

FUTURES THEOGONY

a narrative opera in 4 acts

by Hesiod:

Rodrigo Andreioli

Stella Cristofolini

Helena Doyle

Panagiotis Kontolaimos

Denis Maksimov

Gian Spina

Dimitra Stavropoulou

Dariko Tsulaya

Timo Tuominen

Brell Wilson

& others

directed by

AVENIR INSTITUTE

premiered in 3 acts form on April 22, 2018
at Balkan Kino in Communitism, Athens, Greece

Prologue.
The Place That Even Gods Hate.

Is it the dark waters one should dive in to come to terms with oneself? Is it bottomless void of depression or the source of your most wild strength? Why is it covered by the blackness of the night?

Our Tartarus is the unknown – or what is it we fear? Having visited the Moon, making space tourism closer than ever, creating technology most people on Earth will never comprehend we still feel that fear. We fear sources and limits, we fear darkness and progress. Where is the source of our fear, where is the limit? What is Tartarus of today, where do we find the murky gloom, the death of night, the distressful sleep? Is it in our bedroom, is it in our shaking gestures, is it in the folder hidden somewhere in the dark corner of your computer named “Trip to the lake”?

Why we fear.. death
Why we fear.. the unknown
Why we fear.. change
Why we fear.. the dark
Why we fear.. rejection
Why we fear.. failure
Why we fear.. god
Why we fear.. spiders
Why we fear.. success
Why we fear.. snakes?

That’s what people ask Google. And Google responses.
We still fear snakes. And spiders. And magic.

Why do we fear death
Why should we fear god
Should we fear progress
Should we fear ISIS
Should we fear Russia
It is not our darkness we fear
But the darkness of other

These is almost a poem
Written by
the search engine
Ruled by the artificial
Intelligent code

Robots and cyborgs
Should we fear AI?
Facebook knows us better
Than we do
The browser knows your lover

better than you do
Knows all the fetishes
Don't try to check
Where is the limit?
Should we fear it?

The Titan who's holding the broad sky
Immovable, tireless
He's tired of it all
He's tired as hell
He says: Fuck this shit
He wants sky to fall

To make night and day all the same
Half-light, twilight
Whatever you call it
It is always shady
No direct sunshine
No moonlight
But nothing is
purely dark

Tartarus has changed its logline
«No more waiting!
Get to Tartarus in just one day
Instead of ten!
And to Chasm in just one week!
Drinks and meals served on board»
Best of offers: enjoy the monstrosity
Once feared by the immortals
Have your insides
Shown in twilight
Accepted by all
Will you manage?

*Intermezzo #1.
Cyclops.*

Welcome to our ship. Together we will drive over the cliff edge, and keep flying over the canyon, to see what we can find together.

The Muses sang Theogony to Hesiod.

It started with Chasm, a state we are supposed to fear. The safety of an ordered world supposedly followed.

'What is, what will be and was before' - the Muses spoke of a past, present and future which encloses us on all sides. And there we are supposed to pass our lives, trapped between the past, present and future already written.

In that past, we Cyclopes were banished deep within Earth by our father Sky. In our 'great' escape, we were to be freed by one patriarch, and then to fight him for another. Each time, different names but the same patterns of domination repeating.

As we lay imprisoned inside Earth, trapped in a story that extended into an eternal future, we realised - like Thelma and Louise - that that system, that story, would always deny us a better ending. Instead of awaiting our release by Cronus, we busted out of the Earth and commandeered this ship to take us through galaxies of new, possible futures.

Welcome to our ship. Together we will drive over the cliff edge, and keep flying over the canyon, to see what we can find together.

Our first stop is on the Mount Helikon, where the story told to Muses thousands years ago continues.

Act 1.
Athena-Dionysian Justice.

Scene 1. Olympus, Athena's and Dionysus' palaces

The stage is divided in two parts.

Part 1 - Athena speaks to herself about her mother, Metis. She reflects on her role as extension of Zeus, lack of individual choice and stillness of Olympian patriarchy and imperialism. Points of her ideas on treating humankind and image of justice: the position of woman in Greek societies, erosion of meritocratic citizenship into unconscious idolatry, totemism and imperialist nationalism, which are all going against the idea of polis, and her as Athena Politea. Ethical breach of fairness in Zeusian justice.

