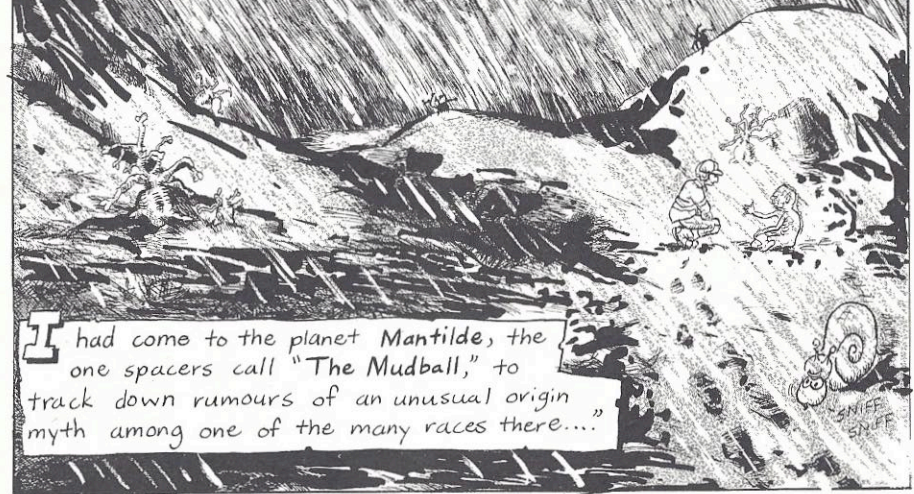


Myth, in its most basic form, functions like a rumour, giving us a clue to what went before without necessarily giving us the facts."
-- Raul Castz from SENTIENT MYTHS & FAIRY TALES.

THE TEACHING OF ARRESS KINKEN



I had come to the planet Mantilde, the one spacers call "The Mudball," to track down rumours of an unusual origin myth among one of the many races there...."

There are, of course, many teachings I could tell you, strange one. There is the teaching of the seven sisters, the teaching of Sachowin and Trif....

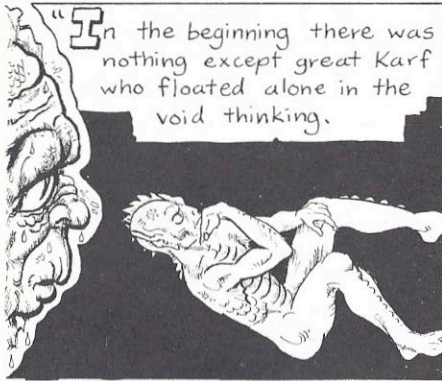


I had heard there was a teaching of how the world came to be, a teaching of your beginning.



We have one that touches on the matter. It is the teaching of Arress Kinken. It is an old one and bores me but to human your strangeness I will begin.





In the beginning there was nothing except great Karf who floated alone in the void thinking.



Then, because he was bored, he created others like himself but not as powerful -- the minor gods.



And he created a place in the void for them to live and play in. This became Mantilde.

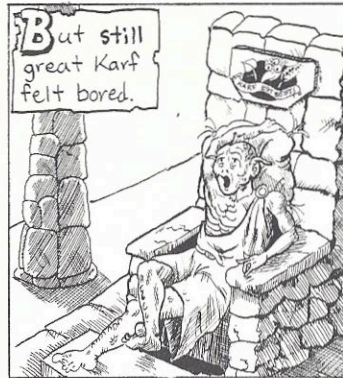
But at that time Mantilde was quite different, with great towers of stone and huge flowering klurse bushes. And flends flew everywhere and the lesser gods played and were happy.

BE!

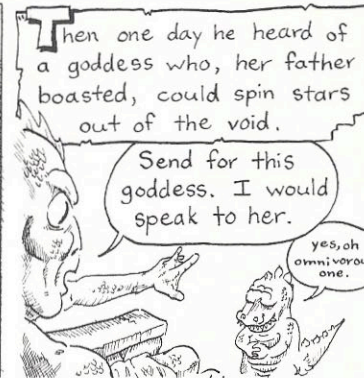
SMURT.

