

1/20/01 Saturday's Rock, Aesklepios, the Folly Master  
Closing time: 10:00 p.m., C.S.T.

One writes tragedy and comedy using the same letters.

Leucippus  
frag. — K-9, Diels Kranz

An evening at the theater, in which a dogged wisdom momentarily prevails

*Skene:* The stage is dark, barren. A slow drumbeat sounds in imitation of a pulse. From stage left, the audience can sense, not see, a figure enter. Suddenly at center stage this figure is thrown into black relief by a corona of hidden light. A few long moments pass while the drumbeats quicken nervously, but at last the audience can make out a humanesque form nearly obliterated by an enormous mask, its back to them, and evidently holding a torch in front of itself, so that the flame is shielded from sight by the bulk of its body. What remains is the nimbus of dancing torchlight outlining something with long ears and a bushy, swishing tail. The drumbeats hasten to crescendo and from somewhere offstage the chorus can be heard growling inarticulately. A soloist forlornly bays. Then the hubbub abruptly halts and the audience is left drifting through an eerie silence, in which the olfactory sense is suddenly alerted to the burning of smokepots, which have been placed, not only on stage, but throughout the theater. Essences drift about, some perfumed, some noxious, some like the smell of food, some like the smell of rotteness or feces. In this odiferous silence and near-darkness, the figure slowly turns about. The mask is that of a dog or a wolf, whose long snout bares luminescent teeth, not in threat, but in greeting. The audience, unsure of its emotions, laughs nervously, shuffling feet, settling clothing. The figure speaks.

Dexikleia's Report

The Masked Figure: The complicated nature of an agent's intervention into human affairs would be overwhelming were it not for the activation of our internal modems and the constant influx of specific guidance from the Council.

On the evening in which our designated wayward, the thespian and maskmaker, Theopompus, assaulted his wife and slave and left his house, any citizen in the wings, would have viewed an Athens enveloped in a seeming exterior calm. Said citizen would have noticed that the buzz of the *polis* was subsiding. Only men, male slaves and *porni* would be about, wives and children stowed safely, like so much grain, in their close, dark homes. Perhaps the moon would be rising (here the masked figure looks to the sky, and raises its head as if to howl, but then refrains, an obvious iconic reference, obviously eschewed). Certainly the tides would be running, rising or else receding. The Earth would be revolving into shadow. The sounds of darkness would infiltrate the darkness. Domestic animals would be settling down, birds perching for the night, the day's last winds scuffling the leaves of drying shrubbery. Perhaps here and there a dog would bark, and another answer, or a cat could be heard making its nightly rounds. The city would be drenched in apparent harmony. The Sythian guard would be patrolling. Civilization would seem safe and good, a positive protection against the too-wild vicissitudes of raw

Nature. But the wildness of Nature would still be wild, though hidden. Agents and adepts, cloaked by the surface calm, would now be thrown into furious activity. Perhaps unseen, and certainly unnoticed, they would be buzzing with ectenic force through the various byways of Time's mattermatters, winging their furious ways along the psychode, evading the ambushes of the apostates, all feverishly working to reconnect their waywards, or powder the conversionables to dust.

(The speaker pauses here for a few moments, and stamps heavily about the stage, stirring up a fine rose-colored silica, whose dust clouds vortice in the wavering torchglow.)

The Masked Figure: For the purpose of simplification, we will confine our explanation to the single space/time continuum of this Athenian earth vector. But the audience should be aware that each physical or metaphysical action by each protagonist in this humble family drama sends both vertical and horizontal patterns pulsating through other spaces, other times.

(Light strobes anachronistically rake the stage, revealing in the briefest flashes frozen vignettes illuminating other countries, other cities, other plays.)

