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# THE HERMETIC JOURNAL



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## Editorial

The nature of Time seems to be especially impressing itself upon my contemplations recently, appearing in a number of different though related guises. Perhaps it is just that I have been passing through the central point in my life and experiencing that sense of standing at a sensitive threshold where my personal past and future are equally balanced, and I am drawn to appreciate just how precious is each instant of present time for the manifestation of my life's energies.

For whatever reasons, time in various guises has been central to my thoughts recently - in the sense of rhythms working in time, the links of this present era with earlier events in history, time as a vehicle for certain spiritual forces to incarnate - of the need for us to look to the future and not merely to the past - end of time as investigated by present day physics, and which on the smallest of scales becomes atomised into quanta of time (the so-called Planck time) which I believe has tremendous implications for uniting physical science with esoteric spiritual science.

This year 1984 has been given an especial label through the focus of the mass media on the bleak Orwellian view of what lies potential in our society.

Although many commentators applaud the fact that things do not seem to have become as cold and restrictive as Orwell envisaged, nevertheless, the prevailing political climate can hardly give us a sense of hope or positivity. Rather than picturing this present year merely through the focus of George Orwell's novel, I would prefer it if the esoteric community became aware of an important fact - that 1984 marks the 500th Anniversary of the symbolic death and entombment of Christian Rosenkreutz. Of course, Rosenkreutz probably never existed as a person but that is not the point. The symbolic creation of a time capsule, a vault incorporating the sum of esoteric wisdom of the medieval world which can communicate and initiate people centuries later into its wisdom, lies at the heart of Rosicrucian esotericism. It was said to have been established in 1484, at the time of the Renaissance of culture and learning in Europe (the bulk of Ficino's Platonic writings were published in 1484, Leonardo da Vinci had just completed his apprenticeship and begun his work, and Martin Luther had just been born). So I hope to focus the esoteric community's thoughts and energies on the implications of this time capsule that lies buried symbolically in our past, and which can become a touchstone for the rebuilding of and re-energising of hermetic esoteric philosophy.

Time also presses upon me a contrary view. In Britain and I suspect elsewhere, many people have become obsessive about the past, romanticising, sentimentalising and almost worshipping the past as a source of stability and solidity. Our outer lives in our present age are often so fraught with worries born of the instabilities of social and political change, that it is altogether understandable if we turn to the past for emotional comfort. For the past is something we can project our illusions upon - and there is always the danger of romanticising it into the beautiful perfect world of the "noble savage". Many spiritually minded people fear the future and seek to escape into a romantic image of the past. I believe that esotericism cannot survive if it merely ties itself to the past. It must embrace the future and grasp the implication of future development. Our consciousness must reach out to the world of the stars, and be prepared

to contemplate the cosmic mysteries of the future, as well as earthing itself in the past. This need for esotericism to be forward looking, to embrace the new frontiers of knowledge, while keeping itself rooted in the traditions and solidity of the past is a tone I will try to sound in the Hermetic Journal over the next few years.

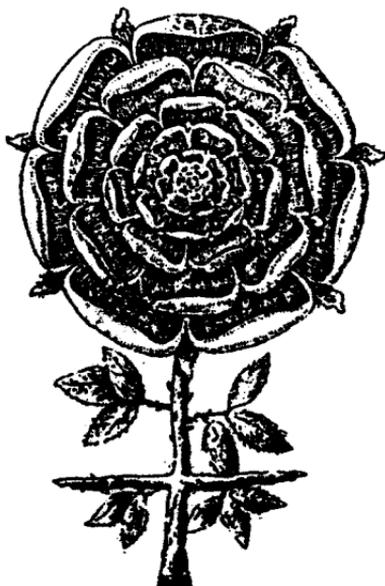
This brings me to a final point on the metaphysics of time. Present day physicists in investigating the very small inner world of the atom, have found their consciousness being stretched almost to its limits by the implications of the phenomena they are uncovering. The naive view of matter as something essentially solid and predictable, or of time as a continuously flowing stream, is now untenable. New ideas, new perspectives, have to be brought into our perception of the foundations of the world. Physicists, being educated in a narrow way through the University system, often find it difficult to cope with the new ways of thinking about matter and time that their physics presses upon them. I believe that we have here a potential meeting place for physics and metaphysics - a domain where the esoteric spiritual philosophy can reunite with the current of Science. During the Rosicrucian period at the beginning of the 17th century, Science and esoteric philosophy had not yet become separated (Robert Fludd was both esoteric philosopher and scientist), but since then these two domains have become entirely divorced. The discoveries of modern physics, however, imply new possibilities of uniting these streams again. As esotericists wishing to further our world view, we must be prepared to embrace these new discoveries, even although it may mean abandoning some of the old terms and nomenclature that have outlived their time and usefulness.

As esotericists we must come to realise that we can gain as much from looking to the future at the frontiers of present day knowledge, as we can from contemplating the old books and philosophies of the past. Esotericism must live in humanity as a source of new ideas and experiences and not merely become a museum exhibit. I will not allow the Hermetic Journal to be merely a museum catalogue.

Alan McLean

1984

ROSIKRUCIAN



SYMPOSIUM

Following the great success of last years event  
the second annual ROSIKRUCIAN SYMPOSIUM will be held  
on SATURDAY 23rd JUNE 1984  
at The Artworkers Guild, 8 Queen Square, Bloomsbury, London  
from 11.00 am - 4.30 pm

The morning session will focus on the symbolism of the Rosicrucian Vault.

The afternoon session will examine the inspiration Rosicrucianism gave to the Arts, and it is hoped to have a performance of Rosicrucian music, some of the fugues from the Atalanta Fugiens of Michael Maier.

A buffet lunch and coffee breaks are included in the ticket price of £8.00.

I have decided to hold this event in a smaller and more intimate environment. So as places are limited, those of my regular subscribers wishing to attend should book or pay for tickets in advance.

[Either pay in advance as soon as possible at discount price of £7.00 per ticket. Or book a ticket now - you will be invoiced for this one month before the Symposium and must then pay for it, or the ticket will have to be offered to others.]

Please make cheques out to :-

Adam McLean  
12 ANTIGUA STREET  
EDINBURGH EH1 3NH



now to travel, being for that purpose sufficiently provided with Fortunatus' purse, he thought (being a good Architect) to alter something of his building, and to make it more fit. In such renewing he lighted upon the memorial Tablet which was cast of brass, and contained all the names of the brethren, with some few other things. This he would transfer in another more fitting vault ; for where or when Frater R.C. died, or in what country he was buried, was by our predecessors concealed and unknown to us. In this tablet stuck a great nail somewhat strong, so that when it was with force drawn out, it took with it an indifferently big stone out of the thin wall or plastering of a hidden door, and so unlooked for uncovered this door. Wherefore we did with joy and longing throw down the rest of the wall, and cleared the door, upon which was written in great letters "Post 120 Annos Patebo" ("after 120 years I will open"), with the year of the Lord under it. Therefore we gave God thanks and let it rest that same night, because we would have first overlooked our Rotam. But we refer ourselves again to the Confession, for what we here publish is done for the help of those that are worthy, but to the unworthy (God willing) it will be small profit. For like as our door was after so many years wonderfully discovered, also there shall be opened a door to Europe (when the wall is removed) which already doth begin to appear, and with great desire is expected of many.

In the morning following we opened the door, and there appeared to our sight a Vault of seven sides and corners, every side five foot broad, and the height of eight foot. Although the Sun never shined in this Vault, nevertheless it was enlightened with another sun, which had learned this from the sun, and was situated in the upper part in the Centre of the ceiling. In the middle, instead of a tomb-stone, was a round Altar covered over with a plate of brass, and thereon was engraved :-

"A.C.R.C.

This compendium of the Universe I made in my lifetime to be my tomb".

Round the first Circle or Brim stood :-

"Jesus mihi omnia".

In the middle were four figures, enclosed in circles, whose circumscription was,

"A vacuum exists nowhere."

"The Yoke of the Law."

"The Liberty of the Gospel."

"The Entire Glory of God."

This is all clear and bright, as also the seven sides and the two Heptagoni. So we kneeled altogether down, and gave thanks to the sole Wise, sole mighty, and sole eternal God, who hath taught us more than all men's wit could have found out, praised be his holy name. This Vault we parted in three parts, the upper part or ceiling, the wall or side, the ground or floor.

Of the upper part you shall understand no more of it at this time but that it was divided into triangles running from the seven sides to the bright light in the centre ; but what therein is contained, you shall God willing (that are desirous of our society) behold the same with your own eyes. But every side or wall is parted into ten squares, every one with their several figures and sentences, as they are truly showed and set forth Concentratum here in our book.

The floor is again divided into triangles, but because therein is described

the power and rule of the inferior Governors, we leave to manifest the same, for fear of the abuse by the evil and ungodly world. But those that are provided and stored with the heavenly Antidote, they do without fear or hurt, tread on and bruise the head of the old and evil serpent, which this our age is well fitted for. Every side or wall had a door for a chest, wherein there lay divers things, especially all our books, which otherwise we had, besides the Vocabular of Theoph. Par. Ho., and which we daily communicate unfalsified. Herein we also found our Father's Itinerarium, and Vitam, whence this relation for the most part is taken. In another chest were looking-glasses of diverse virtues, as also in other places were little bells, burning lamps, and chiefly wonderful artificial Songs ; generally all done to the end, that if it should happen after many hundred years, the Order or Fraternity should come to nothing, they might by this one Vault be restored again.

Now as yet we had not seen the dead body of our careful and wise father, we therefore removed the altar aside, there we lifted up a strong plate of brass, and found a fair and worthy body, whole and unconsumed, as the same is here lively counterfeited, with all his ornaments and attires. In his hand he held a parchment book called T, which next to the Bible is our greatest treasure, which ought to be delivered to the censure of the world. At the end of this book stands the following Elogium :-

"A Grain buried in the Breast of Jesus, C. Ros. C. sprung from the noble and renowned German family of R.C. ; a man admitted into the Mysteries and secrets of heaven and earth through the divine revelations, subtle cogitations and unwearied toil of his life. In his journeys through Arabia and Africa he collected a treasure surpassing that of Kings and Emperors ; but finding it not suitable for his times, he kept it guarded for posterity to uncover, and appointed loyal and faithful heirs of his arts and also of his name. He constructed a microcosm corresponding in all motions to the Macrocosm and finally drew up this compendium of things past, present and to come. Then having passed the century of years, though appressed by no disease, which he had neither felt in his own body nor allowed to attack others, but summoned by the Spirit of God, amid the last embraces of his brethren, he rendered up his illuminated soul to God his Creator. A beloved Father, an affectionate Brother, a faithful Teacher, a loyal Friend, he was hidden here by his disciples for 120 years."

Underneath they had subscribed themselves :-

1. Fra. I.A. (By the choice of Fr. C.H. head of the Fraternity)
2. Fr. G.V.M.P.C.
3. Fra. R.C. Iunior haeres S. Spiritus.
4. Fra. B.M.P.A. Pictor & Architectus.
5. Fr. G.G.M.P.I. Cabalista.

Secundi Circuli :-

1. Fra. P.A. Successor, Fra. I.O. Mathematicus.
2. Fra. A. Successor, Fra. P.D.
3. Fra. R. Successor patris C.R.C. sum Christo triumphantis.

At the end was written :-

Ex Deo Nascimur, in Jesu morimur, per Spiritum Sanctum reviviscimus.  
(Out of God we are born, in Jesus we die, through the Holy Spirit we are reborn.)...."

The resurrection is not that of Christian Rosenkreutz but of his work. The spiritual insights contained in his secret writings and symbols, is the treasure the Rosicrucians gain from the Vault. The Books and the very structure of the Vault itself, its seven walls figured with symbols and words, teach the Rosicrucians the basis of their symbolic philosophy.

Of course, some people would like to interpret this literally, believing that such a Vault physically existed somewhere in Germany and was opened by the brothers in 1604, and even that some remnant might still exist today. From the Confessio we see that Christian Rosenkreutz was supposed to have been born in 1378, and in his youth travelled to the Middle East before bringing his new synthesis of symbolic philosophy into Europe. He is said to have died in 1484 at the grand old age of 106. So many people must seriously doubt this as a true historical picture. These dates and times may rather be seen as periods of rhythms in time through which certain forces unfolded their activities in the outer world. It is not necessary to take such a step of believing in the vault as a physical reality to grasp the profound significance of the vault symbolism.

It can be seen as an initiation chamber, depicting a symbolic synthesis of a cosmic philosophy and being truly a "Compendium of the Universe". The wisdom worked into its structure lies hidden for 120 years, then is revealed to humanity. Thus we have the sense of an inward brooding, a withdrawal of the spiritual inwards, before a phase of its outer expression. Thus the Vault is a womb as much as it is a tomb. A time capsule - in the modern sense. We are reminded of the underground chamber of Venus that is visited by Christian Rosenkreutz on the morning of the fifth day during the events of the Chymical Wedding. In the Rosicrucian allegory of the Chymical Wedding this underground chamber is the central part of the triplicity of Castle - Venus' Chamber - Tower of Olympus, through which the transformation of the Bride and Bridegroom is accomplished. The underground realm where the bodies of the King and Queen are laid overnight, is central to this process of transformation, and it is in the underground chamber of Venus that Christian Rosenkreutz receives a profound experience central to the events of the allegory. Contemplating the Chymical Wedding will throw further light upon the mysteries of the Rosicrucian Vault.

To build the Vault inwardly will be found to be a very powerful meditative exercise. Its structure seems to embody an archetype in our souls that is easily energised. It is not so much an "Inner Temple" in the Western Magical Kabbalistic tradition, as an inner space where the soul feels secure, sensing the presence of the living archetypal stream of mystery wisdom, touching upon the mysteries of the depths and heights of the spirit.

