

THE CREATION

by

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for

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ISHVAL

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(The stage and auditorium are in total darkness).

God. (whispers) Sophia!.....Sophia!

Sophia. Yes, dear?

God. Is it Time yet?

Sophia. No dear, not yet.

God. When will it be?

Sophia. Not until you start it.

God. Oh! Yes....that's right. It can't be, can it? Not till I start it?

Sophia. No dear. It doesn't begin until you start to create.

God. No, that's right. I'd forgotten.

Sophia. Yes, dear. I'm the one who remembers.

God. Oh, yes! I'd forgotten that, too.

Sophia. Yes, dear. You are the one with the initiative.

God. Quite, quite! the one with the initiative!

Sophia. Not the one with the memory.

God. No. Definitely not.

Sophia. Definitely not, dear.

God. No. Definitely not. So I suppose I'd better just start - er - er - start - er - what shall I start?

Sophia. Creating, dear.

God. Oh, yes. That's right - creating.

Sophia. Yes, dear. They've had a long enough rest now.

God. Who? Who are they?

Sophia. The creatures, dear.

God. The creatures! I haven't started creating yet!
What do you mean - "the creatures"?

Sophia. The ones you made last time you created.

God. Did I create before?

Sophia. Yes, dear.

God. When?

Sophia. The last ^{"Time"} Time, dear.

God. Haven't you said something like that once already?

Sophia. More than once, dear. You create in cycles.

God. Yes?

Sophia. Aeons - periods - outbursts of your creative energy.

God. Oh! Yes; of course. And the creatures?

Sophia. They will now be recovered enough from your last outburst to be able to re-assess whatever you do in your next.

God. Don't put it that way, dear Sophia!

Sophia. No, dear - I'll put in in our more official way.

God. Please, dear.

Sophia. (in a warm but authoritative tone) And after closing a great cycle of his creative activity, the Most High God gathered to Him all the creatures He had made and caused a deep sleep to fall upon them so that they might rest from their labours.

God. Good.! That's good!

Sophia. And after the creatures had rested sufficiently from their labours -

God. The Most High God started again to create.

Sophia. The Most High God, in His infinite compassion for His creatures, permitted them once again to come forth -

God. So that they might reassess their responses to the Most High God's infinitely compassionate creative action.

Sophia. (claps her hands) Very good! Very good!

God. I don't know what I'd do without you.

Sophia. *- initiative is not predictable!*
Nothing predictable, dear.

God. No - no. Of course not. Nothing predictable. Shall I make the creatures now? Make one of my famous "Let there be -" speeches?

Sophia. Well - before you make the creatures it might be more compatible with your infinite compassion if you were to make them an appropriate environment.

God. Oh, yes! Of course, Er - er -

Sophia. You begin by moving your Spirit about on the face of the abyssal pre-creational waters -

God. Oh, yes! Like this -

(A ripple of light travels over the stage and audience)

Sophia. That's it. Then you say -

God. (Loudly) Let there be Light!

Sophia. Not too vigorously at first. We must remember your illimitable mercy.

God. My infinite compassion.

Sophia. Of course.

(A gentle light gradually appears)

Sophia. - And you might say a few comforting words to the creatures, your creatures, before you proceed any further. They are, after all, only finite, only limited beings, with only limited capacity to respond to the demands your infinite creative activity makes upon them.

God. And my unlimited capacity requires me (from my all-extensible good-heartedness, of course) to make

God. infinite allowances to my creatures.

cont.

Sophia. And Logic also requires it.

God. Does it?

Sophia. Yes, dear. It does.

God. Well then, I'll do it. Must respect Logic.

(God rises from his crouch and goes down c.,
stretching out His arms in a gesture all-embracing).

God. (to audience) My dear creatures. (looks over His shoulder
towards Sophia) Is this alright?

Sophia. Yes, dear. Perhaps 'My dearly beloved creatures -'
You know, noblesse oblige -

God. Oh! Of course. My dearly beloved creatures -

Sophia. In the last great cycle of -

God. Oh, yes. In the last great cycle of my all-compassionate -

Sophia. Very good -

God. - creative activity I - er -

Sophia. - led you -

God. Thank you - led you, my dearly beloved creatures, through
many trials and tribulations -

Sophia. - Through the valley of the shadow of death. ~~~~~

God. - Where I told you to fear no evil, for I was with you,
my rod and my staff comforting you and - er -

Sophia. You promised to let them dwell in your house forever. }

God. - And I promised I would let you dwell with Me in My
House forever.

