REPOSE AND COSMOS CEREMONY & FESTIVAL

IN ADORATION OF

THE ARRETOS KOURA

(THE NAMELESS MAIDEN AND BRIDE)

Associated with the Centre of the Wheel of the Year

(Outside Time)

In between Samhain and Yule

The Centre of the Seasonal Circle

The Cross-Octer Festival of Inner Cosmic Proprioception

(by Lady Svetlana)

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Priestess:

"This is the Festival of Repose on Earth for Nature and Environ, plus the Celebration of intergalactic spaces, intertwinings of universes, and pathways from one Universe unto another."

The Charge and Charm of Repose

(by Fred McLaren Adams)

Priestess: (Charge)

“It is the time of emptiness and return to the raw elements.

Under gathering quilts of crystals, the Goddess sleeps alone.

Completely enfolded within Her, the God of Time summons strength for the birth to come.

The vast throng of the stars bestows upon Gaia the communion kiss of all in all. “

Priestess: (Charm with music, mime)

"“Silently slumbering her limbs curl around the cold world.

Starlight floods her darkened flesh”.

The Opening of Cosmothon

(by Lady Svetlana and Fred McLaren Adams)

Priestess: (She enters the Ring)

"I open this Temple of (* name of your own Temple) in Honour of Nameless Bride, who dances into being stars, constellations, galaxies, black and white holes and quasars. Whirling with my arms outstretched I decree that we enter the Black Hole.

Here is the twirling round river of star-rising stairways, incandescently separating two distant points of convergence that pass beyond sidereal immensity inward upon endless horizons of the Soul.

Arretos Koura!

Open Thy Diamond Eyes in oceanic leaden Cheeks

Where we seek Faerie strands of being

And fire opal seas in Thy volcanic Cone of Night

And in Thy black Curls

Whose Darkness far outshines the light!"

Opening of the Cross-Quarters and Quarters

(by Fred McLaren Adams)

One of the celebrants, preferably an Initiate, evokes the Quarters and Cross-Quarters upon the four Quarter Points and the Cross-Quarter Points (points due East, South, West, North, Southeast, Southwest, Northwest, Northeast).

In accord with ancient Greek tradition, from Anaxagoras and Empedocles to the School of Hippocrates, Feraferia assigns the four Elements to the four Quarters in the following arrangement:

Air – East; Fire – South;

Earth – West; Water – North.

Invocation

(by Lady Svetlana)

An Adelpha or second Priestess performs this invocation.

Second Priestess:

Facing East on the Quarter Point she intones:

"We call forth the Antheides of Morn and Spring."

She holds high the Wand during this recitation and places it back on the earth or floor afterwards.

Facing Southeast on the Cross-Quarter Point he/she intones:

"We bring out the Elementals of Air and Smell."

Facing South on the Quarter Point he/she intones:

"We call forth the Ariadnes of Noon and Summer."

She holds high the Sword during this recitation and places it back on the earth or floor afterwards.

Facing Southwest on the Cross-Quarter Point he/she intones:

"We bring out the Elementals of Fire and Sight."

Facing West on the Quarter Point he/she intones:

"We call forth the Hesperides of Eve and Autumn."

She holds high the Pentacle during this recitation and places it back on the earth or floor afterwards.

Facing Northwest on the Cross-Quarter Point he/she intones:

"We bring out the Elementals of Earth and Taste."

Facing North on the Quarter Point he/she intones:

"We call forth the Hyades of Midnight and Winter."

She holds high the Cup during this recitation and places it back on the earth or floor afterwards.

Facing Northeast on the Cross-Quarter Point he/she intones:

"We bring out the Elementals of Water and Sound. "

Invocation of Zenith, Nadir and Centre

(by Fred McLaren Adams)

Second Priestess evokes – and all assembled invoke – the spiritual Fount at the Centre of the Ring. She intones:

Second Priestess:

"Zenithides! Great Lovers of the Zenith!

Nadirides! Great Lovers of the Nadir!

