

## Southwest Journey

### *The Occult Southwest ~ A Mystery Drama*

#### Cast, In Order of Appearance

Joanna Matthews, Playwright, Researcher

Danny Gonzalez, Occult Researcher

Joanna's Double

The Triad of I's: Imagination, Inspiration, Intuition

Brunnen von Christ, Spiritual Guide. *Rudolf Steiner, Fount of Christ.*

Joanna's Angel, for Mercury-Raphael

Atlas, Powerful Elemental Being, Elemental Guide

A Little Imp. *A Child.*

The Triad of the North American National Spirit

Lucifer, Fire

Ahriman, Ice

Luminous Hummingbird, Spiritual Being. *Christus verus Luciferus.*

**Time and Place:** Autumn, 2005. Spiritual World; Joanna's small adobe home by the Rio Grande River, near Espanola, New Mexico.

**Set:** The abstracted set is the same for all three plays of the trilogy. There is a concave-shaped, translucent, curtain-like backdrop that covers the entire upstage area. Three subtle, barely visible openings in the backdrop, at right, left and center, provide entrances and exits onto a platform. The platform is longest at the upstage area, with two sections winging out at right and left. Near the front edge of one of these sections is an opening for Atlas's sub-earthly entrances and exits. Steps at intervals or descending molded layers lead onto the stage below, where all the simplistic scenes are arranged. Lights, shapes, landscapes, colors, atmospheric moods, etc. play upon the backdrop throughout the dramas and should at times fully obscure the entrances. These subtle, slowly-changing colors, scenes and images that play upon the backdrop are indicated in the directions when essential, but are also open to directorial interpretation.

**Scene:** The simplistic, somewhat abstracted, southwest interior scene remains the same for the entire first drama. Joanna's adobe home is modest, with touches of Native American and Spanish decor. A table and two chairs at stage right (the actor's right); a chair dramatically situated by itself, left of center, uniquely lit. On the table are some books, notebooks, and a lap-top computer.

**At Rise:** *Joanna Matthews* is seen at the table, searching the internet on the computer. She is 62 years old, but is still youthful in appearance and movement; her hair is only lightly touched with silver-gray. Of average height and appearance and slim, she wears a shirt with an open western-style vest, a long skirt, and boots. The boots are attractive, but have some dust and dried mud on them.

*She looks up suddenly from her work, startled, as though she has seen someone or some movement at the empty chair. Slowly she rises and crosses to the chair, touching it fondly.*

**Joanna:** He flew out of my memory and into my consciousness so suddenly, as though on swift, strong wings. (*She places her hand over her heart.*) And... deeply into my feeling life. Oh, I remember the moments, the powerful and overwhelming Love, almost unbearable. The arms folded across the chest, the spirit gaze steady, deep and penetrating. If I could have fully seen the Light surrounding him, what might it have done to my unprepared eyes? Why do I remember now? It's been a long time. And I still don't understand. Why? Why me? My unworthiness shamed me then, and does now....

*She returns to her work, but is unable to concentrate.*

Brunnen von Christ... Fount of Christ. How many years since I stepped back decisively onto the lonely path that is my life, wanting to free him from any further responsibility for me? And I recall the thoughts that were his words: "I don't wish you to free me; I want to remain with you." Words spoken as though out of my own will, out of myself and yet... not myself. And he has always been near; I've sensed him near. Sometimes a lofty Spirit Being, incomprehensibly expanded; other times, contracted, a warm human being, and not without humor. Little seems lost since his life. He traverses many planes and spheres beyond, even the dark borderlands, in service to God, and I think he must be master of them all.

*Danny Gonzalez is heard, off.*

**Danny:** Jo! Joanna!

**Joanna:** (*Rising to greet him*) Come in, Danny.

*Danny enters from the left. He has dark hair and eyes; he is of Native American and Spanish descent. Of medium height, he is stocky and physically strong in appearance. He wears a plaid shirt, a light jacket, and blue jeans over boots; he is carrying two pamphlets and a notebook.*

**Danny:** I wanted to return your materials, and is this a good time to review some of our work?

**Joanna:** Certainly time could not be better spent than on our book.

**Danny:** *The Occult Southwest...* yes, I think I like that title. Short and to the point. I'm very impressed with your work, but have just a few questions. *(He gives the pamphlets to Joanna, but retains the notebook.)* Especially about this...

**Joanna:** What is that?

**Danny:** I think you gave me this notebook by mistake.

**Joanna:** Yes, I did. How careless of me!... *(Danny gives her the notebook and she puts the materials on the table.)*

**Danny:** Hey, every time I visit, the place looks better than it did before. Amazing what you've done. The old adobe's stood neglected for years.

**Joanna:** How intimately I understand that after all my renovations! And it's still not done. I was lucky to have acquired it at all, though, what with the cost of adobes these days, especially near the river, and with all the old cottonwood trees. How I love them.

**Danny:** Today I'm going to help clear overgrowth on the river banks. Listen... Listen to the song of the Rio Grande. The rains have refreshed and deepened it. You know, during the drought I actually walked across it one day, over near Embudo.

**Joanna:** So did I. It was sad.

**Danny:** But before I join the restoration work... the book's on my mind.

**Joanna:** It's on my mind, too. Let's sit down.

*They both sit down at the table.*

**Danny:** I especially liked the poetic maturity that is so obvious between your first drama about J. Robert Oppenheimer, and the more recent portrayal of him.

**Joanna:** A time span of about 31 years. Unbelievable.

**Danny:** I think the scene should be included in the book, it's a good way to introduce some difficult subjects. Yet the portrayal seems somewhat sympathetic.

**Joanna:** I believe it's accurate. It's what he would have said and how he would have acted at the time, just after the A-bomb test.

**Danny:** Weren't all those scientists and others who built the bomb black magicians in prior lives? Initiates of evil?

**JoAnna:** Possibly, but how could I have revealed that without knowing it beyond doubt? Instead, there are allusions. What is beyond doubt is how they were manipulated by evil.

**Danny:** Another question: Oppenheimer says that he only dabbled in communism. As is known today, that's not true. He was a communist, and he gave away atomic secrets to the Russians, which makes him a traitor as well.

**Joanna:** What's known today may not be true. And he could be lying. He denied being a communist to his dying day; he would have denied it at the time of the scene.

**Danny:** He was a tragic figure, even in appearance... I can think of few subjects more important for Americans to understand than this time period, and our beautiful northern New Mexico is still the plutonium pit of the world, up at Los Alamos.

**Joanna:** It seems to me that the true American spiritual aspirant cannot avoid a painful confrontation with these hideous events. And every American today, aspirant or not, must still grapple with the consequences, as you say.

**Danny:** *(He rises, allowing his movements to energize his thinking.)* But should you assert that every aspirant without exception must confront this?

**Joanna:** I make no assertions that are beyond dispute. Again, how could I know beyond doubt? I try to use words carefully because my knowledge is not perfect, neither the outer historic nor the spiritual.

**Danny:** Of course the idea is not original, the idea that consciousness should descend into this so-called pit that was torn open by the A-bomb test - descend down through the nine sub-earthly spiritual realms. Many anthroposophists have been working with this idea.

**Joanna:** Which originally comes from Rudolf Steiner, who said the descent would be impossible without Christ. Also, consider Dante's *Inferno*. His descent with Virgil begins "on Good Friday in the year of our Lord 1300."

**Danny:** I've been meaning to read *The Divine Comedy*, for about the past twenty years now.

**Joanna:** I wouldn't postpone it any longer. But let's talk about your chapters for the book.

**Danny:** Ah, yes. I suppose you could say I've started... The southwest is not essentially different from other areas of the country, but the planet Saturn is predominant, and dark forces, forces of hardening or ossification and death are powerful. Mexico and the United States are geographically similar here, and from this one factor alone we must consider the archaic Mexican influence: black magic. It's no mystery that the priest-initiates obtained their powers of spiritual perception and control through human sacrifice and death and that these dark deeds still vibrate in the spiritual atmosphere of America and are the cause of much contemporary violence and moral decadence. So the primal archetypal battle between Light and darkness, good and evil, play out likewise in the southwest theater, enhanced by Saturn and the natural geomagnetic forces that stream up from the sub-earthly realms - from Dante's *Inferno*. When either conscious or unconscious evil intent is mixed into this cauldron the consequences can be of cosmic proportions, witness: the A-bomb and the inverse trinity. In our time - not so far removed from 1945 - we have the hidden nefarious activities: satanism, cattle mutilation, disappearances of children and youth, mysterious lights, and much of the UFO activity.

**Joanna:** Why the cattle mutilation?

**Danny:** Not a pleasant topic. Ahriman or Satan and his disciples are seeking to tear the instinctual or reproductive life out of beasts and out of humanity.

**Joanna:** Why?

**Danny:** Attempts are being made to re-create human beings so that the present physical bodies become hardened for all eternity, cutting humanity - us - off from our intended higher evolution.

**Joanna:** Now it's my turn to ask you how you can assert this?

**Danny:** We'll have to leap over a few gaps, I must admit.

**Joanna:** And the UFO activity that accompanies the cattle mutilation? The mysterious lights? Especially in the San Luis Valley?

**Danny:** Forces of reproduction are also a possible means for powering the UFO technology. Sympathetic vibratory physics - Love, goodness and morality - may someday empower the new technology. But you see, the evil beings do not have such empowering sources as Love, goodness and morality. Some UFO beings are actually good, however. And we need to consider the good that can come from these realities if we're to confront and transform them. The higher technologies should become the possessions of humanity, for use on the path of our rightful evolution. Americans especially have the mission of converting these dark powers to the good.

**Joanna:** The essential good realized from all the forces of ossification and death is clear consciousness.

**Danny:** The American National Spirit utilizes the geomagnetic forces by combining clear intellect with the naturally strong will of its peoples. One result is that genuine spiritual perception can come in the form of solid concrete images that are carried down with near visual perfection from the world of archetypes. To the strong will and the intellect is added the new spiritual element: the consciousness soul. It's a fact that today Americans are unavoidably working on themselves in one way or another, even if they won't go near anything esoteric or occult. And the British, too, and others, of course.

**Joanna:** And don't overlook the American heart.

**Danny:** Strong as ever, yes. Now let's see, what else was I going to mention? Oh, yes, Saturn and the southwest. I've learned that in sacred geometry Earth and Saturn's relative orbits and sizes can be given by a fifteen-point star, which also by the way gives the earth's axial tilt. It so happens that the house of the great kiva -

**Joanna:** The one over in Aztec?

**Danny:** Yes. Viewed from above it's circular in form and has an inner and an outer circle. The inner circle is actually a concentric ring of 15 arc-shaped rooms. But most importantly, it nearly describes the axial tilt of the earth. So the ancients knew of the size relationships between Saturn and Earth, the significance of the number fifteen, and the earth's axial tilt.

**Joanna:** Perhaps those ruins were not so incorrectly named after all: Aztec.

**Danny:** Evil was likely the keeper of cosmic knowledge then, yes. Well... this completes the summary of my contributions so far. Overwhelmed?

**Joanna:** Yes.

**Danny:** So am I. But - no, not today. Today I refuse to be overwhelmed any longer. I'm going to help clear the river banks.

*Joanna rises.*

**Danny:** (*Looking at the notebook on the table*) Oh, by the way, can I ask you a question, from the notebook?

**Joanna:** Perhaps.

**Danny:** I didn't read it all, only the first few pages. I realized you'd given it to me by mistake. But, please, tell me, who is this Brunnen? Some one you know? Obviously someone you love. You've never spoken to me about him.

**Joanna:** He's a spiritual guide.

**Danny:** Really? How long... I mean, your whole life?

**Joanna:** From the time I was thirty, though in a less perfect form. My

relationship with him really blossomed and matured when I was 39. That is, I understood him better. I realized who... I'm not accustomed to talking about it...

**Danny:** Forgive me for asking.

**Joanna:** I appreciate the fact that you didn't read the entire notebook.

**Danny:** Well, don't give it to me again! Don't tempt my curiosity twice. (*He starts to exit, then stops*) Can we talk about this Brunnen again? I mean, perhaps you wanted to share it with someone? Perhaps that's why you gave me the notebook by mistake?

**Joanna:** (*Smiling*) I'll think about it.

**Danny:** Good. Take care, lady.

*Danny exits left.*

**Joanna:** Brunnen... (*She picks up a book from the table, Dante's Divine Comedy, and opens it to a bookmarked page. At first she reads from the book, then it becomes clear that she has no further need to read, as she knows the passage by heart.*) The Sphere of the Sun, Canto XI, Dante's *Paradiso*.

"And from within the splendor that had spoken  
to me before," - St. Thomas - "I heard him, as he smiled -  
become more radiant, more pure - begin:

Even as I grow bright within Its rays,  
so, as I gaze at the Eternal Light,  
I can perceive your thoughts and see their cause.  
You are in doubt; you want an explanation  
in language that is open and expanded,  
so clear that it contents your understanding  
of two points: where I said, 'They fatten well,'  
and where I said, 'No other ever rose' -  
and here one has to make a clear distinction.  
The Providence that rules the world with wisdom  
so fathomless that creatures' intellects  
are vanquished and can never probe its depth,  
so that the Bride of Him who, with loud cries,



had wed her with His Blessed Blood, might meet  
her Love with more fidelity and more  
assurance in herself, on her behalf  
commanded that there be two princes, one  
on this side, one on that side, as her guides.  
One prince was all seraphic in his ardor;  
the other, for his wisdom, had possessed  
the splendor of cherubic light on earth.  
I shall devote my tale to one, because  
in praising either prince one praises both:  
the labors of the two were toward one goal."

"...he wed her, day by day he loved her more.  
She was bereft of her first husband; scorned,  
obscure, for some eleven hundred years,  
until that sun came, she had had no suitor.

...But so that I not tell my tale too darkly, you  
may now take Francis and take Poverty  
to be the lovers meant in my recounting."

*Joanna's Double appears suddenly at the left and crosses to her left. The Double looks like Joanna and is dressed exactly the same.*

**Double:** Do you believe that poetry from the 1300's describes your own experiences?

**Joanna:** It most decidedly does. The Providence that rules the world with wisdom -

**Double:** Consider what a high opinion this gives you of yourself.

**Joanna:** But you remind me always to have humility, to be aware of my unworthiness.

**Double:** How much have I really revealed to you? Don't you see the veil that covers me? That much is veiled from you.

**Joanna:** I see no veil because I see you fully.

**Double:** So you believe. You have not been granted full knowledge of your past.

**Joanna:** Enough to work on you - on myself. That's why you resemble me.

**Double:** I'm here to warn you, and you must take my warning very seriously.

**Joanna:** Something of spiritual significance is about to occur...

**Double:** Yes, and there are great dangers.

**Joanna:** Whatever is about to occur, work with me, not against me.

**Double:** Work with you? You wouldn't be alive on the earth if it weren't for me. You never would have survived. Too much lamb and not enough wolf. Did you hear him last night? The Elemental. He spoke out of your cervical spine, the top part of it. His name is Atlas. He said: "The moveable sword in the stone haunts me." And he said: "It is V-shaped, the Demon." He's your personal Elemental, and he stands very high in the elemental kingdom. You wouldn't normally deserve him, but he loves Brunnen.

**Joanna:** Atlas?... Why are you telling me this?

**Double:** Didn't you hear him? As you were drifting off to sleep?

**Joanna:** Yes, but I thought it was you.

**Double:** Me? The sword in the stone perhaps. But I would never have told you about the V-shaped Demon.

**Joanna:** What does it mean?

**Double:** You'll have to answer that for yourself. Brunnen will help you.

*The **Double** exits left. Feeling the stress of the encounter and suddenly weary, Joanna sits down at the table and closes her eyes.*

*From the three upstage entrances, the **Triad of I's** appear: **Imagination, Inspiration and Intuition**. They are feminine and from the realm of the Angels. **Imagination** wears a deep-red gown with a green veil; **Inspiration** wears a gown of opal iridescence with a*

*white veil; **Intuition** wears a magenta gown and a violet veil.*

**Imagination:**

I, Imagination, formed the pictures in your mind,  
When he first bonded his Love to your youth.  
Deep with color they were, and with deep intent aligned.  
His stance, form and smile all spoke of Truth,  
Before one word your thoughts caressed.  
If you erred or hesitated, he never held himself aloof,  
But only Love for you professed.  
When at length he came alive within your soul,  
Only the deepest feelings could be expressed.

**Inspiration:**

I, Inspiration, with thoughts and words perform my role.  
When he speaks to you through the Light-filled air,  
The full heart and the strong will are his goal,  
For out of this fullness you can share  
In what he wishes to impart to you.  
Then, speak for him with tender care.  
In the event a misunderstanding should ensue,  
This cannot endure and fades to naught,  
Then he the vessel with Life and Truth can imbue.