Sophia. - Or from one aeon to another.

God. Yes, Of course - from one aeon to another - and now,
my most infinitely beloved -

Sophia. Not terribly logical, (that bit) - 'most infinitely'.

God. - My most beloved creatures, I intend to begin another creative cycle - er -

Sophia. In which you will be presented with an -

God. - In which you will, by my infinite compassion, be presented with an opportunity - a series of opportunities - to re-evaluate your responses to my creative activities - an opportunity to reconsider all the decisions you made on the occasion of the last Great Cycle of Divine Manifestation, to re-formulate (by My Grace, of course) your attitudes to My Self and to your fellow creatures.

Sophia. Excellent! (Claps hands.)

God. Please don't interrupt, Sophia.

Sophia. As I am your Wisdom, dear, I ought to comment.

God. Only when I get stuck! I wasn't stuck then.

Sophia. Sorry, dear. Just my will to help!

God. I should hope so. After all I do represent creative activity and not mere memory of My previous successes.

Sophia. (sotto voce) The Great 'I am'.

God. What did you say?

Sophia. Your creatures are waiting for you, dear.

God. Didn't sound like that. It was shorter.

Sophia. Your creatures, dear.

God. Hmn. My dearly beloved creatures: As I was saying, I intend to begin a new creative cycle to provide you all with a new opportunity to re-assess your attitudes to My Self and to each other. Sophia, you've spoiled the run of my inspiration.

Sophia. Expiration, dear. You breathe out when you're talking, not in.

God. I was referring to the inflow of my thoughts, Sophia.

Sophia. That's from me, dear. *pleased*

God. Hm. Well - er - yes - but you know what I mean.

Sophia. If I don't, no-one does. I'm not boasting dear, just stating a fact. There's no danger of immodesty in me. I can't forget that we are both polarisations of the Absolute.

God. Both? Oh, well, alright; but I have the initiative.

Sophia. And I have to remind you of the effects of your using it. You remember the Deluge incident, don't you?

God. I did that to teach mankind a lesson.

Sophia. From the behaviour of the Postdeluvians the lesson wasn't learned, was it?

God. You can't blame a teacher for the inabilities of his pupils.

Sophia. In this case we can, dear, because you, the teacher, are also the creator of the pupils. Which is why I suggested that you might say a few words to them before you start your new cycle of creation, a short outline of your procedures so that they can prepare themselves a little to deal with you.

God. Deal with me? The creatures deal with the Infinite God?

Sophia. All relations are two-way, dear. I'm not suggesting there's any ~~quantitative~~ equivalence between the two sides; just that there is some order of reciprocity.

God. Hm. Well. Alright. I'll warn them.

Sophia. Not 'warn' dear. Past history shows 'warning' to be not very efficacious. Your creatures have sufficient of your fire in them not to take kindly to 'warnings'.

God. My fire? Oh, yes. Of course. I'll just give them an outline of my intentions.

Sophia. That's better, dear.

God. Hrrm. My dearly beloved creatures. I have decided that, as I am about to start a new creative cycle, and bring a new world into being, I will first give you a short statement of my creative intent, a sort of mental picture of the things I will produce, and of the whole situation into which I will put you. Er -

Sophia. Just tell them how you started your last cycle, dear. That will be enough to give them the general outline - a short account of what is to come.

God. I was just going to. My very, very dearly beloved creatures: As I earlier started to tell you, I am about to begin a new cycle of creation, and, as I am essentially a just God -

Sophia. That's good.

God. - I have decided to give you a general outline of my creative procedure and my intentions for your dear selves. As you know, I am all-powerful and therefore can do anything I will to do.

Sophia. Subject to paying the price.

God. - Anything I will to do. Therefore - er - therefore -

Sophia. You will tell your creatures -

God. I will tell you firstly how I begin -

Sophia. Before that, tell them what its like before you begin.

God. Oh, yes. Before I begin to create, everything is like it was before I started to talk to you. You know, I was here (actually, I'm always here) and you were there, where you are now - resting from my previous cycle of creative activity -

Sophia. Worlds without end. Amen.

God. - resting as you are now from my previous cycle of activity; resting within my all-embracing love, supported by my everlasting arms.

