

Tomazo Pagonis

Behind the Scenes of Mythology

Guided by a Random Traveller
of Myths

Cycle of Journeys: First

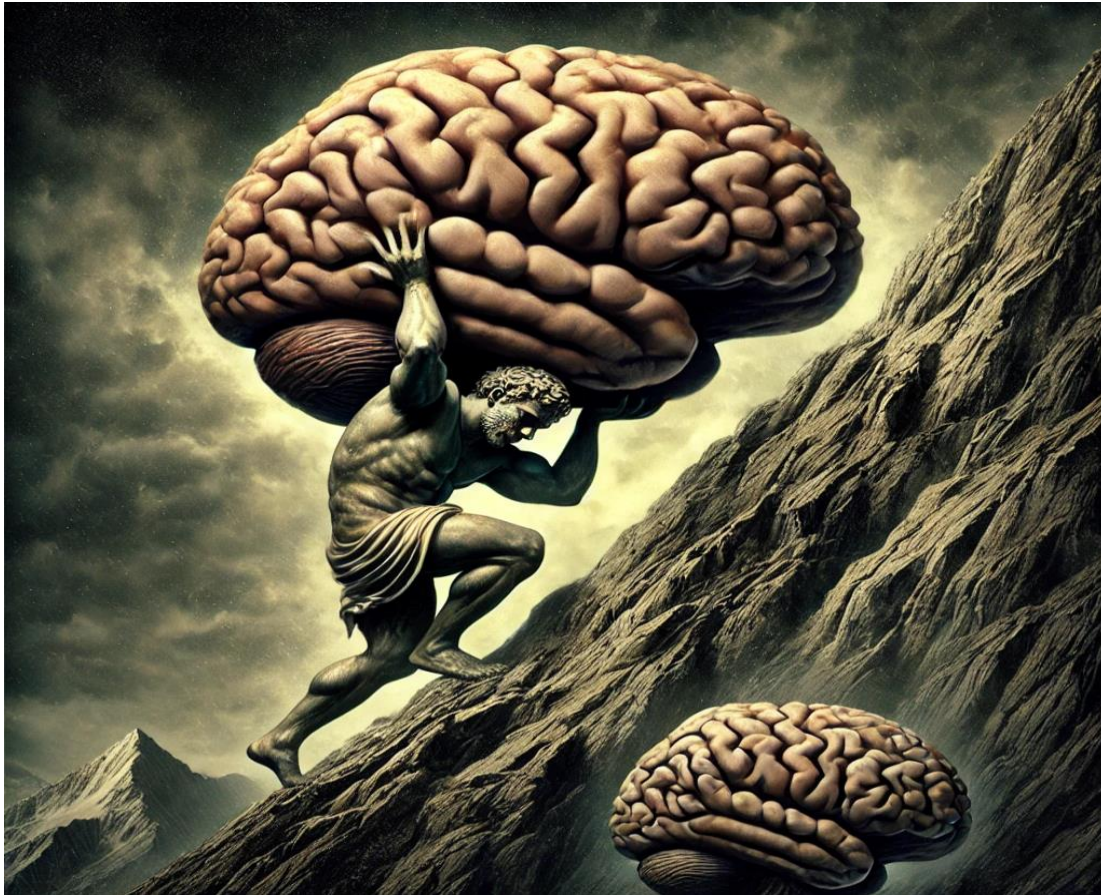


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Tomazo Thomas Pagonis

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Disclaimer

The descriptions in the "journal" of the traveller of myths in the era of the Theogony contain scenes of violence, cannibalism, destructive war, unrestrained sexual content, and generally scenes unsuitable for an audience under eighteen years of mental maturity. Any resemblance to persons of the era in which the reader lives, political leaders, religious leaders, journalists, and influencers is purely coincidental.

In contrast to the aforementioned, the heroes of the myths are allegorical figures, therefore incorruptible and innocent, despite the turbulent and graphic nature of their adventures.

Nevertheless, ladies and gentlemen who belong to the flock of any religion are kindly requested to close the book swiftly and carefully, lest any phrase escapes that might offend the sacred and holy dogma of their doctrine. Additionally, it is suggested that they return the book to the publisher demanding a refund. But first and foremost, they must inform their spiritual advisor and ask for forgiveness for daring to purchase it, borrow it, or – God forbid – photocopy it.



A Dedication

Dedicated to the supreme of all gods, the immortal Eros:

To the **Cosmic Eros**, the binding force of matter and energy in the created universe.

And to the **Philosophical Eros**, born of Poros (Richness) and Penia (Poverty), who took his place at Plato's *Symposium* and listened as immortal mortals praised him with ancient and initiatory words.



A few words about the traveller of myths, by Tomazo Pagonis



The Traveller, who recounts his adventures in this first book of the series, was born in my imagination many years ago.

I pictured him as a young university student, the kind of person others mock for “living in their own world.”

He carries a backpack filled with books about mythology and travels endlessly.

Yet, I, who had imagined him – and therefore created him – always knew he was an intelligent young man, deeply influenced by Plato’s world of ideas. And yet... it seems he came with a “flaw.” He was made in such a way that

he became “lost” in a duality between reality and the “world of ideas.”

Even so, I allowed him to act freely. I hoped he would enjoy the existence I had “given” him and that he would interact with the other creatures of my imagination. Perhaps he would argue with them and provide me with material for a novel.

But he took things into his own hands. He rebelled!

He ignored my plans and expectations, withdrew into himself, and devoted all his time to exploring mythological places and times. He disregarded the other creatures of my imagination and acted on his own! He dedicated himself to places and times that his own imagination “constructed.”

And so, the moment came when my “creation” decided to record his fantastical adventures in a notebook,... in fact a journal!

He claims to have written down everything he truly experienced, ...using “myths” as his “vehicle.” He says he documented “events” that happened right before his eyes. Events that took place in the “*sacred realms of allegory*.”

In the end, he dared to present me, his author and creator, with... a book! He even claimed to be a writer himself!

Even now, he continues to carry a backpack full of ancient texts that he stumbles upon from time to time, as he travels through myths.

“To relive the truths hidden within allegories,” as he puts it.

In this first cycle of his travels, he claims to have witnessed the primordial Chaos and Gaia in their perplexed splendour, to have been embraced by the timeless and enigmatic Eros, and to have forged a friendship with the wondrous Thaumás.

And I watch him as he continues exploring the stories of gods and early heroes, his eyes brimming with curiosity. I admire him because he still believes that new rays of knowledge will be revealed to him. I forgive him because he has never stopped believing that ancient texts are “vehicles” that carry their “passengers”... to the truth.

This series of books, titled *Mythology, from Theogony to Plato: An Odyssey in the Ocean of Allegories*, is nothing more than the “journals” he has handed me over the years.

Let us read them and “judge” him together.

Let us overlook the fact that he calls us humans “*mad monkeys*,” and let us forgive him for ignoring our religious beliefs. Instead, let us evaluate both his presentation of myths – shared for the first time in chronological order – and his attempts to “de-symbolise” them.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'm. e.' followed by a stylized flourish.

Behind the Scenes of Mythology



Myths are not mere fairy tales; they are symbolic depictions of knowledge that has travelled through the centuries, concealed behind allegories and transcendental narratives. The gods, the heroes, the titans, and the beasts of mythology are not ghosts of a forgotten era; they are symbols of philosophical ideas, hidden within myths for their own protection.

At least, this is what the Traveller of Myths believes.

The manuscripts he entrusted to me are not ‘mythology handbooks.’ They are the notes from his journeys—journeys through myths that began with Chaos and Eros, reached the reign of Zeus, and ventured into realms where mythology met philosophy.

Through the pages of his travel memoirs, the *Traveller of Myths* attempts to peer behind the scenes of mythology and uncover truths veiled in symbolism.

