



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

GIFT OF

Mrs. E. F. Ducommun

Four Mystery Plays

BY
RUDOLPH STEINER

Translated and Edited with the Author's Permission
by H. Collison, M. A. Oxon., S. M. K. Gandell,
M. A. Oxon., and R. T. Gladstone, M. A. Cantab.



The Guardian of the Threshold
The Soul's Awakening

G. P. Putnam's Sons
New York and London
The Knickerbocker Press

1920

COPYRIGHT, 1920
BY
HARRY COLLISON



PT
2159
S82A19E
1920
v. 2.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE GUARDIAN OF THE THRESHOLD	I
THE SOUL'S AWAKENING	135

THE GUARDIAN OF THE THRESHOLD

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 Guardian of the Threshold

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
Astrid } the human soul forces are connected with
Luna } the Cosmos.

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

6 Guardian of the Threshold

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 x 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 I

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.
Who'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 off'ring 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

28 Guardian of the Threshold

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.

Thomasius:

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.

Thomasius:

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 beauteous 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.

Thomasius:

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

40 Guardian of the Threshold

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,

42 Guardian of the Threshold

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.

48 Guardian of the Threshold

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.

Thomasius' 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 . . .

62 Guardian of the Threshold

Strader:

'Tis that which often made me sorrowful.
I wondered if 'twere not deep pain to thee
To lose thy seers' 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

66 Guardian of the Threshold

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 aye 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*

Guardian of the Threshold 79

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.

82 Guardian of the Threshold

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 whatso'er 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.

84 Guardian of the Threshold

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

86 Guardian of the Threshold

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.

92 Guardian of the Threshold

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.

Thomasius (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?

94 Guardian of the Threshold

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.

Thomasius:

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.

Thomasius:

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, wiltst 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.

Thomasius:

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

98 Guardian of the Threshold

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.

100 Guardian of the Threshold

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

102 Guardian of the Threshold

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.

106 Guardian of the Threshold

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,
¹Until—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,

¹ NOTE.—Very solemn and slow.

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.

110 Guardian of the Threshold

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.

Thomasius:

'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.

Thomasius:

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.

Thomasius:

'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.

Thomasius:

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, Tho-
 masius is standing in front of Benedictus
 and Hilary, Capesius in front of Bellicosus
 and Torquatus, Strader in front of Trust-
 worthy, 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.

Thomasius:

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.

126 Guardian of the Threshold

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 foretellet 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—
I 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,

132 Guardian of the Threshold

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.*

THE SOUL'S AWAKENING

SUMMARY OF THE SCENES

SCENE 1: Hilary's business is threatened with disaster because of his attempt to introduce into it his spiritual ideals and occult methods. He has engaged as controller of his machinery, Strader, who is generally known to be a failure because of his unpractical inventions. With him comes a group of similar "cranks." Hilary's old manager is in despair.

SCENE 2: Johannes is a prey to delusion and loves to wander in his own dreamland. He is warned by Maria and Benedictus. Capesius, in a moment of clairvoyance gets a glimpse of Johannes' inner mood, and is so alarmed that he decides that there can be no blending of spiritual gifts with earthly things, and he withdraws from Hilary's group and goes to the old mystic Felix. Maria urges Johannes to discriminate between truth and self-delusion which can be done by the study of elemental sprites.

The dance of gnomes and sylphs.

The youth of Johannes appears. It is in despair because it is separated from Johannes. Lucifer tries to console it with promises of human wisdom and love of beauty. Theodora offers divine wisdom.

SCENE 3: Arguments on various phases of occult development. During the discussion, Ahriman glides stealthily across the stage to bring dissension and confusion of thought among the speakers, who are ignorant of his presence.

Strader's temptations.

Felix speaks on mysticism.

The appearance in spirit form of Maria and Benedic-

tus to help Strader, and of Ahriman to thwart him. There is a repetition of Strader's part in Scene II.

SCENE 4: Similar discussions between Hilary's manager and Romanus. Ahriman had succeeded in separating the various mystics.

During the discussion, Romanus, by his arguments on occultism, makes a great impression upon the manager.

Johannes and his double.

Ahriman scoffs at the Guardian of the Threshold. Strader with Benedictus. The vision of the latter is troubled; he—the occult leader—is mistaken.

SCENE 5: The Spirit World.

This scene needs careful meditation and some knowledge of the author's system. Attention should be given to the indications of the planetary spheres—Mercury, Venus, Sun, Jupiter, and Saturn—to which in turn we expand after death. Heed should be paid to the warning given by the Guardian of the Threshold.

Lucifer here appears as a beneficent guide, so, too, the other Philia.

SCENE 6: The Spirit World. The same remarks apply. Capesius is struck by the figures of his previous incarnations, as shown in the former plays. The Guardian of the Threshold will allow an even earlier incarnation to appear.

(SCENES 7 and 8: The earlier incarnations in Egypt giving the key to the four plays, and showing the origin of development of the different characters.)

SCENE 7: Shows in a remarkable way how the future development of the Baldes and Capesius is going to proceed. The concluding speech of the hierophant foreshadows the approach of a new Era when candidates for initiation will get the hidden light independently and not under the hypnotic suggestion of the guiding priest.

SCENE 8: Drop scene. Egyptian woman (otherwise Johannes

The Soul's Awakening

Thomasius) is in love with a man who is a neophyte or candidate for mysticism and about to retire from the world. This mystic is known to us otherwise as Maria.

SCENE 8: About 2000 B.C. The hierophant (Capesius) has refused to use his thought power to suggest to the candidate what his vision should be. The candidate has a free vision looking far into the future. A breath of love and freedom is wafted into the closely sealed precincts. 'The truth shall make thee free.' But with this rebellion against the old order, there is a consequence. Lucifer and Ahriman hitherto chained within the temple break their chains and begin to work their will. The ancient temple has been invaded, but the Ego begins to wake. The reader will not overlook, in all this cosmic development, the individual development of the different characters which are difficult to understand from the other plays without this glimpse into their previous incarnation. The author has presented it in this order, because it corresponds to the reader's own experience.

SCENE 9: Maria's awakening. The reminiscence in waking of what has happened in a psychic condition.

SCENE 10: Johannes' awakening. The quotations refer to Scenes 7 and 8.

SCENE 11: Strader's awakening. Benedictus' vision is again clouded. The reason here is probably Strader's approaching death. The quotations refer to Scene 3.

SCENE 12: Ahriman's manner, shape, and speech betray the fact that he is being found out by the followers of Benedictus. Ahriman hopes, however, to catch Strader. Note the satire indulged in at the expense of those occultists, theosophists, and others whose air of superiority makes them a laughing stock.

Note also the last line showing the importance of remembering the dead.

SCENE 13: Hilary and Romanus.

SCENE 14: Strader's death is announced and Hilary's manager is converted.

SCENE 15: Secretary and Nurse.

The Secretary's speech.

Ahriman's shape is here even more that of the conventional devil than in Scene 12. This is to show that his true nature is now fully grasped by Benedictus and his followers. This is seen in Ahriman's last speech. Note Benedictus' speech about the dead and their messages.

Benedictus tells Ahriman that one can only serve Good when one does good not for oneself.

The triumph and initiation of Strader and his future power.

The defeat and exit of Ahriman.

THE SOUL'S AWAKENING

PERSONS, FIGURES, AND EVENTS

The psychic and spiritual events portrayed in this play are to be conceived as following, at about a year's interval, those delineated in 'The Guardian of the Threshold.'

I. REPRESENTATIVES OF THE ELEMENT OF SPIRIT:

- I. *Benedictus*, the personality in whom a number of his 'pupils' recognize the sage who knows the deep spiritual connection of earthly events. (In my earlier soul pictures 'The Portal of Initiation' and 'The Soul's Probation,' he is portrayed as the Hierophant of the Sun-Temple; in 'The Guardian of the Threshold' he manifests that particular phase of spiritual activity which aims to substitute the actual spiritual life of modern times for the merely traditional views upheld therein by the Mystic Brotherhood. In 'The Soul's Awakening' *Benedictus* must no longer be conceived only as a sage who has authority over his pupils but also as having his own psychic destiny interwoven with their psychic experiences.

2. *Hilary True-to-God*, the adept in traditional spiritual life, which, in his case, is accompanied by individual spirit-experience. He is the same individuality who appears in 'The Soul's Probation' as Grand Master of a Mystic Brotherhood.
3. *The Manager* of Hilary's business of sawmills.
4. *Hilary's Secretary*. He appears in 'The Guardian of the Threshold' as Frederick Clear-Mind.

II. REPRESENTATIVES OF THE ELEMENT OF SACRIFICE:

1. *Magnus Bellicosus* named Germanus in 'The Portal of Initiation.' In 'The Soul's Probation' and in the 'Guardian of the Threshold' he is the Preceptor of a Mystic Brotherhood.
2. *Albertus Torquatus* named 'Theodosius' in 'The Portal of Initiation.' He appears in the 'Soul's Probation' as the First Master of Ceremonies of the Mystic Brotherhood.
3. *Professor Capesius* appearing in 'The Soul's Probation' as First Preceptor.
4. *Felix Balde*, representing in 'The Portal of Initiation' a kind of natural mysticism, but here, a subjective mysticism. He appears as Joseph Keane in 'The Soul's Probation.'

III. REPRESENTATIVES OF THE ELEMENT OF WILL:

1. *Romanus* who is here re-introduced under the same name used for him in 'The Portal of Initiation' because it expresses the inner state of being to which he has worked upwards during the years

which elapse between 'The Portal of Initiation' and the 'Awakening.' In 'The Guardian of the Threshold' the name given him of Frederick Trustworthy is the one by which he is supposed to be known in the physical world, and the name is used there because his inner life has very little to do with the events represented. In 'The Soul's Probation' he appears as Second Master of Ceremonies in the mediæval Mystic Brotherhood.

2. *Doctor Strader* the individual appearing in 'The Soul's Probation' as the Jew, Simon.
3. *The Nurse* of Doctor Strader the individual called Mary Steadfast in 'The Guardian of the Threshold.' In 'The Portal of Initiation' she is known as 'The Other Maria' because the imaginative perception of Johannes Thomasius constructs, under her guise, an imaginative picture of certain nature-forces. Her individuality appears in 'The Soul's Probation' as Bertha, Keane's daughter.
4. *Dame Balde* who appears in 'The Soul's Probation' as Dame Keane.

IV. REPRESENTATIVES OF THE ELEMENT OF SOUL:

1. *Maria* whose individuality appears in 'The Soul's Probation' as the Monk.
2. *Johannes Thomasius* whose individuality appears in 'The Soul's Probation' as Thomas.
3. *Hilary's wife*.

V. BEINGS FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD:

1. *Lucifer*.
2. *Ahriman*.

3. *Gnomes.*
4. *Sylphs.*

VI. BEINGS OF THE ELEMENT OF HUMAN SPIRIT:

1. *Philia* } The spiritual beings through whose
2. *Astrid* } agency the human soul-forces are
3. *Luna* } connected with the cosmos.
4. *The 'Other' Philia*, representing the element of Love in the world to which the spirit-personality belongs.
5. *The Soul of Theodora* appearing in 'The Soul's Probation' as Cecilia, foster daughter of Keane and sister of Thomas who impersonates Johannes Thomasius.
6. *The Guardian of the Threshold.*
7. *The Double of Johannes Thomasius.*
8. *The Spirit of Johannes Thomasius' Youth.*
9. *The Soul of Ferdinand Fox* in the realm of Ahriman (Scene 12). He appears as Ferdinand Fox only in 'The Guardian of the Threshold.'

VII. The personalities of *Benedictus* and *Maria* also appear as *mental experiences*, to wit: In the second scene as those of Johannes Thomasius, in the third scene as those of Strader. *Maria* appears thus to Johannes Thomasius in Scene 9.

VIII. The *individualities* of Benedictus, Hilary True-to-God, Magnus Bellicosus, Albertus Torquatus, Strader, Capesius, Felix Balde, Dame Balde, Romanus, *Maria*, Johannes Thomasius and *Theodora* appear in the *spirit-realm* in the fifth and sixth

scenes of this play, as '*souls*'; and in the temple in the seventh and eighth scenes as personalities living in a far distant past.

In connection with 'The Soul's Awakening' it is advisable again to draw attention to a point already made with reference to the preceding soul-pictures. Neither the spiritual nor the psychic events nor the spiritual beings are intended to be mere symbols or allegories. Anyone interpreting them in this manner would quite misconceive the real being of the spiritual world. Even in the *mental experiences* which are shown (in the second, third, and tenth scenes) nothing merely symbolical is portrayed. They are genuine psychic experiences, as real for a person who has access to the spirit world as are persons and events in the world of the senses. Such a person will find 'The Awakening' a thoroughly realistic soul-picture. Were the case one of mere symbolism or allegory, I should certainly have left these scenes unwritten.

In response to various questions, I had once more attempted to add a few 'supplementary remarks' in explanation of this 'soul-picture;' but as on former occasions, I again suppress the attempt. I feel averse to adding material of this kind to a picture intended to speak for itself. Such abstract considerations have no part to play in the conception and working-out of the picture, and would only be a discordant element. The spiritual realities, here set forth, present themselves to the soul as convincingly as physical things present themselves to our bodily perception. Yet, as is natural, an unclouded spiritual vision views the

beings and events shown in pictures painted by spiritual perception otherwise than the physical perceptions would behold the same beings and events. On the other hand, it must be said that the manner in which spiritual events array themselves before the perception of the soul determines alike the tendency and construction of such pictures.

SCENE I

Hilary's office. Fittings not very modern. He is a manufacturer of sawn woodwork.

Secretary:

And e'en our good friends in St. Georgestown
Declare that they too are dissatisfied.

Manager:

What? even they; it is deplorable.
The self-same reasons too; 'tis plain to see
With what regret and pain our friends announce
That they can deal no more with Hilary.

Secretary:

Complaints of our unpunctuality
And of the value of our goods compared
With those produced by our competitors
Reach us by post; and on my business trips
Our clients meet me with the same old tale.
The good name of this house is vanishing,
By Hilary's forefathers handed down
To us intact that we might heighten it.
And men begin to think that Hilary
Is swayed by dreamers and strange fantasies,
And, thus obsessed, no longer can bestow

The earnest care which he was wont to give
To all the operations of the firm,
Whose products were world-famous and unique.
So many as were our admirers then
So great is now the tale of those who blame.

Manager:

It is notorious that Hilary
Long since hath let himself be led astray
By seekers after some strange spirit gifts.
To such pursuits he ever was inclined;
But formerly he kept them separate
From business and its workaday routine.

(Enter Hilary.)

Manager (to the Secretary):

It seems advisable to me to speak
Alone with our employer for a while.

(Exit Secretary.)

Manager:

Anxiety it is that bids me seek
An interview and earnest speech with thee.

Hilary:

Why then does my adviser feel concerned?

Manager:

Things happen constantly which bring to light
A serious diminution in demand
For what we manufacture; nor do we
Produce as large an output as we should.
There is besides an increase of complaints

About the lower standard of our work,
And other houses step in front of us.
So too our well-known promptness hath declined
As many clients truthfully attest.
Ere long the best friends that remain to us
No more will be content with Hilary.

Hilary:

Long have I been full well aware of this
And yet indeed it leaves me unconcerned.
But none the less I feel an urgent need
To talk things over with thee; thou hast helped
Not only as the servant of my house,
But also as my dear and trusted friend.
And so I shall speak plainly to thee now
Of matters which I oft have hinted at.
Whoever wills to bring the new things in
Must be content to let the old things die.
Henceforth the business will be carried on
In different ways from those it knew before.
Production, that but stays in straitest bounds
And without care doth offer up its fruits
Upon the market of our earthly life
Regardless of the uses they may find,
Doth seem so trivial and of little worth,
Since I have come to know the noble form
Work can assume when shaped by spirit-men.
From this time forth Thomasius shall be
Directing artist in the workshops here,
Which I shall build for him close to our works.
So will the product made by our machines
Be moulded by his will in artist-forms

And thus supply for daily human need
 The useful with the exquisite combined,
 Art and production shall become one whole
 And daily life by taste be beautified.
 So will I add to these dead forms of sense,
 For thus do I regard our output now,
 A soul, whereby they may be justified.

Manager (after long reflection):

The plan to fabricate such wonder-wares
 Suits not the spirit of our present age.
 The aim of all production now must be
 Complete perfection in some narrow groove.
 The powers which work impersonally, and pour
 The part into the whole in active streams,
 Confer unthinkingly upon each link
 A worth that is by wisdom not bestowed.
 And were this obstacle not in thy path
 Yet would thy purpose none the less be vain.
 That thou shouldst find a man to realize
 The plan thou hast so charmingly conceived
 Passeth belief, at least it passeth mine.

Hilary:

Thou knowest, friend, I do not dream vain dreams.
 How should I aim at such a lofty goal
 Had not kind fate already brought to me
 The man to realize what I propose?
 I am amazed that thine eyes cannot see
 That Strader is, in fact, this very man.
 And one who, knowing this man's inner self,
 And his own duty to humanity,

Conceives one of his duties to be this;
To find a field of work for such a man,
A dreamer is no proper name for him.

Manager (after manifesting some surprise):

Am I to look on Strader as this man?
In his case hath it not been manifest
How easily deluded mortals are
Who lack the power to know realities?
That his contrivance owes to spirit-light
Its origin doth not admit of doubt.
And if it can sometime be perfected
Those benefits will doubtless pour therefrom
Which Strader thought he had already won.
But a mere model it will long remain
Seeing those forces are still undisclosed
Whose power alone will give reality.
I am distressed to find that thou dost hope
Good will result from giving up thy plant
Unto a man who came to grief himself
With his own carefully contrived machine.
'Tis true it led his spirit up to heights
Which ever will entice the souls of men,
But which will only then be scaled by him
When he hath made the rightful powers his own.

Hilary:

That thou must praise the spirit of this man
And yet seek'st cause to overthrow his work
Doth prove most clearly that his worth is great.
The fault, thou sayest, did not lie in him,
That failure rather than success was his.

Among us therefore he will surely find
His proper place; for here there will not be
External hindrances to thwart his plans.

Manager:

And if, despite what I have just now said,
I were to strive within myself and try
To tune my reason to thy mode of thought,
Still one more point compels me to object.
Who will in future value this thy work?
Or show such comprehension of thine aims
As to make use of what thou mayst have made?
Thy property will all be swallowed up
Before thy business hath been well begun,
And then it can no more be carried on.

Hilary:

I willingly admit my plans would show
Themselves imperfect, if amongst mankind
True comprehension were not first aroused
For this new kind and style of handicraft.
What Strader and Thomasius create
Must be perfected in the Sanctuary
Which I shall build for spirit knowledge here.
What Benedictus, what Capesius
And what Maria yonder shall impart
Will show to man the path that he should tread
And make him feel the need to penetrate
His human senses with the spirit's light.

Manager:

And so thou wouldst endow a little clique
To live self-centred, from the world apart,

And shut thyself from all true human life.
Thou fain wouldst banish selfishness on earth
Yet wilt thou cherish it in thy retreat.

