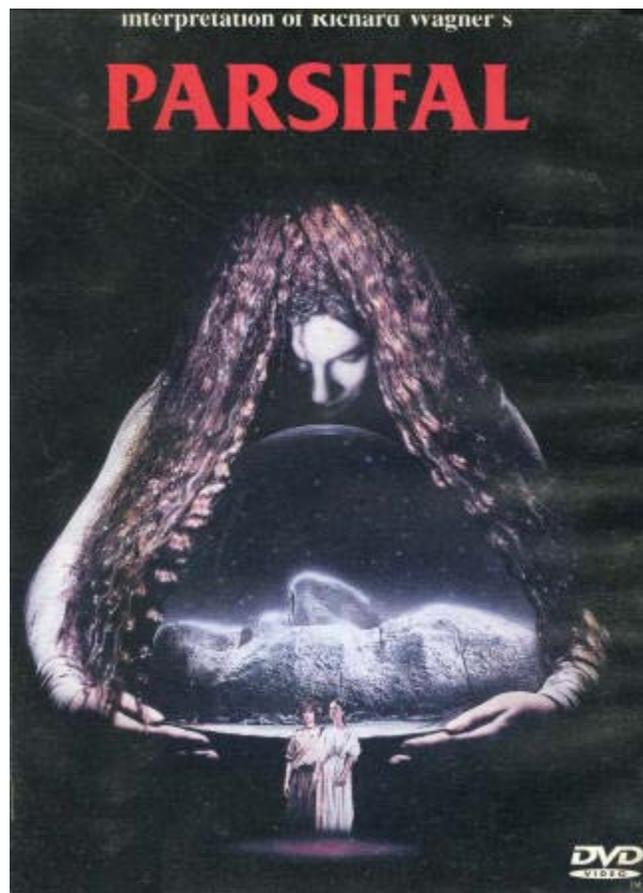


INTERPRETATION OF RICHARD WAGNER'S PARSIFAL -- ILLUSTRATED SCREENPLAY

Directed by Hans-Jurgen Syberber
Program Content © 1982 TMS Film Munchen
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[Transcribed from the movie by Tara Carreon]



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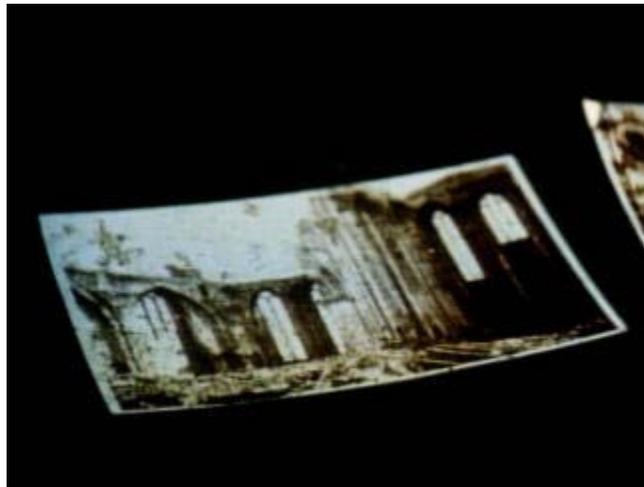


Triumph Films
A Columbia Pictures/Gaumont Company



RICHARD WAGNER
PARSIFAL.
von
Hans Jürgen Syberberg

RICHARD WAGNER
PARSIFAL
von
Hans Jürgen Syberberg



Darsteller in der Reihenfolge der Uraufführung 1882 in Bayreuth



Amfortas
Armin Jordan
gesungen von Wolfgang Schöne

Titirel
Martin Sperr
gesungen von Hans Tschammer

Gurnemanz
Robert Lloyd
gesungen von Robert Lloyd

Parsifal 1
Michael Kutter
Parsifal 2
Karin Krick
gesungen von Rainer Goldberg

Klingsor
Aage Haugland
gesungen von Aage Haugland

Kundry
Edith Clever
gesungen von Yvonne Minton



Gralsritter
Rudolf Gabler
Urban von Klebelsberg
Bruno Romani-Versteeg
gesungen von
Gilles Cachemaille
Paul Frey

Knappen
Monika Gaertner
Thomas Fink
David Meyer
Judith Schmidt
gesungen von

Christer Bladin
Tamart Hert
Michel Roider
Hanna Schaer

Klingsors Zaubermädchen
Hochste und mittlere Hohen
Anahita Farrochsad
Miriam Feldmann
Johanna Fink

Alexandra Grunberg
Vivian Kintisch
Martina Lanzinger
Antonia Preser

Catherina Klemm
Judith Klemm
Sabine Kuckelmann
David Luther
Isabelle Malbrun
Caroline Riollet
Guillemette Riollet

Sofia Romani
Ina Schroter
Balthasar Thomass
Sophie von Uslar

gesungen von
Britt-Marie Aruhn
Jocelyne Chamonin
Tamara Hert
Gertrud Oertel
Eva Saurova

Hanna Schaer

Altstimme aus der Hohe
(Gralstragerin Synagoge der Glaube)
Amelie Syberberg
gesungen von
Gertrud Oertel

Chor der Prager Philharmonie
Kind Parsifal
David Luther

Orchestre Philharmonique
de Monte Carlo

Musikalische Leitung
Armin Jordan

Musikaufnahmen
Erato Paris
Michel Garcin
Jean-Pierre Brossmann
Pierre Lavoix
Jerome Paillard

Kamera
Igor Luther

Produktionsleitung
Harry Nap
Annie Nap-Oleon



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Gaumont Paris

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Regie
Hans Jurgen Syberberg

Wagner, more than anyone else, took care that men should be able to receive what he had to give without knowing that they were doing so. He was a missionary who had a most significant message to deliver — to deliver, however, in such a way that mankind was not aware of receiving it....

Wagner's music holds within it all the truths that are contained in the Parsifal story. His music is of such a unique character that those who listen to it receive in their ether body quite special vibrations. Therein lies the secret of Wagner's music. **One does not need to understand it — not in the least!** One receives in one's ether body the benign and healthful effect of the music. And man's ether body is intimately connected with all the movements and throbbings of the blood. Wagner understood the mystery of the purified blood. In his melodies are rhythms and vibrations that must needs beat in the ether body of man if he is to be cleansed and purified so as to be ready to receive the Mysteries of the Holy Grail.

-- Parsifal: Notes from a Lecture Given by Dr. Rudolf Steiner at Landin on 7/29/1906

The mother is the grail; The phallus is the spear.

-- The Red Book: Liber Novus, by C.G. Jung





















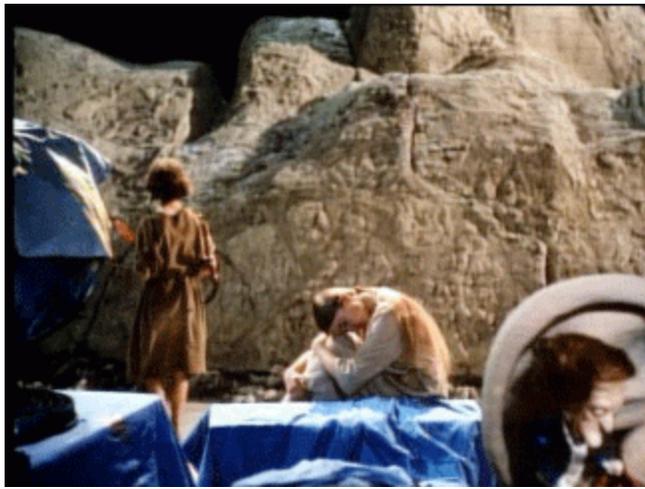






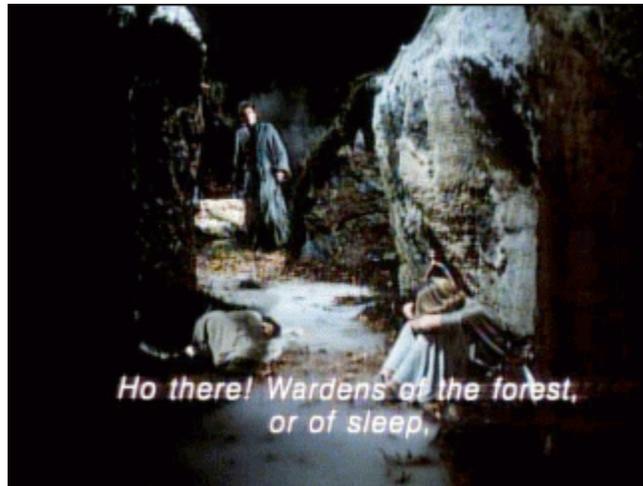




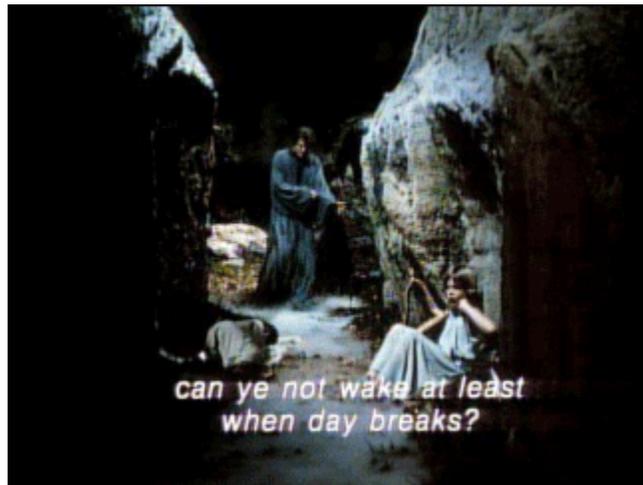


I. Akt

I. Akt



[Gurnemanz] Ho there! Wardens of the forest, or of sleep,



can ye not wake at least when day breaks?
Hear ye the call?
Now thank God who calleth ye, and hears ye.



Get ye up, boys



Now to bathe
I can already see the scouts approach!
Hail to ye!
How does Amfortas this day?

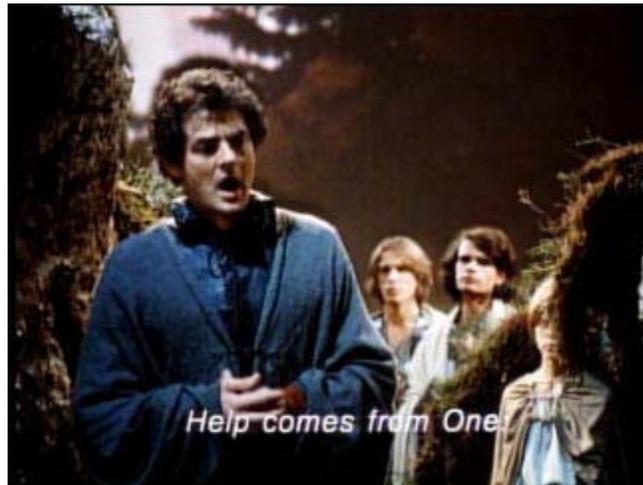


He goes to bathe right early:
That herb that Gawain sought out ...
with such craft and daring
gives him relief, I trust?

[Knight] So thou dost trust, old know-all?
Of a sudden his sickness hath ...
as fiercely seized him again,
bereft him of sleep, and broken him.
He needs to bathe forthwith.



[Gurnemanz] What fools we are to seek for remedies,
when Salvation only heals!
We may seek and hunt
for herbs and potions through all the world.



Help comes from One.
One alone!

[Knight] Tell us then His name!

[Gurnemanz] Provide ye for the bath!

The Sun is the nearest approach we have to a visible symbol of God, yet it is but a veil for That which is behind. What That is cannot be uttered publicly....From the Root of Existence -- The Absolute -- proceeds the Supreme Being, at the dawn of manifestation. This is *The One*. In the first chapter of John this Great Being is called God. From this Supreme Being emanates The Word, the Creative Fiat "without whom was not anything made," and this Word is the alone-begotten Son, born of His father (the Supreme Being) before all worlds -- but positively *not* Christ. Grand and glorious as is Christ, towering high above mere human nature, He is not this Exalted Being. Truly "the Word

was made flesh," but not in the limited sense of the flesh of one body, but the flesh of all that is, in this and millions of other solar Systems.

-- The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception, by Max Heindel



[Squire] Behold! The wild horsewoman!

[Squire] See how the mane of the devil's mare streams out!

[Knight] So! 'Tis Kundry there?

[Knight] I doubt not she brings a message.

[Squire] The mare stumbles. Doth she fly through the air?

[Squire] Now she falls to the earth. She sweeps the moss with her mane.



[Squire] The wild woman swings free and leapeth up.



[Kundry] Here. Take this.



'Tis balsam ...

[Gurnemanz] Whence boughtest thou this?



[Kundry] From farther off than thou canst think.
If this balsam is no help,
then can Arabia do no more
to save him.



Ask no more.
I'm weary



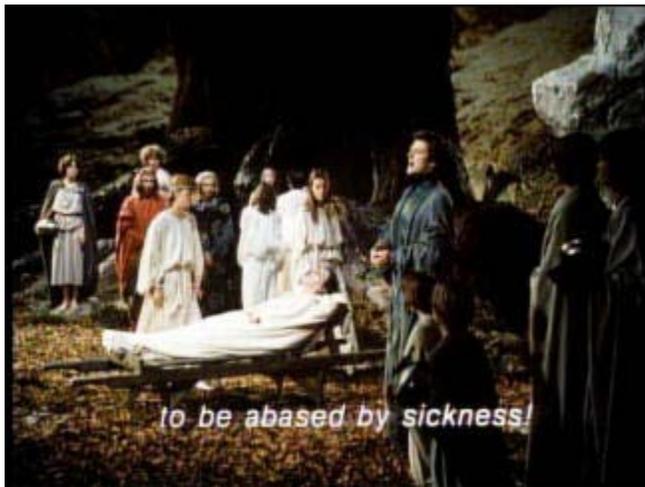


[Gurnemanz] He comes. They bear him to us.



*Alas, how can
I stand the sight:*

Alas, how can I stand the sight:
in his high-blooded manhood,
a lord of such victorious lineage,



to be abased by sickness!

to be abased by sickness!
Have a care! Hark, the King groans!



[Amfortas] 'Tis well.



A little rest.



After a night of such fierce pain,
now a bright forest morn!
In the holy lake,
the waves then give me ease:
The pain is numbed,
the night of sickness brightened
Gawain! --



[Knight] My Lord! Gawain stayed not.
His herb how hard so-e'er he sought it,
hath not born out they hope,
and he's now set out on a new search.



Without my leave?

[Amfortas] Without my leave?
Would he may be forgiven this breach
of the order of the Grail!
Woe unto one so boldly defiant,



if he falls in Klingsor's web!

if he falls in Klingsor's web!

At the time when the Crusades were beginning, and even a little before, we find in a district in the North of Spain an important mystery. The mysteries that were still extant in that time have generally been known as the later Gothic Mysteries. Those who were initiated were called the Templars, or the Knights of the Holy Grail. Lohengrin was one of these. The Order of the Knights of the Grail had a different significance from another order or brotherhood which had its location in England and Wales; all the stories that are told of King Arthur and his Round Table relate to this other order of initiation....

The Templars were those who stood for true Christianity as distinguished from Church Christianity. In the Middle Ages remnants were still left of the old degenerate mysteries. All that belongs to those is grouped together under the name of Klingsor. He is the black magician in contrast to the white magic of the Holy Grail.

-- Parsifal: Notes from a Lecture Given by Dr. Rudolf Steiner at Landin on 7/29/1906

Now, one and all, leave me in peace.
I await one,

who will judge me?
"Knowing through pity ..."



Was't not thus?

Wagner has spoken of the connection of the Saviour's blood with the whole of mankind. In his book "Paganism and Christianity" we read these words: "Having found that the capacity for conscious suffering is a capacity peculiar to the blood of the so-called white race, we must now go on to recognize in the blood of the Saviour the very epitome, as it were, of voluntary conscious suffering that pours itself out as divine compassion for the whole human race."... becoming conscious of suffering, a purification is able to come about.

-- Parsifal: Notes from a Lecture Given by Dr. Rudolf Steiner at Landin on 7/29/1906

[Gurnemanz] So saidst thou.

[Amfortas] "The innocent fool!"
I think I know him?



Death!

[Gurnemanz] Nay, first but try ye this!



*Whence cometh this
mysterious flask?*

[Amfortas] Whence cometh this mysterious flask?

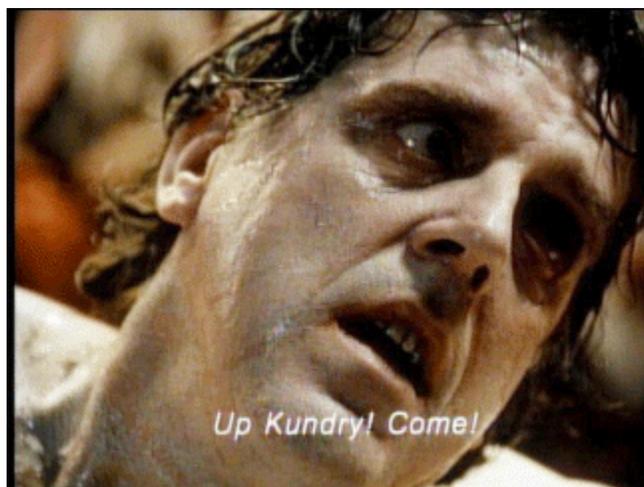
[Gurnemanz] 'Twas sought for thee out of Arabia.



Who found it out?

[Amfortas] Who found it out?

[Gurnemanz] There she lies, the wild woman --



Up Kundry! Come!

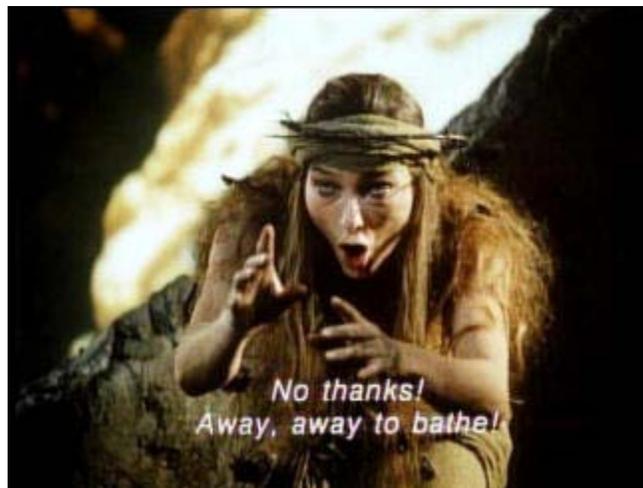
Up Kundry! Come!

[Amfortas] Must I thank thee once more,
thou restless, shy-eyed maid?
So will I try this balsam:



in thanks for thy fidelity.

[Kundry] No thanks! Ha! What good is that?



No thanks! Away, away to bathe!





[Squire] Ho, thou there! Why liest thou there like a wild beast?

[Kundry] Are the beasts here not holy?



[Squire] Aye, but 'tis less than certain thou art holy, too.

[Squire] With her witch's draught,
she'll put an end to our Master anon.

[Gurnemanz] Hmm! Has she done you any harm?

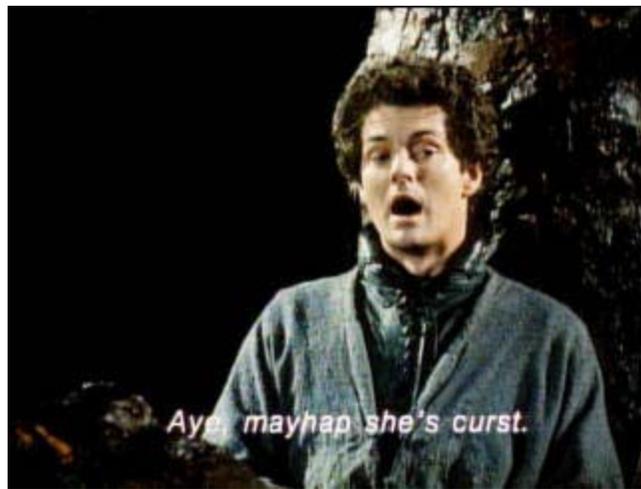


When not knowing how to send word
to our brethren, fighting in far off lands,
she rushes and flieth hither and thither
bearing embassy faithfully and well.
She eateth nought, she comes not nigh,
she's not of your common sort:
she brings her help when danger's there,
and eagerly flies sheer through the air,
and calls not on you for thanks.
If this be harm,
then much good may it do ye!



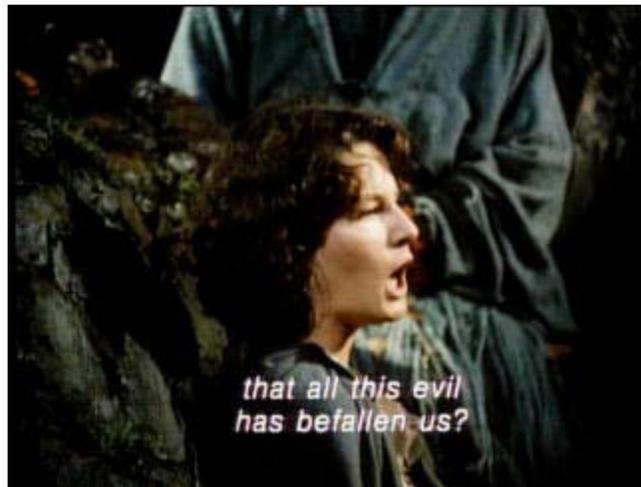
[Squire] Nay but she hates us;

[Squire] 'Tis a heathen, a witch.



[Gurnemanz] Aye, mayhap she's curst.
And here lives out
perhaps anew,
to atone a debt from a former life,
that till now has not been paid.
She now does penance in such deeds
as bring success to our knightly order.

[Squire] Then 'tis indeed through her fault

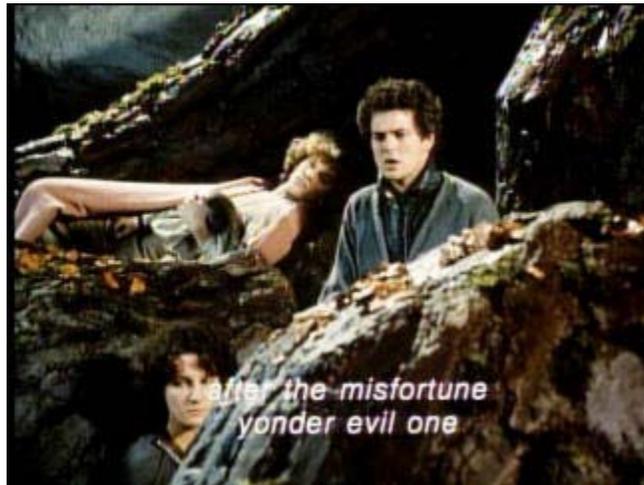


that all this evil has befallen us?

[Gurnemanz] Aye, often, when she stays afar too long,
misfortune then befalleth us.



And I know her these many years.
Titurel has known her longer.
'Twas he who found her, when he built the castle,
she was sleeping in the underwood
stiff and lifeless, as if dead.
So did I find her not long ago,



after the misfortune yonder evil one
over the mountains brought on us.
Hey, thou!
Hark and tell me where thou wast wandering,
when our Lord lost his lance?
Why wast not serving us then?



[Kundry] I help no man.

[Squire] She saith so herself.

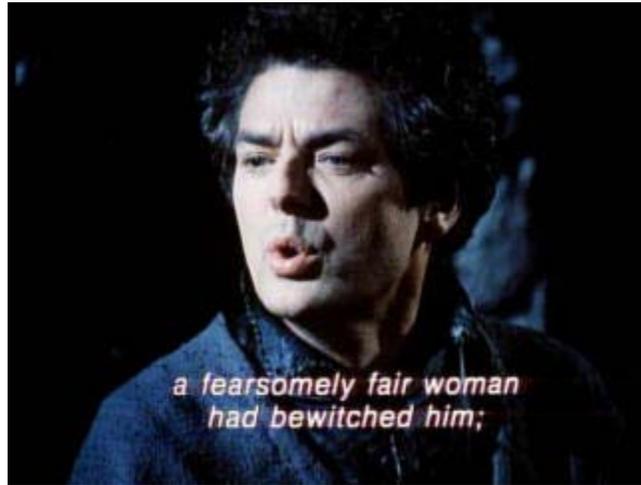
[Squire] If she be so faithful, so keen in the light,
then send her after the lost lance!

[Gurnemanz] That's another thing.
That's forbidden to all --

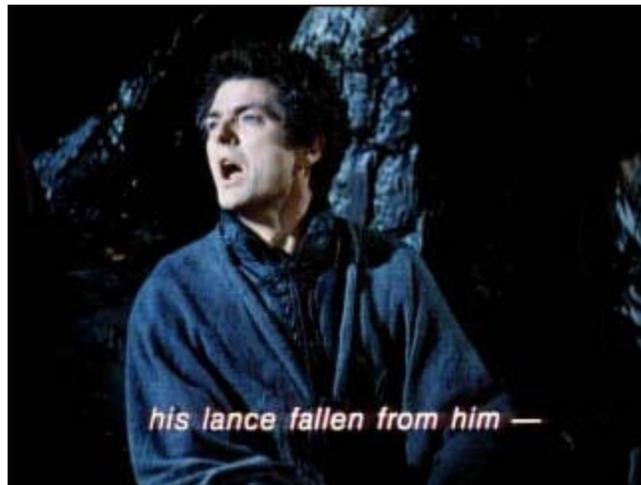


Oh, holy lance!
I have seen thee brandished

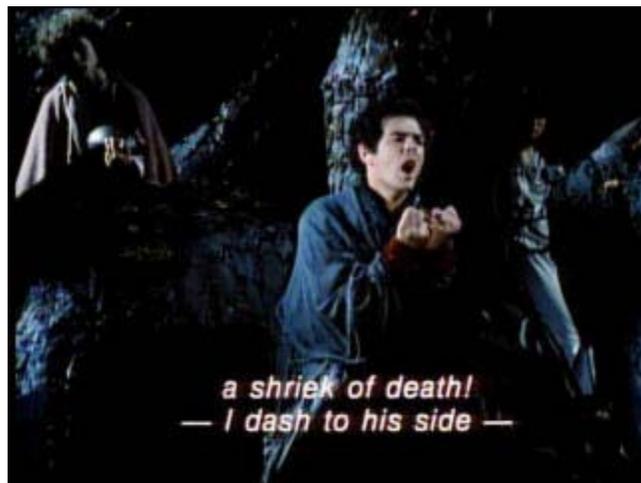
in th' unholyest hand!
All too-eager Amfortas,
who could prevent his going
to combat the enchanter? --
There, by the castle,
the hero was snatched from us:



a fearsomely fair woman had bewitched him;
he lay there drunk in her arms,



his lance fallen from him --



a shriek of death! -- I dash to his side --
but Klingsor, laughing, disappears,
bearing off the holy lance.
I struggled to cover the king's escape:
but a wound
burned in his side --
that very wound that will not heal.

[Squire] So thou knewest Klingsor?

[Gurnemanz] How doth our Lord?



[Squire] The bath has refreshed him.

[Squire] The balsam soothes the pain.

[Gurnemanz] That very wound that will not heal! --

[Squire] So, tell us now the tale:



thou knewest Klingsor -- how may that be?



[Gurnemanz] Titarel, the pious hero,
him knew I well!
With all this might and craft, the fierce Foe
threatened the pure kingdom of Faith.



to him in the holy earnest night
the messengers of the Saviour bowed down.



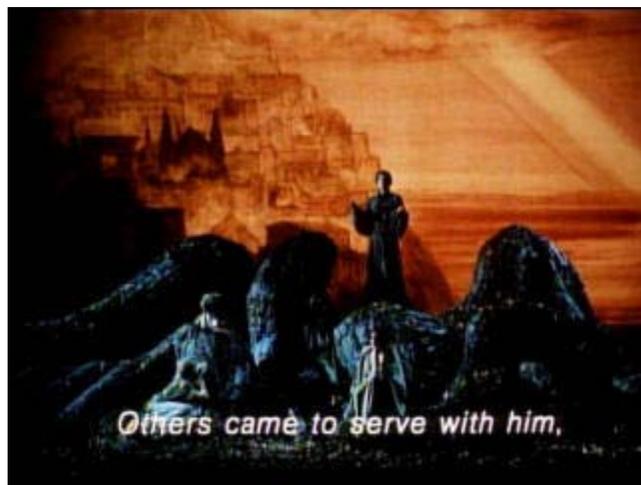
Then gave they that Chalice,



from which at the last supper He drank,
and into which from the Cross,
flowed his precious blood,
and with it the lance that wounded Him,



proofs of the sublimest miracles.
For these relics he built a sanctuary.

