

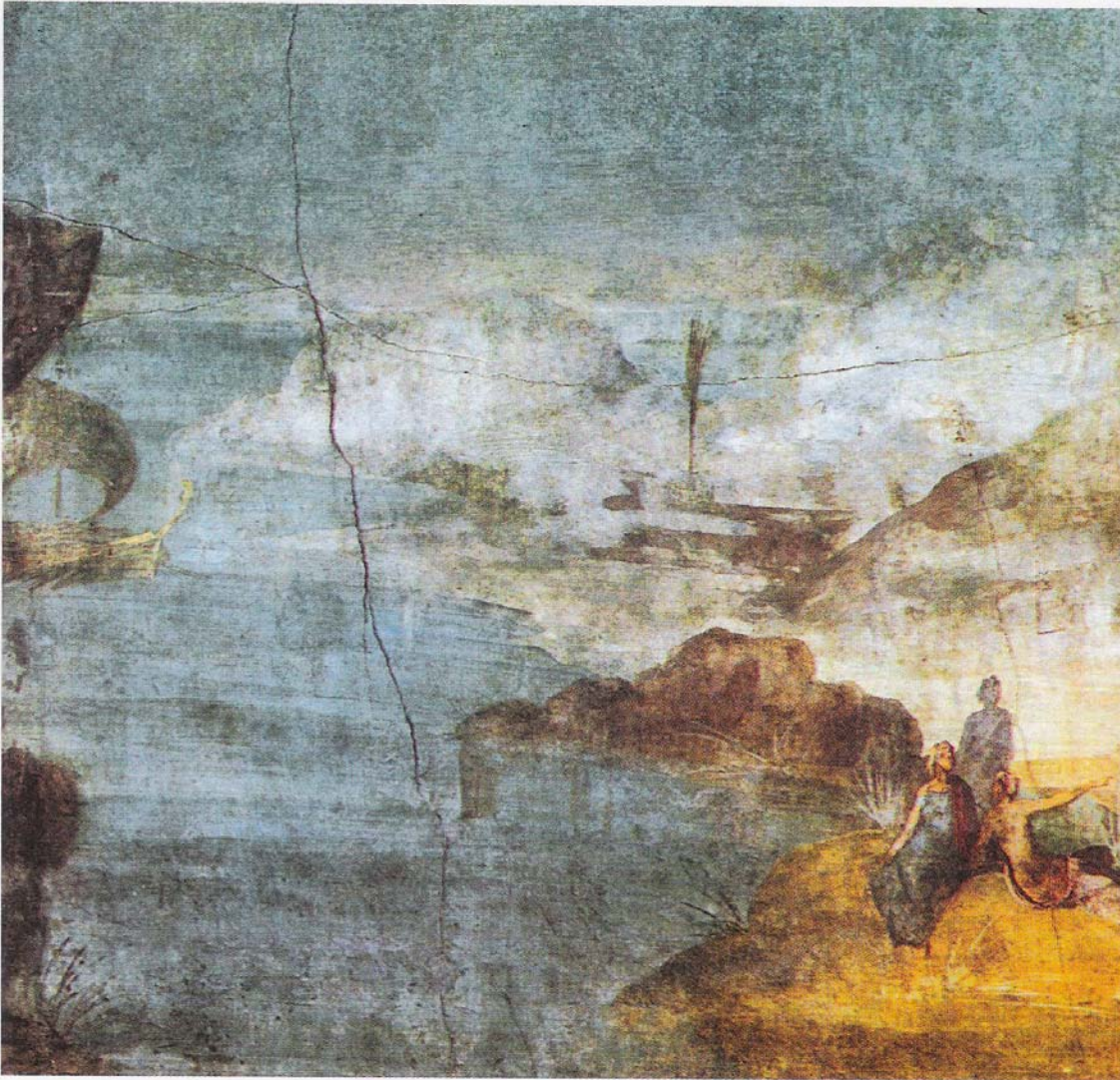
Rhapsody

**To
the Zealots¹
of Thessalonica**

¹ *Members of a sect aiming at accomplishing social reformations, knit together in Thessalonica in the 14th Century and becoming a powerful movement imposing social equality in, mainly, 1341. The power of this sect remained intact until 1349 (Encyclopaedic Lexicon of Eleutheroudakis, page 1260)*

**"Donne che avete
intelletto d' amore"**

Dante Alighieri



Ulysses is carried away ashore on Circe's island. The three female figures seated on the beach are the three fates.