The Masked Figure: On one side are agents, adepts and the Council, all resonating harmoniously with the Monad. On the other side, are waywards and apostates, working to widen the severance, in an effort to provide more "freedom," and expand the possibilities of the universe. The apostates are unrestrained free-radicals, who have evolved as a consequence of the severance (although certain blasphemers claim that apostasy is a an indispensable part of the sacred substance of the Monad). And just as agents and adepts are unified to dextrously reconnect waywards and prevent conversions, these sinister elementals push, pull, prod, drive and whip waywards towards a state of utterly destructive uselessness. On the evening in question, this primordial conflict threatened to engulf a number of waywards and send them reeling towards conversion or even low-grade apostasy.

(The stage lights during this recitation have risen slowly so that now other portions of the stage are visible in four separate circles of ruddy light. The audience can see that in each of these lambent pools a body lies supine. As the Masked Figure continues speaking, he proceeds to each of these pools in turn, and one by one, raises the prostrate figures to their feet. As he concludes this part of his soliloquy, the four figures are all standing silently like columns of the temple of the night.)

The Masked Figure: Here are the battlegrounds:

(The Masked Figure raises the first column.)

1. Theopompus, the maskmaker, the thespian, the citizen, the wife-beater, the slave driver, the drunkard, the fornicator, the secret *katapugon* (the buggered one) . . . storming into the streets for an assignation with his *eromenos* (*erastes*) at some symposium or tavern.

(The chorus, unseen in the darkness, cheers their hero, and Theopompus, masked as Zeus, acknowledges their appreciation by raising his arms in the air to form a V. The Masked figure proceeds to the next body, and at his touch, it rises.)

2. Diodotos, the Slave, the Sythian, the satirist, smarting from his wounds and his humiliation, and eager to dog his Master and exact some kind of retribution.

(The chorus unleashes a howl of opprobrium, and Diodotos hisses in response, spitting like a cat or a snake at his hidden tormentors. The Masked Figure proceeds to the next body, and touches it as he did the others. It too rises, though slowly, tentatively.)

3. Eileithyia, the wife of Theopompus, the distaff, the sorceress, the dreamer, torn between self-blame and fury, conditioned to submit, she who is sliding towards dissociation.

(The chorus, mostly silent, muffles a few sniggers and fewer sobs. Meanwhile, Eileithyia, risen, but with head bowed, apparently studies her navel. The Masked Figure proceeds to the fourth body, gives it a touch, and causes it to rise.)

4. Litaë, the slave, the penitent, the schemer, plotting a way to lie with Diodotos.

(The chorus laughs derisively, as the Masked Figure returns to center stage.)

The Masked Figure: The wrong actions by any of these *dramatis personae* could engender large scale upheavals of static, that might in turn propagate humiliation, ostracism, divorce, rape, adultery, pederasty, animal sacrifice, necromancy or even murder.

(The chorus takes up each of these nine words in turn and sings them in dark polyphonies. Several minutes elapse while the music, having commenced in triple forte, decrescendos to a climax where the most complexity coincides with the least volume, then the Masked Figure continues, the music proceeding quietly behind him, writhing like living aural serpents.)

The Masked Figure: The forces marshaled on the side of the apostasy are many and formidable. First and foremost they hold the goad of pride, and in the case in question they sharpen that goad daily by stropping it on a culture where some are undeservedly elevated to positions of insanely powerful dominance, while others are relegated to abject subservience.

(The lights come up on Theopompus, and he is momentarily animated to strut about the stage to the wild cheering of the Chorus. He alternately beats and berates in pantomime the other protagonists, including the soliloquist, The Masked Figure.)

The Masked Figure: Second, the apostate strategy is grotesquely simple: disrupt and destroy. They need not create, coordinate, or accomplish a thing, only wound. And third, and perhaps most importantly, they are unrestrained, and can stoop to any tactic to achieve their nefarious ends.

(Spears, knives, daggers, broken bottles, spokes from smashed cart wheels, fish heads, pot shards, coproliths, pisspots clatter to the stage in clumps like so much deadly rain, while the protagonists run about trying to avoid the deluge — sometimes in their panic fleeing as quickly into danger as away from it.)

