

The Messenger Hermes Remembers

a short film by
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Dialogue transcript:

Old Hermes

Father, Zeus, why does thou leave me down
here. Am I deserted? Or is this my penance? Is
this my lot?

You tell us very little, but what you do tell us, is
often enough.

Zeus:

Aphrodite sister, my son Hermes
needs your help

Aphrodite

I know, Zeus.
Hermes, Hermes, Ela!

Hermes

Yiassou Aphrodite

Aphrodite

Hermes, I have what you need for your travels

Hermes

Efharisto

Zeus:

In Greek we say, to kalo to palikari kseri kai allo monopati. The resourceful young man, knows of yet another path.

Hermes

Let me begin at the beginning, with the letter Aleph, It is the first letter of the alphabet of the sacred language.

It is shaped as a man, pointing to the sky and earth to indicate that the lower world is a map and a mirror of the higher.

Old Hermes

Zeus, my father.

Hermes

Zeus, my celestial father, looks down at me sternly, he wonders am I ready to undertake this overwhelming quest, I dive deep into the waters where my aunt Aphrodite. was born, I am determined to unravel the mystery of my existence/

Old Hermes

/Father Zeus

Art everywhere or nowhere at all. Or somewhere/

Hermes

/At the core, of all existence/

Old Hermes

/or nowhere at all. Somewhere.

I wish thee would reveal thyself.

Just once. Just once

Hermes

She appeared to me glorious and beautiful, shedding as ever light and meaning to the chaos within me. She also indicated that it would be most praiseworthy should I travel to a time where

the services of a messenger were essential.

But first, I would have to learn to love myself.

As you might have guessed I am Hermes. My

mother is Gaia, she is the mother of all life,

A man who sets himself a goal, that is not forbidden to other men, might be forbidden to only himself.

He is reaching for the stars while he risks the eternal wrath of the gods.

I felt that when I had searched for god, it was the god who had set himself the task if allowing me a love that was unbiased in the pools of immortality

and reaching into the ethernet where all thoughts
and ideas melded.

I swam deeper and deeper into the kingdom of
the absurd.

Because I knew that the more I searched the less
I'd find out. I knew, by now, that at most I'd be
allowed only a single glimpse.

Furthermore, as the gods taught me the
frequency of music was the only sound one could
use to change inter-dimensional time.

Numerous times I have defended my position to
the gods.

But there is a saying "only the man who has
already committed a crime and loved himself or
the gods, too much is repentant and is incapable
of committing that crime again.

Under the light of the new moon I was set free/

Old Hermes

The poor sun will die in early middle age at fifty-
four solar years but you know, in the old sun's
terms the Renaissance was about a half a minute
ago. And the beginning of the world was only a
few weeks ago.

Sad to think of the poor fellow dying in early
middle age,

But of course, everything around him and all of
his children would've died too. Died, no. He
would have actually eaten them.

Hermes

And that over the centuries days, months and hours speak like a poet of the love that once was.

Then with gentle wonder, after many hours of love-making as though discovering something lost and forgotten, for many many years, I stammered to myself "s'agapo" many words came out "se thelo", with myself looking at myself, "se potho"; these actions should only be fruitful if you accept this flower of wisdom. We accept reality so readily, perhaps because we sense that nothing is real.

So I asked the gods, how much of this Odyssey they knew of. My doppelganger replied in Greek, it was difficult, I had to repeat the question, very little, my other self replied, less than the most meager rhapsody. After all, it's been eleven hundred years since I last spoke of such things. And now, in your arms I will rekindle emotions.

Old Hermes

Two loves I have. A woman dark and glowering,
the other a man right fair.

To love oneself, for is one cannot do that, who
else would do it for you?

But of course we're told not to love ourselves in
an obscene fashion.

Self love is equivalent to self-abuse

according to a lot of those Christian scholars.
But if we don't love ourselves, who can we rely
on to do it for us?

Hermes

So Zeus turned his back on me. In an old age
and of that late journey which had driven me like
Ulysses with the attention of others I was to
arrive at a nation of men who knew not of the
sea but of immortal turpitude.

