

# **The Guardian Of The Threshold**

BY RUDOLF STEINER

## SUMMARY OF THE SCENES

Scene 1: The ante-chamber to the rooms of the Mystic League. The reincarnated country folk have been invited to attend a meeting here.

Scene 2: The same. Thomasius is invited to join the league and receive the blessing of the Rosy Cross. He declines on the ground that he has undertaken other work inconsistent with the objects of the league.

Scene 3: The kingdom of Lucifer.

The challenge:

Lucifer: 'I mean to fight.'

Benedictus: 'And fighting serve the gods.'

Scene 4: The house of Strader and his wife Theodora. (Lucifer at work.) Theodora's painful vision of Thomasius.

Scene 5: The house of the Baldes. Strader's vision of his wife Theodora who has recently died. Capesius as a medium.

Scene 6: The groves of Lucifer and Ahriman and their creatures who dance. Dame Balde's fable.

Scene 7: The Guardian of the Threshold.

Scene 8: The kingdom of Ahriman. The reincarnated country folk come here unconsciously at night. Strader comes consciously.

Scene 9: The home of Benedictus, overlooking a factory town. The law of number.

Scene 10: The Temple of the Mystic League. The admission of Thomasius and others.

## PERSONS, APPARITIONS, AND EVENTS

The spiritual and psychic experiences of the characters, sketched in this series of scenic pictures called 'The Guardian of the Threshold,' are a continuation of those which appeared before in my life pictures called 'The Portal of Initiation' and 'The Soul's Probation,' and are supposed to take place about fifteen years later than the occurrences in 'The Portal of Initiation.'

The three plays together form an organic whole.

In 'The Guardian of the Threshold' the following persons and beings appear:

### I. Representatives of the Element of Spirit:

1. Benedictus. Leader of the Temple of the Sun and the teacher of a number of people who appear in 'The Guardian of the Threshold.'
2. Hilary True-to-God, Grand Master of the Mystic League, represented in a former incarnation in 'The Soul's Probation' as the Grand Master of a Mystic Brotherhood.
3. Johannes Thomasius, a pupil of Benedictus, sometimes called Johannes and sometimes Thomasius.

### II. Representatives of the Element of Sacrifice:

4. Magnus Bellicosus, Preceptor of the Mystic League, known as Germanus in 'The Portal of Initiation.'
5. Albertus Torquatus, Master of the Ceremonies in the Mystic League, known as Theodosius in 'The Portal of Initiation.'
6. Professor Capesius.

### III. Representatives of the Element of Will:

7. Frederick Trustworthy, Master of the Ceremonies in the Mystic League. The Reincarnation of the Second Master of the Ceremonies of the Spirit-Brotherhood in 'The Soul's Probation'; and known as 'Romanus' in 'The Portal of Initiation.'
8. Theodora, a Seeress, in whom the Element of Will is changed into a simple gift of prophecy.
9. Doctor Strader.

#### IV. The Representatives of the Element of Soul:

10. Maria, a pupil of Benedictus.
11. Felix Balde.
12. Dame Felicia, his wife.

#### V. Beings from the Spirit World:

Lucifer.  
Ahriman.

#### VI. Beings of the Element of Human Spirit:

The Double of Thomasius.  
The Soul of Theodora.  
The Guardian of the Threshold.  
Philia } The spiritual beings through whose agency the human  
Astrid } soul forces are connected with the Cosmos.  
Luna }  
The Other Philia, the spiritual being who hinders the union of  
the soul-powers with the Cosmos.  
The Voice of Conscience.

These spiritual beings are not intended to be allegorical or symbolic, but realities, who to spiritual perception are exactly like physical persons.

The following persons are the reincarnations of the twelve peasants in 'The Soul's Probation':

1. Ferdinand Fox.

2. Michael Nobleman.
3. Bernard Straight.
4. Francesca Humble.
5. Mary Steadfast.
6. Louisa Fear-God.
7. Frederick Clear-Mind.
8. Gasper Hotspur.
9. George Candid.
10. Mary Dauntless.
11. Erminia Stay-at-Home.
12. Katharine Counsel.

In 'The Guardian of the Threshold' the nature of the reincarnation is not to be regarded as a law holding good generally, but as something which can only happen at a turning-point of time. Hence, for example, the incidents of Scene 8 between Strader and the twelve others are only possible at such a period. The spiritual entities taking part in this play are by no means to be considered as merely allegory or symbol. For any one who recognizes the spiritual world as reality, the beings there exist, just as much as physical men in the sense-world, and as such they may be portrayed. Spiritual beings do not have human form, as they are bound to have upon the stage. If the writer of these psychic incidents in pictures considered these beings to be allegories, he would not have represented them in the way he has done.

The systematic arrangement of the characters into groups (3 × 4) is not intentional or in the original plan of the play; it is a result--by way of afterthought--of the incidents, which are sketched out quite independently, and fall naturally into such a division. It would never have occurred to the author to include it in the original plan; but it may be permitted to cite it here as a result.

The scheme of stage decoration is in accordance with the planetary signs shown in Dr. Steiner's Lecture on Occult Seals and Symbols. In Scene 2, the walls and furniture, etc., are decorated with Dr. Steiner's architectural design for Jupiter. Scene 4 is devoted to Venus. And Dr. Steiner's symbols for the Sun govern the little wooden hut and all its appurtenances in Scene 5. To the other scenes no architectural design is applicable.

The costumes are as follows:

Except when officiating as Hierophant Benedictus is in black frockcoat and trousers. Hilary, Bellicosus, Torquatus, and Trustworthy are in dark frockcoats etc., except when acting as officers in the Temple or as leaders in the Mystic League. Johannes is in a dark blue velveteen suit, short coat, breeches, and stockings. Capesius, when he is in the soul, e.g., in Scenes 3 and 6, appears quite young, beardless, and in flimsy blue and white robes; at other times in ordinary modern attire.

Theodora, modern with a coloured stole. Strader, modern, short brown jacket; except in Scene 4, where he is in grey lavender.

Maria, modern with stole.

Felix Balde, a blue tunic trimmed with fur.

Felicia Balde, modern with stole.

Lucifer, flowing crimson and red robes, long golden hair, and crowned when on his throne.

Ahriman in yellow robes.

The Guardian of the Threshold, conventional angel with a flaming sword.

Philia, Astrid, Luna, and the Other Philia, flowing muslin robes of many colours, but Astrid is in white.

The reincarnated male peasants are in frockcoats of very brilliant colour, crimson, chocolate, blue, etc. The trousers, coat and waistcoat are always to match. The women are in modern costumes with stoles.

See also the notes on the costumes in the two preceding plays.

## THE GUARDIAN OF THE THRESHOLD

### SCENE 1

A hall with a ground tone of indigo blue. The antechamber to the rooms in which a Mystic League carries on its work. In the centre a large door with curtain. On each side of the door two pictures which represent, beginning from the right of the stage, the Prophet Elijah, John the Baptist, Raphael, the poet Novalis. There are present, in a lively conversation twelve Persons, who in one way or another take an interest in the activities of the League. Beside them: Felix Balde and Doctor Strader.

FOX:

A most unusual summons 'tis indeed,  
That draws us here together at this time.  
It comes from men, who ever hold that they,  
From all Earth's other children separate,  
Are honoured with a special spirit-aim.  
Their spirit-eyes shall now, however, see  
That in the world's plan they must be bound close  
With men whose spirit is unconsecrate;  
Who face life's fight in their own strength alone.  
I ne'er felt drawn towards such spirit-ways  
As find their chief resource in secrecy,  
And only care to hold fast to sound thought,  
And to the commonsense of human minds.

This Spirit-League by which we now are called  
Means not through this same call that we should be  
Initiated in its higher aims.  
It will thro' mystic dim word-portraiture  
Keep us but in the Temple's outer courts;  
And use our powers but as the people's voice--  
A cunning plan to strengthen its own will.  
So shall we merely be the helpers blind  
Of men who from the spirit heights above,  
Look down to lead us on with beckoning hand.  
They do not hold that we are ready yet  
Even to take one step that might lead on  
Toward their holy Temple's treasure-house,  
Or to the spirit-light in which they dwell.  
When I observe the true state of this league  
It seems I see but pride and self-deceit  
Clothed in a prophet's robe and humble dress.  
And so 'twere surely best to shun each thing  
That here is offered us in wisdom's garb;  
That we at any rate may not appear  
To strive without due proof against the work  
Which is so highly prized by many men;  
So would I counsel you at first to hear  
What aim this wisdom-teacher hath in view  
And then to follow simple commonsense.  
Who takes such sense as guide within himself  
Will not be led astray by tempting lures  
Which from the Mystic Temple issue forth.

MICHAEL NOBLEMAN:

I do not know, I cannot even guess  
With what strange spirit-gift these men are dowered  
Who now desire to find a bridge to us.  
But still I know well several honest men  
Within the ranks of this same Spirit-League.  
Strictly they guard the secret of the fount  
Whence this their knowledge is supposed to come;  
But that the fountain whence they drink is good,  
Their life and deeds make manifest to all.

And all that from their circle issues forth  
Bears on its face the mark of truest love.  
So may we well believe the aim is good  
Which leads them in this special way to men,  
To whom the mystic path is strange and new,  
But in whose souls the instinct for the truth  
And honest goals of spirit-life find place.

BERNARD STRAIGHT:

Caution would seem to me our duty now.  
I think the mystics find the time draws nigh  
Which brings an ending to their sovereign power.  
Reason will scarcely ask in future times  
What dreams of truth these holy temples had.  
If this league tells of goals of such a kind  
As have seemed wise to mankind's general thought  
Then it were good to join our lot to theirs.  
Yet he had better shun the mystic's robe  
Who only seeks to pass the portal by,  
Which, like some barrier of heavenly light,  
Shuts out his present life from other worlds.  
For in that world 'twill be of small account  
What value each shall put upon himself.  
No higher value shall each one receive  
Than universal judgment granteth him.

FRANCESCA HUMBLE:

So much that here I needs must listen to  
Sounds like the words of those poor blinded men  
Who cannot see the noble spirit-light  
Which streams from every consecrated shrine  
In rays of wisdom to the outer world  
To comfort and to heal the souls of men.  
He only in whose heart this light doth shine,  
And pierce with warming glow his inmost soul  
Can recognize the true worth of this hour,  
Which opens up the mystic's solemn realm  
Even to those who feel themselves too weak



To reach, through deep soul struggle, to the high  
And consecrate abodes of spirit-light.

MARY STEADFAST:

Many sure signs show plainly much must change  
Within those souls who strive to follow close  
This guidance, in their daily life on earth;  
But little can be said which goes to prove  
That mystic ways can lead on to those ends  
Which bring strong powers into the souls of men.  
It seems to me that what our time requires  
Is leaders, who by using nature's powers  
Can join dexterity to genius,  
And working thus amidst the things of Earth  
Fulfil their purpose in the world of men.  
Such men do search for roots of spirit-work  
Deep in the mother-earth of truth itself,  
And thus are kept from idle wandering  
Along the path away from human health.  
Feeling myself possessed with this idea  
I recognize in doctor Strader's self  
The powers which for such guidance of the soul  
Are better suited than the mystics' are.  
How long hath man with sorrow had to feel  
That thro' the great inventions of technique  
Full many a fetter has been riveted  
On the free spirit-instinct in his soul.  
But now a hope doth rise within the breast  
Whereof none heretofore can e'er have dreamed.  
In Strader's workshops we can see, in small,  
The working of those wonders, which, in great  
Shall soon transform the meaning of technique  
And free its shoulders from that heavy load  
Which in our day doth weigh on many souls.

STRADER:

Indeed such words as these are full of hope  
About my seemingly successful work.

'Tis true there yet remains the bridge to pass  
Between experiment and actual use,  
But still the eye of science up till now  
Can only see that it is possible  
That in technique the proof of all things lies.  
The author of this work may be allowed  
To speak here freely of the hopes he hath  
As to the service it may render man.  
He begs to be forgiven any words  
That sound vainglorious to the general ear;  
They only shadow forth the feelings whence  
The strength for this work flows into his soul.  
We see how in man's daily life on earth  
The workings of emotion and the soul  
Disperse and lapse into a soulless state  
The more the spirit masters all the powers  
That it can find within the realm of sense.  
Each day the work grows more mechanical,  
Which makes for worth in life; and through such work  
Man's life itself becomes mechanical.  
Most likely much once held as burdensome  
May now be proved of service to mankind.  
So that the art and work of cold technique  
May no more lame the soul-life of mankind  
Nor prove a hindrance to true spirit-aims.  
But little was achieved through all this strife  
In which one question only seemed of weight,  
How man should act towards his fellow-men.  
I have myself spent many a solemn hour  
In thinking out this riddle of man's life.  
But ever did I find such thought produced  
No fruit of any value for real life.  
I felt myself draw near the bitter thought  
That cosmic fate hath foreordained the lot  
That victory in this material realm  
Must ever be to spirit-paths a foe.  
Release from this bewilderment of thought  
Was brought me by a seeming accident.  
It was my lot to make experiments  
In matters from such questions far removed;

When suddenly there flashed across my mind  
A thought which showed me where the right path lay.  
Test followed close on test, until at last  
Such powers were gathered there in front of me,  
As in their full expression shall some day  
Through pure technique that freedom bring to man,  
In which his soul may find development.  
No more shall men be forced to dream away  
Their whole existence plant-like, fashioning  
In narrow factory rooms unlovely things.  
The powers of technique will be so unveiled  
That every man shall have what he may need  
To keep him in his work, in his own home  
Arranged by him, as he may think it best.  
I thought it well to speak first of this hope  
So that it may not seem quite out of place  
To say, what I must say, about this call  
Which now the Rosicrucian Brotherhood  
Issues to men who stand outside their league.  
'Tis only when a human soul unfolds  
And finds its own true being in itself  
That those fine instincts, which from endless time  
Draw spirits each to each, can have full scope.  
And therefore, only he will think aright  
Who recognizes that this call conforms  
To signs, which we have learned to know full well.  
The brotherhood in future will bestow  
Its highest treasures freely on mankind  
Because all men must learn to long for them.

FELIX BALDE:

The words just spoken have been wrung from out  
A soul, which hath been given to our times  
To grace the realms of sense with life's true worth.  
And in this field I doubt if any one  
With doctor Strader could compete today.  
But I myself trod very different paths  
To find out what is needful for the soul.  
So I, too, beg your leave to speak a word.

Fate hath made clear to me that I must search  
Among those treasures, which disclose themselves  
To every man within his inmost soul.  
Therein I seemed to find true wisdom's light  
Which can full well illuminate life's worth.  
The mystic pupilship was given me  
In solitude and contemplation deep.  
And thus I learned that all that makes man lord  
Of this strong realm of sense, doth only serve  
To blind his being, and condemn mankind  
To search in darkness for the way of life.  
Aye, e'en those gems of knowledge which the use  
Of reason and of sense hath found on earth,  
Are but faint gropings in a darkened realm.  
I know it is the mystic way alone  
That can direct our steps to life's true light.  
Myself I stood upon that path of truth  
As one who strives without a helping hand;  
But all men cannot struggle thus alone.  
The knowledge gained by sense and intellect  
Seems like a body left without a soul  
When it doth set itself defiantly  
Against the light that since Earth's dawn hath streamed  
From sacred temples of true mystery.  
Ye therefore ought in gratitude to grasp  
The hand that beckons from the Temple now  
Upon whose threshold roses full of light  
Girdle significant the sign of death.

LOUISA FEAR-GOD:

A man who feels the worth of his own soul  
Can but rely upon his own ideas,  
If he desire to know the spirit-worlds  
And find himself therein in very truth.  
Whoe'er can give himself, with blindfold faith,  
To outside guidance, first must lose himself.  
Aye, e'en that light, which deep within himself  
A man may feel as highest wisdom's power  
Claims spirit-recognition only when

Its truth admits of proof within itself.  
This light may be a danger to a man  
If he draws near thereto without such proof.  
For often on this path the soul appears  
But as some picture, drawn from cosmic depths,  
Springing from out its own unconscious wish.

FREDERICK CLEAR-MIND:

Fully to understand the mystic way  
Each man must trace its impulse in himself.  
Who, ere he enters on the search, doth form  
In his own soul a picture of the goal,  
Whereto that search must lead, is sure to find  
Instead of truth, delusion's fantasy.  
For, we may say, that each true mystic should  
Thus hold himself toward the goal of truth  
As one who from a mountain-top would gaze  
Upon the beauty of a distant view.  
He waits till he has gained the utmost height  
Before he tries to picture all the scene  
Whereto his pilgrimage hath guided him.

