

## Chapter x

— Mesopotamia —

In the first days, in the very first days,  
In the first nights, in the very first nights,  
In the first years, in the very first years.

At that time a tree was planted by the banks of Euphrates,  
The tree was nurtured by the waters of Euphrates.

A woman who walked in fear of the Sky God, An,  
Plucked the tree from the river and spoke:

"I shall bring this tree to Uruk."

"I shall plant this tree in my holy garden."

Inanna cared for the tree with her hand.  
She settled the earth around the tree with her foot.  
She wondered:

"How long will it be until I have a shining throne to sit upon?"

"How long will it be until I have a shining bed to lie upon?"

- Part of the Sumerian creation story

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*I AM INANNA!*

*My father placed the Heavens on my head like a crown. My father laid the Earth under my feet like sandals. I am the Goddess of dusk and of the crimson shimmering dawn. What other Gods can be compared to me? The Gods are but small birds, while I am the Falcon. Let there be no doubts. I am Inanna!*

*My father gave me the office of Kings and the office of Queens. He gave me power over the Shepherd's staff and the crook to stir in cooking pots. He let me command over the dulcet tones from musical instruments and the harmony of singing voices. He gave me concupiscence, the deep kissing and the ecstasy of coitus. He gave me the ministry of love and the holy house of adoration. He imparted all this wisdom onto me because I am my father's good daughter, who always walks in front my flock.*

*I showed all my wisdom and splendor to my people who worshiped me as the Goddess of love and fertility. I revealed myself to my people so that they would glorify and lust for me even more so than they had before. Under the Heavens and above the Earth I ruled over my people, ordained in wisdom and adorned with Lapis Lazuli.*

*Onto my sister, my father had bestowed the underworld. She ruled down there. I wanted to descend to see if more wisdom was for me to be found. I put my ear to it. Seven gates I needed to pass in order to reach my sister's realm. My sister had heard I was coming, so at each gate she had instructed the gatekeeper only to open if I removed one of my garments. When I reached the sixth gate the only thing I had left to remove was my adornment of Lapis Lazuli. When I reached the final gate I had been stripped of all my wisdom and wore no jewelry in either my nose, ears or around my neck. I had nothing left to remove. But, my determination was inexorable. I hammered my bare hands bloody at the final gate. I kicked my bare feet bloody at the final gate. I screamed that if the gate didn't open for me, I would raise the dead and have them eat the living. And the dead I raised would outnumber the living by the thousands. I would vandalize the gate, wrench its keyhole and with*

*my sharp fingernails carve jeers and taunts on its doorposts. Nothing would escape my fury if I wasn't let in through the seventh gate.*

*My sister finally told the gatekeeper to open the last gate for me. There I stood, in unruly sweat-drenched hair, bloody and exhausted in front of my own sister. She said to me: "My dear sister. I don't know why you have come here. No one descending to the underworld will ever return from it. And now, when you have been stripped off your wisdom and adornments you have nothing left to protect you with down here, and no powers you can call upon. Only the seven Judges of the underworld can now decide your fate. I know what they will rule and do to you. They will drain you off all your life's vitality, take your emptied skin and hang it on a hook where it will be left to rot looking tragically abandoned and missed by none. This is your destiny for foolishly coming down here. I cannot help you dear sister. No one comes down to the underworld to ever return from it."*

*Down there, they left me to hang in my empty skin. But my sister and the underworld's seven Judges had forgotten that I am Inanna! I had anticipated that there was no higher wisdom for me to be found in the underworld apart from that of life and death. I had therefore made preparations. Two creatures had been sent down to me from above to clean my feet and anoint my hands. Two creatures had been sent down to revive me. On the third day of hanging in my own skin, I was revived. Let there be no doubt! On the third day I was revived. I am Inanna!*

*My sister and the seven Judges of the underworld were mortified by my ascent passed the seven gates back to the Heavens and the Earth. At each gate we passed they commanded me: "If we cannot keep you Inanna, we must vicariously keep one of those we meet on our way." I refused them all we met on our way because they had all been my faithful servants. But when we finally were above ground, I had to give way to their irreconcilable demand. I let them keep my beloved husband Dumuzi for six months at a time...*

I AM INANNA! *Someone just woke me up!*

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Inanna woke up, standing bolt-upright out of nowhere and gasped for air. Her disrobed body was dripping in cold-sweat from head to toe. She quickly realized that she had awakened from a dream of a bygone era, and that she in that dream had been mumbling about things someone once had written about her. But that had been written for over thousands and thousands of distant years ago; and then in cuneiform on clay tablets. Ever since, she seemed to have been hibernating in a suspended oblivion. She knew that she could only exist if mankind thought of her and worshiped her. Who had brought her back from this eternal slumber? Why was someone writing about her now, this many millennia later? And in written languages that was totally unfamiliar to her?

