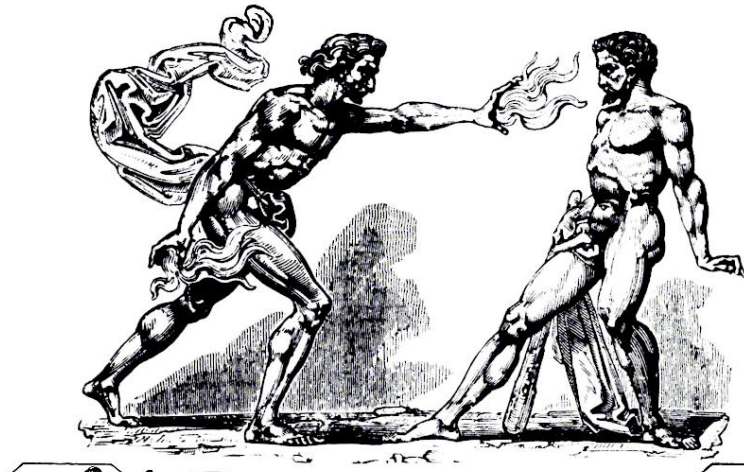


We shall bring fire

SEEK AND YOU SHALL FIND, THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE.

"And Jesus answered them, saying, 'The hour is come, that the SON OF MAN should be glorified.

Amen, Amen, I say to you, except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and DIE, it abides alone: but if it DIES, it brings forth much fruit. He that loves his life shall lose it; and he that hates his life in this world shall keep it into Life Eternal."—*John* 12:23-25.

"Amen, amen I say to you, that the hour is coming, and now is, when THE DEAD shall hear the VOICE OF THE SON OF GOD, and they that hear shall live. For as the Father has life in himself, so he has given the Son also to have life in himself. And He has given him authority to execute Judgment, because he is the SON OF MAN. Marvel not at this; for the hour is coming, in which all that ARE IN THE GRAVES SHALL HEAR HIS VOICE."—*John* 5:25-28.

Greetings from the White Aurora

YET ANOTHER BOOK OF THE DEAD.

"Those who are conversant with philosophy in a proper manner seem to have concealed from others that the whole of their study is nothing else than how to die and be dead."

—Plato, *Phaedo*

Forged by

Sanchis Triacorda

Sung by

JIVA



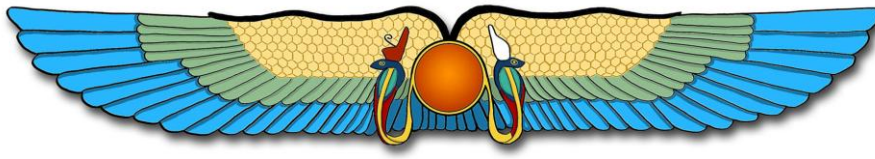


Think for yourself, feel for others.

WWW.EGIBIL.COM

E.GIBIL is an independent publisher committed to the realisation and divulgation of Truth.
So, realize and divulge. © 2024.


E.GIBL



This book contains excerpts from “The Egyptian Book of the Dead: The Book of Going Forth by Day” as translated into English by Dr. Ogden Goelet Jr., Dr. Raymond O. Faulkner, Carol A. R. Andrews, J. Daniel Gunther and James Wasserman. I have taken the liberty of also translating the names of the Ancient Egyptian cities, as in order to understand the Egyptian Book of the Dead, it is essential to know what the names of the Ancient Egyptian cities meant in the original tongue.

This book also contains excerpts from the Tibetan Book of the Dead as translated into English by Gyurme Dorje.



I want to take advantage of this opportunity to thank all translators: a work such as this would have barely been possible without all their previous work and dedication.



The world of the senses affords a shadow of reality:
that of the Cave of Plato.

Any similarity or resemblance between
the characters represented in this book
and reality is purely coincidental.

"Therefore, I speak to them in parables, because they seeing see not; and hearing they hear not, neither do they understand. And in them is fulfilled the prophecy of Isaiah, which said, 'By hearing you shall hear, and shall not understand; and seeing you shall see, and shall not perceive.' For this people's heart is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes they have closed; lest at any time they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and should understand with their heart, and should be converted, and I should heal them. But blessed are your eyes, for they see: and your ears, for they hear."—*Matthew* 13:13-16.

AS ABOVE, SO BELOW.

"The gods are all arranged AS ABSOLUTELY ONE."

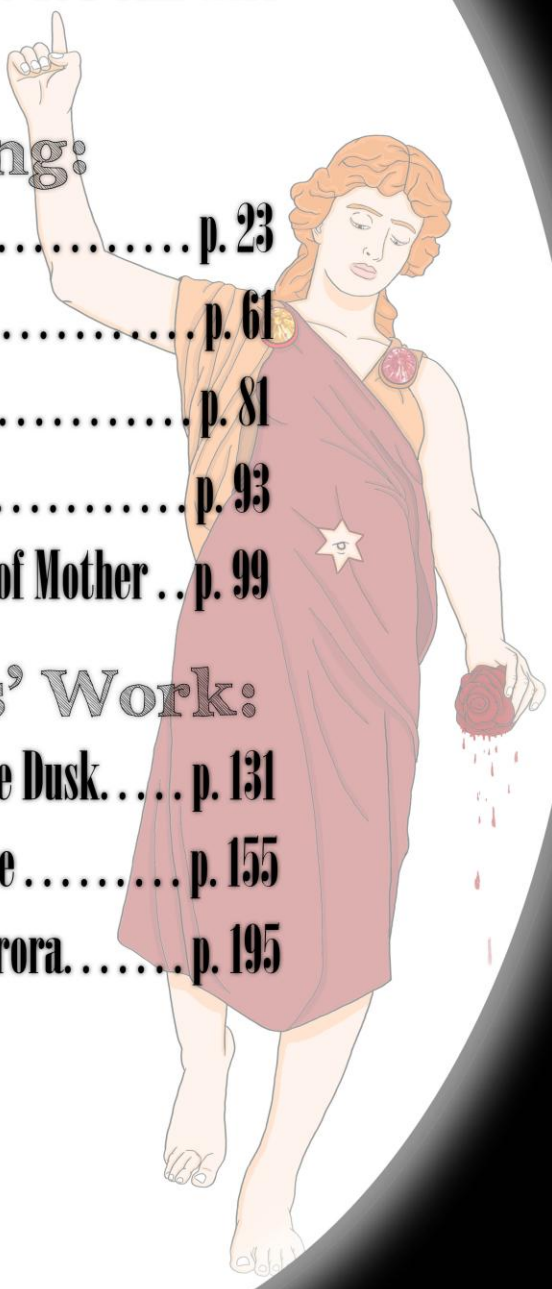
"A knowledge of the gods is accompanied with a conversion to, and the knowledge of, ourselves."

—IAMBLICHUS, *Theurgy.*

THE

Index

WILL SHOW YOU THE WAY



Apollo's Song:

Part I: The Longing . . . . . p. 23

Part II: The Reunion. . . . . p. 61

Part III: Exaltation. . . . . p. 81

Part IV: Lo and Behold! . . . . . p. 93

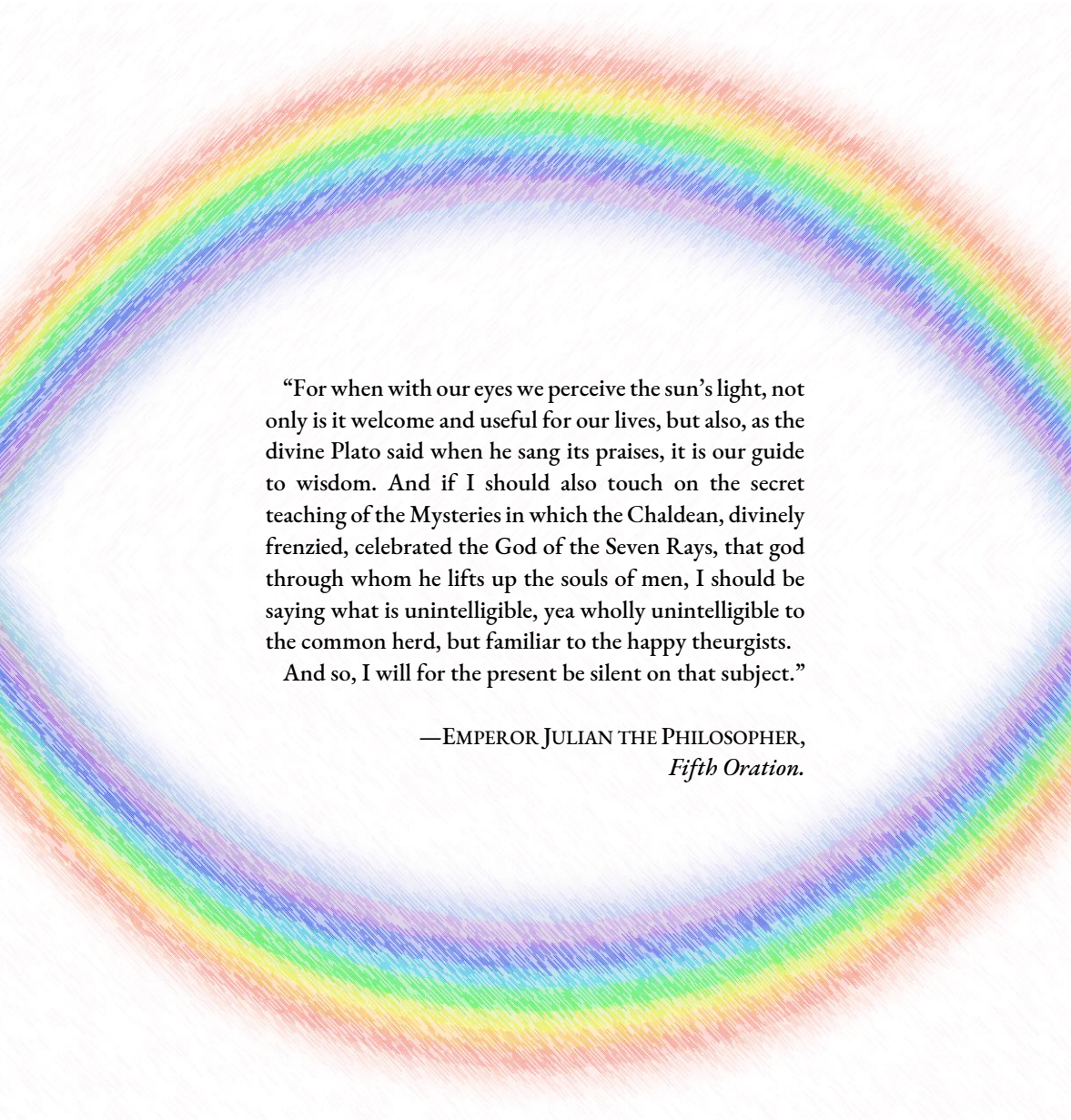
Part V: The Five States of Mother . . p. 99

Hephaestus' Work:

Part VI: The Dawn of the Dusk. . . . . p. 131

Part VII: Baptism by Fire . . . . . p. 155

Part VIII: The White Aurora. . . . . p. 195



"For when with our eyes we perceive the sun's light, not only is it welcome and useful for our lives, but also, as the divine Plato said when he sang its praises, it is our guide to wisdom. And if I should also touch on the secret teaching of the Mysteries in which the Chaldean, divinely frenzied, celebrated the God of the Seven Rays, that god through whom he lifts up the souls of men, I should be saying what is unintelligible, yea wholly unintelligible to the common herd, but familiar to the happy theurgists.

And so, I will for the present be silent on that subject."

—Emperor Julian the Philosopher,
Fifth Oration.


Come by the fire and
we shall share a story.
But let us listen carefully,
without rush nor hurry,
so we can apprehend it
in all its glory.

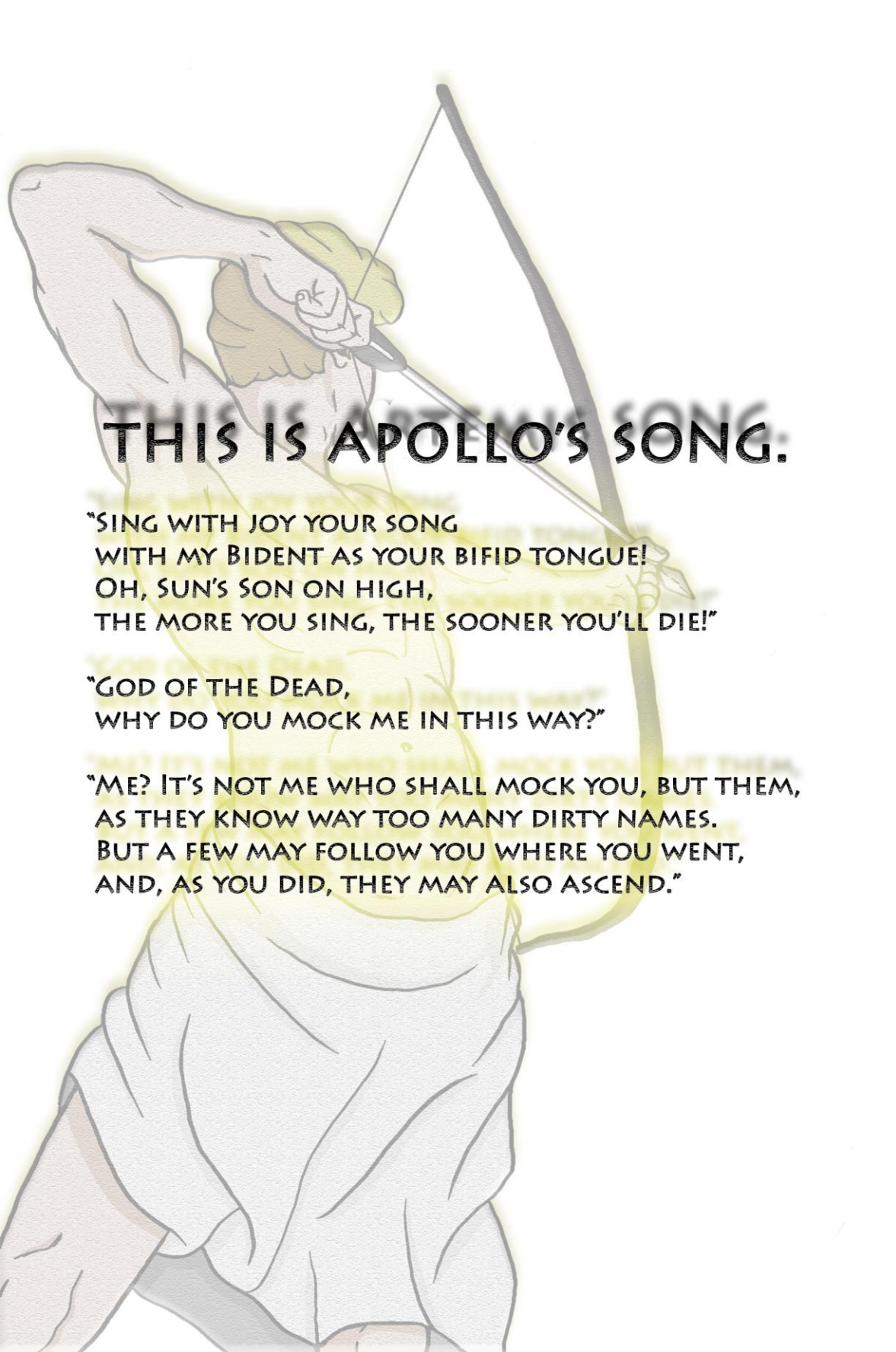
"Let us praise Adonai for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the SONS OF MAN. And let them sacrifice the sacrifice of gratitude, and declare his works with joy:

They that go down to the sea in ships, doing business in the great waters, these have seen the works of Adonai and his wonders in the deep. For he commands, and the stormy wind rises, and the waves thereof are lifted up. They mount up to the heavens, and they go down again to the depths, their souls melted because of trouble.

They reel to and fro, and stagger like a DRUNKEN MAN, and they are at their wit's end. And they cry to Adonai in their affliction, and he brings them out of their distresses. AND HE TURNS THE STORM INTO A WHISPER, so that the waves thereof are still. And then they rejoice because they be quiet, so he brings them to their desired haven.

Let us praise Adonai for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the SONS OF MAN. Let us exalt him also in the congregation of the people, and praise him in the SEAT OF THE ANCIENTS."—*Psalm*s 107:21-32



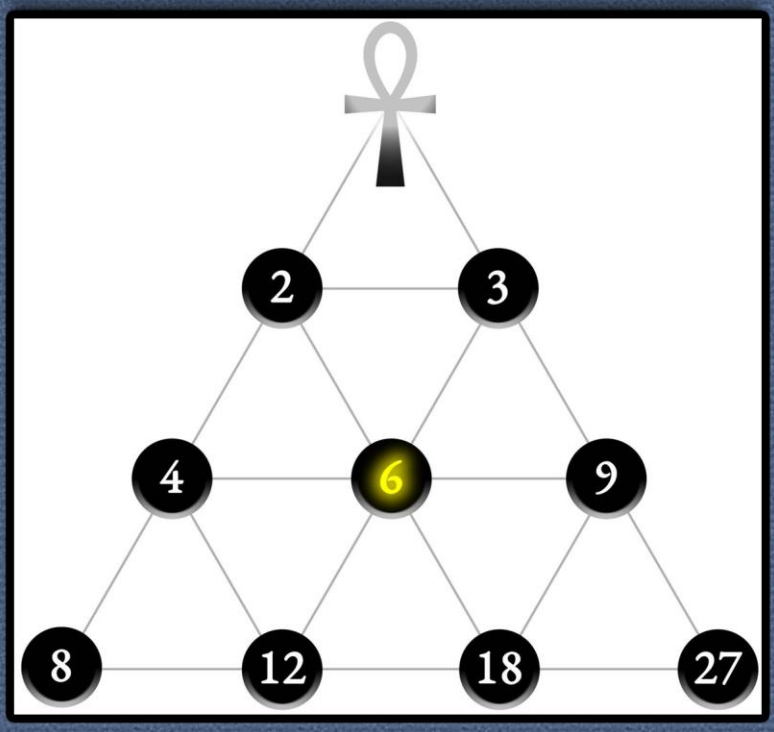


THIS IS APOLLO'S SONG.

"SING WITH JOY YOUR SONG
WITH MY BIDENT AS YOUR BIFID TONGUE!
OH, SUN'S SON ON HIGH,
THE MORE YOU SING, THE SOONER YOU'LL DIE!"

"GOD OF THE DEAD,
WHY DO YOU MOCK ME IN THIS WAY?"

"ME? IT'S NOT ME WHO SHALL MOCK YOU, BUT THEM,
AS THEY KNOW WAY TOO MANY DIRTY NAMES.
BUT A FEW MAY FOLLOW YOU WHERE YOU WENT,
AND, AS YOU DID, THEY MAY ALSO ASCEND."

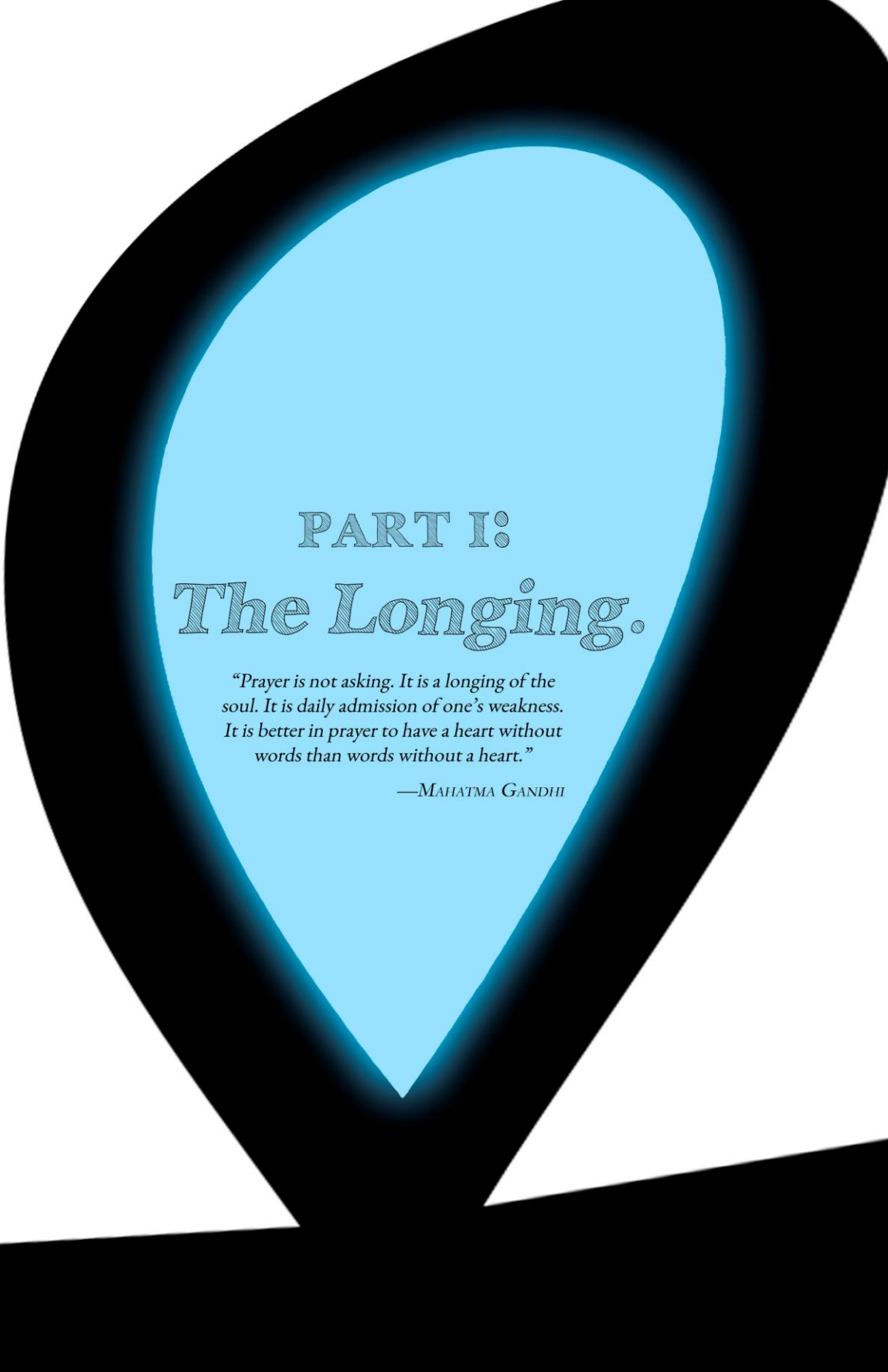

2
3
4
6
9
8
12
18
27

"Oh muse, sing of ARTEMIS, Sister of the Far-shooter, the virgin who delights in arrows, who was fostered with Apollo. She waters her horses from Meles deep in reeds, and swiftly drives her all-golden chariot through Smyrna to vine-clad Claros where Apollo, god of the silver bow, sits waiting for the far-shooting goddess who delights in arrows. And so, hail to you, Artemis, in my song and to all goddesses as well. Of you first I sing and with you I begin."

—HOMERIC HYMN.

"When Homer matched Hephaestus against the River and Apollo against Poseidon in battle, he did it rather as a philosopher than as a poet."

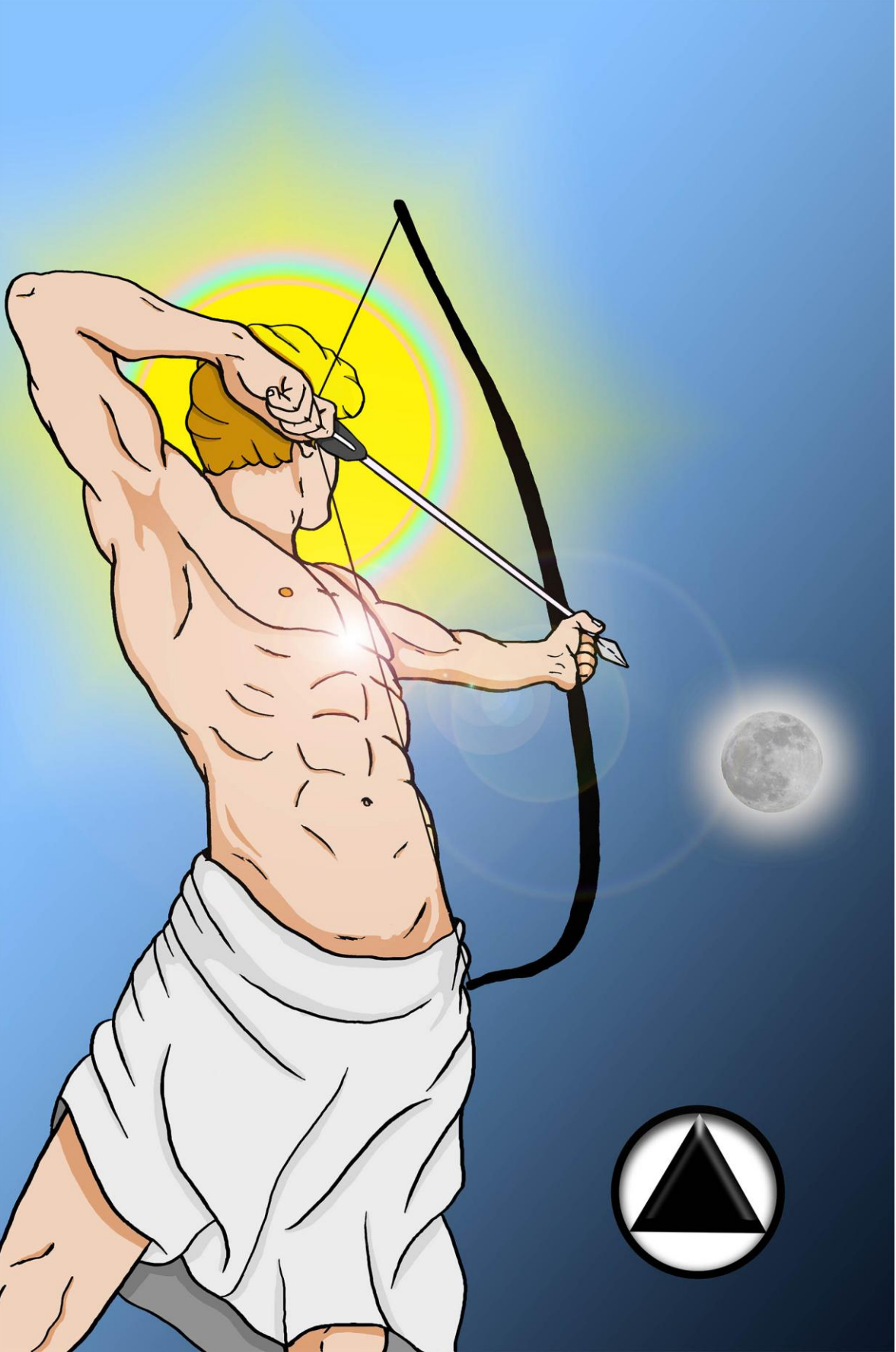
—PLUTARCH,
The Principle of Cold.

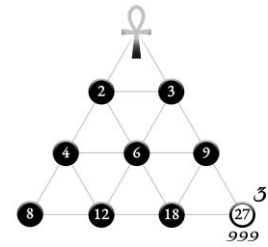


PART I:
The Longing.

"Prayer is not asking. It is a longing of the soul. It is daily admission of one's weakness. It is better in prayer to have a heart without words than words without a heart."

—*Mahatma Gandhi*





I

On a fine and clear lucid afternoon,
at the shore where deep sea meets shallow land,
and the great bright sun and the crescent moon
briefly stamp Father's blue-sky hand in hand,
one day or one night this courtship began,
when the sun approached the moon on her stand,
and darting rays on her lap, he thus sang:

Midnight greetings, gracious moonchild,
You will turn *twenty-seven* soon,
doing good with your croon,
no needle pricking your balloon.
But if ever in need of an owl,
give me a hoot and I will follow suit:

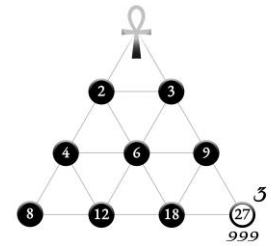
If the cool of the moon made you howl
—for the sake of the plough and the prowl—
let me crow to the sun and the *Newt,*
or if the heat of the sun made you crow
—for the sake of the dough and the floe—
let me howl to the moon with a hoe.

But those who bask in freeing the mask,
should they squire one another in this task?

When I offered this *wine* in repose
—to the Virgin Mother of the Bread
and he who once was God of the Dead—
without one word I heard this response:

'A wine cask is aghast at what we ask:
comfort them without refilling your flask.
For all those already sitting at meat
can spare the Comforter or Paraclete.'





II

Midday greetings, searing sun-child!
I wish I turned older than *twenty-seven,*
so on Earth I could bring heaven.

I can see you're the pretender's suit.
But as a youth to be *twenty-seven* years old soon,
I am the owl, the moon and the hoot.

Your howl made me sour in this hour
—for the sake of the toil of the plower—
but in your crow I saw the power
of raising to heaven a tower.

If your howl were to reach me today,
little else could I do but dismay,
but when your howls reach me tomorrow,
they shall dispel your and my sorrows.

When I offered this your *whine* in repose
—to the Mother of the Bread, unforgiving,
and he who now is the God of the Living—
without form or word, I felt this response:

"The wine cask is aghast at what he asks,
so comfort him by emptying his flask,
for all those already sitting at meat
can spare the Comforter or Paraclete."



Greetings from the White Aurora, child!

I am **Osiris,** the Ancient Egyptian god of the dead! And I am an aspect of Hades, the Ancient Greek God of the Dead.



Elohim-Helios!
I mean, ahem. . . hello. . .

I am **Ra,** the Ancient Egyptian sun-god. I am an aspect of Apollo: the Ancient Greek sun-god.

Osiris, should you not be wearing a seamless robe of white?



Not yet, Ra.
I just entered into your spine and found good soil. Now I am wearing clay-red. . . Give it time!

Condolences,

I am **Set,** the Ancient Egyptian god of deserts, storms, violence and disorder. I am an aspect of Ares, the Ancient Greek god of war.



Oh, no! Not you again!
I thought we had already taken care of that donkey in the manner shown in the *Alexamenos Graffito!*



I am not only a donkey, filthy falcon! I am also a pig and a jackal!



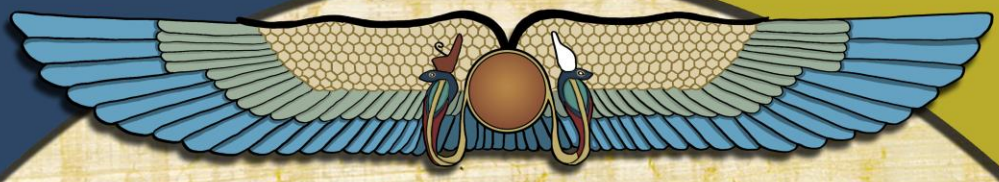
Brum, brum!

Gentle earthquakes are on their way, little one!
I am **Geb,** the Ancient Egyptian god of fertile soil, snakes and earthquakes. I am an aspect of both the Greek gods Hephaestus and Poseidon.

What? Are you wondering how that is possible?
Well, that is something you must find out by yourself. . .

Wait! Is the translation on the next page saying that Set is my soul?
That can't be right! It is rather the other way around, for Set is young and I am old! We are each other's double, but I am older! (And holier).





"As for the day of 'Come to me,' it means that Osiris said to Ra, 'Come to me that I may see you'–so said he in the West. I am his TWIN SOULS, *which are within the Two Fledglings.*

Who is he?
He is Osiris when he entered into the Domain of the Ram Lord of Osiris' Spine.[1] *He found the soul of Ra there and they embraced each other.*
Then his TWIN SOULS *came into being.*

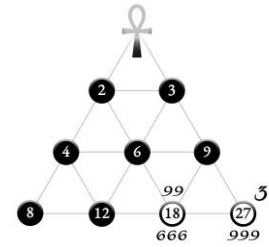
Save me from that god who steals souls, who laps up corruption, who lives on what is putrid, who is in charge of darkness, who is immersed in gloom, of whom those who are among the languid ones are afraid !

Who is he?
He is Set. Otherwise said:
He is the great Wild Bull, he is the soul of Geb."

–THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN
BOOK OF THE DEAD.

[1] *The usually translated wording is, "When he entered into [the city of] Mendes." However, Mendes is the Greek name for the city originally called "Per-Banebdjedet", or "the Domain of the Ram Lord of Djedet". So, since the Djedet is known to be Osiris's Spine, the above–"the Domain of the Ram Lord of Osiris's Spine"–is what an Ancient Egyptian would have comprehended.*





III

Midnight greetings, sister of mine,
We turned *eighteen* so soon
that we were trapped in this monsoon. . .

Our words were so loud in the marshes
that they were quickly turned into ashes. . .
I called upon our uncle—*the Newt*—
and I begged him to now please go mute.

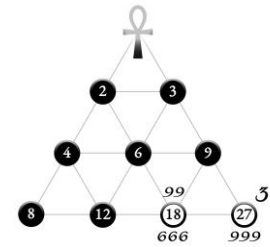
But he is so haughty, trident in hand,
that I knelt at his feet; he made me strand. . .
And now I'm so far and barred from the land
that I fear I may no more request your hand.

But if my howl were to reach you tonight,
please shine on me your light—pure and bright—
so I may join you in the starry night
and above this frenzied seafoam and blight.

Postscript:

Our two cousins—the Soldier and the Lover—
cannot recall your face in this shower.
But our other cousin—the Trickster of the Minster—
gave me a harp and said, "With this they will reach her."





IV

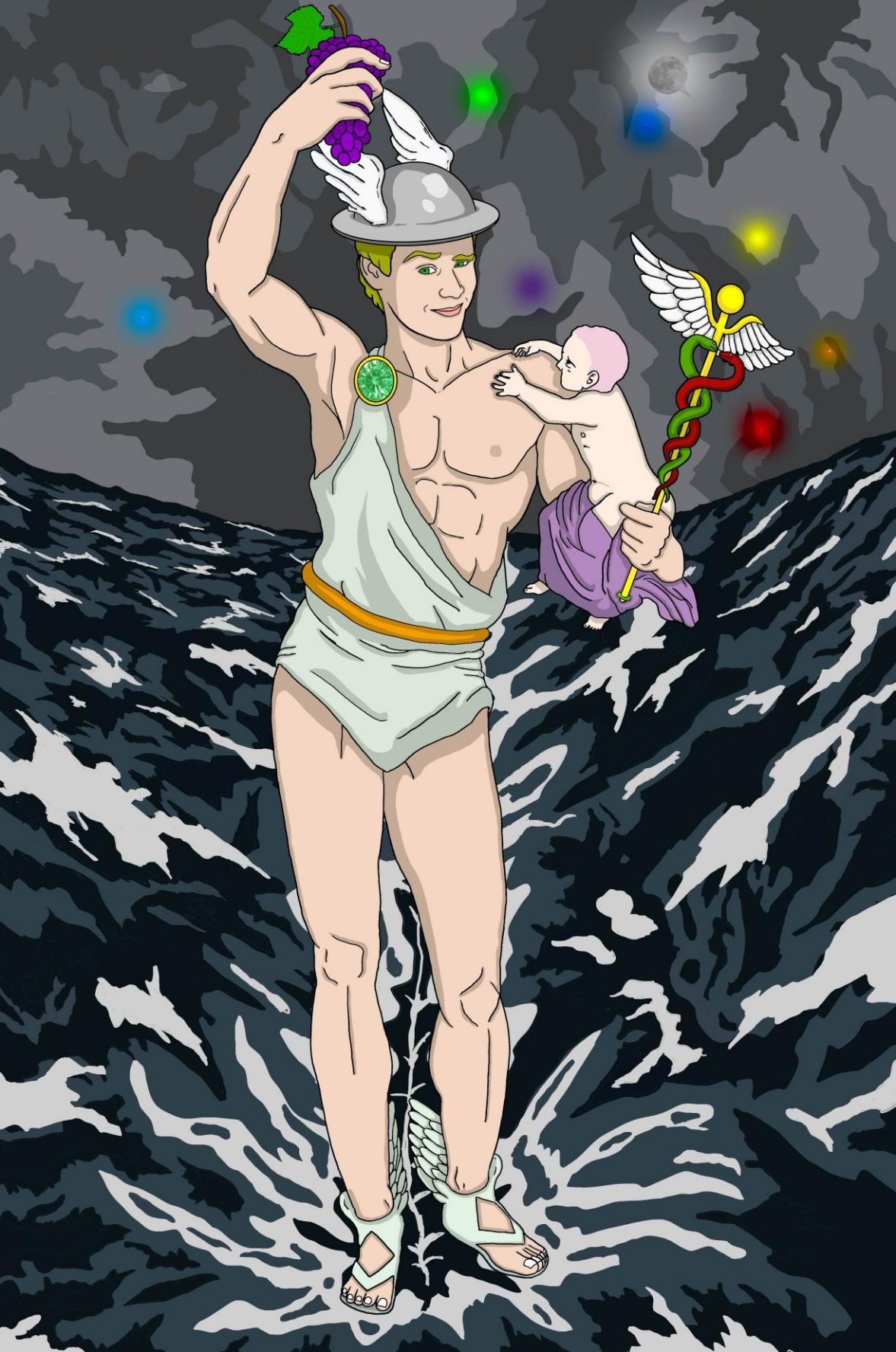
Widday greetings, dear brother of mine,
I wish I had turned older than *eighteen,*
and I could queen this: your sorrow marine.

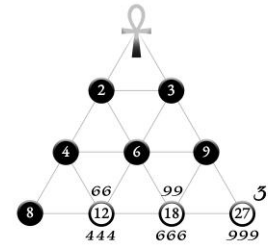
Men's words are the sword of our cousin,
now parting ourselves from the *dozen.*

But if with the one-eye of the pharaoh
—aiming together with bow and arrow—
you were to shoot at the mighty farrow,
soon you'd bury ARES in a barrow.
And then—the Gate not being so narrow—
the Trickster could bring you my swallow,
whose song can still the sea and the sparrow.

Postscript:

If you made Ares—the Soldier—into a pig,
APHRODITE—the Lover—would flee from his dual grip.
But don't tell this to the mighty and frenzied seafoam,
for I believe she hates me as much as she hates home.





V

Greetings, twin sister of mine,
Your musing and help excelled.
I am glad we turned *twelve*:
the arrow delved; the gale dispelled.

Mused by the eye of the pharaoh,
I shot and pierced with my arrow
the veil of the Lover's shallow.
Father's thunder thudded the barrow,
and then I could foreshadow
great wisdom within our marrow.

When blood mixed with the sea from my mighty arrow,
in the dark night we beheld what is hallowed!
An infant was born! And we left the shore fallow.
He's godly in face; his whine's like a goat's bellow.

Postscript:

What a great sin it was to have our cousins in the wrong conception.
Did you know they're not our cousins but step-siblings from inception?

"Do not suffer for the Soldier,
—said to me the Trickster in stable hover—
"for he shall shield us against the Sea's Slaughter,
and for some time he will be a brave upholder
of our holy banner and lofty order!"

"Nor do you suffer for the Lover,"
—also said the Trickster in stable hover—
"for she is destined to discover
her great Mercy and Love all over!"

Postscript II:

Now that I know the might of Father's Thunder
—that it easily parts clouds of mist asunder—
I walk on my rainbow heaven's under,
and I wield the much older Mace of Thunder.



Hello, little one,

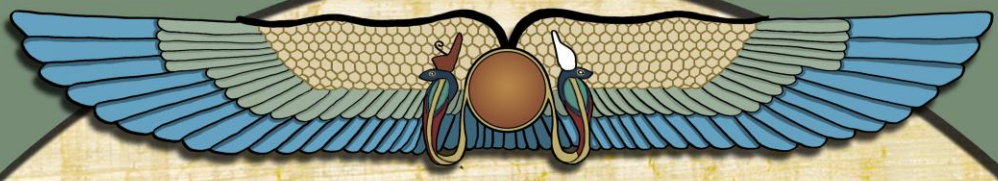
I am THOTH. Well, in truth, my original name was "Djehuti", which means "He is like the ibis".

What? Are you wondering why "I am like the ibis"? This is because ibises are the last to flee and the first to return to the Nile when there is a storm. I always keep a watchful eye against that awfully dangerous god of storms, you know? I believe you already met; he goes by the name of Set. . . I know the movements of Set better than any other god, and I'd love to show you how to avoid his influence, lest his storms should destroy your crops and ruin your grain harvest. . .

Did you know that I was also represented as a baboon? This was so because baboons excel at symbolical cognition: if baboons could read, they would be great at unravelling the ineffable spiritual meaning of ancient myths and scriptures.

Talking about reading: I am the god of writing, wisdom, knowledge, hieroglyphs, science, magic, art and judgement. I am a MOON-GOD and an aspect of the Ancient Greek god Hermes: the messenger of the gods—the god of roads and boundaries, the protector of travellers and the guide of souls. But I am also the god of thieves and tricksters, little one. . .

Perhaps you will see me later, child. But I am ALWAYS watching for you. In fact, I have watched you so much that we could say that I know you better than you know yourself.



"I belong to your company, O Horus, I have fought for you and I have watched over your name; I am Thoth who vindicated Osiris against his foes on that day of Judgement in the Great Mansion of the Prince which is at the Pillars of the City of the Sun.[1] I am a Busirite, the son of a Busirite, I was conceived in Busiris–First of the Cows in the House of Osiris[2]–I was born in Busiris,[2] when I was with the men who lamented and the women who mourned Osiris on the Shores of the Washerman."

"I am the priest in Busiris for the Lion-god in the House of Osiris with those who raise up earth; I am he who sees the Mysteries at the Mouth of the Passages in Rosetjau;[3] I am he who reads the ritual book for the Soul in Busiris;[2] I am the Sem-priest at his duties; I am the Master Craftsman on the day of placing the Bark of Sokar on its sledge; I am he who takes the hoe on the day of breaking up the earth in Heracleopolis for the Child of the King.[4]"

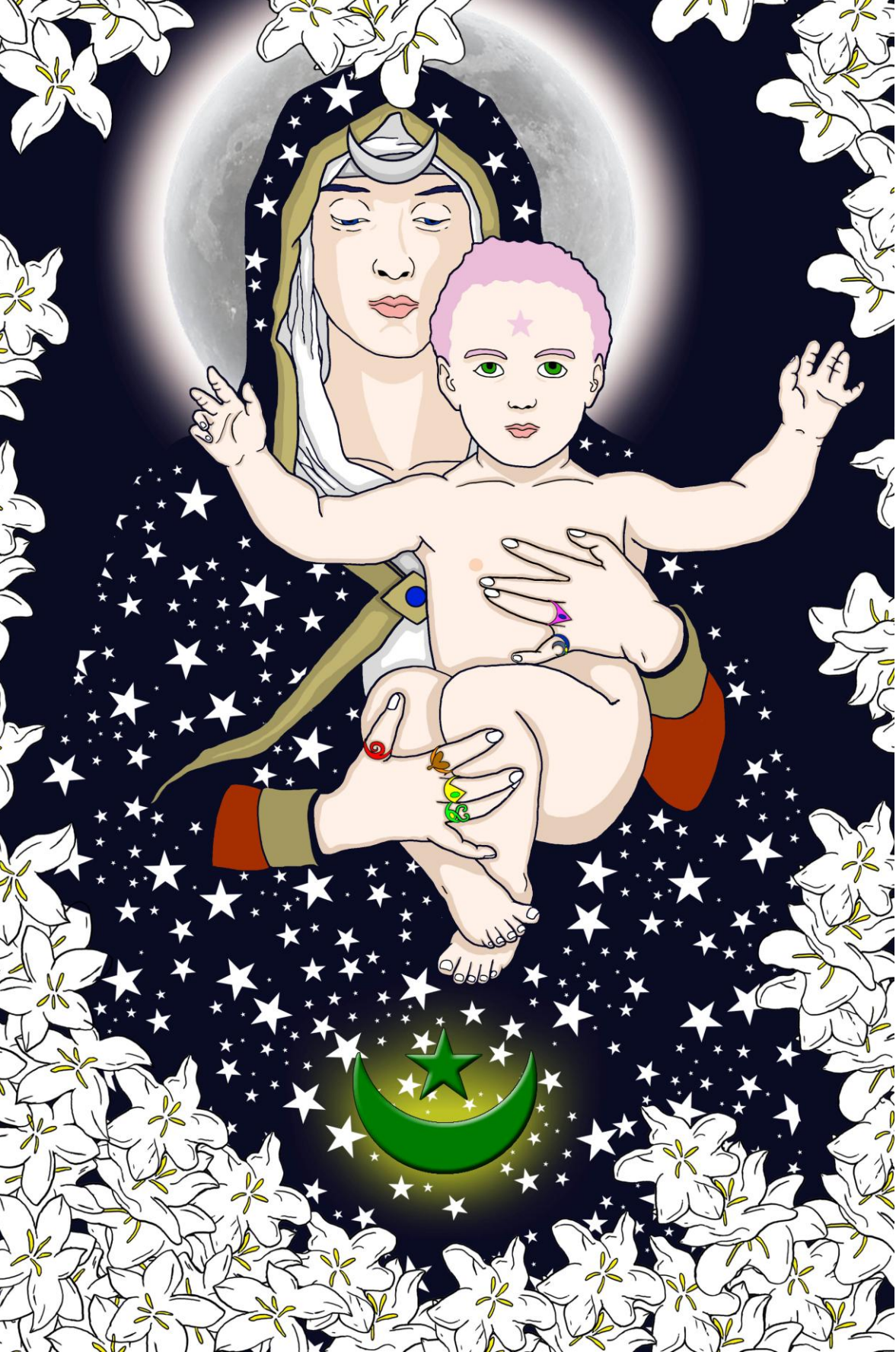
–The Ancient Egyptian Book of the Dead.

[1] *Common translations simply mention Heliopolis, or the "city of the sun", in Greek, but in Ancient Egyptian this city was called "Iunnu", or "the Pillars".*

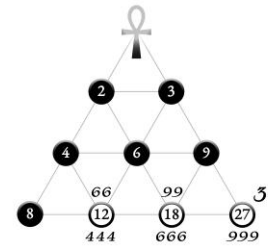
[2] *The original name of the city of Busiris ("House of Osiris") was "Tpyhwt", which meant "First of the Cows", an epithet referring to Hathor, the Ancient Greek Aphrodite. In fact, during Byzantine times, Busiris (or Tpyhwt) was called "Aphroditopolis", which literally means "City of Aphrodite".*

[3] *Rosetjau is the original name of Giza, the place where the pyramids still stand, testing the passing of time. "Rosetjau" meant "Mouth of the Passages" and referred to the entrance into the Duat, or Ancient Egyptian Underworld.*

[4] *The original Egyptian name of the city of Heracleopolis (literally "City of Heracles" in Greek) was Henen-Nesut, which meant "Child of the King". The twelve "Labours of Heracles" have much to do with the Books of the Dead.*



VI



Greetings, my brave lover and brother,
I wish I had turned older than *twelve*
so we could again reunite ourselves.

I am sorry about our cousins' misconception:
indeed, they are our step-siblings from inception.
But it pains me greatly and makes me uneasy
to see you are still suckling from Mother *Lethe*.[1]

Perhaps you can't recall our fling in the ether?
And how in loving embrace we shared our fever?
Perhaps you can't recall the eclipse of our lips
and how, if in physical form, you'd have grabbed my hips?

Father never sent any thunder nor lightning
—neither glorious, great, awful nor frightening.
But at the touch of your sullied spring and my virgin wing,
you called my name, kissed my hand and made me sing;
as for *six* of my fingers you had a wedding ring:
for the *red* Soldier, the *tawny* Lover, the *golden* Sun-King,
the *green* Lord of Tricks and the *ultramarine* Moon and Kid.

Postscript:

Now a nursing throne we must make ready and lit,
so our newborn son I may give suckle and sit,
and our great-aunts—the Threads of the Fates—may thus knit
your fate as the ANGEL OF THE BOTTOMLESS PIT.

Our siblings' names pursued, we have grown old and astute.
But what is the name of our weary uncle—*the Newt*?
He still sits on the throne, but claim his name too, please do,
and spread not *six* but all your *seven* colours' repute.

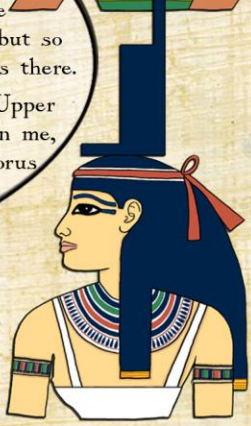
[1] Lethe (Λήθη), meaning "Oblivion" or "Forgetfulness", was the name of a river in Hades that caused those drinking from its waters to forget their past. This river was also called *Amelēs Potamos,* which means "River of Unmindfulness". The twins Apollo and Artemis were fathered by Zeus and mothered by *Leto* (Λητώ), whose name derives from *Lethe* (Λήθη) precisely.