The Masked Figure: To counter this, the agents and adepts have the wisdom of the Council and the euphonious power of the Collective. Each agent has only to listen and respond. And besides this strength of obedience, agents are unperturbed by any self-sacrifice, a concept and condition utterly abhorrent to apostates. Agents are endowed with the certainty that injury of even death in the earth vector is only an elevation to a higher state of unity.

(Chorus members in ragged black robes run amok, as paper effigies of various animals are lowered to the stage. Although speared, stabbed, bludgeoned, the effigies remain unaffected by the onslaught, fluttering benignly in the breath of a wind machine, as their attackers exhaust themselves in escalating paroxysms of rage.)

The Masked Figure: Finally, the Monad still controls the scene, the set, the time of day, the year, the season, the winds, the tides, the atmospheric pressure and temperature and the radiations from innumerable stars.

(A blissful music floods the theater, as painted, wooden celestial bodies, are lowered like marionettes into the heavens, where they perform an intricate ballet.)

The Masked Figure: On their side, the apostates have cultural madness and individual psychosis. On our side, we, in this instance, have the majesty of the night and the luxurious whiteness of the rising moon.

(A battle of symphonies ensues, cacophony versus euphony, volume dynamics alternately giving the audience the impression that first one and then the other dominates. During this battle, the stage is slowly consumed in total darkness, like that found deep underground in the bowels of a cave. As the music slowly becomes inaudible, the stage lights just as slowly rise. Finally, when stillness is achieved, all of the former protagonists have disappeared and a live dog sits upon the stage, panting benignly and staring jovially out on the audience. From what seems like several directions at once, the chorus recites in precise homophonic unison the following account.)

The Chorus: The apostates have succeeded in creating a highly entoptic delirium in all four protagonists. All are disoriented, all inattentive, all are stripped of nostalgia and inflamed by resentment, all are deeply enmeshed in violent confabulations — confabulations discolored by hallucination. All are awash in a poisonous tide of emotion.

As he rushes through the quieting streets to meet his boy-lover, Theopompus gyrates fiercely between rage and remorse. He imagines himself as the avenger of his family's honor. He imagines himself as its despoiler. He sees, first in his mind's eye, and then actually perching on the rooftops, the demonic *erinyes* — foul, wingless, black, disgusting. Their wombs filled with fire and poisonous vapors. Their saprostomic breath putrid with the flesh of their victims. The gases wafting from their bodily orifices shrivel scrotums and pucker vulvas. Their very presence infests the brain with the black bile of depraved visions, while inciting the limbs to murderous impulses. A thin ectoplasm spirals from the crown of Theopompus's skull, its spidery silks depicting the murder of Diodotos. The ectoplasmic shape dissolves and reforms to show the slave laboring at the oars in the dungeon of a merchantman's galley. Then, like smoke collapsing, and refashioning itself, the ectoplasm depicts the Sythian descending into the hell of a Laurion silver mine. Lashed backs, crushed limbs, incessant death, **death, death**. The ectoplasm in rapid succession also arranges various scenes of torment for Eileithyia, the maskmaker's wife. She is denounced, divorced, imprisoned, prostituted, immolated. The white strands entirely cover Theopompus now. He struggles forward incased in their sticky webs, crippled by anger and sickened by inner shame. He wants to abase himself, he, an Athenian citizen, bending over like the limpest meable, under the long wall in the furtive glints of night, submitting to lewd penetrations.

(During this recitation, the figure of Theopompus cavorts around the stage, entrapped in a net, enacting in a stylized pantomime his various torments.)

The Chorus: What malice breeds in the heart of a tricky slave! Diodotos too is enmeshed. His black thoughts teem with various atrocities. He seduces the Master's wife, and proclaims it abroad. He buggers his Master before the assembled Archons. He poisons the Master's favorite dog.