Sophia. Tell them that they are really modalities of your being, and that they rest when you rest.

God. - supported by my everlasting arms, in the Eternal Here-Now.

Sophia. Tell them a little about the Eternal Here-Now.

God. I want to get on with my outline of creation.

Sophia. Please.

God. Oh, alright. But only a little. It's hardly relevant at this point.

Sophia. It's always relevant, dear, the Here-Now.

God. Oh, yes. Of course. Always - Aha! - in all ways.

Sophia. The 'H' between the 'A's.

God. Don't be abstruse, Sophia! You'll only confuse the creatures.

Sophia. That was just to remind you, dear.

God. Oh, well, alright then. My very, very, very dearly beloved creatures; I have decided to give you a little insight into the nature of the Eternal Here-Now.

Sophia. Thank you, dear. It's only fair.

God. (gallantly) Thou art the Only Fair, dear Sophia!

Sophia. Thank you, dear.

God. The Eternal Here-Now, my dear creatures, can be comprehended only by Itself. But in order to make it in some manner understandable for you, I will try to explain it to you firstly in terms of what it is not. After that you may more easily grasp what It is.

Sophia. Very useful the method of negation.

God. If, my dearly beloved creatures, you will refer to your thinking processes as you remember them to have been during my last period of manifestation, you will recall

God.
cont.

that they, that is, your thinking processes, occurred in a linear manner; that is to say, the ideas in your thinking followed one another rather like a line of camels crossing a desert.

Sophia.

From one oasis to another.

God.

Hm? Er - yes. Rather good image that. Like a line of camels crossing a desert from one oasis to another. Think, my dear creatures, of this line of camels as they would be experienced by an observer, say a drawer-of-water, in one of the oases.

Sophia.

Good.

God.

This drawer-of-water, perhaps dwelling in the particular oasis permanently (so far as Time may be viewed as having any permanence) would experience the line of camels as coming to the oasis, one camel after another, staying for a while to drink, and then passing on into the desert again to seek another oasis on the way to their final destination.

Sophia.

Call this mode of the water-drawer's experience of the camels the Mode of Linear Presentation.

God.

This mode, my dear creatures (of the water-drawer's experience of the camels) we will call the Linear Presentation Mode. And it is precisely this that we refer to when we think of temporal experience. All Time, as experienced by finite creatures, is in the Linear Mode. Now - er -

Sophia.

The Linear Mode is not that of the Eternal Here-Now.

God.

The Linear Mode, my dear creatures, the mode of a line of camels passing through an oasis, is not that of the Eternal Here-Now. We now pass from the negative to the Positive consideration of the Here-Now. Er -

Sophia.

Simultaneous/co-presentation, dear.

God.

If, my most dearly beloved creatures, we allow the possibility of an All-seeing Eye gazing over the whole desert at once, so that it observed all oases, all lines of camels, all water-drawers, and all other beings simultaneously, instead of the linear presentation mode, we may grasp the idea of the Eternal Here-Now. It is obvious that as long as you use the linear thinking mode you cannot actually experience the simultaneous mode of comprehension. But as you are able with some degree of success to observe simultaneously the several fingers of one of your hands, (held, of course, at some distance from your eyes so that your gaze can compass them), as you are able to do this, so you can gain a minute, a very minute, insight into the meaning of the simultaneous co-presentation of the Here-Now of Eternity. But I must go on. The whole problem of the Eternal Here-Now is not to be solved with a few words. There must be a development of insight. Which is why I engage periodically to enter upon a new cycle of creation - to make this insight possible to you (I don't need the experience for myself), to make possible for you the insights that you, as creatures, can gain only in an existential situation, or series of such. Er -

Sophia.

Start your description of your creative process, dear. Tell them about the seven days work you do to prepare the world environment.

God.

Yes, dear. You may be aware, my dear creatures, that there are certain reasons (at least my dear Sophia tells me that there are) certain reasons why it is advisable to proceed with any creative activity in stages. Of course, it's very nice to bring something suddenly and astonishingly out of nothing - makes the crowd jump and all that - but it misses out all sorts of interesting

God.
cont.

stages in between the nothing and the astonishment.

Sophia.

- And we mustn't miss out anything, because if we do we won't be forgiven for it - whatever it is. After all, as everything is eternal really, we should give each thing an opportunity to express itself, at least some of the Time.