Part 2 - Dionysus has conversation with Hermes (close to him after years spent together in position of nurse appointed by Zeus after his second birth) over kantharos of wine. He highlights hypocrisy within present order of Olympian justice: as Hera killed him and drove him mad before, but was never punished for the deed by Zeus, who dealt only with consequences.

Scene 2. Olympus, Zeus' palace

Athena visit Zeus in his palace and asks first about her mother and then conversation turns to the order to Zeusian justice contradicting the most valiant achievement, according to Athena, of gods: the concept of polis and meaningful citizenship in favor of favoritism, relativism and imperialistic usurpation, interrupting the flow of the time. Zeus is angered and raises his hand on Athena, in rage, as he startled in disbelief that she questions his authority and order of justice in its core. Athena stops the hand of Zeus with promachos (her spike), turns around and leaves his palace emotionless while Zeus stays in discord.

Scene 3. Olympus, Dionysus' palace

Athena visit Dionysus in his palace to speak about mortals, as Dionysus is the only half-god and spent years on Earth teaching mortals wine-making, festivities and in general joy of life as opposed to lifeless and joyless existence and survival. In the conversation, Dionysus remembers role of Athena in saving his life (saving his heart and bringing to Zeus after Titans ripped him apart by order of Hera), they speak of their mothers, Semela and Metis, and discover their similarities alongside striking differences: both are born from mother-father Zeus, both are different from "pure" gods by being queer, effeminate Dionysus and masculine Athena, but not performing assigned and expected roles; while embodying the extremities of mortal character - logical and strategic in Athena, and emotional and ecstatic in Dionysus.

Scene 4. Olympus, Hera's palace

Zeus discusses with Hera quarrel with Athena and her stance on justice. Hera sees the eris (discord) arising between Zeus and Athena as opportunity to break the bond between them that she was always jealous about and tells to Zeus about awareness of Athena concerning the curse of Cronus to Zeus - that a child by Metis (Athena) will overthrow him and his order of justice and that Zeus didn't overcome it by swallowing Metis, but just delayed it. She also suggests him that Dionysus might be involved in her plot to overthrow him to avenge his treatment - because Athena would turn to gods similar to her, freaks, demi-gods and impure, and that he also "owe" her allegiance, as she

saved Dionysus' life before. She suggests Zeus to detain both of them until Athena comes to common sense and disowns her opposition and questioning of the father. Zeus is deeply melancholic and cannot console with the idea of containing them, as he is feeling the strongest bond with Athena and Dionysus.

Hermes, who was bringing a message to Zeus from his brother Hades, overhears part of the conversation where Hera accuses Dionysus of plotting with Athena to remove Zeus from power.

Scene 5. Olympus, Dionysus' temple

Hermes flies to Dionysus' temple and finds there Dionysus in friendly conversation with Athena over wine. He tells both about Hera's words, what angers Dionysus in another plot of Hera to destroy him and rid off a competitor for influence on Zeus, Athena. Athena calmly says that she will take several thunderbolts of Zeus (she is the only one allowed to carry and able to master them apart from Zeus) while he is at Hera's palace but urges Dionysus to stay calm - she asks him to go to Earth meanwhile and summon the demi-gods and heroes, loyal to Athena.

Scene 6. Athena's palace entrance

Zeus meanwhile learns that Athena took some of the thunderbolts and is enraged while still not believing that Athena would ever confront him directly, being a part-extension of himself as he saw her always. By advice of Hera, in order to believe that Athena indeed is plotting Zeus' demise, he summons all Olympians: Ares, Artemis, Hades, Poseidon, Apollo, Hermes, Demeter, Hephaestus and Aphrodite to come to Athena's palace and call her to answer on what is on her mind. Athena confirms she has thunderbolts and refuses to leave her palace without a guarantee of opposing Zeus on the question of justice in open debate, as equals. It angers Zeus and Hera and confuses others - Hera breaks the confusion and orders Hephaestus to lock Athena in her palace with his magical crafts that even god can't break. Athena is at "house arrest".

