

RESONATING PASTS — ALAN MOORE



That is the TRUE descent of Masonry: not mumbled words passed down across the generations but IDEAS that spark from mind to mind across the centuries.

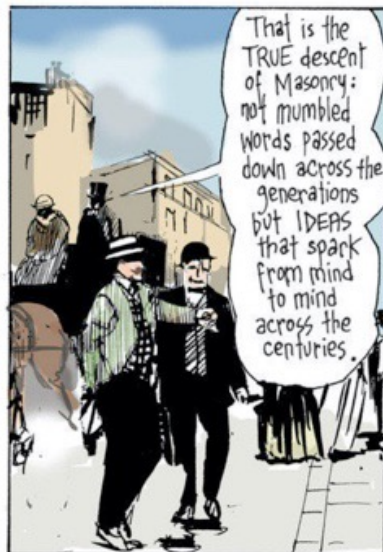
In our exploration of historical narrative, Gary Devore and I have been looking at the work of Alan Moore, graphic novelist.

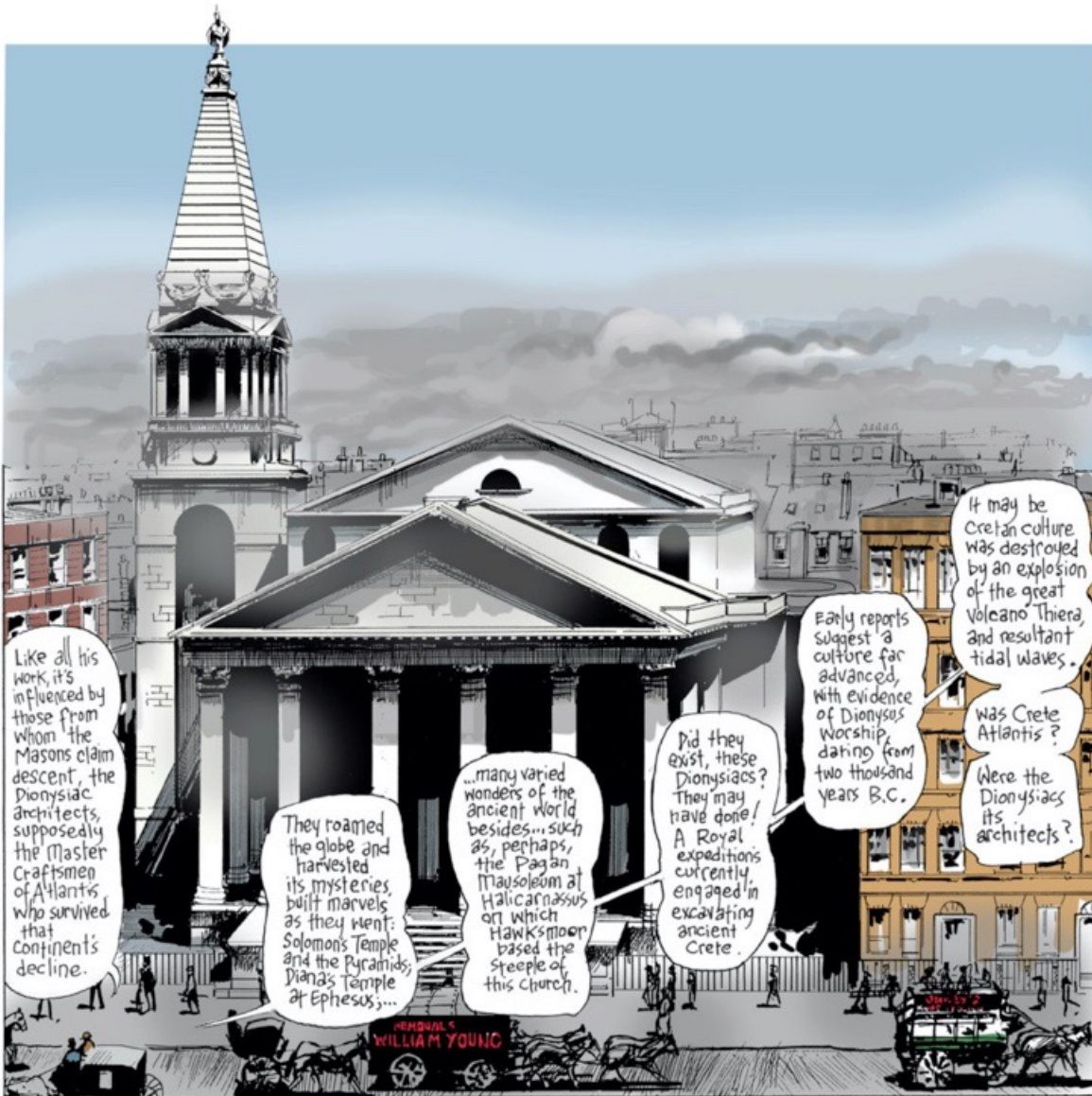
Of note is his *Voice of the Fire* (1996), a concatenation of voices echoing over 6000 years through Northampton, England, his home town.

Here are a couple of pages in *From Hell* (1989-1996) conveying a fabulous insight

That is the true descent of masonry: not mumbled words passed down across the generations, but IDEAS that spark from mind to mind across the centuries.

Concept: synchronicity [\[Link\]](#)





Like all his work, it's influenced by those from whom the Masons claim descent, the Dionysiac architects, supposedly the Master Craftsmen of Atlantis, who survived that continent's decline.

They roamed the globe and harvested its mysteries, built marvels as they went: Solomon's Temple and the Pyramids, Diana's Temple at Ephesus,...

...many varied wonders of the ancient world besides... such as, perhaps, the Pagan Mausoleum at Halicarnassus on which Hawk's moor based the steeple of this church.

Did they exist, these Dionysiacs? They may have done! A Royal expedition's currently engaged in excavating ancient Crete.

Early reports suggest a culture far advanced, with evidence of Dionysus worship, dating from two thousand years B.C.

It may be Cretan culture was destroyed by an explosion of the great volcano Thiera, and resultant tidal waves.

Was Crete Atlantis? Were the Dionysiacs its architects?

WILLIAM YOUNG



However Cretan culture fell, we can be certain that its Builders, Guilds and Architects, already in demand and trading with the neighbouring powers, could have survived its fall with their financial base intact.

And mayhap with their Dionysus cult as well.



Make for Earl's Court, back along Oxford Street and then Bayswater Road. We'll find an inn and fortify ourselves with lunch.

These ancient stones awake in me a fearful appetite.