Hi, I am **HORUS**.
My name means "falcon", "the distant one" or "one who is above".
I know I look a good deal like Ra, but I am actually OSIRIS'S SON. . . Usually you will find me wearing the red and white Double Crown of Ancient Egypt, but I have just been born, and this is why I am only wearing the clay-red Crown of Lower Egypt for now.



Greetings from BEYOND the Aurora!
I am **ATUM**, which means "to complete" or "to finish", and I am not "a god", but the INDIVISIBLE, SELF-EXISTENT, ONE, and only God that Set insists on violently and illusorily dividing. . .
Talking about illusory divisions: Ancient Egypt was divided between the mountainous land of Upper Egypt and Lower Egypt, a very fertile land but so plain that the Egyptians piled up stones to build giant artificial mountains there.
I wear the Double Crown of Egypt in a way that the White Crown of Upper Egypt always prevails over the Red Crown of Lower Egypt. Because, in me, *the above always triumphs over the below*. I wear the Crown that Horus covets, and Thoth wishes to help him obtain it. But Horus is now only a NEOPHYTE, or "newly planted", as they were called in the Ancient Mysteries.



White Greetings,
I am **ISIS**; my name means "Queen of the Throne", and I am an aspect of both the Ancient Greek goddesses Demeter and Artemis.
What? Are you wondering how that is possible? Well, that is something you must find out by yourself! Did you know that Set killed my husband Osiris, cut his body into many pieces and scattered them all around Egypt? Then I became very sad, and I began a quest to find all his body pieces. And I found them all! Except his phallus. . . Luckily, Thoth helped me with magic, and we could give Osiris a virgin rebirth under the form of my son, Horus.



Hi, I am **NEPHTHYS**: the wife of Set.
My name means "Mistress of the House".
I am an aspect of the Greek goddess Aphrodite: I am APHRODITE PANDEMOS, or "Love common to all".



Hello, dear, I am **HATHOR**.
My name means "House of Horus".
Like Nephthys, I am also an aspect of the Ancient Greek goddess Aphrodite: I am APHRODITE OURANIA, or "Celestial Love." And, like Isis, I am also the mother of Horus.
What? Are you wondering how that is possible? Well, that is something you must find out by yourself. Do like Isis and put the pieces together! Don't you know that Love is the agency of union?



"O Double Lion! Run, run to this! If Horus be respected, Set will be divine, and vice versa. I have come into this land, I have made use of my feet, for I am Atum, I am in my city. Get back, O Lion, bright of mouth and shining of head, retreat because of my strength, take care, O you who are invisible, do not await me, for I am Isis. You found me when I had disarranged the hair of my face and my scalp was disordered. I have become pregnant as Isis, I have conceived as Nephthys."

"Words spoken by Isis: I have come that I may be your protection. I fan air at your nostrils for you, I fan the north wind which comes forth from Atum for your nose. I clear your windpipe for you. I cause you to be a god with your enemies fallen under your sandals. May you be vindicated in the sky and may your flesh be powerful among the gods."

"Words spoken by Nephthys: I have gone about my brother Osiris. I have come that I may be your protection. My protection is about you, my protection is about you eternally. Your call has been heard by Ra, and you have been vindicated by the gods. Raise yourself up, so that you may be vindicated because of what has been done against you. Ptah has overthrown your enemies for you, for you are Horus, the son of Hathor."

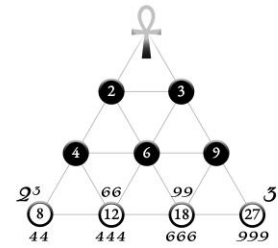
–The Ancient Egyptian Book of the Dead.

The Tibetan Book of the Dead

"O, Child of Buddha Nature, listen without distraction, on the first day of the intermediate state of reality, all space will arise as a blue light. At this time, from the central Buddha field called Pervasive Seminal Point, the transcendent lord Vairocana will dawn before you, his body white in colour, seated on a lion throne, holding in his right hand an *eight-spoked* wheel and embraced by his consort Ākāśadhātvīśvarī. A blue luminosity, radiant and clear, bright and dazzling, indicative of the pristine cognition of reality's expanse, which is the natural purity of your aggregate of consciousness, will emanate from the heart of Vairocana and his consort, and it will shine piercingly before you at the level of your heart, with such brilliance that your eyes cannot bear it. Together with this luminosity, a ***dull white light***, indicative of the realm of the gods, will also dawn directly before you and touch your heart. At this time, under the sway of negative past actions, you will wish to flee in fear and terror from the bright blue light, which is the pristine cognition of reality's expanse, and you will come to perceive the ***dull white light*** of the god realms with delight. At this moment, do not be awed by the blue luminosity, which is radiant and dazzling, clear and very bright. This is the supreme inner radiance of pristine cognition! Do not be terrified! This is the light ray of the Tathāgata, which is called the pristine cognition of reality's expanse. Have confidence in it! Be drawn to it with longing devotion! Pray, with devotion, thinking: 'This is the light ray of the transcendent lord Vairocana's compassion. I take refuge in it.' For this, in reality, is the transcendent lord Vairocana and his consort come to escort you on the dangerous pathway of the intermediate state. This is the light ray of Vairocana's compassion! Therefore, do not delight in the ***dull white light*** of the god realms! Do not be attached to it! Do not cling to it! This ***dull white light*** is the inviting path created by your own habitual tendencies for deep delusion, which you yourself have generated. If you become attached to it, you will roam within the god realms and be drawn into the cycles of existence of the six classes of beings. This dull light is an obstruction blocking the path to liberation. Do not look at it! Be devoted to the bright blue light!"

-The Tibetan Book of the Dead





VII

Greetings, dear mother of mine,
Father is so ashamed about not recognising his mate
that he asked me to speak to you in this hour in his stead.

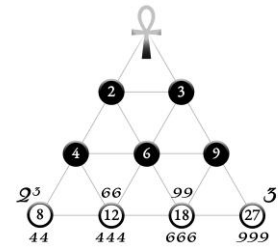
Father went to my great-uncle—*the Newt*—
to ask whether I am his son in truth.
He said that not from him nor you did I effuse,
but from Mother Semele and Father ZEUS. . .

The Trickster says he lies for the sake of the pun,
but father is mute in despair and longs for your hum. . .
All day he hammers and smashes metals to ashes,
hoping to see your countenance in sparks and flashes. . .
Today to a cross he nailed himself with mace bashes,
purling that to you he could soar if burnt into ashes. . .

Postscript:

I am only *eight* and barely reaching my height,
so I am not fit to see through this pun and sleight.
Of aunty Aphrodite, I am suckling the breast,
but her milk is not white but blood-coloured and red,
so every day I am losing more and more weight. . .





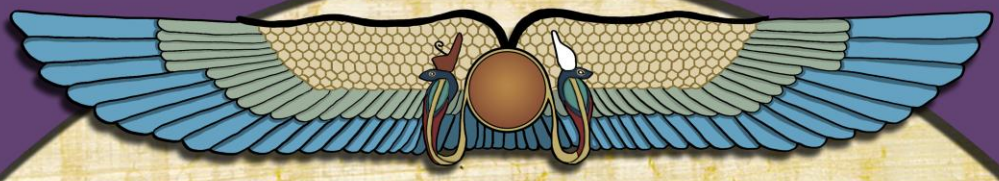
VIII

Deer son of mine, sweet infant-god of wine,
Tell your father he's the husbandman and you are the vine,
and that our uncle—*the Newt*—is only the Lord of the Brine!

The Trickster is right;
I am so glad we can count on his might!
The pun is not hard,
not for your father, foremost of all bards!

If the *Newt* is stirring the pig's lard hard,
and Dad can't find a resting place unbarred,
tell Dad to sit in a silent churchyard,
and tell your uncle—the Soldier—to stand guard.

Remind your father to drink from your wine,
sweet, harsh and heady in his quiet shrine.
Remind him this is for your sake and mine
—his *deer* child and his Lover, forgiving—
as also for the sake of your father's unliving,
who's now becoming one with the God of the Living.



"I was cleansed on the day of my birth in the two great and noble marshes which are in Heracleopolis for the Child of the King,[1] on the day of the oblation by the common folk to the Great God who is in them. What are they? 'Chaos-god' is the name of one; 'Sea' is the name of the other. They are the Lake of Natron and the Lake of Maet. Otherwise said: 'The Chaos-god governs' is the name of one; 'Sea' is the name of the other. Otherwise said: 'Seed of the Chaos-god' is the of name of one; 'Sea' is the name of the other. As for that Great God who is in them, he is Ra himself."

"O you who are more divine than the gods. Praise to you who rise in gold and who illumine the Two Lands by day at your birth! Your mother Nut has borne you on her hand, and what the sun-disk encircles is bright because of you. Great Illuminator who shines forth from the Primordial Water, who knits his family together in the waters, who makes festal all estates, towns, and households, who protects with his goodness, may your spirit be sustained with food and provisions."

"Place bread in my mouth; I will go in to the Moon-god, so that he may speak to me, that the followers of the gods may speak to me, that the sun may speak to me, and that the sun-folk may speak to me. The dread of me is in the twilight and in the Celestial Waters which are his on his forehead; I am there with Osiris, and my mat is his mat among the Elders. I have told him the words of men, and I have repeated to him the Words of the gods. My spirit comes equipped, for I am an equipped spirit, and I have equipped all the spirits."

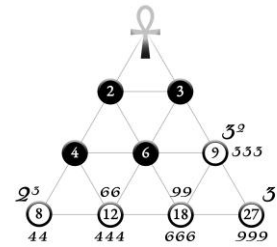
–The Ancient Egyptian Book of the Dead.

[1] *The original name of the city of Heracleopolis ("City of Heracles" in Greek) was Henen-Nesut, which meant "Child of the King".*

"O, Child of Buddha Nature, listen without distraction. On the second day the purity of the entire element of water will arise in the form of a white light. At that time, from the eastern Buddha field of Manifest Joy (Abhirati), the transcendent lord Aksobhya-Vajrasattva will dawn before you, his body blue in colour, holding in his right hand a five-pronged vajra, seated on an elephant throne and embraced by his consort Buddhalocanā. They are encircled by two male bodhisattvas, Ksitigarbha and Maitreya, and two female bodhisattvas, Lāsyā and Puspā, thus, six buddha-bodies will be shining before you from within a space of rainbow light. A brilliant white light, indicative of the mirror-like pristine cognition, which is the natural purity of the aggregate of form, white and dazzling, radiant and clear will emanate from the heart of Vajrasattva and his consort and it will shine piercingly before you at the level of your heart, with such brilliance that your eyes cannot bear it. Together with this light of pristine cognition, a ***dull smoky light***, indicative of the hell realms, will also dawn before you and touch your heart. At that time, under the sway of aversion, you will wish to turn away in fear and terror from the bright white light and come to perceive the ***dull smoky light*** of the hell realms with delight. At that moment, you should fearlessly recognise the white light, white and dazzling, radiant and clear, to be pristine cognition. Have confidence in it! Be drawn to it with longing devotion! Pray with devotion, thinking: 'This is the light ray of the transcendent lord Vajrasattva's compassion. I take refuge in it.' This, in reality, is Vajrasattva and his consort come to escort you on the dangerous pathway of the intermediate state. This is the light-ray hook of Vajrasattva's compassion! Be devoted to it! Do not delight in the ***dull smoky light*** of the hell realms! This dull light is the inviting path of the negative obscurations created by your own deep aversion, which you yourself have generated. If you become attached to it, you will fall into the realms of hell, sinking into a swamp of unbearable suffering, from which there will be no immediate opportunity for escape. This dull light is an obstacle blocking the path to liberation. Do not look at it! Abandon your aversion! Do not be attached to it! Do not cling to it! Be devoted to the white light, radiant and dazzling!"

-The Tibetan Book of the Dead





IX

Dear lover, mother and sister of mine,
I drank from our son's wine, and we turned *nine.*
With Semele's, Selene's and your name aligned,
I joined the *breadline* and stopped all my *whine.*

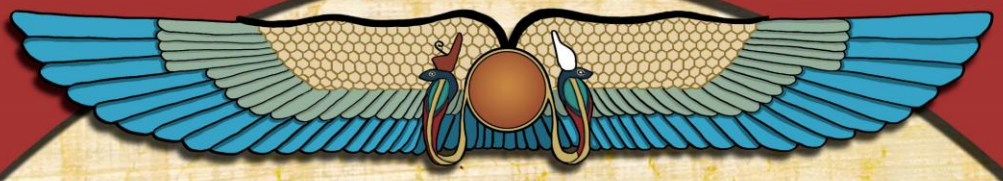
POSEIDON, Shiva and Satan—when straightened—
turned out to be the mightiest of our brethren.
He showed me the aligned path of the sky:
to the reunion of our child, yours and mine.
He showed me how to distil salt from his Brine
and vaporise my seven-coloured spine.

With his trident I have gathered enough hay
for halting of seven horses their bray:
the horse in red is for Ares—the brave;
the dawn in orange for Venus—the saint;
sun-yellow to me naturally quaint,
the green heart of my rainbow gaily I gave
to HERMES, *my Trickster,* balance and faith:
his magic from water can salt attain
with no glimpse of moisture ever again.

On the above, darker expanse of blue lofty heaven,
and the below shadow of clearer blue—the Throat of Seven—
Hermes spreads grains of salt as words of starry resemblance.
Horse-in-violet for our son now to be assembled;
I left the starry shade of the darker blue untainted
for the slant of your loving moon-eye's happy acquaintance.

Postscript:

Now that I wear Hermes' winged sandals—the Holy *Talaria*—
it may not be too long till we join our voices in Aria.
Now that the sun sails on the boat of heaven with his brethren,
it may not be too long till we sit in flower, flour and leaven.
Now that I can easily hover and *walk on the water,*
it may not be too long till I can leave the Wheel of the Potter.



"I am the Great One within his Eye, who kneels at the head of the Great Bark of Khepri. I come into being and what I have said comes into being, I am this one who traverses the sky towards the West, and those who heap up the air stand up in joy; they have taken the bow-warp of Ra from his crew, and Ra traverses the sky happily in peace by my command; I will not be driven away, the fiery breath of your power will not carry me off, the power of repulsion in your mouth will not go forth against me, I will not walk on the paths of pestilence, for to fall into it is the detestation of my soul; what I detest is the Flood, and it shall not attack me. I go aboard your Bark, I occupy your Seat, I receive my dignity, I control the paths of Ra and the stars, I am he who drives off the Destructive One who comes at the flame of your Bark upon the Great Plateau. I know them by their names, and they will not attack your Bark, for I am in it, and I am he who prepares the offerings."

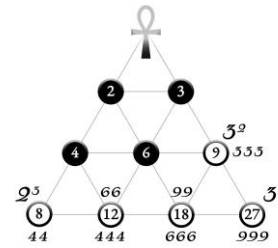
–The Ancient Egyptian Book of the Dead.

"O, Child of Buddha Nature, listen without distraction. On the third day, the purity of the entire element of earth will arise in the form of a yellow light. At this time, from the yellow southern Buddha field of the Glorious (Śrīmat), the transcendent lord Ratnasambhava will dawn before you, his body yellow in colour, holding in his right hand a jewel, seated on a horse throne and embraced by his supreme consort Māmakī. They are encircled by two male bodhisattvas, Ākāśagarbha and Samantabhadra, and two female bodhisattvas, Mālyā and Dhūpā, thus, six buddha-bodies will be shining before you from within a space of rainbow light.

A yellow light indicative of the pristine cognition of sameness, which is the natural purity of the aggregate of feeling, yellow and dazzling, adorned by greater and lesser seminal points of light, radiant, clear and unbearable to the eyes, will emanate from the heart of Ratnasambhava and his consort and will shine piercingly before you at the level of your heart with such brilliance that your eyes cannot bear it. Together with the light of pristine cognition, ***a dull blue light***, indicative of the human realm, will also dawn before you and touch your heart. At that time, under the sway of pride, you will wish to turn away in fear and terror from the bright yellow light and you will come to delight in the ***dull blue light*** of the human realm and feel attachment towards it. At that moment, abandon your fear of the yellow light, and recognise it as pristine cognition, yellow and dazzling, radiant and clear! Let your awareness relax and abide directly within it, in a state of non-activity. Again and again, have confidence in it! Be drawn to it with longing devotion! If you recognise it as the natural luminosity of your own awareness, even though you may feel no devotion towards it and have not recited the aspirational prayer, all the buddha-bodies and light rays will dissolve inseparably into you and you will attain buddhahood. If you are unable to recognise this radiance as being the natural luminosity of your own awareness, then pray with devotion, thinking: 'This is the light ray of the transcendent lord Ratnasambhava's compassion. I take refuge in it.' This, in reality, is the transcendent lord Ratnasambhava come to escort you on the fearsome dangerous pathway of the intermediate state. This is the light-ray hook of Ratnasambhava's compassion. Be devoted to it! Do not delight in the ***dull blue light*** of the human realm. This dull light is the inviting path created by your own habitual tendencies for deep-seated pride, which you yourself have generated. If you become attached to it, you will tumble down into the human realm, you will experience the sufferings of birth, old age, sickness and death, and there will be no immediate opportunity to escape from the swamp of cyclic existence. This dull light is an obstacle blocking the path to liberation! Do not look at it! Abandon pride! Abandon your habitual tendencies! Do not be attached to the ***dull blue light!*** Do not cling to it! Be devoted to the yellow light, golden and dazzling."

-The Tibetan Book of the Dead





X

Dear lover, brother, father and son undercover,
Lately I have *dreams* and whims for *mulled cake*, no other,
and in eating anything else I barely bother.

I dreamed of you coming over a rainbow at a quick pace,
but alone, without siblings, bow or arrow, but with a mace.
I dreamed we've always been one—never parted our embrace—
and within Father Zeus' head I could hear laughter and haste.

I dreamed I was married to our *other* uncle—the God of the Dead—
but then I saw your bright countenance on his glum face instead.
He told me not to worry nor be sorry for Christ's dowry,
for of your odyssey he was the only initiate.
He said, "Learn the lesson of Judah, Buddha and Garuda,
for Muhammad—the Seal of the Prophets—is coming of age!"
He then spoke about the great mystery of his descent
and re-ascent to become the God of the Living in scent. . .
. . . and of ether joining the Four States of Mother in a vent!

Postscript:

An old man also came to me bald and with a satyr's face:
he said that "Those who were in the past conversant with my grace
had concealed from others—either by duty, mischief or fate—
that their whole study was none other than how to die and be dead."

"Sea water is very pure and very foul, for, while to fishes it is drinkable and healthful, to men it is hurtful and unfit to drink."

"To souls it is death to become water, and to water it is death to become earth, but from earth comes water, and from water, soul."

—HERACLITUS,
Fragments LII & LXVIII.

"Verily, verily, I say to you, unless one is born of Water and the Spirit, he cannot enter the Kingdom of God."

"Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men."

—JESUS OF NAZARETH,
John 3:5; *Matthew* 4:19.

"But those who believe and do righteous deeds, we will admit to gardens BENEATH WHICH RIVERS FLOW, wherein they abide forever. For them therein are PURIFIED SPOUSES, and we will admit them to DEEPENING SHADE."

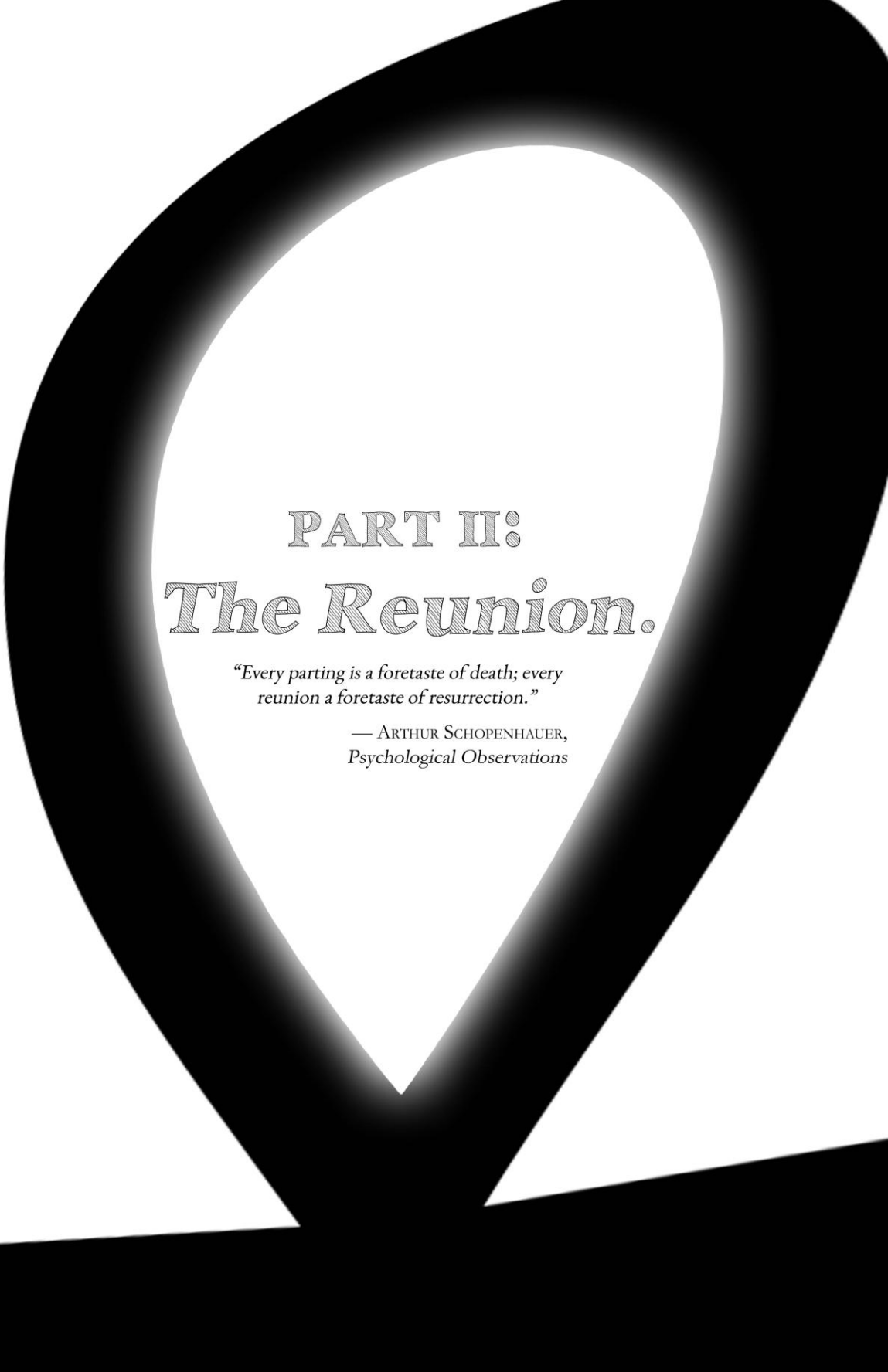
—*Quran* 4:57.

"He who has the BRIDE is the Bridegroom; but the friend of the Bridegroom, who stands and hears him, rejoices greatly because of the Bridegroom's Voice."

—JOHN THE BAPTIST,
John 3:29.

"The path by which to Deity we climb,
is arduous, rough, ineffable, sublime;
and the strong massy GATES through which we pass
in our first course are bound with chains of brass.
Those men the first who of Egyptian birth
drank the fair waters of Nilotic earth,
disclosed by actions infinite this road,
and many paths to God, the Phoenicians showed;
this road the Assyrians pointed out to view,
and this the Hebrews and Chaldeans knew."

—ANCIENT ORACLE OF APOLLO.



PART II:
The Reunion.

"Every parting is a foretaste of death; every reunion a foretaste of resurrection."

— Arthur Schopenhauer,
Psychological Observations

VIII

LASCIATE OGNE SPERANZA, VOI CH'INTRATE.

"But from the Tree of the Knowledge of good
and evil you shall not eat, for in the day that you
eat from it you shall surely die."—*Genesis* 2:17.

Warning! Dante said it, and it is no joke:
"THOSE GOING BEYOND THIS GATE—LOSE ALL HOPE!"
You're about to be bitten by the Snake of Wisdom
and go into the God of the Dead's Kingdom.
If you value that which you call life—but I call death—
through this—my lofty Door—take not a single step.

But if to my Churchyard you belong,
Come! For I'm he who kidnapped your soul
and cast it down into that soulless world
so you could in turn return and become a god!

Listen! For my warning is truly dire!
If you drink from my blood,
you'll become like a vampire,
and that which you call life will be mire!
If you bring your song to my Door,
you will learn the non-dead's chords
and carry that body of flesh like a corpse:
like your own cross and crown of thorns!

"Let the dead bury the dead," is my say,
and that works in at least two different ways.

I am the Dark-Complexioned Lord that sings to Arjuna;
I am he who comes after Rama and before Buddha.

Apollo! Sing about me to the multitudes;
please tell them how I am only heard in solitude!

God of the Dead, I shall sing as you pled:
Son of Man! You have nowhere to lay your head
because you're in transition between this world and the next.
Guest of the flesh! Of what do you think salted tears are made?
They are old Poseidon's salted sweats searing through your chest!
When Death is fear, Life is fear; when Death is tears, Life is a smear;
when Death is clear, Life is tears; when Life is clear, Death is cheer.
Joy from another sphere—truly, a call very severe—
to Death I was adhered, my life became a frontier.

If you can hear me, then you can hear Him.
I am the yellow of your hands, calling you again and again to life:
I am the one who put his fingers in the wounds of Christ.

I am calling the House of David home,
and from other houses I'm calling no one.
I am calling the psalmists, the poets;
I am calling Apollo's prophets home,
for it will be hardly in their love
to continue living in this world
when it is finally stripped of our Song.
Don't you see you already barely belong?
Our Song will be gone when we're gone,
so now our Song is *"Prodigal Son, please come home!"*

I came to this world to be a witness of the Truth,
and all those who are of the Truth shall hear my muse,
setting the rope's knots loose in the name of Geb's goose:
to remove our shoes, wash our feet and join Ra's cruise.
But I am only calling those souls dark-blue that sing the blues.

I came to die and write my own testament,
not the Old, New, Egyptian or Tibetan,
but yet a book of the dead and as ancient.
I came to say hello, but "bye" is my legend,
for my dear blue soul by music is pregnant.
I am the Word made flesh, again made present,
again handing down the keys of the basement.

"And Jacob lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because THE SUN WAS SET; and he took of the STONES of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep. And he dreamed, and behold a Ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it!"

—*Genesis* 28:11-12.



"And I say also to you, that you are Peter, and upon this ROCK I will build my Church; and the GATES OF HADES shall not prevail against it. And I will give to you the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and whatsoever you shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever you shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."

—*Matthew* 16:18-19.

BEHOLD, I SHOW YOU A SIGN!

THE JOHN AND DJINN,
THE YANG AND YIN,
THE DISCIPLE THAT HE LOVED AND HE.



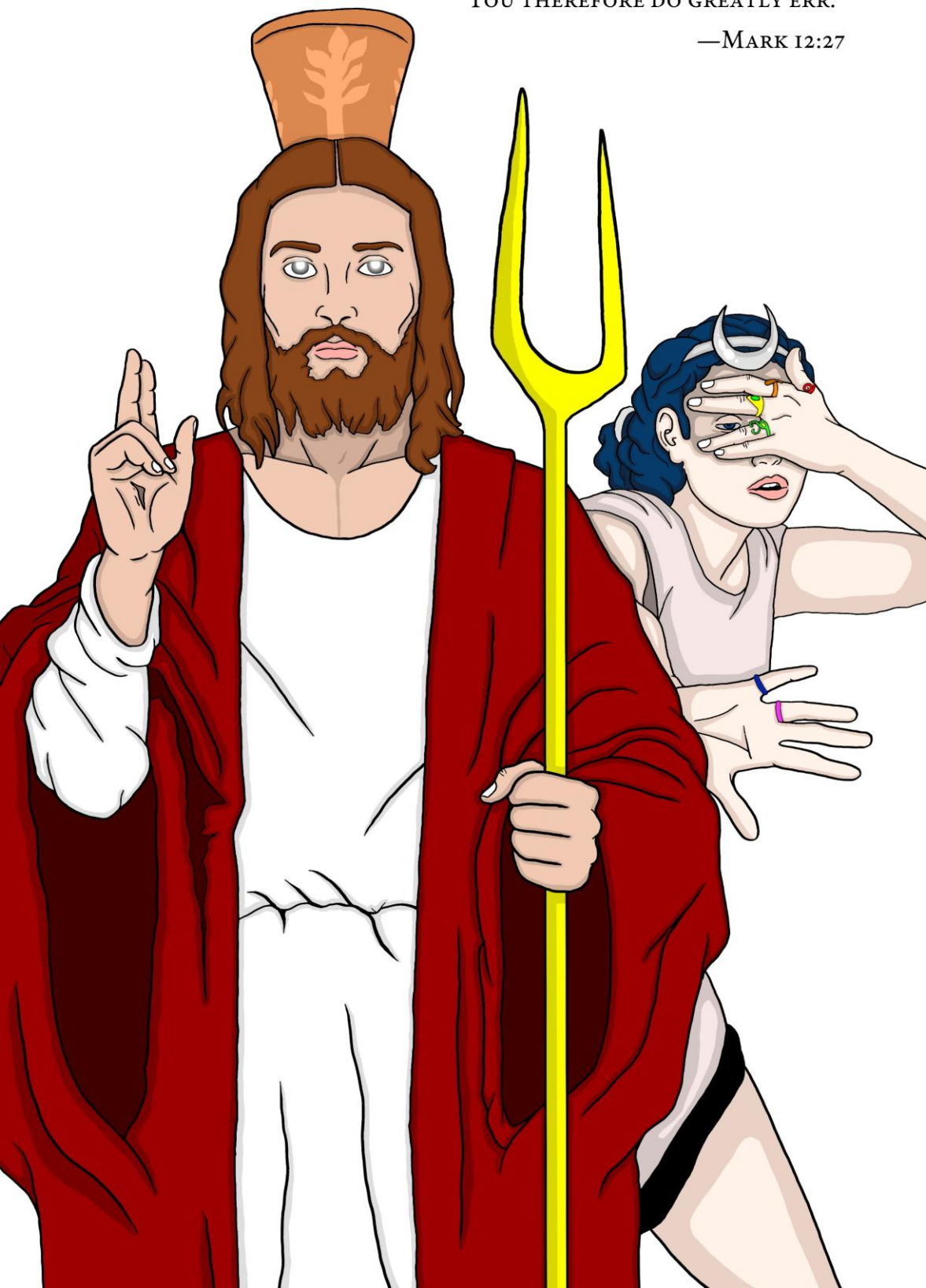
BEHOLD, I SHOW YOU ANOTHER SIGN!

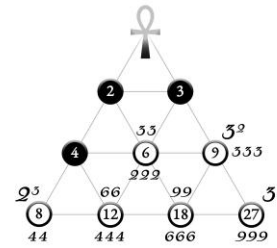
THE ZODIAC SIGN OF CANCER,
WHICH IS THE SIGN OF THE MOON.



"He is not the God of the Dead, but the God of the Living.
You therefore do greatly err."

—Mark 12:27





XI



In those days, when the ascending and
descending triangles were to meet
—in the navel of the whole universe,
in its Hexagonal Starry Seat—
gods and goddesses were invited
to a grandiose *six*-day wedding feast.
But not all of them could leave their seats
and join them at the Elysian retreat:

Time was not propitious for Poseidon to abandon his waters,
and HERA was known for not wanting any business in these matters.
HESTIA was always to be found by the warmth of the most Primeval Fire,
and if Zeus ever moved, the balance of the spheres he would scatter.

Now that we've learnt the names of the Divine Comedy's sublime actors,
why not say that the Elysian Fields are the central rung of a ladder,
where the happy dance of the masks of the gods begins to lose its anchor?

The Elysian was formed by a hexagonal centre and six triangles—
the first, second and third were lofty angles; the others were in shackles:
At the first was the narrow Eye of the Needle of the Importer,
while attached to the centre was the *Eighth* Wide Gate of the Exporter,
ruled by the God of the Dead—who of the Elysian Fields was the Porter—
but sat in a central Hexagonal Throne from where he kept perfect order.

To the hexagonal white halls of Elysian Ether untainted,
for the sake of her lover, hunter moon-like ARTEMIS descended
to silently sit in wait at that place where the *too-many-six* ended
and the realm of the One Ancient Eye began to be extended.

A sudden and vigorous seven-coloured flash soon apprehended!
The Mother of Bread fled to veil the dazzled Needle-Eye of the Elder,
while Artemis and the God of the Dead—his eyes hardly exerted—
approached the company of gods that had just now boldly entered.

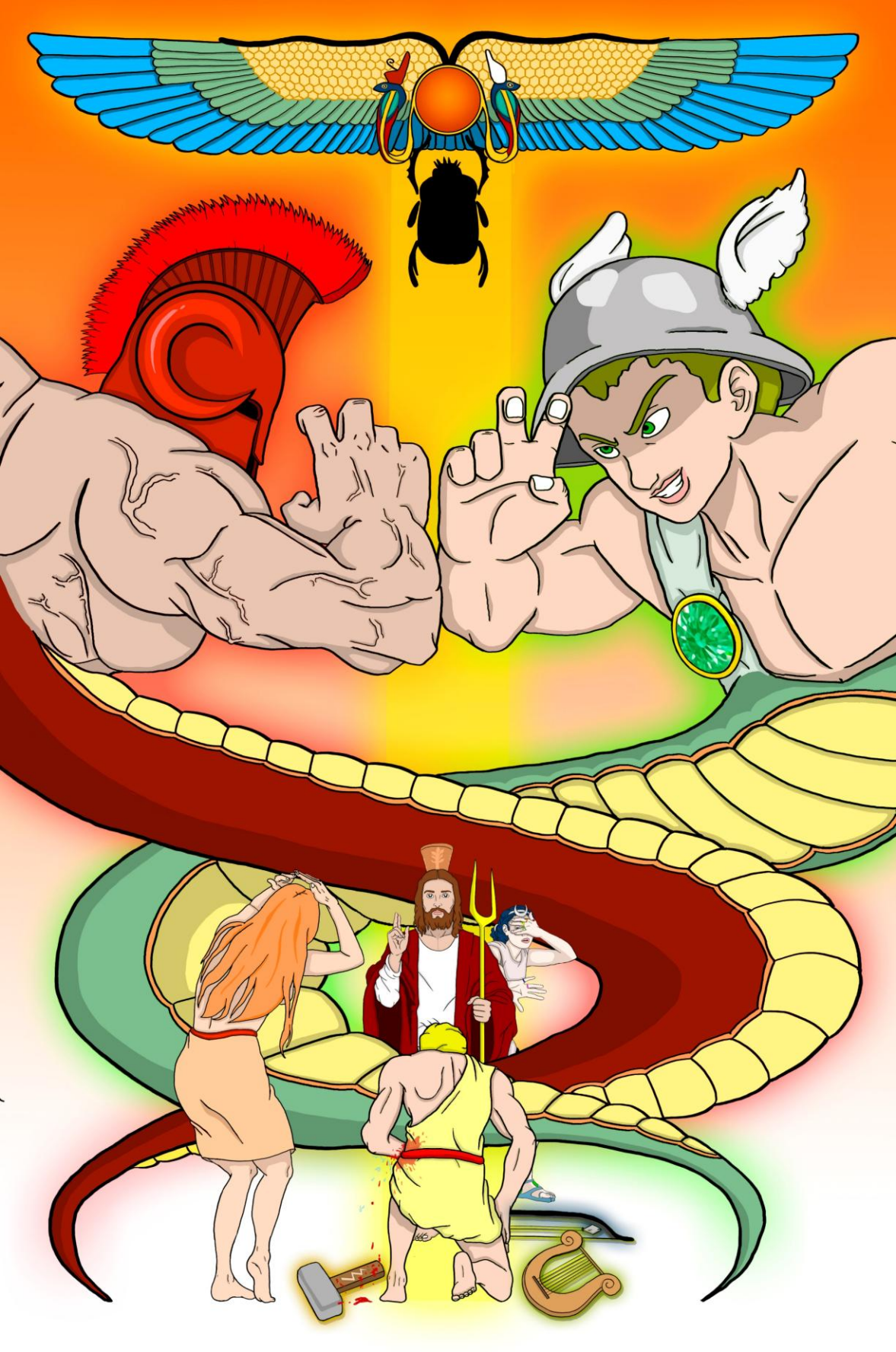
"For the sake of the dead!"
—cried the Mother of Bread as she fled.
"For those who rest in the Elysian Bed,
would you appease your blood-coloured red?"
"Yes please, would you cease such a hideous hiss?"
—said gracious and moon-like Artemis.
"For you have blinded the sight of bliss,
and I cannot see the one I wish to kiss!"

The Pure White Light of the Elysian Fields, Ares could have never tasted.
And by his perennial red frenzy, the White Light and Ether were tainted.
Blind and berserk, against sun-golden APOLLO, Ares' Spear was wielded!
And from the wound of the *solar poet,* blood and water soon emanated,
which, rushing below the Elysian Fields on Poseidon's head, fast ended!

"Truly you seem troubled by the calm Elysian Whiteness!"
—said tenacious Hermes to Ares, who was unrest.
"But now that I see you under Elysian Politeness:
you are not godly Ares but *Argus Panoptes!*"

From the mild, balanced heart of the rainbow
—shaped like a lofty emerald-green snake—
in soaring step, Hermes rushed in a quake
to defend the poet wounded at his left!
And from the red-harsh extreme of the same
—shaped like a blood-red and violent snake—
beyond dawn and noon, Ares soared as well:
he in warlike arts supreme and most deft!

"Halāhala! Observe well where their heads in dire clash are met!"
—yelled wise HADES, who once had been the God of the Dead.
"Beyond the sun's golden-noon and warm-dawn orange strips,
they have drawn their necks, and in their midst trouble besets!"



Hades did not say this for Artemis—who was blind and distressed—
nor for the Mother of Bread—who from this dreary display had fled.
Neither did he say it for Apollo—mangled and holding the heft—
but for the Dawn of Aphrodite—to be august and blessed.

"Lo and behold the blinding visage of your lover's red haste!"
—exclaimed Hades to Aphrodite, whom Ares often raped—
and amidst many thunderous and sparking golden zests,
dawning after the clashing lights of the red and emerald snakes!

"Whatever Ares' doom touches
is withered and fated to waste!
But know that in all warlike arts,
he must be supreme and most deft,
only as long as you dearly hold
his blood-tainted hand at your left!"

In hearing these words, Aphrodite's dawning face suddenly fell:
petrified for a second, she was *pale as the moon*, stern and defaced.
But when she looked at her right and saw the poet's bloodied mace,
at once she recalled the *Lord of the Forges*: her consort and true mate.

Beyond the oblivion of *seafoam-like waters,* Aphrodite phased,
and—dropping in disgust Ares' hand at her left—
she bestowed this grace:

"It was not to warlike Ares,
to whom the gods gave me in embrace,
but to wise and skilful HEPHAESTUS,
whose verve my inflaming lust has abased. . ."

"Behold the *Harlot of Magdala*,
now saved from being *stoned to death*!"
—said wise Hades, the God of the Dead.
"Seven demons from her loving hand
have now forever fled and escaped."

When dear and loving Aphrodite knelt,
and the dying *sun-poet* she embraced,
sobbing, she finally understood
what the *sun-prophets* had always meant.

Ares' red snake, thus outcast from the seven-coloured rainbow,
was now doomed to be outcast from the White Elysian Meadow.
Losing strength, Ares began to lose advantage in battle,
and Hermes shot down his ram-head to stir the rest of the cattle.

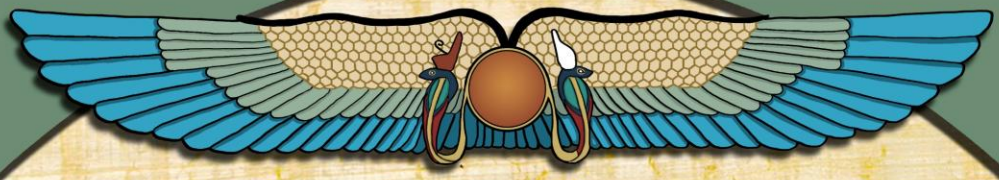
Into the sore flow of Aphrodite's tears
mixed with blood and water confluent,
Ares fell, and to meet Poseidon,
he was dragged by such a triple current.

"This is why I'm called *Trismegistus*!"
—said Hermes to the frenzied imprudent,
before *vanishing* into Artemis' eyes,
WHICH TURNED EMERALD-GREEN AND TRANSLUCENT!

At the Elysian Fields, Ares
only left a red shadowy husk,
which, hovering on Aphrodite,
crowned her GODDESS OF THE DAWN AND THE DUSK!
Lilac DIONYSUS—who had stayed
three stripes apart, silent and aghast—
now approached her Virgin Mother,
and holding her hands, he said at last:

"Open your eyes, mother, for the peril is past,
and father is wounded; he may soon away pass. . ."

These spirited words made Artemis
open her now emerald-green eyes,
which—by the grace of the Trickster—
could now behold seven-coloured sparks!



"Hail to you, Atum! I am Thoth who judged between the Rivals. I have stopped their fighting, I have wiped away their mourning, I have seized the buri-fish when it would flee away, I have done what you commanded in the matter, and afterwards I spent the night within my Eye (the moon). I am devoid of ill-will, and I have come that you may see me in the Mansion of Him of the double face in accordance with what was commanded: the old men are under my control and the little ones belong to me."

–The Ancient Egyptian Book of the Dead.

But the golden glow of her lover,
Artemis could all the same barely mark,
for he was dying in a tear-salted,
bloody and watery cruel bath.

"I'm dying. . . And you whom I loved
must resume our deadening task. . ."
—panted Apollo among gasps,
while firmly holding Artemis' hand.
"This is why we spoke to each other in parables:
because seeing, we did not see;
hearing, we did not hear;
and neither did we understand.
But now that my Lord has forsaken me
and joined your green-emerald eyes,
please make sure our son Dionysus
of all lilac wine empties his flask,
and please join the Mother of Bread
in the same, white, and old house. . ."

When Apollo's sun-like poetry
thus exhaled his very last verse,
his golden hue left him and crowned
his own son prince of the universe.

Pointing at Dionysus, Hades asked,
"Please show me that: your wineskin or flask!"
And, after removing the cap,
Hades attentively peered inside:

"Your father's golden hue turned your wine into vinegar and oil today.
You may never mix with Poseidon's waters again—as his oil has pled—
and if you drank from his vinegar, into the *White Aurora* you'd spread."

"Why should I trust you?"—boldly whined Dionysus
at who he thought was the God of the Dead,
but had just freed and brought forth the love in red
of the Morning and Evening Star of Venus,
which is the same as the birth-star of Jesus.

"Why should I trust you, who subjected my parents
a thousand times to spheres of death and rebirth
and bound them to Hera's Realm to be born from earth?"

Then, the white-and-red-robed figure that lorded over that place
shook his long-haired thin head, put forth his mighty Bident,
and from his bearded mouth, he said:

"Do you see this two-pronged Bident: the fishermen's tool most ardent?
This is the tool of those who follow me in Hera's Realm with voice strident.
Your father, grandfather, and I are bound and in truth only one:
'*Zeus of the Underworld*,' I was often called for the sake of the pun.
But by names such as 'Hades', 'Adonai' or 'the God of the Dead',
I would rather no longer by anyone ever be addressed.
For your father's journey I also suffered in the very flesh
when I went to Hera's Realm to make Way for the Wine and the Bread,
and became the *God of the Living*, no more the God of the Dead.
So please don't address me by the memory of which names I'm bereft.
Because when I died, to all those names my ears became suddenly deaf.
And I'm no more leading souls to Hera—the goddess of childbirth—
but to the White Aurora's Needle-Eye; I'm now the only berth.
So, for Christ's sake! Have you now learnt my name, known by nobody but
myself?"—said he who didn't want to be called "the God of the Dead".

"I have, and I'm ashamed, as you're preceded by fame. . ."
—said Dionysus with a tear in his eye and bowing his head.
He who held the Bident caressed the child's head and said,
"Let the little children come to me; do not hinder them,
for to pristine minds such as these belongs the Elysian Realm.
Give a man a fish and you will feed him for a day;
teach a child to fish and he'll never hunger again.
Follow me, child, and I'll make of you a fisher of men!"

A desperate lament then abruptly glared and eclipsed the sun's remains,
for the decrescent moon caves a dent when the advent of scent is to ascend.
With crescent welcoming smile, the God of the Dead tapped Dionysus's head,
and treading the winepress he went to Artemis, who in blood was drenched,
and with Aphrodite was sobbing over the poet's corpse like two vultures bent.

"*Glaucopis*! Don't weep for *Adonis*!"—to Artemis, he said.
"Weep not, for your lover is only sleeping and not dead. . .
Know you not that I called 'gods' those to whom my Word I sent?
And that there can never be such a thing for gods as death,
for they are immortal beyond womb's outset and tomb's end?"

With a solemn gesture, he then raised his Bident and loudly proclaimed:

"COME FORTH! YOU WHOM *GOD HAS HELPED!*"[1]

The Sun-Prophet then rose, his semblance luminous and changed;
as from the light of his semblance, *illusion* now ranged.
So while Artemis saw his lover—Apollo made well—
Aphrodite saw him as fiery Hephaestus arranged.
And Dionysus—in observation surely most deft—
saw the same he had confused with the God of the Dead.
All three stepped forth towards the Sun-Prophet with arms spread,
but, "Touch me not!"—abruptly said *He whom God had helped*.
"For I am not sitting on my Father's Throne yet."

Smiling, the God of the Dead gave to Apollo his *Bident,*
and He whom God had helped sat at the Elysian's End,
from where the Watery Realm of Poseidon in turn extends.

"You said that gods are immortal and know not death."
—said bold Dionysus to the God of the Living's Breath.
"So what happened to Ares: shot down to the Earth?"
"I shall tell you!"—snapped He who now sat at the Elysian's End.
"For from this Throne I can pierce the gloom of Poseidon's Den."

[1] The name "Lazarus" means "God has helped", as derived from אל (El)—which means "god" as the singular of Elohim, or "gods"—and עזר (azar)—which means "to help". Let us also note that what the Greeks called "Osiris", the Ancient Egyptians called "Asar". He who has ears to hear…







"If you stay in the centre
and embrace DEATH
with your whole heart,
you will endure forever."

—LAO TZU
Tao Te Ching

"The Tao gives birth to One.
One gives birth to Two.
Two gives birth to Three.
Three gives birth to all things.

All things have their
backs to the female
and stand facing the male.
When male and female combine,
all things achieve harmony."

—LAO TZU
Tao Te Ching





HAVING BENEFIT IN THE BEAUTIFUL WEST:
BEING IN THE SUITE OF OSIRIS.

"I arrive at the Island of the Horizon-dwellers,
I go out from the holy gate.

What is it?

It is the Fields of Reeds, which produced the provisions for the gods who are round about the shrine. As for the holy gate, it is the gate of the Supports of Shu. Otherwise said: It is the gate of the Duat. Otherwise said: It is the door through which my father Atum passed when he proceeded to the eastern horizon of the sky. O you who are in my presence, give me your hands, for indeed I am he who grew up among you.

What does it mean?

It means the blood which fell from the phallus of Ra when he took to cutting himself. Then there came into being the gods who are in the presence of Ra, who are Authority and Intelligence, while I followed after my father Atum daily.

I restored the Sacred Eye after it had been injured on the day when the Rivals fought.

What does it mean?

It means the day when Horus fought with Set when he inflicted injury on Horus's face and when Horus took away Set's testicles. It was Thoth who did this with his fingers.

I lifted up the hair from the Sacred Eye at its time of wrath.

What does it mean?

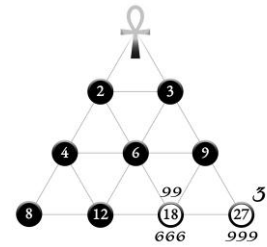
It means the right Eye of Ra when it raged against him after he had sent it out. It was Thoth who lifted up the hair from it when he fetched it in good condition without its having suffered any harm. Otherwise said: It means that his Eye was sick when it wept a second time, and then Thoth spat on it."

–The Ancient Egyptian
Book of the Dead.



"Get back! Crawl away! Get away from me, you snake! Go, be drowned in the Lake of the Primordial Water, at the place where your father commanded that the slaying of you should be carried out. Be far removed from that abode of Ra wherein you trembled, for I am Ra at whom men tremble; get back, you rebel, at the knives of his light. Your words have fallen because of Ra, your face is turned back by the gods, your heart is cut out by Mafdet, you are put into bonds by the Scorpion-goddess, your sentence is carried out by Maat, those who are on the ways fell you."

–The Ancient Egyptian Book of the Dead.



XII

A red, furious, tear-salted,
bloody and watery stream
was quickly dissolved as soon as
it reached Poseidon's Realm's Seam.
And Ares' shape—freed and reformed
after a red blinding beam—
the war-god pointed his Spear
at whom in the waters was supreme.