Scene 7. Earth

Dionysus meets in Achaia with Odysseus, Theseus, Perseus, Heracles and Jason. He informs them that Athena is in danger as she questioned Zeus and Hera planted *eris* (discord) in Olympus in order to rid off "bad-born" gods, including him and Athena, and plans "cleansing" on Olympus through the powerful hands of confused and angered by being questioned Zeus. Hermes sent a rooster from Olympus to inform Dionysus that Athena is imprisoned. Odysseus comes with a cunning plan: to orchestrate rumour of Typhon, the arch-enemy of Zeus, return from Tartarus and raising a new rebellion with Giants - Dionysus agrees and sends Hermes' rooster back to deliver a message crafted by Odysseus to the gods.

Scene 8. Olympus, Hephaestus' palace

All gods take up their arms and leave rushly to the Underworld, leaving Hephaestus on Olympus only in charge of Athena's detainment, as he is anyway "Lame One" as Hera repeats specifically with disgust towards her unwanted son. Dionysus comes to Olympus to meet Hephaestus in his palace and pours him wine. He speaks softly to Hephaestus of his position in Olympus, hate to him by his mother Hera, reminds him of his attempt to rape Athena in rage, his otherness. He lines "come out" of Hephaestus as "other/queer" one

as well. Hephaestus turns to their side and releases Athena. Athena summons the heroes from Earth and asks Hephaestus to craft them all godly armour.

Scene 9. Olympus, meeting hall of gods

Hephaestus makes armour and weapons to heroes and they - Odysseus, Theseus, Perseus, Heracles and Jason together with Athena, Dionysus and Hephaestus take the seats of gods in the 12 Olympians meeting hall, all armoured and Athena with promachos in one hand and thunderbolts next to her another one. Gods return to Olympus from Tartarus finding that there was no rebellion and Hermes was "tricked". They find themselves in the centre of the hall of gods, while Athena and Dionysus presiding over them with Hephaestus and heroes fully armoured. Hera is furious and tries to attack Hephaestus, but Zeus stops her. Athena starts speaking saying they don't seek the fight, but seek truth coming from debate on justice on gods and mortals - that has to be judged by Olympians in equal vote. Zeus angrily agrees.

Scene 10. Olympus, meeting hall of gods.

Athena and Zeus start debate, while other Olympians are sitting around. Athena's arguments are citizenship, polis, diversity and wisdom. Zeus' are empire, patriarchy, tradition, stability. Gods, apart of Hera and Ares, refuse to take Zeus' side right away and remain in doubt. Zeus is furious to the extent of Hera, his eris (discord) reaches culmination - he summons thunderbolts and prepares to crush Athena right there. Hera and Ares pick their arms to side with Zeus - but getting crushed by Dionysus and Hephaestus. Other gods are fleeing.

Athena picks thunderbolts she took from Zeus' palace and both of them shoot thunderbolts into one another. Thunderbolts crush, and Nike appears in point of clash with golden diadem and gives it to Athena, seeing her as a winner of the argument over the concept of justice. Zeus, Hera and Ares and all that they represent are sent to Tartarus as punishment for obstructing the flow of time.

*Intermezzo #2.
Cyclops.*

We three were the first of Sky's children to be banished; banished for shame at our form and fear of the power of our bodies. Trapped in the snow globe with past, present and future closing in from all sides we were excluded from reproduction while others - gods, monsters and mortals - mingle in love, pain and power to bear fruit.

What was it that caused this great rage of our father, Sky? Like the other immortal gods in form, our bodies provide one difference, a single eye. This difference, not defect - what was so monstrous that it justified our confinement to the dark? His shame that he produced a different form of being? Unable to look upon our minor differences without disgust or fear, we were banished deeper into Earth than the vilest of monsters, allowed still to roam Earth's surface.

With two eyes, you see perspective. As true as this is in physics it is a lie in metaphor. You claim to look from both sides - as though anything that matters could really be as simple as two sides anyway - and from that, gain a perspective on a single truth. This justifies the one supposed truth's dominance over other truths, other forms of knowledge and self, couched in a language of rationality or reason. It batters other truths into silence with the claim that they have been seen, understood, and found lacking. To be no truth at all. In such a world, to have one eye creates a monstrosity, a being that cannot look at 'both' sides and therefore cannot participate in debate. So we are happily banished at no loss, for what could such a perspective, or lack thereof, ever add?

That we exist, with one central eye, reminds us that we cannot see 'from both sides' - even if there were only two sides to see in any story. When we look upon the world we remember that we can only ever truly see from our own side. The consequence of this is that we see that one cannot rule alone and claim to speak for others. And so we come now to another future, another path where combination of forces opens new possibilities and forms of power.