(A mural of the 1st Century B.C., from a mansion built on the Esquilino Hill in Rome)

The night has fallen on the Island of Aesia. A full moon shines from above. Only the sound of waves lapping gently on the seaside is heard. A shipwrecked man heads for the shore, floating with the aid of a figurehead he has tightly embraced with his arms. He strives with difficulty to stand up on his legs on the seaside. He catches glimpse of a bonfire illuminating the frontispiece of a palace and approaches it, staggering with exhaustion. He runs into a woman. The glow of the flames shimmers on her face, giving it various shades and colours. She is uneasy, stirring various substances in a silver amphora embraced by the flames and reading: “Unless you trust Men, they will never trust you in turn”. A royal tiger lies by the woman’s feet. The shipwrecked man lingers. The tiger looks at him as if she recognises a familiar person in him. The priestess looks up at the moon. She is heard to say, whispering:

Priestess Oh, you pale moon,
 half-effaced behind clouds,
 accompany me tonight.
 Yes, don’t take
 rest in your weakness!
 Yes, I’m waking you up from your
 lethargy from my island
 so that you’ll listen to me.
 Yes, I am your sister,
 who will deny you the sleep
 of oblivion
 and challenge you
 to a dialogue,
 with all the magnificence
 of my wounds,
 to hear now,
 on this Valpurgian night²,
 about the treason
 our children that
 sprung up from our bowels
 would thrust
 onto our breasts.

² *Valpurgia was a saint of the Catholic Church, protecting invariably people against sorcery. She lived in the 8th Century. Her name day coincided with the spring feast (Valpurgian Night), when, as it was believed then, the participants would go into orgies, flocking to Mount Broquin or Blosquin (Encyclopaedic Lexicon of Eleutheroudakis).*

They would like
to humiliate me,
a woman bearing children
and giving breath from her breasts;
me, the Amazons'
ultimate queen.
Me...
The Cannibals,
impassioned
by the nightlong battle,
fell for me
so as to find mistresses
among the women sleeping with me.
I was left alone
with Lucifer
on the precipitous rocks
of Pontus
on that dreadful
winter night,
clad with the remains
of my armour
that were no different
from my wounds.
My last companion's
and my enemies' blood
was shed there.
When all rocks
were full of
wolves' eyes
and men's daggers
not seeking
my body
but my breath,
I reached them,
diving into the
waves of the Black Sea
on my mare
when, at the same moment,

Zeus's thunderbolts
started to shed their light.

.....

Me,
the woman
embraced by Poseidon,
who repelled the waves
into which I dived
in order to perish.

Me, the woman Oceanus
proclaimed his descendant
and crowned queen
over the island of the East
with my only promise
to be called Circe for
a few centuries' time.

Me, who was chosen
as a daughter of the co-researcher;
me, whose breast milked
the traitors obsessed
with stealing,
striving to
profane my womb
and menacing to bite
my thighs.

Me, who pampered,
nourished
and milked them for nine
months.

Me!

Eh, you traitors....!

Moon, do you hear me?

It is the renegades I'm denouncing.

Eh, you despicable, humanlike

shadows Mother Nature

has condemned that your manhood

be castrated by you yourselves.

.....

I am transformed
 in a glass mirror
 infinitely drearier
 than Medusa's face
 in order that you may see
 your own misery
 and, whenever you rush
 to smash, shatter it in your hands...
 You, handless and knelt,
 will beg the charity
 of my hands.

Shipwrecked Man Oh, my sweet Ithaca!

