



# *Orpheus*

*Greek drama by Christian Lanciai*

*The characters :*

Orpheus.

Calliope.

Aristaios.

Hermes.

Chorus of Thracian maidens.

(Eurydice, Aphrodite)

*Orpheus* Damned people of decrepit pettiness! Believe me: I hate you all! You are all disgusting creeps, more stupid and thoughtless than insects, duller and slower than old worn out sloths and lower and baser than old toothless swine! Your tawdriness just fills me up with disgust! Go home, all of you hopeless freaks, and stay in your beds and wallow there until you perish in the perdition of your vain desire of filthiness! That's all that you are good for!

*Calliope* Dear me how haughty you have turned! Don't you have any faithful audience any longer? Are you finished after your journey to Colchis with Jason and his argonauts?

*Orpheus* I am never finished. My songs will never fall silent in all eternity, for that's how music works in its power of pure divinity, which is granted by the god Apollo alone, the origin of all culture and all spiritual light, the god of purity of living and the only serious one of them all.

*Calliope* Take care! You are challenging the gods of voluptuousness, the unscrupulous Dionysus and the implacable Aphrodite in affairs of love! We don't want to lose you, Orpheus, for we are all friends of beauty and the joy of purity who love you.

*Orpheus* Dear muses, you have consistently supported me and been faithful to me. When I was alone and missed my audience you were always the first to cheer me up.

*Calliope* For we know that you are best in the world. No one sings finer than you, and with your lyre as accompanying orchestra you are completely unsurpassed. Yes, the only one to then be able to beat you would be Apollo. You would certainly be able to sing even the dead back to life.

*Orpheus* I would rather not try, though. That still remains to be tried out, and I will not stand up to it without charges.

*Calliope* But where is your wife?

*Orpheus* How do you know that I am married?

*Calliope* Everyone knows that the first thing you did when you returned from your journey with the argonauts was to go and get married, and many of us became worried about that initiative.

*Orpheus* There is nothing wrong about my wife Eurydice. She suits me well and is as lovely as glittering moonlight in the river at night. She has everything that any man could wish for.

*Calliope* She is still a woman though.

*Orpheus* What do you mean by that? You are not suggesting that I should have taken on someone of my own sex?

*Calliope* No, but she is a woman.

*Orpheus* And what's wrong with that? You are yourself also a woman.

*Calliope* But she is your wife. She will have demands of love and tenderness. I only love you as a son and want nothing but loyalty.

*Orpheus* I also want nothing but loyalty from Eurydice.

*Calliope* And is she happy just with that?

*Orpheus* She has made no protests.

*Calliope* Hasn't she asked you to give her children?

*Orpheus* We are still young and have all the time in the world. If we are to have children we must not force ourselves into that commitment.

*Calliope* No, that's wise. But she cannot be your wife if you don't give her your love.

*Orpheus* And would I then not love my wife?

*Calliope* My son, your life, your body and soul belong wholly to music. You are loved by the world and all humanity for that, which love is much higher than common sex with a woman.

*Orpheus* But if I didn't have the music I would not be able to love my wife. Only my love for art, music, culture and beauty enables me to also love my woman and be faithful only to her forever and unwaveringly.

*Calliope* She knows that you love art above her. Hasn't she told you that you in your love of art only love yourself?

*Orpheus* No, she hasn't.

*Calliope* Listen to me, you divine singer, but take it only as a warning, since fortunately I don't believe the theory I fear is true. I think Eurydice is laid out as a trap for you by the ruthless Dionysus and the lewd procuress Aphrodite. It is not impossible for them to use her to get at your beauty, your challenging purity and your immaculate art and bring you down. You are sacred. They can't accept that. You must be humiliated preferably by both intoxication and orgies of fornication. They want to make an alcoholic and ladykiller out of you, or else you are a threat to their position.

*Orpheus* Let the divinities just try to assail me. They can't harm my marriage or my purity. They can only harm themselves and make complete fools of themselves as the fake deities they are.

*Calliope* Their power and influence is considerable. Men would not manage without them.

*Orpheus* Men may be sexual maniacs, alcoholics and what's worse, which does not make allowance for the gods to be equally degenerated. The gods are there to be edifying ideals. If they abuse the power they have to maliciously enslave humanity in drug addiction and lechery, they are worse than human pimps and parasites and should be overthrown and discarded at once.

*Calliope* Not even your own lord Apollo would have dared to express himself like that.

