, shall win the bout,  
And those three others be cast out.

OLYMPAS. Lead me, Master, by the hand  
Gently to this gracious land!  
Let me drink the doctrine in,  
An all-healing medicine!  
Let me rise, correct and firm,  
Steady striding to the term,  
Master of my fate, to rise  
To imperial destinies;  
With the sun's ensanguine dart  
Spear-bright in my blazing heart,  
And my being's basil-plant  
Bright and hard as adamant!

MARSYAS. Yonder, faintly luminous,  
The yellow desert waits for us.  
Lithe and eager, hand in hand,  
We travel to the lonely land.  
There, beneath the stars, the smoke  
Of our incense shall invoke  
The Queen of Space; and subtly  
She Shall bend from Her infinity  
Like a lambent flame of blue,  
Touching us, and piercing through  
All the sense-webs that we are  
As the aethyr penetrates a star!  
Her hands caressing the black earth,  
Her sweet lithe body arched for love,  
Her feet a Zephyr to the flowers,  
She calls my name—she gives the sign  
That she is mine, supremely mine,  
And clinging to the infinite girth  
My soul gets perfect joy thereof  
Beyond the abysses and the hours;  
So that—I kiss her lovely brows;  
She bathes my body in perfume  
Of sweat . . . . O thou my secret spouse,

Continuous One of Heaven! illumine  
 My soul with this arcane delight,  
 Voluptuous Daughter of the Night!  
 Eat me up wholly with the glance  
 Of thy luxurious brilliance!

OLYMPAS. The desert calls.  
 MARSYAS. Then let us go!  
 Or seek the sacramental snow,  
 Where like a high-priest I may stand  
 With acolytes on every hand,  
 The lesser peaks—my will withdrawn  
 To invoke the dayspring from the dawn,  
 Changing that rosy smoke of light  
 To a pure crystalline white;  
 Though the mist of mind, as draws  
 A dancer round her limbs the gauze,  
 Clothe Light, and show the virgin Sun  
 A lemon-pale medallion!  
 Thence leap we leashless to the goal,  
 Stainless star-rapture of the soul.  
 So the altar-fires fade  
 As the Godhead is displayed.  
 Nay, we stir not. Everywhere  
 Is our temple right appointed.  
 All the earth is faery fair  
 For us. Am I not anointed?  
 The Sigil burns upon the brow  
 At the adjuration—here and now.

OLYMPAS. The air is laden with perfumes.  
 MARSYAS. Behold! It beams—it burns—it blooms.  
 OLYMPAS. Master, how subtly hast thou drawn  
 The daylight from the Golden Dawn,  
 Bidden the Cavernous Mount unfold  
 Its Ruby Rose, its Cross of Gold;  
 Until I saw, flashed from afar,  
 The Hawk's eye in the Silver Star!

MARSYAS. Peace to all beings. Peace to thee,  
 Co-heir of mine eternity!  
 Peace to the greatest and the least,  
 To nebula and nenuphar!  
 Light in abundance be increased  
 On them that dream that shadows are!

OLYMPAS. Blessing and worship to The Beast,  
 The prophet of the lovely Star!

It will be seen that these various methods of attainment are all harmonious. The Method of Meditation and that of Abramelin are not superseded by the new Æon, but made subsidiary to it, and easier to employ in virtue of it.

It is indeed abundantly clear that these three paths are one.

The best and greatest of the antinomies, that between Magick and Mysticism, is transcended in the Method of the New Æon.

But to return to the effect upon Fra. P. of the Finding of the Lost Book. There is no longer any hesitation or dissipation; as an Arrow from the Bow he flies to the mark of his high calling.

We now find him, therefore, attempting to carry out the work, and finding it as difficult to do so as he

had previously found it to avoid doing so; yet doing so successfully, since he was working in accordance with the Will of the Masters, and this *Temple of Solomon the King* was now intended to lead up to the point which it has at last attained.

