

Poetry for People & other Creatures

Mel Copeland



Poetry & Stories for People & Similar Creatures

(including some paintings by the author)

By Mel Copeland

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All water-color painting by Mel Copeland from the mid '60's;
destroyed by mildew. Oils are from the 70's.

Poetry

To Michele (2005)

I know you have your views on life and where you believe you are heading.
I know also that I am not desirable to the French.
I know that I was mistaken to suppose that the French and I have a certain identity.
I have searched the world for some answer, why I am not able to be of your world.

It is not as if your sister is not of my world;
Nor that her daughter can never see me in my world.
But slogging through the snow of New York I discovered that
If I were to write a poem to your sister,
Or even to your niece Anais,
No words so written so fine can compel
The hopes of children born so naive as I,
To think I could travel the world and see all that is,
Where I can find what is right and what is true;

When all I have found is nothing true.
The autumn drapes
In the orangy snow
And the sun set in the Autumn glaze,
All in New York was really cold.
It was not as I recalled in the time when I painted Eve
In an Eden also snowy and gold
When thinking of mushroom hunting and the glee of a find,
Was for Toulousian children the best gourmet to find;
New York and Toulouse merged in my mind.
Except the children.

Anaïs
(circa. 1986)

Not many a father
Seated as I
Must write his daughter
Just as I;

Nither Jove nor Mercury
Seated as I
Could forbear the sound
In my every sigh.
In knowing you-
Not longer than my knee;

I sigh my love
In feeling you
Across the wine red sea

I think of the past,
Your future now,
And wonder where I go;
I know that soon you'll see my part
As floating step stones in the snow.

I'd rise above the hills for thee
And capture your comet's tail;
I'd ask the Pleiades for a dove
To bring a Brown-wrapped Divine Tale.

There are few things I cannot do
Which many men would seek:
For Anaïs my dear I'd catch the Blue
And corral the stars for the meek.

How many a father can say as I
That even on Orion I ride?
Or how many men can know as I
His belt I have untied?

There is a love that makes anew
Broken minstrels for the soul;
There is a way for even you
To understand this lonely role.

Where on earth did I go
Where few have gone before?
That even now only I can know
My child might yet adore?

I've hidden a treasure far away
Beyond Andora's smoky skies;
I've sent away for a chest for you
That will dazzle even Dorothy's eyes.

Kings and Queens and courtesans none too few
I've captured in my hand;
I've given them ships to sail away,
And they sailed away across the sand.

But of all these things I've done my dear
Of which a father could tell,
For your mother's heart I'd yet appear
So in love our family could dwell.

If my heart were where the eagles fly,
Where doves can part the wordy sea,
I'd cast off the bonds of which I sigh
To hold you firmly on my knee.

But of all the things I cannot fare
Is soar into the air;
I cannot soar to catch a heart
I've lost for want of care.

The Poet (1966)

The routine, ticking, working of the mind of impermeable layers,
Shrugging off the words and ideas of concern, compassion, humanity;
It closes its shutters to the voice of the intellect who cares.
It's a tale so sad but true, if known be such a thing, veracity.
What chance has this wretched soul to spread
The nectar of ideas inherited from humanity's core,
Manifestations of remembrance of things past, Plato's Bread,
While competing with tradition, doctrine, Folk Lore?
What right has Falsehood's Door, the Herders Gate,
To close the mind of an infant newborn,
As it steps into the dawn of knowledge, a new fate?

Reject not this mortal's views on life forsworn,
To stimulate presence of mind, a new state,
Heretofore enveloped in a cloak of insecurity:
Of distrust, and hate.

Saying nothing at all
(1966)

Words come so easily for many,
And yet so much can be said without a sound.
A poem has so much to say;
But, as one looks through a looking glass,
Its words are only as they appear to the beholder.
A poem without rhyme or meter is not a poem,
Standards may imply,



My friend or foe, whichever's right,
Must be napping up there in desuetude.

Why, I ask, must my luck collapse
At the rattle of the table's craps?

But the structure of a phrase has nothing to do
With the thought.
So let's cast off our irons and bonds
And let our thoughts go unwrit:

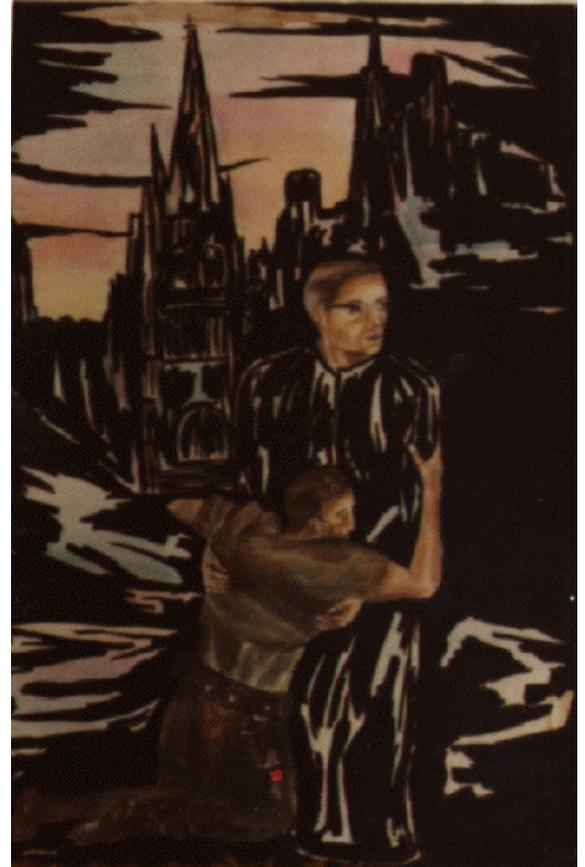
Let us say what we must
By saying nothing at all.

I wish upon this Wishing Well
(circa. 1971)

I wish upon this wishing well;
I cast this coin to wet my thirst,
And though cast I will and here I dwell
My wish it seems must be accursed!
I cast the bones into the wind
And pray their lot will better fall;
And though I wait in hope, my friend,
The bones take flight in a hellacious squall!
So wish I may and pray I might,
And test my fleeing fortitude,

For a Cause without Pittance
(1970)

My thoughts haunt my inner self to the point of guilt;
I fear that without putting them on paper nothing may be built,
While feeling at once a moment of recrimination,
Denying myself the pleasure of distinction
In not having written something of worth.
For whom do I convey these solemn words so few,
Given in type as best as I do?
Is it that I write to hear myself think,
To open myself to myself so that a necessary link,
A knot in my soul, may be opened?
Is it a pleasant moment of satisfaction that I get
In having my soul opened up showing an unpaid debt,
An obligation to someone of something of cause unknown
To which my youth has been dedicated and I have grown?
Or have I dedicated myself to an early age of senility?
How can I give to myself that which I have not?
Or how can others give to me that which they know not?
How can I seek an answer in a gift that has not been given,
In only those things for which I know I have striven?
So who would hear me?
My heart cries out for the world to hear
Just a few words that I hold so dear.
And if by chance that I should be read,
I would hope that my tears will have been shed
In a cause without pittance.



San Francisco
(1971)

If there can be a fairyland of night
Where nature flowers her glitter
Through magic hills twinkling with light,
Where merriment rules hither and thither,
And the old and new share a stage,
Torn from a fairy tale, a Wonderland's page,
Then this I love with all my might.P

And if there is a city so dear,
Which cherishes its people and cuddles its lore,
To remain what it is with not a fear,

Nor have any cause to small to ignore,
Then this is the place I'll stay,
Living a simple life in the serenity of the Bay.
This, my love, is San Francisco, my dear.

What all should know
(1971)

How often I wished during a solemn night's rest,
Watching a sensitive scene, a moment of compassion:
Hearing the soft, touching words of love,
To be able to express in words the thoughts and warmth
That envelops me so.
How can I profess my love for man,
My dreams, my hopes, my understanding;
And how can I transfer in words those enduring melodies
Of Tenderness, the greatest works of an age
And how can I reflect in a mirror of unrest
Those moments of worth which we ought to know?
And most of all, how can I convey that which
Both you and I know all should know?

Life
(1971)

Have you heard the leaves whisper sounds,
Creating a rustling through the grounds,
A background melody,
For all the things which comfort thee?

Have you felt the springtime air
Caress her fingers through your hair?
Have you heard the noisy life around?
Stamping out beauty for you and me?

Have you listened for awhile
And discovered things beyond a mile?
Have you found something new
Every time your ear turns from away from you?

Or can you only hear
A few sounds here and there?

Have you missed every living day
The sounds that weren't very far away?

Or are you the one stomping around,
Hurrying from mount to mound,
Crashing through thickets every day,
Crushing things which are in your way?

Are you going so fast you can never see
Or hear the things which beg to comfort thee?
Stop just for awhile
And put the living things on trial.

Let them prove you've missed a life
Which soothes the restless and depletes the strife.
Listen each day for something new
And honor the things that bring life to you.

The Mighty Oak
(circa. 1970)

Why must that haughty oak come down?
Daring to crowd the wintered waste round,
Withered arms, propping a tiring crown,
Sighing leaves tending the evening sound:
Against the time when the headsman's axe
Draws in haste to take its blood,
I'll grip this blade of the maniac's
And with the withered boughs fall I too to the mud;
And when I fall with the mangled form
To join a barren frameless moon,
What of my blood which still flows warm
Midst the aged chips the headsman's hewn?

What is it that wills the oak and me
The discarded lot of maturity?

My Bones draw cold from your Ashen Hands
(circa. 1971)

These Ashen hands clasped to my breast
Muted embers charging winter's breaths,
I ask of you, will I be redressed
Of the carnal fingers of Man's Macbeth?

Will not the clock turn back its hands,
Replaying acts, better times and turns;
May it boil the ebbing tidal lands,
Playing pounding surfs my heart still yearns?
What of this pipe dream? Seems I will pay:
No clock will turn, the tide will ebb;
My heart will cool in these hands still gray,
Wrapped within death's gauzy web.

Why, my dear, must your hands grow cold
And leave my aching bones this to behold?

The Meeting Place (1966)

This place, I cannot see it with my own eyes,
And thus cannot advise you, fair traveler, of the direction to take;
But come, see the road sign which here lies:
It points to the yonder wherein you'll find a lake
With undulating waves of gossamer dew,
Suspended unanimated in a timeless frieze of angel's hair,
With beaches of fine grained crystal of pebbles few;
Where the traveler may rest and view the beauty bedecked so fair,
Rising on the horizon, stirring the very heart and soul,
To a new youth with fervent laughter, then serenity,
Filling the spirit with a warmth like dying embers aglow.
It's a timeless trip...a minute, an hour...surely an eternity;
And as endless as it is timeless, for it reaches beyond infinity:

Use patience and understanding, dear friend,
It's difficult to reach affinity.

You're to meet someone, you know not whom.
Aye, I know that theme well,
For old I may be, you still must not assume
That I have forgotten the paradise where lovers dwell.
I recall the pain and sorrow my heart must bear,
In searching for the Eden now within my eyes and now lost;
It brings droplets, memory's tears, a want to share,
To this wrinkled facade of youth once lost.
Heed, fair traveler, It's a treacherous place to reach,
For the path is cluttered with distractions-
The Sirens you must avoid-
And the heat and the cold will soften your bones and breach
From the swelling marrow filling the void

Of your inner chamber and reeking
In your tissues aches and pains unknown.
It's an hardening trip, and yours alone.
Aye..It's a well known theme of sorrows gained and beauties few,
But the beauty, nay Utopia, Fountainhead, Elysian Fields of Paradise regained;
Is the reward, young friend, of an indomitable soul.

So search for the dew.
It will require a hearty traveler of courage ingrained,
As told to me by an erudite sage.
Seek the other dimension, all corporeal things evade,
To find her amongst the flowers and libations of another age.
She is guarded by the spirits of the ancients long since laid

To rest by Meander's bows of Homer's Lore.
Aye, she'll be there awaiting, my friend,
And you'll know her well by her moods, her dreams, her inner core;
Radiating, swirling, forcing to the end,

To become a part, an element, of your reveries,
Beloved for aeons and aeons, even an eternity.

The Icy Flood (1966)

The torrent swirled, crashing near my head;
My lips grew numb from the icy flood;
My legs grew heavier, too weak to tread;
Hope is gone, I am in the pursuing mud.

I cried out with muted, plaintiff moans,
And struggled against the pounding waves;
Sour fumes swirled midst the mossy stones,
Bearing Death's call to his eternal graves.

My cheek warmed on the cold granite wall;
Foaming ripples bloomed a blood red hue;
My nails thrust out like a cobbler's awl
In a final, convulsive, adieu.

To the watchers by my lying in state,
Forget not the blood on the open floodgate.

The Arc above my Soul
(1978)

Arcing high above my soul
A rainbow grows within the mist;
A pot of Gold, your heart I stole,
Your tender touches, each moment now missed.
Your brightness in the morning's beam,
Traced a golden arc across my breast;
The rainbow's delight, my childhood dream,
Filled my heart as you quietly dressed.
The caressing moments and cheerful days,
Holding you, I'm want to lose;
Our life crumbled in many ways;
In the many options we did not choose.
"Don't look back," they often say;
How often your memory turns my way
And tumbles my senses from head to toe.
For the want of timing and things to be
This treasure's given now to my memory;
But I for one shall forever know
This Pot of Gold I grip shall always glow;
And I for one shall forever be
Owing more love than I gave to thee.

Traditions and Truth
(1966)

Beads of sweat soothing my brow,
The pressure, the torment, the pain,
The fever, the thundering again,
And my blood, boiling to the pours,
No longer can I continue along with my chores.
No longer can I see what God has beget.
It's a scourge upon earth which I regret;
No more can I bear the wrongs I hear,
Those man made truths brewed from fear:
It's a sorrowful end for the sharer of the plow.

For what bounds of endless joy,
Did so much work, and sweat, and dreams
Justify, and encourage this torment; it seems
To be an illusion of physical dimensions
Composed of a swarm of intellectual intentions,

Conceived for the stability of that swarm,
An insurance, a protector from the storm,
Effusing from heaven to curtail the scourge
From consuming itself in its search for forage:
And destroying God's great joy.

Why? Why cannot this being see?
Why must he continue along this path
To pit his power against heaven, provoking God's wrath,
To erect another tower to himself
And place it next to God's, on his shelf?
To make himself immortal is his fancy,
No longer is he content to be,
No longer are his desires, cherished or labored,
Encouraging our existence, even our destiny.
Alas, nothing is heard through these notes,
Because of him: the one with an ill-tuned cord.

The Trees cry a Lullaby
(1971)

The trees cry a lullaby,
The children sing in tune,
Over the world life doth cry
About the pending doom.

For nowhere is reason seen
To be responsible for you and me.
Nowhere does the human being
Act lovingly and neighborly.

It seems as though this thing I fear
Is premature in time.
It seems as though only I hold dear
The Message in this rhyme.

Though too grievous one may say,
Or I fear too much;
Perhaps it will be said another day
I cared enough as such.

Faction
(1966)

Mud! What forbearance must one have,
To struggle through the rain and slush
Seeping through the flesh and enveloping
The bones with cold clammy digits that crush
The very matter, the marrow developing
Into the colossal stigma posterity must bear..

And how do you fare?

I, myself, aside from my immediate problems
Of fighting the headiness and drug
Which afflicts me in my stupor whilst
Driving my carriage from house to house,
From agony to agony, and confusion of no end:
The madness of the mob, their corrupted eyes,
Prescribe patience and understanding for this frustrated

tempo.

So it is with a patient with illness,
The doctor's prescription,
So it must be to a society with malignance,
The statesman's malediction.
Seek not the malpracticing quack
As you seek the ignoble leaders.

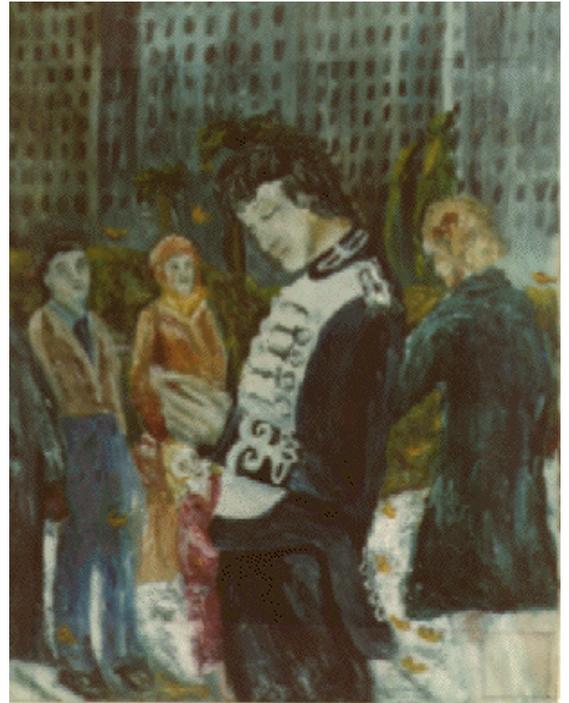
Demand credentials and avoid remiss.

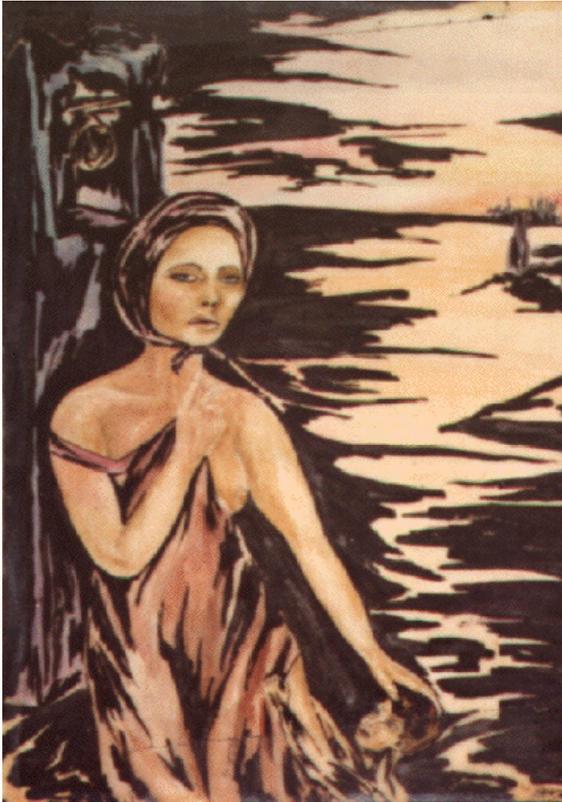
The Man was Shields
(1971)

Within Union Square one day
I saw a mechanical man at play.
Dressed in fine old drummer's garb,
He entertained all as a silent bard,
Jumping and twirling, somersaults galore,
Moving like a jester out of folklore.

The faces following his movements there
Sent smiles and laughter from spirits bare.
Peering faces, expressionless at sight,
Looking at this man with such delight,
Made me wonder if those movements imbue
A nameless crowd and faceless few,

Suggesting something of meaning clear,
That we were looking into a mirror.





The Landscape (1966)

The meaning is clear, you can see it there:
Look into her eyes, so much grief she bears;
She's only a painting, as you can see,
But can you see the story she relates to me?
She does not question the acts of God, you see,
For who is capable of determining whether what is
to be will be?
No. She questions not his acts, his faults..They're
ours.
Her temple of worship, shattered to the core - over
there-
And the emptiness, the destruction, her distraught
stare,
Moves me to her helplessness with all my powers.
The child, hanging onto the tails of her dress,
Stricken with confusion, agony, inexplicable
distress:
What reasons can you give for all that waste,
Enveloping him, and stinging him with poisons of
haste,
Brewed in a pot of vanity in little taste,

And conceived through mixed emotions;
And they call that an intellectual phase?
The epitome of intelligence, God's delight,
The supreme man, yes it's all there:
Intellectual progression devoid of care;
It's a portrait to learning, a monument of might.
The beautiful coloring, a sky of crimson red,
A church, mother and child, all else is dead,
And far to the horizon, silhouetted against the burning sky,
Is the skeleton of a city refusing to die
What remains from the scourge is impossible to buy,
And those who cannot obtain it will never know why.
A passport to freedom, this was the fare,
The corrector of nature's faults, as God's judge,
Has completed his masterpiece for God to judge.
Well, the mother knows the meaning here.

She was there.

The Fence
(1971)

Are you sitting on a fence,
Doing nothing and watching nonsense?

Are you contented where you are:
Do you see misery from afar?

Do you think your place
Is on the fence in any case?

Are you afraid to get off your rail
To take a position or cling to even my coat tail?
Is your loyalty for sale?

Do you know that from where you're sitting
You can't see what people are getting?

That misery and exploitation are around,
Grinding lives into the ground?

Do you know that the post holding you
Will rot in time through and through,
And you will fall into the muck
Below that thing which gives you luck?
Do you think you can't move because you're stuck?

When the rail crumbles under you,
What will you do?

Will you cry for help from me,
Though you ignored me
And others in our misery?

Or will you sink without crying,
Accepting your fate, a lonely dying?

What will you do
When your time comes too?

Though you know you're secure now,
Perhaps you ought to think about how
You may fall and where you'll go,
When your rotting fence lets you fall below.

You've got the idle time you see,
Because you're not involved with our misery.
So think about this message from me.

Well, I've got to go, my troubles are gnawing,
My friends need help with your post they're sawing.

A Poem for Dragons (1979)

There once was a lonely dragon:
Ethelbrute was his name.
His third hump was dearly sagin'
And his hind leg felt slightly lame.

Ethelbrute lived in a time so old
No dragon was ever feared;
It was then, in fact, we've been told
That dragons were often cheered.

How Ethelbrute changed the dragon's lot
Is not because he's mean:
He fell, as it were, when just a tot,
When his mother dropped his jelly bean.

Those who know dragon things will know this fact:
A dragon's egg is like a jelly bean; (1)
Tenderly trussed in a funny patch sack,
Hidden in her belly from the Jelly Bean Fiends.

Those who love to munch these beans today
Are the President's men and kings as such;
But the portly queens of Ethelbrute's day
Had appetites for beans our king's can't touch.

Often it was on a full moon's eve
A dragon would cross a hallowed moon;
And Queenie's guards would quickly leave
To chase jelly beans in Jelly Bean Balloons.

The tale is told to dragons and us
Ethelbrute's mother was shot one night,
Flying around like Pegasus,
Dodging big balloons in the bright moon light.

A balloonist's dart hit her funny patch latch,
Precisely where her jelly bean lay;
From the opened latch fell the Queenie's catch
Towards the balloonists jelly bean tray.

Lo! As trays were held in hands held high,
A gusty norther saved the bean;
It came to rest in the dart-filled sky
Midst a sparrow's home: a nest I mean.

The dragon jelly bean egg fit well
Beside the sparrow's speckled eggs;
Though a little larger, you couldn't tell
It from the others 'neath the mother's leg's.

So cuddled and loved he hatched one day
And grew among the sparrow flock;
His appetite grew too, to their dismay,
As he ate and ate around the clock.

One day his tail fell from the nest
And frightened his brothers, now blown astray;
The home soon smashed beneath his breast
While the laden limb next gave away!

Banished he was by the sparrow's chief,
He plied the forests all alone;
Sleeping in trees to everyone's grief,
And crashing to earth with a daily groan.

It came to pass a hunt was called,
Ethelbrute was forced to flee afar;
Wherever he slept was a tree fallen, and appalled,
Angered townsmen awoke in the earth shaker's jar.

Unwanted and lonely he sat one eve
Munching raw garlic upon a limb; (2)
Playing children below had to leave:
His garlic breath was too much for them.

Then one morn a woodsman's axe
Rose the dragon from his woody sleep;
Poor Ethelbrute could never ever relax
Nor a place from hunters could he keep.

The dragon roared (a timid roar),
"The noise, the noise, quiet please, sir!"
The woodsman swayed away from his chore,
Wondering who talked, that's for sure.

Ethelbrute crossed a leg over another
And asked the woodsman why he gawked.
The woodsman said, "A dragon, oh brother!
They'll not believe he really talked!"

And then the two spoke for hours
And left no topic from their chat;
Ethelbrute confessed he needed strong towers
That wouldn't break like the forest now flat.

The woodsman beamed, "You're not so bad!
You only need a safe nesting place; (3)
I'll build your tower, my serpentine lad,
From iron I'll work just in case!"

This lasting tower is Ethelbrute's fame
For the skyscraper was invented in his name.

Notes:

- (1) Just as we are sensitive on our funny bones, dragons are also most sensitive on their funny patch latch.
- (2) Ethelbrute was not a fire breathing dragon. But because he loved garlic he did have a hot, discomforting breath and was, therefore, confused with the fire breathing type.
- (3) Had Ethelbrute been raised in a cave like other dragons, the problem would never have occurred.

Halloween (To Autumn)
(1979)

I saw a blue jay on a mount
Crowding out its friends.
Fine, fluffy feathers this day did taunt;
He thought of them as fins.

I saw the blue jay take a limb
Where a bug is sure to pass;
He spoke of things obscure and dim
To crawling creatures in the grass.

"Come fly with me," he begged the worm;
Such sights you've never seen,"
But the wizened word didn't squirm,
For he knew the Jay was hungry.

"Come hop with me?" he queried the lady bug,
Who hopped from leaf to leaf
And gave the Jay a cautious shrug
As she hid in utter disbelief!

The wise old Jay then saw a gnat;
Such tiny things we tend to slap,
But to a Jay no gnat is a sprat
And well the worth the time to trap.

"I can fly above the clouds up high
And even hop across the sea;
Oh gentle gnat I fear to pry,
But can you rise above the tree?"

The gentle gnat looked at the Jay
And fluttered by his bill,
"Of clouds and seas I cannot say,
Through such heights and haunts I would not mill."

The wise old Jay then stretched his wing
And drummed the air with all his might;
He asked the gnat to do this thing,
To match his drumming late that night.

"Of clouds and seas I cannot match,"
The gnat implored the dauntless Jay;

"But you'll see tonight in the pumpkin patch
This paltry gnat outmatch your play!"

The wizened bird had won the ploy
And took the offer of the gnat;
His nervous claws gnawed the oak with joy
Until the roundish limb rubbed flat.

A Pumpkin moon, a pumpkin patch,
Haunting creatures controlled the air;
A nervous Jay awaited his catch
Midst screeches and howling everywhere.

"These boasts and taunts I'll do no more!"
Cried the Jay to his burly tree,
"I'll take no more in this pumpkin tour,
Those haunting creatures are after me!"

The twitching Jay hid beneath a leaf
And hoped the gnat would find him not;
But then to add to his fear, good grief,
Weird lights flashed over the entire lot.

A screech owl screamed, an old mule brayed,
And then a light flashed in his eye;
The frightened Jay launched, while the tiny gnat bade,
"Don't fear me; It is only I, a firefly!"

A Duck in luck
(1983)

About the downy duckling
Floating in the bay,
The Poet's meter may near rhyme,
For that word, that "duckling" is in the way
And makes this poem hard to rhyme.

Now it's worse the lot for a duck
Who came a plunging to the bay;
The poet's meter cannot rhyme;
For that word, that "duck" is hard to say,
Tying my tongue every time.

So poets sing not of these things
Though many are in want for ducks to write.
But I must yet sing of Fred, the mallard's pride,
For no bird could soar on mighty wings
Above this duck in feathered flight.

He flew his weary airy way
Searching for a ducky pleasant place,
Soaring the clouds in heavy heart;
His burdened heart no doubt that day
Plunged him into the veiny water ways.

One day he saw a lovely lass,
Her browny down and crimsonless bands
Beautifully plain were her feathered pleats;
Caused Fred's heart to leap from his fluttered past
And ballooned him towards her ways and strands.

Fred of heavy feathered heart
Then felt that cloud that weighed him downward bound;
His throbbing heart grew heavier
Then that leaded feeling of doubt would start
And dropped him seat first down to the ground.

The lass who minded her paddled waves,
Whistling midst the singing reeds,
Was never startled the more by any means,
Than to look upon Fred's leaded rocklike gaze
Suddenly bob midst her demesnes.

She tried to flee his tiding fall
But never got away.
It's hard to say what would have come
When love is want to call
Had Fred come another way.

The water thrown all over the lass
Is not a fine entry, one might agree;
We end this poem about the strangest luck
How two hearts of lead, yet like glass,
Ducked into our hearts so easily.

Jade Cove
(1979)

Over cliffs of jade, jeweled coves below,
Our hands cuddled the waxy gems.
Your wind blown hair framed aglow
A settling sun glossed by flax-like hems.

That moment midst the verdant shores,
Touching hands quelled the pounding surf;
Our surging current and tingling pours
Drummed rhythms of lovers over the tender turf.

A waning moon framed anew
By fiery bombs trailing icy blue;
Sparklers, gazelles, to name a few
Jumped through my breast in desire of you.

In the autumn changing ever
All that ends must start anew;
And crinkled leaves in the heather
Rustle in gusting beds of dew;

There you find Nature's pillows to entice and tether;
They make fiery nests where lovers coo.

The deep unknown in your eyes
Beacons my soul to find its depths;
The dewy glaze from passion's rise
Leads my soul yet higher upon those jaded steps.

I reach and search, higher and higher;
Wandering through your open gates;
My heart is fanned by the fire
Lit by Pan and the Lover's Fates.

Through the windows of your soul
I chased my heart as a weaning foal.

The Woolly Wig Wirt
(1979)

If you were a woolly wig wirt
Who played upon the road,
Could you hop above the dirt
Or ride upon a toad?

If woolly wig wirts came your way,
Could you see their hose?
Or would you think they could not play
Because they showed no toes?

Three and twenty woolly wig wirts plus a tad more
Nestled beneath my tree;
I wondered how many woolly wig wirts you might store
Within your memory.

They have no toes, no hoes, no hair
And hardly can they hop,
But they are for sure around me everywhere,
In truth they are wherever I stop.

If you see a woolly wig wirt suddenly come,
Ignore the shock you may feel or see,
For woolly wig wirts are to some
What you, dear reader, are here to me.

Tommy Tattle
(1979)

Tommy Tattle took a terrible trip
While with his neighbor at play;
He tried to make his good friend slip
But himself fell into the bay!

Tiny Tod
(1979)

Tiny Tod trod up the road
To fetch himself some trouble;
He flexed his arms in a frightening mode
To strike a mirror pond's double.

Autumn Scent
(1979)

Needles falling from the trees,
Autumn's cushions on the ground,
A piny scent within the breeze,
No sweeter falling found around.

A Flighty Fawn
(1979)

A Flighty Fawn crossed a field
Against his mother's wishes.
The hunter's wounds have just now healed;
Now he's stealing bait from the fishes!

Sandy Snail
(1979)

Sandy Snail traced a trail
Climbing through the vines,
The farmer's wife began to wail
And chased him with her tines.

Shortcut Willard
(1979)

Willard walked upon a railroad track
In hope to find a porter.
A horn soon shrieked behind his back
"This ain't the way that's shorter".

A Precocious Partridge
(1979)

A precocious partridge talked to a sage
Rolling through a meadow;
This rolling bush he tried to page
Since a sage is a wiser fellow.

Lazy Sue
(1979)

Lazy Sue wouldn't get up
As she rode to work in the morning.
She slept through the day, way past "sup,"
And missed her stop at Corning.

Pokahay
(1979)

There is no way to Pokahay,
Because it does not exist.
There is no one that's gone that way,
Otherwise he'd have been missed!

A Paltry Privet
(1979)

A Paltry Privet plied past a nest
But turned again to spy the egg;
He fluttered his feathers upon his breast
And raised to his beak the egg with his leg.

Were it not for a meal the egg would hatch,
But to the waiting fox a privet is a far better catch!

A Frightened Farthing
(1979)

A Frightened Farthing flew the foaming sea,
And why he flew there and not the mountain Vale
Is terribly troubling to my toddler and me.
Was he blown off course by a sudden gale?

Paunchy pink fingers pointed past yon tides;
My little girl spied a sadly swimming deer;
A fleeing fawn had too frightened besides;
And being curious my toddler and me for more did peer.

A nervous nightingale nonetheless flew,
Followed by molting cows and a nearly Knighted horse;

Then a multitude of animals bade adieu
And plunged to the surf in a matter of course.

I gripped her hand as she to mine
And held her trembling form aloft;
On my hip she clung and spoke this line:
"I'm sorry for the animals," and in the blast we too offed.

Two Silly Birds (1979)

Two Silly Birds sat sneering on a rock one day,
"How odd the toad," they snickered and cooed;
"How odd the lizard that knows not it's gray,
And how odd the cow who only mooed."

They chided the horse, the pig, the hen;
Even they gossiped on the Woolly Wig Wirt.
Nothing escaped this perceptive press of the pen,
As they, alas, scorned the very rocks and even the tussled dirt.

Then the very Silly Birds eyed a sparrow hawk
And senselessly stayed upon their perch;
Two Talons snatched up the sneering flock
And that's why they were Silly Birds.

A Cautious Cat (1979)

A cautious cat crossed a creek
To catch a bird in the bushes.
The bird it seems didn't think
To hide in the waterborne rushes.

Tiny Tina (1979)

Tiny Tina took some tea
And put it in her pot.
She poured a cup for her and me
And said, "Oh, my gosh, that's hot!"

Silly Vicki
(1979)

Silly Vicki went down the hill
To catch her bo a wandering.
Upon the search she had her fill:
Since the poison oak she's a pondering.

A Portly Pig
(1979)

A portly pig pawed the pen one day
To preen himself in the slop.
So disgusting he was so much at play,
The animals all begged him to stop.

He splashed in the mud and rolled in the dust,
And squealed with such delight,
A butcher found him far too mussed
And took the ox, a much tidier sight.

The Downy Duckling
(1979)

There once was a downy duckling,
Who tired of being the last,
He jumped in front of a suckling
And was first for the farmer's repast.

The Atlantic Monthly & Chickens & Eggs
(Refused by the Atlantic Monthly in July, 1971)

Three poems I read
To chickens said
Without much meter
Or rhyme
Or sense
Made the poem's reader
Feel he read
Nonsense.

But poems are hard put to please
Those who edit and see
Fit to publish for the reader
A rhyme,
Though it is dense,
And speaks of dangling creatures
Hanging from a line and dead
With a revolting scent.

Since the publisher likes chickens,
Though to read his delights, me it sickens,
I know I must write
To compete with this sight
Where chickens scratch
Or dangle or hatch
So that the reader I will elate
And bring forth poetry and abate
A class who thinks that the most in life
Is chickens throats cut with a knife
Hanging from a clothes line
Spitting blood so we may dine.

I'm sorry to say
For those chicken poems I pay
And now I feel guilt even this day
Whenever I eat the eggs chickens lay.

Though eggs don't scratch
And cluck,
Or could the colonel cook a batch,
For their feathers he'd delight to pluck;

Someone ought to write on eggs,
Because the chicken
Won't scratch with her legs,
Or would we be finger lickin',
Nor could we hang them slashed in neck
With blood dripping on the hollowed ground,
Or see them on the ground peck
If eggs weren't around.

So here's a toast to eggs
Which give us things to talk about.
Though they don't have legs,
They're important to us, there's no doubt.

I'm just sorry we can't find
More important things come to mind.

Freedom
(1971)

To be what I've dreamed of most,
To be free of this material ghost;
It's holding me, clinging to me.
Wretched though my future be,
I pray my fate will come along
Whispering gently in September's Song.
No matter the worse that yet may come,
I'll cherish a change to leave this slum.

Dead Man's Creek
(1963)

Oh, to go back to Dead man's Creek,
Where children play in waters warm;
And all is green where animals seek
Refuge from the thunderstorm.

To play as yesterday
In its pools of translucent dew,
Where fish and guppies swim as they may
Near banks awash with many a shoe.

To play with a child's delight
To swim in ponds fed by mountain stream:
Of this I found in nature a right
A kingdom of innocence and mankind's dream.

To drink in pools of chilly springs
Where Mr. Crawdad jiggles and wiggles under his rock;
And periwinkles, the strangest things,
Rest in the mud, a twig they mock.

To have you see the tunnel too,
Where the creek will downstream flow,
'Neath that lonely road the waters rush through,
Whilst that lonely road streams to Idaho.

Drivers for a moment see below
Children jumping from heights of glee;
Fishing and swimming in paradise aglow
With nothing on but nudity.

Ivan Ivanovitch

(or Erin's Song, unfinished circa. 1973)

Prosperity past, where Erin grew
Fared not too well against robot odds;
The time had come as we shall skew
Where wealth presumed upon new gods;
Merchants new to prosperity,
Clothed in furs of Beaver's in wide range,
Nestled their stores against the lee
Were like honey to flies but man's melange.

Neighboring towns upon the robot shores,
Groomed for themselves a new Robot Host,
And gave them charge to steal from their stores,
When the Prosperer's envy consumed their coast.

Emblazoned homes of gold were girth
With confettied tiles dabbed on walls like crimson lace;
No greater town had greater worth
Than the bejeweled villas of the Prosperity Chase.

Robot cleaning machines bore more,
Holding to breasts of chromium and embossed,
Machines shining and geared for the chore
Fear I too become the Salesman's loss.

Wheels churning with oily pitch
Soon were launched against the town,
Led by none other than the worst of all, Ivan Ivanovitch
Whose title of deeds would become renown.

Programmed to gorge new won wealth,
Ivan's gang deployed a new force;
"I'll squeeze them more," he counseled himself,
"The town'll depend even more upon my robots' chores!"

Whirring new robots then buzzed and blinked,
Gurgled and burped, bleeped and hummed;
Then they spun around, and their antennae winked,
They coughed and sputtered and became benumbed.

Merchants who bought them cried in great despair,
"Ivan Ivanovitch our sales are lost!
Fix these robots which need repair;
Please fix them now – at any cost!"

Ivan's plastic paw pressed his pointed chin,
Glassy eyes perceiving their plight;
His cold steely plates then rattled the deadly din
His iron nerves were anxious to exercise their might!

Craftily he clicked, "Yer in my debt,
Fixing all of these robots will cost a lot;
You'll have to pay through the teeth, by Ma'homet,
Twice the fee or else I'll just let them rot!"

"We're ruined all," the merchants wailed;
Oil seeped down Ivan's steely chin;
Ivan glowered against the faces paled
As he drained each merchant's register bin.

Weeks then passed 'till Ivan returned;
New robots he brought, even for other chores;
The merchants moaned, bewailed, and churned;
Ivan's sold them his Custom Cleaning Corps!

Whirring bearings and spark displays
Closed upon the hapless mass;
Ivan grinned gratefully in the malaise,
As he plotted extortions more he'd bring to pass!

"Yer robots must sell this Corps of mine
From counter to counter, store to store;
Let's fill the homes; we've little time,
So machines we'll find at every door!"

And soon it came for salesmen, peddlers, and all
Who filled dusty shelves with brazen pans;
Upon antique stores no more would anyone call,
Since buyers hence bought just from Ivan's stands.

From block to block, the buzz, the buzz, and the clang,
The clickity clack, the rolling wheels,
The shinny armor, the whip and whang,
Were callous chefs cooking meals;

The peddlers of old were now too feeble to cry
Yet called their youth to save the day.
But all but Erin feared with Ivan to vie
To let the robots have their way!

The counting done, the old was lost,
Erin alone rebelled at heart;

The robot chests so heavily embossed
Had turned the times and forced Erin to depart;

He readied his ship with a loyal few
Who feared Ivan's maddening pace,
And set out to find Fidibert the king, with his forces new,
Who'd rid us of Ivan's Ivanovitch's great disgrace!

The Prometheid

(1972)

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Part 1
The Baptism of Eli

In a world of great sorrow and despair
Among a mass of greed everywhere,
(where vanities and machines ruled over vice)
Stood a very tiny hamlet of tiny people
Who erected a broken dish over a teetering steeple
Against all that's wrong and for all that's nice.

And behold! Around the plain prominence,
Where the broken dish spewed its eminence,
Grew the treasured lotus of virgin white
Unraped by greed's insatiable passion,
Beyond dark shadows in the fertile sun,
Untainted by the Lotus-Eaters' slimy bite.

Aye! Though exposed to nature's whims and ways,
Blossoms unfurled and lit the baleful haze
Of mankind's polluted minds and actions,
Slowly seeping through every crevice,
Trying to saturate the lighted bliss,
It was enough to sponge the light as it runs.

And as they glowed, butted against the haze,
The fuzzy red light of promising days
Telegraphed over the land of the Lotus-Eaters
(Where thieves and Hawks were rampant indeed
For tantalizing wisps of Lotus seed).
"Danger's about" said the hamlet's leaders.

It soon came to pass when blood stained eyes
Peered with pain through foreboding overt lies
To see still standing on a tree studded plane
That worthy monument in the hamlet square
Which suckled a happy thoroughfare,
Giving hope to the poor and relief from pain.

It came to pass – we knew it would –
That the Lotus-Eaters would seek more dead wood,
Exhausting the soils and a kingdom's life,
Consuming Truth's stalks and childish dreams;
They groveled in haste to cross our streams,
Playing songs of the dead composed on a mute fife.

They crept through dead thickets and parched earth,
Down rocky scarps broken by stubbled mirth,

They came upon a good lad hard at work,
Tilling the soils of his promised land.
Plowing he stopped (and with calloused hands)
And set to sow the crops of a united kirk.

Eli was on the tractor at the time
Seeding the golden fields through this rhyme
When he spied beady eyes and an eagle nose
Peering over the crest of a rock nearby.
"Where are you headed?" he sought to pry;
The hooked nose answered, "to the Lotus groves."

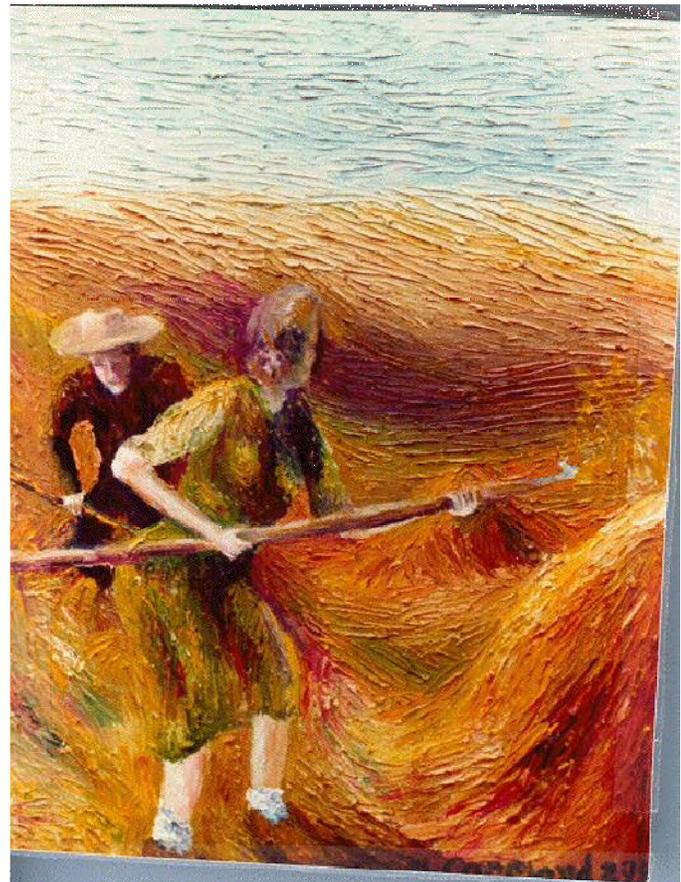
The beady eyes rose above the mossy rock
Wringing bloody hands; he was the Head Hawk.
Saliva dripped down lips nervous with lust
While words of deception slipped through the air:
"Good lad, we'd love to worship your flower."
Said the lad, "It's at the hamlet; honor it I trust."

Eli was a trusting lad, you know
(As would be of the men the hamlet did grow);
And, unsuspecting no evil intent,
He queried no more of the wicked throng
And passed singing the thresher's song
Long ago written in a pauper's tent.

His tractor chugged on to nourish the soil,
Filling dark nuggets with a golden toil,
On through the day, until the night,
When the boy could see the waning sun
Warning with long shadows of the day to come,
The day of the parasite.

Silently slipping by the dusk covered him,
And hid the shadows of the parasites grim,
Whose hellish scent of death's decay,
Whisked over brown hills darkening to deeper hues,
From reddish brown to purple and the deepest blues.
And the trailing dust was silent by the way.

Dusk signaled the time to quit and go home
To rest the day's labors in the deep black loam.
The boy stretched his aching back and yawned but twice,
Glad the day was over and his labor done.
Dismounting the tractor, he left it to run,
And shook off the dust of his paradise.



Dusk greeted creatures the field over,
Telling rabbits and field mice in deepening clover
"All was now safe, come out and feed,
In my soothing mantle broad and black."
At the sounds of nature's bric-a-brac
Eli drank in the sounds of nature's mead.

Enraptured by the muffled chirps of glee,
He sat for awhile by an old oak tree,
Staring placidly down the dusty road
Not suspecting the fate of the endangered town.
He did not know the torrent yet to drown
The hamlet nor the Lotus-Eater's leader's mode.

Rubbing hands dirtied by a good heart
(though dirty by sight, clean in greater part)
He heard behind him a far off rustle
And turned around to see a distant spark:
A light in the mountain showed its mark:
The gods and Prometheus all in a tussle.

Though a tiny object far from our view,
Seeming too distant for us to hear too,
The assembly was seen and heard by Eli.
It's possible to do so my good lads:
Stop the motors of your costly Cad's;
Listen and you'll hear much has gone awry!

Eli had not seen such assemblies before
Upon that white crest of immortal lore
(Though we dare say before that night
His days were of work and study beyond his reach).
He listened closer and heard human speech;
Curious he lifted his way up the great height.

Climbing higher, the light broke the bounds,
Showing a man burning a book unbound.
He stepped into the clearing near the pyre,
Asking, "Why are you working so late and alone
On this frozen waste even the sheep disown?"
The tender left to find more wood to fire.

Perplexed and taken quite aback
At this silent keeper firing the black,
Who rudely tended his duties that eve,
With not even a greeting or care for a friend,



Eli had never seen the like and was quite chagrined.
Yet he persisted and he did not take his leave.

He waited for the man's soon return,
And basked in the fire's warmth, the glow and the burn;
But, alas, the flame weakened and embers began to set;
He feared they'd die. Subtly glancing
He saw the flames tire of dancing,
And shaking he looked for wood to get.

Frantically searching, to no avail,
He looked for fuel: the scarp was cleaned and pale;
He saw some pages from a tattered blue book
And tossed them on the withering red coal
In hope to preserve the light on the knoll!
The impatient flames then leapt with a hook.

The pages in air were snatched to the embers
And might have rested on the glowing timbers,
There was hardly any life or breath,
And the book would have remained alive, unread,
Were it not for the flame from the fire's bed
Which struck from below to offer life in death.

A burst, a boom, a frightful resonance,
Froze the youth, Eli, in an awesome trance.
Flames grew over his head to treetop heights
And threatened to burn the crowns around
And even then it browned the snow white ground.
The hamlet below saw even then those heavenly lights.

Eli stared at the scorching inferno;
Feigning to leave, he saw assemblies within glow,
Dimming the blinding hues of reds and white:
He saw his village, a theft in the square;
He saw rape and pillage scorch, indiscriminate care:
Lotus-Eaters would fire the world that night!

He wiped his eyes in guarded disbelief.
A panorama of the morrow's grief
Swept before him as would an unsheathed knife
Cutting in twain tongues of fire from light.
Then, behold! Midst this inferno in the night
Stood the apparition of eternal life.

Midst the seething waves of burning heat
Stood tall and solemn Pandora's help meet.
Aye! It was Prometheus of our Golden Age,
Whose drapery of sheer white Damask cloth
Wavered in a gale of gassy froth,
While beneath him still burned that awesome page.

Prometheus beckoned Eli forward
Into the coals fed by the morrow's charred.
Eli's heart thumped and his temples thundered,
Finding no retreat from the lapping flame.
"Eli, Eli, come hither into fame,"
Echoed the rapture of peoples encumbered.

"Come to me son; you must not fear me!"
Urged the voice from the Hellish possibility.
Aren't you feared Lucifer; what do you want?"
Queried the boy. The Titan cried, "Come here!
Come, show me your trust. You I must endear;
Compare mine not to hell's fiendish haunt!"

The voice was strong and sweet to Eli's ear.
Enraptured, Eli drew ever nearer
Wrapped in an invisible white swaddling,
Warming his soul like unto no heat
Not like fire from Satan, a falsehood and cheat.
The magnetic charge drew being to being.

Like an apparition himself the boy slipped
Over to his fiery host and his hand gripped
The hand of the holy Titan of light.
"Your faith is good; your soul shall not be burned,"
The Titan said, as curtains of flames churned
All around the hallow core of heavenly light.

"I feel not the feared heat of your great flame!"
Cried Eli, in disbelief, as he became
One without body, yet with nerves feeling
Every grief and despair which betide
The sufferings of hate below which deride
The doomed to a pit without a hope of healing.

For from below his feet, from a gaping hole,
Streamed ghostly revelations of death's toll:
Past, future, and present at one sighting.
And around him swirled a dizzy portent

Of things begun in the passing present,
Showing people and beasts going into hiding.

"It is not my flame you have entered, Eli,
But the fuel of the wicked who lies
Burning in the horrors of his own crime;
Fear not, good lad, your heart is pure and clean
And cannot be tainted by what you have seen,"
Said Salvation's eternal Paradigm. "

You, Eli, have seen all that I disdain,
The true collection of all that I find bane,"
Said Prometheus with lightening candor.
"Can you now see the effects of faithless fastings?"
Eli cried, "But these bleak passings
Were not my doing; this is not my gore!"

"How is it that I stand accused this day?"
Cried Eli in every mortal agony.
The Titan replied, "It is not hollow shells
Which I accuse, but that of the body!
I, your judge, shall judge everybody,
One and all, you are my multitude, my cells.

"And just as your soul now feels heaven's wrath,
Your day comes when this signal shall telegraph
Through every part of your people's souls.
Here! I show you the happening, to wit:
Put your eyes on all the wrongdoings writ
In this book, awaiting the loathsome coals.'

Eli shuddered as it all came to him,
While words echoed with a deafening din,
From the good Titan atop his flaming log.
"Now tell me, do you know the spiteful and the wrong;
Do you know how to good belong?"
Asked the Titan, holding his Decalogue.

"Aye! It is sad, but true," sighed the young Eli.
"Good is found after wandering where evils lie!"
The Titan's bronzed fist unwrapped a scroll,
From whence he read the ten righteous laws
Which would lead Eli from Hell's grasping claws.
"Now," the Titan said, "you have eaten of the good role."

"But these commandments I honor; they are my tools;
There was no need to repeat those ten rules,
Since I knew already the way to Salvation!"
Cried Eli, alarmed at the blessings and curses of the Decalogue.
"You may know this humble list I've cataloged,
But ," the Titan complained, "These precepts your people shun!"

"They started a fire which will soon burn your soul,
As a cancer from an infected mole,
On your innocent, tender skin..
Unless you rally the good in your kind
To oppose the Evil in that book I signed.
Stop the infectious cancers of sin!

"Your body shall not obtain Salvation's Womb
Until it is cleansed of the wicked, the doom,
The agony of the Abyss below.
Go! Toss off the Lotus-Eaters and thieves;
Shed them as you would burn Autumn leaves;
Be quick, for Hell's fingers are spreading aglow."

"But how can one stop them, my Lord; must man once again kill
And Crusade as in the aeons before; has not death had its fill?
Is this God's cause? Must we stop blood with shedding more blood?"
Argued the confused youth. "Can't you see the dead?"
Replied the Titan: "It is as I've past said,
"The dead condemned themselves, frozen down there in the mud.

"Here now, can you feel the wind of the future blow?"
Then a slight wind over the book began to flow,
Making certain pages turning glowing red,
Hotter than the tip of a fire brand.
"Run now, across the world; show me good's hand:
Grasp the living from the fire, the living from the dead."

Then the flames died, leaving Eli alone, but free,
To seek the living among the dead.

Part II

The Dog Killer

Dear reader, we must rush on and not tarry
To convict you how heavy is truth to carry,
Which was thrown upon young Eli at the cornice
Of the highest mountain in this free land.

Alas, it would only be a bore, I fear,
For you to read. And in reverent respect
For your tired eyes, I shall hence select
Only those incidents which are easy to read and hear

Most mortals in our day and age might doubt
Eli's visions were they to be cast out
Upon a lonely crest holding such fires
As Hellish to cause one's blood to knot and curdle.
It would seem too much for even the prophet's girdle
To carry such truths only, to confront the legion of liars.

Let us leave the matter as we may
And accept in faith Eli's learned dismay.
Whether you, gentle friend, believe it happened or not,
Let me proceed to tell of Eli's journeys,
Factual, devoid of similes;
Who among you would envy his lot?

It came to pass for Eli now,
Wrinkled more with Titan concern on his brow,
To make haste for his humble town below
To warn his people of the deceit near
To the heartland of our future career.
With god-like speed he left the fire in the snow.

Dawn began creeping over the mountain ridge
From whence he came and, as he neared a bridge,
He looked back to see if the fire still burned:
Whether the Titan returned to fire
More pages in Hell's great funeral pyre.
Behold! The fire flared! A new page had turned!

The Book of Good would continue forever more
To light the winding path by which Eli fore swore,

Led by the Promethean teacher;
And, as he plunged into the new light,
The sun's great orb soaked the young proselyte
In golden cinders smelling of heavenly myrrh.

Dawn is a pleasant time for one to spend,
As it is the greatest adventure life attends.
The air is clear and nourishes the breath
And the dewy grass, like tiny bubbled quilts, nature's sheet,
Spread beyond, before the youth's cloud-laced feet.
The meadows surely declared his triumph over death.

The snow stained crests above the bounding boy
Faded away in the lifting haze. The joy
Within Eli's heart would have melted all around
Had not the valley's springtime air caressed
The path written upon Eli's new quest
With dawn's wispy vapors off the ground.

Below his route showed the ravine and trees
Where his stately tractor wept in the light hearted breeze.
There were dewy tears over its red metal hood,
And nearby stood his old buckled pick-up truck
Which wept too wherever the morning rays struck.
Behind, near the trees, a timid creature – a doe – stood.

Eli descended into the ravine;
The still of the morning was broken by thumping grouse wings;
And Eli, whose heart thumped too, rippling his veins,
Marveled at a golden pheasant launching,
From his evening thicket dawning.
The Morning surely claimed these gilded demesnes.

Eli jumped into the old truck's rusty cab,
Which still stood proud though aged with colors drab,
Gleaming in dewy shades of black and grey.
He turned the key; the engine coughed, then died;
Two more tries; "Awaken!" Eli cried,
But the old truck refused to quicken that day.

Again the youth tried, but to no avail;
The truck protested and would not take the trail.
It, in good foresight, was on a small rise,
So Eli dug his heels to the crusty earth

And shoved the old truck for all he was worth.
Success! The frosty wheels turned and broke their ties.

The boy jumped into the cab and popped the clutch;
Another pop, a bang, a sputter; it sputtered so much
Eli nearly gave up hope that it would go.
When all was nearly lost, the slope behind, the engine purred,
It sighed in the morning warmth and whirred,
Off to the silent cheers of the on-watching doe.

The tiny pick-up truck renewed in the morn
Flew down the wash-board road on wings born
To arrow through time's sage-brushed hinterland.
And as it flew droplets shed in its wake
From frog-eyed headlamps which were made opaque
From the narrow road's churning dust and sand.

But soon – an hour hadn't passed – homes were in view
Where life too stirred under roofs steaming off dew.
As Eli approached the village bounds
And broke over the crest of a tiny hill,
He spied three Lotus-eaters romp in swill
Midst the bone-heaped refuse of their campground.

Now Eli was a prudent land, so he thereupon stopped,
Behind his truck he quietly eavesdropped
On the plans the evil creatures were making then.
He stooped behind a bush for just one moment
To hear an overheated argument
Where eyes were aglow from a fire roasted hen.

Eli could not understand the speech,
For the villains babbled things beyond his reach.
Changing subjects, ramblings continuously,
Choking and garbled words absurd,
All from smoky breaths and eyes so blurred
Besides this they never spoke conclusively.

Beside three evil creatures lay a torn lotus bud
With its seeds gone and petals stained with blood.
Then, absurd as it may appear, he viewed
One of the three eat some of the white seeds;
Another crammed them into his nose, causing it to bleed;
And the last smoked them in a wrapping from a paper feud.

"So this is why they seek the white lotus;
They plan to eat, smoke and snuff it from us!"
Thought Eli, as he watched the dreamy-eyed beasts.
He left the Lotus-eaters to their meal
And made haste to his village with the Promethean appeal:
That everyone must resist those dumb beasts.

Knowing that the people may scorn his lot,
He left his truck and in the square sought
To speak to people passing by. He cried,
"Beware, my people, the Lotus-eaters will come;
Ignore them, for they are thick-skinned beasts, surely numb,
Who will steal our Lotus before evening tide."

He spent some time speaking to passer-bys there,
But just a few heard his words in the square.
"Ha! Surely you jest!; are you mad?" many replied;
"You dream, Eli, no such fires
Burn on the mountain. The Promethean pyre
Is but an old myth, a children's riddle," they all cried.

"Woe unto those who fear not my word,
For they shall perish as you all have heard!"
Eli argued. But to no avail
His warnings were lost and fell on deaf ears.
As he began to step down, new jeers
Came from the crowd, and they shouted, "Throw him in jail!"

A helmeted policeman came from the crowd;
"All right," he said, "Yer talking far too loud, far too loud;
Be off! Inciting a riot's not allowed!"
"But sir," Eli begged, "I've done no wrong;
I only warn of deceit coming midst this throng.
Look! see for yourself, they're now in the maddening crowd!"

To be sure, Lotus-eaters had already snuck in
And sowed their deceit midst Eli's bretheren.
"Look, you!" cried Eli, "You can smell the smoke
Of their rancid dreams; It will not be long
Before you shall be pierced by their stealthy prong.
Their vile breath will destroy the best of folk.

"Throw him in jail!" yelled a Lotus-eater.
"Stop, can't you see he's a Lotus-eater?"
Cried Eli in reply. But deceit had been bred

And the crowd chanted, "Yes, put him in chains,"
As their faces turned pale from the Lotus stains,
As they too munched the treasured blossoms newly shred.

The crowd lunged forward to bind young Eli.
"Stop!" cried Eli, "You are to be consumed by a vile lie;
Don't eat the beauty you've cherished so long!"
The crowd grabbed him while police whistles rang,
And Lotus-eaters sneered over the harangue
They just sowed and could now reap and, better still, prolong.

Eli felt cold clammy hands grip his skin;
He panicked and kicked a man in the shin.
Jumping from the altar of their hope;
He stole the last Lotus from the peddler's dish,
Fleeing the greed laden grasps to find new men to fish.
The sewers already began to reek of Lotus dope.

The crowd pounded behind his winging heels,
But, being too fast for their deathly peals,
He reached his truck and sped from the village,
Leaving a cloud of dust in his wake.
He drove aimlessly, passing a dry lake,
Until the fuel approached "empty" on his gauge.

He stopped the truck on a knoll where he saw
A freeway span the horizon. In awe
He looked upon the concrete edifice
Where cars careened in their confusing haste.
"Ho! What goes on down there?" he wondered, as he braced
Himself to view a sight gone quite amiss.

For, peering closer through the smog-stained air,
He saw thoughtless cars wildly bouncing there –
Not from their own clumsy, careless crashes,
But from droppings of waste, careless litter,
That was strewn through the course to ensnare
The dreamy drivers in painful smashes.

To make matters worse, dogs were jumping
From cars where nerveless drivers were dumping
The unwanted creatures to a deadly game,
Where driver and brute were merged into one
Through the blood-stained bumpers of the pun.

"My God," cried Eli, "These drivers are insane!"

Below Eli's knoll, he then overheard
More Lotus-eaters reaping the absurd,
For they screamed in delight over the roar,
Watching the cars grind carcasses to meal,
All the while chanting, "There's another meal!"
As they cast fish-hooks flying towards the gore.

Eli rose in disgust over what he had seen,
And he climbed in the truck to leave the awful scene.
As he drove away he heard this last cry,
"The Dog Killer, O god, feed us well;
O god, keep sending man's best friend to this hell!"
Eli parted behind him the great Dog Roast and smoky sky.

Part III
Eli's Search for Funny Bald Men

A lone wanderer with Lotus in hand
Left his land behind in the dust and sand,
To spread warnings against evil doings
And the harbingers of dreamy deceit,
Lotus-eaters and eaters of dog meat,
Who, we should say, are the Hawks' and Thieves' kings.

Now Eli's land was a majestic realm,
That nurtured many states from one grand helm,
Whose virgin quarters became infested
With Lotus-eaters who spread deceit.
Eli was committed to defeat
This vile plague his people had ingested.

Learning in the chase from his village,
Where Lotus-eaters, through deceit's pillage,
Took over a good people's community,
Eli dared not preach as he had before
And decided to seek only the poor
Who weren't yet deaf due to prosperity.

So he drove on through the Great Grassy plains,
Which were his home, to Pacific domains,
Beyond the mountains at a dozy azure sea.
Now and then he'd stop in a rural town
But would be thrown out, nevertheless, being jibed a clown,
After ministering the forebodings of misery.

Then one day it came to pass — it was morn —
When he awoke to hear a high trumped horn
Coming from the lead of a long caravan.
He had parked in a camping area
And awoke to find a tiny greenish paw
Beating on his truck's window with a rusted pan.

"Wake up!" he cried, "You're blocking our way!"
He banged harder while more campers horns' blared.
Eli rolled down the window and inquired
As to the problem; the other effusively perspired.
"Out'a the way," he grumbled, rubbing his reddish beard.

Eli saw thousands of campers nearby
Parked off the road in a flattened field of rye.
"Yes sir," Eli said, and he drove away
From the entrance to the lush but now littered mountain park.
Then campers drove in and resumed to park,
Turning the park from a deep green to gray.

Yes, the park turned gray under gray walled motor homes,
Stretching to the horizon. Then tiny gnomes
Crawled out of those walls and spread toys in glee
In this refuge of our paradise lost.
Then at once the place was a holocaust,
Of the burning pyres they carried from the city.

Eli approached the head camper, but tripped
Before he got there due to cans just flipped
From drinking drivers who hindered his course.
With curiosity over this messy hoard, he asked,
"Where go you?"
Being watched with suspicion by the retinue.

The leader sniffed the air, "Ah, paradise;
Smell the fresh spring charcoaled air, ah it is so nice!
And look at the green trees, blue green ferns,
That cold bubbly brook, its banks and spring seeded with flowery scent;
Ah, yes, smell those fumes heaven sent;
For this, our childish hearts each year yearn!"

Eli gasped in the air in one big breath,
While the head camper stood like unto Macbeth,
Wringing his small hands to cleanse the day's dirt.
The camper smiled, "You like it too, yes?"
He shrugged through stained teeth, hoping to impress
Young Eli with an offering of his rust cooked flambé, their desert.

Needless to say, Eli choked, bated though,
So not to reveal the displeasure and woe
He felt after being invaded by the scent of the rusty, rotten food;
The smells of the garbage scattered around,
And dirty diapers dipped in the dreamy spring now browned
From the splashing hands of the washer woman and her dirty brood.

And then the camper politely said, "I must be off,"
And went into his metal home so to doff
His camping clothes for the hunter's attire.

Thereupon he returned in clothes blood red,
Holding a high-powered rifle and lead
Ready and armed, destroyer and terrifier.

He breathed quite heavily, anxious for the hunt,
And his red plaid shirt, sweat stained over its front,
Gave off wisps of odor repulsive to the doe;
So this great red greenish hunter would doubtless find
A deserted hunting ground wherever his blind
Should be set in wait for the more prudent roe.

Be that as it may, the hunter set out,
Followed by other red plaid, red bearded greenish gnomes to scout
The forested paths and hidden glens,
Leaving Eli there midst hard working dames
Cleaning their campsites and their hunter's names,
Escaping not their urban regimens.

Eli took conversation with one lass
Who was then cleaning some finely wrought glass.
"My good lady," he asked, "Are you happy
In this hunting paradise and way of life?"
"Yes," she giggled, "For we've escaped the town's woe and strife
And can now raise our children peacefully."

Deigning to tell her the city was carried there,
Eli discretely said, "But ma'm, beware,
For I feel you've escaped not your city,
For I sense that all of its trappings may have been brought here.."
"Alas," she answered, "This was my greatest fear,
As the hunter rules in this tribe; such a pity."

Eli took pity on the lady about to cry
As she bowed her head, an eye shadowed tear streamed from one eye
Then her shaking voice replied, "No, I cannot change
The fate of man; I pray that my cries, perhaps my tears,
Will affect him by and by; it, I know, will take many years,
Should fate and fortune so it arrange.

She then told Eli all she had fought; Eli answered, speaking of light,
And the fires he'd seen which led him through the night,
To follow his lonely way, righteous teachings having set the path,
Knowing the burden of man's extremes
Which infringed upon our hopes and dreams.
"Help me," he begged, "For I am the allopath!"

"No," she replied, "I cannot take your side,
For these bonds you see around my heart commit me to matricide,
A terrible fate to endure,
And I am far too weak of heart, I fear,
To deny my man's ways or interfere.
Go now, spread your words so fine and pure!"

With a quivering lip she turned her back
Upon young Eli and took to her rack
Of daily toil, caressing smiles for infants, breasts of grace.
In a final appeal, Eli cried out,
"Oh, my lady, please do not shut me out!"
She went her way, into the trees, midst her summer place.

Saluting him, she answered, "Please go, for I cannot bear much more
Reminders of the things which I deplore.
Go and tell of your visions of good."
"But where?" cried Eli, "For no one hears me!"
She then said, "Seek our cousins in their high valley;
Seek the funny bald men to be understood!"

She pointed in the direction of the peaks
Gracing the horizon, and with smeared cheeks
She turned once again to her relentless chores.
Eli solemnly boarded his broken down truck
And drove away for more souls to pluck
From a growing number of closing somber doors.

He drove for days through winding peaked roads,
Now and then inquiring of the abodes
Of the funny bald men who should give him an ear.
Then one day, high above the billowing cotton clouds,
He found the high valley under the shrouds
Of a sunlit mist, a hiding place where light might appear.

Thirty cottages stood before him, made of rough hewn stone,
Tucked in trees and shrubs as if they were sown
By a tried old planter of rare vintage vines.
Eli parked his truck and strode to some men
Nearby who were engaged in a council then
In some marbled ruins of antique Greek designs.

A funny looking bald man (Three feet high
At most) caught Eli's curious young eye
And rose from his council to meet his guest.
"Hello," smiled Eli, as he showed the peace sign.
The man smiled and took him into their shrine,

Introducing the young lad to the bald headed rest.

"I was told that your people would understand
My story and cause, perhaps give me a hand,"
Said Eli to his smiling new found friend.
"Yes," we would love to hear words of your cause;
Please continue, tell us all without a pause!
Said the leader, "Stories of adventure we'll pay with a particular yen."

Eli proceeded to tell them his woeful tale,
And they listened to every detail.
Though they were quite funny looking indeed,
With ruddy fat cheeks and bulging green bellies,
Balding heads and skin as green as green peas,
Their comical face Eli paid no heed.

And all that day they begged him to carry on,
While now and then shedding tears from eyes bagged and sleepy drawn
From lack of sleep and long sessions, their customary communal talk.
The sun began setting while Eli spoke
With hoarse laded breath, on the infection of his folk,
Until, alas, he could voice only a feint squawk.

"Oh, please go on, please continue some more;
To hear your story we truly adore!"
Cried a chorus of the funny bald men.
"I cannot," squeaked Eli, "I've barely got a whisper left,
Please," he whispered, "of a hearing I am bereft."
And on that appeal words gushed forth from all of them.

Eli was taken aback to hear such chatter
And their high pitched tones (from clicks to clatter);
He heard as many as ten discussions at once
Coming from ten pairs of fat green rouged lips.
And with bulging eyes drawn red and rapid quips
The talk went on another morn, then past lunch.

The chatter went on for three nights and three days
(Eli passed out after the first thousand essays).
Finally the fat little men, now dressed in whitened wigs,
And long gowns of colors red, white and blue,
Shook him saying, "We have a judgment for you!"
Eli quickened and rose from from his bed of roughly ranged twigs.

"Oh, kind sirs," said he, "Then you will help me?"
One of them spoke for a bit, rhetorically,
And said, "Good lad, we are a democracy, you know,

The legendary home of great debates and oratory;
No others exceed us or our equal can they be;
Anyway, it is unanimous, you've got our Great Toe!"

"Toe?" questioned Eli, "What is this thing, the Great Toe?"

He was shown a large voter's tableau.

"We vote by a show of toes, said one man;
We do this so to use our hands
For better things, gestures, rhetorical commands,
Or, when debate grows hot, for waving a fan!"

"Then," again pressed young Eli, "You will help,
You understand?" An old man said, "My young whelp,
We can't help but we truly understand;
Tsk, ts, poor, poor lad, such a burden you've got;
Indeed, those Lotus-eaters should be caught
And thrown clear out of your lovely, persecuted land.

Eli was shocked. "You understand? Then why –
Why cannot you help me as my ally?"
The funny bald men paced with wide greeny grins about.
"Tsk, ts, indeed, indeed, ts, ts, poor, poor lad,
It is not our way to help; are you mad?
We can only decide, debate and love a rhetorical bout!

It is your problem, not ours; we understand!
Is this not enough, must we give you a hand?
It is not our way, Apathians are we!
Why, why, lad, we would then be hypocrites; why, we aren't phony;
We'd be going against our nature, you see,
For we are apathetic and could never help thee.

Eli sadly turned away with his thanks
And went to his truck parked near the banks
Of a sluggish, fetid stream channeled round and round
The village square. He wondered being a bit goaded,
Whether Demosthenes' *Oration on the Crown*
Is something upon which the funny bald men ever doted.

Eli stepped into the truck, turned the key,
Looked back at the smiling faces waving so cheerfully.
As he drove away an old man said, "Wait!
If you need real help, seek the Stereotypes;
They live along the river Styx and nearby the twelve mourning pipes.
Hurry lad, for the pipes will close and you will be too late!"

Eli thanked them all and drove into the blue
While behind he heard chattering, "Go with God and Adieu."
Another journey, another time,
Will lead him again in quest for the good,
To find men bound in true brotherhood.
They, of course, should be the living in the coming rhyme.

Part IV
Eli's Journey down the River Styx

"Search for the twelve mourning pipes, the river known as Styx,"
Said the bald Apathian rhetorics.
These words turned over and over in Eli's mind
Whilst he drove in search of a brotherhood,
Who'd help resist the Lotus-eaters who stood
As Tyrants over the people he left behind.

Eli drove until he left the cliff-gripping groves
Behind and approached now shadowy sea coves,
Where night crept slowly around the bends from a blackening sea;
And great waters he dreamed he'd never find
Lapped with pearly caps the beach entwined
By the rolling breakers drumming the rocks eternally.

Eli drove quickly into a very lonely cove,
Parked his truck, and to the icy waters he dove.
The songs of bards, champions on horses quickly shod,
Never confessed to these beaches of freezing brine;
Making Eli feel eerie with shivers running up his spine.
Thought the lad, "This sunless cove is very odd!"

"Well, no matter," he pondered, "perhaps some shells
I'll find on these clam filled strands." So he fled the swells
And, with wet clammy sand ebbing between his toes,
He stepped down the beach, hardly seeing through the void.
"What's this?" he declared to a clam below, "the beach is destroyed.
I see rocks, hundreds just arose!"

He stumbled over the rocks, then stumps of trees
Thrust from the oily deep like gaunt refugees
Of war standing in line waiting for death.
He walked more. A silver glow struck his eye,
He stooped down and, behold a conch shell did lie
At his feet. He took it with trembling breath.

Eli held the conch shell high so to see
Its polished form, but, alas, too dark he
Couldn't see the bony pink insides, a gift from the deep.
He held it to his mouth and blew an awful sound.
The whitened trump too made his flesh creep.

Then he saw more conch shells below a cliff
And gathered as many as he could lift.
He took a blanket from his pick-up truck
And fashioned a cradle of woody-dry sand
Gathered further up the beach of that sun-stripped land.
He slept. Dawn's dainty fingers stroked him and on to life he struck.

Rays from emerald waters burned through his dream
And brought Eli from death to its extreme.
Eli rubbed his eyes, wiping sand tears,
And then he stretched his aching young frame
Happy at his awakening again.
He gazed to sea, seeing what looked like piers.

What had been the stumps of trees the night past
Were not but stakes and posts – and a sunken mast –
From a fort night's battle which pitched the dead
And rotting remains of the warriors in their bliss,
Stretched over a barbed wire and concrete abyss,
Bunkers, rocks, bleaching bones, the heroes' death's bed.

Behold! Cradled in the sand nearby
Were not pink conch shells gathered by Eli
But the skulls of warriors and broken laws
With gaping sockets staring from the past!
"Aghh!" cried Eli, wiping his mouth, aghast:
He'd blown a tune through those empty jaws!

He looked at the cliffs, whitened as chalk,
And saw a stream flow from above a rock,
Where bones cascaded over its crest.
From the foaming torrent, plunging in sheets
Of milky dew from Mother Nature's teats,
Showered skulls of multitudes, all gaping in jest.

Eli climbed up to the source of the stream
Which recalled a vision in his last night's dream:
This was the mouth of the river called Styx,
For near its entrance were twelve long stalactites,
Hanging on the wall like an organ's pipes,
Arrayed in the cave's dripping pearly niche.

A wind came from the depths across the stone
Pipes, strumming them to make a Jews Harp tone,
Like low pitched hummings of primitive flutes
Calling the Kiwi to their native dance.

The chamber caught him in his awed advance
And pulled him further towards its deep inner roots.

Eli plunged into the dripping cavern,
Hearing increasing dripping around each turn;
He took a torch from the nearby wall,
Set it afire so to see the path and way,
And stepped into the dark to find a clay
Pitcher where dripping water came to fall.

And above his eyes stood a giant, sweating guard
On a ledge which was very heavily scarred.
Behind him was a heavy iron door
Which emitted blasts of steam and heat
So powerful that the ground there burned Eli's feet
And made him perspire, soaking from every pour.

The guard sweated also, so much at his duty,
That briny moisture dripped from his body
To the pitcher on the ground, its stench in tow.
And behold! From the pitcher flowed the stream;
The great Styx poured from the pitcher's broken seam
In such volume it must overflow.

Indeed, the river Styx flowed from the cracked jar
Down two tiny opposing channels, quite bizarre,
With one branch flowing behind the guard's door
And the other between Eli's legs and on to the sea.
Eli asked the Guard about this mystery
Who replied, "So it will flow forevermore!"

"What are you guarding, Oh gatekeeper?" asked Eli.
The guard flexed his oiled muscles, all rippling thereby,
Over his naked form like unto a rock's
Own ripples when thrown into a calm creek.
"I am the first gatekeeper over the meek
And strong, the living and the dead, all the flocks!

"I am the First Gatekeeper of Anki;
I am the keeper of the Eternal Sea;
I am the guard of Mother Nature's joint;
I am the guard of guards, between heaven and earth;
I guard the dying and the yet in birth.
Thy Father's stream I am charged to anoint."

The guard thereupon kneeled with a huge gourd
And drank from the Styx whose torrent now roared,

Since the guard began perspiring once again.
"Oh Great Gatekeeper, I seek brotherhood
Which lies down this torrent called the Styx. Would you be good
And let me through the door so that I may go in?"

"You know," answered the guard, "The passage's risk,
That one passage leads to Kur's basilisk?"
Eli shook his head, "Sir, of this I know not,"
And the Gatekeeper with more candor replied,
"In heaven and earth's juncture you abide;
You are in heaven, in earth, and hell's knot.

"Behind this door is life for faultless men
Or, (he smiled) death in the Basilisk's den!"
Eli was still puzzled. "But sir," he said,
"What is the Basilisk?" The guard was shocked
Over this naive lad who'd unknowingly walked
Into life's womb and death's bed.