Priestess Who may be the profane man
 eavesdropping my whispers?
 Who may be the wicked man
 daring to spy
 what he is unable
 to see?

Shipwrecked Man If you wish to see
 a profane, wicked man,
 do avert your glance.

Priestess Oh, you appalling chameleon,
 it is now that you'll repent
 for all your inequities!

Shipwrecked Man Or laugh after a long time
 on account of your strange
 glance, which must be looking
 for something not existing
 within me.
 ..and the more it will look for it,
 the more it will get lost in the light of my heart.

Circe Is Ulysses the one
 my eyes are staring at?

Ulysses Do you still want to doubt?

Circe Make haste to close up
 Hestia,
 who is ours
 at this moment.
 Come to me, you, reckless Guide
 Since, as I see
 with my divine eyes,
 read my lips, you can't
 boast of your power
 at this very moment...
 The waves of your soul's blood
 are vying with each other
 over which of them will surge
 more vehemently out of your wounds.

Ulysses collapses.

Circe My divine herbs
 cannot cure you any more;
 only my lips can
 when they communicate
 with my heart.

Circe bends, kneels and embraces his head tenderly with her arms. She kisses his affectionately on the forehead and then protractedly on the lips. She stops kissing him only when he wakes up.

Ulysses Who's dampened
 my lips with Nectar? .
 Who are you that
 can do the impossible?
 Oh, what a bedazzling beauty;
 your eyes are sparkling:
 I see all the treasures
 of our cosmos glitter
 on their pupils.

and that we'll conquer
piously each other's
absolute trust.

Chorus Worthy, worthy
is the man;
Worthy to ascend
unto the Kingdom of Heavens;
worthy to communicate with Love;
worthy to acquire the Universal Thought;
worthy to feel the Universal Power;
worthy to be adorned with the Universal Beauty;
worthy to be vibrated by the utterly sweet
of Spirit's re-creation
within him.

Circe lulls him, lying on her bed. Ulysses wakes up and hears her whisper to him:

Circe You've been very late!
I've got tired a lot.

Circe falls sound asleep immediately afterwards.

Ulysses So, is this my body,
which parted from mine and
is firstly-seen by my eyes
but is so familiar with my heart that
I think I know it better
than my own?
What unparalleled serenity
calms my mind?
How familiar our way seems to me
now
that its challenging difficulties
resembling a most noble mountain
and compared to a tiny pebble
are reflected in the mirror of my mind.
Go ahead along my course up to here!

Oh divine, serene figure,
 I, bedazzled, move
 piously towards you
 to partake of your essence
 now that this inseparable drop
 from the Universal River
 dampens my lips, scattering
 strength to my ultimate
 particle.

Circe wakes up, descending slowly the steps of the bed-cum-shrine.

Circe You're not in love
 with my body
 but with my passionate
 heart, which, being the same
 as yours hunkers for truth...
 So, come to me, you the
 seed, my unique son,
 and let me tell you
 about how many things
 I was taught in the company
 of my solitude
 because your eyes
 do witness
 your unshakable will
 to set sail
 at every moment,
 at whichever moment,
 as soon as you have received
 the signal of departure.
 So, Ulysses, let us go together
 on new journeys.

 Oh, you spirit of the blazing Sun,
 lead us up to there
 where your rays can't go. .

She holds him by the hand and leads him towards a glass sphere. .

Chorus

With infinite respect,
 we salute now
 our siblings
 who are our most beautiful ones
 when the worth-living figures
 that can bear
 the responsibility of the Universal Thought,
 fighting with Minotaurs,
 dare walk along our
 endless
 labyrinths,
 guided by the
 thread of Braveness,
 will despise when
 their existence comes to its end.
 They unfailingly hold
 the decision
 to hand over the baton
 of responsibility
 in their hearts,
 standing upright with their
 head upright and
 wreathed by Self-awareness,
 the worthiest judge,
 that they wouldn't
 betray themselves.

