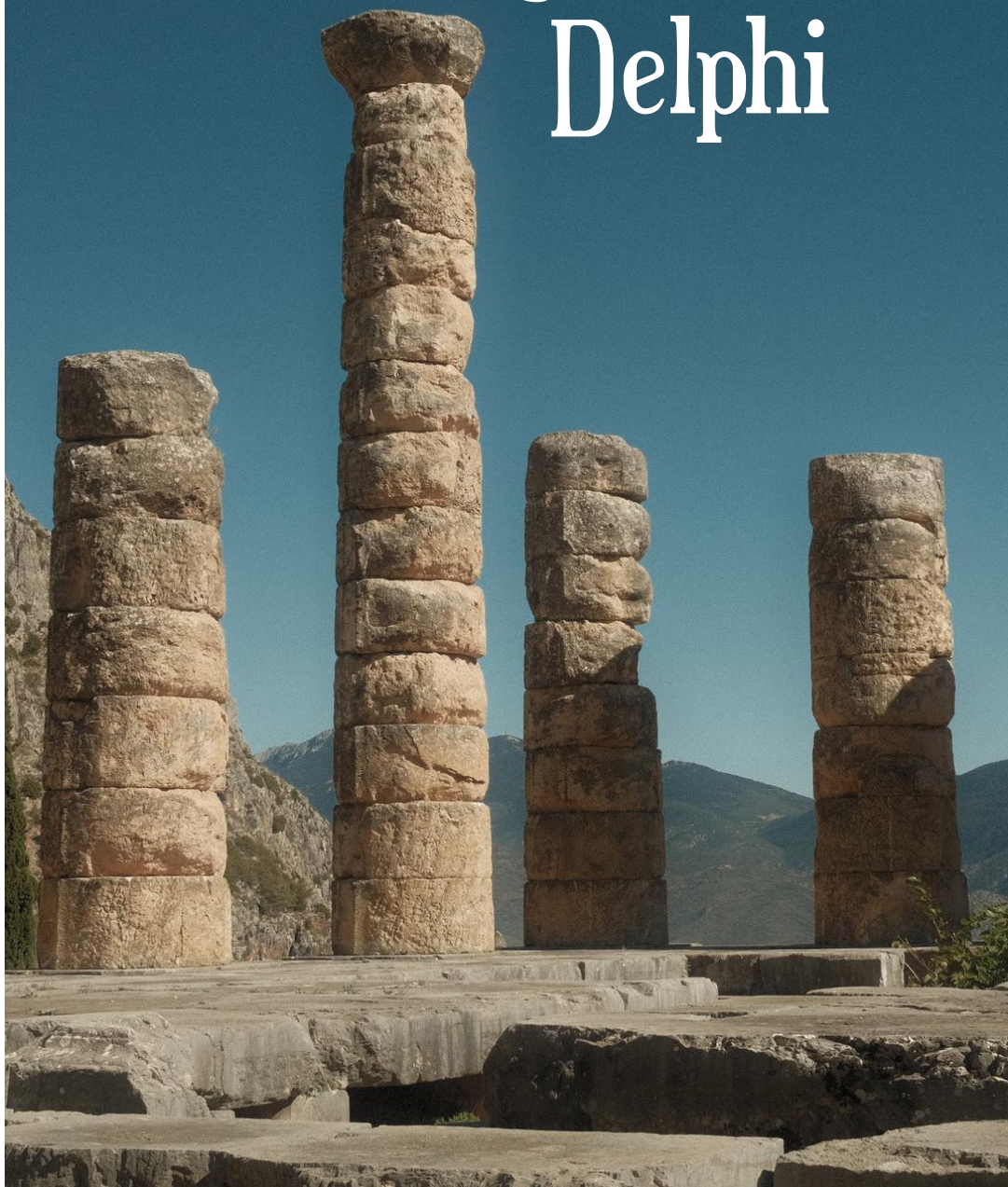


Seeking Delphi

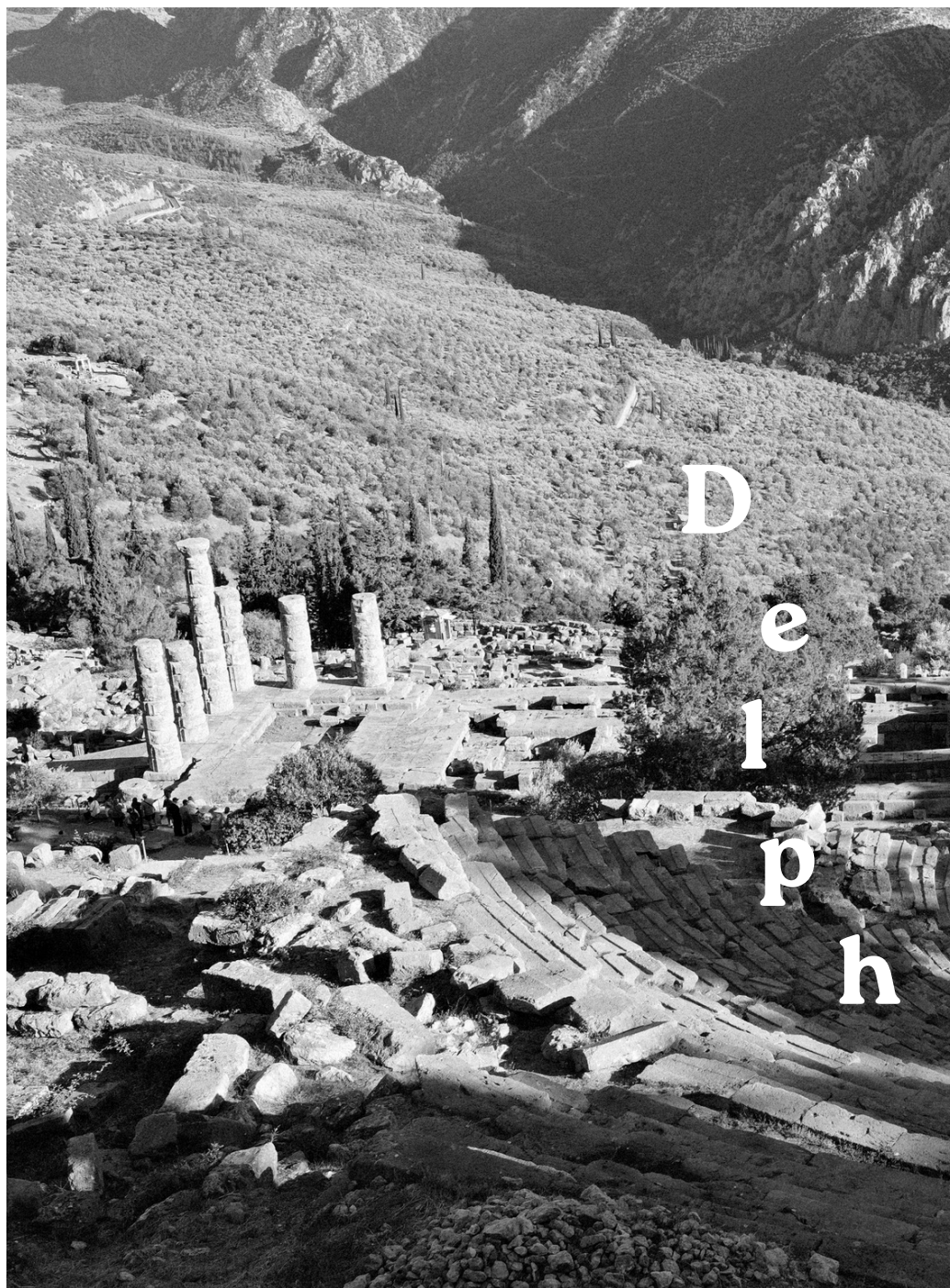


FLESH BONES AND MAGIC

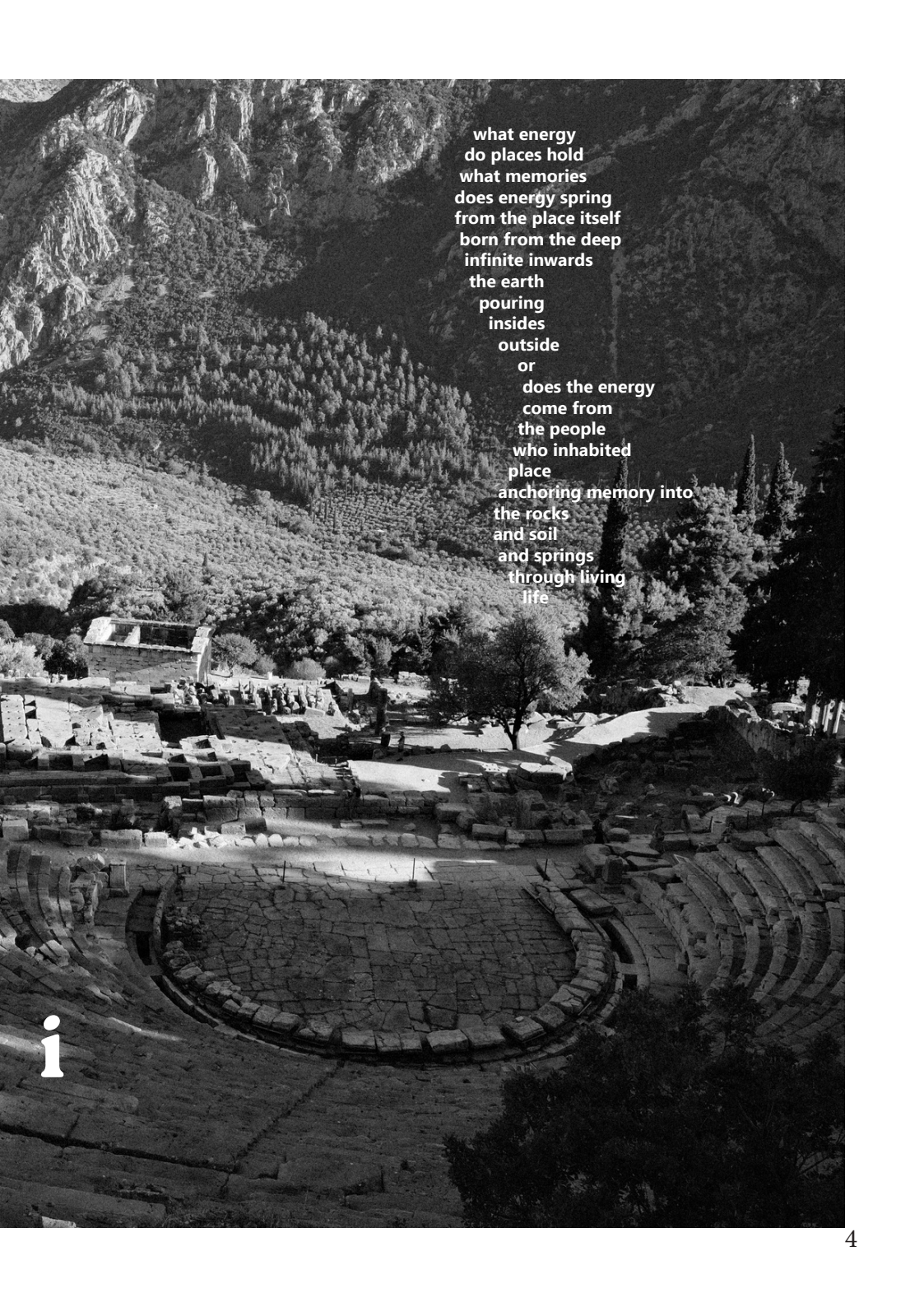
Flesh, Bones, and Magic is
Nora Beckman, Mina Beckman, and Maks Hara