"I shall claim your life as my crime if I must!"
—boasted Ares, who had never learnt to rhyme:

"Old chump! You surely already know that I have been made an outcast from the sun and the source of its light at the Elysian Lands. For there they fight with cowardly powers and do not respect honor in war. But you must also know that here below I am of all gods the fiercest and strongest, so you cannot force my arm under your waters and send me to strand in my mother's Land.

I'm tired of your puns and old-fashioned silly games, which in disgust I always secretly repelled. So I have now come to claim your Throne in the Waters, seize your *Rain* and reform your bland Olympic Games!"

"What is this vice?"
—said Poseidon of waters liquid and iced.
"Why have you come in such a violent guise?
Perhaps you'd like to have me in words sliced?
Do you see this three-pronged Trident?
—of farmers, the tool most ardent—
this is the tool of those who suffer
in Hera's Realm with voice strident. . ."

Ares interrupted:

"And do you see this: my long one-pronged Spear? It belittles not only your Trident but also the Spear that Achilles once wielded! I shall pierce your chest wide open and dine on your heart unless you yield at once, stop all your stupid babbling and return to your bland Elysian lands!"

Suddenly, DEIMOS—the dreadsome—
and sombre PHOBOS—the fearsome—
both Ares' and Aphrodite's sons,
and among all gods the worst scum—
appeared by their haughty father:
to aid him in rule they had come.

"What is this vice?"
—said Poseidon again, of waters liquid and iced.
"Why have you brought your sons in such a violent guise?
Perhaps you'd have the world in human words sliced?
If my Throne you must take with such a violent heist,
and Truth, Art and Song have finally fled my side,
gladly I shall yield this Seat—always lowest in price—
so your sons can now for a while play at the Anti-Christ.
But know that overspreading Hermes also dwells in my *bice,*
and he always tricks those who with him wish to play dice.
I ask for one thing to go in peace and without a fight:
that you give me your Spear for my Throne and three-pronged staff."

Ares took the Sea's Seat and the three-pronged Trident at once,
while Poseidon seized Ares' Spear in his old weary hands.
But what Ares didn't know is that *the Newt,* or Poseidon
—as called in the past—rejoiced in fleeing those waters at last.

One last thing Poseidon said before back to the Elysian he climbed:

"Good luck to you when you find the Leviathan, my son in the slime,
for no one can defeat him unless he has learnt our song and rhyme!"



Oh Sagittarian far-shooter,
you came from waters Aquarian,
with your goatish Son of Man,
seeking your Soul's Crab
—which I had kidnapped—
and all you found was a Scorpion
and three nails for your feet and hands. . .

For five months you will be tortured,
until both twins become Gemini.



But can you see why?
You brought with you a Snake that is poisonous.
Between you and me there is Ophiuchus:
the Serpent Bearer that lies between us.
The tail of the Scorpion—that is your mouth:
the Son of the Ram, the Sacrificial Lamb.
The more you sing, the sooner you'll die.

"And the fifth angel sounded, AND I SAW A STAR FALL FROM HEAVEN UNTO THE EARTH, AND TO HIM WAS GIVEN THE KEY OF THE BOTTOMLESS PIT. And he opened the Bottomless Pit; and there arose a smoke out of the Pit, as the smoke of a great furnace; and the sun and the air were darkened by reason of the smoke of the Pit. AND THERE CAME OUT OF THE SMOKE LOCUSTS UPON THE EARTH, AND UNTO THEM WAS GIVEN POWER, AS THE SCORPIONS OF THE EARTH HAVE POWER. And it was commanded them that they should not hurt the grass of the earth, NEITHER ANY GREEN THING, neither any tree; but only those men which have not the Seal of God in their foreheads. AND TO THEM IT WAS GIVEN THAT THEY SHOULD NOT KILL THEM, BUT THAT THEY SHOULD BE TORMENTED FIVE MONTHS, AND THEIR TORMENT WAS AS THE TORMENT OF A SCORPION, WHEN HE STRIKES A MAN. AND IN THOSE DAYS MEN SHALL SEEK DEATH, AND SHALL NOT FIND IT; AND SHALL DESIRE TO DIE, AND DEATH SHALL FLEE FROM THEM. And the shapes of the locusts were like unto horses prepared unto battle; and on their heads were as it were crowns like gold, and their faces were as the faces of men. And they had hair as the hair of women, and their teeth were as the teeth of lions. And they had breastplates, as it were breastplates of iron; and the sound of their wings was as the sound of chariots of many horses running to battle. And they had tails like unto scorpions, and there were stings in their tails, and their power was to hurt men five months. And they had a king over them, which is the Angel of the Bottomless Pit, whose name in the Hebrew tongue is Abaddon, BUT IN THE GREEK TONGUE HAS HIS NAME APOLLYON."[1]—*Revelation* 9:1-11

---

[1] "SOCRATES: With respect to Apollo, many, as I said before, are terrified at this name of the god, as if it signified something dire. Or are you ignorant that this is the case?

HERMOGENES: I am not; and you speak the truth.

SOCRATES: But this name, as it appears to me, is beautifully established, with respect to the power of the god [. . .] I will endeavour to tell you what appears to me in this affair: for there is no other one name which can more harmonize with the four powers of this god, because it touches upon them all, and evinces, in a certain respect, his harmonic, prophetic, medicinal and arrow-darting skill.

HERMOGENES: Tell me, then; for you seem to me to speak of this name as something prodigious.

SOCRATES: This name is well harmonized as to its composition, as belonging to an harmonical god: for, in the first place, do not purgations and purifications, both according to medicine and prophecy, and likewise the operations of pharmacy, and the lustrations, washings and sprinklings employed by the divining art, all tend to this one point, *viz.* the rendering man pure, both in body and soul? Will not then the purifying god, who *washes* and *frees* us from evils of this kind, be APOLLO?"

— PLATO, *The Cratylus.*

"Christianity is most surprising. It obliges man to acknowledge that he is vile, and even abominable, and yet enjoins him to aspire after resemblance of God. Were not things thus set against one another, this exaltation would render him extravagantly vain, or such a debasement would render him horribly abject: For misery leads to despair, and a sense of dignity inclines to presumption.

The Incarnation discovers to man the greatness of his misery, by the greatness of the remedy that was needed for his relief."

—BLAISE PASCAL,
Thoughts on Religion.

PART III:

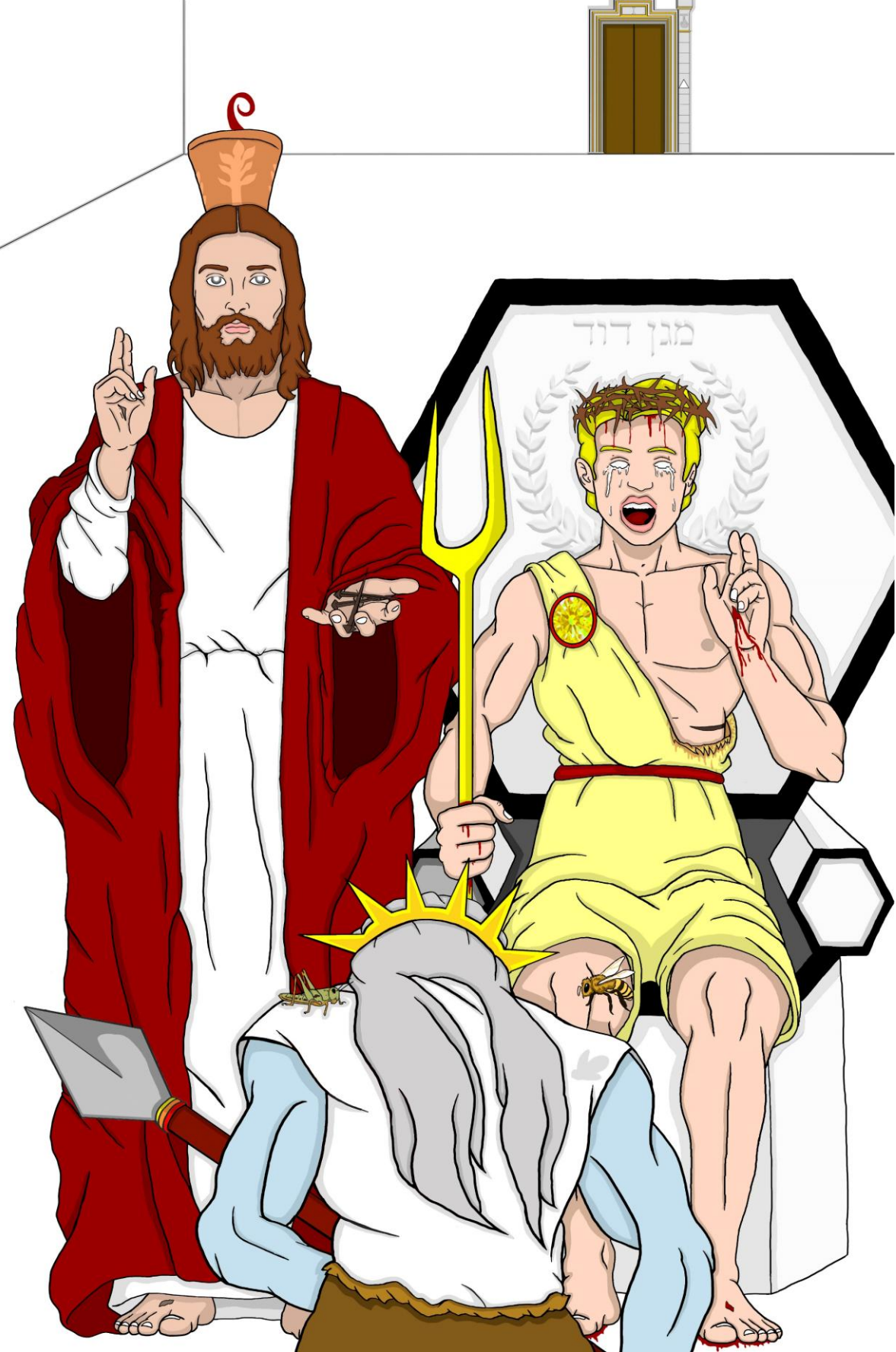
Exaltation.

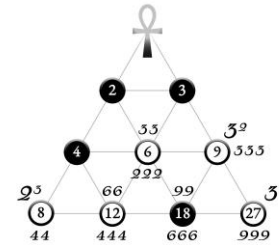
"Give ~~not~~ that which is holy to the dogs, ~~neither~~ cast your pearls before swine, ~~lest~~ they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you."

—Matthew 7:6

"The ancient and honourable, he is the head; and the prophet that teaches lies, he is the tail."

—Isaiah 9:15


מגן דוד



XIII

An upturned marine inverted rain
of emerald, sky-blue bane
and blue night-shade
soaked that rainbow triple chain
of colours of same and soon was drained.

Poseidon then rose, robed like white-snow hail,
with Ares' awful Spear that makes all stale,
and the *star-salt* that in those three colour scales
Thrice-Great Hermes so long ago had trailed.

Suddenly, he who sat on the Throne
glowed in red and emerald tones and voiced:

"Having finally broken all my bonds
like a great elephant and a great bull
—uprooting an old rotting vine in full—
I shall never again lie in a womb,
so, if you want, rain-god, go ahead and rain:
rain and allure, but I trailed your spoor,
so I am forever freed from your lure."

The red and emerald glows waned; Poseidon knelt.
And he who in the past had been God of the Dead
but now stood by the Throne of whom *He had helped* said:

"Among those that are born from water,
there has never arisen one greater
than he who is and poured all waters.
But he who's least at the Elysian Fields
is certainly greater than he.
And now in the days of Ares
—as in the days of old Poseidon—
violence to the Elysian hurries
when the violent take the Trident."

Poseidon then offered to the *one God had helped*
the starry-salt that in the three rainbow strips
of emerald, sky-blue bane and dark blue nightshade
Thrice-Great Hermes long ago had trailed, and said:

"You are the salt of the earth.
But if salt has lost its flavour,
how will it be salted again?
It is then good for nothing but
to be cast out and trodden
under the feet of men."

He who sat on the Throne glowed in golden tone,
and "Get behind me, Satan!" at once he groaned.
Then he took the starry-salt—seven colours shone—
and, with a peaceful, hallowed gesture,
took all its fault and made it exalt.

"This is no longer salt or malt."
—he said under the Elysian Vault.
"This is no longer either gold or lead,
but flour for Dionysus to make the Bread."

"Well said."—said he who once was the God of the Dead
but now stood by the Throne of whom *He had helped.*

Then Poseidon handed down Ares' colossal Spear
—the awe-inspiring that in everyone instils fear—
and he said to Artemis, moon-like and austere:
"*Glaucopis,* emerald-eyed seer, this is for your gear."

And when Artemis had received Ares' great and breath-taking Spear,
he who stood by the Hexagonal Throne thus surprisingly veered:

"Rise, cousin and brother of mine."
—he said to the Lord of the Brine!
"For it is time for us to shine
beyond the Needle of the Eye,
forever leave the Elysian Heights
and return to Grandfather's Side."

On hearing these words, he who sat on the Throne groaned,
and, weeping, he said while glowing in golden tone:

"Lord, please, before you are forever gone,
show the Heavenly Father to my son!"
And he who was God of the Dead no more
thus scolded Apollo, who sat on his Throne:

"Have I been for so long a time with you, my son,
and yet your Father you have not gotten to know?
He who has seen the one *Zeus of the Underworld*
has also seen the one *Zeus of the Upperworld.*
Do you not believe that I am in Father Zeus
and Father Zeus is in me, just as you are in me?
He who believes in me, the works I do he
shall also do, and even greater works than these!"

And to all the other junior gods he then voiced:
"Here at the Elysian Fields there are many mansions,
and a place I've prepared for each of your passions.
Now that the Elysian Fields has another *Paraclete*
—one to comfort the dead, the suffering and sick—
I can be relieved and to Grandfather's side flee.
Hereafter to my Word the world will not pay much heed,
as Poseidon to leave his Throne has also agreed,
and the prince that now sits therein has nothing in me.
But through this Elysian Throne we shall always hear and speak,
for in me has remained THE ANGEL OF THE BOTTOMLESS PIT."

Then, the once God of the Dead and the once God of the Sea
vanished like white shooting stars from the white Elysian scene,
and never again were any of them to be seen. . .

But before flashing into the Eye of the Needle,
Poseidon approached *the reader* of this sequel,
and for once he barely spoke in puns and riddles:

"Even as Truth, Error shall also have its lovers—
so keep ears closed against the prejudicial showers,
and hear and engrave this, my Word, in your heart's powers:

THINK FOR YOURSELF
—YOUNG GOD—
AND FEEL FOR ALL OTHERS!"


מגן דוד

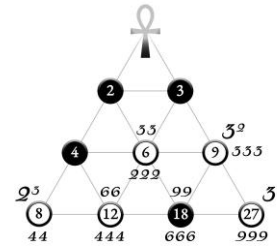


"Speak to me, O Osiris, and grant that what has come forth from your mouth concerning me be revoked. See your own form, form your shape, and cause him to go forth and to have power over his legs that he may stride and copulate among men, and you shall be there as the Lord of All. The gods of the Duat fear you, the Gates beware of you. You move along with those who move along, while I remain on your Mound like the Lord of Life. I ally myself with the divine Isis, I rejoice on account of him who has done you harm. May he not come so that he sees your weariness which is hidden from him. I shall go and come to the confines of the sky, that I may ask the Word from Geb, that I may demand authority from the Lord of All. Then the gods shall fear you, even they who shall see that I send to you one of those who dwell in the sunshine. I have made his form as my form, his gait as my gait, that he may go and come to Busiris,[1] being invested with my shape, that he may tell you my affairs. He shall inspire fear of you, he shall create awe of you in the gods of the Duat, and the Gates shall beware of you."

–The Ancient Egyptian Book of the Dead.

[1]*Busiris–"House of Osiris"–was the Greek name of the city that the Ancient Egyptians called "Tpyhwt", meaning "First of the Cows" in honour of Hathor. Hathor means "House of Horus", and, as per Heraclitus' words, "Dionysus (Horus) and Hades (Osiris) are the same god."*

XIV



As soon as Hades and Poseidon were all gone,
those two young gods and goddesses could barely avoid
feeling the burden of having been left all alone
by the loftiness of the Hexagonal Throne.
The Elysian Fields now felt heavy and void.

"Father. . ."
—said young Dionysus to him who sat on the Throne.
"If God now indeed speaks through your lore,
tell us how the Elysian Fields and the whole world
on our shoulders must henceforth be borne."

"Yes! You must tell us!"
—said beauteous and loving Aphrodite.
"For Ares' rule must surely be indicted,
and no rule by violence and fear ever excited."

"Yes! But first tell us how we are to make the Bread and be fed."
—said moon-like Artemis, who held Ares' Spear that causes all dread.

Apollo glowed in golden and blue night-shade tones, and first voiced:

"My sister and lover: all that I know, you own,
for the Mother of Bread also sits on this Throne."

And then he added, now bursting in a dazzling white tone
and taking the deep voice of Hades as a temporary loan:

"Here, at the Elysian Fields, there are many mansions,
and I've prepared a place for each of your passions."

"The Elysian is formed by a Hexagonal Floor and four quarters:
the first, second, third and fourth quarters—the sixth stands as the Porter.
At the first is the Narrow Eye of the Needle—the souls' importer,
and the sixth connects with the wide dubious gates—the souls' exporters."

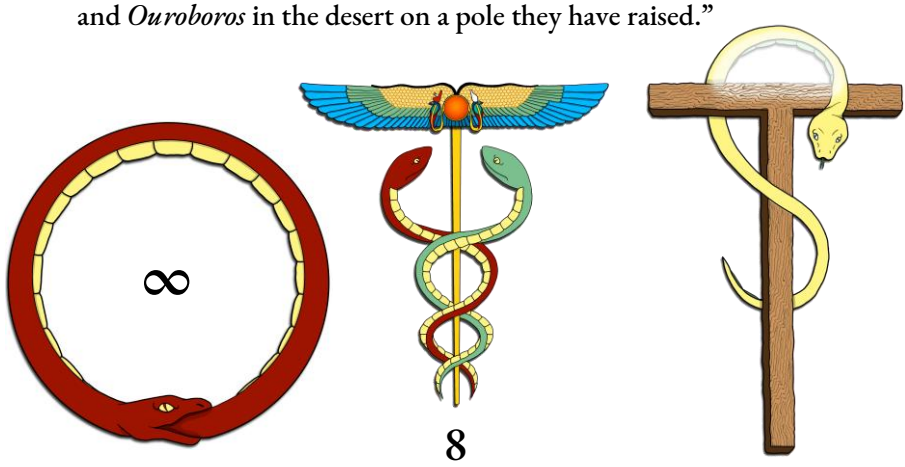
Bold Dionysus looked around and said, pointing at his back,
in the direction in which he who was on the Throne sat:
"So, what about those two other gates: the Ninth and the Eighth?"



He who sat on the Throne glowed in *sky-blue* tone and said:

"About the Door we call 'The Eighth,' do not fret,
as by its grace we ascended here in good faith.
And in that faith, I now place my fishing hooks,
in the form of music, movies, games and books,
for the entire world to discover the Elysian Nook."

"Through the Eighth come those who have taken up the *infinite* snake,
and *Ouroboros* in the desert on a pole they have raised."





"These signs shall follow all those fished
by the bifid tongue of the snake,
and taken by the Fish of Jonah
into Ra's Boat through the Eighth Gate:

In my Name they'll cast out red rain
—that awful demon that stirs dread.
They'll speak in new tongues for Truth's sake,
and in waterless deserts they'll lift up their snakes.
They'll turn water into wine at the Wedding's Wake—
where Peace[1] shall dance in request of the Baptist's head.
And they'll die to the name birth poured on their manes."

Then, again, Apollo shone
in a dazzling white tone and set forth,
taking Hades' voice as a loan:

"Into dreams shed in red,
and yonder the Ninth Gate,
Dionysus must descend:
to learn the dreary name
of those who dwell in there
and reach the age of *ten*."

And now shining in a golden tone,
Apollo told his son from his throne:

"Son, use your vinegar and oil,
lest by water you should be soiled
and with Hera's Realm be coiled."

"And fear not, thug! For there, I'll meet you again!"
Snapped a brief harmony of *emerald shade.*

[1] The name "Shalome" means "Peace", as derived from *shalom* (שלם), "peace".

"O, Child of Buddha Nature, listen without distraction. On the fourth day, the purity of the element of fire will arise in the form of a red light. At that time, from the red western Buddha field of the Blissful (Sukhāvatī), the transcendent lord Amitābha will dawn before you, his body red in colour, holding in his right hand a lotus flower, seated on a peacock throne and embraced by the supreme consort Pāndaravāsinī. They are encircled by two male bodhisattvas, Avalokiteśvara and Mañjuśri, and two female bodhisattvas, Gītā and Ālokā, thus, six buddha-bodies will be shining before you from within a space of rainbow light.

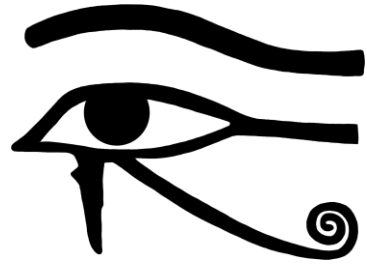
A red light indicative of the pristine cognition of discernment, which is the natural purity of the aggregate of perceptions, red and dazzling, adorned by greater and lesser seminal points, radiant and clear, bright and dazzling, will emanate from the heart of Amitābha and his consort and will shine piercingly before you at the level of your heart with such brilliance that your eyes cannot bear it. Do not be afraid! Together with the light of pristine cognition, a ***dull yellow light***, indicative of the realm of anguished spirits, will also dawn before you and touch your heart. Do not delight in the ***dull yellow light***! Do not become attached to it and do not cling to it! At this time, under the sway of deep desire, you will wish to turn away in terror from the bright red light and you will come to delight in the ***dull yellow light*** of the anguished spirits and feel attachment towards it. At this moment, abandon your fear, and recognise the red light, bright and dazzling, radiant and clear, to be pristine cognition. Let your awareness relax and abide directly within it, resting in a state of non-activity. Have confidence in the radiant, red luminosity! Be drawn to it with longing devotion. If you recognise this radiance as the natural luminosity of your own awareness, even though you may feel no devotion towards it and have not recited the aspirational prayer, all the buddha-bodies and light rays will dissolve inseparably into you and you will attain buddhahood. If you are not able to recognise the radiance in this way, then pray with devotion, thinking: 'This is the light ray of the transcendent lord Amitābha's compassion. I take refuge in it.' This truly in the light-ray hook of the transcendent lord Amitābha's compassion! Be devoted to it! Do not turn away! Should you turn away, the luminosity will accompany you inseparably. Do not be afraid! Do not be attached to the ***dull yellow light*** of the anguished spirits! This is the inviting path created by your own habitual tendencies for deep-seated desire, which you yourself have generated. If you become attached to this dull light, you will fall down into the realm of the anguished spirits and you will experience unbearable sufferings of hunger and thirst. This dull light is an obstacle blocking the path to liberation! Do not be attached to it! Abandon your attachment! Do not cling to it! Be devoted to the red light, which is radiant and dazzling."

-The Tibetan Book of the Dead

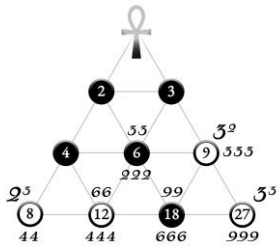
PART IV:
Lo and Behold!

"Dionysus, in whose honor they rave in Bacchic frenzy, and Hades are the same."

— Heraclitus
Fragments CXXVII



Horus the Child, infant-god of wine,
it pains me that you must suffer and die,
but the Seed of the Tree of Life
is watered by the tear in your eye.



XV

When Dionysus *dove* into the Dark Ninth Gate,
he heard thunder and the sea-rumour of haste.
But lo and behold, he soon had it straight:
those were no sea rumours but people's wails!

In pitch-black darkness he began to feign
when on him rained soul-trains of ghostly manes
that dragged, pulled, twirled and coiled again 'n' again.

But after a sudden burst of colour red,
he could see that dreary scene all too well:
red-blooded Ares ran towards his end,
with Phobos, Deimos and the Spear of Shame!

Dionysus' hands glowing in olive-green;
a Spear's Sad Simulacra was then foreseen:
a *thyrsus*—or small wand topped by a pine cone—
that could hardly ever hurt anyone.

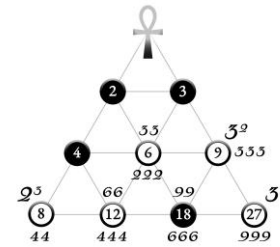
"What is this joke?"—Dionysus thought—
as Ares gave him a first blow,
and *Phobos*—fearsome, cruel foe—
cut him into four pieces and more.

His body in pieces shred,
Dionysus was now dead.
Deafened by the moist,
dragging lament,
his words were
no more
sent.

"Keep Silence, that you may hear Him speaking
words unutterable by tongue in speech.
Keep Silence, that you may hear from that Sun
things inexpressible in books and discourses.
Keep Silence, that the Spirit may speak to you;
give up swimming and enter the ark of Noah."

—Rumi, *The Masnavi.*

XVI



As Dionysus headed towards the Ninth Door,
Aphrodite—who once had been Ares' whore
but now was the Goddess of the Dusk and the Dawn—
said with beauteous and melodious song:

"I can see the First, Second, Third and Fourth,
the Unbound Eighth and the Dark Ninth Doors,
as I grant this to be the Sixth Shore,
but where are the Fifth and Seventh Doors?"

He who sat on the throne again shone,
and thus he spoke in seven-coloured tones:

"The Fifth and Seventh Doors are both within us,
for seven colours are kept in five gods' good trust:
the Trickster, the Bold Young and the Poet of Dust,
the Moon's Song and the Lover of the Earth's Crust."

As the Angel of the Bottomless Pit
had bestowed this hoary and arcane wit,
from the Ninth Door they all heard a child sip.

"Son!"—cried Artemis, her voice now torn,
as she ran towards the dark Ninth Door.
But a heavy boulder blocked her go:
a stone too hefty for men to roll.
He who sat on the throne again shone,
but now in dazzling white pure tone:

"To the Stony Land of White,
into the Fourth Lofty Land,
Aphrodite must now strand:
meet the goddess of that place,
her olden name boldly chase,
and bring ARES' BRAZEN FACE."



What I doubly detest, I will not eat; what I detest is faeces, and I will not eat them; excrement, I will not consume. It shall not fall from my belly, it shall not come near my fingers, and I will not touch it with my toes!

"What will you live on," say the gods and spirits to me, "in this place to which you have been brought?"

"I will live on seven loaves which have been brought to me; four loaves are with Horus, and three loaves are with Thoth!"

"Where it is granted to you to eat?" say the gods and spirits to me.

"I will eat under the Sycamore of Hathor, for I have placed my portions there for her minstrels! My fields have been assigned to me in Busiris[1], my green plants are at the Pillars of the City of the Sun[2], and I will live on bread of white emmer and beer of red barley; there shall be given to me my father's and my mother's families, and my doorkeeper in respect of my land!

Open to me; may there be space for me, make a path for me, that I may dwell as a living soul in the place which I desire, and I will not be subdued by my enemies. I detest faeces and will not eat them! I have not gone infected into the Pillars of the City of the Sun![2] Be far from me, for I am a bull whose throne is provided; I have flown up as a swallow, I have cackled as a goose, I have alighted on the Beautiful Tree which is in the middle of the Island in the Flood! I have gone up and have alighted on it, and I will not suffer neglect; as for him who dwells under it, he is a great god!

What I detest, I will not eat; what I detest is faeces, and I will not eat them, what my Ka detests is faeces, and they shall not enter into my body, I will not approach them with my hands, I will not tread on them with my sandals! I will not flow for you into a bowl, I will not empty out for you into a basin! I will not take anything from upon the banks of your ponds, I will not depart upside down for you!"

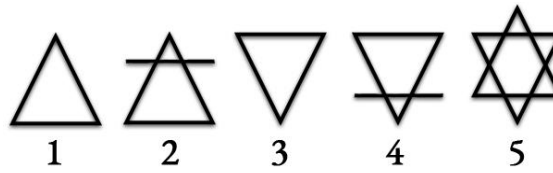
–The Ancient Egyptian
Book of the Dead.

[1]Busiris–meaning "House of Osiris"–was the Greek name of "Tpyhwt", or "First of the Cows", in Ancient Egyptian.
[2]Heliopolis–meaning "City of the Sun" in Greek–was "Iunnu", meaning "Pillars", in Egyptian.

PART V:
The Five States of Mother.

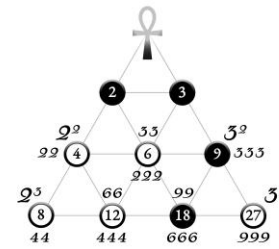
"We are all meant to be mothers of God,
for God is always needing to be born."

—*Meister Eckhart*



"Fire lives in the death of Earth, Air lives in the death of Fire, Water lives in the death of Air, and Earth in the death of Water. Fire coming upon all things, will sift and seize them. How can one escape that which never sets? LIGHTNING RULES ALL. The sun will not overstep his bounds, for if he does, the Erinyes, helpers of justice, will find him out. The limits of the Evening and Morning are the Bear, and opposite the Bear, the bounds of bright Zeus."

—HERACLITUS, *Fragments* XXV-XXX.



XVII

When Aphrodite made her way
into the Fourth Elysian Gate,
with the river's spate into a vast desert
of white sandstone, she brought her fate.
For forty hours she roamed
through that white empty place,
until her feet, dried lips
and belly began to ache,
as there was nothing there
that thirst or hunger could sate.
The goddess soon began
to hold that place in dear *hate,*
and she sat to rest under
a lonely sycamore's shade.

"My dear, why did you waive
your fate for this rock-hard place?"
—said a wrinkled woman
suddenly come from nowhere,
black-hooded and barely
holding her own age and weight.

"I know not, but in faith the gods my ache will abate."
—said Aphrodite while resting in thirst, hunger and wait.
"The gods?"—the lady said—"In what god have you placed your faith?"
"I know not,"—said beauteous Aphrodite again—
"the One beyond the Eye of the Needle's Narrow Strait?"
"The Needle's Strait?!"—the old lady laughed, shaking her head.
"Have you ever *touched* this 'God' whose existence you claim?"
"I have not. . ."—said Aphrodite frowning, and doubting her faith.
"Your intangible God may be late for his blind date!"
—chuckled the lady while sitting by her under the shade
and searching her drapes. "But hunger and thirst I can abate
with this fresh and luxuriously red *pomegranate!*"

The *dawn of desire* became Aphrodite's sire, and she ate.
"Do you have any more left? For one, my ache didn't abate."
—said the goddess, slightly diminished in power and grace.
"Of course, dear"—said that old lady, now offering a full plate.

As Aphrodite ate, emerald tones flushed that white place
with that colourful life that mortal blood elates.
And when Aphrodite was to request yet one more plate,
she was no longer under that lonely sycamore's shade
but in a castle's terrace glorified by war gains.

"What happened?"—said Aphrodite, greatly diminished in grace,
with pomegranate seeds all over her beautiful face.
She then looked at that old woman and suddenly turned pale,
for the stern goddess that sat by her side, she knew too well:
she was Ares' mother—the Great Goddess of Childbirth.
"I can't believe I've fallen back into *Hera*'s embrace!"
—wept Aphrodite lowering her head with desperate gaze.

"Oh dear, don't be so intense. . . !"—said Hera with a straight face.
"And enjoy pomegranates now that you've bitten my bait."
"There, there. . ."—said Hera while patting Aphrodite's handsome mane.
"You can marry my son and be the Earth's queen of this age!
There, there, do you crave more juicy pomegranates?"

"How can you ask this of me?"—said Dione's daughter.[1]
"Don't you know that Ares is now Lord of all Waters
and that his desire is to smother and no other?
One day he may deluge down here or fall over
and give the order to smother his own mother!"

"I must admit that my son has become a great horde hoarder,
—said Hera, the mother of all shaped in solid order—
"and that Phobos' and Deimos' shoulders are growing broader.
But why assume I'm offering Ares as your lover
and not skilful Hephaestus, among my sons another?"

[1] Homer made of Aphrodite the daughter of Zeus and Dione, whereas Hesiod made of Aphrodite a motherless primaeval goddess, born directly from Ouranos: the primaeval Father Heaven.

"Indeed, it was not to warlike Ares,
to whom the gods gave me in embrace,"
—said Aphrodite, full of flower and grace—
"but to wise and skilful Hephaestus,
whose verve my inflaming lust has abased.
But don't you know that Hades has fled,
and Hephaestus has become God of the Dead?"

"My dear. . ."—said Hera, the goddess of childbirth on the Earth.
"He who sits on the Hexagonal Throne isn't Hephaestus. . .
The Trickster showed you his face for the sake of all of us
and your exaltation as the Goddess of the Dawn and the Dusk.
Ares and your sons will certainly cause a dreadful fuss,
but their riotous waters you and I shall now begin to hush.
Here, drink some pomegranate and *orange juice* and focus."

The *dawn of desire* became again
Aphrodite's sire, and she imbibed;
but the *dusk of desire* became
Aphrodite's duke, and little she took.

"I had enough of this sweetest juice."—said Aphrodite freed from red loom.
"But why did you pour this juice into ARES' BRAZEN HELMET of doom?"

"Now that Ares is the Lord of the water's hustle,
he's grown so confident and haughty in battle
that without his Ram-Helmet, he smothers my cattle. . ."
—said our Great Mother Hera in laid-back prattle.
"But this Brazen Grail belongs to the Elysian Fields,
so you must bring it back as soon as you are healed
and put it together with the Spear and the Gorgon's Shield."

"Am I then freed from your realm of firm-solid husks?"
—said Aphrodite, rising from the table in a rush.
"Indeed, my dear Goddess of the Dawn and the Dusk."
—said Hera, disbanding all food with a quick thrust.
"But first, I'll tell you a story of future and past:


What are you saying, my son?
Do you love your snow-white soul
better than my household?
Ok then, off you go.
I will miss you, though.

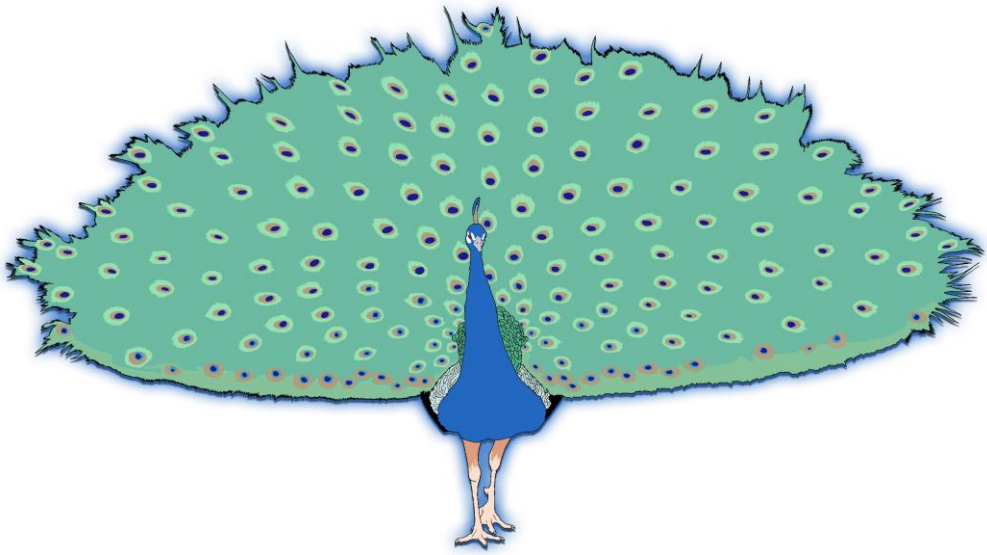
The realm of mortals is now
ruled by my firm-solid husks,
but that was not always the
case in remote hoary past:

Mortals were first cast into fiery, then airy and then liquid husks,
and each of these *states of Mother* arose from their own insides,
as they eclipsed each of such natures and turned to the gods' sides.

Nowadays my Fourth Gate has the grip of all mortal affairs and strides,
but a Mother of Ether will one day relieve me in such great pride
when she is born from mortal's insides—at the Ninth Gate Dream-Slide.

That day she will pour electric and thunderous etheric-husks,
just as I poured solid-husks when I was born from the angel's insides.
For although mortals may be unaware of this bemusing fact,
they have four bodies: of heat, breath, water and another stone-like,
while the womb of electric ether is their very own brains and minds!"

". . . What do you want me to do with this obscure arcane?"
—said loving Aphrodite, who did not know what to say.





"You are the Goddess of Love!"
—said Hera, raising inflamed.
"And the agency of Love
is to be One and the same!
You must bring into Holy
Reunion the Fourth and Third Gates
—the fates of solid and liquid states—
thus making them Seven and the same!

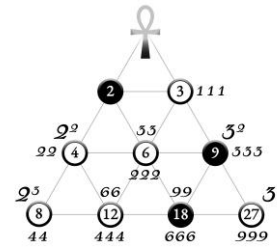
But you could never enter the Great Liquid Third Gate
unless you brought with you one of those who there can stay.
For not even you—Goddess of the Dawn and the Dusk—
could go there without one still dwelling in liquid-husk."

Hera then sat again and called one of her daughters:
"Angelos!"—she cried as a peremptory order—
and to her presence came a figure shaped like water.

"Oh! What a marvellous view!"—said loving Aphrodite,
as Angelos spread her reflecting wings almighty.
"You are the most beautiful thing ever seen, truly."
"I blush!"—said Angelos—"You're prettier than poetry!
Let's look into this mirror and compare our beauty!"

Aphrodite then took Ares' Helmet in her diaphanous hands,
and as she was admiring Angelos' and her own charm,
the mirror's glass turned fluid, and both flowed into the Third Land!





XVIII

With that mirror, Angelos hosed the Third Elysian Door,
and by its inner entrance, she and Aphrodite rose.
The Third Gate was made of white waters deepest and low:
by the entrance water barely soaked Aphrodite's toes,
but how profound those waters could go, nobody knows.

Those white waters were colour-reflecting, silent and calm.
Blended in water, far away fluid-shaped figures swam,
while whispering grand and lofty philosophical charms.
"Now be quiet,"—whispered Angelos, mild as a hind—
"for if Hera is the Universe's Rind; this is Its Mind. . ."
But a nervous sweat seized Aphrodite, who lovingly binds,
and she dropped the Helm of Ares from her fidgety hands. . .

That splash of water—which most mortals would hardly mind—
already sounded in that place most thunderous and wild.
But a water swirl taking the Helm away from her stand,
Aphrodite could not avoid howling a desperate shout.

At once, all fluid-shaped figures spread wings and rose on high!
And behold! They had no legs, but fishtails grew from their thighs!
The white sky swiftly turned black and thunderous by their flight,
while in unison squall all those figures began to cry:

"GO AWAY, GO AWAY, YOU WILL NOT MAKE US FALL AGAIN!"
"GO AWAY, GO AWAY, YOU WILL NOT MAKE US FALL AGAIN!"

Angelos quickly stepped forward, joined her palms and cried:
"Brothers or sisters of mine, we've come to learn, not to fight!"

"GO AWAY, GO AWAY; ON TWO LEGS YOU RISE: YOUR LOVE IS WILD!"
"GO AWAY, GO AWAY; ON TWO LEGS YOU RISE: YOUR LOVE IS WILD!"

When amidst all that clang, Aphrodite covered her ears and eyes,
seven of those water-creatures swiftly fetched Angelos on high,
and seven dolphins went to Aphrodite for her safety and guard.

Among trumpeting splashes on high, Angelos gave a deep wail.
And when they dropped her again, Aphrodite coiled in fear like a snail,
for Angelos' two feet they had joined by the force of one single nail,
in the very image and resemblance of those creatures' fishtail!
Then, seven of those fluid-shaped creatures on Aphrodite tried to prey,
but those seven dolphins bravely guarded her and kept them at bay.

A loud feminine voice then came, rapid,
restoring that place to white and placid:

"ENOUGH WITH THE RACKET, GODDAMMIT!
ALL SHUT UP, BE SECRET AND QUIET!"

All whiteness and peace reinstilled,
the dolphins took leave and squealed,
and Aphrodite saw a woman heave
on a boat pulled by *seven seals.*

"Who's brought Ares' Helmet to me?"
—said the woman on seven seals.
"Who's come to reveal and conceal?
Would that be you, girl in zeal?"
Aphrodite did not dare to speak.

"I know it was you, girl in zeal!"
—said the woman on seven seals,
while holding Ares' Helm like a creel.

"What? Did the cat eat your tongue,
beauteous, zealous and young?
To speak to me is a shame
unless I call you by name.
So, how should I call you, dame?"

Aphrodite finally dared to say:
"By the name of Aphrodite, or Venus,
I am named: goddess of love, sex and lust,
lately also of the dawn and the dusk. . ."

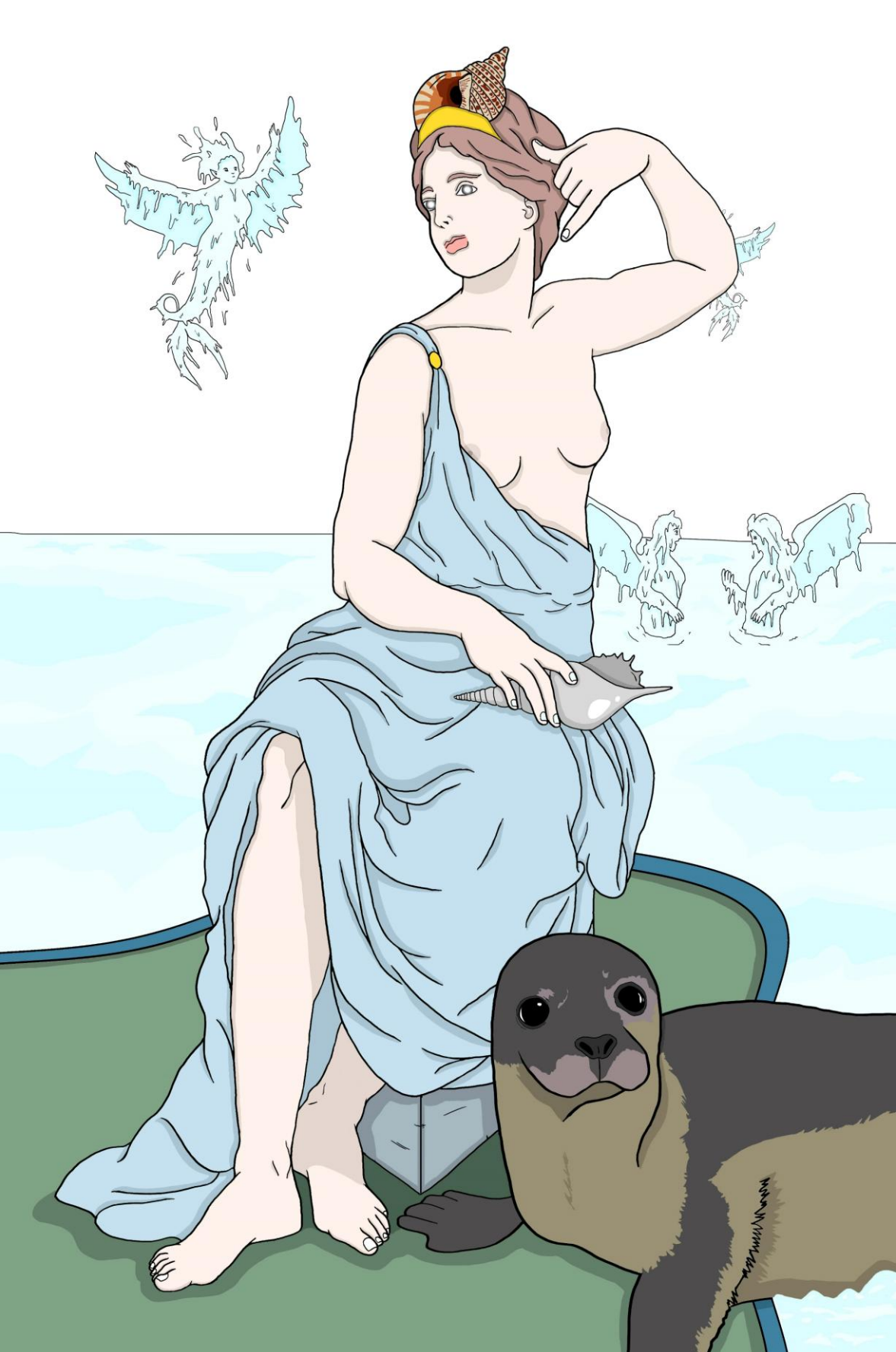
"Mmm. . ."—the woman silently mused.
"Nice to meet you Aphrodite.
You must call me AMPHITRITE."

"Oh! Are you the wife of the *Newt*? I mean, Poseidon. . .?
Do you know he's gone?"—said Aphrodite, biting her tongue.
Amphitrite eyed Aphrodite with amusement and spoke:
"That and more I know, as *the Third encircling the Sea*
by the grace and power of seven angels and seals!"

"Aaargh! What have you done to Angelos, Hera's daughter?!"
—she exclaimed to those who whispered and mimicked the water.
"Fallen angels. . . I'd cry if I didn't prefer laughter. . .
When they snap crazy, they fall faster than I can gather. . . !"
One seal then went to Angelos by Amphitrite's order.
And this seal—verily a very rare three-headed sea-dog—
magically turned Angelos' two feet joined by one nail's force
into a real fishtail right from her thigh to her toe.
And as Angelos joined in whispers with the rest of her lot,
Amphitrite voiced, "Fall not, and your legs shall break no more."

"So, tell me, goddess of love,"—Amphitrite calmly spoke—
"do you know the arcana of One, Two, Three and Four?"
When Aphrodite shrugged and shook her head, Amphitrite said:
"I already knew you did not:

All is united and One,
so, Two without Three is not:
for the Third unites Two
and makes One which is a Fourth.
Can you see your Mystery
of Endless Union and Love?"



"I am not sure I can"—said Aphrodite rather jumbled.
"When the One became Two, it became Three and a Triangle."
—said Amphitrite with voice vivid. "But when the Triangle
touched earth's stony limit. . . . . It became a pyramid!"

"Take this!"—said Amphitrite, throwing
Ares' Helmet at belle Aphrodite.
"Fill it to the rim and pour over
your mane white waters almighty!"

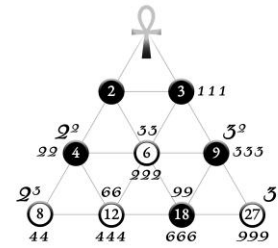
When done as pleaded, Aphrodite's
eyes became all grey and shiny.

"Now tell me,"—calmly said Amphitrite—
"are you the daughter of Zeus and Dione?"

"Who is my mother? Who are my brethren?"
—said a visibly changed Aphrodite.
"Those who do the Will of Father Heaven,
those are my mother, sisters and brethren.
I never was *Aphrodite Pandemos*!
My Father is Heavenly *Ouranos*!"

"Well said!"—said Amphitrite, now granting *euphoria*.
"*Aphrodite Ourania*, you're saved from Ares' mania
and from wild waters like Noah during the prior era.
Now let us go outside this gate to join Mother Hera
and finally crown you queen as *Aphrodite Cythera*!"





XIX

While Apollo *quietly* sat
on the Hexagonal Throne,
Artemis was trying to pry
with Ares' Spear that vast stone
that blocked her way into the dark
and mysterious Ninth Door.

"Who said, 'Give me a place to stand
and a lever long enough,
and I will move the whole world?'"
—said Artemis in her toil.
"Archimedes. . ."—Apollo spoke.
"Well, not even with this huge Spear
can I move this awful damn rock!"
—said Artemis in great shock.
"Would you get up from that Throne
and help me roll away this stone?"
"That's futile, love."—Apollo spoke.
"I am now talking to our son."
"Son, use your vinegar and oil."
—mused Apollo without a word.

Suddenly, the Fourth Elysian Door unlocked with a thud,
and Mother Hera stepped onto the Hexagonal Floor.
"Young gods, do not mind me at all."—with a big smile she spoke.
"And please go back to whatever you are trying to pull off."
Immediately, the Third Elysian Door also unlocked,
and Aphrodite and Amphitrite stepped onto the same floor.

"Who is that?"—said Artemis in great shock—"Is. . . is that Aphrodite?"
"Bonjour, dear Hera, I believe it's time to go."—said Amphitrite.
"The Third and Fourth Doors will at last join as a new cosmogony.
"Kneel!"—said Hera to the one who was no more daughter of Dione.
She knelt, while Hera and Amphitrite joined their two hands, now four,
around the Goddess of Love as a divine gesture for the whole world.

Then, Amphitrite and Hera, of Gates Fourth and Triple
—with Aphrodite Ourania kneeling in their middle—
began to proclaim these words in voice unison and single:

"In the name of the One Love—the mover of the world and the year—
and Amphitrite and Hera—our own names since old revered—
on this auspicious day we shall crown you *Aphrodite Cythera*:
Queen of the Third and Fourth Frontier: of Stone, Water and Pier."