(While Theopompus continues writhing on the stage, as in the death throes of a severed serpent, Diodotos leaps up, and he too is covered by nets, black ones, and pantomimes in dance his vengeful acts: fornicating with Eileithyia, cornholing Theopompus, poisoning Dexikleia.)

The Chorus: The split-minded woman, leaps first into ire and then into dejection. She cuckolds her husband, stabs his animals, and in a Maenadic fury murders his children. Then stricken by her acts, she tears her hair, flees from her home and lives by prostitution, finally gulping hemlock to drown her guilt.

(Eileithyia now jumps up, is likewise snared, dances in fury, and then, torn by remorse, revolves in slowing spirals, then collapses.)

The Chorus: Nothing has nothing to say of consequence. She moves as she would move, an emptiness, unseen, unheard, the hollow in the center of the jug.

(The stage goes black, but in the darkness, footsteps are heard, and then a silver splinter of Diana's faintly illuminates the figure of Litae, furtively moving about the other figures, as a mouse moves timorously through a granary.)

The Chorus: The apostates clog many avenues of the psychode and disconnect others, and the agents, guided by the Council, execute elaborate strategies involving many species . On one side, there is a goad to action, and on the other, balms coax sleep and sweeten dreams.

The apostates ignite the neurotransmitters norepinephrene and serotonin and siphon away acetylcholine. The *erinyes* howl with delight, inflaming the protagonists with fevered torments. The evil ones foment confabulations, stimulate malevolence, prod to violence. Hands twitch. Temples roar. And eyes glaze over with tears of fury and terror.

(The stage is suddenly screamingly, harshly lit as slashes of virulent, clashing colors splash on a host of demons, who rush insanelly about, applying numerous instruments of torture to the four protagonists They possess various vials of liquid with which they splash their victims, who respond to the dousings as flames respond to the application of accelerants. The protagonists sometimes flee and sometimes halt to torture themselves or another. The music rages with jagged cross-rhythms, strident shrieks, crescendos that collapse into chains of chaos, timpani and percussion beating the shrieks of flutes and the thrum of harps into submission.)

The Chorus: But the Collective counters. As the Maskmaker marches to his rendezvous, the breeze, soft and disarming, carries the scent of pine trees and salt air. Theopompus remembers a similar evening, a similar freshness. He hears the distant barking of a dog, the cooing of doves as they settle in the eaves. He begins to awaken from his violent trance. In Theopompus's now distant courtyard a dog creeps up and licks a slave's new wounds. A child cries, but its mother comes to comfort. Acetylcholines inhibit the amines. The apostates retreat in veil upon veil of dream.

(The stage lights soften, the windmachine pulls in the breaths of exhaustion, then swings into lullaby. The marionette moonlight jiggles into veiw and calms the rowdy players, who, one by one, sink down to the stage and drift into motionless sleep.)

### Charybdis

The theater involves us in concentric circles,  
From inner personae to family to polis,  
It grows its rings of spectacle until  
The audience itself becomes the chorus,  
And the chorus becomes the one protagonist.  
Thus we keep spinning from the all to one,  
Mere elements of stagecraft for the Maker —  
The Maker, the poet, the conflict or the humor,  
The voice behind the mask, the whirl of words.

1/27/01 Saturday's Rock, Aesklepios, the Folly Master  
Closing time: 10:21 p.m., Central Standard Time

The fact is — and it is well to state it plainly — that the Greek world perished from one main cause, a low ideal of womanhood and a degradation of women which found expression in both literature and in social life. The position of women and the position of slaves — for the two classes went together — were the canker-spots which, left unhealed, brought about the decay first of Athens and then of Greece.