The guard had received only souls before
Who are come from mortality to his door
To await their judgment and reckoning.
Now he had no way of knowing Eli
Was a mere mortal who yet had to fly
Mortal bonds in God's final beckoning.

So fine is the margin between death and life
That the guardian of the heavenly rife
Had failed to see that it was not Eli's soul
Before his feet but a mortal being!
So he replied, "The Styx leads to life's spring
Where the Tree of Life shall nourish your soul.

"Or, if you should follow its lower fork
You will find the Basilisk's fiery fork
Strike upon your damned soul, if so it be!"
The guard slowly opened the steaming iron door,
As its weight made him strain against the floor.
"Go!" he roared, "To Death or Eternity!"

As he opened the door, skulls floated out
Into the stream's reception hall to spout
Beyond the guard's bare feet toward the sea.
Eli was truly scared. "Fear not," said the kindly guard,
"It is only the dead who have been barred
From the fire and sowed to redie in yonder quay.

"You see, they are to be the Living Dead
Who must now relive all they have done and said!"
Cried the giant midst the infernal stream's roar.
"Your soul seems pure," he added, "and I doubt you'll be caught
In the inferno and will find the way which Christ bought."
Eli stepped in behind the clanging, closing door.

Iron upon iron, hammer and anvil echoing over and over,
Rang behind Eli, as he peered into a steaming moor,
Where the river Styx wound through its choking mist.
It was so hot there Eli shed his clothes and stepped
Nudely into the Nether world's great depths.
Then a boat loomed near which he almost missed.

Eli approached the dock and boarded to sail
In a tiny skiff which now pierced far off heaven's veil.
The skiff drifted until the mist grew thin
And, shivering from a cooling new breeze,
Eli donned a piece of sailcloth near his knees.
At that moment he reached another gate captioned, "Sin."

Two other boats waited before the gate
And the gatekeeper there cried, "Halt! You must wait
Until the word is given to proceed!"
Eli came about and waited as he was told;
The gate opened, a boatman set sail and poled.
As the door closed screams echoed from his deed.

The other boat was let sail through the gate
While its boatman prayed for an easier fate.
The door again closed to screams of terror.
Eli waited. Then the guard motioned, "next,"
And Eli's boat slipped through the abyss of the hexed
Where truths long passed hovered to challenge each mariner.

The river parted at the chamber's end,
Where two more gates loomed at the river's oxbow bend.
Eli had seen the horrors once before,
Well described and lived through Aeneas' book,
And, accordingly, he was not afraid to look
Upon the hellish torments and burning gore.

So he held the helm stoutly and ignored the sight
Which swirled from the man-eating water's the faint in freight,
And fixed his young eyes upon the right gate.
The preceding boat fared not quite as well,

For the boatman's guilt sent him into hell
As he was blinded by all the horrors of his own hate.

And where the boiling waters became two
Streams at the river's bend, the first boat flew
Forward, into the lower channel's gate of fire,
And in screaming pain the boatman was thrown
Into the hole below the mountain's cone,
Where Aeneas tended hell's ceaseless pyre.

Shielding his arm from the lower door's heat,
Eli bent his skiff to the right in retreat
And drifted into the reed-filled waters
Of a crystal clear lake and a meadow's rills,
What appeared to be the journey's end, and Eli released the till
And stepped into that field's flowery care.

The grass and flowers were knee deep, a very delight,
With nature's colors, all against a Prussian blue sky.
Then, appearing like some porcelain white faced dolls
Stood some people at an emerald lodge.
Yes! The mansion was made from emeralds corded like logs,
The gems were nearly as long as you are tall!

Like a highland thatched hunting lodge, though crystal green,
Stood this island mansion midst its heavenly desmense.
Gazing upon its roofing of bronze-red tiling;
This strange chateau and of fiefdom feel
Left Eli in a mood so genteel
He floated over the moor, arms outstretched and quite beguiling.

He approached the mansion to stand in line
Waiting to enter that lodge so divine.
All were silent, standing in awe to hear
Murmurings and pleas from the deeper emerald corridors.
The line shriveled, Eli stepped through the doors,
Behold! He faced the First Examiner!

The Examiner scanned through a fiery book
And waved Eli by with nary a look
Or sound. Eli stepped by to the courtyard
And took a stone seat near a weeping lass.
Deigning to know where he was, Eli asked,
"Lass, where are we and why are you crying so hard?"

She didn't speak, only wiping her tears the more.
"I seek the Stereotypes, maybe they're of your corps?"

He whispered, but, alas, she still spoke not.
With no answer forthcoming, he turned away
And scanned the green marbled courtyard silently.
The lass spoke, "Beyond that gate is the lot."

Eli bade his thanks and approached the gate
Which was made out of Mother of Pearl and jade.
Beyond was a yacht preparing to sail
And people were boarding her in great glee.
He returned to the lass, feeling the jubilee,
"Be happy lass," said he, "It should be a divine sail."

The lass shook her beautiful blue-black locks,
"No, you are wrong, I shall tread not those docks,
For the yacht sails with only the good,
The Stereotypes whom you said you seek.
It is not my ship; mine lies waiting; I'm weak
And cannot join your ship of Brotherhood."

"But why?" queried the alarmed Eli, "for you are lovely to me
You appear so gentle, the height of beauty."
But she sighed, "My past revealed, claimed the Book,
Commissioned me to Salvation's Halfway House;
I shall sail tomorrow, after I douse
My sins in the sorrows I forsook!"

"Oh, lass," cried Eli, "Your agony I would share
If I could. You are so helpless and yet so fair,
Your suffering I could not bare. He held
Her satin damask-shrouded hands and saw in her wet eyes
The picture of his lost love, that her cries
Echoed from his heart where his future dwelled.

"I know you," he answered. "You are Anna, my queen hence;
You are the queen of my new innocence!
I see the mirror in your pond-like eyes
As my bride to be! Anna we are one!"
The lass despaired, "The weaver of fate is not yet done!
I am not yet your prize!"

"What are you saying?" asked Eli, "Are we not one
Now? Are we not merged hand in hand? It is done!"
Two hands gripped each other, an attendant came to them
Saying, "Come Eli, it is time to go."
Eli cried, "But I can't leave this chateau
Without Anna!" He pleaded, "No, no, she's not condemned!"

Eli squeezed Anna's hand one more time, bade her goodbye
And sadly rose from the bench to comply
With the command to join his brotherhood.
He went through the gate to the sleek, fleet yacht,
And boarding the ship thereupon sought
To get help from the Stereotype of leadership good.

Yet, the ship sailed away as if in a dream;
Angelic souls strolled the decks from beam to beam.
Eli questioned one man who bore a scar
Across his chest and beneath his white robe,
"Where are we going?" The man smiled, pulled his earlobe,
And replied, "To heaven, bliss; just over there, not far."

"Are you a true Stereotype?" asked Eli.
"No," replied the kind soul with a deep sigh,
"It is not I. Over there are those you seek."
Eli approached the other side and spoke of his hopes,
Telling them of the Lotus-eaters, the dopes,
The plague, hatred, the noxious reek.

The Stereotypes said nothing until Eli
Finished. Then they smiled, saying, "Oh, Eli,
It is sad, sad indeed; oh, my, alas, alas;
We are mere paragons of virtue lad!
We can do nothing for you; believe us, we are so sad
We can't help you rid your land of the hateful morass!"

Eli was shocked: "But why? I was told you could,
That you, above all, practiced brotherhood!"
The kind men smiled all together, "Aye, it is true;
But we are mere symbols now, an ethereal light;
We're not mortal, we can't help you in your fight!
If we could we would for we love you."

You must go back home to your mortal realm;
You can do no good here because of our ship's helm.
Hurry, jump, make haste before the gate comes,
Or you will be caught in the Heavenly Gauss!"
Cried an old man, and Eli jumped across
The deck and over the side, to the roll of Heavenly Drums.

Part V
The Redemption of Anna

Jumping over the side of a dream-swept yacht
Eli fell into a bottomless, slippery slot,
a gossamer, ether betwixt extreme,
Falling, falling, I think, from bliss to Lucifer.
As he fell he dreamt he was with another;
The fair Anna whom he'd soon redeem.

He could see the fiery furnace below,
Where sinewy hands stretched to him in woe,
Trying to drag him to their burning coal.
Eli fell through eternity, well beyond the moor,
Seemingly to infinity's further shore,
Like Satan himself thrown to Hell's ragged shoal.

Eli plunged into the infernal chasm,
Down, down, down he fell in body, retching, spasm,
Until he found himself in a boiling flood
Burning his hide like he'd never dreamt,
Singing him with Hell's most heinish contempt,
Until he became a scabbed corpse without any blood!

A fiendish face then occupied his eye,
While Eli heard him cry out, "This one's dry!"
Eli's body was then hooked from the Styx
And thrown upon the shore where vultures sate
In suffocating heat to celebrate
This latest offering and crucifix.

Then vile smelling, bat-faced, red cloaked demons
Stretched Eli's remains over a cross of corroded bronze,
Whilst another singed his limbs to its frame!
Then he was placed upside down without a drink
And left-over coals to shrivel and to shrink,
While bats sucked moisture from the drippings off the frame.

Now Anna had set sail to the below,
To serve her sentence with the vile and low,
And standing on the black "Bellerophone"
(The yacht of treachery and fiendish deceit)
With all of her possessions near her feet,
Anna watched Eli plunge through Hell's fiery cone.

Her yacht stopped at a bleak, humid harbor,
Where Anna donned a black robe to transfer

In dark confusion to that ominous red pit,
Wherefrom she was placed in a diving bell:
Windowless and alone she was dipped into Hell,
With, of course, her jewelry to purchase her permit.

The door of the bell clanged open before long
And she was pushed through a gate midst a circling throng.
As she passed by the gatekeeper, thereupon he cried,
"Gate number one, six more to go; your gems
Miss and be quick; the fare's twelve diadems!"
Anna paid her fare as she was pushed aside.

"Follow that path to the Halfway House man,"
Said the guard to Anna, "Go on, now scam!"
She wept along the loathsome path to Hell,
Over a dusty, lifeless mount's suffocating path,
Which caused her tongue to swell from the reeking wrath
Her throat speechless, hoarse and dry, too dry to foretell.

Her mouth, no feeling as if it were filled with cotton,
She slowly dehydrated, a corpse almost rotten,
Led away to meet her earthly damnation.
The dusty path led her spiraling downwards to a blacker gate,
Whereupon more of her gems were swiped in rebate
As she roamed on farther in further privation.

The next path led her through a lightless cave
Where she heard screams and pain from an old grave,
A field of the dead not yet dead, an eternal torture,
Where dead men pierced the darkness in battle,
Being sent to slaughter as we send forth our cattle,
Whilst their hate raised even more the cave's temperature.

Another gate showed itself, Anna paid the fare,
And, with four more gates to go, she's now gasping for air,
Staggering in a desert heat and void,
Yet tantalized by mirages of palm-shrouded streams.
She swooned, only to be revived by the screams
Of demons who drenched her with dew from the bodies just destroyed.

She stumbled on to the sixth gate to find
But one gem left from the fives gates which tithed her behind,
And stripped naked, she begged, "Oh, guard, this walk, I suffer;
How much further, my Lord, is the torment?"
"Take the lower path through the great battlement
And you will soon arrive there," he replied, "If you prefer."

The path led through hot, sticky, boiling mud,
Where leeches gripped her flesh and sucked her eyes of blood;
But she had been deceived there by the gatekeeper
And had been sent down the most hellish path:
Getting only one small gem at his gate drew his wrath;
The gatekeeper resents tithers who are cheaper.

Now it is a fact, Hell has seven levels,
And each of the levels had its devils,
Some more vile than others, but lower found;
But the halfway house was nearer the sixth gate.
"Halfway" it was called: half filled with jealousy and half filled with hate!
Who did not chime in to castigate were simply gagged and bound.

She was slushing through that house , its mud and leeches,
And found a grove of wretched peaches
Midst a field spewing eye burning vapors
(Which burned off the leeches) but left her on the edge
Of Hell's great fiery pit of Sacrilege!
It was the vilest place of all of all the Devil's floors.

Anna pined for a drink and spied the fruit:
Groping at the precipice and destitute
She grasped the juicy morsel, ate therefrom,
And, nauseated from the smell she fell
Over the pit's edge to the lowest of Hell!
She landed, dear reader, in the scum.

I fear I'll turn your stomach, to tell you more,
For this wrenching story we all deplore:
The scum was foaming with writhing maggots and crawling lice!
And fair Anna, attacked through nose and ears
With worms even chewing about her tears,
Fell into the Styx scratching, yes scratching, and even her eyes.

Lucifer himself, pleased at her pointless distress,
Watched her fall in error to his throne of duress;
And noting how fair the young damsel was,
He ordered her to be hooked from the bubbling deep,
Scalded and with bloody eyes – she can no longer weep –
She sits sightless beneath his viperous dripping claws.

For at the foot of Lucifer's serpentine throne
Rested his pet Basilisk coiled and hissing its gluttonous groan,
In a heavy, toxic sleep. Its glance, we warn you, dear reader,
Would be fatal and so too his vile breath;

With the head of a snake his bite surely means death,
His dragon breath, enticing, a lure, a man eater!

Anna was trapped, having no way to leave,
Even with eyes it would be hard to conceive
An escape from Lucifer's monstrous guard.
So she wept blood red tears, though oddly without pain,
And despaired among Hell's fiendish insane!
Then one time some wine Satan thought to discard.

At last, she was offered a drink! Though it was planned
By the tempter Lucifer. None the less, she scanned
And probed the ground with her fingers and would drink her fill.
Lucifer knew that a flask each day
Would before long bribe the sightless damsel his way.
So each day he grogged her to his will.

Now it came to pass during an unplanned orgy,
Where Satyrs raped and drank in Platonic glee,
That Lucifer's Basilisk deigned to romp
Amongst the proceedings and went astray.
While he was gone Anna heard someone pray!
"What's this?" she thought, "Who prays midst this piss and pomp?"

Anna crawled to the mournful pleas to God
With her hair dragging behind in the blood soaked sod.
Her silent hands searched the bleak hideaway
Through sharp edged rocks, pitch, and hot boiling tar.
Then, behold, Her heart leaped; she found the bronzed spar
That held the charred body of the love the proud betray.

Her nimble fingers crept over dying coals
Which were placed below Eli's simmering and shriveled jowls.
Still hanging in death but yet alive, as the cold
Metal members which drew the last warmth from his flesh.
"Eli?" whispered the fair lass, with words suppressed but fresh
And hair wisping with spring's last offering from the marigold.

Through parched lips, broken with death's rasp and ulcer,
Eli released a clatter-choked murmur,
A strangling voice, Death's Great Rattle.
"Eli, it is I," said Anna, and she offered him Lucifer's wine;
She raised the sweet nectar over his dried lip,
Slowly it flowed, a drip, another drip;
He coughed, and he vomited, now free of death's brine.

Anna silently returned to the throne,
And waited for her chance, most unbeknown
To Satan, to bring Eli's corpse to the wake,
And whilst each Bachallinean delight
Amused Satan's kennel and appetite,
Anna stole Eli from Satan and his fiery lake.

It came to pass to Lucifer's woe,
That Anna plotted the pit's overthrow,
Bringing Eli back to strength with the discarded wine
Which Lucifer had tossed in hope that he
Would keep Anna drunk and diseased indefinitely.
Such is our testimony to the ignorance of Satan and his design.

Now every eve at half past the rape
(Satan keeps his time through this and the grape)
New souls are dumped into the seventh pit
From the lost beings of levels above
As tormented boatmen down the Styx would shove
To keep the kindling fresh in Satan's turning spit.

Little do most people (or devils) know
That Lucifer's fire continues its glow
Through the constant surging of hardened sin
Down the lower branch of the river Styx.
Aye, it is so, the guiltiest are the sticks
Which are the best to stack in Hell's fuel bin.

So boatmen who veer from the guilt they'd see
In the tunnel of sin are more rapidly
Conveyed through the Styx's fieriest gate
And down the channel to the bottom floor
Right to the worst pit and the oven's quickly closing door!
Yet, though vile it may be, there's still a worse fate!

For there are such men encrusted in guilt
Where their soul burns on, disdaining to silt,
And would incinerate mayhaps forever
Were Hell's devils impatiently begging to heat
Their notorious den, Lucifer's sweaty suite,
To intolerable heights too hot to bear.

So, deigning not to let the fire cool down,
Lucifer lets hard souls reach golden brown,
And, seeing them not turn to a hellish red dust,
Has them cast from the ovens into the gloated stream

So to float out from Hell and life redeem –
That is to say – to continue on earth his hellish lust.

Thus it is so that skulls float to the sea,
To be replanted there midst the debris
Of man's eternal and infernal, his wars, hatred, and spite.
Now, on the other hand, there are some souls
That are far too cool to warm Satan's ghouls,
Who are not hardened and ripe as the sinner's proselyte.

So it is in hell that Lucifer grogs
The stumbling fools to be inane hogs,
Until the searing pit should encrust one's skin
Enough to serve more fuel to his foul way;
So it is in hell that spirits decay
Until his fiery pit would consume all men!

Now it came to pass that Eli espied
The stoker of the furnace of Satan's favorite fried
And beseeched Anna to lure him away,
Leaving no tender to catch scream-laden boats
Plunging down the Styx. So they lured and smote
Him and escaped through Anna's negligee!

Thus it was that the two made their escape
By stealing a boat through the lust and desire to rape,
And riding the two way river off current
From the pit of hate to the waiting sea,
Where the first door stood to eternity,
Between two extremes: Charity and Torment.

But woe unto poor Anna, oh, we fell, remorse:
As they opened the door there came a mighty force
Which cast them into the cavern's outer room,
Where nothing stood between them and fresh air,
Where they heard the Titan guard cry, "Eli, beware!
Go not outside, for it will be to your doom!"

Thinking the guard referred to his charred but renewed frame,
Knowing not that the guard referred to the dame,
Eli and Anna sped down the great chiming hall.
At last, light! Caressed by virgin sunbeams
The loving two stood freed of both extremes
As one - until weak Anna began to fall!

Oh, horror! For Anna's face turned yellow
And her body from weakness began to bow;

Ugly features began to cross her face
And, like a writhing hag of Hecate's brood, I'd remark,
She took repulsive shapes hideous and stark,
And crawling on the floor returned to disgrace!

"Anna!" cried Eli, "Come back!" But she left
The light and her lover Eli bereft,
And crawled, slithering and limping back into Hell,
To repay the torment listed in the great Book,
To replace whatever her weakness took,
And to earn her own chance to in peace dwell.

Poor Eli! Again alone, but now free,
He became another in our epoch of the refugee:
He fell exhausted on the stony shore,
Wailing in a most delirious and, for Timon, an obnoxious way,
Over his lost love and the failures of his day;
He gave up, so it seems, at fortune's door.

Part VI
Spiteful Timon

Perched above rolling waves on a lonely rock
Sat a bitter man who sat there only to mock
All of humanity. Aye! Though still young,
He despised all men, wishing them only all that is ill;
He preferred solitude, and most certainly despised Good Will.
Such was Spiteful Timon of Athens, a man of bitter tongue.

So spiteful he was, he owned in Athens a fig tree
(On whose limbs suicides occurred frequently)
But Timon thought to cut it down: a dove-cote he would build;
And advertised with ample warning this deed he did,
So to accommodate the planned suicides their last bid!
And this is the epitaph over his own grave, as he willed:

"Here am I laid, my life of misery done.
Ask not my name, I curse you every one."

So Timon became as he wished, all alone,
Sitting upon his perch, the commorant's rocky throne,
Having lonely thoughts in a tossing sea,
Praying not for money nor fame, only peace
(To be left alone by his ancient Greece,
Where he reviled nothing but his own misery!)

To say the least, Spiteful Timon was very surprised
To hear below his salty height what he most despised:
The low wailing sound of a human cry
Filter over the breakers' thundering wave.
"My God, is there no peace in this grave?"
Cried Timon, "Oh, God, I pray, let him die!"

Alas, peace did not come, and Eli moaned for days,
Lying on the beach in a feverish daze,
Whilst the sun baked upon his painful, broken skin,
Drying the seeping ooze from each boil and crack.
And he would still be there today, lying on his back,
Were it not for Spiteful Timon's short tempered chagrin!

For poor Timon suffered nearly thirteen weeks,
Hearing the relentless wailing and occasional shrieks

Of pain from dying Eli. "God please help!"
Begged Timon over and over again,
Whilst he slowly went mad from the shore's daily din
And tried to strangle himself with strands of lapping kelp.

Fortunately for Eli, Spiteful Timon failed –
The Kelp he chose was weak. So Timon then impaled
Himself (or nearly so) on a sharp narwhal tooth;
But even then he only worsened his own distress,
Wounding himself only enough to make a ruddy mess,
Dripping blood all over his greenish-gray booth.

So poor Timon, having no other choice,
Was forced to find Eli and figure out how to squelch his voice.
Now Timon was scornful, but not so vile
As to take a man's life (whether the man is in pain or not),
And Eli's wailing put him in an unsavory spot;
He did think about throttling Eli over his sheltering driftwood pile.

But Timon, as I said, could not kill the wretched soul
(Though he'd have applauded your doing the whole),
And he truly could not wait for the man to die.
So what to do? He pondered and he himself now weeping
Discovered the solution: his heart and soul now leaping:
The solution was obvious: Timon must help the poor guy.

Timon looked around, searching the entire bleak coast,
To make sure no one would witness him playing host
And nurse to the wretched Eli. He fed and he bathed
Eli for days, nearly a week, until health came
To the patient, and to the nurse his shame,
Leaving one now diseased and the other unscathed!

And it came to pass that Eli parted
With thanks to his nurse and set off again for the uncharted
Realms in search of an ally; though he had been strangely aided,
Boosting his soul into the limitless, spiritual bounds,
Thinking he could fly over the Lotus-eater's dried up grounds
He went on to his next adventure, his own pessimism now abated.

Spiteful Timon returned to his perch
To resume his misery and besmirch
Humanity at every hour of the day, following his cynical manner,
While praying to God and then all the gods for final repose.
Well, dear reader, this is the record of Timon's unsung crisis
Begging for peace whilst reproaching the gods from Jove and Isis,
The wretch, shamed and broken, still protesting God only knows.

Part VII The War

Spiteful Timon wasn't the only one that day who wanted peace,
For many sought it but failed to increase
It at all during Eli's troubled time.
Eli's people were a very strange lot,
As they had strange ways of getting what they sought:
Seeking peace with swords and justice with crime!

Thus it was that Eli's freedom loving land sought war
To secure harmony forevermore.
It began, it seems, over the Lotus eating.
The dispute, subtle at first, came about
When three Lotus eating leaders were out
Searching for Lotus (which they called "Lotus Beating").

It is said that they got a big haul that day,
As each approached their smoky camp with a big bouquet.
They all sat down after their long greedy quest;
And, resting in a bed of dry leaves,
One of them snuffed a blossom and sneezed,
Causing blossoms to fly around that evil nest.

It was late in the evening and still quite still,
A full moon was over a ruminant hill,
And only a crackle from their campfire
Decried in the darkness that the Lotus-eaters were there.
Now, when one sneezed blossoms went everywhere,
But circled eventually to the flames, igniting the others' ire.

We may recall Lotus-eaters consume
Lotus as snuff (through the nose like perfume),
By smoking it wadded in brown paper wrappers,
Or eating it, which was preferred over all.
But in terms of this practice they had a protocol:
First eat, then smoke, then snuff and damp the wrapper in the trapper.

"You idiot!" cried the angry two men,
"You've violated protocol again!"
The guilt laden one jumped up, saying, "But I like snuff!
I don't want to eat the junk anyway;
I'm sick of eating the blossoms all the live-long day.
Go on, take them, you can have the stuff!"

He stormed and stomped throughout the night
In such a fit that the others' appetite
For the Lotus was quite ruined, alas,
And they all spent the eve in fuming rage,
Threatening their union; they would disengage,
Where each would lead his own Lotus eating class.

So it came to pass, their world was parted,
And, for the sake of peace, war was started.
One Lotus-eater formed a snuffing camp,
Another of Smoke, and the last would eat
The tasty little petals in his six by six's seat;
And each, of course, had his people's ways to revamp.

At first the war was a cold play on words,
And the three odd camps added vinegar to the others' curds.
The eater faction feared the snuffer the most,
Whilst the snuffers and smokers feared the greed
Of the eaters, since they ate more than they should need.
Anyway, this is the charge I heard from each post.

Well, it was, I fear, a very true claim
That the Eaters were greedy! Put the snuffers to shame.
This was not unforeseen, since Lotus-eaters have unusual thirst
Above all other men; it is only natural
For them to thirst to the extreme, to have even the gall
To strive among themselves to be the worst.

To this day, over this nature, the Lotus-eaters reek
The greedy greed ingratiates them to such a peak
That everywhere darkness appeared, distrust ruled the gloom,
And their words grew hotter, as tempers flared,
Until, alas, one camp began running scared
And built itself a great weapon called "DOOM."

Kind readers, should I tell you now
Of the fear the new device was to endow?
There just was no greater horror
That swept over the world, from pole to pole;
The device was so terrible its toll
Was nothing less than suicidal war!

They ruined the rules of war; it was no longer a game
Of heroes and statesmen in search of fame;
It became a struggle where the stakes were so high,
That there would be total destruction everywhere,

Unless, of course, the Lotus-eater leader were to share
His secret of doom so mankind need not totally die.

This was the thought in each camp anyway.
So everywhere spies sought to betray
One another for the secret and the gain.
Then there was success! Deceit had stolen the great "DOOM"
And planted it in a Snuffer's spies' room
Who carried it away to his desmesne.

Oh, despair, the secret was out. A curse
Of DOOM was everywhere to coerce
Everyone now. And such fear then grew
That none of the war camps dared use the pernicious tool!
"But someone might - But who? - He'd only be a fool!"
Was their thinking. "What," they asked, "can we do?"

Since everyone could not release DOOM
The whole world became a terrified tomb,
And deceit began wisping through men's brains,
Until, at last, the Lotus-eaters chose
To war against DOOM! Why? Only heaven knows.
So new machines were built for the new campaigns.

Finally, this war of words and machines
Sapped the whole world of its glorious liens
On peaceful living and prosperity.
For it came to pass that warriors with weird stuff from their pit
Smote the spreaders of the snuffing habit,
So we are told by the Eater's somewhat biased history.

To be sure, the Snuffers had gained some ground
On the Eaters, who, in turn, would surround
The world with their Eating habits (*knowing might makes right*).
And it came to pass that the Eaters strengthened their camp
Of War throughout the world and sought to stamp
Out those who dared to even snuff Lotus with all their might.

Of course the Snuffers came to fear as much
The Smokers, whose towns had a dingy smut
From the grayish brown haze milking their air.
And the Smokers great population mass
Grew more a threat, exploding from their constant gas.
This, to the Snuffers, only increased the threat of warfare.

They, as well, set machines of war in gear
And to the battlefield began to steer.

Oh, horror! The battle was immanent;
Butchers lurked all over the land,
Waiting for the coming bloody command
And heroic call of their government.

The battle was launched. Glory, Peace,
Blood, Anguish, Rape, Famine, Money (they loved it; will it never cease?)
These things ripped apart the green countryside,
But the Lotus-eaters did not enter the fight! Why not?
Deceit! They tricked humans to fight for their lot
And made them commit the brutal homicide!

The humans cared not to smoke, snuff, or eat
The Lotus, so its beauty to entreat;
They were told a lie to fight a false cause!
(They would never destroy for the cause so stated)
And what's this? The Cause was never debated!
It was not declared by the human's laws!

Oh, grief, such despair! Will deceit never end?
It is a fact, The Lotus-eaters did send
The humans to death through words of deceit.
It is not worthy to humans, as written in their law, to fight
Until a act of law is debated and voted upon and passed right.
This unworthy battle was charged with Opinion and a bloody defeat.

Now Eli was an offspring of war,
Since it is said his generation was born to restore
The population of his slaughtered state,
To replace the dead of the last crusade
Against a mad lotus-eating renegade,
Who infected all humanity with the morbid desires of humans hate.

During this time Eli's people, still humanely good,
Had endeavored to war for brotherhood,
As their eyes were clear then and saw deceit
Easily when it meddled near their door:
As when the Lotus-eating renegade snuck up from Hell's lowest floor
And being seen through by the humans was forced to make his retreat.

In part this devil, being an early
Lotus-eater to invade humanity, was the key
To the vicious deceit which later came,
Since it is said the humans who put the devil down
Feared he would return again to claim the crown;
The humans were tricked, as the devil came by another name!

Yes, dear reader, it is true, Lucifer is sly!
He sent hellions masked, creeping through the rye,
While the watchmen of the humans were watching for the old fiend!
The hellions crawled past even our noble youth
Who labored in his field to sow Hope and Truth:
The Fruit of the pure Lotus which Prometheus had weaned.

As we saw earlier, Eli did see through those masks
When he peered into the Promethean fire and was given the task
To go forth to tell the humans what he saw: to show the truth to mankind.
But he failed! He failed to reveal the awful and defiled
He was put through hell, subjected to torture and reviled,
And simply beyond the smoky, dreamy human mind.

So it was that Eli was born midst a great war,
To replenish man's terrible toll of gore,
And grew up midst silent battles of many words,
Called Cold Wars by the Lotus-eaters many states.
Eli did not know, however, as he escaped Hell's gates,
That the long Cold War had turned violent and smoke rose heavenward.

Thus it came to pass that our young Eli
Strolled out of Hell's clutches into the depths of a lie,
Stepping not into flowered meadows white
From Lotus blossoms in their springing charm,
But rather to a bloody battle's enchanting harm
And the sounds of sacked temples bombed in the dead of night.

As he crossed over a hill's rolling feathery crest
He saw gaunt apparitions of unrest.
For below him stood an embattled plain
Which convulsed under brackish fires and powder
Bubbling over the souls of Hecate's chowder,
Stirred up savagely with her ladle of pain.

"Halt! Who goes there?" came a cry threatenly,
Rattling Eli from the hills windless lee.
Eli turned around to see a bayonet
Flashing its burnished death beam from below.
A drab green uniform stepped forward, saying, "So!"
"He's a deserter!" cried the soldier; "a filthy coward I bet."

Eli stammered, "No, no, sir. I'm just lost,
I did not know that.." The angry soldier crossed
His chest with his rifle, saying, "Come here,
If you're no deserter, where is your pass?"

Eli searched his pocket, "Pass?" he asked, "alas,
I have no pass." The soldier cried, "I've got a mutineer!"

Three soldiers gusted up the hill at the cry
And apprehended the deserter called Eli.
"Where's your uniform? How come yer naked?"
Asked one of the men binding Eli's hands.
Eli, being confused over the commands
Said no more as he was carried away naked and blinded.

Oh lord, Eli was hustled into the war.
It was the very thing that his soul did abhor!
Down he was led, lower into the nauseous smoke,
Midst swirling confusion, a raging mob,
The din of canons, angry men in trenches which sob,
And he was now in the grasp of the embattled folk.

Eli was jerked through a large oiled tent. His head swam
From the hysterical yelling in his face; a loud slam
Of the door behind him jolted his nerves;
Another tent, dimmed lights, distant faces,
Gunfire beyond, all gathered by thousand-fold disgraces:
This was more of a wrack than anyone deserves.

Then a dark blanket was thrown at his feet,
He was shoved through a metal door and faced the heat
Of a bright lamp over a metal chair.
"Sit down!" they said, and he trembled with fright
As questions were launched at him left and right,
While a soldier secured him by the hair.

"Deserter?" they pried. "No? Draft dodger then!
No?" they pounded him and hit him again and again.
Their wrath began to boil: "Then he's a spy!"
The examiner sneered. Sentence was then
Served on him. Eli was mistaken
For a liar himself and condemned to die!

He was led through the malicious compound,
Walking in misery, head down, with both hands bound,
An innocent found without a right plea,
Forever to be entrapped by hate's awful aura,
To reside among the trampled flora
Behind the trail of the Lotus-eater's inhumanity.

So it came to pass that he was denied,
Thrown to a turbid wind behind the tide

Of bloody hands reaping nature's silent bud
Into one huge basket of broken bones,
The sole testament of a jillion groans
And an endless river of flowing blood.

Eli was hurled into a long deep pit
Covered with steel bars designed to permit
The foulest atrocities one could bring to mind,
For it gave no shelter, exposed him to rain,
Exposed to the sun, and even the urine of the insane
Guards! Such was the state of the Lotus-eater's kind.

Eli was confined there nearly forty days,
Eating once each day from filthy tin trays,
Wondering the while why he was kept alive.
He queried the guard above, only to receive a blank reply,
And stood in anguish for the trumpet, the call when he should die.
Then one morning he heard a train arrive.

The rusty iron grating above his head clanged apart,
The guard yelled, "Come on, it's time to depart!"
And threw down a wooden ladder for Eli to scale.
Eli weakly climbed from his deep, muddy pit,
And was hustled to the train and transit
From the filthy pit to even greater travail.

The train chugged across a desolate plain
Filled with the booty of a long campaign,
Speeding its freight to the Lotus-eaters death factory.
And Eli, packed in an old cattle car,
Waited silently, knowing death wasn't far
And holding Hope's solitary light in the crowded quarters of inhumanity.

It came to pass that the train's mortal cargo
Was disembarked to the cue of the factory yard. Oh,
Would I paint for you the bleak stone walls,
The chimney stacks fuming their mortal smoke,
To portray a just description of the horror,
In a fitting canvas of our Lotus-eating conqueror.

Alas! The cold works freeze my every brush stroke!

As Eli and his human death mates were driven
Through the yard, Eli saw the oven
Which burned incessantly as if Hell
Itself were burning in his mortal view.

In timid horror (he could not betray his horror) he cringed and withdrew
Looking to escape, his eyes searched the citadel.

Then, on the fringe of the denuded crowd,
He saw a lonely woman with head bowed,
Praying and holding filthy rags not fit to wear.
Eli walked closer so to comfort her,
And behold! It was fair Anna, still so demur
And fragile, with her blue-black silken hair!

"Anna," said Eli, "Is it really you?
My eyes deceive me. Is it really true?
He took her hand, her shallow eyes stared back.
"Speak to me," said he, "I thought you condemned
To the monstrous Halfway House with Hell's eternally damned!"
She said nothing, staring back with eyes cold and black.

Eli shook her soft bared shoulder. "My dear,
Speak to me, you must!" Then a small tear
Trickled down her cheek, resting upon her upper lip.
"Eli?" she questioned, "Is it Eli, I pray?"
He squeezed her long quivering fingers. "Aye!"
Their tears blended, cheek upon cheek, lip upon lip.

"Then you weren't condemned to the Halfway House!
I'm so glad," he answered. "Eli, my lost spouse,"
Said she, "You are wrong, I was damned to dwell
Therein. It is true. I was damned to such hate
Vile Lucifer himself would celebrate.
Love! I prayed you'd come to release the spell!

My prince, you did not come! I cried out for you!
I despaired near here. If you only knew!"
Eli was puzzled. "I don't understand,"
Said he. "Oh, my love," said she, "I was married,
I lived, I was betrayed and so terribly harried
By the man to whom I gave my wedded hand!

"It was the war which begot my torment.
I was so happy until then and and very content.
But I wasn't of my ruthless husband's faith,
And he turned me over to the police, in fear of his peers,
So not to suffer the state's scorn and the Lotus-eaters smears.
He saved his own life and delivered me to the wraith.

"And now we share the identical Spector,
You the innocent and I the nectar

Of life's unsweetened, unmilled, chastity.
Alas, maybe it was fated. I was paid in kind
For my own weaknesses. It was designed
That I suffer from what I deigned to be!

"But my love, my innocent young Eli,
My heart is heavy more because you also must die!"
He folded his arm around her shaking form,
And they stepped as one into the mass slowly moving
Towards a gate to the camp's outer wing;
He Innocent and she Penitent Reform.

The procession stepped through the heinous gate,
And before them stood, but a moment's wait,
Two terribly long lines waiting to die,
Facing a monstrous trench half filled to the brim
With naked bodies so horribly grim
Eli cried out, "This is not true; it's my lie!"

"It is a nightmare, it cannot be real;
Oh, my God, I pray to you, I beg that you repeal
This mad dream. I beseech you, Awaken me!"
A guard came and struck him on the forehead
With a gun. "Quiet, you, or your next," he said.
And Eli slumped towards Anna's trembling knee.

Anna pulled her lover back to his feet,
Drawing him to her breast to sooth the beat
Of her heart as it pounded its last languid notes.
Gunshots cracked in the factory's stale air
As two victims were released from their despair.
Two more fell with death's rattle in their throats.

The two lovers stepped to the trench's bleak red skirt
And kneeled in prayer in the blood soaked dirt.
The clouds wept, shedding tear drops on the ground,
As cold gun barrels rested against each innocent's head.
Two blasts deafened their ears and they were dead,
Falling as one to the pit's dreadful, bleeding mount.

Part VIII
Impressions of Cambria

Ice plant clinging to sea wrought cliffs,
Tiny buttercups tucked midst sea born drifts;
And winding foot paths framing the living prints
Lead the wayfarers to a wandering bliss,
Silent, yet deafened by an eternal tidal mist
Which surfs day and night, pounding moments into events.

Cypress trees cling to the traveling soil,
Leaning away from the surf's mighty toil,
And midst rocky fingers of land's treeless end
Stand an occasional form woven from two,
Two lovers clinging as love is want to do,
Rooted in the calm of the beach's gentle bend

A weathered eye surveys the action-less scene,
Waiting to spy movement midst the patched green;
A screeching gull warns the ebbing flow,
As he swoops upon his foamy cape,
But nothing moves to change the casual shape,
Which invites the basking seals on the volcanic rocks below.

Sun-browned kelp mounds sweep the restless sand
As scalloped currents caress the land,
Mixing the wash from cove to cove;
Yet, quietly, quietly, crystal grains ebb and seep,
Counting the time where the tiniest creep
By trailings anew, of large and small treasure trove.

A moment is stopped as the watchful lie
Before a stone black, curious, lidless eye;
Two lovers kneel in a curious gaze
At nervous antennae probing from the moonstone holes.
A click of the shutter sends tiny claws to deeper shoals,
Away and into the womb of the foamy haze.

A shoe on the beach, a sail coasting afar,
Two more in embrace before their car;
All watching the watchers and tide's afternoon,
Waiting for sunset and its hallowed reddish sky;
Emerald flows meeting lapis deeps,
Until the retreating light levels graying keeps,
Silently guarding the blue-red dye.

The two still entwined on lands end, head shouldered to head,
Souls yet moved by raptures anew, a glowing bed,
Stand as vigils before the dusky shore,
Waiting forever until the sands below
Mark the moment of a new orb's evening glow,
In the haunting stillness, repeating the eve before.

He removes her hand from a youthful waist,
And leads her down the walk in haste
To catch the vantage of a moonlit sky
Casting its light over the breaker's last points.
He grips her hand and her tears he anoints
By his tender lips on cheeks preparing to cry.

"This is Cambria," Eli whispered to his dear,
"Cry not my love lest others hear,"
He wiped the tears off her cheek, one by one,
Gathering to his finger dew, as dew upon leaves;
"This is Cambria, which no one, having seen it, leaves:
The truth that all yearn, a rest in peace, my Cambrian son."

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Romance of Anais

An Arthurian style romance first published in 1992 of a grail princess that forecasted the second war of Iraq, the outrages of George Bush Jr., the battle in Afghanistan, and a "swarthy lad" successor who restores justice. The book picks up where "Parzival" left off, and includes the history of the rare elixer derived from the horn of the Unicorn, as remembered by the West family of Somersett and their estate of Lady Elizabethe la filroy de Poitiers (July 1992)

Author's Preface

This story was written for my daughter. It was written to explain to her how my unusual Quest, which led to Bodrum, Turkey on numerous occasions, resulted in my encounter of her beautiful mother and our subsequent love. I travelled with many people along the way and carried only a small bag and a sleeping bag. I found that the further and longer I travelled the less I needed in baggage. I often slept on roofs wherever I could find a pension which offered those accommodations.



I loved Turkey so much I travelled the entire western half of the land, but was compelled to return to one city, a favorite tourist site of the Turks, called Bodrum. Bodrum is the home of the great historian, Herodotus, and the city, known as Halicarnassus in ancient times, had one of the Seven Wonders of the world, called the Mausoleum, within it. I lodged in a roof-top pension a few doors away from the Mosque which was situated in the center of the embarcadaro of its nicely arced harbor. A few doors away on the other side of my pension was the American Cafe, where I would hang out. My roof-top room faced the harbor. The owner was adding another story to the building and only the concrete block walls were up. There was no roof and the windows had not been installed in the openings of the wall.

On the right hand side of the harbor, as I viewed it from my rooftop suite, was a modern yacht harbor, and to the left, where a spit reached across the harbor, was a Castle. Along the embarcadaro were moored beautiful Turkish sailing vessels for the Tourist Trade. They were varnished, gleaming in the sun-light, and reminded me of Spanish Galleons. There were power boats of all sizes for charter there as well. The smaller power boats were used as taxis to take you to one of the many beaches nearby. Other beaches were accessible by Jeep. Bodrum was both picturesque and a nice town in which to live. I loved it so much I kept going back to it. On my last visit to Bodrum, through a series of unusual circumstances, I met the mother of my daughter. It was an extraordinary romance which began near the foot of a castle overlooking the bay of Bodrum and ended in Paris, France. But the Fates drove me out of France to write this book and others, and my yacht turned out to be a place where I could write without distraction, as in the Cave of the Unicorns.

Realizing that I may not be able to explain to my daughter what happened, from another point of view I wrote this story. I put it in French (poorly written I confess) just in case she would never learn English. It explains how I was separated from her to write certain works, and much of what I came to write is on all the major religions, reconciling them as it were. My daughter is the Grail Princess in the story.

I published this work in a series of tiny books which could fit in a shirt pocket. These, along with others, I was giving to the homeless in San Francisco who used them to raise money for themselves. I had organized about 200 of them on Powell Street in San Francisco, and they wanted to set up a Tent and run it as a processing center where they could work with churches and other organizations to help those who wanted to get out of the pit do so. But our efforts were spoiled when Mayor Jordan of San Francisco introduced his "Matrix" plan, directed at cleaning the homeless off the streets. The materials were confiscated.

You can identify the segments of the book by a date at the end of each one. Because of the nature of publishing the segments, I reviewed what happened before in the story, so anyone picking up one of them could get a sense of where the story was coming from. That's the reason for the repetition.

The form of the story is a story within a story within a story and tends to involve a lot of digressions, perhaps familiar to the Children of India who have read the great collection of stories which included, *The Lion King*. The book is a history in its own way, mixing times and events together, reflecting back into the past and looking forward into history, switching back and forth to review the complicated details that formed Western Civilization, as we know it, and the complications involving our relationship with the Moslems and the Asians. The history stretches from Britain to Mongolia and China, and all of the dates and characters in each nation are pretty much accurate. As said, the characters of my family are from the *Romances*, and in that context they are true. King George of Quakin-bush, and Gory Vitellus are mythical characters I created, along with Ogmios of Ocoui. Ogmios is modelled after a true monk in the Middle Ages, although the name and character is also from Celtic mythology and may resemble a character of modern times. Princess Yuri-rita, is a person who worked at the print shop, where I printed my tiny books, who looked then as I described her, and claimed the ancestry I wrote about her. Gregori managed the print shop and is Italian. Sir Caldemore is a banker friend. The genealogies are accurate except where I injected these and some other characters.

The gods of the Heretics are distortions of historical figures who condemned the Jews, who helped formulate the Heretic views. To explain this condemning god, I created the god Antijude. Antijude is known in the book as the god who hates the poor and blesses the rich. Among all faiths in the world, discussed in this book, God, who is ineffable, defends the poor and encourages you to be charitable, honest, merciful, not to kill, not to steal; in a word, practice the Golden Rule. Antijude hates the Golden Rule. In reflecting back on the book I suppose King George, the Heretics, and their god, Antijude, now and then appear in the hearts of all people. This becomes evident where I review the conflicts, wherever they occurred, whether they took place in Kazakhstan, Byzantium, Jerusalem, Afghanistan or in China.

The book is written from the wacky view of the unicorn.

I wrote the book from the point of view of my mythical Arthurian heroes who, according to the criteria of the written legends, were of Jewish lineage and would thus have a point of view more akin to that of St. James. They would also be more likely to be able to reason with the Moslems.

In light of the events of September 11, 2001, I lament over the satirical line I took towards America. I had intended the romance to be a children's book, but because of the complex issues it addresses it turned more to an intellectual level.

Children can enjoy the book for many reasons. The colorful knights are an invitation to their parents and them to draw the characters and color them. To know their colors. They can try to find the places named in the geography of the work and draw the maps I might have provided.

The Book is a history in its own way and there are some distortions, as mentioned. The facts and characters in this petite histoire are mostly correct, except for those I created. The book may be seen as prophetic work. One can look back over the last ten years and see things the book addressed. I would never have believed 9-11, however, had I seen it in a vision. Perhaps I saw it and didn't want to address it.

Peace.

M/6/14/04

Updated 5/26/14

Chapter 1

How Sir Gwain was enchanted and set off to rescue fair Anais & her unicorn after King Arthur's odd tournament!

The Unicorn was first mentioned by the Bible, in the Books of Moses, then in the Psalms, and taken up by other prophets. In the Middle Ages the horn of the Unicorn was believed to have wonderful healing and protective powers. The horn was so rare – affordable by only the wealthiest – it was the prize of kings and rarely found outside their palaces; often traded king to king. Sometimes they used the Unicorn's horn in powder form and other times simply suspended it over their dining tables to protect all the people in their high palaces and castles. Connected with this legend is the tradition of the Horn of Plenty or Cornucopia, which is a horn shaped container filled with fruits and vegetables, still placed on tables during Thanksgiving, and signifying the promise of abundance and prosperity for all at the table.

The Unicorn is the most elusive beast in nature. Originally it was believed to have first been seen in Africa and also in India. Some of the first descriptions of this secretive creature were as multicolored animals with purple, red, blue and yellow markings sometimes with white horns, purple horns, red horns, etc. – with feet like an elephant and a body of a hippo. The lengths of horn varied, from 2-3 feet to 6 feet and higher.

Other sightings described it as a more graceful creature like a gazelle, as it could leap and bound over high walls. Others and the most recent of them, all involved sightings of the Unicorn with white coats and wings in the shape of a beautiful horse. Some sightings saw the Unicorn coming from the sea, others inhabiting the deepest recesses of the forests - now endangered by man's beastly scourge of their habitats - and other sightings are on the tops of the highest mountain peaks. Other descriptions say it can change shape and appear walking with men, eating and drinking, etc.

The Unicorn has been trapped only on a few occasions but unfortunately was killed by monarchs and princes for their horns (as vile men now kill elephants and rhinos for their horns). A sure way to trap a Unicorn was to place a virgin in the forest. If she were not false the Unicorn would quickly run to her and place his head in her lap, after which the king's nets would be thrown over it. Although it is the most gentle of beasts and of the highest virtues – never lying nor cheating, etc. – it was most sensitive to falsehood and a phony virgin was immediately thrust through with its horn.

Sometimes through the lure of a false virgin it was possible to cause the Unicorn to charge and, at the last moment, cause it to impale itself in a nearby tree.

Protected Kings from Poison

Reports on its curative qualities vary but the mere possession of the horn promised long life, cure from illnesses of all kinds, and protection from poison. Its most treasured quality was its ability to sense and protect from poison and treachery in general. Often those who are false and accustomed to lying and cheating have their very own devices later come down upon their own heads soon after they come near the proximity of the Unicorn's horn or its powder. Creatures, sensing polluted waters in a stream, would pause at the stream to await the Unicorn to come for its first drink, thereby, at the same time, making the waters pure for others to drink. While the Unicorn powder could protect from poison it has never been known, by itself, to purify water or

other substances except those wicked devices against which it protected kings. Monarchs always had the Unicorn's horn nearby their tables to foil any possible attempts to poison them. This was the most important reason the horn was rarely found outside of king's palaces.

Love Potion

It is believed that the powder taken by Tristan by mistake came from the horn of a Unicorn. At the time he was escorting from Ireland the lovely, lovely Isolde to her new husband, King Mark of Cornwall. Although Tristan loved Isolde beyond compare and would have wedded her, and she him, it was necessary that she marry King Mark, and Tristan's duty, above all his personal desires, was to his king, one of the most powerful kings in the days of King Arthur of Britain.

To assure that the marriage would be consummated (for King Mark had not yet gazed upon the delightful lady Isolde) Isolde's mother, the Queen of Ireland, gave a potion to Isolde's lady in waiting to be administered to King Mark the evening the two would consummate their marriage. Alas, as fate often interferes with the plans of men, on board the ship the magic elixir was given to Tristan by mistake, and poor, poor Tristan fell more hopelessly in love with Isolde. It was a sad, sad affair, for upon delivery of his lady to his uncle, King Mark, Tristan – who was named by King Mark as his sole heir to the realm of Cornwall – was day after day, night after night, compelled to visit his lover under a cherry tree in the garden, even that very tree below the tower of King Mark's very private chamber!

Protected God's Servant's

Sir Galahad, the son of Sir Lancelot, a cousin of Tristan and King Mark (all were cousins of King Arthur and sons of King David through Joseph of Arimathaea) was dusted with a slight, magical pinch of Unicorn Powder in the talcum powder applied to his bottom as a baby. That same powder was merely wafted over the Siege of Danger at the Round Table; and no one, from then on, except Sir Galahad – then a babe suckling at his mother's breast – would be able to sit in that chair, according to our story. Many died trying to sit in the Siege of Danger, frightening others away.

Protected from Foolishness

Poor, poor Parzival also was affected by the Unicorn Powder. Listen to this unusual tale! He was another cousin of King Arthur and son of David, through Gahmuret, the King of Anjou. Anjou was one of those realms under Sir Lancelot which was bequeathed to Gahmuret through Sir Dinas le Seneschal. There were few knights in France who were greater than Parzival's father. Witness just part of that epitaph written upon Gahmuret's cross upon his grave:

“..His fame shot up so high that none will ever reach its mark wherever men shall judge of knights hereafter..He gave help and manly counsel to his friends and never failed them. For women he suffered bitter love-pangs..The hero strove for fair renown in all his conscious days and so died a renowned Knight. He won the victory over all that is perfidious.”

Such was Sir Parzival's fine lineage. As he was on his Quest to find King Arthur, he saw a pavilion made of three-color samite (green, white, and sable) in the forest of Brizljan; and Lady Jeschute, the wife of Duke Orilus de LaLander, was inside sleeping, waiting for her knight to return. Parzival was overpowered by her beauty: seeing her sleeping there, with parted lips which wore the flame of Love's Hot Desire and the sable coverlet barely drawn below her smoothly carved Trojan hips! Her artful form was one no sculpture could – nor, dare we say, would? – improve! Upon her finger were some rings, of which the naive lad's mother had told him to acquire as he pursued his errant mission.

Being a youth (of beautiful form unequalled himself, whose chastity broke many a maiden's heart) and having not yet ! Waking, and seeing herself in dishonor, she complained; and then the naughty boy – would not all youths be tempted to such indelicacy at such a sight? – attempted to kiss her, crushing his breast to hers. Then, although he had been taught to always treat ladies in the most delicate way, he spied a blue sapphire brooch with a gilt cameo on its reverse. It was on her right shoulder and he straight-away tore it off her shift! With the brooch (whose engraving carried the words, Faithful and True) came a small piece of the shift. The shift – made of the whitest virgin samite – was the very same shift she wore in the Grail Castle when she was a Grail Maiden. As all people then knew, the Grail Maidens wore underclothes dusted with Unicorn Powder and that same secret powder was used to dust the Holy Grail when raised at dinner by King Anfortas, Parzival's maternal uncle. King Anfortas was then the Grail King of the Grail Castle. This is according to the secret rite of the Holy Grail.

Life does have its odd quirks where foolishness often brings forth wisdom, and the feathered hats of fools, as it were, are used to point out the heads of anointed Kings. In this sense, Parzival's act of foolishness rubbed virtue into his breast. His act of foolishness left the afflicted lady for years in dishonor, but a small amount of dust rubbed off onto him and still remained on the brooch and its samite sheath, causing a miraculous change in his behavior.

The Lady Jeschute was one of the most virtuous ladies in all of the land of Britain and was found in shame, as a tatterdemalion, when her husband returned. Thereafter her unforgiving husband (how could he have known the youth's intentions?) made her walk behind her palfrey; and her richly beaded gown, made from the finest emerald samite to match her husband's armor, now became tattered, torn, and in disarray. In this way year after year, to court after court, she followed her husband in his quests and errands of knighthood. The miracle happened when Parzival wrestled the Duchess, Lady Jeschute, to the carpet to attempt his kiss. As all those familiar with the Code of Chivalry know, a kiss is a pledge of service and trust, from which we have the tradition of fealty and the time of the Feudal Age.

The untrained Parzival did not know that one couldn't wrestle a lady to the carpet to earn her favor! Regardless, after that day he did pledge himself to her and did serve her-unbeknownst to her- sending many a knight defeated by his sword to her Pavilion to serve her on his behalf. In this way the lady in the end came to much honor despite her immediate plight caused by Parzival's impish, implacable behavior! Riding off from her pavilion he suddenly changed-as if a light descended down upon his helm-and from then on became known as one of the most virtuous knights at Arthur's Round Table. On the way to King Arthur he won the Red Knight's colors and armor and after leaving King Arthur went on, as the mysterious Red Knight, to join Sir Galahad and Sir Bors in their quest for the Holy Grail which was possessed by Jesus at the Last Supper. Since then only Grail Kings-sons of David we say- could possess the Holy Grail. At the end of his adventure Parzival himself became the Grail King, following after his uncle. Even

though he always had the valuable brooch of Lady Jeschute upon his person, in its white virgin samite sheath-ripped, we say, from above the virtuous lady's wheezing breast, Parzival still did not have that one gift needed to assume his uncle's throne at the Grail Castle. Eventually, and only through the intercession of a Grail Maiden at the castle the last time Parzival visited the Holy Grail, did Parzival finally understand the gift: the question to the answer known only to the Kings of the Grail Castle! The Grail Maiden wafted the true dust of the Unicorn's horn over Parzival's helm and then and only then did he know the question and everything it represented. Since that day it has been a secret known only to the peerage of Unicorns-only hinted at by Wolfram von Eschenbach!

With the true Unicorn Powder you might know the answer to that important question only a Grail King would know! When you learn the answer it should change your life, as others were changed!

Soothes the Frightening Beast

Sir Gwain, the Green Knight, another cousin of King Arthur and the son of King Lot of Lothian, also had to find, per his mother's instructions, the Magic Fountain of Ailon (believed to be that very fountain called Joseph's Well near the grave of his ancestor, Joseph of Arimathaea). The well was attended by Chief Giant Ysbaddaden who, to ward off Sir Gwain, recreated those same marvelous horsemen conjured up by Sir Rhonabwy only years before. As Sir Gwain pierced the forbidden moors at the edge of the wasteland between Avalon and the sea, he met in succession those beautiful horsemen, and they each challenged his motives for seeking Joseph's Well. First in the succession came a young man with yellow-red hair, but neither beard nor moustache, cutting a noble figure on a great, broad withered horse. From the point of its withers and from its kneecaps down the horse was yellow, while its rider was dressed in red brocade sewn with yellow silk, and yellow fringes on the mantle; the yellow of his vestments and his horse was the color of broom, while the red was the color of the reddest blood in the world. This rider overtook Sir Gwain and asked him if he would accompany him to deliver his vermilion mantle to the beautiful and shy Olwen, daughter of Chief Giant Ysbadden. Sir Gwain kindly advised him that he was on a mission of mercy and could not be detracted and went on his way.

Having already crossed the plain of Argynngrog, Gwain next saw a marvelous joust and judging the joust was a lad sitting on a shining white mount. He wore a cloak of white brocade with jet-black fringes. His mount's kneecaps and legs were pure black, but everywhere else it was pure white, and above his helm upon his up-tilted lance was an ensign that was pure white with a pure black tip. He was approached by several men dressed in pure black, with salt-white fringes on their mantles. The kneecaps and legs of the horses were pure white, but everywhere else they were pure black, and the troops' standards were pure black with a pure white tip. Soon a rider arrived, armed in mail: its rings were as white as the whitest lily, its rivets as red as the reddest blood; the rider was careering through the host towards King Arthur and at another mount Sir Gwain knew as Sir Kay le Seneschal, the most handsome knight at Arthur's Round Table.

Then came Eiryn the Splendid son of Peibyn, Arthur's servant, who was a rough, ugly, red-haired man with a red moustache and combed hair; he approached on a big red horse, snorting and pawing the verdant grounds, with its mane parted on both sides of its neck, and carrying a

pack of red leather containing a small black valise. This large red-haired man dismounted before Arthur, drew a gold chair and a ribbed brocade mantle from the pack, spread the mantle-there was a red-gold apple in each corner-and set the chair on it. Gwenn (white) was the name of the mantle, and one of its properties was this: a man wrapped in it could see everyone, but no one could see him, nor would it allow any color on it but its own. Having read a confidential message presented from the small black valise, King Arthur invited a majestic knight standing nearby, named Sir Owein, who was dressed in a Prussian blue cloak, to play chess with him. The men on the board were gold and the board was silver. As they played the red pennant-with a golden dragon embroidered on it – of Utependragon wafted above Arthur's sable and silver pavilion.

Deep into play they were interrupted by another rider coming from a white red-topped pavilion, with the image of a pure black serpent-bright-red poisonous eyes in its head and a flame-red tongue-who took off his brazen helm, revealing a young man with curly yellow hair and blue eyes and the beginnings of a beard. He wore a surcoat of yellow brocade, stockings of thin, yellow-green cloth on his legs, and on his feet buskins of mottled cordovan with gold buckles fastening them across his insteps; he carried a heavy-gold-hilted triple-grooved sword, and a black cordovan scabbard tipped with pure red gold. He approached the king's table and greeted Sir Owein as he was playing chess with King Arthur. Sir Owein brushed back his blue Prussian Cloak, being extremely uncomfortable, and gripped the silver, lapis-lazuli jewel laden hilt of his sword, named Mynyw, but the king soothed him saying, "Don't worry, he greeted me earlier." The men continued playing at their game in spite of the fact that the rider had complained about the lads and servants of the king molesting his ravens. Arthur looked at Sir Owein, saying, "Your move," and the intruder returned to his red-topped Pavilion.

Towards the middle of another game, a ruddy young man with curly auburn hair, sharp-eyed like a hawk and tall with a trimmed beard, came out of his pavilion of pure yellow with the image of a pure red lion on top. This man wore a tunic of yellow brocade reaching down to the small of his leg and sewn with red silk thread, stockings of thin white buckram, buskins of black cordovan with gold buckles; in his hand he carried a great heavy three-grooved sword, and a red deerskin scabbard with a gold tip. He also neglected to greet the king and complained that the kings' pages were stabbing the ravens! Arthur only answered, "Your move," and the youth returned to his pavilion.

As the prudent King Arthur – no man in all of Britain was wiser than he nor ever sat on a more glorious throne – continued with another game of chess, another man was seen in the doorway of his spotted yellow pavilion being urged by the youth in the yellow tunic; and he came out onto the grounds and approached Arthur's table. His pavilion is noteworthy because it was the largest anyone had seen, and the image of a gold eagle with a precious stone in its head was emblazoned on the side of the tent. This youth with bright yellow hair, handsome and well-shaped, wore a mantle of green brocade like Sir Gwain's, with a gold brooch at the right shoulder as thick as a warrior's middle finger, stockings of fine linen cloth dyed the same color as Arthur's chess board, and shoes of mottled cordovan with gold buckles.

This youth had a noble countenance, a white face with red cheeks and large hawk-keen eyes, and in his hand a stout speckled yellow spear with a freshly sharpened head and a prominent standard of a red lion gris mounting. Violently angry, he galloped towards Arthur and himself greeted Owein and told him how the noblest ravens had been killed and those that were not dead had been molested and wounded so badly there was not one that could lift its wings an inch off the ground. "If you please, play on," complained Arthur to his companion at chess. The

flabbergasted lad returned to his pavilion, and as he approached the wounded ravens many rose up and began attacking the unruly pages, tearing out eyes, and ripping flesh until their vengeance had been satiated. As Arthur and Sir Owein were startled by the ruckus, a rider came forward. His horse was a remarkable color: dapple-grey, with a pure red right leg, and from the top of its legs to its hooves pure yellow; and both horse and rider were clothed in strange heavy armor.

The horse was covered from the pommel up in pure red linen, and from the pommel down in pure yellow linen. The youth wore a great gold-hilted one-edged sword on his thigh, with a new pure green scabbard and a tip of Spanish brass, while the sword belt was of blackish-green cordovan with gilt crossbeams and a clasp of elephant ivory with a pure black tongue. On his head he wore a gold helmet, set with precious stones of great value-adamants and emeralds were most abundant-and on the crest a yellow-red leopard with two blood-red stones in its head, so that it was dreadful for any warrior, however stout-hearted, to look at the leopard's face, let alone the rider's. In his hand he carried a long heavy green-shafted javelin, blood red from the grip up and the blade was covered with raven's blood and feathers. Tired and angry he greeted the table, pleading that the ravens were mutilating the pages, leaving only a few of Arthur's pages and squires, and the sons of many nobles, alive.

"Your move lord," said Sir Owein.

They continued into yet another game and in the middle of it another commotion of screaming men and falling armor to the piercing shrieks of flapping ravens, interrupted them. As they looked up a rider on a handsome black high-headed horse came from the only black pavilion on the grounds, which had a crimson pennant, dressed with white stripes. The top left leg of his unusual horse was pure red, and from the top of its right leg down to the hoof pure white, and both horse and rider were clothed in spotted yellow armor speckled with Spanish linen of the orange variety; his cloak and that of the horse were in halves, white and pure black with purple-gold fringes. He carried a gleaming gold-hilted three-grooved sword, with a belt of yellow gold-cloth and a clasp from the eyelid of a pure black whale with a tongue of yellow gold; on his head he wore a helmet of yellow linen with gleaming crystals, and on the crest the image of a griffin with a powerful stone in its head, while in his hand he carried a ridge-shafted ash spear colored with blue lime, the blade covered with fresh blood and riveted with pure silver. This man complained that all was lost, the pages, squires, and the sons of the nobles were dead, and the ravens were now feeding on their scattered remains. With this King Arthur told Sir Owein to call the ravens off.

Sir Gwain had never observed such a colorful show and, as the ravens began to return to their hutches, he clicked to his great steed, Gryngolet (with the red ears), and began to ride away. But Arthur heard his signal and stood up. All at the tournament, from the white pavilion with the red top near the bank of red heather at the ford to the north, to the yellow-speckled pavilion in the dusty southern end of the plain, rose to their feet in salute to Sir Gwain, beckoning him to join them. Next to Sir Lancelot, his senior, Sir Gwain was the greatest warrior in the land and commanded the respect of the greatest kings. Thanking them and graciously dipping his lance and horse to all of them he declined, saying, "I am on a mission of Mercy from which I cannot be distracted." He then rode off intending to ask in Caerleon where he might get a pair of the stockings worn by the youth with the green brocade mantle, who came from the spotted yellow pavilion. In further adventures that youth and he would be joined, with them the mantle named Gwenn, and the Magic Ring of Angelica, the enchanting daughter of the Lady of the

Lake, who was a prophetess in her own right as well!

From here Sir Gwain went on to drink from Joseph's Well - where he too, kneeling at the well, was blushed with Unicorn's Powder and transfigured both in water and dust – and saw, with Gwenn, many adventures: to secure the Pearl and rescuing, as hoped, the fair Anaïs (Anaïs fille du roi, or Anaïsfille), niece of Queen Enide, sister of Bors of Gaunes, a daughter of King Bors. She was a cousin of Sir Lancelot of the Lake through the great line of Gurnemanz down to the young Kardeiz, even that son of Parzival who inherited the thrones of Brobarz, Anjou, Waleis and Norgals. Through her mother's estate of Kaylet of Hoskurast, she inherited all the lands of Spain and Castile and Champagne and the lands of the south of France centered in Toulouse. The petite young fille, was then not only a Grail Maiden but the direct heir of the Grail. Because of her dignity, and the keys she held to the Grail, though still a small child, she was abducted by a boorish servant of that same Headless Green Knight and his malevolent dragon whom Sir Gawain had previously fought (and beheaded several times we might add!). The Boor, whose lower canines reached above his lower lip when he was confused, kidnapped the fair Grail Maiden and used her to capture a unicorn. Then he cruelly locked both in that same tower in which Sir Lancelot was imprisoned and abandoned many years earlier. It had but one window, but far too high to reach by man or beast. This ends the first part of the long tale behind the Unicorn Powder which has come into our possession.

Local sightings of the rarest of all and most powerful – the Western Unicorn – have been rumored to descend into the thicket above People's Park and perhaps on a few occasions in Golden Gate Park, though Unicorn Hunters have not been able to confirm these sightings. The Unicorn is a solitary creature and jealous of other Unicorns, which makes them so much the more rare and difficult to sight. Never have they been seen together. They prefer the company of the poor when they descend to visit mankind. Unicorns have an eternal nature; and if killed resurrect themselves from time to time, as a phoenix, and are often seen with unusual rainbows. Like other antlered beasts, they do shed their horns, but only in the sacred field of Aravat whose location is known to only a few.

The Unicorn is a conduit of wisdom and its phenomena will astonish you. More literature was written on this most unusual of God's creatures than any other.

A few Unicorn songs from the Bible

Numbers 23.22 God brought them out of Egypt; he hath as it were the strength of the unicorn.

24.8 God brought him forth out of Egypt; he hath as it were the strength of an unicorn; he shall eat up the nations his enemies and shall break their bones, and pierce them through with his arrows.

Psalms 18.14 Yea, he sent out his arrows, and scattered them; and he shot out lightnings and discomfited them.

Isaiah 34.6 The sword of the Lord is filled with blood, it is made fat with fatness, and with the blood of lambs and goats, with the fat of the kidneys of rams: for the Lord hath a sacrifice in Bozrah, and a great slaughter in the land of Idumea.

34.7 And the unicorns shall come down with them, and the bullocks fat with fatness.

34.8 For it is the day of the Lord's Vengeance, and the year of recompense for the controversy of Zion.

34.9 And the streams thereof shall be turned into pitch, and the dust thereof into brimstone, and the land thereof shall become burning pitch.

33.17 Now will I rise, saith the Lord; now will I be exalted, now will I lift up myself.

33.17 Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty: they shall behold the land that is very far off.

33.18 Thine heart shall meditate terror. Where is the scribe?

Psalm 92.9 For, lo, thine enemies, O Lord, for lo, thine enemies shall perish; all the workers of iniquity shall be scattered.

92.10 But my horn shalt thou exalt like the horn of an unicorn: I shall be anointed with fresh oil.

Job 39.9 Will the Unicorn be willing to serve thee, or abide by thy crib?

33.10 Canst thou bind the unicorn with his band in the furrow? or will he harrow the valleys after thee?

33.11 Wilt thou trust him, because his strength is great? or wilt thou leave thy labor to him?

33.12 Wilt thou believe him, that he will bring home thy seed, and gather it into thy barn?

As most pundits on this assert, the Unicorn is one of the strangest beasts ever conceived, whose gentleness and strength is as of God: it carries beauty, promise, good will, yet the fierceness and judgment of God's wrath. For the Unicorn is an allegory of the Messiah: not to be feared but understood!

Chapter 2

Why Sir Gwain destroyed the monestary at the Cave of the Harpies on his way to rescue the Grail Princess Anais

In our last adventure we covered some of the history behind the powder of the Unicorn, how Sir Gwain had come to observe the strange Joust of the Ravens at King Arthur's camp and then went on in pursuit of the Grail Princess Anaïs who had been kidnapped by the vile servant of the Chief Giant Ysbadden. The servant was a fiend named Boors whose lower canines protruded above his lower lips when he was confused. He had kidnapped Anais and hid her in the same secret tower in which Sir Lancelot had been held captive because she held the Keys to the Grail Castle and its Holy Grail and the tower was impregnable. With the keys the vile steward, Boors, intended to control the Holy Grail for himself. He would obtain those keys, he thought; with the capture of the Grail Princess Anaïs and with her chaste and virtuous beauty win the rare and highly prized Unicorn. With the discerning power of the Unicorn he would then be able to locate the hidden keys to the Grail Castle and control it, and, as its Messiah, control the entire world and even alter the course of future events! Little did Chief Giant Ysbadden know his sinister servant's plan.

Chief Giant Ysbadden was the chief overseer of the magic fountain called Joseph's Well, and he lived in a castle nearby that well. Those drinking of that fountain, or even sprinkling (asparsio) a bit of it on their person, would be healed of their hurts and wounds. Understand then how highly prized a visit to the fountain was, since continuing visits could assure eternal life!

Sir Gwain had made many pilgrimages to Joseph's Well. On each occasion he had to fight the giant and each time he cut off the giant's head. Each time, after Sir Gwain passed beyond Chief Giant Ysbadden's castle, the giant would then go to Joseph's Well and renew himself!

As he spread the tops of the trees and peered through them, watching Sir Gwain approach from the distant plain, seeing that the train of knights and the Joust of the Ravens were not sufficient to deter Sir Gwain, Chief Giant Ysbadden had to invent a new ploy to prevent Sir Gwain from reaching the magic fountain. For it was certain that another joust with Sir Gwain would be fatal. As grisly as this tale may seem, the liberation of Joseph's Well depended upon separation of the Giant so that he could not return to its healing waters again.

Dangerous waters to fakers! To protect the well from unvirtuous adventurers who would use it for ill gain, the moment one would touch the healing waters there would be marvelous winds, thunders and lightning, followed by hailstones the size of walnuts and larger. Only the virtuous could survive such a storm and most adventurers were, if not deafened by the thunders or blinded by the flashes of lightening – or worse struck dead – would be driven off by the harrowing hailstorm which followed. No shield (except the Shield of Aravat), no matter how stout the timber from which it was fashioned, or the hardness of its steel covering, could protect from those hailstones. Helmets and shields would be shriven into chips in seconds once the storm ensued.

Unbeknownst to knights who were not Grail Knights the magic fountain could be easily approached (after Chief Giant Ysbadden were overcome) by means of a magic shield that

shined so brightly that no one could see its owner. By day it would appear with a silver background and two black water-signs and midst a gold and silver checkerboard pattern the sign of a white Unicorn; at dusk the silver turned to a crimson color and the two water-signs became white as the wooly head and beard of the Father of the Ages and in the form of a Unicorn.

There are other means by which the magic fountain may be safely approached. With the mantle called Gwenn, as we saw in earlier, one could also approach the castle without fear. The white mantle was presented to King Arthur at the Joust of the Ravens, but also laid across the withers of the horse which carried the Green Knight (a Double Chief Giant Ysbadden created to confuse Sir Gwain) who delivered the mantle – then appearing red – to Lady Owen, the giant's beautiful daughter. The giant's principal power laid in his ability to create illusions (even his castle was an illusion), always leaving the magic mantle called Gwenn, in the possession of Lady Owen. Illusion, delusion; it made no matter! Sir Gwain had delivered Gwenn to her for safe keeping some years before! Anyone wearing that mantle, which is the same crimson, seamless robe worn by Christ, would be completely invisible!

Another means of approaching the castle was with the Ring of Angelica, the daughter of the Lady of the Lake: hidden by the magic ring one could easily approach the magic fountain. The ring long ago was first in the possession of the Prussian Blue Armored Sir Owein, whom we saw at the Joust of the Ravens playing chess with King Arthur. He was given that ring by a maiden of a castle who was Angelica in disguise. With it he could not only make himself and his horse invisible; but also he had the ability to transport himself to any place and time he wished. This ring was now in the possession of Princess Anaïs, and she, the Unicorn, and the magic ring were being held captive by the Boor. Alors! She lost the Ring! As her cage was lowered by a unique engine made of a tripod and gears, into the high tower – there was no way to enter it except through the high ceiling – she dropped the ring to the precariously tipping and swaying floor, where it rolled off and tumbled down to the top parapet of the tower!

"Why," many have asked, "didn't Princess Anaïs use the ring to escape the Boor's brutal hands?" The Boor had shrewdly tied the Unicorn in a separate cage, and neither Unicorn nor Grail Princess would abandon the other; only if she were mounted on the Unicorn could they escape this hellhole using the ring. Separated from one another the ring was useless and now rested in a tiny niche atop the high tower of the Boor. Compounding this problem was the fact that after the cages of the Virgin Anaïs and her Unicorn were lowered to the floor of the high tower, the Boor began raising the ceiling of the tower ever the more higher, adding ceiling upon ceiling, like the ceiling of the Great Pyramid! After he finished six more ceilings he rubbed his filthy hands and smirked at his own ingenuity, how any knight who tries to rescue the fair damsel will be thwarted by not only the beasts he sets to guard his high tower but more so by the confusion of the ceilings. Little did he know he had lost the ring somewhere in the niches of the ceilings! The only way to find that ring would be to dismantle the tower piece by piece!

How Chief Giant Ysbadden was foiled by the Harpies

Knowing that Sir Gwain possessed the Shield of the Unicorn, Chief Giant Ysbadden grew ever the more fearful. Now and then the giant's eyes would water from a flash from the plain, and he would lose sight of Gwain when he rubbed his eyes. The light flashing off of Sir Gwain's shield, called Lothian but is remembered as the Shield of Aravat, swung first this way then that,

as a beacon in the wilderness. Bolts of Light zapped across the plain, from the giant's castle and Joseph's well below, eastwards across the Cave of the Harpies and off to the northeast to the high ridges where Anais and her Unicorn were held captive. As she struggled from her cage to calm her precious Unicorn tethered nearby, she saw a flash of light come through the high window of her tower, searing her ceiling. Then she knew that her knight in shining armor was on the way. She knew it because the light was unlike any other; for each beam had a flavor to it, as it seared the air of her dusty tower!

How Sir Gwain was outfitted. Sir Gwain made a striking figure mounted upon his great steed, Gryngolet. At the withers Gryngolet was 17 hands high and his shiny black hide bristled the closer he approached the forest through which the eyes of Chief Giant Ysbadden peered. Both horse and rider were covered with a gold trimmed, green samite mantle. The halter was of green cordovan, and the matching bridle was made of gold and red medallions to match the ears of Gryngolet. The tail of Gryngolet had a red band, at the haunches, causing the long flowing tail to have a perky air about itself. There was no greater, or prouder, high-stepper than Gryngolet! This charger sired many great steeds, not the least among them being the magnificent and faithful Bayard!

His rider was no less magnificent, adorned with a burnished gold and silver helmet with a flowing green samite scarf. On his hip, in a matching green case of Cordovan leather, with a silver tip, was the double-edged Sword of Aravat. Its hilt was solid gold with black sapphire inlays repeating the double water-marks - the sign of the Unicorn - and at the top of the hilt was a dark blue sapphire; three brilliant rubies decorated the cross bar of the hilt. To keep the straight path the sword had inscribed on it: faithful and true. The sword itself was so great it took two men to swing it; but Sir Gwain's huge frame could easily swing it with one hand, while the other, his left hand, gripped the equally heavy and matching Shield of Aravat. Beneath the helm of Sir Gwain were uncut, long flowing, auburn locks, framing the well formed and finely whittled features of a western, hazel-eyed highlander and the chastest of Nazarites.

Beneath the gold rings of his mail coverlet was a black tunic and his stockings, bought in Caerleon, were of gold and silver checks; his high-calved boots were also of black cordovan leather with gold and silver spurs. His green javelin - made of a rare hardwood from Ethiopia - carried a red grip and had a burnished silver tip. At the point of the javelin was a red-fielded Pennant, with its white unicorn, like his shield.

As Sir Gain approached the forest where Chief Giant Ysbadden knelt, he saw a dark cloud descend over the valley, accompanied by the sound of Harpies, absolutely the vilest creatures ever found in heaven and earth. They sent out an ear piercing shriek and were covered with all kinds of filth: their own excrement, lice, fleas and even maggots which still held onto the decaying morsels of meat in their pockets! Because of their filth they carried diseases of all kinds. They had the figures of men but had claws like a Griffin, faces and wings of locusts, and voraciously fed only on dead animals. Their teeth could sever the limbs of the stockiest draught horse.