FOX:

At such a time as this we should not ask  
How men should hold themselves toward the truth.  
The brethren of the league will not require  
To hear about such things from men like us.  
It hath indeed already reached mine ears  
That an occurrence of a special sort  
Hath forced the league to turn and think of us.  
Thomasius, who came some years ago  
Beneath the influence of a spirit-stream,  
Which set itself to follow mystic aims,  
Hath learned just how to use such forms of thought  
As in our time compel men's confidence,  
And hang them, as a mantle, round that lore  
Which should be sacred to initiates.  
In this way he was able to succeed,

And gain approval from both far and near  
For writings which had borrowed logic's garb  
But which, in fact, contained but mystic dreams.  
Even inquirers of acknowledged worth  
Are with the message of the man inspired  
And so lend colour to his present fame,  
Which grows, I fear, in dangerous degree.  
Initiates did dread this line of thought  
Since it must needs destroy their fixed idea  
That wisdom is their sole prerogative.  
And so they try to shelter 'neath their wing  
That which Thomasius is giving forth.  
Indeed, they wish it to appear as if  
They knew already in the years gone by  
That such a message would just now be sent  
To serve in building up their own great work.  
If they succeed now at this present time  
In drawing us with craft into their net,  
They will make clear unto the world at large  
That powers of destiny did wisely send  
Thomasius with his message at this time  
So that belief in their significance  
Might with the commonsense of man combine.

GASPER HOTSPUR:

This Mystic League is bold to make the claim  
That it alone must ever guide mankind:  
It proves thereby what small account it takes  
Of all that can be won for man's true weal  
Just by sound commonsense, for we may say  
That 'tis now proved that nature and the soul  
Can be explained as things mechanical.  
And 'tis indeed a check to all free thought  
That doctor Strader with so clear a brain,  
Should countenance this mystic fallacy.  
Who thus doth master powers mechanical  
Should not indeed lack insight, and we know  
That ere we gain true knowledge of the soul  
All mystic leanings needs must be destroyed.

Yet this false science, which Thomasius  
Is giving forth today to all the world,  
Enables e'en extreme sagacity  
To reconcile itself with wildest dreams,  
When once it falls a victim to that snare.  
If through strict training in the way of thought,  
Most natural to man, Thomasius  
Had for this work of his prepared himself,  
Instead of studying the mystic art,  
He might have plucked full many a noble fruit  
From wisdom's tree through his own inborn gifts.  
Instead of which upon the way he chose  
Naught but disastrous error could occur.  
No doubt the brotherhood may like to think  
Such error can be turned to their account.  
It finds acceptance, since it seeks to show  
That science now hath giv'n souls strong proof  
Of knowledge only found in dreams before.

GEORGE CANDID:

That it is possible to speak such words  
As we have just been forced with pain to hear,  
Shows clearly how that insight which flows forth  
From spirit-life hath scarce indeed begun  
To grow at all 'midst all our modern thoughts.  
Turn your eyes backward o'er the flight of time  
And see what things lived in the souls of men  
Before the science which is now in flower  
Was even able to reveal its seed.  
Then you will find that this same Mystic League  
Doth but today fulfil a work which then  
Was traced beforehand in the cosmic scheme.  
We had to wait until Thomasius  
Had finished this great work he had in hand.  
The way is new by which the spirit-light  
Illuminates through him the souls of men.  
And yet this light did ever work in all  
That men have dared to make upon the Earth.  
But where, then, was the source of all this light

Which, tho' souls knew it not, could shine so clear?  
We find all signs point to the mystic art,  
Which dwelt in secret consecrated shrines,  
Before mankind let reason be its guide.  
The Spirit League which now hath called us here  
Will gladly let the mystic light stream forth  
On that bold work, which out of human thought  
Strives to perfection in the spirit-world.  
And we, who, in this hour so big with fate,  
May stay awhile on consecrated ground,  
Shall be the first who, uninitiate,  
Shall see the torch of God from spirit-heights  
Leap down into the depths of human souls.

MARY DAUNTLESS:

Thomasius, indeed, needs not the shield,  
The Rose-Cross Brothers have in mind for him,  
If in an earnest scientific way  
He can portray the pathway of the soul  
Through many earthly lives and spirit-realms.  
This work hath now revealed the light on high,  
To which they say the mystic temples lead,  
E'en unto men who erstwhile had to shun  
The very threshold of such sacred shrines.  
Such recognition doth he well deserve  
As he already hath so richly found  
Because he gave that freedom unto thought,  
Which was denied it by the mystic schools.

ERMINIA STAY-AT-HOME:

The Rose-Cross Brothers can in future live  
But in the recollection of mankind.  
That which they call for, at this very time  
Will soon gain consciousness of its own power  
And undermine the Temple's fundamentals.  
They boldly wish to join in future days  
Reason and science to their sacred shrine.  
Thomasius, therefore, whom so willingly



They now admit into their Temple's midst  
Will count hereafter as their conqueror.

STRADER:

I have been sorely blamed because I think  
That he acts well, who holds himself prepared  
To further, in close union with the league,  
The work which through Thomasius is fulfilled.  
One speaker took objection to my views  
And held I ought to know how dangerous  
The mystic's true soul-searching may become.  
I often felt I best could understand  
The spirit-way when I gave up myself  
Completely to the influence binding me  
To mechanisms which I made myself.  
The way in which I stood toward my works  
Hath shown the meaning of the sacred shrine.  
And while I was at work, I often thought:  
'How do I seem to one who only tries  
To understand the working of those powers  
Which I put into things mechanical?  
And yet what might I be unto a soul  
To whom I might reveal myself in love?'  
I have to thank such thoughts as these that now  
The learning which from mystic circles springs  
Reveals itself to me in its true light.  
And so, though not initiate, I know  
That souls of gods can in the sacred shrine  
Reveal themselves in love to human souls.

KATHARINE COUNSEL:

The noble words which doctor Strader speaks  
About the sacred shrines must surely find  
An echo in those souls which stand without  
The gates through which initiates may pass,  
But yet are counted worthy to receive  
The lore initiates do strive to teach:  
It is not difficult to understand

Why our forefathers held to the belief  
That mystics were the enemies of light.  
It even was denied their souls to guess  
What hidden secrets lay within the shrine.  
All this is changed today. The Mystic Light  
Is not entirely hid, but tells the world  
As much as uninitiate folk may know.  
And many souls, who have received this light  
And been revived thereby, have felt forthwith  
A rousing up of soul-powers, which before  
Worked in them, as in sleep, unconsciously.

(Three knocks are heard.)

FELIX BALDE:

The owners of this place will soon approach  
And ye will hear what they desire to say.  
But if ye wish to understand their words  
And to receive through them the light yourselves  
Ye must not by pre-judgment blind yourselves.  
The power of the initiates will now  
Prove itself mighty, wheresoe'er it finds  
Good hearts and wills prepared to offer up  
Erroneous fancies to the light of truth;  
But where the will hath grown through error hard  
And thus hath slain the sense of truth itself,  
This power will there be proved of none effect.

FOX:

Such words as these might be of use to one  
Who through self-contemplation did desire  
To find himself within his inmost soul.  
But at the first appearance of this league  
'Twere better to hold fast to those reports  
About this kind of spirit-brotherhood,  
Which may be credited historically.  
From them we see that very many men  
Have been enticed into the holy shrine

By secret words, which led them to believe  
That in these temples, step by step, the soul  
Could from the lowliest grades of wisdom rise  
Up to the heights where spirit-sight is gained.  
Who followed such inducement soon perceived  
That in the lower grades he could see signs  
Whose purport offered him much food for thought.  
He dared to hope that in the higher grades  
The meaning of these signs would be disclosed,  
And wisdom be revealed: but when he reached  
Those higher grades himself, he found instead  
That masters knew but little of those signs  
And did but speak about the world and life--  
Nothing but meaningless and barren words.  
If he was not deceived by these same words  
Nor yet was tricked by their futility,  
He turned himself away from such pursuits.  
And so at this time 'tis perhaps of use  
To listen to the judgment of the past  
As well as unto edifying speech.

(Again three knocks are heard.)

(The curtain is drawn back, and there enter the Grand Master of the Mystic League, Hilary True-to-God; after him, Magnus Bellicosus, the Second Preceptor; Albertus Torquatus, the First Master of the Ceremonies; and Frederick Trustworthy, the Second Master of the Ceremonies. The persons who were before assembled group themselves on each side of the hall.)

FREDERICK TRUSTWORTHY:

Dear friends, this moment, when we join us first  
At this our temple's ancient holy gates  
Is most significant for you and us.  
The call which we have given to you now  
Was strongly laid upon us by the signs  
Which our Grand Master could discern full well  
In the wise plan of earth's development.

There it is very plainly shadowed forth  
That at this time the service wise and true  
Of this our sacred Temple must unite  
With universal commonsense of man,  
Which seeks for truth far off from mystic paths.  
Yet in the plan were also signs to show  
That ere this consummation could be reached,  
A man must first arise who understood  
How to bring knowledge, built on commonsense  
And reason only, into such a form  
As truly to comprise the spirit-world;  
This now hath happened. To Thomasius  
The lot has fallen to produce a work  
Based on that very science, which today  
All men demand. This work in their own tongue  
Doth bring full proof of spirit-worth, which men  
Could only find in mystic paths before,  
And in the temples of initiates.  
This work will now become the fetter firm  
That you with us unites in spirit-life;  
Through it will ye be able to discern  
How firm the base on which our teaching rests.  
And through it, too, ye will receive the power  
To take from us that knowledge with free will  
Which is confined to mystic paths alone  
And so, in living fruitfulness, that Life  
Can now unfold itself, which doth unite  
The universal commonsense of man  
With all the customs of the sacred shrine.

MAGNUS BELLICOSUS:

Our brother's words have made it clear to you,  
That we have been induced by solemn signs  
To call you to the Threshold of our Shrine.  
The Master soon will speak to you and show  
The deeper reasons for thus calling you.  
But first I must, so far as may be meet,  
Tell you of this great man, whose work hath made  
Our present union possible today.

Thomasius gave himself to painting's art  
Until he felt an inward spirit-call  
To take up science as his work in life.  
His gifts which were so great and so unique  
Within the region of the painter's art,  
Were first developed when he passed within  
The spheres devoted to true mystic lore,  
These led him to the Master, and, through him,  
He learnt the first steps in that world of truth  
Where wisdom teaches spiritual sight.  
Upborne to spirit-heights and thus infilled  
With great creative power, he painted then  
Pictures, which seem indeed like living men.  
That which would soon have driven other men  
To strive amain toward the highest goal  
Upon the beaten track of art--all this  
Was but a fresh incentive to his brain  
To use hard-won success in such a way  
As might prove best for welfare of mankind.  
He saw full well that spirit-science must  
First find a firm foundation, and for this  
The sense for science and strict reasoning  
Must be released from mania for set form  
Through contact with an artist mind, and gain  
The inward strength to realize the truth  
Of world-relationship in life and deed.  
And so Thomasius hath offered up,  
A willing offering to humanity,  
The artist-power, he might have used himself.  
O friends, read ye aright this man's true soul  
And understand the call which now we give  
And hesitate no more to follow it.

#### HILARY TRUE-TO-GOD:

In that same Spirit's Name, which is revealed  
To souls within our sacred shrine, we come  
To men who until now might never hear  
The word which here doth secretly sound forth.  
Those Powers which guide the purpose of our Earth

Could not in its beginning be revealed  
To all humanity in their full light.  
As in the body of a child, the powers  
Through which it learns to act and use its mind,  
Must gradually ripen, and grow strong;  
So must humanity unfold itself  
As one great whole throughout its earthly course.  
The impulse in the soul which later on  
Might worthy prove to gaze on spirit-light  
In higher worlds, first lived in atrophy.  
Yet in the Earth's beginning there were sent  
From out the higher kingdoms of real life  
Exalted spirit-beings, who might act  
As wise instructors of humanity.  
In mystic holy shrines did they employ  
Those mighty spirit powers, which were poured forth  
In secret into souls which could know nought  
Of their exalted leaders or their work.  
Then later from the ranks of men themselves  
These masters wise could choose for pupils those  
Who by well-tested lives of self-denial  
Had proved that they were ripe to be ordained  
Into the mystic aims and wisdom's lore.  
And when the pupils of those early seers  
Could guard in worthy way the good and true,  
Then those sublime instructors turned their steps  
Back to their own especial realms of life.  
These pupils of the gods then chose out men  
Who might succeed them in the guardianship  
Of spirit-treasures; and in such a way  
The treasures were passed on from age to age.  
Until the present time all mystic schools,  
If they are such in truth, have really sprung  
From that which first was founded from on high.  
Humbly we cherish in this very place  
That which our fathers handed down to us.  
We do not ever speak about the dues,  
Which through our office we inherited,  
But only of the favour shown to us  
By those great spirit-powers, who chose weak men

As mediators, and entrusted them  
With treasures which bring forth the spirit-light  
In souls of men: and 'tis our lot, dear friends,  
To open to you now this treasured store.  
For signs which in the plan of all the worlds  
Can clearly be discerned by spirit-eyes  
Show most propitious at this very time.

FOX:

From distant worlds, it seems, the reasons come  
Which should convince us that 'twere meet that we  
Should join ourselves to you, and in this way  
Should be the first to give the impetus  
To this great work Thomasius gives the world.  
However grand what thou hast spoken sounds,  
It cannot drown in hearts of homely men  
The thought that such a work will take effect  
Through its own power, if it should prove to hold  
Within itself what souls of men require.  
If this work prove important, it will be,  
Not through the things the mystics offer us,  
But since true science comes to the support  
Of spirit-knowledge, and doth prove it true.  
If this be really so, what use is there,  
If mystic approbation paves the way,  
And not th' intrinsic merit of the work?

ALBERTUS TORQUATUS:

The science which is opening on the world  
From such foundations as Thomasius laid  
Will neither gain nor lose through such applause  
As we or ye may choose to render it.  
And yet thereby a way can now be found  
By which mankind may study mystic lore.  
It would accomplish only half its work  
If it should show the goal, but not the road.  
And now it rests with you to understand  
That now at last the moment hath arrived

For reason and the mystic path to join;  
And to the spirit-life of this our world  
To give thereby the power which can but work  
When it reveals itself in season due.

Curtain

## SCENE 2

The same. The persons who were at first assembled have left,  
with the exception of Felix Balde and Dr. Strader, who remain with  
Hilary True-to-God, the Grand Master; Magnus Bellicosus, the  
Second  
Preceptor; Albertus Torquatus, the First Master of the Ceremonies;  
Frederick Trustworthy, the Second Master of the Ceremonies; Maria;  
and Johannes Thomasius.

HILARY:

My son, what thou hast perfected must now  
Within this holy place receive the seal,  
Which sacred and primeval knowledge gives,  
Besides the blessing of the Rosy Cross.  
What thou hast brought the world must be through us  
Unto the Spirit offered, that it may  
Bear fruit in all the worlds, where power of man  
Can be made use of for world-fashioning.

BELLICOSUS:

That thou might'st give unto the world this work  
Thou had'st to part for many years with much  
That in thine inmost soul thou loved'st best.  
There stood a spirit-teacher at thy side,



Who went from thee, so that thy human soul  
Might perfectly unfold its powers in thee.  
Thou wast in closest touch with one dear friend;  
She also left thee, for thou had'st to learn  
That which men only learn when they are set  
To follow out their soul's powers in themselves.  
With courage hast thou passed through this ordeal.  
That which was taken from thee for thy good  
Is, for thy good, restored to thee anew.  
Thy friend stands here before thee: in the shrine  
She waits for thee to follow out our wish.  
Soon, thou wilt meet thy teacher once again.  
These friends, who on our temple's threshold stand,  
Desire to join with us in greeting thee,  
As one who brings great knowledge here with him.

FELIX BALDE (to Thomasius):

The mystic art which heretofore aspired  
Through inward contemplation toward the light,  
Will through thine act be able now to work  
Through knowledge gained within the world of sense.

STRADER (to Thomasius):

Those souls who after spirit-knowledge strive  
While life still unto matter binds them fast,  
Will now through thee find out a road by which  
They can attain the light in their own way.

THOMASIIUS:

Exalted Master, and ye, honoured sirs!  
Ye think to see before you now a man  
Who, through the Spirit's power and earnest strife,  
Was able to produce the work you praise  
And can acknowledge with your fostering care.  
Ye think that he will certainly succeed  
In reconciling science of today  
With ever-ancient sacred mystic art.

And truly were there anything besides  
The voice of mine own soul, which could instil  
Belief about it into me, I think  
It well might be your words....

TRUSTWORTHY:

The Master's word  
Doth but express that which without a doubt  
Thou feelest in thy soul. There is no need  
To strengthen what thine inner voice declares.