*Feminism in Greek Literature*

F. A. Wright

*Dexikleia's Report*

Eileithya, the maskmaker's wife, is a child, a child who has spent her life in darkness, spinning and dreaming. Like a good little Athenian girl, *i.e.*, as Socrates says, one who has "seen and heard as little as possible," she married at fourteen and moved from her father's to her husband's house. This change in marital status and abodes was negligible in so far as her living conditions were concerned. She merely moved from one dark room to another, because good little Athenian girls all live in the upper stories of their male protector's house, and that is so for two reasons. One, because heat rises, and Athens is hot. And two, because the lower story has access to the narrow, filthy little Athenian streets, and it is not seemly that a good little Athenian girl, of any age or of any marital status, should see such goings on as might tempt her to want to live. Eileithya is good. She does not want to live. She wants to do her duty and to dream. By the age of fifteen, Eileithya, good girl that she is, has already done her duty to husband, phratry, oikos, demes and polis. She has birthed a son. Unfortunately, in disobedience to the tenor of the times, she has also subsequently spawned two daughters. A grave breach of civic and matrimonial propriety, as she knows, and is genuinely sorry for. Now she has reached the ripe old matronly age of twenty-one and is again pregnant, her womb leaning ominously to the right — the sign, as the midwives warningly cluck, of another girl. And it is already true, that her husband, like many Athenians, when asked the number of his children, replies, "one," referring, of course, only to his son. Theopompus does not recognize the potential of girls, except as an expense, and has already emphatically stated that if Eileithya's fourth child is female, the issue will have to be exposed or sold before given a name, that is to say, before being made an Athenian, or, to speak more generically, a human. "The honor of the family (he always says "honor" when he means to say "wealth")," he has declared "cannot permit the raising of a third daughter, we already have two too many." For him, as master of the oikos, this is simply a question of dilution. Two daughters are already a strain on the family resources, but to be required to provide both living expenses and a third dowry would put the family, as Theopompus often belligerently asserts: "over the edge." When Eileithya feels the life in her belly, there are times when she is sorry that she is so good. There are times, in fact, when she can sense her own edge, and how close she is to going over it. There is no use, she knows, in openly remonstrating with her husband concerning this question of family honor. Nor will her father or brothers side with her on this issue. A son, for insurance,

would be acceptable, but it has already been decreed by those purporting to be wiser than she, that the family's precarious honor must be strengthened by inhibiting the number of heirs and dowries. Farmers have need of children to help them farm, but those who live within the long wall, need to gather money, not hands for work. As her belly grows each day, leaning the wrong way, Eileithyia trembles in fear, and she wishes, against the decrees of fate, that she were a simple farmer's wife. Then she could be good all the time, as she longs to be, but is not.

Eileithyia prays to her namesake to deliver her from her sorrows. As far as her husband is concerned, her womb is a field, in which he has already planted and harvested adequate seed. To Theopompus, Eileithyia's position in the family is now almost superfluous. And this is so for two reasons. One, as previously stated, and logically impervious to refutation, is that her field has already harvested a male. And two, as also previously stated, and likewise impervious to refutation, is that Eileithyia is a dreamer. Theopompus, as well as other male members of the phratry, has made note, and official protest to Eileithyia's father and brothers, that this wife, although she came with a sufficient dowry, is a poor care-giver to the family's son, and sole heir, and a poor manager of its slaves and its household possessions. The incident with the ants in the grainary was only one in a series of costly examples of her neglect, which no severity of scolding or beatings could seem to eradicate. Alas, Eileithyia, as a good little Athenian girl, is the product of a long-line of highly selective genetic husbandry. She was bred to be fertile at a young age. She has been fertile at a young age. She was bred to be docile and withdrawn. She is docile and withdrawn. She was conditioned to confinement in dark quarters. She shrinks from light. She has been restricted in her relationships to her children, to animals and to slaves. She does not relate well to her husband, her father or her brothers. She has been habituated to simple, repetitive, "counting," tasks, *i.e.*, spinning, carding and weaving wool, or grinding and cooking grain. Eileithyia is always counting herself into trance. As such, Eileithyia, while apparently useless to her oikos, is most useful to the Collective and to the Council. For Eileithyia has traveled far inside the walls of the archetypal polis, and is marked by both agents and apostates alike as a fitting recruit for their interminable wars.