So I went to the city that was built on a stony
plateau.

I'm not certain how many chambers were there
but misery and anxiety multiplied them.

The silence was hostile and virtually perfect.

I never discovered within those deep wells of
stone that there was no sound.

In a confused dream of the earth I do not know
from time to time whether I am home or back to
the future.

I conflated the horrendous village of the
barbarians in the city of my birth among clusters
of grapes that were in the hillside. I had not
foreseen that things would block my way, until a
distant light fell upon me and rituals happened
which I subjected myself to humiliation and pain,
for the sake of bettering my soul.

I know the tone of this speech is incomprehensible but I say this without remorse, with more intellectual horror than sensory fear. And the impression of great antiquity has been joined by others. And the impression of this is endless. It is the sensation of complex irregularity, but I made it through the dark maze and I was in the City of the Immortals.

It both terrified and repelled me.

All these impressions with the great antiquity were joined as I placed myself in the arms of Mother Nature. And reflected upon that, which I must, in order to achieve my goals that were set by Aphrodite.

Aphrodite

Hermes! Hermes. Ela.

Hermes

The Siren was the same as she had always been.

It disturbed and shall never be as memorable as the original time.

I had encountered her outside Troy.

Old Hermes

I can say, quite honestly, that in all the time that you have given me, Zeus, I've devoted very little of it to thinking about you.

Hermes

Outside I knew in the simplified darkness and silence, drunk with an almost impersonal pity, I'd follow in the footsteps of Alexander, in hopes of establishing myself in avoiding the mortals' misfortune, of destroying their lives. And although this is a rhetorical oxymoron of an idea, my objective was the same as the Alchemist's. Only once in my lifetime have I had the occasion to examine the fifteen thousand years in which I lived with the gods.

I emerged under the tree of life. It was near a courtyard. It was surrounded by other trees of irregular angles and varying heights. It was to this heterogeneous space (that many complements and columns once upon a time,)

More than any other feature of that incredible moment, I was arrested by the great antiquity of the tree. I felt it had existed before humankind.

Before the world itself.

Its ancient antiquity somehow immense to the eyes seemed to accord

with the labor of immortal artifices.
Cautiously, at first, with indifference as time went
on, I proceeded to the trees of knowledge, where
I wondered in a labyrinth of vast magnitude. I
discovered afterwards that the width and height
of these trees were not consistent and it was that/
You see I come from another dimension, the
fourth dimension/
This place was the work of gods/
It's not many of the Hellenistic gods/
It was not my first time here/
That I explored this uninhabited space, and
corrected myself. And that I knew that the gods
who had build this place had died.
Then I reflected upon its peculiarities and told
myself that the gods who took knowledge and
light from this place were certainly mad.
And as I said this in a tone of incomprehensible
rebuke that verged on remorse with more
intellectual horror than sensory fear. Impression
of the great antiquities was meant to be told.
So I proceeded on/

Old Hermes

/Father Zeus art everywhere or nowhere at all?
Or somewhere. I wish thee would reveal thyself.
Just once. Just once.

Hermes

"Mi mou tous kyklous tarrate!".
Do not my circles disturb!

Zeus:

As any father would, I worry about you, Hermes.

It is true that your mission is to enlighten the humans so they can avoid the pitfalls of their own potential but don't forget, you're getting too close to them. We are their gods not their friends.

Your caduceus is not a toy, it is your symbol of power.

Use it to lead, not to indulge.

Oh, Hermes, my youngest and most impressionable son, please don't forget you are only the Messenger.

Old Hermes

It's all so very very intriguing. And yet the time I experience have anything to do with the time that the tree experiences. Is it aware, as I'm aware, or is its time a completely different thing. Or the grass, or the leaves, every year they fall, every year they come green again on the branches. Is that their time? We think about our own sun, which after all is the most tangible god we have,

and yet what is one year for the sun? The sun travels around this whole galaxy. That's one year. That's a solar year. Which means that the sun will die when it's fifty-four.

Well, what did T.S. Eliot say? He said that man will never cease from exploration. But at the end of his exploring will be a return to the place from whence he started, but to know it for the first time.