GAGJIT.

NO, SMURT.



But still great Karf felt bored.

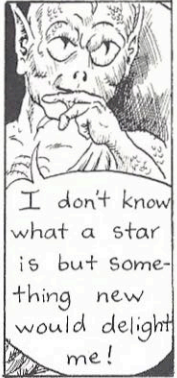


Then one day he heard of a goddess who, her father boasted, could spin stars out of the void.

Send for this goddess. I would speak to her.



yes, oh omnivorous one.



I don't know what a star is but something new would delight me!

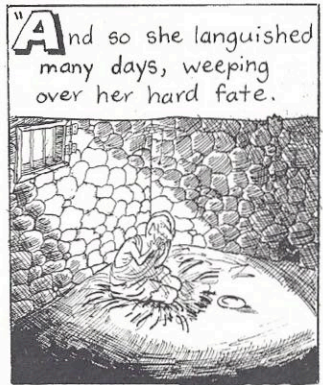


But when she appeared, the goddess denied the story.

It was only a silly boast of my father's.



I don't believe you! Lock her up until she feels less selfish.



And so she languished many days, weeping over her hard fate.

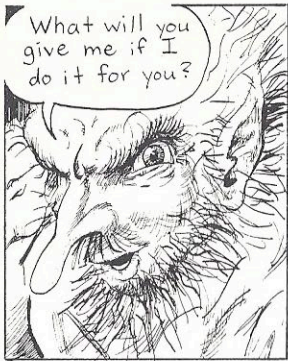


One day the door opened and an ugly bent little godling entered.

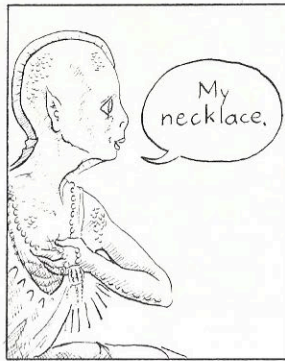
Good morning to you, goddess. What are you weeping for?



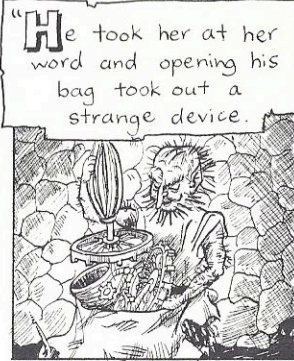
I must spin stars out of the void and I don't know how!



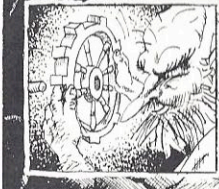
What will you give me if I do it for you?



My necklace.



"He took her at her word and opening his bag took out a strange device.

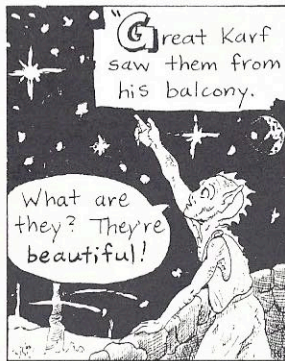


Then as he set the device spinning, and whistled and sang, stars began to appear in the room.

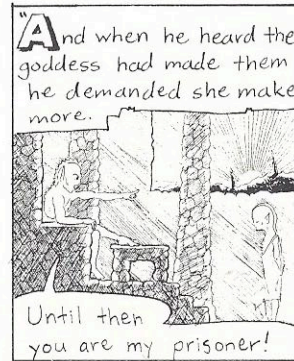
Round about, round about,
Lo and behold!
Reel away, reel away,
Stars now unfold!



The goddess flung open the window and the stars escaped into the sky.