It is my belief that such a meditative exercise inwardly constructing the Vault, lay at the heart of Rosicrucian esotericism, and that this was hinted at in the myth presented in the Fama. In an early Rosicrucian document, Theophilus Schweighardt's Speculum Sopicum Rhodo-Stauroticum that I have recently had translated for inclusion in a future publication, there is an unequivocal statement that the Rosicrucian spirituality was gained through such inner contemplation of the eternal mysteries.

The Rosicrucian Vault can thus be experienced in our meditation today, just as the Rosicrucians of the early seventeenth century lived with it. Those who earnestly work with this grand archetypal symbol will find the span of four centuries falling away, and touching upon its eternal reality enter much the same inner space as did the Rosicrucians of an earlier age. In this profound symbol we can to some extent recapture and reconstruct the Rosicrucian

esotericism. In this sense the Rosicrucian Vault is a time capsule still existing in our inner world.

Let us examine the Vault as a symbolic structure. Firstly, it is heptagonal. Each side being 5' broad and 8' high. The floor therefore is in the form of a heptagon divided radially into 7 triangles, and the ceiling is similarly divided. Each of the seven sides are divided into 10 squares, and these each contain various figures and explanations. There are seven chests set into the lower part of the walls containing books and various pieces of equipment. The floor and ceiling also have certain figures and symbols upon them, though no information is given as to what these may have been. There is also a central round altar with a plate of brass upon which were engraved four figures enclosed in circles.

The floor of the Vault could be seen as corresponding to the plane of the Earth (we note a reference to the old serpent and the Fall), while the ceiling with its ever-burning light could be associated with cosmic space, the heaven world. The seven walls can therefore be seen as corresponding to the linking element of the human soul, the Microcosm that is the Macrocosm, so these may reflect the sevenfold archetype of the planets manifesting through the soul forces in our human being. The walls are divided into 10 cells, so we perhaps have 2 columns of five, and thus an element of polarity may be incorporated into the symbolism of the walls of the Vault. In this sense the Vault is a "Compendium of the Universe", and it is a fascinating exercise to attempt to reconstruct the symbolism on the walls, ceiling and floor. This archetypal structure still possesses a powerful formative esoteric energy that we can touch upon inwardly through working with it in meditation, or even outwardly as the skeleton frame for a temple or ritual structure. The Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn recognised the importance of this as a ritual framework and constructed an elaborately painted Vault as the basis for the magical writings of the inner group, the Order of the R.R. et A.C. The walls, ceiling and floor were painted by Moina Mathers according to the instructions of MacGregor Mathers who interpreted it Kabbalistically, each wall being divided into the ten sephiroth, with their related symbols.

To mark the 500th Anniversary of the interment of Christian Rosenkreutz in the Vault and the especial connection of this year 1984 with this grand symbol, I intend to focus the Rosicrucian Symposium especially around the theme of the Vault. To encourage people during this year to work with this symbolic structure I am instigating a competition for an interpretation of or design for the Vault.

The main prize for this will be a sculpture model of the Vault (1/5th scale) made by an artist following the Golden Dawn interpretation, for the very successful "Art of the Invisible" exhibition (organised by Vince Ray of the Bede Gallery), which travelled around Britain and was staged at some of the major galleries some 3 or so years ago. I have recently purchased this model which will be exhibited at the Rosicrucian Symposium in the summer. It is valued at some hundreds of pounds and will undoubtedly appreciate in value in time. I am willing to offer this as a prize for a significant and original contribution towards our understanding of the Vault symbolism. Secondary prizes of copies of the Magnum Opus Compendium of Hermetic Emblems, a large format survey of hermetic symbolic material to be published later this year worth £50.00 will be offered to contributors who have furthered our understanding of the Vault.

## ROSICRUCIAN VAULT COMPETITION

MARKING THE HALF MILLENIUM SINCE ITS ORIGINAL FOUNDATION

1484 - 1984

- \* This competition will be open to subscribers to the Hermetic Journal or the Journal of Rosicrucian Studies.
- \* The closing date will be 30th September 1984.
- \* Contributions will be judged by Adam McLean and Dr Deirdre Green. The opinion of the judges must be taken as final
- \* The First Prize of the Sculpture Model of the Vault (or cash equivalent of £200) will only be offered to an applicant who in the opinion of the judges has made a significant and original contribution to our understanding and appreciation of the Rosicrucian Vault.
- \* Secondary prizes of copies of Magnum Opus sourcebooks will be offered to contributors who have in the opinion of the judges furthered our understanding or appreciation of the Rosicrucian Vault.
- \* Contributions should be in the form of short essays, with or without drawings or models. The quality of artwork will not be a primary consideration (this is not an art competition), so contributors should not feel inhibited merely because they do not possess high proficiency in drawing or painting. The clarity or significance of the symbolism outlined in their thesis, rather than technical artistic abilities, will be under consideration.
- \* Contributors should aim at producing a design for or interpretation of the Vault which reflects humanities present stage of development, trying to recreate the spiritual impulse which lay behind the original Vault and transposing this into the language and symbolism of present day esotericism, and not merely considering it in terms of the early 17th century. (Nor indeed, deriving it entirely from the Golden Dawn tradition of the late 19th Century.) The researchers must, however, hold to the archetypal form of the Vault as outlined in the Fama Fraternitatis. The Vault could be considered as a "Compendium of the Universe", a "Time Capsule", or "Initiation Chamber", or from some other perspective, and can either be seen as an outward physical reality or as an inner exercise in the landscape of the soul.
- \* Contributions or extracts from them will be published in the Hermetic Journal or the Journal of Rosicrucian Studies, and may be gathered together as an anthology on the Rosicrucian Vault.
- \* Contributors should send their entries to :-

ADAM MCLEAN  
THE HERMETIC JOURNAL  
12 ANTIGUA STREET  
EDINBURGH 1  
SCOTLAND

July/83



"THE RE-BIRTH OF VENUS"

## THE MAGICAL "ART"

Robert Ellaby ©

I see Art as a way to make the inner worlds, or Astral Plane, manifest in the physical world. It can be, in fact, a mystical act, on which a natural flux may be created, and a subsequent rapport be built up with the forces of either side of the veil that divides the worlds.

Once we take a seed of creative thought and plant it in the physical world we have broken down that veil and it will grow tall like 'a tree'. I say this because the symbolic terms that the archetypal forces use on the astral are quite difficult for us to grasp ; and the road on which these communications travel is the imagination, which, of course, can be unreliable.

Many authors on Magic stress the importance of the use of the imagination, in fact, the training of the imagination is what Magic is all about. It is the 'flux' I mentioned earlier and it ebbs and flows on an emotional tide. The practical person might say this is pure hypothesis but the practising Magician knows what I have stated to be true. If that same practical person accepts that the brain wave is a scientifically proven reality formed by a combination of chemical, biological and electrical forces, then he should further realise that the rest of the universe is assembled by these same forces. It might then be possible for him to realise that life does not start at the flesh and work outward, it starts deep within the other universe called the human being. When the sages of old stated that "God created man in His own image" it is possible that they meant 'symbolically', and what they were referring to was the Atom and the Atom could be the archetype of all things. William Blake summed up so much when he said :

"To see a World in a Grain of Sand  
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower  
Hold infinity in the palm of the hand  
And Eternity in an hour

Blake himself realised so much about the imagination as the part it plays in the scheme of things.

So many Magicians pre-occupy themselves with pedantic correspondences, yet the more I investigate the Magical Art the more I realise that symbolism is very much a personal thing. As long as we can equate the patterns of cosmic space to our own existence I do not think it matters whether we use Hebrew

letters, Hieroglyphics, Runes or Tarot cards, just as long as we can relate the symbols with the infinite light of the Almighty. Blake, for example, created his own symbology in his "Four Zoas". It is said that over the Oracle at Delphi the words "Man Know Thyself" were carved ; in other words we can discover much about the meaning of our existence, and much can be expressed about the self through Art.

The artists and writers of the Renaissance realised the importance of the implications of this philosophy. The neo-Platonists inspired people and taught them the importance of the refinement of the spirit, and that it was possible through Art to commune with God, and to use a painting or a poem as an Alembic. I personally feel that the Divine Spark burns on the head of the modest and the mighty, and it is possible to use the most humble task to express the love of our Creator. It is not possible for everyone to be famous or to achieve greatness, or even do the work of our dreams ; so, if we regard every task we undertake as an integral part of the divine plan, then perhaps we can begin to see what the "Magnum Opus" is all about and through our hands God can become manifest in the creation of perfection. Leonardo painted great masterpieces of which every brush stroke washed away the dross of 'The Fall', and every beautiful form that was created was a step nearer the discovery of the 'Philosophers' Stone'. Whether we try to do this or to make the world's most perfect cup of tea, as in the Japanese Tea Ceremony, or to construct a majestic cathedral - it does not matter, it is the refinement of the spirit that is important and to use what we do as a mirror to see our spirit is, perhaps, the best guide of all.

Art is life, everything we do somehow affects the destiny of mankind. We who try to create the New Jerusalem know that it exists within the Monad of human existence. For as Art and Science drift farther and farther apart, the sadness of the soul express itself in the violence of the modern world, it's sadness writes obscenities on the walls of the concrete boxes that logic creates for our homes. These homes (so called) are in themselves an expression of modern mass obsession with statistical science.

We must, I feel, use Art as the Alembic of human existence and make sure that the Great Alchemist (God) is allowed to do His work effectively. Only in the light of this realisation can Science and Art be united ; and the world, in which millions of souls are tabulated neatly in computer systems that expresses Joseph Bloggs as a National Insurance number with a wife and 1.65 children, can be enlightened by this unification. This is the world where the politician and sociologist miraculously change us from the flesh and bone to a statistic, and an emotional void resultantly appears.

Art is the emotion, Science is the intellect and never the twain shall meet. Yet I feel that only in the marriage of these two poles can the Great Work be realised. W. B. Yeats said, "There will be a rebellion of the soul against the intellect". I personally hope this does not happen, instead they unite in a new age of enlightenment. In fact a New Renaissance.

## CHARITY OF LIGHT

### A ZOROASTRIAN RE-READING OF THE GRAIL ROMANCES

Elémire Zolla ©

The parapet of the vast stairway leading onto the platform of Persepolis is carved in the shape of eagles' feathers. Beneath one's palm runs the smooth plumage of stone as one slowly climbs the steps, the roar of the hot desert wind in one's ears.

As I reached the first row of pillars, the tall shafts shooting skyward out of lotuses, there came above the wind an uproar of voices from what is known as the King's Council. I walked in through the huge doorway where Darius is sculpted under the parasol symbolizing his glory, and there I met the remarkable man who knew the meaning of the Grail.

At his feet a Persian youth knelt feverishly taking notes, now and then gesticulating in approval or hoarsely shouting his admiration, overdoing it and enjoying it. He was now beseeching in a wailing voice: "Slowly, slowly, my master! I musn't lose one word of what you say!"

Towering above him stood the stout man in his shirtsleeves, a blue tie flapping against his face. He was waving a reproachful hand and resumed of a sudden his lusty bawling: "Don't deny it, you lad! You actually did! You said that we Zoroastrians placed above King Darius Ahura Mazdā, the God of Light, representing him as an eagle! How dare you? Never, never have we represented God!"

"Never, never, never, you never did."

"Then tell me, what is that eagle above the King, if it is not Ahura Mazdā?"

The youth paged nervously through his notebook, found the passage and barked out: "The eagle is the Emperor's Majesty, his guardian spirit become visible!"

There followed a pause.

I stepped forward, making a slight bow.

The youth sprang to his feet and rushed to pump my hand: "Sir, it is now five full years that I am studying this site. I've even learnt a little Avestan. I believe I've read almost everything worthwhile about the Achemenians. But I was a blind man until I met him, my master, my guide, my leader. Since two o'clock this morning I've had the honour to be at his service.

"He has deigned to show me how Persepolis was built to catch the rays of this morning's rising sun. I saw, sir, the solstitial sun entering the Gate of Nations. In all Persepolis not a shadow is now cast. As my master said, every pillar becomes a ray, a finger of the sun. I saw all all-triumphant Sun move

from yonder Gate towards yonder mountain in a perfectly straight line!"

"Line? Line? What do you mean by line?" - howled the man - "It is of the very path-of righteousness that you are speaking, my lad!"

"Of course, sir! The path, of all places in the world, where at the solstice no room is left for the lord of shadows, Ahriman."

"Angra Manyu!" - thundered the man - "And now tell me, why did we build Persepolis precisely here?"

The youth closed his eyes tight and rapturously recited: "Along this latitude of the earth and at this moment of the year, no shadow darkened the reflection of the sun and of the moon as they were caught in the sacred pools."

While the youth spoke, the man surprised my gaze on his Oxford tie, and immediately addressed me: "Sir, my name is Sohrab Ardeshir Eruchshaw Jamshedji Sola Hakim, medicinae baccalaureus, baccalaureus scientiae, philosophiae doctor Oxoniensis. But it is as a Parsee that I feel entitled to wear a tie inscribed Dominus Illuminatio Mea, a motto whose meanings only we may fathom. In fact only we comprehend the symbols which you people, I am bound to say, use unwittingly. This on the other hand stands to reason, since it is from us you derived them, and you have forgotten having done so. Please raise your eyes to our Emperor upon yonder pillar.

"Round him a ribbon forms a loop; its two ends are tied together and fall dangling like two tassels.

"Do you not recognize the ribbon and seal whereby, without knowing what you are doing, you swear by the Sun that your documents are as true as our Emperor's majesty?"

"Indeed, sir, I even suspect you might not understand what majesty is. It is not royalty. Your queen was a royal highness, but only after her coronation did she truly acquire majesty. At Westminster you drew down upon her a Holy Ghost which is actually a translation of Khwareh, our Celestial fire. You dressed her as a Parsee child at Navjot and you anointed her on her heart with sacred oil from an eagle-shaped ampulla. Eagle-shaped! Please raise your eyes once more to yonder pillar.