Since it is the journey that matters, not Ithaca itself, let us follow the traveller on his mythological wanderings and view the allegories through our own eyes...

Safe travels!



A Few Words from the Traveller of Myths

“History is an old harlot, painted and adorned. Myths, on the other hand, invite the reader to strip them bare...”

“A myth is not merely a tale; it is a secret language, a code. If you decipher it, you can read the truth without being burned by its light.”

“Zeus placed Power and Violence as his right-hand enforcers, yet he never handed down commandments such as ‘Thou shalt not steal’ or ‘Thou shalt not commit adultery.’ He left those to the lawmakers of men.”

“The gods of myth were never legislators. It was man who took on that role, for he has always needed someone to watch over him—or to punish him.”

“Eros is not merely an emotion. He is the first and greatest cosmic force, the architect of existence—the only god who predated the gods.”

“Self-knowledge is the wisdom you carry without thinking about it, without even knowing you possess it. The knowledge of the stone, the tree, the amoeba.”

“Time is not a river; it is a circle. Myths understand this well—this is why they never end.”

“I journey through mythology not to find answers, but to learn how to ask the right questions.”

“Man is the most tragic of all animals. He knows he will die, yet he continues to live as if he were immortal.”

“Whoever dares to defy the Natural Law commits Hubris. And Nemesis does not have endless patience...”



A Few Words About Myths and Mythology

A 26οἱ δὲ δὴ ἄλλοι
Ζηνὸς ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν Ὀλυμπίου ἀθρόοι ἦσαν.
τοῖσι δὲ μύθων ἦρχε πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε·
Ομήρου Οδύσσεια, Ραψωδία Α

*The other gods –
except for Poseidon who was in the land of the Ethiopians –
gathered in the palaces of Olympus
and Zeus was the first to speak with **myths**.
Homer's Odyssey Rapsody A*

Indeed, there are some fundamental questions:

What is Mythology? What is its relationship with history or with political-religious authority? What is the involvement and contribution of Myths to religions and the governance of the state? Is Greek Mythology an evolution of the mythology of the peoples of Mesopotamia? Did it borrow elements from the epics of Gilgamesh and Enuma Elish? Did it perhaps "learn" from the myths of the Incas? Which myths were told first? Those of the Incas, the Sumerians, the Hebrews, the Indians, the Egyptians, or the Greeks? What is the difference between Myth and Logos? What is the relationship of Myth to folklore and legend? And above all, why does Zeus in Homer's Odyssey speak with myths - " μύθων ἦρχε - with myths he began " - while humans speak with words?

These questions have occupied my mind, but I did not spend time answering them. This is because I believe such questions are mostly unanswerable, while some of them may be unworthy of study.

Modern historians, archaeologists, and other academics have tried to connect Mythology with History or to explain Myths "scientifically." However, I find their attempts often fall short in capturing the true essence and purpose of myths. Nonetheless, I know that Myths have a greater depth of time and are richer in meanings than history. After all, History is an "old painted harlot." And every "story" of History "dresses up" easily but to strip it naked is almost impossible. Whereas myths aim to invite the reader to "strip them naked."

They say that myths:

- Were passed down from generation to generation thanks to bards.
- Changed from mouth to mouth.
- Began to be recorded in the 8th century B.C.
- Exist in every people who burdened the earth.
- Some even claim that all myths and beliefs derive from the same source..."

However, something that seems to be confirmed is that the ancient peoples believed the myths in the same way that modern people believe in History. And, just like the moderns, they used the - in their opinion - "historical" myths for political purposes. For example, Virgil, who wrote the Aeneid solely to give historical substance to the Romans. And he used as a hero a mythical survivor of Homer's Iliad. Aeneas, whom he highlighted as a progenitor, through adventures - a copy of Odysseus' journeys. And the Romans believed they came from Ilion, that they were Trojans. They believed in Aeneas so much that they offered protection and tax exemption to Greek cities that were not mentioned in the Iliad as part of the Achaean army...

The Mythology of all peoples is so important that the famous and, in my opinion, particularly credible Jung, in one of his works on mythology, titled it "Introduction to a Science of Mythology." But I think that a "science" of mythology neither exists nor can exist. Only the study of Mythology can be considered a science, but even that would be wrong. Because myths have been written in such a way as to appeal not to logic but to emotion.

In reality, myths can be studied by various sciences such as archaeology, mathematics, physics, psychology, etc., but Mythology itself is not a science, and its study would be better not to be limited to any science, except for Philosophy.

Nevertheless, it would be good for scientists of all disciplines to study Mythology. If for no other reason, because in an inexplicable way, mythology ... is good for the human mind.

I studied as much as I could the myths of the Babylonians, Sanskrit poetry, the Mahabharata, the early books of the Old Testament, the myths of the Vikings, the oral traditions of the Native Americans, African mythology, the myths of the Incas, the theogony of the Egyptians and the myths of the necropolis, the Arabian Nights, the stories of King Arthur with the Knights of the Round Table, the Holy Grail, ... and perhaps a few more that escape me. And I allowed myself to forget most of what I studied, easily persuaded by the saying that "knowledge is what remains when you forget everything you were taught in school." I was so easily convinced by this saying because the limited time of an entire life does not allow for journeys to all mythological regions, no matter how important and worthy of study they are.

However, I now believe that only the myths of those who once inhabited the Hellenic land, those "villagers of the vast blue" as the poet Elytis says, only these have truly influenced the modern world as a whole. There may be more important myths, but only the myths of the Greeks have influenced the West. Especially from the time of the Renaissance to my days.

"... and the name of the Greeks has come to mean not a race, but a way of thinking, and those who share in our education rather than those who share in our common nature are called Greeks."

Isocrates, Panegyricus

Perhaps because, as Isocrates claims in his Panegyricus, the name of the Greeks did not concern the race but the intellect, education, and way of life. And although Isocrates said all these things for political reasons and does not convince me that he meant them, there is a grain of truth in his words. For it has been proven that the intellect, education, and way of life of Classical Greece, in particular, seems not to have been the privilege of the Greeks alone but a global heritage.

Therefore, I limited my journeys to the places of Greek mythology. The mythology that is not "Western" mythology as some say but, mainly due to geography, should be considered "central" mythology. The mythology that was influenced by almost all the mythologies of its time. Mainly, however, the mythology that never existed as a religion in the absolute, dogmatic sense of the term, although the myths were used in the rituals of the mysteries. For the myths were used to serve the Ceremony and not the dogma. And the goddess Ceremony, which is recorded in the Myths allegorically but with incredible clarity regarding its role, has been a cornerstone of civilization from antiquity to the present. From the journey of the sacred road to Persephone of the Eleusinian mysteries, ... to Elizabeth's journey to Buckingham.

Δήμητερ, ἀγνῶν ὀργίων
άνασσα, συμπαρασάτει,
καὶ σῶζε τὸν σαυτῆς χορόν·
καὶ μ' ἀσφαλῶς πανήμερον
παῖσαί τε καὶ χορεῦσαι.
Ἰακχε πολυτίμητε, μέλος ἐορτῆς
ἡδίστον εὐρών, δεῦρο συνακολούθει
πρὸς τὴν θεὸν
καὶ δεῖξον ὥς ἄνευ πόνου
πολλὴν ὁδὸν περαίνεις.
Ἰακχε φιλοχορευτά, συμπρόπεμπε με.
Αριστοφάνους - Βάτραχοι 385

*"Demetra, queen of pure rituals,
be my ally and save your chorus;
and safely all day let me play and dance.
Iacchus, highly esteemed,
finder of the sweetest song of the festival,
come and accompany us to the goddess
and show how without effort
you complete the long journey.
Iacchus, lover of dance, accompany me."
Aristophanes - Frogs 385*

For the goddess Ceremony is the daughter of the lord of the "sacred orgies," Dionysus, and a Naiad who had dedicated her life to purity. The famous Nicaea. And because she has such parents, she balances between the sacred madness of Dionysus' "pure orgies" and the purity of the acts in the Eleusinian Mysteries. In the purity of a sin-free act. She manages to teach through emotion, overcoming the limitations of the mind.

