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VOLUME II

THE BEST OF THE EQUINOX

DRAMATIC RITUAL

ALEISTER CROWLEY

LON MILO DUQUETTE

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Editor's Note: The text for this volume is taken largely from the original *Equinox* materials, which were never published in one volume with consecutive page numbers. We have added our own consecutive page numbers and titles that correspond with the Table of Contents for this volume. Although not technically from *The Equinox*, Crowley's essay *Of Dramatic Rituals* makes a nice addition to this volume. The essay "Concerning 'Blasphemy'" was graciously supplied by the O.T.O, having been originally published in *The Bystander* during Crowley's staging of the Rites of Eleusis at Caxton Hall, London in 1910. It also appears in *The Equinox, Volume III, Number X*. We've made every effort to keep this publication as close to Crowley's original as possible. Deep gratitude to Lon Milo DuQuette and Hymenaeus Beta for their patience, kindness, and intellect.

INTRODUCTION

The World of Magick is a Stage

I grew up in the 1950s in a small town in eastern Nebraska. Looking back I realize how very lucky I was to come of age in an environment where the air was fresh, and the water (at least in those years) as pure as any place on earth. At the time, however, I didn't consider myself lucky at all; in fact, I felt trapped like a wild animal in a zoological garden run by well-meaning but totally inept, insensitive, (and perhaps even dangerous) zookeepers. I was painfully isolated and felt as if I were the only person in town that engaged in any form of self-examination.

I never really fit in with my peers. I refused to join my classmates as they joyously rode their bicycles through the fog of the DDT spray truck killing summertime mosquitoes; I rejected the ridiculous explanations of God, creation, and my own existence proffered with unquestioning conviction by my Sunday school teachers. Television would be my only link to the outside world—a world of comedy and wit, art and music, ideas and drama.

Thank "God" there was a movie theatre in town because the cinema transported me to an adult world of beautiful women and handsome men, and heroes and villains—adventures of the soul acted out in faraway places and times past and future. The theatre was for me holy ground. It was my temple, my church, my university. Each Saturday and Sunday I worshipped at the altar of the

silver screen. Movies delivered everything the church was supposed to deliver. They liberated, then elevated my consciousness; fired my imagination, ignited my libido, and brought me body and soul into the living presence of the *gods*.

I yearned to be on the stage, and as I grew older auditioned for every school, church, and community production, play, and musical that presented itself. Contrary to what you might think, drama did not present an opportunity for me to escape or “get out” of myself but a chance to, for a few moments, “be” myself.

As an adult, I would learn that there is real *magical* method to the Dionysian madness of dramatic ritual. Indeed, every magical ritual is a sacred drama, complete with all the colorful elements that contribute to the power of great theatre: costumes, weapons, conflict, and most of all... *love*.

Aleister Crowley was certainly not the first magician to recognize and exploit the power and potential of magical theatre, but he was arguably the most audacious in his attempts to squarely lay it undisguised in the lap of popular culture. The 1910 public performances of his *Rites of Eleusis* was a watershed moment in his magical career. These seven planetary ritual dramas deservedly form the centerpiece of this Volume II of *The Best of the Equinox* series. Indeed, these rituals could stand alone as a valuable handbook to the modern magician. In this book, however, the reader will also be treated to a wealth of additional collateral material and images gleaned not only from *Equinox Vol. I*, including rare photos and sheet music from the original productions; the essays, such as *The Earth*; and J.F.C. Fuller’s masterpiece, *The Treasure House of Images*; but also the introductory essay, *The Rites of Eleusis: Their Origin and Meaning* from *Equinox Vol. III*. To introduce it all we’ve also included Crowley’s words about Dramatic Ritual from his magnum opus, *Magick, Book IV*.

In my book, *The Magick of Aleister Crowley*¹, I devote a chapter to Crowley's *Rites of Eleusis* which are seven dramatic rituals originally published in 1911 as the Special Supplement to *The Equinox, Vol. I, No. VI*. Space allowed me only to include a full version of one of those remarkable Rites. I am delighted at the opportunity to now present to you all seven rites as they originally appeared in *The Equinox*. I append my introduction below.

It is then, with the greatest of pride, pleasure, and magical excitement that I now signal to the stage hands to draw up the curtain on *The Best of the Equinox, Vol. II, Dramatic Ritual*.

The Rites of Eleusis²

Drama is also magick—in fact, it is the oldest form of magick. We see elements of prehistoric dramatic ritual painted on the walls of caves and scratched upon the bones of extinct animals. The tragedies and comedies of the ancient Greeks were written to be entertaining and thought provoking but first and foremost they were religious observances (celebrated in the temple of Dionysus). We may not think of them as such, but the stage, the screen, even the television are magical temples. As we watch and listen, we become living Triangles of Evocation. Laughter, tears, and terror are literally *evoked* into us by the magick of the play or film.