"She then donned the sudreh, the sindon worn by our children at their consecration. Finally she received her crown, the Sun edged with rays. Thus was the Golden Eagle of Majesty brought down upon her."

He very slowly averted his gaze from me, turning to face the youth whose attention had visibly wandered.

"Persepolis is not only an astronomical observatory, my lad!", he cried.

"Oh no sir! It is, as you taught me, a site for initiations."

Doctor Hakim very slowly pivoted back to face me: "Hence the pools, which were used for the preliminary baptism of the king."

"What does baptism mean?" queried the Persian youth.

"Baptism is a ceremony of purification by water which, competently performed, allows you to descry the descent of the eagle of Majesty in the case of a monarch, or of the dove of wisdom, in the case of a prophet, baptism's purpose being to enable one to perceive here and now the guardian spirit, which is otherwise met only at death. To the wicked it will appear as a loathsome hag, to the righteous as a lovely virgin of light." He faced round again: "Such was Dante's Beatrice. The idea of a journey to the worlds beyond derives from the Denkārt, which one of our Emperors wrote after having ritually partaken of bhang.

"But this need not concern us here where we are now standing. Look around, please. Pray, would you call this a Council Room, as it is generally known? Of

course not. This was a fire-temple.

"But do you realise what a holy fire is? Can you imagine what a fire can become when subjected to ever-lowering mantrams, down to eight octaves below? At this point it acquires a soul. It speaks, and prophesies.

"But hush! Has anybody among you people ever meditated upon fire?"

Through my mind there flitted the name of a then living holy man, as of its own accord.

Questioningly Doctor Hakim uttered precisely that name, and quickly added that that holy man of mine was often supernaturally contacted by a friend of his, a Muslim saint in Bombay. All this he seemed to brush aside as he started off on a new track: "Sir, before Christ spoke, we knew him. In 7 A.D. three planets seemed to coalesce into one star, and we understood that it meant that a ritual of gold, incense and myrrh was relevant.

"Have you an idea of what I am speaking about?"

"Incense is hot. It stands for the warm current which passes through our right nostril. Myrrh is cold. It stands for the cool current which passes through our left nostril.

"When the two breaths are supremely balanced and knit together, they circulate, like a golden wreath up here" - he slapped his forehead - "What do you call what we have under here, in physiology? Corona radiata.

"Can you imagine what one becomes when thus inwardly crowned? One discerns in all things the light which is their essence, the spark which is their driving life-force.

"Real magi, who have developed their crown, are granted the vision of the compendium of all these sparks, Khvarah, Glory descending as a Cup of Light.

"They look at the stars and read the writing of destiny. They see the light of the stars descending as a Cup upon a person chosen by destiny.

"The Glory of Kingship they see issue forth from the conjunction of Saturn, Jupiter and Mars in a single sign of the zodiac, descending upon the chosen sovereign. This happened just before the birth of Kurush. And again just before he entered Babylon. It took place likewise before Darius' coronation. That is what all these bas-reliefs are telling you. At the inauguration of Persepolis Mercury was in conjunction with Jupiter and the Moon. Eagle, Scorpion and Lion shone above, whilst the Bull sank crushed by the Lion. All around you see the Lion pouncing on the Bull, and Darius as Archer, Sagittarius, overcoming a being compounded of Eagle, Scorpion and Lion.

"Our wisdom was somehow transmitted to Abu Sina, so when he saw the conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter in Capricorn, he wrote his qasida foretelling the fall of Baghdad and the Egyptian victory over the Tartars. You may read the story in Al Biruni."

"You say that the light of the stars of such conjunctions is perceived as descending in the form of a Cup?" I queried.

"We remember the names of the great kings and magi who saw it - Jamshid, Faridun, Kai Khosraw, Zarathushtra, the Golden, the Ageless, the Powerful One."

I remembered my Avestic classes, when I was taught to tamely read the name Zarathushtra as Old Yellow Camel.

"Such heroes knew how to draw down the fire from above into a cup or stone. When this is done, a retinue gathers.

"At Kang-dez, our Scriptures say, at the spiritual heart of the world, Kai Khosrow thus mustered the Order of Knights described in the Shah Nameh. On him had descended the Cup, Jam-e Khai Khosraw.

"Seeing the Cup invests one with Glory. One becomes the manifestation of

one's mandate. When this has been fulfilled, one does not die, but goes back into the space from which such mandates issue. Until they all wind up into their conclusion, the final coming of the Saoshyant.

"That is why the Cup is said to confer immortality. In its presence even the thoughts of evil men are cleansed, as shadows flee the Sun. You may read our text either 'cup of fire' or 'fire from the sun'.

"We know furthermore that the Cup could be solidified, hidden under the form of a black stone. This a true king and magus could energise with mantrams, turning it into a radiating ruby. This is what Zarathustra is represented as carrying in his hand - his smokeless fire.

"Rumi knew. He writes that the Sun in its mysterious way quickens embryos in wombs, inserts sparks into steel, ripens fruits, and inside mountains, transmutes ores into gold, black stones into radiating rubies.

"The Cup is the ruby, the ruby is the Cup."

The youth had grown excited, and he cried impatiently: "Master, you promised to take me to see where the fiery ruby was kept, at the original Kaaba, at Naqsh-i Rustam!"

"All right! But if we are to get there before noon, we have to rush," bellowed Doctor Hakim.

I found myself at his heels, along with the Persian youth, leaping down the stairway of Persepolis, heading for Naqsh-i Rustam.

Alas. Not long after our encounter, Doctor Hakim died, leaving me a few wonderful keepsakes of his knowledge. It sometimes happens, on receiving the gift of a few precious items of a set, that one by one the remaining pieces start falling into one's hands - they beckon from improbable shop windows in out-of-the-way places, one comes across them with collectors who volunteer an exchange, they turn up at auctions where nobody else bids for them.

Doctor Hakim's most intriguing hints concerned the Grail's alchemical aspect. It must have sometimes appeared as a transmutatory Cup or stone.

The commonest instance of a vessel capable of indefinitely imparting a medicinal quality to its content without any ponderable loss, was that of vases made of antimony, which could turn any amount of water into strong medicine. Alchemists in Newton's time drew weighty consequences from the fact. In ancient times it had been fabled that British megaliths were similarly transmutatory. According to the Historia Regum Britanniae water which washed over them acquired special properties, and they served as alchemical bathing pools. They were therefore called mystical stones. If their projective quality was homoeopathic, their effectiveness must have been subject to the very strict conditions under which hyperdilutions work. Such must have been the case with the sheep market pool of Bethesda (John 5:2-4).

The nexus of projective vessels - alchemy - kingship and kingly immortality is posited by a crucial passage in Ssuma Chhien (it is quoted by Needham, Science and Civilization in China, V:3, p.293, and by Jenney Davis and Roruko Nakaseki, The Tomb of Jofuku or Joshi, in Ambix n.2, Dec. 1937, p.109 ff., in a somewhat different version).

The alchemist Li Shao-Chun, summoned by the Han Emperor in 133 B.C., is reported as saying: "By making offerings to the oven" (a practice which is spoken of also in an Assyrian tablet) "natural substances can be caused to change" - or, an alternative offered by Needham: "natural phenomena can be caused to happen", or - in Davis and Nahaseki's version, "one may learn about the various beings". "If one can cause substances to change" - or "If one can call down the various beings - cinnabar can be transformed into gold. When

such gold has been produced, it can be made into vessels for eating and drinking, the use of which will prolong one's life (.....) and make one see the glorious Immortals." The procedure is prototypically attributed to the Yellow Emperor. Practitioners did not die, but went into occultation.

Such taliamans, which helped acquire the charisma of kingship, were the original regalia, and were containers for the essence of power.

Jurisprudence seems to assume the truth of the vibratory character of regalia even today in a case like that of the Hungarian crown. It is reminiscent of the shamanic crowns of Siberian and Korean monarchs, and it was legally construed to 'own' Magyar kingship. When it was smuggled out of the country and entrusted to the US House of Representatives, the Communist Government, rather than play off the receiver by considering the piece a mere commodity, chose to fight for the magic object as such.

In Ceylon the English spirited away Lord Buddha's tooth, which was a receptacle of Kandyan kingship, and restored it after royalist feeling, no longer sustained by its 'vibrations', had died out.

Kingship is a spiritual path. It implies more than mere rulership. It does not only consist in luck, victory and supremacy - which are however even today connected with a Cup at any sporting competition. A peculiar unconcern and ease are expected to run in a King's blood, Sang real - and were attributed to his affinity with the sun and with gold. But the king is not only the solar promoter of Justice, Peace and Good Harvest, he also belongs with the Moon of the Wild Hunt, of Warfare and of animal fertility. The throne of Korean Emperors was flanked by Sun and Moon.

In the horoscope of a king's glory Jupiter and Saturn, Grace and Severity, Heartiness and Iciness are conjoined. As their lights mix in the sky of a favourable horoscope, so on earth a king must gear their influences together. A beloved Provider and a fearsome Shearer is the Shepherd of men. A man of wisdom and an innocent. The all-seeing and all-powerful, sunlike monarch is admired by the same people who are ready to consider him an artless simpleton whom ministers and councillors keep in the dark about their policies.

The conflict of feelings which his presence evokes is called awe. Putting the matter in a nutshell - the king is the sacrificer who must draw down the highest blessing on his people, but the choicest and most obvious blessed offering is he himself.

"What kind of God art thou, that suffer'st more  
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers ?

(....)

O! Be sick great greatness,  
And bid thy ceremony give the cure"  
(Henry V, IV : 1, 261-263;272-272)

To solve the dilemma kingship has often been split into a Sun King and a Darksome, grotesque substitute - Winter-solstice, Saturnine Lord of Misrule, or Spring-equinox, Lunar Mock-King of Carnival, whose heavenly counterpart is Lucifer Morningstar, the trickster who pretends to light the world with his twikle and is impaled for his cheek, or else exuberantly heralds in the Sun, only to be burnt in the bonfire of its rays.

Strabo tells (XI:4:7) about how the Albanians of the Caucasus got round the difficulty - in a manner which seems typical with most of the peoples likewise named, from the worshippers of Alba the White Goddess in Celtic lands, to the inhabitants of Nemi in the Alban hills.

"Sacred men" served at the shrine of the White Moon. Periodically one of

them tranced off and roamed the forest prophesying in his frenzy - the model of all the White Goddess's Green, Wild Men.

He was captured, brought back to the temple and there for one year kept in state as king, to be finally sacrificed to the Moon, by the thrust of a spear in his side.

A wound in the left side is what Elohim inflicted on sleeping-tranced Adam, drawing hence Eve, the Lunar Womb of Life.

In the Middle East the Goddess was Ishtar and her seasonal victim Tammuz or Adonis, the Lord. His wound was in the thigh.

Patterns of kingship vary, but the presence of a Medusa-like Goddess is inherent in the king's necessary link with the moon.

Often a magical challenge is offered to the prospective king's dauntless courage, purity of intent and magical resourcefulness by a Loathly Hag or a Saturnine-Lunar Temptress - lips red, looks free, skin as white as leprosy, Life-in-Death who thickens men's blood with cold, as the poet archetypally saw her. It is for the true king to turn her into the White Bride of the Honey-Moon, who will bestow on him her magic power over the land. He must not fear to lose his head over her.

In the Germanic world kingship was related to Woden, the master of seidr, rituals of which we know nothing except that they were called unmanly, and that the trickster Loki hinted at them, taunting fierce Woden about his masculinity. Victims to Woden were hung from trees in the holy grove at Uppsala, and stabbed with a spear.

Myth and theology considered the offerer, the offered and the receiver of the offering as one, and Woden the proto-King was said to have sacrificed himself to himself, wounding himself with his own spear; after that he was able to master magic runes - which could be seized only by one 'howling' (oepir) as in the spasms of death.

The king must feel that he is the Hunter and the Hunted Eagle or Lion - only "ceremony", leading to this realisation, "gives the cure" for kingship.

A virtually complete coronation ceremony was devised in Babylon. S. Mayassis meticulously reconstructed it from the sparse documents (in Mystères et initiations dans la préhistoire et protohistoire, Athens, 1961).

The king was purified with light - he keenly observed his stars; with words - he uttered mantrams; with touches; with water - he received baptism perhaps in the two pools of forgetfulness and of steadfastness.

He then made his Confession of sins, starting from the worst of all, that of having been born. He was tonsured, and led into the Temple, where he was boxed on the ears - a kind of beheading, a way of making him lose his head; and was obliged to kiss the earth - as in certain myths to kiss the Loathly Hag. Once he resumed his standing position, he was slapped in the face. He was now one of the poor, a humbled beggar, and as such faced the night of incubation, the imaginal harrowing of hell, of bad planets, whence he arose to be anointed with 'celestial' oils kept in bulls' horns or in golden vases. He now 'saw' the tree of life - to a dynast all one with his genealogical tree, alive in his blood. Above it spread its wings the eagle of Empire.

There followed the holy meal of cakes "full of divinity" and of wine, and the final hierogamy with the priestess into whom the Goddess had been drawn. The Psalms of the Bible seem to be side-remarks to this ritual, which runs from dejection to triumph.