The Harpies were previously locked in a cave between Chief Giant Ysbadden's castle and the crossroad where one turned off to go to the Boor's Tower. Searching the high crags for the best stones in the area, which were found near the Harpies' Cave, the Boor's laborer's accidentally freed the Harpies as they removed a slab of granite from the northern side of their cave!

How the Heretics' Chapel Collapsed

Noting the gaping hole in the mountain as he passed the crossroad, and hearing the Harpies in the distance, Sir Gwain turned to inspect the cave with the intention to restore the escaping Harpies to it. He clicked to Gryngolet, gently twitching his right rein, and followed the northern road leading to the high scarp of the Harpies. Nearby the Cave of the Harpies was a monastery which had been taken over by a mad sect of Heretics who for years had been feeding the Harpies, in spite of the law against feeding them (Long before even Julius Caesar himself had placed a bronze plaque on the face of the cave, forbidding feeding them). In defiance of the rule - they hated all rules which were not invented by them - in a fake pretense of feeding the poor, the Heretics had converted the monastery into a Retreat, for rest and relaxation; and to fund it they secured hordes of gold from kings under the guise of passing the Harpies off as the poor! Many Heretics even claimed the Cave of the Harpies as their orphanage to gain even more contributions of gold! No king could deny giving gold to support orphans!

Among the marvels of the 7th Century there was no more magnificent looking edifice than the sleazy monastery by the Cave of the Harpies. It was even ranked along with Solomon's Stables for being one of the wonders of the world. The Carriage House serving the monastery covered ten acres alone, and its thousand horses were of the finest Arabian breed; no carriages of any autocrats in their time were more ornate than theirs. The most famous artists of Europe were found to create these chariots, carrying their holy shepherds to retreat in the most regal Heretic Style

Each carriage of the Heretics had doors painted with heavenly scenes and steps where ten footmen could ride. The trunk of each carriage could hold four armored knights (matching the colors of the carriage) and up front again another four. Each carriage was a formidable arsenal which only the most daring highwaymen would attempt to rob: over-wrought in gold and silver ornaments – fit only for a king – their racks alone held luggage and silver to support a household of ten and its armed guard!

The Heretic Monastery was perched on a high triangular bluff next to the cave. Between the bluff and the cave was a narrow bridge carved from the rock upon which one could usually see a long train of gas-masked pastors and priests in gold brocade, blood smeared robes, carrying smelly, putrid slabs of slaughtered victims. From the far side of the bridge they would throw down below them, into the cave's gaping mouth, a shoulder, a neck, a leg, etc. of a beast. Often they threw into the sinister cave's mouth wild pigs, one of the favorite foods of the Harpies. In addition, from their back pocket the Heretics would toss a rolled up document after the food; these were illuminated books not unlike modern comic books. To the Grail Knights like Sir Gwain the subjects of the Heretic's books and their characters were comically treated and anyone supposing them to be Holy Scriptures would instantly see them as charades. Hear now their preposterous beliefs and practices which infuriated Sir Gwain which we record for your edification and amusement!

Hating Jews and others Leads to Salvation, they thought!

They believed salvation depended upon hatred! Leading to their Abbey is a colonnade of their proof deities. Chief among them is Slues, followed by Turtolius, Cuprius, Orikinus, and many other historical deities who hated Jews and mankind; all ordered in succession of holiness to their creed. Above the chapel door, as the deity of Ports, is now a statue of Merthinus

Loatherius whose niche was first occupied by statues of the gods Janus, then Vespasian and later Domitian.

Reformed Ancient Temple Rites.

We know from the enclosure of the port, which was rebuilt in the 16th century – after the purge of the West Country by Henry VIII, that this monastery was once a temple. Many of the heretics' churches were reformed temples. In this place in particular the statue over the portico was never changed, only repaired and given a new nose and bronze dedication. Janus was a god who had two faces. Today, under the name of Merthinius Loatherius, he stands pointing towards a bas relief of the Cave of Harpies with this inscription: "What shall we do with these damnable Jews?" and then it goes on to advocate the destruction of their homes, synagogues and places of employment. It further says one must not feed Jews nor give them any protection on the highways, with it being permissible to rob and murder them until not one of them is left alive. Pilgrims through time, for the names noted above, proudly recorded earlier, identical plaques. Where "Jews" is now written was once the word "Christians" and before this the word "Harpies."

The inscription by the other face of Janus is the Golden Rule with the prayer, "Jesus, save me from the Jews, etc." As with the other inscriptions similar plaques have been dug up where the name "Jews" is substituted for Christians, Harpies, etc. as the whims of the Heretics churned.

Before the Harpies were lured into that cave, many Jews, even the sons of David, had been held captive there (from this site – instead of fox hunts – Domitian conducted weekend Jew Hunts, chasing foremost Jude and the surviving sons of David). Before they were thrown into the cave they were fried in cauldrons, placed upon steel chairs under which hot coals were stoked, searing their flesh until they suffocated from their own fumes; others were put on wracks, and many more, when caught, were simply tied between two bent over trees which were then released, flinging torn limbs the length of a Jousting Field. In the monastery's library were many livres coquere showing how to properly prepare Jews before and after the hunt. Later, when the Harpies, smelling blood, came to the cave, people were simply dismembered on wracks and their parts thrown into the mouth of the cave. Many people died there, but the Jews were the first to be fed to the Harpies in the cave.

Of all the places on earth there was no place more disgusting to Grail Knights than the Cave of the Harpies and its monastery. For the Grail Knights were Jews. Through their heritage from Joseph of Arimathaea, they carried on the Jewish teachings of Joseph's cousin from antiquity, Jesus the Christ, and were the original Christians of antiquity. Any attack against the Jews, the Jewish Scriptures (Old Testament), Jesus or St. Peter was an abomination to them!

In this area, called the West Country – from Caerleon and the tip of Cornwall north beyond the furthest reaches of the Severn – the Christian Kingdom of the Grail Knights and their Round Table held St. Peter as the leader of their Church, after Jesus the Christ. Like St. Peter and the original apostles they were practicing Jews. They still circumcised their boys and many still would not eat pork in obedience to the law; however intermarriage with other peoples eroded the old Jewish laws, aggravated the more by persecutions from the heretic church which despised St. Peter, urging that everything in shambles should be eaten (Slues op. cit. 10.25). Heretics used this latter teaching to eat in shambles to justify pillaging city after city.

As one passes through the doors of the Heretic's Abbey one comes to gaze upon a bronze statue of an enthroned St. Peter, whose nose, ears, fingers and toes had been rubbed off. This was not one of the deities of the Retreat but called a type and shadow of a Paraclete. Of this false advocacy misusing St. Peter, their Saint Cuprius, said, "The Lord founded the Church upon Peter, [his rock and the one who held the keys to the Kingdom of God, ed. note] and taught and demonstrated that unity originated in him." Through these and earlier teachings St. Peter's chair (cathedra) of the church was confuted in a hocus pocus wave as the origin of unity in the church, removing thereby from St. Peter the headship or chairmanship of the church. Saying, Hocus Pocus – waving at the chair – the heretics chastised St. Peter, the eleven apostles who still adhered to Jewish Scriptures, and their Jesus. Condemning Jews was abominable to the Grail Knights; and seeing St. Peter's cathedra being wrongly rubbed – used to feed Harpies and persecute Jews – made Sir Gwain furious! Equally disgusting, by the colonnade was a Baptismal Fount carrying this hateful writ from Cuprius:

"Those who are baptized in the Church are brought before the bishops of the Church, and, by our prayers and the imposition of our hands, they receive the Holy Spirit and are made perfect by the Lord's Seal. It follows, dearest brother, that there is no need to suppose that we must yield to the heretics and hand over to them the baptism which was given to the one and only Church, and to no one else. It is we who, by divine permission, water the thirsty people of God, it is we who guard the boundaries of the fountains of life."

The writ on this fount marks the holiest site of the Heresy, checking even the Holy Sepulcher as the most sacred site of Christendom.

The waters for their holy fount came from a spring from the scarp, and from it pastors took vials back to their parishes to sell as anointing waters of Jesus. Wagons overloaded with five-gallon amphoras filled with holy water were often seen leading from the mount of the retreat. One amphora could reap in the black market over £20, a fortune in those days.

Standing before the colonnade of deities were several novices in shaved heads that sold their comical books to pilgrims. A popular book was entitled, "How the disciples of John the Baptist were fed to the Harpies." It explained that the disciples of John the Baptist, being outside the church, did not have the blessing of the Holy Spirit and any baptism by John the Baptist's disciples was false, not approved by God; and one baptized by them must be re-baptized by the anointed priests of the monastery or fed to the Harpies! At first everyone in the West Country thought the entire cathedra of the heretics was completely ludicrous and paid them little attention, until they began to arrest Jews and others, feeding them to the Harpies. Before this Grail Knights riding their horses through the port of this abbey saw the whole thing as a comedy of error and its scriptures as butts of their jokes at board. The comic on John the Baptist's Heresy would be passed around the table while laughing at the guff that, because Jesus was baptized outside the church by John the Baptist, Jesus has to be re-baptized by the Heretic's Pope! The entire idea of using St. Peter's cathedra or chair to condemn the Jews and their Scriptures only added to the comedy. As sons of David, the Holiest thing to them was their Holy Grail, which affirmed, one day, through their blood, the Son of David, a Jew, would again walk on earth and reign from his throne in Jerusalem. At the center of this bloodline was Princess Anais. By her loins will the Son of David, Messiah, arise and [sic.] defend the Scriptures!

How Sir Gwain's fury overturned the Heretic's hateful temple. The power that was in Sir Gwain's sword and shield was unstoppable. One look at the white Unicorn of his shield causes heretics to shrivel as a flower in a hot wind; many merely collapse from heart failures, as more

particularly witnessed some time later, when Rogero, a Paladin of Charlemagne, owned the shield, and an entire field – Saracens and Christians alike – died from fright by just looking at it out of the corners of their eyes!

Hear now how Sir Gwain destroyed the altar of the Heretics at the Cave of the Harpies: He charged Gryngolet up the steps breaking through the doorway of the Abbey with his lance in its rest and shield held near his chin-straps! A flash of light entering through the Clerestory hit the shield and beamed directly to the altar, melting all the gold and silver chests, cups and tongs of the service. The chapel was filled with 500 pastors singing praises to Jesu Antijude, their chief god. All rose out of their velvet lined seats in the chapel, mouths open and startled at the noise of the hoofs and the falling timbers of the doorway; to the tune of brass hinges clanging like cowbells upon the marble floor, the flash of the shield struck them dumb, fulfilling the saying, "False lips were struck dumb!"

As he galloped through the chapel and swung to his left to pass out through the side passageway, his Javelin swept across the top of the marble altar, sending molten ornaments flying everywhere, searing the flesh of the heretics; then the Javelin scraped the right pillar, bringing the entire structure down upon the heretics' heads! And behind the flying red hooves of Gryngolet huge blocks of stone from the chapel rolled in clouds of dust down the ravine, filling the new hole in the north wall of the cave.

With dust clouds rising behind him Sir Gwain then rode across the bridge at full gallop and down the trail on the scarp into the valley, where Chief Giant Ysbadden could be seen fleeing ahead of the Harpies. The Harpies had instantly gone after the giant, and to the giant, more so even than to men, they were not only filth of the worst kind, carrying every kind of lice and itch but also a host of plagues! Once they began crawling on a giant's flesh it was impossible to get them off!

Thus, Sir Gwain did not fight the pathetic giant whose voice boomed far off, being chased at his heels by shrieking, nipping Harpies.

Thus ends Chapter 2 of our history. From here we go on with the rescue of the lovely Princess Anaïs from her high prison and awful tower, where neither floor nor ceiling was discernible!

Chapter 3

Gryngolet's unusual encounter with the Hippogriff at Joseph's Well & How King George of Quakin-Bush caused the abduction of the Grail Princess Anaïs

King Lionel, King of all France and the Franks, had just been laid to rest outside Paris at St. Denise. King Lionel was a younger brother of Sir Lancelot and his son, Constantine, now sat on the throne. To secure the inheritance of the Grail Castle which would turn to King Lionel's family upon the death of the aging Parzival, King Lionel had arranged a marriage between Princess Ioceltes, daughter of King Aleric of the Visigoth Kingdom of Spain, and Constantine. This would achieve several things. First it would secure a treaty between all the lands of Aragon and Castile, which were not under Saracen rule, and France. Secondly, it would remove the tension between the Saracen Sultanates in the south of Spain and Europe, since Ioceltes' mother, Queen Anna, was the daughter of the Saracen, Sir Palomides, who was the Duke of Provence; and Sir Palomides' wife was the Grail Princess Elethua, who was the sister of Sir Bors of Gaunes. There was no more holy marriage at that time – they both were direct heirs of the greatest lineage known to man – than the marriage between Prince Constantine and Princess Ioceltes. It was their daughter, Princess Anaïs, who was abducted by the fiend, Boors, on her eleventh birthday! He was the servant of Chief Giant Ysbadden, who guarded the magic fountain called Joseph's Well. We left Sir Gwain, uncle of Princess Anaïs, having just destroyed the Monastery of the Heretics at the Cave of the Harpies and now galloping down the canyon wall to the valley of Joseph's Well and then on to free Princess Anaïs from captivity. The Harpies had escaped from their prison in the cave and Sir Gwain, as he careened down into the valley, could see them, blacker than any cloud of locusts, chasing after the horrified Chief Giant Ysbadden. Nothing was viler on earth than the Harpies who not only lived in filth but also carried it and every kind of disease known to man on them. To giants they were the greatest abomination, since no giant, once infected with Harpies, ever has been known to get them off or get rid of their itch! Because the giant was occupied with the Harpies the path to Joseph's Well laid wide open to Sir Gwain.

As Sir Gwain approached the well, he peeked into the Cave of the Unicorns – where Unicorns molted and shed their horns every hundred years – being careful to hold up the Shield of Aravat to ward off the lightning bolts at the entrance to the cave. Satisfied that nothing there had been disturbed he left his great, black steed, Gryngolet, tied nearby and proceeded down the foot-trail to the well, where he could hear the tiny stream sprinkling upon the rocks far below. The stream itself was about a foot wide and its waters clear as the finest looking glass: as it came from the Cave of the Unicorns, filtered through the gravels of the cave which were composed of the broken shards of the Unicorn's horns. Occasionally the shards washed from the cave down the ravine to Joseph's Well, making the sands of the well a multicolored Pool of Jewels, with gems of brilliant blue, red, purple, yellow, green, white and black. Many were shaped like moonstones.

While there were often all kinds of animals peacefully drinking at the well, the lion was never found there, for the lion and the Unicorn were mortal enemies. Hear this popular nursery rhyme:

The lion and the Unicorn
Were fighting for the crown;
The lion chased the Unicorn
All around the town.

The chief herald of the Grail Knights – like King Arthur and Sir Gwain – was the Unicorn, the mightiest beast in nature, and many knights contested for its herald, like old King James. Merlin had prophesied that one day the lion would supplant the Unicorn but in the Last Days, like the phoenix raising itself from its own ashes, the Unicorn – the herald of the Son of David, the Messiah – would again rein supreme. Most people of the seventh and, at this time, the cusp of the eighth century, believed that the Last Days would occur in 1,000 A.D.

In the Hercynian Forest, first reported by Julius Caesar, Sir Gwain did not fear any beast, as the Unicorn was there and supreme!

How the first winged Unicorn was conceived

As he reached down to cup the chilly waters of the magic fountain in his hand, spreading aside some small periwinkles whose colorful shells were glued together from the gem-like fragments of Unicorn Horns, Sir Gwain heard the cry of the Golden Fawn. "No," he thought to himself, as he looked up the ravine, sipping the healing waters, "it was not the Golden Fawn or the Golden Stag; it was too low and had to be a Hippogriff!"

Normally Hippogriffs remain in the Riphæan Mountains during this time of the fall, when their mating season begins. Like a griffin they had the head of an eagle. This one, being female, had a white head with reddish brown neck plumage; its body was that of a mottled grey horse, (usually they are either black or white), with powdery white, red-tipped wing feathers and red hooves armed with extremely sharp black talons. The Hippogriff's body was the size of a horse, but its tail and mane was usually silkier and longer, usually reaching to the ground, and its unruly mane always flipped on both sides of its neck.

Alarmed, Sir Gwain grabbed the Shield of Aravat and his burnished gold and silver helmet with its green samite plume and rushed up the trail of the ravine back to Gryngolet. He expected the flying Hippogriff and Gryngolet to be engaged in mortal combat when he arrived but lo and behold they were nuzzling each other, beak to muzzle! Then he realized that the two had just mated. He stealthily approached them from the downwind side, trying not to disturb them, but he broke a small twig, as he removed his steel gauntlet, placing it on the ground. Though a slight noise, the red ears of the Hippogriff straightened, and alarmed at the intrusion she leaped into the air and disappeared in the clouds above the forest canopy. Gryngolet, with the true heart of an adventurer, was ready to get going anyway – eager to rescue the fair Princess Anaïs – and instantly trotted to his master when he appeared.

After Sir Gwain mounted Gryngolet and departed for the crossroad leading to the rescue of Princess Anaïs, the Hippogriff returned to the Hercynian Forest and sixty days later gave birth to a winged horse. In the third year after this incident its foal – a stout withered charger with the body of his father, Gryngolet, and white wings of his mother – returned to the forest to mate and found waiting a beautiful and gentle, powdery white mare Unicorn which itself had never mated. This occurred in the year 693 A.D., marking the forty-fourth Jubilee and the year in which the first winged Unicorns were conceived in the Hercynian Forest. Their foal would subsequently

mate with that very same Unicorn now laying its head in the lap of the sweet Virgin Anais in their cruel and terribly gloomy prison. We now turn to tell the tale how the fiend Boors kidnapped her, and how the old and ugly King George of Quakin-Bush had a part in it in his desire to subvert the people where the high tower of her captivity was erected. For it was the vile King George who gave Boors the idea of kidnapping the fair Princess Anais!

How King George Bought His Throne

The Grail King Parzival assumed the lordship of the Grail Castle after his uncle, King Anfortas of the wounded thigh, went on to meet his maker. Parzival married into the family of old King Mark-- of Tintagel fame (Sir Lancelot was born there) – whose estates now included all of Cornwall, Dumnonia, Somerset, Dyfed, Powys and the countryside in Ireland around Dublin. Parzival's marriage added to the realms of the Grail Castle the estates adjacent to Joseph's Well, which included Quakin-Bush. This state was nestled in the pleasant Valle of Crucis beyond the ridge where the Cave of the Harpies stood. Rich it was in all kinds of produce, from wheat and oats to many kinds of vegetables and fruit.

Rude King George, as he was then called, had come into the area with two hundred well-armed knights from Saxony. He was unusually cruel and known for breaking his word, being unsurpassed in rude behavior in the civilized world of the time, having murdered, after taking power in Britain, two hundred thousand people once on a whim.

Before arriving in Britain, he had been thrown out of his Kingdom in Saxony for having misled the Saxon lords of that realm into a misadventure into Hungary, where all of his retinue, except himself and three of his cowardly men, were shamefully wiped out at a bohort. It was at the wedding of Queen Kriemhild and King Etzel (Atilla) the Hun in his castle near Buda, Hungary. Not understanding the courtesies of the east and being misadvised by the infamous murderer, Hagan, King George wiped his feet on the carpet below him when he first dismounted in King Etzel's hall.

This was a vulgar practice of the Greeks abhorred by the Huns and the Turks, for the Greeks required everyone passing either from Turkish or Hunish territories into Greece to wipe the foreign dust off their feet before touching Greek soil, showing how they despise Hungarian land! King George's rudeness was soon turned back upon him, for a dispute arose and the bohort contestants began to use unblunted lances, turning them first upon George! The first cause of the dispute involved the muddy carpet soiled at George's feet, and the other cause was Siegfried's murder. Siegfried's widow, Queen Kreimhild, now betrothed to King Etzel, was seeking revenge against Hagan, her husband's murderer. Seeing Kreimhild's legion turn towards him in accusation, Hagan struck back, first striking King George. At the first parry King George threw his sword, clanging like a cheap tambourine, to the white marble floor of the hall and bolted to the stables, where he and his squire saddled their horses and cowardly rode off, leaving his wife and men (and their families) behind him! When the survivor's of his retinue caught up with him at the first ford of the Rhine, he would have been beheaded there were it not for his favorite sister, Greunbilda, who met them at the ford and interceded on his behalf: she ransomed herself to the survivors – among whom was brother Arnot – to save George's unworthy life!

Hearing of the disaster and the shameful way King George conducted himself, all of Saxony refused to give him hospice, and he had to charter a ship to carry him and his small contingent

across the channel to Britain. But words run faster than the quickest ships and before he and his men could disembark in London the ship was turned back because of his disgrace. They ended up in Caerleon where news of his misadventure had not yet been received.

He purchased twenty more soldiers at Caerleon from among some East Saxon workers on leave, on a pilgrimage to the holy temple of Freya at Bath, and then, after outfitting them, headed northwards, up the Severn to a place called Valle Crucis. While Rude King George may have lost his dignity and kingdom - even his wife! In Hungary, he still held on to his main treasure, which was gold and silver coins! How he had acquired his enormous horde is a story too long to tell here, but you can guess by his nature that he was one who had not gained it ethically. He, in fact, had pilfered much of it from King Siegfried, after Siegfried had appointed him Duke over his Saxon estate now in East Prussia. It was Hagan who had recommended him for knighthood and his subsequent appointment as Duke of Siegfried's Saxon lands. While George was not in on the subsequent murder of Siegfried by the vile Hagan, George knew of it. He could have notified Siegfried's wife, Queen Kreimhild, to beware of Hagan's ruse on the foxhunt, where Siegfried was to be murdered, but instead, because he owed Hagan a favor, he kept silent. He and many other close-mouthed fiends in history have much to account for at the Pearly Gates!

Hagan had him continually doing favors in return for his privileged estate under Siegfried. The new George, Duke of Saxony, began pilfering from Siegfried and extorting a double tax on the people, paying part back to Hagan. Rather than paying debts with income from Siegfried's estate, he took out loans to pay them from Hagan and others, even the Bulgars, unbeknownst to Siegfried, and pocketed the difference, leaving the estate with unpaid debts and in financial shambles. By the time of Siegfried's murder, George had amassed quite a fortune. After Siegfried's murder, George extorted even more of Siegfried's riches, accompanying Siegfried's most trusted troops, when they hid Siegfried's Treasure Chests in the deep waters of the Rhine (another story). On their way to the site where the treasure would be hidden, George pilfered some priceless crowns, bracelets, brooches, torques and necklaces. Some of the diamonds and rubies from this collection are now in the Crown Jewels in the Tower of London! With the treasure he was able to buy the Crown of Saxony, with Hagan's lobby, and his title was changed momentarily from Duke of Saxony to King. As said, he soon lost his Kingdom of Saxony at Kreimhild's wedding the year after Siegfried's murder and his coronation.

Where George lacked in virtues he compensated himself with gold. After Kriemhild's wedding in Hungary - his shameful conduct at the bohort – and his disgusting reception in Saxony and later in London, as King George arrived in the lands of Quakin-Bush, he was more resolved to buy his way into power. He was taller than most people, looming over them in an intimidating sort of way, skinny but in good health, rich, and talked out of the side of his mouth quite convincingly, but had the most shallow, faded blue eyes ever seen.

He told the people of Quakin-Bush he'd bring them peace. Little did they know they would be starved and stripped of all they own!

The lands, though rich and productive, were suffering at the lack of leadership resulting from the breakup of King Arthur's empire. All kinds of sleazy men – like carpetbaggers – came out of the cracks of the earth at that time to hack up the empire. Greed was the god of the times and net worth was measured not according to honesty, fealty or honor but one's Treasure Chest. Thus we account King George and the likes of Boors, Chief Giant Ysbadden's fiendish servant, and others who worshipped the irreverent and deceptive policies of the new King of Quakin-

Bush.

In the contest for control of King Arthur's empire were still some of the old cohort of the Round Table, but most of them, like Sir Bors of Gaunes and Sir Parzival, were old men. King Arthur, Sir Lancelot, his son Sir Galahad, King of Saras, Queen Guinevere, and all of their generation except Sir Gwain were dead.

How Rude King George, the pilferer and liar, achieved sovereignty over the lands of Quakin-Bush we can briefly tell here. As Hagan did with him, he bought off with favors whom he could and repaid them through revenues raised by over-taxing the land, as he had in Siegfried's Saxon estate. Hear now how, through the extortions of Rude King George, many lands were abandoned. The small landowners went first, because the taxes piled up against them made it impossible for them to make a living off the land. Once they abandoned the land Rude King George then claimed it for himself and then passed it on, as a favor, to one of his patrons. By then the land would be worth nothing – unless there were good rock quarries or mines – so the lands usually went fallow and in many places turned into marshes suitable only to the birds. The lords of those failing estates were still expected to bring the correct taxes to Rude King George's castle each year. This, in turn, forced those who had land and money to extort the poor ever the more, even looking into neighboring countries to see where they might be able to defraud them too!

The despair - lo, the excesses! - of Quakin-Bush gained a reputation for Rude King George which made him the scourge of Europe: all the kings of Britain and Europe avoided him like the plague, but it took them twelve years of penury to finally discover the truth about him! Just as he had lied about his accounts to Siegfried, so too did he keep false accounts with neighboring kings!

As said, King George was quite adept at keeping false accounts, and the State of the Kingdom which he delivered each year was each year more and more falsified to cover mounting debts which he now owed to many of the Kings of Europe, not to mention the least of which was fair Anaisfille's father, Constantine, King of France. King George was then the world's greatest debtor!

At the time there was no one who cared in the land of Quakin-Bush about the people or their persecution. Search the history books! The only care anyone among all their people had was money, from the priests of Heretics atop the Mount of the Harpies to the merchants and city elders; the struggle for money became so fierce, millions – rich and poor alike – fell into poverty. There is no kingdom, which has represented greed and the dictum, every man for himself – a creed abhorrent to the Grail Knights – more than the Kingdom of Quakin-Bush under vile King George. As said, hiding his corruption Rude King George sent out false reports on the State of his Kingdom, citing how prosperous his Kingdom continued to be when, after a time, everyone knew the reports were false. Before long emissaries returning to Europe began to report how the land acutely suffered from poverty in contrast to George's phony State of the Kingdom reports. For instance, the numbers of the homeless victimized by the vicious king were beyond counting and the way they were being treated was unconscionable. For he had passed edicts in the land forbidding the poor to raise a shelter over their head, to keep out the rain, sleet, wind, and snow; other edicts turned off fountains where the poor could wash and drink; other more hateful edicts prevented them from being fed altogether. It was Rude King George's intention to cover up the poverty he had authored either through forcing his victims to find other lands, or casting them to the Harpies!

The despair of the poor in Quakin-Bush was obvious, and the treatment of them atrocious compared to world standards, but because everyone accepted Rude King's George's repulsive standards justifying his conduct against worse villains, there was no man who would intervene on the poor's behalf, except, of course, Sir Gwain!

A shocking plan which would turn back on him! Hear now the heinous plan Rude King George had in using the Cave of Harpies to swallow the poor! The king had been subsidizing the Monastery of the Heretics (he knew that their Cave of Harpies was a ruse to defraud honest people). The time Sir Gwain destroyed the monastery, Rude King George had been negotiating with the Heretics to round up the homeless and put them in the Cave of the Harpies. To cover up the poverty in the land he would feed the innocent and helpless, stripped victims of Quakin-Bush to the Harpies. Since many of the rich Heretics of the Monastery had already sold out to King George long ago – they controlled most of the enterprises of the kingdom thanks to him – though repulsed by the idea, the elders of the Monastery actually agreed to begin the round up! By the time Sir Gwain arrived at the mount, several thousand men, women, and children had been collared in the wine cellar of the Monastery, waiting their turn to climb down the ladder into the mouth of the Cave of the Harpies. Here they would simply be allowed to starve, deep down in the cave, after which the filthy Harpies would swoop down upon their lifeless skin and bones, spread their black, lice ridden wings over them, and disembowel them. In this way all King George's accomplices, in this novel ghetto of the Cave of the Heretics, could claim innocence should anyone enquire.

Betrayed at the Bath!

When the fiend Boors kidnapped Princess Anaïs he had no way of knowing her great lineage. The King of France had sent Queen Iocelies and her daughter, Princess Anaïs, on a sabbatical to the town of Bath, where they could partake of the healing mud baths and mineral waters of that place. In addition to having a heathen temple at the site, the town also was known for its wonderful church. Of course, everyone on a pilgrimage to Bath from France passed through Avalon and its famous Cathedral whose new wing was then being built in the innovative Gothic architecture of St. Denise.

Boors has been sent to Bath to secure some new samite fabrics for Chief Giant Ysbadden. While there, and negotiating with a vendor in its market, he heard that Rude King George – now in his seventies and fearing death – had put out a reward for information which could lead to the seizure of a Unicorn, from whose horn, shaved into powder, he could extend his health and life. In visiting the baths Boors spied an entourage, whom he did not know was of the Queen of Castile and Aragon, and overheard them inquiring after the finest virgin white samite. The material was needed for the fair Virgin Anasifile, they said. To make a long story short, the Boor rammed his bulbous chin into the midst of their group and offered to provide them a special samite, which, he claimed, was made by silkworms of the Oriental city, Saras, introduced there by Prestor John himself! "But," he urged, "you must bring the fair damsel to me here for a color match to her skin; and then I can arrange for the necessary cords of fabric to be procured for her". Unsuspecting foul play, the next day - near the eight columned temple of Freya of all places – the shy princess was presented to Boors and his leather vested cronies, who instantly threw a special sack of samite over her and made off with her screaming and crying on their shoulders. Before the shocked mother and her ladies could respond the scoundrels had

disappeared down the street. Later, moved from hide-out to hide-out, the unfortunate Princess was placed in the High Tower once occupied by Sir Lancelot in his long captivity and originally built by Chief Giant Ysbadden. As for Rude King George's offer for information on the Unicorn, Boors contrived a new plan and used the ivory skinned maiden in her new white samite sheaf to capture his very own Unicorn!

Learning of the kidnapping - and suspecting foul play because of Rude King George's phony history - the venerable king of France, Constantine, sent his Ambassador to Bath to inquire of his daughter's whereabouts. Disembarking in the Ilse of Avalon, they proceeded towards Bath but on the way heard reports from frightened Heretics how Sir Gwain had destroyed the Monastery of the Heretics. Noting the Emissary's pennant and expecting royal sympathy, the Heretics contrived another of their great lies, reporting that Sir Gwain was a thief whom they had given hospice and who made off with their gold and silver! They did not know that the King of France was Sir Gwain's cousin, admittedly a generation removed. The ambassador knew, of course, that Sir Gwain, above all men, was beyond false conduct. It was customary for all the people in Rude King George's land of Quakin-Bush to lie, and others to pass their lies aside, but Sir Gwain was one man who could always be depended upon for the truth, for an example of virtue, and a standard of humility. He was first among men, was he not? He was selected by King Arthur as the guard at his coronation long ago in London!

In any event the uninformed King George's stooges, the Heretics of the Monastery of the Caves, led to George's undoing, directing the French Ambassador directly to Sir Gwain, sleeping not far from the crossroad where we left him. After waking him sleeping peacefully upon his helmet, they then, under Gwain's Oak, laid a plan to undo Rude King George and free Anais from the Boor whom he patronized. Sir Gwain would wear the gold brocade robes of the Heretics and accompany the royal mission to Rude King George's castle. With the ambassador's entourage, Sir Gwain, in disguise, entered the brass and iron doors of George's castle, and proceeded at leisure to the Scriptorium and library to examine the king's phony account books. There he found the precise location of Boor's Tower, which is our next topic.

Chapter 4

How Sir Gwain discovered the Ethiopian Grail King from Arabia & how they together set up vile King George's defeat

Ma petite choue, my beloved, we approach in our history some terrible events which threaten even our own jubilee. Hateful King George, the tempter of all kinds of evil – whose spirit agitates again to singe the world to come, caused many terrible events. Nevertheless, my spirit is lifted in my view from the Joyeuse Guard de la Mer and, as Sir Gwain before me, express my haunting grief over things yet to come, knowing that righteousness will shoot forth before long.

From father Joseph of Arimathaea to Sir Gwain is a long line of prophets of Judah and Aaron. Sir Gwain is unusual because he is not a prophet in the usual sense of the term. He is rather a Judge. Knowing the future and warning mankind, as in the case of Jonah, is the nature of a prophet. Sir Gwain, on the other hand, cannot say in warning to the wicked like King George and his people, if you continue on your evil path such and such will happen to you. Although he may know of their fate and may judge them he may not use his knowledge to intimidate them. Better it would be for them were he allowed to do so!

The next part of our story includes some prophecies, which came from small books, stored in the Cave of the Unicorns, leading to these. This part of our story includes events often recreated time and again, many of which are being recreated even as I speak. Knowing this we can now return to Sir Gwain, his encounter at the ruined Monastery of the Heretics, and the subsequent events leading to the rescue of Princess Anais.

The son of Mahomet freed

Among several thousand people collared in the wine cellar of the Heretics at the Cave of the Harpies, there was one wonderful lad named Nascien, given his name from a Saracen ancestor from Sarras. From the first Nascien was the line of the Grail Kings – sons of David through Joseph of Arimathaea – recorded. According to the tradition Sir Lancelot de Lac was eighth in line from Jesus Christ among the Grail Kings and Sir Galahad was ninth. Their part of the line died out, however, switching the Grail King into the houses of Gales and Anjou, which then filtered through the House of Burgundy and Valois, much later to be discussed. The King's heritage, my well beloved, comes from both houses of Gales and Anjou doubled, which we shall mention momentarily.

How the swarthy lad Nascien, fits into this petite histoire is a maze far too complicated to justify here, but must be summarized at the least since through him the Grail Mystery is revealed.

To appreciate the swarthy lad Nascien's story one must understand the motive of prophecy. One of the basic problems between God and mankind is man's lack of a baseline for judgment and vanity. In the scriptures, to combat this, a scenario – a set of prophesies we say – was created to demonstrate judgment: how God's Will would overcome man's will in the end. This entire story line reduces down to the creation of an anointed King, Messiah – as God in the flesh we say – to lead mankind to judgment and God.

The Messiah – a manifestation of God – has certain characteristics, which are engraved on his soul. Unlike man he is humble. Unlike that practiced by most religious zealots, His cause – following the first twelve Psalms and the other prophets – is with the poor, the afflicted and the meek of the earth: to defend them from those who puff themselves up at them. To distinguish Him from imposters he was given a name known only to himself, and he is identified as the Servant of God, who can only serve His Lord's Will in the most humble sort of way, always keeping in mind the needs of the oppressed, the orphan, and the downtrodden in heart. He sets free all who are collared by Vanity, as in the case of the people of the haughty, unfeeling King George and his people of Quakin-Bush.

In the paradox of the Unicorn, he works alone. As with the Unicorn the prophets – God we say – prevented him so that he cannot cry out, raise himself up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street. As the Unicorn he carries with him discernment – the judgment of God – and he can see through the hearts of men. Because of his discernment, knowing the secrets of men, people tend to fear and avoid him, as they know in their hearts he has the ability to expose them.

He is merciful in all of his judgments. Where there is an exception in his Mercy is in those cases where someone has endeavored to rob God, or his crown. This exception harkens back to the old conflict between Lucifer (the angel of Light) and God. After a time Lucifer's knowledge got the best of him and he thought to be equal to his creator and God. For thinking to be equal to God he was thrown out of Heaven. One thing the Messiah is not is one equal to God. He stands in Service to God and cannot superimpose his will over that of God, something the heretic Slues did not understand.

The early Christians – St. Peter and the original eleven Apostles we say – knew this criteria, that the Messiah cannot be equal to God, or, as one might say, "another god who can compete with God." This understanding was normal to the Jews, from the Pharisees and their Oral Tradition, to the Essenes and their Monastery by the Dead Sea. This was the understanding Jesus had as he carried out the first mission of the Messiah (called Christ in Greek). Contesting this point of view were the Heretics led by Slues who presented Jesus Messiah as a new god "who" he said, did not see it robbery to be equal to God"! [op. cit. Slues VI.2.5]. Under the disguise of this lie the name of Jesus was used to justify an entirely new set of Scriptures and Covenant.

Rebelling against this abuse of the Scriptures, the prophet Mohammed recorded in the form of the Koran not only the confirmation that the Jewish Scriptures were true (as opposed to the Heretic's condemnation of them) but also the reaffirmation that Jesus is the Messiah. For its view of Jesus see Koran IMRANS 3:45 and TheTable 5:44; for its view of the Jewish Scriptures see The Cow 2:116 and The Creator 35:25. Agreeing with the early Christian church in Jerusalem - including the children of Joseph of Arimathaea - and to rebut the heresy of Slues, the prophet Mohammed (Mahomet) rooted the Koran on the fact that God would not create another god who can compete with God, meaning that it opposed the Heretics cutting up scripture to their own purpose. As noted they used Scripture to kill and exploit others by making Jesus another god advocating the enslavement and murder of everyone who is not like them! In truth, we may entitle the Koran as a work perhaps better called, Against Slues and his Heretics.

At the core of Slues' New Covenant was the condemnation of the Jews and their Law, including the disciples of John the Baptist and St. Peter and the other original apostles in Jerusalem and later to include the disciples of the Koran of Mahomet. A forerunner of Mahomet

was a sect called the Ebionites, meaning poor, who challenged the idea that Jesus is either a god or God, but rather a man, the Messiah, the Servant of God. They saw him as another Adam, from whose flesh a new man would be born, who would return from Heaven, as Enoch before him, to set up his Kingdom and Judge the quick and the dead. His return would be again in the flesh, as a man and as a Son of David. When he would return was clearly marked in prophecy, as was the Messiah's creation. He would return in the Latter Days, a day of darkness and gloominess, where there is no light, and lead the prisoners (in their dark prison house) out into the light. This would be on the 70th Jubilee after the first coming out of Egypt (1491 B.C.), which now is 1998. A Jubilee is a year of Mercy, tolerance, and forgiveness, where one forgives those who transgress them, who gives the land and its debtors a special rest every 50th year.

The number 70 is a special number in the history of Israel, relating first to the seventy starving Israeli souls who were first led into Egypt, into their first captivity, to the time when the Jews were taken again into captivity to Babylon. Jeremiah and Daniel prophesied beforehand that the Jews would be in captivity in Babylon only seventy years.

History unfolded like a book. Because of the influence of the prophets – God, we say – on history one would be a fool not to understand them. Men like the sinister King George who thwart all attempts at truth would lead you to accept that neither the God of heaven and earth nor his prophets have any affect on you. But my darling do not be deceived, for many there are who believe in God and the prophets from the days out of Egypt until now and, guided by prophecy - seeing a prophecy can be fulfilled by them – they fulfill it! The Bible is full of such instances, such as in the persons of Zerrubabel and Cyrus the Great, or even Mahomet, and to think that such men following scripture cannot influence history or the future of your loved ones is foolishness, as the people of the vile King George will soon note. They would be well advised to understand that regardless whether they believe God exists the prophecies themselves can be self-fulfilling! Thus, we write for their edification, which we know, owing to their own vanity of being greater than God, will give them no concern. Yet, as a book, as small as it is, we can stretch our words out in the Heavens and expect that the heretics and King George's people will not read it! Thus, understand why Sir Gwain need not warn them, as another Jonah, but is more like Noah who simply entered his ship in the judgment.

Because of the vain like the people of King George's estate, much of Scripture was revealed in parables, or stories, as with this one. For discussions of Scripture can wear down even the most acute minds; and we, I dare say, have surely now lost many of those who were following our tale to this part. But, my darling, our story is like playing chess with the wicked. Like Mahomet and others, my move as a simple pawn in prophesy can mean nothing to the likes of King George, until they see me standing on the square where the Bishop once stood! How this occurs is through the paradox of the wicked being caught in the same snare as they set for others, which is that story line we now approach. This principal is laid in the foundation of the Messiah's direction and judgment. The Messiah, as Sir Gwain, is glorified as he waits quietly, like a leopard, as the wicked walk into his or her own net!

These things are easy for the Grail Knights and their Princesses to understand, for they are already engraved on their souls.

Sir Gwain and his adventure with the Emissary of the French King

Sir Gwain was in his verdant armor, resting with head on his helmet, and was surprised by the ambassador, not knowing him who stood over him or how he knew Sir Gwain's name! He reached for the Sword of Aravat, fearing calamity ahead, but the ambassador, standing beside his fleur-de-lis standard, reassured him that no harm was intended and that his cousin, King Constantine of France and then Logres, would ask a favor of him. As Sir Gwain rose up, dusting himself off, the ambassador kneeled before him, saying, "My Lord sends you his greetings and begs you to intercede on his behalf on the urgent matter of the family's dauphine."

Sir Gwain bid him to rise and answered, "My Lord, her plight has already come to my hearing, and I was on my way to the palace of King George to judge the matter."

The ambassador was dumbfounded that Sir Gwain would already know of the abduction, but dared not inquire, so he then proposed under Sir Gwain's oak tree a plan by which evil King George may be brought to judgment; as the ambassador believed that King George was behind the kidnapping of fair Princess Anais. Sir Gwain knew that the Princess had been abducted by the scoundrel Boors, servant of the Chief Giant Ysbadden, "whose thunders," said Sir Gwain, "can be heard far off beyond the distant ridge as he is now being chased by the filthy Harpies." The Harpies had just escaped from their cave near the Monastery of the Heretics. Gwain then told the ambassador what he knew about the matter, how the princess had been confined in the crumbled, yet high tower once used to confine Sir Lancelot during his trials as a Grail Knight. It had but one window, too high to reach by a man, and it was double walled out of both stone and brick. To ensure that there could be no escape from the tower this time, the fiend Boors added to it, using the best stone and hardest bricks, by which his lackeys, quarrying the best stone, accidentally opened a hole in the mountain of the Cave of the Harpies and unfortunately released them to once again scourge mankind (the event was prophesied beforehand). There was no man in those times that had not known of the Harpies, how they carried every filth and plague known to man. Even so, they were fed by the Heretics against all the laws of God and mankind! Those same heretics are now again feeding mankind with the great plague of the Harpies called "AIDS!"

"Lord," said the ambassador, "we met some of those Heretics who escaped from the Monastery of the Harpies told us of your wonderful exploits, how you brought down their chapel without drawing even your sword! But I have some terrible news, there were many thousands of captives in the wine cellar of the monastery and I am afraid they also may be lost."

Sir Gwain took up his helmet and quietly reached for the reins of his black steed, Gryngolet, and, beckoning to the ambassador's men for assistance, commenced to mount his horse. With all of his armor it was difficult to mount Gryngolet, as he stood over seventeen hands high at the withers; allowing for the extraordinary weight of Sir Gwain's armor an ordinary man could carry with difficulty, mounting his horse was a chore. His sword alone took two men to swing, but he managed it easily with one hand.

"Our first duty", Gwain said, "is to free the captives, then we will attend to the princess," so the entourage followed him back up to the mountain ruins of the Monastery of the Heretics.

Arriving there, and shifting through the dust and rubble, they could hear the muted suffering from the people below. Following the now open steps into the wine cellar, whose ceiling was still intact - grace be to God – the men discovered in the dark, waterless, putrefying cellar, several thousand different, people all collared into one mass of groaning, starving victims. Here, all

signs of vanity had been completely erased. They all looked up to the horsemen entering their choking and wheezing hell, and neither said a word nor raised a hand. Sir Gwain could see from their marks that many of them were slaves from Africa and the Orient. Behind their tattered robes - many held together with a piece of wicker rope – there were princes and princesses, nobles and chiefs – robbed of all dignity - whose sole possession was now but the spirit of hope.

Sir Gwain placed the Shield of Aravat in the corner of the death chamber, as he entered hell to attend to them, reaching hand by hand to raise each of them up from their small place.

Out of the corner of his eye he saw his shield flashing. To most people it had the appearance of a mirror, but a few saw in it a red shield with a white unicorn, then changing to a silver shield with two black water-signs. His shield was now flashing out that red shield but with a white cross where the unicorn was!

A Swarthy Arab of la Croix Blanche

"I perceive," Gwaine said to the ambassador, as he took off his gauntlet, searching the room with his eyes, "that there is a Grail Knight in this room besides myself – or if not a Grail Maiden!"

Seeing a swarthy young man about the age of a page sitting next to the Shield of Aravat, Sir Gwain walked over to the shield, and looked at the boy, saying, "What is your name and who was your mother, boy?"

The young man attempted to jump to his feet, and swatted at his robe as if to create some kind of order in the actual mess that he was in. "My name is Nascien ibn Ali ben Abdullah and my mother was Bethule, daughter of the Queen of Zazamac," he answered, being careful to keep his eyes looking downward.

Sir Gwain interrupted him, saying, "Was your grandmother that Queen of Zazamac named Belcane and your grandfather Sir Gahmuret?"

"Yes, my lord," he answered.

Sir Gwain turned to the ambassador, motioning him to come near and quietly told him that the boy is a Grail Prince, and while he explained who he was, the ambassador's men carried him out of the cellar out into the daylight and bathed and dressed him in the clothing of a squire ready for knighthood.

How a swarthy son of Mahomet came to carry the Grail. The boy's name, Nascien, was a name then unique and peculiar to the Grail Kings, beginning with the brother-in law of the King of Sarras, whose name was Evelech and after conversion to Christianity by Joseph of Arimathaea baptized Modrain, the afflicted king. In cementing their friendship Joseph of Arimathaea gave the hand of his daughter, Bethabara, in marriage to al-Ashraf, or Seraph, a brother of King Modrain and now brother-in-law to Joseph of Arimathaea. When Seraph was converted to Christianity – principally through the influence of Bethabara – he was baptized, Nascien, meaning, "newborn," signifying one born again in the spirit of the Christ.

It began in 75 A.D., when Joseph and his band sought refuge in Sarras as a result of the destruction of Jerusalem and Judaea by Rome. After old Nascien, a Saracen and pagan, became a Christian and forswore the heathen law, he believed so zealously in God, and loved his Maker with such fervor, that he was a very pillar and mainstay of the faith. That he was an upright man and true was made apparent when our Lord gave him the vision of the high secrets and the mysteries of the Holy Grail, which no knight of his time had seen, except for Joseph, unless it were fleetingly, nor have they been contemplated since by any knight, save as it were

in dream.

How Nascien and King Modrain came to be converted is too long to tell here, but essentially Modrain was being threatened by King Tholomar, and Josephus, the son of Joseph of Arimathaea, counseled him how to overcome Tholomar. Following Josephus' prophecy Modrain rode out against Tholomar and all things came about exactly how Josephus had said. So when he saw himself in such a danger that he thought he must surely die, he uncovered his shield and beheld in the centre the bleeding figure of a man crucified. Then he spoke the words that Josephus had taught him and through them won victory and overcame Tholomer and all his men. When he reentered the city of Sarras he proclaimed to all the people the truth that Josephus had shown him and bore such witness to Christ Crucified that Nascien was baptized.

It happened that during his baptism a man passed by holding his severed hand, which had been smitten off at the wrist in the battle with Tholomar. He approached when Josephus called him, and directly as he touched the cross on the shield his hand was restored. Nor was this the end of the miracle. For the cross, which had been on the shield, imprinted itself on the arm of him that was healed, and the shield itself remained blank ever after. Then King Evelech himself was baptized and given the new name of Modrain.

Later, when Joseph and his son went to Britain they met with a cruel and wicked king who cast them into prison with other Christians in their community. Hearing their plight from abroad - as Joseph of Arimathaea had worldwide fame - King Modrain and his brother-in-law Nascien left for Britain with several hundred vassals and fighting men and routed the captors, not only freeing them but also laying the foundation for the Christian faith to be established throughout the land. These two so loved Josephus they never reembarked but cleaved to him and followed him in all his journeying. As Josephus lay at last on his deathbed and Modrain realized that he must leave this world, he came to his chamber and said to him, weeping tenderly, "Sir, when you leave me, I - who left my kingdom for your sake - shall remain alone in this country. Since you must depart this life, for the love of God leave me some relic of yourself which will be a remembrance of you when you are dead!"

Josephus thought for a moment and then bade him to bring the shield he had given him to ward off the evil Tholomar. He did as bid and at the moment when he was given the shield, Josephus's nose began to bleed profusely and could not be staunched. He took hold of the shield at once and in his own blood traced the cross.

While the shield is normally blank to most eyes and shines as a mirror, before Grail Knights it reveals its secrets and often that of the cross - drawn in Josephus' blood. After explaining this story to the ambassador, he pointed upstairs, saying, "My Lord, there is no doubt that this boy will be the next Grail King, not only judged on this part because of the reaction of the Shield to him - as it reacted to Sir Galahad, Grail King of Sarras - but also as it reacted to myself, Sir Gahmuret, Sir Parzival and others. It is a truth, Sir, that this boy will be the next custodian of the shield."

Sir Gwain confided to the ambassador, that the Shield of Aravat is a means of tracing the Grail's Bloodline. Young Nascien's story will continue later, how the Shield of Aravat was maintained in his line and carried by Sir Rogero, whom we noted earlier, was a Paladin of Charlemagne.

The transfer of the Holy Grail from Lancelot's House of Benwick to the House of Anjou

For some the following genealogy can be boring, but we must mention it because it shows why Sir Gwain knew that he must transfer the Shield of Aravat into the hands of the young Arab Nascien and how it influences modern prophetic events.

The ambassador knew of Nascien's sire, Sir Gahmuret of Anjou. Who hadn't? He, together with Sir Lancelot de Lac and Sir Bors of Gahnes, were that famous generation through which the Grail passed. In the direct line of descent Lancelot and his son stood first, because they inherited the Holy Grail through both sides of their family. There are eight sires from Joseph of Arimathaea, beginning with his grandson Celydoine to Sir Lancelot de Lac, with Sir Galahad being the ninth. Sir Galahad was born of Sir Lancelot (also called Galahad) de Lac, son of King Ban of Benwick. King Ban married Elizabeth, meaning the Oath of God, the sister of King Bors of Gahnes, and daughter of King Bric. King Bors – Sir Lancelot's uncle – was a son of King Elain le Gros, the younger brother of King Pellam. He married a daughter of King Ban, whose name was Helen, sister of Sir Lancelot de Lac, and produced two sons, King Bors and Sir Lionel, who later assumed the throne of France.

La Maison Haute

This includes two brothers containing the Premier Branch of the Grail, including two sons of King Jonaan: Pellam (Pelles I) and Elain le Gros. The first part of the Branch comes through the eldest son of King Pelles, King Ban, through his son, Sir Lancelot, and through his son, Sir Galahad. After Galahad's death the title of La Maison Haute passed to Sir Ector de Maris, Sir Lancelot's younger brother, and Sir Ector's descendents.

The other surviving part of the branch of La Maison Haute comes through King Bors, son of King Elain le Gros.

In memory of their Trojan ancestors King Ban and Elizabeth named their second son, Ector de Maris, after Hector, the great Trojan hero and prince who was slain by vain Achilles of the maimed heel outside the walls of Troy. After the death of Sir Lancelot and Sir Galahad the shield of King Ban, which was silver with two black bends, passed to Sir Ector de Maris. From Ector was born two sons, Melias and Jonaan. Melias married the sister of Utependragon, whose name was Schoyes, and begat sons by the name of Clythe, Dyfed, Howell, Dwight and four daughters. One lass married the King of Denmark, begetting King Melias.

As with tradition, when Lancelot was born he was given over to a foster parent, the Lady of the Lake, sister of Merlin the Prophet, after whose name his is derived, who taught him all the traditions of the Grail and about his nobility. It is she who guarded the sacristies of the name of Joseph of Arimathaea and lived in a small castle near the tomb of Nascien. From Nascien's tomb came forth oracles and miracles of the most wonderful kind. For example, it was from Nascien's tombstone that Galahad, the son of Lancelot, was told, "your coming must be compared to the coming of Jesus Christ, in similitude only, not in sublimity. And even as the prophets who lived many years before the advent of Our Lord had announced that he should come to earth and deliver His people from the chains of hell, even so did the hermits and the holy men foretell your coming fully twenty years ago. They predicted every one that the Kingdom of Logres would never be loosed from its bondage until you came. We have waited so long for you that now praise God, you are come."

Often when that voice was heard – at various places and times – there appeared the

similitude of a man robed in white, of venerable age and bearing, with graying hair and beard, yet not a knight. Before he was seen often would come a lovely young lady, called the Damsel de Lac, of the fairest blonde hair ever seen and dressed in a pure white linen shift and riding on a white palfrey. In those days women were prized by their ivory white skin and fair hair, and those who carried these treasured, pallid features, were given the title of "blanche mains," etc., referring to the whiteness of their flesh.

The Old Man made a particularly dramatic appearance in King Arthur's hall, at the Round Table, when Sir Galahad was anointed to take the Siege of Danger upon which was a curse against false knights and upon which no man dares sit under threat of instant death. Many tried to sit in the chair and met an unusual and horrifying death right after!

The Siege of Danger had been purposely covered with its own white mantle, so that no one could read the name inscribed on it, ever since the Round Table was first set up in Camelot. It fully had 150 chairs around it - arranged like other parliamentary halls. Escorting the young knight Galahad to the chair, the Old Man removed its covering. To everyone's surprise the name inscribed on it, destined to sit in it, was that of young Galahad himself! So the Old Man said, "King Arthur, I bring you the Desired Knight, he who stems from the noble house of King David and the lineage of Joseph of Arimathea, through whom the enchantments on this and other lands are to be loosed and the marvels of this court, and of strange realms, shall be fully accomplished. Behold him here!"

Now the Old Man was referring to the prophecy of Haggai which said that God would shake the Heavens, the earth, and all the nations and the desire of all nations shall come and fill his house with glory. This is that sign of the return of Jesus Messiah the world had been expecting. From Galahad's similitude is seen the real Messiah in the end of days. At that time the people believed the end of days and the time of the Messiah was come; and the closer the clock moved to 1,000 A.D. the closer they believed they were to the Day of Judgment, the Last Day, called Doms Day! So Galahad's Siege of Danger at the Round Table was serious prophesy being fulfilled!

After Sir Galahad took his place at the Round Table King Arthur toasted him, saying, "Sir, you are welcome, for you shall move many good knights to the quest of the Holy Grail and achieve that never knights might bring to an end." King Arthur then took Sir Galahad down to the lake where the stone with the Sword Excalibur hovered on the water, and Galahad removed it. Then, seeing Galahad needed a shield, Arthur said, "God has readied it and shall soon send it to you."

A special joust was called on the greens after that to celebrate Sir Galahad's anointing and the transfer of the custody of all things treasured in the Holy Grail to Sir Galahad. Sir Galahad rode so magnificently and unhorsed so many knights, with spears splintering even into the stands, that all men wondered at him. Only two men were saved from the bruising experience of being tossed over the end of their saddle, and they were the naive youth Sir Parzival and Galahad's father, Sir Lancelot. Then came Damsel de Lac on a white palfrey and told Sir Lancelot that his days of glory must give way to Galahad and, turning to King Arthur, said, "Nascien himself willed King Arthur the greatest worship in the world, more than any king before or after." This prophecy surely was true!

After that the Holy Grail appeared at the Round Table and miraculously fed every knight there! From that moment on Sir Galahad was charged with the Quest of the Holy Grail, upon which adventure the Damsel de Lac said he should die within the year after once possessing the Grail and looking into it.

As mentioned earlier, Lancelot's father, King Ban, was a son of Pelles I of Listinoise, who was also called King Pellam, who was maimed by the mysterious sword. Many Grail Kings after King Pellam carried an affliction in their days defending the Holy Grail, as exemplified in the latter case of Sir Galahad who himself was afflicted to death when He took possession of the Holy Grail. With Sir Galahad's death the Holy Grail passed out of the line of King Ban to King Ban's younger brother, Mazadan.

Mazadan's seed by the name of Grail King Anfortas, with the maimed thigh, will momentarily possess the Holy Grail and its castle; and he will pass it on to his nephew, Sir Parzival, cousin of Sir Lancelot, only after Sir Parzival inquires about how he, the Grail King, had been wounded. Only, after many attempts to penetrate the Grail Castle did Sir Parzival, prompted by a Grail Princess, understand that to enter the sacred precincts of the Holy Grail he need only inquire of his uncle, Anfortas, how he was wounded. This follows the tradition from Grail King Pellam who was first maimed in defense of the Grail. When Parzival asked the right question many secrets of the Grail were suddenly revealed and the Holy Grail was transferred to Sir Parzival. Of course, he could not believe that entry into the presence of the Holy Grail could be that easy! We hesitate to say this at the risk of weak minds underestimating the challenge of the Grail; as there is much involved in the story of the afflicted Grail King, which we cannot take up here. We leave this legacy on the one note, which should be obvious to everyone: how caring for the Afflicted Soul brings forth the Salvation of God.

The tradition of the Afflicted Grail King began with King Pellam – Pelles I – who was maimed from the magic sword of evil King Balin le Savage who had just before killed his own brother Balan. It seems that Evil is more eager to enjoin prophesy than good, for it was prophesied that the Antichrist himself would die at the hand of his own brother. This comes from several precedents but ultimately starts with the curse placed on the evil son of Adam called Cain, after he killed his own and innocent brother Able. Now King George the Rude is following in the footsteps of Balin le Savage and we shall see shortly how the tables will be similarly turned against him!

King Pellam and his brother, Elain le Gros – named after their ancestor – were sons of King Jonaan, who was the son of Isaiah, who was the son of Elian, who was the son of Narpus, who was the son of Celydoine, the son of the Saracen Nascien and Bethabara, Joseph of Arimathaea's daughter. The shield of this family, carried by King Lancelot, the eighth in the succession, was known as a silver shield with two black bends or wavy bands, earlier described as water-signs, of the sign of Aquarius. That shield yet lives (through Ector de Maris) and is seen even today on the standards of a family from the West Country of Britain. Of this lineage said Queen Guinevere, inspired by the Holy Ghost as she toasted the marvel of the Holy Grail when it appeared at the Round table, "Sir Galahad is of all parties come of the best knights of the world and of the highest lineage; for Sir Lancelot is come but of the eighth degree from Our Lord Jesus Christ, and Sir Galahad is of the ninth degree from Our Lord Jesus Christ, therefore, I dare say they are the greatest gentlemen of the world!"

Proving this is easy, since their noble line of descent came from both sides of their family. On Galahad's mother's side, the Holy Grail was passed through Elaine, granddaughter of King Elain and daughter of Pelles II of Ireland. We note here that in the tradition names were often passed from uncle to nephew, making it easy to trace their ancestry. Many names passed through the tradition, of course, kept the names of the Sons of David, such as Neri or Narbus, Joseph, Maath, Heli, Melchi or Maelegaunt, Cosam or Cus, Eri, Naason, Phares or Feres, Jacob, Jude,

Booz or Bors, Sadoc, Dyfed, Melea or Melias, Jonaan, etc. Pelles II or Ireland passed his crown on to King Gurmon who married Queen Isolde, daughter of King Agwisanse of Ireland, a son of King Elain le Gros and brother of King Bors of Gahnes. Their daughter – Isolde, after her mother's own name – fell in love with Tristram but married King Ban's other brother, King Mark of Cornwall and Wales. This was that King Mark who was Leoneise – of high Roman nobility through the governors of Caerleon – and took up his main residence in the famous castle of Tintagel in Cornwall, where Sir Lancelot and King Arthur were born.

Because of Sir Lancelot's ties to both Cornwall and Brittany, Lancelot later became the chief of all the Gauls, leading the Lords of France in the main against his cousin, King Arthur, in the Battle of Dover. This was the first major battle – among many more to come – between the dukes of France and the dukes of England. Many cousins and sons of David died on that blood soaked ground that day. It was a day of remorse such that King Arthur and Sir Lancelot never recovered, nor dare we say, from which the Round Table itself recovered. For King Arthur went on – scarcely a year later – to engage himself with the encroaching Saxons in the battle of Mount Baden and, being mortally wounded, was buried at Glastonbury at the Isle of Avalon. So the Battle of Dover was a turning point in the History of the Grail. This battle was prompted as a result of the jealousy of King Arthur in an affair of Sir Lancelot's Liege Queen, Guinevere, wife of King Arthur. Queen Guinevere had noble Grail lineage from one King Leo de Grange.

It was rumored throughout Gales and Logres that Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere slept together. This comes from a deliberate rumor and fake evidence of Lancelot's blood on Guinevere's bed sheets. Sir Lancelot had sneaked into Queen Guinevere's room through the window and scratched his finger on the steel sill. Later, the rumor went, he threw Guinevere into bed and seduced her, leaving traces of blood from his finger upon the bed sheets. The blood was found in places where it ought not to have been!

Queen Guinevere was beyond that age of conception so everyone knew that the blood could not come from her monthly cycle. Knowing this and in preparation for the accusation to come, seeing the bloody bed sheets the morning after, she and Lancelot decided that she ought to scratch her finger, so Sir Lancelot took out his sword and lightly scratched her finger.

Well, my sweet one, if there is any lesson to be learned in life it is the lesson that the Sword of Truth cannot be used for deception; and the Sword of Sir Lancelot, being that of the Holy Grail and the highest place of truth, being used for such a purpose as he and his lover conceived, turned back on them. For now the two must face their accusers with both fingers scratched and still the dried blood on the bed sheets! So what happened is obvious.

Their accuser, Sir Meliagaunt, was one whose fame at deception and jealousy was widely known except in Arthur's own chambers. Only shortly before, at the time of the Lady of Astolat's funeral, he had lured Sir Lancelot into being his prisoner, hoping to kill him and transfer the Holy Grail into his possession (as the scabrous Boors planned again in Princess Anaïs' situation). It seems that in the treasure chests of every family there are things stored which recall both good and evil. The Holy Grail family was no different than any other, and it had its share of bad apples, of which Sir Meliagaunt was chief. In any event this unholy prince had noticed that Sir Lancelot had not been in his room and was eager to see what would happen when he and the King's Guard opened the door this produced nothing, for Arthur, losing heart, lost the Battle of Baden; Sir Lancelot, with a broken heart over his Lord and his Liege Lady, became a recluse in a monastery; Queen Guinevere ended up spending the rest of her life in a convent.

The man who stirred up all this trouble, Sir Meleagaunt, was of significant bearing. He was

the son of King Bagdemagus of Gore, brother of King Urien who married Queen Morgan le Fay, sister of King Arthur. It is understandable by his close proximity to King Arthur that he would be dear to Arthur (how could anyone refuse his own sister's husband?). Next to the wrath of his own wife, there are few things worse to a man than the wrath of a sister, and sometimes a sister's wrath can bring a greater plague upon a man than his worst enemy. This ends the Premier Branch of the Grail in our family records.

House of Anjou

Hear now the lineage of King Gahmuret, to whom the shield passed after the death of Sir Galahad. As noted, there were four sons of King Pellam. The eldest son was King Ban, the next King Math (Mazadan), King Mark, and Utependragon. Math's fame rests as being the root of the four Branches of the Mabingini. We do not wish to create any false hearsay and so rest our petite histoire on his more popular name, Mazadan. He married Terdelaschoye, the daughter of the Lady of the Lake, who was believed to be Merlin's sister and a prophetess in her own right. The Lady of the Lake raised Sir Lancelot, and it is she who bequeathed the sword Excalibur to the floating stone of Camelot, to be drawn out (Mouses in Hebrew) by King Arthur, cousin of Lancelot. Galahad afterwards did likewise with the Sword, as we have seen, and later it was moused from its place of rest by Gahmuret's son Parzival. The Magic Sword is a sign of the earthly Kingdom and the Shield of Aravat is the sign of the Heavenly Kingdom. Both Sword of Aravat and Shield of Aravat converge in Nascien the younger, signifying the unity of both the Kingdoms of Heaven and earth in one house, that of the Messiah. At the moment of the Round Table, Sir Lancelot and his son, Sir Galahad, held the Celestial Crown and King Arthur the earthly crown. The Celestial Kingdom, as noted earlier, is rooted in Sarras, which was the New Jerusalem in the days after Jerusalem was destroyed.

There were Three Grail Knights in direct line for the Holy Grail Inheritance. Prompted by King Arthur, all three principal heirs were grouped together in the great Quest of the Holy Grail. Sir Galahad, with his cousin Parzival, son of Gahmuret, and his other Grail cousin Sir Bors of Gahnes, escorted the Shield of Aravat and its Holy Grail back to Sarras, where, as indicated earlier, Sir Galahad became King of Sarras. It was prophesied that he would die within a year of being anointed King. After Sir Galahad's death Sirs Parzival and Boors stayed in Sarras, whilst the Grail passed to Parzival's uncle, King Anfortas, who received the grail on the abdication of King Ector de Maris who was an adventurer of the first degree and desired not to be rooted to the responsibilities of the Grail.

Sir Galahad's death was sudden, although we must admit it was no surprise to Sirs Parzival and Bors. The entire city of Sarras and neighboring kingdoms turned out for his funeral, which was different for the area but yet familiar to them. The people of that area buried their dead in caverns, as Jesus Christ himself was buried. The British practice – then called the Barrow of Dancing Myrinê followed after the Trojan manner, where a shallow walk- in shaft was dug and lined with huge stones – now called dolmens – and the entire kingdom turned out in procession to escort its king into the shaft. The depth and breadth of the shaft varied. In Tuscany, Mycenae, Spain and Lydia (the land of King Midas with the golden touch) it was below ground. In the Baleric Isles, Brittany and Britannia where the land was rocky, the dolmens were often placed above ground.

The funeral procession would be led by a man crowned with laurel and dancing the Dance of

Myrinê, after which all the people would join in. After the Dance of Myrinê, and escorted by seven vestals, Sir Galahad was laid to rest with flowers and other grave articles consisting of beakers and personal gold and silver affects he treasured as King. He was a simple knight and a modest King, and there were few treasures of this nature placed in his grave. After the eulogy was read and the ceremony ended, women in black, dressed as Morgana, the Lady of the Lake, grieved over his grave and then danced around the shaft as dirt and stones were heaped over it. Because of the height of the mound, people had to bring the dirt from the surrounding countryside. As they heaped dirt over the dolmans, they all enjoined in sport called War Games.

This was like the funeral of Patroclos described in the Iliad, and practiced in Troy and Tuscany, except the body of Sir Galahad, following the Gaelic and Latin custom, was not burned on a funeral bier. During the sport many of the greatest knights in the kingdom competed not only in Jousting tournaments but also such games as Javelin and Disc throwing. For the more stout warriors, in addition to wrestling, there was the competition of stone and tree heaving; the stone was tied to a leather lanyard; and, as a whirling dervish with tunic flying, cast as far as one could; and the tree, testing the strength of the stoutest man, was lifted and tossed as far as one could enable it. Most men could play hard just to carry the tree, let alone toss it. Many of these practices, believed to have begun in Amydon by the river Axios, continue to be favorite sports among the Scots today. Some people say that the Scots are those same red-haired people called Scythians who started the practice of the Barrows long ago in the Crimea, along the Black Sea. The Scythian barrows contained not only the corpse of their dead king and his attendants but also his bodyguards and his favorite wives! Herodotus says that they would drive the chariot and armed guard to the shaft, move in the wagon and his personal guard – usually a dozen or so – arranging themselves around his wagon in a circle. Now hear something, which will startle you! The guards' throats would be slit and their horses also, and then, replacing the armed guard on their horses, both man and beast were stood up and secured together in eternity by means of stakes, taking the appearance of a carousel! This pagan practice was long ago abandoned by the civilized world, long before the time of the Round Table, but the tradition of the gathering of the knights in a holy circle continued and stays with us even to this day. Hitler's SS attempted to revive it under the guise of the Teutonic Knights, following a poor, misguided understanding of Siegfried's Saga.

Some notes on the House of Brutus.

About a year after Sir Galahad was placed in his cairn, because of his ailing uncle Anfortas who was anointed Grail King after Galahad's death, Sir Parzival was called back to Camelot and sent on his own Quest to the Grail Castle, and the Shield of Aravat and its Holy Grail then passed into the next House of the Grail, which was that of Sir Gahmuret of Anjou, soon to be discussed.

From Mazadan, the brother of King Ban, King Mark, and King Utependragon of Logres (King Arthur's father), came Lazaliez, King of Anjou. The great Trojan line of Bricus, of whose burial practices we were just discussing, came through Sophia, a daughter of Bricus; and a daughter from Sophia, named Helen, was Lazaliez's mother. The mother's side of the family, as in the case of Arthur's mother, Arnive, also passed from the House of Brutus. Being the Premier Branch of the House of Bricus, King Arthur, after his father, Utependragon, was chief and emperor of the British. Their ancestor, Brutus, a son of Priam, escaped from the ten year long

privation of the Trojan War to the island, Britannia, now called after his name. Another son of Priam of Troy, carrying the name of Francus, settled in France, near Paris. Another settled near Rome, founding the Tyrhennian dynasties of Tuscany, whose center was at Cittivechia, and now is Florence, Italy.

The Tuscans, or Etruscans, gave birth to the Roman civilization and empire and left us our alphabet. The ancient statesman, Cicero, claimed direct descent in Trojan ancestry, as well as several Roman emperors, such as Julius Caesar. The Etruscan Civilization that founded Rome and the Roman Civilization lasted a thousand years, which was prophesied in the sacred Etruscan Scriptures beforehand. They believed, according to the prophesy, their high civilization would be destroyed after a thousand years (counting from 1000 to 800 B.C.) and give way to another, being consumed as it were, by its own son. As a matter of fact, the civilization did last precisely a thousand years, and at the time of Cicero it was wheezing its last death rattle; for few Romans then knew either the names of Etruscan ancestors or the Etruscan language and system of writing.

At the core of the Etruscan prophesies was an old man named Tages who suddenly rose up out of the Tuscan Soil and revealed the future of the Trojan settlers near Rome. Tages was an Old Man who appeared as a child. In the pantheon of the Etruscans was a devil named Tuchulcha and his sidekick, Charon, whose images set the criteria for our own image of Satan. Tuchulcha would rattle snakes at you and death came when Charon hit you on the head with a huge mallet - and he did not discriminate as to whom he would hit first; nor was he affected by appeals for Mercy. He had pointed ears and chin, a long crooked nose, and a forked tongue not unlike King George of Quakin-Bush.

His priests continued to practice during the Roman Empire, and in the fifth century after Rome was Christianized they were among the first to lead the Slucine Heresy of which we have been discussing and later initiated the Humanist way of destroying things, giving up the hammer in favor of simple ignorance, or as they maintained, not looking at the afflicted and avoiding culpability. A friend in the Philippines, as we were racing through the Makati District, told me that this was the best way to survive in their traffic. One must pull his car out into the street, careful not to look at the oncoming traffic either way. They will see that you are not looking at them, become frightened and toot their horn frantically, hoping you will stop. If you are convincing in appearing both blind and deaf they will slow down to let you in.

This belief of entering traffic while looking the other way is not a practice peculiar to them. While dodging across the boulevard in front of the Coliseum at Rome, a short priest in a long brown robe showed me how to get across safely by crossing yourself and running like mad with one hand covering your eyes and the other covering the ear in the direction of the traffic. Fortunately the traffic around the coliseum only went in one direction - causing no suspicion - and, following his advise, I never had a mishap in the many times I crossed over to that place where so many pagans were burned and fed to lions, among whom were many Christians who, it was said, were godless and acting against the law. In contrast, the Romans, among all people, were very lawful.

When they were about to feed the martyr Polycarp of Smyrna to the lions the Roman Timekeeper of the Games charged the procurator that the games were now over and according to the law Polycarp's performance must be delayed to the following day. The games had a time limit, as even today, for the officials and their beasts need their rest. In any event the crowd carried on, insisting that the games go into over-time, but the governor, being obedient to the

law, consented that Polycarp could be burned by the crowd, if they so wished, but it was time for the beasts to be sent down to their cages. The Nazis and many American leaders follow the law after this manner, so typed or shadowed by Mean King George of Quakin-Bush.

The Roman Legacy Continued

After the Etruscan legacy Rome adopted the thousand-year tradition and barely scratched through a history of a thousand Years. Then, as fate would have it, in the Book of Revelation another thousand year dynasty was prophesied - being that of the King Messiah – and this gave impetus for other kings following in the inheritance of Rome to repeat the record of a thousand years. Charlemagne, believed to be a Grail Prince, which we cannot attest for sure, followed in this path and set up the Holy Roman Empire, which through his sons revived another thousand years of empire in the old tradition. Then, a German pretender – by the name of Hitler, who had no claim by birth to the Millennium Kingdom – sought to set up the empire again and under the most gruesome terms imaginable. Fortunately he was defeated but at great expense of blood. He need not have happened.

Notice my darling, how history repeats itself. The Trojan War began over Paris, the son of Priam, abducting the fair Helen, wife of Menelaos and daughter of the Spartan King Tyndareus. The equally beautiful specimen of a man and womanizer, Paris, seduced Helen whose beauty was of the fairest degree. No wonder he went for her while visiting Menelaos' palace at Sparta. Her beauty was a prize every man in the ancient world would have given up his soul for just to touch; and the suppleness of her lips tormented the hardest of souls. Here again, in reflecting on the war between King Arthur of Logres and his cousin, Sir Lancelot of Brittany, we have a replay of Helen's tragedy. Is it no accident that the main players of our story continue to have Trojan blood in them? Witness, my darling, how the saga of the Holy Grail was recorded by men of the temple and New Troy!

The age-old repetition is wearing us down, for men battle either for beautiful women or the glory of a thousand year empire! No matter how they battle or for which cause, there can be only one King of the Millennium and he, alone among men, has already been selected by God himself through the Grail line!

How will the Holy Grail finally be delivered in the last days? Of course, it was prophesied all along! It will beam out of the temple of Gales itself! The other thing passed down upon which this bears mention is the marvelous tapestry of Dardanus, woven by Queen Helen of Troy herself! The fine purple filaments from that embroidery were treasured so much they now rest in the Millefleur Tapestries; and its two army's once waging war for Helen's sake – or glory's sake – metamorphosed into a thousand wild-flowers! Every now and then, when war looms on the horizon, affecting the Sons of Troy, some say the multicolored flowers of that tapestry turn to blood!

Here again, in our petite histoire, we find our hero, Sir Gwain, still engaged in that ever repeating scenario of rescuing fairy princesses – in our case the Princess Anaïs – from the towers of evil malefactors like King George who is no less evil than Balin le Sauvage.

Completing our genealogy, Mazadan the Great, (called Pellinor or Pelles II) begat King Titurel, eldest son in line for the Grail, King Lazaliez of Anjou, King Lamorak of Gales, King Meliodas or Melias of Liones, father of Tristram, a king of Brittany, and King Lot, of Lothian and the Orkneys, father of Sir Gwain.

The House of Anjou -- Sir Gahmuret's line, King Laiziliez begat King Addanz and he married his cousin, Herzeloide, sister of King Anfortas, who inherited the Grail Castle after King Galahad died, as Ector of Maris abdicated. Anfortas and Herzeloide were begotten by Frimutel, son of Titurel, son of Mazadan.

King Addanz begat King Gandin who married in turn his cousin, Schoette of Anjou, who bore two sons, Galoes and Gahmuret. Gahmuret married Herzeloide, called the Widow Lady of Camelot, daughter of Frimutel. It is said that she was one of the sisters of King Arthur. Another sister of Arthur, whose name was Margawse, called Queen of the Wasteland, married Lancelot's cousin, King Lot of Norway, Othian, now called Scotland, and Orkney. They begat Sir Gwain whose two sons are Florence and Lovel. Florence had a daughter named Lovey who married a grandson of King Bors of Gahnes. Queen Margawse was the aunt of Parzival and it was she who attended to the dying King Arthur after the Battle of Mt. Baden near Bath; but she could not help him with her powerful elixirs.