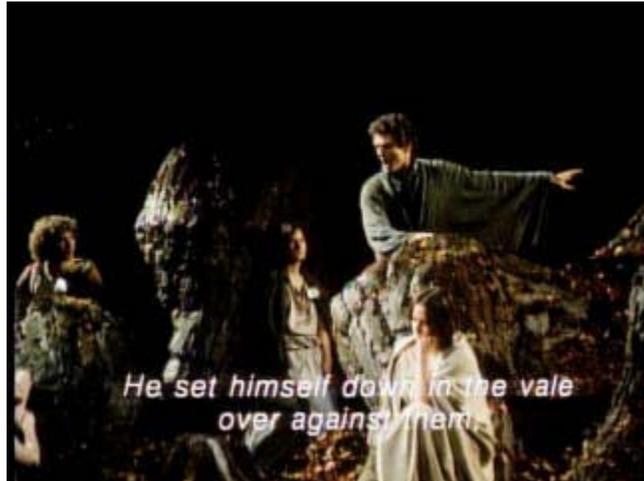


Others came to serve with him,
taking paths no sinner can traverse,
the pure alone, you know, can pass.

To these brethren the Grail gave
its miraculous strength.



But all this was ever forbidden to Klingsor,
for all his dire pleas and struggles.

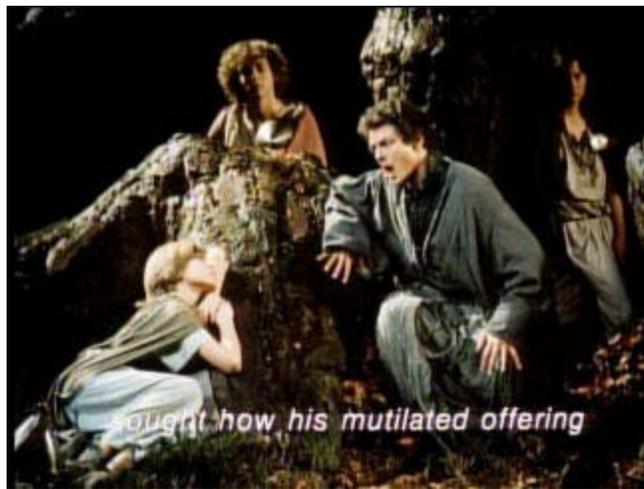


He set himself down in the vale over against them,
in the heathens' land:

I know not what there he sought to heal
or to atone -- he sought sanctity.

Powerless, to kill the sin within himself
he laid his sacrilegious hand upon himself,
which, when he stretched out to the Grail,
the wardens, wary, cast it off.

Then Klingsor, overcome with rage,



sought how his mutilated offering

sought how his mutilated offering
might give rise to his evil magic:
and he did find it out.



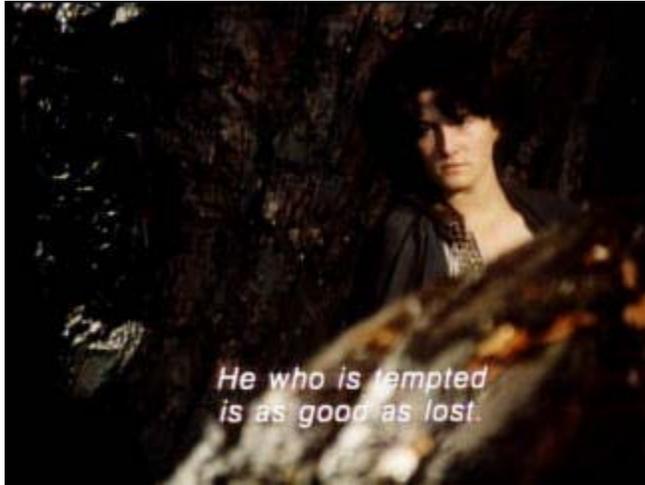
*He made the wilderness
a pleasure garden,*

He made the wilderness a pleasure garden,
in which grew women devilishly fair.



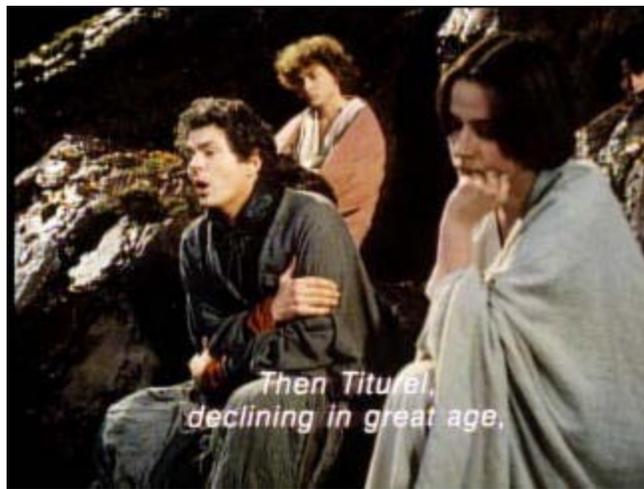
*There he awaits the knights
of the Grail.*

There he awaits the knights of the Grail.

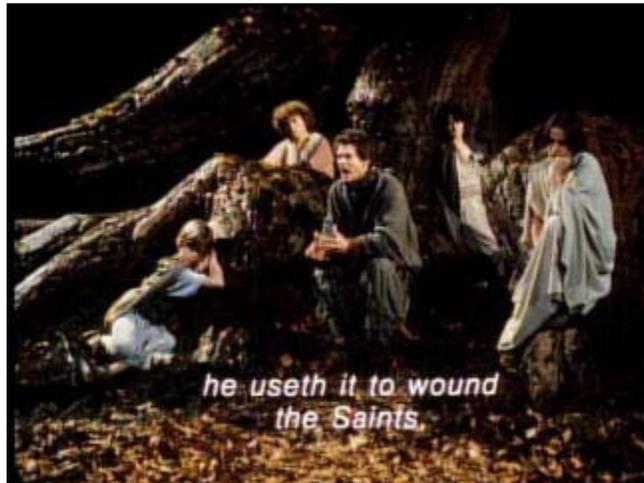


He who is tempted is as good as lost.



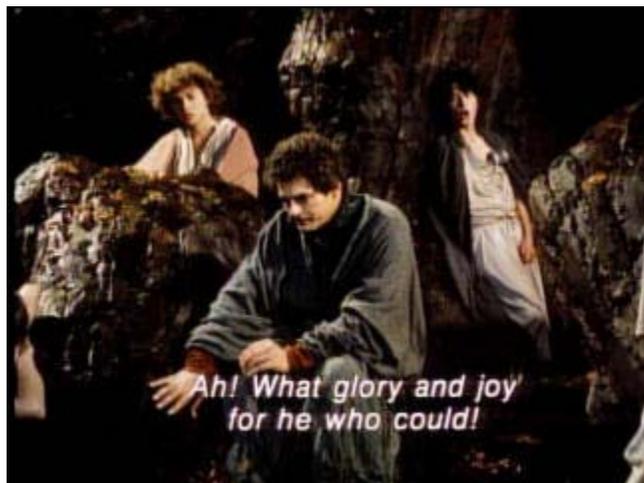


Then Titurel, declining in great age,
left the lordship to his son,
Amfortas would not rest
till he had put an end to such witchcraft.
You know what came of that:
the lance is even now in Klingsor's hand;

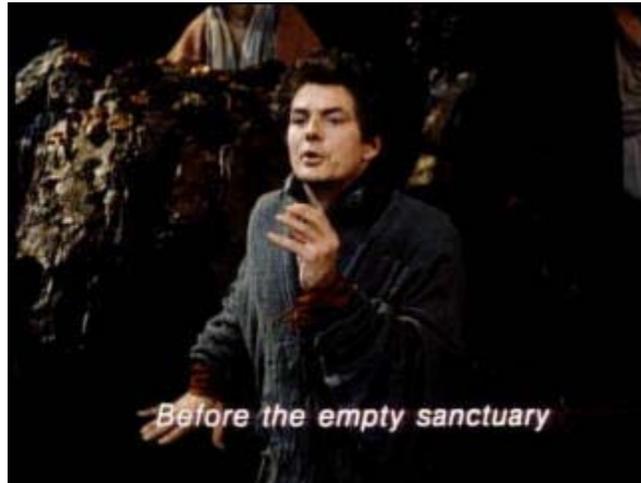


he useth it to wound the Saints,
and reckons soon to wrest the Grail from us!

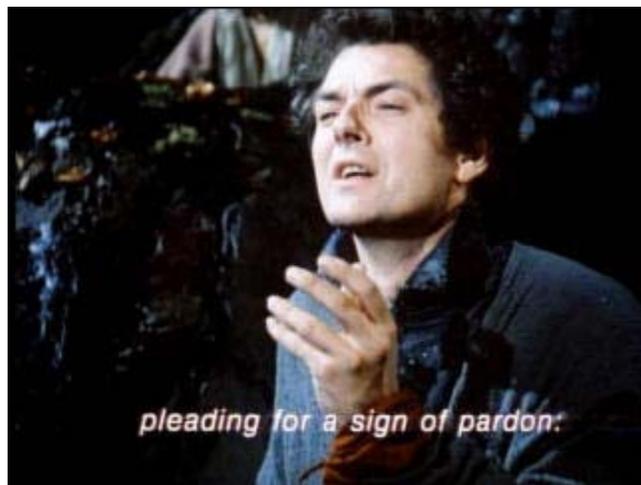
[Squire] Before all else, we must back the lance!



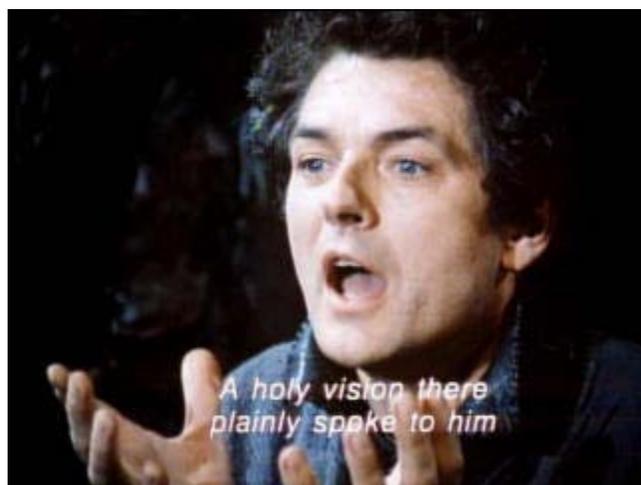
[Squire] Ah! What glory and joy for he who could!



[Gurnemanz] Before the empty sanctuary
in deepest prayer lay Amfortas,



pleading for a sign of pardon:
a holy light enlumined the Grail.



A holy vision there plainly spoke to him
in the brightest, clearest language:



"Knowing through pity,
the innocent fool;
await him,
I send him to thee."

[Squires] "Knowing through pity, the innocent fool ..."

1. Little Movie 1

[Knights and Squires] Woe! Woe!
Who's done this crime?
A wild swan!
'Tis wounded!



Ah! Woe! Woe!

[Gurnemanz] Who shot the swan?



[Knight] The king said it did augur well
as over the lake the swan came flying,
then flew the arrow.

The “Swan or goose” (Hansa) is the symbol of that male or temporary deity, as he, the emanation of the primordial Ray, is made to serve as a Vahan or vehicle for that divine Ray, which otherwise could not manifest itself in the Universe, being, antiphrastically, itself an emanation of “Darkness” ... the true mystic significance being the idea of a universal matrix, figured by the primordial waters of the “deep,” or the opening for the reception, and subsequently for the issue, of that one ray (the Logos), which contains in itself the other seven procreative rays or powers (the logoi or builders). Hence the choice by the Rosecroix of the aquatic fowl — whether swan or pelican, with seven young ones for a symbol, modified and adapted to the religion of every country.

-- The Secret Doctrine -- The Synthesis of Science, Religion, and Philosophy, by Helena Petrovna Blavatsky



[Gurnemanz] 'Twas thou that killed this swan?

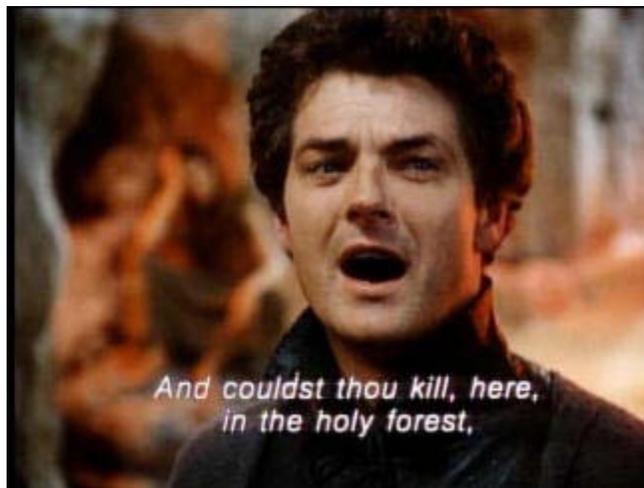


[Parsifal] Surely! All that flies I shoot!

[Gurnemanz] Hast done that? And hast no shame for such a deed?

[Squires and Knights] Punish the criminal!

[Gurnemanz] Unheard-of deed!



And couldst thou kill, here, in the holy forest,
with peaceful stillness all around thee?
Did not the woodland beasts
greet thee in pious friendship?
From the branches, what sang the birds for thee?
The faithful swan, what had he done to thee?
He was but flying off to seek his mate,
to cross over the lake together,
bringing lordly benison to its waters.



How wast not amazed?
Thou thoughtest only, like a boy, of they murderous bow.
We loved him.



Here -- look thou here!
Here clots the blood, limp hangs the wing,
the snowy feathers dark-bespeckled --
his eye is dulled,
see how he looks!



Tell me, my lad, dost know thy great sin?
How couldst commit it?



[Parsifal] I knew it not.

[Gurnemanz] Whence camest thou?

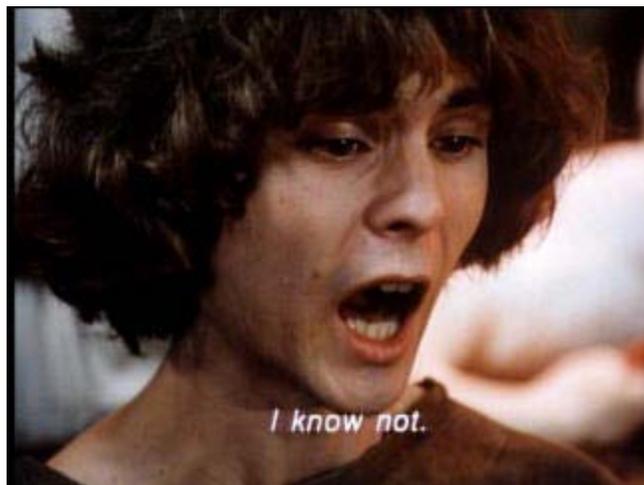


[Parsifal] I know not.

[Gurnemanz] Who is thy father?

[Parsifal] I know not.

[Gurnemanz] Who showed thee this path?



[Parsifal] I know not.

[Gurnemanz] Thy name, then?

[Parsifal] I've had so many that now I know not any.



[Gurnemanz] So thou knowest nought of aught?
As dull as this, till now I knew none but Kundry!



Now, away! Neglect not the king!





Now, speak!
So tell me what thou knowest; something must thou know.



[Parsifal] I have a mother, Herzeleide by name!



Our home was in the forest and the open country.

[Gurnemanz] Who gave thee the bow?

[Parsifal] I made it myself to chase the wild eagles from my forest.



[Gurnemanz] But thou seemest of high birth.
Why did not thy mother let thee learn to wield better weapons?



[Kundry] His mother bore him an orphan,
for Gamuret had fallen in the fight;
against such an early hero's death



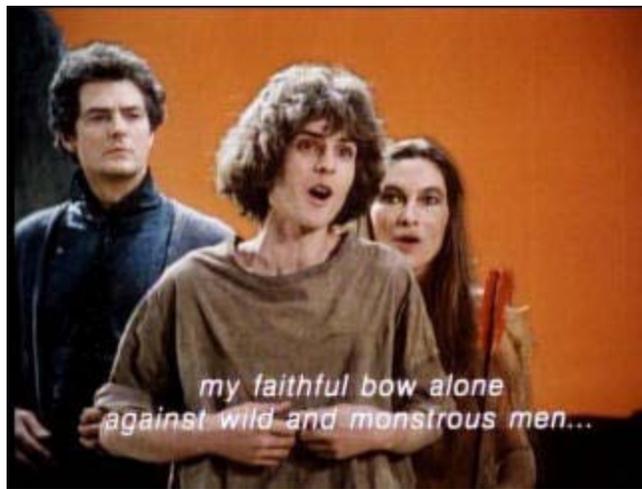
she hoped to guard her son, leaving him weaponless.
A madwoman!



[Parsifal] Aye! And once on the forest edge,
on their fair steeds sitting, bright gentlemen came by;

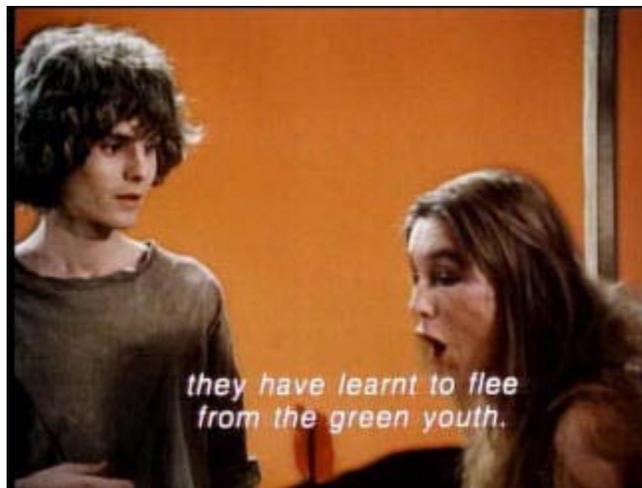


I would fain have been like them: they laughed, and rode off.
So I followed, though ne'er came up with them;
through deserts have I come, mountains and valleys;
oft night hath fallen, then day returned:



my faithful bow alone against wild and monstrous men ...

[Kundry] Aye! Footpads and giants his strength hath cast down;



they have learnt to flee from the green youth.



[Parsifal] Who feareth me? Speak!

[Kundry] The wicked!

[Parsifal] Those who attacked me, were they the wicked?



Who is good?

Who is good?

[Gurnemanz] Thy mother, from whom thou didst flee,



*and who weeps
and bemoans thee.*

and who weeps and bemoans thee.



*Her grief is ended:
his mother is dead.*

[Kundry] Her grief is ended: his mother is dead.



[Parsifal] Dead? -- My ... mother? Who saith that?

[Kundry] I rode by and saw her die:



[Gurnemanz] Unruly boy! At blows again!



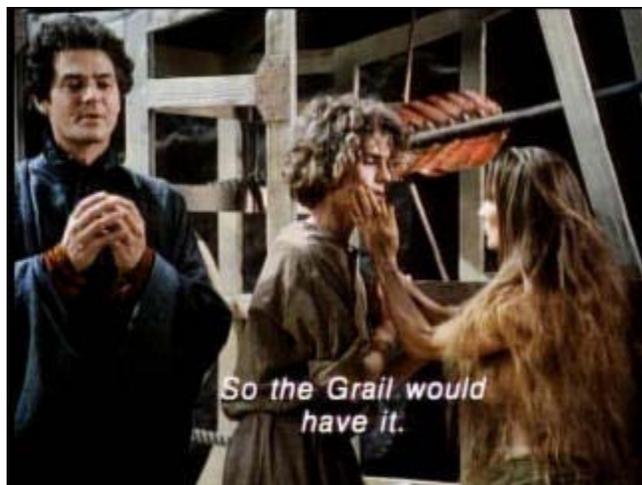
What has the woman done to thee?
She speaks truth.
Kundry lieth not: she saw all.



[Parsifal] I swoon!



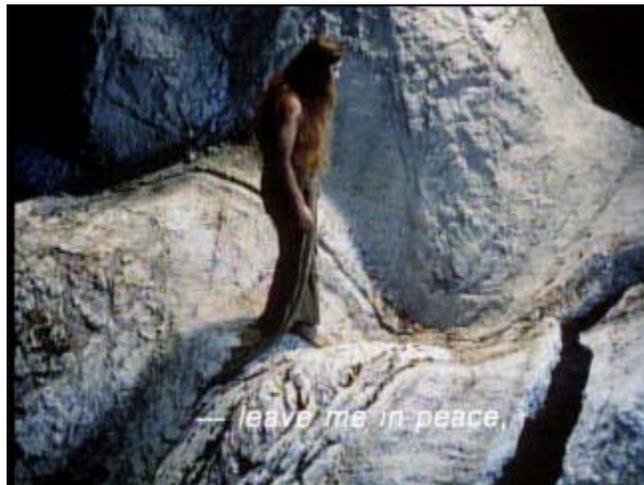
[Gurnemanz] 'Tis well!



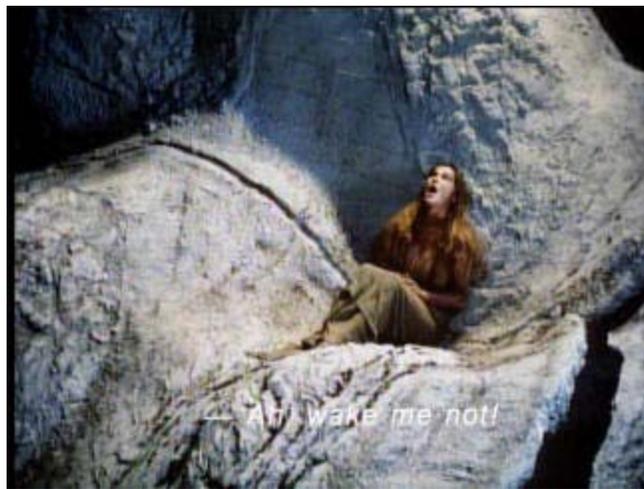
So the Grail would have it.
Evil's dispelled when we pay back with good.



[Kundry] No good will I do



-- leave me in peace.
Ah! So weary!
To sleep!



-- Ah! wake me not!
Nay! No sleep!
I'm afeard.



It boots not to resist! The time has come.
Sleep ... sleep ...
I must ...



Little Movie 2

[Gurnemanz] The King cometh home from his bath;



the sun is high above.
Now let me lead thee to the pious meal:



if thou be pure,
then will the Grail be thy meat and drink.



[Parsifal] Who is the Grail?

[Gurnemanz] 'Tis not to be spoken thus;
but if he takes thee to him,
the Knowledge thou wilt never lose.
And see!



Methinks I know thee right well.
No path leadeth to him throughout the land,
and no man can traverse it,
unless he himself be the guide.



[Parsifal] Scarce have I moved a pace,
and it seemeth me I am already far.

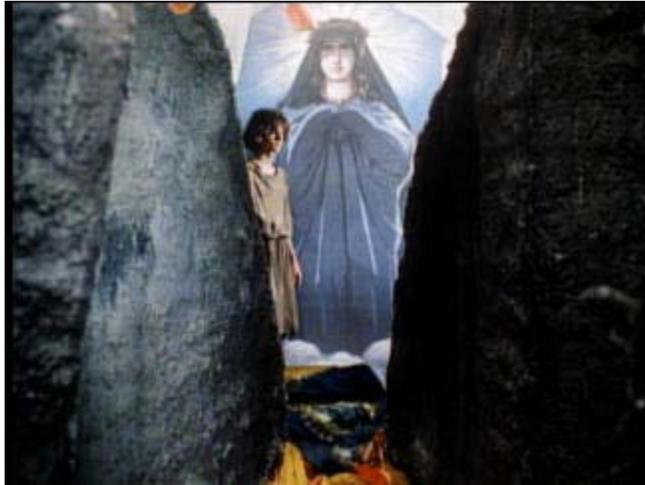
[Gurnemanz] See my son,



to space here time doth change.

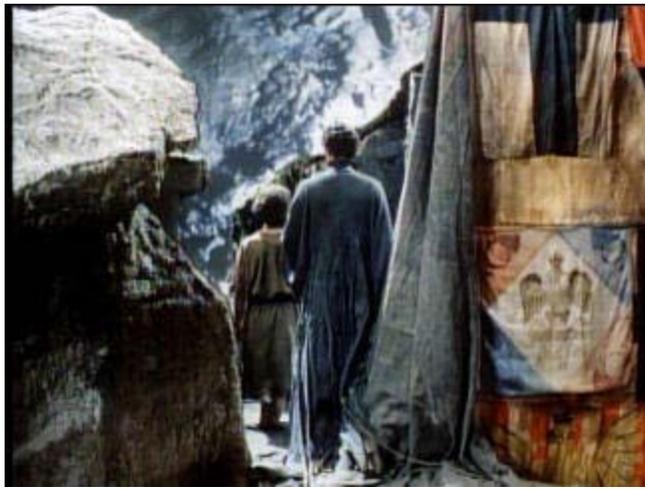






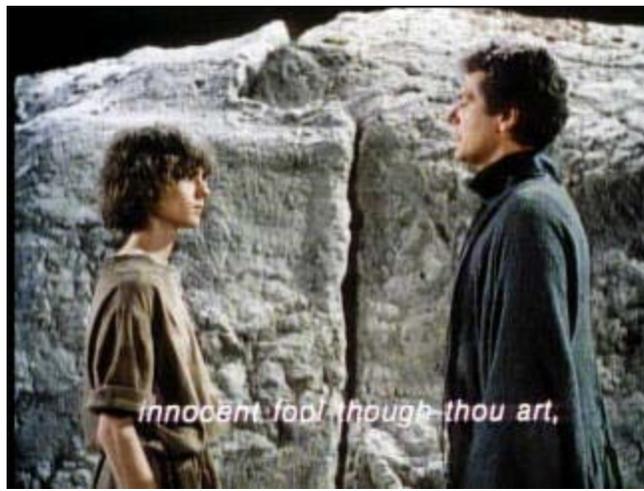








Now open well thine eyes, and let me see,



innocent fool though thou art,
what knowledge is fallen to thy part.





[Knights of the Grail] At the last meal of love,
offered up day by day,
were it to be for the last time,



may it this day be unsurpassed.

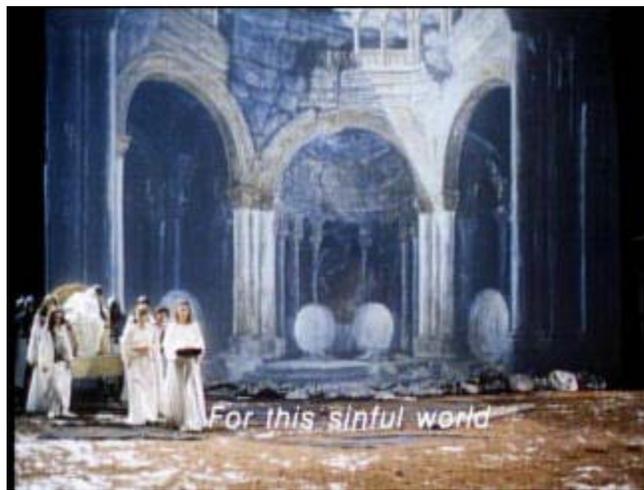


If thou rejoicest in good deeds,

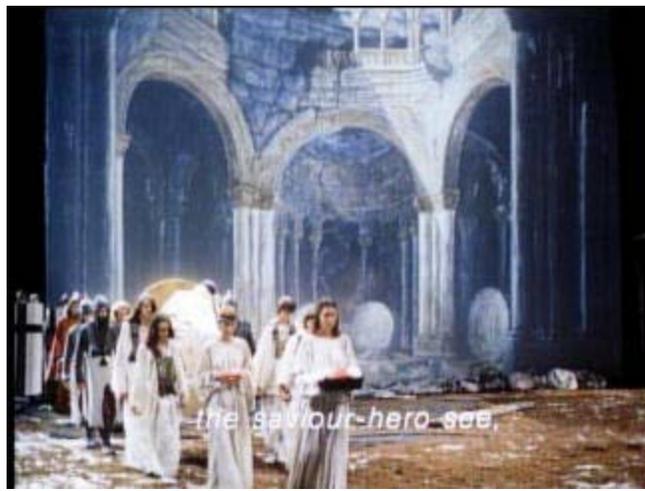




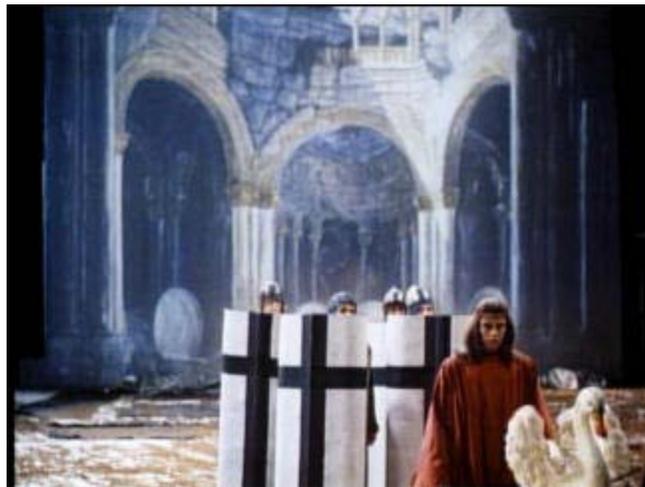
thou'lt be refreshed
with the gift from on nigh.



