

COUNCIL
of
PRINCES OF JERUSALEM

TEMPLE DIAGRAM — COUNCIL OF PRINCES OF JERUSALEM

WEST

Herald **R.W.M.**

3rd **2nd**

VIII°

Hellbroth

EAST

(A LODGE OF PERFECTION is opened.)

VIII°: R.W.M. of the Blue Lodge, I appoint you Guardian of the T.T. and of the V.S.L.

(R.W.M. places JAHBUL under ON, and gives V.S.L. to VIII° who hides it in his breast or in altar.

Altar of W. with sword, drinking sponge, and hell-broth placed behind VIII°.)

Brethren, to order!

(All give sign of Combat.)

Let us form the Sacred Pentagram, the Star of Unconquered Will!

(Herald and R.W.M. take position indicated. All sheathe swords and stand to order as IV°.)

VIII°:

Herald:

3rd: No limit to the light!

2nd: No limit!

VIII°: Naught! from the Many to the One and All, from the One and All to Naught!

Sic transeat gloria coeli! AUMN!

All: So mote it be!

VIII^o: Brethren, assist me to open a Council of Princes of Jerusalem.

(All advance within banners of Zodiac.)

What is the first care of every Prince of Jerusalem?

2nd: To see that the C. is p.t.(To 3.) Brother, see, etc.

3rd: (To *RWM*) Brother, see etc.

R.W.M.: (To *Herald.*) Brother, see etc.

Herald: (To *VIII*^o.) V.I.S.K. the C. is p.t.

VIII^o: (To *3rd.*) The next care?

3rd: To see that none but P.I. are present. (To *R.W.M.*, see, etc.)

R.W.M.: (To *Herald.*) See, etc. (*Herald* faces *W.*)

Herald: To order, brethren as P.I. (All give signs.)

V.I.S.K., all present are P.I.

VIII^o: (To *R.W.M.*) The next care?

R.W.M.: To unveil the Word.

(To *Herald.*) Brother, unveil the Word!

(*Herald* unveils Word.)

VIII^o: (To *Herald.*) How many officers has the Council?

Herald: Five.

2nd: V.I.S.K., will you pledge yourself with us in the Bitter Draught?

VIII^o: My will, which is thine, be done!

(*2nd O* presents sponge with wine and 31 to *VIII*^o (who descends dais) who drinks, and cup is passed by *2nd O* all around widdershins.)

(This draught is always taken in the grand position, h. on r.s., a.s. extended, l—s crossed, l. in front of r. During this, *Herald* extinguishes the lights, lighting the hell-broth instead.

Herald, drinking last, exclaims — 'Tetelestai' or 'It is finished!' and replaces loving-cup.)

VIII^o: (lifting.)

(*2nd*, *3rd*, and *R.W.M.* lift candlesticks.)

Ad Babalonis Amorem Do Dedico Omnia Nihilo.

(Throws — on ground, 2, 3, and *R.W.M.* throw down pillars.)

All: (Very loud.) Abaddon, the Opening of the Eye!

VIII°: La Ahebah Babalon!

(Officers take new positions, and clap hands to form:

VIII°, 2, 3, *R.W.M.*:

We four

Meet to adore

The (raise and drop hands twice)

For evermore

But never to divulge the same

Till we four

Or four more

Meet to adore.

R.W.M.: Adore.

3: Adore.

2: Adore.

VIII°: Adore.

(All give sign Annihilation.)

Herald: In the name of the Grand Master Baphomet I declare this Council of Princes of Jerusalem Duly opened.

R.W.M.

3. 2. *VIII°* (Sits.)

ANNIHILATION

VIII°: Brother —, — candidates are in waiting. Retire, see them properly prepared, clad as P.M.s and carrying tapers lighted, and knock as a P.M.

(Done.)

Herald: V.I.S.K. there is an alarm at the door.

(Takes up skull.)

VIII°: See who wants admission.

Herald: Whom have you there?

Asst.: — P.M.s who are determined to become P.I.s.

Herald: Halt!

(Reports.)

