

A HYMN TO PROSYMNUS

WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY NECHAMA FRIER

TWICE BORN DIONYSUS HAD NEVER KNOWN HIS MOTHER, AS SHE WAS BROUGHT TO HER DEATH BY JEALOUS HERA BEFORE HE WAS EVEN A BABE. HE WALKED THE EARTH AND LEARNED EVERY ART AND PLEASURE KNOWN TO MAN, BUT LONGED FOR SEMELE'S MATERNAL COMPANY.

IN THE END, HE EMBARKED ON A JOURNEY TO HADES TO RETRIEVE HER SPIRIT...

...BY WAY OF THE ALCYONIAN LAKE, GUARDED BY A GATEKEEPER OF THE UNDERWORLD, **PROSYMNUS**.



PROSYMNUMS, OF CUNNING
EYES AND UNSLAKEABLE
THIRST...

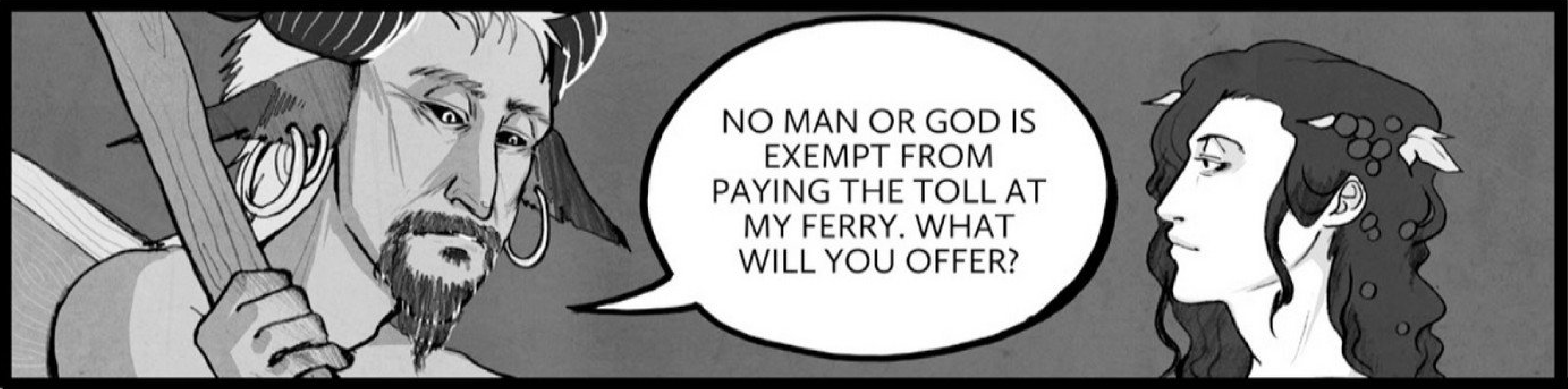


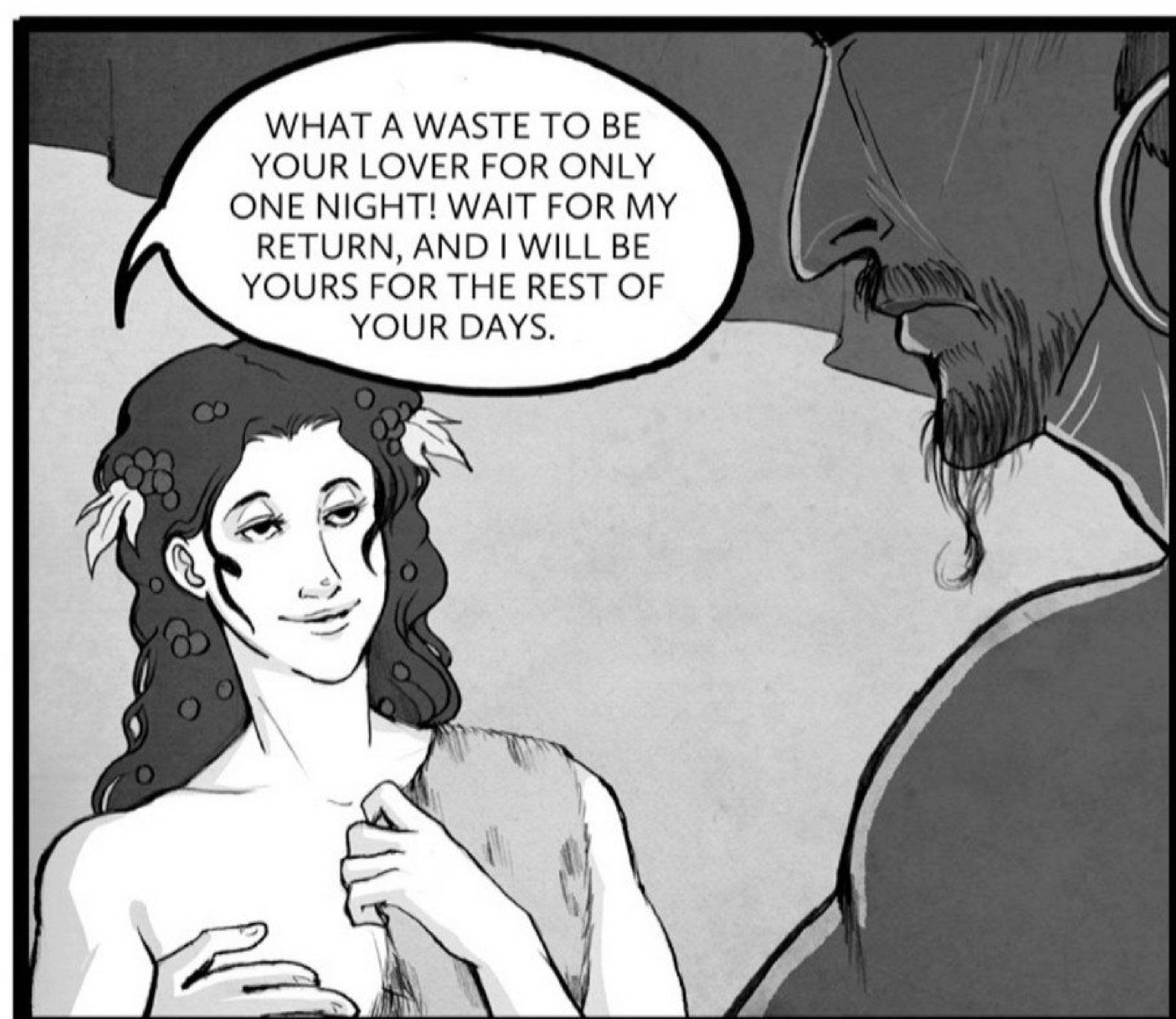
...OF IRE, AND OF COAL...