THOMASIIUS:

Ah! were it so, most humbly would I stand  
Before you and implore that I might gain  
The temple's blessing on this work of mine.  
I used to think it so, when first I heard  
The word by which I came to understand  
That ye would take my work beneath your care  
And open gateways to me, which before  
Only initiates could e'er approach.  
But as I trod the path that led to you  
There opened out upon my soul a world  
To which, at such a time ye certainly  
Would not have wished to lead me. Ahriman  
In all his greatness stood before me there.  
And then I saw that he it is in truth  
Who is the expert in real cosmic laws.  
What human beings think they know of him  
Is of no value. Only he can know  
Who once hath seen him in the spirit-world.  
It was from him alone that I could learn  
The truth about this work of mine in full.  
He showed how in the progress of the world  
One could not judge effects of such a work;  
Since its true progress cannot be appraised  
By those impressions men may form of it  
Who judge by science and strict logic's law.  
The final verdict cannot be pronounced

Till creature from creator is set free,  
And, freed from him, can follow its own path  
Throughout the courses of the spirit-life.  
Yet now the work is so bound up with me  
That it is possible that I might turn  
That which I guide back from the spirit-realms  
To something evil, even though it were  
Good in itself and in its working power.  
I must myself from out the spirit-world  
Send forth afar my influence on all  
Which shows itself on Earth as the result  
Of that which I have brought forth from my mind.  
And if I should let evil issue forth  
From out the spirit-world, through these results,  
Then would the truth do damage greater far  
Than error, for men follow after truth  
According to their insight, error not.  
I shall for certain at some future time  
Turn the results of this my act to ill  
For Ahriman hath clearly shewn to me  
That these results must all belong to him.  
While I was at my work, and filled with joy  
That it should lead me with such certain tread  
Step after step, up truth's great pyramid,  
I only noticed in my soul that part  
Which lent itself to help me in my search;  
And all the rest I left without a guard.  
All those wild impulses, which formerly  
Were but in bud, could now in quietude  
Bloom forth and ripen into full grown fruits.  
I thought I dwelt in highest spirit-realms,  
But was in truth in deepest night of soul.  
It was the strength of these same impulses  
Which showed me clearly Ahriman's own realm.  
And so I know the effect that I shall have,  
For in the future all these impulses  
Will go to form my personality.  
Before I took this work in hand, I gave  
Myself to Lucifer, because I wished  
To learn to know and understand his realm.

Now know I, what I could not see before  
When I was lost entirely in my work,  
That he it was who wove around my thought  
Those beautiful pictures, which within my soul  
Brought forth wild impulses, which silent now  
Will surely one day gain control of me.

TRUSTWORTHY:

How can one who hath reached such spirit-heights  
And knows all this for certain, yet believe  
That he hath no escape from evil left?  
Why, thou canst see where danger for thee lies;  
And so canst crush it, and with courage save  
Thyself, and the results of thy great work:  
A spirit-pupil is in duty bound  
To kill what hinders progress in himself.

THOMASIUUS:

I see, thou judgest not by cosmic laws,  
I could e'en now fulfil what thou dost wish  
And I myself could quite well tell myself  
In this same hour all that thou tellest me.  
But that which Karma now doth let me do  
Will not in future be permissible.  
For things must come which will o'ershadow me  
And darken all my spirit, till I turn  
To that which I described to thee just now.  
Then as the world progresses I will seize  
With greed on anything that's in my work  
Which can be used for harm, and all of this  
I will embody in my spirit-life.  
Then I shall have to love great Ahriman  
And joyfully to his possession give  
All that I have derived from earthly life.

(Pause, during which Thomasius meditates deeply.)

If all alone I could encounter this,

And bear it also in my soul alone,  
I could await with fullest peace of mind  
All that was destined for me on my way.  
But it will harm your league as much as me.  
Whatever bad shall follow from my work  
Both for myself and other souls of men,  
Will find its balance through just Karma's law.  
The fact that ye fell victims to this fault  
Makes it far harder for the life of earth,  
Since ye are leaders in this self-same life  
And ought to read the spirit-worlds aright.  
Ye ought not to have failed to notice then  
That it was someone else, and not myself  
Who should have had the doing of this work.  
Ye should have known it must be put aside  
For now; and later would appear again  
Through one who otherwise would guide its course.  
So by your judgment, ye deprive the league  
Of rights it ought to have, if it would still  
Direct the service of the Sacred Place.  
Because this fate for you was shown to me  
I now appear upon your threshold here.  
Knowledge would otherwise have kept me far,  
For truly I can claim no blessing now  
Upon this work, which does both good and harm.

HILARY:

Dear brethren, that which we have just begun,  
Cannot be carried any further now.  
We must betake ourselves unto the Place  
From whence the Spirit can make known His will.

(Hilary leaves the hall with Bellicosus, Torquatus, and Trustworthy. Doctor Strader and Felix Balde also leave. Only Maria and Thomasius are left.)

(The hall grows dark. After a short pause the three Spirit-forms Philia, Astrid, and Luna appear in a cloud of light, and group themselves so that they completely hide Maria. The following is a

spirit-experience of Thomasius.)

PHILIA:

The soul is athirst  
To drink of the light  
Which flows from the worlds,  
An all-caring will  
Hides close from mankind.  
But eagerly seeks  
The spirit to hear  
The language divine  
Which wisdom in love  
Doth hide from the heart.  
For danger surrounds  
The thoughts that would search  
In realms of the soul,  
Where secret things rule  
The senses from far.

ASTRID:

Yet souls are enlarged,  
Which follow the light  
And work through the worlds  
Which bold spirit-sight  
Reveals to mankind.  
The spirit doth strive  
Enraptured to live  
In realms of the gods  
Which wisdom benign  
Makes known to the seer.  
There mysteries beckon  
The bold keen desire  
To win those new worlds  
Which far from man's thought  
Deep secrets conceal.

LUNA:

It ripens the soul  
To picture the sight  
Whence powers will spring forth  
Which will, reft of fear,  
Doth kindle in man.  
The ransoming powers  
From primeval depths  
Bring magical might  
That sense cannot know,  
Close barriered in earth.  
And traces are there  
That each searching soul  
May find out the gate  
Fast closed by the gods  
'Gainst erring desire.

THE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE (invisible):

Now totter thy thoughts  
In Being's abyss;  
And what was lent as help to them,  
Thou now hast lost.  
And what shone as the sun for them  
For thee is quenched.  
Alone in cosmic depths thou wanderest,  
Which men intoxicated with desire  
Would seek to win.  
Thou tremblest in the fundamentals of growth  
Where men must learn to be bereft of all  
Comfort of soul....

(The last words run straight on into the following ones spoken by Maria, who is still hidden by the Spirit-forms and cannot be seen. She speaks at first in a ghostly inward voice.)

MARIA:

So blend thy soul  
To powers of love  
Which once could penetrate her with the hope

Of living warmth,  
Which once could all her will illuminate  
With spirit-light.  
Rescue from loneliness  
The powers of heart that seek  
And feel the nearness of thy friend  
In the darkness of thy strife.

(The Spirit-forms vanish with the cloud of light. Maria becomes visible in her old place. Maria and Thomasius are alone, standing opposite each other. From now onwards the experiences are on the physical plane.)

THOMASIUS (rousing himself from deep meditation):

Where was I even now? My powers of soul  
Unveiled the conflict of my inner-self;  
The conscience of the world revealed to me  
What I had lost; and then as blessing came  
The voice of Love within the darksome realm.

MARIA:

Johannes, the companion of thy soul  
May once again be present at thy side,  
And follow thee to earth's primeval depths,  
Where souls can win perception e'en as gods,  
By conquest that destroyeth, yet acquires  
By bold persistence life from seeming death.  
E'en in the ever empty fields of ice  
She may go with her friend, where he will be  
Encircled with the light which spirits form  
When darkness wounds and maims the powers of life.  
My friend, thou standest at that threshold now,  
Where man must lose what once he hath attained.  
Full many a glance thou hast toward spirit-realms  
Directed, and from them hast gained the power  
That made thee capable of thy great work.  
It seems to thee, that now that work is lost;



Desire not then that it were otherwise,  
For such desire must rob thee of all power  
Of further progress into spirit-realms.  
Whether thou walk'st in error or in truth,  
Thou canst keep ever clear the view ahead,  
Which lets thy soul press further on its path  
If thou dost bravely bear necessities  
Imposed upon thee by the spirit-realm.  
This is the law of spirit-pupilship.  
So long as thou still harbourest the wish  
That what hath happened might be otherwise  
Thou wilt forego the power which must be thine,  
If thou dost wish to stay in spirit-land.  
That thou hast lost what thou erewhile hadst won  
Is surest sign to thee that thou may'st walk  
In safety further on the spirit-path.  
Henceforward thou must not rely upon,  
If thou in truth regardest it as lost,  
That understanding which thou hast till now  
Well-used as the criterion of thy work.  
Therefore thy being must become quite still  
And wait in silence for the spirit's gifts;  
Then only wilt thou commune with thyself  
When thou once more hast won thyself anew.  
Oft hast thou met the solemn Guardian  
Who on the Threshold keeps so strict a watch  
When spirit-life must part from world of sense;  
But past that presence hast thou never been.  
At sight of him aye didst thou turn away  
And all thy view was pictured from without....  
Ne'er in that inner world which widens out  
Beyond thee as the spirit-verity,  
Have thy steps trod: so must thou now await  
That which shall be revealed, when at my side  
Thou shalt not only to such world draw nigh,  
But shalt pass o'er the Threshold's boundary.

Curtain

### SCENE 3

In Lucifer's kingdom. A space which is not enclosed by artificial walls, but by fantastic forms which resemble plants, animals, etc. All in various brilliant shades of red. In the background are arranged three transparencies showing the top of Raphael's 'Disputa,' Leonardo's 'Last Supper,' and Raphael's 'School of Athens.' These are illuminated from the back of the stage whenever Maria or Benedictus challenges Lucifer. At other times they are invisible. On the right, Lucifer's throne. At first only the souls of Capesius and Maria are present. After a time Lucifer appears, and later on Benedictus and Thomasius, with his etheric counterpart or 'double,' and lastly, Theodora.

MARIA:

Thou, who within the realm of sense art named  
Capesius, I wonder why it is  
Thou art the being whom I meet the first  
In Lucifer's domain: 'tis dangerous  
When spirits of this place blow round one's head.

CAPESIUS (in astral garb):

O speak not to me of Capesius  
Who in the kingdom of the Earth erewhile  
Strove through a life which he hath long since known  
Was but a dream. Whilst there be bent his mind  
Upon such things as ever come to pass  
As time streams on. And he had set himself  
In that way to discover all the powers  
Through which mankind fulfils its spirit-life.  
What thus he came to know about those powers  
He tried to keep deep fastened in his soul.  
Now only in this realm one understands

To judge aright the knowledge he pursued.  
He thought the pictures he possessed were true  
And could reveal to him reality;  
But, viewed from here, they clearly show themselves  
As naught but empty dreams, which Spirit-hands  
Have woven round about weak men of Earth.  
They cannot bear the cold clear light of truth.  
They would be utterly afraid and stunned  
If they should learn how all the course of life  
Is turned by spirits after their ideas.

MARIA:

Thou speakest as I've only heard those speak  
Who ne'er have been incarnate on the Earth.  
They tell you Earth hath no significance,  
That in the universe its work is small.  
But he who hath belonged to realms of Earth  
And owes to it the best powers that he hath,  
Will have a different tale to tell thereof.  
He finds important many threads of fate  
Which bind Earth's life to that of all the worlds.  
E'en Lucifer who works here with such power  
Must keep his gaze fixed fast upon the Earth,  
And seek to turn men's deeds in such a way  
That their results may ripen his own soul.  
He knows he'd fall a victim to the dark  
If he could find no booty on the Earth,  
And so his fate is bound up with that sphere.  
So too, with those who dwell in other worlds.  
And when the human soul can clearly see  
The cosmic goal, which Lucifer desires,  
And can compare with it what those powers wish  
Who have him as opponent to their aims,  
Then will she know that he can be destroyed  
Through conquests which she gains o'er her own self.

CAPESIUS:

The human being who here talks with thee

Thinks that fate dreadful, which compels him now  
To wear a body round him; which hath yet  
The breath of life and keeps its earthly form,  
Although the spirit hath no more control.  
At such a time this spirit feels indeed  
That worlds, he values, fall at one fierce blow.  
He feels himself within a prison-house  
Narrow and horrible with naught all round.  
Remembrance of the life that he passed through  
Seems, as it were, extinguished from his soul.  
At times he feels aware of human souls,  
But what they say he cannot understand;  
He only catches some especial words  
Which lift themselves from out the general talk,  
And bring remembrance of the loveliness  
Which he can gaze on in the Spirit-realms.  
He's in his body then, and yet is not;  
And lives within himself a life he fears  
When he beholds it from this region here:  
And he is longing for the time to come  
When from this body he will be set free.

MARIA:

The body which is proper to Earth-souls  
Bears in itself the means to recreate  
In lofty pictures loveliness sublime:  
Which pictures, even if their substance now  
Seems but a shadow in the human soul,  
Are yet the buds which in the future worlds  
Will open out to blossom and to fruit.  
So through his body man may serve the gods.  
And his soul's life doth show in its true light  
Only when in his body he doth find  
The power to give his "I" reality.

CAPESIUS:

Ah, utter not that word in front of him  
Who stands before thee now in Spirit-realms

And on the Earth is called Capesius.  
He fain would flee away when that word sounds,  
So fierce it burns him here.

MARIA:

So thou dost hate  
That which first gives true being unto men?  
How canst thou come to live within this realm  
If so appalling seems that word to thee?  
For no one can arrive as far as this  
Who hath not faced the nature of that word.

CAPESIUS:

He who appears to thee hath often stood  
Before great Lucifer who rules this realm.  
And Lucifer hath made it clear to him  
That only souls, who consciously make use  
Of powers that from their earthly bodies come,  
Can harm the realm which doth obey his will.  
Those souls however who go through their life  
Within the body, as it were in swoon,  
And yet already have clairvoyant power,  
These only learn in Lucifer's domain,  
And cannot cause it harm in any way.

MARIA:

I know that in these realms of Spirit-life  
'Tis not by words, but sight, that one doth learn.  
What in this moment I have come to see  
Because of thine appearance to me here,  
Will later show itself within my soul  
As progress in my spirit-pupilship.

CAPESIUS:

Here 'tis not only teaching that one gains;  
Duties are also shown one in this place.

Thou hast here spoken with the soul of him  
Who calls himself Capesius on earth.  
The spirit-glances into former lives  
That are accorded thee, will show to thee  
Thou owest much through Karma unto him.  
Therefore thou shouldst petition Lucifer  
That he, the great Light-Bearer, should allow  
Capesius to guard thee on the Earth.  
Thou knowest through thy wisdom well enough  
What thou canst do for him, so that he may  
Be led again to thee in later lives  
So that through thee the debt may be wiped out.

MARIA:

And so this duty which I hold so dear  
Must be fulfilled through power from Lucifer?

CAPESIUS:

Thou dost desire this duty to fulfil,  
And that can only be through Lucifer.  
Look! Here he comes, the Spirit of the Light.

(Lucifer appears and, in the course of his speech, Benedictus.)

LUCIFER:

Maria, thou art asking at my throne  
Self-knowledge for that very human soul  
Who standeth near thee in the life on Earth.  
It cannot learn to know itself aright  
Except by gazing deep into myself;  
And that it will achieve without thine aid.  
How canst thou think that I would grant to thee  
All that thou mayst desire for this thy friend?  
Thou namest Benedictus as thy guide,  
Who is my strong opponent on the Earth,  
Lending unto mine enemies his strength.  
Already hath he stolen much from me.

Johannes cut himself adrift from him  
And placed himself beneath my guiding hand.  
He cannot yet indeed see my true self  
Because he hath not yet the seer's full power.  
He will attain it later through myself,  
And then he will entirely be mine own.  
But I command thee not to speak a word  
That might apply to him in any way  
So long as thou dost stand before my throne.  
Any such word would burn me in this place.  
Here words are deeds, and deeds must follow them;  
But what might follow--from such words of thine--  
It must not be----

#### BENEDICTUS:

Thou must give ear to her.  
For where words have an equal power with deeds  
They come in consequence of former deeds.  
The deed is done that conquers Lucifer.  
Maria is my spirit-pupil true.  
I could direct her to that point, whence she  
Could recognize the highest spirit-task,  
Which same she will most certainly fulfil.  
And in fulfilling it she will for sure  
Build in Johannes power and balm to heal,  
Which will release him from thy kingdom's grip.  
Maria carries deep within her soul  
A solemn holy vow which doth awake  
Such healing powers in progress of the worlds.  
Soon wilt thou hear all this put into words,  
But if with powerful thought thou wouldst suppress  
And veil the rays of light through which thou gainst  
The magic power to strive against, and win  
The victory o'er all that selfhood means,  
I think that then thou'lt glimpse the healing rays,  
Which will in future shine with such a strength  
That they will draw Johannes to their realm,  
By their all-powerful love.

MARIA:

Johannes soon  
Will here appear; and yet in such a form  
As earthly souls would recognize as theirs,  
Will come that being, who within the man  
Lies hid as dual personality.  
And if Johannes could but recognize  
Thee as thou seemest to his earthly form  
It could not bring to him all he requires  
To help him in the progress of his soul.  
Thou shalt vouchsafe to him this double now  
For him to use upon those spirit-paths  
O'er which I shall in future guide his steps.

LUCIFER:

Johannes then must stand before me now.  
I feel full well the power which comes from thee;  
It hath opposed me since the Earth began.

(Enter Johannes Thomasius and his Etheric Counterpart from different sides of the stage at the same moment, and meet face to face.)

