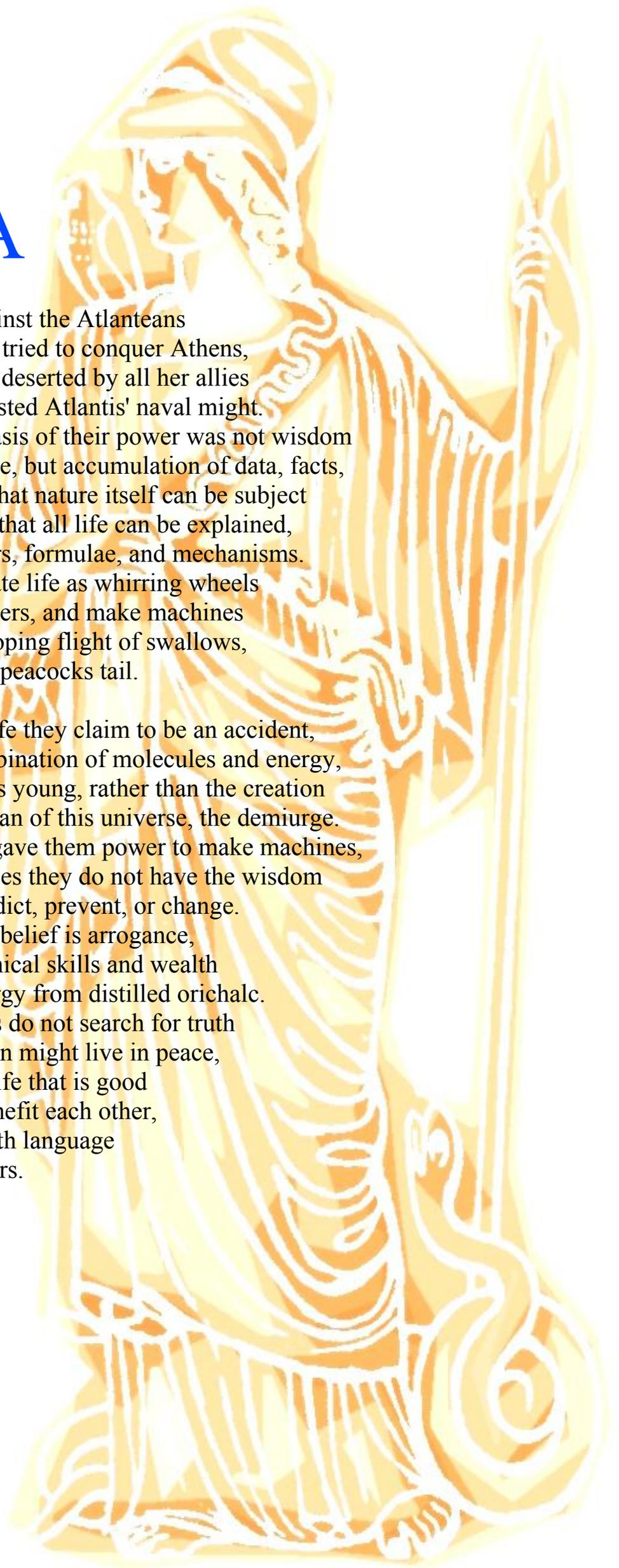


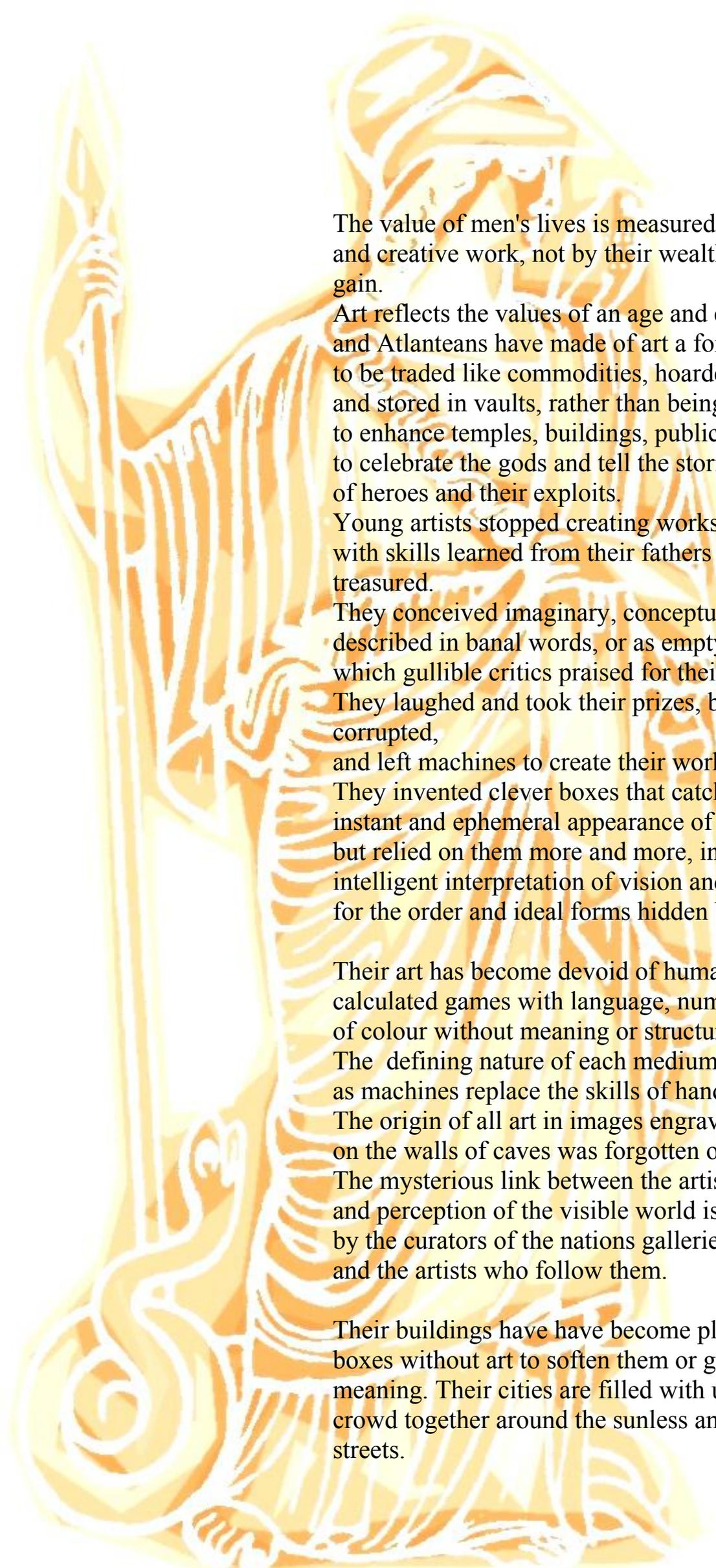


THENA

I do not speak against the Atlanteans because they have tried to conquer Athens, who fought alone, deserted by all her allies and in the end resisted Atlantis' naval might. But because the basis of their power was not wisdom and true knowledge, but accumulation of data, facts, and a false belief that nature itself can be subject to human control; that all life can be explained, reduced to numbers, formulae, and mechanisms. They would recreate life as whirring wheels and flashing numbers, and make machines to imitate the swooping flight of swallows, and colours of the peacocks tail.

The origin of all life they claim to be an accident, a rare chance combination of molecules and energy, when the earth was young, rather than the creation of the first craftsman of this universe, the demiurge. Their knowledge gave them power to make machines, whose consequences they do not have the wisdom to understand, predict, prevent, or change. The results of this belief is arrogance, pride in their technical skills and wealth bought by the energy from distilled orichalc. Their philosophers do not search for truth or the way that men might live in peace, searching for the life that is good and which will benefit each other, but play games with language in their ivory towers.





The value of men's lives is measured by by virtue and creative work, not by their wealth and worldly gain.

Art reflects the values of an age and culture, and Atlanteans have made of art a form of currency, to be traded like commodities, hoarded, sold and stored in vaults, rather than being created to enhance temples, buildings, public places, to celebrate the gods and tell the stories of heroes and their exploits.

Young artists stopped creating works of imagination with skills learned from their fathers that could be treasured.