[Youths] For this sinful world
as once flowed his blood:

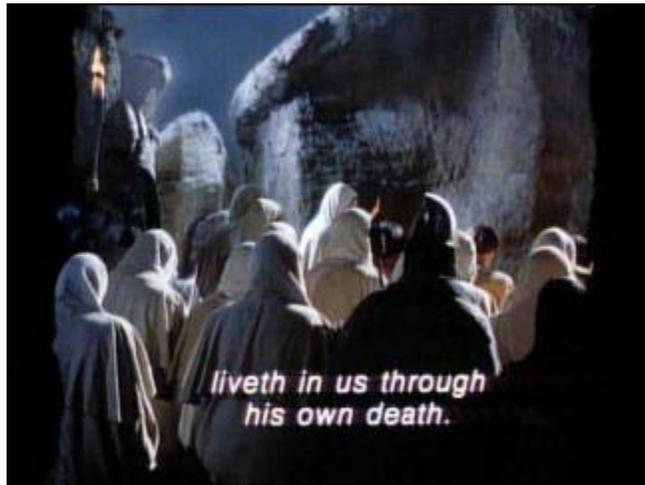


the saviour-hero see,

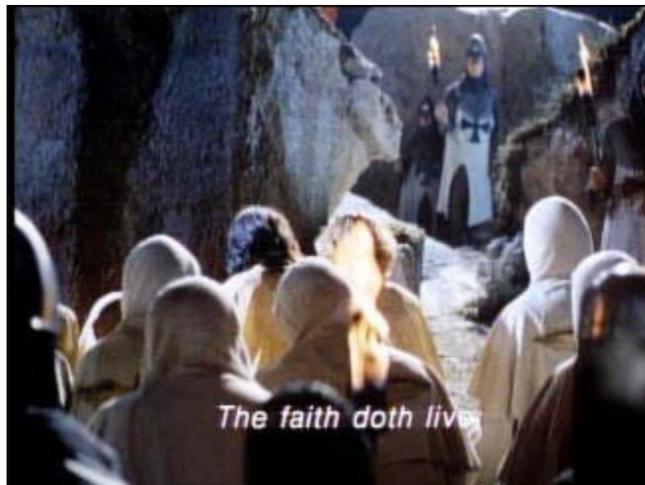




his body, that did shrive us,



liveth in us through his own death.



[Boys] The faith doth live:
the dove hovereth



the redeemer's lovely emissary



Drink this wine
and take the bread of life!

When the ancient blood relationships began to be broken, a significant event took place in the mysteries. Something else was substituted in place of the parents having common blood in their veins. In the high mysteries, blood relationship was replaced by the partaking of two spiritual "preparations." In the lower mysteries outward symbols were used instead of these; and the outward symbols were Bread and Wine. In the two spiritual preparations was a substance that was like blood.

-- Parsifal: Notes from a Lecture Given by Dr. Rudolf Steiner at Landin on 7/29/1906



[Titirel] My son Amfortas, dost thou thy service?



Shall I at last the Grail see, and live?
Must I die, without the Redeemer's guidance?

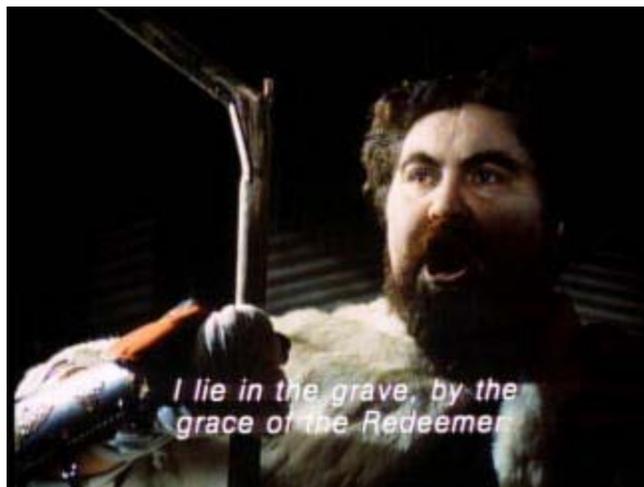




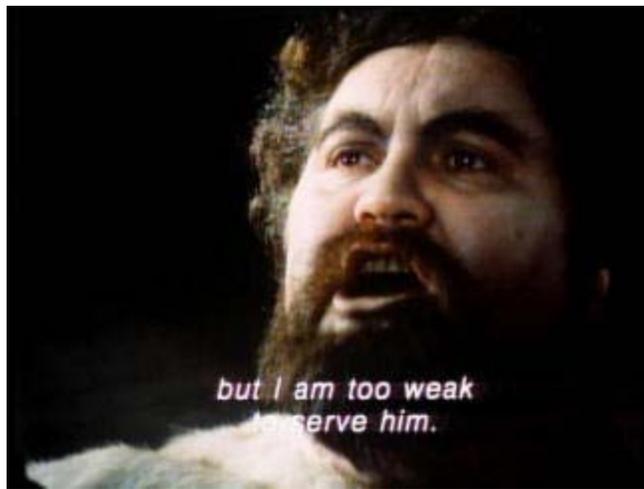
[Amfortas] Alas! Alas, the torment is within me!
My father! Ah, once more
do thou the service!



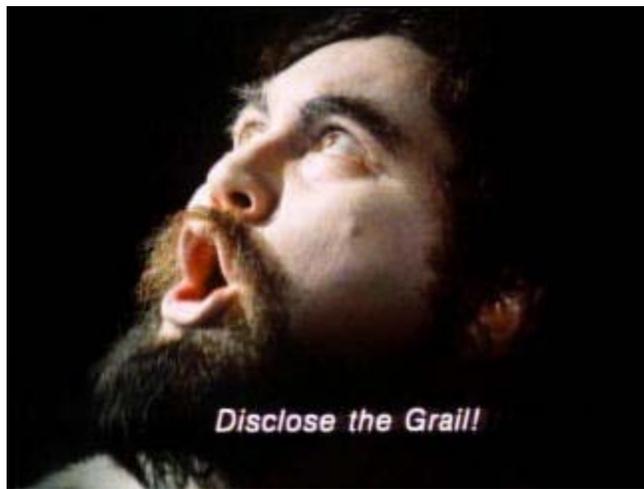
Live, live and let me die!



[Titurel] I lie in the grave, by the grace of the Redeemer:

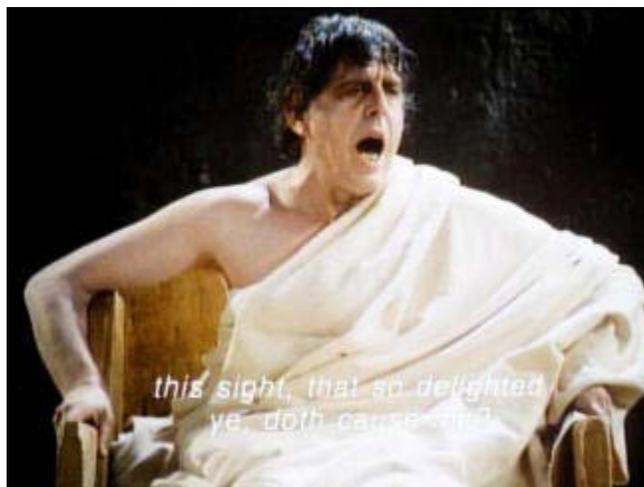


but I am too weak to serve him.
Atone in service thy debt! --



Disclose the Grail!

[Amfortas] -- No! --
Can no one, no one reckon up the pain



this sight, that so delighted ye doth cause me?
What is the wound
beside this pang, this hellish torment
in this service --



to be thus damned!
Woeful legacy bequeathed to me,
to me, a sinner among sinners,
that I must watch over the holy of holies,



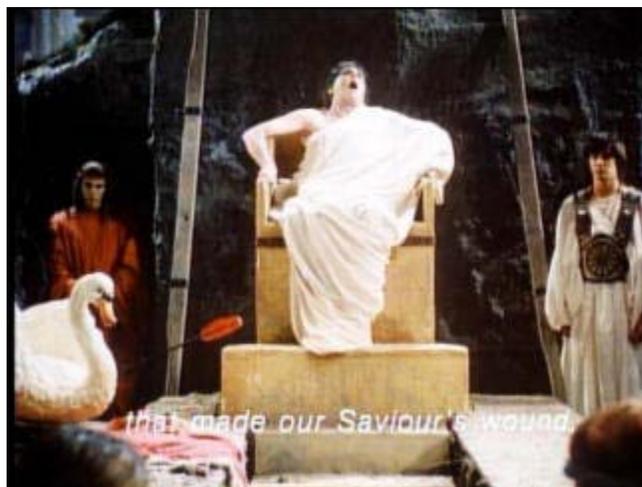
Ah, unmatched and cruel punishment,
by the so injured seat of mercy!
For him, and for his holy grace,
earnestly must I yearn;
from my soul's depths in saving atonement
must I reach up to him --
a beam of light shines down on my holy work;
the holy chalice's sacred draught
glows with shining strength --
transfixed with the highest joyful pain.



Then from its source my sinful blood,
in a flood of transgression,
must then flow back on me;
and again burst out of the portals,



here, through this wound,
pierced with the same spear's stroke,



that made our Saviour's wound,
from which with bloody tears
the holy one mankind's offence did weep,
and now through mine,



and keeper of the balsam of salvation,
the blood of sin doth well out.



Pity! Pity!
Take from me my inheritance,
close up my wound,
that shriven I may die,
pure to Thee and whole!

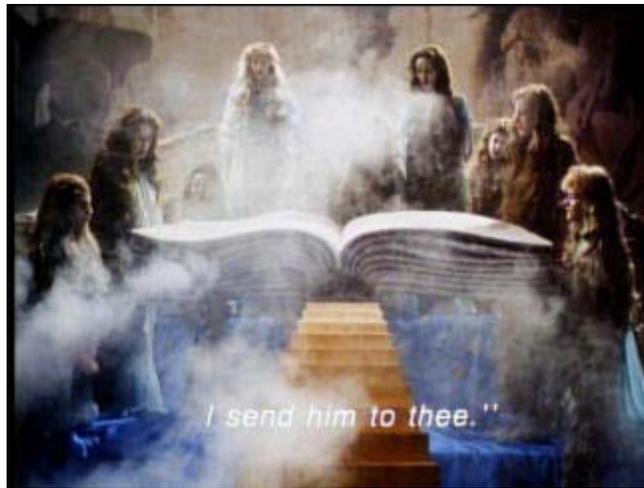
And biologically, I have to add at this point, that my mother is my mother, but I am not biologically related to my father. And this has to do with the bloodlines. And his was considered impure. And this is all about the purity of the bloodline. And that is why I am involved in this.

-- Revelations of a Mother Goddess, presented by David Icke

[Little Movie 3](#)

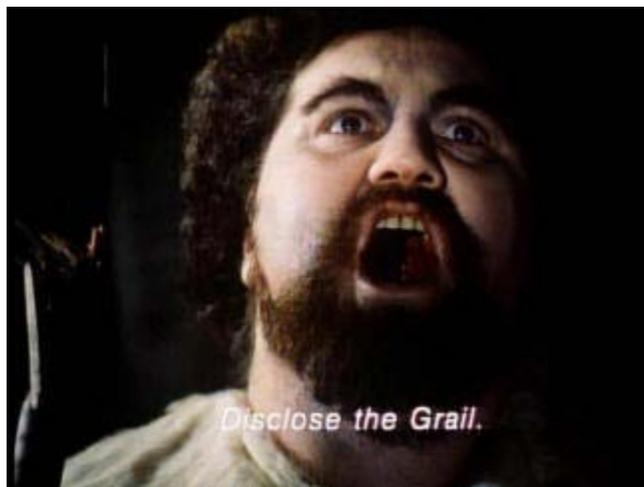


[Boys and Youths] "Knowing through pity,
the innocent fool;
await him.



I send him to thee."

[Knights] Thus was the promise.
Wait and trust,
now do but thy service.



[Titirel] Disclose the grail.





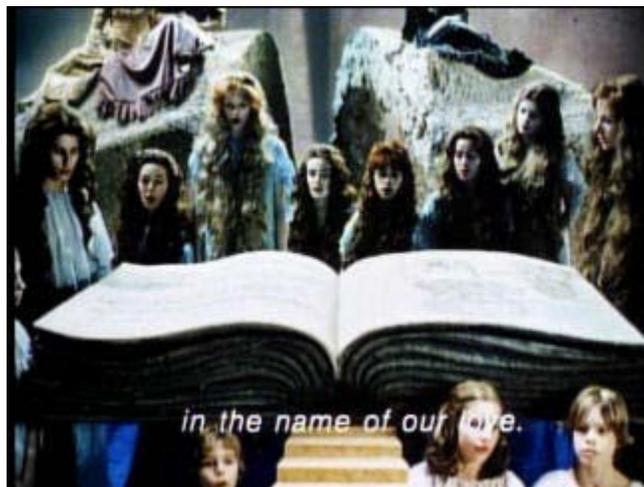
The science of physiognomy, which is at once spirit and body, mirror of the soul and anatomical "factum," next claims our attention. Look, for example, at the countenance of Dante Alighieri; we shall learn as much from it as from his poems. That is a characteristically Germanic countenance! Not a feature in it reminds us of any Hellenic or Roman type, much less of any of the Asiatic or African physiognomies which the Pyramids have faithfully preserved. A new being has entered into the history of the world! Nature in the fulness of her power has produced a new soul: look at it, here she reflects herself in a countenance such as never was seen before! "Above the mental hurricane expressed in the countenance rose nobly the peaceful brow arching like a marble dome." Yes, yes, Balzac is right. Hurricane and marble dome! If he had only told us that Dante was a leptoprosopic Dolichocephalous, we should not have been much wiser. At any rate we shall never find a second Dante, but a walk through the collection of busts in the Berlin Museum will convince us how firmly

established this type was in Northern Italy, which had been thoroughly germanised by Goths, Langobards and Franks. To this day we see the closest unmistakable physiognomical relationship in the German Tyrolese mentioned above, as also in Norway, and individual kindred features wherever genuine Teutons are to be found. However, if we look at the greatest Germanic men, we shall not find one but numerous physiognomic conformations; the daring powerfully curved nose predominates.

-- The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century, by Houston Stewart Chamberlain

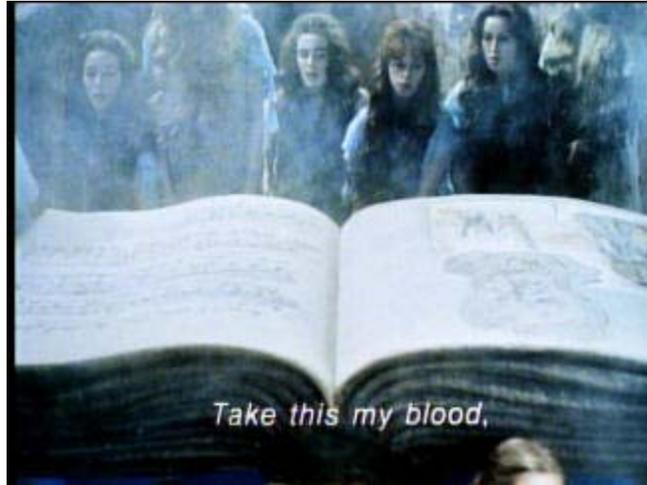


[Voices] Take this my blood
Take this my body



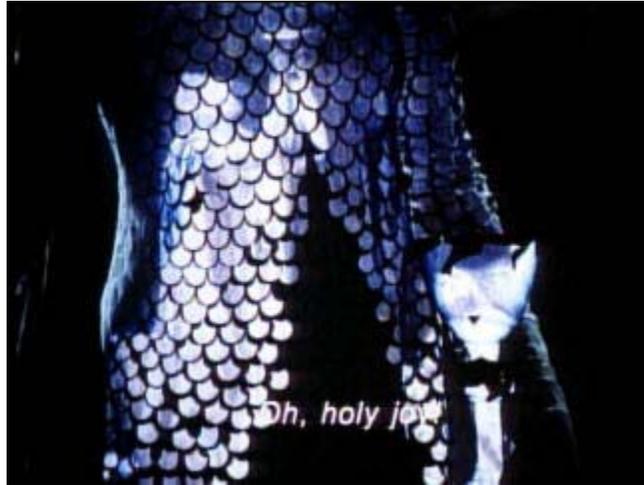
in the name of our love.





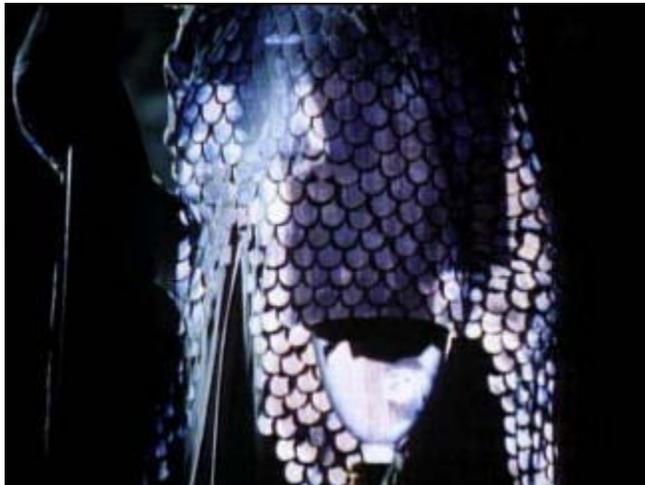
[Boys] Take this my blood,
take this my body,
in remembrance of me.





The higher vehicles of the early Atlanteans were not drawn into a concentric position in relation to the dense body, as are ours. The spirit was not quite an *indwelling* spirit; it was partially outside, therefore could not control its vehicles with as great facility as though it dwelt entirely inside. The head of the vital body was outside of and held a position far above the physical head. There is a point between the eyebrows and about half an inch below the surface of the skin, which has a corresponding point in the vital body. This point is not the pituitary body, which lies much deeper in the head of the dense body. It might be called "the root of the nose." When these two points in the dense and the vital bodies come into correspondence, as they do in man today, the trained clairvoyant sees them as a black spot, or rather as a vacant space, like the invisible core of a gas flame. This is the seat of the indwelling spirit in the man -- the Holy of Holies in the temple of the human body, barred to all but that indwelling human Ego whose home it is. The trained clairvoyant can see with more or less distinctness, according to his capacity and training, all the different bodies which form the aura of man. This spot alone is hidden from him. This is the "Isis" whose veil none may lift. Not even the highest evolved being on earth is capable of unveiling the Ego of the humblest and least developed creature. That, and that alone upon earth, is so sacred that it is absolutely safe from intrusion.

-- The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception, by Max Heindel





[David Icke] You say that you come from a certain bloodline. And there is this obsession with bloodlines, this Brotherhood, the Illuminati have. Why is that?

[Arizona Wilder] Because what first started coming out was about the Aryans, and the purity of the blood. And what it's all about is that the blood, and the menstrual blood, contains something that is important for the propagation of this race that is controlling things on this planet. And these people that are in the organization, that the Council of 13 is under, and they have something called the Grand Druid Council, or the Octagon. They are called the Illuminati. And the Illuminati are actually run by these 13 bloodlines, which are all of the royal families in Europe and in England. And they need the blood, because they are in fact not human. They take human shape, but they are reptilians. And they need the blood. The blood helps them maintain their reptilian shape. And it helps them maintain their sanity. And it helps them to live in this world, because they are not from this world.

[David Icke] Does that relate to what the Nazis call "vril power," and what the Hindus call "the serpent power," in the blood?

[Arizona Wilder] Yes. The blood has something in it. It has secretions from the pituitary gland, and from the pineal gland. And it has a very strong drug in it. This is the one that keeps them from going crazy. And it's like heroin, or like endorphins. And it's much stronger. But what they need for it to be secreted in the blood is terrorization of their victims before they are killed for their blood. Or if a young woman is beginning to menstruate, they need the menstrual blood. And they have to terrorize them to get this amount in the blood, to be secreted in the blood.

-- Revelations of a Mother Goddess, presented by David Icke



[Titurel] Oh, holy joy!



[Boys] Wine and bread of the last supper,



the Lord of the Grail has changed them,





into this blood that he shed,



this body he laid in the grave.



[Youths] May the spirit comfort us



through this wine, poured for us,



this bread, that feeds us.

When God desires to create, He seeks out an appropriate place in space, which He fills with His aura, permeating every atom of the cosmic root-substance of that particular portion of space with His Life, thus awakening the activity latent within every *inseparable* atom. This Cosmic Root-substance is an expression of the negative pole of the Universal Spirit, while the great Creative Being we call God (of whom we, as spirits, are part) is an expression of the positive energy of the same Universal Absolute Spirit. From the work of one upon the other, all that we see about us in the Physical World has resulted. The oceans, the Earth everything we see manifesting as mineral, plant animal and human forms -- all are *crystallized space*, emanated from this negative Spirit-substance, which alone existed at the dawn of Being.

Mention has been made of the stragglers of various Periods who in later Periods were enabled to take a step upward in evolution. There were some, however, who did not take this step. They did not evolve, and were therefore left further and further behind, until they became a drag and a hindrance to the progressive ones. It became necessary to get them out of the way, that the evolution of the others might not be retarded. In the beginning of the Lemurian Epoch, these "failures" (note that they were *failures*, not merely stragglers) had crystallized that part of the Earth occupied by them to such a degree that it become as a huge cinder or clinker, in the otherwise soft and fiery Earth. They were a hindrance and an obstruction, so they, with the part of the Earth they had crystallized, were

thrown out into space beyond recall. That is the genesis of the Moon.

When a race is born, the *forms* are ensouled by a certain group of spirits and have inherent capability of evolving to a certain stage of completion and no further. There can be no standing still in nature, therefore when the limit of attainment has been reached, the bodies or forms of that race begin to degenerate, sinking lower and lower until at last the race dies out. The reason is not far to seek. New race bodies are particularly flexible and plastic, affording great scope for the Egos who are reborn in them to improve these vehicles and progress thereby. The most advanced Egos are brought to birth in such bodies and improve them to the best of their ability. These Egos, however, are only apprentices as yet, and they cause the bodies to gradually crystallize and harden until the limit of improvement of that particular kind of body has been reached. Then forms for another new race are created, to afford the advancing Egos further scope for more extended experience and greater development. They discard the old race bodies for the new, their discarded bodies becoming the habitations for less advanced Egos who, in their turn, use them as stepping-stones on the path of progress. Thus the old race bodies are used by Egos of *increasing inferiority*, gradually degenerating until at last there are no Egos low enough to profit by rebirth in such bodies. The women then become sterile and the *race-forms* die....Science speaks only of evolution. It fails to consider the *lines of degeneration* which are slowly but surely destroying such bodies as have crystallized beyond possibility of improvement.

-- The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception, by Max Heindel



Of all the nations of antiquity the Persians were the most simple and direct in the worship of the creator. They were the puritans of the heathen world, and not only rejected all images of god or his agents, but also temples and altars, according to Herodotus, whose authority I prefer to any other, because he had an opportunity of conversing with them before they had adopted any foreign superstitions. As they worshipped the ætherial fire without any medium of personification or allegory, they thought it unworthy of the dignity of the god to be represented by any definite form, or circumscribed to any particular place. The universe was his temple, and the all-pervading element of fire his only symbol. The Greeks appear originally to have held similar opinions; for they were long without statues; and Pausanias speaks of a temple at Sicyon, built by Adrastus, who lived an age before the Trojan war; which consisted of columns only, without wall or roof, like the Celtic temples of our Northern ancestors, or the Pyraethia of the Persians, which were circles of stones, in the centre of which was kindled the sacred fire, the symbol of the god. Homer frequently speaks of places of worship consisting of an area and altar only (τεμενοε Βομορ τε), which were probably inclosures like these of the Persians, with an altar in the centre. The temples dedicated to the creator Bacchus, which the Greek architects called *hypoæthral*, seem to have been anciently of the same kind; whence probably came the title περικτιονιον (*surrounded with columns*) attributed to that god in

the Orphic litanies. The remains of one of these are still extant at Puzzuoli near Naples, which the inhabitants call the Temple of Serapis: but the ornaments of grapes, vases, &c. found among the ruins, prove it to have been of Bacchus. Serapis was indeed the same deity worshipped under another form, being equally a personification of the sun. The architecture is of the Roman times; but the ground plan is probably that of a very ancient one, which this was made to replace; for it exactly resembles that of a Celtic temple in Zeeland, published in Stukeley's *itinerary*. The ranges of square buildings which inclose it are not properly parts of the temple, but apartments of the priests, places for victims and sacred utensils, and chapels dedicated to subordinate deities introduced by a more complicated and corrupt worship, and probably unknown to the founders of the original edifice. The portico, which runs parallel with these buildings inclosed the *temenos*, or area of sacred ground, which in the *pyræthia* of the Persians was circular, but is here quadrangular, as in the Celtic temple in Zeeland, and the Indian pagoda before described. In the centre was the holy of holies, the seat of the god, consisting of a circle of columns raised upon a basement, without roof or walls, in the middle of which was probably the sacred fire, or some other symbol of the deity.

-- A Discourse on the Worship of Priapus: And Its Connection with the Mystic Theology of the Ancients, by Richard Payne Knight



[Knights] Take this bread,
may it become your flesh
and fortify it,



faithful unto death,
true in every trial,
to wreak the redeemer's work!

Take the wine,
may it become your blood,

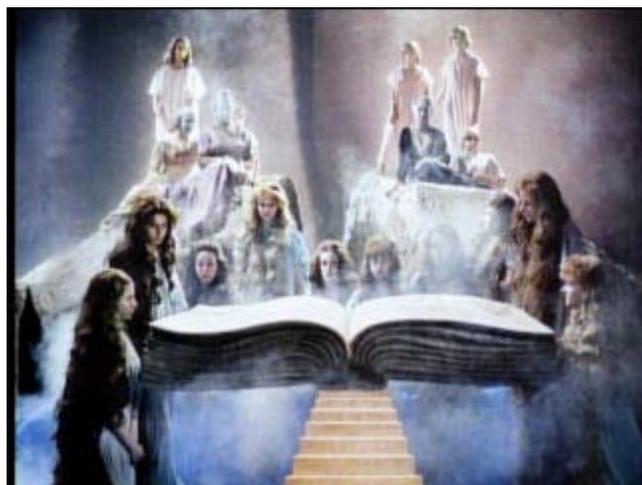


and kindle the fire of life,
and the joy of union
in true brotherhood



to fight with the blessed spirit.
Blessed in faith!

[Youths] Blessed in faith and love!











Sun—feminine · Moon—masculine:

The sun and moon correspond in the Kalachakra Tantra to the right and left energy channels in the mystic body of the yogi respectively. Here too, just as in tantric astrology, the sun is considered feminine and linked to fire and menstrual blood; the moon in contrast is masculine and corresponds to water and semen. This homology is, as we have already pointed out more than once, very unusual in terms of cultural history, where traditionally the moon is seen as feminine and the sun as masculine.

Perhaps we can grasp this symbolic inconsistency better if we take a look at the astral and elemental associations of fire and water, sun and moon in the Indian cultural sphere. In the Vedic era (1500–1000 B.C.E.) the symbolic linkages were still classical: man = fire and sun; woman = water and moon. The

horse symbolism at this stage central to religious life also reflected this “classic” orientation: The stallion represented the sun and the day, the mare the moon and the night. The “sun stallion” symbolized the accumulation of masculine power, the “moon mare” feminine power. The latter was thus equated with the loss of male power in the androcentric society and was considered a symbol for castration anxieties.

In the Upanishads (800–600 B.C.E.) fire continued to be regarded as a masculine element. The man thrust his “fire penis” and his “fire semen” into the “watery” cave of the female vagina. (O’Flaherty, 1982, p. 55). Here too the feminine was classified as inferior and harmful. The “way of the sun” led to freedom from rebirth, the “way of the moon” led to unwanted incarnation.

Even in the first century (C.E.), the Puranas (a collection of old Indian myths) employed the fiery energy as a name for the semen virile. Yet at this time the conception had already emerged that the male seed ought to be assigned to the moon on account of its pale color, while menstrual blood should depict a solar energy. This idea then became codified in Tantrism, of both the Hindu and Buddhist form. For example, we can read in a shivaite text that “the male semen represents the moon, the female flux represents the sun, therefore the Yogi with great care must combine the sun and the moon in his own body” (O’Flaherty, 1982, p. 255).