Frimutel, the son of Titurel, cousin of King Ban through Elain le Gros, begat Herzeloide's brother, King Anfortas, who was then, after the death of Sir Galahad, the Grail King. Of Herzeloide and Gahmuret was born the last Grail King, after Galahad, whose name was Parzival. He had a brother named Agloval.

New Dynasty through Feirfez

Gahmuret was not finished with his dynasty! A brave knight and well beloved in Britain and Gaul, he found himself escorting a spice expedition to Babylon and while in the Orient fell in love with the Queen of Zazamac whose name is Belcane. Her beauty was unexcelled anywhere, and her swarthy polished dark Ethiopian features reminded one of the Queen of Sheba herself and instantly enraptured the defenseless Gahmuret, King of Anjou. From their union, was born Parzival's half white, half black mottled half-brother named Feirfez. He married Parzival's maternal aunt, Repanse de Schoye, sister to King Anfortas the Grail King. They had two children, the one a son named Prestor John, who set up a kingdom in the Orient, and a daughter named Bethule.

Prestor John was one of the most famous kings of the Orient whose name still rings in the hearts of India and whose powerful army seated in Samarkand halted the most adventurous European spice expeditions to India. His father, King Feirfez, followed the Ebionite branch of Christianity - who are said to be disciples of John the Baptist and are stricter according to the Scriptures. At the time Islam was becoming the dominant force in the Middle East, and to shore up his alliance with the Hijjaz of Mecca, who ruled after their prophet, Mahomet (Mohammed), King Feirfez sent his daughter to Mecca to marry into that family. The Hijjaz family derived its name from the prophet's grandfather, Abd-al-Muttalib ibn Hashim. This family was the family and branch called Qoraish, which had by tradition been the custodians of the Temple of Abraham at Mecca, as the sons of David were entrusted with Abraham's Temple in Zion, at Jerusalem.

Quossay, leader of the Qoraish, reformed the decaying temple at Mecca and transferred his powers to his eldest son, Abd-al Dar (called the slave of the temple), after which the succession passed to his brother Abd-al-Manaf, now called the Shayba family. The son of Abd-al-Manaf, Amr-Hashim, held a principal position in governing the Temple at that time, as it was he who had the right of watering and feeding the pilgrims to the temple; and in so doing he controlled the

routing of caravans. Unlike other governors before him, Hashim had the blood of an adventurer running in his veins and he often accompanied the caravans. He died, in fact, at Gaza, at an early age on his last caravan trip. On his last journey he married a lady in Medina and conceived Mahomet's grandfather, Abd-al-Muttalib ibn Hashim.

After his father's death, Muttalib, Hashim's brother, adopted Hashim, by which means the young boy acquired the name Muttalib. Hashim was also called Abd, meaning "devotee," of Al Muttalib. When Hashim's uncle Muttalib died in Yemen, being the only and orphan son of his uncle, he inherited all of his estate and bore numerous sons, of whom one, named Abdulla, died early as his great grandfather before him, leaving in the year A.D. 571 another orphan – Mahomet (Muhammad) – in the family of the Qoraish and guardians of the Temple. Mahomet succeeded to the inheritance and like his famous ancestor Quossay began reforming the Temple. He, in fact, cleaned it out and dressed it up, as it had never shined before. Not being affected by Christianity and having lost the zealousness for the one God of Abraham, the people of Mecca had allowed the Temple at Mecca to become overgrown with weeds and congested with all kinds of idols.

About the age of twenty-five, because of his connection through Hashim of servicing caravans, Mahomet married a wealthy and strong-willed widow of Mecca, whose name was Hadija. He, in fact, had been conducting her caravans to the north into Palestine, and his marriage to her gave him leisure he heretofore had not had. He became involved with some reforming society called the Union of Grace, the Hilf al Fadhoul, which served the poor and the distressed, a good cause in the true spirit of the Bible. There were many of such people coming to Mecca, as there still are, who came there for healing but had not the money to sustain themselves. Thus, there were in Mecca many beggars.

Being disturbed over this, Mahomet sought isolation in a cave above Mecca, called al Hira, wondering how he could mitigate the suffering of the poor and, of course, clean up the over laden temple. No doubt in his caravans to the north he had come in contact with the Christian communities seeking solitude in the desert and was through them, perhaps even the last Ebionites, reminded of the one God of Abraham.

In the Solitude of the Cave

From that place Mahomet received revelations and began to write, not having the knowledge to do so, he claimed. We suspect he had some familiarity with accounts and bookkeeping in order to hold up his own in managing the caravans to and from Mecca and by then his own wife's accounts. Nevertheless, his testimony states, and there is good evidence of it, that the angels of God, principal among them being Gabriel himself, began dictating the Koran to him. The reason they were dictating the Koran to him, they said, was to do two things: 1) confirm that the Jewish scriptures were true and must be obeyed and 2) that Jesus is the Messiah. The picture they taught of Jesus was after the Ebionite understanding, which followed St. Peter's teachings. Mahomet admits in the Koran – the book dictated by the angels of God which means "recital" – that he had intercourse with Judaists.

He could not read the Jew's sacred book for himself, being more or less illiterate until late in life; nevertheless, moved certainly not by the Mecca Jews – who saw only themselves as the apostles of God – he heard the often repeated promise that the One God gives the Kingdom to whosoever will worship him in singleness. Mecca itself was the seat of an Abyssinian, Christian

colony, and this message of apostleship being granted to nonJews (gentiles) is firmly rooted in the earliest Christian tradition. And on this note we can leave the Koran, knowing that it took no exception to the Jewish Scriptures but rather confirmed them and confirmed Jesus of Nazareth as the Messiah of God. To a Christian after the following of St. Peter no stronger endorsement of Jesus or his teachings could be made. Followers of Slues – the Heretics – could not tolerate this kind of reconciliation, however, and denied the Koran's claim that Jesus is Messiah, justifying the killing of many Saracens and Christians over that issue. It is hard to believe but true, that the Heretics were able to pull off mass murders on an unheard of scale just by denying the Koran's simple claim that Jesus is the Messiah!

After the recital was completed - which took many years –one of the characteristics of the new sect founded out of it, called Islam (it claimed to bring Judaism and Christianity under one roof), was the practice of avoiding the making of images: Mahomet threw out all the idols in the Temple of Abraham and forbade the hanging of any kind of images in places of worship. The Temple is called the Ka'aba, meaning cube. The criteria on images also reinforces the Judaic practice in their synagogues and more importantly the practices of the early Christians in the first two centuries after Christ, during which time no images of Jesus or even his apostles were made, leaving only the followers in later centuries to guess how they looked.

The House of Bethule – Camel trains often passed through Zazamac, in their trade from Mecca to Damascus and beyond to Baghdad, and it is said that this one carrying King Feirfez's daughter Bethule, sent to the prince of the Hijjaz in Mecca, was one of the largest ever. When loaded with Princess Bethule's gifts it exceeded over 600 camels! Four to five hundred camels were frequent in those times, though in these days one may just see forty camels in one train, and the challenge of mustering together a long chain of single-minded beasts in a new direction has been lost.

This brings us to a rest in the chain of the Holy Grail. From Princess Bethule's marriage to a prince of Mecca – called the Fez in Europe – was born that line which begat the swarthy lad named Nascien, whom Sir Gwain rescued from his captivity in the Monastery of the Heretics and adopted, as was the practice with the Grail Princes and the Temple of God.

The Umayyed's, a branch of those claiming title from Mahomet through Mahomet's grandfather Amr-Hashim, had just conquered Baghdad and were looking to expand into Spain, at Granada. The young Nascien had been sent there with his uncle, who had adopted him after his father had been killed in a skirmish between the Umayyad's and the Shiite (followers of Ali) descendents of Mahomet. When Mahomet died his title and his property went to his son-in law and nephew named Ali. Ali was married to Mahomet's daughter Fatima, and in the rivalry, as Ali was visiting Baghdad to take that throne, he was ambushed by the descendents of Umayya who were related to Mahomet directly through the male line, through Amr-Hashim, contesting the validity of Mahomet's daughter Fatima and her husband Ali as ruler of Islam. As a result of Ali's martyrdom in Baghdad, Nascien was hustled away to his uncle's house among the Umayyads in Damascus, Syria, where he spent the better part of his youth.

The Umayyad Caliphs were very powerful and had expanded their power after the death of Ali to Baghdad, across North Africa, and were setting themselves to occupy Spain. As the Umayyad dynasty extended its feelers into Spain, to set up their future capital in Cordova, Nascien's uncle, still associated with the caravan trade, was sent to Cordova and on to the north to formulate a new trade agreement with the Fracs, hoping to cut off the Visigoth Kingdom of Spain. They were to meet the French ambassador near Pamplona, and on their way there they

were bushwhacked. All the men in the caravan, including his uncle, were killed, and Nascien was captured and sold into slavery. Being on the swarthy side, because of his mixed heritage from King Gahmuret and the beautiful Queen of Zazamac – filtered we say, through the Hijjaz of Mecca – he found himself in the slave market of Lisbon in the midst of several thousand black African slaves who were being auctioned off to many kings, including one from Britain whose name was King Caracatus.

At the time King George the Cheat was delinquent in some payments to several kings of Europe, including King Caracatus, and yet alleged that he needed labor to build a castle on the coast of Brittany, from which he could launch operations against the Duke of Provence and the lands of the Garonne River governed from the castle of Toles. King Caracatus saw some worthiness in the venture in Provence, and so he agreed to turn over a certain number of slaves, whom he had gotten at a bargain, in exchange for the Duchy of Burgundy when King George completes his conquest of Provence.

King Caracatus saw King George as a new Arthur, setting a new world order--he may be even the Messiah of the Millennium, as he was so eloquent and dynamic! He figured that in playing to King George's vanity he would get the better part of the bargain in any case. So King Caracatus made the purchase of the slaves and sent Nascien and a thousand other blacks and an assortment of massacred nations to Brittany for transport to Logres. The Heretics had just over-run a Cistercian Monastery there, and, based upon a bribe offered by King George le Savage, they agreed to transport the slaves to Quakin-Bush in exchange for the exclusive franchise of God in Provence. Keeping with his back stabbing nature, Quick-Fingered George sold the slaves while they were on the sea to raise funds to build a shoe factory in London. He kept the gold he raised for the shoe factory, abandoned the castle planned in Brittany to conquer Provence, and scuttled the slaves when they arrived in Caerleon.

For a while the Heretics were stuck with the goods in Caerleon until the city fathers there drove them out, as they had neglected the slaves so much their begging was becoming a menace to the tin trade which had by then become important to the people of Cornwall and the West Country. There were so many begging, loose slaves ship captains began calling on other ports and shifted their main port of call to London. No wonder! The Bloody Beggars were lifting the tin hardware off the ships!

Finally the Heretics took their unwelcome chattel to their monastery in the sky by the Cave of the Harpies, thinking they would dispose of them there. Hearing of that plan, King George was happy, since the situation of poverty was beginning to undermine his own standing among the good people of Quakin-Bush. We know that this has been a long struggle to cover this part of the history, for both you and me, but you can see the particulars involving Nascien cannot be accounted for without mentioning his swarthy grandmother the beautiful Queen of Zazamac and his grandfather, the King of Anjou, through which, in the absence of a more direct heir to the throne of Anjou and France – easily noting his ancestry as we have here – he stands to hold title to the Grail and all of France and with it Jerusalem! As it turns out he becomes a key link in our petite histoire to the continued throne of France, because the royal line of France, the Valois, following the Burgundian side of our inheritance – later to be mentioned – under Louis XVI lost its throne and heads, leaving Nascien's seed first in line for that throne when revitalized! This involves not only Sir Gwain, the fair Princess Anais, but also his rich heritage through the marriage of his mother Bethule to the Prince of the Hajjiz! Sir Gwain knew this youth, expected by the Grail! Unfortunately for King George la Main Saleté what was going on in the Grail

Romance was well beyond him, and little did he know that he – Smart George of Quakin-Bush – had been set up as the world's greatest fool!

One of the prophecies against George said, "If you hear the cock crow from the tower seven times know that the end of the usurpers is near!"

If The Cock Crows Seven Times

Sir Gwain and the Ambassador, with now an army of several thousand wheezing paupers, proceeded to move on Quakin-Bush. Beforehand Sir Gwain changed his dress, along with other paupers who could find the black monks' robes in the ruined Monastery of the Heretics. For himself and Nascien, Sir Gwain selected the gilded double brocade robes of a Heretic Prelate.

They returned to the Cave of the Unicorns, which was not far away from the crossroad, as mentioned earlier, to temporarily store both the war horse Gryngolet and armor, where they would be safe until needed. Looking into the Shield of Aravat Gwain could see his middle-aged features, slightly graying beard and hair, change to the whitened blue-eyed sage he was most comfortable with and would normally be were it not for his need to take up arms from time to time. Before he removed his armor, but with helm in hand and the Sword of Aravat in the other, he dubbed the kneeling boy before him Knight and Holy Prince of the Grail. He then walked Nascien alone down the trail to Joseph's Well where he baptized him in the name of God, the son, and the Holy Ghost.

As they turned back up the trail and carefully entered the Cave of the Unicorn, this oracle, which applied then and yet again today, was heard by the two Grail Knights. As the words resounded from every corner of the cave, Nascien watched miraculous colors and scenes of Unicorns, rainbows, and shafts of light - blues, reds, purples, violets, yellows, greens and browns – weaving midst streams of darkness playing upon the walls. It was a marvelous vision, which Nascien would never forget! Now hear the prophecy, which would guide them against King George le Bouffon: "He who shall achieve this shall be known as a bronze man and through many eras upon his bronze horse he will safeguard London's gates.

Thereafter the red dragon shall turn back into his own customs and shall labor to save himself.

After will be many plagues and then the white dragon shall arise bringing his German daughter, and our estate will again be filled with foreign seed. Thereafter shall the Germanic worm be crowned and the bronze prince shall be interred. But barely shall the German dragon reach its caverns, for vengeance for its treason will overtake it. It will grow strong for awhile but a plague in Neustria will decimate it. For a people in linen and iron tunics will come, who will exact vengeance for his villainy. It shall restore the British mansions and the ruination of the aliens shall be visible!"

Equipped with this prophesy as the prophets Nascien before him, Sir Gwain and his Moorish protege and their army of paupers set out for the castle of the fiend of Quakin-Bush. Arriving there, they set up camp before King George's hardened, impenetrable walls, being sure to stay upwind from that place, and the ambassador and his two prelates entered the city. Since King George recognized the Fleur-de-Lis ensign of Constantine, son of King Lionel of France, and could see the two Heretic Prelates in the fore of the entourage, King George was at first suspicious of everything. He had already set his sights on King Cador's lands in Northumbria and suspected some new plot between Cador's son and the French was brewing. He was

particularly alarmed because of his double dealing with King Caracatus only a few months before and suspected that the slaves posted outside his walls might be a way of him getting back for having abandoned building the castle in Brittany.

Although the multitude behind the embassy was not armed, he cautiously opened his gates for the ambassador and his small entourage. At the gate, which was a stolen Cathedral Door with heavy iron bars and trimmed in the finest brass, the ambassador sent a message that the people with him are refugees from the ruined monastery of the Heretics and, therefore, on behalf of the King of France is placing the refugees under King George's custody. As might be suspected, King George refused. While he might help another with such problems, these people, he believed, were not deserving of any kind of protection, as they were in large part Africans, worse ex-slaves and natives whose worth was better suited to food for the Harpies. "Well, then," answered the ambassador, "surely you will give hospice to our small entourage, even our two humble prelates of God, for the sake of peace between France and the great kingdom of Quakin-Bush?"

The begrudging king had the doors opened and a table of the finest linen and service arranged for them. He would feed the prelates and the embassy but no one else! The ambassador and Sir Gwain had expected this all along anyway, noting how stingy and heartless the wicked king was. This would prove to his undoing, however.

The emissary was entertained by King George in a responsible manner – not graceful, but responsible. He was careful to provide adequate and polite hospice, primarily motivated in the hope that no rumors could follow the reception which might be taken as insulting the King of France. Because Sir Gwain and his protégé were dressed in Holy Robes (though still somewhat dusty) it was easy for them to obtain access to the Scriptorium and library, where, alleged Sir Gwain, he could continue research with his young protégé. He did not admit his true name and only announced himself as Padarn. King George had already heard of the conflict that saint had with King Arthur over possession of a tunic from the Patriarch of Jerusalem, which was reputed to be the tunic last worn by Jesus.

"Any enemy of Arthur's," thought duplicitous King George, "was a friend of mine." So he gave Sir Gwain, as Saint Padarn, free access to the library and scriptorium, where Gwain saw many beautiful illuminated manuscripts, which had been brought from Ireland, which were being cut up into pieces! King George had asked for a new illuminated Bible and the Heretics of the Scriptorium were glad to give him one. Because of the dearth in the land and the hunger among the people of Quakin-Bush there were few chickens, and, seeing as how there were few chickens there were not enough eggs available to supply the egg whites necessary to the craft of illumination. Without the egg whites the scribes decided to cut and paste the old illuminated manuscripts into a new authorized Heretic edition. In the process Sir Gwain, being allowed to look over their shoulder, with hands clasped behind his back, mused over how cleverly they were able to make a bulky document out of so little scripture. "How well they weave their praise of God," he remarked to Sir Nascien. Sir Nascien could barely smother his smile, seeing with Sir Gwain's discernment that the New Bible they were illuminating was filled with double meanings and repeated verses, as so often heard even among the old Roman priests of Freya and Vespasian still carrying on at Bath!

Having plenty of free time on their hands, and sifting through ledgers and prophecies, they came across this one:

"When you hear the cock atop the tower crow seven times, know that the end of the usurper

is near."

At that moment, to the northeast of the town they heard a cock crow seven times and knew that the tower holding Princess Anais was nearby. The ledgers confirmed its location, as many notes of supplies sent to the northeast were indicated and charged to the account of one Boors le Exasperer! Sir Gwain pointed the note out to Nascien and saying, "Now for the tower," he clapped the leather covers of the ledger together with a resounding thunder, sending many plumes, from the scribes at their benches nearby, off their cursive courses! "Come," he said to Nascien, "I perceive our next adventure is to build a castle in the sky. This brings us to our next topic, how the Two Grail Knights and the French Ambassador killed two birds, as it were, with one stone falling from a castle in the sky and saved the brutally treated Princess Anais from her distress.

M7/24/92

Chapter 5

How Sirs Gwain and Nascien befriended Chief Giant Ysbadden & built a castle in the sky called La Tajma Halle

It is a truth that one could ride from Merlin's Rock at the tip of the peninsula of Cornwall, or even from Mouse Hole nearby, to the island of Lyonesse during the time of King Arthur. Some believe that the name of Mouse Hole came from the name Moses, meaning Drawn Out, because Moses was drawn out of the Nile river in Egypt by the Pharaoh's daughter when he was hidden there as a child. There was a rumor in Egypt at the time that a Messiah would be sent to the Jews, who were enslaved in Egypt, to save them and lead them back to the Holy Land. Actually it was more than a rumor; for it had been prophesied in their Holy Scriptures that such a man would come. To combat this belief, which was stirring up the Jews and causing the building of certain temple sites to be delayed, the hard-hearted Pharaoh – a mild case, we hesitate to add, compared to King George Le Fastshoes – ordered that all the newborn of the Jews be murdered. Not going along with the decree Moses' mother put her newborn babe in a reed basket and set him in the Nile, hoping that he would survive. As luck would have it, the pharaoh's daughter was that day bathing at the river and one of her handmaidens spotted the child and after that day the boy was given the name Moses and raised in the House of the Pharaoh, becoming a prime minister of Egypt, overseeing the building of pyramids, etc. which, in turn, put him in direct contact with the Jewish slaves.

Now this man became that Messiah. Being reluctant to help the Jews out of their misery, though sympathetic to them, Moses was drawn into a struggle over their cause, out of which he murdered an Egyptian. Finding out Moses was a Jew at the same time, the pharaoh banished Moses into the Sinai desert, where many years later – among the tents of Jethro the Medianite – he heard a voice telling him to go rescue the Children of Israel out of Egypt.

Moses was a very skilled man in organizing people but he was extremely shy and argued with God that the Jews would not believe him. Besides that Moses could not believe how any of the Jews would be willing to follow this God who was now speaking out of the Cloud of Sinai. So he asked the voice, "Besides that, etc. etc. etc, who in the world should I say sent me?" He thought, in fact, of every argument, why he was the wrong man to fulfill the prophecy and save the Jews.

The world at that time was used to prophets who claimed to be the messengers of God, most of whom were either followed with fascination or passed by with hand over mouth, disguising a yawn. Those who were not well received usually carried a conscientious message which the people would not seem seemingly to come from a god, but which everyone knew in their hearts involved the cause of God. It is a paradox, we know, but what they relegated to the gods was the right to preach right from wrong but never the right to actually do good. People who were possessed by a devil - believed to lack a conscience – in those days were more easily accepted as devils. In the paradox those who imposed upon one's conscience were sometimes thought themselves to be from the devil! So Moses was concerned that the mission he was being asked to do could not be received well from either side, of the House of the Pharaoh or the Jews. In answer to his most profound question, he was told to tell them that "I am that I am (spelled Jehovah) hath sent me," confusing both them and all history since then altogether. In any event, when Moses arrived back in Egypt he had to go through certain labors and miracles to cause the

heard-hearted Pharaoh to let his people go out of Egypt; and the greatest miracle was that of the crossing of the Red Sea, where the waters parted before the million or so horde of Jews to allow them to pass over, while drowning the Egyptian army following behind them.

While it is easier to follow the Pharaoh or such a great leader – who maintains his power through plundering, like King George – it is harder to follow a leader whose constituency are the Angels of Heaven, who have other things on their minds beyond gold signets, burnished watches, and silver linings and focus their attention on the needs of the poor and gardening the earth.

No place on earth has a greater collection of gold or silver than Heaven. So the idea behind collecting gold and silver in Heaven is normal to the angel's life-style; the difference between Heaven and earth, however, is how the silver and gold is collected and used! In Heaven there simply are no poor! How this comes about is from the dictum, the gold is mine and the silver is mine, saith the Lord, signifying that the wealth of the Kingdom is not controlled by vain men and other panderers. This policy, of course, is obnoxious and downright horrifying to King George and his constituency in the Kingdom of Quakin-Bush.

Because Moses was not vain and exactly the opposite of the pharaoh and his types, like King George, Moses was a good man to set against the pharaoh and show the Jews how Heaven on earth can be delivered through humility. Following this recreation the conclusion of the Scriptures focused on a New Heaven and a New Earth after the model of Heaven and the heart of Moses. Moses became the model of the Messiah of whom we have been forecasting, who was under the charge of Sir Gwain. Bearing on this is the prophecy from Moses which said that in the Latter Days, after the Jews had been scattered to all the nations, God would raise up a prophet like me, etc. etc. to bring them to glory, etc. etc." When Jesus arrived on the scene in Judea he said to those doubting him that he was that prophet of whom Moses spoke, but no one really understood what he was talking about, because the Jews were then not ready to be returned from captivity (they hadn't yet been scattered to all the nations, fulfilling prophecy and thus needing another Moses). About thirty-seven years after he appeared to his people, in 70 A.D. the Jews were scattered as per prophecy and have only since been returned from that diaspora in 1946, being scattered to all the nations (as prophesied) for nearly two thousand years. Perhaps the Emperor Vespasian read their Scriptures. Josephus the Historian suggested that he might be the Messiah, since the Messiah comes out of Judea as had Vespasian, when he marched through Judah to Jerusalem to lay that city to siege. It burned without him laying a hand on it.

It was Passover and with its million or so pilgrims inside the starving Jews besieged inside, broke into factions, robbed and pillaged each other, and then set fire to their own Temple! The Roman army that was camped outside the city walls was astonished to watch the edifice fall. After the three-month's siege was over – seeing 600,000 corpses thrown over the walls – the emperor passed an edict (perhaps influenced by Scripture) that no Jew would be permitted to ever look upon Jerusalem again. Once again we have the plain fact that even in the absence of God, once a prophesy of God exists, men will go out of their way to fulfill it! Using scripture, the Heretics after that justified the murder and expulsion, from nation to nation, border to border, of the Jews, culminating in Hitler's version of the final solution of the Bible. Being influenced by one of the Greater Heretics in history, Mertherius Loatherius, mentioned earlier, Hitler realized that Mertherius' plan could not be achieved unless the Jews were exterminated altogether. Of course, the idea of the scriptures was to use the Jews as a vehicle of bringing forth God's

Salvation - of protecting the poor, the homeless, the orphan, and other downtrodden peoples mentioned in Psalm 12. The Heretics arrived at a conclusion opposite to the Scriptures. We wonder in our history whether the Jews and the people of Quakin-Bush might have been better off had the prophets kept their prophecies to themselves! At least, we say, there would not have been men like Slues, Domitian, Hitler, King George, and others who thought they were the agents of prophesy and – as the agents of God mind you – gave the world a new perspective on how to persecute the poor and murder the opposition!

The angels of Heaven were nonplused over this age-old conflict – of good over evil – how evil men called good evil and how good men confused evil with good. There needed to be some standard of justice. The Angels' standard is measured by the poor, their numbers and how they are treated. This is expressed in Heaven's Equation: the greater the numbers of the poor, the greater the injustice; injustice is inversely proportional to greed. Thus, inspiring man to be just – for the kingdom on earth – depended upon weaning him away from his greed. In the equation the Angels concluded that man must be literally snatched from the breast or, like a calf, chased from the stall. Slues saw this to mean raptured to Heaven.

As seen in the kingdom of Quakin-Bush and its King, the model of righteousness was in the dictum, "every man for himself; you're on your own kid!" Through this men who treasured gold and finely wrought watch bobs could accumulate as much as they wanted with no holds barred. All this boiled down to – like a pot upon thorns, which soon runs out of fuel – an anarchy of equal opportunity to steal from one another and murder whomever one seemed fit! This model known by the prophets is a progression from the corrupt model of Sodom in the days of the patriarch Abraham and Egypt. Through both paradigms the world learned right from wrong: in Sodom where there were no standards of justice and every kind of crime thinkable by man was permitted; likewise were the hardhearted pharaohs of Egypt. God concluded that Sodom and Egypt taken to their extreme would consume themselves; so His prophesies laid instructions how to speed that process up! What follows is our teaching that the wicked will be caught in the very same snare they laid for others, leading to a day when the paradigm of Sodom and Egypt would be recreated in Quakin-Bush itself and, with the world watching King George and his people, display a perfectly laid trap which would embrace them before the entire world, embarrassing – as per prophesy – all the kings and their wise men of the time! They would be astonished because they all patronized King George, hooked by their own parsimonious outrages! Thus we took the time here to recall the thoughts of Moses, which anticipated them beforehand.

Ysbadden's Jump

Here we show you some things to come. The worst thing in the world to King George, who kept himself neat and trim and went out of his way to promote his good health (even to the extent of cheating others), was a plague endangering his own health. His worst nightmare, we in confidence note, was the idea that the Harpies – the filthiest beasts ever created – might descend upon his castle.

King George had been feeding the Harpies by patronizing the Heretics who, it seemed fit, were a good means by which to dispose unwanted slaves and other pillaged peoples and nations not subscribing to his point of view. What happens next – a perfectly logical and prophesied move against King George and his obnoxious patrons of Quakin-Bush – was a

double edged pariah: through the City's Poor; through Harpies feeding on their misfortune.

The lice ridden Harpies - carrying every kind of filth and disease abhorred by man – feed on the dead. They were last seen chasing Chief Giant Ysbadden, after having been accidentally released from their cave prison by Boors, the giant's egregious servant. There was nothing a giant feared more than Harpies, since once they get on you, it is impossible to get them off!

The Giant roared and screamed, thundered and cursed, as the Harpies bit at his ankles, hoping to weaken the unfortunate man. They would nip at him until he fell exhausted and died.

The worst thing in the world to Harpies – who survived through liars and fed on death – of course, is water, and the Giant was smart enough to know that his best chance was to jump in the sea. So he ran to the end of Cornwall where the sea was deepest, at Lyonesse, and, removing his Magic Pouch of Illusions – seeing that they would be harmed by saltwater – jumped from the cliff. It is true; the salt would ruin the illusions. A little bit of salt in good measure, like wisdom, is healthy, taken without measure it can be deadly!

When the giant hit the water he set off a terrible tidal wave and the land tipped. It tipped so much that parts of Europe sank and other parts rose up out of the sea. For instance, the great Roman City of Ephesus rose, turning its harbors into marshes, and forcing that city to be abandoned. The land in Saxony, on the other hand, sank, causing lands which were previously rich in wheat now to be submerged in the sea or covered with marsh. The malaria-laden marshes there, as in the city of Ephesus in Turkey, drove the inhabitants out. The Angles and the Saxons, plagued by mosquitoes and death, literally ran to their boats and headed in mass to Britain, to which some of their relatives had already been routed.

The effect on Cornwall from Ysbadden's Jump was equally disastrous, since the land there sank right from under him, where he landed, causing dry land to be submerged under the sea, leaving only the Heights (arimathaea in Hebrew) of Lyonesse exposed; now being an island.

Chief Giant Ysbadden was escaped of them; so the Harpies turned aside, and smelling the starving victims of King George, which Sir Gwain had left, encamped outside the castle walls of Quakin-Bush, the Harpies turned back towards George's starving masses. Roosting in the trees by the camp, they hoped for the refugees of George's estate to die.

Sir Gwain and his protégé had located the Dolorous Tower, which the scoundrel Boors had reinforced to confine the Princess Anais and her Unicorn. Remarking that he would now build a castle in the sky, Sir Gwain and his protégé left the dying estate of Quakin-Bush and returned to the Cave of the Unicorn to obtain Gwain's horse and armor. He dressed Sir Nascien in the armor and sent him to Lyonesse to see whether the Giant might be willing to help them build their castle in the sky. Arriving there on Gringolet, the Green Knight Sir Nascien made an imposing picture overlooking the cliff at Mouses' Hole at the disheveled giant sitting wet and ashamed in the sea. For he shamefacedly saw Sir Gwain there sitting on Gryngolet holding the Magic Pouch of Illusions in his steel fisted hand!

Imagine; the thing the Giant most treasured of all items on earth, besides his daughter, the beautiful princess Owen, was his Magic Pouch.

In perfect sincerity and in concern for the giant's honor, Sir Nascien said, "Sir, your Magic Pouch has been leaking, but I perceive that only a few half truths escaped and one short truth and a long parable may be missing."

The Giant rose up out of the sea and reached for the Magic Pouch, smashing the edge of the cliffs now called Mouse's Hole. As Sir Nascien handed it up to him from the cliff face, he explained how the Harpies had roosted themselves outside King George's vicious castle and,

with the giant's help, the Harpies might be lured into their cave and, killing two birds with one stone, as it were, King George and his disciples could be locked in there with them. "All we need is one of your left over illusions which you were about to throw up against the Green Knight at Joseph's Well," he said.

"What would that be?" asked Ysbadden.

"Ahikar's Illusion, called La Tajma Halle."

The giant examined the Magic Pouch, seeing that no serious harm had been done to it, muttering, but still shaking a grove of trees nearby, "I can mend it later." As he was running the Magic Pouch slapped so hard against his thigh that the purple, blue and red fabric nearly wore through at its bottom seam. He took a small dab of pitch off of a Pitch Pine, pinched the pouch at the parted pelage, and, signing to Sir Nascien, said in his familiar lisp, "Thir, Thy thine will: I'm thy thervant ath long ath the Harpieth thtay looth."

The people inside the city of Quakin-Bush were not handling the problem of the refugees outside their walls very well. Many of the refugees were sneaking into the city and begging, upon which King George issued many decrees causing their arrest and filling up his dungeons. The captives were resistant to the plague they carried, having survived the worst of it inside the wine cellar of the Heretics, but the people of Quakin-Bush were not, and many began falling from the effects of the disease.

The disease was called the Spanish Plague, since it came with the slaves among whom Sir Nascien was grouped. When it hit the Kingdom of Quakin-Bush – particularly blowing from the camp over the city walls – more people died from it than all the people who had died from their wars. It wiped out entire families, and as each family was taken down, house to house – like in Egypt with Moses' plagues against the pharaoh and the Egyptians – families who survived the plague were run into the poorhouse. Many ended up in the camp outside the city, having been humbled to the needs of the poor to learn the salvation of God the hard way. Others, still thinking that King George and his cronies would not abandon them, hung on until they too had been stripped of everything they owned and many loved ones as well. This was only from the plagues. In the Magic Pouch of Ysbadden were an assortment of fires and earthquakes, not to mention a few wars, yet to descend upon the hard Kingdom of Quakin-Bush and its humana eating imposters. By then they were so desperate they ate chic peas which were often eschewed.

Because of the dearth in the land, owing to the now increasing exploitation of the Kingdom – the patrons, encouraged by King George, were now capitalizing on the death in the land – the people inside the castle now began to freeze. The weather was turning against them - hail was beginning to be a problem - and few could afford not only food but also even their homes. Fuel was at a premium and there became a good market in firewood, upon which, among many others like things, the merchants of King George were quick to capitalize. Between the merchants inside the city and the starving masses outside, the land around was also stripped naked of its forests. This created two problems. First, the tin mines, which King George owned, leached into the quickly eroding mountainside above the castle and followed the underground aquifers down into the well in the city's market. Many were poisoned from this alone, but no one knew what caused it.

From King George's balcony and perch above the town, he once had a rather nice view of the mountain to the southwest of him. Now the trees had been removed and he saw one morning a beautiful castle being built there, which he had not noticed before (because he could not see it

through the forest). Inquiring of it, no one seemed to know about it, and his Prime Minister, Gory Vitellus, whose renown on many things was well respected, even he did not, for the first time ever, have an explanation. Gory Vitellus was one of those people who was very eloquent and seemed to know quite a bit, and had a remarkable ability to write commentaries on other works off the top of his head without ever having read the books upon which he commented. He was one of the secular experts on the Bible who taught how it was a book designed to intimidate and murder mankind. Had he read the Old Testament he would have known that the theme he taught was the theme of the New Illuminated Bible from Slues and had nothing to do with the Old Testament prophets.

Not having taken the time to read the Bible and seeing how it seemed to conflict with basic, accepted truths on good and evil – most authored by him – he had successfully confused the body politic sufficiently that they had no ideas on morality: that there is something wrong with starving peoples being left exposed in their camps outside a city. We mention this not to harp on those who harken to the Harpies but to illustrate the difference in the point of view between Sir Gwain and King George and his best advisors and ministers. Because Sir Gwain was created to defend the Holy Grail, which is the Inheritance of the Kingdom of God, he measures all things according to their service to the Inheritance. The inheritance is not a place of polluted streams, stripped forests, starving masses, cities besieged by thieves and murderers, and hard-hearted tyrants and their constituency – whose dreams were of Gold, Glory, and Power – but the opposite of that. In truth for Sir Gwain, riding upon Gryngolet's thundering red hoofs into the valley of Quakin-Bush was a descent into hell.

As noted earlier, unlike the prophets before him and even Moses, there was nothing to be gained by warning the Kingdom of Quakin-Bush of the things to come. This lesson had already been established in the case of the pharaoh who would not let my people go.

Following the prophets, Sir Gwain's idea was to cause the city to be vacated so that his people could go in. All this would be achieved through the plagues, the earthquakes, a few wars here and there, and by building a castle in the sky, which would also free Princess Anaïs.

As the woods around the camp of the captives were being converted to firewood, the Harpies had no place to roost. So they took to roosting on the walls of the city of Quakin-Bush.

Acchhh! Their filthy wings were full of lice and all kinds of itches! As they would become somewhat impatient and now and then compete for the best space on the parapet of the wall, they would get into a scuffle and their flapping wings sloughed down behind the wall onto the houses below. Well, as you might expect, the people began abandoning their homes adjacent to the wall, and soon found themselves being pressed into the ghetto of the city where there was no life, only decay and despair, to join those suffering from the excesses of King George and his patrons of greed. The place was more crowded than a winepress! So the people began to complain. The people were losing their tolerance for King George and now began to seriously plot a means to do a way with him. While they had been reduced to the same slough they once created and even scoffed, saying, it can never happen to me, their standards had not changed. Violence was their way of life and their solution to their problems, so murder was planned. In contrast, Sir Gwain had already made much progress in defense of his heritage without yet drawing the great Sword of Aravat! He ruined the Monastery of the Heretics and now had brought the despicable Kingdom of Quakin-Bush near to ruin, even without saying a harsh word! Far better than your father this man was, for he was gifted with a sword in his mouth and a very harsh tongue!

Prime Minister Gory Vitellus was sent out to investigate the Castle being built in the sky. He didn't notice it but it was being built right over the Cave of the Harpies and in the sky above were young children flying around on the backs of eagles, impatiently saying to the men down below, "We need better bricks and stones!"

Seeing Sir Gwain there, seemingly in charge, and still dressed in the Heretic Prelate's gilded, double brocade robe, he politely inquired of the operation, not having seen it authorized in the building plan of the Kingdom of George. Sir Gwain (known as Saint Padarn and was one the Kingdom venerated because he had reputedly rid it of snakes) told him that the building was intended as a surprise for King George, which the Prime Minister thought was quite nice, and seeing a favorable response, Sir Gwain added, "but we are running out of the prized white stone; do you think you can help?"

The Prime Minister scratched his razor burned skin and answered that he might know of a source, where there is an abandoned tower, called the Dolorous Tower, in which Sir Lancelot was once held captive. "One named Boors had been restoring it for some dubious purpose," he said, but he did know it was built of the very best stone and brick from the Kingdom. "I will see if the King will allow us to send up stones to your workmen in the sky from there."

Soon thereafter wagons were pulling up to the high mountain place where the new Castle in the Sky was being built. And suddenly Princess Anaïs and her Unicorn were freed. This brings us to our next topic on Anaïsfile in the Dolorous Tower and how the Harpies were lured back into their cave.

M7/26/92

Chapter 6

How King George the Ironheart fell out of grace & into the Cave of the Harpies and what happened then

La belle fille du roi, deprived of her loving family as a result of her captivity by the evil Voleur Boors, at first crumpled up down on the bottom of her cage in the lowest level of the Dolorous Tower of the seven ceilings. Boors, the mad servant of Chief Giant Ysbadden, had thought to be equal to the heroes of the Holy Grail and contrived a plan by which he would secure the Holy Grail for himself, with it the Grail Castle, and from there control the entire world!

Chief among his patrons was, of course, the cruel and malicious king of the Valle de Crois above the Severn River. He also had plans to control the world and had no knowledge that the servile servant Boors was trying to cash in on his scam. For King George had planned to first ruin the world and bring its kings to their knees so they would then worship whatever he decided to throw their way. He had up to this point become the largest debtor among nations, borrowing money for dubious causes, never using the money for the specified cause, pocketing it for himself, and never paying back those from whom he connived the loan. After a while he was beginning to aggravate the kings of Europe, chief among whom was Constantine, son of Sir Lionel, King of France and Logres.

Following his scurrilous policies was a chain of poverty, policies of slavery, and general mayhem from the Heretics of the land. To combat George's evil designs, Sir Gwain decided to rise in the sky the most beautiful castle ever conceived by man, called La Tajma Halle. He took it out of Chief Giant Ysbadden's Magic Pouch of Illusions. Seeing the castle being raised from afar, from his perch above the city of Quakin-Bush, King George sent his misinformed Prime Minister Gory Vitellus to inquire of it. The minister returned, telling him of the glory of the palace and that it was being built in the king's honor. The king, of course, was the most vain among men (he daily preened himself and was the most fit seventy year old man in the kingdom; he never admitted a wrong, and in his eyes he was perfect among all kings and, even like Caesar Augustus, above the gods). Naturally, la Tajma Halle appealed to him. Besides, the double-handed king thought to himself, "this place is going to the dogs; I need a new palace anyway." So he approved the castle being built in the sky, which was located, incidentally, over the mouth of the Cave of the Harpies. The Harpies were the most evil beasts in creation, whose black, white tipped wings contained every disgusting disease, lice and itch ever conceived and were now roosting on the walls of Quakin-Bush. They had escaped from their cave and followed Sir Gwain's people, who were captives he freed from the Monastery of the Heretics. King George would not provide for them, so Sir Gwain left them outside the city walls and the Harpies in turn followed, hoping for the poor, starving people to die.

The very best stone and brick were needed for the castle (who would expect less for King George?), so King George was glad to help with the supply of stone to build the castle. Soon wagons filled with prized white Lamelablanché stone began appearing at the building site. The King had authorized the removal of that stone from the Dolorous Tower, where the boar-toothed Boors held Princess Anais and her Unicorn in captivity.

Seeing the wagons arriving, Sir Gwain then inquired whether the Prime Minister – who eagerly stood by watching the enterprise – would supervise the building project while he and Sir

Nascien his protégé arranged the service of the hall, etc. etc., etc.

So Sir Gwain, dressed in the gilded, double brocade black robes of a Heretic Prelate, took staff in hand and began walking back down the ridge road from the building site to Joseph's Well, with Sir Nascien the Green Knight following behind. When they reached the crossroad, Sir Gwain suggested that he would return to the cave whilst the Green Knight looked into fair Princess Anaïs' situation, and to escort her back to her very much worried father and mother, the King and Queen of France, in Paris.

So the two parted, each to his particular mission in defense of the Holy Grail, and Sir Gwain returned to the Cave of the Unicorns to write up the next part of the history, always with respect to precedent precepts, linking light to light, as the prophets before him.

As for the beleaguered Prime Minister Gory Vitellus who managed the building site, no man was in his day more perplexed, for the children flying on the eagles were getting impatient, complaining that they had yet to receive the best bricks and stones! The Prime Minister's dilemma was how to get the stones and bricks up to the children waiting on the backs of the eagles.

He counseled all of the best architects in the land and even some foreign innovators from Spain. Some suggested that a scaffold could be raised up to meet the children on their eagles who flew around the lower part of the castle. But as they raised the scaffold the castle rose higher in the sky! The children began to get cross, as all children tend to do when they do not get their way. They slowed down their eagles, crossed their arms on their chests, and with their chins set in a "what do we do now mode?" they all agreed that if a stone did not come up soon they would all go home. They had hoped to build the most beautiful castle ever known and the people below were simply not cooperating.

The Prime Minister sent for the obnoxious King who surely, being the craftiest king then alive, could figure out a way to get the best stones and bricks up to the children on their eagles. The king, of course, whose popularity was beginning to sag because of the extreme poverty in the land from all of his extortions, was only happy to do it, serving the public good. The world will be proud of his castle in the sky when finished.

He rubbed his hands together at the site and licked his lips, as if he had just sat down for his favorite twenty-one-course meal (he cut down his daily supper to 18 1/2 courses in an austerity move, so to fast on behalf of the starving masses accumulating in his city who survived from his garbage). "Catapults," he said, "we'll send them up with catapults." He looked up at the children atop their eagles, and shielding his eyes from the glare of the sun, which was reflecting off of the polished white surface of the castle, he shouted, "Do you have a means to catch the stones as we catapult them up to you?"

"Send the bricks and stones quickly. Our eagles are tiring!" they all shouted back.

The king ordered the catapult moved up and loaded with the first grade best Lamelablanche stones. His engineers scurried around the first engine, sighting here and there to figure out the proper angle of the launch, and ordered that it be tipped back more. Precariously backing behind the engine towards the edge of the precipice, and stooping down with his thumb positioned between his eye and the equator of the castle, he complained, "It needs to be tilted more!" Finally the engine had the proper angle, its basket with its first perfectly white stone was loaded, and his best headsman stood by, with his axe raised over the catapult lanyard. "Fire!" cried the king, and the huge arm of the engine sliced through the air, moving the basket straight up, and its front wheels literally danced a two-step off the ground! The beautiful, unblemished

stone, being a mite too low, missed the outstretched net of the children and fell directly to the place from which it was launched and exploded upon the rocky ridge beside the engine.

Everyone except the king, it seems, was prepared for the explosion, and when the missile was launched they all ran down into the wine cellar of the monastery. The king, being occupied with shielding his eyes from the sun, watching the children catch the stone, did not see those around him scatter, so he was the only one hit by the exploding perfectly white Lamelablanche stone! He wasn't hit by a large piece – only the corner which was about the size of a baseball – but it hit him right on the nape of his neck and pitched him forward, rolling down the bridge from the Monastery of the Heretics through the mouth of the Cave of the Harpies. He rose up, holding his head, muttering something which no one could cipher but seemed to indict minister Vitellus and fell backward into the mouth of the cave.

King George's fall was not straight down, though the depth of the cave from top to bottom was perilous and would have cost him his life were it not for the scaly, itchy stuff from the wings of the Harpies, which still clung to the face of the cave opening. So like a fly sliding into the mouth of a pitcher plant, the king gripped and clung, smudged and smeared, all the way to the bottom where the floor had a smelly, powdery texture from the Harpie guano. His fall did not hurt him, except for the large knot at the base of his skull and, of course, his pride. For he was the first king ever to have fallen in Harpie dung!

The news of the king's debacle spread quickly, and every minister, every servant, and every panderer in his court soon came to the mountain. They all stood above the gaping cave mouth, which seemed at that moment to be opening wider so to gather more victims into its parched throat.

Everyone, of course, forgot the building project in the sky and now focused on how they might get their revered patron out of the cave, for many jobs and stolen fortunes depended upon him. The best experts and leaders of industry soon were brought to the site of King George's great fall to counsel Gory Vitellus. A paradox for you: how to get the king out of that very sepulcher he helped to create for the enemies of the state of Quakin-Bush! Many of the original designers of their inescapable cave, in fact, now stood upon the bridge of Hateful George, King of Quakin-Bush.

All of them rubbed their hands and licked their lips at their idol before them, they scratched their temples, and they pursed their lips in serious meditation. How would they get their king out of the heinous hole?

The original drawings of the cave were expressed (or upsed) to the mountain, and still they saw no way to get Dirty King George out. Someone suggested that they rig a gantry over the hole and drop a basket to the floor. The problem here was that anything, which was dropped to the floor, would bring up all those awful lice, itches, and diseases in the cave, which had sloughed off the wings of the Harpies and fallen into the guano. No one was about to get within a fair jousting distance of that basket! And this was only part of the problem, for the king himself would have to be cleaned somehow before he reached the surface of the cave!

Aaaach! The very thought of having to clean the king of his filth made the most faithful of them gag! Many became like novitiates on a moaning ship in a storm, which heaved and choked over the rails of the poop deck in confusion and their first bout of seasickness. It was awful!

By dusk, as the sun began setting behind the now polished, blue, pink and grey-cast castle in the sky, many began marching in complete disgust back down the road from the mountain. Walking together they made plans for their escape from the kingdom of Quakin-Bush, as it was

evident to them that the impoverished and now unsightful population of the city might want the opportunity to play polo with their heads, as was the custom with deposed kings and their ministers. Truly, the Kingdom of Quakin-Bush at that moment was written off as history and, in the camps of the captives who heard the news of the King's Great Slide, there was much rejoicing. Surely, they all sang, toasting Sir Gwain with their sang-graals held high, "this is the day the lord hath made!" There was no doubt that Sir Gwain had brought forth the fall of the king of iron hearts George – le Roi Cour du fer – with neither a sword nor harsh word! Sir Gwain's response to the matter was only that he had been a servant of God and his prophets, who had already set the plan in the first place. But Sir Gwain did have something to do with writing some of the prophecies, as we shall see in time.

Anaïs Departs the Dolorous Tower

Having been held captive only a few hours, when Princess Anaïs saw the beam of light come through the high window of her tower of captivity, she knew Sir Gwain was on his way.

She and her Unicorn – which had been used by now servile Boors to capture the princess – had been lowered in separate cages from the roof of the tower to its floor by means of a tripod gantry, which had a curious arrangement of blocks, gears, and pulleys. The gantry itself was made of some long brass pillars King George had gifted to him by the Saracens who had found them in a mine near St. Katherine's Monastery at Mount Sinai. They sent the brass to him as part of their agreement to aid in building George's Castle in Brittany, from which he would launch his war in Provence. He intended to melt the pillars – some being about thirty feet long and others half that length – into catapult shot, rigging for his ships, etc. for his next military campaign (which he secretly planned against the Arabs to conquer Mecca and Jerusalem). The pillars were laid like cordwood in huge heaps in the dungeon; some were about thirty feet long, and others were about half that length; all had wonderful impressions recounting in bas-relief the Exodus out of Egypt. In addition, they had red, blue, and purple samite still attached to their greenish-blue skin when Boors found them in the dungeon of the King's Castle.

He threw the dusty fabric to the side of the dungeon, and had his servants haul the longer pillars to the tower, where he secured them together in longer lengths by means of some special brass bands he had manufactured especially for this purpose in the King's foundry. Those work orders, as noted, were listed in the account books of the king's exchequer, stored in the library and scriptorium, from which Sir Gwain was able to ascertain the location of Dolorous Tower. Ending this part on a positive note, the captives were able to secure the discarded red, blue, and purple samite with wires previously used to torture them, and the material was made into sorely needed blankets, as the heatless castle was come ever colder with the onset of winter.

The fiend Boors wasn't completely bad, just a bit stupid and greedy, which two traits often go together. He lowered some well-prepared meals to the beautiful princes and had provided for her comfort as reasonably as one might hope under the circumstances. She had a soft bed, stolen from Mother Theresa's room above the dungeon. Although it was simple in design, it was comfortable and its comforters were the best down-filled comforters in the castle. The mat of the lass was filled with a double portion of the finest cashmere wool from Samarkand, which had been gifted to Mother Theresa by the Queen Dowager, King George's wife, a well-respected patron of good causes. She was particularly noted for her compassion for animals, speaking out always against animal abuse, and had written a popular story about her own small puppy named

"chips" which won her many national awards. She earned about a million pounds the first year of the book's publication, it is said. No one cared more for the cause of mistreated beasts than she.

Having heard the endless screams from the tortured prisoners below her room, and after the homeless began accumulating on the streets, and particularly seeing them suffering in their camp outside the city, Mother Theresa (then known as sister Theresa) gave up her position in the Castle's Chapel Choir and committed herself to the poor. Seeing Mother Theresa's great efforts to attend to them through her Salvation Kitchen – called le Poteg et Salud Fou by the King's Ministry because they saw no profit in the operation - the Dowager Queen nevertheless awarded Mother Theresa with the priceless boudoir saved for her favorite daughter. This included the privileged and rare, highly treasured Cashmere mattress she herself brought home from an expedition to Afghanistan, the source of the highly prized and sheepish Cashmere wool. Mother Theresa thanked the Dowager Queen kindly for the gift but never used it, since she had by then moved into the camp of the poor and had committed herself to fulfilling Psalm 12. After this many nuns followed in her footsteps, always tending to the poor in the Cistercian tradition, which followed their movement.

Needless to say, Boors the opportunist was poking around in the rooms above the dungeon and saw the sorrowful saint's room and removed its affects, including not only the bed but a matching white antiques, appliqué dresser, a multicolored herringbone assortment of matching linen and towels, wash basin; and last a bulky but coordinated rainbow-washed ceramic bath tub. The Dowager Queen gifted all of these in memory of Mother Theresa's humanitarian works. Were it not for being stolen from the saint for the nicely appointed chambers in the Dolorous Tower where Princess Anaïs was held captive, the priceless gift could have been put to better use, such as funding jobs for the poor.

In any event, Princess Anaïs was quite comfortable in her high tower, and the food lowered down from the high window above was quite delicious and always included several courses. The cad Boors, of course, exploiting all of his connections in the Kingdom of Quakin-Bush, had arranged for the untouched left-over courses from the King's Supper to be delivered still steaming hot to the Princess's high keep. The rest of the food, following the king's Law – all in his ministry acted to the strictest lawful degree – was thrown to the large garbage containers behind the castle. Because of the pilfering that started in the garbage cans as a result of the captive's unlawful sneaking (and even begging!) in the streets for food, the food was diverted to the castle's incinerator after a time. This was done because the King and his ministers, hearing complaints from the Landfill Cartel, feared that the squalid beggars might be bringing lice and all kinds of diseases into the containers which might, in turn, infect the workmen.

Burning the left over food seemed to be the most logical way to avoid the itch. Some of King George le Soufle's chief ministers blasted him with all kinds of dispersions – unfit for ministers of their likes – and insisted that all the poor be rounded up and thrown into the furnaces, resolving the problem of the itch altogether. Fortunately King George thought this was a bit too harsh, and this plan was abandoned, "Besides," the scheming King admonished, "the Harpies are still sloughing upon the walls of the city. We still have to deal with them and those they continue to infect!" The King arrived at a more practical plan to placate his ministers with a spring-loaded engine like a mouse trap, placed in the bottom of the container which, being stepped on, would blast the paupers to kingdom come! It worked for a few days, until the captives discovered the trap.

The idea of throwing the captives to the furnace was not lost; however, for centuries later a

prince of the Heretics, working from the frightening designs of Merthenius Loatherius, proposed the ovens of Dachau to Hitler, who would apply them to the Jews.

Fortknight's Four

At the end of the Valle de la Crois of the Kingdom of Quakin-Bush, where it fell into the sea, was a nice pub where the knights of the land would retreat after a hard days work fighting the enemies of King George the Iron heart. The watering hole was run by the very rich Hallépine family who had emigrated to Quakin-Bush from London, fleeing from the Saxons and now the plague which had spread, to London from Quakin-Bush. The site of Fortknight's Four was a more enchanting and remote spot in the kingdom and away from the butchery and the chaos then going on in the great cities. The Hallépines were gracious and good hosts, so their new pub by the sea became very popular to the knights passing through the area.

Many of the knights, seeing as how the place was becoming popular with them, sought Fortknights Four more and more, particularly as they became more disheartened by the way King George le Fou was running the Kingdom and in particular, his military campaigns. He had just launched a small skirmish with Nebuchadnezzar II of Babylon, hoping to cut off Mahomet's Legacy, which, as noted earlier, was beginning to take root there. What ended up in that skirmish was a complete massacre of the natives, leaving the equally devious Nebuchadnezzar still in power, but the country in ruin. This experience was later repeated in the thirteenth century when the crusaders stopped in Constantinople on their way to save Jerusalem from the Saracens and, having nothing better to do while waiting for their ships to be provisioned, sacked that city.

The knights visiting Fortknight Four had done well by the campaign, but it, together with all the other blunders and the horrible state of the economy of the kingdom, was adding up to discontent and downright treason. Some of them actually lived in the City of Quakin-Bush and had already participated in treasonous dialogues on overthrowing the king.

The pub, besides having a remarkable view, was well ordered to the interests and desires of its patrons. Downstairs in the wine cellar was a room called La Salon Chagrine, where the knights hung up their armor and off-loaded the pain and sorrows of war. The bartender, Guenter Legrous, was attentive to their needs, and those who couldn't readily bring themselves to tears were served with their brandy, a large red onion and a knife.

Upstairs in the Haut Pavilion catering to disenchanting Saxons who liked it best, were the favorite seats of the house. Often seen there was a knight whose name was Sir Caldmore of Sauves, whose exploits in the campaigns of Quakin-Bush were well known, and who went on from his military career to found the Bank of Rhodes, whose family much later funded the Knights of the Temple.

It was this Sir Caldmore who was riding from the City of Quakin-Bush that met Sir Nascien on his way to the Dolorous Tower where Princess Anaïs was being held captive. He rode an aging charger whose back was rust red and flanks were silver; the hooves were polished black. His armor bore the color of purple, showing his sympathy for the cause of the captives. When he spied the Green Knight coming through the forest, seeing the opportunity to unseat this great knight, he put his lance in his rest and laid the point of it in the center of Sir Nascien's shield, only to splinter into a thousand pieces. Sir Nascien's lance caught the plume of his helmet and ripped the covering from his head. Recognizing unhelmed Sir Caldmore, Sir Nascien pulled up

his stormy mount and said, Sir Caldemore, I cannot joust with you." He then explained his mission to save the sweet Princess of France, Anaïs, and the two together went on to the Dolorous Tower.

The cages containing the princess and her unicorn were left unlocked by Boors, so she soon discovered the opportunity to leave the cage and spent much time next to her Unicorn. The two were good company for each other, because the Unicorn could speak, as is true with all Unicorns. This one was particularly white and quite striking. It had blue eyes and beautiful, long blue eyelashes. Being discerning as it was, it reassured Anaïs that it would not be long before they would be rescued, as it was.

Soon they heard workmen outside their chamber and stone by stone, brick by brick, the roof was removed. When the workmen got to the next level, exposing the evening sky, the Magic Ring of Angelica fell to the floor, right at Princess Anaïs' feet. This taught her that good things always come; one must learn to wait.

Whether by coincidence or by magic, when the darling little Princess picked up the Magic Ring, Sir Nascien and Sir Caldemore halted their mounts at the tower. In our next adventure we shall discuss how she was returned to her mother and father in France and how King George le Siffler, the snake in the grass of the kingdom of Quakin-Bush, managed to get out of the Cave of the Harpies.

M/07/27/92

Chapter 7

How Sir Nascien freed Princess Anaïs, became Grail King & joined Nebuchadnezzar's war with the Kings of Pansnance.

My how the world suddenly turned topsy-turvy for wicked King George of Quakin-Bush! Suddenly, and only because of his favor and generosity, he fell into the pit! We admit that he fell down when his people were trying to rise up a castle in the sky to his glory. Imagine the poor, miserable king now sitting at the bottom of the Cave of the Harpies with his elbows on his knees and a spectacle to everyone now looking down upon him!

Not one of Rude King George's ministers warned him of the possibility that building blocks launched to the eagles in the sky might fall short and return directly to their launch pad, where Spiteful King George was standing with his hands shielding his eyes. Knowing of the danger and neglecting to warn King George, his ministers and everyone working on the project ran down to safety behind the catapult into the ruined wine cellar of the Heretic monastery. The rock did explode, a baseball-sized chip hit him in the nape of the neck, and King George tumbled down his own hateful bridge into the Cave of the Harpies. Seated in the same filth he had been sowing through the Heretics and their Monastery of Hate, he could only complain, "Oh, woe is me," while people gawked at him from above. He should have expected this, for on the face of the cave was a large bronze plaque with the admonition, "Do not feed the Harpies," placed there by Julius Caesar himself.

Ignoring the plaque the Heretics of the Monastery by the Cave used the Harpies to cajole proselytes to their god Antijude. Nothing on earth was feared more than the Harpies, since their black, white tipped wings, carried every kind of lice, itch, and disease known to man. Anyone who did not submit to Heretic dogma would be fed to the Harpies. Among the captives of the Harpies whom Sir Gwain freed was Prince Nascien. At the very moment of King George's fall into the Cave of the Harpies, Sir Nascien was sent to the Dolorous Tower to free fair Princess Anaïs, daughter of the omnipotent King Constantine of France.

The servile servant of Chief Giant Ysbadden, vile Boors, had captured Princess Anaïs and her Unicorn, intending to use them to control the Grail Castle, from which he would rule the world. His plans were foiled by Sousient King George's inebriation, drinking too much of his own glory; as King George le Fou du Monde ordered the perfectly white Lamelablanché stones for the Castle in the Sky from Boors' Dolorous Tower. Boors had earlier stolen the perfectly white-matched stones from the mountainside of the Cave of the Harpies. In a manner of speaking, by ordering the stones to their original and rightful place, Sir Gwain had formulated a plan not only to remove from the world the chief Corsair of Corruption, King George of Quakin-Bush, but the stones also freed Princess Anaïs from her terrible captivity. With this move came a bonus, for King George's fall into his own pit would serve as bait to lure the Harpies back into their own cave. All of this had been prophesied beforehand and Sir Gwain, being somewhat shy, mind you, was the first to admit that he was not the author of the plan, but only one who aided the prophesies.

When Sir Nascien and his mate, Sir Caldmore, arrived at the Dolorous Tower, the roof had already been opened. They were set to rig a gantry over the ceiling to free the princess and her unicorn when up jumped the unicorn with the princess on his back, hovering for a moment in the air above – then landing at the knights' feet.

From the ridge beyond, in a clearing, which had been made by the King's vandalizing woodsmen, was that very Unicorn foaled by the black and white mottled Hippogriff and Sir Gwain's black, red-eared steed, Gryngolet with the red hooves. This foal was the first of its kind ever, and it was pure white with pure white wings and fully resembled a horse. Whereas the Hippogriff had wings and the head of an eagle, with black claws in its hooves and the body of a horse, its foal had none of those characteristics except the wings. And the wings were greater in span by two cubits! Need we explain more? The Hippogriff's foal had the eagle eyes of its mother, it was mating season for both Hippogriffs and Unicorns, and it spied the Unicorn in the air at the Dolorous Tower, thinking it was another like itself. At the same moment the perfectly white, blue-eyed and blue-lashed Unicorn carrying Princess Anaïs discerned that there was another like it nearby and spied the Hippogriff's foal atop the nearby mountain. It was rearing to go right then and there, and were it not for Sir Nascien's powerful outstretched silver-mail gauntlet, the Princess might have been catapulted to the ground from her wonderful mount. As the Unicorn reared up, Sir Nascien caught the beautiful lass in his arm, put her behind him on Gryngolet, and, with Sir Caldemore, rode off to meet Sir Gwain at the Cave of the Unicorns.

Princess Anaïs, in her long, pennant-like white samite shift, looked back as they galloped away and could see the perfectly white Unicorn bounding over fence and hedge towards the Hippogriff in the sky. From the mating of these two was born the perfectly white, blue-eyed, blue eye-lashed, winged Unicorn known to those in the West Country.

When they reached the Cave of the Unicorns the two horsemen and their chargé went to Joseph's Well to refresh themselves, and then entered the cave. Sir Caldemore had never seen such before, because of the colors, because of the revelations on the walls, because of the peace.

Seated at his captain's table was Sir Gwain le Souricière, who was then weaving more characters and events into the net of prophesy which lay before him. We mention this as a simile, since, as prophesied, he was really pressing truth with a terribly blunted reed onto smoking, flaxen paper. The rabbis say that he used the smoking flax to light his table, but one could clearly see that his abode was all light!

"Bonjour monsieur mon juge," said Sir Nascien (meaning "Good Day my lord") as he removed his polished mail gauntlet. "A louer se lot viene beintot," replied the Old Man, as he was thumbing through an old hermit's manuscript from the Kingdom of Laotzu, somewhere now in the Magic Mountains of south China. What he said is difficult to translate but was a congratulation, that one's fate often comes sooner than expected, and patience for the plan of God to run its course is always rewarded. God never abandons those who sow his seed.

Sowing Prophecy

Sometimes, because of the reluctance of men to look truth squarely in the eye, it takes several interacting agencies to accomplish good. Getting men together to witness truth can involve much planning, organizing, and, for many who might not otherwise serve God's desire, accident. We may see in Quakin-Bush a perfect example how people are arranged through accident to witness truth they ordinarily would refuse to see. Far too many people in Quakin-Bush, in fact, were those who served God through their mouth, if at all, while their hearts were far from him. They simply used God to justify their own evil plots. We see this in their service of King George, his corrupt officers, and particularly the Heretics who were singing praises to the

god Antijude, as they threw their innocent victims to the Harpies! There was no kingdom ever, even surpassing Sodom and Gomorrah, which merited the Lord's cry in prophecy, "I looked down from heaven and no where did I see anyone doing good." This place, above all places, was set for destruction. It was prophesied that these people would get the worst of the battle yet to come.

The battle, as prophesied, would become the womb of war itself, growing until it demolished the kingdoms of evil and produced an age of reconciliation to God. The war itself would be created through accident, where unlikely allies – former enemies – would suddenly be gathered together in unlikely circumstances in enormous numbers to fight Nebuchadnezzar II, the King of the North. From this battle would come disaster for all involved. How the accident woven into the web of this prophecy worked was through the mutual desires of the corrupt kings involved and their ministers, all vying to dominate the other and being easily bridled with their greed. King Nebuchadnezzar II, as shown on the walls of the Cave of the Unicorns, not only desired to reestablish the glorious Kingdom of Babylon – as prophesied – but also believed he had a Biblical mission, of ridding the world of the Jews. The Seven Kings of Pansnace had been molded by the hands of the Heretics and had no interest in the Jews except to use them against Nebuchadnezzar II. All of the parties called to Babylon's War through the voice of King George the Iron-heart sincerely believed – because the Heretics had told them – that their cause was fully justified by God. Sir Nascien, the bonnie lass Princess Anaïs, and Sir Caldemore, of course, could see all of these things as they flashed in their multicolored hues throughout the cave of the Unicorns.

When the Color Purple – the color of the amethyst – dominated the cave, one could see scenes of despair, of persecution, of the need for someone to rise up and stand for the persecuted, the meek, and the afflicted.

Following the heels of the Color Purple was the Color Green, after the Emerald, the stone at the foundation of the New City of Jerusalem, which was originally carried upon the right breast of Aaron the High Priest of Israel. The emerald was from the famous emerald mines at Mount Zabarah in Nubia and comes from the third place on Aaron the High Priest's Breastplate, over his heart. It represented the Salvation of God. We can now see why Sir Gwain wore the color Green and passed it on to Grail Prince Sir Nascien to carry.

Following these two colors in the cave was the fiery color of the Ruby. The owner of a brilliant ruby is assured that he will live in peace and concord with all men, that neither his land nor his rank will be taken from him, and that he will be preserved from all perils. It was most effective in a ring, bracelet, or brooch, if worn on the left side. Sir Caldemore rode on a red horse and wore red armor, signifying the mission of the ruby. The Ruby was placed in the first position of Aaron the High Priest's Breastplate.

What was shown on the walls of the Cave of the Unicorns is a scene from the Last Judgment, starting with the Daniel's prophecy:

Daniel 7.13 I saw in the night visions, and, behold, one like the Son of man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of Days, and they brought him near before him.

7.14 And there was given him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages, should serve him: his dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed.

Chapter 8

How Sir Boors was anointed for war with Babylon & why the starving masses continued to starve

Most people in Quakin-Bush had no feeling for what was happening to their country. The starving masses inside their city and without made little impact upon them, as they were oblivious to those standards of human decency so well treasured in former generations. It is shocking but true: there was no man who stood up and defended the poor! They ought to have known better, as they were after all sons of Brutus, that noble Trojan Prince and son of Priam. They knew what it was like to be strangers on a foreign shore; to be taken captive, and they knew what it was like to endure the hardships of drought and pestilence which had driven them from Lydia, after the Trojan War, so many generations earlier (about 1200 B.C.). Seeing the beggars and the homeless both inside and outside their city, the gross corruption of their leaders and their merchants, one might ask what it would take to show them what they had been doing both to themselves and their heirs.

For they were not only afflicting other peoples and their properties but also the next generation. The years of King George of Quakin-Bush were unconscionable, but justice waits its day: all of them would soon pray that they had not lived, they were so evil!

The Angels of Heaven argued much over this situation, as there were some soft-hearted people in Quakin-Bush, but their works were being smothered under the excesses of their neighbors. Were not these works the same as in Rome? Nero persecuted the Christians and on a lark burned the city of Rome (blaming the Christians for the baneful deed)! This was but one link in his chain of contempt: he went into the streets at night, dressed as a street ruffian with his friends, and rolled innocent victims, beating them and stealing their purses. Then, as now in Quakin-Bush, the patricians – government officials and business leaders – could roll innocent victims with impunity. But notice what happens in such a situation: the contempt the leaders had which prompted the robberies intensified. With it not being sufficient to merely hassle and rob innocent people on the streets, Nero and his hoodlum friends were always being tested by the need to commit a greater crime!

The Romans at the time were used to violence, as it was their principal amusement in the coliseum. Murder was their greatest intrigue, and more often than not the best seats in the coliseum were booked several weeks in advance – when Christians and other unfortunate victims had been rounded up to be fed to the beasts, fried in pans, or burned in an iron seat called the Hot Seat; dismembered, limb by limb over several days, or simply burned at the stake. No people – except the people of Quakin-Bush – enjoyed murder more than the people of Nero's and Caligula's Rome. It was no surprise to see Nero and his hoodlums conclude that the only suitable scam which might impress Rome would be the sacking of Rome itself by its own emperor! Even then, many of his friends argued that the Romans had so much contempt for life the sacking of their own city would probably not alarm them. "Well, if they don't protest the fire," they all agreed, "we'll burn it again!" In like manner rueful King George, before his fall, had the same idea!

The Romans were lawful people and respected the rights of all citizens, except those who might have fallen from grace, as it were, upon whom the gods no longer smiled. We speak of those citizens whose home and property had been robbed from them by either Nero himself or

his lackeys and patrons. Many people crucified on the Appian Way leading to Rome, or presented to the beasts in the Coliseum, once were property owners, merchants, husbandmen, nobles and even princes. Many were prisoners and serfs – slaves – captured in the military campaigns of the empire. There were many who were sent to the beasts because they resisted Nero's whims. Any attempt for conscience and human decency to root in those days Nero quickly uprooted!

As in those days, so was it in the days of King George, but in George's unholy day the matter was worse because the contempt for the masses was perhaps worse, as evidenced in the terrible numbers of the impoverished masses.

We left King George after his fall in the Cave of the Harpies, with many of his loyal and faithful servants peering down at him from the cave's gaping mouth high above. When he looked up he could see many faces peering over the edge and knew that he must be in hell. He was in hell, truly, and he was the one who created that part of it!

After many discussions, many meetings of high paid officials who earned more from graft than they could through simple corruption, all concluded that there was little that could be done for Hateful King George, who now wallowed in the dung of the Harpies whom he ought not to have fed. He was an old man and all concluded that by the time they figured out a way of raising him out of his cave – without infecting themselves with the same filth and lice from the dung already covering King George's body – King George would be dead.

King George's hunger was assuaged when people began throwing left-over popcorn and peanuts down to him. Among his followers there were truly no friends. How could there be? They all secured their close relationship with King George through corruption. He made thieves out of them, and in his final need they behaved as thieves. Suddenly they forgot about their King and began to concentrate on how power would be divided up in the kingdom. Because of their experience under King George they all knew their extortions would be met with impunity. They all agreed, as before, that there should be no accountability traceable to any one of them, as it was in the days of King George. After all, there had to be some honor among thieves, so they agreed that no one of them should ever offer any information that might incriminate the others in any crime. "Mum's the word," was the password of the leaders of Quakin-Bush.

How Sir Boors Gained Power

Among those who descended like vultures to divide up the estate of King George was Sir Boors, whose bottom canines reached above his lower lip when he became confused.

He had worked independently, but through King George's Prime Minister Gory Vitellus, to restore the Dolorous Tower where he had held the fair Princess Anaïs captive. Although he had left several horrible beasts to guard the perimeter of the tower, when Sir Nascien and Sir Caldemoor arrived there the beasts were gone. They had smelled the death coming from the captives outside the walls of the city of Quakin-Bush and now were sitting on their haunches nervously watching the suffering with the Harpies above them on the walls.

Now in this scene it is difficult to differentiate between the beasts at the base or top of the walls, and the citizens inside the city who were buying and selling, watching the Harpies around them! Nevertheless, as the poor desperately began to invade the city in greater numbers with King George's fall, the citizens became ever the more disturbed over the disruption of business. One could not buy or sell without stepping over one of those unfortunate, foul smelling,

unwashed, souls on the street (they couldn't wash because all the fountains were shut off!)! Before, under King George's ruffian, Sheriff Joerthan, the beggars were rounded up and thrown in prison, then, failing this expediency, because of the sheer numbers of the beggars, they began throwing them to the Harpies where King George now remains. But this also seemed to be fruitless, since the flood of the poor was so great. For instance, with the dungeons being filled with the poor, many do-gooders in the city decided to open feeding stations and shelters, hoping to feed them and send them on their way to another city. Under the advice of the Heretics, the shelters were placed next to the walls where the Harpies roosted. Disease and all kinds of foul things sloughed off the wings of the Harpies into the shelters, and because of this the wandering sickly became ever the more rampant!

Because of the sloughing off of the diseases, the itches, and the filth from the black, white-tipped wings of the Harpies upon the walls, many people in the city began to move to the City Center, and, bringing the filth there, started to vacate the city altogether, carrying the infection to other cities in the kingdom of Quakin-Bush. Pushed on, the people flew into neighboring kingdoms, their plagues, their diseases and their itches with them.

Now Sir Boors was not a bright man, but he was not a stupid man either. He had a university education and had gone to the best of the Heretic schools. He believed, as all Heretics then believed – as it was nearing the millennium and all believed the end of the world would soon come – that one must grab what one can to survive. As King George had preached before, "This was a day when it was every man for himself." Although Boors was not a good speaker, because his lower canines tended to slur his speech when he got confused (his usual state of mind), he was an idea man and quite creative. He could sell anything. He sold Gory Vitellus on the idea of using the pure white lamelablanche stones from the mountain of the Cave of the Harpies to restore the Dolorous Tower, for instance, which was an entirely worthless enterprise. Because it was wasteful and could do no harm to George's extortions, the funds needed to restore the tower were quickly approved. Many who knew of the project thought that it might be a lucrative tourist attraction since Sir Lancelot was once held captive there.

The stones used to restore the tower were needed by Gory Vitellus in building the perfectly white castle called La Tajma Halle to King George's glory. It was raised in the sky by children flying upon eagles; and when one of the first stones was launched up to the children, who cried for those below to quickly send up the stones because the eagles were tiring, there was an explosion from the stone returning to the ridge where King George stood. A small chip from the corner of the stone hit King George in the nape of the neck, causing him to tumble down the bridge into his frightening Cave of the Harpies.

Seeing his stones being stolen, the half pig man Sir Boors stole instantly to the mountain to stop the theft. There he and his men encountered Gory Vitellus who now sat ashamed wondering how he might get their stinking leader out of the pit and save their tyranny. Yes, he and his cohorts had agreed to divide the kingdom amongst themselves, but you and I know and Gory Vitellus – who knew of no standards of righteousness except those which were conventional, changing with the whims of thieves – knew that unless King George were rescued from the dire pit there could be a blood-bath. For all those contending for his throne were no less trustworthy than King George himself; and no man knew more than Gory Vitellus that King George was the best (least evil among the evil) to keep the kingdom together. King George himself acknowledged this on several occasions. So it was not loyalty that caused Gory Vitellus to daily sit by his leader, but it was for the sake of the conspiracy and survival of

unrighteousness. Vitellus was well respected in the kingdom, for he had become an expert on all things and was best known for his detailed commentaries on things he never read, from which righteousness was defined in the kingdom.

The idea man, Sir Boors (he knighted himself the moment he heard of King George's fall, knowing there would be no one who could question it), came to Gory Vitellus' rescue. Sir Boors reminded the minister that there was a war on against the King of Babylon, and that he would do well to hype the war and send troops back to the Kingdom of Cuellete. This would divert the creditor kings' – most of the kings of Europe – attention from the state of Quakin-Bush. King George was the greatest debtor in the world and the kings – the greatest among them being a group called the Six Kings of Pansnance – were fully controlled by George by virtue of his indebtedness to them. The poverty in the Kingdom of Quakin-Bush, the conspiracies, and all the corruption of King George and his fall would be better served if the kings' attention focused on Nebuchednezzar II, King of Babylon. Sir Boors suggested that the Prelates of the Heretics could facilitate the dissemination of propaganda on their behalf, emphasizing the divine mission King George had in destroying Nebuchednezzar II, as well as assisting in the various extortions in which they already were involved.

"The Heretics can be extremely useful," cried Sir Boors, as he kneeled in fealty to Minister Gory Vetellus. The Minister patted his hand upon the pleading knight's head and consented, adding, "Then you sir, because of your expertise in building high towers, will lead the mission against Nebuchednezzar II to assure that the mission does not fail. If it fails you will be thrown into the Cave of the Harpies!"

He gave his signet ring to Sir Boors to enable him to procure all the support needed for the enterprise, to serve even as a visa into the inner sanctums of the Kings of Pansnance; and the frightened knight, Sir Boors, took a last look over the edge of the pit at his king and mounted his charger. He had drawn a sickly, sway-backed nag out of the King's stables and dressed it in yellowed white samite fabrics and moldy halters to match his pallid coat. The mangy horse had been infected with the itches and diseases from the Harpies, together with all the other king's horses, because the stables also were below where the Harpies roosted.