However, this account in *The Temple of Solomon the King* is too clumsy, too overloaded with matter irrelevant to the main purpose, to serve as the book referred to in *Liber Legis III*. 39. It will form a book of reference for students, but not a popular treatise. Frater Perdurabo was conscious of this difficulty. A further revelation through another messenger was necessary before the matter could be brought to a satisfactory conclusion. It is unnecessary in this place to detail how this came about, as it is quite recent and of too great importance in itself to deal with in any casual manner. It must suffice that this instruction is now being fully obeyed, as will be evident upon the publication of Part IV of Book 4.

We now return to the diary. On September 24 we find a new password for the forthcoming Equinox—*Audio*. Its sublime meaning was not yet suspected by Frater Perdurabo. On November 9 we find the entry "Here endeth this diary, for I write now in a Holy Book of my Holy Pilgrimage to the Sun." In fact, he left London for Paris on November 10, attended only by a single Chela. He arrived at Algiers on the 17th, and on the next day took the tram to Arba, from which point they started to walk to Bou-Saada.

At Aumale he took up again the work of obtaining the Cries of the 30 Æthyrs, to which he had not paid attention since August 1900. It is evident that he was stopped from going beyond that point at that time.

A study of these Cries will explain to students of intelligence the details of this Initiation, and it will be seen from the remarks at the end of the 13th Æthyr that it is not possible to proceed beyond the 16th for any one who is not a Master of the Temple. In the 19th Æthyr is the beginning of this Initiation, and it will be noticed that even in the 22nd Æthyr the Samahdi of Atmadarshana occurs, while in the 21st Æthyr is the vision of Kether, and in the 20th Shivadarshana, although not perfect.

In the 19th, then, the Angel of Initiation appears, and in the 18th Shivadarshana, in its new and higher form—"Shiva" being replaced by "Horus"—takes place. In the 17th the Initiation continues.

The Angel took him into the Pylon of the threshold in the 19th. In the 17th he is balanced. In the 16th is the first dim dawn of the Great Ones of *Liber Legis* as Lords of the Initiation, and something of the nature of the ceremony is foreshadowed. In the 15th the Adept is examined, and permission is given to pass him fully to the grade of Magister Templi, but admission to any further grade refused.

It will be noticed, further, that this all takes place in a Temple of the Rosy Cross.

In the 14th Æthyr we get the initiation itself. Fra. P. and his Chela, who was acting as his scribe, were upon Da'leh Addin, a mountain in the desert a few miles from Bou-Saada. It was found impossible to reach that Æthyr, and the Angel said, "Depart, for thou must invoke me only in the darkness, for the mystery cannot be spoken in sight of the sun." Frater Perdurabo therefore withdrew from the Vision.

It was then that a strange thing happened. Impelled by some instinct or inspiration, it came to them that they must then and there build a Temple to the Most Holy Exalted One, and in this Temple invoke Him. The top of the mountain was covered with large loose stones entirely suitable for this purpose. In the course of an hour or so it was built, and the invocation made, after which an inscription recording the result was built.

This invocation was of a very remarkable character. There had been a bar to the progress of Frater Perdurabo, a dualism in his conception of the Cosmos. He had not fully understood that the Universe was One, that one might in very truth eat and drink to the glory of God. He knew that by eating and drinking one did not necessarily detract from the glory of God, but had not fully understood the sacramentalism of the simplest actions. Now he knew that the huddling together of unhewn stones might build a better Temple than that of Luxor or of Karnak. He had still the old illusion that to succeed on one plane you must fail on another; still thought the mind more than the body, the soul more than the mind; did not see that these three must be one in exactly the same sense as the Christian Trinity (as understood by the truest Christians) is One. It was in the course of this illumination that the Truth was ceremonially conveyed to him on the Magical plane, although it was not for three years later that it fully illuminated his mind.

This illusion, of which it is here spoken, is a most necessary step for the beginner, because to the beginner his ordinary life is not a sacrament. To him things are really common and unclean. He must, therefore, cut them out of his life, and hence to him the name of the Path is Renunciation. But to him who

would be a Master of the Temple, the reverse applies. He wishes to remain perpetually in Samadhi, and it is therefore his renunciation to descend further and further into matter. He has volatilized the fixed: now he must fix the volatile. He has ascended from his particular body to the Universal Soul. That Universal Soul must now incarnate itself ever more completely in that body, and in the bodies and minds of all men. He has made his darkness light; that light must illuminate the darkness of all.

