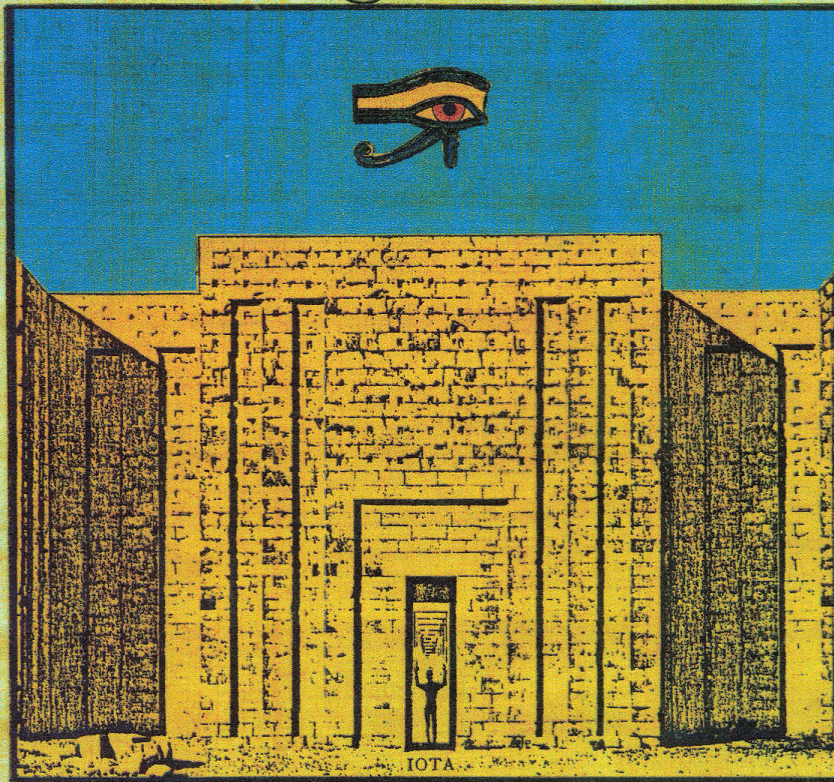


# RETURN to SAQQARA Book 1



## •THE•TAROT•OF•SAQQARA• the Double Hallway of MA'AT

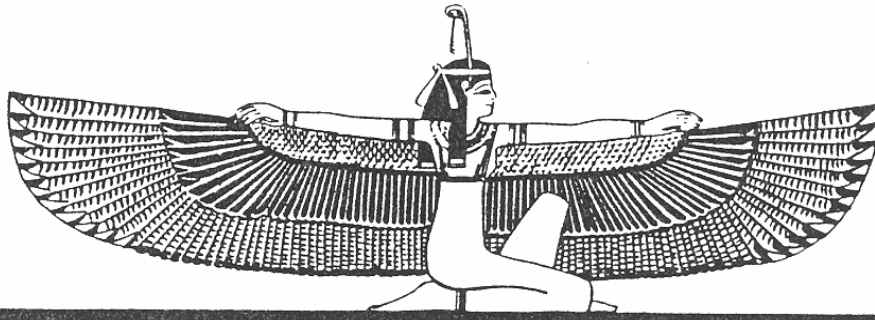


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Initiation

Commentary by Donald G. Beaman





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# RETURN to SAQQARA

## Book I

•THE•TAROT•OF•SAQQARA•  
the Double Hallway of MA'AT

Commentary by Donald G. Beaman

Design/Layout and commentary on the Tarot

And commentary on KA-BA-AA

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## Introduction: Earth Sound Light Center

I taught design for the theatre at Carnegie Mellon University, Penn State University, San Jose State in California, before settling at Boston University in 1968, retiring in 1995.

My career has included design for scenery and sometimes costumes for regional theatre in Pittsburgh and Washington, D.C., as well as many seasons of summer theatre.

I have been tracing the Mysteries through ancient Egyptian symbolism and have designed “The TAROT of SAQQARA”.

In 1982, I designed for and wrote material in anticipation of publication of extensive studies in the TAROT, and Egyptian Kabbalah. I have lectured on this symbolism at various conferences, and continue to develop the major themes indicating a universal consciousness. The study of the TAROT and the KABBALAH traces the Mysteries beyond the veil of popular occultism toward the roots I find in ancient Egyptian symbolism.

Being a designer and an artist, I find that I can illustrate the symbolism, as well as write about it. As the two disciplines developed, I have produced a sizable amount of very curious work, including a comparative book called “Rune Ryngs”.

The TAROT of Saqqara designed following my first trip to Egypt in 1981. The major trumps display the twenty-one columned archways in the Hallway that is the entrance to the complex at SAQQARA near Memphis. The designs were composed as a collage of drawings from the ancient monuments. The style of drawing is in the tradition of anonymity that characterized most of the ancient works. The design is my own, probably with the guidance of some Akashic memory, and with some reference to the works of the famous “Golden Dawn Society”.

I have lectured on Sacred Geometry in Boston, Massachusetts and maintained a studio and gallery in the Berkshires of Massachusetts.

With my wife Sarah Benson, we have co-founded the “Earth Sound Light Center” in Charlemont, Massachusetts where we combine the arts of sound, music and visual design to stimulate universal consciousness.

Since 1981 I have returned to Egypt as a guide in 1984 and again in 1996.

*Acknowledgments*

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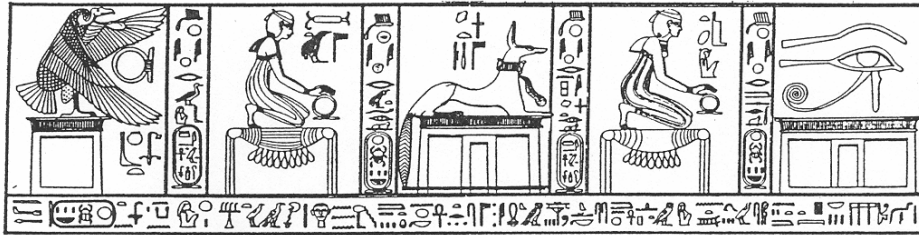
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**ON THE ARTWORK INCLUDED IN THE STUDY**

I have included some direct reproductions and some composite collage work mostly derived from the beautiful drawings by Lucie Lamy, originally done as illustrations for various publications of the works of R.A. Schwaller DeLubicz between 1949 and 1978.

Some of the representations of SESHET were derived from illustrations produced for the publication of THE GODS OF THE EGYPTIANS by W.A. Wallis Budge in 1904, though I do not feel that they have the authority of line seen in the work of Lucie Lamy.



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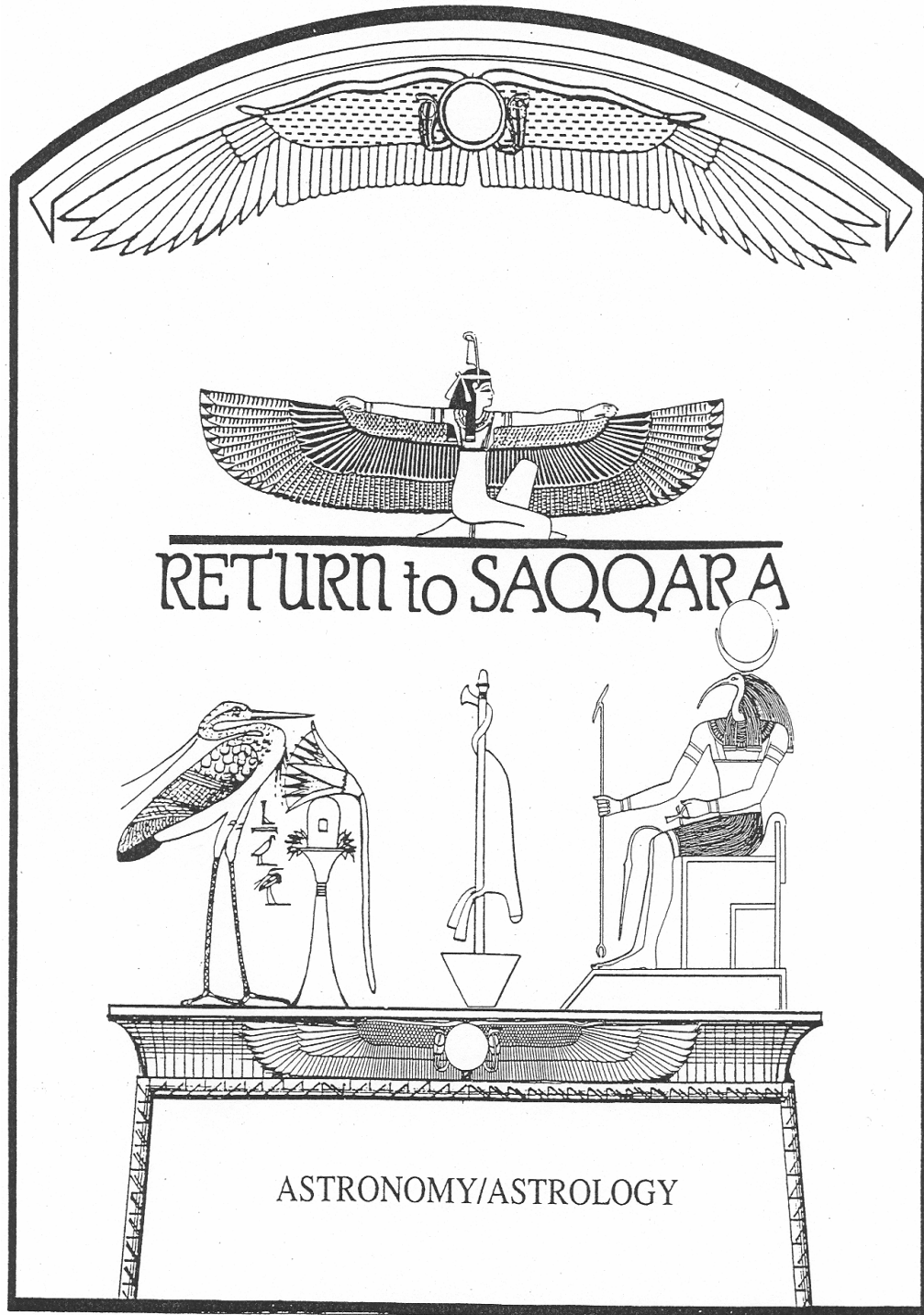
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### **Prologue:**

#### **“ATLANTIS RISING”**

In the fall of 1980, I met Dr. Dan Baer who teaches psychology at Boston College. A former student of mine with whom I had been attending seminars on psychic awareness made the introduction. With her encouragement, Dan arranged for me to meet with Mark Singer and his associate Doug Benjamin.