*Orpheus* The more important then for me to do it in his stead. What I speak is right, and as long as there is any man left in our world who at all dares to speak what he feels is right, there will be an enduring humanity but no longer.

*Calliope* To worry about the affairs of man is the task of the gods. You only have to worry about your Eurydice.

*(The chorus comes running in.)*

*Chorus* Alas! Alas!

*Calliope* What is the matter?

*Chorus* Alas! Alas! What horror and misery!

*Calliope* What has happened, you wild dizzy maids? What is the matter?

*Chorus* Alas! Alas! She met with a vile rapist by the brook!

*Calliope* Who met with whom? Explain yourselves!

*Chorus* Alas, and woe is me! We cannot talk about it! Everything is unspeakable and unendurable!

*Calliope* Now tell me straight: who has then met with an incident?

*Chorus* A snowwhite maid of purity would take a bath by the brook. Then a horrid man appeared out of the bush.

*Calliope* Such things happen every day. So pull yourselves together, dear girls! Who was the soft maid, who was shocked by the sight of a rugged man?

*Chorus* He waited until she rose from the water, but he did not wait for her to dress!

*Calliope* That's enough, whimsy girls! You must not speculate like that! Which one of you witnessed the scandal?

*Chorus* Aristaios is now bragging to the world that he has won another mistress for his pleasure.

*Calliope* This is not acceptable. Which one of you was caught in this manner?

*Chorus* She used to be one of us long ago. Now she has already passed on.

*Calliope* But who was it then?

*Chorus* She was the purest in our circle of virgins. Now we must lament her fate as a whore and prostitute.

*Orpheus (to Calliope)* Who is this Aristaios?

*Calliope* A lost and lousy soul. He owns the local gaiety house, he has a chain of brothels, and his activities are protected by both the high Dionysus and the impeccable Aphrodite. No girl captured by the chains of his lewdness has come out of it alive.

*Orpheus* Has he then taken their lives just to keep them?

*Calliope* No, they preferred to stay on themselves and rather died than stopped being drunken whores.

*Orpheus* And who has now got stuck in this?

*Chorus* The purest of all lilies has been smeared and stained by a slimy poisonous snake. She will never become pure again. All virginity is out of her life forever, devastated, annihilated and lost.

*Orpheus* No virginity allied with music can ever be lost.

*Chorus* Orpheus is ridiculous. He knows nothing about love. When it has been thrown away, encountered cruelty and been smothered by manly egoism, no one can ask anything more from that love gone to waste by violation.

*Orpheus* Music is eternal virginity. It has the power to make every murdered virgin alive and intact again.

*Chorus* Orpheus is ridiculous. He knows nothing about marriage. He was married but the love he owed his consort he gave his music instead. For that his consort now is lost.

*Calliope (worried)* Girls, what do you mean?

*Chorus* We dare not spread rumours. All the world knows, but we know nothing, since Orpheus himself does not know.

*Calliope* Who was that ravished virgin?

*Chorus* Ask Orpheus!

*Orpheus (confused)* It pleases the dispersed girls to pull my legs. What is it that I don't know which I should know, since they keep asking me about what none of us know anything about?

*Chorus* We haven't told anything about it!

*Orpheus* Then tell me what it is!

*Chorus* We can't speak about it!

*Orpheus* Why *talk* about it then?

*Chorus* We have to talk about it!

*Calliope* My poor Orpheus, I beg you, don't ask anything more!

*Orpheus* Shall I then not know what I obviously should know? You and all these demented women drive me crazy by their most tantalizing provocations!

*Chorus* Find your wife, Orpheus, if you can find her!

*Orpheus* She is at home.

*Chorus* She was at home, but where was she going?

*Orpheus* She was going to the brook to wash her hair...

*Chorus* Alas! Alas! Alas! Save us from the men, for they only bring ruin and disaster to all of our poor weak women! (*run out*)

*Calliope* You poor singer! Don't forget your music.

*Orpheus* My Eurydice! Even less could I forget her.

*Calliope* She was only a woman.

*Orpheus* But she was my wife. I was responsible for her.

*Calliope* Before her, you were responsible for your music, and that obligation was always greater.

*Orpheus* Nevertheless I was also responsible for Eurydice. Even if my responsibility for music was greater, I can't neglect a lesser responsibility. Both were vital duties, and I can't forsake any of them.

*Calliope* You have now lost the lesser one. Then you have to mind the greater one the more.