Circe

Come here and let me show you
 what our heart, speaking
 from the very
 depth of our existence,
 will narrate to us
 like precious gifts
 lavishly given.
 Here you are!
 As evidence
 of the truth I'm telling you,

behold the apparition
 of Medusa's head,
 this living dreadful head,
 showing the teachings
 myths will hide.
 This appalling head
 which is bound to be resurrected
 and apprehensive to be crashed
 must be put to death
 so that Pegasus and the Gold Sword³
 may fly freely.
 Only he who hugs Hades out of
 his great passion for life,
 wearing his *cyneë*,⁴
 can
 resurrect our tomorrow
 because, being full of profound pride,
 he stares at truth
 with infinite solemnity
 and only he who won't sit back
 but dare choose
 one of the Phorcides maidens
 awaiting him .
 is enabled
 and only he
 is daring
 at the moment enablement is revealed to him
 because he won't take revenge
 but frees through
 Wisdom's castle,
 keeping his heart warm
 when well-disguised dangers
 threaten in thousand fraudulent
 ways
 to petrify it;

³ *Etymological meaning of Poseidon's and Medusa's son, Chrysaor (chrys [Gr. χρυσ = gold] + aor [Gr. ἄορ = sword]), according to Greek Mythology (Lexicon of the ancient Greek Language, John Stamatacos).*

⁴ *A Homeric helmet adorned with wild boar's tusks.*

only he
 is enabled
 to bear Medusa's head
 under his aegis, where
 he acquires
 beauty like a huge ruby
 as his defense.
 This is how Myth
 works his way
 in the silver Bag
 throughout centuries:
 he's the guide
 our companions,
 communicating
 with Universal Truth
 and enabled to keep it
 in magic, enigmatic,
 beautiful myths,
 have envisioned.
 So, let's go together
 to free
 what our companions
 narrated with utter toil
 and sacrifices
 and perils
 the other day
 identified
 with our spirit's Strength
 of today.

.....
 Oh, you spirit of the blazing sun
 lead us to there where
 your rays cannot reach.

Ulysses

...It was you who kept
 the weapons desired
 by the warrior
 within me..

Come and wreath me.

Circe

It is here, at this point
of the path, where
disobedience
 should not exist
because I keep
 the weapons you're
 asking from me;
I won't trust them to you
 for even a single moment
before I discern
the redemption
from any wish for
 revenge
in your glance,
before I discern the cure of the
wounds gifted on your battlefields
 in your heart.
... If you feel that the time has come,
I call you for the ultimate
 trial
 before entrusting them to you.

Ulysses

I follow you.

Circe

If you want to deny your existence
since you believe
 you have ended her task
and dare swing over
an obscure stain
in order to acquire your new looks,
you should enter my palace
and walk towards the central
 dark Hall,
where I had been beautifying myself
so that you would be worthy
of this moment.

I'll be awaiting you there
 in whichever form of trial
 Zeus has gifted me with.
 You, since it's this you long for,
 you're called on
 to kiss me on my lips,
 closing me up and looking me
 in the eyes.

Circe enters her palace, walking slowly. She heads for the central lounge, where she kneels before a shrine dedicated to Aphrodite.

Circe Goddess of Love,
 you who know
 how firmly I
 worship you,
 wrap me up with
 the gown of my love by which
 you have appointed
 my mate
 and put him at supreme Zeus'
 service
 in order that every fold of
 his soul
 be illumined
 and he regard
 himself in pride
 with the smile of the Victor.

Chorus We hold the figures
 you unfailingly fought
 in our hands with
 utter sensitivity
 so that they will touch our substance
 but there is no easily accessible
 path for them.
 Here are our gifts
 and all the difficulties

what my heart has taken
 for gray until now!
 It's the world
 as you stare at it
 through your now illumined
 forehead.
 It's now you'll feel
 that everything comes on time,
 like our island, which
 will not worry about
 when Spring
 will come,
 elaborating the seeds
 that are to bloom
 throughout all the months
 of winter
 in your bowels,
 and you'll learn
 that there is no point
 in your fighting
 with the Cyclopes any longer,
 blinding them,
 since you can stitch them
 to your chariot
 from now on
 and have them joyously
 opening your way.