One may try to reconstruct the inward transmutation of which the pageant's triumph was a projection. Portraiture proper, which is the art of reading into inwardness, was not developed until inwardness, at least of a mystical quality

- ceased to be obvious - in late Greek times. It was Alexander who relived the mystique of Babylonian and Iranian kingship, and through his campaigns he felt or sought to feel like Dionysus resurrected - beaming and swooning, wild and glorious, carried along by the effulgence of his stars - he was portrayed with a gaze that verges on suffering, such was the might of his inward elation, his head was slightly slanted as if he were listening to divine words, his curly locks were ruffled by the gust of inspiration, his full, swollen neck was that of bolus hystericus. Yet at the same time a divine poise softens gracefully all his features. Such is the result of a true coronation. It caused the crowned one to realise at the core of his being the coincidence of opposites and led him to identify with light. Ancient initiations all stress the one teaching, that everything living is moved by light, which emanates from the Sun and the stars. Seeds are buried sparks of celestial light which are striving up, back to their origin, and in so doing open into leaves which absorb sunlight and distill it into life-giving sap. The Sun-Eagle and the Tree of Life are two in one. On sun-drenched trees feed animals and their food they distill into blood, which contains their soul, which through the eyes meets and rejoins the Sun, its Self.

Life is the Son sinking for love into its grave and re-ascending out of love to its source. Every earthly magnetism is an episode in the striving of homesick light. Kingly initiation makes the king into light descending to the people's hearts and soaring in acclamation above them. The magic of monarchy does not work through tricks of reason, but by sheer, naked magnetism; it attracts eyes and hearts by offering a replica of the world. This is seen archetypally in the descriptions of the Grail Castle of Camelot. It was expressed in actual life at Babylon and in Thebes, in Persepolis and hence in the Domus Aurea on the Oppian hill, finally in Byzantium which sought to incorporate also the glamour of Taq-d-i Taqdis the new and greater Persepolis of the last Iranians.

The courtiers, gathered around the Sun-king, mirror the celestial hosts. The palace rests on a cosmic lay-out. The royal garden shelters all plants and all animals (where Frederic II went his zoo followed). The love of monarchy is a transposed love of nature.

The king identifies as an adept with light, feeling that he is giving life to everything and out of everything, drawing feelings of exultation which are his own light that he re-absorbs into himself. He thus no longer "suffers of mortal griefs". The like of Henry V are actually cured by ceremony.

Mace and Seal give reality to things, the orb creates peace, the sceptre decrees what is and is not to be. The royal ointment helps into a state of mind to which this is obvious. Even the witches' and Grail-knights' art of herbal meshes and brews was possibly below the perfection displayed in such balms by the priesthood. Some Medieval alchemical recipes for oils to rub into the crown of the head are preserved in the XIII C. treatise Compostella of Bonaventura d'laeo (an Italian translation with the title Antiche Vie dell'alchimia appeared in Rome in 1973). Chelidon variously distilled and mixed with camphor, incense and myrrh and other ingredients, is supposed to confer wisdom and memory. Ayurvedic ointments for the head such as Maha Vatha Gaja Wardini are today used to abate tension, oppression, blood-pressure while at the same time affording vigour and tonicity.

The Christian story was adopted by the Roman Emperors because if they became the icons of King Jesus, his vicarious sacrifice provided them with all the necessary darksome, suffering element of kingship. The Emperor of Babylon

had to shed tears of good omen; Christian Roman Emperors remind one of Edward VI with his whipping boy.

Morningstar became Jesus at his mock-coronation, Saturn's grip was shown in the nails of the Cross. Good Friday was Saturn's darkness given free away.

Dante insists that for Christ's atonement to work, the sentence of death had to be unimpeachable, issued by the lawful God-appointed Imperial authority. The Emperor in his Glory mirrored Crucifixion - he offered its image in reverse. The archaic symmetry between the Hunting Monarch and his favourite victim, Lion, Eagle or Dragon or Deer, was fully restored. Wounded Christ is a Medusa. Blood from Medusa's left side was life-giving. The Emperor is a Perseus. He and his quarry are two in one and one in two, as the Beast flying on the royal banner and decorating the king's shield proclaims. The King wore the hide, decked himself with the feathers and antlers of his symmetrical selfhood.

The Sun-Emperor is two in one, in the seed as in the light, in the food as in the belly, in the hunted as in the hunter, in Jesus as in the Imperial Spear which pierced him and in the Cup that was not passed from him.

The kingly metaphysical realisation of oneness expresses itself in kingly virtues. By these the king differed from other initiates into the metaphysics of light, whose lot was private knowledge and magic.

The Iranian talismans of kingship were transferred to the Byzantine store of Imperial magic. After Heraclius overcame Taqd-i Taqdis, the new Persepolis, all its pageantry was absorbed. The Grail stories relayed an amalgamated Byzantine-Iranian doctrine of kingship. The blend had Scriptural support in the episode of the Magi.

Dr. Hakim shed light on these manipulators of kingship whose actual historical existence is immaterial, but whose meaning is crucial. They practiced a ritual for the blending of ida and pingala. Without such an inner equalisation the kingly identification with Light could hardly be achieved. Without it regalia remain idle toys.

The legend tells that when the Magi saw the heavenly conjunction, they set forth to perform the ritual. On a child? This was the case in Tibet and Nepal, and a child (or, according to Dr. Hakim's calculations, a boy) may benefit by ritual even better than an adult. Innocents are shown accompanying 17th C. exorcists in Baroque pictures, and it was they that did the scrying in 18th C. occultist lodges, possibly influenced by Egyptian practices.

A child cannot be taught a treatise on ida and pingala, but it can well become familiar with the actual referents of the terms which the treatise jostles about in games of reason and learning.

The older magus was called Melchior, King of Light, and he carried the golden Cup.

The middle-aged one's name was Balthazar, God's Protection, which can be rendered as Mandate of Heaven. He carried myrrh on a paten.

To Dr. Hakim he was concerned with the activation and control of the cooling force, with mindfulness.

Third came Jasper, the youth. Jasper is green-hued quartz sprinkled with vermilion. Quartz is common in initiations. It is thought that by assimilating it - by identifying with its glitter, one may attain to identification with

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AFTER THE ALCHEMICAL MANDALA FEATURE ]

ALCHEMICAL MANDALA

NUMBER 23

This mandala from the Altona 'Secret Symbols of the Rosicrucians' is an elaborate synthesis of alchemical and Christian symbols probably deriving from the Boehmist tradition. I have already commented upon another plate from this source (see Alchemical Mandala no 15). In the original plate and the Aries Press translation, the layout is rather cluttered, so I have redrawn the Mandala overleaf separating the text from the diagram, and I hope this will allow us to see more clearly the structure of the mandala.

\*\*\* TEXT \*\*\*

THE HEAVENLY AND EARTHLY EVE

MOTHER OF ALL CREATURES IN HEAVEN AND ON EARTH

GOD is an eternal, uncreated, infinite, supernatural, self-sustaining, heavenly and existing spirit, who hath become in the course of nature and time a visible, bodily, mortal man.

The DIVINE EYE through which God will see and create everything.

The beginning of everything predicts its end.

THE LIGHT OF GRACE  
ERGON - THE GREATER WORK

THE HEAVENLY EVE  
THE NEW BIRTH

O Man, O Man, contemplate how God, the eternal Word became man.

Innocent I received. Damned is he who does not believe.

THE HEAVENLY TINCTURE  
The Sacrament of the Holy Spirit.

NATURE is a temporal, created, terminal, natural, essentially spiritual-corporeal spirit, an image likeness and shadow, fashioned after the uncreated eternal spirit, hidden and yet visible.

The NATURAL EYE through which Nature sees and reigns over everything.

The living is mortal, corruptible and will be reborn again.

THE LIGHT OF NATURE  
PARERGON - THE LESSER WORK

THE EARTHLY EVE  
THE OLD BIRTH

O Man, O Man, contemplate how Nature is a great world and hath become man.

Innocent I give back. Despise not thyself in shame.

THE PHYSICAL TINCTURE  
Virgin's milk and Sweat of the Sun, mother of six children and a pure virgin.

ROSIKRUCIAN PHILOSOPHERS

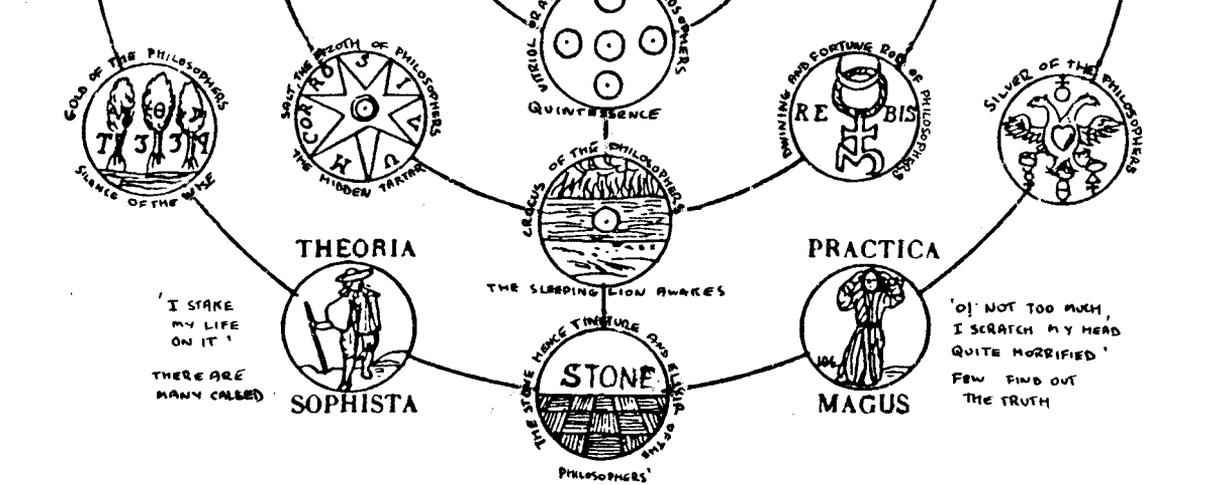
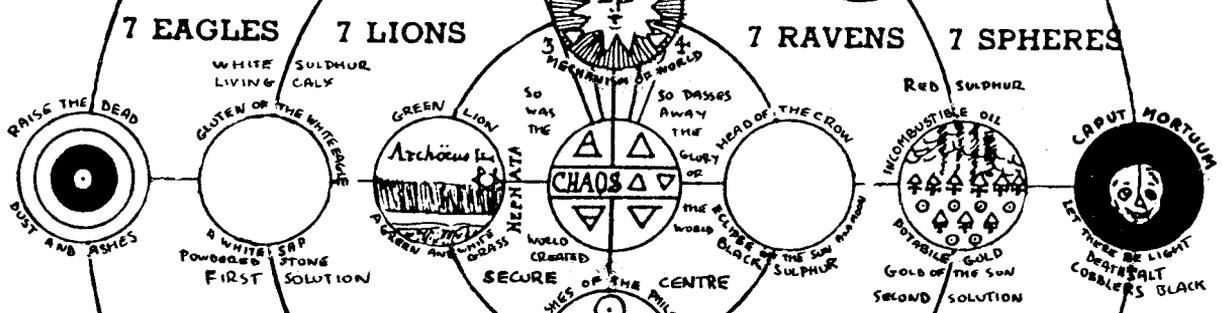
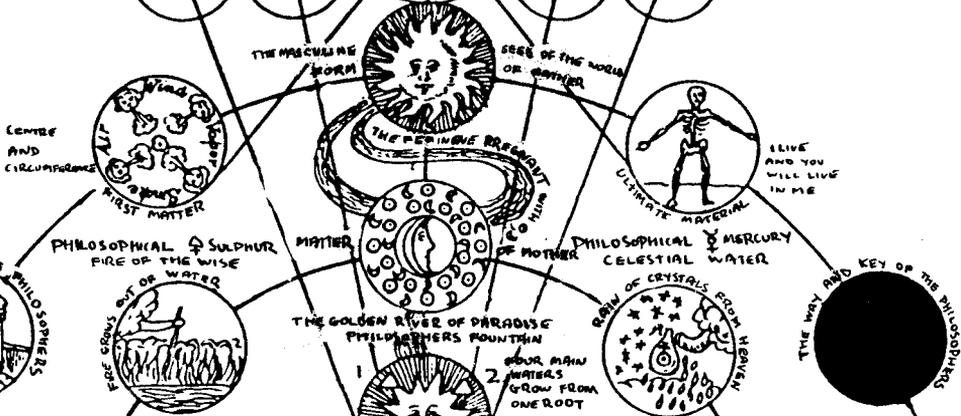
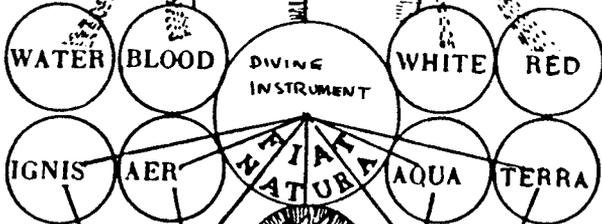
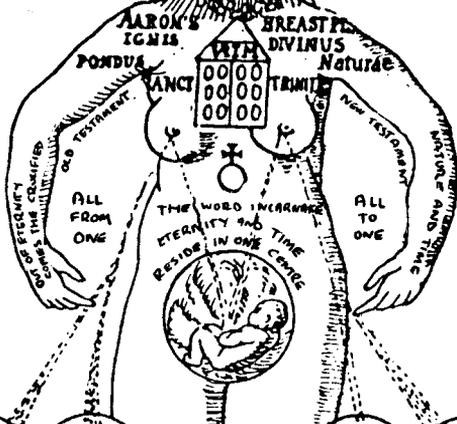
Come, come, come. Who has eyes to see, can and will see rightly.  
Come, arouse, arouse the ears. Whoever hath ears to hear need not be called upon too loudly.

Seek the friendship of Archeus, the trusty doorkeeper, for he hath sworn allegiance to Nature and is Nature's secret servant.

VIRGIN SOPHIA.