Hilary:

A dreamer, it would seem, thou thinkest me,
Who thoughtlessly denies experience
That life hath brought him. Thus should I appear
Unto myself if, for one moment's space,
I held this view thou hast about success.
The cause that I hold dear may fail indeed,
Yet even if, despised by all mankind
It crumbles into dust and disappears,
Yet was it once conceived by human souls
And set up as a pattern on this earth.
In spirit it will work its way in life
Although it stay not in the world of sense.
It will contribute part of that great power
Which in the end will make it come to pass
That earthly deeds are wed to spirit aims;
This in the spirit-wisdom is foretold.

Manager:

I am thy servant and have had my say
As duty and conviction bade me speak;
Yet now the attitude thou hast assumed
Gives me the right to speak as friend to friend.
In work together with thee I have felt
Myself impelled for many a year to seek
A personal knowledge of the things to which
Thou giv'st thyself with such self-sacrifice;
My only guides have been the written words

Wherein the spirit-wisdom is revealed.—
And though the worlds are hidden from my gaze
To which those writings had directed me,
Yet in imagination I can feel
The mental state of men whose simple trust
Leads them to seek such spirit-verities.
I have found confirmation in myself
Of what the experts in this love describe,
As being the possession of such souls
As feel themselves at home in spirit realms.
The all-important thing, it seems to me,
Is that such souls, despite their utmost care,
Cannot divide illusions from the Truth
When they come down from out the spirit heights
As come they must, back into earthly life.
Then from the spirit world, so newly won,
Visions descend upon them which prevent
Their seeing clearly in the world of sense,
And, thus misled, their judgment goes astray
In things pertaining to this life on earth.

Hilary:

What thou wouldst raise as hindrance to my work
Doth but confirm my purpose; thou hast proved
That in thyself I now have one friend more
To stand beside me in my search for truth.
How could I have conjectured up till now
Thy knowledge of the nature of those souls
Who fain would come and join me in my task?
Thou know'st the perils ever threat'ning them.
So will their actions make it clear to thee
That they know paths where they are kept from harm.

Soon thou wilt doubtless know that this is so,
And I shall find henceforth as in the past
In thee a counsellor, who doth not fail.

Manager:

I cannot lend my strength to fashion deeds
Whose processes I do not understand.
Those men in whom thou trusted seem to me
Misled by the illusion I have named:
And others too, who listen to their words,
Will victims to that same illusion fall
Which doth o'erpower all thought that knows its goal.
My help and counsel evermore shall be
Thine to command as long as thou dost need
Acts based upon experience on earth;
But this new work of thine is not for me.

Hilary:

By thy refusal thou dost jeopardize
A work designed to further spirit-aims.
For I am hampered lacking thine advice.
Consider how imperious is the call
Of duty when fate designs to make a sign,
And such a sign I cannot but behold
In these men being here at our behest.

Manager:

The longer thou dost speak in such a strain
More clearly dost thou prove thyself to me,
The unconscious victim of illusion's spell.
Thy purpose is to serve humanity,
But in reality thou wilt but serve

The group which, backed by thee, will have the means
To carry on awhile its spirit-dream.
Soon shall we here behold activities
Ordained no doubt by spirit for these souls,
But which will prove a mirage to ourselves
And must destroy the harvest of our work.

Hilary:

If thou wilt not befriend me with thine aid
Drear doth the future stretch before my soul.

(Enter Strader, left.)

Hilary:

Dear Strader, I have long expected thee.
As things are now it seems advisable
To spend the present time in serious talk
And later on, decide what we shall do.
My dear old friend hath just confessed to me
That he can not approve what we have planned.
So let us now hear counsel from the man
Who promises his spirit to our work.
Much now depends upon how at this time
Men recognize each other in their souls,
Who each to each seem like a separate world
And yet united could accomplish much.

Strader:

And so the loyal friend of Hilary
Will not join with us in the hopeful work
Which our friend's wisdom hath made possible?
Yet can our plan alone be carried out
If his proved skill in life be wisely joined
In compact with the aims of future days.

Manager:

Not only will I hold aloof myself,
But I would also make clear to my friend,
That this design hath neither aim nor sense.

Strader:

I do not wonder thou should'st hold that view
Of any plan in which I am concerned.
I saw a great inception come to grief
Because today the forces still are hid
Which turn clear thought to sense reality.
'Tis known I drew from spirit-light the thought,
Which, though proved true, yet had no life on earth.
This fact doth witness 'gainst my power to judge
And also kills belief that spirit hides
The source of true creation on the earth.

And 'twill be very difficult to prove
That such experience hath giv'n me power
Not to fall victim for the second time.
For I must needs fall into error once
That I may safely reach the land of truth.

Yet 'tis but natural men should doubt my word.
Thy spirit outlook most especially
Must find our wisdom promise little gain.

I hear thee praised for that keen sympathy
Which goes out from thee to all spirit-life,
And for the time and strength thou givest it.
But it is also said that thou wouldst keep
Thy work on earth severely separate

From spirit-striving, which with its own powers
Would work creatively in thy soul-life.
To this pursuit thou wouldst devote alone
Those hours which earthly labour doth not claim.
The aim, however, of the spirit-tide
Where I see clear life's evolution writ,
Is to join spirit-work for spirit-ends
To earthly labours in the world of sense.

Manager:

So long as spirit but to spirit gives
All it can do in free creative might,
It raiseth souls in human dignity
And gives them reason in their life on earth.
But when it seeks to live out its own self
And over others' selves to domineer
It straightway doth draw nigh the realm in which
Illusion often can endanger truth.
This knowledge unto which I have attained
By personal effort in the spirit-world
Doth make me act as I do act to-day;
It is not personal preference, as thou,
Misled by what is said of me, wouldst think.

Strader:

An error 'tis in spirit-knowledge then
That makes thee hostile to the views I hold.
Through this will difficulties multiply.
No doubt 'tis easy for the spirit-seer
To work in partnership with other men
Who have already let themselves be taught
By life and nature what existence means.

But when ideas which claim that they do spring
From spirit sources join reluctantly
With others flowing from the self-same source,
One can but seldom hope for harmony.

(After a period of quiet meditation.)

Yet that which must will surely come to pass.
Renewed examination of my plans . . .
Perhaps may make thee change the views, to which
On first consideration thou dost cling.

Curtain whilst all three are sunk in reflection

SCENE 2

Mountainous country; in the distance, Hilary's house, which is in the vicinity of the workshops, which are not seen. Hilary's house has no upper floor; no corners or angles, and is crescent shaped. A waterfall on the left of the stage, facing audience. A rivulet runs from the waterfall between little rocks across the stage.

Johannes is seen sitting on a rock to right. Capesius left.

Johannes:

The towering masses with their silent life
Brim up the air with riddles manifold;
Yet ask no maddening questions such as slay
A soul that asks not for experience
But only for serenity in which
It may behold life's revelation clear.
See how these colours play among these cliffs,
How calmly dumb the bare expanses lie,
How twilight clothes the woods in green and blue;
This is the world in which Johannes' soul
Will rest and weave to-morrow's fantasies.

Johannes' soul shall feel within itself
The depths and distances of this its world;

And by creative powers this soul shall be
Delivered of its hidden energy
And make known that the world's enchantment is
Only appearance glorified by art.
Yet could Johannes ne'er accomplish this
Did not Maria through her love awake
With gentle soul-warmth forces in his soul.
I must acknowledge fate's wise leadership
In drawing me so closely unto her.
How short a time it is since I have known
That she is by my side; how closely knit
Hath been in these few weeks Johannes' soul
Into a living unity with hers.
As spirit she lives in me though far off;
She thinks within my thought when I call up
Before my soul the objects of my will.

(Maria appears as a thought of Johannes.)

Johannes (continuing):

Maria here before me! but how strange!
She must not thus reveal herself to me!
This stern cold spirit-face, this dignity
That chills my earthly feelings—'tis not thus
Johannes will or can Maria see
Draw nigh to him. 'Tis not Maria—this—
Whom by kind fate's decree wise powers have sent.

(Maria disappears from Johannes' vision.)

Where is Maria whom Johannes loved
Before she had transformed his soul in him
And led it up to ice-cold spirit-heights?
And where Johannes, whom Maria loved,
Where is he now?—He was at hand e'en now.

I see no more Johannes, who didst give
 Me back unto myself with joy. The past
 Cannot and shall not rob me of him thus.

(Maria again appears before Johannes' vision.)

Maria:

Maria as thou fain wouldst her behold
 Lives not in worlds where shines the light of truth.
 Johannes' spirit treads illusion's realm
 By fantasy misled; set thyself free
 From strong desire and its alluring power.
 I feel in me the turmoil of thy soul;
 It robs me of the calmness that I need.
 'Tis not Johannes who directs the storm
 Into my soul; it is some other man,
 O'er whom he was victorious in the past.
 Now as a wraith it roams the spirit-plains;—
 Once known for such it straight will fade away.

Johannes:

That is Maria as she really is,
 Who of Johannes speaks as he appears
 To his own vision at the present time.
 Long since into another form he rose
 Than that which errant fancy paints for me
 Because I am content to let my soul
 Amuse itself with dreams in slothful ease.
 But not yet doth this being hold me fast.
 Escape from him I still can—and I will—
 He often calls me to his side and strives
 To win me for myself by his own powers—

Yet will I strive to free myself from him.
Long years ago he flooded my soul's depths
With spirit being; none the less to-day
No more do I desire to harbour him.

Thou stranger being in Johannes' soul
Forsake me—give me back my pristine self
Before thou didst commence thy work in me.
I would behold Johannes free of thee.

*(Benedictus appears at Maria's side, equally as
a thought of Johannes.)*

Benedictus:

Johannes, heed the warning of thy soul;
The man who, flooding thee with spirit, rose
To be thy nature's primal energy,
Must at thy side still hold his faithful sway
And claim that thou transform his being's powers
Through thy will into human deeds. He must,
Himself concealed, work out his task in thee;
That thou some day mayst reach what thou dost
know

To be thy being's distant future goal.
Thy personal sorrow thou must bear through life
Fast locked within the chamber of thy soul.
So only shalt thou win thyself, if thou
Dost bravely let him own thee more and more.

Maria (seen as a thought of Johannes):

My holy earnest vow doth beam forth power
Which shall preserve for thee what thou hast won.
Me shalt thou find in those cold fields of ice,

Where spirits must create light for themselves.
 When darkness wounds and maims the powers of life
 Seek me within those cosmic depths where souls
 Wrestle to win God-knowledge for themselves.
 By conquest that wins being from the void;
 But never seek me in the realm of shades,
 Where outlived soul-experience wins by guile
 A transient life from out illusion's web,
 And dream's frail phantoms can the spirit cheat;
 So that in pleasure it forgets itself
 And looks on serious effort with distaste.

(Benedictus and Maria disappear.)

Johannes:

She saith illusion . . .

. . . yet 'tis passing fair.

It lives; Johannes feels it in himself,

He feels Maria's nearness in him too.

Johannes will not know how spirit works

To solve the riddles of the soul's dark depths.

He will create and will as artists work.

So may that part of him still lie concealed,

Which consciously would gaze on cosmic heights.

(He sinks into further meditation.)

*(Capesius rises from his seat; as it were arousing
 himself out of deep thought.)*

Capesius:

Did I not clearly feel within my soul

That which Johannes, dreaming over there,

Wrought as the pictures of his longing heart?

Within me glowed to life thoughts not mine own—

Such as he only could originate.
The being of his soul lived in mine own,
I saw him younger grown, as he beheld
Himself through vain illusion, and did mock
The ripe fruits that his spirit had achieved.

But hold! Why do I now experience this?
For seldom may the spirit-searcher see
The being in himself of other souls.

I mind, that Benedictus often said
That only he—and only for a while—
Can do this, whose good destiny ordains
That he shall be upraised one further step
Upon the spirit path. May I thus read
The meaning of what happened even now?
Seldom indeed could this thing be allowed;
For 'twould be terrible if aye the seer
Could see the inner being of men's souls.

Did I see truly?—or could it have been
Illusion let me dream another's soul?
I must enquire from Johannes himself.

*(Capesius approaches Johannes, who now notices
him for the first time.)*

Johannes:
Capesius—I thought thee far from here.

Capesius:
Yet my soul felt itself quite near to thine.

Johannes:

Near mine—at such a time—it cannot be!

Capesius:

Why dost thou shudder at these words of mine?

Johannes:

I do not shudder . . .

(At this moment Maria joins them; this enables both Johannes and Capesius to speak their next words to themselves.)

(To himself):

. . . how his steady glance
Doth pierce me to mine inmost depths of soul.

Capesius (to himself):

His shudder shows me that I saw aright.

(Capesius turns to Maria.)

Maria, thou dost come in fitting time.
Perhaps thy tongue may speak some word of cheer.
To solve the problem which oppresseth me.

Maria:

I thought to find Johannes here, not thee.
Forboding bade me seek the problem's weight
In him—but thou, I fancied, wast content,
Devoted to that glorious enterprise
Which we are offered here by Hilary.

Capesius:

What care I for it? It disturbs me now—

Maria:

Disturbs thee? Didst thou not express delight
To think thy projects might be realized?

Capesius:

What I have lived through in this fateful hour
Hath changed the former purpose of my soul,
Since all activity in work on earth
Must rob me of my new clairvoyant powers.

Maria:

Who'er is suffered to tread spirit-ways
Finds many a hint to shape his destiny.
On soul paths he will try to follow them,
Yet they have not been rightly understood
If they disturb his duties on the earth.

*(Capesius sits, and is plunged in thought while
the vision of Lucifer appears to Maria.)*

Lucifer:

Thine effort will not bring thee much reward.
New force begins to stir within his heart
That opes the portal of his soul to me.
Maria, gaze with thy clairvoyant sight
Upon his inmost soul; and there behold
How he doth free himself on spirit-wings
From thy warm loving bonds of work on earth.

(Lucifer remains on the scene.)

*(Maria turns towards Capesius to rouse him from
his meditation, but at the same moment he
seems to rouse himself of his own accord.)*

Maria:

If on the spirit-path Johannes felt
 The nature of his duties hinder him,
 'Twould not be right, though so it might appear.
 He needs must work upon the outer plane.
 Thy task is to expound the spirit-lore
 To other men and such a task as this
 Cannot impede the progress of thy soul.

Capesius:

Far more than when they work on outer things
 Do spirit forces lose themselves in words.
 Words make one reason o'er what one has seen,
 And reason is a foe to seership's power.
 I had a spirit-vision even now
 Which only could disclose itself to me
 Because the soul which was revealed to me,
 Although our earthly bodies are close friends,
 Had never been by me quite understood
 If I saw truly, I am no more bound
 By any ties unto this work of earth.
 For I must feel persuaded that high Powers
 Now set another goal before my soul
 Than that prescribed for it by Hilary.

(He places himself in front of Johannes.)

Capesius:

Johannes, tell me truly, didst thou not
 A while ago feel old, outlived desires
 That lived within thee like thy present self,
 While thou wast lost in meditation deep?

Johannes:

Can then my spirit's struggle work to form
 Experience within another's soul?
 And can such vision make mine error strong
 To find its way to life in cosmic space?

(Johannes again falls into meditation.)

*(Maria turns her face towards Lucifer and hears
 him say:)*

Lucifer:

Here too I find the soul's gate open wide.
 I'll not delay but use this chance at once.
 If also in this soul a spirit-wish
 Is born, that work of love must come to naught
 Which doth bode ill to me through Hilary.
 I can destroy Maria's might in him:
 And thus can add her power unto mine own

*(Capesius at this moment straightens up self-
 consciously, and, during the following speech,
 shows an increasingly definite conviction.)*

Capesius:

My doubts dissolve—that which I saw was true;
 I was allowed to see Johannes' life.
 So is it also clear that his world could
 Only unfold itself because mine own
 Would never draw near his and comprehend
 The spirit-path doth ask for solitude.
 Co-operation is but meant for those
 Who comprehend each others' hopes and aims.
 A soul which sets humanity aside
 Attains the wide bounds of the worlds of light.

A pattern in old Felix can I find,
 He seeks on paths that none but he may know
 In proud seclusion for the spirit-light.
 He sought and found because he kept himself
 From ever grasping things by reason's strength.
 In his track will I follow, and thy work,
 Which hampers seership's power with earthly things,
 Shall no more lead Capesius astray.

(Exit.)

Maria:

So 'tis with man, what time his better self
 Sinks into spirit-sleep and strong desire
 Is all his being's food; until again
 True spirit-nature wakes in glowing light.
 Such is the sleep all human beings sleep
 Before clairvoyant powers have wakened them.
 They know not they are sleeping, though awake;
 They seem awake, because they ever sleep.
 The seer doth sleep, when to this waking state
 He struggles forth from out his real self.
 Capesius will now withdraw from us.
 It is no transient whim; his mental life
 Draws him away from us and from our plans.
 It is not he that turns himself from us.
 The dread decree of fate is plainly seen.
 And so we who are left must consecrate
 Our powers with more devotion to our work.

Johannes:

Maria, do not of Johannes ask
 That for new aims at such a time as this

He should gird up his soul, which like all souls
Needs spirit-sleep in which it may mature
The forces which are germinating there.
I know that I in time to come shall dare
To work for spirit-worlds—but do not now
Appeal to me for services—not now.
Think how I drove away Capesius . . .
Were I ripe for this work—he would be, too.

Maria:

Capesius away? Dost thou not—dream?

Johannes:

I dreamed while conscious . . . yea, I woke in dreams.
What would seem fantasy to cosmic powers
To me proved symbol that I was mature.
Right well I know my wish was my true self;
My thinking only was another self.
And so Johannes stood before my soul
As once he was, ere spirit seized on him
And filled his being with a second self.
Johannes is not dead; . . . a living wish
Createth him companion of my soul.
I may have stunned him, but not overthrown.
A living man, he claims his natural rights
Whene'er that other self must sink to sleep.
And to wake—always that—exceeds its powers.
Asleep it was throughout that time in which
Capesius could live within himself.
How my first nature tore me from myself.
My dreams did seem to him the sign of fate;
And so in me and not in him doth work

The power which drove him forth, and which forbids
Our spirit to be turned to work on earth.

Maria:

The spirit-powers are coming—call on them.
To cosmic spirit-sources turn thy gaze
And wait until the powers within those depths
Discover that within thine own true self
Which stirs with conscious life akin to theirs.
Their magic words will show thine inward sight
That which makes them and thee a unity.
Cast out thine own brain's interfering speech,
That spirit may speak in thee as it will;
And to this spirit-speech give thou due heed.
'Twill carry thee beyond the spheres of light
And link thee to true spirit-essence there.
Thy misty visions sprung from times long past
Will then grow sharp and clear in cosmic light,
But will not bind thee since thou hast control.
Compare them with these elemental forms,
With shadows and with phantoms of all kinds,
And place them near to demons manifold
And so discover what they really are.
But in the realm of spirits root thyself
Who primal source to primal source do bind,
Who dwell close linked with dormant cosmic powers
And order the processions of the spheres.
This view of cosmic things will give thee strength,
Amid the surging sea of spirit-life,
To blend thyself and inmost soul in one.

The spirit bids me tell thee this myself;

But now give ear to what thou knowest well
Though 'tis not wedded yet to thy soul-depths.