Ulysses

My heart beats
 for new journeys,
 wishing, however, to be separated
 from yours, needing you, I daresay,
 more than the air it breathes.

Circe

So, come with me in
 order that I may teach you
 how to travel more beautifully
 and talk more fearlessly;

this very night is suitable.
 The sea you would intimidate
 so that you would learn
 accepts
 after choosing you.

And now she is serenely
 expecting you to accept her
 with equal serenity.
 She'll accept your paces.
 Don't forget everything
 she has taught you;
 accept what she is to narrate to you
 with infinite trust.
 Her love for us is absolute
 without any shade of doubt.

Ulysses I follow you.

Circe Then, come to me
 so that I'll see every wound
 of yours more closely
 and search to find
 your missing parts
 deeply within Cronus.

Ulysses As flowers open themselves
 to bees, who, intoxicated
 by their nectar
 and by the fragrance
 of their pollen,
 fly to other flowers,
 redeeming them from the desire
 that they will also be embraced
 and born new flowers,
 so do I open my heart
 widely...
 Cure sweetly every

suffering soul.

.....
 And as I am equally mortal
 like your father,
 who rises every dawn
 even if he is burnt all night
 to illuminate the Moon,
 so am I burnt
 in order to illuminate you.

Circe

Come to the path of love
 now my sweetheart
 and we'll walk
 for as many moonlit nights
 as we may wish to
 so that you'll be resurrected.

The night is now illumined by an August full moon. Circe leads Ulysses to the seaside, where the Path of Love ends.

Silhouettes of Nereids are mirrored on the waves. Foggy figures are formed near the path.

Nereids

Let us start with
 mysteries
 for the initiation
 from this sacred point
 where air, earth and water
 are embraced
 and we are made perfect
 in our siblings' company.
 Our two dear friends
 dare trust us,
 going ahead
 on the dark waters
 that are never tired of
 waving themselves
 while Hades' pitch dark
 depths are agape underneath.

Eh, you friends
 Its high time we revealed
 to you what you are seeking
 so arduously: the man
 travelling over the seas
 and the woman expecting
 him on Aeaëa.

You're both lovers
 who are One and the same
 person to us.

Firstly, my dear friends,
 here I am where the Ocean
 we'll show us.

Here I am at the beginning
 of your way.

Here is fear on the right,
 emerging with countless
 heads and nails.

Pay attention my friends;
 yes, attention!

Hope on the left has covered
 black waves
 with spring carpets, making them
 green and colourful
 springtime undulations
 of grass and flowers
 lighted by a calm twilight.

Likewise, these two illusions
 and also the light of the Sun
 can divert us out of the way
 bordering on Moon's grief.

.....
 Impatience will obscure
 our ways and

Love
 will illuminate them.

We never forget
 that Bliss

is the child
 of Creation
 and not
 of Fate...

.....
 It's wisdom
 that acquires knowledge of humans
 and enlightenment that acquires knowledge of yourself.
 An Enlightened person is coordinated
 with the needs of the World and
 will never pose as a great man
 in his life for this reason.

Ulysses I'm walking, holding your hand;
 I'm not going to leave
 unless I see
 the smile of the victor
 rejoicing
 with an even more Human
 Resurrection...
 You and I
 are One
 now..

Circe I no longer embrace
 my son but
 my lover will lay his head
 on my breast;
 I'll milk him
 with the blood of my heart.

Chorus Hail Woman of the Earth.
 Hail Son of Woman
 with the halo of love.
 The whole Cosmos
 is vibrated
 by the transubstantiation
 you create.

All of a sudden, Hermes emerges from the water, holding a rod entangled by two living snakes, which move and seem to be playing. He is heard to whisper, saying:

Hermes I can't find anything at all
 with those who think
 they know.

 I emerge from the rocky island
 on which there is a bottomless cave
 leading to the adyta
 of self-consciousness
 here on their way.

