

**Nuit of the Milky Way**  
**Alchemical Journeys of the Questing Twins**  
**By: Olivia Robertson**

⋈ **Ritual 12. Realm of Pisces** ⋈  
**Isis and Osiris, The Starry Twins**  
*We transmute basic Elements into Gold*

**THE TEMPLE OF ALCHEMY**

**PRIESTESS ALCHEMIST (TO THE TWINS):** Your final ordeal in your circuitous journey round the Zodiac is to transmute the earth of Capricorn into the spirit of Aquarius, through using the dark oceans of Pisces. You have learnt during your two previous experiences with Capricorn and Aquarius that to know yourself is to acknowledge the other. This relationship is the life flow of the cosmos. Let us therefore receive the Oracles of Isis and Osiris.

**ORACLE OF THE GODDESS ISIS OF EGYPT AND HELLAS**

**INVOCATION:** Isis of Ten Thousand Names, Who protecteth the soul with Thy feathery wings of the Kite; Whose blood, enchantments and power, strengthen the soul, inspire us with Thy breath of the West Wind. Winged Goddess who concealeth Thy brow with Thy long hair, spread Thy hair of enchantment and shake it over the brow of Thy Devotees. Breathe into us Thy Breath of Life and health and strength. Restore us to life, as Thou gavest life to Thy Husband Osiris.

**ORACLE:** It is through Inspiration that you live. Without Inspiration you are as dead, devoid of the Holy Breath. Do not deceive yourselves. You cannot live forever shut in the mummy-cases of your own fantasies, however colourful they are, however compelling. For without Inspiration the colours will dim, the power lessen. No amount of stimulation from your thought or from your senses, no act of will can then bring Life. You will slowly sink into unconsciousness and, as your dreams become nightmares, you yourselves will fall victims to your self-created images of fear.

Draw upon My Breath, which is wafted to you and all beings through the rhythmic beating of My wings. This Holy Breath may not be concealed, conserved, kept imprisoned in one place, within one person – even within one God or Goddess. It is for all. And as it is for all, it brings all. Open yourselves to the wind of Inspiration, and you lose nothing but the hardening case of a coffin of outworn theologies and cramping laws. Instead, you will gain the riches of Eternity and make better theologies, nobler laws. Allow Truth to cleanse your minds as a strong wind brings renewal. For Truth expresses Herself as new understanding, and She may not be bound nor blindfolded. This courage to face the unveiled Truth means that you lose the sleep of nonentity. You breathe freely, you open your eyes fearlessly; you sit; you stand; then with the wings of Horus you fly with Me. You use the many-coloured winding-sheet of dreams that once bound you, as a robe that you wear at will. Hear My Call and awaken!

**PRIESTESS ALCHEMIST:** We give thanks to the Goddess Isis for Her Oracle.

**ORACLE OF THE GOD OSIRIS**

**INVOCATION:** Companions who seek harmony through uniting Justice and Compassion, we are assembled to seek peace for our earth. We repent of the follies wrought by mankind upon earth's creatures and plants. We would face the judgement of Osiris, that we may learn what we may do to

restore the balance of Nature. We seek the compassion of Isis so that we may forgive others and ourselves. (*OFFERS INCENSE AT ALTAR AND RAISES HIS STAFF*) I offer incense to Thee, Osiris, Judge of the living and the dead! Only when we face Thee may we bring our earth and ourselves to new birth. Grant us Thy Oracle!

**ORACLE OF OSIRIS:** My son, know that there are four judgements: the divine decree of the all-knowing Deities: the judgement of your peers: the judgement of those under your authority: and your own assessment of yourself. The judgement of the Gods you accept with awe and humility. Your mind and heart are deeply affected by the judgement of your family and friends: to be disliked by humble folk, children and animals is painful: but what hurts you to the quick is to look into a mirror and hate what you find therein! You call upon me to advise you on your situation, and that I shall do when you meditate. But it rests with your companions and you yourself what you do with the knowledge given.

**PRIEST ALCHEMIST:** We give thanks to the God Osiris for His Oracle.

**PRIEST ALCHEMIST (TO ELAINE):** Elaine, you face the climax of your adventures seeking the Philosopher's Stone, that magical object which transmutes basic elements into the Philosophical gold. You are required to enter the mystical Realm of the constellation of Pisces. We shall support you.

*MUSIC. TRANCE JOURNEY.*

**ELAINE (REPORTS):** I climb the holy hill of Nun of Egypt of the stars, whose Nile is the Milky Way. I feel the Temple is familiar, as if I once worked here as Priestess in its earthly counterpart in Thebes. I pass through the mighty Sphinx gateway and pay my respects to the Perpetual Flame, guarded by Hathor the Cow Goddess, Horus the golden hawk, Neith of Atlantis and Nephthys of the Mysteries.