Since 1975 I had been expanding my facility as a psychic researcher in Egyptian archaeology and my impressions were beginning to show promise, especially in geometric analysis of the sites at Gizeh and at Saqqara.

We had a long session with the four of us stretched out on my living room floor. While going over my maps and drawings I rattled on about the discoveries I felt I was making. Mark was soon sound asleep, which was the inevitable effect my vocal tone seemed to have on him in most of our meetings. He was, at least, relaxed totally and that was good for him. Dan and Doug listened for several hours to my theories and to my notes from meditation and I told them what I would have looked for in Egypt.

They were soon away on their fall tour and following their return we began to correspond in earnest about my going with them in the spring. The group they were assembling was most impressive with authors, lecturers, healers and psychics of all callings, along with Egyptologists and a host of interested tourists.

# REDISCOVER THE WONDERS OF ANCIENT EGYPT



## TOUR EGYPT THE PURPOSE

In March, over the last two years, during the Spring Equinox in Egypt, Atlantis Rising brought together individuals with love and wisdom to share. The time to gather again in Egypt is close at hand. The Spring Equinox in ancient times was considered the most important moment of the yearly solar cycle. It is the “opening” of the year when the sun is in the mid-point of its rise toward the summer solar solstice.

A World Healing Symposium is planned for March 15<sup>th</sup> through April 1<sup>st</sup>.1981. The healing energies are centered in Egypt. There is a special aspect of healing that precedes any physical manifestation. Only through proper channels can energy transfer take place. Each individual has healing ability. Once that gift is recognized there is no limit to its potential. Through the conscious awareness of the ease at which we may heal ourselves, we also realize the ease of planetary healing through mass-mind action. This then is the purpose: the visualization of world unity will initiate a universal healing at all levels. The energies required for such an event will begin with individuals and groups with love and wisdom to share.

When the literature arrived, I saw that the banner of recognition was to be “Atlantis Rising: It seemed odd but not inappropriate in the light of the interest in the Edgar Cayce Materials on Atlantis and Egypt. I collected my research as the early months of 1981 moved by into March. A glow of quiet expectation carried me from Boston to New York and into the bus for our gathering at the Holiday Inn at the airport.

I saw Rick Danielson first as he came loping after the bus, jumping aboard with his knapsack. He settled his frame angularly into the seat with a wide smile and a pleasant drawl of greeting. We exchanged the usual observations on the way to the motel.

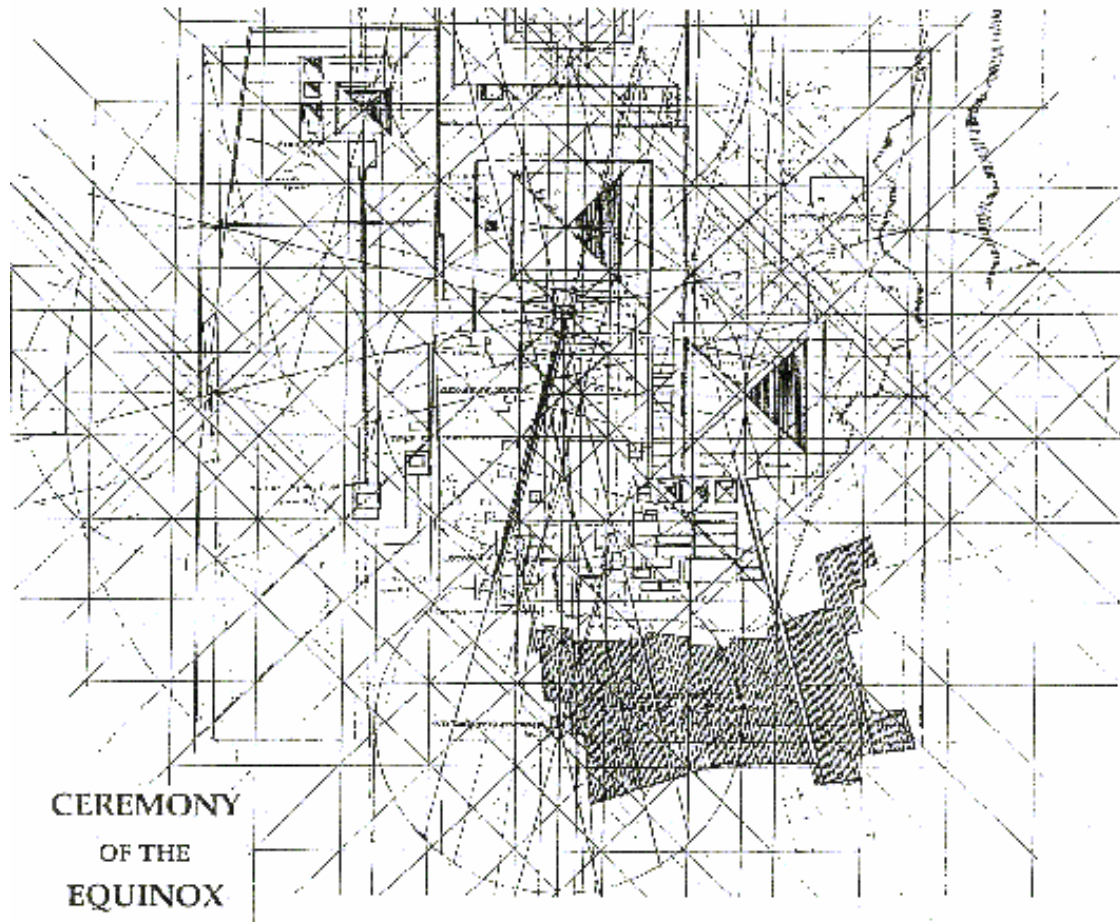
One of my roommates was Joe Jochmans and we each knew at once that we had a great deal in common where our research was concerned. The conversation was sporadic, full of observations begun and finished in shares: one noting, one commenting. The group orientation brought us back to the business of the tour. The evening passed with more animated conversation.

Through Monday, March sixteenth, Mark Singer and Doug Benjamin introduced the speakers and the tour directors who began the process of socially uniting the group, which must have numbered two hundred.

Somewhere in the program the tour was dedicated to healing the ancient centers at the equinox under the guidance of astrological advisor, Rosemary Clark. This healing of temples was a powerful image and I took it very sincerely to heart. I had always felt sadness for the destruction of ancient Egypt and yet had not developed a more than archaeological attachment for the culture. Now, some stirrings of the psyche—a brief tear in the rush of energy from the group---. I felt a real dedication: the soft lift as you begin to move on a roller coaster as it mounts to its first summit – expectancy – and knowledge.

The long flight to Amsterdam and then to Cairo had reduced the group to the mentality of summer campers as we shuffled through Customs and out to the waiting buses. The sky was dusky and the air a bit limpid as the afternoon inclined into sunset. Our bus motorcade began the trek across Cairo and out to our first sight of antiquity.

In the darkness of a rough open field near what seemed to be slums, our buss headlights dimly illuminated the Obelisk of the Sun at Heliopolis – a slim shaft of granite rising from a tumbled mass of stones and sunken pits with their piles of earth. Everyone gathered into a circle with chanting and meditations, somehow serenading this relic with the hope of calling back the power of the ancients there in the darkness. I recalled later, that it seemed inopportune to be healing a temple of the Sun in the darkness of evening, - but in the press of the moment, I intoned my ohm along with the others. Faces of the local residents stared at us from a safe distance as we went through our resolution of the rite and sending the more timid tourists running for the bus. I was prompted, as were several others, without much ceremony, to simply apply my hands to the stone as I pictured the temple whole in my mind. “Laying on the hands,” I thought as I caught the eyes of another “time-traveler”. We nodded in some unexpressed recognition and stumbled off through the dust to the coaches where voices were beginning to show fatigue and tourist impatience.



Once more we were swallowed up in the traffic of Cairo, crossing the bridge into the quieter suburb of Giza, heading for the Holiday Inn Sphinx and Pyramids. ---Sure enough, as advertised, there in the night glowed the great bulk of the famous Pyramid of Khufu. The tour itinerary for eight pm read: “Rest and relax” – and for nice-thirty – “Optional group walk to the great pyramid”.

With his typical sense of instigation, Mark had placed me in a room with Joe Jochmans and Rick Danielson and the conversations rambled on toward morning. For the next three days we investigated Giza and the Cairo Museum – and the inevitable Bazaar.

