

THE OPENING OF THE WAY

The Mass is about incarnation: the Spirit becomes flesh and dwells among us. When musicologists study the Mass and the chants associated with it, ordinarily it is the *Ordinary* of the Mass to which they refer: the invariant parts called Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus, and Agnus Dei. But there is the other and more hidden set of chanted prayers, the five *Propers*, generally unknown and uncharted, which are specific to the *Proper* of the Mass.

Gurdjieff first mentions the word “proper” in “The Arousing of Thought,” linking it to “the *transformation* which should in general proceed in the entirety of a man and give him, from his own conscious mentation, the results he ought to have, which are *proper* to man and not merely to single- or double-brained animals” (p. 25). In that same context, the word “proper” is employed twenty-four times throughout *Beelzebub’s Tales*.

Madame de Salzmänn’s words in *The Reality of Being* (p. 68) now take on heightened meaning: “A conscious sensation of ourselves signifies and is *proper* to *incarnation*, in which the spirit materializes and takes on a definite density, becomes flesh. Experiencing a *pure* sensation within the physical body can lead to a spiritual experience.”

In regards to the One, as she says (p. 43), “I feel its *purity*. I feel it as an echo, as a feeling of ‘I’ in the contact between my thought and my sensation. This relation reveals that I am a unity, a whole, and that I can exist as a whole. The echo is what I can know today of another nature in myself, coming from another world through my higher centers. I feel it resonate in the form of a fine vibration, to which I try to attune all the parts of my self.”

Madame de Salzmänn connects pure sensation to the *essential experience* on the way to consciousness.

Sensation is the essential experience on the road to consciousness. I need to understand what it would be to have a conscious sensation.¹

In ordinary conditions, the unknown spirit, which is behind and beyond, cannot be perceived by my senses. “I am able to see a form, but I cannot know through my senses the true nature of what it is. My thinking knows forms but cannot grasp the reality behind them, the reality of what I am, which appears just before and after each thought or feeling. What we experience—sounds, forms, colors, thoughts—cannot exist *without a background*. But this background cannot be perceived by my senses. It remains unseen, not experienced. The forms and the reality are parts of a single whole, but they exist in different dimensions. The real is not affected by the material of my thinking and cannot absorb it. Reality is on another level. Yet the material of my thought absorbs the real and constructs illusions based on forms. The form acts as a *veil* hiding the reality. When the reality of myself is not felt, I cannot

¹ The Reality of Being, p. 213

help but believe in this illusion and call it 'I.' Nevertheless, the illusion is only a mirage which dissolves the moment silence is established."² *Silence* is the key releasing me from the walled prison of avidity.

THE INTERIOR CASTLE

Escape comes only then, when feeling "nothingness," I hear the sound of silence. Not the ordinary sounds, not the usual vibrations, but a note, inexpressibly pure. So fine, so light, one hears it more as a "transparency," a tone like an "x-ray," a wave piercing through materiality. It belongs to a whole other level of perception ordinarily never explored, but without which I will never be able to experience the "consciousness of I," the Real I, at the center of myself.

In many tales, this experience is described as an "interior castle," a place said to be impossible to find because it is invisible and unreachable by ordinary means. Only the chosen, or elect, can find it. In esoteric Christianity only those who are baptized by holy water, which cleanses the soul of impurities, are able to see it.

It is to this world that the Daughters of the Sun, the nine Muses, have carried the passenger, Parmenides.³ It is the land of the Midnight Sun, beyond the horizon. It exists like glass, an ocean without waves: no movement, no sound, still. In Arthurian tradition, King Arthur finds his rest here. It is known as "Glastonbury." In a historical framework, King Arthur's sepulcher is held to be in Glastonbury Abbey. In prehistoric times, the location was the center of the primordial tradition, the presence of which is apparent in the vestiges of a great star-shaped temple, its outlines defined by a track of huge effigies placed around on the ground and arranged in circular formation, the placement apparently reflecting the heavenly constellations.