THOMASIUS:

O mine own Likeness, up till now thou hast  
Shown thyself to me only that I might  
Be frightened at the sight of mine own self.  
I cannot understand thee much as yet;  
I only know that thou dost guide my soul.  
'Tis thou then who dost baulk me of free life  
And dost prevent me from due cognizance  
Of what I really am. Now must I hear  
Thee speak in front of Lucifer, to see  
What I in future years shall yet achieve.

THOMASIUS' DOUBLE:

'Tis true I often was allowed to come



And bring Johannes knowledge of himself.  
But I could only work in those soul depths,  
Which still are hidden from his consciousness.  
My life within him hath for some long time  
Been subject to considerable change.  
Maria used to stand close to his side.  
He thought her bound in spirit to himself;  
I showed him that the true guides of his soul  
Were only passion and impulsiveness.  
He could but think of this as some reproach,  
But thou couldst show, O Light-Bearer sublime,  
To sensual tendencies the way by which  
They best might serve the spirit-purposes.  
Johannes from Maria had to part,  
And give himself forthwith to earnest thought  
Which hath the power to purify men's souls.  
What from his purity of thought streamed forth  
Flowed also into me, and I was changed.  
I felt his purity within myself.  
Nought need he fear from me, if he should now  
Feel once more drawn toward Maria's soul.  
But he belongs, as yet, to thy domain,  
And at this moment I demand him back.  
For he could now experience myself,  
Unless thou will'st to misdirect his sense.  
He needs me now, that from me there may flow  
Into his thought with mighty conscious strength  
Both warmth of soul and also power of heart.  
Then once more shall he find himself as man.

LUCIFER:

I count thy striving good. Yet can I not  
Grant to thee all that thou dost ask of me.  
For should I give thee to Johannes now  
In that same form wherein in former years  
Thou didst appear before his mind and soul,  
He would at present only give his love  
To thinking and to knowledge cold and bare;  
And all warm individuality

Would seem unfeeling, meaningless and dead.  
It is not thus my power must fashion him.  
Through me he must discover in himself  
His living personality and self.  
I must transform thee, if the thing that's right  
Shall come forth for his health and progress now.  
I have a long time since prepared for all  
That now shall clearly show itself in thee.  
In future thou wilt seem another man.  
Johannes will no more Maria love,  
As he hath loved her in the days gone by.  
Yet none the less he'll love, with all the strength  
And all the passion he once gave to her.

BENEDICTUS:

The glorious work in which we've gained success  
Thou wouldst now turn unto thine own account.  
Thou hast Johannes through his power of heart  
Marked for thine own one day; and yet thou seest  
That thou must make the fetters stronger still  
If thou wouldst keep his being for thyself.  
His heart will be beneath his spirit's rule--  
If that is so then all the knowledge-work  
Which he on Earth accomplished, must be giv'n  
In future, for their own, to those great Powers  
Which thou hast fought against since Time began.  
If thou succeed'st in lowering that love  
Which now Johannes for Maria feels  
And changing it by cunning to the lust  
Which thou dost now require for thine own ends,  
Then will he turn the good he did on Earth,  
To evil ends from out the Spirit-worlds.

MARIA:

Then he may yet be saved? 'Tis not decreed  
That he must fall a victim to the powers  
That want to gain his work now for themselves?

BENEDICTUS:

It would be so if all the Powers remained  
Just as at present they have formed themselves;  
But if at the right hour thou dost allow  
Thy vow to take effect in thine own soul  
Those powers must change their course in future times.

LUCIFER:

So work, compelling powers,  
Ye elemental sprites,  
Feel now your Master's power;  
And smooth for me the way,  
That leads from realms of Earth  
That so there may draw near  
To Lucifer's domain  
Whate'er my wish desires  
Whate'er obeys my will.

(Theodora appears.)

THEODORA:

Who calleth me to realms so strange to me?  
I like it not, unless the world of gods  
Reveals itself in love unto my soul,  
And glowing warmth entwining round my heart  
Draws spirit-speech from out mine inmost soul.

THOMASIIUS' DOUBLE:

Ah, how thou dost transform my very life!  
Thou hast appeared, and here am I, a man  
Who now can only work when filled by thee.  
Johannes shall, through me, be now thine own,  
And from henceforward thou shalt have the love  
Which once so fearful and so radiant  
Was wrested for Maria from his heart.  
He saw thee years ago, but did not then

Feel all the warmth of love which was to grow  
In secret in the depths of his own soul.  
Now it will rise, and fill him full of power,  
And turn his thoughts entirely to thyself.

BENEDICTUS:

The crucial moment is arriving now,  
His strongest power hath Lucifer let loose:  
Maria, all the training of thy soul  
Thou must put forth in strength to vanquish him.

MARIA:

O Bearer of that Light, which would confine  
Love only to the service of the self;  
Thou hast from Earth's beginning granted men  
Knowledge, when they, still guided by the gods,  
Obeyed the spirit, knowing nought of self.  
But since that time each soul of man hath been  
The place in which thou fightest 'gainst the gods.  
Yet now the times are coming, which must bring  
Destruction on thyself and on thy realms.  
A thinker bold was able to release  
Science from all thy gifts in such a way  
That unto mankind's gods it gave itself.  
But thou dost try once more to get the powers,  
Which for the gods are destined, for thyself.  
Because Johannes through his work hath now  
Deprived thee of that knowledge, with whose fruit  
Thou from the first deceived'st all mankind,  
So now thou would'st deceive him, through that love  
Which, should he follow out his destined path  
For Theodora he should never feel.  
Thou fain wouldst conquer Wisdom now by Love,  
As once 'gainst Love thou didst by Wisdom fight.  
But know full well that in Maria's heart,  
With which she now opposeth thy designs,  
The spirit-pupilship hath planted powers  
To keep far off, for ever, all self-love

From Knowledge. Never from this hour will I  
Allow myself to be possessed by joy  
Such as men feel when thoughts grow ripe within.  
I'll steel my heart to serve as sacrifice  
So that my mind can always only think  
In such a way that through my thoughts I may  
Offer the fruits of Knowledge to the gods.  
My sacred service shall such Knowledge be,  
And what I thus effect within myself  
Shall o'er Johannes powerfully outstream,  
And oft, in future, when within his heart  
These words are whispered from thyself to him:  
'Man's human nature shall through love find out  
What gives strength to his personality.'  
Then shall my heart this powerful answer give:  
'Once didst thou hear these words, when Earth began,  
And there didst show forth signs of Wisdom's fruit,  
"The fruits of love can only come to man  
When they are brought to him from realms divine."'

LUCIFER:

I mean to fight.

BENEDICTUS:

And fighting, serve the gods.

Curtain

SCENE 4

A cheerful pink room in the home of Strader and his wife Theodora.

One

notices by the arrangement that they use it as a room in common, where they carry on their various works. On his table there are mechanical models; on hers things to do with mystic studies. The two are holding a conversation which shows that they are absorbed in the fact that it is the seventh anniversary of their wedding day.

STRADER:

'Tis seven years today since thou becam'st  
The loved and dear companion of my life  
And also unto me a source of light,  
Which shone upon a life which formerly  
Was threatened only with approaching dark.  
In spirit-life I was a starving man  
When thou didst first stand at my side and give  
That which the world had aye withheld from me.  
For long years had I striven earnestly  
To probe the depths of science with my mind  
And find the worth of life and goal of man.  
One day I clearly had to recognize  
That all this striving had been quite in vain  
Hadst thou not shown that man's spirit seeks  
How to reveal itself through certain things  
Which shunned my knowledge and my eager thought.  
I met thee then amongst that company  
Where Benedictus was the guide of all,  
And listened to thy revelations there.  
Later I saw how in Thomasius  
The spirit-pupilship could work with power  
Within the human soul. What thus I saw  
Robbed me of faith in science and good sense,  
And yet it showed me nothing at that time  
Which really seemed to me intelligent.  
I turned away from all the realm of thought  
And went on living in an aimless way  
Since life had ceased to be of worth to me.  
I gave myself to technique that it might  
Bring me oblivion and forgetfulness,  
And lived a life of torment, till once more

I met thee, for the second time; and then  
Our friendship soon grew deep and ripe for love.

THEODORA:

It is but natural, that on this day  
Remembrance of those old times should again  
Stand out so vividly before thy soul.  
I also feel a need in mine own heart  
To look back once again upon those days  
When we were drawn together in life's bond.  
I felt the constant strengthening at that time  
Within me of the power which made my soul  
Able for knowledge from the spirit-worlds.  
And under Felix Balde's noble lead  
This power grew on thenceforward to that height  
At which it stood just seven years ago.  
About that time I met Capesius  
One day in Felix' lovely woodland home.  
A long life had he spent in deep research  
And won his way to spirit-pupilship.  
He greatly wished to be allowed to learn  
My way of gazing on the spirit-world.  
So after that I spent much time with him.  
And in his house I chanced to meet with thee  
And could bring healing to thy mental wounds.

STRADER:

And then the true light shone into my soul  
Which long had only gazed upon the dark.  
I saw at last what spirit is, in truth.  
Thou ledd'st me on in such a way to see  
What was disclosed to thee from higher worlds,  
That every doubt might swiftly disappear.  
All this at that time worked so much on me  
That first I thought of thee as nothing else  
Except a medium for the spirit's work.  
It was a long while e'er I recognized  
That not my mind alone hung on thy words,

Which did reveal to it its true abode;  
But that my heart was taken captive too  
And could no longer live without thee near.

THEODORA:

Then didst thou tell me that which thou didst feel  
And all thy words were in so strange a form;  
It seemed as if thou never hadst one thought  
That all the longing dwelling in thy heart  
Could even hope it might be satisfied.  
Thy words showed clearly that it was advice  
That thou wast seeking from thy sister-soul.  
Thou spakst of help which thou didst then require  
And of the strengthening of thy powers of soul  
Which otherwise must keep thee prison-bound.

STRADER:

That my soul's messenger could be by fate  
Destined to be companion of my life  
Lay very far from all I had in mind  
When, seeking help, I showed my heart to thee.

THEODORA:

And yet those very words which cut adrift  
Thy heart from mine at first, soon went to prove  
That all of this could not be otherwise--  
Hearts often have to point the way to fate.

STRADER:

And when thy heart pronounced the fateful word  
My soul was flooded o'er with waves of life  
Which, though I could not feel, I knew were there;  
'Twas not till late, when my memory  
Rose from the depths of my subconscious soul,  
That they fulfilled themselves in rays of light.  
I could know all, from what my mem'ry taught,



But could not live it then, because so much  
Still held me far apart from spirit-life.  
'Twas then indeed I first became aware  
Of spirit in close contact with my soul.  
Ne'er have I felt like that again; and yet  
That knowledge gave to me a certainty  
That hath illuminated all my life.  
And then flowed on these seven wondrous years.  
I learned to feel how e'en mechanic skill  
Which now I study, is enriched by souls  
Whose attitude t'ward spirit-life is right.  
'Twas through the spirit-power which thou couldst give  
And which made such demands upon my life  
That I was able to look out beyond  
The strife for power, and thence quite suddenly  
As if it had been prompted, there appeared  
Before my wondering spirit that new work  
From which we now may dare to hope so much  
And in thy light I felt within my soul  
The full awakening of all those powers  
Which would have perished, had I lived alone.  
This certainty of life which I had won  
Let me stand upright then, just at that time  
When, in such startling wise, Thomasius  
Condemned before the Rose Cross brotherhood  
The work of his own brain, and cast himself  
Adrift, with judgment hard, just at that hour  
Which could have brought him to his life's full height.  
This inner certainty could hold me fast  
When all the outer world seemed to reveal  
Naught but a mass of contradicting facts.  
Through thee alone have I gained all this power.  
The spirit-revelation which thou gav'st  
Brought me the sense of knowledge I had won;  
And when the revelation came no more  
Thou still didst stay my strength and light of soul.

THEODORA (in a broken sentence, as if meditating deeply):

Then when the revelation came no more ...

STRADER:

'Tis that which often made me sorrowful.  
I wondered if 'twere not deep pain to thee  
To lose thy seeress' power of second-sight,  
And whether thou didst suffer silently,  
Lest I should grieve: and yet thy temperament  
Showed thou couldst bear with calmness fate's decree.  
But lately thou hast seemed to me to change,  
Joy no more streams from thee as heretofore  
And thine eye's glowing light begins to fade.

THEODORA:

Indeed it could not be deep pain to me  
When spirit-revelation disappeared.  
My fate had only changed my way of life;  
Which I must needs accept with patience calm.  
But now 'tis born once more, and brings great grief.

STRADER:

This is the first time in these seven years  
I cannot fathom Theodora's mind;  
For each experience of spirit-life  
Was such a source of inward joy to thee.

THEODORA:

Quite different is the revelation now.  
At first, as then, I feel myself constrained  
To drive away all thought that is mine own;  
But where, before, after some little time  
When I achieved this inward emptiness  
A gentle light did hover round my soul  
And spirit-pictures wished to form themselves;  
There come now unseen feelings of disgust;  
Which come in such a way that I am sure  
The power I feel within comes from without--

Then fear I cannot banish pours itself  
Into my life and governs all my soul--  
And gladly would I flee from that dread Shape  
That is invisible, and yet abhorred.  
It tries to reach me with its evil will  
And I can only hate what is revealed.

STRADER:

With Theodora 'tis not possible.  
They say that what one thus lives through, is but  
The mirrored working of one's own soul-powers.  
Yet thy soul could not show such things as these.

THEODORA (painfully, slowly, as if reflecting):

I know indeed that such ideas are held--  
Therefore with all the power that still was mine  
I sank into the spirit-world and prayed  
That those same beings who so oft before  
Were kind to me, would graciously reveal  
How I could learn the cause of all my pain.

(Now follow in broken words):

And then ... the shining Light ... came ... as before  
And formed ... the image ... of an earthly man....  
It was ... Thomasius ...

STRADER (painfully, overcome by the quick inrush of feelings):

... Thomasius ...  
The man in whom I always have believed ...

(Pause, then meditating painfully.)

When I again recall before my soul  
How he behaved towards the Mystic League ...  
How of himself and Ahriman he spake----

(Theodora is lost in contemplation, and stares blankly into space, as if her spirit were absent.)

STRADER:

O Theodora ... what dost thou ... see now....

Curtain

SCENE 5

A round room in the little house in the wood, described in the "Soul's Probation," as Felix Balde's home. Dame Balde, Felix Balde, Capesius, Strader, are seen seated at a table on the left of the stage. Later appears the Soul of Theodora. The room is the natural colour of the wood and has two pretty arched windows.

DAME BALDE:

We shall not know again her beauteous self  
Nor feel her radiant nature till we too  
Shall reach some day the world to which she hath  
So early from our sight been stol'n away.  
A few short weeks ago we still could hear  
With joy in this our house the graciousness  
That streamed so warmly through her every word.

FELIX BALDE:

We both, my wife Felicia, and myself,  
Loved her indeed from out our inmost soul,  
So can we share and understand thy grief.

STRADER:

Dear Theodora, she so often spoke  
Throughout the last hours of her life on earth  
Of Dame Felicia and of Felix too;  
She was so closely intimate with all  
That life brought to you here from day to day.

Now must I grope my further path alone.  
She was the sum and meaning of my life.  
And what she gave, can never die for me.  
And yet--she is not here----

FELIX BALDE:

Yet can we still  
With thee send out our loving thoughts to her  
Into the spirit-worlds, and thus unite  
Her soul with ours through all the days to come.  
But, I must own, it was a shock to us  
When we were told her life on Earth was o'er.  
These many years there hath been granted me  
A gift of insight which doth often show  
In unexpected moments quite unsought  
What inward strength doth lie in all men's lives;  
In her case hath this gift deceived me sore.  
For ne'er indeed could I think otherwise,  
Except that Theodora would be spared  
To spend on Earth for many years as yet  
That love through which she hath in joy and grief  
Shown herself helpful to so many men.

STRADER:

'Tis very strange how all hath come to pass;  
As long as I have known her, had she lived  
Ever the same sound healthy mode of life.  
But since the time she first became aware  
Of Something strange, unknown, that threatened her  
And tried to enter and oppress her mind;

Her senses clouded over more and more  
And suffering poured itself through all her life.  
Her body's powers were sapped, as one could see  
By some great struggle in her inmost soul.  
She told me, when in my anxiety,--  
I plied her oft with many questionings--  
She felt herself exposed to fearful thoughts  
Which frightened her and worked like fire within.  
And what she said besides--'tis terrible,  
For when she rallied all her powers of thought  
To find the cause of all this suffering  
There always came before her spirit's gaze  
Thomasius ... whom we both honoured so,  
And yet from this impression aye remained  
The strongest feelings which spake clear to her  
That she had cause to fear Thomasius.