Join hands and hearts, resonance and radiance,

Here upon the White Wedding Stone of Earth,

Beneath the starry shade of the Cosmic Mill Tree,

Where all souls press into the echoing root of Touch,

To enclasp living altar and to kiss pulsing Omphalos

And to imbibe luminous, melodious Breath of the Maiden,

From Whose shimmering Flesh, now and forever,

The Four Rivers of Faerie into all Worlds flow!

Ho! So be it! EVOE KORE KAI KOUROS AWEEYA!"

Celebrants gather under the Holy black epiplema.

Music: ‘Antartica’ by Ralph Vaughan von Williams, first loud, then softening.

The Nameless Bride

(by Lady Svetlana)

Priestess:

"Under the mystichord or mystichood of Nameless Bride, we grope in Her Sacred Darkness for plasmatic encounter, the fifth ionised state of matter. Our mundane sight of differentiation and separation recedes into the magical Abyss of Blackness where all is touch. We feel each other as tactile presences whose extended dimension stretches to the stars only to coalesce beyond galactic expanses in the white and wormholes of Her ever spiralling Gown of Worlds beyond Worlds. Let us feel Her concrescence as we stroke each unique form in the unfathomable dimensions of Her perfect formfulness – ever-changing, ever–new, ever-variable in the rainbow myriads of infinite spasms of delight."

To celebrants:

"Feel and touch… feel and touch. Know thy siblings with carnal pleasure, with Epicurean delight and Pneumatic gratification… In the quiet, silence speaks with soundless Music of the Spheres. In the Unseen, alchemical distillations of aromas from globules of Selves form a multipetalled scent. In the stillness, taste-buds vibrate to unknown mysterious flavours. When light is absorbed into the cosmic Womb sight turns inward to uncoil enchanting visions of the numinous

Nymph.

Let us experience Synesthesia of the Senses in Her Holy Name, unutterable save in ejaculations of ecstasy – the aahs and oohs of the Singularity Bridge between universes –

AAH – OOH… ARRETOS KURA iii… iii…iii."

Silence followed by bullroarer or jingle of bells.

Priestess:

"Remember black absorbs all colours; white reflects all of them.

As I remove the epiplema of merging field cohesion let your eyes remain closed and feel your proprioceptive being stand, unique and apart, yet linked by invisible strands to the Great Transcendent Unique of Nameless Maiden.

Evi – iii Kura-a-a-a!”

The celebrants are led to the vestibule.

Celebrants:

"You twirl toward the galactic centre where She whirls in boundless joy."

Each celebrant is twirled around till he/she ends up at the entrance to the Sacred Mirror Chamber.

The music stops.

This small Temple is filled with incense and there is one candle nearby. One can partially use a small room for this.

Priestess:

Chants in excited shamanistic voice.

"ARRETOS KURA-PANTA ESTI

KAI PANTA ESTI

ME – ESTI – SU – KATA - TI"

She repeats the same with quivering voice, on her knees; stooping down; and high pitches the same while flutter her arms before her.

Priestess:

“From the paracosm or Hyperboria

emanates the macrocosm or Hypoboria

the mesocosm or Atlantis

and the microcosm or Psycheia

As above, so below.”

She shakes her sistrum or rain stick.

Each Initiate is led into the Mirror Room one at a time. As she/he stands before the triple mirror she/he is shown the infinite visions of her- or himself.

Priestess:

“Look into the mirror

and behold the infinite progression of reincarnated selves

together at the present moment of dreamtime,

all reincarnations beheld simultaneously,

Blessings of Magic Maiden upon thee.

Please return to the Corridor of Time.”

Afterwards they are lead back to the hearth room.

Priestess:

“You have entered the Plane beyond Time into Plerodor and have passed the Singularity Bridge and the Event Horizon into worlds unknown. Let us see what more this realm has to offer.”

White ‘singing bowl’ is played.

Unrealities of Her Image

(by Lady Svetlana)

Priestess:

(Text from Arthur Rimbaud)

“L’étoile a pleuré rose au coeur de tes oreilles

L’infini roulé blanc de ta nuque à tes reins

La mer a perlé rousse a tes mammes vermeilles

Et l’Homme saigné noir à ton flanc souverain.”