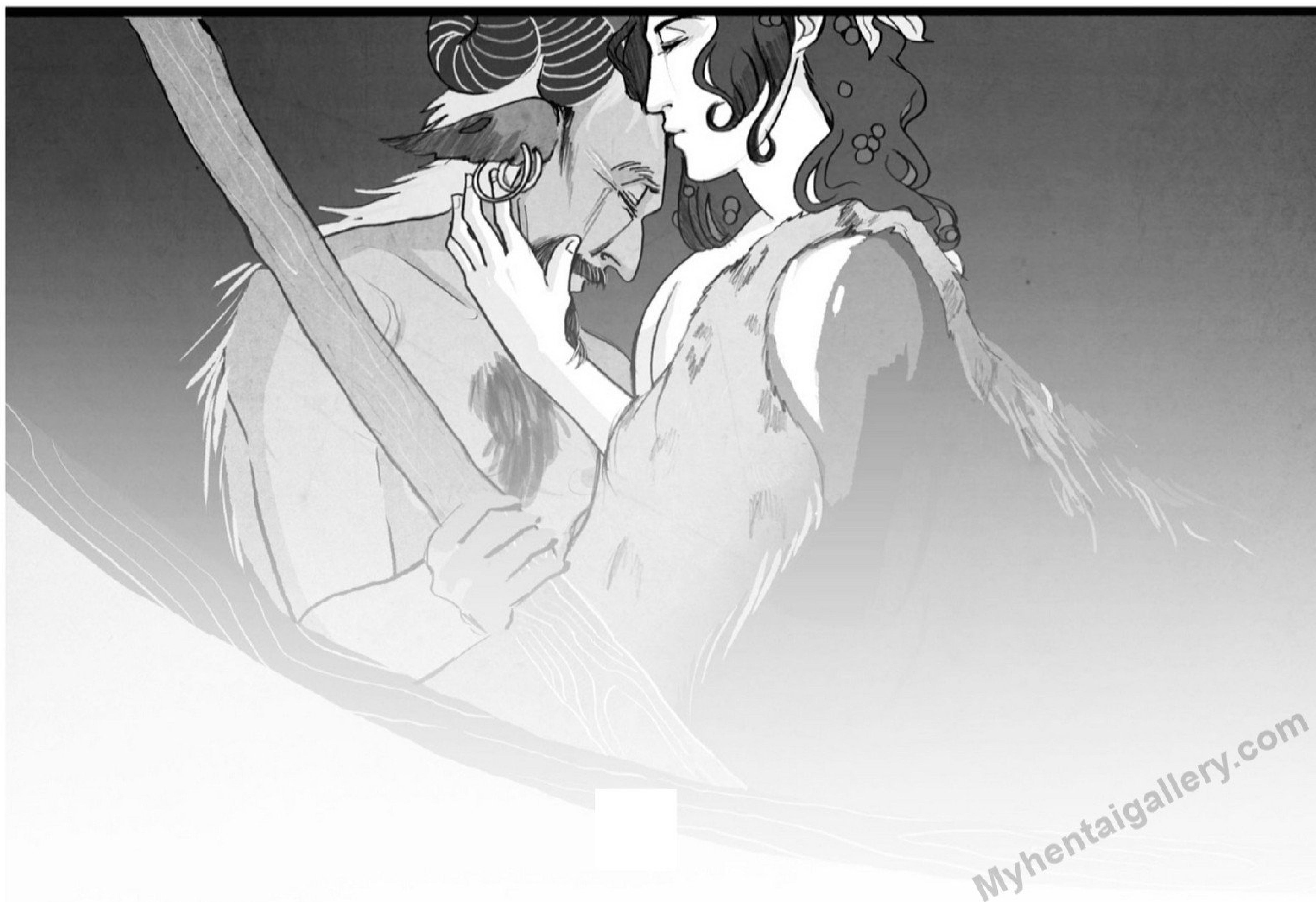


MUST FIRST BE
SATISFIED.

HAIL,
DIONYSUS.





