



Book 2 of the Pseudo-Hermetica

By

John Gilbert

The Chamber of Darkness

THE PRIEST: The source of the purity of the Grand Architect, the Great God, in every form, the offering-place of his body - of the Lords of Offerings, the offering of She-Who-Has-Initiated in her own name: By means of this utterance, they will be great in four sides, while their foundation knows not evil. They will serve as doors, as servants at the beginning of the Divine Word. Look! They lift exceedingly high to not hinder!

SESHAT: Who are these Lords of Offerings? Do you wish to hear them? Place your ears to them! O One-Dark-in-Thoughts, lift your forehead that you may experience the taste. Let me supply it to the eager – dispensing it in the place of instruction and writing, to baby birds, while they hurry to the sacred glyphs, while they swallow with their excellent mouths. It is when their feet are at their proper place that they are able to drink the wisdom in. O Prophet of Istes, any son of Thoth belongs to Him – Lord of Joy!

THE PRIEST: O Seshat, Foremost-one-of-the-Library, may I awaken in the Chamber of Darkness, true wisdom being my guide. I am the one who hears in the Chamber of Darkness, in

the shrines of the Spirits. I wish to speak as a disciple of She-Who-Has-Initiated. The wish of my heart is that which brought me here, that I may once again be one with apprentices.

SESHAT: O One-Who-Loves-Knowledge, lay then your offerings here within where the Divine Seeing may see, and the Divine Hearing may hear, the smoke of their burning carried through their doors. Behold then the flow of milk as from a mother's two doors. Divine Insight and Divine Utterance will be my sustenance-gift to you.

THE PRIEST: Blessed be this lowly artisan. Humbly I bow myself before the walls of sacred glyphs, as rows of animals. They are the Ba where lands the bird bearing their true nature. Blessed are all who bend low before She-Who-Has-Initiated, awakening on their bellies in the Chamber of Darkness, calling Her name 120 times.

SESHAT: Arise now, and speak your heart.

THE PRIEST: My heart lies on the floor of the House of Books and desires to walk with an upright step as magician of She-Who-Loves-Enchantments.

SESHAT: The magicians know the true nature of the God. The upright-stepping know the Four Corners of Nun. The purification of the lector priest does not lift you from your belly to walk among the ones-who-have-light. The good known to men is not the good of the God. The good known to men is within the God. The evil known to men is within the God. The good of nature is within the God. The evil of nature is within the God. The God is not within the good or the evil that men know. The good and evil known to men exist only in the eyes of men. The good of the God is other.

THE PRIEST: I do not fear the animals that howl! I will howl with them!

SESHAT: The animals that howl walk upright. Raise to one knee and hear! Lift your belly from the floor! All artisans know the creative power of men. This is not the creative power of the God. Men begin the work. Men craft the forms. Men say 'Lo! It is complete!' The God begins not. The God crafts not forms. The God ends not the work. The God is without beginning. The God is without end. His work is without beginning. His work is without end. All forms are within the God always. The craftsman's forms are in his mind before his hands shape them. This operation from below is as the operation on high. The God needs not hands.

THE PRIEST: See me, O She-Who-Is-Wise, see that I am on one knee, partially upright, and still I hear as though my one ear is pressed to the dust of the floor. Truly, I am not pure that I may howl with the sacred animals!

SESHAT: Are you the one who came before time? Are you the one who resided in the place before heaven? Then listen with your ears that hear: The God is the one who came before time, that time would not be the god of Him! The God resided in the place before heaven, that heaven would not be the birthing place of Him! Time to a man is as an arrow shot from a bow. Time to the God is as a lump of clay. The clay has no beginning, and it has no end. The clay is worked continually without hands. The mind is void until the first thought about the void then about all other things, filling the void. The void decides it is not void, the power of differentiation filling

the void. The mind of man first knows it is a man, then that it is not the other things, those things filling the void of his mind. The filled void is not the God. The empty void is the God before all thought.

THE PRIEST: Now I reside fully on the one knee and am raised in your sight, O Shai, who holds the sacred brush! I have learned the true way of the God! Woe to those who do not believe and know this truth, facing away from your temple and prostrating to falsehood!

SESHAT: Return with your face on the ground! Lie in the dust as a worm and listen with your ears that have not heard the wisdom! If the God placed the scrolls of His truth between the Four Corners, would He abandon it among forty-two vultures or seat it among the stars? The soul is made pure by the growing of ripening questions. The soul is not nourished by the insects that the rotting fruit attracts. The God and the soul are known by all who look. The sacred marriage of the God and the soul is written in the multitude of scrolls and on tablets of the many peoples of the earth. This marriage cannot be known. Where is the sin in this? Burn the scrolls and the God will live in the smoke. Smash the tablets and the soul will live in the dust. The wings of the insects do not give flight to the souls of the believers. Are not graves filled with all men? Are not the priests afflicted as the potters? Men mistake their righteousness for wisdom. Righteousness is a poorly drawn glyph of the marriage. The silence of the void does not utter demands. The things that fill the void speak forth the laws. Now kneel, O One-Who-Loves-Knowledge, and raise to a fuller height. Hearing my wisdom you will never again fall backwards into ignorance. The path of those who read the scrolls without belief, and of those who believe the scrolls without reading, are the same.

THE PRIEST: O Great Writing-Mother, I tremble upon my two knees knowing now that I do not know! As my body rises from the dust within your temple my mind becomes confused. I ascend the steps of these high thoughts and move far away from the fields I know well. Surely I will fall in your presence and be found unworthy.

SESHAT: Have no fear. The dust of the floor and the tiles of the roof are of the same temple. The soil of the fields and the ceiling of stars are of the same void. The clay dug from the ground and the gold of the crown are equally sacred. The dust mote is a seed of before-soul. Dust motes cling together in creatures and men, gathering their before-souls into one. The creatures and men are as dust motes, seeds of one-souls, gathering together to build temples that reach upward toward the God, the origin of the souls. The immortal seeks immortality. What is there to fear in this? Do not tremble at your not-knowing. The clay and the dust build according to their natures. Know this – the mystery of the God is not a door-lock to man. A door-lock has a key for a man to find and use. The mystery is not a locked room. Man is a child who cannot reach the handle. Man does work with purpose known to man. The beasts of the fields do not know this purpose. The God does work outside of purpose. Man only knows purpose. The highest purpose of man is to wonder at this.

THE PRIEST: Behold! Divine Seeing! Divine Hearing! I have climbed into the boat and am among the senses!

SESHAT: Stand and receive the two fishermen who have not cast their nets! Be the ruler of the boat! Fools have said that the life of a man is illusion. Who sees the illusion? The arrogant have said that clay cannot exist without the man who sees it. Does the worm not feel it? The confused have said that the Four Corners are pervaded by thought. What pervades during the black sleep of a man? The before-souls are not everywhere gathered into one. The sages teach the soul and the God are of one substance. Why should this be? Does the God cease in the black sleep of a man? Is a rock of the field not pervaded by the God? Is all darkness filled with light? The rays of the sun light some places while others remain in shade. The rays on the water are too bright to behold. The darkness of the tomb makes one equally blind. Neither of these is the God. That which is seen in blindness is seen by the eyes of man. Now receive Divine Insight and Divine Utterance! Written upon all sacred scrolls of all peoples is the triangle of wisdom. Two corners are the first differentiation of the third. The wisdom of man forms the walls. The wisdom of man is ever-changing and never whole. Within the doorway is the void. The void is whole and never changing. Now, O One-Who-Loves-Knowledge, you have been nourished by the four. The boat departs with a magician holding the net.