NATURE IS REVEALED

MAN KNOW HIMSELF AND THEN YOU WILL KNOW THIS FIGURE



The top section shows the Virgin Sophia, the Eternal Feminine Wisdom Principle. On her right arm is "Out of Eternity comes forth the crucified", which doubtless refers to the Christ child she bears in her womb. We are further told "Man know thyself and then you will know this figure". The child in her womb is nourished by two streams from her breasts. However, these two streams also pour down towards the lower world where they further polarise into the four spheres Water and Blood, the White and the Red. At this point there is a kind of threshold. All above this point belongs to the spiritually potential, but all below lies in the realm of the outwardly manifest. Thus the four spheres of the spiritual potentialities are mirrored in the four elements. From the centre point Nature manifests herself as the divine instrument. Above we have the Virgin Wisdom, below the Mother Nature.

The Christ that is growing in the womb of Virgin Nature can be interpreted here in the cosmic sense, rather than in terms of the Jesus of the Gospel. The crucifixion of the Christ is seen as the descent of the spiritual archetype into material on the four elemental arms of the Cross of Nature. This reflects the platonic sense of humanity being the spirit crucified on the Cross of Matter.

In the lower part of this figure lines drawn from the spheres of the four elements lead us toward the central CHAOS where the archetypal elements meet together in the chaotic interflow of substance that constitutes our material sphere of embodiment on the earth. Around this centre we note "So was the world created - So passes away the glory of the world", perhaps a reference to the Genesis precipitation of the Earth Globe from the Spiritual, and its passing away or dissolving into the Spiritual at the end of the world. Between the four Archetypal Spheres of the elements and this central point of chaos are three concentric circles with 12, 8 and 4 spheres, respectively placed upon them, which provides a mandala picturing an integration of these elements through alchemical processes and symbolism.

We note especially the spheres which lie upon the central line connecting the Divine Instrument of Nature and the central chaos. The outer of these is the Masculine Seed of the World, the Form of the Father pictured as a solar emanation. This meets the feminine Matter of the Mother, lunar in form, and we note a flow of forces interchanged which results in the feminine being pregnant with the Sun and Moon children. These cosmic forces become mirrored on a still lower level, the sexuality of humanity, which is the Mechanism of the World, and we see a reference to the Golden River of Paradise, which is the Philosophers' Fountain. Four Elemental Waters (Rivers of Paradise) grow from one root. If we are able to set up within the structure of our souls a dynamic interconnection and balanced relationship of the Masculine and Feminine then we gain power over the four elemental currents of forces in our beings and are able to freely incarnate our spiritual intuitions in outer actions.

Let us look at the way in which these concentric circles form individual mandalas of alchemical ideas and processes.

The Outermost Circle is twelvefold with a left/right polarity. The top three spheres are especially linked by line with the threshold of the spiritual and material - the Masculine Seed of the world which we have looked at, the First Matter on the right and the Ultimate Matter on the left. Thus we have moving downwards :-

MASCULINE SEED OF THE WORLD

FIRST MATTER

The Closed Door  
of the Philosophers

Raising the Dead  
Dust and Ashes

Gold of the Philosophers

THEORY  
Philosopher

ULTIMATE MATTER

The Way and Key  
of the Philosophers

Caput Mortuum  
Let there be Light

Silver of the Philosophers

PRACTICE  
Magus

STONE

At the bottom as a synthesis of the whole circle, the aim and uniting of the other polarised stages is the Stone, Tincture and Elixir of the Philosophers.

The Intermediate Circle has 8 stages, with left/right polarity as with the outermost circle :-

MATTER OF MOTHER

Philosophical Sulphur  
Fire of the Wise  
Fire grows out of water

White Sulphur  
Living Calx  
Gluten of the White Eagle  
Powdered Stone  
First Solution

Salt, the Azoth of the Philosophers  
The Hidden Tartar

Philosophical Mercury  
Celestial Water  
Rain of crystals from heaven

Red Sulphur  
Incombustible Oil  
Potabile Gold  
Gold of the Sun  
Second Solution

Rebis, the Divining and fortune  
rod of the Philosophers

CROCUS (ASH) OF THE PHILOSOPHERS  
The Sleeping Lion awakes

Innermost Circle is grouped into two polarities :-

THE PHILOSOPHICAL FOUNTAIN  
Mechanism of the World

Green Lion  
Archæus  
A green and white grass

Head of the Crow  
Eclipse of Sun and Moon  
Black Sulphur

VITRIOL OR ASHES OF THE PHILOSOPHERS  
Quintessence

We see how the symbols in each of these spheres links them together in polarities.

The outermost circle of 12 spheres outlines the spiritual principles behind the alchemical operations, in the relationship between the prima materia and the ultimate material, between theory and practice, etc., while the intermediate circle of 8 spheres seems to describe the process in more explicitly alchemical terms, with references to processes and archetypal substances that the alchemist must obtain and use for this work. The central four spheres show the attainment of the end of the work, Creation, head of the Crow, Quintessence and Philosophical Fountain. These are four archetypal aspects reflecting the aim of alchemical transformation.

Across the central area of the mandala is written :-

7 EAGLES    7 LIONS    7 RAVENS    7 SPHERES

The Eagles correspond to Air  
The Lions correspond to Fire  
The Ravens correspond to Earth  
The Spheres (globes) to Water (vessels)

This probably indicates that the process must be repeated sevenfold through each of the elements, that is one must pass through the Eagle, Lion, Raven and Sphere stages seven times to achieve the end of the work.

There is a great deal of material woven into this symbolism, and this mandala could be interpreted in an ever deeper manner, when further interrelationships between the symbols would reveal themselves. However, the indications I have outlined here will provide a starting point from which the reader can follow this up in detail.

light as such. Dr. Hakim believed that the gift of incense stood for control of the right column of breath, the inward warming force. Incense is the symbol of sacrifice and in India internal warmth and inward effort are both called tapas.

In Flanders during the Middle Ages a procession was staged for the Epiphany, the feast of lights. It was described by J. Duchene-Guillemin (Die drei Weisen aus dem Morgenlande und die Anbetung der Zeit, in Antaios VIII, 3, Sept. 1965).

Jasper was smeared with pig's blood, the principle of animal warmth. Balthazar carried a stick topped with a star - he stood for mindfulness of heaven's mandate. Melchior played a bagpipe made of pig's hide. Bagpipes symbolise transformation.

A Medieval charm for retrieving a lost horse, which might well have originated in some Guild of the Horseman's Word, identifies the Horse and the Word made flesh, and runs:

"Jasper holds you, Balthazar ties you, Melchior leads you".

The three Magi answer to the riddle of the Sphynx, who, according to Pausanias, requested of travellers the password of Theban kingship. Kingship is the unification of the three divisions of time. It means living up to the past by bearing the future in mind, thanks to what runs in one's blood. Jamshid's Cup showed, gathered into its concavity, all time and space.

The Magi however were intruders into Jewish magical territory, within which their ritual act implied that they considered Jesus the living Temple.

Moses had compounded an oil of incense, myrrh, and other spices, with which he anointed the golden covering of the tabernacle, the altar, the ark, and the golden vessels. Not only was the oil holy, and not only did it make holy what it was poured upon, but the anointed vessels were alchemically energized, and made holy whatever they carried, like those mentioned in Ssuma Chhien's passage.

Anointment severed from the commonality, empowering for prophecy and compelling rites.

The imitation of Moses' oil and the anointment of a stranger even with an ersatz were punished with death. Moses also concocted a balm which caused YHWH "to be present".

The ritual of the Magi was akin to what it is described in Exodus 30. The Talmud does not add much thereto, the only technicality it discloses concerns the soaking of the herbs and the pouring of oil over the water so as to absorb their sheer quintessential aroma.

Moses's concoctions were kept in a horn (Zacharias speaks of YHWH raising his horn of salvation, Luke 1:69).

The Talmud informs us that the anointer traced a wreath of oil round the king's head and rubbed a little of it between the eyes - in due Yogic order - and "the spirit of YHWH burst on him from that day" (I Sam. XVI:13). The Spirit of YHWH was also "a rock", possibly the rock of the Temple which was considered the stone from which issued the primal ray of light, out of which everything is born.

The present Israel is legally founded upon this rock.

By coronation the King was reborn, YHWH begetting him in the womb of dawn,

at the origination of light. Melkisedek, by whose delegate power the Jewish priesthood operated, is described as the collector of the purity of light by the Pistis Sophia. Jewish kings lived in fear of someone being anointed in secret. They knew the ointment worked; Solomon, who set the model for kingship, was anointed twice. He also practiced hierogamies with various priestly queens and established a close association with Hiram, possibly an alchemist (I Kings 7:13-15).

He understood the language of animals as a magical Hunter, and settled megaliths like a Merlin (Ex. R. 52:4). Over his marriage bed lay a canopy of the constellations.

The new Christian dispensation in the spiritual history of kingship was started with the foundation of Byzantium.

Constantine forbade the casting of the Emperor's horoscope, putting an end to the Augustan tradition in the Roman art of enamels and ivory cameos depicting the Imperial nativity. A new mandate was now operating.

The version of the Roman See was that Constantine was a leper about to bathe in the blood of the innocents, who was cured instead by Baptism - the new Emperor was an "ailing king" healed by Rome's Hallowes and thereby in debt to her for ever.

The Byzantine version instead was that Constantine received a direct mandate from heaven, confirmed through the finding of the true cross, his all-powerful talisman.

The Byzantine formula was that he was Christ's icon and a ray of God's Wisdom. As Hunter and Warrior he carried a Spear. On Good Friday the adoration of his Spear took place in the Palace, followed by the presentation of the golden table and of the golden vessels.

On the other hand he drank the Eucharist from the Cup as do the clergy, and not from a spoon, as did the laity. At Nativity the courtly ritual stressed that he was the Bringer of Light.

Spear, Cup, Paten were the main liturgical instruments in the introductory and cosmogonical section of the Mass.

Inside the secret part of the church, beyond the iconostasis, on the altar stood the cross, the tabernacle and a candelabrum. But the proskomidia - before-the-meal - ritual took place on a table to the left of the altar. It was performed on a piece of bread stamped with a quartered square inscribed "Jesus Christ Overcomes". Beside it stood three vials, containing wine, cold and warm water respectively.

The cosmogonic pantomime began with a thanksgiving for being exempted from the damnation of the Law. A square was carved out of the bread with a small Spear, placed on a paten, and declared to be the Sacrificial Lamb. (The Emperor was by implication the Ram. At Easter shepherds leave for the mountains, and the little lambs which cannot make it are sacrificed, in order that the Ram be saved and live.)

The celebrant dug into the Lamb's left side with the Spear, declaring that out of the wound immortality gushed forth. He then blessed with the spear the whole loaf, and poured wine and water into the Cup. Out of the bread he carved a triangle and placed it to the right, declaring it to be The Lady in the Golden Mantle.

Smaller triangles of bread he carved and placed on a line at the left, to represent the Baptist and the saints. Finally he placed small triangles on two rows beneath the square, to represent the living and the dead. The world was served on the paten.

After blessing the incense, he recalled the apparition of the star and placed over the paten the asterisk, made of two crossed metal semicircles fastened together with a vice from which hung a star. Balthazar's gift was the mandate from heaven, the asterisk; Jasper's was victory, intimated by the inscription on the square of bread; Melchior's was the source of immortality - the spear's wound. The three tokens of kingship now hovered above the world.

The celebrant finally glorified God and veiled the asterisk. He begged for salvation while veiling the Cup. Finally, with a larger veil, called aer, representing the Spirit, he covered up everything.

All these liturgies, the peculiar palatial processions and the cosmogonic prelude to the Mass, were absent in the Roman West.

Rome has slowly, methodically, unflinchingly cleared the West of all Byzantine traces. It was a Herculean task, since Rome itself had been partially a Greek centre up to the 9th C. Afterwards, the various succeeding Roman styles would seek to smother beneath their theatrical displays the mosaics, the icons, all traces of the Byzantine enemy.

The non-Roman liturgies of the West, all of Oriental origin, were slowly stamped out. The Lombard variety survived partially and only in Milan, the Spanish only in Toledo; of the Gallican all trace was lost, while the Celtic was supplanted in Irish monasteries all over Europe by the Benedictines and its inroads in England were meticulously mopped up.

The Roman See is a proof of the immense magic power of sheer persistence of imagination: by unflinchingly keeping in mind the Pontificate of Augustan Empire, regardless of external circumstances, the popes lived to see it triumph.

Rome crowned Charlemagne Emperor of the West. Dante still kept up the pro-Byzantine protest against the illegality 400 years after. In payment for the balm Charlemagne uprooted the Oriental liturgies by main force, wherever needed, throughout his Europe.

The Byzantine presence had been strongest in Ireland. The peak of Greek metaphysics was reached with Scotus Erigena, whose books Rome later suppressed.

Rome offered her balm of kingship to the rulers who bowed to her Pontificate, but it rarely seemed to work. All the sovereigns who sought to live up to their kingly calling felt a lack in what Rome provided and smarted under the checks she imposed on them; Byzantium was the secret ideal example that kindled Ghibelline dreams.

The issue was quite old. St. Augustine's City of God had been a plea for the Church which was charged with having wrecked the magic of Empire. The charge was later voiced in Scandinavia. The blight hanging on the land was blamed on King Inge's conversion to Christianity and a volley of stones drove him out of the Swedish Thing.

The skald Einar Skalaglam wrote a drapa about Hakon, a Norwegian jarl who did as Cnut's father would, going back on his baptism and rebuilding the old shrines, thus drawing down once more the gifts from "the God of the Cup of Offering" - heill and hamingja (the Virgin of Light).

The Roman balm and ritual vesture of the ruler in priestly garb appeared fully satisfying however to the various Anglo-Saxon kings, who traded for Roman magic securities their descent from Woden, the self-spearling leader of the Wild Hunt and dispenser of rune-lore.