Delphi Exploration 2024 – 2025AD

Photography by Maks Hara unless noted



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what energy
do places hold
what memories
does energy spring
from the place itself
born from the deep
infinite inwards
the earth
pouring
insides
outside
or
does the energy
come from
the people
who inhabited
place
anchoring memory into
the rocks
and soil
and springs
through living
life

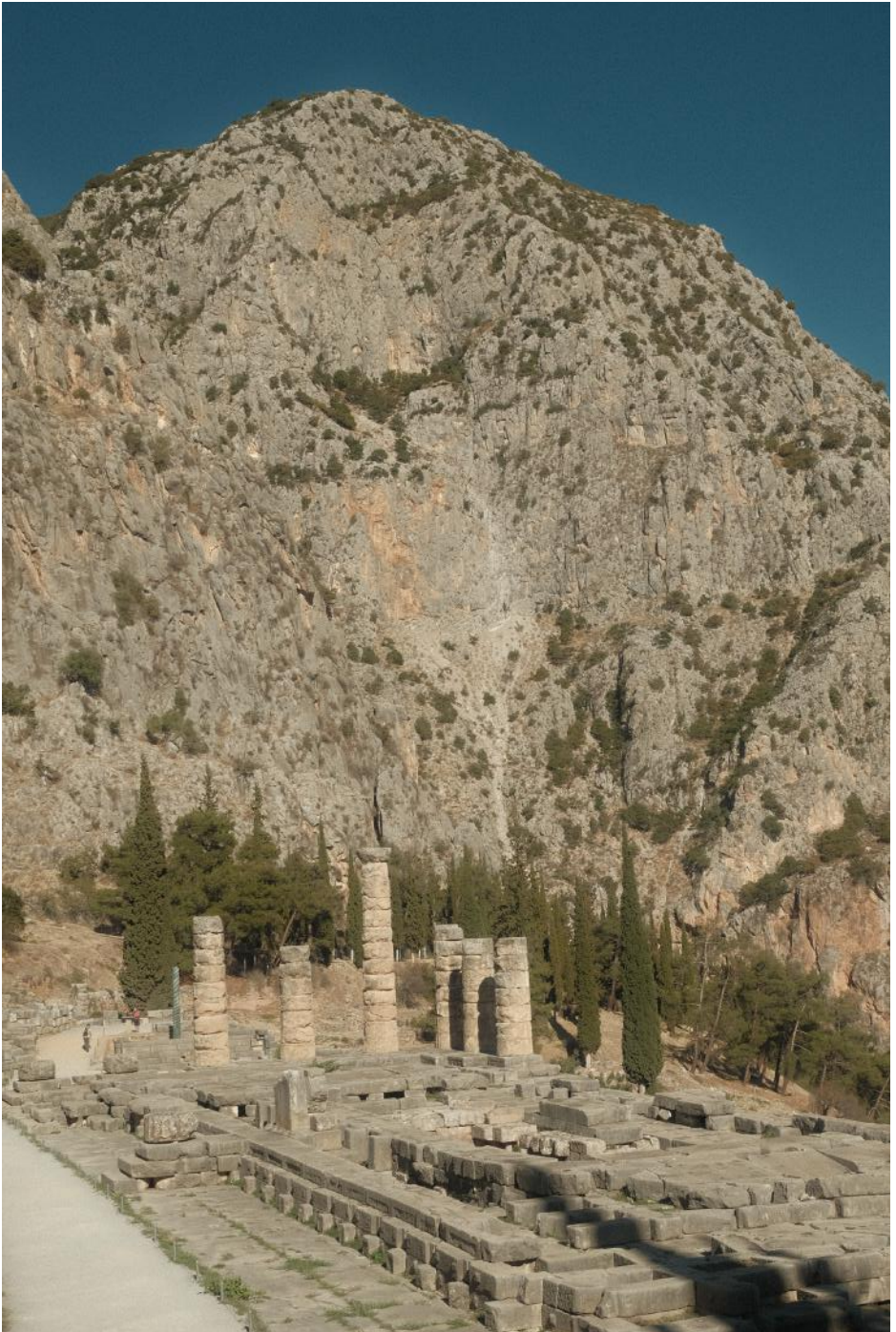
i

We came to Delphi seeking, in our various and collective forms.

Documenting our exploration through the archaeological topography, this writing is a work-in-progress, collated data.

Much of the content was produced on-site, and has not been amalgamated or synthesized further—the muses from the hills around Delphi descended and held our pens with us. We have also contextualized some of the rich history of the location as an anchor.

These excerpts are the initial foray into a larger research project examining the intuitive and energetic legacies of ancient spiritual traditions and sites by the collective Flesh, Bones, and Magic, based between London, Paris, and the US.



The Temple of Apollo – Delphi

Delphi was the center of the ancient world, the most famous spiritual location. Beginning in the 8th century BC, it drew politicians and seekers from around the classical world to consult the Pythia, priestesses who channeled Apollo's voice into prophetic oracles. Greek religion was participatory, and the questions and answers were group endeavors at seeking meaning.

At its peak in around 500BC, it was struck by fires and then earthquakes, which changed the landscape and water sources. After an attempted revival by the Romans who revered Greek traditions, particularly emperor Hadrian, the central Temple to Apollo was finally torn down with the Roman Empire's conversion to Christianity and abolishment of all pagan observance in 395AD.

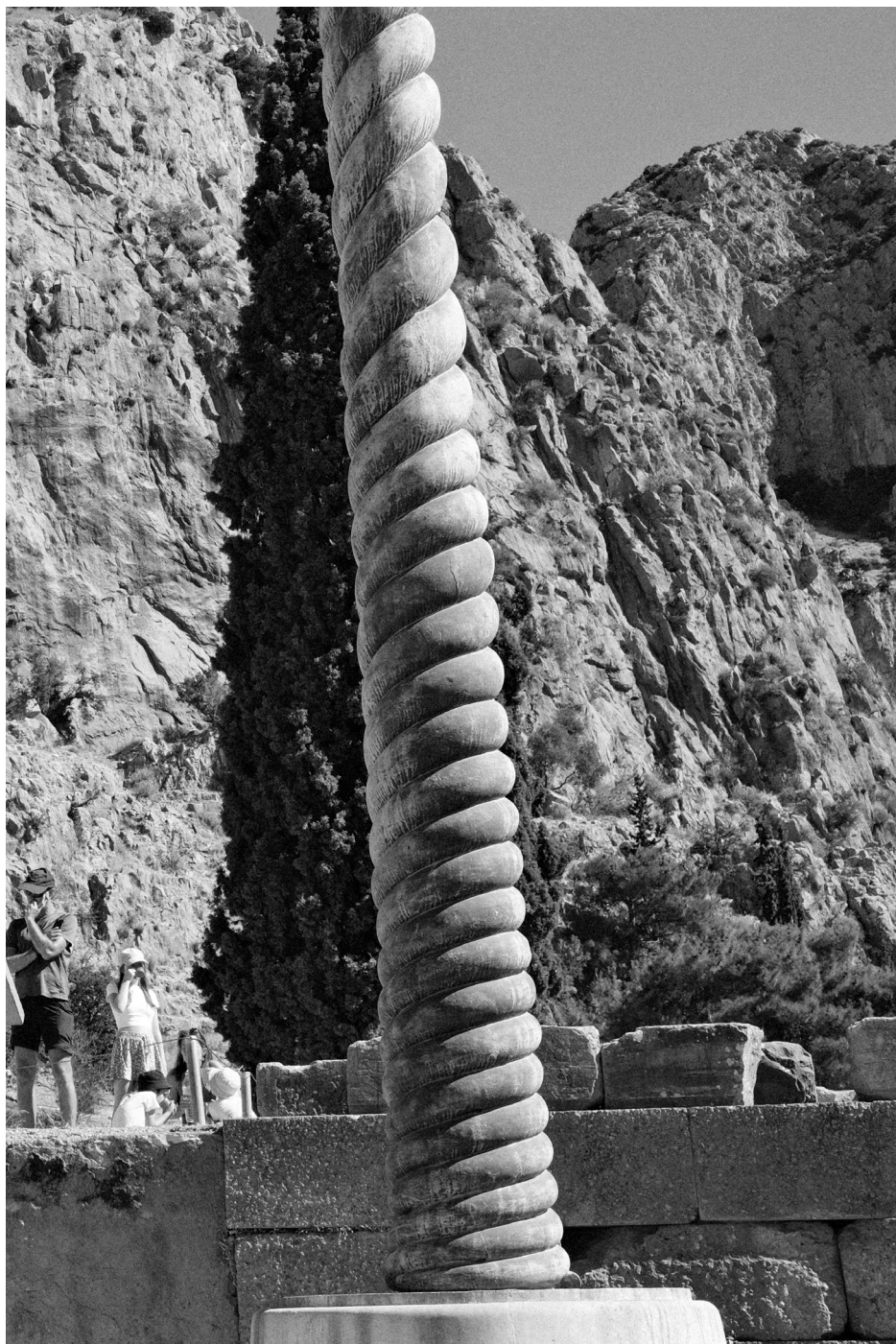
The location sank into obscurity and it took on a mythic quality, existing only in stories until the late 1800s when French archaeologists developed a hunch and began excavating. They had to convince the village of Kastri, built and habited among the ruins, to move to its current location. The current archaeological site has all been reconstructed.

Delphi contained the *omphalos*, a sacred stone that was the navel of the earth. The omphalos was the residual connection to the great mother, *Ge* or *Gaia*, central to pre-Greek ancient spiritual practices, carried over from Minoan and Mycenaean culture on Crete, where myth has it the priests who ran Delphi originated.

We came to Delphi to explore these traditions and to feel what physical and energetic resonances remained in this ancient spiritual site. What lessons flow into contemporary society from this place? What is the importance of the locationally specific in this age of digital access?

We spent part of a week at the site, journeying from the site of purification at the Castalian Springs, through all the accessible places in the remains of Delphi, and finishing with a journey to the Corycian Cave on the slopes of Mt. Parnassus above Delphi. The serpentine cave is speculated to have been an earlier spiritual site, as caves often were. Legend has it that Apollo slew Python to establish his temple at Delphi, and it was obvious to us that the Corycian Cave was serpentine, swallowing us and allowing access deep into Mother Earth.

This zine is a result of the site visit. We subsequently spent several months at the British Library, immersing ourselves in the deep and varied resources about Delphi. Synthesis of that research is still in progress, but we offer this document as an invitation to participate in the rich and generative stimulation that Delphi can still, after so many millennia, provide.



The mind – Maks
The spirit – Mina
The body – Nora

What is the power of trifacta as we enter this sacred site?

Three is community
We are in communal celebration

We are entangled as entanglement is two in relation to another.
The two only matter when seen by the third.

Three is the start of a spiral: generative, generation.