Johannes (still sitting on a rock to right of stage. He collects himself for a determined effort):

I will give ear—I will defy myself.

(From both sides advance elemental spirits. From the right of stage creatures like gnomes. They have steel-blue-grey bodies, small as compared with men; they are nearly all head, but it is bent forward and downward, and is lilac and purple in color, with tendrils and gills of various shades of the same hue. Their limbs are long and mobile, suitable for gesticulation, but ill-adapted for walking. From the left of stage come sylph-like figures, slender and almost headless; their feet and hands are partly fins and partly wings. Some of them are bluish-green, others yellowish-red. The yellowish-red ones are distinguished by sharper outlines than the bluish green ones. The words spoken by these figures are accompanied by expressive gestures developing into a dance.)

Chorus of the Gnomes (dancing, hopping, and gesticulating in rhythm):

We harden, we strengthen (*said sharply and quickly*)
The nebulous earth-dust;
We loosen, we powder
Hard-crusted, earth-boulders;

Swift shatter we the hard,
 Slow harden we the loose.
 Such is our spirit-kind.
 Of mental matter formed
 Full-skilled were we before
 When human souls still slept (*said slowly and dreamily*)
 And dreamed when earth began.

Chorus of the Sylphs (a swaying motion in rhythm):

We weave and we unweave
 The web of watery air;
 We scatter and divide
 Seed forces from the sun;
 Light-force condense with care;
 Fruit-powers destroy with skill;
 For such is our soul-kind
 From rays of feeling poured,
 Which ever-living glows
 That mankind may enjoy
 Earth-evolution's sense.

Chorus of the Gnomes (dancing, hopping, and gesticulating in rhythm):

We titter and we laugh (*said sharply and quickly*)
 We banter and grimace,
 When stumbling human sense
 And fumbling human mind
 Beholds what we have made;
 They think they understand
 When spirits from our age
 Weave charms for their dull eyes (*said slowly and emphatically*).

Chorus of the Sylphs (a swaying motion in rhythm):

We take care, and we tend,
Bear fruit and in spirit,
When young mankind's dawn-life
And old mankind's errors
Consume what we have made
And childlike or greyhaired
Find in time's stream dull joy
From our eternal plans.

(These spirit-beings collect in two irregular groups in the background, and remain there visible. From the right appear the three soul-forces: Philia, Astrid, and Luna with 'the other Philia.')

Philia:

They ray out the light
As loving light-forms
To ripeness so blest,
So gently they warm
And mightily heat
Where embryo growth
Would reach actual life;
That this actual life,
May make souls rejoice
Who lovingly yield
To radiant light.

Astrid:

'Tis life that they weave,
And help create,
In up-springing men,

The Soul's Awakening

They shatter the earth
And densify air;
That change may appear
In strenuous growth.
Such strenuous growth
Fills spirits with joy
Who feel that they weave
A life which creates.

Luna:

They thoughtfully mould,
Alert to create
In flexible stuff;
They sharpen the edge
And flatten the face,
And cunningly build
The clearly-cut forms;
That clearly-cut forms
The will may inspire
With cunning to build,
Alert to create.

The Other Philia:

They gather the blooms
And use without care
The magical works;
They dream of the true
And guard 'gainst the false;
That germs which lie hid
May wake into life.
And clairvoyant dreams
Make clear unto souls

The magical web
That forms their own life.

(These four soul-forces disappear towards the left; Johannes, who during the preceding events was deep in meditation, rouses himself.)

Johannes:

'And clairvoyant dreams
Make clear unto souls
The magical web
That forms their own life.'
These are the words that still distinctly ring
Within my soul; that which I saw before
Passed in confusion out of my soul's ken.

Yet what a power stirs in me, when I think;
'The magical web
That forms their own life.'

(He relapses once more into meditation; there appears to him as a thought-form of his own a group composed of: The Spirit of Johannes Youth, with Lucifer on its right and Theodora's soul on its left.)

The Spirit of Johannes' Youth:

The life within thy wishes feeds my life,
My breath drinks thirstily thy youthful dreams;
I am alive when thou dost not desire
To force thy way to worlds I cannot find.
If in thyself thou lovest me, I must

Do grievous painful service to grim shades:—
O guardian of my life . . . forsake me not.

Lucifer:

He never will forsake thee,—I behold
Deep in his nature longings after light
Which cannot follow in Maria's steps.
And when the radiance which is born of them
Doth fully light Johannes' artist-soul
It must bear fruit; nor will he be content
To cast this fruit away in yonder realm
Where love divorced from beauty reigns alone.
His self will no more seem of worth to him
Which fain would cast his best gifts to the shades
Because it sets by knowledge too much store.
When wisdom shall throw light on his desires
Their glorious worth will be revealed to him;
He only can think them of little worth
So long as they hide darkly in the soul.
Until they can attain to wisdom's light
I will be thy protector—through the light
I find deep-seated in the human soul.

He has as yet no pity for thy woes,
And ever lets thee sink among the shades
When he is striving up the heights of light.
For then he can forget that thou, his child,
Must lead a miserable phantom life.
But henceforth, thou wilt find me at thy side
When as a shade thou freezest through his fault.
I will exert my rights as Lucifer

*(At the word 'Lucifer' the spirit of Johannes'
youth starts.)*

Reserved to me by ancient cosmic law,
 And occupy those depths within his soul
 He leaves unguarded in his spirit-flight.
 I'll bring thee treasure that will light for thee
 The dark seclusion of the shadow-realms.
 But thou wilt not be fully freed till he
 Can once again unite himself with thee.
 This act he can delay . . . but not prevent.
 For Lucifer will well protect his rights.

Theodora:

Thou spirit-child, thou liv'st Johannes' youth
 In gloomy shadow-realms. To thee in love
 Bends down the soul which o'er Johannes broods
 From realms ablaze with light, aglow with love.
 She will from thine enchantment set thee free
 If thou wilt take so much of what she feels
 As shall procure thee life in blessedness.
 I will ally thee with the elements
 Which labour unaware in cosmic space
 Withdrawing ever far from waking souls.
 With those earth-spirits thou canst fashion forms,
 And with the fire-souls thou canst ray out power,
 If thou wilt sacrifice thy conscious life
 Unto the will that works with light and power
 But without human wisdom. So shalt thou
 Preserve thy knowledge, only half thine own,
 From Lucifer, and to Johannes give
 The services which are of worth to him.
 From his soul's being I will bring to thee
 What causeth him to crave thy being's aid,
 And find refreshment in the spirit-sleep.

Lucifer:

But beauty she can ne'er bestow on thee
Since I myself dare take it far from her.

Theodora:

From noble feeling I will find the germ
Of beauty which grows ripe through sacrifice.

Lucifer:

From free-will she will tear thee and instead
Give thee to spirits who dwell in the dark.

Theodora:

I shall awaken sight by spirit filled
That e'en from Lucifer knows itself free.

(Lucifer, Theodora, and the Spirit of Johannes' youth disappear. Johannes, awaking from his meditation, sees 'the other Philia' approaching him.)

The Other Philia:

And clairvoyant dreams
Make clear unto souls
The magical web
That forms their own life.

Johannes:

Thou riddle-speaking spirit—at thy words
This world I entered! Of its mysteries
One only—is important for my soul:
Whether, as living in the spirit worlds,
The shadow dwells who sought with Lucifer
And Theodora to be shown to me.

The Other Philia:

He lives—and by thyself was waked to life.
E'en as a glass in pictures doth reflect
All things by light upon its surface thrown
So must whate'er in spirit-realms thou see'st—
Ere full maturity gives thee the right
To such clairvoyance—mirrored be in life
Within the realm of half-waked spirit-shades.

Johannes:

'Tis but a picture, mirrored thus by me?

The Other Philia:

Yet one that lives and keeps its hold on life
So long as thou dost keep within thyself
An outlived self which thou indeed canst stun
But which as yet thou canst not overthrow.
Johannes, thine awakening is but false
Until thou shalt thyself set free the shade
Whom thine offence doth lend a magic life.

Johannes:

What thanks I owe this spirit, who brings truth
Into my soul—I needs must follow it.

*Curtain falls slowly, while 'the other Philia' and
Johannes remain quietly standing.*

SCENE 3

The Same.

(Enter left, Magnus Bellicosus, Romanus, Torquatus, and Hilary, in deep conversation, and pausing in their walk.)

Bellicosus:

And if his headstrong mood will not be changed,
How can prosperity attend the work
Which Hilary is fain to dedicate
In loving service to his fellowmen?

Romanus:

What our friend's true companion in his work
Did give as reason why he did object,
Hath weight not only amongst men who form
Opinions based on outer facts of life.
Are not these arguments advanced by him
Also in harmony with mystic views?

Bellicosus:

Yet it lies not within the spirit group
Which holds our projects in its firm embrace.
Those who succeeded to our mystic task
Were Benedictus' pupils;—'tis for them
That Hilary would make a field of work

In which their spirit-fruitage can mature.
The wise powers ruling over destiny
Have, in the temple, joined them to ourselves;
Our friend, however, represents alone
The wisdom which to us within the shrine
As spirit-law and duty was revealed.

Romanus:

But art thou sure that thou dost understand
This spirit-law? More simply it might mean
That Benedictus and his pupils too,
Whom in his way he to the spirit led,
Should still remain within the temple's shrine
And not at this time tread the hard rough road
To which friend Hilary would lead them on.
For but too easily can spirit-sight
Be turned, upon that road, to soul's dream-sleep.

Bellicosus:

I did not hope to hear such words from thee
To Hilary's companion in his work.
We must indeed allow that knowledge gained
From books alone is but of little worth.
But thou art bound to recognize the signs
Which are begotten on the mystic way.
How Benedictus' pupils were impelled
To come to us, speaks clearly to our souls.
They are joined with us that we may obey
What their clairvoyance doth to them reveal.

Torquatus:

Another sign doth still make manifest
That full rich blessing from the spirit-powers

Upon that project hath not been outpoured
Which in the temple showed itself to us.
Capesius hath now withdrawn himself
From Benedictus and his pupils' group.
That he should not yet in its fullness feel
The wakefulness of soul which now in him
Doth Benedictus seek, doth cast sad doubt
E'en on our teacher's personal competence.

Bellicosus:

The gift of seership lies still far from me:
Yet intuition often doth reveal
Within my soul the meaning of events.
When for the first time in our sacred fane
I saw Capesius within our group
The thought oppressed me, that fate set him there
To be both near to us and yet far off.

Romanus:

Thine intuition I can fully grasp.
But at that very moment none amongst
Our new-found mystic friends so closely knit
By fate to us as Strader, could I find.
Such intuition is to me a sign
To show my soul the road, where I may then
With reason search; and when I come to act
I must destroy that intuition first
Which gave strength and direction to my thought.
Thus mysticism's strict decrees ordain.
In spirit-realms I find myself in truth
With Benedictus' pupils close allied;
Yet, if I leave my inner mystic group

And find my way back into life on earth,
By Strader's side alone dare I do this.

Torquatus:

But Hilary's companion in his work
Finds not in Strader's soul true spirit-strength
Such as can prove of use in outer life.
And if myself I heed my inner voice
It is revealed that he entirely lacks
The rightful mood to tread the mystic path.
What outward signs can show him of these things
And what his reason grasps of spirit-life,
Arouse the explorer's zeal in him;
From inward spirit-life he stands far off.
What can the spirit products of this man
Be but obscurely woven mystic dreams?

Romanus:

Upon the spirit path his friends have trod;
He hath not made sufficient progress yet
To join himself to foes of his own soul,
Who bring to many mystics danger great
When they pursue him into life on earth.

Bellicosus:

If thou dost think him safe from such attacks
Nought hinders thee from working for him there
So that this great scheme may be brought to pass
Which Hilary would carry out through him.
For when our friend's companion comes to know
How highly thou dost rate the man whom he
Dares think of little worth, he will in truth

Misdoubt his own opinion. Thou alone
Canst win him over to the cause we serve.
For well he knows that in thine outer life
Thou hast invariably achieved success
In all thou hast essayed with forethought wise.

Romanus:

If thou wilt Strader take, dear Hilary,
As thy companion, and, from this thy work
Keep Benedictus' other followers
On spirit paths from all illusion free,
Thou shalt not stand alone;—I offer thee
Not only what now Bellicosus asks
As my assistance; but will also help
With all the worldly goods at my command
In making Strader's plan a real success.

Hilary:

How canst thou think that Strader at this time
From Benedictus' pupils would depart?
To follow his own spirit-aims alone?
The others are as near him as himself.

Romanus:

In human life they well may stand so close.
But only that part of his soul can hold
That they in spirit too are one with him,
Which still is deeply sunk in spirit-sleep
But soon, methinks, it will be evident
How that part can grow ripe to waking life.

(Exeunt right.)

(Enter left—Capesius, Strader, Felix Balde, and Dame Balde; as if coming to a standstill during their talk because of the importance to them of the following dialogue.)

Capesius:

To seek the spirit in mine inmost soul
Is all that I can do at such a time.
Were I to load myself with outward work,
That spirit might be brought to realms of sense,
With rashness should I strive to grasp the cause
Of being in those worlds whose essence true
I have not fully grasped within myself.
Of cosmic being I can see no more
Than hath already shaped itself in me.
How shall my work do good to other men
If in creating I but please myself?

Strader:

Thy meaning is, I take it, that thy work
Will only carry thine own being's stamp;
And in that work, thou dost but manifest
To outward cosmic life thy personal self?

Capesius:

Till I encounter with mine inner world
A being strange to me, 'tis even so.
How far I now can pierce another's soul
I realized with pain, when for a while
I was awake and could with clearness judge.

Felix Balde:

Thou speak'st as I have never heard thee speak—
But ne'er could I so understand thy mind

As I do now, when naught speaks but thyself.
 In all thy words there rings the mystic mood
 Which I have sought unwearied many years;
 And which alone can recognise the light
 In which the human spirit feels itself
 A part of cosmic spirit through clear sight.

Capesius:

Because I felt how near I'd drawn to thee
 I sought thee, fleeing from the kind of life
 That was about to slay mine inner world.

Strader:

I often understood thy present speech;—
 And then I thought it wisdom;—but no word
 In all thy speech can I now understand.
 Capesius and father Felix both
 Conceal dark meanings in transparent words . . .

Do I not feel these words of thine are but
 The cloak of forces: forces of the soul
 That exile me from thee unto those words
 Which lie remote from all thy spirit-paths?
 Worlds I have no desire for,—since I must
 Deep in my soul adore that world of thine.
 The opposition I can lightly bear
 Which from without now menaceth my work;
 Yea, e'en if all my plans were broken up
 Upon this opposition;—I could bear.
 But I cannot forego these worlds of thine.

Felix Balde:

A man cannot attain the spirit-world
 By seeking to unlock the gates himself.

Once didst thou give me pleasure, when of old
 Of thine invention thou wast wont to speak—
 Then, when enlightenment was granted thee
 By what thou didst not strive to understand.
 Thou wast far nearer to the mystic mood.

To strive for nought,—but just to live in peace,
 Expectancy the soul's whole inner life:—
 That is the mystic mood. When waked in man
 It leads his inmost soul to realms of light.
 Our outward tasks do not endure such mood.
 If them thou wouldst through mysticism seek,
 Mystic illusion will destroy thy life.

Strader:

I need thee sorely;—yet I find thee not—
 The being that unites us thou dost scorn.
 Yet how can men be found to undertake
 True cosmic work if mystics all decline
 To leave their individuality?

Felix Balde:

Into thy world of active daily life
 The tender being of clairvoyant sight
 Cannot be introduced, for it will fade
 E'en as its welcome border line appears.
 In faith devout, revering spirit-sway
 With spirit-sight reposing in the heart:—
 Thus mystics should draw nigh the world of deeds.

Capesius:

And if they strive to tread it otherwise
 The work of error they will then behold;

But wisdom's radiance they will never see.
 I once saw clearly through another's soul.
 I knew that I saw truly what I saw.
 Yet only that soul's error could I see.
 This was my fate for spoiling spirit-sight
 By my desire for outer deeds on earth.

Strader:

Thus speaks Capesius who hath advanced
 Beyond me far upon the path of souls.
 And yet my spirit-vision only wakes
 When thoughts of action wholly fill my soul;
 And it is flooded with a living hope
 That for the spirit it may build a shrine
 And kindle there on earth the light that shines
 So warmly through the spirit-worlds on high
 And seeks, through human sense-activities,
 A new home in the daily life of earth.

Am I a son of error?—not thy son,
 Ye wide-flung spirit-realms where wisdom dwells?

(Strader turns away, for a moment, from the companions with whom he has been conversing; and now he has the following spirit-vision—Benedictus, Maria, Ahriman appear—in the guise of his thought-forms but nevertheless in real spirit-intercourse; first Benedictus and Ahriman, then Maria).

Benedictus:

In wide-flung spirit-realms where wisdom dwells
 Thou seekest aid to still thy questioning doubt,

Which makes the secret of thine inner life
Lie like a burden on thine earthly thought.
And thou shalt have an answer, such an one
As spirit-spaces out of their soul-depths
Are willing to reveal through this my voice.
But learn to understand what thou hast guessed
And what thou often hast made bold to say,
But in thine inner being only dreamst.
Give to thy dreams the life, which I am bound
To offer thee from out the spirit-world;
But turn to dreams whatever thou canst draw
By thought from all thy sense-experience.
Capeus and Felix cast thee forth
From out the spirit-light which they behold;
Thy place th' abyss betwixt themselves and thee—
Do not complain that they have done this thing,
But gaze in thine abyss.

Ahriman:

Aye, gaze therein!

Thou shalt behold there what to thee seems meet
For human spirits on their cosmic path.
'Twere well for thee, if other spirit-powers
Did tell thee when thy soul is sunk in sleep;
But Benedictus tells thee when awake,
So dost thou slay, beholding, thy response.
Aye, gaze therein.

Strader:

I will. What do I see?

Two forms confused? They change, yea, and they
tear,

One at the other tears—a battle now—
 The phantoms fight each other furiously,—
 Destruction reigns, and from it gloom is born;—
 From out the gloom now issue other shades
 With ether's light around them,—flick'ring red;
 One of the forms quite clearly leaves the rest;
 And comes to me;—sent from the dark abyss.

(Maria steps forth from the abyss.)

Maria:

Thou seest demons;—summon up thy strength,
 They are not thus,—before thee they appear
 What they are not. If thou canst hold them fast
 Until their phantom nature shall become
 Illumined to the being of thy soul
 Thou wilt behold what value they possess
 In evolution of the cosmic scheme.
 Thy power of sight doth fade ere they unfold
 The forces which will make them luminous.
 Illuminate them with thine own self's light.
 Where is thy light? Thou rayest darkness out—
 Perceive thy darkness all around thyself—
 'Midst light thou dost create the baffling gloom;
 And feelst it when created by thyself.
 Yet then thou ne'er canst feel thyself create.
 Thou wouldst forget thy longing to create,
 Which reigns unconsciously within thy soul.
 Because thou art afraid to ray out light.
 Thou wouldst enjoy this light that is thine own.
 Thou wouldst enjoy therein thyself alone.
 Thou seekst thyself, and seekest to forget.
 Thou let'st thyself sink dreaming in thyself.