They conceived imaginary, conceptual works described in banal words, or as empty frames, which gullible critics praised for their profundity. They laughed and took their prizes, but became corrupted, and left machines to create their works.

They invented clever boxes that catch the superficial instant and ephemeral appearance of reality, but relied on them more and more, instead of intelligent interpretation of vision and a search for the order and ideal forms hidden beneath surfaces.

Their art has become devoid of human feeling, calculated games with language, numbers or splashes of colour without meaning or structure.

The defining nature of each medium or craft is lost as machines replace the skills of hand and eye.

The origin of all art in images engraved or painted on the walls of caves was forgotten or ignored.

The mysterious link between the artists' marks and perception of the visible world is rejected by the curators of the nations galleries and the artists who follow them.

Their buildings have have become plain unadorned boxes without art to soften them or give them meaning. Their cities are filled with ugly towers that crowd together around the sunless and polluted streets.

I know that not all the people of Atlantis are like their kings and leaders, and many are aware of the dangers of their arrogant disregard for the health of Gaea's realm. I know that they are helpless against the power wielded by the tyrants that rule, and will suffer if we agree with my Father, Zeus, to punish all. How can the brave sailors of Athens Who are right now at sea after their Little victory, escape Atlantis' fate ? I ask that we should send warning signs, as Poseidon has suggested, that will persuade them all that their headlong and careless progress to enrich themselves at the expense of the Earth must stop before a cataclysm that we are powerless to prevent, is provoked by damage to the fragile mantle that covers and protects Gaea from the fever that she can be seen to suffer.