CAPESIUS (spoken as in a trance):

According to the strict decree of Fate  
Thomasius and Theodora ne'er  
Could meet in earthly passion in this life.  
'Twould be indeed opposed to cosmic laws  
If one desired to make the other feel  
Aught that was not on spirit only based.  
Within his heart Thomasius doth break  
The stern decree of mighty powers of Fate:  
That he should never harbour in his soul  
Thoughts that might bring to Theodora harm.  
For he doth feel what he ought not to feel  
And, through his disobedience he doth form  
E'en now the powers which can deliver o'er  
His future life unto the realms of dark.  
When Theodora had been forced to come  
To Lucifer, she learnt unconsciously  
That through the Light-bearer, Thomasius  
Was filled with sensual passion for herself.  
Maria, who had been by Fate's decree  
Entrusted with Thomasius' spirit-life,  
And Theodora, at the same time met

Within that realm which fights against the gods--  
Maria from Thomasius had to part,  
And he through strength of this false love was forced  
To be in bondage unto Lucifer.  
What Theodora thus experienced  
Became consuming fire within her soul  
And working further caused her all this pain.

STRADER:

Oh tell us, Father Felix, what this means.  
Capesius speaks in such a manner strange  
Of things which are incomprehensible;  
And yet they fill my soul with dread and fear.

FELIX BALDE:

Capesius, when treading o'er the path,  
Which he hath found most needful for his soul  
Learns ever more and more to exercise  
Those special gifts of spirit which are his;  
His spirit lives in touch with higher worlds  
And passeth by unnoticed all those things  
Through which the senses speak unto the soul.  
'Tis but by habit that he doth perform  
All that hath been his custom in this life.  
He ever tried to visit his old friends  
And likes to while away long hours with them,  
And yet whenever he is at their side  
His being seems in meditation lost.  
But what he sees in spirit eye is true  
So far as mine own searching of the soul  
Can testify to proving of the truth.  
And therefore in this case I do believe  
That owing to these spirit-gifts, he could  
Perceive within the depths of his own soul  
The truth of Theodora's destiny.

DAME BALDE:

It is so strange, he never notices  
What those around him may be speaking of;  
It seems his soul is from his body loosed  
And gazeth only on the spirit-world;  
And yet some word will often bring him back  
Out of this strange abstraction, and he'll tell  
Of things that seem to come from spirit-realms  
And somehow be connected with that word.  
Apart from that whatever one may say  
Makes no impression on his mind at all.

STRADER:

Ah! if he speaks the truth--how horrible--

(Theodora's Soul appears.)

THEODORA'S SOUL:

Capesius hath been allowed to know  
Of my existence in the spirit-world:  
It is the truth which he makes known to you.  
We must not let Thomasius transgress:  
Maria hath already set alight  
The sacrifice of love in her strong heart;  
And Theodora from the spirit-heights  
Will send out rays of blessing from Love's power.

FELIX BALDE:

Dear Strader, thou must now be calm and still;  
She wants to speak to thee; I understand  
The signs she gives to us: so now attend.

THEODORA (after making a movement with her hand towards  
Strader):

Thomasius possesseth second sight;  
And he will find me in the spirit-realms.  
This must not be until he is set free



From earthly passion in his search for me.  
In future he will also need thy help,  
And that is what I now request of thee.

STRADER:

My Theodora, who dost even now  
Turn to me as of old in love, say on  
What thou desirest, and it shall be done.

(Theodora makes a sign towards Capesius.)

FELIX BALDE:

That shows she cannot now say any more,  
But wisheth us to hear Capesius speak.

(Theodora vanishes.)

CAPESIUS (as in a trance):

Thomasius can Theodora see,  
If he doth choose to use his spirit-eyes.  
Therefore her death will not destroy in him  
This passion which is harmful to himself.  
Yet will he have to act quite otherwise  
Than he would act if Theodora still  
Lived in the body on this earth of ours.  
He will with passion strive toward the light  
Which is revealed to her from spirit-heights  
Although she hath no consciousness of earth.  
Thomasius is set to win that light  
That through him Lucifer may gain it too.  
This light divine would then help Lucifer  
To keep for evermore within his realm  
The knowledge which Thomasius acquired  
And won for his own use through earthly power.  
For Lucifer, since first the Earth began  
Hath ever sought for men who have acquired  
Wisdom divine through instincts that were false.

He wills now to unite pure spirit-sight  
With human knowledge, which, if treated thus  
Would turn to evil, though 'twere good itself.  
Thomasius however even now  
May be turned back from this his evil way,  
If Strader gives himself to certain aims  
Which shall in future spiritually guide  
All human knowledge, that it may approach  
And join itself to knowledge that's divine.  
If he would have these aims revealed, he must  
As pupil unto Benedictus turn.

(Pause.)

STRADER (to Felix Balde):

O father Felix, give me thine advice.  
Hath Theodora really trusted this  
Unto Capesius to tell to me?

FELIX BALDE:

These last few days I have most earnestly  
Held converse often with mine inmost self  
To try and to clear my thoughts about this man.  
Gladly I'll tell thee all I know myself.  
Capesius is living in true wise  
The life of spirit-pupilship, although  
From his behaviour it seems otherwise.  
He is already destined by his fate  
Much to accomplish in the spirit-life.  
And only can fulfil the duties high  
To which his soul hath been already called  
If he prepares his spirit for them now.  
And yet it lay quite near his nature too,  
Instead of seeking light on spirit-paths,  
Unto false science to devote himself,  
Which can just now make blind so many souls.  
The solemn Guardian on the Threshold grim,  
Which marks the world of sense from spirit-worlds,

Had duties of a most especial kind  
When to the gate Capesius found his way.  
To such an earnest seeker must the gate  
Needs open, but behind him shut at once.  
The means he used in former times to win  
Power for himself within the world of sense  
Could no more help him in the spirit-realms.  
He best prepares himself for service high  
Which he one day must render to mankind  
When he ignores our presence and our talk.

DAME BALDE:

There is but one thing he still notices.  
I mean the stories that I used to tell  
So often to him and through which he felt  
Refreshed and reawakened to new thought  
When his soul seemed bereft of all ideas.

CAPESIUS:

Such stories find their way to spirit-lands  
If in the spirit also they are told.

DAME BALDE:

Then, if I can collect myself enough  
To speak my stories out within myself  
I'll think of thee with love: so that they then  
May also in the spirit-land be heard.

Curtain

SCENE 6

A space not circumscribed by artificial walls but enclosed by intertwined plants like trees and structures which spread out and send shoots into the interior. Owing to natural occurrences the whole is moving violently and is sometimes filled with storm. The stage is divided into two groves, separated for a short distance by a row of trees. The grove on right of stage is appropriated later by Lucifer and his Spirits, and the left grove by Ahriman and his Spirits. The dance movements are set to music. Maria and Capesius are on the stage as the curtain rises; then Benedictus, Philia, Astrid, Luna, the other Philia, Lucifer, Ahriman, and Creatures which move in a dancing fashion and which represent thoughts, lastly the Soul of Dame Balde.

BENEDICTUS (invisible as yet, only audible):

Within thy thinking, cosmic thoughts do live.

CAPESIUS (in astral garb):

There echoes Benedictus' noble voice;  
His words are ringing in the spirit here,  
And are the same as in the book of life  
Are written down to aid his pupils' work,  
Which souls on earth find hard to understand  
And which are even harder to fulfil.  
What part of spirit-land is this, where sound  
The words which serve to test the souls on Earth?

MARIA:

Hast thou abode so long in spirit-land  
In such a way that thou hast learned so much  
And yet this region is unknown to thee?

CAPESIUS:

What lives here in its own reality  
Souls, versed in spirit-ways, can grasp with ease;  
Each thing explains itself through something else.

The whole may stand revealed in light, when part  
Seen by itself, may often still seem dark.  
But when a spirit-essence doth unite  
With earthly nature to create some work,  
The soul begins to lose her grasp of things.  
And not alone a part, but e'en the whole  
Is oft concealed from her by darkness deep.  
Why words which come in Benedictus' book  
And which were written for men's souls on Earth,  
Should echo here, within a place like this,  
That is the problem which doth offer here.

BENEDICTUS (still invisible):

Within thy feeling, cosmic forces play.

CAPESIUS:

Again there come the words which on the Earth  
Did Benedictus to his pupils trust;  
And here in his own voice they echo forth.  
They stream through all the limitless expanse  
Of this great realm arousing darksome powers.

MARIA:

I feel already what I must pass through  
Within the boundless spaces of this realm;  
And Benedictus' nearness draws me on.  
In this place he will let me gaze on things  
Incomprehensible to souls on Earth  
The while they dwell in bodies bound by sense,  
And e'en whilst serving spirit-pupilship.  
So must the master bring them to this place  
Where words do not depend on human speech,  
But are imprinted on their souls by signs;  
Here he transforms to speech world happenings--  
A world-descriptive language for the soul.  
I'll loose my inmost being from the Earth,  
Condensing all my powers within my soul,

And so await whate'er may be revealed  
To indicate my way through spirit-space.  
And then when I return to life on Earth  
'Twill be a thought which, when recalled will shine  
As knowledge in mine inmost depths of soul.

BENEDICTUS (appears from the background):

Win thou thyself in power of cosmic thought,  
Lose thou thyself in life of cosmic force;  
Thou shalt find earthly aims reflect themselves  
Through thine own being in the cosmic light.

CAPESIUS:

So Benedictus is in spirit here!  
Perhaps his words re-echo of themselves.  
Doth then the teacher bring the lore of earth  
To vivify and work in spirit-realms?  
But what can be the meaning here of words  
Which he doth use on earth in other ways?

BENEDICTUS:

Capesius, thou hast in thine earth-life  
Entered within my circle, though in truth  
Thou ne'er wast conscious of thy pupilship.

CAPESIUS:

Capesius is not within this place;  
And his soul will not hear him spoken of.

BENEDICTUS:

Thou wilt not feel thou art Capesius  
But him in spirit thou shalt see and know.  
For thee the powerful work of thought hath now  
In thy soul-body caged the spirit-life.  
So that thy soul-life can release itself

From thought's dream-play within thine earthly frame.  
Too weak it felt itself to wander forth  
From out world distances to depths of soul;  
Too strong to gaze at lofty spirit-light  
Through all the darkness that surrounds the Earth.  
I must accompany each one who gains  
The spirit-light from me in earthly life  
Whether he knows, or doth not know, that he  
Came as a spirit-pupil to myself.  
And I must lead him further on those paths  
Which he in spirit learned to tread through me.  
Thou hast through thy soul-sight in cosmic space  
Learned to draw nigh the spirit consciously  
Since loosed from body thou canst follow it.  
But, not yet freed from thought, thou canst not see  
True being in the spirit-realm as yet.  
First thy sense-body thou must lay aside  
But not the fine corporeal web of thought.  
Thou only canst perceive the world in truth  
When nothing of thy personality  
Remains to cloud the clearness of thy sight.  
He only who hath learned to view his thoughts  
As things outside himself, e'en as the seer  
Beholds his earthly form released from him,  
Can penetrate to spirit verities.  
So look upon this picture that it may  
Turn into knowledge through clairvoyant powers  
Thoughts, whose true being is built up in space  
To forms, which mirror forth the thoughts of men.

(A cheerful subdued light diffuses itself. Philia, Astrid, and Luna appear in glowing clouds.)

(Exeunt Capesius and Maria.)

VOICES (which sound together, spoken by Philia, Astrid, and Luna):

Let thoughts hover round  
Like weaving of dreams  
And build themselves in

To souls that are here;  
Let will that creates  
And feeling that stirs  
And thought that doth work  
The dreamer arouse--

(While this sounds, Lucifer approaches from one side, and Ahriman from the other. They go to their thrones raised on each side at the back of the stage, facing the audience; Lucifer on the right of the stage, Ahriman on the left.)

LUCIFER (in a loud voice, emphasizing every word):

Within thy will do cosmic beings work.

(On Lucifer's side, beings with golden hair, dressed in crimson and radiantly beautiful representing thoughts, begin to move. These carry out, in a dancing fashion, movements which represent the forms of thought corresponding to Lucifer's words.)

AHRIMAN (speaking in a loud, hoarse voice):

These cosmic beings do but puzzle thee.

(After these words Lucifer's group is still and the thought-beings on Ahriman's side move and carry out dancing movements which make forms corresponding to his words. They have grey hair and are clad in indigo blue, being square in build, and in appearance distinguished more by force than beauty. After this the movement from both groups is carried on together.)

LUCIFER:

Within thy feeling cosmic forces play.

(The thought-beings on Lucifer's side repeat their movements.)

AHRIMAN:



The cosmic forces are but mocking thee.

(The thought-beings on Ahriman's side repeat their movements, then again both together.)

LUCIFER:

Within thy thinking cosmic thought doth live.

(Repetition of the movements in Lucifer's group.)

AHRIMAN:

The cosmic thought doth but bewilder thee.

(Repetition of the movements in Ahriman's group.)

(The movements of each group are then repeated four times separately and thrice together.)

(The thought-beings vanish left and right; Lucifer and Ahriman remain:

Philia, Luna, and Astrid advance from the background, and speak together the words they spoke before with the following alteration.)

PHILIA, ETC.:

Thoughts hovered around  
Like weaving of dreams  
And built themselves in  
To souls that are here--  
Then will that creates  
And feeling that stirs  
And thought that doth work  
The dreamer aroused--

(Philia, Astrid, and Luna vanish. Enter Capesius in astral garb, and after he has spoken a few words Maria joins him, though at first he cannot see her.)

CAPESIUS:

The soul lives out her life within herself:  
Believes she thinks because she does not see  
Thoughts all spread out in space in front of her--  
Believes she feels, because the feelings show  
No flash like lightning leaping from the clouds;  
She sees this realm of space, and gazeth on  
The clouds above her ...; and were this not so,  
Supposing that the lightning were to flash,  
And not an eye looked up above to see,  
She needs must think the lightning was in her.  
She does not see how Lucifer springs forth  
From out her thoughts, and pours her feelings in,  
And so believes she is alone with them.  
Why doth delusion lead her captive thus?  
O soul, give answer to thyself ... yet ... whence?  
From out thyself? Ah, nay ... perhaps that, too,  
Were answered ... not by thee ... but Lucifer....

MARIA:

And if it were; why then shouldst thou not seek?  
Go forth into the deep to find it there....

CAPESIUS:

A being here, who hears the speech of souls?

MARIA:

Souls are not here divided each from each  
As when within the body they are pent.  
Here each soul hears itself in other's speech.  
So dost thou only speak unto thyself  
When I say: 'Seek thine answer in the deep.'

CAPESIUS (hesitatingly):

Ah, in the deep there threatens darksome ... fear.

MARIA:

Yea truly, fear is there: but ask thyself,  
As thou hast forced thy way within her realm  
If she doth not reveal herself to thee.  
Ask Lucifer, before whom thou dost stand  
If on thy weakness he is pouring fear.

LUCIFER:

Who flees from me will love me all the same.  
Children of Earth have loved me from the first  
And only think that hatred is my due.  
So do they ever seek me in my deeds.  
If I had not as ornament to life  
Sent beauty to their souls, they would long since  
Have pined away in truth's cold empty forms  
Throughout the long dull progress of the Earth.  
'Tis I who fill the artist's soul with power  
And whatsoever of beauty men have seen  
Hath had its prototype within my realm--  
Now ask thyself, if thou shouldst fear me still.

MARIA:

In these domains which Lucifer commands  
Fear hath not verily her proper place.  
From hence he must send forth into men's souls  
Not fear, but wishes, as his gifts to men.  
Fear comes from quite another realm of power.

AHRIMAN:

At birth I was the equal of the gods,  
Who have curtailed my many ancient rights.  
I wished in such a way to fashion men  
For Lucifer, my brother, and his realm,  
That each should bear his own world in himself.

For Lucifer as peer amongst his peers  
Would only show himself in spirit-realms.  
In others he but shows his pictured form  
And so could never be a lord of men.  
I wished to give unto mankind such strength  
That they might grow to equal Lucifer.  
And had I stayed within the realm of gods  
This too had been in primal days fulfilled.  
The gods however willed to rule on Earth,  
And from their kingdom they did one day thrust  
My power into the depths of the abyss,  
So that I might not make mankind too strong.  
And thus 'tis only from this place I dare  
Send out my powerful strength upon the Earth.  
But in this way my power turns into FEAR.

(As Ahriman finishes speaking, Benedictus appears.)

CAPESIUS:

He who hath heard what both these two powers here  
Spake from their places out into the worlds  
May know from this where he can look and find  
Both fear and hatred in their own domains.

BENEDICTUS:

In cosmic speech thou shalt perceive thyself;  
And feel thyself in cosmic power of thought.  
And as thou now didst see outside thyself  
What thou didst dream was all thine inmost self,  
So find thyself, and shudder now no more  
At that one word thou hast a right to use  
To prove thine own existence to thyself--

CAPESIUS:

So once more I belong to mine own self  
Now will I seek myself, because I dare  
To see myself in cosmic thought and live.

BENEDICTUS:

And thou must add all this which thou hast won  
To victories of old to give the world.

(Dame Balde in her ordinary dress appears in the background beside Benedictus.)