God.

Quite. And I mustn't ever put my creatures in a position where they could justifiably accuse me of unfairness. After all, if they can't trust the Justice of the Most High God, how will they ever learn to trust anything at all?

Sophia.

How, indeed?

God.

And so, my dear creatures, whenever I create, I do so in certain more or less clearly defined stages, as those of you who were geologists in the previous creative cycle will remember.

I call my stages of creation 'Days', which in our heavenly language, or Allelujah, means any division whatever, of time, of space, or of significance. A very useful word, the word 'Day'. Its meaning is certainly not confined to that usage common to those of you that, during my last creative cycle inhabited a planet called 'Earth'. No, definitely not.

Sophia.

Definitely not.

God.

Not that, my dear creatures of that former planet, I am in any way censuring you for the error you then made, for - er -

Sophia.

- the finiteness of the creatures itself is a sufficient reason for you to fail to comprehend certain non-empirical propositions -

God.

- for your finiteness, my dear creatures, your very limitedness, itself an unavoidable consequence of your entry into the state of createdness, imposes upon your otherwise omniscient selves, certain limitations. The sense-organs of your finite vehicles of experience -

Sophia.

- physical bodies -

God.

- the sense organs, that is, of the physical bodies that you are given on your lowest plane of existence, are created in the way they are so that you will be able to analyse your various functions and those of the physical world into separate elements - er - for - er - your - er -

Sophia.

for the clarification of -

God.

- into separate elements for the clarification of your beings. For as you know, my dear creatures, when you are here with Me in eternity, you tend to lose your defining characteristics and to permeate each other with your soul's inner configurations so that your uniquenesses tend to merge into a rather generalised mass - which I do not like, because it reduces your value to Me.

Sophia.

Say 'It reduces your value to you', dear.

God.

I mean, my very dear creatures, that it reduces your value to you - er, as well as to me.

Sophia.

Mustn't teach them to be selfish, dear.

God.

As I was saying, my dears, the word 'Day' as used in our heavenly language, means 'any division whatever', and it is in this sense that I use it when I create a world, or an idea, or a function, or a situation. Let me, my dear creatures, explain to you why I have to create in 'days' or stages, and do not just bring everything simultaneously into being. Er - er - what - er - why do I do it in stages, dear Sophia?

Sophia.

Because, my dear Lord, if you were to produce everything in your infinity simultaneously, there would be no difference.

God.

Difference between what, my love?

Sophia.

Difference between what you are before creation and what you would be after it. Precipitation of your infinity

Sophia.
cont.

simultaneously) would result merely in restatement of your infinity, with no significant change.

God.

Yes, of course, quite. Do you think I need to tell the creatures that?

Sophia.

No, dear. Just say you create in stages for their sake, because simultaneous comprehension of infinite wholistic reality would be inappropriate in the serial Time-process.

God.

Can't I tell them in more simple terms?

Sophia.

If you do it will take longer, dear, and you may cause them to lapse again into their eternal sleep.

God.

(piqued) Oh, alright. Er- my very beloved creatures, I always create in stages, or Days, so that you with your finited sense organs can more easily follow my creative process. And I will now begin to describe my first day's labour - I say 'labour' because bringing a universe into being is not totally dissimilar to delivering (as they will say later on the planet Earth) a baby.

Sophia.

Don't give the creatures the idea that you have difficulty in your creative activity, dear. It might destroy their confidence in you.

God.

Not, my dear creatures, that I have any difficulty (in your sense of the word) with creative processes. Anyhow; on the first day of my creative action I created the heaven and the earth, the earth at first as a kind of formless substance, void of any significant content. And this formless substance was like, in some manner or other, or may be thought of as, because er - of - its - er -

Sophia.

- plasticity -

God.

- because of its plasticity - as a kind of water.

Sophia.

Tell the creatures, dear, that in our Biblical revelations we always symbolise plasticity as 'water', because of

Sophia. water's capacity to assume almost any form, according to
cont. the shape of the container into which it may be poured.

God. In our revelatory scriptures, my dears, we use the word
'water' to symbolise any plastic substance whatever. And
thus you will understand why, after I have made the form-
less earth substance, I refer to it also as the 'waters'
on which my spirit moves.