The symbolic equipment of the Hindu god Shiva also provides a vivid example of this 180-degree change in the sexual significance of the sun and moon. Shiva wears the moon upon his head as a crown, is mounted upon the animal symbol of the great mother, the bull Nandi, and has her midnight blue skin (like the goddess Kali). He, the masculine god, is also fitted out with emblems which were regarded as feminine in the preceding cultural epochs. In terms of religious history, the symbolic reinterpretation of sun and moon probably takes effect in his appearance. But why?

We have already indicated on a number of occasions times that androcentric Tantrism must be deeply rooted in matriarchal religious concepts since it accords the universe a feminine character, even if the yogi exercises universal dominance at the end of the tantric ritual. This could be the reason why the male seed is symbolically linked to the moon. An androcentric claim to power over the traditionally feminine is, namely, already expressed in this association, before the whole tantric initiation process is set in motion. The most supreme masculine substance of all, the semen virile, reveals itself in feminine guise in order to demonstrate its omnipotence over both genders. Shiva wears the moon crown to indicate that he has integrated all the energies of the moon goddess in himself, that is, he has become the commander of the moon (and thereby of the feminine)

The female seed:

As the female correspondence to male sperm the texts nominate the seed of the woman (semen feminine). Among Tantrics it is highly contested whether this is a matter of the menstrual blood or fluids which the mudra secretes during the sexual act. In any case, the sexual fluids of the man are always associated with the color white, and those of the woman with red. **Fundamentally, the female discharge is assigned an equally powerful magic effect as that of its male counterpart. Even the gods thirst after it and revere the menses as the nectar of “immortality” (Benard, 1994, p. 103). In the old Indian matriarchies, and still today in certain Kali cults, the menstruating goddess is considered as one of the highest forms of appearance of the feminine principle (Bhattacharyya, 1982, pp. 133, 134). It was in the earliest times a widespread opinion, taken up again in recent years by radical feminists, that the entire natural and supernatural knowledge of the goddess was concentrated in the menstrual blood.**

Outside of the gynocentric and tantric cults however, a negative valuation of menstrual blood predominates, which we know from nearly all patriarchal religions: a menstruating woman is unclean and extremely dangerous. The magic radiation of the blood brings no blessings, rather it

has devastating effects upon the sphere of the holy. For this reason, women who are bleeding may never enter the grounds of a temple. This idea is also widely distributed in Hinayana Buddhism. Menstrual blood is seen there as a curse which has its origins in a female original sin: "Because they are born as women," it says in a text of the "low vehicle", "their endeavors toward Buddhahood are little developed, while their lasciviousness and bad characteristics preponderate. These sins, which strengthen one another, assume the form of menstrual blood which is discharged every month in two streams, in that it soils not just the god of the earth but also all the other deities too" (Faure, 1994, p. 182). But the Tantrics are completely different! For them the fluids of the woman bear Lucullan names like "wine", "honey", "nectar", and a secret is hidden within them which can lead the yogi to enlightenment (Shaw, 1994, p. 157)

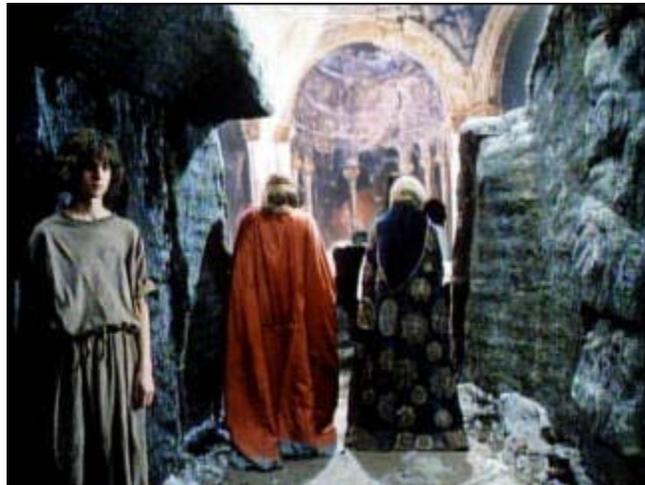
According to the tantric logic of inversion, that precisely the worst is the most appropriate starting substance for the best, the yogi need not fear the magical destructive force of the menses, as he can reverse it into its creative opposite through the proper method. The embracing of a "bleeding" lover is therefore a great ritual privilege. In his book on Indian ecstatic cults, Philip Rawson indicates that "the most powerful sexual rite ... requires intercourse with the female partner when she is menstruating and her 'red' sexual energy is at its peak" (Rawson, 1973, p. 24; see also Chöpel, 1992, p. 191).

Astonishingly, the various types of menses which can be used for divergent magical purposes have been cataloged. The texts distinguish between the menstrual blood of a virgin, a lower-class woman, a married woman, a widow, and so on. (Bhattacharyya, 1982, p. 136) The time at which the monthly bleeding takes place also has ritual significance. In Tibet yiddams (meditation images) exist which illustrate dakinis from whose vaginas the blood is flowing in streams (Essen, 1989, vol. 1, p. 179).

In keeping with the Tantric's preference for every possible taboo substance, it is no wonder that he drinks the menses. The following vision was in fact perceived by a woman, the yogini Yeshe Tsogyal; it could, however, have been just as easily experienced by pretty much any lama: "A red lady, perfectly naked and wearing not even a necklace of bones, appeared before me. She placed her vagina at my mouth and blood flowed out of it which I drank with deep draughts. It now appeared to me that all realms were filled with bliss! The strength, only comparable to that of a lion, returned to me!" (Herrmann-Pfand, 1992, p. 281).

As has already been mentioned, the monthly flow is not always recognized as the substance yearned for by the yogi. Some authors here also think of other fluids which the woman releases during the sexual act or through stimulation of the clitoris. "When passion is produced, the feminine fluid boils", Gedün Chöpel, who has explored this topic intensively, tells us (Chöpel, 1992, p. 59). From him we also learn that the women guard the secret of the magic power of their discharges: "However, most learned persons nowadays and also women who have studied many books say that the female has no regenerative [?] fluid. Because I like conversation about the lower parts, I asked many women friends, but aside from shaking a fist at me with shame and laughter, I could not find even one who would give me a honest answer" (Chöpel, 1992, p. 61).

-- "The Shadow of the Dalai Lama," by Victor and Victoria Trimondi





[Gurnemanz] Why standst thou there?
Dost know what thou hast seen?
Aye, thou art but an innocent.



Out of here! Go thy ways!
Heretofore leave the swans in peace,



and seek thee geese, thou goose!

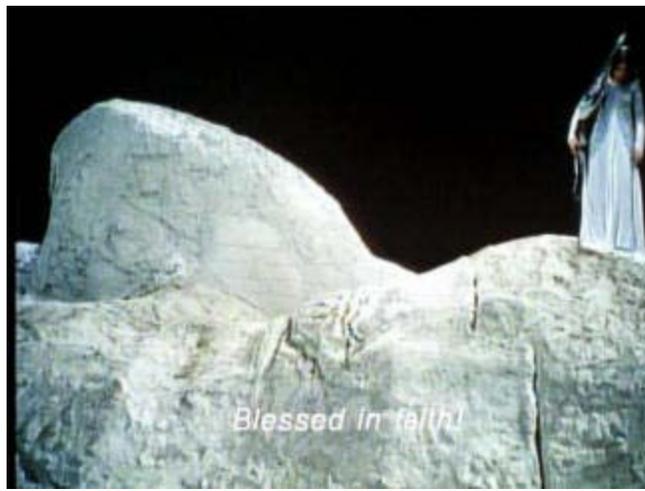




[Voice] "Knowing through pity,



the innocent fool



Blessed in faith!



Ende I. Akt

Ende I. Akt

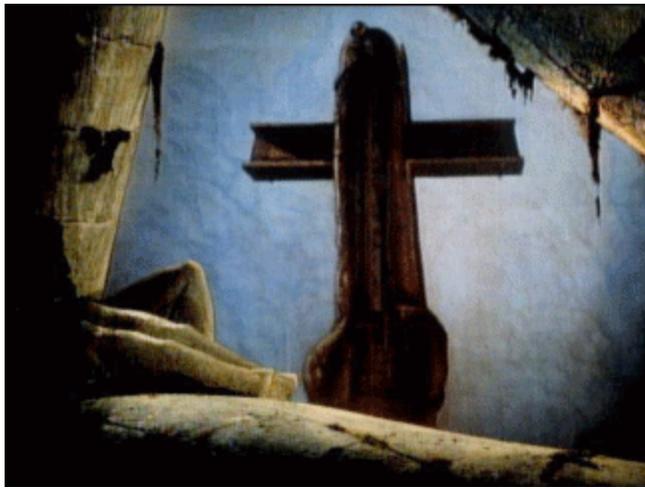
II. Akt

II. Akt

[Little Movie 4](#)











Minerva is said by the Greek mythologists to have been born without a mother from the head of Jupiter, who was delivered of her by the assistance of Vulcan. This, in plain language, means no more than that she was a pure emanation of the divine mind, operating by means of the universal agent fire, and not, like others of the allegorical personages, sprung from any of the particular operations of the deity upon external matter. Hence she is said to be next in dignity to her father, and to be endowed with all his attributes; for, as wisdom is the most exalted quality of the mind, and the divine mind the perfection of wisdom, all its attributes are the attributes of wisdom, under whose direction its power is always exerted. Strength and wisdom therefore, when considered as attributes of the deity, are in fact one and the same. The Greek Minerva is usually represented with the spear uplifted in her hand, in the same manner as the Indian Gonnis holds the battle-axe. Both are given to denote the destroying power equally belonging to divine wisdom, as the creative or preserving....

The male organs of generation ... might properly be called the symbols of symbols. One of the most remarkable of these is a cross, in the form of the letter T, which thus served as the emblem of creation and generation, before the church adopted it as the sign of salvation....

The Ægis, or snaky breastplate, and the Medusa's head, are also, as Dr. Stukeley justly observed, [23] Greek modes of representing this winged disc joined with the serpents, as it frequently is, both in the Egyptian sculptures, and those of Chilmemar in Persia. The expressions of rage and violence, which usually characterise the countenance of Medusa, signify the destroying attribute joined with the generative, as both were equally under the direction of Minerva, or divine wisdom.

-- A Discourse on the Worship of Priapus: And Its Connection with the Mystic Theology of the Ancients, by Richard Payne Knight



[Klingsor] The time has come --
The innocent will be trapped in my magic castle,
While she -- her spells hold her gripped in death-like sleep,
but I know how to loose its grip.
Here! Here! This way!
Thy master calls thee nameless one,

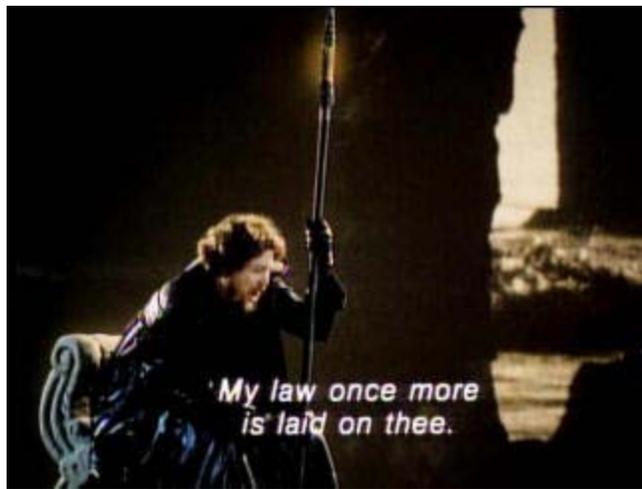


she-devil from the birth-pangs of the world! Rose of hell!
Wert thou Herodias, and else what?
Gundruggia there, Kundry here!



Come up!





My law once more is laid on thee.

Kundry is the modern version of Herodias, the symbol of the force of reproduction in nature, the force that can be chaste or unchaste, but is uncontrolled. Beneath chastity and unchastity lies a fundamental unity; everything depends on the way of approach. The force of reproduction that shows itself in the plants, within the chalice of the blossom, and right up through the other kingdoms of nature, is the same as in the Holy Grail. Only, it has to undergo purification in that noblest and purest form of Christianity which manifests in Parsifal.

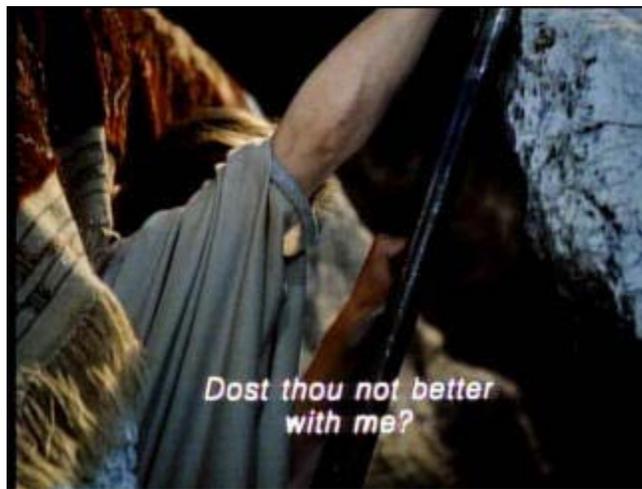
-- Parsifal: Notes from a Lecture Given by Dr. Rudolf Steiner at Landin on 7/29/1906



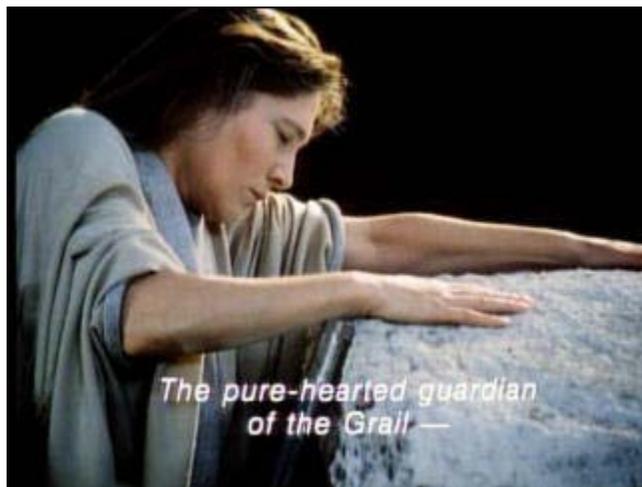
Say, where was thou wandering e'en now?



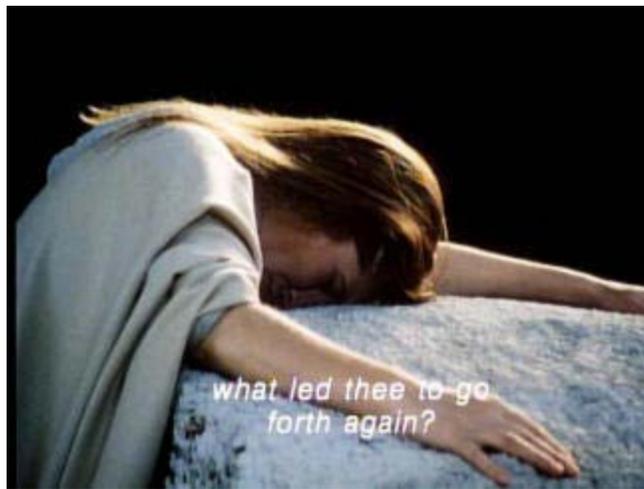
Down among that band of knights,
where they do hold thee for no better than a beast!



Dost thou not better with me?
When thou their master gavest into my hands --



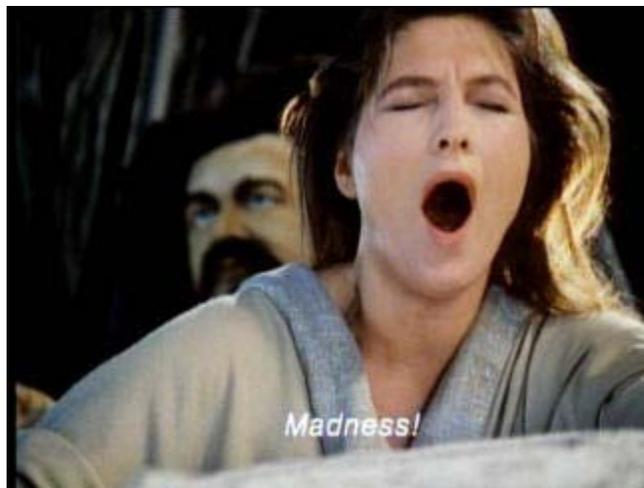
The pure-hearted guardian of the Grail --



*what led thee to go
forth again?*

what led thee to go forth again?

[Kundry] Thick night ...



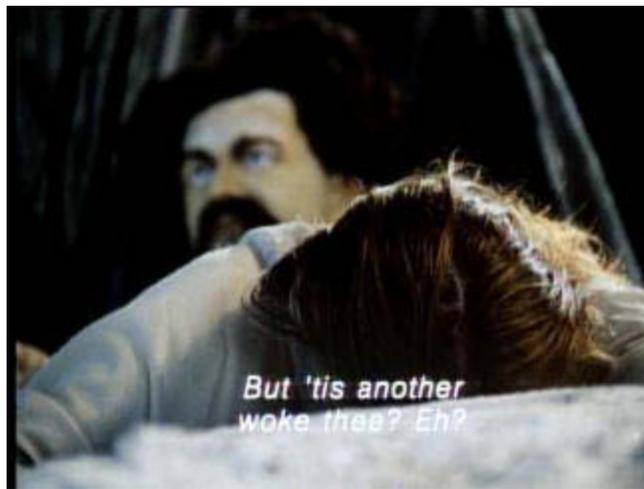
Madness!

Madness!



Oh! Rage!...

Oh! Rage! ...
Ah! -- Misery! ...
-- Sleep ... --
Deep sleep!
-- Death! --



[Klingsor] But 'tis another woke thee? Eh?



[Kundry] Oh! Longing ...



longing!

It is no small matter to acknowledge one's yearning. For this many need to make a particular effort at honesty. All too many do not want to know where their yearning is, because it would seem to them impossible or too distressing. And yet yearning is the way of life. If you do not acknowledge your yearning, then you do not follow yourself, but go on foreign ways that others have indicated to you.

So you do not live your life but an alien one. But who should live your life if you do not live it?

-- The Red Book: Liber Novus, by C.G. Jung

[Klingsor] Aha! Longing for chaste knights!



[Kundry] 'Twas there ... I did serve.

[Klingsor] Aye, aye, to make good the hurt
thou wickedly didst do them?
They help thee not:



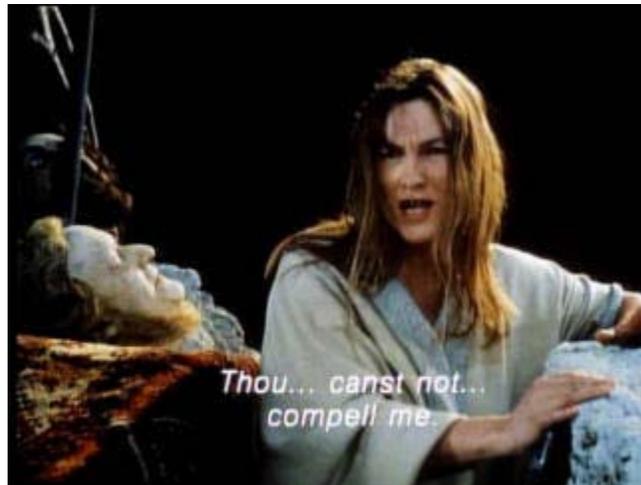
I'll buy them all,
the surest of them falls,
if once he falleth in thine arms,
and then to him doth fall the lance



I took from their master himself.
That one that now defies us is the most perilous;
his simplicity protects him as a shield.

[Kundry] I ... do not wish ... Ah! ... Ah!

[Klingsor] Nay but thou dost, because thou must.



[Kundry] Thou ... canst not ... compel me.

[Klingsor] Aye, and master thee.



— *Thou?* —

[Kundry] -- *Thou?* --

[Klingsor] *Thy master.*



[Kundry] *By what power?*

[Klingsor] *Aha! For that on me alone thy power ... can do nought.*

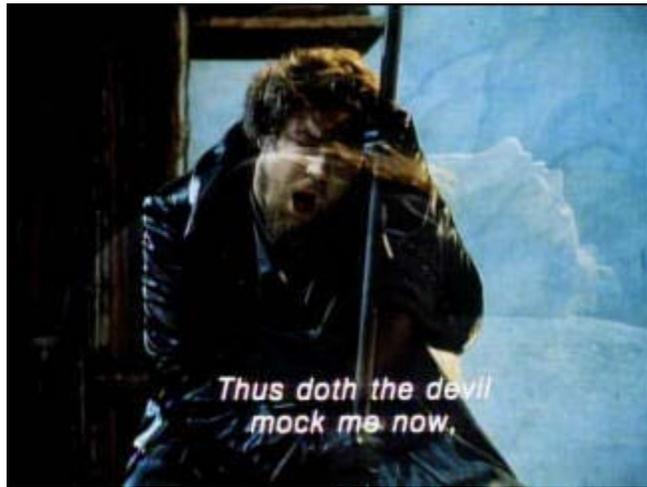


Ha! ha! Art thou so chaste?

[Kundry] *Ha! ha! Art thou so chaste?*

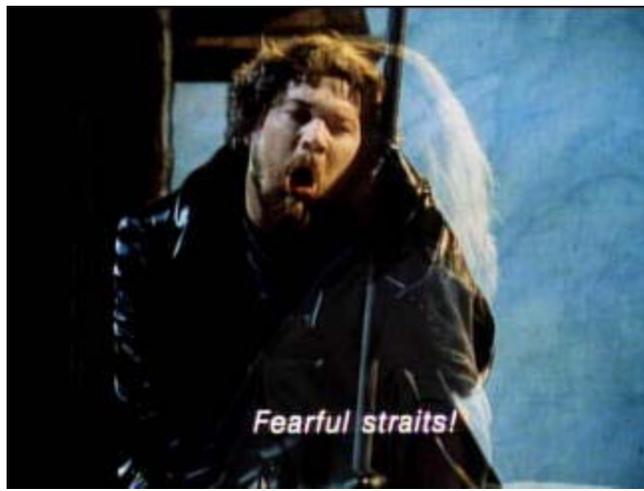


[Klingsor] What asketh thou there, accursed wench?



Thus doth the devil mock me now,
for that once I sought to rank with the saints?





Fearful straits!



that proud one, strong in righteousness,



that once cast me from him,

It was known in the Mysteries that what streams upwards in the Chalice of the Flower lives also in the blood of man. The blood needs, however, to be made clean and pure again, it must be as chaste as the sap that flows in the blossom. And in these Mysteries that had become depraved, this was brought to expression in a gross and materialistic manner. (In Northern Europe sublimated blood was used as a symbol, and in the Eleusinian mysteries were the wine of Dionysus and the blood of Demeter.) The Vessel of the Grail turned into an abomination by being made to hold within it the bleeding head — this we find again in the story of Herodias who uses for the head of John the Baptist, making mock in this way of the Mysteries.

-- Parsifal: Notes from a Lecture Given by Dr. Rudolf Steiner at Landin on 7/29/1906

I have his tribe in thrall,
unredeemed,
I'll make the holy guardian pine,



and soon -- methinks --
'tis I shall guard the Grail --



Didst like him well, Amfortas, that hero
I sent thee as a partner in delight?



[Kundry] Ah! Misery! ... Misery!
He, too is weak!
... all weak! ...
With me unto the curse do they fall victim!
Oh, everlasting sleep,
sole salvation,
how ... how canst thou be won?

[Klingsor] Ha! He who defies thee sets thee free:



attempt it with this boy who draweth near!

[Kundry] I ... wish it not!

[Klingsor] He hath climbed almost to the ramparts.

[Kundry] Oh! Woe! Woe!



Did I wake for this?



Must I? -- Must I?

[Klingsor] Ah! 'Tis a proper youth!



[Kundry] Oh! Oh! Woe is me! --

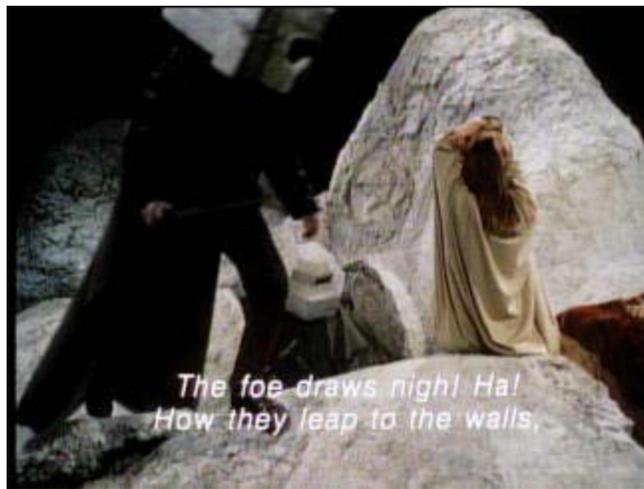
Little Movie 5



[Klingsor] Ho there! The watch!



You knights!
Heroes! To arms!



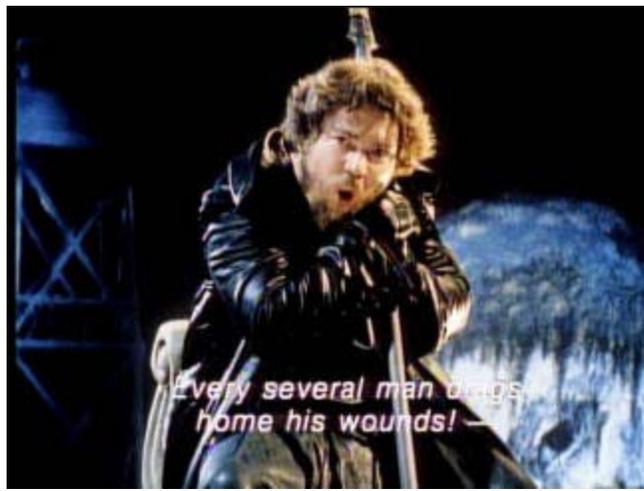
The foe draws nigh! Ha! How they leap to the walls,
to shield their fair she-devils! --



Aha! There's one's not afeard:
he hath disarmed the valiant Ferris;
and fights on through the melee. --



One leaveth there an arm, another a leg!



Every several man drags home his wounds! --
Would the whole band of knighthood
might throttle each other thus!



How proudly stands he now on the battlements!



How the roses in his cheeks do smile,
as he gazes child-like



on the lonely garden!

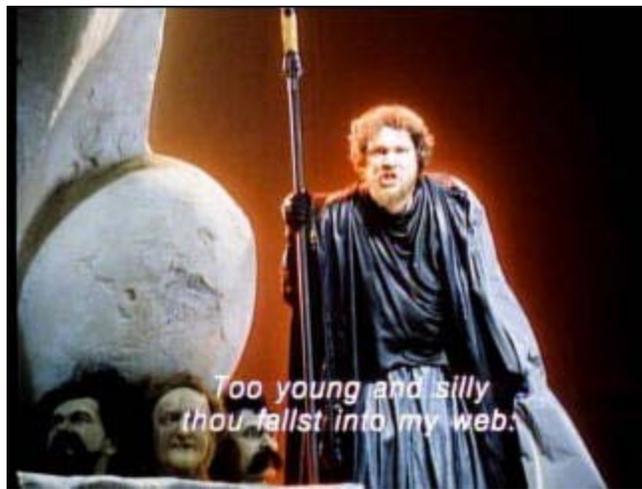


Ho, Kundry!

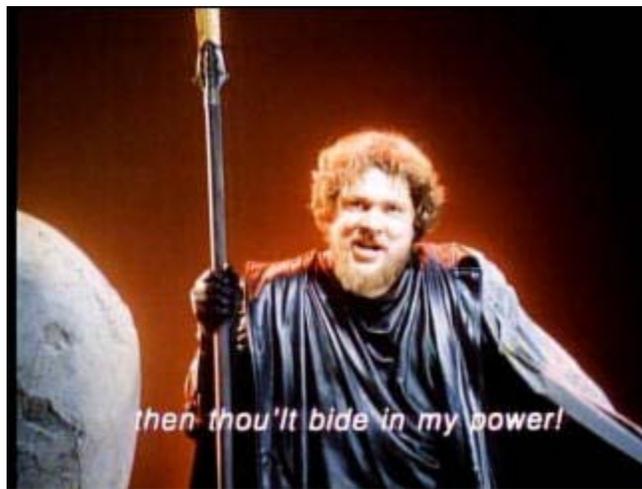


Karl Marx, Leon Trotsky, Friedrich Engels

What? Already at work? --
Ha, ha! I well did know the spell
that ever brings thee back unto my service!