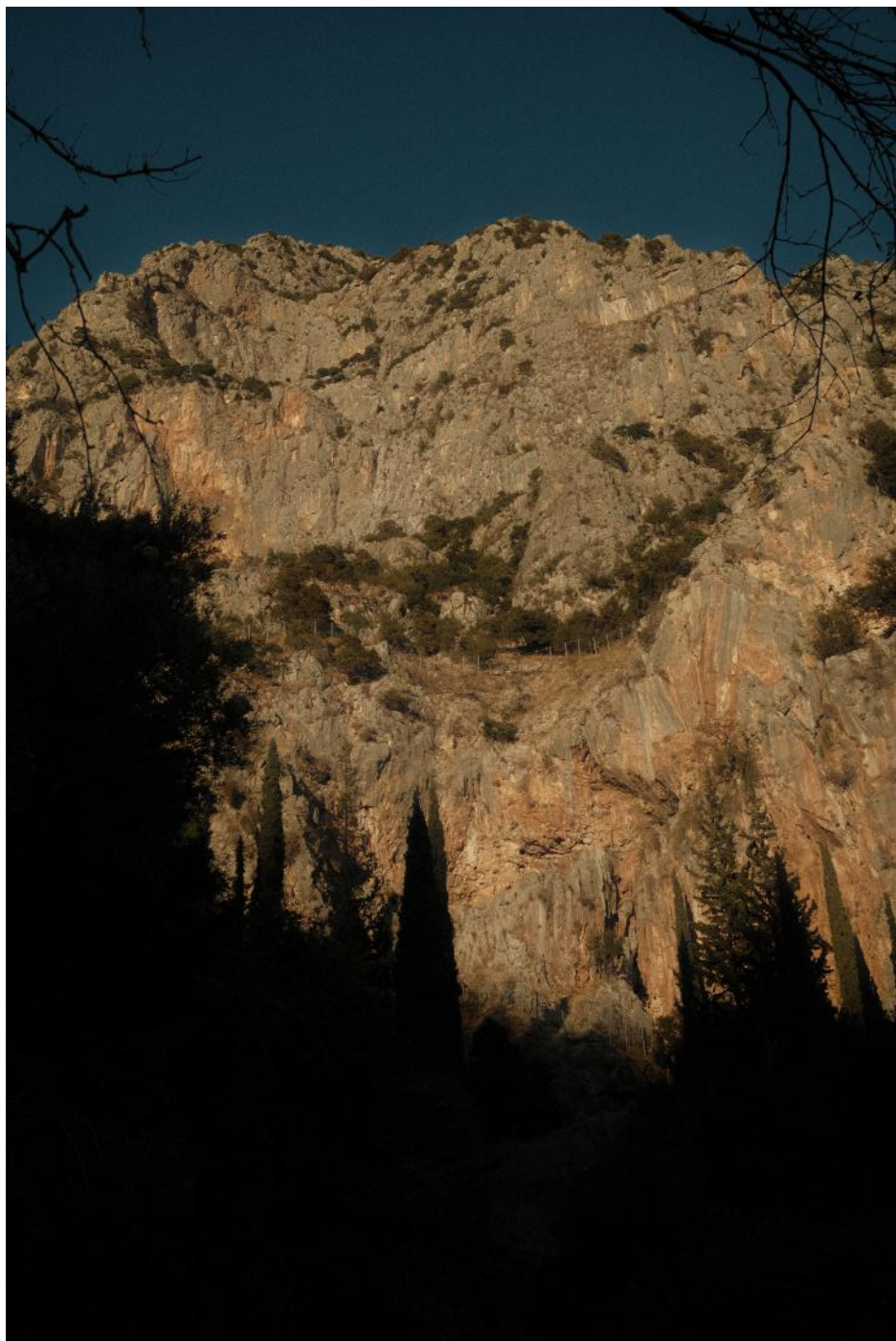
The spiral is constant movement.

We are movement and we are in relation to each other and
the place and the wind pushing invisible connection to all.

We float in relation, in pleasure and displeasure, in charge and
avoidance.

There is enough and all forms of movement and life are
welcomed by the land of Delphi.

We are in balance,
we are not in unison
but we are in context.



We arrive winding through mountains with gasps of delight. Then suddenly it's Delphi, the Castalian Spring emerging from the deep ravine between the Phaedriades, fenced and locked away. The three travelers stop and sight mountain goats with curling horns, sight golden jagged rock faces glowing, hear water burbling. From the modern fountain emerging ignobly by the side of the road, we anoint each other with the cleansing water, in benediction and blessing.

The Castalian Spring – the first stop of the pilgrimage of Delphi, a place to wash, quench thirst, and purify.



The Castalian spring is now piped to this fountain along the road going towards Delphi

Castalian spring fountain Blessing



Castalian Spring

Springs are the point of transmutation from inner to outer, carried by the mutable and life-giving element of water. Often the starting point in ancient spiritual sites, the Castalian Spring is no exception. The Spring is where pilgrims, priests, and Pythia alike performed ritual cleansings before continuing to the Temple of Apollo where oracles were delivered. Like everything at Delphi, there are layers of history—natural spring to Greek fountain to Roman fountain.

The modern fountain is piped to close to the road and still used by visitors and locals: we saw people stopping their cars to fill water jugs.

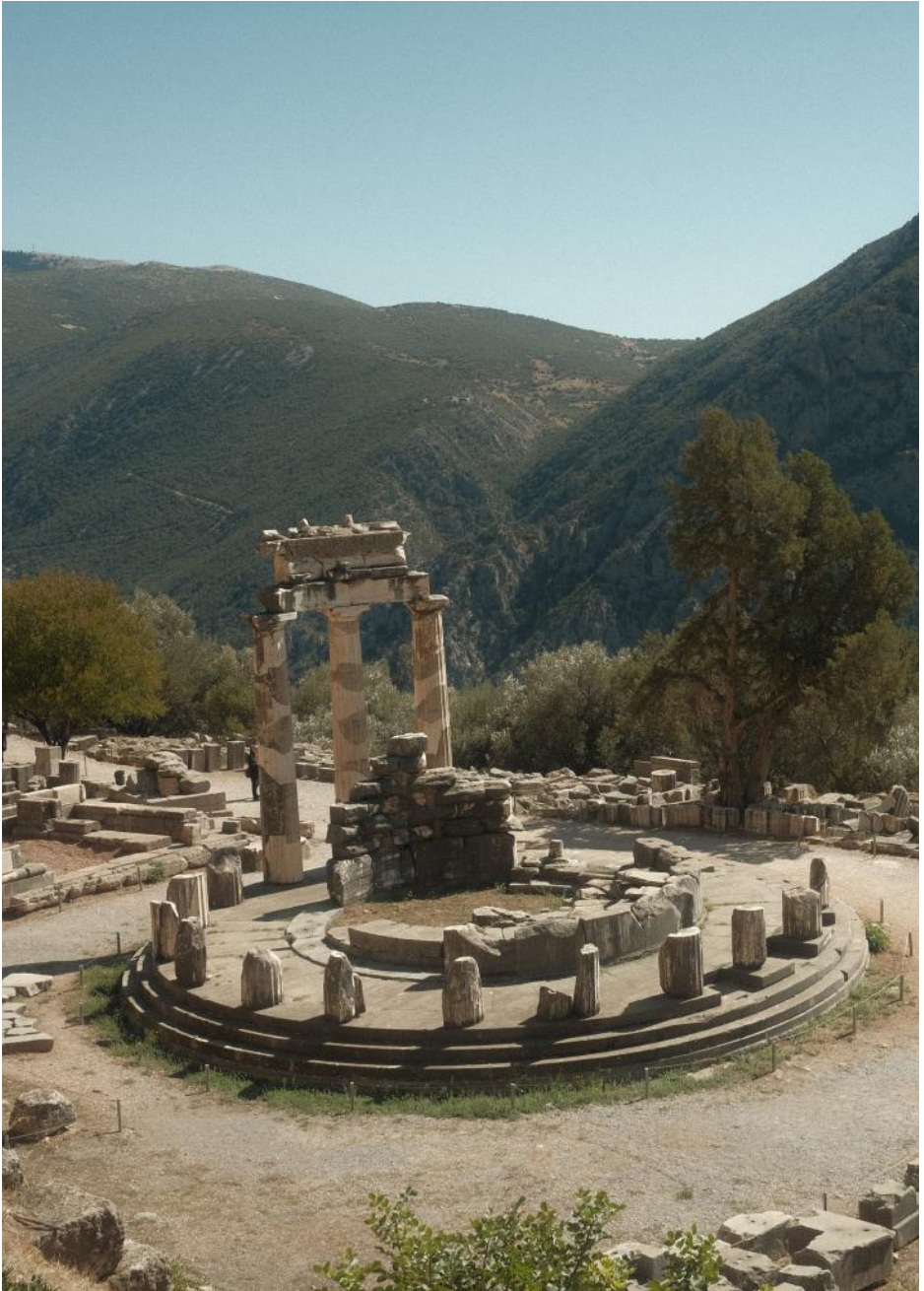
The ancient locations are fenced off and inaccessible to the public.





CASTALIAN SPRING at DELPHI,

Sanctuary of



Athena Pronaia

The Sanctuary of Athena Pronaia is located at the traditional entrance to Delphi on the route from the East, about a half mile from the current archaeological site. Delphi belonged to Apollo, and Athena was charged with protection as his half-sister and goddess of wisdom and war. Pronaia means 'the one before'. There is little to no record of what happened at this site.

Writing at the Temple of Athena Pronaia

A center, an eye — a deep pulsing. The beginning point for our pilgrimage, this place cleanses and offers sight, the roundness of the earth, Gaia, in eternal reverence. When we ask hello here, hello is replied. Can we offer anything? Yourself is the offering. We are in concert. I miss people sitting at my center, I am most powerful there.

On brusque hillside under deep blue olive trees stand gnarled and sure. It's a soft landing of a place before the more electrifying mood of the higher location. We sit under the shade of an almond tree, on stones cut flat thousands of years ago, feeling the offering of respite, of shadow and reflection before the journey in hot sun to Delphic locations. The Holy Road awaits.

Mina says it's separate here, but I feel an overlap, an eye from a larger body with many eyes, this eye feeling at the end of a tentacle. We are in tentacle swirl, spiral beckoning, welcoming, preparing. By beginning here, we are tuning to the right frequency to receive more, there.

There may not be a proper order, but below to above is the route we choose as wind jostles leaves across our bodies and photos snap in some divine intervention and the soft whirr of tour buses bends on the road above. It's not lonely here, but the birds are quiet and tentative. They recognize that this is their place, protected, with three columns standing in salutation, the stones cut in precision, remaining in their form. Three columns remain like the three muses, in reflection of our three bodies walking across the dry land, coating feet in another form of protection.

Nora

Athena is no longer here
If she ever was
Her residency has ended

But something is still here
Energy enfolding the space
I keep getting wings
Soft and flexible and spread wide
Sight and flight
Clear energy seeing far
And the freedom of flight
The potential for movement
The moment just before the jump—
Could it be an owl?
Yes. but unclear...

