

THE GORDION KNOT

Have you ever heard of The knot of antiquity which Alexander the Great stroke in half, decaying in uncounted pieces... Who dares to call this barbarian act of greed, rage and violence in the holy heart of Zeus' temple THE SOLUTION?

The solution of what?

Let me tell you the mythical history occurring four centuries before Christ:

The people of Phrygia sent their best men to ask the Oracle of Zeus for advise. Their request was considerable, therefore their presents were most generous. What they asked for was: The just sovereign, the goodhearted king, the wise judge, the thoughtful guide of fate, the promoter of music and the fine arts, the peace keeper, the believer in the gods and the spirits, the respectful and LOVING like the eternal mother... The future sovereign would be clear-sighted, keeping mischief from his people, engaging in friendly bonds with their neighboring and foreign countries. There would be no misery nor hunger nor wars. The land would blossom and so would mankind.

The Phrygians brought all kind of goods, goats, wheat and sweets to the Zeus' temple. Then sitting in two rows next to the fire place with folded hands and lowered eyes, they were praying to Zeus, the God of the rain, of lightning and thunder, the guardian of the fire, of house and home, the donator of richness, the protector of the stranger and the one seeking shelter, the preserver of the law, the defender of freedom and the saver of the individual and the community, may He hear their deepest request... The sweet spicy incense of juniper charmed the senses of the Phrygians, preparing them for the Oracle.

The priestess lit the fire. The bones, shells, teeth and pearls around her neck gave a dry sound as they touched the round shining disc on her breast. A gentle breeze moved her dress, the dolls stitched onto the tissue rolled their eyes in the sparkling light of the fire. She started to play her drum softly at first in a regular rhythm, pacing around the petitioners and the fire that devoured their offerings. The priestess raised her voice raw and pure in the star lit night to connect the sky with the earth.

As the flames ceased, she was hovering at the glowing fire, rocking her body to the memory of the sound.

No one dared to whisper, all awaiting the spell.

Yellow tongues were flashing from the ashes. The priestess now stood giantly in front of them, her head was ornamented with eagle's feathers, sparkling jewels and fresh oak leaves, her black braided hair streamed over her shoulders and united to one repeating pattern. Her eyes were looking inside and a touch of a smile lay on her lips.

Through her the Oracle spoke:

Listen o Phrygians of the future place
Return with this fortunate spell
When Zeus' horses rise on the firmament
And native earth welcomes you
You will see The one on a wagon
For whom you came to crown!

As the morning shed its rays of golden light on mountaintops, gorges and olive groves, a vehicle was moving towards the Phrygians, seeming to float in the blinding light. The silhouette grew into an ox pulling a cart with the poor peasant Gordios, his wife and his son.

Some Phrygians raised their hands, others cried out A CART - THE WAGON! But others doubted this interpretation of the Oracle: A wagon is not a cart, isn't it? This sun-burnt black-bearded man in worn-out poor clothes should become their king? A peasant to reign their country? Of course - the Oracle named Gordios! Isn't the work of a king like the one of a peasant who takes all the care that the seeds are sowed the right time, that they ripe and bring a rich and save harvest...

Escorted by the happy Phrygians, Gordios, his wife and his son rode in the slanting shadow of the carob trees and the holm oaks to the temple of Zeus where the Oracle's spell changed his life in this queer way. Being most grateful with his nomination for king Gordios left his cart in the temple and tied up the yoke with the pole in such an artistic manner that no one would ever be capable of undoing it - and should there be someone to succeed, he'd be the sovereign of the reign of Asia!

Gordios founded the town Gordion next to the temple and Phrygia blossomed under his wise leadership. The GORDION KNOT - which was the name of Gordios' strange tie, the durable union of the yoke and the pole - formed a riddle which meant: The yoke that Gordios had to carry was the lot of guidance, elucidated by the pole, and between the two the knot was suspended like an intertwined universe.

The news of the Gordion Knot was spread and finely reached the Macedonian's royal ear - ALEXANDER III, Alexander the Great as the Romans called him, son of Philip I of Macedonia and Olympia. Short of stature, schooled by Aristotle and trained in warfare at his father's side, Alexander came young into power after his father's violent death and bloody intrigues. In spring 334 (before Christ), after having extended and secured his empire in the north, the west and the south, twenty-one years of age, he marched with an over 30'000 men strong army against the Persian empire, in a war of conquest but disguised as an act of revenge... He never set his foot again on his native earth!