**Intuition:**

I, Intuition, assisted him who taught  
How two can become one, fulfilling the Deed  
Of perfect union, serving God, with Love caught  
For higher purpose, not merely meeting need.  
Swiftly up through the spiral form She rises,  
Sweetly touching all the centers, Heaven to heed.  
Myriad awakenings bring their surprises,  
Yet your faithfulness is secure.  
The union, sealed, allows no further surmises.

**Imagination:**

The Higher Guardian commanded you endure  
Poverty and hardship in your bliss.  
For were your outer life easy, thus impure,  
Inner balance would suffer, would be amiss.  
I brought you visions of Francis to indicate  
How he for Lady Poverty did all worldliness dismiss.  
Thus, your life, your drama, these two did emulate.  
While he warmed you with the mantle of his Love,  
Acquaintances could only coldly speculate.

### **Inspiration:**

You desired to free him, who was above,  
During the years of work with illness and death.  
Yet how could you release the dove?  
Each night he gazed into your breath  
And read there what each day had yielded:  
Joy or sorrow, Wisdom or wraith.  
But for the strength your free will wielded,  
He might have spared you tears and pain.  
He from dark and dreaded grossness you shielded.

### **Intuition:**

When the southwest became Providence's aim,  
His eyes gazed through yours at the grandeur  
Of the mountains and the valleys that had lain  
For aeons within Nature's protective ardor.  
America the beautiful, incomprehensibly vast,  
Skies violet and gold and flaming red and azure.  
Upon all that you saw his own eyes were cast.  
Ever beside you, ever near, always.  
Imbued with Christ, Love eternally will last.

*The Triad of I's exit. Joanna puts her head down on the table and goes to sleep. The lights fade out, lastly and slowly on the empty chair.*

*The lights fade slowly up, first on the chair. Brunnen von Christ is now sitting in the chair, looking at Joanna, who is still asleep. Wearing a dark suit with a large silk bow flowing down from the collar, white shirt and polished black shoes, he appears to be from*

*another time. His hair is dark, thick and rather long; one unmanageable strand wants always to fall over the forehead. His dark eyes are large and express great depth and subtlety of thought and perception. On the third finger of his right hand he wears a gold ring in which is set a ruby gem. Joanna wakens and sits up, looking at Brunnen.*

**Brunnen:** *(Smiling and gesturing upwards)* Grusse vom Paradies, Joanna.  
*("Greetings from Paradise")*

**Joanna:** *(Standing)* Brunnen von Christ?...

**Brunnen:** It is I, no other.

**Joanna:** Should I still see you as you appeared in your lifetime?...

**Brunnen:** How else might you see me? Would Light alone content you?

**Joanna:** If I could gaze fully at your radiance.

**Brunnen:** *(He stands and extends his arms lovingly toward her)* Come to me, Joanna.

*She crosses to him like iron to a magnet, and he embraces her as a parent would a child. For several moments they hold themselves in this embrace, then she kisses his ring, and he releases and looks at her.*

**Brunnen:** Silver in your hair now, but still quick and youthful. *(He notices the computer on the table)* Ahhh! What is that?

**Joanna:** That's my computer. It's the internet.

**Brunnen:** Ah yes, the internet. Go to it, Joanna, please, so that I may see it.

*Joanna sits down at the table in front of the computer and Brunnen stands directly behind her and looks at the screen with utmost interest.*

**Brunnen:** I should have had this in my time. I would have loved it. I did foresee it. Consider how much more I could have accomplished with this ahrimanic magic. Please, enter in: Trevor James Constable.

**Joanna:** How can I type, how can I think, when you overwhelm me with Love

like this?

*Brunnen* kisses the top of her head.

**Brunnen:** Trevor James Constable. (*Joanna types*) The thoughts we observe about him concern his etheric rain engineering operations utilizing the etheric formative forces. Amazing! He is actually doing it. Not in full measure, that should not be - not yet - but only a beginning.

**Joanna:** (*Reads*) "It is the chemical ether that is technically accessed during ethereal rain engineering operations... chemical ether has in reality a tone and sound nature of which sensible sound, or tone heard by the physical ear, is only an outward expression - that is, an expression which has passed through the air as a medium." And look at this: "Fortified by the knowledge of the shapes of the four ethers, the ufologist will be able to read correctly the signs in the skies... Rudolf Steiner showed us how to get to where the UFO's and their controlling intelligences already are. We have to do the job ourselves. We do it in freedom. The UFO's have confronted us with the need to change ourselves."

**Brunnen:** Bravo!

**Joanna:** You're all over the internet.

**Brunnen:** Good for information and the intellect. But harmful for the development of Imagination and Inspiration. Like television and film, the internet must be both used and resisted, especially resisted.

**Joanna:** Is there anything else you would like me to search for?

**Brunnen:** Oh yes, but we do not have eternity for this. We must begin the work for which I have been permitted to re-appear so - concretely - and significantly in your life. Bring your chair over by mine, Joanna.

*(Joanna picks up her chair and they both cross to left of center. Joanna places her chair downstage left of Brunnen's and arranges the chairs so that they both face one another slightly, but are also open to the action that will occur upstage. They sit down and Brunnen takes both of Joanna's hands in his own.)*

**Brunnen:** There must first be a recapitulation of all that we went through during the winter solstice of 1981. You were not then able to fully perceive or

understand all that was happening to us. But now you have greater maturity, greater powers. Your time on earth since that winter has not been wasted. When the recapitulation is completed, we'll begin our new tasks.

**Joanna:** Will I again be able to see Mercury and Raphael? Oh, but I didn't see them; I sensed their presence. Raphael announced his Name to me. Mercury... for a long time I confused him with yourself.

**Brunnen:** Me, Mercury? What an embarrassment for me, my child. My brothers in Heaven still find it amusing, especially when you turned eyes of Love onto that statue at the National Gallery. But fortunately you soon realized that I was not Mercury. I'm afraid you still cannot see Mercury directly at this time, nor Raphael. But, believe me, they are about to appear...

**Joanna:** How?

**Brunnen:** Your good Angel... *(He puts his finger to his lips, as a silent "Shhhhh."*  
*They both turn and look toward the upstage platform)*

*Joanna's Angel enters upstage center. He will speak for Mercury-Raphael. He wears flowing robes of yellow-silver-white iridescence and holds the Staff of Mercury (with two entwined serpents spiraling to globe and wings above) reverently in one arm.*

**Angel:**

I shall speak first, humanly, of Mercury's swift wings,  
For the Messenger brought the seals  
That permitted the exchange of rings:  
Rings round the crowns, the hands and the wheels,  
Set in motion by God's Desire.  
Light illumines, Wisdom uplifts, and Love feels.  
So the hearts were filled with Holy Fire;  
The entwined two rose up to the Eye of One.  
Never of worldly vision did this One tire.

Raphael then took his staff, all newly spun  
Of strange new worlds and sights and sounds,  
New paths for journeying he had won.  
He perceived that illness knew no bounds  
In mankind's illusory and artificial layers

Of effect upon effect in endless rounds.  
He cried to the Cosmos in mighty prayers  
And drew scarce hope from physicians below,  
Fattened in their professions, and without cares.

Yet the Sacrifice did new springs bestow;  
Raphael regained his mission during May.  
Through the Resurrection he was all aglow,  
And led his servants along the earthly way.  
Wondrous had been his Revelation;  
Heaven was on Earth 'midst all the fray.  
His Angels sang crescendos of Love for Salvation.  
They continued or set anew upon their tasks,  
Placing lamps of peace and hope within the conflagration.

I, Joanna's Angel, led her to achieve what Raphael asks  
For flowing of the fount of healing.  
She assisted experts on the spine whose flasks  
Were full of chemicals for artificial sealing.  
Rarely do they dream of Love's power to lessen pain,  
The Heavenly Wand but rarely roused their feeling.  
She alone was aware of what God had lain  
Through music into the glorious wind and stringed instrument,  
The spine whose nerves and senses hum their earthly refrain.

*The Angel hesitates before exiting, then addresses Joanna directly.*

Remember my sagest and most relevant advice to you, dearest one -  
It's always more than we think!

*The Angel exits.*

**Joanna:** How very beautiful.

**Brunnen:** And there was a personal message for you, at the end?

**Joanna:** My Angel said that to me, through a young hiker, after I had gone down Sandia Peak on a mountain bike.

**Brunnen:** You didn't?...



*Atlas is heard from underneath the platform.*

**Atlas:** Yes, she did!

**Joanna:** Who is that?

**Brunnen:** That's Atlas, the Elemental. You're finally to meet him. I'll advise you, from time to time, as to protocol. First, we'd better stand. *(They both stand up)*

*Atlas's head appears from the opening. His unruly hair is shoulder-length; his forehead is low. His eyes are large, dark and piercing.*

**Atlas:** She gave us all a fit. And we had to keep two lions and a bear away from her. She didn't even know there were wild animals up there on the mountain.

*After putting a golden crown on his head - which he obviously does not like - Atlas climbs fully out of the opening. He is short, solid and very strong. He wears earth-colored garments that suggest the "strong man's" traditional tunic. After standing up on the platform he removes the crown and throws it back down into the opening.*

**Atlas:** Bah! Enough of that!

*Atlas descends down onto the stage.*

**Atlas:** You may both sit down. Now... But where's my scroll? *(Booming)* Where's my scroll?!!

*A Little Imp, holding the scroll, runs (or tumbles) in from the right. He gives the scroll to Atlas, then crosses to Brunnen and pulls up his socks.*

**Imp:** And Rudolf Steiner stops to pull up his socks!

**Atlas:** Enough!

*The Imp runs or cartwheels off.*

**Atlas:** Hhhrrmpff!... And she gave me a fit, too, moving out to the desert the way she did. I am generally associated with temperate climates, not deserts.

However, thanks to one particular Saguaro, I managed to adjust. As to the business at hand... You, sir, (*bowing respectfully to Brunnen*) in regard to your request, present no problem. I am honored to assist one who has brought, by his great deeds, so much joy and healing light to our kingdoms.

**Brunnen:** Not I, but Christ in me.

**Atlas:** May the Lord and our Mother bless you always, sir. She, however, (*frowning at Joanna*) is another matter. We shall see by the scroll whether she has earned enough merits to be permitted passage.

**Brunnen:** I am to be her guide.

**Atlas:** That decidedly works in her favor! (*He opens the scroll and peruses it as he addresses Joanna*) Most of your life has been lived in the city as an artist. We have too many artists!

**Brunnen:** There can never be enough artists whose work is objective, whose work speaks of higher worlds.

**Atlas:** True, we have very few of those. Here, I see, were several years spent in poverty, with the poor, and in agricultural communities. Good! Hmm... in hospitals, in social work, but with salary. Low salary. (*He ponders the scroll, then abruptly rolls it back up*) Had you not spent the past few years working with the river and the land for earth's renewal, you could not have received my assistance. As it stands, I shall help you.

**Joanna:** Thank you...

**Atlas:** Any questions?

*Brunnen looks significantly at Joanna.*

**Joanna:** Yes, sir. What did you mean by: "The moveable sword in the stone haunts me." And what did you mean by: "It is V-shaped, the Demon."

**Atlas:** Good, good. By the first I meant that this gentleman, in a prior life, helped to place an altar permanently in a gem-laden cavern of the earth. Near the altar is a stone, and in this stone he placed a sword. What haunts me is that the sword, through Wisdom and courage, is not removed often enough. This is not a

sword for violent use. It is a sword of the Word.

**Brunnen:** Nevertheless, a two-edged sword.

**Atlas:** Exactly. Now, the V-shaped Demon... They bore down into the earth, and into the darkness of all receptive souls and bodies. The nine sub-earthly regions, although vast in size, are V-shaped; they do get somewhat narrower towards the bottom. Total evil is still relatively rare.

Now to other matters... It has been explained to me that you, Ma'am, do not yet fully understand what happened to you during the winter solstice of 1981. At that time, he, with the help of Mercury, Raphael and the Angels, emerged out of what had been your youth's Spirit Guide and fully revealed himself to you. In addition, the Triad of the American National Spirit was present, but you were unaware of it. I will explain, for my part, all that I can.

**Joanna:** As the good Angels have done.

**Atlas:** When the walls of your humble dwelling melted away, you too were in danger of melting away from any effective connection with the world. However, I and yet another Angel, Earth Angel, intervened on your behalf. She gave you specific instructions.

**Joanna:** I recall them.

**Atlas:** Had you failed to accomplish any one of them, that might have been the end of your life. You see, it is very difficult for human beings to live a normal life after such events. They don't want to live in the everyday world; they want to be in Paradise. Or they go out of their way to have painful experiences, which is abnormal, although it's true: only through pain can human beings develop. At best, only a short life is possible. I, Atlas, gave you the strength to bear up under your experiences, to remain fully connected with the earth, and to fulfill your own personal karma as well as the Heavenly mission.

**Joanna:** I owe you a great deal.

**Atlas:** *(Smiling broadly)* We're not finished yet. *(He quickly frowns again, sensing a change in the atmosphere)* Wait a moment... the American Spirit is near... I'm out of here! They'll put me - me! - to work in the salt mines! *(He jumps back up on the platform)* *Hasta la Vista!* See you in the hinterlands.

*He quickly exits through the opening. Lights on the backdrop intensify and deepen. At stage right they are blue, and at stage left they are red. A single, mournful drum can be heard.*

**Brunnen:** (*Rising*) Joanna, do you agree, of your own free will, to expand your consciousness and follow me, who follows Him, through the Descent and the Resurrection of the Second Coming?

**Joanna:** Yes.

**Brunnen:** Do you agree, of your own free will, to continue serving your country and her peoples, and so all of humanity?

**Joanna:** Yes.

**Brunnen:** (*Gesturing for Joanna to rise and take his hands*) This time you will perceive the Triad. Do not be afraid. (*He draws a half-circle around her head and upper body*) I and the Angels protect you. Were you not protected you would be utterly crushed by them, for Nation Spirits are Archangels, and they work with Archai. You will perceive the Triad as human beings because the American Spirit is able to project a concrete image of himself as he wishes to be seen. This is due to America's unique and pristine form of materialism. But they are not human, and despite the fact that the feminine being of the Triad holds language within her powers, they also do not speak. You will be able to hear and understand them only through your Angel's intervention. The Triad are three separate beings, but they function as one. Theirs is a very complex Triad of normal, progressive and retarding forces, for America is extremely diverse. Now I shall invoke the Spirit.

*Thunder can be heard as though in the distance, and the drums increase in volume.*

### **Brunnen's Invocation to the American Spirit:**

Despite the wealth of the United States, despite her power,  
She is not the center of the world.

Before this mighty nation, others should not cower;

Like flags, their own strengths must be unfurled.

Europe must still maintain the central position;

The east must not towards American ways be hurled.

America will achieve her sacred acquisition

When she concedes to the Genius of other nations.  
Only then, and not before, will she fulfill her mission.

O, Spirit of America, again we invoke your ministrations  
In the service of our Divine Calling.  
May you grant yet further dispensations  
For your subject's journey, as many are falling  
Into the abysmal, infernal pit below.  
Tragic decrees in the millions are appalling.  
Upon her, who quietly serves, may you bestow  
Permission for her spiritual leave.  
Describing our journey, her descriptive pen will flow.

*The mournful drums further increase in volume, accompanied by the thunder. After a few moments, a figure enters slowly from the stage right entrance. He is a tall, fully-armed Warrior of the Revolutionary era. Secondly, a tall woman enters from the stage left entrance. She wears a long, white gown, has a wreath of olive leaves in her hair, and carries a small torch lamp. Lastly, the principal National Spirit enters at the center. He is the tallest of the three; everything about him is large and fierce. His hair is flowing and pure white and his eyes are dark and piercing. His features and expressions are like an eagle, at times almost ferocious; at other times, softer and twinkling. He wears a long black cape of the Revolutionary era, tied at the shoulder over a suit of red, white and blue. Thunder increases in volume.*

**National Spirit:** (*Booming*) Who says that my nation is not the strength of the world?!

**Brunnen:** Your mighty limbs are the strength of the world, but not the center. The center is of lighter weight; it is the fulcrum.

**National Spirit:** I do not dissent from the point you have so boldly made. State again, as you did before, your spiritual authority.

**Brunnen:** Micha-El, who serves Christ.

**National Spirit:**

Mine too is the power to make uniform the diversity;  
To draw together the varied into the whole.  
Thereby do my peoples overcome the adversity

Of their differences and their religion's role  
In the unseen harmonious functioning of the States.  
Upon our precious peace, freedom takes its toll,  
For in this very freedom evil awaits  
Its opportunity to seize the peace,  
And subject it to increasingly violent fates.