Act 2.
Hephestina.

Hephaestus was borne from Hera alone, probably as a revenge to Zeus, after having slept with him lovelessly, as it is well stressed in the original text of Theogony. Her body somehow rejected Zeus's seed and Hera became capable of giving birth to Hephaestus without Zeus's contribution. Therefore Hephaestus has only one parent, his mother. He is therefore her alter ego. He is male and very viril, considering his prime occupation as smith. He is skilled, inventing and obedient unlike his mother. However he is not courageous, he is low profile and very ugly. Both his mother and Zeus hate him for that and he is to experience violent social exclusion and bullying. He is thrown at least once from Olympus to the island of Limnos, when he gets injured, obtaining permanent disability to walk properly, where he becomes accepted for what he is and whom he is by a native (non Greek) tribe (Sinties). However soon the gods will realize that they cannot do without his skills and his command of fire and he reestablishes his relations with Olympus in a desperate physiological need to be accepted by his family. Therefore he gets exploited and mocked by other gods more than ones. He is given Aphrodite as his wife, in an attempt to counterbalance his ugliness but when this does not work, she betrays with Ares the god of war. After exposing their affair with trickery he abandons Olympus and settles for ever on Lemnos where he marries with Aglaia one of the three Graces. His life story is one for the straggle for acceptance and the effort to have a happy family life like all others. His physical disadvantages prevented him from being successful therefore his is less favored by other gods, although, due to his crafts, he is indispensable for them.

The queer touch. While in Olympus, Hephaestus is asked by his mother to fight with Athena, an illegitimate - to her - daughter of Zeus. In his effort to find the best way to hit the god of wisdom he sympathizes with her and refuses his mother. Hera becomes mad and asks Athena to kill him due to his supposed intentions to harm her. Athena tries but fails because Hephaestus's weapons are better. She then starts to realize that both are on the same position, used by their parents and trapped in their gender against their will, for Athena not to over throne her father and Hephaestus to supplement his mother's power. They decide to reject both genders and social roles and establish a new status. Hephaestus, essentially made out of fire in human shape, burns Athena and unites with her, thus developing both to anew creature "Hephaestena". When Zeus and the other gods attacked them to prevent the creation of this powerful creature, they re-vented them in an unexpected way. Hephestena reversed the powers of their weapons that were made by Hephaestus and while they were about to attack them, those were turned into dildos and vibrators which found their target and immobilized them in a state of constant sexual erection. Thus, unable to attack Hephaestena, it left Olympus in seek of refuge to Lemnos. On their way they stroll thought Athens and come across various people who asked them about the nature of their future domain.

After those answers people were convinced to join the new deity into its new domain, the island of Lemnos. History suggests that the island prospered in its malty nationality and all of its worship activities called "mysteries" were ultimately serving all the above tasks. A space for collective decision making was discovered on the island of Lemnos, of a very early age (about 2500 bc), token of this new polity.

After the establishment of this new deity on the island, its fire merged with its earth, thus becoming a landscape of freedom of mind and senses for equally free individuals, who shaped their self the way they liked and could be in direct contact with this new deified space.

1. On labor

My nature is finally complete. Both mind and hands work as one. No more division between spirit and physical labor. All one. No bodily work the mind objects. No mental thought useless to the body. No more preconceived construction. Only thoughtful making. No more external rules. Only deep accordance with my body's capacities. No more mechanical moves only full commitment to a task. No more mere consumption goods only completed objects with mental and physical capacities. A new kind of materiality where all goods have purpose. And thought and therefore a reason to exist along with humans who in their turn inspire.

2. On love

No more genders no more sexes. Just desire to unite with individuals. Individuality in contact with our most inner self. No more divisions between physical and cognitive love. But love for the whole. Whatever that might be. No forms. No beauty. No Ugliness. Only unrepeatable individual aesthetics. No more sexual or gender roles. No more external subjectification. Only matching on the bases of the individual's needs and inner desires. Individuality being the combination and result of each one's choices. No limitation of any kind into love that unites individuals among them.

3. On family.

No more mother and fathers. No more obedience. No more suppression. No more emotional exploitation. Just guidance in life. Only through discussion and experimentation. No more ageism and hierarchies. No more institutionalized feelings. Parental love with respect to the nature of every child's individuality.