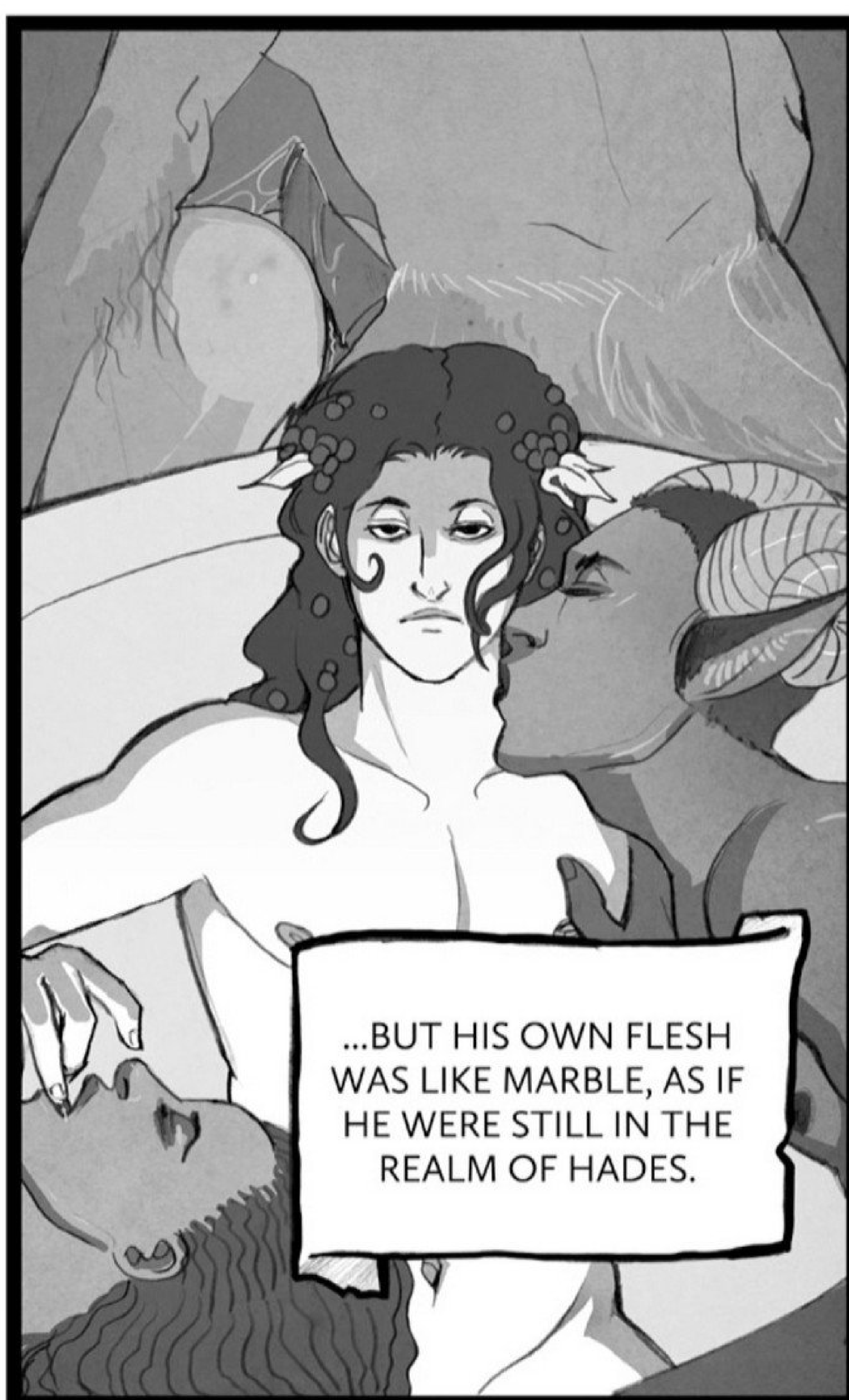




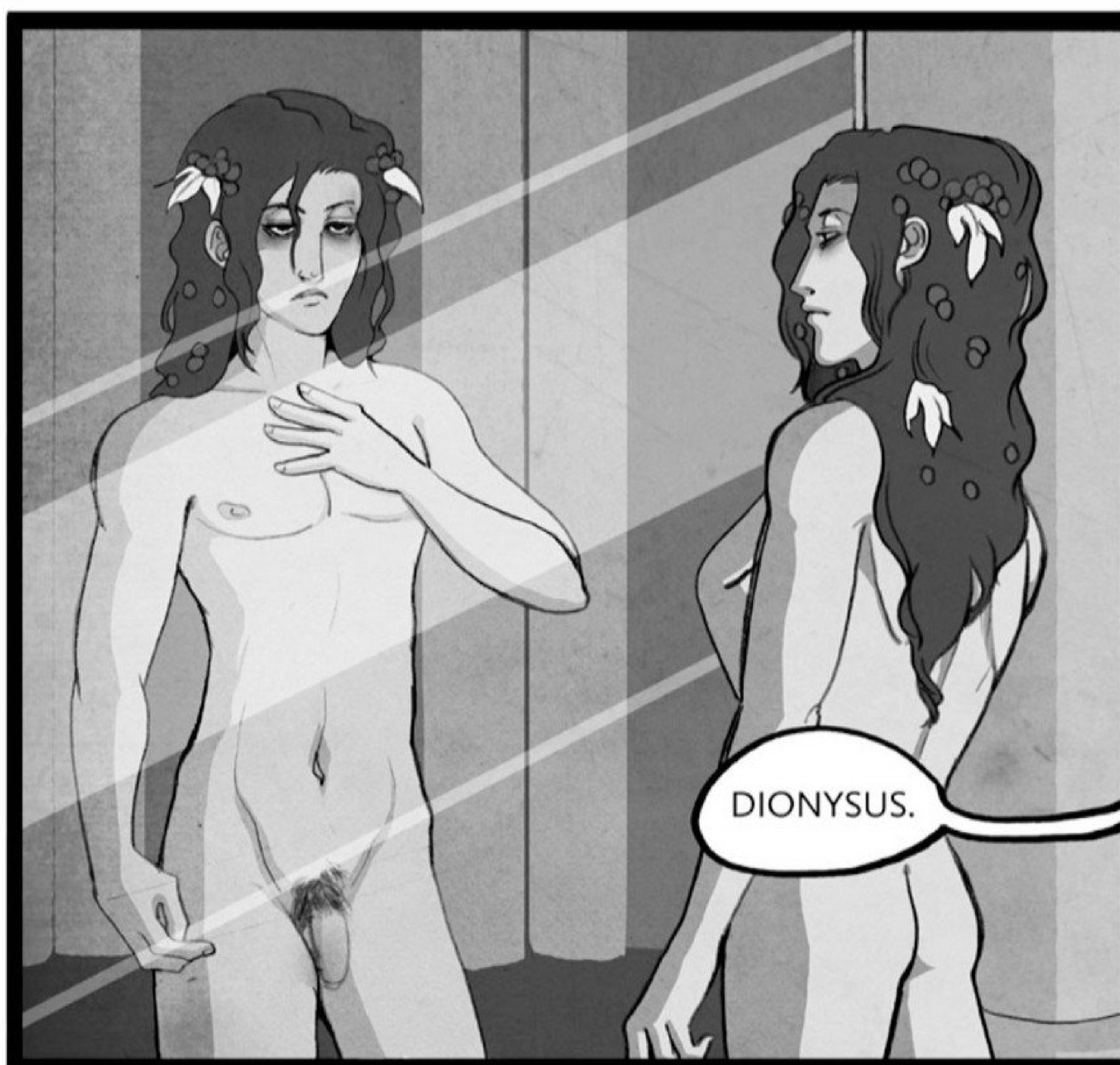
DIONYSUS WAS TRIUMPHANT IN HIS QUEST, AND THE LORD OF MERRIMENT RETURNED TO THE WORLD OF THE LIVING WITH HIS MOTHER'S SPIRIT TO FREE INTO THE STARS.