Too young and silly thou fallst into my web:
Once bereft of thy purity,



then thou'lt bide in my power!





[Maidens] Weapons! Fierce cries!
Woe! Vengeance!



Where is the guilty one?
My beloved, wounded.
I awoke alone!



Whither has he flown?



Where are our beloved ones?



We saw them with bloody wounds.



Rescue, ho!



Who is our enemy?



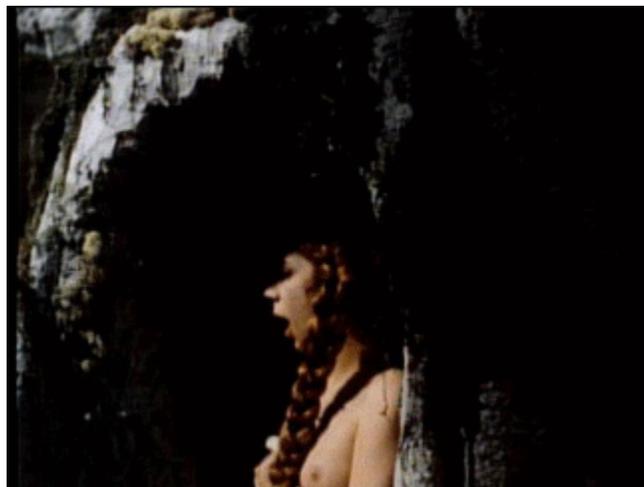
There he stands!



My Ferris's sword is in his hand!



'Tis he stormed the stronghold!
I heard the Master's horn.





My hero leapt to the fray.



And they all came.





He cast down our beloved!



His weapon is bloody!



Woe! Thou there!
Accursed may thou be!
Why slewst thou our beloved?



[Parsifal] Beauteous ones they barred the way to you.



[Maidens] To us thou soughtest to come?

[Parsifal] Ne'er saw I so fair a generation:



If I think you beautiful, am I not right?



[Maidens] Thou'lt not strike us?



[Parsifal] I could not.

[Maidens] Yet so much harm we've had from thee!



Thou slewest our playfellows.
Who plays now with us?



[Parsifal] I will, willingly!



[Maidens] Are we then to thy liking?
Stay! Leave us not thus!
We'll well repay thee ...
'Tis not for gold we play.
'Tis for love we play.
Dost wish to bring us consolation?
Then shalt thou win us!
Leave the boy!
He's mine!
-- No! --
No! He's mine!
Come, fair boy!
Come! Let me blossom for thee!



Fair boy. For thy delight and refreshing
I've taken this loving care!



[Parsifal] How sweet you smell!
Are ye then flowers?



[Maidens] The treasure of the garden --



The master plucks us in spring!



We grow here --



blossoming for thee in delight.
Now be thou kind and loving to us!
An thou love and cherish us not



we fade and die thereby.



Come, sweet boy!



Let me cool thy brow!
Let me stroke thy cheeks!



Let me kiss thy mouth!
No! I! I'm the fairest!
Nay! 'Tis I that am fairest!



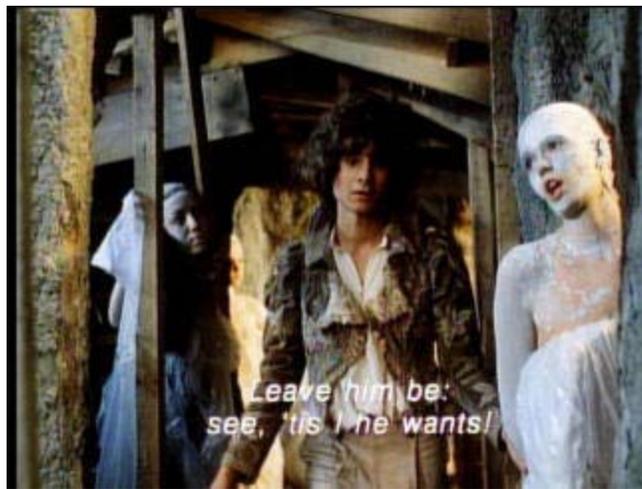
No! I! I! Yes I!



[Parsifal] If I am to play with you, leave me but room.

[Maidens] 'Tis for thee we fight.

[Parsifal] Refrain.



[Maidens] Leave him be: see, 'tis I he wants!
Me, rather!



No, me!
Dost push me out?
What art thou afraid of women?
Dost not dare?



Bad boy! So hesitant and cold.



We give him up for lost.
Or let him be entirely ours!
No, he's all mine.



Nay, he's ours! All ours!



[Parsifal] Stand off! Leave me room!

THE SPEAR OF DESTINY

Richard Wilhelro Wagner in the musical drama Parsifal (Parzival, Pereceval) depicts Lingsor as a

sorcerer wielding a "Spear of Destiny" (Spear of Lingus, Helige Lance), a talisman "of historic power".

In the Gospel according to St. John, Chapter 19, Verses 34-37, it is told how a soldier pierced the side of Christ and out of this wound flowed blood and water. The name of this soldier was Gaius Cassius who attended the crucifixion as the official representative of Pontius Pilate. Also in attendance at Golgotha ("the Skull") was a guard unit from the Temple of Solomon. The Captain of these guards carried the "Spear of Herod Antipas, King of the Jews" a.k.a. the "Spear of Phineas". Phineas was a Jewish sorcerer and 'prophet' who allegedly forged the spear as the objectification of the magical power inherent in Jewish blood. It was upon this spear that the sponge-of-vinegar was offered to Christ. It is then alleged that Gaius Cassius or Longinus as he was also known, to spare Christ the torture of living through the leg and skull breaking which the charming Jewish High Priest Caiphas had ordered, stabbed Christ in the heart between the fourth and fifth ribs. It is a matter of historical dispute whether Longinus seized the Jewish spear or used his own but forever onward Longinus has come to mean "Spearman".

The "Spear of Longinus" or "Spear of Destiny" then became a part of the quest for the Holy Grail. This Holy Grail was the elusive dish of which legend claims Christ consumed his Last Supper and into which his blood was caught from His Five Wounds by Joseph of Arimathea. In some circles the story is embroidered to mean that the Grail is the "Stone of Foundation" or "Lapis Excellis" -- the Philosopher's Stone of Alchemy.

In the allegory of the "Holy Grail" we see how it has come to represent both Good and Evil and has been connected in obvious ways with the knightly quests of the Round Table of Camelot and even with the Masonic claim that Joseph of Arimathea was a Mason and that Christ never resurrected because he didn't die but rather had been drugged with the equivalent of resperine by Joseph. There was even an "anti-Grail".

The "Klingsor of the Anti-Grail" was Landulf II of Capua (Capri) who resided in the Castle Merveille (Castle of Wonders). Wolfram (Tungsten) calls the Castle of Klingsor by the title Kalot Enbolot. Klingsor or Landulf II was referred to as the "wickedest man of the century" and an associate of the corrupt Pope John VIII. The former was required to flee his "Castle of Wonders" because of its hated reputation for sexual depravity and its alleged alliances with the nation of Islam. He sought refuge in the occupied Arab territory of Sicily at Carlta Belota (Kalot Enbolot) on the exact site of an ancient fertility Temple of Aphrodite Porne where he resumed his occult practices. In the Wagnerian opera, Klingsor and his cronies attempt to rob the followers of the Holy Grail of their vision through ritual sexual perversions thereby robbing the pious of their Celestial guides.

Klingsor is sometimes identified as the Bishop ("Lord of Terra di Labor") of Naples and Capri and the brother of Queen Sybillia of Sicily. This queen gave birth to a son conceived during a rite of *magica sexualis* which, when discovered by King Henry VI, was castrated and Klingsor tortured on the rack since he had been the "operator" (father) during the sex magic.

The Klingsor "Spear of Destiny" is a story of heretical and esoteric Christianity involving Camelot symbolism. In order to make amends with a certain "Hugo of Tours," Charlemagne offered him anything he desired to which Hugo asked for "the previous thing kept in a silver casket which Charlemagne had received from Patriarch Fortunatus". The casket alluded to was thought to contain the Blood and a portion of the Body of Christ along with a fragment from the True Cross. Having obtained the object of his desire, Hugo placed it upon a camel (questing beast) and "admonished" (?) the camel to "perform his sacred duty" and take the reliquary to its sacred site. Wherever the camel first halted and laid down its burden would become the home of the silver casket.

At the height of his battle for Sicily, General Patton visited the Klingsor Castle site at Carlta Belota in the mountains above Monte Castello (Castle Mountain). Patton was as steeped in mysticism as

Adolf Hitler and Rudolf Hess and believed himself to have been reincarnated. Patton sealed off the Oberen Schmid Gasse in Nuremberg, Germany, when it was rumored that Hitler had possession of the Spear of Destiny and stored it in a secret vault at this location. Patton ordered intelligence agents to locate the spear; its whereabouts, if it exists at all, are unknown today.

-- King Kill 33, by James Shelby Downard & Michael A. Hoffman

Little Movie 6

[Kundry] Parsifal!



-- Stay! --

[Parsifal] Parsifal?

Thus, dreaming, my mother named me.



[Kundry] Stay here! Parsifal! --
Ye childish lovers, leave him be;
he was not made to play with you.



Go home, tend your wounded.



[Maidens] Leave thee?
Quit thee?



Oh woeful pang!



We'd willingly leave them all...
... to bide with thee alone.



Farewell, thou hero, thou proud one, thou --



simpleton!

[Parsifal] All this -- have I not dreamed it?
Didst not call me the nameless one?



[Kundry] I did call thee, simple pure heart,
"Fal Parsi" --
'pure simpleton'
P A R S I F A L

Thus, when in the Saracens' land he died,
thy father Gamuret bid with this name unto the son.
To make this known to thee,



I did await thee here:
what led thee here, but the wish to know it?

Parsifal (“through the vale”) was the name given in medieval times to all such candidates for initiation.

-- Parsifal: Notes from a Lecture Given by Dr. Rudolf Steiner at Landin on 7/29/1906

[Parsifal] Ne'er did I see nor ever dreamt,
what now with fear o'erflows my soul --



didst blossom in this flowery grove also?

[Kundry] No, Parsifal.
Far -- far off is my homeland.



That thou mightest find me, I waited here e'en now.



I saw the babe upon his mother's breast,



his early babbling
chuckled in mine ear;
with smarting heart,
how Herzeleide too did laugh
when as the apple of her eye



her pain did cheer!
Gently bedded in soft moss,
she lulls caressingly her darling boy ...



a mother's yearning watches o'er his slumber:



and when morning comes,
the hot dew of a mother's tears awakens him.



She could but weep, so see thee, born in pain
out of thy father's love and death,
and protect thee from such straits.
Far from all arms, all clangour of men's fight,



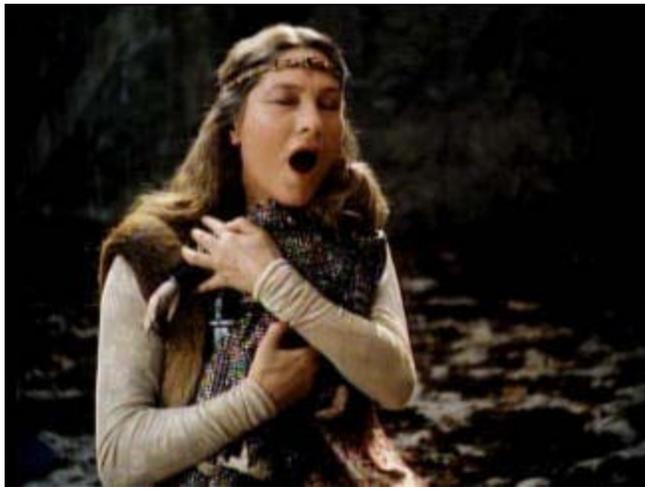
she ever sought to guard and shelter thee.
Such knowledge should not come to thee.



Hearst thou not yet her lamenting cry?



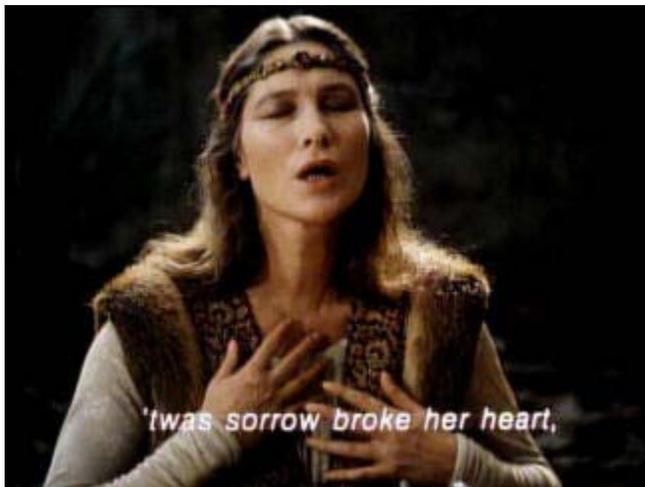
What cheer and laughter lightened then her heart,
when furiously her arm encloiled thee.



Yet didst thou not her woe perceive,
when at the last thou camest not back,



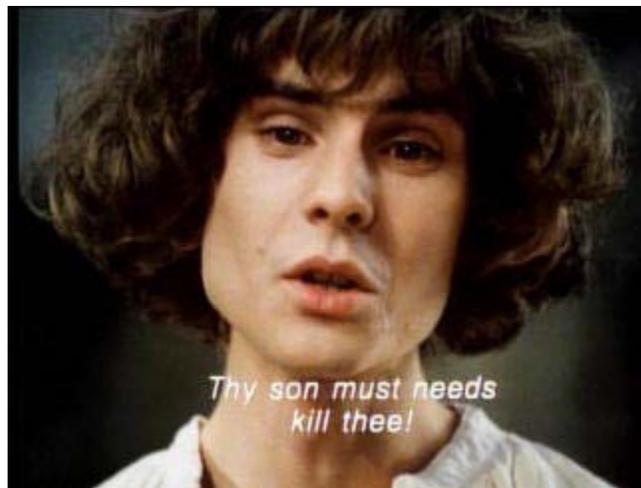
and thy very footprints were effaced!
Day and night she waited,
till her lament did die away.
For the quiet of death she sued:



'twas sorrow broke her heart,
and Herzeleide died.



[Parsifal] Alas! What have I done?
Where was I?
Mother! Sweet darling mother!



Thy son must needs kill thee!

[In *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*] Jung synthesized nineteenth-century theories of memory, heredity, and the unconscious and posited a phylogenetic layer to the unconscious that was still present in everyone, consisting of mythological images. For Jung, myths were symbols of the libido and they depicted its typical movements. He used the comparative method of anthropology to draw together a vast panoply of myths, and then subjected them to analytic interpretation. He later termed his use of the comparative method "amplification." He claimed that there had to be typical myths, which corresponded to the ethnopsychological development of complexes. Following Jacob Burckhardt, Jung termed such typical myths "primordial images" (*Urbilder*). One particular myth was given a central role: that of the hero. For Jung, this represented the life of the individual, attempting to become independent and to free himself from the mother. He interpreted the incest motif as an attempt to return to the mother to be reborn. He was later to herald this work as marking the discovery of the collective unconscious, though the term itself came at a later date.

-- *The Red Book: Liber Novus*, by C.G. Jung

Oh, fool! Idiot, blundering fool.



Where didst wander forgetting her --
forgetting thy very self?



[Kundry] As long as pain a stranger was to thee,
the sweets of consolation
could not refresh thy heart.



The woe thou dost repent,
the distress thou sufferest now,
for them love brings thee consolation.



[Parsifal] My mother and I could forget her!
Ah! I'd as lief forgotten all!
Mere dumb stupidity possesses me.

[Kundry] Avowal



in repentance makes an end of guilt:
Knowledge
turns folly to sense.



Learn, to know that love

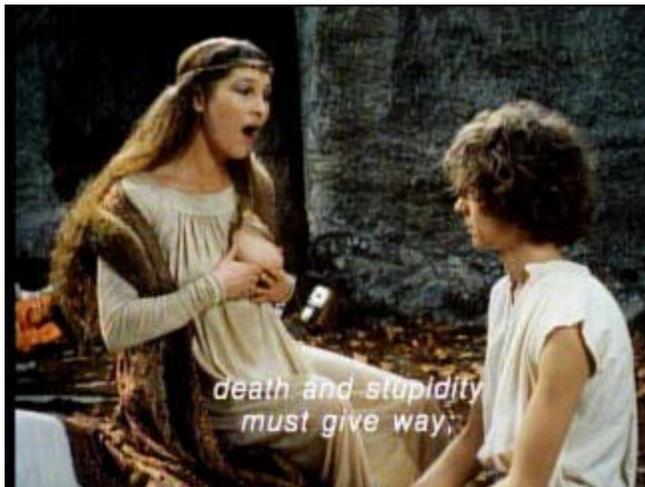


that seized Gamuret
when Herzeleide's fierce flames



consumed him all!

consumed him all!
To this flesh and life,



*death and stupidity
must give way;*

death and stupidity must give way;
and now today,



in a mother's last blessing,

in a mother's last blessing,
may love bring thee --



this first embrace.

this first embrace.





[Parsifal] Amfortas!



The wound!
The wound!



It burns here in my side!
Ah! The cry!
From the hearts depths it shrieketh up to me!



Poor wretch! Ah, miserable!
I saw the wound to bleed: --



now it doth bleed in me! --
Here!
No! 'Tis not the wound.
May his blood stream forth herein!
Here! In the heart, 'mid flames!



THE HEART CAVE

-- Be Here Now, by Ram Dass

Solomon decorated his Twelve Masters with a sash on which was embroidered a flaming heart, as a token of ardent love among Brethren.

-- The Ancient and Primitive Rite of Memphis and Misraim, Excerpts from "A New Encyclopaedia of Freemasonry," by Arthur Edward Waite

The longing, the fearful longing,



that layeth hold of me and drives me on!
Oh! Love's torment! --



In our civilization the chasm that stretches between mind and heart yawns deep and wide and, as the mind flies on from discovery to discovery in the realms of science, the gulf becomes ever deeper and wider and the heart is left further and further behind. The mind loudly demands and will be satisfied with nothing less than a materially demonstrable explanation of man and his fellow-creatures that make up the phenomenal world. The heart feels instinctively that there is something greater, and it yearns for that which it feels is a higher truth than can be grasped by the mind alone. The human soul would fain soar upon ethereal pinions of intuition; would fain lave in the eternal fount of spiritual light and love; but modern scientific views have shorn its wings and it sits fettered and mute, unsatisfied longings gnawing at its tendrils as the vulture of Prometheus' liver.

-- The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception, by Max Heindel



Contrary to the generally accepted idea, the Ego is bisexual. Were the Ego sexless, the body would necessarily be sexless also, for the body is but the external symbol of the indwelling spirit. The sex of the Ego does not, of course, express itself as such in the inner worlds. It manifests there as two distinct qualities -- Will and Imagination. The Will is the male power and is allied to the Sun forces; Imagination is the female power and is always linked to the Moon forces. This accounts for the imaginative trend of woman and for the special power which the Moon exercises over the female organism. When the matter of which the Earth and the Moon were afterwards formed was still a part of the Sun, the body of man-in-the-making was yet plastic, and the forces from that part which afterwards became Sun, and that part which is now Moon worked readily in all bodies, so that the man of the Hyperborean Epoch was hermaphrodite -- capable of producing another being from himself without intercourse with any other.

-- The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception, by Max Heindel



[Parsifal 2] My gaze stops short upon the redeeming chalice --
the sacred blood glows forth: --
delight of redemption, godly meekness,



sends shudders throughout every soul:
here alone, in my heart, will the pangs not depart.
The Saviour's lament I comprehend,
for the desecrated shrine --
"Save me



deliver me
from guilt-bespattered hands!"

Thus did God's cry
loud and awful echo in my soul.
And I -- away I flew to wanton childish deeds!



Saviour!
Redeemer!
Lord of grace!
How can I, a sinner, atone for my guilt?



Little Movie 7



[Kundry] Worthy hero!
Dispel such fancies.
Look up! Be good to the bearer of grace who draws nigh!

[Parsifal 2] Aye! That voice! Thus did she call him; --



and this glance well do I know it --



these lips thus did they draw him on,
thus did she bow her neck; --



thus boldly raised her head;
thus flatteringly danced her locks --
thus did her arm enclasp his neck --
thus softly stroked his cheek! --
With every painful pang bound up,



his soul's redemption in one kiss.



Ah! That kiss!



Temptress! Avaunt!
For ever -- for ever -- avaunt!

Not only the sacrifices to the generative deities, but in general all the religious rites of the Greeks, were of the festive kind. To imitate the gods, was, in their opinion, to feast and rejoice, and to cultivate the useful and elegant arts, by which we are made partakers of their felicity. This was the case with almost all the nations of antiquity, except the Egyptians and their reformed imitators the Jews, who being governed by a hierarchy, endeavoured to make it awful and venerable to the people by an appearance of rigour and austerity. The people, however, sometimes broke through this restraint, and indulged themselves in the more pleasing worship of their neighbours, as when they danced and feasted before the golden calf which Aaron erected, and devoted themselves to the worship of obscene idols, generally supposed to be of Priapus, under the reign of Abijam.

The Christian religion, being a reformation of the Jewish, rather increased than diminished the austerity of its original. On particular occasions however it equally abated its rigour, and gave way to festivity and mirth, though always with an air of sanctity and solemnity. Such were originally the feasts of the Eucharist, which, as the word expresses, were meetings of joy and gratulation; though, as divines tell us, all of the spiritual kind: but the particular manner in which St. Augustine commands the ladies who attended them to wear clean linen, seems to infer, that personal as well as spiritual matters were thought worthy of attention. To those who administer the sacrament in the modern way, it may appear of little consequence whether the women received it in clean linen or not; but to the good bishop, who was to administer the *holy kiss*, it certainly was of some importance. The *holy kiss* was not only applied as a part of the ceremonial of the Eucharist, but also of prayer, at the conclusion of which they welcomed each other with this natural sign of love and benevolence. It was upon these occasions that they worked themselves up to those fits of rapture and enthusiasm, which made them eagerly rush upon destruction in the fury of their zeal to obtain the crown of martyrdom.

Enthusiasm on one subject naturally produces enthusiasm on another; for the human passions, like the strings of an instrument, vibrate to the motions of each other: hence paroxysms of love and devotion have oftentimes so exactly accorded, as not to have been distinguished by the very persons whom they agitated. This was too often the case in these meetings of the primitive Christians. The feasts of gratulation and love, the *αγαπαι* and nocturnal vigils, gave too flattering opportunities to the passions and appetites of men, to continue long, what we are told they were at first, pure exercises of devotion. The spiritual raptures and divine ecstasies encouraged on these occasions, were often ecstasies of a very different kind, concealed under the garb of devotion; whence the greatest irregularities ensued; and it became necessary for the reputation of the church, that they should be suppressed, as they afterwards were by the decrees of several councils.

-- A Discourse on the Worship of Priapus: And Its Connection with the Mystic Theology of the Ancients, by Richard Payne Knight



[Kundry] -- Cruel! --
If in thy heart thou feelest
nought but others' pain,



then feel now mine own!
If thou art thus a saviour,
what hinders thee,



from joining thee to me for my salvation?
Through eternities I have waited for you,
Saviour so late in coming.



Whom once I dared revile.

Whom once I dared revile.
Ah! Didst thou but know the curse
that, waking or sleeping,
in life or death,
in laughter or tears,



endlessly my life torments! —

endlessly my life torments! --





I saw him -- him --



and laughed! --



then did he look on me! --



Now seek I him from world to world
to meet him once again.
Is my greatest need
methinks his eyes come near,



already his glance doth rest on me.



Then once again that cursed laugh bursts forth:
a sinner sinks into my arms!



Then do I laugh!

Then do I laugh!



I cannot weep,

I cannot weep,
but only shriek,



storm, rage,

storm, rage,
in an ever-returning night of madness,
from which I scarcely waken to repent.



Him I have mocked;
let me upon his bosom weep,



unite with thee but for an hour,
and, though God and the world reject me,



in thee shall I be redeemed!



[Parsifal 2] To everlasting
shouldst thou with me be damned
if for one hour,
forgetting then my quest,
I were encircled in thine arms!
For thy redemption also am I sent,
if thou canst from thy longing stay aloof.

When we look back to these ancient schools of initiation, what sort of a teaching do we find there? What was the Mystery that was taught in them? It is after all only the forms of the teaching that change with the passage of time. Astonishing as it may seem, we actually find that in these very ancient schools of initiation the secret, the mystery that Parsifal discovered, is brought to its highest development — the secret; namely, of how the new budding life of nature in Springtime is connected with the Mystery of the Cross. We have to understand it in the following way. The power of reproduction which we recognize in the animal and human kingdoms is also to be seen in the plant kingdom. In the springtime of the year the divine active power of creation shoots up out of Mother Earth. For we have to recognize that a deep connection exists between the power that manifests when the Earth clothes herself with her robe of green, and the divine creative power. The pupils in the initiation school were taught as follows: “All around you in nature you see the opening flower buds, and within them a power at work which is then later concentrated in the small grains of seed. Countless seeds will come forth from the flowers — seeds which, if laid into the earth, will be capable of bringing forth new plants. And now receive what I am about to say into your heart; take it deeply into your soul. The process that is taking place out there in nature is the very same as takes place in human beings and in the animal kingdom, only in nature it takes place without desire or passion. It goes forward in perfect purity and chastity. The boundless and chaste innocence that

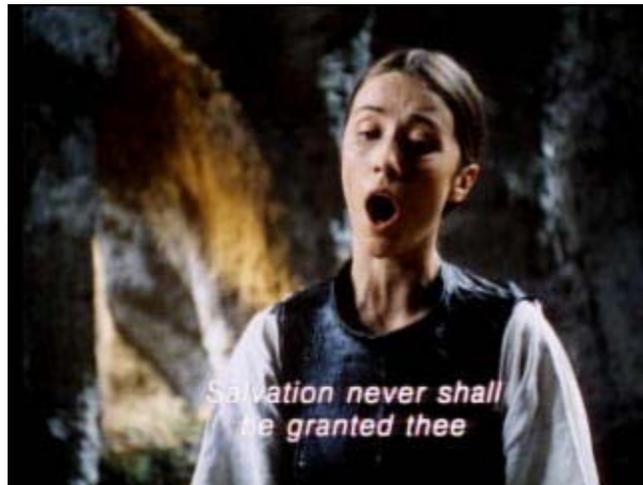
sleeps in the flower buds of the plants — this, it was felt, must enter right into the soul of the pupils.

And then they were told further: “It is the sun that opens the blossoms. The ray of the sun calls forth the power that rests in them. Two things meet — the opening flower and the ray from the sun.

Between the plant kingdom and the divine kingdom stand the two other kingdoms — the animal kingdom and the human. These latter are really no more than a kind of pathway leading from the plant kingdom to the divine kingdom. In the divine kingdom we have again a kingdom of innocence and chastity, as in the plant kingdom. In the animal and human kingdom we have kingdoms of desire and passion.” But then it was told to the pupils that in the future “all passion and desire will at length disappear. The chalice will then open (even as the chalice of the flower opens) — will open from above downwards and look down to man. And as the ray from the sun goes right down into the plant, so will man's now purified power unite itself with this divine chalice. It can actually come about that the chalice of the blossom is spiritually reversed so that it inclines downwards from heaven, and the sun's ray, too, is reversed so that it lifts itself up from man to heaven.” And this reversed flower chalice which was told of in the mysteries as an actual fact was called the Holy Grail. The flower chalice of the plant that we have before us in material reality is the reversed Holy Grail. And the ray from the sun — all who have true occult knowledge learn to recognize it in the “magic wand.” For the magic wand is a symbol, in the language of superstition, for a spiritual reality. In the mysteries it was called the “bloody lance.” So here we have before us, on the one hand, the origin of the Grail and on the other hand the original “magic wand” of the genuine occultist.

-- Parsifal: Notes from a Lecture Given by Dr. Rudolf Steiner at Landin on 7/29/1906

That comfort that thy grief shall end
comes from another spring.



Salvation never shall be granted thee
whilst that well's not dried up for thee.



Another there is --
at which I saw the brethren there
lamenting, pining in their cruel distress,
mortifying their flesh.



Oh, affliction, that doth chase away redemption!
Oh, world benighted with false fantasies:



[Kundry] So 'twas my kiss
that gave thee second sight?
Then my whole-hearted love



to god-head raise thee.

The "second sight" of the Scotch Highlanders shows that by means of endogamy, the consciousness of the inner World is retained. They have practiced marrying in the Clan until recent times; also in Gypsies, who always marry in the tribe. The smaller the tribe and the closer the inbreeding, the more pronounced is the "sight."