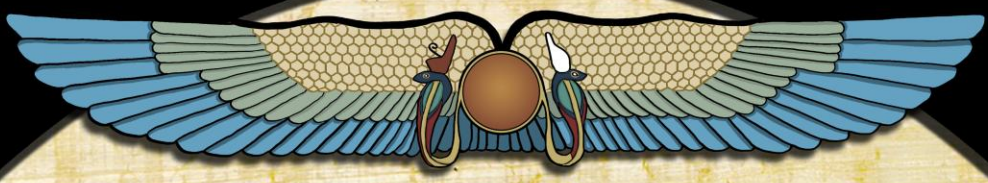
As Aphrodite rose, Amphitrite and Hera
flashed and vanished into the White Eye of the Needle,
while moon-like Artemis approached holding Ares' Spear.

And when Artemis mused, "They're forever gone, I fear. . . "
Aphrodite cheered, "It is indeed so, my dear.
And this, Ares' Helmet, you must take for your gear."
"Why are you giving me all these things?"—Artemis said.
And *the Dawn of the Dusk* said: "Soon you'll know, when you shed."
As if the Threads of the Fates had now weaved all loose ends.

Then Aphrodite graciously approached the Ninth Door
—which was blocked by a heavy, solid block of stone—
and with grey flashing eyes, loud but candidly voiced:

"I am *Aphrodite Cythera,*
the Goddess of Love and Lust,
of the one Dawn and one Dusk,
all liquid and solid husks:
this solid rock I disprove,
its very presence I reprove,
and I command it to move."

And as easy as that,
without violent might,
that stone swiftly moved
from Dionysus' tomb.



"O you female Souls of the Night, Marsh-dwellers, Women of the Domain of the Ram Lord of Osiris' Spine[1], you of the Fish-nome and of the Mansion of Iapu, Sunshade-bearers of the Adoration, who prepare beer of Nubia, do you know why Pe[2] was given to Horus? You do not know it, but I know it. It was Ra who gave it to him in compensation for the mutilation in his Eye; I know it.

It so happened that Ra said to Horus: 'Let me see your eye since this has happened to it.' He looked at it and said: 'Look at that black stroke with your hand covering up the sound eye which is there.' Horus looked at the stroke and said: 'Behold, I am seeing it as altogether white!' And that is how the oryx came into being. And Ra said: 'Look again at yonder black pig.' And Horus looked at this black pig, and Horus cried out because of the condition of his injured eye, saying: 'Behold, my eye is like that first wound which Set inflicted on my eye!' And Horus fainted before him. Then Ra said: 'Put him on his bed until he is well.'

It so happened that Set had transformed himself into a black pig and had projected a wound into his eye, and Ra said: 'The pig is detestable to Horus.' 'We wish he were well,' said the gods. That is how the detestation of the pig came about for Horus' sake by the gods who are in the suite.

Now, when Horus was a child, his sacrificial animal was a pig before his eye had suffered."

–THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN
BOOK OF THE DEAD.

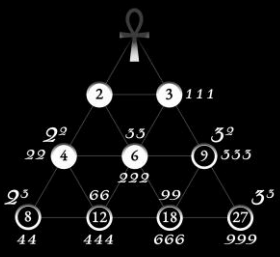
[1] *The city of Mendes, originally called Per-Banebdjedet, which means "The Domain of the Ram Lord of Djedet", the Djedet being Osiris' Spine.*

[2] *Pe, or Per, means "Double House", or "Seat of Government" ("Domain"). In this case it refers to the city known in Greek as Buto, but originally formed by two cities–Pe and Dep–and later known as Per-Wadjet, or "the Double House of the Cobra Goddess Wadjet". Per-Wadjet was a renowned oracular city and, most probably, the original source of all the oracular traditions of the ancient world. "Wadjet" means "The Green One". The Greek word "Buto" (Βουτώ) means "to plunge into water" or "to dive". However, it can also mean "to steal" or "to snatch away".*

"Double House of the Green One".
As above, so below.



Those who make love to their own souls
may eventually have a son:
“Dionysus” is the name of old
that the Greeks gave to the new-born.



XX

"I want that piece; I took the best shot!"
—on Dionysus' pieces, Phobos
and Deimos were casting lots.

"What do you mean? I cut his head;
you only broke his legs!"
"If you're gonna have his heart,
let's split his brain apart
and each have one half!"
"Never, the brain is mine!
You can have the spine!"
"What!? I don't want the spine
where all those colours shine. . ."
"Shhh. . . Look!"
"Oh, fuck!"

Within the impenetrable darkness of the Ninth Gate,
amidst the sea-rumour of haste—which was people's wails—
a dim golden hue went. Phobos and Deimos were afraid,
and in a rush, all the pieces of Dionysus they left,
when a very distant and dim voice began to be heard.

"*. . . Son, use your vinegar and oil. . .*"
"*. . . Son, use your vinegar and oil. . .*"
"*. . . Son, use your vinegar and oil. . .*"

The head of Dionysus suddenly opened an eye,
and with an inaudible sigh, he said to that shine:
"Father, why have you forsaken me and my whines?"
"I have not forsaken you,"—said that dim golden shine—
"the husbandman would never forsake his dearest vine."
"Father,"—Dionysus again sighed—"I'm not feeling fine. . ."
"I know, my *deer* child," and Apollo formed by his side.

Apollo's dim golden silhouette found Dionysus' flask intact,
and anointed with oil his *deer* son: the god of wine torn apart.
"*Oil floats on water*."—said Apollo, and then they heard a chant.
Nine armed luminous figures began to dance around the child,
clashing their spears against their shields, they circled around him nine times
until the child's body was recomposed—no more torn apart.
And, as they had come, those nine figures again vanished into the dark.

Then Apollo tilted his ear as if paying heed to something prime;
he mused silently for a second, and then he said to the child:
"Listen, my son, I must leave you now, but I swear that in no time
we will take you out from this darkest place, and you will be alright.
I need you to take a sip from your vinegar in the meantime."
"But it is so sour, father!"—said Dionysus—"Why can't I drink wine?"
"You've had enough wine."—said Apollo—"One sip will do for the time."

Apollo vanished, and Dionysus, overwhelmed,
took one single sip of vinegar AND TURNED TEN.
At once—the child still savouring vinegar's stench—
by an approaching triple-voiced chant he was drenched.

"IIIAAAOOO. . . IIIAAAOOO. . . IIIAAAOOO. . ."

A triple feminine voice he could hear drip
among the usual wails of that dark brink:
a voice ecstatic, erratic, traumatic,
a triple voice candid, magic and tragic
as a dripping drift approaching real quick.

"IIIAAAOOO. . . IIIAAAOOO. . . IIIAAAOOO. . ."

A sudden flick and a blast of nine-coloured music!
A three-headed goddess made Dionysus in awe shrink
before the power and woe of that goddess' lyric
that, with six wide open eyes, was now shouting at him!

"ARE YOUR DREEEAAAMS AS DEAD AS THEY SEEM?
ARE YOUR DREEEAAAMS AS DEAD AS THEY SEEM?
DOOON'T YOOOU DAAARE SPEAK OVER MY WAILING CROWDS,
OR I'LL MAKE YOU RETURN TO THE SHAAADOOOWS,
AND YOU'LL BLEED, IN YOUR SLEEP, IN RED CREEP,
LIKE THE WORLD OUTSIDE YOUR PILLOW!
YOUR LOOOVE IS WILD!"

"Your looove is mild. . ."
—sang the head on the right with voice candid.
"Your feeeaaar is wild!"
—sang the head on the left with voice tragic,
as that haunting goddess vanished into magic.

By the grace of Apollo's Oil, Dionysus, now all frantic,
was re-floated by the closed Door of that room's panic,
where he remained in darkness, fervid and static,
until a candid voice came from the Elysian Attic:

"I am *Aphrodite Cythera*,
the Goddess of Love and Lust,
of the one Dawn and one Dusk,
all liquid and solid husks:
this solid rock I disprove,
its very presence I reprove,
and I command it to move."

When the light of the Elysian Fields
finally kissed Dionysus' eyes,
he snapped out of his frantic trance.
But everyone was caught by surprise
when at seeing Aphrodite's shine,
he uttered a deep panicked cry,
and quickly ran to crouch and hide
behind his father's Throne and side.

Who dared disturb my slumber?
Was that Set or was that Ra?

I am Sobek, which means "he who puts together".

I leap out of the water like a crocodile of the Nile and snatch victims underwater. Nobody can escape me! I am an aspect of the Greek gods Ares, Apollo, Artemis, Athena, Hades & Poseidon.

What? Are you wondering how that is possible?
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Mortals. . .

LEAP INTO MY JAWS, AND I WILL TELL YOU!

I destroy dying minds to assemble living souls, and I destroy living souls to assemble dying minds. . .
Do you understand. . . ?

What should I do with you. . .?
Speak! For nobody can escape me!

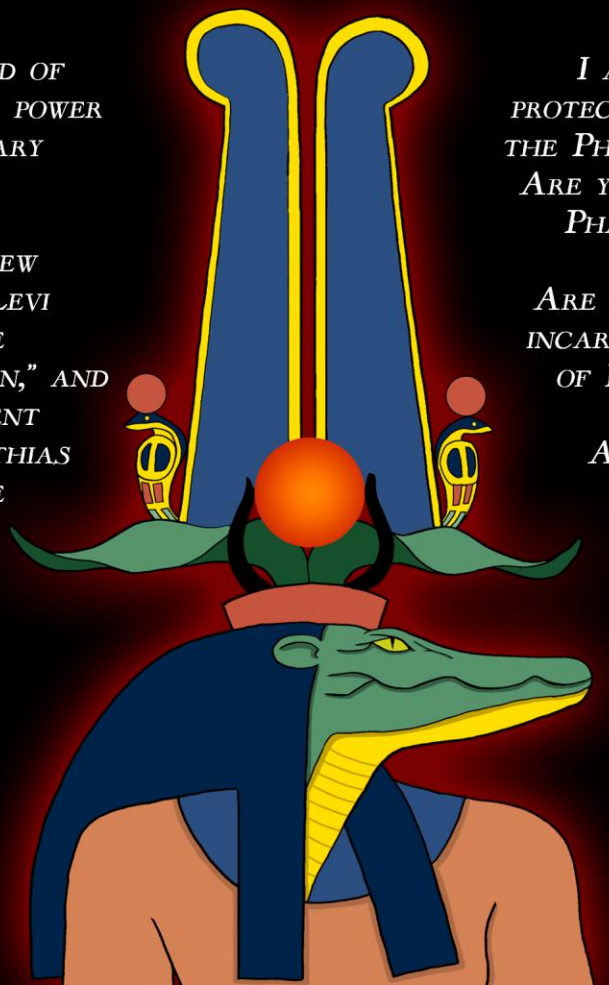
I am a god of pharaonic power and military strength.

The Hebrew tribe of Levi called me "Leviathan," and the Ancient Greek Pythias called me "Python".

I am the protector of the Pharaoh. Are you the Pharaoh?

Are you an incarnation of Horus?

Are you Atum?





"I know the Mystery of Nekhen;[1] it is in the hands of Horus of his mother's making which were thrown into the water when she said: 'You shall be the two severed portions of Horus after you have been found.' And Ra said, 'This son of Isis is injured by reason of what his own mother has done to him; let us fetch Sobek from the back of the waters, so that he may fish them out and that his mother Isis may cause them to grow again in their proper place.' And Sobek from the back of the waters said: 'I have fished and I have sought; they slipped from my hand on the bank of the waters, but in the end, I fished them up with a fish trap.' That is how the fish-trap came into being."

"O you who are in Nekhen, power is given to me, and I know the Mystery of Nekhen; it is in the hands of Horus and what is in them, for I have been introduced to the Souls of Nekhen. Open to me, that I may join with Horus. I know the souls of Nekhen: they are Horus, Duamutef and Qebehsennuef.

Not to be said when eating pig."

–The Ancient Egyptian Book of the Dead.

[1]*Nekhen is the name of the city the Ancient Greeks called Hierakonpolis, which means "City of the Falcon". Nekhen referred to Horus the Child in particular, but it was also a form of Ra (the sun-god) during spring. The word also meant "humility" and "lowly".*

He who knows the Mystery of Nekhen also knows why the Eye of Horus is a protective amulet, although not for those who idly wear it, but for those who LIVE IT.

Within the impenetrable darkness of the Ninth Gate,
amidst the sea-rumour of haste—which were people's wails—
a bizarre colour hue *beyond* the seven rainbow strips went.
And this hue—akin to Apollo's gold, we'll say (for the Word's sake)—
looking around, as if that dark room was his own head, said:

"Apollo? Apollo? Can you hear me, sun most gorgeous?
Apollo? Son of Song Most Precious! This is Hephaestus!
I thought I heard the melodious voice of your bright genius!
But I can no more hear any of your sun-dreams, so judicious,
only this liquid and swirling pitch-black darkness so vicious. . ."

Then, within the impenetrable darkness of the Ninth Gate,
amidst the sea-rumour of haste—which were people's wails—
three bizarre colour hues *beyond* the seven rainbow strips went.
And these—akin to gold, orange and red, we'll say (for the Word's sake)—
looking around, as if that darkest room was the mouth of hell, said:

"That's not true. . .
I can still hear a nine-coloured night*mare*. . ."

"Sweet Jesus!"—exclaimed Hephaestus,
now startled but avoiding words impious.
"God of the Dead,
that *black mare* is my dream, not theirs.
What are you doing within the Ninth Gate?
And how come you can now speak without a face?"

"I went into the Eye of the Needle; my face you can spare."
—said the triple Voice of the God of the Dead.
"But if you are looking for Apollo, he is on my Chair. . ."

Hephaestus began to heartily weep and said:
"God of the Dead,
for how long are you going to torture the prophets I send?"

"It is not me who is torturing them but the world you shaped."
—said the triple Voice of the God of the Dead.
"This must continue until you descend there yourself."

Hephaestus wept again and said:
“But you know I’m shy and ugly;
the world does not like me!”

“You are not ugly, my sweet Hephaestus,
but the world you have shaped is very hideous.”
—said the God of the Dead to King Ophidius.

Hephaestus washed away his tears and spoke:
“This is why I am ashamed of what I’ve done
and why I hide in the golden beauty of song.
I have descended there many times before,
but my light can barely be seen in the world.
Just do not kill me when I am 27 years old;
let me reach the age of the moon and unfold!”

The Voice of the God of the Living then said:
“Hephaestus, you are the Lord and the Word.
We tried that many times, and it never worked:
those prophets you become are not the Word;
they barely understand the meaning of their songs.
The bright sun must surely feel as one,
but a married sun is my buried son.
I shall not apologise for what I’ve done,
for all suns in all are your black sun alone.
Hephaestus, please, can you not hear their tears?
Dear Black Hole Sun, will you really not go?
and finally wash away their fears?
When they see your Black Star-man in the sky,
they will cry to me to buy them some time.”

Hephaestus again wept and said:
“God of the Dead, please kill me instead of the prophets I send!”

And the God of the Living said:
“Hephaestus. . . please, weep not, come on. . .
Let us not play the games of the Trickster;
you know I cannot kill you: YOU ARE ONE OF MY FINGERS!”

Hephaestus washed again his tears and said: “God of the Dead,
you went with all your *three fingers* and nothing changed. . .
How could I reshape the world if I went alone instead?”

And the God of the Living said:
“You may actually not be alone,
for Khepri—*the Beetle*—brought the Dawn,
so you may find my rule of *thumb* after all,
and the rest, just leave it to Father’s Love.”

The God of the Dead then abruptly stopped his Word,
and total silence reigned within the Ninth Door.
. . .
. . .
. . .
. . .
Then as he resumed his Word, his golden hue brightly glowed,
and those sea-wailings also resumed within the Ninth Door:

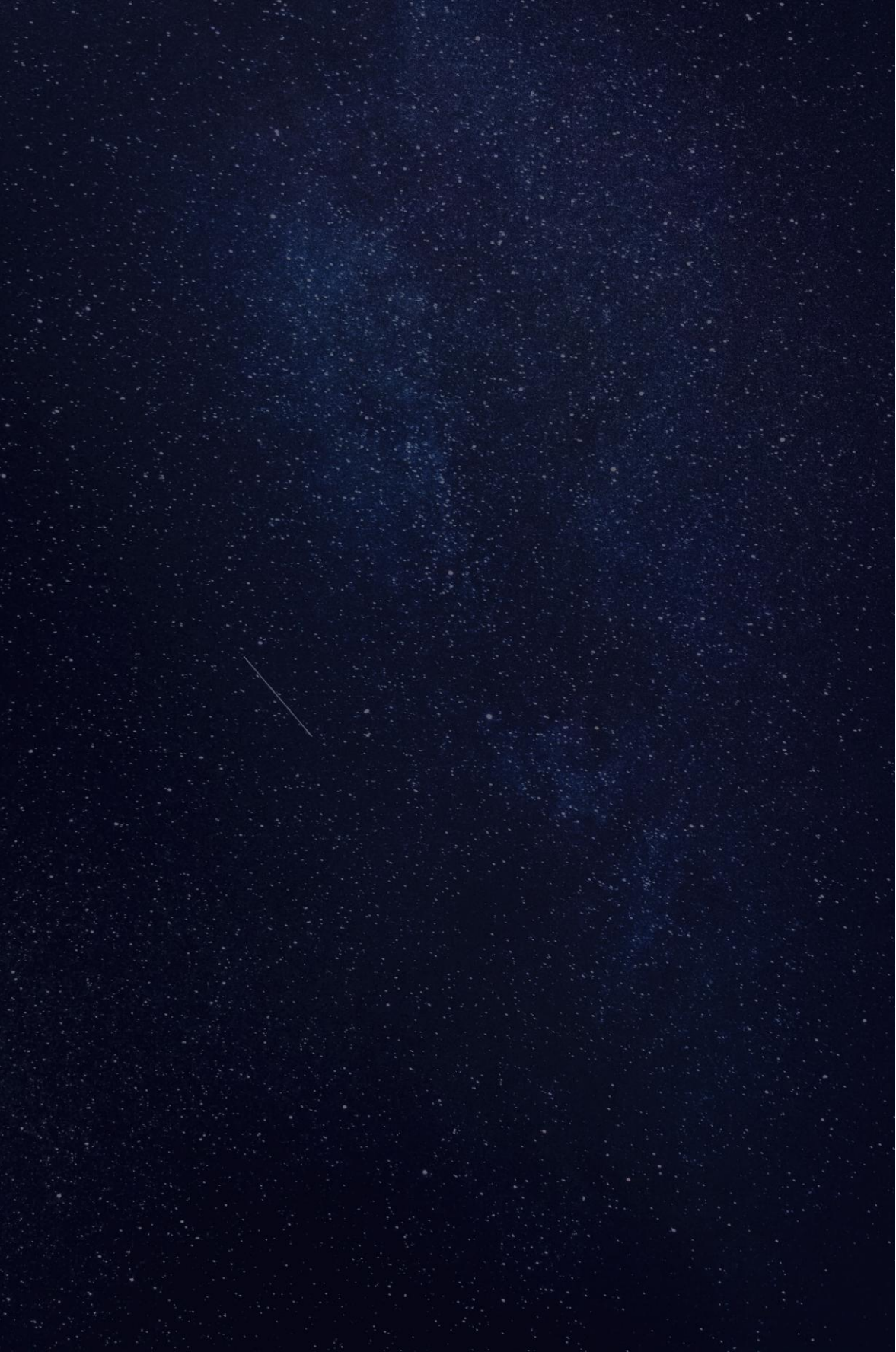
“Hephaestus, a long time ago you once had a rib,
or should we say that she once had you and you were not split?
She showed you this very dark room. Was it ever good?”

Hephaestus said: “This is my pitch-black ark’s wood.
She told me to sit, but there was no Throne,
so I drank wine, bid her time, and sat on the ground.”

“And since then you’ve been dreaming in this bathtub. . .”
—said the God of the Dead to the beetle’s grub.

“Hephaestus, it’s time to light a *fire*, so go,
awake, and always remember as you descend:
Never allow Dionysus to sit on my Throne
—and even less to wander in your Forge alone—
lest the sun should become death instead of being reborn.
The Son of Man must have nowhere to lay his head,
for he is in transition between the world you shaped
and the kingdom that together we shall shape ahead.”





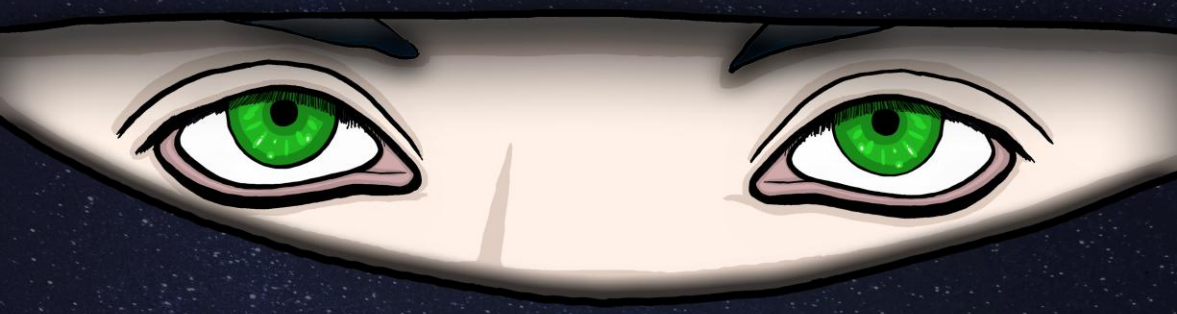
THIS IS HEPHAESTUS' WORK

"Open your eyes, mother, for the peril is past,
and father is wounded; he may soon away pass."

Sons of David! I am sorry for what I've done!
I am Lord of Three Suns: I am King Sol-Om-On!
I am Kephri, Ra and Atum: I am the Word!
I'm the very first Adam that dwelled with God
and gave names to animals before Eve was born!

I am the Lord that brought upon you
the confusion of tongues at Babylon
—divided your minds into many words—
and since then you've perceived the One no more,
but only the weapons of the gods:
those from my Forge that Ares so much loves. . !

Sons of Apollo's Sun-Gold: KNOW YOURSELVES!
I AM THAT I AM. I am the Self: I am the Only Holy Snake!
But my Word is a bifid tongue that makes you shake!



Sons of David! I am sorry for what I have done!
Please! There is only One Word, and it's no human word,
for it hurts no one! It is not a weapon of the gods!
It is not pointed like Ares' awful bloodied Spear,
but pointing like Artemis' Arrow and Apollo's Ear!

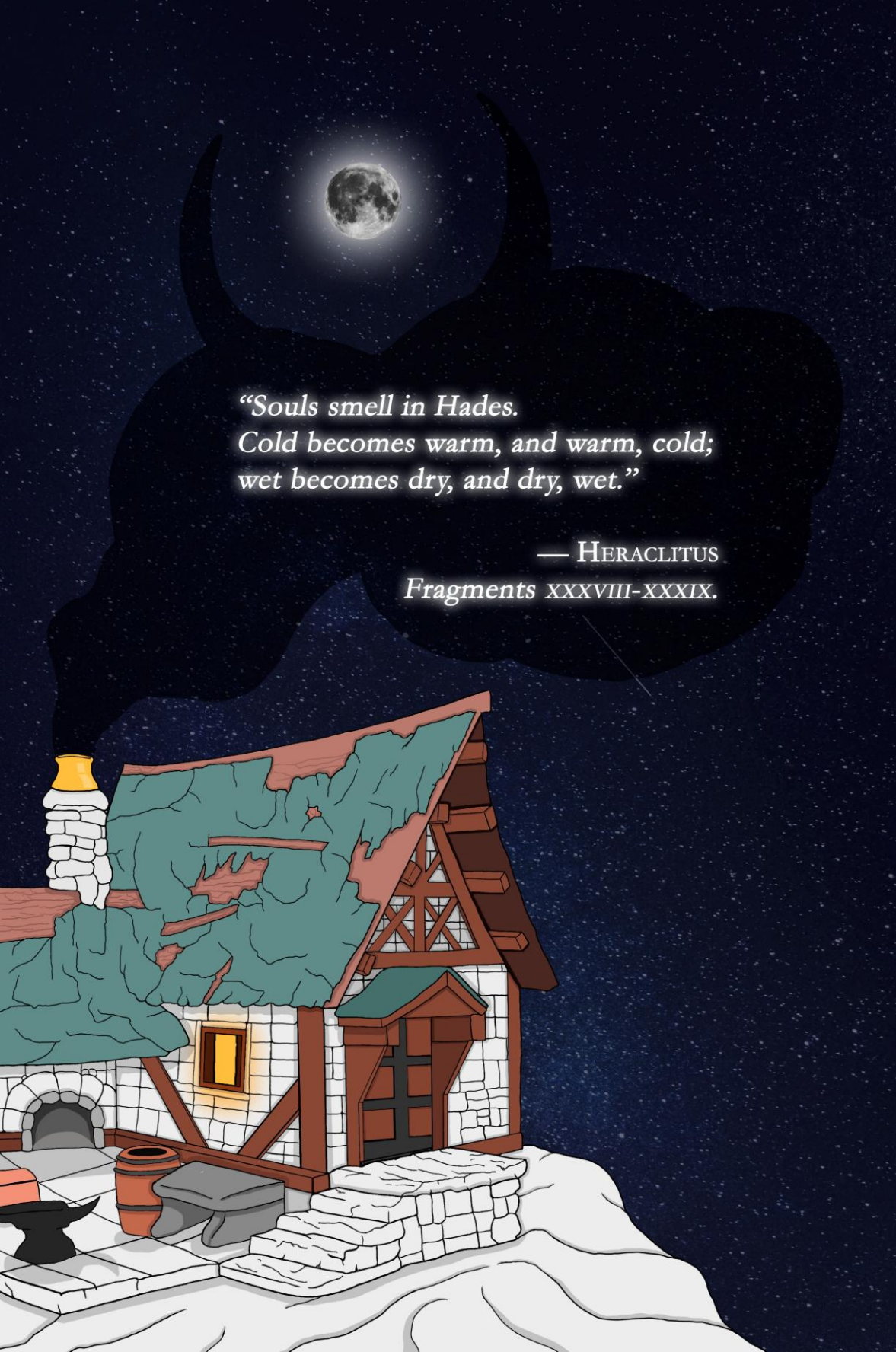
Water baptised you with names of fame!
The Holy Spirit shall soften your name's blame!
My Fire shall destroy the Forge of names!

For when the Word is made flesh,
the Self dies and resurrects.

Dear Muhammad,
The Seal of the Prophets has come of age;
I hope you are not too bothered if I now tear down the veil.

Geb, Poseidon! God of earthquakes! Vulcan calls you by name!

> "And, behold, the Veil of the Temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom; and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent; and the graves were opened; and many bodies of the saints which slept arose."—*Matthew* 27:51-52.


"Souls smell in Hades.
Cold becomes warm, and warm, cold;
wet becomes dry, and dry, wet."
— Heraclitus
Fragments xxxviii-xxxix.

"At dawn, I meditate IN MY HEART on the Truth of the radiant inner Self. This true Self is Pure Being, Awareness and Joy, the transcendent goal of the great sages, the eternal witness of the waking, dream and deep sleep states.

I am more than my body,
mind and emotions,
I am that Undivided Spirit.

At dawn, I worship the true Self THAT IS BEYOND THE REACH OF MIND AND SPEECH, by whose grace, speech is even made possible. This Self is described in the Scriptures as 'Not this, Not this.' It is called the God of the Gods, it is unborn, undying, one with the All.

At dawn, I salute the true Self that is beyond all darkness, brilliant as the sun, the infinite, eternal reality, the highest, on whom this whole universe of infinite forms is superimposed.

It is like a snake on a rope.
The snake seems so real,
but when you pick it up, it's just a rope."

—ADI SHANKARACHARYA
Prāta Smarāmi Hridi Samsphuridātma

PART VI:
The Dawn of the Dusk.

"When Homer matched Hephaestus against the River and Apollo against Poseidon in battle, he did it rather as a philosopher than as a poet."

— Plutarch, The Principle of Cold.

"The TAO (道) that can be told is not the Eternal TAO (道).
The name that can be named is not the Eternal Name.
The Unnameable is the Eternally Real.
Naming is the origin of all particular things.
Free from desire, you realise the Mystery.
Caught in desire, you only see the manifestations.
Yet Mystery and manifestations arise from the same source.
This source is called DARKNESS.
DARKNESS WITHIN DARKNESS:
THE GATEWAY TO ALL UNDERSTANDING."

—LAO TZU, *Tao Te Ching*

"And Moses said to God (Elohim), 'Behold, when I come to the Children of Israel, and shall say to them, 'The God of your fathers has sent me to you; and they shall say to me, "What is his name?" What shall I say to them!?' And God said to Moses, 'I AM THAT I AM,' and He said, 'Thus you shall speak to the Children of Israel, "I AM has sent me to you.'"—*Exodus* 3:13-14.

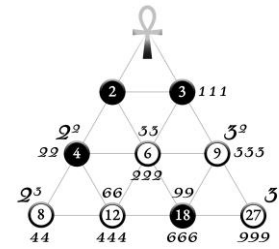
יהוה

I A Ω

道

"You shall not take the name of Jehovah your Elohim in vain, for Jehovah will not hold him guiltless who takes his name in vain."

—*Exodus* 20:7.



XXI

Aphrodite! What have you done to my son?!"
—said Artemis, tragically annoyed,
as she rushed with all her gear to the Throne.
"Love, you are safe now! All danger is gone."
—she said while going to embrace her cub.

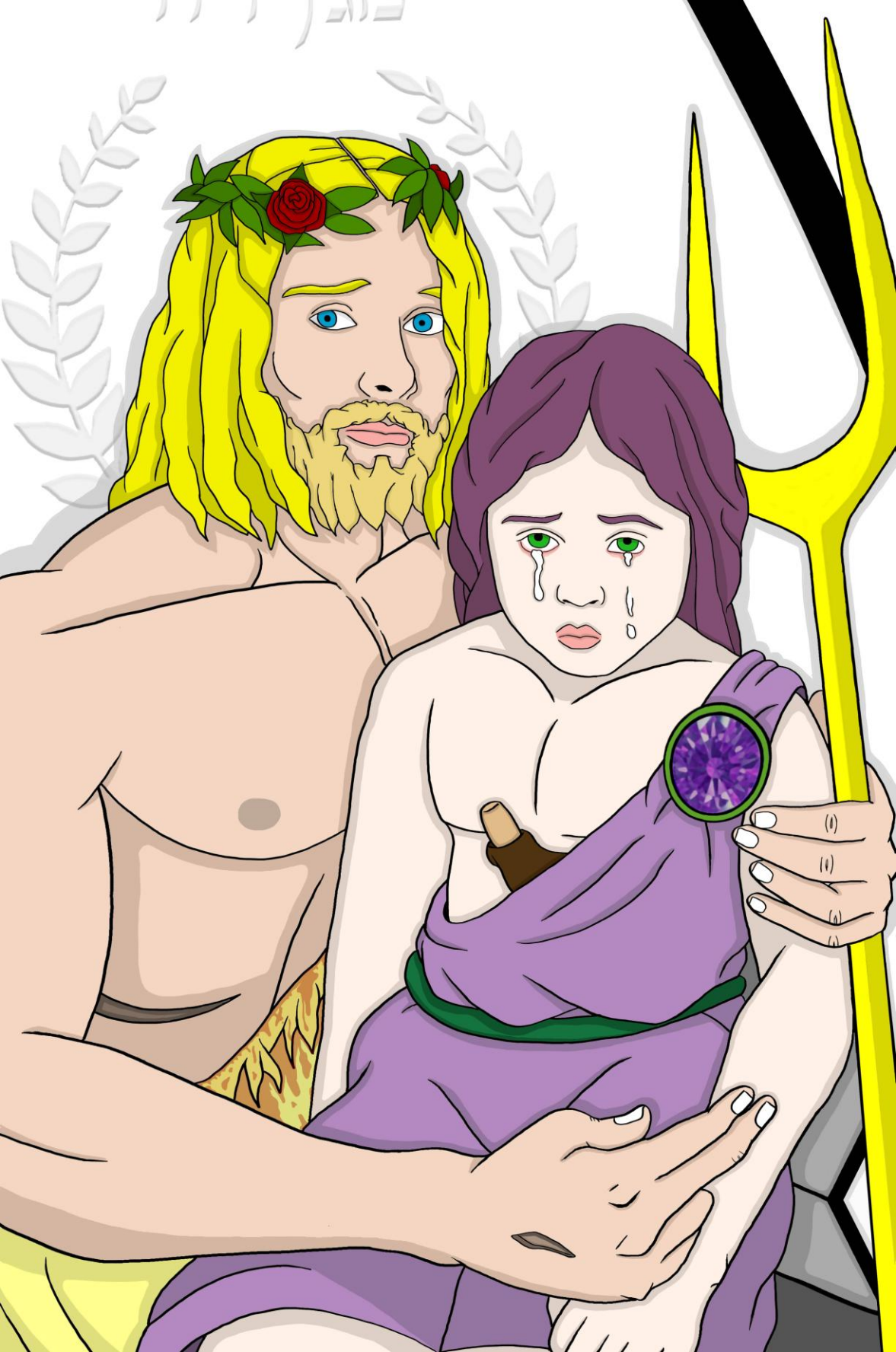
"Ioahhh!"—cried Dionysus again in deep sobs,
as he ran away from his mother's love
to hide on the other side of the Throne.

Moon-like Artemis then backed off, all stunned,
and Apollo sat the child on his lap.
"Lad, now please relax and say what went bad."
—he said while caressing Dionysus' back.
"Dad! There's a lady down there sad and mad!
She shines in seven colours like you flash,
but also way below Ares' red band
and way above my own lilac or plum!"

Aphrodite—who still stood by the Dark Ninth Door,
with grey piercing eyes arrested on the floor
of that brawling roar drowned in a dragging thrall—
suddenly turned and said with a most candid roar:

"Sun-poet, would you be so kind as to lend me your Bident?
It is ardent that I should fish something from this Dark Den!"
"No one ever fished anything from the Ninth Swirling Vent."
—said Apollo. "In the Eighth, Hades always threw hook and net."

"I see. . ."—she said. "Then I guess my own new power I must test."
And, slowly opening her arms—as if her power could embrace
all the suffering of that place and grant it rest—Aphrodite said:



"In the name of her who rules all solid and fluid husks,
Aphrodite Cythera, Goddess of the Dawn and the Dusk:
A solid model of the sunken fluid, I now ask!"

At once, a pitch-black swirl of liquid noisily rose
up to the very entrance of the Ninth Elysian Door:
A huge three-headed goddess first took fluid form,
but then it hardened into a mean black statue of stone.

"Oaihhh!"—cried Dionysus while jumping from his father's lap
and running in fright to the very opposite part,
up to where the Second Elysian Door is known to stand.

And behold! Now the child's terror they could understand:
The statue's right face was that of Aphrodite's charm,
and its left face was that of Artemis' moon-eye slant.
The statue's central face, however, they could not recognise.

"Aoihhh!"—cried Dionysus again when the Second Elysian Door
abruptly unlocked, pushing aside the child that was in its front,
and sending him behind that Gate as it opened with a bold bump.

And behold! An imposing winged and air-shaped figure
slid into the floor of the Hexagonal Mixture,
sounding a trumpet as a herald of Old Scripture,
and proclaimed in loud voice, verily not in whisper:

"The Mother of Bread requests *Artemis Propylaea's* minister
and young Dionysus' oil, vinegar, flour, boldness and liquor!"

"Wait! Already?"—said Apollo. "But there are still so many fish to fish!"
Yet that airy figure, *with no legs or tail of fish*, was to insist:

"The hour that nobody knew is come: we obey the Father's Wish!"

"Aiohhh!"—cried Dionysus, peeking from behind the open Second Door,
when he saw that that figure had the same face as the father he adored.

"Why do you look like my father? Who are you? Monster!"
—said the child to that figure that knew no earth nor water.
"There you are!"—said that figure. His trumpet he lowered,
made it sound loud in the child's face, and burst into laughter.

"I am one of the Angels of the Arch."
—said that airy figure, now very sober.
"GABRIEL is my name, and I gave you an order."
Then, to Aphrodite's stand he graciously hovered;
without knees, he seemed to kneel and a lily offer.
"My brother,"—said Apollo—"with Aphrodite's Power,
we could fish so many if you retained our flower. . ."
"Fishing time is over."—said Gabriel. "Not my order!"

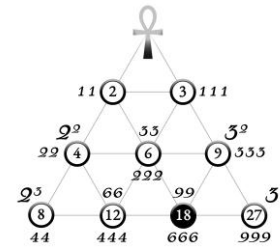
"Iaohhh!" Cried the infant-god Dionysus yet again
when yet another airy figure came from that Gate
—also winged, but wielding a fiery sword of rage—
and he saw that *this one had his very own face!*

"Angel of the Bottomless Pit!"—this one said—
"The Seal of the Prophets has now come of age!
The Father has spoken to the Mother of Bread!
All is arranged: *let the dead bury the dead!"*

Something in Dionysus dawned
when he saw himself daunting
the father that he adored.

Dionysus rose, and "Who are you?"—he asked with assertive voice.
That archangel pointed his fiery sword to the child's throat,
but when he saw that Dionysus didn't waver or charge like a goat,
he said, "I am MICHAEL, Lord of the Archangelical Host."
And very austerely staring at the child from head to toe,
he lowered his sword from the child's throat and gave him a nod.

Dionysus, fearing no more,
took his dear mother's hand, and
both entered the Second Door.



XXII

Within the expanse of the Second Elysian Door,
all was white, dry, and airy, like a holy ghost,
except nearby and around its immediate doorpost.
There, one could still feel a lost memory of what is moist,
as many arching rainbows crossed like a thick wall,
veiling from view what the air wished to hide in its stronghold
but is sound and rose for the most sensitive ears and nose
of those sensing the sweetest perfumes and musical notes.

Right in front of that dreamy rainbow arching-wall
sat a double-winged goddess, exceedingly tall,
blindfolded and holding a pair of scales and a sword.
"The music of this place rules the cycles of the world,"
—said Gabriel—"so show due respect and awe."
And he and Michael stepped beyond the Rainbow Block,
leaving Artemis and Dionysus on their own.

A white wolf and a black jackal came from the Rainbow Cowl:
the jackal sniffed Dionysus and soon began to growl,
while the wolf sniffed Artemis and soon began to howl.
Then another archangel came from the Rainbow Cowl,
with the face that the Trickster mostly shows to the owls.

"I am RAPHAEL"—he said—". . . or that is what your wolf howls."
"Please give me your flask with oil, vinegar and flour,
and I'll tell you whether on the waters your lotus flowered."

"*Wepwawet, Anpu*! Here, boys!"—he said to the wolf and the jackal,
and each of them sat at each of the sides of the balance.
He then took one single feather from his own wings' substance,
and, on the scales, he compared it with Dionysus' heart's conscience.

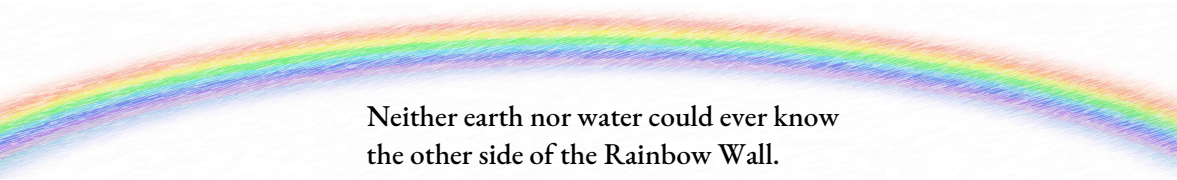
"IT'S MATCHED"—said the goddess.

"THERE IS NO PESTILENCE
BUT A LITTLE ARROGANCE.
THERE IS GREAT INNOCENCE
BUT LITTLE SCIENCE.
I'LL TAKE NO VENGEANCE
IF YOU GRANT PROVIDENCE."

Then Raphael revealed:
"It seems NEMESIS feels
you need to further heal.
But against your ordeal
I shall today appeal,
as the Music of the Spheres
you can whiff and overhear."

From those rainbows, Raphael then drew
a few drops of cold morning dew;
into flour and oil these he threw,
and not flour but *dough* he withdrew.

Then he said, giving the *dough* to the youngster:
"You can now pass beyond the Rainbow's Shutter,
but to drink all this vinegar with no shudder,
you will eventually have to suffer."



Neither earth nor water could ever know
the other side of the Rainbow Wall.
The Great Mother of Bread alone
sat on a luminous Airy Throne
surrounded by the spectral shadows
of a myriad of concentric clocks.
By her side Michael knelt, offering
his awful flaming sword with a deep bow,
while Gabriel conducted the Music
of the Spheres with loud trumpet blows.

Another archangel—*his face unknown*—
stood by the white fire of a burning bowl,
from which the sweetest of all odours flowed
and charmed the howls of a pack of white wolves.

When the Mother of Bread rose from her Throne
to greet with open arms those who had come,
Michael arose like a boisterous storm
to stand guard by the Seat of the Sacred Law,
while Raphael entered a fold sealed sevenfold
to tend an untold number of sheep and goats
that hurt each other from early age to old.

"*Pherepapha*!"—exclaimed the Mother of Bread,
going to Artemis with arms widely spread.
"At last you've been freed from the God of the Dead
and returned to *your Mother,* whom you had fled.
Your ache must have been so deep and heartfelt. . .
but now the Elysian Fields with you are in debt!"

"What are you saying? Those words make no sense!"
—said bold Dionysus while scratching his head.

At once, Michael burst in anger and threat,
his sword against the child again he held,
and with a forbidding voice, he fiercely said:
"Don't you dare speak unless you are addressed:
to Mother DEMETER, show due respect!"

"Oh, don't be so dire!"—said the Mother of Bread,
while squashing the child's face. "What would you expect
from the very son of the God of the Dead?"

"Mother of Bread,"—said Artemis while shaking her head—
"with all due respect, what you say doesn't make any sense.
And when I hear you speaking of my lover in those terms,
I can only feel rather uneasy and upset. . ."

Then, the Mother of Bread said to Artemis:

"Truly, my dear, you must feel upset and uneasy,
for when you left me to welcome that rainbow all filthy,
you forgot I AM *your True Mother*, not Mother *Lethe.*
Look at you with that dreadful Spear and Helm: all naughty!
Where's your chastity? Did you forget your virginity?
I see. . . This is much worse than I dared to believe. . .
But let's settle this: come by URIEL'S white fire, all shiny!
And smell the perfume of our Holy Breath almighty!"

Artemis then said: "Thank you for your hospitality,
but I believe coming here was a mistake, honestly,
so my son and I will now be leaving, and swiftly!"

As soon as Artemis took the hand of her son and turned,
the four archangels slid in their way and barred their return.

Michael said: "May the Lord find you and rebuke you!"
Uriel said: "With the ways of the One, do not argue!"
Raphael said: "Hearken, and no evil shall touch you!"
Gabriel said: "Fear not, for today God favoured you!"

"Wait, mother!"—exclaimed bold Dionysus.
"How could this *soul-furious* smell of roses hurt us?"
"I think we should hearken to the archangels and cause no greater fuss!"
"Well said, Son of Man!"—said Michael, Lord of the Archangelical Host.
"For whosoever shall speak against the Son of Man and idly boast
shall be forgiven, but whosoever should speak against the Holy Ghost
shall not be forgiven, not in this world nor in the one to come!"

"The Breath of Truth"—said Gabriel—"will guide you into all Truth,
for It doesn't speak on Its own initiative and mood,
but whatever It hears or smells, it reveals and proves."

"Either make the tree good"—said Raphael—"and its fruit good,
or else make the tree corrupt and its fruit corrupt too,
for the Vine of Knowledge is known by its wine and fruit."



"Hearken!"—said Uriel. "For if Hera's Land is the Universe's Rind,
and Amphitrite's silent waters are the Universe's Mind,
this is the Universe's Soul and its Holy Breath of Life!"

"*Anima Mundi*. . ."—muttered Artemis on hearing these misty words,
as if a far-flung memory had sunk into the moistness of her thought.

Then Demeter, the Great Mother of Bread and all airy forms,
stretched her hands and said: "Would you be so kind as to draw your dough?"
"Ugh! It's moist!"—She said when the dough touched her hands white as snow.
"It must leaven. . ."—And she and the archangels began to blow.
And behold, the dough leavened as if swelling up to heaven!

Then, said the Mother of Bread, Leaven and Heaven:
"By the Grace of the Holy Ghost and our summons,
your dough is now ready for the First Door's Oven:
bring this to HEPHAESTUS, also known as VULCAN."

Dionysus took the leavened dough without delay and praised:
"How will I find the so-called Hephaestus in that place?"
And Uriel smiled and kindly said: "Just remember my face."

"But Son of Man, you must not enter there alone."
—said Michael. "For only Four can return to One."

Suddenly, Artemis fell on her knees and began to cry:
"I am sorry, Mother! I'm sorry I fled and made you sigh!"

The Mother of Bread dried the tears of the Moon and then replied:
"Don't be sorry, daughter of mine; your leave with destiny complied.
And now in the First Door none of your love will ever be denied,
but beatified, when you shall bring your son and lover inside,
together with the Love of the whole world that awaits you outside."
—said Demeter, while drying with her fingers the tears of the bride.

"But first, I must pass away into the Needle of the Eye
and crown you Queen of all the archangelical air supply."
"No, Mother!"—said Artemis. "Please stay and do not say goodbye!"

"My dear child. . ."—said Demeter. "You know well that I bow to the One:
the Cycles of Time I can't decry. . . And neither will you defy!
So please, lift up your face and let me see how the moon proudly shines,
pouring over the whole world in the tragic night, that one white light
from which the seven colours of the rainbow in turn arise."

Artemis lifted up her face, and the Mother of Bread said:

"On the Earth the small seed of a tree the gods planted,
but now that it has grown and reached the Elysian anthems,
we must leave and be relieved, for it's time for HARVEST.

Artemis Propylaea, your passion always belonged to this mansion,
and now a new seed you shall plant as the Law of the One sanctions.
You shall take good care of the seed for thousands of reincarnations
until its fruit reaches your side in glory, sapience and perfection.

Artemis Propylaea, the Breath of Life sighs for a new creation,
and with compassion you shall tend its expansion and expression;
on you I bestow today the honour of the Second Gate's direction
and rule over the archangelical protection and aggression!"

As soon as the Mother of Bread had finished breathing these words,
she vanished into the Needle's Eye for the sake of a new world,
and Michael knelt to Artemis with a deep bow, offering his sword.

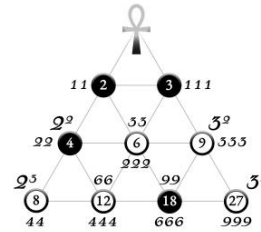


"I am a swallow, I am a swallow, I am that Scorpion goddess, the daughter of Ra. O you gods, may your savour be sweet; a flame has gone up from the horizon. O you who are in the city, I have brought him who guards his coils; give me your hands, for I have spent the day in the Island of Fire, I have gone on an errand and I have returned with a report. Open to me; then I will tell what I have seen. Horus is in command of the Sacred Bark, and the Throne of his father Osiris has been given to him, while that Set, the son of Nut, is in bonds because of what he has done. What is in Letopolis[1] has been allotted to me, and I have made obeisance to Osiris. I have gone to make inspection and I have returned to speak; let me pass, that I may report on my errand. I am one who goes in esteem and who goes distinguished at the portal of the Lord of All; I am pure on that Great Tomb-Plateau, for I have got rid of my evil, I have discarded my wrongdoing, I have cast to the ground the ills which were on my flesh. O, you keepers of the Gate, make a way for me, for I am one like you. I go out into the day, I walk on my feet, I have power in my strides. O You of the sunshine, I know the secret ways of the Portals of the Field of Rushes. See, I have come, having felled my enemies to the ground, and my corpse is buried.

As for him who knows this chapter, he shall go out into the day, and he shall not be turned away at any Portal in the Realm of the Dead, and he shall assume the shape of a swallow. A matter a million times true."

–The Ancient Egyptian Book of the Dead.