There is a quietude here
A softness of energy
A waiting—
Not with anxiety
But calm
Contentment

When the mind goes quiet
What is left?
The body
Livens

An owl above
Deadening the outside
A sanctuary
Protected with big dark wings
Did Athena leave the owl when she left?
Assign a guardian to this place?
Or was the guardian here before?
Inhabiting

The space is held

It flies the land
Great shadow falling on those below
Not to inspire fear
But coolness
Protection
One watching out from above and providing
Shelter

Mina





Delphi

Each page that comes
is led by a prompt
words to start with
leading to response
from one
or more of us
bodies sitting in situ
on site
response to place
with mind
and body
spirit
and words
reacting
enacting

The idea of a place
Is different from the place
From being in place
Interacting with
Smells

Heat

Dust

People

Trading molecules with
Surrounding space
Becoming part of it
And it joining you
(inside your skin)

Borders
Are
Porous
As much as sometimes
We believe otherwise
There is no such thing as separate
aloneness
is a fantasy that doesn't exist



We are always a part of
something—everything
Around us
All the time

borders
are
porous
borders to
place
memory
bodies l tr
time fi a
things invade—in t
other things e
past melts into present
our bodies
intake a different time
and leave
a bit of ourselves
behind

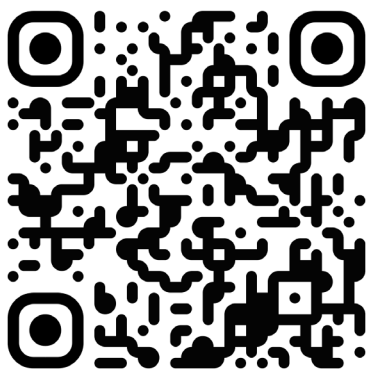
They say
Each time you access a memory
You rewrite it
A little more
Each time
Changing the original shape
Into something

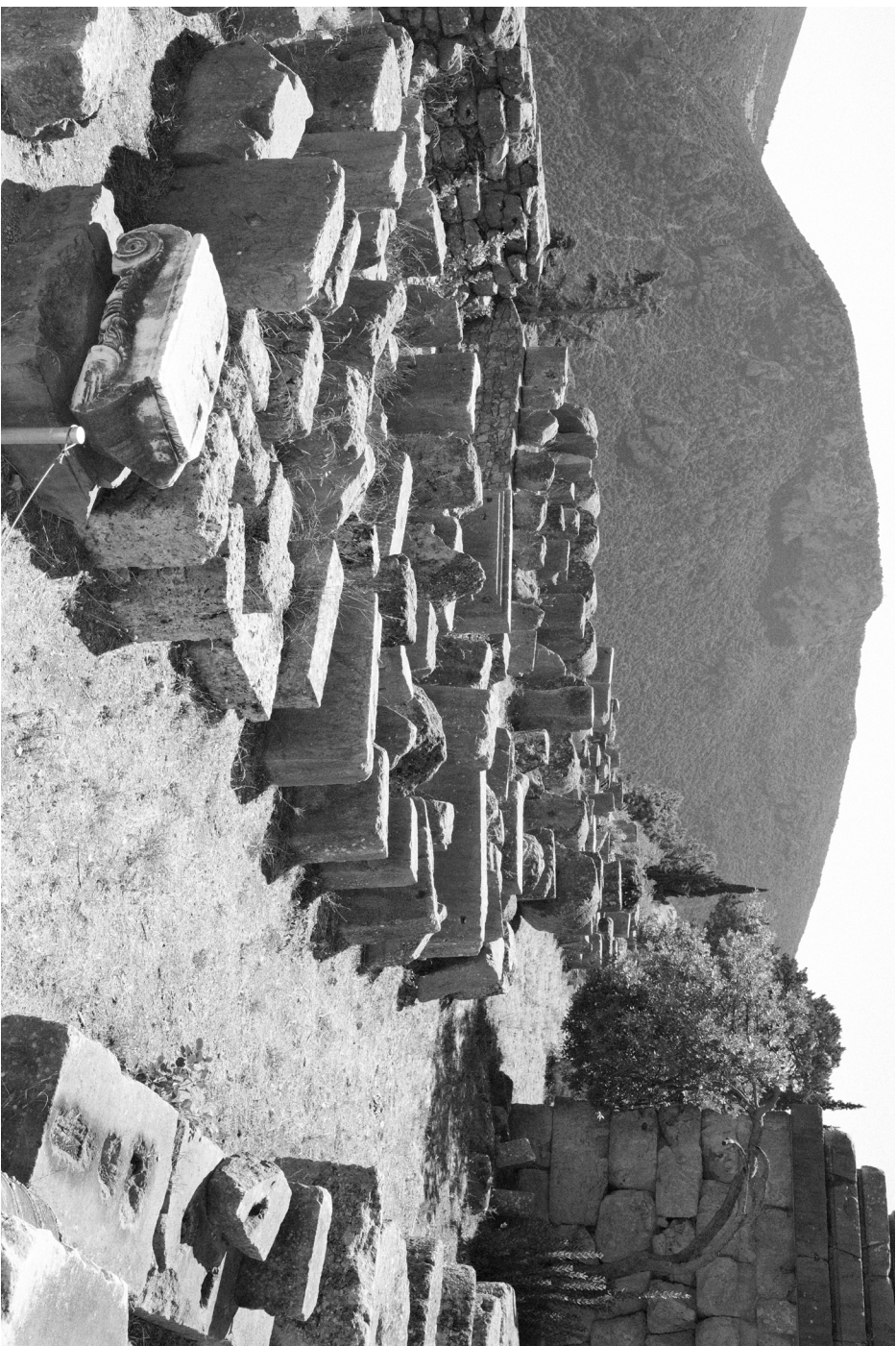
Delphi was unique as an ancient spiritual site in that the prophetic oracles were delivered orally by the Pythia priestesses: centering sound as an important method of transmission. Only after they were spoken were the oracles recorded by the priests in written form.

Flesh, Bones, & Magic spent time engaging with and listening to the archaeological site of Delphi. On site we wrote three texts responding to a shared prompt and read them aloud to each other. We also spent time vocalizing together on the site, letting our voices mix and spill over.

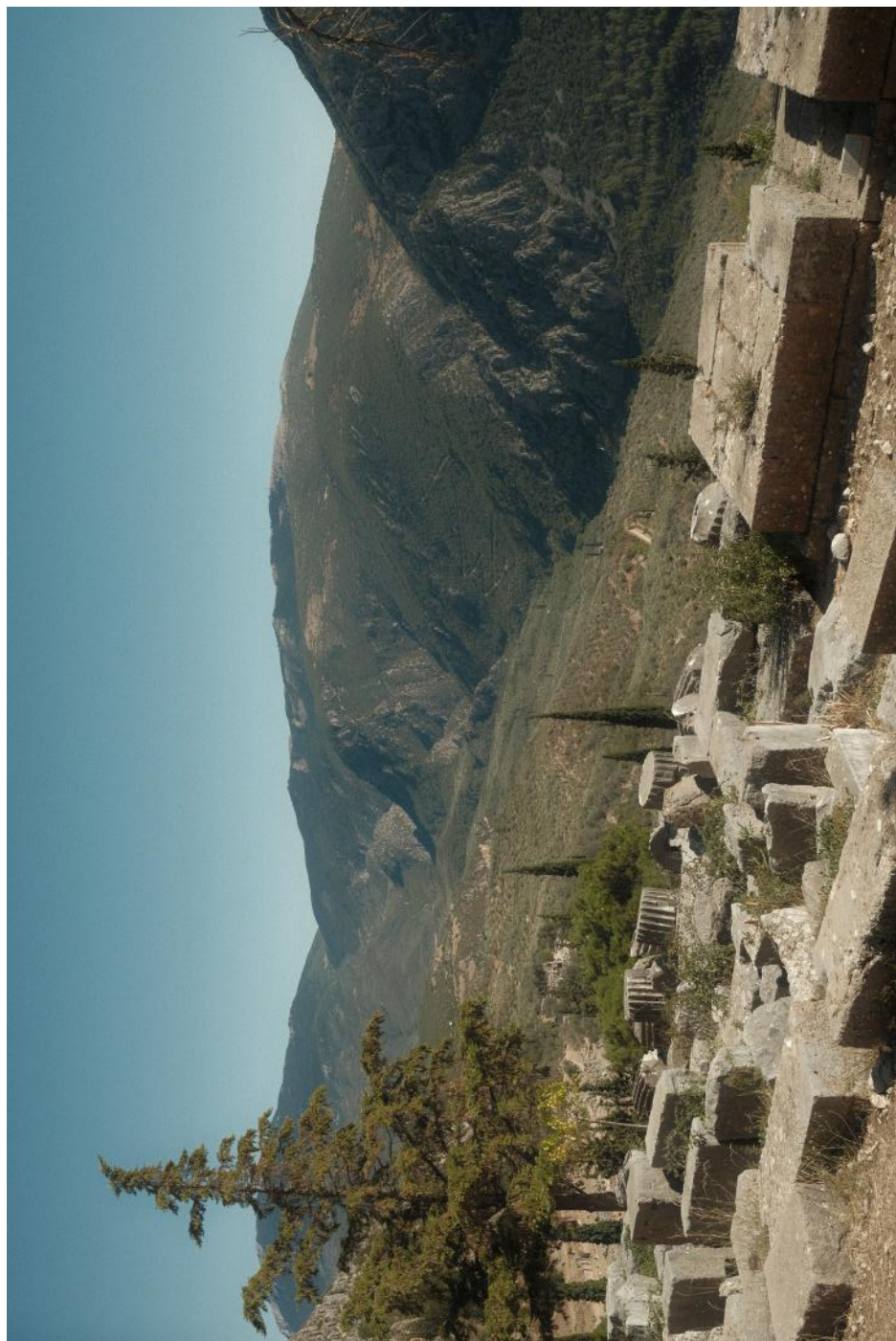
This sound piece re-engages with those textual pieces, adding as connective thread the sound of the on-site vocalizing.

You can access the soundcloud track for some of these next pieces below.





Ruins at Delphi



endless depths
down down down
cool and warm darkness
getting deeper—more dense
the density of depth
squeezes me like a security blanket—womb
the pressure of being held
inside (something)
within

the stones hold memory/energy
they live long slow lives
each breath an eon
so each memory long as well
they hold an impression
there is a solidity to their meshing
with the world
Us

Fragments of language—

Colorful pilgrims walking prescribed path,
we cling to edges and speak
without words to that which is here
I receive, from winged beings out of
golden clouds
a bubble glinting
rainbow-hued around the edges,
a lens through which to view the world.

The world shimmering with heat
purpose and meaning

The ideal forms still pushing up around us
showing where they once stood and
still take up that space,
still are there if you look the right way
with eyes that want to see

Sun creeps around the shade of the cypress we hide in
perched on stone wall
opening and closing in various arrangements
communicating with what is under
with what is happy for us to be here.

Nora

it inhabits multiple worlds
this is one of the points of wellspring

what does it feel like to touch
this large calm playful energy
it feels wonderful
like I want to sleep on these stones
in this place
I want to rest my head on this mother's
breast and receive
listen to her dreams and heartbeat
let her rumble fill up my body
is this what it feels like to be a cat?

Writing on the ruins in Delphi

Impressions: Angkor Wat came to mind. A much better preserved, but also far younger, monument built by people as part of the timeless human project of connecting with Divinity. And then I thought that this ambition, of connecting to the Divine, has been the driving force behind many of humanity's grandest and most impressive achievements: from the Pyramids to the Greek temples, to Angkor wat and the magnificent medieval cathedrals.

But isn't the same impulse driving us nowadays? The New York City skyline is homage to a deity: money. So is the case with places like Dubai, or Las Vegas—perhaps the best example. A modern-day temple to a modern-day god.