Having then received this last Initiation, this destruction of the opposition, between One and the Many, he descended from the mountain, and awaited nightfall.

The nature of the Initiation itself—its climax and completion—can only be given in the sublime words of the Angel of the Æthyr itself. We therefore quote it in full—

*The Angel reappears.*

The blackness gathers about, so thick, so clinging, so penetrating, so oppressive, that all the other darkness that I have ever conceived would be like bright light beside it.

His voice comes in a whisper: O thou that art master of the fifty gates of Understanding, is not my mother a black woman? O thou that art master of the Pentagram, is not the egg of spirit a black egg? Here abideth terror, and the blind ache of the Soul, and lo! even I, who am the sole light, a spark shut up, stand in the sign of Apophis and Typhon.

I am the snake that devoureth the spirit of man with the lust of light. I am the sightless storm in the night that wrappeth the world about with desolation. Chaos is my name, and thick darkness. Know thou that the darkness of the earth is ruddy, and the darkness of the air is grey, but the darkness of the soul is utter blackness.

The egg of the spirit is a basilisk egg, and the gates of the understanding are fifty, that is the sign of the Scorpion. The pillars about the neophyte are crowned with flame, and the vault of the Adepts is lighted by the Rose. And in the abyss is the Eye of the Hawk. But upon the great sea shall the Master of the Temple find neither star nor moon.

And I was about to answer him: "The light is within me." But before I could frame the words, he answered me with the great word that is the Key of the Abyss. And he said: Thou hast entered the night; dost thou yet lust for day? Sorrow is my name, and affliction. I am girt about with tribulation. Here still hangs the Crucified One, and here the Mother weeps over the children that she hath not borne. Sterility is my name, and desolation. Intolerable is thine ache, and incurable thy wound. I said, Let the darkness cover me; and behold, I am compassed about with the blackness that hath no name. O thou, who hast cast down the light into the earth, so must thou do for ever. And the light of the sun shall not shine upon thee, and the moon shall not lend thee of her lustre, and the stars shall be hidden, because thou art passed beyond these things, beyond the need of these things, beyond the desire of these things.

What I thought were shapes of rocks, rather felt than seen, now appear to be veiled Masters, sitting absolutely still and silent. Nor can any one be distinguished from the others.

And the Angel sayeth: Behold where thine Angel hath led thee! Thou didst ask fame, power and pleasure, health and wealth and love, and strength, and length of days. Thou didst hold life with eight tentacles, like an octopus. Thou didst seek the four powers and the seven delights and the twelve emancipations and the two and twenty privileges and the nine and forty Manifestations, and lo! thou art become as one of These. Bowed are their backs, whereon resteth the universe. Veiled are their faces, that have beheld the glory Ineffable.

These adepts seem like Pyramids—their hoods and robes are like Pyramids.

And the Angel sayeth: Verily is the Pyramid a Temple of Initiation. Verily also is it a tomb. Thinkest thou that there is life within the Masters of the Temple, that sit hooded, encamped upon the Sea? Verily, there is no life in them.

Their sandals were the pure light, and they have taken them from their feet and cast them down through the abyss, for this Æthyr is holy ground.

Herein no forms appear, and the vision of God face to face, that is transmuted in the Athanor called dissolution, or hammered into one in the forge of meditation, is in this place but a blasphemy and a mockery.

And the Beatific Vision is no more, and the glory of the Most High is no more. There is no more

knowledge. There is no more bliss. There is no more power. There is no more beauty. For this is the Palace of Understanding: for thou art one with the Primeval things.

Drink in the myrrh of my speech, that is bruised with the gall of the roc, and dissolved in the ink of the cuttle-fish, and perfumed with the deadly nightshade.

This is thy wine, who wast drunk upon the wine of Iacchus. And for bread shalt thou eat salt, O thou on the corn of Ceres that didst wax fat! For as pure being is pure nothing, so is pure wisdom pure . . .<sup>1</sup> and so is pure understanding silence, and stillness, and darkness. The eye is called seventy, and the triple Aleph whereby thou perceivest it, divideth into the number of the terrible word that is the Key of the Abyss.