Between tours I discussed my impressions of the Giza plateau and we walked out my geometry, finding a spiral stairway, partially excavated under the causeway to the point could be found. The sights of the necropolis and of the museum came by me like a blur of familiar old faces. All the great finds in my collection of books – and through I found Cairo exhausting, I found the desert absolutely therapeutic.

The food was good – the various workshop sessions interesting. The Sound and Light show was embarrassing but sort of festive. (Assuming that the Sphinx could speak to us was laughable.) –And that was how we welcomed the Spring Equinox to Giza



Day 6 MEMPHIS, SAQQARA & TENT PARTY  
SATURDAY, MARCH 21

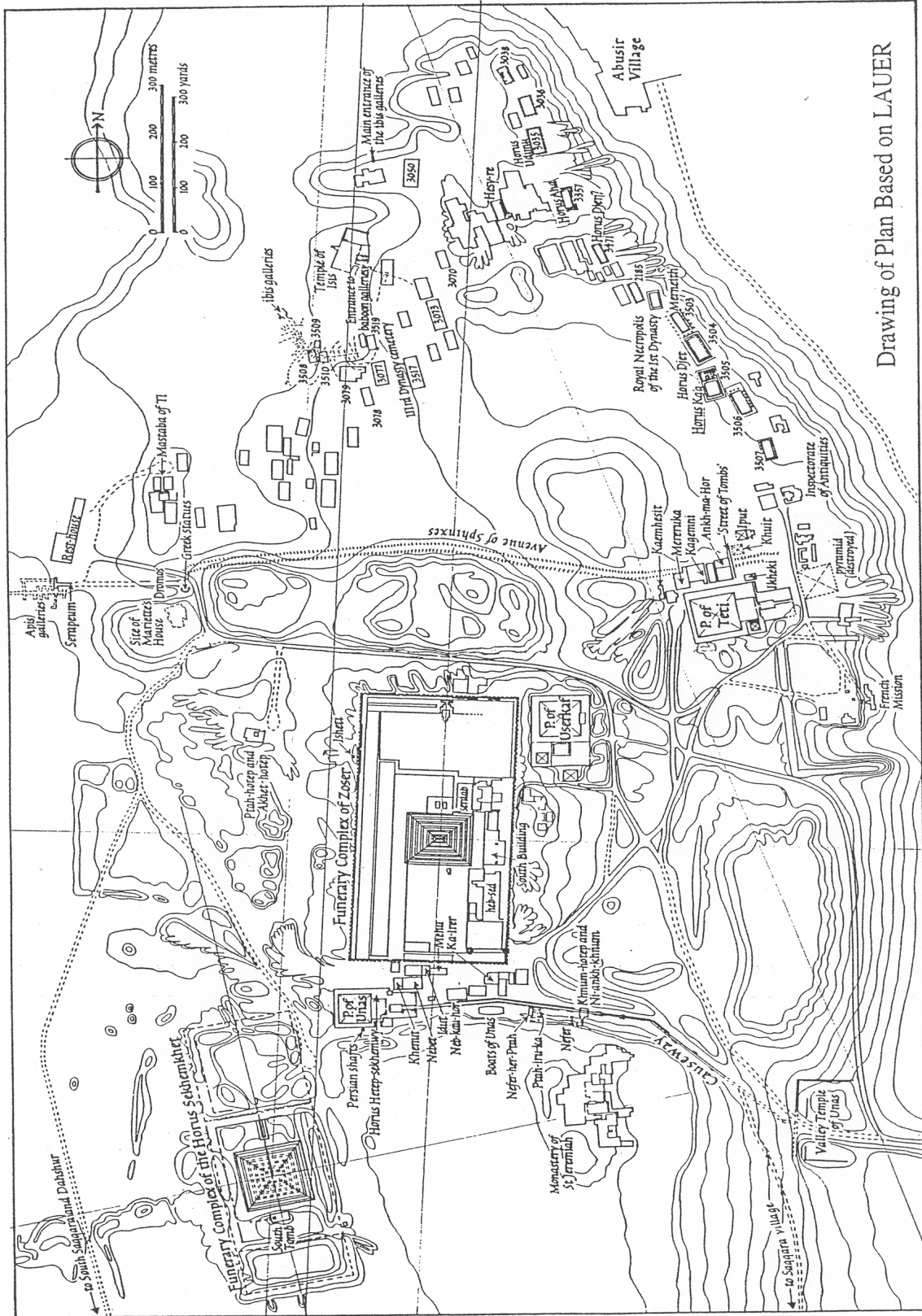
Today we leave early by motor coach for Memphis, the first capital of Ancient Egypt. We'll see the Alabaster Sphinx and the colossal statue of Ramses II. Afterwards we'll journey to Saqqara and visit the Step Pyramid built in the Third Dynasty for King Djoser, by the genius of Imhotep. The Pyramid of Unas, Bearing the first religious texts will be explored. The healing complex of King Djoser will be discussed and visited, highlighted by information concerning excavation of the healing temple and tomb of Imhotep. Located near by, the Monastery of St. Jeremiah, founded in the fifth century will be explored. An exciting evening awaits us back at Giza. A festive tent party in the desert will feature an Egyptian Orchestra, belly dancers, oriental band, dancing Arabian horses, magicians, and Egyptian dining at its best with many other surprises.

THAT DAY AT SAQQARA

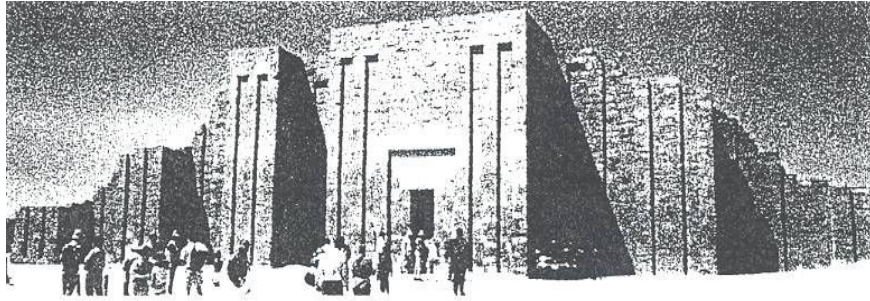
There was probably no site in Egypt except for Giza that I had studied more than Saqqara. All of my notes were neatly filed in a thesis cover; my impressions brought to the threshold of my mind through stimulating exchanges with my fellow roommates. I sat in the bus headed down the stretch of road that parallels first the canal and then the Nile. The usual babble of tourist voices was broken only partially as the guide used the public address system to point out local "curiosities".

There was an easy, joking atmosphere as we jolted along, and our driver demanding right-of-way with his horn. I checked my notes, my camera and my ever-present bottle of spring water. It was a Saturday outing, March Twenty-One. The equinox had ticked by. It was spring. Little girls were selling oranges and tange5ines. Over the distant trees rose The Pyramid of Djozer.

The road from the entrance kiosk or guard house twisted across the face of the cliff, rising as it went northward, carrying our busload past ancient graves cut into limestone caves and outcropping. All aspects of green growing earth disappeared as we rounded the point and zigzagged up to the rough parking place. There was the wall and over it, a bit of the pyramid. Everywhere else that peculiar stony desert drifted in mounds out to the edge of the plateau. Off to the east was a dim line of dark green under a heavy dust-gray atmosphere. Here the Sun was bright and hot, though tempered by a constant cool wind. The group ambled loosely up to the gateway, preparing to follow and to listen to the speakers as the tour leaders took care of the official entrance "ceremonies".



Drawing of Plan Based on LAUER



Entrance to The Double Hallway of Ma'at

Doug Benjamin explained his impression of the entrance colonnade while various “seekers of truth” either felt for vibrations or wondered over the fine quality of the workmanship: both old and new, as the restoration continues in the hands of the local craftsmen who watched us curiously, or asked for cigarettes.

My memory of the walk through the complex beyond the entrance may be a bit confused, but I recall a general sense of recognition and certainly of devastation. I had my notes and was checking them while following the speakers about, when I became aware of a singular lady who was dissolved in tears, seemingly at a loss to find the reason for her deep grief.

I introduced myself to Beverly Lynch and the answers to her questions seemed to rise easily to my mind. I suppose it was then that I began to feel that the day was to be filled with symbols. Beverly seemed so lost in a remorse made sharper when I told her that it was from the past, concerned a loved one, a man, whom she felt she had deserted, or had lost in some tragic way along with a son. Thinking of geometry, my mind flew to **I-EM-HOTEP**, the great designer of the complex for **King DJOSER**. With all my study about **SAQQARA**...in that place...this would likely have been his wife. It is surprising how simple, how quick recognition can be. Those symbols rising to mind seemed to open Beverly up as she came out of that ancient grief and I'm sure she knew in that brief exchange we may have touched across time, if that is not an unforgivably romantic idea for me to consider. It was a day for symbols.

I began to interpolate on my notes and found happy encouragement from Joe Jochmans and a few others who began to sort of “catch the scent” of some rising excitement.

I had already, long before coming to Egypt. Admitted an instinctive loathing for **King UNAS**. There in his tomb, south of the DJOSER complex, while we gawked at those walls full of hieroglyphs, I felt myself bracing throughout my being. There was the famous display of the earliest “Book of the Dead” and I could feel only that it was an exercise in delusion. Each line translated sounded evil to me, as if it were black magic and demonic superstition. – And my whole self resented the intrusion of this interloper who claimed to have devoured all of his predecessors through his deified ruler ship and to have handed Egypt its new age whole.

“May he sink into darkness” seemed to echo across my mind.

