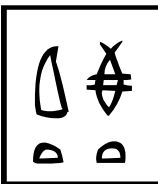
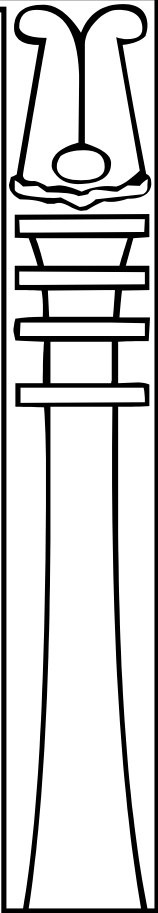


LIBER
DCCCL

THE RITES
OF ELEUSIS





A.:A.:.
Publication in Class D

NOTE

These Rites were written
and produced by

ALEISTER CROWLEY

except parts of the Rites of Mars
and of Mercury
which were written by an adept
who wishes to remain anonymous

The solos were chosen from her
repertoire by Miss Leila Waddell.

[In view of the absurd statements as to the character of these rites which have been made in certain quarters, it has been thought that the best reply is the publication of the text in full. ED.]

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS AS
PERFORMED AT CAXTON
HALL WESTMINSTER IN
OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER
1910 BY MISS LEILA WAD-
DELL AND MR ALEISTER
CROWLEY WITH DIS-
TINGUISHED ASSISTANCE

- I. THE RITE OF SATURN.
- II. THE RITE OF JUPITER.
- III. THE RITE OF MARS.
- IV. THE RITE OF SOL.
- V. THE RITE OF VENUS.
- VI. THE RITE OF MERCURY.
- VII. THE RITE OF LUNA.

TO MY FRIEND
COMMANDER G. M. MARSTON, R. N.
to whose suggestion
these rite
are due
they are gratefully dedicated.

THE RITE OF SATURN

THE OFFICERS OF THE TEMPLE

MAGISTER TEMPLI, *the representative of Binah, Saturn.*

MATER CŒLI, *Venus in Libra, the house of Saturn's exaltation.*

BROTHER AQUARIUS, *the house of Saturn; in Chesed, because Pisces is water:*
"Hope."

BROTHER CAPRICORNUS, *in the throne of Capricornus, the house of Saturn; in*
Geburah, because Mars is exalted therein. He is Mars in Capricornus.

BROTHER CAPRICORNUS EMISSARIUS.

THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS, or CHORAGOGE.

SCENE.—*In the East is a veiled shrine, containing an altar. To its Chokmah, Binah, Chesed, and Geburah are M. T., M. C., Bro. A., and Bro. C. respectively. Bro C. E. is disguised as an ordinary member of the garrison.*

THE RITE OF SATURN

PART I

BROTHER CAPRICORNUS *enters and turns off Blue light. Red lamps are brought in by BROTHER CAPRICORNUS and the LEADER OF THE CHORUS.*

First the Temple is lighted by two red lamps. PROBATIONERS chant the Capricornus and Aquarius sections from 963 while others wait without in darkness. Red lights are then hidden within veil. BROTHER CAPRICORNUS turns on the Blue light.

The Temple being in darkness, and the assistants seated, let BROTHER CAPRICORNUS arise from his throne, and knock thrice with his spear-butt upon the floor. MAGISTER TEMPLI in the shrine, with MATER CÆLI.

CAPRICORNUS. Procul, O procul este profani!

[He performs the Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram. He next lights the hell-broth and recites:]

Even as the traitor's breath
Goeth forth, he perisheth
By the secret sibilant word that is spoken unto death.

Even as the profane hand
Reacheth to the sacred sand,
Fire consumes him that his name be forgotten in the land.

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

Even as the wicked eye
Seeks the mysteries to spy,
So the blindness of the gods takes his spirit: he shall die.

Even as the evil priest,
Poisoned by the sacred feast,
Changes by its seven powers to the misbegotten beast:

Even as the powers of ill,
Broken by the wanded will,
Shriek about the holy place, vain and vague and terrible:

Even as the lords of hell,
Chained in fires before the spell,
Strain upon the sightless steel, break not fetters nor compel:

So be distant, O profane!
Children of the hurricane!
Lest the sword of fire destroy, lest the ways of death be plain!

So depart, and so be wise,
Lest your perishable eyes
Look upon the formless fire, see the maiden sacrifice!

So depart, and secret flame
Burn upon the stone of shame,
That the holy ones may hear music of the sleepless Name!

Holy, holy, holy spouse
Of the sun-engirdled house,
With the secret symbol burning on thy multiscient brows! . . .

Even as the traitor's breath
Goeth forth, he perisheth
By the secret sibilant word that is spoken unto death.

CAPRICORNUS. Brethren, let us awaken the Master of the Temple.

[THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS *beats the tom-tom, and the other brethren clap and stamp their feet. No result.*]

THE RITE OF SATURN

Silence—it is in vain! Brethren, let us invoke the assistance of the Mother of Heaven!

[He goes to veil and reaches through with his hands.

MATER CÆLI. *[Passes through Throne of MAGISTER TEMPLI and enters the Temple.]* Children, what is your will with me?

CAPRICORNUS. Mother of Heaven, we beseech thee to awaken the Master.

MATER CÆLI. What is the hour?

CAPRICORNUS. Mother of Heaven, it lacks a quarter of midnight.

MATER CÆLI. Be it unto your desire!

[She plays. As she ends she kneels: the veil slowly parts, and MAGISTER TEMPLI "is seen standing in shrine. He slowly enters Temple." MATER CÆLI returns to throne, having been blessed and raised by him.]*

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Mother of Heaven, beloved of the Stars, wherefore hast thou awakened the Poison of Eld, the Dweller in Eternity?

MATER CÆLI. Shabbathai.

[MAGISTER TEMPLI comes down to hell-broth and recites "The Eyes of Pharaoh."]

Dead Pharaoh's eyes from out the tomb

Burned like twin planets ruby-red.

Enswathed, enthroned, the halls of gloom

Echo the agony of the dead.

Silent and stark the Pharaoh sate:

No breath went whispering, hushed or scared.

Only that red incarnate hate

Through pylon after pylon flared.

* Kuyawiak: Wieniawski.

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

As in the blood of murdered things
The affrighted augur shaking skries
Earthquake and ruinous fate of kings,
Famine and desperate destinies,

So in the eyes of Pharaoh shone
The hate and loathing that compel
In death each damned minion
Of Set, the accursèd lord of Hell.

Yea! in those globes of fire there sate
Some cruel knowledge closely curled
Like serpents in those halls of hate,
Palaces of the Underworld.

But in the hell-glow of those eyes
The ashen skull of Pharaoh shone
White as the moonrays that surprise
The invoking Druse on Lebanon.

Moreover pylon shouldered round
To pylon an unearthly tune,
Like phantom priests that strike and sound
Sinister sistrons at the moon.

And death's insufferable perfume
Beat the black air with golden fans
As Turkis rip a Nubian's womb
With damascened yataghans.

Also the taste of dust long dead
Of ancient queens corrupt and fair
Struck through the temple, subtly sped
By demons dominant of the air.

Last, on the flesh there came a touch
Like sucking mouths and stroking hands
That laid their foul alluring smutch
Even to the blood's mad sarabands.

THE RITE OF SATURN

So did the neophyte that would gaze
 Into dead Pharaoh's awful eyes
Start from incalculable amaze
 To clutch the initiate's place and prize.

He bore the blistering thought aloft:
 It blazed in battle on his plume:
With sage and warrior enfeoffed,
 He rushed alone through tower and tomb.

The myriad men, the cohorts armed,
 Are shred like husks: the ensanguine brand
Leaps like a flame, a flame encharmed
 To fire the pyramid heaven-spanned

Wherein dead Pharaoh sits and stares,
 Swathed in the wrappings of the tomb,
With eyes whose horror flits and flares
 Like corpse-lights glimmering in the gloom

Till all's a blaze, one roar of flame,
 Death universal, locked and linked:—
Aha! one names the awful Name—
 The twin red planets are extinct.

[*A pause.*

[*The lamp burns out, and darkness covers all.*

[LEADER OF THE CHORUS *secretly removes hell-broth vase.*

PART II

The Temple in Darkness

MAGISTER TEMPLI. 1. ¶ Brother Aquarius, what is the time?

AQUARIUS. Midnight.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. 1. Brother Capricornus, what is the place?

CAPRICORNUS. The Fortress that is upon the Frontier of the Abyss.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. 1. Brothers Aquarius and Capricornus, is the Beloved with us?

AQUARIUS *and* CAPRICORNUS. The Mother of Heaven is enthroned.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Mother of Heaven, let us lament together!

[*Recites Swinburne's "Ilicet."*]*

[MATER CÆLI *plays accordingly.*†]

MAGISTER TEMPLI. 1. Brother Aquarius, to what end are we assembled?

AQUARIUS. [*Rises and whispers in his ear.*] Shabbathai.

ALL [*aloud*]. Shabbathai.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. 1. Are the brethren fed?

¶ The figures represent knocks. 1. a single knock; 22. a battery of two knocks; and so on.

* Swinburne's poems being in copyright, we can only give titles or first lines. The reader should consult Messrs Chatto & Windus' edition of his works.

† Aria arranged for G string: Bach.

THE RITE OF SATURN

AQUARIUS. Upon the corpses of their children.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. 1. Have they quenched their thirst?

AQUARIUS. Upon poppy-heads infused in blood.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. The raven has croaked.

AQUARIUS. The owl has hooted.

CAPRICORNUS. The bat has flapped its wings.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Then . . .

Lights! [CAPRICORNUS *switches on the blue glare.*

1. Brother Aquarius, I scent danger.

AQUARIUS. 1. Master, there are evil things abroad. [To CAPRICORNUS] Turn out the guard!

CAPRICORNUS. Brethren, stand to your arms!

[All PROBATIONERS *rise and follow him. He pricks all assistants with his spear, inspects doors, etc.*]

Master, every man is vigilant at his post. There is no alarm.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. 1. Brother Aquarius, I scent danger.

AQUARIUS. 1. Master, there is a traitor within the gates. [To CAPRICORNUS] Inspect the garrison!

CAPRICORNUS. Brethren, purify your hearts!

[*He rises and looks into every eye. When he comes to BRO.*

CAPRICORNUS EMISSARIUS, *he hales him forth by the hair, before the altar, and plunges his spear into him.*

He completes inspection. Returns and bows to
MAGISTER TEMPLI.]

Master, justice has been executed upon the traitor. Only the faithful remain.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. So perish all traitors!

[CAPRICORNUS *extinguishes light.*

[*A pause.*

PART III

Darkness

AQUARIUS. [*Comes forward and kneels to* MAGISTER TEMPLI.] Master, we beseech thee to permit the ceremony to proceed.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. There was no crackling in the dried leaves. [CAPRICORNUS *joins* AQUARIUS *kneeling.*

AQUARIUS *and* CAPRICORNUS. Master, we beseech thee to permit the ceremony to proceed.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. There was no heart in the black lamb.

[*All* PROBATIONERS *join* AQUARIUS *and* CAPRICORNUS *kneeling.*]

ALL. Master, we beseech thee to permit the ceremony to proceed.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. The sacred python was found dead.

[MATER CÆLI *comes forward, kneels before* MAGISTER TEMPLI, *thus making the apex to the pyramid of petitioners, rises and plays her petition,* then again kneels.*]

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Let the ceremony proceed.

[MATER COELI *returns to her throne.* AQUARIUS *rises, and* CAPRICORNUS *returns to his post and lights the lamp.*

* Abendlied: Schumann.

THE RITE OF SATURN

AQUARIUS *and all present dance wildly for joy to the sound of the tom-tom.*]

[*During the confusion* BRO. CAPRICORNUS EMISSARIUS *slips into the temple and hides behind the veil, where he removes his disguise and dons his dancing robe.*]

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Silence! [A pause.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. I.

AQUARIUS. I.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. I. Holy be the Lamps of Joy!

AQUARIUS. Holy be the Lamps of Sorrow!

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Let us enter the ark of Increased Knowledge!

CAPRICORNUS. Hail, thou that sittest in the City of the Pyramids!

AQUARIUS. Hail, thou that art encamped upon the Great Sea!

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Hail, brethren!

CAPRICORNUS. Master, what is Increased Knowledge?

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Death.

AQUARIUS. Master, what is the Ark thereof?

MAGISTER TEMPLI. The grave.

AQUARIUS *and* CAPRICORNUS. Master, how shall we enter it?

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Arise and follow me!

[*He rises and circumambulates the temple widdershins.*

CAPRICORNUS *plucks forth every third person and makes them follow him, continuing this process until one only is left. To this one* MAGISTER TEMPLI *addresses the allocution, as he hales him forth.*]

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Thou also must die!

[MAGISTER TEMPLI *stops in E.*

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Brethren! let us humbly seek for help behind the veil!

[He throws veil open, showing the empty shrine. BRO. CAPRICORNUS EMISSARIUS must have well dissimulated himself so that he is not discovered. MAGISTER TEMPLI draws veil again. CAPRICORNUS puts out light.]

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Alas! there is no God!

[Returns to his throne. All move confusedly about wailing aloud.]

MAGISTER TEMPLI. 1. Silence. *[All resume seats.*

Behold, I declared it unto you and ye believed me not!

[A pause.

PART IV

Darkness

AQUARIUS. In truth, master, the ceremony cannot proceed.
There is no god in the shrine.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Brother Aquarius, let search be made.

AQUARIUS. Brother Capricornus, let search be made.

[*Light on.*

[CAPRICORNUS *enters veil and walks up and down. He returns.*]

[*Lights off.*

Brother Capricornus, what do you find?

CAPRICORNUS. Master, there is nothing but a little pile of dust.

AQUARIUS. There is no living thing therein?

CAPRICORNUS. There is no living thing therein.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. [*Recites poem: "Colloque sentimental."*]

In the ancient frozen solitary park
Two figures passed anon—now mark!

Their eyes are dead, their lips are soft and grey;
One scarce can hear the words they say.

In the ancient frozen solitary park
Two ghosts evoke the past—oh hark!

“Dost thou remember our old ecstasy?”

“Why do you wish to remind me?”

“Does thy heart beat still at my name, and glow?”

“Seest thou my soul in dreams, dear?” “No.”

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

“Ah! the fair days of joyance and of gree
“When our mouths kissed, ah hissed!” “Maybe!”

“How blue the sky was, as our hope was clear!”
“Hope has gone down to Hell’s nadir.”

So in the foolish alleys they conferred,
And only midnight overheard.

AQUARIUS. Master, it is not to be borne.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Mother of Heaven, let us lament
together!

[*Recites Swinburne’s “The Garden of Proserpine.”*]

[MATER CÆLI *plays accordingly.**]

CAPRICORNUS. Master, it is not to be borne!

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Mother of Heaven, let us work to-
gether!

MATER CÆLI. Behold thine handmaiden!

[MAGISTER TEMPLI *and* MATER CÆLI *go together hand
in hand, within the veil.* CAPRICORNUS *turns light up.*]

[MATER CÆLI *plays a Pæan of despair.*†]

[MAGISTER TEMPLI, *rending veil, appears standing on altar.*

O melancholy Brothers, dark, dark, dark!

O battling in black floods without an ark!

O spectral wanderers of unholy Night!

My soul hath bled for you these sunless years,

With bitter blood-drops running down like tears:

Oh, dark, dark, dark, withdrawn from joy and light!

My heart is sick with anguish for your bale!

Your woe hath been my anguish; yea, I quail

And perish in your perishing unblest.

And I have searched the heights and depths, the scope

Of all our universe, with desperate hope

To find some solace for your wild unrest. {16}

* Légende: Wieniawski.

† Wiegendlied: Hauser

THE RITE OF SATURN

And now at last authentic word I bring,
Witnessed by every dead and living thing;
 Good tidings of great joy for you, for all:
There is no God; no Fiend with names divine
Made us and tortures us; if we must pine,
 It is to satiate no Being's gall.

It was the dark delusion of a dream,
That living Person conscious and supreme,
 Whom we must curse for cursing us with life;
Whom we must curse because the life He gave
Could not be buried in the quiet grave,
 Could not be killed by poison or by knife.

This little life is all we must endure,
The grave's most holy peace is ever sure,
 We fall asleep and never wake again;
Nothing is of us but the mouldering flesh,
Whose elements dissolve and merge afresh
 In earth, air, water, plants, and other men.

We finish thus; and all our wretched race
Shall finish with its cycle, and give place
 To other beings, with their own time-doom
Infinite aeons are our kind began;
Infinite aeons after the last man
 Has joined the mammoth in earth's tomb and womb.

We bow down to the universal laws,
Which never had for man a special clause
 Of cruelty or kindness, love or hate:
If toads and vultures are obscene to sight,
If tigers burn with beauty and with might,
 Is it by favour or by wrath of fate?

All substance lives and struggles evermore
Through countless shapes continually at war,
 By countless interactions interknit:
If one is born a certain day on earth,
All times and forces tended to that birth,
 Not all the world could change or hinder it.

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

I find no hint throughout the Universe
Of good or ill, of blessing or of curse:
I find alone Necessity Supreme;
With infinite Mystery, abysmal, dark,
Unlighted ever by the faintest spark
For us the flitting shadows of a dream.

O Brothers of sad lives! they are so brief;
A few short years must bring us all relief:
Can we not bear these years of labouring breath?
But if you would not this poor life fulfil,
Lo, you are free to end it when you will,
Without the fear of waking after death.

[Blow out red lights.]

[BRO. CAPRICORNUS EMISSARIUS *runs out with tom-tom and dances wildly. At the conclusion AQUARIUS and CAPRICORNUS run up, tearing the veil asunder.* BRO. CAPRICORNUS EMISSARIUS *"flings himself at foot of altar.* CHORAGOGE *lights salt again, or other glare.* MAGISTER TEMPLI *is discovered lying dead, his head supported by MATER CÆLI weeping.*]

[CAPRICORNUS extinguishes the light.

[AQUARIUS draws the veil.

[MATER CÆLI *plays the final hopeless dirge.**] *[Silence.*

AQUARIUS. Brother Capricornus, what is the hour?

CAPRICORNUS. Noon.

AQUARIUS. Let us depart; it is accomplished. *[Full light.*

[CAPRICORNUS stands with drawn sword before the veil; the others escort the people out.]

* Marche funébre: Waddell.

THE RITE OF JUPITER

OFFICERS

CENTRUM IN CENTRI TRIGONO. *Black Robe, Swastika,*

SPHINX. *Green Robe, Violin and Sword.*

HERMANUBIS. *Violet Robe, Caduceus.*

TYPHON. *Red Robe, Prong two-forked, or Sword.*

HEBE.

GANYMEDE. } *Cup-bearers and Dancers. White Robes.*

The Temple represents the Wheel of Fortune of the Tarot. At its axle is the Altar on which sits C.I.C.T. On the rim, S. at East spoke, H. at North-West, T. at South-West. Hebe and Ganymede are seated at the feet of C.I.C.T. To the West of the Wheel is the Veil.