DAME BALDE (in a meditative voice suitable for fairy tales):

Once on a time there lived a child of God  
Who had affinity with those who weave  
The thoughtful wisdom of the spirit-realms.  
This child, brought up by truth's almighty Sire  
Grew up within his realm to ancient strength.  
And when his body, radiant with light,  
Did feel his ripened will creative stir  
He often looked with pity on the Earth  
Where souls of men were striving after truth.  
Then to the Sire of truth the child would say:  
'The souls of men are thirsting for the drink  
Which thou canst hand to them from out thy springs.'  
With earnest speech the Sire of truth replied:  
'The springs, of which I am appointed guard,  
Let light stream forth from out the spirit-suns;  
Only such beings dare to drink the light  
As need not thirst for air that they may breathe.  
Therefore in light have I brought up a child  
Who can feel pity for the souls on Earth  
And manifest the light 'midst breathing men.  
So turn and go unto mankind and bring  
The light that's in their souls to meet my light  
Enfilled with confidence and spirit-life.'  
So then the shining light-child turned, and went  
To souls who keep themselves alive by breath.  
And many good men found he on the Earth,  
Who offered him with joy their souls' abode.  
These souls he turned to gaze with grateful love  
Upon their Sire who dwells in springs of light.

And when the child heard from the lips of men  
And joyous mind of men, the magic word  
Of fantasy, he knew himself alive  
Dwelling with gladness in the hearts of men.  
But one sad day there came unto the child  
A man who cast upon him chilling looks.  
'I turn the souls of men on earth toward  
The Sire of truth who dwells in springs of light--'  
Thus to the strange man did the light-child speak--  
The man replied: 'Thou dost but weave wild dreams  
Into men's spirits, and deceiv'st their souls.'  
And since the day which witnessed this event  
The child who can bring light to breathing souls  
Hath often suffered slander from mankind.

(Philia, Astrid, Luna, and the Other Philia appear in a cloud of light.)

PHILIA:

Now let every soul  
That drinks of the light  
Awake to full power  
In cosmic expanse.

ASTRID:

So too let the spirit  
That knoweth no fear  
Arise in full power  
In cosmic domains.

LUNA:

Let man who doth strive  
To reach to the heights  
Hold firm with full strength  
To innermost self.

THE OTHER PHILIA:

Let man struggle on  
To him who bears light  
And opens out worlds  
Which quicken in men  
The sense of delight.  
This beauty so bright  
Awakened in souls,  
Inspired to admire,  
The spirit leads on  
To realms of the gods.  
Achievement consoles  
The feelings that dare  
The threshold to tread,  
Which strictly doth guard  
'Gainst souls that feel fear.  
And energy finds  
A will that grows ripe  
And fearless doth stand  
'Fore powers that create  
And fashion the worlds.

Curtain falls whilst Benedictus, Capesius, Maria, Dame Balde,  
Lucifer,  
and Ahriman, and the four Soul-forms, are still in their places.

## SCENE 7

A landscape composed of fantastic forms. This picture of blazing fire on one side of the stage with rushing water on the other whirled into living forms is intended to suggest the sublime. In the centre a chasm belching forth fire which leaps up into a kind of barrier of fire and water. The Guardian of the Threshold stands in the centre with

flaming sword erect. His costume is the conventional angelic garb.  
The  
Guardian, Thomasius, Maria, later on Lucifer and then the other  
Philia.

THE GUARDIAN:

What unchecked wish doth sound within mine ear?  
So storm men's souls when first approaching me  
E'er they have fully gained tranquillity.  
It is desire that really leads such men  
And not creative power which dares to speak  
Since it in silence could itself create.  
The souls which thus comport themselves when here  
I needs must relegate again to Earth,  
For in the Spirit-realm they can but sow  
Confusion, and do but disturb the deeds  
Which cosmic powers have wisely foreordained.  
Such men can also injure their own selves  
Who form destructive passions in their hearts  
Which are mistaken for creative powers,  
Since they must take delusion for the truth  
When earthly darkness no more shelters them.

(Thomasius and Maria appear.)

THOMASIUS:

Thou dost not see upon thy threshold now  
The soul of him who was the pupil once  
Of Benedictus, and came oft to thee,  
Thomasius, although upon the Earth  
It had to call Thomasius' form its own.  
He came to thee, his thirst for knowledge quenched  
And could not bear to have thee near to him.  
He hid in his own personality  
When he felt near thee, and thus oft did see  
Worlds which, he thought, made clear the origin  
Of all existence and the goal of life.  
He found the happiness of knowledge there



And also powers which to the artist gave  
That which directed both his hand and heart  
Toward creation's source, so that he felt  
There truly lived within him cosmic powers,  
Which held him steady to his artist's work.  
He did not know that nought before him stood  
In all that he created through his thought  
Except the living content of his soul.  
Like spiders, spinning webs around themselves  
So did he work, and thought himself the world.  
Indeed he once thought that Maria stood  
Opposed to him in spirit, till he saw  
That picture she had graven on his soul  
Which then as spirit did reveal itself.  
And when he was allowed a moment's glimpse  
Of his own being, as it really was,  
He gladly would have fled away from self;  
He thought himself a spirit but he found  
He was a creature but of flesh and blood.  
He learned to know the power of this same blood;  
'Twas there in truth, the rest was but a shade.  
Blood was his teacher true; and this alone  
Gave him clear vision, and revealed to him  
Who was his sire and who his sister dear  
In long forgotten ages on the Earth.  
To blood-relations his blood guided him.  
Then did he see how strongly souls of men  
Must be deceived when they in vanity  
Would rise to spirit from the life of sense.  
Such effort truly binds the soul more firm  
To sense-existence than a daily life,  
Dull human dream existence following.  
And when Thomasius could view all this  
Before his soul as being his own state  
He gave himself with vigour to that power  
Which could not lie to him although as yet  
'Twas but revealed in picture, for he knew  
That Lucifer himself is really there  
E'en if he can but show his pictured form.  
The gods desire to draw near to mankind

Through truth alone; but Lucifer--to him  
It matters not if men see false or true,  
He ever will remain the same himself.  
And therefore I acknowledge that I feel  
I have attained reality when I  
Believe that I must search and find the soul  
Which in his own realm he did bind to mine.

(To the Guardian.)

So armed with all the strength which he bestows  
I mean to pass thee and to penetrate  
To Theodora whom I know to be  
Within the realm that o'er this threshold lies.

THE GUARDIAN:

Thomasius, think well what thou dost know.  
What o'er this threshold lives is all unknown;  
Yet dost thou know quite well all I must ask,  
Before thou canst set foot within this realm.  
Thou must first part with many of those powers  
Which thou hast won when in thine earthly frame.  
Out of them all thou canst alone retain  
That which by efforts, pure and spiritual,  
Thou didst achieve, and which thou hast kept pure.  
But this thou hast thyself cast off from thee  
And given as his own to Ahriman.  
What still is thine hath been by Lucifer  
Destroyed for use within the spirit-world.  
This too upon the threshold I must take  
If thou wouldst really pass this portal by.  
So nought remains to thee; a lifeless life  
Must be thy lot within the spirit-realms.

THOMASIUS:

Yet I shall be and Theodora find.  
She'll be for me the source of fullest light,  
Which ever hath so richly been revealed

Unto her soul, apart from lore of Earth.  
That is enough. And thou wilt set thyself  
In vain against me, even if the power  
Which I myself have won upon the Earth  
Should not fulfil the estimate which thou  
Didst form of my good spirit long ago.

MARIA (to the Guardian):

Thou knowest well, who hast been guardian  
Of this realm's threshold since the world began  
What beings need to cross the threshold o'er  
Who to thy kind and to thy time belong:  
So too with men, who meet thee at this gate  
If they do come alone, and cannot show  
That they have done true spirit-good they must  
Go back again from here to life on Earth.  
But this man here hath been allowed to bring  
That other soul unto thy threshold now  
Whom fate hath bound so closely with his own.  
Thou hast been ordered by high spirit powers  
To keep back many men from here, who would  
Try to approach the gateway of this realm  
And would but bring destruction on themselves  
If they should dare to pass the threshold o'er.  
Yet thou may'st throw it open unto those  
Who through their inmost personality  
Are in the spirit-realms inclined to love,  
And to such love can cling as they press through,  
As hath been foreordained them by the gods  
Before to battle Lucifer came forth.  
Standing before his throne my heart hath vowed  
With strictest oath, that in Earth's future times  
It would so serve this love that Lucifer,  
When he gives knowledge of it to men's souls  
Can do no harm. And those who listen well  
For the revealing of this love divine  
With earnest minds, as once they strove to grasp  
The knowledge given forth by Lucifer,  
They must inevitably find themselves.

Johannes in his earthly form doth now  
No longer listen to my voice, as once,  
When in an earthly life long since passed by  
I was enabled to reveal to him  
That which had been entrusted to myself  
In holy temples in Hibernia  
By that same God Who dwells within mankind  
And Who once conquered all the powers of death  
Because He lived love's life so perfectly.  
My friend will once again in spirit-realms  
Discern the words which come forth from my soul  
But which were hindered from his earthly ears  
By Lucifer and his delusive power.

THOMASIUUS (as one who perceives some spiritual being):

Maria, dost thou see, clad in long cloak  
That dignified old man, his solemn face,  
His noble brow, the flashing of his glance?  
He passeth through the streets, 'mid crowds of men  
Yet each doth step aside in reverence  
That yon old man may go his way in peace,  
And lest his train of thought be rudely stirred.  
For one can see that, wrapped within himself  
He meditates with powerful inmost thought.  
Maria, dost thou see?

MARIA:

Yea, I can see,  
When through the eyes of thine own soul I look.  
But 'tis to thee alone that he would now  
Reveal himself in scenes significant.

THOMASIUUS:

I now can see into his very soul,  
Things full of meaning lie within its depths  
And memory of something he's just heard.  
Before his eyes there stands a teacher wise.

He lets the words which he hath heard from him  
Pass through his soul; it is from him he comes.  
His thinking scans the very source of life;  
As once mankind in olden times on Earth  
Might stand quite near and view the spirit-scenes,  
Although their soul-life was but like a dream;  
The old man's soul doth trace that line of thought  
Which from his honoured teacher he hath learned.  
And now he disappears from my soul's sight;  
Ah, if I could but watch his further steps.  
I see men speaking with each other now  
Among the crowd; and I can hear their words.  
They speak of that old man with reverence deep.  
In his young days he was a soldier brave;  
Ambition, and desire to be renowned  
Were burning in his soul; he wished to count  
As foremost warrior within his ranks.  
In battle's service he did perpetrate  
Unnumbered gruesome deeds through thirst for fame.  
And in his life full many a time it chanced  
He caused much blood to flow upon the earth.  
At last there came a day when suddenly  
The luck of battle turned its back on him.  
He left the battlefield in bitter shame  
To enter his own home, a man disgraced;  
Scorn and derision were his lot in life,  
And from that time wild hatred filled his soul  
Which had not lost its pride and love of fame.  
He looked upon his boon-companions now  
Only as enemies to be destroyed  
As soon as opportunity occurred.  
But since the man's proud soul was soon compelled  
To recognize that vengeance on his foes  
Would not be possible for him in life,  
He learned the victory o'er his own self  
And vanquished all his pride and love of fame.  
He even made resolve in his old age  
A circle small of pupils to attend  
Which had arisen then within his town.  
The man who was the teacher of this band

Was in his soul possessed of all the lore  
Which by the masters in much older days  
Had been delivered to initiates--  
All this I hear from men within the crowd.  
It fills me with warm love when I behold  
With my soul's sight, this aged man, who thus  
After the victories which love of fame  
Had won for him could even then achieve  
The greatest human task--to conquer self--  
Therefore do I perceive within this place  
The man to whom I wholly give myself,  
Although I see him but in pictured form.  
This feeling howsoe'er it comes to me  
Is not a moment's work. Through lives long past  
I must have been in closest union joined  
Unto a soul I love as I love him.  
I have not in this moment roused in me  
A love so strong as that which now I feel;  
It is a recollection from past times;  
Nor can I grasp it with my thought as yet,--  
Though memory calls these feelings back to me.  
Surely I once was pupil of this man  
And full of awe and wonder gazed on him?  
Oh, how I long once more in this same hour  
To meet the earthly soul which formerly  
Could speak about this body as its own,  
No matter if on Earth or elsewhere.  
Then would I prove the strength with which I love;  
What noble human ties did once create  
This can good powers alone renew in me.

MARIA:

Art thou quite sure, Johannes, that this soul  
If it approached thee now would show itself  
Upon the same bright height whereon it stood  
In those old days just pictured 'fore thy soul?  
Perchance it now is chained a prisoner  
By feelings all unworthy of its past.  
Many a man now walks upon the Earth

Who would be filled with shame, if he could see  
How little in his present mode of life  
Doth correspond with that which once he was.  
Perchance this man hath wallowed in the mire  
Of lust and passion, and thou saw'st him now  
Oppressed by consternation and remorse.

THOMASIUUS:

Maria, why dost thou suggest such words?  
I cannot see what leads thee so to speak.  
For thoughts have here quite other influence,  
Than in the places where that man hath lived.

THE GUARDIAN:

Johannes, that which here within this place  
Reveals itself is proving of thy soul.  
Gaze on the groundwork of thy self, and see  
What thou, unknowing, wilt and canst perform.  
All that was hidden in thine inmost depths  
While thou wert living with thy soul still blind.

(Lucifer appears.)

Will now appear and rob thee of the dark  
In whose protection thou wast living then.  
So now perceive what human soul it is  
To whom thou dost bow down in ardent love,  
And who indwelt the body thou didst see.  
Perceive to whom thy strongest love is given.

LUCIFER:

Sink thyself deep in depths of thine own self;  
Perceive the strongest powers of thine own soul;  
And learn to know how this strong love of thine  
Can hold thee upright in the cosmic life.

THOMASIUUS:

Yea, now I feel the soul that wished to show  
Itself to me--'tis Theodora's self--  
'Twas she who wished to be revealed to me.  
She stood before me since 'tis her I'll see  
When I have gained an entrance through this gate.  
'Tis right to love her, for her soul did stand  
Before me in that other body-form  
Which showed me how 'tis her that I must love.  
Through thee alone will I now find myself  
And win the future, fighting in thy strength.

THE GUARDIAN:

I cannot keep thee back from what must be.  
In pictured form thou hast already seen  
The soul thou lovest best; her shalt thou see  
When thou hast crossed the threshold of this realm.  
Perceive, and let experience decide  
If it shall prove so healing as thou dream'st.

THE OTHER PHILIA:

Ah, heed thou not the guardian strict  
Who leadeth thee to wastes of life  
And robs thee of thy warmth of soul;  
He can but see the spirit-forms,  
And knoweth naught of human woe  
Which souls can only then endure  
When earthly love doth guard them safe  
From chilling cosmic space.  
Strictness to him belongs,  
From him doth kindness flee,  
And power to wish  
He hath abhorred  
Since first the Earth began.

Curtain



## SCENE 8

Ahriman's Kingdom. No sky is visible. A dark enclosure like a mountain gorge whose black masses of rock tower up in fantastic forms, divided by streams of fire. Skeletons are visible everywhere; they appear to be crystallized out of the mountain, but are white. Their attitude suggests the habitual egoism of their last life. Prominent on one side is a miser and on the other a massive glutton etc., etc. Ahriman is seated on a rock. Hilary, Frederick Trustworthy, then the Twelve who were gathered together in the first scene; then Strader; later on Thomasius and Maria; last of all Thomasius' Double.

TRUSTWORTHY:

How often have I trod this realm before.--  
And yet how horrible it seems to me  
That e'en from here we must so often fetch  
The wise direction for full many a plan  
Which is important for us and our league  
And points significantly to our aims.

HILARY:

The grain of corn must fall to earth and die  
Before the life within it can return.  
All that in earthly life hath run to waste  
Shall here unto new being be transformed.  
And when our league desires to plant the seeds  
Of human acts, to ripen in due course,  
'Tis from the dead that we must fetch the grain.

TRUSTWORTHY:

Uncanny is the lord who here bears rule;

And if it were not written in our books,  
Which are the greatest treasures of our shrine,  
That he whom here we often meet, is good,  
One would indeed as evil reckon him.

HILARY:

Not only books, but e'en my spirit-sight  
Declares that what is here revealed is good.

AHRIMAN (in a feigned voice, sardonically):

I know why ye are gathered here again.  
Ye would discover from me how 'twere best  
To guide the soul of him who oft before  
Hath stood upon the threshold of your shrine.  
Because ye think Thomasius is lost  
Ye now believe that Strader is the man  
To do you service in the mystic league.  
What he hath won for progress of mankind  
By use of powers which follow nature's laws,  
For this he oweth thanks to me, since I  
Hold sway where powers mechanical obtain  
Strength for themselves from their creative founts.  
So all that he may do to help mankind  
It needs must turn itself unto my realm.  
But this time I myself will see to it  
That what I wish shall happen to this man  
In future, since ye lost Thomasius  
By your own work through leaving me aside.  
If ye desire to serve the spirit-powers  
Ye first must conquer for yourselves those powers  
Which in this case ye tried to cast aside.

(Ahriman becomes invisible.)