Maks

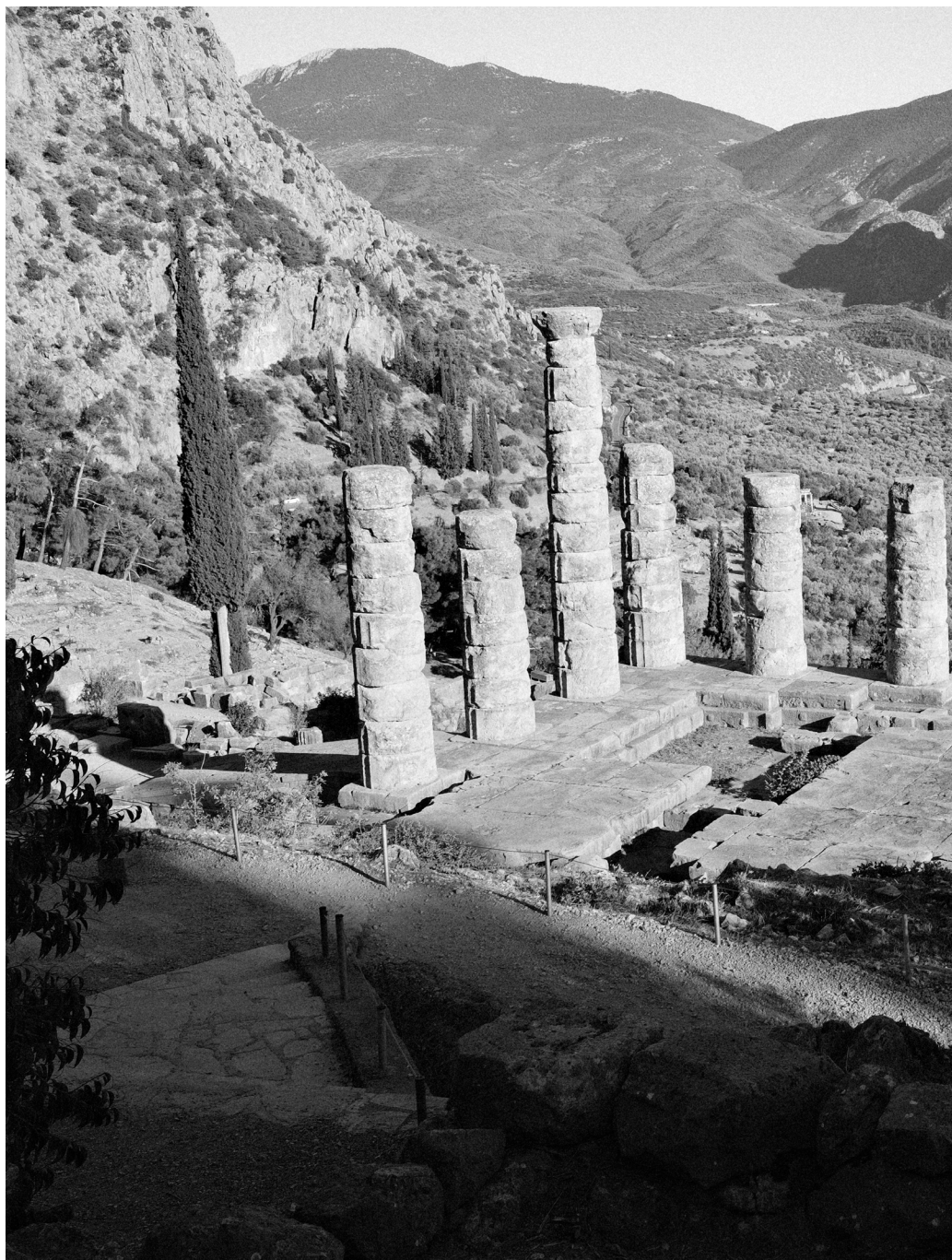
to be drawn to a person/being/place
and want to sleep there
to bask in their energy
offering contentment and healing in return

the gift is us
and this is enough
us inhabiting us
know thyself
inhabit thyself
be thyself
love thyself

there is such a gentleness here
a softness
but an outwards as well
movement
it isn't drawing me in
it's drawing me to lay in the flow

delphi do you want to join me on my journey?
i'd love to have you
(answer)

Yes.



The Temple of Apollo – Delphi



Inscribed on the walls of the Temple of Apollo were the sayings *Know Thyself* and *Nothing in Excess* as well as the delphic symbol "E"



An unmarked fountain with an unknown spring



Aquaduct – Delphi

The stream is dry

Dry, dry like my throat has been here,
waking in the night to unfamiliar feeling
that only the whole glass will quench
We are in the fossilized remains of burbling;
the husks of prophecy lie tumbled and spare.

But, still,
voices shimmer like leaves in the light
as tour groups pause
and feet shuffle in ignoble gravel,
herds of people in wall of sound,
swaths of humanity flowing
through channels cut for them.

There is joy,
in women from Singapore
playing their bodies against
stacked, grooved column,
expressing their delight at being here,
at knowing Western history from British schools.

One source may be dry,
one channel closed
through absence of information
or crumbling of empire,
but in fact,
this place is still very much alive,
bubbling and bursting with it.

Nora

Feet sound like thunder
Thunder brings rain
Rain re-livens the land
Even if it's not the same rain
As before
the past is
something out of reach
Beautiful and mysterious
"Now" can feel insincere
In the face of the idealization of the past
That doesn't make it any less alive
Life is life is life
Movement
(Crystalline growth is still growth)
We wish for quiet because it can be easier
Quiet can be easier to understand
The cacophony of life is overwhelming
Underwhelming
Mina

which had so much to say

The stream is dry that had so much to say
If one voice quiets
A million more come forth
A cacophony of voices
Calling
Unified—unified
In their energy
Energy doesn't leave
It moves
Moves to something else
A new language
No longer easy for the old way to understand
We need a shift
A willingness to move self/ourselves into
The self is also many
We are a part of the flows around us
The observation
and distance
and connection to
the outside world

Dryness is another voice
The voice of blowing wind
and rock-grumbling
And slowness
Slowness
Small movement
Exuberant life amongst

This is the natural order of things.
A walled-in spring will burst forth in another place.
The springs of etheric, creative energy are plentiful.

But they only create the conditions for a journey within.
A spring is therefore at the same time a well.
There is need for a two-way flow:
The spring moves into our being (and fills us with vitality)
while we descend into the depths
to glimpse at the deeper foundations of reality,
at the true 'Source' of the prophetic Spring.
While the 'spring' may dry out,
the Source never does.

And since the Source is within ourselves,
the joyful task is simply to find another gateway
to facilitate its exploration.
Perhaps a cave.

Maks





Wherever the rays of sun enter...

Wherever the rays of sun enter
They bring a harshness
A life full of heat and dust
Parched
A yearning
A celebration
They bring a new view
A new place to see
Clarity that can be harsh

It is no gentle taking in
but a consuming/being consumed
in the state of light

There is a gentle softness to darkness
A cushion
A moving between realms
Vision
Other-than-human

With the light comes vision
Of the surroundings
All the things around
Dimension
Perception

Eyes are a greedy sense

Wherever the ray of the sun enter
My body is happy
There is a sweetness
A liveliness
Fire becomes me
I want to live in the sun
While experiencing the soft darkness

Beauty fills my eyes
The world is so wondrous
And with wonder—enters Other

Sometimes when something is too beautiful
I want to consume it
To feel it on my tongue
Taste it in my mouth
And have it enter my body
Slowly
Savoring—Chewing
On the land

Mina

I let them burn away some idea of propriety.

In other words, enter me, fill me, let me be turned inside out with the light, shimmering heat against stone, hands clapping sound in scattered smatter up hillside stacked in careless array, light a tightly-packed cemetery, like an elegy to the past.

We're in history, we are history.

The place under this place greets the sun each day the same way it always has, at this point and that. It's us who doesn't understand the language, who want. We want and the sun looks at us dispassionately, perched on tombstones of past power, of resurrection made official.

We worship Dionysus still with bottles of cloudy Cretian wine and tiny glasses of Mastika shooting our laughter loud, spilling secrets into Taverna with glee.

This place is full of laughter, sweat, whistles warning, and raucous, Dionysian joy.

Nora

I missed the second writing prompt to lie down in the sun, and to take pictures of Mina and Nora. While laying in the sun, I remembered the summers spent with my grandparents in the Polish seaside village of Ostrowo, climbing the haystacks. These were very tall haystacks. It made me think that there must be a connection between these two experiences. Perhaps the connection is the Sun, perhaps Nature, or perhaps the playful and exploratory character of both sets of activities.

Maks



The Polygonal Wall – Delphi



The Polygonal wall – 6th century BCE, built with curved joints that perfectly fit together and inscribed with over 800 Manumission Acts. A Manumission Act documented the event of a slave regaining their freedom. This act of being freed was witnessed, guaranteed, and blessed by a god so that it could never be violated. Apollo whose temple resided above this wall was the god who presided over these 800 acts of freedom.

Look down upon the struggles of those turbulence through

What is this “constitutive turbulence”? I read it as, simply, our entitlement to be here. This is what I personally call homecoming. And the only way to “come home” is, in my view and experience, through a yearning to understand the World, coupled with Grace. Ultimately, it all turns on Grace insofar as the experience of being human is concerned. Grace is what shapes the lens through which we view the World.

Which brings me to the very nature of the “lens”. There is something innately divine in this attribute of ours which allows us not just to perceive, but to perceive and compare. To perceive not just ourselves but also various objects of our attention as distinct from other objects.

One of the difficult exercises in imagination is to change this lens at will. When this exercise is applied to the emotional plane, we call it “empathy”, but there are many further ‘layers’ to reality. Do we ever try to perform this exercise of “empathy” in a manner wider, more generous, than emotion alone?

Coming to a place like Delphi, we may want to imagine how this place would look like in its ‘original’ state. But isn’t it also worth imagining the “lens” of a human that would be contemporary to it; how we would perceive the world as visitors to the temple in year 288BC?

Maks

the eyes that look down upon us
are unfriendly
looking for a place to scold
creating a structure
holding it in place
in this space

a new structure of power
new rules of engagement
within this ancient space
the turbulence exists here
in laughter
in small acts of joining
stepping towards
longing for
experiencing
a shared vision
the past/present
together

I am not bound here
to this physical place
and these rules
if I don’t want to be

my ephemeral body
can cross over the fence
the unallowed line
different bodies
in different places

as I spend time
in the middle of the temple
I feel my body sweating

I touch the stone
with hands that don’t exist
in a body that isn’t there
feel the coolness
and shared memory
interlocking

who try to master this constitutive thought, power, or prestige...

the violence here
in the temple
mirrors the violence
of the present
these were not always
comfortable spaces
spaces of comfort
like tarot they revealed things
sometimes that which
one doesn't want to see

I wonder if in some ways
it is better now
better for people now
we are unused to
the discomfort of the past

I feel
the gentleness
of the energy here
now
maybe it is better for modernity

in my other body
as I move through the temple
and grounds
it is night
why do I see it in the dark?
the flame softening the edges
wavering reality

there were rules then as well
but I am not bound by those either
I am between
I slip here unseen
through the times
into the temple
down

Mina

Instead, give in, rather than trying to exert mastery over, give in and let the turbulence take you. I'm carried myself on legs that follow, just like everyone else here. I sit bowed in thought, though I try to feel the rough stone under, poking, and the wind jostling.

Voices call at varying registers over the terraced hillside. Voice is what matters at Delphi, sound is the focus.

From high on the mountain, we can look down on that below us and the struggles of those climbing in the heat seem insignificant, outside of our own experience.

I give into the unknown, give in to the ant crawling up my lower back, give in to the forces of power propping me up, the prestige that it's human to seek, the thought that guides my actions and feelings.

The temple of Apollo had the inscription Know Thyself and we are gifted the voices of people weighing time in their own scales, who know they don't want to climb anymore, who are content to find their way back down.

Nora







Corycian Cave

The Corycian cave is located around 6 miles / 9.5 km / 60 stades from the religious site of Delphi, up a winding path scaling the side of Mt. Parnassus. There has always been a connection of some sort between Delphi and this ancient cave though the specifics have been lost to history.

We do know that three muses were worshipped at Delphi along with *Ge/Gaia*. The muses were most likely also the Corycian nymphs from whom Apollo originally was supposed to have learned divination. There was a larger canonical shift from Goddess worship to the Greek pantheon of gods, and the transposition of ideas from the Corycian Cave to Delphi indicates a drift in the myth from older historical to newer tale.