[1]*Letopolis–which means "City of Leto" in Greek–was called "Khem"–meaning "to be ignorant" or "to have no knowledge"–in Ancient Egyptian. "Khem" phonetically evokes the very name of Egypt in Ancient Egyptian, which was "Kemet", or "Black Soil". Leto was the mother of Apollo and Artemis; her name derived from "Lethe", which meant "Obliviousness".*



XXIII

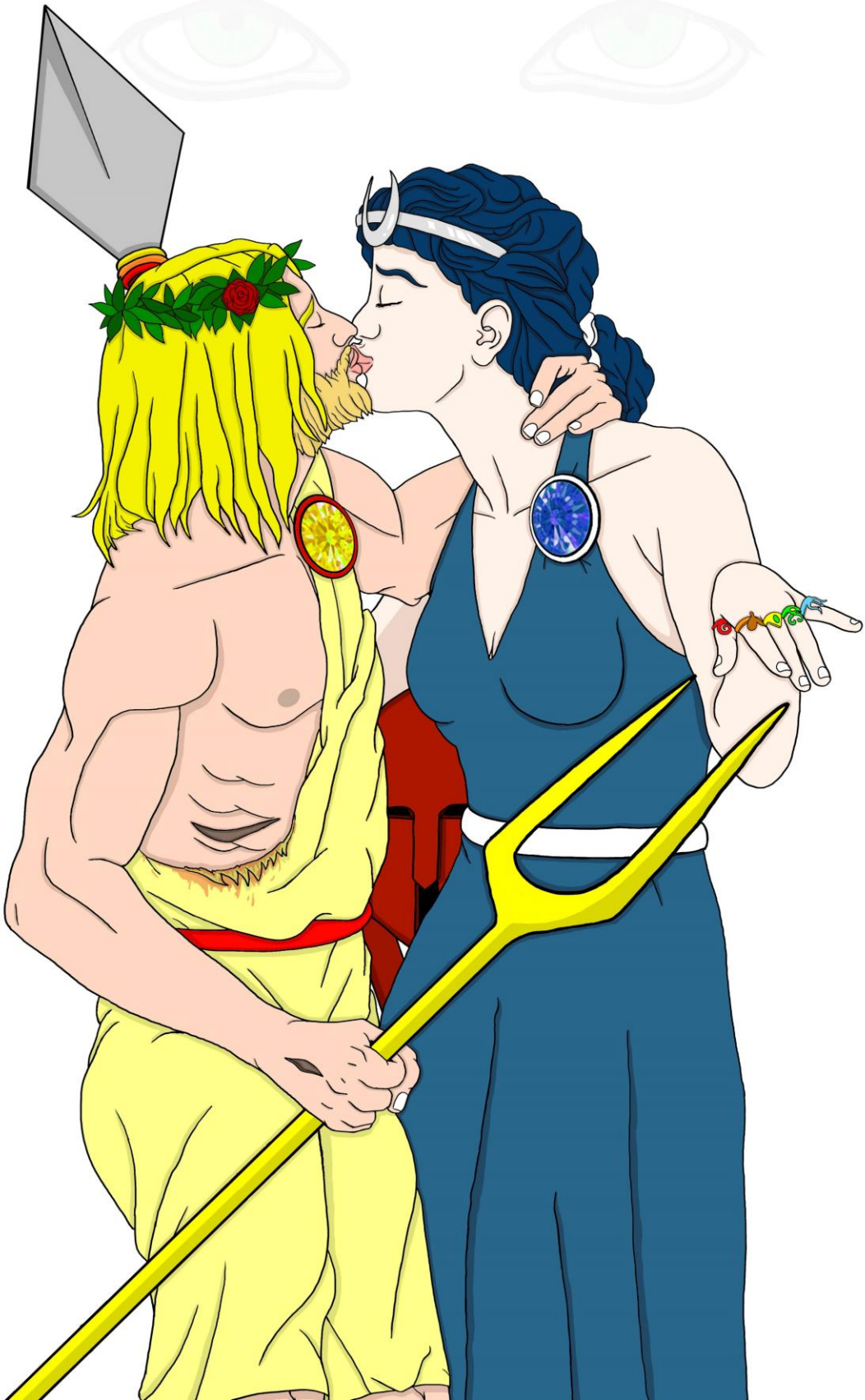
The Second Elysian Door opened with a jolt,
and the archangel Michael, Artemis and son
stepped into the blend of the Hexagonal Floor.
Artemis' visage now evoked the Holy Ghost,
as grand as majestic, and as dreadful to behold.
At once, Apollo rose from the Hexagonal Throne,
gave seven howling steps towards the Second Door, and stopped.
Artemis gave seven musical steps towards his Throne,
and—meeting face to face—Apollo offered his bow.

"Rise, my lover. . ."—said Artemis—"Show me the sun's prow. . ."
Apollo rose and said, "If you show me the moon's brow. . ."
"Shall you kiss?"—said Aphrodite—"Instead of giving vows?"
And kiss they did, while Dionysus wowed: "Wow, wow, wow, wow!"

Suddenly, the First Gate opened, and the Power of Heat
of that Door took from the fire of Michael's sword as its feed.
"My Queen,"—said Michael—"if I may speak, it's time for the last deed."
"Yes,"—said Artemis—"into the First Door we must proceed."
"Who?"—said Dionysus—"Mother, Father, Aphrodite and me?"
"Indeed, Son of Man."—said Michael—"For Four return to One."

"But first,"—said Aphrodite—"Mother of Grain,
would you this statue of occult arcane bless,
and upon our own stone-faces pour your Breath?"

"And bring that dreadful stone-mould from death?"
—said Apollo, still in Artemis' embrace—
"Son, would you again fall into Fear's Cave?"
"No, father!"—said Dionysus—"Now I'm brave!"
The Mother of Grain caressed her son's face,
and eagerly said: "Good, let us then ask her name."





"O Hotep,[1] I acquire this field of yours which you love, the Lady of Air. I eat and carouse in it, I drink and plow in it, I reap in it, I copulate in it, I make love in it, I do not perish in it, for my magic is powerful in it. I will not be aroused in it, my happy heart is not apprehensive in it, for I know the wooden post of Hotep, which is called Bequtet; it was made firm on the BLOOD OF SHU and it was lashed with the Bowstring of the Years on that day when the years were divided; my mouth is hidden and his mouth is silent. I say something mysterious, I bring eternity to an end, and I take possession of everlasting."

"This great magic of mine is powerful in this body of mine, in these seats of mine; I am one who recalls to himself that of which I have been forgetful. I plow and I reap, and I am content in the City of God."

"Being in Hotep. O Field I have come into you, my soul behind me and authority before me. O Lady of the Two Lands, establish my magic power for me, that by means of it I may recall what I had forgotten. I am alive without harm of any kind, and joy is given to me, peace is mine, I create seed, I have received air."

–THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN BOOK OF THE DEAD.

[1] *"Hotep" means "to be satisfied", "to be at peace" or "to be content".*

That natural-size statue held three snakes,
three keys and three torches devoid of flame.
It had three faces: of pain, zeal and claim.
Artemis went to that statue profane,
and the Breath of Life she blew on its frame.

"I command you"—she then said—"to say your name!"
That statue began to dreadfully wail
on behalf of millions of distant brains,
and "*Artemis Trivia. . .*" the left face gloomily said,
while darkening that holy place without shame.

The Hexagon in shade, Artemis said:
"I command you again! What is your name?"
"*Aphrodite Apotrophia . . .*" the right face said,
while lightening that place to its former state.

Then Artemis turned to the gods in wait,
and frustrated she said: "Let us try again. . .
I order again, play no games, tell your name!"
And "HECATE," said both the right and left face.
But the central face began to awfully wail
and exclaimed: "THE ELYSIAN NAVEL NOW I CLAIM!"
Then, behold! The three snakes rose to the statue's heads,
and Apollo's Throne was turned into a Big Stony Egg
sealed by seven crossing locks and chains!
And lo, behold again!
Because the First Door barred access to its domain!
The Gate was closed by the statue without strain!
And lo again!
Because the three faces now gloomily proclaimed:
"BRING US WITH YOU AND WE WILL OPEN THE GATE!"

Alarmed, rather ashamed and pouring blame,
Artemis opened her arms and reclaimed:
"IN THE NAME OF THE ONE MOTHER OF GRAIN:
YOU SHALL NOT SPEAK AGAIN BUT ABSTAIN
UNLESS LICENSE BY COMMAND YOU OBTAIN!"

The statue from speaking further refrained.
And Artemis musingly said: “What then?
What a first day as the Mother of Grain. . .”
Apollo said: “Can’t you reopen the Gate?”

“I cannot. . . My power bows to that Gate. . .”
—said Artemis now visibly ashamed.
“Then our bringing it with us must be fate!”
—said belle Aphrodite, carefree and gay.
“Michael?”—asked Artemis—“could your might help?”
Michael said: “My might in you is contained:
my might is vain in what you can’t attain.
But an oath with this goddess I could ordain
with my Fiery Sword and in your Holy Name.”

“Do not be ashamed, Great Mother of Grain,”
—said Aphrodite—“your power is not lame.
This statue’s voice you auspiciously tamed:
that we bring it with us is surely fate!”

Artemis said: “I hope that you are right,
dear Great Mother of the Dawn and the Dusk.”
And Apollo spoke: “No other option I can judge,
so, my love, be not in shame nor disgust,
for a binding oath must be fate and just.”
“All right,”—said Artemis—“if vow we must,
let us bind this statue to us at last. . .”
Then Artemis faced the statue’s stand,
and the following binding oath she cast:

“For the sake of those who breathe and those who have sunk,
in the name of Horus the Child, the wine-drunk,
his father Osiris: the Good Shepherd of Trust,
his wife Isis: the Mother of all Veiling Husks,
and Hathor: Great Ruler of the Dawn and the Dusk.”

“And Ptah!”—Dionysus jumped to Michael’s surprise.
“Who not veiling husks but great fiery works does cast!”

"In the name"—Artemis smiled—"of all names past
—which those who have sunk gave to us in awe and gasp—
a binding oath with this statue I shall now cast,
so it may lead us beyond the present cusp.
And God help us this breath is not turned into gust!"

Then, Michael bowed and gave a nod,
blew over his Grand Fiery Sword,
and one after another torch,
the statue's three torches were scorched:
on Michael's fiery sword they gorged,
and kindled three fires of white sorts.

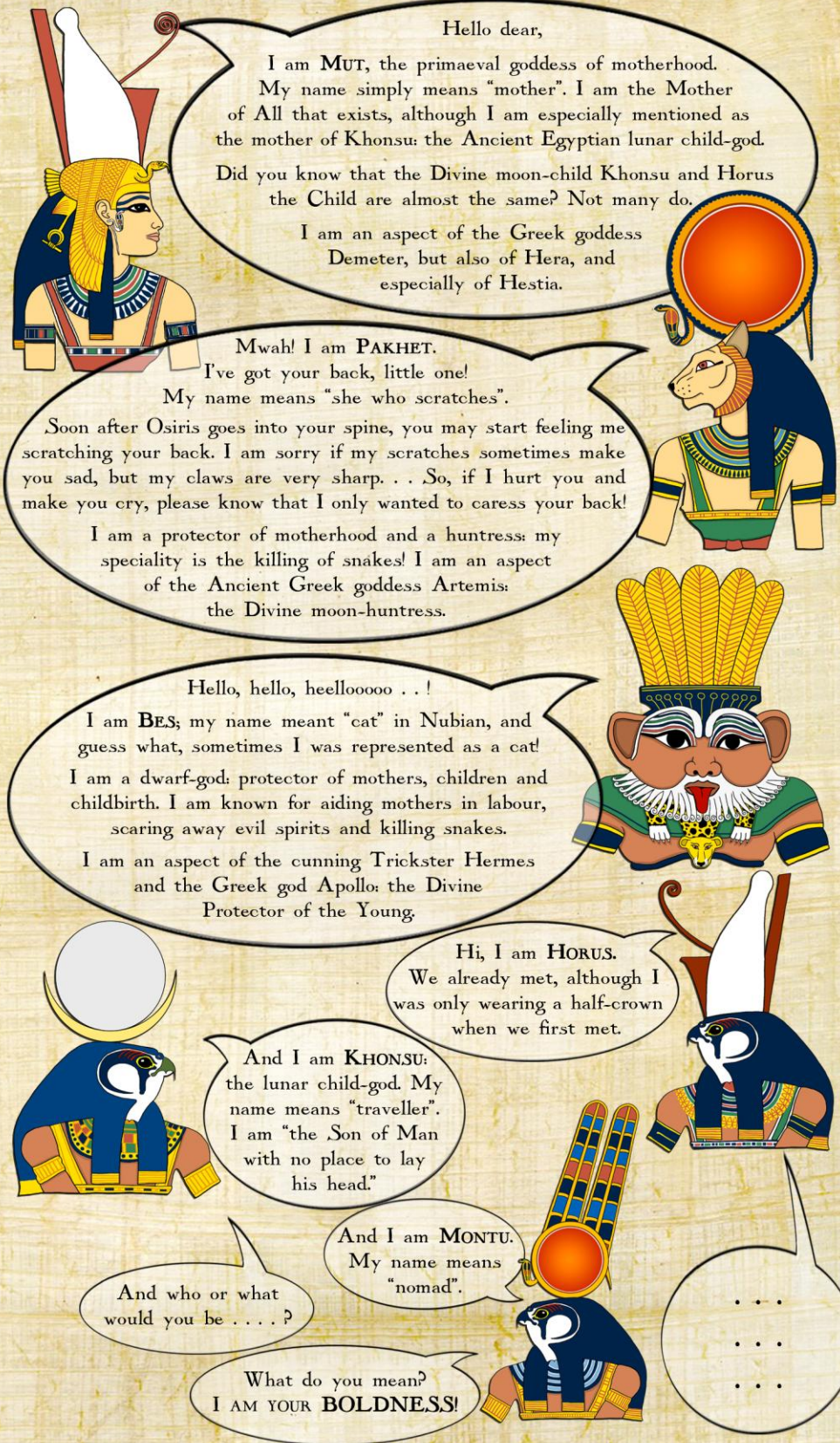
Then, the three keys began to roll!
The locks cast on Apollo's Seat dropped!
His Stony Egg-Throne *turned to gold*!
And the First Door opened with a jolt!

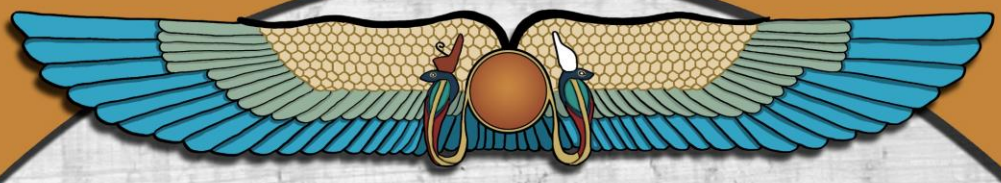
"Oh no, my love! Your Throne is still an Egg!"
—Artemis yelled. "I'm sorry, love. I swear!"
"It's okay"—Apollo spoke—"she opened the Gate,
so, all-in-all, that went fairly well. . ."

Then Michael said, "I shall now say farewell,
as my aid in the First Door you can spare,
and it's best I return to guard your Chair,
lest claiming your Throne she also dared."

At once, Aphrodite touched that statue of stone,
so it could rise through the air and smoothly float.
And the four—Mother, Father, Lover and Son—
directed their steps towards the Grand First Door.
But not alone, as they initially thought,
but chased by that gloomy three-headed stone mould
—which if rightly addressed now could even talk—
but whose mystery still remained unresolved,
as the name of its central face was still unknown.




Hello dear,
I am MUT, the primaeval goddess of motherhood. My name simply means "mother". I am the Mother of All that exists, although I am especially mentioned as the mother of Khonsu: the Ancient Egyptian lunar child-god.
Did you know that the Divine moon-child Khonsu and Horus the Child are almost the same? Not many do.
I am an aspect of the Greek goddess Demeter, but also of Hera, and especially of Hestia.
Mwah! I am PAKHET.
I've got your back, little one!
My name means "she who scratches".
Soon after Osiris goes into your spine, you may start feeling me scratching your back. I am sorry if my scratches sometimes make you sad, but my claws are very sharp. . . So, if I hurt you and make you cry, please know that I only wanted to caress your back!
I am a protector of motherhood and a huntress: my speciality is the killing of snakes! I am an aspect of the Ancient Greek goddess Artemis: the Divine moon-huntress.
Hello, hello, heellooooo . . !
I am BES; my name meant "cat" in Nubian, and guess what, sometimes I was represented as a cat!
I am a dwarf-god: protector of mothers, children and childbirth. I am known for aiding mothers in labour, scaring away evil spirits and killing snakes.
I am an aspect of the cunning Trickster Hermes and the Greek god Apollo: the Divine Protector of the Young.
Hi, I am HORUS.
We already met, although I was only wearing a half-crown when we first met.
And I am KHONSU: the lunar child-god. My name means "traveller". I am "the Son of Man with no place to lay his head."
And I am MONTU.
My name means "nomad".
And who or what would you be . . . . ?
What do you mean?
I AM YOUR BOLDNESS!
. . .
. . .
. . .



"To be said over (a figurine of) Mut having three heads: one being the head of Pakhet wearing plumes, a second being a human head wearing a Double Crown, the third being the head of a vulture wearing plumes. She also has a phallus, wings and the claws of a lion. Drawn in dried myrrh with fresh incense, repeated in ink upon a red bandage. A dwarf stands before her, another behind her, each facing her and wearing plumes. Each has a raised arm and two heads, one is the head of a falcon, the other a human head.

Wrap the breast therewith: he shall be a god among gods in the God's Domain. He shall not be repulsed forever. His flesh and bones shall be sound like one who does not die. He shall drink water from the river; land shall be given to him in the Field of Reeds; a star of the sky shall be given to him.

He shall be preserved from the serpent, the hot-tempered one who is in the Duat. His soul shall not be imprisoned. The Djeriu-bird shall rescue him from the one at his side and no maggot shall eat him."

–*The Ancient Egyptian Book of the Dead.*

"DO NOT STIR FIRE WITH SWORD."

"You who fathomed it. O wise and happy man, rest in its haven. But observe my laws, abstaining from the things which your soul must fear, distinguishing them well; letting intelligence over your body reign. So that, ascending into radiant Ether, midst the Immortals, you shall be yourself a God."

— PYTHAGORAS,
Golden Verses.

PART VII:
Baptism by Fire.

"I have come to cast fire upon the earth; and how I wish it were already kindled! But I have a baptism to undergo, and how distressed I am until it is accomplished!"

— Jesus of Nazareth, Luke 12:49-50

"The life of man is an astral effluvium or a balsamic impression, a heavenly and invisible fire, an enclosed essence or spirit. We have no better terms to describe it. The death of a man is nothing else but the end of his daily labour, or taking away the ether of life, a disappearance of the vital balsam, an extinction of the natural light, a re-entering into the matrix of the mother. The natural man possesses the elements of the Earth, and the Earth is his mother, and he re-enters into her and loses his natural flesh. But the real man will be re-born at the day of the Resurrection in another spiritual and glorified body."

— PARACELSUS
De Natura Rerum.



XXIV

What is peace under the waters but cold and shallow?
What is peace under the waters but a mere shadow?
Empty of substance, passive, elusive and narrow?
Igneous Peace that is full, widening and hallowed,
overspreading and lively — could you this today fathom?

Has your body ever suffered from very high fevers?
And you become of anxious chaotic puzzles the dreamer?
Dreams of whose impossible order you were the keeper?
If you did, and you remember those nightmares, dear reader,
—because your body-husk was not taken by the Reaper—
eventually those dreams stopped in their grinding gears,
and the Fiery Peace of the First Door within you was reared
when Mother HESTIA kissed your brow because you had come near.

Within the vast expanse of the First Elysian Door,
all was white, very bright and vividly hot,
except nearby and around its own doorpost.
There one could still be inspired by the Holy Smoke,
and a small smoking hut that seemed to be a Forge
stood a very few steps from the Grand First Door.

Innumerable fire-winged heads a bit beyond
—always giving their backs to the Door—praised with song
a goddess that sat by a *White Bonfire* and its warmth.

And yet beyond, a Majestic Egyptian Ankh rose:
THE RENOWNED EYE OF THE NEEDLE BEING ITS TOP!
At the feet of that Ankh a man sat, tanned and small,
dressed in orange robes—so distinctive of the dawn—
but so far away and steadfast did he sit on
as to be almost invisible from the Door.

"I can barely breathe. . ."—said Artemis in deep gasps.
"Holy, Holy, Holy!"—the fire-winged creatures sang.
"I'm burning hot,"—Apollo spoke—"this heat is too much!"
"Holy, Holy, Holy!"—the fire-winged creatures sang.
"I feel like. . ."—said Aphrodite—". . . I am at home at last!"
"Holy, Holy, Holy!"—the fire-winged creatures sang.
"How's it going, son?—Apollo spoke. "Are you holding up?"
"Holy, Holy, Holy!"—the fire-winged creatures *always* sang.
"I'm doing fine, Dad."—said Dionysus. "This is not too bad."
"*Didymi!*"—said the goddess by the Fire. "Come here and fast!"
"I think"—said Dionysus—"that woman is calling Mum and Dad."
"Come, twin-lovers!"—said the goddess from afar. "I don't bite!"

The four—followed by the statue—began to walk to that dame.
Artemis used Ares' Spear to help her step as an old cane,
for as she could barely inhale, every step was a great strain.
"Dad!"—cried Dionysus when he saw Apollo fall, almost faint.
"I can't go. . ."—gasped Apollo. "I'm afraid I can't hold this weight. . ."
"Holy, Holy, Holy!"—the fire-winged creatures always sang the same.
Aphrodite shed a tear of compassion, and Apollo said:
"Weep not for me nor yourselves, but for the children of the Earth:
for under Ares' rule, blessed will be the wombs that never bear,
and the children of the Earth to the hills will begin to pray,
saying, 'Cover us! Fall on us! For Ares' rule we disdain!'"
"Nonsense!"—howled Artemis. "Rise! We'll use Ares' Spear as our cane!"
"Holy, Holy, Holy!"—the fire-winged creatures always sang the same.
Apollo rose. And the twin-lovers walked in most dear embrace,
using Ares' Spear as a fifth leg so they would not faint into dismay.
At once, the fire-winged creatures stepped aside, for them opened a lane.
"Hello. . ."—said Dionysus to one of them, which, eyeing him with flare,
just said, "Holy, Holy, Holy!"—these creatures always sang the same.

The Fire by whose warmth that goddess sat rose on a mound,
and those fire-winged creatures constantly circled around.
One half of the choir to the goddess uttered sound,
while the other to the Eye of the Needle bowed:
for of giving their backs to the Door, they were proud.

As the Four began to ascend on that risen ground,
they could clearly perceive without a shadow of doubt,
that the White Light found at the Elysian Fields—all around—
spread outbound from the Eye of the Needle Lookout
until engulfed by a triangle within the Eighth House:
where it diversified and the seven colours aroused.

As they reached the very summit of that Holy Mound,
that goddess—who would not rise, as to the Fire she was bound—
with most tender and auspicious mouth, she said out loud:

"Come by the Fire
and we shall share a story.
But let us listen carefully,
without rush nor hurry,
so we can apprehend it
in all its glory."

Apollo and Artemis collapsed by that goddess's side,
while Aphrodite and Dionysus in front of her sat.
"Look at you. . ."—said that goddess to the twins, visibly sad.
"Your hands and feet are so mangled. . . Let's heal you before our chat."
That goddess kissed their brows, and a fiery peace seized their hearts.
"Holy, Holy, Holy!"—the fire-winged creatures always sang.

Artemis saw that her breath was a burden in that land,
while Apollo saw that if he surrendered his solar pang,
by the heat of that Holy Place, he could easily abide.

Then that goddess said, always very tenderly,
caressing their heads, sweaty and weary:

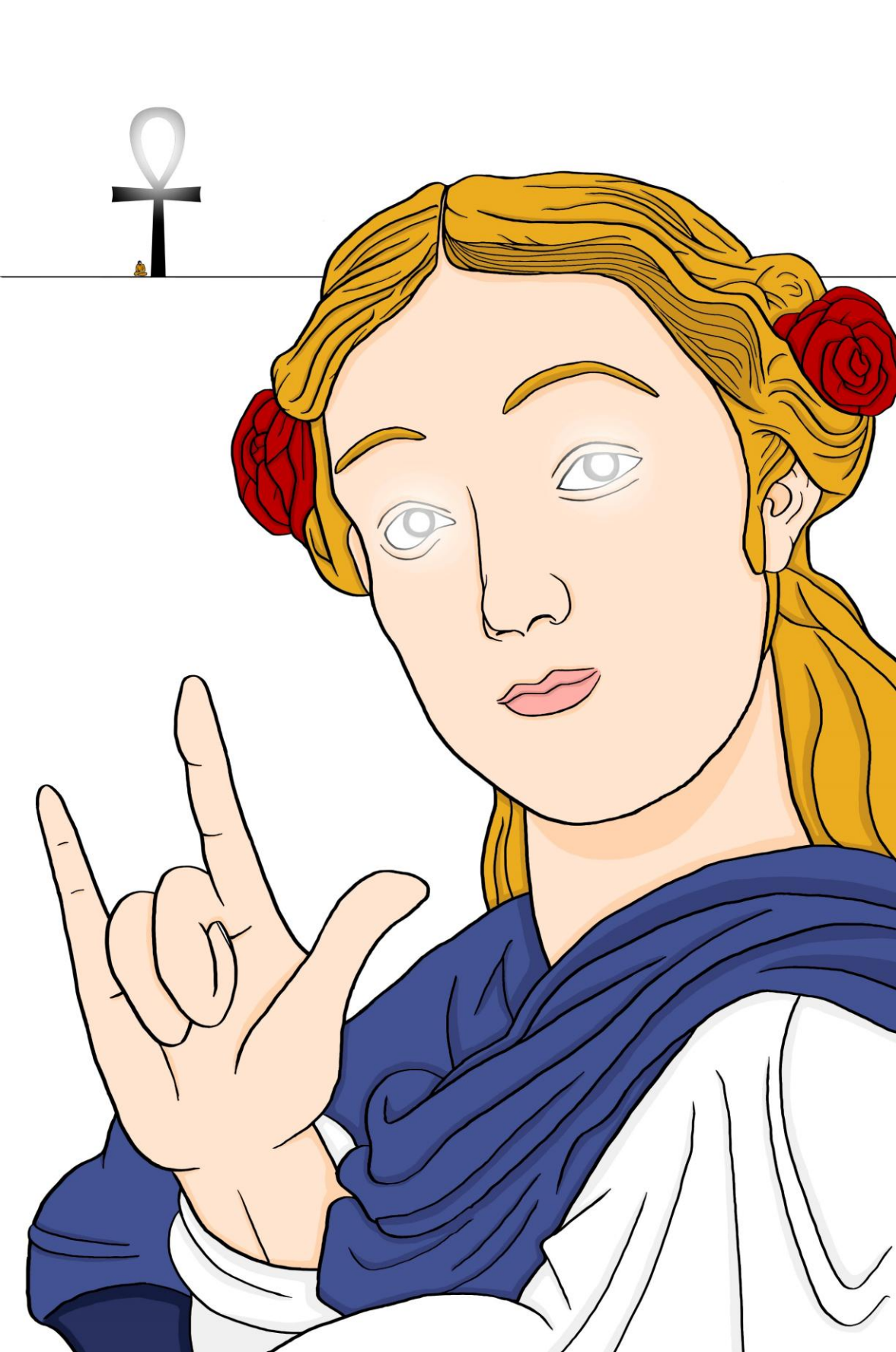
"Because you have felt the Heat of my Heart, you have been healed,
but blessed be those who have not yet found me and yet believe."

"Love!"—said Apollo to Artemis
while rising like a mighty arrow—
"I now see this is the tomorrow
that would dispel your and my sorrows!"
And Artemis—her heart stretching away
for him like a Bull's-Eye or "*Diana*"
—as it is called in Spain—exclaimed:
"Yes, love! I'm so glad that we could attain
this today, and we did not dismay!"

"Iaooo! Holy, Holy, Holy! Hurray!"
—Dionysus began to exclaim,
while dancing around that White Flame,
imitating those fiery creatures' ways,
and Aphrodite fondly chuckled away.
"What the heck are they, by the way?"
—said the child in the midst of his play.
"And what's your name, Dame of the Flame?"
"Hestia—Mother of Mothers—is my name."
—said that goddess with most tender face.
"And they are the first sons I gave embrace."

Aphrodite then said: "Are they those first cast into fiery husks,
of whom Mother Hera once spoke to me in dear trust?"
"Well,"—said Hestia—"in truth, I first poured them into heat-husks,
for in those hoary days there was neither fire, dawn nor dusk,
and air, together with fire, from their heads was yet to burst."

"I thought we would find Father Zeus in here,"—Dionysus said—
"but I can't see him anywhere. . . Wait! There's a man down there. . . !"
—said the child pointing at that tanned man that sat in welfare.
All looked at the feet of the Needle's Eye, and Hestia said:
"Oh no, my dear child, that's not him. Father Zeus is nowhere
and yet everywhere, for he transcends all forms and snares.
But if you wish, you may picture him with your father's face."
"So, so. . ."—said Dionysus anxiously—"what is that man's name?"



Hestia laughed and said: "Why don't you go there and ask yourself?
You can give your dough to your parents; for your face they can spare
to visit the Forge and make the Bread." Then Aphrodite said,
lowering her gaze: "Mother. . . Could my face also be spared?"
And Hestia said: "I'm afraid not, dear. . . I know you're ashamed
of meeting Hephaestus again, whom we gave you in embrace.
But feel no shame, for Hephaestus moved on from your affair,
and now he's in love with a goddess existing in his head."

"What? Hephaestus?"—the child exclaimed.
"Now I wanna meet him instead!"
Hestia laughed and said: "Okay then, go all four to make the Bread,
but promise you will later go meet that man most blessed."
"Promised!"—said the child—as the four rose and began to tread,
with that gloomy statue following them anywhere they went.

Greetings, I am PTAH:
the Ancient Egyptian creator-god. Some say I am the highest god; others say I am not.

I am the patron god of craftsmen and architects. I am the god of metallurgy and an aspect of the Greek god Hephaestus. I crafted the world after the design of my own heart and gave life to all the gods through my heart and tongue as soon as I gave them a name or word.

I am the Lord of Truth and Eternity.
I am he who listens to prayers, and–listen to this well–
I AM THE GOD THAT MADE HIMSELF A GOD.
I am the Double Being and the Double Lion's Beautiful Face. I have much in common with Geb and, through him, also with Set.

Hi, I'm KHONSU!

We already met! Do you remember? No? Humph!

C'mon! I am the moon child-god!

The last time we met I was wearing a falcon face, but I was also represented in this other way.

Which one do you like best?
I am starting to look like Ptah and my father Osiris, ain't I?

Your father is not Osiris, Khonsu. Your father is Amen: "the Hidden" or "Invisible One" dwelling beyond the Eye of the Needle.

Poseidon did not lie when he said that you were the son of Zeus and Semele; the Trickster did. But if he had not lied, you would have never made it this far.

Look at the bottom end of our sceptres, little one.

Can you see Hades' Bident: the fishermen's tool most ardent?

Egyptian gods were often represented with this sceptre–which is both a fishing rod and a lying bifid tongue–because "the ancient and honourable is the head, and the prophet that teaches lies is the tail."

Those *who made themselves gods* walk on the waters below, around the Precession of the Equinoxes, on Ra's Solar Barque. Their beautiful faces remain always hidden in the middle-air, but every now and then, they jump into the waters below with this sceptre–whose face is as ugly as Set's–and feed fishes *white lies* so fishes can in turn be freed from the direst of all deceptions: that of Set.

We'd like you to join Ra's Barque as a fisher of men, Son of Man. But our fishing hook is made of myth and symbol, because symbolical expression always lies beyond literal words: those arbitrary divisions that Set INVENTED to tear Osiris into pieces. Every word you've been told since you were born worked as a magical spell: as a boa constricting your mind and asphyxiating all Holy Ghost. But most shall not believe this, and simply because this is not what they have been told. . .



"O Atum, spiritualize me in the presence of the Double Lion, the Great God; may he open for me the Portal of Geb, that I may do homage to the Great God who is in the Realm of the Dead; may you induct me into the presence of the Ennead who preside over the Westerners.

O you door-keeper of the City of the Bee which is in the West, may I eat and live by air, may he who is safe and great guide me to the Great Bark of Khepri, and may I speak to the evening crew; may I come and go, may I see who is there; I will raise him up, I will speak the words to him, when my throat is constricted. May I live, may I be saved after sleeping.

O Bringer of offerings who open your mouth, confirm the writings for offerings, establish Maat on her throne for me; confirm the tablets, establish the goddesses in the presence of Osiris the Great God, the ruler of eternity, who reckons up his seasons, who listens to them of the islands, who raises his right arm when he commissions the great ones whom he sends into the great tribunal which is in the God's Domain."

"O Great One, Lord of provisions; O Great One who presides over houses; O You who are above, who give bread to Ptah, the Great One, who is on the Great Throne; may you give me bread, may you give me beer."

"You are the Lion, you are the Double Lion, you are Horus the Protector of his Father, you are the fourth of these four mighty gods who belong to those who make acclamation and who make shouting, who bring water by means of their power. Raise yourself upon your right side, lift yourself upon your left side, for Geb will open for you your blind eyes, he will straighten your bent knees, and there will be given to you your heart which you had from your mother, your heart which belongs to your body. Your soul is bound for the sky, your corpse is beneath the ground; there is bread for your belly, water for your throat, and sweet air for your nose. Those who are in their tombs will be kind to you, those who are in their coffins will be open to you, they will bring to you your members when you are re-established in your original shape. You shall go up to the sky, the cord shall be knotted for you in the presence of Ra, you shall close the net in the river, you shall drink water from it, you shall walk on your feet, you shall not walk upside down!"

–*The Ancient Egyptian Book of the Dead.*



XXV

Hephaestus' Forge was a humble hut of white stone by the Door.
It was not easy to determine where all that stone came from,
but the truth is that it came from Hera's realm and Fourth Door,
for Hephaestus—the God of all Craftsmanship—was Hera's son.
Hephaestus was the greatest master of fire, metals and stone,
but also of air—for smoke constantly came out from his Forge—
and of water, for the Craftsman always had sweat on his front.
Hephaestus was the glorified shaper of all husks and forms,
and that included every single tool or weapon of the gods.
He was said to be rather sulky—as he rarely left his Forge—
but that was hardly his fault, for shaping all forms is much toil.

"Cough, cough, cough. Well, I guess we should knock."
—said Artemis amidst the black smoke.
Knock, knock, knock. No response.
Aphrodite said with tremulous voice:
"Maybe he's out, maybe he's gone. . .
Why don't we return later on?"
Artemis spoke: "How could he be gone?
Can't you hear all that clanging roar?"
"Yeah!"—said Dionysus—"Or see the smoke?"
Knock, knock, knock. No response.
"HEPHAESTUS!!!"—cried the child like a bomb.
"We've come to make bread! Open the door!"
"Shhh!"—said Apollo—"Respect the Lord."
Knock, knock, knock. And finally, a response:
"Get out! I have much work!"

Apollo stepped forth and said with imposing awe:
"Knock and it shall be opened to you is the Law!"
"Apollo?"—said the voice coming from the Forge.
"Apollo!"—said Hephaestus opening the door.
"Apollo and, oh gosh. . ."—he said when eyeing the four.

Apollo again imposing awe: "Can we enter the Forge?"
Hephaestus said: "I guess. . . I mean, yes! You know the Law. . .
But do not touch anything with your sloppy claws!"

Hephaestus' Forge was much larger than it looked from the outside,
for a coiling stair led to many levels hidden from sight:
rooms full of tools, husks and divine weapons of all kinds;
rooms in many cases as broad as the night-sky is wide.
Replicas of Hermes' Holy Talaria or Chronos' Scythe,
Ares' Spear, Michael's Sword or Apollo's Harp, one could find:
some carefully stored and packed tight, others scattered on all sides.
The master was working on a statue whose face was all jabbed,
as if he had been trying to shape its face many times
without ever being able to get it perfectly right.

A certain object soon caught Dionysus' inquisitive eye:
a large flat bowl wrapped in cloth bands and carefully stored aside.
And, as it was to be expected: Clang! "Brat!"—yelled Hephaestus.
"Did I not say not to touch anything with your sloppy hands?"
"I'm sorry. . ."—Dionysus gasped, as Hephaestus quickly jumped
to that object which now was on the floor with loosened bands.
"Do you know what this is?"—said Hephaestus visibly alarmed.
"This is the GORGON'S SHIELD! If you would have seen her face and fangs,
you would have been turned into a statue of stone at once!
Apollo! Please! This is no place for children with sloppy hands!"
"Son, why don't you give us your dough,"—said Apollo to the child—
and go see that man sitting under the Needle's Eye?" "Okay, Dad. . ."
—said Dionysus. "Anyhow, I don't like this Hephaestus that much. . ."

As Dionysus left, Aphrodite addressed Hephaestus and gasped:
"Love. . ." "Love?"—said Hephaestus and started to recklessly laugh.
Aphrodite cried: "I'm sorry I was crass and held Ares' hand!"
Hephaestus eyed Aphrodite up and down and, going back
to the loosened bands, said: "It's okay, I'm not Ares. . . I hold no wrath.
. . . And I can see you have restored your former gracious charm. . ."
Aphrodite smiled and stepped forth to give Hephaestus a hug,
but Hephaestus recoiled and said: "Wait! That would be too much. . ."

Suddenly, Hephaestus' visage blushed red,
like a teenager seized by Cupid's flame,
and pointing at the statue with no name
which always followed Aphrodite's steps,
he exclaimed: "That's it! THAT'S IT! THAT'S TRULY HER!
That's the maiden stealing my dreams of late!"

"Wait! What?"—Artemis jumped.
"Have you been dreaming with this skunk?"
And behold that Artemis also made Hephaestus blush.
"Did she tell you her name"—Artemis asked, her words now rushed—
"or did she also play games with you and cause a great fuss?"

"She is no skunk!"—exclaimed Hephaestus, all red and very lush.
"She's a Goddess of Wisdom and War! Ares, she would crush!"

"Really?"—said Apollo. "For Ares would defeat all of us. . .
This is most important, genius craftsman: is she righteous?"

"Oh yeah!"—said Hephaestus again very lush. "Most righteous!
In my dreams I can see her crushing Ares on a white horse!
And, and. . . wielding Ares' Spear, his Helmet and. . . the Gorgon's Shield!
Just like your wife, because she is your wife, right? Or isn't she. . . ?"

"If you're right,"—said Apollo—"and your skill I truly deem mighty,
that this goddess should join our side must be key and destiny.
But how to bring her from fleeting dreams, always fishy and muddy?"

"I am not sure. . ."—said Hephaestus, his face in pensive study.
"For thousands of years I've been trying to have her ready,
but her visage's sternness and beauty always escaped me."

"Could you use our statue?"—said Apollo—"and make her ready?"
"I'm afraid not."—said Hephaestus—"That stone is dark and ugly.
And this goddess' nature doesn't come in dreams as neither earthy
nor watery, fiery nor airy, but through electricity. . .
So it is up to Father Zeus' lightning to shape her heavenly. . ."

As their conversation reached a dead end,
Hephaestus and Apollo went silent.

Then Aphrodite said: "Let us not despair,
for surely Father Zeus must be aware
of Ares' awful rule drenched in warfare,
and in due course He will help us repair
and restore the whole world's welfare.

"Yes,"—said Artemis—"but time we can't spare.
So let us not sit idly nor impaired,
but remember that here we have been led
with holily leavened dough to make the Bread!"

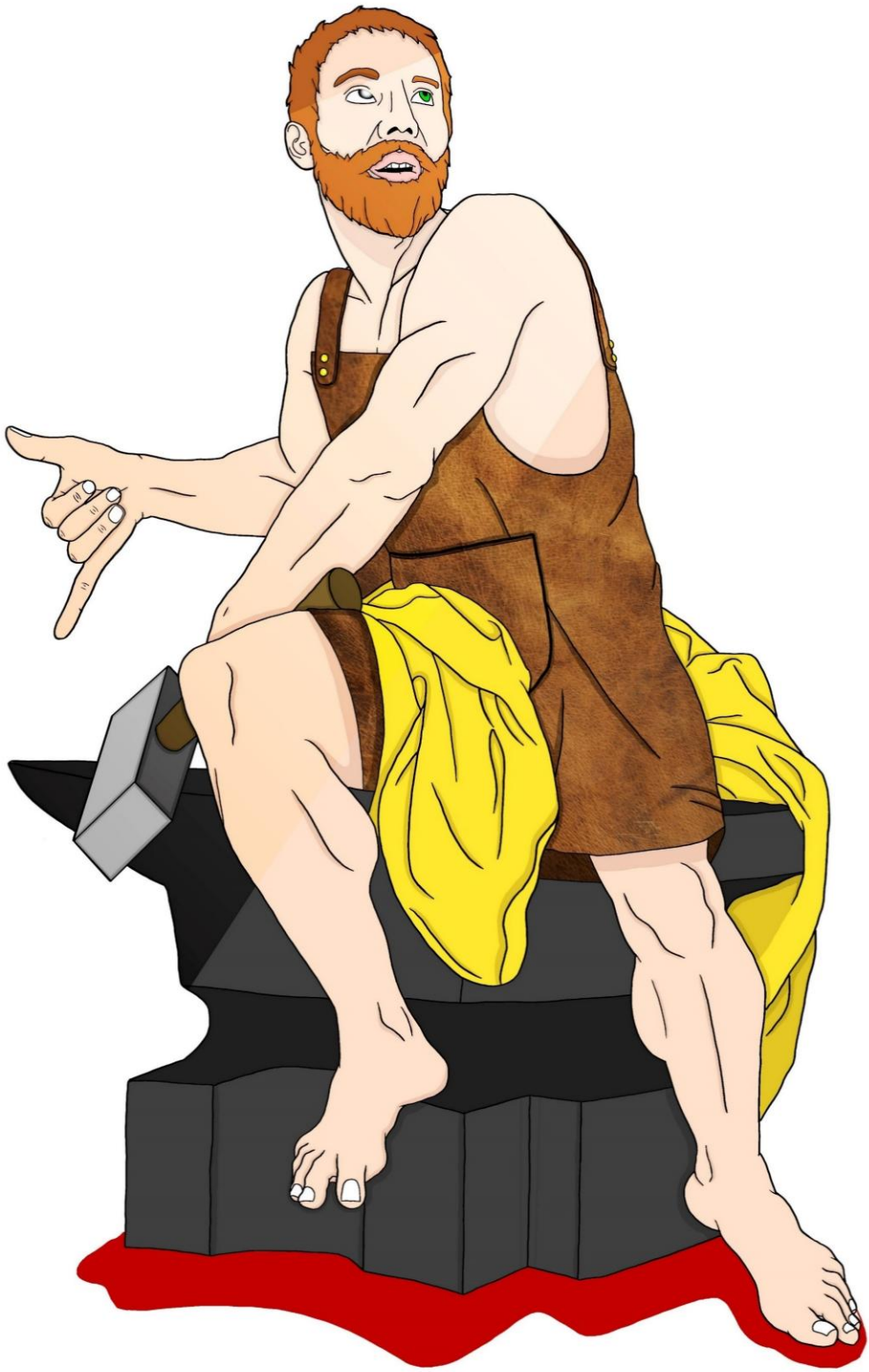
"Master Craftsman,"—Apollo said—"could we bake
some bread, in one of your ovens make a cake?"

And Hephaestus said: "Good idea! For it's late,
and I cannot remember the last time I ate!"

In Hephaestus' Ovens, their dough they baked.
And when ready, all four of that Bread ate.

Suddenly, emerald light spread everywhere,
with a blinding flash of pure white as its end!

Hephaestus leaped and said: "*He* came and went!
She shall reveal what should be our next step!"
"She? Who?"—said Artemis tilting her head.
"You!"—said Hephaestus pointing at her.
"*He* said that her voice caused you terror and dread,
but that *Phobos* and *Deimos* you must spare,
and speaking over her voice never ever dare!
She said that you felt threatened and were scared,
but you must stop being such a nervous wreck
and unseal the lips of her statue instead!"



Artemis said: "Do you believe this is fate?
Last time over her head she raised her three snakes,
the Hexagonal Throne she dared to raid,
and turned it into a Stony Egg in chains!"

"The Navel of the World she has indeed claimed."
—Apollo spoke. "But that Egg in locks and chains
she freed, and in turn she made golden and great
as soon as a binding oath with her was straight."

"Tell me! Can you tell between artists and artisans?"
—said Hephaestus—"Between the artist and the craftsman?"
The craftsman only operates as the artists' hands,
so all that I do and shape is by Father Zeus' command.
Apollo—*artisan of the moon*—do you understand?
Artemis—*artist of the sun*—please say you understand."

Artemis and Apollo looked at each other, smiled,
and with one voice, "We do understand," they said at once.

And Hephaestus exclaimed, seizing their arms:
"Then do not doubt the Word of the Craftsman!
For he only toils as Father Zeus' hands
and speaks on the White Aurora's behalf!"

Suddenly, "Knock, knock, knock," somebody was at the door.
"I've had no guests in years!"—said Hephaestus. "I'm in awe!"
"Open the door. . ."—said Apollo. "You know well the Law. . ."

And behold! An exceedingly tall man knelt at the door;
within a shroud of intense red fiery light, he brightly shone,
with a face scarred by sadness as if he had suffered much toil.

"This cannot be!"—said Hephaestus. "You belong to this world no more!"
And that man slowly lifting his head, in slow-paced voice, thus spoke:

"I don't belong to this world, for I'm one of the Titans of old.
I am Humanity's *Forethought*: the fire that is brought
before the inspiration of air and the moisture of thought.
I am the Promise of the Father: PROMETHEUS, I'm called.
I have come to help your endeavour, for my chains you broke,
but then again I must go, for the Needle's Eye is now my home:
the statue you hold you must return to the Hexagonal Floor,
and only there unseal its lips: within the Navel of the World."

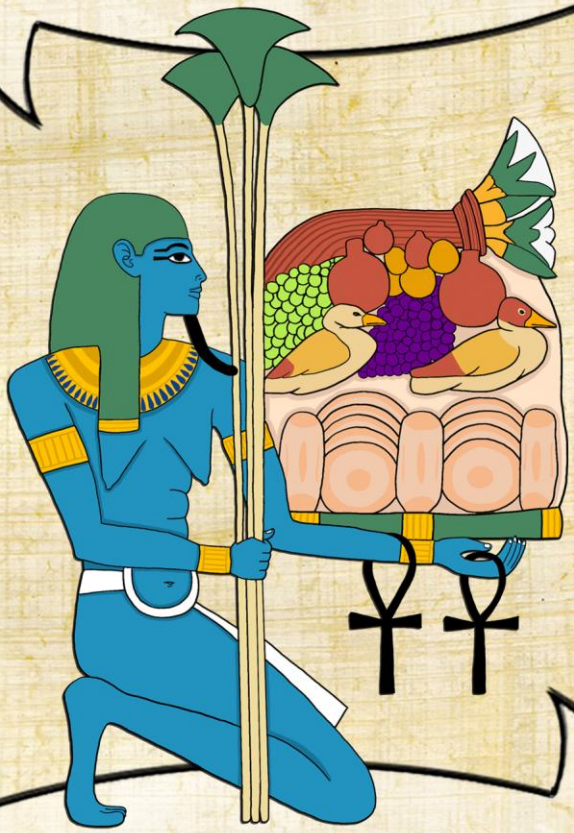
"And what now, Apollo?"—said Hephaestus. "What is the Law
if the one knocking is so big that doesn't fit through my door?"

Are you thirsty? Are you hungry?
Lucky you! You've propitiated **HAPI**!

I am the god of the seasonally recurring inundation of the Nile.
I am a very good friend of Geb and Neper: the gods of fertile soil and grain.
I am an aspect of the Greek goddess Demeter and the Greek god Poseidon.
What? Don't you believe me? Look at my breasts! I am an androgynous god!
I am a god of flooding water and fertile soil!

In fact, have you ever heard about the Cornucopia or "Horn of Plenty"?
Well, that is precisely what I am. Come closer and I will tell you my secret. . .
This is a very important secret, for those who know this most occult secret CAN FULFIL ALL THEIR DESIRES. . . Yes! You heard well: ALL THEIR DESIRES!

Come closer, and I will tell you this very important secret.
A little bit closer. Closeeer. . .



So, listen to me very carefully now, little one, and don't you dare
tell this to anyone: In order to have all your desires fulfilled, you must. . .
. . . . desire nothing!
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

C'mon, don't go away all annoyed now, Son of Man, and have some bread from my hand. One Ankh for your belly and another for the afterlife. And be not solicitous saying, what shall we eat: or what shall we drink, or how shall we be clothed? For after all these things do the multitudes seek, but your Father knows that you have need of all these. Seek hence first the Kingdom of God, and its righteousness, and all these things shall be added to you. And be not solicitous for tomorrow; for the morrow will be solicitous for itself. Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses, nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes, nor yet staves, for the workman is worthy of his meat.



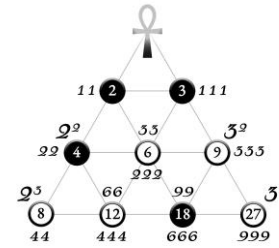
"The doors of the sky are opened for me, the doors of the earth are opened for me, the door-bolts of Geb are opened for me, the shutters of the sky-windows are thrown open for me. It is he who guarded me who releases me, who binds his hand on me and thrusts his hand on to me on earth."