I am Hermes, that am sent from the Father to expound all things discreetly in these the last words that thou shalt hear before thou take thy seat among these whose eyes are sealed up, and whose ears are stopped, and whose mouths are clenched, who are folded in upon themselves, the liquor of whose bodies is dried up, so that nothing remains but a little pyramid of dust.

And that bright light of comfort, and that piercing sword of truth, and all that power and beauty that they have made of themselves, is cast from them, as it is written, "I saw Satan like lightning fall from Heaven." And as a flaming sword is it dropt through the abyss, where the four beasts keep watch and ward. And it appeareth in the heaven of Jupiter as a morning star, or as an evening star. And the light thereof shineth even unto the earth, and bringeth hope and help to them that dwell in the darkness of thought, and drink of the poison of life. Fifty are the gates of understanding, and one hundred and six are the seasons thereof. And the name of every season is Death.

During all this speech, the figure of the Angel has dwindled and flickered, and now it is gone out. And I come back in the body, rushing like a flame in a great wind. And the shew-stone has become warm, and in it is its own light.

*Bou-saada, December 3, 1909. 9.50-11.15 p.m.*

Comment on this cry can but profane it, yet it is necessary to emphasize the very peculiar nature of the attainment of this grade. In all previous grades the nature of the Initiation has been light through darkness. In this it is darkness through light. The word of the Adept was L V X, Light. The word of the Master of the Temple is N O X, Night. This is the Night of Pan. The direction of the Path is definitely changed. The Master of the Temple cannot go to the Magus unless bringing the Neophyte himself in his hand, and in this task there is no consolation, as there has always been before. The visions are no more. Silence and stillness and darkness rule the grade. The Adept has throughout his progress been unifying himself. As it is written in *Liber CCCXXXIII*, Chapter III, the Brothers of A.: A.: are women; the Aspirants to A.: A.: are men. The Master of the Temple has given birth to a child, which child appears as an Adept among men. But that which was the Adept is but a little pile of dust. Samadhi has been attained once and for all. The process is complete and permanent. The Great Work is accomplished. The new Great Work is proclaimed. He has finished with Solve. He must begin Coagula.

In the 13th Æthyr the Initiation continues. The Initiate obtains his reward, and that reward is to understand all, yet to labour in the darkness without hope of reward. Now, however, we come to the 12th Æthyr, wherein is the second mystery of the Reward, of which the key is the word N O X.

BABALON, the Lady of the City of the Pyramids, is revealed.

In *Liber VII* is the first utterance of the Master of the Temple, and this book should be studied by those who seek a further understanding.

Such is the first part of the Ritual of Initiation.

In the second part the Master is made to understand what is that Abyss which he has passed.

In the 11th Æthyr he comes to the fortress upon the frontier of the Abyss, and is there prepared for the crossing of the Abyss. Every drop of his blood is taken for the cup of BABALON. The Candidate asks, "Is there not the Holy Guardian Angel?" And the answer is given, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" It is the last word of the Æthyr. And of all the horror of the Abyss, that is the one word that yet chills his blood as he remembers it.

<sup>1</sup> I suppose that only a Magus could have heard this word.

Now then, in the 10th Æthyr, is given the Abyss. The Candidate is identified with the horror of that Abyss. Had not the Master already passed the Abyss, as it were, unofficially, he could not have endured this crystallization of it into name and form.

In the 9th Æthyr comes a further reward, a further understanding of the task. And the first indication that he has really passed the Abyss on all planes is that there is no longer any curse. All is blessing. There is a secret meaning, a blessing in everything. And this is his reward—the Daughter of BABALON the beautiful. She is the pure soul, glorified by virtue of his attainment.

In the 8th Æthyr this is continued. The Master becomes a Holy Guardian Angel unto another, the Bridegroom of his Bride. This marriage is now accomplished in the 7th Æthyr.

There is Samadhi, but now no longer from below, but from above.

The reward of Understanding is further granted in the remaining Æthyrs.

In the 6th there is a shadowing forth of the Grade of Magus. And with this closes this part of the Initiation.

Now then, in the 5th Æthyr, comes the final reception. And after this reception among the Brothers of the Silver Star comes the Vision of the Arrow.