In fact, the "gods" of the Greek Myths never existed as lawmakers or dogmatic bearers of some "revealed truth." Perhaps with the exception of some myths referring to Minos of Creta, but these myths were never "popular."

In contrast, the Abrahamic religions, present the one and only god - male, old, and vindictive - legislating without the opposition of the Titans, without Gaia's criticism, and without the dangers of the Giants and Typhoeus. While Zeus, as a representative of natural law, is forced to struggle between nature and the law of the gods established by Hera, starting with the articles concerning marital life. Between action and reaction...

Zeus may have installed god Kratos (State) and goddess Via (Violent Force) as "security forces", but he never delivered a tablet with commands "thou shalt not steal," "thou shalt not commit adultery," and other charming directives. This kind of command, he left to the lawmakers of humans. Humans who had knowledge of the goddesses Themis, Metis, Styx, Philotes, and above all, Nemesis.

Kratos and Via dealt only with the affairs of the gods. While for mortals to whom they were never sent, they became models for imitation and nothing more.

To prove this statement, Kratos and Via ensured Prometheus' punishment was executed, not Socrates'. For Socrates and every Socrates, the "fellow humans" take care. And they care without "Eros" or "Philotes" but with "love." With the same "love" that "arms" crusades and sustains wars.

But, as far as I know, the concept of such "love" does not exist in mythology. Only Philotes exists. Philotes, who by Eros' command, traps gods and mortals to become friends, hospitable, art-loving, philosophical, and under suitable conditions, lovers.

And unlike Genesis, which considers humans the center of the universe and the sole reason for the world's creation, Theogony is at the service of the World. And no Myth dares to ask or, even worse, to answer who created the Chaos which was the first existence in Theogony ...

Therefore, I assert that Mythology never existed as a religion for the following reasons:

- It is not anthropocentric,
- It contains no dogma,
- It does not give commands but ideal models for imitation,
- It does not aim at proselytism or changing of faith, it has no official priesthood and does not participate in state governance.
- But above all, it is not a religion or dogma because it allows those who partake in Greek education to change the myths at will and speak of the "gods" with a mocking disposition. For example, Aristophanes, Lucian, even Homer, who portrays the god Hephaestus as the cuckolded husband of Aphrodite ... whom, according to Hesiod, he never married.

I journeyed through **etiological** myths, primarily using Theogony as my vehicle. Some might prefer to call them **theological**. However, I insist they are etiological because, behind such myths, I saw the representation and explanation of natural phenomena with the lyricism of the myth of Persephone and the intensity of Zeus' thunderbolts. In other etiological myths, I saw cosmogonic events similar to the Big Bang. I saw the dethronement of Uranus by Cronus and later the Titanomachy that dethroned him. Of course, among these myths, there were probably some dogmatic ones, presented "by command" of priesthoods demanding a share of power. I will approach such myths with caution...

However, there were also purely etiological myths, but in some way "politically motivated." For example, the myth of Deucalion, which explains the "birth" and the name of the Greeks. And others that justify the names of geographical areas. Like the myth of the dispute between goddess Athena and god Poseidon, which explains the name of the city of Athens. Naturally, the pinnacle of politically motivated myths lies in the Aeneid, which thankfully is outside Greek literature.

I also traveled through **heroic** myths. In these, alongside the gods, I saw mortals co-star. Mainly mortals from the Heroic Age, like Perseus, Heracles, Theseus, and others. I also encountered mortals who perhaps belonged to the last generation of humans. To the Iron Age. Typical representatives, I think, were Odysseus, Agamemnon, Orestes, Oedipus, Achilles, and others. And I assert that these heroes belong to the Iron Age and not the Heroic Age because they have the flaws and capabilities of the people of my generation...

But I cannot overlook the fact that all heroes are "tragic." They all suffer because they or their ancestors committed hubris* and from the passions of mortality. And this is further proof that the heroes of these Myths are from my generation. From the generation of iron that oxidizes easily. From the generation of the most tragic animal that burdens the earth with its weight... The humans.

*(the Greek word **Hubris**-ὕβρις has the meaning of "defiance of gods, leading to Nemesis". Nemesis being the goddess of punishment.)

Naturally, I also ventured into **historical** myths that perhaps refer to memories of historical events that occurred in ancient - for the ancients - times, without the historical reality being of particular importance. After all, even in recorded history, reality does not hold particular significance!

In these myths, I saw battles and conquests clothed in the imagination and philosophical disposition of the poet. And thanks to this imagination, I saw myths passing into immortality. However, the interesting plot that brought such myths to my time became destructive. The myths were trivialized by commercial Hollywood scripts. A characteristic example is the Iliad and the fall of Troy. However, I must point out a significant difference between the heroes of mythology and the heroes of comics and cinema. The latter are immortal, living their ephemeral lives "eternally." While the heroes of mythology become immortal after they die. They die in their ephemeral mortal lives to be reborn immortal in the pages of mythology.

Finally, I saw up close **narrative myths** like the Odyssey. That is, myths that had a purely symbolic and didactic character. These Myths, clothed in allegory, were presented as folklore stories, with a labyrinthine plot. With a beginning, a middle, and an end. But an end which is reached in a perplexed way.

This type of myths were not only written by those who once inhabited the Greek land, but also by poets from all parts of the world. Shakespeares, Dantes, and Dostoevskys. However, the end of every myth, regardless of whether it is theological, heroic, historical, or narrative, marks the beginning of another. And each time an additional symbolism another allegory is added,. Because it seems that this was how the inhabitants of the Greek land liked to teach. With symbols and allegories. And as civilization evolved, the need for new allegories and new symbols, like the goddess Ceremony and mechanism of Initiation, was born.

Finally, there are myths that cannot be classified into just one category. Because, to serve the evolved allegory, they borrow elements from all categories together... For example, the myth of the Labdacidae, which contains historical, theological, heroic, and mainly narrative elements. Surely, however, these myths are also didactic and in no way dogmatic. As a witness, I call Oedipus, who began to "see" when he "blinded" himself...

There is, of course, the possibility that some of the myths borrowed by the Greeks conceal scientific "achievements" of mortals who lived before prehistoric times... Civilizations that were destroyed and left only minimal traces of their presence, which, however, are almost impossible to reconstruct. And I am not referring to the myth of Atlantis because I would fall into "trite" arguments. Not even to the myth of the flood, which is common in all mythologies and all religions. I am referring to the approximately three hundred thousand years of Homo sapiens, of which only ten to twenty thousand years are recorded! That is, about five percent, while ninety-five percent belongs to the dark prehistory of the human race (dark ages). I am also referring to the millions of years of life on the planet, of which the only thing we might know is some fossils and a few pieces of dinosaur bones...

Finally, I must mention that the common elements I discovered in all credible Myths are as follows:

- Reference to some historical event whose memory is lost in the depths of time. Alternatively, the allegorical reference to some natural phenomenon.
- There is at least one tragic hero, god or human, who acts in the foreground or background. (Personification of the historical event or natural phenomenon.) However, both the heroes and gods of myths are philosophical and allegorical concepts and not necessarily historical figures or dogmatic entities of universal authority.
- The plot aims both to disseminate, perhaps even to "preserve," an event of "collective importance" or to "explain" some natural phenomenon, covering them with allegories and

symbols, and to dress the narrative with folklore elements, thus making it "widely accepted." That is, to turn the event into a narrative that can be easily etched in memory and transmitted by word of mouth.

-Myths as a whole have a didactic character and serve the sense of justice without necessarily constituting laws.