4. One education.

No curriculums, only education based on expresses emotions, cognitive and bodily needs. No obligation to courses but tasks. No more lecture but discussion. No more only reading of books but also writing our own. For all. No more standard knowledge but the formation of original individual opinions. No more school subjects but the study of phenomena instead. No more memory but also experience.

5. On social organization.

No hierarchies. Only discussion among those who have reached their inner-most self in life, and thought that, they see the world with a brand new original look. Collective bodies for decision making based on will to participate and express.

Intermezzo #3.
Cyclops.

Having discarded the belief that our vision is so pure that it can stand in for, can dominate, the understandings of others who do not sit where we sit, we open ourselves to the many forms that powers can take, in different ages and struggles. See now Aphrodite...

Act 3.
The Mythological Archetypes of Aphrodite.

The mythological archetypes of Aphrodite as the backstory of her character and as her journey from Hesiod's Theogony to nowadays.

Aphrodite is the goddess of love, beauty, pleasure and reproduction. According to Hesiod's Theogony, she was born when Saturn cut off the genitals of Uranus, threw them into the sea and the goddess emerged from the fog of the sea.

Aphrodite is a mythological archetype. Throughout the ancient world, like other ancient deities, it is compared to the Mother Goddess archetype.

The titles attributed to the goddess Aphrodite are countless: Queen of the Sky, Warrior, Daughter, Prostitute, Mother Earth, Queen of the Underworld.

Among her sons is the god of desire Eros, the god of terror, Deimos, the god of Horror, Fear. But, also, Hermaphroditus or otherwise androgynous including the husband and wife in one body. This son of Aphrodite was related to marriage because the role of his parents was the protection and blessing of the nymphs. Hermaphroditus symbolizes the sacred union of man with woman.

Even today the goddess Aphrodite is associated with attractive images of beauty, sensuality and passion. But its origins, like her name, remain obscure and are linked to the rituals of prostitution.

One of the forms of Aphrodite, is the great woman of mourning with shaking and loose hair.

Another form of the goddess Aphrodite is the Lion of Heaven. The roar of the lion is in her hymns and its hair is related to the word comet that is associated with the celestial properties of the goddess.

Although the cult of Aphrodite no longer takes place, the concept is still alive, denatured and digested the archetypes of contemporary religious experience. For example, the Mother Goddess has been absorbed by the worship of Virgin Mary.

Early Christianity did much evil in this extraordinary sensual land that gave birth to kama sutra of all the things and had once flourished with the cult of Aphrodite.

The ancient goddesses with the shaggy and loose hair became the witches of the Middle Ages, the great power of whom was in their wild hair. So, when we are afraid to face ourselves in the mirror, the witch is blamed. As we have pinned our fears on the concept as a kind of scapegoat. This witch then becomes our own inner demon.

They say when a witch lets her hair loose, she unleashes tornadoes and hurricanes, causes comets to fly through the sky and erupts volcanos. The witches celebrate the naked body as divine, pure symbol of the naked soul which is the passage to eternal joy.

Some say that the broom Witch is phallic symbol that sends the witch in the sky representing a great orgasm. Ecstasy which figuratively means: To stand naked in front.

So, if we feel an irresistible attraction for a seductress, it may be because intuitively we feel the need to explore our own sexuality, become more comfortable with it or even cure. Treatment is done with expression rather than suppression. Because sexual expression is more than physical release, the sexually liberated witch is married to love for mysticism.

The witch is a woman who is empowered in the harmonic convergence of her own erotic and spiritual energies.

We are simultaneously scared and drawn toward witches because we are simultaneously scared and drawn toward our own personal power, sexual and spiritual. It is natural for us to be drawn to beauty. But in our attempt to objectify the beauty we blame, degrade, molest and torture it.

So, we blame the power of beauty to justify the echo of our own perversions that spring from the darkest seasons. So, that's why witch-hunt goes on, sometimes in new forms.

Day 2. Aphrodite agency from the Middle Ages space to the Second World War. The expansion of Capitalism as the later roots of the aesthetic image of Aphrodite Suffering.

From the witches of the Middle Ages, Aphrodite transforms to Rosa Luxemburg, she becomes the woman of the proletariat and the left in early 1920's. She becomes the daughter of the host, the lady of the house. A mechanical tool, an alien being, whose flesh is unattainable. She becomes the bourgeois woman or a nurse sometimes red, sometimes white. A prostitute maid, the woman of a "inferior class". A matrix and the castle of Sythen. The armed proletarian, the castrated woman with a hidden phallus; another witch with her broom. A disaster, a monster.