The magical potential of drama was not lost on our ancestors. Knowing that only relatively few individuals of every generation are emotionally and intellectually equipped to master the natural and spiritual sciences, the hierophants of the past discovered that it was yet possible to bring a significant level of enlightenment to

1 Lon Milo DuQuette. *The Magick of Aleister Crowley – Handbook of the Rituals of Thelema*. (York Beach, ME: Red Wheel Weiser, 1993, 2003). pp. 191 -196.

2 Excerpted from chapter 11 of *The Magick of Aleister Crowley*.

the masses. It was very important, for instance, for the working population of ancient agrarian cultures to know the best times to plant and cultivate their crops. However, for most of the labor force it really wasn't important (or even helpful) to understand the chain of astronomical events that affect the change of seasons.

It was far easier (and on one level more truthful) to personify the forces and facts of nature as gods, and then make those gods characters in a simple and unforgettable story or play. In the case of an agricultural drama the story might simply be intended to reveal the lesson that it is best to plant in the early spring rather than in the autumn.

A greater spiritual potential of dramatic ritual lies in the fact that as individuals each of us can actually become the main character in the sacred drama. This is the method of initiation practiced by mystery schools of the past and initiatory societies of today. The ancient mystery schools were not so much schools of instruction, rather they were schools of experiences—dramatic experiences skillfully designed to induce profound changes in consciousness to a large number of individuals.

Tradition informs us that the technique of the mystery schools achieved its highest level of perfection in Greece. From ca. 2000 BC to nearly three hundred years into the Christian era the agricultural mysteries of Demeter and Persephone were celebrated within the walled citadel at Eleusis. So strict were the oaths of secrecy imposed upon initiates that we are still not entirely certain what went on at the ceremonies³ themselves. We know from indirect sources that once the initiatory cycles began with a purifying bath in the sea at Athens followed by a ceremonial march from Athens to Eleusis. The secret activities took place

³ Even the English word “ceremony” derives from the Rites of Eleusis. Ceres is another name for Demeter.

over a span of days and included sacred food and drink, music, dance, plays and vignettes.

Most of the events were performed before a large assembly of the participants. The climactic conclusion, however, was conferred privately, one candidate at a time. Modern scholars point to evidence that prior to this sublime moment the candidate most probably was given a psychedelic substance to eat or drink. Whatever their technique, the hierophants of Eleusis succeeded for over two thousand years in affecting profound changes in the consciousness of countless thousands of individuals—individuals who after their initiatory experience proclaimed with the greatest conviction that they would never fear death again.

The Rite of Artemis

One might think that the awe-inspiring ceremonies that took place in the cavernous Temple of Demeter at Eleusis would have little in common with the genteel after-dinner parlor diversions of Edwardian London, but that is precisely the venue where the idea for Crowley's Rites of Eleusis was conceived.

On a chilly evening in the spring of 1910 E.V., to entertain their host (or perhaps merely to sing for their supper), Crowley and his lover/disciple Miss Leila Waddell engaged in curious battle that pitted poetry against music. First, Crowley recited a poem he felt would put everyone in an exalted frame of mind. Then he challenged Waddell, a consummate violin virtuoso, to complement and magnify the mood with a piece of music.

The exchanges soon became wildly intense and rapturous. After only a few volleys everyone in the room found themselves raised to a tangible level of ecstasy. Before the bliss of the moment subsided Crowley realized he had discovered the basic formula of the Eleusinian technique. Moreover, he now had a vehicle to

introduce Scientific Illumination and the Magick of Thelema to a wider audience. He immediately set to work to create an ecstasy-inducing dramatic ritual that he would stage publicly.

*The Rite of Artemis*⁴ was presented for the public and members of the press on the evening of August 23, 1910 E.V. at the office of The Equinox in London. The element of dance was added to the combination of poetry and music in the person of Victor Neuburg who, aside from being one of the greatest poets of his generation, possessed the thrilling ability to dance with bacchanalic abandon until he collapsed unconscious upon the floor. It was very impressive.

Another addition to the artistic mix was the introduction of the *Cup of Libation* that was offered to the audience several times during the ceremony to better facilitate the rush of ecstasy. The content of the cup was most likely a potent mixture of herbs, alcohol, fruit-juice, and mescal buttons (at the time perfectly legal). Predictably, everyone felt the ecstasy.