Pythons were a symbol of the chthonic Goddess worshipers, and the female Pythia who delivered the oracles in Delphi are in direct lineage with this distinctly snake-like limestone cave winding deep into the mountain. Many of the stories of the Pythia stem from descriptions found in the Homeric Hymns (approx. 6th cent BC) about the Corycian nymphs.

Among their many symbolic and mythological roles, caves are reminiscent of both womb and tomb and can offer a passage between the world of the living and the underworld, bringing us to the shores of the subterranean waters of the Acheron. In a spiritual sense caves are a place of death, transmutation, initiation and rebirth, where the numinous is formed and received.

There is extensive archaeological evidence of divination in the cave: thousands of bones cast for lots have been found from the neolithic period (5000BC) onward, meaning it retained oracular possibilities over the millennia.

For us visiting, we felt a deep, swallowing wholeness and quietness in the cave, in direct contrast with the burbling, sound-centric site of Delphi. We shared resources with the only other two travellers to the cave. We followed ropes deep into the limestone stalactites and mites and tested our voices in the damped blackness. Immersing in sound and absence of all light—without sight our individual bodies fall away, grounding into time moving on a different scale, soft echo and darkness and connection into the slow movement of the cave winding inwards, drawing us forward into becoming something else

the serpent's mouth is open
and swallows us whole
welcomes us into the darkness
heat from hiking and cool innards
mingle
eyes adjust to a different kind of light
a different kind of within
darkness that cannot be captured

we walk the labyrinth
thoughts spiraling
bodies spiraling

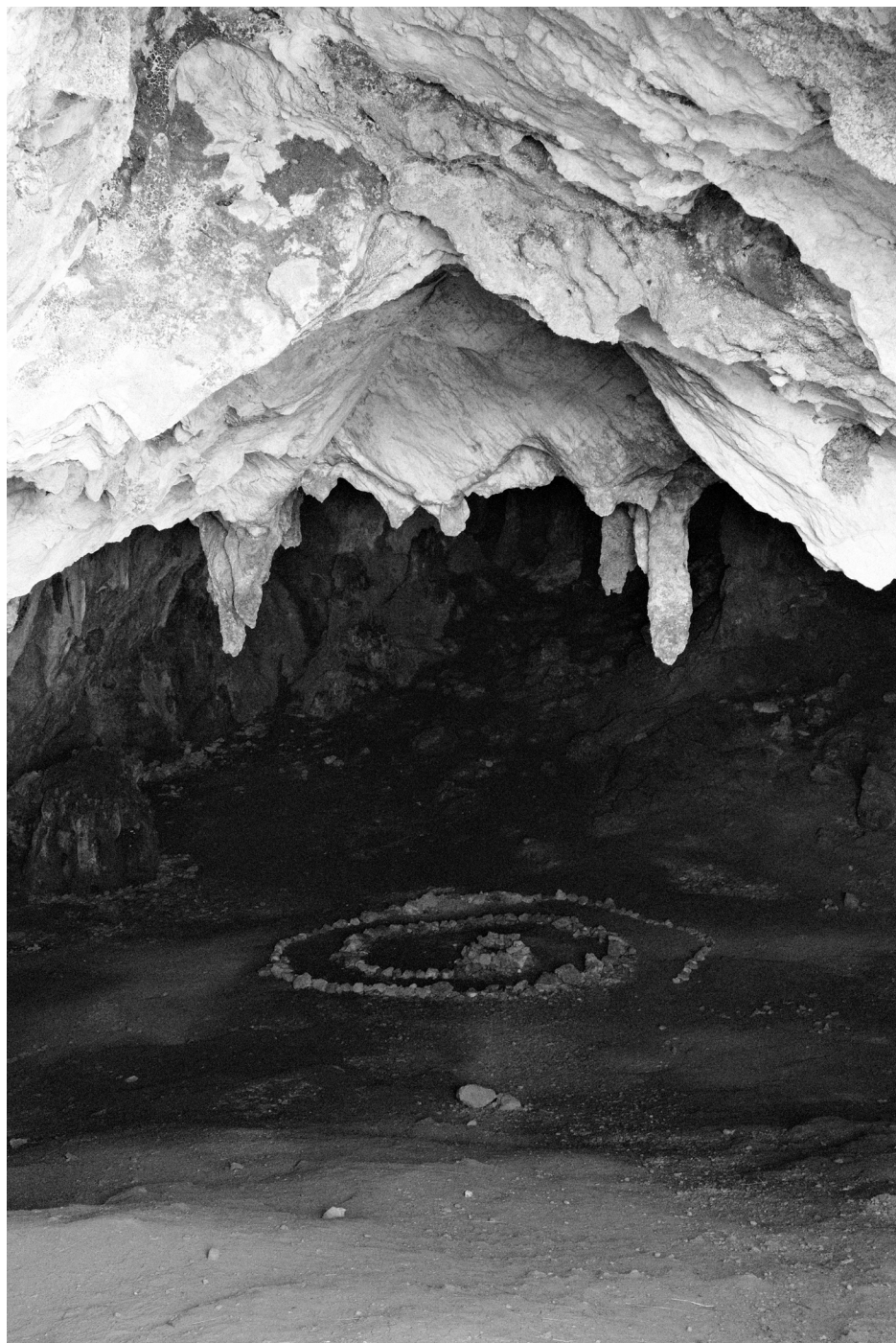
there is always a tug
to climb in deeper
whenever there is deeper to go
the body of the serpent is vast
deep
dark
we climb further into interior
into darkness
echoing all around us

when we are this deep
we can't see anything
eyes are blind
endlessly trying to find light that doesn't exist
but other senses stretch out
stretch deeper
stretch in relief

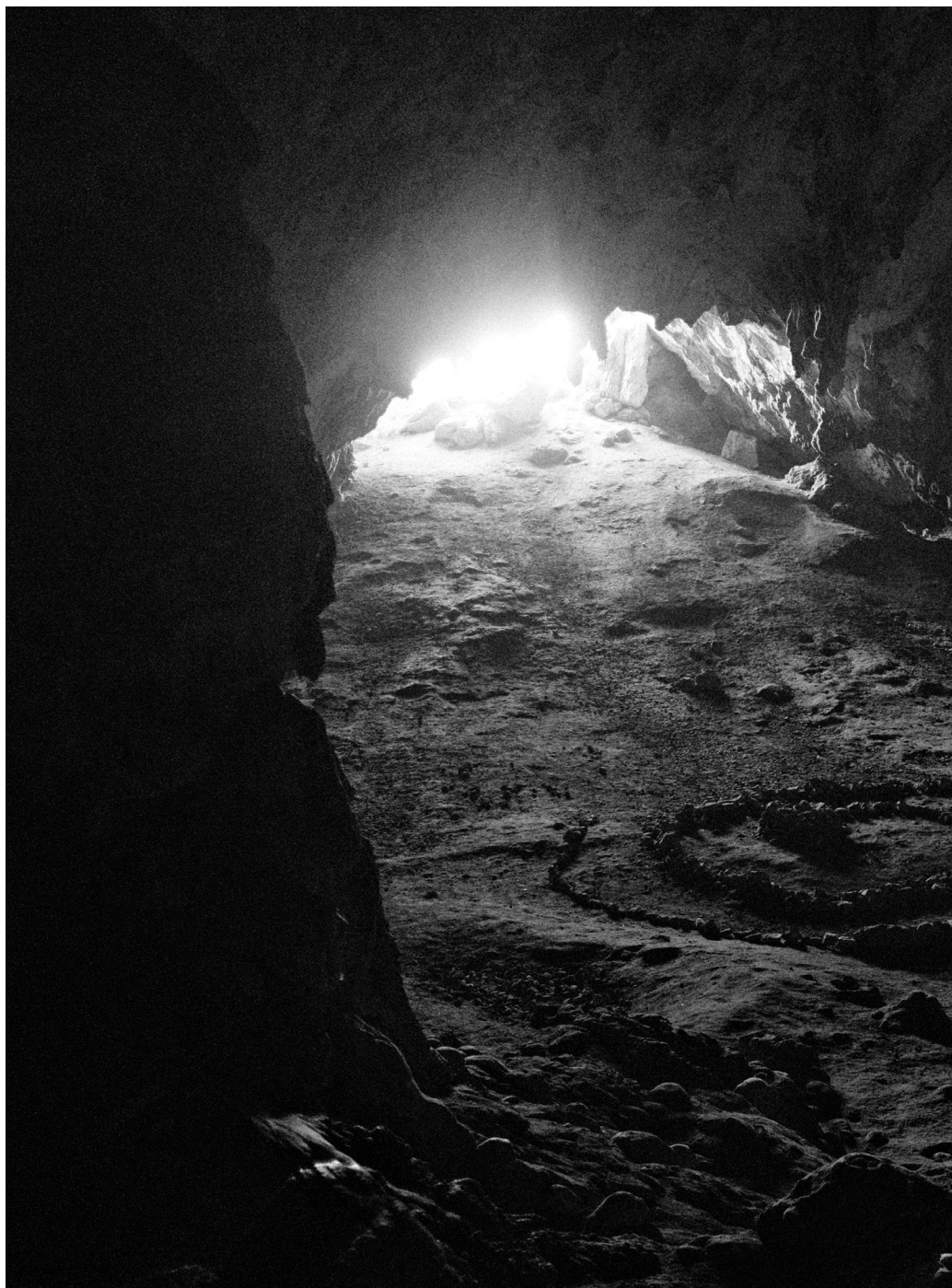
mouths open in song
in harmony
in rounds
spiraling
echoing
further into the deep
where we can't reach
except with vibration

this feels like a portal to something else
a womb
a place of hiding
gestation
worship