Common cause and common sense can release  
The great tensions of fantasy-bound liberality,  
So that strength and goodness in the heart can increase  
The strength of our nation in its totality.  
Perversities arise from freedom's gifts.  
Millions of immature voices would change reality  
To pursue, not happiness, but self-indulgence in their lazy drifts.  
My country is a platform for every fool  
Who, not having his way, cries of earthly shifts.

**Warrior:**

Lest the perverse, dark and evil forces rule,  
Both from within and abroad attacking,  
I founded the formidable military school  
That dreamers and accusers want to see slacking.  
Yet my power, my reality, will never abate  
So long as courage and righteousness are lacking.  
True, my forces the darker forces infiltrate  
And serve to hold back the True Way.  
Tragically, the majority have no recourse but to wait.

**National Spirit:** Some in hell!

**Liberty:**

Offerings of diversity and freedom does Liberty lay  
Upon the sacred altar within our Nation's heart.  
The principal Spirit would naught but sameness array  
On the peoples for their folk-soul's part,  
Those within our glorious destiny infused.  
Yet I likewise hold back through my art,  
For my flowerings are perennially abused.

The Lamp of Freedom ripped from my hand,  
For greed, hatred, crime and violence perused.

**National Spirit:** Thus our voices resound to the world in contrasting tones of brilliant clarity and fathomless darkness. (*the National Spirit trains his eagle eye on Joanna, then addresses Brunnen*) The suitor again asks permission of Uncle Sam for the hand of his subject in the furtherance of their work? And for his assistance in manipulating the electro-magnetic fields?

**Brunnen:** Yes, sir.

**National Spirit:** She has served me sufficiently since the winter of 1981, and she must continue to serve. Permission and assistance are granted. There is no one physical place for entering the underworld in my country, but there will be less resistance at the *Valles Caldera* near Los Alamos, or at the *Malpais*, the large lava flow near the *Jornada del Muerto*. Trinity is carefully guarded. (*He steps back and looks outwards, as though into eternity*)

The National Spirit of the United States of America has manifested and spoken.

**Liberty:** United we stand!

**Warrior:** Woe unto those who would threaten and harm our nation!

*The mournful drums again increase in intensity and the red and blue lights dim as the Triad exits. Gradually the drums fade. Joanna, who appears to be going into a state of shock, begins to wander in a circle at center.*

**Joanna:** Jealousy... envy... hatred...

**Brunnen:** Oh, no - oh, no you don't - (*he guides her over to her chair and she sits down*) I am here, I am with you, child.

*She takes his hand, places it against her cheek, and, with deepest relief, closes her eyes. All lights fade out.*

*For several moments the stage is dark. Then, intense lights of flaming reds and oranges fade up on the stage left side of the backdrop for Lucifer's entrance. Brunnen and Joanna are not present. Lucifer enters at the stage left entrance. He wears a robe, cape and head-dress that resemble beautiful multi-colored flames arching upwards, predominantly*

*red and orange in color. His expression is lofty, his face pale and beautiful, his eyes dark and darkly penetrating.*

**Lucifer:**

109 East Palace was Lucifer's palace! -  
The Santa Fe gateway where the scientists came  
And signed their names in blood, for *my* chalice!  
Lucifer's chalice of blood, Los Alamos the name.  
Who else could have created the world's greatest fire?  
The second sunrise in the west was *my* claim.  
No others but myself and my own stoked the scientists' desire,  
Save the machinations of the two-horned ram,  
For hatred, avarice and war he does inspire.

To scientific materialists he is either the precious lamb,  
Or they deny his existence with vehement ridicule.  
We delight in pushing these fools with a hearty slam  
Through the first gateway into hell's vestibule,  
While she, death's gatekeeper, solicitously smiles.  
Too late they realize their intelligence was miniscule  
When compared to Lucifer and Ahriman's wiles.  
With the inverse trinity, the world was ours to destroy,  
Or re-design with everlasting illusory and fantastic styles.

The New Agers are Lucifer's fondest toy;  
Their fantasies never cease to amuse him;  
Their wild cosmogonies give him the greatest joy.  
To his delight their toy universes, like tops, they spin  
With dizzying, maniacal supposition.  
Costly workshops well-attended widen the guru's grin.  
Those so presumptuous as to voice opposition  
Are simply not spiritually advanced.  
Why else would they question the master's proposition?

*Intense lights of cold blues and violets fade up on the backdrop at stage right, and **Ahriman** enters. His cape, robe and head-dress are icy blue, violet and black, and suggest downward gesture with sharp ice-like fragments. From the head-dress at the low forehead issue two radiating horns, resembling the letter V. His face is grayish; his expressions frowning, bitter and sneering. His eyes and brows arch pointedly upwards, also like a V.*



*His mesmerizing eyes project great depth, intelligence and cunning.*

**Ahriman:**

False teachers and goggle-eyed followers will be lanced  
By my UFO's, my signs of fire in the skies.  
In short time they will all be entranced,  
And fall completely under the power of my lies.  
My UFO's come not from the heavens, but from the sub-earthly regions.  
Nothing rightful is intended for humanity, for Ahriman defies  
All heavenly purpose with his technologically advanced legions  
Of demons and specters and aliens and computer web spiders.  
Some day human beings will be my eighth sphere collegians!

The Father of Lies has enlisted many seemingly-benign insiders  
Into his multiple circles of grave and darkly-glorious designs.  
They cooperate, motivated by lust for power over the fence-striders,  
The dull, lukewarm, lazy, comfort-seeking millions whom Ahriman assigns  
To his work and purposes; they are not awake, neither are they aware.  
These worthless millions the solar system itself maligns,  
Consigning them after their deaths to my spheres, without care.  
The dragon will swallow the refuse with glee.  
The belly of the king will be full; his nose in the air.

I will be the hidden king of the world; I will be magic, power and mystery,  
Though my technological wonders all peoples will behold.  
Lucifer shall lend his wiles, his seductive features to me.  
Hypnotic eyes, delicate hands, an ordinary visage, yet compelling, like gold,  
Like a new opportunity on the horizon never before seen!  
Wills, instincts, minds and hearts will beg of me to be told  
Of yet further powers, of the new existence; of my own majestic queen.  
The best that is in humanity our triad will use forever!  
The three of us, empowered, on our cold, smooth, artificial, pulsating, atomic  
globe-machine.

*The lights dim somewhat on Lucifer and Ahriman, and come up on **Brunnen** as he enters the stage at right. He is now wearing a white robe.*

**Brunnen:**

Confronted with the limitless destruction of disintegrated matter,  
Americans and all humanity will enable the True Science  
To gradually emerge; never again to cause fragmentation or to shatter,  
But to build and empower, through the Chalice of Love, in brotherly alliance.  
The *Sangre de Cristo* mountains will be warmed by God's sunrise each day,  
And Love, hope and faith will arise in human souls, souls in joyful compliance.  
May the scientists recognize the union of Love and Wisdom as the only way.  
Christ will continue to redeem the lost and the fallen through His Sacrifice,  
And open the portals of Heaven on Earth, and darkness and fear allay.

I was, I am, I will be. This is the Voice of God, thrice,  
The Exalted Trinity: the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, always as it was before.  
Lucifer still gives his light and makes freedom possible, but he cannot entice  
Forever; his powers are yet diminished, despite his healings from the door  
Opened wide by cunning human agents and their mechanistic charts;  
By a universe sourced in Ahriman's teachings and egotism's degenerated core.  
Genuine spiritual teachers and a true cosmogony will always arise when hearts -  
Awakening heart eyes - gaze with wonder, reverence and devotion at the  
universe.  
An eternal eighth sphere must not materialize, not even in false starts.

The evil humanity, unwilling to cease fighting and warring, will in the end  
reverse  
Their direction and form a distinct race separate from the good.  
Their destinies will ultimately cause them to disperse  
Back into the chaos or under the hidden king's debris-strewn hood,  
A serpent's hood, covering but a vortex, a black hole, an empty void.  
In the new Heaven on Earth, all those will participate who should,  
As is written in the book: Alpha to Omega; Sun, Moon and Earth alloyed.  
Meanwhile we transubstantiate evil product for Light's moral purposes.  
The inverse forces will serve the good, even with what they presume is  
destroyed.

**Ahriman:** (*Furious*) You know my sting! You should shun me! And who does  
*not* truly know me? Those arrogant followers of yours who have ahrimanized  
your so-called society, (*sneering*) especially in America! And everything has  
centralized in America.

**Brunnen:** Europe is at the center, and will hold the balance between east and  
west. Germany will continue to recover.

**Ahriman:** Everything you achieved has been weakened and corrupted! Money speaks! They will never stop selling your lifework down the drain for any measure of profit, for any measure of worldly and self-importance!

**Brunnen:** Some are destined to fall; their contributions will not be lasting. Most will rise. They will advance themselves, others, and the evolution of consciousness.

**Lucifer:** (*Hissing in fury*) My New Ager and Ahriman's scientists do nothing but use you! They steal and distort your teachings; they write their own books and set-up their own schools. They make huge profits, which serve them and us.

**Brunnen:** And you and they in turn serve God. Lucifer and Ahriman, the resistance of you and your followers give us cause for gratitude, for it makes possible the far greater good, and thereby rightful evolution is strengthened.

*Lucifer and Ahriman exit. The red and blue lights dim, and warm golden-white lights fade up on the center of the platform.*

**Brunnen:** He is the Balance and the middle Way, the Way between the poles of Lucifer and Ahriman's extremes. He is the Way, the Truth and the Life.

*From the center entrance of the platform, **Luminous Hummingbird** enters, arms and hands raised up in greeting. **Brunnen** folds his hands in a cross over his chest, turns to face front, and is very still. **Luminous Hummingbird** resembles a ruby-throated hummingbird, although with more whiteness. His head-dress has radiating white feathers, with shimmering violet and green nuances. His gown has the same colors, except for the brilliant ruby-red feathers descending from his throat and over the upper part of his chest. Flowing gracefully out from each side of the head-dress and down to his shoulders are rich locks of black hair.*

**Luminous Hummingbird:**

We must remove the power, the sword of the Word, from the stone,  
And renew cosmic forces that have hardened within the earth.  
Of what avail the expansiveness of our Light; we cannot work alone.  
Humanity must now awaken and comprehend the rebirth.  
I will bring new powers of the Word, new forces of speech to man,  
If my descending Love is met, from America, with ascending girth

Of impassioned eagerness and devotion to the preordained plan.  
And it is done!... New forces for the Word radiate from the throat  
Of God's hummingbird in the south. So be it!... Now we have worlds to span.

*He raises his arms, but this time turns his hands, as his eyes, upwards.*

*All lights slowly fade out.*

*The lights fade up slowly on the adobe interior. From the left, Danny enters with a small box. Not seeing Joanna, he sets the box on the table. Joanna enters from the right.*

**Joanna:** Hello, Danny. How did the clearing work go?

**Danny:** We got a lot done, but I overdid it. My arms especially are sore. I know you like to collect stones, so I brought you some beautiful ones, smooth, from the river banks. Under the water for how many aeons? - and now on the Bosque.

**Joanna:** Why, thank you. For the longest time, I didn't know that the banks of the Rio Grande were called "the Bosque." I couldn't imagine what people were talking about when they used the word "Bosque."

**Danny:** Yes, that's a Spanish word meaning forest. And what we don't need during droughts is an overgrown forest.

**Joanna:** *(Lifting a stone from the box)* They're all beautiful. And look at this one. Translucent: white, gold, ochre and violet. Gold and violet, New Mexico's colors.

**Danny:** *(Sitting down at the table, as Joanna continues to look at the stones in the box)* You know, Joanna, I keep thinking about... you know, your notebook. I keep thinking about this Brunnen you wrote about, a spirit guide you said revealed himself more fully to you when you were around - what was it, 39?

**Joanna:** Yes.

**Danny:** *(Smiling like a cheshire cat)* Can't you tell me more?

**Joanna:** As a matter of fact, I can.

**Danny:** Oh, yes? You seemed very reluctant last week.

**Joanna:** He's since given me permission to reveal his identity.

**Danny:** Hey, this is getting better all the time, like your adobe. Like you.

**Joanna:** It's a name you'll recognize.

**Danny:** Who?

**Joanna:** ( *Holding up one of the stones to the light and looking at it* ) Steiner.  
Rudolf Steiner.

**Danny:** ( *Shaking his head* ) I don't believe this!

**Joanna:** You asked me.

**Danny:** It must be your ethereal body, or his ethereal body, or your Angel, or his Angel, or something. It can't really be him - I mean, *him*.

**Joanna:** It's him.

**Danny:** So, if you can tell me, do you plan to tell others?

**Joanna:** Eventually. He's asked me to.

**Danny:** Do you know how much skepticism you're going to encounter when you do this? They'll be skeptical.

**Joanna:** I suppose they will be then. I'm surprised he's asked me to tell others. Of course, I have agreed, whatever might happen to myself... However, he has assured me that no harm ultimately will come of this, only good. Because it's the truth.

**Danny:** ( *Rising from the chair* ) I'll have to think about this. It's a shocker. Why? Why you?

**Joanna:** I don't absolutely know why it would be myself. It was predestined, I do know that. For our purposes, we fit together like a glove and a hand. That's how it was right from the beginning, in 1981. That's 24 years now; 33 years,

actually, since I was 30.

**Danny:** Will this come into our book?

**Joanna:** I don't think so.

**Danny:** America, I mean... New Mexico? Wouldn't it more likely be Europe or Germany or Switzerland?

**Joanna:** Well, I don't know what else he's doing... This doesn't mean that America is more important than Europe. It isn't. But certain things can only be done here.

**Danny:** Let me think about it... Am I the first you've told?

**Joanna:** Yes, and I can let you read some portions of the notebook, if you like. I'll just need to separate those pages from the others.

**Danny:** Haven't there been other such claims?

**Joanna:** Truth endures.

**Danny:** OK, I'll, um, I'll give you a call. Or - you give me a call, when the notebook's ready.

*Danny exits, left, shaking his head.*

**Joanna:**

"And from within the splendor that had spoken  
To me before, I heard him, as he smiled -  
Become more radiant, more pure - begin:

Even as I grow bright within Its rays,  
So, as I gaze at the Eternal Light,  
I can perceive your thoughts and see their cause.  
You are in doubt, you want an explanation  
In language that is open and expanded,  
So clear that it contents your understanding..."

*End.*

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The author wishes to express sincere thanks to Robert S. Mason for the time he took in the careful reading and critique of the three dramas of *Southwest Journey*: for help with minor corrections, clearer and smoother poetry here and there, catching an error in *The Descent*, and "safeguarding" the anthroposophical content. He truly shared in the creative process through his contributions, and the dramas reflect this.

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**Southwest Journey**

***The Descent ~ A Mystery Drama***

**Cast, In Order of Appearance**

*(The cast size is 25. If actors perform multiple roles, the cast size is 16.)*

Atlas, the Elemental Guide

Two Imps. *Children*

Brunnen von Christ, Spiritual Guide. *Rudolf Steiner, Fount of Christ*

Joanna Matthews, Playwright, Researcher

Joanna's Angel

Dorothy, Secretary, Gatekeeper

A Guardian, First Circle

Three Dark Angels: Religion, Science, Art

Two Demons, Second Circle

Representative, Third Circle

Three Dark Cult Leaders, Fourth Circle  
Ahrimanic Being, Fifth Circle  
Nurse, Sixth Circle  
Aztec Death Dancer, Seventh Circle  
Nuclear Scientist, Eighth Circle  
Three Faces of Evil, Ninth Circle  
The Mother, Earth's Inner Core

**Time and Place:** December and Christmas, 2005. The Cavern of the Sword; the *Malpais* (badlands) of New Mexico, near the *Jornada del Muerto* desert; the First through the Ninth Circles of the Underworld; Earth's Inner Core, the dwelling of the Mother.

**Set:** The basic set is the same as it was for "*The Occult Southwest*." The opening or hole on the side platform for entrances and exits is required.

**Scene:** The stage below the platform is bare with two exceptions: an ordinary medium-sized stone at the right, out of which projects the gleaming gold hilt of a sword, and a bench down left. Lighting and projected images suggest the mineral and gem-laden *Cavern of the Sword*. The upstage platform suggests an altar. At both sides of the center entrance can be seen bronze vases of roses.

**At Rise:** A circle of light slowly fades up on the center entrance, and within this circle, the image of a cross (a crucifix) can be seen. The cross in the circle is a *Seal*. This *Seal* will be visible many times throughout the course of the drama, either at the center entrance or between the center and the left entrances (the actor's left). *Atlas* is seen sitting on the edge of the left platform, with two *Imps* sitting on each side of him. The crown rests on his lap.

**Atlas:** We'll see if she can remove the sword from the stone. If not, the whole trip is off - they're not going anywhere.