The earlier Races would not have dared to disobey the injunction issued by the tribal God, not to marry outside of the tribe, nor had they any inclination to do so, for they had no mind of their own.

The Original Semites were the first to evolve Will, and they at once married the daughters of the men of other tribes, frustrating temporarily the design of their Race-spirit and being promptly ejected as evil-doers who had "gone a-whoring after strange gods," thereby rendering themselves unfit to give the "seed" for the seven Races of our present Aryan Epoch. The Original Semites were, for the time being, the last Race that the Race-spirit cared to keep separate.

Later, man was given free will. The time had come when he was to be prepared for individualization. The former "common" consciousness, the involuntary clairvoyance or second-sight which constantly held before a tribesman the pictures of his ancestor's lives and caused him to feel most closely identified with the tribe or family, was to be replaced for a time by a strictly individual consciousness confined to the material world, so as to break up the nations into individuals, that the Brotherhood of Man, regardless of exterior circumstances, may become a fact. This is on the same principle that if we have a number of buildings and wish to make them into one large structure, it is necessary to break them up into separate bricks. Only then can the large building be constructed.

In order to accomplish this separation of nations into individuals, laws were given which prohibited endogamy or marriage in the family, and henceforth incestuous marriages gradually came to be regarded with horror. Strange blood has thus been introduced into all the families of the Earth, and it has gradually wiped out the involuntary clairvoyance which promoted the clannish feeling and segregated humanity into groups. Altruism is superseding patriotism, and loyalty to the family is disappearing in consequence of the mixture of blood.

Science has lately discovered that haemolysis results from the inoculation of the blood of one individual into the veins of another of a different species, causing the death of the lower of the two. Thus any animal inoculated with the blood of a man dies. The blood of a dog transfused into the veins of a bird kills the bird, but it will not hurt the dog to have the bird's blood inoculated into its veins. Science merely states the fact, the occult scientist gives the reason. The blood is the vantage ground of the spirit, as shown elsewhere. The Ego in man works in its own vehicles by means of the heat of the blood; the race, family or community spirit gains entrance to the blood by means of the air we inspire. In the animals are also both the separate spirit of the animal and the group-spirit of the

species to which it belongs, but the spirit of the animal is not individualized and does not work self-consciously with its vehicles as does the Ego, hence it is altogether dominated by the group-spirit which works in the blood.

When the blood of a higher animal is inoculated into the veins of one from a lower species, the spirit in the blood of the higher animal is of course stronger than the spirit of the less evolved; hence when it endeavors to assert itself it kills the imprisoning form and liberates itself. When, on the other hand, the blood of a lower species is inoculated into the veins of a higher animal, the higher spirit is capable of ousting the less evolved spirit in the strange blood and assimilating the blood to its own purposes, therefore no visible catastrophe ensues.

The group-spirit always aims to preserve the integrity of its domain in the blood of the species under its charge. Like the human Race-God, it resents the marriage of its subjects into other species and visits the sins of the fathers upon the children as we see in the case of hybrids. Where a horse and a donkey produce a mule for instance, the mixture of strange blood destroys the propagative faculty so as not to perpetuate the hybrid which is an abomination from the standpoint of the group-spirit, for the mule is not so definitely under the dominion of the group-spirit of the horses or of the group-spirit of the donkeys as the pure breed, yet it is not so far away as to be entirely exempt from their influence. If two mules could mate, their offspring would be still less under the dominion of either of these group-spirits, and so a new species without a group-spirit would result. That would be anomaly in nature, an impossibility until the separate animal-spirits should have become sufficiently evolved to be self-sufficient. Such a species, could it be produced, would be without the guiding instinct, so-called, which is in reality the promptings of the group-spirit; they would be in an analogous position to a litter of kittens removed from the mother's womb prior to birth. They could not possibly shift for themselves, so they would die.

Therefore, as it is the group-spirit of the animals that sends the separate spirits of the animals into embodiment, it simply withholds the fertilizing seed-atom when animals of widely differing species are mated. It permits one of its charges to take advantage of an opportunity for re-embodiment where two animals of nearly the same nature are mated, but refuses to let the hybrids perpetuate themselves.

Thus we see that the infusion of strange blood weakens the hold of the group-spirit, and that therefore it either destroys the form or the propagative faculty where it has the power.

-- The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception, by Max Heindel



Do thou save the world, such thine office be --



*but may this hour
make thee a god,*

but may this hour make thee a god,



*though it leave me
for ever damned,*

though it leave me forever damned,
and my wound never healed!



[Parsifal 2] Redemption, I bring to thee.

During the last 2,000 years much has been said about "the cleansing blood." The blood of Christ has been extolled from the pulpit as the sovereign remedy for sin; the only means of redemption and salvation.

But if the laws of Rebirth and Consequence work in such a way that the evolving beings reap as they have sown, and if the evolutionary impulse is constantly bringing humanity higher and higher, ultimately to attain perfection -- where then is the need for redemption and salvation? Even if the need existed, how can the death of one individual help the rest? Would it not be nobler to suffer the consequences of one's acts than to hide behind another? These are some of the objections to the doctrine of vicarious atonement and redemption by the blood of Christ Jesus. We will try to answer them before showing the logical harmony between the operation of the law of Consequence and the Atonement by Christ.

-- The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception, by Max Heindel

[Kundry] Let me but love thee as my god,



in that shall my redemption be.



[Parsifal 2] Love and redemption thou shalt have
if thou but show the way
that to Amfortas leads.



[Kundry] Never -- shalt thou find him!
Let him perish,

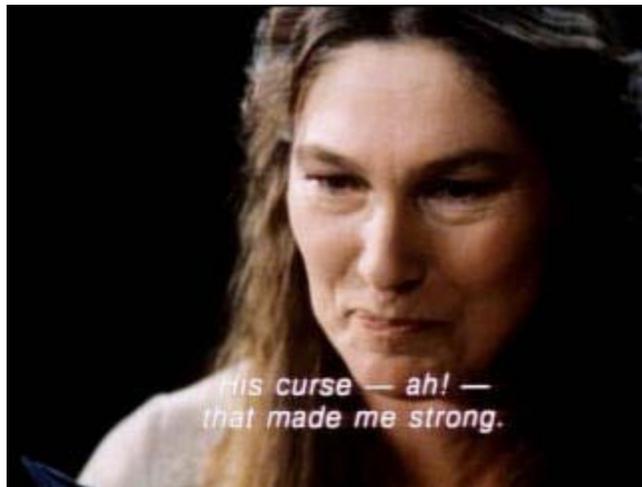


luckless caitiff.
In scorn I laughed at him --
Ha! His very lance it was did wound him!



[Parsifal 2] Who was't could wound him with the holy lance?

[Kundry] 'Twas he, 'twas he --
he who once my laugh did curse:



His curse -- ah! -- that made me strong.
Ha! Madness!
Pity! Pity for me!



Mine but for an hour! --
thine but for an hour! --

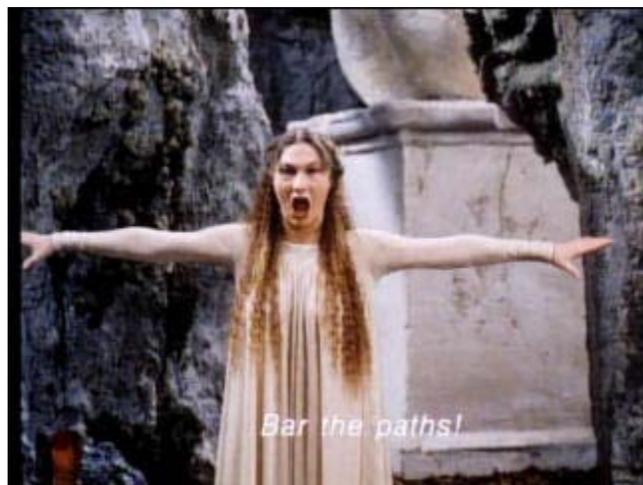
then shall the way
to thee be shown!



[Parsifal 2] Avaunt, unholy woman!



[Kundry] Help! Help! This way!
Hold fast the knave! This way!



Bar the paths!



Wert thou
to find all the roads of the world,
the way thou seekst
the path to that thou'dst find not



Oh wandering!
Thou art so true to me --



I bid thee be his guide!
[Klingsor] Hold! I'll halt thee with the very weapon!



The fool is marked out for his master's lance!



[Parsifal 2] With this sign I break thy spell.



As it healeth the wound
thou didst open with it,
to misery and ruin may it



cast down thy lying pomp!



[Parsifal 1] Thou knowest --
where thou canst find me again!





Gnosticism, going by name of Hermetism in the Renaissance and Reformation, practiced magic and meditation to try to free the spirit from the body. The Age of Enlightenment was not particularly hospitable to the occult tradition, but Gnosticism found new advocates among nineteenth-century Germans. The original "fall into matter," the creation of Jehovah, which had unloosed all the evil in the world, was now given a "scientific" explanation, in light of Darwin's theories; popularizers gave the layman to understand that the inequality of races was due to a tragic flaw carried in the blood.

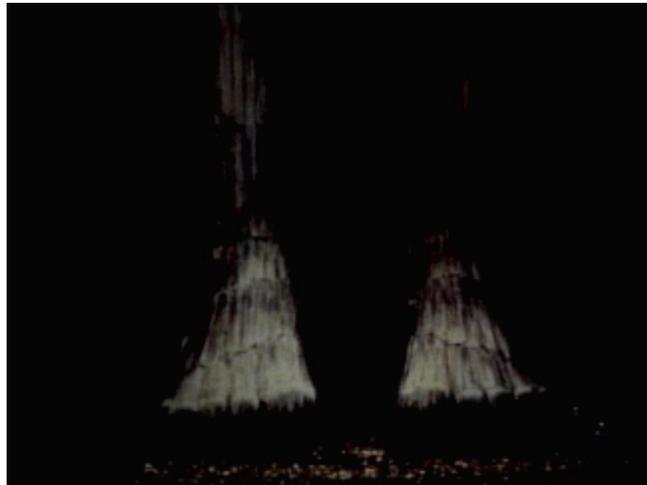
Madame Blavatsky held, in *The Secret Doctrine*, that the Gnostics "were right in regarding the Jewish God as belonging to a class of lower, material and not very holy denizens of the invisible world ... For the creation of those wretched races, in a spiritual and moral sense, which grace our globe, no high divinity could be made responsible, but only angels of a low hierarchy, to which class they relegated the Jewish God, Jehovah." The Jewish God, furthermore, was identical with Cain, Son of Eve by Satan, said Madame Blavatsky.

The anti-Semites embraced this with glee, and the concept of Aryanism was wedded to the forces of light. Nature, they said, decreed that the union of Aryan and Semite resulted in a hybrid monstrosity, psychically sterile. Since "bad blood drives out good," an Aryan woman mating with a Jew was sure to bear only Jewish children. Proponents of hypnotism and suggestion accounted for "Jewish" traits by the observation that a mother's thoughts were mentally transmitted to the fetus. "Nature is and remains essentially aristocratic and punishes implacably all attempts upon the purity of the blood," said Ludwig Buchner. The Jews were originally a crossbreed, argued Houston Stewart Chamberlain, and "their existence is sin, their existence is a crime against the holy laws of life; this, at any rate, is felt by the Jew himself in the moments when destiny knocks heavily at his door. Not the individual but the whole people had to be washed clean, and not of a conscious but an unconscious crime." Anti-Semitism, then, was the instinctive "wisdom" of the Aryan race, which, as the "fittest," sought to survive....

The greatest obstacle in the way of extermination, religious sentiment, was swept aside by divorcing Jesus from his origin as a Jew and making him the ancestor of the Germanic tribes, a sort of Siegfried-Christ. German racists took the Gnostic view that Christianity must separate itself from the Old Testament, and they printed "a mass of 'revelations' of every kind (such as the 'unveiling of the secrets' of Holy Writ or of Runic lore or of Paradise itself)" ... The Jew, "the devil incarnate of human decadence," as Richard Wagner called him, had made a "Judaeo-barbaric jumble of the world," and only a blood purification rite would keep civilization going.

-- Gods & Beasts -- The Nazis & the Occult, by Dusty Sklar





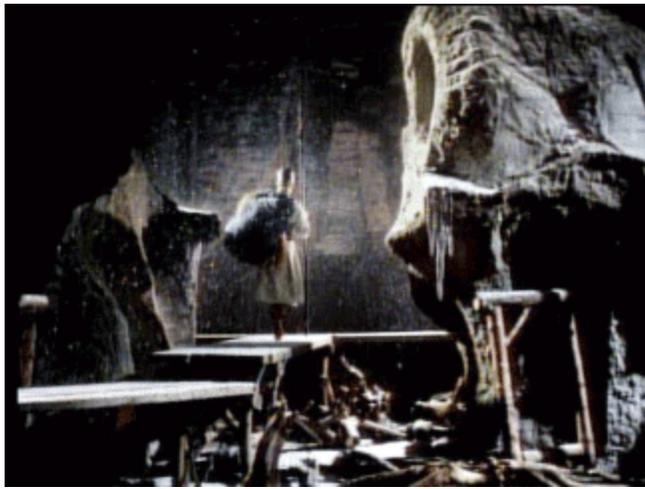
Ende II. Akt

Ende II. Akt

III. Akt













[Gurnemanz] The groaning came from thence.



No wild beast ever made such moan,
and least of all on such a holy morn as this. --
Methinks I know that cry.



Ha! 'tis she! Back again?



Thus the cruel wintry thorns have covered her:
but for how long? --
Up! -- Kundry! -- Up!



Awake! Awake to spring!
This time it seems she's dead indeed: --



yet 'twas her moaning that I heard.





Foolish girl!

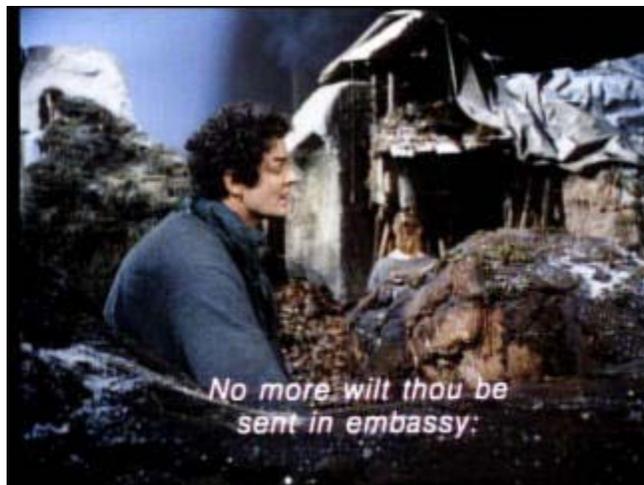


Hast not a word for me?
Is this all my thanks
for waking thee once more
from out of thy death-like sleep?

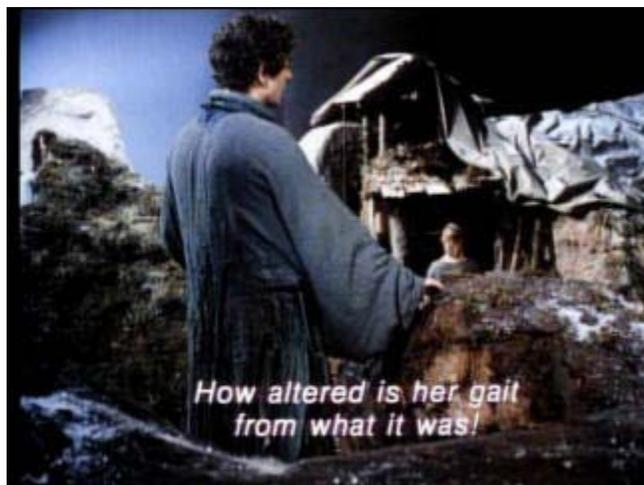


[Kundry] To serve ... to serve! --

[Gurnemanz] 'Twill not be hard for thee!



No more wilt thou be sent in embassy:
Now herbs each man finds for himself,
as we have learnt from the forest beasts.

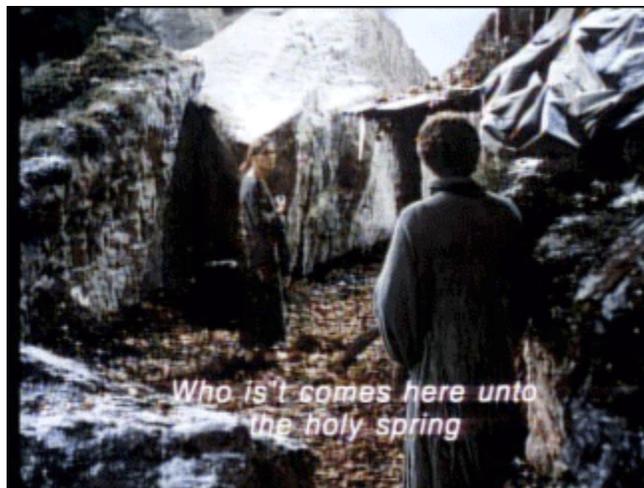


How altered is her gait from what it was!
Is't the holy day has done this?
Oh! Day of incomparable grace!
No doubt 'tis for her salvation



that I've awoken the poor maid.

Little Movie 8



Who is't comes here unto the holy spring
in that dark armour?



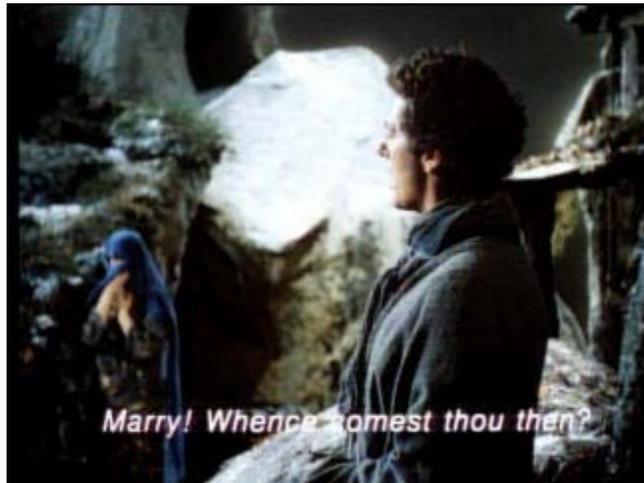
'Tis none of our brotherhood!



Hail to thee, my guest!
Dost not return my greeting?
If that thy vow doth bind thee thus
to answer me with silence,
so mine doth bid me
say to thee what is befitting. --



Thou art here on holy ground:
It is not fitting to bear weapons here,
close-visored helm and shield, and lance;
today of all days!
Dost thou not know
what holy day it is today?



Marry! Whence comest thou then?
Among what heathen hast thou dwelt,
that shouldst not know this day



is Good Friday, holiest of days?

The scene changes: It appears that the audience, in this case me, joins in during the last act. One must kneel down as the Good Friday service begins: Parsifal enters -- slowly, his head covered with a black helmet. The lionskin of Hercules adorns his shoulders and he holds the club in his hand; he is also wearing modern black trousers in honor of the church holiday. I bristle and stretch out my hand avertingly, but the play goes on. Parsifal takes off his helmet. Yet there is no Gurnemanz to atone for and consecrate him. Kundry stands in the distance, covering her head and laughing. The audience is enraptured and recognizes itself in Parsifal. He is I. I take off my armor layered with history and my chimerical decoration and go to the spring wearing a white penitent's shirt, where I wash my feet and hands without the help of a stranger. Then I also take off my penitent's shirt and put on my civilian clothes. I walk out of the scene and approach myself -- I who am still kneeling down in prayer as the audience. I rise and become one with myself. [221]

[2] What would mockery be, if it were not true mockery? What would doubt be, if it were not true doubt? What would opposition be, if it were not true opposition? He who wants to accept himself must also really accept his other. But in the yes, not every no is true, and in the no, every yes is a lie. But since I can be in the yes today and in the no tomorrow, yes and no are both true and untrue. Whereas yes and no cannot yield because they exist, our concepts of truth and error can.

I presume you would like to have certainty with regard to truth and error? Certainty within one or the other is not only possible, but also necessary, although certainty in one is protection and resistance against the other. If you are in one, your certainty about the one excludes the other. But how can you then reach the other? And why can the one not be enough for us? One cannot be enough for us since the other is in us. And if we were content with one, the other would suffer great need and afflict us with its hunger. But we misunderstand this hunger and still believe that we are hungry for the one and strive for it even more adamantly.

Through this we cause the other in us to assert its demands on us even more strongly. If we are then ready to recognize the claim of the other in us, we can cross over into the other to satisfy it. But we can thus reach across, since the other has become conscious to us. Yet if our blinding through the one is strong, we become even more distant from the other, and a disastrous chasm between the one and the other opens up in us. The one becomes surfeited and the other becomes too hungry. The satiated grows lazy and the hungry grows weak. And so we suffocate in fat, consumed by lack.

This is sickness, but you see a lot of this type. It must be so, but it need not be so. There are grounds and causes enough that it is so, but we also want it not / [116/117] to be so. For man is afforded the freedom to overcome the cause, for he is creative in and of himself. If you have reached that freedom through the suffering of your spirit to accept the other despite your highest belief in the one, since you are it too, then your growth begins.

If others mock me, it is nevertheless them doing this, and I can attribute guilt to them for this, and forget to mock myself. But he who cannot mock himself will be mocked by others. So accept your self-mockery so that everything divine and heroic falls from you and you become completely human. What is divine and heroic in you is a mockery to the other in you. For the sake of the other in you, set off your admired role which you previously performed for your own self and become who you are.

He who has the luck and misfortune of a particular talent falls prey to believing that he is this gift. Hence he is also often its fool. A special gift is something outside of me. I am not the same as it. The nature of the gift has nothing to do with the nature of the man who carries it. It often even lives at the expense of the bearer's character. His character is marked by the disadvantage of his gift, indeed even through its opposite. Consequently he is never at the height of his gift but always beneath it. If he accepts his other he becomes capable of bearing his gift without disadvantage. But if he only wants to live in his gift and consequently rejects his other, he oversteps the mark, since the essence of his

gift is extra-human and a natural phenomenon, which he in reality is not. All the world sees his error, and he becomes the victim of its mockery. Then he says that others mock him, while it is only the disregard of his other that makes him ridiculous.

When the God enters my life, I return to my poverty for the sake of the God. I accept the burden of poverty and bear all my ugliness and ridiculousness, and also everything reprehensible in me. I thus relieve the God of all the confusion and absurdity that would befall him if I did not accept it. With this I prepare the way for the God's doing. What should happen? Has the darkest abyss been emptied and exhausted? Or what stands and waits down there, impending and red-hot? [Image 117] [222]

/ [117/118] Which fire has not been put out and which embers are still ablaze? We sacrificed innumerable victims to the dark depths, and yet it still demands more. What is this crazy desire craving satisfaction? Whose mad cries are these? Who among the dead suffers thus? Come here and drink blood, so that you can speak. [223] Why do you reject the blood? Would you like milk? Or the red juice of the vine?

Perhaps you would rather have love? Love for the dead? Being in love with the dead? Are you perhaps demanding the seeds of life for the faded thousand-year-old body of the underworld? An unchaste incestuous lust for the dead? Something that makes the blood run cold. Are you demanding a lusty commingling with corpses? I spoke of "acceptance" -- but you demand "to seize, embrace, copulate?" Are you demanding the desecration of the dead? That prophet, you say, lay on the child, and placed his mouth on the child's mouth, and his eyes on its eyes, and his hands on its hands and he thus splays himself over the boy, so that the child's body became warm. But he rose again and went here and there in the house before he mounted anew and spread himself over him again. The boy snorted seven times. Then the boy opened his eyes. So shall your acceptance be, so shall you accept, not cool, not superior, not thought out, not obsequious, not as a self-chastisement, but with pleasure, precisely with this ambiguous impure pleasure, whose ambiguity enables it to unite with the higher, with that holy-evil pleasure of which you do not know whether it be virtue or vice, with that pleasure which is lusty repulsiveness, lecherous fear, sexual immaturity. One wakens the dead with this pleasure.

Your lowest is in a sleep resembling death and needs the warmth of life which contains good and evil inseparably and indistinguishably. That is the way of life; you can call it neither evil nor good, neither pure nor impure. Yet this is not the goal, but the way and the crossing. It is also sickness and the beginning of recovery. It is the mother of all abominable deeds and all salutary symbols. It is the most primordial form of creation, the very first dark urge that flows through all secret hiding places and dark passages, with the unintentional lawfulness of water and from unexpected places in the loose soil, swelling from the finest cracks to fructify the dry soil. It is the very first, secret teacher of nature, teaching plants and animals the most astonishing and supremely clever skills and tricks, which we hardly know how to fathom. It is the great sage who has superhuman knowledge, who has the greatest of all the sciences, who makes order out of confusion, and who prophesies the future clairvoyantly out of ungraspable fullness. It is the serpentlike, perishable and beneficial, the dreadfully and ridiculously daimonic. It is the arrow that always hits the weakest spot, the spring root which opens the sealed treasure chambers.

You can call it neither clever nor stupid, neither good nor evil, since its nature is inhuman throughout. It is the son of the earth, the dark one whom you should awaken. [224] It is man and woman at the same time and immature sex, rich in interpretation and misinterpretation, so poor in meaning and yet so rich. This is the dead that cried loudest, that stood right at the bottom and waited, that suffered worst. It desired neither blood nor milk nor wine for the sacrifice of the dead, but the willingness of our flesh. Its longing paid no heed to the torment of our spirit which struggled and tortured itself to devise what cannot be devised, that hence tore itself apart and sacrificed itself. Not until our spirit lay dismembered on the altar did I hear the voice of the son of the earth, and only then did I see that he was the great suffering one, who needed salvation. He is the chosen one since he was

the most rejected. It is bad to have to say this, but perhaps I hear badly, or perhaps I misunderstand what the depths say. It is miserable to say as much, and yet I must say it.

The depths are silent. He has arisen and now beholds the light of the sun and is among the living. Restlessness and discord rose up with him, doubt and the fullness of life.

Amen, it is finished. What was unreal is real, what was real is unreal. However, I may not, I do not want to, I cannot. Oh human wretchedness! Oh unwillingness in us! Oh doubt and despair. This is really Good Friday, upon which the Lord died and descended into Hell and completed the mysteries. [225] This is the Good Friday when we complete the Christ in us and we descend to Hell ourselves.

This the Good Friday on which we moan and cry to will the completion of Christ, for after his completion we go to Hell. Christ was so powerful that his realm covered all the world and only Hell lay outside it.

-- The Red Book, by Carl Jung

Be quick! Cast down thine arms!
Cross not the Lord, that this day,



disarmed quite, his holy blood
did spend to save this sinful world!

When the Savior Christ Jesus was crucified, His body was pierced in five places; in the five centers where the currents of the vital body flow; and the pressure of the crown of thorns caused a flow from the sixth also. (This is a hint to those who already know these currents. A full elucidation of this matter cannot be publicly given out at this time.)

When the blood flowed from these centers, the great Sun-spirit Christ was liberated from the physical vehicle of Jesus and found Himself *in the Earth*, with individual vehicles. The already existing planetary vehicles He permeated with His own vehicles and, in the twinkling of an eye, diffused His own desire body over the planet, which has enabled Him thenceforth to work upon the Earth and its humanity from *within*.

At that moment a tremendous wave of spiritual sunlight flooded the Earth. It rent the veil which the Race-spirit had hung before the Temple to keep out all but the chosen few, and it made the Path of Initiation free thenceforth to whomsoever will. So far as concerned the Spiritual Worlds, this wave transformed the conditions of the Earth like a flash of lightning, but the dense, concrete conditions are, of course, much more slowly affected.

Like all rapid and high vibrations of light, this great wave blinded the people by its dazzling brilliance, therefore it was said that "the Sun was darkened." The very opposite was what actually occurred. The Sun was not darkened, but shone out in glorious splendor. It was the excess of light that blinded the people, and only as the entire Earth absorbed the desire body of the bright Sun-spirit did the vibration return to a more normal rate.

The expression, "the cleansing blood of Christ Jesus," means that as the blood flowed on Calvary, it bore with it the great Sun-spirit Christ, Who by that means secured admission to the earth itself and since that moment has been its Regent. He diffused His own desire body throughout the planet, thereby cleansing it from all the vile influences which had grown up under the *regime* of the Race-spirit.

-- The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception, by Max Heindel





Dost know him?