-At the end of many myths, the hero dies and becomes immortal in the pages of mythology.

For all the above reasons, the myths of the Greeks contributed significantly to the creation of the culture of Classical Greece and to the unique psyche of its inhabitants.

Greek myths, along with theater and athletic contests, formed an unbreakable bond for the city-states, which were almost always ready to set aside their quarrels and unite against foreign enemies. Mainly against those who did not speak the Greek language and were considered "barbarians" because their speech sounded like "bar-bar-bar." Against those barbarians who accepted the tyranny of a ruler and were not free, rebellious, and unstable like the Greeks themselves. Unstable like their gods...

Thus, the myths were both didactic and aligned with the free - or perhaps libertine? - way of life of the inhabitants. Let's not forget that the inhabitants of this land were always deniers of any form of authority. So rebellious that even before the so-called Archaic times, they demanded to be "citizens" and not objects of property belonging to a king or a "messenger" of an old god...

That is why the Homeric epics and Theogony never inspired witch hunts or inquisitions.

Instead, they inspired laws, state, friendship, hospitality, family law, gatherings, and celebrations... and many more things that can be summed up in one word: "civilization."

The pinnacle of the thirst for "free opinion" of the ancient Greeks is represented by the chorus in ancient theater. Because the chorus talks on behalf of the common opinion and speaks its mind freely. Even when that opinion is not pleasing to the "authority."

Naturally, ancient myths handed the baton to tragedy and comedy. Particularly in comedy, they served political purposes, which is particularly obvious in Aristophanes' anti-war criticism.

One could say that in the modern world, myths have been replaced by two "products": by scriptures that replaced the "theological or historical" myths, and by fairy tales that replaced the "heroic" and "narrative" myths. However, unlike fairy tales where we encounter the absolutely evil and the absolutely good hero, myths were not biased. Witness Homer and the Iliad, which, although written to be sung to the Achaeans (Greeks), dedicates its most beautiful verses to the Trojans (the enemy.) The opponents are not portrayed as barbarians and unworthy like the wolf in Little Red Riding Hood, but as "fellow humans," many of whom are better than the Achaeans.

After the decline of Classical Greece, the barbarians managed to destroy statues and temples, burn books and writings, and lynch nationals (the ones who did not embrace Christianity) and other "infidel non-believers". However, they did not manage to obliterate the myths. For the myths had already established their career thanks to the Romans, who distorted them but did not want or manage to "ruin" them. Myths continued to have a marginal career, "hidden" in monastic libraries and slightly altered by "rebellious" yet illiterate monks who engaged in the noble art of calligraphy. They even managed to survive hidden in Christian ceremonies and in ceremonies of other doctrines. They took off their careers, mutated according to the dictates of marketing, in Hollywood. Because Hollywood discovered that within the narratives of myths lies the magical recipe for success. The hero saves the world around him, changes

himself and becomes better in the course of his mythological time, while the "villain" of the story must be equally "good" in evil as the hero is in goodness. These are essential elements for commercial success. I bring as witness to my words Blake Snyder, who wrote the book "Save the Cat," advising aspiring screenwriters to copy the plot of the myth of Jason. Nevertheless, myths, in their authentic form but even in their Roman or Hollywood mutations, "pose dangers" against dogmatism, ignorance, folly, and mental sluggishness.

But I scribbled a lot on paper without giving a short definition and briefly explain (to myself mainly) what "myth" means. So, I am forced to resort to the words of the reputable mythology scholar, Walter Burkert:

"A myth is a traditional narrative with a secondary partial reference to events of collective importance."

And I am sure that this definition contains the elements that any academic who respects their "academic" self would seek. Who studies the myths that people once sang, with the guidance of science.

But I, who am an amateur lover of mythology, do not have to answer to any science. I can let emotion carry me away. I can visit the myths freely... I can even reverse Burkert's definition by saying:

"A myth is a traditional narrative, usually allegorical, with a primary reason for existence being the partial or total reference to events of collective importance."

I disagree with the notable scholar Burkert solely because he included the word "secondary" in his definition. Because Burkert claims that myths are essentially "traditional narratives," that is, fairy tales and folklore, which secondarily and partially refer to events that are important to the entirety of people (collective importance). My perspective "feels" exactly the opposite. I think myths were created because of events or truths of collective importance that had to be preserved within a traditional narrative for primarily didactic reasons. Perhaps also to protect their "truth" from the rage of dogmatists... Or from the "fairy tales" of the victors...

The last oases for the "career" of myths in humanity are Hinduism, Buddhism, and Zoroastrianism, perhaps also some other -ism that escapes me.



From the book: [The Primeval Constructions](#)

Hesiod... and his initiation



Once upon a time, in the late 8th century BCE, gods spoke not only to the high-born and priests but also to the poor and insignificant. During this era, there was a poor shepherd named Hesiod. His father, originally a merchant from Ionia in Western Asia, went bankrupt and migrated to European Greece, settling in Ascra of Boeotia. There, he had two sons: Hesiod and Perses.

Hesiod spent most of his life in a rural environment, mainly engaged in grazing and farming. One day, he received a divine gift from the gods. He met the Muses and conversed with them. As he recounts in his work, "Theogony":

22 Αἶ νύ ποθ' Ἡσίοδον καλὴν ἐδίδαξαν ἀοιδήν,
ἄρνας ποιμαίνονθ' Ἑλικῶνος ὑπο ζαθέοιο
*"Once the Muses taught Hesiod lovely singing,
while he was shepherding lambs beneath sacred Helicon."*

In this way, Hesiod became the second great poet of Ancient Greece, after Homer.

Perhaps he is the only poet who, in a unique way, signs his poems within the verses of his work, rather than at the end.

He further claims to have been initiated into poetry by the Muses. In fact, he says, "I am just a shepherd, but the Muses taught me to write good poems."

I estimate that all this happened approximately seven to eight centuries before the destruction of the ancient world, twenty-seven to twenty-eight centuries before the imagination that conceived my existence gave birth to me. However, although the modern world has not been kind to the ancient one, a fortunate coincidence has ensured that Hesiod's works have survived. They have been translated into almost all the languages spoken by the bipedal species called "human."

Aristotle claims that Hesiod died in Ascra when the city was destroyed by the Thespians, and his tomb was relocated to Orchomenos. According to tradition, the tomb of the great poet lies there, next to the tomb of the hero Minyas. In that enlightened era, poets were also heroes.

Both Homer and Hesiod begin their works by seeking inspiration from the Muses, yet there is a significant difference between the "Theogony" and the "Odyssey." Homer asks only for inspiration from the Muses:

ἄνδρα μοι ἔννεπε, μοῦσα, πολύτροπον, ὃς μάλα πολλὰ πλάγχθη,
ἐπεὶ Τροίης ἱερὸν πτολίεθρον ἔπερσεν·

*"Sing to me of the man, Muse, the man of twists and turns driven time and again off course, once
he had plundered the hallowed heights of Troy."*

From the first lines of the "Odyssey," it is evident that Homer knows well the deeds of the man he speaks of. He knows that Odysseus is cunning, that he sacked Troy, that he wandered much, etc.

In contrast, Hesiod—does he pretend?—knows nothing. He implores the Muses:

ταῦτά μοι ἔσπετε Μοῦσαι Ὀλύμπια ... ἐξ ἀρχῆς,
καὶ εἵπαθ' ὅτι πρῶτον γένητ' αὐτῶν

*"These things oh Muses of Olympus tell me...
from the beginning, and tell me which of them came first."*

He asks the Muses to narrate to him what happened. He seeks to know what happened first and to recount the events from the beginning.

Thus, in the "Odyssey," the Muses provide inspiration, while in the "Theogony," they provide both inspiration ("the Muses taught Hesiod lovely singing") and information ("These things oh Muses of Olympus tell me") .