**Imp:** If not, the whole trip is off.

**Imp:** They're not going anywhere.

**Atlas:** Shhhh! I think they're coming.

*Brunnen von Christ* and *Joanna* enter from the left and cross to center. *Atlas* rises and puts on the detested crown. *Brunnen* wears a dark, modern suit that is somewhat casual,



*with a western string tie. **Joanna** wears a jacket over a lavender shirt, a long skirt and boots. They look at the sword in the stone and then turn to face Atlas.*

**Atlas:** You have been forewarned. She must remove the sword from the stone. If she does not -

**Imp:** You're not going anywhere.

**Atlas:** Hush!... However, that is correct. You cannot proceed unless she again proves herself worthy. Nevermind that she has previously met my approval; that has brought her only this far. No matter how badly our kingdoms - and the pit dwellers - require such sojourns to the Mother, this lady must be worthy. You - yourself, sir - placed this sword in this very stone in a previous life, when it was appropriate to harden or solidify the power of the Word in the earthly matter; when such was needed for the benefit of humankind. Now opposite conditions are required... Yet, you cannot remove it - it must be one who follows you. Hear me well: only three attempts are allowed. Please, give your blessing.

*Joanna's **Angel**, wearing his iridescent yellow-silver-white gown, enters from the center entrance of the platform and watches the proceedings. The two **Imps** rise and stand on each side of Atlas.*

**Brunnen:** Despite preordainment, trials never cease; God never ceases to test us. The gold and silver of Wisdom and Love you have already demonstrated.

**Joanna:** You made that possible for me.

**Brunnen:** Now you must have the strength, the force of will: the bronze. (*He raises his hands in a beseeching gesture for his blessing*) I have laid the Eternal Word of Creation into the stone. Chastely the stone has guarded the Word of Creation in the depths of earthly existence. Now may the Word be released as we embark upon our journey through those depths to the Mother. May the Word guide and protect us, and may human voices gradually acquire the new powers of transformation!

*Joanna steps over to the stone and grasps the hilt of the sword. She attempts to pull it out and is surprised to discover how firmly it is lodged in the stone. She tries a second time and fails. Finally, on the third attempt, she summons her strong will and removes the sword. Everyone is relieved and joyful. **Brunnen** indicates that she should give the sword to him, and she places it lengthwise into both of his hands.*

**Brunnen:** Please kneel before me, Joanna. (*Joanna kneels*) Tell us again that you agree, of your own free will, to go further on your path; to further serve Micha-El.

**Joanna:** I agree.

**Brunnen:** (*Touching Joanna on both shoulders with the sword*) You are found worthy. (*He gestures for her to stand, then crosses to the upstage platform and gives the sword to Joanna's Angel.*)

**Brunnen:** For Micha-El.

**Angel:** The sword shall be given to him.

*The Angel exits. The lights dim on the altar; the Seal fades from view.*

*Atlas, with obvious relief, removes the crown from his head and slips it over one arm.*

**Atlas:** Let's get on with it then. You Imps - get the flowers! (*The Imps retrieve the vases from the platform. Atlas picks up the stone with ease and puts it onto his shoulder.*) I've been waiting a long time for this moment, and I'm going to smash this stone to bits as soon as we get to the *Malpais*. Never you have a care about it! Stones love to be smashed to bits; they love nothing better. And few are more deserving than this!... Follow me, I'll lead you to the entrance at the badlands.

*Atlas and the Imps exit left. Joanna stops Brunnen with a question.*

**Joanna:** Brunnen... When you ask me about my free will... How could I refuse you when I feel your Light and your Love so powerfully? How could I ever refuse you?

**Brunnen:** So long as you are alive on earth you have to make choices. Even our Lord had to make choices during His lifetime. When you feel Heaven's Light and Love, wherein we dwell, you are blessed, for then it is easier to make your decision. (*After a pause*) Savor your freedom, for there is no free will in Heaven.

*They exit left, and all lights fade out. Lights fade up on the Malpais: endless rugged, twisted beds of hardened black lava flow. The colors of the Malpais are orange-red, green, gray and black. There are many deep, eerie shadows.*

*Dorothy, Secretary and Gatekeeper, enters from the right, carrying a clipboard. She is a sweetly-smiling lady, dressed conservatively, as a secretary would dress in the 1940's and 1950's. On her jacket is pinned a large, artificial rose. Brunnen and Joanna enter from the left.*

**Dorothy:** Welcome! My name is Dorothy and I am the American Gatekeeper. I was secretary to J. Robert Oppenheimer during the Manhattan project. I am still devoted to him!... My office was located at 109 East Palace in Santa Fe. There I issued passes to Los Alamos for all the officials, scientists and military officers, and performed many other important duties. My contribution to the successful completion of the project was significant. I have a note here to expect you. A most unusual admission. And who is your authority?

**Brunnen:** Micha-El.

**Dorothy:** Oh yes, our church had a stained-glass window of him.

**Joanna:** *(Looking around)* Isn't there a legend about gold buried somewhere in these badlands? By train robbers? Later, when they returned, they were unable to find it.

**Dorothy:** My dear, I cannot tell you where the gold is.

**Joanna:** Oh, I have no interest in the gold, just the legend.

**Dorothy:** I've become something of a legend, too! There was a wonderful poem written for my funeral:

"Men have gone down to death  
Wearing her love like a rose,  
And the tears that her own heart sheds  
Only her own heart knows."

And it has since been written of me: "Dorothy was asleep when her end came. She had already slipped away, wandering into the hills with a man in a porkpie hat, shrouded in the alkaline mist that reduces all desert shapes to ghosts..."

*After recovering from her sentiments, Dorothy removes two large buttons from her pocket and gives them to Brunnen.*

I'll admit you both, but you must wear these.

**Joanna:** What are they?

**Dorothy:** Patriot's buttons. You see? The atomic bomb explosion is pictured. Isn't it beautiful? *(She turns dramatically and gestures to the right)* You both may pass.

*Dorothy exits left. Brunnen crosses to the side platform and throws the buttons down the hole.*

**Brunnen:** If she continues on like this, she'll lose the Gatekeeper position, she'll sink lower. She's known to have been at the Eighth Circle, looking for Oppenheimer.

*They exit right and all lights fade out.*

*The lights fade up again in dull, lukewarm reds on the **First Circle**. A tall man, a **Guardian**, enters at the center entrance. His hair is white; he wears a somber royal-blue robe. **Brunnen** and **Joanna** enter from the right.*

**Guardian:**

Look carefully past me and you will see thousands of souls  
In this First Circle, in this lukewarm sphere of their own making.  
There were millions and millions here before the joyous tolls  
Sounded the coming of our Lord, before their forsaking  
Of this grey existence through His Compassionate Grace.

*The **Seal** of the cross in the circle fades up between the center and left entrances.*

Hope resounds as many find their way to this Living Seal, breaking  
All bonds that hold them here. This Seal eternally marks the place  
Where He was, is and will be. To see and touch the Seal is to find release.  
Yet the thousands who still remain cannot find their way to this sacred space.

*(To Brunnen)* Even followers of the lofty teachings cannot find inner peace.  
There was an artist here who had a school, and taught color theory.  
Appearances were contrived for gain; female students were seduced; rarely was

lease

Given to advance, to receive a degree, to enrich with sacred art a world weary  
And ill of ugliness and stagnation. Colors colored but pretense at the hands  
Of this luciferic teacher, and the unhappy students even became leery  
Of the spiritual path they had found. Yet the Way stands  
Ever before them, the colors waiting eagerly to befriend  
The graceful wrists and brush strokes, and the water, like tearful strands.

A common sight in the First Circle we know you did not intend.  
Those who ahrimanized the Society received the Mark of the Beast  
On their foreheads and hands, to buy and sell in the future as trend  
Dictates, as in the past: with the high-placed and wealthy favored, at the least.  
Many of these souls meant well, and when they touched this Seal  
Were cleansed of the Mark and received the sign of the Cross, creased  
Between their deeply distressed brows, in response to their heartfelt appeal.  
Yet some must carry the Mark, perhaps through many lives.  
The heavy soul lessons, the dangers of abusing the high teachings, are real.

The National Spirit has arranged a safe place for you at each level of the  
underworld. It is at the bench, within sight of the Seal. (*Warm lights fade up on the  
bench area*) Always look for the bench. Go there now, and await the Three Dark  
Angels.

*The Guardian exits and Brunnen and Joanna cross to the bench and sit down.*

**Joanna:** Very few of your followers have seriously erred, most have done  
wonderful work.

**Brunnen:** I know, but the Guardian has warned us: the dark powers will never  
cease gloating over the few failures, will never cease hurling insults at me about  
them.

**Joanna:** Might there be any lower than this first level?

**Brunnen:** Only if they were - or were possessed by - ahrimanic beings. Have no  
doubt about it: Ahriman wants spiritual science, he's making every effort to take  
it over. He wants to turn the Society into an elite, private club; the domain of the  
privileged, with ahrimanic beings in control of the leadership. Lucifer meanwhile  
works at improving his public image and heads many social organizations. With  
few exceptions, the members of these organizations are not aware that their

leader is the Devil, or they mistakenly believe that he has been redeemed.

*The Seal of the cross fades out, and Three Dark Angels, representing Religion, Science and Art, enter onto the platform. They are wearing dark robes that lighten and color subtly from right to left, Religion being the darkest.*

### **Religion:**

Here, in Mineral Earth, we aim to crystallize all movement and life.  
We have worked dogmatic wonders in religion's dark halls,  
Rigidifying all faiths without bias, leaving priests without strife,  
In comfortable, isolated lives; in wealthy parishes little more than sleeping stalls  
For their lazy, overweight rectors, yawning over the problems of the people,  
Bored, and boring, even when preaching the Sunday sermon that falls  
On atmospheric density: from the wine cellars, through the rich altars, to the  
steeple.  
We have not had long to work on spiritual science's sheep,  
But the leaders are already mouthing their predictable treacle.

### **Science:**

Millions of highly-paid researchers ossify science with marginal creep  
Of progress, only what the eye can see, what the hand can measure.  
They have little care for human response, but react to the machine's bleep.  
The people's constant complaints and fears represent but a treasure,  
A profit to be made with modern wonders: plastics, chemicals and pills.  
Rocket science will force the solar system itself to yield to touring pleasure.  
New technologies will raise Atlantis and improve theme park thrills.  
The universe will become a great arena for sophisticated star wars.  
We succeed in driving warmth and life from science - today it often kills.

### **Art:**

Modern art has replaced mere paper or canvas painting surface with scores  
Of related life-manipulating branches: cosmetics, genetics and clones.  
People are weary of ugly and abstract art and dusty museum tours;  
They want art to change them to the core, to their very bones,  
Without summoning, from within, any strength of spirit or soul.  
Appearances are everything, even pretty faces on cell phones.  
Art excels in films, in TV, in commercials, and should be droll,

In keeping with the very best of American public taste.  
Manipulating behavior for crystallization is our highest goal.

*Joanna rises to respond, but Brunnen gently advises her to say nothing.*

**Religion:** Yes?... You wish to say something?

*Receiving no reply, he sneers, and the Three Dark Angels exit.*

**Brunnen:** It was not my intention to interfere with your free will, Joanna. However, your Double was clearly motivating your impulse to respond. Even though you would have countered the three on behalf of hope and goodness, your Double matches these three in sarcasm, and it longed for argument.

**Joanna:** What you say is true... I've struggled endlessly to keep sarcasm out of my writing. And would my attempts at defending goodness be effective here? (*Looking around uneasily*) How many did the Guardian say were still here? Thousands...

**Brunnen:** The curtain veils much from you, otherwise the visions would be unbearable. Our encounters here will be selective, yet the few will speak for thousands, millions. And as we speak to those selected few, we speak to all. Evil by nature lacks originality; it is never surprising; it is utterly predictable. It can, however, become original and take surprising turns within human souls, often to the good. That is the mission of evil, which, you must remember, is allowed by the Father.

**Joanna:** That is clear in *Revelation*. We'll continue now to the second and - other - sub-natural levels?

**Brunnen:** Yes. Within the Second Circle, what we call Liquid Earth, everything living becomes mechanized and polarized. Atlas has arranged for us to meet two demons there, though the two will speak for legions. Their leader is a dark archangel. The third level, Air Earth, will acquaint us with the activities of a fallen arche who thinks that *he* is the North American National Spirit, and influences Americans accordingly. We won't see him - we'll see a representative - but he'll be present, within the atmosphere and within the upstreaming electromagnetic vibrations. This fallen arche was the leader of many Meso-American societies, those that practiced human sacrifice. It was he who inspired the convoluted artwork that suggests complex technology.

**Joanna:** As on the tomb of the *Prince of Palenque*? (Optional: Director may project the image of the Prince on the backdrop)

**Brunnen:** Yes, though it was intended to be far more than elaborate artwork. Magical processes were involved that gave to receptive human souls the capacities for today's technologies.

**Joanna:** One writer proposed that the prince was actually sitting in a space shuttle.

**Brunnen:** In fact he was, in his twentieth-century incarnation.

*They exit left and the lights fade out.*

*As brown and gray lights fade up, two **Demons** jump up out of the hole. They wear "quicksilver" metallic suits and in other ways resemble "aliens." Once out of the hole, their movements are synchronous. They speak singly and also together, in perfect unison; their voices are monotone, and have machine-like precision. They are cold, without feeling or emotion. They descend, in movements perfectly synchronized, from the platform to the center of the stage.*

**Demons:**

We want to drain the life from all that is living,  
And use liquid forces of growth for magical machines.  
Humans of dull, unused capacities will be giving  
Quantifiable product for our leader's schemes  
Of a polarized globe of flying saucer men.  
Unerring robotic precision never careens  
From the one pole, unwavering, without end.  
Synchronicity, sameness, give us our strength.  
Naught but the fluids of life need we expend.

*The **Seal** of the cross fades up between the center and left entrances and the two **Demons** cower. **Brunnen** and **Joanna** enter from the left and they cower again.*

**Demons:** It's him.

**Brunnen:** Men need your intelligence for their advancement. You see the Seal?



It could destroy you if you try to harm men. But  
if you become good and help men, you'll go to Heaven.

**Demon:** Where is Heaven? (*This question is repeated several times - through electronic sound effects off stage - from the legions of other demons.*)

**Brunnen:** On earth, and above.

**Demon:** Humans are stupid. They do not know themselves. They do not know they have wonder-forces that can bring the wonder-machines to life. Instead they destroy the earth for their comforts and conveniences. As they waste, we take.

**Brunnen:** You will not go to Heaven if you steal their forces against their knowledge.

*"Where is Heaven?" is again repeated several times through electronic sound effects.*

**Brunnen:** And you must stop lying to humans - you must stop telling them you're aliens from outer space.

**Demon:** We know aliens.

**Brunnen:** You do not know good aliens. If you advance yourselves by helping men you could know good aliens.

**Demon:** All of our powers come from our master. We cannot make choices.

**Brunnen:** Yes, you can, because that Seal is there. The Seal is also below, in every sphere, all the way to the Ninth Circle.

**Demons:** We want to serve our master.

**Brunnen:** He no longer has complete power over you. Help men, and go to Heaven.

*"Where is Heaven" is again echoed electronically. The two **Demons** back off from **Brunnen**. Synchronously, they step back up on the platform and exit down into the hole.*

**Brunnen:** (*Clapping some invisible matter from his hands*) That is how demons are

dealt with. Once they hear of Heaven they are never the same.

**Joanna:** Their master is the dark archangel?

**Brunnen:** Yes. And he is here. If you listen carefully you can hear a sound like a heavy compressed substance moving through a pipe. That is him, you can hear him. And he hears every word we speak.

**Joanna:** *(Shivering, she pulls her jacket tightly around her. Then she tries to see through the backdrop)* What sort of humans are here?

**Brunnen:** *Still here...* None you know; none you want to meet. Evil groups, gangs, cults, conspirators, some fundamentalists, members of secret societies. Similar group evil, yet far more dangerous, will be witnessed at the Fourth Circle, Water Earth... All here have thus far refused redemption. You are ready to continue further?

**Joanna:** *(Again shivering)* Yes.

**Brunnen:** I'll ask the Guardian to give you a special cape that will keep you warm and safe.

*They exit. The Seal fades from sight and the lights fade out.*

*At the **Third Circle**, Air Earth, the lights fade up in icy blue, gray-violet, gray and silver-gray colors, and again there are many deep shadows. Forms vaguely resembling skyscrapers, rockets, space shuttles, artificial satellites, complex codes, computer parts, airplanes, etc. are projected onto the backdrop and much of the stage. From the right, the **Representative** enters quickly, in a hurry. An average-looking man in glasses, with sandy-colored hair, he wears an informal beige "Windbreaker" over a formal white shirt and tie. He carries an attache case. He stops at center and appears perplexed. He looks at his watch and is irritated. He steps up onto the platform and is again irritated to discover that he is blocked from going through any of the entrances.*

**Representative:**

Where am I? What is this? I don't have time for this!