Dost know him?
'Tis he, that once did shoot the swan.
Aye, sure, 'tis he,



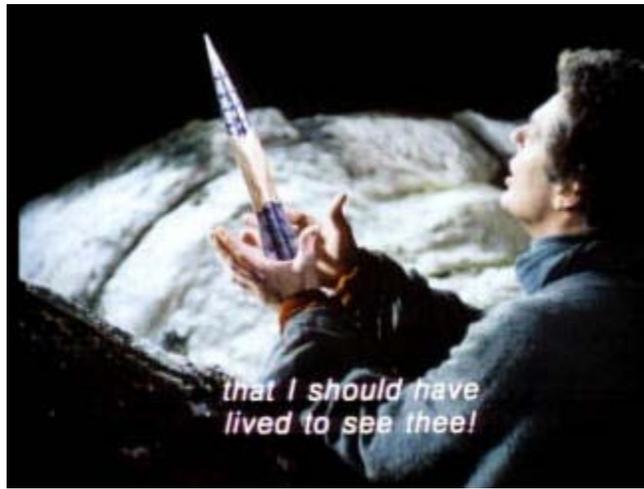
*The fool, I scolded
forth from us.*

the fool, I scolded forth from us.
Ha! What path did he find?



That lance — I know it.

That lance -- I know it.
Oh! Most blessed day,



*that I should have
lived to see thee!*

that I should have lived to see thee!





[Parsifal 2] God save me, for I've found thee again!

[Gurnemanz] So now thou knowest me?



Thou knowest me yet, though thus bowed down
with grief and misery?
How camest thou here today? And whence?



[Parsifal 2] By errant paths of grief I came
and have I now at last ended my way
when in the murmuring woods

I hear again, thy name
All seems to me so changed

[Gurnemanz] Tell me whither leads the way thou seekst?



[Parsifal 2] To him whose heart-deep cry once I heard,
I have been picked
to bring salvation.
Yet -- an! -- Way without salvation,
a strange curse encircled me
as countless perils
struggles and fights
led me astray from out my path,
that I had scarce perceived.
Then did I know despair
of keeping unhurt the holy lance,
and then to guard it and preserve it,



wounds did I get in its defence;
yet the lance itself
in fight I did not wield;
unprofaned
I kept it by my side,
that I might bring it home,
where it may shine on the unharmed:
the Grail's Holy lance.

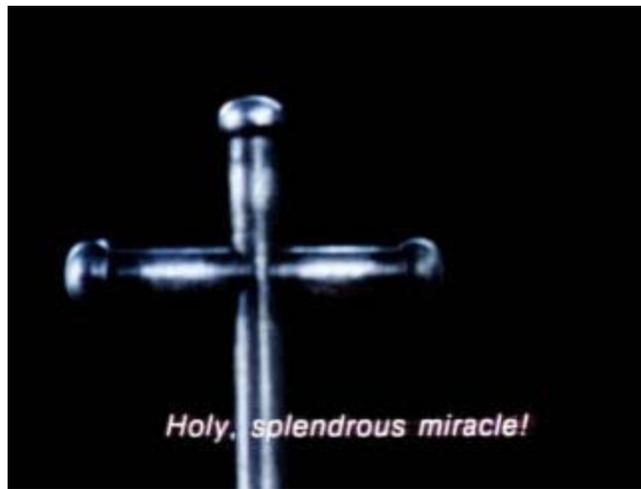


the Grail's Holy lance.

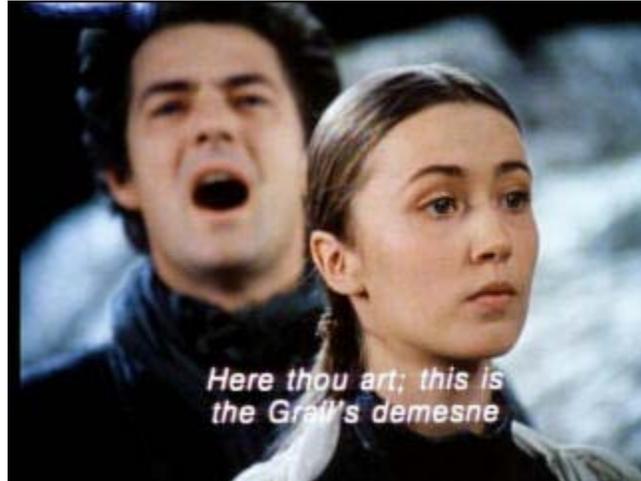


[Gurnemanz] Oh grace!





Holy, splendrous miracle!
Oh, my lord!
Though 'twere a curse
that from thy path led thee astray,
believe me, 'tis now overcome.



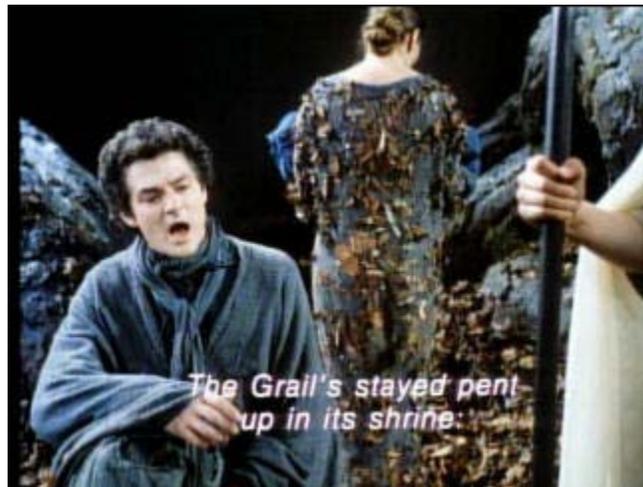
Here thou art; this is the Grail's demesne
where its own knights await thee.
Ah, now they need that grace,
that grace that thou dost bring! --



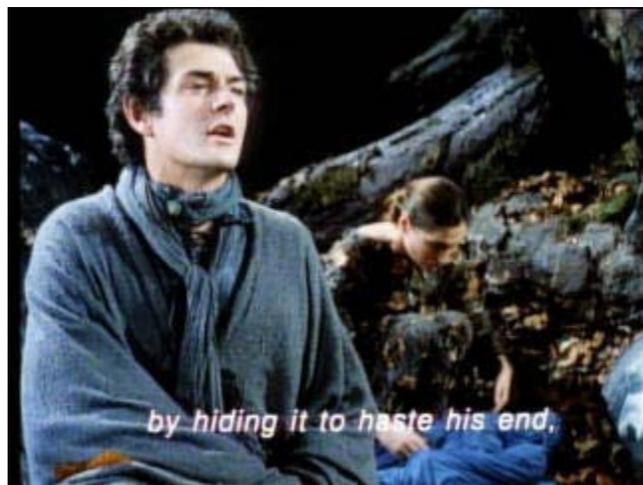
Since that day when thou with us didst dwell,
the mourning grief that thou didst see,
the suffering's waxed unto the highest pitch.
Amfortas, against his wound,



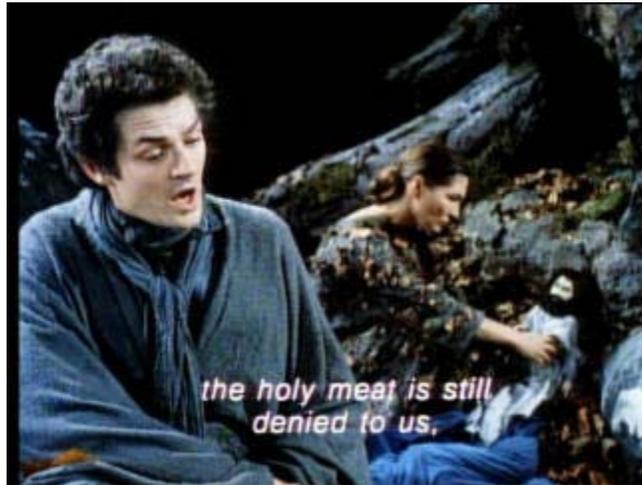
against his soul's distress seeks to prevail
and madly brave it out in death alone.
In vain the afflicted knights implore,
still will he not take up his holy charge again.



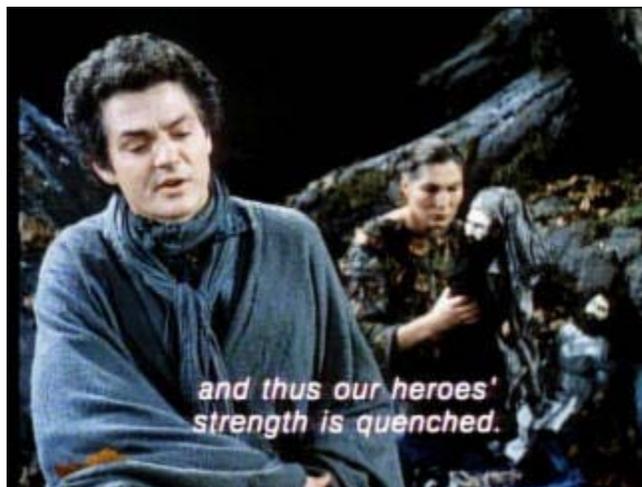
The Grail's stayed pent up in its shrine:
its guilt-wracked guardian,



by hiding it to haste his end,



the holy meat is still denied to us,
on common victuals must we feed;



and thus our heroes' strength is quenched.
The knights in wan affliction totter to and fro
their mettle gone and leader lost.

[David Icke] Is this what other people have told me about, that at the point of great terror, like the point of sacrifice, there's an adrenalin that enters the bloodstream? Is this what they are looking for?

[Arizona Wilder] Yes. And this other element comes and secretes out through the blood. This all comes out through the blood at that time. And it's at that point they are actually staring into the eyes of the head of it at some of these rituals, or at a reptilian. They are staring into the eyes of this person. And it's a hypnotic gaze these reptilians have. And it holds the victim in an absolute trance, and a trance of terror. And then they are killed at that moment as they are staring into their eyes. And they can't hold their shape when this happens, the human shape they cannot hold. They go back into reptilian shape as this is happening, because it's like an animalistic type of excitement of the kill. And oftentimes, they will just rip into the victim, and eviscerate them, and start eating the flesh of this person, too. And the fat from the intestinal areas is highly valued, as they use it on their skin. And they drink the blood. And the blood is highly sought after. And it goes also according to rank within these creatures, as to who gets what when....

[David Icke] What is it about the rituals that allow the shape-shifting to happen?

[Arizona Wilder] When the victims are about to start being sacrificed, it's the scent of the blood. And they start shape-shifting at that point in time. And they can hardly wait to get to the blood. It's like they're addicted to the blood. And then the consumption of human flesh that follows.

[David Icke] What have you seen the Queen, or Royal family do in relation to that? Have you seen them sacrifice and consume human flesh?

[Arizona Wilder] There are certain times when they will actually do a sacrifice -- or there will have been someone doing a sacrifice -- and if it's not happening fast enough for them, they will step in and finish it themselves. Because the sacrifice ritual has to be gone through. Sacrificially, ritualistically, it has to have gone through. And they will step right in, and just start tearing the throat out. And they are getting all of this blood from the jugular vein at the same time. And that has happened. When there are many there that are going to be sacrificed, they just can't wait to tear into the contents of the abdomen and stomach of the victim.

[David Icke] Who have you seen do that?

[Arizona Wilder] I've seen the Queen Mother do that, and Prince Philip, and Charles. I've seen Guy de Rothschild do this. It seems that I've seen it more among royalty, or so-called "royalty," than people who are not titled. It feels like they don't dare. But they shape-shift nonetheless. But it's the royals that step in and just start tearing away as they can hardly wait.

-- Revelations of a Mother Goddess, presented by David Icke



In this corner of the woods I've hid
to wait on death's stark peace,
that my Lord has already ta'en.
For Titurel, heroic saint,



no more to be refreshed by the Grail,
is dead -- **a son of Adam like us all!**

While he was plant-like, a hermaphrodite, he could generate *from himself* without the help of another, but though he was as chaste and as innocent as the plants, he was also as unconscious and inert. In order to advance he must have desire to spur him on, and a mind to guide him, and therefore half his creative force was retained for the purpose of building a brain and a larynx. He had at that time a round shape similar to that of the embryo, and the present larynx was a part of the creative organ which adhered to the head when the body straightened out. The connection between the two is seen even today in the fact that the boy, who expresses the positive pole of the generative force, changes his voice at puberty. That the same force which builds another body when it is sent *outwards* builds the brain when *retained* is equally clear when we consider that sex mania leads to insanity, while the profound thinker will feel little inclination for amorous practices. He uses all his creative force to generate thought instead of wasting it in sense gratification.

At the time when man commenced to withhold half his creative force for the above mentioned purpose, his consciousness was directed *inwards* to build organs. He was capable of *seeing* these organs and he used the same creative force then under the direction of Creative Hierarchies in planning and in executing plans of organs, that he now uses in the *outer* world to build airships, houses, automobiles, telephones, etc. Then he was unconscious of how that half of the creative force was used which was sent *outwards* for generation of another body.

Generation was carried on under the guidance of Angels. At certain times of the year, they herded the growing man together in great temples and there the generative act was performed. Man was unconscious of the fact. His eyes had not yet been opened, and though it was necessary for him to have a partner who had the half or other pole of the creative force available for generation which he retained to build organs within, he did not at first *know* his wife. In ordinary life he was shut within himself so far as the Physical World was concerned, but it was different when he was brought into such intimate and close touch with another, as in the case of the generative act. Then for the moment the spirit pierced the veil of flesh and Adam *knew* his wife. He had ceased to *know himself* -- thus his consciousness became more and more and more centered outside himself in the *outside world* and he lost his *inner perception*. That cannot be fully regained until he has passed to the stage where it is no longer necessary to have a partner in generation, and he has reached the development where he can again utilize his *whole* creative force at will. Then he will again *know himself* as he did during his stage of plant-like existence, but with this all important difference that he will use his creative faculty consciously, and will not be restricted to using it solely for the pro-creation of his own species, but may create whatever he will. Neither will he use his present organs of generation, but the larynx will *speak* the creative *word* as directed by the spirit through the coordinating mechanism of the brain. Thus the two organs built by half the creative force will in time be the means whereby man will

eventually become an independent self-conscious creator.

-- The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception, by Max Heindel



[Parsifal 2] And I, 'tis I wrought
all this woe!



Ah! What sin,
what guilty crimes
must on this idiot's pate
from all eternity have weighed?
Myself elected to redeem,
to wander yet so far astray,



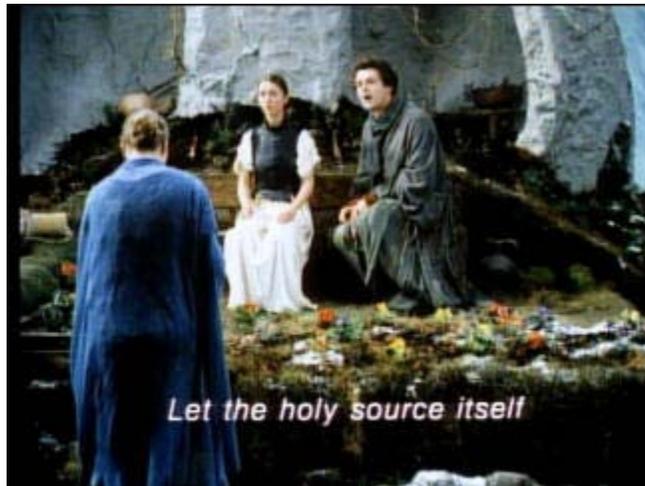
and lose redemption's very path!

and lose redemption's very path!



Little Movie 9





[Gurnemanz] Let the holy source itself



quicken our pilgrim's bath
Methinks a holy deed
he's still to do today,
so let him spotless be,
and may he now be washed quite clear
of all the stains of his long-wandering way.



Is it today I'll
go to Amfortas?

[Parsifal 2] Is it today I'll go to Amfortas?

[Gurnemanz] The castle waits on us:



have called me there.

the obsequies of my beloved lord
have called me there.



Once more we'll take the Grail
from out its shrine.

**Once more we'll take the Grail from out its shrine,
in long-awaited service,
and once again officiate today --
and sanctify His noble father**



Amfortas did promise us.



[Parsifal 2] Thou dost wash my feet,



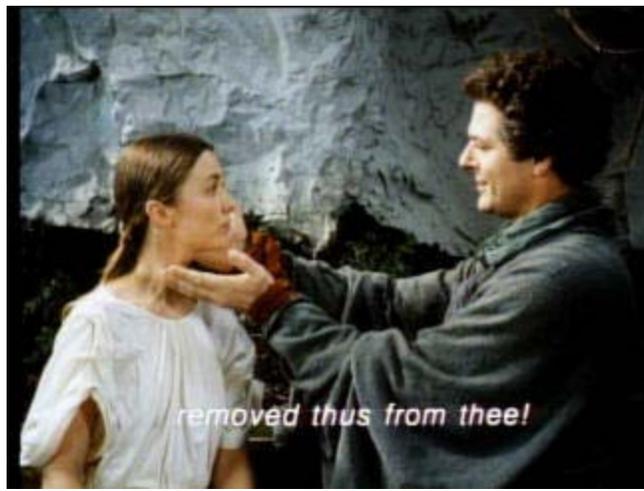
now let my friend anoint my head.



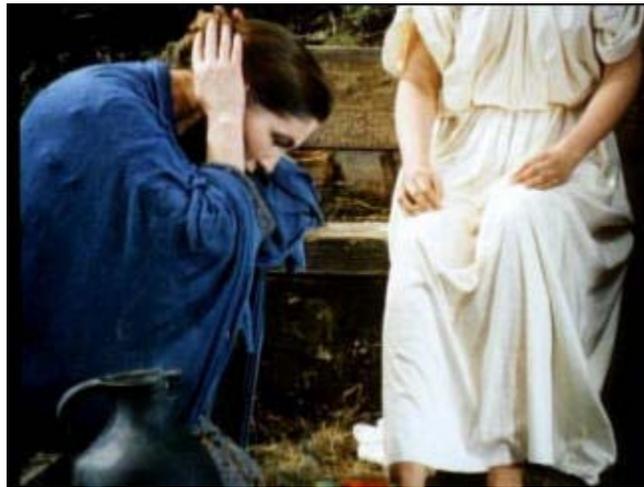
[Gurnemanz] Be blest!



All guilt and all affliction be



removed thus from thee!





[Parsifal 2] Thou'st anointed my feet,



*now let Titurel's friend
anoint my head,*

now let Titurel's friend anoint my head,



*and let him then this
day declare me king!*

and let him then this day declare me king!

[Gurnemanz] Thus was it promised us;



*that I may then
declare thee king.*

that I may then declare thee king.



Thou -- purest one! --
 Merciful, long-suffering
 As thou hast taken on his saving griefs,



take now as thy last charge his kingly sway!

If we examine the legend of John the Baptist, patron saint of Freemasonry, what do we find? A semi divine teacher, associated with the prophet Elijah (Matthew 11:14, 16:14, 17:12; Mark 6:15, 8:18; Luke 9:19) who ascended alive into heaven in a chariot of fire before many witnesses (2 Kings 2:1-14), John stands half immersed in the water, baptizing others into Wisdom by immersing them. This apparently is an echo of that more remote John, Oannes, the Sumerian-Babylonian half-fish, half man who taught humanity by day, but returned to the waters by night. The only surviving cult of John the Baptist, the Mandeans, live in modern-day Iraq, the former Babylonian and Sumerian Empire. His legend is often confused with that of Jesus, the dying and rising god first illuminated by John (their followers were in contention with one another for some time after John's martyrdom).

-- Secret Rituals of the Men in Black, by Allen Greenfield

Mandaeans (Modern Mandaic: מנדעניא Manda'nāye, Arabic: الصابئة المندائيون aṣ-Ṣabi'a al-Mandā'iyūn) are an ethnoreligious group indigenous to the alluvial plain of southern Mesopotamia and are followers of Mandaism, a Gnostic religion....

Mandaeans are a closed ethno-religious community, practicing Mandaism, which is a Gnostic

religion[37]:4[38]:4 (Aramaic manda means "knowledge," as does Greek gnosis) with a strongly dualistic worldview. Its adherents revere Adam, Abel, Seth, Enosh, Noah, Shem, Aram and especially John the Baptist, but reject Abraham, Moses and Jesus of Nazareth.[39][40]

The Mandaeans group existence into two main categories: light and dark. They have a dualistic view of life, which encompasses both good and evil; all good is thought to have come from the World of Light (i.e. lightworld) and all evil is considered to be a product of the World of Darkness. In relation to the body-mind dualism coined by Descartes, Mandaeans consider the body, and all material, worldly things, to have come from the Dark, while the soul (sometimes referred to as the mind) is a product of the lightworld. Mandaeans believe the World of Light is ruled by a heavenly being, known by many names, such as "Life," "Lord of Greatness," "Great Mind," or "King of Light" (Rudolph 1983). This being is so great, vast, and incomprehensible that there are no words to fully depict how awesome Life is. It is believed that an innumerable number of beings, manifested from the light, surround Life and perform cultic acts of worship to praise and honor this great being (1983). They inhabit worlds separate from the lightworld and are commonly referred to as emanations from First Life; their names include Second, Third, and Fourth Life (i.e. Yōšamin, Abathur, and Ptahil) (1983).

The Lord of Darkness is the ruler of the World of Darkness and was formed from dark waters representing chaos (1983). A main defender of the darkworld is a giant monster, or dragon, with the name "Ur;" an evil, female ruler also inhabits the darkworld, known as "Spirit" (1983). The Mandaeans believe these malevolent rulers created demonic offspring who consider themselves the owners of the Seven (planets) and Twelve (Zodiac signs) (1983).

According to Mandaean beliefs, the world (i.e Earth) is a mixture of light and dark created by the demiurge (Ptahil) with help from dark powers, such as Ruha, the Seven, and the Twelve (1983). Adam's body (i.e. believed to be the first human created by God in Christian tradition) was fashioned by these dark beings; however, his "soul" (or mind) was a direct creation from the Light. Therefore, many Mandaeans believe the human soul is capable of salvation because it originates from the lightworld. The soul, sometimes referred to as the "inner Adam" or "hidden Adam," is in dire need of being rescued from the Dark, so it may ascend into the heavenly realm of the lightworld (1983). Baptisms are a central theme in Mandaeanism, believed to be necessary for the redemption of the soul. Mandaeans do not perform a single baptism, as in religions such as Christianity or Judaism; rather, they view baptisms as a ritualistic act capable of bringing the soul closer to salvation (McGrath 2015). Therefore, Mandaeans get baptized a numerous number of times during their lives. John the Baptist is a key figure for the Mandaeans; they even consider him to have been a Mandaean himself (2015). John is referred to as a "disciple" or "priest," most known for the countless number of baptisms he performed, which helped close the immense gap between the soul and salvation (Rudolf 1983).

-- Mandaeans, by Wikipedia

The Politics of Sex

But how does one maintain an anti-Christian stance in an environment unremittingly pro-Christian?

Either by going underground -- as the occultists did and still do -- or by going overboard. The German lodges -- such as the OTO and the Brotherhood of Saturn -- opted for the former, but the Nazis chose the "left-hand path."

Let us read the words of SS officer Otto Rahn, the reluctant Nazi and enthusiastic Grail- seeker, who defines the problem for us towards the end of his *Luzifers Hofgesind*:

Whereas Christianity is occupied above all with Man and condemns Nature as antidivine by abandoning it to the atheistic realms of science and technology, Paganism believed that nature was full of gods. All phenomena were words or actions attributed to Genies and Spirits. In this sense one must consider it more pious, more "religious," more "Christian" than Catholicism and Protestantism which both display a desire for domination and the imposition of an implacable Law, ideas which permeated Christianity more due to the influence of Rome and Judaism than due to the influence of Christ. [13]

(It should be noted that this view -- in a book by an SS officer published in Germany with, it must be assumed, Nazi imprimatur -- anticipated the controversial 1967 article by Lynn White in Science magazine, [14] which blamed Christianity for the world's ecological crisis by calling our "arrogance towards nature" the result of "Christian dogma.")

So, there we have the "overboard" solution. Simply claim that you are more pious, more "religious," and more "Christian" than the Church. Claim you have penetrated to the deepest mysteries of Christianity and that, in your opposition to the organized Church, you are only doing what Christ did to the money-changers in the Temple and would do today had he been around and was the one with the whip. For this is what Hitler believed, and what Himmler carried out.

For example, the Lebensborn organization of the SS -- which every SS officer was obligated to join -- put some of this into practice. It was inevitable that someone like Hitler, who had grown up reading the pornographic occult newsletters of von Liebenfels and, later, of Julius Streicher, would have agreed to the institution of a cult brothel for the propagation of the Aryan race. In this organization, women selected for their racial purity and adherence to the Teutonic ideal of womanhood in physical appearance as well as in spiritual composition were maintained for their impregnation by equally Aryan SS men. [15] The Lebensborn communities were, in a sense, farms where Aryan babies were bred like blue-eyed cattle. There was even a plan to do away with the whole idea of matrimony as it placed an undue burden on the Aryan race, whose mission was to colonize the entire world with perfect racial specimens. There were, after all, many more non-Aryans in the world than Aryans, and it would take time and manpower to exterminate them all. Besides, healthy Aryan stock was needed to cultivate the fields appropriated during the drive to the East mandated by Haushofer's Lebensraum policy. Although the Lebensborn concept was never openly discussed as an anti-Christian policy -- and anyway the Nazis in general and the SS in particular were the repository of the real secrets of Christianity and were on the verge of obtaining the Holy Grail itself -- it was generally understood that the Catholic Church would not approve. The christening or baptismal ceremonies which took place in the Lebensborn communities were pagan rites devised by Nazi occultists to replace those familiar to these husbandless Lutheran and Catholic mothers; thus there could be no doubt among even this, the most militarily uninvolved segment of Nazi Germany, that Nazism was paganism, and that Christianity was to be eventually replaced as surely as Judaism was on the list for immediate extinction.

In this, however, the Nazis were close to their sometime brothers in arms, the anti-religious Socialists, for does not the Communist Manifesto describe the desirability of putting an end to marriage and the nuclear family? [16] And if this goal were to be reached, what role does sexuality play in the new society?

For the occult lodges, this was not a problem. Marriage was, indeed, a bit petit bourgeois and destined for the junk heap of history but, in the meantime, sexuality was still a powerful occult tool, the manifestation in the visible world of the flow of energy in the unseen dimensions. Magicians had "magickal children" on those planes, and could even create familiars and homonculi -- artificial humans -- using these techniques, thereby rendering the institution of marriage as a means of ensuring the future of the race rather outé. Magicians already lived in the world the Nazis were

trying to create.

-- Unholy Alliance: A History of Nazi Involvement With the Occult, by Peter Levenda

What is the name of that youth? Saif al-Din ('Sword of the Faith').

The Master said: One cannot see a sword when it is in a scabbard. That man is truly the Sword of the Faith who fights for the faith and whose endeavours are wholly in God's cause, who reveals rectitude from error and distinguishes truth from falsehood. But first he fights with himself and improves his own character: 'Begin with yourself.' Likewise he directs all his moral counsels to himself, saying, 'After all, you are also a man. You have hands and feet, ears and understanding, eyes and a mouth. The prophets and saints too, who attained felicity and reached their goal -- they also were men and like me had reason and a tongue, hands and feet. Why then were they vouchsafed the way? Why was the door opened to them, and not to me?' Such a man boxes his own ears and night and day fights with himself, saying, 'What did you do, and what motion proceeded from you, that you are not accepted?' So he continues, until he becomes the Sword of God and the Tongue of Truth.

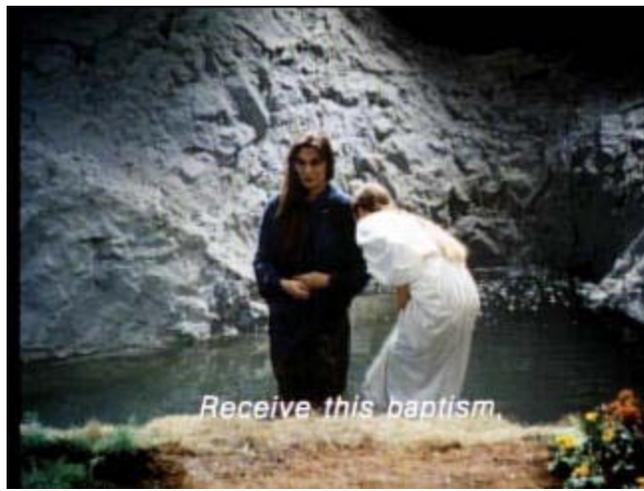
For example, ten persons desire to enter a house. Nine find the way, and one remains outside and is not given the way. Certainly this person reflects inwardly and laments, saying, 'Why now, what did I do that they did not let me in? What lack of manners was I guilty of?' That man must attribute the fault to himself and recognise himself as remiss and lacking in manners. He should not say, 'This is what God does with me; what can I do? Such is His will; had He willed, He would have vouchsafed the way.' Such words are tantamount to abusing God and drawing the sword against God; in that sense he would be a Sword Against God, not the Sword of God.