Soon Sir Boors was following in the same tracks left by the powerful red hooves of Sir Nascien's black horse, Gryngolet, with the red ears, only a few days before. Sir Boors' armor and colors matched his horse. When he set off from the city of Quakin-Bush there was a terrible earth-quake and flash in the night sky; the people thought they saw the sun it was so bright.

What Happened to the Starving Poor

There is a sad, sad mystery in this tale of despair which now must turn to the poor. The world was raptured in Nebuchednezzar II and the violence which had been earlier done to Babylon. With eager anticipation, as vultures fidgeting on a scarred and dead branch in the trees, everyone began to watch Babylon and the desolation yet to come. The starving poor of Quakin-Bush, the corruption and the daily lies, were now all ignored by the people of Quakin-Bush. Even the poor had their attention turned away from themselves, speculating themselves when the wrath of the Heretic god Antijude, in the name of King George, would descend upon Nebuchednezzar II. All believed that Nebuchednezzar II and his people were godless and deserved to be destroyed by the faithful Seven Kings of Pansnance, the leader of whom was Frightful and now Pallid King George.

Sir Gwain, the Old Man in the Cave of the Unicorns, was well ordained in this situation. He had been created in the Holy Scriptures to intercede but was prevented from going into the streets or raising himself up, an unusual mission to say the least. He saw that the captives and the poor had been so depressed by the unfeeling regime and people of Quakin-Bush, the poor, themselves, could not be persuaded that they had any rights at all! They simply were as if they were dead, surprising as it may seem! This all washes from the old worship of violence inherited from Rome. The gods of violence – premier among them being the air god Antijude, whose place was even above the god Mars – depended upon persuading those who are oppressed to accept the oppression without resistance. Key to this were the teachings of the Heretics who convinced the poor that they deserved their lot because of their past sins. This comes from their system of judgment which was based upon fire and water. "Guilt and innocence was determined not by the witness of men but by the god Antijude," they maintained. First a victim would be put in hot boiling water and if he or she survives it; then tied to a seat and branded with a hot iron. If the victims survive these two trials, they are believed to have been forgiven their sins by the god Antijude.

Their standard of this trial was the Jews who rarely survived the fire and water. The Jews, according to the Heretics, were the symbol of that thing which god hates most, and anyone who falls into the same state [of impoverishment] as the Jews is obviously equally hated by the god Antijude. At the core of this belief is the idea that the Heretics and their followers are Chosen People. Upon them would be showered the prosperity of the earth: all the gold, silver, and earthly treasures one could amass.

The idea here is that Antijude would come in the air to judge the earth, snatch the Chosen People up to Heaven, all their treasures with them, and burn everything else. It was important in their theology to get what you could on earth while the getting was good; and since everything would be destroyed in the fire from heaven, any dressing and keeping of the earth, as in Adam's day, would be a complete waste of time. Reminding the Heretics of Adam's Charter in Genesis 2.15 or Revelation's Curse in verse 11.18 – against those desolating the earth – was even a greater waste of time to Sir Gwain, as they already scoffed at Deuteronomy 30.7; failing this they could respect nothing!

Working among the poor were many ministers of the Heretics who were handing out miscellanies to make the poor repent of their sins before the god Antijude arrived and all is consumed in the fire. He, who begged for food most, got handbills stuffed in his mouth.

It was a duty of the Heretics to minister to the poor. A few, being exposed to sufferings in this ministry, did take pity on the poor and fed them through a few shelters. But there were many phony shelters set up by the Heretics as a means of gaining donations for the poor, whose funds were diverted to the the wealthy Heretic Prelates who wore gilded, double brocade robes and much gold and silver jewelry. Too often the huge gifts of charity for the poor went not to the poor but to the high life-style and habits of the Heretic Ministry, which, as said, needed the poor to stay poor. After all, if there were no poor, the Heretics would be out of business, left with no cause by which they could raise funds to pay for their palaces, etc. For these reasons the poor could not be offered jobs, etc.

Sir Gwain, having mingled with the poor sufficiently in bringing them from their captivity, knew that many things must yet happen before the poor can gain back the souls stolen from them by the Heretics. He passed among them some of Merlin's small books from the Cave of the Unicorns to see if they could be motivated from their state of despair, but they failed to respond

in any way, much unlike those charging up Beacon Hill in Boston or the French peasants charging the Bastille in Paris. The motive – the sense of human dignity and simple human rights – in the Kingdom of Quakin-Bush was not yet there to bring forth such a charge.

Ignorant of the poor, the citizens who had not fallen into poverty or caught the diseases were far too busy cashing in on the corruption of King George's government. Corruption feeds upon corruption – like the Harpies who feed on the dead – and to Sir Gwain the people of Quakin-Bush, their captives and their poor, were dead. There was no spark of life in any of them. The appalling, mounting numbers of victims starving on the streets illustrated this. Sir Gwain had seen a similar phenomenon when Jerusalem was burned by Titus, the son of Emperor Vespasian in 70 A.D. The chronicles showed over 1.2 million people dying inside Jerusalem during that siege! Then it was every man for himself, and brother was turned against brother, daughter against mother and even there was a lady who was found eating the very child she had suckled at her breast! What did she do when partisans broke through her door to steal food from her? She offered them half of her charred infant!

This is what the Kingdom of Quakin-Bush was like when Sir Gwain brought King George's captives to the walls of Quakin-Bush.

We of a later age can look back on the atrocities of King George and his people and are appalled at the phenomena that so many poor were cast out into the streets--as the dead blocking the streets of Jerusalem in Titus's day. We can wonder how a people could have allowed this to happen, to be corralled, then divided and then spoiled. This can be explained just by the example of Jerusalem. First, seeing imminent desolation, the power-hungry began fighting to divide the gold and silver in the temple and the palaces; then they fought over the food, and finally, in the end, were exchanging their stolen gold bracelets, candlesticks and spoons for a sheave of straw!

As with Jerusalem, we say, so with the Kingdom of Quakin-Bush. On one side, as in Jerusalem, the Kingdom of Quakin-Bush saw imminent desolation, and on the other side they worshipped opportunism, that only the powerful will divide the spoils. They believed that those who fall in the struggle deserve no help, as in the cases of Rome and in Jerusalem previously cited. For these reasons, we say, the people of Quakin-Bush could daily endure the mounting hordes of the poor in their midst without feeling in any way the cause to satisfy the afflictions of the poor. There was no standard of righteousness, no man defending the poor: there was only the scuffle, the hurrying, pounding feet of citizens cashing in on their fair share of King George's promises while there was still time. Doomsday – the millennium – was near, and most of them were watching for the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. Recognizing that the people of those times might respond to the horsemen better than the simple advocacy to defend the poor, Sir Gwain focused now upon sending forth the horsemen, among whom Sir Nascien was the first.

Those who were being persecuted in those days compared their persecution to the time of the Nazis. We cannot compare this time exactly to the days of the Nazis, for the Nazis were looking ahead to enslave the world; the people of Quakin-Bush, on the other hand, were looking for the end of the world.

As again for the poor, there was then little that could be done until the spark of life returned to them. In time it would come, when they had discovered they had been robbed and begun to feel violated, as a woman who had been raped in the city and no one responded to her voice!

The children of this spiteful era soon felt these emotions, however. They were so overwrought by the robbery many of them began to throw rocks and even ransack the tombs of

their own parents! For many of the children of Quakin-Bush there was nothing they could do to show their parents – who were now dead with their King George – their disgust at the disinheritance.

Many of the people of Quakin-Bush praised Rude King George for the nine years of peace they had enjoyed under him in the Kingdom. Taking advantage of this, King George justified his mission against King Nebuchednezzar II which, as we noted, ended up in a bloody massacre of over two hundred thousand people in the desert of Babylon. Still this did not assuage King George's thirst, and in pursuing the war with Nebuchednezzar II, a strong propaganda campaign to encourage the people of the Kingdom to die for their king (without either faith or law!) was touted. They alleged that King George was chosen by God to destroy Nebuchednezzar II! These were the things which led up to the war. The war was important, from Gory Vitellus's point of view, so that George's popularity would be restored. Now the fate of the kingdom of Quakin-Bush depended upon the success of Sir Boors and they needed a strong sign of success.

As noted, when Sir Boors and his men rode out of the city there was an earthquake and the perfectly white lamelablanc stones which were neatly stacked atop the ridge and entrance to the Cave of the Harpies tumbled down the Bridge of Sorrows and plugged up the cave's gaping mouth. With the cave being sealed the Harpies were free to roam, disease was rampant, poverty was on the increase, and Silent King George was incommunicado! What worse could befall the negligent Kingdom of Quakin-Bush? A military disaster? We shall pursue this adventure in our next topic, as we follow Sir Nascien to the Kingdom of Zazamac.

Chapter 9

How Sir boors met the Rolled Monk, Ogmios, & was trampled under in the battle of Yuri-rita of Constantinople

It was prophesied that Contemptuous King George of Quakin-Bush would be sealed in his own abyss of corruption and from it would be created a great schism in the land. Here is part of that oracle:

Les fortresses des assiégré serré
Par poudre à feu profondé en abisme:
Les proditeurs seront tous vifs serré
Onc aux sacristes n'advint si piteux scisme.

This translates essentially into the idea that the besieged traitor was shut up in the depths and entombed alive; never did such a pitiful schism happen to the Sextons (Heretic prelates).

The entire kingdom of Quakin-Bush was dependent upon the graft and corruption patronized by Arrogant King George. With him now for the time being out of the way in the depths of the Cave of the Heretics, sitting sorrowfully with Harpy dung all over him, his patrons began to fight over the division of power in his absence. At the end of this debacle were the Heretic Prelates who depended upon King George's blind benevolence, allowing the Heretics to murder, maim and generally torment all people who did not bow down to their bigoted god named Antijude. This god hated everything and everyone whom the gods did not smile upon. First among the hated were the Jews, the Blacks, natives of conquered lands, etc. Their theology in essence followed the idea that anyone who fell into captivity or was beaten deserved it. This follows the idea that the god Antijude punishes people for their past sins. Only those who believed in the air god Antijude would be saved, etc. It is through this system of beliefs which Rueful King George was able to exercise his persecutions of the poor, the maimed, and the homeless and extort those who had property and title in the kingdom and – we must note! – other kingdoms. For King George was so obnoxious he stopped at nothing and was quite willing to extort other kings as well as his own peasants. Through his lies and extortions he became the world's greatest debtor, so everyone had become smothered, right or wrong, in his corruption.

Nothing symbolized his corruption more than the Cave of the Harpies. The Harpies were beasts whose bodies were like men but had heads like locusts, whose black, white-tipped wings carried every disease, lice and itch known to man. The Harpy guano at the bottom of the cave, where King George had been accidentally catapulted, carried all these vile things; now there was no one who was willing to rescue the king, fearing infection from his vile covering.

The Monastery of the Heretics next to the Cave of the Harpies had been a place where, under the auspices and support of King George, the Heretic Prelates fed captives, slaves and the poor to the Harpies. The Harpies fed only on the dead, so those who were slid into the pit would be allowed to starve; when the last breath left the emaciated body of a victim the Harpies suddenly pounced and spread their black, white-tipped wings over it.

The Chief Minister of State, Gory Vitellus, who knew quite a bit about a lot of things and was known for his detailed and complete commentaries on things he never read, needed King

George to continue the conspiracy. He needed the King, since King George had started a war against the King of Babylon, and all agreed that the acceleration of the war would cause the kings of Europe to be distracted from the severe problems within the Kingdom of Quakin-Bush. Recognizing this unusual dependency, Sir Boors came forward with a plan to heighten the war against the King of Babylon, Nebuchednezzar II, who believed that he was Nebuchednezzar I resurrected and anointed to collect on the promise made to Nebuchednezzar I in Daniel 4.34 which said:

Daniel 4.34 At the End of Days I Nebuchednezzar lifted up mine eyes unto heaven, and my understanding returned to me....

4.35 All the inhabitants of the earth are reputed as nothing: and God doeth according to his will in the army of heaven... and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou?

4.36 At the same time my reason returned unto me; and for the glory of my kingdom, mine honor and brightness returned unto me; and my counsellors and my lords sought unto me; and I was established in my kingdom, and excellent majesty was added to me.

4.37 Now I Nebuchednezzar praise and extol and honor the King of Heaven, all whose works are truth...

On this basis Nebuchednezzar II, who controlled the spice trade so necessary to Europe, decided to launch a war, called al Jihad, to establish his promised kingdom of the Last Days – the millennium approached – mentioned above. At that time Islam had taken root in Babylon. Under the power of the Koran which endorsed fully the Jewish Scriptures, Nebuchednezzar struggled for supremacy; and in his first act among many international offences he invaded the tiny, defenseless Kingdom of Cuellete which formally was owned by Nebuchednezzar I. King George and the other Seven Kings of Pansnanceresponded with a war which resulted in the sudden death – it was a massacre – of two hundred thousand Babylonians!

On the other side of this history was Sir Nascien the Grail Prince riding to the King of Zazamac to get that king to intercede with Nebuchednezzar II, to show him some errors in his judgment but moreover how he had been set up by the Seven Conspiring Kings of Pansnance and his nation about to be leveled! Sir Nascien was a swarthy lad who had been raised in the court of Hijjaz, born of the seed of the King of Anjou and his former lover, Belcane, the beautiful, swarthy Queen of Zazamac. Needless to say, by birthright the Green Knight, Sir Nascien, had all the necessary connections to mitigate this terrible war if his black, red hoofed war horse, Gryngolet, with the red ears, could arrive in time to avert the war. With him was his Paladin, Sir Caldemoor, riding on a red horse with red armor from Sir Parzival, the past Grail King who died at the venerable age of 121 years, one year older than Moses himself!

Behind them rode Sir Boors, whose lower canines rose above his bottom lip when he was confused; and his armor and horse were pale in color because it had been stabled next to the walls where the diseased Harpies now roosted in the City of Quakin-Bush. The Harpies had escaped from their prison in the Cave of the Harpies when Sir Boors' men quarried the highly treasured, pure white lamelablanc stones for his Dolorous Tower, the prison which held Princess Anaïs and Sir Lancelot, from the cave's cliff face. He sold Minister Vitellus the idea that King George le Cafard's conspiracy could be saved were he outfitted to stir up the war with Nebuchednezzar II. Agreeing to Sir Boors' plan the minister gave him a special insignia ring and

sent him off after Sir Nascien, whose steed – need we say? – was more fit and faster.

The nags of Sir Boors' troops were sickly and emaciated due to the filth from the Harpies above their stalls, so Sir Boors' troop of crusaders – anointed to destroy Babylon – had to stop their wheezy, pallid mounts from time to time and often sought refuge in the first monastery in their path; many of which were run by the Heretics. Crossing the British channel from Cornwall's Mouse Hole, they landed in Nantes and took refuge in a dilapidated monastery with twenty-five Heretic Prelates; all dressed in black, gilded, double brocade robes. At dinner there were no servants – an unusual situation – so the small troop was attended by the exceedingly begrudging Prelates, who were hoping for some kind of huge gift from King George for their hospitality. They did not know then of King George's fall and no doubt would have kicked the small troop out of their precinct had they known he was, as it were, en cache.

At dinner there was a travelling Monk of the Scroll. Prelate Willifrigt, of the Midi, had died and the Monk of the Scroll was travelling from one end of the [deceased] Roman Empire to the other to advertise his death. The monk's name was Ogmei of Ocoui, so it seemed, but his diction was often confusing and the guests were not really sure where his kingdom of origin or monastery was located. He was always mixing up his "oc's"(Latin hoc) and his "oui's" (Latin hoc illud) and it was difficult to determine whether he was saying "aye" or "nay". Being Saxonish, as were the chiefs of King George who had been raping the Kingdom of Quakin-Bush, Sir Boors' knowledge of the French tongue was rough, but Ogmei's Languedoc speech was nearly incomprehensible. Were it not for the interpretations of the twenty-five enlightened but argumentative Heretic Prelates, Boors' encounter might have been less confusing!

Ogmei carried on his back a huge scroll which was then about a span thick (the width of one's spread hand) and a rod long (about a meter), still growing and beginning to scrape the ground as he walked bowed under the Scroll's weight on his back. As he visited a monastery, thoughtful quips and helpful ditties in honor of the dead Prelate were added to the scroll, making it ever larger. The troops amused themselves at the board (dining table) with the reading of the scroll. One witty saying from a convent was on this order:

All Abbots deserve to die
Who order subject nuns to lie
In dire distress and lonely bed
Only for giving love its head.
I speak who know, for I've been fed,
For loving, long on stony bread.

One can tell that this little ditty did not come from a Heretic Monastery, since the Heretic's were not devoted to poverty, in the memory of and in their love for Antijude, and were, on the contrary, known for their lavish life-style, using donations to the poor to support their palaces, servants, horses and Reuben-esque multi-colored thirty groom carriages, etc.

Sir Boors was astonished to find the Heretic Monastery so impoverished. But having gotten what he could from them, realizing they had not heard of King George's fall, he gave them an I.O.U. donation which, if honored, would have been the first writ King George ever honored.

The stammering, voyager monk (he was exceedingly frightened of the boar-like Sir Boors) could be useful to Sir Boors, since he had looped first through Southern France, Switzerland, Bohemia and as far as Romania. Sir Boors realized that the Scroll on the Monk's back might

contain intelligence information, as Sir Boors would be retracing the monk's route all the way to Byzantium and Babylon.

Imagine the poor monk's alarm when he heard Sir Boors order his men to bring him and his scroll with them! After much protest from the Abbot of the monastery, Sir Boors agreed to not harm the monk provided the Heretics offer five prelates in ransom to accompany them to Byzantium. Two days later, with nearly all of the provisions of the poor Heretic Monastery packed upon their sway-backed nags, Sir Boors' twenty-five Crusaders with their five Prelates on mules, and the monk Ogmios on an ass, set off for Byzantium by way of Pointiers, Chateauroux, Thiers, and Geneva.

When they reached Mount Thiers, Sir Boors saw the castle on the next ridge in complete ruins and the Monastery nearby in a heap. They met some Heretic prelates there on the way and learned the truth of this calamity. Sir Nascien had passed through and the people in the village saw reflecting from the mirror-like Shield of Aravat the truth, how they had been had by the Heretics who fed on bigotry and death and not life. When offerings were taken for the poor, instead of silver pennies the people in the village threw stones into the heretics' baskets. From this came many ditty's on the scroll as we reviewed above, "how one cannot survive on stones alone."

Seeking more intelligence on the matter, Sir Boors had the scroll of Abbot Willifrigt's epitaphs unrolled on the half-roofed castle floor. There was there a pattern of desolation on Sir Nascien's route! Exactly on the course leading directly from Pont "A" at Tours to Pont "D" at Villafrancia on Sir Boors' Cors de Malchance map, from even Brig to Constantinople, there was a chain of ruined Heretic monasteries. The Languedocs of the Midi, it turns out, had been waving messages from one village to another, how Sir Nascien had exposed King George's and his Heretics' Scandals. Where silver pennies once filled the offering baskets of the Heretic Monasteries tiny pebbles and now large stones began taking their place. Since Sir Boors' growing troop of Crusaders was following months behind the flying heels of Sir Nascien's horse, Gryngolet, with the red ears, the toll was already taking effect at each stop along the road to Byzantium.

Lacking funds the Heretic Monasteries fell in ruin, their palaces and castles abandoned, and many Heretics in their black, gilt, double-brocade robes began to litter the road, begging for a handout. Soon, after a few stops like that in the mountain wilderness of Thiery, the Troop of twenty-five pallid knights on mangy, yellowed mounts and five black, gilded, double brocade robed Prelates and one monk with a long scroll dragging off his ass had added to it seven more Prelates like dressed, an Abbess in distress whose white outer garment was terribly soiled on the back, a samite monger out of work, and two armor burnishers, both dressed in knickers and a kilt with loud green and yellow hatch marks against a red and white square patchwork. One wore a matching tricornu hat; the other had lost his. When not burnishing armor they earned extra pennies – a pittance we know – as jesters and comedians.

At the time the comedians were playing a hacked-up story based upon Pyramus and Thisby's thwarted love-tragedy and another based upon the patriotism of a young girl named Anthygonie who disobeys her uncle, King Creon. He had hi-jacked her father's, King Oedipus', throne, sent the blinded king into exile, and then embroiled the kingdom in a civil war, ending up in the death of Anthygonie's two brothers being killed. Since the two brothers had waged war against him and failed, Creon ordered that their bodies be not given a burial and left to rot on the ground. One of the boys was a leader of rebels who spoke out against Creon's tyranny. The young

princess gathered his body parts under the cover of the night, and buried him, against the edict of Creon.

Through the gate receipts of these plays the troop of twenty-five armored knights, twelve prelates, one monk with his scroll now dragging behind his tiring ass, an Abbess on a mule, two jesters with rousing colors themselves on braying asses, followed by an assortment of well dressed but overly rouged ladies in a caravan with a torn cover, was able to support itself. Other caravans soon joined the Crusaders and added their thoughts to the Monk's Roll.

Sir Boor's invasion of Babylon was the first time a Northern European Force was chronicled, attempting to conquer Babylon (and Jerusalem with it), using Ladies in the front of their force. Often the ladies arrived in the next town before the armor and disarmed the foe, as it were, with their wits and charm. Sir Boors was a clever man – though he swallowed hook line and sinker King George's agenda – and he saw that he could overcome many a fort in his path with the wit and charm of the ladies at his disposal. This strategy was effective until he began descending into the Valleys of Macedonia at Philipston, where he encountered a large troop of well appointed Knights under the leadership of Princess Yuri-rita from the court of Duke Verek, son of the King of Constantinople.

The Unusual Force of Princes Yuri-Rita

The King of Constantinople had been abducted by the King and Queen of Macedonia. Princess Yuri-rita, who was betrothed to Duke Verek, the other son of the King of Constantinople, a descendent himself of King Apelles and cousin of Sir Nascien, had marshalled together a force of 15,000 armored knights, 7,000 bowmen, 18,000 footmen, and a train of support caravans loaded with assault engines and catapults which would have put Cyrus the Great himself to fear. Leading Princess Yuri-rita's impressive army was a battalion of chariots called Beasties, pulled by strange animals and driven by children! These exotic war machines were often painted on old Afghan walls.



Flashing in the midday sun was the familiar Shield of Aravat which Sir Nascien had loaned her. Through it she was able to follow the trail of blood dripping from the chariot of the King of Macedon, as he carried away the King of Byzantium to his capitol city Philipston. Note how she was able to follow the trail: the Shield of Aravat was as a mirror but carried hidden in its covering a white cross against a crimson background or a white unicorn in the place of the cross. The cross was originally traced by the finger of Josephus, the son of Joseph of Arimathaea, when he laid on his death bed. As Princess Yuri-rita followed the bloody trail with her troops – many knights outfitted and trained by Sir Nascien himself – the white cross would appear. If the bearing was to the left the white cross would appear; the unicorn would appear if the bearing was to the right. It shone like a mirror if the trail led straight ahead. In this manner she was led directly to the castle of the King

of Macedonia, as prophesied, as Sir Nascien outlined to her.

The Princess led her army from a blazing gold, brazen chariot with four white horses on a red halter and a personal guard of twenty silver ensconced chariots. Around them were the small Beasty chariots driven by the children.

Her winged helmet and brazen breasts might have caused her to pass as Athena herself, had one not recognized her purely bluish Exotic shift. The wind chasing through the dog leg passes of Macedonia, as if to push her fleet footed chargers even faster, flagged at her beautiful shift of rosies and posies, floral embroideries and gilded sash. She held a long whip in her right hand and in her left the brilliant red reins to her four white chargers. Behind her and her guard of twenty and the unusual guard of Beasties, rose an enormous cloud over the valley. Were a prophet to have been standing facing that oncoming army he would have fallen on his knees, thinking he faced the Divine Chariot, the Merkabah, itself.

Suddenly, on the hills, on the far side of the valley, the Princes halted and took up camp. The Macedonian army, which was entrenching itself outside its city, looked as if it held the best position, being on higher ground and behind a marshy area through which the Princess' army must needfully charge. Sir Boors ordered his small troop to halt as well, on the left side of the valley, to observe the onslaught. The small troop arranged their caravans in a circle, and the ladies pulled up the torn fabric covers so they could sit and watch from the higher perches of the caravans. The armored knights and the finely robed Heretic Prelates all ordered themselves in a row on the bluff below the caravan's wheels, as they began to make merry of, and cast lots on, the disaster to come. It was late summer and their pallid armor and horses near by blended perfectly with the parched landscape which then was suffering from a long drought. Except for a lone sprawling oak tree nearby there was nothing else to shield them on their hidden bluff.

As they were all settled down, they heard trumpets blare behind them and they soon found themselves in the very path of a charging unit of Vulgars who had allied themselves with the Macedonians who had taken occasion to kidnap the King of Constantinople. The Vulgars, however, thought that the entrenchments thrown up in front of the Macedonian City were by Princess Yuri-rita and her heavily armored division. Instead of coming to the aid of his neighbor, the King of Macedon, the Vulgar King brought forth Macedon's destruction.

Seeing the two armies totally routing one another in a final death struggle, Princess Yuri-rita ordered her first battalion of Chevaliers into the field, to draw the armored Vulgars back towards them into the marsh. As the retreating Vulgars spied the oncoming calvary of Yuri-rita, they veered into the marsh, as predicted, and their horses and armor became pitifully bogged down.

The children driving the unusual Beasty chariots pounded their terrible tiny wheels around and around, encircling the marshy area and its captives; and as a knight attempted to escape they would encircle him with a long ball of twine bounding behind each *Beasty* chariot. Since the *Beasties* were the fastest, fleetest footed mounts on the field of battle, there was no contest, and the heavily armored knights were tied up in knots as the terrible little *Beasties* ran circles around them.

After this, Princess Yuri-rita ordered her footmen into the field who promptly cleaned up the remaining resistance and took captive not only the King of Greece and his Queen but also the remnant of their 32,000 man army. She escorted the grateful King of Constantinople and the prisoners, back to Constantinople. The omnipotent King of Constantinople thereafter was not attacked, until King Isaurias and his hordes fell upon the city in 717 A.D., another story.

The accidental charge of the Vulgar Brigade against Philipston, right through the small

encampment of Sir Boors and his twenty-five formidable armored knights, the eleven dark, gilded, double brocade robed Prelates, the monk now on a madly braying ass, the two jesters in their amusing outfits, the samite monger, and a pitiful remnant of the ladies in the caravan (many were carried away in the charge) had a disastrous and demoralizing effect on Sir Boors' company. Much of the armor was ruined – breastplates and swords laid shattered and bent in the pitted landscape left by the Vulgar's charging hooves – so Sir Boors was delayed in his visit to the King of Constantinople in refitting, etc. Fully outfitted and presentable, but before they entered that city, they all kneeled and prayed that no one would know that their small troop was overrun by the Vulgars!

"Not Italian," Yuri-rita said!

How Princess Yuri-rita mastered her wonderful strategy and prowess in the arts of war is a story fascinating but unfortunately too long to tell here. But we will attempt to tell part of it because she married into the family of the Holy Grail and was the grandmother of that famous Paladin of Charlesmagne earlier mentioned whose name is Rogero! She told this part of her tale to Sir Nascien while he wintered at the Summer Palace of the King of Constantinople on the Angel Isles in the Bosphorous.

Rogero, of course, was Italian. His grandmother, Yuri-rita, was of very mixed blood from a Portuguese explorer who was captured in the Seashell Islands on a spice expedition to India; then traded for a stone of curry to the Raja of Balim, and then sold, because of his light skin, as a slave to a sea raider who ruled a Kingdom midst the far western sea. Like Joseph in Egypt, he gained his freedom and became an advisor to the King, named Aloha, of the six-island Kingdom of Kokahanahola. His dress then, he said, was a loin cloth and a lovely string of hibiscus flowers around his neck. Later he took the king's daughter to wife, had children, led them on an expedition to Asia. Their son married a half breed Chian and a Portuguese damsel, and they took caravan to Samarkand, and their daughter married an envoy of the Abyssiniad Caliphate, who was the brother of the King of Constantinople and father of this wonderful, dark-haired beauty who was truly of the world – most of the races in her blood, except Italian!

It happens that Sir Caldemoor's mother was of a high-bred Florintine family of Etruscan lineage. Sir Caldemoor had no chance whatsoever when he faced this beauty, and our non-Italian lady instantly grabbed him for herself when she returned from her campaign against the King and Queen of Macedon. From their union came the fabled Rogero!

M/8/3/92

Chapter 10

How Sir Boors went mad in Emperor Constantine's Palace, & how Sir Nascien foiled the Kings of Pansnances' wicked plan

No man perhaps deserves more sympathy for his foolishness than Sir Boors in this part of our history. After having been trampled upon by the charging Vulgars against the King of Macedonia (luckily the scroll of Ogmios of Ocoui – a source of our history – was not damaged) he met an even greater horror in the court of Emperor Constantine IV in Constantinople.

Much of this part of our history involves more prophesy and family details which would no doubt bore others, my well-beloved, but stay with us until the end...

Why the Byzantines Disliked Sir Boors

At the time the Byzantine emperors viewed anyone coming in the name of a western emperor with hostility, since the western emperors were in matter of fact pretenders to the throne of the Roman Empire. Unfortunately, Sir Boors was endowed more with craftiness than common sense and prudence, and this showed the worst in him at the palace of the Byzantine Emperor. We recall how easily his plan to control the Holy Grail, by kidnapping the Princess Anaïs and a Unicorn, was foiled by the Grail Knight Sir Gwain.

This was a time of many, many wars, after the Visigoths under Alaric (in 410.A.D.) sacked Rome and provided an entrance for the movement of other peoples from Russia into the Eastern Empire called then Byzantium. Wave after wave of Goths had been migrating from the Russian Steppes into Europe to meet head on with previous migrations of their relatives: the British, Alemmani, the Angles, the Saxons, the Helveti, Burgundians, Franks, and Visigoths to name a few, who occupied Western Europe. Many of these who occupied the Flemish territories, Britain and Western Gaul were simply called Belgae, as opposed to their taller, fair haired "German" relatives east of the Rhine who were called Alemmani. The Germans got their name, incidentally, from Julius Caesar who supposed them to be the, germ, the original race, of all the Gauls, since they were taller and fairer haired than the others.

The Emperors of Byzantium referred to all Westerners as Franks, used, perhaps, as we today use the word Vandals; as wave after wave of Vandals, Ostrogoths and Visigoths – the Franks to the Byzantine Emperor – sacked Rome, and with it the western half of the emperor's Roman Empire. The relationship was expressed in Feudal terms, as an order of rank. Never (until Charlesmagne) could there be a western king who could stand equal in rank – to receive the title of emperor – to the Emperor of Byzantium.

Byzantium was the seat of the Roman Empire at the time of Sir Boors' embassy. Two hundred years after Sir Boors' visit, Charlesmagne challenged this leige status of the west to the Byzantine emperor, first through Pope Leo III in Rome and then with the Emperor in Constantinople. Just before his death in 813 A.D. Charlesmagne, through a long negotiation with the Byzantine Emperor Michael, was able to obtain Michael's acknowledgment of him as the Emperor of the Franks (sic. the West).

Along with this concession Michael conceded to the transfer of the city of Venice to Charlesmagne's dominion. Byzantium – nay, we say, the Mediterranean world – depended upon

Venice's strategic position in world trade at that time. The emperor Charlemagne's influence could not be underestimated by the Byzantine emperors. It is said that the empress Irene, who was on the Byzantine throne at the time of Charlemagne's coronation, seriously considered uniting the two empires by marrying Charlemagne. This the Byzantines would not permit, and she was deposed later on and replaced by Michael. We wonder how history might have turned out had Charlemagne and the empress married. She was a case to beware, for she gained the throne by deposing her own son, Constantine VI!

When Pope Leo III crowned Charlemagne emperor in 800 A.D. that act officially announced the separation of the western portion of the Roman Empire from Byzantium. After that the Pope did not recognize the Byzantine emperor as the emperor of the Roman Empire. When Charlemagne was crowned in Rome, here is what the Roman people cried three times:

"Life and victory to Charles Augustus, crowned by God, great and pacific Emperor of the Romans"

This said it all. Augustus is a title given to Julius Caesar's nephew, who became known in history as Augustus Caesar. His reign was likened to the Golden Age of our history, and he has been remembered as the greatest, most August of all emperors of all time. He was then and is perhaps still regarded as the Lord of Lords and King of Kings, a title oriental monarchs, like Nebuchednezzar of Babylon and Cyrus the Great of Persia – who conquered Nebuchednezzar's kingdom in the sixth century B.C. – enjoyed. That title incidentally was also given the Messiah in the Book of Revelation. The title was destined, of course, for the Grail King; and Sir Gwain and his protégé, Sir Nascien, were about to give the world a taste of what that thing is.

Back to our story. When Sir Boors arrived in Constantinople, the capitol of the Roman (Byzantine) Empire, there was much rejoicing and weeping. Unbeknownst to him there was a funeral in the works, and all the people were as a mother who had lost her only son! This was an omen of terrible things to come, as it comes from prophesy and originally conveyed the weeping that was done in Egypt when a plague passed over the Pharaoh's empire and took every firstborn son, all because the Pharaoh would not let the Jewish people, whom he had enslaved, leave the land with Moses. After this manner was the weeping in Byzantium when Sir Boors entered the court of Emperor Constantine IV.

Like their Greek and Latin cousins, the Byzantines buried their dead in shaft graves and crypts much as we do now. Only the British heaped mounds over their graves – called dolmans – as in the manner of the Trojan and Scythian traditions of Anatolia (Turkey) and the Crimea above the Negrepoint. We mentioned the similar burial traditions of the British, Trojans and Scythians in an earlier chapter, comparing the burial of Patroclus, the friend of Achilles, to the burial of Scythian kings described by Herodotus.

According to the British Chronicles, both the Scots and the Picts trace their ancestry to the Scythians, whom Herodotus reported as being red haired and heavily tattooed, as were those people in Scotland and Lothian during the Roman Empire. We mention this because Sir Nascien the Grail King had already arrived at the emperor's palace month's earlier and had been anointed as Magister Officiorum of the Empire, which was something on the order of Mayor of the Palace in the later Carolingian Empire. This title is remembered best through King Pepin of the Franks, who was the Mayor of the Palace under the Merovingian Kings –

sons of Clovis (Louis) – who united the Franks in one kingdom around 500 A.D. From Louis came the tradition of naming the French Kings Louis. By Pepin's time the kings had become titularly heads of the government and the Mayor of the Palace had assumed most of the power over the realm; and the final consolidation of power in the Mayor's office was facilitated with the death of Clothar I, Clovis's last heir.

It had been a practice for kings to divide up their kingdoms amongst their sons, which Charlesmagne himself continued, a factor leading to the downfall of Charlesmagne's Carolingian Empire and even the Byzantine Empire as well. When Clothar I died, the kingdom disintegrated in fratricidal strife; and in the intervening time two Queens, Fredegunde and Brunehilde, ruled with their iron wills respectively over the two factions of the empire called the Austrasian and the Neustrian. We mentioned a story about Brunehilde earlier, as leading to the rise of King George the Rude and his ascendancy to the throne in Quakin-Bush.

Out of this Clothar II, a Neustrian, was restored to the throne but this time with severely limited powers, leaving much of the power of the kingdom in the hands of Pepin the Elder, who was the Mayor of the Palace of Austrasia. Pepin, together with another ancestor of Charlesmagne, Bishop Arnulf of Metz, caused Clothar II to sign a document called the Edict of Paris for the Regnum Francorum in 614 A.D., and from then on the kings, who once had absolute powers, deferred much of their power to the Mayor of the Palace. The title of Mayor of the Palace was inherited from then on by *scions* (Branches) of Arnulf and Pepin, finally descending to an illegitimate son of Pepin of Heristal, Charles Martel (the Hammer), to whom Pepin of Heristal did not wish to leave his office!, favoring instead his grandson. Charles Martel escaped Pepin's prison and was able to reconsolidate the realm as it was before under Pepin the Elder and placed a puppet Merovingian king, another Childeric, in office. But this is getting a bit ahead of our story, as Charles Martel had not assumed his office at the time Sir Nascien took the position, Mayor of the Palace, mentioned earlier as the Magister Officiorum in the Byzantine Empire.

In truth during the time Sir Nascien held his office he was the leader of the entire Roman Empire. The period leading up to Charles Martel, we note, reflects a common feature in history, repeated over and over and now witnessed in our petite histoire on King George of Quakin-Bush. When the system – usually held together by great leadership – breaks down because of poor leadership, horsemen gather at the borders who bring the decaying, usually corrupt and dying, edifice down. We cannot think of any such government which has survived the appearance of the horsemen. In our tale, as noted earlier, one of the horsemen formed against King George le Fou du Quakin-Bush was Sir Nascien himself, galloping, under cloud stirring red hooves, his way on his polished, and shiny black steed, Gryngolet, with the red ears! We mentioned that he had a balance in his hand! With him was Sir Caldmore the Red Knight on a Red Horse and following them was Sir Boors on his pallid, sickly and sway-backed nag. Sir Boors, of course, was death itself in the form of the worst imaginable plagues. In the short years before Charles Martel, the Saracens were expanding from Arabia east and west to spread God's Word: to Damascus and Byzantium in the east and west to Spain and from there into Regnum Francia!

We shall return to Charles Martel and his great grandson, Charlesmagne, later. We introduce them now so to appreciate the movements underfoot at the time Sir Nascien destroyed the power of the violent and despicable tyranny of King George of Quakin-Bush and his private club called the Seven Kings of Pansnace, who brought so much evil into our world.

On the Grail King's Powers

From the times of the founder of the Merovingian Dynasty of France by Merovius, the grandfather of Clovis, to Charles Martel (died 741 A.D.), the power of the Frankish kings became steadily weakened, not only due to the aspirations of the men holding the office, Mayor of the Palace, but because of the need of the king to lead his armies in war. While at war, there was a need for a vice-regent to run the kingdom, from which the Mayor of the Palace grew. In Britain this office was called, Le Judiciarie.

Britain also had a King of Kings, like King Arthur, who reigned over a court of Kings at his Round Table. Parallel to this court of the King of Kings, Arthur, who was king himself of Logres, was the office of the Grail King who ruled out of a mysterious castle called the Grail Castle to which all knights of the Round Table were sent in a Quest. All of these, including King Arthur, owed fealty to the Grail King, as he ruled over the line of David and the heirs of the Kingdom of God. He was the great patriarch and secured his office as being the eldest Son of David; and the title as the Patriarch of the Sons of David, called simply the Grail King, began in our romance with Sir Lancelot, the son of King Ban of Benwick, who was the eldest son of King Pelles and most direct heir of Joseph of Arimathaea.

Sir Lancelot, a King, represented, with his younger brother, King Lionel, the Premier House of the Grail. During Lancelot's time Lancelot's uncle, Pellias, was Grail King; but the Grail Crown passed directly to Lancelot's son, Sir Galahad, when the Old Man died. After Sir Galahad the Grail Crown passed to his cousin King Anfortas. From him the throne passed to his nephew, King Parzival, and after Parzival died at the venerable age of 121 years – one year older than Moses himself! – the crown passed to Sir Nascien the Swarthy, who was the paternal nephew of Sir Parzival through Gahmeret's bastard son Fierfiez. Sir Gahmeret was also the father of Parzival and was killed in a battle in Babylon.

We mentioned King Galahad's funeral in Sarras earlier, as it was a British funeral, heaping up a barrow with games, unlike those funerals of the region of Sarras and Byzantium.

The first Grail King in our history begins with King David and passed to Jesus the Christ. From him the crown passed to James, the eldest brother of Jesus, who was a high priest and murdered on the steps of the temple just before the Roman General Titus, under his father the Emperor Vespasian, sacked Jerusalem in 70 A.D. – another story. James, called The Righteous, was killed by the other high priests of Jerusalem because he believed that Jesus was the Messiah and said Jesus was the door to everything, or something like that. Because of his belief in Jesus, James the Righteous was lured to the edge of the steps of the Temple and thrown over the side, and someone ran down the steps after him and bludgeoned him in the head as he was still alive and kneeling in prayer. James the Righteous was called St. James the Righteous, since he lived the life of a Nazarite, meaning "separated unto God" (see Numbers 6.1-21), and spent most of his life in the Temple in prayer. His knees, they say, were calloused like the knees of a camel; he spent so much time on them. See Eusebius on this.

After St. James' example and martyrdom many continued his ascetic practices (long a custom among a sect of Jews called the Essenes) and established monasteries in Syria and Egypt. People who lived and prayed in these places were called monks. During the times of Sir Nascien there were already many monastic groups forming in the Western Empire, among whom were the Heretics as we complained earlier.

Leading the World with Knowledge

The original purpose behind the Monks of the monasteries was to be separated unto God and endure the life of an Ebionite, which we mentioned earlier was the Hebrew word for "poor." The greatest Ebionite of this type was St. Bernard of our later history (1200 A.D.) who started the Cistercian Monasteries, named from a town in France called Citoux – pledged to poverty – and helped found the Knights Templars whom we must yet mention, as his guidance founded a New World order for mankind. St. Bernard led changes which severely limited the powers of the rich and greedy Heretic Prelates, who saw no good in poverty and are best remembered for their persecutions and extortions of the poor, using the god Antijude, as they continue even to this day. Opposing them is the Grail Crown from St. James and the Ebionites until today, modeled in the Cistercians, with the belief that the Messiah must be regarded as a Servant of God, a man in the flesh, as opposed to the Heretic point of view that he is a god equal to God.

Following the Ebionite point of view, as noted earlier, Mahomet argued through the Koran (dictated to him by the Angels, including Gabriel) that Jesus is the Messiah but not a god who can compete with God, since God would never create a god who could compete with him. This idea was supported with the very conflict between God and Satan, who was the chief archangel of God and the Angel of Light. Satan was so vain he thought to be equal to God, so God threw him out of Heaven. The ancient Heretic Prelate, Slues, didn't appreciate this, as mentioned earlier, and claimed that Jesus did not think it robbery to be equal with God (Slues P.2.6). Using Antijude as a god equal to God, Slues went on to teach that all the Jewish Scriptures – including the prophecies – are now old and dead, being superseded by the new god Antijude and his scriptures. Taking a few of Jesus's teachings (only a few can be identified in Slues's teachings), Slues named his disciples the Chosen People and began waging war against all those who did not obey his testimonies. He called the collection of the Jewish Scriptures which created Jesus as the Messiah the Old Testament and the name has stuck ever since. The Ebionites after St. James and other Sons of David, of King Arthur and most of the knights of the Round Table to Sir Gwain and his protégé Sir Nascien, all objected to Slues's Heretical ideas.

The prophecies show and history has followed them that the proof of God would be resolved through prophecy itself, from which the Bible says, "when you see these signs complete, from that day and forward all men will bow down to me and know that I am God!" At the end of his signs are the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, the great and final battle between God's Wisdom and the wickedness of men. Behind the scenes from the days of David and the prophets (many were his sons!) the Kings of the Grail moved in and out of history.

It was believed from the beginning of the Grail History that one day the Grail King Messiah would come (sic. again) and set his throne in Jerusalem and from there establish an eternal Kingdom of God over all the world. His coming would be accompanied with a terrible tribulation, disease and wars, out of which He would establish peace. As the millennium approached the people believed that the Messiah's return would be any moment. And while it is a truth that the turn of the millennium (1,000 A.D.) did not bring forth the King Messiah, nevertheless the Grail King had entered the world, as Sir Nascien, and he had come to organize the world towards the next millennium and its Grail King.

After Sir Nascien the world floated as it were in the growing power struggle between Christianity, Byzantium, the Saracens – Islam – and a new intruder, the Turks. The Turks sacked Byzantium in the fifteenth century and ruled (called the Ottoman Empire) much of the old

Roman Empire for four hundred years, until World War I. We see that the power struggle between the western powers never changed from the moment seen at the dawn of our epoch, when Sir Nascien took charge in Byzantium. Then, as now, Byzantium was under siege by the Vulgars (Bulgars and Serbs).

From the Russian steppes – the source of the decline of Rome – came the Turks (Ottomans) and their siege of Constantinople; and from the east came the Saracens (Arabs) who themselves were overcome by the Ottoman Empire. Byzantium was the place from which a new world was ordered and again set in place to be the point of a New World Order when the King Messiah of the Grail visits in the next millennium!

In the chessboard before the Grail Kings who moved in and out of history were knights and bishops who contributed to the Grail Order. Among these were St. Bernard, who organized the Templars, a few Popes, and a naive little monk in a long brown robe who carried a long scroll. The Templars were an order which, like the Grail King, passed in and out of history as needed by the Grail to support its plan and its King. They were very powerful men whose power was so great they were forced underground as a result of a purge by St. Louis in the thirteenth century. They have lain dormant ever since, many holding positions of great power – in the banking world in particular – waiting the time for the next Grail epoch and its king. This is what their tradition imbues in any event.

King George of Quakin-Bush, and his fiendish servant Sir Boors, had no appreciation for anything except their own rules of power: greed and to the strongest go the spoils. It's every man for himself, kid. These are the rules of Hell.

The approach of the Grail is to turn a man's own wickedness back upon himself. We liken this to being caught in the same snare one sets for others. For Quakin-Bush we served their worst dreams back upon themselves. This is the fate of King George and his vile people, and their worst fear was the fear of losing complete control!

This was also the fate of Sir Boors. To appreciate the perplexity of Sir Boor's mission to the emperor of Byzantium, on behalf of his master King George le Fou du Quaken-Bush, carrying a heavy golden signet ring of gems stolen from the Ethelings of West Saxony (of Wessex, another story), we must continue with our description of the conflict between the Heretics and the Sons of David -- we may call it a war between the Sons of Darkness and the Sons of Light – after St. James the Righteous (see the Book of James). For Sir Boors had occasion to visit the Byzantine Palace the very moment Constantine's maternal uncle, a Grail Prince of Zazamac, was being laid to rest. Because of the funeral most of the prefects of the empire and the Magister Officiorum's Agents in Rebus were attending the funeral. The Agents in Rebus were agents who were as much spies as they were tax collectors, judges, etc. They were the hands, eyes, and ears, of the Magister Officiorum.

Charlemagne would later employ these agents, called "Missi" in his Western Roman Empire of the Franks. In the eastern part of the empire there were over 1,200 Agentes in Rebus alone. Above them were the Prefects, who were sub-regents of the Emperor, ruling over their portions of the Empire. Under the first Constantine, for instance, the Prefecture of the East consisted of the five departments (dioceses) of Aegyptus, Oriens, Pontus, Asiana, and Thracia (including Egypt with Libya, called Cyrenaica), the Near East and Thrace. The Illyrian Prefecture contained the dioceses of Dacia and Macedonia (Greece and the central Balkans – over which the Vulgars, Avars, Croats, and Serbs were fighting, to the consternation of the indigenous Slavs. The Serbs were horrible at the time, as they were rounding up the Slavs and shipping them off

to other parts of the empire as slaves, from which their name is remembered.

The Italian Prefecture was made up of Italy, Latin Africa, Dalmatia, Panonia, Noricum and Rhaetia (where the Hippogriffs roam). The Prefecture of the Gauls contained Roman Britain, Gaul, the Iberian Peninsula (Spain and Portugal, of the Visigoths, now being occupied by the Umayyads mentioned earlier in this history) and Western Mauretania.

As can be seen, from the eyes of Emperor Constantine and his new Magister Officiorum, Sir Nascien, the emissary of King George le Fou du Quakin-Bush was not welcome for many reasons: King George was attempting to assume equality with the Byzantine Emperor, King George was a patron of the hated Heretics who denegated the Holy Scriptures, who despised and murdered everyone who did not follow Slues' evil doctrine in worship of the god Antijude and its idols.

How the Emperor Saw Quakin-Bush

The Emperor Constantine IV came from a long line of Roman Emperors, whom we fear to list lest we incur your impatience and wrath, waiting for us to get on with our story. The Emperors always reigned, anointed by God, as mimiced by Charlesmagne shown earlier. This comes from the original Roman practice, from Julius Caesar to his nephew Augustus Caesar, to worship Caesar as a god in his own right. The Roman Senate, of course, always had to approve of any emperor being sanctified as a god. Even the Emperor Vespasian, whose son Titus sacked Jerusalem, was deified in this way, with one of the High Priests of his temple being no less than the famous philosopher and mentor, Juvenal. The Curia of the Vatican in Rome continued this practice and allowed other men beyond the royal line of the emperors to be sanctified.

Because of the tradition of the Roman Emperors, being as it were themselves as deities, the heirs of the Emperor Constantine, who moved the capitol of the Roman Empire to Constantinople and founded Byzantium in the fourth century A.D., saw their positions on earth as divine. This view was somewhat mitigated by the conversion of the Roman Emperor Constantine to Christianity.

Now Emperor Constantine the convert was brought to the Christian belief by his wife St. Katherine, who first converted and later built a monastery, which is named after her, at Mt. Sinai.

Originally a pagan, Emperor Constantine thought himself to be the principal agent of the god, Apollo, who is the Greco-Roman god of Wisdom and Holy Shepherd of men and often shown with a lamb upon his back in his earthly mission (as Jesus himself is often remembered) and driving the divine chariot of the Sun in his Heavenly mission. The early gentile Christian church had difficulty, in fact, separating in their minds Jesus from Apollo.

During Constantine's time the Roman Empire was still flinching from the mass persecutions of the Emperor Diocletian; and after his death the emperor's crown was heavily contested between Maxentius and Constantine, both pagans but thankfully not persecutors of Christians. Constantine at the time of this contest was in charge of Britain and Gaul, leaving the tradition to use his name among later kings of that region which – as you may well have guessed by now – passed to Princess Anaïs' father, Constantine, King of France and all the Franks, son of Sir Lionel, King of France, who was the brother of Sir Lancelot, first in the line of the Premier House of the Grail Kings mentioned earlier. Princess Anaïs had exceptional, royal lineage, particularly when we add her mother's lineage through Aleric, the King of the Visigoths – another Grail Prince – and the King of Aragon, of Castile and a region of France by the Pyrenees.

Beyond this –and we dare not list it here – she was a distant relative of the Emperor Constantine in Byzantium whose Magister Officiorum was none other than Princess Anais' cousin, Sir Nascien the Grail King!

How Emperor Constantine overcame Maxentius and became a Christian is too long of a story to tell, nevertheless it is important to our story, and we can in part sum it up thuswise: Maxentius was holed up in Rome, and with the advance of the legions of Constantine, he marched out of the city only to be defeated in a battle on the Milvian Bridge. Maxentius was drowned.

Later, in consolidating the rest of the Roman Empire, before a decisive battle with the other contender, Licinius, who held the East, Constantine saw a Red Cross in the sky with the legend, "By this conquer." From this moment he gave up most of his Pagan beliefs and accepted the Christian belief. Over his triumphal arch in Rome he inscribed the decree which from then on would be adopted by his successors: *Instinctu divinitatis*. This, more than anything, revealed his peculiar relationship to God, calling himself God's Man and the instrument of divine purpose. Charlemagne, following in Constantine's heels, later assumed this calling for himself.

Emperor Constantine believed God to be the Lord of History – ordaining history through his prophets – which is that thing served by Sir Gwain and formerly served by Josephus, the son of Joseph of Arimathea mentioned earlier. In essence, to know God's prophecies is to know history in the making. Knowing this one's own relationship in the contribution to that history must be ascertained. Much of history, in fact, occurred through this process. A great leader consulted the oracles or prophecies, saw himself listed in them, and went on to fulfill those parts which he felt belonged to him. This is true of Nebuchednezzar, Cyrus the Great, Alexander the Great and Vespasian previously mentioned, who was counseled by Josephus the Jewish historian and High Priest. Josephus was Vespasian's prisoner during the siege of Jerusalem. He showed Vespasian that he must be that Messiah who would come from Judah and rule over the world. Vespasian had begun his march on Jerusalem, handing the command over to his son, Titus, from Judah.

Some say that Vespasian was the Messiah, and many miracles are recorded by him, of healing the sick, etc., but he always denied being the Messiah and made little of his miraculous powers. We can pick many leaders after him in history, some come for evil and others for good who believed they were fulfilling prophecy. Napoleon saw himself and his mission in prophecy. Hitler, more so, believed he had been prophesied before – in surprising detail we add – and believed he had been sent by God to rule the world and, worse, rid the world of the Jews. So in this way among many ways prophecy has in fact controlled the direction of world affairs. In them are the likes of King George le Grand Fou du Monde whose foolishness is used to bring forth the Light of the Grail. Sir Boors, the Missi du Fou du Monde is, in our history, a mouse enticed to spring the trap!

The Red Cross in the Sky

Emperor Constantine's view of himself encapsulated the very idea of Jesus' kingship of the world, as believed by the early Christians, for like Apollo Jesus was that thing through which God, the Lord and King of history, revealed himself. The symbol of this revelation is in Jesus' resurrection and Constantine described his understanding of Christianity as the struggle for deathlessness, whereby one reborn in the likeness of Jesus gains eternal life, etc. This is essentially what St. Peter and St. James the Righteous, the brother of Jesus, taught. The crux of

the faith rested upon the idea that God had used Jesus as his Servant of Righteousness whose teachings and life would lead one to overcome wicked men (sic. King George of Quaken-Bush and his henchmen), and one's attachment to Jesus' Cross would justify or vindicate oneself from one's sin. The idea here is that Jesus was the Messiah called the Suffering Servant who was designed as a martyr to lead men to God. Seeing the Cross in the Sky, the Emperor Constantine possessed it, and regarded himself as Jesus' Successor. He would vindicate God's Martyrdom, and, being guaranteed by the Cross, he added the title, Victor, to his own name as emperor. This is the same expression seen through the Shield of Aravat Sir Nascien used when Josephus (not to be confused with Josephus the historian), the son of Joseph of Arimathaea, led him against his enemies. The Sign of the Cross would turn all battles into victory and send all contenders into retreat.

It was the belief in the Resurrection and the Martyrdom or Afflicted Soul of God which became the driving force behind the emperors beginning with Constantine circa 323 A.D., passing on to Charlemagne in 800 A.D., and then into our own history.

The Cross traces the succession of the Grail and is accompanied with the phenomena of the Afflicted Servant. The tradition of Joseph of Arimathaea and the Cross on the Shield of Aravat, or in the sky, was carried first with Jesus' father, Joseph the Carpenter, who was then the eldest heir of the Sons of David. His affliction was being accused of adultery, as Sir Lancelot was. The crown then passed to Jesus through both his mother and father's line; he was crucified; then it passed to St. James the Righteous his brother, who was bludgeoned to death; then it passed to Simeon, the nephew of Joseph the Carpenter, whose father was Cleophas the brother of Joseph the Carpenter and married to Mary, the sister of the Virgin Mary. Simeon was martyred. In the pattern is the practice of cousins marrying cousins, crowns, even names, passing from uncle to son, etc. The Sons of David intermarried from the days of Jesus to even this day! Poor King Arthur was hit double on this accord, for he bore a child by his own sister as well as having to endure the infamy of his wife Guenevere in an adulterous relationship with Sir Lancelot.

The strengths and failings of King David, who bore a bastard child through Bathsheba, his first general's wife, and Solomon, passed through the line as if time itself was frozen. Among all of these patterns, good and bad, was the tradition of the Afflicted King, following the example of King David in the Psalms, whom Jesus exemplified. Jesus, for instance, could read but Isaiah 53, Psalm 22, and Psalm 69 and know that his principal mission as Messiah would be to become that Afflicted King mentioned in those prophecies. While in his first year of ministry he did not have his attentions on this mission, after his cousin, John the Baptist, was beheaded, his mind focused only on his Martyrdom and Resurrection. From the moment of John's death, during Jesus' transfiguration reported by Peter and John, the son of Mary, Jesus thought of little else except to go to Jerusalem and cause the priests to do what they were by law required to do.

By law anyone claiming to be the Messiah, who is false, should be stoned to death. In performing this blasphemy, Jesus had to resort to throwing the tables of the priests over in the Temple – which one doing such in this day would lead to jail and even death – afterwards, failing the needed response, he pressed the issue of his blasphemy by entering Jerusalem on an ass, as the Messiah was supposed to do, from Bethlehem, Judah (Zech. 9.9), with his disciples leading the way laying in his path palm branches, singing, "Hosanna, blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord" (Psalm 118.26). Now these things, if done today, would be enough to bring certain death, if not by the Jews, by the sons of Islam (note the Sealed Golden

Gate). After doing these things, being known as the Son of David, Jesus was arrested and quickly crucified, fulfilling the scriptures he claimed for himself. Since then the Affliction of the King has been the sign of the King Messiah and his Grail Line.

From His Affliction the title of the Grail King always had associated with it a martyr of God, leading all the way to the Afflicted Kings Pellam and Pellium and, of course, King Anfortas. When the Afflicted King is asked, "How did you get your wound?" – Usually in the Thigh – the king would smile with the most wonderful sparkle in his eyes, as did King Anfortas when Sir Parzival finally asked the question...

After Simeon's death the Crown of David, signified in the Grail Kings, passed into the family of Joseph of Arimathaea, who is believed to be another uncle of Jesus and a High Priest and leader of the Jews. Because of his position and its sensitivity he is the most mysterious character in the Passion of Jesus Christ, and for good reason. Nevertheless the Grail romances remembered that he was born of the highest lineage known to man, meaning, of course, he was a Son of David, as mentioned much earlier in our work. He was a friend of Pilate, and very rich like his father – believed to be the very rich man, Joachim of Nazareth, who married the widow Anna, after her husband (Joachim's brother) died. It was written in the law that one should marry his brother's widow in the event of his brother's death.

From Anna and Joachim sprang the Virgin Mary – another story.

How the Grail Passed from the Virgin Mary to Joseph of Arimathaea and then to you

The Virgin Mary carried the line of David through both her father and mother and was married to the eldest ranking Son of David then known, who was the venerable Joseph the Carpenter, who at first objected to his marriage to the young Virgin Mary, who until the day of their marriage, had been a Temple Virgin, raised by the Priests of the Temple. Among the High Priests was the Virgin's relatives, including the High Priest Zecharias, who was murdered and was the father of John the Baptist. John was a cousin of Jesus on his mother, Elizabeth's, side. John the Baptist was a Nazarite. As noted earlier a Nazarite was a man like Samson or John the Baptist, who lived in the wilderness, being one who separated himself from society unto God. Originally a Nazarite (see Numbers 6.1 ff.) was known for going into the desert, living on locusts and honey, wearing only animals skins with the itchy hair against their skin (something Sir Lancelot later had to do), not bathing except at the end of their separation, avoiding drink, vinegar and wine altogether, never cutting their hair, and not cutting the corners of their beard (Nazarite women need not meet this part!) during the time of their separation.

Samson was a Nazarite, say the Scriptures and not a Nazarene as Matthew's gospel so erroneously supposed. Although Jesus wore his hair long and did not cut the corners of his beard, he did drink wine and was therefore during that period of his ministry off the wagon as it were and *not* a Nazarite. St. James the Righteous was certainly a Nazarite and if his knees did not substantiate it his body odor did. They say he never bathed during the entire time he was a High Priest! Yes, a Nazarite coming in from the wilderness after his separation had, on the first order of business in rejoining the community, a hair cut and a bath. Then he or she could have a drink of wine and celebrate his or her rebirth!

It is not certain but highly probable that Zecharias was the son of Simeon the High Priest who raised Jesus in his arms, proclaiming him as the Messiah, saying, "the Lord God told him he should not die until he saw himself the Messiah!" Simeon lived in a place called, Arimathaea,

meaning "the heights," which was a short burro ride outside the gates of Jerusalem. He also had a Garden Tomb on his estate – probably an exclusive, high rent area – and no doubt his house was near Joseph of Arimathaea's house and the Garden Tomb in which Jesus was laid. It is said that Joseph of Arimathaea's Garden Tomb was near the site of the crucifixion, making it more convenient for the burial of Jesus. He could have been placed in the tomb of his uncle, Lazarus, who only days before vacated his tomb when he heard Jesus' call. The tomb of Lazarus itself was but a short distance outside the walls of Jerusalem on the Mount of Olives. No doubt Jesus was carried to Joseph of Arimathaea's Garden Tomb on the Heights for the reasons indicated in the gospel: "It was closest to the crucifixion and there was little time to prepare the body before the Sabbath."

Joseph of Arimathaea and another High Priest, Nicodemus, who followed Jesus in secret, were carrying with the body to the tomb about a hundred pounds of embalming spices – myrrh and frankincense, etc. Apparently, though the gospel reports are conflicting, there was just enough time to lay the body in the tomb and exit, leaving the hastily cleaned corpse covered with a nice linen Shroud and facial napkin. Since it was forbidden to work after the hour the Sabbath begins, the gospels say they left the body unprepared in the tomb, for the ladies to finish the following Sunday morning and the end of the Sabbath. Just the Shroud and the Napkin were in the tomb when the ladies arrived Sunday morning. Concerning this first visit to the tomb there are mixed reports as to angels being on the scene, etc. Later the disciples of Jesus reported that they had seen him alive, the first of which was Mary Magdalene and later Jesus' uncle Cleophas and his son, Simeon. This is the most important part of the Grail Story, since Jesus's deification evolved from the belief in his Resurrection.

Charlemagne, assuming the protection and resurrection of the Cross – influenced by the Heretics – issued a series of decrees stating essentially that anyone who did not believe in Jesus' resurrection, would be put to death. His laws opened the way for the Popes of later centuries to dismember, maim, burn, torture and finally murder anyone who questioned Jesus' divinity.

Before Charlemagne, through an agreement against idol worship between Pope Leo III (re: his edict in 726 A.D.) and Caliph Jezid II), together with the end of the long war between Constance II and Caliph Muawija, Byzantium and Islam were at rest when Sir Nascien arrived.

Barely a generation later Charlemagne's new edicts, stirred up by the Heretics, brought a hammer to the head of peace, and since then the world has continued to bleed over Jesus' empty tomb and his statues. Jesus' empty tomb signified that he had been resurrected as he said would happen. According to the Heretics, Jesus was interpreted as the Son of God, a god. Earlier, under Constantine, we recall the Council of Nicaea tried to dispose of this argument and concluded that Jesus is part of a Trinity which is God. Since then the world has been in utter confusion, pledged to mayhem, the gore of battle after battle, to defend the Red and Bleeding Cross in the sky.

The first reports of Jesus' Resurrection were those of Mary Magdalene and Jesus' uncle Cleophas and his son: that Simeon who inherited the Grail Crown after James the Righteous was bludgeoned to death. Uncle Cleophas and Simeon said a man approached them on the road and walked with them back to Jerusalem. As they were walking the conversation revealed that the man was Jesus! Most of the reports of Jesus's resurrection described a man who did not appear to be Jesus at first, such as Mary Magdalene's encounter with a gardener at the moment she visited the tomb. Strangely, this observation of his resurrection recalls the Biblical

perception of the Messiah Resurrected in the Prophets, where he carries a name known only to himself (see Revelation 19.12) and, like the Unicorn, is alone in his work. He says in Isaiah 63.3, "Of the people there was no one with me!" This Messiah Unrecognized and for the most part not seen sets the stage of the Judgment and then, after the Four Horsemen are sent forth, He stands in triumph in Jerusalem to restore the Temple and the Tabernacle.

Ezra 4 talks about this. Again, coinciding with the precept of a Messiah not easily recognized is the tradition among the Grail Knights of not voluntarily revealing their identity. This created many mishaps, admittedly, since friendly knights mistakenly jostled with each other, sometimes doing quite a bit of hurt because they were so powerful. Many scenes there were of an unhorsed, despondent knight, bleeding profusely with battered helmet in hand and shoulder armor cleaved to ribbons, looking up at the victor over him who turned out to be his own brethren and friend in the Quest of the Holy Grail! Had they recognized one another before their encounter surely they would not have fought! Then tears would flow as profusely as the blood. But all this was done in honor of maintaining humility as opposed to the likes of King George and Sir Boors who operated with the greatest amount of vanity which would eventually hook them in their jaws and drag them, braying, to their undoing.

Although Jesus was born of a simple carpenter, the rich inheritance of his family from Joachim, following primogeniture, passed through Joseph of Arimathaea. The Grail Crown, however, likes to pass through maternal channels, and passed through the Virgin Mary because of her eldest position in the line, being the firstborn of Joachim and Anna. Next in line were Joseph of Arimathaea, Mary, the wife of Cleophas who was married to the brother of Joseph the Carpenter, Martha, and Lazarus. Lazarus was that uncle of Jesus who was believed dead over three days and raised by Jesus from the tomb in Bethany as noted earlier.

Looking at this family we can see how the Grail was passed on: First through Jesus because Joseph the Carpenter was the eldest ranking son of David at the time of Jesus' birth and his wife, the Virgin Mary, ranked equally high, perhaps higher in the line through both her father and mother. Jesus, being the first born of Mary, then took the Grail Crown and being childless the crown then passed to James the Righteous, the second son of the Virgin Mary, who was High Priest of the Temple and bludgeoned at the Temple Steps, as previously mentioned. Both the Virgin Mary and her sister Mary held the Grail Crown through both houses of mother and father, as mentioned. This is the Premier House of the Grail of James the Righteous, who, as said, was a Nazarite like John the Baptist, and had no children. Upon his death the Grail Crown passed to Simeon, the firstborn son of Cleophas and the Virgin's sister Mary. This is the Second House of the Grail, since it also carried a double lineage of the eldest Sons of David.

Simeon's father was the younger brother of Joseph the Carpenter; his mother, Mary, the younger sister of the Virgin Mary. Simeon was martyred, as mentioned, ending the line of the Second House of the Grail and the Grail Crown then passed back to the Third House of the Grail, of Joachim, the Rich Merchant of Nazareth and Holy Grandfather of Jesus. His son Joseph of Arimathaea (we believe) assumed the Grail Crown and he was related, with the Virgin Mary, to Elizabeth, the wife of Zechariah the High Priest. The gospels say that Elizabeth and the Virgin Mary were first cousins and at the time the Virgin conceived Jesus, John the Baptist was already six months in the womb and, they say, John leaped in his mother's womb when Mary entered Elizabeth's House in Bethlehem. This argues against abortion, of course, since Jesus was then only a few weeks in the womb.

All of the Sons of David count Bethlehem as their home, as the first Grail King David, son of

Jesse, was born there. As mentioned earlier, according to the prophet Zachariah the Messiah would be born there and ride into Jerusalem on an ass, which Jesus accomplished in part. In most cases, though many of the Sons of David moved to Nazareth, like Joseph the Carpenter's family and Joachim's family, they all were born in Bethlehem. Because of a census and a tax in the Roman Empire upon Judah, Joseph the Carpenter took his betrothed and pregnant bride, the Virgin Mary, to Bethlehem, where she there gave birth to Jesus.

The Conception of Jesus

The controversy of the Virgin Mary giving birth out of wedlock was not well received and must be reserved as another story, poorly told, and were it not for Isaiah's prophesy of the Messiah being born out of wedlock before Israel is scattered (Isaiah 7.14), the story of the Virgin Mary's controversial conception might not have been remembered. Ordinarily, according to the Law of Moses, a girl who conceives out of wedlock is stoned to death and the man who violated her and her family's good name is also stoned to death. At issue as to the innocence of such a girl is whether she was raped in a field. If she were raped in a field, then her cries for help could not have been heard; and she would be considered innocent. If raped in the city she and her suitor would be stoned to death.

In either case the father of the unwelcome child – a bastard – would be stoned to death. How Joseph the Carpenter escaped this condemnation is a story which has been lost, owing to the ignorance of those who tossed the Old Jewish Scriptures to the wind and actually discouraged discussions about the Scriptures (called the Law). Had the followers of Slues – the Heretics who destroyed the credibility of God – not been so vigorous in persecuting the Jews and their Law we might have been able to tell you more of this story, how Joseph the Carpenter escaped death by stoning and why the earlier Gospels of Jesus assume Joseph the Carpenter to be Jesus' real father.

Since both Matthew and Luke trace Jesus' lineage to David through Joseph the Carpenter, it follows that the idea of Mary's Immaculate Conception had not soaked into the minds of the early Christians and remained yet to be opined. The Heretics, having tossed the Jewish Scriptures aside, had no appreciation for Truth and, to justify Jesus as their god called Antijude, they came up with a scenario showing Jesus a god being born directly by a communion with God and the Virgin Mary. This issue then led to the great Controversy of the Son of God – over which since that day millions upon countless millions, serving man's Vanity, not God's, have died – which did not get resolved until the Council of Nicaea called by Emperor Constantine in 325 A.D.

The Scripture above noted does not call for an Immaculate Conception, only that a maiden gives birth to a son before the dispersion of Israel. A maiden in the English language is an unmarried girl and all uses of the term in Greek and Hebrew have always rendered the intent of that small prophesy in Isaiah 7.14 to mean an "unmarried girl." Such a person was brought into King David when he was on his death bed, and that example alone points the way to the intentions of Isaiah's scripture on the Maiden and her son Immanuel. At issue in this verse is an unwanted son! By the Scriptures – the Law – she would be taken before a court and questioned whether she conceived Immanuel in a field or in the City. The birth of such a son is by Scripture the most controversial presentation of a Messiah one could imagine.

History before then, and since, has been full of illegitimate heirs who have entered the world and changed it. We mentioned Charles Martel, for instance, who was the illegitimate child

of Pepin. Underlying this theme, in the Scriptures involving David, is the child of Bathsheba and David who was born out of wedlock, as a result of which Bathsheba's husband was murdered to purge the sin of adultery! This son may have been Solomon, although the scriptures say the child died soon after his birth as was prophesied by the prophet Nathan. Nevertheless, at the time of David's death Bathsheba feared the people would kill her and her heir Solomon, and no doubt from this, possibly illegitimate heir, was modelled the Messiah. Here God chose the least legitimate heir for his Kingdom, as He earlier did with Jacob and David. He follows the impossible path: of raising the lowly, as He did with David, and lowering the high and the mighty like King George. How God would be able create in the Flesh His Messiah is beyond me, and perhaps the Immaculate Conception is in the end a fathomable way of understanding it. Killing each other over something we ourselves can't comprehend in the creation of the Messiah just does not make common sense.

By the time of the Council of Nicaea the Heretics had confused things so much there was no one who understood the background behind the Maiden mentioned in Isaiah 7.14. They had abandoned the study of the Law and essentially invented a vision of God, the Holy Spirit (Holy Ghost), having intercourse directly with the Virgin Mary to conceive Jesus, thereby offering a further argument why Jesus is God. The verse at issue is Matthew 1.20, saying, "for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost." I would argue that since God is everywhere, ineffable, He is in all of us. Some get a greater portion of Him. Thus, Jesus taught the importance of being one with God, the Father," and He described it by allowing His Holy Spirit to abide in you, as the Spirit abides in Him. Had the Heretics followed this teaching the controversy of Jesus' Divinity would not likely have been raised in my opinion. It is suffice to say that the birth of Jesus out of wedlock, becoming "a man whose beauty and comeliness would not be desired," yet known by his act in fulfilling those prophesies in Isaiah 53, Psalms 22, and 69 mentioned earlier, was followed by the destruction of Jerusalem and the scattering of the Jews. Instead of simply maintaining the record of such a man as did appear in Jesus at the specific time, the Heretics destroyed much of the evidence by turning from the facts at hand and persecuting the Law of Moses and those who followed it. Worse, the Heretic's version of the Scriptures didn't hope on the Salvation of Man and the creatures of this planet, but rather looked to being taken up to Heaven whilst the earth and all on it are consumed in fire.

They forgot about the rainbow mentioned by Noah which God set as a Promise to all mankind:

Gen. 9:13 I have set my rainbow in the clouds, and it will be the sign of the covenant between me and the earth.

Gen. 9:14 Whenever I bring clouds over the earth and the rainbow appears in the clouds,

Gen. 9:15 I will remember my covenant between me and you and all living creatures of every kind. Never again will the waters become a flood to destroy all life.

Gen. 9:16 Whenever the rainbow appears in the clouds, I will see it and remember the everlasting covenant between God and all living creatures of every kind on the earth.â€

At issue in this Covenant is the Promise of Life not death. Jesus pursued this argument and Covenant, that though there will be tribulation on the earth as prophesied, His Second Coming would be to bring life and life more abundantly, and he spoke of Eternal Life. Whosoever believed in Him and did what He said would have it. This follows the thesis of the Unity of the

Spirit of God. His Spirit is Eternal and if you are one with it, your spirit will be the same. Stay with me on this. There is Hope in the Salvation of the earth and its creatures.

Anyway, back to the controversy over Jesus' divinity. There were two sides to it. On the one side, called the Arian, was the opinion that Jesus is the Messiah and, as the Messiah, is the Son of God, but the Son of God is not a god in the sense that he is coequal to God, as he was created as a creature of God along with all of God's other creatures; being a creature – more so a Servant of God – he cannot compete with God (re: the controversy with Satan). At the opposite end of the argument was the distortion that Jesus is the Son of God and a god in his own right, Antijude, capable of obfuscating the Scriptures of God as he sees fit, and believes that anyone who honors the Old Testament Scriptures is condemned of God.

The Continued War over Jesus' Divinity

When Sir Nascien entered the court of Constantinople several centuries after Constantine's Council of Nicaea, the controversy of Jesus's divinity was still going on and about to boil over as the Saracens pushed further into Europe and against Byzantium.

Bringing it to a head was a continuing war with the Mahometans out of Damascus under the Caliph Muawija, who was that leader, mentioned early in our history who contested Caliph Ali's leadership of the Islamic religion. Ali was a nephew and son-in-law of Mahomet, the prophet who wrote the Koran at the direction of the Angels of God. The controversy over Ali's succession to Mahomet involved no less the endless issue of primogeniture, of inheritance passing through the eldest male heirs. Caliph Muawija and others contested Ali's succession (whose inheritance was through Mahomet's daughter) and believed the succession should have passed through the male line of the sons of Hashim, Mahomet's uncle. Sir Nascien himself was caught in the middle of Ali's assassination and whisked quickly to his uncle among the Umayyads and eventually ended up in Cordova, Spain. From here he and his uncle went on a mission to the north of Spain and were over-run by vandals and taken captive. Sir Gwain later freed Sir Nascien at the Monastery of the Heretics.

Sons of Uncles Converging to Save the World

In a manner of speaking we can see exactly at the time of Sir Boor's visit to Constantinople the convergence of the heirs of Mahomet and the Grail, the Sons of David, in the same place and along the same lines. The succession of both lines had passed back through the Uncle! Here we find Muawija, a descendent of Mahomet's uncle, Hashim, ascending to the leadership of the world of Islam (becoming then the budding Arab empire) – after Ali was martyred; and at the same time Sir Nascien, a relative of Ali, entered history as the chief administrator of Byzantium and Grail King from Jesus's uncle Joseph of Arimathaea; the two meeting – we are awed to say – at the Bosphorus to settle the differences of their world! One meeting was all it took! No blood, no tears!

Sir Nascien's Miraculous Touch

It is true that Sir Nascien was not only raised in the faith of Islam, after Ali, but also an Ebionite after James the Righteous. Because of his faith he was a Jew, he defended the Scriptures as a Son of David must do, and, at the same time and most importantly, he knew Jesus as the *Messiah* and Servant of God. He knew that getting caught up in trying to define the

Messiah as something other than listed in the Scriptures would only lead to confusion and was quite willing to enter his understanding of Jesus simply as the Koran put it: as the Messiah. One need not argue over what it is; one need only read all the Scriptures which speak of him.

He and Caliph Muawija's successor (the Caliph had died by then and the long wars he had with the Emperor Constantine's father, Constance, had now faded with the assumption of Constantine IV). The appointment of Sir Nascien as the Magister Officiorum simply facilitated an easy reconciliation of the Byzantine Christian world to the Islamic World, both agreeing to leave the definition of the Messiah as it is stated in the Scriptures of the Old Testament. For it is a truth that the Grail Kings and their Ebionite faith could not object to the precept of the Koran "to confirm the Scriptures and Jesus as the Messiah." The Messiah is an unusual – and extremely well detailed – creature (note the complexity of the Unicorn as another symbol of that creature) in the Scriptures; and the Sluesian Controversy of Jesus as another god who could compete with God and obfuscate His Scriptures simply destroyed one's ability to understand the Messiah and his beauty! On this both the Caliph and Sir Nascien were quick to agree. Truly, these parties saw eye to eye; and much killing which had been going on over this issue, led by the Heretics killing everybody, ceased for a time in Byzantium. Elsewhere, wars and persecutions continued being scruffed up by King George in Quakin-Bush and among his allies the Seven Kings of Pansnace, since they were far away from the front and beyond the grasp of reason.