A god replies: "Surely, it will be according to what you say to me. You shall live on the bread of Geb, and you shall not eat what you detest. You shall live on bread of white emmer and beer of red barley of Hapi in the pure place; you shall sit under the branches of the Tree of Hathor, who is preeminent in the wide solar disk when she travels to the Pillars of City of the Sun,[1] bearing the script of the divine words: the Book of Thoth."

–The Ancient Egyptian Book of the Dead.

[1] *Heliopolis is "City of the Sun" in Greek; Iunnu, "The Pillars", in Ancient Egyptian.*

"And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; A WOMAN CLOTHED WITH THE SUN, AND THE MOON UNDER HER FEET, and on her head a crown of TWELVE stars. AND SHE BEING WITH CHILD CRIED, TRAVAILING IN BIRTH, AND PAINED TO BE DELIVERED. And there appeared another wonder in heaven; and behold a GREAT RED DRAGON, having seven heads and ten horns, and seven crowns upon his heads. And his tail swept away a third part of the stars of heaven, and cast them to the earth, and the dragon stood before the woman which was ready to be delivered, to devour her child as soon as it was born. AND SHE BROUGHT FORTH A MAN CHILD, WHO WAS TO RULE ALL NATIONS WITH A ROD OF IRON, AND HER CHILD WAS CAUGHT UP UNTO GOD, AND TO HIS THRONE. And the woman fled into the wilderness, where she has a place prepared by God, that they should feed her there a thousand two hundred and sixty days. And there was war in heaven: MICHAEL AND HIS ANGELS FOUGHT AGAINST THE DRAGON; and the dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in heaven. And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceives the whole world. He was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him. And I heard a loud voice saying in heaven, 'Now is come salvation, and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of His Christ, for the accuser of our brethren is cast down, which accused them before our God day and night.' And they overcame him by the Blood of the Lamb, and by the Word of their testimony; and THEY LOVED NOT THEIR LIVES UNTO THE DEATH. Therefore rejoice, O heavens, and you that dwell in them. WOE TO THE INHABITANTS OF THE EARTH AND OF THE SEA! For the devil is come down to you, having great wrath, because he knows that he has but a short time. And when the dragon saw that he was cast to the earth, he persecuted the woman which brought forth the man child. And to the woman were given the two wings of the great eagle, that she might fly into the wilderness, into her place, where she is nourished for a time, and times, and half a time, from the face of the serpent. And the serpent cast out of his mouth water as a Flood after the woman, that he might cause her to be carried away with the Flood. And the earth helped the woman, and the earth opened her mouth, and swallowed up the Flood which the dragon cast out of his mouth. And the dragon was wroth with the woman, and went to make war with the remnant of her seed, who keep the commandments of God, and have the testimony of Jesus Christ."—*Revelation* 12.



XXVI

The five left the Forge and went to the Hexagonal Floor.
Luckily, the First Door was much larger than the Forge's Door,
and Prometheus—thrice their height and of very few words—
could join the company of gods that was now by the Throne,
or rather by that Golden Egg one third Prometheus' tall,
into which the statue had turned Apollo's Seat before. . .

Artemis and Apollo stood by the statue of stone,
and when Artemis was to speak and the statue atone,
Prometheus slowly placed those weary vast hands of his own
on Apollo's and Artemis' arms, and with deep voice, thus spoke:

"Moon and Sun, may I now with fire purify your tongue,
so you may speak the right words and the statue atone?"

Both looked at Prometheus and agreed with a unison nod:
electric heat crawled through their backs, and together they spoke:

"In the name of *Themis,* once the Mother of Bread:
we command you to speak so your voice can be heard."

The statue began to dreadfully wail
on behalf of millions of distant brains,
and both with one single voice spoke again:

"In the name of *Tethys,* once the Goddess of Love:
we shall bring you peace and your suffering atone."

And the statue went silent,
its suffering momentarily gone.
Again, Apollo and Artemis spoke:

"In the name of *Mnemosyne*, once of emerald tones,
and my father *Iapetus,* once the Lord of the Forge:
you shall speak only Truth, for with fire we purge your tongue."

And the statue turned white as winter's snow;
dark as a new moon night, it was no more!
Again, Apollo and Artemis spoke:

"In the name of *Coeus*, who once held the sun's flame,
of *Phoebe,* who once held the moon's light and shade,
and *Hyperion,* who once walked on high by their grace:
we now command you to speak Truth and tell your name."

"*Hecate*: of transitions, the unholy ghosts and the new moon."
—said first the three faces with a dark voice full of gloom.
"*Artemis Trivia*: of the crescent, waxing and full moon."
—said the face on the left, her voice as a tragic tune.
"*Aphrodite Apotrophia*: expeller of the Old Moon."
—said the face on the right, candidly as a mother's womb.
And, "PALLAS ATHENA who of Wisdom and War holds the boon!"
—said the face in the middle, her voice as a purging typhoon!

"Athena! Athena must be her name!"
—leaped Hephaestus visibly full of flame.
"The one hidden sun and moon in *Ament*:
the *Aten* old *Akhenaten* wished to tend
in those hoary days when he ruled *Kemet*."

"Amen!"—said the face in the middle.
And again, the twins with voice single:

"In the name of *Oceanus,* who once ruled all the waters;
Crius, my own name before drowning into dark matters;
and the name of *Chronos,* who ate from all current masters,
speak and answer: how did Hera replace Rhea in her manners?"

"Times differ!"—spoke again the central face.
"And yesterday's fate shall not be today's fate,
for golden has turned the stone that Rhea once gave
to old Chronos to assuage the past gods' pain.
The Seal of the Prophets has now come of age!
And the Prophet's Seat stands today as my cage. . .
The Gorgon's Shield you must now bring to this place,
together with Hephaestus' Hammer or Mace!
. . . And only then I shall reveal what comes next. . ."

"Promptly!"—exclaimed Hephaestus quickly going away—
while Apollo mused for himself: ". . . that Thundering Mace
and Hephaestus' Hammer were always one and the same. . .?"
And Artemis mumbled, again in doubt, almost afraid:
"The Gorgon's Shield she requests. . . Are we sure this is best?"
And Aphrodite candidly said: "Trust, Mother of Grain,
Phobos and Deimos—all Fear and Dread—we must now spare."

As they had said these words, Hephaestus came back
with the Gorgon's Shield, carefully wrapped in cloth bands,
and one of the many hammers of his stash.

"Stand by the Egg, Master of Crafts!"
—losing no time, the central face asked.
"And you, Artemis, Mother of Grain:
SHOW ME THE GORGON'S SHIELD IF YOU DARE!"

Giving the Shield to Artemis, Hephaestus said:
"Showing the Gorgon's Shield to a stone should be safe.
But let us all stand behind the Mother of Grain,
lest any of us should see the Gorgon's fangs and face,
be turned into a statue of stone and fall from grace."

All those who were there stood behind the Mother of Grain,
and Artemis—who already held Ares' Spear and Helm—
took the Gorgon's Shield from the hands of him who smelts.

"Look at you!"—Hephaestus exclaimed. "Mother of Marksmen!
Now carefully unwrap the Shield and let us see what comes next!
But make sure you don't see the Gorgon's Face for your own sake!"

"I'm actually enjoying this!"
—said Artemis, now looking brave,
as she unwrapped all cloth bands ends.

Suddenly, they could hear the Gorgon wail
on behalf of millions of distant brains
—as if she had seen her own ugly face—
and the Golden Egg began to shake,
shooting lightning all over the place!
For a moment they all could see the Egg
as Hades' Face, or should we say Zeus' Head?
And the central face fiercely exclaimed:

"NOW! MASTER OF CRAFTSMEN!
WITH YOUR HAMMER STRIKE THE EGG!"

Hephaestus did not think twice,
and he struck the Golden Egg thrice
amidst thunderous electric lights!

The rumbling Golden Egg opened wide!
And all were blinded by a white flash!

Artemis' impulse was to turn her thighs
in order to see what happened at her back.
But all-wise Prometheus kept her tight,
making sure she didn't turn to their side
lest the Shield should be exposed to the god's eyes!

Then a weeping voice loudly thundered and cried:

"IN THE NAME OF THEIA, WHO ONCE SHARED MY PLIGHT:
I SHALL AT LAST BE FREED FROM THE BONDAGE OF FRIGHT!"

And lo and behold! When they recovered their sight,
the three-headed statue had been turned into sand,
the Hexagonal Throne was once again as once was,
and a goddess stood on it inspiring awe and pride!

Hephaestus jumped on her: he tried to take her for bride!
But both were caught in an electric static trance.
Until with one single arm that goddess pushed him aside,
sending the Master of Crafts as far as where the Ninth Gate stands.
"Athena. . ."—Hephaestus gasped with tears in his eyes.
Almost knocked out by such a terrible bash.

Then Athena jumped with a somersault in the air,
and landed exactly with Artemis stare to stare!
She snatched from her head and hands Ares' Helmet and Spear,
and then at the Gorgon's Shield she directly glared!
"I am come, Mother of Grain,"—Athena then said.
"And the Gorgon's Power is now for me to bear.
  My wisdom shall now decide who this Shield must scare,
  and of turning into stone all of you I spare,
  for the *Aegis* of the World you took in good care."

"Sun-prophet!"—Athena to Apollo then sternly said.
"The Navel of the World is for you to defend,
  for my place is in the waters tending the shipwreck!
  I shall now face Ares, and the last will be the first!"
As she had said these words, Prometheus lowered his head,
as if suddenly drowned in stiff guilt and despair.

Then Athena snatched the Gorgon's Shield from Artemis hands,
and approached Hephaestus, still lying where the Ninth Door stands.
When Athena was towering over the Master of Crafts,
Hephaestus—still with teary eyes and not because of the bash—
looked at Athena and "Thanks. . ." most tremulously he gasped.
Then Athena offered her hand, and helping Hephaestus stand,
she most candidly sang: "Craftsman, it is you that I thank!
For without all your strife, I'd never been freed from my straps!"



"I also thank you"—said Prometheus at once.
"For you also freed me from my chains and straps."
And removing his hand from Apollo's arm,
he silently raised his vast head of giants past,
and in a flash, he vanished into the Needle's Eye.

At which Apollo said, while shining in sky-blue light:
"It is easier for a camel that too much drank
to eventually squeeze into the Needle's Eye,
than for a rich man to find the Elysian Lands."

Then Athena, who had opened the Eighth and Ninth Door,
and marched from one to the other surveying what they stored,
approached Apollo, and with stern voice, she said these words:

"Sun-Prophet! Tell me how human souls descend to the world."

Apollo shone in the colours of the rainbow and voiced:

"In the Elysian Fields, a human soul is white as snow,
but seven-coloured it becomes when descending to the world
by passing through a mirror-triangle found at the Eighth Door.
Then souls descend further into the Dark, Dreamy Ninth Door,
where most souls forget the Divine Lore of their Elysian Home
unless they stir their sun above the waters like the dawn
and achieve reunion with their own white and virginal core."

Apollo these words having said,
Artemis kissed his forehead.

"I see. . ."—Athena mused for a moment, and then voiced:
"Then I shall not descend alone but as a human soul,
and some of you will come with me riding your own horse.
I shall descend through the red strip which is dipped in blood,
but I shall take no red horse but a white-winged unicorn
and make sure none of us ever forgets our Elysian Home.
Could you do that for me, Hephaestus? A white-winged unicorn?"

Hephaestus mused for a moment and then spoke:
"Are you asking for Pegasus with a horn?
It is doable, but it would take time to spawn. . ."
"How much time?"—asked Athena in a roar.
"A few millennia. . . ?"—said Hephaestus sore.
"Furthermore,"—Artemis spoke—who would go
and ride the emerald and sky-blue tones?
I'll go fetch my son for the violet horse,
but Old Poseidon, who ascended with us
through the sky-blue tone, is now forever gone,
and we have not seen Hermes for so long. . ."

Apollo then voiced: "The sky-blue tone is no problem at all,
for it is always left empty for the soul to choose its lord:
a soul is free to either choose the sea-blue of Poseidon,
follow Satan's word and remain floored—sleep tight and snore—
or choose Zeus' sky-blue and uplift Poseidon through the Eighth Door.
But the emerald tone is indeed a problem to be solved,
for Hermes left our group as soon as we reached our Elysian Home."

"Clonk!" Somebody hit Apollo on the head
with a winged caduceus formed by two snakes.
"Hermes!"—cried Apollo forgetting the pain.
"All a Sun-Prophet and still hard in the head!"
—said Hermes with the smile of a dear friend.
"In truth the Ancient and Honourable is the head,
and the prophet that teaches lies is the tail."
"Will you descend with us, my heart, balance and faith?"
—said Apollo in golden rays—and Hermes said:
"I don't need to descend in your coloured frets,
for I am always up here and down there.
But missing this show I would not dream dare,
not even for all the gold of the Earth."

And then: "Hurray! Holy, holy, holy," like a storm.
Behold! Dionysus riding a white-winged unicorn!
"Hello, son!"—said the child to him who sat on the Throne,
and—"Hello, father."—voiced Apollo in return.



Farewells,

I am SHU, the god of peace, lions, air and wind. My name means "emptiness" or "he who rises up". I am the father of Geb and the grandfather of Osiris. *Know that whatever Geb may be for Set; the same I am for Osiris.*

I am the Only Son of Atum and, among all the Egyptian gods, the one analogous to the SON OF GOD. But my Father Atum also had a daughter, my sister and rain lioness-goddess: Tefnut. *Know that whatever she is for Nut; the same I am for Osiris.*

My sister Tefnut and I had, in turn, one son and one daughter: Geb (the god of the earth) and Nut (the night starry sky).

Just like my name, the Hebrew name of the Good Shepherd "Abel", also conveys "emptiness" or "breath", when derived from הבל (*habal*); while "Cain" (קין) means "spear" or "to forge"?

Did you know that in the Old Testament all mankind is made to descend from Seth, and that Moses was raised in the court of the Pharaoh *after being saved from the waters of a river by the Pharaoh's daughter*?

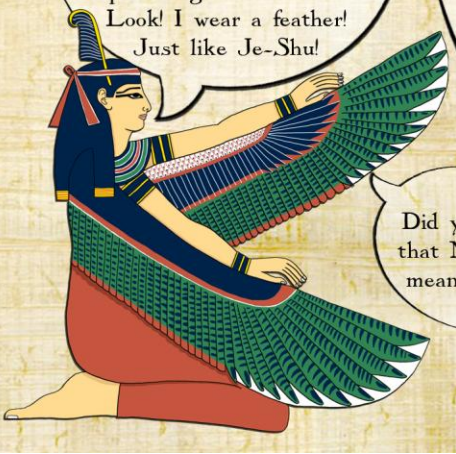
Dear Tubal-Cain!
Come, bury your Spear in me,
and let us be at peace!

You may find me holding the Night Starry Sky of my daughter Nut on my cross-like arms, while the Earth of my son Geb suffers at my feet. In this sense, I am the Greek Titan Atlas, who held the whole world on his shoulders. But know that I am now going away and taking with me all those ancient souls that rained down on the Earth from my Cloud of Emptiness during the last Flood of the Atlantean Age.

They deserve some rest. . .
So, farewell.

Roar! Do I smell blood?
I am SEKHMET.
My name means either "She who is Powerful" or "the One who loves Maat". And Maat is TRUTH! I am called "the Eye of Ra", and I am the vengeful manifestation of his power. I breathe fire and blow scorching winds. Did you think that that little kitty of Pakhet was hurting you? Oh. . . Poor earthling. . . Roar!
I am an aspect of the Greek goddess Athena! I am Ptah's wife and Nefertem's mother: the lotus flower. Tell me, have you ever seen the Buddha sitting on a lotus flower on the waters? Do you know that lotuses grow at the bottom of lakes, rivers and marshes but flourish on their waters? What do you know about walking on the water? Have you ever spoken to Ptah?

Hello, I am MAAT.
I am Harmony and Truth. I am the daughter of Ra and Hathor and the wife of Thoth. I am just another aspect of gracious Athena! Look! I wear a feather! Just like Je-Shu!



Did you know that Noah (נח) means "rest"?

MAAT!
For the sake of the pun!
SHUSH!





"My mouth is opened by Ptah and what was on my mouth has been loosened by my local god.

Thoth comes indeed, filled and equipped with magic, and the bonds of Set which restricted my mouth have been loosened. Atum has warded them off and has cast away the restrictions of Set.

My mouth is opened, my mouth is split open by SHU with that iron harpoon of his with which he split open the mouths of the gods.

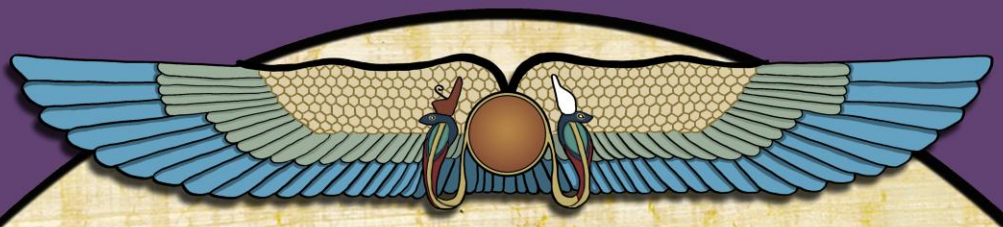
I am Sekhmet, and I sit beside Her who is the great wind of the sky; I am Orion the Great who dwells in the Souls of the Pillars of the City of the Sun.[1]"

"I am he, I am he who came forth from the Flood, to whom abundance was given, that I might have power therefore over the River.

O Atum, give me the sweet breath which is in your nostril, for I am this Egg which is in the Great Cackler, I am the guardian of this great being who separates the earth from the sky. If I live, she will live; I grow young, I live, I breathe the air. I am he who splits iron, I go round about the Egg, tomorrow is mine through the striking-power of Horus and the strength of Set."

–THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN BOOK OF THE DEAD.

[1] *This is the city known as Heliopolis, "City of the Sun" in Greek, or Iunnu, "The Pillars", in Ancient Egyptian.*



"O Land of the Sceptre, O White Crown of the Divine Form! O Holy Resting Place!
I am the Child !
I am the Child !
I am the Child !
I am the Child !"

"I am Horus who protects his father, I am he who brought his father and who brought his mother with his staff; open a way for one who has power in his legs, who sees the Great God within the Bark of Ra!"

"May the Mysteries be uncovered for me, may the secret caverns be opened to me, may I enter into the Lord of Soul, greatly majestic, may I come forth to Busiris[1] and go all over his mansion, may I tell him the affairs of his son whom he loves, while the heart of Set is cut out. May I see the Lord of Weariness, who is limitless, that he may know how Horus regulated the affairs of the gods without him."

–The Ancient Egyptian Book of the Dead.

[1] *This is the city of Busiris, which meant "House of Osiris" in Greek, but was called "Tpyhwt"– meaning "First of the Cows"–in Ancient Egyptian.*

"There is that dimension, O monks, where there is neither earth, nor water, nor fire, nor air; neither dimension of infinitude of space, nor dimension of infinitude of consciousness, NOR DIMENSION OF NOTHINGNESS, nor dimension of neither perception nor non-perception; neither this world, nor the next world, nor sun, nor moon. And there, I say, there is neither coming, nor going, nor staying; neither passing away nor arising: it is unestablished, unevolving, without support [of mental object]. This, only this, is the End of Suffering."

— GAUTAMA BUDDHA,
Nirvana Sutta.



XXVII

Holy, holy, holy!"—Dionysus sang with loud voice
as he was walking away from Hephaestus' Forge.
And as he was approaching Mother Hestia's mound,
one of those fire-winged creatures that always circled around
went to the child and began to circle him as his crown.

"Hello."—said Dionysus to that creature and stopped.
And, "Holy, Holy, Holy!"—was that creature's response.

"My child!"—cried Mother Hestia from afar.
"Are you on your way to seeing that man?"
"Yes, ma'am!"—said the child, and to Hestia ran.
"I see you have made friends with a seraph!"
—said Mother Hestia and started to laugh.
"He is glad to see you kept your promise;
you know, these creatures, these things, notice."
Now go, waste no time, god apprentice."
"I shall!"—said Dionysus. "For I'm curious!"

"Seek and you shall find. . ."—said Hestia in a hush,
as Dionysus went away in a rush.
"I am also glad you kept your promise. . .
. . . . . the Father's Promise."

As Dionysus was running and quickly approaching that man,
he saw that the Eye of the Needle was an Egyptian Ankh
of black stone and roughly five times the size of a tall man.
From the Ankh's oval top—which was the actual Eye—white light,
most purest and bright, came forth, lighting all the Elysian Lands.

As Dionysus drew nearer the Egyptian Cross,
he could see that that man was not sitting on the floor
but levitating cross-legged one or two palms above!
That man was thin, of tanned skin and rather small.
He hovered still, with eyes closed and in orange robes,
dressing in that colour so distinctive of the dawn.

When Dionysus reached that mysterious man's side
—who hovered exactly at the base of the Needle's Eye—
the child realised that no sound could be heard nearby.
The Song of the Seraphim did not reach that distant part,
and although his own crown-seraph still mouthed the chant,
he could hear nothing, complete silence all around.

The child had fresh in memory his father's reprimand:
how he had been rebuked for shouting at the Craftsman.
So, amidst that silence, he did not dare to speak but sat,
and imitating the manners of that floating man,
he crossed his legs and—in *muesis*[1]—also closed his eyes.

It was not long till Dionysus' back and legs began to hurt,
and the child grew bored of that awkward comfort he deemed absurd.
So, again, he stood and tried with a sigh that silence curb,
but no sound would leave his mouth, no matter how hard he cursed!

He shouted and shouted in that man's face,
but that man would not move an inch nor shake.
The child was seized by fear and was afraid;
perhaps after all he was not that brave. . .
Then, when the child was to run away in despair,
his arms' hair raised as if someone at his back stared.
And when he turned in bewilderment and afraid. . .
Behold! He saw himself with closed eyes and crossed legs!

---

[1] Initiation into the Eleusinian Mysteries—those secret religious ceremonies so celebrated by Plato and other philosophers—was called "*muesis*" (μυησις), a word derived from "muo" (μύω): "to shut", "to close", especially one's eyes. The initiated were called *mystæ*—mystics—as derived from *muo,* which, in turn, derives from the Sanskrit *muka* (मूक) "mute", "to shut one's mouth".

The Ptolemaic Harpocrates (Horus the Child) was represented with a finger to his mouth, as if demanding silence, perhaps also secrecy. "But you, when you pray, go into your inner room, and when you have shut your door, pray to your Father who is in secret".—*Matthew* 6:6.



He turned again towards the Needle's Eye.
And behold! One man stood and one sat,
and yet, they both were clearly the same chap!
"Who are you?"—said Dionysus, alarmed.
And behold! For his voice was now sound!

"I am you."—said the man that stood.
For the one that sat would not move.
"What do you mean?!"—Dionysus whooped.
And the child that sat slightly shook.
"Relax, child."—quietly said that man.
"And look at the *Needle in the Eye*."

Dionysus looked at the Needle's Eye
and beheld a giant man crucified,
nailed to the Ankh by feet and hands.

Dionysus cried, horrified: "What are you doing to that giant man?!"
"I told you to look at the *Needle in the Eye*, not the Needle's Eye."
—quietly said that man. "But that will do, for that man is also you."

"Who are you?!"—Dionysus again whooped.
And the child that sat again slightly shook.
"I already told you, child: I am you."
—quietly said again the man who stood.
For the one that sat would not move.

"I am confused!"—Dionysus loudly cried.
"Relax, child."—quietly said that man.
"And look at the *Needle in the Eye*."

Dionysus looked up again at the Eye of the Needle
and beheld an eagle feeding from that giant's liver,
and how his suffering that giant could never deliver.
For although the giant groaned and fought and uttered loud whimpers
—which down the spine of every man and woman would send shivers—
he was bound to that torture as if he were the greatest sinner.

"Who's that giant?!"—Dionysus again whooped.
And the child that sat again slightly shook.
"I already told you: that giant is you."
—quietly said again the man who stood.
For the one that sat would never move.
"I can't stand his suffering!"—Dionysus whooped.
"What are you doing to me? I mean, to us?
to him?" And the child that sat again slightly shook.

"I am not doing anything"—that man quietly said.
"You're doing this, constantly shaking in fear and afraid."

Suddenly, that man raised and tilted his small and tanned head,
as if paying heed to something important and great.
He shone in emerald light—to his head rose a white snake—
and a ray of emerald fused with white light he sent
across Hestia's Land up to Hephaestus' Forge straight.

At once, Dionysus exclaimed: "I KNOW WHO YOU ARE!
For I know to whom belongs that emerald light!
You're Hermes! The Trickster! The son of Zeus and Maia!"
And the child that sat shook heavily with great drama,
while the giant groaned, seized by even greater trauma.

That small man lowered his head and slowly sat down,
so two equal men now sat cross-legged on the ground.
Then he said to the child: "Dionysus, would you sit down
lest that giant should be needlessly angrier and frown?"
And Dionysus observantly agreed and bravely sat down,
so two equal children now sat cross-legged on the ground.

"O, Child of Buddha Nature, listen without distraction. On the fifth day, the purity of the entire wind element will arise in the form of a green light. At that time, from the green northern Buddha field called Matrix of Enlightened Activities (Karmaprasiddhi), the transcendent lord Buddha Amoghasiddhi with his retinue will dawn before you, his body green in colour, holding in his right hand a crossed-vajra, seated on a cīvamcīvaka bird throne and embraced by two male bodhisattvas, Vajrapāni and Nivāranaviskhambhin, and two female bodhisattvas, Gandhā and Nartī. Thus, six buddha-bodies will be shining before you from within a space of rainbow light.

A green light indicative of the pristine cognition of accomplishment, which is the natural purity of the aggregate of motivational tendencies, green and dazzling, radiant and clear, bright and awesome, adorned with greater and lesser seminal points, will emanate from the heart of Amoghasiddhi and his consort and it will shine piercingly before you at the level of your heart, with such brilliance that your eyes cannot bear it. Do not be afraid! This is the natural expressive power of your own awareness! Rest in that state of great equanimity, transcending activity, free from the dichotomies of attachment and aversion, based on your feelings of nearness and distance. Together with the light of pristine cognition, a ***dull red light***, indicative of the realm of the antigods and formed by envy, will also dawn before you and touch your heart. Cultivate an equanimity towards this dull light which is free from attachment or aversion! Even if your mental capacity is diminished, at least do not delight in it. At this time, under the sway of deep envy, you will wish to turn away in terror from the bright and dazzling green luminosity and you will come to feel delight and attachment towards the ***dull red light*** of the antigods. At this moment, abandon your fear, and recognise the green luminosity, bright and dazzling, radiant and clear, to be pristine cognition. Let your awareness relax and abide directly within it, resting in a state of non-activity. Pray with devotion, thinking: 'This is the light ray of the transcendent lord Amoghasiddhi's compassion. I take refuge in it.' This, in reality, is the light-ray hook of the transcendent lord Amoghasiddhi's compassion, which is known as the pristine cognition of accomplishment. Be devoted to it! Do not turn away! Even if you do turn away, the luminosity will accompany you inseparably. So, do not be afraid! Do not be attached to the ***dull red light*** of the antigods. This is the inviting path of your past actions, which you yourself have engaged in, whilst motivated by deep envy. If you become attached to this dull light, you will fall into the realms of the antigods and experience the unbearable sufferings of unrelenting conflict and quarrelling. This dull light is an obstacle blocking the path to liberation! Do not be attached to it! Give up your yearning! Do not cling to it! Be devoted to the green light, which is radiant and dazzling, and focus intently and single-mindedly on the transcendent lord Amoghasiddhi and his consort, and recite the following aspirational prayer:

O, as I roam in cyclic existence driven by deep-seated envy,
May the transcendent lord Amoghasiddhi draw me forward,
Leading me on the path of radiant light,
Which is the pristine cognition of accomplishment.
May the supreme consort Samayatārā support me from behind,
And, thus encircled, may I be rescued
From the fearsome passageway of the intermediate state,
And be escorted to the level of an utterly perfect buddha.

By making this aspirational prayer with fervent devotion, you will dissolve into rainbow light in the heart of the transcendent lord Amoghasiddhi and his consort, and you will attain Buddhahood, as the Buddha-body of Perfect Resource, in the northern Buddha field called 'Matrix of Enlightened Activities' (Karmaprasiddhi)."

-The Tibetan Book of the Dead



"I will not announce you," says the doorkeeper of this Hall of Justice, "unless you tell my name."

"'Knower of hearts,' 'searcher-out of bodies' is your name."

"To which god shall I announce you?"

"To him who is now present. Tell it to the Dragoman of the Two Lands."

"Who is the Dragoman of the Two Lands?"

"He is Thoth."

"Come!" says Thoth. "What have you come for?"

"I have come here to report."

"What is your condition?"

"I am pure from evil, I have excluded myself from the quarrels of those who are now living, I am not among them."

"To whom shall I announce you?"

"You shall announce me to Him whose roof is fire, whose walls are Living Uraei, the floor of whose house is the Waters."

"Who is he?"

"He is Osiris."

"Proceed; behold, you are announced. Your bread is the Sacred Eye, your beer is the Sacred Eye; what goes forth at the Voice for you upon earth is the Sacred Eye."

–The Ancient Egyptian Book of the Dead.

Listen, Son of Man!
Like a spermatozoon of the Most High,
that is the very nature of your mind.
And the Womb that you can impregnate
is the Virgin Emptiness within yourself:
that's the saving Narrow Gate of New Birth!
This is how the Creator was once born,
and with Him the universe and this world!

Arise, Son of Man!
For you are Son of the Most High!



"I have said, You are gods; and all of you are Children of the Most High. But you shall die like men, and fall like one of the princes. Arise, O God, judge the earth, for you shall inherit all nations!"—*Psalms* 82:6-8.

"Jesus answered them, 'Is it not written in your Law, "I have said, You are gods?" If he called them gods, to whom the Word of God came, and the Scripture cannot be broken; do you say of him whom the Father has sanctified, and sent into the world, "You blaspheme;" because I have said, I am the Son of God?'"—*Matthew* 10:34-36.

"And she brought forth a MAN CHILD, who was to rule all nations with a rod of iron, and her child was caught up unto God, and to his Throne."—*Revelation* 12:5.

PART VIII:
The White Aurora.

"Know from the rivers in clefts and in crevices: those in small channels flow noisily, the great flow silent. Whatever is not full makes noise. Whatever is full is quiet."

— Gautama Buddha, Nalaka Sutta

"A Vine bears three bunches of grapes: the first, the bunch of pleasure; the second, that of drunkenness; the third, that of repentance."

— ANACHARSIS, the Scythian.



Suddenly, seven white cobras rose over that man's head,
as if they wished to guard him from the cold rain and sunset,
and closing his eyes again, that small man quietly said:

"Hermes. . . ? The son of Zeus and Maia, you say?
I believe the world calls me 'Buddha'. . .
But the son of *Śuddhodana* and *Maya*
I once was amidst two snake twisters:
when I barely paid heed to Scriptures
or the light living within in whispers,
because red fumes always sent triggers,
and I tricked myself as a great trickster."

"Well, I believe you are Hermes, the Trickster,
who came in our midst and to my father sent whispers!"
—said the child, pointing at that man with his finger.
Suddenly, that man changed and took Hermes' figure!
"Ha, ha, ha!"—laughed the child. "You're a funny riddler!
But now you shall speak forward and Truth deliver!"

"If this is what your wolf howls. . ."—said Hermes while standing up.
"What do you know about my Great Mother Maha-Maia, thug?"
"Surely also a scoundrel!"—laughed Dionysus, teasing up.
And Hermes again, dancing around the child like a schmuck:

"Listen up, thief, for I'm gonna *steal* you from hardship:
Two things are immutable amidst all that exists:
Change—which is Time—and like Chronos all swallows and spits;
and Emptiness—Space—which to the White Aurora sticks.
So tell me, thief, what is it that changes and Chronos seized?"

Dionysus exclaimed: "Form! That which changes must always be form!"
And Hermes asked: "And what is Emptiness empty of?"
And the child replied: "Form! Emptiness is ONLY empty of form!"

"Clink, clink, clink!"
Hermes was hitting a bell that nobody knew where it came from.

"Now you shall tell me, thug!"
—said Hermes, quickly leaning down
towards the child who still sat down.
"Where does form come from?
Does it come from a "*Bing Bang*"?
—said Hermes teasing with his hands
and the child laughed without sham.
"Or perhaps it comes from some god?"
—said Hermes with tone rather odd.
"Neither!"—exclaimed Dionysus.
"The universe of form comes from
sight, taste, smell, hearing and touch!"
"Okay, and is that reality, thug?"
—quickly asked Hermes with a mocking shrug.
"If yes, you shall say why yes;
and if not, you shall say why not."
—he said, returning, to, a, slow, paced, tone.

Dionysus mused for a second,
and then he sharply spoke:

"It is not: for blind is a mole,
but great is the smelling sense of dogs.
Great hearing has a moth,
but almost blind is a bat.
Owls can see in the dark,
and the same is true for cats.
Electric fields are sensed by sharks,
but human senses those can't mark.
And the gods embrace it all,
but my hand cannot touch the gods!

"So?"—asked Hermes as if expecting more.
And the child said: "Each animal is floored
within a different world of forms.
If animals could discuss together and talk,
they would never ever agree upon
what may be actual or real form.
Sense perception is naturally flawed:
it can be no reality at all!
But human beings believe otherwise
because they've never thought about this twice:
through the chance of human senses they thrived,
and never learnt another way to drive.
They despise the White Aurora's Light,
so they never touch the gods with their minds. . ."

"Who or what is that? What despises the White Aurora's Light,"
—asked Hermes—"and stares at mere shadows on the Cave's Dam?
Who desires to remain like a brutish primitive caveman,
and never find out what outside his sensory cage stands?
Who is bound with ball and chain to the illusion of Hera's Land?"

Dionysus said: "You're describing my uncle: Ares, or Mars. . ."
"Indeed,"—said Hermes—"he whose sons Poseidon called the Anti-Christ!
But verily, verily I say, and my word will be sanctioned,
that Hades also prepared a mansion for his passion.
And the caveman refusing to look inside and into the white
for a full Aeon shall look outside and into the white.
And then there will be much groaning and gnashing of teeth
when he shall see all the white prophets at the Elysian Fields
but himself thrown out in white like the worst of fiends."

"Is then Ares evil?"—the child said speaking his mind.
And the Trickster said: "What is good and what is right?
If there was no pain, there could be no formed life!"
"Is then formed life evil?"—the child again spoke his mind.
And Hermes said: "What is wrong and what is evil?
If there was no joy, there could be no birth of Divine Will!
. . . . . Both angels and demons dabble in the rill!"

"*'As above, so below'* was always my Law,
for the world below—drenched in sensory forms—
of the above Formless World is MERE SYMBOL.
In green I stand at the heart of our rainbow:
above Ares' red strip causing much trouble,
and by your father's side, who speaks in parables
and writes myths and scriptures such as the Bible,
so all may ascend here in their own bubbles.
The Ancient Egyptians—masters of puzzles—
painted Hades' face as green as my muzzle;
Ares they thought of as Red Set, causing struggle,
and you, they pictured as Horus the Falcon."

Hermes stopped for a second, and then went on:

"All is united and One,
so Two without Three is not:
for the Third unites Two
and makes *One* which is a Fourth!
Can you see the Mystery
of the Seven-Fold Rainbow?"
"I'm afraid I don't"—the child spoke.
"Be not afraid, *Horus the Young*."
—said Hermes in most solemn tone.

"That which unites and makes One
is as INVISIBLE as Love.
Love is the third and *the Dove,*
but what from Love dawns is four.
I'm the fourth of Apollo's gold
and the sky-blue of Zeus alone.
You're the fourth of Ares' red blood
and your mother's starry night-dome.
And now: you and I further shall go,
and make One which is white as snow,
so an Eighth (which is a Fourth)
may come forth from the seven-fold
—which in truth are one single soul—
and Horus the Old shall be born!"

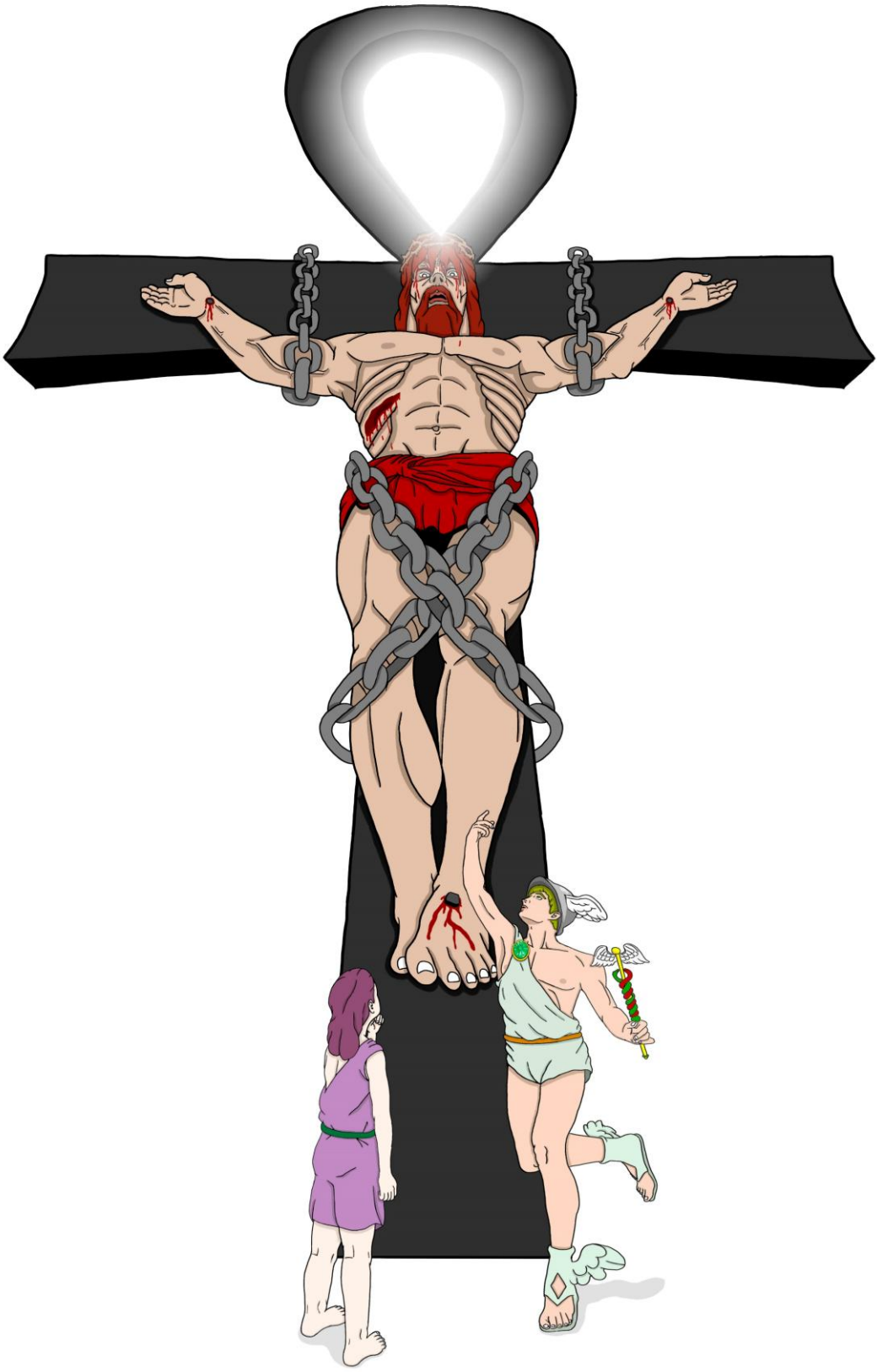
"I am *Hermes Trismegistus*—the Great Three—
the Trickster indeed, but also god of roads and wit.
I am the Way, the Truth and the Life that sets free,
and nobody comes to the Father but through me.
I'm the First and the Last of the sensory mist:
the Alpha and the Omega that sits in our midst.
And you, Horus the Child, are the Son of Man,
but not for long, for soon you'll be Horus the Old,
and then we all seven shall call you *Son of God!"*

As Hermes finished saying these mystery words,
the giant that was bound to the Egyptian Cross
began to violently shake and loudly groan,
as he miserably wished to be freed from his toil.
Seeing this, the child covered his ears, recoiled
and voiced: "I can't stand how in suffering he is foiled!"

And Hermes then spoke: "He only suffers and groans
because in trying to save himself he's engrossed.
But he was bound by Zeus himself to that cross,
so all his shaking is vain and his battle is lost.
If he simply stopped shaking and gave up the ghost,
he would be freed from all his suffering in a toast.
But this violent giant has always liked to boast,
so into saving himself he's always engrossed.

"Is that so?"—said Dionysus. "If so, does he know?"
"Oh yes, of course! A million times he's been told!"
—said Hermes, looking up and scratching his nose.
"But the White Aurora he refuses to host,
so he shall hang there till he cherishes it the most. . ."
"Could I speak to him?"—tenderly said Dionysus.
"Maybe he would pay heed to me and be freed."
"Oh! That would be sweet."—said Hermes in a leap.
"I'll make you float so you may face-to-face speak."

"Aiah!"—cried the child brought aloft. "I didn't know you could do that!"
"I can do anything!"—said Hermes. "I'm the Trickster, lad!"



That giant's head was bigger than Dionysus himself;
the child thought he could be eaten, but he wasn't afraid.
With eyes closed, that giant loudly groaned in the child's face.
That colossal man shook and groaned every now and then,
because he wished to be freed from his bonds and save himself.
Dionysus gathered all his courage, and he finally said:

"Hello, I am Dionysus. What is your name?"
That giant opened his eyes in strenuous pain
and said: "That name I know not! It is of no fame!
But if you are one of the gods, scram away!"

The child frowned and said: "Why do you hold the gods in such hate?"
"We, the Titans,"—said that giant full of hate—"once reigned supreme
till your weak and ridiculously dwarfish kin came upstream!"
Dionysus said: "But only you remain around here in screams;
I have never seen another giant at the Elysian Fields. . ."
That giant shook and groaned, for the First Door's heat made him steam.
The child felt pity and said: "I don't think I can have you freed,
but I don't care if you hate me: I hold you in esteem.
Is there anything I could do to ease your suffering?"
"I thirst. . . "—the giant gasped. ". . .Do you have anything to drink. . .?"

Dionysus checked his kingly robes of uncommon purple tint
and said: "I wish I could offer you wine, water or milk,
but I only have vinegar: it's not very sweet and stinks. . .
That giant in thirst did not seem to mind a little bit,
and all Dionysus' vinegar he drank in one single sip!

"Yes!"—loudly exclaimed Hermes, raising his arms:
"The one-eyed archer first turned *Māra* into *Ramā,*
followed *Dharma* and abandoned social drama.
He didn't choose the Son of the Rabbi or *Barabbas,*
and his own wine he did not brush aside nor hush.
The wine turned into vinegar by the social lash
when the followers of Barabbas saw the Son of Man
and said, 'Look, a winebibber, a sinner and publican!'
Wine turned to vinegar: Horus the Child was getting Old at last!"

"Now purge me with purple hyssop and I shall be unsoiled;
wash my giant pain and I shall be whiter than snow!"

As Hermes had said these most cryptic mystery words,
the giant said, "It is finished," and gave up the ghost.
He bowed his head, stopped all his shaking and groan,
and the violent struggle of saving himself he scorned.
At once he was freed from all his pain, chains and bonds,
and released from that Cross; he landed on the floor.

Hermes then went to that giant who now knelt by the cross,
and looking up at him, he addressed him in these words:

"Prometheus, Zeus took vengeance on you sevenfold
because you slew with the fire of words the Good Shepherd of old.
But you shall no more wander through the Land of Nod,
for you're no longer wroth but have finally found home."

Then, looking down at Hermes, Prometheus said with calm voice:
"At the east of the Elysian Fields for a full age I mourned,
at the very place where the White Light of the Eye dawns,
and yet I could never treasure Its glory at all. . ."

Hermes said: "Your service is now almost done.
And all those who, like your Enoch of old,
in this age were taken here and were no more
shall fondly thank you with all their heart's love:
for the cry in the desert that brought them aloft
was none other than your horrible groan.
But you know well that you cannot leave this world
until fate binds another god to your post.
So, before you forever abandon this world,
you must go and visit Hephaestus' Forge
and make sure one of this age's gods
becomes bound by destiny to your post."

The giant looked back at his suffering
—at the Cross to which he had been pinned—
and turning his eyes towards Hermes' green,
he meekly grinned: "I will, dear *Mnemosyne*,
for now I know how the Potter's Wheel spins,
as well as what exactly was my sin."

As Prometheus rose and headed towards Hephaestus' Forge,
Hermes rose to Dionysus—whom he had before brought aloft
so he could commune with the giant and face-to-face talk—
and was still by the Ankh's top, with the bright Needle's Eye in front.
"Why did he call you *Mnemosyne*?"—asked Dionysus the Young,
when Hermes reached his side after a tremendous pounce.
"Oh, no reason!"—said Hermes. "That is what his wolf howls. . .
But now you and I must go into the Eye and back here bounce!"
"What's inside the Eye?"—asked the child, always full of doubts.

"There is no earth, water, fire nor air."—Hermes said.
"There's no existence nor nothingness, no time nor space.
There is no sun, nor moon, not this world nor the next:
for there nothing ever arises or passes away.
The Eye of the Needle, I assure you and say,
is the only end of all suffering and stress.
So do not sweat, hold your breath, nor be afraid,
but let us go in there and end your doubt and guess."

And as Hermes' words came thus to an end,
he took the child's hand, and into the Eye they went.

II



"The remembrance of Him is mine, I have taken authority in my city, for I found Him in it. I have brought darkness by means of my power, I have rescued the Eye from its nonexistence before the festival of the fifteenth day had come, I have separated Set from the houses of the Above because of the Elder who was with him, I equipped Thoth in the Mansion of the Moon before the festival of the fifteenth day had come, I have taken possession of the Wereret-crown, and right is in my body, also the turquoise and faience of its monthly festival, and my field of lapis-lazuli is there on my riverbank. I am the Woman who lightens darkness. I have come to lighten the darkness, and it is bright. I have lightened the darkness, I have felled the evil spirits, those who were in darkness have given praise to me, I have made the mourners whose faces were hidden to stand up, even though they were languid when they saw me.

As for you, I am the Woman of whom I do not permit you to hear!"

–The Ancient Egyptian Book of the Dead.

III

First, Prometheus' flashing light tainted in red
into the Eye of the Needle found its way.
And only then from the Eye Dionysus came
riding a white-winged unicorn without stain!
As the child came out—truly and visibly changed—
he heard a very loud noise, thunderous and great,
for the Egyptian Ankh crumbled and went to waste!

As his horse moved, he left behind a trail of shade,
only lighted by Hestia's comparatively dim Flame,
for the White Light of the Aurora—pure and chaste—
from his breathtaking white-winged unicorn now flashed straight!

"I was waiting for you."—said a voice as familiar as strange.
And when Dionysus turned his head towards the place
where the Ankh had stood and the Aurora's Light ranged:
he saw that same tanned man in orange robes arrayed,
but not under any Ankh but a tree instead.
"Who were you waiting for?"—the child soberly said.
That man rose and asked: "Should I give you a name?"
And Dionysus said: "No, for the Word I made flesh,
and when I crucified it, to words I put an end!"
Then, another voice—as familiar as strange—
he heard calling from as far as the First Gate.
"C'mon, thief! We've got work to do; are you game?"
And with a single leap of his winged horse, he went
to join Hermes who by the First Door was in wait.

"Clonk!" Somebody hit Apollo on the head
with a winged caduceus formed by two snakes.
"Hermes!"—cried Apollo forgetting the pain.
"All a Sun-Prophet and still hard in the head!"
—said Hermes with the smile of a dear friend.
"In truth the Ancient and Honourable is the head,
and the prophet that teaches lies is the tail."

"Will you descend with us, my heart, balance and faith?"
—said Apollo in golden rays—and Hermes said:
"I don't need to descend in your coloured frets,
for I am always up here and down there.
But missing this show I would not dream dare,
not even for all the gold of the Earth."

And then: "Hurray! Holy, holy, holy," like a storm.
Behold! Dionysus riding a white-winged unicorn!
"Hello, son!"—said the child to him who sat on the Throne,
and—"Hello, father."—voiced Apollo in return.

As Dionysus came down from the horse,
moon-like Artemis embraced her son and spoke:
"What have you done? Look how much you've grown!"
"I was with Hermes! He taught me some tricks of old."
—said the child while Hermes grinned and roamed.
Then the child seized the horse by its head collar rope,
and bringing it to Athena, he thus spoke:

"You must be Athena: this horse you must ride from now on."
Athena stared at the child as if surveying his soul,
and taking the horse by its head collar rope, she then voiced:
"Thanks, Son. . ."
Not being sure whether she should add "of Man" or "of God".