I am greeted by my Spiritual Guide, a dark-skinned Priestess wearing a cobra crown. She smiles and tells me that she has always been with me though I have chosen to ignore her presence! But now I have abandoned my comfortable existence and choose to walk the way of Maat, Winged Goddess Who wears the feather of Truth, which is sensitive to every breath of inspiration. I feel safe and secure and, guided by this Priestess, may pass through the Pylons of Pisces without hesitation or fear . . . The portals are crowned with the emblem of the Vesica Piscis - not tied fish but two intersecting globes. I pass through. . .

I find myself, not in my beloved Ancient Egypt – but standing on the white steps of a state building, gazing at an angry mob of men and women. They are crying out for justice! What is all this about? They are obviously terribly poor and half-starved – this is horrifying in this day and age – I myself am elegantly dressed in a white trouser-suit, and feel replete as if I have enjoyed an elegant repast! I turn for an explanation to some tall well-dressed Europeans and Americans. “What is going on?” I ask. “Are we under attack? Why?”

One of them laughs wryly and says: “I should think it is plain why they are so furious. They lack shelter, food and water. But don't worry. They cannot attack us with any success. We have all the weapons. Also we are distributing aid.”

A portly gentleman with a kindly expression explains: “Yes, he is right. We do give aid. But these poor uneducated people spend it all on tribal wars. Unfortunately some of them – possibly due to despair – get religious mania and kill themselves – and some of us. These have to be eliminated.”

Suddenly I feel a tug at my sleeve. I turn to see a worried looking girl. Somehow I feel I know her. She says: “Come.” I follow her through dark winding streets full of street vendors, beggars, and wild young men making hysterical speeches to angry crowds. Set amidst these dangerous streets are beautiful buildings guarded by high security walls, armed men and safety barriers. Over the walls I can glimpse

beautiful lofty trees and the flash of colourful birds. The hot dry wind brings the sound of fountains and stringed instruments.

I hear one beggar man say to another, pointing to the trees: "When we die we too shall get all that they have – and forever, while they are tortured in hell. Join me and fight evil!"

I wonder if this is my destiny – to join the rebellious crowds and force justice upon the wicked . . .

Then I see two women helping an injured child with kind words – and bandaging his bleeding arm. Is this my spiritual task – to join them and don a white nurse's uniform? But the girl is still tugging nervously at my jacket. And I feel a great sorrow – Oh why do the unseen Deities allow evil upon our earth? Some suffering I could understand – but not the torment of millions of innocent men, women and children – and animals and birds. The planet is a vast torture chamber run by evil people and endured by fools.

Then I hear a voice in my ear. I turn round and see a tall man, half in shadow by a low brick doorway edged with ivy. He says: "If you would explore further, enter here."

I enter – and suddenly I am in another world! I see a beautiful garden with self-luminous plants and flowers. The people and animals are also self-luminous. There does not appear to be a sun or constellations. The man says: "You cannot see suns because each being here is a sun, either great or small. And all the colours you see emanate from the matriarchal darkness of space."

But I stick to my point. "Why is there all this evil and torture?" He smiles and says: "Ask your Guide!" And now I see the small girl has transformed into my friend the Priestess! She says: "All these people you admire here, and their happy animal and bird friends are dreaming! They wish to experience their own individuality."

I say: "But they are not asleep! They talk – they laugh – they make music and paint pictures. They tell me they never sleep!" The Priestess smiles. "They are still not whole. A part of themselves that looks so kind, so peaceful, so good – is not. From this paradise they project secret desires and fantasies that they think they conceal from us, their elders! You see that gentle youth who assumes the air of a poet? His daydream is to be a cowboy and he rides the plains on a magnificent horse and fights various enemies. That sweet girl who looks like a Pre-Raphaelite angel? Ah – she has as many lovers as her fellow nuns. As for the humanitarian Teacher who is lecturing his adoring disciples on the beatitudes – his dark side manifests in acts of cruelty and violence. The terrible world beyond the door comes from here."

I exclaim: "Then every God is a devil, and every Goddess a demon?" The Priestess shakes her head. "No. The essential test of any god, goddess, human or otherwise, is, are they whole? Otherwise their friends and admirers will always have an intuition that there is Bluebeard's cupboard hidden in their psyches, that contains their victims. Every sun needs the dark oceans of space."

I ask: "How can we become Whole?"

The Priestess says simply: "Place yourself in the centre of yourself and accept what you are. Then your concealed desires, fears and even cruelties will be transmuted by the very awareness of your divine consciousness. But this may only be accomplished when you align your being with universal Divinity, which is both within and without all worlds."

Suddenly I understand. I feel an inner star within myself, but I also honour the darkness. I recognise the Priestess as my own earthly sister, and the tall man is my twin brother, Aiden! The paradise sphere is one with our earth. And this is our future.

*THE COMPANY CONFIRM THAT ELAINE HAS SUCCESSFULLY PASSED HER ORDEAL OF PISCES, THE MERGING OF THE TWO SPHERES. REPORTS ARE SHARED. RAYS OF HARMONY ARE SENT FORTH TO ALL BEINGS. THANKS ARE GIVEN TO THE DEITIES.*

**End of Rite.**

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