Sophia. 'And the earth was without form and void; and darkness
was upon the face of the deep - '

God. Thank you, dear. 'And the Spirit of God moved upon the
face of the waters. ' That, my dears, is, of course, a
quotation from the scriptures of my previous creative
cycle. And as my Spirit moves, or vibrates upon the
surface of the plastic substance, I say to it (and re-
member that My words are deeds, not just - er - abstract
utterances) I say to it, 'Let there be [very, very lightly]
'light'. And of course -

Sophia. - as you are omnipotent, the 'He who must be obeyed' -

God. - there is light - light becomes. That is to say, the
otherwise heavy, inert plastic substance becomes light -
its inertia and weight are overcome, and it becomes also
visually light. (A beaming smile all over the audience).

Sophia. Beautiful, dear, beautiful.

God. Then I divide the light from the darkness, and -

Sophia. Tell them how, dear.

God. Well, I breathe only on the surface of the waters so that
the light appears there without shining too deeply into
the whole plastic mass. For, my dears, it would be no use
my making light everywhere, equally, for if I did it would
lack the contrast, the chiaroscuro, that makes all works
of art (and creation is a work of art) interesting.

13.

Sophia. Dialectical principle.

God. Then, having made light on the surface of the waters, and divided it from the darkness, for - er - dialectical reasons, I name the light 'Day' and the darkness 'Night'.

Sophia. 'Day' because divisions can be seen clearly in it, and 'Night' because in the dark depths of the plastic substance, the light-power is negated.

God. And, of course, this evening and morning are the first day.

Sophia. Explain that a little, dear. — *for God*

God. Well. Before I actually create anything at the densest material level, I preform it in the psychic level, in the cosmopsychic sphere of the whole creation. This process of preformation is carried to a condition of completion such that all the forms are perfectly designed, in every most minute detail. The result of this is that (by their very perfection of minutest detail) they are, as it were, immobilised.

Sophia. Absolute formal perfection is absolute immobility.

God. Which is why I call it 'Evening', by which I mean that each infinitely perfected detailed form is so involved in itself, in its own perfection, that it has no energy left over for actual self-expression. It is like a pattern of a possibility not yet actualising itself. If we conceive that actuality is a sort of lifting out of a plane of possibility of some of that plane's contents, then before this actualising occurs the whole plane may be thought of as 'even', or as in a state of perfect balance or equilibrium. This perfectly balanced state I call 'Evening'.

Sophia. I love the 'Evening'.

God. Very womanly. I, as the initiator of course, prefer 'Morning'. Because 'Morning' means that process whereby I begin to liberate into actuality all the things I pre-form and store in the plane of 'Evening'. I really do

God. love 'Morning'.

cont.

Sophia. Neither {is any use without the other.

God. No, of course not, my love. But I really do love morning!.

MORRRNING! MORRRNING! What a lovely word!

Sophia. In the Evening there is meditation on the foregone day's work and the preparation of forms or patterns for the next day's activities.

God. But if I didn't get up in the morning and do something, there would be nothing new to meditate on. And I must get on with my explanations to the creatures.

Sophia. Of course, dear.

God. Now, my dear creatures: After I have named the light Day and the darkness Night, and reckoned the whole process as the creation's first day, I then proceed with my work, creating a firmament in the middle of the waters or primary plastic substance.

Sophia. Explain what you mean by 'middle', dear.

God. Hm. By the 'middle', my dear creatures, I mean - er - I mean - I mean -

Sophia. You mean {that if you decide at any point to divide a substance, either conceptually or functionally, parting it to right and left, forwards and backwards, upwards and downwards, you name the point from which you start the 'middle'.

God. Or the plane, or the plane!

Sophia. Alright, dear, the point or the plane.

God. Yes, my dear creatures, I name as the 'middle' any point or plane from which I start to divide a substance. And now I wish you to think spherically, and not in a flat-earthish manner, as do certain plane thinkers - aha! - plane thinkers do, during manifestation periods. Hem - I want you to imagine that a skin of a balloon, the

God.
cont.

balloon being blown up to spherical form (by my previous definition of the use of the word 'middle',) is the middle between the air inside the balloon and the air outside it. And I want you to think that this skin, the 'middle' between the inner and outer air, is firm because of the balanced pressure of the inner and outer air. It is this 'firmness' of the balloon skin which justifies my calling the division between the primary waters or plastic substance, a 'firmament', - er -

Sophia.

'And God called the firmament 'Heaven'!

God.