A mother-substitute that the infant experiences united with her. A devouring mother who transformed into a mother of virginity. An angel, a white countess and a wife. Her body is assimilated to the looted political body. She becomes a victim and an animal, an image within the person.

She is "good", "bad" & "generous", a queen around the house, a worker who serves her husband and a prostitute for her father. There are only a few objects of her: her chest, her hands, her face & her voice. She becomes the outside world.

A mother with "boyish hands". The mother and the sister of mercy, a nurse and a countess, all in one person. She doesn't have a phallus or sex, she is a cold kindly beautiful mask. A lonely woman without sex who looks strong, but she needs help.

But she is also the lady with the light who offers help, the healer woman with the medical knowledge, the midwife. An angel of the wounded like Florence Nightingale, Barbara

Ehrenreich, Irish Deirdre. A castrated physician who appears in male battlefields. A dead body, without desires and sexuality. A blank page, Virgin Mary.

A fiancé with a religious beauty. A white exchange of the red prostitute. A woman whose name is never mentioned, the "sister comrades" a love object, away from the threat of the female. An inaccessible sister who remains a "limit" of incest, a substitute.

She becomes the Ocean, the unlimited woman of Enlightenment. A new breakthrough that eliminates her lack. The infinity and everything that flows. A desire area, an image, a promise and a station on the way to union with the Father. The "Red flood" whenever her mouth, her buttocks or the area below her skirt is bleeding.

Her mouth appears as a source of evil storm. It is "a poisonous hole" that makes a "fertilizer rain". Her chest, as a "mother" organ, is relieved of the attack. Her buttocks are a perfect target. The wound to which she is transforming is the trauma of her castration, as a sensual & erotic woman. Her transformation is similar with the mythological structure of Medusa's head; the untouchable virginity of Athena Palladas and the "Spartan women" who carry two revolvers in each hand, known as "Medusa" in action.

So far, a fiction of vagina dentata happens through a veil as a male nightmare. A projection, an illusion, a hallucinogenic replacement of a scapegoat, a transcendent perception-like concept through which the Goddess becomes a ghost.

Act 4.
Medusa. Present!

Medusa was the daughter of Ceto and Forcis, Medusa was said to be the only mortal among her sisters, what fate was to prove not true, as she was to become the most eternal of all them. The more she is killed, the more she lives. The many times her head is cut off, the many more bodies came into life, the more she was shot, the stronger she would get, the more they tried to interrupt her voice, the louder she became. The men of power, eager to maintain their oppressive structures, feared her gaze and petrified themselves in her presence. Medusa then becomes a threat that had to be silenced, but it's when they kill her that she reaches immortality and her head becomes the eternal symbol of a fight for the new era and her voice echoes through the eons to come and back.

But those men of power were just petrified in fear for she was the one – among others- who managed to challenge them face to face, and question their powers and she dared to profane their sacred institutions filled with injustice and violence, and it was from these lines that they wanted to silence her, because she knew what she was talking about, and she was full of soul, and she had the words and the actions on her hands. Because she was a soft-strong-skinned woman from behind the hills, from the plains and slopes, which gathered the people neglected by those same established powers she pointed at. She was black and white, and she embodied herself the changes she believed and she positioned herself in the arena of the discussions, the temple where the fate of a society was handled by the hands of a few, where people coming from her origins were not often present and welcome, and when so, they were supposed to play in accordance to specific rules which would not embrace the changes of moment. Questioning this establishment was unacceptable in their temple. There, the powers had to be negotiated following specific lines, patterns and hierarchies manipulated by those few men, which thought themselves as individuals closer to god, one and only god. And it's in the name of one god, and those who they preach as selected by the one God, that these men of power, systematize support for their own houses over other peoples' suffering. But Medusa knew it was possible to be changed, she knew that she could challenge that. And she

stood up for what she believed. Close to her roots, but moving in the game, trying to find the possible points to excite change, reflections and justice.