The sun was high now, taking its toll on the energy of the tourists who had to wait to enter some areas in small groups. I was passing the time in conversation with Joe, who was always so energetically curious, when we decided to strike out on our own. With Rick,

Beverly and Bunton Humphrey in to, we clambered down from the South wall to head North across the great courtyard to the foot of the pyramid. With its casing gone and huge gashes cut away to reveal the stages of its conversion, it seemed such a battered hulk. Its size is nothing to compare with the giant of Giza, but it still compels one to appreciate its sitting, and probably more to respect the great mind that carved out such a civilized statement in the sterility of the desert. To the right, on the East were the remains of the **Heb-Sed** court with its chapels. Flanking the Northeast side of the Pyramid were the sanctuaries of the North and of the South with their columns of the papyrus and the lily. These had been the symbols of the two lands united by **King NARMER (MENES)** when he founded Memphis.

We talked a bit about the nature of the complex having been a national shrine, more than a mere tomb, and how the original landscape below the plateau would have looked. It was my impression that the famous white wall of Memphis was not a city enclosure but was a dam designed to flood the valley so as to increase the habitable area. This had made Memphis an island surrounded by protective arms of the Nile. My clearest impression was that the wall was North of Giza, and that the waterways it controlled made access right up to the foot of both Necropolis very likely during the inundation.

I was particularly interested in what lay along a line running east from the center of the Pyramid out across the surrounding wall to what I called **THE SOKAR POINT** in my geometry. I had felt that this was a center from which the whole complex proceeded. My clearest image was that of a marking stone like the Omphalos at Delphi in Greece. Near the wall was a deep shaft, and it was clear that this second “well” of Saqqara was another entrance to underground catacombs. The fact of its placement in a major axis was a note I registered for future investigation.

All along the East side of DJOSER’S mound one could see where the archaeologists had bared the edge of the original Mastabah, the Arabic word for the flat form of tombs from the earlier dynasties. Here I paused, kind of listening with whatever it is we use to contact the past. There was something important about that remodeling. It was more than just enlarging a tomb on the whim of an omnipotent king. In fact I felt aware of a communal decision. It was as though some major synthesis of thought had caused the change. In the quiet, with that clear sunlight picking out the yellow limestone core of that challenging building, you could almost hear that secret crying out to be known, and I joked a bit with the others, if only to break the spell my romantic imagination had too readily spun.

We were, I recall, very easy going; lots of kidding about discoveries and fantasies buoyed up on the rarified air or essence of that place. It IS powerful. The site, which had been chosen with great care, is so in harmony with its plateau; IT IS Earth.

More comments were voiced as we gathered around to look at the little chapel where the statue of DJOSER had peered out of his peepholes for centuries, toward that area in the sky up near the North Star. They called the structure a **SERDAB**, and it looked like stone packing tipped back so that its face made a right angle with the line of vision between the crystal eyes of the effigy and his destination. It seemed as if he had been positioned to simply take off, shaking the dust of the earth from his feet, rising on golden hawk wings...free.

And we knew that this was the whole point. That he was to be free, beyond the North Star, beyond the Earthly cycles of reincarnation; transcendent...

In that crystal gaze was infinity and infinite patience.

We continued to the north side of the Pyramid, following my maps. I explained my impressions as we picked our way up onto the temple platform. Then I was at a loss. Looking north over mounds of that desert sand and stone, I felt such a sinking feeling that everything



was gone; the whole cornerstone of the ancient mystery cults was simply buried or erased. It was obvious that the ministers of archaeology considered whatever lay out there to be no man's land and the barbed wire fence, only fitfully put up, signaled the boundary for tourists.

Something was drawing us on, however, and after a slight hesitation, we headed out into the wastes. There was a dark object looming up beyond a ridge reminding me of a hippopotamus. The lump, as we approached, was revealed as a roughly shaped structure standing in a sort of gully. Having been freed of the desert, it stood there like some unexpected evidence of man in a moonscape. It was the ALTAR, nicely drawn on my map from Mr. Lauer's book on Saqqara. I was not prepared for the look of it.

Obviously a piece of native rock, it had been shaped into a platform with steps rising to it from the south. Some small casing blocks of white dressed stone clung to the eastern face while the raw rock was exposed on most of its other sides and that rock was so impressively ancient. Darker than the surrounding limestone, it was wrinkled or more appropriately withered like the most ancient of old women. I could only exclaim, "This is certainly Mother Earth to our eyes". A symbol – the steps drew us on and as we mounted single file, I was in the middle of the group, when I happened to look down. There by my foot was a small figure just lying out in the open, broken and sort of bleached. Our mood was expectant, lively and always joking and at this I simply stopped to ask, "Can you believe this? And quick, tell me if you see it too". Another symbol. As each of us registered some form of surprise, I stopped to pick up the figure. Beverly who had passed on above me suddenly slipped. A block of casing stone dropped out of the wall and tumbled off down a sand bank to end up on its face displaying a new surprise. There it sat looking something like a brick of ice cream from which someone had scooped out small round balls, leaving the cavities.

I knew the connection right then that I'd had an impression of **IMHOTEP** instituting a great new philosophy involving the preparation of stone vases (one of his known titles). My feeling was that it involved the burial in the pyramid in those vases after a process, which reduced a body to dust. I had read in the accounts of the exploration of Djozer's "tomb" that more than 30,000 vases of various shapes had been found packed in the corridors beneath the pyramid.

Right there I knew more and proceeded to rattle on excitedly "that an hieroglyph representing these activities of IMHOTEP looked like a small vase upside down on a stick" and I knew that this sign represented the making of stone vessels and when reversed, became a classic mortar and pestle, the symbol of IMHOTEP as the patron of medicine. So here we were, at the great altar of Saqqara, which was encased with stone negatives, it would seem, of its initiates' burial vessels.

I could recognize the figure in my hands as **Thoueris**, or **Tauert**, thought of as the patron of Maternity, a sort of conglomerate but mostly a "hippopotamus" goddess. Symbols again! We gathered on top of the altar to reconnoiter.

One of the announced quests for the tour we were following was the discovery of an acceptable tomb of IMHOTEP that had still eluded the theorists and the field archaeologists. My impressions had been most strong and as I worked over the maps with geometry during the whole winter season, I sensed that the tomb had to lie to the north of the main complex. So with my map in hand, I stood peering off toward the remnant of the enclosure. It was time to return for lunch break and I hesitated to press on, feeling that we must have found what the day had promised. But Joe wouldn't hear of returning unresolved, and with a bearing that would have done credit to the ideal British colonel, he stalked off and over the wall as I followed with several others. On the other side were more stone and or sand dunes where my

mind had pictured a portico or temple. The road beyond seemed right. We crossed it and then I was drawn, as we all seemed to be, rushing in long strides up to the crest of a large ridge. And then, there it was! We were looking down into a large dished depression, like a bomb crater. We all felt it. There were no buildings, only a small piece of Aswan granite sitting in the center of a circular sand pit. Our excitement rose, standing there on the rim, feeling drawn into the dish as if into a vortex by the unceasing wind. It was a force pulling us to its center, saying, “Yes” in all the fibers of our being. It was a sharp, quiet moment of awe and then a rush of resolution as we felt that we had surely found I-EM-HOTEP. The few of us just sat there and we “Knew”.

But the others were waiting at the altar...and lunch...and the tour. We started back, glancing over the site, taking in the horizon to the north where a line of pyramids appeared gray-blue. There were six and Saqqara made seven. We trudged back over the drifted waste toward the temple of the pyramid and that strange slant faced Serdab where the “counterfeit” DJOSER gazes eternally toward Polaris.

The buses were loaded and pulling out as we burst through the gateway, shouting for them to wait, if only to leave our box lunches. There was a quick exchange...the dust followed the last bus away and a quiet descended on the group. We were expecting to have some more extensive workshops after one o’clock and so we moved back into the shade of the colonnade to eat and share again the morning’s adventures.

Silence settled softly over the workmen relaxing at one end of the corridor and hushed our little group sitting on the truncated walls at the center. Talk ran quickly to the meaning of the whole complex, prompting me to once again pull out my notes like a good scholar. But then, with quite unscholarly detachment, I began to describe the use of that hallway of columns. I demonstrated how one moved with arms outstretched, palms facing out at either side; walking a straight line... (I was inclined to point out that the ancients called it a “strait” line).

It seemed that a shell, an outer or public “crust” was stripped away, as if the columns were magnets pulling off worldly attitudes like iron filings. As one approached a sort of pylon of squared stone a voice asked several questions. If the answers were acceptable, the pilgrim proceeded through the next sector to a second gate and tithed the questioner. Beyond that point was an open door and the courtyard. . Somehow I knew that one came **IN** this way but went **OUT** through the Great Altar.

We remained amused with our own expectancy, tossing around ideas about the complex. None of us doubted by now that this “place of the dead” had been very misunderstood by orthodox archaeology and we were buoyant with the idea that we were realizing the foundations of the mysteries. That the idea was for “life in our time, new life amid the ruins”. It had been the “clarion call” back in that strange motel at the airport in New York.

We were here in Egypt to HEAL the ancient centers, to revive the connections with the Earth. It was “heady” stuff ...visionary...clearing away all doubts. We were positive we could revive the Lazarus of ancient Egypt. The courage and confidence of acceptance and still our mood was light, commenting on the box lunch and our water bottles, mixing in quick impressions of people long gone but echoing still in the stones. And so our picnic in the gallery, shaded from the piercing light of RA, passed easily.