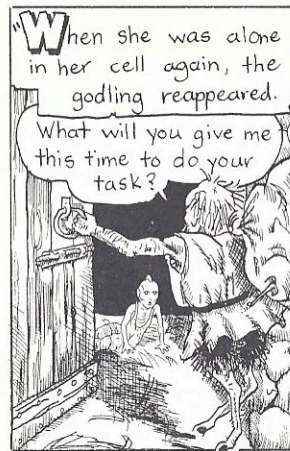


What are they? They're beautiful!



"And when he heard the goddess had made them he demanded she make more.

Until then you are my prisoner!



"When she was alone in her cell again, the godling reappeared.

What will you give me this time to do your task?



"Long before morning Karf saw his sky fill up with many more stars.



I have nothing left to give you!

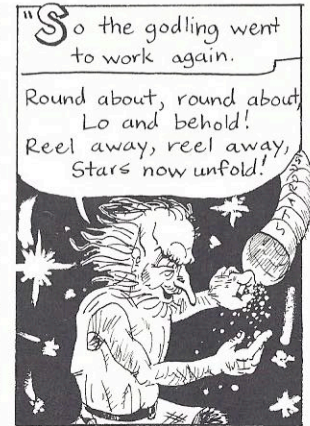


The ring on my finger.



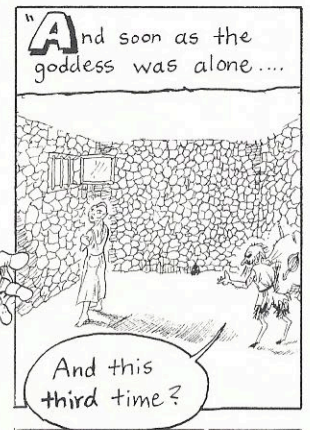
"But still he wanted more!

Create stars for me one more time and I will make you my bride.



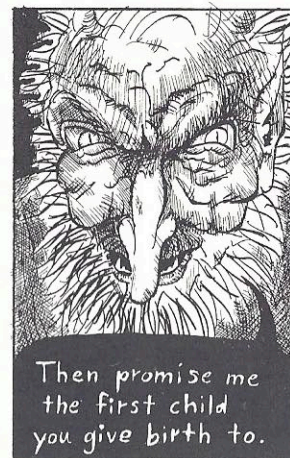
"So the godling went to work again.

Round about, round about,
Lo and behold!
Reel away, reel away,
Stars now unfold!

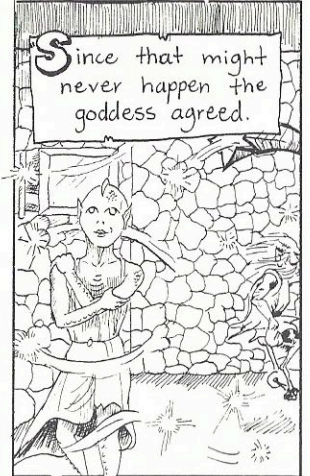


"And soon as the goddess was alone....

And this third time?

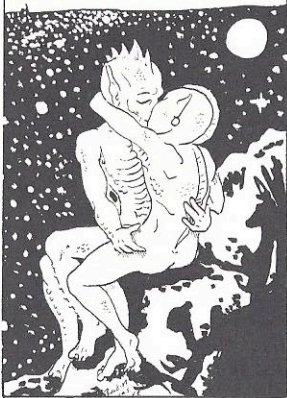


Then promise me the first child you give birth to.

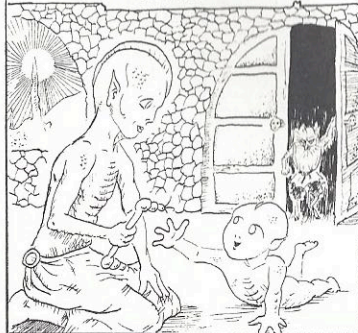


Since that might never happen the goddess agreed.

"Karf was as good as his word.



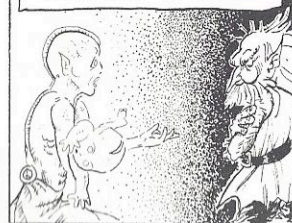
"A year passed and the godling was forgotten. Then the goddess had her first child.