Ahriman:

Aye, list to her; thy riddles she can solve
But her solution solves them not for thee.
She gives thee wisdom—so that with its aid
Thou canst direct thy steps to foolishness.
Wisdom were good for thee—at other times,
When on thee spirit-day doth brightly shine.
But when Maria speaks thus in thy dreams
She slays thy riddle's answer by her words.
Aye, list to her.

Strader:

What mean such words as these?
Maria, are they born from out the light?
From out my light? Or is my darkness that
From which they sound? O Benedictus, speak;
Who brought me counsel from the dark abyss?

Benedictus:

At thine abyss's edge she sought thee out.
Thus spirits seek out men to shelter them,
From those who fashion phantoms for men's souls
And so conceal the cosmic-spirit's sway
With mazy darkness, that they only know
Themselves in truth in their own being's net.
Look further yet within thy dark abyss.

Strader:

What now lives in the depths of mine abyss?

Benedictus:

Gaze on these shades; upon the right, blue-red
Enticing Felix—and the others see—

There on the left—where red with yellow blends;
 Who are intent to reach Capesius.
 They both do feel the might of these same shades;—
 And each in loneliness creates the light
 Which foils the shades who would deceive men's
 souls.

Ahriman:

He would do better did he show to thee
 Thy shades—yet this thing could he scarcely do;—
 He hath the best intentions certainly.
 He only sees not where to seek those shades.
 They stand behind thee, critically near,—
 Yet thou thyself dost hide them now from him.

Strader:

So now I hear in mine abyss these words
 Which once I thought the prating of a fool,
 When Hilary's adviser uttered them. . . .

Maria:

Sire Felix tempers for himself the blade
 That rids him of his danger; one who treads
 The path thy soul takes needs another kind.
 The sword Capesius doth fashion here,
 And bravely wields in battle with his foes,
 Would be for Strader but a shadow sword
 Should he commence therewith the spirit-fight
 Which powers of destiny ordain for souls
 Who must change spirit-being, ripe for deeds
 With mighty power, to earth activity.
 Thou canst not use their weapons in thy fight;

Yet thou must know them, so that thou mayst forge
Thine own from out soul-substance thoughtfully.

(The figures of Benedictus, Ahriman, and Maria disappear; i.e., from outward sight; Strader wakes up from his spirit-vision; he looks round for Capesius, Felix Balde, and Dame Balde, who again approach him; he has seated himself upon a rock.)

Felix Balde:

Dear Strader, even now the spirit drove
Thee far from us—thus it appeared to me.

(He pauses a while in the expectation that Strader will say something, but since the latter remains silent Felix continues.)

I would not seem to cast thee coldly forth
From out our group to other paths of life.
I only wish to check thy further steps
In that illusion which confuseth thee.
What spirit sees in spirit must by souls
In spirit also be received and lived.
How foolish were it if Felicia
Should take the fairies living in her soul,
Who also fain would only live in souls,
And make them dance upon a puppet's stage.
Their magic charm would be completely lost.

Dame Balde:

I surely have been silent long enough.
But speak I will, if thou art going to cast
Thy mystic mood upon my fairy sprites.

They would indeed enjoy to have their power
Drawn out of them, that they might be brought up
And suckled fresh with mysticism's milk.
I honour mysticism; but I fain
Would keep it distant from my fairy realms.

Capesius:

Felicia, was it not thy fairy-tales
That set my feet first on the spirit-path?
Those stories of the air and water-sprites,
Called up so oft before my thirsting soul,
Were messengers to me from yonder world
Whereto I now the mystic entrance seek.

Dame Balde:

But since thou cam'st with this new mystic art
Into our house thou hast but seldom asked
What my fair magic beings are about.
More often thou hast only thought of worth
What wears a solemn air of dignity;
While those who caper out of sheer delight
Are uncongenial to thy mystic ways.

Capesius:

I do not doubt, Felicia, that I
Shall one day comprehend the meaning hid
Deep in the being of those wondrous elves
Who show their wisdom through a merry mask.
Yet now my power hath not advanced so far.

Felix Balde:

Felicia, thou knowest how I love
Those fairy beings who do visit thee;

But to conceive them as mechanical
Embodied dolls—this goes against the grain.

Dame Balde:

As yet I have not brought them to thee thus;
Thy fancy flies—too high; but I was glad
When Strader's plan was told me, and, I heard,
Thomasius also strives to represent
The spirit cased in matter visible.
I saw in spirit dancing merrily
My fairy princes and my souls of fire
In thousand doll-games, beautified by art;
And there I left them, happy in the thought,
To find their own way to the nurseries.

Curtain

SCENE 4

The Same.

(The Manager and Romanus, pausing in their walk, speak as follows.)

Manager:

Thou know'st the mystic friends of Hilary,
And I perceive in thee a clever man
With power to give at all times judgment sure
Both in life's work and in the mystic arts:
And so I value thy considered thought.
But how shall I make sense of what thou sayst?
That Strader's friends should stay in spirit-realms
And not as yet use their clairvoyant powers
Upon the fashioning of things of sense
Seems right to thee. But will the selfsame path
For Strader not be just as dangerous?
His spirit methods seem to prove to me
That nature-spirits always blind his eyes
As soon as strong desire for personal deeds
Drives him to seek some outer work in life.
Within oneself, as all true mystics know,
Those forces must develop in their strength
In order to oppose these enemies;
But Strader's sight, it seems, is not yet ripe
To see such foes upon his spirit-path.

Romanus:

Yet those good spirits who conduct such men,
As stand outside the spirit-realms entire,
Have not yet left his side, but guide his steps.
These spirits ever pass those mystics by
Who make a pact with beings to secure
Their service for their personal spirit mood.
In Strader's methods I can plainly feel
How nature-spirits still give to his self
The fruits of their benign activity.

Manager:

So 'tis by feeling only thou art led
To think good spirits work in Strader's case;
Thou off'rest little and dost ask full much.

These are the spirits I must henceforth ask
If I continue active in this place
Where for so long I have been privileged
To serve the work-plans and that spirit true
Which Hilary's own father ever loved;
And which I still hear speaking from his grave,
E'en if his son hath no more ears for it.
What saith this spirit of that brave strong man
When he perceives these crazy spirits now
Which his son tries to bring within his house?
I know that spirit who for ninety years
Lived in his body. He it was who taught
To me the truest secrets of my work
In those old days when he could work himself,
The while his son crept off to mystic fanes.

Romanus:

My friend, canst thou indeed be unaware
How highly this same spirit I revere?
His servant certainly was that old man
Whom for a pattern thou didst rightly choose.
And I myself have striv'n to serve him too
From childhood's days up to the present time.
But I too crept away to mystic fanes.
I planted truly deep within my soul
What they were willing to bestow on me.
But reason swept aside the temple mood
When at the door it entered into life.
I knew that in this way I best could bring
This mood's strong forces into earthly life.
From out the temple none the less I brought
My soul into my work. And it is well
That soul by reason should not be disturbed.

Manager:

And dost thou find that Strader's spirit-way
Is even distantly akin to thine?
I find myself at thy side ever free
From spirit-beings Strader brings to me.
I clearly feel, e'en in his random speech,
How elemental spirits, quick with life,
By word and nature pour themselves through him
Revealing things the senses cannot grasp.
It is just this that keeps me off from him.

Romanus:

This speech, my friend, doth strike me to the heart.
Since I drew nigh to Strader I have felt

Those very thoughts which come to me through him
To be endowed with quite peculiar power.
They cleft me just as if they were mine own.
And one day I reflected: What if I
Owe to his soul not to myself the power
Which let me ripen to maturity!
Hard on this feeling came a second one;
What if for all that makes me of some use
In life and work and service for mankind
I am indebted to some past earth-life?

Manager:

I feel precisely thus about him too.
When one draws near to him, the spirit which
Doth work through him moves powerfully one's soul.
And if thy strong soul must succumb to him,
How shall I manage to protect mine own
If I unite with him in this his work?

Romanus:

It will depend on thee alone to find
The right relation 'twixt thyself and him.
I think that Strader's power will not harm me
Since in my thought I have conceived a way
In which he may have made that power his own.

Manager:

Have made—his own—such power—and over thee—
A dreamer—over the—the man of deeds!

Romanus:

If one might dare to make a guess that now
Some spirit lives its life in Strader's frame

Who in some earlier earth-life had attained
To most unusual altitude of soul;
Who knew much which the men of his own time
Were still too undeveloped to conceive.
Then it were possible that in those days
Thoughts in his spirit did originate
Which by degrees could make their way to earth
And mingle in the common life of men;
And that from this source people like myself
Have drawn their capability for work—
The thoughts which in my youth I seized upon,
And which I found in my environment,
Might well have been this spirit's progeny!

Manager:

And dost thou think it justifiable
To trace back thoughts to Strader and none else
That hold a value for mankind's whole life?

Romanus:

I were a dreamer if I acted thus.
I spin no dreams about mankind's whole life
With eyes fast closed. I ne'er had use for thoughts
That show themselves and forthwith fade away.
I look at Strader with wide-open eyes;
And see what this man's nature proves to be,
What qualities he hath and how he acts,
And that wherein he fails;—and then I know
I have no option left me but to judge
Of his endowments as I have just done.
As if this man had stood before mine eyes
Already many hundred years ago,

So do I feel him in my spirit now.
And that I am awake—I know full well.
I shall lend my support to Hilary;
For that which must will surely come to pass.
So think his project over once again.

Manager:

It will be of more benefit to me
If I think over that which thou hast said.

(Exeunt Manager and Romanus. Johannes comes from another direction, deep in thought, and sits down on a boulder. Johannes is at first alone, afterwards appear his Double, the Spirit of Johannes' youth, and finally the Guardian of the Threshold, and Ahriman.)

Johannes:

I was astonished when Capesius
Made known to me how my soul's inner self
Revealed itself unto his spirit's eye.
I could so utterly forget a fact
Which years ago was clear as day to me:—
That all that lives within the human soul
Works further in the outer spirit-realms;
Long have I known it, yet I could forget.
When Benedictus was directing me
To my first spirit-vision, I beheld
Capesius and Strader by this means,
Clear as a picture, in another age.
I saw the potent pictures of their thoughts
Send circling ripples through the world's expanse.

Well do I know all this—and knew it not
 When I beheld it through Capesius.
 The part of me which knows was not awake;
 That in an earth-life of the distant past
 Capesius and I were closely knit:
 That also for a long time have I known,—
 Yet at that instant I did know it not.
 How can I keep my knowledge all the time?

*(A voice from the distance, that of Johannes'
 Double.)*

'The magical web
 That forms their own life.'

Johannes:

'And clairvoyant dreams
 Make clear unto souls
 The magical web
 That forms their own life.'

*(While Johannes is speaking these lines his Double
 approaches him. Johannes does not recog-
 nize him, but thinks "the other Philia" is
 coming towards him.)*

O spirit-counsellor, thou com'st once more;
 True counsel didst thou bring unto my soul.

The Double:

Johannes, thine awakening is but false
 Until thou shalt thyself set free the shade
 Whom thine offence doth lend a magic life.

Johannes:

This is the second time thou speakest thus.
I will obey thee. Point me out the way.

The Double:

Johannes, give life in the shadow-realm
To what is lost to thee in thine own self.
From out thy spirit's light pour light on him
So that he will not have to suffer pain.

Johannes:

The shadow-being in me I have stunned
But not o'erthrown: wherefore he must remain
A shade enchanted amongst the other shades
Till I can re-unite myself with him.

The Double:

Then give to me that which thou owest him:
The power of love, that drives thee forth to him,
The heart's hope, that was first begot by him,
The fresh life, that lies hidden deep in him,
The fruits of earth-lives in the distant past,
Which with his being now are lost to thee;
Oh, give them me; I'll bring them safe to him.

Johannes:

Thou knowest the way to him?—Oh, show it me.

The Double:

I could get to him in the shadow-realm
When thou didst raise thyself to spirit-spheres;
But since, desire-powers tempting thee, thou didst

Avert thy mind to follow after him,
 When now I seek him my strength ever fails.
 But if thou wilt abide by my advice
 My strength can then create itself anew.

Johannes:

I vowed to thee that I would follow thee—
 And now, O spirit-counsellor, again
 With all my soul's strength I renew that vow.
 But if thou canst thus find the way to him,
 Then show it to me in this hour of fate.

The Double:

I find it now but cannot lead the way.
 I can alone show to thine inward eye
 The being whom thy longing now doth seek.

(The spirit of Johannes' Youth appears.)

The Spirit of Johannes' Youth:

Thanks to that spirit I shall ever owe
 Who was allowed thy soul sight to unseal,
 So that when I appear by spirit-law
 Thou wilt henceforth behold me open-eyed.
 But thou must first this spirit truly know,
 At whose side thou art now beholding me.

*(The spirit of Johannes' Youth disappears:
 only now does Johannes recognise the
 Double.)*

Johannes:

That spirit-counsellor—mine other self?

The Double:

Now follow me—thou hast so vowed to me—
For I must now conduct thee to my lord.

*(The Guardian of the Threshold appears and
stands beside the Double.)*

The Guardian:

Johannes, wouldst thou tear this shade away
From those enchanted regions of the soul,
Then slay desire, which leads thee aye astray.
The trace which thou dost follow disappears
So long as thou dost seek it with desire.
It leads thee to my threshold and beyond.
But here, obeying lofty Being's will,
I do confuse the inward sight of those
Within whose spirit-glance lives vain desire;
All these must meet me ere they are allowed
To penetrate to Truth's pure radiant light.
I hold thyself fast prisoned in thy sight
So long as thou approachest with desire.
Myself too as illusion dost thou see,
So long as vain desire is joined with sight
And spirit-peacefulness of soul hath not
Become as yet thy being's vehicle.
Make strong those words of power which thou dost
know,
Their spirit-power will conquer fantasy.
Then recognise me, free from all desire,
And thou shalt see me as I really am.
And then I need no longer hinder thee
From gazing freely on the spirit-realm.

Johannes:

But as illusion dost thou too appear?
Thou too . . . whom I must ever see the first,
Of all the beings in the spirit-land.
How shall I know the truth when I must find
One truth alone confront mine onward steps—
That ever denser grows illusion's veil.

Ahriman:

Let not thyself be quite confused by him.
He guards the threshold faithfully indeed
E'en if today thou see'st him wear the clothes
Which for thyself thou didst patch up before
Within thy spirit from old odds and ends.
And least of all shouldst thou behold in him
An actor in a poor dramatic show.
But thou wilt make it better later on.
Yet e'en this clownish form can serve thy soul.
It doth not have to spend much energy
In showing thee that which it now still is.
Pay close attention to the Guardian's speech:
Its tone is mournful and its pathos marked,
Allow not this: for then he will disclose
From whom to-day he borrows to excess.

Johannes:

Then e'en the content of his speech deceives?

The Double:

Ask not of Ahriman, since he doth find
In contradictions aye his chief delight.

Johannes:

Of whom then shall I ask?

The Double:

Why, ask thyself.

With my power will I fortify thee well
 So that awake thou mayst find the place
 Whence thou canst gaze untrammelled by desire.
 Increase thy power.

Johannes:

'The magical web
 That forms their own life.'
 O magical web that forms mine own life
 Make known to me where desire doth not burn.

*(The Guardian disappears: in his place appear
 Benedictus and Maria.)*

Maria:

Myself too as illusion dost thou see
 Since vain desire is still allied with sight.

Benedictus:

And spirit-peacefulness of soul hath not
 Become as yet thy being's vehicle.

(The Double, Benedictus, and Maria disappear.)

Johannes:

Maria, Benedictus,—Guardians!
 How can they as the Guardian come to me?

'Tis true I have spent many years with thee
 And this forbids me now to seek thine aid—

The magical web that forms mine own self.

(*Exit, right.*)

(*Enter Strader, Benedictus, and Maria, left.*)

Strader:

Thou gav'st, when joined in spirit unto me
 Before the dark abyss of mine own self,
 Wise counsel to direct mine inward sight,
 Which at that time I could not understand,
 But which will work such changes in my soul
 As certainly will solve life's problems, when
 They seek to hinder what I strive to do.
 I feel in me the power which thou dost give
 To thy disciples on the spirit-path.
 And so I shall be able to perform
 The service thou dost ask for in this work
 That Hilary to mankind will devote;
 We shall, however, lack Capesius.
 Whatever strength the rest bring to the work
 Will not replace his keen activity;
 But that which must will surely come to pass.

Benedictus:

Yea, that which must will surely come to pass.
 This phrase expresseth thine own stage of growth.
 But it awakes no answering response
 In souls of all our other spirit-friends.
 Thomasius is not as yet prepared
 To carry spirit-power to worlds of sense,
 So he too will withdraw from this same work.
 Through him doth destiny give us a sign
 That we must all now seek another plan

Strader:

Will not Maria and thyself be there?

Benedictus:

Maria must Johannes take with her
If she would ever find in truth the road,
Which leads from spirit to the world of sense.
Thus wills the Guardian who with earnest eye
Unceasing guards the borders of both realms.
She cannot lend her aid to thee as yet.
And this may serve thee as a certain sign
That thou canst not at this time truly find
The way into the realm of earthly things.

Strader:

So I and all my aims are left alone!
O loneliness, didst thou then seek me out
When I did stand at Felix Balde's side?

Benedictus:

The thing which hath just happened in our group
Hath taught me, as I look on thy career,
To read a certain word in spirit-light
Which hitherto hath hid itself from me.
I saw that thou wast bound to certain kinds
Of beings, who, if they should take a part
Creatively in mankind's life today,
Would surely work for evil; now they live
As germs in certain souls, and will grow ripe
In future days to work upon the earth.
Such germs have I seen living in thy soul.
That thou dost know them not is for thy good.

The Soul's Awakening

Through thee they will first learn to know themselves.
But now the road is still close barred for them
Which leads into the realm of earthly things.

Strader:

Whatever else thy words may say to me,
They show me that my lot is loneliness.
And this it is must truly forge my sword.
Maria told me this at mine abyss.

*(Benedictus and Maria retire a little way;
Strader remains alone; the soul of Theodora
appears.)*

Theodora's Soul:

And Theodora in the worlds of light
Will make warmth for thee that thy spirit-sword
May keenly smite the foes of thine own soul.

*(Disappears. Exit Strader. Benedictus and
Maria come to the front of stage.)*

Maria:

My learned teacher, ne'er yet did I hear
Thee tell disciples, who had reached the stage
Of Strader, in such tones the words of fate.
Will his soul run its course so speedily
That these words' power will prove of use to him?

Benedictus:

Fate gave the order, and it was fulfilled.

Maria:

And if the power should prove no use to him,
Will not its evils also fall on thee?

Benedictus:

'Twill not be evil; yet I do not know
In what way it will manifest in him.
My gaze at present penetrates to realms
Where such advice illuminates my soul;
But I see not the scene of its result.
And if I try to see, my vision dies.

Maria:

Thy vision dies,—my guide and leader, thine?—
Who stays for thee thy seership's certain gaze?