But a split between Rome and Anglo-Saxon royalty finally occurred. Rome backed the Norman invasion to stave off the possible consequences. What these

could have possibly been, might be guessed from the Anglo-Saxon refugees seeking asylum in Byzantium.

Bede had based his annals on Byzantine indications. Beowulf's attack on Grendel's cave was modelled on the liturgy of Baptism as a descent of Jesus-the-Warrior into the Jordan to vanquish Behemoth (Allen Cabaniss makes the point in Liturgy and Literature, Un. of Alabama, 1970).

The Byzantine theory of kingship and the motif of Christ's five wounds as the Quincunx of Imperial victory inspired The Dream of the Rood, a description of the Byzantine Imperial talisman studded with five jewels, reminiscent of the square of bread in the proskomidia. The crucifixion was a warrior's feat - the late Ancrene Riwe depicted Jesus as a warrior jousting upon the Cross for his lady, the human soul.

Cynwulf's Elene is a re-telling of the central Byzantine legend of the finding of the True Cross, described as "the Glory of Kings, the Light of the righteous". Appearing to the Emperor in his dream, it is said to promise to lead him to "the Guardian of Souls, the Glory of Kings".

The Emperor's mother, Helen, determined to unearth the relic, is said to torture an esoteric Jew, urging him: "You cannot keep the thing hidden, you cannot conceal the secret powers."

A late Anglo-Saxon adaptation of a Byzantine original, Solomon and Saturn, transforms the Lord's Prayer into a Warrior King's runic song culminating in Ger, the rune of plenty, and Daeg, the rune of light. Aelfric called the Holy Host a rune, the author of Solomon and Saturn identified with a rune each single request in the Lord's Prayer, which is presented by Solomon as a song of victory (gepalmtwigoda) for a king of Caldea.

The guardian angel whose presence the prayer secures, helps the soul to grow and to seek "the Measurer's Glory", ignoring the evil spirit which would obsess it with the bad thoughts (misgemynd) of evil men.

The rune Daeg "comes with five-fold power", the magic of the Quincunx. A Middle English poem reveals the kind of meditation associated with the five wounds. The right hand issues loyalty and unity, which compact commonwealths; the left hand righteousness and justice; from the heart flow the blood of love and the water of truth and pure thoughts, whilst the right foot signifies devotion and the left one self-guidance.

The "Coventry ring" of the 15th C. preserves the tradition of associating the first three wounds with Jasper, Melchior, Balthazar respectively, and the feet with Ananyzapta - Ananias who paid with his life for his lack of devotion, and Tetragrammaton, YHWH - the power respectively of the Church and of Empire (all these later, crucial documents on the method of meditation on the five wounds were gathered by Douglas Grey in Notes and Queries, Feb.- May, 1963).

As Rome unleashed William on Anglo-Saxon England, it sped another band of Normans through Byzantine Italy, helped them form a new kingdom, which was about to crush Byzantium, but finally failed to accomplish the job. The Crusades were launched, with Byzantium as their unavowed target, until the Fourth Crusade was successfully diverted thither; and lo, finally whores were seated on the altar at St. Sophia, monasteries were burnt with their monks inside them.

Dauntless Byzantium recovered. Indefatigable Rome then hurled the newly mustered Angevine might against her rival.

Back in England the Norman kings also ended finding themselves at odds with the Roman See.

Whatever the peculiar grievances, the underlying issue was that their

material skills were not enough to cope with magic - this is summed up in the lines of Murder in the Cathedral:

"But what is pleasure, kingly rule,  
Or rule of men beneath a king,  
With craft in corners, stealthy stratagem,  
To general grasp of spiritual power?"

But the knights who killed Thomas Becket lie buried in El Aqsa, which was the Templars' church in Jerusalem. The Templars, at a given moment in history, started holding the balance between the two magical forces, kingly glamour and ecclesiastical authority. Becket's killers were pawns in the Templar game. The Arthurian Celtic mystique became usable.

One is tempted to read meanings into coincidences. Richard I stops over in Sicily, consults with Joaquin of Fiore, whose prophecies could become magical weapons aimed at Rome, and the encounter takes place in the territory of the Templar preceptory on Mt. Etna, where King Arthur was said to bide his time.

About 1150 the Grail literature starts being spread.

It deals with the very core of all the disputes between kings, bishops and grand masters. Was not kingship lacking in magical legitimacy in the West? And what was the role of Empire?

Answers to questions which deal with magical power can only be given in terms of myth and ritual.

The Grail romances centre round a liturgy and its hallows. The powers behind their fortune, the prompters of the minstrels were Ghibelline-minded. There is no need to control the law-making if you control the ballads, observed one of the American founding-fathers.

The Historia Regum Britanniae is a first attempt to provide a non-ecclesiastical, mythical, magical, imaginal foundation for English kingship. It was followed by Wace's Brut, openly patronised by Henry II.

The Grail romances proper start off with Chrétien's Perceval. A dream emerges of knights whose ethics are more akin to the members of Iranian futuwwa than to those of the Christian peoples of the West. Their piety consists in seeking for a mystical interpretation of their exploits, from hermits whom they approach in the spirit of Ismailis or Sufis seeking spiritual uplift from their shaikhs. In Chrétien, Jesus is called "the prophet killed by the Jews".

Perceval starts on his quest refusing to cross himself before presences which are presumed to be infernal. When he comes across a kinglike figure he cries: "Here I descry God himself".

As the ethical background is Sufi, the spiritual path is that of kingship as such, which has become however a suffering spiritual lineage needing pure-hearted adepts uncompromised by existing persuasions.

The king lies bleeding - a proof that Jesus' atoning passion is not working, that kingship has to take upon itself the burden of propitiation. A fisher king points the way. On coats of arms a fish connotes silence and faith in God. The fisher king speaks not of his distress, he has faith in the coming of a healer - he is a fisher of souls, who shows the path to initiation. The souls he is awaiting must be untainted, not drawn into the prevailing system of allegiances and beliefs.

The initiator proper is the ailing king himself. Kingly initiations are not open as a rule to candidates from outside a royal family - save in time of

need. The Grail romances connote such a period when a call is issued to form an Order of initiates into the secrets of kingship, because the ruling king is in dire straits. The romances create the favourable atmosphere and the expedient jargon for recruitment. A distressed dynasty makes known that it will share its secrets, that it is rebuilding a retinue. But the instinct of the old and the defeated is to ruthlessly use the new adept in their plans of revenge. A sharp-witted initiate should kill his initiator in time, as the Siegfried-Fafnir myth suggests.

The difficulty for the ailing king is that initiation is not something that one can proffer. It has to be sought for. Only a formal request may trigger the process of magical teaching - the question:- What ails thee. Or, better still:- Whom does the Grail avail?

All the ailing king can do is stage a dumb-show - the procession of the Hallows. The message is as clear as Grail-light, if the onlooker would only observe, ponder and connect.

A Cup, a Spear, a Paten, two Candelabra head for the door of a royal chamber.

Anyone at the time might know that these were the liturgical instruments of the Byzantine proskomidia. It took more than seven centuries for an historian to see the point - Konrad Burdach first noticed the purloined letter of the Grail.

The procession of the Hallows enters the impenetrable chamber of the King - the Byzantine clergy retires behind the iconostasis through the Royal Door.

Certain later Grail romances add one more touch. A Child appears on the altar. This too is Greek liturgy. In Greece forty days from their birth, boys are taken up by the priest and placed upon the altar in memory of Simeon who took up "that holy thing" born of Mary (Luke 1:35).

The message could hardly be clearer. Only a Byzantine ecclesiastical and ritual order could restore kingship to health. Evidence of the liturgical issue at stake is given in the later anti-Ghibelline Tannhauser cycle.

The Grail Arthurian romances had spoken about a mountain in which the adept of kingship, Arthur himself, lives with Felicia, the Happy-one, a name reminiscent of that of the Grail-Queen "Outflow of Joy". Felicia is the daughter of Sybil, pre-Christian Wisdom.

This motif is denounced as diabolical in the Tannhauser cycle. The adept repents of his years with the Lady in the mountain - but his sin will only be washed away by "listening to the Pope's Mass in Rome".

The political message depends on the liturgical bent.

The Hallows of the Grail were silent vindications of the Byzantine system - in which the clergy was restricted to providing for the execution of ritual and for guidance on the mystical path. Active life came entirely within the kingly sphere. The manifesto of the Grail precedes Dante's by more than a century.

The ailing king reappears in the Divine Comedy. In the XIV canto of the Inferno the island of Crete is described as a waste land which once was the thriving, golden-age realm of Saturn. In its mount Ida, Jupiter the god of kingship was born. Therefore the image of Empire stands there, within the mountain, half way, significantly, between Jerusalem and Rome. It is as Daniel imagined it, a Grand Old Man, whose head is of gold, but whose body is made of base metals. He looks to Rome "as to his mirror". Rome has betrayed the idea of Empire, so the Old Man is wobbling - his two feet are not on even, level ground.

The left leg is of iron and denotes Empire's mission, the hallowing of

active life. In the Quincunx of the aforementioned English texts it would correspond to the foot of self-guidance in active life and to the sign of YHWH, the Lord of Hosts.

The right leg is of clay, the life of contemplation and of the Church - corresponding to the foot of devotion, and to the sin of Ananias who would not part with his earthly belongings - according to Dante the main blemish of the Roman Church.

The Old Man is gashed from his chest to his loins and tears ooze out of the fissure, forming at his feet the infernal rivers of seething blood.

The healing will only take place when the Church is confined to her proper domain - as in Byzantium, when the Church's Cross is placed at the root of the Tree of Life, and the Eagle of Empire on its crown.

To be "saved", according to Dante, we must hope for the advent of the avenging Emperor; the blessings of contemplation are not fully redeeming if they do not culminate in Imperial hope.

Likewise, a merely sacramental life is not enough on the path of Grail knighthood. It is not even mentioned; in fact in the case of Perceval it is ignored. The hope of restoring the Cup or Paten to their functions is the way of knightly redemption.

In Purgatory (IX) Dante dreams that the Eagle of Empire is leading souls to heaven, but that it does so only from the mountains of Troy, overlooking the Bosphorous.

After Chrétien's lovely romance there followed Grail books of a different kind, in which the central question is still that of ailing kingship, but the answer is a specific scheme of alternative Christian ecclesiastical structure. The Grail is identified with the Cup of the Last Supper, in which Joseph of Arimathea caught the blood of Jesus' wound.

Joseph becomes the trustee of Christ's kingship, and he brings the privilege and the magic of Empire to Celtic England. The Cistercian movement, which was to fight the Order of Cluny, responsible for the former Grail romances, gave rise to romances in which the Grail means simply a mystically full sacramental life, in which the real presence of Christ in the Host becomes an hallucinatory experience, of the kind which will be taught in later times by Ignatius of Loyola.

Galahad, the champion of chastity, becomes the true knight, and the problem of an ailing kingship seems to be solved by his hallucinatory participation in the Eucharist. His name may recall Elijah the Gileadite, whose mission was to rebuke wayward kings and erring priests from the depths of mystical contemplation. The purely contemplative Order of the Carmel considered itself his ward.

These new Grail romances however insist on an esoteric transmission of kingship by means of an ark of Salvation carrying the bed of royal hierogamy and the sword, the ship built by Solomon following his queen's advice. The ship brings the Holy Empire to England and the story leading to Camelot unfolds. The Grail becomes identified with the Pentecostal fire which re-unifies languages and makes possible a Tower of Babel, which also Dante hoped for.

The final, German group of Grail romances, culminates in the greatest of all, Wolfram von Eschenbach's, which coincides with a great Ghibelline moment of hope - similar to that in which Dante would hail the Emperor (Henry VI) "silently" as he said in his Epistle to him whom he called "the Lamb of God".

Wolfram begins his poem by stating the gist of kingly initiation.

The candidate is a magpie, piebald, black and white like the chessboard of the world. Kingship teaches him to accept and ignore the chequered world, to transcend the oppositions where all are trapped. Kingship implies pure resolve and steadfastness, thanks to the "knowing of blessedness".

Through uncertainty, hesitation, vacillation one becomes sheer darkness. By becoming as unwavering as the fountainhead of life, the kingly one becomes all-resplendent.

Kingly men are under Saturn and have to endure that their Lady, their higher soul, chill them with a stony, icy gaze. At loathly Cundrie's sight a knight's heart stiffens - yet she urges on towards the Grail; at lovely Orgeluse's sight love is born, but her wickedness is such that the heart is gripped by the horror of it - and yet she may become the Bride.

In Dante and Petrarch the Lady who is the higher soul casts a stony gaze on her lover, and dooms him to suffer.

In Paradiso ~~XXX~~ this is so until all around pity distressed Dante, and he sighs and weeps until the ice that grips his heart is melted as in a new baptism. The shattering final question that Beatrice put was:- Do you not know that in an earthly paradise man must be happy? The Emperor's mission consisted in re-establishing an earthly paradise. Petrarch stated that Laura was the Laurel of kingship (Confessions, 3rd Dialogue).

If one truly hopes in Imperial redemption, by anticipation and trust one must already enjoy the earthly paradise which a true Empire would be, in which Saturn's curse would be lifted.

Wolfram intimates the same message. His ailing king suffers at the changes of the moon - and "calls that his hunting day. But what he can catch with his painful wound, would not provision his home". The Hunter aspect of kingship is thwarted - the king is pitifully enticing candidates by exhibiting his wound.

Even worse he fares when Saturn combines with certain constellations (IX) - and his wound festers and frosts. It becomes an inflammable glass. Words of pity then help him shed the necessary tears which renew his baptism.

The renewal of baptism is an Easter celebration which concludes Saturn's Good Friday triumphs.

The Cup is the sepulchre; the promise of salvation lies in concealment and in pain during a Good Friday period of history.