When she accepted that she had been resurrected and once again was alive, she collected her thoughts. She consciously appraised her revived guise and let the cold sweat run off her naked body. After that she tested her vocal cords and quietly exclaimed with much thoughtfulness: "*Someone who worships me must have made me live again! But what has happened while I have been slumbering for all these millennia? And what has happened to my beloved husband Dumuzi?*"

She returned to her dream of a bygone era and now understood that it had not been her own. Someone must have been whispering in her ear while she was stuck in oblivion. Someone had been reading to her from unearthed fragmented clay tablets. She had certainly been a very young woman at the time those were crafted and, of course, wanted to be loved, coveted and surely get attention by all. But events had not unfolded the way it had been transcribed. Her father had always felt she was far too rebellious and promiscuous to his own liking, and would never have given her anything at all if being in his right state of mind. The allegory of her being "*her father's good daughter, who always walks in front my flock,*" was simply not true. She plainly had to get him into a drunken stupor to get him to give her all of those offices and power that she so much coveted. In any other state, her father would not have imparted her with any of them. Probably even left her totally out of inheritance. Had her father possibly also awakened? She thought a little uneasy about it, but she could not perceive her father's presence.

Many lovers had she had alongside her husband, Dumuzi. That she wouldn't deny. No men in her realm could ever resist her cosmically seductive beauty. No men except, of course, the great warrior King Gilgamesh. Gilgamesh had categorically rejected all her attempts to get him to be her lover. He had reproached her nefarious behavior in which she acted towards the former lovers that she by then



had discarded. Gilgamesh had even gone so far as to imply that her poise was far below that of any common prostitute. She had been young then and could not stand to be spoken to, let alone rejected, in this perfidious fashion. Therefore, she had sent the most terrifying monsters she could possibly conjure up to slay Gilgamesh. But it had been to no avail. Gilgamesh had simply one handedly slain the monster. She remembered angrily stamping one foot repeatedly in the ground like a three year old, when she was reached by this tidings. Had she, in fact, been a three year old at that time with a pacifier in her mouth, she would most certainly had spat it out to emphasize her anger and frustration over the fact that her revenge on Gilgamesh had failed. Now, when she in retrospect thought of it, she felt that it probably had been bit immature of her to send that monster on the mighty and handsome King Gilgamesh. She began to experience new feelings. Feelings she in the bygone era had never felt. Was it what was called motherly feelings? She did not know. She only began to see things in another luster than she had done before. She also noticed that she didn't actually have to breath the air she had been gasping for. She was of a different type of being. Her thoughts turned to what had really happened when she decided to visit her sister in the underworld.

The seven Gatekeepers she had to pass to get to the underworld had been easily bribed. Most were happy with payment in kind. She simply let those gaze at her cosmically beautiful naked boobies. The more greedy gatekeepers actually got to slightly touch them. Some had other sexual inclinations and was, therefore, not interested in gazing at them or touching them. With them she had to barter with Gold and Lapis Lazuli. Her sister had most likely been laughing at how easily she passed the gatekeepers, but had done nothing to prevent it. The ulterior motive for that she discovered later. When her sister finally had the seventh gate open she was immediately imprisoned.

No two creatures had, of course, never come from above to anoint her hands and feet, nor to set her free. After three days of sitting in an isolated cell, her sister finally came to visit and gave her an ultimatum. Her own freedom in exchange for her husband Dumuzi. Her sister yearned for Dumuzi for the simple reason that he was the most perfect embodiment of a male ever created. For that very same reason, she herself didn't want to part from this rare specimen completely. After some negotiations she agreed to let her sister have Dumuzi for half of a full year. Six month at a time. Dumuzi had obviously not been particularly content with this sisterly arrangement. But after she put her head a little on the side, languishingly gave him that irresistible look she still possessed and then kissed him deeply, his resistance was curbed. He finally agreed to sacrifice himself part time of a year in order for her to regain her full freedom.

She again thought of the clay tablets and recalled what her mother in confidence once had said to her. Her mother had been laying on a death bed and wished to give some last words of advice to her daughter. That was at least that what she had been told when asked to step closer and listen to what her mother wanted to say to her. She had to lean forward with one ear close to her mother's lips in order to hear her hoarse whispering voice: "My beloved daughter, Inanna. Do not believe in everything you read. Prose seldom corresponds to reality, but for so many people prose is often far more appeasing than reality . Reality can also be so merciless to many that they blanket their eyes and turns their deaf ears against it. Therefore, many will take the prose as their creed and call it truth. I have a vision in my droopy eyelids that some people will even go so far in defending it that they brutally will kill all those who have taken a different prose as truth before their own. There will be many different prose after our lifetime, dear Innana. What they will be called I cannot envision. But the vision inside my droopy eyelids tells me you will be confronted with them." Those were the only words of wisdom she remembered ever having received from her mother. Her mother had always let her be herself without interfering. Regardless if she had done something bad or something good, her mother had always loved her for what she was, and had let her learn from her own mistakes.

