



## Hidden Wisdom in Daniel Gerhard Brown's "The Lost Symbol"

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### ABSTRACT

The tale 'The Lost Symbol' was written with prompt lick. Harvard symbologist Robert Langdon believes he is now to give a homily. He is erroneous. Within record of his advent, a shocking entity is discovered. It is a nasty sway into an initial globe of secreted wisdom. When Langdon's therapist, Peter Solomon, foremost mason and philanthropist, is kidnapped, Langdon realizes to his only trust of discount his friend's verve is to disclose this puzzling sway. It is to take him on a puffing chase through Washington's shady history. All that was memorable is changed into a shadowy, mythical world in which Mansonic secrets and never before seen revelations appear to be leading him to a solitary impossible and implausible reality.

**Keywords:** *Secrets, Langdon, Katherine, Peter*

### HIDDEN WISDOM

The launch of time, the furtive had always been how to expire. The thirty four year old start gazed down at the human cranium cradled in his palms. The cranium was void, like a bowl, filled with bloodred wine. As was corpse, he had begun this voyage festooned in the ritualistic range of a medieval heretic lethal led to the scaffold, his loose- correct shirt yawning open to divulge his pastel torso, his left puff leg rolled up to the knee, and his right casing rolled up to the heave. The gathering of brothers encompassing him all was festooned in their full insignia of lambskin aprons, sashes and white belt. Around their necks hung traditional trinkets that glistened like ethereal eyes in the hushed light.

As he surveyed the scary gathering, the instigate wondered who on the trim would ever reckon that this

compilation of men would accrue in one place. The truth, however, was alien still. This enormous edifice looked at 1733 sixteenth street NW in Washington, was a mold of a pre- Christian temple, the shrine of King Mausolus, the ingenious mausoleum, a lay to be taken after demise. Exterior the core entrée, two seventeen- mass sphinxes guarded the mold doors. The coalition was an vague mayhem of ritualistic chambers, porch, libraries and even a hollow hitch that detained the crust of two human bodies. The confer had been told every scope in this building apprehended a fussy and no girth held secrets than the gigantic cave in which he was at this time whack with a cranium cradled in his palms.

This room was a supreme plaza. The maximum mount an astonishing one hundred feet over- chief, supported by colossal columns of olive granite. A tiered hit of faint Russian walnut seats with hand- tooled swindle encircled the room and the western elude, with a concealed douse organ opposite it. The walls were a kaleidoscope of antique symbols. Tonight, the temple room was lit by a coil of precisely arranged candles. Their pastel wisdom mortify was aided only by a whitish blotch of moonlight that filtered down through the liberal oculus in the ceiling and illuminated the room's most startling facade, an enormous altar hewn from a firm smack of polished Belgian black limestone, situated lifeless focal point of the deck void.

The instigate let his gawk climb the reputed white-robed size standing before him. The man, in his belatedly fifties, was an American pin, well loved, vital and incalculably flush. The initiate's trip, like all

such journeys had begun at the initial grade. On that night in a fly similar to this one, the worshipful master had blind folded him with a velvet trick and pressed a ceremonial blade on your honour uninfluenced by mercenary or any other sorry drive, which you freely and voluntarily offer yourself as a candidate for the mysteries and privileges of this brotherhood. Then allow this is a slap to his consciousness; the master had presage him, as well as instant loss should you ever ruse the secrets to be imparted to him.

At the era, the initiate had felt no panic. They will never know his spot on intention here. Tonight, however, he sensed a premonition solemnity in the temple room and his brain power began replaying all the dismal warnings he had been given on his journey, threats of very bad consequences if he ever shared the antique secrets he was about to learn, gorge cut from ear to ear, tongue in tatters out by its roots, bowels taken out and burned, scattered to the four winds of heaven, heart plucked out and given to the living thing of the field. Brother, the hoary-eyed master said, placing his gone hand on an initiate's shoulder and said to take the ultimate cussword. Steeling himself for the last step of his journey, the initiate shifted his muscular rim and turned his crimson wine looked almost black in the pale candle light. The null and void gap had stab crude quiet and he could feel all of the witnesses watching him, waiting for him to take his final vow and join their top ranks. He knew it would be the dust and it would give him unplumbed power. Energized, he drew a boo and spoke perceptibly the same words that countless men had spoken out loud the same lexis that countless men had spoken preceding to him in countries all over the orb. His words echoed in the untrue and void breathing space.

Heavily built his hand over, the jerk sour raised the cranium to his mouth and felt his lips lay a hand on the dried out fillet. He blocked up his eyes and tipped the cranium toward his mouth, drinking the soft purple in extensive, unplumbed swallows. When the last sprawl was gone, he lowered the cranium. For moment, he thought he felt his lungs growing firm and his heart began to hit madly. Then, as hastily as it came, the feeling passed. Pleasurable tenderness began to gully through his body. The rest down off pall out, smiling secretly as he gazed up at the unsuspecting silvery ogle man who had foolishly admitted him into this brotherhood's most hostile position.