Kingly adepts now live as in tombs - anonymously. The Templar Grail of Wolfram bears an inscription saying that if ever a knight of the Order become king it shall be on condition that he be not asked his name. The Templar is kingly provided he conceals his kingly quality. I doubt that this drastic conclusion could have been foreseen by the Cistercian promoters of the Temple Order.

The final Grail romances proclaim the teaching that in the present cycle only in deep secrecy may a kingly calling be fulfilled.

On Easter night, at baptism, the Psalm is read (139): "The night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are like to thee."

Wolfram intimates that when it becomes the object of meditation, the Grail, in which at Good Friday is the Sepulchre, turns into a stone, the stone of exile. From it a new spark will be struck, and it will set aflame the onlooker, burning him to ashes. From these his phoenix nature will be resurrected. The one message runs through all these metaphors and imaginations - only by delving into the doom of Saturn, only by drinking its poison and feeding on its horror, as Avicenna recommends in his Epistle of the Birds, does one rise above all earthly traps set for kingly birds.

The Grail is now a mere black stone. But from this utter desolation a Zoroastrian hope is drawn at the Easter service, when the new fire is kindled and the prayer offered: "God, who through your Son have brought to your believers the fire of your clarity, drawn from a stone, sanctify this new fire."

In Wolfram's story the Zoroastrian motifs cluster around Feirefiz, the knight born of a black queen who bestowed kingship on her lovers. Her black head was encased in a ruby as in a red bubble. When her son Feirefiz is shown the Grail, he has eyes only for the lovely lady who carries it, Outflow of Joy. He is willing to be baptised if this will obtain her for him. A basin is accordingly brought, scooped out of a single shining ruby. He is baptised and the Grail becomes visible to him, with on it, however, the new message, which prescribes for future kings, issuing of the order of Templar knights, strict occultation and anonymity. The son of Feirefiz and of Outflow of Joy, will become Prester John, the real king, at last. With an emerald sceptre he will rule over Asia. The dazzling green light of this sceptre leads us to a green Buddha who seems to sum up all these teachings.

As Wolfram's marvellous cryptic envoi ends the revelations of the Grail in the West, eastward from their Iranian homeland they were continued in Tantra. The knights of the Grail seek refuge in India. Kingly initiation is one of the five paths in the Quincunx of Tantric cosmic Buddhas. Its presiding Buddha is Amoghasiddhi, the Unerringly Powerful. A-mogha, un-erring, is a Sanskrit kenning for "spear" and for the night, the unailing. Amoghasiddhi's mount is the eagle Garuda. The passion he tantrically deals with is envy, which moves the Titans, the opponents of kingship. Amoghasiddhi, true to Tantra, does not suppress envy, he in fact fans it into its most vicious intensity, extracts out of it all its sheer, raw energy, which he skilfully deflects from its natural, paltry goals. Envy is a fierce involvement in the world of honours, distinctions, fame and glory, its colour is the dull red of a smouldering fire. Amoghasiddhi obliterates from its sight the objects of its malice, casts over it the blue mantle of his night, and he appears in the resulting green, which corresponds to the costume of Gawain's initiator, the Green Knight, just as it shines forth in the emerald splendour of Prester John's sceptre.

Amoghasiddhi, the spirit of kingship, grants the impeccable grasp of situations, the unswerving steadfastness and the ability to remove obstacles of the true monarch. His fundamental gift is that of all Buddhas, the realisation of the equality of all things within the unity of being, but the specific result, with him, is an unselfish volition, an activity for the good of the all - the maitri love and the compassion, karuna of a sword-wielding lord adept at bewitchment. He is the midnight sun, which operates unseen, and imperceptible in nature. His spiritual influence is of the same order, it is active on the level of deep motivations. He is the rainy season. He makes the sign of fearlessness, the open hand raised level to the head, the thumb held across the palm. He grants victory over terrific visions.

As in Western Quincunxes of the Five Wounds, he is symbolised by the two feet. As with regal Jupiter, his province is the air. The rhythmic waves of the breath and of the heart-beat in the body, the interplay of winds in the atmosphere, and airy fame in the political body, which creates personalities and dignities. It spreads in slight rumours and gathers into bursts of communal feeling, dissolving or compacting commonwealths. In yoga Amoghasiddhi teaches concentration on the navel centre, where dauntless courage can be evoked, at the origination of all breaths.

His specific ritual is Chöd, "Cutting off" (cf. W. Y. Evans-Wentz, ed., Tibetan Yoga and Secret Doctrines, London, 1935 (1968), p.340).

In the ritual one first gathers into the hub from which the five main spiritual paths extend - the Clear Light of Primordial Consciousness. Once centred there, one evokes the Wrathful Goddess as Loathful Hags are introduced in Grail romances, as the Cruel Queen of the Moon is brought into play in kingly initiations.

She severs the practitioner's head and uses his skull for a cauldron in which she flings the various chunks she cuts off his body. The same scene is imagined in most shamanic initiations and Gawain has to endure it in a most attenuated form at the hands of the Goddess' agent. The adept's flesh and blood in the cauldron turn into the liquor of immortality, and with it a feast is offered to all beings, while the adept himself acquires a new, rainbow resurrection body.

In Lamaism there also exists a rite of the Cup as distinct from the Cauldron, and it transcends the sphere of Amoghasiddhi, being the concern of all five Cosmic Buddhas.

In the "ritual of long life" (L. A. Waddell, Tibetan Lamaism, London 1895 (1972), p.447), the performer speaks this consecration over a bowl of beer:

"This Vase is filled with the immortal ambrosia which the Five Celestial Classes have blessed with the best life. May it be strong like an eagle and last for ever. May I be favoured with the gift of undying life, and all my wishes be realized."

The Tibetan bowl of beer is a version of the Golden Cup of the Hindu conferment of royal charisma (rājasuyā), which also is considered ideally placed at the centre of the five-fold compass, as the primal awareness of light.

It is convertible in the cintāmani, the jewel of meditation, which emanates a halo of flames, and averts evil, grants wishes, bestows power.

Wolfram wrote his masterpiece when the world in which kings dared speak their name came to a close. They still reign, but anonymously.

The Grail belongs to a time when one dared to openly state the unbearable mysteries of power.

The sky was likened to a reversed cup and the king was he who held that cup in his hands, drinking of the light which filled it. He alone drank not wine, the product of light, but light itself. He thus intimated that as light from the sky overcame darkness and yet emerged out of darkness, so he overcame wild beasts and human foes whose presence had called for him, a king, from amid the people.

In order to compact the people and for the sake of the king's glory, enemies must be created when needful. What makes them such is the king's word, as it is the sun's light that etches out darkness.

As light penetrates invisibly into the recesses of the earth, stirring life in seeds, so does the king's word sink into his subjects' hearts, for his word is law, and it operates like a double-edged sword cleaving in souls the royal domains of light - whatever he ordains, from the powers of darkness - all that which he forbids, thus separating the subject's law-abiding will from his very nature, setting the two at odds with one another. This is the lot of the subject, of him who drinks not at the Cup of the Grail, in which kings read revelations of covenants, the whole of the law, just as the derwish reads love

poems in the bubbles of the tavern boy's Cup.

The subject as such is a split creature. The king's word within him wages war on the shadows of his very being. Because there are not dark foods, sombre thoughts, bleak deeds, smutty parts of the body, black corners of the soul, but a king's word, which is law, makes them such, and in the name of the Sun, turns a kingly word into the tragedy of the subject's will.

The subject is he who dare not seek for the Grail and for its drink.

A subject's inward world is a black threatening forest, thither he dare not look for light, which he only hopes to find in the outward world, lit up by a king's presence. There everything is black or white, as on the chess-boards which knights adopted for their coats of arms to signify that to them warfare was a game, a kingly sport. They were rather companions to the king than mere subjects.

To him whose inwardness has been made into a dungeon by the king's word, the king is everything. Only a king has light within. A subject can descry in his soul only murky, confusing reflections of kingly rays from without. His ear catches an inner voice which is nothing but the muddled echo of kings' mighty words from without.

The king, after compacting the people with the threat of an enemy and the need for his word, places on the people the final unifying seal of terror.

He regularly shows them the heart of darkness, he evokes the darkest of dark deeds - which can only be, given the king's word, the murder of the king. The king of mercy is slaughtered in the name of light by order of the king of justice (or in the domains of the White Goddess, on behest of the queen of lust).

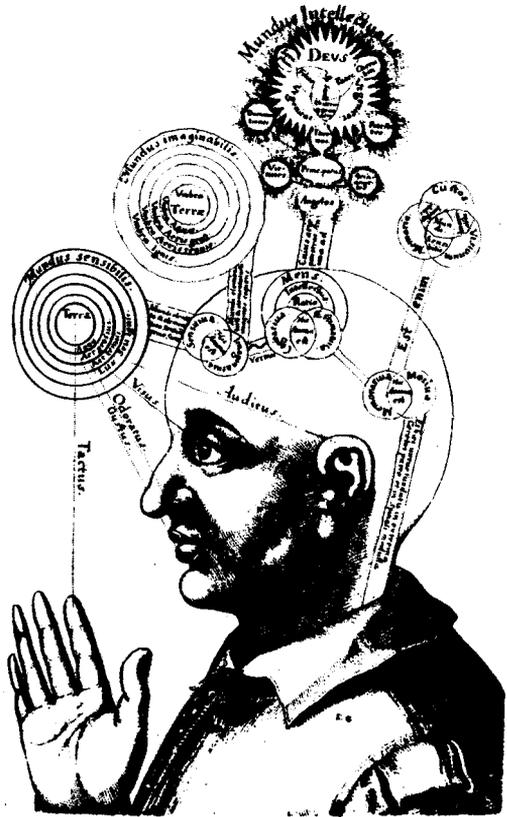
The subject's shudder gives his acclamation of the king its proper, rich tone, as he is told that the Grail of Light is a Cup of royal blood.

All this will be as true as light, as long as there are the few kings, who see light within, and the numberless subjects, who only see light without. But this Grail truth will be shown less and less, because subjects can no longer face being told that Grail truth - which is however the only form of wholesome intellectual charity conceivable, explaining honestly how things stand, how so very few find the light and the whole of the law within them. Showing the Grail, telling the truth is maitri and karuna, love and charity of light. Why give what hardly anybody wants? Charity is unmotivated, a strange urge. Coomaraswamy explained how the Grail became Lord Buddha's begging bowl; and in the Hebrew "King Artus", Grail is translated tamhin, charity bowl, Charity of Light.

QUANTUM

CONSCIOUSNESS

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The hermetic tradition has long been concerned with the relationship between the inner world of our consciousness and the outer world of nature, between the microcosm and the macrocosm, the below and the above, the material and the spiritual, the centric and the peripheral. The hermetic world view held by such as Robert Fludd, pictured a great chain of being linking our inner spark of consciousness with all the facets of the Great World. There was a grand platonic metaphysical clockwork, as it were, through which our inner world was linked by means of a hierarchy of beings and planes to the highest unity of the Divine.

This view though comforting is philosophically unsound, and the developments in thought since the early 17th century have made such a hermetic world view untenable and philosophically naive. It is impossible to try to argue the case for such an hermetic metaphysics with anyone who has had a philosophical training, for they will quickly and mercilessly reveal deep philosophical contradictions in this world view.

So do we now have to abandon such a beautiful and spiritual world view and adopt the prevailing reductionist materialist conception of the world which has become accepted in the intellectual tradition of the West ?

I am not so sure. There still remains the problem of our consciousness and its relationship to our material form - the Mind / Brain problem. Behavioural psychologists such as Skinner tried to reduce this to one level - the material

brain - by viewing the mental or consciousness events from the outside as being merely stimulus-response loops. This simplistic view works fine for basic reflex actions - "I itch therefore I scratch" - but dissolves into absurdity when applied to any real act of the creative intellect or artistic imagination. Skinner's determinism collapses when confronted with trying to explain the creative source of our consciousness revealing itself in an artist at work or a mathematician discovering through his thinking a new property of an abstract mathematical system. The psychologists' attempts to reduce the mind/brain problem to a merely material one of neurophysiology obviously failed. The idea that consciousness is merely a secretion or manifestation of a complex net of electrical impulses working within the mass of cells in our brain, is now discredited. The advocates of this view are strongly motivated by a desire to reduce the world to one level, to get rid of the necessity for "consciousness", "mind" or "spirit" as a real facet of the world.

This materialistic determinism in which everything in the world (including the phenomenon of consciousness) can be reduced to simple interactions on a physical/chemical level, belongs really to the nineteenth century scientific landscape. Nineteenth century science was founded upon a "Newtonian Absolute Physics" which provided a description of the world as an interplay of forces obeying immutable laws and following a predetermined pattern. This is the "billiard ball" view of the world - one in which, provided we are given the initial state of the system (the layout of the balls on the table, and the exact trajectory, momentum and other parameters of the cue ball, etc.) then theoretically the exact layout after each interaction can be precisely calculated to absolute precision. All could be reduced to the determinate interplay of matter obeying the immutable laws of physics. The concept of the "spiritual" was unnecessary, even "mind" was dispensable, and "God" of course had no place in this scheme of things.

This comfortably solid "Newtonian" world view of the materialists has however been entirely undermined by the new physics of the twentieth century, and in particular through Quantum Theory. Physicists investigating the properties of sub-atomic matter, found that the deterministic Newtonian absolutism broke down at the foundation level of matter. An element of probability had to be introduced into the physicists' calculations, and each sub-atomic event was in itself inherently unpredictable - one could only ascribe a probability to the outcome. The simple billiard ball model collapsed at the sub-atomic level. For if the billiard table was intended as a picture of a small region of space on the atomic scale and each ball was to be a particle (an electron, proton, or neutron, etc.), then physicists came to realise that this model could not represent reality on that level. For in Quantum theory one could not define the position and momentum of a particle both at the same moment. As soon as we establish the parameters of motion of a body its position is uncertain and can only be described mathematically as a wave of probability. Our billiard table dissolved into a fluid ever-moving undulating surface, with each ball at one moment focussed to a point then at another dissolving and spreading itself out over an area of the space of the table. Trying to play billiards at this sub-atomic level was rather difficult.