*Orpheus* Would I then forget Eurydice?

*Calliope* It has been said, that if a man loses a woman, thousands will still remain for him.

*Orpheus* That cliché sounds false in my ears. My music demands equal purity of morals and conscience as of harmonies.

*Calliope* It was not your fault that your wife deserted you.

*Orpheus* Woman, what kind of talk is that you dare to bring me? Do you dare accuse Eurydice of self-destructiveness?

*Calliope* I apologize. No one knows what really happened to Eurydice. She is gone. That's a bitter fact of life. If you persist on brooding over it you should in that case do something about it.

*Orpheus* What knave is coming there?

*Calliope* It's that villain Aristaios himself in all his baseness. Now you can settle with him, with destiny and your fallen wife.

*Aristaios* Noble Orpheus, greetings!

*Orpheus* Why have you come here, you villain? Do you want to convey jeering condolences for my wife having been bitten to death by a snake?

*Aristaios* On the contrary. I bring you good tidings. Your consort is only doing well.

*Orpheus* When will she be back?

*Aristaios* Eurydice will not be back.

*Orpheus* So she is dead?

*Aristaios* To you, but not to me.

*Orpheus* Do you mean then that she deserted me for you?

*Aristaios* Exactly, and with me she has everything she could wish for.

*Orpheus* And what did she lack then by me?

*Aristaios* She was bored and felt lonely in the straining company of your virtues.

*Orpheus* And what has she found instead?

*Aristaios* Many men who make love to her.

*Orpheus* Didn't I?

*Aristaios* Not enough.

*Orpheus* Do you love her more then?

*Aristaios* When my love is not enough there will be that of others, and when she tires of the others she will find satisfaction in my wine and riches. What was wrong about you, Orpheus, was that you were just poor and an enemy to Dionysus and the merry Aphrodite's lack of limitations.

*Orpheus* I knew my Eurydice well. I can't believe that she went home to you of her own will.

*Aristaios* That's why I am here. I thought you would not believe it.

*Orpheus* Will you then present me with vulgar evidence?

*Aristaios* I come as a man of honour in the name of reason to make a proposition. If you want your wife back, and even if she wishes to return to you, you must come home to me and get her.

*Orpheus* Thank you. I will come at once.

*Calliope* Don't go, Orpheus. I fear some dirty trick. The rotten pimp just wants to trick you into some nasty trap.

*Orpheus* I have nothing to fear.

*Aristaios* I assure you, mylady, that I have no mean intentions. I only wish to reach a fair deal and absolve myself from dismal accusations of rape, slavery, bride robbery and pimping.

*Calliope* You wish to tempt Orpheus into your brothel so that your wild bunch of whores could destroy him.

*Aristaios* I wish him no harm. If he wants his wife, he may come and get her.

*Calliope* Why then doesn't she come herself?

*Aristaios* She wishes to try him.

*Calliope* How?

*Aristaios* She wishes to find out if he loves her.

*Orpheus* Aristaios, you have said enough. Let's immediately go into town together to your place and oblige any wishes of Eurydice's.

*Calliope* My son, I will not come with you.

*Orpheus* No one asks you to. But I will be back.

*Calliope* I doubt it.

*Orpheus* Either I will come with Eurydice or not at all.

*Calliope* Then you will not come at all.

*Orpheus* Will you not even wish me good luck?

*Calliope* I will do that indeed but without conviction.

*Orpheus* Let's go then, Aristaios. (*They leave*)

*Calliope* Alas! Alas! Now my son is lost, never again will the most beautiful music in the world be heard from his lips, for he will never come again. Come, maids, and pity me, his mother!

*Chorus (enters quietly)* We feel your concern and pity you, tender mother of a beloved son. Like you we know that he now has left us, and someone once descended to the dead will never come back.

*Calliope* Horrible is the place which he will visit, a pit of snakes and accursed evil spirits with no hope of life in an eternal darkness without comfort.

*Chorus* He will never more come back, for music cannot survive death. There is no resurrection for a harp once fallen silent. Only when music dies, the power of death becomes total. The dead may resurrect, but live music once brought to discouraged silence by the force of evil can never come alive again.

*Calliope* He will be ravished by the cruel ignorant crowd!

*Chorus* He will never sing again.

*Calliope* The cruel Dionysus and the mad Aphrodite will ruin him!

*Chorus* And they will not realize themselves what they are doing.

*Calliope* Apollo cannot save him!