This distinction is crucial whenever I compare the verses of the "Theogony" with those of the "Odyssey." Homer's invocation is a request for aid in telling a story he already knows, whereas Hesiod's is a plea for the knowledge itself. A direct transmission of divine wisdom. This not only underscores the different roles of the Muses in the works of Homer and Hesiod, but also reflects the differing natures of the two epic traditions—Homer's as heroic and narrative, Hesiod's as didactic and cosmogonic.



Even the location where Hesiod meets the Muses is not random. He encounters them at their home on Helicon mountain, near the springs of Aganippe and Hippocrene. The names of both springs include "íppos" (ἵππος), which means "horse." This is no coincidence, as Poseidon, whose symbol is the horse, is also hailed by Homer as the lord of Helicon.

There, near Poseidon's springs—symbols of the mind's ignorance—Hesiod submits his own ignorance and asks the Muses for knowledge, as much as he is entitled to. If I am ever fortunate enough to reach the third part of my journey, if I manage to travel in the era of the "people of the gods," I will also see Narcissus loving his own

reflection in the waters of a spring there on sacred Helicon. But this is a different allegory. Helicon is "sacred" not only because of Poseidon's springs but mainly because it hosts the sanctuary of the greatest of gods, the protagonist of existence: the sanctuary of Eros. Furthermore, the Muses that Hesiod first saw were lost in the "mist"—the mist of Hesiod's mind. To dispel the clouds, they spoke:

τόνδε δέ με πρῶτιστα θεαὶ πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπον,
Μοῦσαι Ὀλυμπιάδες, κοῦραι Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο.
"Then the goddesses, the Olympian Muses,

daughters of aegis-bearing Zeus, spoke with myths."

The Muses revealed the myths to Hesiod and initiated him. The Olympian Muses, daughters of aegis-bearing Zeus, became "godsent" initiates and hierophants for Hesiod's sake. What they say, they say under the aegis of Zeus.

And I, the traveler of Myths, thanks to special permission granted by the Firstborn Eros who made me run up and down the verses of the Theogony, am now in Boeotia. I see the Muses who honored Hesiod with their presence while he was grazing his sheep. I see them behind the mist of my own mind and watch them speak to Hesiod in the way that only they know—in a manner reminiscent of the little we know from the ancient mysteries.

They say that during the pilgrimage along the Sacred Way to the Eleusinian Mysteries, the candidates were obliged to humble themselves and listen to the mockery and insults of the crowd. This is somewhat how the Muses behave towards Hesiod. The candidates of the Eleusinian Mysteries arrived humbled at Eleusis, and if they managed to pass the trials, they were rewarded with the knowledge of some initiation ceremony.

Likewise, the Muses test Hesiod by mocking him before, if ever, elevating him.

26. «Ποιμένες ἄγραυλοι, κάκ' ἐλέγχεα, γαστέρες οἶον,

"Shepherds of the wilderness, wretched disgrace, mere bellies!"

Such bitter words I hear them say to him. "Mere belly" they call him. But they continue by highlighting something that may be the fundamental key to the labyrinthine paths of the "Theogony":

**27. ἴδμεν ψεύδεα πολλὰ λέγειν ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοῖα,
ἴδμεν δ' εὖ τ' ἐθέλωμεν ἀληθέα γηρύσασθαι**

"We know how to tell many lies that sound like truth,
and when we want, we know how to loudly speak the truth."

In other words, the Muses' sayings are lies for the impious and truths for the pious and the blessed. But when the words are spoken to those with an open mind, somebody like Socrates' they become thunderous voices of truth...

29. Ὡς ἔφασαν κοῦραι μεγάλου Διὸς ἀρτιέπειαι,

30. καί μοι σκῆπτρον ἔδον δάφνης ἐριθιλέος ὄζον

δρέψασαι, θηητόν. ἐνέπνευσαν δέ μοι αὐδὴν

θέσπιν, ἵνα κλείοιμι τὰ τ' ἐσσόμενα πρό τ' ἐόντα,

καί μ' ἐκέλονθ' ὕμνεϊν μακάρων γένος αἰὲν ἐόντων,

σφᾶς δ' αὐτὰς πρῶτόν τε καὶ ὕστατον αἰὲν αἰεῖδειν

"Thus spoke the daughters of great Zeus with sure words, and they gave me a scepter, a branch of thriving laurel, plucking it, wondrous. And they breathed into me a divine voice so that I might proclaim both the future and the past, and they commanded me to sing of the blessed race of the gods always, but first and last to always sing of them."

These words, claims Hesiod, were spoken to him by the daughters of Zeus.

He claims that they plucked a branch of laurel, made a scepter, and gave it to him. Thus, they initiated him, fertilized him, and made him worthy to fertilize others. To unite words and produce poetry. They inspired him with a divine voice to sing of things to come and those that happened in the past. They asked him to sing of the race of the blessed, the immortal gods. But first and foremost, they instructed him to sing of them. After all, if you don't praise your own house...

Hesiod, already holding the scepter, the magical flute of poetry, is a poet. His mind no longer dwells in the limited analog space of his skull; he has become a traveler in the realms of great mysteries. Thus, he manages to write the first verse of true poetry:

35. Ἀλλὰ τί μοι ταῦτα περὶ δρῦν ἢ περὶ πέτρην;
"But why do I talk of oak or rock?"

"Of the oak or the rock, if I speak, what benefit?"

He says this as if to say, "Whoever asks is wrong. Whoever answers is also wrong." He writes such a truly obscure verse because he has been initiated into the deep waters of poetry by the Muses themselves. He swims in the uncharted oceans of Poseidon and tries to keep his head above water to avoid drowning—only the head! Like Socrates, who managed to become a "Delian Swimmer," Socrates who was great because in the Delian "waters" of unknown managed to keep his head – only his head – on the surface. not like some others who walked on water.

Hesiod does not write "about oak or rock" because he has gained an awareness of art and knows that he himself writes the "Theogony." The Muses, who possess absolute knowledge, do not write it; he does.

As a mortal, he must doubt. He makes art for the sake of Art. Like Socrates, who knows he knows nothing, Hesiod knows that if he speaks of what he does not know, he will speak in vain.

Both the Oak and the Rock are beings superior to him and, compared to his ephemeral existence, eternal. He knows all this because he was deemed worthy to "create" after first being humbled. First and foremost, he learned the lesson of doubt.

Contrary to the norms of "unhandcrafted" dogmatic paradoxology, the poet has the obligation to be an agnostic—to wonder, to seek, and to doubt. To be curious without becoming hubristic. And to be anxious that the truth may not fall into dogma.

Thus, Hesiod now understands that the "truth" seen by the expressions of his eyes is limited. Curiosity about the oak and the rock is pointless. But at the same time, he knows that he must be "entheos" (possessed by the divine). To be clothed in the divine and to respect it without fearing it.

According to the Delphic maxim, he must manage to falsify the coins, that is, the commonly accepted notions. (coins in greek is "νομίσματα – νομίσματα» meaning "of imaginary value")

The guarantors for the "falsification" of the "coins" of his understanding are the very Muses who initiated him. The Muses who often speak falsehoods—to those who perceive them as false. Because the Muses do not "throw their pearls before swine."

36. Τύνη, Μουσάων ἀρχώμεθα,
"Let us begin with the Muses,"

Thus, Hesiod, grateful for the good the Muses have done for him, asks for the reader's attention and begins with them. With the Heliconian Muses, who did not exist at the beginning of the creation of beings. This whole enterprise with the code name "Theogony" started long before their birth. They have taken their information from the sources of Olympus, perhaps also from the sources of Castalia (a sacred fountain in Delphi) —from Zeus and Phoebus Apollo.