 Ignore death
 in order to feel
 the Beauty of life.

Circe and Ulysses enter the cave, walking on the waves all the time. Prometheus waits them in the interior of the cave.

Prometheus Welcome to my place
 comrades;
 yours is Pegasus,
 yours is Chrysaor,
 yours is Kibisi, the magic bag,
 with what transforms
 things into marble.
 Yours are the gold reins,
 which, along with Apollo's lyre
 and the indescribably huge Torch,
 is a gift
 in Circe's holy hands.
 With all our love.

Circe and Ulysses mount onto Pegasus. Ulysses holds the gold reins with his right hand and the Chrysaor (Golden Sword) with his left hand. Circe, smiling, brings her gown towards Ulysses' chest with her left hand while holding the lyre at the same time. The

Circe extinguishes the torch and puts it into the magic bag. She starts playing the Lyre, which radiates while sounding. The Lernaean Hydra, hearing the melody, is transformed into the tree of knowledge.

Voice Behold, I'm being transformed
(from in- into the tree of knowledge
side the tree) at this very moment.

Circe and Ulysses dismount the horse and lay the weapons-gifts onto Pegasus, who sets off flying on his way back. They have retained only the lyre, which sounds in Circe's hands all the time. A snake makes its appearance at the tree of knowledge, bringing the newcomers the "forbidden fruit", which bears an inscription reading, "there is no God Greater than Man since Man Has Created All Gods". Circe takes the fruit, reads the inscription on it and bites it with self-assurance, handing it over to Ulysses afterwards.

Ulysses I'm following you.

Circe I'm freeing the melody
of my heart
with the divine lyre
and
accompanying my sounds
at the door of Self-knowledge.

Singing hymns to the sound of the lyre, they approach the gate of the ζουν την πόλη του Temple.

A Voice is heard.

Voice Who is it?
Who is it?
Who is it?

Circe It's you.....
It's you..
It's you..

The gate opens slowly. They enter the Temple, in whose centre there is a gold throne on which Aphrodite is seated. Fiery, amply-illuminating letters reading "Beauty is always hidden behind a gold mask" are placed round the throne. The snake follows them and

creeps up onto Aphrodite's lap, where it is transformed into god Eros.

Ulysses Oh, you the goddess of beauty
I'm staring at the fine looks
you represent
with deep respect

Αφροδίτη My words always hide truth
and my actions are never casual.
.....
Those who won't follow beauty
will sink into pitch dark abysses
and those who are focused only on beauty
will sink into even deeper darkness.
.....
Look out and follow Life.....

Flashes and thunders shake the temple. Circe has disappeared. Silence prevails all over. Ulysses sees now only Circe looking at him in his eyes and holding Eros in her arms.

Circe Come closer, oh Ulysses...
It was you who desired it
and I consented to your desire
since I also
 chose you....
Speak up now
with the eyes
 of Eros.....

Ulysses closes her up, looking Eros in the eyes as if he were hypnotized.

Ulysses I can see your wish
to crash me
so that you will be freed
in your eyes.
Go ahead,
 go ahead,

go ahead,
 even if you'll hurt my heart;
 I'll go ahead with you.

Eros flies over the two lovers. Circe descends the throne and kisses Ulysses on the eyes. Circe and Ulysses head for the City, which bears an inscription saying "Man is The Measure of All Things". A cloud wraps up all three of them, vanishing into thin air slowly. Eros has been transformed into Lucifer.

Lucifer I've been burning,
 having illumined you
 for countless centuries.
 Now,
 as you're redeemed from
 your Labours,
 let me rest in your arms.
 The way is long
 for my new siblings

Lucifer approaches Circe and Ulysses, who hug him as an only-born son coming home to his motherland again. The gate of the temple opens slowly. Darkness prevails all over in front of them. A cloud surrounds all three of them. Lucifer's changed voice is heard saying:

Lucifer I prefer the freedom in Hell
 to the submission in Paradise.
 . . . Rise, oh, you gates of Hades
 and curtain of
 our womb. . .
 Behold,
 I'm being split into two parts.