THE RITE OF JUPITER

PART I

C.I.C.T. 1-333.

SPHINX. 22-22.

HEBE. Pisces Section from 963. [See EQUINOX, No. III., Special Supplement.]

SPHINX. Brother Hermanubis, summon the guests to the banquet of the Father of the Gods!

HERMANUBIS. 4444, Brother Typhon, summon the guests to the banquet of the Father of the Gods!

[TYPHON *draws aside veil as GANYMEDE begins his dance.*
Lights down.]

HERMANUBIS. Welcome to the banquet of the Father of the Gods!

Bear the bowls of Libation! (*done*).

Be silent and secret! For it is by stealth that we are here assembled. Know that Saturn hath been deceived, having swallowed a black stone, thinking it to be his son, the child Jupiter. But Jupiter is here enthroned, and shall overthrow his father. Beware then lest ye break silence—until Jupiter be ready to make war!

TYPHON. Him that speaketh will I slay forthright!

[*A long pause.*]

PART II

CENTRUM IN CENTRI TRIGONO I.

SPHINX I. HERMANUBIS I. TYPHON I.

TYPHON. Hail unto thee, thou great god Hermanubis!
Art thou not the messenger of Jupiter?

HERMANUBIS. Hail unto thee, thou great god Typhon!
Art thou not the executor of his vengeance?

TYPHON. Brother Hermanubis, what is the hour?

HERMANUBIS. Noon. Brother Typhon, what is the place?

TYPHON. The summit of Olympus. Brother Hermanubis,
what is thy position?

HERMANUBIS. Upon the rim of the Wheel. And Thine?

TYPHON. Upon the rim of the Wheel.

HERMANUBIS. Let us seek the centre of the Wheel.

*[They with SPHINX rise and walk, faster and faster round
the rim, returning exhausted to their places.]*

TYPHON. Brother Hermanubis, we are no nearer to the
centre of the wheel.

HERMANUBIS. We are no nearer to the centre of the wheel.

TYPHON. Hast thou no message from the Gods?

HERMANUBIS. None, brother. Let us seek an oracle of
the Gods.

*[They rise and go round the rim, stopping and prostrating
themselves before the SPHINX.]*

THE RITE OF JUPITER

HERMANUBIS. Hail unto Thee, that hast the secret of Jupiter!

Declare unto us, we beseech Thee, the mystery whereby we may approach the centre of the wheel.

[SPHINX *plays a riddling sarcastic music.**

[TYPHON *goes to his place in terror.*

[HERMANUBIS *goes to his place in wonderment.*

SPHINX. Neither by sloth nor by activity may even my secret be attained. Neither by emotion nor by reason may even I be understood. How then should ye come to the centre of the wheel?

HERMANUBIS. Mother of mystery, what is thy position on Olympus?

SPHINX. Upon the rim of the wheel.

C.I.C.T. Feeling, and thought, and ecstasy

Are but the cerements of Me.

Thrown off like planets from the Sun

Ye are but satellites of the One.

But should your revolution stop

Ye would inevitably drop

Headlong within the central Soul,

And all the parts become the Whole.

Sloth and activity and peace,

When will ye learn that ye must cease?

TYPHON. How should I cease from lethargy?

HERMANUBIS. How should I quench activity?

SPHINX. How should I give up ecstasy?

C.I.C.T. What shines upon your foreheads?

S.H.T. (*together*). The Eye within the Triangle.

* Serenade: Drdla.

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

C.I.C.T. What burns upon your breasts?

S.H.T. (*together*). The Rosy Cross.

C.I.C.T. Brethren of the Rosy Cross! Aspirants to the Silver Star! Not until these are ended can ye come to the centre of the wheel.

When the chill of earth black-breasted is uplifted at the glance
Of the red sun million-crested, and the forest blossoms dance
With the light that stirs and lustres of the dawn, and with the bloom
Of the wind's cheek as it clusters from the hidden valley's gloom;
Then I walk in woodland spaces, musing on the solemn ways
Of the immemorial places shut behind the starry rays;
Of the East and all its splendour, of the West and all its peace;
And the stubborn lights grow tender, and the hard sounds hush and cease.
In the wheel of heaven revolving, mysteries of death and birth,
In the womb of time dissolving, shape anew a heaven and earth,
Ever changing, ever growing, ever dwindling, ever dear,
Ever worth the passion glowing to distil a doubtful tear.
These are with me, these are of me, these approve me, these obey,
Choose me, move me, fear me, love me, master of the night and day.
These are real, these illusion: I am of them, false or frail,
True or lasting, all is fusion in the spirit's shadow-veil,
Till the Knowledge-Lotus flowering hides the world beneath its stem;
Neither I, nor God life-showering, find a counterpart in them
As a spirit in a vision shows a countenance of fear,
Laughs the looker to derision, only comes to disappear,
Gods and mortals, mind and matter, in the glowing bud dissever:
Vein from vein they rend and shatter, and are nothingness for ever.
In the blessed, the enlightened, perfect eyes these visions pass,
Pass and cease, poor shadows frightened, leave no stain upon the glass.
One last stroke, O heart-free master, one last certain calm of will,
And the maker of Disaster shall be stricken and grow still.
Burn thou to the core of matter, to the spirit's utmost flame,
Consciousness and sense to shatter, ruin sight and form and name!
Shatter, lake-reflected spectre; lake, rise up in mist to sun;
Sun, dissolve in showers of nectar, and the Master's work is done.
Nectar perfume gently stealing, masterful and sweet and strong,
Cleanse the world with light of healing in the ancient House of Wrong!

THE RITE OF JUPITER

Free a million million mortals on the wheel of being tossed!
Open wide the mystic portals, and be altogether lost!

[A pause.]

SPHINX I. HERMANUBIS I. TYPHON I.
CENTRUM IN CENTRI TRIGONO I.

[A pause.]

PART III

TYPHON. I desire to begin the banquet.

HERMANUBIS. Brother Typhon, I will inquire of the Oracle. Mother of Mystery, I beseech thee to begin the Banquet; for it is certainly necessary that this should be done.

[SPHINX *turns, bows, and stretches her hands in mute appeal to C.I.C.T.*]

C.I.C.T. 1. I heed not the passion, or the reason, or the soul of man. Mother of Mystery, declare my will.

[SPHINX *plays the most exalted (passionless because beyond passion) piece that she may.**]

HERMANUBIS. This means nothing to me.

TYPHON. I feel nothing.

C.I.C.T. 1. Mother of Mystery, declare my mind.

[SPHINX *plays a cold, passionless, intellectual piece.†*]

HERMANUBIS. Ah! Ah! This is music; this is the secret of Jupiter.

TYPHON. I feel nothing.

C.I.C.T. 1. Mother of Mystery, declare my heart.

[SPHINX *plays an intensely sensual passionate piece.‡*]

TYPHON. Ah! Ah! This is music; this is the secret of Jupiter.

* Samadhilied: Waddell.

† Adagio: Brahms.

‡ Preislied: Wagner.

THE RITE OF JUPITER

HERMANUBIS. Accursed! Accursed! be the soul of impurity,
the body of Sin!

C.I.C.T. I. Irreconcilable, my children, how shall ye partake
of the Banquet of Jupiter, or come to the centre of the wheel?
For this is the secret of Jupiter, that He who created you is
in each of you, yet apart from all; before Him ye are equal,
revolving in time and in Space; but he is unmoved and
within.

[*A pause.*

TYPHON. I.

[TYPHON *recites.*

Sweet, sweet are May and June, dear,
The loves of lambent spring,
Our lamp the drooping moon, dear,
Our roof, the stars that sing;
The bed, of moss and roses;
The night, as long as death!
Still, breath!
Life wakens and reposes,
Love ever quickeneth!

Sweet, sweet, when Lion and Maiden,
The motley months of gold,
Swoop down with sunlight laden,
And eyes are bright and bold.
Life-swelling breasts uncover
Their warm involving deep—
Love, sleep!—
And lover lies with lover
On air's substantial steep.

Ah! sweeter was September—
The amber rain of leaves,
The harvest to remember,
The load of sunny sheaves.
In gardens deeply scented,
In orchards heavily hung,
Love flung
Away the days demented
With lips that curled and clung.

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

Ah! sweeter still October,
When russet leaves go grey,
And sombre lovers and sober
Make twilight of the day.
Dark dreams and shadows tenser
Throb through the vital scroll,
Man's soul.
Lift, shake the subtle censer
That hides the cruel coal!

Still sweeter when the Bowman
His silky shaft of frost
Lets loose on earth, that no man
May linger nor be lost.
The barren woods, deserted.
Lose echo of our sighs—
Love—dies?—
Love lives—in granite skirted,
And under oaken skies.

But best is grim December,
The Goatish God his power;
The Satyr blows the ember,
And pain is passion's flower;
When blood drips over kisses,
And madness sobs through wine:—
Ah, mine!—
The snake starts up and hisses
And strikes and—I am thine!

[*He crouches at the feet of SPHINX toward C.I.C.T.*

[HERMANUBIS *recites.*

HERMANUBIS. I.

O coiled and constricted and chosen!
O tortured and twisted and twined!
Deep spring of my soul deep frozen,
The sleep of the truth of the mind!
As a bright snake curled
Round the Vine of the World!

THE RITE OF JUPITER

O sleeper through dawn and through daylight,
O sleeper through dusk and through night!
O shifted from white light to gray light,
From gray to the one black light!
O silence and sound
In the far profound!

O serpent of scales as an armour
To bind on the breast of a lord!
Not deaf to the Voice of the Charmer,
Not blind to the sweep of the sword!
I strike to the deep
That thou stir in thy sleep!

Rise up from mine innermost being!
Lift up the gemmed head to the heart!
Lift up till the eyes that were seeing
Be blind, and their life depart!
Till the Eye that was blind
Be a lamp to my mind!

Coil fast all thy coils on me, dying,
Absorbed in the sense of the Snake!
Stir! leave the flower-throne, and up-flying!
Hiss once, and hiss thrice, and awake!
Then crown me and cling!
Flash forward—and spring!

Flash forth on the fire of the altar,
The stones, and the sacrifice shed;
Till the Three Worlds flicker and falter,
And life and her love be dead!
In mysterious joy
Awake—and destroy!

[*He crouches at the feet of SPHINX toward C.I.C.T.*

SPHINX. I.

C.I.C.T. I. [SPHINX *plays an enchantment.**

C.I.C.T. (*recites.*)

* Andante: Mendelssohn

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

Lift up this love of peace and bliss,
The starry soul of wine,
Destruction's formidable kiss,
The lamp of the divine:
This shadow of a nobler name
Whose life is strife, whose soul is fame!

I rather will exalt the soul
Of man to loftier height,
And kindle at a livelier coal
The subtler soul of light.
From these soft splendours of a dream
I turn, and seek the Self supreme.

This world is shadow-shapen of
The bitterness of pain.
Vain are the little lamps of love!
The light of life is vain!
Life, death, joy, sorrow, age and youth
Are phantoms of a further truth.

Beyond the splendour of the world,
False glittering of the gold,
A Serpent is in slumber curled
In wisdom's sacred cold.
Life is the flaming of that flame.
Death is the naming of that name,

The forehead of the snake is bright
With one immortal star,
Lighting her coils with living light
To where the nenuphar
Sleeps for her couch. All darkness dreams
The thing that is not, only seems.

That star upon the serpent's head
Is called the soul of man.
That light in shadows subtly shed
The glamour of life's plan.

THE RITE OF JUPITER

The sea whereon that lotus grows
Is thought's abyss of tears and woes.

Leave Sirens! Even Greece
Forget! they are not there!
By worship cometh not the Peace,
The Silence not by prayer.
Leave the illusions, life and time
And Death, and seek that star sublime,

Until the lotus and the sea
And snake no longer are,
And single through Eternity
Exists alone the Star,
And utter Knowledge rise, and cease
In that which is beyond the Peace!

[GANYMEDE *dances and falls as dead.*

TYPHON. O that the banquet of Jupiter might begin!

HERMANUBIS. O that the banquet of Jupiter might begin!

SPHINX. O that the banquet of Jupiter might begin!

C.I.C.T. Let the banquet of Jupiter begin!

[*All go without veil, except C.I.C.T. and SPHINX.*

HERMANUBIS *and* TYPHON *draw and guard the veil.*
SILENCE.]

C.I.C.T. 1-333.

SPHINX. 22-22.

[HERMANUBIS *and* TYPHON *draw veil.* SPHINX *is standing before altar.* C.I.C.T. *has disappeared.* He has *donned a white robe, and panther-skin, and white and gold nemes.* HERMANUBIS, TYPHON, *and others return to their places.* HERMANUBIS *and* TYPHON *come forward and salute* SPHINX.]

TYPHON. 1. Mother of Mystery, hast thou the secret of Jupiter?

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

HERMANUBIS. 1. Mother of Mystery, hast thou the secret of Jupiter?

[SPHINX *plays a triumphant melody.**

TYPHON. Brother Hermanubis, what is the place?

HERMANUBIS. The Summit of Mount Kithairon.

TYPHON. Procul, o Procul este viri!

[*All male probationers retire to back of stage.*

TYPHON. Sisters, let us invoke the Father to manifest in the Son.

SPHINX. Per Spiritum Sanctum, Amen.

[*She also retires to her place on wheel.*

MÆNADS. Evoe! Evoe Ho! Iacche! Iacche!

TYPHON.

Hail, O Dionysus! Hail!

Winged Son of Semele!

Hail, O Hail! The stars are pale;

Hidden the moonlight in the vale;

Hidden the sunlight in the sea.

Blessed is her happy lot

Who beholdeth God; who moves

Mighty-souled without a spot,

Mingling in the godly rout

Of the many mystic loves.

Holy maidens, duly weave

Dances for the mighty mother

Bacchanal to Bacchus cleave!

Wave his narthex wand, and leave

Earthly Joys to earth to smother!

Io! Evoe! Sisters, mingle

In the choir, the dance, the revel!

He divine, the Spirit single,

He in every vein shall tingle.

Sense and sorrow to the devil!

* Obertass: Wieniawski.

THE RITE OF JUPITER

Mingle in the laughing measure,
 Hand and lip to breast and thigh!
In enthusiastic pleasure
Grasp the solitary treasure!
 Laughs the untiring ecstasy!

Sisters! Sisters! Raise your voices
 In the inspired divine delight!
Now the sun sets; now the choice is
Who rebels or who rejoices,
 Murmuring to the mystic night.

Io! Evoe! Circle splendid!
 Dance, ye maids serene and subtle!
Clotho's task is fairly ended.
Atropos, thy power is ended!
 Ho, Lachesis! ply thy shuttle!

Weave the human dance together
 With the life of rocks and trees!
Let the blue delirious weather
Bind all spirits in one tether,
 Overwhelming ecstasies!

Io! Evoe! I faint, I fall,
 Swoon in purple light; the grape
Drowns my spirit in its thrall.
Love me, love me over all,
 Spirit in the spirit shape!

All is one! I murmur. Distant
 Sounds the shout, Evoe, Evoe!
Evoe, Iacche! Soft, insistent
Like to echo's voice persistent:—
 Hail! Agave! Autonoe!

[TYPHON *goes up stage.*

AGAVE. Evoe, Ho! Iacche! Hail, O Hail!
Praise him! What dreams are these?

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

AUTONOE. Sisters, O sisters!
AGAVE. Say, are our brothers of the rocks awake?
AUTONOE. The lion roars.
MÆNADS. O listen to the snake!
AUTONOE. Evoe, Ho! Give me to drink!
AGAVE. Run wild!
Mountain and mountain let us leap upon
Like tigers on their prey!
MAENADS. Crush, crush the world!
AGAVE. Tread earth as 'twere a winepress!
AUTONOE. Drink its blood,
The sweet red wine!
MAENADS. Ay, drink the old earth dry!
AGAVE. Squeeze the last drops out till the frame collapse
Like an old wineskin!
AUTONOE. So the sooner sup
Among the stars!
AGAVE. The swift, swift stars!
MAENADS. O night!
Night, night, fall deep and sure!
AUTONOE. Fall soft and sweet!
AGAVE. Moaning for love the woods lie.
AUTONOE. Sad the land
Lies thirsty for our kisses.
MÆNADS. All wild things
Yearn towards the kiss that ends in blood.
AGAVE. Blood! Blood!
Bring wine! Ha! Bromius, Bromius!
MÆNADS. Come, sweet God,
Come forth and lie with us!

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

Caught in that fiery wave,
Her love and life she gave
With one last kissing cry the unborn child to save.

And thou, O Zeus, the sire
Of Bromius—hunter dire!—
Didst snatch the unborn babe from that Olympian fire:

In thine own thigh most holy
That offspring melancholy
Didst hide, didst feed, on light, ambrosia, and moly.

Ay! and with serpent hair
And limbs divinely fair
Didst thou, Dionysus, leap forth to the nectar air!

Ay! thus the dreams of fate
We dare commemorate,
Twining in lovesome curls the spoil of mate and mate.

O Dionysus, hear!
Be close, be quick, be near,
Whispering enchanted words in every curving ear!

O Dionysus, start
As the Apollonian dart!
Bury thy horned head in every bleeding heart!

1ST MAENAD. He is here! He is here!
AUTONOE. Tigers, appear!
AGAVE. To the clap of my hand
And the whish of my wand,
Obey!
AUTONOE. I have found
A chariot crowned
With ivy and vine,
And the laurel divine,
And the clustering smell

THE RITE OF JUPITER

Of the sage asphodel,
And the Dædal flower
Of the Cretan bower;
Dittany's force,
And larkspur's love,
And blossoms of gorse
Around and above.

AGAVE.

The tiger and panther
Are there at my cry.
Ho, girls! Span there
Their sides!

1ST MÆNAD.

Here am I.

2ND MÆNAD.

And I! We are ready.

AGAVE.

Strong now and steady!

1ST MÆNAD.

The tiger is harnessed.

2ND MÆNAD.

The nightingale urges
Our toil from her far nest.

3RD MÆNAD.

Ionian surges
Roar back to our chant.

4TH MÆNAD.

Aha! for the taunt
Of Theban sages
Is lost, lost, lost!
The wine that enrages
Our life is enforced.
We dare them and daunt.

AGAVE.

The spirits that haunt
The rocks and the river,
The moors and the woods,
The fields and the floods,
Are with us for ever!

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

1ST MÆNAD. Are of us for ever.

Evoe! Evoe!

AUTONOE. Agave! He cometh!

AGAVE. Cry ho! Autonoe!

ALL. Ho! Ho! Evoe, Ho! Iacche! Evoe! Evoe!

AGAVE. The white air hummeth

With force of the spirit.

We are heirs: we inherit.

Our joys are as theirs;

Weave with your prayers

The joy of a kiss!

Ho! for the bliss

Of the cup and the rod.

He cometh! O lover!

O friend and O God,

Cover us, cover

Our faces, and hover

Above us, within us!

Daintily shod,

Daintily robed,

His witcheries spin us

A web of desire.

Subtle as fire

He cometh among us.

The whole sky globed

Is on fire with delight,

Delight that hath stung us,

The passion of night.