Yes, my dears. I call the firmament 'Heaven'. Because it is the zone of the balanced pressures of the waters inside and outside the conceived skin or firmament. By 'Heaven' I mean 'place of balanced powers between two opposing plastic substances'. This Heaven is a spherical plane dividing the waters under and above, or within and without, and is the firmament. Then, having made this firmament -

Sophia.

You're anticipating, dear. 'And the evening and morning were the second day'.

God.

Then, having made the firmament, I called it - that is I said - or it was - the end of the second day's work. (Loudly) 'And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together to one place, and let dry land appear'.

Sophia.

And it so gathered itself, and dry land appeared.

God.

And God called the dry land Earth, and the gathered waters Seas. Yes, I name the dry plastic substance Earth, and the more flexible, plastic or fluid substance I name seas. And I can tell you, my dear creatures, when I saw what I'd done I felt very good. And I called forth, or I call forth -

Sophia.

Difficult problem in eternity, this question of tenses.

God. I call forth, 'Let the earth bring forth grass (I love those little green spears) and plants of all kinds. each kind bearing its own seeds. And I called into existence trees bearing fruits also with seeds within them.

Sophia. And all looked very good, and -

God. - The evening and the morning were the third day.

Sophia. Yes, dear, and you said, Let there be lights -

God. And I say, Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven, to divide the day from night And -

Sophia. Don't you think, dear, that it might be a good idea to explain, why having made light on the first day, you again make light, or rather lights, on the fourth day?

God. Yes, of course. Those potential empirical scientists who are always, whenever they are created, locked inside their own concept of reality, always get upset with this one.

Sophia. They do, dear. And it's a little difficult for them, isn't it?

God. A lot, dear Sophia, a lot difficult. And so I will explain this difficulty a little for my dear creatures.

You know, my dears, that I am not unaware of what I am doing. You know that although I am infinitely powerful, and could make everything simultaneously, I prefer to make things in stages, for your sakes, my dears -

Sophia. - and from dialectical necessity -

God. For your sakes, my dear creatures. And therefore, although I made light on the first day as an equably distributed light, after I had made, or after I make the firmament, the firmament veils the equable light so that the waters or plastic substance underneath the firmament are relatively darkened.

Sophia. *over god's shoulder*
'Darkness' may be defined as substantial differential interference.

God. That won't help many of my dear creatures, will it Sophia?

Sophia. Sorry dear.

God. So, because of this relative darkness, brought into being by a substantial differentiatational interference of the firmamental heaven, there arises a need within the darkened enclosed sphere I have called 'waters below the firmament', a need for a new lighting system. And therefore, on the fourth day I create some special lights within the firmamental heaven to provide differential light sources to shine upon the creatures I make within the enclosed sphere. These special lights I call the sun, and moon, and stars. And they have a special function, or several functions, in relation to the earth creatures, and most importantly for the creature called 'Man'. I set them, these beautiful lights, this wondrously powerful sun, this cool serene and placid moon, and these silent intently scintillating stars, into the heavenly firmament, to be useful to man, to aid him in counting the divisions of light and darkness, days and nights, seasons and years, each season having its own configuration of lights, its own constellation of firmamental forces.

Sophia. A beautiful fourth day's creative activity.

God. Yes, indeed, beautiful. And the evening and morning were, or are, the fourth day. And after this I let the waters bring forth creatures, living and moving in the seas, great whales, fish of every kind, and winged fowl cleaving the air and resting upon the earth. And I see the great goodness of my work, and its goodness fills my heart and overflows and becomes a multitude of blessings, which I pour upon my creatures, calling upon them to be fruitful, to multiply, to fill the waters of the seas with fish, and the air with winging birds.