A sword peeps out from the cloud, ripping apart and dispersing darkness. The cloud vanishes into thin air.

Circe and Ulysses, holding one another by the hand, understand that they stand on the shore of Aea, exactly at the point where they had set off on their initiation walk along the path of Eros. A purple daybreak appears sweetly on the horizon and Lucifer is seen standing in a distance.

It is the crack of dawn..

**Lucifer's
Monologue**

Your eyes
 see maturely the
 sunlight
 I would guard you off.
 I'm giving
 you to it now with unfathomable love.
 The pride of our brother
 Sun
 is yours now.
 You have, now, experienced
 his patience
 illumining
 the Moon
 for uncountable years
 and his knightly love
 withdrawn whenever
 it wishes to travel alone
 in the company of the stars
 in the setting of the sky....
 You have, now, experienced
 The provision
 of not approaching
 what you love
 closer than it's
 necessary...
 You've, now, experienced
 the strictness
 of burning
 what makes haste to be burnt.
 You've, now, experienced
 the power
 of rising pieces
 from seas
 and tenderly placing them
 there where they'd like to...
 You've, now, experienced
 the prudence

of forbidding any glance
 of slavish pleasure....
 You've, now, experienced
 the signaller
 of the routes of your path.
 You've, now, experienced
 the beauty
 every day' beginning and end.
 You have learnt how to paint
 in the seven colours
 of reconciliation
 after the tempest
 in the plight
 of the apprentice magician,
 taking our brother's strength
 in your hands.
 Confirm
 your universal
 Love for Beauty
 with every movement of yours.
 You deserve the place
 of the justly punished Phaeton;
 you are worth being accepted
 by us as our siblings.
 Partake of
 the initiation of Beauty.

Lucifer opens his wings and starts flying, heading for the rising Sun and being transformed into Light-cum-Sun.

Circe Back to our island again.

Ulysses ...and at the point we were before.
 However, it's not the same place any longer:
 It is illumined by the Sun,
 our brother,
 who is hugging us now
 with the nostalgic tears

of dawn's dew
 while we hear hymns
 and choirs;
 the greetings of our Cosmos'
 Galaxies.

Birds We joyfully evangelise
 our Brothers Resurrection.

Flowers We embrace our Brothers
 fragrantly and joyfully.

Winds We kiss your lips,
 which are our own lips.

Chorus I remember
 in my body and
 envision
 in my mind.
 Both Future and Past
 live at Present.
 All my points
 are palpitating
 in my ultimate particle.
 We announce our God-creating Substance.
 We will embrace
 Every new form of ours
 with equal affection.
 Good and evil
 will be extinguished here.
 We have the Holy-looking Light
 as the oracle-teller Teiresias of our hearts.

The Sun stops rising in the horizon. Enormous colourful water springs surge up from the sea surface, seeming to form a crown on the Sun, which has started diving into the sea. The Sun has disappeared behind them when they are transformed into fantastic flowers continuously changing colours, shapes or positions and forming a huge radiant bouquet. A triple rainbow makes its appearance in the east. Colourful luminous clouds

come up all round in the horizon, moving upwards and forming two embossed figures resembling Circe and Ulysses in the east. The humanlike forms are embraced and kiss one another on the mouth. A sublime hymn makes everything vibrate.

Grand I love, admire, feel
Choral everything within my body
 I make music of every movement of mine,
 marching endlessly
 on my
 visible but always
 unparalleled ways.
 Silence and Music
 follow my steps.
 I always walk along,
 guided by beauty,
 while the forms
 I consolidate in me
 reshape
 my new
 images.
 I embrace Yesterday,
 creating Today,
 which will breathe
 the next admiration,
 and when I will not find
 its suitable
 Music,
 I love my silence.
 Why! She's pregnant.
 with my new melodies
 that are to echo
 Tomorrow,
 which I'm raising
 as an infant
 in my arms.

DE TE FABULA NARRATUR