Mark Singer and Doug Benjamin re-appeared with some other devotees and we assembled to the southeast of the pyramid of UNAS to test KINESIOLOGY. Off to one side, a continuing experiment centering around Jairemarie Pomo pursuing ‘regression’ guided by

an analyst, with some success through trance. Whatever any of us may have thought about past lives, reincarnation and regression, there was always a tinge of skepticism in the presence of these demonstrations. Many people simply scoffed at it as some sort of hypnotism, while those in the other extreme hung on to the revelations as if they were something holy at least. For myself, I tried to maintain an open mind. The evening before, we had witnessed a session, which was particularly moving, though obviously draining for the subject. Jairemarie had apparently very recently begun “speaking in tongues” while in a light trance (of no surprise to many people present), and her sessions were becoming more lucid as well as less induced. She was becoming, I would have said, a “clear channel”. Caught up in her strange speeches, Rick Danielson had decided to merge his abilities with hers, and they had earlier that morning gone here and there sampling hieroglyphics while sort of “comparing notes”.

Now, while Doug Benjamin was pursuing the burial site of I-EM-HOTEP, Rick and Jairemarie were down in a tomb busily improving their communication as Rick stated the scholar’s opinion of a phrase or word, and Jairemarie corrected his pronunciation. I’m sure that there was so much more in that instinctive exchange than any of us realized, but right then and there, they were rolling on, talking “ancient Egyptian”. Again, we all gathered around with happy child-like anticipation.

Here, I have to add this curious note:

Peter Tomkins added this postscript to his publication of “The Magic Obelisks” Harper & Row, New York etc. 1981

The couple at Saqqara was, Rick Danielson and Jairemarie Pomo.

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Postscript:

Just as I forewent a final caption to the phoenix, a young friend appeared on my doorstep fresh from Egypt, unaware of the content of this book and unsolicited began to recount adventures in the Saqqara region with a clairaudient lady. For some time my friend has been studying Egyptian glyphs, hoping to reconstitute the original sounds of the ancient language.

It was the full moon of the vernal equinox. In a Saqqara tomb he found that his clairaudient friend could chant without understanding them, the invocations to the Neters, or gods, appearing on the walls while my friend ad-libbed a translation. To their surprise they both felt a presence; forthwith the lady began to chant a stream of messages from what purported to be the ancient gods of Egypt, invoked by the sound of her voice. And what did they say? According to my friend, nothing more phenomenal than to express their pleasure that human beings had once more found the means of communicating with them for the welfare of the planet and a preoccupied warning that we have become so out of touch with mother earth she may be on the point of spewing out the toxins with which we have poked her body.

I did not press my friend, for he and the lady intend to publish the entire story of their contact with all that was said and done.

---

Doug had been steadily successful with his demonstration of Kinesiology, in which he employed someone as a medium or instrument, who, under suggestion, held an arm rigidly out parallel with the Earth. Asked simple questions, requiring the answers of “true” or “not true”, the subject would indicate truth by the relaxation of his shoulder joint. In this manner,

Doug had pinpointed a particular pit, an uncovered tomb chamber to the east of the pyramid of UNAS, and south of the enclosure wall.

For myself, having had such positive feelings about the morning's activities, I was really puzzled. We had all concentrated on trying to find the tomb of I-EM-HOTEP and I was faced with both conviction and confusion over two tombs. Now, the practice of building more than one tomb or cenotaph was known to archaeology in the duplicate tombs of Saqqara and Abydos for the first two dynasties and here on the site was a "south tomb" of ZOZER (DJOSER) just over the wall from where we stood. Watching the group crouched around the open pit, I put the question as clearly as I could to my consciousness. And then like the simple opening of a shutter, I knew.

And I called out to Doug, "We're both right about the location of I-EM-HOTEP, not merely a tomb, but the man, the body ...here, there, he's everywhere". I was half joking, just trying to grasp the feeling of the new thought... "He's everywhere". Then I knew...and Doug looked me long in the eye and took it in. "We're both right," I said. "This morning I found a site outside the walls on the north and every instinct said 'here is I-EM-HOTEP'. And now, here we are with another I-EM-HOTEP tomb. "If we believe our abilities, he's everywhere. But I found the Head. You found the feet. The whole central complex is the body of I-EM-HOTEP. It compares with early Christian ideas that the church symbolized the body of CHRIST". And then his face lit up and we both began to holler and to try to explain to everyone what we had realized. It was about then that Rick and Jairemarie revealed their discoveries. We all just stood there elated and dumbfounded, as if we had uncovered a map, and our treasure was about to be disclosed.

I remember having the funny impression that if we were part of a Hollywood film, our next action would have been underscored by some symphony orchestra starting with a slow but assured march, mounting in excitement as the cameras pull up to the top of the pyramid to show our small knot of people in the jumble of all those dusty stones.

Doug's eyes simply glowed as we resolved to walk the length of the complex, and with elation, we set off for the wall. Without the vantage point of my imaginary camera, we couldn't realize that we had lost parts of the group as we went along. In particular, Dan Baer, with his friend Andrea and Beverly Lynch drifted toward their own destination, which she was to relate to us later.

Also, unknown to each other, there were several individuals or couples just roaming the ruins, who had elected to pass up an afternoon at the bazaar, and who found themselves simply "there", in the still afternoon light. Again, if our camera on top of the pyramid were following us, each creature came wandering as if it had a piece of a puzzle.

As for myself, I felt my mind extending out over space and time. I felt the form of the function of Saqqara; the lives of its initiates. And by then, I was convinced that this was an initiation site. Now I was seeing more, something like a university in its pure sense, a place to study the universe.

In the middle of the south courtyard Doug stopped to try his test and declared, "HERE were the knees"/. This had been a place scholars describe as a course for running a race at the HEB-SED festival. I had the impression of a maze or a labyrinth laid out on its paving or in the gravel. Symbols meaning was flooding over me as if I had put on some special sunglasses. Everything crystallized...there were two altars here and two points on either side of the center of the maze and two columns to mark its entrance. "Two columns of HERCULES" echoed in my head.

This was the national courtyard in which the KING, renewed in vigor, after the Ceremony, made a symbolic excursion throughout his holdings. I had known that the HEBSED festival was concerned with marking off thirty-year units, but now, I felt that those periods were marked from the unification under King NAR-MER. Almost as an anecdote, I pointed out that in his throne name, NAR meant life (as in the NAR-TREE, a title of a nome or county to the south), and that MER meant measure. So NAR-MER was “He who measured life”; He who set a calendar in motion, with periods of thirty year segments to be marked by Jubilee festivals of rebirth.

Now this was a most important key – **REBIRTH** -. I knew then, that if anything, any concept could describe the activity at SAQQARA, it was rebirth. And here we were, tourists, devotees, hopefuls, come to Egypt with one vow: To revive the ancient temples, to restore life.

Doug called out that the pyramid surely was the phallic center and a picture flashed into my head; a sectional view of DJOSER’S tomb showing a deep shaft topped with a sort of dome, leading down to the place of the sarcophagus. No clearer symbol of a Phallus needed to be drawn. Just as effortlessly the suggestion crossed my mind of the reason for a change in the construction of the building; it was a center for initiation in this life and the last contact for the initiates who, by a means still secret, were translated out of the time-chain of reincarnation.

I understood bits of the process. Initiation included a death-in-life ritual, and upon actual demise, a similar rite was performed. The body was adequately prepared, but had no aspect of later mummification techniques. It was placed in a ritual coffer, which seemed to be a permanent fixture of the chamber. The day of the year was important, but I didn’t know what that could mean. When the body, wrapped in linen, was properly in place, the caretakers filed out and a huge stone closed on the channel. A priest then applied a seal.

Three days passed and the party broke the seal to move the stone aside. The High Priest then entered the pyramid for inspection. On his return he announced, “He is risen”. (Echoes of Christian tradition). A celebration followed and the dust, which was all that remained of the body, was sealed in a stone vase provided by the family or by the Society. Lastly, the vase was “filed” in the “catacombs” below the pyramid among the remains of the other honored initiates.

I had a further impression of a great ceremony like a mass conversion, during which the remains of the previous kings of united Egypt, excepting PER-IB-SEN were re-interred following the usual rite. These eleven were then known as sacred judges and were supposed to act through a council of elders as a kind of Supreme Court.

These were the eleven pit graves let into the east side of the pyramid and subsequently amalgamated into the structure. Again, symbolically joining the past to that present, making all of the accepted pharaohs before that time, initiates. And the name of that august company? “The Sons of Light”.

Following Doug, we came around to the north side of the monument where its temple had something to do with the liver, spleen, etc. – Symbolism again. With rising expectation, we crossed over the barbed wire into the “no-man’s land” of dunes, and headed for the Altar. All the while, Doug was putting his questions and shouting out his answers as if he were spotting whales in the ocean. At the foot of the steps to the Altar, we recounted the morning’s discoveries to the group and in doing so, I first realized that Beverly was missing and Dan Baer as well. Curious! But then we were up on the Altar and Doug trumpeted that this was indeed the HEART.

Joe Jochmans, as the group's geologist, commented that he felt that the unusual reddish color and its texture might qualify it as coral, like some deposit from the ancient sea, dropped down on those limestone cliffs. Or was it a last remainder, a reminder of a cultic link with a most ancient past? Was it primeval Earth, a dark wrinkled, ancient old lady, preserved behind the facing of cut stone, which was, in its turn, a symbol of the initiates' devotion.

I had an impression of the process of the use of the Altar. Again, like a scene from a movie, rows of witnesses were seated around on two sides. The initiate mounted to the platform, which had a square hole in its center. A brief ceremony of dedication took place; a farewell; one step in a whole process. I knew that the initiate, who was about thirty years old, would go down into the Altar, to a chamber with a tunnel. His progress symbolized the process of birth. He would mount stairs to the outside of the great wall where a portico seemed to reach out toward the road. Like two hands, the portico sent him out and received those who came for advice.