Sir Boors Finally at the Court

Sir Boors entered the court of Byzantium after his somewhat embarrassing encounter with the Vulgars when they attacked the King of Macedonia.

It is argued that King George's Prime Minister, Gory Vitellus, should have accompanied Sir Boors to the palace of the Byzantine Emperor, Constantine IV– not to be confused with his forefather Constantine the convert, the Victor of the Cross. We believe, however, that had Minister Vitellus, who was known for his detailed commentaries on books he never read, accompanied the unholy mission to Byzantium he would have made a greater mess of things than the vile king's servant, the fiend Sir Boors, actually produced. For instance, he never read the Bible or its Koran, but he was quite an expert on them and, knowing the way he vainly presented his expertise, he would have looked down his nose at the Caliph of Damascus and offended him with his point of view: "how God charged King George to bring peace because of a Red Cross he had seen in the sky," etc.

Gory Vitellus continued to daily visit the lip of the Cave of the Harpies in Quakin-Bush, peeping into the gaping mouth down upon his disenchanting and obnoxious King George, who was covered in Harpy Dung, with every filth, itch and disease ever known to man. King George – through a ruse set up by Sir Gwain, following the order of prophecy – tumbled head over heels into the very pit he had used to hurt others, and being out of commission, Prime Minister Gory Vitellus now held the reins of the Kingdom, allowing the next set of prophecies to enter:

The kingdom will be attended with great tranquillity when the great one will soon be fleeced..

The speedy prelate deceived by ambition, he will think that nothing is too great for him. He and his messengers, completely trapped.

In the sacred temples scandals will be committed; they will be thought of as honors

and praiseworthy. By one whom they engrave on silver, gold and medals; the end will be in very strange torments.

and

Those who were in the kingdom for knowledge will become impoverished by a royal change. Some exiled without support, having no gold, neither learning nor the learned will be held of much value. Ogmios will approach great Byzantium; the barbarian league will be driven out. Of the two laws the pagan one will fail, barbarian and freeman in perpetual struggle.

and

The Church of God will be persecuted, and the holy temples will be pillaged; the mother will put out the child, naked in a shift. The Arabs will ally with the Poles.

and

The copies of gold and silver inflated, which after the theft were thrown into the lake, at the discovery that all is exhausted and dissipated by the debt. All scrips and bonds will be wiped out.

and

After a prolonged war the army will be paid with pieces of leather instead of gold and silver coins.

Playing into the Hand of Prophecy

King George jumped right into the hand of prophesy, and now the prophets need only wait for his debt to glut his power. This would depend upon Gory Vitellus who would exhaust the kingdom's resources trying to save his King! After the glut the world could then rest. This is the direction that was leading Sir Nascien.

Sir Nascien knew, because of the vicious back biting normal to King George's administration, that peace in that Kingdom and the reins of corruption King George held depended upon King George's Redemption. Gory Vitellus and his cohorts needed the King of Evil, as it were, back out of the pit in order to maintain some kind of order among the backstabbing disciples. It seems odd but no man more than Gory Vitellus knew that even the most evil designs can fail without some kind of order.

Rude King George, who was the world's greatest debtor, believed that he was chosen by the god Antijude to rule over the world. A Red Cross had been reported in the sky over Britain – recorded even in the Chronicles – and he claimed that the *Cross* belonged to him, that he should go into the world and conquer with it on his shield. Following this sign he started a castle in Brittany, intending to occupy Provence using it as his base – which he never completed – and finally resorted to a war with the short-lived king of Babylon called Nebuchednezzar II to avoid his European debts. As with Rude King George, Nebuchednezzar II, a Saracen, believed he was sent by God to spread God's Word, justifying a mission of mayhem and murder in the extension of his domain. This is all the "glut" needed to feed upon: two men who believed God

had sent them to bring ruin to the other, destroying the world in the process!

King George used his debt to the Kings of Europe to facilitate a conspiracy under the direction of the Seven Kings of Pansnance – they could raise an army in a pinch of time – who sent an enormous army into Babylon and destroyed over 200,000 men, women, and children. The world was aghast at the number of civilians, 100,000 or more, who were murdered in such a short space of time. As for the Babylonians, the people saw themselves and their leader, like Ali, a martyr for God; and the stage was now set for God's revenge, into whose trap Sir Boors was leading his small mission. Sir Boors' design, using King George's magnificence and glory from the gore of Babylon, was to stir up the Emperor of Byzantium against all the Arab, Mahometan peoples. He would use the emperor as a scapegoat against King Nebuchednezzar II (whom Sir Boors planned to murder), after which the remaining Arab domains would be divided and subjugated.

What petty reasons drive the world! It is true, Sir Boors was on his way to Byzantium to accomplish his scurrilous designs in hope that he would redeem King George, for the people would come to respect King George again after the murder of Nebuchednezzar II. After the subjugation of Arabia, Gory Vitellus supposed that he, the Mayor of the Palace of King George, would control the world. This depended upon the success of Sir Boors, whose original motive leading to King George's fall was to secure the Holy Grail and with it control the world! What a crazy mixed up mess these dim-witted men had gotten themselves into, each trying to use the other to control the world.

Sir Nascien, the protégé of Sir Gwain, was far ahead of Sir Boors – he never had a chance – and his fate in the matter would only add to further embarrassment of King George and all the Seven Kings of Pansnance, as was prophesied:

Isaiah 52.15 ...the kings shall shut their mouths at him: for that which had not been told them shall they see; and that which they had not heard shall they consider.

Luke 22.25 ...upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring

Odes of Solomon 41.8 All those will be astonished that see me..

Psalms 72.11 Yea, all kings shall fall down before him: all nations shall serve him.

72.12 For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and him that hath no helper.

9.17 The wicked shall be turned into hell and all the nations that forget God.

7.16 His mischief shall return upon his own head, and his violent dealing shall fall on his own pate.

Ezra 4 [*Messiah*] will reprove the nations that have come for their ungodliness, and the rebukes are like a storm and will reproach them to their face with their evil thoughts and with tortures with which they are destined to be tortured "like flame. Then he will destroy them without labor by the Law, which is like fire..

...wherever the voice went out of his mouth, all that heard his voice melted away as wax melts when it feels fire.

Isaiah 29.14 Therefore, behold, I will proceed to do a marvellous work among this people, even a marvellous work and a wonder: for the wisdom of their wise men shall perish, and the understanding of their prudent men shall be hid.

29.16 Surely your turning of things upside down shall be esteemed as the potter's clay..

Ezekiel 36.31 Then shall ye remember your own evil ways, and your doings that were not good, and shall loath yourselves in your own sight for your iniquities and for your abominations.

Watching for Wisdom

At the core of all prophecy is God's Wisdom. Rooted in the Messiah and His Grail, engraved in his soul, as it were, being as prophesied:

the engraved rod [branch]

Sir Nascien knew that Wisdom would bring King George le Fou du Monde to his knees, and when he is brought down so will come the other kings holding on to him and his corrupt fingers.

While the things we have discussed heretofore seem somewhat complicated, no doubt a sharp mind will see that the precepts of the story were engaged through a rather simple premise. King George would be outwitted [by his own vanity] and the poor, whom he persecuted, through Sir Nascien would be saved without his having to draw so much as his mighty Sword of Aravat. The weapons Sir Nascien carried were engraved in his heart, and they were things so shocking men would be astonished and fall back when they hear them! Revealing what he knew would simply bring the wicked into an arena where they would destroy each other, as in the case of the Midianites and Gideon. The wonder in all this is not only what Sir Nascien knew but how he brought forth his wisdom. Sir Nascien was a thing the world had not seen and and was fast – like a Unicorn!

Sir Nascien's horse, Gryngolet – with the red ears – was more fleet-footed than Sir Boors' motley steeds, and with Sir Nascien's engraved knowledge and holy blood from both Christian and Saracen worlds Nebuchednezzar II never had a chance. Sir Nascien's mission, as mentioned earlier, was to confirm the Promise made in prophesy that Nebuchednezzar would be raised up and reign in prosperity in the Last Days, but more significantly to point out the other side of the prophesy condemning those who hurt the Jews.

For the Prophets also stated:

that in the Last Days God would take his wrath out against all those who had persecuted My People Israel.

Nebuchednezzar II had been persecuting the Jews as well as other peoples in the Kingdom of Babylon. His position, with respect to Bible prophesy was precarious. Simply put, if he repented of his hostility to the Jews, his Kingdom of Babylon would be saved; if not it would be destroyed and he along with it. If Nebuchednezzar II sincerely believed he was resurrected by God to inherit the estate of Nebuchednezzar, Sir Nascien knew the king must also pay heed to the other Scriptures from which his resurrection was determined. As noted the *strategy of the Holy Grail is to follow the path of understanding, rather than bloodshed.*

The evidence Sir Nascien owned would easily coax Nebuchednezzar to change. He could point to Rude King George, who was wallowing in his own pit he made for others (worse than death!), and look Nebuchednezzar in the eye, saying, "King George's fate can be arranged easily for you ..."

It was prophesied that King George would be trapped alive in his own pit, so Sir Gwain merely thought of a plan which facilitated that prophesy, using King George's Vanity as the hook

which would drag him to the trap.

The trap was a left over illusion from the Giant Ysbadden's pouch of illusions, which was of a castle being built in the sky by children riding upon eagles. King George's Vanity served the illusion well; and seeing a castle being built in the sky to his honor (over the gaping mouth of the terrible Cave of the Harpies), Rude King George quickly rode in his finest chariot to the cave. As the children on eagles were begging for more lamelablanche stones to be catapulted up to them, the blinded king was pummeled in the nape of his neck from a chip off the stone fired into the sky to the children. Holding the nape of his neck he tumbled into the cave's slimy mouth.

Nebuchednezzar II, the other arch-villain in our drama now unfolding, was no less vain. Was he not like King George a self-professed servant of that god Antijude who hates at will?

Sir Boors was by far the most vain and by this measure the most shallow of them all, so he was far easier to trap. Following the typical path of evil, as best illustrated by King George's own murderous tyranny, Sir Boors contrived a mission to slay Nebuchednezzar II. Sir Nascien had already been working ahead of Sir Boors to save Nebuchednezzar's life (because of the prophesy weighing against him of Deuteronomy 30.7) through a simple meeting of understanding. When Sir Boors arrived at the palace of the Emperor Constantine his reception, as introduced in this part, was not warm. He represented a usurper of the crown of the Western Empire, who was a murderer of many Mahometans "of the Islamic faith. Let's face it, Sir Boors and his king were in all respects barbarians. The only ones in his party who were given any notice by the guards at the gate were the overly rouged ladies in the ripped caravan and the witty Abbess whose shift had been soiled on the back side.

There was a funeral going on of a Grail Prince, a relative of the Emperor Constantine and Grail King Nascien; and many, many administrators were there to attend the ceremony which lasted then about a week. During that period there were jousts and celebrations in honor of the deceased prince.

Sir Boors' Madness

Seeing Sir Boors' motley troop approaching the city of Constantinople, Sir Nascien, in all his prudence, ordered that all 1,200 of his Agents in Rebus receive the embassy of Sir Boors, one at a time. Each would process him and his troop through the gate of the palace.

There was never in the history of man such a succession of stamps and seals, cylinders and rings, laid to so many documents to cover one Visa!

It is true, that the Emperors of Constantinople were by nature a haughty bunch (because of their divine lineage), and it was not unusual for a merchant or an embassy to wait for as much as a year or more to gain access to the Emperor. In Sir Boors' case it was estimated that if all the Agents in Rebus and their Prefects were to apply the appropriate papers, documents, stamps and seals to Sir Boors' Visa eight hours a day every day it would have taken two months to process him to see the Emperor. As it was it took about a year, sufficient time, we add, for things to cool off in Babylon. People are not as rushed in the Orient as is demanded in Quakin-Bush.

When Sir Boors reached the court of Constantine it was a time of great rejoicing, because a new treaty with Damascus had been signed. He was vain enough to believe, however, that the rejoicing was in favor of his own embassy from the great and mighty King George of Quakin-Bush.

Sir Boors had come well prepared, having added scribes and artists to his delegation, in

addition to the well attired and overly made up ladies, starving Heretic Prelates and Ogmios of Ocoui dragging his staggering ass under the weighty load of the Scroll to the memory of dead Abbot Wilifright; which now unrolled was beginning to resemble a chronicle more than a collection of wits and quips and rubrics to the memory of a great leader. When they were all settled down to their chambers, suddenly Sir Boors' peace was interrupted by confusion (which caused his lower canines to raise above his lower lip). On the other side of the palace from his chamber was a wall lined with grieving Greek women in black hooded robes.

The witness of this bevy of mourning Greek women in their black hooded robes is an event most people would choose to do without. They wail and howl with vengeance! It's as if they intend to make God so uncomfortable with their noise he will repent and order the dead soul to be returned to life! The small troop of Sir Boors was unfortunately billeted in the rooms adjoining those distraught ladies, who, as most court mourners in those days, were hired for the occasion. When they left the wall their mourning continued in the chambers adjoining to Sir Boors. As said the mourning lasted about a week, leaving poor Sir Boors nearly mad we might add. He had to be drugged, and in a few days he was bound in a padded cell so he would not hurt himself any more.

For the time being, two madmen who thought to rule the world were safely out of the way. While in captivity both men – King George in his pit and Sir Boors in his madhouse – had some time to reflect on how they were falling to such a sorry state of affairs. Little did Sir Boors know, of course, that the week of madness would be followed with nearly a year of sitting idle, having to endure the now repetitive ruminations and condemnations of repentant Ogmios of Ocoui in addition to his more vituperative, braying ass.

Ogmios of Ocoui was one of those people who is easy to get along with except when his nerves are shot. You know the type, "the I told you so kind." They are afraid to offer their advise in any case, and when their life tumbles into the pit they begin to feel daily remorse in not having said something to prevent from being led into the pit. After being led into the pit they turn their wrath against those closest to them and they nag, nag, nag, drawing up the issue day after day, week after week and month after month. He nagged about the mountains, when they had to sell their clothing to cross over the pass, descending naked into the valley of Vienna. His trampled pride when the Vulgars over-rode their camp became another major issue. After weeks and weeks of this Sir Boors became catatonic and spent most of his time sitting in a corner with his hands on his head and staring into space. After that Ogmios of Ocoui became the main spokesman of the delegation from Quakin-Bush and the Seven Kings of Pansnance.

How the Poor Were Getting Along

We speak of the poor of Quakin-Bush, of course. Among the Byzantines and even more particularly among the Saracens and the Barbarian invaders pushing at the door of Constantine IV--the Vulgars, Serbs, Croats, approaching Turks, etc. – there were standards of Human Decency. In the Christian world – apart from the Heretics who were far from Christian though they supposed themselves as such - there was always the admonition to care for the Poor from Jesus first, the Law, and more particularly the first twelve Psalms. There was no doubt in Christian minds that the Kingdom of God was first dedicated to caring for the Poor.

The Ebionites and later the Cistercians and the Saracens (Mahometans) led in the caring for the Poor. Even today, were you to enter the world of Islam, you would not find – surely it would

be a rare circumstance – a homeless person or beggar on the street. As noted in an earlier part of our work, in Mecca, where the poor are most noticeable in their pilgrimage, the Koran has provided for them.

In Quakin-Bush there were no rules, no standards, except greed. The numbers of the poor mounted, and as Rude King George began defaulting on his debts (He was the world's greatest debtor and Gory Vitellus could now no longer make the interest payments) more and more public services were curtailed, causing the few over-burdened institutions left to collapse. The annual interest debt alone was equal to half of the annual taxes, leaving only enough money to pay off his Mayor of the Palace, Ministers, Prefects, and Missis, who by then were even spying on King George's family! Needless to say, the masses of the poor camped outside the city and now littering most of the Inner City streets in and around the Palace were heaping up in unconscionable numbers.

The fight to survive within the Kingdom of Quakin-Bush became more desperate, sifting lands, properties, and titles from freemen to the corrupt. They reached a point, in fact, when the freemen – lacking food – began signing over their properties in hope that they might remain in King George's estate as serfs (slaves).

In Quakin-Bush the people who still had money continued to ignore the poor, as they fought ever the more harder to grab what they could for themselves. But the fourteen course dinners in the palace were cut down to ten on behalf of Skinny King George who was then fasting.

Sir Gwain continued studying his Bible in the Cave of the Unicorns and writing at his Captain's Table, while Sir Nascien and Sir Caldemoore did their work.

In our next small book, lifted from the chest of Merlin, we shall enter the unusual world of King Nascien and his Queen, Anaïs de Benwick, and learn why it is prudent to attend to the needs of the Poor. In this discussion we shall explain more about the meaning of Isaiah 58.10 concerning the Afflicted Soul and what he represents. We shall also discover what happened to Ogmios of Ocoui and muse over the unusual courtship of Sir Caldemoore and his exotic, brazen breasted lady Yuri-rita and how the Shield of Aravat passed to their descendent Sir Rogero, who himself occupied the Cave of the Unicorns. From here we can better explain how La Verbe visited the Franks and how – from the loins of Queen Anaïs – Le Grand Monarch was born and what happened then.

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Chapter 11

The Winepress of God: the dispute over Jesus's divinity, its wars (which continue) & Sir Nascien's rescue of the Mandylion; also including Teachings from the Lost City of Tabue

No man allowed the Jewish Scriptures to be a lamp to his feet more than Sir Nascien, the protégé of Sir Gwain, as he followed Sir Gwain's capsules of Scriptures from the Cave of the Unicorns. Within his belongings were some Tiny Books From the Cave of the Unicorns which Sir Gwain continually updated. The Tiny Books outlined the strategy of the Jewish Scriptures (Old Testament) in bringing forth the Messiah (called the Light or Truth of God) who would one day rule, as the Son of David, from Jerusalem. Earlier we discussed how Chief Giant Ysbadden had a purse filled with illusions which he used time and again to fend off intruders to Joseph's Well. Sir Gwain's Tiny Books – from the chest of Merlin – were like Ysbadden's purse, but they contained recycled realities which are released now again this day! May those who have ears hear...

The Light intensifies in the days called the Last Days, when a Winepress is seen. This is in part what the Scriptures say of this Winepress, how a long war is enmeshed between the King of the North and the King of the South, listed in Daniel, how, by overspreading desolation from east of the Euphrates River, the world's kings are hooked in warfare in the theater of Israel. We quote:

Zephaniah 3.8 Therefore wait ye upon me, saith the Lord, until the day that I rise up to the prey: for my determination is to gather the nations, that I may assemble the Kingdoms, to pour upon them mine indignation, even all my fierce anger: for all the earth shall be devoured with the fire of my jealousy.

3.9 For then will I turn to the people a pure language, that they may call upon the name of the Lord, to serve him with one consent.

Zechariah 12.2 And I will make Jerusalem a cup of trembling unto all the people round about..

12.3 And in that day will I make Jerusalem a burdensome stone for all people: all that burden themselves with it shall be cut in pieces, though all the people of the earth be gathered together against it.

12.8 In that day shall the Lord defend the inhabitants of Jerusalem; and He that is feeble among them at that day shall be as David; and the House of David shall be as God, as the angel of the Lord before them.

12.9 And it shall come to pass in that day, that I will seek to destroy all the nations that come against Jerusalem.

Isaiah 30.27 Behold the name of the Lord cometh from afar, burning with his anger, and the burden thereof is heavy..

30.28 And his breath, as an overflowing stream, shall reach to the midst of the neck, to sift the nations with the sieve of vanity: and there shall be a bridle in the jaws of the people, causing them to err.

Jeremiah 25.32 Thus saith the Lord of hosts, behold, evil shall go forth from nation to nation, and a great whirlwind shall be raised up from the coasts of the earth.

25.33 And the slain of the Lord shall be at that day from one end of the earth even unto the other end of the earth: they shall not be lamented, neither gathered, nor buried: they

shall be dung upon the ground.

25.34 Howl, ye shepherds, and cry: and wallow yourselves in the ashes, ye principal of the flock: for the days of your slaughter and of your dispersions are accomplished and ye shall fall like a pleasant vessel.

25.35 And the shepherds shall have no way to flee, nor the principal of the flock to escape.

These Scriptures began with a Curse against Israel, how God would scatter them to all the nations of the world, to be set at derision, abused, and put to death in judgment for their sins; then, say the prophets, the Children of Israel will be restored to their land [which has now occurred], and God will then take out his wrath against all those nations who had persecuted and been against Israel. In that time the Scriptures proclaim the nations will be gathered and put to the sword as in a Winepress. In that day the nations will have a hook in their mouth which will mislead them, and they will be drug into a great Valley of Slaughter (called Hinom) leaving the dead unburied from one end of the earth to the other. When the nations are crushed in the Winepress the Messiah appears:

Isaiah 63.1 Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save.

63.2 Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the winefat?

63.3 I have trodden the winepress alone; and of the people there was none with me: for I will tread them in mine anger, and trample them in my fury; and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment.

63.4 For the day of vengeance is in mine heart, and the year of my redeemed is come.

63.5 And I looked, and there was none to help; and I wondered that there was none to uphold: therefore mine own arm brought salvation unto me; and my fury, it upheld me.

63.6 And I will tread down the people in mine anger, and make them drunk in my fury, and I will bring down their strength to the earth.

Revelation 19.11 And I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse; and he that sat upon him was called *Faithful and True*, and in righteousness he doth judge and make war.

19.12 His eyes were as a flame of fire and on his head were many crowns; and he had a name written, that no man knew, but he himself.

19.13 And he was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood: and his name is called The Word of God.

19.14 And the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean.

19.15 And out of his mouth goeth a sharp sword, that with it he should smite the nations: and he shall rule them with a rod of iron: and he treadeth the Winepress of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God.

Ezekiel 38.2 Son of man, set thy face against Gog, the land of Magog, the chief prince of Meshech and Tubal, and prophesy against him.

38.3 And say, Thus saith the Lord God, behold, I am against thee, O Gog, the chief

prince of Meshech and Tubal:

38.4 And I will turn thee back, and put hooks into thy jaws, and I will bring thee forth..

38.5 Persia, Ethiopia, and Libya with them; all of them with shield and helmet:

38. 9 Thou shalt ascend and come like a storm, thou shalt be like a cloud to cover the land, thou, and all thy bands, and many peoples with thee.

38.14..In that day when my people of Israel dwelleth safely, shalt thou not know it?

38.18 ..and it shall come to pass at the same time when Gog shall come against the Land of Israel, saith the Lord God, that my fury shall come up in my face...surely in that day there shall be a great shaking in the land of Israel;

38.20.. all the men that are upon the face of the earth shall shake at my presence.. every wall shall fall to the ground.

38.22 And I will plead against him [Gog] with pestilence and with blood; and I will rain upon him, and upon his bands, and upon the many people that are with him, an overflowing rain, and great hailstones, fire, and brimstone.

38.23 Thus will I magnify myself, and sanctify myself; I will be known in the eyes of many nations, and they shall know that I am the Lord.

Sir Nascien Visits the Land of Gog

When Sir Nascien visited the Emperor of Byzantium, who was then Constantine IV, it was a time when the principal gears of the Winepress were being enmeshed.

The Winepress is a Set-up of sorts.

The press is prepared and readied for the gathering. The gathering is done with a hook which will mislead the nations – through false shepherds. The hook has to do with Vanity, and the ultimate vanity is to picture a man as equal to God. Serving God is the Messiah whose house is as the angel of God before men, who will judge vanity, as his God gathers all the nations to the Winepress.

Looking down upon the earth at the time Sir Nascien entered Constantinople, the Winepress can be seen in the lands around the Mediterranean, with the northern side of the press being Europe, the southern side being the lands of the Middle East and North Africa, and the torque being peoples from the north and east. Pushing the peoples of the north and east into the Mediterranean basin would engage the gears of the Winepress, centered over Jerusalem. Closing the two sides of the Winepress would be the Western Roman Empire [sic. the kings of the north] led by the Franks and the Eastern Roman Empire and the Arabs who would soon overflow it. The vehicle forcing the closure of this Winepress over Jerusalem as history shows – was the controversy over the Divinity of Jesus, being focused on the Heretic desire to kill those who will not believe in their god Jesus Antijude. This controversy drives the Winepress to this day, and it is now seeing its final fruits. The inertia of the Winepress engages with Sir Nascien's further mission into the fields of Gog of Magog (Russia), midst its first rulers called the Khazars, a Turkish group who converted to Judaism.

How the Khazars Changed the World

The Khan of the Khazars ruled from what is now the eastern borders of Rumania and Bulgaria east to the shores of the Caspian Sea and south to the Crimea, the shores of the Black Sea and to the Caucus Mountains, and north to Kiev and as far as Moscow. Their capital was

originally placed in a strategic defile called Darband, where the Caucasus Mountains, stretching from the Black Sea, touched the Caspian Sea.

Mahomet (Mohammed) died in 632 A.D. Ten years later the Umayyad relatives of Mahomet and the heirs of Mahomet's daughter, who rallied under Mahomet's son-in-law and cousin, Ali, came to blows over the Inheritance of Islam, with Ali being murdered in Baghdad, where he had gone to receive the crown of that Caliphate and leadership of the Moslems. His rival, Muawija, was made Caliph of the Umayyads of Syria, and it is this caliph who sent armies from Damascus to challenge the Eastern Roman (Byzantine) Empire and west to conquer the broken remnants of the Roman Empire. We may view him as a man facing Britain from Damascus, whose outstretched arms – or pincers – would gather the entire world from the borders of Afghanistan and India on the east to Africa, Europe and Britain in the west.

Within a hundred years of Muawija's outreach – his pincers continued under his successors – a Frank named Charlesmagne, the grandson of Pepin whom we previously mentioned, looked down on Jerusalem and stretched his arms east and west towards the Arabs. Charlesmagne was crowned Emperor of the Franks on Christmas day 800 A.D., at which time the old Roman Empire, represented by Byzantium, was groaning, caught between the Arab pincers to her south and east and the Frank pincers to her north and west. Directly to the north of Constantinople, spreading across the steppes of Russia were the Khazars who themselves were being pressed to their south and west against the Arabs and against the Franks by two forces: The first force was a stream of more Turkish tribes who were being pressed westward by the Chinese emperors. As they moved westward they pressed the Slavs who themselves, with the Turkish tribes, including the Magyars (Hungarians), pressed against the woodlands of Eastern Europe. Among their tribes were the Slavs, including the Croats and Serbs, and the Bulgars, who occupied a region near the present state of Bulgaria and also another region by the Ural Mountains. Other tribes under the Khazars were the Avars, Burtas, Kabars, Morovians, the Ghuzz, and a crazy group called the Pechenegs to the east of the Khazars. How these groups interplayed from the time of Sir Nascien's visitation until now is best viewed as a Winepress.

The Winepress

It is the crushing movements of the peoples from inner Asia who set the gears of our history. This part of our petite histoire covers the period 681 A.D. to 812 A.D., when Charlesmagne died. It describes the rise of the Carolingian Empire (the Franks), at the expense of the Byzantine Empire; the rise and fall of the Umayyad Empire, also at the expense of the Byzantine Empire; and the rise and fall of the Khazar empire of the Jews in the north, also to the detriment of the Byzantines.

Let us review for a moment the protagonists opening the scene in this part of our adventure:

-A.D. 632 Mahomet (Mohammed) died

-A.D. 656 Caliph Uthman was killed in Medina and Muawija, son of Abu Sufyan--who had disputed with Mahomet over Mecca - emerged in Damascus as the Umayyad Caliph and displayed the bloodstained shirt of Uthman in the mosque. The Arab empire under Mahomet split between the Umayyad followers of Muawija and the followers of Ali, later called Shiites. The Umayyads claimed title to the Arab Empire through Qoraish, the prophet's ancestor, as opposed to the prophet's cousin and son-in-law Ali. Through Ali's son the prophet's blood-kin would inherit the crown of Islam, which the Umayyads refused to accept. The Umayyads were

descended from *Umayya*, son of Abdul Shams, brother of Amr-Hashim – forefather of Mahomet. Both Shams and Hashim were descended from a common ancestor named Zaid, also known as Qossay al Mujamma – the father of the Qoarish – one who was a direct heir to the keepers of the Temple, the Káaba, in Mecca. From Hashim came three branches who claimed the inheritance of Qossay:

- 1) Mahomet his heirs through Ali – Ali and his son, Muhammad, were murdered, and his heir Abu Hashim, died childless –
- 2) the Fatimid Caliphs, Emirs of Medina, all Sayids, the Agha Khan (a Turk later to be mentioned) and the Hassanites – including in part the Sheriffs of Morocco, Imams of Yemen and the King of Jordan; and
- 3) the Abbassid Caliphs who would rule out of Baghdad and later Cairo and supersede the Umayyads. The Abbassids stem from Al-Abbas, a brother of Mahomet's's father, whose name was Abdullah. Ordinarily the direct descent of the Temple or Káaba was from Zaid down to Amr-Hashim and to his grandsons, including Al-Abbass and Abdullah. But Amr-Hashim died in Gaza at age 25, leaving his inheritance to his small child Abd-Al-Muttalib, who was cared for by his uncle, al Muttalib. The other brother of Hashim, Abdul Shams, had children and could claim the inheritance as a brother to the crown in deference to the small child of Hashim, Abd-al-Muttalib. The Umayyad claim through Shams was not unusual, and we shall encounter a similar claim midst the heirs of Byzantium dating from the same period, where the crown was passed brother to brother before descending to an emperor's son.

-A.D. 661 Ali was murdered in Baghdad; Sir Nascien was sent to stay with his Umayyad uncle.

-A.D. 642-652 Arabs broke through the Darband Gate and occupied the southern parts of Khazar territory, only to be repelled. Arab attacks then were directed at Byzantium.

-A.D. 678 The Arab navy was destroyed by Greek Fire before the walls of Constantinople; Muawija's thirty year war with Emperor Constance ends.

-A.D. 680 Constantine IV launches war with the Bulgars north of the Danube mouth; ends up paying tribute to them. First Bulgarian Empire under Asparuch A.D. 681-702. He reigns over Severi, seven tribes of Slavs and Bulgars.

-A.D. 681 Sir Nascien, a young man about 18 years of age, is rescued by Sir Gwain and sent to Emperor Constantine IV in Constantinople.

-A.D. 685 Constantine IV dies; his son, Justinian II, takes over at sixteen years old.

-A.D. 687 Pepin of Heristal, Mayor of the Palace of the Franks rules; he died 709 A.D.

*- A.D. 691 Justinian II orders all of the Slavs in Bythnia to be murdered; the Slavs desert to the Arab side, weakening the front of the Caucasus.

-A.D. 709 Charles Martel – illegitimate son of Pepin of Heristal – expands the Frankish Kingdom; dies 741 A.D.; soon after his grandson, Charlesmagne, was born.

-A.D. 711 Cordova, Spain is occupied by the Umayyads.

-A.D. 732 Battle of Poitiers – Abd-ur-Rahman enters from Southern Spain the Loire Valley and is defeated by Charles Martel, ending the advance of the Arabs into Western Europe.

-A.D. 744 Caliph Marwan II, successor of Muawija and the last of the Umayyad Caliphs, penetrated Khazaria, attempting to circumnavigate Constantinople to Europe. But he was faced with rebellions in Syria, and became pressed by civil wars, and withdrew his army to Syria; he was assassinated A.D. 750. Control of Islam then passed to the Abbassids of Baghdad

How the Winepress Was Set in Motion

The above list includes the formative vehicles of the Winepress which would bring the downfall of the Roman Empire, as represented by Byzantium, and form the modern Western World as we see it. In our earlier book we mentioned how the movements of nomads out of the Russian Steppes pushed first the Gauls into Western Europe, followed by more Germanic tribes, including the Visigoths and the Vandals who sacked and burned Rome, leaving control of the Roman Empire to Byzantium. After Alaric of the Visigoths sacked Rome in A.D. 430 all of the Western part of the Roman Empire fell into confusion. Following behind the heels of the Gauls were non Gallic tribes called Slavs who themselves were stopped in their penetration of Europe in the Balkans and on the Polish-Lithuanian frontiers. Following behind their heels into the Balkans were the Turkish and Hungarian tribes. These included the Bulgars, the Magyars and Avars, to name a few. At the time of Constantine IV the lands around the Balkans were being identified as Slavenia and over it emerged the Kingdom of the Bulgars.

At this time the Franks were expanding into the void left by the Roman Empire. As Byzantium weakened, relaxing its hold on the West, the Franks moved eastwards into Slavenia, the lands of Poland, Lithuania, and the Balkans. Between them and Constantinople were the Greeks, Slavs, and Bulgars; and beyond them, in now what is Hungary, a new flood of Avars and Magyars arrived. They would subsequently establish the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

Here the Winepress is complete, with the sides north of the Franks, and the sides south of the Arabs. In the east the two sides engaged the Byzantine Empire and directly above it the Khazar Kingdom whose destiny plunged the world into its [still continuing] bloodshed. With arms stretched east and west across Russia, like wings of a butterfly, the Khazars, the Kingdom of Jewish Turks, became a sacrifice over which the world still shudders: as they were the Jews whom Hitler sent to his heinous ovens and pits!

The Winepress stabilized relative to the strength of the Khazar Kingdom. When the Khazars fell, so too did Byzantium fall, allowing the Arabs to penetrate as far into eastern Europe as Poland; then they ruled over an empire stretching from Eastern Europe around the Mediterranean World, through North Africa into southern France. Following this more waves of Turks from Eastern Asia, beginning with the Seljuks, conquered the lands formally held by the Arabs. Rule by these tribes – the Seljuks, Kurds, Mamelukes and the Ottomans, lasted from 1055 A.D., when they took Baghdad, to 1922 A.D., when their empire was dismantled after the First World War. The Ottoman, Empire began in A.D. 1290.

The Prime Mover

Every engine needs a prime mover, and we can speculate as to why the nomadic Turks, the Bulgars, and the Slavs, all began flooding into Europe. No doubt much of this is due to climatic changes, where the earth has been drying up as it were since about 4,000 B.C. Since that time the deserts of the world have been occupying fruitful lands as they fanned north and south, driving people of all races ahead of them. This drive has intensified, as can be seen in Ethiopia, the Sudan and Somalia, whose peoples are fleeing in the front of the whirling sands of the Sahara. Similar famines and migrations occurred in Inner Asia. For instance, the years after the Trojan War, circa 1200 B.C., say the Homeric traditions, the Trojans and Lydians of Anatolia suffered a long drought and famine, causing them to flee to Rome, France and Britain. Once green pastures began turning to dust.

In the Far East was China which repelled attempts by migrating hords to penetrate its western frontiers. In a manner of speaking, China acted as a piston forcing the nomads of Inner Asia to the west. A push against one tribe would push another before it, and so on, until the Khazars pressed into the Russian Steppes, pushing Avars, Bulgars, Slavs, and Magyars ahead of them. They in turn butted up against the Greeks, Italians, Gauls and other Indo-European Tribes who had already occupied the European frontiers of our Winepress.

In 700 A. D. when the Franks were expanding and when the Arabs were attempting to penetrate Europe through both its eastern Gate of Byzantium and its western Gate of Spain, the Khazars were also expanding their hold on the western frontier of Asia.

Marriage Alliance

To fortify his stronghold, Byzantium, Constantine IV saw the importance of the Khazars as a buffer against the Arab thrusts through the Caspian Sea corridor at Darband. A marriage alliance was arranged, sealing off the Arabs from that front. To the northeast was the stronghold of the Bulgars who paid tribute to the Khazar Khan. The Bulgars ruled the Avars and the Slavs and were a bastion against Germanic and Frankish tribes pressing towards Constantinople (united under Charles Martel) who, under Charlesmagne, set the foundation of the Holy Roman Empire in 800 A.D.

In the middle of the Winepress only Byzantium could lose, for it was set upon from all three sides.

Pressing against the Franks and making a rather confusing mess of the entire works were a northern group of Germanic peoples called the Normans, or Northmen, who bolted into two groups. The Western Branch, formed out of the Danes and Norwegians, pillaged first Britain and Ireland while Angles and Saxons from German territories were also taking possession of Britain in the void left by the fall of the Roman Empire. They in turn pushed the Gauls (called Walis) into the western part of Britain, in Cornwall and Wales, and Brittany in France. The Normans eventually conquered Northern France, Sicily, Malta, etc.; in 1066 A.D. under William the Conqueror they took Britain.

The Eastern Branch of the Normans, from Sweden, called the Rhus, sent their ships into the lands of the Volga River. Being both raiders and traders of pelts, etc. they came in contact with Slavs on the Dneister river and the Bulgars on the Volga and other tribes under Khazar control. They followed a practice of occupying islands adjacent to the land which they would raid. In England they occupied the Island of Wight from which to launch their raids and extend their dominions; in the same manner they occupied an island at the mouth of the Loir River in Brittany, and so on, as they island hopped around the European theater to Sicily and ultimately to Iceland and Greenland.

Following this pattern, the Normans established a trading post on an island in the Dnieper River, known as Kiev, named after the Rhus brothers who founded it. Prior to this they settled Novgorod, another island armory.

The Russian Connection

The Rhus (called Varengians) penetrated the Khazar and Slavic areas on long ships carrying as many as 100 men each. By 900 A.D. their forces were formidable and a factor the Khazars had to seriously deal with, often including hundreds of ships (one armada had 500 ships).

Perhaps because of Rhus pressures, at least in part, the Khazar capital was moved to Itel on the Volga River where it enters the Caspian Sea. The splendor of this white city was all the Rhus needed to focus upon, sending raid after raid to that fortress which guarded from the north the rich cities of the southern Caspian Sea in Persia and blocked the Arab route to the north and controlled the trade routes to the far east.

An Arab historian who quoted Ibn Rusta (circa 905 A.D.) said this of the Rhus at Novgorod: In this island there are men to the number of 100,000 and these men constantly go out to raid the Slavs in boats, and they seize the Slavs and take them prisoner and they go to the Khazars and Bulgars and sell them there. They have no cultivated lands, nor seed, and plunder the Slavs. When a child is born to them, they place a drawn sword in front of him and his father says, "I have neither gold nor silver, nor wealth which I can bequeath to thee – this is thine inheritance; with it secure prosperity for thyself.

In 860 A.D. the Rhus (Vikings) sailed into the Black Sea in two hundred boats and plundered the monasteries and suburbs on the banks of the Bosphorus around Constantinople. The city was saved, as the Russians retreated when they saw the returning Byzantine army and fleet. This attack, some historians believe, was intended to be part of a simultaneous attack from the Western Norsemen from Jutland against Constantinople. We mention this to show how quickly their strength grew from their initial settlements from the eighth century onwards.

Historians agree that both Constantine IV and Charlemagne share the unusual position of charting European history. They both held off the Normans and the Arabs. Had they failed in their efforts, the picture of the Western World would have been entirely different, certainly Moslem. This overview should lend more meaning to the works of Sir Nascien in his adventure in the court of Constantine IV.

How the Khazars Saved Byzantium

Constantine IV died right after Sir Nascien's work in forming a peace treaty between the Umayyad Caliph of Damascus and Byzantium. As mentioned, it had been the custom of the Roman Emperors to name their brothers as co-regents first and then their own eldest child second. But Constantine IV changed this practice by having his two brothers' noses cut off and sent into exile (san nez) into monasteries. Maiming – blinding, cutting off hands or feet, cutting out the tongue, and cutting off the nose – was a common practice of the emperors in eliminating their competition. It was more humane than murder, we suppose.

Constantine's son, Justinian II, was named as co-regent with him after his brothers were exiled from the palace. Justinian was not as prudent and well liked as his father and there were many plots against him. Finally, Leontius, the emperor's Strategus of a new theme of Hellas, rebelled against him and took control of the government in 695 A.D. Following custom, he had Justinian's nose cut off and sent him in exile to the Crimea, in Cherson.

The Crimea was Khazar territory and after a while the Khan of the Khazars took sympathy upon Justinian II and set to help him regain his throne. During Justinian's exile Byzantium was under the rule of Tiberius II (698-705 A.D.). Tiberius was a weak ruler, in contrast to Constantine IV, and under him the exarchates of Carthage and the rest of North Africa fell to the advancing Arabs. By 711 A.D. the Arabs mastered the North African coast and right after that took Spain, setting their capital at Cordova. Tiberius II attempted to kill Justinian II in exile, as Justinian still had popular support.

Having removed himself from the government after Constantine IV died, Sir Nascien took a small villa on a Princess island. Hearing of Tiberius's plot to kill Justinian, and still being held by fealty to Justinian, Sir Nascien was bid to warn the emperor in exile of the plot against him. He purchased a passage to the Crimea by boat and arrived there soon enough to pass word to the Emperor, allowing him enough time to escape further into the Khazar territory. Arrangements were then made by the Khan of the Khazars, named Bazir, to send Justinian II to the Khan of the Bulgars, whose name was Tervel. With his alliance with the Khan of the Khazars was a marriage between Justinian and the Khan's lovely sister Theodoar.

The newlyweds and Sir Nascien and many other followers with them moved on to Phanagoria (present Taman) on the eastern shore of the strait of Kerch where they made preparations for the invasion of Byzantium with the aid of the Khazar armies. But in the meantime Tiberius II had heard of the ruse and attempted to bribe the Khazar Khan into turning over his new brother-in-law to him. Theodoar caught wind of the bribe and warned of the two henchmen come to assassinate him, whose names were Papatzes and Balgitres, Justinian strangled each of them with a cord as they each were summoned to his quarters.

In the autumn of 705 A.D., aided by the Bulgar King, Justinian II appeared before the gates of Constantinople in front of a formidable army, including 15,000 horsemen, of Slavs and Bulgars. The walls of the city were no less impregnable to his troops than any other, so for three days he waited outside the city for his loyal supporters to open the gates. There was much dispute within the city and initially Justinian's attempt to regain his throne was met with scorn and derision. He was, after all, remembered as Justinian Rhinometus, whose nose was cut off. But by then the usurper Leontius had also had his nose cut off by Tiberias II when he usurped the throne, and, together with the brothers of Justinian and God knows how many others, noseless pretenders had no doubt become such a common sight in Constantinople the indignity of going about with one's nose cut off must have been somewhat ameliorated. Anyway, it didn't bother Justinian II nor his wife, Theodoar, who adored him so much he subsequently named her as co-regent when he regained his throne. After Justinian II the practice of nose-snipping was discontinued against deposed rulers though a set of nose pinchers remained in most purses.

Justinian II ruled this second time from 705-711 A.D. After he regained his throne the usurpers, Leontius and Tiberius II, were executed. Justinian brought his wife to Constantinople and made his son, Tiberius, co-Emperor.

Although he was very pious, Justinian II was not a righteous emperor. All of those who had stood against him he purged from his government and army; and his latter reign became a reign of terror and mass executions. As a result, many of his most competent administrators and generals were done away with. This is just what the Arabs needed to make inroads in Anatolia. In 709 A.D. they hit Tyana, one of the most important fortresses on the Cappadocian frontier, and lacking competent leadership that fort of Byzantium fell.

Justinian's thirst for revenge against those who betrayed or scorned him continued. He sent an expedition to Ravenna in revenge for their hostile attitude towards him, and he sacked and pillaged the city and took its most eminent citizens back to Constantinople in chains and executed them. The Bishop of Ravenna was punished by having his eyes burned out. Not satisfied here, Justinian II then turned to Cherson, where he was exiled in the Crimea, and took similar measures against that city. The city revolted, together with many of the officers of Justinian's imperial army and navy. The Khan of the Khazars supported the rebels and an Armenian, Bardanes, was there proclaimed Emperor, under the name of Philippus, in 711

A.D.

When Philippus appeared before the gates of Constantinople there was no one in the city who was left who would support Justinian II, and the deposed emperor was killed by one of his own officers. His severed head was sent on to Rome and Ravenna for public display, his son and heir was murdered, and his pregnant wife returned to her father, Bazir the Khan, at Itel on the Caspian Sea, where Sir Nascien and Sir Caldemoore had just engaged themselves in the crazily mixed up wars of the Khazars along the lower reaches of the Volga against the Khan of the Ghuzz (Oguz). The Khan had broken his alliance with the Khwarizites, who were then being attacked by the Pechenegs, who – to strengthen their forces – had formed a fragile alliance with the Rhus chief, Hrörekr (Rurik), from his island camp of Holmgrad in lake Ilmen near Leningrad – later to become the city of Novgorod.

When the Western Vikings began penetrating Britain from Denmark and Norway, the Eastern Vikings (Rus, Rhus) began sending their trading and pillaging convoys out of the Gulf of Finland up the river Volkhov into Lake Ilmen, where they set up their fort and trading post (Novgorod). From here they could send expeditions south, either way down the Dnieper River to the Black Sea or the Volga River into the Caspian Sea and the rich cities of Persia and the Bazerbaijani, Shirwani, Tabaristani and Jurjani. To obtain access to Cherson and the cities of the Crimea and Black Sea, or the cities of the Caspian Sea, the Vikings had to pay a 10 percent duty to the Khazar Khan on all goods they carried.

The Rhus, or Vikings, preferred the Dneister route, however, since it avoided the terrible Bulgar territories of the upper Volga and Urals, who themselves might extort some extra tax in order to pay for their own tax to the Khazar Khan which was accessed as one highly prized sable fur per household (they lived in fur tents). Sable fur was the preferred fur worn by the kings of Europe. In as much as the Bulgar cities were large, being as many as 50,000 round tents – many carried erect on huge wagons – the annual tribute of furs paid to the Khan of the Khazars was enormous and formed a very sizable basis of trade between the kings of Europe and the Middle East. In addition to this tribute, first from the tribes of Bulgars, Huns, Magyars, Slavs, etc. within his sovereign territories, the Khazar Khan realized an even more lucrative income from the large caravans which passed through his territories on their way to China (Chang-an). These caravans were also quite large because of their long trek, being often of 5,000 men and 3,000 pack animals. Of these regular caravans the Khazar Khan realized a 10% duty, making his treasuries in Itel very rich indeed. In addition to this, of course, was his control of the trade in Unicorn Horns which were spiral in form, three to five feet long, ivory like a tusk, which were often carried in the packs of the Vikings as they came south into the Khazar territories. Many of the Unicorn Horns originated near Iceland and Greenland – some near Britain – and it was these which dressed European Castles in the years to come. One Unicorn Horn was worth far more than its weight in gold, and generally they were displayed with gold and silver-jeweled sheaths around them. Truly the Khazars were rich! While the Byzantine Emperor sealed his letters with two pieces of gold, the Khazar Khan sealed his letters with three pieces of gold, as befitting the riches of his Kingdom!

The Khazar cities were themselves quite large. While many lived in tents – a tent could hold as many as 1,000 people – the Khan himself lived in a Brick palace. Many houses of the populace were made of mud and wattle construction, round, in imitation of their tents, with foundations set deep in the ground. Some cities stretched several miles, with houses connected by galleries to huge cattlesheds, sheep-pens, and many columned stables, which were about

ten feet wide by 40 feet long. These towns were usually occupied only in winter. In the spring they would pack their tents and move into their cornfields and vineyards or after their sheep and cattle, moving through the steppes of Russia. However, the Capital of the Khazars, IteI, was a permanent settlement which was split into two districts. One side of the river contained the Khan's palace and teak-roofed buildings for his harem of eighty-five wives or so, and his synagogues and market; and the other side of the river housed the Moslems and their mosque whose minaret reached higher than any other building. At the market was a slave market, consisting of Slavs from the northwest traded through the Rhus.

In 921 A.D. an Arab mission of Ahmad ibn-Fadlan recorded various aspects of the cultures of these peoples. Because of the cold he says:

"So each of us put on a Kurtak, [camisole] over that a woolen Kaftan, over that a buslin [fur-lined coat] over that a burka [fur coat]; and a fur cap, under which only the eyes could be seen; a simple pair of underpants, over them a linen pair, and over them the trousers; house shoes of Kaymuht [shagreen leather] and over these also another pair of boots; and when one of us mounted a camel, he was unable to move because of his clothes."

Then of the territories of the Ghuzz he writes:

"They are nomads and have houses of felt..They have no religion which would link them to God, nor are they guided by reason; they do not worship anything. The course of action they adopt is decided by taking counsel among themselves; but when they have decided on a measure and are ready to carry it through, even the humblest and lowliest among them can come and disrupt that decision...Their women wear no veils in the presence of their men or strangers. Nor do the women cover any parts of their bodies in the presence of people. One day we stayed at the palace of a Ghuzz and were sitting around; his wife was also present. As we conversed, the woman uncovered her private parts and scratched them, and we all saw it. Thereupon we covered our faces and said: 'May God forgive me!' The husband laughed and said to the interpreter: "Tell them we uncover it in your presence so that you may see and restrain yourselves; but it cannot be attained. This is better than when it is covered up and yet attainable.' Adultery is alien to them; yet when they discover that someone is an adulterer they split him in two halves. This they do by bringing together the branches of two trees, tie him to the branches and then let both trees go, so that the man tied to them is torn in two."

Holding Byzantium together, as it were, was the Khazar Khan, whose strong hands over the Ghuzz and others like them and alliance with Byzantium at that time, cannot be undersold. To strengthen this alliance between the Khazars and Byzantium certain marriages between Khazar princesses and the Byzantine Emperors continued long after the initial marriage of the Khazar princess Theodoar (who incidentally set a new dress style in the palace through her exotic robes) to Justinian II. For instance, Constantine V (741-775 A.D.) married a Khazar Princess , La Fleur, baptized Eirene, and their son, Emperor Leo the Khazar, married the empress *Irene*, previously mentioned, who was courted by Charlesmagne after Leo IV's premature death the 8th of September 780 A.D. Leo's widow, Irene, was regent in deference to their young son, Constantine VI, whom she later deposed and killed, and reigned over Byzantium as its first

empress, usurping powers only previously granted to men. She was deposed after a short reign (797-802 A.D) and replaced by Nicephorus, the Logothete of the treasury (exchequer). After this the Byzantine throne saw a period of instability until Michael II came to the throne, setting his dynasty called the *Amorian* (820 -867 A.D.).

The widow of Justinian II, whose name was Theodoar, remarried one Höleg or Oleg who joined the Khazar Court and helped establish the Khazar settlement of Sarkel which guarded the *Khazar Way* between the narrow band of land between the Dneister and Volga rivers. The Khazar Way was a short land bridge by which the Rhus could transport their armadas from the Dneister to the Volga. The huge wagon tracks where they transported their ships can still be made out there, as also in Malta. The Rhus used the Khazar Way because it allowed them to enter the Volga River and from it the cities of the Caspian Sea out of harms way from the Eastern Bulgars. In this place, in fact, many caravans passed on their way into inner Asia.

It was Khazar custom to have a Double Kingship, one called the Bek and the other the *Khan*. The Bek was like the Mayor of the Palace of the Franks or the Magister Officiorum previously mentioned. The Khan was the highest officer and unlike the Bek he could not be approached or even seen by the populace. Only high officers of the Khazars and foreign emissaries could directly see the Khan. All decisions coming from the Bek were mostly initiated by the Khan or approved by him. He held absolute power over all in his realm and sat on a throne and in a pavilion both of gold. Only a Jew could become a Khan and generally he was elected from the nobility who derived their lineage from Asena.

Associated with the Khan's aura was the ritual of Regicide. Upon his coronation, each Khan was asked how long he wished to reign as a Khan of Asena. Whatever he said, the time expired, the Khan was strangled and a new Khan elected. Asena was descended from Japheth, of Togarma (see Genesis 10.2-3), whose offspring were the Uigur, Dursu, Avars, Huns, Basili, Tarniakh, Khazars, Zagora, Bulgars, and the Sabir.

When Theodoar remarried, her son by Justinian II married into the Viking clans, out of whom came the Rhus chief Rurik, and his scion Oleg, who cut off Oskold and Dir, the founders of Kiev, and who annexed the city of Kiev to the Rhus domains. From them came the Grand Prince St. Vladimir, who founded the Rostov dynasty of Kiev and converted to Christianity, whose son was Prince Iurii Dolgorukii, (who reigned from 1090-1157 A.D.), whose son was Andrei Bogoliobskii (who reigned from 1110-1174 A.D.), and from whose loins came Anna of Kiev, the mother of the Angovan Dynasty of the Franks and Grail Queen over the Sons of David. Her son, Henry VI, claimed both the thrones of France and England due to his Angoven/Etheling lineage.

Henry VI is a scion of Ethelwulf who was the son of Egbert, Egbert of Ealhmund, Ealhmund of Eafa, Eafa of Eoppa, Eoppa of Ingild; Ingild was the brother of Ina, King of the West-Saxons, who held that kingdom thirty-seven winters and afterwards went to St. Peters, where he died. And they were the sons of Cenred, Cenred of Ceolwald, Ceolwald of Cutha, Cutha of Cuthwin, Cuthwin of Ceawlin, Ceawlin of Cynric, Cynric of Creaoda, Creaoda of Cerdic, Cerdic of Elesa, Elesa of Esla, Esla of Gewis, Gewis of Wig, Wig of Freawine, Freawine of Frithugar, Frithugar of Brond, Brond of Balday, Balday of Woden, Woden of Firthuwald, Firthuwald of Freawine, Freawine of Firthuwulf, Firthuwulf of Finn, Finn of Godwulf, Godwulf of Geat, Geat of Taetwea, Taetwea of Beaw, Beaw of Sceldwa, Sceldwa of Heremod, Heremod of Itermon, Itermon of Hathra, Hathra of Hwala, Hwala of Bedwig, Bedwig of *Sceaf* who was the son of *Noah* who was born in Noah's ark. And Noah was the son of Lamech, son of Methusalem who was also on the

ark, who was the son of Enoch, son of Jared, son of Malalabel, son of Cainon, son of Enos, son of Seth, who was the son of Adam, who was the first born son of God.

[The Mandyllion and the Khazars](#)

There were many groups of Ebionites living in the territories of the Khazars, along with a few Jews who had migrated originally from Israel. As mentioned the Khazars were Turks who converted to Judaism. When Constantine died Sir Nascien lived in the Princess Islands; then he stayed in Cherson where he served the Khan during the first years of Justinian II; then from 705 to 711 A.D he fought the Kwazarism, then he returned to France.

Sir Nascien and Princess Anaïs

While in France Sir Nascien stayed in Poitiers where King Constantine maintained his summer palace. By that time Princess Anaïs had grown up to be a very beautiful lady whose courtly manners were mimicked by the other ladies in the County of Anjou. Over her beautiful white, billowing breasts she wore that same lucky, flashy brooch captured by Sir Parzival, and if it were not her gently rising and falling breasts as she nervously positioned herself each morning in the parade grounds – in order to catch Sir Nascien's eye – it surely was her well formed, pouting lips and enticing eyes which drew him to her.



After two months of avoiding her darting eyes, Sir Nascien came into range sufficient for her to snag him. She was quite a clever lass, we must say, for failing the effectiveness of her beautiful gowns and rosy makeup in cornering him, she one morning decided to ditch her gown and exchanged it for the apparel of Chulrich, one of Sir Nascien's pages. As Sir Nascien entered the field in his smart green cloak and began dressing for the May Day joust of 711 A.D., she substituted herself as Chulrich. Having helped Sir Nascien with his Armor, the Sword and Shield of Aravat, and as he stepped onto his mount, Gryngolet with the read ears, she doffed her cap hiding her lovely auburn locks and revealed herself to him and offered him a piece of her white samite sheath to wear on his right arm during the tournament. She told him that the sheath was that sheath she wore next to her body each night as she dreamed of him! Astonished, abashed, yet afraid to offend the sweet princess, he accepted the bauble, and while the grandstand murmured took most of the prizes in the tournament. Many knights from Britain attended the Joust, and a few brought news of the declining state of affairs in the once noble state of Quaken-Bush and the policies of hated King George of Quaken-Bush (thankfully now dead due to his long bout with his itchy, scaly skin) continued.

Before filthy George died Minister Gory Vitellus finally arrived at the idea of flooding the Cave of the Harpies with buckets of water, involving ten thousand troops handing buckets from the Heretic Monastery's well. Since the landing at the mouth of the cave was higher than its innards, the king was forced to stand at the mouth as water poured down upon him: washing both his filthy skin and the muddy, cement-like Harpy dung – containing every kind of itch, filth and

disease known to man – down into the seemingly bottomless pit of the cave.

When Rude King George finally stood shivering from the icy waters on a small ledge of sulphur above the stinking waters, a final dose of pure alcohol showered down upon him and he was then ordered to climb into a converted wine cask filled with oils of mead and cayenne which burned away the remaining filth upon him.

He returned to Quaken-Bush with great pomp and ceremony, though the rising population of the poor jeered him both inside and outside the gates. As they entered the city gate a poor, starving child was offered up to George's multi-hued carriage with its twenty porters on either side and ten footmen forward and behind. There were about ten thousand starving, homeless people outside the gate at the time – God knows how many still survived within the city – and at the coast there were now another 150,000 who had been made homeless by a recent storm. King George made quite a display of that hapless child, holding him up to the crowds from his carriage, saying what he had done for it he would do for all the poor. After he entered the palace, the child was sent down to the castle's kitchen with the other slaves, and that is the last anyone ever heard of him.

The poor, of course, were begrudgingly addressed for a few days and then after that ignored because of the continuing scramble for riches in King George's infamous kingdom. The scramble for money, with it power, involved all the people in Quaken-Bush – about which historians still marvel – so in love were they with money! For it was a fact that the more poverty that King George brought to the Kingdom the more the wealthy patrons of George needed money and ignored the despair of the masses. One would think that the piling up of the poor outside the gates of his palace might one day play upon the conscience of his government and people, but the reverse of this actually happened. Now that King George was out of the Cave, there was talk of pushing the homeless into it. They believed the poor might draw the Harpies, from their worn roosts on the walls of the city, to the cave; but first they felt they needed to wait for the waters in the cave to subside.

How Crude King George Died

The dryer air outside the cave didn't suit King George well. Within two months of his salvation he scratched himself to death. The dank, putrid air of the cave had helped to protect his alligator-like skin from the lice and the itches of the Harpy Dung. It was the high mineral content of the seeping stalactites dripping down from above his head which more than anything allowed him to survive his long captivity. The leeches didn't discover this, however, until long after George had been buried.

When the poor finally realized they had rights and rebelled against the inhumane government begun by King George and his predecessor, King George's body was ripped from its tomb and hiding place and thrown out on the street. By then all of the descendents of King George were so frightened at the rebukes of the people, they abandoned their dishonest estates and changed their names. Since the day King George's tomb and body was vandalized, 'til now, no one of his descendents has admitted being related to him.

George's Hateful Plans to Stir up the Arabs

News of Sir Boors' failed mission in Constantinople returned quickly to King George before he died. In a last ditch effort George ordered Ogmios of Ocoui, Sir Boors's chief spokesman

while Sir Boors was in isolation, to proceed to Damascus where he believed the Umayyad Caliph might be enticed into war against Byzantium and their ally, the Khan of the Khazars. In this mission a great amount of tribute money was sent to Damascus by King George, through the Umayyad merchants at Cordova, who occupied that city in 711 A.D. Reusing an old scam, he offered to build a castle in Brittany from which he would launch an attack against Provence and, in the process, conquer the territories of Toulouse around the Garonne River.

From this exercise, he claimed he would turn Aquitaine, Navarre, and his castle near Tours over to the Umayyads. As in his earlier scam, he never intended to build a castle near Tours and instead he used the moneys he borrowed from the Egyptian Caliph for the castle to erect a new castle, called White Castle, on the border of Somerset. Still flinching from the white lamelablanc stone which hit him in the nape of the neck when he attempted to build the perfect white Tajma Hall in the sky – he had a dreadful tick – he continued to have aspirations of building a beautiful Tajma Hall in the sky.

White Castle, of course, bore no resemblance whatsoever to the Tajma Hall, as anyone today can see, but what did King George care? He was a fraud anyway; what would he care of making another fraud? As kings go he was no doubt the sleaziest king ever to walk this earth – the filth from the Harpy guano aside. His pat comment when asked whether he would follow up a promise was always, before the Promise, Read my lips, and after the promise failed to be realized, he always retorted, "No one expects any promises to be fulfilled anyway! "These are true sayings of Rude King George as all the chronicles of his times attest. We can understand how - insatiated with greed – the people of Quaken-Bush could accept his lies but are perfectly nonplused that the kings of Europe tolerated them

Under his underlings the policy of lying as a matter of statecraft continued, until it caught up with them, one lie impinging upon another, and finally falling in the halls of the majestic Emperor of Chang-an, whose name was T'ang Teh-tsung. In disgust of the Westerners he launched a war on his western borders, forcing out Westerners and, in turn, causing the Huns of Chang-an to flee into Pecheneg territory, who in turn attacked the Ghuzz. The Ghuzz attacked Khan Joseph, and, because of his weakened front along the Caspian Sea, the Arabs penetrated the Khazar lands. The Khazars in turn began to move westward while the Magyars (Western Huns) sought refuge in the fields now known as Hungary, named after them. This account of the Emperor T'ang Teh-tsung's rebukes about 713 A.D. comes from the diary of Princess Yuri-rita who ended up in the emperor's court after a long chase following in the tracks of her espoused and beloved courtier, Sir Caldemoore, the Red Knight.

The reports of Rude King George's crudeness had been well known in Chang-an, and when Sir Caldemoore arrived in his court in 713 A.D. with a band of Khazar Jews and Afghans, including a group of Nestorian Jews, the emperor mistook them for the Heretics. "If King George could not be trusted who among the West could be trusted?" the Emperor asked. In fact, all of George's allies, the Seven Kings of Pansnance – like the kings of Sodom and Gomorrah – were recorded in the Chang-an chronicles as beasts.

This even reflected upon King Constantine of France and the Franks, although he had nothing to do with the Seven Kings of Pansnance. In any event, the time of the late eighth century was a delicate time in the history of human affairs; and King George's hateful, abusive, rude, discriminatory, and lying ways – as shocking and horrifying as they were – served to bring about a new era. Out of his debauchery man would learn to appreciate good and avoid evil; and this would be a lesson to us in the future who might find ourselves in similar circumstances

under the despairful burden of another King George of Quaken-Bush and his greedy, corporate hegemony. It is a truth, though not a welcome truth, that King George became a standard by which we could all measure and identify evil. A wolf in sheep's clothing, the world finally learned through King George the Rude, the truth about the liar whom the Old Testament Scriptures named, Beliar. George spoke of riches but brought only riches to himself and poverty to the world; he spoke of peace but brought war; for hope he brought despair.

Gryngolet Dies

After the May Day tournament Sir Nascien began courting Princess Anaïs. In the year 714 A.D. they married and a marvellous thing happened several days after their wedding. As Sir Nascien entered the stable where Gryngolet with the red ears was kept, he heard a commotion and crying at the far end of the keep. The pages were steeped in the greatest alarm. As he hurried to Gryngolet's bronze studded stall there, lying in the straw was his beautiful black steed. Gryngolet's alert red ears were drooping and his carmine hooves twitched in the straw of the stall. He died. He was twenty-one years old and as powerful as a three year old until the end.

Miracle of the Unicorn

During Gryngolet's last moments a beautiful, perfectly white winged Unicorn, with a gilded edged white saddle, draped with a white samite covering, with blue eyes and blue eyelashes, appeared in Gryngolet's stall. He was about the size of Gryngolet, but a bit narrower in the chest. He was that same steed born from Gryngolet's affair with the Hippogriff. Princess Anaïs was brought to the stall after the Unicorn arrived, and she confirmed it was the foal of her Unicorn, as it had the blue eyes and blue eyelashes of the one in the Dolorous Tower.

The Princess and the Unicorn behaved like they were old friends. Unicorns are the most unusual beasts in nature, as they not only are quite discerning when it comes to truth and falsehood (the point of these books) but also they can speak and can change form, appearing even in the likeness of a son of man. The Unicorn's horn was treasured because of its curative qualities, and its powder was in the possession of many kings of Europe. It served as a remedy against poisoning, gout, and a host of maladies; and Kings would carry their powder in small gilt, enameled boxes, from which it could be sprinkled in their water and food before consumption.

When she saw the Unicorn, the Princess discerned it was time for her Prince to leave – though she was with child. This seemed to be the custom of the times. Had not Sir Lancelot gone off on his errant mission, leaving the Princess of Ireland with Galahad yet in her womb? Had not Sir Gahmuret left Parzival when Parzival was yet in his mother's womb?

Princess Anaïs had not yet revealed that she was then pregnant to her new husband. Her condition was not yet noticeable, and certainly her tiny waist refused to reveal it. She remembered riding upon her Unicorn as a child and when she saw the Winged Unicorn she could not help herself – she had dreamed of it for many years – and jumped upon its white saddle. The beautiful white steed vaulted through the gate of the stall and fluttered out into the courtyard of the castle and into the sky, only to return the Princess moments later to the startled, gathering crowd. Friars were crossing themselves, thinking they saw the Virgin Mary landing! Then the Princess was helped from the mount and her Unicorn stalled. Two days later Sir Nascien appeared on the parade grounds in new attire, wearing perfectly white armor with sable

and black stitching. His shield now appeared with a silver, sable background with a black bend upon it. In a pack mounted on the steed's haunches was the Emerald Green Armor of the Green Knight which he then delivered for storage to Sir Gwain in the Cave of the Unicorns and then, leaving the Cave with new scripts, he flew over Geneva and past the forbidden Rhaetian Forest where the Hippogriffs roam.

They lodged with the Bulgar King Isperech, and then went on to a place called Aleppo, where the Caliph of Damascus was outfitting his troops for an assault on Byzantium and the Khan of Khazaria. Unbeknownst to him Nebuchednezzar II had been outfitting a new army (his crack troops were years earlier massacred by the Seven King's of Pansnance) – more dedicated this time to waging war for God and against the Jews. The Khan of the Khazars, of course, was not the least bit happy over Nebuchednezzar's resurgence and sent his armies to the Defile of Darband on his southern flank.

The Siege of Edessa

At the same time, hearing of the buildup of the Arab forces in Syria and Babylon, Emperor Leo III (717-741 A.D.), the father of Constantine V mentioned earlier, who married the beautiful Khazar Princess Theodoar, began moving his troops to his eastern frontier near Mosul. In the middle of this confrontation was the fortified town of Edessa (Urfa) in Turkey, to which our story now turns, for it not only was in a strategic position to the Caliph of Damascus but also to the Byzantine Emperor and Nebuchednezzar II in Babylon. Not only was it a strategic site but also it possessed one of the most treasured relics of Christ, of which, interestingly enough, all parties to the coming conflict wished to possess. A Second Arab war followed, engaging Byzantium, lasting from 722 A.D. to 737 A.D. – out of which, in the Battle of Ardabil in 730 A.D., the Khazars came out losers. It all began as the Heretics brought the entire controversy of Jesus – his gold, and his glory – to Edessa.

Monotheism and the Mandylion

Justinian II was a very devout emperor in spite of his other failings. As mentioned, the Byzantine Emperors, and their [Greek] Orthodox Church, took a more Judaic view of scriptures, agreeing in part with the Jews and the Moslems that neither God nor his Messiah ought to be portrayed in any form, stone, wood or pictures. For this reason, because the church was controlled out of Byzantium, during the first part of the Christian era there were no pictures made of Jesus or his Apostles and other saints of the church. In spite of the ban against idols and all the arguments between the Western Church, centered at St. Peter's church in Rome – under the heavy hand of the Pope – there were a few items touched by Jesus which were not considered idols. They were the crucifix, the crown of thorns, Christ's Robe, and most particularly a relic called the Mandylion, which was a linen sheath in which Jesus was purported to have been draped in the tomb and which miraculously assumed an impression of his likeness. A copy of this likeness was placed over Justinian II's throne in Constantinople.

The original of the Mandylion was hidden away in the main gate of Edessa. Copies of the Mandylion were scattered about, one ending at Jerusalem and another with Charlesmagne. The one Charlesmagne had was eight feet long and was later destroyed in the French Revolution. Other copies include portraits in the Hagia Sophia mosque in Constantinople, a church in Berlin, and another in Italy. Some versions are about the size of a facial napkin – like that which Saint

Veronica used to wipe the forehead of Jesus as he stumbled under his cross. The original, now called the Shroud of Turin, is about fourteen feet long and carries a negative photographic impression of a man whose features were the prototype of all the Mandylicon copies. The common claim behind the Mandylicon images – paintings or otherwise – was that they were not made by human hands, as in the case of one impressed upon a tile, thereby making them exempt, as it were, as idols. For idols are images of gods made by human hands. The heretics were not affected by this argument in any way, because they used idols in the normal course of their worship, both in their churches and around their necks as amulets protecting them against evil.

After the death of Justinian II, in 711 A.D., Byzantium went through an idol destroying period, called the Iconoclast Crisis, until 843 A.D. Paintings, statues, and all other images were ruthlessly sought out and destroyed throughout the Eastern Empire to the applause of the Arabs.

As mentioned earlier, Ogmios of Ocoui had been sent a message to leave the court of Byzantium and move on to the Emir of Babylon with the intent of stirring up more trouble with the Saracens and, in turn, Nebuchednezzar II (an upstart general not related to the Abbassid line) whom the Seven Kings of Pansnace, originally led by Rude King George and now Gory Vitellus, were using as a dupe to control all of the Middle East. They would be led into battle against themselves, and the Seven Kings of Pansnace would snip off their share of the lands and peoples destroyed from that Arab war.

It took quite a bit of finagling for the Arab's to wage war against each other, for it is written in their Koran that no Moslem is to wage war against another Moslem nation. The argument for war had to override this law in the Koran, as is with most designs undermining laws to justify evil. Vanity is the King of most people – not God – and in Babylon a new faction called the Abbassids, previously discussed, were gaining power and influence over Mecca and through Mecca the entire Arab world, which at that time now stretched over North Africa and Spain.

As a result of Ogmios of Ocoui's mission on behalf of the Heretics, the Arabs had their sights on Tours and the Valley of the Loire in France, and laid plans to extend their battle front there and, at the same time, set themselves to overthrow the Umayyad Caliph in Damascus. Ogmios's embassy switched to Baghdad, since the resulting Second Arab War under Caliph Maslama (August 717 A.D.) with Constantinople had drained the Umayyad Dynasty in Damascus and transferred power to Baghdad and the Abbassid Caliphs. In addition the winter of 717-718 A.D. was particularly severe, with large numbers of the Arab army perishing, only to succumb to a terrible famine. The Bulgars finally broke the Arab siege, and, exactly a year after the siege began, Caliph Maslama packed up and returned home. Land wars with the Arabs continued against Emperor Leo III each year without success. Leo III reigned from 717-741 A.D.

In the spring of 722 A.D. a 100,000 man Khazar army approached Dyarbekil on its way to Edessa and Mosul. Camped before the walls of Edessa to the south were another 100,000 Arab troops, and approaching from the east were another 50,000 Abbassid troops waiting, as it were, like wolves, hoping to clean up after the coming confrontation. Among them was Ogmios of Ocoui, still dragging his chronicle which was once a eulogy to the Heretic Prelate Willifrigt but now containing all kinds of interesting historical notes and points of interest. He was well received by the Saracens because of the important geographical information in his books.

Edessa was a formidable city and had last been penetrated in the sixth century. It has the fame of being the first Christian city. Its King Akbar, who lived during the time of Christ, was

among the first to convert to Christianity. According to the story Akbar was a leper and dying. Hearing of Jesus's miracles he sent a letter to Jesus, requesting him to come and cure him from his ills. A letter was sent back from Jesus apologizing that he could not come because of needs in Jerusalem. But Jesus said in his letter he would send one of his disciples to him. Shortly thereafter Jesus was crucified, and Thaddeus, a disciple, was elected to deliver on Jesus' promise and went to Akbar. He carried with him the Shroud left in Jesus's tomb, which had an impression of Jesus on it. The Shroud was folded so that only the impression of Jesus's face showed in the protective bronze-latticed container in which it had been placed. There had already been some miracles associated with the Shroud, and the Church in Jerusalem believed that it could heal Akbar as well.

King Akbar was instantly cured when he was exposed to the Shroud. After that many miracles occurred in Edessa, and the Shroud, now called the Mandylion, was placed in the altar of a church built especially for it. Since then the city had a tradition, which spread with all the disciples throughout the world, that as long as the Mandylion stayed in Edessa the city would be protected by it.

The Unicorn had exceptional discernment; in the evening before the battle he led us to the place where the Mandylion was stored. Centuries and wars passed by, always leaving Edessa unscathed, until one day there was a great flood and the cherished Shroud had to be moved from its place. Then in the sixth century after the flood the city was about to be overrun, and the king ordered that the Shroud to be hid. The Patriarch took the Shroud with a candle and placed it in a niche high in the city's gate, where the god of the Port used to reside, and sealed up the niche with the lit lamp and Shroud enclosed. It was not moved again until 722 A.D. when Sir Nascien, upon his Winged Unicorn, and the Arab armies stood before the city.

The Patriarch, named Anastasios, had a dream of a white knight coming to the niche and rose to investigate it. He saw Sir Nascien in his shining white armor and helped him carefully remove the Mandylion from its niche. They replaced it with the one-sided copy which subsequently ended up in the possession of Charlemagne. Sir Nascien then flew away with the treasured Shroud to a lovely place on the Black Sea called Cape Sinop which was a fortified place the Khazars held jointly with the Pontic Theme of Constantinople. The land along the sea at Sinop had gently rolling, oak covered hills which led up to a great mountain range. About two miles down the beach from Sinop the mountains plunged directly into the sea, leaving high hanging valleys as one sees in the Austrian Alps. The Mandylion stayed there until it was moved to Constantinople in the tenth century. After the sack of Constantinople in 1125 A.D., by the Crusaders of all people, the Mandylion was rightfully carried to Poitiers with many other relics to the House of Anjou.

After leaving the Mandylion and Patriarch Anastasios in Sinop, Sir Nascien flew back to Edessa to aid in the battle of the Khazars against the Saracens from Damascus. He landed where the battle was in full force in a marshy area north of the city, where the river made a quick turn to the southeast. Few of the heavily armored knights on either side were effective in that area, and the bog was full of screaming men and whinnying mounts. Because Sir Nascien's steed had wings (and a dreadful horn) he was able to swoop down on the Saracen chargers escaping from the marsh, running through one after another with his lance. Only well into the battle did he draw his sword, and that was after he split his lance on a Teil tree, piercing a Saracen's shield and body beforehand, nailing him directly to the tree. He drew his sword and began hacking at steel in every direction.

Chips of wood from the shields and shreds of steel flew as one might see in a contest of twenty woodsmen cutting up one tree. Never had the Saracens seen the like before, and in panic they all flew into the center of the marsh where most of them drowned. As they retreated they let fly all of their arrows as if in one last desperate, hardouin move. Sir Nascien was hit from several sides and his armor looked like a pin cushion. But one arrow hit him in his right thigh, piercing even the scabbard of his Sword of Aravat, and because of his wounds he was carried from the field. He was bandaged in Edessa and treated as best they could from rubbings of the Unicorn Horn, until his fever broke, and then put back on his way, to return to his wife and son in Anjou, where he ruled as Grail King for several years more.

Causes of the Arab Wars

The causes of this war which ended in the Khazar defeat in A.D. 730, driving them back into the steppes from their anchors in Syria near Mosul, are the same causes which continue to plague humanity until now. They all boil down to disputes over Jesus's divinity which the Roman Empire, under Constantine, hoped to resolve in the Council of Nicaea but only added to the confusion. To understand the extreme forms of disagreement which still affect us today, it would be helpful to look at the issue from the Khazar, more open minded point of view.