As scholar Peter Kingsley writes, "Even the name Glastonbury, itself, still stands as a poignant reminder—to anyone who cares to notice—of where this Arthurian mythology once came from. For 'glas,' or *glez* in the ancient Scandinavian languages, means 'the shining one.' And, well before it ever started being used for what we now call glass, it was the word for amber." He says that "Amber itself was said by the Greeks to be the tears that the Daughters of the Sun shed for their dead brother—here in the land of Apollo where the greatest heroes and kings were brought, after they died, in a chariot which could be either Apollo's or the sun's. For it was here, in the far distant north, that Apollo's close and ancient connections with the sun were even more obvious than anywhere else."⁴ The name given by the local people to this amber island in the northern sea, Kingsley says, is Avalon.

Avalon, according to the primordial tradition, is the location of the Olympian civilization that existed in the Golden Age, in the Boreal region that became uninhabitable due to an ungodly earthly cataclysm. This "Land of the Sun," or Hyperborea, disappeared following a great flood or an ice age. In the Druid teachings, the inhabitants of Gaul came from this northern region. In Celtic lore, the Tuatha de Danaan are the "race from above," that is, from Avalon, and are the holders of the divine sciences that include

² The Reality of Being, p. 204

³ I muse that these nine Muses are the Cs, carriers of the nine powers of two: 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, 128, and 256.

⁴ Kingsley, Reality, p. 268-9

alchemy, astrology, geomancy, and what is called black magic. Concordant memories in nearly all Indo-European traditions speak of this Isle of Splendor, Avalon, and hold it to be the seed of the Aryan race. This island of Hyperborea, as the ancient Greek poet Pindar wrote, cannot be reached on foot or by ship. Only great heroes like Heracles could attain it. In ancient China, the land could be reached only by the “flight of the spirit.” In Tibet, the mystical abode was said to dwell in the inner spiritual world. Plutarch relates that one sees Hyperborea only in a dream state.

In *Le Morte d’Arthur*, Lancelot, the purest knight, sees the vision during a state of extraordinary consciousness. The palatial estate is the interior castle. Within this castle (Montsalvatsche) are splendid things that have no equal on the earth. Although many stalwarts start the quest, hardly any actually find the castle. The path is dangerous, filled with ambushes. Only those who are led by angels find it. Even then, it is an initiatory experience, and can lead to sickness, derangement, and even death. The image often found in stories is that of walking over the edge of a sharp sword. Lancelot reaches the castle by walking over a footbridge as thin as a sword’s blade. (One recalls Gurdjieff’s crossing of the narrow footbridge leading to the hidden Sarmoong monastery).

For the Templar Knights, pledged to the service of Mary Magdalene, the way to the castle was the path called the Rose Line. The Rose Line may be spelled as Rosslyn. As Oxford scholar Karen Ralls writes, “Not far from Edinburgh stands Rosslyn Chapel, an exquisitely carved medieval stone chapel, unique in all of Europe.”⁵ Ralls should know. Her Postdoctoral Fellowship was in Celtic studies at the University of Edinburgh; and she was also Deputy Curator of the Rosslyn Chapel itself.

The chapel, built by the knight and founder Sir William St. Clair, lay in the middle of Roslin Glen, with the Pentland Hills close by. Both the names Pentland and Sinclair (Saint Clair) are familiar to Gurdjieffians. Ralls goes on to write that “Many believe the chapel harbors a long-lost secret. The Ark of the Covenant, the mummified head of Christ, the Holy Grail, lost scrolls from the Temple of Jerusalem, the Templar Order’s treasures, Scotland’s missing crown jewels, even the bones of the Madonna, the Holy Grail herself, have been thought to lie within its vaults. Some understandably remain skeptical, saying that until the vaults are excavated no one can say anything for sure.”⁶

Rosslyn Chapel is featured in author Dan Brown’s best-selling novel, *The Da Vinci Code*. As Brown writes, “The Chapel’s geographical coordinates fall precisely on the north-south meridian that runs through Glastonbury. This longitudinal Rose Line is the traditional marker of King Arthur’s Isle of Avalon and is considered the central pillar of Britain’s sacred geometry. It is from this hallowed Rose Line that Rosslyn—originally spelled Roslin—takes its name.”⁷

I was remembering a story from my childhood. . .