Alexander believed that he was the son of Zeus Ammone as the Oracle in the oasis Siwah of the Libyan Desert had foretold him - This is why he also wore two horns, the divine insignia of Ammone. Alexander was despotic - curious, violent, revengeful, dipsomaniac. Unlike other despots he was also very cultivated, worshipping philosophy, the arts and the sciences.

So the same year he arrived with his army at Gordion!

Don't let me tell you about the devastation of goods, life and limb an army of this size could possibly create. Although they might not have rubbed, raped, laid fires and murdering every living being without sparing mothers and children, they used up all stocks of food and left a crushed, wrecked, rooted up, plundered landscape. Yes - it seemed at times that the will for the annihilation of the war of conquest was not only meant for the foreign, but also for their own potent male youth - In vain the many tears I weep for the awakening blossoms who were left in the dust of the fields, being transformed into decay and stench of pestilence thanks to the late summer heat...

Alexander went in haste to the temple of Zeus in order to attempt to dissolve the Gordion Knot, yet without doubt using all possible violence. He was determined to become the sovereign of Asia!

WOW!

At the base of the steps leading to the temple the priestess was awaiting him and led him to the sanctuary speaking the following words:

Wanderer between the worlds
Dissolving the Knot
You might be gaining the empire
Named ASIA!

The priestess lit some twigs of juniper and wrapped Alexander in the smoky incense. He then vanished in a conqueror's pose to the interior of the temple. Many she had seen stepping in triumphantly and after hours or days of desperate efforts giving up shocked. Alexander too would not be able to undo the node!

Alexander now stood in the sanctuary. Being lit by a sunray the Gordion Knot floated between the yoke and the pole threefold anchored. Alexander approached and saw that the Knot did not show a beginning or an end and the rope was interweaved like a nest of thousand adders. He took the Knot in both hands, perceived its hardness, felt its resistance that he was not equal to it. Alas! His hands were far too weak to move but one fiber of the Knot.

An untold rage gripped him, tears rose to his eyes, his look became wild and fierce, the Knot blurred into a sneering grimace, a pearl of laughter filled the place, derided him, scoffed at him, the tormenting laughter echoed from the marble wall, was caught in the colonnade. Alexander bursted out in a terrible roaring, grabbed his battle-ax, brandished it against the Gordion Knot, then he hacked on it in his untamed frenzy, blessing also the yoke and the pole and finely reaching the node's complete destruction.

Then the universe was silent...

The light breeze that had swept through the grove and the temple's sphere grew silent and the cicadas stopped their repetitive song. A jet-black cloud moved in front of the sun, eclipsed the proud city of Gordion, lightnings flashed to the earth and bursted into a raving thunder.

The priestess hurried inside, imploring GAIA. Then she saw Alexander standing next to the ox's cart straddle-legged, gushing with sweat and tears, she was startled at the devastation Alexander had caused, the chopped pieces of the Gordion Knot laying at his feet.

A scream left her trembling lips and lamenting her voice rose:

Woe is to you Alexander!
That you with the holy ax
The tool of Zeus
Decided upon mankind's annihilation
And destroyed the Gordion Knot
Out of sheer greed and mania for power

Woe is to you Alexander!
Your way is leading to the darkness of Nyx
You will wade in the blood of your supposed enemies
Never ever you will find one to be called a friend
Grossly you have violated the community's rules
Despising the COMMAND OF LIFE...

Woe is to you Alexander!
Not you is the ruler of the globe
No! You are only the scion out of Dionysus' ashes
The God of the Muses
And the Titans having devoured him
You came to undo with force
What a wise man once knotted -

Beat it Alexander!
Since you only bring death and misery
Upon those being favorable to you
Without wisdom is your acting
Without sympathy and love
For how could you destroy other people's day's work

Woe is me who trusted you!
Zeus' rage will overtake
And bestow war upon mankind
Until a lover save us
Bringing PEACE and JUSTICE:

Only when we take each other by the hand
The Knot will be restored
And the universe thus being formed
Will keep its name GAIA!

Then the priestess turned away from Alexander and also he himself left the temple and marched towards the next bloody battle - 333 ISOS.

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