*Chorus* Only that god is secure in his position who understands to remain silent.

*Calliope* The highest music and art the world has seen and heard has been ruined by a woman's whims and demands of her flesh.

*Chorus* Neither Aristaios nor Eurydice are to blame. Only the stupid Dionysus and the lusty Aphrodite are accountable.

*Calliope* But here comes Hermes now as a messenger from town, the only one who sees everything and understands all deceit. What do you think of Orpheus and Aristaios?

*Hermes* It was a horrible scene. I was there. I saw and heard everything. I did not want to miss such a vicious scandal. I memorized everything, and it will be truthfully written down and noted forever.

*Calliope* Is Orpheus still alive?

*Hermes* Yes, he is.

*Calliope* And what about Eurydice?

*Hermes* Don't talk about the poor Eurydice. She was just the victim. Orpheus was the target. He is still alive, but he is marked for life.

*Calliope* Let's hear then what happened.

*Hermes* Like two brothers with their arms around each other, Orpheus and Aristaios came to town. Aristaios immediately brought his friend to his home, his underground, his cavern of pleasure, his brothel, his temple dedicated to the two gods of licence and indulgence, Dionysus and the lewd Aphrodite. Orpheus was immediately offered a cup of the best wine in the country, but he poured it out. Dozens of the loveliest loose girls immediately wound themselves around his legs and body and wished to please him with uncovered breasts and generous kisses, but he kicked them all off and asked Aristaios to promptly get to the point and produce Eurydice. And then finally the sly Aristaios showed his true face. He said distinctly in well considered terms:

"My friend, you shall be able to bring Eurydice out of this house, but only on one condition. She will willingly follow you, but on one condition."

"You should have mentioned this condition from the start," Orpheus said.

"I know," the sly opportunist responded, "but I did not wish to increase the worries of your mother. The condition though is rather simple."

"State it then."



"You must not doubt your wife's honour."

"I never did. Is that the only one?"

"Yes, but you must prove that you trust her blindly in reality."

"How?"

"When you leave with her she will follow you, but until you are outside you must never look at her or speak to her. She will stay behind you."

"And how do I know that you will not fool me? How do I know that she will really follow me?"

"You just have to rely on it."

"What happens then if I turn around?"

"Then the doors will close immediately. You may leave and be free, but you will never see Eurydice again, if thus you show that you don't trust your wife."

"That's a hard condition," was Orpheus' only answer. "Then I will leave and trust that Eurydice will follow my footsteps."

"And you will trust that until you are out. If you fail her and your trust in her, she will never be yours again."

Orpheus then began to find his way out of the damned hell of the slaves in their bondage towards the exit through which he once had entered. He wanted to get out as quickly as possible, and it was obvious that he was nervous and worried, which was no wonder. For how could he know if his wife was following him or not? He showed several signs that he would easily fall to the temptation of throwing a glance behind, it was difficult for him to try to control this weakness, but he succeeded in reaching the exit without having turned around. He eagerly opened the door, and then he did not notice himself how quickly he had turned around. And there was Eurydice.

"O, my husband, could you then not trust me? Then you never really loved me from the start! Then I am better off here in the house of mirth as a prostitute in constant good company in which I will never have to do without the true joys of love."

The singer was like petrified, but he spoke to Eurydice. It was obvious though how shocked he was by his wife's appearance.

"Eurydice, I can't recognize you any more. What's that in your face? Mascara, powder, rouge and cream, the fats of mendacity and garish colours of a mask that vainly was given you for dissembling. I can see now that you would have been completely lost to me even if you had followed me out of here. You have been ruined by your procurer, the seducer, the enslaver and parasite Aristaios, whose position is maintained by the false Dionysus and the morbid goddess Aphrodite. Not even music could help you any more."

Then Aristaios intervened and spoke: "Orpheus, you have lost in a fair game. You can't deny it. Now Eurydice is mine, and I will give her all that love that you in your impotence could not even promise her."

Then Orpheus' looks were overshadowed like by an instant night, he was like struck by lightning, and he rather wobbled than walked out of there. His wife had

irrevocably been taken away from him by force, and thereby he had been bereft of his manhood. He was a man no longer. He was a deceived husband, and such are more pitiable than eunuchs.

*Calliope* Poor Orpheus! Will he ever dare to show himself in public any more?

*Hermes* He is at present on his way here.

*Calliope* So we shall still see him again? Did you hear that, girls? We shall be able to comfort him!