She had been a wise woman my mother, Innana thought to herself. After all, what she had said to her was actually correct. Those clay tablets did not correspond to any reality. They were simply a form of prose that either embellished or distorted reality. Has my mother also awoken? Inanna searched hopefully to sense her, but found nothing that resembled her mother.

When she couldn't sense her mother she instead let her thoughts return to the her first question of what had happened while she had been suspended in oblivion. She now began to widen her horizon of vision. She acquainted herself with the new written languages. She read in them that she had been called "Ishtar" by the Babylonians, "Aphrodite" by the Greeks, and "Venus" by the Romans. She liked that the Romans had called her by that name, because like the planet Venus she showed herself in the west at dusk and lay downed to rest in the east at dawn. She was, after all "Inanna" the Queen of dusk and dawn. She read further and found new prose just as her mother had predicted that she would be confronted with. In three of them named; Torah, Bible and Quran, she finally found her beloved



Dumuzi. Though the people reading those prose called him Yahweh, God or Allah. He seemed to be ruling in terror and fear. Why? When they had made love to each other he had told her that her lips were sweet as honey and her womb ripe as the fallen fruits from the tree of concupiscence. They had, after exhausting lovemaking, always stilled their hunger and thirst with ambrosia and nectar. Why had her husband Dumuzi gone from being a God of love, to a Despot who wants to control his people with fear?

She read deeper and found herself actually mentioned in those prose of her Husband's realms. Once as "Ashima" and four times as "Ashera", but every time associated with idolatry as being a sin. Why am I named in connection with sin? Is it because I showed myself to my people so they could depict my cosmic beauty? There are no images of Dumuzi among his people, she noticed. He did not seem to have shown himself to them, other than as a burning bush. No wonder then that they cannot make images of him then. An artist had tried to paint his portrait in the ceiling of a chapel. The artists work had later been commissioned to be edited because it showed to many naked genital parts. That has been to sinful apparently she learned as she kept reading. Oddly enough the portrait of Dumuzi had remained unedited, despite the many times mentioned that mankind should make no images of him. It bore no resemblance at all of Dumuzi. But, that aside, the artist had painted something else that caught her eye. Something was hanging in its own bare skin. Had this artist been the one that woke her up? She discarded that notion after awhile. It must have been someone else she concluded, even though the artist's work intrigued her.

She could help Dumuzi's people to truly depict him, if they cared to. She knew what he looked liked. But they did not seem to want that. They was told not to look at him, apparently only to think of him in fear. Like if anyone looking into the Sun would destroy their vision. But they wasn't Sun worshipers. They seemed to prefer to kneel with their forehead to the ground in the direction of a mythical boulder, or pray with clasped hands before a wooden cross that they hung a poor tormented depiction of a man on. According to the prose they call the New Testament the tormented depiction was a man named Jesus. He had evidently been the son of Dumuzi. A priest named Caiaphas had ensured that the Romans tormented Jesus to death by crucifixion, after first had flogged him firmly; it stood to read. The prolonged agony would apparently had been designed to give all earth people forgiveness of all their sins. Some people did not even know that they committed any sin, but that did not seem to matter. Apparently because they had unwittingly inherited their ancestors' sins and was therefore ossified as guilty of all sins. What a strange father who lets them torment his own son for something someone else did, she contemplated. When she herself occasionally had punished her people, she at least had the decency to just punish only the guilty once.

That man named Jesus had in any case been resurrected after three days and then raised to sit on a divine throne alongside his father. How strange, she thought. The story reminded her in part of what she herself would have been exposed to in that underworld while dreaming. It had not, however, unfolded the way transcribed. Her sister had simply released her from captivity after three days of negotiations. She wondered if it had actually taken place as it was told about in Jesus. In that other prose they called Quran, something else was written about that story. It said that Dumuzi had not given birth to a son who would sit at his side, and that Jesus himself had never claimed that he was any Deity's son. Nor did it mention of any crucifixion of him. It plainly stated that that Jesus had been a prophet who, just like the last of Allah's prophets Mohammed, had been an ordinary man who received divine revelation and eventually died a natural death. However, both the Bible and that Quran seemed to agree that that Jesus had arrived to mankind via "immaculate conception" and "virgin birth", so he couldn't have been an ordinary mankind type of a person after all then. The Quran even took it a step further and ment that Jesus had started preaching the word of Dumuzi even while still in his crib.