The road was called, "The Road That Goes Two Ways". To the west lay the religious life of seclusion and contemplation. To the east, the rest of man's world of public necessity. For the initiate this was a crossing of choice. Whatever his decision, he would return in three years to the temple of I-EM-HOTEP's head, just to the north, to consciously dedicate himself to the creative purpose of his life. At that time, a third choice was available. On a path leading north lay the "college" of the surgeons in a complex dedicated to ISIS, where they pursued a life of service in the healing arts, practical as well as mystic.

There was a moment of quiet recognition. Then some tears – a lot of embracing. We Knew --- what is proved only through the clearest contact with the CENTER.

And then we turned to Margaret Schroeder, whose gift was that of writing. And I felt that here was another symbol that a scribe stood in our midst. Since all of our concentration had been centered on I-EM-HOTEP, we were most anxious to know if anything pertaining to his person could be obtained, for curiosity, if not for guidance. Margaret, her face all aglow with the Sun and the moment, sat down on a stone near the edge of the Altar and asked simply of any of us, "Who was I-EM-HOTEP?" Satisfied with a short introduction, she began to speak and write, while we all concentrated, meditated, listened, or daydreamed, each in his own style.

I include a copy of the message from Margaret's records:

Saturday afternoon 3/21/81 At Saqqara, Egypt

Q: Will you please tell me if Don Beaman has found the head of I-EM-HOTEP?

A: It is recalled in all segments of its purificatory rites to concede one's diagrammatical concourse as emulative of this procedure. If thou wilt contact the heady dynamo within one's self thou wilt see the true emancipation of the soul.

Iemhotep was a surgeon renowned for transplantation, elegant in style, sufficing all manner of productive consultation with emissaries from a foreign land. He took the mace of contention so as to perform his operations in a spirit of transcendent bliss. This conducted his imaginary quotient and he was enabled to suffice all processes of this feature by transforming elegant procedures into a specific correlation with the Universal concept deduced by his eclectic stance of capabilities.

It was also remarked that the effort of describe these procedures elongated many an operation and some, succumbing to the implant of foreign matter became unduly recalcitrant to permit the body the injustice of transfusing another state of consciousness into a vessel insufficiently honed to accept this impression.

Thus he was taken before the officers of his department to be subjected to an intense examination to determine his full capacity to be enabled to conform to precepts already established. It became evident as time went on that the subterfuge needed for this explosive incident mannered many a truth fore the collection of memorabilia resembling designs of a significant procedure did not tally with those of his superiors.

Although he was head physician, he still remained under the auspices of the Holy Council of Pharaohs, instigating a reform now known as the Council of Elders. Then he became related to the Imperial Family of Physicians by traveling in a circle evidently transfigured upon a certain incident that followed his demise, calling forth various imperfections in his reticence and thus providing sufficient material, to coin a phrase, "Let him down the well".

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I was prompted to make commentary on her transmission as we re-read it. To briefly summarize, Margaret wrote of I-EM-HOTEP and I knew:

That he was a great teacher, an architect and a philosopher. That he was married perhaps to the King's daughter. His fascination was surgery and it led him to the possibility of transplanted. In this he was overly ambitious, probably vain and possibly fanatic in his zeal. The product of his experiment, like some ancient prototype for Dr. Frankenstein's monster was morally repulsive to the community and destructive as well. For this transgression, he was tried by the eleven judges and condemned to die by his own hand. At this point, my own perception came into focus. I saw him at the bottom of a well. He had been placed above ordinary justice, as a relative of the King. Indeed, he had been made "hours" himself as HORUS SEKHEM-KHET, meaning, "Lord of the Power of the Steps", (THE WAY).

Since his transgression was seen to be an attempt to acquire the power of giving life and therefore to be an assault on the whole concept of Godhood, he was condemned to death or translation. One suicide attempt failed and he was against the wall of rock. As the founder of SAQQARA "University", he was revered in much the same way that a Catholic Saint might be regarded today. The ancients, however, believed that a person's identity (it's KA) or its soul (it's BA) could be bound to a place if the body were dismembered. In particular, if the head were severed from the trunk. The gruesome thought brought to mind something in Hebrew tradition about the head of ADAM being buried at a gate to Jerusalem.

It was as if you could feel the presence of I-EM-HOTEP as the meaning of the thoughts drifted into our consciousness. Someone began to weep quietly. Others, in their way began to say prayers. Mostly, we had a moment when the deep silence of that desert place came down around us. We felt the image of the man, at once inspiring and at the same time so saddening, a human tragedy. He was the inspiration to shape the form of the Hermetic Mysteries. Later Egyptians would define him as the God of Healing.

We asked who would like to see the place where we felt the temple of the head lay, and without question, all moved out over the wall, down to the road, and one after another, we came to the crest of that crater, with such a sense of moment. Then we quietly filed down to the soft cool sand at the bottom around the scrap of Aswan granite. Most of us just lay down

and a kind of peace in the constant breeze drifted over us. We talked some more about I-EM-HOTEP and what SAQQARA might have been. Margaret made another writing, which explained something of the connections of the persons with the work involved in re-learning the ancient wisdom.

There was no doubt for any of us that this was a very special day in that place. All of the talents that recommended each of us would be tapped, from psychic to technician, to mathematician to astronomer, to the loving mother. Every hand and mind came together as a puzzle piece, to the calling, it would seem, of that aged-old prisoner of the sands. There, in what we took to be the consciousness of I-EM-HOTEP I'm sure we all forged a bond of unspoken, undefined fellowship for work yet to be revealed.

The walk back was soft and leisurely. We all scaled the dunes over the north wall and walked down toward the Altar again, so strangely ancient in its "wrinkles". As we came out on the sand to the west of it, someone felt like saying goodbye, like doing something to mark the event. It seemed so natural to simply join hands there in a circle. And as we did, I was prompted to say, "Take off your shoes, for this is a holy place". To be sure it was a melodramatic thought, but it was a day for symbols.

We stood there with our feet in the cool sand, giving space to our thoughts, sort of awed but quite exhilarated. Looking around, I was surprised to see that our gathering numbered twelve, the symbolism again. And we all began to laugh, easily, with Sun splashed faces like children in that circle around the remains of a box lunch, as if we had had a picnic...a banquet perhaps. Then Jaire Marie began to speak. She had a message from I-EM-HOTEP himself. Rick was at her side and as she spoke, he quietly translated the simple words, his face with a crooked little smile just radiating love and ease. By then, the circle had moved closer to hear and we settled down on our knees in the sand, sitting on our heels. Her voice was clear, a little breathless, smiling and very sweet. The language was in soft vowel sounds between a constant rattle of D or T consonants.

The message was from I-EM-HOTEP who welcomed us to his place after so long. We were the vanguard of what would complete a drama. And with our coming, we had

"United his KA, and set his BA free"

With this her voice said the same thing in repetition, rising and lilting as if it were a bird sailing up over us. I-EM-HOTEP was to be free. He was most happy. And then her tone changed; "Something, someone else was coming through". Her body swayed down to the sand with deep sad moans, tears, and an indescribable sobbing. This was the "Earth Spirit". (And I thought of that great rock Alter by our side).

"The Earth is dying"

A Goddess or some other female identity addressed us. We had been called to meet in Egypt because

"The time had arrived to correct the wantonness of the unenlightened".

We were to heal the Earth by re-activating the centers of which SAQQARA was one. Various questions were brought forward from the group and the answers rolled out easily enough. One asked for an identity.

"The Earth Spirit"... "There are multitudes of Spirits".

"Is there a sexual difference?"



“Male and female and when one comes close to the knowledge of that nature, it becomes ONE.”

“What is the nature of the Gods?”

“They are the many moods of the ONE.”

“Isn’t it true that the Gods fly about in flying saucers?”

“My dear child, we do not need machines to get where we want to be.”

“These twelve and all of those on the tour who had sincerely dedicated themselves in New York were ‘chosen’ for the work to be done.”

“No special preparations, no change of life-style.”

“You will be guided in dreams or meditation!”

“You will become centers around which others will gather who will sense the same message.”

“The immediate future will not be without setbacks and trials!”

“Faith and openness of heart and mind will lead you unerringly to the purpose of healing the Earth!”

And then, with a sigh, the silence.

While we had been concentrating, I had called Joe’s attention to a place, seemingly above our heads, in the sky, where a spiral cloud had appeared and though I had assumed that it was a symbol, I couldn’t know until later that while we were gathered in a circle under our spiral cloud, Beverly Lynch and Dan Baer had descended a spiral stairway deep into the darkness of the Earth to the south. At our end, we had known that the time for the departure bus had been set for the hour soon after we began the circle, and though, by the time we relaxed, the bus was gone, no one seemed to mind.

There was such an air of warm, relaxed and loving acceptance among us as we observed a moment of silence. Then the circle broke up, some climbing over a dune into the setting Sun; some going back to the Altar; some tears and a lot of embracing. The sky had become that most incredible color of orchids, glowing all around the west and to the south where it seemed to frame the venerable ruin of the pyramid with a neon glow. The desert quietly descended as we gathered together to walk back to the entrance.

The feeling was that of a perfect beach day, when your skin was alive with Sun and air and the energy of the activities of the day still clings to you . There are the empty cartons from the box lunch, the knapsacks, the tape recorder, (which by the way, failed to record anything more than introduction during the whole experience in the circle).