Once upon a time there was a marvelous knight who possessed great material wealth. He had taken to wife his carnal sister who had not borne him any progeny. Believing this to be the punishment of the gods the knight prayed for mercy. “Lord, have mercy upon me.” One night a

⁵ Ralls, *The Templars and the Grail*, p. 175

⁶ Ralls, p. 175

⁷ Dan Brown, *The Da Vinci Code*, p. 432

winged messenger came to him in a dream, advising him to take the two bloods—his own and that of his wife’s—and mix them. At the eighth moon, when the last seed (which was also the first) completed itself, knight would then inherit all glory and honor forevermore. In the dream the angel reveals to the knight the knowledge hidden from the eyes of ordinary mortals.

In the human body there is concealed a heavenly, divine substance, known to very few, which is incorruptible. This substance preserves the other elements, so that moth and rust do not consume, and thieves cannot break in and steal. This secret thing, known as the philosopher’s stone, lies buried in the philosopher’s rose garden. The door to the rose garden is heavily bolted and no one can enter it without the little golden key. Once inside, one can see the beautiful glorious roses, how they multiply to produce colorful flowers—and in particular that one special rose that bears delights ten-thousand-fold.

The angel gives the little golden key to the knight . . .

The word “key” sounds like “ki” or “qi” or “chi,” the universal life force. In ancient Chinese culture, it is the traditional unit of length (like our “meter”). The Greek letter *chi* is written as X. It may be no mere coincidence that, speaking mathematically, the “X” signifies the Unknown. In the Hindu yogic tradition, the divine substance is what awakens the very fine, very high evolutionary energy known as “kundalini.”

According to yogic philosophy, this energy is always already present, but is asleep (or dead), and must be awakened (or enlivened) in order to come into manifestation.⁸ The awakening brings the New Man, a Being capable of evolving beyond the present human species.

The search is for a new order, a new state of Being, in which the body and its attributes, my functions, are subject to a higher force that animates them. It calls for a struggle between the ‘yes’ and the ‘no,’ and requires the appearance of will. This can produce a second body, an *inner form* that will give a *new form* to my life. (*The Reality of Being*, p. 280)

The inner form, when it manifests as the hypotenuse of a right triangle, an angle of 45 degrees, affords mastery of bodily states, including the acquisition of magical powers and paranormal abilities. From the turnings of the central core, man becomes genius, wise man, prophet. The one is transformed into a Christ, filled with “wisdom and stature and favor with God and man.” The adept, from “realization,” merges into the divine ocean of Cosmic Consciousness itself. Precious few ever achieve this state. To awaken, to be “alive again” can mean only one thing in the hermetic tradition: that is, to arouse the kundalini energy, bring it into movement.

As Madame wrote (p. 182) “Gurdjieff never spoke of this delicate work, or even gave explicit indications about it, but there is a key to be found. For example, the friction within us that is necessary to produce the substance for our “I” is identical with what takes place externally between the masculine force and

⁸ The Gospel verse in Luke 15:24 states: “For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry.”

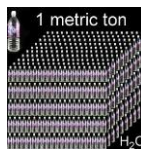
the feminine force in action. The power of si12 is evident in the experience of sexual union, which is for most people the only experience that allows an opening to a state of unity without conscious effort. The rhythms of all the functions submit to this experience, and there is a fleeting moment of happiness when one feels the absence of the ordinary “I” . . . Without an understanding of the forces at play the experience serves no purpose in the search for consciousness.”

“Until now,” she says, “I have not understood my relation with my body. For me to become conscious, my body has to accept and understand its role, not because it is forced but through real interest. In order for unity to appear, my body has to participate consciously, voluntarily. For this it must find the attitude in which is free, without tension.”