who knows
who we will be
when we finally
venture back into the light



Maw – Corycian Cave

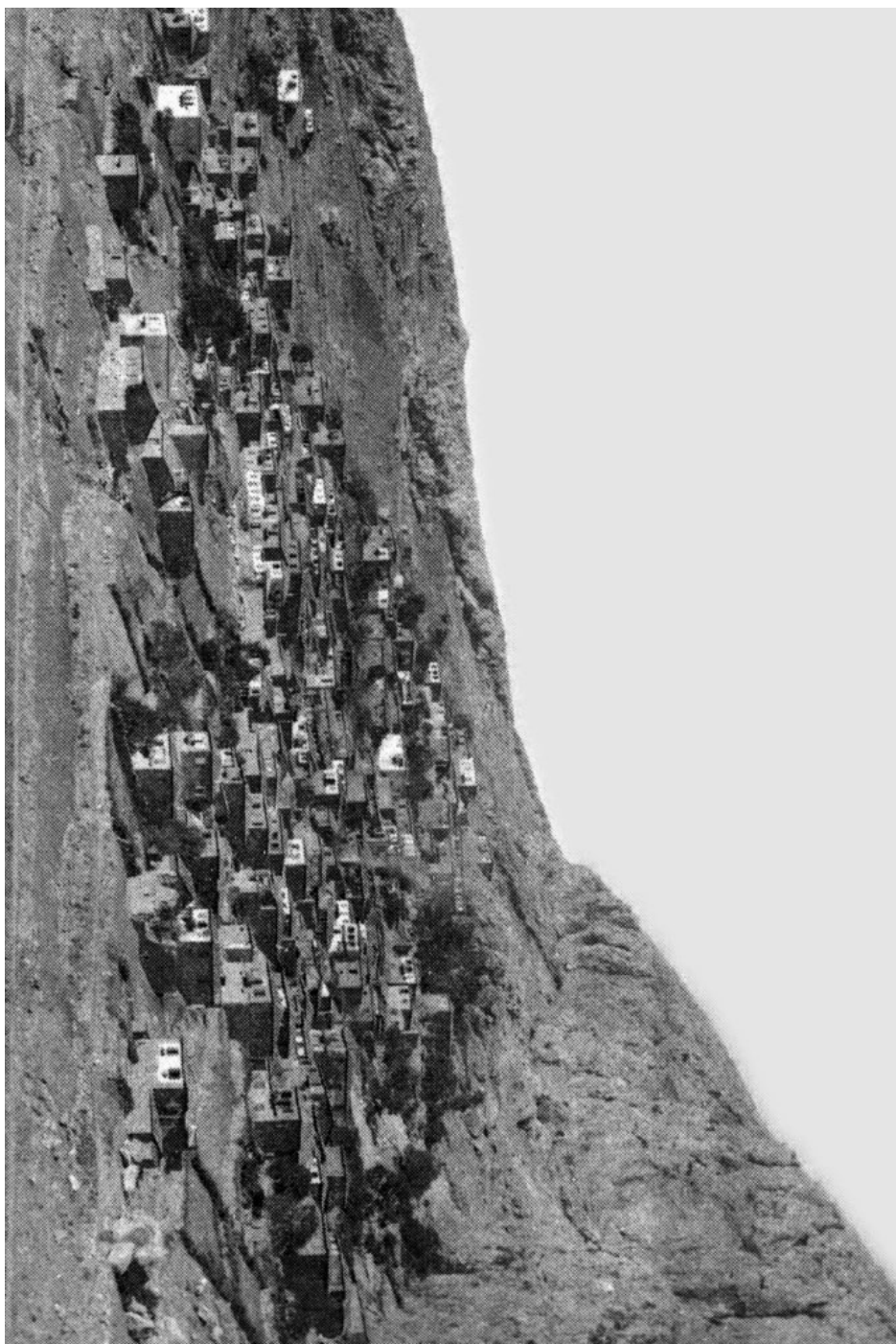








Inside View – Corycian Cave



The Ancient Village of Kastri – French Archaeological School – 1893

The Town of Kastri/Delphi/Delphoi

The historical village of Kastri was located directly on top of the ancient site of Delphi. In 1892 Kastri was torn down and the people were relocated a half mile away, the town was rebuilt and is now called Delphi/Delphoi.

Everything about the current version of the archaeological site of Delphi is a re-construction, a site of imagination, excavated from under and in these houses of Kastri.

the version of delphi that exists now
is someone's imagined version
played out in life size lego
created from story, myth, and ego

when we rebuild
something that is already gone
we are really
building something new
channeling through ourselves
what we want history to be

when
we talked to the locals
they said
some of them took pieces
of their old homes with them
pieces of Delphi
in their homes
painted to look not real
so that these pieces of history
won't get taken away
"something for the grandkids"
they said

personally
i'm happy
that they kept something
for themselves

The next three written responses were written in the modern day village of Delphi

From which the earth spoke

In motorcycles revving and the bouncing of children's voices squealing at play, echoing around concrete schoolyard, in soft bird voices and distant car doors shutting with metallic clink, in striped fly settling with certainty on notebook edge and the small scratch of a companion writing.

In Delphi we are on the edge of something that once had meaning and now has significance.

Perhaps the lesson here is not to seek some grand spiritual tourism, but instead get carried on the waves of experience into the messy quotidian, the magnificent spectacle of life churning in Greek village, in knots of people forming and unforming in motion and eddies behind modern-day prophets: tour guides.

Does it matter why we come to a place in veneration?

Nora

and gave birth

What is the place, or the substance, from which the Earth speaks? Is it the same as the “act” of speaking itself?

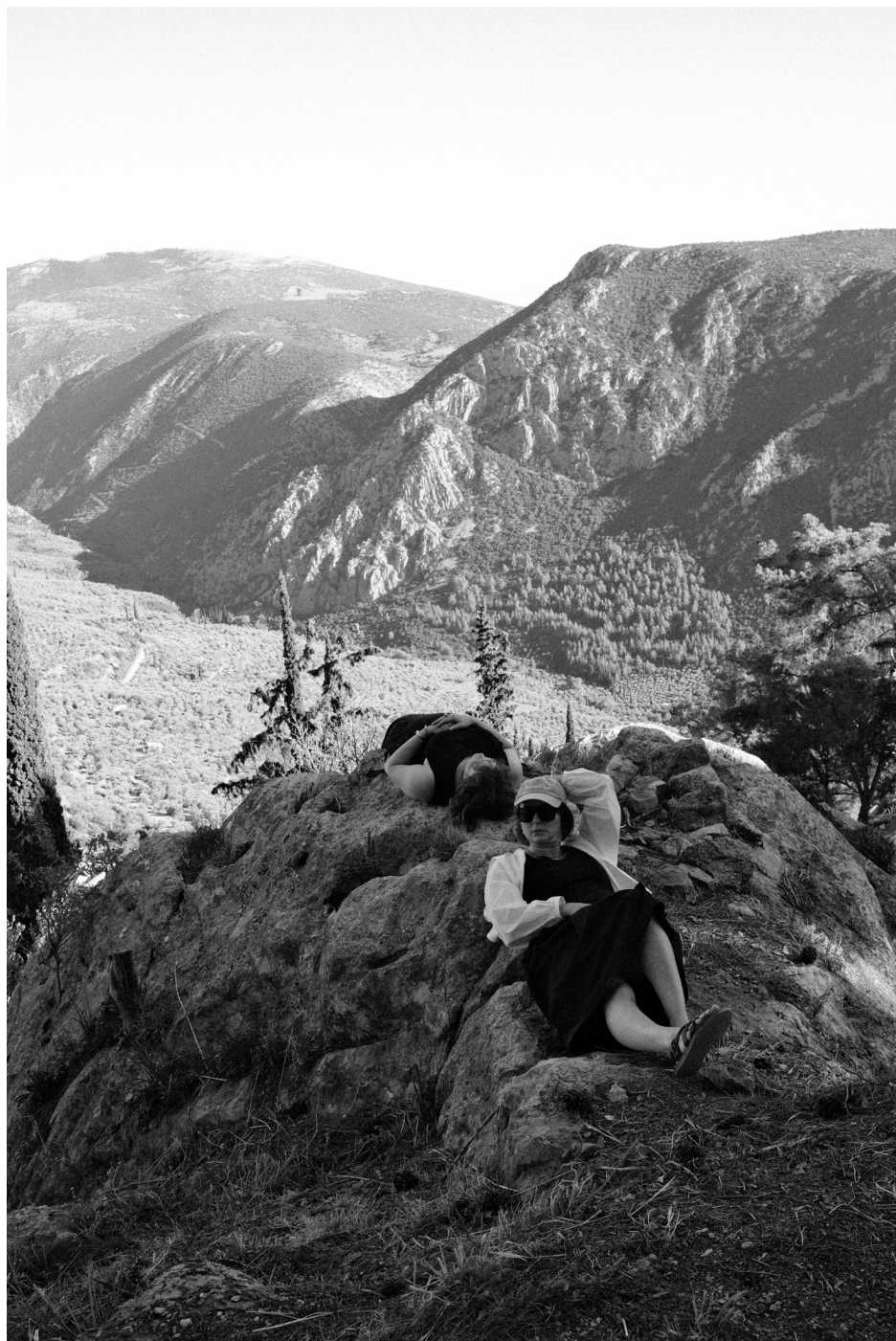
Or perhaps another equally valid question is: “Of which the Earth spoke”? What is it that the Earth is saying with its Creation. One view is that the material creation of the Earth is a recording (a reflection?) of another reality - that of Spirit. Spirit becomes matter. That is the nature of time.

It is both what happens at the plane of spirit that is recorded, and ‘condensed’ spirit is likewise the medium in which the recording takes shape.

That would mean that the part of our life that consists of willing and choosing takes place at the level of spirit, at least in part, and the act of choice is what transmutes spirit into matter. In that sense we are not distinct from the Earth. We are the Earth, or an aspect of it, and perhaps the most ‘creative’ aspect at that. We have the greatest creative freedom in weaving the tapestry of matter. We are both child and mother in what seems to be an endless dance.

Maks





Overlook above Delphi

The mind is no longer

It is in concert with everything around, the strict school bells calling the children from the serious work of play, in complement and contrast to the tides of tourists who visit with unconscious greed, to take experience from a place without knowing there must be an exchange: to feel, you must give yourself to that feeling. It's a skill not encouraged much anymore, as we are fed and fed and fed with invisible strings keeping us from ever reaching something like a feeling of satiation.

The sun rises, shaking off the morning's chill as we sit in wooden balcony, hands stretched flat in benediction of writing pooling out of pens, eyes narrowed against the spotlight. No longer, the mind, separate and special in its separateness. The little divine inner temple splits open and lets the world co-mingle, seep, and remain.

Nora

it's own little divine inner temple

As we become part of the whole, or realise our role as part of the whole, so our mind also transcends the limits that our previous perspective imposed on it. The mind of an 'individual' human becomes, consciously, part of the Earth's mind.

Bees are a good parallel. Rilke wrote, in his Letters to a Young Poet:

"We are the bees of the invisible. We wildly collect the honey of the visible, to store it in the great golden hive of the invisible."

I think things may be the other way around. We are bees of the "visible", collecting the nectar of the "invisible" world of our mind and, through our choices, giving it material form. Our deeds are the "honey" of spirit.

And there is also the newly found understanding that our mind, which up until now we perceived as independent and, in a sense, separate from the whole, sits squarely within, and forms a perfect mosaic within the Earth's mind, and the cosmic mind.

It is Nature's mind that manifests itself through our mind. I do wonder if we can be more or less true to "nature's mind" or the "cosmic mind"? Perhaps the answer will come with the next quote.

Maks





Touching everything

And the answer is that we have a choice in the matter: within the confines of the cosmic order, we have freedom; creative freedom, so to speak.

One of the choices we have is to follow Nature's voice, or to ignore it.

It is perhaps that voice which Muses represent. For it is a song, and our life is a dance. The song of the Muses is audible in our hearts.

But since the 'outside' world is a reflection of our 'inner' landscape, being attentive to the beauty and (sometimes hidden) harmony of the world around us can help us hear the song of our own heart: the song of the Muses.

Sometimes there are "Muses" that appear in our lives directly, as people whose 'role' in the plan is to stoke creative fire in others. They might do so consciously, or unwittingly.

It might happen through love or through heartbreak. Either is likely to lead to inspiration.

Charm, attraction, desire, allurements, all lead to inspiration that translates into 'material' change in our lives. 'Material' in the sense of creation at the level of matter.

Maks

with the charm of the muses

Tumbling down the mountain, arid, dusty, drawn with age—lines worn deep into craggy surface. Descending from Mt. Parnassos with the swiftness of wind seeking the sea, the muses whisper and they sing, they reach yearning fingers toward minds, licking their lips with anticipation at possibility.

Who will answer their call?