*He sits down on the edge of the upstage platform and again looks at his watch. Disgusted, he drops his attache case down onto the platform.*

*Brunnen and Joanna enter from the left. Joanna is wearing a royal-blue cape given to her by the Guardian.*

**Joanna:** How ordinary and harmless he looks.

**Rep:** Who are you, and what is going on here?

**Brunnen:** Surely you know you're in the Third Circle of the underworld. Air Earth.

**Rep:** What the hell - is that my fault?

**Brunnen:** Whose fault do you suppose it is?

**Rep:** Is it my fault I died?

**Brunnen:** Yes, it is. Don't be smart with me. We both know who you represent. You were compelled to come here -

**Rep:** Compelled!?

**Brunnen:** So that we could have a meeting. In this matter, you have no choice. The sooner you tell us about the fallen arche, the sooner you'll be released.

*The **Representative** looks bitterly at Brunnen and Joanna, then rises and paces. Brunnen and Joanna sit down on the bench. The **Representative** kicks the attache case out of his way, paces a bit more, then stands at center.*

**Representative:**

My master is a light spanning time, of enduring brilliance,  
A master and manipulator of time, space and air,  
Unlike any other. Not fallen, but with unique resilience.  
He is the true American Spirit, and we swear  
Allegiance to his plan for the United States.  
Mechanistic conquest of the world and cosmos we declare  
To be the blood-goal, the be-all and end-all of our fates.  
Toward these aspirations we begin to conquer space:  
Relativism, capitalism, mathematics and physics he inculcates.

In control of millions, there are only a handful of leaders to trace,  
An elite corps of plutocrats with designs for private lives:  
Daredeviltry, rocketry, aeronautics, dematerialization and cyberspace  
Are but a few choice ambitions on which our master thrives.  
Reckless courage ending in death - my end - could not please him more.  
Aggressive sports might also someday end in death, he strives  
To push athletes further and further to the edge, for an encore  
In hell, where, beyond the curtain, many are still engaged in competing.  
They seek to impress only the arche. All other gods they deny or deplore.

We do not yet control life itself, but are entreating  
Our followers on many levels to use their American freedom  
To reject morality, ethics, common sense and love, with religion but repeating  
Endless authoritative dogmas, utterly ineffectual, rank with tedium.  
Cloning, cryogenics, eugenics, biomechanics, all appeal to egotism  
And provide the arche with substance for his unique medium:  
Life eternally controlled, appearing always as in our latter-day materialism.  
From his time as the force behind Meso-American degeneracy,  
Brilliantly to our modern age, the arche inspires the new hidden fascism.

*The **Representative** sits down on the edge of the upstage platform in a self-assured, arrogant manner, as though to say, "That's the way it is. Take it or leave it."*

**Joanna:** *(Rising and crossing to center)* Where has your loyalty to this arche landed you? In hell. And as you appear to be set on your course, without conscience, you truly can abandon all hope for redemption.

**Rep:** I know you, you're the independent playwright. You think you can have some influence against the mighty powers of the entertainment industry, which we control. You don't have a chance.

**Joanna:** You could be here eternally, of choice -

**Rep:** *(Smirking)* Good luck, playwright.

*He rises, picks up his attache case, and again aggressively attempts to exit, this time succeeding on his third attempt, through the right entrance.*

*Joanna turns and looks at **Brunnen** plaintively. He rises and crosses to her, puts his arm*

*around her and leads her back to the bench.*

**Brunnen:** From here on, it's bound to get worse. We're only at the third level.

*The lights dim and fade out on the stage, but remain warmly lit on the bench area.*

**Brunnen's Prayer - Nine Beatitudes:**

All who long for spirit are blessed, their *Ego* shall know the Kingdom of Heaven.  
Those who seek the new path will find, within, comfort for their suffering.  
Blessed are they who overcome negative passions, whose voices become gentle.  
Those who thirst for righteousness, as the body thirsts for water, will find Christ within.

Christ imbued, intelligence within the *Mind Soul* can pass over to similar minds.  
He who experiences Christ in his *Ego*, within the *Spirit Soul*, will find God.  
All who draw *Spirit Self* into their being will be called the Children of God.  
Those persecuted for their *Life Spirit* will find, within, the Kingdom of Heaven.  
Blessed are they who have *Spirit Man*, and are reviled and persecuted for the Savior.

*Brunnen and Joanna close their eyes in silent prayer. Blue-green lights fade up on the stage and backdrop in moving, rippling, wavy, watery forms.*

**Brunnen:** The Fourth Circle, Water Earth. Now, keep an eye on your Double at this level. You've the playwright's remarkable capacity for projection... Behind the curtain can be seen the large water serpent.

**Joanna:** I see it vaguely, like a shadow or an outline.

**Brunnen:** Thousands at this level erred grievously through projection of their own flaws onto others. Here, three evil manipulations of unconscious projection will be revealed. Evil's ultimate aim is as your friend Danny asserts: to tear out the instinctual life of higher animals and human beings, and use it to re-create a machine-like humanity. We are winning this battle, however, and if we can redeem the extremist leaders who will appear, they will be invaluable helpers. As we know, Heaven is most interested in the problem of spiritualizing instincts and natural urges in America.

*From the three entrances the **Three Dark Cult Leaders** enter and remain standing on the platform. The Leader at center, who carries a Bible, can be likened to David Koresh.*

*The Leader at left headed a UFO cult, and the Leader at right robbed his followers of their possessions, money and lives. They are all dressed in ordinary clothing.*

**Leader at Center:**

I began my career as a young idealist, with the Bible, preaching the Word,  
Yet soon experienced unholy urges that I could not control.  
To my growing flock came many women and children who had heard  
Of the fire of my preaching, of my charisma. These I did console  
With endless endearing sentiments and warm embraces.  
The drives, the voices would not cease, but grew stronger, and took their toll  
On my sanity. I became paranoid and gave the dark urges many other faces.  
Those who challenged or opposed me I finally answered with gunfire.  
Then, many of us died violently in flames... Of the holy Word there were no  
traces.

**Leader at Left:**

I always lacked a certain backbone and never had any desire  
To work or contribute socially, conscious of the wrongs of society.  
A better world, that I knew to be among the stars, began to inspire  
My longing to escape, through aliens and UFO's of enticing variety.  
They lured myself and my followers, in crop circle tones, to heaven's gate.  
This end seemed far better than facing my vacuity in its entirety...  
So it was that I and my followers chose what seemed a glorious fate,  
Then found we had given up our lives through hideous deception.  
My followers have all been redeemed. For me, it may be too late...

**Leader at Right**

Near the end, I believed I had been born of immaculate conception,  
With godlike powers of life and death over others.  
I used all my disciples' money for my arsenal, my vast collection  
Of weapons, of far greater importance than food for our brothers.  
It must be admitted: I was mentally ill and went without cure,  
But refused to admit of my serious flaws to the loyal mothers  
Of my children, promising their weak husbands all the allure  
Of a life without responsibility, in the paradise of a tropical jungle.  
When I went down I killed them all, of their afterlife devotion I was sure...

**Brunnen:** Those who thirst for righteousness, as the body thirsts for water, will find Christ within.

*The **Three Leaders** withdraw and exit.*

**Brunnen:** Unlike the Representative, they long for redemption. It is possible. Let us now proceed to the Fifth Circle, Fruit Earth.

*They exit left. The lights fade out completely. When they fade up again, the stage and backdrop are filled with slowly-changing splotches of various dull colors, and, by contrast, sharp blue icicle forms. An **Ahrimanic Being**, carrying a small portable television, enters from the right entrance. He resembles **Ahriman**, with a distinct "V" marked on the forehead and a bluish complexion. He wears garments of dull colors in formless shapes, but with icicle-like edges hanging down. He sets the television down on the right winged platform and sits on the floor to watch it, as would a child. The television spews out endless images and - as in a stream of consciousness - a barrage of rapidly spoken, disconnected disinformation and misinformation.*

### **Ahrimanic Being:**

How pleasant to see the gifts of Imagination, Inspiration and Intuition  
Rejected, replaced with the images and sounds of television.  
Why struggle for the spiritual "T's" when a ticket-free admission  
To daily home entertainment is available with no revision  
Necessary for one's inner life. Our news and our views!  
Scenes of violence and death bring no recognition  
Of their true source, our master, never willing to lose  
One receptive soul from the sphere of his influence.  
With artificial contrivance the minds of youth he'll confuse.

*He suddenly frowns deeply, rises and begins pacing.*

Yet there have been no victories at the living confluence  
Of physical and ethereal life. Our craft utilize but cold excess  
And overgrowth. What seems a sign of gigantic affluence -  
Our stadium-length UFOs - are but images of human waste, if we'd confess,  
Although the primal forms emerge. Why do we continue to fail?  
Victims refuse to cooperate, even when under extreme duress.  
The densest have an inner sanctum that we cannot assail.  
On the verge of winning, our victory is snatched from us by Angels -

Or by that *Brunnen von Christ*, who exposes us with stinging detail!

The master must appear to be good, beneficent. He must in no way suggest the stereotype of evil, as do the backward -

*He cringes as Brunnen and Joanna enter from the left. Warm lights fade up on the bench area.*

What are you doing here? What do you want?

**Brunnen:** The first request I wish to make: tell us if any human souls in this sphere can be redeemed.

**Being:** Indeed? - Take your pick of the suitable candidates that we have: cold-blooded killers, sociopaths, propagandists, dictators, blasphemers, bombers, real estate tycoons, poisoners, rock stars, drug dealers, and so forth. By their fruits you shall know them!

**Brunnen:** And my second request: the way that you utilize excess cold is correct, but your experiments with life will never succeed. In addition, help humanity -

**Being:** Help humanity? -

**Brunnen:** By revealing the secrets of cold fusion.

**Being:** Not two people in two million have even heard of cold fusion! What do they care about cold fusion? (*He turns up the volume on the television*) SUV's, airline tickets, natural gas, pick-up trucks, cruise ships, electricity, sports cars, convertibles, race cars, oil rigs, nuclear energy, the second car, luxury homes, heated pools, the vacation home, and so forth.

**Brunnen:** You'll have no choice but to help -

**Being:** I beg your pardon?

**Joanna:** Do you use cancerous overgrowth?

**Being:** Who is this? No! No cancer, no! Don't mention that word here.

**Brunnen:** Cancer is redemptive.



**Being:** Words and ideas are unending! More commercials! Let's make money! Keep wisdom away, keep it away!... (*He begins running back and forth across the platforms*) Weapon mythology, commonwealth, criminal correction, contradiction, opinion proletariat, holism, genetic engineers, morpich fields, astrology, planet rover, Mars anomalies, cigarettes, barbarian horde, WTO, tyrant, innate evil, original sin, forecast, San Francisco, weather watch, lysol disinfectant, unabomber, sacred context, personal priorities, pretzels, humanism...

*He picks up the television and appears to cradle it fondly in one arm, continuing to run back and forth.*

... ritual, Darwinism, CSI, social structure, welfare, social stress, war guilt, post-traumatic stress disorder, unasweeper, Nobel peace prize, cuppa coffee, disinherit, wheel of desire, packaging, conspiracy, veteran, minimum wage, pepsodent, five o'clock news, clearly defined, root canal, United Nations, movie of the week, superstition, politician, possession is 9/10ths of the law, mystical, minimum force, CBS, lawn mower, big lots, reality TV, Albuquerque, mutation, partisan, moles, peanut butter, democratic, way out west... By their fruits you shall know them!

*The **Ahrimanic Being** exits through the center entrance, although the television continues to be heard for a time before it fades out. **Joanna** sits down on the bench and **Brunnen** stands left of center with his arms folded.*

**Brunnen:** Dark Fruit Earth, self-destructive, limitless growth, uncontrolled movement. This Circle is one of the most powerful sources of degeneracy; it can be disorienting only if we allow it to be. Christ-imbued, intelligence within the *Mind Soul* can pass over to similar minds... (*He looks at the three entrances*) Any mind that is receptive...

**Joanna:** How will it be possible to wrest secrets of cold excess utilization and cold fusion from such a being?

**Brunnen:** Awareness and knowledge of ahrimanic beings is 9/10ths of the law. That is why it fled, it retains power only when hidden and unknown. But now is not the time to restrain it.

*The lighting shifts slowly and eerily to the flame-like forms of the reds and oranges of the*

*Sixth Circle. Behind the backdrop can be discerned a huge shadowy form.*

**Brunnen:** We're now in the Sixth Circle, Fire Earth.

**Joanna:** Brunnen... What is that huge snake-like thing behind the curtain?

**Brunnen:** That's a manifestation of Ahriman, and you really don't want to get too close to it.

**Joanna:** You're right.

**Brunnen:** It expresses itself like volcanic fire, responding to pressure from within, curling up harmlessly towards the surface of earth, but occasionally exploding.

*From the right, the Nurse, dressed in a white nurse's uniform, enters. Joanna reacts with surprise.*

**Nurse:** Surprised to see me here, are you? I have a certain amount of time to serve, then may find release.

**Joanna:** Why are you here?

**Nurse:** I didn't believe in God, couldn't believe that he would allow so much suffering. I killed all the terminally ill patients in my care with injections.

**Joanna:** But why Fire Earth?

**Nurse:** Many here died in the throes of violent death, brought on by themselves during evil acts, many on drugs. These were sins of erupting fire - violent negative passions. My job is to ease their extreme suffering until they become conscious of where they are. As I acted without awareness of the spiritual necessity of pain, and admitted of no Divine Wisdom for the cosmic moment of death, I must now confront and try to ease far worse suffering. I can use no medical remedies or aids, but only whatever inner strength I can summon.

**Joanna:** Violent death, drugs... What else?

**Nurse:** Murderers, suicides, chronic liars, con artists, decadent rich, corrupt

CEOs, irresponsible racers, daredevils and criminals galore. All motivated by greed or violent passion. Their worst experience here is the company they're forced to keep. Each is a mirror to the other. Fist fights are common. In addition, there are many film stars and entertainers among us who died as a result of excesses. Only one thing gives them more pain than recognition here below, and that is to be remembered above, on earth. The more self-serving fame they acquired, the greater the pain when they are remembered.

**Brunnen:** Tell us about the fire beings.

**Nurse:** Now that's what truly amazed me when I first came here. Jinns, UFO beings and salamanders, they actually exist! I learned that they utilize all of the excess fire.

**Joanna:** How?

**Nurse:** Those flying saucers they materialize and de-materialize - they're actually made of excess fire and passion that they spin into heat and light structures. I've witnessed the process many times. Amazing! The beings can fly up and out of here, under magnetic influences, I've heard. They make the saucers appear very small and simple, or huge and complex. But truly, UFOs are but signs of excessive negative passions.

**Brunnen:** To which Lucifer also contributes.

**Nurse:** Lucifer? Where is he?

**Brunnen:** He is present throughout the entire underworld; he is huge.

**Nurse:** (*Referring to the backdrop image*) That shadow?....

**Brunnen:** That is one of the manifestations of Ahriman.

**Nurse:** Ahriman?... Lucifer I know as the devil... and the devil deceived me. Imagine, *me* saying that!...

**Brunnen:** Have you seen other nurses in this sphere?

**Nurse:** Why yes, from time to time they come up from below, and I give them all the precious drug babies in my care. It's so hard for me to part from my

babies, especially my tiny preemies.

**Brunnen:** The nurses are Angels from the realm of the Mother, at the center of the earth, beyond the lowest level here. The babies are given unto Her care until they can ascend to Heaven. That is where we're going, to the realm of the Mother. I believe it may help you to know this...

**Nurse:** It does help me, thank you. *(She sees the Seal fade up between the center and left entrances, comprehends its meaning, steps unhesitatingly up onto the platform, glances back and waves to Brunnen and Joanna, and departs through the left entrance.)*

**Brunnen:** She is released.

*Joanna tightens her cape more firmly around her.*

**Brunnen:** Summoning strength to continue on, are you?

**Joanna:** You are my strength. However, the Nurse's beautiful release is uplifting and warming.

**Brunnen:** Blessed are they who overcome negative passions, whose voices become gentle.

*Brunnen crosses to the bench and sits down.*

**Joanna:** Are there other kinds of UFOs, besides Lucifer and Ahriman's? Do they have other explanations or origins?

**Brunnen:** Yes, many, but that cannot concern us here and now. What is of utmost importance is that man must wrest the new technology from Lucifer and Ahriman: the fusion of fire and ice. *(The Seal fades out, the lights begin to change)* We are approaching the Seventh Circle, Earth Mirror.