Although little experienced in the ways of the male Athenian world, as a young girl, Eileithyia, chosen for her beauty, her dreamy good-naturedness, her whiteness and her purity, was the bearer of the sacred vessels in the annual celebration of the Eleusinian mysteries. During the Brauronian festival for Artemis, she served as the Bear-girl and she cradled the little hare in her arms in the procession. She wore the saffron robe, and later, when she was a bit older, she carried the sacred basket and wore the necklace of dried figs. As a wife and mother, each year she indulges in the sacred festival of the Thesmophonia, re-enacting, with other women of the community, the story of Demeter, and perpetuating for the polis the awful rites of passage — birth, initiation, marriage and death. On these occasions, Eileithyia descends into the pits, sheds the blood of Eobouleus's piglets, stokes fires and turns the sacred spit. She sits on the ground, garlandless, moaning with other mothers, her private parts touching the fertilizing vitex plant, as she grieves for Kore. From time to time, she has had the good fortune to menstruate directly into the sacred earth. Cavoring obscenely with the others, she, the

docile Eileithyia, masturbates vigorously and smears the temple air with the foulest of words. She was even present on one occasion when a man impudently entered the sanctuary and was driven out by the frenzied women. In this purifying instance, she not only joined with, but instigated the others to slash this interloper with their sacrificial knives and to scorch his wounded body with their torches. The accident that the intruder survived this attack, was a miracle much bemoaned and resented by Eileithyia and all the women, and they protested to Apollo for providing protection to the impudent and impious spy. True, this agent admits that the prima materia of these isolated events, even as they are sealed and heated in the retort of a female human body, is not much when compared to the grinding monotony of her everyday existence. But monotony too has a power, some times incandescent in its accumulated effects, and we must make do with those resources available to us. As such, we find that there is enough psychic material here for Eileithyia's inner weaver to weave for many lifetimes. The Collective, and even this humble agent, has had some hand in staging these events, and the Council, I am gratified to say, has expressed its satisfaction.

Under the watchful and beneficent gaze of agents, and even adepts, Eileithyia feels the thrill of inspiration when supplicating to Artemis, and is often mesmerized by her repetition of certain legal or sometimes blasphemous magical formulae. She has acquired, with the help of her benefactors, the esoteric keys to certain disciplines, and proving apt in these studies, is rare among wayward humans, even women, in having discovered the vesicles of the psychode. As such, she has gained access to certain vectors, and has managed to traverse portions of its labyrêve. Astonishingly, she has even acquired the skill of infiltrating and coloring another's dreams. But all this immersion in the holoplasma has not been void of risk. Eileithyia's wild talents have been recruited, so far with only marginal success, by the apostates, and the eyrines have sucked on her fears and angers to nourish their disgusting forms and fuel their nefarious activities. We must admit, the household dogs, goats, asses and such, that we are somewhat apprehensive that she may soon even expose the role of the agents, for she has honed her skill as a mentis, and with her second sight, she can follow the spirits of the sacrificial animals as they wend their way back to the Monad. It is therefore, the opinion of this lowly agent that Eileithyia is a most unpredictable wayward, a woman whose feral abilities make her a treasure well worth contesting.