WEEKS OF FEASTING WENT BY, AND DIONYSUS WATCHED HIS FOLLOWERS REJOICE IN ECSTASY...



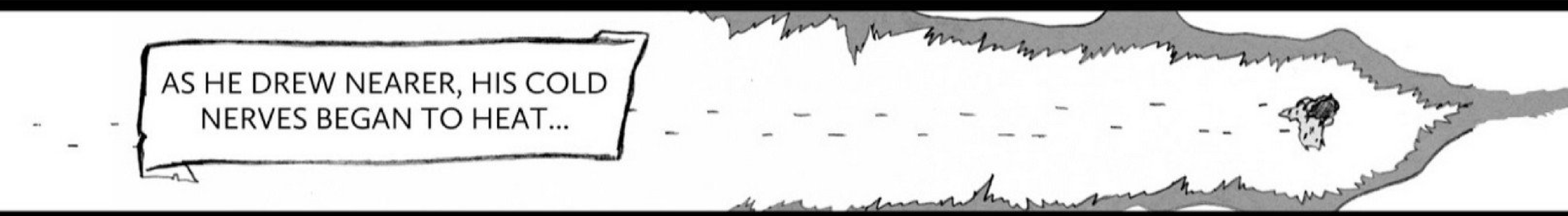
...BUT HIS OWN FLESH WAS LIKE MARBLE, AS IF HE WERE STILL IN THE REALM OF HADES.







DIONYSUS ASKED THE MEN OF
THE VALLEY WHERE HE COULD
FIND THE TOMB OF
PROSYMNUS.