*The lights change to browns, reds, red-browns and grays. Drums, castanets and bells, ominous, are heard off, at first faintly, but with gradually increasing volume.*

**Brunnen:** The seventh, eighth and ninth spheres are the narrowest, deepest and most terrible. The beings of these spheres work vehemently against the future development of the three higher bodies in man: *Spirit Self, Life Spirit and Spirit Man.*

*The drums, castanets and bells increase in volume.*

The beings here pervert qualities of the soul into their opposites. Similar to the Third Circle, but far worse. We experience joy from the success and happiness of others. These beings would have us feel joy from their pain and failures. They work within the will if they are given any opening, and no one should believe they are remote. They are very near and tempting, always.

*The **Aztec Death Dancer** enters, like a serpent, from the hole in the side platform. He moves and dances to the beat of the drums. He resembles the ancient Aztec dancers, with a head-dress of radiating red, brown, yellow, black and gray feathers. He wears a death-skull mask; a necklace, bracelets and ankle bracelets of human skulls and bones. In addition, his ankle bracelets have bells. He is skimpily dressed and is covered with feathers and red, black and yellow body paint. He dances on the platforms, then descends to the stage and attempts to provoke **Brunnen** and **Joanna**.*

**Brunnen:** Stop.

*The **Dancer** increases the intensity of his movements and the beat begins to resemble modern "rock" music.*

**Brunnen:** (Standing) I command you to stop!

*The music ceases and the **Dancer** withdraws back up onto the platform.*

**Brunnen:** They have nearly succeeded in totally perverting contemporary music. They darken and manipulate desire. (He crosses to the down right area and folds his arms across his chest, turning his back on the Dancer) I know this being from the past. Although it has no power over us, I still respond to it with anger, even fury. Speak to it for me, Joanna. Speak to it out of your unknowing, just as the youth approach the perverted music, and some good may come of it.

**Joanna:** (Rising from the bench and standing left of center) Out of my unknowing... out of my intellect? (Facing the being) You and your kind reunited during the post-Atlantean epoch and corrupted the sacred mysteries in the area of Mexico, drawing all of your knowledge and power from human sacrifice and violent death.

*Only garbled sounds are heard from the **Dancer** in reply, but he conveys meaning*

*through his movements.*

Your corruptions and distortions still vibrate in the spiritual atmosphere of the Americas and are the cause of much crime and violence. You provoke those who have an evil destiny; children and youth who do not receive proper guidance are especially vulnerable. When those of evil destiny cross over, they come here, they are returning home... I feel as though they're watching me.

**Brunnen:** That is your knowing.

*The **Dancer** moves significantly.*

**Joanna:** Cruelty, nothing but cruelty, coldness and death. And pleasure from cruelty and pain. Murder and... rituals of torture and sacrifice still occur. Satanism.

*The **Dancer** responds to the word Satanism with excited, energetic movements. The **Seal** fades up, and **Joanna** responds with relief. **Brunnen** turns.*

**Joanna:** Christ is here, and He is within us. Through Christ, the Light of the World, you are powerless and are condemned to oblivion.

*The **Dancer** shrivels up and begins to collapse in on himself.*

May the Light of the World radiate here.

*The **Dancer**, shriveling and cringing, collapsing before the **Seal**, exits through the hole.*

**Brunnen:** You were very effective, Joanna.

**Joanna:** It was terrifying, especially the sense of being watched, by so many... horrible.

**Brunnen:** Light has but to shine on these beings and they disintegrate like so much dust, or scurry back into the dark like a poisonous spider in the night. The more completely evil they are, the closer they are to the chaos, to oblivion.

**Joanna:** Are the watchers gone?

**Brunnen:** They have all drawn back.

**Joanna:** Was I really effective?

**Brunnen:** Yes.

**Joanna:** It was the Seal.

**Brunnen:** You summoned the Seal by the vigor of your confrontation.

**Joanna:** A test for me?

**Brunnen:** We are always tested, especially... Well, have a look around, it's the seventh sphere of hell, what do you expect? Now, are you ready for the Eighth Circle?

**Joanna:** It's becoming more difficult, but I'm ready, yes.

*Joanna returns to the bench. The Seal slowly fades from view and the stage lighting shifts subtly to reds, oranges and deep yellows.*

**Joanna:** Aren't there giants in the Eighth Sphere, in Dante's *Inferno*?...

**Brunnen:** Ahhh, the giants, yes. They were in the Ninth Sphere. The giants themselves, in essence, are no longer here, but the walls that seem to surround and press in upon us were once the bodies of those giants.

**Joanna:** Walls... How did this underworld originate? It could not have been created.

**Brunnen:** No, it is the detritus of past creation. How did it originate? That is a very good question. It originated when Atlantis went under... Atlantis in the ancient Nordic sagas was called Niflheim, the home or land of mists. There were giants in those days, as the Bible tells us, and most were evil. When the mists became water there were rains and the earth was flooded. Then, through earthquakes and volcanoes, Niflheim sank and became the underworld. Gradually, in the sagas, the old land of mists came to be called Hel, Hel being the name of a female giant, a goddess. *(He crosses to the bench and sits down)* The Eighth Circle, the opposite of Harmony: fragmentation, disintegration, radioactive decay. Remember: the beings of these spheres have their legitimate functions; without death and decay there can be no life. Who will we encounter?

**Joanna:** Earlier you said that the Gatekeeper, Dorothy, had been here looking for Oppenheimer?

**Brunnen:** We will see a picture of him in eternal memory, but not initially.

**Joanna:** *(After a heavy pause)* Will we see spirits of disintegration?

**Brunnen:** Not directly. I believe you'll be surprised by what we'll witness. The Guardian has arranged for us to meet a nuclear scientist. There are hundreds of nuclear physicists here, some of whom were involved in the Manhattan project. They have refused redemption and remain here of choice, not because they are evil or unredeemable, but because they want to learn everything about this sphere that they can so as to transform the environment. It is a very interesting *human* contribution. Here is the scientist now....

*From the center entrance the **Nuclear Scientist** enters. The scientist projects great intelligence and a certain nobility. He wears a suit in the 1950's style, with a tie; wire-rimmed eyeglasses punctuate his intelligence. He politely acknowledges the presence of Brunnen and Joanna.*

**Nuclear Scientist:**

We were all astonished to learn there is an afterlife, there is a hell,  
And equally astonished to find ourselves here!  
New arrivals are invariably distressed, and their alarms we quell  
With assurances that ours is a most fascinating sphere.  
The masters of disintegration exceed in reality our wildest theories.  
Fragmentation of our intellects following death a master seer  
Restores for the use of all, and not one of us ever wearies  
Of processes of transmutation through radioactive decay.  
We learn and utilize here what we once regarded as heresies.

There was no factor of soul or spirit at Los Alamos in our day,  
Nor any equation including conscience or morality.  
A vague guideline, a "deterrence doctrine," gave us our way  
For the creation of a weapon of war that in its totality  
Was of unprecedented power, with vast release of energy.  
In the world contest of devastation, we had the plurality,  
Our combined brain weights made for a matchless synergy.



We barely acknowledged we were changing history for all time,  
As indeed proved the deadly fact after the test at trinity.

Here we assume personal responsibility for transforming the slime  
That surrounds us with changes in nuclear configurations.  
Ours is the opportunity to alter electro-magnetic radiations and refine  
The environment through sub-natural atomic transmutations.  
We will make the worlds above and below a better place to live!...  
The spirits of disintegration encourage our instigations  
On behalf of improvements, they assure us they will forgive  
Our bold-faced intrusions in their sphere of decrepitude.  
Death's survival enables us, eternally, radioactively, to give!...

*In his enthusiasm he looks for an immediate response from Brunnen and Joanna, but there is a lengthy pause.*

**Scientist:** Any questions?

**Brunnen:** Then you are set on your course, to contribute to disintegration?

**Scientist:** Set and determined, yes, even enthusiastic, which must be obvious.

**Joanna:** Someone has to do it...

**Brunnen:** Ask him about Oppenheimer.

**Scientist:** Oppenheimer?

**Joanna:** Yes, I wrote some dramas about Oppenheimer -

**Scientist:** What is your name?

**Joanna:** Joanna Matthews.

**Scientist:** I've never heard of you.

**Joanna:** Nevertheless, we would like to know something of his fate. We understand that he was here.

**Scientist:** Yes, he was. It's sad, it's very sad. Teller - he invented the hydrogen

bomb, you know - Teller would frequently complain of Oppenheimer's increasing need for redemption, and the fact is... It's difficult to speak about it. I wish you had asked me any other question but this. It seems our director, Oppie, is forever lost to us.

*The Seal fades up at the center entrance and the Scientist is distressed and embarrassed by it.*

**Scientist:** *That will inform you of his fate. Good day to you both.*

*The Scientist exits through the right entrance and Brunnen and Joanna rise from the bench. Gradually the image of the cross changes to that of a crucifix, and hanging on the crucifix is a young man with short, thick, black hair, wearing only a loin cloth. He is in agony.*

**Joanna:** What is it?

**Brunnen:** A picture in eternal memory. He was crucified.

*Joanna collapses back down onto the bench, and Brunnen comforts her.*

*All lights fade out, lastly on the crucifix. In the interval, Brunnen and Joanna exit left. When the lights fade up, the stage colors are red, red-brown, gray and a sulfuric yellow-black. When the two slowly enter the Ninth Circle from the left, Brunnen is physically supporting Joanna, who is having difficulty walking and holding up her head. They stop in front of the bench.*

**Brunnen:** The Ninth Circle. Core archetypal evil. It wants to destroy irrevocably the fruits of mankind's development. The opposite of the Seraphim, the Beings of Love. Talk, Joanna, it will give you strength. Tell me what we shall see here.

**Joanna:** (Weakly) Oppenheimer's true trinity, the inverse trinity. What Dante referred to as "The Three Faces of Evil."

**Brunnen:** Lucifer, Ahriman, and an image of the Asuras.

*From the three entrances, Ahriman, Lucifer and the image of the Asuras enter, Ahriman at right, Lucifer at left and the Asuras image at the center. Lucifer and Ahriman do not appear as they did in "The Occult Southwest," but are thoroughly monstrous in appearance. Lucifer is a fiery red dragon and Ahriman is a slimy gray-*

*black serpent, the picture of degeneracy. The **Asuras** image is the most hideous of the three, a yellow-white monster that somewhat resembles the Aztec Death Dancer but is far worse in appearance. The **Asuras** image opens its mouth as though to speak, but only an extremely loud nightmare roar issues from behind the backdrop. **Joanna** collapses, and **Brunnen** manages to lead her to the bench. The lights fade out, first on **Brunnen** and **Joanna**, and lastly and very slowly on **The Three Faces of Evil**.*

\* \* \*

*After a suitable interval of darkness, the lights fade up on **Earth's Inner Core**, the **Dwelling of the Mother**. The stage and backdrop are bathed in golden light; shadows and images of foliage can be seen everywhere. **Joanna** is seen reclining in sleep on the left side of the upstage platform. The **Seal** can be seen at the center entrance. From the right, Atlas's two **Imps** scurry in, carrying two golden vases of roses. They make gestures of "Shhhh" with their fingers to their lips, so as not to waken **Joanna**, and place the vases on each side of the center entrance. The **Guardian** enters from the left and the two **Imps** scurry off at right. For a few moments he observes **Joanna**, then she awakens. She quickly sits up, looking around her in terror, remembering the Ninth Circle.*

**Guardian:** The underworld nightmare is over; you're safe.

**Joanna:** (Astonished by the golden light, the vases of roses and the **Seal**) Where am I? Where are we?

**Guardian:** In Earth's Inner Core, the Dwelling of the Mother. It is a golden sphere that was once the center of the sun.

**Joanna:** We came through, then. But how did I get here?

**Guardian:** You lost consciousness and your Guide carried you here.

**Joanna:** Where is he?

**Guardian:** You will see him momentarily.

**Joanna:** I should not have lost consciousness. Do we have work to do here, Brunnen and I?

**Guardian:** Goodness gracious me, you've been doing your work for almost 33 years now, although it is not fully sourced here. It is in the sphere of the Mother

that certain kinds of work are proceeding in regard to the redemption and renewal of the human physical body. Brunnen's special task for the Holy Spirit is the transformation of the human voice, so that it may be a more appropriate vessel in the future for the Word. Those closest to him assist him in this sacred work, and each has a special role to fulfill. Your role requires a unique union of the spiritual and physical worlds, principally between two individuals. This is but an initial requirement, it is but a beginning.

**Joanna:** That is certainly true. I feel inadequate, unworthy.

**Guardian:** Of course you are normal in every other sense.

**Joanna:** Thanks be to Atlas.

**Guardian:** And Brunnen has never expected or desired otherwise of you... I'll let you in on a little fact we all find amusing: he thoroughly enjoys your normal American life, it delights him!... Here, at the earth's core, more recent healing forces are flowing out onto the surface of the planet, just as forces of renewal, growth and reproduction have always surged upwards from our Mother's sphere. Much of this is the work of Brunnen's followers, between their deaths and re-births. As I explained, your particular role is unique, and is the result of lengthy preparation. The only reason I am able to reveal so much to you now is because you have successfully completed *The Descent* - within your own limitations, of course. Now, come and stand next to me.

*Joanna stands next to the **Guardian**, who signals silently that something significant is about to occur. **Brunnen**, wearing a white robe, enters from the right entrance. He acknowledges Joanna and the Guardian. The **Nurse**, carrying a small bundle that is a baby, enters from the left entrance. She wears the same white nurse's dress, but there are orange-red flame forms at the bottom that change to gold and then to white at her chest, against which she holds the baby. A chorus of Angelic voices are gradually heard singing softly, off. The **Mother** enters from the center entrance. She wears colors of shimmering blue, gold and white, and a white veil. She smiles radiantly, blesses Brunnen, the Nurse, Joanna and the Guardian, then speaks:*

**Mother:**

In summer's fullness, my majestic sunflowers were warmly lit with sun-gold,  
Unaware of the brilliant aura of their radiance, heavy with seed, swaying,  
Their pale-green stems and leaves like unfolding hands, airy love to behold

Through the sensing of their living particles, of the sun-eye playing  
With the dancing wind, at length bringing the bees and hummingbirds to drink  
Ecstatically of their sweet and heavy bounty. One whose heart was praying  
Received fulfillment, and the single Eye re-awakened and began to think  
On what surrounded her in the earthly world, and in the world of men.  
Thus physical and spiritual worlds entwine themselves in a loving link.

*(She refers to the Nurse in the lines below)*

Sweet to behold, my daughter returned to me, she who was corrupted, then,  
But who is now cleansed through the Love and forgiveness of my Son.  
The holy flames of her limbs, diminished by the ash, now transcend  
The darkness of selfish passion and rise to Light, through Sacrifice won.  
Closely she holds the child, and her higher self, near to the great heart  
That surrounds us here; the sun is within her, the work of renewal has begun.  
Ah, bring them all back to me! - all my sons and daughters, and every living part  
Of the great Earth, so serene in cosmic space, n'er hinting of her woes.  
I will hold each close to me, tenderly, until God bids them again depart.

From our warm, golden sun-sphere, the trunk of the Tree of Life grows  
Upwards, renewed, with branches spreading out into the replenished air.  
The forces of the root spring up to glorify the crown with unending rows  
Of Life and Light-filled color upon color, Father Saturn's prayer  
Answered, the regeneration of instinctual life, rising to a higher form.  
The woodwind instrument sighs and sings, the violin hasn't a care  
Beyond her balanced tension, the heavenly tones that perfectly adorn,  
With sacred precision, the Christus components, her new elements.  
May the Tree of Life share her fruits, for she is of darkness shorn!...

*The Angel's singing voices increase in volume. The lights fade out very slowly, lastly on  
the **Mother**, who again raises Her hands in blessing.*

*End.*

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*The Descent, Southwest Journey*  
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## Southwest Journey

### *The Resurrection ~ A Mystery Drama*

**Cast,** In Order of Appearance

(The cast size is 21. If actors perform multiple roles, the cast size is 16.)

Joanna Matthews, Playwright, Researcher  
Brunnen von Christ, Spiritual Guide. *Rudolf Steiner, Fount of Christ*  
Three Angels, representing Moon, Mercury and Venus  
Two Beings in Soul  
A Young Man  
A Young Woman  
Luminous Hummingbird, Spiritual Being. *Christus verus Luciferus.*  
Five Eurythmists  
Three Angels, representing Mars, Jupiter and Saturn  
Representative, *Michael*  
Danny Gonzalez, Occult Researcher  
The Representative of Man. *The Christ*

**Time and Place:** Winter and Easter, 2006. A room in Joanna's adobe home; the Heavenly, Planetary Spheres; the Sun Temple.