We spilled out of the narrow entrance, laughing, and the voices echoing across the desert, then out into the dead silence of the parking area, so desolately lifeless. No bus, but undaunted, we walked on down the dusty road with good-natured humor, strung out in twos or threes, our laughter carrying us around the bluff on the paved road.

One by one we grew silent, listening, as if some secret signal had called us. We became aware of the twilight's dying with a hush, and under it a soft light ripple of sound that became a chirping ovation to our descent. Out of that rich, humid darkness of the valley where canal and river nourish all life, the sound of birds and frogs flooded up to us, enveloping us as we passed the guard's gate. Local people came up to the road to stare as we strolled by. We were tourists out of place after hours. Some followed along always keeping a safe distance. I suppose our obvious elation must have shown in our faces, because we attracted such searching looks. Darkness filled in around the trees beside the road running east toward the Nile. It seemed that all of a sudden there was the full moon dead ahead, low over the palm trees as Rick showed me Jupiter, a sparkling point just below the moon.

The moonlight was bright enough to see faces by the time we reached the north/south highway where we met two townsmen on a white mule who simply followed us along for a while until we thought the road had turned into gravel and that we were lost. We resolved to go back to the crossroad and to flag down a ride so that at least one could go to the nearest town for taxis. Our fellow travelers on their mule also doubled back to stand watching us from a distance.

It was time for quiet discussion and waiting until a motorist stopped to take part of our group to town. We ran over the day, trying to put it all into place. All the symbols, the strength of the encounter with the past, the Earth, the simplicity of its message, and yet, how absolutely full of purpose we felt. We joked about that prediction of adversity. With no transport back to Giza, - a first test. We could hardly know what was to come.

Soon enough, a car came back for us along with our benefactor, to take us to a taxi stand and another symbol; they would take no money for the kindness. How subtle and how quickly providence moves to assure us of its guidance. The taxis brought us up to the Mena House in Giza where we hastily checked with each other. There was a large party scheduled for that evening, somewhere out in the desert in some semblance of an Arab tent. The day was over for some of our initiates, but I felt the need to run to that celebration to congratulate the group as a whole on the success of their quest. We had come to an ancient site, had invoked its patron spirit and it had engaged us all in the call to heal the world.

Brave thoughts, mad hopes, but mostly joy as our cab angled out over the desert beyond the great pyramid toward the party. I really had forgotten time. We arrived well after dinner had been served and the drinks were underway. The tent was smoky and warmly lit. There were two belly dancers doing a sort of matter-of-fact demonstration to the music of the usual instruments. Faces seemed to blur. Everyone was dressed to the teeth, almost "formal" you might say. I'm sure we must have been strange apparitions, sunburned, wild haired and wild-eyed, covered with dust. I recall how frustrating it was to feel that I had witnessed a truly uplifting moment and was bursting to share the feeling touching faces, clasping hands, catching eyes. I was saying, "We found it." "What we all were searching for". Some wise eyes smiled, some of great heart wept, some stared at my face. And all that time the drums played and the

music swirled until the girls finished to cheers and howls. And I returned to a face across the table, trying desperately to convey some of the feeling of our discovery.

Then the horse came in to dance! There is simply no use in trying to place philosophy in competition with an Arabian dancing horse. Time and whole cultures away from SAQQARA, I could only sit back and appreciate another piece of a truly bizarre day.

The prediction of adversity was still active. No sooner had the horse galloped off to tumults of applause, than the 'head man' of the Egyptian agency in charge of the tour came out to announce that our management was in trouble and had failed to deliver payment on the tour so far. We were in danger of being put out or on the next plane for New York unless we could figure a way to continue. Naturally, resources of that many clever people began to click and they soon organized a fund of donations to tide us over if on a slightly reduced ration of tourism.

I stood there in that strange pseudo-tent, all rumped-up in its work lights its glamour fading out into the night with hurried exits and anxious faces. Adventure had given way to tourist survival and understandably so.

But there I stood.

Like some breathless messenger from a Greek play, his message hot in his breast, who arrived too late for the bows.

There was that tension in the air that surrounds some natural disasters, a tight-faced practicality, a rush to salvage in the ragged glare of search lights, darkness, and taxis and buses, all jumbled together.

And I stood there.

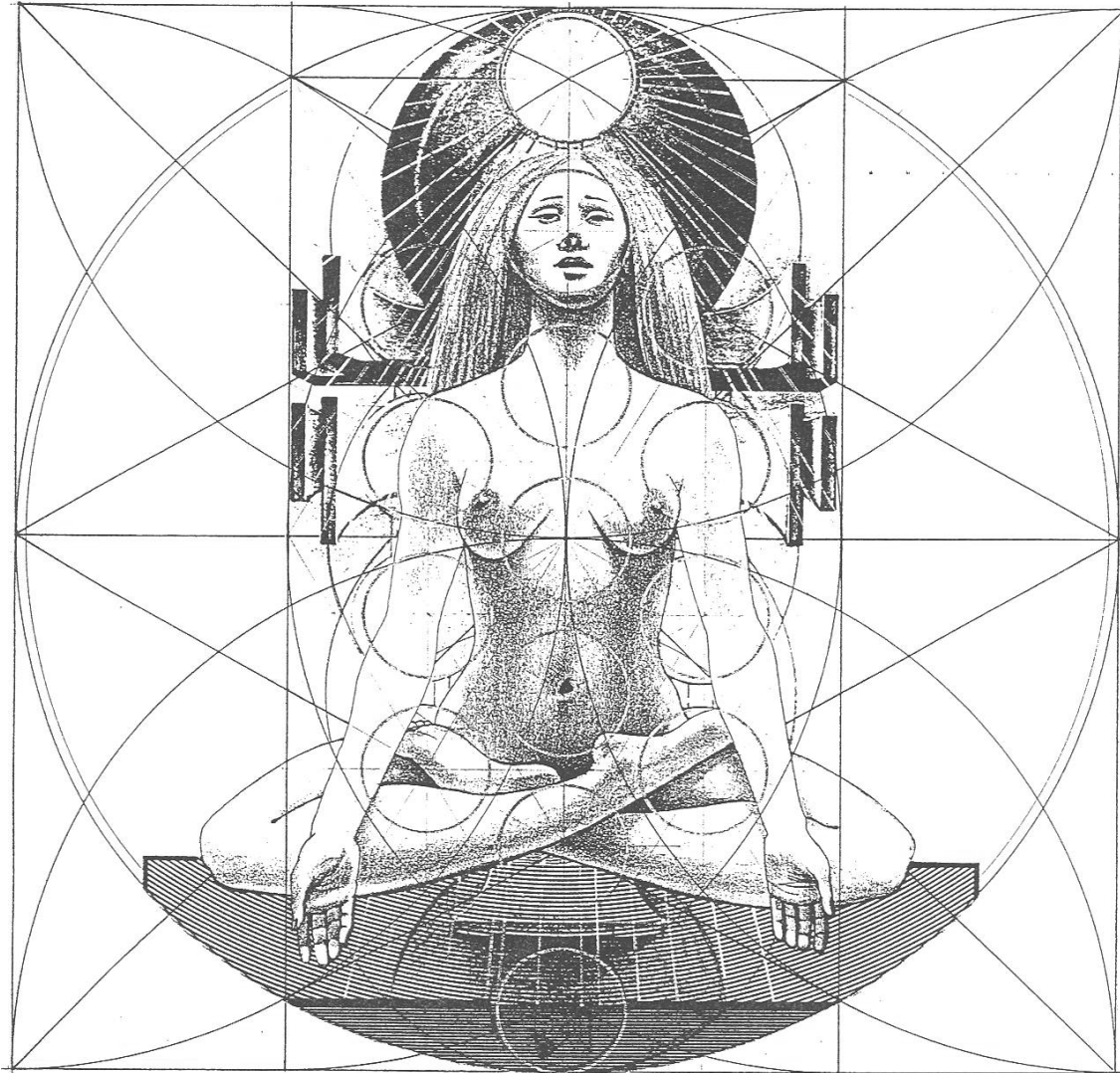
And I said to someone, "We did what we came for, we made contact. The flood gate is about to open." And they told me what bus to get on, even if I had to stand up.