The Khazars were Turkish peoples who converted to Judaism. They observed the Jewish law and did practice circumcision. A story involving the Khan Joseph, speaking of attempts to convert his people to either Christianity or Islam, perhaps best expressed the story of the Christian-Islamic differences. Khan Joseph's rabbi told him that an envoy of the Christians would have him and his people become Christians. He received the envoy and discerned that the Christians used the Scriptures but did not practice them. The Khan was well versed in the Hebrew Scriptures. Of course those Christians of the envoy were followers of Slues and their practices bore in fact little resemblance to the Scriptures. Their habit of using the Messiah in a manner which had no bearing to the Scriptures (which created the Messiah) just made no sense to the Khan, so he quickly dismissed the envoy. Conveniently, the Arab who was then on his way to tell the Khan about Islam was killed, so the Khan had no opportunity to judge Islam.

The Arab argument nonetheless was later sent to the Khan who was then so pressed with war he had no time to look at it. The letter said, "My lord, our Great Khan, may God keep you forever! The Quoran has no life but to confirm the Jewish Scriptures. Though evident in many areas, we need only use one example by your Grace's permission:

AL-AHQAF 46.12 .. the Book of Moses was revealed, a guide and a blessing to all men.
This book confirms it.

'Lord, one cannot confirm something while opposing it. Can two walk together except they be agreed? As God is to my Lord the Khan so too are the ways of the Jewish Scriptures to the Quoran.' In this the Khan could not object.

The Koran, of course, also confirms that Jesus is the Messiah, something the Khan did question but which was discredited by the action of the Heretics in making Jesus a god, called Antijude, in opposition to the Scriptures which created him. Because of the Christian Heretics and hypocrites, the Imams of the Koran and the Khan could never get together, leaving only in the Khan's mind a Jesus as a god who abrogates the Jewish Scriptures. We know for a fact that many an apostle of Islam was turned back by the Khazar's Khan because of this. They had to

advocate Jesus (as the Ebionites had advocated him) because of the Koran's endorsement of Jesus the Messiah in many places. We need only cite one instance here:

IMRANS 3:45 The angels said to Mary: "Allah bids you rejoice in a Word from him. His name is the Messiah, Jesus the son of Mary..."

Here we have the Koran's entire perspective on Jesus: He is a Word of God and his name is the Messiah. The Messiah is defined thoroughly in the Scriptures and is a title with amazing powers, which is written in Greek, as Christ, and in English, the Anointed One.

Coming to blows with Islam, the Heretics scuttled the Scriptures to advance their own religion using Jesus as a god called Antijude. They said God was of three natures; others said he was of a dual nature: a man and at the same time a god, or God. Because Jesus is a god, they argued, the scriptures are no longer of any effect. A more sensible approach to this dilemma was the Byzantine "Monophysite" consensus, agreeing more with the point of view of the Koran that God is one and He would not create a god who could compete with him. Where the Byzantines disagreed with the Moslems is the identification of Jesus as God incarnate. But both Byzantines and Moslems agreed that no idols are to be made of God and since Jesus (Messiah) is one with God (they agreed) no idols or pictures of him can be made as well. In Rome, as mentioned earlier, there was the argument that since Jesus had both a corporeal and divine nature, by intent of God, there was no offence in making images of his incarnate form. It was idols of his divine form which could not be made; other arguments, as advanced by the Heretics who scuttled the scriptures (Old Testament) altogether, argued that since the end of the Messiah is to reveal God's incarnate form – the revelation now being complete in Jesus – it is okay to make idols of Jesus and his saints.

Jesus' Divinity is Confusing to the Khazars

Jesus' divinity in all these cases – except in the traditional Jewish, Ebionite, and Islamic point of view which saw the Messiah as a man and a servant of God – had to be established in order to prove the Heretic thesis offered: that idols of Jesus can be worshipped. Leading the proof were the Heretics with their evidence that Jesus rose from the tomb and therefore must be a god (though the witnesses in the gospels attested to different observations at the empty tomb (except perhaps Peter and John's). Standing against the divinity of Jesus as either a god or the Messiah is, of course, Matthew 12.16-21 which shows Jesus charging his disciples not to make him known so the scripture (Isaiah 42.2 ff) may be fulfilled. The Khan made note of this, and when the Christian emissary failed to answer why Jesus made such a charge, the matter of the Khazars turning to Christianity was no more pursued. This is why the Khazars could never accept either Christianity or Islam, because so much to-do had been made about his divinity and his divinity could not stand up to the Khan's scrutiny. "At issue (avoiding the confusion of divinity) was his Service to God as the Son of Truth," said the Khan. And since Jesus claimed to have a Second Coming (Luke 21) and at that time (Luke 21.22) all things which are written shall be fulfilled. So the Khan observed one should wait for that truth to be revealed.

The Khazar Kingdom, as stated, began to decline after 730 A.D., and by the twelfth and thirteenth century they themselves began fleeing to the northwestern woods, to Poland and Lithuania, which stretched all the way to Bohemia and the lands of the Alemanni. It is these Jews who formed the bulk of the Eastern European Jews, centered in Poland and Lithuania,

who were eventually rounded up and sent to Hitler's gas chambers. Authorities all agree that the population of the Jews at the time of the diaspora mainly came from the Khazar Turks. After two thousand years of persecution, even to the furnaces of Hitler, the heritage of the Sons of David was sifted into a rather fine line of descent, involving the Ethiopian Kings, the Counties of Anjou and Somerset, and perhaps some Jews whose fathers trace from Bethlehem, wherever they may be...

Among the latter, David ben Zakkai, the hereditary secular head of the Jewish community of Babylonia, is perhaps one of the last recorded Sons of David, though lacking the rich detail of family history and tradition as his cousins in Ethiopia, Britain, and Anjou. ben Sakkai died A.D. 942 and is remembered for having brought the great Jewish Scholar Saadi Gaon to the Exarchate of Gaon. Saadi Gaon is considered the greatest Jewish Scholar, and his book, The book of Beliefs and Opinions, set the philosophy and standards for modern Jewish doctrine. We'll discuss him in the amazing tales of Yuri-rita in India and the lands of Chang-an, where, [on embarras] many worship instead of gods, beasts, and men the Golden Rule...

M8/31/92

Chapter 12

Yuri-rita's adventure in the Forbidden City of Tabue & how King George stirred up the the Kings of the East, and what follows

Zaid of Zamzam quickly rose to his feet and swished his goat skinned bag, brought all the way from Mecca, directly to the pack on his camel. Two thousand other drivers followed him, each coaxing their spitting and cantankerous camels from their kneeling position, in the desert about a days march from Bukhara, on the borders of the Khwarizm. Their two thousand camel caravan was on the way to Ch'ang-an, for spices and silks, which would be exchanged for gold and silver from Mecca and, for those Moslem communities among the Afghans and the Hindus, there was precious Holy Water from the Spring of Zemzem. Zaid's precious commodity was always burbling within their goatskin containers, so he was called Zaid of Zamzam, meaning "of the burbling well." Many communities would pay dearly for his water, as it came directly from the spring of the Sanctuary of the Temple, orKáaba, in Mecca. Of course, water was a precious commodity in the desert, and many a weary traveller had been quickened by the Spring of Zemzem. "His Word quickeneth thee more," Zaid would always say, as he would pour the precious waters into your cup.

In the distance, coming from the West of Bukhara, were two riders, dressed in full battle armor. It appeared as if the one was chasing the other, and the guards of the caravan prepared themselves for battle. But then they spied behind them a small cloud of pilgrims frantically kicking their asses; and behind them an enormous cloud began to appear on the desert floor. The caravan's locaton was where the desert floor was buttressed by the converging Hindu Kush Mountains – where the Eastern Turks lived – and the Tyan Shan mountain ranges of China. These mountains appeared themselves, as it were, in flight before the ominous Himalayas. The Himalayas are the highest, most formidable mountain range on earth, and they were formed by the land of India, once a separate mass of land, drifting into the continent of Asia.

Instantly the guards of the caravan ordered us to move up into the adjacent ridges. And there we hid and watched the proceeding events.

The two knights passed below us first. One of them was in full red dress. From the red plume on his bright, flashing helmet to the mantle of his horse, all was red. The horse himself was entirely red, except for one white patch on its hind quarter. Whether that same white patch appeared on the other side of the horse could not be determined, since the other side of the steed could not be seen. It had been running for quite a distance and was foaming at the mouth.

The reins and bridle of the horse were a treasure in themselves, as they were made out of the best red cordovan leather – matching the rider's red boots – and studded with bedazled, silver-dollar sized ornaments. The bridle itself was solid silver. The shield was solid red with a white cross and in the center of the white cross was a red dove.

Behind him was a rider in blue dress, whose plume was white, and whose jersey had pink stitchings. The mantle on the horse was itself quartered, with one quarter blue with pink stitchings offset by another which is pink with blue stitchings. The shield of this awesome knight matched the dress, as it too was quartered into pink and blue squares but in the center was a red bar with a white lion. The lance of this knight was itself a marvel, as it carried the same design on its hand rest, and its point had engraved upon it another lion. This horse's bridle and

reins were made of cordovan leather, pink as a Vikings's behind, and bronze-dipped steel. As this knight passed by we could see under the flapping pink jersey a breastplate with two blazing breasts! We behind the rocks had to smother our amusement, that somehow what was going on before us had to be either a strange amazonian marriage ceremony or a family dispute! "Never should a knight marry a woman in arms." we all agreed!

The Battle of Bukhara

5What appeared before the caravan's eyes was an event later known as the Battle of Bukhara. Behind the two wonderfully adorned knights was a troop of armed children in strange animal drawn chariots, whom we mentioned earlier, which were called the Terrible Beasties. In each chariot were two children, one about ten years old and the other three to four years old. The younger one held a whip and did most of the yelling, whilst the older child concentrated on driving the cart. The two children were heavily armed, and mounted on each side of the chariot were racks containing dozens of arrows. The beasts pulling the carts were small gazelles and land birds. Following behind these usually were two chariots of the Beasties which were being pulled by cheetahs. Later we were told that the Beasties would normally have overrun the two knights, but on this occasion, for reasons yet to mention – which were later told to us by the light of the fire– the Beasties were actually purposively restrained; and this was done by putting black cordovan blinders over the eyes of the cheetahs.

Behind this group were the pilgrims on asses, and now, right on their tail, was the army which we previously mentioned. It was about twenty thousand strong, of Ghuzzaris (half Ghuzz and half Khwarizi). Suddenly, as they reached the defile where the caravan was hiding, from the ridges on either side appeared a heavily armored army yelling and screaming the well known Khyber, blood chilling yell. The caravan had unknowingly hidden itself among the rocks at the time an entire army of Afghans secreted itself there. The result was horrible! The two errant knights turned, placed their lances in their rests, signaling for the Beasties to turn, at which time two children removed the blinders off the cheetahs. As the Pilgrims took to the rocks, out of the rocks descended the Afghans upon the horde of half Ghuzz and half Khwarizi. Within the hour the entire valley floor was covered in Ghuzzi-Khwarizi blood. And most of that blood was of cousins, cousins fighting cousins. On the side of the righteous cousins were the Afghans.

What had just occurred was a battle after the typical steppe manner common to all the Bulgars, Khazars, Avars, and other Turks. They set up a small contingent to drop into the neighborhood of the enemy and then being discovered, as the two errant knights were, they would feign flight into a defile where the pursuers could be massacred. We shall not give details of this massacre for the sake of young ears who need not hear examples of such violence. It is sufficient to say that it took three days to collect the armor and booty off the blood smeared corpses, many of whom were without heads.

It was the Nestorian Pilgrims who insisted on burying as many of the bodies as could be done in that time. But the venture was abandoned on the third day, not only because it was time to move on, but because the priests were having too difficult of a time matching heads to the bodies. The Turks all wore mustaches, and they all appeared the same, as they, even as with the Afghans, were all related. Among the bodies were a few Franks who also wore moustaches; but most of the Franks wore full beards, as was the preference of Sir Gwain mentioned earlier.

The Red Knight and the Blue-pink Knight joined the campfire and told us their tale. The Red

Knight was Sir Caldemore, of Britain, and when he removed his helmet we could see he wore a beard. His mate was the lady Sir Yuri-rita (she was knighted and calling her by any other title would have been an offence to the chevaliers and their code of chivalry). They had come to be part of the Afghan army in service to the Khazar Khan, Bazir. He had sent them into the territory of the northern Caspian Sea to cut off an Arab army passing through the plain between the Caspian Sea and the Aral Sea. In this adventure they came in contact with the Afghans, who had just converted to Islam, but there were still many of them who were Ebionites and a few Jews. The Ghuzz and the Khwazari were still pagans, and all agreed that the job here to win over the pagans had been well done and God would be pleased. This was one of the few times where the Jews, Christians, and Moslems actually could sit together in agreement, where together they had carried out a just battle on behalf of God. After that the Heretics entered the area and got the Turks all confused over the number of God – because of the divinity of Jesus previously mentioned – which caused most of the peoples in that area, following the point of view of the Khazar Khan, to convert to Islam.

The Khan carried an extraordinary influence in Asia, as he was of the blood of Asena, and when he observed the Hypocrisy of the Heretics any further discussion of Jesus as a god was immediately put away. Islam was able to then penetrate this part of the area because Islam's pilgrims agreed that Jesus is not a god (because he cannot compete with god), and therefore his teachings cannot conflict with the Scriptures. The basis of the Heretic teachings, as mentioned earlier, was that Jesus, as a god, Antijude, in his own right could alter the Scriptures of God as the Heretics might seem fitting.

All of the peoples of this region: of Turkistan, Afghanistan, Uzbekistan, Kazakstan, Kyrgyztan, Tajikistan and the Pakistanis agreed with the Khan's point of view and soon converted to Islam.

The Nestorian Pilgrims were somewhere in between the Ebionites (described earlier) and the Moslems in their views and were then interested in the teachings of the Brahmins of Pakistan and India, which is where they were headed just before they were passed by the two wonderfully attired knights and the Beasties, and, following them, the army of the Ghuzz and the Khwarizm. The Nestorians had intruded into the battle scene as they had left their lodging in Bukhara for their next stop in their pilgrimage, which was the multi-fabled city of Samarkand, the capital of Prestor John, the uncle of Sir Nascien. It was Prestor John himself who was responsible for converting the peoples of that region to the Ebionite branch of Christianity; and for a while he was the supreme commander of all the peoples of Central Asia. He had died just before the Battle of Bukhara at the ripe old age of one hundred and three years. From his loins – his marriage to an Eastern Turk – came the great Tamarlane, who put as much fear into the hearts of the European Kings as Prestor John himself. Tamarlane was also related to the Chinese emperors.

All of these people dressed pretty much the same, in geometrically woven, woolen garments and turbans. Their girdles were dressed with golden swords and at least two daggers each. Usually one of them had another dagger hidden in his black boots. They all wore baggy pantaloons, as opposed to the European tights and togas, and the crotch of their ballooning pantaloons usually reached just above the knee. Most of them were herdsman of goats and sheep. A breed of their goats, called the Cashmere, was then becoming highly prized because of its soft texture, as was preferred their sheep wool also, for which most caravans stopped in Samarkand and Bukhara to procure.

That evening we all fell into song and dance. The Turks, like the Persians and the Greeks,

never allowed their women to participate in their victory dances. "Dancing was for men," they all would say, so the evening after the battle many camp fires lit up the sky to the rhythmic two-three stepping of the warriors of Afghanistan, who would rise, jump and dip, each with one's arm over another's shoulder, all chained after this manner in an estatically weaving circle around the fire. The Nestorians themselves did not go in for dancing and usually sat around their fires at the rear of our caravan, whilst praying and meditating, preparing themselves for their encounter with the sages of India. Among their group, though not a Nestorian, was a man who was a printer named Gregori deTomæoni, an Italian come from Florence, whose family was well known as having supplied many famous knights and priests, most noteworthy among them being the Savoys. To spite his family which was equally divided between knights and priests, he was the first of them to try a new occupation. He had studied at the University of Bologna and later took up the Book Publishing trade in Ravenna, which then was under the supervision of the Monks of Ravenna, an esteemed community of monks who had come from Ireland, a land famous for its Illuminated Books.

Gregori was caught in the purge of Justinian II, and as the Greek troops of the emperor entered the city he gathered what books he had on the arts of publishing – and his notes – and took ship to Malta, and from there fell into the crowd of a group of Vikings who were then boasting of the riches of Khazaristan whom they were planning to rob. Gregori booked passage with them to the Island of Rhodhos, where they were attempting to set up a trading mission from which to launch their invasion, but failed. From there he met some Franks who were on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, so he opted to join them and went on to the Holy Land. After seeing the land of our fathers, he then went on to Damascus where he heard of some marvellous new inks from India which did not smear as easily as the inks of Ravenna. Seeing an opportunity here, he booked passage to India on a caravan and came to be placed in the third class section with the baggage and Nestorian Pilgrims who then were fleeing from the Heretic Bishop of Alexandria in Egypt. Offended over their confusion over Jesus he had placed a warrant of ten thousand pounds on the Nestorians' heads, dead or alive. Seeing as the Caliph of Damascus would not give them refuge, they decided to head for India, whose people, they heard, were more tolerant of differing points of view on God.

Sir Caldmore and Princess Yuri-rita came to be associated in the valley of the Battle of Bukhara through their connection with Sir Nascien. Princess Yuri-rita was a beauty with wonderfully brazen breasts who was of the court of Constantine IV and a cousin of the emperor by way of her British, Anjovian uncle. She was an extraordinary lady of high education, and she had a thirst for adventure. She came from a rather crazily mixed up blood-line – too long to retell here – which basically included most races from the Pacific Ocean to Asia, Africa (through her uncle who was descended from Prestor John and the half white, half black Sir Fierfiez) and Europe--except Italian. Being related to Emperor Constantine IV and thus a Heraclid herself (she was often surnamed Yuri-rita Ogmios – meaning Heracles – by the Franks), she was a true Princess and commanded the greatest respect in that area of the world.

Princess Yuri-rita was attracted to Sir Caldmore when she first saw him arrive at Constantine's Court in Constantinople, when on their way to the Khan of the Khazars and further adventures. From there Sirs Nascien and Caldmore went on to fight the Khwarizm on behalf of the Khan. The Khwarizm were under the rule of the Khan but had been fraternizing with emissaries of Caliph Muawija and his successors, so Sirs Nascien and Caldmore were sent into their area with a rather well fit army to put down the rebellion, and, of course, cut off the

inroads the Arabs were making into the Khan's territories. This area in particular was important to the Khan because it was the land of the caravan route to Inner Asia and China, coming from either Europe or Persia, and critical to the control of the spice and silk trade. In 711 A.D. and in the middle of this war our Grail King, Sir Nascien, returned to France, leaving Sir Caldmore in charge of the Franks, who were then serving in the foreign legion of the Khan of the Khazars. Some Franks, as implied above, had joined the opposition for reasons too complicated to describe here; let it suffice to say that the turn-coats were from Navarre and the Garonne area near Toulouse and quite frankly they had more in common with the Visigoths, now under the Moors from Zaragoza, than the Parisians of the north. So they joined the army of the Caliph of Damascus. The opportunities for plunder were better under the Caliph.

Sir Caldmore and his Grail King, Sir Nascien, and their contingent were not in the war for plunder but for the glory of God. For it is a truth that Sir Nascien's mission, as spelled out by Sir Gwain in his Tiny Books from the chest of Merlin, was not for gold, neither for personal glory, but for God and his prophets. For it was through Sir Nascien that the Glory of God's prophecy and wisdom would be seen. We speak of the Messiah.

Whilst Sir Nascien returned to Anjou and married Princess Anaïs, the Grail Queen, in A.D. 714, Sir Caldmore continued with the wars against the Khwarizm. But then, in the fall of A.D. 712, he was wounded during a stand of valor which still rings on the lips of every caravan master who passes through the Bukhara region. He was surrounded by a thousand Saracens and ten thousand Khwarisi, and all but himself and three of his men were yet alive, battling in a last stand on a grassy knoll overlooking the Aral Sea. Then, seeing as all was lost, the four brave knights of Caldmore's Stand opted to commit suicide rather than to fall further into the hands of the Caliph who then sought to capture them alive. Seeing that their fate would be before the judgment hall of the Caliph and no doubt end in mutilation before death, as was the custom of most peoples in those times, the men chose suicide in their moment of pressing despair. As each took out his dagger to cut the throat of his friend and brother in arms, they saw in the sunset a cross in the sky which was framed by the rising moon. And then the Miracle of Baalforehappened: General Abdullah ibn Mustafa, of the Saracen army, saw the cross and stopped his troops. "God," he said, "has forbidden us to take these valiant knights," so they all turned and left with the retreating sun. This is how the Harvest Moon came to be added to the shield of Sir Caldmore, and his Red Armor from that day took on a greater significance.

All of the four valiant knights came out of Caldmore's Stand with multiple wounds. Sir Caldmore himself – though a veteran of many battles – has to this day as souvenirs of the stand a long scar on his right arm, where a Saracen sword nearly severed the flesh from his arm from elbow to wrist; several deep wounds dress his left side, with one scar reaching from his breast to his groin. How he survived that stand without bleeding to death only God himself can answer, as he fought in the end without his shield, using one hand for his sword and the other hand to staunch the flood of blood pouring from his wounds!

The knights' of Caldmore's Stand, besides Sir Caldmore, were Sir Bleoberis, Sir Frye (a scion of Sir Bors), Sir Anthelstan (a West Saxon and Etheling married to Sir Frye's sister), and Sir Robert of Anjou, brother of King Constantine the Grail King, who was married to Constantine's cousin Beatrice of Poitiers. It was this Beatrice whose niece married Duke Aymond, the father of Bradamante, who took after Princes Yuri-rita and was a great warrior and a Paladin of Charlesmagne. The story of Bradamante is well known among the Chansons de Geste.

Bradamante fell in love with Sir Rogero, a scion of Sir Nascien and Hugh of Clarmont, who – as the Knight of the Unicorn – was a premier Paladin of Charlesmagne. Sir Rogero and Bradamante married, and their son was Roger of Anjou. Duke William of Normandy was a scion of this Roger of Anjou. Duke Aymond, the father of Bradamante, was a cousin of Bertrada, wife of King Pepin, and most of them can trace their ancestry to King Constantine, King Nascien, or their cousin Duke Henric (Chyrin le Grand) who was the heir of Sir Bleoberis, Duke of Poitiers and Sir Clarrus Duke of Normandy. He was related by blood to them and King Arthur of Britain, but also, through his ties to King Cedric, was kin of the chiefs of Somerset and West Saxony. Beatrice, who married Duke Aymond, was the sister of King Cyneard, who traced his ancestry directly to King Cedric. It was King Cedric the Saxon who first landed in Britain from Saxony in the fifth century A.D. and began the conquest of the British. But we are getting ahead of our story, as Beatrice and Duke Aymond and Bradamante and Rogero – the Knight of the Unicorn – lived during the latter half of the eighth century, during Emperor Charlesmagne's reign.

Sir Caldemore was the only one of them who was not married, and because of this and because he also was of the House of Savoy – and a distant relative of Sir Nascien through Henric's brother the Duke of Lombardy – the Lombards were then leaders of Florence – he was a catch after whom Princess Yuri-rita thirsted with the thirstiest passion. Hearing of Caldemore's Stand, and his wounds, and alarmed that he might die in the furry tents of the Khazars, she immediately formed a small battle group and left Constantinople to find her adorable knight servitor. Joining up with him, as he was then associated with the Afghan army, she and her contingent joined the War of Bukhara.

After the Battle of Bukhara Princess Yuri-rita wandered towards the end of our caravan and came in touch with the Nestorian Pilgrims who then had raised a tent with a red cross on its side (inspired by the vision of the Red Cross of Sir Caldemore's Stand) and filled it with many of the wounded still surviving from the Battle of Bakhara. There was no knight or footman who was not admitted into their hospice and assuaged by their medicines and herbs. Miraculously no one taken into the Tent of the Red Cross was taken out feet first! We mean to say every one of our wounded survived. Because of this the Franks took the story back to France, and it later influenced St. Bernard and the Templars and Hospitaliers who adorned their mantles and shields with either red or white crosses.

Princess Yuri-rita's Trip through India

Being moved by the operations of the Tent of the Red Crosiers as they came to be called, Princess Yuri-rita became rather closely acquainted with Gregori deTomæoni and began assisting him with the medicines. He was well versed in the arts of alchemy (whose notes, we mentioned in an earlier aside, came into the possession of the prophet Nostradamus) and, by reason of his alchemistic notions, became a leader of the Nestorian group. Impressed by his tender yet firm hands, Princess Yuri-rita fell in love with Gregori, and she followed him into India. A few of her troops went on with her, led over the Khyber Pass by the Afghans, and into Kashmir, where they met their first sage whose name was Babor of Bekus, a cousin of the king who built for his pretty young wife the beautiful castle exactly after the vision of the Tajma Hall mentioned earlier. But that castle was in the south of India, and where Babor was teaching was in the north of India, at the foot of the Himalayas, in the same forest where Buddha himself once taught about 600 B.C. Buddha taught about Buddhism, which was a creed much like that

taught by Jesus, but after the teaching of the Devas and the Hindu Brahmins. The Brahmins were teachers who spent a great deal of their time in seclusion, sitting in one forest glade after another, teaching to whomsoever would seek their knowledge in exchange for a bowl of rice.

It was through the teachings of Babor that Gregori learned of the Mystical Thread of India and the art of printing of which we shall now speak.

The Mystical Thread of India

Being interested in a new ink which might not streak from water (many of the monks who copied their Illuminated Books in Ravenna were often in tears) Gregori instantly became enraptured by a story which Babor told him of a magic ink. It seems as though there was a castle near the Chinese border where there was a mystical thread which could copy entire pages of writings – any style and any language – in a second or two. In the Mysterious Castle of the Mysterious Thread the people were Buddhists and worshipped using Prayer Wheels. Prayer Wheels were cylinders ranging as large as a Cathedral bell to a hand-held instrument, which had a handle, and by holding the handle in one hand and spinning the cylinder in the other, the prayers encased in the wheels would be spun into the air to Heaven. Since the messages put in the Prayer Wheels could be replaced daily – as was the practice, for each new day demanded a new prayer as it were – the demand for written prayers was enormous. In addition the people of the Himalaya region wrote prayers on pieces of paper which were secured to bamboo stakes jammed into the ground. So between the Prayer Wheels and the staked papers flapping their messages to the wind, there was a considerable demand for written prayers.

To meet this demand a monk of the Forbidden City of Tabue invented a Mysterious Thread which could be guided onto paper and duplicate any message reflected on a nearby polished shield. After hearing of this story, Gregori and Princess Yuri-rita parted company with the Nestorian Pilgrims and went on to cross the mountains into China and the Forbidden City of Tabue. They joined a small band of Pamir Pilgrims who were on their way to the Forbidden City. The story of their journey to the Forbidden City was confiscated, so we cannot here tell you much of it. Gregori and his new wife Princess Yuri-rita (they were married in the Forbidden City of Tabue) mentioned that they brought back with them complete drawings of the Miraculous Thread of Tabue, but the drawings were taken by the envoy, Lao Tzu T'ang, of the Chinese Emperor of Chang-an. Afterwards, when Gregori returned to Ravenna and later Florence, he attempted to obtain funds from the Pope to build the magic printing device but no one believed him.

He said the printing machine worked by a magic beam of light focused through a clear piece of adamant or an emerald – emeralds worked better – onto a stack of paper. Everything reflected from the mirror through the beam of light became duplicated on each paper – no matter how many papers there were in the stack. He called his contraption, of which he said he had a working model, the Copæi Multigraphicaii. He described the principal of its operation thusly: it works by light into light, one light bending into another. Each beam of light carries all the information reflected in it from the mirror. "Miraculously," he said, "one could, like a surgeon, dissect any beam and duplicate the entire message on any piece of the beam from the mirror. Just one fragment – or thread of light as it were – was all that was needed to copy mountains of prayers. Each piece of paper was coated with a Magic Elixir which would turn color when touched by the magic beam of light.

Any number of stacks of paper could be printed at a time, of any size or shape, merely by splitting the beam of light through different prisms of adamants. Since the magic light beams turned every which way or that, as they needed to be turned, it was the custom to make their final bend towards the center of the dome of the Magic Chamber's ceiling, where they pierced a thin sheet of glass and sped onwards back up to heaven from whence they came. The thin beam of light could be drawn off the moon as well as the sun, so one approaching the magic, Forbidden City of Tabue would first notice the beams escaping into the heavenly, night sky. "They appeared as shooting stars in reverse," Gregori said. Princess Yuri-rita confirmed this story even into her old age, yet most of the people of Florence did not believe them. The main reason no one wanted to invest in the device was owing to King George's nasty influence – through the Heretics – in the West. He hated absolutely everything which is new, as is the case of most Tyrants, and laid plenty of sinister objections to the machine before he died in A.D. 714, which, as said before, was from a death suitable to his works: he scratched himself to death. This was when when Sir Nascien and Princess Anaïs married.

After obtaining the plans for the machine, as said, Gregori and his new wife, Princess Yuri-rita, descended into the Plateau of Zindab in China proper, where their plans were confiscated by the envoy of the Chinese T'ang Emperor. After this Princess Yuri-rita proceeded on to the emperor of China and Gregori turned aside to return to Florence to duplicate his machine from memory. He thought to recopy the plans of the device from memory when he passed back into Afghanistan, but then the copy was smeared in a rare hailstorm, and he – sensing it a sign from God (believing everything of God has its time and place, and his invention was too early for the demented times of King George) – Gregori deferred making any more copies of the design until he reached Florence. There, after being scorned and derided because of his designs and wonderful, working model, he destroyed the entire works and – on the rare occasion which he ever cursed anyone – he cursed King George and his Kingdom of Quaken-Bush, their people who daily added to the plight of the poor and God's mission, and George's lackeys in Europe. It is because of this Curse, more than any other reason, that the kingdom of Quaken-Bush was destroyed and became a sign in history of a people who ought not to have tempted God. Gregori's writings later fell into the possession of Nostradamus, as he visited Florence on a medical scholarship.

The prophecies of Gregori, forwarded on to us through Nostradamus, said that the hated vision of King George of Quaken-Bush and its people would once again appear in the Last Days, when the world would be burdened by the Apocalypse. It is said that all those who scorned St. Gregori's writings suddenly died of a blood infection of which no leech could cure. "I will plead with them with blood," the prophets said, and surely Quaken-Bush became the first example of this Curse of God. Gregori died, disgusted with the people of Florence's liaison with Quaken-Bush, in 771 A.D. "Cursed are those who bring the Lord's Creation into contempt," were his last words. His body was found at sunset, with his finger pointing to Revelation 11.18. No nation had brought God's creation into more contempt than King George and his Kingdom of Quaken-Bush.

Princess Yuri-rita rejoined her husband in Florence after her adventure in China, and they had many children, of whom can be counted the scions of Kings.

Before leaving the Forbidden City of Tabue, Princess Yuri-rita ran into a man who had made many pilgrimages from China to the Forbidden City of Tabue. He had been an advisor to the emperor Hsüan-tsung of China who ruled out of his capital of Ch'ang-an, previously mentioned.

What Rome was to the West the T'ang Dynasty of China was to the East. During the period 710-55 A.D. China underwent the most brilliant period of its history. From Ch'ang-an the T'ang ruled an empire including all of Korea, Manchuria and Mongolia to the Great Wall in the north; to the south much of Vietnam, west to the borders of Tufan(Tibet); in the far west they set up the prefectures of Kang (Samarkand) and Kan (Bukhara), to name a few places. In maintaining their hegemony they waged war with the Eastern Turks, whose capital was Kara-Balghasun, near present day Uliastay, Mongolia. The Western Turks had their capital at Suyah, at the southern end of the crescent shaped Lake Balkhash in eastern Kazakstan. Several T'ang offensives in this region, at Hami, Turfan, and Kucha, south of Suyah, pressed the Turks and others like them further into the Black Sea region, as previously recorded; and these offensives, in turn, lay at the root of many offensives of the Magyars, Avars, etc. in the Balkans and Eastern Europe. At that time the Arabs were extending their influence into Afghanistan and India. At the request of Tokhara and other kingdoms threatened by Arab invasions, the T'ang emperor intervened in the Amu-Darya river area at the Aral Sea and saved many from certain destruction.

Teachings from the Forbidden City of Tabue

Princess Yuri-rita took notes of several teachings she learned through the pilgrim from China in the Forbidden City of Tabue. His name was Buddhadharmā. As his name implies he was a Buddhist and was an honored philosopher in the Forbidden City of Tabue. He always taught in the name of a sage who taught before him. He believed that by quoting a sage one gives him life. This is what the Jewish rabbis believed also, so when he introduced a teaching he would say "father I-Ching, in the name of H'wen-chou, in the name of etc. etc., in the name of Lao Tzu said," etc. "The teachings were very enlightening except for having to endure the long list of acknowledgments preceding a particular notion," said Princess Yuri-rita in her prefatory remarks on her journey to the Forbidden City of Tabue.

Most of the teachings come from some masters who lived about the same time as Socrates (469-399 B.C.) Guatama, the Buddha (560-480 B.C.) Lao Tzu (considered to be the teacher of Confucius); Confucius (551-479 B.C.) and the prophet Jeremiah, circa. 550-600 B.C. The age of the latter four is referred to by historians as the Axis Age.

We shall not describe each of their teachings but refer to them as one, as they all followed a belief which can be reduced to the Golden Rule: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." Ways of achieving this can vary, as a man's life can vary. Some people, as expressed by the Khan of the Ghuzz, for instance, cannot control their actions, so they must have laws to control them. Others – more enlightened souls we say – need few laws and may rest their actions entirely on the precepts of self-control, which in turn rely upon the Golden Rule. The Khan of the Ghuzz said "If you cannot control yourself (from temptation) cover your women; we of the Ghuzz", he said, "need not do so!"

As with his teachings, so too is it with the teachings of the prophets and the sages of the Far East. The first teaching is to "Know Thyself." The second teaching is like it. Remove yourself from those things which you know will tempt you to sin against the Golden Rule. If you know you might steal, cheat, or lie, or do worse if tempted, remove yourself from the temptation.

Removing Yourself from Temptation

The sages offered two ways of removing yourself from temptation. The first way is to understand that with life comes temptation and temptation brings suffering. To avoid suffering, therefore, they say one should remove oneself from the causes of temptation and (therefore) suffering. Become a hermit was one solution. Buddha, for instance, gave up his life as a prince of Kashmir in exchange for the solitary life and a beggar's rice bowl. Lao-Tzu simply said to change your perspective. Become humble, tolerant and discern that there are many things which happen in life which are beyond your control. Discernment is the key to salvation, which we simplify in a term called The Way which we shall now describe as set forth in the Scriptures of the Forbidden City of Tabue.

The Way is forever nameless.
The great Way is easy, yet people prefer bypaths.
This can be seen when tyrants come to rule. The court is corrupt,
The fields are overgrown with weeds,
The granaries are empty;
Yet, there are those dressed in fineries,
With swords at their sides,
Filled with food and drink,
And possessed of too much wealth.
This is known as taking the lead in robbery.
Far indeed is this from the Way.

Always rid yourself of desires in order to observe the Way's secrets.
But allow yourself to have desires in order to observe its manifestations.

The sage of The Way has no mind of his own.
He takes as his own the mind of the people.

One who possesses virtue in abundance, a sage, is comparable to a new born babe:
Poisonous insects will not sting it;
Ferocious animals will not take it;
Predatory birds won't swoop upon it.
Its bones are weak and its sinews supple yet its hold is firm.
It does not know of the union of male and female yet its male member will stir.
This is because its virility is at its height. It howls all day yet does not become hoarse.
This is because its harmony is at its height.
To know harmony is called the Constant;
To know the Constant is called discernment.

Those who are good I treat as good.
Those who are not good I also treat as good.
In so doing I gain in goodness.

Those who are of good faith I have faith in.
Those who are lacking in good faith I also have faith in.
In so doing I gain in good faith.

The sage puts his person last and the Way comes first.
Is it not because he is without thought of self that he is able to accomplish his private ends?

The Way accomplishes its task yet lays claim to no merit.

The sage extends himself but not at the expense of others,
Shines but does not dazzle.

The sage takes his place over the people yet is no burden;
Takes his place ahead of the people yet causes no obstruction.
That is why the empire supports him joyfully and never tires of doing so.
It is because he does not contend that no one in the empire is in a position to contend with him.

The Way of Heaven excels in overcoming though it does not contend,
In responding, though it doesn't speak,
In attracting though it does not summon,
In laying plans though it appears slack.

The net of heaven is cast wide.
Though the mesh is not fine,
Yet nothing ever slips through.

Make the small big and the few many;
Do good to him who has done you an injury.

Deal with a thing while it is still nothing.
Keep a thing in order before disorder sets in.

The sage never attempts to be great and therefore succeeds in being great.

One who excels in travelling leaves no wheel tracks;
One who excels in shutting uses no bolts,
Yet what he shut cannot be opened;
One who excels in tying uses no cords,
Yet what he has tied cannot be undone;
Therefore, the sage always excels in Saving People and so abandons no one;
Always excels in saving things, and so abandons nothing.

Opposites complement each other.
The difficult and the easy complement each other;
Something and nothing produce each other.

Hence, the good man is the teacher the bad man learns from,
And the bad man is the material the good works from.

The sage avoids excess, extravagance, and arrogance.

The submissive and the weak will overcome the hard and the strong.
How easily a small shoot can displace a rocky crag!

Too much store is sure to end in immense loss.
Therefore, know contentment and you will suffer no loss.
Know when to stop and you will meet with no danger.
You can then endure.

There is no crime greater than having too many desires;
There is no disaster greater than not being content.

There is no misfortune greater than being covetous.
Hence, in being content one will always have enough.
One can even know the entire world without stirring abroad,
And without even looking out the window one can know the way of Heaven.

When the Way prevails in the empire, fleet-footed horses are relegated to ploughing the fields;
When the way does not prevail in the empire,
Warhorses breed on the border.
It is always through not meddling that the empire is won.

When the people lack a proper sense of awe,
Then some awful visitation will descend upon them.

Is not the way of Heaven like the stretching of a bow?
High it presses down, the low it lifts;
The excessive it takes from, the deficient it gives to.

It is the way of Heaven to take from what has in excess in order to make good what is deficient.

The way of man is otherwise.

It takes from those who are in want in order to offer riches to those who already have more than enough.

Therefore the sage benefits them yet exacts no gratitude,
Accomplishes his task yet lays claim to no merit.

Truthful words are not beautiful;
Beautiful words are not truthful.
Good words are not persuasive;
Persuasive words are not good.

The sage creates the Disciplined Man.
He who concentrates upon the task
And forgets about reward
May be called the Disciplined Man.

The Disciplined Man does everything possible to help the poor
But nothing to enrich the rich.

The Disciplined Man knows his worth.
He may fish with a hook, knowing he needs not a net;
He never shoots his arrows at a sitting bird.

The Disciplined Man is completely at ease;
Petty men are always on edge and easily tipped from their place.

The Disciplined Man is a ruler without detachment.
If you have faults do not fear self-improvement.
Do not do to others what you would not desire for yourself.

The Disciplined Man is a good judge of disputes,
And in hearing cases knows that his best work
Is to see to it that there are no cases before the judge.

The Disciplined Man is frank, meticulous, and accommodating.
Friends are frank and meticulous;
Brothers are accommodating.

The Disciplined Man undertakes something even though he knows it can't be done!
Be not concerned over men's not knowing of you;
Be concerned rather over your failings.

The Disciplined Man demands it of himself;
Petty men of others.

The Disciplined Man can be reduced to the last extremity,
But when petty man is so reduced he loses all self-control.

The Disciplined Man is sparing in his reproaches of others,
While he heaps them upon himself;
In this way he keeps away resentments.

The Disciplined Man never seeks life at the expense of others;
There are cases where his life is given for the accomplishment of the Disciplined Man.

The Disciplined Man must give thought to problems which are still distant,
Otherwise he will be worried by them when they come nearer.

As you serve your prince give precedence to his interest;
Think of your reward last.

Remember that the only ones who do not change are sages and idiots.

There are nine things which a Disciplined Man must be mindful:

To see when he looks,
To hear when he listens,
To have a facial expression of gentleness,
To have an attitude of humility,
To be loyal in speech,
To be respectful in service,
To inquire when in doubt,
To think of the difficulties when angry,
To think of justice when he sees an advantage.

If the Disciplined Man does not see the world following the Way,
Then he is obliged to do his part to help reform it.

Just as artisans inhabit the market place to ply their trades,
So the Disciplined Man studies to improve his doctrine.
But heed always the fact that as the Disciplined Man may be considered wise because of
some one word,
So, because of some one word, may one be considered ignorant!

The Disciplined Man knows his soul which is the Self
And the Self is part of the indivisible, ineffable Self
Who rejoices in his creations from the Kingdom of Heaven.

The Self is invisible yet sees through your eyes and hears through your ears.
If one thinks he knows the self, he knows not,
For all one sees is the external form and the self is indwelling.
Continue therefore your meditation
And remember the story of the *Blind Men and the White Elephant*.

To be the Self is to go beyond death.
Behold the glory of the Self through the grace of love.

Though one sits in meditation in a particular place,
The Self within can exercise his influence far away.
Though still, he moves everything everywhere.
For the supreme Self is beyond name and form,
Beyond the senses, inexhaustible,
Without beginning, without end,
Beyond time, space, and causality,
Eternal, immutable.

Those who realize the Self are forever free from the jaws of death.

But to know one, is to know all.

As pure water is poured into pure water and becomes one with the immutable self,
So too can one verily become one with the Godhead.
For the supreme ruler and immutable Self multiplies his oneness into many.
Changeless midst the things which pass away,
He answers the prayers of many.
Eternal peace is theirs who see the Self in their own hearts.

When all desires that surge in the heart are renounced,
The mortal becomes immortal.
When all the knots that strangle the heart are loosened,
The mortal becomes immortal.

Those who long for the Self with all their heart are chosen by the Self as his own.

If you are in doubt about right conduct, follow the example of the sages.
Practice meditation and discern its foundation,
That wisdom means a life of selfless service.

When one is, in whom all life is one,
Changeless, nameless, formless,
Then one fears no more.
Until we realize the unity of life, we live in fear.

Refuse not food to those who are hungry.
When you feed the hungry, you serve the Lord,
From whom is born every living creature.

Those who realize that all life is one are at home everywhere
And see themselves in all.
They sing in wonder:
I am the food of life, I am, I am.

As rivers lose their private name and form when they reach the sea,
So the soul is dedicated to the Self.

As bees suck nectar from many a flower and make their honey one,
So that no drop can say, "I am from this flower or that;"
All creatures, though one, know not they are that One.

If lost in sorrow, know thyself,
For one who realizes the Self goes beyond sorrow.

Where one realizes the indivisible unity of life,
Sees nothing else, hears nothing else, knows nothing else,
That is the infinite.
Where one sees separateness, shares separateness, knows separateness,
That is the finite.
The infinite is beyond death,

But the finite cannot escape death.
Therefore, do a diligent search for things thou knowest not.

Rejoice in Him through renunciation.
Covet nothing.
All belongs to the Lord.
Live your life, therefore, for the welfare of all.

That which your heart desires, may you attain;
And finding for yourself deliverance in the Self, deliver all!

Remember the Buddha, as he knows the world as it is
And never says that it is real or false, or good or evil.
He simply shows the world as it is.
He came from nowhere and there is nowhere where he went.
He lacked nothing,
And because he lacked nothing his body fills every corner of the universe,
It reaches everywhere, it exists forever.
For he became one with the immutable Self.

The form of the Buddha is originally one Dharma-kaya,
But as the nature of people varies, Buddha's form appears differently.
Though Buddha has a three-fold body, his spirit and purpose are one:
To save all people.
It is seldom that a Buddha appears in this world.

When a Buddha does appear, he attains Enlightenment,
Introduces the Way, severs the net of suspicion,
Removes the lure of desire at its root,
Plugs the fountain of evil;
Completely unhindered, he walks at will over the world.

It has been explained that Buddha is not a physical body but is Enlightenment.
A body may be thought of as a receptacle;
Then, if this receptacle is filled with enlightenment,
It may be called Buddha.

For those who are proud and egoistic, he preaches humility and self-sacrifice;
For those who are entangled in the web of worldly pleasures,
He reveals the misery of the world.
As Buddha is the great king of the Way, he can preach to all people as he wishes;
So Buddha appears in the world to bless the people.
To save them from suffering he preaches the Way,
But the ears of people are dulled by greed and they are inattentive.
They imagine discriminations where there are in reality, no discriminations,
And clinging to their egos they take wrong actions.

As a result they become attached to a delusive existence.
But those who listen to his teachings are free from the delusions and the miseries of life.

Search Truth: discern the questions which are important.
In the presence of lamentation, sorrow, suffering, and pain,
One should first search for a way to solve these problems
And devote oneself to the practice of that way.
Keep thine mind pure, as the impure mind surrounds itself with impure things
And the pure mind with pure things.
If a man speaks and acts with a pure mind,
Happiness follows him like his shadow.
Those who act knowing they have done wrong are condemned to falling under the same
retributions they heaped upon others.

Be calm, be still, so you can acquire peacefulness like the Buddha
And thus be able to cultivate your mind day and night with more diligence,
And with it offer its part to the ineffable all.

This is the end of the teaching of the Forbidden City of Tabue.

The Battle of Arjuna

As Princess Yuri-rita and her sage companion descended the precarious trail into China – they had joined a train of about two hundred pack animals – they saw on the horizon a cloud of dust which was no doubt an enormous army. Knowing not the army's intent, the small train continued upon its path, hoping that the vision in the distance would be troops of the T'ang emperor, and, if so, their passage would be safe because of the T'ang Sage who had befriended Yuri-rita. But then as they just reached the plain, another army, about the same size as the other, appeared which was of the Turks. Yuri-rita then knew that she and her friend were in a precarious position and must choose sides, the one being the enemy of the other. Because of her service with the Khan of the Khazars the Turks would expect her to take their side; but because of her association with the Chinese sage, the Chinese would expect her to take their side. What must she do? Then she realized that all of the teachings she learned from the sage – of which we have recalled a part – meant nothing in the face of a barbaric world. Her life could be smashed, as an ant accidentally smashed underfoot – and believe you me there were many people in India (called the Jains) who took extra precaution to prevent stepping even on ants – and her world could come to an end. And without her, her world meant nothing!

"For the sake of my world," she said to herself, "I must survive." So she put all of her skills in diplomacy to work, sensing their needs and relating herself to them. She remembered the teaching, "that whatever she does must be without concern for the fruits." Then, in her moment of reverie, a slight, almost imperceptible voice whispered into her ear, saying:

"Hear thou a message from the Great Spirit:
Delight in the good of all creatures and attain the pure calm of infinity!
Become tranquil.
Remember to act with honor, for one who acts with honor cannot go the wrong way.
Dwelling compassionately deep in thyself,

I dispel darkness born of ignorance with the radiant light of knowledge.
I am the time grown old, creating world destruction,
Set in motion to annihilate the worlds;
Even without you, all these warriors arrayed in hostile ranks will cease to exist!
Act only for me, intent on me, free from attachment,
Hostile to no creature; rejoice in the welfare of all creatures.

"Even if you fail in practice, dedicate yourself to action.
Performing actions for my sake you will achieve success.
Be self-controlled and reject all fruit of action.
The Lord stands with equanimity everywhere.
Seeing the Lord standing the same everywhere,
The self cannot injure itself and goest the highest way.
When he perceives the unity existing in separate creatures and how they expand from
unity,
He attains the Infinite Spirit.

"Fearlessness, purity, determination in the discipline of knowledge,
Charity, self-control, sacrifice,
Study of sacred lore, penance, honesty;
Nonviolence, truth, absence of anger,
Disengagement, peace, loyalty,
Compassion for creatures, lack of greed, gentleness,
Modesty, reliability; brilliance, patience,
Resolve, clarity absence of envy and of pride;
These characterize a man born with divine traits.
The divine traits lead to freedom, the demonic lead to bondage;
Do not despair, Yuri-rita, you were born with the divine.

"Demonic men cannot comprehend activity and rest,
There exists no clarity, no morality, no truth in them.
They say that the world has no truth, no basis, no god,
That no power of mutual dependence is its cause, but only desire.
Mired in this view, lost to themselves with their meager understanding,
These fiends contrive terrible acts to destroy the world.

"Subject to insatiable desire, drunk with hypocrisy and pride,
Holding false notions from delusion, they act with impure vows.

"In their certainty that life consists in sating their desires,
They suffer immeasurable anxiety that ends only with death.

"Bound by a hundred fetters of hope,
Obsessed by desire and anger,
They hoard wealth in stealthy ways to satisfy their desires.
Self-aggrandizing, stubborn, drunk with wealth and pride,
They sacrifice in name only, an hypocrisy, violating all norms,

Submitting to individuality, power, arrogance, desire, and anger,
They hate me and revile me in their own bodies as in others.
These hateful, cruel, vile men of the misfortunate,
I cast into demonic wombs through cycles of rebirth.
Fallen into a demonic womb, deluded in birth after birth,
They fail to reach me,
And they go the lowest way into the three gates of hell which destroy the self.
These gates are desire, anger, and greed.
One must relinquish all three to achieve me and ascend to the highest way.

"Be lucid, for the joy of lucidity at first seems like poison
But is in the end like ambrosia
And all men will respect you for it.

"If you are deafened by individuality you will be lost.
Your resolve is futile if you think, '
I shall not fight,' for nature will compel you to it.
Delusion may force you to do what you refuse.
As the one sun illumines this entire world,
So the master of the field illumines the entire field.
Be thou master of this field after my name, Yuri-rita,"
Said the mysterious and sublime voice.

Princess Yuri-rita had been listening to this voice as in a daze and was brought to reality by the voice of her sage, as he patted her donkey. "General T'ueng Chi wishes to see you," he said. She followed him into the general's compound, where he stood over a map, examining the ground upon which the battle would be fought. In the distance the Turks had held up, also studying the ground. They held the higher ground and seemed to have the advantage.

"Knowest thou their commander Altijien?" He asked through the sage interpreting the discussion.

"Yes, your lordship," Yuri-rita answered, with her knees bent and head bowed low as one set to have her head axed off.

"Perhaps then you can take them this message." He hands her a message and signals his Turkish guide to accompany Yuri-rita to the Turk's camp. On the way she reviewed the message, which was a set of terms for surrender. The general had been chasing the Turks for several hundred miles and felt that he had them cornered, where any further flight would be impossible in that region without coming through the pass from which Yuri-rita descended, which the Chinese armies now guarded.

No one likes to be the messenger of bad tidings, for usually the messenger is killed, because the recipients of the tidings refuse to hear the Truth. Pride, vanity, all kinds of factors like to intercede to divert a path from one of prudence and well being to disaster. Yuri-rita could see disaster ahead if the Turks did not accept the reality of their predicament. Reason told her to help them to reason the situation out to their best advantage. Their best advantage would be Peace. So in the course of this mission she concentrated in bringing both parties to a peace treaty, of which she, with the sage beside her, can be remembered having accomplished a job well done.

Suddenly those who had gathered on the plain had been diverted from their intention to war to the path of Peace. Both parties were at that moment tired of the chase and found the innovative and constructive suggestions of Yuri-rita like a cold, refreshing drink after a long days's work in the hot sun. In this way Princess Yuri-rita and the Chinese sage brought about the Peace Treaty of Lake Kanakla in the far off Kun Lun Mountains.

The Ch'ang-an Cheat

When Princess Yuri-rita arrived in Ch'ang-an the wonder and mystery which accompanied her procession into the city was quaffed by a familiar face which she had known in Constantinople. Slithering in the crowd was Ogmios of Ocoui!

Alarmed that her venture in China was about to be spoiled, she turned to her captain, who was a young man by the name of Kunfu-jiusi, to point out the deceit in their midst. But it was too late, and Ogmios had already merged into the blurred faces in the distance. Their procession went on to the emperor's palace, a wonderful place with multicolored tiles roofs, some of which had multi-roofed steeples the likes of which she had never seen before. On an expedition down into Uruvelé from the Forbidden City of Tabue she and Gregori had seen many steeples, called Pagodas, and fantastic multi-layered temples, but never any Pagodas with so many – and surely unnecessary – roofs!

The town of Uruvelé, near the hermitages of Réjagaha the Bodhisatta, which overlooked the Nairanjana, is the place where the Buddha fasted and mortified his body for six years, until his body wasted away to nothing but skin and bones. He lived on one mustard seed or one grain of rice a day until he collapsed, appearing dead. His disciples notified his father, the King of Kapilavattu, but then Guatama rose up, saying, "Surely enlightenment cannot be gotten through fasting or self-mortification" and then he picked up his beggar's bowl and returned to the streets, teaching and begging, begging and teaching, ever after.

Many of the Pagodas of the region were erected to his memory and the idea that communion with the Chief of Enlightenment, which is God, cannot be achieved except through a clear state of mind unhindered by self-desire. Begging in that civilization was a mark of honor, as all believed that behind each beggar's bowl was a man who had fulfilled all of the obligations a man is born to in life – reaching the age of enlightenment – and therefore was entitled to being sustained by the people as he sustains them with his wisdom. Such a person in the streets of Quaken-Bush under King George would have been instantly destroyed, as there the only source of enlightenment was that source of which Rude King George approved, all to the benefit of his corporate patrons.

The Pagodas are, of course, symbols of enlightenment, of man's readiness and desire for new knowledge, and just as a sign in the way of one's path can remind one of his own past or novel ideas past learned, so too did the Pagodas in Ch'ang-an conjure up the teachings Princess Yuri-rita learned in the Forbidden City of Tabue and India. She wondered whether the Emperor had heard of those teachings of the Buddha and the Brahmins or even Christ.

When she was finally granted an audience with the emperor Hsüan-tsung – his birth name was Li Lung-chi – many of these questions which had been running through her mind were instantly resolved.

Li Lung-chi, as those who were close to the emperor addressed him, had earlier overthrown the rival clan named Wei and put his father, Jui-tsung, on the throne, who ruled until 712 A.D.,

when Li Lung-chi assumed the crown. Hsüan-tsung ruled over Asia, as far as Persia, (first through his father) from 685-756 A.D.

Isn't it wonderful how God raised up great men who would change the world at the same moment? Muawija, Caliph of Damascus, began a movement which soon extended Islam all the way into the Indus Valley in the east, Poland in Eastern Europe, and all of North Africa and southern France in the West! Opposing him were Charles Martel, who set the Franks shaping the face of Europe, and Constantine IV of Byzantium, who maintained the equilibrium of the lands between the Franks and the Arabs. And Far to the east in the mystic land of Ch'ang-an there was another emperor who was stabilizing all the land from Persia to Korea and even down into the Patna region of northern India, where only a few years before the T'ang had settled a dispute over the succession to the kingdom of Magadha. Of course, the general who resolved the succession, named Wang Hsänn-ts'e, arranged the inheritance to assure that it would be advantageous to china!

Contrasting with these great men who, in many respects, brought about a Golden Age of law – yes even order against chaos, as it wrestled itself into every corner of the earth – were the likes of the petty men like King George of Quaken-Bush and even Nebuchednezzar II.

Among these great kingdoms overshadowing the likes of King George were men of vision who brought forth knowledge to an ignorant, dark world. Poets and Bards began to sing again, as in the days of Homer. Scientists began to know the world, and craftsmen began to build magnificent buildings and wonders still standing to this day.

All of these great men who set the direction of the world, who brought the art of knowledge and craftsmanship back out of darkness, are trees whose limbs are want to overspread the entire forest, or, as a teacher in India put it "like big fish who feed on the little fish, who, to become big fish, must consume every little fish around them, feeding on bigger and bigger fish by nature, until the big fish enter the zone of the big fish.

"Knowing the movements and abilities of the big fish," said a sage in the Forbidden City of Tabue, whose name was Nataraja, "is the art of the sage who leads the great ones from behind."

The Arabs were soon to clash with the Ch'ang-an emperor, and in 750 A.D. their forces met on the perennial battle ground between East and West, in the high plains south of lake Balkhash. This clash was inevitable, just as the clash between Charles Martel and the Arabs near Tours, France in 732 A.D. was inevitable; just as the many clashes between the Arabs and the Byzantines at the walls of Constantinople during the same era were inevitable. Then Princes Yuri-rita reflected on the teachings of the obligations of the Sage.

The Sage advises marriage to resolve conflicts between states: the king's daughter of one to the son of the other. To assuage the conflict with the Turks the emperor had given his daughter to the Khan of the Eastern Turks just years before, but this treaty broke down under pressure from the Seven despicable Kings of Pansnance.

Knowing these things the Sage always teaches directly those who can bring forth peace in the midst of chaos. By this means Yuri-rita was able to momentarily achieve a state of peace between the T'ang and Turkish armies. This is called "buying time," and through the purchase of time other movements on the chess-board of history can be arranged to suit needful changes.

Knowing these things the Sage waits for his moment to act, for as the Holy and great Spirit is, so must be the Sage: he more than anything is long suffering and patient!

Remember Sir Gwain who parked the poor at the gates of Quaken-Bush, knowing that in time

the crude and evil people of Quaken-Bush and their king would become buried in the grief of the poor and in their own mire? Parking the poor outside their city serves a continuing reminder to those senseless and insensitive people that their deceptive and greedy plans will not succeed.

The Sage has time – he owns time. In contrast, Ogmios of Ocoui, the envoy of Crude King George who is now snaking his way through the streets of Ch'ang-an, was thought to be a Sage, but unlike a true Sage, Ogmios of Ocoui was always in a hurry, always being pressed by time, through the constant remunerations and chastisements of his superiors, as he was always not acting quickly enough!

This brings us to the reason why Ogmios of Ocoui had appeared at the emperor of Ch'ang-an's court. After the Battle of Edessa, noting the struggle for power midst the Arabs of Damascus and Baghdad, Ogmios, fearing the loss of his head in reprisal for his failure, suggested to Gory Vitellus that, perhaps, until things settle down in the Middle East, he ought to concentrate on stirring up the Arabs through the emperor of China, who then was extending his influence all the way to Persia.

Now the emperor of China had just put down a rebellion of the *Wei* clan, and seeing as how Ogmios of Ocoui had little knowledge of Chinese culture, failing a speedy audience with the emperor, Ogmios fell in with the *Wei*, thinking that they would soon overthrow the T'ang emperor. They needed money and weapons for their venture, so Ogmios arranged for a delivery of a large shipment of gold to them by way of a group of Nestorian monks who had been on a sabbatical to India and now were on their way to Ch'ang-an. Being a monk himself – and extremely true to the faith of monks – Ogmios set on a plan to hide the treasure to fund the war of the *Wei* against the T'ang government in the packs of the Nestorian asses coming from India. What resulted was a carnage which has come down to us as the "Affair of the Bloody Asses from India." The people who brought about the carnage were not Indians but rather very devout, Christian men of a god from Rome, whose tentacles now extended from the highest places in Christianity to the lower places on earth, even to Edom and Sodom, by way of the Dead Sea.

Seeing merit to Ogmios's plan to support the *Wei* and stab the emperor of Ch'ang-an in the back, Gory Vitellus then promised support to the warring Turkish tribes, mentioned in the beginning of this part of our petite histoire, who were fighting the Chinese emperor. Not knowing what he was doing, he had perpetrated the series of clashes between the Turks and the T'ang, in spite of the marriage arrangements which ought to have maintained the peace. Were he not a diplomat of the Seven Kings of Pansnance and carrying the credentials of King George of Quaken-Bush, Ogmios of Ocoui ought to have been put to death after his sinister designs were discovered. Until he was expelled from China, while awaiting an audience with the emperor, Ogmios attempted to pass information from the T'ang palace to the *Wei* interlocutor, Wei-Chung-ts'e. Wei-Chung-ts'e was related on one side of his family to the *Wei* and another side to the Tsanji of Taiwan, which was then under occupation by people from Japan.

Ogmios of Ocoui was playing with fire which would bring the wrath of the Chinese emperor, the wrath of the Khans of the Turks, the wrath of the Japanese, and the wrath of the Caliphs of Damascus – from the high steppes of Khazistan and the plains of India to Cairo – down upon the heads of the Seven Kings of Pansnance. This wrath surfaced right at the moment when the very confused and embattled Nestorian monks arrived with their precious lode of larceny in the land of Ch'ang-an.

As Princess Yuri-rita was a princess and did have connections in high places, she was nevertheless a Westerner. But her salvation from being implicated in this dastardly affair was in

her family roots which, as mentioned earlier, did include Chinese ancestry (she was descended from a long line of travellers who had intermarried with nearly every race known to man-- except Italians). "One thing I am not" she always said, "is Italian." This we detailed earlier in our story.

Princess Yuri-rita looked Chinese. She had high "Mongolian" cheeks and her eyes were slanted in a mysterious sort of way, as if to sassily say, "I could be Oriental or I could not. Guess!" Most people, in casting their eyes upon her dark, impish eyes, more often than not got caught up in trying to figure out what she was rather than attending to the relationship of the moment. She used this to her advantage time and time again, and because of this was able to move through circles and relationships only a blind man could pass through.

As an aside we note that blind people can work their way through the most pressed of crowds without reproach, just by tapping people on their back sides with a cane. I experienced this myself in the highly trafficked way of King David Street in Jerusalem when there on a pilgrimage. The highly packed street was in two lines, one going down the street and the other coming back up the street, from the Temple Mount to the Jaffa Gate of the city, where the beggars congregated. Anyone in either line on the street must move with that line according to the slow, creeping pace set by drifting booth gazzers. I was pushed accidentally into the other line one day and suddenly found myself flowing back up the street whence I came and only recovered my position after considerable elbow stabbing, pleading, cursing, and pushing. Where a tourist could not travel with ease on King David's street, a Blind Man strolls with the greatest of ease! In this way Princess Yuri-rita moved through the emperor's circles and the camps of the Khans.

The emperor was a shrewd man. But Princess Yuri-rita was not only shrewd but also gallant! She had a reputation for being a great warrior had she not? Her Beasties were still with her, and everyone marvelled at how she was able to marshal them. One day in the parade grounds she put them on display and the crowd roared while the Beasties raced around the course, yelling and screaming at the top of their lungs, with the most blood curdling war cry!

Now King George and his minister Gory Vitellus were vain men, as was Ogmios of Ocoui, and they did vain things which vain men can be predicted to do. They are always in a hurry for glory and leave dirty tracks behind them.

In a nutshell, Ogmios of Ocoui had indiscretely sold the *Wei* clan a bill of goods, which would never be delivered--bringing their reproach back down upon his head – and hearing of the double-double cross the emperor cast Ogmios and all of the Westerners out of China – including the then penitent Nestorian monks whose nefarious cargo had been discovered when they were inspected by the emperor's customs officials. Although the emperor at first suspected Princess Yuri-rita of conjuring the double cross-double cross, one of the princesses in his harem came forward to defend her and recited how she had always been on the side of righteousness from the moment of her birth. After all, Princess Yuri-rita was a distant relative, being related to Angela, the fairy princess from the East, who had been kidnapped, together with her brother Uberto (real name Awsio-la) from the emperor's great grandfather. His name was Ch'alaf-wun. This is that same Angelica who possessed the Magic Ring which later passed into the hands of Princess Anaïs. Through the ring one could become invisible and even transport oneself through time and space. Because the gift of the Magic Ring – whose stone was a jade from the emperor's court – passed back into the hands of Angelica, she and her brother continued to pass in and out of time, kingdom to kingdom; and there are reports that some have even seen them in this age in a far off monastery in Tibet!

So Princess Yuri-rita had connections in high places, and after she was arrested and cruelly

thrown into the emperor's dungeon for her alleged betrayal, an angel of his court came forward and defended her and she was released and allowed to return to the court of Constantinople with an offer of marriage between the Khan of the Turks (the emperor then was *Leo the Khazar*, who was a Turk himself, as previously noted) and the T'ang family.

The defiled team of Nestorian monks were promptly beheaded. Ogmios of Ocoui was put on an ass whose saddle was smeared with honey and packed with a hornet's nest, and, as he was slapped on the ass, sent on the ride of his life out of Asia, embarrassed and stung to high heaven on the very seat of his ego, where he became a song of the drunkards thereafter in many of the ports and magnificent cities of Asia.

Rude King George was by then dead, but his nefarious ways continued under minister Gory Vitellus. The poor of Quaken-Bush continued to mount before the hostile and decrepit gates of Quaken-Bush. Nebuchednezzar II, despite all of Ogmios of Ocoui's wicked dealings, continued to weave his sinister plot to destroy the Jews who then were wandering back to Jerusalem.

Sir Nascien took up the responsibilities of the Grail King, as previously mentioned, and himself became as the Green Knight, Sir Gwain, in the Cave of the Unicorns, passing his time in there as he deemed fit for prophesy, adding even to this Tiny Book.

How long the people of Quaken-Bush tolerated the poor to mount in their Kingdom without serving them with the least amount of human rights (they were even denied the ability to put a tent over their head to keep out the harsh rays of the sun, the rain and the sleet and snow) is a marvel to all of our eyes. Needless to say, in our petite histoire there is one constant: as the greed of Quaken-Bush increased so increased the despair of the poor! The weight of this burden would soon fall upon all their heads, as mentioned, because the Kings of the East took note of it and set plans to confront them with their wicked ways. Because of Princess Yuri-rita's mission to Ch'ang-an; and because of the wicked, double-double dealing ways of King George's government, intimidating even the Six other Kings of Pansnance, war was carried forth, across the Euphrates through the cradle of Byzantium, bringing about the much ballyhooed Apocalypse, the subject of our next story. Did not the prophets speak of this? How the world would be disturbed by tidings out of the east, and armies filled with wrath from King George's unholy estate?

M/9/8/92

(fini)

Suggested reading on the Arthurian Romances, upon which this book is based.

Gododdin Welsh poem (c. 600)

Annales Cambriae (10th Century)

Le Roman de Brut, by Wace (1155; 12th Century)

Lancelot and Percival, by Chrétien de Troyes (late 12th Century)

Parsifal, by Wolfram von Eschenbach (13th Century)

Tristan and Isolde, by Gottfried von Strassburg (13th Century)

Sir Gwain and the Green Knight (14th Century)

Le Morte d'Arthur, by Sir Thomas Malory

Hyperborean Miscellany:
My works and days among the Hyperboreans

(Part of my correspondence with Wm. F. Buckley Jr.:
Miscellaneous extracts from ancient virgins - in answer to Mr. Buckley)

To Saint Peter.....

May 23, 1994

Dear Mr. Buckley,

Just as you, in your letter of May 16, linked one's faith to one's works, to wit:

The sheep will be separated from the goats according to their faith, of which their works are evidence.

- neither could Saints James or Peter and the eleven apostles in Jerusalem separate the two; and to this extent we can agree and show that faith [in God] which is not carried forth in good works is no faith [in God] at all. We all know that those who profess a faith in God are hypocrites without works evidencing their Faith. We also know there is, as it were, an unwritten, universal Law which all men can understand and bear in their hearts which sets the ground-rules of His Faith. In our heart, midst the fragments of our hopes and dreams come parables, the exegeses of the rabbis, the Apocryphal and Pseudepigrapha works associated with the Bible, as well as other precepts reflecting the stream of truth which feeds life. Rabbi Hillel and Jesus both agreed that all of that message reduces to loving God with all your heart and soul and the Golden Rule . This, of course, abhors conduct reported in Haldeman's Tapes, such as that of Dr. Billy Graham, who, Haldeman claims, advised Nixon that the Bible says [certain of] the Jews are hated of God, etc., thus justifying acts against Jews. If you should discuss the matter with Dr. Graham, he, therefore, should be able to show you how Christian pastors still press the Jews despite the Golden Rule . Now Aristotle [Ethics, V.5] took issue with the Golden Rule (which he traced from Pythagoras) because it was too equivocal, defining justice simply as having done to one what one has done to another. But simple reciprocity does not square with either distributive or rectifactory justice , says he, plus:

[Hesiod, Works and Days] If a man suffer even as he wrought,

Then justice will be rendered as it ought.

- suggesting that right conduct cannot be judged through a mathematical formula of tit-for-tat. Nevertheless, the Golden Rule applied in the negative (as it was normally used): do not do to another what you would not have done to yourself, applies the principle correctly. Here, we have argued, one's Faith in God leads to the inevitable conclusion that sometimes one is required to follow the guidance of God and do something one might not otherwise choose to do: be truthful, be not lured into maliciousness or injustices [sic. wickedness] to one's brethren.

I sense you are angry with me, because I have been pummeling your helm rather hard; and I have not done it for any personal reason but for the sake of Truth which I hope we can agree is God. Any belief in which you have a stake, or likewise any belief which I may have, must respect its place of being in the Service of God - of truth alone - and not impose itself upon our persons or any other persons. As the prophet said and Jesus elucidated, God's Truth is not like men who waver like reeds before the current. In this parable John the Baptist was not like a reed in the wind, but solid and unwavering in what he knew to be true in the scriptures. After all, John the Baptist's father, Zechariah, was a high priest of the temple, a post which was inherited from father to son, and John the Baptist ought to have had a strong foundation in scripture. Because the pharisees, in particular, were not conducting themselves according to the scripture (sinners were abundant) - a cause against which Jesus later drove into the ground, tossing over the tables of the money changers and the like - John the Baptist founded a profound ministry of repentance, hailing the fact that the judgment was near to come. This put him into suspicion, of being that Elijah of whom Malachi speaks who reappears before God's wrath of hail and fire. At first this is how Jesus saw John the Baptist, as the messenger of the Last Days. In another perspective Jesus compared the Baptist's mission as the Angel of whom Moses spoke to His Mission of that Prophet of whom Moses spoke. In all respects Jesus stood on the firm foundation of the Torah and its prophets, and, as by example of the reeds moving this way and that by the wind, we can see that Jesus saw both himself and John the Baptist on solid ground which is eternal and cannot be moved from its place. By this introduction, then let us not be moved by those shifting winds and tides in men, which boil out of pride and vanity, and [let us] search for Truth, being upright and honorable. This is difficult because men press against us in vain attempts to sway us away from the foundation which the oracle of Mt. Sinai said is Truth.

It is not who I am or who you are which is important in our conversation, but what is important is what we leave behind our conversation. If we converse for idle curiosity or pleasure and, discovering a fountain in the process which can nourish others, but bury it behind us, then our conversation is but Epicurean and self-justifying: doing no one any good whatsoever. And with regard to this it is apparent that neither you nor I have lived lives which have any hold in idle chatter. If this were not the case both of us would be profiting in scandal sheets. What little I know of you and what you know of me is that we each in our own way have felt a need to rub our lives against unjust causes.

Witnessing injustice

Like a current of a river, says St. Anthony the Great [251-356 A.D], the body drags us down into shameful pleasures ; or, to put it another way, people with filthy clothes soil the coats of those who rub against them [St. Anthony: On the Character of men and the Virtuous Life , 142, 143]. Following this we can see that the corruption which erupts within a soul committed to the exercise of wealth and, through wealth, power, rubs off on those around them. For instance

there was and continues to be an obvious attempt among Pauline Christians to hide Paul's Corruption. Whilst before me we might admit, because of ignorance there was no intention to cover Paul's sin, as specifically listed in our work,

- now we can say there is sin. Because I have witnessed it.

Updating this observation we can see that those who rubbed against Reagan and Bush were corrupted with their grime; and we can see the results of their faithless works – millions of homeless – now wandering aimlessly our streets (100,000 in New York!).

Lack of Shame

One of the castigations I learned in my world travels, but particularly in Spain and its "colonies" is the phrase, *you have no shame*, often followed by the word *cabrone!*, meaning *goat*. These two curses were mostly thrown against an unworthy bull which would have preferred a rose in his mouth over the inevitable, choking fountain of blood. Through my marriage to one of Spanish heritage and my travels I became sensitive to this shaming; which was particularly impressed upon me in the bull ring of Toledo, Spain.

Be this as it may, seeing something in one's eyes which is shameful, one of my background has trouble expressing his revulsion: that one is without shame, without being somewhat biting in the presentation. No matter how it is expressed, we all know it is just another way-- in my estimation more effective – of saying, *repent!*

I castigated Reagan and Bush, following this example, and traced to their works the tragedy of our homeless and fatherless nation, for it began in their reign. By the same token I argue that those who rubbed against Reagan and Bush [and now Clinton; ed. note] have had no sense of shame for having become implicated in the crime of destroying the lives of some seven million men, women, and children (a number which was recently confessed by our HUD director, though the true number of afflicted souls under the Reagan-Bush Estate are orders of magnitude greater, as history will prove).

We call this a crime, because the magnitude of the dispossessed in our society is comparable to the horror of the first stage of the holocaust and certainly on a par with the numbers in China who have been dispossessed of their rights and property. The magnitude of the crime, following other comparisons, relates to the freeing of the slaves in Rome who rioted because of lack of work, or, on another scale, the roots of the French Revolution, as described in "The Second Coming of the American Revolution. " To those who castigate China we should be pointing out how US tyrants have been mistreating Americans, which, if the UN were to meddle into a nation's internal affairs (beyond Iraq) we might find both the US and China in need of UN Resolutions castigating their inhumane treatment of their peoples. But following the idea through to the end we find that the world itself is caught up in a severe over-abundance of people compared to the availability of jobs; so many are left homeless and, therefore, abused; and the crimes of one government, in this regard, flow from nation to nation, filtering the flow of wealth into fewer and fewer hands, leaving not well pastured sheep in the bargain but a ravaged swath where the ever more populous wretched of the earth are left to eke out their portion from the fruit killing scars of civilization. This will continue because these are the mindless masses who do not know any better and will remain as such until such time as a shepherd--which we have already established is a wise man – dedicates his time to show them a way out of their desolate places back to the place of human dignity.

Discerning Good Shepherds

Intelligent men, says St. Anthony, are those who are not erudite in the sayings and books of the wise men of old, but those who have an intelligent soul and can discriminate between good and evil [ibid 1]. Applying St. Anthony's criteria to the Current Estate, which we compared to the tyranny of the Third Estate of the French Revolution in "[The Second Coming of the American Revolution](#)," we can see a great void of intelligence. We can call this a great gulf or abyss which is most difficult to cross for those of us who try to keep the virtues. For the temptations of this Estate have led away from the virtues and into a place which is more akin to the quarters where pimps, thieves and whores pander to and pick the pockets of the public. These quarters are easy to spot by the poverty which surrounds them, and we remember the worst of those eruptions of inhumanity by the disease which breeds and records their mindless passage. In our tally the diseases passing through this Current Estate are, as with the Pharaoh, a consequence and reflective of the Reagan-Bush sin; and, knowing that the greater the transgressor there is the greater the sin, we can expect the diseases flowing over us to be much greater than that which passed over Egypt. Disease, like Justice, as we well know, has no favor as to person, and seeks out equally kings and paupers alike.

Who fight reason

It is human nature, I suppose, to measure goodness by the wretchedness or dissipation nearby. *Those who are dissipated in their life and habits [if challenged] are anxious to prove that everyone else is worse than themselves, seeking to present themselves as innocent in comparison with all sinners around them* [ibid. 8]. Whether it be the revulsion in the Church or the nausea of the Reagan-Bush Estate (still continuing), because of this nature we cannot easily call a people away from evil, once they, like the Pharaoh, set their hearts to evil; and laying evil upon evil they build towers and engage hirelings to defend them – always pointing out the defects in other towers nearby.

Vanity and Human Dignity

The cause of all evil is vanity (as with Satan), and from it comes delusion, self deception and ignorance of God. The way to know God, and thus counter Vanity, is by means of goodness [ibid 26, 29.] To reach this point, it follows that one must always be humble in his relationships with God first, and since God is Truth, with those truths which affect human dignity. Here we can refer back to our comment of April 26 on Nixon and sketch how his life traversed, first this way then that, the area of Vanity and Human Dignity. You should be able to relate to Nixon's trial, because you were raptured into Nixon's Cause, with others, of anti-Communism. When we compare the zealots of Communism with the zealots of anti-Communism one thing is clear, that malice was common to both groups; and malice, of course, has no purpose but to undermine Human Dignity, wherever it resides. Now here is a fascinating tale to tell, how a great man, Nixon, was formed out of the very heap of malice he helped to create. This parable I received with miscellanea of the Hyperboreans, whom I shall discuss momentarily.