Benedictus:

Johannes flees therewith to cosmic space;
We must pursue;—for I can hear him call.

Maria:

He calls,—from spirit-space his call rings out;
There sounds within his tone a distant fear.

Benedictus:

So from the ever empty fields of ice
Our mystic friend's call sounds in cosmic space.

Maria:

The ice's cold is burning in my self,
And kindling tongues of flame in my soul-depths;
The flames are scorching all my power of thought.

Benedictus:

In thy soul-depths the fire doth blaze, which now
Johannes kindles in the cosmic frost.

Maria:

The flames fly off,—they fly off with my thought.

And there on distant cosmic shore of souls
A furious fight—my power of thought doth fight—
In stormy chaos—and cold spirit-light—
My thought-power reels;—the cold light—hammers
out

Hot waves of darkness from my failing thought.
What now emergeth from this darkling heat?
Clad in red flames my self storms—to the light;—
To the cold light—of cosmic fields of ice.

Curtain

SCENE 5

The Spirit Realm. The scene is set in floods of significant colour, reddish deepening into fiery red above, blue merging into dark blue and violet below. In the lower part there is an earth-globe which has the effect of being a symbol. The figures that appear seem to blend into a complete whole with the colours. On the left of the stage the group of gnomes as in Scene 2, in front of them Hilary, and in the immediate foreground the soul-forces.

Felix Balde's Soul: (Seated at the extreme right of stage, having the form of a penitent, but arrayed in a light violet robe girdled with gold.)

I thank thee, Spirit, wise to govern worlds,
My saviour from my gloomy loneliness;
Thy word awakens unto work and life.
I will make use of what thou giv'st to worlds
About which I can meditate, whilst thou
Dost let mine own become insensible.
For then thou bearest to them on thy rays
That which in pictures fashioneth powers for me.

Lucifer: (Bluish-green glittering under-garment, reddish outer-garment, shaped like a mantle and gleaming brightly, which extends into wing-like outlines; his upper part is not an aura but he wears a mitre

of deep red bordered with wings; on his right wing a blue shape having the appearance of a sword; a yellow shape, like the ball of a planet, is supported by his left wing. He stands somewhat behind and to the right, towering over Felix Balde's soul.)

My servant, such activity as thine
 The sun-time needs, in which we find ourselves.
 The earth-star now receives a faded light;
 It is the time when souls like thine can work
 Unto the best advntage on themselves.
 On thee I ray forth from my fount of light
 The germs that tend to raise self-consciousness.
 Go, gather them to make thine ego strong.
 In later earth-life they will come to flower.
 There shall the blossoms by thy soul be sought;
 In its own nature it will take delight
 When it can joy in planning its desires.

Felix Balde's Soul: (gazing at the group of gnomes. From this moment, the gnomes becoming conscious, keep swaying up and down, slightly raising and lowering themselves, as if the group was breathing from above.)

There far away, bright being disappears;
 It floats in shadow-pictures through the depths;
 And, floating, strives to gain some steady weight.

Hilary's Soul: (With the figure of a steel-blue-grey elemental spirit changed to resemble a man's; the head less bowed, and the limbs more human.)

The mist of wishes doth reflect the light
 Thrown on the realm of spirit by earth's star,

The star for which in this world thou dost form
From soul-material a thinking self.
For thee 'tis but a fleeting web of mist,
But to themselves they seem like solid souls.
On earth they work, by cosmic reason led,
In old fire forces, thirsting after form.

Felix Balde's Soul:

I will that their weight shall not burden me,
Nor shall oppose the tendency to float.

(The gnomes cease their movement.)

Ahriman:

Thy speech is good. Swift will I seize thy words
That I may keep them for myself unharmed.
Thou canst not yet develop them thyself.
But on the earth they would fill thee with hate.

Strader's Soul: (Toward the left of stage; only his head is visible; it is in a yellowish-green aura with red and orange stars. At this moment on Strader's immediate left appears the Soul of Capesius. Similarly only his head is to be seen. It is in a blue aura with red and yellow stars.)

I hear a word which sounds and sounds again.
It seems significant, and yet the sound
Doth vanish, and the lust for life doth seize
Its echoed answer. Which road would it take?

The Other Philia: (Arrayed like a copy of Lucifer, though the radiance is lacking. Instead of the

sword she has a sort of dagger, and in place of the planet a red ball like a fruit.)

It travels onward in its search for weight
 Unto the place where radiant being fades
 And misty pictures surge into the depths.
 If thou dost keep its meaning in thy realm
 I'll bring its power to thee within the mist;
 Then thou wilt re-discover it on earth.

Philia: (Figure like an angel, yellow merging into a sort of white, with wings of a bright violet, a lighter shade than Maria has later on.—All three soul-figures are near Strader's soul and stand in the centre of the stage.)

The mist-creations I will tend for thee
 That they may not when conscious guide thy will;
 That will I unto cosmic light entrust
 Wherein they form the heat thy nature needs.

Astrid: (Figure like an angel, robed in bright violet, with blue wings.)

I beam forth clear and wondrous life of stars
 To beings, that they may make forms therefrom.
 They to thine earthly body shall give strength,
 From knowledge far, but near to heart's intent.

Luna: (Figure like an angel, robe of blue and red, with orange wings.)

The weighty being, they with toil create,
 In thy sense-body will I later hide;

That thou mayst not in thought turn it to ill
And thus stir up a storm in earthly life.

Strader's Soul:

The three were speaking to me sunshine's words,
They work for me where I can see them work.
Full many figures are they fashioning;
I feel an impulse by soul-power to change
Them with design, and make them one with me.
Awake in me, O royal solar power
That by resistance I may dim thy might;
Desire brought from moon ages moves me thus.
A golden glow now stirs, I feel its warmth,
And silver sheen, forth-spraying though yet cold;
Awake, Mercurial longing, once again
And wed my severed cosmic self to me.

Well do I feel that once again a part
Is formed from out that picture, which I here
From cosmic spirit forces must create.

Capesius' Soul:

On that far shore of souls I see emerge
A picture that ne'er touched my being yet
Since I escaped the clutch of earthly life.
It rays out grace and soothes with soft appeal.
The warming glow of wisdom streams therefrom,
And clarifying light gives to my soul.
Could I but make this picture one with me
I should attain what I am thirsting for.
Yet know I not the power which could avail
To make this picture active in my sphere.

Luna:

That which two earth-lives gave thee thou must
feel.

One, many years ago, slid gently by
In earnest effort; later on thou hadst
One by ambition soiled; which must be fed
With strengthening grace descending from the first,
That Jupiter's fire-souls may be revealed
Within the circle of thy spirit-sight.
Then shalt thou feel that wisdom strengthens thee.
Then will the picture, which thou see'st afar
Upon the borders of thy soul's expanse,
Be set at liberty to come to thee.

Capesius' Soul:

I needs must be indebted to the soul
That now prepares for being, since it shows
A warning picture in my soul's expanse.

Astrid:

Thou art indeed; but not as yet doth it
Demand a payment in thy next earth-life.
This picture serves to give thee powers of thought
That thou as man mayst recognize the man
Who shows his earthly future to thee here.

The Other Philia:

The picture may indeed come closer yet
But cannot penetrate thy very self.
And so restrain its longing for thyself,
That thou mayst find thyself on earth again
Ere it can flow into thine inmost self.

Capesius' Soul:

I feel before what I shall owe to it
When I shall will to bring it near to me,
Yet can assert that I am free therefrom.
From Philia's domain I now behold
In picture-sequences the energy
Which I shall gather from its near approach.

Philia:

When Saturn soon his many-coloured light
Shall ray on thee, use well the favour'd hour.
Then through his power in thy soul's vehicle
That which in spirit is akin to thee
Will plant the roots of thought, which will disclose
The meaning of the cyclic life of earth
When thou dost tread again this star thyself.

Capesius:

Thy counsel shall become my monitor
As soon as Saturn pours his light on me.

Lucifer:

One more thing will I waken in these souls;
The view of worlds whose light will cause them pain,
Ere they can leave this sun-time fortified
With powers for later life upon the earth.
Pain must through doubt mature their fruit in them,
So will I summon up those spheres of soul
Which they have not the strength to look upon.

*(The souls of Benedictus and Maria appear in
the middle of the region. Benedictus as a
figure reproducing in miniature the con-*

The Soul's Awakening

figuration of the entire scenery. Below, his robe, becoming broader, shades into blue-green; around his head is an aura of red, yellow and blue; the blue blends into the blue-green of the entire robe. Maria on his right as an angelic figure; yellow shading into gold, without feet and with bright violet wings.)

Benedictus' Soul:

Thou dost weigh heavy on my cosmic task
 With these opaque earth-laden spheres of thine.
 If thou dost give thine own self further power
 Then wilt thou find that in this spirit-life
 Mine own sun-nature will not shine on thee.

Maria:

He was unknown to thee, when thou didst last
 A robe, of earthly matter woven, wear;
 Yet doth it still bear fruit in thy soul sheath—
 The sunshine's word of power, with which he fed
 Thee kindly in far distant times on earth.
 Search out thy nature's deepest impulses
 And thou shalt feel him near thee then with power.

Felix Balde's Soul:

Words issue out of circles strange to me,
 And yet their tones illuminate me not:
 And so they are not fully real to me.

Strader's Soul:

On spirit-shores illumination works,

Yet howsoe'er I strive to understand
The sense of these light-forces, they are dumb.

Dame Balde's Soul: (Figure of a penitent with white coif, like that of a nun; robe yellow-orange, with silver girdle; she appears quite close to Maria; on her right and near Felix Balde.)

Ye souls now summoned up by Lucifer!
The penitent doth hear your voices' tone,
But only sunshine's voice doth give him light;
Its super-splendour doth destroy your voice.
The other can behold your starry light,
But starry writing is to him unknown.

Capesius' Soul:

The starry writing! this word wakens thoughts,
And bears them on the waves of soul to me.
Thoughts which in earth-lives in the distant past
Were to my being wondrously revealed

They lighten still, yet—as they grow, they fade;
Oblivion sheds its gloomy shade around.

The Guardian: (Enter the Guardian of the Threshold, like an angel, symbolically arrayed and steps to the side of the souls of Maria and Benedictus.)

Ye souls who now at Lucifer's demand
Have drawn near the bounds of other souls,
In this domain ye are within my power.
The souls whom ye are seeking seek you too.
Within this cosmic age 'tis not ordained

Their beings shall touch yours within their spheres
Not e'en in thought;—and so do ye beware
Lest to their orbits ye should force your way.
Should ye do this, 'twould harm both them and you.
I should be bound to take away from you
The starry light, and banish you from them
For cosmic ages into other spheres.

Curtain falls slowly

SCENE 6

A similar scene

The same characters are still in their places. The lighting is full of warm shades, but not too bright. Toward the right of stage the sylphs keep swaying to and fro. In front Philia, Astrid, and Luna.

Capesius' Soul: (Standing on the left of stage near the middle.)

The picture, that in sunshine's hour I saw,
Beamed grace and worked with gentle kindness;
E'en now within my being it holds sway,
When other wisdom-light illuminates
This spirit-realm with many-coloured rays,
Yet now the picture's influence doth grow.
It bids me draw therefrom, for future times
On earth, that which the soul who stands revealed
Within the picture and hath mighty weight
In mine own sphere, once gave to my sense-life,
Yet doth no powerful current of desire.
Direct me to this soul.

Romanus' Soul: (A figure showing all the upper part of the body down to the hips; it has mighty red wings which extend round its head in such a way as to

change into a red aura, running into blue on the outer edge; it stands on the left of Capesius' soul, whilst close are the souls of Bellicosus and Torquatus further still to left of stage, facing audience.)

Wake in thyself

The picture of the Jew who heard naught else
But hate and ridicule on every side,
Yet truly served the mystic brotherhood
Of which thou wast a member once on earth.

Capesius' Soul:

Thought-pictures now begin to dawn in me,
And seek to seize me in their powerful grasp.
See Simon's image rise from my soul-waves—
And see, another joins him—some soul-shape—
A penitent;—would I might keep him far!

(Referring to Balde, or Joseph Keane in the previous play.)

Romanus' Soul:

That which he here must do can but be done
In cosmic sunshine-time; in solitude
And robed in darkness he must wend his way
Whilst Saturn doth light up this spirit-realm.

Capesius' Soul:

How doth this penitent bewilder me!
His soul's irradiations burn and bore
Their way into mine own Soul's inmost core—
So work these souls who have attained the power
To see the inmost depths of other souls.

Felix Balde's Soul: (From the extreme right of stage with hollow veiled voice.)

'Dear Keane, thou hast been ever true to me'—

Capesius' Soul:

Myself—my very words—from out his mouth
 Re-echoed—ringing out—in spirit-realms!
 Here is a soul that I must try to meet.
 It knows me well,—through it I'll find myself.

(Capesius' soul disappears; the 'other Philia' comes into view on the right of stage with Theodora's soul; behind her Dame Balde's soul.)

Romanus' Soul:

Two souls do there draw nigh the penitent;
 The spirit whom through love souls ever choose
 To be their leader goes ahead of them.
 The light of meekness pours from one of them
 And flows into the other, who appears
 To us as penitent. The picture glows
 With beauty's light, which here as wisdom lives.

Torquatus' Soul: (Figure visible as far as the breast, blue aura, green wings.)

Desire's reflection dost thou but behold
 Which I allow to shine from my soul's sheath
 Into thy sphere in loyal spirit-troth.
 Fate's primal forces have appointed me
 To be the means to give thee meekness here.
 Thus souls in spirit do serve other souls.

The Soul's Awakening

Thy cold hard reason never could attain
Life's gift of sympathy without mine aid.

Bellicosus' Soul: (Figure visible like that of Torquatus' soul, but with blue-violet aura and blue-green wings.)

Make strong thy spirit-ear to understand
What says the soul who rays out meekness' light.
'Neath Saturn's beam souls can be brought to show
This gleam of noble spirit-blessedness.

Theodora's Soul: (Angelic figure; white with yellow wings and blue-yellow aura.)

My loyal spirit-comrade, pour on him
In softening glow the love that permeates
Thine own soul-sheath, for it will soothe for him
The all-consuming fire of solitude—
And do thou unto him direct thought-rays
From yonder shadow-souls who at this time
Do gather forces in the spirit-worlds
That their soul-bodies may thus gleam with life,
That so their gleaming, glowing life may serve
To strengthen in forthcoming lives on earth
Clairvoyant consciousness in human souls.

Dame Balde's Soul: (To Felix.)

Feel me, thou spirit garbed as penitent.
O thou sun-soul, receive the power of stars.
Until thy spirit-sheath doth free itself
From Lucifer's dominion, I shall be

Beside thee in thy solitude to bring
 Thee powers which I shall roam o'er cosmic space
 From star to star to gather up for thee.

Theodora's Soul:

Past thoughts of earth arise in glowing light
 On yonder shore of souls. A human form.
 I saw it when on earth; it follows here;
 What once I heard is now re-echoed here;

*(Lucifer appears with the soul of Johannes, who
 has the appearance of an angel. His robes
 rose-coloured with lilac rose-coloured wings.
 No feet.)*

'From out God's being rose the human soul;
 It can in death dive down to nature's depths;
 In time it will set spirit free from death.'

The Other Philia:

This sounding living picture-being brings
 The force of noble brother-love to us
 Which thou didst faithfully display on earth.
 I'll change it into soul-power for thy use.
 The message I direct unto thy soul
 Absorbs the glimm'ring light of shadow-souls,
 Who, during earth-life will arouse in thee
 The thoughts they brood on through eternity.
 And thou, the penitent of spirit-realms,
 Direct thy soul-steps onward to the stars;
 There nature-spirits long to use thy work
 Wherefrom they will beam fantasy to souls
 And so will fashion wings for life on earth.

Dame Balde's Soul:

I follow thee, dear sister of my soul,
 My Philia, who dost weave love from star
 To star and from one spirit to the next.
 I follow thee aloft to starry worlds,
 I take thy words to many cosmic spheres,
 And thus by spirit-work build up myself
 For mine own future wanderings on earth.

*(Felix Balde's soul disappears slowly, led by
 Dame Balde's soul; Theodora stands motion-
 less looking at Johannes' soul, then she also
 disappears, as does Lucifer with the soul of
 Johannes.)*

Romanus' Soul:

That which we just have witnessed in this place,
 How love's word works with the creative word
 In closest union, doth arouse in us
 Germs we shall need in future lives on earth.

*(The souls of Romanus, Torquatus, and Belli-
 cosus disappear — Benedictus' soul and
 Maria's soul appear by the side of the Guard-
 ian of the Threshold, who now enters.)*

The Guardian:

Behold the cosmic midnight of yourselves!
 I hold you 'neath the spell of ripened light
 Which pours on you from Saturn, till your sheaths,
 More strongly waking through this same light's power
 Become self-luminous, with living hues.

Maria's Soul:

Doth cosmic midnight come when souls awake?
 It was the moon-time, when the sun declared
 The earnest word of Fate, that human souls,
 Who see their cosmic midnight hour awake,
 See lightnings, which with instantaneous flash
 Light up the things that are to be, but pass
 Again so quickly that the spirit-sight
 Dies at the very moment of its birth—
 And death becomes a seal of destiny
 For ever stamped upon the souls who saw.
 Such souls hear too the words of thunder clear
 Which dully roll through cosmic fundamentals
 And threaten soul-illusion as they roll.

(Lucifer reappears with the Soul of Johannes.)

Benedictus' Soul:

From ever empty fields of ice fate's cry
 Doth reach to us from our dear mystic friend.
 When we the cosmic midnight can perceive,
 We reach the spirit-circle of the soul.

Maria's Soul:

The flames draw nigh, they draw nigh with my
 thought
 There from my distant cosmic shore of souls;
 A fierce strife doth draw nigh;—'tis mine own thought
 Which battles with the thoughts of Lucifer;—
 Mine own thought battles in another's soul,—
 The hot light issues—out of gloomy cold—
 Like lightning flashes. Is this hot soul-light—
 This soul-light—in the cosmic fields of ice?

Lucifer:

The light thou seest—'tis my hot cosmic light—
 See too the lightning flashes of thy thought
 Strike from the bounds of Lucifer's domain.
 I bring within the focus of thy gaze
 The soul so long and closely bound to thee
 When thou dost feel thy cosmic midnight hour.
 Henceforth thy search must find another way
 To come into communion with this soul.
 O soul, who to this place hast followed me,
 Display and use the forces of the light
 Which Saturn on her cosmic midnight pours.

Johannes' Soul:

I can feel souls, but have not yet the power
 To make their light grow visible in me.
 However close they are they generate
 Thoughts which but serve to light me from afar.
 How can I raise them to mine inner sight?

Philia:

Thou wilt see them if thou dost swiftly grasp
 What they illumine in the cosmic light;
 Shouldst thou behold, use well that moment's space;
 Light such as this is quickly gone again.

Johannes' Soul:

What yonder guide's soul to his pupil speaks,—
 That pupil's soul so near and dear to me,—
 Should now illuminate my soul's domain.

Benedictus' Soul:

Bring forth within this spirit-midnight hour
The will that thou desir'st to feel again
When earthly forces once more clothe thy form.
Thy words shall prove a light to thy friend's soul.