Robert Langdon awoke slowly. Faces gazed down at him. A jiffy later, he recalled where he was. He sat up slowly below the Apotheosis. His back felt taut from lying on the hard ramp. Langdon tartaned his Mickey Mouse gaze at. It's almost time. He pulled himself to his feet, peering cautiously over the banister into the gaping break below. He called out Katherine to the plane bang back in the hushed of the desolate Rotunda. Retrieving his tweed slit off from the floor, he brushed it off and put it severe on. The squash key in the originator had given him been tired. Making his way reverse roughly the walkway, Langdon headed for the opening the Architect had shown them, erect metal set of steps ascending into confined darkness. He began to climb. Higher and higher he soared. Gradually the stairway became more tapered and more inclined. Still Langdon pushed on top of.

The ladder had turn out to be almost ladder like now, the route frighteningly constricted. Before him was a grave metal door. The level key was in the bolt and the door hung slightly partly open. He pushed and the whirl creaked open. As Langdon stepped athwart the threshold into grimy darkness, he realized he was now outside. When Langdon recognized his surroundings, he depict a startled gulp of air. He was standing on a tiny sky walk that encircled the acme of the U.S capitol pitch. The U.S capitol building stands nobly at the eastern closing stages of the National shopping precinct, on a raised dreary topography that city designer Pierre L' Enfant described as a pedestal waiting for a testimonial.

The capitol's immeasurable footprint measures supplementary than 750 feet in length and 350 feet deep. Housing more than sixteen acres of flooring fracture, it contains an astonishing 541 rooms. The neoclassical structural design is meticulously designed to ricochet the lavishness of prehistoric Rome, whose ethics were the inspiration for America's founders in establishing the laws and mores of the new-fangled democracy and monument ornament of proper gazed not here over the sleeping assets city. She faced the east, where the initial crimson splashes of sunup had begun to smother the perspective. Katherine guided Langdon roughly the upper circle until they were facing west, perfectly aligned with the nationwide shopping private grounds. In the distance, the profile of the Washington gravestone stood in the early sunup light. From this vantage dot, the towering obelisk looked even more frightening than it had sooner than.

Katherine supposed it was the tallest edge on the intact planet. Langdon plan the senior sepia take movie theater of stonemasons and accompanying than five hundred feet in the appearance laying each hang on by hand over, one by one. He thought that they are builders and they are designer. Since the beginning of epoch, man had sensed there was something special about himself, something more. He had longed for cuff he did not possess. He had dreamed of flying, of curing and of renovate his globe in every way imaginable. And he had finished just that. Today, the shrines to man's accomplishments adorned out the nationwide shopping precinct. The Smithsonian was established to press on scientific knowledge. As escriptoire, he must take arraign seriously. He believes the experiments have proposed have the potentials to jostle the boundaries of science into uncharted terrain. Peter stopped and looked her calmly in the ogle.

The Smithsonian museums hoist rapidly with their inventions, their flair their science and the thoughts of their mammoth thinkers. They told the trace of man as creator from the stone tools in the local American History Museum to the jets and soar in the nationwide space and emancipation Museum. For centuries the brightest minds on earth had ignored the olden sciences, mocking them as boorish superstitions, arming themselves instead with smug skepticism and alluring new technologies tools that led them only further from the truth. Every generation's breakthroughs are proven false by the next generation's technology. And so it had gone through the ages. The more man learned, the more he realized he did not know. For millennia, mankind had meander in the murkiness but now, as had prophesied, there was the fluctuate impending. After hurtling blindly during trace, mankind had reached a crossroads. This jiffy had been predicted long past, prophesied by the olden texts, by the archaic almanac and flush by the stars themselves. The assignation was specific, its incursion imminent. It would be preceded by a brilliant detonation of knowledge, a flare of lucidity to illuminate the darkness and give mankind a closing chance to swerve away from the abyss and take the alleyway of penetration. Fate had linked him to Peter and Katherine Solomon had made within the SMSC would risk opening floodgates of new thinking, starting a new Renaissance. Katherine's revelations, if made public, would become a channel that would stir mankind to revive the knowledge he had lost, empowering him beyond all mind's eye.

As Langdon peered throughout the predawn haze at the rambling geometry of museums and monuments prior to him, his ogle returned to the Washington testimonial. He pictured the solitary Bible in the buried foundation stone and thought of how the world of God was really the speech of man. His notion was about the grand circumpunct and how it had been embedded in the round plaza underneath the testimonial at the fork of America. Langdon awareness suddenly of the little stone box Peter had entrusted to him. The cube, he now realized, had crazy and opened to form the same strict geometrical form, a fuming with a circumpunct at its hub. Langdon had to laugh. Even that little box was hinting at this defining split second.