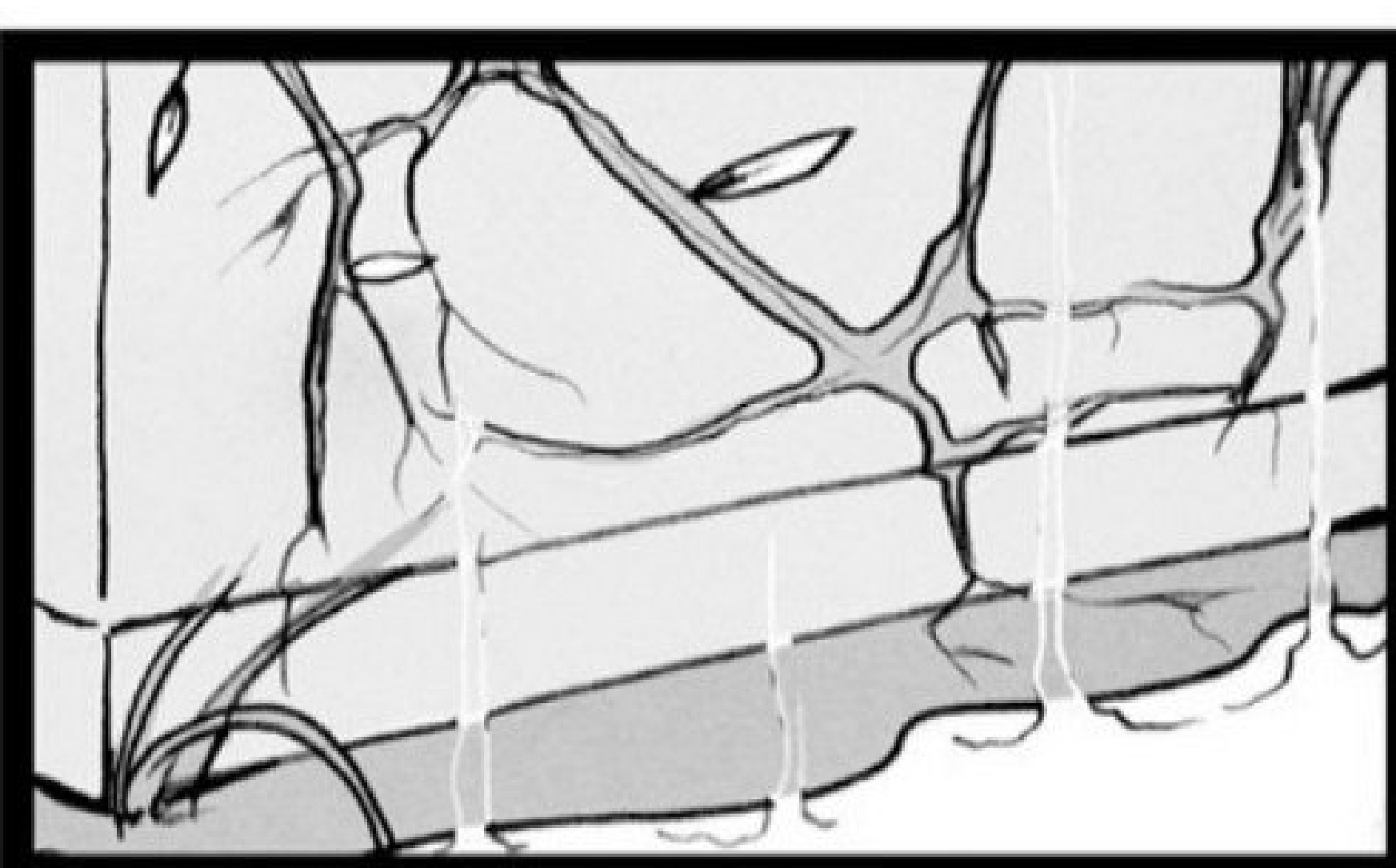
AS HE DREW NEARER, HIS COLD
NERVES BEGAN TO HEAT...



...AND THE SIGHT OF THE MARBLE
COFFIN EXCITED HIM IN ALL THE
WAYS THE IMMACULATE BODIES
OF HIS NYMPHS, SATYRS, AND
BEAUTIFUL ARIADNE COULD NOT.

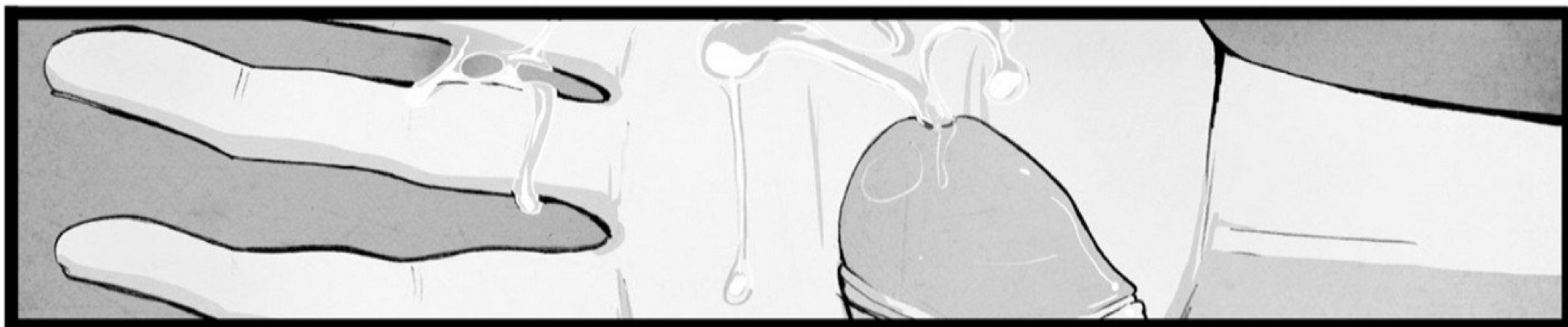


AND SO, WITH A BOUGH
OF OLIVE IN HIS HAND, HE
APPROACHED.











THERE WILL BE NO DESIRE LOST BETWEEN
YOU AND I. THE RITE OF SPRING WILL RING
OUT IN HONOR OF THIS UNION EACH YEAR:
WITH FEARSOME DELIGHT AND TERRIBLE
PLEASURE.

τέλος