**Set:** The basic set is the same as for the first two dramas of the trilogy, "*The Occult Southwest*" and "*The Descent.*" Lighting moods and colors, and the projection of images on the stage and backdrop, are both indicated and open to interpretation.

**Scene:** The stage is largely bare. Down left (the actor's left) there is a small table and chair. This is a room in Joanna's home that is warmest in the winter. On the table is a small lit lamp, and books, notebooks and pens. Down right there is a Mexican-style bench, with back support and arms. Flowers, foliage and a central

radiating sun are painted on the bench in bright colors.

**At Rise:** Joanna is sitting at the table writing notes. She is dressed as in "*The Occult Southwest*."

**Joanna:** It's difficult to remember, to bring into full consciousness everything that happened, but my notes on *The Descent* are finally completed... If only I did not have so many limitations, which the Guardian has been obliged to point out to me on not a few occasions. And we can only overcome our limitations slowly and painfully.

*She rises and crosses to center.*

From the golden sphere of the Inner Earth, we somehow emerged back out into a deep starry night. Millions of stars of all sizes and colors seemed to be calling me, calling me to float upwards, towards them. I moved rapidly away from the earth, drawn to the infinite universe. Brunnen did not seem to be present... When I looked back, I saw an immense rounded portion of our globe: a fathomless dark-blue ocean and the edge of a continent. A glorious indescribable aura was radiating out into the atmosphere. I realized it was the Presence of God, and I turned back to be with Him. But then I seemed to be standing on the edge of a huge, dark valley. Above, thunder clouds rolled rapidly over immense jagged mountains and issued lightning. Below, columns of fire were interspersed with rising mists, and deep shadows moved in and out of endless green vales. Fear almost overcame me, but then Brunnen was again by my side. He said the dark valley was part of what I call *The Borderlands*, the realm between life on earth and the spiritual world. Here, souls wander who are not prepared for their life after death. I looked out again, and then I saw that the shadows were composed of millions and millions of undulating souls. Brilliant white lights flared up here and there in their midst. Brunnen said this indicated a soul had been released, through the assistance of helpers, both on earth and in Heaven. We can all be helpers... The young pilot.

*She crosses to the table, picks up a notebook and reads from it.*

"Not long ago, upon waking, I heard a young man's voice. Seven letters were as though intensely shouted: JCH - US, ER! JCH - US, ER! I believe this was a young soldier - a pilot - who had died violently. He was trying to communicate an urgent message, and after a time I interpreted this to be both: "Jesus Christ, Us, He" and "Jesus Christ, United States, Emergency." But is my interpretation

correct? And was I able to help him? How can I be certain?

*A warm golden light fades up on the center entrance of the platform, and **Brunnen von Christ** enters and stops there. He is dressed as in "The Descent."*

**Brunnen:** Both your interpretations are correct, Joanna.

**Joanna:** But why did he come to me?

**Brunnen:** His home was in the southwest, and he saw that Brunnen von Christ was with you, and that conscious work with the National Spirit had been undertaken here. He wanted to tell you about his death in service to his country, and about America's urgent need to unite with the Christed earth. Did you help him? Certainly. You often think of him. He is now preparing to help other soldiers who will meet violent death. Not a few...

*After a pause, **Brunnen** descends from the platform and crosses to the bench.*

**Brunnen:** What a remarkable bench.

**Joanna:** I built and painted it myself. It's Mexican.

**Brunnen:** *(Sitting down on the bench)* Were you thinking of me?

**Joanna:** Of both of us.

**Brunnen:** Come here then.

*Joanna crosses to the bench and sits down at the right side of **Brunnen**.*

**Brunnen:** Are you ready for our ascent to the heavenly spheres, the planetary spheres?

**Joanna:** Yes.

***Brunnen** gestures toward the platform, where the warm golden lights intensify on all three entrances. The lights dim on the area of the table and chair, while the small lamp remains lit. **Three Angels** enter. They represent the planetary spheres of **Moon**, **Mercury** and **Venus**. **Mercury** is at the center, **Moon** is at the right, and **Venus** is at the left. The Moon Angel's robe is blue-violet and flecked with glimmering silver, the*



*Mercury Angel's robe is iridescent yellow-silver-white, and the Venus Angel's robe is green and flecked with glimmering copper.*

### **Angel, Moon:**

Moon, Mercury and Venus serve necessity in humanity's evolution,  
Assuring both wisely-determined destiny and physical survival.  
Moon Beings guard the soul's Great Book of karmic restitution,  
Inscribing silver letters of memory into the causal body's revival  
During the new earthly life, reflections to enhance self-knowing.  
Moon's animal comforts and physical attractions brook no rival  
In the sleeper's morning return, save the dawn's sweet glowing.  
Yet Moon-dreaming is not obscured even by the sun of midday.  
Phantasies, wishes, longings, desires, ideas, never cease flowing.

As Moon reflects, from the cosmos, Earth's seemingly infinite array,  
In the afterlife it holds a mirror up for the departed soul's gaze,  
And life's misdeeds, cruelties, omissions, and flaws will dismay  
The soul, who must also purge earthly cravings until the blaze  
Of wrongful desire burns itself out and surrenders to purity,  
With resolve to compensate. Thus, Moon Beings inscribe another phase  
Of future inner necessity. Airy Moon, the astral world, with surety  
Transforms its substance into *Spirit Self* - what the Ego has won  
On its evolutionary journey towards Love-filled cosmical maturity.

### **Angel, Mercury:**

Mercury is the bright morning star, for the Ego his staff is spun.  
Through this cosmic sphere, Mercury Beings convey divine plans  
To the intellect. The work of that sagacious quick-wit is never done,  
First to know, secondly to assimilate, finally to express, through hands  
And through all parts of the physical body, the message - behold! -  
Coordinated, clear, complete. Before doors of choice, the Ego stands.  
Yet its choices determine the future, and *moral* choices will unfold  
Heavenly relationships through Mercury's afterlife healing purges.  
Health-restoring Mercury, quicksilver, has issued from Sun's gold.

The Ego, secure within its cosmic tower, must control all urges  
From below, that, shrouded in unconsciousness, upward strive,  
With impure or imperfect motive, unhealthy or immoral surges.

Through conscious, moral evolution the unfolding powers thrive,  
And support an Ego's - or a nation's - wings for higher, selfless flight.  
Mercury determines destiny as the balance points are receptive, alive,  
From previous noble aspiration, wrested from the day, secure by night.  
The immoral will find themselves a hermit in Mercury's sphere;  
Those blessed through loving goodwill can experience sociable Light.

**Angel, Venus:**

Secret longings and desires of souls on Earth, Venus holds dear,  
Receiving and reflecting back in altered dream-tones, Love for all.  
Tones wafting from Love of every kind will catch Venus's ear:  
Between men and women, within families, for one's religious call.  
Awareness of Holy Spirit, reverence for the Divine, will catch her eye,  
Lofty emotions and feelings, surging from abundance, can only enthrall  
Venus, ever receptive, though she closely follows the Sun in the sky.  
Her rounds discourage openness to the universe, though she favors Mars.  
She would rather he not notice her attention... yet this her glimpses belie.

With her opposite partner - through Sun's intercession - Venus spars  
Fondly; the two planets hold conversation, and whatever Mars conveys  
Of Earth, Venus absorbs, illumines and reflects back, like the stars.  
Venus is Lucifer's star; he looks back with yearning to this planet's phase  
Of his past existence, yet is forever sundered from her on his present course.  
From the living dialogue of Venus and Mars issues a resounding phrase  
In cosmic space: "From this interplay springs a present and future force  
That underlies the organs connected with human speech. Warm, fluidic Venus  
And the firm resistance of Mars together will be, for speech, a most potent  
source."

*The **Three Angels** slowly withdraw, the lights dim slightly. After an interval, **Joanna** rises from the bench and crosses to the platform, looking at the entrances as though longing to follow the **Angels**. She realizes this will be impossible for her, and she turns and looks sadly at **Brunnen**.*

**Brunnen:** You want to follow the Angels to Heaven in your feeling life, but something stops you. What stops you?

**Joanna:** I can't simply cross over to Heaven at will. The longing is there, but - as in Earth's Core - so is a sense of inadequacy and unworthiness. I feel small and

insignificant.

**Brunnen:** To approach planetary consciousness is to feel diminished, insignificant, yes. We approach the Gods.

**Joanna:** Without you, I can journey no further than the Borderlands.

**Brunnen:** You have had many fleeting moments in higher spheres, even without me. Out of the body in time, for example.

**Joanna:** Out of the body in time... Going back in memory to pre-life experiences?

**Brunnen:** You're quite good at this, and many a special glimpse has been translated into your writing and poetry. (*Brunnen rises, crosses to Joanna and takes both of her hands in his*) Therefore, Joanna, when you are asked whether your accounts of our journey are based in spiritual experience, you should say "yes," although, with the exception of Brunnen, only in fleeting moments. You should say "yes," although retrospective work was necessary. (*He touches her lips*)

**Joanna:** Yes.

**Brunnen:** And we can do nothing for anyone without strenuous effort on their part. I say "effort," which reveals our indicators. What is success? It is far better for the soul when success eludes and when effort is thereby again extended, even far into the unforeseen future. Speaking of the future... (*He crosses to the table*) We are to journey to the sphere of the Sun, and we will enter the Sun Temple. When this is completed we shall have further communications with Angels, exalted Angels who represent the outer planets: Mars, Jupiter and Saturn. So, let this small lamp in your home remain lit. This lamp, these notebooks, these thoughts, this life, all await your return. (*He crosses back to the platform, steps up on it and turns front at the center entrance, somber*) Follow me.

*Joanna steps up onto the platform and both exit through the center entrance. All lights fade out, with the exception of the small lamp on the table.*

*Warm golden lights fade up on the stage and platforms, now representing the interior of the Sun Temple. Above the center entrance, the image of a Golden Triangle can be seen. Two Beings enter from the right and left entrances. The First (at the actor's right) is elderly, with white hair, and he wears a white robe with a red stole. The Second is*

*youthful, with shoulder-length dark hair, and he wears a white robe with a blue stole.*

**First Being:**

Here in the Sun Temple, the Gods are spiritually in advance  
Of our work upon Earth, upon involution, upon the Image of Man,  
The Two in the One. Yet have we to pierce the blood with the lance  
Before the forces can be purified, and wait long until our measure can  
Be received in the Chalice, added to our bounty of living ethereal form.  
Yet the Gods, withal, sing and dance joyfully o'er one grain of sand,  
And another and another, for what shall someday pour down like a storm,  
A behest for humanity, though below they live in darkness still, unaware.  
I have lived in time too often, too often seen hope by slow passage torn.

**Second Being:**

Drop by precious drop our sacred Vessel fills, yet may we declare  
The process but beginning. In the beginning was the Word, resounding.  
The Word extends from the future towards us, and in prayer  
We receive the Word that envelops us, with Love its sounding.  
Thus shall we find strength to lead; tread the bridge to future time,  
While painfully aware of violence and tragedy below, astounding  
To Heaven, as in its moments of silence, as was written, sublime.  
All wrought in Creation is won through the sweat of the brow,  
Above and below: renunciation, sacrifice, annunciation, seal and sign.

**First Being:**

The ascent must counter what the two experienced in hell. Thou,  
Sweet Creator, may wish to prepare a joyous Festival of the Sun,  
The sphere wherein so many devoted followers fashion the bough  
Intended for beauteous arch between Heaven and Earth. Ah, just begun...  
Religion, science and art united; tolerance for different faiths and ways;  
Ritual cultus; sacred movement for God's delight; sound and picture spun  
From Wisdom, Beauty and Strength. Here oneness, unity, conveys  
Harmonious working together, whereas below, lower ego tore asunder  
Communal effort. Yet heartfelt effort allowed for many happy days...

**Second Being:**

As the great Heart of our Sun balances every extreme plunder  
Of human experience; as it balances the planets on their rounds,  
The three inner and the three outer - their workings are a wonder:  
In Heaven, within, as spiritual bodies; on Earth, without, as what surrounds  
In concentrated form, as planet, seen as though suspended in night sky,  
Like the stars. In this suspension the secret of the new technology abounds,  
We can see this working here as well, what only in the distant future can lie  
Within the grasp of men on Earth... Let us now welcome the brave two  
Who have joined Heaven and Earth; it is a Writ of God on the thigh...

*From the center entrance, **Brunnen** enters. He wears a white robe and a red and blue stole. Secondly, **Joanna**, who wears a light-blue cape, enters from the right. She glances about her with uncertainty and wonderment at where she is, then sits down on the bench.*

**Brunnen:**

Hope and strength can be drawn from *some* signs below. Within our view  
Lights rise up from many places on Earth - columns of Light.  
This is the Holy Work on the transubstantiation of matter, to renew  
The body ethereal. Quietly, selflessly, devotedly, through night,  
Through radiant morn and day consciousness, the Work proceeds.  
There, a mighty column - there, but a spark. All efforts, glowing bright,  
Are sealed in His Loving Heart for all time, and will work like seeds,  
Blossoming at dayspring of the soul's fulfillment. True Grace!...  
Through death's portals no greater treasures can arrive than these deeds.

Thus the bread and wine transformed at the Last Supper can replace,  
Over aeons of time, the declining chamber with perfect new frame,  
If such be the choice, the way and work of the soul, which must efface  
The lower and selfish nature from within. Let us nurture this flame! -  
This steady flame of the Ego's quest for perfection, ever aware of God's Eye.

*An **Eye** appears within the **Triangle**.*

*(To his Brothers) Yes, drop by precious drop, from the Lamb slain,  
The Vessel fills with purest blood, red blood to replace the blue thereby,  
With finite slowness, with infinite longing, eternal participation...*

***Joanna** suddenly falls asleep, leaning her head on her arm.*

Look there, loss of consciousness in my "elect" we can hardly deny.

**First Being:** Surely we cannot expect this incarnate one to remain fully conscious here.

**Second:** And how does the work go with your "elect?"

**Brunnen:** With finite slowness.

**First Being:** Tell us, or rather... reveal this work to us through deed, through will.

*Brunnen descends from the platform and stands just left of the bench.*

**Brunnen:** Joanna.

*Joanna wakens.*

**Brunnen:** How do you love me?

*After a pause with no answer from Joanna, Brunnen sits down next to her on the bench.*

**Brunnen:** How do you love me?

**Joanna:** I love your heart.

*She leans her head against Brunnen's chest and closes her eyes. All lights fade out, lastly on the **Triangle and Eye**.*

*The lights fade up again with the entrance of a **Young Man and Young Woman**, each wearing light-blue robes.*

**Man:** It's amazing - what was impossible on earth can be fully realized here in the Sun Sphere, if we but tried during our lives. *Tried*. This is surely what is meant by Paradise.

**Woman:** Powers here flow from the future; they won't materialize on earth for a long time.

**Man:** Yes, but past, present and future are one. Even on earth, they're not separated. Now, I wish to demonstrate something. From the world above, the world of archetypes, comes to me a small spinning globe. You see?

*The globe is pantomimed, descending from above to a position between the **Man** and **Woman**.*

**Woman:** What beautiful colors. And strangely transparent. Within, there appears to be a sun. Perhaps a heart? Oh, but she's stopped spinning...

**Man:** She'll spin again from my thoughts. *(To the globe)* Truth, beauty and goodness.

**Woman:** She's not spinning.

**Man:** Truth, beauty and goodness!

**Woman:** It isn't mere thought - you know that. Thought must be transposed fully in feeling life. You're in the intellect only, in science only. Science needs the other two beings of its triad to be complete; it needs religion and art. Science, truth. Religion, goodness. Art, beauty.

**Man:** *(To the globe)* How beautiful you are!... That would please most females.

**Woman:** We revere your suspension and feel the miracle and mystery of gravity.

**Man:** Science has no real answer for your suspension. We love you. Will love reveal your mystery to us?

**Woman:** Oh yes, you're beautiful.

**Man:** She's still not moving.

**Woman:** This reminds me of a dream, a dream in which we can't get control of things no matter how hard we try.

**Man:** But this is Heaven - Paradise.

*The Triangle and Eye fade up, and the Man and Woman bow before it with deep reverence, then look again to the globe.*

**Man:** (To the globe) It is God in you that we love, God in you that we revere. The laboratory shall become an altar; awareness of the sacred ethereal world and the beings of Nature shall accompany every experiment...

**Woman:** She spins!

**Man:** And changes from within.

**Woman:** How so?

**Man:** Stars. Stars appear from within... She's speaking. Listen: "The heart forms a solar counterpart to the brain, which is stellar. The new technology will be the power of the stars."