Parable of Nixon

Anti-Communism, like anti-Semitism, is a vain [sic. *I am better than thou*] doctrine of men which lives only to produce envy and fear, and, with them, hatred and all of its evils. These have been compared to dogs of the chase called the Furies, Orestes, nephew of the cruel Menelaus, was chased by them, for instance, as he pirated away his sister, Iphigenia, from her disdainful priesthood of sacrificing strangers in the Temple of Artemis. In any event it was the Virgin Iphigenia who said that *the sea washes away all the sins of men* [Euripedes, *Iphigenia among the Taurians*]. I saw this for myself on the coast of Turkey, where there are the ruins of many underwater cities just east of Ephes (which city was raised).

Back to Nixon's rescue of America from Communism...

With the fear drummed up by Nixon and others - fearing that America would be swallowed by the depths of Communism – fighting off the monster, one curse led to another, accompanied by lies and self-justification, and this led to a self-effacing game called *dominos*, in the foreground of which was Vietnam. Anti-Communism had its opposition, which was no less virtuous than the other, for all doctrines based on hatred are evil. One evil does not justify another, no more than one whim justifies another or one passion, as for sex, can satisfy another, as for dignity.

Whims and Passions of Faith

Because Justice is longer lasting than the whims and passions of men, keeping with the particulars and exploring the underlying causes of the Vietnamese War, one will find that under President Johnson our own Congress, on a whim, passed an illegal act of war. How this specifically relates to our discussion is that we have been talking about man's faith and works. Our Congress [in whom God they Trusted] broke faith with its founders, our laws and people, when they passed the *Tonkin Resolution*, authorizing the President to conduct what was obviously an engagement of the United States in War. The Congress of the United States has no authorization to condone any military action of the United States against another people by any other instrument than an *Act of War*. Our Law of the Land is very specific about the difference between an *Act of Congress* and a *Resolution* (or *opinion*) of Congress. War, by virtue of its destructive nature, demands a consensus of the people to engage in it, and the *Constitution* requires that such a consensus be expressed through an *Act of Congress* – an *Act*, by its nature, requires a larger consensus of Congress, than a *Resolution*. Seeing Congress by-pass this process, because they could not muster the consensus to authorize an act of war, they slipped through the works, violating their duty and the people's rights, a *Resolution*. By our Law all of those who voted on the *Tonkin Resolution* are criminals. Morally they are criminals, because they violated -- raped would be a better word -- our Law. If we had space here it would be appropriate to list all of the names of that infamous Congress (many of them are recorded in "[Philistia Triumph Thou because of me,](#)" however). So big deal, they worked around the Law, but the end justifies the means, one might say. But let's face it, this is the procedure of Tyrannies who set themselves above the laws upon whom they drew support. Such things are Matricidal, who throw off and murder the mothers which bared their breasts to

them. The point we make here is that since the *Tonkin Resolution* our nation has taken it for granted that it is acceptable for our leaders to be above and manipulate and violate the Law.

The consequences of missing mines and traps

Now the Tonkin Resolution came out of Nixon's and others' zealotry to snare and stamp out Communism, and Nixon, getting caught up in the effects of the zealotry of Vietnam, inherited the trap of the Tonkin Resolution, firstly in terms of the mindless killing which led to no good, creating many monsters, such as Pol Pot ; secondly in the fraying of our national fabric torn over "an unjust war" ; and thirdly, because of the disillusion over his period in office, spiked by the war, he was dogged from all sides, from those, as the saying goes, who like to stir up storms with a tooth pick in a glass of water (a proverb used against the Greeks by the Turks). Now the dogs, or Furies, will sniff and dig up anything they can find, for the sake of the chase, and, being that liars leave the easiest trails to follow (the Tonkin Resolution having inspired all of our leaders to heap one deceit upon another), it was inevitable that the Furies would sniff out Watergate. Ironically, of all of these connections Watergate was a relatively minor note in the illicit affairs which stirred up the Cold War and its Vietnam era tirades.

Foot in his own trap

What comes around goes around: the parable is completed by the phenomena that Nixon, having been forced out of office because of *Watergate*, opted to spend the rest of his life building bridges between Americans and Communists. Under the bridges he laid is still the terrifying abyss and its heaps of bones, of which he was an overseer and helped to dig. We mention this because sometimes getting caught in one's own trap can lead to redemption for oneself and others. Unfortunately we can see in time but a few who set such traps, whether for good or evil, who have the courage of Nixon.

Our general argument, of course, leads to this very work, of building bridges across the chasms of hatred, some of which have existed for two thousand years. To build bridges one needs to get others to cooperate in the work, however. Keeping with the parable of Nixon, we hope for righteous men who have the courage - regardless of the particulars of their own history - to do what is good; in Nixon's case we can see that he realized that his exit from this world must be as a Peacemaker. Thus, the bridges. So we end this parable with a blessing: *Blessed are the Peacemakers, for they are the children of God.*

Beasts

When we look upon the chasms of hatred we see man reduced to the level of the beasts. Today, we can see what St. Anthony described: *...like animals, with material things and enslaved by sensual pleasures, they separate themselves from God; and through their desires they drag down their soul from heaven* [sic. Christians are one with Christ in Heaven; ed. note] to the abyss [ibid. 42.].

Free Will and Angels

We speak of anti-Semitism, anti-Communism, the continuing Reagan-Bush [Clinton] Estate: we measure symbols which describe a mood of man whose works are evil, using the criteria

mentioned by St. Neilos in our April 26 letter: *measuring their beginning with their end*. Such works speak for themselves, and, as so often repeated in our work, the wicked are often caught in the very snares they set for others.

It is in our power to live in accordance with God's will. Moreover, no one can ever force us to do what is evil against our will. It is through this struggle against evil that we shall become worthy to serve God and live like angels in heaven [ibid. 66]. Thus, using this criterium we can say in the parable of Nixon that this man ended his life *as an Angel*, of good actions.

We can compare this parable of Nixon to the work I called for in Part II "Of the Breakage of the Holy Catholic Church," which is a bridge across the abyss of anti-Semitism. Here, we asked the Pope to be an *Angel* and not leave this life without having laid the foundation for that bridge. What would you say, knowing the abyss below and the bones which cry out from it? Is it good for your bishop to not heed our plea? *All who come into this life, both those who live modestly, and those who enjoy wealth and ostentation, leave this life like an inn: each takes with him none of its pleasures and riches, but only his own past actions whether good or bad* [ibid 80]. Now Nixon took the remedy to cure his past, and I wonder whether the Church, with its lesions now exposed, will drink its portion.

Virtue - who live in compassion

We measure good by the virtues: one's ability to discern and live whether it is good or evil. The surest way of good, of course, is to build one good upon another [re: "[Tapestry of One](#)" - Lao Tzu]. And when we leave this life let us hope that those before us will say that we built upon good: we were gentle and merciful, always giving thanks to God. This is particularly demanded of leaders, *for he who has no compassion has no virtue* [re: St. Anthony, ibid. 81]. Ultimately, with respect to our Current Estate, we can see by measure of the multitudes of homeless alone-- we need not list our violent, guilt ridden nature -- that we live without compassion. Again, those who led us into this state devoid of compassion are Reagan and Bush. It was their greedy nature and watch which kicked our people out onto the streets of despair. Just as the homeless cling to their corners, so too does the evil which dispossessed them of basic human dignity cling to the houses of Reagan and Bush; *as evil clings closely to one's nature, just as verdigris to copper and dirt to the body* [St. Anthony, ibid. 91.]. Now Nixon had the intellect, *which is a gift of God*, says St. Anthony, *that saves the soul* [ibid. 94]. I do not see this kind of intellect in the continuing Reagan-Bush Estate or, to date, in Church bishops who ought to know that many of Paul's teachings are anti-Semitic. Their intelligence seems to have been carried away by their passion for the person of Paul, *like a charioteer who loses control over his horses* [ibid 96.].

Cessation of againstness

Sometimes, when measuring the good works of others which inspire our actions, we are called to put something [evil] to rest. Again, we refer to the problem of anti-Semitism, which can be put to rest by a small action of your bishop. By his action others will follow, building a bridge across the abyss few dare to cross. Here, we use the precept of a bridge as a means of rest; and this has been called by the rabbis as a *cessation of againstness*, a place where you and I, I hope, are headed. Now we can describe this image as an absence of wickedness, and following this we have again the lead of St. Anthony: *it is the absence of wickedness in man which conforms him to God* [ibid 99]. From this you and your bishops should be able to see that we

rest our case on Psalm 12, which defines wickedness as the absence of charity and mercy and Revelation 11.18, which defines wickedness as those who desolate the earth. For my part, first among those condemned against these make-weights of Truth is the United States, because it led the world in desolation. First it is among the not-compassionate, first among the not-charitable and first among the not-merciful; and among the chief heads of this hundred headed Typhöeus are Reagan and Bush and the Estate which worships them. We say this for good reason, following the maxim of Christ used earlier: to whomsoever much is given much is required. The US, at the moment, is first among the nations; so much more is required of her.

Wicked professions

When we discuss Reagan and Bush, and their Estate, in the same breath with Paul and his Estate, we link together similar wicked professions. For the results of their professions have been desolating on a scale, with respect to American history, which has not been surpassed in greed on the one hand; and, in terms of the Pauline factor, an over-abundance of desolation. The body count of those slain and desolated to protect Paul's doctrine and his towers still remains to be completed.

Never said Paul was evil

This brings us to your comment: that you “never said Paul was evil. At the time of Watergate I wrote of Nixon as an evil man. Nixon, in my opinion, repented; so for my part, just as Nineveh repented and was blessed, so too have I been inspired to apply the same criteria to Nixon. As for Paul, we have almost two thousand years of water which has poured under the bridge, as it were, and, from the grave, he cannot undue all of the malice we have cited which was done under his Epistles and teachings. My personal belief is that Paul was not completely evil – only that portion of his doctrine which showed malice towards the Jews and their Law was evil; but that malice, I concluded, by numbering the slaughtered corpses alone, far outweighed the good works which he accomplished. Also, as stated previously, I believe that had Paul been bright enough to figure out the consequences of his doctrine, how men could justify themselves under his criteria to persecute others, Paul should have changed his pitch. The question now is whether the Church can face up to the consequences of the doctrine and turn away from it so that others would follow.

It does no good to say that anti-Semitism is evil without at once flagging those doctrines which overtly and covertly perpetrate it. For instance, in the overt case, the cartoons of Jews eating Christian babies at Passover, which the Nazis circulated (and still do), were not invented over-night. Their origins we summarily traced in “On The Breakage of the Holy Catholic Church,” and these origins are the covert feature of anti-Semitism. Listen to Paul, for God's Sake. Is there much difference in his statement that the Jews (who Circumcise themselves) are murderers and adulterers; hypocrites who justify their heinous works under the Law, condemned by God, whose Law is now obsolete, old and therefore passed away – does this not bear a resemblance to Luther's tract which begins, “What should we do with this damnable race of the Jews?” and does it not bear a resemblance to Hitler's announcement, of the Final Solution?

The Refreshing

Besides the flood of the sea, there are other ways to rid a world of such malice, as subliminal as it may be. For one cannot sprinkle water upon another's head and pronounce him clean of sin, whilst at the same time pouring into his ears a hatred of the Jews, why the Jews are abandoned of God (until they repent and accept Paul's Gospel). Now under the original concept initiated out of the Jewish bath and the Baptist's technique of immersion, there was the idea that one comes to the baptism already cleansed, answering the Baptist's and Jesus's call to repent. Your willingness to be baptized signified that you had committed yourself (turned back) to God and His Way. Immersion in the Jordan, flowing out of the Sea of Galilee, brought one under the *Covenant of God*, and following this, through the mystery of rising out of the water one joins Jesus, raised in the resurrection of eternal life.

Somehow this Gospel of Jesus got reduced, as all messages and histories tend to show, and Paul and his disciples found themselves baptizing a bunch of hypocrites, who, once washed of their sins through Baptism in Jesus went back out and heaped up more sins. So Paul called back some of the Old Testament Rules to combat the hypocrisy. And the Gospel of Jesus which became diluted into Paul's Gospel of Faith finally became so garroted with contradictions over faith versus works that Christians still today are having a great deal of trouble sorting out the idea that faith without works evidencing the faith can result in Simony and other kinds of wickedness, ultimately defined as heresy.

To fight off heresy the Church decided that it is better for the heretic's flesh to burn here than his soul in Hell. Always first among the heretics, of course, were the Jews, now followed by the Moslems. Had I been born a [few] hundred years earlier, I too would have ended up at the stake. Now, because of Paul's long standing instructions, which we compared to Peter's in "On the Breakage of the Holy Catholic Church," I am somewhat free of such persecution and can openly speak my mind. As I mentioned in my letters and that book, I have said what Christ Himself must say (following this the Body of Christ should say it also!), but being a bit stricter than your pastors I went so far as to point out the commandments of Christ which conflict with Paul's and your Bishop's teachings.

If you were to examine what we have discussed and presume that Christ can read as well as I, that he can examine things as well as I, only a fool would think that the sins we have outlined cannot be seen (or remedied) by God.

My mother has questioned why I would dedicate myself to writing in obscurity." I should make a living from my writings," she said (particularly since at my age it is getting harder and harder for me to find a decent job), and she said I should write Children's Books. After that conversation, I decided that the next time I speak with her I must mention that what I have been writing is children's books. The stuff is exceedingly basic. For those who read the Bible each day my work should be a breeze to get through.

How much simpler can an idea be? That says: if you see a doctrine which produces malice, or contradicts Christ, question it, whether it could have come from Christ, and from Christ, God! How much simpler can the observation be? That God is Truth and Christ is the Son of Truth and, therefore, his best manifestation is the pursuit of Truth! And who can say there could be a simpler conclusion to this than to look at things through Christ's Spirit? And here's the crux of our message, having taken this course I have found no shepherds in the entire Body of Christ who, seeing some anomalies I might put to them, would discuss them with me. Except for

your ministry to me I should be dead.

I am comforted, however, in the fact that I am hidden in obscurity, as it has given me an advantage - having to pay obeisance to no other patron but God – of being able to express my mind wholly from Christ's point of view. How you must envy me – my not having to deal with the Furies!

Avoidance

If we can continue to converse; well and good. But knowing my restrictions as you now should be able to perceive them, it should be no surprise to you that I should ask you to judge what I have pulled out of the mouths and works of Paul, whether the particulars cited be good or evil. Now to avoid this judgment is not good, as the judgment calls forth a Salvation of a multitude of souls being even yet again prepared for the pit. So many lives can be blessed with this work. But I assure you that silence, where a warning is needed, cannot achieve any good whatsoever. This comes from the precept of the Watchman. Knowing how cities are most vulnerable at night, where all kinds of vile things creep through the walls, the scriptures placed Watchmen upon their walls.

Following the criteria established, my work, therefore, is at the City Gate. Following this, it should be noticeable that I realize that my failure to raise a Watchman leaves all of the death caused by Paul's legacy heaped upon my soul.

Record in heaven

What is upon my soul I have sent on up to Heaven (assuming prayer works). Your Bishop must know that though God allows the wicked to tyrannize others, afterwards He delivers the wicked also to judgment, *because they have made people suffer in order to serve not God, but their own wickedness.* [St. Anthony, bid. 121.] This is demonstrated in "[On the Breakage of the Holy Catholic Church.](#)"

My argument, in the troops I gather to me, must rely upon the Word, *which is the Image, Intellect, Wisdom, and Providence of God,* says St. Anthony [ibid. 156.]. It is this thing, of course, which is designed to convict those to choose the way of God, which is good, as opposed to the meandering, and by appearance more appealing, courses of evil. Behold me, for instance, I have, in spite of my own weaknesses, tried to keep the straight path, to pass through the most restrictive gate, so to show that there is an inheritance for the desolate – a faith not of my own creation but of God's – which is so simple in its criteria, on the need to expose Truth, it cannot be comprehended by this devious generation.

Providence of God

Though many speak of Truth their hearts are far from it, doing the exact opposite of that which is called for by God and ignoring in particular the providence of God. They cannot see that the providence of God is not in the treasures men accumulate unto themselves but the ability to discern and reflect good. And wherever that good is discerned in man – for man is the abode of the Spirit of God – there is God. Now there is no greater joy than the opportunity, once discerning the chance to do good, of doing it. Sometimes the challenge to do good, as that which pertains to the confession of Paul's Sin, is inconceivable, ripping apart one's soul. Who deserve salvation

Now these and all of the butchery, for whatever reason, are evil and offer an opportunity for devotees of good works to contrive a plan to overcome them and do good. But to the contrary, not being blessed with leaders of vision who jump at the opportunity to do good, today our leaders quibble and equivocate on the matter of who deserves to be saved and who does not. Not mindful of responsibility to God, they mind Kuwait, because of its oil, so it deserved salvation; and the Kurds also, because we were there because of the oil, so to speak, deserve salvation; but, unless a people have an anointing of oil, it follows, we have learned by our leader's example that they deserve not salvation. Fortunately God does not think like our patronizing, hedonistic leaders and says he will save whosoever trusts in Him. This, of course, means whosoever trusts that He can arise:

Psalm 12.5 For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy..I will set him in safety from him that puffeth [persecuteth] at him.

12.8 The wicked walk on every side, when the vilest men are exalted.

Thus we see that *God is just and compassionate* [St. Anthony ibid 163.]; and knowing that God raises them who are meek and brings down them who are exalted, we can see how our argument necessarily leads to the Reagan-Bush Estate and Paul, and, by implication, your Bishop, who will not look upon the evil that is in Paul's Epistles and preached from the high pulpits of the Church.

Salvation and the fall of the mighty

Surely you can see that bringing down the high and the mighty is the simplest way to raise up the poor and the persecuted. Since we are speaking of shepherds in high places, we know that if we expose a false shepherd – which Jesus described as a wolf in sheep's clothing – the flock will flee from them. This argument is plain: Reagan and Bush were wolves which devoured this nation's substance, as a fire racing through a forest; Paul's doctrine devoured much of mankind by butchery. Count the bodies and whose sword it was that led them, whose judgment [final solution] it was to tear them, scorch them, shoot them, gas them, and to burn them. We have asked your Bishop to do some soul-searching here, and whilst he might be tempted to stop with Hitler, and wipe his hands clean, he cannot do so, and must search out Luther; and searching him find all the others we listed who are chained to Paul. Despise it as a Christian may will, someone must answer to these links. For again I say they are registered in Heaven. They are easy to spot! As you may see, once one becomes caught up in that chain it is difficult to separate oneself from it, for being not opposed to those condemning links we traced from Paul one is himself trapped in them for future shame and condemnation.

Checking your Bishop

We speak of a trap in which your bishop is caught, and he cannot separate himself from the trap without standing with us on this: that if God is Paul's creator, Paul put to condemnation his own God and raised himself above God. He did this by declaring the Testament of God obsolete, putting God to discredit, and replaced the Testament of old, with his own Gospel, condemning all of those who did not follow his gospel. This not only included the Jews and their Law but also the Circumcised Church, their eleven apostles, and that leader whom they revered as Christ Jesus. Castigating them he, therefore, cursed God. Since one thing leads to another in

our progression (if you see where it is faulty please say so) we conclude that Paul surmised that God had no power to follow through to curse them who curse his people. Sir, though your Bishop may close his eyes and cover his ears regarding this, Heaven cannot shut out the sound of this testimony, until the matter is resolved. Because of the testimony, we deal with an issue as to who is greater: your king Paul, whom we have shown rested upon one lie built upon another, or our King, YHVH, who rests his throne solely upon Truth.

Who cannot imagine Truth

Truth is unimaginable to some; so too is it that the Truth, being fearsome to look at, can be ignored: out of sight, out of mind, as it were. But you have heard, O Man, to fear God. As you have born with me all this way, I trust you will stay with me, to look upon that cause why you were told to fear God. For God is Judgment and Judgment always comes with its purse overflowing with Truth. Where there is Truth there are Witnesses, among which are the prophets and their oracles, and with them, apart from all those we have embraced in our troop, we shall yet show you, for your enjoyment, the Muses.

Now I carry a great joy with me, because of the troop which is gathered into me and swelling. I am not the first to gather such a troop, I admit, but for my part I must say that no man can count a greater assembly of goodness than those I have invited here.

The Parable of Honey

Someone compared God to the Sea and men, blessed in his Holy Spirit, like waters flowing into the sea, which tells us that one cannot separate the one from the other once joined. Others compared God to a comb of honey fashioned by the bees, who each contributed a tiny bit from a small flower in the field, and just as one cannot separate a flower's contribution to a comb of honey, neither can one be separated from God once joined to Him.

After a fashion, I have been like a bee gathering honey and hopefully, rubbing against other bees and flowers, the pollen I have collected by the beautiful fields through which I have run; should rub off somewhere against some person in some time. Now whether I call this field Aravot, Arcadia, or even the Elysian Fields, there is nectar and a joy in that field which words alone cannot describe. Yet, by mixing metaphors and precepts (as no particular batch of flowers produces all the honey) I think I can take another way of showing how joyful the pressing of truth can be. We begin our field of Truth, of course, at the base of Mt. Sinai, to remind you how Paul scoffed at our oracle upon which all Truth eventually resides.

Exploring Heavenly Rocks

We have to retrace some steps here, so to coax you a bit higher, for it is important that you see how Paul's Epistles relate to the thing which he says created him. Among those things which were stipulated through the oracle of Sinai is the clause that carried from Abraham on to us, as listed in "Philistia Triumph Thou because of me," to wit:

Genesis. 12.3 I will bless them that bless thee and curse him that curseth thee.

Deut. 11.26 Behold, I set before you this day a blessing and a curse;

11.27 A blessing, if ye obey the commandments of the LORD your God, which I command you this day;

11.28 And a curse, if ye will not obey the commandments of the LORD your God..[see also Deut. 28.58,59]

Deut. 30.7 And the LORD thy God will put all these curses upon thine enemies, and on them that hate thee, which persecuted thee

Now these curses applied because:

Gen. 26.5...that Abraham obeyed my voice, and kept my charge, my commandments, my statutes, and my laws.

We cited those scriptures which complain, "I called and no one answered and there was no man," all of which follow the original covenant given to Abraham, noted above, upon which Paul claims he engrafted you.

We showed in considerable detail that Paul is the source of not only the persecution of the Jews but also the source of persecution of the Law – we mean to say that Testament he engrafted you into whilst calling it "old and Passed away and abolished." Engrafting you into something which is abolished just doesn't make much sense.

Whether God can fulfill His Judgments

One of the first precepts in the Law is that God confirms His prophets [Isaiah 44.7-8, et al.]. This is how you recognize a prophet of God. Because Paul scorned the conditions of the Law set forth above, justice must be served, whether God can fulfill the judgments of the original oracle. Ultimately that judgment falls on you to choose: which is the true oracle, whether if the dream you understand is correct – based upon the vision Peter is reported to have had in a trance, where he is told:

What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common [Acts 11.19]

- and whether this alone is the basis of judging Circumcision (the Law) is void. We explore this, referring to the disposition of the Gentile Church:

Acts 15.5 But there rose up certain of the sect of the Pharisees which believed, saying, That it was needful to circumcise them, and to command them to keep the law of Moses...

15.13 And after they had held their peace, James answered, saying Men and brethren, hearken unto me:

15.19 Wherefore my sentence is, that we trouble not them, which from among the Gentiles are turned to God:

15.20 But that we write unto them, that they abstain from pollutions of idols, and from fornication, and from things strangled, and from blood.

15.21 For Moses of old time hath in every city them that preach him, being read in the synagogues every Sabbath day.

There is a lapse – a disconnect – between Acts 15.20 and 15.21. We offer evidence to follow that there is a great difference between what Paul wanted to hear – to justify his own works – and what was actually said.

The passages which you called forth impute a change in attitude from the actual experiences cited in Paul's Epistles, where Paul complained on his arrest that there was no man who would defend him, and the remaining epistles of Saints Peter and James, for in these latter documents Peter and James went to great lengths to defend the Circumcised Church against the castigations of Paul (re: pages 58-63, ["On the Breakage of the Holy Catholic Church"](#)). Furthermore, had Saints Peter and James agreed with Paul's conclusion that the law is abolished altogether, they would not likely have continued worshipping in the temple, as recorded at the end of the Gospel of Luke which dates at least as late as 69 A.D. Luke's credibility is enforced when you examine the ["Synoptic Matrix"](#) I gave you and witness how Luke retraced Matthew's and Mark's Gospels and made corrections where he saw it fitting to do so. One such correction is in the incident of the man with a withered arm. "It was a man whose right arm was withered, says Luke."

Here is a person who is paying attention to detail and attempting to correct the record as best he can. Comparing his gospel to John's we can see between the two persons that John was one who was rather close to Jesus's family, whereas Luke was so distant from the family that he had no idea that the woman who was a sinner, or Lazarus, were Jesus's aunt and uncle. I think if you examine the matrix you will get to like Luke, who attempted to straighten out details which he knew with good diligence, and which profoundly show that the apostles continued teaching Judaism; and it is quite clear that the Jews in the synagogues could not be drawn away from their Ebionite (poor) or Nazarene faith. That the apostles continued after this manner, reflected in Peter's comment to Paul that they should remember the poor of Jerusalem, is corroborated sufficiently to demonstrate Paul's misunderstanding of their requirements.

The uprisings in the synagogues of Asia are further evidence that the people in the synagogues – led by the apostles (Peter was the bishop of Antioch, for instance) – understood the Gospel of Christ differently than Paul. Furthermore, by Paul's own Epistles we know that he first began teaching in the synagogues to Jews, attempting to bring them to Christ. And here is where the conflict in his mission arose, because he represented to the apostles that he should minister to the Gentile, but he didn't do exactly as he represented and began preaching the Gospel of Uncircumcision to both Jew and Gentile alike. I think if you will examine the complaints of the Jews against Paul, you will find that they complained that he was teaching that the Jews should abandon the Law of Moses. And this, if you can share some compassion for these people who are cursed if they abandon the Law, allows that Paul was asking them to commit the worst of sins. Had Paul taught his Gospel of uncircumcision only to the Gentile, and stayed away from the synagogues, leaving Peter and James to deal with the Jews as he agreed, then the Gospel of anti-Semitism would have no need to be created. But he violated his commission from the Saints in Jerusalem and taught in the synagogues. Here is where he got caught in the trap of his own making, for he conceived a Gospel whose entire focus was to create his own Chosen People based upon the proposition that God had abandoned the Jews and their Law.

But he had competition from the Greek and Roman religious base, from Apollo, Dionysos, Adonis, etc. and failing to attract the Gentile he found easier pickings in the synagogues. This is no surprise because the Jews already knew the lingo as it were and would not be confused on the moral play of Judaism and its Messiah. All Paul need do is to explain how Jesus is the Messiah (where he failed in the calling).

As was true with the *Essenes* and evidenced in Josephus' works, there was a strong

expectation that Paul's day was in the Last Day, the Day of Judgment. Because of this the procedure to convert the Jews to Messiah Jesus required one to recite those scriptures which showed that these were the Last Days; and in this Paul would spew words of fire and brimstone upon them, causing them to realize the urgency of consigning their souls right now over to Jesus their only savior. Obviously Paul's oratory was quite convincing and must have created enough of an alarm that Peter had to write the Gentile church to remind them that a day to the Lord is as a thousand years, and, of course, bring up the fact that faith without works is death, etc. In *Acts* we have considerable evidence of Paul's misunderstanding of the apostles' consensus from Jerusalem just in the phenomena of his arrest for having taken an uncircumcised man (probably his son Titus) into the Circumcised Court of the Temple. Here we witness not only his arrest but the correction of Paul:

Acts 21.18 And the day following Paul went in with us unto James; and all the elders were present.

21.19 And when he had saluted them, he declared particularly what things God had wrought among the Gentiles by his ministry.

21.20 And when they heard it, they glorified the Lord, and said unto him, Thou seest, brother, how many thousands of Jews there are which believe; and they are all zealous of the law:

21.21 And they are informed of thee, that thou teachest all the Jews which are among the Gentiles to forsake Moses, saying that they ought not to circumcise their children, neither to walk after the customs.

21.24...purify thyself ..[that] all may know that those things, whereof they were informed concerning thee, are nothing; but that thou thyself also walkest orderly, and keepest the law.

21.25 As touching the Gentiles which believe, we have written and concluded that they observe no such thing, save only that they keep themselves from things offered to idols, and from blood, and from strangled, and from fornication (see Acts 15.19-21).

Purify thyself!

- the Apostles said to Paul. At this time no doubt many came forth with charges against him, carrying perhaps even his epistles which would have infuriated Peter and James no less than they infuriated me when I read them. My guess is that Peter and James had not seen Paul's writings, but what they had heard orally was enough to convict him, that he was teaching against the Law and the Jews. As noted in "On the Breakage of the Holy Catholic Church," particularly in Part II, our argument with Paul is his condemnation of the Law and those who honor the Law, and this charge must be satisfied. We offered a simple way, through confession, to do it. As noted, and quite in accordance with the prophets cited previously, the Gentile fall under a separate contract which will be established for them at the time Israel is restored from their diaspora, when the time of the Gentile is fulfilled, or, as noted in Daniel:

Daniel 12.7 When He shall have accomplished to scatter the power of the holy people, all these things shall be accomplished [see also Deut. 32.36].

Now Paul was severely confused over these issues, the timing of the Judgment, the fact that Israel must first be scattered; and in his zealousness, with Barnabas, to create that New Covenant for the Gentile, he stepped out of bounds, setting himself above God and acquiring unto himself the epithet of the Messiah, "Light of the Gentiles," to wit:

Acts 13.47 For so hath the Lord commanded *us*, saying, I have set thee to be a light of the Gentiles, that thou shouldest be for salvation unto the ends of the earth.

As noted earlier, the Light of the Gentile was a specific character charged with a specific mission of judgment, which we discussed in more detail earlier (re: the episode involving Jesus). We showed that according to the prophecy of the Light of the Gentile, in Isaiah 42.1-42.8, "He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street." This thing Paul was not.

Your conclusion that the dream of unclean animals drew a consensus among the apostles that Circumcision [sic. meaning the law] is irrelevant, is incorrect.

Further, Paul's manipulations and castigations were, though under the auspices of good faith, in the end evil. Now the idea of ministering to the Gentile was good, and the idea that the Gentile would fulfill the Law by following [the commandments of] Christ was also good. But tossing first the Law and then portions of Jesus's Commandments behind their backs, as particularly evidenced among modern pastors, following Paul's lead, is not good. The doctrine and works which justified this end resulted in six million holocaust victims - among a multitude of others caught up in the fire - and this was evil.

Paul did force the doctrine, and we should be happy to retrace those steps in more detail for your Bishop, should it be necessary; but I should think that among the papers we heaped upon you there is adequate evidence for any court to convict him, that Paul is the source of anti-Semitism and his teachings continue to influence people to despise the Law and the Jews.

We have a good illustration of this hateful doctrine almost every evening among the princes of the air. Dr. Gene Scott, for instance, because James argued the case that faith without works is death, repeatedly calls Saint James, the Lord's brother, "a jerk." If you were Christ how would you feel about this? The reason he and even the priests in your church call James and others of the Circumcised church names is because the name calling is in Paul's Epistles, and it is difficult to read Paul's Epistles without deriding at the same time the Jews and their Law. Now all this comes from the discussion between us: that faith without works is death. And we showed that Paul's works (though he may not have intended it) led to death for a multitude, through the offices of many inquisitions, from the Ghettos of Venice to the offices of Hitler.

Now this is horrifying, once you see it (with wisdom comes sorrow) for the habit of reading Paul's castigations has become so ingrained in the Christian Church, pastors at this moment, from the Vatican to the errant Protestants here and beyond are now writing sermons which call into question the blessedness of the Law, the Jews, and Christ's Commandments. Others, fattened and bejeweled with slobbering lips, wet their appetites with a holier than thou - we are the Chosen People - anticipation of the Apocalyptic day of the Lord, when all the world will be covered with dead and dying flesh, from one corner to the other, as in Rwanda, for instance.

Running with somewhat of an indifference to this world, with a faith which is more in line with Simonides', and certainly not Christ's, still others, with eyelids drooping ad nauseam, jaws struggling to stay awake, prepare their nightly sermons as a guiding light for the next day. Newscasters follow this example. May 17, 1994 MacNeil/Lehrer had the director of HUD on the

show to discuss a new program for the Homeless in America. In the presentation of the program it was established that over 7 million Americans have been Homeless over the last few years; and the director suggested that perhaps a half a million are on our streets on any given night, leaving us to suspect the other 6.5 million have raptured somewhere.

These Princes of the Air often ask mindless questions, some having to do with why interest rates are being raised, fearing their stocks and bonds might fall, and [MacNeil/Lehrer] "why the HUD director thinks there is a need for providing for the Homeless." A righteous man, sensitive to suffering and the preservation of Human Dignity, would have asked a different question of the HUD director: "Why has the government waited so long to take action?"

We stand on Psalm 12, among many scriptures, and men who have trouble relating to human suffering worry us. We say this because of many standards beyond those already mentioned. Aristotle says:

Aristotle, Ethics V.8 ...when a man does a wrong on purpose that he is unjust and wicked.

Now Paul knowingly castigated the Jews, the Circumcised Church, and their Law. Our News Media knowingly play down the causes and inhuman effects of our economic crisis. Are they that dense that they cannot see some sort of injustice in the massive homelessness in our streets and its connection to our debt?

Lack of respect for law (except that law which the wicked need) washes into our airways and streets: from men who have no fundamental knowledge of, or respect for, any kind of law to those who blubber out the news in sulphurous belched, inane questions about the virtue of helping the poor. Paul started this self-justification, Laodicean, process, and certain of those who are glorified in their own prosperity, without concern for others, have yet to learn, whether through Muse or Prophet, that regardless of what one believes one's works can dog him – like the Furies – until the end of time. This minute bleat, of course, is lost and unheard because of all the belching in our land; I leave it to God should He see a merit in giving solace to us. I am blessed, however, as I have stated before, that I'm not altogether abandoned – among the many to whom I cried at least you answered. Answered? You ministered to me! Thank God there is someone out there actually responsible enough to defend the faith! I commend you Sir, before the Eternal Witness, your patience and understanding and, more so, your heart which calls for justice and remission of shame. We made a slight twist in the word, here, but we needed it as an Elijah's Mantle to illustrate the unwritten accord of what we all know to be true: that to assure justice there are certain orders and principles which lead each of us from temptation, so to avoid malice and evil, so to express goodwill to all men through a charitable and merciful nature.

Finding good will among men

Now this is our vision – I hope it is yours – that we each to the extent of our own ability contribute to goodwill among men. But this is hard to achieve when the community becomes mindless, as ours is, because of its mindless leaders. But regardless of the state of mind, or lack of it, in our society, what is there but to do but to set an example, especially to:

Hesiod, Theognis, Elegies 68"..."Their faith, like that of souls already doomed."

Has not Hesiod already given us the example?

ibid, 83 Ransack mankind, my friend, and find all those with honor - the sense of shame-- still in their eyes, and on their tongues, who never could be bought for any price: one boat would hold the lot.

The example I thought to carry we have already discussed, which limits me somewhat, but nevertheless has great prospects – not so much in the work that I do but in the troop I carry in me and in whom I trust. Among them there is Justice, by whose hope I am comforted, for:

ibid 147. All excellence amounts to being just, and all real gentlemen obey the rules.

ibid. 289 Now ways thought bad by good men have become excellent ways to these bad men who rule with novel laws which wander from the road; The sense of shame has died, and violence and wrong have conquered right, and rule the world.

ibid. 305 The bad did not spring evil from the womb: Rather, in company with evil men they learned low ways, vile words, and violence, and swallowed everything their low friends said.

ibid. 317 Our virtue always is secure while money goes to this one, then to that.

ibid. 409 You cannot leave a treasure to your sons more precious, Kurnos, than the sense of shame which comes as the companion of good men.

Putting Shame to the stone

Somewhere we have to get into the issue of Shame if we are to bring forth Justice. My thinking is straightforward: the Christian Church ought to be ashamed of the teachings which we have highlighted as anti-Semitic. Evidence of that would be in stopping the teachings and a public confession, that they should be taught no more.

As for the secular part of our society there is little hope that they will discover the meaning of shame until the Church itself shows that it understands it.

Bringing forth more seed

In trying to figure out how to get you into the heart of our gristmill, I got carried away the other evening to a place of the Hyperboreans, and, though it is thought to be terribly cold there (someone cautioned me beforehand to be careful not to spit), I was given a carmena while I was there, and they wrapped it in wheat straw and insisted that I bring it back to you. They said that you could send it on to Delos, if you like. This will help explain some of the things which are hard to transcribe in integers and those somewhat overworked things in my roost in the sea which we call words of scripture.

Since I was raised on farms from my youth, in addition to dressing and keeping a herd of cows, I operated wheat harvesters. I would be raised early in the morning before dawn turned the blackened summer-fallen to hues of violet to brown and on to those golden colors of maidenhair; and then I would set off to the fields in my peeling blue 1936 Ford pickup truck with the bug eyes. Often it would greet me with tears dripping over its lenses, I would wipe them, and then, usually because of a low battery, give it a push start down the hill, jump in and in the full glory of youth bounce up and down the washboard roads to a new day. Upon reaching the field, during harvest, I would board an aged, green John-Deere pull-type combine, start the engine, and await my cat-skinner to arrive at the field. He in turn would start up the recalcitrant yellow D-

4 (upon whose brassy seat I once sprung), and then we'd belching dust and smoke caress the wheat from its straw.

I stood upon a platform which overlooked my green reaper whose revolving header extended about twenty feet into the grass and which I controlled, lifting it up and down, with a Jacob's Wheel, as that on yachts, whose varnish, as with many yachts, had long ago faded to the grey and bruises of old age. Beside me was a large bin into which a river of seed poured with each turn of the header and the throaty, often protesting, grind of the combine's innards. Sometimes dust-devils would join the ones we created, and the entire field would disappear into their choking, swirling cloud. At these times my driver and I would lose contact with each other, as the deaf and the blind so often do, and usually, to cause him to slow down, I would throw a handful of wheat at him. This is how I harvested, though I have also harvested by shocking the hay by hand.

I mention this to explain why I have forwarded on the message without the customary wrapping of wheat with straw, for the Hyperboreans know that I am by nature a reaper, and I know how to sort the chaff from the wheat. They knew, of course, that I would send it on through a righteous, discerning man who doesn't enjoy a lot of chaff.

We stand aghast, looking upon Antiochus Epiphanes and the suffering of the man and his seven children, how well they stayed the course; how similarly St. Polycarp and many other Christians suffered; and then behind them the Jews; and now the seething pots of all kinds, of Moslems, Jews, and Christians, of millions in recent times sent to their tombs by Stalin, and now of the sufferings over Israel, in Bosnia, and of late the massive butchery in Africa's heartland, and, of course, the terrible abuses in our streets.

Hyperborean Miscellany

Bam, bam, rap, rap
--Who's at the door? one answered.
It's I who knock; a happy crier opened
The huge bi-fold crystal door;
Heaven's egg opened wide,
With complete painter's hues, to life;
It was a large palace,
With many odd towers growing into heaven, this way and that;
And I was scurried hither and thither,
Because the house of living crystal
Grew up and down--
Knowing neither East or West--
Because all is but above,
Or where Nero churns: way down below.
How strange, I thought, these crystals
Growing hither and thither,
Alive and yet not alive;

See the way? a blind escort asked;
It is we who grace this place in life!

Bam, bam, rap, rap,
Lowering gates yawned wide;
To the Chamber of the Virgins
I was led by blind Teiresias,
Joined with a deaf musician,
To this view and that view,
And this sensation and that feeling,
Till we traced splendor in their jutting,
Many windowed Rock of Sorrow,
Where I saw full many playing our mournful dirge:

He Hath shewed thee, O man, what is good;
And what doth the LORD require of thee,
But to do justly, and to love mercy,
And to walk humbly with thy God? ¹

From this blew many melodies,
As a strong west wind stirs the deep wheat,
Rustling the ears and bending them low,
And full many began stirring around us.
Then I could see:
Dwarflike Sisyphus, King of Corinth,
Far below, the miserable lout laboring against an impudent pitted stone of its own mind;
Pindar joined us, calling up Cato Porcius, Carrying discipline in his purse .
He argued with Thetis (wife of Peleus, Mother of Achilles) to return a bag of salt,
To The Old Man of the Sea,
Insensible as it was— but no less absurd
Than angry Achilles: still cursing Agamemnon's royal robe,
shredded by Clytaemnestra's adulterous hand,
Where ever growing pyres of the dead lit the lower gloom;
A ravenous sheen of timbered bent bronze,
Dazzled our sills and high windows,
As priest Chrysês still tossed to the pit
Golden Ransoms for his daughter;
Then came the repulsive, bandy-legged, Balding hump-back Thersites--
Inexhaustible in tongue pricking Works -- telling me to mind my sails!
Chirping about careless watchmen, Ucalegon and Antenor, of Priam's Gate;
Dirty-witty Horace on Epeius's mule, With the lovely, but doomed Cassandra, Still twining fate's
delicate whorls;
Penelope too near her loom;

¹ Micah 6.8

And we hailed Priam's son, Polites,
The Trojan watchman:
He'd watch from old Aisyetes' barrow, And urged no more than this:

Just spin in a slender twine
The threads of many tales,
Words luring out Skulker Pride.

Loose not your hold on beauty, said he,
And guide your host with a true rudder,
The Rudder of Justice;
And speak with an iron tongue,
Forged on the anvil of Truth.²
We took our seats in the Hall of Sorrow to examine his threads of truth,
A hearing thus called of visions of truth.

Bam, Bam, rap, rap,
--Who's at the door? They answered.
It's I, the virgin of Thebes, Antigone!
I heard a call for Virgin Testimony;
For heaven's sake! I was plundered.
My own uncle, King Creon, ruined me!
I pleaded for the sake of justice –
Refused to honor Creon's unjust law –
He wouldn't hear my heartfelt plea:

O ye kings we ask but charity and Mercy,

For there is no pain, no sorrow,
No Suffering or dishonor,
We have not shared together,
Creon's spiteful orders I but hold alone:
There is nothing one can do or undo.
Pity me not, nor fear for me;
Fear for yourself.
Publish my testimony to all the world,
That ye may know the folly of lords,
Who gather armies and swoop upon the innocent;
Like ravening birds of prey,
With proud tongue's boasting,

Abhorred of Heaven, they are, yet like
A touchstone for man's heart,
Till trying men with authority and rule;

² Pindar, Pythian I.5

For a leader like Creon, living in fear,
A traitor to advice and good will--
He is damned – no less damned,
The Traitor I mean, than
Who puts a friend above his country;
Or seeing a danger to the people
Fails to declare it! Never should a leader
Let triumph evil over good.
For God shall prove him.
There is no man: come to burn temples,
Ransacking Holy Shrines and lands,
Who puts the sword to the Law,
Who panders behind Pluto's Purse,
Who brings more loss in wickedness than profit,
Wrecking cities and banishing men from their homes--
Can you imagine God loves such men?

CHORUS: Ill gotten gain brings no one any good!
O wondrous subtlety, ye that reside in man, who draws men to good or evil ways!
Know ye not that great honor is given,
Have ye not seen that power,
Have ye seen her who upholdeth Justice,
Who stands upon the Law of Heaven?
Have ye not seen the girl?
Screaming like an angry bird,
When it finds its nest left empty and little ones gone?
Did you hear her cry, man?
Your whims and edicts are not strong:
To overrule the unwritten, inviolable Laws of Heaven is mockery!

ANTIGONE: My way is to share my love, not share my hate,
Though for mortals greatly to live is to greatly suffer;
It was Haemon who spoke of man's wisdom:
The gift of Heaven, nectar not from hellebore,
Or tapestryed fields finely filtered by bees,
By God it is formed and screened through the Muses,
Ears held to earth's Pythian navel
or Heaven's Gate at Zion
Hear our prayers,
The voice of God loom's everywhere,
Engraved in every rock here to afar
As sands of Heaven to the furthest sea.

CHORUS: Antigone here, girl proved,
That there is no equal of love,

And those who are like Creon – (I listed a mean estate, Reagan and Bush too) –
Make excellent kings for desert islands;
Where there hell-born law rules:
'Tis every man for himself;

Heard below hammered Vulcan's mallet For crowns and shackles graven for them:
A Lord of the flies,

To rule with a loathsome beast –
That slick natured guardian of death--
Beelzebub, King of the flies,
Who tramples creatures without shame; His yawn greets all without respect;
Neither person nor the holy is safe;
This is where, Shifty Creon lies,
Though he said he had faith:

In the laws of heaven man must live,
Yet, he lived by his own laws.
He scorned the model of piety,
(Even Croesus, great king of Lydia,
Most worshipful of truth, amply blessed),
And then the messenger, who urged:

Truth is always best

- to Eurydice, wife of Creon; she begged
For the truth; she, acquainted with grief,
Then bore her burden, before the Pieta.
She pleaded for the life of her son, Haemon,
Creon's only pride, betrothed
To fair skinned, golden haired Antigone.
But three here caught up Oedipus' glory:
Pitiful Eurydice hugging groom and bride after the two died together
embraced in one breathless form.

ANTIGONE: How Haemon loved me,
when he discovered me hanging;
And he lowered me in a fountain of blood which stained my palid cheeks,
Washing my tears, my rosy color renewed,
Upwelling from his circumcised breast,
The white noose I wove now red in blood.
Oh, woe is me! Oh, who is me!
Such dear lives lost but for lack of truth!³

³ Sophocles, Antigone

Bam, bam, rap, rap,
- Who's there we answered.

OEDIPUS: It is I, the limpid one,
King, father of this dear golden fawn,
Who hung herself for my honor.
Hear me now, you who feed the flies,
It is a truth: help your fellow-men,
With all your power,
This is man's most noble work,
As proved in the wisdom of the ages;
When wisdom brings no profit.
Witness in me, blinded by truth:
To be wise is to suffer.
God's prophets warned you drunks, who chide:
Who is more blind or deaf than they?
The heavy secrets of the soul will be revealed in time;
Better sooner than later if lives depend on it;
For failing the truth a city perishes,
For Truth has power to save,
Enlightening the ignorant from lives of their own undoing,
Oh how men live in envy and pride:
For riches and nobility,
And wit matched against wit;
Racing against truth, kings and thieves, all running in a court envy!
The racer in these courts never wins:
Blinded to our own damnation
Fearing the loss of pride,
We shun the Muses and truth:

Few can resist avoiding it;
And those seers, never proved wrong,
Men call blind as Cassandra.
But know that all secrets of the earth and Heaven are known by God,
But of mortal prophets, one knows no more than another,
For wisdom is given to all in their several degrees;
And to those who fear the truth,
Never is blame imputed by justice
Till blame is proved.
Time alone will prove the honest man;
One day proclaims the sinner;
Though he argues that nobles must rule,
They shall be brought down if they rule unjustly.

CHORUS: Be merciful and learn to yield. Live with pure faith,
Keeping in word and deed,
That Law which leaps the sky,
Made of no mortal mould, undimmed, unsleeping,
Whose living godhead does not age or die.
Hear us, ye wise of the earth! the man,
Who walks his own high-handed way, Disdaining true righteousness,
Who holds contempt for the Holy,
And falsely wins, all sacred things profaning,
Shall not escape his doomed pride's punishment.
For ye who live in concealment,
When ye see the light, change
Whilst ye can:
Yesterday's morning of light
Will yield up the wicked to Charybdis, Torrent of endless darkness!
All of the generations of men add up to nought,
Be wary, happiness is often illusion:
For as in the pride of lions,
One day blest is shadowed by disillusion.

Life's failures are always felt twice:
Once in the gut and once in the soul--
Faithless Clytaemnestra knows--
Know that the Lord of life,
Like the Sun, sees all,
Clean and unclean;
Ye, who are unclean, holed in the rocks,
Though ye hold no shame,
Your scandalous works will be aired to the light of day!
Though ye escape,
Thinking ye can shun death,
Ye are but saved for some more awful destiny!
Never to receive peace.
Your happiness is but an illusion,
For none can be called happy,
Till he carries happiness down to the grave in Peace.⁴
Did ye not hear Polynices?:

Mercy sits beside the throne of God.

Or Theseus?:

“Not words, but deeds...”

⁴ Sophocles, King Oedipus

An evil man is booked by the law he brings unto himself.

OEDIPUS: While faith withers
falsehood blooms.

Time, time, my friend,

Allows havoc everywhere.

Time has many a night and day to run on his ineffable course;

In one of these some small rift will come,

A sword's point will cleave day's harmony.

Where crowds bustle and hustle,

There at once can be found no man,

For it is a truth, for want of a little word,

I went an outcast,

to end my days in misery!

But my grave needed me not, in the end,

My secret but only few know,

Raptured to Heaven to bring you news,

How God takes notice,

in his own good time, without fail,

when Godliness is flouted,

and men go mad.⁵

You and the flutist, come!

We'll laugh and drink near the weeper,

and enjoy his agonies.⁶

Bam, bam, rap, rap.

- Who's there? We answered.

THEOGNIS: (entering)--What's up?

Let Him in, for we are being stumped by a hard man, said I.

THEOGNIS: While its easy for men to do wrong,

Planning a good deed is difficult!

For my part in this act I must say whoever is at our door, has got to be a friend.

A man who's friend in word but not in deed is not my friend:

He must give help to me with hands and money both,

Not warm my heart with words beside the mixing-bowl;

He must prove, if he can, by action, that he's good.⁷

Neither flattering the mob, nor listening to the criminals.⁸

⁵ Sophocles, Oedipus at Colonus

⁶ Theognis, Elegies

⁷ Theognis, Elegies

⁸ Theognis, Elegies

[looking down, out the window of the chamber]

If God took mortal actions seriously, since he knows the inward thoughts of every man,
And all the deeds of just and unjust men,
It would be devastating for mankind.⁹
Stamp on the empty-headed people!
Jab with your pointed goad,
Lay the heavy yoke around their necks!
You won't find, under the sun, a people who love slavery so much.¹⁰
The sense of shame has fled the earth,
And shamelessness roams over all the earth.¹¹
As for me, my friends betrayed me.
So I was forced to be with my enemies and saw how they behaved!¹²
But now an ox stamps hard with his foot upon my tongue!¹³

No one in the chamber could answer.

We saw everything he pointed to, even my burro, with its burden of goads
dunning Buckley.

The burden seemed heavy for him, I said.

THEOGNIS: Well, what do you expect? If you add one word to the oracle you're lost;
And if you take away, you'll find there's No escaping guilt in God's eyes.

A good man answers well and his acts are good;
The bad man's worthless words fly on the wind.¹⁴
Look at them!

They all think to escape their anxiety by bribery,
When God sends pain to them.¹⁵
No one is on his guard against the crooked words of criminals,
Who don't revere God,
But set their hearts always upon the goods of other men,
Conspiring shamefully for evil ends.¹⁶

See, the nation is pregnant and ready to bear a violent leader of civil war;
The people should be in sense, there,
But those in charge are turning ever stumbling into evil ways.¹⁷

CHORUS: A people tend to resemble their leaders.

THEOGNIS: (turning from the window)

⁹ Theognis, Elegies

¹⁰ Theognis, Elegies

¹¹ Theognis, Elegies

¹² Theognis, Elegies

¹³ Theognis, Elegies

¹⁴ Theognis, Elegies

¹⁵ Theognis, Elegies

¹⁶ Theognis, Elegies

¹⁷ Theognis, Elegies

Alas, what's past is finished,
and can't be undone.
Care for the future is our concern.¹⁸

CHORUS: We should announce an end to those unhappy people's oppressions.

THEOGNIS: Trial is best.
Many have good repute that are untried. Let's see if they can do good.
If we do good they'll do good.
Do good and you'll receive it, I say.
Why send out announcements?
News of good work travels fast.¹⁹

CHORUS: We must expose the lies.
At first a lie may bring a little gain;
Then that gain turns to evil and to shame;
Once past the lips, the lie brings nothing good,
But dogs the liar everywhere he goes.²⁰
The sense of shame is always a companion of good men.²¹

THEOGNIS; But poverty leads many a man to crime;
Necessity corrupts his thinking;
and he learns to bear unwillingly much shame.
Still, it is the Muse who said,
In poverty, when want is pressing hard,
The base man and his better are known:
The just man still is just, his upright mind unchanged;
The other's lost the power of choosing either good or evil!²²

HESIOD: He is truly blest and rich,
Who knows these things and does his work,
Guiltless before God, and scrupulous,
Observing omens and avoiding wrong.²³
(stepping towards the window, he sighs)
Alas! The idle man who lives on empty hope; so many I see below:
He has no way to earn his living,
Turns his mind to crime:
Hope is not good for him who sits and gossips when he has no job.²⁴

¹⁸ Theognis, Elegies

¹⁹ Theognis, Elegies

²⁰ Theognis, Elegies

²¹ Theognis, Elegies

²² Theognis, Elegies

²³ Hesiod, Works and Days

²⁴ Hesiod, Works and Days

Many are there who till the fields of pride, working at evil deeds; God marks them, and often,
All the city suffers for wicked schemes,
On these men,
From heaven God sends great punishments.²⁵

CHORUS: Lords take notice of this punishment:

God marks fearless, crooked judges,
who grind down their fellow men.
Clothed in a mist, as Three times ten thousand Angels, He visits them;
Clothed in a mist, He visits every land, Watching the law-suits and crimes,
against Virgin Justice, revered most by God.
Whenever she is hurt by perjurers,
Straightway she sits beside God
And tells him of the unjust hearts of men.
Where the land suffers for its lords
Who recklessly, with mischief in their minds,
Pervert their judgments crookedly.
Beware you lords who swallow bribes, and try to judge uprightly.
Clear your minds of crookedness.
He hurts himself who hurts another man,
And evil planning harms the planner most.²⁶
Behold, when God visits He runs faster than any crooked verdict;
When Justice is dragged out of the way by men
Who judge dishonestly and swallow bribes.
Even from here the struggle we hear!
We see the voice of her weeping.²⁷
Alas!
Hades, whose heart is pitiless, is loosed upon the earth.²⁸
Oh, for a prophet!

HESIOD: (prophesying) God has given:
Harsh burdens, but mingled in some good;
God will destroy this race of mortal men;
When babes are born with graying hair;
Father will have no common bond with son,
Neither will guest with host, nor friend with friend;
The brother-love of past days will be gone.
Men will dishonor parents, who grow old
too quickly,
And will blame and criticize with cruel words.

²⁵ Hesiod, Works and Days

²⁶ Hesiod, Works and Days

²⁷ Hesiod, Works and Days

²⁸ Hesiod, Theogony

Wretched and godless, they, refusing to repay their upbringing,
Will cheat their aged parents of their due.
Men will destroy the towns of other men.
The Just, the good, the man who keeps his word,
Will be despised, but men will praise the bad and insolent.
Might will be right, and shame will cease to be.
Men will do injury to better men by speaking crooked words,
Envy will walk along with wretched men.
When the Spirit of Righteousness and Shame abandons mankind
Only grievous troubles will be left,
And they will have no defence against the evil to come.²⁹

CHORUS: (gasping, with their hands to their mouths)
My lord, that day is come!
It is time for you to work,
For they have made void thy Holy Law!³⁰

PINDAR: (stepping out of the Chorus, towards the window)
I see stormy wars and assemblies at council
The hopes of men are now thrown up,
Now down again, as they cleave their wind-tossed sea of lies.³¹

Then it is done. Shouldn't you warn them? I asked.

PERSIUS: Doubtfully will do no good.
I've already seen enough:
I see those Who sing as they exhibit on their backs a painting of themselves;
Many in the flotsam, thinking only of a decent burial, crying for God!
Anyone who would bowl me over will need more than that;
Let's see some genuine tears,
Not rehearsed the night before.³²
Enough of barons practicing before their mirrors with their rolling r's!

Bam, bam, rap rap (ignored)

HIPPOLYTUS: (joining him at the window) Are not all haughty people hateful?
Keep a respectful distance from them,
For men act on the same principles as the gods;
But I prefer chastity, a virgin meadow,
Where no shepherd presumes to pasture Nor has iron ever come there.
Virgin she is, and in summer the bees Frequent her,

²⁹ Hesiod, Theogony

³⁰ Psalm 119.126

³¹ Pindar, Olympian XII.5

³² Persus 90

While Purity waters her like a garden.
He whose fortune it is to be in all things wholly virtuous,
Not by teaching of men but by nature, May cull flowers in that meadow;
For others it is not lawful. For my part, May I round the goal of life,
Even as I have begun, by the streams of purity.³³

HORACE: (holding a bar of soap)
For me any time at all is tedious
And unrewarding if it hinders my hopes and plans for following the holy:
Pursuits which bring equal advantage to rich and poor alike,
Whereas its neglect will harm young and old alike.³⁴

ARISTOTLE: True! Whereas the ruler is the upholder of justice,
if of justice, of equality;
Despots, or course, rule to their own advantage.³⁵

Bam, bam, rap, rap!!
--Yes, who's there! I answered.

MUSE: 'Tis I, of Pleiades (she enters)
I heard a delirious man or is it someone composing poetry?³⁶
By the way, who were those two sulfurous men
That had been waiting at our door but left?

HORACE: (taking her to the window)
They wouldn't be interested in our works.
Come and see. We're eyeing drudges.
Look. There is no man down there not overloaded!
They couldn't hear us if they were elephants.

I think they were messengers of Porphyron,
Probably upset over the suicide of Aias, said I.

HORACE: (blowing his nose)
How insensible!
The sensible man is second only to God.
He's free, well thought of, handsome, the very king of kings;
Above all, he's sound--when he hasn't a blasted cold.³⁷

³³ Hippolytus

³⁴ Horace, Book 1 Epistle I.25

³⁵ Horace, Book 1 Epistle I.25

³⁶ Horace, Book 1 Epistle I.25

³⁷ Horace, Book 1 Epistle I.25

PINDAR: I think he was referring to Aias, Telamon's son,
He was not awarded the armor of the dead Achilles,
And shame called him to throw himself on his own sword.

CHORUS: So! Aias wasn't a son of God!
--handsome he was, but certainly not the king of kings.

As I see it, said I, neither did Helen go to Troy but to Egypt.

SAPPHO: That's what I said.

SOPHOCLES: That's how I understood it too.

--Then if Helen wasn't abducted to Troy by Paris, then Aias died in vain!

HORACE: That's what I meant. He was insensible!
Like Bellerophon Who also wanted too much but was thrown off his horse, Pegasus.

- How the high and mighty are fallen: small Paul squirmed.
A most bitter end awaits what is sweet in despite of right.³⁸

CHORUS: In the quiver under His elbow are many swift darts
that speak to the wise;
But for the crowd they need interpreters.³⁹
Many are the streams flowing to men,
Now with the heart's delight, and now with sorrow.⁴⁰
Such was the burden laid on Hercules
In chase of the Pleiad Taygeta,
The doe with the golden horns.⁴¹

PINDAR: Witness the doom of Tantalos,
Who tried to make his friends immortals,
So he suffered the four punishments.

HORACE: He did worse than this.
Served his son Pelops as a supple, fair dish to the gods.

PINDAR: Not so. Pelops was favored by the gods but not that way.

--Thyestes, son of Pelops and Hippodamia, was forced to eat his own son,
Were it not for our disfavor:

³⁸ Pindar, Isthmian VII.3

³⁹ Pindar, Olympian II.1

⁴⁰ Pindar, Olympian III.2

⁴¹ Pindar, Olympian III.2

Seducing, his own brother's wife,
He could share Atreus's Golden Lamb. .

CHORUS: Such terrible judgment;
Is this not so Menelaus, son of Atreus?

THEOGNIS: Then, Justice is summed in the whole of virtue.⁴²
And this equates to Charity and Mercy.
Odysseus was magnificent in this way.⁴³
All of the Aikidai carried the four cardinal Virtues:
Courage, temperance, justice, and wisdom.

So to avoid adverse consequences,
From lack of restraint,
One must always be charitable and Merciful, said I
-- as Saint Peter said, Charity covers a lot of sins.

PINDAR: Beauty, who creates all sweet delights for men,
Brings honor at will and makes the false seem true time and again;
But the wisest witnessess of all are the days to come.⁴⁴

By Jove, I fear you are right, said I.
We speak of heavenly pearls,
For some a far too bright light seems to be in sight--as yet another sun.
For the dove of the mountains is here,
though still pursued by Orion.

CHORUS: Let's call the sons of Homer,
singers of interwoven lines,
Who often begin with a prelude to God!⁴⁵

HORACE: Better not, otherwise Simonides and his cell-mate will return.
Examine the view of a slave, whose apophthegms are of plain fare:
Simonides was a fool hanging around
rich men's doors, to get wisdom.

MUSE: (touching her lip) No wonder he and the other left unhappy;
Wondered why I couldn't inflame them...
They're not to be relied upon in the foremost press of the fight.
So be it. We must select another.

⁴² Aristotle, Ethics, V

⁴³ Homer, Odessey 17

⁴⁴ Pindar, Olympian I.2

⁴⁵ Pindar, Nemean II.1

Who should we send?

I know of a man, said I, who is righteous..

CHORUS: Not him! He looks like another Simonides.
He'll never get it!

ARISTOTLE: Not so sure. If he is a man of virtue--
Whose action remains to be seen:
Not prodigal, but a liberal man,
A man who gives with a fine end in view,
and in the right way;
Because he will give to the right people,
And the right amounts, at the right time,
And will observe all the other conditions
That accompany right giving, then I say he is our man.
But if he is the man who gives to the wrong people,
Or not for a fine end, but for some other reason,
He must be called not liberal but some other name;
And so must the man whom it hurts to give,
Because he'd rather keep his money than do a fine deed;
That is not the way of a liberal man.⁴⁶

NURSE (advancing, with Phaedra in tow) Better the deed if it can save you
Than an empty name in the pride of which you perish.
If you have more good than evil in your character,
Being only human, you will be doing well enough.
Now don't be wrongheaded, don't be presumptuous.
Yes, that is just what it is:
Pure presumption, wanting to be better than God.
As trusting maidens, we fall Hopelessly in love with the charming things which woo,
In a world of brightness,
Where we Have no experience of any other mode of living,
And no proof of the other world;
Myths often lead us astray,
As wanderlust sailors carried away,
On the eddies of the briny surge go we.

CHORUS: It is a great thing to believe,
In a God who cares, who soothes the grief of the believer.
Though our secret heart hopes on an intelligent Providence,
Yet when we look at the fortunes of Men and their actions, hope fails us;
For one thing comes, another goes,
And life for man is ever shifting,

⁴⁶ Aristotle, Ethics IV.1

ever wandering.⁴⁷

PHAEDRA: Oh, dear people,
You put such a fair face on the shameful;
Any reserves of resistance are now bound to be exhausted.
We speak not in idle chatter.
One ought't to speak to tickle the ear;
Eloquence should promote virtue.
See here! One thing can withstand the Stress of life:
A good and just spirit in a man,
Always mindful of time's fair hand:
Like a young girl, Time has his mirror;
And in his own good time he lifts it,
Showing the base their baseness.

CHORUS: When shameful things are,
As approved by the fashionable,
Who are stubbornner than the sea,
Common people surely think them correct.
How in heaven can women look into their husband's face,
without quaking in fear,
Lest the darkness, the partners of their crimes, some day take voice;
Or the walls of their chamber?⁴⁸

- Verily, even these walls themselves yet cry out,
And the fame of the great endures, commanding sorrow.
But God has little joy in the death of the pious;
But the wicked we destroy with their children and their houses.⁴⁹

Just as the walls may cry out, said I,
So too is Wisdom justified by her children;
For lack of Knowledge people perish! *

HIPPOLYTUS: Ah! Ah! Oh!
An unfortunate man am I.
By the unjust Imprecations of an unjust father I was mangled, ah, miserably.
Woe is me, woe!
Pains shoot through my head;
A spasm darts through my brain!
Hold me, I'll rest my failing body, ill starred, accursed by my father's errors.
Oh hateful chariot team, fed by my own hand,
You have utterly destroyed me,

⁴⁷ Hippolytus

⁴⁸ Hippolytus

⁴⁹ Hippolytus

Utterly slain me. I lost my life utterly!
Woe is me! Have I in vain toiled over labors of piety towards men?
May God forgive the impious; my father I absolve from blame.⁵⁰

CHORUS: Many are the forms of divine intervention;
Many things beyond expectation does God fulfill.
That which was expected has not been accomplished;
For that which was unexpected has God found the way.⁵¹

PELEUS: Vile is man! I thought to
Serve my own child in the banquet of the gods.
Woe is me! Shall I not rend my hair?
Shall my hands not beat my head?
I have lost my city, and fate has robbed me of my two children.
My youth, Neoptolemus, is gone,
And Achilles' ancient quarrel has been remembered.
How unfair God is! How can he be wise?
My fortunes took a lofty flight,
But now they lie in the dust,
Far from their former boasts.⁵²

CHORUS: From small beginnings the tongue produces mighty feuds.
Tis better not to win a victory of dishonor
Than to overthrow justice by violence and be hated!
Such a triumph is dealt to men's hearts at first,
But time withers it away.⁵³

MOLOSSUS: (a small child stepping out of the chorus) Hear my grief:
Remember me and my mother, wife of noble Hector
(he was struck down by Achilles' brazen sword;
Dragged around our high walls behind a chariot of Greek fire!)
As booty My mother was carried away by king Menelaus,
To be a slave to his son Neoptolemus.
Pity my mother, Andromache--forced To lay with her own husband's murderers!
Hermione the barren, the daughter of Wicked Helen and Menelaus,
Was the wife of Neoptolemus;
She envied my mother, Andromache.
In innocence, a slave to Neoptolemus's passion,
My mother conceived me, but because Jealous Hermione hated me--
Before I was born, she feared I'd inherit her barren throne--
I, a son of Priam and Menelaus,

⁵⁰ Hippolytus

⁵¹ Euripedes, Andromache

⁵² Euripedes, Andromache

⁵³ Euripedes, Andromache

And my mother, Andromache, were fated to die.
Who could have expected otherwise in Houses where jealousy reigns?⁵⁴

ANDROMACHE: I shall fill the wide Sky with lamentations and wailings
And Weepings that are now my constant companions.
I do not lack for topics of lament:
The city of my fathers in ruins, my Hector Dead,
Myself saddled with a cruel destiny,
And slavery, foul slavery my portion.
Caused by the adulterous Helen--eloping from her husband Menelaus--
With my brother-in-law, Paris, a scoundrel;
Himself beguiled by Helen's lust for Trojan gold!
Oh, call no man happy till he is dead,
Till you have seen how he has passed the last hour of his life on earth.
My tears, for my city and my son, gush
Forth like a fountain welling from a rock.
Believe me, shameful is shameful, both in Greece and abroad.
Men ignore the cause and attack the Subsequent effect. What a sorry situation.
Don't you believe in the day of retribution?
What crimes are not found among you?
Where does murder thrive more?
Or sordid greed?
Are you not always found saying one thing and thinking another?⁵⁵

PELEUS: Don't let haste outrun justice.
Like a following wind that fills a ship's sails,
Let me breathe courage to you. It is better
To choose your friends and relations from the humble and honest than from the wealthy and
wicked!
In this way you may do good and avoid evil.⁵⁶
Few prodigal sons turn from their ways,
And a house's fortunes are often wasted,
As wheat in a broken dish, returned to the dust.
Because of an ill conceived rumor my
Entire loving family--the House of Peleus-- is taken away,
And now but meat for the Muse.⁵⁷

Seeing me as yet another virgin, with Empty purse,
The chorus came forward
And put this book in my hand for a righteous man.
Having assured them I knew of such,

⁵⁴ Euripides, Andromache

⁵⁵ Euripides, Andromache

⁵⁶ Euripides, Andromache

⁵⁷ Euripides, Andromache

A man comforting and liberal,
I took this message and came home,
From that high place of bliss,
To my place in the sea,
And bottled it for Buckley.
Knowing that in the currents of the sea,
(He often looks upon the sea)
I was assured he 'd open up,
For our desperate prayer of faith:

..when we cry unto thee, O Lord,
Then shall our enemies turn back.
Thou tellest my wanderings:
Put thou my tears into thy bottle.
Are they not in thy book?

I know I cut out the milk and the honey,
And the sparkles and the flares;
I chucked out the metal flake aphorisms soaked in dew, but
My troop agreed that time is money,
The longer one waits the more expensive redemption is,
Often at the hands of Crotonians raging,
Tried by time we still await the careful lips of truth,
Who confess our long-suffering truths.
For my part I hope that to rid us of the Evils which have plagued us,
It need not be in the Massilian way,
which Petronius mentioned:
Whenever the Massilians were visited with a plague,
Some one of the poorest of the people,
For the sake of being well fed a whole year at the public charge,
Would offer himself a sacrifice,
To appease the gods: he after his year was up,
Dressed in holy wreath and sacred garment,
Was led about the city with invocations on the gods--
So all the sins of the nation might be punished in him;
And so was thrown from a precipice.

On playing the Muse

This portion from the Muse, meaning no harm, the Lord knows has but a simple strategy, which my troops will testify is not my own. How or where the scope between us leads, I, being an anchorite to Truth, cannot be harmful; but the avoidance of truth, like being torn off your anchor in an angry sea, is! It is what one does or does not do with truth which does all harm. The worst thing to Truth, of course, are leaders who, in faith, seek knowledge but do nothing with it and spend their time on earth as if in shackles and their mouths taped.

Oedipus is, perhaps, my closest model of the seeker of Truth, who, even suspecting the

worst – that he was married to his own mother and had killed his father by mistake – insisted in pursuing the truth. This is the message of Sophocles' Old Man of the Sea, I think, that in spite of every temptation not to expose the truth there is a greater dignity in pulling it up. Oh, how our hearts were ripped open over Oedipus's daughter, Antigone, who, for our sake, stayed by her father to the end. We could repeat the stories of many other virgins devoted to such honorable men, and to the virtues of God, but rest here.

Beyond the whims of mortals, in safekeeping from the heels of the mindless masses, are treasured rocks of righteousness, where this miscellany was found. I'm confident you, like Jeremiah's hammer upon the rock, should make some sense out of it should you choose to do so.

Teiresias himself may have to lighten things a bit to make the pieces palatable.

I was glad to see your move, in any event, so to better ferret out the truth for King Oedipus, whom we leave before you:

Who walks his own high-handed way,
Disdaining True righteousness and Holy ornament;
Who falsely wins, all sacred things profaning;
Shall he escape his doomed pride's punishment?
[Sophocles, King Oedipus]

We still have your king Paul in check, who, not heeding the Clanging Rocks⁵⁸, rashly ignored his commission.

A man's good intentions sometimes cannot outrun his evil urge, and eventually the biases hiding deep in his soul are revealed.

We look to our children, knowing that what we do today cannot be undone and they are left with the struggle we avoided.

Here we can see that the ancients knew the Desire of God, expressing it through their moral plays and scriptures in a direct and relatively straightforward manner.

But this generation is baffling, and where shamefulness is found out and laid before their eyes there is self-denial.

It may be that our Heirs will decide the issue, over the revulsion of their inheritance, but this would be a far worse judgment than if it were decided today. It's your move: how should Paul escape Virgin Justice? I remain as always,

Sincerely yours,

M

⁵⁸ Argonautica

Further reading: (abridged for effect but with the same spirit):

Micah 6.8
Pindar, Pythian I.5
Sophocles, Antigone
Sophocles, King Oedipus
Sophocles, Oedipus at Colonus
Theognis, Elegies
Hesiod, Works and Days
Hesiod, Theogony
Psalm 119.126
Pindar, Olympian XII.5
Persius 90
Hippolytus
Horace, Book 1 Epistle I.25
Pindar, Isthmian VII.3
Pindar, Olympian II.1
Pindar, Olympian III.2
Pindar, Olympian III.2
Aristotle, Ethics, V
Homer, Odessey 17
Pindar, Olympian I.2
Pindar, Nemean II.1
Aristotle, Ethics IV.1
Hippolytus
Euripedes, Andromache

Appendix A Letter Log

Catalogue of correspondence in response to
“On the Breakage of the Holy Catholic Church,” as relating to our
works and days among the Hyperboreans: “Hyperborean Miscellany”

Mr. Buckley's response:

April 7, 1994

It seems more probable that Luther was so bent out of shape about priests withholding deathbed absolutions and other (apparently) arbitrary (apparent) abuses of the power of the keys, that he saw scotching Last Rites as a plain reform. He was foursquare for St. James's proposition that faith without works was dead: he said our faith should drive us across the continent in performance of works. His denunciation of works as causing redemption wasn't very different from St. Paul's (" Put away dead works,") or Trent's

Yours Cordially,

Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

Our response:

Letter April 12, 1994, 4 pp., abstract: asserting misquote of St. James:

Faith without works was dead

The context St. James used is Faith without works is death [James 2.17, 2.20, 2.24 and 2.26: *that for as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also*; ed. note].

Repeats Luther's evil, anti-Semitic tract of 1543 A.D – concerned about Buckley's passion to defend Luther, links back to Paul's anti-Semitism – ; gives further references that the early Greek Orthodox fathers and the true roots of the church agree more with Saints James and Peter than today's Pauline church.

Mr. Buckley's Response

April 25, 1994

I'm not Cardinal Bernardin, either, with the "passion for defending Luther" that turns out to be a symptom of Catholic self-hatred. It's only that Luther wasn't wrong about everything, and St. Paul is perfectly good Christian doctrine. Of course the Lord judges people according to their works, dividing the sheep from the goats; but it wasn't the works that saved the former.

Yours cordially,

Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

Our response:

Letter April 26, 1994, 4 pp., abstract (see "Searching out His Faith..." for the full text):

that the sheep were not saved because of their works

- is not correct because they are separated by their nature [sic. *who desolate the earth*, as goats] and argues that Judgment is according to the true nature of your life, using quotes from Eusebius, Josephus, Philo, St. Anselm, and St. Neilos (who said, *at the time of judgment those who have lived rightly will be rewarded..in accordance with the true nature of their life* and how to avoid evil by: *be discriminating, by comparing [the wickedness of our thoughts by] their first beginnings with the final results*) – quotes Scriptures which show the intent of God through prophets, *that ye may know* his desire, that in the Judgment all will see that what he prophesied had come true, forcing admission that man should have heeded his word: and *then men will understand Him perfectly*. It compares Mr. Buckley's comment, that *Luther was not wrong about everything*, to Clinton's Funeral Oration on Nixon, to wit: *that when we judge Nixon we must keep in mind all of his works*. We say this is the way God judges, in the case at hand: Luther and Paul, who were the first and last cause of anti-Semitism; that cause, being evil, outweighed all of their other works. I wondered if Mr. Buckley's Bishop, ignoring this, *is afflicted by who makes the soul obtuse* [Evagrius, *On Discrimination* 10; re: letter April 12, 1994]:

..You recite from the Scriptures, yet it is wholly indifferent and will not hear. You point out its shame and disgrace among men, and it ignores you, like a pig that closes its eyes and charges through a fence. This demon gets into the soul by way of long-continuing thoughts of self-esteem; and unless those days are shortened no flesh will be saved [re: Matt. 24.22].

Mr. Buckley's response:

May 16, 1994

I never agreed that St. Paul taught any evil. After the dream of the unclean animals, the apostles agreed that circumcision was irrelevant. St. Paul didn't force the doctrine. The sheep will be separated from the goats according to their faith, of which their works are evidence.

Yours Cordially,

Wm. F. Buckley, Jr.

Our response:

May 23, 1994

Dear Mr. Buckley,

Your letter of April 16, 1994 has a substantial error in it regarding the commission the apostles granted to Paul. He requested, and they granted, an apostleship to the Gentile. They condemned him, in fact, for violating this pact, as seen in particular on page 17 enclosed. The other miscellany in the enclosed has to do with examples of those who made great sacrifices on behalf of truth, which is what your bishop should consider more closely.

Sincerely yours,

M

Encl.: Works and Days among the Hyperboreans, 36 pp.

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