TRUSTWORTHY (after a pause, during which he has withdrawn into himself):

Exalted Master, care oppresseth me

Though I have striven long to banish it,  
For this is laid upon me by strict rules  
Which have been ordered for us by our league.  
But much that shows the life of this same league  
Hath made the struggle in my soul severe;  
Yet would I ever thankfully submit  
My darkness to the spirit-light, which thou  
Art capable of giving through thy powers.  
But when I must full often clearly see  
Thou wert a victim of delusion's snare  
And how thy words, e'en as events fell out,  
Did often prove so grievously at fault,  
Then have I felt as though some wicked elf  
Were resting painfully upon my soul.  
And this time also are thy words at fault.  
Thou couldst have reckoned that we certainly  
Should hear good tidings from this spirit here.

HILARY:

'Tis hard to understand the cosmic ways.  
My brother, we are well-advised to wait  
Until the spirit indicates the way  
Which is ordained for that which we create.

(Exeunt Hilary and Trustworthy.)

AHRIMAN (who has re-appeared):

They see, but do not recognize me yet;  
For had they known who rules within this place  
They certainly would not have ventured here  
To seek direction; and they would condemn  
To age-long pains of hell that human soul  
Of whom, they heard, that it did visit me.

(All the persons who at the beginning of the play were assembled  
in the ante-room of the mystic league now appear on the scene;  
they are blindfolded to show their ignorance of the fact that they  
are in Ahriman's kingdom. The words they speak live in their souls,

but they know nothing of them. They are experiencing during sleep unconscious dreams which are audible in Ahriman's kingdom. Strader, who also appears, is however semi-conscious with regard to all that he experiences, so that later on he will be able to recollect it.)

STRADER:

The hint that Benedictus gave to me  
That I should cultivate my power of thought,  
Hath led me to this kingdom of the dead.  
Although I hoped that raised to spirit-realms  
I should find truth on wisdom's sun-clad heights.

AHRIMAN:

What thou canst learn of wisdom in this place  
Thou wilt find all-sufficient for long time,  
If here thou dost comport thyself aright.

STRADER:

Before what spirit doth my soul then stand?

AHRIMAN:

That shalt thou know when memory presently  
Can call again to thee what here thou see'st.

STRADER:

And all these folk, why do I find them here  
Within thy darksome realm?

AHRIMAN:

'Tis but as souls  
That they are in this place: they do not know  
Aught of themselves when here, since in their homes  
Sunk now in deepest sleep they would be found.  
But here quite clearly all will be revealed

That lives within their souls, though they would scarce  
On waking think such thoughts could be their own.  
So too, they cannot hear us when we speak.

LOUISA FEAR-GOD:

The soul should not in blind devotion think  
That it can raise itself in haughty pride  
Up to the light, or that it can unfold  
Unto its full extent its own true self.  
I will but recognize what I do know.

AHRIMAN (only audible to Strader):

And dost not know how bluntly thou dost lead  
In haughty pride thyself into the dark.  
She too will serve thee, Strader, in the work  
That thou hast wrung so boldly from my powers.  
She doth not need for that the spirit-faith  
Which seems so ill-accorded with her pride.

FREDERICK CLEAR-MIND:

Entrancing are indeed these mystic paths;  
Nor will I henceforth fail in diligence,  
But give myself completely to the lore  
That I can gather from the Temple's words.

MICHAEL NOBLEMAN:

The impulse after truth within my soul  
Is drawing me toward the spirit-light;  
The noble teaching which now shines so clear  
In human life, will surely find that I  
Am the best pupil that it ever had.

GEORGE CANDID:

I ever have been deeply moved by all  
That hath revealed itself from many a source

Of noble mystic spirit-treasuries.  
With all my heart would I yet further strive.

AHRIMAN (audible only to Strader):

Such men mean well: yet doth their striving stay  
But in the upper layers of their souls.  
And so can I make use for many years  
Of all these mighty treasures which lie hid  
Unconsciously within their spirits' depths.  
They too seem useful to my constant aim  
That Strader's work in mankind's life on earth  
Shall with proud brilliance unfold itself.

MARY STEADFAST:

A healthy view of life will of itself  
Bring to the soul the fruits of spirit-realms  
When men join reverence for the universe  
To a clear view of sense-reality.

AHRIMAN (audible only to Strader):

She speaks in dreams of this reality;  
She'll dream so much the better when she wakes.  
Yet she will be of little service now.  
Perchance in her next life she'll help me more,  
For then she will appear as occultist  
And as need may arise will teach mankind  
About their life since first the Earth began.  
And yet she scarce will treasure truth aright;  
In former lives she oft did Strader chide  
And now she praiseth him: so doth she change,  
And Lucifer will be more glad of her.

FRANCESCA HUMBLE:

The solemn mystic kingdom will one day  
Be pictured by mankind as one great whole,  
When thought through feeling shall express itself

And feeling let itself be led by thought.

KATHARINE COUNSEL:

Mankind, 'tis true, doth strive to see the light;  
But strange indeed the methods he pursues.  
For first he quencheth it, and is surprised  
That he can find it nowhere in the dark.

AHRIMAN (audible only to Strader):

So too with souls: they find it good to talk  
As voicing the well-being of their mind,  
But underneath they fail in constancy.  
Such are for me quite unapproachable,  
And yet they will in future much achieve  
From which I'll reap a harvest of good fruit.  
They are by no means what they think themselves.

BERNARD STRAIGHT:

If knowledge is not gained through cautious search  
Then fantasy brings nought but airy forms  
To solve the riddle of the universe,  
Which only can be mastered by strict thought.

ERMINIA STAY-AT-HOME:

The cosmic substance must for ever change  
That all existence may unfold itself;  
And he who fain would keep all things the same  
Will lack the power to understand life's aims.

GASPER HOTSPUR:

To live in fantasy, doth only mean  
To rob men's souls of every power in life  
Through which they can grow strong to serve themselves  
And do true service to their fellow men.

MARY DAUNTLESS:

The soul that would but burden its own self  
Should form itself through outside powers alone;  
True men will only seek development  
From out their hidden personalities.

AHRIMAN (audible only to Strader):

It is but human what these souls conceal.  
One cannot tell what they may yet achieve;  
For Lucifer may try his power on them,  
And make them think they are but working out  
Each his own powers of soul with steadfast aim;  
And so perchance he hath not lost them yet.

FOX:

He who would cosmic riddles rightly read  
Must wait till understanding and right thought  
Reveal themselves through powers within his life,  
And he who fain would find his way aright  
Must seize all he can use that gives him joy.  
Above all else the search for wisdom's lore  
To give high aims to weak humanity--  
This leads to nothing on this Earth of ours.

AHRIMAN (audible only to Strader):

He hath been chosen as philosopher,  
And such he will appear in his next life--  
With him I do but balance my account.  
Seven of twelve I ever need myself  
And five I give to Brother Lucifer.  
From time to time I take account of men  
And see both what they are and what they do.  
And when I once have chosen out my twelve  
I do not need to search for any more.  
For if I come in number to thirteen  
The last is just exactly like the first.



When I have got these twelve within my realm  
And can through their soul-nature fashion them,  
Then others too must ever follow them.

(To himself; holding his hands over Strader's ears so that he shall not hear.)

True, none of this have I achieved as yet,  
Since Earth refused to give herself to me.  
But I shall strive throughout eternity,  
[1] Until--perchance--I gain the victory.  
One must make use of what is not yet lost.

(The following so that it is again audible to Strader):

Thou seest I do not flatter with fine words,  
Indeed I do not wish to please mankind.  
He who would inspiration seek for lofty aims  
In speech well-regulated and arranged,  
Needs must betake himself to other worlds.  
But, who with reason and a sense for truth  
Perceives the things which here I bring to pass,  
He can acknowledge that it is with me  
The powers are found, without which human souls  
Must lose themselves whilst living on the Earth.  
The very worlds of gods make use of me,  
And only seek to draw souls from my grasp  
When I grow active in their own domain.  
And then if my opponent doth succeed  
In leading men astray with this belief  
That my existence hath been proved to be  
Unnecessary for the universe,  
Then souls may dream indeed of higher worlds,  
But strength and power decay in earthly life.

STRADER:

Thou seest in me one who would follow thee  
And give his powers to thee to use at will.  
What I have witnessed here doth seem to show

That all that makes mankind thine enemy  
Is lack of reason's power and strength of mind.  
In truth thou didst not flatter with fine words;  
For thou didst well-nigh mock these poor weak men  
When it did please thee to portray their fate.

I must confess that it seems good to me  
What thou wouldst give unto the souls of men,  
For they will only be enriched with strength  
For what is good through thee, and will but gain  
That which is bad, if they were bad before.  
If only men did better know themselves  
They must for certain feel with all their hearts  
The bitter scorn that thou dost cast on them.

But what is here wrung forth from out my soul?  
I speak such words as would destroy my life  
If on the Earth I found that they were true.

Thou must so think; I cannot otherwise  
Than find that what thou hast just said is true;  
Yet 'tis but truth when in this realm of thine:  
It would be error for the world of Earth  
If it prove there to be what it seems here.  
I must no further trace my human thoughts  
Within this place--they now must have an end.  
In thy rough words there soundeth pain for thee,  
And they are painful too in mine own soul.

I can--whilst facing thee--but weep--and cry----

(Exit quickly.)

(Enter Maria and Thomasius both fully conscious, so that they can hear and understand all that goes on, and speak about it.)

THOMASIUS:

Maria, terror reigns on every side,  
It closeth in and presseth on my soul;

Whence shall come inward strength to conquer it?

MARIA:

My holy, earnest vow doth ray out power:  
And thou canst bear this pressure on thy soul  
If thou wilt feel the healing power it gives.

AHRIMAN (to himself):

'Tis Benedictus who hath sent them here;  
He guided them that they might recognize  
And know me, when they feel me in my realm.

(He speaks the rest so that Thomasius and Maria can hear.)

Thomasius, the Guardian did direct  
Thy footsteps first of all toward my realm  
Since they will lead thee to the very light  
Thou seekest in the depths of thine own self.  
Here I can give thee truth although with pain,  
As I have suffered many thousand years,  
For though the truth can penetrate to me,  
It must first separate itself from joy  
Before it dares to venture though my porch.

THOMASIUS:

So must I joylessly behold the soul  
Whom I so ardently desire to see?

AHRIMAN:

A wish doth only lead to happiness  
When warmth of soul can cherish it; but here  
All wishes freeze, and needs must live in cold.

MARIA:

E'en in the ever empty fields of ice

I may go with my friend, where he will be  
Encircled by the light which spirits bring  
When darkness wounds and maims the powers of life.  
Thomasius, feel now thy soul's full strength.

(The Guardian appears upon the Threshold.)

AHRIMAN:

The Guardian himself must bring the light  
That thou dost now so ardently desire.

THOMASIOUS:

'Tis Theodora whom I wish to see.

THE GUARDIAN:

The soul that on my threshold clothed itself  
In that same veil which many years ago  
It wore on earth, hath kindled in the depths  
Of thine own soul in solemn hours of life  
The strongest love which was concealed in thee.  
While thou wert standing yet outside this realm  
And first didst beg from me an entrance here,  
It stood before thee in a pictured form,  
And, being thus conceived by inward wish,  
Can only show delusion's vain conceits.  
But now thou shalt in very truth behold  
The soul that in a life of long ago  
Was dwelling in that old man whom thou saw'st.

THOMASIOUS:

I see him now again in his long cloak,  
That worthy ancient with his earnest brow;  
O soul, who dwelt within this covering  
Why dost thou hide thyself so long from me?  
It must--it can--but Theodora be.  
Ah, see--now from the covered picture, comes

Reality: 'tis Theo ... 'tis myself----

(As Thomasius begins the name 'Theodora,' his Double appears.)

HIS DOUBLE (coming close up to Thomasius):

Perceive me--and then know thyself in me.

MARIA:

And I may follow thee to cosmic depths  
Where souls can win perception e'en as gods  
By conquest that destroyeth, yet acquires  
By bold persistence life from seeming death.

(Peals of thunder, and increasing darkness.)

Curtain

## SCENE 9

A pleasant, sunny morning landscape, in a terraced garden  
overlooking  
a town with many factories.

Benedictus, Capesius, Maria, Thomasius, and Strader are discovered  
walking up and down and engaged in leisurely conversation.

Benedictus  
wears a white biretta and is in his white robe, but without the  
golden stole.

CAPESIUS:

Here is the place, where Benedictus oft

In soft warm sunlight of a summer morn  
Gave himself to his pupils that they might  
In reverent mood receive his wisdom's words.  
Out yonder lies what ever must divide  
With pitiless intent the souls of men  
From all the wondrous beauty of the earth,  
That nature's God doth shower so bounteous here.  
In yon waste sea of houses in the town  
Doth Benedictus ever nobly strive  
To heal this human woe by deeds of love.  
And when with human words so wise and true  
He tells his pupils of the spirit-world,  
He seeks for hearts, which free creative power  
That here reveals itself in wakening souls,  
Hath filled with sunshine and with love for men.  
I, too, may now behold the happiness  
Which through his words doth reach the heart of man.  
Since he in love hath underta'en the task  
Of guiding me within the spirit-world:  
And now when I may feel that he is near  
I shall again discover mine own self.

#### BENEDICTUS:

Within the circle of my pupils here  
Through free-will acts of others and thyself  
A knot shall one day loosen in the threads  
Which Karma spins in lives of men on earth.  
Thy life itself will help to loose this knot.  
In hearts of men who give themselves in truth  
To follow wisdom, which I serve myself,  
Thou canst by thine own power discover those  
Joined unto whom thou wilt complete the work  
For which in spirit thou hast been prepared.

#### CAPESIUS:

Thee have I known, and I will follow thee.  
As I held converse with mine inmost soul,  
When I had been allowed to hear thy words

Within the spirit-realm in their true form,  
And thou hadst brought me to myself again,  
Then could I see portrayed in spirit-light  
The aims which in the progress of the earth  
I was to follow in my future lives.  
And now I know that thou didst choose for me  
The one right way for this to be revealed.

BENEDICTUS:

Thomasius and Strader will henceforth  
United with thyself accomplish much  
That best may serve to further human health.  
They have prepared the soul-powers which are theirs  
With such intent since first the Earth began  
That they can join to form a trinity  
With thine own spirit in the cosmic course.

CAPESIUS:

So I must thank my fate's unbending powers  
Which seemed at first incomprehensible,  
That when the rightful moment came at last  
My life's aim suddenly revealed itself.

(He pauses meditatively.)

How wonderfully hast thou led me on:  
It seemed at first as if I strove in vain  
To enter with my spirit consciously  
Into those worlds which by thy words are placed  
So thoughtfully before the souls of men.  
For many years I could find nought but thoughts  
When in thy writings I absorbed myself.  
And then, quite suddenly, around me flowed  
The spirit-world in its reality;  
I scarce knew how to find myself aright  
Within my former more accustomed world.

BENEDICTUS:

That would have hid the spirit-life from thee  
For ever by its strong effective power  
Unless the stronger forces of this life  
Had first reduced it to a shadow dim.  
And so thou too, with thy full spirit-sight  
Must on that threshold learn to know thyself,  
Where others first can gain their spirit-sight.

(During the last words Strader walks up to Capesius and the three go away together: after a short time Benedictus returns with Strader.)

STRADER:

It gave deep pain, within mine inmost self  
And weighed with heavy pressure on my soul  
When on awaking to myself I found  
I was again within my body pent  
From which thy words had given me release.  
My deadened soul-life first tormented me  
On my return, yet 'twas not only pain;  
For it brought forth in me the memory  
Of all I lived through ere I saw with dread  
What I could learn from Ahriman himself,  
That every thought must cease its progress there.  
I had to ask myself why I was set  
By Benedictus' word within this realm  
Where souls alone are taken into count  
And only those are valued which can help  
Toward the objects, which that power desires  
To make his own through deeds that I have done.  
He, in his wisdom, wanted to select  
Twelve helpers from the number of mankind.

BENEDICTUS:

Yet 'tis well known to thee why all these souls,  
Which Ahriman showed forth, drew near to thee,  
When he would force himself upon their fates.



STRADER:

That also bitter pain revealed to me:  
It showed how in a former life on Earth  
I was united to a brotherhood  
Which now hath formed again its mystic league,  
And how those people stood towards myself,  
Who were in their true nature then revealed.  
And I could feel quite sure that Ahriman  
Will use the bond, which e'en in future lives  
Must ever surely bind their souls to mine.

BENEDICTUS:

The cosmic powers do so direct their deeds  
That these with cosmic progress may unite  
By following in wisdom number's laws.  
The sign how this direction is fulfilled  
Shows itself clearly to the outer sense;  
If it doth watch the Sun upon the course  
He takes throughout the constellations twelve.  
It is his place amongst those very signs  
Which shows how on the Earth things come to pass  
In strict succession in long course of time.  
So Ahriman desired to mould the souls  
Of those who are united thus to thee  
To powers from whence thy work might shine afar.  
He also wished to follow number's laws  
In binding their soul-nature unto thine.

STRADER:

Since I have learned the sense of number's law,  
So shall I too succeed in rescuing  
My work from out the realm of Ahriman  
And offering it to the gods of Earth.