Night be our mistress!

That tress and this tress

THE RITE OF JUPITER

Weave with thy wind
Into curls deep-vined!
Passionate bliss!
Rapture on rapture!
Our hymns recapture
The Bromian kiss.
Blessed our souls!
Blessed this even!
We reach to the goals
Of the starriest heaven.
Daphnis, and Atthis, and Chrysis, and Chloe,
Mingle, O maidens! Evoe! Evoe!

[C.I.C.T. *rises upon the altar; he wears a white and gold robe and the panther skin, and a white and gold nemmes. Throwing off his veil and raising his hands in blessing, he recites:*]

C.I.C.T.

I bring ye wine from above,
From the vats of the storied sun;
For every one of ye love,
And life for every one.
Ye shall dance on hill and level;
Ye shall sing in hollow and height,
In the festal mystical revel,
The rapturous Bacchanal rite!
The rocks and trees are yours,
And the waters under the hill,
By the might of that which endures,
The holy heaven of will!
I kindle a flame like a torrent
To rush from star to star;
Your hair as a comet's horrent,
Ye shall see things as they are!

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

I lift the mask of matter;
I open the heart of man;
For I am of force to shatter
The cast that hideth—Pan!
Your loves shall lap up slaughter,
And dabbled with roses of blood
Each desperate darling daughter
Shall swim in the fervid flood.
I bring ye laughter and tears,
The kisses that foam and bleed,
The joys of a million years,
The flowers that bear no seed.
My life is bitter and sterile,
Its flame is a wandering star.
Ye shall pass in pleasure and peril
Across the mystical bar
That is set for wrath and weeping
Against the children of earth;
But ye in singing and sleeping
Shall pass in measure and mirth!
I lift my wand and wave you
Through hill to hill of delight;
My rosy rivers lave you
In innermost lustral light.
I lead you, lord of the maze,
In the darkness free of the sun;
In spite of the spite that is day's
We are wed, we are wild, we are one!

[The lights go out and the company join in universal dance.]

HERMANUBIS. Silence.

TYPHON. Silence.

C.I.C.T. 1-333. The Secret of the Father is in the Secret of the Son.

SPHINX. 22-22. And the Secret of the Son is in the Secret of the Holy Ghost.

GANYMEDE. 4444 Gloria Patri.

THE RITE OF JUPITER

HEBE. Et Filio.

TYPHON. Et Spiritui Sancto.

HERMANUBIS. Ut erat in Principio.

SPHINX. Et nunc est.

C.I.C.T. Et erit semper.

ALL. Amen.

SPHINX	Fasting.
HERMANUBIS	Song.
TYPHON	Feasting.
C.I.C.T.	Grace.
SPHINX	Music.
HERMANUBIS	Dancing.
TYPHON	Love.
C.I.C.T.	The End.

TYPHON *draws the veil.*

THE RITE OF MARS

OFFICERS

BROTHER SOL IN ARIES. *White Robe, White and gold nemes, Sceptre.*

(MARS) BROTHER MARS. *Red Robe, Sword.*

(VENUS) SISTER SCORPIO. *Green Robe, Violin, Sword.*

(ATHENA) BROTHER ARIES. *Violet Robe, Spear.*

(VULCAN) BROTHER CAPRICORNUS. *Black Robe, Tom-tom, Sword.*

A guard of PROBATIONERS, armed.

Mars is throned in the South, Scorpio on his right, Aries on his left. In the East is also a veil, behind which is Sol in Aries. In the North is Capricornus, crouching, kept from the altar by the guard.

THE RITE OF MARS

Charcoal in censer alight. No incense.

BROTHER SOL *is concealed behind the veil in the East, enthroned upon the Altar.*

MARS, ARIES, *and* SCORPIO *enthroned.*

BRO. CAPRICORNUS. 4444-I.

BRO. ARIES. 1-4444.

[MARS *reads the Twelfefold Affirmation from 963.*

[SOR. SCORPIO *plays a short marital air.**

[CAPRICORNUS *draws aside veil, and admits Probationers and Guests.*]

[*The voice of Mars is heard reciting the 91st Psalm of David.*

BRO. ARIES. Let the sacred perfume be kindled upon the Altar of Mars (*does so*).

SOR. SCORPIO. Hail unto the Master of the Battle!

BRO. ARIES. Hail unto the Leader of the Armies of Jupiter!

BRO. CAPRICORNUS. Hail unto the Warrior of Eternity!

BRO. MARS. Hail, brethren!

[CAPRICORNUS *returns.*

1. Let the Temple be purified and consecrated.

[CAPRICORNUS *does so.*

1. Are the Brethren prepared?

* March: Beethoven

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

BRO. ARIES. They are prepared, Master! They are drawn up in military array around the sacred altar.

BRO. MARS. I. Brother Capricornus, I command you to perform the Ritual of the Pentagram.

BRO. CAPRICORNUS. Fiat (*does so*).

BRO. MARS. I. Brother Aries, I command you to perform the Invocation of the Holy Fire.

BRO. ARIES. Fiat (*goes to altar*).

333. (*erect*). I swear by Djinn and by Shin and by the space between that I will not stir from this place until the fire of God hath flamed upon the water that is upon the altar.

(*His face over lamp*) Dost thou hear, Brother Ash?

(*Erect*) By Aub, the witchery of the secret flame;

By Aud, the subtlety of the inmost fluid;

By Aur, the effulgence of the radiant light;

I call thee, Ash! I adore thee, Ash!

(*Over lamp*) Ash! Ash! Ash!

I caress thee! I kiss thee! I suck thee up into my mouth and nostrils!

Ohooatan! (*three times*). (*The water flames*).

Behold! the fire of God upon the altar as I have sworn by Djinn and by Shin and by the space between! (*returns to his throne*).

BRO. MARS. I. Hail, sister of the Scorpion!

SOR. SCORPIO. Hail, Lord of the Eagle and the Serpent!

BRO. MARS. Amen. I appoint you to lead the army.

SOR. SCORPIO. Let us carry the holy symbols with sacred song and dance round the altar of Mars.

[*The song* is sung as all march round five times deosil before*

* Tune. Litany: Waddell.

THE RITE OF MARS

MARS *in procession headed by* SCORPIO, ARIES, CAPRICORNUS.]

Strike, strike the louder chord!

Draw, draw the Flaming Sword!

Crowned child and conquering Lord!

Horus, avenger! [All resume stations.]

Brother Aries, let us invoke the Master of the Battle.

BRO. ARIES [*advances and kneels to* MARS]. Mighty and Terrible One, we beseech thee to lead us in the Battle. Here, by thy Symbols, thy Spear, the Sword, and The Drum, we pray thee to strengthen our arms and to defend our hearts. For we are thy chosen warriors, O thou Master of the Battle!

[*Silence.*]

We now invoke thee, O Ama-Inanna, whom our Brethren worshipped in the days of ancient Babylon, great Goddess of Love and War, who made love and war to Gilgames, the ruler of thine own city Erech. We invoke thee, our Mother, that thou entreat for us with the Master of Battles.

SOR. SCORPIO. To what end do we ask the aid of the Lord Mars?

BRO. ARIES. Unto Jupiter we have given the thunderbolt and the lightning-flash; for we seek to enthrone him in the stead of Saturn his father. But Saturn yet reigns; we need the Sword of Mars.

SOR. SCORPIO. My heart and hand are with you, children.

[*She plays.**]

[MARS *starts up and recites:*

I. . . . The Dukes of Edom were amazed: Trembling took hold on the mighty of Moab!

* Romance in G: Beethoven.

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

2. Lord, when thou wentest out of Seir; when thou marchedst out of the Field of Edom; the earth trembled, and the heaven dropped: the clouds also dropped water.

3. Curse ye Meroz, saith the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the Mighty!

4. The river Kishon swept them away: that ancient river, the river Kishon!

5. Oh, my soul, thou hast trodden down strength!

1. He bowed the Heavens also and came down: and darkness was under his feet: at the Brightness that was before him thick clouds passed: hail stones and flashes of fire!

2. The Lord thundred through the Heavens, and the Highest gave forth his voice; hailstones and flashes of fire!

3. He sent forth his arrows and scattered them: He hurled forth his lightnings and destroyed them!

4. The Channels of the Waters were seen: and the Foundations of the World were discovered.

5. At thy Rebuke, oh Lord! At the Blast of the Breath of thy Nostrils!

1. Oh Lord! I have heard thy Speech, and was afraid!

2. The Voice of the Lord is upon the Waters.

The God of Glory thundereth!

The Lord is upon many Waters.

3. The Voice of the Lord is strong and powerful!

The Voice of the Lord is full of Majesty!

4. The Voice of the Lord breaketh the Cedars!

Yea! the Lord breaketh the Cedars of Lebanon!

5. The Voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire!

Yea! the Lord shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh!

1. Eloah came out of Temani of Edom: And the Holy One from Mount Paran:

2. He had Karnaim in his hand; and there was the Hiding of his Power.

3. Before him went the Pestilence; and Flaming Fire went forth at his feet.

4. He stood, and measured the Earth: He beheld, and drove asunder the Nations.

5. And the Everlasting Mountains were scattered; the Perpetual Hills did bow!

THE RITE OF MARS

1. Was the Lord displeased against the Rivers?
Was thine anger kindled against the Rivers?
Was thy wrath kindled against the Sea?
That thou didst ride upon thy Horses and thy Chariots of Salvation?
2. The Mountains saw thee and they trembled. The deluge of Water rolled by: the Deep uttered his voice; and lifted up his hands on high.
3. The Sun and the Moon stood still in their habitations.
At the light of thine arrows they went, at the shaking of thy glittering spear!
4. Thou didst march through the Land in thine indignation: thou didst thresh the Heathen in thine anger.
5. Thou didst march through the sea with thine Horses: through the Depth of the Mighty Waters!

[CAPRICORNUS *starts up wildly and dances the dance of MARS.*]

[CAPRICORNUS *falls on floor near his place.*

SOR. SCORPIO. Brother Aries, let us crown the Master of Battles.

[*They advance to altar.* SOR. SCORPIO *takes crown and crowns MARS, all PROBATIONERS joining in chant as before.*]

BRO. MARS. May Victory crown your arms!

PROBATIONERS. Let us join battle! We conquer! We conquer.

[CAPRICORNUS *rushes forward and threatens them, reciting:*

My head is split. The crashing axe
Of the agony of things shears through
The stupid skull: out spurt the brains.
The universe revolves, then cracks,
Then roars in dissolution due;
And I am counting up the gains
And losses of a life afire
With dust of thought and dulled desire.

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

[SCORPIO, *as if alarmed at the interruption, flees to throne of MARS and there with MARS defies the rabble.* BRO. ARIES *rallies* PROBATIONERS.]

So, all is over. I admit
Futility the lord of will.
Life was an episode for me.
As for the meanest monad, knit
To man by mightier bonds than skill
Of subtle-souled psychology.
May sever. Aim in chaos? None.
The soul rolls senseless as the sun.

[*All are driven back up to altar.*

BRO. CAPRICORNUS. [*ends*]. “There is no God.”

MARS [*leaps up and goes to altar with uplifted sword*].

i. Silence! [*a pause*]. There is no God—but God!

[ARIES *and* PROBATIONERS *dance a war dance.*

[CAPRICORNUS *slinks from temple.*

[MARS *recites.*

This is the day which down the void abyss
At the Earth-born’s spell yawns for Heaven’s despotism,
And Conquest is dragged captive through the deep;
Love, from its awful throne of patient power
In the wise heart, from the last giddy hour
Of dead endurance, from the slippery steep,
And narrow verge of crag-like agony, springs
And folds over the world its healing wings.

Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, and Endurance—
These are the seals of that most firm assurance
Which bars the pit over Destructions’s strength;
And if, with infirm hand, Eternity,
Mother of many acts and hours, should free
The serpent that would clasp her with his length,
These are the spells by which to reassume
An empire o’er the disentangled doom.

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;

THE RITE OF MARS

To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;
To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory!

[SCORPIO *plays in accordance**

BRO. ARIES. Hail to Thee that sailest heavenwards!
Hail to Thee in whose eye is a Flame of Fire!
Hail, Lord of the Destroying Army!

MARS. Hail, brethren.

BRO. ARIES. Hail unto Thee, that hast fought at the side
of our Lord in the great Battle!
Hail unto Thee, our Lady of Tumult!
Terrible and beautiful was thou in the midst of the
battle, upon thy chariot!
Hail unto Thee, as unto thy Lord!

SOR. SCORPIO. Hail, brethren!

BRO. ARIES. Let us rejoice in our victory!

[*He leads PROBATIONERS in the triumphal dance which
becomes slow and voluptuous.*]

[*A pause.*

BRO. ARIES [*to seal his triumph*]. I-4444.

BRO. CAPRICORNUS [*without*]. 4444-I.

[BRO. ARIES *extinguishes all lights.*

[SCORPIO *plays love poem.* †

[MARS *recites:*

Who is this maiden robed for a bride,
White shoulders and bright brows adorable,
The flaming locks that clothe her, and abide,
As God were bathing in the fire of Hell?

* Polonaise: Vieuxtemps.

† Romance: Ranz Ries.

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

They change, they grow, they shake
As sunlight on the lake:
They hiss, they glisten on her bosom bare.
O maiden, maiden queen!
The lightning flows between
Thy mounting breasts, too magically fair.
Draw me, O draw me to a dreaming death!
Send out thine opiate breath,
And lull me to the everlasting sleep,
That, closing from the kisses of disdain
To ecstasy of pain,
I may sob out my life into their dangerous deep.

Who cometh from the mountain as a tower
Stalwart and set against the fiery foes!
Who, breathing as a jasmine-laden bower?
Who, crowned and lissome as a living rose?
Sharp thorns in thee are set;
In me, in me beget
The dolorous despair of this desire.
Thy body sways and swings
Above the tide of things,
Laps me as ocean, wraps me round as fire!
Ye elemental sorceries of song,
Surge, strenuous and strong,
Seeking dead dreams, the secret of the shrine;
So that she drain my life and being up
As from a golden cup,
To mingle in her blood, death's kiss incarnadine.

Who cometh from the ocean as a flower?
Who blossometh above the barren sea,
Thy lotus set beneath thee for a bower,
Thine eyes awakened, lightened, fallen on me?
O Goddess, queen, and wife!
O lady of my life!
Who set thy stature as a wood to wave?
Whose love begat thy limbs?
Whose wave-washed body swims
That nurtured thee, and found herself a grave?

THE RITE OF MARS

But thou, O thou, hast risen from the deep!
All mortals mourn and weep
To see thee, seeing that all love must die
Besides thy beauty, see thee and despair!
Deadly as thou art fair,
I cry for all mankind—they are slain, even as I!

[SOR. SCORPIO *takes crown off.*
[A pause.

[BROTHER CAPRICORNUS *dances the dance of Vulcan to anvil-music in gradually increasing red light, at end rushes to throne and finds MARS and SCORPIO, their weapons laid aside, in each other's arms.*]

BRO. CAPRICORNUS. Ah, wanton!

[SOR. SCORPIO *takes violin and charms the offended deity, who retires pacified.**]

MARS. Brethren in arms, this is not defeat, but victory!
For though I be dethroned, not to Me, not to our lady was the glory. For always is the true God hidden—behold!

[*One turns on the white light, and there stands SOL IN ARIES upon the throne of the East. MARS goes to him and recites:*]

Unity uttermost showed,
I adore the might of thy breath,
Supreme and terrible God
Who makest the Gods and death
To tremble before thee:—
I, I adore thee!

[*He kneels.*

O Hawk of gold with power enwalled,
Whose face is like an emerald;
Whose crown is indigo as night;
Smaragdine snakes about thy brow

* Romance from 2nd Concerto: Wieniawski.

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

Twine, and the disk of flaming light
Is on thee, seated in the prow
Of the Sun's bark, enthroned above
With lapis-lazuli for love
And ruby for enormous force
Chosen to seat thee, thee girt round
With leopard's pell, and golden sound
Of planets choral in their course!

[He rises.

O thou self-formulated sire!
Self-master of thy dam's desire!
Thine eyes blaze forth with fiery light;
Thine heart a secret sun of flame!
I adore the insuperable might:
I bow before the unspoken Name.

[He bows, then turns toward altar.

For I am Yesterday, and I
To-day, and I to-morrow, born
Now and again, on high, on high
Travelling on Dian's naked horn!
I am the Soul that doth create
The Gods, and all the Kin of Breath.
I come from the sequestered state;
My birth is from the House of Death.

[He advances to altar.

Hail! ye twin hawks high pinnaced
That watch upon the universe!
Ye that the bier of God beheld!
That bore it onwards, ministers
Of peace within the house of Wrath,
Servants of him that cometh forth
At dawn with many-coloured lights,
Mounting from underneath the North,
The shrine of the celestial Heights!

[At altar.

THE RITE OF MARS

He is in me, and I in Him!
Mine is the crystal radiance
That filleth aether to the brim
Wherein all stars and suns may dance.
I am the beautiful and glad,
Rejoicing in the golden day.
I am the spirit silken-clad
That fareth on the fiery way.
I have escaped from him, whose eyes
Are closed at eventide, and wise
To drag thee to the House of Wrong:—
I am armed! I am armed! I am strong! I am strong!
I make my way: opposing horns
Of secret foemen push their lust
In vain: my song their fury scorns;
They sink, they grovel in the dust.

[He turns to SOL.]

Hail, self-created Lord of Night!
Inscrutable and infinite!
Let Orpheus journey forth to see
The Disk in peace and victory!
Let him adore the splendid sight,
The radiance of the Heaven of Nu;
Soar like a bird, laved by the light,
To pierce the far eternal blue!

[He turns to ARIES and SCORPIO.]

Hail! Hermes! thou the wands of ill
Hast touched with strength, and they are shivered!
The way is open unto will!
The pregnant Goddess is delivered!

[He kneels to SOL.]

Happy, yea, happy! happy is he
That hath looked forth upon the Bier
That goeth to the House of Rest!
His heart is lit with melody;
Peace in his house is master of fear;
His holy Name is in the West

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

When the sun sinks, and royal rays
Of moonrise flash across the day's.

[He rises and faces altar.

I have risen! I have risen! as a mighty hawk of gold!
From the golden egg I gather, and my wings the world enfold.
I alight in mighty splendour from the thronèd boats of light;
Companies of Spirits follow me; adore the Lords of Night.
Yea, with gladness did they pæn, bowing low before my car,
In my ears their homage echoed from the sunrise to the star.
I have risen! I am gathered as a lovely hawk of gold,
I the first-born of the Mother in her ecstasy of old.
Lo! I come to face the dweller in the sacred snake of Khem;
Come to face the Babe and Lion, come to measure force with them!
Ah! these locks flow down, a river, as the earth's before the Sun,
As the earth's before the sunset, and the God and I are One.
I who entered in a Fool, gain the God by clean endeavour;
I am shaped as men and women, fair for ever and for ever.