Maria's Soul:

Let then my words grow strong in cosmic light,
Which at this cosmic midnight I confide
Unto the soul brought me by Lucifer.
Whatever in mine inmost soul is dear
I will behold it and, beholding, speak,
That it may form itself into a tone,
To which this soul shall answer when on earth,
And, loving it, shall live as it commands.
What now do I see in mine inmost soul?
A lofty counsel in flame-letters writ.
My love for that dear guiding-soul flames out,
Who in mine earth—as in my spirit-life
Hath led me on through each successive age;
Who ever found me when mine instant prayer
Sought help in danger, even when it dwelt
On spirit-heights itself; in dazzling light
This love appears to me; sound out from me,
Thou word of love, unto this other soul.

What flames are those this word of love doth wake?
They glow so gently, yet their gentle light
Pours forth a sense of lofty dignity;
By wisdom's lightnings, whence a blessing flows,
The cosmic ether is lit up around—
And bliss comes pouring with attendant joy

O'er all the compass of my soul's domain.
 Of thee, Duration, would I crave a boon;
 Pour out thyself into this blessedness,
 And let my guide and let that other soul
 Now dwell therein with me in peacefulness.

The Guardian:

Now let the lightnings vanish into naught
 Whose sharp flash brings to view necessities
 When souls awake and feel the Cosmic North.
 Let thunder also lose its roar, which rolls
 In warning at the cosmic midnight hour.
 Astrid, to thee I give a strict command:
 Keep close watch o'er this thunder-storm of souls
 Till in the course of time the soul awakes
 To find its cosmic midnight once again,
 Then shall it see itself in other guise,
 E'en in a picture of an olden time,
 And know how strength for lofty spirit-flight
 E'en from disaster may the soul's wings gain.
 A soul may never wish itself to fall;
 Yet, when it falls it must a lesson learn.

Astrid:

The lightning's power and thunder's will I guard
 And keep them safe within the cosmic life,
 Till Saturn turns toward the soul once more.

Maria:

I feel the blessedness of stars endure,
 And in the stream of time I enter it.
 I'll live and work within its kindly sway
 With this soul-being long since knit to mine.

Luna:

I will protect thy work in spirit here,
That thou mayst reap the fruits in life on earth.

Johannes' Soul:

Within my soul's domain—I see this star!
It pours forth kindness—beams forth blessedness—
In cosmic ether floating—this soul star—

But there—in yon faint light—another star—
Its note is faint,—yet will I list thereto.

*(With the last words appears the spirit of
Johannes' youth. Figure like an angel's; sil-
very sheen.)*

The Spirit of Johannes' Youth:

I feed with life the being of thy wish,
My breath will pour into thy youthful aims
Enlightening strength, when worlds are tempting
thee
Within which I can guide thee joyfully.
If thou shouldst lose me in thyself, I must
Then offer up myself as sacrifice,
A being reft of being, to the shades.
O blossom of my being,—leave me not.

Lucifer:

He never will forsake thee—I behold
Deep in his nature longings after light
Which do not follow up the other soul.
And when the radiance, which is born of them,

Takes root and grows deep down within his soul,
It must bear fruit; nor will he be content
To throw this fruit away in yonder realm
Where love, divorced from beauty, reigns alone.

Slow curtain

SCENE 7

A temple somewhat Egyptian in appearance. A place of initiation in the far-distant past in this Earth's third stage of post-Atlantean civilisation. A conversation between the hierophant, otherwise Capesius, the keeper of the temple, otherwise Felix Balde or Joseph Keane and a mystic, otherwise Dame Balde or Dame Keane.

Hierophant:

Are all the preparations duly made,
My keeper of the temple, to the end
Our holy rite may serve both gods and men?

Keeper:

So far as human forethought can provide
All hath been well prepared; a holy breath
Hath filled the temple now for many days.

Hierophant:

My mystic, as the royal counsellor,
A priest hath been selected unto whom
This very day our secret wisdom's store
Is with all holiness to be revealed.
Hast thou then so prepared him by thy tests
That he is now entirely given o'er

To wisdom set apart from earthly cares,
 And shuts his ear to all but spirit-lore?
 A different counsellor would do us harm.

Mystic:

The tests were given as the law ordains,
 The masters found them adequate; I think
 Our mystic hath but little natural taste
 For earthly cares; his soul is set upon
 His spirit-progress and development
 Of self; in spirit trance he oft is seen.
 'Tis not too much to say he revels in
 The union of the spirit with his soul.

Hierophant:

Has thou then often seen him in this state?

Mystic:

In truth he may thus frequently be seen.
 His nature doubtless is inclined toward
 The temple's service rather than the state's.

Hierophant:

It is enough. Now go to thine own place
 And see our holy rite is well performed;

(Exit Mystic.)

To thee, my keeper, I have more to say.
 Thou knowest how I prize thy mystic gifts:
 To me thou bearest wisdom far beyond
 That which befits thy status in this shrine.
 Oft to thy seership have I had recourse

To prove what mine own spirit-sight hath seen.
And so I ask, what confidence hast thou
That this new mystic is for spirit ripe?

Keeper:

Who asks for my opinion? Is my voice
Of any worth?

Hierophant:

It aye hath worth for me.
Today again thou shalt stand by my side;
We must most closely watch this holy rite
With inward sight; and, should the 'mystic' prove
E'en in the slightest way unripe as yet
For its high meaning in the spirit life,
I shall refuse him rank as 'counsellor.'

Keeper:

What is it then that now may be revealed
In this new 'mystic' at our holy rite.

Hierophant:

I know he is not worthy of the trust
The temple servants seek to give to him.
His human nature is well known to me.
His mystic-sense is not that heartfelt urge
Which stirs in men when light from spirit realms
In kindness draws souls upwards to itself.
Strong passion surges in his being yet;
The craving of his senses is not stilled.
Indeed I would not blame the will divine,
Which e'en in craving and in passion pours

Its wisdom-light o'er evolution's stream.
But when the craving doth conceal itself,
And revel 'neath devotion's mystic mask,
It causeth thought to lie, and makes will false.
The light that weaves the web of spirit-worlds
Can never penetrate unto such souls,
Since passion spreads a mystic fog between.

Keeper:

My hierophant, thy judgment is severe
In dealing with a man who still is young
And inexperienced, who can neither know
Himself nor take another course than that
Which priestly guides and mystic leaders say
Doth reach the goal along the soul's true path.

Hierophant:

I do not judge the man, I judge the deed
That will be wrought here in this holy place.
This holy mystic rite, which we perform,
Hath not importance for ourselves alone.
Fate's stream of cosmic evolution pours
Through word and deed of sacred priestly rites.
What happens here in pictures comes to pass
In everlasting life in spirit-worlds.
But now, good keeper, get thee to thy task;
Thou wilt thyself discover how to lend
Assistance to me in this holy rite.

(Exit Keeper, right.)

Hierophant. (alone)

This youthful mystic will not be to blame,
Who hopes this day to dedicate himself

Unto the wisdom, if in these next hours
A wrong emotion, such as may gush out
Unheeded from his heart, should throw its rays
Upon our sacred rite, and in this act
Should through our symbols draw nigh spirit-spheres
Whence ill results in consequence must flow
Into the current of our human life.
The guides and leaders are themselves to blame.
Have they not learned to know the mystic force
Which penetrates in some mysterious way
With spirit every word and sigh of ours;
And ceases not from action even when
The contents of a soul are poured therein
Which hinders cosmic evolution's course?
Instead of this young mystic consciously
Here to the spirit off'ring up himself,
His teachers drag him like a sacrifice
Into the holy precincts, where his soul
Unconsciously he to the spirit yields.
For verily he would not take this road
If he were conscious master of his soul.
Within the circle of our mysteries
The highest hierophant alone doth know
What mystic truths lurk in our sacred forms.
But he is dumb as solitude itself.
Such silence his high dignity commands.
The others gaze uncomprehendingly
When of our ritual's real intent I speak.

So am I left to bear my cares alone;
Well-nigh unbearable their burden seems
When all the meaning of our ritual

And of our temple is borne in on me.
One thing especially I deeply feel—
The solitude of this stern spirit-shrine.
Why do I feel so lonely in this place?
The soul must ask this question. When, ah, when
Will to my soul the spirit make reply?

Curtain falls slowly

SCENE 8

Part I

Outside the Egyptian temple. An Egyptian woman is seen crouching by the wall. She is a previous incarnation of Johannes Thomasius.

Egyptian woman:

This is the hour in which he dedicates
Himself to serve the ancient holy laws
Of sacred wisdom,—and in doing this
He must forever tear himself from me.
From out those heights of light to which his soul
Progresses there must flash into mine own
The ray of death. When I am torn from him—
Naught doth remain for me in life on earth
But mourning—resignation—sorrow—death.

(Clinging to the wall.)

Yet though in this hour he abandons me
I, none the less, will stay close to the spot
Where he unto the spirit gives himself.
And if mine eyes are not allowed to see
How he doth tear himself away from earth,
Perchance 'twill be now granted in a dream
To linger disembodied by his side.

Part II

Inside the temple. The hall of initiation. The ceremony is performed on a broad flight of steps descending from the back to the front of the stage. The characters stand in groups below one another and on different steps. The drop-curtain goes up, disclosing everything in readiness for the initiation of the Neophyte, who is to be thought of as an earlier incarnation of Maria; behind the altar and to the left of it stands the Chief Hierophant who is to be thought of as an earlier incarnation of Benedictus; on the other side the Recorder, an earlier incarnation of Hilary True-to-God; a little in front of the altar the Keeper of the Seals, an earlier incarnation of Theodora; in front, on the right side of the altar, the Impersonator of the Earth Element, an earlier incarnation of Romanus, and with him the Impersonator of the Air Element, an earlier incarnation of Magnus Bellicosus; quite close to the Chief Hierophant, stands the Hierophant, an earlier incarnation of Capesius; on the left side of the altar the Impersonator of the Fire Element, an earlier incarnation of Doctor Strader, with the Impersonator of the Water Element, an earlier incarnation of Torquatus. In front of them Philia, Astrid, Luna and the 'other Philia.' Four other priests stand in front of them. In front of all Lucifer to the left of altar and Ahriman to the right in the guise of sphinxes, with the cherub emphasized in the case of Lucifer and the bull in the case of Ahriman. Dead silence for a while after the interior of the temple with its

grouped mystics has become visible. The Keeper of the Temple an earlier incarnation of Felix Balde, and a Mystic, an earlier incarnation of Dame Balde, lead the Neophyte in through a doorway on the right of stage. They place him in the inner circle near the altar, and remain standing near him.

The Keeper of the Temple:

From out that web of unreality
Which thou, in error's darkness named'st world,
The mystic hath conducted thee to us.
From being and from naught the world was made
Which to a semblance wove itself for thee.
Semblance is good, by being understood;
Thou didst but dream it in thy sembled life;
And semblance known by semblance disappears.
Learn, semblance of a semblance, what thou art.

The Mystic:

Thus speaks the guardian of this temple's door.
Feel in thyself the sore weight of his words.

The Impersonator of the Earth Element:

Beneath the weight of earth-life seize upon
The semblance of your being without fear.
That thou mayst sink into the cosmic depths
In darksome cosmic depths thy being seek.
Bind to thy semblance that which thou dost find;
Its weight will give thy being unto thee.

The Recorder:

Thou wilt not understand, as thou dost sink,
Whereto we lead till thou hast heard his call.

We forge for thee the form of thy real self;
Perceive our work; else must thou lose thyself
As semblance in the cosmic nothingness.

The Mystic:

So speaks the guardian of this temple's words.
Feel in thyself the sore weight of his words.

The Impersonator of the Air Element:

Fly from the weight of earth-life which would kill
The being of thyself, as thou dost sink.
Fly from it on the lightness of the air.
In light of cosmic space thy being seek.
Bind to thy semblance that which thou dost find;
Its flight will give thy being unto thee.

The Recorder:

Thou wilt not understand, as thou dost fly,
Whereto we lead, till thou hast heard his call.
We light for thee the life of thy real self;
Perceive our work; else must thou lose thyself
As semblance in the cosmic weightiness.

The Mystic:

So speaks the guardian of this temple's words.
Feel in thyself the uplift of his words.

The Chief Hierophant:

My son, thou wilt on wisdom's noble road
The mystic's counsel carefully obey.
Thou canst not see the answer in thyself;
For error's darkness still doth weigh thee down

And folly strives in thee for distant things.
 Gaze therefore—on this flame which is more close
*(The bright, quivering sacred flame flares up on
 the altar in the middle of the stage.)*

To thee than is the life of thine own self,
 And read thine answer hidden in its fire.

The Mystic:

So speaks the leader of this temple's rites.
 Feel in thyself the ritual's holy power.

The Impersonator of the Fire Element:

Let all the errors of thine own ideas
 Be burned in fire that this rite lights for thee.
 Let, with thine errors, thyself also burn.
 As flame of cosmic fire thy being seek;
 Bind to thy semblance that which thou dost find;
 Its fire will give thy being unto thee.

The Keeper of the Seals:

Thou wilt not understand why to a flame
 We fashion thee till thou hast heard his call.
 We cleanse for thee the form of thine own self;
 Perceive our work; else must thou lose thyself
 As formless being in the cosmic sea.

The Mystic:

So speaks the guardian of this temple's seals.
 Feel in thyself the power of wisdom's light.

The Impersonator of the Water Element:

Resist the flame-powers of the world of fire
 That they may not devour thy being's might.

From semblance, being will not rise in thee
Unless the wave-beat of the cosmic sea
Can fill thee with the music of the spheres.
As wave in cosmic sea thy being seek;
Bind to thy semblance that which thou dost find;
Its waves will give thy being unto thee.

The Keeper of the Seals:

Thou wilt not understand why to a wave
We fashion thee till thou hast heard his call.
We build for thee the form of thine own self;
Perceive our work; else must thou lose thyself
A formless being in the cosmic fire.

The Chief Hierophant:

My son, by powerful exercise of will
These mystic counsels too thou must obey.
Thou canst not see the answer in thyself;
By cowardly fear thy power is still congealed;
Thou canst not fashion weakness to a wave
That lets thy note ring out amongst the spheres.
So listen to thy soul-powers when they speak;
And thine own voice within their words perceive.

Philia:

In fire cleanse thou thyself;—and lose thyself
As cosmic wave in music of the spheres.

Astrid:

Build thou thyself in music of the spheres;
In cosmic distances fly light as air.

Luna:

Sink with thy weight of earth to cosmic depths;
Take courage as a self in thy sore weight.

The Other Philia:

From thine own being draw thyself away;
Unite thyself with elemental might.

The Mystic:

Thine own soul speaks thus in these temple halls;
Feel thou therein the guidance of the powers.

The Chief Hierophant (addressing the Hierophant):

My brother hierophant, explore this soul,
Which we are to direct to wisdom's path,
Down to its depths; tell us what thou dost find
Its present state of consciousness to be.

The Hierophant:

All hath been done that our rite doth demand.
The soul no more remembers what it was.
The web of semblance, spun on error's loom,
Opposing elements have swept away;
In elemental strife it doth live on;
Naught save its being hath the soul retained.
Now of this being it shall read the life
In cosmic words, that speak from out the flame.

The Chief Hierophant:

O human soul, read now what through the flame
The cosmic word declares within thyself.

*(A pause of considerable length ensues, during
which the stage is darkened till only the*

flame and indistinct outlines of the characters are visible; at the conclusion of the pause the Chief Hierophant continues.)

And now from out the cosmic vision wake!
Declare what can be read from cosmic words!

(The Neophyte is silent. The Chief Hierophant, much alarmed, continues):

He speaks not. Doth the vision leave thee? Speak!

The Neophyte:

Obedient to thy strict and sacred rite
I sank into the being of this flame
To wait the sound of lofty cosmic words.

(The assembled mystics, the Hierophant excepted, show an ever-increasing alarm during the speech of the Neophyte.)

I felt that I could shake off from myself
The weight of earth and be as light as air.
I felt the loving tide of cosmic fire
Did bear me up on streaming spirit-waves.
I saw the body that I wear on earth
As other being stand outside myself.
Though wrapt in bliss, and conscious of the light
Of spirit round me, yet I could regard
Mine earthly sheath with longing and desire.

(Consternation all around.)

Spirits rayed light thereon from lofty worlds;
Like shining butterflies there hovered near
The beings who attend its active life;
The body by these beings bathed in light

Reflected sparkling colours manifold;
They shone close by, grew fainter further off,
And then were scattered and dispersed in space.
Within the being of my spirit soul
There lurked the wish that weight of earth should
 sink
Me down into my sheath, that I might feel
And learn the sense of joy within life's warmth.
So, diving gladly down into my sheath,
I heeded thy stern summons to awake.

*The Chief Hierophant (himself alarmed, to the
alarmed mystics):*

This is no spirit-vision; earth's desires
Escaped the mystic and as offering rose
To radiant spirit-heights;—O sacrilege!

The Recorder (angrily to the Hierophant):
This could not have occurred, hadst thou performed
The office granted thee as hierophant
As ancient holy duty did demand.

The Hierophant:
I did the duty in this solemn hour
Which those from higher realms did lay on me.
I did not think that which it is my place
To think, according to the ritual,
And which, proceeding from me, should appear
In spirit-working in the neophyte.
The young man therefore hath declared to us
None other's thoughts but his own being's self.

The truth hath conquered. Ye may punish me;
 I had to do what ye perceived with fear.
 I feel the times approach which will set free
 The ego from the group-soul and let loose
 Its own true individual powers of thought.
 What if the youth escapes your mystic path
 At present?—Later lives on earth will show
 With clearest signs the kind of mystic way
 Which destiny hath foreordained for him.

The Mystics:

O sacrilege;—thou must atone—and pay—

*(The sphinxes begin to speak one after the other
 as Ahriman and Lucifer; hitherto they have
 been as motionless as statues; what they say is
 heard only by the hierophant, the chief hiero-
 phant, and the neophyte;—the others are full
 of excitement over the preceding events.)*

Ahriman as Sphinx:

For my realm I must lay my hands upon
 What here doth wrongly seek the way to light,
 And in the darkness further foster it;
 That it may bring forth spirit-qualities
 Which later on will let it weave itself
 With rightful meaning into human life.
 But till it gains these spirit-qualities,
 What in this holy service did appear
 As earthly burden, this will serve my work.

Lucifer as Sphinx:

For my realm I shall bear away the things
 That joy as spirit-wish in semblance here;

They'll gladly shine as semblance in the light
 And thus in spirit dedicate themselves
 To beauty from which they are kept apart
 At present by the burden of earth's weight.
 In beauty, semblance into being turns,
 Which later shall illuminate the earth,
 Descending as the light which flies from here.

The Chief Hierophant:

The sphinxes speak—who were but images
 E'er since this rite by sages was performed.
 Upon dead form the spirit now hath seized.
 O Fate, thou dost sound forth as cosmic word!

(The other mystics, with the exception of the Hierophant and the Neophyte, are amazed at the words of the Chief Hierophant.)

