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Frater Achad's Magical Interpretation of

P A R Z I V A L

In THE CHALICE OF ECSTASY

POINT III.

The Redemption of the Redeemer

Gurnemanz attempts to explain this, saying: "That is Good-Friday's spell, my lord!" Whereas Parzival, reminded of the darkness of his self-crucifixion and hardly yet realizing its full significance, replies:

"Alas, that day of agony!
Now surely everything that thrives,
That breathes and lives and *lives* again
Should only mourn and sorrow?"

But *Gurnemanz* continues:

"Thou seest *it is not so*.

For:

"The sad repentant tears of sinners have here with holy rain besprinkled field and plain, and made them glow with beauty. All earthly creatures in delight at the Redeemer's trace so bright, uplift their prayers of duty. To see Him on the Cross they have no power; and so they smile upon redeemed man, who, *feeling freed*, with dread no more doth cower, through God's love-sacrifice made clean and pure. And now each meadow flower and blade perceives that mortal foot to-day it need not dread; for as the Lord in pity man did spare, and in His mercy for him bled, all men will keep with pious care, to-day a tender tread. So Trespass-pardoned Nature wakes now to her day of Innocence."

During this speech, *Kundry* has been watching *Parzival* with moist eyes and a look of beseeching, and he, now fully realizing the results of his work (for it is High Noon) remarks:

I saw my scornful mockers wither:
Now look they for forgiveness hither?

Like *blessed sweet dew a tear from thee too floweth?*
Thou weapest—see! *the landscape gloweth.*
And he kisses her softly upon the brow.

Here the “dew of pure love” begins its wondrous action which brings all to perfection. Of this it is written in Liber IV. “There is, however, a universal solvent and harmonizer, a certain dew which is so pure that a single drop of it cast into the water of the Cup will for the time being bring all perfection.

“This dew is called Love. Even in the case of human love, the whole Universe appears perfect to the man who is under its control, so it is, and much more, with the Divine Love of which it is now spoken.

“For human love is an excitement, and not a stilling of the mind; and as it is bound to the individual, only leads to greater trouble in the end.

“This Divine Love, on the contrary, is attached to no symbol. It abhors limitation, either in its intensity or in its scope.”

Here we obtain the key to the errors of both *Klingsor* and *Amfortas*; together with the true solution of the problem, as obtained by *Parzival*. For this Love leads on to ECSTASY, as the drama itself now shows us.

It is MIDDAY, and just as the Sun is then at its height and full beauty, so we find that *Parzival's* travels have led him to complete the circle of his wanderings, and in another moment, The Mountain of Salvation, like a great Ruby Jewel set in a Golden Ring, will shine out once more. Meanwhile, *Gurnemanz* and *Kundry* are seen to cover *Parzival* with the Mantle of the Grail, and he, solemnly grasping the Holy Spear and with *Kundry* at his side, prepares to follow *Gurnemanz*.

Now, as if to prove out theory that *Parzival* had completed the Circle, we find the scenery once again automatically changing, but this time from right to left. It will be remembered that on the previous occasion, when for the first time *Parzival* entered the Temple of the Grail, this change took place in the opposite direction. The passages through which they pass are similar, but as if reversed. And this time all three traverse them together as if to symbolise the Sacred Triad, the completion of which is about to take place.

As before, there are chimes of bells. (The aspirant will notice similar sounds when entering the Higher Consciousness. They are sometimes called “The Voice of the Nada.”)

Once more Time and Space are One, and the Tableau of the Everpresent Here and Now appears.

Here we find Birth, Death, Life, Sorrow, Age and Youth mingled together in Harmony, Joy and Beauty. The vast Temple of the Holy Ghost - the length of which is from North to South, its breadth from East to West, and its height from Abyss to Abyss, yet which is also the BODY OF MAN—is open to our view.

There is but a faint light at first. The doors open on either side and Knights bring *Titurel's* corpse in a Coffin and *Amfortas's* wounded body on a litter. The bier is erected in the middle of the Hall, and behind it is the throne with canopy, where *Amfortas* is set down.

Then comes a train of Knights bearing the Holy Grail towards the sheltering Shrine, where it is placed as before.

Unaware of the approach of the Victorious *Parzival*, the Knights now murmur at the death of *Titurel* the honoured founder of the Order. For this death, *Amfortas* appears to have been at least partially responsible, having failed for so long a time in his office to unveil the Grail. Yet he, having lost the Sacred Spear—the Higher Will—entrusted to him by his Father, and having found the human will quite unable to take Its place, has in the meanwhile suffered awful tortures through this failure to fulfil his true Purpose.

The Knights, in despair, press towards *Amfortas* and demand that he—this once—unveil the shrine and do his office. Whereat, *Amfortas* in an ECSTASY OF FEAR, springs up and throws himself among the Knights—who draw back—while he cries:

No!—No more!—Ha!

Already is death glooming round me,
And shall I yet again return to life?

Insanity!

What one in life can yet stay me?
Rather I bid ye slay me!