Priest:

(Translation from Arthur Rimbaud)

“The star wept pink in the heart of your ears

The infinite rolled white from the nape of your neck to your breasts

The sea rippled russet to your rosy nipples

And man bled black in your sovereign womb.”

In Adoration of Arretos Koura

(by Lady Svetlana)

Priestess:

"Are You the Nameless One of joys unbounded, of happiness without limit? Of pleasure almost endurable? Are You She who is beyond time, beyond space, yet who unfolds temporal,

tempestuous songs throughout eternity from silver lips hidden behind the snowy vistas of matter, motionless and still? May I address You frontally without being taken by Your light absorptive velvet tresses that seem abysmally opaque to my contractile eye / I.

No, at this pin-prick point of existence, I can only quest from clouded intuition; from feelings dimmed – yet heavy, diminished, yet sharp; from a body jaded, without vigour; faded, without exclamation – but without repose.

Yet, I seek… I search… I stand in awe. Sheeee!!! She is the Mystery Bride of all souls. In Her Body all uniquenesses intertwine and intercept without losing identity of essence, of individual substance, of peculiar distillation… She is the symphony of scents galore, of tastes superabundant. She fills all universes with effervescent tunes and tingling soulfulness. 'La Belle Dame sans Merci' – from whom all sympathy emerges and all empathy flows forth. In the dim light of dawn? or dusk? On the shores of a bottomless lake – there floats a swan – black? or white? Someone with a flowing coiffure – raven coiled? or golden curled? walks on the flesh-smooth beach… through the mist. I follow… I see her, she turns the corner – I run to grasp her – She has disappeared. She always disappears – The illusive quick of being.

Last year we met somewhere. Or was it yesterday? Or eons ago? Perhaps, I only dreamed it. maybe the meeting is yet to be….

She is here; but is She?"

On a small table the following are placed on black cloth: 1 tiny horse, 1 white glove, 1 (white) rose, 1 mirror, 1 silver key, 1 beautiful perfume bottle & 1 small crystal.

Le Fête Cosmique

(by Lady Svetlana)

Priestess:

" "Attention – Messieurs – Dames – Attention.

Elle ici – Pour vous

Le Cheval – magnifique, you chose wisdom through all portals of all worlds.

Le Gant – you put on the glove and instantly found elsewhere.

La Rose – you hold out the silver rose and love radiates everywhere.

La Mirroire – you look into the mirror and see your true self beyond death.

Le Clé – you open the door and witness other dimensions.

Le Parfum – you inhale a magnificent odour and the essence of the cosmos wafts toward you.

Le Crystal – you feel the vibrant and consecrated energy of potential life and rejoice.

C’est fini – mes chères – c’est fini."

Transformations

(by Lady Svetlana)

Priestess:

(Text from Stefan George)

“Auf einem stahernen Wagen wo Lavaschollen dich tragen

Und grill lohe Wolken dich facheln hernieder tauche –

Mit wildem Lacheln und sengendem Hauche…”

Priest:

(Translation from Stefan George)

“Long after jubilant death is the Sun forgotten.

The boisterous waves tumble against the planks and muffled thunder storms roll

On a silver chariot where lava blocks bear you

And lurid clouds fan you, come down –

With a wild smile and scorching breath!”

Noire et Blanche

(by Lady Svetlana)

Priestess:

”Je suis noire et blanche. Je suis Mademoiselle Mystique ou Damoiselle Cosmique. Je Me trouve seule. Je suis de toutes parts. Je suis pomme. Je suis pomme de terre. Je suis fleur de mal. Je suis la grande passion et la grande illusion… Je t’aime – Je vous aime – mais non, très impossible… Au revoir… Au revoir pour ‘L’éternité’.

I am the grand illusion. I speak no tongue. I know nothing for I am everything. I laugh because you suffer. I gave, yes, I gave freedom and you chose suffering. I dance upon your torture. I thrill to the breaking of your heart. Yet, I adore you, but I have no feeling. Sing, sing to me though I cannot hear. Come, come to me though I am not there. Why do you hesitate? The mouth of the Behemoth can consume you all.