The Hierophant (to the Chief Hierophant):

This holy mystic rite which we perform
 Hath not importance for ourselves alone.
 Fate's stream of cosmic evolution pours
 Through word and deed of sacred priestly rites.

The curtain falls on the mental atmosphere set up by the preceding occurrences

SCENE 9

A study in Hilary's house. A general atmosphere of seriousness pervades the room. Maria alone in meditation.

Maria:

A starry soul, on yonder spirit-shore,
Draws near,—draws near me clad in spirit-light,
Draws near with mine own self, and as it nears—
Its radiance gains in power,—and gains in calm.
O star within my spirit-circle, what
Doth thine approach shed on my gazing soul?

(Astrid appears to right.)

Astrid:

Perceive that which I now can bring to thee;
From cosmic strife 'twixt darkness and the light
I stole thy power of thought; I bring it now
From out its cosmic midnight's wakening
With service true back to thine earthly form.

Maria:

My Astrid, thou hast ever till today
Appeared to me as shining shadow-soul;
What turns thee now to this bright spirit-star?

Astrid:

I kept the lightning's and the thunder's power
For thee, that they might stay within thy soul,
And now thou canst behold them consciously—
When of the cosmic midnight thou dost think.

Maria:

The cosmic midnight!—ere for this earth-life
My self enclosed me in my body's sheath;
When Saturn's coloured light kept endless watch!
Mine earthly thoughts concealed from me before
This spirit scene in soul-obscurity;—
Now in soul-clarity it doth emerge.

Astrid:

Thyself in cosmic light didst speak these words:
'Of thee, Duration, would I crave a boon:
Pour out thyself into this blessedness
And let my guide, and let that other soul
Now dwell with me therein in peacefulness.'

Maria:

Dwell with me also. O thou moment blest,
In which this spirit happening creates
New powers of self. Equip my soul with strength
That thou mayst not pass from me like a dream.
In light which on the cosmic midnight shines,
Which Astrid brings from soul-obscurity,
Mine ego joins that self which fashioned me
To serve its purpose in the cosmic life.
But how, O moment, can I hold thee fast,
So that I do not lose thee when once more

My senses feel earth clearness once again?
 Their power is great; and often, if they slay
 The spirit-vision, it stays dead e'en when
 The self in spirit finds itself again.

(Immediately after the last words, as if summoned by them, Luna appears.)

Luna:

Preserve, before the sense-life once again
 Makes thee to dream, the power of thine own will
 With which this moment hath presented thee.
 Think of the words that I myself did speak
 When at the cosmic midnight seen by thee.

Maria:

My Luna, from the cosmic midnight thou
 Hast brought me hither mine own power of will
 To be my prop throughout my life on earth.

Luna:

The Guardian's warning followed thus thy words:
 'Then shalt thou see thyself in other guise,
 E'en in a picture of an olden time,
 And know how strength for lofty spirit-flight
 E'en from disaster may the soul's wings gain.
 A soul may never wish itself to fall;
 Yet, when it falls it must a lesson learn.'

Maria:

Whereto doth thy word's power now carry me?
 A spirit-star on yonder shore of souls!
 It gleams, it draweth nigh—in spirit-form;

Draws nigh with mine own self; and, as it nears,
The light grows denser and within the light
Forms darken, taking on their being's shape!
A youthful mystic, and a sacred flame,
The stern call of the highest hierophant
To tell the vision seen within the flame!

The group of mystics overcome with fear
At that young mystic's self-acknowledgment.

*(The Guardian of the Threshold appears while
the latter sentences are being uttered.)*

The Guardian:

Hear once again within thy spirit-ear
The stern call of the highest hierophant.

Maria:

'O human soul, read now what through the flame
(Benedictus appears.)

The cosmic word declares within thyself.'
Who spoke the words my thought brings back to me,
Recalling them from waters of the soul?

Benedictus:

With mine own words thou callest me to thee.
When in times past I uttered this command,
It did not find thee ready to respond.
And so it stayed in evolution's womb;
The course of time hath lent new force thereto
Which flowed therein from out thine own soul's life;
And so it wrought in later lives on earth

In thy soul's depths although thou knewest it not.
 It let thee find me as thy guide again;
 By conscious thought it now transforms itself
 Into a powerful motive in thy life.
 'This holy mystic rite, which we perform,
 Hath not importance for ourselves alone;
 Fate's stream of cosmic evolution pours
 Through word and deed of sacred priestly rites.'

Maria:

Thou didst not speak this word within that place.
 The hierophant did speak, who used to be
 Thy colleague in that ancient mystic band.
 He knew e'en then that powers of destiny
 Foresaw the ending of this mystic band.
 Unconsciously the hierophant beheld
 The beautiful rising of the rosy dawn
 Which to the spirit-stream of earth foretold
 A new sun over Hellas should arise.
 So he forbore to send the powerful thought
 Which he should have directed to my soul.
 The cosmic spirit's instrument was he
 At that initiation, during which
 He heard the whispering stream of cosmic life.
 He spoke a word from out his inmost soul
 'One thing especially I deeply feel:
 The solitude of this stern spirit-shrine.
 Why do I feel so lonely in this place?'

Benedictus:

In his soul there was planted even then
 The germ of solitude, which later on

Matured to soul-fruit in the womb of time.
 This fruit Capesius as mystic now
 Must taste, and so must follow Felix' steps.

Maria:

That woman, too, who near the temple stayed,
 I see her as she was in olden time,
 But not yet can my vision penetrate
 To where she is; how can I find her then
 When sense-life causeth me to dream again?

The Guardian:

Thou wilt discover her when thou dost see
 That being in the realm of souls whom she
 Doth count a shade amongst the other shades.
 She seeks to reach it with strong power of soul.
 She will not free it from the world of shades
 Till in her present body, through thine aid,
 She hath beheld her long past life on earth.

Maria:

Like some soul-star my highest guardian glides,
 In glowing light toward my shore of souls;—
 His light spreads peace, far round the wide flung
 space;—
 His light hath grandeur;—and his dignity
 Makes strong my being in its inmost depths;
 In this peace will I now submerge myself;—
 I feel before that through it I shall find
 My way to fullest spirit-wakefulness.
 And ye, too, messengers into my soul—
 I'll keep within myself as beacon-lights.

The Soul's Awakening

Upon thee, Astrid, will I call when thought
Would from soul-clearness fain withdraw itself.
And thee, O Luna, may my prayer then find
When will-power slumbers deep in my soul depths.

*The curtain falls while Maria, Astrid, and Luna are
still in the room*

SCENE 10

The same. Johannes alone in meditation.

Johannes:

'This is the hour in which he dedicates
Himself to serve the ancient holy laws
Of sacred wisdom;—in a dream perchance
I may in spirit linger at his side.'
Thus near the temple spake in ancient times
The woman whom my spirit-vision sees;
By thoughts of her I feel my strength increased.
What is this picture's purpose? Why doth it
Hold my attention spellbound? Certainly
No sympathy from out the picture's self
Accounts for this, for, should I see the scene
In earthly life, I should consider it
Of no importance. What saith it to me?

(As if from afar the voice of 'the other Philia.')

The Other Philia:

The magical web
That forms their own self.

Johannes:

And clairvoyant dreams
Make clear unto souls

The magical web
That forms their own self.

(While Johannes is speaking these lines 'the other Philia' approaches him.)

Johannes:

Who art thou, magic spirit-counsellor?
True counsel didst thou bring unto my soul
But didst deceive me over thine own self.

The Other Philia:

Johannes, thine own being's double form
From thyself didst thou fashion. As a shade
Must I roam round thee for so long a time
As thou thyself shalt not set free the shade
Whom thine offence doth lend a magic life.

Johannes:

This is the third time that thou speakest thus;
I will obey thee. Point me out the way!

The Other Philia:

Johannes, whilst thou liv'st in spirit-light,
Seek what is treasured up within thy Self.
From its own light it will shed light on thee.
Thus canst thou learn by looking in thyself
How to wipe out thy fault in later lives.

Johannes:

How shall I, while I live in spirit-light,
Seek what is treasured up within my Self?

The Other Philia:

Give me that which thou thinkest that thou art;
Lose thou thyself in me a little while,
Yet so that thou dost not another seem.

Johannes:

How can I give myself to thee before
I have beheld thee as thou really art?

The Other Philia:

I am within thee, member of thy soul;
The force of love within thee is myself;
The heart's hope, as it stirs within thy breast,
The fruits of long-past lives upon this earth
Laid up for thee and hid within thyself,
Behold them now through me;—feel what I am,
And through my power in thee behold thyself.
Search out the pictured being, which thy sight,
Without thy sympathy, did form for thee.
(*Exit.*)

Johannes:

O spirit-counsellor, I can indeed
Feel thee in me, yet I see thee no more.
Where livest thou for me?

(*As if from afar the call of 'the other Philia.'*)

The Other Philia:

The magical web
That forms their own self.

Johannes:

'The magical web
That forms their own self.'

O magical web, that forms mine own self,
 Show me the pictured being which my sight
 Without my sympathy did form for me.

Whereto doth this word's power conduct me now?
 A spirit-star on yonder shore of souls—
 It shines,—it draweth nigh—as spirit-form,
 Grows brighter as it nears;—now forms appear;—
 They act as beings act who are alive;—
 A youthful mystic—and a sacred flame,
 The stern call of the highest hierophant
 To tell the vision seen within the flame.

That woman doth the youthful mystic seek,
 Whom my sight saw without my sympathy.

(Maria appears as a thought-form of Johannes.)

Maria:

Who thought of thee before the sacred flame?
 Who felt thee near initiation's shrine?

Johannes, wouldst thou tear thy spirit-shade
 From out the magic kingdoms of the soul;
 Live then the aims that it will show to thee;
 The path on which thou seek'st will guide thy steps,
 But thou must first discover it aright.
 The woman near the temple shows it thee
 If she lives powerfully within thy thought.
 Spellbound amongst shade-spirits doth she strive
 To draw nigh to that other shade who now
 Through thee doth evil service to grim shades.

(The Spirit of Johannes' Youth appears.)

The Spirit of Johannes' Youth:

I will be grateful to thee evermore
If thou in love dost cultivate the powers
Laid up for me within the womb of time
By that young mystic in that bygone age
Whom once thy soul sought at the temple gate.
But thou must first this spirit truly see
At whose side I have now appeared to thee.

Maria:

Maria, as thou wouldst behold her, lives
In other worlds than those where truth abides.
My holy earnest vow doth ray out strength
Which shall keep for thee that which thou hast
gained.

In these clear fields of light me shalt thou find
Where radiant beauty life-power doth create;
Seek me in cosmic fundamentals, where souls
Fight to recover their divine estate
Through love, which in the whole beholds the self.

*(While Maria is speaking the last lines, Lucifer
appears.)*

Lucifer:

So work, compelling powers;
Act therefore, powers of might,
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.

(Enter Benedictus.)

Benedictus:

Maria's holy earnest vow doth pour
Now through his soul salvation's healing ray.
He will admire thee, but he will not fall.

Lucifer:

I mean to fight.

Benedictus:

And, fighting serve the gods.

Curtain

SCENE II

The same. Enter Benedictus and Strader.

Strader:

Thou didst speak gravely, and Maria spoke
Right harshly to me also, when ye two
Showed yourselves to me at my life's abyss.

Benedictus:

Thou know'st those pictures have no proper life;
Their content only, strives to make its way
Into the soul, and takes pictorial form.

Strader:

Yet it was hard to hear these pictures say:
'Where is thy light? Thou rayest darkness out,
Midst light thou dost create the baffling gloom.'
So spake the spirit through Maria's form.

Benedictus:

Because in thine ascent thou hadst attained
To higher levels on the spirit-path.
The spirit, which had led thee to itself,
Used darkness as a symbol to depict
The state of knowledge which was thine before.
This spirit chose to use Maria's form

Because thy soul itself so fashioned it.
The spirit, my dear Strader, at this hour
Works mightily within thee and will lead
Thee with swift flight to lofty grades of soul.

Strader:

And yet these words still terrify my soul:
'Because thou art afraid to ray out light.'
The spirit spake this also in that scene.

Benedictus:

The spirit had to call thy soul afraid
Because in thee those things were fearfulness
Which would, in lesser souls, be bravery.
As we advance, our former bravery
Turns into fear which must be overcome.

Strader:

Oh! how these words do pierce me to the heart!
Romanus lately told me of his plan:
I was to carry out the work myself
Not as thy partner but without thine aid.
In this event, he was prepared to use
All that he had to succour Hilary.
When I declared that I could ne'er consent
To separate the work from out thy group,
He answered that in that case it would be
In vain to make more effort. He it is
Who backs the opposition to my work,
Which Hilary's companion offereth.
Without these plans my life must worthless seem.
Since these two men have torn away from me

My field of action, all that I can see
Ahead is life reft of the breath of life.
In order that my spirit may not show
Discouragement I need that bravery
Of which thou spak'st just now. But whether I
Shall find my strength sufficient for the task
Is more than I can say, for I can feel
How that same force which I must needs set free
Will likewise work on me distinctively.

Benedictus:

Maria and Johannes have just made
Advances in clairvoyance; and the things
Which hindered them from bridging o'er the gap
Between the mystic life and world of sense
Are no more there, and in the course of time
Aims will appear in which both thou and they
Can take part jointly. 'Tis not guidance, but
Creative strength that flows from mystic words:
'For that which must will surely come to pass.'
And so in wakefulness we must await
The way in which the spirit sends the signs.

Strader:

A vision came to me not long ago
Which I must hold to be a sign from fate.
I was aboard a ship, thou at the helm,
The labouring oars were under my command;
And we were bearing to their place of work
Maria and Johannes; there appeared
Another ship quite close to us; on board
Romanus and the friend of Hilary—

They lay across our course as enemies.
I battled with them;—as the fight went on
Lo! Ahriman stood by their side to help.
While I was bitterly engaged with him
Came Theodora to my side, in aid,
And then the vision vanished from my sight.
I dared to say once to Capesius
And Felix that I could with ease endure
The opposition which now menaceth
My work from outward sources e'en if all
My plans were ruined—I should stand upright.
Suppose that picture now should show to me
That outward opposition doth imply
An inward fight—a fight with Ahriman;
Am I well armoured also for this fight?

Benedictus:

My friend, I can behold in thine own soul
This picture is not fully ripe as yet.
I feel thou canst make stronger still the power
Which showed this picture to thy spirit's eye.
I can feel too that for thy friends and thee
This picture can create new powers of soul
If only thou wilt rightly strive for strength.
This can I feel;—how it shall be fulfilled
Remains a secret hidden from my sight.

Curtain

SCENE 12

The interior of the earth. Enormous crystal formations, with streams like lava breaking through them. The whole scene is faintly luminous, transparent in some parts, and with the light shining through from behind in others. Above are red flames which appear to be being pressed downward from the roof. (One hand of Ahriman is a claw and he has a cloven hoof. This is to show the audience that his identity as the Devil is being discovered. Fox has a cloven hoof.)

Ahriman (at first alone):

Now living matter falleth from above
Which I must use. It is the stuff whereof
Are demons made, and it is flowing free
Within the world of form. A man doth strive
To tear from out his being utterly
The spirit-substance he received from me.
My influence hath been till now quite good,
But now he is too near the mystic throng
Whom Benedictus through his wisdom's light
Hath lent the power enabling them to face
Awakening at the cosmic midnight hour.
O'er him hath Lucifer his influence cast:
So that Maria and Johannes could

Release themselves from out his sphere of light.
Henceforth to Strader I must closely cling.
Once he is mine I'll catch the others too.
Johannes wore himself quite dull and blunt
Against my shadow;—now he knows me well.
Through Strader only can I get at him.
And in Maria's case it is the same;
Yet Strader will perhaps not recognize
The spirit-tangle, which to human eyes
Appears as nature, is in fact naught else
Than mine own personal spirit-property.
And so he may conceive that energy
And matter blindly struggle there where I,
Denying spirit, fashion spirit-things.
'Tis true the rest have talked to him a lot
About my being and about my realm;
And yet, methinks, I have not lost him quite.
He will forget that Benedictus sent
Him hither unto me, but half-awake,
That his belief may be dispelled that I
Am but a woven thought in human brains.
Yet I shall need some earthly help if I
Must bring him here before it is too late.
Now therefore I will call upon a soul
Which in its cleverness considers me
To be naught else than some dull foolish clown.
He serves me on and off, when I have need.

*(Ahriman goes off and returns with the soul of
Fox, whose figure is a sort of copy of his own.
On entering he takes a bandage from the eyes
of this person representing the soul.)*

Ahriman: (Aside)

Earth-knowledge he must leave here at the door.
For he must never understand the things
Which here he learns, since he is honest still;
No effort would he make, if he once knew
The purpose with which I now influence him.
He must be able later to forget.

(To Fox)

Dost thou know doctor Strader, who serves me?

The Soul of Fox:

He drifts about upon the star of Earth;
He would build learned prattle into life;
And yet each wind of life will knock him down.
He listens eagerly to mystic prigs,
And is already stifled by their fog;
He now doth try to blind poor Hilary,
Whose friend, however, keeps him well in hand,
Since all these braggart spirit-whisperings
Would otherwise his business quite destroy.

Ahriman: (Aside)

Such talk as this is not what I require.
I now have need of Strader—whilst this man
Can still have perfect faith in his own self;
Then Benedictus far too easily
Will make his wisdom known amongst mankind.
The friend of Hilary might be of use
To Lucifer; I must act otherwise—
Through Strader I must Benedictus harm.
For he and all his pupils can achieve

Nothing at all, hath he not Strader's aid.
 Mine enemies of course still have their powers,
 And after Strader's death he will be theirs.
 But if while still on earth his soul can be
 Deceived about itself, my gain will be
 That Benedictus can no longer use
 Him as the leader of his coach's team.
 Now in fate's book I have already read
 That Strader's span of life is nearly run.
 But Benedictus can not yet see this.
 My trusty knave, too crafty is thy wit,
 Who takest me for some dull foolish clown.

(To Fox)

So well thou reasonest that men attend.
 Go therefore and see Strader very soon
 Tell him that his machine is ill-contrived;
 That 'tis not only unpropitious times
 That check fulfilment of his promises;
 But that his reasoning also is at fault.

The Soul of Fox:

For such a mission am I well equipped.
 For some time past I have done nothing else
 But think how I can unto Strader prove
 How full of error his ambitions are.
 When once a man hath formed a clever scheme
 By dint of many nights of earnest thought
 He will with ease believe that ill-success
 Is due not to his thought but outward acts.
 And Strader's case is surely pitiable;
 Had such a man as he shunned mystic snobs,

And made fit use of his fine intellect,
His great endowments surely would have borne
Much fruit and profit for humanity.

Ahriman:

Now see to it that thou art shrewdly armed.
This is thy task: Thou art to undermine
The confidence of Strader in himself.
No longer then will he desire to work
With Benedictus, who must henceforth rest
Upon himself and his own arguments.
But these are not so pleasing to mankind,
Who will be more opposed to them on earth
The more their inmost nature is disclosed.