*[He turns and falls clasping SOL'S feet. All prostrate
themselves in adoration. SOR. SCORPIO plays her
solar chant.**

[SOL in ARIES recites:

The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn;
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam,
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
From waves serener far;
A new Peneus rolls his fountains
Against the morning star.
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

* Papillon: Bohm.

THE RITE OF MARS

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
 Fraught with a later prize;
Another Orpheus sings again,
 And loves, and weeps, and dies.
A new Uylsses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.

Oh, write no more the tale of Troy,
 If earth Death's scroll must be!
Nor mix with Laian rage the joy
 Which dawns upon the free;
Although a subtler Sphinx renew
Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise,
 And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
 The splendour of its prime;
And leave, if nought so bright may live,
All earth can take or Heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose
 Shall burst, more bright and good
Than all who fell, than One who rose,
 Than many unsubdued.
Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
But votive tears and symbol flowers.

Oh, cease! must hate and death return?
 Cease! must men kill and die?
Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn
 Of bitter prophecy.
The world is weary of the past.
Oh, might it die or rest at last!

BRO. ARIES. 1-4444. The battle is indeed fought.

SOL. IN ARIES. 333-333. The victory is indeed won.

BRO. ARIES. Brethren, the Sun is arisen. Let us depart
in joy.

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

SOR. SCORPIO. Let us depart in love.

MARS. Let us depart in peace.

[The officers leave the Temple, MARS and SCORPIO escorting SOL in ARIES, ARIES and CAPRICORNUS following at the head of the Guard of PROBATIONERS.]

THE RITE OF SOL

OFFICERS

SOL. *Leopard skin. Nemys white-gold over white-sleeved robe. Spear.*

ARIES. *White robe, spear.*

LEO. *Red robe, spear.*

SATAN-TYPHON. *Violet robe.*

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. *Green robe.*

BEZ. *Black-robe.*

FOUR PROBATIONERS.

Sol is enthroned in the East; behind him is a black veil which conceals a great scarlet cross. Before him is a second veil. He is supported by Aries on the right, and Leo on the left. The other officers are without the temple, in waiting. In presentation in public, a third veil divides the temple from the congregation.

THE RITE OF SOL

LEO *parts the outermost veil, and advancing, recites chorus from Atalanta in Calydon.*

Before the beginning of years
There came to the making of man ... etc.
... His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep.

[Returns. A pause.

ARIES. 333-333.

LEO. 333-333.

ARIES. Brother Leo, what is the place?

LEO. The Temple of the Sun upon the Mountain of Abiegnus!

ARIES. Brother Leo, what is the hour?

LEO. Sunset!

ARIES. It is the hour of sacrifice.

LEO. Brother Aries, what is the sacrifice?

ARIES. It is hidden from me.

[Silence.

SOL. 1-22-22-1.

ARIES. Hark! it is the Summons of the King.

LEO. It is the Lord of Heaven that awakens the Children of the Light. [They draw the veil—full light—and kneel.

ARIES. Let us adore the Exalted One!

LEO.

Life of Life, thy lips enkindle
With their love the breath between them;

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

And thy smiles before they dwindle
 Make the cold air fire; then screen them
In those looks, where whoso gazes
Faints, entangled in their mazes.

Child of Light! thy limbs are burning
 Through the vest which seems to hide them;
As the radiant lines of morning
 Through the clouds, ere they divide them;
And this atmosphere divinest
Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.

Fair are others; none beholds thee,
 But thy voice sounds low and tender
Like the fairest, for it folds thee
 From the sight, that liquid splendour,
And all feel, yet see thee never,
As I feel now, lost forever!

Lamp of Earth! where'er thou movest
 Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,
And the souls of whom thou lovest
 Walk upon the winds with lightness,
Till they fall, as I am falling,
Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing!

ARIES. Hail unto Thee, O thou that art exalted in thy strength, that travellest over the Heaven in Thy Bark in the Splendour of noon! [ARIES *and* LEO *resume thrones.*

[A PROBATIONER *recites the 12 fold glorification of God from 963.*]

[*Enter* SCORPIO-APOPHIS *dressed in a filmy white robe, her hair in disorder.*]

[ARIES *and* LEO *rise and bow.*

ARIES. Hail thou! Whence comest thou?

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. From the House of God.

ARIES. What bringest thou as an offering to our Lord?

THE RITE OF SOL

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. The House of God is fallen. There is nothing left therein. Therefore I bring nothing but myself.

LEO. Let us burn her upon the altar of burnt offering.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. But in the fire my tears would be dried up; and these tears are of mine offering to the Lord.

LEO. Let us throw her to the sacred crocodile.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. But in the water my heart would be chilled; and this heart is of mine offering to the Lord.

LEO. Let us throw her to the winds from the Watchtowers of Silence.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. But in the wind my hymns would not be heard; and these hymns are of mine offering to the Lord.

LEO. Let us bury her in the consecrated mountain!

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. But in the earth the worms would devour my flesh; and this flesh is of mine offering to the Lord. Oh Lord, let thy servants return unto their thrones that I may worship Thee as I will.

SOL. 22-I-I-22.

[ARIES *and* LEO *return to their thrones.*

[SCORPIO-APOPHIS *plays her passionate melody, her siren melody, her despairing "Venus in Tannhäuser" melody.* She clasps the feet and knees of SOL but he gives no sign of life.*]

[*At the end* ARIES *and* LEO *rise from their thrones— a pause.*]

ARIES. (*Loudly*). 333-333.

LEO. (*Louder*). 333-333.

ARIES. The hour of sacrifice is past.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. The hour of sacrifice is to come.

* Liebstod from Tristan and Isolde: Wagner.

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

LEO. The sacrifice is not accepted.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. The sacrifice is accepted.

ARIES. Depart from us, thou unclean thing!

[ARIES *and* LEO *raise her and march from the temple, ARIES leading, LEO following her.*]

[ARIES *and* LEO *re-enter and resume thrones—a pause.*]

ARIES. 333-333.

LEO. 333-333.

ARIES. Brother Leo, this is of evil omen.

LEO. Brother Aries, it is indeed of evil omen.

ARIES. There will be no more sacrifice to-day.

LEO. There will be no more sacrifice to-day.

ARIES. The sun is already setting.

LEO. The night birds are already abroad.

ARIES. It grows very dark.

LEO. The path is too steep and dangerous for any pilgrims to come hither.

ARIES. There is no moon to-night.

LEO. I think there will be rain.

ARIES. Let us close the shrine.

LEO. The disk of the sun is not yet quite obscured.

ARIES. But no pilgrims can come now.

LEO. No pilgrims can come now. But it is the rule of the temple that the shrine is open unto the last spark of sunlight.

ARIES. Brother Leo, I beg that you will close the shrine with me.

LEO. It cannot be.

ARIES. Brother Leo, I know the rule. But evil will assuredly come to us from this.

LEO. Brother Aries, the Law may not be broken.

THE RITE OF SOL

ARIES. Brother Leo, the Law is made so that the wise may break it at their need.

LEO. Brother Aries, in my heart is fidelity—fidelity—fidelity.

ARIES. Brother Leo, a god has whispered in mine ear: it is folly—folly—folly.

LEO. The sun will be obscured in a moment: and no pilgrims can come to-night.

ARIES. No pilgrims can come to-night.

LEO. There will be no more sacrifice.

ARIES. There will be no more sacrifice.

[SATAN-TYPHON, SCORPIO-APOPHIS, and BESZ enter silently in procession. The light grows momentarily dimmer.]

ARIES. Hail, brethren! Ye are come to adore the splendour of the sun?

SATAN-TYPHON. We are come to sacrifice.

ARIES. What are the offerings?

BESZ. Dancing.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. Music.

SATAN-TYPHON. Silence and Stillness.

[*He prostrates himself and remains motionless.*

[SCORPIO-APOPHIS bows to SOL and plays an adoration.*

[BESZ dances in adoration in three-time.

[SATAN-TYPHON rises and bows.

ARIES. Whence come ye, brethren?

SATAN-TYPHON. From the dwelling-place of the sun.

ARIES. Who are ye, brethren?

SATAN-TYPHON. I am the twin brother of the sun.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. I am the beloved of the sun.

* Romance: Max Bruch.

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

ARIES. [*To BESZ.*] But who art thou, brother?

[*BESZ begins to stammer.*]

LEO. Who art thou?

[*They threaten him with their spears. BESZ crouches in terror and lurks toward West.*]

SATAN-TYPHON. I would have speech with my brother the Sun.

ARIES. It is well.

LEO. It is not well. There is danger herein to my Lord.

[*He bars the way.*]

ARIES. Speech cannot harm our Lord.

LEO. Brother, if thou be indeed our borther, what wilt thou say?

SATAN-TYPHON. O Sun, my brother, is it thy will that I have speech with thee? For I lay with thee nine moons in the womb of our mother; for we have loved as none have loved; for I am closer knit with thee than light and darkness, or than life and death!

SOL. 22-I-I-22.

[*LEO gives way and returns to his throne, very sad.*]

[*SATAN-TYPHON advances to SOL and ARIES closes the veil on them.*]

[*BESZ jumps up and runs off crouchingly.*]

[*The lights go out.*]

[*SCORPIO-APOPHIS plays her serpent melody.**]

[*LEO "recites."*]

Mortals never learn from stories
How catastrophe becomes;
How above the victor's glories
In the trumpets and the drums

* Andante Religioso: Thomé

THE RITE OF SOL

And the cry of millions “Master!”

Looms the shadow of disaster.

Every hour a man hath said:

“That at least is scotched and dead.”

Some one circumstance: “At last

That, and its effects, are past.”

Some one terror—subtle foe!

“I have laid that spectre low.”

They know not, learn not, cannot calculate

How subtly Fate

Weaves its fine mesh, perceiving how to wait;

Or how accumulate

The trifles that shall make it master yet

Of the strong soul that bade itself forget.

[*A dim red light dawns. BESZ enters, leading four PROBATIONERS who bear the Pastos. They place it before the altar.*]

ARIES. What is this offering?

BESZ. The eater of Flesh is my name.

ARIES. Oh, our Lord, our Lord! Arise in thy might, and let thine enemies be scattered!

[*ARIES and LEO draw veil. The throne has been cast down. On the black veil is a great red cross, whereon SOL has been crucified. Before him stands SATAN-TYPHON in the sign of Apophis and Typhon.*]

[*ARIES and LEO fall as if slain. SCORPIO-APOPHIS plays her murder melody.**]

[*Meanwhile the PROBATIONERS advance and under the direction of Typhon, who stabs SOL in the proper manner with the spear of SOL, take down SOL from the cross and lay him in the Pastos. They cover it. BESZ does his brutal demoniac dance upon the lid of the coffin.*]

* Mort d'Adonis: Waddell.

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

Exeunt OMNES exc. SOL. This ends in complete darkness. Silence. There is a flash of light, and the stage is shown empty. Only a glimmer remains. Now SCORPIO-AOPHIS steals on to the stage, and plays a low secret melody. The red lights increase. She uncovers and embraces the corpse. Then covers it again, goes to the throne, and instals herself thereon. The green light dawns and glows brighter and brighter, as the red light dwindles and goes out.]*

SCORPIO-AOPHIS. 7777777.

[The PROBATIONERS and other officers enter, erect.

SCORPIO-AOPHIS. Children, array yourselves before me, and worship at my feet.

ARIES. Our Lord is slain. And who art thou that hast assumed His Throne?

LEO. Our Lord is slain. And who art thou that hast assumed His Throne?

SCORPIO-AOPHIS. I am the Mother of the Gods and the Sister of Time and the Daughter of Space. I am Nature that holdeth sway when the effort of man is exhausted. Brother Leo, I am the goddess that cometh forth riding upon the Lion. Behold! I strike thee with my wand, and inspire thee.

I command thee to declare me unto the multitude.

LEO.

Lo! in the interstellar space of night
Clothed with deep darkness, the majestic spaces
Abide the dawn of deity and light,
Vibrate before the passionless pale faces

* Canzonetta: D'Ambrosio.

THE RITE OF SOL

Shrined in exceeding glory, eremite.

The tortoise skies in sombre carapaces
Await the expression and the hour of birth
In silence through the adamantine girth.

I rose in glory, gathered of the foam.

The sea's flower folded, charioting me risen
Where dawns rose stole from its pearl-glimmering home,
And heaven laughed, and earth: and mine old prison,
The seas that lay beneath the mighty dome,
Shone with my splendour. Light did first bedizen
Earth with its clusters of fiery dew and spray,
When I looked forth and cried, "It is the day!"

The stars are dewdrops on my bosom's space;

The sun and moon are glances through my lashes,
Long, tender rays of night; my subtle face
Burns through the sky-dusk, lightens, fills, and flashes
With solemn joy and laughter of love; the grace
Of all my body swaying stoops and dashes
Swift to the daisy's dawn of love: and swiftest,
O spirit of man, when unto me thou liftest!

Dawn shakes the molten fire of my delight

From the fine flower and fragrance of my tresses!
Sunset bids darken all my body's light,
Mixing its music with the sad caresses
Of the whole world: I wheel in wingless flight
Through lampless space, the starless wildernesses!
Beyond the universal bounds that roll,
There is the shrine and image of my soul.

I am Nature and God: I reign, I am, alone.

None other may abide apart: they perish,
Drawn into me, into my being grown.
None other bosom is, to bear, to nourish,
To be: the heart of all beneath my zone
Of blue and gold is scarlet-bright to cherish
My own life's being, that is, and is not other;
For I am God and Nature and thy Mother.

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

I am the thousand-breasted milky spouse,
Virginal also: Tartarus and Gaia
Twinned in my womb, and Chaos from my brows
Shrank back abashed, my sister dark and dire,
Mother of Erebus and Night, that ploughs
With starry-sandalled feet the fields of fire;
My sister shrank and fell, the infernal gloom
Changed to the hot sweet shadow of my womb.

I am: that darkness strange and uterine
Is shot with dawn and scented with the rose;
The deep dim prison-house of corn and wine,
Flowers, children, stars, with flame far subtler glows
Formless, all-piercing, death-defying, divine,
A sweet frail lamp whose shadow gleams and shows
No darkness, is as light is where its rays
Cross, interweave, and marry with the day's!

I am: the heart that flames from central Me,
Seeks out all life, and takes again, to mingle
Its passion with my might and majesty,
Till the vast floods of the man's being tingle
And glow, self-lost within my soul and sea
Of love, the sun of utter light, and single
Keen many-veined heart: our lips and kisses
Marry and muse on our immortal blisses.

I am: the greatest and the least: the sole
And separate life of things. The mighty stresses
Of worlds are my nerves twitching. Branch and bole
Of forests waving in deep wildernesses
Are hairs upon my body. Rivers roll
To make one tear in my superb caresses,
When on myself myself begets a child,
A system of a thousand planets piled!

I am: the least, the greatest: the frail life
Of some small coral-insect still may tremble
With love for me, and call me queen and wife;
The shy plant of the water may dissemble

THE RITE OF SOL

Its love beneath the fronds; reply to strife
 With strife, and all its tiny being crumble
Under my rough and warrior husband-kiss,
 Whose pain shall burn, and alter, and be bliss!

I am: no word beside that solemn one
 Reigns in sound's kingdom to express my station,
Who, clothed and crowned with suns beyond the sun,
 Bear on the mighty breast of foam Thalassian,
Bear on my bosom, jutting plenilune,
 Maiden, the fadeless Rose of the Creation!
The whole flower-life of earth and sky and sea
From me was born, and shall return to me!

I am: for men and beings passionate,
 For mine own self calm as the river-cleaving
Lotus-borne lord of Silence: I create
 Or discreate, both in my bosom heaving:
My lightest look is mother of a Fate:
 My fingers sapphire-ringed with sky are weaving
Ever new flowers and lawns of life, designed
Nobler and newer in mine older mind.

I am: I am not, but all-changing move
 The worlds evolving in a golden ladder,
Spiral or helical, fresh gusts of love
 Filling one sphere from the last sphere grown gladder;
All gateways leading far to the above.
 Even as the bright coils of the emerald adder
Climb one by one in glory of sunlight, climb
My children to me up the steep of Time.

I am: before me all the years are dead,
 And all the fiery locks of sunrise woven
Into the gold and scarlet of my head:
 In me all skies and seas are shaken and cloven:
All life and light and love about me shed,
 Begotten in me, in my moving moven,
Are as my tears: all worlds that ever swam
As dew of kisses on my lips: I am.

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

[*She draws LEO up to her. The others kneel in adoration.*

SCORPIO-AOPHIS *plays her soft voluptuous melody.**]

ARIES. Brother Leo, what is the hour?

LEO. The evening star is arisen.

ARIES. The sacrifice is accomplished.

LEO. What is the sacrifice?

ARIES. Man.

LEO. Who is the priestess?

ARIES. Woman.

LEO. Unto what God?

ARIES. It is hidden from me.

LEO. Let every man depart unto his house.

ARIES. I-333-I-I.

LEO. I-333-I-I.

SCORPIO-

AOPHIS. I-I-333-I.

* Romance: Saint Saens.

THE RITE OF VENUS

THE OFFICERS

VENUS. *Blue Robe.*

TAURUS. *Orange Robe.*

LIBRA. *Green Robe.*

PISCES. *Crimson Robe.*

LUNA IN TAURUS. *Silver Robe.*

SATURN IN LIBRA. *Black Robe.*

No officer has any weapon. Venus is throned, and on her right are Libra and Saturn in Libra, on her left Taurus and Luna in Taurus, while at her feet lies Pisces. Her throne is an oyster-shell, as in the picture by Botticelli. Before it a veil. Without, an altar; and without the temple, a further veil.

THE RITE OF VENUS

PRELUDE

Full light. VENUS, seated before altar, LIBRA and TAURUS
at its sides.

VENUS. 7777777.

LIBRA. 7777777.

TAURUS. 7777777.

VENUS. Brother Libra, I command thee to declare the
Secret of Venus.

LIBRA recites Swinburne's "Hertha." [*All present recline
and sleep.*]

VENUS. Having ears they hear not. Brothers Taurus and
Libra, let the veil be drawn. [*They do so.*]

PART I

[*Twilight.* VENUS is enthroned on high, swathed in masses
of red hair and roses. The altar is covered with roses;
there is a small flame thereon.]

TAURUS and LIBRA draw the inner veil apart. LIBRA
returns and kneels.

LIBRA.

Daughter of Glory, child
Of Earth's Dione mild
By the Father of all, the Ægis-bearing King!

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

Spouse, daughter, mother of God,
Queen of the blest abode
In Cyprus' splendour singly glittering.
Sweet sister unto me,
I cry aloud to thee!
I laugh upon thee laughing, O dew caught up from sea!

Drawn by sharp sparrow and dove,
And swan's wide plumes of love,
And all the swallow's swifter vehemence,
And, subtler than the Sphinx,
The ineffable iynx
Heralds thy splendour swooning into sense,
When from the bluest bowers
And greenest-hearted hours
Of Heaven thou smil'st toward earth, a miracle of flowers!