In the Quantum picture of the world, each individual event cannot be determined exactly, but has to be described by a wave of probability. There is a kind of polarity between the position and energy of any particle in which they cannot be simultaneously determined. This was not a failing of experimental method but a property of the kinds of mathematical structures

that physicists have to use to describe this realm of the world. The famous equation of Quantum theory embodying Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle is :

Planck's constant  $\approx$  (uncertainty in energy)  $\times$  (uncertainty in position)

Thus if we try to fix the position of the particle (i.e. reduce the uncertainty in its position to a small factor) then as a consequence of this equation the uncertainty in the energy must increase to balance this, and therefore we cannot find a value for the energy of the particle simultaneous with fixing its position. Planck's constant being very small means that these factors only become dominant on the extremely small scale, that is within the realm of the atom.

So we see that the Quantum picture of reality has at its foundation a non-deterministic view of the fundamental building blocks of matter. Of course, when dealing with large masses of particles these quantum indeterminacies effectively cancel each other out, and physicists can determine and predict the state of large systems. Obviously planets, suns, galaxies being composed of large numbers of particles do not exhibit any uncertainty in their position and energies, for when we look at such large aggregates as a totality, the total quantum uncertainties of the system reduces to zero, and in respect to their large scale properties can effectively be treated as deterministic systems.

Thus on the large scale we can effectively apply a deterministic physics, but when we wish to look in detail at the properties of the sub-atomic realm, lying at the root and foundation of our world, we must enter a domain of quantum uncertainties and find the neat ordered picture dissolving into a sea of ever flowing forces that we cannot tie down or set into fixed patterns.

Some people when faced with this picture of reality find comfort in dismissing the quantum world as having little to do with the "real world" of appearances. We do not live within the sub-atomic level after all. However, it does spill out into our outer world. Most of the various electronic devices of the past decades rely on the quantum tunnelling effect in transistors and silicon chips. The revolution in quantum physics has begun to influence the life sciences, and biologists and botanists are beginning to come up against quantum events as the basis of living systems, in the structure of complex molecules in the living tissues and membranes of cells for example. When we look at the blue of the sky we are looking at a phenomenon only recently understood through quantum theory.

Although the Quantum picture of reality might seem strange indeed, I believe the picture it presents of the foundations of the material world, the ever flowing sea of forces metamorphosing and interacting through the medium of "virtual" or quantum messenger particles, has certain parallels with with nature of our consciousness.

I believe that if we try to examine the nature of our consciousness we will find at its basis it exhibits "quantum" like qualities. Seen from a distant, large scale and external perspective, we seem to be able to structure our consciousness in an exact and precise way, articulating thoughts and linking them together into long chains of arguments and intricate structures. Our consciousness can build complex images through its activity and seems to have all the qualities of predictability and solidity. The consciousness of a talented architect is capable of designing and holding within itself an image of large solid structures such as great cathedrals or public buildings. A

mathematician is capable of inwardly picturing an abstract mathematical system, deriving its properties from a set of axioms. A solo cellist is able to hold the whole musical structure of a Elgar's Cello Concerto or Bach's Cello Suites in his or her consciousness when preparing for a performance.

In this sense our consciousness might appear as an ordered and deterministic structure, capable of behaving like and being explicable in the same terms as other large scale structures in the world. However, this is not so. For if we through introspection try to examine the way in which we are conscious, in a sense to look at the atoms of our consciousness, this regular structure disappears. Our consciousness does not actually work in such an ordered way. We only nurture an illusion if we try to hold to the view that our consciousness is at root an ordered deterministic structure. True, we can create the large scale designs of the architect, the abstract mathematical systems, a cello concerto, but anyone who has built such structures within their consciousness knows that this is not achieved by a linear deterministic route.

Our consciousness is at its root a maverick, ever moving, jumping from one perception, feeling, thought, to another. We can never hold it still or focus it at a point for long. Like the quantum nature of matter, the more we try to hold our consciousness to a fixed point, the greater the uncertainty in its energy will become. So when we focus and narrow our consciousness to a fixed centre, it is all the more likely to suddenly jump with a great rush of energy to some seemingly unrelated aspect of our inner life. We all have such experiences each moment of the day. As in our daily work we try to focus our mind upon some problem only to suddenly experience a shift to some other domain in ourselves, another image or emotional current intrudes then vanishes again, like an ephemeral virtual particle in quantum theory.

Those who begin to work upon their consciousness through some kind of meditative exercises will experience these quantum uncertainties in the field of consciousness in a strong way.

In treating our consciousness as if it were a digital computer or deterministic machine after the model of 19th century science, I believe we foster a limited and false view of our inner world. We must now take the step towards a quantum view of consciousness, recognising that at its base and root our consciousness behaves like the ever flowing sea of the sub-atomic world. The ancient hermeticists pictured consciousness as the "Inner Mercury". Those who have experienced the paradoxical way in which the metal Mercury is both dense and metallic and yet so elusive, flowing and breaking up into small globules, and just as easily coming together again, will see how perceptive the alchemists were of the inner nature of consciousness, in choosing this analogy. Educators who treat the consciousness of children as if it were a filing cabinet to be filled with ordered arrays of knowledge are hopelessly wrong.

We can I believe go a step further than this recognition of the quantum nature of consciousness, and see just how this overlays and links with the mind/brain problem. The great difficulties in developing a theory of the way in which consciousness/mind is embodied in the activity of the brain, has I believe arisen out of the erroneous attempt to press a deterministic view onto our brain activity. Skinner and the behaviourist psychologists attempted to picture the activity of the brain as a computer where each cell behaved as an input/output device or a complex flip/flop. They saw nerve cells with their axons (output fibres) and dendrites (input fibres) being linked together into complex networks. An electrical impulse travelling onto a dendrite made a cell

'fire' and send an impulse out along its axon so setting some other nerve cell into action. The resulting patterns of nerve impulses constituted a reflex action, an impulse to move a muscle, a thought, a feeling, an intuitive experience. All could be reduced to the behaviour of this web of axons and dendrites of the nerve cells.

This simplistic picture, of course, was insufficient to explain even the behaviour of creatures like worms with primitive nervous systems, and in recent years this approach has largely been abandoned as it is becoming recognised that these events on the membranes of nerve cells are often triggered by shifts in the energy levels of sub-atomic particles such as electrons. In fact, at the root of such interactions lie quantum events, and the activity of the brain must now be seen as reflecting these quantum events.

The brain can no longer be seen as a vast piece of organic clockwork, but as a subtle device amplifying quantum events. If we trace a nerve impulse down to its root, there lies a quantum uncertainty, a sea of probability. So just how is it that this sea of probability can cast up such ordered structures and systems as the conception of a cello concerto or abstract mathematical entities? Perhaps here we may glimpse a way in which "spirit" can return into our physics.

The inner sea of quantum effects in our brain is in some way coupled to our ever flowing consciousness. When our consciousness focusses to a point, and we concentrate on some abstract problem or outer phenomenon, the physical events in our brain, the pattern of impulses, shifts in some ordered way. In a sense, the probability waves of a number of quantum systems in different parts of the brain, are brought into resonance, and our consciousness is able momentarily to create an ordered pattern that manifests physically through the brain. The thought, feeling, perception is momentarily earthed in physical reality, brought from the realm of the spiritually potential into outer actuality. This focussed ordering of the probability waves of many quantum systems requires an enormous amount of energy, but this can be borrowed in the quantum sense for a short instant of time. Thus we have through this quantum borrowing a virtual quantum state which is the physical embodiment of a thought, feeling, etc. However, as this can only be held for a short time, the quantum debt must be paid and the point of our consciousness is forced to jump to some other quantum state, perhaps in another region of the brain. Thus our thoughts are jumbled up with emotions, perceptions, fantasy images.

The central point within our consciousness, our "spirit" in the hermetic sense, can now be seen as an entity that can work to control quantum probabilities. To our "spirits" our brain is a quantum sea providing a rich realm in which it can incarnate and manifest patterns down into the electrical/chemical impulses of the nervous system. (It has been calculated that the number of interconnections existing in our brains far exceeds the number of atoms in the whole universe - so in this sense the microcosm truly mirrors the macrocosm!). Our "spirit" can through quantum borrowing momentarily press a certain order into this sea and this manifests as a thought, emotion, etc. Such an ordered state can only exist momentarily, before our spirit or point of consciousness is forced to jump and move to other regions of the brain, where at that moment the pattern of probability waves for the particles in these nerve cells, can reflect the form that our spirit is trying to work with.

This quantum borrowing to create regular patterns of probability waves is bought for a high price in that a degree of disorder must inevitably arise

whenever the spirit tries to focus and reflect a linked sequential chain of patterns into the brain (such as we would experience as a logical train of thought or inward picture of some elaborate structure). Thus it is not surprising that our consciousness sometimes drifts and jumps about in a seemingly chaotic way. The quantum borrowing might also be behind our need for sleep and dream, allowing the physical brain to rid itself of the shadowy echos of these patterns pressed into it during waking consciousness. Dreaming may be that point in a cycle where consciousness and its vehicle interpenetrate and flow together, allowing the patterns and waves of probability to appear without any attempt to focus them to a point. In dream and sleep we experience our point of consciousness dissolving, decoupling and defocussing.

The central point of our consciousness when actively thinking or feeling, must of necessity jump around the sea of patterns in our brain. (It is well known through neurophysiology that function cannot be located at a certain point in the brain, but that different areas and groups of nerve cells can take on a variety of different functions.) We all experience this when in meditation we merely let our consciousness move as it will. Then we come to sense the elusive mercurial eternal movement of the point of our consciousness within our inner space. You will find it to be a powerful and convincing experience if you try in meditation to follow the point of your consciousness moving within the space of your skull. Many religious traditions teach methods for experiencing this inner point of spirit.

I believe the movement of this point of consciousness, which appears as a pattern of probability waves in the quantum sea, must occur in extremely short segments of time, of necessity shorter than the time an electron takes to move from one state to another within the molecular structure of the nerve cell membranes. We are thus dealing in time scales significantly less than  $10^{-16}$  of a second and possibly down to  $10^{-43}$  of a second. During such short periods of time, the Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle which lies at the basis of quantum theory, means that this central spark of consciousness can borrow a large amount of energy, which explains how it can bring a large degree of ordering into a pattern. Although our point of consciousness lives at this enormously fast speed, our brain which transforms this into a pattern of electro/chemical activity runs at a much slower rate. Between creating each pattern our spark of consciousness must wait almost a eternity for this to be manifested on the physical level. Perhaps this may account for the sense we all have sometimes of taking an enormous leap in consciousness, or travelling through vast realms of ideas, or flashes of images, in what is only a fleeting moment.

At around  $10^{-43}$  of a second, time itself becomes quantised, that is it appears as discontinuous particles of time, for there is no way in which time can manifest in quantities less than  $10^{-43}$  (the so called Planck time). For here the borrowed quantum energies distort the fabric of space turning it back upon itself. There time must have a stop. At such short intervals the energies available are enormous enough to create virtual black holes and wormholes in space-time, and at this level we have only a sea of quantum probabilities - the so called Quantum Foam. Contemporary physics suggests that through these virtual wormholes in space-time there are links with all time past and future, and through the virtual black holes even with parallel universes.

It must be somewhat above this level that our consciousness works, weaving probability waves into patterns and incarnating them in the receptive structure of our brains. Our being or spirit lives in this Quantum Foam, which

is thus the Eternal Now, infinite in extent and a plenum of all possibilities. The patterns of everything that has been, that is now, and will come to be, exists latent in this quantum foam. Perhaps this is the realm though which the mystics stepped into timelessness, the eternal present, and sensed the omnipotence and omniscience of the spirit.

I believe that these exciting discoveries of modern physics could be the basis for a new view of consciousness and the way it is coupled to our physical nature in the brain. (Indeed, one of the fascinating aspects of Quantum theory which puzzles and mystifies contemporary physicists is the way in which their quantum description of matter requires that they recognise the consciousness of the observer as a factor in certain experiments. This enigma has caused not a few physicists to take an interest in spirituality especially inclining them to eastern traditions like Taoism or Buddhism, and in time I hope that perhaps even the hermetic traditions might prove worthy of their interest).

An important experiment carried out as recently as summer 1982 by the French physicist, Aspect, has unequivocally demonstrated the fact that physicists cannot get round the Uncertainty Principle and simultaneously determine the quantum states of particles, and confirmed that physicists cannot divorce the consciousness of the observer from the events observed. This experiment (in disproving the separability of quantum measurements) has confirmed what Einstein, Bohr and Heisenberg were only able to philosophically debate over - that with quantum theory we have to leave behind our naive picture of reality as an intricate clockwork. We are challenged by quantum theory to build new ways in which to picture reality, a physics, moreover, in which consciousness plays a central role, in which the observer is inextricably interwoven in the fabric of reality.

In a sense it may now be possible to build a new model of quantum consciousness, compatible with contemporary physics and which allows a space for the inclusion of the hermetic idea of the spirit. It may well be that science has taken a long roundabout route through the reductionist determinism of the 19th century and returned to a more hermetic conception of our inner world.

In this short essay, incompletely argued though it may be, I hope I have at least presented some of the challenging ideas that lie behind the seeming negativity of our present age. For behind the hopelessness and despair of our times we stand on the brink of a great breakthrough to a new recognition of the vast spiritual depths which live within us all as human beings.

[ DUE TO LACK OF SPACE  
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