She supported the sacredness in that temple, not a sacredness coming from one god only, but many, the sacredness that is open to differentiate itself by many and not few, multiple and not one. She praised the power coming from the body, the power coming for the possibilities of a more democratic situation, where the gods and goddesses would be but the sum, the outcome of the people's intervals. The body of the goddesses and gods are formed by the multitude and differences of those who create and worship them. Not by images of instituted figures who are supposed to be forever fixed as rulers of those heads.

Medusa then, because she was coming from places where the power of those institutions were felt mostly as oppressive, not as a consistent ritual .- she made her way into the temple as a legitimate sorcerer. And once her questions and actions became stronger

and her voice started being heard echoing in the ruins of that house, she started to be depicted as the monster by some of those few who she dared, and that would eventually lead to her death.

The death of her body, ordered by rulers of that temple, was executed by the hands of the one who had no choice. And in having no choice, he fulfilled his destiny. But her death is the key for transformation of her powers, her death by the hand of the one who had no choice, amplifies her existence. Her head will figure as the foremost symbol of a fight to continue. A fight that has been happening before her and will continue after her.

And here I am, in the presence of the muses, to sing her power, to demystify with a myth, her monstrosity, her mortality and to sing the power of Medusa, a woman that will not be forgotten, to claim the manifestation of Medusa on the body of Marielle Franco. Marielle embodies these powers. And her head will be the protection on our shields, will be a supreme symbol for gathering forces to continue in pursue of social, political and historical justice. Her eyes will continue to petrify men =- be it men or women- petrify those who do not open space to see the beauty, the ones who insist to call her the monster and to try to kill her over and over again. But her drops of blood will turn into red corals, creating a sea, the red sea of m(o)enstruated tides. The cycles of the moon will set the periods of those who will continue to hold her head up high. The red sea of those who believe in the color of blood, pumping their hearts and creating futures. The red sea of those who trust the small bits of revolution in everyday life.

The snakes in her head will invade the deserts of the human soul. And will be there ready to kill and feed. They will be the deadly danger and the possibility of a life system, because they will be the serpents of acceptance in contradictions. They will be in the bodies of each one who continues her thoughts on this surface of Gaia. We will be the snakes of Marielle's in this desert from here on. We are not alone. Sisters, Brothers, snakes we are. We will forever be in the head of Medusa, of Marielle. We will all be part of her head, and together we will be forever holding her head, and together we will actualize the cults and rites of justice and love among us. Life is hard in itself. Because it's fragile. So we must stand with her, us snakes.

The blood from her arteries will be the remedies for our sorrows and wounds, and it will give us magical powers to evoke and wake the archaic smiles and forces that can come in our support. The blood from her veins, will be the deadly poison that will forever be our weapon against prejudice and against facism. Her blood will be the pharmakon for the maintenance of life in its condition for transformation.

Medusa re-existed many time in bodies of the many women throughout time who dared to place their bodies and voices to claim for justice and love, and each time one of them was silenced, the voice of Medusa would be heard louder and further. Medusa lives. Marielle lives.

Epilogue.

...Ich bin der Geist der stets verneint!
Und das mit Recht; denn alles was entsteht
Ist wert daß es zu Grunde geht;
Drum besser wär's daß nichts entstünde.
So ist denn alles was ihr Sünde,
Zerstörung, kurz das Böse nennt,
Mein eigentliches Element.

Dionysus, Eris, Prometheus, Hermes, Hekate, Kronos.
Sisyphus, Odysseus, the Cyclops?
Dolos!

metamorphosis, ambiguity,
provocation, confusion and change
madness, wine and ecstasy
discord, fights, monstrosities

the unconscious, shadow figures, animals_gods gods_animals, man_woman woman_
man...overcoming duality

shifting shape, mediating and playing, respecting no borders, being unpredictable, un-
seizable
greedy, ugly, witty and fast

Azeban, Changó, Aunt Nancy, Crow, Lilith, Hare, Pan, Mephisto,Puck, Pedro Urde-
males, (Monkey King), Tijn Uilenspiegel/Till Eulenspiegel, Isis, Renart the Fox, Baby
Krishna, Kokopelli ,Leprechauns, Nasreddin, Genies, Kitsune, ,Pedro Urdemales, Loki,
Nuno sa Punso, Maui of the 1000 tricks, Coyote, Ivan the Fool, Don Juan, Papa Legba,
Àjàpá, Anansi...

Alternative morals!
В рамках закона!
Beware of tricksters!