Chantez, chantez – dancez, dancez. Pour moi? Pourquoi? Parce-que je suis la Belle et le Bête. Venez…. Venez…. Here are the magic words…. Le gant, la rose, le clé, la mirroire, le parfum….. Va, va, va…. Magnifique – va. Go to the Centre. Seek the Truth. Solve the puzzle of the Sphinx – Ha!!! Behind the countless Veils of Salomé, there are the innumerable beheaded mirages receding into the looking glass infinities. Les têtes de Jokaanahan…. I shall baptize you with the Waters of Remembrance even though you seek the wine of forgetfulness.

I have created Dionysos to drown your sorrow only to bring forth Prometheus to give you the fire of inspiration.

Where are you? Are you still there? 'Wherever you are, you are in the Centre', said Alice. I am the Centre. – I am the purple aroma, the violet viola, the lavender longing. But it does not matter for there is no matter. There is only the Great Feast – La Grande Cuisine…. I love caviar with Dom Perignon. J'aime La Torte du Grand Marnier et Le Gateau à La Chartreuse… I am speaking nonsense to the cryptic music of Debussy, Ravèl, Satie – etcetera, etcetera, etcetera. Baudelaire, Rimbaud, Eluard are My fingertips.

I bid you adieu, but I will hide behind your ear. Harken to the play of atoms… Mais je fume une cigarette…. Let us burst the balloon and begin."

Music: 'Three Pieces in the Form of a Pear' by Eric Satie or Claude Debussy.

La Cosmique

(by Lady Svetlana)

Priestess:

"Celebrants, please sit on the floor in an ellipse."

Priestess as Megeia steps into the ellipse; She explains that each person shall kiss to the left and then to the right per directions.

Priestess:

"In Her tumultuous Name all kiss 'a gauche'."

All kiss to the left.

““In Her serene Name all kiss ‘ a droit’.”

All kiss to the right.

“All turn outward in Honour of Arretos Kura – the quintessential raisin in the cosmic pudding. Think of how your bodies in fusion form the great body of holy earth in nebulous space and time.”

All turn inward.

“Please make yourself comfortable and listen to a short explanation of the preceding ceremony.”

Priestess:

“From the cryptic womb of Feraferia came a ritual for Repose and Cosmos – a seventh trans-seasonal Festival of the Kore - Core of the Universe – a feast of transgalactic import – a celebration of transcendence through the veiled Beauty of Arretos Kura – the Nameless Bride who unwinds endless profusion of realities and outpourings of innumerable dimensions of space and time through unfathomable vistas of the mind.

To be more philosophically exact and less poetically opaque this ‘fête cosmique’ celebrates existence beyond the round of death and rebirth as we know it on this planet plainly here and now. At the centre of this understanding is a paradox for the point is here and there and everywhere, yet always beyond grasp. It is the Eternal Moment of Mystic Revelation.

It is the Ultimate Beatitude – the glorious instant of loving knowingness. Yet it is a Cosmic Dance so, as it becomes more awesome, it also translates into joviality. Tensions built up by Mystery whether by surreal or spiritual experience and released by orgasm – profane or sacred – must yet yield to the most incomprehensible soul-shattering wonder of all – the Laughter of the Gods.

In one sense our Mystic Maiden is a mythopeoic conceptualisation of a two-sided experience – ineffable awe, and tongue-in-cheek play. Profound cool seriousness and light-hearted gaiety. She is the raisin in the cosmic pudding – a bubble in champagne – one diamond in a mine of bituminous coal… She is all things to all beings yet She is only one. She creates everything yet She is nowhere. She is the universal centrality yet She has no real centre. She is thus addressed by Feraferia.

Everything that is and everything that is not still is

because of Thy certain something always strangely elsewhere."

Kore Prayer

(by Fred McLaren Adams)

Priestess:

"Now celebrants please, arise and face the circle and repeat the Kore Prayer after me."

All rise, face the circle and repeat the prayer.

Recited by all celebrants together, while holding hands in the circle.

Priestess: (guides)

Part I

"Oh Nameless Maiden!