And the now-initiated Hesiod flatters the Muses before beginning his recording. He asks from them to be given the tools of poetry:

104. Χαίρετε τέκνα Διός, δότε δ' ἡμερόεσσιν αἰοιδήν.
105. κλείετε δ' ἀθανάτων ἱερὸν γένος αἰὲν ἐόντων,
οἳ Γῆς ἐξεγένοντο καὶ Οὐρανοῦ ἀστερόεντος,

Νυκτός τε δνοφερῆς, οὓς θ' ἄλμυρὸς ἔτρεφε Πόντος.
εἶπατε δ' ὥς τὰ πρῶτα θεοὶ καὶ γαῖα γένοντο
καὶ ποταμοὶ καὶ πόντος ἀπείριτος οἶδματι θυίῳ
110. ἄστρά τε λαμπετόωντα καὶ οὐρανὸς εὐρύς ὑπερθεν.
[οἷ τ' ἐκ τῶν ἐγένοντο, θεοὶ δωτῆρες ἑάων.]
ὥς τ' ἄφενος δάσσαντο καὶ ὥς τιμᾶς διέλοντο,
ἥδ' ἐκαὶ ὥς τὰ πρῶτα πολύπτυχον ἔσχον Ὀλύμπῳ

"Greetings, children of Zeus, give me a delightful song. And tell of the sacred race of the eternal gods, those born of Earth and starry Heaven, and dark Night, whom the salty Sea nurtured. Tell how first the gods and the earth came to be, and the rivers and the endless sea, with its furious swell, and the shining stars and the broad sky above."

"Greetings, children of Zeus," he says to them. And he asks them to give him the most important tool that will make his records immortal: the enchanting song. That which praises the immortal race of the eternal gods. Those born of Gaia and starry Heaven. Those born of dark Night and those raised by the salty Sea. He asks them to tell him how the gods came to be, and the rivers, and the endless Sea that brings forth waves. The shining stars and the broad sky. The gods who are the givers of good to mortals. But he asks to know something else as well: how the gods divided their wealth and how they divided their honours. Even how they managed to become lords of Olympus, Hesiod wants to know.

We know, both I and Hesiod, that the Heliconian Muses, those I saw with the eyes of my mind initiating him, are an invention of the active spirit of his ancestors. But he uses them, with poetic license, to make his words valid. To show that he is not a mere storyteller but a recorder of the myths he received from his ancestors.

The same myths that Acusilaus later received from Hesiod and turned into prose, after first distorting them without destroying them. The task of destroying the myths had been left to Apollodorus and the later Latins...

A reconfirmation.

The metaphysical scene of Hesiod's "initiation" is not an "original" speculation of mine. It is described with incredible lyricism by another favourite of the Muses, the Greek Poet Kostis Palamas, who in his poem "Ascrean," puts the following words in Hesiod's mouth:

Και κράτησ' ἀπ' τα χέρια τους τη δάφνινη τη βέργα,
70 κι ἔφαγ' ἀπὸ τα χέρια τους το δάφνινο καρπό,
και γνώρισα των ἀνθρώπων και των θεῶν τα ἔργα,
κι εἶδα σαν τώρα και σα χτες τον αὐριο τον καιρό.
Κι εἶμαι ἀπὸ τότε ο ποιητής, ο μαντευτής και ο μάγος,
και τρεμολάμπει η λύρα μου, ἀτίναχτη ἀστραπή,
75 κι ο πεζοδρόμος που τραβάει μπροστά, κι ο δαφνοφάγος,
με πείνα πικρή μέσα μου, που τρώει και που δε σβει.

"And I received from their hands the laurel rod, and ate from their hands the laurel fruit, and I knew the works of men and gods, and I saw the future as if it were now and yesterday. And since then, I am the poet, the seer, and the mage, and my lyre trembles like an untouchable lightning bolt, and the pedestrian who walks ahead, and the laurel eater, with a bitter hunger inside me, that eats and does not extinguish."

This exact initiation, this "hunger that eats and does not extinguish," is the reason why Hesiod's legacy, the treasure map he bequeathed to us, is in the outer pocket of my travel bag. I want to always have it available at first request, because it is the guide and the "key" to the labyrinthine paths of Mythology.



From the book: [The Primeval Constructions](#)

On Phallus, a Parenthesis...



In mythology, Eros manifests in two forms: as Phanes in Theogony and as Lysimeles (limb loosener), encountered in Tragedy and Comedy. Phanes symbolizes the primordial urge for unions that lead to the necessary births for creation. Lysimeles, on the other hand, represents the Philotes (Affection) felt by the ephemeral and mortal creatures of the world towards each other, which also results in productive unions.

The unseen protagonist and indispensable "instrument" of these unions, leading to the birth of new creatures that contribute to evolution and transformation, is the Phallus.

However, the phalluses I encounter in my journey through mythology are not the spongy organs that fill with blood when nature calls them to play their role in the inaugural ceremonies of the great mysteries. They are not the drainage pipes that participate in the task of discharging fluids that have completed their duty. Nor are they the industrious "beans" residing in a cool sac, responsible for the production and management of materials to be used in the great mysteries. And certainly, they are not the phalluses that phalocrats regard as instruments of power and display.

The phalluses I encounter on this journey are not even the initiatory phalluses of Aristophanes. They are not those that play the role, but the role itself. They are the indispensable instrument of Eros, the god who governs unions and formations. This instrument is possessed by all creatures, even the primordial ones, regardless of gender. The phalluses of mythology are identified with the Sefirah Chokmah of the Kabbalistic tree.

Despite their visual form as male organs, their significance in myth is a common characteristic of male, female, and neutral creatures.

Thus, although the phallus as an organ starring in births is mentioned by name only in Comedy, in reality, it exists and plays a significant role in every union of the productive dualities in mythology, from Theogony to the Odyssey and the Iliad. For even severed phalluses play a decisive role in the allegory of myths. For these reasons, I deemed that a "parenthesis on the Phallus" should be included in my travel notes.



From the book: [The Primeval Constructions](#)

Interlude with an Hierax (Hawk) and a Nightingale



Earlier, I mentioned Astraeus, who will one day rise against Zeus, and suddenly I recalled the myth that the Muses sang to Hesiod, which he recorded in *Works and Days*. Though this myth isn't directly linked to the *Theogony* or the Thunderous leader of Olympus, I will recount it—unnecessary as it may be—lest I fall into the claws of "authority" that I might encounter in upcoming mythological journeys.

But before I recount the myth of the "Hierax and the Nightingale," I must urgently remember the meaning of *Hierax*, which in modern Greek has become *geraki* (hawk). In the sacred ancient tongue, the all-seeing Ἱέραξ (*Hierax*), led by the possibly phallic but certainly sacred "Iota" (I), is a great overseer of mysteries. He is the mighty Horus of Egyptian mythology.

Hesiod directs his myth to kings, to those who, though mortal, have been initiated into the royal art and believe they know something of the mysteries—leading them to think themselves wise. But he also speaks to all people, for everyone is a king unto themselves and often believes they are wise and all-knowing.

202 Νῦν δ' αἶνον βασιλεῦσ' ἐρέω φρονέουσι καὶ αὐτοῖς·
203 ὧδ' ἱρηξ προσέειπεν ἀηδόνα ποικιλόδειρον,
204 ὕψι μάλ' ἐν νεφέεσσι φέρων, ὀνύχεσσι μεμαρπύως·
205 ἥ δ' ἐλεόν, γναμπτοῖσι πεπαρμένη ἀμφ' ὀνύχεσσι,
206 μύρετο· τὴν δ' ὃ γ' ἐπικρατέως πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·
207 «δαιμονίη, τί λέληκας; ἔχει νύ σε πολλὸν ἀρείων·
208 τῇ δ' εἷς ἢ σ' ἂν ἐγὼ περ ἄγω καὶ ἀοιδὸν ἐοῦσαν·
209 δεῖπνον δ', αἶ κ' ἐθέλω, ποιήσομαι ἢ ἐμεθήσω.
210 ἄφρων δ' ὃς κ' ἐθέλη πρὸς κρείσσονας ἀντιφερίζειν·
211 νίκης τε στέρεται πρὸς τ' αἰσχεσιν ἄλγεα πάσχει.»
212 ὥς ἔφατ' ὠκυπέτης ἱρηξ, τανυσίπτερος ὄρνις.
(Hesiod, *Works and Days*)

202 Now I shall tell a fable to the kings who believe themselves wise:
203 "Thus spoke the swift-flying Hierax to the colorful-necked nightingale,
204 as he carried her high into the clouds, gripped tightly in his talons;
205 She, pierced by his crooked claws, wept in distress,
206 but he, with an air of superiority, spoke these words:
207 'Wretched creature, why do you cry? You are held by one far superior;
208 wherever I wish, there you will go, singer though you are.
209 I could make you my feast if I choose, or I could let you go.