*Hermes* I doubt that though. Here he comes. I can't bear to see that weakling. Good luck in your efforts to rescue that wreck! There would be some hope for him, if he wasn't a musician. (*leaves*)

*Orpheus (enters)* Orpheus is dead. Music is alive. Rejoice, all you faithful followers of music, for the music has now secured Orpheus but murdered Eurydice.

*Chorus* He is not happy.

*Calliope* How are you, my son, Apollo's darling?

*Orpheus* Don't turn any more to Orpheus for listening to his music, for he will from now on only sing to himself, to the gods and to nature in his eternal sorrow and bitterness.

*Calliope* My son, you are not well. Take another wife if the first one let you down.

*Orpheus* Mother, you are vulgar.

*Chorus* He is crying in his heart, and no mother will be able to soothe that pain.

*Calliope* Greatest master of music, you can't allow your music to suffer from the fall of Eurydice.

*Orpheus* It won't. My music was never more beautiful and more sad. I don't wish to torment humanity with my sorrow, no matter how beautiful my news songs may be. Therefore I will be silent out of prudent consideration.

*Chorus* He is temporarily indisposed. But when his inspiration turns up again he will sing for us again such gay and lovely songs that even the dead would rise again.

*Orpheus* No, sweet maids, don't expect to hear anything more from me but elegies and dirges over Eurydice.

*Calliope* Pull yourself together, my boy. You are still a man. You can't enclose yourself in the gloomy decline and introspection of unhealthy isolation.

*Orpheus* I have to be true to my nature. I can't sing openly in public any more without forcing myself to it.

*Calliope* A musician is nothing but what the audience make of him. Who sings only for himself might as well remain silent, or else he is just an idiot.

*Orpheus* You demand of me the extrovert tones of joy, although my heart was torn out of my body?

*Calliope* You were only impotent. Forget about that. It could happen to anyone.

*Chorus* She does not bring sound advice to afflicted son. She is not acting like a natural mother.

*Orpheus* You the gentlest of all muses, what do you demand of me? Singing without love or loving without love? I know neither. I could only sing well and lovingly as long as I thought myself in love. Now you claim like Eurydice that I never could love. Then neither can I sing.

*Calliope* Don't brood so morbidly, you poor naivist. Forget your sorrows and just sing on, or else your star will fade in the shadow of other musicians.

*Orpheus* All my music has already faded in the dark shadows of my grief.

*Calliope* Go away then and be ashamed, you alienated boy, and don't come back until you want to justify yourself by pleasing the world with your lyre!

*Chorus* The hard mother sorely tries a wounded son. How will he cope with the crisis?

*Orpheus* I can't sing without Eurydice.

*Calliope* Then you are no musician any more and not even my son.

*Orpheus* So you cannot forgive me that I remained faithful to my music and did not give my wife children? Is it then my own fault that as a result I lost both my music and my wife?

*Calliope* Your weakness is not manly in its piteousness. If you cannot sing without your sexual wishful thinking, get another wife who might tolerate that you don't screw her.

*Chorus* Your cynical provocations, muse, is a dangerous gamble about the life and future of a talented genius.

*Orpheus* Women, I am tired of you all. It gives me pain to have anything to do with you. Leave me in peace. I can't bear the sight of you any longer. From now on my only company shall be men, who don't tear asunder my feelings, make impossible demands on me, challenge my flesh or hurt me. My wife abandoned me of her own free will because she was a woman. For a revenge I then proclaim that I denounce the female sex. May it be accursed and rejected by every sane man forever. I hereby learned that woman is without a soul. She only lives for her flesh and lust, and if man can't satisfy her carnally, man becomes as worthless to her as other animals that never touch her. My mother, who still is a muse, has herself denied me, her son. Then I can but deny all womanhood with the clearest conscience. Aristaios was right. All you need, women, is a procurer, for he will at least keep you on a leash and check you by force when necessary, which always will be needed.

*Calliope* Then my worst and constant fears have come true that you are a homosexual.

*Chorus* We beg you, good lady, not to make matters worse.

*Orpheus* Call me whatever you want, you old whore. "Homosexual" is what women call a man who refuses to love them, and that makes me a homosexual then indeed, no matter how antifeminine and hostile I am against every kind of sexuality.

*Calliope* My son, I fear that you have become mentally ill.

*Orpheus* My mother, you should never have given me to the world.