Down to the loveless sea
Where lay Persephone
Violate, where the shade of earth is black,
Crystalline out of space
Flames the immortal face!
The glory of the comet-tailed track
Blinds all black earth with tears.
Silence awakes and hears
The music of thy moving come over the starry spheres.

Wrapped in rose, green, and gold,
Blues many and manifold,
A cloud of incense hides thy splendour of light;
Hides from the prayer's distress
Thy loftier loveliness,
Till thy veil's glory shrouds the earth from night;
And silence speaks indeed,
Seeing the subtler speed
Of its own thought than speech of the Pandean reed!

[LIBRA *returns.*

THE RITE OF VENUS

VENUS. 7777777.

SATURN. Amen.

VENUS. 333-I-333.

LUNA. Amen.

VENUS. I-55555-I.

LIBRA *and* PISCES. Amen.

VENUS. Brother Saturn, what is the hour?

SATURN. Twilight.

VENUS. Sister Pisces, from whose house are we come out?

PISCES. From the House of Death.

VENUS. Brother Taurus, what is stronger than death?

TAURUS. Love.

VENUS. Brother Libra, what is the place?

LIBRA. The Mountain of Venus, that hangeth from the navel of the Universe over the Great Abyss.

VENUS. Let us celebrate the Rite of Venus.

[LUNA *plays a waltz tune. The PROBATIONERS dance together.*]

VENUS. Children of Love, what is the hour?

ALL. [*A confused murmur.*] It is the hour of love.

[ALL *sink down together. The lights go out. A long pause.*]

PART II

VENUS. (*Awakening.*) 333-1-333.

[*Venus is brilliantly illuminated; the rest remain dark.*

VENUS. Little brother, what is the hour?

PISCES. The dawn is at hand.

VENUS. Little brother, what is the place?

TAURUS. It is the holy mountain of our Lady Venus.

VENUS. Children, awake and rejoice.

LIBRA. Awake and rejoice.

PISCES. How shall we rejoice?

TAURUS. As our Lady hath appointed.

LIBRA. As you like it.

PISCES. Wherein shall we rejoice?

TAURUS. In our Lady Venus.

LIBRA. In what you will.

TAURUS. Thy will, our lady, and not ours be done!

PISCES. Mistress, let the adorations be performed!

VENUS. Children, array yourselves before me, and rejoice in the adorations of my beauty.

[*They form, each with his partner. LIBRA disappears behind veil. TAURUS recites invocation.*]

TAURUS.

Salutation to Hathor, holy cow in the pastures of Evening.

Salutation to Hathor, in the Mountain of the West; in the land of perfect Peace, Salutation.

THE RITE OF VENUS

A devouring fire is thy soul, and the corpses of the dead are enkindled at thy
breath.

Salutation to Hathor, the child of Isis and of Nephthys!

Salutation to Hathor, the bride of Apis, of Apis that hath the beetle upon his
tongue!

A devouring fire is thy soul, and the corpses of the dead are enkindled at thy
breath.

Salutation to Hathor, whose necklace is of the Souls of the blessed ones of
Amennti.

Salutation to Hathor, whose girdle is of the Souls of the blessed ones of Seb!

Salutation to Hathor, whose sandals are of the Souls of the blessed ones of Nu!

A devouring fire is thy soul, and the corpses of the dead are enkindled at thy
breath.

[*Returns to his throne.*

VENUS. Brother Libra, art thou silent? [A pause.
Brother Libra, where art thou?

LIBRA, *still hidden, recites from Swinburne's "Atalanta."*

We have seen thee, O Love, thou art fair; thou art goodly, O Love;
Thy wings make light in the air as the wings of a dove, etc.

... Famine, and blighting of corn,
When thy time was come to be born.

[LIBRA *appears and confronts her.*

All these we know of; but thee
Who shall discern or declare? etc.
... Wilt thou utterly bring to an end?
Have mercy, mother!

VENUS. Nay, brother, thou art the chiefest of my chosen.

LIBRA. Alas.

VENUS. Yea, brother: in the end all turn to me, and all
return to me.

Isis am I, and from my life are fed
All showers and suns, all moons that wax and wane;
All stars and streams, the living and the dead,
The mystery of pleasure and of pain.

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

I am the mother! I the speaking sea!
I am the earth and its fertility!
Life, death, love, hatred, light, darkness, return to me—
To me!

Hathoor am I, and to my beauty drawn
All glories of the Universe bow down,
The blossom and the mountain and the dawn,
Fruit's blush, and woman, our creations's crown.
I am the priest, the sacrifice, the shrine,
I am the love and life of the divine!
Life, death, love, hatred, light, darkness are surely mine—
Are mine!

Venus am I, the love and light of earth,
The wealth of kisses, the delight of tears,
The barren pleasure never come to birth,
The endless, infinite desire of years.
I am the shrine at which thy long desire
Devoured thee with intolerable fire.
I was song, music, passion, death, upon thy lyre—
Thy lyre!

I am the Grail and I the Glory now:
I am the flame and fuel of thy breast;
I am the star of God upon thy brow;
I am thy queen, enraptured and possessed.
Hide thee, sweet river; welcome to the sea,
Ocean of love that shall encompass thee!
Life, death, love, hatred, light, darkness, return to me—
To me!

[PISCES *performs a sleepy sinuous dance by herself, and returns to Venus' throne lapsed into herself, and as if exhausted.*]

Rise, rise, my knight! My king! My love, arise!
See the grave avenues of Paradise,
The dewy larches bending at my breath,
Portentous cedars prophesying death!

THE RITE OF VENUS

[She is interrupted by the Violin of the throned LUNA, who plays her unutterable melody. PISCES manifests distress.*

VENUS. Brother Libra, what is this song?

LIBRA

My soul is an enchanted boat,
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing;
And thine doth like an angel sit
Beside a helm conducting it,
Whilst all the winds with melody are ringing.
It seems to float ever, for ever,
Upon that many-winding river,
Between mountains, woods, abysses,
A paradise of wildernesses!
Till, like one in slumber bound,
Borne to the Ocean, I float down, around,
Into a sea profound, of ever-spreading sound.

Meanwhile thy spirit lifts its pinions
In music's most serene dominions;
Catching the winds that fan that happy heaven.
And we sail on, away, afar,
Without a course, without a star,
But by the instinct of sweet music driven;
Till through Elysian garden islets
By thee, most beautiful of pilots,
Where never mortal pinnacle glided,
The boat of my desire is guided;
Realms where the air we breathe is love,
Which in the winds and on the waves doth move,
Harmonising this earth with what we feel above.

We have past Age's icy caves,
And Manhood's dark and tossing waves,
And Youth's Smooth ocean, smiling to betray:
Beyond the glassy gulphs we flee

* Romance in D: Beethoven.

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

Of shadow-peopled Infancy,
Through Death and Birth, to a diviner day;
A paradise of vaulted bowers,
Lit by downward-gazing flowers,
And watery paths that wind between
Wildernesses calm and green,
Peopled by shapes too bright to see,
And rest, having beheld; somewhat like thee;
Which walk upon the sea, and chant melodiously!

[VENUS *manifests distress*. PISCES *slips away to the throne of LUNA*.]

[LUNA *plays her conquering melody*.*

VENUS. Oh! Oh!

LIBRA. Holier than pleasure is pain; nobler is abstinence than indulgence; from sloth and faith we turn to toil and science; from the tame victories of the body to the wild triumphs of the mind.

VENUS. It is the ruin of the temple.

LIBRA. For from thee cometh the Utterance of the Present; but of the Future no word.

VENUS. And thou wilt?

LIBRA. The Word.

[SATURN *comes out and dances his dance, and falls, clasping the hem of LIBRA'S robe*.]

VENUS. Who is this? These are not my dances; these footsteps tread not my measures; not me he worships by the paces and pauses of his feet!

[LUNA *plays a wild and horrible melody*.†

[SATURN *drags LIBRA backwards into the dusk*.

[*The PROBATIONERS group similarly; MARS with MARS and VENUS with VENUS. Some, too, stand isolated*.]

* Polonaise in D: Wieniawski.

† Witches' Dance: Paganini.

THE RITE OF VENUS

VENUS. Brother Taurus, art thou faithful, thou alone?

TAURUS. [*Seductively yet ironically.*] Knowest thou not me?

VENUS. Yea, my beloved, Lord of all my doves.

TAURUS. Venus, our Lady!

VENUS. Come unto me!

[*She half rises and draws him to her.*

TAURUS. Within the veil?

VENUS. There is no veil before my shrine!

[*She unfastens his robe. As it falls he leaps up with the Caduceus, as MERCURY, and tramples her beneath his feet.*]

TAURUS. In the Beginning was the Word; and the Word was with God; and the Word was God!

[*All come forward; SATURN with LIBRA linked; LUNA and PISCES linked; and bow to him.*]

LUNA. The Treason is accomplished.

PISCES. The mind is nobler than the body.

SATURN. Friendship is holier than love.

LIBRA. Nature is overcome by wit.

PISCES. How shall we adore thee?

TAURUS. As you like it.

SATURN. What shall we sacrifice?

TAURUS. Want you will.

[*LUNA plays a moto perpetuo,* ALL, bowing in adoration to MERCURY.*]

LIBRA. Brother, what is the hour?

PISCES. Dawn.

LIBRA. Let us depart unto the work of the day.

ALL. Amen.

* Moto perpetuo: Ries.

THE RITE OF MERCURY

OFFICERS

MERCURY. *Violet Robe.*

FR. and SOR. GEMINI. *White Dancing Robe and Black Robe.*

VIRGO. *Green Robe.*

FOUR PROBATIONERS.

Mercury is throned between the Twins. At the west of the Altar is Virgo, and his four attendants.

THE RITE OF MERCURY

I

MERCURY. 22-333-333.

[*Full light.*

The Speech in the Silence.

The Words against the Son of Night.

The Voice of Mercury in the Universe in the Presence of the Eternal Gods.

The Formulas of Knowledge.

The Wisdom of Breath.

The Radix of Vibration.

The Shaking of the Invisible.

The Rolling Asunder of the Darkness.

The Becoming Visible of Matter.

The Piercing of the Coils of the Stooping Dragon.

The Breaking Forth of the Light.

[*All being seated, the FOUR PROBATIONERS rise from among the other PROBATIONERS and march to the altar.*]

FIRST PROBATIONER. 333-333-22. Brethren, let us kindle the holy perfumes in honour of the most divine God.

ALL FOUR PROBATIONERS. [*While he does so.*] Hail unto the most divine Lord Mercury!

FIRST PROBATIONER. [*To FR. GEMINI*] Our Brother, child

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

of the Voice, we ask Thee for thy help. Wilt thou purify the Temple, that we may proceed with the invocations?

FR. GEMINI. I am one with you, Brethren!

[He rises and performs the Banishing Ritual of the Hexagram. While he does so, the FOUR PROBATIONERS stand facing the assembly.]

FR. GEMINI. Let the rites of Mercury be celebrated.

[They turn round, facing the altar again.]

[MERCURY reads Gemini and Virgo sections from 963 at altar.]

[The big lights are put out; only a small purple light remains.]

FIRST PROBATIONER. O Thou Lord of Harmony! Master of the Right Will, Thou who hast brought unto us the divine seeds of self-knowledge—we, the humble Servants of the children of Thy voice, we call on Thee to lead us out of our Ignorance!

CHORUS OF THREE OTHER PROBATIONERS. We call Thee, O Thrice Holy!

FIRST PROBATIONER. O Thou, Divine Worker! Master of all that is Divine! Herald of all that is coming! Builder of our House! Holy art Thou, Thou that knowest the Supreme Mysteries!

CHORUS. We call Thee, O Thrice Holy!

FIRST PROBATIONER. O Thou, All Good, we call Thee!

VIRGO. I. *[Rising.]* Not Good alone, Brethren! But all complete in the perfect Equilibrium.

FR. GEMINI. Ay, The Balance must be kept even. Sister, let us invoke the Lord of Knowledge!

VIRGO. He gave unto you, children of His Voice, the

THE RITE OF MERCURY

Power of the making of fair things. Sing ye unto your Shepherd!

FR. GEMINI. [*Rises and stands before MERCURY.*] O Spirit, O Divine Messenger, Mighty One, most mighty circling and all comprehending Divine Bearer of the Wand, hail! Cœlestial, aethereal, inter-aethereal, water like, air like, fire like, earth like, like unto light, like unto darkness, shining as do the Stars, moist, hot, cold Spirit, hail to Thee, ever laughing Child-God, all-knowing. Through Thee alone can we hope to reach Light and Truth. [*Returns to his seat.*

[SOR. GEMINI *plays accordingly.**

[*A short pause.*

MERCURY. At the Ending of the Light,
At the Limits of the Night,
Stood Mercury before the Unborn ones of Time.
Then was formulated the Universe;
Then came forth the Gods thereof,
The aeons of the Bornless Beyond.
Then was the Voice vibrated;
Then was the Name declared.
At the Threshold of Entrance,
Between the Universe and the Infinite,
In the Sign of the Enterer
Stood Mercury, as before him
The æons were proclaimed.
In Symbols did he record them;
In Breath did he vibrate them;
For between the Light and the Darkness did he
stand.

* Hungarian Dance No. 2: Brahms.

II

The Temple in Darkness

MERCURY.

O Light in Light! O flashing wings of fire!
The swiftest of the moments of the sea
Is unto thee
Even as some slow-foot Eternity
With limbs that drag and wheels that tire.
O subtle-minded flame of amber gyre,
It seems a spark of gold
Grown purple, and behold!
A flame of gray!
Then the dark night-wings glow
With iridescent indigo,
Shot with some violet ray;
And all the vision flames across the horizon
The millionth of no time—and when we say:
Hail!—Thou art gone!

The Moon is dark beside thy crown; the Sun
Seems a pale image of thy body bare;
And for thine hair
Flash comets lustrous with the dewfall rare
Of tears of that most memorable One,
The radiant Queen, the veiled Paphian.
The wings of light divine
Beneath thy body shine;
The invisible
Rayed with some tangible flame,
Seeking to formulate a name,

THE RITE OF MERCURY

A citadel;
And the winged heels are fiery with enormous speed,
One spurning heaven; the other trampling hell;
And thou—recede!

O Hermes! Messenger of inmost thought!
Descend! Abide! Swift coursing in my veins
Shoot dazzling pains,
The Word of Selfhood integrate of Nought,
The ineffable Amen! the Wonder wrought.
Bring death if life exceed!
Bid thy pale Hermit bleed,
Yet life exude;
And Wisdom and the Word of Him
Drench the mute mind grown dim
With quietude!
Fix thy sharp lightnings in my night! My spirit free!
Mix with my breath and life and name thy mood
And self of Thee.

[SOR. GEMINI *plays accordingly*.*

[*A short pause.*

FR. GEMINI. Master, be it thy pleasure to perform the
Invocation of Mercury.

[*All PROBATIONERS rise and join the four others in front of
the altar.*]

MERCURY. [*Leaves throne.*] Majesty of the Godhead,
Wisdom-crowned Thoth, Lord of the Gates of the Universe:
Thee, Thee we invoke!

O Thou of the Ibis head: Thee, Thee we invoke!

Thou who wieldest the Wand of Double Power: Thee,
Thee we invoke!

Thou who bearest in Thy left hand the Rose and Cross of
Light and life: Thee, Thee we invoke!

O Thou whose head is as an Emerald, and Thy Nemyss

* Sarabande: Bach.

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

as the night sky-blue! Thou whose skin is of flaming orange,
as though it burned in a furnace: Thee, Thee we invoke!

Behold, I am yesterday, to-day, and the brother of The
Morrow! I am born again and again. Mine is the unseen force
from which the Gods are sprung; that giveth life unto the
dwellers in the watch-towers of the universe.

I am the charioteer of the East, Lord of the Past and the
Future. I see by mine own inward light; Lord of Resurrection,
who cometh forth from the dusk, and whose birth is from the
House of Death.

O ye two divine hawks upon your pinnacles, who keep
watch over the Universe! Ye who company the bier unto the
House of Rest. Ye who pilot the Ship of Ra, ever advancing
onwards unto the heights of Heaven!

Lord of the Shrine which standeth in the centre of the
Earth!

Behold He is in me and I in Him!

Mine is the radiance in which Ptah floateth over his
firmament.

I travel upon high.

I tread upon the firmament of Nu.

I raise a flashing flame with the lightning of mine eye, ever
rushing forward in the splendour of the daily glorified Ra,
giving my life to the dwellers of Earth.

If I say "come up upon the mountains,"

The Celestial waters shall flow at my word;

For I am Ra incarnate,

Kephra created in the flesh!

THE RITE OF MERCURY

I am the image of my Father Tmu, Lord of the City of the Sun!

The God who commands is in my mouth;

The God of Wisdom is in my heart:

My tongue is the sanctuary of Truth:

And a God sitteth upon my lips!

My word is accomplished each day, and the desire of my heart realises itself, like that of Ptah when he creates his works.

I am Eternal; therefore everything acts according to my designs, and everything obeys my words.

Therefore I say unto Thee: come forth unto me from thine abode in the Silence, unutterable Wisdom, All-light, All-power! Thoth, Hermes, Mercury, Odin, by whatever name I call Thee, Thou art still un-named and nameless to Eternity! Come thou forth, I say, and aid and guard me in this Work of Art.

Thou, Star of the East that didst conduct the Magi! Thou art the same, all present in Heaven and in Hell. Thou that vibratest betwixt the Light and the Darkness. Rising, descending; changing ever, yet ever the same!

The Sun is Thy Father!

Thy Mother the Moon!

The Wind hath borne Thee in its bosom!

And Earth hath nourished the changeless Godhead of Thy Youth.

Come thou forth, I say, come Thou forth

And make all spirits subject unto me!

So that every spirit of the firmament,

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

And of the Ether,
Of the Earth,
And under the Earth,
On dry land,
And in the Water,
Of whirling Air,
And of rushing Fire,
And every spell and scourge of God, may be obedient
unto Me!

[*A pause.*

[*MERCURY goes to his throne.*

FR. GEMINI. I. Brother Virgo, didst thou hear the Voice?

VIRGO. Ay, Brother.

FR. GEMINI. Tell me, Brother, is not Mercury a great God?

VIRGO. Indeed, Son of Maia, the greatest of all Gods that tread upon the Milky Way.

FR. GEMINI. It is so.

SOR. GEMINI. Yet, Brother, there is the Sun-God!

VIRGO. Is not Mercury the Sun-God, when hidden during the Night, among the souls of the dead? Hail unto Thee, Trismegistus, Hail unto thee!

SOR. GEMINI. Hail, O Sender of Dreams!

FR. GEMINI. Hail, O Supporter of Bacchus Infant!

MERCURY. Hail, Twins!

FIRST PROBATIONER. Thou art indeed the greatest of all Gods, O Mercury!

CHORUS. Hail, Mercury.

MERCURY. Yet, ye will betray me!

Bury me in a nameless grave!

I came from God the world to save,

I brought it wisdom from above,

THE RITE OF MERCURY

Worship, and liberty, and love.
So be my grave without a name
That earth may swallow up my shame!