The cube was a massive windowless box. Every inch of the interior walls and ceiling was covered with a stiff mesh of titanium-coated lead fiber, giving the impression of a giant cage built inside a cement enclosure. Dividers of frosted Plexiglas separated the space into different compartments, a laboratory, a control room, a mechanical room, a bathroom and a small research library. The annals was a petite reading room, two Morris chairs, a wooden counter, two base lamps and a hedge of mahogany bookshelves that detained some five hundred books. Katherine and Peter had pooled their most wanted texts here, writings on everything from particle physics to primeval spirituality. Their collection had grown into an eclectic fusion of new and old of cutting edge and historical. Most of Katherine's books bore titles like Quantum Consciousness, The New Physics and Principles of Neural Science. Her brother's bore older, more esoteric titles like the Kybalion the Zohar, The Dancing Wu Li Masters and a translation of the Sumerian tablets from the British Museum.

The key to the scientific future, her brother often said, is hidden in their past, a lifelong scholar of history, science and mysticism, Peter had been the first to encourage Katherine to boost her university science education with an understanding of early Hermetic philosophy. She had been only nineteen years old when Peter sparked her interest in the link between modern science and ancient mysticism. Katherine strode briskly into the main lab. The bright and sterile work space glistened with advanced quantitative equipment, paired electroencephalographs, a femtosecond comb, a magneto-optical trap and quantum-indeterminate electronic noise REGs, more simply known as Random Event Generators. Despite Noetic Science's use of cutting-edge technologies,

the discoveries themselves were far more mystical than the cold, high-tech machines that were producing them. The stuff of magic and myth was fast becoming reality as the shocking new data poured in, all of it supporting the basic ideology of Noetic Science, the untapped potential of the human mind.

Katherine pointed to the top of the monument. Langdon lifted his gaze but saw nothing. Then, starting more intently, he glimpsed it. Across the Mall, a tiny speck of golden sunlight was glinting off the highest tip of the towering obelisk. The shining pinpoint grew quickly brighter, more radiant, gleaming on the capstone's aluminum peak. Langdon watched in wonder as the light transformed into a beacon that hovered above the shadowed city. He pictured the tiny engraving on the east-facing side of the aluminum tip and realized to his amazement that the first ray of sunlight to hit the nation's capital, every single day, did so by illuminating two words, *Laus Deo*.

Robert, Katherine whispered, 'Nobody ever gets to come up here at sunrise. This is what Peter wanted us to witness'. Langdon could feel his pulse quickening as the glow atop the monument intensified. Many conspiracy theorists claimed the Masonic forefathers had concealed powerful secrets throughout Washington along with symbolic messages hidden in the city's layout of streets. Langdon never paid any attention. Misinformation about the Masons was so commonplace that even educated Harvard students seemed to have surprisingly warped conceptions about the brotherhood. He alleged he believes this is why the forefathers built the testimonial so tall. Langdon was not sure how powerful the Masons really were anymore and he was not going to go down that road, perceptions of the modern Masons ranged from their being a group of harmless old men who liked to play dress-up all the way to an underground cabal of power brokers who ran the world.

The truth, no doubt, was somewhere in the middle. He don't know if that's exact, but he know this, there's a very old edict decreeing that nothing taller can be built in our assets city. The light inched farther down the capstone as the sun crept over the horizon behind them. As Langdon watched, he could roughly sense, all around him, the extraterrestrial spheres tracing their undying orbits through the invalid of break. He thought of the great Architect of the cosmos and how Peter had said specifically that the fortune he wanted to show Langdon could be unveiled only by the

Architect. Langdon had assumed this destined Warren Bellamy.

As the emission of sunlight strengthened, the golden flame engulfed the entirety of the thirty three hundred hammer capstone. The mind of man receiving an illumination. The light then began inching down the monument, initiation the same descent it performed every morning. Heaven moving headed for earth, God connecting to man. This process, Langdon realized, would rescind come evening. The sun would douse in the west and the light would climb again from earth back to heaven preparing for a new day. Beside him, Katherine shivered and inched closer. Langdon put his appendage around her. As the two of them stood side by side in silence, Langdon thought about all he had learned tonight. He thought of Katherine's credence that everything was about to change. He thought of Peter's faith that an age of enlightenment was imminent. And boldly declared, nothing is hidden that will not be made known; nothing is furtive that will not come to illumination.

As the sun rose over Washington, Langdon looked to the heavens, where the last of nocturnal stars were fading out. He thought about science, about devotion, about man. He thought about how every culture, in every country, in every time, had always mutual one thing. We all had the creator. We used dissimilar names, diverse faces and diverse prayers, but God was the universal unvarying for man. God was the icon we all shared, the symbol of all mysteries of life that we could not comprehend. The ancients had praised God as a symbol had been lost over time, until now. In that jiffy, standing atop the capitol, with the warmth of the sun streaming down all roughly him, Robert Langdon felt a powerful upwelling deep within himself. It was an sensation he had never felt this profoundly in his intact existence.

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