It's time!!



The goddess pleaded with him in vain.



Until... I'll give you three days and if you can guess my name you can keep your child.



The goddess instantly sent out messengers seeking the godling's name. She lay awake all night.



And the next day...



The second day went no better.



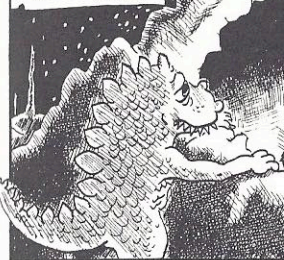
NO!



Then on the third day a messenger appeared at court.



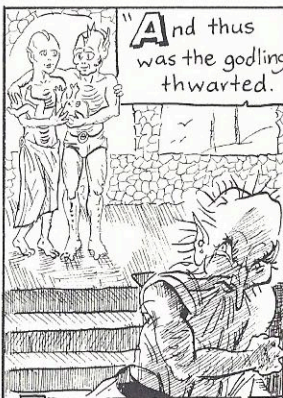
As sure as flends are phrenological, my lady! I climbed a high hill and saw a cave.



In front of it burnt a fire around which a strange and ugly godling danced.'



Merrily I dance and sing For next day a stranger brings. Little does the goddess dream Arress Kinken is my name!



And thus was the godling thwarted.

In his greed, so long ago, he had asked the one price the goddess would fight not to pay.

And so it is well said — to be greedier than Karf is to invite your own downfall.





G. Lind -- Art bp Grimm -- Words.

Merry Christmas. John

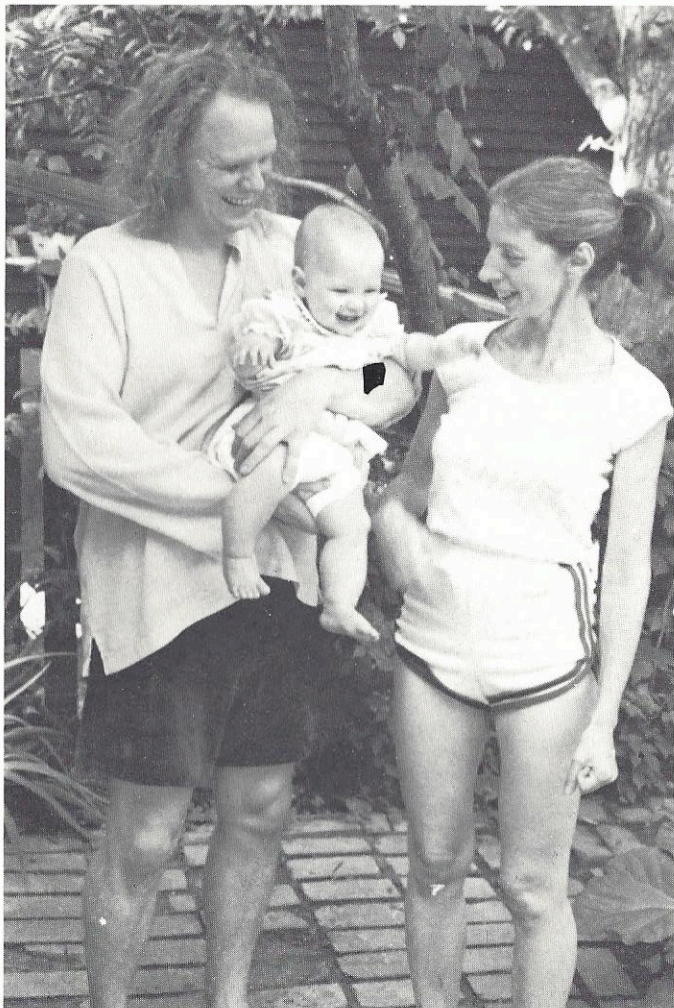


photo: Sean O'Huigin

by, Sarah + Ellie

1982