Sophia. And the evening and the morning were the fifth day. And God said -

- God. (In glorious tones) Let the earth bring forth living creatures, creeping things, beasts of the earth, and cattle, each after its own kind.
- Sophia. Not too much glory, dear, not yet, or you won't have enough voice for the creation of man.
- God. (More modestly) So I make every creeping thing that is in or on the earth, and every beast of the field, and cattle for future domestication. And I see their goodness and look forward to the crowning glory of my work -
- Sophia. The precipitation of the divine image itself.
- God. The greatest of all created mysteries -
- Sophia. The ineffable identity of opposites -
- God. The dialectical dilemma of all devils.
- Sophia. The ocean of wisdom in the lone sailor -
- God. The camel on the trackless desert -
- Sophia. A priceless diamond in a black void -
- God. Irritant dust in the Divine Eye -
- Sophia. Won't you return to your creative activity, dear?
- God. (Continuously accelerating through speech and finishing nearly out of breath). Having my dear creatures, prepared the way for my crowning creative act; having made an equable light on the surface of the abyssal waters, my prima materia; having divided the equable light from the darkness in the waters' deeps; having called the light Day and the darkness Night; having made a firmament to separate functionally the plastic substance or waters outside and inside this heaven; having gathered the lower waters together and called them seas, and let the dry land appear; having brought forth from the earth grass and plants and trees of all kinds; having created the sun, moon and stars to mark days and nights

God.
cont. and seasons and years; having created great whales and all kinds of fish, and flying fowl and birds of many songs; having made all things that creep upon the ground, and all beasts of the field, and all cattle; and having seen the great goodness of all my works -

Sophia. And because of your infinity of spirit not being out of breath -

God. I make, as my supreme work a likeness -

Sophia. Naturally of yourself -

God. In our own image -

Sophia. Tell the creatures, dear, why at this point you say 'our' and not 'my' image.

God. Oh, yes. I say 'our' and not 'my' here, my dears, because, although as supreme creative power I refer to myself as the Great I AM, yet for certain special purposes, I or we, refer to ourselves in the plural form - er -

Sophia. An ontological polarisation necessity -

God. - because it is not possible to generate certain types of dynamic interfunctional relationships without first separating specific substantial elements and arranging them in significant opposition to each other.

Sophia. Very explicit, dear.

God. Or, my dear creatures, to put it in another way, by first polarising certain aspects of my being into a functionally complementary oppositional duality - er -

Sophia. - of maleness and femaleness -

God. Of initiative and inertia, or thought and feeling. We, (or I, become dual by polarisation) was or were are able to create in our dual image a being called Man, by which we meant or mean, an Evaluator -

Sophia. And as such a proper representative on earth of the most High God.

God. An Evaluator, because on completing a great work of art, the artist signs his work, and I (or We) also sign our work, and being omnipotent as well as omniscient, do so with a rather unusual kind of signature, a three dimensional one, itself able to evaluate the work I have produced. The three dimensional signature is the Evaluator - Man.

Sophia. 'And God created Man in his own image, in the image of God created he him, male and female created he them'.

God. And I blessed them -

Sophia. You always do, every time you create them.

God. And I say to them that they shall be fruitful and reproduce themselves, and fill the earth, and subdue it (because the Earth has in it certain rebellious elements precipitated there in the Luciferan fall).

Sophia. Tell the creatures, dear, a little about Lucifer.

God. Well, if you like, but not much, because it might divert them from what I want them to contemplate.

Sophia. Just a little, dear.

God. Well. As I was saying, my dears. I say to Man that he shall subdue the earth because it contains certain elements inserted into it by Lucifer, who was once the brightest of all the starry angels, but who subsequently, by pride, led himself into rebellion against my Most High Will. The results of his rebellious action were such that I had no effective alternative but to withdraw my light from him, so that he was then precipitated into gross darkness, or as this is sometimes called 'minerality'. Those creatures who dwelt on, or will dwell on, the planet Earth, call this gross darkness 'materiality', 'physicality' and such-like terms.

Sophia. A substantial function which greatly impedes men's understanding of my own infinite value, and leads them to pre-

- Sophia.
cont.
God. fer linear temporal knowledge to my wholistic eternal wisdom.
Yes, my dear, it does. Although I have devised a method of capitalising on this fact, as upon all other creaturely errors.
- Sophia. Perhaps you should tell the creatures that the earth substance you began to create with at the beginning of this creative cycle had already been tainted by Lucifer's devilish or divisive activities.
- God. You will understand, my dear creatures, that at the very beginning of my creative activity in the last cycle of manifestation, Lucifer's rebelliousness had so spoiled the prime matter with which I created that for the proper development of my purpose I had to divide the light that I had made from the darkness. And the darkness was so reduced in function that it became quite incapable of comprehending the light.
- Sophia. Although darkness itself is only an interference of light by light.
- God. In the circumstances I decided that I would use the gross darkness or minerality to produce a new kind of being (for I love making new things and especially I love capitalising on errors). I mean a kind of being I had not made in any earlier creative cycle.
- Sophia. Perhaps you had better point out that your creative cycles are not identical repeats of earlier cycles, or the creatures might think the whole process of creation could become very boring.
- God. Surely that is implicit in what I have just said.
- Sophia. Still, it might be better made explicit, dear.
- God. Oh, alright. In each creative cycle, my dears, I undertake to produce a very large number of entirely new beings and functions. (I mean new, of course, to the Time process). And in the last one (or, insofar as I am talk-