The Soul of Fox:

I see already how I shall begin
To show to Strader where his thought hath failed.
There is a flaw within his new machine,
Though he cannot perceive it of himself.
A veil of mystic darkness hinders him.
But I, with my clear common sense, shall be
Of much more use to him than mystic dreams.
This for a long while hath been my desire;
Yet knew I not how to accomplish it.
At length a light is thrown athwart my path.
Now must I think of all the arguments
Which will make Strader realize the truth.

*(Ahriman leads out Fox's soul and again blindfolds
the individual portraying the soul before he
is allowed to depart.)*

Ahriman (alone):

He will be of great service unto me.
The mystic light on earth doth burn me sore;
I must work further there, but must not let
The mystics unto men my work reveal.

(Theodora's soul appears.)

Theodora's Soul:

Thou mayest Strader reach; but none the less
I shall be by his side; and since we were
United on the radiant path of souls,
We shall remain united wheresoe'er
He dwells on earth or in the spirit-realms.

Ahriman:

If she indeed forsakes him not, the while
He still doth dwell on earth, I stand to lose
My battle; yet I shall not cease to hope
That he may yet forget her 'ere the end.

Curtain

SCENE 13

A large reception room in Hilary's house. As the curtain rises Hilary and Romanus are in conversation.

Hilary:

I must with grief confess to thee, dear friend,
That this fate's tangle, which is forming here
Within our circle, well-nigh crusheth me.
On what can one rely, when nothing holds?
The friends of Benedictus are by thee
Kept far from our endeavours; Strader, too,
Is torn by bitter agonies of doubt.
A man who, full of shrewdness and of hate,
Hath oft opposed the mystic life and aims,
Hath pointed out grave errors in his plans
And shewn that his invention cannot work,
And is not only stopped by outward checks.
Life hath not brought me any ripened fruit;
I longed for perfect deeds. And yet the thoughts
That bring deeds unto ripeness never came.
My soul was ever plagued by loneliness.
By spirit-sight alone was I upborne.
And yet;—in Strader's case I was deceived.

Romanus:

I often felt as though some gruesome shape
Was pressing painfully upon my soul

Whene'er thy words were in the course of life
Shown to be naught but errors and mistakes;
That as the spirit-sight seemed to deceive
My mystic master did this shape become
Within me and did set a feeling free
Which now enables me to give thee light.
Too blindly hast thou trusted spirit-sight;
And so as error it appears to thee
When it doth surely lead thee to the truth.
In Strader's case thy sight was true, despite
The things that super-clever men hath shown.

Hilary:

Thy faith still doth not waver, and thou hast
The same opinion now of Strader's work?

Romanus:

The reasons whereon I did build it up
Have naught to do with Strader's friends at all
And still are valid, whether his machine
Prove itself true or faulty in design.
Supposing he hath made an error; well,
A man through error finds the way to truth.

Hilary:

The failure then doth not affect thee—thee
To whom life hath brought nothing but success?

Romanus:

Those who do not fear failure will succeed.
It only needs an understanding eye
To see what bearing mysticism has
Upon our case, and forthwith there appears

The view that we should take of Strader's work.
He will come off victorious in the fight
Which flings the spirit-portals open wide;
Undaunted by the watchman will he stride
Across the threshold of the spirit-land.
My soul hath deeply realized the words
Which that stern Guardian of the threshold spoke.
I feel him even now at Strader's side.
Whether he sees him, or toward him goes
Unknowing, this indeed I cannot say;
But I believe that I know Strader well.
He will courageously make up his mind
That self-enlightenment must come through pain;
The will will ever bear him company
Who bravely goes to meet what lies before,
And, fortified by Hope's strength-giving stream,
Doth boldly face the pain which knowledge brings.

Hilary:

My friend, I thank thee for these mystic words.
Oft have I heard them; now for the first time
I feel the secret meaning they enfold.
The cosmic ways are hard to comprehend—
My portion, my dear friend, it is to wait
Until the spirit points me out the way
Which is appropriate unto my sight.

(Exeunt left.)

*(Enter Capesius and Felix Balde, shown in by the
Secretary, on right.)*

Secretary:

I think that Benedictus will return
Sometime today from off his journey; but

He is not here at present; if thou com'st
Again tomorrow thou shouldst find him here.

Felix Balde:

Can we then have a talk with Hilary?

Secretary:

I'll go and ask him now to come to you.

(*Exit.*)

Felix Balde:

A vision of deep import hast thou seen.
Couldst thou not tell it to me o'er again?
One cannot apprehend such things aright
Till they are fully grasped by spirit-sight.

Capesius:

It came this morning, when I thought myself
Wrapt in the stillness of the mystic trance.
My senses slept, and with them memory.
To spirit things alone was I alive.
At first I saw naught but familiar sights.
Then Strader's soul came clearly into view
Before mine inner eye, and for a while
Stood silent, so that I had ample time
To make sure I was consciously awake.
But soon I also heard him clearly say
'Abandon not the real true mystic mood,'
As if the sound came from his inmost soul.
He then continued, with sharp emphasis:
'To strive for naught; but just to live in peace:
Expectancy the soul's whole inner life,
Such is the mystic mood. And of itself

It wakes, unsought amid the stream of life,
Whene'er a human soul is rightly strong
And seeks the spirit with all-powerful thought.
This mood comes often in our stillest hours
Yet also in the heat of action; then
It cometh lest the soul may thoughtless lose
The tender sight of spirit-happenings.'

Felix Balde:

Like to the very echo of my words
This utt'rance sounds,—yet not quite what I meant.

Capesius:

On close consideration one might find
The opposite of thine own words therein,—
And more distinctly doth this fact appear
When we give heed to this his further speech
'Whoever falsely wakes the mystic mood
It leads his inmost soul but to himself
And weaves betwixt himself and realms of light
The dark veil of his own soul's enterprise.
If this thou wouldst through mysticism seek
Mystic illusion will destroy thy life.'

Felix Balde:

This can be nothing else than words of mine
By Strader's spirit-views transformed; in thee
They echo as a grievous mystic fault.

Capesius:

Moreover Strader's final words were these:
'A man can not attain the spirit-world

The Soul's Awakening

By seeking to unlock the gates himself.
 Truth doth not sound within the soul of him
 Who only seeks a mood for many years.'

*(Philia appears, perceptible only to Capesius;
 Felix Balde shows that he does not comprehend what follows.)*

Philia:

Capesius, if soon thou markest well
 What in thy seeking comes to thee unsought,
 'Twill strengthen thee with many-coloured light;
 In pictured being it will pierce thee through
 Since thy soul-forces show it unto thee.
 That which thy self's sun-nature rays on thee
 By Saturn's ripened wisdom will be dulled;
 Then to thy vision will there be disclosed
 That which in earth-life thou canst comprehend.
 Then I will lead thee to the guardian
 Who on the spirit-threshold keeps his watch.

Felix Balde:

From circles which I know not issue words.
 Their sound awakes no being full of light
 And so they are not fully real to me.

Capesius:

The hint which Philia hath given me
 Shall be my guide so that from this time forth
 In spirit too may be revealed what I
 Already as a man upon the earth,
 Can find within the circuit of my life.

Curtain

SCENE 14

The same. Hilary's wife in conversation with the Manager.

Hilary's wife:

That fate itself doth not desire the deed
Which yet my husband thinks imperative,
Seems likely when one views the tangled threads
This power doth weave to form the knot in life,
Which holds us here in its compelling bonds.

Manager:

A knot of fate indeed, which truly seems
Unable to be loosed by human sense—
And so, I take it, it must needs be cut.

I see no other possibility
Than that the strand which links thy husband's life
To mine must now at last be cut in twain.

Hilary's wife:

What! Part from thee!—My husband never will.
'Twould go against the spirit of the house
Which by his own dear father was inspired
And which the son will faithfully uphold.

Manager:

But hath he not already broken faith?
The aims that Hilary hath now in view

Can surely not be found along the road
His father's spirit ever walked upon.

Hilary's wife:

My husband's happiness in life now hangs
On the successful issue of these aims.
I saw the transformation of his soul
As soon as, like a lightning flash, the thought
Illumined him. He had found hitherto
Nothing in life but sad soul-loneliness,
A feeling which he was at pains to hide
E'en from the circle of his closest friends
But which consumed him inwardly the more.
Till then he deemed himself of no account
Because thoughts would not spring up in his soul
Which seemed to him to be of use in life.
But when this plan of mystic enterprise
Then stood before his soul, he grew quite young,
He was another man, a happy man;
This aim first gave to him a worth in life.
That thou couldst ere oppose him in this work
Was inconceivable till it occurred.
He felt the blow more keenly than aught else
That in his life hath yet befallen him.
Couldst thou but know the pain that thou hast
caused,
Thou wouldst not surely be so harsh with him.

Manager:

I feel as if my manhood would be lost
If I should set myself to go against
Mine own convictions.—I shall find it hard

To do my work with Strader at my side.
Yet I decided I would bear this load
To help Romanus, whom I understand
Since he concerning Strader spake with me.
What he explained became the starting-point
For me of mine own spirit-pupilship.
There was a power that flamed forth from his words
And entered actively within my soul;
I never yet had felt it so before.
His counsel is most precious, though as yet
I cannot understand and follow it;
Romanus only cares for Strader now;
He thinks the other mystics by their share
Not only are a hindrance to the work
But also are a danger to themselves.
For his opinion I have such regard
That I must now believe the following:
If Strader cannot find a way to work
Without his friends, 'twill be a sign of fate.
A sign that with these friends he must abide,
And only later fashion faculties,
Through mystic striving for some outward work.
The fact that recently he hath become
More closely knit to them than formerly,
Despite a slight estrangement for a while,
Makes me believe that he will find his way,
Lies in this state of things, though it involves
A failure, for the present, of his aims.

Hilary's wife:

Thou see'st the man with only that much sight
With which Romanus hath entrusted thee,

Thou shouldst gaze on him with unbiased eye.
He can so steep himself in spirit-life
That he appears quite sundered from the earth.
Then spirit forms his whole environment
And Theodora liveth then for him.
In speaking with him it appears as if
She too were present. Many mystics can
Express the spirit-message in such words
As bring conviction after careful thought;
But Strader's very speech hath this same power.
One sees that he sets little store upon
Mere inward spirit-life that is content
With feelings only; the explorer's zeal
Doth ever prove his guide in mystic life.
And so his mystic aims do not destroy
His sense for scientific schemes which seem
Both practical and useful for this life.
Try to perceive this faculty in him,
And through him also learn another thing,
How one's own personal judgment of one's friends
Is of more value than another man's
Such as Romanus hath acquired of him.

Manager:

In such a case as this, so far removed
From all the vista of my usual thought,
The judgment of Romanus seems to me
Some solid ground to stand on. If, myself,
I enter realms to mysticism near,
I surely need such guidance as indeed
A man can only give me who can win
My confidence by so much of himself

As I myself can fully comprehend.

(Enter the Secretary.)

You seem upset, my friend; what hath occurred?

Secretary (hesitatingly):

Good doctor Strader died a few hours since.

Manager:

Died?—Strader?

Hilary's wife:

What. Not Strader dead?—Where now

Is Hilary?

Secretary:

He is in his own room.

He seemed quite stricken when the messenger

First brought the news to him from Strader's house.

(Exit Hilary's wife, followed by the Secretary.)

Manager (alone):

Dead—Strader!—Can this really be the truth?

The spirit-sleep of which I heard so much

Now toucheth me.—The fate which here doth guide

The threads of life wears now a serious face.

O little soul of mine, what mighty hand

Hath now laid hold upon thy thread of fate,

And given it a part within this knot.

'But that which must will surely come to pass!'

Why is it that these words have never left

The Soul's Awakening

My mind since Strader spake them long ago
When talking with myself and Hilary?—
As if they reached him from another world
So did they sound;—he spake as if entranced;—
What is to come to pass?—Right well I know
The spirit-world laid hands upon me then.
Within those words there sounds the spirit-speech—
Sounds earnest—; how can I its weaving learn?

Curtain

SCENE 15

The same. Doctor Strader's nurse is sitting there waiting. Enter the Secretary.

Secretary:

Soon Benedictus will, I hope, appear
And hear himself the message thou dost bring:
He went a journey and hath just returned.
A great man surely doctor Strader was.
At first I did not have much confidence
In Hilary's tremendous plan of work;
But, as I frequently was in the room
Whilst Strader was engaged in showing him
What further needs his plan of work involved,
All my objections swiftly lost their force.
Aye full of spirit, with the keenest sense
For all things possible and purposeful,
He yet was ever heedful that the end
Should issue reasonably from the work;
Ne'er would he anything for granted take.
He held himself quite as a mystic should;
As people who are anxious to behold
A lovely view from some tall mountain-crest
Keep plodding on till they have reached the top
Nor try to paint the picture in advance.

Nurse:

A man of lofty spirit and great gifts
Thou knewest hard at work in active life.
I, in the short time it was given me
To render earth's last services to him
Learned to admire his loftiness of soul.
A sweet soul, that, except for seven years
Of utmost bliss, walked aye through life alone.
Their wisdom mystics offered him,—but love
Was all his need;—his lust for outward deeds
Was naught but—love, which sought for many forms
Of life in which to manifest itself.
That which this soul sought on the mystic path
Was needful to its being's noble fire,
As sleep is to the body after toil.

Secretary:

In him the mystic wisdom was the source
Of outward deeds as well; for all his work
Was ever fully steeped in its ideals.

Nurse:

Because in him love was a natural law,
And he had to unite himself in soul
With all the aspirations of his life;
E'en his last thoughts were still about the work
To which in love he did devote himself—
As people part from beings whom they love
So Strader's soul reluctantly did leave
The work on earth through which his love had
poured.

Secretary:

He lived in spirit with full consciousness:
And Theodora was with him as aye
She was in life—true mystic souls feel thus.

Nurse:

Because his loneliness knit him to her,
She stood before him still in death. By her
He felt that he was called to spirit-worlds
To finish there his incompleted task.
For Benedictus just before his death
He wrote a message which I now have come
To give into the mystic leader's hands.
So must the life of this our time on earth
Unfold itself yet further, full of doubt;—
But brightened by sun-beings such as he,
From whom a wider number may receive,
Like planets, light-rays which awaken life.

(Enter Benedictus left. Exit Secretary right.)

Nurse:

Before his strength departed, Strader wrote
These few lines for thee. I have come to bring
His message to his faithful mystic friend.

Benedictus:

And as he set this message down for me
What were the themes that his soul dwelt upon?

Nurse:

At first the latest of his plans in life
Lived in his thought; then Theodora came

To join him in the spirit; feeling this
His soul did gently leave its body's sheath.

Benedictus:

My thanks to thee, thou faithful soul, for all
Thy services to him whilst yet on earth.

(Exit nurse. Benedictus reads Strader's last words.)

Benedictus: (reading)

'My friend, when I perceived my strength was spent
And saw that opposition to my work
Did not alone from outward sources rise,
But that the inner flaws of my own thought
Were obstacles to check my plan's success,
Once more I saw that vision which I told
Not long ago to thee. But yet this time
The vision ended otherwise. No more
Was Ahriman my foe; a spirit stood
There, in his stead, whom I could clearly feel
To represent my own erroneous thought.
And then did I remember thine own words
About the strengthening mine own soul's powers.
But thereupon the spirit disappeared.'—
There are a few more words,—but I cannot
Decipher them—a chaos covers them
By weaving in a veil of active thought.

(Ahriman appears; Benedictus sees him.)

*(There is no longer any illusion about Ahriman.
His form is much more inhuman; his right
arm is bone, his right hand a claw, and he has
a cloven hoof.)*

Benedictus:

Who art thou, who dost take a shadowed life,
From out my chaos, in the soul's domain?

Ahriman (aside):

He sees me, but as yet he knows me not.
And so he will not cause me fearful pain
If I should try to labour by his side.

(To Benedictus.)

I can declare to thee what Strader means
To tell thee further for thy personal good.
And also for thy pupil's mystic path.

Benedictus:

My mystic group will always know itself
To be in touch with Strader's soul, although
The life of sense no longer forms a bridge.
But when a spirit-messenger draws near
And manifests to us from his own worlds,
Then he must needs first win our confidence.
This he can only do if he appears
Without disguise unto our spirit-gaze.

Ahriman:

Thou art but striving for self-consciousness:
So stranger spirit-beings, who might wish
To render thee a service, are compelled
To show themselves as parts of thine own self,
If they may only help thee undisguised.

Benedictus:

Whoe'er thou art 'tis sure thou only canst
Serve Good when thou dost strive not for thyself,

When thou dost lose thyself in human thought
To rise newborn within the cosmic life.

Ahriman: (aside)

Now is it time for me to haste away
From his environment, for whensoever
His sight can think me as I really am,
He will commence to fashion in his thought
Part of the power which slowly killeth me.

(Ahriman disappears.)

Benedictus:

Now only do I see 'tis Ahriman,
Who flees himself, but fashions out of thought
A knowledge of his being in myself.
His aim is to confuse the thought of man
Because therein, misled by error old,
He seeks the source of all his sufferings.
As yet he knows not that the only way
For him to find release in future is
To find himself reflected in this thought.
And so he shows himself to men indeed,
But not as he doth feel he is in truth.
Himself revealing, and concealing too,
He sought to utilize in his own way
A favourable hour in Strader's case.
Through him he hoped to strike his friends as well;
But he will not be able to conceal
His nature from my mystic pupils now.
He shall be present in their waking thought
If he holds sway within their inner sight.
So shall they learn to know his many forms,
Which would disguise him whensoever he must

Reveal himself unto the souls of men.
But thou, sun-ripened soul of Strader, thou
Who by the strengthening of thy spirit-powers
Didst drive the Lord of Error into flight
Thou shalt, as spirit-star, shine on thy friends.
Thy light shall henceforth ever penetrate
Into Maria's and Johannes' selves;
Through thee will they be able to equip
Themselves more strongly for their spirit-work,
That so they may with powerful thought reveal
Themselves as proof of soul-enlightenment,
E'en at such times as dusky Ahriman,
By clouding wisdom, seeks to spread the night
Of Chaos o'er full-wakened spirit-sight.

Curtain

A Road to Self-Knowledge The Threshold of the Spiritual World The Portal of Initiation

By Rudolph Steiner

These volumes contain the meditations and occult exercises so long desired by the readers of occult literature. The author prefers the name Spiritual Science to Occult Science and opens a road of occultism to all people so that it is no longer hidden or occult, provided the spiritual world is approached with some preparation. Dr. Steiner holds no dogma, and has no interest in keeping a personal control over the student, as do so many so-called occultists. He is anxious for everyone to work free and independently with the same facilities and opportunities as he himself has, and he now gives the world sane and healthy exercises which with patience and perseverance can bring about the results so long desired.

G. P. Putnam's Sons

New York

London



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

FEB 27 1962

NO PHONE RENEWALS

APR 1 1963

REC'D LD-URJ

REC'D LD-URJ

DL

APR 29 '71

MAR 30 1988

APR 29 1971

APR 29 1978

DL JAN 14 1980

REC'D LD-URJ

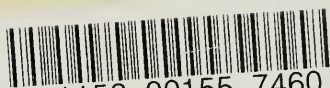
DL

APR 7 1980

APR 1 1980

DL APR 7 1986

01



3 1158 00155 7460

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 818 133 1