*Chorus* Stop bickering, you musician and muse! Don't you realize that you can't exist without supporting each other?

*Calliope* The musician no longer wishes to cooperate with his muse because she is a woman. But woman is the only possible muse in all eternity for every man. There is no one else.

*Chorus* Stop quarrelling and be reconciled!

*Calliope* It's for him to come to his senses. I just urge him on.

*Orpheus* Ladies! This abominable situation is untenable. I will accept your challenge and demand and prove to you that I can still fulfill my duty as a musician.

*Calliope* Well, at last!

*Chorus* Let's hear it!

*Orpheus* Once more I will pay a visit to that rogue Aristaios and just by singing bring down his empire and save all his prostitutes and victims from the thralldom and poison which he uses to enslave them with, and thus I will finally and definitely get back my Eurydice.

*Chorus* That's a most commendable proposition.

*Calliope* You wonderful singer, if you now will succeed nothing could ever more besmirch your own or the future music of all the world.

*Chorus* That would make a happy ending to a gruesome tale.

*Orpheus* Yes, if it ends well, everything will be well no matter how much harm the trials have made. And that is the triumph of every musician, his highest and noblest self-realization, when he finally succeeds in giving an entire human and universal context a happy ending. In musical terms it is called a finale.

*Chorus* With all our hearts we wish you good luck.

*Calliope* Farewell, my only but most divinely gifted of all sons of men!

*(Orpheus leaves.)*

*Chorus* Once more he goes to Aristaios to demonstrate that musical purity is a greater strength than to masturbate.

*Calliope* He is still a virgin and more sacred as such than any god.

*Chorus* It has been said once that only he who quite naturally keeps his virginity intact all his life could vanquish the gods and become the highest among them, if only he accepts the condition that he must sacrifice his own life for it.

*Calliope* Orpheus will be victorious without having to sacrifice anyone's life. That is the power of music, its melody and harmony, a higher god and power than all gods, power and providence so far.

*Chorus* So will music be the seal on an eternal comedy for all humanity.

*A maid* Look, there is Hermes.

*Another* He doesn't look too happy.

*Calliope* Hermes, once more you come here importuning in our music by your callous truths.

*Hermes* This time it is sinister. You should not let yourselves be affected by it though. I don't wish to offend anyone. The truth is always offensive in its very nature, to the degree that it unveils man's delusions. Man has a right to be human, and that right, man must constantly and fiercely defend against the truth. But you are without any blame in what I am now to unveil.

*A chorus member*      What has happened?  
*Another*                Do you know anything about Orpheus?  
*Hermes*                 I do.  
*Calliope*                What has happened?  
*Hermes*                 Orpheus and his music and harp have now fallen silent forever.  
*Chorus*                 Woe! It must not be true!  
*Calliope*                Whatever has happened then?  
*Hermes*                 Full of audacity as he was in senseless obstinacy, the singer returned once more to Aristaios' underworld and hell. He made his entrance in the night club darkness on its stage of horrors as a god and angel in his pure white outfit and with his art more magically spellbinding than ever. He could have sung Aristaios himself to righteousness and betterment. All listened to his singing, all the wrecks awoke from their eternal slumber of lethargic langour, the effects of drugs and booze with their mortality and devastating numbness vanished by this living lovely music, with all appetite, desire and alluring lust, and everything awoke from carnal death of mortal flesh to spiritual life. His singing even brought forth tears out of the dark soul of Aristaios.

But there was then one of Dionysus' closest servants, one of the wild maenads, who cried disturbed to Aristaios: "Can't you silence and put down that miserable actor? Can't you see that he is playing out your empire from your hands? If he may carry on and chastise vice and loose barbarity by his compelling singing, Dionysus will send you his notice with immediate execution." Aristaios though was tired of this entire Orpheus business, he regretted almost that he had so ravished Eurydice, who had now grown into just another shrew in his infected bothersome menagerie. He said to the rude maenad: "Do with him whatever you please. I couldn't care less."

She gathered then a bunch of other maenads, conspiring with them, while Orpheus brought the dead to life again by singing, inspiring them with glorious enlightenment of light and life in front of the indifferent Aristaios, whereupon they quietly surrounded him and suddenly attacked him on a given signal. They assaulted the unarmed musician who had no protection and smashed his harp to pieces instantly. His music thus was interrupted brutally by some twenty furies who immediately started tearing him asunder limb from limb. They put out his eyes, broke his arms and legs, crushed his breast, tore out his intestines and cut out his heart. Finally they also ruthlessly cut off his head.

