

**Tara of the Oracles,
The Alchemical Twins Face the Fates
By: Olivia Robertson**

**THE PORTAL OF LEO
RITE 1: THE GOLDEN RULE**

"The golden rule is to face truth with courage"

TEMPLE OF ALCHEMY

PRIESTESS ALCHEMIST (*TO TWIN APPRENTICES, AIDEN & ELAINE*): To learn to follow the path of Wisdom, we need to listen to the inner teachings of the Magus Zoroaster of Ancient Persia.

PRIEST ALCHEMIST (*RAISES SCEPTRE*): Priest of Priests, Zoroaster, Honoured Magus of the Inner Temple of the Divine Light of Wisdom, Sacred Brother to Apollo, we seek your guidance.

ORACLE OF THE MAGUS ZOROASTER

The teachings of the Magi have been distorted, used as engines of power to cement the authority of those with little knowledge. Facts, the sandaled feet of Truth, have been ignored, in order to foster self-gratifying delusions.

Do not glibly quote Prophets, Masters, without yourself sharing the experience given. Such discourses – given as infallible truths – are an easy smokescreen used by those who manipulate the strings of power.

This power comes from the innate fear of poverty, illness and death in every human soul. Anyone who can pander to easy solutions, false promises, may achieve veneration, riches, and above all, power over others.

The path of Wisdom is only to accept some "truth" if you yourself in your heart and your mind, know this to be true.....

Within every creature is a guiding light, whether this be the instinct of migrating birds, the pollen-seeking bees, or the orbits of planets. So my counsel is to follow your own star! But keep in mind that there are myriads of stars, or else you too may lose yourself in soul-destroying delusion.

PRIESTESS ALCHEMIST: Thanks are given to the Magus Zoroaster for his unexpected Oracle for us to look within. His words were refreshingly alive.

PRIEST ALCHEMIST (*TO ELANE*): Elaine, you regard yourself as a lawless one, who defends victims against the abusive laws of establishments. You need to understand Divine Law which underlines earthly mandates. Are you willing to undergo the Initiation of the Supreme Ruler of Leo?

ELAINE: I agree. Someone must challenge this Supreme Ruler. This will be just what I want to do.

PRIESTESS ALCHEMIST (*SHOWS TAROT CARD FROM THE MARSEILLE DECK*): This is your emblem. Describe the card.

ELAINE (HOLDS CARD): Just what I expected! It shows “La Pape” – The Pope. He is an old man with a white beard, wearing the Triple Crown of rulership over hell, earth and heaven. His right glove bears the four-pointed cross, and he holds a sceptre topped with a hexagram. Two lunar acolytes are before him – a mysterious third priest shows just one arm. Behind him are two pillars.

PRIESTESS ALCHEMIST: You have prepared yourself... Enter trance through the Portal of Leo. We shall be with you but not help you. You would not expect it.

*** *TRANCE JOURNEY* ***

ELAINE: Eagerly I climb up the Hill of the Zodiac, to the mighty Temple. This is at last my chance to show I am descended from Brynhilde, the Valkyrie! I can war with the Gods. About time too. *** I enter the Temple and pay respects to the central fire of the Goddess Vesta.

Easily I find the flamboyant Portal of Leo. One could hardly miss it! It is shining gold, with the naked Lion Goddess on the left side, and a luminous figure of Akhenaton surrounded by rays of Light is on the right. I part the gold veil and pass through the Portal...

I find myself in the very environment I have become so suspicious of! It is ideal. It is so absolutely beautiful! What is remarkable is that I feel I am inside a planet – not on the surface. The light is milky in colour, gentle and all pervading. It does not drain colour from the silks around us, but rather draws out the colours. There is no visible source of light – no sun nor moon– which is very restful for the eyes. Also what is peculiarly delightful is soft music, and this is ideal – because I only hear the music when I wish to! If I send forth a message – “silence” – there is silence.

The people are beautiful – of various colours from indigo to pale blonde. Some are tall, some short, but all look in perfect health. This is clearly a heaven of some sort. I do wish for more information. My request is heard... a slender priest with shaven head and pale ochre robe stands by me. I note his bare head, as everyone else has luxuriant long hair.

I find myself asking the obvious. “What date is it? Where are we?”

He answers telepathically. “You and I are from a different place, and we both have a different date! This civilization of Mazda, the Light, belongs to a remote period of time before your solar system had its present form.”

“What is your date?” I ask.