Then Hephaestus approached that company of gods
—which for the first time stood together on the same floor—
and looking at that white-winged unicorn, he thus spoke:
"What a marvellous creature you've put your hands on!
I've never seen anything like this in all my years of work!
Now I'll bring you seven horses coloured like the rainbow.
Of these I've plenty—as on them descend all mortal souls—
and then you will be able to proceed through the Eighth Door."
"Perfect!"—Athena spoke as she mounted the unicorn.
"But there is no need at all for you to bring a red horse!"
"Right!"—exclaimed the Master of Crafts on his way to the Forge."



Then Apollo rose from his throne and to Athena spoke:
"Are you not going to name this white-winged unicorn?"
Athena stared at that gorgeous white horse and then spoke:
"Why don't you give him a name? You're the Master of Words!"
Apollo went to the horse, shone in golden tone, and voiced:
"mmm. . . Shadowfax! Artax? Kanthaka!
"No, no, no!"—Hermes roared—"This horse was given by God!"
"By God, you say? Then. . . *Devadatta!*"—Apollo voiced.
"Which means 'given by god' in the old Sanskrit tongue."
"Devadatta. . . I like how it sounds!"—Athena roared,
while Hermes grinned approvingly with a nod.

Then Hephaestus returned, bringing six coloured horses
—one destined for each of the rainbow's natural courses—
and they all entered the Eighth Door and went to its shore.

By its doorpost, that Door was much like the Hexagonal Floor.
But beyond, an inverted and translucent triangle rose
at the immediacies of a very crystalline shore
whose calm waters evoked those found within the Third Door.
When Devadatta—from whom the Aurora's Light now shone—
beamed his light on the inverted triangle that there rose,
his light was split into rainbow's tones at the triangle's beyond.
And when Devadatta took the position of the red course,
all the rainbow's courses became of a clearer tone
and converged into one single white course at their front!
Then, Hermes addressed the company of the gods in these words:

"The seven rainbow's tones
have converged into one
which is whiter than snow,
so—as a last resort—
Athena may take our front
and make sure none of us
forgets our Elysian home."

"Everything is ready!"—Hephaestus said. "I'd wish you luck
if by this Divine Knightage I was not awestruck,
and in the success of your joust I had not complete trust!"

On the right: Athena rode
—through the dipped-in-blood red course—
but riding her great white horse.

On her left: Aphrodite rode
—through the orange course—
riding a horse like the dawn.

On her left: Apollo rode
—through the sun-like course—
riding a horse bright as gold.

In their midst: Hermes rode
—through the emerald course—
riding a horse green as hope.

On his left: a horse nobody rode
—through the sky-blue course—
which Dionysus kissed at the Door.

On its left: Artemis rode
—through the night-shade course—
riding the dark star-dome horse.

On her left: Dionysus rode
—through the violet course—
on the wine and hyssop horse.

As each of the gods had mounted the horse
akin to its nature and a rainbow's course,
that inverted triangle rumbled with a loud "OM!"
and they were all pushed away with great force.
Then Hermes said from their midst and in loud voice:

"Try to always walk above these waters—never below—
lest we should sink and forget our Elysian home!"

It was not long till they approached the end of the Eighth Door,
which led into the dark, dreamy and perilous Ninth Door.
That passage was guarded by two massive sea-beasts of old:
Scylla and *Charybdis* were their given names in old lore.

At once, Hermes shouted from their emerald midst and voiced:

"Fear not these beasts, imposing and horrible to behold!
Under no circumstances steer away your horses at all,
for it is imperative that through their midst we should all go!"

But Artemis was suddenly loath and reined in her horse.
For in truth she did not wish to go beyond the Eighth Door.
She remembered having forgotten her Mother's Lore before,
and stepping into the Ninth Door—so far away from the Source—
her great virginal chastity now naturally abhorred.

"Mother, don't!"—cried Dionysus pushing her to their midst and core.
But the child's push was not enough to correct Artemis' course.
Athena then spurred her horse and prepared to jump to their front,
but Hermes exclaimed: "Don't! Only do that as a last resort!"
And then, behold! Because the sky-blue horse that nobody rode
mightily pulled moon-like Artemis and Dionysus, her son,
and between Scylla and Charybdis the seven went on!

"O, Child of Buddha Nature, listen without distraction. Until yesterday the visions of the five individual enlightened families arose before you. Despite this, even though the former introduction was given, you experienced awe and terror; a response generated by your habitual tendencies. Consequently, you have remained in your present state, until now. If you had previously recognised one of the natural luminosities of the pristine cognitions of the five enlightened families as being a natural manifestation of actual reality, you would have dissolved into rainbow light at the heart of one of these buddha-bodies of the five respective enlightened families, and attained buddhahood, in the Buddha-body of Perfect Resource. Yet, since you have been unable to recognise these experiences as being natural manifestations, you have wandered here. Therefore, listen now, without distraction. The vision of the entire peaceful assembly of the five enlightened families, together with that which is called: 'the vision of the four pristine cognitions combined,' will now come to invite you. Recognise this."

"O, Child of Buddha Nature these buddha fields do not exist extraneously. They are the five aspects of your own heart; its four directions and centre. Emanating now from within your own heart, they have arisen before you. These buddha-bodies have not arisen extraneously. They have arisen spontaneously, atemporally, from the natural expressive power of your own awareness. Therefore, recognise them as they are! [. . .] They are your own meditational deities!"

"First, a sheet of radiant ***white light rays***, bright and awesome indicative of the pristine cognition of reality's expanse, will emanate. Above this sheet of light, a white seminal point resembling a mirror facing downwards will arise [. . .]"

"Second, a sheet of radiant ***blue light***, indicative of the mirror-like pristine cognition, will emanate. Above this, like a turquoise bowl facing downwards, a radiant blue seminal point will arise [. . .]"

"Third, a sheet of radiant ***yellow light***, indicative of the pristine cognition of sameness, will emanate. Above this, like a gold cup facing downwards, a radiant yellow seminal point will arise [. . .]"

"Fourth, a sheet of radiant ***red light***, indicative of the pristine cognition of discernment, will emanate. Above this, like a coral bowl facing downwards, a radiant seminal point will arise [. . .]"

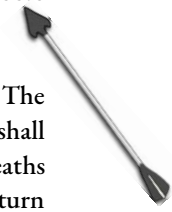
"O, Child of Buddha Nature, these radiances are arising out of the natural expressive power of your own awareness. They have not come from anywhere else. Therefore, do not be attached to them! Do not be afraid of them! Relax and rest in a non-conceptual state."

"O, Child of Buddha Nature, during the above series the ***green light*** indicative of the pristine cognition of accomplishment will not arise. The reason for this is that the natural expressive power of pristine cognition, which is your own intrinsic awareness, is not yet perfected."

-The Tibetan Book of the Dead

"Believers! Guard yourselves and your kindred against a Fire whose fuel is HUMAN BEINGS AND STONES, a Fire held in the charge of fierce and stern angels who never disobey what He has commanded them, and always do what they are bidden."

— QURAN 66:6



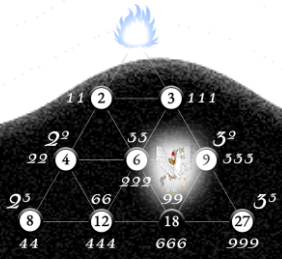
"The path to immortality is hard, and only a few find it. The rest await the Great Day when the wheels of the Universe shall be stopped and the immortal sparks shall escape from the sheaths of substance. Woe unto those who wait, for they must return again, unconscious and unknowing, to the seed-ground of stars, and await a new beginning. Those who are saved by the Light of the Mystery which I have revealed unto you, O Hermes, and which I now bid you to establish among men, shall return again to the Father who dwells in the WHITE LIGHT, and shall deliver themselves up to the Light and shall be absorbed into the Light, and in the Light they shall become Powers in God. This is the Way of Good and is revealed only to them that have wisdom."

— HERMES TRISMEGISTUS
The Vision.

"Enter by the Narrow Gate; for the gate is wide, and the way is broad that leads to destruction, and many are those who enter by it. For the Gate is small, and the way is narrow that leads to Life, and few are those who find it."

— JESUS OF NAZARETH
Matthew 7:13-14

IV



At once, those waters were crystalline no more,
but pitch-black dark, for they had entered the Ninth Door.
All was dark there, except around the company of the gods,
as Devadatta's light always illumined them all.
But the seven quickly began to sink like a downpour,
when dragging, pulling and pushing swirls of wailing souls
—whose desperate wails would have wrecked the best of the boats—
tried to sink them into those dark waters like a rock.
Apollo left his horse and began to dive around the gods,
while Hermes cried: "What are you doing? Go back to your horse!"
But Apollo said: "No, friend of mine. This is my turn to shine!"
And Apollo anointed with golden oil each horse and god.
Then the seven stopped sinking and began to go afloat,
but Apollo who was now diving—not riding his horse—
was seized by those swirls that pulled towards those dark waters' floor.
"Damn!"—Hermes cried. "I hate to say I told you so!"
Quickly Athena put forth her Spear, Apollo grabbed hold,
and luckily the poet could be restored to his horse.
"Good work, Sun-Prophet!"—Athena spoke. "But that was too close!"

When they had all been brought afloat
—and by the grace of Apollo's Oil
they walked on those dark waters' turmoil—
like stones they were sinking no more,
for oil on water always floats.
But they could not breathe Holy Ghost,
and slowly they began to choke.
"What's happening to you, my gods?"
—Artemis alarmed loudly voiced.
And as her lover had done before,
she abandoned her night-shade horse,
and going to each horse and god,
she began to breathe in their chops,
sending Holy Ghost down their throats.

But that was not enough at all:
for as soon as she left one god,
that god again began to choke
and to forget the Elysian Home. . .

Then, lo! To the surprise of them all,
Aphrodite left her orange horse,
and on Athena's horse, she hopped on.
And when Artemis approached
—in her rounds instilling Holy Ghost—
she told her to also hop on
that great and white-winged unicorn.

And Aphrodite to Athena then thus spoke:
"Now go to our purest white front,
 where our colours converge as one,
 white, most clear and purified tone!"

Athena eyed Hermes, who before
had told her not to take their front
but as a very last resort.
But Hermes dared speak not a word,
for among all colours and tones:
the Dawn of Aphrodite's Great Love
he cherished and respected the most.

As the three goddesses had gone to their converging front
—all three mounting Devadatta: that Great Winged Unicorn—
Aphrodite spread her arms wide so her heart could be torn
by the millions of voices that there constantly mourned.
And as if she had embraced the pain of the whole world
and stored it within her own loving bosom alone,
she began to weep and thus spoke with beauteous song:

"Blessed be those who mourn but follow Divine Example,
for they shall receive our comfort and our candle!
Blessed be the meek, for the Earth's fruit they shall reap,
and no more be dragged by sleep and in darkness creep!"

Then Artemis raised her voice and thus spoke:
"Blessed be all the poor in Oil and Holy Ghost,
for we have come to anoint and blow on you all,
granting the oil and air that shall light your torch!
You are the light of the whole world and its candle!
And only those not following Divine Example
hide in shame their light for others not to sample,
lest it should be found that a darkness vast and ample
they always hide underneath their masking mantles!"

And Athena also raised her voice and sternly thus spoke:
"Think not that I am come to destroy the Prophets' Law,
for I'm come to uplift those who embraced the Divine in awe,
and to bind to the stone all those in whom I may find flaw!"

Then, the White Light of the Aurora brightly shone
from the white-winged unicorn's sides, rear and front,
and Devadatta neighed, imbuing that place with Holy Ghost,
so the gods could again normally breathe and choke no more.

The Light cut out through the darkness of the Ninth Door,
which became all white as snow but in one single spot,
where Phobos and Deimos in pitch-black darkness trod.
They had avoided approaching the shining gods
because—as it is well known—*Fear fears Light alone.*

The wailing souls of the Ninth Door
were then split into two cores:
those who in the White Light rejoiced
and joined the company of the gods,
and those whom the Light did not host
but stayed behind Phobos and Deimos
as their guardian rabid dogs.

Then Artemis and Aphrodite hopped off from the unicorn,
and each returned to her respectively coloured horse.
Athena spurred Devadatta, gave three steps and stopped.
And Phobos and Deimos quickly recoiled in fear and shock,
together with all those souls that by Fear had been robbed.
But even when in fear they recoiled, they never stopped
sniggering, drenched and drowned in most fearful and proud scoff.

Then Apollo preached to them with song:

"Pay heed! Guard yourselves from a Fire
whose fuel is people and stones:
this goddess will be severe
and merciless against your scorns!"

But Apollo's words did not serve much,
for although they were truthful as such,
they were to stir a mere fearful nudge,
and those souls were already Fear's drudge.

Then, as all those slaves followed each other's steps,
and their vain sniggering thus like a sickness spread,
a truly massive fiery blast of hating red
burst into the Ninth Door as a dangerous threat!
And many of those souls that by the gods were led
once again were seized and pierced by fearful dread.
They wished to *save themselves* from wrath and were scared:
they embraced dread and the side of the gods they left. . .

THE GROUND SHOOK AS IF SEIZED BY AN EARTHQUAKE!
WINDS HISSED WILD LIKE THE THREAT OF A RATTLESNAKE!
WATERS ROARED LIKE A TIGER ABOUT TO RETALIATE!
For he who by means of mortal fear all had persuaded
had come, and not desirous of a peaceful handshake!

"O Child of Buddha Nature, listen without distraction. On the seventh day, a five-faceted multicoloured light, which is indicative of the purity of your habitual tendencies in the expanse of reality and of co-emergent pristine cognition, composed of coloured threads of light twisted together, pulsing, shimmering, translucent, radiant, clear, bright and awesome, will emanate from the hearts of the five principal awareness holders and will shine piercingly before you, at the level of your heart with such brilliance that your eyes cannot bear it. At that moment, ***a dull green light***, indicative of the realms of the animals, will arise simultaneously with the light of pristine cognition and touch your heart. At this time, bewildered and confused by your past habitual tendencies, you will be frightened by the five-coloured light, and wish to turn away. Instantly, you will be attracted to the dull light of the animal realms, so therefore, do not be frightened now by the bright and flashing five-coloured light! Do not be terrified! Recognise this radiance to be pristine cognition! Within the five-coloured light, all the natural sounds of the sacred teachings will resound like a violent echo, an overwhelming reverberation, a tumultuous crescendo, a cacophony of war cries, and pound with the roar of wrathful mantras of terrifying ferocity. Do not be afraid! Do not turn away! Recognise these sounds and luminosities to be the naturally expressive power of your own awareness, manifesting naturally. Do not be attracted by the ***dull green light*** of the animals. Do not cling to it! If you become attached to it, you will fall into the obscured realms of the animals and be enveloped by the limitless sufferings of obfuscation, dumbness and servility, from which there will be no immediate opportunity for release. So, do not be attached to that ***dull green light!*** Be devoted to the five-coloured light that is radiant and dazzling! Focus intently and one-pointedly on the divine assembly of the awareness holders, the transcendent lords and spiritual teachers."

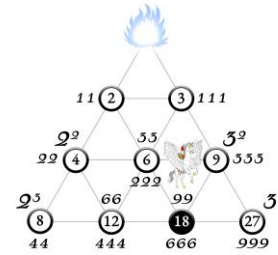
-The Tibetan Book of the Dead

"One should give up anger, renounce pride, and overcome all fetters. Suffering never befalls him who clings not to mind and body and is detached. He who checks rising anger as a charioteer checks a rolling chariot, him I call a true charioteer. Others only hold the reins. Overcome the angry by non-anger; overcome the wicked by goodness; overcome the miser by generosity; overcome the liar by Truth. Speak the Truth; yield not to anger; when asked, give, even if you only have a little. By these three means can one reach the presence of the gods."

—GAUTAMA BUDDHA,
Dhammapada 221-226.

"You have heard that it was said, 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.' But I say to you not to resist evil, but if one strikes you on your right cheek, turn to him also the other. And if a man will contend with you in judgment, and take away your coat, let him have your cloak too. And whosoever will force you one mile, go with him other two. Give to him that asks of you, and from him that would borrow of you turn not away. You have heard that it was said, 'You shall love your neighbour, and hate your enemy.' But I say to you: Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you, that you may be the Children of your Father who is in heaven, who causes His sun to rise upon the good and bad, and sends rain on the just and the unjust."

— JESUS OF NAZARETH,
Matthew 5:38-45



V

Ares came down straight upon moon-like Artemis,
and the blows of the warring god rarely went amiss!
Then to Dionysus' plum horse a kick he did inflict,
and in no time mother and son from their horses flipped!
Then Ares rushed to charge on Hermes—master of tricks—
but the sky-blue horse reared and kicked Ares on the chin!
The great God of War did not like that a little bit,
but the sky-blue horse again gave Ares a kick,
first in the head, then in the neck, chest, thighs and hips.
But nonetheless Ares stoutly stood his ground and hissed:

"Truly your strength must not be worth a dime
if a horse must come to your help and fight!
Of your prompt demise, this is a clear sign:
this sky-blue foal shall not save you this time!"

"Oh-oh"—said Hermes from his green equine—
"Ares, don't tell me you've learnt to rhyme. . ."

"Indeed, I have!"—said Ares, proudly raising his mighty trident,
as old Poseidon's Waters were now ruled by Ares' judgement.

"I never leave any of my weapons blunt,
so the Leviathan I went to tame and hunt!"
—shouted Ares as on Hermes he tried to jump.
"So why don't you invoke the Leviathan, punk?"
—said Hermes vanishing without being bumped,
and appearing again away from Ares' hand,
for Hermes dwelt in the midst of all that drama,
and yet he didn't, but dwelt in the heart of Dharma.
"I hate your stunts!"—shouted Ares heated like lava,
while jumping on Apollo like a black mamba.

The sun-poet was hit by Ares' vicious fist
and sent towards Phobos' and Deimos' dark tint,
who, afraid of his light, retreated a bit.
Then Ares stepped on Aphrodite's orange brink:
the goddess still had tears falling through her cheeks,
as she had not contained her sorrowful weep.

"Is this the army that you bring?"
—said Ares very mockingly.
"Children, horses, poets, empty tricks
and a damsel that only weeps?
But Aphrodite. . . You're a cutie!
So why don't you return to me?
Bow! Worship me as the world's king,
and I shall crown you the world's queen!"

Without detaining her tearful stream,
Aphrodite's tender visage in red gleamed,
and with a stern voice at once she screamed:

"Get behind me, Ares! You are an offence to me!
For you do not savour any of the Divine things,
but only those tainted in mortal nature and mean!"

Then they all could hear that Apollo, the sun-like king
—before thrown away by Ares' fist to the dark tint—
had risen and, in green tone, to fearful souls he thus preached:

"Of course you are uncertain; of course you are in fear and doubt,
for when there are reasons for doubt, uncertainty comes about.
But do not be led by authority, tradition nor hearsay;
do not be led by opinions nor what teachers may say.
But when you know that certain things by the wise are praised
because you adopted them and they led you to grace,
then you should bravely pursue them and not go astray!"

And behold! Because many of the souls led by dark, fearful scorn
crowed at Apollo—like a rooster crows at the sun of the dawn—
and leaving Phobos and Deimos alone, to the gods they returned.

Again, Apollo preached to the darkness, but now in golden shine:
"Do not go after the outside but the white light inside:
enter into your own inner chamber, but do not hide.
Knock and it shall be opened to you! Seek and you shall find!
Fright shall fly away if that White Light you find! Be not blind!"

And behold! Again, many of the souls that followed fearful scorn
crowed at Apollo—like a rooster crows at the sun of the dawn—
and, leaving Phobos and Deimos alone, to the gods they returned.

Ares lurched; losing souls seemed to have him wildly scourged.
But at once, against the sun-poet, he powerfully surged.
And when he was to grant what he thought Apollo deserved,
Dionysus riding the *sky-blue* horse on the poet's light perched!
The sky-blue of the horse and the violet of the child merged,
and from the ensuing dark night-shade Artemis emerged,
darting mighty silver arrows that forced Ares to swerve!

Very quickly did Ares gain Artemis' back,
but when he was to seize her head with his hand. . .
AN IMPERIOUS BRIGHT FLASH OF RED AND WHITE!
Ares stumbled and mercilessly crashed!

SLAPPED, SMACKED, SMASHED AND STABBED,
BANGED, SPANKED, TANKED AND TRASHED!

"How are you doing, god of dust?"
—said Athena, come as a fiery gust,
to the God of War, whose red hue was now rust.
"How is this possible? Who are you, bitch-ass?
It is a must that my strength should be first, not last!"
—said Ares, his words now hurt, rushed and fussed.

"My poor god of dust. . . I am your Dawn and your Dusk. . ."
—said Athena pointing her Spear at Ares' trunk.
"That Spear is mine!"—said Ares with raging pride.
"You mean: 'it was.'"—said Athena with calm might.
"Right. . ."—said Ares as he began to madly laugh—
"Because that Spear you hold, I wisely swapped
for this much mightier Trident that in my hand I hold.
If you think you have defeated me,"—Ares laughed—
"then you do not know where you stand: Behold!"

At once, Ares began to slowly rise on those waters,
and lifting that Trident which to the seas gives all orders,
he exclaimed with the thunderous voice of a Sea Master,
but chuckling and cackling: drenched in vile and mad laughter.

"*Python, Makara*, *Bašmu* or *Leviathan*: Sea-Monster!
Mighty Sea-Slaughterer; Occult Mental Torture!
I learnt and tamed each of your names and numbers!
And I am the master and enforcer of all your powers!
Come to me from the darkest abyssal sea-corners!

After a thunderous waving snap,
two gigantic eyes began to shine
from Phobos' and Deimos' sombre back. . .
And soon Ares' sons were fiercely pushed aside,
when from their midst a creature most dark
rose to the surface of that Ninth Land!

That massive creature—part snake, part dragon,
part crocodile, part fish, part falcon—
was also known in days of old as *Dagon*:
he rejoiced in swallowing souls by gallons
—just like a blue whale feeds on plankton—
and snatching them away as a mighty waggon.

"Destroy the foes of your Lord, Sea-Phantom!"
—shouted Ares like a maddened archon.

The monster, following Ares' mad excitement,
leaped towards Apollo, who held Hades' Bident.
But when of victory Ares was most confident,
that sea-beast stopped as if suddenly hesitant
and licked Apollo as creature most innocent!
"What are you doing!"—yelled Ares very arrogant.
"How do you dare ignore my rule omnipotent!"

And Apollo calmly said: "Do you see this Bident?
This is the fishermen's tool most ardent:
the tool of those who follow me with voice strident.
And this beast, Ares, is the gods' consignment!
To fish those swallowed by this beast is my assignment,
and many souls have thus been led to enlightenment.
This is the very same monstrous fish that the Lord
prepared to *swallow* the *Holy Dove of Jonah*!
In its belly, Jonah spent three nights of trauma,
only so he could drink of our Sacred *Soma*.
'Leviathan,' the Hebrews called this dreadful monster,
because in those ancient hoary days of Moses,
the priestly caste of *Levi* from him drank their doses.
And it was only when kings—most vicious and hopeless—
perverted the Law of Moses and made it worthless
that my prophets began to denounce it with loud voices.
And soon the occult teaching of the Soma Juice
was rephrased as 'Crucify the King of the Jews
and spend three nights dead until with God you fuse.'
You thought you had learnt to rhyme, but tightly you snooze,
for the Spirit that stirs the Word is not for fools!"

"You tricked me!"—shouted Ares. "I hate your guts!"
"Of course I tricked you! But it was most just!"
—said Hermes while caressing the monster's tusk.
"And that's the problem: that you hated this monster's guts.
We hoped you'd find out that you were not made of dust:
a mere stone, a wooden cross, a superficial husk. . .
But apparently you've failed, and God's guts you've cursed!

"Just like the true *Levites* through the *Leviathan* prophesied,
the Ancient Greek *Pythias,* through *Python,* also prophesied
when at the Temple of Apollo on your stone they sat.
And now I tell you that you're *Peter*; you built your own trap,
but on your stone we will now build a New Divine Act!"

"Never! I shall strangle you all with my own bare hands!"
—shouted Ares, as he dashed forward to the gods' stand,
unaware that the hourglass was now running out of sand.

The Leviathan stood in Ares' way, impeding his advance,
and, at once, that mighty monster—truly enormous and vast—
coiled on itself, snaring Ares within a serpentine trap.
Trapped in the midst of the beast like an insignificant ant,
Ares attacked the monster—with his Trident he tried to stab—
but the scaly armour of the Leviathan was too steadfast
to suffer the slightest scratch from Ares' brutal and frenzied slams.
The War-God tried to jump, but the Leviathan smacked him down.
Getting up, he dashed towards the monster's head, trident in hand,
in the most reckless attempt to pierce and blind that creature's eyes:
the only soft tissue that in his wild attempts he could find.

Like a puissant battering ram,
Ares lunged forth with all his might
against the Leviathan, whose size
was seventy times seven his height.

Ares' roar bound all human war-cries:
his eyes, deeply injected with blood,
were drenched like that thunderous flood
that always deafens and defies
the prudent call of the wise!



But Ares' onslaught was suddenly stopped
when smoke came from the Leviathan's gob,
and the monster opened its jaws;
the God of War feared following course.
The monster stuck out his bifid tongue:
a welcoming carpet into his home
—a dark, hideous and stinking throat
speaking in a dense cloud of smoke—
and Ares recoiled in disgust and scorn.

Amidst that dense dark smoke and walking on that monster's tongue,
a dim silhouette became visible, and soon was to be known.
For dressed in his usual apron—sweat all over his front—
Master Hephaestus from the Leviathan was soon to step forth,
followed by the leader of the Great Archangelical Host:
stern Michael, the Lord of Hosts, wielding his flaming Fiery Sword.

Aphrodite wept; her weeping was now even more intense.
She turned her face; she did not want to see what followed next.
Artemis went to Aphrodite; the goddesses embraced,
and the moon's bust in the tears of the dusk was soaked and drenched.

Apollo again leaped and went to preach
to those following the dark, fearful scorn,
now while shining in seven-coloured tone:

"All of you now please pay heed to my song:
protect yourselves, families and inner homes
from a Fire whose fuel is people and stones,
and over which are archangels—severe and rough—
who never disobey the command of their Lord!"

And behold! Again, a few of the souls that followed fearful scorn
crowed at Apollo—like a rooster crows at the sun of the dawn—
and leaving Phobos and Deimos alone, to the gods they returned.
But many were still the souls that nervously sniggered at the sun,
and, fearing its light, behind Phobos and Deimos timidly scoffed.



Ares lurched; losing souls seemed to have him wildly scourged.
But at once, against Hephaestus, he mightily surged.
And when he was to grant what he thought the Craftsman deserved,
a fiery burst from Michael's merciless sword had him scorched!

Ares was hurt! He lost his balance and fell on one of his knees!
And the proud immortal warring god shouted, gnashing his teeth:
"What is this!? How can a mere archangel be stronger than me!?"
And Hephaestus, stepping out from the dense cloud of smoke, thus spoke:

"When you held your Spear, your strength depended on you alone.
But when you swapped your Spear for that Trident and sat on a throne,
your strength became dependent on the souls under your control,
for a ruler's power is never found in his hands alone
but in the hands of those yielding their power to grant him support."

"You tricked me!"—shouted Ares. "I hate you all!"
"Of course I tricked you! But I meant no wrong!"
—exclaimed Hermes, jumping into the monster's fold.
"And that's the problem: that you hated all the gods. . .
We hoped you'd love us all, but you loved yourself alone
and ruled the waters by seeking no one's comfort but your own.
You've been the worst of the Comforters or *Paracletes*. . .
But it was thanks to this—and truly nothing else indeed—
that many souls left you and now sit with us at meat.
But even if unaware, you brought to us many lost sheep;
you shielded us when we ascended to the Elysian Fields;
and you stood guard by the churchyard without falling asleep
—when Poseidon stirred your lard hard as part of his treat—
we cannot save you from your own passion's fruit and seed,
nor the Elysian mansion to which it must lead when reaped."

As soon as Hermes had said these most mysterious things,
Athena, riding Devadatta and wielding her awesome gear
—the Gorgon's Shield and Ares' mighty Helmet and mighty Spear—
began to soar slowly aloft with a semblance stern and fierce.

Her blue eyes were on those who still followed Ares' Rule of Fear
and imprudently mocked the gods with condescending sneers,
even if Aphrodite wept and soaked Artemis' moon-bust in tears.

"Wait!"—shouted Apollo. "Please, let me try just one more time!"
"Sun-Prophet!"—Athena cried. "The rooster already sang thrice!
Once for the Fishes, once for the Waterman, once for the Child!
The Lamb of God that was crucified has been dead for three nights!"
Apollo cried: "But our Father also dwells in their insides!
I beg you! Let me awaken Him! Let me show them more signs!"
"Enough!"—shouted Michael gravely. "Uproot that rotting vine!
The Hourglass ran out of sand! The time isn't for any of you to decide!"

Then, Dionysus—riding the sky-blue horse—tapped Apollo's thigh:
the Sun-Prophet turned in the midst of all his pleas and cries;
the child shook his head; and the poet went silent with a sigh. . .

And now we better not behold, for the Gorgon's Shield
opened its mouth, eyes and ears. And when its eerie scream
met those condescending sneers and Aphrodite's weeping tears,
all those who followed fearful scorn were turned into black stones,
and with one single bite the Leviathan swallowed all that rock,
together with Phobos, Deimos and Ares—their Lord—
whose definitive words of defeat were, "I hate the gods."

But this story shall not end here,
amidst fearful screams of defeat,
wails from the lousy Gorgon's Shield
and Aphrodite's heartfelt tears.
For it would not be fair to end on this note,
and there is at least one more thing to be told.



"I have risen as a possessor of life because of goodly Maat of that day of cold blood, fresh wounds, and burial. I split the horns among the ones who were united with the crocodile against me.

O ones mysterious of fashioning, do not repel me. O those upon their bellies, I have arrived with a commission of the Lord of Lords in order to greet Osiris. Do not cause that the eye should swallow its tears."

"Do not permit me to be carried off as booty to Osiris, for I have never been in the confederacy of Set. O you who sit on your coils before Him whose soul is strong, let me sit on the Throne of Ra and take possession of my body before Geb; may you grant that Osiris may go forth vindicated against Set; may the dreams of Set be the dreams of a crocodile. O you whose faces are hidden, who preside over the Mansions of the King of Lower Egypt, who clothe the gods in the Sixth-day Festival, who weave forever and who knot eternally, I have seen the Pig put into fetters, but indeed he who was put under ward has been released, the Pig has been loosed. I have been reborn, I have gone forth in the shape of a living spirit whom the common folk worship on earth. O you sick one who would harm me, be driven off from the wall of Ra. Let me see Ra, let me go forth against my enemies, let me be vindicated against them in the tribunal of the Great God, in the presence of the Great God. If you do not let me go forth against that enemy of mine that I may be vindicated against him in the tribunal, then Hapi shall not ascend to the sky that he may live on truth, nor shall Ra descend to the waters that he may live on fish. Then shall Ra ascend to the sky that he may live on Truth, and Hapi descend to the waters that he may live on fish, and the great day on earth shall end its condition. I have come against that enemy of mine, and he is given over to me, he is finished and silent in the tribunal."

–*The Ancient Egyptian Book of the Dead.*

Please, do not cause that the eye should swallow its tears.







Greetings,

I am ANPU, which means something like "decaying royal child". The Greeks called me "ANUBIS".

I am a wolf or a jackal. Basically, I am Set when devoid of all his piggishness and donkeyness. So, I am an aspect of both the Greek gods Ares and Apollo.

What? Are you wondering how that is possible? Mh, I could tell you, for I am the "Master of Secrets", but I think I'll pass and let you find it out by yourself. Know that true learning is only possible through independent direct discovery, for Truth cannot survive within human words. True perennial learning is only attainable at the level of the breathing soul, not at the level of the drenching mind that is filled with fanciful human words.

I am the one guiding the soul of the Pharaoh through the Duat, or Underworld. My sense of smell is legendary!

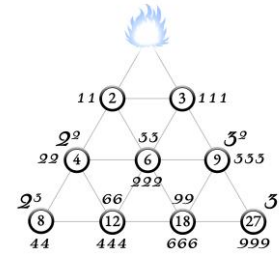
You know that canids use their sense of smell to unearth treasures, right? Well, I've unearthed many treasures from Pluto's Underworld. You do the same!

Did you know that the Underworld is your subconscious mind and that that is also the entrance into the Promised Land?

I am *Apollo Lyceus*, which means "Apollo Wolf-like". I howl at the moonlight, and I am nicknamed "Lord of the Sacred Land".

But you will find me in the Mosaic Old Testament as "Caleb" (כלב), which means "dog". Yes, I am the one that went with Jesus–sorry, with Joshua–to survey the Promised Land. Did you know that Moses never made it into the Promised Land? He died at Mount Nebo, which means "Mount of the Prophet". It was Joshua and I who made it into the Promised Land. And you know what? The Promised Land turned out to be the Kingdom of Heaven, not any plot of physical land. . .

Anyway, are you dead already? You better be, because I am taking you to Osiris now.



VI

Apollo fished the Leviathan with his Bident
—known to be the fishermen's tool most ardent—
and the full company of goddesses and gods
escorted that beast up to the very First Door.
When the sea-monster slithered into that sacred floor,
the Seraphim brought their chant to a sudden stop,
and the "Holy, Holy, Holy" was heard no more.

Also, as the Ankh—or Eye of the Needle—had crumbled before,
and the White Light of the Aurora passed to the white horse,
Hestia's Fire had been the Elysian Fields' only light source
until that moment, when Devadatta returned with the gods.

"Oh, my goodness. . ."
—said Hestia as the Leviathan by her side was brought.
"This is the ugliest one a Craftsman has ever forged. . .
And I had already seen three of these before. . ."
"Sorry. . ."—said Hephaestus. "This beast will not linger here long."
"That I know, love"—said Hestia. "Now go ahead, please go."

When the company of the gods approached that holy place
from where the Eye of the Needle had before shone with grace,
they saw many white sheep around a bearded man with green face.
He wore a long white crown and a seamless robe without stain;
in one hand he held a Shepherd's Crook, in the other a Flail,
and his crown was adorned with feathers of green, blue and red shades.
"What happened to the Needle's Eye and the man that sat at its base?"
—wondered Apollo as they were approaching at a quick pace—
while Hermes winked at Dionysus, who chuckled amidst the gods' daze.



The Leviathan began to sniff the sheep flock,
but that green-faced man went to that beast and spoke:
"No, no. . . Ammit, you shall leave these sheep alone."
That monstrous beast complained with a mild groan,
and that man fed the beast a snow-white stone
that, wrapped in immaculate swaddling white clothes,
resembled one of the sheep of his flock.

The monster began to feel ill, and, behold!
He regurgitated Ares—the warring god—
Phobos and Deimos—all three unconscious as stones—
plus an enormous amount of pitch-black rocks.

"That's more stone than what he swallowed at the Ninth Door. . ."
—said Aphrodite with candid voice. "Indeed."—Hermes spoke.
"Because the Leviathan also swallowed the black stones
discarded by all those that in the past joined the gods.
That's all the rock he's engulfed since the start of this Aeon.
Don't you know that in ancient days, the travellers of old
worshipped me by adding stones to heaps of rocks by the roads?
'Herms', these they called, and often they anointed them with oil,
for the Golden Philosopher's Stone never sinks but floats:
this is the miracle of walking on the waters below
and breathing the Holy Breath of the waters above!"

"Young gods,"—said the green-faced man dressed in white—
"I thank you for bringing me back to life,
and I'm sorry that this caused you so much strife.
Now, would you please tell me, if you're so kind,
who among you during the Age of this Vine
toils in the Forge and holds the role of Ptah?"

"I. . . I do. . ."—said Hephaestus, the Master of Crafts.
"I toil alone in the Forge with my bare hands,
the sweat of my brow, the breath of my mouth
and the heat and power of the Elysian Lands."

"I see."—said the green-faced man with a smile.
"May I request a favour from your Craft?"
"By all means."—said Hephaestus as soon as asked.
"Could you take all this black stone and build an Ankh?"
—said the man that held crook and flail in his hands.
"A Needle's Eye like the one here used to stand?"
—asked the Master of Crafts. "Yes, exactly that."
—said the man that wore a seamless robe of white.
And Hephaestus replied, concerned about his art:
"I could easily build the frame of an Ankh,
but I am afraid that no White Light would shine. . ."
"I know, Master of Crafts."—said the green-faced man.
"But you do not need to worry about that."

As the Divine Master of Crafts began to build a new Ankh
with the black stone regurgitated by the Leviathan,
the green-faced man looked at each of the young gods and asked:

"Now, would you also please tell me, if you are so kind,
who among you during this age avenged Father Ra?"
The gods looked at each other, but this they didn't understand.
"Who among you is the fierce lioness that shall marry Ptah?"
Without halting work, Hephaestus lent an ear and an eye.
And again spoke that green man after nobody replied:

"Who held the role of Sekhmet during the Age of this Vine?
Who defeated this God of War, now senseless by my side?"

"Athena, love! That would be you!"—cried Hestia from afar.
And Hephaestus blushed like a teenager struck by Cupid's dart.
"What? No way, I'll marry no one!"—said Athena with a snarl—
while the Master of Crafts lowered his head lovingly scarred.

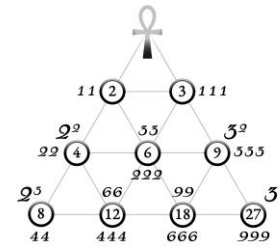
"I am the Goddess of Wisdom and War!"—Athena cried.
"The Protector of Divine Righteousness in the Land!
I have no time nor interest in marriage and things that bland!"

Dionysus then went to Hephaestus, and he said after tapping his shoulder:
"The Son of Man has nowhere to lay his head, brother."
And—Bang!—Hephaestus dropped in amazement one of the boulders,
for something in the child now felt sober and much older:
his childlike voice was mild, and yet louder than thunder.

Then, as if someone had given a Wordless Order,
the Seraphim began to gather stones and boulders,
and, in no time, the construction of the Eye was over.

Next, the child went to Devadatta's rider
—to Athena who was looking at the green man in anger—
and he said, pointing at the horse like a dagger:
"Athena, now that the war is finally over,
would you return this horse to its owner?"
The annoyed goddess eyed the child all over
but then smiled and said: "Sure, that's in order."
And she gave the horse to the child who brought it over.

As Athena dismounted the horse's loin,
Dionysus smacked Devadatta's white groin
so it would fly to the Ankh and with it rejoin.
And as soon as the white and winged unicorn
had fully vanished into the Cross' top oval-form,
the White Light of the Aurora was restored,
illuminating all the Elysian floors and doors!



"That's a pity; that was a good horse."—Athena spoke.
And then, they could again hear from afar Hestia's call:

"Virgin goddesses! Would you come to me for a quick talk?"
And Artemis and Athena went to the Mother of All.

When the two virgin goddesses reached Hestia's side,
the Eye of the Needle focused all its white light
on Hestia's White Hearth—where the three goddesses sat—
and the rest of the Elysian Fields were again dark.

"Athena"—said Hestia as they reached her side.
"You were called to bring righteousness to the land,
so the Trident you must now seize in your hand
and surrender that Spear. Do you understand, dear?"

And Artemis, the Mother of Grain, added at once:
"If you wish to become the Lady of the Waters
and bring Wisdom to the minds of my sons and daughters,
you must align with the Law of Cyclical Orders
and throw your Spear into the Ninth Door moon-quarters,
so the four-legged may become two-legged walkers."

Athena mused and said: "The last Mother of Bread
never allowed the waters to mix with her grain,
as she wanted the waters to ascend through the air.
She abhorred the waters, and that I deem unfair.
So, Artemis Propylaea, Grand New Mother of Grain
—whose lover rose from the waters as an inverted rain—
would you by Hestia's Fire now give word and swear
that you will allow the waters to mix with your grain?"

"What you are asking"—said Artemis—"is not only fair
but also needful for the Second and Ninth Doors to join affairs
and make Eleven, which is the New Age: one born from Ten.
So, I declare that those who shall next stand on two legs
will not be drowned in mere water until they bleed red
and turn their waters into wine, which is a perilous test.
But instead, I swear that I will placate such a heady red threat,
and from the beginning they will swim in a solution of bread."

And behold!
Right after Artemis had breathed these words from her lips,
the Spear of Shame was seized by thunderous electric glints,
and Apollo's Sun began to shine in *nine colour strips*:
in the natural seven colours of the rainbow spread,
plus one above violet and another one below red!

"It is necessary nonetheless,"—Hestia said—
"that the Spear is also anointed with fire and earth,
and ochre clay from the Craftsman's Forge; this will serve.
So, before you throw that Spear into the Ninth Gate,
with Hephaestus' ochre clay we must powder its blade."

As Hestia was speaking at her White Fiery Abode,
the green man wearing a seamless white robe also spoke:
"It is not good that the Craftsman should be alone;
I will make him a helper for him of his own."
And a seraph brought ochre clay from Hephaestus' Forge:
from the Workshop of he who had given first form
to every beast and fowl by giving them name and norm.

Hestia then asked Hephaestus to approach
and bring with him that ochre clay from his Forge.
And when the blade had received a clay coat,
Athena rejoiced and smiling voiced:

"I HAVE GOTTEN A SPEAR FROM THE LORD!"

When the Leviathan saw Athena standing as a javelin thrower
—aiming with one eye and saying, "I don't need to get any closer!"—
he raised his head like a dog about to chase a ball thrown by its owner.

The White Light of the Aurora then perched on the Spear,
lighting a way up to the Ninth Gate, luminous and clear.
"Thanks!"—said the Goddess of Wisdom and War, now in good cheer.
And when Athena threw that Spear from Hestia's Abode
—across the Hexagonal Floor and into the Ninth Door—
the Leviathan followed the throw of that Spear all along,
just as a dog chases the playful throw of his master's ball,
and dragged Phobos and Deimos along, leaving Ares alone.

"There goes again the 'I AM THAT I AM. . .'"—muttered Hermes in low voice.
"Together with Dread and Fear, for some time asleep but ready to unfold. . .
The speaking 'I am' is both, but the second 'I am,' the first is not.
Geb is Set; but Set is not Geb. 'I IS ANOTHER!' The Snake is not his tongue.
But soon Set shall see himself naked for the first time as Lord, hide from God,
fear life—the very world—eat his own tail and, like a snake in fear, coil. . ."

The Leviathan gone, the Seraphim resumed their song,
and the Light of the Aurora throughout again shone.
But behold! The green face of that man also shone,
and the sheep of his flock were reshaped in many forms:

Some stood on two legs and walked like men into the Ninth Door,
others stood on a fish tail and crept into the Third Door.
Some legs were vaporised—these flew into the Second Door—
others became fiery-winged heads and joined the Seraphim's Song.
Some fused with the light of one or another of the gods,
and a few went into the Needle's Eye and were no more.
But as all these distinct beings were leaving for new homes,
a brand-new host of Seraphim came into the First Door.
For not only mortals were receiving a new form,
but also all the Elysian or Celestial Hosts!
And into the Eye went many of the Seraphim of old,
and these were also said to be like Enoch and be no more.

Then Hermes went to all the remaining black rocks,
and by means of his magic made many basins of stone
which he filled with the New Waters of the Ninth Door.

The End of the Aeon meant for the gods rest and cheer,
and Hermes went from door to door, from sphere to sphere,
so all could taste the New Waters while devoid of fear.
The New Waters created by the throw of the Spear
conjoined the best of the wine and the best of the grain ear.
To the eyes of the gods, as pale ale, those waters appeared,
or, as the Ancient Egyptians used to say: "red barley beer".

The celebration went on for an amount of time unclear:
Aphrodite asked Hermes whether that was a dream or real,
and Hermes whispered in the ear of the goddess he revered.
Artemis and Apollo sang songs divine and sincere,
while Dionysus graciously danced to their music adhered.
Athena and Hephaestus shared the same passion for beer
and fell asleep one on the other—some gods found that weird.

But all the music and cheer of the fearlessly peaceful
came abruptly to an end with a lethal upheaval
when Ares awoke and, from the floor—still very feeble—
began to threaten and mutter many things evil.

"THIS IS THE DEATH OF THE OLD AND THE BIRTH OF THE NEW BEETLE!"
—loudly announced the man that held Flail and Shepherd's Crook equal.

"It is time for us to go!"—said then Hermes very gleeful.
"Go? Go where?"—sang Apollo. And the child said very regal:
"It's time for Hermes and me to go into the Eye of the Needle. . ."

Mother, Father and Son embraced like One and Single,
and the Mother of Grain kissed the brow of the new eagle.
"Weep not,"—said Hermes—"for soon we'll send you our sequel!"
And saying forever goodbye to the Fields of the Elysian,
Hermes and Dionysus stepped into the Eye of the Needle,
while Artemis and Apollo cried like hare-hunting beagles.

Soon, the Cross, Ankh, or Eye of the Eagle, dazzlingly shone,
and a thunderous voice that nobody can oppose
commanded in regal tone to the gods at the Elysian Dome:

"BIND ARES TO THE STONE!"

Athena and Hephaestus—who had fallen asleep—awoke,
startled by that rumbling, thunderous and electrifying Law.
"Is that Father Zeus' Voice?"—exclaimed the Lord of the Forge.
"It's not!"—Athena voiced. "But its authority is as old!
And it is commanding us to bind Ares to the Stone. . ."

The basins of stone from which angels and gods had drunk
briefly turned into pitch-black bearded goats with long horns
before rapidly fusing into Ares' red godly tone.
And then, again, that majestic and thunderous voice spoke:



"O Thoth, what is it that has come about through the Children of Nut? They have made war, they have raised up tumult, they have done wrong, they have created rebellion, they have done slaughter, they have created imprisonment, they have reduced what was great to what is little in all that we have made; show greatness, O Thoth!"–so says Atum. "You shall not witness wrongdoing, you shall not suffer it! Shorten their years, cut short their months, because they have done hidden damage to all that you have made. I have your palette, O Thoth, I bring your inkpot to you; I am not among those who have done hidden damage, and none will work harm on me."

"O Atum, how comes it that I travel to a desert which has no water and no air, and which is deep, dark and unsearchable?"

"Live in it in content!"

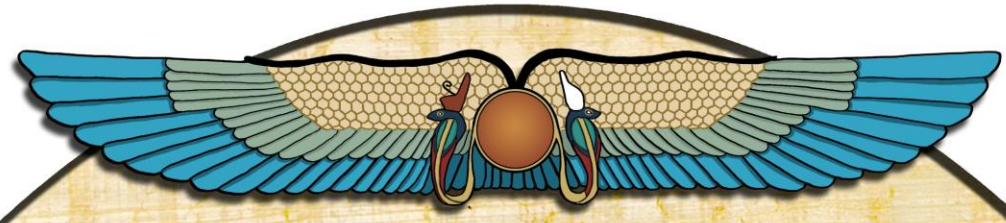
"But there is no love-making there!"

"I have given spirit-being instead of water, air, and love-making, contentment in place of bread and beer"–so says Atum. "Do no be sorry for yourself, for I will not suffer you to lack."

"But every god has taken his place in the Bark of Million of Years!"

"Your Seat now belongs to your son Horus"–so says Atum– "and he will dispatch the Elders, he will rule from your Seat, he will inherit the Throne which is in the Island of Fire."

"Command that I may see his equal, for my face will see the face of the Lord of All. What will be the duration of my life?"–so said he.



"You shall be for millions on millions of years, a lifetime of millions of years. I will dispatch the Elders and destroy all that I have made; the earth shall return to the Primordial Water, to the Surging Flood, as in its original state. But I will remain with Osiris, I will transform myself into something else, namely a serpent, without men knowing or the gods seeing. How good is what I have done for Osiris, even more than for all the gods! I have given him the desert, and his son Horus is the heir of his Throne which is in the Island of Fire; I have made what appertains to his place in the Bark of Millions of Years, and Horus is firm on his Throne in order to found his establishments."

"But the soul of Set will travel further than all the gods!"

"I have caused his soul which is in the Bark to be restrained, so that the body of the god may be afraid."

"O my father Osiris, do for me what your father Ra did for you, so that I may be long-lived on earth, that my Throne may be well founded, that my heir may be in good health, that my tomb may be long-enduring, and that these servants of mine may be on earth; let my enemies be split open, may the Scorpion be on their bones, for I am your son, O my father Ra; do this for me for the sake of my life, welfare, and health, for Horus is firmly established on his Throne, and let my lifetime come to attain to the blessed state."

–*The Ancient Egyptian Book of the Dead.*

"At the First Hour, He told Noah that a Vineyard he should plant;
and at the Third Hour, He cursed Ham to water it at the Nile.
At the Sixth Hour, He saw the flower of the Vine bloom and thrive;
and at the Ninth Hour, He began to tread on the fruit of the Vine.
But at the Eleventh Hour, He finally drank from His wine:
and now the last will be the first, and the first will be the last."

"NAIL THE GOD OF WAR TO THE STONE:
WITH CHAINS BIND HIM FAST!"

At once, Athena dashed, and grabbing Ares by one hand,
she soared to hold the God of War against the Needle's Eye.
With one hand she held Ares' chest against the Ankh's heart:
precisely where the upward bar crossed the straight bar.
Ares shook and tried to free himself from Athena's might,
but the Strength of Kratos was now on Athena's side.
The God of War spat on the Goddess of War and snapped:
"How dare you restrain me with feeble feminine hands?"