Then Aristaios intervened. He said: "Get out, you cursed bribed and drunken maenads, and don't ever show up here again! You have caused me irreparable damage by ruining my reputation right here in my very own club by this horrendous scandal." But the maenads were pleased and happy with what they had done, as it was now accomplished. Orpheus was silent and would never sing again or ever bring a soul out of hell again.

*Calliope*                Who was the leader of these maenads?  
*Hermes*                 That's the mystery. She could not be located. I was probably the only one who clearly recognized her.

*Calliope* And who was it?

*Hermes* Aphrodite.

*Chorus* Woe betide us! Never shall we hear again our Orpheus sing to us! Never may we dance again in joyful chastity of freedom of the highest virtue to the sound of edifying melody and harmony in the purest Orphean music from the golden lyre of Orpheus in the timeless divinity of melodious mosaics and harmonics!

*Calliope* Curse Aphrodite, you friends of the muse, for she corrupts whatever she will touch.

*Hermes* Aphrodite did not know what she was doing. She is blind in the animal instinct of her senseless love. She never came close to loving Orpheus. Then she had to reach him by her power in some other way. She was not musical.

*Calliope* It was the base taste of Dionysus that pulled Orpheus down into the bog by Eurydice.

*Chorus* Holy be each man who rises against the father of all vices called Dionysus! Dishonoured be each man who surrenders to the base Dionysus and the mendacious lust of the cruel Aphrodite! They are the falsest of all gods!

*Calliope* Orpheus was greater than any god on earth. Only Apollo was his lord.

*Chorus* Only Apollo could have saved Orpheus but refrained from doing so.

*Calliope* Then all gods be false and music alone sacred.

*Chorus* Then all gods be false and music alone sacred.

*Final stanza* (doesn't have to be included)

*Calliope* But that is poor comfort to me. My son is gone, and he was everything I had. How could any muse be expected to inspire any poet again, when their leader has lost her son, who was the most divine among poets?

*Chorus* Your sorrow is infinite. Everyone has to deeply share your mourning.

*Calliope* Deplorable is every woman who has given children to the world, for a mother's child will never become better than the man who violated and raped her.

*Chorus* Mother, guard your tongue. Don't lose your equilibrium.

*Calliope* Are you not familiar then with the true myth of why a woman is a woman and a man not always a man?

*Chorus* We never heard of such a myth.

*Calliope* All women must know, that a woman is a lower being than any man. That's the reason why woman has to desire man. She needs his divinity, his manliness, his higher stature, in order to feel that she is alive and something of a human being. She imagines she obtains that manliness by coition, the realization and consummation of desire, but that is her very greatest delusion. In the natural sexual act woman never becomes something of a man. Instead the man becomes something of a woman. Sensitive effeminated men who go to bed with women too often cease to be men and are born women in their next life. Women who are dependent on their men and find their highest happiness in having orgasm with them will never be more than women. Only the happy few who learn about the futility of sexual

life and transcend into virginity or who never abandoned their virginity could learn to be divine like men, and only they could be born as men in their next life.

So the moral here, dear maids, is: remain intact as virgins. That's the only possibility for you to ever get away from the suffering of being a woman.

*Chorus* We thank you, our leader. What about Orpheus then, who loved his wife so faithfully that he died for her?

*Calliope* He died honourably in the struggle against the worst and most revolting forms of sensuality, but he was victorious in proving the power of the purity of virginity over everything concerning carnal love. Only he has sung so divinely to so deeply oppressed souls.

*Chorus* Then he should be more than divine?

*Calliope* Yes, he is a higher god than any of the known ones in just his capacity of a human being.

*Chorus* So a man can be more than the gods by just remaining a man?

*Calliope* But such a man can never be bewailed enough when he is finally dead.

*Chorus* May the sorrow of his loss bring all divinities to shame. That Dionysus and Aphrodite were gods may be an eternal curse and dishonour for the gods. A virgin man is more than all the power and domination of the almighty father forever.

*Calliope* Now, my maids, let's enter into mourning.

*Chorus* Yes, we shall mourn the fall of Eurydice forever but never forget the charity of Orpheus towards all those fallen down into the depths of prostitution and addiction, abuse of drugs and sillification by fornication. Only he showed that even dead souls could be awakened, saved and find the light of the inextinguishable divinity of musical virginity.

*The End.*

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