BENEDICTUS:

It was through Ahriman thou hadst to learn

The sense of number in the universe;  
So was it needful for thine own soul's good.  
'Twas spirit-pupilship that guided thee  
Into that realm, which thou didst need to know  
If thy creative power should bloom aright.

(Exeunt Benedictus and Strader. Maria and Thomasius appear from  
the  
other side.)

MARIA:

Johannes, knowledge hath thy soul acquired  
From truth's cold realms. No longer wilt thou now  
Weave only in thy pictures that which souls,  
Still pent within the body, live in dreams,  
For far from cosmic progress are those thoughts  
Which but as self-begotten show themselves.

THOMASIUUS:

'Tis love of self--although they may pretend  
'Tis thirst for knowledge maketh them do this.

MARIA:

Whoe'er desires to dedicate himself  
To human progress and perform such work  
As shall in course of time prove living force  
Must first entrust himself unto those powers  
Who work in deep realities and bring,  
Where order with confusion aye doth fight,  
The rhythmic law of number and its power.  
For knowledge only hath true active life,  
That can reveal itself within the soul  
When it can bring to men, still clothed in flesh,  
The memory of life in spirit-realms.

THOMASIUUS:

My course of life is thus made clear to me.  
I had to feel myself a twofold man.  
Through Benedictus' help and through thine own  
I am a being standing by myself;  
And all the forces that within me stir  
Do not belong at all to mine own self.  
Ye now have given me a manhood new  
Who must be willing to give other men  
What he hath gained by spirit-pupilship.  
He must devote himself unto the world  
As best he can: naught from that other man  
Must mingle and disturb what now at last  
He hath as true self-knowledge recognized.  
Contained in his own world he will go on,  
If his own strength and help from both his friends  
Shall in the future serve to form his fate.

MARIA:

Whether thou walk'st in error or in truth  
Thou canst keep ever clear the view ahead;  
Which lets thy soul press farther on its path,  
If thou dost bravely bear necessities  
Imposed upon thee by the spirit-realm.

Curtain

## SCENE 10

The Temple of the mystic League mentioned in the first and second pictures. Here Benedictus, Torquatus, and Trustworthy have the robes and insignia of their office of Hierophant as described in the 'Portal of Initiation.' The Eastern altar supports a golden sphere; a blue sphere rests upon the Southern altar; whilst the sphere upon the

altar of the West is red. As the scene opens Benedictus and Hilary are standing at the altar in the East; Bellicosus and Torquatus at the altar in the South; Trustworthy at the altar in the West; then enter Thomasius, Capesius, Strader; then Maria, Felix Balde, and Dame Balde; and later on the Soul of Theodora; and last of all the four Soul-Forces.

BENEDICTUS:

The souls of all my pupils have received  
The spirit-light, each in that special form  
Which was appointed for him by his fate.  
What they have now achieved each for himself  
Each now must render fruitful for mankind.  
But this can only happen, if their powers  
According unto number's rhythmic law  
Desire to join within the holy place  
To form the higher unity, which first  
Can waken to true life what otherwise  
Could only stay in solitary state.  
They stand upon the threshold of the shrine,  
Whose souls must first unite, and then shall sound  
In unison according to the rules  
Imprinted in the cosmic book of fate.  
That what it could not bring to pass itself  
The spirit harmony may thus achieve.  
'Twill bring fresh inspiration to the old  
Which here hath nobly reigned since time was not.  
To you, ye brethren, I these pupils bring  
Who found their way here through the spirit-worlds  
And through the strictest proving of their souls.  
The holy customs will they treat with awe.  
And treasure ancient sacred mystic ways  
Which here are seen as powers of spirit-light.  
Ye too, who have fulfilled in truest wise  
Your lofty spirit-service for so long,  
Henceforth will be entrusted with new tasks.  
The cosmic plan doth call the sons of men  
But for a time unto the sacred shrine,  
And when in service they exhaust their strength

It guideth them to other fields of work.  
Even this temple had to stand its trial;  
And one man's error had to guard it once,  
The guardian of the light--from darkness deep,  
One cosmic hour big with the fate of worlds.  
Thomasius perceived through inward light  
Which rules unconscious in the souls of men,  
That o'er its threshold he must not pursue  
His way unto the holy mystic shrine  
Ere he had crossed that other threshold o'er,  
Of which this only is the outward sign.  
So of himself he shut the door again  
Which you would fain have opened wide in love.  
He will now as another come again  
Worthy of your initiation's gift.

HILARY:

Our souls here humbly offer sacrifice  
Unto the spirit by whose power alone  
The inner soul of man is fructified.  
And we would strive that our own wills may be  
A revelation of the spirit-will.  
By cosmic wisdom is the temple led  
Which unconfused doth guide to future times.  
Thou showest us directions which thyself  
Hast read within the cosmic book of fate,  
What time thy pupils passed their proof severe.  
So lead them now within our sacred shrine,  
That they may join their work unto our own.

(Hilary knocks within the Temple; then enter Thomasius, Capesius, Maria, Felix Balde, Dame Balde, and Strader. Trustworthy and Torquatus so guide their entrance that when they come to the middle of the Temple, Thomasius is standing in front of Benedictus and Hilary, Capesius in front of Bellicosus and Torquatus, Strader in front of Trustworthy, whilst Maria is with Felix and Dame Balde.)

HILARY:

My son, the words man utters in this place  
Spell guilt which cries aloud to spirit-worlds  
Unless the speaker follows truth alone.  
As great the guilt, so strong too are the powers  
Which strike it, and destroy the one who speaks  
And proves himself unworthy of his task.  
He who is standing here before thee now,  
Was conscious of the working of his words  
And tried to full extent of all his powers  
To render service to the spirit-world  
Before this holy symbol of that light  
Which shines upon our Earth from out the east.  
It is the will of fate that thou henceforth  
Shalt stand and serve within this sacred place.  
And he who consecrates thee to the task  
And of his office hands thee now the key,  
Doth give his blessing also that it may  
Prove of good service, in so far as he  
Hath served the sacred customs worthily.

THOMASIIUS:

Exalted Master, he would not presume--  
This poor weak mortal, who doth dare to stand  
Before thee now in body,--e'en to shape  
One wish that thy successor he might be  
Within this ancient consecrated place.  
He is not worthy e'en to place one step  
Across the threshold of this mystic shrine,  
But what he dares not wish for, for himself,  
He must perceive in deep humility  
Since powers of fate have of necessity  
Desired to send this call unto his soul.  
It was not I, as I am in my life  
Nor as I saw myself a short time back  
In spirit, as a wholly worthless soul,  
That let me now draw near unto this place.  
And yet the man who stands here visible  
Hath been, by Benedictus and his friend,

Endowed with second manhood, which the first  
Shall henceforth only as a bearer serve.  
The spirit-pupilship hath given me  
A self that can show forth itself with power  
And to the full unfold its own pursuits  
E'en when the bearer needs must know himself  
Full far removed from lofty aims of soul.  
If, in such case, his duty it doth seem  
To give this second self that's roused in him  
To service in the progress of the Earth  
His life must aye observe this strictest rule  
To be a light before his spirit-eyes,  
That nought from his own self must enter in  
Nor cause disturbance in that work, which he  
Hath not himself arranged nor brought to pass  
But which his second self must execute.  
Concealed within himself he thus will work  
That one day he may be what he doth know  
To be the future goal of his true self.  
Throughout his life he'll carry his own cares  
Locked fast in deep recesses of his soul.  
I told thee when at first thou called'st me  
That I could never tread the temple courts  
In mine own human personality.  
He who now comes, as though another's life  
Had been entrusted to him, sees that fate  
Hath laid on him the task of watching o'er  
Results of his own work and guiding them  
With dutiful attention from this place  
For such time as the spirit doth command.

TORQUATUS (in the South, to Capesius):

Capesius, henceforth 'twill be thy task  
To serve the holy temple in this place  
Whence love through wisdom shall stream forth to men  
As warmly as the sunshine's noontide rays.  
He who would to the spirit sacrifice  
With understanding of the mystic work,  
Must needs face dangers here, for Lucifer

Can in this place draw near with secret tread  
To whomsoever faithfully doth try  
To carry out the spirit-service here,  
And on each word he can impress the seal  
That marks the adversary of the gods.  
Thou stood'st before the adversary's throne  
And saw'st what follows his activities;  
So for thine office thou art well prepared.

CAPESIUS:

He who hath viewed the adversary's realm  
As powers of fate permitted me to do,  
He knows that 'good' and 'evil' are but words  
Which mankind scarce can understand aright.  
Who speaks of Lucifer as wholly bad  
Might also say that fire is evil too,  
Because it hath a power that can kill life;  
He might call water evil, since a man  
Might in the water easily be drowned.

TORQUATUS:

Through other things doth Lucifer appear  
As evil to thee; not through that which he  
Would indicate as evil of himself.

CAPESIUS:

The cosmic spirit who could bring the light  
To souls of men when first the Earth was formed  
Must render service to the universe,  
In ways which in themselves seem neither good  
Nor evil unto spirits who have learned  
What stern necessity doth oft reveal.  
For good can turn to ill, if evil minds  
Make use of it for their destructive ends;  
And what seems evil may be turned to good  
If some good being guideth it aright.



TORQUATUS:

So dost thou know what thou wilt have to do  
So long as thou dost stand within this place.  
Love doth not value powers that are revealed  
Within the world by judgment's stern decree--  
She treasures them for what they may bring forth  
And asks how she can mould and use the life  
Which is created out of cosmic depths.

BENEDICTUS (in the East):

Yet love speaks often with such gentle words,  
And needs support within the depths of soul.  
Here in this place she will unite with all  
That follows cosmic law with threefold will  
And is unto the spirit dedicate.  
Maria will unite her work to thine.  
The vow she took in Lucifer's domain  
Is now permitted to ray forth its powers.

MARIA:

Capesius spake words of deep import  
Which can reveal the truth if they proceed  
From that same spirit which can guide mankind  
Toward true love, in progress of the Earth,  
But which but error upon error heap  
When they are fashioned by an evil mind  
And in the soul transform themselves to ill.  
'Tis true that Lucifer doth show himself  
As bearer of the light to man's soul-sight  
When it would seek to gaze on spirit-space.  
But then the human soul will always wish  
To waken also in its inmost depths  
What it can only gaze on and admire.  
Although upon his beauty it may look  
Ne'er may it fall 'neath Lucifer's fell sway  
Lest he should gain the power to work within.  
When he, the bearer of the light, sends forth

His rays of wisdom and the worlds are filled  
With haughty sense of self, and with full light  
Each creature's personality shines forth  
A pattern of his own imperious self,  
Then may the inmost being of the soul  
Build up on this appearance, and rejoice  
In all its senses, whilst it radiates  
The joy of wisdom, all around, that lives  
In its own self and loves to feel alive.  
But, more than any other spirit, man  
Requires a God who doth not only ask  
For admiration when his outward form  
Reveals itself in glory to the soul,  
But One who radiates His highest power  
When He Himself doth dwell within man's soul,  
And loving unto death foretelleth life.  
A man may turn to Lucifer and feel  
Inspired by beauty, or some splendour bright:  
And yet so live his life within himself  
That Lucifer can ne'er find entrance there;  
But to that other Spirit man doth cry,  
When he can fathom his own self aright:  
'The goal of love for earthly souls--'tis this  
Not I, but Christ, doth live within me now.'

BENEDICTUS (turning to Maria):

And when her soul shall to her spirit bow  
As she hath vowed to Lucifer, it shall,  
Then through her power on to the temple stream  
With all that leads unto the health of Earth.  
And Christ will kindle in the hallowed place  
Of wisdom warming rays of spirit-love.  
What she can thus accomplish in the world  
Is done because the course of her own life  
Is bound up closely with that knot of fate  
Which Karma spins in human lives on Earth.  
In some long-past existence, it was she  
Who caused the son to leave his father's home;  
And now she leads the son to him again.

The soul, which in Thomasius now dwells  
In former life was to that one which now  
Fulfils itself within Capesius,  
As son to father bound by ties of blood.  
The father will not now through Lucifer  
Demand the debt Maria owes to him,  
For by Christ's power, the debt hath been annulled.

MAGNUS BELLICOSUS (speaking to Hilary and Benedictus, but frequently turning to Felix Balde and Dame Balde):

Within the holy place doth shine the light  
Which flows with power from out the spirit-heights,  
When souls can worthily receive its strength.  
But yet those lofty powers of wisdom's realm  
Which thus reveal themselves in mystic shrines  
Have chosen also other paths to souls.  
The signs of our own times have made it clear  
That all these paths must now be joined in one.  
The temple must unite itself with souls  
Who have reached spirit-light in other ways  
And yet have been enlightened in good truth.  
Now Dame Felicia and her husband too,  
Are such as may approach this sacred place  
And who can bring to it a wealth of light.

DAME BALDE:

I can but tell the fairy-tales that rise  
Within my heart quite of their own accord--  
only know about their spirit-source  
What oft Capesius hath told to me.  
In all humility I must believe,  
What he hath told me of my gift of soul;  
So also I believe what ye make clear  
Why I am called within these temple walls.

FELIX BALDE:

I followed not alone the outward call  
Sent to me by the guardian of this shrine;  
But true unto my spirit-pathway's goal  
I have applied myself unto the power  
Which, as mine inmost guide, doth ever point  
In what direction I shall turn my steps  
That I may best be able to fulfil  
In life what spirit-powers have foreordained.  
This time I saw quite clearly I was meant  
To shun that way which Benedictus now  
Hath shown his pupils in the spirit-life.  
The signs that now I see within this shrine  
Appeared to me in vision previously.  
For often when my soul did tread the depths  
And all self-will had been destroyed in me,  
And power and patience could maintain themselves  
In that dread loneliness which aye approached  
Before I could experience spirit-light,  
Then all the universe seemed one with me,  
And soon I found myself within that world,  
Where life's true purpose was revealed to me.  
During such spirit-wand'rings I have been  
In many a temple which it seems to me  
Resembles that which now my sense perceives,  
Just as the writing of the spoken word  
Must show a written picture of the speech.

TRUSTWORTHY (in the West, to Strader):

Dear Strader, it is now thy destiny  
To speak that word henceforth within the shrine  
Which will agree with all Thomasius  
Makes known to us, as sunset must agree  
With that hope-giving glow of morning light.  
This word, in its full sense doth seize upon  
The working of that Power who showed himself  
To thee, when thou wert standing on thy trial.  
Thou hadst to stand within that spirit-place  
Where thought is strictly ordered to stand still.  
For if thine hand should wield a hammer now

And only strike the air, it could not know  
The power it hath, unless the blow should reach  
Some anvil; even so it is with thought.  
It ne'er could really fathom its own depth  
If Ahriman were not opposed to it.  
All thought within thy life hath led thee on  
To contradict thyself and this hath caused  
Within thy soul both pain and heavy doubt.  
Thus didst thou learn to know thyself through thought;  
As light can only gaze upon itself,  
But through reflection that its rays cast forth;  
The words of him who serves the temple here  
Thus, in a picture, life's reflection show.

STRADER:

In truth the light of thought for long time streamed  
But through reflection into mine own life;  
Yet for full seven years the spirit showed  
Itself to me in its bright splendour too,  
And did reveal those worlds unto my soul,  
In front of which my soul had formerly  
Stood ever still in torment and in doubt.  
Within my soul this light must grow so deep  
That it shall last through all eternity,  
If I would find the path to spirit-aims  
And make my own creations bring forth health.

THEODORA (becoming visible, as a spirit-being, at Strader's side):

I was allowed to win this light for you,  
Because thy power did strive toward my light,  
As soon as thy right time had been fulfilled.

STRADER:

So too thy light, thou spirit-messenger,  
Will stream o'er all the words that in this place  
Shall be wrung forth from out mine inmost soul.  
For Theodora's self is now with mine

To holy mystic service consecrate.

(Philia, Astrid, Luna, and the Other Philia appear in a glowing cloud of light.)

THE OTHER PHILIA:

To Earth's primeval source  
Mount thoughts of sacrifice  
From many a holy shrine;  
Let all that lives in souls,  
Let all that spirit lights  
Soar to the world of form;  
Let cosmic-powers incline  
With graciousness to men,  
To kindle spirit-light  
Within their powers of soul.

PHILIA:

From cosmic spirits I  
Will beg their being's light,  
The soul-sense to uphold;  
The sound too of their words,  
To loose the spirit-ear,  
That what hath been aroused  
Upon the paths of soul  
May not become extinct  
In lives of men on Earth.

ASTRID:

The love-streams will I guide  
That fill the world with warmth  
Unto the spirits of  
Initiated men,  
That thus the sacred rite  
May be preserved and kept  
Within the hearts of men.

LUNA:

From primal powers will I  
For might and courage pray,  
For these will help to make  
Self-sacrifice to grow,  
So that it may transform  
What now is seen in time  
And change to spirit-seeds  
For all eternity.

Curtain falls while all the characters, including Theodora, Philia, Astrid, Luna, and the Other Philia are still inside the Temple.