210 Foolish is he who tries to contend with those stronger than himself;
211 he loses the fight and suffers shameful pain."

212 Thus spoke the swift-flying Hierax, the long-winged bird.

(Hesiod, Works and Days)

Once upon a time, a Hierax (hawk) seized a nightingale in his talons and carried her high into the clouds. The nightingale cried bitterly and protested, proclaiming her sorrow. She shrieked because she could not bear the pain of the claws piercing her flesh. Perhaps she screamed so loudly not only because she could not endure the pain and "humiliation" but also because she feared the unknown fate that awaited her.

But the Hierax, addressing the nightingale with her ornate plumage—signifying the arrogance of incomplete initiation—spoke these words to her: "Why do you cry, blessed one? Do you not see that you are held by someone far superior? Wherever I wish, there you will go. And though you are a singer with a popular repertoire, beloved by the people with admirers and followers, I am the Overseer Hierax. If I wish, I will make you my dinner, and if I decide otherwise, I will let you go. Which of the two is better, you do not know, and I will not reveal it to you without the ordeal of some initiation ceremony. So, accept the decision of Fate, whatever it may be, and do not oppose those stronger than you. Do not seek to challenge them. For whoever contends with the powerful loses the fight, and the only reward is pain and disgrace."

The Hierax spoke these seemingly arrogant words to teach the long-winged nightingale. For the powerful he refers to are not only the tyrants of authority but also the laws of nature—the laws that all "kings" of every kind dread. He intended not only to show her the futility of resisting the forces of nature but also to initiate her into the great mysteries.

However, at this point, the myth must be approached with proper care and respect. Myths never taught that Odysseus, weak before Poseidon, should remain in Circe's warm embrace and forget Ithaca. Myths never taught Leonidas to surrender to the Persians and avoid inevitable death. Myths never taught anyone to say, "slaughter me, my lord, so that I may be sanctified and wake up in paradise." On the contrary, they taught *συν Αθηνά και χείρα κίνει*, meaning "Athena's aid requires your own effort as well."

For myths offer the education of bravery toward equals and, at the same time, the education of respect for the immutable natural law. And one of these laws is death.

The Hierax greatly honors the nightingale by teaching her the "education of death," and she cries and protests against this natural law. She cries not only because she is uninitiated but primarily because she is afraid. For, as a mortal, she fears the unknown. Meanwhile, Socrates, who had a profound understanding of his ignorance, feared neither death nor the unknown. He knew that if the Hierax released him, he would continue to live in ignorance—a state he had already studied thoroughly. But if the Hierax made him a feast, carrying him to the other side of the river Acheron, Socrates did not know what he would encounter. And the "unknown" was what he sought throughout his life.

Thus, Socrates, who did not wear ornate clothing but, as Alcibiades said: kept his jewels hidden within, desires to be initiated and is ready to do so, showing his submission to natural law. He neither fears nor protests to the Hierax, which, in this case, has taken the form of hemlock.



From the book: [The Primeval Constructions](#)

Everything Flows (τα πάντα ρει)

Spinoza viewed nature as an "impersonal god" (Deus sive Natura), a force devoid of human characteristics and intentions, without emotions or purposes to serving humanity. Meanwhile, Heraclitus had already discussed the continuous flows (τα πάντα ρει), suggesting that the forces and beings of Nature operate based on an internal necessity beyond human logic, which often appears indifferent and even hostile. Human judgment is driven by emotion and personal interest, whereas nature prioritizes the well-being of the Cosmos (the Universe) as a whole.

Heraclitus' phrase "everything flows" encapsulates the idea of continuous change and the world's perpetual flux. Simplified, it suggests that no one can step into the same river twice because the ever-flowing waters constantly change it. Yet, Heraclitus' statement holds deeper truths about both the macrocosm and the microcosm. This concept influenced Plato, who proposed his own theory. He spoke of the world of Ideas (or Forms), which he considered immutable. While everything in the perceptible world flows and thus is continuously changing and imperfect, the world of Ideas remains stable and perfect.

Under these philosophical lenses, the World, though endowed with wisdom, risks being lost in the ocean of dissimilarity. Despite its natural tendencies for self-regulation and balance (Plato's theory of Ideas), it is simultaneously governed by the principles of continuous change and the conflict of opposites (Heraclitus). The inclination towards order is countered by the inclination towards disorder and the production of dissimilarity, creating a constantly changing and complex universe in the perceptible world.

In the first chapters of the Theogony, I traveled to the cosmological dimension of "disorder" and "dissimilarity," witnessing the forms of beings collide and become... "disordered." I saw evolution occur only through conflict and battle. Harmony, the eternally temporary Natural Law, followed every conflict thanks to the World's tendency for self-regulation and balance.

In the first period of the Theogony, the main protagonists were Chaos and Eros. Chaos, the original natural law, provided the materials from which beings were created, while Eros became the binding force, leading materials and energy into compositions and formations. However, these formations, largely dissimilar, had to clash to impose a temporary balance different from the previous one and in this way, to evolve.

The World transitioned from the era of the holy trinity "Chaos, Gaia, Eros" to the era of constructions, perhaps due to a "point" that Eros decided to place in the bowels of uncharted Chaos... as the Latin poets said with the phrase "ordo ab Chao". The "creatures" born from Chaos suggest theories akin to the Big Bang, simultaneously referencing the eternal battle between the old and the new, and evolution with preservation. Unlike fairy tales, the protagonists are neither entirely good nor entirely bad. They are only entirely in agreement with the need they serve. This need constitutes the philosophical dimension of the myths of Theogony...

In the second period, the protagonists are Uranus and Gaia. Only weak resistance was shown by Gaia, and finally, she united in Philotes with Uranus, giving birth to new beings. Perhaps evolved but certainly mutated compared to the previous ones... Subsequently, the beings of this period became productive pairs, creating beings of "new technology," most of which

were dissimilar to each other. However, these beings, besides being dissimilar, also possessed "disorder."

Thanks to these beings, the World entered the Third period with Cronus and Rhea as the protagonistw. Cronus and all contemporary beings of his era, have been placed in the inevitable cycle of change caused by dissimilarity and disorder. For every "balance" is temporary, lasting just a few billion years. Thus, change through battles and upheavals is inevitable. And the dissimilarity of the beings inevitably become increasingly competitive.

Soon, my vehicle, the holy Theogony, will bring me to the fourth period where Zeus, the youngest child of Cronus will be the protagonist.

However, the change from the third to the fourth period will not be an easy task. The upheavals of the Theogony exhibit geometric progress in terms of difficulty. Conflicts become increasingly violent, and conspiracies, the alignment of forces under the same flag, become increasingly... complex.

From the third to the fourth period, we will pass through gigantic battles. Through Titanomachies. The new empire will be established on the blood that will be shed, and – unlike the blood of Uranus – this blood will be wasted. The power of Cronus was not that primitive force of Uranus that imprisoned innovation, but an evolved one that swallowed progress. Naturally, the grouping and alignment under leaders will happen this time in both camps: the camp of the status-quo and the camp of change. Which "camp of change" in reality means "the camp that seeks to establish a new status-quo."