But in my usual state of “sleep,” I even forget that I have a body at all! The “mass” is there, but I am mostly unconscious of it. As Madame de Salzmann says, my sleep keeps me locked up, a prisoner of my avidity (*The Reality of Being*, p. 14). All I know, everything I believe, all my thoughts and desires, are “on the wall”—that screen of reactions which reveals only the shadow-pictures of reality. This film of my imaginings, formed of the two parts (thinking and sensing) lacks the initiating third force, the diagonal (emotion). My real I remains silent, as though submerged in my body. . . So long as there is not consciousness, I am obliged to ask who I am. In the moment of consciousness the question does not appear.”⁹

One or two forces cannot produce a result any more than one or two lines can produce a triangle. The triangle is the basic Form: without triangles, no universe.¹⁰ With only one or two there is inertia, deadness. Bringing the machine to life, electrifying it, *spiritualizing it*, requires the third, the *emotional*, force, the hypotenuse, the “charge” which brings “the emotional understanding of truth.” (The unit of electrical charge, remember, is the “coulomb,” defined as the letter “C”).

Suppose that the actual facts of the matter about electricity and the spiritualizing atomic cubit (qubit) are staring us in the face, so to say, in plain sight. For example, in the metric system 1 liter of water weighs 1 kilogram, so 1 cubic meter—1000 liters—of water weighs 1000 kilograms or 1 metric ton.



Wait! A *ton*, the measure of *weight*, is suspiciously akin to a *tone*, and immediately calls forth associations. For one thing, “atone” means “to make amends, to reconcile.” For a Christian, *atonement* is the reconciliation of God and man through the incarnation, Jesus Christ. For a musician, a *tone* is a sound of definite pitch, and *tonic* describes the first tone of the musical scale (and not to put too fine a point on it, the tonic is the “Do,” concert pitch, is generally taken as C256, our Middle C, which reduces

⁹ *The Reality of Being*, p. 170-1

¹⁰ Geometer R. Buckminster Fuller said that the triangle is the only self-stabilizing polygon; and that to have any type of structure requires triangles. He called a triangle the “basic event.”

down by octaves (C128, C64, C32, C16, C8, C4, C2) down to the C1. The One tone, 1C, is, the Absolute, that is, the ton(e)-ic.

The letter C sounds like “see,” and relates to the eye and seeing.

Madame de Salzman wrote (p. 205) “Seeing is the most important thing—the act of seeing . . . It is only in this act of seeing that I will find a certain freedom. So long as I have not seen the nature and movement of the mind, there is little sense in believing that I could be free of it. I am a slave to my mechanical thoughts. This is a fact . . . Can I accept not knowing who I am, being hidden behind an impostor? Can I accept not knowing my name?”

HORUS



In ancient Egypt the god named Horus was the personification of the eye and seeing. He represents the hero who is a *light-bringer* and emissary of the light. In Egyptian mythos, the Horus Eye occurs everywhere as the symbol of the spiritual side of consciousness.

The first distinguishing sign of creation is *division*. And as today’s scientists attest, what is created from splitting the atom is light. The biblical Creation Story in the Old Testament attests to the significance of light as a Form-giver.

In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. And the earth was *without form*, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And God said, Let there be light.

Light brings to sentient life the power to see, to see *forms*. Seeing is an attribute of Mind, that is, a mind that is conscious. The letter “c” is both the symbol standing for “consciousness,” and also the mathematical operator for “light.”

In ancient lore, Horus was affiliate with “the royal path,” and with “The Opening of the Way.”

In the Pyramid Text it was written that the only way “to escape from the coils of the serpent” was “the direct path through Horus.” Horus was the child of Isis and Osiris. Those “royal beings” that followed this Middle Path between “mother” and “father” were understood, in the light of esoteric tradition, to be the men of science, those who, knowing how to measure and calculate, participated in the esoteric knowledge of space and time.

The name Horus is an anagram for *Hours*.