As alluded to above, this agent has discovered that Eileithyia, at least on one occasion, whether by accident or design, has succeeded in manipulating another's dream. From a choicepoint inside her own confabulation, she was able to appear in the dream of her husband's chief male slave, Diodotos, who as a consequence, has become a more pliable tool for the Collective. Considering the general operating abilities of Homo sapiens (extravaganzus or banalus — some details of which will be discussed below), this feat is almost unheard of in the annals of post-severance humans. Eileithyia's at least limited ability to roam from body to body has created a highly volatile situation in this space/time vector, *vis à vis* her relationship with her husband, and indeed much of Athens and by extension, the entire Greek world. This explosion of awareness into hitherto uncontaminated earth vectors, we feel bodes well for the Collective. Indeed, this agent has found evidence that Eileithyia's psychic innovations have leaked far forward into the

future and have found their way into the research documents of at least a small group of waywards. There are even allusions to her activities as far afield as the Sonoran Papyri. The text reproduced below shows just how far some humans (one human?) have come to penetrating the veils of their mental stupor. The author of this text (inexplicably labeled *1/27/01 Saturday's Rock, Aesklepios, the Folly Master*), although unknown to this agent, has left a scent trail that disappears in the early 21<sup>st</sup> century, on the very day, in fact, of what the Mayan chronotographer, José Arueguelles, calls the “Inevitable Event, a.k.a. 9/11.” As an humble agent and only a Grade 4 Communicator of the Black Ray, I leave it to those in the Collective or Council, whose heads are far wiser than mine, to interpret these developments in the light of our continued attempts to dissolve history, and the disease of cultural, wayward time. The text is reproduced here verbatim, and without further comment. As always, we hope that our activities and this report meet with the Council’s favor.

*The wayward’s text: 1/27/01 Saturday's Rock, Aesklepios, the Folly Master*

I will give a brief, although absurdly simplified account, as far as my teachers have enabled me to understand it, of the time-bound domain of the protagonists in question. This methodology gives a positional description of the awareness, and as such, it is of enormous value to SAs, in so far as it establishes, at least in a metaphoric sense, the location of awareness in the infinite domain of mind. With this knowledge, the stalker/aspirant/reader/listener can begin to map terra incognita.

Imagine the mind or psyche as a hollow cube. Inside the cube is a dot. The dot is awareness. The position of the dot inside this space is determined by three factors. They are

- a. The level of excitation, low or high
- b. The direction of stimulation, inner or outer, and
- c. The level of modulation, awake or asleep

For the purposes of discussing the model, let us say that the dot is high or low in the cube’s space, depending on the level of excitation. Further, let us say that the dot is deep or shallow (or if you prefer, nearer the front or back) of the cube, depending on whether stimulation arises from an internal or external source. Finally, we can imagine the dot as positioned to the left or right in this space, depending upon whether the subject is awake or asleep — awake, more right, asleep, more left. In theory, the dot of awareness could be anywhere within the cube. Some possible examples might be:

Highly excited + inwardly stimulated + asleep = dreaming

Highly excited + outwardly stimulated + awake = pseudo-volitional

Highly excited + inwardly stimulated +awake = psychotic

Unexcited = deep sleep or coma

Crude as they are, through these examples, if we use “excitation” as a function of velocity and the two other factors as functions of distance, we can, by means of a metaphoric differential or integral calculus, begin to see where the awareness is situated in imaginary space/time. In short, we can begin to make the unreal real. When human beings were originally (the term “origin” can now be seen as a “position,” not a “cause”) separated from the Collective, their awareness actually traversed a fairly wide arena. Erratic to be sure, they buzzed, like those flies we see caught in some invisible air pocket, around within the cube in a most interesting, and even a somewhat useful manner. But over time (the term here is used ironically, not mathematically), they steadied themselves (or to some, they overly steadied themselves). So that in practice, the awareness of most humans (whether extravaganza or banal) now travels quite predictably in a sort of elongated parabola from waking, to sleep, to dream, to deep sleep, to dream, to waking again. It is a dreary and, as far as the Collective is concerned, a most unuseful path. True, a few plumeless bipeds — poets, pregnant women, murderers, mystics, soldiers in time of war — still occasionally wobble over into mythologem or psychosis, but their overall effect on the mass of humans is generally nil. Awareness, with these noted exceptions, for that mass traverses a circadian circumambulation not unlike a planet, or more properly, a fragmented asteroid belt, around the cold star of a cultural norm. This orbit humans seize upon as an individual identity, which of course is far from being the truth. It is more like a gravitational path of least resistance stamped with a face and a name. In this torpid, nearly steady state, the awareness, if at this stage of entropic decline it can even warrant that appellation, is ready prey to cultural conditioning, *viz.*, the manipulations of the apostates. This conditioning is conducted on the aethereal plane by the egregores acting through corporations, churches, politics, economic systems and of course academies. The flaccid but excitable wayward is also affected by more harmonious influences — tides, gravity, magnetism, strong and weak nuclear forces, and, where an intervention seems useful, by agents and adepts of the Collective. Is there any reason to belabor the point: waywards, while purporting to have sought the severance to be free, are, in fact the least free entities in existence. Their consciousness is stultifyingly predictable, and somewhat resembles a stalemated trench warfare. Their awareness exists as a little, pummeled space of No Man’s Land, where the entity moves from birth to death as if from one shell crater to another, raked with the machine gun fire of appetites, gassed by imaginative inertia, and hunkered down or driven by explosive events. This elaborate and somewhat artificial figuration, while being sullied by its reference to an actual historical event, can still serve as a fairly close analogy of the savage oppressiveness that agents find when, in the course of our duties, we are forced to enter the salient of human consciousness. As the human burrows in filth or frantically runs about between gratification and anguish, he pitifully nourishes the hope that just one more push will break this horrible stasis and lead him to the breakthrough of apotheosis. In reality, this kind of mental activity shrinks awareness, and illustrates well the paradoxical and warring nature of human existence. This is the field where agents do the dog work (no disrespect intended) of retribution and reconciliation.

Now, a *Homo sapiens* female like Eileithyia upsets that debilitating but delicate balance of power between agents and apostates. She is like a double-agent, which either side may use, but which neither side can trust. Eileithyia has slipped out of the common parabola,

and her mind, no longer cutting a predictable groove through one narrow corner of space and time, has the capacity to swoop around through broader areas of our hypothetical mind-cube. Sometimes, in dreams, this activity is involuntary — like an untied balloon suddenly voiding its air. The result is interestingly chaotic, but no threat. But sometimes, in trance, or through the performance of deliberate ritual acts, Eileithyia is able to move with her volitional apparatus intact. It is during these trances that she is able to visit other places, other times, and to carry the strange potencies that she gathers in these forbidden vectors back to her humble dwelling in Athens, Greece. Eileithyia is a free-radical whose unpredictability frightens even those masters of the unpredictable, the untamable apostates. In some ways, both sides want to keep her asleep and dreaming, but the temptation to use her is overwhelming. The allure of her potential is just too inviting. So, as these texts will show, Eileithyia has become the focal point of a struggle that has come to encompass far wider areas of the psyche than are circumscribed by the narrow vector of her dying Greek world. She has become that rarest of rare human commodities, the persona behind the mask. She is the fire making islands in the sea, the breath that animates the mechanical body, the place of emergence, the womb of weeping or laughter — all this is a long way of saying that she is a real, but oppressed, woman, *Homo sapiens enigmus*, the eccentric hub around which so much healing conflict wobbles.

### Finale

At the core of the Earth are flocks of star-born fire,  
Which vent their bliss beneath the iciest seas.  
So, deep inside the darkness, lives a light,  
The final, empty subjectivity.

Grass grows, the clouds unfold, the trees make leaves,  
The tides unscroll their infinite sheets of glass —  
But where is the force that cares about our feelings,  
In all this multivalent, mirrored mass?

We must erase ourselves to find the source,  
Dive through the vast, dark cold without a mask,  
Speak, as if something deep inside of us  
Were forging diamonds out of all this trash.

This is the play, the ultimate flow of feeling,  
The breath that fills the body's empty sack,  
The tragedy that nicks our hearts with grieving,  
The eyeless visage carved into a laugh.