Inanna continued reading and found that her husband had stopped talking directly to his people and instead had enlisted a messenger. Gabriel was his name, she noted. He was an angel and apparently the number one of messengers of all messengers.. It seemed liked a lead to follow. She started thinking loud:

*"I must seek out Gabriel because my husband does not seem to want to speak to me. I sensate Dumuzi's presence but he doesn't answer me. Have I become ugly in Dumuzi eyes? Have I grown too old in Dumuzi's eyes? I do not know."* She continued to contemplate: *"Probably he is still angry with me because he vicariously had to spend time in the underworld. But he only had to stay there for six months at a time."*

After she made up her mind to find out who had awoken her, she dressed herself in Deities' clothing and adorned herself once again in Lapis Lazuli. She decided to adopt the new found name "Ashera"



because it seemed to be the most recent name she had been known by. She went off to find out more and, above all, to seek out that angel Gabriel for some answers.

## Sources and inspiration to this chapter (or call it Synopsis)

### The beginning parts

The first brief "Genesis" part, and ensuing italic "*I am Inanna*" part is a condensation from different books on Sumerian mythology. I have adapted their versions to fit my story, but stayed reasonably truthful to how Swedish and English scholars have interpreted cuneiform clay tablets - perhaps over 5000 years old (or more).

### The Story in this Chapter

After the italic beginning, Inanna wakes up somewhat dazed in our present day. After collecting her thoughts she begins to wonder what's been going on during all the millennia she's been sleeping. As Inanna thinks back on her former glory I also weave in parts of the Epos of Gilgamesh - said to be the oldest work of fiction yet to have been discovered. It contains many of the stories you will find the mirror of in the Bible; the great flood just to name one. Apart from that the story is purely my own free-hand writing.

### God has a wife

The idea that our evangelic God has a wife is nothing new. Many unearthed Gnostic scrolls alludes to that. That Jesus in human form (for those that profess that Jesus and God are one the same) had a wife, was certainly popularized by Dan Brown's - The Da Vinci Code. But in my writing it is not Jesus that has a wife, it is God all mighty himself. I took that idea from "Ashima's Book," by Carolina Giertz. (She is a bit of an occultist). Don't know if has been translated to English. There is nothing revolutionary about it, but does make for some pleasant reading. Apart from that detail. Her novel and my writing has nothing in common.

### The Bible and the Quaran

All allusions I make to the Bible and/or the Quran can be traced to what is actually written in them. I could point to each verse or sura but that would fill an entire chapter by its own. What to make of what is written in there is, of course, up to each and his own. Two specific references I thought worth mentioning in this chapter:

*"The fathers shall not die for the children, neither shall the children die for the fathers, but every man shall die for his own sin"* and,

*"...started preaching already when in his cradle."* (Don't have the English version of the Quran, so this was loosely translated.

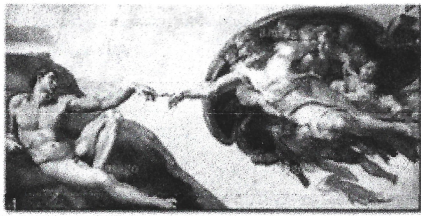
### Inanna and Dumuzi

In Sumerian mythology the loving couple "Innana and Dumuzi was somewhat of a cult, historians write. The Babylonians later took over this cult and rename Inanna - "Ishtar and Tammuz." Later civilizations would rename here further. (Venus, Aphrodite, Mylitta, just to name some).

I don't find either Dumuzi or Tammuz mentioned in neither of the five books of Moses, nor in the Koran. But in Ezekiel's book, women lament over the loss of Tammuz. In some Arabic countries (like Iraq), Tammuz is apparently the name of the month July. Which makes sense since Dumuzi/Tammuz (according to the myth) comes up from the underworld during the (half-year) farming season. The Biblical version of Inanna (Ashima/Ashera) can be found in both of the Book of King and in the Second Chronicles.

### The Artist and the Chapel

This should be obvious (I Hope) that I referred to Michelangelo and The Sistine Chapel. The mural "The Creation of Adam" when God and Adams fingers meet is probably the most copied poster in the world of that ceiling.



But in another part of the awe striking master piece is a section I have always wondered about ever since I long ago read the book "The Agony and the Ecstasy" about Michelangelo's dramatic life. when I two decades later read about Inanna and her fate of hanging in her empty skin, I couldn't help but wonder if not the master painter/Sculpture had heard some about Sumerian/Babylonian mythology. He wasn't exactly known for painting/crafting stuff that the papacy was too happy about. They had to hire other artists to cover up some of the "muchness" (haha, stole that none existing word from "Alice in Wonderland," of genital exposure in most of his work. No other of the Catholic artist at the time depicted any such scene. Their work mostly seems to depict their own contorted and delusional view of HELL - like those of Hieronymus Bosch. I don't think Michelangelo had any delusional view of hell. He probably had other inner demons to overcome, much like I think young Mozart had. Below is the section of the mural I am referring to.