[SOR. GEMINI *plays her saddest yet swiftest melody.**

[*A pause.*

VIRGO. O, who art Thou, most lovely form that killeth me
with the pleasure of Thy Vision?

MERCURY. I am thyself—that which is of thyself and
dependent upon thyself.

VIRGO. Sister and Brother Gemini, kneel ye before the
greatest of all Gods.

FR. GEMINI. Alas, Brother! Is the Speech greater than the
Silence?

VIRGO. I. Brethren, kneel ye before the greatest of all
Gods! [None obey.

MERCURY. I. Silence. . . . Thou hast no followers, Brother.

SOR. GEMINI. Behold thine handmaiden! Where thou
goest I will go; thy people shall be my people and thy God my
God! [She walks to the throne.

MERCURY. Peace upon thee, beloved! . . . But the
Brethren say sooth. Even Mercury liveth not for ever.

[He recites.

The light streams stronger through the lamps of sense.

Intelligence

Grows as we go. Alas: its icy glimmer

Shows dimmer, dimmer

The awful vaults we traverse. Were the sun

Himself the one

Glory of space, he would but illustrate

The night of Fate.

Are not the hosts of heaven in vain arrayed?

Their light dismayed

* Scherzo: Tschaikowski.

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

Before the vast blind spaces of the sky?
 O galaxy
Of thousands upon thousands closely curled,
 Your golden world
Incalculably small, its closest cluster
 Mere milky lustre
Staining the infinite darkness! Base and blind
 Our minion mind
Seeks a great light, a light sufficient, light
 Insufferably bright,
Hence hidden for an hour: imagining
 This vast vain thing,
We call it God, and Father. Empty hand
 And prayer unplanned
Stretched fatuous to the void. Ah! men my friends
 What fury sends
This folly to intoxicate your hearts?
 Dread air disparts
Your vital ways from these unsavoury follies;
 Black melancholies
Sit straddled on your bended backs. The throne
 Of the unknown
Is fit for children. We are too well ware
 How vain is prayer,
How nought is great, since all is immanent
 The vast content
Of all the universe unalterable.
 We know too well
How no one thing abides awhile at all,
 How all things fall,
Fall from their seat, the lamentable place,
 Before their face,
Weary and pass and are no more. So we,
 Since hope must be,
Look to the future, to the chance minute
 That life may shoot
Some flower at least to blossom in the night,
 Since vital light
Is sure to fail us on the hideous way.
 What? Must we pray!

THE RITE OF MERCURY

Verily, O thou littlest babe, too weak
 To stir or speak,
Capable hardly of a thought, yet seed
 Of word and deed!
To thine assured fruition we may trust
 This weary dust.
We who are old, and palsied (and so wise!)
 Lift up our eyes
To little children, as the storm-tossed bark
 Hails in the dark
Some hardly visible harbour light; we hold
 The hours of gold
To our own breasts, whose hours are iron and brass:—
 So swift they pass
And grind us down:—we hold the wondrous light
 Our scattering sight
Yet sees, the one star in a night of woe.
 We trust, and so
Lift up our voices in the dying day
 Indeed to pray:
O little hands that are so soft and strong,
 Lead us along!

[SOR. GEMINI *plays accordingly*.*

[*A pause.*

FR. GEMINI. Brother Virgo, wilt thou not join us who love not Speech?

VIRGO. Hail unto Mercury. He killeth Sol at the close of every Twilight, and hangeth up the sky of Night on the Tree of Heaven, fastened up with the Star-headed nails.

MERCURY. Brother Gemini, do Thou perform the dance of thy Virginal Sister. [FR. GEMINI *dances.*

[*At the end of his dance, he falls before the altar. SOROR GEMINI and all PROBATIONERS circumambulate round him, then stop, facing MERCURY.*]

* Berceuse: César Cui.

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

MERCURY. Come, Sister, no Divine Being can be reached,
save through Me.

*[He descends, and joins the PROBATIONERS, leading SOROR
GEMINI by the hand.]*

*[VIRGO, left now alone before the empty shrine of MERCURY,
walks slowly in front of it.]*

VIRGO. Hail unto the Lord Mercury!

*[A pause, during which all PROBATIONERS bend their heads
low. MERCURY stands apart with SOR. GEMINI. VIRGO
stands still before the shrine, hooded.]*

MERCURY. And this word I speak unto ye:

[He is heard whispering.

StiBeTTChePhMeFShiSS

[A pause.

MERCURY. *(loudly)*. Konx Om Pax!

[Purple light off, white light on.

*[He seats SOR. GEMINI upon his Throne. She plays her
babe-music.*]*

FR. GEMINI. The will of the Gods be accomplished!

[All depart.

* Nocturne: G. Boyle.

THE RITE OF LUNA

OFFICERS

LUNA. *Silver Robe and Veil. Violin. Artemis. The Lady of the Moon.*

CANCER. *Amber Robe. Cup. Warden of the Holy Graal.*

TAURUS. *Orange Robe. Bow and Quiver. The Lord of the Bow.*

A NYMPH. *White robe. The Head of the Dragon.*

A SATYR. *Black Robe. The Tail of the Dragon.*

PAN. *Black Robe, Tom-tom.*

In the East Luna is throned, Cancer on her right, Taurus on her left. Beyond these the Satyr and the Nymph. At the apex of a descending Triangle, upon the earth, Pan.

THE RITE OF LUNA

One reciteth "The Twel्वefold Certitude of God," from 963.

The veil is withdrawn.

CANCER. 333-333-333.

TAURUS. 333-333-333.

CANCER. I. Brother Taurus, what is the hour?

TAURUS. Moonrise.

CANCER. I. Brother Taurus, what is the place?

TAURUS. The Chapel of the Holy Graal.

CANCER. I. What is my office?

TAURUS. Warden of the Graal.

CANCER. I. What is my robe?

TAURUS. Chastity.

CANCER. I. What is my weapon?

TAURUS. Vigilance.

CANCER. I. Whom do we serve?

TAURUS. The Lady Artemis.

CANCER. I. How many are her servants?

TAURUS. Nine.

CANCER. I. Who are they?

TAURUS. Three for the dew; three for the rain; and three for the snow.

CANCER. I. Who are the great Officers?

THE EQUINOX

TAURUS. Thyself, the Warden of the Holy Graal.
Myself, the Lord of the Bow.

A nymph, a satyr ---

PAN. I. And Pan!

CANCER. Brother Pan, I command thee to honour our
Lady Artemis.

TAURUS. Bear the Cup of Libation!

CANCER. 333-333-333.

[PAN *recites chorus from Swinburne's "Atalanta."*]

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces . . .
The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

TAURUS. The Goddess stirs not.

CANCER. Silence is the secret of our Lady Artemis.

PAN. Hath no man lifted her veil?

CANCER. No man hath lifted her veil.

TAURUS. Bear the Cup of Libation!

CANCER. 333-333-333. It is the hour of sealing up the
shrine.

TAURUS. Let us banish the spirits of the elements.

[*Performs the Lesser Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram
and returns.*]

Bear the Cup of Libation!

CANCER. 333-333-333. Let us banish the spirits of the
planets.

[*Performs the Lesser Banishing Ritual of the Hexagram
and returns.*]

CANCER. Bear the Cup of Libation!

PAN. 333-333-333. Let us banish the holy Emanations from
the One, lest our Lady's sleep be stirred.

[*He banishes the Sephiroth by the appointed Ritual.*]

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

Bear the Cup of Libation!

CANCER. 333-333-333. Brother Taurus, the shrine is well guarded.

TAURUS. The shrine is perfectly guarded.

SATYR. Bear the Cup of Libation!

CANCER. 333-333-333.

PAN.

Hear me, Lord of the Stars!

For thee I have worshipped ever
With stains and sorrows and scars,

With joyful, joyful endeavour.

Hear me, O lily-white goat!

O crisp as a thicket of Thorns,
With a collar of gold for Thy throat,
A scarlet bow for Thy horns!

Here, in the dusty air,

I build Thee a shrine of yew.

All green is the garland I wear,

But I feed it with blood for dew!

After the orange bars

That ribbed the green west dying

Are dead, O Lord of the Stars,

I come to Thee, come to Thee crying.

The ambrosial moon that arose

With breasts slow heaving in splendour

Drops wine from her infinite snows,

Ineffably, utterly, tender.

O moon! ambrosial moon!

Arise on my desert of sorrow,

That the magical eyes of me swoon

With lust of rain to-morrow!

Ages and ages ago

I stood on the bank of a river,

Holy and holy and holy, I know,

For ever and ever and ever!

THE EQUINOX

A priest in the mystical shrine,
I muttered a redeless rune,
Till the waters were redder than wine
In the blush of the harlot moon.

I and my brother priests
Worshipped a wonderful woman
With a body lithe as a beast's
Subtly, horribly human.
Deep in the pit of her eyes
I saw the image of death,
And I drew the water of sighs
From the well of her lullaby breath.

She sitteth veiled for ever,
Brooding over the waste.
She hath stirred or spoken never.
She is fiercely, manly chaste!
What madness make me awake
From the silence of utmost eld
The grey cold slime of the snake
That her poisonous body held?

By night I ravished a maid
From her father's camp to the cave.
I bared the beautiful blade:
I dipped her thrice i' the wave;
I slit her throat as a lamb's
That the fount of blood leapt high
With my clamorous dithyramps,
Like a stain on the shield of the sky.

With blood and censer and song
I rent the mysterious veil:
My eyes gaze long and long
On the deep of that blissful bale.
My cold grey kisses awake
From the silence of utmost eld
The grey cold slime of the snake
That her beautiful body held.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

But—God! I was not content
 With the blasphemous secret of years;
The veil is hardly rent
 While the eyes rain stones for tears.
So I clung to the lips and laughed
 As the storms of death abated,
The storms of the grievous graft
 By the swing of her soul unsated.

Wherefore reborn as I am
 By a stream profane and foul,
In the reign of a Tortured Lamb,
 In the realm of a sexless Owl,
I am set apart from the rest
 By meed of the mystic rune
That reads in peril and pest
 The ambrosial moon—the moon!

For under the tawny star
 That shines in the Bull above
I can rein the riotous car
 Of galloping, galloping Love;
And straight to the steady ray
 Of the Lion-heart Lord I career,
Pointing my flaming way
 With the spasm of night for a spear!

O moon! O secret sweet!
 Chalcedony clouds of caresses
About the flame of our feet,
 The night of our terrible tresses!
Is it a wonder, then,
 If the people are mad with blindness,
And nothing is stranger to men
 Than silence, and wisdom, and kindness?

Nay! let him fashion an arrow
 Whose heart is sober and stout!
Let him pierce his God to the marrow!
 Let the soul of his God flow out!

THE EQUINOX

Whether a snake or a sun
In his horoscope Heaven hath cast,
It is nothing; every one
Shall win to the moon at last.

The mage has wrought by his art
A billion shapes in the sun.
Look through to the heart of his heart,
And the many are shapes of one!
An end to the art of the mage,
And the cold grey blank of the prison!
An end to the adamant age!
The ambrosial moon is arisen.

I have bought a lily-white goat
For the price of a crown of thorns,
A collar of gold for its throat,
A scarlet bow for its horns;
I have bought a lark in the lift
For the price of a butt of sherry:
With these, and God for a gift,
It needs no wine to be merry!

I have bought for a wafer of bread
A garden of poppies and clover;
For a water bitter and dead,
A foam of fire flowing over.
From the Lamb and his prison fare
And the Owl's blind stupor, arise!
Be ye wise, and strong, and fair,
And the nectar afloat in your eyes!

Arise, O ambrosial moon,
By the strong immemorial spell,
By the subtle veridical rune
That is mighty in heaven and hell!
Drip thy mystical dew
On the tongues of the tender fauns,
In the shade of initiate yews,
Remote from the desert dawns!

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

Satyrs and Fauns, I call.

Bring your beauty to man!

I am the mate for ye all;

I am the passionate Pan.

Come, O come to the dance,

Leaping with wonderful whips,

Life on the stroke of a glance,

Death in the stroke of the lips!

I am hidden beyond,

Shed in a secret sinew,

Smitten through by the fond

Folly of wisdom in you!

Come, while the moon (the moon!)

Sheds her ambrosial splendour,

Reels in the redeless rune

Ineffably, utterly, tender!

Hark! the appealing cry

Of deadly hurt in the hollow:—

Hyacinth! Hyacinth! Ay!

Smitten to death by Apollo.

Swift, O maiden moon,

Send thy ray-dews after;

Turn the dolorous tune

To soft ambiguous laughter!

Mourn, O Maenads, mourn!

Surely your comfort is over:

All we laugh at you lorn.

Ours are the poppies and clover!

O that mouth and eyes,

Mischievous, male, alluring!

O that twitch of the thighs,

Dorian past enduring!

Where is wisdom now!

Where the sage and his doubt?

Surely the sweat of the brow

Hath driven the demon out.

THE EQUINOX

Surely the scented sleep
That crowns the equal war
Is wiser than only to weep—
To weep for evermore!

Now, at the crown of the year,
The decadent days of October,
I come to thee, God, without fear;
Pious, chaste, and sober.
I solemnly sacrifice
This first-fruit flower of wine
For a vehicle of thy vice,
As I am Thine to be mine.

For five in the year gone by
I pray thee give to me one;
A lover stronger than I,
A moon to swallow the sun!
May he be like a lily-white goat,
Crisp as a thicket of thorns,
With a collar of gold for this throat,
A scarlet bow for his horns!

CANCER. May our Lady Artemis be favourable!

TAURUS. May our Lady Artemis never be awakened!

[NYMPH *comes forward and dances her virginal dance.*

PAN. Of what worth is the gold in the mine?

CANCER. Brother Pan, be silent.

NYMPH. Bear the Cup of Libation!

CANCER. 333-333-333.

PAN.

[*Recites.*

Mother of Light, and the Gods! Mother of Music awake!

Silence and Speech are at odds; Heaven and Hell are at stake.

By the Rose and the Cross I conjure; I constrain by the Snake and the
Sword;

I am he that is sworn to endure—Bring us the word of the Lord!

By the brood of the Bysses of Brightening, whose God was my sire;

By the Lord of the Flame and the Lightning, the King of the Spirits of Fire;

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

By the Lord of the Waves and the Waters, the King of the Hosts of the Sea,
The fairest of all of whose daughters was mother to me;

By the Lord of the Winds and the Breezes, the King of the Spirits of Air,
In whose bosom the infinite ease is that cradled me there;
By the Lord of the Fields and the Mountains, the King of the Spirits of Earth
That nurtured my life at his fountains from the hour of my birth;

By the Wand and the Cup I conjure; by the Dagger and Disk I constrain;
I am he that is sworn to endure; make thy music again!
I am Lord of the Star and the Seal; I am Lord of the Snake and the Sword;
Reveal us the riddle, reveal! Bring us the word of the Lord;

As the flame of the sun, as the roar of the sea, as the storm of the air,
As the quake of the earth—let it soar for a boon, for a bane, for a snare,
For a lure, for a light, for a kiss, for a rod, for a scourge, for a sword—
Bring us thy burden of bliss—Bring us the word of the Lord!

TAURUS. In vain thou askest speech from our Lady of
Silence:

CANCER. Bear the Cup of Libation!

PAN. 333-333-333.

[*Recites.*

Roll through the caverns of matter, the world's irremovable bounds!
Roll, ye wild billows of ether! the Sistrion is shaken and sounds!
Wild and sonorous the clamour, vast in the region of death.
Live with the fire of the Spirit, the essence and flame of the breath!
Sound, O sound!

Gleam in the world of the dark, where the chained ones shall tremble and flee!
Gleam in the skies of the dusk, for the Light of the Dawn is in me!
Light on the forehead and life in the nostrils, and love in the breast,
Shine, O Thou Star of the Dawning, thou Sun of the Radiant Crest!
Shine, O shine!

Flame through the sky in the strength of the chariot-wheels of the Sun!
Flame, ye young fingers of light, on the west of the morning that run!

THE EQUINOX

Flame, O thou Meteor Car, for my fire is exalted in thee!
Lighten the darkness and herald the daylight, and waken the sea!
Flame, O flame!

Crown Her, O crown Her with stars as with flowers for a virginal gaud!
Crown Her, O crown Her with Light and the flame of the down-rushing Sword!
Crown Her, O crown Her with Love for maiden and mother and wife!
Hail unto Isis! Hail! For She is the Lady of Life!
Isis crowned!

CANCER. In vain thou invokest our Lady of the Moon!

TAURUS. Bear the Cup of Libation!

CANCER. 333-333-333.

PAN.

Must every star that saves the night
Gleam fearfully afar,
Give no man love, but only light,
Or cease to be a star?

Nay, there's no man since time began
Through the ages until now,
But won the goal of his set soul,
A star upon his brow!

Oh! though no star serene as thou
Shine in my night forlorn,
Come, let me set thee on my brow,
And make its darkness morn!

PAN. [*Rises.*] Brother Satyr, scourge forth these that profane the sanctuary of our Lady: for they know not the secret of the shrine.

[SATYR *dances the dance of the scourge, driving the officers down the stage, where they crouch.*]

PAN. [*Goes to altar.*] Brother Satyr, I command you to perform the dance of Syrinx and Pan, in honour of our Lady Artemis.

THE VISION AND THE VOICE

SATYR. And in thine honour!

[He dances the dance and falls prostrate in the midst.

PAN. *[Advancing to the Throne of Luna.]*

Uncharmable charmer
Of Bacchus and Mars,
In the sounding rebounding
Abyss of the stars!
O virgin in armour,
Thine arrows unslung
In the brilliant resilient
First rays of the spring!

By the force of the fashion
Of love, when I broke
Through the shroud, through the cloud,
Through the storm, through the smoke,
To the mountain of passion
Volcanic that woke—
By the rage of the mage
I invoke, I invoke!

By the midnight of madness,
The lone-lying sea,
The swoon of the moon,
Your swoon into me;
The sentinel sadness
Of cliff-clinging pine,
That night of delight
You were mine, you were mine!

Your were mine, O my saint,
My maiden, my mate,
By the might of the right
Of the night of our fate.
Though I fall, though I faint,
Though I char, though I choke,
By the hour of our power
I invoke, I invoke!

THE EQUINOX

By the mystical union
Of fairy and faun,
Unspoken, unbroken—
The dusk to the dawn!—
A secret communion,
Unmeasured, unsung,
The listless, resistless,
Tumultuous tongue!—

O virgin in armour
Thine arrows unsling,
In the brilliant resilient
First rays of the spring!
No Godhead could charm her,
But manhood awoke—
O fiery Valkyrie,
I invoke, I invoke!

[He tears down the veil.
*[LUNA plays accordingly.**
[A long silence.

CANCER. 333-333-333.

TAURUS. 1. Brother Warden of the Graal, our task is ended.

CANCER. Let us depart, it is accomplished.

* Chaconne: Bach.

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[Once again, I have omitted some pages of advertisements: the usual full-page attempt by Crowley to shift his back catalogue, and one on the back board for Crowley's *Hail Mary* (absent in the Weiser facsimile).