VIII°: Do you vouch, etc.

Herald: I do.

VIII°: Admit them in due form.

(They enter with penal sign of L. of P.)

2nd O: (To Candidates.) Can ye drink of the cup that I drink of?

Cands.: We can.

2nd O: (Raises sponge, saying to *VIII*°.) Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless my will, which is thine, be done.

(*VIII*° presents it to *2nd O*, who drinks. *2nd O* then takes it, and presents it to *Cands.* who assume the grand position, and drink to dregs. They are led to West by *Herald*.)

Orator: (Reads Liber CLVI. Equinox VI, p. 23.)

VIII°: I have received authority to confer upon you the degree of a C.P.I. on receiving a simple obligation to keep inviolate its secrets. Are you willing to take it?

Cands.: We are.

VIII°: Then you will extinguish your tapers, remove your aprons, sashes and jewels, raise your arms, extended at an angle of 90°, and say: 'We renounce all; we swear to keep inviolate the mysteries of these degrees; and we invoke annihilation.' These points, etc., penalty of having our skulls split asunder by the AXE of the executioner.

AMEN.

You will seal this solemn oath with your lips five times upon this skull.

I will now proceed to confer upon you the following degrees of the A. and A. Rite:

Knight of the Sword and of the East.

Prince of Jerusalem.

I also confer upon you the corresponding degrees of the Reduced Rite of Memphis; or A. & P. Rite.

Knight of the Sword.

Knight of Jerusalem.

Finally I confer upon you the following degrees of the O.R. of Mizraim.

Knight of the Sublime Choice.

Prussian Knight.

Knight of the Temple.

Knight of the Eagle.

Knight of the Black Eagle.

Prince of Jerusalem.

The Secrets of all these degrees are now open for you to study. Bro. Herald. I command you to proclaim that our brethren are duly exalted to the degrees of C.P.I.

Herald: By order of the V.I.S.K.S.G.I.G., I proclaim our brethren ... P.I.s.

FANFARE

VIII°: Let our brethren advance in due form.

(Done.)

Brethren, the P.I. will understand what has been done. The letters on the circle, which alone remains, now stand for L.A.B. This is for the Love Of Babalon.

I will now proceed to communicate to you the secrets of this degree. They consist of signs, a token and a word.

The penal sign is given by, etc.

The sign of Combat is given by, etc.

The sign of Death of Annihilation is given by, etc.

The grip or token is given by, etc.

This grip demands a word, and this word is, etc., and should always be followed by the sign.

You will now retire, taking your seats in the sublime C.P.I.

(Done.)

2nd O: V.I.S.K. is it your will that we pledge our new companions in the bitter draught?

VIII°: My will, which is thine, be done!

(S. passes as before. Meanwhile *2nd O* recites.)

2nd O: Into my loneliness comes

The sound of a flute in dim groves that haunt the uttermost hills.

Even from the brave river they reach to the edge of the wilderness.

And I behold Pan.

The snows are eternal above, above —

And their perfume smokes ever into the nostrils of the stars.

But what have I to do with these?

To me only the distant flute, the abiding vision of Pan.

On all sides Pan to the eye, to the ear.

The perfume of Pan pervading, the taste of him utterly filling my mouth, so that the tongue breaks forth into a weird and monstrous speech.

The embrace of him intense on every centre of pain and pleasure —

The six interior sense aflame with the inmost self of him —
Myself flung down the precipice of being —
Even to the abyss, annihilation!
An end to loneliness, as to all!
Pan! Pan! to Pan! to Pan!
VIII°: Let us sing the song of the P.I.

Song of the Perfect Initiate

Stanza 1

How the Simple Mason plies
Tool to Temple, See it rise!
Princes of Jerusalem,
How we mock and scoff at them!

Chorus.

Boaz broken,
Jachin gone,
Freely spoken,
Jahbulon,
All above
Is overthrown
For the love
Of Babalon.

Chorus.

Nothing now remains. etc.

Unclothe: Untyle. There is no formal 'closing'; All has been destroyed.