Everything that is, IS,

And everything that is not, still is,

Because of Thy Certain Something

Always strangely elsewhere,

In windy resonance of vast Virgin Distances

Whispering infinitely Thy Intimate Nearness Here."

Part II

"Oh Holy Maiden!

Of the Kindling Quick,

Of merging mist and mazing echo,

The innocent bounty of the trees

Bears Thy Faerie Flesh of Wildness,

Wonder, Magic, Mirth and Love.

Thy Beauty seals our Bridal with all Life.

The dance of Thy Green Pulse unfolds all Souls,

all Bodies and all Blessings

From Earth’s fragrant Form.

Grant us therefore the Blessings of Life Everlasting

Altogether in rapture of Love ever revealing Mysteries of Paradise

Everywhere surrounding and open to All!"

All turn outward to repeat the Kura address.

"Arretos Kura!

Pante esti-Kai

Panta esti Me esti Su Kat – ti

Momento – La Morte – La Vita

La Vibrazuoni della Dea Fanciulla

E come una Bella Gallazi

Le Vibrazioni della Buono Signora

Viva! A la Via Lattea!

Viva Dea! Viva Dea!"

The Aval Communion

(by Fred McLaren Adams)

Priest:

Lifts incense.

"This scent represents the Breath of the Maiden -

Essence of Intelligence and Empathy."

Lifts candle.

"This flame represents the Blood of the Maiden -

Essence of Passion and Compassion."

Lifts fruit.

"This fruit represents the gift of the Maiden's Flesh -

Essence of Proportion and Beauty."

Lifts cup of spring water.

"This spring water represents the Milk of the Maiden -

Essence of Mercy and Tenderness."

Holds up flower.

"And what is the Quintessence of the Maiden Soul?

'The Holy Fascination of the Supremely Alive and Beautiful'.

And what is the Penultimate of the Maiden Spirit?

Innocent, childlike Love."

Priest and Priestess seal with kiss. Each blows kisses to the celebrants.

Priest:

“And what is the Will of the Maiden?

This Korythalia presents the Will of Arretos Kura,

Everlasting Life and Joy for the unique as well as the Universal."

Shows youth bough and then place on head of each celebrant.

Music: 'La Pericole' by Jacques Offenbach.

Avala

(by Fred McLaren Adams)

Priestess:

On a tray she has a small bowl with raisins and coffee.

Lifts up the sacred Tray.

"Ambrosia of trees – Quintessence of Fire and Earth –

Eonic Body of the Maiden.

By Her Love freely given and with harm to none

Thine own body become."

She presents the Tray to each celebrant in the circle and delicately places a raisin in each mouth.

Lifts up the coffee.

"Nectar of springs, Quintessence of Air and water –

Eonic fountainhead of the Maiden.

By Her Love freely given and with harm to none,

Thine own fountainhead become."

She presents the coffee to each Celebrant, who takes it and swallows a sip.

Priestess:

“The Aval Communion is completed, the Temple is sealed –

the Bacchanalia begins. Listen with joy to this music

while the Libation is concocted.”

Priestess and Priest:

They prepare the Libation. A Russian toast of champagne to Arretas Kura.

Everyone offers toasts.

When the toast is given each celebrant raises glass and cries in unison.

All: (Russian Toast)

“Hail to Arretos Kura!”

Russian Drinking Song follows.

Closing of Temple, Four Quarters, Cross Quarters and Centre

(by Lady Svetlana)

In the open air stone ring, with only Initiates remaining, the Priestess as Megeia extends her arms outward to the right and left. She intones the following enchantment:

Priestess:

“I close (* name of your own Temple) with the words:

In the Name of Kore and Kura

The left sides belonging to solar systems, constellations and galaxies are closed.

The right sides of black-white holes, quasars and universes are concealed!

So Mote It be!

The four cardinal directions shall now be closed

And the four cross-quarters of the Elementals shall return to their abodes.

KONX OM PAX

Consummatum Est!”

Music: ‘La Perichole’ by Jacques Offenbach.

“Kore Blessings of Earth Love”

All return to the Hearthroom.

Then follows the festive social encounters.

Suggested music: ‘Die Fledermaus’ by Johann Strauss.

FINIS