



death that in those days seemed so far.

"But I know this now: that land is not so far as my flesh is from my bones! it is even Here and Now.

"If there is one cloud in this tranquil azure, it is this thought: that conscious beings exist who are not thus infinitely happy, masters of ecstasy.

"What is the path to this immortal land? To the Oriental, meditation offers the best path. To the Western, there is no road better than ceremonial. For ecstasy is caused by the sudden combination of two ideas, just as oxygen and hydrogen unite explosively.

"But this religious ecstasy takes place in the highest centers of the human organism: it is the soul itself that is united to its God; and for this reason the rapture is more overpowering, the joy more lasting, and the resultant energy more pure and splendid than in aught earthly.

"In ritual therefore, we seek continually to unite the mind to some pure idea by an act of will. This we do again and again, more and more passionately, with more and more determination, until at last the mind accepts the domination of the will, and rushes of its own accord toward the desired object. This surrender of the mind to its Lord gives the holy ecstasy we seek."

Here we have one of the most important keys to the interpretation of the Drama of Parsival, and also an indication of the result which Wagner desired to produce upon the minds of his audience.

Unless the Play is properly staged, and the parts taken

## Regeneration

By Kenneth M. Ellis

**A** WORM,  
Creeping, with sinuous sways,  
Across a garden walk,  
Espied, above him,  
Hovering o'er a hydrangea bed,  
A butterfly.

**H**ATE filled his being;  
Hatred for that he knew that he,  
Vile, crawling creature though he seemed,  
Within him bore a semblance to that  
same;  
Which, to attain, he knew not.  
Hatred, conceived of envy,  
Born of sloth,  
Nurtured by every instinct of the worm.

**T**HE butterfly,  
All radiant with iridescent hues,  
Flittered serenely on,  
Conscious of every movement of the  
worm,  
Yet, paying him no heed.  
He knew that to fulfill  
The ultimate of God's design,  
(Or, call it nature's if you will),  
The worm had yet to pass  
The valley of the shadow of the grave;  
To seek the chrysalis,  
And, self-embalmed,  
Lie buried, suffering, and pained.  
The butterfly, too, knew  
That one day there would come  
The call like that to Lazarus entombed,  
"COME FORTH!"  
And that the worm,  
Dead to its crawling past,  
Would, on its resurrection morn,  
Like Lazarus from the sepulcher, respond;  
For he had been a worm.

**T**HE worm crawled on,  
And underneath a leaf,  
Began to weave himself a tomb;

And ever, as the web grew thick,  
Suffered more pain,  
And hated with a deeper hate  
The beautiful creature whom he felt  
That he could never be:  
Yet still he spun,  
As if submitting to a greater will,  
Until his web was done.

**O**F consciousness bereft, the worm lived  
on,  
And knew not of the changes which the  
seasons wrought  
Within, without, around his being.  
Buffeted by storms of winter  
Hung he within his chrysalis,  
Kissed by the falling flakes of snow,  
Warmed by the sun's caress,  
Fed by the rising dews.

**A** summer's morn,  
When all the world was waking,  
And the sun,  
Called to his daily resurrection,  
Threw off the garments of the grave of  
night,  
And sent the first faint radiance  
Over the eastern hills as his hosannah,  
The Angel of the Changes,  
To the worm  
Sent the divine command,  
"Come Forth—  
"Thy work perform—  
"Perfect—shaped by the rude fingers of  
adversity.  
"Rid from all semblance of the worm,  
"Come Forth!"

**A**ND lo, the worm came out;  
Bursting the bars of death  
In one tremendous exquisite pang—  
And found himself  
The embodiment of that which once he  
hated!

brought down by his own weapon.  
What is this Swan?

### ECSTASY!

How do I know? Never mind, let me quote once  
again from one who is the Master thereof:

### THE SWAN.

"There is a Swan whose name is Ecstasy; it wingeth  
from the deserts of the North; it wingeth through  
the blue; it wingeth over the fields of rice; at its  
coming they push forth the green.

In all the Universe this Swan alone is motionless: it

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by those who themselves understand  
at least something  
of the "Way of  
Holiness," this effect is not made  
upon the consciousness of the on-  
lookers. This is  
doubtless one of  
the reasons why  
Wagner made ar-  
rangements that  
this Work should  
only be produced  
at Bayreuth in a  
proper setting and  
under right con-  
ditions, for it  
represents the sum-  
mit of his Magical  
Mountain of which  
the base was the  
Ring. He called it  
a Stage-Consecrat-  
ing Festival, and  
its effects were in-  
tended to exert  
their influence upon  
the Drama of  
Life itself.

We will pass  
over the early part  
of the opening  
Scene with its in-  
roduction of  
Gurnemanz, Kun-  
dry, and Amfortas,  
and concentrate our  
attention on the en-  
try of Parsival,  
heralded by the  
falling of a Swan