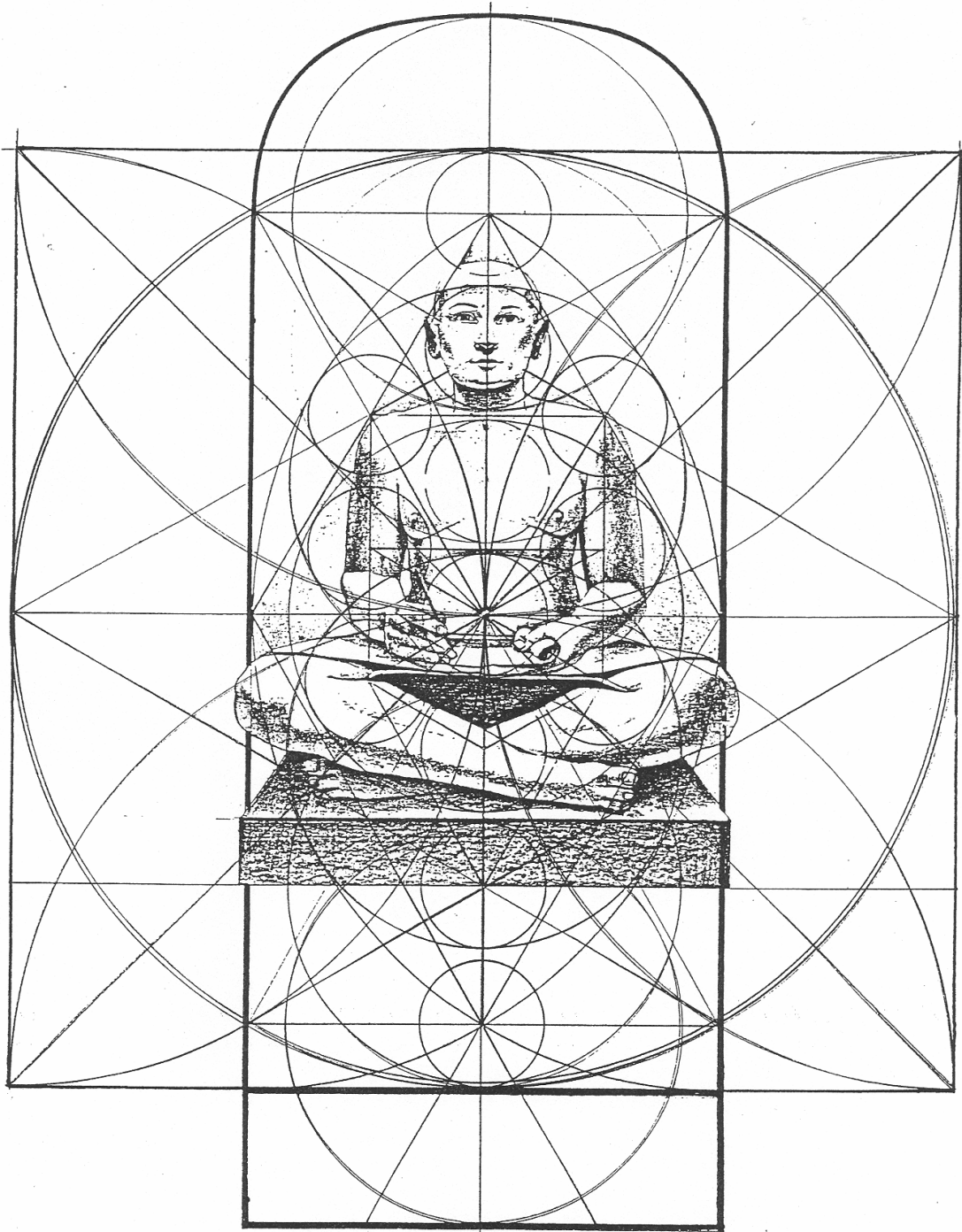
And I gave her a big embrace anyway. –Because the adversity was with us. We still had another week of fine revelations ahead of us. There was still Thebes and Abydos.


But my heart was out there near that old rock with its wrinkles, that ancient Earth, at SAQQARA

The names of the twelve at The Altar of the Heart:

Doug Benjamin	Andris Priede	Rick Danielson
Jairemarie Pomo	Sharon Prater	Ann Nelson
Helen Yaglosky	Joe Jochmans	Margaret Schroeder
Bunton Humphrey	Kurt Lerner	Don Beaman





IMHOTEP (IMOUTHIS)  the deified chief minister of Djoser and architect of the Step Pyramid; in the late Period venerated as the god of learning and medicine; represented as a seated man holding an open papyrus; equated by the Greeks with Aesculapius.



I-EM-HOTEP...ARCHITECT OF THE COMPLEX  
AT SAQQARA, THE NECROPOLIS OF MEMPHIS  
HIS NAME MEANS:  
HE WHO COMES IN PEACE

---

Chancellor Vizier of King Zozer (Dynasty III) in either 2980 or 2786.

His father Ka-Nofer probably introduced the Mystery School tradition of  
Malta, Ugarit, Sinai, and Libya to the Two Lands of Egypt  
I-EM-HOTEP adapted his father's design for a royal tomb  
Into eventually a six stage stepped pyramid,  
The first known in Egypt...

Symbolically, the seventh plane is the earth's surface.

The Stepped pyramid can be positioned on "The Tree of Life" diagram,  
Placing the Throne of Transcendence – (METATRONOS)

At the position of DA'ATH (DHARMA/TRUTH),

Backed by HOA, which is Gnosis redeemed.

he pharaoh, as occupant, was the supreme King-Priest,  
(MELCHI-ZEDEK) and protector of the people, who, for them underwent a ritual  
Rebirth on the occasion of a jubilee every thirty years commemorating  
"The Union of the Two Lands"

I-EM-HOTEP is credited with organizing the traditions into a system of study that could  
qualify Saqqara as the first "University" we have record of.

Some of I-EM-HOTEP's titles include:

Sun of Ptah (The Creator). His mother was Khredu' Ankh.

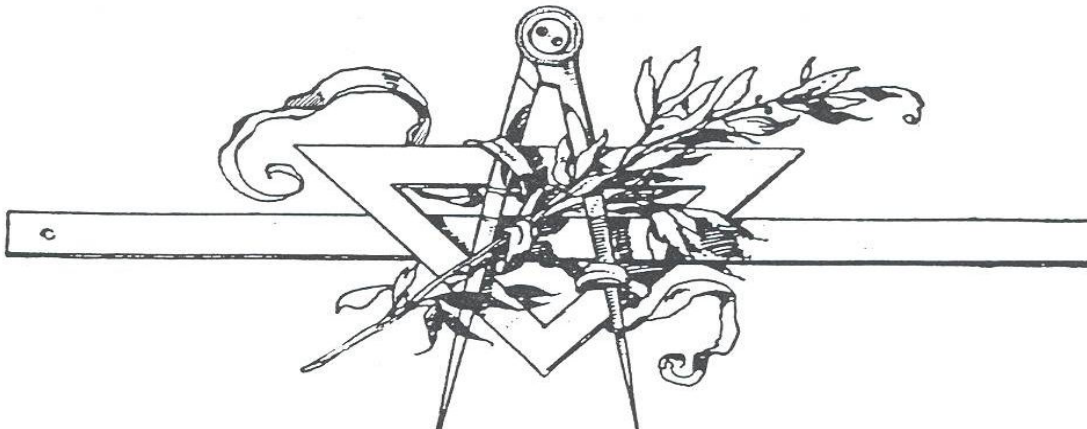
God of Learning / God of Healing / The Good Physician

Maker of Times (Design of the Calendar)

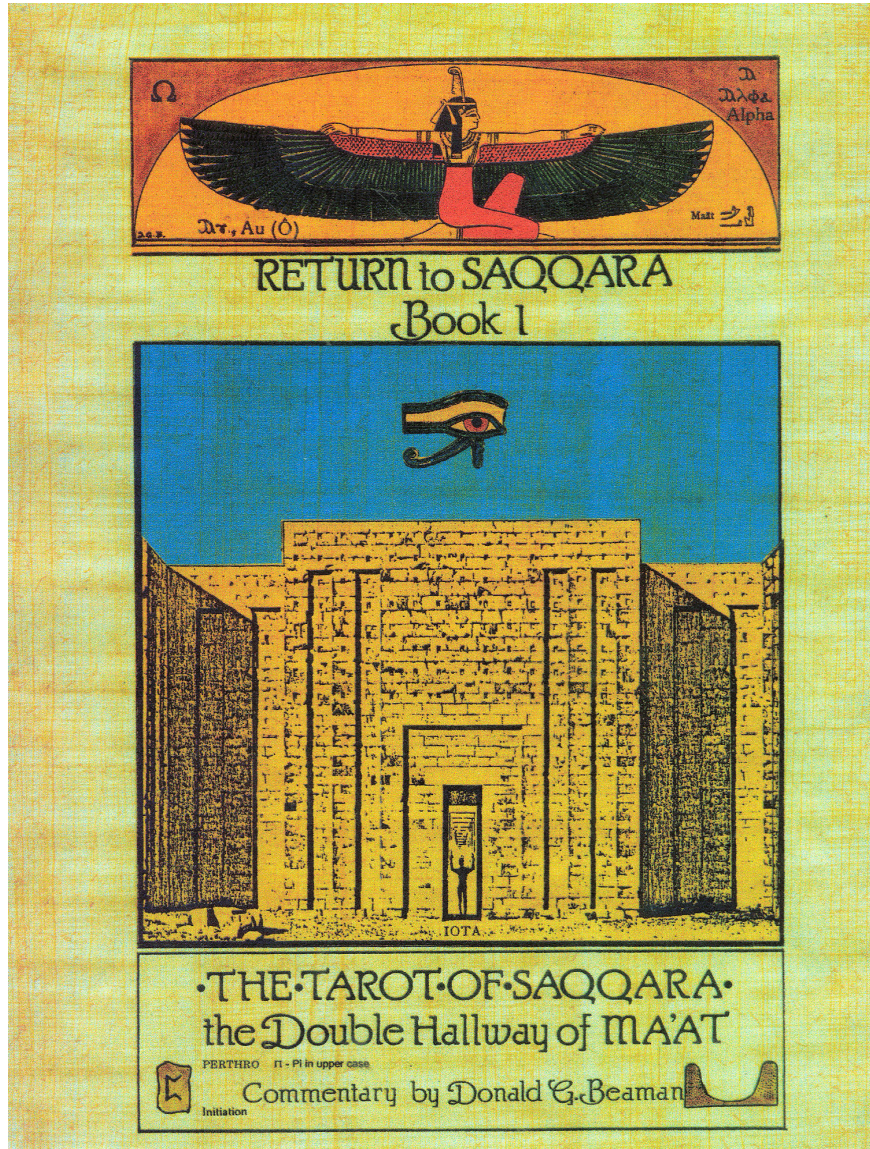
Wisest and Most Learned (The Sage)

The Image of THOTH (The HIEROPHANT)

I-EM-HOTEP was called Aesculapius by the Greeks







SaqqaraWest.com.