God most High is far too exalted to have kith and kin. He has not begotten, and has not been begotten. No man has ever found the way to Him save through servanthood. God is the All-sufficient; you are the needy ones. It is not feasible for you to say of the person who has found the way to God, 'He was more God's kin, more His familiar, more connected with Him than I.' So nearness to God is not to be attained save through servanthood. He is the Giver Absolute; He filled the skirt of the sea with pearls, He clothed the thorn in the raiment of the rose, He bestowed life and spirit upon a handful of dust, all out of pure disinterest and without any precedent. All the parts of the world have their share from Him.

-- Discourses of Rumi, translated by A. J. Arberry

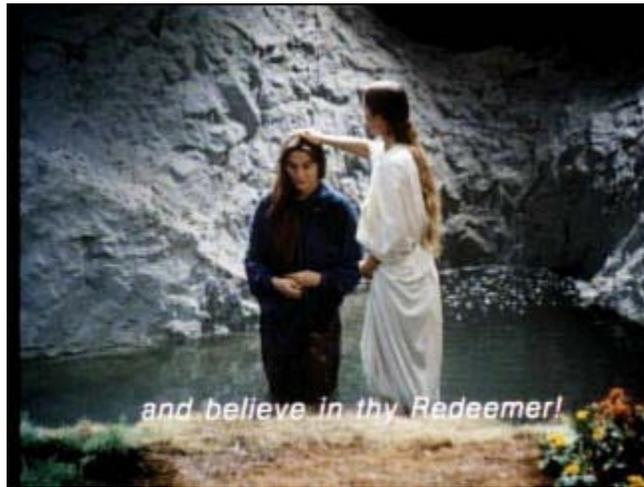


[Parsifal 2] My first charge thus do I quit: --



Receive this baptism

Receive this baptism,



and believe in thy Redeemer!

and believe in thy Redeemer!





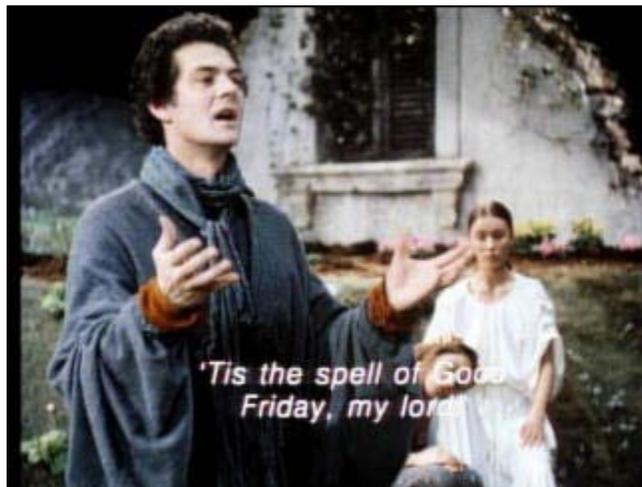
How fair the green now seems to me!



Right wondrous flowers I have seen
that eagerly climbed up about my head;



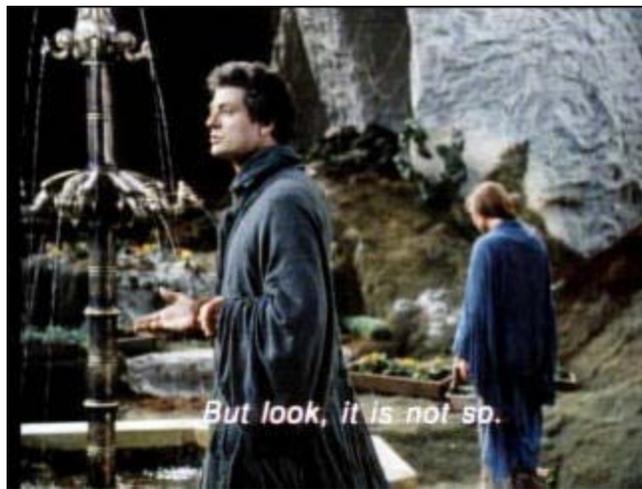
yet ne'er saw I so meek and tender sweetness.



[Gurnemanz] 'Tis the spell of Good Friday, my lord.



[Parsifal 2] Alas, the day of all-surpassing pain
Methinks that all that blooms,
that breathes that lives and still doth live
should but lament and weep!



[Gurnemanz] But look, it is not so.



It is the sinner's tears of rue
that do today as holy dew
besprinkle o'er the flowery sward:
that's why they thus do thrive.
They do not see Him on the cross:
mankind that's freed from sin's grim weight,
by God's pure, saving offering of love.
The leaves and flowers on the green mark that;
on them no foot of man today will tread,
and just as God, in heavenly grace,
pitying man, took suffering on himself,
so also man today in pious favour.



All creatures then give thanks,
all that there blooms and soon's to die;
lives its day of innocence.



[Parsifal 2] I saw them fade
that once did laugh at me:
and are they longing now for their salvation?
Thy tears also are like a blessed dew:



thou weepst!



But see! The greensward smiles!





[Gurnemanz] 'Tis noon -- The hour has come.



Give leave, my lord, for the squire to lead thee forth!











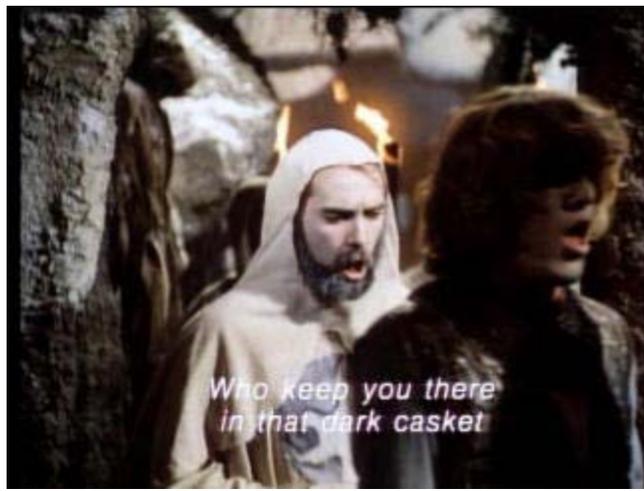
Little Movie 10



[First Procession] Hid in its protective shrine we lead



the Grail to holy service.



Who keep you there in that dark casket



and here lead, mourning, forth?



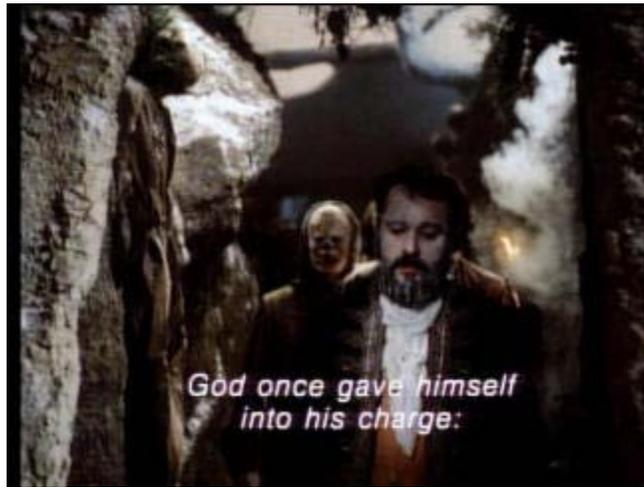
[Second Procession] The mourning shrine a hero holds,





it holds his holy might;

it holds his holy might;



*God once gave himself
into his charge:*

God once gave himself into his charge:





'tis Titurel we now bear forth.



[First Procession] Who struck him down, who when he fought in God's defence



by God himself was once protected?

[Second Procession] The victorious burden of years
did strike him down,
since he no longer saw the Grail

[First Procession] Who barred him from this grace?



[Second Procession] He who here is brought



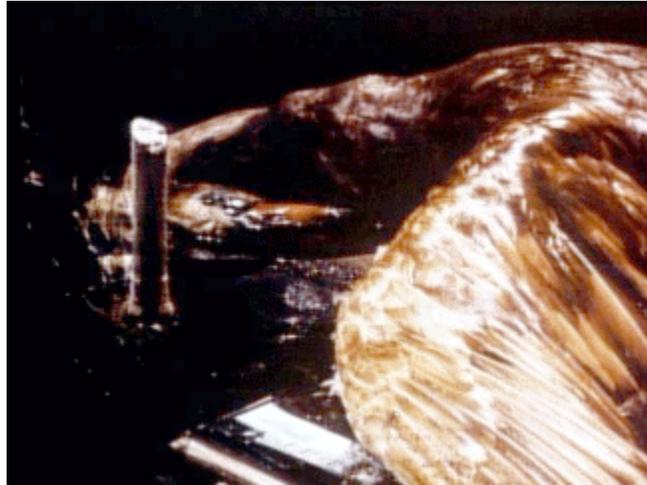
the sinning guardian.

[First Procession] Now do we bring him forth, since now once more --

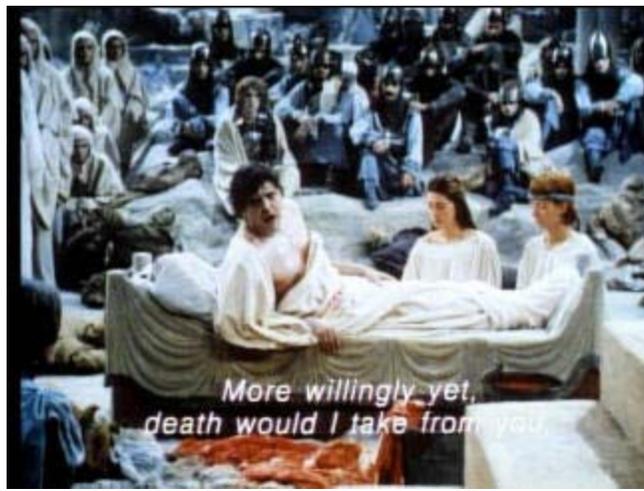


he will officiate.

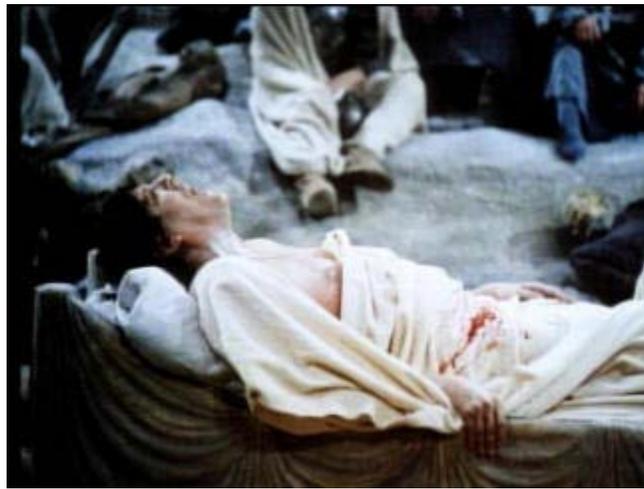
[Zweiter Zug] Ah! The last time!



[Amfortas] Alas! Aye! Woe, woe on me! --



More willingly yet, death would I take from you,
oh, most mild expiation!





My father!
Most blest of all the heroes!
To whom the angels once did bow:
the only one for whom I would have died,
to thee it was I did give death!
Oh! He whom, bathed in holy light,
the very Saviour, now thou seest,
beseech Him that His holy blood,
if now today once more His grace may come
the brethren to refresh,

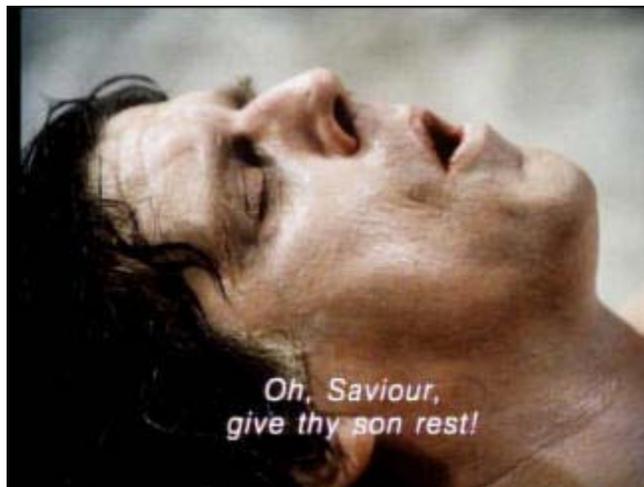


and bring to them new life,
but grant me now mere death!
Sole grace!



Broken, silenced be my heart!

Broken, silenced be my heart!
My father! On thee I call
that thou mayst call on Him:



*Oh, Saviour,
give thy son rest!*

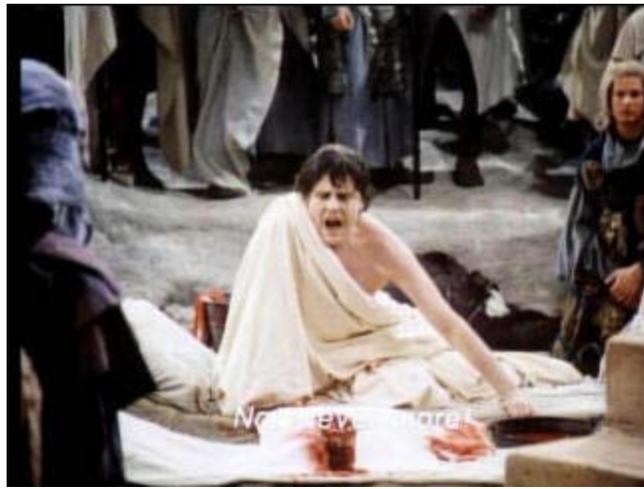
Oh, Saviour, give thy son rest!

[Little Movie 11](#)

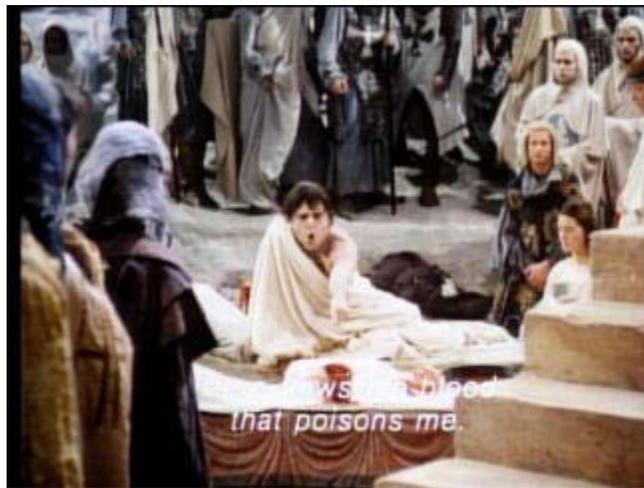


*Disclose the Grail
and officiate!*

[Knights] Disclose the Grail and officiate!
Thy father wills it so: thou must



[Amfortas] No! Nevermore!
Already I feel death, it saps my strength
and you would have me turn to life once more!
'Tis madness!
Who is it would bring me back to life?
Would but he knew the way to give me death!
Here I am -- here is the open wound!



Here flows the blood that poisons me.
Unsheath your swords and thrust them



deep, up to the hilt!
Kill both the sinner and his pain,



and on you then the Grail will brightly shine!

[Hitler] worshipped Wagner, and expounding on the opera *Parsifal*, confided to Hermann Rauschnig:

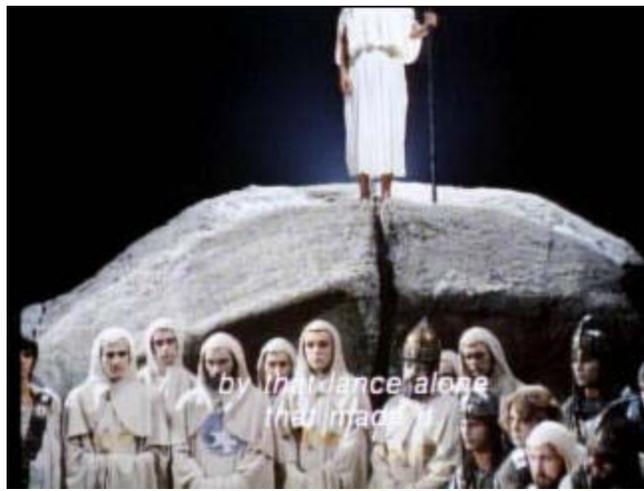
Behind the absurd externals of the story, with its Christian embroidery and its Good Friday mystification, something altogether different is revealed as the true content.... pure, noble blood, in the protection and glorification of whose purity the brotherhood of the initiated have come together. The king is suffering from the incurable ailment of corrupted blood. The uninitiated but pure man is tempted to abandon himself in Klingsor's magic garden to the lusts and excesses of corrupt civilization, instead of joining the *elite* of knights who guard the secret of life, pure blood....

A reporter in Munich in 1936 observed colored pictures of Hitler in the silver garb of the knights of the Holy Grail.

-- Gods & Beasts -- The Nazis & the Occult, by Dusty Sklar



[Parsifal 2] One weapon alone can do it
the wound heals



by the lance alone that made it.



Be thou whole, redeemed and healed!



And I'll now take on me thy charge.
Blest be thy pains!



[Parsifal 1] The holy lance --



I bring back unto you!



IN ORDER TO BECOME
A FULLY REALIZED BEING
YOU MUST DELIGHT IN THE EXQUISITENESS
AT EVERY SINGLE LEVEL
YOU MUST TAKE JOY
IN YOUR MALENESS
OR FEMALENESS

AT THE SAME MOMENT THAT YOU REALIZE
THAT YOU ARE BOTH MALE & FEMALE
IT'S THAT FAR OUT!

-- Be Here Now, by Ram Dass



[Two Parsifals] Oh, highest joy of such a miracle!
From that which made thy wound to heal,



now see the holy blood doth flow,
in longing for the long-lost spring,
that in the Grail doth flow.



Now may it never open again:
disclose the Grail,



open the shrine!





For the practical purposes of Ars Vivendi breathing, all that is really required to understand is that in addition to going *down* to the chest, the air also goes *up* to the region of the forehead. The frontal sinuses are roughly marked by the eyebrows; the sphenoidal (perhaps the most important) are just behind the eyes; the others are located at the root and sides of the nose. *These little cavities are small in size compared with the chest, and the volume of tidal air going in and out of them is insignificant compared with the volume going in and out of the lungs; but they contain the essence of the life of the whole system, and they regulate and control the development of the human being physically, mentally and morally...*

The principal factor is the inability of the sinuses to open out in the normal manner, as they were intended by Nature to do in normal growth of body and mind. Just as one child does not thrive physically through lack of sufficient air in the body as a whole, so another child does not thrive mentally through lack of sufficient air in the cranial sinuses as they open out in normal growth...

The method I have found most successful both in personal treatment and by correspondence is to direct the student to imagine a V placed in the centre of the forehead between the eyes, and to start breathing as silently as possible and without strain or effort with mouth closed, from the centre of the nostrils, roughly the bridge of the nose, upwards to V. The out-breathing to be done in the same manner with mouth closed, and with as little noise as possible. By degrees, as the nostrils become clearer, and the breathing habitually more easy and copious, the V will seem to be more pronounced.

This is the beginning of a higher stage of evolution, corresponding somewhat faintly to the halo of light represented in art as surrounding the head of "saints." It is an actual mental illumination brought about by chemical action of the oxygen in the air inspired. At this stage, V reveals itself as symbolical of the very highest conceptions of man, such as Vitality, Vision, Will, stamped upon the human brow. It is "the white stone on the forehead," the abode of the spirit in man. In Sanskrit literature, Shiva or Spirit dwells in the forehead. Swedenborg and all the mystics arrive at the same conclusion. *The sign V placed in the Ars Vivendi manner, unites in one plain but comprehensive symbol the universal aspiration of the human race....*

There is no chance working at random, producing a genius here and a dunce there. The signs are written at the root of the nose for all who can read them, marking unerringly the narrow-minded, the broad-minded, the dull-witted, the degenerate, the weak-willed, the intellectual, leading up to the eagle eye which takes in a situation at a single glance...

The portraits of Napoleon in early life show this trait unmistakably. The formation of forehead and root of nose reveal plainly his ability to freshen and clear the brain.

-- Ars Vivendi (Art of Living), by Arthur Lovell

Now, the science of Hatha Yoga rests upon the "suppression of breath," or Pranayama; to which exercise our Masters, are unanimously opposed. For what is Pranayama? Literally translated, it means the "death of (vital) breath." Prana, as said, is not Jiva, the eternal fount of life immortal: nor is it connected in any way with Pranava, as some think, for Pranava is a synonym of AUM in a mystic sense. As much as has ever been taught publicly and clearly about it is to be found in "Nature's Finer Forces." If such directions, however, are followed, they can only lead to black magic and mediumship. Several impatient Chelas, whom we knew personally in India, went in for the practice of Hatha Yoga, notwithstanding our warnings. Of these, two developed consumption, of which one died; others became almost idiotic; another committed suicide; and one developed into a regular Tantrika, a black magician, but his career, fortunately for himself, was cut short by death.

The science of the five breaths, the moist, the fiery, the airy, etc., etc., has a twofold significance and two applications. The Tantrikas take it literally, as relating to the regulation of the vital, lung breath, whereas the ancient Raja Yogis understood it as referring to the mental or "will" breath, which alone leads to the highest clairvoyant powers, to the function of the Third Eye and the acquisition of the true Raja Yoga occult powers. The difference between the two is enormous. The former, as shown, use the five lower Tatwas; the latter begin by using the three higher alone, for mental and will development, and the rest only when they have completely mastered the three; hence, they use only one (Akasa Tatwa) out of the Tantric five. As well said in the above stated work, "Tatwas are the modifications of Swara." Now, the Swara is the root of all sound, the substratum of the Pythagorean music of the spheres, Swara being that which is beyond spirit, in the modern acceptation of the word, the spirit within spirit, or as very properly translated, the "current of the life-wave," the emanation of the One Life. The Great Breath spoken of in volume I of the Secret Doctrine is ATMA, the etymology of which is "eternal motion." Now while the ascetic-chela of our school, for his mental development, follows carefully the process of the evolution of the Universe, that is, proceeds from universals to particulars, the Hatha Yogi reverses the conditions and begins by sitting for the suppression of his (vital) breath. And if, as Hindu philosophy teaches, at the beginning of cosmic evolution, "Swara threw itself into the form of Akasa," and thence successively into the forms of Vayu (air), Agni (fire), Apas (water), and Prithivi (solid matter), then it stands to reason that we have to begin by the higher supersensuous Tatwas. The Raja Yogi does not descend on the planes of substance beyond Sukshma (subtle matter); while the Hatha Yogi develops and uses his powers only on the material plane. Some Tantrikas locate the three Nadis: Sushumna, Ida and Pingala, in the medulla oblongata, the central line of which they call Sushumna, and the right and left divisions, Pingala and Ida, and also in the heart, to the divisions of which they apply the same names. The Trans-Himalayan school of the ancient Indian Raja Yogis, with which the modern Yogis of India have little to do, locates Sushumna, the chief seat of these three Nadis, in the central tube of the spinal cord, and Ida and Pingala on its left and right sides. Sushumna is the Brahmada. It is that canal (of the spinal cord), of the use of which physiology knows no more than it does of the spleen and the pineal gland. Ida and Pingala are simply the sharps and flats of that Fa of human nature, the key-note and the middle key in the scale of the septenary harmony of the principles, which, when struck in a proper way, awakens the sentries on either side, the spiritual Manas and the physical Kama, and subdues the lower through the higher. . But this effect has to be produced by the exercise of willpower, not through the scientific or trained suppression of the breath. Take a transverse section of the spinal region, and you will find sections across three columns, one of which columns transmits the volitional orders, and a second a life current of Jiva -- not of Prana, which animates the body of man -- during what is called Samadhi and like states.

He who has studied both systems, the Hatha and Raja Yoga, finds an enormous difference between the two: one is purely psycho-physiological, the other purely psycho-spiritual. The Tantrists do not seem to go higher than the six visible and known plexuses, with each of which they connect the Tatwas; and the great stress they lay on the chief of these, the Muladhara Chakra (the sacral plexus), shows the material and selfish bent of their efforts towards the acquisition of powers. Their five

Breaths and five Tatwas are chiefly concerned with the prostatic, epigastric, cardiac and laryngeal plexuses. Almost ignoring the Ajna, they are positively ignorant of the synthesizing pharyngeal plexus. But with the followers of the old school it is different. We begin with the mastery of that organ which is situated at the base of the brain, in the pharynx, and called by Western anatomists the Pituitary Body. In the series of the objective cranial organs, corresponding to the subjective Tatwic principles, it stands to the Third Eye (Pineal Gland) as Manas stands to Buddhi: the arousing and awakening of the Third Eye must be performed by that vascular organ, that insignificant little body, of which, once again, physiology knows nothing at all. The one is the Energizer of WILL, the other that of Clairvoyant Perception....

When a man is in his normal condition, an Adept can see the golden Aura pulsating in both the centres, like the pulsation of the heart, which never ceases throughout life. This motion, however, under the abnormal condition of effort to develop clairvoyant faculties, becomes intensified and the Aura takes on a stronger vibratory or swinging action. The arc of the pulsation of the Pituitary Body mounts upward, more and more, until, just as when the electric current strikes some solid object, the current finally strikes the Pineal Gland, and the dormant organ is awakened and set all glowing with the pure Auric Fire. This is the psycho-physiological illustration of two organs on the physical plane, which are, respectively, the concrete symbols of the metaphysical concepts called Manas and Buddhi. The latter, in order to become conscious on this plane, needs the more differentiated fire of Manas; but once the sixth sense has awakened the seventh, the light which radiates from this seventh sense illumines the fields of infinitude. For a brief space of time man becomes omniscient; the Past and the Future, Space and Time, disappear and become for him the Present. If an Adept, he will store the knowledge he thus gains, in his physical memory and nothing, save the crime of indulging in Black Magic, can obliterate the remembrance of it. If only a Chela, portions alone of the whole truth will impress themselves on his memory, and he will have to repeat the process for years, never allowing one speck of impurity to stain him mentally or physically, before he becomes a fully initiated Adept....

The Pineal Gland is that which the Eastern Occultist calls Devaksha, the "Divine Eye." To this day, it is the chief organ of spirituality in the human brain, the seat of genius, the magical Sesame uttered by the purified will of the mystic, which opens all the avenues of truth for him who knows how to use it.

-- The Esoteric Papers of Madame Blavatsky









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From the point we have now reached, the primordial image which contributed to the solution of the problem in Wagner's *Parsifal* is no longer hard to understand; the suffering proceeds from the tension of the opposites represented by the Grail and the power of Klingsor, the latter consisting in the possession of the holy spear. Beneath the spell of Klingsor is Kundry, the instinctive, nature-cleaving life-force which Amfortas lacks. Parsifal delivers the libido from the state of restless compulsion, because in the first place he does not succumb to her power, but in the second because he himself is detached from the Grail. Amfortas is with the Grail; whereby he suffers, because he lacks the other. Parsifal possesses naught of either; he is '*nirdvandva*', free from the opposites; hence he is also the deliverer, the bestower of healing and renewed life-force, the reconciler of the opposites, *i.e.* the light, celestial, feminine, of the Grail, and the dark, earthly, masculine, of the spear. The death of Kundry may be freely interpreted as the release of the libido from the nature-clinging, undomesticated form (the "form of the bull": compare above), which falls from her as a lifeless mould, while energy bursts forth as newly-streaming life in the glowing of the Grail.

Through his partly involuntary abstention from the opposites, Parsifal causes the damming up by which the new 'fall', *i.e.* the new manifestation of energy is made possible. One might easily be misled by the unmistakably sexual language into a one-sided interpretation, by which the union of the spear and the vessel of the Grail would merely signify a liberation of sexuality. That it is not merely a question of sexuality, the fate of Amfortas makes clear, since it was precisely his rechute to a nature-bound, brutish attitude, which was the cause of his suffering and brought about the loss of his power. His seduction by Kundry has the value of a symbolic act, which would signify that it is not sexuality that deals such wounds so much as an attitude of nature-clinging compulsion, an irresolute yielding to biological temptation. This attitude is equivalent to the supremacy of the animal

part of our psyche.

The sacrificial wound that is destined for the beast strikes the man who is overcome by the beast (for the sake of man's further development). The fundamental problem, as I have already pointed out in my book *Psychology of the Unconscious*, is not sexuality per se, but the domestication of the libido, which concerns sexuality only in so far as it is one of the most important and most dangerous forms of libido expression.

If, in the case of Amfortas and the union of spear and Grail, only the sexual problem is discerned, we reach an insoluble contradiction, since the thing that harms is also the remedy that heals. But only when we see the opposites as reconciled upon a higher plane is such a paradox either true or permissible; a realization, namely, that it is not a question of sexuality, either in this form or that, but purely a question of the attitude by which every activity, including the sexual, is regulated.

-- Psychological Types, by C.G. Jung