It appears that confusion arose in certain quarters from some extracts from the work of P.B. Shelley appearing uncredited in various of the Rites; specifically, I have seen "My soul is an enchanted boat" (in the Rite of Venus) from *Prometheus Unbound* erroneously attributed to Crowley in print (albeit in a work with generally low editorial standards). Similarly, "This is the day which down the void abysm" in the Rite of Mars is the finale from *Prometheus Unbound* and "The world's great age begins anew," also in the Rite of Mars, is the final chorus from *Hellas*. Not being particularly familiar with Shelley's work myself, I may have missed a few others.

The works of Algernon Charles Swinburne are now out of copyright and I am therefore including the Swinburne poems called for in the Rites of Eleusis in this electronic edition (since I long ago went through the agony of key-bashing them all in). Rather than work them back into the scripts and mess up the pagination, they appear on the following pages.—]

ILICET

(required for the Rite of Saturn)

THERE is an end of joy and sorrow;
Peace all day long, all night, all morrow,
 But never a time to laugh or weep.

The end is come of pleasant places,
The end of tender words and faces,
 The end of all, the popped sleep.

No place for sound within their hearing,
No room to hope, no time for fearing,
 No lips to laugh, no lids for tears.
The old years have run out all their measure;
No chance of pain, no chance of pleasure,
 No fragment of the broken years.

Outside of all the worlds and ages,
There where the fool is as the sage is,
 There where the slayer is clean of blood,
No end, no passage, no beginning,
There where the sinner leaves of sinning,
 There where the good man is not good.

There is not one thing with another,
But Evil saith to Good: My brother,
 My brother, I am one with thee:
They shall not strive nor cry for ever:
No man shall choose between them: never
 Shall this thing end and that thing be.

Wind wherein seas and stars are shaken
Shall shake them, and they shall not waken;
 None that has lain down shall arise;
The stones are sealed across their places;
One shadow is shed on all their faces,
 One blindness cast on all their eyes.

Sleep, is it sleep perchance that covers
Each face, as each face were his lover's?
 Farewell; as men that sleep fare well.
The grave's mouth laughs unto derision
Desire and dread and dream and vision,
 Delight of heaven and sorrow of hell.

No soul shall tell nor lip shall number
The names and tribes of you that slumber;
No memory, no memorial.
“Thou knowest”—who shall say thou knowest?
There is none highest and none lowest:
An end, an end, an end of all.

Good night, good sleep, good rest from sorrow
To these that shall not have good morrow;
The gods be gentle to all these.
Nay, if death be not, how shall they be?
Nay, is there help in heaven? it may be
All things and lords of things shall cease.

The stooped urn, filling, dips and flashes;
The bronzed brims are deep in ashes;
The pale old lips of death are fed.
Shall this dust gather flesh hereafter?
Shall one shed tears or fall to laughter,
At sight of all these poor old dead?

Nay, as thou wilt; these know not of it;
Thine eyes’ strong weeping shall not profit,
Thy laughter shall not give thee ease;
Cry aloud, spare not, cease not crying,
Sigh, till thou cleave thy sides with sighing,
Thou shalt not raise up one of these.

Burnt spices flash, and burnt wine hisses,
The breathing flame’s mouth curls and kisses
The small dried rows of frankincense;
All round the sad red blossoms smoulder,
Flowers coloured like the fire, but colder,
In sign of sweet things taken hence;

Yea, for their sake and in death’s favour
Things of sweet shape and of sweet savour
We yield them, spice and flower and wine;
Yea, costlier things than wine or spices,
Whereof none knoweth how great the price is,
And fruit that comes not of the vine.

From boy's pierced throat and girl's pierced bosom
Drips, reddening round the blood-red blossom,
 The slow delicious bright soft blood,
Bathing the spices and the pyre,
Bathing the flowers and fallen fire,
 Bathing the blossom by the bud.

Roses whose lips the flame has deadened
Drink till the lapping leaves are reddened
 And warm wet inner petals weep;
The flower whereof sick sleep gets leisure,
Barren of balm and purple pleasure,
 Fumes with no native steam of sleep.

Why will ye weep? what do ye weeping?
For waking folk and people sleeping,
 And sands that fill and sands that fall,
The days rose-red, the popped hours,
Blood, wine, and spice and fire and flowers,
 There is one end of one and all.

Shall such an one lend love or borrow?
Shall these be sorry for thy sorrow?
 Shall these give thanks for words or breath?
Their hate is as the loving-kindness;
 The frontlet of their brows is blindness,
 The armlet of their arms is death.

Lo, for no noise or light of thunder
Shall these grave-clothes be rent in sunder;
 He that hath taken, shall he give?
He hath rent them: shall he bind together?
He hand bound them: shall he break the tether?
 He hath slain them: shall he bid them live?

A little sorrow, a little pleasure,
Fate metes us from the dusty measure
 That holds the date of all of us;
We are born with travail and strong crying,
And from the birth-day to the dying
 The likeness of our life is thus.

One girds himself to serve another,
Whose father was the dust, whose mother
 The little dead red worm therein;
They find no fruit of things they cherish;
The goodness of a man shall perish,
 It shall be one thing with his sin.

In deep wet ways by grey old gardens
Fed with sharp spring the sweet fruit hardens;
 They know not what fruits wane or grow;
Red summer burns to the utmost ember;
They know not, neither can remember,
 The old years and flowers they used to know.

Ah, for their sakes, so trapped and taken,
For theirs, forgotten and forsaken,
 Watch, sleep not, gird thyself with prayer.
Nay, where the heart of wrath is broken,
Where long love ends as a thing spoken,
 How shall thy crying enter there?

Though the iron sides of the old world falter,
The likeness of them shall not alter
 For all the rumour of periods,
The stars and seasons that come after,
The tears of latter men, the laughter
 Of the old unalterable gods.

Far up above the years and nations,
The high gods, clothed and crowned with patience,
 Endure through days of deathlike date;
They bear the witness of things hidden;
Before their eyes all life stands chidden,
 As they before the eyes of Fate.

Not for their love shall Fate retire,
Nor they relent for our desire,
 Nor the graves open for their call.
The end is more than joy and anguish,
Than lives that laugh and lives that languish,
 The poppied sleep, the end of all.

THE GARDEN OF PROSERPINE

(required for the Rite of Saturn)

HERE, where the world is quiet;
Here where all trouble seems
Dead winds' and spent waves' riot
In doubtful dreams of dreams;
I watch the green field growing
For reaping folk and sowing,
For harvest-time and mowing,
A sleepy world of streams.

I am tired of tears and laughter,
And men that laugh and weep;
Of what may come hereafter
For men that sow to reap:
I am weary of days and hours
Blown buds and barren flowers,
Desires and dreams and powers
And everything but sleep.

Here life has death for neighbour,
And far from eye or ear
Wan waves and wet winds labour,
Weak ships and spirits steer;
They drive adrift, and whither
They wot not who make thither;
But no such winds blow hither,
And no such things grow here.

No growth of moor or coppice,
No heather-flower or vine,
But bloomless buds of poppies,
Green grapes of Proserpine,
Pale beds of blowing rushes
Where no leaf blooms or blushes
Save this whereout she crushes
For dead men deadly wine.

Pale, without name or number,
 In fruitless fields of corn,
They bow themselves and slumber
 Ill night till light is born;
And like a soul belated,
In heaven and hell unmated,
By cloud and mist abated
 Comes out of darkness morn.

Though one were strong as seven,
 He too with death shall dwell,
Nor wake with wings in heaven,
 Nor weep for pains in hell;
Though one were fair as roses,
His beauty clouds and closes;
And well though love reposes,
 In the end it is not well.

Pale, beyond porch and portal,
 Crowned with calm leaves, she stands
Who gathers all things mortal
 With cold immortal hands;
Her languid lips are sweeter
Than love's who fears to greet her
To men that mix and meet her
 From many times and lands.

She waits for each and other,
 She waits for all men born;
Forgets the earth her mother,
 The life of fruits and corn;
And spring and seed and swallow
Take wing for her and follow
Where summer song rings hollow
 And flowers are put to scorn.

There go the loves that wither,
 The old loves with wearier wings;
And all dead years draw thither,
 And all disastrous things;
Dead dreams of days forsaken,
Blind buds that snows have shaken,
Wild leaves that winds have taken,
 Red strays of ruined springs.

We are not sure of sorrow,
And joy was never sure;
To-day will die tomorrow;
Time stoops to no man's lure;
And love, grown faint and fretful,
With lips but half regretful
Sighs, and with eyes forgetful
Weeps that no loves endure.

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be
That no life lives for ever;
That dead men rise up never;
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Then star nor sun shall waken,
Nor any change of light:
Nor sound of waters shaken,
Nor any sound or sight:
Nor wintry leaves nor vernal
Nor days nor things diurnal;
Only the sleep eternal
In an eternal night.

Chorus “Before the Beginning of Years” from *Atalanta*
(*Required for the Rite of Sol*)

Before the beginning of years,
 There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears;
 Grief, with a glass that ran;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
 Summer with flowers that fell;
Remembrance fallen from heaven,
 And madness risen from hell;
Strength without hands to smite,
 Love that endures for a breath:
Night, the shadow of light,
 And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand
 Fire and the falling of tears
And a measure of shifting sand
 From under the feet of the years;
And froth and drift of the sea;
 And dust of the labouring earth;
And bodies of things to be
 In the houses of death and birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
 And fashioned with loathing and love
With life before and after
 And death beneath and above,
For a day and a night and a morrow,
 That his strength might endure for a span
With travail and heavy sorrow,
 The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south
 They gathered as unto strife;
They breathed upon his mouth,
 They filled his body with life;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
 For the veils of the soul therein
A time for labour and thought,
 A time to serve and to sin;

They gave him light in his ways,
And love, and a space for delight,
And beauty and length of days,
And night, and sleep in the night.
His speech is a burning fire;
With lips he travaileth;
In his heart is a blind desire,
In his eyes foreknowledge of death;
He weaves, and is cloaked with derision;
Sows, and he shall not reap;
His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep.

HERTHA

(Required for the Rite of Venus)

I am that which began;
 Out of me the years roll;
Out of me God and man;
 I am equal and whole;
God changes, and man, and the form of them bodily; I am the soul.
 Before ever land was,
 Before ever the sea,
 Or soft hair of the grass,
 Or fair limbs of the tree,
Or the flesh-coloured fruit of my branches, I was, and thy soul was in me.
 First life on my sources
 First drifted and swam;
Out of me are the forces
 That save it or damn;
Out of me man and woman, and wild-beast and bird; before God was, I am.
 Beside or above me
 Nought is there to go;
Love or unlove me,
 Unknow me or know,
I am that which unloves me and loves; I am stricken, and I am the blow.
 I the mark that is missed
 And the arrows that miss,
I the mouth that is kissed
 And the breath in the kiss,
The search, and the sought, and the seeker, the soul and the body that is.
 I am that thing which blesses
 My spirit elate;
That which caresses
 With hands uncreate
My limbs unbegotten that measure the length of the measure of fate.
 But what thing dost thou now,
 Looking Godward, to cry
 'I am I, thou art thou,
 I am low, thou art high'?

I am thou, whom thou seekest to find him; find thou but the self, thou art I.

I the grain and the furrow,
The plough-cloven clod
And the ploughshare drawn thorough,
The germ and the sod,
The deed and the doer, the seed and the sower, the dust which is God.

Hast thou known how I fashioned thee,
Child, underground?
Fire that impassioned thee,
Iron that bound,
Dim changes of water, what thing of all these hast thou known of or found?

Canst thou say in thine heart
Thou hast seen with thine eyes
With what cunning of art
Thou wast wrought in what wise
By what force of what stuff thou wast shapen, and shown on my breast to the
skies?

Who hath given, who hath sold it thee,
Knowledge of me?
Hath the wilderness told it thee?
Hast thou learnt of the sea?
Hast thou communed in spirit with night? have the winds taken counsel
with thee?

Have I set such a star
To show light on thy brow
That thou sawest from after
What I show to thee now?
Have ye spoken as brethren together, the sun and the mountains and thou?

What is here, dost thou know it?
What was, hast thou known?
Prophet nor poet
Nor tripod nor throne
Nor spirit nor flesh can make answer, but only thy mother alone.

Mother, not maker,
Born, and not made;
Though her children forsake her,
Allured or afraid,
Praying prayers to the God of their fashion, she stirs not for all that have
prayed.

A creed is a rod,
And a crown is of night;
But this thing is God,
To be man with thy might,
To grow straight in the strength of thy spirit, and live out thy life as the light.

I am in thee to save thee
As my soul in thee saith;
Give thou as I gave thee,
Thy life-blood and breath,
Green leaves of thy labour, white flowers of thy thought, and red fruit of thy death.

Be the ways of thy giving
As mine were to thee;
The free life of thy living,
Be the gift of it free;
Not as servant to lord, nor as master to slave, shalt thou give unto me.

O children of banishment,
Souls overcast,
Were the lights ye see vanish meant
Always to last,
Ye would know not the sun overshadowing the shadows and stars overpast.

I that saw where ye trod
The dim paths of the night
Set the shadow called God
In your skies to give light;
But the morning of manhood is risen, and the shadowless soul is in sight.

The tree many-rooted
That swells to the sky
With frondage red-fruited,
The life-tree am I;
In the buds of your lives is the sap of my leave: ye shall live and not die.

But the Gods of your fashion
That take and that give,
In their pity and passion
That scourge and forgive,
They are worms that are bred in the bark that falls off; they shall die and not live.

My own blood is what staunches
The wounds in my bark;
Stars caught in my branches
Make day of the dark,
And are worshipped as suns till the sunrise shall tread out their fires as a
spark.

Where dead ages hide under
The live roots of the tree,
In my darkness the thunder
Makes utterance of me;
In the clash of my boughs with each other ye hear the waves sound of the
sea.

That noise is of Time,
As his feathers are spread
And his feet set to climb
Through the boughs overhead,
And my foliage rings round him and rustles, and branches are bent with his
tread.

The storm-winds of ages
Blow through me and cease,
The war-wind that rages,
The spring-wind of peace,
Ere the breath of them roughen my tresses, ere one of my blossoms increase.

All sounds of all changes,
All shadows and lights
On the world's mountain-ranges
And stream-riven heights,
Whose tongue is the wind's tongue and language of storm-clouds on earth-
shaking nights.

All forms of all faces,
All works of all hands
In unsearchable places
Of time-stricken lands,
All death and all life, and all reigns and all ruins, drop through me as sands.

Though sore be my burden
And more than ye know,
And my growth have no guerdon
But only to grow,
Yet I fail not of growing for lightnings above me or deathworms below.

These too have their part in me,
As I too in these;
Such fire is at heart in me,
Such sap is this tree's.
Which hath in it all sounds and all secrets of infinite lands and of seas.

In the spring-coloured hours
When my mind was as May's,
There brake forth of me flowers
By centuries of days,
Strong blossoms with perfume of manhood, shot out from my spirit as rays.

And the sound of them springing
And smell of their shoots
Were as warmth and sweet singing
And strength to my roots;
And the lives of my children made perfect with freedom of soul were my
fruits.

I bid you but be;
I have need not of prayer;
I have need of you free
As your mouths of mine air;
That my heart may be greater within me, beholding the fruits of me fair.

More fair than strange fruit is
Of faiths ye espouse;
In me only the root is
That blooms in your boughs;
Behold now your God that ye made you, to feed him with faith of your vows.

In the darkening and whitening
Abysses adored,
With dayspring and lightning
For lamp and for sword,
God thunders in heaven, and his angels are red with the wrath of the Lord.

O my sons, O too dutiful
Toward Gods not of me,
Was not I enough beautiful?
Was it hard to be free?

For behold, I am with you, am in you and of you; look forth now and see.

Lo, winged with world's wonders,
With miracles shod,
With the fires of his thunders
For raiment and rod,

God trembles in heaven, and his angels are white with the terror of God.

For his twilight is come on him,
His anguish is here;
And his spirits gaze dumb on him,
Grown grey from his fear;

And his hour taketh hold on him stricken, the last of his infinite year.

Thought made him and breaks him,
Truth slays and forgives;
But to you, as time takes him,
This new thing it gives,

Even love, the beloved Republic, that feeds upon freedom and lives.

For truth only is living,
Truth only is whole,
And the love of his giving
Man's polestar and pole;

Man, pulse of my centre, and fruit of my body, and seed of my soul.

One birth of my bosom;
One beam of mine eye;
One topmost blossom
That scales the sky;

Man, equal and one with me, man that is made of me, man that is I.

Chorus "We have seen thee, o Love" from *Atalanta*.
(*Required for the Rite of Venus*)

We have seen thee, O Love, thou art fair; thou art goodly, O Love;
Thy wings make light in the air as the wings of a dove.
Thy feet are as winds that divide the streams of the sea;
Earth is thy covering to hide thee, the garment of thee.
Thou art swift and subtle and blind as a flame of fire;
Before thee the laughter, behind thee the tears of desire.
And twain go forth beside thee, a man with a maid;
Her eyes are the eyes of a bride whom delight makes afraid;
As the breath in the buds that stir is her bridal breath:
But Fate is the name of her; and his name is Death.

For an evil blossom was born
 Of sea-foam and the frothing of blood.
 Blood-red and bitter of fruit,
 And the seed of it laughter and tears,
And the leaves of it madness and scorn;
 A bitter flower from the bud,
 Sprung of the sea without root,
 Sprung without graft from the years.

The weft of the world was untornd
 That is woven of the day on the night,
 The hair of the hours was not white
Nor the raiment of time overworn,
 When a wave, a world's delight,
A perilous goddess was born;
 And the waves of the sea as she came
Clove, and the foam at her feet,
 Fawning, rejoiced to bring forth
 A flashing blossom, a flame
Filling the heavens with heat
 To the cold white ends of the north.

And in air the clamorous birds,
 And men upon earth that hear
Sweet articulate words,
 Sweetly divided apart,

And in shallow and channel and mere
The rapid and footless herds,
 Rejoiced, being foolish of heart.
For all they said upon earth,
 She is fair, she is white like a dove,
 And the life of the world in her breath
Breathes, and is born at her birth;
 For they knew thee for mother of love,
 And knew thee not mother of death.

What hadst thou to do being born,
 Mother, whose winds were at ease,
As a flower of the springtime of corn,
 A flower of the foam of the seas?
For bitter thou wast from thy birth,
 Aphrodite, mother of strife;
For before thee some rest was on earth,
 A little respite from tears,
 A little pleasure of life;
For life was not then as thou art,
 But as one that waxeth in years
 Sweet-spoken, a fruitful wife;
 Earth had no thorn, and desire
No sting, neither death any dart;
 What hadst thou to do among these,
 Thou, clothed with a burning fire,
Thou, girt with sorrow of heart,
 Thou, sprung of the seed of the seas
As an ear from the seed of the corn,
 As a brand plucked forth of a pyre,
As a ray shed forth of the morn,
 For division of soul and disease,
For a dart and a sting and a thorn?
What ailed thee then to be born?