**Woman:** She's moving. Where is she going?

**Man:** To the stars. Let's follow!...

*They exit following the globe. The Triangle and Eye remain visible. The stage lights dim, but intensify at the center entrance as **Luminous Hummingbird** enters. He wears the same costume as in "The Occult Southwest." "Luminous Hummingbird resembles a ruby-throated hummingbird, although with more whiteness. His head-dress has radiating white feathers, with shimmering violet and green nuances. His gown has the same colors, except for the brilliant ruby-red feathers descending from his throat and over the upper part of his chest. Flowing gracefully out from each side of the head-dress and down to his shoulders are rich locks of black hair."*

**Luminous Hummingbird:**

May our American friends find the wellspring of God's force,  
Hidden deeply within sub-earthly darkness, like a ray  
Of fire and water combined, warm, light, and on its course  
To the surface of Earth, there to unite with the Sun of day.  
Through His Descent to the Underworld's aberrant base,  
He has regenerated the stagnant fluids, quickened the way  
For up-welling currents, from inner core to land-hewn face.  
Yet the way, so deep, so narrow, is but a thin, golden thread,



Between surging, volcanic forces and cold, concreted space.

Our friends plunge down to the depths in their dread  
Of their brother's fates, who are unaware of the powers below  
That draw them under. They seek to rescue and redeem, but instead  
Become entrapped in the mire. Our work must, perforce, bestow  
Strength upon them through an American cultus, with sign, key,  
Movement, ritual and devotion for engendering spiritual flow  
From mighty helpers, that the sacred spring be found beneath the tree  
That leads downward to the Christed source, then impels upwards.  
As source, fount and guide, my dear friends, in Christ, look upon me!...

*Luminous Hummingbird* raises his eyes and hands upwards, worshipfully. The lights fade out slowly, lastly on the **Triangle** and **Eye**.

After an interval, **Brunnen** and **Joanna** enter from the right and sit down on the bench. **Five Eurythmists** enter. They wear garlands of flowers in their hair and their gowns represent every color in the rainbow.

[The director and eurythmists must select the music and movement that are presented, but the theme is dayspring and arising Light.]

At the end of this presentation, **Brunnen** and **Joanna** rise, and **Brunnen** takes the hand of each of the **Eurythmists**. Then, stage lights dim, and intense flame forms of gold, orange and red lights fade up on the left side of the backdrop. The **Eurythmists** acknowledge the light and withdraw.

**Joanna:** Brunnen... what is that flaming orange-red light?

**Brunnen:** That is Lucifer.

**Joanna:** Here?...

**Brunnen:** Yes. If you'll remember from your studies, Lucifer is to be found in the sphere of the Sun. He becomes the guide for the outer planets, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn. He is also not without influence in the starry world. Shall we go?

**Joanna:** I'll go with you, yes.

*They exit left. All lights dim, lastly and very slowly on the flame forms.*

*Cool lights fade up on the three entrances and **Three Angels** enter. They represent the outer planetary spheres of **Mars, Jupiter** and **Saturn**.*

*The Mars Angel at right wears a deep-red robe, the Jupiter Angel at center wears a gold-orange robe, and the Saturn Angel at left wears a blue-violet robe.*

### **Angel, Mars:**

Mars, source of speech, has given in full measure to our verse.  
In life, as in art, sounds of words waft through air and touch the ear.  
The materialized servants of thought, lucid, loving, garbled or terse,  
But answer to their master's bidding, impartially, from this sphere.  
Once Mars fully instilled in human souls the iron shouts of war;  
Fierce soldiers plunged into battle, thirsty for blood, without fear.  
But e'en righteous battle today has no glory; healing is to the fore;  
Mercury marks the second half of Earth's evolutionary expanse  
For humanity's ascent from the vilest depths to Heaven's door.

Thus Mars began ascent when a great earthly Being took his stance  
On the isles and shores of the blood-red oceans, seething in turmoil.  
With the Being came his gentle follower. So began Love's advance  
For the good of Mars, that humans passing through its jugged soil  
In after-death journey might find these two and emulate the peace  
Flowing from their isle and presence; might resist the harsh spoil  
Of bullying and aggressive mantle in preference to the soft fleece  
Of the Lamb. Therefore, seek the isle of peace midst Martian storms  
And the warmth of hearts who lovingly assist the soul's earthly release.

*Above the **Jupiter Angel**, the image of a large **Eye** appears, a fully opened eye in which details of iris and pupil are not clearly seen.*

### **Angel, Jupiter:**

Great King Jupiter reveals the evolved Eye, even in matter. He forms  
In spiritual movement the archetype of the Third Eye, and bids it awake  
Through extended effort of the mind, in thought that exceeds all norms.  
Jupiter contains the present, the eternal now, wherein illusion is at stake  
In the consciousness of insightful comprehension, with future gleaming.  
Mighty blows from comets on their wayward paths does Jupiter take,  
Comets like thoughts gone astray in labyrinthian mirrored seeming.

His Royal Highness never tires of delight in proper development of reason,  
And puzzles put before the King at night are solved in fruitful dreaming.

Long, long ago, when humanity was in a younger, far earlier season,  
Configurations of Jupiter and Saturn were studied with exacting care.  
Failure to combine memory with wisdom was tantamount to treason,  
For conscious thinking illumined by the past revealed events in the air,  
For leaders and nations. So astrologers watched the sky's great kings.  
Today mankind separates wisdom and memory so as not to impair  
The freedom of will, but planets are regarded as mere material things.  
With sorrow in their neglect, planetary Gods await humanity's attention  
Of their almighty Being, when joyful heart again to divinity sings.

*The large open Eye of Jupiter becomes even larger and less detailed, as the **Primal Eye of Saturn.***

#### **Angel, Saturn:**

The Primal Eye emerged in response to warmth, Saturn's comprehension  
Of its place in the cosmos, Earth's first embodiment in space and time.  
Saturn had fully developed the human body by Earth's suspension,  
Notably the skeleton, that he did so fully and wondrously refine  
From cosmic sound to the universal strong man beneath outer skin.  
How many secrets of cosmos, creation and nature can we find  
In the skeleton, in its hardness, in its seriousness, even in its grin,  
That signifies death as a key component of instinctual support.  
Yet the human eye points to warm, delicate softness, Saturn within.

Through the hard skull, spiritual forces pour down, a clear retort,  
For Saturn reverses hardness in easing passage of cosmic rays,  
Seen in the sacred fontanel at birth. Thus, death is birth's cohort.  
Saturn presses the soul deeply into the body through life's days,  
Yet can open the leaden door for a spiritual teacher's ascent,  
To converse with him in turn, and clear cosmic memory's haze.  
As Jupiter bears comets, Saturn bears the brunt of nuclear descent.  
He protects Earth by absorbing the great wounds of atomic testing.  
What forces the giant planets have sacrificed for man; summoned, spent.

*The **Three Angels** withdraw and all lights fade out, lastly and slowly on the **Primal Eye.***

*The stage lights fade up, as does the **Eye in the Golden Triangle**, seen over the center entrance. The scene is again the **Sun Temple**. From the left, the **Young Man** and **Young Woman** re-enter. Between them, the small globe is pantomimed.*

**Man:** Our sweet globe joined the stars and rayed light back to us, but Father Saturn would not give us permission to follow her.

**Woman:** Perhaps she'll tell us what she saw and experienced midst the stars.

**Man:** She seemed to be looking down to Earth.

**Woman:** Listen carefully.

**Man:** *(A pause)* She says: "Michael is the new force for higher culture upon Earth. Michael can be seen standing in the East." She's moving again.

*They watch as the globe moves to the center entrance of the platform, but remain on the stage, left of center. Intense lights of rose and gold fade up at the center entrance.*

**Man:** Michael!...

**Woman:** Here, where we can see him?

**Man:** She says: "Michael is full of God's sweetness, yet also has unsurpassed strength. His colors, which include an infinite array of gold and rose shades, are not the garish flames of Lucifer or the dark depths of Ahriman, but Michael will reign supreme over the adversarial qualities of these two, who have made themselves the enemy of God and man."

*From the right the **Representative of Michael** enters. She is tall, with a perfect blend of masculine and feminine qualities. She is dressed as a warrior, with golden armor over a white and rose colored tunic. On her head is a golden helmet with a white-rose colored plume of feathers. She wears a belt to which is attached a scabbard and a gleaming golden sword. She crosses to right of center with masculine strides.*

**Representative:**

I am the Representative of Michael, sent to give you instructions, then lead you

to his school. Do not be surprised to see a woman. Have you any idea what women are bearing on Earth now? For every measure the man loses in moral strength the woman gains in burden. She gives suck to the babe or carries on her hip the child the husband has abandoned, all the while languishing for lack of love. She hires herself out to support her babes and has to pay someone else to hold them close, thereby denied their affection. If the man has not abandoned her, he has been sent off to war. Widows weep for dead husbands, mothers weep for dead sons, for abusive husbands, for children killed in war, children deprived of their fathers, children killed in accidents, children kidnapped and murdered. Aeons ago, the Gods foresaw what woman would be asked to bear, therefore they made her warrior as well as woman. They gave her the strength to stand alone, and the courage to lead others. Michael has cause to be grateful, for - below - he has far more women warriors than men. They are his devoted warriors for the spirit.

*She quickly and expertly removes the sword from its scabbard and draws symbols on the floor with it.*

All of the symbols I draw represent forces that must be confronted and controlled; put to the service of the spirit. Here is the cross of the fourfold gate. Here is the six-pointed star, the eight-pointed star, the heart. The transformed heart yields and gives the ethereal matter up to higher worlds. Sympathetic attraction in the higher worlds assures gravity. Below, ritual cultus will instill reverence and attract powerful helpers, the spirits of movement. America's special cultus should attract and be led by the Archangel Raphael and the beings of Mercury. Michael reserves for himself, in the distant future, the penetration of the vessels with meteoric iron.

*She steps back.*

Both of you, please kneel before me.

*The **Man** and **Woman** kneel and the **Representative** touches the shoulders of each with the sword.*

The sword signifies the future Word. To be touched upon the shoulders with the sword is to be granted strength and ability to give lower forces over to higher worlds. In earthly life free will is added as a critical ingredient. Now you may rise.

*The two stand, and the **Representative** returns the sword to its scabbard.*

As your little globe has lovingly informed you, it is the moment for your entrance into Michael's school.

*She steps up onto the platform, gestures - indicating that she lifts the globe above her - and turns front. The **Man** and **Woman** briefly hold hands, then step up on the platform to each side of the **Representative**, the **Man** on the right. The **Representative** takes and holds both their hands and, after a pause, she exits through the entrance. The **Man** and **Woman** exit after her. All lights fade out, lastly and slowly on the **Eye** in the **Triangle**.*

*After an interval, lights fade up on the bench, table and chair, the room in **Joanna's** home. **Joanna**, dressed as at the opening, enters from the right, deep in thought.*

**Joanna:** Memory is the key. It unlocks the leaden doors, it gazes into the past and thus into the future, it safely releases the soul from the body. These past few days I have worked so hard to improve my memory!... What happened to us after Saturn? There was Luminous Hummingbird in the spheres of the Cherubim and Seraphim, radiating intense holy Light. And so many indescribable colors issued from him, colors that painters cannot even dream about!... A sense of inferiority and unworthiness pressed down upon me like lead, pressed me repeatedly out of consciousness.  
I had to return to my life...

*She crosses to the table.*

The work on the book... Yet, how to return to this dark, shadowy existence after experiencing such realms? Yesterday, I went outside and worked on the land, cleared more debris from the Bosque, sat by the river and watched the gentle currents foam over the rocks. If I don't continue my healthy existence, so much will be in vain... (*leafing through a notebook*) I've jotted down many impressions from the Sun Temple. There was something about a spinning globe, and there were some friends. Spinning globe? That seems to relate to Sympathetic Vibratory Physics. Danny...

***Danny Gonzalez** enters from the right. He is dressed casually, as in "The Occult Southwest."*

**Danny:** Hey, lady. OK for me to stop by now?

**Joanna:** Yes, I was just thinking about you.

**Danny:** Drove by your place yesterday and saw you working. Figure you're coming back down to earth after all this stuff about Rudolf Steiner.

**Joanna:** You don't believe Brunnen is Steiner, do you?

**Danny:** Well... I don't know what to make of it, really. You want to continue work on our book, right?

**Joanna:** Certainly.

**Danny:** That's the important thing.

**Joanna:** Danny, I'm not sure it's the important thing.

**Danny:** Come on!...

**Joanna:** I should say, it's not the thing of first importance.

**Danny:** What is?

**Joanna:** Before you can even begin to answer some of the questions you've asked about *The Occult Southwest*, you need to make the descent. Consider some of your topics: powering UFO technology with living forces; confronting and transforming nefarious activities; converting dark powers to good. You must make the descent.

**Danny:** Now, how do I do that?

**Joanna:** Imaginatively, as a sacred ritual cultus. Study every possible source from Rudolf Steiner, and also Dante's masterpiece, the book you've postponed reading for twenty years. Then perform the cultus of the descent over several weeks. When this is completed, study the planetary spheres, then ascend through these spheres, also imaginatively and through cultus.

**Danny:** Where in the world are you getting this?

**Joanna:** From what you call my "claims." Can you overcome your skepticism and negativity and take me seriously?

**Danny:** All this about Rudolf Steiner - the anthroposophists are going to say it's "luciferic."

**Joanna:** Well, the luciferic is all mixed in with everything. There's no escaping it.

**Danny:** Honestly, I'm not sure about the book anymore...

*He sits down on the bench in discouragement.*

**Danny:** We had a really good working relationship.

**Joanna:** And that can improve.

**Danny:** You're no any initiate or anything.

**Joanna:** No.

**Danny:** You're not really anyone special.

**Joanna:** It's true, I'm not... No, wait. I've had many fleeting moments in higher spheres.

**Danny:** Jo, really -

**Joanna:** I've also been out of the body in time. I'm really good at this. Memory has the power to take us back in time, you know, all the way back to pre-life experiences. These fleeting moments, these pre-life memories have found their way into my writing and poetry. I've derived much insight, too, from working retrospectively, that is, understanding experiences by looking back through the space of time. The space of time?... I really should write that down...

**Danny:** Everything's changed.

**Joanna:** It's the process of becoming through dying. Becoming is a constant.

**Danny:** *(Rising from the bench)* Well... I'm going to have to reconsider the book.

**Joanna:** Don't make a decision about it now. Give it time.



**Danny:** Maybe. I'll see. (*He starts to exit, right*)

**Joanna:** You haven't wanted to work *with* me at all. You've wanted me to work *for* you. And I guess I'm supposed to agree with you - I'm nothing special, except in so far as I'm useful to you!...

*Without responding, **Danny** starts to exit again, then stops abruptly as he sees something at the center entrance of the platform. **Joanna** also turns to look in that direction.*

*Warm golden lights fade up on the center entrance as **The Representative of Man** enters. He is radiant, tall, with fair complexion and hair; he wears a white robe. Both of His hands are raised up in greeting.*

**Representative:**

Danny, Danny. Do you love me?

*Danny crosses to the left of the platform.*

**Danny:** Yes, Lord, I love you.

**Rep:** Danny, will you come with me to your mother's people, the Hopi?

**Danny:** Yes, Lord.

**Rep:** I want you to do a certain work among them, for me. Do you love me?

**Danny:** Yes, Lord.

**Rep:** (*Gesturing*) Come with me then.

*Danny steps up onto the platform.*

**Danny:** The book...

**Rep:** You'll have time to decide about that.

*The **Representative** exits and **Danny** follows. After a pause, **Joanna**, stunned, crosses*

to the platform and gazes at the center entrance. Suddenly **Three Circles**, interweaving, arise there. The basic colors are red, yellow and blue, but the colors change constantly.

**Joanna:** "The highest point... I gaze at the Living Light... It is always what it was before..."

*Momentarily the **Three Circles** fade from view. After a pause, **Joanna** turns and crosses to the table, where she picks up a book, Dante's "Divine Comedy." She opens the book and finds a certain section.*

**Joanna:** The "Divine Comedy, Paradiso, Canto 33." (*She reads:*)

"The highest point... I gaze at the Living Light...  
It is always what it was before. Yet,  
That sole appearance seemed to be changing.  
In the deep and bright essence of that exalted Light,  
Three circles appeared to me; they had three different colors,  
But all of them were of the same dimension; one circle seemed  
Reflected by the second, as rainbow is by rainbow,  
And the third seemed fire breathed equally by those two circles..."

"I searched that strange sight: I wished to see the way  
In which our human effigy suited the circle and found place in it -  
And my own wings were far too weak for that. But then  
My mind was struck by light that flashed and, with this light,  
Received what it had asked. Here force failed my high fantasy,  
But my desire and will were moved already - like a wheel  
Revolving uniformly by the Love that moves the Sun and the other stars."

*End.*

### ***Bibliography:***

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