When we reach the fourth period, the power that has won through bloody battles will place the children of Styx and Pallas, namely Bia (Violence) and Kratos (Power), in its service. Thus, the prototype of the power model governing human societies to this day will be created.

But the violent battles to follow I will watch closely. For now, it is necessary to note that what happens in this period has nothing to do with politics, -isms, or dogmatic fairy tales. It has to do with evolution, diversity, disorder, mutation, and self-regulation that leads to a new eternally temporary balance.

In every period – the era of Chaos, the era of Uranus, the era of Cronus, and the era of the god praised by the Theogony, Zeus – the cosmocrat represents nothing less than Natural Law. The prevailing natural law of the specific period, which, while it seems eternal and immutable for the ephemeral time of human existence, in reality, undergoes continuous changes.

However, the Theogony is not a scientific book. It does not conduct experiments with quanta and minimal subatomic elements to prove that "as above, so below." The Theogony conceals cosmological theories given through the lens of philosophy.

Shortly, the notebook will fill its pages with the future cosmocrat Zeus. The Thunderbolt god who will worthily represent the Natural Law prevailing up to my days.

While Zeus will be Moiragetes (Leader of Moirai – Faith), he will not be able to oppose the will of Moirai. For he himself will be the representative of the Law, while the daughters of

Night and sisters of Death, the Moirai, will be the Law itself, under the commands of the "algorithms" set by the great binding force of matter with energy, Eros. The "algorithms" governing the "laws" ruling the fragile balance among beings. Zeus will also sire Moirai with his consort, the Titaness Themis. These Moirai will belong to the "gods of the mortals" whom I will soon visit.

In other words, Zeus is Moiragetes concerning his daughters, the Moirai, and simultaneously obedient and law-abiding concerning the Moirai who are the daughters of Night.

The law of Zeus will be the law of the victor who brought balance and harmony after divisions, fragments, explosions, and skirmishes of matter and energy. It will be the eternal law for living beings, the instantaneous one that will prevail in the minimal periods of balance lasting billions of years in a universe where "everything flows."

9. ἔνθεν ἀπορνύμεναι κεκαλυμμένοι ἥερι πολλῶ
10. ἐννύχια στεῖχον περικαλλέα ὅσσαν ἰεῖσαι,
11, ὕμνεῦσαι Δία τ' αἰγίοχον

9. From there, rising, covered in thick mist,
10. at night they walked, emitting a beautiful voice,
11. to sing of Zeus, the aegis-bearer.

Thus, the Muses of Hesiod, covered in the mysterious mist of my ignorance and with a beautiful voice, will not fail to praise Aegis-bearing Zeus. The temporarily eternal Natural Law.

They have a sacred duty to praise him. I may have accused them of having Olympus' power as their "sponsor," but as I experience the changes between the periods of the Theogony, I recognize that they act rightly. Rightly, they praise the victor. For the victor is the representative of the balance and order of Natural Law. Anything that goes against Natural Law constitutes hubris and endangers the eternally temporary balance of the edifice.

When the next upheaval experienced by the beings born from Chaos and Eros occurs, my kind will have already "dissolved" into negligible fragments of matter and energy. It will have returned to the warehouses of Chaos. For even entropy is temporary. The eternity of the stable laws of the universe, the very Natural Law, harbors changes and upheavals.

But I must interrupt the flow of my thoughts.

Something significant is happening in the palace of Cronus, who is ingesting some emetic poison, thinking he will defeat indigestion and enjoy nectar and ambrosia again... even though his stomach is full.



From the book: [The Primeval Constructions](#)

The Seven Pillars of My Mythology

1. **Eros: The Power of Unification**
The primal force that binds the cosmos, initiating the cycle of creation.
2. **Struggle: The Necessity for Eternal Change**
The driving force behind the endless cycles of conflict and transformation.
3. **Harmony: The Imperative of Balance**
The natural law of self-regulation that restores equilibrium after every upheaval.
4. **Creation: The Era of Chaos**
The birth of existence from the primordial void, laying the foundation for all life.
5. **Evolution: The Era of Uranus**
The rise of the first sky god, marking the dawn of order and structure.
6. **Mutation: The Era of Cronus**
A time of transition and transformation, where old orders are reshaped into new ones.
7. **Awareness: The New Era of Zeus**
The age of enlightenment, where humankind becomes conscious of its place in the cosmos.

As I journeyed through the mystical landscapes of mythology, these Seven Pillars emerged not merely as markers of cosmic history, but as guiding principles for consciousness. Each pillar—Eros, Struggle, Harmony, Creation, Evolution, Mutation, and Awareness—has shaped not only the universe as we perceive it but also the very essence of our human experience.



From the book: [The Primeval Constructions](#)

Something About "Love"

Once, they asked a wise man what love means. *"Love is a rope tied to a bucket,"* he replied. When they stopped laughing, the wise man continued, *"For love not to be barren, you must find a deep well with clear water. You must feel the endless thirst. Then you will understand what love is and how important the bucket with the rope is. But,"* he added, *"...woe to those who, when they feel the thirst, want to quench it with love alone, and not with Philotes and Eros."*

Curious, they asked him to explain what Philotes and Eros are. He answered, *"Philotes is the divine power that makes us philanthropists, philosophers, and lovers. Eros, the primeval god who inspires Philotes, is not just love; it is something more that does not need ropes and buckets. It is like capillary tubes—thin tubes that defy the laws of gravity and send the liquids collected by the tree roots to the tops in a “magical” way. Without a bucket and without a rope."*

The listeners exchanged puzzled glances but nodded, urging him to continue. *"Eros is the force of nature that drives passion and connection beyond mere physical need. It elevates love into something profound and self-sustaining."*

Persistently, they asked how they could turn their love into Eros and Philotes. He answered with just one word: *"Self-awareness."*

Feeling enlightened, they all felt happy and blessed.

Another day, they found the wise man in a good mood and asked to know what self-awareness is. He said, *"It is the knowledge you acquire with emotion, not with the brain. The knowledge that the stone, the tree, and the amoeba possess. The knowledge you carry without thinking, without reasoning, and without knowing it."*

Someone asked how they would know if they have achieved self-awareness. The wise man answered, *"You will know because you will have stopped asking. You will have begun to feel."*

As they pondered his words, they tried to analyze them logically. No more questions, and no longer desperate for answers, they began to sense the wisdom in their minds but not in their hearts.

And they rushed to buy shiny buckets and colorful ropes for their wells... Just in case they got thirsty.

They did not know that words of wisdom are meant to speak to the heart, not to the mind.

However, the words of wise men are not in vain. One day, they may become seeds that will grow in one person of his audience and turn into the most beautiful flowers. Even one is more than enough.



From the book: [The Primeval Constructions](#)

An epilogue...

Myths have no end. Like the waters of a river, they flow ceaselessly through time, changing form, redefining their truths, and adapting to each new era. They are not mere tales of the past; they are living entities, shaped by human imagination and intellect, ever ready to reveal their secrets to those who dare to approach them with an open mind.

I have journeyed from Chaos to Creation, from the Titanomachy to the reign of Zeus, from cosmogony to allegory. I have seen gods come into being, create, and destroy. Heroes triumph, commit hubris, suffer punishment, and achieve apotheosis. I have witnessed primordial forces clashing for dominion over the world. But beyond the stories, what I have truly seen is that the pursuit of knowledge has no end.

That is why I have chosen to continue my journey—because neither does Mythology end. Myths are gateways, perhaps leading to an understanding of the world, and thus, of my very existence.

If my travel notes have managed to spark within you the desire to embark on your own journey through mythology... then my purpose has been fulfilled.





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