Was there not evil enough,
 Mother, and anguish on earth
 Born with a man at his birth,
Waits underfoot, and above
 Storm out of heaven, and dearth
Shaken down from the shining thereof,
 Wrecks from afar overseas

And peril of shallow and firth,
And tears that spring and increase
In the barren places of mirth,
That thou, having wings as a dove,
Being girt with desire for a girth,
That thou must come after these,
That thou must lay on him love?

Thou shouldst not so have been born:
But death should have risen with thee,
Mother, and visible fear,
Grief, and the wringing of hands,
And noise of many, that mourn;
The smitten bosom, the knee
Bowed, and in each man's ear
A cry as of perishing lands,
A moan as of people in prison,
A tumult of infinite griefs;
And a thunder of storms on the sands,
And wailing of wives on the shore;
And under thee newly arisen
Loud shoals and shipwrecking reefs,
Firece air and violent light;
Sail rent and sundering oar,
Darkness, and noises of night;
Clashing of streams in the sea,
Wave against wave as a sword,
Clamour of currents, and foam;
Rains making ruin on earth,
Winds that wax ravenous and roam
As wolves in a wolfish horde;
Fruits growing faint in the tree,
And blind things dead in their birth;
Famine, and blighting of corn,
When thy time was come to be born.

All these we know of; but thee
Who shall discern or declare?
In the uttermost ends of the sea
The light of thine eyelids and hair,
The light of thy bosom as fire

Between the wheel of the sun
And the flying flames of the air?
Wilt thou turn thee not yet nor have pity,
But abide with despair and desire
And the crying of armies undone,
Lamentation of one with another
And breaking of city by city;
The dividing of friend against friend,
The severing of brother and brother;
Wilt thou utterly bring to an end?
Have mercy, mother!

Chorus “When the hounds of spring” from *Atalanta*.

(Required for the Rite of Luna)

When the hounds of spring are on winter’s traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;
And the brown bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers
Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
With a noise of winds and many rivers,
With a clamour of water, and with might;
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
Over the splendour and speed of thy feet;
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
Fold our hands round her knees, and cling?
O that man’s heart were as fire and could spring to her,
Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!
For the stars and the winds are unto her
As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
And the southwest-wind and the west-wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins;
The days dividing lover and lover,
The light that loses, the night that wins;
And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,
Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,
The fait fresh flame of the young year flushes
From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,
And the oat is heard above the lyre,
And the hoof'd heel of a satyr crushes
The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
Follows with dancing and fills with delight
The Mænad and the Bassarid;
And soft as lips that laugh and hide
The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
And screen from seeing and leave in sight
The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes;
The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
Her bright breast shortening into sighs;
The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,
But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare
The wolf that follows, the faun that hides.

DOLORES

(Not required in the Rites of Eleusis at all, included purely as an act of sado-masochism on my part: sadism in inflicting it on you, masochism in typing the whole bloody thing in)

(Notre-dame de sept douleurs)

Cold eyelids that hide like a jewel
 Hard eyes that grow soft for an hour;
The heavy white limbs, and the cruel
 Red mouth like a venomous flower;
When these are gone by with their glories,
 What shall rest of thee then, what remain,
O mystic and sombre Dolores,
 Our Lady of Pain?

Seven sorrows the priests give their Virgin;
 But thy sins, which are seventy times seven,
Seven ages would fail thee to purge in,
 And then they would haunt thee in heaven:
Fierce midnights and famishing morrows.
 And the loves that complete and control
All the joys of the flesh, all the sorrows
 That wear out the soul.

O garment not golden but gilded,
 O garden where all men may dwell,
O tower not of ivory, but builded
 By hands that reach heaven from hell;
O mystical rose of the mire,
 O house not of gold but of gain,
O house of unquenchable fire,
 Our Lady of Pain!

O lips full of lust and of laughter,
 Curled snakes that are fed from my breast,
Bite hard, lest remembrance come after
 And press with new lips where you pressed.
For my heart too springs up at the pressure,
 Mine eyelids too moisten and burn;
Ah, feed me and fill me with pleasure,
 Ere pain come in turn.

In yesterday's reach and to-morrow's,
 Out of sight though they lie of to-day,
There have been and there yet shall be sorrows
 That smite not and bite not in play.
The life and the love thou despisest,
 These hurt us indeed, and in vain,
O wise among women, and wisest,
 Our Lady of Pain.

Who gave thee thy wisdom? what stories
 That stung thee, what visions that smote?
Wert thou pure and a maiden, Dolores,
 When desire took thee first by the throat?
What bud was the shell of a blossom
 That all men may smell to and pluck?
What milk fed thee first at what bosom?
 What sins gave thee suck?

We shift and bedeck and bedrape us,
 Thou art noble and nude and antique;
Libitina thy mother, Priapus
 Thy father, a Tuscan and Greek.
We play with light loves in the portal,
 And wince and relent and refrain;
Loves die, and we know thee immortal,
 Our Lady of Pain.

Fruits fail and love dies and time ranges;
 Thou art fed with perpetual breath,
And alive after infinite changes,
 And fresh from the kisses of death;
Of languors rekindled and rallied,
 Of barren delights and unclean,
Things monstrous and fruitless, a pallid
 And poisonous queen.

Could you hurt me, sweet lips, though I hurt you?
 Men touch them, and change in a trice
The lilies and languors of virtue
 For the raptures and roses of vice;
Those lie where thy foot on the floor is,
 These crown and caress thee and chain,
O splendid and sterile Dolores,
 Our Lady of Pain.

There are sins it may be to discover,
 There are deeds it may be to delight.
What new work wilt thou find for thy lover,
 What new passions for daytime or night?
What spells that they know not a word of
 Whose lives are as leaves overblown?
What tortures undreamt of, unheard of,
 Unwritten, unknown?

Ah beautiful passionate body
 That never has ached with a heart!
On thy mouth though the kisses are bloody,
 Though they sting till it shudder and smart,
More kind than the love we adore is,
 They hurt not the heart or the brain,
O bitter and tender Dolores,
 Our Lady of Pain.

As our kisses relax and redouble,
 From the lips and the foam and the fangs
Shall no new sin be born for men's trouble,
 No dream of impossible pangs?
With the sweet of the sins of old ages
 Wilt thou satiate thy soul as of yore?
Too sweet is the rind, say the sages,
 Too bitter the core.

Hast thou told all thy secrets the last time,
 And bared all thy beauties to one?
Ah, where shall we go then for pastime,
 If the worst that can be has been done?
But sweet as the rind was the core is;
 We are fain of thee still, we are fain,
O sanguine and subtle Dolores,
 Our Lady of Pain.

By the hunger of change and emotion
 By the thirst of unbearable things,
By despair, the twin-born of devotion,
 By the pleasure that winces and stings,
The delight that consumes the desire,
 The desire that outruns the delight,
By the cruelty deaf as a fire
 And blind as the night,

By the ravenous teeth that have smitten
 Through the kisses that blossom and bud,
By the lips intertwined and bitten
 Till the foam has a savour of blood,
By the pulse as it rises and falters,
 By the hands as they slacken and strain,
I adjure thee, respond from thine altars,
 Our Lady of Pain

Wilt thou smile as a woman disdain
 The light fire in the veins of a boy?
But he comes to the end, without feigning,
 Who has wearied of sorrow and joy;
Less careful of labour and glory
 Than the elders whose hair has uncurled;
And young, but with fancies as hoary
 And grey as the world.

I have passed from the outermost portal
 To the shrine where a sin is a prayer;
What care though the service be mortal?
 O our Lady of Torture, what care?
All thine the last wine that I pour is,
 The last in the chalice we drain,
O fierce and luxurious Dolores,
 Our Lady of Pain.

All thine the new wine of desire,
 The fruit of four lips as they clung
Till the hair and the eyelids took fire,
 The foam of a serpentine tongue,
The froth of the serpents of pleasure,
 More salt than the foam of the sea,
Now felt as a flame, now at leisure
 As wine shed for me.

Ah thy people, thy children, thy chosen,
 Marked cross from the womb and perverse!
They have found out the secrets to cozen
 The gods that constrain us and curse;
They alone, they are wise, and none other;
 Give me place, even me, in their train,
O my sister, my spouse, and my mother,
 Our Lady of Pain.

For the crown of our life as it closes
 Is darkness, the fruit thereof dust;
No thorns go as deep as a rose's,
 And love is more cruel than lust.
Time turns the old days to derision,
 Our loves into corpses or wives;
And marriage and death and division
 Make barren our lives.

And pale from the past we draw nigh thee,
 And satiate with comfortless hours;
And we know thee, how all men belie thee,
 And we gather the fruit of thy flowers;
The passion that slays and recovers,
 The pangs and the kisses that rain
On the lips and the limbs of thy lovers,
 Our Lady of Pain.

The desire of thy furious embraces
 Is more than the wisdom of years,
On the blossom though blood lie in traces,
 Though the foliage be sodden with tears.
For the lords in whose keeping the door is
 That opens on all who draw breath
Gave the cypress to love, my Dolores,
 The myrtle to death.

And they laughed, changing hands in the measure
 And they mixed and made peace after strife;
Pain melted in tears, and was pleasure;
 Death tingled with blood, and was life.
Like lovers they melted and tingled,
 In the dusk of thine innermost fane;
In the darkness they murmured and mingled,
 Our Lady of Pain.

In a twilight where virtues are vices,
 In thy chapels, unknown of the sun,
To a tune that enthalls and entices,
 They were wed, and the twain were as one.
For the tune from thine altar hath sounded
 Since God bade the world's work begin,
And the fume of the incense abounded,
 To sweeten the sin.

Love listens, and paler than ashes,
 Through his curls as the crown on them slips,
Lifts languid wet eyelids and lashes,
 And laughs with insatiable lips.
Thou shalt hush him with heavy caresses,
 With music that scares the profane;
Thou shalt darken his eyes with thy tresses,
 Our Lady of Pain.

Thou shalt blind his bright eyes though he wrestle,
 Thou shalt chain his light limbs though he strive;
In his lips all thy serpents shall nestle,
 In his hands all thy cruelties thrive.
In the daytime thy voice shall go through him,
 In his dreams shall he feel thee and ache;
Thou shalt kindle by night and subdue him
 Asleep and awake.

Thou shalt touch and make redder his roses
 With juice not of fruit nor of bud;
When the sense in the spirit reposes,
 Thou shalt quicken the soul through the blood.
Thine, thine the one grace we implore is,
 Who would live and not languish or feign,
O sleepless and deadly Dolores,
 Our Lady of Pain.

Dost thou dream, in a respite of slumber,
 In a lull of the fires of thy life,
Of the days without name, without number,
 When thy will stung the world into strife;
When, a goddess, the pulse of thy passion
 Smote kings as they revelled in Rome;
And they hailed thee re-risen, O Thalassian,
 Foam-white, from the foam?

When thy lips had such lovers to flatter;
 When the city lay red from thy rods,
And thine hands were as arrows to scatter
 The children of change and their gods;
When the blood of thy foemen made fervent
 A sand never moist from the main,
As one smote them, their lord and thy servant,
 Our Lady of Pain.

On sands by the storm never shaken,
Nor wet from the washing of tides;
Nor by foam of the waves overtaken,
Nor winds that the thunder bestrides;
But red from the print of thy paces,
Made smooth for the world and its lords,
Ringed round with a flame of fair faces,
And splendid with swords.

There the gladiator, pale for thy pleasure,
Drew bitter and perilous breath;
There torments laid hold on the treasure
Of limbs too delicious for death;
When thy gardens were lit with live torches;
When the world was a steed for thy rein;
When the nations lay prone in thy porches,
Our Lady of Pain.

When, with flame all around him aspirant,
Stood flushed, as a harp-player stands,
The implacable beautiful tyrant,
Rose-crowned, having death in his hands;
And a sound as the sound of loud water
Smote far through the flight of the fires,
And mixed with the lightning of slaughter
A thunder of lyres.

Dost thou dream of what was and no more is,
The old kingdoms of earth and the kings?
Dost thou hunger for these things, Dolores,
For these, in a world of new things?
But thy bosom no fasts could emaciate,
No hunger compel to complain
Those lips that no bloodshed could satiate,
Our Lady of Pain.

As of old when the world's heart was lighter,
Through thy garments the grace of thee glows,
The white wealth of thy body made whiter
By the blushes of amorous blows,
And seamed with sharp lips and fierce fingers,
And branded by kisses that bruise;
When all shall be gone that now lingers,
Ah, what shall we lose?

Thou wert fair in the fearless old fashion,
And thy limbs are as melodies yet,
And move to the music of passion
With lithe and lascivious regret.
What ailed us, O gods, to desert you
For creeds that refuse and restrain?
Come down and redeem us from virtue,
Our Lady of Pain.

All shrines that were Vestal are flameless,
But the flame has not fallen from this;
Though obscure be the god, and though nameless
The eyes and the hair that we kiss;
Low fires that love sits by and forges
Fresh heads for his arrows and thine;
Hair loosened and soiled in mid orgies
With kisses and wine.

Thy skin changes country and colour,
And shrivels or swells to a snake's.
Let it brighten and bloat and grow duller,
We know it, the flames and the flakes,
Red brands on it smitten and bitten,
Round skies where a star is a stain,
And the leaves with thy litanies written,
Our Lady of Pain.

On thy bosom though many a kiss be,
There are none such as knew it of old.
Was it Alciphron once or Arisbe,
Male ringlets or feminine gold,
That thy lips met with under the statue,
Whence a look shot out sharp after thieves
From the eyes of the garden-god at you
Across the fig-leaves?

Then still, through dry seasons and moister,
One god hath a wreath to his shrine;
Then love was the pearl of his oyster,
And Venus rose red out of wine.
We have all done amiss, choosing rather
Such loves as the wise gods disdain;
Intercede for us thou with thy father,
Our Lady of Pain.

In spring he had crowns of his garden,
 Red corn in the heat of the year,
Then hoary green olives that harden
 When the grape-blossom freezes with fear;
And milk-budded myrtles with Venus
 And vine-leaves with Bacchus he trod;
And ye said, 'We have seen, he hath seen us,
 A visible God.

What broke off the garlands that girt you?
 What sundered you spirit and clay?
Weak sins yet alive are as virtue
 To the strength of the sins of that day.
For dried is the blood of thy lover,
 Ipsithilla, contracted the vein;
Cry aloud, 'Will he rise and recover,
 Our Lady of Pain?'

Cry aloud; for the old word is broken:
 Cry out; for the Phrygian is priest,
And rears not the bountiful token
 And spreads not the fatherly feast.
From the midmost of Ida, from shady
 Recesses that murmur at morn,
They have brought and baptized her, Our Lady,
 A goddess new-born.

And the chaplets of old are above us,
 And the oyster-bed teems out of reach;
Old poets outsing and outlove us,
 And Catullus makes mouths at our speech.
Who shall kiss, in thy father's own city,
 With such lips as he sang with, again?
Intercede for us all of thy pity,
 Our Lady of Pain.

Out of Dindymus heavily laden
 Her lions draw bound and unfed
A mother, a mortal, a maiden,
 A queen over death and the dead.
She is cold, and her habit is lowly,
 Her temple of branches and sods;
Most fruitful and virginal, holy,
 A mother of gods.

She hath wasted with fire thine high places,
She hath hidden and marred and made sad
The fair limbs of the Loves, the fair faces
Of gods that were goodly and glad.
She slays, and her hands are not bloody;
She moves as a moon in the wane,
White-robed, and thy raiment is ruddy,
Our Lady of Pain.

They shall pass and their places be taken,
The gods and the priests that are pure.
They shall pass, and shalt thou not be shaken?
They shall perish, and shalt thou endure?
Death laughs, breathing close and relentless
In the nostrils and eyelids of lust,
With a pinch in his fingers of scentless
And delicate dust.

But the worm shall revive thee with kisses;
Thou shalt change and transmute as a god,
As the rod to a serpent that hisses,
As the serpent again to a rod.
Thy life shall not cease though thou doff it;
Thou shalt live until evil be slain,
And good shall die first, said thy prophet,
Our Lady of Pain.

Did he lie? did he laugh? does he know it,
Now he lies out of reach, out of breath,
Thy prophet, thy preacher, thy poet,
Sin's child by incestuous Death?
Did he find out in fire at his waking,
Or discern as his eyelids lost light,
When the bands of the body were breaking
And all came in sight?

Who has known all the evil before us,
Or the tyrannous secrets of time?
Though we match not the dead men that bore us
At a song, at a kiss, at a crime—
Though the heathen outface and outlive us,
And our lives and our longings are twain—
Ah, forgive us our virtues, forgive us,
Our Lady of Pain.

Who are we that embalm and embrace thee
 With spices and savours of song?
What is time, that his children should face thee?
 What am I, that my lips do thee wrong?
I could hurt thee—but pain would delight thee;
 Or caress thee—but love would repel;
And the lovers whose lips would excite thee
 Are serpents in hell.

Who now shall content thee as they did,
 Thy lovers, when temples were built
And the hair of the sacrifice braided
 And the blood of the sacrifice split,
In Lampsacus fervent with faces,
 In Aphaca red from thy reign,
Who embraced thee with awful embraces,
 Our Lady of Pain?

Where are they, Cotytto or Venus,
 Astarte or Ashtaroth, where?
Do their hands as we touch come between us?
 Is the breath of them hot in thy hair?
From their lips have thy lips taken fever,
 With the blood of their bodies grown red?
Hast thou left upon earth a believer
 If these men are dead?

They were purple of raiment and golden,
 Filled full of thee, fiery with wine,
Thy lovers, in haunts un beholden,
 In marvellous chambers of thine.
They are fled, and their footprints escape us,
 Who appraise thee, adore, and abstain,
O daughter of Death and Priapus,
 Our Lady of Pain.

What ails us to fear overmeasure,
 To praise thee with timorous breath,
O mistress and mother of pleasure,
 The one thing as certain as death?
We shall change as the things that we cherish,
 Shall fade as they faded before,
As foam upon water shall perish,
 As sand upon shore.

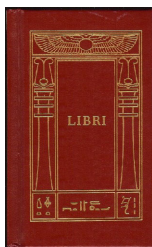
We shall know what the darkness discovers
 If the grave-pit be shallow or deep;
And our fathers of old, and our lovers,
 We shall know if they sleep not or sleep.
We shall see whether hell be not heaven,
 Find out whether tares be not grain,
And the joys of thee seventy times seven,
 Our lady of Pain.

*** ***** ***



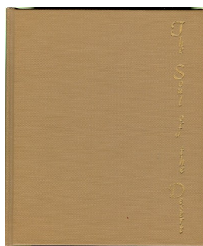
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Aleister Crowley : "Liber 010 Porta Lucis Or The Book Of The Gateway Of Light"

This book is an account of the sending forth of the Master by the AA and an explanation of his mission. Received Dec 12 1907 See also Equinox I vi p. 3 III ix.



Aleister Crowley : "The Soul Of The Desert"

A poem Written at Jozeur 17 March 1914 it was first published in an issue of The Occult Review of the same year.