The reaction was remarkably positive. The next day Raymond Radclyffe wrote in the August 24th issue of *The Sketch* magazine:

“... beautifully conceived and beautifully carried out. If there is any higher form of artistic expression than great verse and great music, I have yet to learn it. I do not pretend to understand the ritual that runs like a thread of magic through these meetings of the AA .°. I do not even know what the AA .°. is. But I do know that the whole ceremony was impressive, artistic, and produced in those present such a feeling as Crowley must have had when he wrote:

⁴ *The Rite of Artemis* would later develop into *The Rite of Luna*, the seventh and last of the Rites of Eleusis.

*So shalt thou conquer Space, and lastly climb
The walls of Time;
And by the golden path the great have trod
Reach up to God!"*

No one was more ecstatic than Crowley. He was on the road to becoming a magical impresario.

Crowley's Rites of Eleusis

In October and November of 1910 E.V. Crowley, with the assistance Waddell, Nueburg, and a handful of disciples, publicly presented a series of dramatic rituals entitled THE RITES OF ELEUSIS. They were performed on seven consecutive Wednesday nights at Caxton Hall, Westminster. London had never seen anything quite like it before. The title notwithstanding, these rituals were not attempts to reenact the ancient ceremonies of the Eleusinian mysteries. In fact, the only thing Crowley's Rites of Eleusis had in common with their namesake was the simple fact that they (like the original ceremonies) were written and performed in order to evoke a specific variety of ecstasy in the participants and the audience.

Ambitiously, Crowley chose for his format the seven planets of the ancients, and he arranged the seven ceremonies according to how the planetary spheres (Sephiroth) appear on the Tree of Life. Starting at the top, the third Sephirah, Binah, is the sphere of Saturn and the highest planetary sphere. As we descend the Tree the order of the planetary spheres are Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Sol, Venus, Mercury, and Luna. This is the sequence of the seven Rites of Eleusis. They are actually seven acts to one master drama, the story of the descent of spirit (deity) into matter (humanity), and the secret to our return to Godhead.

Because the Rites demonstrate a descent down the Tree of Life, each ceremony is not so much the story of the planetary god's exaltation but rather it is the story of its decline and fall. (Luna, the final Rite, also hints at how it all starts over again.) The Rite of Saturn gets the ball rolling by the suicide of the Saturnian hero at the end of the play. The next Rite, Jupiter, starts out with the declaration; *"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 read to make war!"* The war, of course, will need the energy of Mars, the next Rite in sequence, etc.

The following analysis was written by Crowley and was part of the booklet⁵ provided to the attendees of the Rites.

Let us add a short analysis of the present series of rites; they may be taken as illustrating Humanity, its fate both good and evil.

Man, unable to solve the Riddle of Existence, takes counsel of Saturn, extreme old age. Such answer as he can get is one word. "Despair."

Is there more hope in the dignity and wisdom of Jupiter? No; for the noble senior lacks the vigour of Mars the warrior. Counsel is in vain without determination to carry it out.

Mars, invoked, is indeed capable of victory: but he has already lost the controlled wisdom of age; in the moment of conquest he wastes the fruits of it, in the arms of luxury.

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It is through this weakness that the perfected man, the Sun, is of dual nature, and his evil twin slays him in his glory. So the triumphant Lord of Heaven, the beloved of Apollo and the Muses is brought down into the dust, and who shall mourn him but his Mother Nature, Venus, the lady of love and sorrow? Well is it if she bears within her the Secret of Resurrection!

But Mercury, too, is found wanting. Not in him alone is the secret cure for all the woe of the human race. Swift as ever, he passes, and gives place to the youngest of the Gods, to the Virginal Moon.

Behold her, Madonna-like, throned and crowned, veiled, silent awaiting the promise of the Future.

She is Isis and Mary, Istar and Bhavani, Artemis and Diana.

But Artemis is still barren of hope until the spirit of the Infinite All, great Pan, tears asunder the veil and displays the hope of humanity, the Crowned Child of the Future. All this is symbolized in the holy rites which we have recovered from the darkness of history, and now in the fullness of time disclose that the world may be redeemed.

In the late 1970s, under the sponsorship of several local O.T.O.⁶ bodies in Northern and Southern California, *The Rites of Eleusis* were resurrected and again presented. They were an instant hit. Today, largely through the efforts of O.T.O. bodies, the seven Rites are performed each year in numerous locations all over the world. They are extraordinarily “producible.” Each rite requires only a handful of cast members and very limited

6 Ordo Templi Orientis.

props and costumes. They are as easily staged in a living room or a backyard as they are in a theatre, hall or desert or mountain venue.