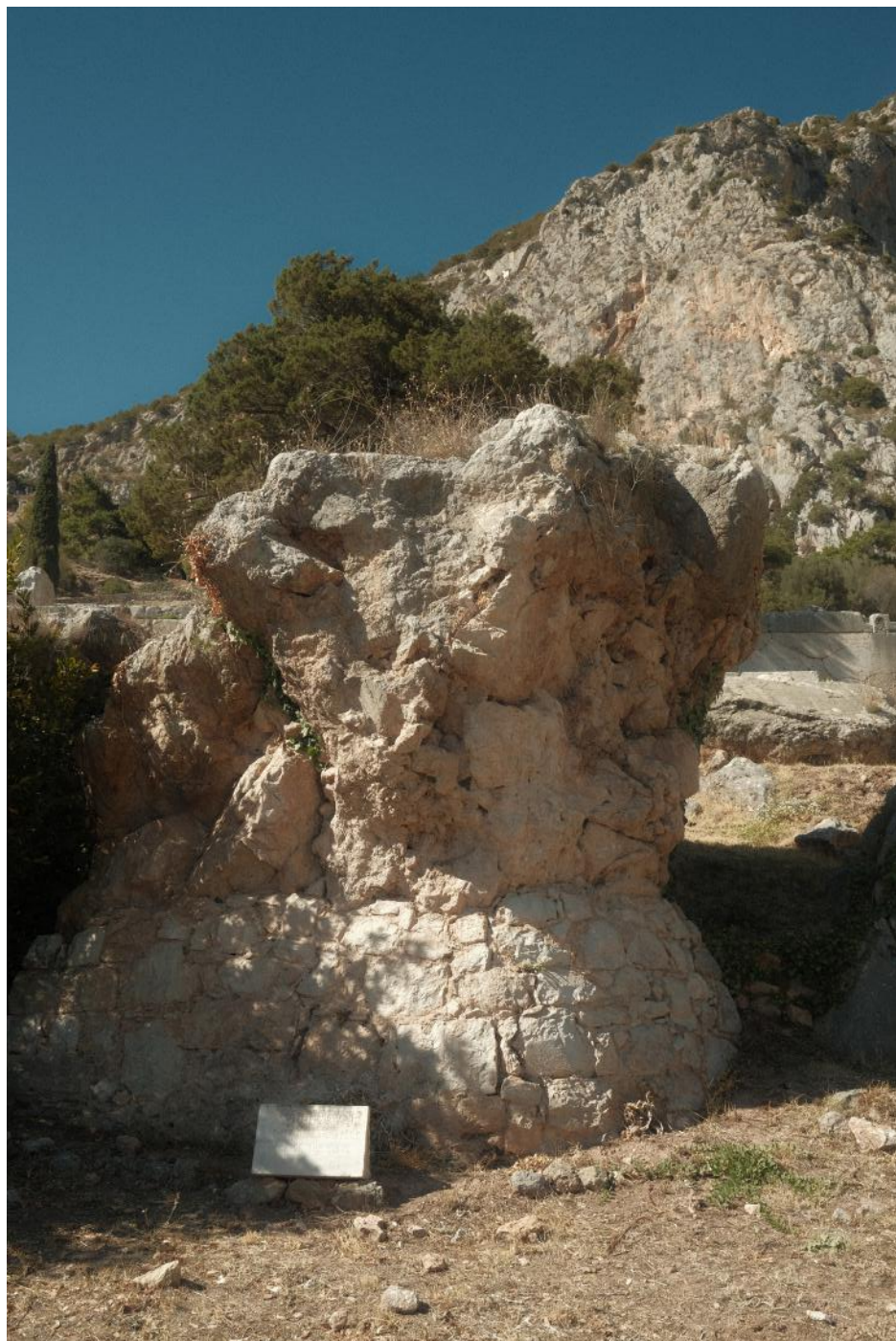
Who is open to hearing?

I sit, bent like a reed in supplication, wanting only to show that I am worthy of their visit, that this place can mean something, that I'm not numbed into inaction and despair. My hair moves lightly in the breeze and I notice the feeling of contrasting temperatures. Heat magnifying on one side, cool air pushing back on the other. There are always those choices, at least those two, of focusing on the light or the shadows. Each speaks their own language.

Nora



The Rock of Sybil (R) is considered to be the oldest gathering place at delphi, the sanctuary of Earth (Ge) was supposed to be in this area around the sacred spring.



The Rock of Sybil – Delphi



“Do not touch please”



Reflections on Delphi

These days Delphi—as with many monuments—is less accessible than in other times (or is it?). Temple, carving, and stone locked behind invisible walls guarded by sharp eyed guards with whistles—quick to let you know when you have crossed the border—no touching allowed, no entering of past sacred space. The only way forward narrow paths of dust and dirt and gravel leading up, up

Years of rising levels of bodies on parade in these spaces and paranoia and a futile need to protect the sanctity of an imagined past have created an atmosphere where interaction is to ruin—touch is to destroy.

It reminds me a little of the dream of Los Angeles, an artificial oasis created in a desert—in which the mirage is not allowed to be disturbed. If you get too close it disappears. Perhaps they are trying to keep the mirage alive for themselves/us/futures and aren't aware that a new place is being born all around us.

no place to stop
to rest
to contemplate
just an endless stream
of movement
humanity
climbing up the mountain
pausing in the heat and the dust
sweating
panting
chatting
laughing
then resuming the climb up, up

we construct the past
from information and memory
we place stories into spaces
faces into stone
we imagine what it was like to live there
the past is lost
but the imaginary past is thriving
finding new birth—new life
living inside new memories
writing and rewriting experiences

The Delphi of the Mind has always existed as a vital part of Sacred Delphi—not everyone could afford to travel, not everyone was foolish enough to confront the gods. So, the temple nurtured the Delphi of the Mind—a place anyone could go to worship, to sacrifice, to gain wisdom.

Long after the springs of Delphi had dried up, and the Pythia were gone—the Delphi of the Mind still existed, people still prayed and worshiped in an interior/exterior/imaginary space.

The Delphi of the Mind had a life of its own and lived long after its physical counterpart was gone—and—the Delphi of the Mind is still thriving. Awakening in minds through history class and documentary and articles and myths, burrowing deep with mystery, oracle, and prophecy, a teasingly tantalizing idea and reality.

there is a therapeutic exercise
where you relive a traumatic event in your life
but change your reaction/the outcome
of that event
creating an alternate narrative
to the one already living in your body
and even though this new narrative
only exists within
in your interior space
lived only by you
once you create this alternative narrative
(rewriting the past)
it forever lives within you
just as real
as any other
memory



Flesh, Bones, and Magic

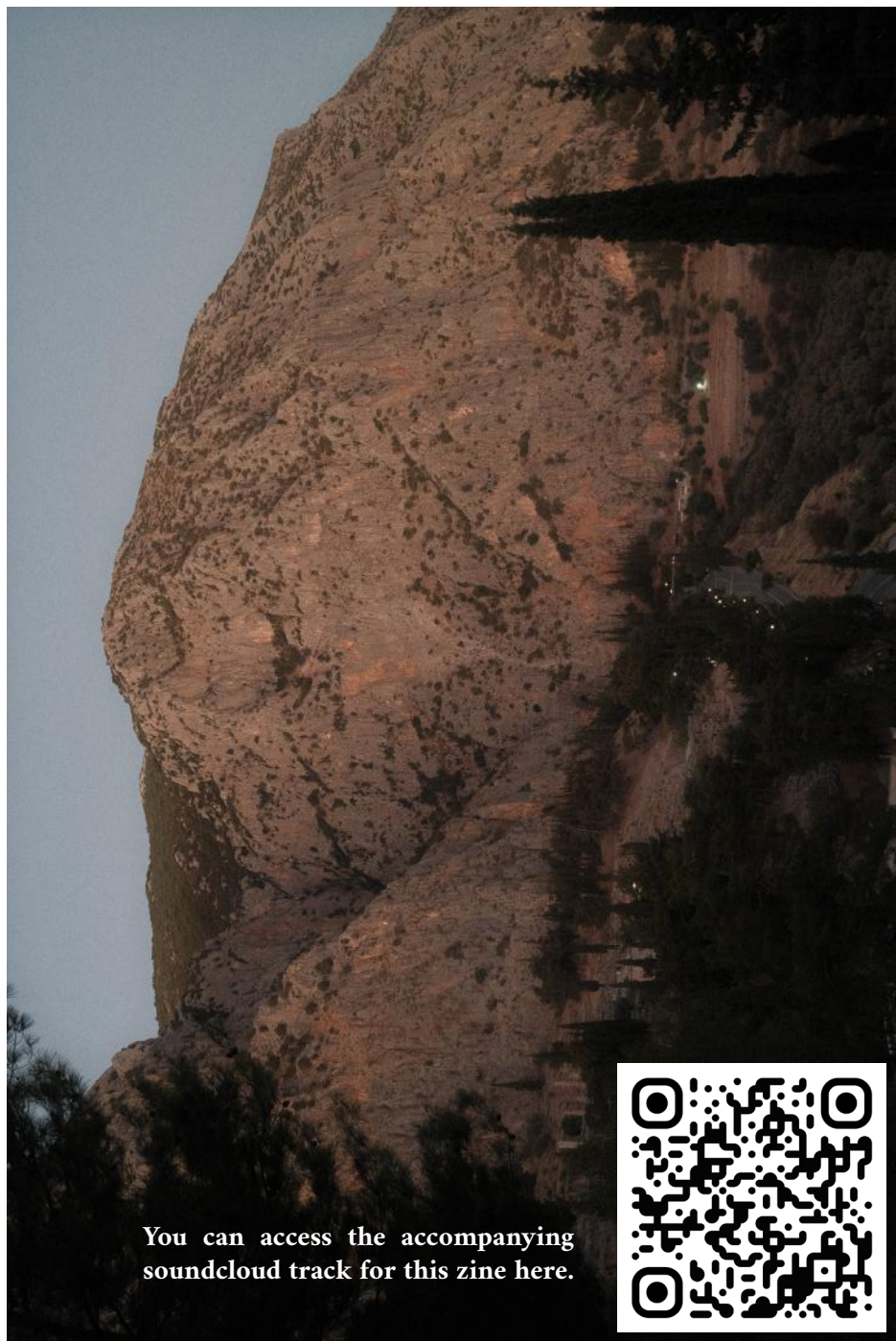
Our triffecta Flesh, Bones, and Magic excavates currents of ancient and surviving religious and spiritual behavior and interaction through site visits to archaeologically relevant locales like: Delphi and the Corycian Cave in Greece, the Well of Santa Christina in Sardinia, the Temple of Knossos on Crete, Avebury and Solstice/Equinox rituals at Stonehenge, and countless others.

The trio has a deep interest in the energetics of ritual, in esoteric threads that weave into the present, particularly in the context of ancient spiritual traditions absorptive drift into modern religions. This zine is focused on Delphi, where the group convened in September 2024. This zine is collected documentation from the site visit and later responses: poetry, prose, collaborative essays, audio, art, and photos.

Currently caught between London & Paris, **Nora Beckman** is in a state of flux. Pushing out from childhood along the Oregon coast, to college in Massachusetts, into working in art and fashion in New York City, then a decade in LA founding and running an experimental retail space and an artist-centered Hiking Club. Post-pandemic led her to an MA in London at Central Saint Martins. Currently Nora runs events, builds collaborations, reads incessantly, critiques structures, and writes.

Mina Beckman is a multi-disciplinary maker, jeweller, poet, space organiser, and energy worker. Drawing inspiration from ancient sacred sites like Delphi, Stonehenge, and the Well of Santa Christina, she is interested in joining spiritual, metaphysical, and physical worlds. Mina completed an MA at the Royal College of Art in 2024 in jewellery and metal, looking at transmuting overlooked spaces, encouraging motion in stagnation with attention and awareness. She is the sister of Nora Beckman.

Maks Hara is a lawyer, painter, sculptor, seeker, and researcher of myth, symbolism, mysticism and theology, currently pursuing a postgraduate degree in competition economics, all stemming from his interest in exploring the many worlds that we inhabit, and entering into conversation with their mysteries and paradoxes. Originally from the small town of Szczytna, nestled in the mountains and forests of southwestern Poland, he has lived primarily in London for the last two decades.



You can access the accompanying
soundcloud track for this zine here.