- God.
cont. ing to you about it now, the present one), I made the Great Evaluator, Man, in a very cunning way, compounding him of the earth-materials precipitated as a consequence of the Luciferan rebellion, and of the highest energies of my own spirit.
- Sophia. The result of this dual interrelation being the most astounding paradox of all creative cycles - the creation of a Divine-Beast, a balance so exquisitely attained of spirit and grossest matter, of light and darkness, love and hate, that no other creature could approximate to this being in potential for both good and evil.
- God. For out of this paradox I determined to produce such an opponent for Lucifer and his minions that never again would he be able to look into the mirror of his own soul and retain his pride. Man, the Great Evaluator, would humble Lucifer as he had tried to humble all the angels of heaven.
- Sophia. Not without a struggle, dear.
- God. No, of course not. Not without a struggle. Nothing important ever is. And so I gave man a command to have dominion over all things on the earth. For nothing would more provoke Lucifer to attempt his overthrow.
- Sophia. And out of this great conflict, this tremendous battle for dominion -
- God. Would finally emerge a Man - such an Evaluator - that not even the Arch-Deceiver himself would be able to seduce him from his High Purpose.
- Sophia. How marvellous to contemplate Him, this Evaluator, this compound of divine spirit and earth's dust.
- God. Marvellous indeed -
- Sophia. Clear in mind -
- God. Strong in will -
- Sophia. Sensitive in feeling -

God. Comprehending all things, from the lowest hells to the highest heavens!

Sophia. Affrighting devils and astonishing arch-angels!

God. Dismaying fiends and staring God in the eye -

Sophia. But not impertinently -

God. As a friend, with loving gaze -

Sophia. Returned from a long journey, putting out his hand to grasp the hand of one who greets him, having waited and watched for him a long time.

God. Folding him in loving arms as a lost son is greeted by his father.

Oh, my dear creatures, my dearly beloved creatures! Amongst you is such a son, and many such. And for you I am delighted, for in you I have made, and will manifest, my divine joy, and joys infinite to come.

Sophia. And there are daughters also, my Lord, who likewise will please you, even as much as these sons, because they will embody these evaluations, and place them in their children to enlarge your joy.

God. Yes, daughters also, my dear Sophia, will there be, beautiful brides of my strong sons. And there will be not one dark stone of Lucifer's proud kingdom that will not be pressed to serve its part in the building of My Holy City.

Sophia. Darkness become a foil of light -

God. Hard cruelty become strength for soft compassion's use -

Sophia. ~~obscurator~~ Deprivation made a tool of clarity -

God. Oh, my dear, dear creatures, if all at once you could see the wonders and delights I have prepared for you!

Sophia. Not all at once, dear, for if you with your great power

Sophia. allowed such unrestrained vision to the creatures, they
cont. would be blinded by your infinite excess of light.

God. Ah, well, my dears; yet the thought's a good one. And
though better for you not to see in one round glance my
infinite wonders -

Sophia. Which are myself - by your grace, my dear lord.

God. Yet I will at times, in certain stillest moments, lift
your souls to my highest sphere, to bring to you a
promise of your far return to us at the final day of our
next creative round, when all my manifested Play of Time
shall roll up like a scroll of Law, and leave you free
again -

Sophia. To joy with us.

God. And now, my very dears, I have told you all I will of
whatever is to come, and have in some measure prepared
your souls for the shock of life that you must undergo.
And now I will turn down my light and make my primal
darkness once again.

Sophia. Just for the fun of saying Let there be Light!

God. Be not afraid, my dears. Remember in your darkest hours
that I who made you love you and walk with you, even down into
the house of death. Be not afraid. After many days
you will return to me. Fare you all well!

Sophia & Fare you all well! (faintly) Fare you all well.
God. Remember - we - love - you. - Re - mem - ber -

(Lights fade down to blackout)

CURTAIN