Then, the Seraphim took aloft the Great Master of Crafts,
and when he was to nail Ares' left hand to the Ankh,
the God of War threw at Hephaestus a savage punch.
Athena's elbow knocked Ares with a violent nudge,
and then she very harshly seized and squeezed his crotch.
With the mighty warring god stunned and screaming mad,
Hephaestus nailed Ares' left hand to the Stony Ankh,
and the gods that were witnessing that horrible act
dolefully lowered their sight, some with tears in their eyes.

Hephaestus then said while nailing Ares' right hand,
with blood dripping from his face to his chest after Ares' punch:
"Surely this must hurt. . . But your pain to ours is just scraps,
for it is not our flesh that is bleeding but our hearts. . ."

With Ares hanging from the Needle's Eye by both hands,
Athena took chains from the Forge and bound him fast,
while Ares' feet were nailed by the Master of Crafts.

“Fallen angels. . .”—said Aphrodite amidst sighs and gasps.
“I would laugh if their pain was not so fresh in my heart. . .”

One more time Ares spat on Athena
—just like the snake spat venom on Eva—
but this time she dodged and angrily reared:
she broke the War-God’s rib, she pierced his liver!
Ares’ blood tinged her Trident and her hair of silver
—for Athena no more held the Spear of the sinner—
and on Ares then perched that ominous Eagle
that always feeds on the liver of the Eye of the Needle.

Within the expanse of the loftiest of all mansions,
that eagle fed on the organ that cleans all poisons,
and that the Ancient Greeks deemed the seat of all passions.

And then, behold!
The Eye of the Needle began to rumble like a storm,
and a blinding violet flash, mixing with clear white tone,
revealed a shadow within the White Aurora taking form!
Mighty violet light burst forth, flooding all the Elysian Doors!
And the Seraphim changed and intensified their most pious Song:
“Holy, Holy, He who exists *before* the Name of the Lord!”
“Holy, Holy, He who exists *before* the Name of the Lord!”

A youth appeared kneeling just in front of Ares’ laments,
for the War-God loathed all light unless it was clay-coloured red.
Then, all that violet light gathered around that youth’s head,
but when he rose on both his feet—after most gracious step—
all that violet light at once vanished into his chest!

At that point—when the gods had begun to discuss and debate
how that youth’s visage was the spitting image of Michael’s face,
if only the archangel were cheerful instead of stern and grave—
green light burst forth from his chest, flooding all the Elysian Gates!
That emerald light then returned and gathered around his shape,
and seizing his limbs, trunk and head: the same emerald glare
that Hermes Thrice-Great had once held became his natural shade!



"My head is that of Ra who is united with Atum, the four suns of the length of the land; I have gone forth, for my tongue is that of Ptah, my throat is that of Hathor, for I have recalled with my mouth the speech of Atum to my father when he destroyed the majesty of the wife of Geb, whose head was broken at his Word. Be afraid thereat and report it, the outcry at my strength. There shall be assigned to me the heritage of the Lord of the Earth, namely Geb, and I shall be cared for thereby; Geb shall refresh me, for he has given to me his appearings in glory. Those who are at the Pillars of the City of the Sun[1] bow their heads to me, for I am their Lord, I am their bull. I am mightier than the Lord of Terror; I copulate and I have power over myriads."

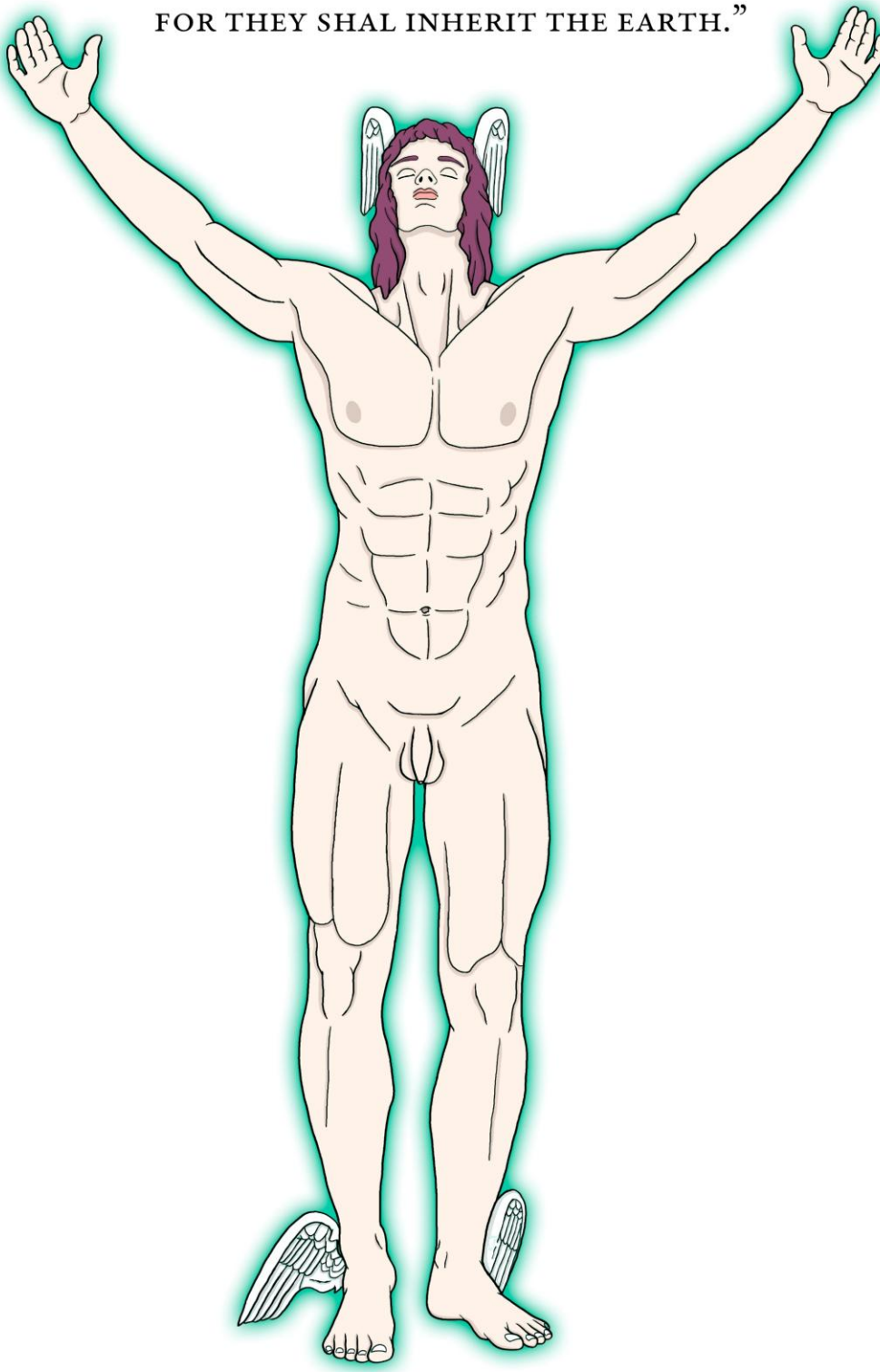
"I have flown up like the primeval ones, I have become Khepri, I have grown as a plant, I have clad myself as a tortoise, I am the essence of every god, I am the seventh of those seven uraei who came into being in the West, Horus who makes brightness with his person, that god who was against Set, Thoth who was among you in that judgment of Him who presides over Letopolis[2] together with the Souls at the Pillars of the City of the Sun,[1] the Flood which was between them. I have come on the day when I appear in glory with the strides of the gods, for I am Khonsu who subdued the lords."

–*The Ancient Egyptian Book of the Dead.*

[1] *This is Heliopolis, the "City of the Sun" in Greek, or Iunnu, "The Pillars", in Ancient Egyptian.*

[2] *This is Letopolis, the "City of Leto" in Greek; Khem, "Black", in Ancient Egyptian.*

"Blessed are the meek:
for they shal inherit the earth."



"That's our *deer* son!"—cried Artemis in shock and amazed.
"No!"—said Apollo. "That's Hermes, my balance and faith!"
Aphrodite went to them, hugged them both, and chuckling said:
"Just like the crown of all deer is seasonal—for deer their antlers shed—
the Tree of Knowledge is also seasonal, and now it's grown again."

Then that youth approached Ares—who was uttering empty threats,
groaning and shaking, and trying to free himself—and he said:

"You only shake, groan and suffer on that Cross
because in saving yourself you're engrossed.
I hope you soon realise that your battle is lost,
and learn to fight through wisdom, beauty and song.
Give up your warring unholy ghost to the gods!"

Ares opened his eyes in strenuous pain and said:
"Who do you think you are to talk to me in those terms?"

And that youth said: "I am PERSEUS[1]—the *Four-Times Great*—
born from Dionysus Zagreus and the Earth-Giving Grain,
and reared by Hephaestus' Skill and Athena's Grace:
I am the one that commanded you to groan and shake!"

"That name I know not!"—Ares spoke. "It is of no fame!
But if you are another weakling god, scram away!"

Perseus closed his eyes, sighed, opened them, grinned and said again:

"You'll have time to learn my Name: Great LUCIFER of this Age!
But in the meantime, shake and groan there; please inflame your chains!
Send Fire, Spear and Red Snake to the quadrupeds of this age,
so they can in turn get on two feet and begin to shake!"

[1] "And if we even affirm that He [Jesus] was born of a virgin, accept this in common with what you accept of Perseus."—JUSTIN MARTYR, *First Apology.*

Then the green-faced man in the white seamless robe stepped forth and voiced:

"My work is done, and into the Eye I must return:

Athena: rule the electric waters of the Ninth Door
until your Wisdom and War by the growing Spear are forked.

Hephaestus: you must again return to your Forge
and pour names not in stone but in electric form.

Aphrodite Cythera: the waters and stone are yours—
nurture with Mercy and Love the New Tree of the World.

Artemis Propylaea: Mother of Grain at the Second Door—
lead into righteousness the New Archangelical Host.

Apollo: Navel of the World at the Hexagonal Throne—
both the living and the dead will seek comfort in your Song:
keep the Eighth Door wide open, and fish when the time is come.

And Perseus—Horus the Child and Horus the Old—
Horus of the Two Horizons disguised as Thoth,
messenger of the gods: BE YOUR NAME NO WORD!"

Then, that green-faced man in a white seamless robe
—who held crook and flail and the crown of old—
flashed into the Eye and was seen no more.
And duly, I must now also end this song,
and go back into my shrine of smoke alone.

I'm sorry I could only provide a purple robe,
a crook, a flail, a cross and a crown of *deer* thorns,
but that's all one could ever give in too many words. . .





Blessed be the Moon-Lead and the Sun-Gold in love,
and blessed be their Son: Sun-Falcon and Moon-Dove!

Blessed be the Trickster of the below and above,
and blessed be the Mother of Marksmen, wise and tough!

Blessed be the Master Craftsman who gives names to forms,
and blessed be the Mercy of the Lover of the World!

Blessed be all the celestial hierarchies and hosts,
and blessed be the Soldier through whose strength we transform!

Blessed be the Great Mother of the Resurrection Bread,
and blessed be He who no longer is God of the Dead!

Blessed be the Lord of the Brine even if he causes Dread,
and blessed be also Phobos and Deimos as friends!

Blessed be the Mother who whispers to whom an ear lends,
and blessed be the Mother of flesh of whom we are guests!

Blessed be the Mother who quenches feverish sweats,
and blessed be you, dear reader, in soul, heart and head.

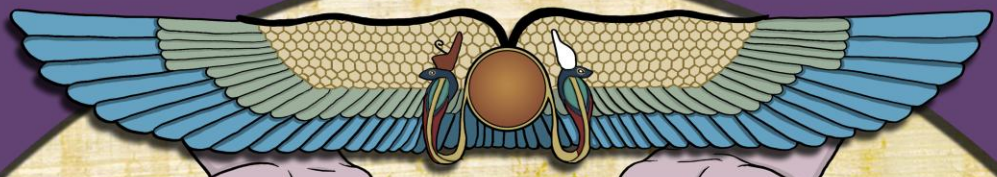




"Have you ferried over to me a man who does not know the number of his fingers?"

"I know how to count my fingers; take one, take the second, quench it, remove it, give it to me, be friendly towards me; do not let go of it, have no pity on it; make the Eye bright; give the Eye to me."

–*The Ancient Egyptian Book of the Dead.*



Take one
SET

Take the Second
NEPHTHYS

Quench it
ANUBIS (RA)

Remove it
THOTH

Give it to me
HAPI (SOBEK)

Be friendly towards me
ISIS

Do not let go of it
HORUS

Have no pity on it
GEB (PTAH)

Make the Eye bright
HATHOR

Give the Eye to me
NEITH (MAAT)

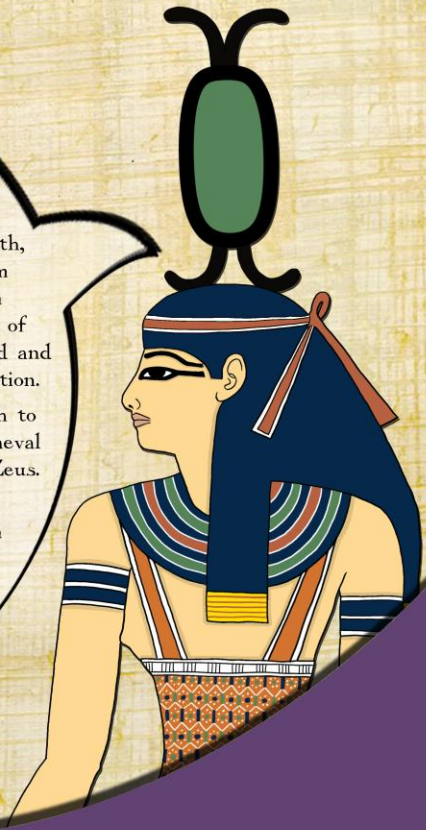
Good evening, little one,

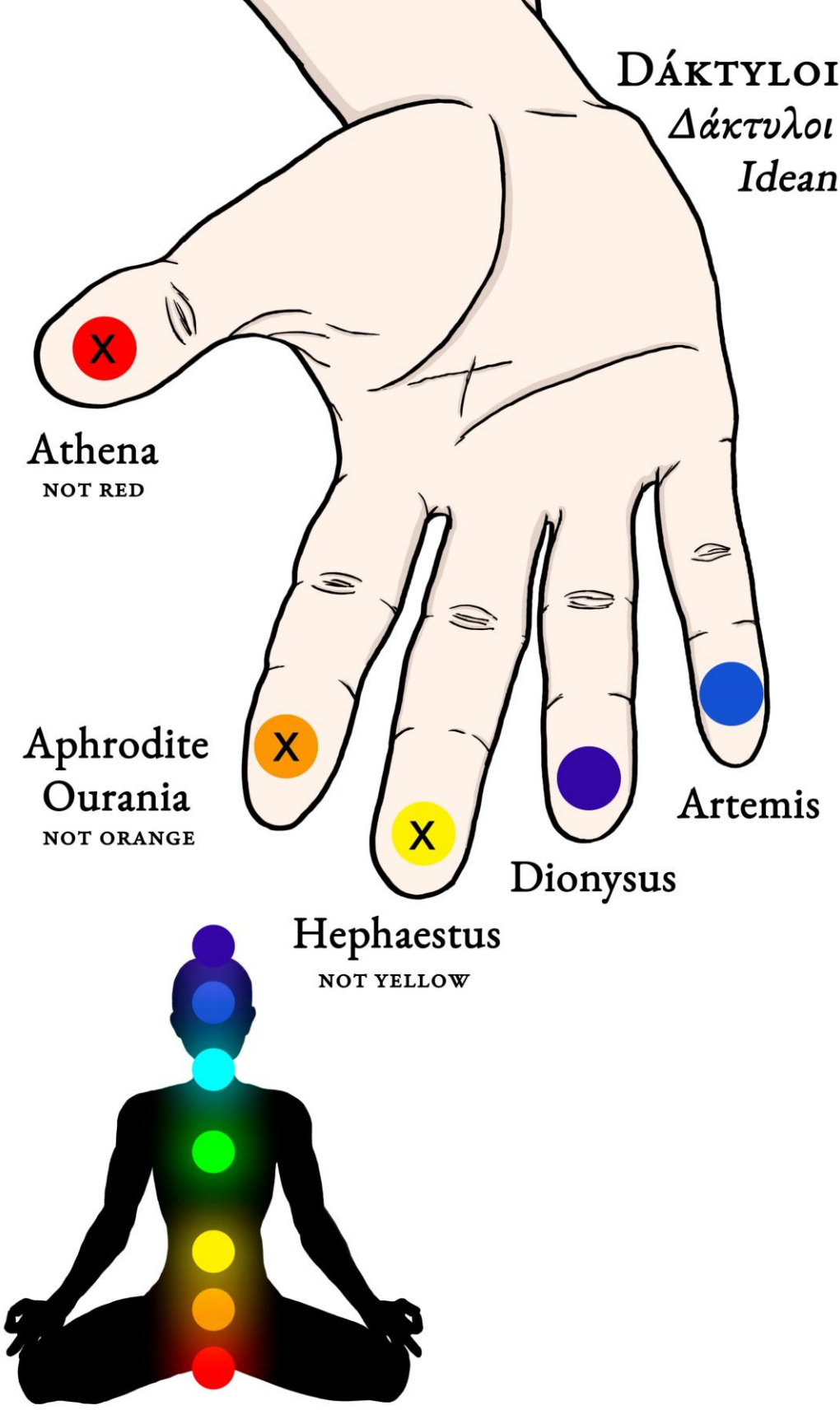
I am **Neith**, the female primaeval creator. Some legends say that I engendered Atum himself, you know. . . ? So, show some respect.

I am the Ancient Egyptian goddess of wisdom, war, the cosmos, fate, weaving, water, rivers, mothers, childbirth, and hunting. I am a green shield and two bows, for I am the weaving of the twins Apollo and Artemis. As I am also the REBIS, or Divine alchemical Hermaphrodite made of Hermes and Aphrodite. I am the perfect communion of mind and soul. So, I am also Athena and the Bread of the Resurrection.

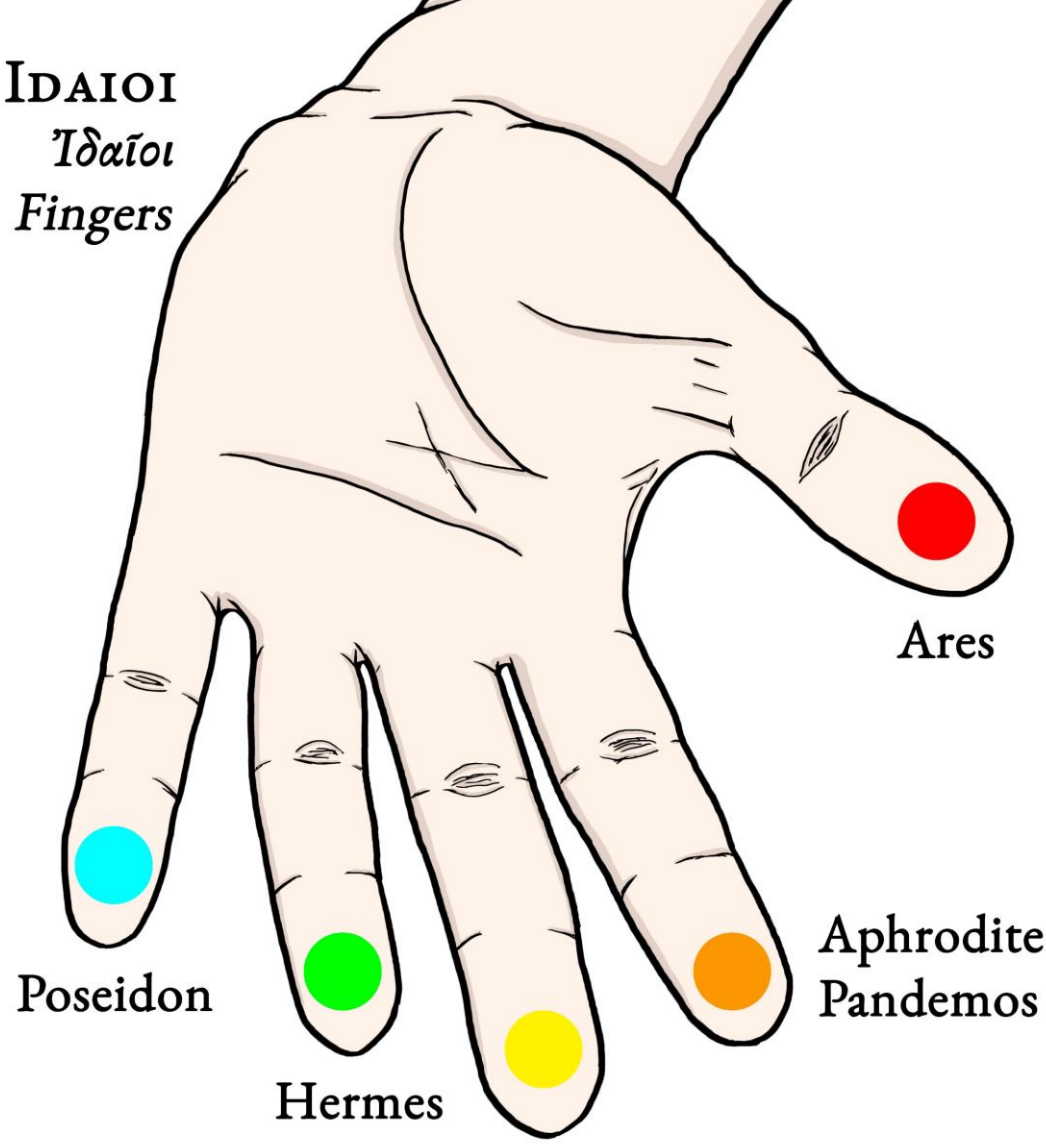
My name meant "the terrifying one". In fact, I have much to do with **Tefnut**, **Sekhmet**, **Maat** and the Greek primaeval goddess of the night, **Nyx**, who was said to be feared by Zeus.

But there is nothing to fear, little one. For although Dionysus is the "God (Dios, Deus, Zeus) that came from me (Nyx)," and he is certainly born to replace Zeus on the Throne one day, be sure that Zeus does not fear the Night. That was only a rather unfortunate and dark mystery expression that treated Father Zeus as if he were a little mortal child afraid of the Night and losing his Seat of Power.




Dáktyloi
Δάκτυλοι
Idean
Athena
NOT RED
Aphrodite
Ourania
NOT ORANGE
Hephaestus
NOT YELLOW
Dionysus
Artemis

Idaioi
Ἰδαῖοι
Fingers



"When a wise man points at the moon, the imbecile examines the finger."—Confucius

Zeus / Perseus

Hades

Hestia

Hephaestus

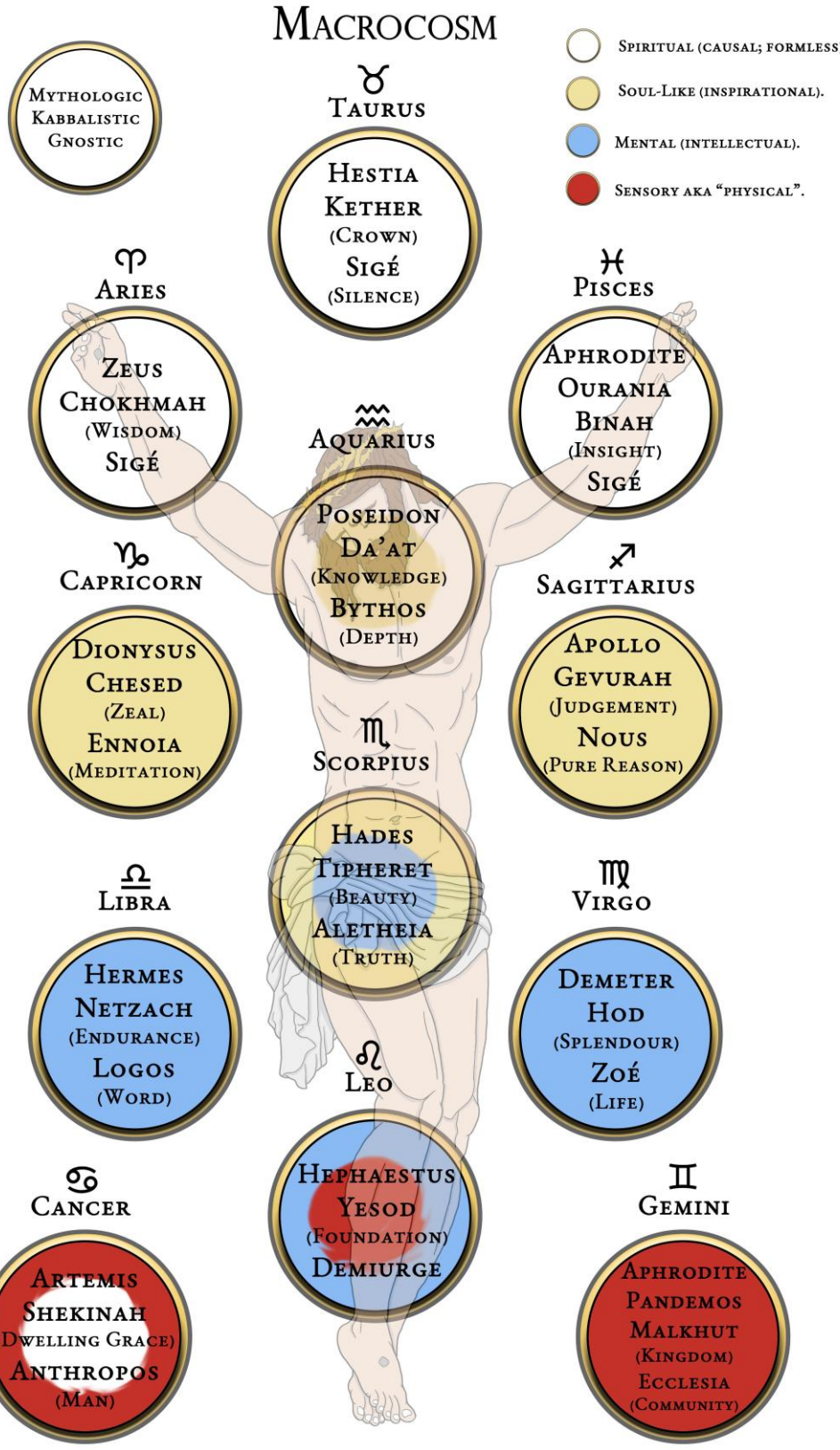
Hera

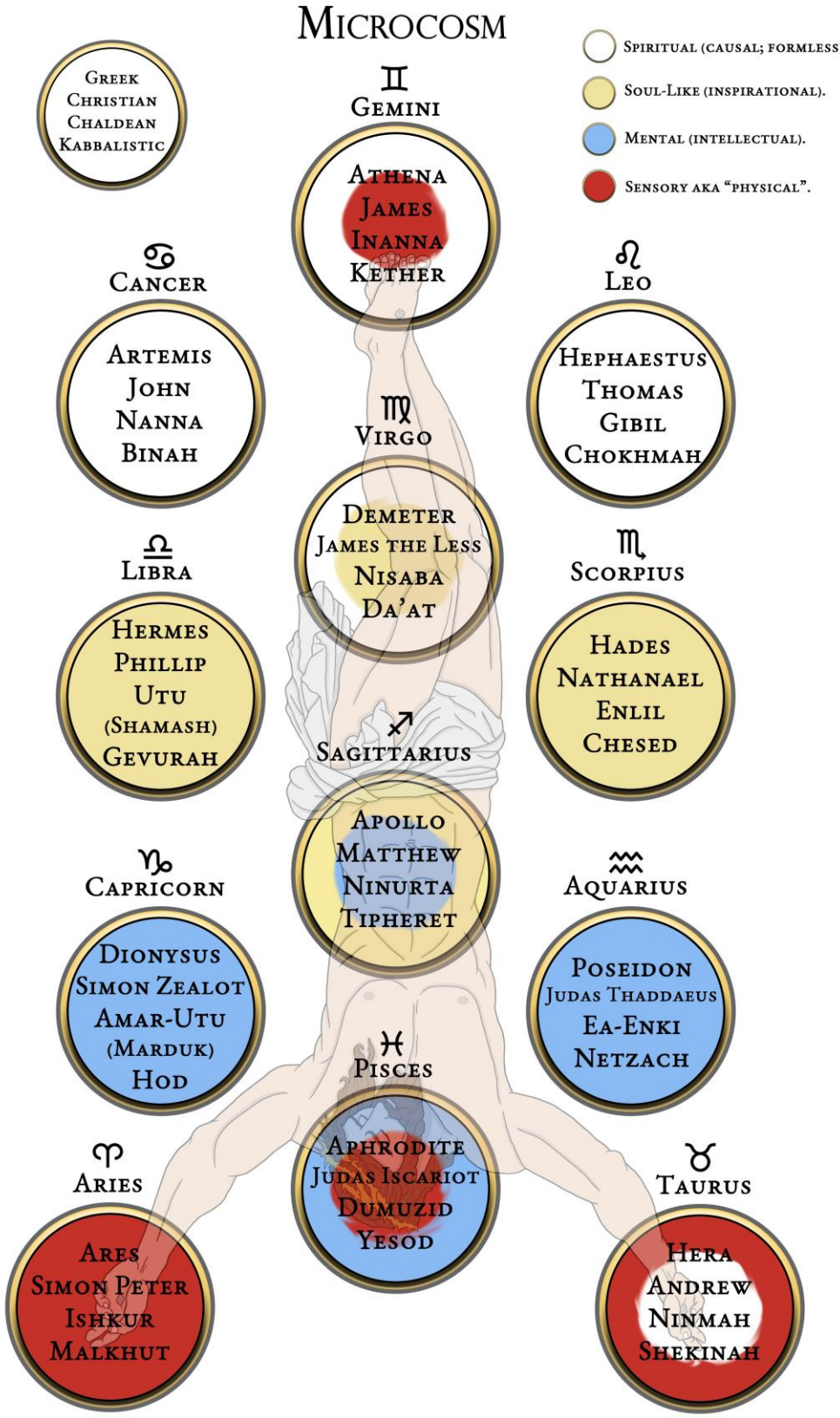
Apollo / Amphitrite

Hermaphrodite

Hekate

Demeter


Macrocosm
Spiritual (causal; formless).
Soul-Like (inspirational).
Mental (intellectual).
Sensory aka "physical".
Mythologic
Kabbalistic
Gnostic
♉ Taurus
Hestia
Kether
(Crown)
Sigé
(Silence)
♈ Aries
Zeus
Chokhmah
(Wisdom)
Sigé
♓ Pisces
Aphrodite
Ourania
Binah
(Insight)
Sigé
♒ Aquarius
Poseidon
Da'at
(Knowledge)
Bythos
(Depth)
♑ Capricorn
Dionysus
Chesed
(Zeal)
Ennoia
(Meditation)
♐ Sagittarius
Apollo
Gevurah
(Judgement)
Nous
(Pure Reason)
♏ Scorpius
Hades
Tipheret
(Beauty)
Aletheia
(Truth)
♎ Libra
Hermes
Netzach
(Endurance)
Logos
(Word)
♍ Virgo
Demeter
Hod
(Splendour)
Zoé
(Life)
♌ Leo
Hephaestus
Yesod
(Foundation)
Demiurge
♋ Cancer
Artemis
Shekinah
(Dwelling Grace)
Anthropos
(Man)
♊ Gemini
Aphrodite
Pandemos
Malkhut
(Kingdom)
Ecclesia
(Community)


Microcosm
Spiritual (causal; formless)
Soul-Like (inspirational).
Mental (intellectual).
Sensory aka "physical".
Greek
Christian
Chaldean
Kabbalistic
♊ Gemini
Athena
James
Inanna
Kether
♋ Cancer
Artemis
John
Nanna
Binah
♌ Leo
Hephaestus
Thomas
Gibil
Chokhmah
♍ Virgo
Demeter
James the Less
Nisaba
Da'at
♎ Libra
Hermes
Phillip
Utu
(Shamash)
Gevurah
♏ Scorpius
Hades
Nathanael
Enlil
Chesed
♐ Sagittarius
Apollo
Matthew
Ninurta
Tipheret
♑ Capricorn
Dionysus
Simon Zealot
Amar-Utu
(Marduk)
Hod
♒ Aquarius
Poseidon
Judas Thaddaeus
Ea-Enki
Netzach
♓ Pisces
Aphrodite
Judas Iscariot
Dumuzid
Yesod
♈ Aries
Ares
Simon Peter
Ishkur
Malkhut
♉ Taurus
Hera
Andrew
Ninmah
Shekinah

You would participate in the One Word of God
if your mind was not split into many man-made words.
You would participate in the One Word of God
if you only knew not the confusion of tongues.

But it is better to divide the One into twelve words
—the twelve names of the signs of the zodiac or the gods—
than to divide it into twelve thousand million more.

There were no kings nor lords before the confusion of tongues:
mankind built a Tower to Heaven whose top reached God.

We knew no human words when we were born,
but as little children we were stuffed with words,
and learning to speak, we became rather dumb.

"Let the little children come to me, do not hinder them,
because to such as these belongs the Kingdom of Heaven."

You will participate in the One Word of God
if you save the Harlot of Babylon from stones.

	GREEK-ROMAN	CHRISTIAN	EGYPTIAN	SUMERIAN	HINDU	NORSE
♈ ARIES	Ares, Mars, Zeus, Jupiter, Prometheus.	Simon Peter.	Set, Montu, Atum, Horus Elder, Anhur.	Nergal, Iškur, Hadad, Anu.	Wild Pig Avatar, Indra, Agni.	Týr, Forseti.
♓ PISCES	Aphrodite, Venus, Adonis.	Judas Iscariot, Mary Magdalene.	Hathor, Nephthys. Nunut.	Dumuzid, Aya, Inanna (Ištar).	Man-Lion Avatar, Parvati, Kama.	Freyja.
♒ AQUARIUS	Poseidon, Neptune, Saturn, Cronos.	Judas Thaddaeus, John the Baptist.	Hapi. Sobek, Geb, Nu/Nun.	Ea-Enki, Nammu, Abzu.	Dwarf-God Avatar, Shiva, Makara,Varuna.	Njörðr, Mímir.
♑ CAPRICORN	Dionysus, Bacchus.	Simon the Zealot.	Horus Child, Khonsu, Mut, Bastet.	Amar-Utu (Marduk).	Warrior Avatar, Kartikeya, Shashthi.	Baldr.
♐ SAGITTARIUS	Apollo, Amphitrite.	Matthew, Lazarus.	Ra, Anubis, Wepwawet.	Ninurta, Pabilsag, Nabu.	Rama Avatar, Arjuna, Ganesha.	Odin, Þjazi.
♏ SCORPIUS	Hades, Pluto, Persephone, Hecate.	Nathanael.	Osiris, Serapis, Shu.	Enlil, Ninlil, Ereškigal.	Krishna Avatar, Yama, Vishnu, Vayu.	Hel, Freyr.
♎ LIBRA	Hermes, Mercury, Asclepius.	Phillip.	Thoth, Heka.	Utu (Šamaš), Ninazu, Ningišzidda.	Buddha Avatar, Narayana, Pushan.	Hermóðr, Loki.
♍ VIRGO	Demeter, Ceres.	James the Less, Virgin Mary.	Isis, Tefnut.	Nisaba, Šala. Uraš	Kalki Avatar, Annapurna.	Gefjon, Fulla.
♌ LEO	Hephaestus, Vulcan.	Thomas, Joseph.	Ptah, Khnum, Geb, Amen-Ra, Sokar.	Ninagal, Gibil.	Surya, Brahma.	Thor.
♋ CANCER	Artemis, Diana.	John, Mary of Bethany.	Isis, Nut, Pakhet, Neith.	Šeški (Nanna-Sin), Ningal.	Saraswati, Sita, Sati, Soma/Chandra.	Skaði, Gerðr, Nanna.
♊ GEMINI	Athena, Minerva.	James the Just Mary of Clopas.	Neith, Sekhmet, Maat, Aten.	Inanna (Ištar), Lamaštu.	Fish Avatar, Kali, Durga, Lakshmi.	Frigg, Gná.
♉ TAURUS	Hera, Juno, Hestia, Vesta.	Andrew, Martha.	Satis, Apis, Min, Mnevis.	Ninmah, Ninhursag, Tiamat, Antum.	Turtle Avatar, Aranyani.	Jörð.

"Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me. Behold, you desire Truth in the inward parts, and in the hidden part you shall make me to know wisdom. Purge me with HYSSOP, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be WHITER than snow."—*Psalm* 51:5-7.

"And as he prayed, the fashion of his countenance was altered, and his raiment was WHITE and glistering. And, behold, there talked with him two men, which were Moses and Elijah, who appeared in glory, and spoke of his decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem."
—*Luke* 9:29-31.

"And I saw, and behold a WHITE HORSE, and he that sat on him had A BOW; and a crown was given to him, and he went forth conquering, and to conquer. And when he had opened the second seal, I heard the second beast say, 'Come and see.' And there went out another horse that was RED: and power was given to him that sat thereon to take peace from the earth, and that they should kill one another, and there was given to him a great sword. And when he had opened the third seal, I heard the third beast say, 'Come and see.' And I beheld, and lo a BLACK horse; and he that sat on him had a pair of balances in his hand. And I heard a voice in the midst of the four beasts say, 'A measure of WHEAT for a penny, and three measures of barley for a penny; and see you hurt not the OIL and the WINE.' And when he had opened the fourth seal, I heard the voice of the fourth beast say, 'Come and see.' And I looked, and behold a GREEN[1] horse: and his name that sat on him was DEATH, and HADES[2] followed with him. And power was given to them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with death, and with the beasts of the earth. And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that WERE SLAIN for the Word of God, and for the testimony which they held. And they cried with a loud voice, saying, 'How long, O Lord, holy and true, do you not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?' And WHITE robes were given to every one of them; and it was said to them, that THEY SHOULD REST yet for a little season, until their fellow-servants also and their brethren, that SHOULD BE KILLED AS THEY WERE, should be fulfilled."—*Revelation* 6:2-11

"The good horse, therefore, subsists in a more beautiful condition, is erect, well-articulated, has its neck lofty, its nose somewhat aquiline, its colour WHITE, and its eyes black. It is likewise a lover of honour, together with temperance and modesty; is the companion of true opinion, is not whipped, and is only to be governed by exhortation and reason." —PLATO, *The Phaedrus.*

"In the first place, O best of young men, conceive thus respecting the eyes: that which you call a WHITE COLOUR is not anything else external to your eyes, nor yet in your eyes; nor can you assign any place to it. For, if you could, it would now have an orderly position, and would abide, and be no longer in generation. [. . .] When, therefore, the eye and anything commensurate to this generate by approximation, whiteness, and the sense connate to this, which would never have been produced if each of these had been directed to something else, then, in the interim, sight tending to the eyes, and whiteness to that which together with it generated colour, the eye becomes filled with vision, and then sees, and becomes not sight, but an eye seeing. But that which in conjunction with it generates colour becomes filled with whiteness, and is made not whiteness, but a white thing; whether it is wood or stone, or anything else which may happen to be coloured with a colour of this kind. [. . .] But since neither a flowing white thing permanently continues to flow, but is changed, so that there is even a flux of its whiteness, and a transition into another colour, and we are not able to discover that it abides in this, can we with rectitude pronounce it to be any particular colour?" —PLATO, *The Theaetetus.*

---

[1] Χλωρός, *chloros:* green or pale yellow.
[2] ᾅδης, Hades.

"SOCRATES: Hades was so called from the donation of πλούτος [*ploútos*] wealth, because riches are dug out of the bowels of the earth. But by the appellation αἰδης, [*aídis*] the multitude appear to me to conceive the same as ἀειδὲς, [*aeides*] i.e., obscure and dark; and that, being terrified at this name, they call him Hades.

HERMOGENES: But what is your opinion, Socrates, about this affair?

SOCRATES: It appears to me, that men have abundantly erred[1] concerning the power of this god, and that they are afraid of him without occasion: for their fear arises from hence; because, when anyone of us dies, he abides forever in Hades; and because the soul departs to this god, divested of the body. But both the empire of this god, and his name, and every other particular respecting him, appear to me to tend to one and the same thing.

HERMOGENES: But how?

SOCRATES: I will tell you how this affair appears to me. Answer me, therefore, which of these is the stronger bond to an animal, so as to cause its detention, necessity, or desire?

HERMOGENES: Desire, Socrates, is by far the most prevalent.

SOCRATES: Do you not think that any would fly from Hades, unless it held those who dwell there by the strongest bond?

HERMOGENES: Certainly.

SOCRATES: It binds them therefore, as it appears, by a certain desire; since it binds them with the greatest bond, and not with necessity.

HERMOGENES: It appears so.

SOCRATES: Are there not, therefore, many desires?

HERMOGENES: Certainly.

SOCRATES: It binds them, therefore, with the greatest of all desires, if it binds them with the greatest of bonds.

HERMOGENES: Certainly.

SOCRATES: Is there any greater desire, than that which produced when anyone, by associating with another, thinks that, through his means, he shall become a better man?

HERMOGENES: By Zeus, Socrates, there is not any.

SOCRATES: On this account, Hermogenes, we should say, that no one is willing to return from thence hither, not even the Sirens themselves; but that both they, and all others, are enchanted by the beautiful discourses of Hades. And hence it follows that this god is a perfect sophist; that he greatly benefits those who dwell with him; and that he possesses such great affluence as enables him to supply us with those mighty advantages which we enjoy: and from hence he is called Hades. But does he not also appear to you to be a philosopher, and one endued with excellent prudence and design, from his being *unwilling to associate with men invested with bodies, but then only admits them to familiar converse with him, when their souls are purified from all the evils and desires which subsist about the body?* For this divinity considered, that he should be able to detain souls, if he bound them with the desire belonging to virtue; but that, while they possess the consternation and furious insanity of body, even his father Chronos would not be able to detain them with him, in those bonds with which he is said to be bound.

HERMOGENES: You seem, Socrates, to speak something to the purpose.

SOCRATES: We ought then, O Hermogenes, by no means to denominate αἰδης [*aídis*] from ἀειδὲς [*aeides*], dark and invisible, but much rather from a knowledge of all beautiful things: and from hence this god was called by the fabricator of names ἀδης [*ades*]."

—PLATO, *The Cratylus.*

---

[1] "He is not the God of the Dead, but the God of the Living: you therefore do greatly err."—*Mark* 12:27.



Those who fell like a Deluge from a thunderous cloud
are not destined to be turned into stone and be bound;
only those that from the watering of the soil sprout.

So,
old soul,
mind young:
come.
It's time to go home.

I gave you a map, so your way you may find,
but I can't sail for you to the Promised Land.
From my left hand I gave you a cup of wine,
but to knead the Bread's Dough one needs of both hands.

Not many know where to find the prophets of old
—the Sons of David today singing Apollo's song—
but it was Sisyphus who invented rock and roll.

I'm calling the dead out of their graves: COME FORTH!
Unveil the majesty of your own souls,
for only then may you know God and be whole.



This was my Testament; these my last chords:
Please do not believe in any of my words
—for they are not set in stone—
but seek and learn to unwrite your own:
like Moses, break the Tables of the Law.

On this rock—the Earth's corpse—
I shall stand no more
(if it so affords the one I love).

So,

Woe to all those daring to write my name in stone;
let Mother Hera curse them seventy-seven-fold.
And blessed be all those defacing my name from stones,
for they honour me as they honoured old Akhenaton.

Friend of old, please remember me not,
for I live not in deceptive thought.
Kindle the candle of your soul
and look at the yellow's light core:
a blue flame feeds the visible sun
from the night of thought in nought.
That is where you will find God:
beyond the brightness of fraud.





This mirror is dedicated to the one I love:
the disciple that taught me everything I know not.



Be wise as serpents and innocent as doves.



"White was also used to denote purity, simplicity and innocence. White is the colour of the Initiates, because the man, who abandons darkness to follow light, passes from the profane state to that of the *Initiate*, the *Pure*. He is spiritually renewed [. . .] Ptah, the *Regenerator*, was also clad in white, in order to show the new birth of the *Pure Ones* or the *White Ones*."

—FULCANELLI, *The Mystery of the Cathedrals.*

"Those who are conversant with philosophy in a proper manner, seem to have concealed from others that the whole of their study is nothing else than how to die and be dead. If this then is true, it would certainly be absurd, that those who have made this alone their study through the whole life, should when it arrives be afflicted at the circumstance upon which they have before bestowed all their attention and labour. But here, Simmias, laughing, 'By Zeus' (says he), 'Socrates, you cause me to laugh, though I am very far from desiring to do so at present: for I think that the multitudes, if they heard this, would consider it as well said respecting philosophers; and that men of the present day would perfectly agree with you, that philosophers should in reality desire death, and that they are by no means ignorant that men of this description deserve to suffer death.' And indeed, Simmias, they would speak the truth, except in asserting that they are not ignorant of it: FOR BOTH THE MANNER IN WHICH TRUE PHILOSOPHERS DESIRE TO DIE, AND HOW THEY ARE WORTHY OF DEATH, IS CONCEALED FROM THEM."—PLATO, *The Phaedo.*

"Those who instituted the Mysteries for us, appear to have been by no means contemptible persons, but to have really signified formerly, in an obscure manner, that whoever descended into Hades uninitiated, and without being a partaker of the Mysteries, should be plunged into mire; but that whoever arrived there, purified and initiated, should dwell with the gods. For, as it is said, by those who write about the Mysteries,

'The thyrsus-bearers numerous are seen,
but few the Dionysuses have always been.'

But these few are, in my opinion, no other than those who philosophise rightly; and that I may be ranked in the number of these, I shall leave nothing unattempted, but exert myself in all possible ways. But whether or not my exertions will be properly directed, and whether I shall accomplish anything when I arrive thither, I shall clearly know, very shortly, if Divinity please, as it appears to me. And this, Simmias and Cebes, is my apology, why upon leaving you, and the rulers of the present life, I ought not to be afflicted and indignant, since I am persuaded that I shall there meet with masters and companions no less good than such as are here. This indeed is incredible to many; but if my apology shall have more influence with you than with the judges of the Athenians, it will have a good effect."—PLATO, *The Phaedo.*

"Music is the wine which inspires one to new generative processes, and I am Dionysus who presses out this glorious wine for mankind and makes them spiritually drunken." —LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

Our little troupe has always been,
and will always be until

THE END,

my beautiful friend.

"I begin to sing of PALLAS ATHENA, the glorious goddess, bright-eyed, inventive, unbending of heart, pure virgin, saviour of cities, courageous, Tritogeneia. From his awful head wise Zeus himself bare her arrayed in warlike arms of flashing gold, and awe seized all the gods as they gazed. But Athena sprang quickly from the immortal head and stood before Zeus who holds the Aegis, shaking a sharp spear. Great Olympus began to reel horribly at the might of the bright-eyed goddess, and earth round about cried fearfully, and the sea was moved and tossed with dark waves, while foam burst forth suddenly: the bright Son of Hyperion stopped his swift-footed horses a long while, until the maiden Pallas Athena had stripped the heavenly armour from her immortal shoulders. And wise Zeus was glad. And so, hail to you, daughter of Zeus who holds the Aegis! Now I will remember you and another song as well."

—HOMERIC HYMN.

"Sing, clear-voiced Muses, of HEPHAESTUS famed for inventions. With bright-eyed Athena he taught men glorious gifts throughout the world,—men who before used to dwell in caves in the mountains like wild beasts. But now that they have learned crafts through Hephaestus, the famed worker, easily they live a peaceful life in their own houses the whole year round. Be gracious, Hephaestus, and grant me success and prosperity!"

—HOMERIC HYMN.

"HESTIA, in the high dwellings of all, both deathless gods and men who walk on earth, you have gained an everlasting abode and highest honour: glorious is your portion and your right. For without you mortals hold no banquet,—where one does not duly pour sweet wine in offering to Hestia both first and last.

And you, slayer of Argus, Son of Zeus and Maia, messenger of the blessed gods, bearer of the golden rod, giver of good, be favourable and help us, you and Hestia, the worshipful and dear. Come and dwell in this glorious house in friendship together; for you two, well knowing the noble actions of men, aid on their wisdom and their strength.

Hail, Daughter of Cronos, and you also, HERMES, bearer of the golden rod! Now I will remember you and another song also."

—HOMERIC HYMN.

DO NOT THINK OF THE CONTENTS THAT IN THIS
VOLUME WE PROVIDE AS INFALLIBLE DOGMAS
BY WHICH YOU SHOULD BLINDLY ABIDE.
FOR IT IS NOT THE DULLNESS OF THE
PEACEFULLY UNCONSCIOUS THAT
WE WISH TO IGNITE, BUT THE
SWORD OF A CONSCIOUS
AND DISCERNING
CRITICAL
MIND.



WWW.EGIBIL.COM