In the 4th Æthyr, the nature of the Great Work which the Master of the Temple must accomplish is shown more fully. The Holy Guardian Angel presents his Bride to the Mother, who presents her to the Father. One may remark that it is necessary to be a Master of the Temple before anything like a full understanding of these mysteries can be attained.

In the 3rd Æthyr the Guards to the further Grades are exhibited.

Now it may be asked, "What has become of the blood of the Adept which was put into the cup of BABALON, for that blood is his life?" In this supreme Initiation narrated in the 2nd Æthyr the answer to this question is given. The word "Samadhi" is now deep down, "an old unhappy far-off thing." By so much does this exceed that. In this supreme marriage of Infinite with Infinite comes the key to the Grade of Ipsissimus, which Grade is shadowed forth—but oh, how dimly!—in the 1st Æthyr.

It will be noticed by those who understand this Æthyr that when all is done there is a complete identification (on the very last page) of that highest thing with that lowest. The Master of the Temple is not only the dust in the Pyramid, and the Blood in the Cup, but he is also that which was cast down through the Abyss into the Heaven of Jupiter. The brain reels before such a conception. And the human brain of the Master of the Temple is but little more fitted to understand this in his life as a man than if he had never entered on the Path at all. For the Ego has been totally destroyed, and he has nothing wherewith to bind together these things. He is not any of these things, for there is no He. Those things are. And of the results of this, and of how it may bear upon the question of his advancement to the Grade of Magus, who can say? It is not the Master of the Temple even who could answer such a question. For, in relation to his advancement, he is but that little pile of dust which is to burn up, and from which shall be prepared a white ash by Hermes the Invisible. And in relation to his true life, it is mixed with the blood of all his fellows in the Cup of BABALON. And in relation to his body and mind he is but a vehicle of the forces that are beyond the Abyss. He will therefore speak, but as a man among men, of that which he has seen and heard. But he will not claim authority. He will not proclaim dogma. For all that in him from which such things proceed is no more. He will remain in the darkness of the City of the Pyramids under the Night of Pan, sitting silent through 106 seasons, the name of every one of which is Death, ever seeking to make his understanding perfect, until the time comes for him to seek that yet more fearful ordeal which must evidently<sup>1</sup> be involved in the attainment of the Grade of Magus. That such a time should arrive in this present life would probably seem to him unthinkable. One would imagine that the Magus must be born, not made. It would seem that no human body unglorified by an absolutely perfect harmony with the whole of the being of which it is such a small part could confront even the Guardian of the Threshold of that Ordeal. One would imagine that in order to be suitable for such Initiation, the body and mind must be completely representative of the whole of the Cosmos, a perfect microcosm. The Mind of such an one must perfectly comprehend every phase of the Universe without exception. It must, in the most real intellectual sense, be equally "The buffet and the Ear." As it is written, "A man of like passions as we are."

<sup>1</sup> It was always 'evidently.' And he was always wrong in his anticipations!

It is not possible here or elsewhere, nor is it particularly desirable, to enlarge upon such a subject. Such discussions are as unprofitable as those sterile controversies about the nature of Nirvana, that have done more harm to Oriental thought than all the rest of it has done good.

For that which is requisite for every man is *the next step*, and Frater P. has concentrated his message into this one phrase,

"ATTAIN TO THE KNOWLEDGE AND  
CONVERSATION OF THE HOLY  
GUARDIAN ANGEL."

All beyond that is useless till that has been done. Here, then, the task of the writers of this book. *The Temple of Solomon the King*, may end.

The progress of a man has been described in detail with the documents reproduced verbatim. It is of no concern to any man, least of all to him, whether that account of his attainment is accepted. What is urgent for each man is that the message should be accepted. And this message, whether it be interpreted in Taphareth, the attainment of the Heart, or in Daath, the attainment of the Mind, or in Kether, the attainment of that which includes and transcends all, the message itself is simple. It involves no reference to facts. Frater Perdurabo may be a myth. The methods are experimental. Faith, in the conventional sense, is a condition of failure, not of success.

The Word has been proclaimed. It is of no avail without the Work.