If I sound enthusiastic about Crowley's Rites of Eleusis—I am. In the last 25 years Constance and I have had the pleasure of staging the entire series a number of times and have participated in other group productions as well. We discovered first hand that these little collections of poetry, music and dance are more than plays with a magical theme. In the purest tradition of the Eleusinian mysteries, they are really initiatory experiences in which both cast and audience are treated to a highly personalize change of consciousness.

It is my hope that you experience some of the rapture and ecstasy of true dramatic ritual within these pages. I especially recommend that you read the poetry sections out loud.

Love,

Lon Milo DuQuette
Costa Mesa, CA 2012

OF DRAMATIC RITUALS

The wheel turns to those effectual methods of invocation employed in the ancient Mysteries and by certain secret bodies of initiates today. The object of them is almost invariably⁷ the invocation of a God, and that God is conceived in a more or less material and personal fashion. These rituals are therefore well suited for such persons as are capable of understanding the spirit of Magick as opposed to the letter. One of the great advantages of them is that a large number of persons may take part, so that there is consequently more force available; but it is important that they should all be in harmony. It is well therefore that they should all be initiates of the same mysteries, bound by the same oaths, and filled with the same aspirations. But they should not be friends unless by accident. They should be associated only for this purpose.

Such a company being prepared, the story of the God should be dramatized by a well-skilled poet accustomed to this form of composition. Lengthy speeches and invocations should be

⁷ The word is unwarrantably universal. It would not be impractical to adopt this method to such operations as Talismanic Magick. For example, one might consecrate and charge a Pantacle by a commemoration of the Equinox of Gods, and the communication by Aiwaz to the Scribe of *The Book of the Law*, the Magician representing the Angel, the Pantacle being the Book, and the person on whom the Pantacle is intended to act taking the part of the Scribe.

avoided, but action should be very full. Such ceremonies should be carefully rehearsed; but in rehearsals care should be taken to omit the climax, which should be studied by the principle character in private. The play should be so arranged that this climax depends on him alone. By this means one prevents the ceremony from becoming mechanical or hackneyed, and the element of surprise assists the lesser characters to get out of themselves at supreme moment. Following the climax there should always be an unrehearsed ceremony, an impromptu. The most satisfactory form of this is the dance. In such ceremonies appropriate libations may be freely used.

“The Rite of Luna”⁸ is a good example of this use. Here the climax is the music of the Goddess, the assistants remaining in silent ecstasy.

In “The Rite of Jupiter” the impromptu is the dance, in that of Saturn long periods of silence.

It will be noticed that in these rites poetry and music were largely employed—mostly already-published pieces by well-known authors and composers. It would be better⁹ to write and compose specially for ceremony.¹⁰

8 [In “Liber 850, The Rites of Eleusis,” supplement to] *The Equinox* I(6).

9 “PERHAPS! One can think of certain Awful Consequences.” “But, after all, they wouldn’t seem so to the authors!” “But—pity the poor Gods!” “Bother the Gods!”

10 A body of skilled Magicians accustomed to work in concert may be competent to conduct impromptu *orgia*. To cite an actual instance in recent times: the blood of a Christian being required for some purpose, a young cock was procured and baptised into the Roman Catholic Church by a man who, being the son of an ordained Priest, was magically an incarnation of the Being of that Priest, and therefore congenitally possessed of the powers thereto appurtenant.²³⁷ The cock, “Peter Paul,” was consequently a baptised Christian for all magical purposes. Order was then taken to imprison the bird; which done, the Magicians assuming respectively the characters of Herod, Herodias, Salome, and the Executioner, action out the scene of the

dance, and the beheading, on the lines of Oscar Wilde's drama, "Peter Paul" being cast for the part of John the Baptist. This ceremony was devised and done on the spur of the moment, and its spontaneity and simplicity were presumably potent factors in its success.

On the point of theology, I doubt whether Dom Gorenflot successfully avoided eating meat in Lent by baptising the pullet a carp. For as the sacrament—by its intention, despite its defects of form—could fail of efficacy, the pullet must have become a Christian, and therefore a human being. Carp was therefore only its baptized name—cf. Polycarp—and Dom Gorenflot ate human flesh in Lent, so that, for all he became a bishop, he is damned.



“ . . . the veil slowly parts, and MAGISTER TEMPLI is seen standing in the shrine.”
From the Rite of Saturn. Caxton Hall Westminster, October 1910. Aleister Crowley
as MAGISTER TEMPLI. Leila Waddell to his left, kneeling.

NOTE

The 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 rites
are due
they are gratefully dedicated.

vi

THE RITE OF SATURN

I

THE OFFICERS OF THE TEMPLE

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

MATER CÆLI, *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. PRO-
BATIONERS *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.*]

6

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 damnèd 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 damascenéd 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-spanded

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.*