He replies: “I belong to Time Eternal. I am from All Space.”

Curiously, I feel deeply at home with this priest – as if he were my father. “There is something I don’t like here,” I said. “I can’t put my finger on it – something is missing. It is perfect. But I should miss all my odd-bod friends! Also these animals are perfect pedigree furry pets. I like warthogs – because they are so ugly!”

The priest answers me seriously. “Some call this moon Valhalla, Hall of the Valiant. To many it is a New Jerusalem. It was created by the perilous use of the inner fire of the home planet. I will show you who created this heaven and from where.”

He took me to a mighty dome which opened upon the surface of this globe. I got a shock. Below us was a huge dark planet that looked menacing – too big and too near.

“Surely no one is there now?” I ask.

"On the contrary," he says. "Below dwell the followers of the Dark Goddess Anahita. Some call her Kali, and others, Allat. The planet is named Tiamat. The inhabitants are in biological form, and there are plenty of them. They are a violent race. Indeed, it was to escape the tyranny of reproduction, of physical form, that the followers of Marduk, God of Light, created this satellite. It is joined by a rainbow bridge of magnetic force. By command of Marduk, his followers left behind all unhealthy people, any with criminal tendencies and eccentric ways. Even discrimination was used as to the animals brought to the satellite. The legend of Noah's ark comes from this. Only healthy, useful, attractive creatures of Mazda are here. The rest of the Anahito dwell below, preying on each other, 'red in tooth and claw'."

"How do these folk up here survive, if they are so chaste?" I ask.

"By their astonishing scientific expertise," replies the priest. "Genetically they are able to reproduce themselves in desirable mind and form. Any offspring not deemed appropriate are eliminated. They have a powerful, scientific priesthood well versed in genetics – and in the hygienic elimination of the unfit."

"Let me go below. I hate this horrible heaven!" I cry.

There is a swirling motion and a terrible roaring. I find myself thrown like a meteor down and down until I reach the surface of the dark planet. I am hurt but unharmed.

Immediately I am seized by some savage looking bearded men with ugly looking weapons. I try to speak peace and explain that I come from on high to help them – that I am on their side – but they do not seem to understand... One of the men who looks distinctly Neanderthal, is plaiting my hair with his spit, and another is feeling the flesh on my thighs. Surely they are not cannibals?

I scream for help! I do not wish either to be raped or eaten. All my ideals vanish. I just want to survive.

Suddenly I am in the arms of the priest as if his child. "Just in time," he says. "You do time your adventures for drama! The rainbow bridge is broken. The golden satellite has collided with a meteor – and is smashed to pieces. Its remnants form a many-particled girdle round your sun."

"And the Mother planet?" I ask apprehensively.

"Oh..., she is battered – but still is circling wildly like a meteor round your sun. She has lost most of her progeny."

"So both races were destroyed many ages ago," I comment. "Yet both had much to offer if they had got together in peace."

"Oh but they did," says the priest, as he restores me to my own date and place. "When there are opposites, a Third reconciling power manifests. The holy Deities, Tiamat and Marduk did bring the two races together at last."

"Where?" I ask.

"On your earth," he replies smiling. "They are the forbears of life forms on your earth."

As I find myself recovering from trance – I don't want to lose the priest, for he has reconciled two peoples. "Who are you?" I ask.

I hear his voice far away from all space and all time: "I am Zoroaster."

ELAINE TAKES A LONG TIME TO RETURN FROM TRANCE AS SHE WISHES TO LEARN MORE. SHE HAS WON HER DEGREE, AS SHE HAS FACED UNPLEASANT TRUTH. REPORTS ARE SHARED AND PRAYERS FOR WISDOM SENT FORTH. THANKS ARE GIVEN TO THE DEITIES.

END OF RITE.

SOURCES: "The Zend-Avesta", trans. Darmesteter, Sacred Books of the East Series, Motilal Barastidass, Delhi. "Thus Spake Zarathustra," Nietzsche, Everyman's Library, Harvard. Wagner's Ring Cycle. Mozart, The Magic Flute. Merlin's Prophecies of World Peace - beginning: 'A man shall grasp the lion within the earth.' "Le Comte de Gabalis," Montfaucon de Villars, Biblioteque Nationale, Paris. Information from astronomical sources recently discovered on Eris, the dwarf planet and her satellite, Dysnomia. There is possibly a smaller satellite not yet noticed! Marseille Tarot, 1748, B.P. Grimaud, Paris, 1930.

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